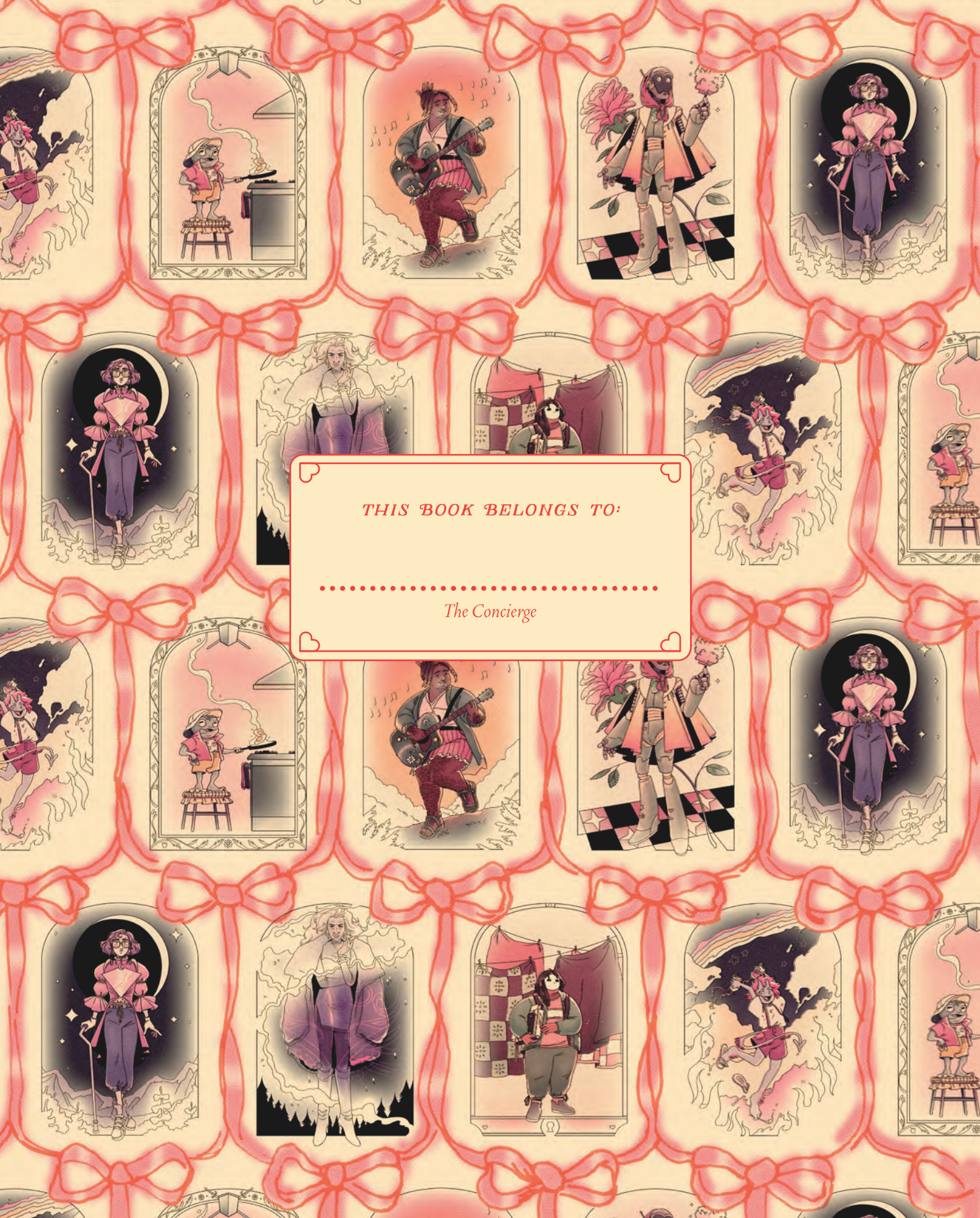


Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast







THIS BOOK BELONGS TO:

.....

The Concierge

Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast

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Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast **NO**

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ROMANCING, SNOOPING,
SNITCHING, or UNNECESSARY
SMALLTALK WELCOME.

Room.For.Everyone

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GO HOME, KID GERTRUDE'S ARRIVAL

While it's hard to say whether there's any one particular day that's best for running away from home, if forced to choose, one would probably say the 15th of September would be as good a day as any. On the other hand, to the mud-soaked and waterlogged girl stumbling through the woods, the fifteenth didn't feel particularly good for anything whatsoever.

After all, it was her birthday, and nothing good had ever happened on it before.

In the rainy damp woods, full of rainy damp thoughts, the girl wove past a broken-down wooden gate in an old stone wall without taking notice of either. She did notice the house beyond them, though, and might have hesitated a moment if not for a sudden peal of thunder. A little bell chimed as she stepped inside, boots stomping against the small welcome mat. She ignored all the signs on the front door except for the words *Bed & Breakfast*.

The house had a cheery little lobby, which looked more or less like a living room with a big polished desk plopped down against the far wall. A tired-looking young man (his nametag read "Sal, Night Porter,") awoke abruptly from a snooze behind it, and squinted at her.

"Agh! What? How did you get in here? Who are you?"

The girl fidgeted, suddenly nervous. "I opened the door. And my name is, uhh...Gertrude." She said, and over the course of the sentence, it became true.

"Well, I'm sorry, kid, but the gift shop's closed," Sal said, surreptitiously closing a pocket-sized notebook that was laying out, which Gertrude (!) couldn't help but notice was crammed with what looked like song lyrics.

“Umm, well...the sign said this is a Bed & Breakfast, right? So I was thinking, maybe I could stay here for a couple nights? I have some money here with me...” Gertrude shuffled through her pockets, trying to find her wallet. Oh no oh no, where is it—

“Huh. That’s odd...no vacancies?” Sal blinked at the guest book as if he’d never seen anything like it. “Sorry, kid.”

Gertrude’s eyes opened wide, and she felt something in her heart snap, “Are you sure? Is there anything I can do? I don’t know, I just—”

Sal shrugged noncommittally, and leaned back in his spinny chair, getting ready to go back to sleep. “Go home, kid.” But Gertrude’s shoulders stiffened as she turned away. Sal noticed her overstuffed backpack and mud-stained jeans, and frowned.

“Mmm, hold on. I might be able to find you a spot. I’ll need to check with the concierge in the morning, and the concierge might need to check with Yazeba, and Yazeba might say no, but we’ll get you out of the cold, at least. There’s some spare linens and a comforter in the laundry room.”

Gertrude unclenched her fists for the first time in days. “Thank you. Thank you so, so much.” She paused for a moment. “Who’s Yazeba?”

Sal smiled, and grabbed one of a seemingly-endless series of keys off of the back wall. “You’ve got a lot to learn, kid. But it’s late. I’m sure someone will explain everything to you in the morning.”

And that is the story of how Gertrude came to live atop the dryer in the laundry room at Yazeba’s Bed & Breakfast.

Once upon a time, the world was cruel, and there was a witch who knew it well, and so she sold her heart to build a house in the woods where the world could never find her.

At first she would let no one into her fortress. But in the long march of days, a strange thing happened: in her own cold and spiteful way, the witch made a friend...and then another...and then several more, until her house was teeming with colorful faces and complicated lives.

The house would come to be known as Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast, and it would last for a very long time.

WELCOME TO YAZEBA'S BED AND BREAKFAST

MYSTERIES OF THE BED & BREAKFAST

On the front door of Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast, there is a sign which reads: "*No soliciting, trespassing, romancing, snooping, snitching, or unnecessary smalltalk welcome.*" Yazeba reserves her temper for those she catches violating these rules.

Underneath that sign is a second, smaller sign which reads "*Room For Everyone.*"

It is always September 15th inside the Bed & Breakfast (even if it's summer, spring or winter outside). September 15th is Yazeba's favorite day of the year.

Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast is in many places at many times, but it is most frequently near the cozy village of Veilridge, somewhere on the East Coast, sometime in the 20th century.

Every room is always next to every other room. No matter what we've said in the past about the layout of the Bed and Breakfast, the floor plan is always convenient to the matter at hand.

The Bed & Breakfast is both quaint and sprawling, with enough rooms that it can always accommodate any number of guests—except Gertrude.

THE SEASONS CHANGE

Gertrude watched the rabbits in the garden dance around a bed of blooming daisies from her nest of blankets by the window. A thought came to her.

"Hey, Amelie, isn't it always September 15th?"

Amelie beeped in acknowledgment, but didn't look up from their dusting. "Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Why do the seasons change, then? If it's always September?"

Amelie turned to her and performed a very artificial shrug. "It is always September 15th somewhere."

Gertrude paused. "Oh, thanks," She said, as if Amelie's answer made any sense whatsoever, and asked no more about it.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE



Gertrude

A teenage girl who ran away from home, and (at the moment) sleeps atop the dryer in the laundry room. She is kind and insecure, quiet and capable beyond expectations.



Sal

A weary young adult who once studied to be Yazeba's apprentice, before leaving magic behind. Now he works as the night porter, but hopes to someday become a rockstar—although it's not clear how he's going to get there.



Hey Kid

Abandoned on the front door as a baby, they grew up amid the chaos of the Bed & Breakfast. Now they're a delightfully rambunctious devil-child, who causes disaster wherever they go.



Parish

Once a gallant knight, cursed by a wicked wizard to take the form of a frog. Now he's the Bed & Breakfast's head (and only) cook, but he's still a courageous hero at heart.



Amelie

A robotic maid acquired by the Bed & Breakfast. They are the meticulous house-keeper constantly struggling (and failing) to keep the Bed & Breakfast tidy. They're still parsing out who they're supposed to be.



Yazeba

The owner of the Bed & Breakfast, a cold and heartless witch with no patience for mirth or chicanery. Some say she secretly cares for her residents, but no one dares suggest it anywhere she might overhear.



The Moon Prince

Far away, in the palaces of the Moon, a young prince stares out their window and dreams of other worlds. They have never been to Earth, or the Bed & Breakfast, though that may someday change...



Assorted Guests

There are many guests at Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast, from the helpful Rabbits In The Garden Who Wear Little Outfits to the nefarious villain Rag-And-Bones. We can meet them later!

Getting Started

OVERVIEW

Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast is many things. It's a bed and breakfast, of course, but it's also this book right here. And this book is a book, of course, but it's also a role-playing game—the sort of game we can play with our friends around a table, or on a call while hanging out, or even very, very slowly by mail.

Like the Bed & Breakfast itself, this book can seem sprawling at first, but it will become cozy once we've taken a little tour. We don't need to memorize the entire layout to start playing—in fact, many parts of *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast* will be off limits, at first. We can explore the Bed & Breakfast's many secrets after we've settled in.

If you are the **Concierge** (pg. 6), the caretaker of this book, you'll only need to acquaint yourself with the cast and with the flow of play (as outlined here) to be able to confidently guide your friends into the Bed & Breakfast for the first time.

To start playing *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast*, we'll pick a **Chapter** (pg. 9) and follow its rules. Some Chapters are **Locked** and will need to be **Unlocked** before they can be played, but there's no set order we should play them in, and we can replay our favorite chapters as many times as we'd like.

Each Chapter stars a few specific **Characters** (pg. 5), plus whoever else you'd like to bring along. Usually they'll require one or two long-term **Residents** of the Bed & Breakfast, but sometimes a Chapter will also call for one of the **Guests**. We'll need someone to play each Character starring in the Chapter, and once those roles are filled, everyone else can choose to play any Character who's been Unlocked. (You can even play multiple Guests at the same time, if you'd like!)

When we play through a Chapter, we make decisions for our Characters, represent them and their desires, and explore how they behave. We speak as them and describe what they do. Our Characters do **Bingos** and **Whoopsies** (pg. 7) to show off their strengths and indulge in their weaknesses.

Once a Chapter comes to a close, we have some **Housekeeping** (pg. 18) to do. The Chapter may award us a **Memento** (pg. 21) of our adventure, which we'll put on a **Shelf** (pg. 34) to start unlocking new Chapters and characters. We'll also check to see if we can make any progress on our **Journeys** (pg. 8) or fill out any **Tracks** (pg. 13).

After Housekeeping is done, we'll take a break and decide whether to play another Chapter. Sometimes we'll want to play several Chapters in a single sitting, while other times just one will do. Just remember to take breaks! The Bed & Breakfast will wait.

CHARACTERS

RESIDENTS

Residents are Characters who are always around. Some Residents have jobs at the Bed & Breakfast, although a couple of them mostly just seem to hang out, and not everyone with a job is a Resident. *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast* is first and foremost a story about the Residents' lives, their triumphs and tribulations, and the way they grow alongside each other.

Whenever we play, it's likely that we'll swap between Residents from Chapter to Chapter. We shouldn't worry about playing a Resident precisely the same way another player did; everyone will bring out different facets of a Resident, and all of them are equally authentic.

It's a lot of fun to share Residents, and to mix up which Characters we play. When we give a Character to someone else, it gives that Character a chance to grow in new ways.

When we first arrive at *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast*, there are six Residents living there (including Gertrude, who has only just started sleeping in the laundry room,) but it's possible that there are other Characters out there looking for somewhere to call home.

PIEROGIES

Hey Kid clambered up onto one of the stools in the kitchen and did a little spin. "Hey Pafish Hey Pafish Hey Pafish, where did that girl in the laundry room come from? Is she a guest? Is she going to go home someday?"

Pafish didn't look up from his pierogies, as he patiently arranged them on the tray. "No, she's not in the guest book. I don't think she has anywhere to go home to."

Hey Kid lit up, and pawed a pierogi off the tray. "Well that just means her home's here, like me!" They declared, mouth full of potato and cheese.

GUESTS

Guests also stay at the Bed & Breakfast, but they don't spend as much time at the center of things. Guests support the business, participate in events and goings on, and can be spotted around town—but they've got other things going on in their lives, and another home, somewhere else (even if "somewhere else" means "beneath the garden.") They'll come and go as we play.

When you want to play a Guest, you can play one at a time, or several all at once. If a chapter calls for a Gaggle of Guests, that means one person should take on five or six of their favorites from the Guests currently unlocked. To play more than one Guest, take all of their sheets and give each of them a small amount of your focus, taking care not to overshadow the other players. If the Chapter hands out resources like **Chaos Coins** or **Tokens**, you can track them separately for each Guest or have them all share—whichever seems like more fun.

You can even split a single Guest amongst multiple players, if you'd like. Some Guests, like *The Rabbits In The Garden Who Wear Little Outfits*, are an entire crowd by themselves! Sometimes you might even play multiple Guests at once, in a great big gaggle.

When we first arrive at *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast*, there are a handful of Guests staying there, although over time new Guests will arrive and familiar faces will depart. When one of our favorite Guests leaves the Bed & Breakfast, we can usually bring them back by creating a Loose Track (*like those on pg. 132*) or through the Abandoned Bus Stop (*pg. 152*).

BAG-AND-RONES

A figure who resembled someone in a bear suit lugging a heavy suitcase marched up to the front desk. "I would like to book a room under the name...Bag-And-Rones."

Sal eyed the figure up and down, and then looked at a sign on the corkboard. "No relation to Mr. Rag-And-Bones, I assume? Because I have a sign here telling me to deny entrance to a particularly unpleasant skeleton of a very similar name."

The person in the bear suit shook his head. "No sir, I'm not a skeleton at all. Just an ordinary bear, on an ordinary vacation! Totally normal."

Sal narrowed his eyes, and sighed. "I suppose there's room for everyone, Mr. Rones. I'll fetch you a key."

The particularly unpleasant skeleton beneath the bear suit cackled.

THE CONCIERGE

If you are the owner of this copy of *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast*, you are the Concierge. As Concierge, in addition to playing a Character in each Chapter like everyone else, you're also responsible for keeping track of all the papers, showing new players their way around, describing the ins and outs of the world, and making sure the Bed & Breakfast is somewhat neat and tidy.

As Concierge, you are the game's **facilitator**. Give the rules a read-through so you can explain how the Bed & Breakfast works to your fellow players. If anyone needs help picking a character or Chapter, you're the best person to give them advice.

As Concierge, you are also the **narrator**. You'll read (or ask others to read) the opening narration that precedes every Chapter, and you'll fill in descriptions and events whenever the other players seem unsure.

Finally, the Concierge is also a **bookkeeper**. You'll supervise us when we place stickers to make sure they end up in the right places, and when we're done for the day you'll hold on to all of the sheets and cards and tokens and coins for next time.

For more advice on the Concierge, including tips and tricks, skip ahead to *pg. 25*. **Note:** *The Concierge is not necessarily a Character of their own right per se, but if you'd like you can imagine the Concierge is literally you (the player) in a spiffy uniform with a proper little hat, working at the Bed & Breakfast behind the scenes.*

CHARACTER SHEETS

Every playable Character at the Bed & Breakfast is represented by a Character Sheet, which tells us a little about them and suggests some actions they might take in any given Chapter.

A Character isn't limited to what is written on their sheet—there's always more to a Character than our first impression of them, and they'll continue to grow and change as we play. Likewise, everyone has days and situations where they behave surprisingly, so we never have to worry about playing a Character “wrong.”

Identities

Every Character has a name and some pronouns. We can also find little illustrations of the Characters throughout this book. If we want to play that Character with a different name or pronouns, we simply may. We can also imagine our characters looking however we choose! The illustrations are there for inspiration.

Facts About Me

Most characters have a few quick facts to introduce them.

Doodle Spots

Lots of Character Sheets have spaces on them to draw pictures, write song lyrics, mark hearts, and mess with the sheet in a way that conveys meaning. These have no mechanical purpose within the game itself, but whatever you choose to put onto a Sheet will convey a great deal of emotional weight. If a Character Sheet ever gets too covered in doodles, we can just paperclip another piece of paper onto the back, or make a new Sheet and transfer over only the most important bits.

Paperclips

If a Character has been played before, they may have a number of Keepsakes paperclipped to them from previous Chapters, providing insight into what they've been up to lately. We can peruse or ignore them at our pleasure.

Bingos & Whoopsies

Everyone has Whoopsies, moments when they're not at their best. A Whoopsie is a bad habit, an old fault, or something that sets a Character back on their path. Whoopsies often cause problems, or at the very least make things messier and more tangled for everyone. On the rare occasions when Whoopsies solve problems, they solve them the wrong way. Whoopsies are personal, and one Character's Whoopsie might be another Character's strength.

Everyone also has Bingos, moments when they get to fully assert who they are. Whenever you get a chance to do a Bingo, it means you're able to demonstrate that Character's ability to play to their strengths, pull off something no one else can, or use their skills to solve a problem—or at least get the situation a bit more under control. If a Bingo causes a problem, it's the right problem to have. Bingos are personal, and one Character's Bingo might be another Character's failing.

When we look over someone's Character Sheet, we can find their Bingos and Whoopsies listed there. Sometimes Chapters, Journeys, or whatever else we have lying around can give us new Bingos and Whoopsies. If you can find it, and it feels right, you can use it.

Doing a Bingo or a Whoopsie will usually cause something to happen that moves the story forward, as defined by the rules for each Chapter.

COOKOUT FOR TROUBLE

"Just a few more minutes on these burgers, everybody!"

Parish wiped sweat from his brow, balancing on the edge of the barbeque, trying to keep his balance with the spatula. He may have *bitten off more than he could chew*.

"You haven't even started the hot dogs," Hey Kid whined, *getting impatient and giving up*. "We're never going to eat!"

It seemed like maybe they were on the verge of *an explosive meltdown*, with licks of hellfire peeling off of their feet, which Parish noticed with alarm were hazardously close to the bag of charcoal and a half-empty container of lighter fluid. Normally Parish would *refuse to let go of his impossible task*, but in the face of the danger *he acted quickly to rescue Hey Kid from peril*.

"Hmm. Maybe I could use a hand," he mused, placing a hand on Hey Kid's shoulder. "Do you want to be the apprentice grillmeister?"

Hey Kid brightened immediately, because they loved to *watch, learn, and copy*. "Okay!"

Parish handed off the spatula and clambered onto their shoulder to supervise, *dispensing a bit of fatherly wisdom*. "Alright, we're going to flip those last two, but leave the ones I already did—you're gonna make beautiful, clean grill lines just like those!"

Journeys

Every Resident and almost every Guest has a Journey, which outlines how that Character can grow and change over time. Every Character's Journey is different, and they can range from "working on a new song" to "learning powerful magic" to "getting out of bed each morning." Think of a Journey as that Character's direction—what they're struggling to get done, what they're working on long-term, and where they hope to get to someday.

When we pick characters to play, we should glance at their Journeys to get an idea of where they're at and to see if they offer any extra Bingos or Whoopsies, but otherwise we don't need to worry about their Journey during the Chapter. When we do Housekeeping after the Chapter, we'll check to see if their Journeys advance or change.

For more about how Journeys work, turn to the Housekeeping section, starting on *pg. 18*.

THE MISSING ROOM

Sal had been staring at the ledger for weeks, a question burning in his mind. He'd gotten used to working at a pretty eccentric place, but he'd never seen it disobey its own rules like that.

After one long afternoon spent pacing, Sal decided to find Yazeba and ask her to explain.

"If the Bed & Breakfast has room for everyone, why is that girl sleeping in the laundry room?"

To his surprise, Yazeba smirked, brought her coffee to her lips, and replied, "She'll find a bed eventually."

PICKING CHAPTERS

Every time we come together to play *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast*, we're going to play through one or more Chapters and the Housekeeping afterwards. Most Chapters should take about 60-90 minutes to play. Chapters can be played and even replayed in any order. The longest Chapters can be found in the back of the book.

Each Chapter tells a stand-alone story, while also fitting into the greater tapestry of *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast*. It's totally okay for new players to hop in for just one Chapter, or for someone who usually plays to miss some Chapters because they're busy or not in the mood to play.

There are many Chapters inside this book, although some of them are Locked to start with. There are also more Chapters elsewhere—in other books, on the world wide web, or even hidden away between these very pages...

If we can find a Chapter, and it's not Locked, we can play it. There are a lot of Chapters to choose from! If we want to narrow down our selection, it's helpful to look at a list (such as in the Table of Contents or in the Chapter Index on *pg. 468*) and pick a Chapter based on the name and description we think sounds most exciting.

TAGS

Every Chapter is marked by Tags, little symbols in the corner by the Chapter's title that tell us important information about the Chapter. Here are the Tags used in this book:



Locked Tag

This indicates the Chapter is Locked, and we'll need to Unlock it before playing. Check out the Locked Materials Section on *pg. 21*.



Frantic Tag

This indicates the Chapter is set in the Frantic Mood, and needs coins to play. The Frantic Mood is a time of earnest competition, situations that have escalated out of control, sunny spring afternoons and colorful autumn mornings.



Relaxed Tag

This indicates the Chapter is set in the Relaxed Mood, and needs tokens to play. The Relaxed Mood is a time of easy fun, imaginations running wild, lazy summer afternoons and rainy spring mornings.



Pensive Tag

This indicates the Chapter is set in the Pensive Mood, and needs tokens to play. The Pensive Mood is a time of thoughtful contemplation, meandering conversations, campfire philosophizing and festive winter rituals.



Eerie Tag

This indicates the Chapter is set in the Eerie Mood, and needs a deck of cards to play. The Eerie Mood is a time of long shadows, dreadful apparitions, autumnal rustling and icy dark.



Party Tag

This indicates the Chapter is well-suited for a large gathering of people. Check out the Big Parties Section on *pg. 30*.



Quiet Tag

This indicates the Chapter has a maximum number of players, and is best suited for small gatherings (1-3 players). Check out the Small Gatherings Section on *pg. 32*.



Weird Tag

This indicates the Chapter uses the game's mechanics in an outlandish or especially offbeat way.



Heavy Tag

This indicates the Chapter is heavier in tone than usual, dealing more explicitly with real-life themes, oppression, danger, or trauma.

THE BEAST OF OZ'DA

EXCERPT FROM HEARTSWORD



And so our small party traveled, through the Oz'da Path past Erdogross towards the Dark Forest Of Morgot, where I know Emperor Zot dwells in his Skull-Hell of Mirdroj. Captain Redtooth led the way, and although the Zwargotz blood on his sword sated his perpetual grumpiness, I could still hear him muttering curses through his bushy black beard. I could feel my secret against my chest. *If only he knew that his spear-wielding ally against the Zwargotz was one of those women for whom he has such disdain...*The thought of this dreadful revelation was too much for my feminine lungs to bear, so I distracted myself from such thoughts by looking around at the mountains around me.

The mountains around me were rocky and blasted away, speckled with craters and smoking with eerie mist. I could tell that none of this was safe—that blasted bard had warned me the path was full of Kozi, faceclaimers, and all other kinds of horrible creatures that sent shivers down my spine just to imagine...but also made my spear hand giddy with potential violence.

From the caves of the mountains beady eyes watched our approach. I had no doubt Vizgazi Spiders were spying on our every move. I could just imagine Emperor Zot deep within his Skull-Hell, his long white beard curling around the Omnirion Crystal (the source of his evil magic powers) seeing through those spidery eyes. That wretched starving king, the man responsible for destroying my village and killing my parents.

Suddenly, a roar from Captain Redtooth shook me out of my magical dol-drums, as he drew his sword upon the gargantuan black beast that stood before us. It resembled a crow with wings of midnight and wretched black talons upon the onyx cliffs. Its eyes were cerulean, moments of soft human compassion in the sea of stygian hate-feathers. The pirate captain drew forth his rapier and adjusted his pirate's cap.

"Avast, you horrible monster. We meet again!" The old warrior exclaimed. I went to draw my spear but the captain stopped me. "Don't come one step closer Algar, for this *beast* poses the death of all men." He muttered.

I froze, paralyzed with dread and aware that he still thought of me as his traveling companion and knightly friend Algar The Bold, and not for my female secret, hidden within my bosom.

"What a strange little man. Have we met?" The wretched inky creature smirked. "Oh, now I remember. You're so much more *puny* without your ship."

The Captain's face turned blue as the sea as he roared, "I have my ship, I just had to step away from it for a moment!"

The obsidian monstrosity sneered. "Such foolish men! I grow tired of your whining. I would devour you both within my maw were it not for who you are. For are you not the warriors who slayed the skeletons of the Zwargotz Marsh?"

I nodded my head eagerly, thrilled at the chance to claim some well-earned valor. I announced, "Indeed sir, we routed those fools and made a mockery of the Zwargoti arrows!"

"I like you," the creature tittered. "You are the exact sort of brave warriors that I need, for you see, I was not always the fluffy feathery beast you see before you. Once I was a noble dragon king, the ruler of my kind, with golden scales and a fiery breath. Emperor Zot stole our hearts and transformed us into the Muldakai, his army of wretched slobbering death-beasts. Only I escaped and retained my sanity, tormented as I was by cruel visions of his evil desires. I need your help, for I do not dare return to his Skull-Hell alone."

I gasped, "He must have used the Omnirion Crystal!"

Playing YAZEBA'S BED & BREAKFAST

PLAYING CHAPTERS

Once we've found a Chapter we like, we can give it a look-over to understand what it calls for and how we can approach it.

THE STORY

Characters

Each Chapter starts a few specific Characters, whose presence kicks off or complicates the story. As long as every Character named by the Chapter is represented, everyone else can play whoever they wish (unless otherwise specified) and those choices will deeply shape how the story plays out. Each Chapter makes a suggestion about who might be a good fit, but it's just that: a suggestion.

Introduction

Every Chapter opens with several paragraphs of prose that set the tone and open up the Chapter. The Concierge reads these paragraphs out loud to start play for the Chapter. Anyone playing Characters mentioned in the opening can read their Characters' lines out loud, if they'd like.

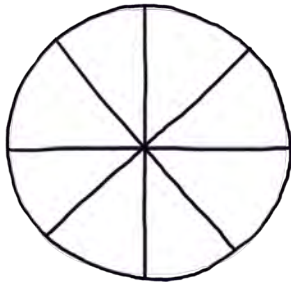
CHAPTER RULES

Sections

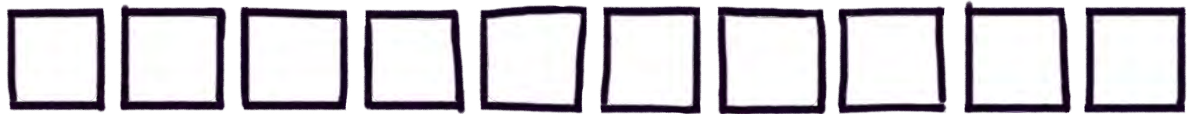
The game rules for each Chapter are divided into sections, each indicated with a subheader. These sections will tell us how to play that Chapter, what extra Bingos and Whoopsies we might have, and how the Chapter inevitably ends. Tracks, Checklists, outfit options, menus, and all sorts of other materials can be found inside a Section.

We should read through all of the Sections as a group before we start playing, at least enough that we get the gist of what's going to happen in the Chapter. If a Section is addressed to a specific Character, only that Character's Player has to read the Section.

Tracks



Tracks can take all sorts of forms; they can be straight or round or disguised as something else, but they'll always have a number of segments waiting to be marked. The Section in which a Track appears will explain when to fill in its segments, and what to do when it fills all the way up.



Lists

Lists are checklists of items, activities, people or things that can be found in various Sections throughout the Bed & Breakfast. The rules will tell us what to do with them or what happens when we engage with them, but frequently we'll be checking them off, crossing them out, or adding to the lists ourselves.

THE NEUTRON GAL & EXTENDED UNIVERSE

“—those were only canon in the third and fifth movies, and also Neutron Gal XR but I didn't like Proton Girl in that one so I don't play with it. But I think the best toy in my collection is—” Hey Kid took a deep breath, snapping Gertrude back to attention. “The Neutron Gal Carbon Smasher 5000 with action pumping grip! But if that's overpowered we can always change what it does. Got it?”

Gertrude steeled herself in the face of all the action figures and comic books scattered across the floor of Hey Kid's room. “Got it.”

YAZEBA'S BED & BREAKFAST IS A ROLEPLAYING GAME

Roleplaying from a game book like *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast* is just like the make-believe games children play, but with more structure: some special rules, ways to keep track of what's going on, and set objectives.

If you've played a roleplaying game from a book before, you can probably skip ahead to The Protocols For Safety on *pg. 16*. But if it's been a long time since you've played pretend, you might be feeling a little rusty, so let's remind you of how it works!

SAY WHAT YOUR CHARACTER SAYS AND DOES

When the prose introduction to a Chapter ends and play begins, you imagine what the Character you've picked says and does and you tell the rest of the group. If you're not sure how they would behave in a given situation, you can look at the Bingos and Whoopsies on their Character Sheet and use them for inspiration.

Don't worry about being wrong: while you're playing a Character, your interpretation of what they're like is the right interpretation. Additionally, just because something is said out loud doesn't mean it's set in stone, so if you ever feel like you've made a mistake we can always reimagine it a different way.

It doesn't matter if you talk about your character in first or third person. You can say, "I grab the banana from the monkey's hand!" or "Parish grabs the banana from the monkey's hand!"

When your character speaks, you can speak as them, word for word, or you can tell everyone the gist of what they say. You can choose to speak with a distinct voice for the character if you want.

All that's really important is that you communicate what you're imagining to the group, so they can imagine it, too.

WORK TOGETHER TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS

When we play *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast* together, we're trying to have fun and collaboratively tell a story about our Characters and their lives. This can feel like a conversation—one of us will have an idea, another player will piggyback onto it, a third player might disagree or support it. We want to make sure everyone gets the chance to be heard. Sometimes you might be front and center, while at other times you might step aside and let other people take the focus.

Things might not always work out how we want them to. The unexpected is a pleasant surprise, a chance to turn plans on their head and enjoy a little bit of chaos. Embracing the spontaneity of shared play will make everything more exciting.

MAKE A BIG MESS...

Sometimes our Characters, if left to their own devices, might want nothing to do with whatever is happening in a particular Chapter. Yazeba would prefer to stay in her office, and Amelie might very well rather be sweeping than getting into tomfoolery. But you've dragged them into this Chapter, and they're here now.

If everyone was on their very best behavior, nothing would be particularly exciting, would it? Our Characters might want to be passive or unyielding, but we'll have the most fun when we prod them to make bold choices and get in over their heads.

Characters have their Whoopsies for a reason. As you play your Character, they'll sometimes experience mishaps and misfortunes—sometimes in ways you'll choose, and sometimes in ways you won't. By leaning into the chaos and giving our Characters permission to behave disastrously (even if the Character doesn't mean to), we can hold love for them in their imperfection.

A failure is never a step back, but instead a step sideways. And when we fail sideways, we'll end up somewhere way more interesting than if we always got our way.

...BUT TIDY UP AFTERWARDS

As we play, we want to check up on each other and ask each other how we're feeling. If someone wants to speak up and talk about what's going on, they should get the space to contribute to the goings-on of the Chapter. Because some Chapters can have clear winners, it can feel a little frustrating to not win a Chapter or get what you want. Even though we're trying to make a big mess, it's also important that we're able to support each other and end each Chapter feeling good and positive about what comes next.

As we play, we should also be sure to take lots of breaks—use the bathroom, eat snacks, drink water, and take a little nap if we have to.

At the end of each Chapter, it's nice to chat with each other and see how we feel going forward. Do we want to play another Chapter, or do we want to rest?

THE BIGGEST APPLE PRESS

"Hey buddy, what's up? Do you want some cider?" Sal looked up at The Huge Enormous Monster looming over the apple orchard. "I don't think our cider press is big enough to make you some."

"*Harøugh nhhrruuuggaaaaannn høøøøghuløør.*" The Huge Enormous Monster rumbled, and apples fell from the trees. A couple of leaf peepers from out of town hid in the barn, confused and terrified. The locals didn't even flinch.

"Maybe we can make them a more appropriately-sized cider press," said Parish, who was still hopping up and down on top of the existing press's hand crank to fill his own paper cup.

"That's a great idea!" Sal said. "I'm sure we can use the old silo, let me just check with Mr. Ibbotson."

PROTOCOLS FOR SAFETY AT YAZEBA'S BED AND BREAKFAST

1. IN THE EVENT OF FIRE, BE IT MAGICAL OR MUNDANE IN NATURE, EXIT THE BED AND BREAKFAST AND PLACE THIS BOOK UNDER COLD WATER. THERE IS A SIGN POINTING TO THE NEAREST FIRE EXIT VISIBLE FROM YOUR ROOM.
2. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES SHOULD ANYONE TOUCH THE MIRROR IN THE ATTIC. IN THE EVENT OF THE DISTURBANCE OF THE MIRROR, PROCEED TO
3. AT ANY TIME, THERE
4. GRIP

HEY KID'S ADVICE CORNER

by Hey Kid

ABOUT PLAYING

There's no wrong way to have fun playing a game. Don't worry if some piece of paper somewhere disagrees with you. Don't worry if you feel like you don't know what you're doing! I just make up the rules as I go along, and if it's a fun game it'll still be fun.

ABOUT RULES

All rules are the same. Even the rules in this book are just like bedtimes or calendars. You can just ignore them if it makes you happy.

ABOUT HOME

The B&B is my home! I hope it can be your home too. When you're home, you deserve to feel safe. No one can make you do something you don't want to do. Even if a nasty grownup tries to make you take a bath, you can just leave!

ABOUT TAKE-BACKSIES

If you have an idea and then realize later that you don't like it, you can always do take-backsies. If someone says something you don't like, you can ask them to do a take-backsie al so!





ABOUT BUMPS AND BRUISES

Sometimes when I'm playing a really fun game I like to scream and wail and bang around. But if I actually get hurt, then the game stops. If I seem grumpy or sad, I might be actually angry, but maybe I'm playing pretend! Either way, it's nice when people check in to see if I'm still having fun. Even if I'm okay, it's good to know they care.

ABOUT INDOOR VOICES

When I play games I like to be really loud because I have a lot of good ideas. Other people are more quiet or take more time to say their thoughts. Less loud people have a lot of good ideas, too, so I try to use my loudness to make sure everyone else hears them.



ABOUT COOTIES

Lots of things have cooties. Sometimes I know why something makes me uncomfortable, but sometimes I don't. If I don't want to be around something, I tell my friends and they help keep it away from me. I don't have to explain why I don't like it.

ABOUT OTHER SAFETY TOOLS

Sometimes I like to feel extra safe when I'm nervous or in new places. I've seen a bunch of cool stuff on TV, including the X-Card, Lines and Veils, Script Change, and other safety tools. If you want to feel super extra secure, or you're playing with strangers you don't know that well, these can help too. You can look them up on the World Wide Web!

HOUSEKEEPING

JOURNEYS

Almost everyone has a **Journey**, from little kids to ancient witches. Journeys represent the path a Character is going down, their goals, and where they hope to someday find themselves. A Journey can be about dramatic self-reflection, an exciting new project, or just a series of little moments that string together into growth.

If your Journey has a checklist, check off items as you accomplish or acquire them, and double-check whether you made progress on them after a Chapter.

Journeys tell you what to do once you complete them. They might give some sort of gift to the Bed & Breakfast, create new Bingos or Whoopsies for the Character, or add a little emotional moment the next time they're played.

Once a Journey's all wrapped up, it'll tell you how to replace it. When that happens, just find the relevant Journey-shaped sticker and paste it onto the Character Sheet, right over the old Journey.

If we don't have the right sticker—maybe we don't own it, or we lost it somehow, or we never had it to begin with—we can go to the List of Journeys starting on *pg. 334* and copy down the information, taping it over the old Journey on the Sheet.

LEFTOVERS

At the end of each Chapter, we'll have a bunch of materials leftover. These might include cards, coins, tokens, dollars, or other piles of game mechanics that don't have anywhere else to go. These become Leftovers, and we can hide them away in our Journeys and use them to mark off progress. This might be in the form of ticking Tracks, but sometimes we'll use them for other purposes, like drawing pictures or filling in shapes, as your Journey directs you. If your Journey doesn't have any use for Leftovers, you can spend them on **Loose & Unsorted Tracks** (*pg. 132*).

SPARE JOURNEYS

Once in a while, we might need a Journey that anyone can go on. Maybe we're making our own Guest who doesn't have their own Journey yet, or a Guest is returning and needs something new to do, or there's a Resident who has finished up all their personal Journeys. When that happens, we can turn to the **Spare Journeys** on *pg. 436*.

A Spare Journey might involve inventing a weird machine, writing letters to a penpal, tending to the garden, learning fire magic, adopting a giant caterpillar, or any number of other strange activities. When a Spare Journey is finished, it is followed up by another Spare Journey.

There might be other Journeys, outside of this book. Maybe you and your friends want to write some Journeys together, or you find some more Journeys in another book. When that happens, those Journeys will work perfectly here.

WHAT'S NEXT?

Hey Kid started as Mr. Boggs cleared his throat, and their kite dropped out of the air. (This was okay, because the kite wasn't flying as well as they'd hoped anyway, and they were starting to get frustrated by it.)

The salaryman sat at the patio table, surrounded by soggy papers. The downpour that followed him everywhere slowed to a drizzle as he capped an expensive fountain pen with a sense of finality.

"That's it," said Mr. Boggs.

"That's what?" Hey Kid asked, dragging their kite back across the lawn by its string.

"The whole report," said Mr. Boggs. "Eleven years of financials, bank statements, and back taxes, checkbooks squared away...graphs and charts and reviews to guide this place forward. What a productive way to spend the week."

Hey Kid only dimly comprehended the kind of work Mr. Boggs did, so they asked, "What are you going to do now?"

He slumped a bit at the question. His tie felt tight for some reason. He loosened it. He could feel the child's gaze was on him, and he peered through his raincloud to return it.

"I think I might like a try at getting that thing of yours up in the air."

KEEPSAKES

Chapters often have us create notecards, diary pages, and other documents. When the Chapter concludes, we either discard them or turn them into **Keepsakes** by paperclipping them to a Character's Sheet.

After a Chapter, *especially* if we're done playing for now, we can always choose to jot down a note about something that feels important—if Parish had a fight with Sal and is still mad, for example—and turn it into a Keepsake. That way, the next time someone plays that character, they can decide if they want to use it as a suggestion.

During Housekeeping, we can go through the Keepsakes attached to a character and decide if they're still important. If a Keepsake becomes irrelevant to how a Character has been played for a while, we can detach it from the Character Sheet and put it somewhere safe for posterity.

LONG-TERM DEVELOPMENTS

SHELVES

A **Shelf** is an empty space that can hold **Mementos** we receive from our adventures. Any time we fill a row of a Shelf with Mementos, we'll follow the directions associated with it, often Unlocking new Characters and Chapters to play.

Some shelves belong to a Character, or are otherwise connected to them, and filling out that shelf might change that Character's Sheet. Other shelves are located in the common spaces of the Bed & Breakfast, and might Unlock new Guests, Chapters, or even other Shelves. In addition to being *actual shelves* on the walls of the Bed & Breakfast, you can find a list of Shelves starting on *pg. 136*.

An Example Shelf: Grackle's Nest



Here is a little Shelf, in the corner of the toolshed where the gardener sleeps. It's got one slot for a square Memento, and once that Memento has been placed it will unlock Grackle McFran on *pg. 185*. Give it a shot, if you have any spare stickers lying around!

AGATE AVENTURINE

Nestled deep within the cool of an uncharted cave, the likes of which is spacious enough to house their enormous form comfortably, Agate Aventurine has come to a firm decision. After a short amount of time spent pondering, or a *lifetime* depending on who you asked, Agate realizes that they are indeed ready for a change. Their damp stone home has been of great comfort to them but there is something they have begun to miss dearly, a sensation nearly impossible to come by in such a secluded oasis... sunlight.

Moving all at once will come with time, and more contemplation. For now, Agate is content enough to will only their tail into motion. At first it twitches with the forgotten sensation of movement, then unfurls itself, and finally begins to rise in search of the exit. Eventually, after snaking through pillars and collections of rainwater with glacial speed, the lip of the cave is found. Agate stretches just a quarter of their tail towards the sun, the wind catching on tufts of exposed fur. The change of humidity and warmth is felt by the troll minutes after the initial exposure, and several beats later, Agate finally smiles. The majority of their body still remains laying dormant, far back in the cavern, but the reward of such a journey can already be felt.

MEMENTOS

Mementos are little trophies, and reminders from our adventures together. They can look like anything—a jar of fireflies, a raven’s feather, or even a carrot. Mementos are represented by small stickers you can put in the *Bed & Breakfast Rulebook* (or the accompanying *Ledger*, if you have one). When you get a Memento, the Chapter or Journey that gave it to you will tell you which kind of sticker to use.

As an example, go grab a 🌸 *Little Flower* from wherever you’re keeping your Mementos. You can put it on a Shelf immediately.

The most common ways to acquire Mementos are by playing Chapters or by completing a Character’s Journey. Whenever a Chapter comes to a close, we’ll check to see if we earned any from the Chapter or our Journeys. Then we’ll pop them onto a Shelf, wherever that might be.

CIRCLES & SQUARES

Common Mementos are printed on square stickers, and can only fill square Nooks on Shelves, while rarer Mementos are printed on circular stickers, and can only fill circular nooks. Only the last few Chapters (and the least common Guests) are Unlocked with circular Mementos. Make sure the shape of the Memento matches the shape of the nook!

There may be other, stranger Mementos with shapes that sticker science has not yet discovered. If you find one, use your best judgment about how to document it.

Clutter

Because we can replay our favorite Chapters as many times as we like, eventually our supply of a Memento might run out: for example, perhaps *The Rabbits Who Live In The Garden And Wear Little Outfits* have been very busy and you’ve run out of 🥕 carrots. If that happens, we can either substitute another square Memento we think the rabbits might have given us, or we can hand-draw a little 🥕 carrot into the Nook instead.

If we play *Yazeba’s Bed & Breakfast* for a very long time, we may eventually run out of Nooks to put Mementos into. In that case, we can devise our own Shelves with new Nooks...or we can simply use them to decorate the pages of this book.

UNLOCKING NEW WAYS TO PLAY

When we first start playing *Yazeba’s Bed & Breakfast*, much of it will be off limits.



Locked Materials

Whenever a Character, Chapter or Shelf is Locked, it’ll have one or more Lock Tags next to its name or title. If something is Locked, we’re not ready to play with it yet, and we should ignore it until we find a way to Unlock it. We can peek at parts of the book that are Locked, if we’d like, or we can try to keep them a surprise.



Anything that doesn’t have a Lock next to its name or title is available to be played with from the beginning.

Unlocking New Materials

The most common way to Unlock new materials to play with is by filling up Shelves with Mementos, but some Characters and Chapters might only be Unlocked under special circumstances. When the book tells us to Unlock something, we'll select a Key sticker and place it over the Lock tag.

