

The Gods of Pegana

In the mists before THE BEGINNING, Fate and Chance cast lots to decide whose the Game should be; and he that won strode through the mists to MANA-YOOD-SUSHAI and said:

"Now make gods for Me, for I have won the cast and the Game is to be Mine."

Who it was that won the cast, and whether it was Fate or whether Chance that went through the mists before THE BEGINNING to MANA-YOOD-SUSHAI, none noweth.

Before there stood gods upon Olympus, or ever Allah was Allah, had wrought and rested MANA-YOOD-SUSHAI.

There are in Pegana Mung and Sish and Kib, and the maker of all small gods, who is MANA-YOOD-SUSHAI. Moreover, we have a faith in Roon and Slid.

And it has been said of old that all things that have been were wrought by the small gods, excepting only MANA-YOOD-SUSHAI, who made the gods and hath thereafter rested.

And none may pray to MANA-YOOD-SUSHAI but only the gods whom he hath made.

But at the Last will MANA-YOOD-SUSHAI forget to rest, and will make again new gods and other worlds, and will destroy the gods whom he hath made.

And the gods and the worlds shall depart, and there shall be only MANA-YOOD-SUSHAI. Until then, take 1000 CP.

Starting Date

Time passes on a scale that renders measuring it pointless. You may start at any point in any story in this world.

Origins, Gender and Age

The Thing That Is Neither God Nor Man: You are a thing that is neither divine, nor mortal, nor beast. Unknown to all things that are, and unique in your strangeness. This world was made as a game in which you lack the roles of its players or pieces. Nonetheless, you persist.

You are utterly timeless.

If it wasn't clear, **this is the Drop-In option**

Man (Free): Praise the gods. Sing their praises. Get on your knees in their temples, and perform their rites. Praise the gods. Do not seek knowledge, for it brings only sorrow. Be you a king, or a shepherd, or a priest. It all comes to the same. All things end. That is the gift of men, not to endure past when all they cherish passes into Silence.

You may be any human age.

God (200/400/600 CP): Praise the gods. They have tread, and hands, and a face like a man but with none of the limits that come with them. Some of them have eyes like searchlights, others like glittering gems. When they wish, they can be immanent in the domain of their authority, as untouchable yet omnipresent as the air itself. Perhaps they are only as embodied as they wish to be, else spiritual presence entwined with the earth and the sky and the sea. Perhaps that is why they condemn those who depict them as men and only men.

Each god can make a sign that invokes its domain on an arbitrary scale but technically finite scale-be it to take a man's life or fill the world with beasts. And can interact with reality in an almost solipsistic yet self-referential fashion. It is given unto Mung to make the sign of death, that men and beasts keel over-or that they preserved from death but *not* old age, sickness and all the other doldrums of being. Just as Kib may make his own sign to kindle life as humble as man or as great as the beasts that even gods respect. And it is given to all gods to speak orders to the winds, tame storms like hounds, curse men with their condemnations and generally treat the world like a kind of fairytale in which they are hero and monster and fairy godmother. Beyond the signs, a god's

approach is at least similar to a mortal's, but the scope and validity of their actions far exceeds them. By their signs, and this strange authority, gods can send blessings like gold or curses like greed into all the wide world. As a collective, they can build moons, stars, planets and all the other facets of the cosmos. **The power to create is not the same as the power to fully control, or prevail against in direct or indirect contests. Why, is a mystery.**

The gods are immortal, such that even they find it difficult to make war on each other. But devastating their domain renders them lean and weak, such that immortality might soon become a curse.

And it is not given unto men to know how much of all that could be built by one god, be he greater or lesser. **Fanwank something.** But what *is* known is that no god can equal another in their own domain, such that one strong in it could overwhelm all the efforts with the others and subsume the gods' other creations such that this facet of reality prevails over all others by provoking an onslaught of waters (or one must assume, mirth or fate or life) save unless those domains themselves rival each other. Requiring the gods to seek the aid of those mightier than themselves

Thus, the strength of the gods shall be measured by the strength of their domain, as chosen below.

For 200 CP, you are humble among the gods. A god of rising smoke, or broken things, or the liminal time of dusk. A god whose role is to pet the cat or to calm the dog. Or if not one of the household gods, then the god of a mere river or grove.

For 400 CP, you are a peer to the high-handed lords of Pegana. Your facet is as vast as the bounds of the world. Water-be it in a river, or the sea, or the clouds above. The sky that envelopes and encompasses all things. The earth, from which can be awakened earthquakes like monsters or mountains like champions or wicked foes that even the gods may not lightly challenge-perhaps even the molten blood within. Or perhaps, you are a god like Hoodrazai who knows secrets beyond even the other gods like *their own* making, or the god that makes everything in existence *go* or *stop*. Holder of an abstract yet profound domain.

Finally, for 600 CP while you are still a lord of Pegana proper, there is an immanence and a gravitas about your domain such that it is not merely vast. But inescapable. Time is your hound, or Death your scythe, or else Life the miracle your sign scatters into the world. It is something mortals cannot even *fathom* a world without, whether they curse or crave it.

