

The book cover features a dark, high-contrast background of fern fronds. The text is centered and framed by a dotted border.

WE
FOREST
THREE

A SWORD DREAM
by Jamila R. Nedjadi of
SWORD QUEEN GAMES



WE MUST KNOW THREE THINGS

1

WE FOREST THREE is a tabletop roleplaying game (TTRPG). This one is meant to be played by yourself. In this game you'll create a character, a ***Witch Seeker***, and venture through a mysterious forest that belongs to ***Sisters Three***.

All of this happens in your imagination. It's all made up. None of it is real. (Well, maybe a part of it is. It's up to you, what that part is. Yes?)

To play this game you will need:

A print out or a digital copy of this game (playkit/printer-friendly version coming real soon!)

Writing materials, a recording device if you wish to record your game.

A complete set of polyhedral dice (you can get this from any gaming/hobby store, or your gaming friends can help you out!). A set of polyhedral dice is made up of seven dice, all of different shapes. A D20 is a twenty sided die, a D8 is an eight sided die, and so on.

About 1-2 hours, depending on how your journey into the forest plays out. ***Take breaks whenever you need to***, or play the game across several days if you like.

2

WE FOREST THREE is also a **SWORD DREAM**.

The SWORD DREAM movement began with the OSR (Old School Revival/Renaissance) community. It focuses on inclusivity, kindness, support, creativity, and empowering more voices. Every SWORD DREAM or *DREAM game follows the **9 Principles** which can be found [here](#). These principles are a work in progress as we learn more about what works best to support our goals.

In *We Forest Three* I wanted to explore the following concepts for this **SWORD DREAM**:

- Provide a fun *solo play* experience
- Negate the idea of physical death being the worse possible outcome (instead there is a “*soul death*”)
- Incorporate my own style of running a game for my players (changing a scene/concept on the fly to better support a specific approach/stat use)
- Provide numerous *alternatives* to blind violence/destruction/killing
- Express nuanced antagonists
- Encourage players to be *intuitive*, fill in the blanks, build off the story I offer
- Incorporate a lot of *Filipino culture*. Not just it’s myths and folklore, but also legacy, family, duty, social debt, spirituality outside of Catholicism

3



This is the Story. Your Story.

For a long time, the Forest has always been there. Even when the City was built, its trees cut down, its fauna disappearing, even then, when there was nothing left.

Even when our ancestors let go of the land, paying a terrible price for false treasure and hollow prestige. Even then.

The Forest remained. Its spirit, in some fashion, its shadows and sounds residing in the forgotten parts of the city.

In between glances and murmurs, in between heartbreak and lost stares. The Forest remains. Hidden. Unbroken. Patient. Angry. Waiting. Knowing.

And within the Forest are Sisters Three.

You come from a long line of Witch Seekers. But for many generations, no one has ventured into the forest. We do not know what happened to the last one who did. But it’s time. This is a journey only you can make. There is no one else.

The Forest is dying. And if it dies, it takes the City with it. Go, child. Seek out the Sisters Three, and make your demands.

This is the City’s last chance.

A few more things, before you start your journey.

You bear **Soul Resilience**. This is your ability to travel through the forest and come out on the other side whole, and still you. To determine how much **Soul Resilience** you have, roll two six sided die (2D6). Add 5 points to the result of the dice. This final number is what you'll write down next to your **Soul Resilience** section on your **Seeker Journal**.

You also bear three resources to help you on your journey: A **light**, a **map**, and **secrets**. It's up to you what these three things truly are.

Your **light** is a mechanical source of light: perhaps a flashlight, a cellphone screen, an ancient lantern. It shows the path, and scares away creatures who can't stand the light.

But if you lose this light, the darkness claims you. Perhaps your eyes will melt away into the shadow. You'll be able to see clearly in the dark, yes. But the sun will be too much for you to ever bear again.

Your **map** is a guide for you to make your way through the forest: perhaps a helpful foldout map with markings, a GPS guided map app, a scroll handed down through the generations.

But if you lose this map, the path will claim you. Perhaps your senses will become an extension of the forest and its denizens. You'll be able to always find your way around, yes, never get lost, no. But you'll you never be able to leave the forest, without breaking your heart forever.

Your **secrets** are pearls of wisdom that you have collected over the years, that tell you of how exactly to deal with the strange souls you find in the forest, and how to avoid drawing the ire of ancient beings.

But if you lose all these secrets? Oh child. Perhaps all the power of your family, cultivated over many years and through many secrets, will come undone. All of it laid to bear, you will become disconnected from family.

These three things are invaluable, but the Forest may also wish to claim them. These three resources have **risk dice** associated with them. You have three risk dice to assign: a **ten sided risk die** ($\Delta 10$), an **eight sided risk die** ($\Delta 8$), and a **six sided risk die** ($\Delta 6$).

Sometimes, *and especially when you fail an aspect roll and the Forest threatens your safety*, you will be asked to take a risk with one of your three precious resources.

Choose whichever makes sense to you and your story. Use your **light** to scare away what approaches? Use the **map** to quickly backtrack and find a new path? Use a family **secret** to beguile a denizen of the forest?

Pick up the risk die you assigned to that resource, and roll.

As long as you roll 4 and higher, you're good. The resource holds and you're able to continue your journey.

If you roll a 1-3? The resource is compromised in some way. In your **Seeker Journal** write down what happens to it. Perhaps the **light** flickers beyond your control, the **map** bears strange runes that whisper, the **secrets** turn in on themselves and make less sense. Whatever you decide, you must now knock down the risk dice to a less powerful one. An $\Delta 8$ becomes a $\Delta 6$, a $\Delta 6$ becomes a $\Delta 4$.

And if you roll a 1-3 on a $\Delta 4$? That resource is gone forever. Roll just one D6. That's how much your **Soul Resilience** weakens by. If you roll a 1, lose 1 point. Roll 6? Lose 6 points.

If your **Soul Resilience** hits 0? Well. You'll make your way across the Forest. But what emerges from the other side will no longer be you. I'm sorry, child. Truly, I am.

Should this occur, skip straight to page 21. Roll a D6. The Forest will decide your fate.

But there is a chance, child, that you'll make it. All the way to the end of the forest. All the way through this darkened path, and to the other side. To do so you will have to meet all **Sisters Three** and survive each encounter, each more difficult than the last.

Your **Seeker Journal** is on the next page. You can print out a copy or your **Seeker Journal** if you like, and use a pencil to write down any important information. It will help you keep track of any moving pieces too. You'll also need a name, a name the Forest calls you, and what you will demand of the **Sisters Three**.



WHO • DO • YOU • THINK • YOU • ARE?

*To Venture into This Forest Your
Ancestors Have Forsaken?*

To create your **Witch Seeker**, take three six sided dice (3D6). Take your **Seeker Journal**. Pick up your pencil.

Close your eyes for a moment, picturing a forest in your mind. It's dark, and it smells like rain. The rustling of the leaves sounds faintly like a woman sighing, in the dark. Ask the Forest to treat your seeker kindly. Or to help them find their end quickly. Whatever will be more merciful, yes?

Roll the three six sided dice (3D6). Add the numbers. This is the numerical equivalent of the aspects that will guide you through the trials of the Forest. You are rolling for three **aspects**. Roll for them in order. You may, if pressed truly, switch around one number for another.

Bravery – Your ability to remain steadfast and strong, to act without hesitation, to withstand the timeless horrors and shadows of the Forest.

Innocence – Your ability to wield the Forest's strange magic and have your heart remain pure and bright in the face of the Forest's ancient corruption.

Kindness – Your ability to remain generous and open-hearted, to call upon friends of the Forest to help and guide you.