If all of the Lock symbols next to something's name or title have been covered by Key stickers, it's available for play.

Un-Unlocking Things

Once something is Unlocked, it'll usually stay Unlocked forever...but not always. If we ever need to Lock something back up, we can just draw a brand new Lock tag on it—and then, if we Unlock it again, we can put a new Key sticker on it, and so on!



CAN I KEEP HIM?

“Please please please please *please please*—” Hey Kid whined, running in circles around the kitchen.

“Forks afire Kid, it's 8 in the morning and you're giving me a migraine. Where did you even *find* him?” Yazeba held her mug up to her face, hoping the smell of black coffee would make Hey Kid's yelling less overwhelming.

“A portal opened on the wall of my bedroom and it was all,” Hey Kid rolled their eyes back into their head and imitated the atonal chanting of demonic tongues. “And then this little puppy came out. Isn't he *so* cute? Can I *please* keep him? Please!” They held the cerberus up to Yazeba, and her coffee started boiling.

“You can't have a pet if he doesn't have a name.” She smirked, knowing she'd outwitted her child. “If you can't find a perfect name for him by sundown we'll have to send him back to Hell...”

Hey Kid grinned. “Okay I will! I'm such a good pet parent Yazeba you wouldn't even believe it! His name is...” They looked down at the three-headed dog. “Umm... Well I'll name this head Dog, and umm ... uhh ... this head *Dog*, and this head is **Dog!** He's Dog, Dog, and Dog!”

Dog Dog N'Dog wagged their tail, their cute little paws burning holes into the antique floor. Yazeba downed her coffee before planting her head in her hands.

TIPS AND TRICKS

PLAY PHILOSOPHY

Jumping into *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast* to play a Chapter or two is simple, but its world is big and its nuances can be subtle. If we're eager to get started, we can simply jump into a Chapter, but the Concierge can always return to this section if they have questions about running the game.

The story of *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast* has been told before: It was a beloved collection of middle-grade chapter books, and your local library was always missing some issues. It was a cable cartoon show that the network didn't schedule regularly enough. It was a sprawl of elaborate fics collected on fan forums and bulletin boards.

But all of those "original" versions of *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast* are now gone. What's left are our collective memories.

LETTING GO OF CANON

When exploring a story with other people, and especially when there have been multiple tellings, there's a natural urge to ask, "What did the authors intend? What do we as an audience all agree on? Where does each event fall on the timeline? *What is the realest, truest version of this story?*"

Because *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast* exists in our collective imaginations, these questions are unanswerable. There can be no definitive canon, and every version has its own reality and truth. We can only focus on the story as we're telling it right now, and celebrate its messiness.

CHAPTER ORDER

One of the first things you'll notice about *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast* is that the Chapters are not listed in numerical order; some are missing entirely, and there may even be a few lurking between the pages which don't belong.

When we were little, we were taught that a story is a sequence of events with a beginning, middle and end. But that's not how all stories work: some loop around on themselves, some are told out of sequence, and some never end.

After we play one Chapter, we can play another without worrying too much about whether it came before or after the Chapter we just played, or how much time has passed. Likewise, we can replay the same Chapter again and again without worrying about what happened the last time, or which playthrough was the "real" playthrough. They're all real.

Think back on that prolific paperback series you may have once read: you might have missed a few issues, or read them out of order, but you were always able to figure out what was going on. And if you reread them now, they might be a little different than you remembered, or show you a new side of themselves.

CHEATING

This book is written with a natural progression in mind, where the Chapters available to play at the outset are good introductions to the Bed & Breakfast and its inhabitants, and the Chapters that take the longest to Unlock are the ones that want us to be intimately familiar with the cast, and which feature the fiddliest rules. (They may also feel ending-ish, although this game has no true ending).

Knowing that: we can break whatever rules we like. If we've played all of the available Chapters and don't want to replay any of them, we can award ourselves Mementos to Unlock some new ones. If we don't like how a Chapter ends according to the rules, we can agree on something else. The most important consideration when cheating is whether the change we make *feels true*.

The rules are suggestions for how we can play, not an authority on how we must play.

KEEP OUT!

"What's in there?" Gertrude asked, pointing to an ominous black door at the end of the hall, emblazoned with the words ENTRY FORBIDDEN UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES.

Amelie paused, their custodial cart squeaking to a stop, as they contemplated the door. Gertrude grabbed a chocolate mint from the box next to the Spray-Clean and slipped it under her mask.

"Unknown," Amelie replied, though their voicebox stretched out the word. Still, they turned and resumed pushing the cart, but Gertrude didn't budge as it bumped lightly into her hip.

"Why don't we take a peek?" Gertrude asked. "Aren't you curious?"

Amelie's insides hummed. "Access is denied. Please identify the engraved command."

Gertrude bobbed impishly, creeping towards the door. "Yeah...under any circumstances. I'm not under any circumstances, are you?"

Amelie knew that Gertrude's interpretation of the phrase was against the spirit of the rules. But they also knew that, whatever was back there, it hadn't been dusted since they'd arrived at the Bed & Breakfast—or maybe ever.

"...No. No circumstances detected."

The door opened with a decadent creak, and the pair stole inside. What was behind the door was not important to the story; but the looking, itself, was significant.

INTERPRETING CHARACTERS

When we imagine Gertrude or Sal or Hey Kid, they've been imagined before, differently, and every incarnation has been true. Their illustrations in this book don't look exactly like the covers of the novels, or like the characters in the cartoon, or like the drawings posted to the bulletin boards.

You're always welcome to expand upon and embrace further aspects of a Character's identity, if it helps you to connect with the Character you're playing: maybe Sal is biracial, Parish is gay, or Hey Kid uses ASL. If it feels authentic and it doesn't erase what they already represent, interpret them however feels right.

Playing Outside Your Own Identity

It's totally acceptable to play characters who have identities different from your own; simply play that character while remaining true to yourself, without "putting on" a component of a Character's identity that you don't share. For example, if a Character might speak with an accent you don't have, it'll feel more comfortable for you to stick with your own voice instead of poorly imitating something you're not. Think about what unique properties you can bring to the Character by being your own best self, and highlight the qualities you share rather than your differences.

ADVICE FOR THE CONCIERGE

"Concierge" is a fancy title for a simple job. For all the pomp and etiquette of the hospitality industry, it really comes down to three things: make your visitors comfortable, show them where to have a good time, and help them clean up any messes they may make in the course of their stay.

As Concierge, your responsibilities can be broken into three roles: a **facilitator** who guides the players into the game, a **narrator** who helps set the scene, and a **bookkeeper** who keeps track of all the paperwork.

FACILITATOR

Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast is a cozy place, but it can look intimidating from the outside. As a facilitator, your job is to help new players understand what they're signing up for, and to help experienced players relax into the experience.

Give the rules a quick skim before anyone gets to the table, so that even if you don't know where everything is, you'll have a sense of where to find it. Don't worry about knowing absolutely everything, because in a place like Yazeba's, chasing total knowledge is a fool's errand. If someone asks you a question you can't answer, you can always just make something up.

As a facilitator, you'll also be handling real-world needs. This includes the materials you'll need to play the game, but also things like comfort, snacks, and wellness. Both before and during the game, check up on everyone (including yourself) to make sure you're all drinking enough water and using the bathroom. People can be forgetful!

During each chapter, keep an eye on everyone's energy levels and make sure everyone has the chance to speak. If someone is quiet, reach out to see if they're enjoying being quiet or if they're bored or upset.

Preparing For Your First Game

Print out copies of the starting Resident sheets, the starting Guest sheets, and anything else you want multiple people to be able to easily refer to at once.

Gather supplies—pencils, spare paper (or index cards), tokens, coins, and a deck of playing cards. If you can't get ahold of any of those materials, that's fine—let your players know and avoid the Chapters tagged with those materials, or come up with a substitution.

Invite your players, and tell them a little bit about the Bed & Breakfast. Give them the one-sentence pitch on the back of the book, and once they're at the table, start by reading the opening paragraphs on *pg. 1*, followed by the Mysteries of the Bed & Breakfast.

Tell them a little about each Resident before working with them to pick out their first Chapter. If they're not sure, or you don't know which is best, try out Chapter 5: *'Another Rainy Day'* on *pg. 60*.

Once they've picked the Chapter and chosen their Characters, explain the rules in the Chapter and get started with the opening fiction.

Making A Ledger

Throughout playing *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast*, you'll often be taking notes, placing stickers, and adjusting the Bed & Breakfast itself. If you feel okay placing that directly into the book, you can just go ahead and do that—the book is designed for it. However, there are plenty of reasons why you as the Concierge might not want to put stickers directly inside your book, and if you want to avoid getting sticker gunk all over your pristine copy of *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast*, you can always use a **Ledger**.

The Ledger is a stack of papers, binder or book that you keep separate from your copy of *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast*, that can contain Character Sheets when they're not in play, Shelves, notes on what's been unlocked, loose papers, or anything else you want to hold onto with the game.

A Ledger can take on any number of forms. You can purchase a Ledger at your local corner store or on the world wide web, or you can create your own with a three-ring binder or a manilla folder. You can even use a stack of loose papers if you want, although be careful—it'll be easy to misplace things in there.

NARRATOR

During any particular Chapter, you'll pick a Character to play, just like everyone else.

But sometimes there will be a pause—a place begs for description, someone wants to speak to a Character no one is playing, or there is a moment of uncertainty and no one knows how to proceed. The table will hesitate, and all eyes will turn...to you! As the Concierge, now is your time to hop in as a narrator and describe what happens next.

As the narrator, you're also in charge of handling the opening fiction at the start of each Chapter. You can read that yourself, pass it around round-robin style, or have folks read their Character's lines. This opening fiction sets the tone for the Chapter and opens the door into the world of the Bed & Breakfast.

Setting The Stage

Often the most important thing a narrator can do is to set the stage. This involves reminding everyone where they are, what time of day it is, and what the stakes are. Keeping each Chapter grounded in places, times, and emotions means that when the other players are trying to figure out what's happening or what they should do, they have a stable ground to stand on. Part of setting the stage involves inviting other players to describe their characters and situations by proverbially shining a spotlight on what they're doing.

Ask Someone Else

You don't have to be the only one at the table narrating. If you're stumped by something or you can tell someone has a better idea, you can always look over at them and ask them what they think is best. Whenever you set the stage, you may ask the other players "What do you do?" as a way to invite or encourage their engagement. While all players are encouraged and rewarded for looking to each other, as the Concierge you are the best-equipped to connect with them and engage directly, as you're the most familiar with your own copy of the game.

"As You Say"

As the Concierge, you are always nearby and capable of articulating the nature of the story as you see it. However, you are a service professional and have no true authority over anyone else. Should anyone contradict you, simply accept the contradiction with a smile, a nod, and an "As you say." This lets them assert their own agency and contribute, while still trusting you to look out for them.

A DISAGREEMENT

The Concierge finished folding the last towel, and gestured to the group. "And *that* is the story of how Hey Kid saved the Rabbits That Live In The Garden (Who Wear Little Outfits). Before we go, I'd like for us to peek in on Parish. Parish's room is a frightful mess, covered in clothing and ripped-apart recipe books. In it—"

"Wait just a moment!" Parish leapt to his feet, croaking with indignation. "I keep my room exact and tidy! And how could you not mention my beautiful pool of water lilies?"

The Concierge nodded with a smile. "As you say, Parish."

BOOKKEEPER

The final role of the Concierge is physically organizing the game. After each Chapter, some game materials will be discarded, some will return to where they came from, and stickers may need to find new homes. Your supervision will help things go smoothly, and you're a good judge of what should get discarded and what should find a permanent home in your copy of *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast*.

When a Chapter ends, follow any rules described by its conclusion first. Then, each player should check their Character's Journey and decide how to use any Leftovers they've collected. Finally, if any Mementos you've placed on Shelves or any Tracks you've filled up would cause something to happen, follow those rules last. (Don't sweat it, though; if your group does these out of order, the important thing is really just not to forget anything in the chaos.)

- ☉ The Bed and Breakfast will likely receive one or more Mementos from the Chapter, which need to be placed on Shelves (starting on *pg. 136*).
- ☉ Leftover tokens, omen cards, and coins will often be used to fill in tracks, either in the Characters' Journeys or among the Loose & Unsorted Tracks starting on *pg. 132*.
- ☉ You may Unlock new Guests or Chapters, and need to mark them as such.
- ☉ The players may have created Keepsakes—note cards, spare pages, or something similar—that should stay secured with the Character they were playing using a paper clip or a staple.

When the other players are finished playing *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast* for a while, take some additional time to tidy up sheets, paperclip everything together, and pack it all up. Make sure everything is organized in a way that makes sense to you and you can easily find it again. You'll need it all the next time you come back to the Bed & Breakfast.

Every House Is Different

As you Concierge your Bed & Breakfast, the book will diverge wildly from the original text, and you'll discover many worlds which you might not have expected. Perhaps Residents will leave or change, Guests will become far more important than you expected, or Journeys will take unexpected twists. As you tend to your Bed & Breakfast, trust it as it travels to new places, and know that it's totally fine to hack together solutions when the text doesn't match with the new reality emerging from your games.

As a Concierge, it can be tempting to compare the events which occur within your Bed & Breakfast to others, maligning yourself for how matters have gone differently or how other Concierges handle their Bed & Breakfasts differently than you do. It's valuable to remember that your Bed & Breakfast is uniquely yours, and that the work you do as a Bookkeeper helps grow it into something new. While it's often valuable to learn from other Concierges, at the end of the day no one knows your Bed & Breakfast better than you do.

KINGE'S TOURNIE 3

"You want me to *what*?" Yazeba fumed, her arms crossed.

Parish threw a webbed finger up into the air in a grand gesture. "Shrink me down into that blasted gamebox!"

Hey Kid jumped in, the sparkly dust from some kind of highly processed sugary snack caking their fingers and parts of their face. "He's mad because he can't beat Xanther at Kinge's Tournie 3! He just lost like a million times in a row!"

Yazeba squinted and considered slamming her door in their faces. The electronic whine of a computer chip straining to make music full of beeps and zings drifted up from her lobby, along with the harpy's shrill voice, calling out, "Where'd you go, old man? Finally had enough?"

"It's nothing like real jousting!" Parish grumbled, his webbed fingers in fists. "If I were *really* in the game, I could tilt my lance side to side, as well as up and down. I'd unhorse that young upstart in a second flat!"

The witch stared at the both of them for a very long time before saying, "Do not come to me with this again. And tell them to turn down the damn volume, or else electronic games will be banned from the premises."

"NO!" Hey Kid yelled, grabbing Parish's arm and dragging him away before he could argue. "We'll be quieter! I promise sorry! I love you bye!"

Satisfied, Yazeba shut the door to her office tight, and unpaused minesweeper.

On The World Wide Web

If you're playing *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast* through the world wide web, the process for bookkeeping might look different. Bundling materials together might be easier, and coins or cards might just be an abstraction of the digital dimension. For more information on what it's like to explore netspace, go to Online Play on *pg. 32*. You'll be a professional web-site-surfer in no time!

SPLITTING UP RESPONSIBILITIES

Some Concierges don't feel comfortable fulfilling all of these roles, and that's okay! While the Concierge is entrusted with each of these roles because they're the person most likely to have the book, it's easy to split up Concierge duties within a group. Perhaps one person can help explain the Bed & Breakfast to new players, while another person can keep track of Shelves and Journeys. No two Concierges are going to take care of their Bed & Breakfast in exactly the same way, and that's a good thing.

OTHER WAYS TO PLAY

BIG PARTIES

Sometimes a whole bunch of us all want to play *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast*, all at once! When that happens, it might be hard to fit everyone into a single Chapter and share the spotlight like we would normally. When that's the case, we can play multiple Chapters at once and tie them together, or take a Chapter and expand it to have way more room for everyone to play.

Tips For Big Parties

- ☉ Chapters marked with the ☀ Party Tag work especially well for large groups.
- ☉ At a big party, there will be a lot more cross-talk, breakout groups, and people off in their own corners. Give people lots of space to pull each other aside, get up to shenanigans on their own, and entertain themselves.
- ☉ If we have enough people and enough interest, we can put on costumes and act out the events of a Chapter on our own, like some sort of live-action roleplaying game.
- ☉ Some Chapters will take more time than usual to play, while others will take less time.
- ☉ Bring lots and *lots* of snacks, water, and maybe little party hats (if you're so inclined).

PERFORMING FOR AN AUDIENCE

Sometimes we won't just be playing *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast* with each other. Sometimes we'll find ourselves on the radio or on a stage, performing the game for other people. This sort of performance can be a lot of fun, but it can also open up new challenges that don't show up when you're just playing with friends.

Tips For Performing With An Audience

- ☉ Do you want each performer to correspond with exactly one Character, or do you want to mix them up regularly? Do you want to prescribe some sort of canon, or intentionally push canonicity? That's your call, but it's important to make a choice and stick with it.
- ☉ Playing a game for an audience is a careful balancing act. Make sure your audience is entertained, but also check up with each other, and make sure everyone is having fun.
- ☉ *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast* is a game with a wildly diverse and eclectic cast, and performances of the game will be best played out by a diverse and eclectic group of performers.

THE FALLEN PRINCE

EXCERPT FROM HEARTSWORD



In the middle of the crater, a beautiful man lay amid the rubble, his silver hair shining with the pale moonlight. With my breath in my lungs, I ran up to him and held him up to my lantern. He looked at me with beautiful amethyst eyes.

“Who are you?” He sighed with confusion, peering around at the crater.

“I am...I’m Algar the Bold, knight of Kumish, defender of the meek.” I whispered. I struggled to speak my knightly titles, for I was so overcome by the beauty of the man in my arms, but also because I knew in my heart that they were false. I am no knight, but instead just a 13-year-old girl named Grace wielding a disguise spell I stole from that Corvoggi in the port city of Mostaf. But I didn’t say any of that out loud, for I was too enraptured by the beautiful man before me. “And who are you? How did you fall from the sky?” I growled instead.

The elf gently murmured, “I am Almaragion of the Cloudy Court, Whisperwind, silver eye, elfin archer, hand of the Star Queen of Lyranthiel, and guardian of the Omnirion Crystal. But you may call me Alle. And I fell from the sky because I was flying around up there.”

I gasped a most unmanly gasp, and dropped the beautiful sylvan warrior in my arms. I barked, “You serve Emperor Zot? If so then we are enemies, for I have vowed to defeat that evil emperor after he killed my family and burned down my village when I was but a baby!”

Alle stood up, furious and beautiful in equal measure. He shouted, “Do not accuse me of serving that evil lord! He attacked my cloudy home and desecrated Celador, the sacred home of the elves. He then stole the Omnirion Crystal from the Temple Of The Eldest Cloud-Tree, and used that power to construct his Skull-Hell!”

“Oh no!” I gasped.

WRITING STORIES

We don’t always have other people to play *Yazeba’s Bed & Breakfast* with, but we can still tell stories of our own. Writing stories about the Bed & Breakfast is itself a way to play, and sharing fiction about your favorite Characters can give you the same feeling as playing a Chapter with them.

Tips For Writing Stories

- ☉ Invent your own canon, and follow all the principles of playing mentioned earlier in your stories. Cause big messes (although you can take a bit to clean them up), make bold choices, and have fun.
- ☉ Be self-indulgent, and lean into the parts of the story that excite you the most. No one else is playing, so who’s going to stop you?
- ☉ Send it to all your friends when you’re done, and be proud of your writing.

HOWEVER YOU WANT

There are plenty of other ways to play *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast*. Maybe you feel like Amelie when you help tidy your friend's house, or write music while pretending to be Sal. Maybe you like to write letters or post on forums as the Characters, or find new homes for them far outside anyone's expectations. There are many more ways to play *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast* than we can imagine or encompass in this book, and we wish you the best of luck on your voyage.

ZEPHYR AND ROWAN BREAK YAZEBA'S RULES IN PLAIN SIGHT OF EVERYONE

Zephyr danced through the lobby bearing a plate, steps so light you'd think he could walk over fresh cement without leaving a footprint.

"Well, it seems we've slept in past breakfast—these woods are so marvelously peaceful!—but that darling chef scrounged up some faux-bacon and eggs benedict for us," he sang.

He flounced onto the sofa and into Rowan's lap.

"We really are roughing it out here, aren't we?" Rowan sighed. "But I hardly mind; these little getaways are such an excellent chance to reconn—" (He didn't finish his thought, as Zephyr had taken the liberty of popping a strip of vegetarian bacon into his mouth).

Gertrude scurried down the stairs and blushed behind her mask seeing the elves sitting intertwined. She gathered her courage and approached them.

"I'm sorry, it's just, Yazeba's on her way downstairs, and I think she's in a sour mood, and her rules..." she gestured helplessly to the big sign on the door. There was *no romancing* allowed in the Bed & Breakfast.

Rowan and Zephyr glanced seriously at one another, then burst into tinkling laughter, like the sound of crystal bells.

"Fairfolk afire, child!" Yazeba's voice, and the slow but steady tap of the witch picking her way downstairs, made Gertrude flinch. "Stop hassling the guests! Good morning, Lyranthiels. I hope you'll join me for tea this afternoon."

Rowan smirked at Gertrude, his arms wrapped around Zephyr's waist. "Of course we will, dear."



Residents

GERTRUDE



A MASKED TEENAGE RUNAWAY WHO USES SHE/HER PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: *The world is big and full of secrets, we need to navigate tangled feelings, you feel nervous or unsure.*

FACTS ABOUT ME:

(Add to them, or cross them out when they're no longer true)

- ☉ I'm a moody teenager.
- ☉ I'm anxious all the time.
- ☉ I don't have a lot of friends.
- ☉ I live on top of the dryer in the laundry room.
- ☉ I feel terribly insecure about my gender and appearance...
- ☉ ...so I wear a mask to hide my face.
- ☉ I'm confident Yazeba doesn't like me.
- ☉ I plan on finding somewhere else to stay eventually.

BINGOS:

- ★ Keep a secret (that I should keep).
- ★ Show off a cool skill that people didn't know I have.
- ★ Give a very genuinely sweet compliment.
- ★ Make myself useful.
- ★ Make a place for myself.

WHOOPSIES:

- ✖ Keep a secret (that I shouldn't keep).
- ✖ Reject the help of someone else.
- ✖ Take on more than I can carry.
- ✖ Mess up something I thought I could handle.
- ✖ Assume the worst of what's going on.

THESE ARE MY HEARTS!

Cross them out, fill them in, circle them, add more, or whatever else you want, whenever feels right.



FINDING MY PLACE

The Bed & Breakfast is strange & loud, and I don't really have a place here. But maybe it's a safe place to crash for a while? I'll try to be helpful and keep a low profile so they don't kick me out. Check these off as they happen:

- ☐ I find a job to do at the Bed & Breakfast (_____)
- ☐ I help out one of the Guests here (_____)
- ☐ I impress one of the other Residents (_____)
- ☐ I make a close friend at the Bed & Breakfast (_____)
- ☐ Someone takes me under their wing (_____)
- ☐ Yazeba acknowledges my efforts.

When every box is checked, a proper room appears for me in the Bed & Breakfast. Change my Facts About Me to reflect this, Unlock the "Gertrude's Bookcase" shelf (on pg. 158) and replace my Journey with "The Witching Path."

HEY KID



A DEMON CHILD WITH A LOT OF ENERGY AND NOT A LOT OF SENSE. WHO USES THEY/THEM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: You want to get up to mischief, the big kids are going, the grownup world is too frustrating.

FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ I've lived at the Bed & Breakfast ever since I was a little baby.
- ☉ I like to try lots of new things. It's sad when grown ups are scared of looking silly.
- ☉ My favorite superhero is Neutron Gal! I can talk about her for hours.
- ☉ Filling these out is really boring so maybe you can do the rest of them for me whenever you think of something? Thanks!
- ☉
- ☉
- ☉

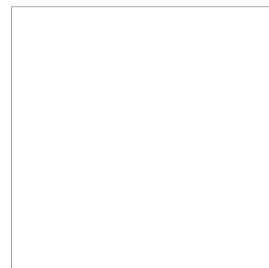
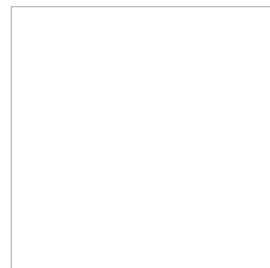
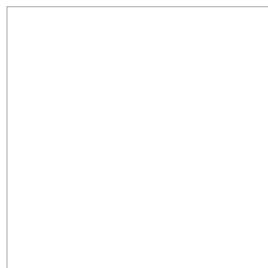
BINGOS:

- ★ Watch, learn, and copy!
- ★ Apply a lesson someone else has taught me!
- ★ Run somewhere and get there first!
- ★ Turn it upside down!
- ★ Make a new friend!

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Get impatient and give up.
- ⚡ Embarrass someone with an innocent question.
- ⚡ Mistrust a grownup who is trying to help.
- ⚡ Interrupt someone to show them something I think is really cool.
- ⚡ Have an enormous, explosive meltdown.

I'm working on a comic! I like to draw more panels when I'm bored.



MY STATS

Increase the stats in my radar chart like they're five Tracks. Every time my Mature Stat maxes out, turn to the "Hey Teen" Section (pg. 336).



SAL



AN ASPIRING MUSICIAN WHO USES HE/HIM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: You want to seize the microphone, someone needs good advice or a ride home, you're in no hurry.

Answers to questions that Rolling Bones Magazine will probably ask:

FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ⦿ Right now I'm a night porter at the Bed & Breakfast. Not 100% sure what that means but it mostly involves kickin it behind the front desk, not even necessarily at night?
- ⦿ I did used to be a witch's apprentice. I don't really want to talk about that.
- ⦿ I drive a van called *The Flying V*. She's old and funky but she's the love of my life.
- ⦿ I'm probably the greatest rockstar the world has ever known? I'm just putting in my dues until I get my big break.
- ⦿ I play guitar and sing, but I also know my way around electric basses, violins, pianos, the harmonica, the tambourine, and the jug.
- ⦿ My main musical inspirations are Jacob and the Screamie Beanies, ZGG, Dåligstyg, Wormstonk, and Vivaldi.
- ⦿ My actual inspirations, though, are my friends back home, and how beautiful the place I live is. They're like my family to me.
- ⦿ I like to think of my music as being ~~Post-Rock Prog- 1st Wave Acoustic Ska moon funk Dark indiepop synth-based corewave Soft Metal bad beach muzak?????~~
- ⦿ The main thing I want my fans to know is that there's art in all of us. It doesn't matter what you look like or how talented you are or if you know the right bands or whatever.

BINGOS:

- ★ Laugh about it.
- ★ Take my time and get it right.
- ★ Support someone creatively.
- ★ Speak from the heart and light up the world.
- ★ Do it again, but *louder*.

WHOOPSIES:

- ✖ Fail to follow through.
- ✖ Get caught up in my own drama.
- ✖ Make light of something important.
- ✖ Fake confidence. -milk
- ✖ Coast on by. -cheese
- peppies n onion
- kid snax (NO CAFFEINE)

Poor boy at a rich girl's school,
now something something my own rule

SONG LYRICS:

These are some ideas I'm working on for an album! Help me cross them out, write new ones, and edit what's already here.

Never be a dad always too bitter and cool
~~Never be a man~~ Never had a plan,
always improvise

D Bm G A F#

Witch's kid wasn't good enough,

~~itches are~~ never far enough

Always running, something home left, ???

synonymous, unfit comparison, never fitting in,

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?



When this track fills up, I'm *in the zone* and my inspiration is flowing. Show someone the song I've been working on—describe it to them or play them something in real life. If it gets the reaction I want, replace this Journey with "Legend In The Making." If it doesn't (or I get too nervous to even share it), erase the track and start from scratch.

PARISH



A BRAVE FRØG, ØNCE A KNIGHT, NØW THE CHEF AT THE
BED & BREAKFAST, WHØ USES HEIHiM PRØNØUNS

PICK ME IF: The flames of chivalry burn bright in your heart, someone might need a bite to eat, you have a terrible pun you *need* to tell.

~~FACTS ABOUT ME:~~

A Recipe for Parish:

- Preheat 1 brave young fellow until gallant & knightly.
 - Braise lightly over dragonfire.
 - Introduce 1 princess, cursed to be a frog, and kiss.
 - Form the knight into a frog, trading out the princess.
 - Banish.
 - Serve slightly disillusioned, with spite to taste.
- Feeds as many as there are guests at Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast.

Recipe for a Good Chef:

(Under development)

- 1 cup chopped obsession
- 1 tsp. concentrated love for others
- A drizzle of emotional awareness
- Arrogance to taste

Recipe for a Good Knight:

(Needs a fresh twist)

- 7 whole virtues, trimmed & peeled
- 12oz tenderloin steak
- ¼ cup courtly manners
- 2 tbsp. salt & vinegar

Recipe for a Good Frog:

Getting stale, needs a new approach

- A pinch of excitement
- ½ cup jumping ability
- 1 croaked onion
- 2 cups pond water (salted to taste)

*I'm always looking for new recipes,
so whenever you find an especially tasty one,
add it to my sheet.*

BINGOS:

- ★ Bluster headfirst into the best solution.
- ★ Rescue someone else from peril.
- ★ Carry out a noble act with dignity and poise.
- ★ Lift everyone's spirits with the perfect refreshments.
- ★ Give a bit of fatherly wisdom.

WHOOPIES:

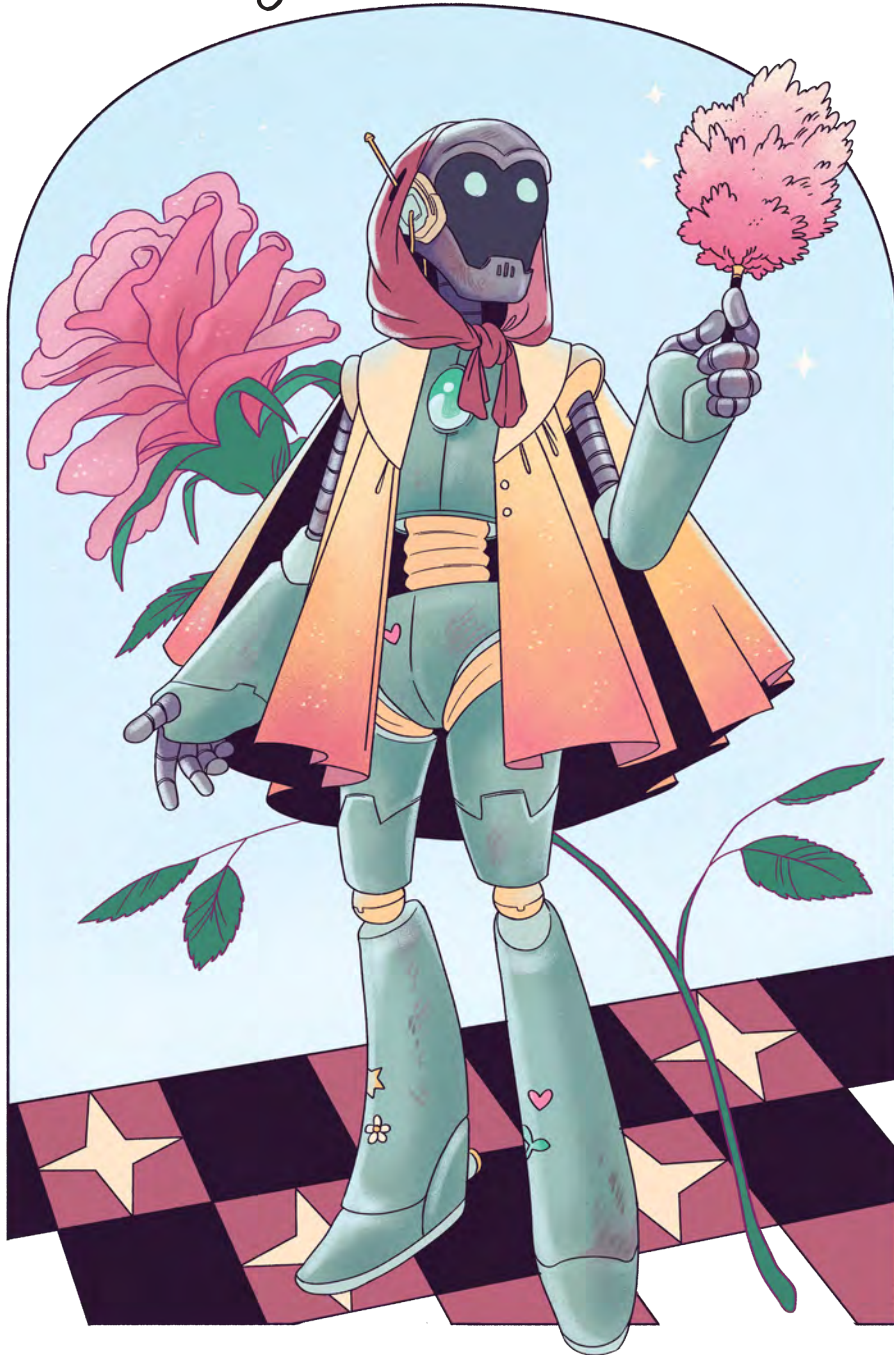
- ⚡ Bluster headfirst into a terrible mistake.
- ⚡ Try to be "hip" and mess up in the process.
- ⚡ Bite off more than I can chew.
- ⚡ Lose track of reality while caught up in a flight of fancy.
- ⚡ Refuse to let go.



TIRE D OLD FROG

As much as I would like to pretend I'm going to be a spry young frog forever, I have to admit I'm getting older. When my Track fills up, write down a telltale sign of my age on my sheet (*a gray spot / stiff joints / needs glasses / etc.*) and replace this Journey with "The Glory Days."

AMELIE



A WORKAHOLIC ROBOTIC HOUSEKEEPER WHO USES THEY/THEM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: You want to clean up after everyone, silliness does not compute, you want to help me become a real person.

~~FACTS ABOUT ME:~~

Programming:

```
always: [  
    prevent potential messes,  
    be polite to guests,  
    Stay busy with labor  
    ],  
never: [  
    allow the bed & breakfast to remain dirty,  
    disobey a command from yazeba,  
    allow another to perform listed duties  
    ],  
if: [job not found: "power down"],  
if: [damaged: "continue queued tasks"],  
if: [error 21 (programming conflict):  
    "ask someone to alter my Programming"]  
}
```

BINGOS:

- ★ Look closely at a complicated tangle.
- ★ Make someone's life easier without them realizing.
- ★ Anticipate and avert a potential mess.
- ★ Download a new skill via floppy disk.
- ★ Process a feeling not in your index.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Refuse to diverge from my programming.
- ⚡ Misunderstand ambiguity and nuance.
- ⚡ Sweep up something that needed to stay put.
- ⚡ Get passive-aggressive about it.
- ⚡ Shut down and deactivate.

PRIME DIRECTIVES



Whenever this track fills up, erase it and choose 1:

- Add a line to Programming
- Cross out a line from Programming
- Alter a line from Programming

When every line of Programming has been altered, replace this Journey with: "Error Code 13-X."

YAZEBA



A WITCH WHO USES SHE/HER PRONOUNS

PICK YAZEBA IF: You'd rather judge others' choices than make them, it's your house and you make the rules, someone loves her anyway.

FACTS ABOUT YAZEBA:

- ☉ Yazeba traded her heart for the Bed & Breakfast, which may explain her cold and sometimes cruel behavior. (“Not that that’s any of *your* business,” she’d snarl).
- ☉ Before she sold her heart, she wrote a couple of books about the magic of names. (“Neither of them particularly good—stop asking to see them!”)
- ☉ She’s always busy with “witchy business”—although she doesn’t seem to work much *actual* magic. (“I wouldn’t expect *you* to understand.”)
- ☉ She has a funny way of cursing, like, she always says “Foes afire!” or “Friends afire!” or something else that starts with F. (“It’s a curse. It’s not *supposed* to be funny.”)
- ☉ Her preferred vices are expensive cigars, cheap cigarettes, and dusklit rides through the sky on her enchanted bicycle. (“That’s how I distract myself from you numbskulls.”)
- ☉ Deep down, she really cares. (“Incorrect.”)

BINGOS:

- ★ Use wisdom (instead of magic) to solve a problem.
- ★ See something no one else could.
- ★ Protect the Bed & Breakfast and those under its roof.
- ★ Show kindness...of a sort.
- ★ Share just a smidgen of magical wisdom.

WHOOPSIES:

- ✖ Use magic (instead of wisdom) to make everything worse.
- ✖ Boss everyone else around.
- ✖ Stay cryptic and secretive about something that matters to everyone.
- ✖ Delight in pushing everyone else away.
- ✖ Criticize someone (and call it “helping.”)

LIST OF ENEMIES:

Expand and cross off this list:

- ☉ ~~The Starving King~~ ☉
- ☉ The Mayor of Veilridge ☉
- ☉ ~~Cacodaemon~~ ☉
- ☉ The Tomtom ☉
- ☉ Tony ☉
- ☉ Rag-And-Bones ☉
- ☉ ☉

PERILS of the SHARP TONGUE

My esteemed hostess, my fearsome employer, and my dear friend: You can be a real stinker. Check these off whenever you're mean to one of those people.

- Gertrude
- Parish (me)
- Someone who can take it
- Sal
- A guest who deserves it
- Someone who can't
- The Moon Prince
- A guest who doesn't
- Yourself

If you start a chapter and all the boxes are checked off, you will lash out at everyone around you. Use your Whoopsies often, and weigh your Bingos down with heartless spite. When the chapter ends, replace this journey with “You Okay In There?”



Starting Guests

MR. BOGGS



A BUSINESSMAN CURSED WITH
A SOGGY DISPOSITION WHO
USES HE/HIM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: You have no sense of humor right now, everyone would benefit from a healthy dose of mundanity, someone's gotta do the taxes.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ This is my first vacation from the Big City in fifteen years—I've never gotten to wear a Hawaiian shirt before!
- ☉ The small cloud of rain directly over my head is more of an awkward inconvenience than a *real* problem, and I'm still not sure where it came from.
- ☉ I refuse to tell anyone what's in my briefcase.

BINGOS:

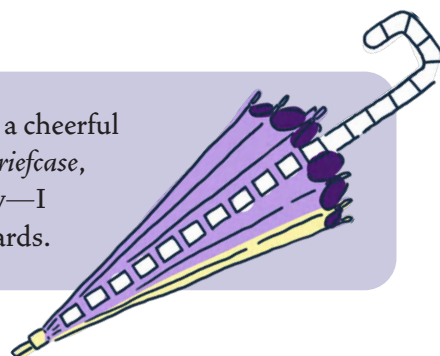
- ★ Invest in a risky venture.
- ★ Encourage an entrepreneurial spirit.
- ★ Loosen my tie and have some fun.
- ★ Shelter another with my umbrella.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Explain a logistical complexity.
- ⚡ Crunch the numbers.
- ⚡ Undercut the competition.
- ⚡ Rain on someone's parade.

MY JOURNEY

Once my track is complete, my rain cloud will give way to a cheerful rainbow, I'll give the Bed & Breakfast my 🍷 *Mysterious Briefcase*, and I'll go off to pursue a career that makes me feel happy—I won't come back, although I will occasionally send postcards.



MONDAY



A FAIRY DREAM MERCHANT WHO
USES THEY/THEM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: *There's a curiosity to appraise, everyone is being too gullible, I have just the thing to help.*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ I've worked as a humble merchant in the fairy Night Market for as long as there has been a market—artists, musicians, witches, and anyone with a dream are my clients.
- ☉ Yazeba doesn't like me much, but she lets me stick around to stock her gift shop and help the Bed & Breakfast stay financially afloat. Besides, she owes me.
- ☉ The Bed & Breakfast is the perfect place to meet new clients. So many fascinating new people, with such promising dreams (and such full hearts)!

BINGOS:

- ★ Give cynical advice as a 'free tip.'
- ★ Reveal a scandalous secret.
- ★ Transform straw into gold, pinch a moment in between my fingers, walk atop a sunbeam, or perform a similar sort of fairy miracle.
- ★ Offer up a good deal.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Offer up a bad deal.
- ⚡ Twist words around until I find a reason to be insulted.
- ⚡ Come dangerously close to breaking one of Yazeba's rules.
- ⚡ Let my smile slip, and show my true nature.

MY JOURNEY



When my Track fills up, I'll offer a Resident what I think they want in exchange for their heart. If they say no, I'll erase my track and remain. But if they say yes, and I buy a Resident's heart, I'll have that Resident sign the Heartless Contract (pg. 446), assist them in adjusting their Character Sheet and leave the Bed & Breakfast.

NIVIANA “VIV” OF JLYN




BINGOS:

- ★ Quietly make things easier.
- ★ Listen to what’s going on and learn.
- ★ Offer someone a sword, wand, or other key to their destiny.
- ★ Speak up and tell everyone what I need.

MY JOURNEY

Whenever my Track fills up, I’ll erase it all and check off a checkbox below.

- Reconsider my pronouns
- Pick a new name
- Try out something I’ve been scared to
- Get a whole new wardrobe

Once the checkboxes are full up, I’ll cut my hair, give the Bed & Breakfast a  *Legendary Sword*, and leave the Bed & Breakfast. I can come back whenever I want, with a Spare Journey. If I come back to the Bed & Breakfast, I’ll be very different from how I am now.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE HER(?)SELF, WHO USES SHE/HER OR THEY/THEM PRONOUNS

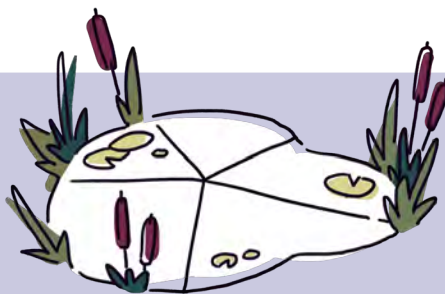
PICK ME IF: You want to stick to the edges of things, a quiet touch is needed, there’s humidity in the air.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ Yes yes, I’m that Lady of the Lake—the King Arthur one. It’s not that big of a deal, actually, and I’d rather not talk about it. I still have Excalibur, actually.
- ☉ I’ve been growing my hair out for centuries, and it makes for a very effective veil to hide behind in case of emergencies.
- ☉ I’ve always wanted to get involved in sports, but I feel weird about it for some reason...almost like I’d have too much fun, and that maybe it’s too unladylike.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Hide behind my hair.
- ⚡ Dredge up something best forgotten.
- ⚡ Confuse “above” and “below” water.
- ⚡ Get caught up in indecision.



PERCIVAL “PERCY” COMBUSTION



AN ENORMOUS, APOLOGETIC
LAVA ELEMENTAL WHO USES HE/
HIM OR THEY/THEM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: You need a handyman, it would be a shame for someone to tromp all over a delicate situation, you want to bring warmth and kindness.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- 🕒 At 7 feet tall I’m the runt of my family—my dad’s a boiler room in the Big City and my mom is a dragon at the heart of a volcano; yet somehow they don’t mind being big like I do.
- 🕒 I’ve been bouncing from job to job for years now, trying out trade skills like handyman and plumber—but I’ve never been much good at any of them.
- 🕒 I’ve always wanted to become a baker, but I don’t think I’m suited for such delicate work.

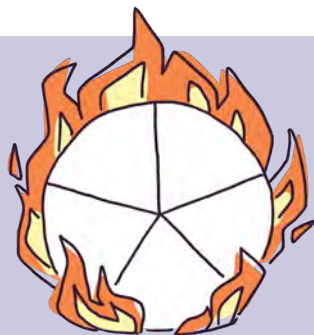
BINGOS:

- ★ Produce a little gem.
- ★ Fill someone’s heart with warmth.
- ★ Accomplish a menial task with gusto.
- ★ Stand up for myself and speak my mind.

WHOOPSIES:

- 🔥 Start a fire without meaning to.
- 🔥 Embarrass myself with my clumsiness.
- 🔥 Apologize for something that’s not my fault.
- 🔥 Laugh off my own needs.

MY JOURNEY



Whenever my Track fills up, I’ll erase it all and check off a checkbox below.

- 🔴 Reconsider my pronouns
- 🔴 Pick a new name
- 🔴 Try out something I’ve been scared to
- 🔴 Tell everyone about a new interest

Once the checkboxes are full up, I’ll shed my pyroclastic form, become a mote of light, give the Bed & Breakfast a 📦 *Jar of Fire*, and leave the Bed & Breakfast. If I come back to the Bed & Breakfast, I’ll be very different from how I am now.