You are a little older than the world itself.

Perks

One perk per price tier is discounted by 50%, the discounted 100 CP perk becoming free.

Of the First and Last True Prophet (100 CP): Seek not the gods. All knowledge is an exercise in futility. Man was not created to understand, and in his ignorance amuse his betters.

Tragically, you do. In dreams, in portents, in strange and wondrous visions, you obtain great insight into the nature of reality, gods and so on and so forth. In some worlds, this may be a great bane. In this one, all it brings you is the pain of certitude that **none of this matters**.

Of the Blessings of Limpang-Tung (100 CP): Limpang-Tung says, be merry! Limpang-Tung is lesser than the other gods (so he says) so being lesser, strives to make things a little better for the other lesser things.

You are Limpang-Tung's little helper! A finer artist, performer and jester across the land cannot be found! So joyous your song, your dance, your art, that you can spread the abstract experience of merriment across streams and winds! **If existence is fleeting, why not make merry with the time you do have?**

Of Things Desired and Feared (100 CP): **Dread**. There are some things, being the knowledge of what is to come, or the sleep of MĀNA-YOOD-SUSHĀĪ, that can wipe the smile from even the greatest gods.

So too can you mark things to be feared, in proportion to the truth of their danger and your own power. Of course, you yourself are a viable target! Even a small household god with this would never have their naps disturbed.

Of The Flight to the Edge (200 CP): Three flamingos plucked the prophet Yadin, who foolishly sought wisdom. They **travelled far at speeds unfathomable** over ravines and mountains, the sea and the sky, and all the worlds.

You too, though not a flamingo, can travel such fast distances as even some gods are unable to. To pass through cosmic distances, and barriers beyond mortal comprehension like the Silence that will someday drown existence and the rocks never used to make worlds. Without so much as a feather, or hair, ruffled by the journey.

Of The Song that Lures The World (200 CP): There is a song from long ago that troubled the stars and brought tears out of twilight. It is beautiful enough to make cliffs kneel in respect, or rivers rebel against the gods themselves-rallying to your side. It is harmonious beyond mortal compare, **and the world itself dances to it.**

You can sing that song now. It animates and commands the world only while you sing it, but the consequences can last after it. Treat your army of rivers kindly.

Of Secrets Yet Untold (200 CP): Allegory. Folklore. Reality. These things are ambiguous yet conjoined, like a serpent swallowing its own tail. Many things are said about the gods, and it is not known to man how many are real, how many a dream, and whether the distinction matters.

Your tale is long in the telling, and so you can **obfuscate the perception of your history** in such a way records and memories of all kinds save those powerful enough to contend with divine powers cannot verify them. This is a fundamentally reductive process. You could not convince all the world you are its air, but you can ensure none know what you did last summer or who the mother of your son is-not even that poor woman.

Of the Law of the Gods (400 CP): It is the law of the gods that one who sees them upon Pegana becomes like unto them. You accomplished this in the past, or it was inflicted upon you. And while the divine may jest at your humble origins it is your right to sit on their council, to wield a measure (not a great one, but beyond mortal) of the powers of those upon Pegana.

A measure of this law remains with you as a geas, due to your interdimensional nature. While Pegana's reach does not extend fully to that which lies beyond their dream, henceforth if you can make a god acknowledge explicitly or implicitly that you are an equal then **you will be considered metaphysically the same as their order of being** for the purpose of supernatural effects. You will gain no great power from this, no miracles. But you would still be able to hear prayers, gain sacrifices and energy from worship, strike through a barrier that only prohibits mortal attacks, see through illusions only meant for lesser beings and do other things formerly limited only to the divine.

Of the Soul Who Rules (400 CP): It is said that Slid's soul **lies in the sea**. It is also said when he made war against the gods, all of them had to retreat before an army of waves that took half the world and nearly seized their domain.

There is a thing in this world that your own soul lies in too. Be it the sky, or every shadow, or the veins of the Earth, or the horizon, you are spiritually present everywhere in that domain. It loves you, and you love it, and your shared love and divinity could raise an army of waves that could carve such conquest through the gods' domain that even they can do little about it on their own. More determined, brave and adaptable than any mortal soldier.

Of the Shape of the World (400 CP): The world is a dream. MĀNA-YOOD-SUSHĀĪ's dream, rung out between drumbeats. But the gods too, create wondrous cities in their dreams betimes. And it is said by some that dream is in some sense truth, and reality illusion.

Not every god has this power, not all the time. But you do now. While a god could dream a paradise fit to make his fellow deities lament its passing, a man might simply dream a cozy cottage. But as you grow in power, **so will you dream larger**. Already you dream greater, more richly, than your fellows such that your own paradise might be resilient against Time's ravages, or else take to the sky to escape its fate.