Now in the future as you journey through the forest, you may be asked to to *test a certain aspect*. To do so, take a *twenty sided die (D20)*, and roll it. *If you roll equal to or under the number you wrote down for the aspect, you succeed and your aspect sees you through. If you roll higher than the number you wrote down for the aspect, something in you is vulnerable to the forest and you fail.*

Either way, follow the instructions. You're a good child, aren't you? You know that good children follow instructions, and make it all the way to the end of the dark and terrible fairy tale. We don't talk about what happens to bad children. Not here.



TRUST • YOUR STORY

To make the most out of *We Forest Three*, remember to trust your story. This game is meant to be difficult, to feel like a wild roller coaster ride. You are encouraged to play as often as you like, to try to make it all the way through to the end of the Forest.

Reclaiming an ancient Forest and rescuing a City is not an easy task. Prepare yourself mentally for this. The dice can be cruel when they demand a tragic story. It's possible that you'll fail this journey numerous times before you make it all the way to the end. But a journey cut short does not make the journey any less valuable or enjoyable! When you reach your end, allow the prompts and oracle to inspire a satisfying end to your journey. (Should you play again an interesting question to ask yourself is: are you playing a new character? What connection do they bear to the previous *Witch Seeker*?)



In general, when you come across a table, you are invited to roll one six sided die (1D6). Roll against the table, and follow the story to where it leads you.

There are little gaps, perhaps moments in the story that don't line up completely. There are also spaces deliberately placed to allow your imagination to flow freely. Imagine you're telling a story to yourself, and fill in the spaces as you please. Build on what's there. Have the story become whole, cohesive, and *sing* as you play.

You are a character in this story, but you are also your own storyteller. So, tell your story. **Trust that you can tell your story.** Trust in your intuition, your gut instinct, your primal reaction. Go with the first thing that comes to mind, and run with it.



The Forest will sometimes gift you things. Remember to write these down, so you can use these gifts when you need it most. For example, an encounter may gift you with more **soul resilience**. Other times you may be given an extra die to roll later, or asked to skip a challenge. Follow the instructions, take notes, have fun!

(Oh and by the way, if you gain more soul resilience than you started with *that's well and good*. Sometimes we find more of who we are when we journey into strange places, yes?)



THE FIRST SISTER

The Forest Oracle: CHAPTER ONE of THREE

It's time to enter the Forest, to seek out the Sisters Three. You take what you can with you, making sure your precious resources are secured. Take 1D6 and roll it against the table to discover:

What is the City like before you leave?

1-2 Strange rains and colorful lightning tear through the skies. *What is the one area of the city untouched by the rain? Why?*

3-4 Every living animal in the city, aside from the humans, have left. *Why is the Forest calling the animals to it?*

5-6 Several people have been replaced by doppelgangers, but only you and your family notice. *What do the doppelgangers want? Why can't they have it?*



It's time to enter the Forest.

How do you make your way?

1-2 You find one of the terrifying familiars of the **Sister Three**. It's waiting for you to follow. Test your **Bravery** to see if you can keep up without losing your nerve.

3-4 You've dreamed of the Forest, for a long time. Test your **Innocence** to see if you can follow your dream echoes into the Forest.

5-6 You meet a wandering ghost in the city. Test your **Kindness** to see if they trust you enough to help you.

> If you fail a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness to enter the Forest:

The Sisters Three sense your approach. They send out The Brothers Six, their own beloved family that they have corrupted and twisted to their will. Roll 1D6 to see what happens:

1-3 You use one of your resources to escape their gaze. But they're close, so close. *Declare which one you'll use, and roll your risk die.*

4-6 The **Brothers Six** are tracking you. *Mark one diamond on your Seeker's Journal.*



> If you pass a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness to enter the Forest:

You enter the Forest without alerting the Sisters Three. In addition you meet:

1-2 An ancient creature, a *Diwata*, blesses you. *Roll 1D6, gain that much soul resilience.*

3-4 You find a large man smoking in a tree, a *Kapre*. He offers juicy gossip. *When you meet the First Sister, roll with one extra D20 and take the lower one.* The gossip helps!

5-6 A *duwende*, a fully grown man the size of a small child with glassy eyes, takes pity on you. They offer you tea and rest. You fall asleep. You wake up and must now make up for lost time. The *duwende* doesn't understand why you're so rushed.



The Forest is full of mirrors, dark and gleaming. Within the shadows your doppelganger awaits, waiting for the moment you blink for too long or forget to breathe.

It watches you with equal parts malice and jealousy. It wants the life you've taken for granted. It will do everything it can to take that life away from you.

And then, the moment comes. How does the doppelganger demand you act?

1-2 The *doppelganger* rushes at you, wielding weapons of mirror and regret. Test your **Bravery** to see if you can withstand this!

3-4 The *doppelganger* attempts to convince you that you've been the fake this whole time. Test your **Innocence** to see through this!

5-6 Angry tears fall from the eyes of the *doppelganger*. Test your **Kindness** to see if you can reach them and heal their broken heart.



> If you fail a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness against your doppelganger:

1-3 One last chance! Seize it! Run away! *Declare which resource you'll use, and roll your risk die to see if the resource is damaged.*

4-6 The *doppelganger* laughs at you, and leaves for the City. Roll 1D6, lose that much soul resilience.

> If you pass a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness against your doppelganger:

1-2 The *doppelganger* reveals how it has been your protector this whole time, but it has been twisted by the **Sister Three**. Free of their influence, they whisper revelations to you. Roll 1D6, gain that much **soul resilience**.

3-4 The *doppelganger* points at your **map**, and makes changes to your route. You find a shortcut. *Skip the next challenge(white box) and go straight to the next one (turn the page)*

5-6 The *doppelganger* looks at you for a long moment. Nodding, it understands. It changes form, taking the shape of the one you've despised most. It leaves the forest, intending to find its new target. *How do you feel?*

This part of the Forest looks like glass, parts of the trees are made from abandoned and forgotten buildings of the city. A few feet away from you, you see an elevator. It senses your gaze, and the doors slowly open, light spilling forth in harsh angles. Just on the edge of your hearing, you can hear someone calling your name. Can you resist the call?

1-2 You sense you can force the elevator to take you where you want to go. Test your **Bravery** to see if this is true.

3-4 You recognize this beast for what it truly is. Test your **Innocence** to see through its lies.

5-6 From behind the elevator you see a scared *Duwende*. As the enslaved mechanic of the elevator it may be able to assist you. Test your **Kindness** to see if they trust you.



> If you fail a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when dealing with the mysterious elevator:

1-3 Things don't go according to plan, but maybe you can use one of your resources to help you? *Declare which resource you'll use, and roll your risk die to see if the resource is damaged. Regardless, narrate how the resource helps you get to safety.*

4-6 You panic, trying to run away. You stumble into a trap laid by the **Brothers Six**. They sense you. *Mark one diamond on your Seeker's Journal.*

> If you pass a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when dealing with the mysterious elevator:

1-2 The elevator takes you straight to the hidden lair of the **First Sister**. *Skip two white boxes to meet the first Sister. Prepare yourself.*

3-4 Suddenly a pair of racing *Tikbalang* rush past you! These anthropomorphic horses wear many shining beads in their manes, their flanks steaming from the exertion. One of them smashes the elevator to pieces. The other tells you they will come to collect this debt in the future: prepare yourself. They leave abruptly, leaving you speechless. Did you just fall in love a little? Roll 1D6, gain that many points of **soul resilience**.

5-6 A small army of *Duwende* swarm the elevator, taking it apart in one fell swoop. One of them approaches you, and states the debt they owe your family is paid. They disappear into the Forest, fading away.

The Brothers Six take on strange shapes, forcing the Forest to assist in their hunt for you. You hear the First Sister screech into the night, the sound of many wings crashing against the sky.

It's time to run with the Forest, run with its memories, run with the last of the City's heart beating against your ears, drumming, drumming, drumming the way...