THE RABBITS IN THE GARDEN, WHO WEAR LITTLE OUTFITS



A WARREN OF TALKING BUNNIES
WHO USE A VARIETY OF PRONOUNS

PICK US IF: *The world is cheerful and warm, you need a group of voices, you're out in the garden.*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT US:

- 🕒 We might just be small rabbits, but our warren contains an entire civilization full of wonders (although the bigfolk won't fit down there).
- 🕒 We're not sure why we can talk while some other rabbits can't; it's just one of those things, we suppose!
- 🕒 We don't eat carrots (they're unhealthy for us), so instead we use carrots as currency.

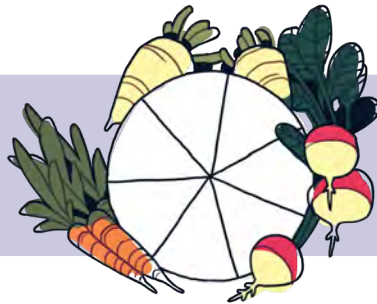
BINGOS:

- ★ Give a gift of snacks and vegetables.
- ★ Offer some rabbit wisdom (or a rabbit joke).
- ★ Twitch our little noses.
- ★ Wander out into the world.

WHOOPIES:

- ⚡ Bicker and argue amongst ourselves.
- ⚡ Deliver contradicting advice.
- ⚡ Run away when we're needed.
- ⚡ Get distracted.

OUR
JOURNEY



Once our Track fills up,
erase it all and give the Bed
& Breakfast a 🥕 Carrot.

RAG-AND-BONES



A PARTICULARLY UNPLEASANT SKELETON WHO USES HE/HIM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: Things are too idyllic, something scarier than me is afoot, Yazeba is distracted and careless.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ Yazeba's spellbook has a spell to end the world! I must have it!
- ☉ Ratto is a rat, my most faithful (and only) minion. She can talk, but only ever says "Rats!"
- ☉ I have no idea who I was inside before I was a magic skeleton.

BINGOS:

- ★ Run off with something I'm not supposed to have.
- ★ Explain how it's all going according to my plan.
- ★ Cap off a conversation with a sinister laugh.
- ★ Be helpful, but in the service of a nefarious plot.

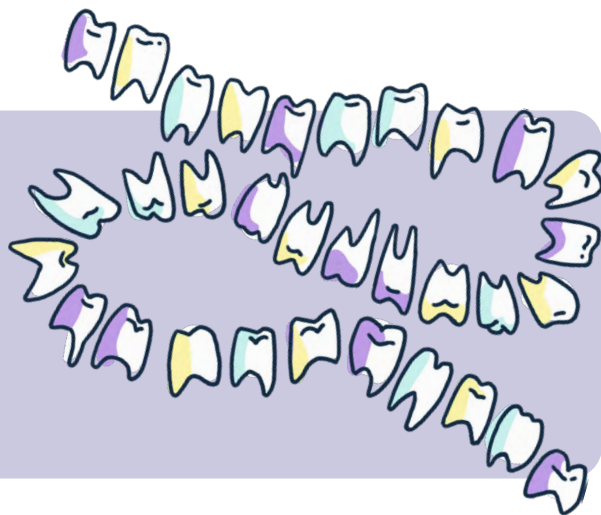
WHOOPSIES:

- ✦ Approach with a flimsy disguise.
- ✦ Reveal my entire plan.
- ✦ Be temporarily defeated.
- ✦ Be helpful for real, but by accident.

MY JOURNEY

Once my Track fills up, I'll steal Yazeba's Spellbook, cast the Apocalypse Incantation, and bring about the end of the world itself. Then I'll leave the Bed & Breakfast. Everyone else can consult *When The World Ends*, within the Forbidden Envelope.

At any time, anyone can clear my entire Track and force me to start over from the beginning.



LADY SHERIDAN "SHERRY" DU SANG

A BITTER, FANGLSS VAMPIRE
ARISTOCRAT WHO USES
SHE/HER PRONOUNS



PICK ME IF: You need a curmudgeon to bounce off of, everyone needs a reminder about the good old days, the chapter is set indoors or it's dark out.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ I once bathed in the blood of sinners in my gothic cathedral dedicated to my glory and power, but then my fangs broke and now...ugh.
- ☉ Despite taking pride in my vampirism, these days it feels more like an inconvenient chronic illness than a manifestation of my supernatural glory.
- ☉ I have had few friends throughout my long and tormented life, but Yola Oleander is among those I treasure dearly; we spend our afternoons sitting on the back porch of the Bed & Breakfast, joking about our pasts and gossiping about Yazeba's goings-on.

BINGOS:

- ★ Help someone stand up for themself.
- ★ Act a bit like the villain you used to be.
- ★ Lend out some of my old fancy clothing.
- ★ Transform into a wolf, rat, bat, or cloud of mist (for fun).

WHOOPIES:

- ✎ Complain bitterly about the good old days.
- ✎ Make fun of the weak-willed.
- ✎ Pour a cup of strangely ferrous tea.
- ✎ Be inconvenienced by one of my many weaknesses, including but not limited to garlic, mirrors, grains of rice, sunlight, running water, religious symbols, wooden stakes, anything silver, photography, or getting soggy in milk.

MY JOURNEY



Once my track fills up, I'll see if I have any friends left at the Bed & Breakfast. If I do, I'll erase my track and remain. If I feel like I have no reason to stick around, I'll depart (giving the Bed & Breakfast a ☕ Pot of Tea as I go) never to return.

YOLA OLEANDER

A VERY OLD SHRUB SPIRIT WHO
USES SHE/HER PRONOUNS



PICK ME IF: A motherly hand is needed, someone gets a chance to spill the tea, I can sit down and stretch my legs a bit.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☯ I grew up in a British royal garden, but my branches were too chaotic and the gardeners tried to get rid of me after I smoked up all their Cuban cigars.
- ☯ I claim to be on a first-name basis with most older celebrities—and there’s a 50% chance I’m telling the truth.
- ☯ I have many friends, but Lady Sherry is my favorite; the two of us spend our afternoons sitting on the back porch of the Bed & Breakfast, laughing away the hours like only two old ladies can.

BINGOS:

- ★ Help someone else evade consequences.
- ★ Piece together what’s really going on.
- ★ Absolutely refuse to act my age.
- ★ Pour a cup of soothing tea.

WHOOPSIES:

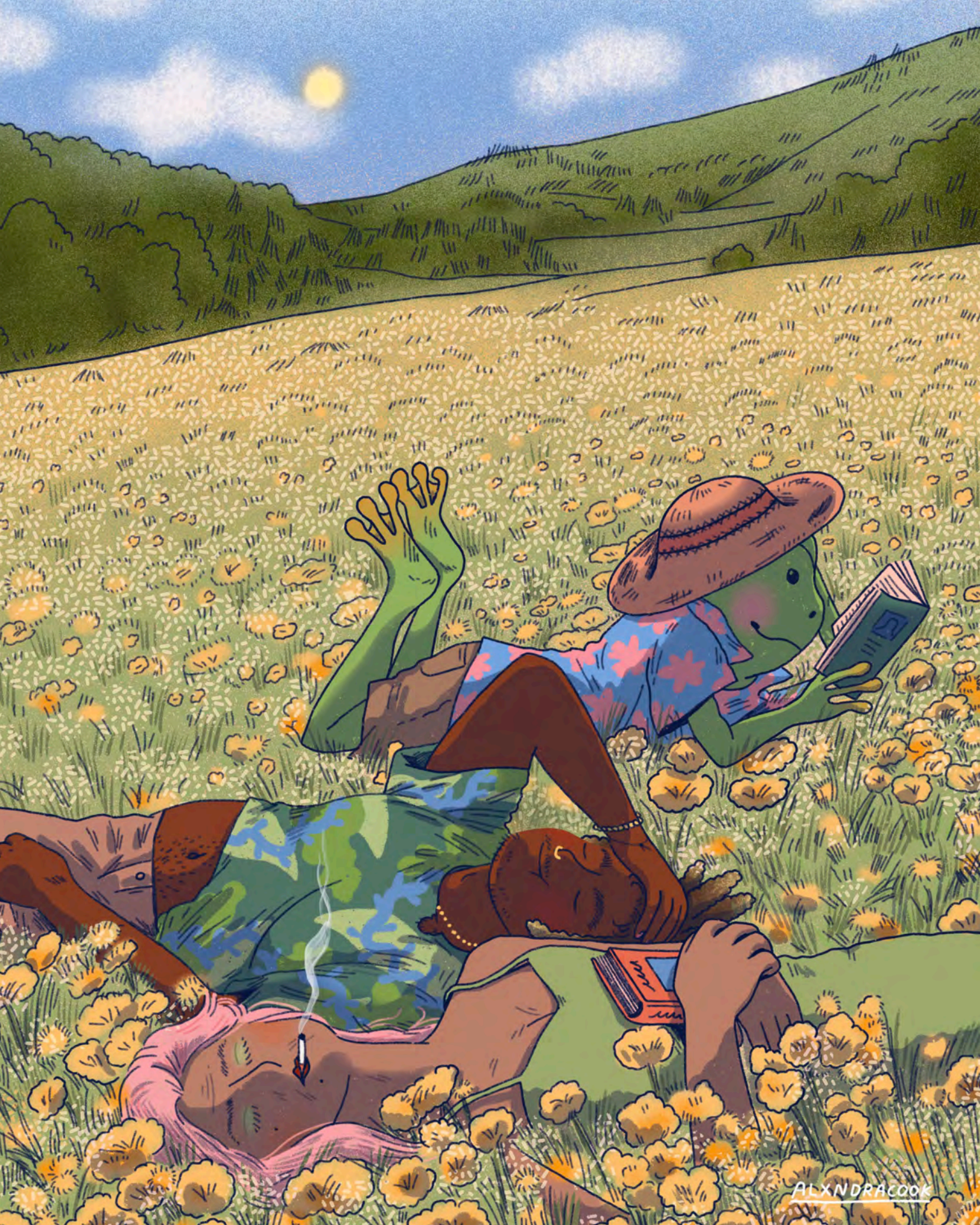
- ✦ Spread libel or overexaggerated gossip.
- ✦ Misunderstand the stakes of the situation.
- ✦ Rest my old roots and not get up.
- ✦ Make a joke about something you thought I didn’t know about.

MY JOURNEY



Whenever my Sprouting Track fills up I’ll erase it all, give the Bed & Breakfast a ☞ *Teacup*, and fill out a segment of the Getting Old Track, below. When the Getting Old Track fills up, I’ll give the Bed & Breakfast a ☞ *Pot of Tea*, and leave the Bed & Breakfast, taking root in the garden and settling into dormancy.

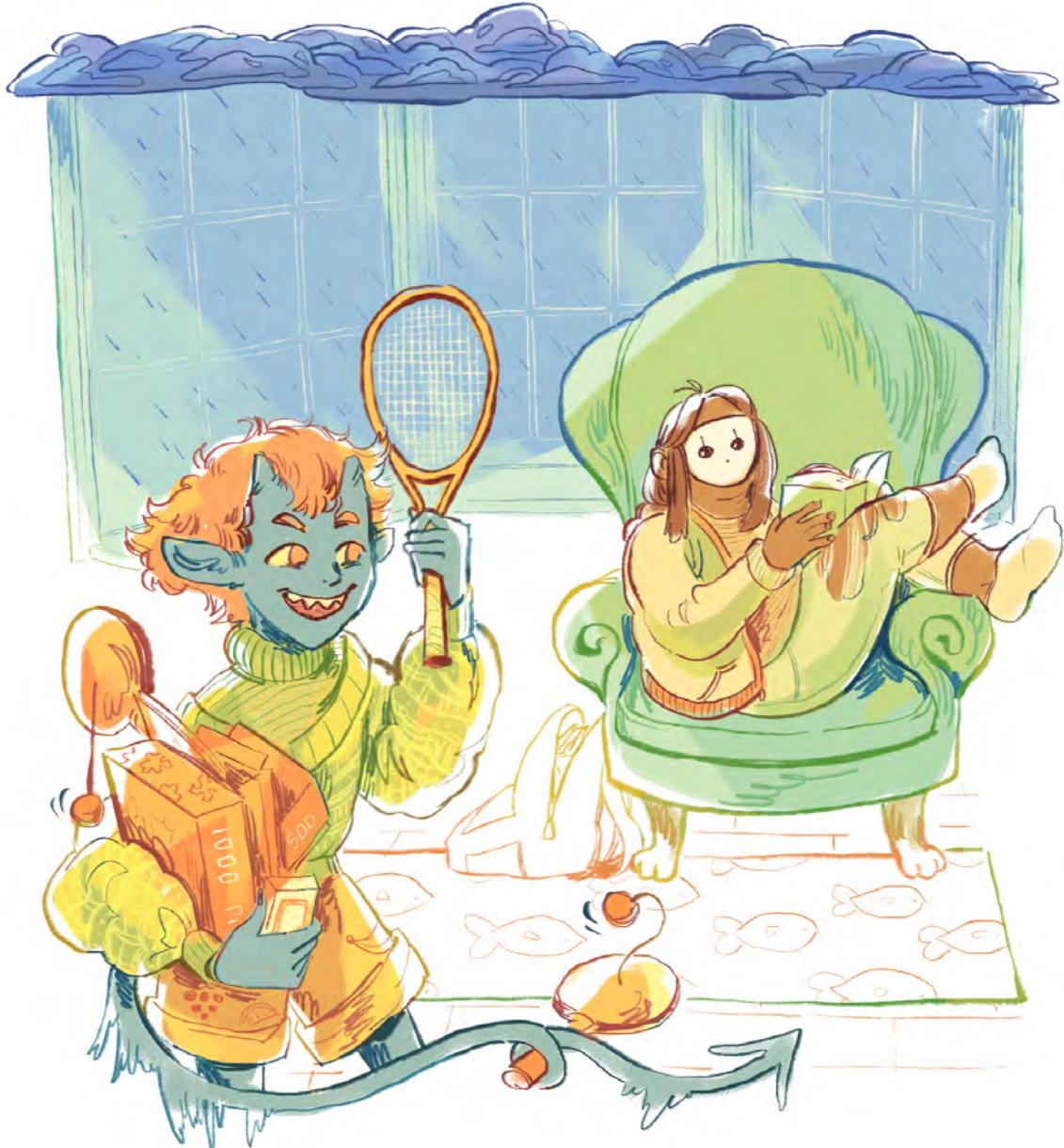




Early Chapters

CHAPTER 5 Another Rainy Day

WITH GERTRUDE, HEY KID AND ANYONE
TOO PLAYFUL TO BE COOPED UP



In which Hey Kid is very bored while stuck inside, and Gertrude (along with the rest of the Bed & Breakfast) tries to keep the child from exploding.

Gertrude didn't bring a lot with her to the Bed & Breakfast. In fact, the only thing she kept close by her was her diary, an ancient and tattered notebook full of bubbly handwriting across gridded paper. She was lost in thought, listening to the rain, and doing her best to ignore the morning bustle.

Ponk! A red rubber ball bounced off of the door of the washing machine where Gertrude was sitting, and her hand zagged a long trail of ink across an important list she'd been outlining.

"Hey you! Ready to play Demon Ball?!" Hey Kid yelled, swinging a walking cane through the air fast enough to make it whistle.

Gertrude looked up from her diary and squinted through the eyeholes of her mask. The dull roar of splashy-crashy rain on the roof filled every corner of the Bed and Breakfast, as it had for days and days and days.

Gertrude fidgeted with her pen. "What, outside? We'll get soaked if we go out there."

"But it's been raining foreEeEeEver!" Hey Kid snarled. "If I can't go outside soon I'm gonna explode!"

Something about the way they said it—eyes flashing red—made it sound like a credible threat. Gertrude looked around for an actual grownup, but they all seemed to be busy, and there was no way she was going to bother them...but, as she glanced back at Hey Kid, smoke was starting to pour out of their ears as they repeatedly thumped the cane on the floor.

Gertrude said, "Maybe we can find something...else...to keep you occupied?"

RELAXED MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of tokens where everyone can reach them. During the Chapter, whenever anyone does a Whoopsie, they'll take a token. Before anyone can do one of their Bingos, they must first give a token back to the table.

NOT ACTING YOUR AGE

Teens and adults can get carried away, too. Anyone besides Hey Kid has access to these extra Whoopsies:

- ✦ Accidentally break something.
- ✦ Play too hard for your age and exhaust yourself.
- ✦ Play too hard for someone else and aggravate, embarrass, or frighten them.

INSIDE GAMES

When anyone but Hey Kid does a Bingo, right afterwards they can suggest and set up an indoor activity to burn off some of Hey Kid's energy. Check it off, below, and Hey Kid gets a token.

- A Scavenger Hunt
- A Pushup Contest
- The Floor Is Lava
- Ten-pin Bowling Down
The Hallway
- A Crab-Walking Race
- Double-Dog Dares
- Slide Down The Stairs
- Jump Over A Stick
- Build A Pillow Fortress
- Just Wrestle
- Make Up A Game Just For Hey Kid

Once this list is exhausted, you can check off this last one any number of times:

- Ask Hey Kid what they want to do.


HEY KID'S GONNA EXPLODE!

Hey Kid starts with 6 tokens. The more tokens they have, the more fun they're having, and the less likely they are to explode. Hey Kid has to give up a token whenever someone tells them to be calm, wait, or listen up. Hey Kid has some extra Whoopsies they can do right now:

- ✦ Burst into flame and catch something on fire.
- ✦ Break something with supernatural strength.
- ✦ Get very big and scary for a moment.

If Hey Kid runs out of tokens, they explode. They immediately get 8 tokens, mark a Track on their Journey, and describe the devastation to the Bed & Breakfast.

ALL TIRED OUT

If Hey Kid gets to 13 tokens, they'll calm down and Gertrude can bring the Chapter to a close at any point thereafter. If Hey Kid didn't explode, the Bed & Breakfast gets an  *Original Hey Kid Artwork*. Hey Kid gives two tokens to everyone who played with them and keeps half of what they have left. We can use these tokens as Leftovers during Housekeeping.

CHAPTER 3 Wash Cycle

WITH GETRUDE, SAL, AND ANYONE WHO
CAN BE ROPED INTO HELPING



In which the laundry room has become a disaster, and Sal must lead the charge to fix it (with Gertrude's reluctant help).



One of Amelie's arms had fallen off. This was less of a problem for Amelie than it would have been for most of the Bed & Breakfast's residents, but the local repair shop was waiting on a part to arrive from out of town, and they had fallen behind on some of the housework. Footprints mottled the floor, turning it the rich brown color of early spring mud.

Gertrude was curled up with a book underneath the fax machine, trying not to eavesdrop too obviously on Sal's phone call. She didn't want to be in the lobby, but the smell of sweaty clothes and damp linens had filled the Bed & Breakfast, and the calming scent of printer ink clinging to the clunky device was the only thing that could crowd out the more pungent odors.

Sal put down the phone with a heavy thud, and Gertrude looked over at him. "What's wrong?"

"Yazeba says, with Amelie out of commission, *I've* gotta get all the laundry done. *Today.*"

Gertrude looked appalled. "But Sal, there's a mountain of clothes and sheets and stuff in there! What about your concert?"

"I tried to bring that up, but she, uh, well..." Sal glanced down at the phone's speaker, still glowing orange from heat, and scratched the back of his head. "I don't think she liked the sound of that."

Gertrude stood and straightened out her back. It hurt a fair sight more than a teenager's probably ought to. Nobody knew the laundry room better than her; she'd never been on laundry duty *per se*, but she'd tried to sleep through more than a few wash cycles.

"Well, okay, maybe you can still make your concert if someone else pitches in?"

Sal's eyes glinted with mischief—he recognized a chance for an aimless youth to do some *character-building labor*, and if it meant he'd be less up to his armpits in soiled linens, all the better.

"That's so sweet of you, kid! Let's get to work."

Before Gertrude could stammer out a clarification, Sal had a guiding hand on her back that turned into a gentle but insistent shove through the door. She looked out across the horror of the vast sea of dirty bed sheets and stinky socks, and realized that she had accidentally signed up for a very long afternoon.

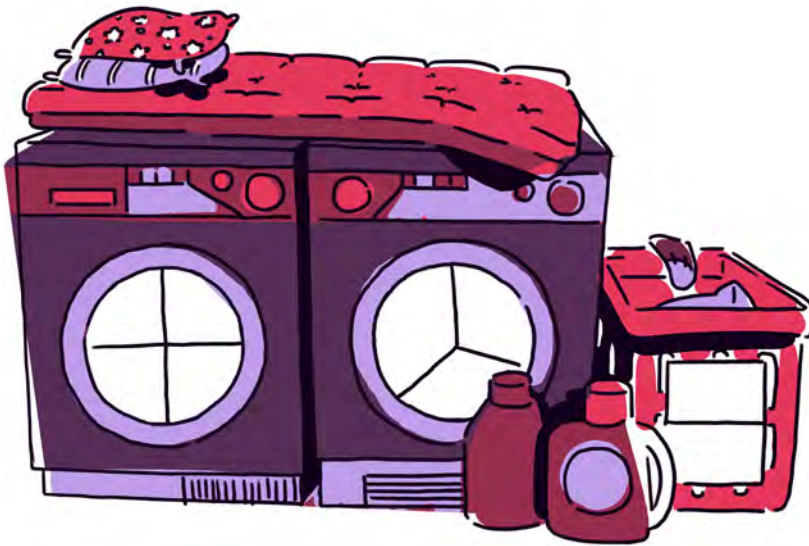
FRANTIC MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of Chaos Coins where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to tick a track, they'll consult their Chaos Coins.

- ☉ If they don't have any Chaos Coins, they succeed right away, and take a Chaos Coin.
- ☉ If they do have Chaos Coins, they flip all of them at once, and if *all* the coins come up heads, they succeed! Otherwise, they don't tick the track and must do a Whoopsie about it. Either way, they take another Chaos Coin.


Anyone can cash in five Chaos Coins to tick a track right away. When any of us does a Bingo, they may give away all their Chaos Coins to someone else, making the whole mess their problem. (*That person shouldn't then turn around and return the coins with a new Bingo—no tag backs!*)

TIDY CYCLES



Tip: Consult Chaos Coins often; we have a lot of laundry we need to do!

Here's how to do laundry:

1. Consult your Chaos Coins to fill a segment of the Washer Track.
2. Once the Washer Track has filled up, consult your Chaos Coins to empty the Washer Track and fill a segment of the Dryer Track. Repeat steps 1-2 until the Dryer Track is full.
3. Once the Dryer Track has filled up, consult your Chaos Coins to empty the Dryer Track and fill a segment of the Hamper Track. Repeat steps 1-3 until the Hamper Track is full.
4. Once the Hamper Track has filled up all the way, the laundry is done! Gertrude narrates how the Chapter ends, and the Bed & Breakfast gets an  *Unmatched Sock*. Hold onto any leftover Chaos Coins for Housekeeping.

A TEXTILE WILDERNESS

The laundry piles have become a hostile landscape that impedes our every move, and might even pose an active danger. Everyone has access to the following additional Whoopsies:

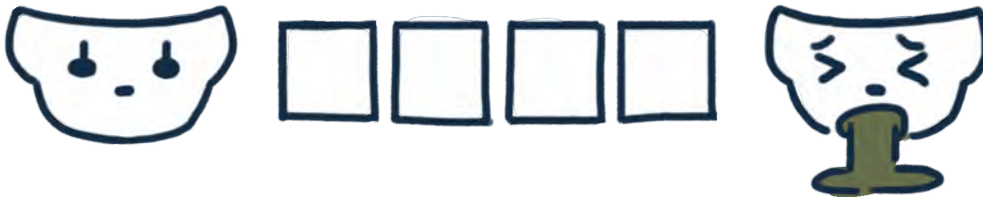
- ✦ Stumble in the ankle-deep swamp of sheets, falling into it with anything you were carrying.
- ✦ Disturb a precariously tall mountain of clothes, and be buried under an avalanche.
- ✦ Spill detergent all over the floor, creating a spreading puddle of blue goo.
- ✦ Become entangled in a knot of sleeves and pant legs.
- ✦ Notice the clanging and banging of something heavy that shouldn't be in the washer, just before it begins to jump and bounce around the laundry room.

VERY BUSY GUY

Sal is very busy (of course, of course) and would much rather be practicing for his show tonight than sitting around folding laundry in the corner of the Bed & Breakfast. And when Sal doesn't want to do something, he's very good at making it everyone else's problem. Whenever Sal says something he thinks is encouraging or inspiring to another character, he can pass off one of his Chaos Coins to them.

YUCKY

Gertrude is brave, smart, hardy and adventurous. She is also easily overwhelmed. Whenever an intense wave of smell penetrates her mask, an unidentified stain offends her eyes, or a slimy texture passes through her hands, tick her Grossed Out track, below.

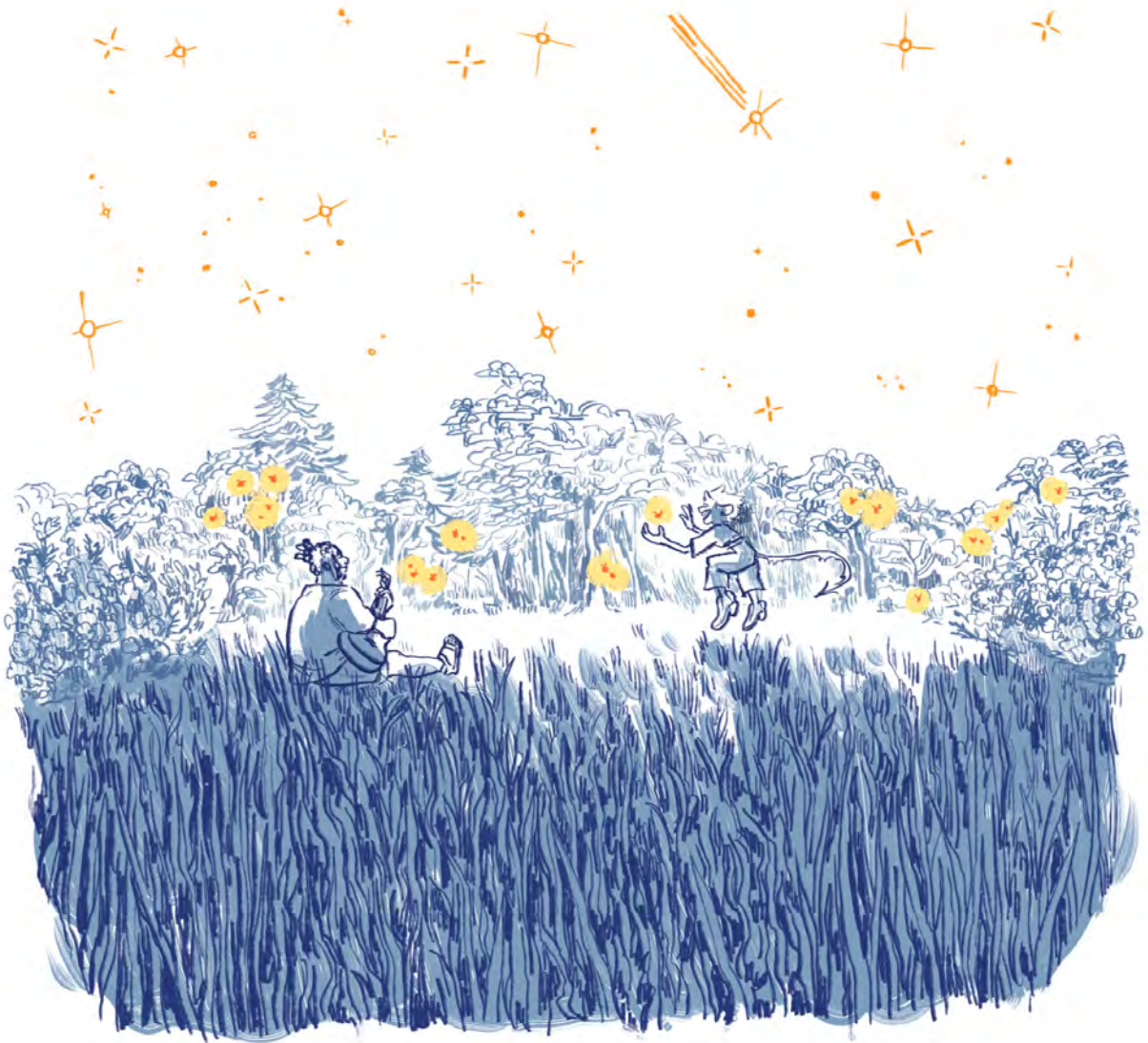


When the track fills up, Gertrude is too overwhelmed to function. She won't go take a break—Sal is depending on her—but she won't be able to do a good job until she recovers. She can't cash in or give away her Chaos Coins until someone helps her out with a Bingo and erases the track.

CHAPTER 6

Firefly Catching

WITH SAL, HEY KID, AND ANYONE OPTIMISTIC



In which Sal and Hey Kid talk about getting older, while catching fireflies.



It was a cool night, in that warm summer way. The sky was crowded with brilliant stars, perfectly mirroring the fireflies flickering among the trees. Sal was sitting in one of the chairs on the back porch, looking out at the woods that surround the Bed & Breakfast. His guitar was heavy in his hands, and he could feel a song burning underneath his fingertips.

*Someday, I'll see the contrails for what they are ...
I've named every light but one...
I just want to trace that line and know*

He sighed. The song in his head was louder than any chords he could play, and none of the words fit. He probably could've stayed on that porch forever, but the screen door creaked open and Hey Kid wandered over, heralded by the clapping of their flip flops.

"Hey Sal! Is everything okay?" Hey Kid held up a plate of spaghetti. "Parish wanted me to bring you some dinner, since you missed it and all."

Sal shrugged. "Thanks, Kid. Lots of stuff on my mind sometimes. I must've been distracted."

Hey Kid hopped up into another wicker chair, and looked up at Sal. In the light of the lonely bulb hanging over the porch, Sal looked ...older than he was, and sadder too. Hey Kid glanced out at the dark woods, and the crisp air, and the stars. They took a deep breath, and tapped on Sal's guitar.

"Hey...do you wanna go firefly catching?"

PENSIVE MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll read through it and select Questions to write down on index cards, then place as many tokens on each of those Questions as the Chapter asks for. These questions need to be picked away at. Whenever any of us does a Bingo or a Whoopsie, they'll collect a token from one of the Questions, keeping it if they did a Bingo or giving it to someone who can learn from their mistake if they did a Whoopsie.

THE ACT OF CATCHING FIREFLIES

It is a warm night, the sort of night that reminds us what it's like to be alive. Everyone has the following additional Bingos:

- ★ Describe how you catch a firefly.
- ★ Tell a short story about how you've changed.

...and the following additional Whoopsies:

- ✎ Tell someone who they should be.

THE TANGLED ROAD

Sal has been thinking a lot about whether the choices he's made has brought him to where he should be right now. Even if he's not going to say it to Hey Kid directly, it's something big and important on his mind. Sal chooses one of the questions below, or invents his own:

- ⊙ "Would I have become famous if I chose a different route?"
- ⊙ "What is my purpose in life?"
- ⊙ "Can I find my passion again?"

The Question starts with 9 tokens on it. Once all the tokens have been removed, we'll each go around and try to answer the question for ourselves, as best we can. We can choose whether or not to end the Chapter and read *A Night Like Tonight*.

GROWING UP

Hey Kid is starting to realize that they aren't going to be able to be a kid forever. They've realized the world is changing rapidly—that even while their home feels perfect, that the outside world is dangerous and perhaps everyone they love aren't heroes. Hey Kid chooses one of the questions below, or invents their own:

- ⊙ "What is it going to be like to grow up?"
- ⊙ "Does being a grown up mean losing your passion for life?"
- ⊙ "Are my friends as good as they seem in my head?"



The Question starts with 9 tokens on it. Once all the tokens have been removed, we'll each go around and try to answer the question for ourselves, as best we can. We can choose whether or not to end the Chapter and read *A Night Like Tonight*.

A NIGHT LIKE TONIGHT

Before the Chapter begins, write down the following Question on another index card:

- ☉ “What does it mean to change?”

Anyone may put one of their tokens on this Question whenever they want. We are probably not going to fully answer this question during this Chapter. Instead, when the Chapter ends, everyone goes around and gives as much of an answer as they can, based on how many tokens the question has.

- ☉ **Less Than 5 Tokens:** Shrug, and maybe say something you think could be it, but is probably wrong.
- ☉ **5-8 Tokens:** Give a 1 word answer, if you have one.
- ☉ **9-12 Tokens:** Give a 1 sentence answer, if you have one. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Jar of Fireflies*.
- ☉ **13 or more Tokens:** Give a full answer if you have one, write both the question and your answer down on an index card and keep it with your character sheet. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Jar of Fireflies*.

Regardless, hold onto any Leftover tokens not on index cards for Housekeeping.

CHAPTER 10

The Breakfast Feast

WITH PARISH, HEY KID, AND ANY EARLY RISERS



In which Parish and Hey Kid surprise the Bed & Breakfast with an early morning banquet.

It's been a long week, Parish thought to himself as he dragged himself out of his shoebox bed.

He hadn't seen Yazeba around much lately. He knew her well enough to know that probably meant she was working day and night...presumably on some important witch-type business that was beyond his comprehension (or his interest, really). Despite her sharp tongue and imposing shadow, the Bed & Breakfast was still somehow glummer without her at the helm.

He groaned at the gloomy damp that clung to the windows as he hopped downstairs to the kitchen. The first rays of dawn were oozing through the kitchen like maple syrup as he donned his apron, illuminating a child asleep at the table: Hey Kid.

They were curled up in the big chair, drooling onto a sprawling patchwork of scrap paper, surrounded by countless hand-drawn crayon comic panels featuring, mostly, superheroes fighting elaborately-designed monsters. Parish lingered over one panel, a super-knight with a sword and shield, and smiled to himself.

He was as quiet as a very small cook could be when preparing breakfast, but it was the sound of the faucet running that eventually woke Hey Kid up.

"Guhmorning..." Hey Kid mumbled, pulling themselves upright and pawing at the drawing stuck to their face. "Whatcha making?"

"Not sure yet. Probably something simple." Parish sounded tired. "No sense in pouring your heart and soul into a meal on a day like today, when everyone will just drag a plate away to their rooms and sulk."

Hey Kid wiped sand from their eyes, and pondered their own grumbling tummy. "Well I think you should make it a big breakfast. With the works! Everyone's been so cranky lately, maybe they all need a pick-me-up."

Parish paused in his preparation, considering his own appetite. Maybe a huge brunch *could* help.

"You might be onto something, Kid...but there's hardly enough time with just one chef..."

Hey Kid practically leaped into the air. "I can help! I can help! And I bet there's some people just waking up who could help too! Let's do it, come on, Parish, let's make a feast!"

Parish picked up a wooden spoon and waved it in the air like a broadsword. "A feast for the ages, then!"

RELAXED MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of tokens where everyone can reach them. During the Chapter, whenever anyone does a Whoopsie, they'll take a token. Before anyone can do one of their Bingos, they must first give a token back to the table.

THE GRAND BRUNCH TRACK

At the start of the chapter, everyone writes down a breakfast Foodstuff of some kind on an index card, along with a number that matches its complexity:

- ⊙ **2:** A simple one-step meal, such as oatmeal or toast.
- ⊙ **3:** Simple but involved, like scrambled eggs, home fries, or waffles.
- ⊙ **4:** Easy to make, but takes a moment to get right, like pancakes or bacon.
- ⊙ **5:** Tricky and involves many steps, like scones or huevos rancheros.
- ⊙ **6:** Master level, requiring time, attention, and discipline, like croissants or souffle pancakes.



Whenever you do a Bingo, you can put the token you spent on a Foodstuff card. When a Foodstuff card has a number of tokens on it equal to its complexity, the Foodstuff recipe is complete. Set it aside to let it cool a little bit, and tick up the Grand Brunch Track. Return the tokens on it to wherever tokens come from. Additionally, everyone, aside from Parish, has the following Bingos:

- ★ Diligently make the recipe work.
- ★ Improvise, and invent something tasty.

THE CAST IRON KING

Parish is the undisputed monarch of the kitchen, and no one dares trifle in his domain. At any time he may:

- 🕒 Flip open a recipe book and find something new. Add a new Foodstuff (and its complexity) to an index card.
- 🕒 Realize a recipe isn't working out properly. Remove the index card, and divide its tokens amongst the other chefs.

He also has the following additional Whoopsies:

- 🐾 Take over for someone else, but only make it worse.
- 🐾 Crowd all the kitchen space.

A QUICK SNACK

It's common practice among anyone in a kitchen to sneak a morsel away from time to time. While a talented chef will know what ingredients are nonessential and how much batter it's okay to waste, amateur assistants may accidentally set the meal back with their snacking. At any time, anyone (besides Parish) can steal a nibble—along with a token from a Foodstuff card—but if someone spots them stealing, they have to put it back.

BREAKFAST IS SERVED

Once the Grand Brunch Track has filled all the way up, then the feast is ready. Everyone piles their plates up with food and sits down for a delicious meal. Parish decides when the Chapter ends, and the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍽️ *Pile of Plates*. Hold onto any Leftover tokens for Housekeeping.

CHAPTER 1 1/2

Ollie Ollie Oxenfree

WITH GERTRUDE AND ANYONE WHO WANTS TO PLAY

In which folks play hide and seek in the Bed & Breakfast.

Gertrude was alone. It was not an unfamiliar situation for her, but that didn't make it sting less. There was something frustrating about it this time, a shame she wasn't used to. A house full to the brim with incredible people, with more rooms than she could keep track of, and here she was hiding in a closet.

Outside the door Gertrude could hear the distant drum of rain and the chatter of guests as they went about their day. She stared at the gently swinging lightbulb as it illuminated the racks of fur coats and moth-nibbled hat boxes. Part of her fantasized about staying in there forever. No one would miss her, right?

Gertrude nearly jumped out of her skin as one of the hat boxes popped open, and the night porter poked his head out. "Hey I didn't know you were hiding in here too!"

Sal winked at her startled jump. "It's a pretty good spot, right?"

Gertrude turned bright red behind her mask and tried to retreat even further into the coats. "Yeah, it's okay. I've had a lot of practice."

Sal beamed. "You're a natural. I didn't even know you were playing."

Gertrude blinked. "Playing?"

"Hide and seek, obviously!" A distant voice cried something indistinct, and Sal tilted his head. "Sounds like Parish gave up. Let's get out of here before the next round starts."

"Wait, I hardly know how to get around the Bed & Breakfast—"

"Well, then, hide and seek is the best way to learn." He paused for a moment on his way out of his impromptu nest, and shot Gertrude a knowing smile. "C'mon, they can't restart the game without us."

ALL THE NOOKS & CRANNIES

Before the Chapter begins, get out a big piece of paper, or another thing everyone can draw on. Starting with the Concierge (who draws the front door, the lobby (labeled "A"), and two other doors that lead off into space), each player goes around and adds something from the list below to the floor plan. Go around this way until you've drawn 26 rooms and you run out of letters.

- ⦿ A common room in the Bed & Breakfast. The room should always have at least two doors—one that connects it to a previous room, and one that leads off into space. Label the room with a letter and tell everyone what room it is.
- ⦿ A closet, guest room, bathroom, or other nook or cranny in the Bed & Breakfast. Connect it to a door in a room, but it should have no other exits. Label the nook with a letter and tell everyone what it is.

It's up to us what mood this should be. I hope it's Relaxed!

- ② A secret passage, connecting two rooms in the Bed & Breakfast (even if they don't have open doors.) Draw the entrances to both sides of the secret passage, and label both entrances with the same letter.
- ② A staircase, going up or down to the next floor of the Bed & Breakfast. Draw the staircase, then draw a disconnected hallway on another part of the paper. Label both ends with the same letter.
- ② A hallway, connecting two doors in the Bed & Breakfast. Draw the walls with dotted lines and add as many doorways as you want. (Hallways don't need a letter.)

Once the map has been created and all 26 letters have been distributed, choose who's It—the player who will be doing the seeking.

It should put down a token or little figure on the map to show where they are, always starting in the Lobby. That player closes their eyes and starts counting. Every other player writes down a letter that corresponds with the place they're hiding in on a scrap of paper. Once It counts to 20, they say "Ready or Not, Here I Come!" and open their eyes.

*I feel like
I always
start as "It"*

THE GAME IS AFOOT!

The hiding players can whisper to each other at any time. Hiding characters get an additional Bingo:

- ★ Change where you're hiding, and replace the letter you wrote down with a different letter, marking a room you could feasibly get to without bumping into It.

And the following additional Whoopsie:

- ✎ Give It a clue about where you're hiding.

YOU'RE IT

Whoever is It can yell out whatever they want, but should never expect a reply. They get the following additional Bingo:

- ★ Sneak quickly and quietly to any room in the Bed & Breakfast.

And the following additional Whoopsie:

- ✎ Move to a room next to the room you're in, very loudly and awkwardly so everyone else knows where you are and has a chance to react before you can guess.

Whenever It is in a room, they can yell "GOTCHA!" If there's anyone else in the room, they reveal themselves, and become an additional It.

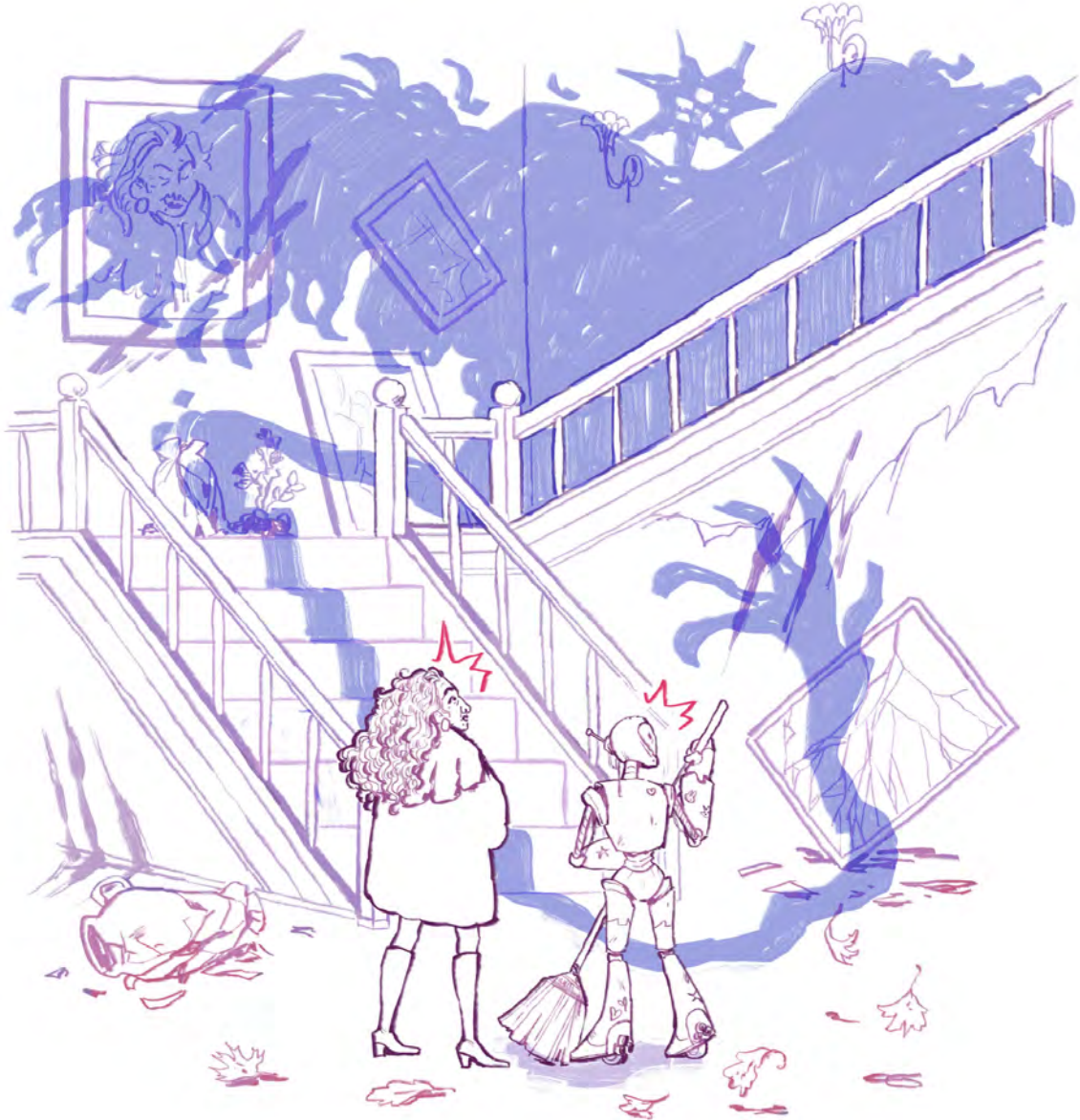
WE'RE TOO GOOD AT THIS

The game of Hide & Seek concludes either when everyone has been found, or when It gives up. To give up, they must loudly say the phrase "Ollie Ollie Oxen Free!" and everyone who was hiding reveals themselves. If we want, we can then play again, and someone else becomes It. Otherwise, wrap up the Chapter, keep any loose materials obtained during this chapter as Leftovers for Housekeeping, and keep the map with the Bed & Breakfast for our future enjoyment.