There is another, more terrible side to this power that MĀNA-YOOD-SUSHĀĪ is supreme in and that the gods too can manifest. You can erase things from existence by making them forgotten. This is *far* more inefficient than creating them. Should a man erase his own memory of another, the other would feel little more than lightheaded and oddly cursed with others and the systems of the world ignoring him. Should a god do so, a mortal would disappear. But forests, countries and stars are far harder to erase-though it may be easier to erase the heat of a fire, the sting of a spear and the malediction of a god by selectively forgetting those facets that would bring you harm rather than the whole.

A thing must be remembered thoroughly to be erased by forgetfulness, and that forgetfulness must be paradoxically targeted and deliberate. The gods can induce such discipline, but it is unknown to most men in this world. So one cannot simply forget away the stars unless once one knew them as well as their creators. And beings like MĀNA-YOOD-SUSHĀĪ who can sustain their existence independently of the world while being nigh-incomprehensible by all within it are almost impossible to affect with such a force.

Of Fate and Chance (600 CP): Either the game that is this world is utterly rigid and certain, its cessation predetermined. Or else all is chaos, and both gods and men have nothing to blame but themselves and sheer coincidence for their downfalls. It is hard to say which is worse.

But whoever won this world has awarded the loser a consolation prize: You. Henceforth, proportionate to your overall power you can either make things more **inevitable** (and your victory in direct, but not necessarily indirect, contests first and foremost), **static, and less prone to change. Or more chaotic, spontaneous and prone to unexpected surprises** (which are always delightful surprises, to you. Not always *helpful or productive* ones but always joyous outcomes). It takes but a thought to tilt the scales in Fate's favour, a god with this power being as inescapable as Mung, and as enduring as the march of Time. Or should the scales swing in Chance's benefit, as gifted as Kib in creating life that surprises the gods. Or as whimsically cunning as Limpang-Tang, who knows secrets that can startle an earthquake and retrieve treasure lost in the darkest, most wicked of mountains.

Of the Dawnchild (600 CP): There are some who say all the gods were always stern and old, even if they prowess to look at the early times with nostalgia. But if so, there is one who is ever-young: Inzana, child of all the gods, and thus beloved by them all. Though all must obey the gods under their law, the gods themselves break that law to obey Inzana so they may bask in her joy.

The kennel keeper of the hound called Thunder would unleash his pets for her, and the Winds swarm to her rescue. Limpang-Tung would trick the Night itself to return her toys, and all the gods together delight in making her laugh.

Here and elsewhere, you too have that same **shining loveliness** in both flesh and spirit that makes gods dote on you even if their nature is Death or Fate. Surely Inzana herself would be most delighted among them all, to have a playmate.

Of the Orchestration of Mirrored Fates (600 CP): The gods forbid men to curse them, it is known. But is this purely out of outrage, or also fear of what men might know that they do not? It is whispered that even the gods themselves do not know. And they fear this.

As Death might fight against the hound of time, as men may rise to the heights of gods, so may you challenge the absolute, shatter the immutable, wrestle the formless and **contest the inevitable** should your mettle as a warrior, or priest, or scholar, prove able to meet the challenge before you. It will take a hero of legend

to slay the beasts called Famine and Pestilence, and either great wisdom or transcendental foolishness to argue Death into submission which would be closer within reach if you had greater power. But if even a mortal man can attempt to chuck his weakness, with the power a god could handily slay the hound called Time in less than a day.

SOUL OF SILENCE (600 CP, cannot be discounted): Your soul lies not (at least, not just) in the sea, in the taking of life, not even in the advance of time. No, there is something in you that is kin to the River of Silence which even the gods fear. For though a few of their works are proof against it, all else will vanish. Even a mortal man could call up its formless water and motionless waves. Tearing through flesh, armor, divinity, argument, splendour and stranger things with the coursing currents of annihilation itself. Ironically, your attunement to annihilation also grants tremendous resistance to destruction of all kinds. What can flame, plague, hunger and a divine curse do against the waters of the end of all things even a mortal could render himself inundated in? And as you grow in power, as you cultivate the Silence and the measure of **THE END** vested within you, your methods and scope of destruction will increase. You may someday learn to erase falsehood or truth with baptisms of nullity, poison the spirit of rebellion with mists and strike at a formless god with a frozen spear of Silence. Someday, with power far greater than the Gods of Pegana, you may even bring **THE END** to other worlds. And wipe away so much of the planets, and the stars, and all that is and ever could be, that even the gods great enough to build them all would need special means to survive-and there would be nothing left for time to pass upon.

For time too, would have been swallowed up in Silence.

Items

One item per price tier is discounted by 50% with no discrimination for you origin, for though gods share a lesser doom to that of men, both will live to see all they have wrought become as dust. It is meaningless. All of it is meaningless.

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One discounted 50 CP item is free. Further purchases are not discounted.

A Golden Ball (50 CP): Ah, what a lovely golden orb this is! Fit for a child to play, yet casting the light of day over an entire world...somehow. It is no fiery ball of all-consuming fusion. Think of it as a sun stripped of all physicality, leaving behind only the metaphor for hope, purity and joy. A bouncy toy any child would delight in throwing around, that would bring even gods joy to see spin and twirl.