1-2 You call upon a particular tribe of *Tikbalang* to assist you, one that's been known to assist **Witch Seekers** like you. But they only answer the call of the strongest. Test your **Bravery**, prove yourself worthy.

3-4 Allow yourself to lose your form, just for a moment. Your skin becomes like the bark, your eyes like the glass of the sky. Test your **Innocence** and become one with the Forest.

5-6 In the distance, you can just see it! The light of the *santelmo*. A lost soul, trapped in the forest, who could be your guide. Test your **Kindness** to see if you can draw it near.

> If you fail a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when hiding from the Brothers Six:

1-3 One of the **Brothers** sees you, and strangely acts with kindness. They try to distract the other brothers! *Declare which resource you'll use, and roll your risk die to see if the resource is damaged. Regardless, narrate how the resource helps you get to safety.*

4-6 One of the **Brothers** sees you, and acts mercilessly. They draw a symbol of the hunt on your forehead, and let you go. *Mark one diamond on your Seeker's Journal of the elevator it may be able to assist you.*

> If you pass a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when hiding from the Brothers Six:

1-2 The Forest whispers secrets to you, a lifetime's worth. *Roll 1D6, gain that many points of soul resilience.*

3-4 A part of your soul is left behind, creating an anchor point. *When you meet the First Sister, roll with an extra D20 and take the lower one.*

5-6 A *diwata* delights in your **Light**, and decides to spend time with you. The two of you make shadow shapes with your hands. They giggle and kiss your cheek before returning to the Forest.



The First Sister grows angry, impatient, and desperate. You sense the Forest begins to change in response. As her screams fill the trees, they scream in chorus with her, splitting in two. Denizens of the Forest struggle desperately to escape her wrath. Those too slow to react find themselves splitting into two, soul against body, mind against heart, past against the future...

1-2 You manage to react in time, taking a deep breath. Test your **strongest aspect** (the one with the highest number. If it's a tie, pick one).

3-4 You feel yourself split into two. Test against both your **strongest and weakest aspect**, but the higher number is your result.

5-6 You feel yourself panicking, splitting in two. Test your **weakest aspect** (the one with the lowest number. If it's a tie, pick one).



> If you fail a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when keeping yourself together:

1-3 Use your resource with the lowest risk die. This is the only way through, it seems. *Roll your risk die to see if the resource is damaged.*

4-6 The inconsistencies of your soul are now revealed, and there's no avoiding the lies you tell yourself. *Roll 1D6, lose that much soul resilience.*

> If you pass a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when keeping yourself together:

1-2 A shadow within you reveals a newfound power. *Add 1 point to any of your aspects.*

3-4 You chase your other half through the forest, and it leads you straight to the **First Sister**.

5-6 As you struggle to remain present, here and now, you set off a trap belong to one of the **Brothers Six**. *Mark one diamond on your Seeker's Journal.* You escape for now, and stumble towards the lair of the **First Sister**.

You find the cave. It's made of half-forgotten things, abandoned items that were once precious to someone. It all comes together like a faded nightmare, photographs decaying on the walls. As you walk through the cave you can hear her, singing somewhere in the dark.

She's calmer now. As calm as the sky is before the storm breaks, and all hell breaks loose. She sings the song your mother used to sing to you, to help you sleep. To help you forget.

You see her floating before you, her large bat wings filling the cave with its noise: WAKWAK, WAKWAK, WAKWAK. Her hair is long, and covers her upper body with its tangles. The lower half of her body is missing, hidden somewhere deeper in the cave. The First Sister is the dread Manananggal.

1-2 You are fearless! You rush at her, grabbing her hair and wings, a scream tearing through your throat. Test your **Bravery**.

3-4 You sing to her in turn, knowing what she truly longs for is to feel whole again. Safe. Beyond desire. Test your **Innocence**.

5-6 You reach out a hand, offering to hold her close, to comb her hair gently, to soothe her shattered soul. Test your **Kindness**.



> If you overcome the Manananggal:

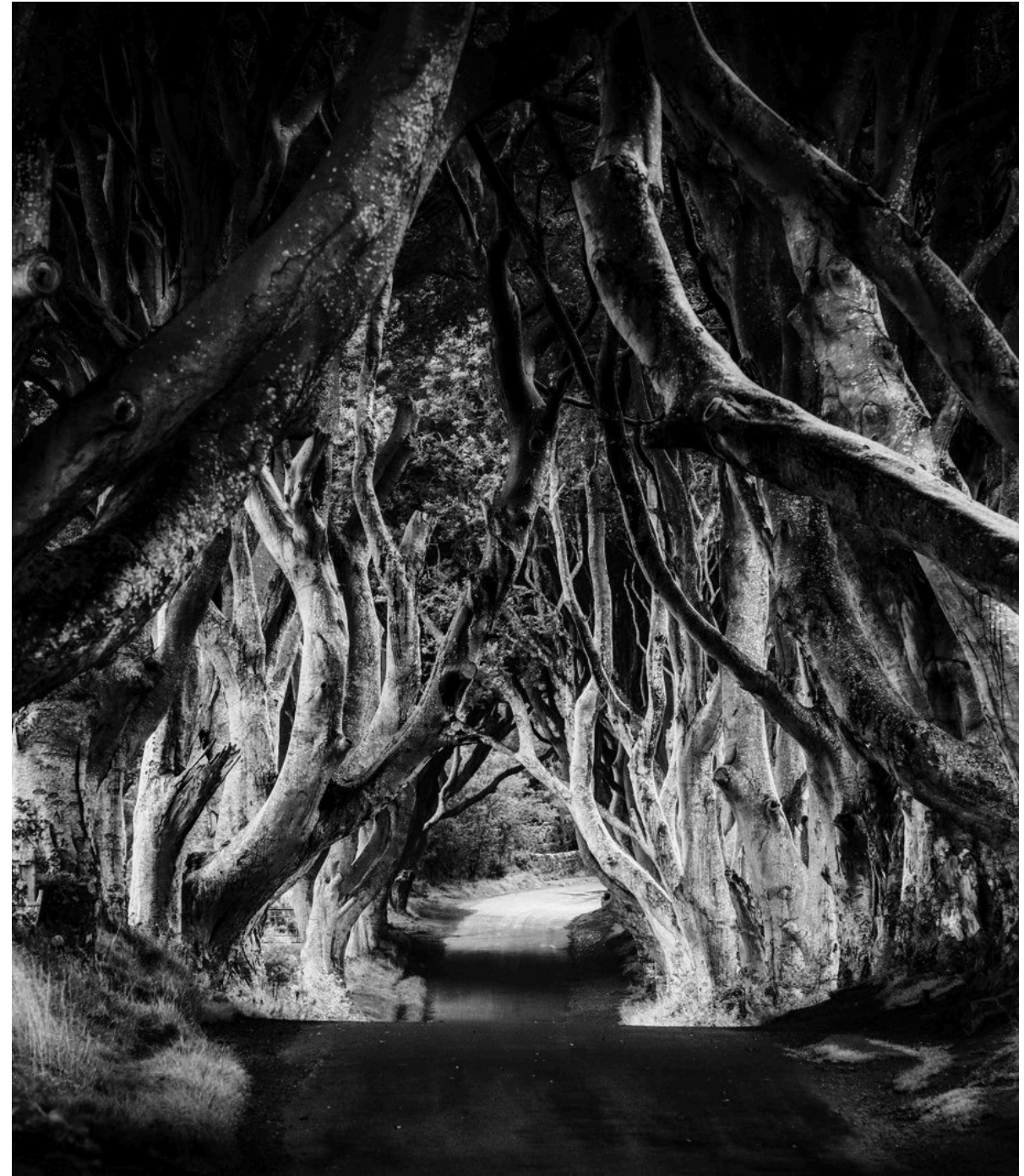
1-3 She gives up her soul willingly. She leads you to the lower half of her body. You salt the entrails, and she screams in agony, her body becoming fetus-like. She dies.