CHAPTER 7

The Witch's Missing Shadow

WITH YAZEBA, AMELIE, AND ANYONE WHO HAS A SHARP EYE



*In which Amelie must recapture Yazeba's shadow
before it smashes the whole house.*



It was a blustery sort of day, with a wind that jeered and dove at anyone with loose papers, but did nothing to move the dark and heavy clouds overhead. Yazeba had been away for a while now, on “witchy business”—a phrase which meant, “errands that Yazeba didn’t want to do, but had to.” Amelie loathed when Yazeba went away, both because it meant *some people* would take it as an excuse to play loud music until very late at night, and that the witch would return in a horrible mood.

And thus Amelie knew precisely what to expect when they heard Yazeba’s bicycle touch down against the front porch. The front door slammed open without her even touching it, and she strode into the Bed & Breakfast, a trail of battered leaves swirling across the threshold with her as she wrestled with the wind-knots in her hair. With one gesture her enormous fur coat perched itself on a rack. Her cigarette disappeared in a puff of smoke with a snap of her fingers, leaving ash mingling with the autumn leaves.

Unacceptable, Amelie thought to herself, analyzing the leaves. They turned to grab their dustpan from the broom closet, but realized it was missing—the only thing inside was an old wicker broom.

“Some people,” Yazeba grouched to the empty foyer, “Just have no sense of perspective. They never see what or who is really important—I have no patience for it!”

Amelie passed her unnoticed and swish, swish, swish, brushed the leaves back out the door. Swish, swish, SNAP!

The witch and the robot both froze and looked down at the broom, where they saw Yazeba’s shadow caught up in the bristles and severed from its mistress. It grinned back at them, wriggled free, and shot up the stairs. The wind shook the Bed & Breakfast like a howl of laughter, and Amelie could hear a vase shatter at the top of the hall.

“Flowers afire,” Yazeba whispered in the sudden quiet, her face very grim. “Did... anyone see which way it went?”

EERIE MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll shuffle a deck of cards and put it where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to push onwards, they can do a Bingo or a Whoopsie and flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card (a Jack, Queen, King, or Ace). If they do a Bingo, they'll flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card from one of the Black Suits (Clubs or Spades). If they do a Whoopsie, they'll flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card from one of the Red Suits (Hearts or Diamonds).

When someone reveals an Omen Card of the correct color, they'll consult the Chapter's rules to find out what happens next, and hold onto the Omen Card unless the rules say otherwise. If the deck runs out of cards before they find an Omen of the right suit, there's a moment of uneasy quiet. Shuffle any unclaimed cards back into the deck.

BUMPS AND CRASHES ♦♣♠

We can hear the shadow crashing around elsewhere in the Bed & Breakfast. At this rate, the shadow will wreck the whole place faster than we can fix it up! When an Omen from the Diamonds, Clubs, or Spades suit comes up, everyone hears the racket the shadow is making, and we'll check off the line. When the chapter starts, the umbrella stand has been knocked over.

- J♦ *Bwash!* The cabinet's been tipped over and the good china is smashed!
- Q♦ *Thump, thump!* A crystal ball is rolling down the basement stairs.
- K♦ *Shwumpfff.* All the wall art in the B&B has been turned upside down.
- J♣ *Clangalang!* Pots and pans and Parish's soup are *everywhere!*
- Q♣ *Wham, bam, slam!* The washer and dryer have been dragged to the roof!
- K♣ It's quiet...too quiet. The power's gone out.
- J♠ *Whaa! Whaa! Whaa!* Sal's van's alarm is going off.
- Q♠ *Creeaaaaak!* The front door has fallen off its hinges.
- K♠ *Clunk-hiss!* A burst pipe is spraying freezing water all over the place.
- A♦♣♠ If this is the second Ace we've revealed in a row, there is an uneasy moment of quiet. Shuffle the Ace back into the deck. Otherwise, read from *A Heartless Shadow*.

Anyone can toss aside an Omen they've collected in order to pause to clean up one of these crashes, crossing it off the list.

FRIGHTENED FRIENDS ♥

The shadow is scaring the living daylight out of the Bed & Breakfast's Guests. Every time an Omen from the Hearts suit comes up, someone (anyone!) should grab a Guest that no one's playing yet, and have them tell the others what has them in a tizzy.



- J♥** I answered a knock at my door, only to have it slammed in my face!
Q♥ There's something scary in my private bathroom.
K♥ It tried to push me down the stairs.
A♥ If this is the second Ace we've revealed in a row, there is an uneasy moment of quiet. Shuffle the Ace back into the deck. Otherwise, read from "*A Heartless Shadow*."

Anyone may calm or comfort a frightened guest by doing an appropriate Bingo (don't reveal from the deck). The Guest can go back to what they were doing or join the shadow hunt, and either way whoever settled their nerves can collect the Hearts Omen.

A HEARTLESS SHADOW

Whenever we reveal an Ace, Yazeba's shadow has snuck up on us! It's slippery, and faster than light, and will do mischief to us and escape. Everyone does a Whoopsie about it (but doesn't reveal more cards), then whoever revealed the Ace collects it.

Then, if we can collectively toss aside three Aces that we've collected, we can catch it. Describe how we corner and trap it, and the Chapter ends when Yazeba decides what to do with it.

When the Chapter ends, if there are more than 5 Bumps and Crashes that are marked, but not crossed out, give the Bed & Breakfast a  *Broken Vase*. Otherwise, give the Bed & Breakfast a  *Hammer*. Hold on to any leftover Omen Cards we've collected for Housekeeping.

CHAPTER 1

A Birthday for Gertrude

WITH GERTRUDE AND ANYONE CELEBRATORY



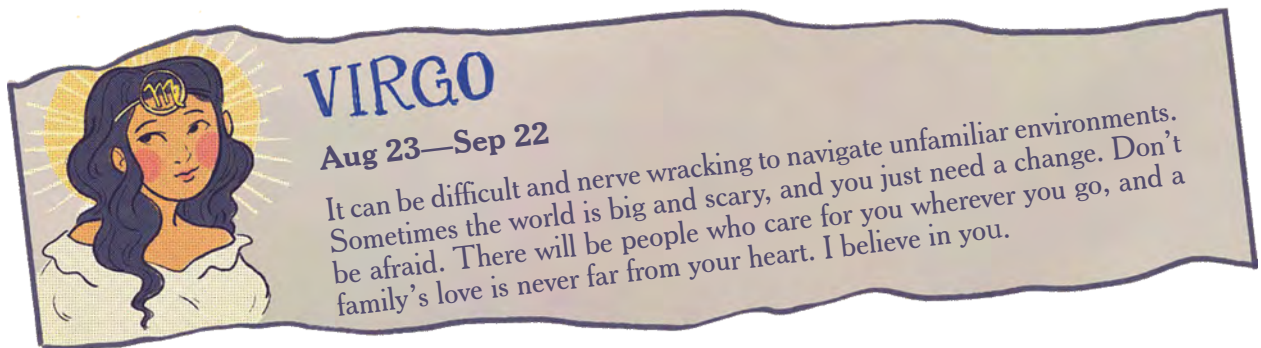
In which the Bed & Breakfast plans a surprise party for Gertrude, who has always hated her birthday.



It was a beautiful Autumn morning outside the Bed & Breakfast. Gertrude had the window cracked open to breathe in the crisp air (the last before it would get too cold for open windows) and was rereading her favorite book. It was called *Heartsword*, a schlocky fantasy adventure about a princess forced to disguise herself as a man in order to defeat an evil emperor. If you asked Gertrude about the book, she'd dismiss it as trashy garbage, but the dogeared pages and bent spine suggested otherwise.

Pařish was perched in one of the massive armchairs, lazily glancing through the astrology section of the newspaper. "Hey Gertrude, what sign are you? For the horoscopes."

"Oh, I'm a Virgo. My birthday's the 15th." Gertrude replied, barely paying attention.



He stared down at the paper, before spotting the date in the corner. SEPTEMBER 15TH. As always. Of course. But...

Pařish looked up and made sudden eye contact with Sal, before pulling the porter into the hall and whispered, "Sal, it's the 15th."

Sal shrugged. "And? It's always the 15th. What's the big deal?"

"It's Gertrude's birthday."

FRANTIC MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of Chaos Coins where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to tick a track, they'll consult their Chaos Coins:

- ⦿ If they don't have any Chaos Coins, they succeed right away, and take a Chaos Coin.
- ⦿ If they do have Chaos Coins, they flip all of them at once, and if *all* the coins come up heads, they succeed! Otherwise, they don't tick the track and must do a Whoopsie about it. Either way, they take another Chaos Coin.

Anyone can cash in five Chaos Coins to tick a track right away. When any of us does a Bingo, they may give away all their Chaos Coins to someone else, making the whole mess their problem. (*That person shouldn't then turn around and return the coins with a new Bingo—no tag backs!*)

THE ROOM WHERE THE PARTY GOES

Before the Chapter starts, everyone but Gertrude conspires together to decide where in the Bed & Breakfast the party is going to happen from the list below. Write it down on a scrap of paper and hide it.

- | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|---------------|
| ⦿ The Dining Room | ⦿ The Little Office | ⦿ The Garden |
| ⦿ The Piano Room | ⦿ The Deluxe Bathroom | ⦿ The Kitchen |
| ⦿ The Basement | | |

PRESENTS FOR GERTRUDE

Everyone who's not Gertrude gets a blank scrap of paper at the start of the Chapter. Whenever they figure out what they think Gertrude would want, they secretly write that down and put it face-down on the table, then draw a 3-part track on the other side of the card.

When they want to make progress on acquiring Gertrude's gift, they must consult their Chaos Coins. Once the track is complete, the present is ready!



PARTY FOULS

Some additional Whoopsies that anyone but Gertrude can do:

- ✦ Panic about whether Gertrude already has the gift you've gotten.
- ✦ Second-guess yourself and come up with a way worse idea for a gift.
- ✦ Lie to Gertrude about her present.
- ✦ Get cake batter all over your party clothes.
- ✦ Accidentally put something you really shouldn't've in the cake.

PARTY PREPARATIONS

Use the Party Track to prepare for the party. Once it's filled, Gertrude's surprise birthday is ready to go! Start the party when the table is set and the decorations are prepared. No more Chaos Coins can be flipped or conflicts solved.



Everyone who managed to acquire a gift for Gertrude flips over their cards and tells Gertrude what they got her. If Gertrude genuinely likes the gift, both she and the gift giver can each take another Chaos Coin, and pin the gift to Gertrude's Character Sheet. If she doesn't like it, well, it's up to her whether she's civil about it.

Gertrude decides when the Chapter ends. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍰 *Slice Of Cake*. Hold on to any leftover Chaos Coins you've collected for Housekeeping.

YOU'RE ALL BEING VERY SUSPICIOUS

Gertrude has always hated her birthday. If she knew what everyone was planning, she'd be so mad!

When Gertrude wants someone to listen to her long enough to ask them a question, consult her Chaos Coins. If she succeeds, they have to answer. She shouldn't mention her birthday—ya don't want anyone to know!

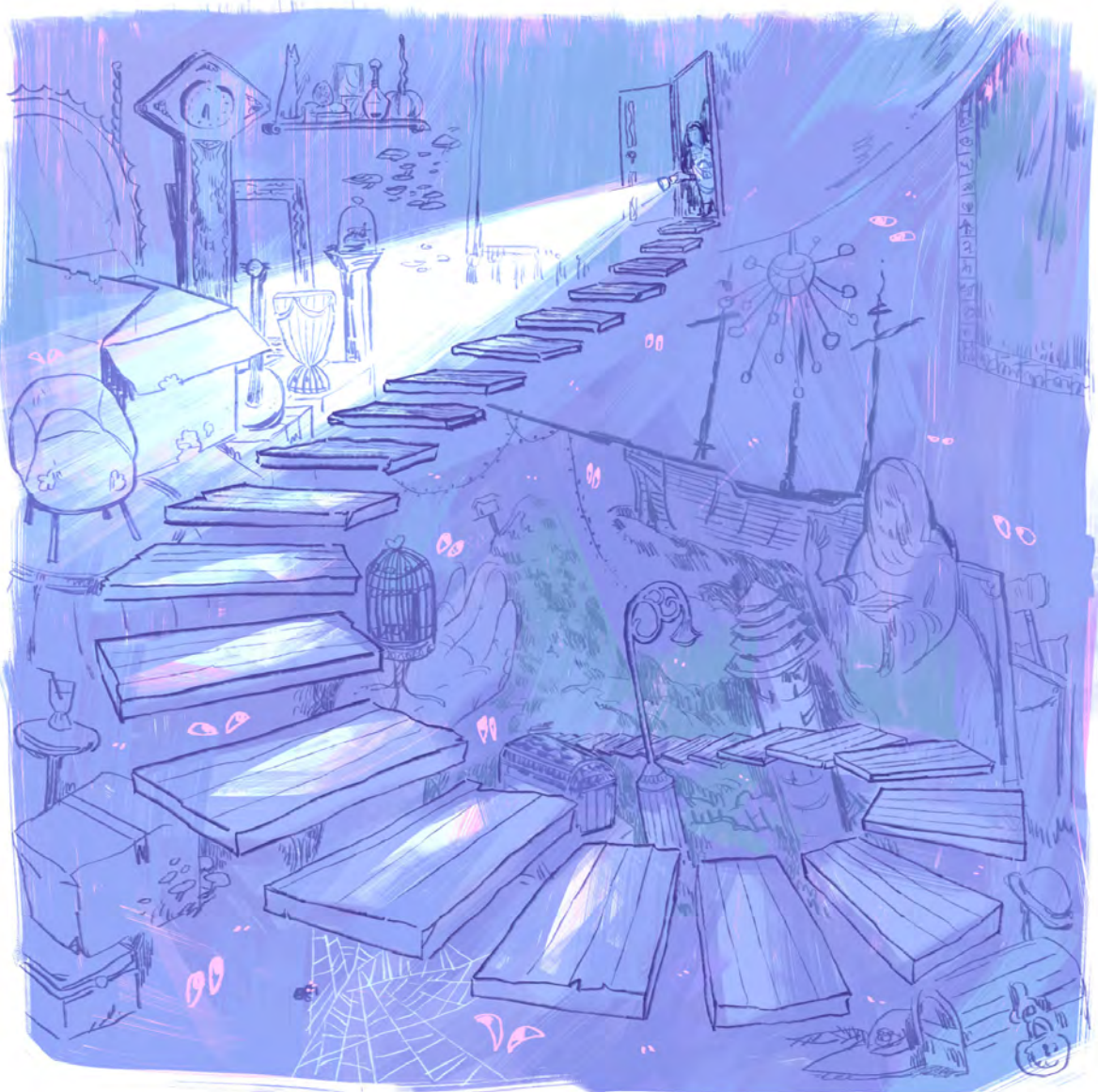
Every time someone lies to her, Gertrude can tick this Track. When the Track fills up, she makes a guess as to where the party is being prepared.

If she guesses correctly, she uncovers this hideous plot, and can choose whether to stop the festivities and cancel the party, or pitch in to help her misguided friends finish the cake. If the Chapter ends without a party, the Bed & Breakfast gets a sad little 🍰 *Paper Crown*. Hold on to any leftover Chaos Coins you've collected for Housekeeping.



CHAPTER 14 *Lights Out*

WITH PARISH **AND** ANYONE COURAGEOUS ENOUGH



In which Parish leads an expedition into the basement to get the power back on.

*H*ail drummed staccato against the rooftop, filling the Bed & Breakfast with a crushing static interrupted only by a peal of thunder and a flash of lightning. Parish pulled his cardigan closer around his small shoulders and brought a tray of melty chocolate chip cookies into the living room.

The room was packed with guests and residents, all piled together to stay warm. The single radiator in the corner was clanking away on overtime, doing its best to be even more disruptive than the gale slamming against the window. Parish stepped in front of the wavering black-and-white television to hold up the plate.

“Behold, a feast!” He lowered the cookies onto the table and the assembled guests descended on it. The air was filled with crunching and chomping, noisy over the triumphant opening theme echoing through the tinny TV.

“Shut up shut up shut up it’s Neutron Gal time!” Hey Kid shoveled cookies into their mouth while glued directly in front of the screen. Everyone went silent for one moment, long enough for Hey Kid to scream their heroine’s catchphrase. The superhero’s laser sword flew up into the air and ...

Zap.

The screen went black and the Bed & Breakfast was plunged into darkness. Hey Kid screamed, but it was impossible to hear them over the house-shaking boom of thunder. Brief panic was replaced by sudden calm as Parish quickly took control.

“Don’t worry, everyone! So the power went out. Let’s get some candles lit,” he said. Amelie wheeled over to the kitchen while Sal got to work starting a fire in the fireplace.

“I’m going to go downstairs and turn the generator on,” Parish declared. A slight chill crept through the room.

“The...the generator? The one in the sub-basement?” Sal looked up, his face hidden in darkness. “Are you gonna be safe?”

Parish grabbed a broom, slid a knit beanie over his head, and pushed aside the big “BASEMENT: STAFF ONLY” sign on the door. For a moment, a flash of faraway lightning illuminated the frog’s striking form, and anyone who saw him would’ve sworn he was a knight.

“Don’t worry. There’s nothing to fear down there.”

EERIE MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll shuffle a deck of cards and put it where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to push onwards, they can do a Bingo or a Whoopsie and flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card (a Jack, Queen, King, or Ace). If they do a Bingo, they'll flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card from one of the Black Suits (Clubs or Spades). If they do a Whoopsie, they'll flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card from one of the Red Suits (Hearts or Diamonds).

When someone reveals an Omen Card of the correct color, they'll consult the Chapter's rules to find out what happens next, and hold onto the Omen Card unless the rules say otherwise. If the deck runs out of cards before they find an Omen of the right suit, there's a moment of uneasy quiet. Shuffle any unclaimed cards back into the deck.

UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS

There are plenty of scary things lurking in the labyrinthine interlocking series of basements, sub basements, and catacombs underneath the Bed & Breakfast—or at least, things that seem scary in the dark. Whenever an Omen Card from the Diamonds, Clubs, or Spades suit is drawn, consult the table below.

- J♦ Eek! Is that a goblin, or just a weird watering can?
- Q♦ Egads! Is that an enormous monster, or just the water heater?
- K♦ Yikes! Is that a ghost, or just a sheet awkwardly draped over a broken clock?
- J♣ The expedition gets caught up in a huge spiderweb. Anyone who isn't Parish must do a Whoopsie about it immediately.
- Q♣ Thunder shakes the foundations of the house and reminds everyone that there's still a storm raging. Anyone who isn't Parish must do a Whoopsie about it immediately.
- K♣ *Something* runs across everyone's feet before scurrying off into the darkness. Anyone who isn't Parish must do a Whoopsie about it immediately.
- J♠ Peeking inside a musty coffin uncovers a cackling dracula, with sharp fangs and nothing better to do than scare you! Anyone besides Parish takes this card, and can't get rid of it unless someone spends a Hearts card to shake them out of their fear.
- Q♠ Opening an old mason jar unleashes an ancient and powerful ghost, wrapped in a sickly white sheet! Anyone besides Parish takes this card, and can't get rid of it unless someone spends a Hearts card to shake them out of their fear.
- K♠ Brushing aside a tarp uncovers a cadre of grinning skeletons! Anyone besides Parish takes this card, and can't get rid of it unless someone spends a Hearts card to shake them out of their fear.
- A♦♣♠ If this is the second Ace we've revealed in a row, there is an uneasy moment of quiet. Ignore the Ace and shuffle it back into the deck. Otherwise, read from *Get The Light Back*.

A LIFE IN BOXES ♥

Yazeba's B&B is our home, and the basement is a part of that home. Whenever we reveal an Omen Card from the Hearts suit, we find a little reminder that this place is ours:

- J♥ A plastic bin full of dry goods Parish stocked up on before that last big blizzard. There's some yummy non-perishable snacks in here!
- Q♥ A terrifying silhouette...that turns out to be a dress form with Yazeba's old wizard school robes and hat on it. Can you believe she used to wear anything so...silly?
- K♥ A cardboard box full of baby clothes that Hey Kid used to wear, topped with a macaroni picture of the Bed & Breakfast.
- A♥ If this is the second Ace we've revealed in a row, there is an uneasy moment of quiet. Ignore the Ace and shuffle it back into the deck. Otherwise, read from *Get The Light Back*.

Whoever collects a Hearts Omen feels a little more courageous while they have it.


GET THE LIGHT BACK

If Parish can get the generator all set up, the cozy warmth of the Bed & Breakfast upstairs will guide us back out of the basement.

The first time we reveal an Ace, we find the fuse box, where Parish was sure the generator was stored...but it's not here.

The second time we reveal an Ace, we spot the generator, tucked into a crumbling crawl-space. Anyone courageous enough to crawl in and get it must flip cards until we reveal an Omen to find what else is lurking there (reshuffling any additional aces drawn). And even then, it still needs fuel...

The third time we reveal an Ace, we find the gas canister we're looking for—clutched in the bony fingers of an unmoving skeleton slumped against the masonry. Only someone with a Hearts Omen Card is courageous enough to do so. If nobody has one, go look for another fuel source, returning here when we reveal the final Ace. If we *still* don't have a Hearts Omen, Parish will just have to be brave enough to grab it on his own.

Once we've found the generator and filled it with fuel, Parish will narrate our return to the Bed & Breakfast and its safety, warmth and comfort, and the Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Flashlight*. Hold on to any leftover Omen Cards you've collected for Housekeeping.

CHAPTER 16 *Ice Skating*

WITH PARISH, AMELIE, AND ANYONE SLIPPERY



In which the Bed & Breakfast goes ice skating, and Amelie and Parish reflect on their relationships to their bodies.



The pond had frozen over, and Yazeba had determined the ice to be thick enough to safely stand on, so a crowd of folks from the Bed & Breakfast bundled up to go skating. It was a beautiful day, the edges of blue sky against the frosted grass crisp and clear. Faint sparkles of snow drifted in the air, but despite what the thermometers said, the cold lacked teeth.

Everyone sat their butts down in the snow to swap their boots out for bladed skates, but Amelie stood apart, stock still, condensation clouding up their glowing eyes.

“Will you not be joining us?” asked a small, deep voice. Parish fiddled with the scarf tied around his body. (He did not have a neck, and was beginning to suspect that calling attention to that fact had not been the most flattering wardrobe choice).

The robot swiveled their gaze, first to look at Parish, then the others, then the frozen pond. “This is outside the bounds of my operations manual, and will void my warranty.”

“Nonsense, my noble friend,” Parish declared, gallantly extending them his hand. Amelie had to extend their telescoping arm to reach it, which wiped his smile away, but he reassured them, anyway: “If I can skate on these little rubber legs, then with all of your mechanical precision you’ll be marvelous!”

The two glided out onto the ice together, slowly and carefully. Amelie listened for the telltale sound of ice cracking beneath their metal weight, but it held them just fine.

Hey Kid careened wildly past the pair on skates covered in stickers, shouting “LOOK OUT!” and Parish flinched away, but Amelie held tight and he regained his balance.

He gazed up at Amelie with steel in his watery eyes. “The most daunting challenges are also the most satisfying to conquer.”

PENSIVE MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll read through it and select Questions to write down on index cards, then place as many tokens on each of those Questions as the Chapter asks for.

These questions need to be picked away at. Whenever any of us does a Bingo or a Whoopsie, they'll collect a token from one of the Questions, keeping it if they did a Bingo or giving it to someone who can learn from their mistake if they did a Whoopsie.

ALL BUNDLED UP

When the Chapter begins, everyone describes their winter attire, which might include:

- ⊙ Red Mittens
- ⊙ Snow Pants
- ⊙ Ear Muffs
- ⊙ A Scarf Significantly Too Large For Your Body
- ⊙ A Knit Cap With A Ball On Top
- ⊙ A Fur-Lined Hat With Ear Flaps
- ⊙ A Brightly-Colored Puffy Coat
- ⊙ A Thick Flannel Shirt
- ⊙ Socks Double-Layered On Your Hands
- ⊙ Soaking Wet Jeans
- ⊙ Far Too Many Layers
- ⊙ Not Nearly Enough Layers

DANCING ON ICE

The first time you hit the ice, decide whether you feel Graceful or Helpless today.

If you're feeling Graceful, you get the following Whoopsies:

- ✎ Show off in front of someone who's struggling.
- ✎ Attempt a complicated trick, lose control, and become Helpless.

If you're feeling Helpless, you can do the following Bingos:

- ★ Get back up and try again.
- ★ Go at your own pace until you get the hang of this, and become Graceful.

LITTLE RUBBER LEGS

Parish keeps a stiff upper lip, but he's been struggling with something: he is a brave knight, but he is often too small and vulnerable to prove his gallant heroism. Parish chooses one of the questions below, or invents his own:

- ⊙ "How do you stand tall when you're always underfoot?"
- ⊙ "Why is gliding through life so much easier for everyone else?"
- ⊙ "What is this body even good for?"

The question starts with 9 tokens on it. Once all the tokens have been removed, we'll each go around and try to answer the question for ourselves, as best we can. If we'd like, we can end the Chapter by reading *Bodies In Motion*.

MECHANICAL PRECISION

This free and beautiful morning on the pond is outside of Amelie's comfort zone. They don't know how to express it, but a question is buzzing up and down their body. Amelie chooses one of the questions below, or invents their own:

- ⦿ "What am I supposed to be doing?"
- ⦿ "How do you break out of a rut?"
- ⦿ "Why is trying new things so hard?"

The question starts with 9 tokens on it. Once all the tokens have been removed, we'll each go around and try to answer the question for ourselves, as best we can. If we'd like, we can end the Chapter by reading "Bodies In Motion," below.

BODIES IN MOTION

Before the Chapter begins, write down the following Question on another index card:

- ⦿ "If we're not who we expected to be, who are we?"

Anyone may put one of their tokens on this Question whenever they want. We are probably not going to fully answer this question during this Chapter. Instead, when the Chapter ends, everyone goes around and gives as much of an answer as they can, based on how many tokens the question has.

- ⦿ **Less Than 5 Tokens:** Shrug, and say something self-deprecating.
- ⦿ **5-8 Tokens:** Give a general answer, one that's not really about anyone out here on the pond.
- ⦿ **9-12 Tokens:** Answer compassionately, with someone else in mind.
- ⦿ **13 or more Tokens:** Answer compassionately and confidently, and write the question and your answer down on your character sheet.

The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🧣 *Winter Scarf*. Hold on to any leftover tokens you've collected for Housekeeping.

AMEL-E 2900

AMELIE'S ARRIVAL

Sal was sitting at his desk, reading comics when he heard a yell. And it wasn't the healthy sort of yell that you sometimes hear from people going about their business.

"Feathers afire," Yazeba snarled breathlessly, dragging an enormous package in the front door. "Is it really...so...hard...to fetch a package to the front door these days?"

And with a final *harrumph* and swooshing of her fur coat, the witch dropped the tall package in front of the night porter's desk, scaring Sal into looking up from his comic book. The contents of the box rattled and clunked as Yazeba glared at him.

"You could have asked me for help," Sal said vaguely, closing his book. He peered at the snappy, fashionable text emblazoned on the long package, mostly to avoid the witch's gaze as she irritably lit up a cigar. "What is this? The *Amel-E 2900*?"

"New vacuum from Amel Labs," Yazeba growled, smoke curling from her nose and lips. "But what manner of vacuum weighs half a ton, I don't know. Now open the box."

Sal obeyed, and they both stared at its contents for a moment.

"That is not a vacuum," Yazeba said, blowing smoke out of the side of her mouth. With a flick of her long, knobby finger, the smoke meekly flew out the still open front door, which was allowing pleasant evening spring air to waft in. "Get it assembled and see what it does." And with that she sailed upstairs, trailed by smug cigar smoke, leaving Sal to stare at the box's contents.

It was an unassembled robot.

Its limbs were laid neatly by its head on pillows like some sort of hilariously macabre open-casket viewing. A large box labeled HOUSEBOT ATTACHMENTS sat underneath the bot's main parts.

"Ugh," Sal said aloud, and sat down, wondering why they couldn't send it back in exchange for a *real* vacuum. The robot ticked as he worked.

2 ticks. "...Rather be finishing Hey Kid's comic." 24 ticks. "...Just in time for spring cleaning, actually. We can't waste such a beautiful day." 48 ticks. "Hehe, well, I could. But I wouldn't call it wasting. Just profiting." 54 ticks. "... Spend your whole life taking care of others." The robot's LED face display lit up very suddenly and very brightly.

"Whoa!" Sal said.

"ThaAAaaaank you for purchasing the AMEL-E 2900 from Amel Corp. Please optimize settings at this time," the robot bleated out. Sal sat back as the thing rose in one graceful movement, surveying its surroundings with a slowly rotating head. It fiddled precisely with what appeared to be a hearing aid in its right earpiece. "Amel Corp prides itself on accessibility and ease of use. My AI will learn as I go. Please optimize settings, speaking clearly," it repeated. "Designate a service. Cleaning, childcare, military operations, groundskeeper, butler."

“Oh, uh...cleaning!” Sal blurted out.

“Priority set: Cleaning,” the robot said. “Designate a second service at this time: yes or no?”

“Uh...no?”

“Very well,” the robot said, suddenly sounding crisper. It stopped messing with its hearing aid. “Service designated: Cleaning. Directive: Spend your whole life taking care of others. Initiating services.”

And with that, the robot stepped smartly over to Sal’s desk and knocked his half-eaten sandwich into the trash can beside his desk.

“Hey!” Sal leaped up. “Wait a minute—”

“Apologies,” the Amel-E 2900 said stiffly. “Sensors indicated this item was at least 4 hours old. Bacteria and other harmful microorganisms can begin growing on room temperature poultry in as little as 43 minutes—”

“No, no—not that,” Sal said, waving a hand, though they *did* owe him a sandwich now. “I meant—your designation. What I said when I was assembling you was you *can’t* spend your life taking care of others. You gotta have—you gotta have some you time, you know?”

The robot, astoundingly, managed to look confused despite a lack of facial features. “Does not compute. Initiating service.” And they threw his soda in the trash as well.

“Hey! If you’re gonna work here, you gotta be a little more flexible!” Sal protested. “You can’t just toss every lone man’s soda or sandwich!”

“Very well,” the robot rapped out. “Initializing manual set-up. Are you prepared, YAZEBA?” And they said the witch’s name in a way that suggested it had been pre-recorded by an employee (and pronounced badly, to boot).

“I’m not Yazeba, but yes! Yes! You gotta chill out, my good bot,” Sal said, saving a half-wrapped piece of candy that the Amel-E 2900 had been staring at and stuffing it in his pocket for later. Their electronic gaze followed the candy and remained on his pocket, as if they’d love nothing more than to wrestle the candy from him and toss it.

“I don’t want to call you a bunch of numbers, so let’s get you a name. A cool one. Amel-E just doesn’t... hey! Amelie! That’s a slick name! D’you like that?”

The robot’s gaze rose from his pocket to his face, their large blue eyes flickering. “Amelie. Aaaamelieeee,” they hummed. Their head tilted, and over the course of the sentence, it became true. “This is satisfactory.”

Sal’s face broke out into a relieved grin. “Anyway, I’m Sal, the night porter. Welcome to the Bed & Breakfast, Amelie.”

Amelie twitched at the sound of their own new name. “Thank you.”

And that is the story of how Amelie, robot and ?person?, came to work as the cleaning service at Yazeba’s Bed & Breakfast.

CHAPTER 18

Who Knows How A Garden Grows?

WITH AMELIE, SAL, AND ANYONE WITH A GREEN THUMB
STARRING: THE RABBITS IN THE GARDEN
WHO WEAR LITTLE OUTFITS



*In which Amelie and Sal are forced to work together
and plant a garden in Yazeba's backyard.*



Amelie and Sal had both worked at the Bed & Breakfast long enough to know when Yazeba had gotten into one of her moods. The first warning sign was always that Yazeba would withdraw even further from the daily goings-on of the Bed & Breakfast. The second was always the discovery of mysterious packages containing books written in a variety of natural and unnatural languages in the mailbox. And the third was her apparent cheerfulness.

A chipper witch is far more dangerous than a grumpy one.

And so, when Yazeba came whistling downstairs for the first time in weeks with a stack of books under one arm, all of them titled things like *Barnabie Duke's Officious Guide To Horticultural Production*, Amelie and Sal knew exactly what was going on. She tossed her tomes onto the kitchen table, nearly spilling Sal's coffee.

"Well, my dear staff. I've been thinking about the backyard," Yazeba said with an insincere smile, "I believe that the garden requires some *upkeep*, and I've decided that one of you will be taking care of it for me."

Amelie whirred over, leaning their broom against the wall—they almost never put it down, so they must have been quite excited. "Miss Yazeba, this task falls well within my ability to resolve."

At that very same instant, however, Sal leaned back in his chair, and said, "Don't worry, ma'am, I'll get it looking gorgeous."

Amelie paused and looked at Sal, surprised.

Sal paused and looked at Amelie, unsure.

Yazeba rolled her eyes. "So which of you wants to be in charge?"

Sal stood up with indignation. "Yazeba, I'm a creative. An *artiste*. Give me a plot of land and I'll make the most beautiful garden you've ever seen. Look, very respectfully to Mx. Tin Can over here," he nodded to Amelie, "But you need someone with a vision, and that's me."

Amelie beeped with indignation, and coolly argued, "Mr. Sal has a less than 100% success rate in disposing of his expired sandwiches. He would be a suboptimal designation for this duty."

Sal started to stammer out a rebuttal, but Amelie cut him off. "I have a disc with 50 megabytes of the latest cutting edge botanical organization software. I can plot the *perfect* garden."

"Ugh," Yazeba said, pinching the bridge of her nose to hide a shrewd little smirk. "It doesn't really matter as long as it gets done, so I suppose *both of you* will supervise this project."

In unison, Sal and Amelie both said something along the lines of, "No. Wait, what? Yes. No!" They glared at each other from across the main desk.

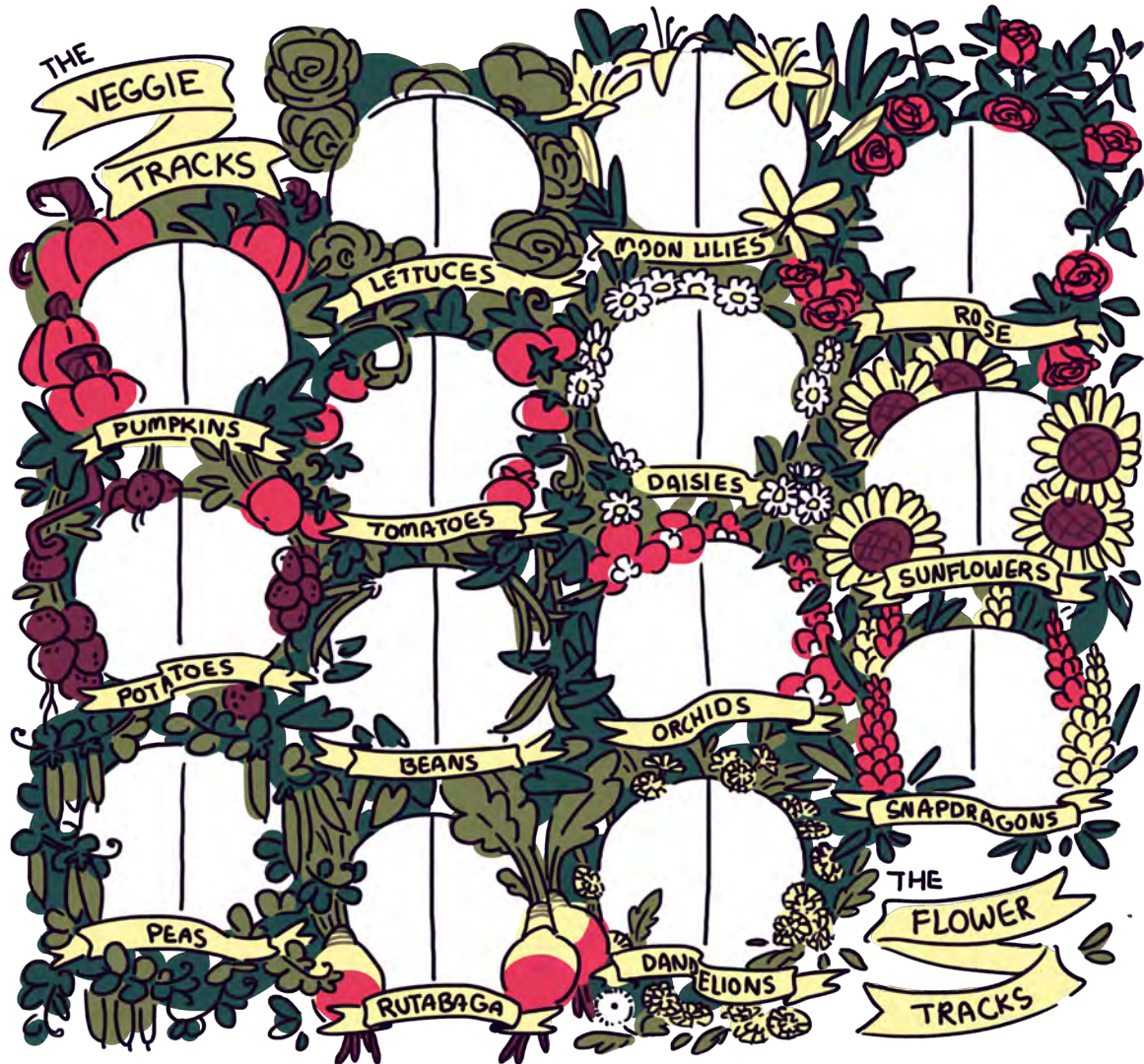
Yazeba stopped hiding her amusement. "You'll have to work together, of course. Wrangle some volunteers, put the rabbits to work. You have a garden to grow."

FRANTIC MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of Chaos Coins where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to tick a track, they'll consult their Chaos Coins:

- ⦿ If they don't have any Chaos Coins, they succeed right away, and take a Chaos Coin.
- ⦿ If they do have Chaos Coins, they flip all of them at once, and if *all* the coins come up heads, they succeed! Otherwise, they don't tick the track and must do a Whoopsie about it. Either way, they take another Chaos Coin.

Anyone can cash in five Chaos Coins to tick a track right away. When any of us does a Bingo, they may give away all their Chaos Coins to someone else, making the whole mess their problem. (*That person shouldn't then turn around and return the coins with a new Bingo—no tag backs!*)



THE DIRTY WORK

Whenever a Veggie Track fills up, whoever checked it off last gets an “X.” Whenever a Flower Track fills up, whoever checked it off last gets an “O.” Take a tiny scrap of paper and draw the symbol on it. They may give these Xs and Os to whoever they please, but Amelie and Sal would like them most of all. During this chapter, everyone has access to the following additional Bingos:

- ★ Bring someone else a snack.
- ★ Remind someone to put on sunscreen.

...and the following additional Whoopsies:

- ✎ Spill dirt or fertilizer everywhere.
- ✎ Step on a plant.

RABBIT FOOD

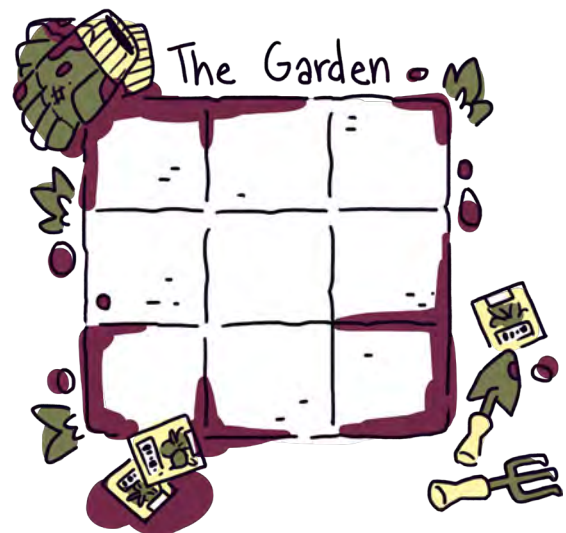
The Rabbits in the Garden Who Wear Little Outfits are normally a helpful warren, but all the new seeds and veggies being tossed around have them feeling a tad mischievous. The Rabbits In The Garden Who Wear Little Outfits may consult their Chaos Coins in order to steal an X or O from another player. If they succeed, they may consume it, marking a Track on their Journey.

The Rabbits In The Garden Who Wear Little Outfits may also be persuaded to be helpful. The garden is their front yard, after all.

GARDEN PLANNING

Sal and Amelie are both trying to finagle the design of the garden. Amelie is attempting to arrange the garden in neat rows, alternating between Xs and Os. Sal is trying to play Tic Tac Toe with himself.

Once the garden is completely filled up, Amelie and Sal decide together how the Chapter ends, everyone drinks some lemonade, and the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🐘 *Dandelion Bouquet*. Hold onto any Chaos Coins and unplaced X's and O's you've collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping.



CHAPTER 36

Sal Has Written A Play

WITH SAL AND ANYONE THEATRICAL



In which the Bed & Breakfast puts on a stage production in the living room.

It was damp in the Bed & Breakfast, the sort of damp that soaks through the wood of the old walls and drenches everything it can find. Sal was scribbling away inside his spiral notebook as the ink bled through the pages, which is a difficult way to write. He chewed the end of his pen.

“No. That’s not it.” He muttered to himself, ripping out a chunk from the water-logged notebook and throwing it in the direction of the waste bin. “Two-bit no-good hack loser can’t write...”

Gertrude looked up from her own diary on the sofa, and asked, “What’re you working on over there, anyway?”

“Oh!” he started, closing the notebook abruptly. “I’ve had some musician’s block lately, so...I thought I’d try out a play.”

Gertrude straightened up. “Really! What’s it about?”

It was at that moment that it felt, to Sal, like the whole Bed & Breakfast was over-hearing their conversation. He wavered, saying, “Well, it’s kind of about...”

“A play?” Parish called from the other room. “Sal, my boy, you didn’t tell me you were writing a play!”

“Well, I wasn’t really—” Sal said. But Hey Kid dashed in from outside, wet from the drizzle and howling, “A play, a play, a play, a play, a play! Can I be in it? Can I be in it?”

He stammered. “I guess it is almost done, although it’s just a rough draft—”

Parish strolled into the foyer, wiping jam from his hands onto his apron and picking up one of the many crumpled pieces of paper on the ground for inspection. “Modesty doesn’t suit you, my friend. I’d bet dollars to donuts that it’s marvelous.”

Sal blushed. He’d never written a play before. “It takes time to stage a whole show, but I guess we can start planning.”

Gertrude clambered up from the couch and stretched out her limbs. “Everyone’s so bored with this nasty weather...we can turn the den into a stage and theater and everything. Let’s do it!”



RELAXED MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of tokens where everyone can reach them. During the Chapter, whenever anyone does a Whoopsie, they'll take a token. Before anyone can do one of their Bingos, they must first give a token back to the table.

THE PLAYBILL

Before we begin, Sal casts everyone in the play, giving each person one of the roles below. There may be extras.

- ⊙ **Isabello**, the captain of the guard, and in love.
- ⊙ **Don Michael**, the fearsome lord, here to arrest someone.
- ⊙ **Panteloon**, an old wealthy merchant who is someone's father.
- ⊙ **Lisbei**, a princess-in-exile, disguised as a man, and in love.
- ⊙ **Captain Redtooth**, the infamous pirate captain, and in love.
- ⊙ **Roberto**, the banished wizard, and in love.
- ⊙ **Babeline**, a beloved child.
- ⊙ **Yabeza**, the ancient witch, who once laid curse on someone.
- ⊙ **Bumblelina**, queen of the Shadow Fairies.
- ⊙ **The Terrible Dragon**
- ⊙ **The Queen Of The Moon**
- ⊙ **Newt**, a beleaguered, struggling, and stunningly handsome playwright who is underappreciated in his time.
- ⊙ **A Tree**

The play follows a two act structure, with an intermission in the middle. The plot and structure of the play will be invented by all of us as we play, but can generally be assumed to include both dizzying successes and heart wrenching failures, moments of comedy and tragedy alike, and for it to all be wrapped up with a happy ending.