...what's that, you say? You know a different telling of the sun's making? Nevermind that. This orb will *never* bring too much light to cause suffering. What may happen if you throw it near an existing sun is more ambiguous; perhaps they might in some sense merge, the ball not coming down into your hands until sunset?

You may repurchase this for other fun-size celestial toys, like moons or comets or even Oort Clouds.

A Nostalgic Harp (50 CP): The gold this harp is carved from hearkens from a time of archaic pomp and grandeur. To play it is to bring that pomp into stark relief. In the strumming of strings, in the harmonious pluck and reverberation that embodies a melody, it produces music so moving it can actually conjure a synaesthetic vision of the past loosely associated with the song. Allowing kings to look upon the battlefields their forebearers fought on.

This item can be repurchased for other musical instruments, paintings, statues or similar works of art. Each may evoke visions of the past, of things to come (always possibilities, never eventualities or even plausible things) or of momentous events in the present.

A Mortal Kingdom (50 CP): They come and go, little more than forests of brick and mortar. There are usually courts with nobles, standing armies and lots of needy little people who constantly wish to be told what the world is and why it is the way it is. There are sometimes dancing girls, or self-proclaimed prophets to advise the ruler: You. And whether you are a king, an emperor or a chieftain matters little, as does the bounds of such places which are consistently overshadowed by forests, lakes and mountains. Petty power over mortals here matters to few other than the mortals.

This item can be repurchased to rule additional mortal kingdoms, for all the good it will do you.

The People's Gifts (100 CP): There is a belief in all the world that it is intrinsically good, or at least beneficial, to bring you tribute. So from all over the world by caravan and ship flows gold, and spices, and smoked meats, and wine, and all the other things mortals find makes worth living. It is not *all* the wealth of the world, but it is enough that a prophet could live larger than any emperor in this world. And the merchants, always happy to see you, will be eager to share what they know from other places.

The Temple of All Gods Save One (100 CP): There is a place where all the gods save MĀNA-YOOD-SUSHĀĪ are appealed to, propitiated, offered sacrifices and prayers and above all else praise. The priesthood holds itself in high regard, though in truth almost none understand the gods enough except to revere them. You have been officially proclaimed the gods' prophet with this, and as such though the priests may bicker and offer their own wisdom hold authority over this temple.

The temple looks like whatever the gods find pleasing, and nothing else. In future worlds it will continue to mysteriously grow new wings with alters, shrines and other trappings pleasing to all gods of other worlds. Save for those beings that, like MĀNA-YOOD-SUSHĀĪ, are too powerful to care about petty things like worship.

The Great Temple of One God Only (100 CP): There is a temple based far away, in a place of forgotten hills, many valleys and white snow. It is forbidden to work. It is forbidden to pray. The priests within rest as MĀNA-YOOD-SUSHĀĪ rests, and so are close to his mind, and know many great truths about the cosmos unknown to all others. Even in future worlds, it seems MĀNA-YOOD-SUSHĀĪ whispers the secrets to them, continuously.

The temple looks like something that makes MĀNA-YOOD-SUSHĀĪ very sleepy. There is a straight road to it that only you and your closest companions can walk, that will take you from any other road to it with surreal swiftness, striding miles and turning around corners to reach it as if in a dream. For all others, the mountainous heights hiding it are the only sure way to get there.

The Dream-Built Ship (200 CP): The timbers of this golden galleon are olden dreams from times long gone, and poets' fancies make up its masts. Its rigging is strung with the people's hope, and every night it gains new rowers:

Characters dreamt up by humanity, the dead, and some folk that had never been. Each ephemeral, each good for little more than sailing. On this ship, you can sail through a strange and ephemeral river that is the dreams and musings of every thinking being there ever was. And from the river, fish up hopes and dreams for your own purposes.

Such is its construction that even if all the world to end, and the Silence were to overflow as **THE END** comes for all, even a mortal man would be safe aboard this ship. Which has a larder richly stocked with dreams of feasts and recipes yet to be invented.

Divine Nostalgia (200 CP): There is a garden called Wornath-Mavai fairer than any on Earth, where the flowers still bloom as they did when the world was younger and more joyful. And there is a city called Sadathrion, carved with great sweeping domes, and four pinnacles arcing to heaven. And tinkling with the waters of many fountains that flow inexorably back to their source, as onyx lions guard statues of the gods, and a thousand steps climbing to the citadel as its centre.

They are beautiful, these places. So lovely, and vital, and comforting that even after all their petty rivalries the gods love them like the parents they never had. To hold stewardship over one is not just to render even most gods from future worlds unusually sentimental, but to know a peace and solace no other mortal does.

Whether you choose the city, the garden, or something else, you may only choose one. They are rare enough that though the gods remember such wonders with aching fondness, none lie ahead of them in their future.