4-6 While her upper body accepts her fate, her lower half does not. *Test any of your aspects. If you pass, refer to the result above. If you fail, refer to the table below.*

> If you struggle against the Manananggal:

1-3 The **Brothers Six** seek you out. *Mark one diamond on your Seeker's Journal. You eventually overcome the Manananggal.*

4-6 It takes a long time to overcome the *Manananggal*. You eventually take the fetus like object but *roll 1D6 and lose that many points of soul resilience*.





**THE SECOND
SISTER**

The Forest Oracle: CHAPTER TWO of THREE

You take a moment to gather your thoughts, collect yourself. Take a few. Deep. Breaths. One, and then another. One, then one more.

You go through your things, your shaking hands reaching for the familiar. You come across one of three small glass bottle given to you. They each have inscriptions and prayers scratched into the glass by hands long gone from this world.

Within this bottle, the fetus like creature sleeps. The First Sister looks so small now, so innocent. White bat-like wings unfurl, and it folds into itself, yawning as it pushes against the side of the glass bottle.

What happens to the First Sister?



1-2 She dreams and dreams, and she dreams of freedom. The Forest slowly begins to let go of the City. You feel your ancestors sigh in relief behind you.

3-4 She opens one blood red eye, and yawns. Soon, she will wake. The scratched prayers will keep her imprisoned. Just barely.

5-6 The glass breaks. Shocked, you drop it. The fetus-like body of the **First Sister** drops to the ground, trailing glass behind it. You blink, and she's gone. (As you walk through the Forest some of the fruit look strange, like flesh coming undone)

You continue your journey.

As you move through the forest, you hear the sound of wood whispering against wood. Soft voices, repeating ancient prayers in Latin, drift through the trees. A procession.

You see them now, The Saints of the Forest. Their bodies are made of wood, their sharp noses and pale skin marred by rot and trails of rain from long ago.

Some of the saints bear no hands, the others no heads. They move jerkily through the undergrowth, chanting prayers that rise through a fever pitch.

Who knows what they'll do, when they find you? Saints have very strange ideas about what saves a soul like yours.

1-2 Slowly you cover your exposed skin with dirt. You hide your hands behind you. You walk among them. Test your **Bravery**.

3-4 When they approach you, you offer the ancient prayers, handed down through the generations of your family. You pray for forgiveness, for life everlasting, for the grace of Heaven. Test your **Innocence**.

5-6 You slowly take out makeshift tools from your belonging. You can offer them a new life, you say. They don't have to remain Saints, they can become something else. Test your **Kindness**, to see if they believe you.



> If you fail a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when facing the Saints:

1-3 The Saints do not like what they see. Screeching, they go into a religious frenzy, flinging curses at your shadow. *Declare which resource you'll use, and roll your risk die to see if the resource is damaged. Regardless, narrate how the resource helps calm the Saints.*

4-6 One of the Saints reveals themselves to be a **Brother** in disguise. The wood peels off of his skin painfully. Before he dies, he kisses your cheek, marking you for the hunt. *Mark one diamond on your Seeker's Journal.*

> If you pass a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when facing the Saints:

1-2 The Saints declare you worthy, and full of grace. Take this, they say, and eat it, all of it. This is the body of the **Second Sister**. *When you meet the Second Sister, roll with one extra D20 and take the lower one.*

3-4 One of the Saints reveals themselves to be you, from a lifetime before this one. Look into their eyes. *Roll 1D6 and gain that many points of Soul Resilience.*

5-6 The Saints gather round you, and through their wooden bodies a dry cracking laugh rumbles. As they touch you, hold you, they fall to pieces. The Forest reclaims them, they rot away, becoming ash and dirt.



Lights float ahead of you, urging you onward. The Santelmo, lost souls hiding in the Forest, guide you through the dark trees. The sound of the Market pricks your ears, as vendors shout out prices and insults. Sure enough you come across it, the Forest Market. The smell of fresh fish and vegetables greet you. Duwende, Diwata, Tikbalang, all manner of creature are here offering their goods.

What calls out to you?

1-2 The hearts of Saints are on display. Test your **Bravery** to see if you can offer a price worthy of it. *Should you pass the test, automatically pass your next test of Bravery.*

3-4 The eyes of the *Engkanto* look at you. The *Engkanto* offer strange perceptions. Test your **Innocence**. *Should you pass the test, automatically pass your next test of Innocence.*

5-6 The mouth of the *Sirena*, mermaid like creatures, sing soft lullabies and offer comfort. Test your **Kindness**. *Should you pass the test, automatically pass your next test of Kindness.*

> If you fail a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when buying from the Market:

1-3 The vendors are insulted by your presumptuous nature. They insist on going through your things, possibly damaging them. *Roll all risk die for all you resources.*

4-6 The vendors recognize you, and abruptly close their shops. In the sudden quiet, you see one of the **Brothers Six** watching you. *Mark one diamond on your Seeker's Journal.*

A young girl and an older woman stand in a clearing. The Forest cast shadows on their features, the moonlight cascading down their dark skin and darker hair.

There is a soft humming sound, and you realize the young girl is surrounded by bees. Her hair and simple dress move like she is under water. She's holding out an impatient hand towards the woman.

The woman holds a winged sword in her hand. She shakes her head: No. They both turn to look at you. The woman points the sword at you. What do they demand of you?



1-2 The sword begins burning bright and hot. The woman throws the sword at you! Test your **Bravery** to see if you can hold it.

3-4 They both look at you. You realize they've been waiting for you, for a long time. Test your **Innocence** to see if you can help them leave the Forest.

5-6 The bees are agitated, questioning your presence. You notice they are made of the sharpest glass. Test your **Kindness** to see if you can calm down the young girl.

> If you fail a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when facing the Winged Sword:

1-3 Both of them turn on you, tears of disappointment running down their faces. *Declare which resource will help you escape their wrath, and roll your risk die for that resource.*

4-6 One of the **Brothers** bears down, tearing apart the souls of both girl and woman, dooming them. *Run away, and mark one diamond on your Seeker's Journal.*

> If you pass a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when facing the Winged Sword:

1-2 The Sword shines brilliantly, cutting through all lies. You learn something essential about the connection between your family and the **Second Sister**. *When you meet the second sister, roll with one extra D20 and take the lower one.*

3-4 The two of them look at you, then nod. "It is done," one of them says. "Finally." the other answers. You blink, and they're gone.

5-6 You realize you stand in the presence of the truest saints who have protected the City for generations. You are overwhelmed and feel yourself fraying. *Roll 1D6, lose that points of many soul resilience.*

As you move deeper into the forest, you can hear fire crackling in the distance. The wind carries the smell of burning flesh. You look around you, and the trees around you begin smoking, the leaves turning to ash. As the bark curls and turns black, it reveals writhing flesh underneath.

In the distance, the Brothers Six howl. They're coming, and they come with fire.

1-2 The fastest route through the Forest will be the most dangerous. Test your **Bravery**.

3-4 The fire isn't what it seems. Reach out and touch it, allowing it to burn away what doesn't serve you. Test your **Innocence**.

5-6 A *Santelmo*, especially a lost soul purified by fire, should be able to help you. Call out and see if they answer. Test your **Kindness**.

**> If you fail a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness
when facing the Forest Fire:**

1-3 You almost make it, almost. But the Fire is old, ancient, and very angry. Declare which resource will help you survive the Fire and how. The fire damages it, describe how. Lower its risk die to the next die.

4-6 You try to escape, but the fire is mesmerizing. The howls lull you into a false sense of safety. A **Brother** discovers you. They stroke your hair lovingly. Mark one diamond on your *Seeker's Journal*.

**> If you pass a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness
when facing the Forest Fire:**

1-2 A part of the fire responds to you and recognizes the righteousness of your quest. It burns a clear path for you. Skip the next white box, and go straight to the **Second Sister**. Turn the page.