THE ANXIOUS PLAYWRIGHT

In this Chapter, Sal can also do the following Whoopsies:

- ✦ Speak ill of my own writing.
- ✦ Edit someone's script right before they go on stage.
- ✦ Interrupt the play with a "quick" correction.
- ✦ Be ungrateful to the cast and crew.

Sal chooses when to start or stop intermission, and only he can decide when the play is over and the Chapter ends.

IT'S ACTUALLY QUITE GOOD...!

Everyone has access to these additional Bingos. Whenever someone does one of these Bingos for the first time, cross it off.

- ★ Deliver a monologue with gusto.
- ★ Deliver an absurd pun.
- ★ Deliver a line that makes someone laugh.
- ★ Deliver a surprisingly heart wrenching soliloquy.
- ★ Cry realistic tears over someone who's died a realistic death.
- ★ Describe a daring and gripping swordfight with another character.
- ★ Cover up a problem with flawless improvisation.

If the play concludes and all of these have been crossed off, then it was a roaring success. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🌻 *Dandelion Bouquet*, and Sal can submit the play to his local theatrical organization. Hold onto any tokens you've collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping.

...BUT A LITTLE BIT OF A DISASTER, TOO?

Everyone has access to these additional Whoopsies. Whenever someone does one of these Whoopsies for the first time, cross it off.

- ✖ Forget your lines.
- ✖ Improvise the exact wrong line.
- ✖ Get stage fright.
- ✖ Miss your big entrance.
- ✖ There's an off-stage argument louder than the play.
- ✖ A costume rips.
- ✖ Someone slips and gets hurt!

If all these get crossed off, Sal is mortified and cancels the whole play mid-act. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍷 *Bottle of Wine* and will never speak of the performance again. Throw any leftover tokens in the trash.

CHAPTER 21 *Gone Fishin'*

WITH PARISH, SAL, AND ANYONE RIGHTFULLY FEARED BY FISH



*In which folks hike up to the old watering hole
and see what can be caught there.*



Long tendrils of golden light stretched towards Veilridge. The sun was just beginning to peek around the edges of the mountain to illuminate the woods below. It was already hot, even for a summer morning, and the buzzing of insects was slowly building to a roar. Parish leapt ahead with the fishing rods and tackle slung over one froggy shoulder, while Sal lagged behind, stumbling over the rocks in his worn-down sandals and lugging a sloshing cooler.

The watering hole was an old lake, carved from the mountains by glaciers. Sal could see the fossils embedded in the layers of sediment, the prehistoric remains of trilobites and ichthyosaurs frozen in motion. The shore was covered in tiny round stones, and the basking willows provided a small relief from the sun.

Parish walked up to the gravelly edge of the water.

“Spring water,” he muttered to himself, before dipping his webbed fingers in. He jumped back immediately as a minnow tried to bite. “Very active! Lots of catch.”

Sal tossed the cooler and an extra bag of chips onto the rocks, wiping the sweat from his brow. “I can’t believe we hiked all the way up a mountain at the crack of dawn. I thought fishing was supposed to be relaxing!”

Parish scoffed. “The early bird catches the worm, my friend!” He pulled out a box of bait and examined the wriggling nightcrawlers. “And the early worm catches the, er, fish.”

Sal looked down at the fishing rod and the countless creatures swimming in the beautiful blue lake, and he smiled to himself. “Hell of a spot, anyway.”

RELAXED MOOD

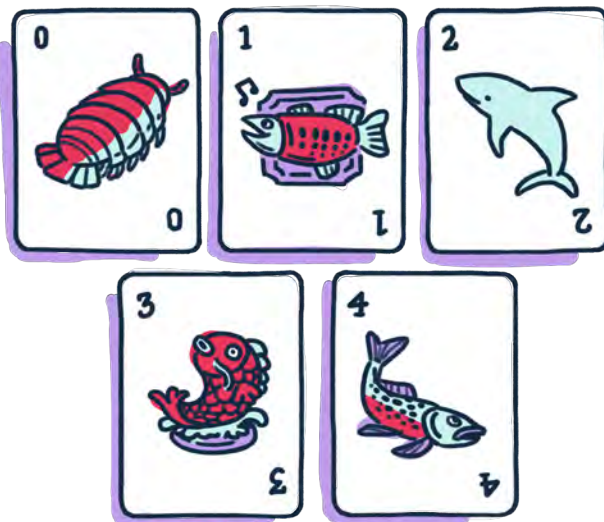
Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of tokens where everyone can reach them. During the Chapter, whenever anyone does a Whoopsie, they'll take a token. Before anyone can do one of their Bingos, they must first give a token back to the table.

STRANGE THINGS BITE

Before the Chapter begins, the Concierge will write down the following catches on little scraps of paper, shuffle them around, and put them where anyone can reach.

- ⦿ A Giant Isopod (0)
- ⦿ A Talking Fish That Promises To Exchange One Wish For Its Freedom (1)
- ⦿ A Cave Shark (2)
- ⦿ A Golden Fish Statue (3)
- ⦿ A Rainbow Trout (4)

Everyone else also adds one or two scraps, detailing a fish (or something that's almost a fish) and assigning it a point value between 0 and 4.



Anyone can spend a Token to reel in a big catch, grabbing a scrap at random. They can choose to either throw it back (and return the scrap to the bowl) or toss it in the cooler and stop fishing. Once everyone's got a fish in the cooler, tick the Sundown counter all the way to the end.

YOU GET A LINE, I'LL GET A POLE

When we get started, everyone must decide whether they believe fishing is a Sport or a Pastime. If it's a Sport, tell us about your fishing outfit, the technical advantages of your fishing pole, and the sticker on your tackle box. If fishing is a Pastime, tell us what about your kit is borrowed, makeshift, or missing.

If you think fishing is a Pastime, you can spend 2 tokens to feel the thrill of trying to catch a big one. If you do, mark any Track you'd like and decide you think fishing is a Sport instead.

If you think fishing is a Sport, you can spend 2 tokens and relax into the company of others. If you do, mark any Track you'd like and decide that fishing is really a Pastime instead.

PLUMBING THE DEPTHS

The old quarry is remote, shady, and much deeper than it looks. It's artificial and wild at the same time. Who knows what's down there? Who knows how deep it goes? If you think fishing is a Sport, you can do this extra Whoopsie:

- ✦ Reel in something that definitely isn't a fish.

If you think fishing is a Pastime, you can do this extra Bingo:

- ★ Muse aloud on a theory for why the watering hole is so weird.

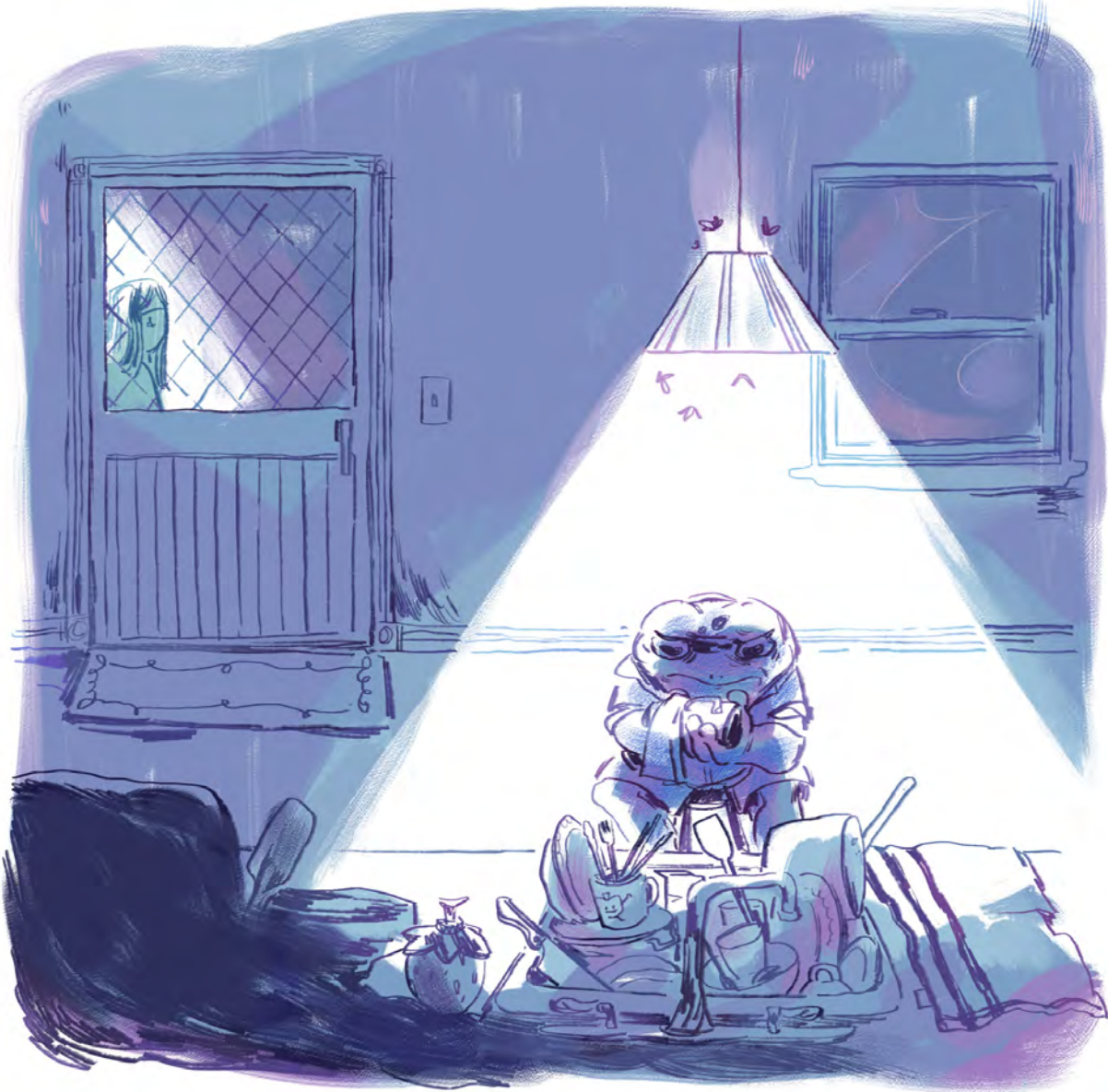
SUNDOWN



Tick this track forward whenever someone does a Bingo. When the sun starts to set, it's time to hike back to the Bed & Breakfast and brag about your catches. The Chapter ends, and the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍷 *Soggy Old Boot*. Everyone takes tokens equal to the value of their catch, and holds onto those tokens (along with any other tokens they've collected) to use as Leftovers during Housekeeping.

CHAPTER 12 *After Dinner*

WITH GERTRUDE, PARISH, AND ANYONE WHO WANTS TO HELP



In which Gertrude and Parish wash dishes and feel insecure about their place in the world.

Dinner was delicious, of course. Parish poured his heart and soul into every meal. Sal had moved the big dining room table out into the back yard, and Amelie had spent all afternoon untangling string lights to illuminate the entire field with a gentle glow. There were some mosquitoes, but Yazeba's magic kept most of them at bay; and under the summer stars, the whole house enjoyed itself well into the night.

Gertrude slammed the screen door behind her as she stumbled into the kitchen. The muggy air clung to her skin, and she lifted up her mask to wipe away the pools of sweat that had formed. The kitchen was dark, with only a single bare bulb hanging over the sink where piles of dirty dishes teetered, ready to be washed. Parish sat on his stool, with a plate held under the warm tap water.

"Oh, Parish, hi?" Gertrude leaned against one of the cabinets, unsure where to put herself.

Parish turned sharply, surprised. "Gertrude! What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be enjoying dinner?"

"I'm not hungry," Gertrude said, and Parish could tell she was lying. "I should be asking you the same thing. Why aren't you out there?"

"I was just a little tired. Thought I might get started on the dishes," he said, and Gertrude could tell he was lying, too.

"Oh, okay. Can I help?"

Parish hesitated. "Of course."

And so, under a flickering bulb in a house that at times felt a little too big and a little too loud, surrounded by the chirping of cicadas and buzzing mosquitoes, Gertrude picked up a sponge and started washing out one of the many mugs balanced at the edge of the sink.



PENSIVE MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll read through it and select Questions to write down on index cards, then place as many tokens on each of those Questions as the Chapter asks for.

These questions need to be picked away at. Whenever any of us does a Bingo or a Whoopsie, they'll collect a token from one of the Questions, keeping it if they did a Bingo or giving it to someone who can learn from their mistake if they did a Whoopsie.

JUST THE COOK

Parish, at this moment, feels like he's stuck at the edge of the crowd, unable to enjoy the community he feeds. He chooses one of the questions below, or invents his own:

- ⊙ "Do people want me around, or am I just useful?"
- ⊙ "Can I do more to keep this place afloat?"
- ⊙ "How can I match everyone else's excitement?"

The Question starts with 4 tokens on it. Once all the tokens have been removed, we'll each go around and try to answer the question for ourselves, as best we can. It's up to each person whether they answer it out loud or just in their head.

NEEDING SPACE

Gertrude isn't good at being social. She's not used to it, and the constant bustle and roar of the Bed & Breakfast feels like far too much, far too often. Gertrude chooses one of the questions below, or invents her own:

- ⊙ "Do I give enough to earn my place here?"
- ⊙ "What can I do to take up less space?"
- ⊙ "Should I get a real job here?"

The Question starts with 4 tokens on it. Once all the tokens have been removed, we'll each go around and try to answer the question for ourselves, as best we can. It's up to each person whether they answer it out loud or just in their head.

SCULLERY DUTY

There is a teetering tower of dishes dominating the kitchen, each one gooier than the last. Write down the following question on an index card:

- ⊙ "How many more dishes are left?!"

This Question starts with 15 tokens on it. Unlike the other Questions, you may ask this one aloud, as many times as you like. Once all the tokens have been removed, the dishes are done, and the Chapter will end with *Fitting In*. Additionally, anyone can do the following Whoopsies:

- ✦ Drop a soapy dish, and break it.
- ✦ Change the subject.
- ✦ Lapse into silence.

FITTING IN

It is hard to feel like you fit in, like the world has space for you. Write down the Big Question on another index card:

- ☉ “Where am I supposed to fit in?”

The Big Question starts with no tokens on it, but anyone may put one of their own tokens on it whenever they like. We’re probably not going to fully answer this question during this Chapter. Instead, when the Chapter ends, everyone goes around and gives as much of an answer as they can, based on how many tokens the question has.

- ☉ **Less Than 6 Tokens:** Say nothing.
- ☉ **6-12 Tokens:** Say something unrelated to someone else, trying to be supportive.
- ☉ **13-19 Tokens:** Give a short answer, if you have one—out loud or in your head.
The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍽️ *Pile of Plates*.
- ☉ **20 or more Tokens:** Give a full answer, if you have one—out loud or in your head.
Then write the question and answer down on an index card attached to your Character Sheet. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍽️ *Pile of Plates*.

Hold on to any tokens you’ve collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping.

CHAPTER 9 *The Pancake War*

WITH HEY KID, YAZEBA, *AND* ANYONE FEELING LOYAL OR
REBELLIOUS TO THE BED & BREAKFAST
STARRING: A GAGGLE OF GUESTS



In which Hey Kid opens a competing hotel in the backyard, and the two businesses must duke it out to win the allegiances of the guests.

Autumn leaves crunched beneath Hey Kid's feet as they carried another cardboard box out of the recycling bin and through the yard. They stapled it to the side of a series of other, larger boxes, which spanned between three trees at the edge of the woods where the fire pit was. Many of the original boxes were structural in their placement, but this one served a unique purpose: with a wicked grin, they pulled a set of stolen frying pans out of their backpack, and tossed them inside the box. The whole cardboard structure wiggled.

"Yazeba, I think we have a problem." Parish peeked through the blinds, out at the backyard.

"What did Hey Kid do this time?" Yazeba murmured from behind her book of spells.

With great goopy swings, Hey Kid smeared paint across the largest of the cardboard boxes. Their tail painted the more precise words, while the rest of them leapt from tree branches to cardboard flaps, making the last touches on their all-morning magnum opus. Piles of sleeping bags and stolen sheets, cardboard rooms with cardboard windows, a megaphone with proper batteries, and enough space around the fire pit for everyone to sit down and have a bite, to share in the great tasty meal.

Yazeba buried her nose deeper into her book. "I don't know what's gotten into them—they've been especially rowdy all day."

Parish grimaced and wisely kept his opinion about who blew up at whom to himself. He let go of the blinds, turning to face her as he selected a different tact. "Do you remember what you told them this morning?"

"That we were having eggs, and that's that," Yazeba scoffed. Outside, Hey Kid finished the last words on their sign.

"No," said Parish, carefully. "You told them, and I quote: 'When you own your own Bed & Breakfast, you can serve pancakes every day.'"

Yazeba snorted, but then the realization began to dawn on her. She'd known Hey Kid their entire life, and it was, perhaps, possible that her own persnickitiness about language had rubbed off on them. With a chill down her spine, Yazeba rushed to the window and cast aside the blinds to see what hell she'd unleashed.

Hey Kid's voice rang out from the backyard, loud enough to wake even the sleepiest guest:

"HEY EVERYBODY!!! You don't have to stay here anymore! There's a new Bed & Breakfast in town!"

Outside, in huge red letters large enough to be seen from a mile away, the great cardboard monstrosity read: HEY KID HOTEL – PANCAKES EVERY DAY.

FRANTIC MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of Chaos Coins where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to tick a track, they'll consult their Chaos Coins:

- ☉ If they don't have any Chaos Coins, they succeed right away, and take a Chaos Coin.
- ☉ If they do have Chaos Coins, they flip all of them at once, and if *all* the coins come up heads, they succeed! Otherwise, they don't tick the track and must do a Whoopsie about it. Either way, they take another Chaos Coin.

Anyone can cash in five Chaos Coins to tick a track right away. When any of us does a Bingo, they may give away all their Chaos Coins to someone else, making the whole mess their problem. (*That person shouldn't then turn around and return the coins with a new Bingo—no tag backs!*)

CHOOSING SIDES

Yazeba is captain of her Bed & Breakfast, and Hey Kid is the captain of their Hotel. Any other Residents or Guests (other than the Gaggles) must declare their loyalties before the chapter begins. Anyone can change their mind and switch sides by doing a Bingo and giving their coins to their former captain.

The Gaggles of Guests has no loyalties. They may act as they please, especially as dictated by *The Battle Of The Brands*.

CONTESTED TERRITORY

There are three paths between the Bed & Breakfast and Hey Kid Hotel, all of which have become strategically vital. Yazeba's and Hey Kid's armies can take turns trying to claim or contest territory along the Field, Garden, and Deck Tracks. To do so, they describe their strategy (be it cunning or foolish) and consult their Chaos Coins.

If they succeed, can they put a coin from the table onto the Track—heads up to claim it for the Bed & Breakfast, tails up to claim it for the Hotel—forming an unbroken line from their home base. If the other team already had a coin there, a successful attack will flip it.



If the territory was already claimed, the defending captain will decide who was defending that track, and that defender will describe how they lost ground or held the line. Whenever territory changes hands, no one can claim territory along that Track until a territory changes hands on one of the other two.

THE BATTLE OF THE BRANDS

The Gaggle of Guests haven't made up their minds about which of these fine establishments they'd like to patronize. They're all neutral by default, but—being Guests—they're also inclined to escalate the silliness of the situation, so some confusion about who's helping which side is only to be expected. When in doubt, their player has the Guests from the Gaggle act as they please.

Hey Kid (or any of their teammates) may attempt to charm the Gaggle of Guests with promises of a service or hospitality, and take any number of coins from the Gaggle. If one of the Guests likes what they hear, they'll help out Hey Kid's team for a while.

Yazeba (or any of her teammates) may spend 5 Chaos Coins and point out the flaws in Hey Kid's ramshackle Hotel, or decry the abject foolishness that's unfolding. If one of the Guests agrees with the criticism, they'll help out Yazeba's team for a while.



Guests from the Gaggle share Chaos Coins. They can interrupt the normal back-and-forth of turns between the two sides, but the same Guest can't attempt to claim or contest another territory until another Guest from the Gaggle does.

REMEMBER WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR!

Hey Kid has made pancakes. Everyone on their side has the Bingo, "Take a break to eat pancakes," and the Whoopsie, "Throw pancakes at the enemy." If you are hit with a pancake, you may eat it—that's only fair.

SUING FOR PEACE

When one team gains *total control* of the any track, they can stage a raid of the enemy's base, and if it succeeds, that team is victorious. Surrender is also an option: If the contest comes to a standstill for too long (or Yazeba or Hey Kid finds themselves alone on their teams), either captain may decide to give up, and the other team will be victorious. In the event of a draw, Hey Kid Hotel wins.

- ☉ If Hey Kid wins, everyone who would like to sleep in the fort may stay there every night until it rains. Award the Bed & Breakfast an  *Original Hey Kid Artwork*.
- ☉ If Yazeba wins, the Hotel is a little too cold and not quite fun enough, and is abandoned by nightfall. Award the Bed & Breakfast a  *Broken Vase*.

Either way, the victorious Captain will give a short speech and end the Chapter. Each captain will gather their team's Chaos Coins from the Field, Garden and Deck Tracks and award them to their teammates as medals of valor. Hold on to those and any other Chaos Coins you've collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping.

CHAPTER 13

Hey Kid Goes A-Guising

WITH HEY KID, GERTRUDE, AND ANYONE IN
NEED OF A TREAT (OR TRICK!)



In which Gertrude takes Hey Kid trick-or-treating, but some monsters are more than just costumes.

Gertrude stared at the pumpkin bucket Hey Kid was clutching, puzzled. “It’s Halloween now? Isn’t it always September here?”

But no one answered her question.

Hey Kid was practically jumping off the walls, grinning and yelling, “IT’S HALLOWEEN IT’S HALLOWEEN! I GOTTA GO TRICK OR TREATING I GOTTA I GOTTA!”

Sal buried his head in his notebook. “Well I’m not taking you alone. Last year we nearly got mauled by werewolves. Not happening again.”

Parish nodded in agreement. “Not with those dreadful ghouls out there.”

Hey Kid tried to mount an effective counterargument, but ended up just standing crestfallen with their bucket scraping the ground.

Gertrude looked at the pair of them, and closed her journal. “I can keep an eye on Hey Kid. It might be nice to get out of the Bed & Breakfast for a little bit, after all.”

Hey Kid’s face exploded with excitement, and in mere minutes Gertrude found herself walking through the leaves on an unfamiliar road with Hey Kid in full costume. Across the street were a couple of kids dressed as zombies, screaming and carrying rolls of toilet paper.

When one of them turned to her with no lower jaw and one eye hanging loose, Gertrude abruptly realized that she had perhaps stumbled into something she wasn’t quite prepared for.

EERIE MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll shuffle a deck of cards and put it where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to push onwards, they can do a Bingo or a Whoopsie and flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card (a Jack, Queen, King, or Ace). If they do a Bingo, they'll flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card from one of the Black Suits (Clubs or Spades). If they do a Whoopsie, they'll flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card from one of the Red Suits (Hearts or Diamonds).

When someone reveals an Omen Card of the correct color, they'll consult the Chapter's rules to find out what happens next, and hold onto the Omen Card unless the rules say otherwise. If the deck runs out of cards before they find an Omen of the right suit, there's a moment of uneasy quiet. Shuffle any unclaimed cards back into the deck.

COSTUMES

Before the chapter begins, everyone decides if they're more of a Goblin or a Guard. Goblins are here for the candy and the fun. Guards are here to chaperone the Goblins, and keep the Goblins from realizing that perhaps the other Trick or Treaters are more dangerous than they seem. Additionally, everyone chooses a costume from the list below, or invents their own:

- ⊙ **A Frankenstein**, with a green mask and metal bolts.
- ⊙ **A Mummy**, wrapped in toilet paper.
- ⊙ **A Devil**, with a scary mask and horns.
- ⊙ **A Ghost**, literally just in a bedsheet.
- ⊙ **A Dracula**, with red cape and plastic fangs.
- ⊙ **A Princess**, in a flowing pink dress and a hennin.
- ⊙ **A Knight**, in shining armor.
- ⊙ **A Superhero**, with a red bedsheet and underwear outside your pants.
- ⊙ **A Fairy**, with ornamental wings and uncanny eyes.
- ⊙ **A Wizard**, in flowing starry robes and a fake beard.
- ⊙ **A Witch**, with a fur coat and a fake cigarette.
- ⊙ **A Tree**.
- ⊙ **Yourself**.

TREATS!

Goblins get these additional Bingos:

- ★ Look really endearing in your costume.
- ★ Hold up your basket and say "Pretty Please!"

And these additional Whoopsies:

- ✎ Scream really loudly.
- ✎ Cause a ruckus.


Additionally, the Goblins are the only characters allowed to interact with the Eerie Deck. Whenever they interact with the deck, they must first say "Trick or Treat!" As the Goblin flips over cards, they hold onto all the non-Omen cards they get. At the end of the chapter, turn each non-Omen Card into a piece of candy, based on the following list.

2	A Penny	7	Box of Jocks
3	Catfish Taffy	8	Snickerberry Sticks
4	Wagner's Unoriginals	9	Chocolate Toad
5	Fistful of Sugarcorn	10	King-Sized Wonderbar
6	Bag of Moonbursts		

TRICKS!

Each Omen Card represents a threat which the Guards have noticed that the Goblins haven't yet. Whenever that Omen Card is revealed, the Goblin who revealed it describes the threat it holds, based on the list below. The Guards must each try to resolve the threat by doing Bingos or Whoopsies, ideally without the Goblins ever realizing there was a problem. The Goblin who drew the card can give it to whichever Guard they think did the best job resolving the threat. If the Goblin thinks the threat *wasn't* addressed, or was frightened by the problem, they'll drop half their candy (shuffling half of their collected cards back into the deck) and flee, if appropriate.

- J♦ I spilled my candy, but haven't noticed yet. How do you gather it up before I freak out?
- Q♦ One of the candies in my bag is secretly a bit dangerous. How do you sneak it away?
- K♦ One of the houses slammed their door in my face. How do you make it up to me?
- A♦ I misplace part of my costume, and I'm distraught. How do to help me feel better?
- J♥ When the door opens up, the old woman inside is way too condescending. She pinches my cheek and calls me a little baby! How do you help me assert my agency?
- Q♥ When the door opens up, the grouchy old man inside is scary and rude and gives me barely anything. How do you remind him it's important to be kind?
- K♥ When the door opens up, the wealthy family inside completely snubs me. They clearly are looking down at my costume. How do you help me get revenge?
- A♥ When the door opens up, the stressed-out mom can barely give me anything because she's too busy with ten thousand other things. How do we make her life easier?
- J♣ A pack of strange dogs are nearby. They have slobbering jaws and are definitely dangerous, but I think they're cute. How do you pacify the dogs?
- Q♣ The houses down this street have no lights, and the sound of distant flutes wafts through the air. How do we avoid this section so I don't get hurt?
- K♣ A thin mist rolls across the street, and we suddenly become deeply lost. How do you help us find our way back to the streets we should be on?
- A♣ In the distance we can see an enormous striding skeletal figure, moving through the clouds. Its single eye resembles the moon, and it seems to be looking for something. How do you keep its spotlight from shining on us?
- J♠ A group of kids dressed as monsters invites me to join in a Silly String fight. How do you keep me safe while still letting me have fun?
- Q♠ An older kid dressed in black robes with a terrifying mask stops us. She demands a candy tithe. How do you help her deal with her loneliness?
- K♠ I haven't noticed the ghostly individual that's been following us for the last few houses. How do you get rid of the ghost without me noticing?
- A♠ A gang of older kids "dressed" as zombies, who call themselves the Ghoul Gang, are harassing us. How do you chase them off without picking a fight?

Once all four Aces have been collected, it's curfew time and everyone has to go home. Everyone compares their loot, and the Bed & Breakfast gets a  Jack O'Lantern. Hold onto any Omen Cards you've collected, along with any 8s, 9s, and 10s, as Leftovers for Housekeeping.

CHAPTER 25
*A Mug of
Winter Cheer*
WITH YAZEBA, PARISH, AND ANYONE COZY



In which Parish worries about Yazeba while they drink hot cocoa by the fire.



The Bed & Breakfast had been completely covered in snow for two days, barring entrance and exit, yet somehow no one was miserable. Everyone was bundled up in the coziest sweaters they could find, old-timey music played on the chunky radio, and the lights of the Bed & Breakfast took on a beautiful warmth against the blanket of snow outside. It was perfect, or at least, nearly perfect. All tonight needed was...

“Cocoa’s ready!” Parish called from the kitchen, and from couches and pillow forts the whole Bed & Breakfast descended on the tall steel pot overflowing with rich chocolate, cinnamon, milk, and peppermint. All the mugs were pulled down from the racks and filled to the rim using long ladles. Bowls of handmade whipped cream were quickly emptied and playful accusations of marshmallow theft flew through the air. No one besides Parish noticed what was missing: one tired old witch.

Only on rare occasions would Yazeba leave her study, but Parish found her in front of the fireplace in the parlor, wrapped in a heavy quilt with her feet up on a stool. A hefty old tome was open on her lap. Parish placed a mug of cocoa down next to her, and settled into an antique floral armchair.

“How’s everything holding up?” Parish took a sip from his own cup.

Yazeba was prepared to mutter a “none of your business” or a “why do you care?” before she looked at her cocoa. A gentle line of steam danced up from the rich chocolate, nestled in one of the mugs from the gift shop that was shaped exactly like the Bed & Breakfast, one chimney looped out as a handle. She picked up her cup in both hands, held it close to her face, and felt its warmth.

PENSIVE MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll read through it and select Questions to write down on index cards, then place as many tokens on each of those Questions as the Chapter asks for.

These questions need to be picked away at. Whenever any of us does a Bingo or a Whoopsie, they'll collect a token from one of the Questions, keeping it if they did a Bingo or giving it to someone who can learn from their mistake if they did a Whoopsie.

SMALL COZY COMFORTS

Even if it's cold outside, our hearts are warm. At the start of the Chapter, everyone describes their mug and draws a little picture of it on a card. Put five tokens on each mug. When you remove all the tokens from your mug, tell every other person something you genuinely like about them. If one of these compliments resonates for your character, write it down on a notecard and attach it to your Character Sheet as a Keepsake. Everyone can do these additional Bingos, "Sit by the fire and listen," and "Get comfy."

WHAT CAN I DO?

Yazeba doesn't have friends, Parish knows that, and he does his absolute best to be okay with it. But still even if he's not her friend, she's his, and he's determined to help her however he can. But what does that mean? Parish chooses one of the questions below, or invents his own:

- ⊙ "How can I help when I don't know what's wrong?"
- ⊙ "How do you keep trying even when it's hard?"
- ⊙ "What must I do to feel like I'm enough?"


The question starts with 9 tokens on it. Once all the tokens have been removed, we'll each go around and try to answer the question for ourselves, as best we can. We can choose whether or not to end the Chapter and read *Something's On Her Mind*.

SOMETHING'S ON HER MIND

No one—not even Yazeba—is sure precisely what's on the witch's mind. Maybe talking it through will make it easier, even if some part of her is scared it will make it worse.

Any character can write a question for Yazeba down on a card and put a token on it from their personal collection. Yazeba doesn't have to answer the question in the moment, but she can consider it. Anyone can put another token on that question if they want to press it again.

At any time, if Yazeba feels a question is wrong, she can return all the tokens from the card to the table and destroy the question with a single judgemental phrase.

Once everything else is all set, Yazeba looks over all of the questions left for her. If none of them feel right, she takes all the remaining tokens and retires to her room in brooding silence. If even just one of them feels correct to her, she takes that question and silently puts it with her character sheet. Do not say the answer out loud. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Festive Mug*, and everyone divides up the tokens left on the table. Hold onto any collected tokens for use as Leftovers during Housekeeping.

CHAPTER 23 *The Longest Night of the Year*

WITH GERTRUDE, ANYONE WHO CAN'T SLEEP,
AND THE TERRIBLE CREATURES IN THE WALLS



*In which Gertrude discovers what lurks in the halls of the
Bed & Breakfast on the longest night of the year.*

Gertrude stared up at the darkness of her room, wide awake again. The tiny radiator in the corner was doing its absolute best to keep her as toasty as it could. She was thankful, but no matter how high she cranked it or how many blankets she wrapped around herself she couldn't shake the cold. It was the sort of cold that wormed its way into your bones, and no matter how securely she tucked the blankets under her feet, it found her again.

Ker-lunk. The radiator's pipes shifted, and the sound so surprised Gertrude that she gasped. Another hour passed with her eyes screwed shut, but the longer she lay in the darkness, the more her mind began to play tricks on her. An overflowing laundry hamper shifted into a drooling monster, a tall shelf became a hulking murderer. She pressed her head into her pillow pile.

Sleep was a hopeless prospect, she realized. Maybe if it wasn't so still and empty in her room. Maybe if the window wasn't glowing blue with moonlight. Maybe if the old house would stop creaking and thumping. Maybe if she wasn't so, so horribly alone.

She pulled herself out of bed and grabbed a flashlight.

Surely I'm not the only one who can't sleep tonight, she thought as she pushed her door open. The flashlight cast impossibly long shadows along the wallpaper, and as Gertrude tiptoed into the hall she could feel an icy chill cling to the bottoms of her pajamas.

What Gertrude didn't realize is that, while a few of her friends *would* be awake in these dark and treacherous hours, it wasn't to wander the halls of a witch's house on the longest night of the year. Perhaps if she'd known what sort of creatures might emerge from their hidden cracks and crevices to dance beneath the midwinter moon, she would've burrowed even deeper into her blankets and waited until the sun finally rose.

Instead, she crept gingerly through the halls, trying to convince herself that there *weren't* shapes fleeing the beam of her flashlight whenever she moved it, and that she *didn't* feel watched by a grinning audience just out of sight.

EERIE MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll shuffle a deck of cards and put it where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to push onwards, they can do a Bingo or a Whoopsie and flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card (a Jack, Queen, King, or Ace). If they do a Bingo, they'll flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card from one of the Black Suits (Clubs or Spades). If they do a Whoopsie, they'll flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card from one of the Red Suits (Hearts or Diamonds).

When someone reveals an Omen Card, they'll consult the Chapter's rules to find out what happens next, and hold onto the Omen Card unless the rules say otherwise.

IN THE QUIET OF THE NIGHT

Whenever you reveal an Omen Card from the deck of the Diamonds, Clubs or Spades suit, put all the other cards into the Night Danse pile. Then, one of the following happens:

- J♦ A window creaks, and it startles you. How do you react?
- Q♦ A radiator clunks, and it startles you. How do you react?
- K♦ Your light goes out. How do you react? The next time you draw from the deck, don't look at the cards, and have all the other players tell you when you reach an Omen Card.
- J♣ It's too quiet, and your thoughts are racing. Tell everyone what you're worried about or add 3 index cards to the Night Danse pile.
- Q♣ It's too quiet, and your thoughts are racing. Tell everyone what's keeping you awake tonight or add 3 index cards to the Night Danse pile.
- K♣ It's too quiet, and your thoughts are racing. Write down an insecurity of your character's on an index card, and shuffle it into the deck. When it's revealed, that player reads aloud your insecurity. Explain how they discovered it.
- J♠ You realize something upsetting, in the darkness and the cold. Ask another player what their character is keeping secret from everyone.
- Q♠ You realize something painful, in the darkness and the cold. Ask another player why their character doesn't like you as much as you thought.
- K♠ You realize something grim, in the darkness and the cold. Ask another player what in their character's life is going to come to a conclusion soon.
- A♦♣♠ If this is the second Ace we've revealed in a row, there is a moment of uneasy quiet. Shuffle the Ace back into the deck. Otherwise, read from *The Night Danse*.

LONELY TRAVELERS ♥

Those scattered folks who are awake in the Bed & Breakfast are wandering right now, hoping desperately to run into each other, feeling that particular late night feeling when you hope you're not the only one awake.

At the start, everyone except Gertrude picks one of the Hearts cards. Those are all Omen Cards (even if they're not one of the traditional Omen Cards). Before someone's card is found, that Character is wandering on their own—cut between them and the main group. Whenever one of them is flipped, that means that character ran into and found Gertrude, and they're now traveling together. They hold on to their card, and don't put any other non-Omen Cards that were flipped over into the Night Danse pile.

Nobody may pick the Ace of Hearts.

THE NIGHT DANSE

The Ace cards are a sign that whoever drew them has stumbled upon the terrifying Night Danse, a parade of shadowy creatures that live behind the wallpaper.

The first and second time we reveal an Ace (as long as it's not the second Ace in a row!), gather up the Night Danse pile. Going around one at a time, each player does one of the actions below. Each time they do, remove two cards from the pile. Once you've emptied the pile, shuffle all the cards that were in the Night Danse pile back into the deck.

If your character is in the scene, you can choose to:

- ⊙ Do a Whoopsie, to no avail.
- ⊙ Do a Bingo, to no avail.

If your character isn't in the scene, you can choose to:

- ⊙ Describe the shadows on the walls, cackling and dancing.
- ⊙ Describe the light in the window, turning and capering.
- ⊙ Describe the banging of the radiator.
- ⊙ Describe the creaking of the house.
- ⊙ Describe the scrabbling of claws.
- ⊙ Describe one of the horrible creatures that dances in the Night Danse (less is more!)

The third time we reveal an Ace, there's a moment of uneasy quiet. Keep putting cards into the Night Danse pile. If there are any more friends wandering the Bed & Breakfast that Gertrude and company haven't run into yet, they'll bump into each other now.

When the final Ace is revealed, the Night Danse reaches a fever pitch. Resolve it the same as before, and then everyone must describe how they get to safety. When Gertrude finally manages to fall asleep the Chapter ends and the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🔦 *Flashlight*. Hold onto any Omen Cards you've collected to use as Leftovers during Housekeeping.





THAT'LL DO SAL'S ARRIVAL

The runaway was aware that he looked ridiculous. He pressed his hands against his drab gray skirt, and tried in vain to tuck his red tie back into his sweater vest. Stumbling out of the taxi, he caught a glimpse of his round, sweaty face in its mirror and dug into his bag for a comb. But all he could find was a cheap pack of gas station cigarettes.

Contraband.

He'd made it all of two weeks at Saint Olga's Preparatory School for Beautiful Souls before needing a vacation.

Just a short vacation, he thought to himself, clutching his sticker-covered guitar case and overstuffed luggage containing every trace of his former life. *The sort of short vacation you don't even bother telling your parents about because you'll be back at school before they know it.*

The taxi sped off and was gone, leaving him on the verge of a lawn so choked with weeds you might as well call it a field, staring down the white porch of an unfamiliar bed & breakfast.

The steps creaked as the runaway climbed them, paint peeling off onto the soles of his flats, and the screen door groaned. He brushed past the countless posters and HELP WANTED signs pasted against the windows, until he found himself staring at an empty desk in the midst of an empty foyer.

Well, not quite empty—there was a bronze service bell on the desk, along with a truly untidy folio emblazoned with the words “GUEST BOOK.”

It took the runaway ten minutes to work up the nerve to ring the bell, and the sound of it made him flinch, echoing uncannily through the entire house. (Somehow the cat didn't even stir).

A wood panel on the far wall slid open, and two bulbous eyes peered out at the runaway. Their owner croaked, “Boss, we have a customer!” The intense aroma of sizzling spices spilled into the foyer through the slit.

“Another one? Forms afire Parish, can’t you deal with them!” A sharp and unkind voice rang out from somewhere high above.

“Not unless you want the whole house to starve.”

The teen nearly leaped out of his uniform when an avalanche of faux furs and tangled hair swept past him and settled into position behind the front desk. “You’re looking to stay here, kid?”

“Err, yes. I mean, that’s the point of a Bed & Breakfast, right?”

“Hmph,” the woman’s lips snarled in a way that left the runaway unsure if that was actually what a Bed & Breakfast was for. “What should I call you?”

He winced. “Sal—”

“That’ll do.” She wrote the first three letters of his name down in the guestbook, and over the course of the sentence, it became true. “How long are you staying?”

“Just for the weekend. I have to go back to school on the 17th.”

She clicked the pen twice, waiting, and Sal floundered in the sudden silence.

“I mean, that’s all the money I have on me, I can’t afford more than a couple days—”

She cut him off. “I’ll put you down for one of the residential rooms. We can talk payment later. A young man like you would be a welcome addition to the staff.”

Sal smoothed down the rumples in his skirt, and despite all the stress in his bones, felt a smile creep across his face. *I could get used to this.*

And that is the story of how Sal, aspiring musician and roustabout supreme, came to work as the night porter at Yazeba’s Bed & Breakfast.



Tracks & Shelves

Assorted Tracks

If you have Leftovers for marking a Track, and your Journey doesn't have one, you can always mark up one of the Tracks here. If we run out of Tracks here, the Concierge can invent more.



Once this track fills up, the Bed & Breakfast gets a greenhouse. Who takes care of it? Jot down a new fact about it in their Facts About Me.



Once this track fills up, the Bed & Breakfast gets a book club. Who started it, and who joined? What's the first book we're reading? Jot down a new fact about it in their Facts About Me.



Once this track fills up, the Bed & Breakfast gets a sewing machine. Does anyone know how to use it? Who wants to learn? Jot down a new fact about it in their Facts About Me.






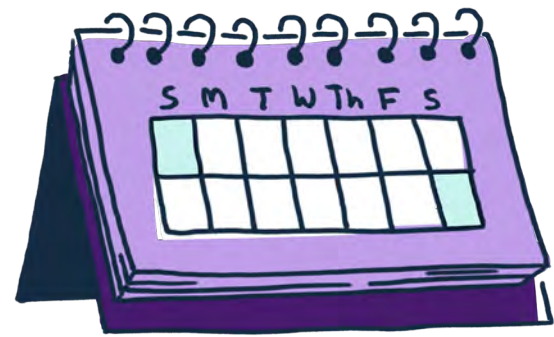
Once this track fills up, let's have a pizza party! Who's placing the order? Where are we going to eat the pizza? Who can make it?






Once this track fills up, let's have a pizza party! Who's placing the order? Where are we going to eat the pizza? Who can make it?



Once this track fills up, a mysterious and secret package arrives! The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Book Of Magic*.



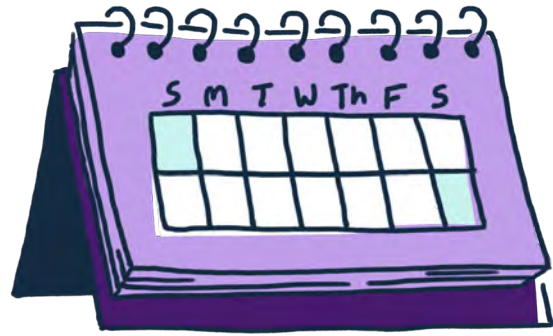
Once this track fills up, a package arrives! The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Decorative Mug*, a  *Brand New Book*, or a  *Seashell*. Erase the track and tell everyone who your package is from.



Once this track fills up, the Bed & Breakfast gets a new coat of paint. Erase the track and tell everyone what color it is now. Does Yazeba approve?



Once this track fills up, the Bed & Breakfast gets the roof retiled. This isn't exciting, but it's gotta happen. Set a reminder for ten years from now, and erase this track when it goes off (because we need to retiler the roof again).



Once this track fills up, unlock the esteemed author Edmund Wakeman on *pg. 182*.



Once this track fills up, unlock the famous adventurer Wren Snow on *pg. 205*.



Once this track fills up, unlock the roving biker Alex Dullaghan on *pg. 170*.



Once this track fills up, the Bed & Breakfast gets a jacuzzi. Where does it go?



Once this track fills up, the Bed & Breakfast gets an electric kettle. What color is it?



Once this track fills up, the Bed & Breakfast grows a new room. Erase the track and tell everyone what the room's intended purpose is. How did this room emerge?

shelves

THE FRONT DESK

The lobby of the Bed & Breakfast is what you might call “cozy” if you were feeling generous, or “disorganized” if not, as it tries to pull triple duty as a reception area, lounge, and breakroom. The room is as overstuffed with furniture as its armchairs and couches are with cushioning, but dominating it all is the massive mahogany front desk, its polished surface still gleaming beneath a decade of scuff marks and neglected coaster usage.