The Mountaintop That Never was (200 CP): The prophet Imbaun was told that when the people die, they will live with the gods on Pegana. And that Pegana is a place of gleaming whiteness with a god on each mountaintop, with the people on the slopes of whichever god they worshipped most. And that there shall be music beyond all compare drifting about like a half-remembered dream always, and streams drifting through all the orchards of the world under a blue sky, and never rain or regrets. And that rose petals shall be shed at the feet of all who dwell there. And that there will be three great peaks called Grimbol, Zeebol and Trehagobol where all the butterflies that ever died will soothe those on the mountains with cool winds, and a silver fountain high atop it will burst into gleaming mists to form a curtain shrouding that which lies above the gods.

This is a lie. This is a mere fancy a god told a prophet to soothe the world's worries with. But it is known that fancies are not only constructs for the gods, but all that may survive the Silence. For the world too, is a dream.

So this place may as well be real. And you may as well be its ruler (crossing into it by opening any door, so that any who wish may follow you), selecting whoever you deem good-even broad categories like those who prayed semi-regularly or all babies born under a full moon-to have their souls drawn here when they die. And enjoy paradisaical wonders in the image of the living world but far more splendid than it. And look down from this place's heights upon all you left behind, and know it was good that it is behind you.

But know this: There are no gods atop these mountains, only statues made in the image of whatever those you brought here worshipped most in temple-museums atop the slopes they arrive on. And there is nothing beyond the mists except an impossibly big and comfortable bed.

The Power of the Gods (400 CP): There is a thing wrought of black iron with four words upon it, of which none other than the gods and you know the nature of. They could speak of a flower's opening to dawn, the death of fish, earthquakes in the hills. Or simply spell out: Power, Knowledge, Forgetting and a concept even the gods do not understand. Whatever their meaning is, anyone who reads them gains the power of a god. That's it. Not necessarily a *great* god, not even necessarily more than a household god. But proportionate to their original scope of being, they will gain the powers of a god from this world too-such that a mortal shepherd could send out wisdom into all the world, or spirits that cannot even call themselves household gods raise up baboons into men.

The Scheme of Things (400 CP): There is a great book whose pages are black and white, of which the thing called Trogool that is singular in its' nature turns endlessly-causing day and night as a white page rises, or a black page falls. Because the gods are written in there, the gods came into being. Because it is written men must be elsewhere than where they are reading it, they are- appearing there as if waking up from a dream. And Trogool could be beloved by all the world, if he was willing to turn the pages back and read the lives of loved ones so they could live again. But Trogool would rather fight the winds of the south than cease only turning pages forward. Because this book exists, things progress inevitably to their end.

You have a book just like that. Trogool is neither god nor man, nor does he seem subject to their limitations like hunger or boredom. So you would need divine power to turn the pages as he does, and to ensure what you read comes to pass. But were a lord of Pegana could do so, he could resurrect the dead and stave off the end of existence as it seems both the turning of pages and the reading of records can be selective. All this book controls is progress for existence, nothing more, and there are forces in this very world like divinity and time which can contest it for primacy.

The River and Sea of Silence (400 CP): There is a river that flows across Pegana without a single splash, and past the skies. Farther than the farthest stars, it gathers into a great sea beyond every world. And there is no sound or movement in it. Only silence. Now Skarl has spoken: The river is yours.

The gods themselves dare not argue.

Why would you want this? For one thing, it encompasses all that is and ever could be for any one version of existence in its totality, and spills over a little further beyond. If you have **The Dream-Built Ship** you may sail this ship into the farthest reaches of the universe and to other realms of existence, instead of being limited to dreams and fancies. Other methods of transportation may be possible too.

For one thing, because while only beings of great power and significance, or a progression to **THE END** can make this river overflow. Because it embodies the inevitable stillness and cessation that this game of worlds and gods is meant to someday come to, you can learn much of how everything dies and dissolves by contemplating its currents. It is to death what death is to mere decay, and if you know not how to slay something less than a god in this world, you could

learn of it through here. Or simply scoop up some of its waters as a universal silencer.

The Weapon of Divinity (600 CP): There is a pair of concepts that have been bound to you, even if you are not the god of it, in a manner grand enough to challenge things like the progress of time but simple enough to use it could be likened to a weapon or familiar. If Death is not your sword and Sleep your scabbard, then perhaps Thunder is your hound and Lightning your falcon. They are not the fullness of the gods they derive from, but they are a great portion of their spirit and authority indeed. Above all else, they have been made conceptually lethal, a weapon both literal and abstract against eternal forces or divine beings that can even slay time, or death, or light itself.

The Drums (600 CP): This is the drum of Skarl, whose beating makes all from worlds to gods to even the Silence itself. Either because even its echoes have that much power, or because they conjure dreams in the mind of MĀNA-YOOD-SUSHĀĪ, it is unclear and does not matter. Because Skarl is always drumming you need not take up his duty, but all your powers of creation are greatly amplified when you do so. Were you a god, you too could create more simply by willing what you wish to join your pantheon as you strike for a few minutes. Or perhaps you would rather pour out enough stars to make a galaxy with five minutes' melody. It can create abstract things too. A mortal of far lesser could will true wealth, health, wisdom and joy all at once with half an hour or beating this thing and absolute mental discipline on those things.