3-4 You barely stay ahead of the **Brothers Six**, you can feel their breath on the back of your neck. Declare which resource you'll use to get away from them. Roll your risk die for it.

5-6 The fire burns and burns and it hurts, it hurts so much, in the bones of your soul. You stumble towards safety, but you feel a part of your soul turning into ash. Roll 1D6, lose that many points of **soul resilience**.



The Brothers slink away, satisfied with the terror they have wrought. The fire dies down, slowly. In the distance you can hear the sound you make your way through the Forest, and find a road stretching and winding between the dark trees.

Who comes to pick you up?

1-2 A long jeepney screeches to a halt next to you, loud 70s rock blaring from its speakers. A *Kapre* is driving, his overly long limbs and thick body barely able to fit in the jeep. "Got any spare change?" she asks, chewing a cigar noisily. You hand over the change and they nod, giving a smoky kiss on the cheek. When the smoke clears, you find yourself exactly where you're supposed to be. Roll 1D6. You gain that many points of **soul resilience**.

3-4 A fancy car parks next to you, and the window rolls down. You see a cellphone on the dashboard, a ride sharing app on the screen. Your name is on the screen. You assume it's a ghost driving, because the driver's seat is empty. You get in, and they drive you to the domain of the **Second Sister**.

5-6 Several cars pass by, but no one stops. You eventually decide to walk. You're tired, and your soul begs for rest. Roll 1D6, and lose that many points of **soul resilience**. You finally reach your destination, where the **Second Sister** waits.

There's just a long, lonely road ahead. It stretches on, and on, and on. On either side of the road, ghostly white balete trees reach outwards to the night sky, the very edges of their branches kissed by the bloodiest colors.

The fog comes in, flooding the road and the trees. A taxi cab slowly moves towards you, wheels whispering secrets across the gravel. The taxi light turns on, and the ghostly remains of the taxi driver beckons you, urging you to come closer. When you get into the backseat, the road starts to melt away. There are only the balete trees, reaching out with warning fingers.

Suddenly, the Second Sister is sitting next to you. The White Lady of Balete drive. Her eyes burn, and burn, and burn. White hot.

1-2 You climb into the driver's seat. You look straight at the rear view mirror, straight into her eyes. You speed up. Test your **Bravery**.

3-4 The *White Lady* reaches out, her fingers freezing against your lips. "Tell me the secret for finding my way home," she insists, her voice menacing. Test your **Innocence**.

5-6 Before she can say anything, you reach out and offer your hand. You know she wants to hear false promises. Test your **Kindness**.

> If you brave the White lady:

1-3 She leans back against the back of the seat, closing her eyes. She nods, and begins to fade away. Her soul finally at peace.

4-6 She laughs bitterly in response, expecting more. Test any of your **aspects**. If you pass, refer to the result above. If you fail, refer to the table below.

> If you struggle against the White Lady:

1-3 A car comes out of nowhere, crashing into the taxi. It's one of the **Brothers Six**. Use a resource to escape and overcome the *White Lady*. Lower its risk die to the next die.

4-6 The *White Lady* leans in, whispering a heartbreaking secret to you. Roll 1D6, lose that many points of **soul resilience**.





THE THIRD SISTER

The Forest Oracle: CHAPTER THREE of THREE

With shaky legs, you climb out of the taxi cab. The door slams shut behind you loud, too loud, and it echoes through the Forest. The balet trees uproot themselves, and slowly walk away, fading into the Forest. The taxi cab drives off, leaving you behind.

You look down, and in your hands is the second glass bottle. The inscription on this one is a prayer asking for God, and all his saints and angels, to light the path home.

Inside the bottle the First Sister breathes against the glass, creating fog and ice crystals within. She looks at you with heavy lidded eyes, the fire almost gone. Almost.

What happens to the First Sister?

1-2 She fades and fades, and she fades into oblivion. The Forest allows itself to die just a little. There's a sense of relief and release.

3-4 She glares at you, a cruel epiphany coming to her eyes. The fire will burn again, and soon. The scratched prayers will keep her bound. Just barely.

5-6 The glass breaks violently, cutting your palm. Your blood runs cold, your arm feels like both ice and fire at the same time. For a moment there's a flash of anger, betrayal, a soul unwilling to rest. And then it's gone, and with it the **Second Sister**.

You continue your journey.

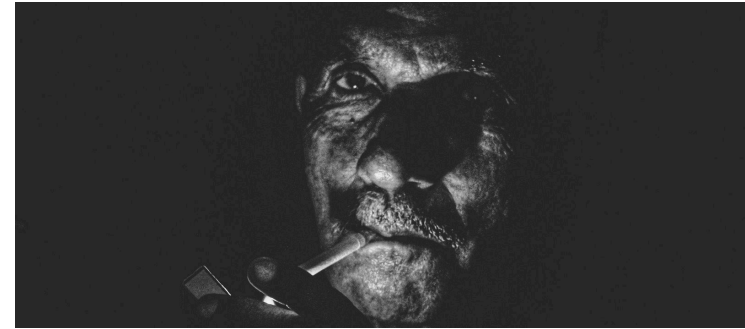


This part of the forest is full of banana trees, stretching higher than normal. The wide leaves whisper in the darkness. In the darkest shadows floats the light of a large cigar. The cigar is easily the size of a grown child.

A creature of long hair and longer limbs slowly steps into the soft light, standing taller than any of the trees. Gripping the cigar between their teeth, they reach out and break off a banana, offering it to you.

As you watch, they peel the banana, but the skin of it looks raw, bleeding. A collection of fingers reveals itself, hidden within the fruit.

Will you take this gift from the Kapre?



1-2 You reach out and break off a finger, throwing it in your mouth. The bone crunches and the blood pools in your mouth. Test your **Bravery**.

3-4 You remember the stories. If you pray, remembering every Latin word and without your voice trembling, the *Kapre* will eat the fruit himself. Test your **Innocence**.

5-6 With your clear eyes you see the *Kapre* smiling from the shadows, his mischievous eyes twinkling. None of this is real. You pretend to be scared to amuse him, hoping he'll stop his teasing. Test your **Kindness**.

> If you fail a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when facing the Kapre:

1-3 Your initial plan doesn't quite work out as intended. You are forced to use a resource to get out of this. *Declare which resource you'll use and how it helps. Roll its risk die.*

4-6 All the fruits begin peeling by themselves, revealing the hands and eyes of the **Brothers Six**. The eyes rake over your body, the hands reaching for you. *Mark one diamond on your Seeker's Journal.*

> If you pass a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when facing the Kapre:

1-2 The *Kapre* laughs, obviously impressed. He lays a large hand on your head, ruffling your hair. "The Forest was right to choose you, to be the last one," he says. The *Kapre* offers their blessing. *Roll 1D6 and gain that many points of soul resilience.*

3-4 A *Diwata* comes by, and flicks the *Kapre's* large nose. He swears under his breath, and the *Diwata* turns to you. "Ignore him, he's a jerk. Here, for your trouble." *She assists with your resources, repairing things as needed. Raise one risk die to the next highest one.*

5-6 The *Kapre* looks at you for a long moment. Silently, he offers you his cigar. You politely take a drag, struggling to not cough. When the smoke clears, the *Kapre* is gone.

You press on. The air is humid. Sweat runs down your face. Your feet become heavier, and drag. You look down, and puddles are forming at your feet. Thunder tears through the sky above, and a sudden downpour of rain freezes your bones.

The water rises. You take one last gulp of air. The ocean rushes around you, and now in the distance, a glimmering palace.

The Sirena, the mermaids, are waiting. What do they ask of you?