Despite housing the guest book (and the Bed & Breakfast’s massive old “business computer,” and, often, Sal’s lunch,) the front desk has plenty of space for knick knacks and curios, tucked between the displays for local business’s flyers and a trough of complementary hard candies.



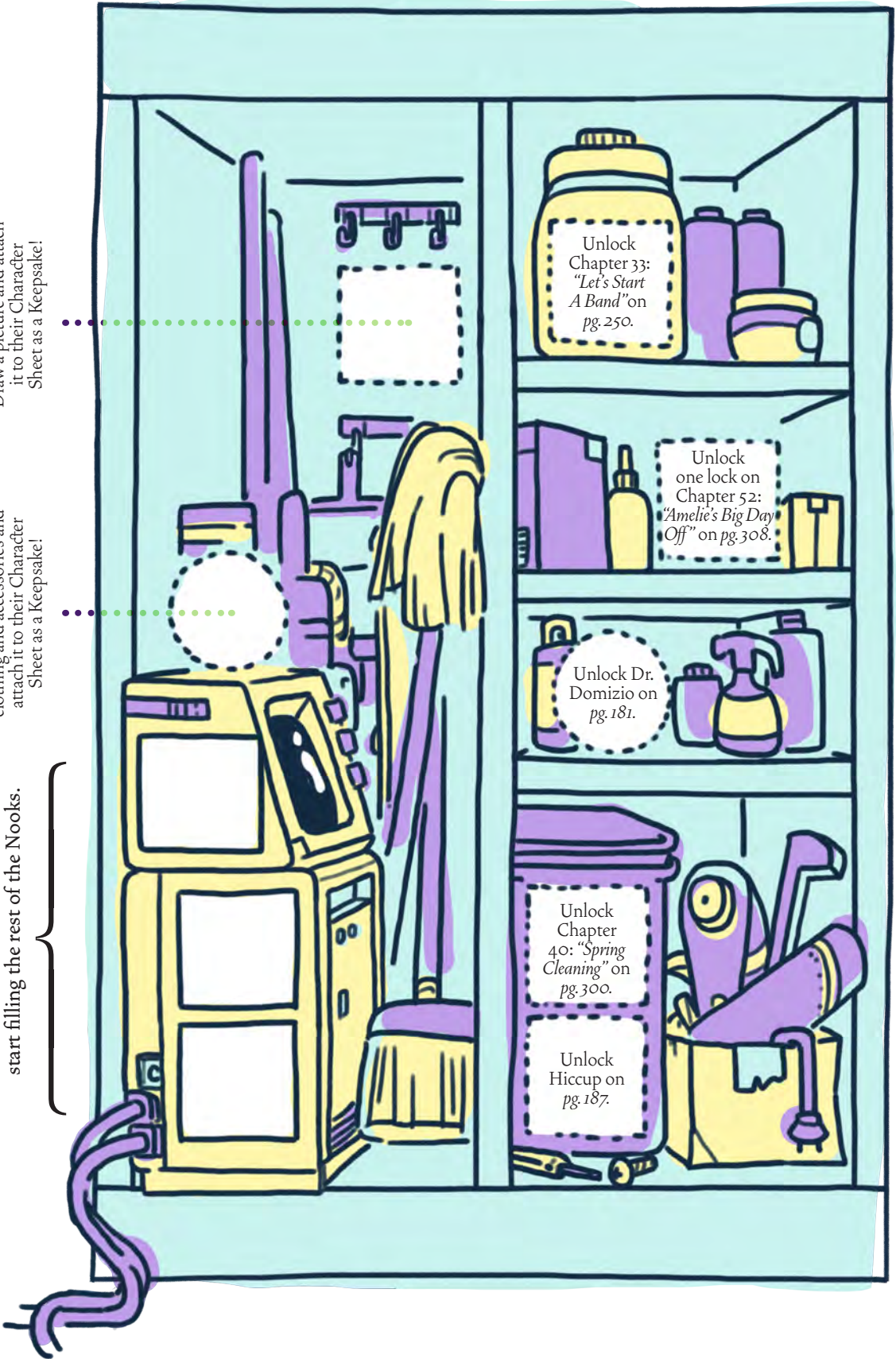
Once we fill these Nooks with Mementos,
 Unlock Muckleby on *pg. 194*, and we can
 start filling the rest of the Nooks.



Once we fill these Nooks with Mementos, Unlock Chapter 15: "Shovel's At Dawn" on pg. 246, and we can start filling the rest of the Nooks.

Amelie begins to curate a wardrobe. They keep their new clothes in the utility closet. Draw some of their favorite clothing and accessories and attach it to their Character Sheet as a Keepsake!

Gertrude and Amelie decorate the utility closet. Draw a picture and attach it to their Character Sheet as a Keepsake!



Unlock Chapter 33: "Let's Start A Band" on pg. 250.

Unlock one lock on Chapter 52: "Amelie's Big Day Off" on pg. 308.

Unlock Dr. Domizio on pg. 181.

Unlock Chapter 40: "Spring Cleaning" on pg. 300.

Unlock Hiccup on pg. 187.

THE UTILITY CLOSET

The utility closet is Amelie's domain, where they power down once their seemingly endless tasks are complete, and where their scant few treasures and articles of clothing—if they have any—are kept. This dusty old room doesn't seem like much, and it's certainly crowded with things no ordinary person would keep next to their bedside, like bleach and vinegar, mops and brooms, and anti-curse water and anil mal de ojo dye.

But among all the emergency supplies, below the shelved box of replacement parts and extra attachments that Amelie came with, is a little stand where Amelie can sit, rest, and recharge. To power down means they have a chance to finally sleep—maybe even dream...

Once we fill these Nooks with Mementos, Unlock Chapter 44: "The Tomtom Hunt" on pg. 242, and we can start filling the rest of the Nooks.



Parish gets a new kitchen appliance! Does it bake bread? Fry air? Something even more culinarily arcane? Draw a picture and list its uses, and attach it to his Character Sheet as a Keepsake!

Parish masters a new recipe, and it becomes his signature dish. Write the recipe down and attach it to his Character Sheet as a Keepsake!

Unlock The Zappamoschi Circus! on pg. 207.

Unlock Chapter 46: "The Midnight Mushroom Hunt" on pg. 272.

Unlock one lock on Chapter 52: "Ameli's Big Day Off" on pg. 308.

Unlock E. Vermi Boletus on pg. 183.

THE PANTRY

Oh, what a feast we have in store! A variety of produce awaits for Pafish's preparation, laid out patiently on several cutting boards. Every necessary instrument, from carving knives to an apple corer, is out and ready for use. Before such a hefty meal can be made, there's one last thing on the chef's list—the spices!

Inside the Bed & Breakfast's infinitely sprawling pantry lies every seasoning, both known and unknown. All one has to do is seek them out; that and hoist themselves up to the rafters in search of rarer delicacies, kept far away from the more accessible shelves. Does this meal call for floral notes of ginger and thyme, or more pungent, indescribable ones? If so, it may be time to climb...

THE FLOOR OF SAL'S STATION WAGON

The bed of Sal's dilapidated station wagon is a treasure trove of sensory experiences. Crumpled cans of both the energy-boosting and alcoholic variety act as the van's very own aluminum carpet, crunching with each of his passenger's steps. Smaller trinkets can be spotted too, if one is up for playing I, Spy: discarded guitar picks and broken strings, an empty harmonica case, a tattered notebook bound in red twine, the harmonica in question.

Dozens of local show flyers poke their way through the sea of metal. Most of the sheets of cheap printer paper have eroded over time, marring the already barely legible font of band names. One flier can still be read clearly though, kept pristine at the farthest reach of the dashboard and away from years of foot traffic—'Wormstonk 19xx'?

SMOKE BREAK

A young Sal looked out across the overgrown front lawn of the dilapidated Bed & Breakfast, his cigarette warm in his hand. He heard the screen door open and close again. "Hey Yazeba."

Yazeba leaned against the wood. "Good afternoon, my apprentice—ahem. Sal." She held out one hand, and he passed her the box with the lighter. She cupped her hand around the cigarette, sparked the lighter, and took a deep drag. When she exhaled, it felt like her soul left her body along with the smoke. "I didn't mean to lose my temper earlier."

Sal steeled his eyes staring at the treeline, and adjusted his binder. "It's okay. You're right, Vyra *has* been distracting me from my studies. It's hard to focus on witchcraft when you have a girlfriend."

"So are you still—"

"I meant it when I said I don't want to be your apprentice anymore."

Yazeba breathed in and out. "Well. That's a shame. I suppose you'll be off to wizard school, then."

Sal shook his head. "No, I don't want to go to college either. I think maybe I'm tired of magic. I just want to be me. Drive around the country with Vyra and the van for a bit, try to get top surgery, see what the world has to offer."

Yazeba ashed her cigarette thoughtfully, sitting in judgment, and finally said, "Good."

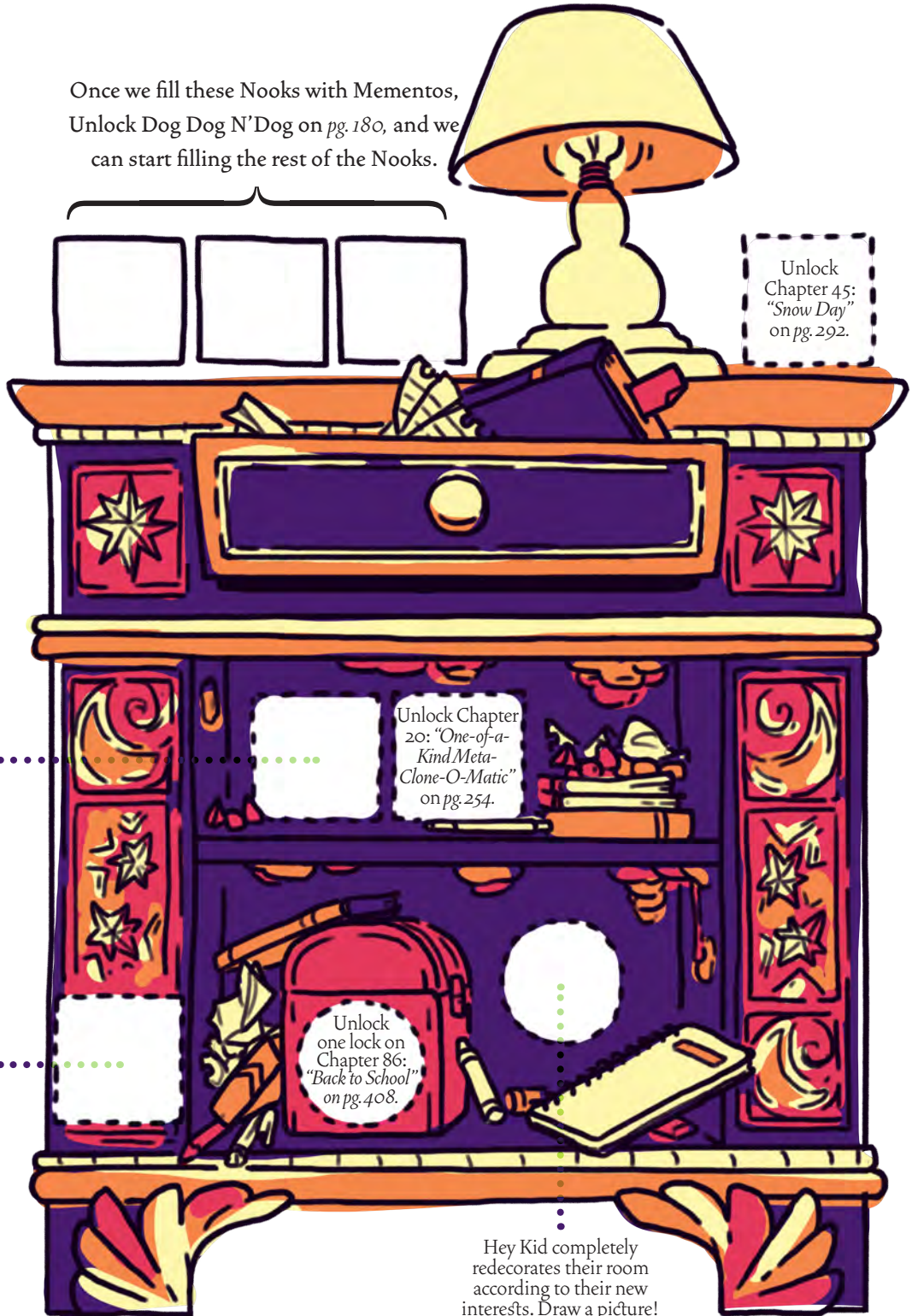
"Good?" Sal repeated.

"You've always been too bright to waste your life on magic, anyway. Just... know you'll always have a bed here. If you need it."

Sal laughed, and wiped a tear of relief from his eye. "I'm not gonna be gone for that long, don't worry. I'm sure I'll be here knocking on that door and asking for my job back before you know it."

"You won't have to ask, Sal." Yazeba looked over at him. He couldn't remember ever seeing her smile before.

Once we fill these Nooks with Mementos, Unlock Dog Dog N'Dog on pg. 180, and we can start filling the rest of the Nooks.



Hey Kid completely revamps their wardrobe, pronouns, and style according to their new interests. Draw a picture!

Hey Kid's new babysitter gets them obsessed with video games. Update their Facts About Me, and unlock Xanther Erimyes on pg. 206.

Hey Kid completely redecorates their room according to their new interests. Draw a picture!

HEY KID'S NIGHTSTAND

On the side of Hey Kid's very untidy bed sits their brightly colored nightstand. The forgotten relic, peppered with splinters and charred edges, was handed down from Yazeba's own collection. Hey Kid's vibrant paint choice transformed the suspiciously burnt piece of furniture anew, and now it houses everything a demon child could ever need in the middle of the night—crayons, crumpled sketch paper, and even a secret stash of sweets. Even more special is the hidden rainbow of wadded up chewing gum stuck on its underside, like softened stalactites forming where no adult would ever look.

YAZEBA'S STUDY

A witch's study is as dangerous as it is mysterious. Among the nazar amulets, oil lamps, and old scarves (with constellations both known and unknown) sits a dusty typewriter and a fancy ceramic ashtray, its pattern smudged by countless cigars. A few stickers from Hey Kid's stealthy unsupervised forays into the study can be found on the spotlessly polished desk. (Amelie does not hold Yazeba in fear, and Yazeba perhaps trusts them not to fuss with anything they shouldn't. In any case, the robot knows better than to touch any of the charts and diagrams on the walls when cleaning.)

Yazeba spends more time in this dimly lit study than anywhere in the Bed & Breakfast, evidenced by the well-worn grooves where her wooden chair scrapes across the old hardwood floors, and little shiny spots on the desk where she habitually taps her fingers. When the chair sits empty, on those occasions that Yazeba sees fit to grace the rest of the Bed & Breakfast with her company, the desk waits, lonely, for its mistress's return.

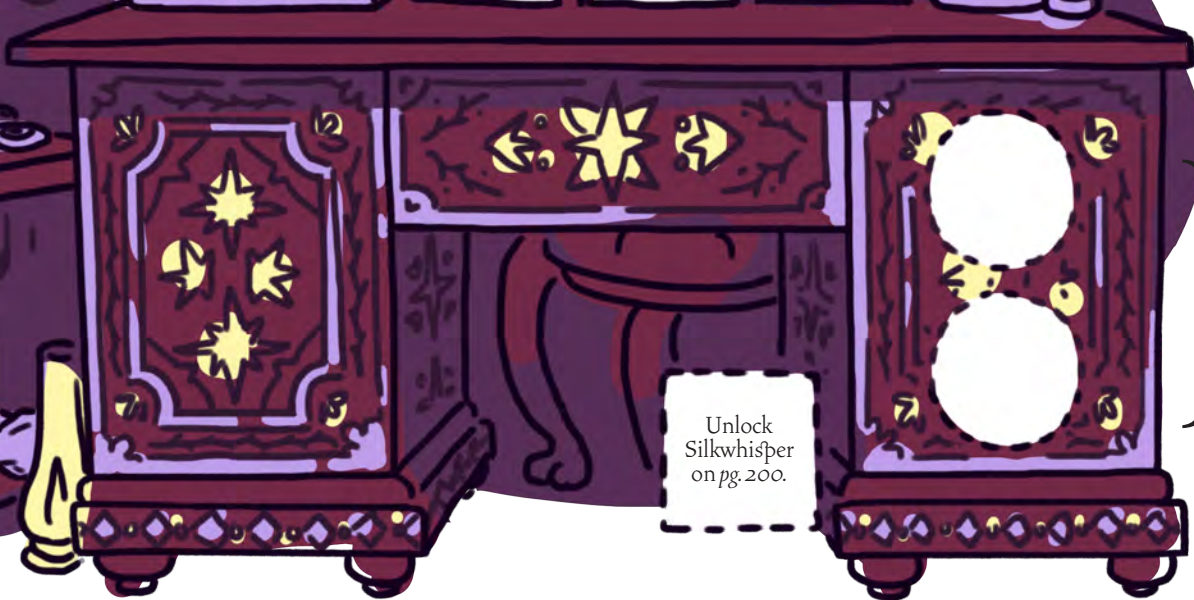
Unlock Chapter 90: "The Witch's Old Hostel" on pg.394.



Unlock Merv Larkin, Freelance Librarian on pg. 193.

Unlock Agate Aventurine on pg. 168.

Once we fill these Nooks with Mementos, Unlock Chapter 29: "The Remodeled Library" on pg. 214, and we can start filling the rest of the Nooks.



Unlock Silkwhisper on pg. 200.

Unlock Chapter 77: "Yazeba Casts A Spell" on pg. 358.



Once we fill these Nooks with Mementos, Unlock The Moon Prince on pg. 166 (as they crash into the field next to the pond) and Chapter 27: *"Snickerry Season"* on pg. 218. We can start filling the rest of the Nooks.

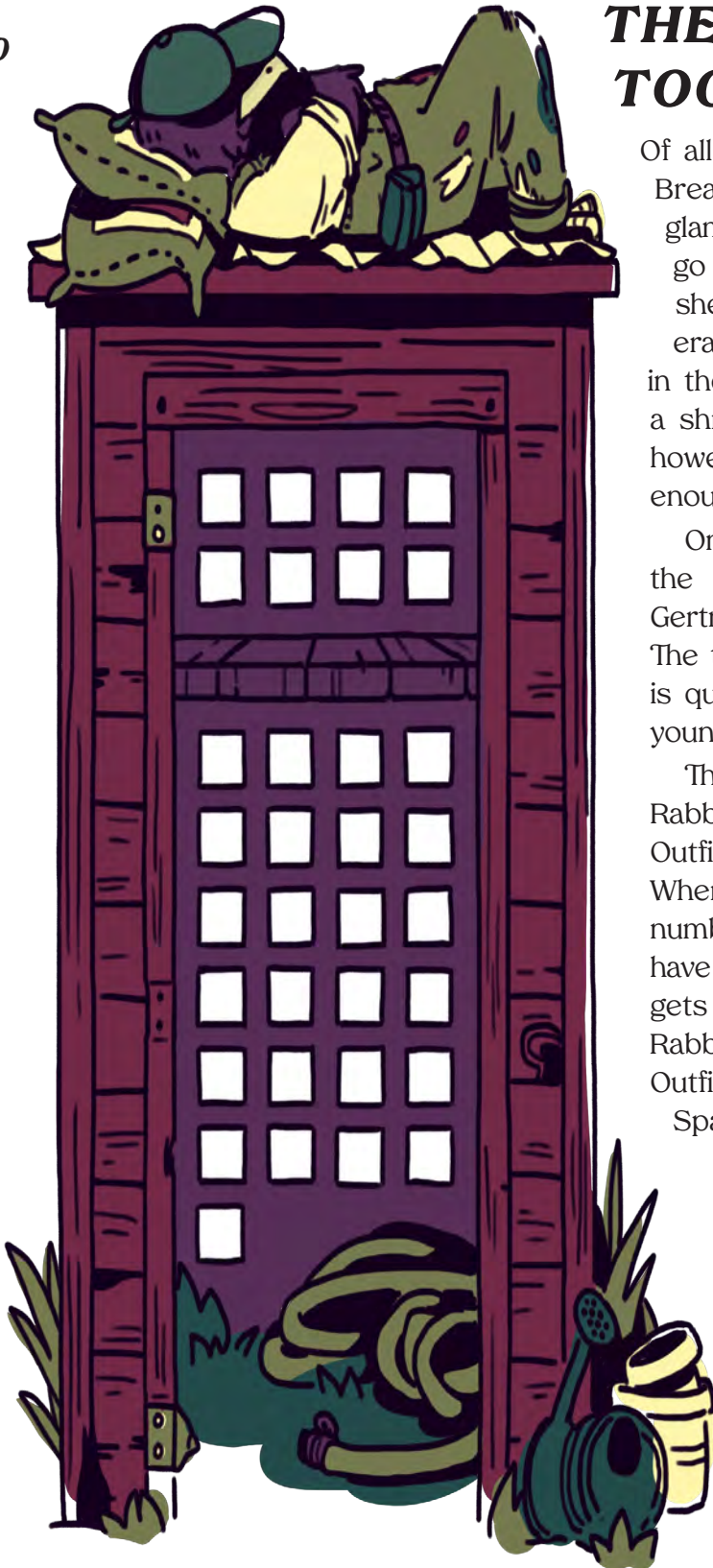


Unlock
Chapter 42:
"Moon Prince
Gets A Job" on
pg. 316.

THE BACKYARD

Behind the Bed and Breakfast lies a comfortable jumble of porch, patio, lawn, gardens, tall grass, and various outbuildings, all enclosed in a private hollow in the haunted woods. It has space to run and jump and kick a ball and drink iced tea. The forest swallows enough noise that even a real ruckus gets muffled enough not to disturb anyone asleep in their rooms.


Perhaps most importantly, there are so many places for a growing child—or perhaps a secretive witch—to hide their treasures: in the gnarled old stump, under the patio, inside the piping of the porch swing, beneath loose stones, and down a dozen holes the Rabbits have abandoned.



THE GARDEN TOOLSHED

Of all the magical wonders the Bed & Breakfast housed within its walls, less glamorous attachments could easily go ignored. One such outlier, the toolshed, is of average size and below-average appearance, its wooden slats in the beginning stages of dry rot. To a shrewd young woman like Getrude, however, the structure still holds enough forgotten charm to explore.

Once she pries open the door, and the inevitable coughing fit subsides, Gertrude surveys the dusty interior. The toolshed is all but forgotten, but it is quiet, and quiet is exactly what the young witch needs most of all.

There are 33 illustrations of the Rabbits In The Garden Who Wear Little Outfits scattered throughout the book. Whenever you find one, write the page number into one of the Nooks. Once all 33 have been found, the Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Magnifying Glass* and the Rabbits In The Garden Who Wear Little Outfits can replace their Journey with a Spare Journey if they would care to.

THE GIFT SHOPPE

There was a new door in the lobby, next to the old brick fireplace.

It wasn't all that unusual, in the Bed & Breakfast, to discover a door where there'd previously been none. In fact, Gertrude had already gotten used to how the hallways warped around her, and how counting floors going up and down the stairs yielded an inconsistent number. But the new door was different, polished glass, with a hanging sign that proclaimed "GIFT SHOPPE."

She spent the entire day pointedly ignoring it, looking at it sidelong as she passed by for meals and chores, and abandoning her usual reading corner in the lobby. But as always, Gertrude's curiosity won out over her worry. As the last light of day gleamed in the windows, she took a deep breath and pushed her way inside. A fairy chime tinkled as she entered.

It was an oddly-shaped room, wrapped around the lobby in a way that defied logic, and absolutely crammed full of knick knacks, gewgaws, t-shirts, and treasures. Immediately she spied an "I ♥ VEILRIDGE" t-shirt; a mug shaped like the Bed & Breakfast itself; a baseball cap advertising the Ibbotson Patch. On one table a clockwork ballerina spun atop a tiny music box surrounded by their sleeping siblings, and one wall displayed a dozen framed vintage movie posters showing a beautiful gorgon posing in a revealing gown, all of them signed.

"May I help you find something?" Monday asked. They had appeared as if from nowhere, with dust swirling around their wings in the fading sunlight. "I was just about to close up shop, but of course I can always make time for you."

Gertrude trailed a finger along a dusty postcard on a rack. It had a year on it, but nearly a decade out of date.

"Has the Bed & Breakfast had a gift shop this whole time?" she asked. "Why have I never noticed it before?"

"Well, my dear," Monday bobbed, a gentle, sorry smile on their face, "You've never had any money."

Once we fill these Nooks with Mementos, we can restore the basketball court enough to shoot some hoops. Unlock Bud Woodruff on pg. 174, and we can start filling the rest of the Nooks.



Someone dug the VHS player out of the garbage and got it working, and once a week Sal drives down to the movie rental place to pick up some tapes. Unlock Max Levy & Little Smiling Suzy on pg. 191.

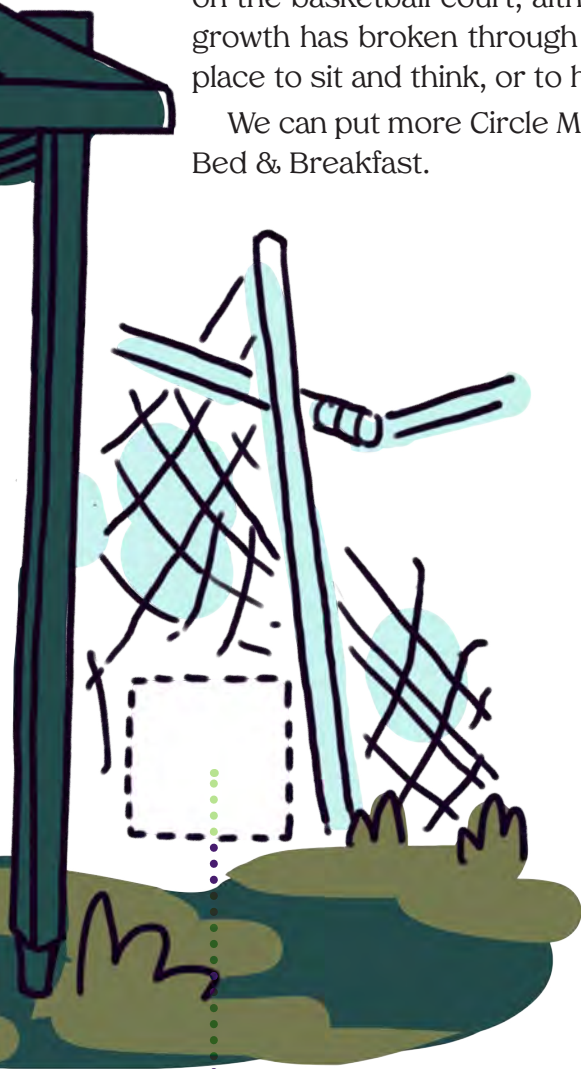
Someone cleans the dirt off of the sign pointing the way to the Bed & Breakfast. Unlock T.H.E.M. on pg. 202.

THE ABANDONED BUS STOP

Across from the Bed & Breakfast and down the road a ways, there's an old bus shelter with ivy growing up its plastic siding, obscuring a faded advertisement for a realty company. It houses a worn wooden bench, the stubs of a dozen melted candles, and less graffiti than you'd expect. A grass doll charm hangs from the roof by twine.

Back when the county bus service still ran through this part of town, it was common for local kids to clamber over the torn chain-link fence behind it and play on the basketball court, although now only one hoop is left standing and a tangle of growth has broken through the asphalt. The air here is still and quiet; an excellent place to sit and think, or to hide your treasures.

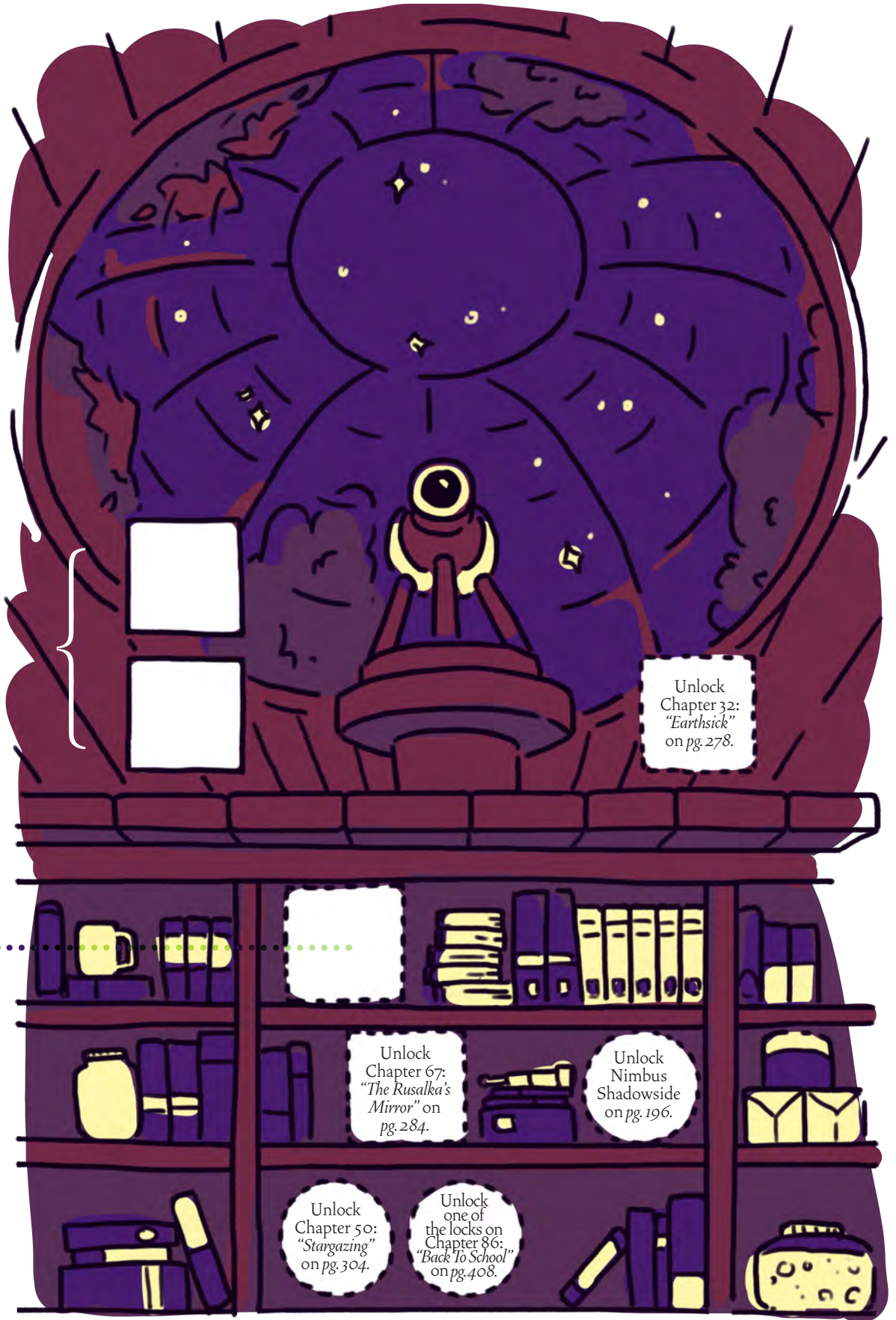
We can put more Circle Mementos here to welcome a wayward Guest back to the Bed & Breakfast.



We can salvage most of an above-ground pool from the junk behind the bus stop! Unlock Lucille McRoss on pg. 190.

Once we fill these Nooks with Mementos, Unlock Bremb on pg. 173, and we can start filling the rest of the Nooks.

The Moon Prince decorates the Attic to make it feel like their own. Draw a picture and attach it to their Character Sheet as a Keepsake!



This shelf is locked, but if a visitor from the night sky ever adopts the attic as their hideout, we can start filling out the nooks below.



THE ATTIC OBSERVATORY

Somehow, against all logic, every view of the Bed & Breakfast's skyline is visible through the domed window of the observatory. Regardless of your positioning, there are no blindspots in this lofty tower. The stars above are as visible and close as the palm of your own hand. The moon begins to rear its head for the evening, in direct opposition to its setting twin; and you view them both simultaneously. While staring out through the glass at the many constellations up above, it's easy to forget that you're tethered to this planet, yourself—or that its rules apply to you.

Once we fill these Nooks with Mementos, unlock Chapter 2: *"The Night Market"* on pg. 262, and we can start filling the rest of the Nooks.



Gertrude finds, steals, or is gifted some new clothes. Draw a picture & attach it to her Character Sheet as a Keepsake!

Gertrude finds, steals, or is gifted more new clothes. Draw a picture & attach it to her Character Sheet as a Keepsake!

GERTRUDE'S BACKPACK

There were many things about Gertrude's life before the Bed & Breakfast that she longed to leave behind. Some she had no choice but to carry with her, but others were willingly archived. Her backpack did well to store the latter of these memories—like the scrunchie she swore to finally wear once her hair got long enough, or the half-empty bottle of perfume she'd plucked from a relative's bedroom before making her grand escape. There was even a crochet hacky sack settled at the very bottom of the bag, punctured and missing half of its beans. Gertrude didn't look at these treasures often, but it was a comfort to know they were there if she needed them.





GERTRUDE'S BOOKCASE

The empty room was finely appointed in pastels and earth tones, with a warm wooden floor and a bed piled high with soft fabric and throw pillows, no two the same. It had a wardrobe and a vanity (though the mirror was missing?), but the most arresting furnishing by far was the polished floor-to-ceiling bookcase, carved with a vine and leaf pattern that bore engraved masks like fruit. There were no books on its shelves...yet.

“Wow,” Gertrude said, crouching to hold the dustpan while Amelie swept. “Whoever this suite is for, I hope I get to meet her.”

This shelf is locked, but if Gertrude ever gets her own room at the Bed & Breakfast, we can start filling out the Nooks with Mementos.

Unlock Chapter 1: "Another Birthday for Gertrude" on pg. 350.

Gertrude finds, steals, or is gifted a new favorite book. Draw a picture & attach it to her Character Sheet as a Keepsake!



Yazeba gets Gertrude access to hormones, if she wants.

Unlock one lock on Chapter 86: "Back to School" pg. 408.

Gertrude finds, steals, or is gifted a poster of a favorite movie, band, or celebrity crush. Draw a picture & attach it to her Character Sheet as a Keepsake!

Unlock Chapter 98: "Home" on pg. 418.

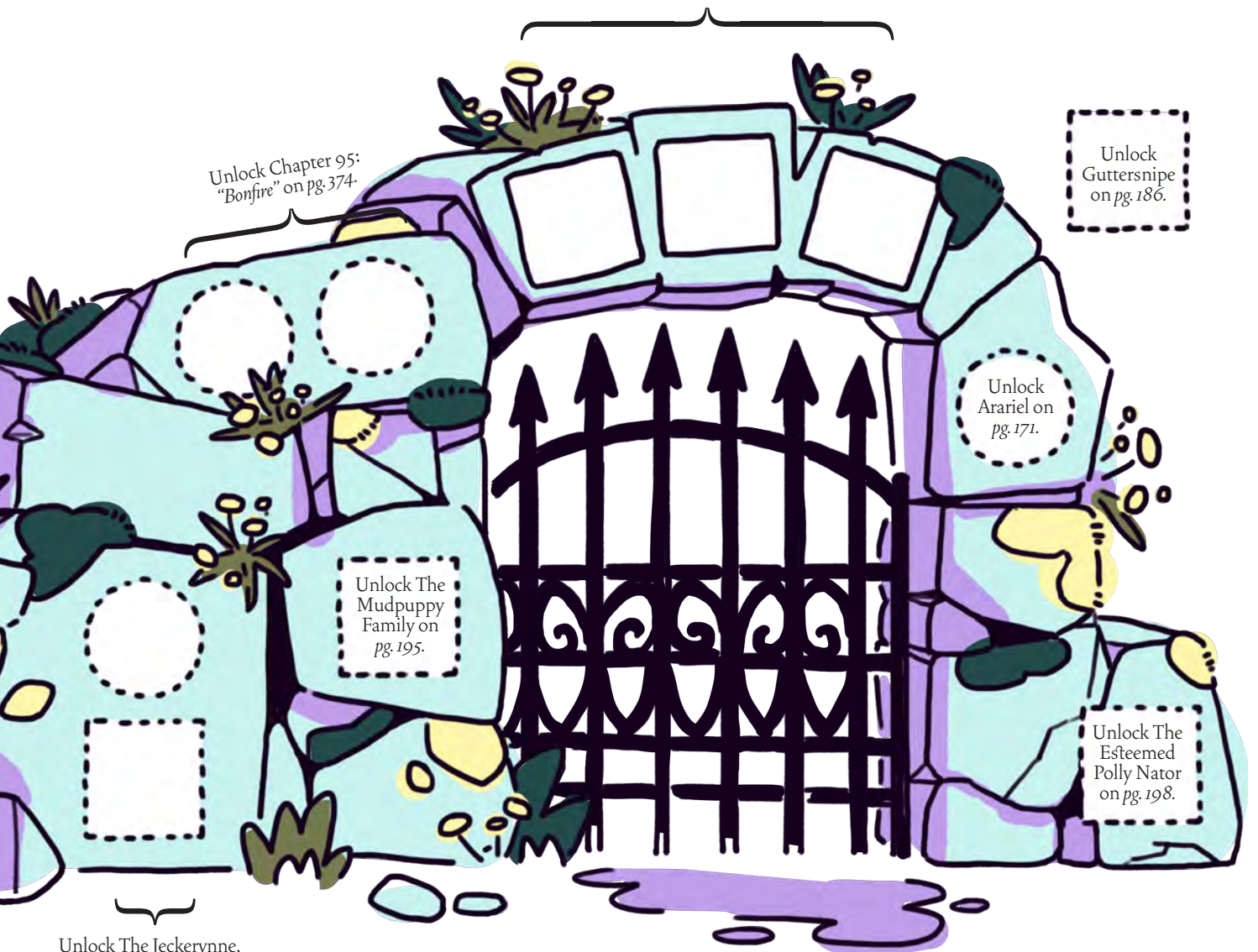
BY THE GATE IN THE OLD STONE WALL

The fields and forests of Veilfidge are criss-crossed by uncounted stone “walls,” mounds of loose rock a few feet tall that once marked the property lines of farms, but now meander in and out of the undergrowth and even the earth itself, vanishing for a stretch of hill only to reemerge a dozen yards later. Some of the walls, like Yazeba’s, still mark a boundary...not between farms, but between realms.

The gate is taller and sturdier than the wall itself, though no less old; its hinges are the most modern replacement, and even they’re venerable with rust. Yazeba sometimes festoons the arch’s keystone with dried flowers, chimes, or other markers (the purposes of which are known only to her), but there are plenty of gaps in the stonework and along the wall for other ornaments and offerings.



Once we fill these Nooks with Mementos,
 Unlock The Stag Of The Great Hunt on pg. 201,
 and we can start filling the rest of the Nooks.



Unlock Chapter 95:
 "Bonfire" on pg. 374.

Unlock
 Guttersnipe
 on pg. 186.

Unlock
 Arariel on
 pg. 171.

Unlock The
 Mudpuppy
 Family on
 pg. 195.

Unlock The
 Esteemed
 Polly Nator
 on pg. 198.

Unlock The Jeckerynne,
 if you dare open the
 forbidden envelope.



Locked Characters

CRASH LANDING MOON PRINCE'S ARRIVAL

I'm almost free. That's what the runaway kept muttering to themselves, a mantra that made the cold hum of the royal sports-ship they'd hijacked seem more encouraging. They glanced in the mirror out the rear deflector field, and watched the silvery crescent of their home getting smaller and smaller in their solar wake.

A flowing voice, smooth as quicksilver, floated from the intercom. "There you are, darling!"

The runaway gulped. She only ever called them darling when she was angry. "Come back to the palace, and we can forget this ever happened."

They were frightened, and their fear demanded that they say "Yes, mother," and to go back to the cold, blue court and be a perfect, obedient royal child. But they reached over and turned the communicator off, and stared straight ahead at the growing blue dot.

Misery moves slowly. Years can pass by in a cold, slow fog. Other things, things like planets you're barreling toward in a spacecraft you can barely fly, move very, very fast.

The next thing the runaway knew, they were lying in the smoldering wreckage of a crashed spaceship, surrounded by flaming chunks of metal and coated in a thick layer of ash. And there was a girl looking down at them through a simple mask.

"Uhhh..." she said, "Did you just fall from the sky? Are you okay?"

The runaway nodded groggily, and the girl planted her stocky legs and helped heave them through the escape hatch, standing them on soft soil where their feet felt heavier than they'd imagined. They would soon learn that the girl's name was Gertrude, and the two of them would become as dear of friends as anyone could be.

They leaned on her, and she peered up incredulously at their crown. “Are you some kind of prince?”

The question made them laugh. “Yes,” said the Moon Prince.

At the top of the field all manner of strange and beautiful people poured out of a building unlike anything the Moon Prince had ever seen. It was run-down and disorderly, and even from here they could tell the paint was peeling. It was the sort of place the queen would never have permitted to exist on the moon. According to every single rule the Moon Prince had spent their life internalizing, it was an ugly building, full of ugly people, in the midst of an ugly world.

As the Moon Prince looked out at wonders in every direction, at the rich bright colors that saturated their new planet of residence: the striking green of the trees, the brilliant pinks and golds of a sunset warped by a deep blue sky. They felt their heart thrumming too fast in their chest, and managed to sigh just one thing right before they fell face-first into the grass:

“I made it.”

And that is the story of how the Moon Prince came to live in the uppermost attic (by the old telescope) at Yazeba’s Bed & Breakfast.

THE MOON PRINCE



THE RUNAWAY PRINCE OF THE MOON KINGDOM,
WHO USES THEY/THEM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: The planet Earth is amazing and full of surprises,
you want everyone to like you, you feel nervous or unsure.



FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ I was raised to become the next ruler of the Moon...but I'm never going back.
- ☉ My mom always kept me safe from harm...by monitoring every second of my life.
- ☉ Earth is the most beautiful place I've seen...but I've been getting sicker and sicker here.
- ☉ I've always been clever and well-read...it's embarrassing to know so little about Earth.
- ☉ I try to be cheerful and caring...because I'm a people pleaser who is terrified of conflict.
- ☉ I'm happy here at the Bed & Breakfast...but I'm scared to be a burden.

BINGOS:

- ★ Share a bit of knowledge that people didn't know I know.
- ★ Utilize my princely diplomacy and grace.
- ★ Keep myself or someone else safe—even if it's against the rules.
- ★ Question or examine something Earthlings take for granted.
- ★ Make myself useful.

WHOOPSIES:

- ✖ Try way too hard to make someone else like me.
- ✖ Embarrass myself with my own enthusiasm.
- ✖ Mess up something I thought I could handle.
- ✖ Forget about Earth money.
- ✖ Forget about Earth gravity.

THESE ARE MY STARS!

Cross them out, fill them in, circle them, add more, or whatever else you want, whenever feels right.