The Hunter at THE END (600 CP): Time is a hound. Time is a servant. Time is leashed by the gods. And now it or some other equally inescapable concept is bound to you as well. If **The Weapon of Divinity** is something you wield and target, this is an autonomous and all-encompassing force with godlike intelligence and singular intent. You might slice mountain ranges in half and kindle stars with Heat the weapon, but Heat the servant could paint the night sky with shimmering galaxies and light every fire needed indefinitely *without* you paying attention. And unlike it, this concept can grow as it consumes. Until the gods, who are normally sovereign from time, can potentially be rent and slain by it.

Concepts can grow strong-willed if allowed to run wild indefinitely. Be a stronger-handed master than Shish to keep it under your thumb.

Companions

The Game of Gods (50/200 CP): Is to set men against each other, and before their own altar. In this world, it's play or get played. For 50 CP apiece, you may create or import a companion with 800 CP to spend on anything, including backgrounds. For 200 CP you may import or create a full set of 8.

Along The River (Free/50 CP): Men form bonds easily, naturally yearning for guidance. Gods, it must be said, hold each other far more aloof unless each is a playmate of the other. For free, you can embark on the likely fruitless endeavour of convincing a canon character to leave this world-whether because of faith, complacency or satisfaction. For 50 CP you can sweeten the deal with one very simple revelation: Certain knowledge they will not survive the current version of the dream, and foreknowledge that they may as one of your companions.

1000 Home Gods (50 CP): There are a thousand little gods beneath the notice of all but mortals. A god whose incense is the campfire, and a god who sends hearth smoke to Pegana if it is pleasing. A god of dust, and embers, and the consuming force of a tame fire. A god who yearns to find lost things, and a god whose children are shadows.

...and because all these gods don't feel they're appreciated enough, and also heard in prophecy that by coming with you they can escape the coming of Silence, they've sworn their services to you as an unlikely sort of prophet.

The Yozis (50 CP): Beyond the rim of the world and from out of the great unknown came three spirits: Ya, Ha and Snryg. They are the lords of Malice, Hatred and Madness. Being covetous and prideful things, they aspired to be worshipped as the gods themselves. There was just one problem: By taking this they showed up while the gods are wide awake, and now are both very put out and very nervous, daring not to advance their schemes of divinity while at a loss for what to do next. Yes, they can certainly torment mortals but well...so can pretty much everyone, including other mortals. Despite being literal spirits of evil the Yozis are surprisingly reasonable, civilised fellows who seem to crave *genuine* devotion. Perhaps what they really want, even if they cannot quite articulate it, is a friend?

The Yozis have no relation to any other order of beings called the Yozis. Although they would be very flattered if you attributed infinite worlds which

are their bodies, suns and moons for hearts, and feats like the creation of the world to them (all of which is vastly beyond their capabilities).

The Beast of Jumper (100 CP): There is a beast that obeys you, that has no flesh and no claws and no fangs. But can still chew, and tear, and grin-oh, how it can grin. Were this a beast called Death, it may be called Famine, or Pestilence, or be the greatest among droughts. Whatever it is this concept, this phenomena, is your friend and ally in all things. In 30 days, it could dry up a land sustained by rich rivers into arid wastes by grinning. In far less than that, it could spread itself through a village such that all die from being exposed to its hungry flesh. And it will seclude itself at your command too, flitting back to some distant part of the world where its nature holds domain.

Shield of Jumper (200 CP): There is a thing in this world that is the eldest of its kind. The god-model, the ur-archetype, superior above all others of its kind as the sun is to a candle. Tintaggon, the mountain of black marble, is the prime example of such things. Such was his might that though Slid's army of waves and sea beasts conquered the stars as well as all the lands of the gods' making, nothing could fell Tintaggon himself. Not the waves of a whole sea, not the armies' songs of seductive islands far away, not even five entire oceans casting themselves at Tintaggon. For not only could he move around, but fight back with such overwhelming force that when the battle was over, the seas lay still and dead at his feet.

There is now a thing in this world that is loyal to you as Tintaggon stood against forces that could have defeated the gods for honour and duty. It is not the elder mountain for his loyalties are spoken for. But it could be the vastest jewel in the world, the first star, or even an almighty potato that could make Pegana tremble with the force of its roots. While not all such things may be as vast and defensible as mountains, all stand near the apex of sheer strength in this world.

MĀNA-YOOD-SUSHĀĪ Junior (400 CP): Who can truly know the likeness of the ultimate creator? To try to put a face and likeness to he who made the gods is like unto a character in a story trying to describe the man who wrote about him. He is said to rest motionless in his slumber, unseen and untouched. Those who commune with him vanish. *Perhaps* a great mist separates him from the rest of existence. It is known he has at least one hand, that will someday sweep away this world.

And that hand implies a body, as much as he would desire to have one.