1-2 Dive, dive deeper still. Explore the depths, find the bones of enemies long gone, our would be conquerors. Test your **Bravery**. *Should you pass the test, automatically pass your next test of Bravery.*

3-4 Open your mouth, child. Allow yourself to drown. Trust in the water, in the ocean, in its song. Die, just a little. Test your **Innocence**. *Should you pass the test, automatically pass your next test of Innocence.*

5-6 The queen of the Sirena comes to you, his eyes pale and unseeing. "Tell me one last story," he begs, "One last story of the city." Test your **Kindness**. *Should you pass the test, automatically pass your next test of Kindness.*

> If you fail a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when facing the Sirena:

1-3 The Sirena hiss, disgusted. They unravel the storm hidden in your spirit, tearing you apart. *Roll 1D6, lose that many points of soul resilience.*

4-6 The Sirena apologize, eyes full of tears, as they offer a part of you to the **Brothers Six**. *Mark one diamond on your Seeker's Journal.*

The water recedes, you cough out the last of the ocean's water from your lungs. You heave yourself up, continuing your journey.

"Aren't you tired?"

You look around. You are surrounded by dozens of black chicks, their feathers shining in the dark. You see dirty almost-human feet in front of you, toe nails long and cracked. They bend down, balancing themselves on the balls of their feet. They have a wide mouth, and many sharp teeth. They smell of blood.

The Aswang picks up a black chick, and offers it to you. "For you, my love."

1-2 You heave a sigh of relief. Finally. You grab the chick and swallow it in one bite. Test your **Bravery**.

3-4 You resist, and the Aswang grabs your arm. Their smile turns into a growl, and you feel your body changing. Test your **Innocence**.

5-6 You shake your head, smiling. "How about I take your immortality away from you, my love? Don't you want to rest?" Test your **Kindness**, to see if the Aswang will trust you.

>> If you fail a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when facing the Aswang:

1-3 The Aswang bear their teeth, ready to tear away your flesh. Declare which resource you'll use to escape death, roll its risk die.

4-6 The Aswang howls into the night, alerting the Brothers Six to your presence. *Mark one diamond on your Seeker's Journal*

> If you pass a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when facing the Aswang::

1-2 The Aswang is impressed, despite themselves. They nod, and lean in close. Closer. They kiss you on the lips, drawing only a little blood. Is this love? *Roll 1D6, gain that many points of soul resilience.*

3-4 The Aswang chuckles, hiding their teeth behind their hand. "All listen closely my love," they whisper, as they stroke your cheek. *When taking the next challenge, do not roll. Choose whether you pass or fail. Roll as normal for the results on the pass/fail table.*

5-6 The Aswang reels back, as if burned. They glare at you, eyes growing black and haunted. They abruptly leave, melting into the Forest.



You're almost there. You know you can't confront the Third Sister with the Brothers Six hunting you. It's time.

Now, you hunt them.

1-2 You're ready. You're prepared. You steel your heart, clear your mind. Test your **strongest aspect** (the one with the highest number. If it's a tie, pick one).

3-4 You hesitate, leaving yourself vulnerable. What if you can't do this? Test against both your **strongest and weakest aspect**, but the higher number is your result.

5-6 One of the **Brothers** catches you unaware, pinning you to a tree. *Immediately mark one diamond in your Seeker's Journal.* Test your **weakest aspect** (the one with the lowest number. If it's a tie, pick one).

> If you fail a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when facing the Brothers Six, for the final time:

1-3 The **Brothers Six** are terrible, they are cruel, they are forced to be so. You must use everything at your disposal now. *Reduce all risk die to the next lowest die. Roll all risk die.*

4-6 The **Brothers Six** cry hot tears as they plunge their hands into your soul, spreading their corruption and pain. *Mark three diamonds in your Seeker's Journal.*

> If you pass a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when facing the Brothers Six, for the final time:

1-2 "Please," they beg, "Release us, release us. Let us go, let us go. Release us from purgatory." You nod, placing a kind hand on each of their faces, one after the other. You whisper the prayer, and it is done. Their souls sigh and sing in your hand. *Roll 2D6, gain that many points of soul resilience. Clear all diamonds in your Seeker's journal.*

3-4 The **Brothers** howl and tear at their own flesh. "Go now," they cry in unison, "Leave while you still can. Run, run, dearest sibling. Run." *Their parting gift for you: roll 1D6, gain that many points of soul resilience.*

5-6 The battle is long and drawn out, but through Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness, you manage to defeat every **Brother**. You are exhausted, but you are whole. They sleep, and sleep well now. You carefully place their sleeping minds into puzzle boxes, small enough to contain their souls.



You are tired. So very, very tired. Exhausted to the very depths of your soul. No more! You wish to scream, Enough!

But you are a Witch Seeker. What else are you to do? The legacy of your family weighs on you now, heavy, unforgiving. Merciless.

You choke back a sob, and another. You wipe away the tears. You breathe, and breathe again, a scream threatening to burst from you.

*Is this what the Great Family has been reduced to? You?
Is this all they offer me? Hah!*

*The voice echoes in your mind, and your heart calms.
You remember who you are.*

Do you now? Very well. Come as you are.

All noise in the Forest dies. In the sword sharp silence, the trees turn into the darkest glass. The City's heart rises, and buildings thrust up from the soil. Reaching, reaching to the sky.

Tonight the City Dies, or the City is Reborn.

It's up to you now.



1-2 You rush forward and *leap*, grabbing onto a window ledge, holding on for dear life. You rise with the buildings, and take a deep breath. Test your **Bravery**.

3-4 Another illusion. You allow your form to become like the glass, allow it to shatter. You walk through. Test your **Innocence**.

5-6 You place a hand on your chest and close your eyes. *Oh friends of the Forest. Help me, please.* Who comes? Test your **Kindness**.

**> If you fail a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness
when facing the City's Heart:**

1-3 You've come this far, surely you can make it. Just a little more! *You must use all your resources at your disposal. Declare how you do so. Roll all risk die.*

4-6 The City's Heart roars in your ears, demanding all of you, all of you. *Roll 1D6, lose that many points of soul resilience.*

**> If you pass a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness
when facing the City's Heart:**

1-2 The City remembers your family, and all they have done for the it. The City sings your name in chorus with the Universe itself. *Roll 2D6. Gain that many points of soul resilience.*

3-4 The City shows you many things, many possible futures, many discarded pasts. *Raise all risk die by one die.*

5-6 The City senses your fear and doubt. You cast a long shadow behind you. The City's Heart trembles, and allows you passage.

The Heart of the City strains and pulls against your own, demanding freedom, demanding worship, demanding sustenance. You break away from the entanglements of desire, pushing past the dark glass and kaleidoscope dreams of the city and all who live in it.

I had a different name, once.

The City fades for a moment, flickering like an old video. A Mountain rises, crushing the Heart of the City. The Mountain overwhelms you, demanding to be seen, demanding to be remembered, demanding to remake the past.

They call me, all of me, every version of me, they call me Maria. Can you imagine? How dare they, the weak-blooded monsters from across the sea. They desecrated my body with their churches, tore apart my people, and cut out the tongues of those who remembered my name.

It's been so long. I don't remember my name anymore.

I only remember that the pale ones took it from me. Took away most of my power, until all I had left was a memory of what we once had. This land, our people, and me.

I'll take this city, and consume it. I'll take back what they stole from me.

The Mountain rises, rises, and rises. The Third Sister spreads her arms wide enough and tall enough to fill the entire world.

The Mountain sings, and you are forced to sing along with it. You body is small, so small. Can it sing for a City fighting for its survival?

1-2 You can do this. You can sing this song. You spread your arms wide, and give yourself up to the City. Your bones are made of the Mountain. Your blood sings and sings and sings. You are a **Witch Seeker**. Test your **Bravery**.

3-4 You close your eyes. No, not this song. You sing past the fear and sing your own song. Not The City's song. Not your family's song. *Your song.* Test your **Innocence**.