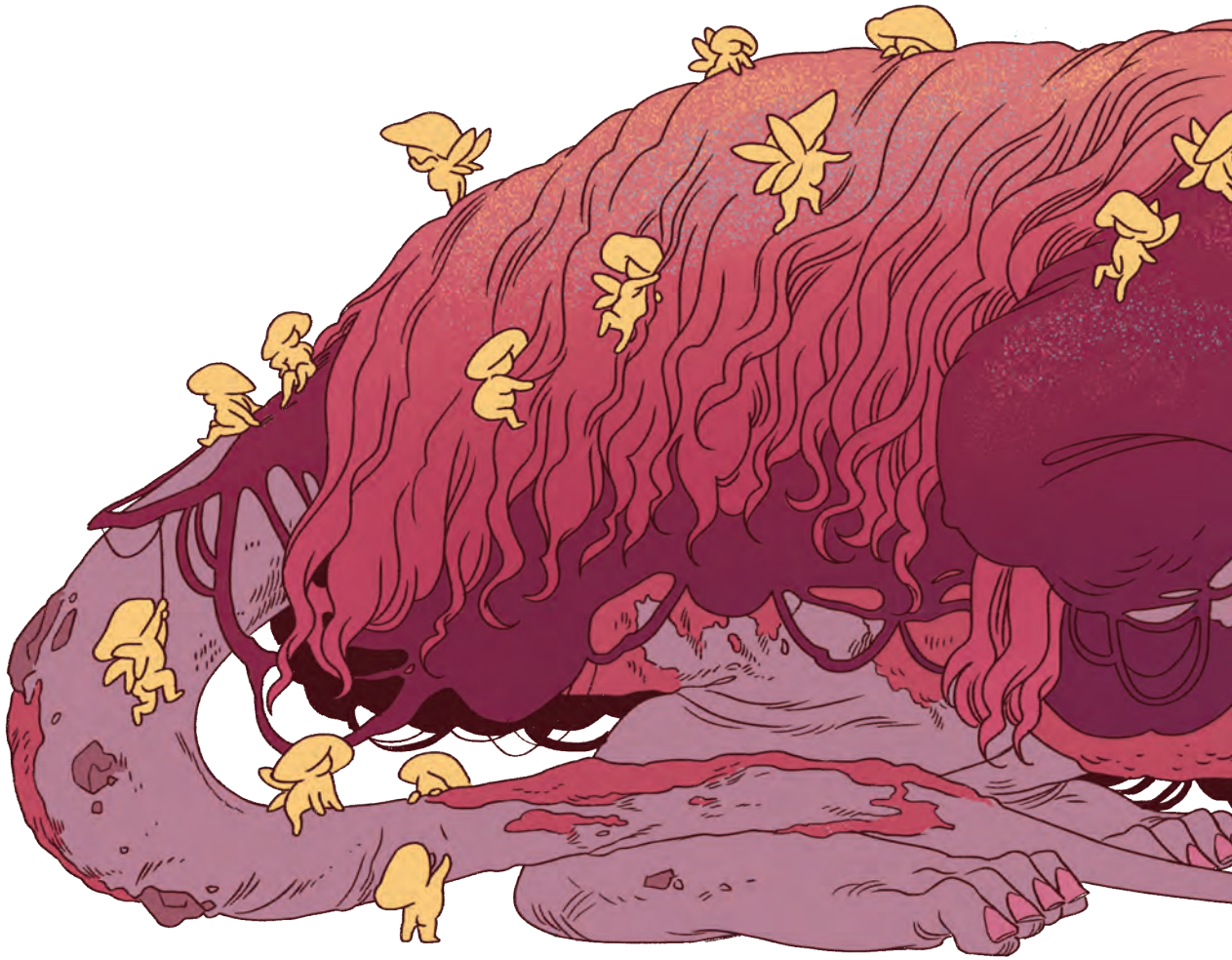
STRANGER on a BLUE PLANET

Hi there! I'm new here (again, so sorry about the crater!), but I'm sure we're going to be fast friends. I had a lot of friends on the moon, but I didn't fit in that well, if that makes sense?

But Earth will be better! I'll check these off as they happen:

- I made an Earthling friend! (_____)
- I observed a strange new Earthling ritual that I still don't understand.
- I realized how little I really know about life outside of the Lunar Palace.
- I observed a strange new Earthling ritual, and explained why it's so exciting!
- I successfully pretended to be an ordinary, non-royal Earthling.
- I told someone about what I miss most about the Moon.

Once all of these are checked off, I'll replace this Journey with "Double Gravity."



AGATE AVENTURINE

AN ANCIENT TROLL OF THE OLD MOUNTAINS, WHO YOU REFER TO USING YOUR OWN PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: A slow and steady presence is needed, a kindness must be done, Yazeba needs a friend.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ I am the youngest of all the mountain trolls, and while I might seem impossibly slow to all these mortals, I am considered far too impulsive by my limestone kindred.
- ☉ Yazeba and I became friends when she fled her home and took shelter among the trees. I taught her the names of all the stones and creeks, and she taught me how to play checkers and the music of Louis Armstrong. I swear by the soil, I *love* Louis Armstrong.
- ☉ Before Yazeba sold her heart away, she told me she would always love me, even if she could no longer remember it. She can be cold to me sometimes, but I won't stop being her friend. It's in times like these that one needs a friend the most.

**BINGOS:**

- ★ Listen to all the little things in the world.
- ★ Love someone else, no matter the circumstances.
- ★ Shelter someone beneath my shade.
- ★ Sing the old troll-song, and remind the rocks how to sing it, too.

WHOOPSIES:

- ✦ Anchor myself in the dirt.
- ✦ Lose track of time.
- ✦ Move very, very slowly.
- ✦ Perform an act of true magic (which only serves to make things worse).

I have no Journey. Whenever I have leftovers after a Chapter, I can name them and transform them into tiny spirits of the stones, waters, roots, or bones, drawing a picture of each on a scrap piece of paper. At the end of each Chapter I'm in, I can decide to leave. If I do, I'll write a goodbye letter to Yazeba with anything I want to tell her (and instructions on how to contact me), paperclip it to her character sheet, and leave the Bed & Breakfast. She can invite me back whenever she'd like, by following the instructions in my letter.

ALEX DULLAGHAN



A HEADLESS BIKER BUTCH WHO USES SHE/HER OR HE/HIM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: *Everyone feels really cool, we wanna play with danger, someone needs a fide somewhere.*



THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ My dad was a headless horseman, a regular Sleepy Hollow kinda guy. He taught me all the tricks of the trade, and even bought me my first horse—although I wasn't good with horses.
- ☉ I've spent decades driving up and down old interstates with my flaming skull-adorned motorcycle (named Ichabod) and my spine-carved whip, delivering terrible omens to the soon-to-die and flirting with cute girls at bars.
- ☉ I'm taking a break from the rigamarole of my nomadic lifestyle and spending some well-deserved rest and relaxation. I'm thinking about getting good at knitting.

BINGOS:

- ★ Hold my head up high.
- ★ Rev my engine and get someone where they need to go.
- ★ Show everyone how to do a cool trick.
- ★ Spark a flame in the darkness.

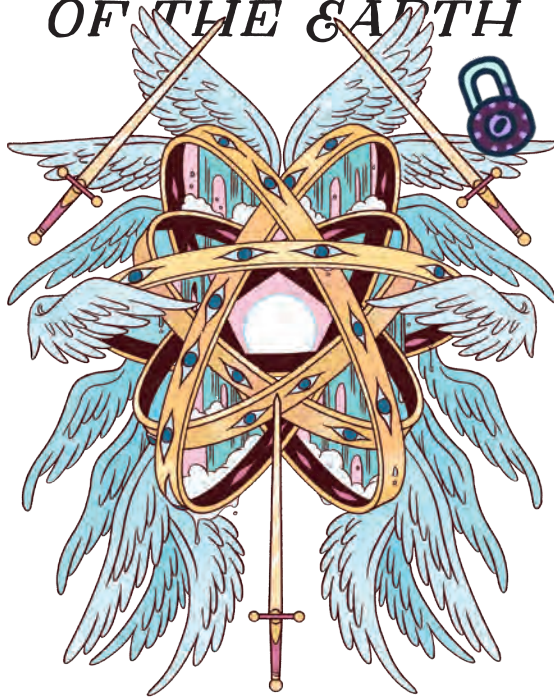
WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Deliver some bad news.
- ⚡ Act aloof and disconnected.
- ⚡ Lose my head and freak out.
- ⚡ Ride off into the night on mysterious business.



At the end of each Chapter I'm in, you can draw a tattoo on my arm to represent a meaningful experience I had during that Chapter. Once I'm out of space for new tattoos, it's time to hit the road again—I leave, gifting the Bed & Breakfast a 🏍️ *Motorcycle Helmet*. Maybe we'll run into each other again, out on the open road?

ARARIEL, ANGEL OF THE WATERS OF THE EARTH



A MIASMA OF DARKEST BLUE LIGHT SURROUNDED BY SIX SPINNING WHEELS COVERED IN EYES AND EIGHTEEN WINGS WIELDING THREE FLAMING SWORDS, WHO USES ONLY A NAME AND NO PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: the nearby waters are cleansed by daily rains, a celestial advisor would be appreciated, you are feeling as old as you are overwhelmed.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ Though the Waters always require attention, I enjoy birdwatching whenever I get a break.
- ☉ In the absence of the Presence, I fear connection greatly and commitment even more.
- ☉ I am an able swordsangel, but prefer to use diplomacy or stay out of conflict.

BINGOS:

- ★ Provide comfort to those who seek it.
- ★ Sift through all possible futures to see what others need to see.
- ★ Feel confident enough in my aid or advice to supply it, unprompted.
- ★ Blaze and spin.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Instruct others not to be afraid, in the scariest possible way.
- ⚡ Give useless and vague advice cloaked in incomprehensible metaphors.
- ⚡ Shapeshift to a vaguely human form to avoid unnerving someone.
- ⚡ Become overwhelmed by the overload of visual information my 1818 eyes give me.

MY JOURNEY



Dedicate my leftovers to Truth if I witnessed truth, to Light if I witnessed light, and to Joy if I witnessed joy. When my Truth Track fills up, I gift the Bed & Breakfast a *Flaming Sword of Truth* and disappear into the sky, happily rejoined with a Presence. When my Light Track fills up, I gift the Bed & Breakfast a *Shimmering Saber of Light* and disappear into the dark, gratefully rejoined with a Presence. When my Joy Track fills up, I gift the Bed & Breakfast a *Blazing Blade of Joy* and disappear silently. Weeks later, all the fisherfolk by the sea report sights of a new fisher they've never met.

BETHSY



A SPOILED WHITE CAT WHO
USES SHE/HER PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: there's treasure to covet, a puzzle to fixate on, or I seem like I might be the culprit.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ I'm a quarter sphinx, on my mom's side, which is why I'm so obsessed with puzzles.
- ☉ The Bed & Breakfast is rumored (by me, mostly) to contain a fabulous treasure, which I will stop at nothing to discover and possess.
- ☉ I tried to eat Parish, once. I'll never admit that he's tougher than me, but I certainly won't be trying it again.

BINGOS:

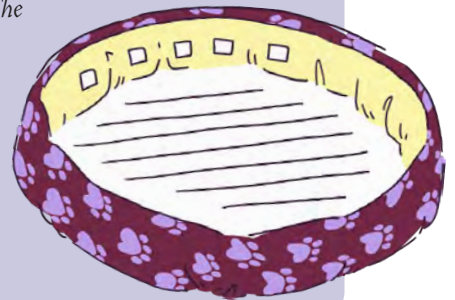
- ★ Pounce on something I deserve.
- ★ Go wherever I please.
- ★ Show them I am not to be trifled with.
- ★ Curl up around someone and purr.

WHOOPSIES:

- ✖ Play with my prey.
- ✖ Get into something I really shouldn't.
- ✖ Be thwarted by a lack of thumbs.
- ✖ Swish my tail and squint my eyes.

MY JOURNEY

At the end of each Chapter, consult my map on Chapter X (“The Fabulous Hidden Treasure”—if you can find it) to see if I can rule out any of the potential locations of Yazeba’s hidden treasure. Whenever my track fills up, erase it, and I’ll take a cat nap. Write down the spot I chose for my nap, because it’s Mine, now. If I ever have 8 or more spots in the Bed & Breakfast that are Mine, I’ll have forgotten about the treasure. Lock Chapter X and I’ll get a Spare Journey.



BREMB



A NEPTUNIAN OCTOPOID THAT USES ZEYIEM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: *The sky is clear and full of light, you're fascinated by Earth culture, there's a scientific explanation for this.*



THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ The easiest way to tell an Earth octopus from a Neptunian is that Earth octopuses have two little eyeballs instead of one big one. (I am happy to explain the many more subtle differences any time someone is confused.)
- ☉ I love movies! Especially Earth comedies about your concept called “family.”
- ☉ I’m collecting humorous bumper stickers for my ship. So far I’ve got “I reverse thrusters for ice rings,” and “If you can read this, your universal translator is working!”

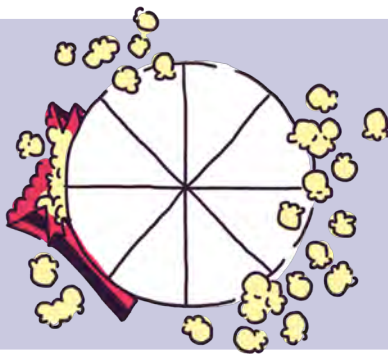
BINGOS:

- ★ Appreciate something that native Earthlings overlook.
- ★ Juggle up to eight things at once.
- ★ Gift someone a piece of convenient Neptunian technology.
- ★ Be flexible.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Enthusiastically misunderstand an Earth custom.
- ⚡ Latch on to something and refuse to let go.
- ⚡ Assume my superior Neptunian science can solve Earth problems.
- ⚡ Wriggle my way into something.

MY JOURNEY



I’m on the run for smuggling popcorn from Earth to Neptune (because popcorn’s illegal there). When my Track fills up, erase it, and the galactic police come looking for me. If I use a clever disguise to pass myself off as an Earthling, I’ll give the Bed & Breakfast a ☹️ *Beagle Puss*. But if you decide that they catch me, I’ll leave the B&B, leaving behind a 🚫 *Ray Gun*.

CHAPTER X: THE FABULOUS HIDDEN TREASURE

WITH BETHSY, UNDERFOOT THE BED & BREAKFAST



In which Bethsy snoops out the untold riches that are hidden away somewhere in the Bed & Breakfast by barging into various other chapters.

The smell of dry leaves was settling into the corners of the Bed & Breakfast, as well as of little scurrying things, seeking warm shelter in its foundations. And if your nose was as sharp as mine, there was the faint—but tantalizing!—scent of gold.

“Ahhhhhh, excuse me,” I ruffled my long, beautiful fur before leaping up to eye level with him. “It’s a pleasure to make your acquaintance. *I am Bethsy*, the world-famous treasure hunter, and I have something of a business proposition for you.”

The silly porter shook his head and tried to shoo me off of the front desk, but I sidestepped him onto the keyboard. Accepting that there was nothing he could do to remove me, he said, “I told the last cat who came in here: Yazeba has a lot of old junk, but *THERE IS NO TREASURE.*”

I trilled a little tut-tut and licked a paw, idly. “Just because you haven’t found it? Doesn’t mean that I won’t. I’ll give you a 10% cut if you’ll tag along and hold my tools...open doors...”

“I’m working right now,” Sal grouched. He didn’t *look* busy. “Wait. Tools?”
“We’ll split it 80-20, then.”

THE MAP

Whenever I check a room, follow its instructions and cross it off. Once all the rooms have been investigated and all the clues found, I can discover the true location of the treasure.

The Living Room

It would be easier to search if Hey Kid wasn't screaming so much! Play Chapter 5, "*Another Rainy Day*," with me as one of the characters. If Hey Kid doesn't explode at the end of the chapter, I can concentrate enough to get a clue, and cross off a spot on my map.

The Kitchen

I'm sure there's a clue somewhere, if only everyone would stop cooking over my head. Play Chapter 11, "*The Breakfast Feast*." If I can steal 5 or more snacks from the chefs, I can discover a clue as to the location of the hidden treasure, and I can cross off a spot on my map.

The Laundry Room

Ugh, it's a mess in here! Is it always this bad? Play Chapter 10, "*Wash Cycle*." If I help out Gertrude or Sal enough, they might give me a clue as to the location of the treasure, and can cross off a spot on my map.

The Basement

I've finally gotten Parish to open the basement door! Play Chapter 6, "*Lights Out*." If I can meet a Dracula, it can give me a clue as to the location of the hidden treasure, and I can cross off a spot on my map.

The Garden

My map seems to suggest it might be buried in the garden. Play Chapter 12, "*Who Knows How A Garden Grows?*" If I can get someone to draw four X's in a little square, somewhere in the garden, then I uncover a vital clue, and can cross off a spot on my map.

The Halls

The halls of the Bed & Breakfast are creepy at night, even for me. Play Chapter 9, "*The Longest Night Of The Year*." I cannot find a clue here, no matter how hard I search.

The Outdoors

I've been swept up on a fishing trip! Play Chapter 17, "*Gone Fishin*." If I can catch a suitably talkative fish, it can give me a clue as to the location of the hidden treasure, and I can cross off one a spot on my map.

The Library

If only this room was unlocked, but that wretched witch has the key. I can't check here until Chapter 16, "*The Remodeled Library*," is unlocked. If I can convince Yazeba to let me take out a book about treasure-hunting, I can read it and cross off a spot on my map.

X

Once every other location has been ruled out, I'll finally discover the true nature of the treasure. I'll answer these questions myself, or ask them of the group based on what we've learned from our escapades:

- ⦿ Is there actually treasure in the Bed & Breakfast?
- ⦿ Where was that treasure to be found?
- ⦿ What was the *real* treasure that I found along the way?

At this point, the Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Treasure Chest*, and I'll choose a New Journey.

BUD WOODRUFF



AN ALRAUNE BRØ, WHO USES THEY/ THEM AND HE/HIM PRØNØUNS



PICK ME IF: *The vibe is chill as hell, it's time for some sick stunts, my bros need me.*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ I would die for my bros; I would carry them through the desert. If you know how to hang, I would climb a mountain for you. If you can chill, I would run into a burning building.
- ☉ I don't really care much about being all smart and stuff.
- ☉ I bloomin' love my mom, dude! (She's a hangman tree.)

BINGOS:


- ★ Solve a problem with athleticism and enthusiasm.
- ★ Know the answer to a question, surprising everyone.
- ★ Tell someone how much I respect them, and why.
- ★ Blossom.

WHOOPSIES:

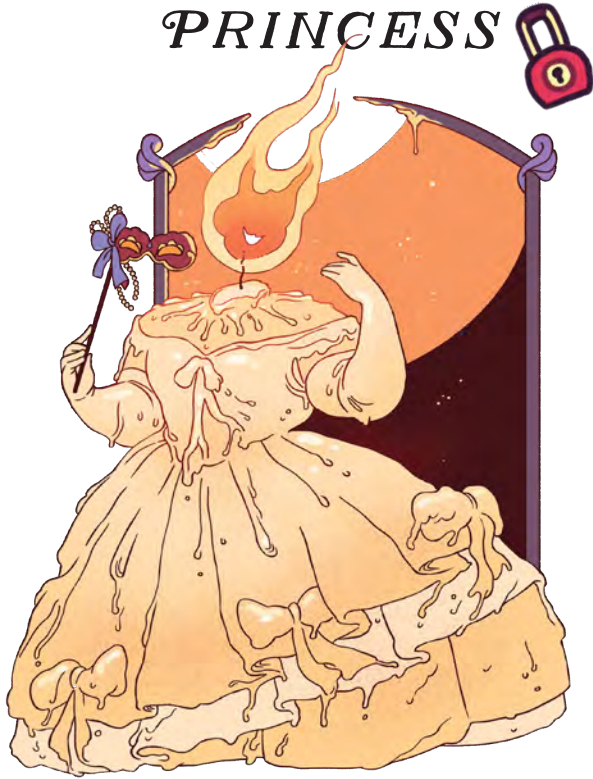
- ⚡ Act too tough or play too rough.
- ⚡ Take a foolish physical risk and face the consequences.
- ⚡ Fundamentally misunderstand what's going on.
- ⚡ Chug some sports drinks, brewskis, or blood.

MY JOURNEY



I'm waiting to hear back from some colleges to see if I'm gonna get a sports scholarship! When my Track fills up, I'll ask one of my bros if they think I'm gonna make the cut. Erase my Track and write down their answer. After three Yeses, I give the Bed & Breakfast a  *Little White Flower* and leave the B&B to go play ball! After three Nos, I'll go home to momma disappointed. Either way, I can return next summer, with a Spare Journey and a new Bingo or Whoopsie that shows how I've matured.

THE CANDLE PRINCESS



A ROMANTIC FAIRY PRINCESS MADE OF WAX WHO USES SHE/HER PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: *It's a beautiful night, you have warmth to share, Gertrude is brooding mysteriously.*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- 🕯 I was raised in the Rushlight Court, and princressing suits me very well. I have never given it much thought.
- 🕯 Yazeba, my godmother, was so kind to me when I was little...though now she scares me, a bit.
- 🕯 I speak slowly and with perfect enunciation, even though I find it tiring.

BINGOS:

- ★ Move through the world with grace and dignity.
- ★ Illuminate something hidden.
- ★ Warm someone with my presence.
- ★ Blaze with the power of my convictions.

WHOOPSIES:

- 🕯 Be surprised by hardships I was sheltered from.
- 🕯 Melt for someone.
- 🕯 Seek shelter from wind, water, or rejection.
- 🕯 Flicker out, becoming stiff and cold.

MY JOURNEY

I tend to latch onto people who're going through something tough. Give the object of my attention (Gertrude, when you meet me) all of my leftovers at the end of each Chapter. Whenever the object of my attention changes Journeys, I may pick a new person to fixate on—cross out my old friend's name in my "Pick Me If" section and write them in instead. When that section becomes too messy, give me a Spare Journey and I'll give the Bed & Breakfast a 🕯 *Scented Candle*.

CROOKNECK THE PUMPKIN BOY

Crookneck the Pumpkin Boy sat at the very top of the hill overlooking the cornfields. It was a crisp autumn day on this particular September 15th, and the accursed scarecrow watched the stretch of farmland below happily with his hollowed eyes. An intricate pathway had been cut through the husks and leaves to form a new corn maze! Just below his perch, Crookneck could hear the muffle of others' giggles and hushed conversations, unaware of the innocent eavesdropper above. The closer the travelers got, the more Crookneck began to excitedly pogo in place. Though he wasn't able to verbally join them, there were other ways of communicating—some much more endearing than talking, anyway.

"This way, c'mon!" Hey Kid squealed, their bottomless well of energy careening them towards yet another dead-end. Gertrude lagged further behind, her newfound cynicism coming through after several failed attempts to find the true exit path.

"You said that last time," the teen droned pitifully, already anticipating the blisters forming on her heels. Hey Kid jetted off regardless, yelling about how they were "sure of it" this time. Alas, the pair was met with another wall of maze, frustrated snarls and exhausted sighs leaving them both in tandem. Before Hey Kid could decide whether to take off through the brush regardless, they were stopped by a rustling behind them. Gertrude turned in horror, instinctively bracing herself in front of the younger demon at her side. But what burst forth from the mass of corn was none other than the reanimated, bouncing pumpkin boy himself!

They followed Crookneck's confident hops, chasing him toward the end of the maze and laughing in relief all the way.

GROOKNECK THE PUMPKIN BOY



A SILENT SCARECROW ON A STICK
WHO USES HE/HIM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: *Everyone's outside, people are having fun, you want to play someone who doesn't talk.*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ I was once a normal scarecrow who watched over a big farm. Things were nice back then—simple and easy. I still miss that family.
- ☉ One day while doing my job I frightened a powerful witch who had taken the form of a crow. She cursed me with the ultimate curse—self-awareness.
- ☉ I hop around the countryside, making friends and getting up to misadventures.

BINGOS:

- ★ Bounce up and down in place.
- ★ Point out something people missed.
- ★ Tell a funny joke without saying a single word.
- ★ Scare off crows or other unwelcome assailants.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Struggle to make myself heard.
- ⚡ Bounce around ineffectually.
- ⚡ Scatter hay everywhere.
- ⚡ Get stuck.

I have no journey! Any leftovers I have, I give away to other people. Whenever another guest leaves the Bed & Breakfast, I can give the Bed & Breakfast a spare 🎃 *Jack O'Lantern* and leave with them, returning if and when they do.

THE DABROWSKI FAMILY (LILY & HER DAD, BILL)



AN EXHAUSTED YOUNG WIZARD-
IN-TRAINING WHO USES SHE/HER
PRONOUNS. AND HER OBLIVIOUS DAD

PICK US IF: It's a good chance
for a father/daughter bonding
activity, there's a lot of chaos
afoot, things aren't too serious.



THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT LILY:

- ☉ I've been studying to apply for wizarding school since I was 9, and my dad's been supportive even if he has no clue what I'm doing.
- ☉ My dad doesn't know magic is real, and thinks Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast is a normal resort for eccentric folk, perfect for a family vacation before I go off to college.
- ☉ I love scrapbooking, using long words when short words would do, and (secretly) trashy vampire romance novels. My dad loves barbeque, football, and (secretly) overdramatic reality TV.

BINGOS:

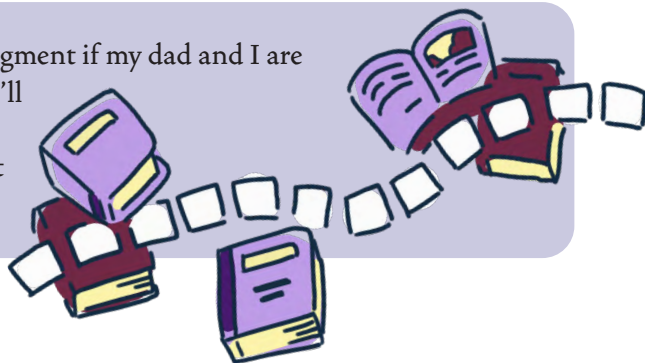
- ★ Lily proposes an idea based on a book she read.
- ★ Lily comes up with a quick solution to a sticky problem.
- ★ Lily indulges in her goofy side.
- ★ Bill happens to do just the right thing.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Bill interpretes whatever is going on (no matter how magical) as something mundane.
- ⚡ Bill makes what's going on about him.
- ⚡ Bill bumbles into trouble and doesn't even realize it.
- ⚡ Lily takes herself way, way too seriously.

OUR JOURNEY

At the end of each Chapter fill in an extra segment if my dad and I are closer to each other now. Once it fills up, we'll give the Bed & Breakfast a 🍖 Football, and leave the Bed & Breakfast. Unlock the Guest *Magus Liliana Quicksilver Dabrowski.*



DEMI GORGONE



A MEDUSA MOVIE STAR WHO USES SHE/HER PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: *There's glamour in the air, there's pampering to be had, someone's a huge fan.*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ Threatened by my beauty, a council of gods cursed me with dry scales, sharp claws, and a head covered in slithering serpents. Obviously, that backfired on them. Gods are always 100% wrong about what is and isn't fashion.
- ☉ I'm known for my enormous collection of bold designer sunglasses: hearts, strawberries, butterflies, the paparazzi will never catch me without them. I think you can probably buy them on my website?
- ☉ I've been widowed six times, but my astrologer assures me that the seventh time's the charm. Either way, it's not like spouses are hard to come by.


BINGOS:

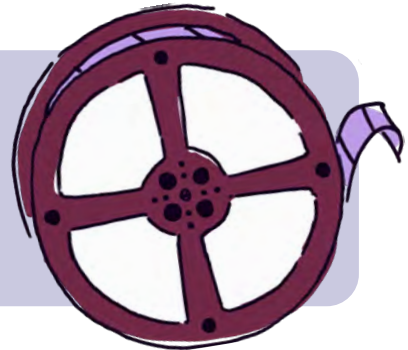
- ★ Shine my spotlight on someone else.
- ★ Stop a problem in its tracks with a glance.
- ★ Take someone under my wing.
- ★ Attract solutions just by being present.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Make everyone look at me.
- ⚡ Demand luxuries that aren't available.
- ⚡ Make someone feel dull and gray.
- ⚡ Lounge and let the little people worry about...whatever's going on.

MY JOURNEY

When my Track fills up, I erase it all and my agent calls me with a new project. If I'm interested, I'll give the Bed & Breakfast a  Signed VHS and be flown to a distant and exotic location. I can return to the Bed & Breakfast if the Concierge hosts a movie night.



DOG DOG N'DOG



A CERBERUS PUPPY FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL, WHO USES ANY PRONOUNS

PICK US IF: Hey Kid needs a pet, you want to roll around in the mud, you don't feel like talking right now.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT US:

- 🐾 Growl! (*We were sent from the darkness of the deepest pits of hell to protect the spawn of evil, known to mortals as "Hey Kid," and to guard them from the armies of good.*)
- 🐾 Bark! (*We patiently await the day our ward is ready to seize the Skull Throne and descend the steps of Tartarus, and at that point we shall consume the world in flame.*)
- 🐾 Arf! (*But for now we're just a puppy, and we love belly rubs and treats.*)

BINGOS:

- ★ Fetch something important.
- ★ Snuggle up to someone and comfort them.
- ★ Stare with our big puppy dog eyes.
- ★ Bark loudly to scare away dangers.

WHOOPSIES:

- 🐾 Tear up the surroundings.
- 🐾 Assume someone is playing a game.
- 🐾 Whine and growl for attention.
- 🐾 Bark loudly to scare away nothing at all.

We don't have a journey. Any leftovers we get, we give to Hey Kid (or whoever is actually taking care of us, if Hey Kid isn't). If Hey Kid ever gets sick of us, we can choose someone new to adopt us. If we do, the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🐾 Chewed-Up Toy and we get a Spare Journey.

DR. DOMIZIO

AN ELDERLY TINKERER WITH A LOVE FOR ROBOTICS. WHO USES THEY/THEM PRONOUNS



PICK ME IF: *Amelie (or another machine) needs repairs, my toys can help, I can work on my projects.*



THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ I've dedicated my life to the creation of beautiful toys and clockwork creations, from tiny dolls to massive machines. I even made the robot that this place calls Amelie!
- ☉ I've been called "The Grandpappy of Robotics." At least one of my inventions or techniques can be found in every robot or human-like machine.
- ☉ I went into retirement after my beautiful toys were used as weapons of war by a corrupt society, and have dedicated the rest of my life to making pretty things that can't harm anyone.

BINGOS:

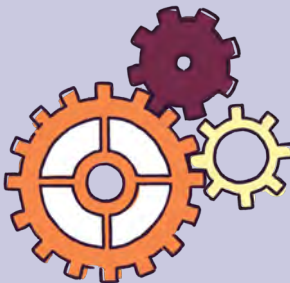
- ★ Reveal an invention that can help.
- ★ Pull out my box of tools.
- ★ Offer someone a beautiful gift.
- ★ Teach someone else a secret of my craft.

WHOOPSIES:

- ✦ Reveal an invention, and *claim* it can help.
- ✦ Get caught up in my own histrionics.
- ✦ Forget something important in my old age.
- ✦ Claim neutrality and remain passive.

The first time my track fills up, erase it all and draw a picture of a new toy on a piece of paper and paperclip it to my sheet. Every subsequent time my track fills up, choose one from below to add to the paper:

MY JOURNEY



- Two Bingos
- Two More Bingos
- Two Whoopsies
- Two More Whoopsies
- A Journey (perhaps one of the Spare ones?)
- A Name and Some Pronouns (make a guess!)

Once it's got a name, it becomes its own person. Add it to the Bed & Breakfast as a Guest, and start this Journey again from scratch.

EDMUND WAKEMAN



A MOROSE AUTHOR HAUNTED BY THE GHOSTS OF THE PAST WHO USES HEIHM PRONOUNS



PICK ME IF: *It is a dark and stormy night, the air is dripping with melancholy, or this could be inspiration for my next book.*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ I'm a rather well-known author of horror fiction and detective stories, including *The Nightlight Anthology*, *The Door In The Hill*, and the *Maeven Bride* series.
- ☉ I lost my fiancé, Elaine, when we were still at university, and have been alone in this world for thirty years, faithful to her memory. Her ghost was the first of many to haunt me.
- ☉ I am surrounded by evil spirits of darkness and woe, who torment me and make my every waking moment a misery and every sleeping moment a nightmare. I cannot stand them.

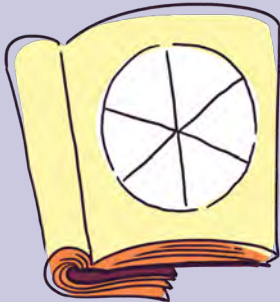
BINGOS:


- ★ Choose common sense over misery.
- ★ Help someone find catharsis for their pain.
- ★ Heave a heavy sigh before getting to work.
- ★ Convince or bribe my spectres to give me a hand.

WHOOPIES:

- ✘ Choose misery over common sense.
- ✘ Romanticize someone's suffering.
- ✘ Fail a physical task with my soft scholar's hands.
- ✘ Watch in horror as the spectres that haunt me cause needless destruction.

MY JOURNEY



Once my Track fills up, erase it all, draw a picture of one of the spectres haunting me, and give it a name. It's no less powerful, but at least I've gotten to know it a bit. Once all four spectres have been named and befriended, I'll give the Bed & Breakfast a  *Book* and leave. I can come back to the Bed & Breakfast on any dark and stormy night, with either a New Journey or new ghosts.

E. VERMI BOLETUS



A HUNGRY MUSHROOM CHILD THAT USES THEY/THEM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: *It's dark and wet, you'd rather make baby noises than talk, there's activity in the kitchen.*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ I live in the pantry and eat ingredients that are going bad!
- ☉ I don't really say words, but I understand them okay, and even when I don't, I usually understand how people are feeling (which is more important anyway).
- ☉ My little arms and legs may seem slow and clumsy, but I'm actually pretty coordinated for a little kid with no nervous system!

BINGOS:

- ★ Solve a problem by swallowing it.
- ★ Latch on to someone older.
- ★ Silently execute a complex caper.
- ★ Coo, sigh, or yawn.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Put the wrong thing in my mouth.
- ⚡ Wriggle away.
- ⚡ Toddle slowly towards disaster.
- ⚡ Let out a fungal cry of distress.

MY JOURNEY



I'M THIS TALL AND WIDE: 3"

Whenever my track fills up, erase it, then cross out my height and double it. If you decide I've gotten too big to live in the pantry, I'll give the Bed & Breakfast a 🍄 *Baby Mushroom*, and move into my own room (change my Facts About Me to reflect it!) If you ever decide I've gotten too big to fit in the Bed & Breakfast, I'll give it a 🍄 *Golden Chanterelle* and go live in the forest, where I'll stay except for special occasions or big parties.

THE GHOUL GANG

(JAX, LIZ, & ROY)



A CLIQUE OF UNDEAD TEENAGERS WHO USE A VARIETY OF PRONOUNS

PICK US IF: Some mischief is afoot, backup is needed, some nerd's about to get bullied.



THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT US:

- ☉ Roy is the heart of the clique—he was the one who helped us all feel better after we turned into zombies following a freak spaghetti truck accident.
- ☉ Liz is the muscle of the clique—she's the one who gets ahold of snacks and videogames for our mausoleum clubhouse.
- ☉ Jax is the brains of the clique—they're the one who realized maybe living alone in a graveyard is depressing and unhealthy, and that we should find somewhere better to be.

BINGOS:

- ★ Back someone up, through thick and thin.
- ★ Show how to be one of the cool kids.
- ★ Get our hands on something we shouldn't be able to get.
- ★ Joke and banter.

WHOOPSIES:


- ⚡ Loom menacingly.
- ⚡ Make someone feel weaker than us.
- ⚡ Destroy some property.
- ⚡ Jeer and mock.

OUR JOURNEY



Every time our Track fills up, we'll erase it all, cross off one of our Whoopsies, and replace it with one of the ones below:

- Trip over something and land in a pile.
- End up way out of our depth.
- Commit a minor and irrelevant act of vandalism.
- Hoot and holler.

If there are no more Whoopsies to replace, we'll give the Bed & Breakfast a  Headstone and get a Spare Journey. We can leave the Bed & Breakfast if we want.

GRACKLE MCFRAN



A CURMUDGEONLY GOBLINOID
CROW IN THE GARDEN'S TOOLSHED,
WHO USES ANY PRONOUNS



PICK ME IF: *Everyone's out in the woods, some adult supervision is required, another employee of the Bed & Breakfast is needed.*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ Yes, I'm a goblin who looks like a crow. I can't fly. Jokes about being a bird are maybe the least funny things on the planet.
- ☉ I was hired by the Bed & Breakfast to be the groundskeeper, but I refuse to do my job. Instead, I just live in the toolshed and eat fertilizer.
- ☉ Despite my grumpiness, I can be bribed with pastries, root beer, and energy drinks.

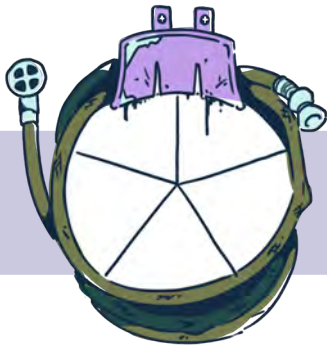
BINGOS:

- ★ Spot some treasure which everyone else assumed was junk.
- ★ Put aside my gruff mask and be kind to someone.
- ★ Teach a very useful life skill.
- ★ Offer up a weird snack.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Grumble and groan.
- ⚡ Repeat a sentence in a mocking tone of voice.
- ⚡ Rat someone else out.
- ⚡ Push everyone else away.

MY
JOURNEY



Once my Track fills up, I'll erase it all and give everyone a piece of advice—good or bad.

GUTTERSNIPE



A LOST WILL-O'-THE-WISP WHO USES THEY/THEM PRONOUNS



PICK ME IF: People feel a bit lost, the chapter could use a little bit of light, the sun is setting and it's getting dark.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ My swamp was destroyed by developers, and ever since then I've had nowhere to go.
- ☉ Will-o'-the-wisps have no age, but I definitely have little kid vibes.
- ☉ My favorite color to shine is blue, but I can be whatever color I want.

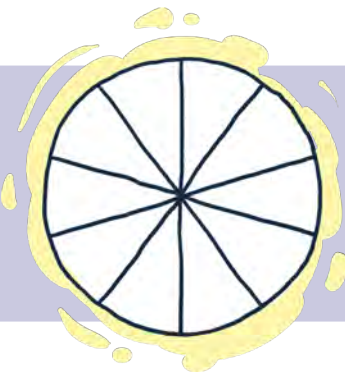
BINGOS:

- ★ Offer to show someone the path forward (and lead them there).
- ★ Shine light on something everyone else missed.
- ★ Float over to somewhere hard to get to.
- ★ Flicker and blink supportively.

WHOOPSIES:

- ✖ Offer to show someone the path forward (and lead them astray).
- ✖ Make the helpful appear threatening, and vice versa, under the glow of my light.
- ✖ Play a mean-spirited prank and act all innocent about it.
- ✖ Flicker and blink enigmatically.

MY JOURNEY



When my Track fills up, I'll ask someone if I can stick around with them. If they say yes, paperclip my sheet to theirs—I'll stick by them in their pocket or backpack wherever they might go. If they say no, I'll erase my track and start again.

HICCUP



A DELICATE WIND-UP DANCER
WHO USES ANY PRONOUNS



PICK ME IF: Precision is called for, it's a cultural event, you're in need of some repair.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ⌚ I am one one hundred and ten years old, and made mostly of pressed tin.
- ⌚ My makers used to dress me up as anything they wanted—I've been a soldier, a parent, an astronaut, a magician. But ballet was my favorite.
- ⌚ I am not a toy. If I'm honest, I'm a little bit afraid of children. Especially that one little devil...


BINGOS:

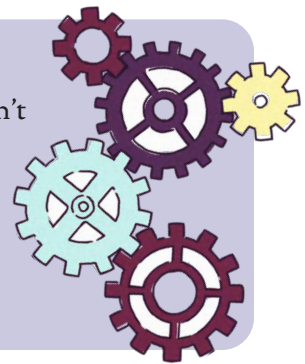
- ★ Operate with inhuman grace and dexterity.
- ★ Repeat a task until it is done.
- ★ Twirl.
- ★ Don't break.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Get wound up too tight and lose control.
- ⚡ Perform pomp and circumstance.
- ⚡ Keep failing at the same thing in the same way.
- ⚡ Snap.

MY JOURNEY

At the end of a chapter, I can always give away half of my leftovers to someone who helped keep me from winding down. Any leftovers I can't give away or spend goes into my track. When it fills up, one of my irreplaceably complicated parts breaks: erase it and cross out one of my Bingos. When all of my Bingos have been crossed out, I'll have to find a new way to dance: give me a spare Journey and four new Bingos. I'll gift the Bed & Breakfast a  *Ballet Record*.



TCHOR



A SMALL AND SLITHERING CREATURE FROM THE DEEPEST DARK, WHO USES IT/ITS PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: You want to act like a little weirdo, a moment of interpersonal bonding is possible, someone needs space to run.



THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

☉ I was once a nameless thing, from the deepest dark beneath the earth where all the nameless things live, until Yazeba gave me a name against my will.

☉ I used to live behind the walls, until someone from the Bed & Breakfast sought me out and befriended me. Their name is _____ and they're the only person I trust.

☉ If anyone tries to touch me I *will* bite them.

BINGOS:

- ★ Bite someone who poses me harm.
- ★ Find a safe path through the chaos.
- ★ Shift my form into something useful for the matter at hand.
- ★ Be kind.

WHOOPIES:

- ✦ Bite someone who means me well.
- ✦ Climb behind the wall and hide.
- ✦ Suddenly transform into something monstrous.
- ✦ Snivel and mock.

MY JOURNEY

Whenever I discover an activity, object, or person that I can put up with, I can draw a little picture of them here. Once I run out of room, I'll get a Spare Journey.

MAGUS JILIANA QUICKSILVER DABROWSKI



A SMART AND STUDIOUS WIZARD WHO USES SHE/HER OR THEY/THEM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: *Matters of the magical are relevant, someone with a calm head is needed, there's research to be done!*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ I've been studying magic since I was 9, and I'm one of the first mundane people to end up at the college of wizardry, working on my thesis about lunar phases.
- ☉ I visited the Bed & Breakfast for a bit when I was younger with my dad, and it really shaped who I am now.
- ☉ I love scrapbooking, using long words when short words would do, my girlfriend (who is still at school), and (secretly) trashy vampire romance novels.

BINGOS:

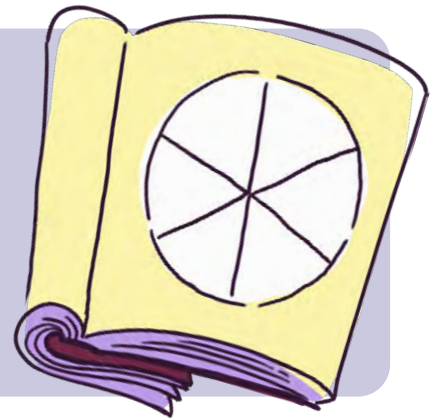
- ★ Propose an idea based on a book I've read or a topic I've studied.
- ★ Come up with a quick solution to a sticky problem.
- ★ Relax and have a little bit of fun.
- ★ Work through something step-by-step and logically.

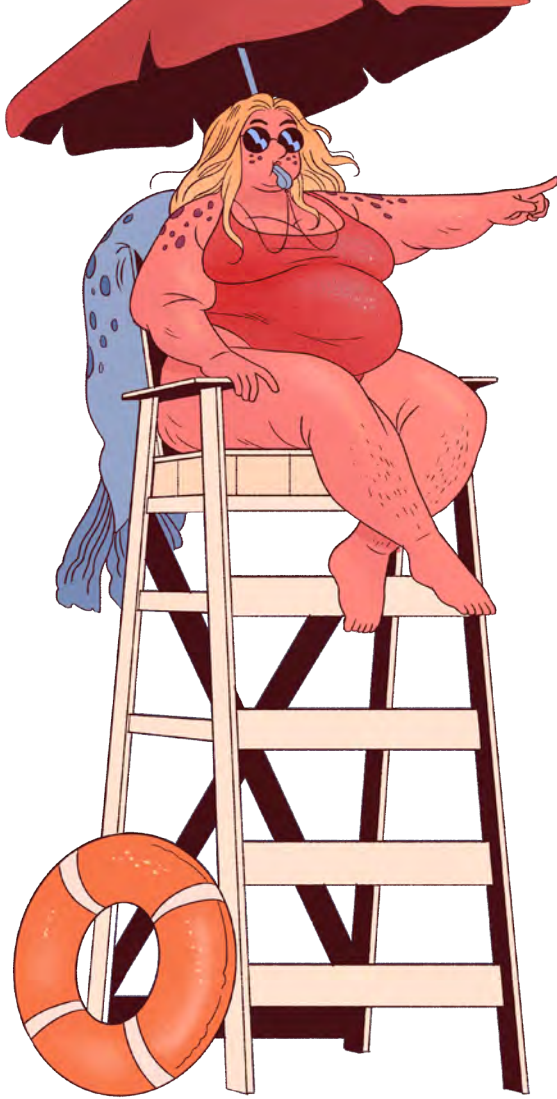
WHOOPSIES:

- ✦ Try to apply rules to a situation that doesn't need them.
- ✦ Focus on my thesis above all else.
- ✦ One-up someone else without thinking about it.
- ✦ Take myself way, way too seriously.

MY JOURNEY

When my Track fills up, erase it all and write a one-sentence summary of twenty pages of my thesis. If that summary makes a claim that contradicts an earlier sentence, I must cross the earlier sentence out. If I have at least 6 sentences written this way that haven't been crossed out, I can choose to give the Bed & Breakfast a 📖 *Book of Magic* and leave to have my own magical adventures.