And now, there is something more than that. A cast-off. **A child of the One God to whom none may pray.**

The child of MĀNA-YOOD-SUSHĀĪ, be it son or daughter, likewise spends most of their time in deep slumber. If its father is the sun, it is merely the moon reflecting his greatness-though even that is power enough to make the gods kneel. However, the child dreams fondly of you. Celestial structures, phenomena as absolute as the march of time or wondrous as the advent of life, and perhaps a dozen confused gods will show up every now and then whenever its convenient for you. Each either being of great assistance in all your goals, or imbued with the certain knowledge their purpose for being is to please you. Those who antagonise you in a way significant enough for the gods of this world to take notice of have a tendency to receive horrifying awareness of how vast and uncaring the cosmos is-before suddenly disappearing so thoroughly they never existed at all.

More consistently and passively, **by the child's power the strangeness of this world can permeate that of others**-letting others potentially receive reliably prophecy of stock market charts, manifesting small gods for lightsabers and letting robots swim between the stars. To cause this, merely yearn for it deeply at any point and in a few hours the first faint omens will start to emerge. In a few weeks, existence will be as mythopoeic and steeped in mystery as Pegana itself. Though neither gods nor beasts they might struggle against will ever form on their own, existing ones may gain strange new powers.

Though the child wishes no ill on you, all this is ultimately without rhyme or reason that any in this world can determine. Only time can tell if esoteric means can get it to use its powers in a more directed way.

It is not certain what would happen if the child were to awake, though at least not having created *other* worlds after this one it may not *necessarily* end them.

Drawbacks

From THE BEGINNING to THE END (+ 0 CP): From the beginning, gods have revelled. Long before the end, man will continue to lament his own ignorance. The gods grow crueller and more bitterer even with games to amuse them. Man learns, and grows wiser in the futility of knowledge, and then lies instead. It is all meaningless. But if you want, you can extend your stay here for as long as you like, all the way until THE END.

The Sword of Welleran, the Hound of Time and the problematic presence of Allah and Olympus (+ 0 CP): Many are the tales in which Pegana's pantheon have inspired, and in some they even deign to make a personal appearance as if to accept homage. There are, as well, other tales that retell their revels and tribulations from a different perspective.

Choose this, and you may selectively canonise the details in any other stories by Lord Dunsany in which the Gods of Pegana make an appearance or are referred to.

You may also selectively canonise the presence of any IRL pantheon, though *all* gods are presumed to be fellow creations of MĀNA-YOOD-SUSHĀĪ just like those of Pegana. If you fundamentally disagree with the ontological primacy of a given deity, it is recommended you do not include them.

Finally, you may selectively canonise the events of any other story in which the Gods of Pegana play a prominent role.

This includes the upcoming (at the time of writing) JRPG Traitor CYOA jump.

The rebellions of the meek (+ 100 CP): Once a season, you will face an organised rebellion from a very small faction of beings that are as lesser to you as the household gods and those of streams are to the high and mighty lords of Pegana. Though you may sneer at their capabilities, it will always be inconvenient and insulting. Perhaps mice and sparrows have stolen your bedsheets. Perhaps as a god of stones, the gods of sand have been spreading their domain all over yours. Perhaps you'll start to understand why the high gods slowly lose patience with lesser beings.

Knoweth Not (+ 100 CP): For it brings only sorrow. Learning anything more mysterious than the proper functioning of a mortal kingdom and more complex than weather patterns will always bring you sorrow. Not through misfortune, but a slow despair of the spirit, a chilling realisation that *this is all for nothing and will someday end*. A small insight to why the gods grow bitter and cruel over time, and why prophets can live with being callous hoarders.

“Shall a man forgive a god?” (+ 100 CP): *Yes*, say the people, *for how can we stand against such majesty?* But that is cold comfort to a truly loving god. You are doomed now, for everything you do in kindness and charity to be twisted into some great woe for the world at large. You could give away your wealth and have it abused by tyrants and misers. Or invent a wonderful machine that is used to kill in easier, crueller ways. You may take some solace in being guided solely by vice and appetite. Know that while this true, your wickedness will also always have a faint aftertaste of unfulfillment, a sense of cloying emptiness and frustration.

Eternity is short (+ 200 CP): Because in the end, every world is but a transient dream of the almighty dreamer who created it. Understanding this, as usual, brings suffering to you. This world has become more ambiguous and liminal, the names of kings and the location of places changing occasionally and sometimes even retroactively to befit its nature as a dream. A path that led into the mountains one day may go into the sea by the season’s end. A god of the sea may be And your queenly lover may be a dancing girl in her own court where none has been ever known to rule in a mere week. This will never happen fast enough to be immediately dangerous or traumatic, but learning anything definite about this world without calcifying itself like a god is not just inadvisable-but impossible. It also makes navigating this world *very* inconvenient when you might one day find out you’ve always lived behind a mountain range or lake, or learn you owe taxes to a lord that didn’t exist yesterday.