5-6 You open your heart, and call out to The Forest. After a long moment, they all respond, they all reach out with their voices. The Forest sings with you. *We Are The Forest. We Are You.* Test your **Kindness**.

> If you fail a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when facing Maria:

1-3 Close your eyes. In your heart is the **map** that leads you home. In your heart is the **light** that illuminates the path. In your heart are the **secrets** of Maria. You Remember her name, don't you? *Roll all risk die, see if you can hold on to what's important.*

4-6 Maria's Song overwhelms you completely. Your fading memories are rewritten, one by one. Yes, you remember now. You are Maria. You've always been Maria.

> If you pass a test of Bravery, Innocence, or Kindness when facing Maria:

The third glass bottle gently shatters. You blink. Suddenly, silence.

You find yourself standing on top of a mountain. Below you the City glimmers and shines in the darkness. You can feel her next to you. The Third Sister slowly begins to remember her Divinity. The centuries fall away. All the lies, the pain, the hurt. All of it fades. Only the truth remains.

Thank you, she says. Thank you for remembering my name.

I have always been God. I have always remembered my People. Even if they've forgotten me. And perhaps that's more important.

She turns to face you. She shines like tears hidden in the rain. She glows like sun about to rise. She is warm, so warm. So full of life. All of life. Everything good and bright.

I remember your true name too you know. When you're ready I'll come for you. I'll sing your name, and you'll reclaim who you truly are.

Until then, I will fulfill any demands you have of me. I'll keep my promise to the family.



CHOOSE NOW, CHOOSE ONCE.

Choose wisely. Choose with all the love in your heart.

> You stand by your demand of your family. How does God grant your wish?

> You release your demand. You make a new one, one only for you. How does God grant your wish?

> You demand nothing. The City is Reborn. You ask for nothing else. What last words do you say to God, before she leaves the world?

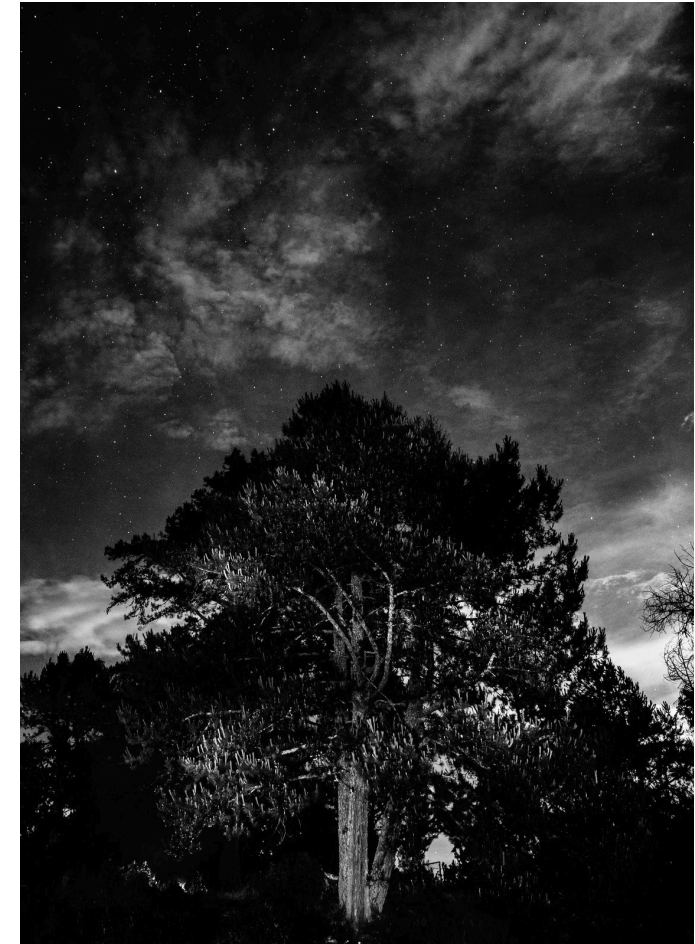
No matter what choice you make, child:

You were Brave. You were Innocent. You were Kind. The Forest recognizes you, Witch Seeker, They Who See God In All Forms.

It's time to go home. Your journey, this journey, has come to an end. Tie any loose ends, and leave the Forest behind.

Return home. Or make a new home.

You are loved, child. Remember that. Always.



THE END





THE SOUL
FALTERS

The Forest Oracle: When the Soul Gives Way



THE FOREST DECIDES YOUR FATE

You made it this far. But your soul could only take so much. Your light flickers, your soul falters, something in you cracks. The sound echoes softly, gently, falling on many ears. What happens to you, Witch Seeker? The Forest decides. Roll 1D6 against the table. Answer the questions, round off your epilogue. Tell the last chapter of your story.

> When your Soul Resilience reaches 0 points, you leave the Forest.

But what emerges from the Forest is not truly you anymore.

What happens next?:

1 You look down at your hands. Your nails grow long and black. Your mouth is heavy, so heavy. You fall down to the ground, your body pulling in on itself, fur breaking past the skin. Your eyes roll into the back of your head, and you pass out. *What manner of creature do you become? What do you hunt for in the City? Why can't your family find you?*

2 The *Diwata* come. They are beautiful, their bodies made of shadow and light. They laugh and sing, their hands of light plunging into your heart, seeking the shadows within. You sing with them, laugh with them. Your humanity falls away. You are now one of them, you are now *Diwata*. *What element do you now embody? What part of the Forest do you watch over? When your Family comes looking for you, why did you hurt them?*

3 You stumble into the City, eyes crazed and mirthless laughter choking your throat. Before you can reach your home, the *Duwende* find you. Their small bodies crowd you, suffocate you. "We'll rebuild you," they say with pity, "So you won't hurt anymore." *How do the Duwende rebuild your body? Why must you hide away from your Family?*

4 As you leave the Forest, you feel the call. A church, in the distance. You slowly make your way to it, your humanity peeling off slowly as you do so. When you reach the church doors, your skin begins to glow. You stumble through the empty pews, crashing into the altar. The stained glass shatters, and the angels descend. *Where do the angels take you? When your Family searches for you, what blessings do they find instead?*

5 Your doppelganger is waiting for you at the edge of the Forest. Their eyes are dark and patient. As they reach out to touch your cheek, you feel your memories fade away. They kiss you, gently, as you turn transparent and cold. *What kind of life does your doppelganger lead in your absence? Why doesn't your Family notice the difference?*

6 You look at the City for a long time. With tired eyes, you turn away and return to the Forest. You reclaim what little is left of you. *Roll 1D6, gain that many points of Soul Resilience.* You have another chance. Return to where you left off. Make this chance count.



THE BROTHERS DECIDE YOUR FATE

You made it this far. But the Brothers Six are hungry, desperate, and cannot afford to fail. They pursue you and corner you, the hunt is over. What happens to you, Witch Seeker? The Brothers decide. Roll 1D6 against the table. Answer the questions, round off your epilogue. Tell the last chapter of your story.

> When you mark six diamonds on your Seeker's Journal, The Brothers Six have hunted you down. What do they do next?