The new High Prophet (+ 200 CP): Is you. You are the one mortalkind looks to for guidance on proper behaviour, for knowledge of the gods, for solace against the indifferent cruelty of the universe. Though often happy with sweet little lies and the fulfilment of their basic needs, mortals are also often stupid, shortsighted, covetous, fearful and hold long grudges. Should you fail to appease your worshipful people, they may pronounce a curse of vengeance upon you that will have meaningful consequences akin to a god losing

everything that gives its existence meaning. Not dead, but impotent and humiliated beyond all imagining.

The Armies of Dawn (+200 CP): Are at war with those of the night. And now it seems a god with comparable forces has declared war on you, driving the elemental forces of their domain to defeat you in battle, and imprison you or inflict some other great downfall even should you be immortal. This is not the world-conquering force of Slid, but mere mountain ranges and being located at the edge of the world will not be an obstacle for this raging force. And while they lack the approval of Pegana, for one reason or another without a significant reason to aid you every god will be too busy or perhaps rapt with amusement to intervene on your behalf.

“Shall a man curse a god?” (+ 300 CP): *No*, say the gods, *this shall not stand*. But you did, and now a god has decided to punish you greatly by withdrawing their domain utterly from you-causing intense agony *just short* of death. Water may abandon you in droves, making you spread drought everywhere and leaving you desiccated and brittle but not quite dead. Life may rot around you, such that swarms of insects and scavengers follow you everywhere, and your vitality depleted to the bare minimum where you are a seedbed for disease. The only way to lift this curse is to find the god who pronounced it, and somehow solicit their mercy. Or more plausibly (even if one is merely mortal), to kill the god (for that is more likely than for a god of this world to bestow forgiveness).

Lassitude (+ 300 CP): Ah, who were you again? It seems this world is forgetting you exist. Records of you erasing themselves as quickly as they’re written, people struggling to keep you in their mind for more than a few hours after meeting you *at best*. Even *gods* lose track of you from time to time, usually in inconvenient ways. You both look and feel faintly ephemeral, sometimes accidentally clipping through walls and the like, as if someone important is in the process of forgetting you. You’ll want to stay relevant now, even though for all but the mightiest in this world it’ll be an uphill struggle. Specifically, relevant among *mortals* because gods don’t work for some reason.

If at least 100 mortals don’t remember you exist, **you cease to exist in this world and your chain ends.**

THE BIRD OF DOOM who proclaims **THE END** (+300/600 CP):

It is almost all over.

Rather, for 300 CP it will be over in a season.

The bird of doom Mosahn, whose voice is like the trumpet, will fly above Pegana and announce **THE END**. The rivers of silence will overflow and wash everything away-the worlds, the stars, even time itself.

And you may say: But I have prepared a boat much like the gods themselves! Yet as the time of the gods wane, some of the forces they have leashed will begin to rebel. Time will chomp at its leash, thunder may flee its master, and some anomaly caused by your interdimensional nature will cause a half dozen other such forces to go horribly awry. Tearing at the gods and you if you're unlucky enough to get in their way after gaining a taste for flesh. Even Mung could not cleanly slay such a force without him, Death, falling in battle too.

For 600 CO, instead **THE END begins now**.

Ending Options

Back to Sleep (Go home): And it came to pass one day, that the Jumper missed a home and hearth. So did the Jumper gather up all that was near and dear, both persons and belongings, and make the long journey back to that faraway native world. Which was also far closer than most thought.

Dream Quest (Stay): And it came to pass one day, that the Jumper thought the land of Pegana was most fair, or even found some longing for a world more distant. Thus, the Jumper was laid to rest in this very world, whether to await the Silence or the embrace of the Earth. And as compensation for **THE END** now being inescapable, the Jumper was given 1000 CP to spend on anything.

Move on (Keep going): This outcome was not written down in any book or prophecy. The severance of your fate is not a thing accounted for. The absence you leave behind is not part of anyone here's design. Nevertheless, it is the outcome. You will move on. You will continue your journey.

Notes

This is going to sound strange, but reading Time and the Gods will both be very illustrative and very confusing about the nature of the setting. It presents some stories as firsthand accounts of the gods, further characterising them and fleshing out their conflicts as well as their capabilities, but others as folklore by humans trying to understand the world around them. There isn't a clear delineation between one and the other, and some stories ambiguously end as a dream or in-universe fiction. Time is described as an invading tyrant and a treacherous servant and a nimble stranger with a sword on the road, for example. There are allusions to Old Gods who are ambiguously greater than the rest, or creators unheard of in the narrative that may not even exist. There is a reason why despite nominally depicting the same setting and the same characters, you are given the option to fanwank what you want to be canon from it in your stay here.

Yes, you can staff your Dream-Ship's crew with every fanfiction Goku transformation or your fursona or a harem of overpowered anime/VN waifus or whatever else you direct the ship to fish up. They'll still only be as powerful as normal dreams though i.e. practical for little more complex than sailing.

It is not at all clear what a sign actually looks like. In context it seems to be a literal hand gesture. It's apparently simple enough to do that a god can make one while fighting.