1 You look down at your hands. Your nails grow long and black. Your mouth is he1 They watch you, twelve eyes studying you. They each pull out a long silver dagger, six blades moving towards you. They all lay the blades on the dirt in front of you. "The debt is paid," they whisper in unison. You blink and the **Brothers** are gone, their blades emitting a dull gleam in the dark. *Erase all diamond marks on your Seeker's Journal. Return to your journey, exactly where you left off. Roll 1D6, gain that many points of soul resilience.*

2 The **Brothers** circle you slowly. The moment you blink, they pounce, shedding their human suits. They descend upon you, tearing away at your humanity. When they're done they howl at the moon, and leave you shivering in the dark. *What manner of beast are you now? When you return to the City, who are you hunting?*

3 The **Brothers** approach you, warily. "Don't hurt us dear sibling, not like last time." Before you can ask them what they mean, you feel time start to tear around you. You scream and realize the **Brothers** scream with you. *What new time and new place do you find yourself in? Why did the Brothers send you here? What strange new Forest awaits you?*

4 The **Brothers** hold out their hands, revealing scars that connect their palms. When you look down at your hands, you find the same scars there too. "It's time to come home," they say. You feel your form shifting, memories returning. *Why did you stop being a Brother? When you become a Brother again, how are you welcomed home?*

5 The **Brothers** lean in close. You kneel and they each kiss you on the forehead. When the last **Brother** kisses you, you feel his tear touch your face. When you open your eyes, they're gone. You nod, knowing your duty. You return to the Forest, and serve the **Sisters** now. *What happened to the Brothers? When you hunt down your Family, how do they escape?*

6 The **Brothers** come closer, and you feel your soul shrinking. One of them takes out a glass bottle, a scratched inscription on it. You know it's for you. "Time to sleep," one of them whispers. You close your eyes and feel yourself grow small. *When you wake in 100 years, how has the world changed? What is the Forest like now?*

WILL YOU BE ALONE TOGETHER?

This game is designed to be played alone. *Should you wish to have a companion along your journey*, very well then. I understand that children desire company. Here are some alternative rules to support this:

Try to keep the game to 2 players, 3 at the very most. Let the Forest feel wild, powerful, and intimidating.

Each player has their own *Seeker Journal* print out. You will be different characters. You are from the same family of *Witch Seekers*. Are you siblings? Parent and child? *It should be stressed that while we use the word "family", this is something that is not restricted to biological connections. Family is family, yes?*

However, everyone shares the same aspects, the same resources. You are separate, but you also act as one. Having more players present means you are sharing the journey, but the *resources* and *aspects* are all shared between you. When you roll, roll as one. Or if you prefer, allow your paths to diverge. But you share the same aspects and resources regardless, the Forest sees you as one entity. *If you make it, you make it together. If you fail and the forest takes you, you are taken as a whole.* It's that simple.

You can take turns interpreting the *Forest Oracle*, if you like. Part of the fun of *We Forest Three* is in not having a Game Master or Facilitator: you are the master of your own fate, you tailor the horrors to your own experience. The power of the narrative is shared equally with all players. We do recommend the use of safety tools, such as Lines & Veils or Script Change. Check in between each chapter of the Forest Oracle. *Be kind and take care of each other.*



SUPPORT / SAFETY TOOLS

All games are best played with support tools. WE FOREST THREE offers a simple support tool that will help make sure everyone is on the same page, and everyone can bravely push into narrative territory while remaining kind to each other. You may photocopy it, or print a copy from the PDF.

1. After everyone reads the premise, the Facilitator shows everyone the support tool. The Facilitator says something like, "Let's make sure we cover story elements we're excited to see, while avoiding elements we'd rather not have. As part of our social contract, we'll do our best to focus on the story we want, and avoid uncomfortable themes."
2. Remind everyone that they can always add to the list later, at any time during the game itself. They can do so by raising both hands and reaching for the support tool, and writing it down.
3. Everyone offers their GREEN topics. What would they like to see in the game? Everyone shares their YELLOW topics. What would they like to see only a little of? Everyone shares their RED topics. What will we not see in the game at all?
4. You know your group of players best. Decide if everyone will write down their answers first or if everyone should verbalize their answers. A mix of both works for most groups.
5. Go over the CHECK IN gestures and RESPONSE gestures with everyone. Have everyone practice seeing and responding to the hand gestures. If everyone shows THUMBS UP, it means the game continues as is. If at least one person shows ONE HAND WAVING, it means we slow down, review the topics, skip over the scene or description. If at least one person shows BOTH HANDS UP, it means everyone takes a break. The person decides if they want to talk about it, skip the scene, or change a part of the story.
6. If playing online, establish emoji/text check ins and responses.
7. Remember to be kind and take care of each other!

I found someone in the Forest: someone who looked just like me.

It was like looking into a mirror. Every strand of hair, every fold of clothing, in exactly the place it should be.

Except they looked at with me with such pity, such disdain.

They turned their back on me, and walked deeper into the forest. To where they knew I could not follow.

CREDITS

WE FOREST THREE was built on the framework of **Macchiato Monsters** by Eric Nieudan, a beautifully lightweight OSR system that can run many types of games!

This game was created for the Never Alone Jam, hosted by Blake S. Blake is a wonderful person and brilliant designer, please check out their games.

Many thanks to the supportive #RPGSEA community, you inspire me! Special thanks to *Sin Posadas* our Diwata ng Manila, whose love for Philippine folklore is inspiring and catching!

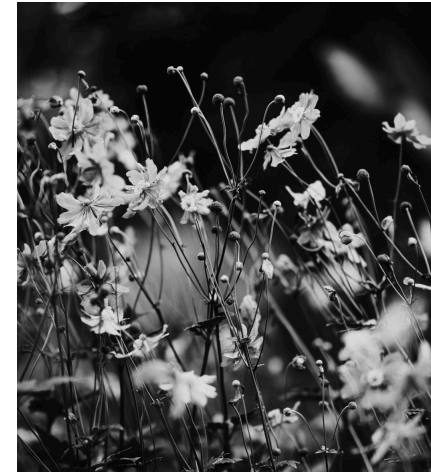
To **Matthew Arcilla**, my partner in all things, the heart of me, the very best of me.

To you, who will play this game. I hope this journey is as kind as it needs to be. I'd love to hear your story, you can connect with me on Twitter @temporalhiccup or email me at swordqueengames@gmail.com.

Pictures are from unsplash.com, design and layout by Jamila R. Nedjadi.
Zine Layout/Prod God - Maria Mison

This Forest carries a lot of my heart in it. I hope this Forest, as difficult and terrifying as it may be, may bring you joy and wisdom.

In case you would like to write of your own Forest, WE FOREST THREE is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International License. I would love to see your version of the Forest and the journey, please feel free to email or DM me!



A PHILIPPINE FORREST

The beings you'll find in this Forest are lifted directly from Philippine folklore. I'd like to think that while the City can be any city in the world, perhaps this version of the Forest is truly Filipino.

For generations now, many Filipinos have left their home, moving to places far away. Sometimes we never return. Many of us live far from our families, doing incredibly difficult work, to provide for families back home. Some of us leave, searching for a better life. Life can be very difficult here, for those born outside of privilege. (Even then, not many of us are lucky enough to leave).

In my mind, I'd like to think that everyone who has left the Philippines has brought a part of the Philippines with them, a part of this Forest. And it exists in every city of this world. But this is one of my many Forests. What Forest do you carry with you? How does it overlap with where you live?

This version of the Forest is what I have to offer you. Where the *Diwata*, *Tikbalang*, *Duwende*, *Aswang*, *Kapre*, *Engkanto*, *Sirena*, and Saints live. I highly recommend the book **Philippine Folk Literature: The Legends** by Damiana Eugenio if you'd like to read a collection of stories about these beings. You can also read about them online, or ask any Filipino who knows of these stories.

SWORD QUEEN GAMES

Hi, my name is Jammi! I design story games and tabletop roleplaying games. My goal is to use my unique experiences to create fun games. I am non-binary, bi-racial (Filipino, Algerian), and queer. I'm proud of who I am and am learning how to bring more of that into my design. I favor story-rich experiences that are collaborative and unique.

We Forest Three will be tweaked and updated as needed. To follow my progress for this game and all my other games, please feel free to follow me on itch.io (<https://temporalhiccup.itch.io/>) or Twitter (@temporalhiccup).

If you would like to support me and help me become a professional game designer, please consider donating through itch.io, buying my other games, or becoming a patron of [Sword Queen games through Patreon!](#)

Special thanks to my patrons, especially *King Floo Floo* and *Minea*, my wonderful *Kings of Swords!*