LUCILLE "LUCY" MCROSS



A SELKIE LIFEGUARD WHO USES SHE/HER AND THEY/THEM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: You need a first aid kit, there's a water hazard, someone has to enforce the rules.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ Most selkies live primarily in the sea, but I came inland to follow a crush, and stuck around because I really like the pizza place in Veilridge.
- ☉ I work all over town, but sometimes Yazeba pays me by the hour when her guests are by the water, for insurance purposes I guess?
- ☉ Even when I'm off duty, I usually wear a one-piece swimsuit under my clothes. You never know when someone might be in danger.

BINGOS:

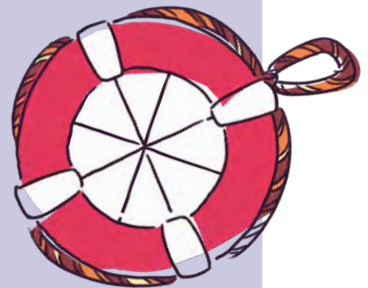
- ★ Transform into an agile seal, or back into a hot lady.
- ★ Let down my guard with someone.
- ★ Blow my whistle to command attention.
- ★ Save a life...or patch up a minor injury.

WHOOPSIES:

- ✦ Assume authority that no one gave me.
- ✦ Spoil the fun with safety concerns.
- ✦ Get territorial and aggressive.
- ✦ Brood behind my sunglasses and sip my big iced tea.

MY JOURNEY

If someone gets a hold of my seal skin while I'm in human form, I'll be helplessly bound to them—so I never let anybody get close enough. But it can be hard, keeping everyone at arm's length, especially when I've left all my siblings behind. When I start a Chapter and my Track is full, I'm feeling lonely—tinge my Bingos and Whoopsies with heartache. At the end of the Chapter, if I managed to let down my guard and let someone get close, put a note about them in my Facts About Me, and replace this Journey with a Spare Journey. Otherwise, I'll give the Bed & Breakfast a 🛏️ *Pool Toy*, and leave town (and the Bed & Breakfast) to visit my family in the sea. I can return next summer.



MAX LEVY AND LITTLE SMILING SUZY

A STRESSED-OUT RETAIL WORKER
WITH ZEIZEM PRONOUNS AND THE
GHOST ZE FOUND IN A VHS TAPE
WITH SHEIHER PRONOUNS



PICK US IF: Things are a little haunted, you want to explore two characters and their dynamics, there's some good activities for a young girl to get up to.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT MAX LEVY:

- ① I got a job at a video store after college, and I assumed I'd waste my whole life shelving tapes and staring at the wall.
- ① I found a VHS in the back of the store and when I watched it, a little girl with a lamprey mouth emerged from the screen. She almost killed me, but got distracted by some snacks.
- ① It's taking her lots of time to acclimate to other humans, but I'm determined to find her a safe home and an accepting family. And if I can't find one for her, I'll raise her myself.

BINGOS:

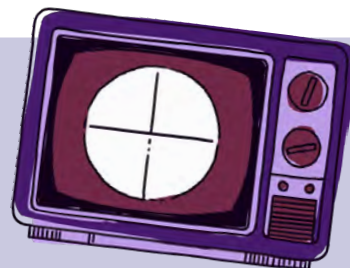
- ★ Max repairs something broken.
- ★ Max carries a heavy burden.
- ★ Little Smiling Suzy puts something interesting on TV.
- ★ Little Smiling Suzy uses her ghostly powers for good.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Max zones out.
- ⚡ Max collapses from exhaustion.
- ⚡ Little Smiling Suzy does something unintentionally horrifying.
- ⚡ Little Smiling Suzy consumes something important with her gaping maw.

Whenever this Track fills up, Max writes down something new ze has learned about Little Smiling Suzy's behavior in one of these slots:

- Suzy makes lightbulbs explode when she's overstimulated.



OUR JOURNEY

Once Max has run out of space, ze will choose—does ze want to stay at the Bed & Breakfast? If ze does, the Bed & Breakfast gets a 📼 *VHS*, and chooses a Spare Journey. If ze would rather go out into the world and find a home for Suzie, the Bed & Breakfast gets a 📺 *Television*, and Max Levy & Little Smiling Suzie leave the Bed & Breakfast. They can come back any time the concierge has a supernatural experience, with all slots erased.

MEL LARKIN, WEREWOLF ALPHA



A BUFF WEREWOLF, WHO
USES SHE/HER PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: *The pack is aføt,
someone can help demolish, the
full moon hangs in the sky.*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ When I was a little kid I was such a pushover. I dreamed of becoming a public defender, but that plan was cut short in college when I got bit by a beautiful monster during the full moon.
- ☉ I fled my over-expectant family and took to the road to find my own cure to my terrible curse. Although I tried everything, I realized...Perhaps this curse isn't so bad.
- ☉ During the day I work as a traveling librarian, but at night I roam the fields of middle America, howling at the moon, smashing open vending machines, and protecting the weak from the strong.


BINGOS:

- ★ Howl up at the moon.
- ★ Dig my teeth into something and don't let go.
- ★ Listen to the secret truths of the natural world.
- ★ Stand up for those weaker than myself.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Succumb to my doggy instincts.
- ⚡ Lash out at someone trying their best.
- ⚡ Lose my temper and snap at someone.
- ⚡ Howl at the moon.

MY JOURNEY

When my Track is complete, I get caught in the light of the morning sun and transform. Swap me out with *Merv Larkin*, Freelance Librarian, locking me until he completes his Journey. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Book*.



MERV LARKIN, FREELANCE LIBRARIAN



A NERVOUS BOOKWORM WITH A LUPINE SECRET. WHO USES HE/HIM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: *There is a rare book to collect, someone can help organize, the moon is hidden by the clouds.*



THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ When I was a little kid I was such a pushover. I dreamed of becoming a mortgage accountant, but that plan was cut short in college when I got bit by a beautiful monster during the full moon.
- ☉ I fled my over-expectant family and took to the road to find my own cure to my terrible curse. Although I tried everything, I realized... Perhaps this curse isn't so bad.
- ☉ Through my collection of magical tomes I became a skilled appraiser, and now I've gained a reputation as a purveyor of the strange and a meticulous freelance librarian. I'm still a pushover though.

BINGOS:

- ★ Cheer someone else on.
- ★ Grab hold of something and don't let go.
- ★ Consult a book in order to uncover important information.
- ★ Show a rare moment of courage.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Try and cast a spell from one of my tomes, only to mess it up.
- ⚡ Bend backwards to make someone else happy.
- ⚡ Correct someone else's pronunciation.
- ⚡ Lose my temper and snap at someone.

MY JOURNEY

When my Track is complete, I get caught in the light of the full moon and transform. Swap me out with *Mel, Werewolf Alpha*, locking me until she completes her Journey.





MUCKLEBY



A HUGE GLOB OF GRIME THAT
USES SHE/HER PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: You feel like making
a mess, it's time to relax outside,
Amelie isn't busy enough.

BINGOS:

- ★ Sweep everyone up into my enthusiasm.
- ★ Change shape to fit what's going on.
- ★ Offer something shiny from deep inside me.
- ★ Be firm.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ I collect all kinds of things: stamps, coins, keys, old birds' nests, single boots, fishing nets, abandoned cars, bones, and pretty much anything found at the bottom of a river.
- ☉ I tie a pretty red ribbon below my face to give me a little more definition, but I'm not sure if it's working.
- ☉ When people see me they expect me to smell bad, but I just smell like fresh soil and petrichor.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Leave behind a trail of filth.
- ⚡ Lose track of my own face.
- ⚡ Engulf something or someone without realizing it.
- ⚡ Feel rejected.

MY JOURNEY

At the end of each Chapter, if I had a wonderful time, spend my leftovers on the Happy Track. Whenever it fills up, erase it, I'll write a positive review of the B&B in the guestbook and give the Bed & Breakfast a 🏆 *Treasure Chest*. If I had a terrible time, spend my leftovers on the Sad Track. When it fills up, erase it, I'll write a negative review of the Bed & Breakfast in the guest book, and leave.





THE MUDPUPPY FAMILY



A FAMILY OF MOTTLED NEWTS WITH FANNY PACKS AND SUNGLASSES, WHO USE A VARIETY OF PRONOUNS

PICK US IF: *The world is comfortable and cozy, you need a group of voices, there's a chance to go somewhere new.*

BINGOS:

- ★ Adopt someone into our family for the day.
- ★ Make sure everyone has everything they need.
- ★ Wiggle our gills.
- ★ Poke our heads into other people's business.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT US:

- 📷 Countless generations of the Mudpuppy family have lived in the Big River, and we felt it was finally time for us all to get a vacation.
- 📷 Our most treasured possessions are our Kodak cameras and their film - perfect for showing folks back home!
- 📷 We have two sets of teeth, but they're not good for much besides chewing on bugs.

WHOOPSIES:

- 🦋 Lose control of the children.
- 🦋 Overwhelm and overflow.
- 🦋 Close ranks around our own.
- 🦋 Chatter endlessly amongst ourselves.

OUR JOURNEY

Whenever our Track fills up, we'll erase it all and check off a checkbox below, representing a photo we've taken.

- Get a relaxed photo with all our new friends.
- Get a pensive photo of a soothing and peaceful time.
- Get an eerie photo of a weird and blurry event.
- Get a frantic photo of a chaotic and disastrous event in motion.

Once the checkboxes are full, our vacation is over. We'll give the Bed & Breakfast an extra 📷 *Photo*, and leave the Bed & Breakfast—although we can come back on any lovely spring day with the checkboxes erased.



NIMBUS SHADOWSIDE



THE MOON PRINCE'S NEMESIS,
WHO USES XEIXEM PRONOUNS



PICK ME IF: *The Moon Prince is feeling too successful or popular, there's mischief in the air, you want to play a bully.*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

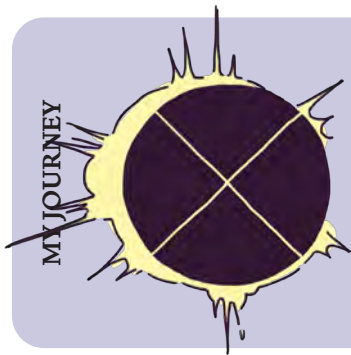
- ☉ The Shadowside Empire rules the dark side of the moon, a perfect (and evil) reflection of the Moon Queen and her court. I am of course the nemesis of her bratty little child, the Moon Prince.
- ☉ When Moon Prince escaped to Earth I struggled to hunt them down, but I've finally found my way to this puny Bed & Breakfast.
- ☉ As the Moon Prince's nemesis, my entire identity is tormenting them as much as I can. Without that, I'm basically nothing.

BINGOS:

- ★ Do a skill with more grace and elegance than the Moon Prince could ever do.
- ★ Point out the Moon Prince's shortcomings.
- ★ Use shadow magic to take care of a mess.
- ★ Cackle with maniacal glee.

WHOOPIES:

- ✖ Be mean and alienate everyone around me.
- ✖ Get distracted by a petty scheme or grievance.
- ✖ Act with certain (yet completely misplaced) confidence.
- ✖ Abruptly realize things are different on earth than they are on the moon.



At the end of a Chapter, if the Moon Prince was around, throw all of my leftovers in the trash. But if I played the Chapter without them around, instead put it into my Track. Whenever my Track fills up, erase it all and cross off a sentence from any part of my guest sheet, replacing it with something else of your choice. When my sheet no longer references the Moon Prince at all, I'll get a Spare Journey.

THE PTÍSILITH



AN ANCIENT FLOATING STONE
THAT USES ITLITS PRONOUNS



PICK THE STONE IF: You don't feel like saying much, there's high adventure on the horizon, you're feeling mysterious.

THREE FUN ROCK FACTS:

- 🕒 The stone is cut into a rhomboid prism with tapered ends, roughly two meters tall and one meter across at its widest. It is dark grey. Its mineral composition is fine, smooth and impermeable. Its weight and density are unknown, as it never touches the ground.
- 🕒 The stone bears four glyphs, arranged vertically along its body. The culture of their origin, if any, is unknown. It sometimes appears to react to speech, independent of language.
- 🕒 Under the "additional notes" heading of the stone's Bed & Breakfast reservation are the words "On vacation. Please recommend sightseeing and craft activities."

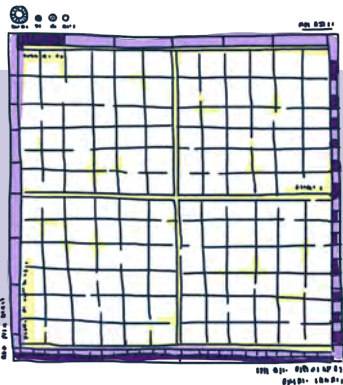
BINGOS:

- ★ Respond to events as if self-aware.
- ★ Smash through something.
- ★ Whisk someone or something up and away.
- ★ Unleash an enigmatic power.

WHOOPIES:

- 🦋 Hover ominously close to someone.
- 🦋 Bump harmlessly off of a door jam, fence or other obstacle.
- 🦋 Remain inert when addressed.
- 🦋 Hum at an upsettingly low frequency.

MY JOURNEY



Fill in squares of these grids with leftovers to design the Ptísilith's four glyphs. When you decide they look about right, the Ptísilith explodes, leaving the Bed & Breakfast and leaving behind a 🕒 *Crystal*. Compare its glyphs to the Ptísilithion on pg. 464.

THE ESTEEMED POLLY NATOR

A STATELY, LARGER-THAN-AVERAGE ELDERLY PAPER WASP AMBASSADOR WHO USES SHE/HER PRONOUNS



PICK ME IF: *there's pollen on the breeze, a spot of diplomacy is needed, people are wanting for a gracious presence.*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- 🕒 Thanks to my unusually long life, I have served several Queens over three decades, including those of the legendary Wasp Witch!
- 🕒 From a larval state, I was trained in stately manners and refined courtliness for every being and every occasion, and given flex and sensitivity training for new beings I encounter.
- 🕒 Despite enjoying my leisurely retirement immensely, I still occasionally take on freelance work when particularly messy wasp affairs need a delicate professional's touch.



BINGOS:

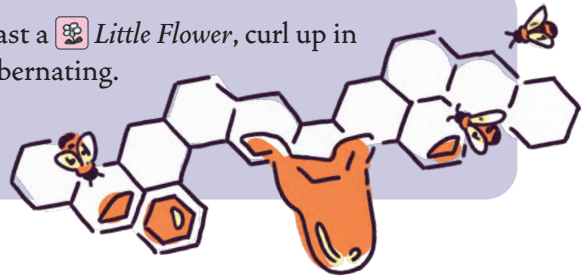
- ★ Thoughtfully defuse an argument.
- ★ Cross-pollinate.
- ★ Surprise someone with my gentle friendliness.
- ★ Wiggle my antennae endearingly.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Pontificate haughtily about “the good old days.”
- ⚡ Lose my temper over a breach of etiquette.
- ⚡ Act entitled.
- ⚡ Buzz menacingly.

MY JOURNEY

When my Track fills up, I give the Bed & Breakfast a 🐝 *Little Flower*, curl up in a neat little flower and go to sleep, peacefully hibernating. I will return if and only if the Concierge picks a wildflower and presses it into the book.



ROWAN & ZEPHYR LYRANTHIEL



A PAIR OF DANDY ELVEN BARDS WITH FOPPISH AND COSMOPOLITAN TASTES, WHO BOTH USE HE/HIM PRONOUNS

PICK US IF: You want to put Yazeba's rules to the test, some visitors from the Big City have arrived, or you're feeling elitist, conceited, and/or at least a bit hoity toity.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT US:

- ☉ We met at a berry-tasting brunch in the Northsilver Woods, and we've been traveling together ever since.
- ☉ Rowan is the violinist (of course), while Zephyr is the pianist (could it be any other way?)—we've performed on all the greatest stages of the world, in every major city.
- ☉ We decided to leave our loft apartment to get some time away from the hustle and bustle of the city, and enjoy the rustic simplicity of country life with our dear acquaintance Yazeba.

BINGOS:


- ★ Give a gorgeous, expensive gift.
- ★ Shower someone with compliments.
- ★ Give someone the makeover they deserve.
- ★ Set the mood with our piano and/or violin.

WHOOPSIES:

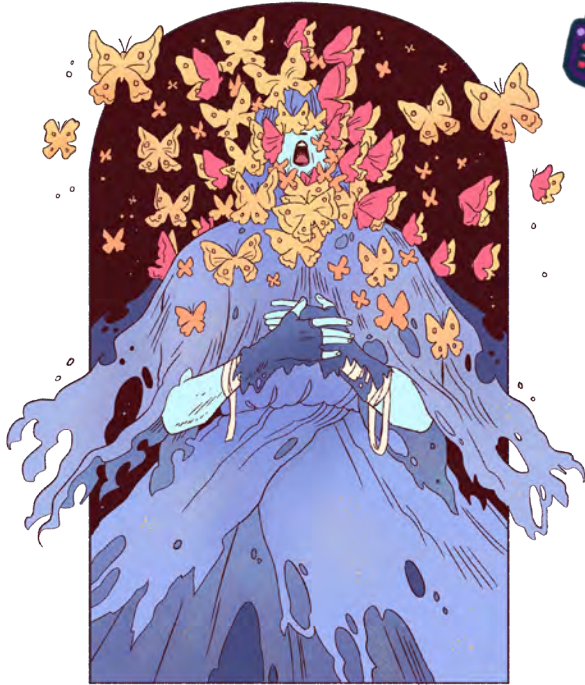
- ✦ Bemoan and bellyache about a minor inconvenience.
- ✦ Quote something completely inaccessible.
- ✦ Realize we're hopelessly underprepared.
- ✦ Laze around and chat when we should be moving.

OUR JOURNEY



When our Track fills up, erase it all and ask if we should really be getting back to the Big City. We can choose to return to our city life (and give the Bed & Breakfast a  *Bottle of Wine* as we go), but we can return any time someone throws a party.

SILKWHISPER



A VISITOR SHROUDED IN MOTHS, ALL OF WHOM USE SHE/HER PRONOUNS



PICK US IF: *The sun is setting, nothing makes sense, you hear the gentle fluttering of wings.*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT US:

- ☉ We were a witch, once, before we met Monday and the fairies of the Night Market. We don't want to talk about the deal we made.
- ☉ While we may seem mysterious, we are merely easily confused—we see and smell and feel so much with our many, many antennae.
- ☉ We make our living by weaving moonbeams into jewelry, which we sell at the Night Market and other craft fairs.

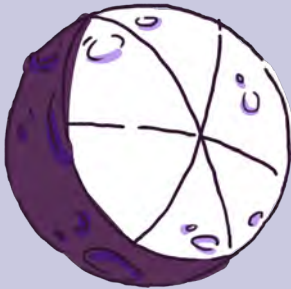
BINGOS:


- ★ Guide someone towards light and truth.
- ★ Be utterly charmed by something others take for granted.
- ★ Cast a subtle illusion.
- ★ Reveal a glimpse of our face or hand, behind the fanning of soft wings.

WHOOPSIES:

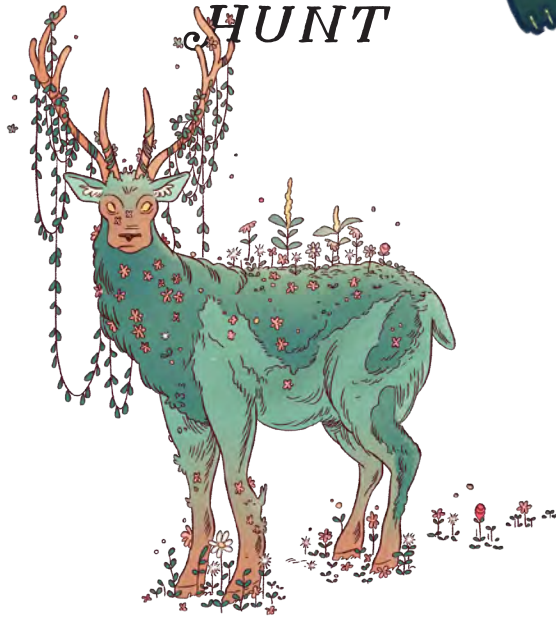
- ⚡ Drift, directionless.
- ⚡ Alienate someone with our silence and enshrouding.
- ⚡ Chew something up.
- ⚡ Circle closer and closer to danger.

MY JOURNEY



When our Track fills up, erase it, along with any notes on our character sheet. Give away any keepsakes we have to other characters. Then we'll give the Bed & Breakfast a  *Moth*, and forget our time here. If your eraser has worn down our Track so much to the point that it is illegible, instead we remember what once was: change our Bingos, Whoopsies, and facts about us appropriately, and give us a Spare Journey.

THE STAG OF THE GREAT HUNT



AN ANCIENT FOREST GOD THAT USES HE/HIM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: *A summer moon is full, the meek need passage from danger, you're equally as tired as you are wise.*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ Each year through winter's end I lead the Wolf of Winter and his pack in a deadly procession across all the forests of the world, and if I am caught and devoured, there shall be no spring for a hundred years.
- ☉ There is a grooming salon in Veilridge, which is the only place I trust to clean and condition the fuzz on my antlers.
- ☉ It's really important, while I rest at the Bed & Breakfast, for me to carb up for the next Great Hunt.

BINGOS:

- ★ Call upon the wild, and hear it respond.
- ★ Allow a mortal to touch my fur.
- ★ Reveal a path, through bramble and briar.
- ★ Gallop and prance.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Flee into the woods, and later return ashamed.
- ⚡ Smash something apart with my powerful horns.
- ⚡ Impart harsh wisdoms of hoof and claw.
- ⚡ Summon moss.

MY JOURNEY



Once my Track is full, I must depart. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍄 *Soul Acorn*. Erase my Track, lock me away, and set a reminder for 365 days from today. When that day arrives, I will return—unlock me again and return me to the Bed & Breakfast.

(THE HUGE ENORMOUS MONSTER)



BINGOS:

- ★ Smash through a door, wall, or other obstacle.
- ★ Give someone a really good hug.
- ★ Pick someone up and put them on my head.
- ★ Strike fear in the hearts of those who mean my friends harm.

T.H.E.M.



A HUGE ENORMOUS FUZZY MONSTER
WHO USES THEY/THEM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: *Everyone is outside,
there's plenty of food to eat, you
don't want to talk a lot.*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:


- ☉ I've been stomping around Earth for as long as I can remember, since humans lived in caves and hunted dinosaurs.
- ☉ I took a big nap a while ago and was only woken up when a construction company thought I was a hill and tried to turn me into a highway.
- ☉ After smashing apart a couple dump trucks for fun, I found my way to Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast, where I'm slowly eating Parish's entire pantry.

WHOOPIES:

- ⚡ Smash through a ceiling, wall, or other structural feature.
- ⚡ Pick something up and throw it to the horizon line.
- ⚡ Roar so loudly that the ground shakes.
- ⚡ Loom.

MY JOURNEY



The first time you fill this Track, erase it and draw a house big enough for me on a separate piece of paper. Every time the Track fills up afterwards, add another feature. Once the house is complete to my liking, I'll give the Bed & Breakfast a  *Big Tooth*, move out of the Bed & Breakfast, and go live in the house I've built. I'll visit sometimes, for big parties.

THE TOMTOM

A CAPRICIOUS GNOME WITH A BIG APPETITE WHO USES HE/HIM PRONOUNS



ASK TO PLAY ME IF: *Discretion is advised, trouble is to be caused, there's a heavy layer of snow on the ground.*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ I am one of the wisest and most powerful of all fairies, although I will never reveal my magic to anyone—especially not you!
- ☉ I was cursed by the Queen of the Moon to never speak, and I hold a petty grudge against all moonfolk.
- ☉ I love to drink milk and read cheap tabloid magazines.

BINGOS:

- ★ Get invisibly from one place to another.
- ★ Communicate something with no words.
- ★ Offer a mysterious blessing with no clear purpose.
- ★ Let someone in on the joke.

WHOOPIES:

- ✎ Trash, steal, or vandalize something as part of a “trick.”
- ✎ Gobble up unattended food.
- ✎ Dance and caper to the beat.
- ✎ Leave a trail of footprints.

MY JOURNEY

I have no Journey. I turn any leftovers I get into snacks, for myself or anyone else to munch on. I can leave the Bed & Breakfast whenever I want. When this happens, lock my sheet—I can only be unlocked if you play Chapter 44: “*To Catch A Tomtom*” again.

VYRA ODIDAE

A DEEP SEA MERMAID WITH A BITTER HEART WHO USES SHE/HER PRONOUNS



PICK ME IF: You are curious about an unknowable thing, you want your convictions tested, Sal seems a little too confident.

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

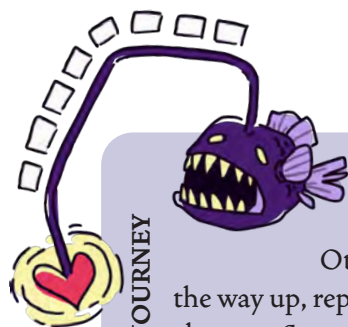
- ☉ My true form is only visible when I fully unhinge my jaw, so I take good care to speak very methodically. I don't eat in front of others, unless they're on the menu.
- ☉ My hair acts as antenna so that I can feel what all is around me. I'll know if you try to touch it, and I *will* bite you.
- ☉ Sal and I dated in college, and it didn't end well. I can't believe he still works here.

BINGOS:

- ★ Show my true form out of trust.
- ★ Delve in deep with someone.
- ★ Listen and hear something no one else could.
- ★ Treat Sal with cordial respect.

WHOOPSIES:

- ⚡ Show my true form to scare someone away.
- ⚡ Lure someone into an idea against their better judgment.
- ⚡ Get overwhelmed by too much sensory information.
- ⚡ Lash out at Sal, or anyone else I blame for my heartbreak.



MY JOURNEY

At the end of each Chapter, if Sal showed me kindness or if one of his friends stood up to me, spend my leftovers on the Lure Track above. Otherwise, spend them on the Maw Track below. If the Lure Track fills all the way up, replace my Sal-centric Bingo and Whoopsie with new ones and choose a Spare Journey for me. If the Maw Track fills all the way up first, erase both of my Tracks and any progress on Sal's current Journey. I'll leave the Bed & Breakfast.



WREN SNOW



A JETSETTING ADVENTURER WHO USES THEY/THEM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: You can spin a good yarn, someone needs a hero, there's a chance of thrilling action.



THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ I've been to over 150 countries across the globe, always with the same mission—recover stolen artifacts and return them to their rightful homes. Yazeba's is a frequent pitstop when I'm planning my next exploit.
- ☉ I never take off my flight cap, because my seaplane, The Bishop, is the love of my life.
- ☉ I'm only afraid of one thing: getting trapped somewhere even I can't escape. And crocodiles, actually. I guess I'm afraid of two things?

BINGOS:


- ★ Do the impossible with only my wits, grappling hook gun, and bravado.
- ★ Demonstrate mastery over an exciting skill.
- ★ Bury amazing advice in an anecdote.
- ★ Share one of my failings, in hushed tones.

WHOOPSIES:

- ✖ Laugh at my own joke.
- ✖ Regale someone with stories as self-aggrandizing as they are dubious.
- ✖ Steal someone else's chance to be the hero.
- ✖ Swagger.

MY JOURNEY



Whenever you play as me in a Chapter for the first time, mark where you're from on my Map. I've just come back from a thrilling adventure there. When four continents have been marked, I'll give the Bed & Breakfast an  *Autographed Photo*. When every continent is marked, I'll retire from adventuring and choose a Spare Journey.

PENSIVE MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll read through it and select Questions to write down on index cards, then place a number of tokens on each of those Questions. These questions need to be picked away at. Whenever any of us does a Bingo or a Whoopsie, they'll collect a token from one of the Questions, keeping it if they did a Bingo or giving it to someone who can learn from their mistake if they did a Whoopsie.

SEEING DOUBLE

The Bed & Breakfast is Amelie's domain. Amelie starts this chapter with 5 additional tokens, and the AMEL-3000 starts with 3 additional tokens. Amelie and the AMEL-3000 divide up the laundry chores by briefly discussing whether they'd like to soak, fold, hang, or iron. Yazeba has been requested to supervise so that the AMEL-3000 may complete its customer satisfaction survey; she may choose to help with the laundry, though she knows better than to mix magic and housework where the disapproving Amelie can see her. The Amel-3000 has access to the following Bingos:

- ★ Help Amelie out without being prompted.
- ★ Admire something Amelie does or says.
- ★ Experiment with its own code.

And the following Whoopsies:

- ✎ Make Amelie feel inferior or inadequate.
- ✎ Be overconfident in its superiority.
- ✎ Reject the notion of change.

LIKE-MINDED COMPANY

Amelie's used to finishing basic chores on their own, but it's nice to have help that is as precise, efficient, and fastidious as they are. Yazeba, for her part, has never seen someone match Amelie's obsessive devotion to meticulous cleanliness so perfectly.

However, despite Amelie being the prototype for what was supposed to be the perfect service bot, the finished product now stands before them newer, sleeker, and cleaner. Amelie chooses one of the questions below, or invents their own:

- ⊙ "Am I happy with the way I look and dress now?"
- ⊙ "Am I content with how people refer to me?"
- ⊙ "Could I be better and do I want to be?"
- ⊙ "Does Yazeba seem happy with the work I do, even if I'm not?"

THE AMEL-3000 IS ALWAYS READY TO SERVE

This robot has even more whirligigs and gadgets and features than Amelie does. It's faster, more efficient, and more decisive. But there's one thing it doesn't have: access to its own base code. Only its learning software is available to it—so it can become more efficient, of course. But perhaps Amelie could teach it to bypass the restrictions on personalization...

The AMEL-3000 chooses one of the questions below, or invents its own:

- “Should one seek ornamentation of oneself?”
- “Should one re-evaluate the manner in which one is referred to?”
- “Can one shift priorities and efficiencies to change one’s equilibrium?”
- “Will future owners be dissatisfied with this even if one is satisfied oneself?”

CUSTOMER SATISFACTION

Amel-Corp wants to know what Yazeba thinks of the prototype they sent all those years ago. While the two robots finish the laundry, Yazeba receives a survey to complete. The AMEL-3000 may spend tokens to prompt Yazeba to answer the questions.

If Yazeba’s reply is complementary of Amelie, Yazeba receives the token. If Yazeba’s reply is neutral or negative, she puts the token on the Question, “Can I handle things on my own from here on out?” Yazeba may choose to spend some time reflecting on Amelie as a person rather than a product—and share that with the Amel-3000. The questions below are asked in order:

- ⊗ “Would you describe this robot’s housekeeping services as bad, adequate, or good?”
- ⊗ “Would you purchase this product again?”
- ⊗ “Would you recommend this product to a friend, family member, or coworker?”
- ⊗ “Is this robot’s temperament and tone acceptable?”
- ⊗ “Do you consider personality chip access a design flaw...or a selling point?”

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE

Before the Chapter begins, write down the following Question on another index card:

- ⊗ “Can I handle things on my own from here on out?”

There’s a chance this Question might not be fully answered by the end of the Chapter—there’s only so much introspection one can do in thirty minutes’ worth of laundry. When the chapter ends, everyone, including Yazeba, gives as much of an answer as they can.

- ⊗ **Less Than 5 Tokens:** Brush off the question by muttering about directives, platitudes, or something else meaningless.
- ⊗ **5-8 Tokens:** Give a general answer, one that’s not too shallow but not too deep and most of all, not very honest.
- ⊗ **9-12 Tokens:** Answer honestly. Amelie may decide they do want help, and how to ask for it. The AMEL-3000 may realize housework is not the quick job their code made it out to be. How Yazeba answers this question is up to her.
- ⊗ **13 or more Tokens:** Answer confidently, honestly, and unashamedly.

If 8 or more tokens are placed on this question, the Bed & Breakfast unlocks AMEL-3000 as a guest. Their sheet can be created by printing off a new Amelie sheet and editing it for specific name, pronouns, and Bingos and Whoopsies. The new guest will always have the Bingo “Help Amelie out without being prompted.” and the Whoopsie “Make Amelie feel inadequate or inferior.” Hold on to any leftover Tokens for Housekeeping.

XANTHER & RINYES



A 1337 GAMER HARPY WHO USES
THEY/THEM PRONOUNS

PICK ME IF: *It's after school or the weekend, there's gonna be food, you wanna pwn some n00bs.*

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- ☉ I wear the same ripped-up Wormstonk hoodie to Veilridge High every day. The Bed & Breakfast is the only place I can go to get away from that noise.
- ☉ I'm one of only ten players to ever achieve a perfect score in Neutron Gal 64: Neutron Galaxy, and the only one who did it without hands. Sometimes I bring my newest games to the Bed & Breakfast, mostly to show off for Hey Kid.
- ☉ ...Are you going to finish that?

BINGOS:

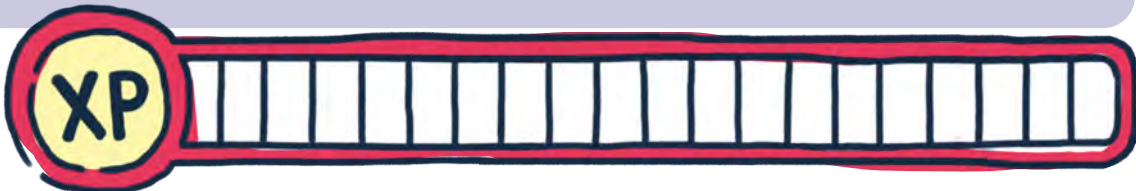
- ★ Face a challenge with energy and enthusiasm.
- ★ Let someone else have a turn.
- ★ Use something I learned from a video game.
- ★ Share some snacks I brought from home.

WHOOPIES:

- ✎ Fly away from responsibility.
- ✎ Snatch a prize before anyone can blink.
- ✎ Laugh too loudly at something that wasn't a joke.
- ✎ Make a huge mess of food, wrappers, feathers, or debris.

MY JOURNEY

I'm just trying to make it out of high school without anyone asking me what I'm gonna do when I grow up. At the end of each Chapter, if I was forced to confront the future, write down a job I might like to have, and cross out my last job idea. When my Track fills up, I'll graduate, and decide whether to pursue the job I've written down. If I do, I'll give the Bed & Breakfast a 🎮 *Video Entergamement System* and leave the Bed & Breakfast. If not...maybe that's okay? Give me a Spare Journey and I'll stick around.





THE ZAPPAMOUSCHI CIRCUS!

AN EXTREMELY TINY CIRCUS,
THE WORKERS OF WHICH USE
A VARIETY OF PRONOUNS

PICK US IF: *Things are too quiet around the Bed & Breakfast, someone could use some cheering up, the circus has a performance scheduled.*

BINGOS:

- ★ Dazzle the mind and confound the senses with incredible displays of miniature athleticism, daring, and illusion!
- ★ Sneak around and learn something new.
- ★ Work together to make a ladder, bridge, or swarm with our tiny bodies.
- ★ Make a willing volunteer the star of our show!

THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT US:

- 🕒 Every member of The Zappamouschi Circus! is part of one big family! Really, though. If you want to run away from home and join us, you'll have to (A) get real small and (B) marry one of us.
- 🕒 We were once a family of miniature criminals, and while our days of robbery and thievery are behind us, we can't help but slip into our old habits once in a while.
- 🕒 Some stars of our show include: the triplet-fools Zo, Ze, and Za; the beautiful rat-tamer Zyra; the smarmy magicians Zem & Ziller; and stilt-walking fire-juggler Zab Zappamouschi. We don't have a ringmaster right now, not after the accident (don't worry about that).

WHOOPSIES:

- 🦋 Accidentally show the bigfolk something unprofessional from backstage.
- 🦋 Experience the limitations of our size.
- 🦋 Fumble at a key moment.
- 🦋 Rope some poor rube into our next trick.

MY JOURNEY



When our track fills up, we've gathered, stolen, or been tipped enough money to pack our wagons and move on to the next town. Create a new Guest to represent one of the tiny circus members who got left behind (and give them a Spare Journey) and pass the Zappamouschi Circus! on to another Concierge who has not yet unlocked us.

TO FEED A FAMILY

Pařish was surprised to learn frogs could sweat, but he was even more surprised to learn robots can get tired.

In the middle of the greenhouse they'd been constructing of salvaged fairy glass and old copper, Amelie was sitting on an upturned bucket that had previously held soil they'd been mixing. Remarkably, their posture suggested exhaustion.

Amelie had taken to the idea of a greenhouse when Pařish suggested it. He soon found himself trailing bemusedly in their wake as they put in massive orders for bone meal, potting mix, and magical sprinklers. Regardless of his bemusement, it warmed his little amphibian heart to see them genuinely excited about something. He played diplomat as they badgered Yola for rare heirloom seeds, magical and mundane. He chatted amicably with the esteemed Polly Nator as Amelie sought gardening advice from the wasp dignitary's vespid sisters. He waited patiently as Mr. Boggs helped them download what they called "over a megabyte of the most up-to-date gardening information"—and as the subsequent memory overload required the aid of Dr. Domizio to fix. (And even for days afterwards, Amelie had needed help with some of the more complex chores, insistent as they were that manganese fertilizer was necessary with the bleach in the bedsheet laundry).

But after all the taking charge—or less charitably, taking over—Amelie sat, eyes flickering in exhaustion, on an old plastic bucket in a half-constructed greenhouse while Pařish watched awkwardly, trying to keep sweat from running into his large and bulbous eyes.

"You know Rome wasn't built in a day," he croaked, hopping over, still holding his hammer. Amelie looked up, their eyes the half-moons that suggested annoyance.

"Rome was far larger than a 22 by 20 square foot greenhouse," Amelie buzzed unhappily. Pařish pulled up another, smaller empty bucket and overturned it. He sat.

"What's the problem, my dear?" he asked, his voice gentle.

Amelie was silent.

"You've done amazing so far," Pařish added encouragingly. "Why not let me steer for a bit?"

"It is such a lot of work," Amelie droned softly. "To feed a family."

Pařish blinked. Then blinked again. Then smiled broadly.

"A family, eh, Amelie?"

Amelie's blue eyes shuttered and blinked. Then they narrowed and curved up in what Pařish, with the trained eye of a knight, had learned was the robot's equivalent of a smile.

"A family," they buzzed softly. Their hunched posture straightened.

32 MAPLE LANE

A SENTIENT MANIFESTATION OF AN APARTMENT COMPLEX, WHO USES XEIXIR PRONOUNS



PICK ME IF: *There's music in the air, a sturdy presence is needed, everyone wants to just hang out.*



THREE FUN FACTS ABOUT ME:

- 🕒 For many decades I was a normal apartment building in the Big City, minding my own business and tending to my residents.
- 🕒 One day I woke up and left. The physical architecture is still sitting there, but I—the soul of the building—am free to roam as I please.
- 🕒 I've been traveling across the country, learning various instruments and expanding my record collection.

BINGOS:

- ★ Carry the weight of something heavy.
- ★ Give some practical advice.
- ★ Know just the right person to help.
- ★ Provide a sturdy foundation.

WHOOPSIES:

- 🦋 Lumber about.
- 🦋 Smash into a complicated situation.
- 🦋 Come off as more hostile than I intended.
- 🦋 Get lost in the clouds.

MY JOURNEY



Fill my windows like tracks. When the windows on the left fill up, my player will share a song they think everyone at the table would like, and the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🎷 *Trombone*. When the windows on the right fill up, my player will recommend an album that they think everyone at the table would like, and the Bed & Breakfast gets an 🎧 *Old Vinyl Record*. I'll leave the Bed & Breakfast, but I can come back when the Concierge moves to a new home.

VYRA TELLS A STORY

Just as all of Vyra's returns back home to the deep sea were, this one was no different. Many days had been spent away traversing the lands above, and from her travels came the curiosity of friends and loved ones, eager to know what all the mermaid had learned from her latest journey.

Vyra hardly had time to wade down into the comfortable murk of darkness before she was ambushed on all sides by her childhood friends. Each mermaid was adorned with varying antennae and reef-like skin; their naturally sharpened smiles growing wide at the reappearance of their old friend.

"What knowledge have you brought back for us, Vyra?" One such creature prodded excitedly with a swaying fin, the only ones in Vyra's life permitted to play lovingly in her coral-adorned hair.

"Nothing, really. The trip was quite uneventful." Despite the dull tone, Vyra found herself smiling ever so slightly at the memories gained. She didn't fashion telling her friends about Sal just yet—not while their separation was so recent on her mind. Nor did she want to tell them about the frog-knight. But there was a piece of gossip, supple and ready to be shared.

"Well... I did learn *something*."

"Ooh! More knowledge about the date of the final schism of the universe?" Another friend, Niviana, spoke up from behind a layer of seaweed and hair.

"No, no, not that." Vyra waved dismissively with her free hand, noting another friend had begun to paint the taloned nails on her other hand while she spoke. "It's about Yazeba—the witch who owns the Bed & Breakfast. I learned how she came to be in charge of such a place... though the tale is quite grim."

The group stilled themselves in the water as the soft current forced them to bob, waiting with bated breath all the same. Morbid topics did little to deter their intrigue, and so, Vyra began.

She spoke of Yazeba's former career as an author, the likes of which allowed her to start a communal space of love and acceptance for her friends, free of outside harm and hatred. The tone shifted when Vyra spoke of monsters, the very kind who sought to rid the world of witches and wizards, destroying Yazeba's commune. Monday the fairy was then brought into the story, and Yazeba's secret was then unveiled.

“She sold her heart in exchange for a home in the woods, one where the world could never harm her again...”

Niviana sighed bubbles in relief. “Aah, so it’s a happy ending!”

Her hope faded as Vyra continued on.

“...but because her heart was sold, Yazeba could no longer understand the love she once felt for her own community. All of her surviving friends had long-since drifted away, and so, she found herself alone.”

Vyra could see the dismay on her normally detached friends’ faces. Despite their infamously stoic demeanor, the group’s disenchantment was palpable. Not wanting to totally spoil the mood, Vyra rushed towards the present.

“Others found her, though. A knight she’d known long before, youths in need of a home—even Sal stumbled through the doorsteps of the Bed & Breakfast.” The eye-roll at the mere mention of her ex was all but involuntary, even without any true disdain in Vyra’s voice. “I suppose that losing her heart could keep her from showing love, but it couldn’t stop those who decided to show it to her, anyway.”

A somber silence fell over everyone then, just before the last of Vyra’s friends piped up curiously. “Vyra, there’s just one thing I still don’t understand...” the mermaid asked, scaly eyebrows knitted in confusion, “What’s a Bed & Breakfast?”



HAYRIDE
→
CORN MAZE
←

Intermediate Chapters

CHAPTER 29

The Remodeled Library

WITH YAZEBA AND ANYONE WHO CAN READ



In which the secret library of the Bed & Breakfast opens its doors to everyone (under Yazeba's watchful eye).



It was one of those mornings where the mist refused to part at dawn, and a chill clung to the earth even as the air began to warm. Gertrude had awoken early, her muscles stiff from where the cold had crept in under her too-short blanket, and was wandering the Bed & Breakfast while she waited for Parish to wake up and make breakfast.

And that's when she noticed it: the grand double-doors in the back hallway, which had borne a heavy padlock since long before she'd ever arrived, were ajar. It felt like trespassing to push them open and step over the threshold, but, whatever you may believe about Gertrude, it did not stop her.

When she stepped through to the other side, her breath caught in her throat. For as long as she'd stayed at the Bed & Breakfast, a placard at the front desk had warned that the library was "Closed For Renovations." But here it was, unlike anything Gertrude had ever seen before: Yazeba's library.

It was at least two stories high, taller than it was wide by half, with one enormous window overlooking a colorful corner of the garden that Gertrude had never noticed from outside. The glass was fogged slightly from the drizzle, but in the thin morning light she could make out that the window frame, fireplace mantel and shelf-ends were all carved with ornate tadpoles and caterpillars. The shelves towered and bowed inward towards the ceiling, giving the sense that, at any moment, gravity might take notice and bring an avalanche of books crashing down on her head.

Gertrude padded across the lush carpet in her socks, to inspect a standing display case tucked into the corner. Behind the locked glass were two volumes: a floppy paperback that bore the name *The Young Witch's Sensible Guide To True Names*, and a sleeveless blue hardcover named *The Love Of Magic*. Each of them sat in the center of a luminous circle, warded with tangled runes. Trying to read the author's name on either tome hurt her eyes, which slid off the byline without gleaning even a single letter.

"*Ahem.*" Yazeba's cough was unmistakable, and Gertrude spun around to face the door, still blinking away the spots in her vision from the spell-trapped names.

"Yazeba! I—" she began, hands caught in the proverbial cookie jar, but Yazeba interrupted her.

"*I was saving it as a surprise*, but I suppose this is just as well," the witch crooned, testiness and amusement warring in her voice, "The library is ready to reopen. Now... run along and let the guests know they're free to come browse."

Gertrude nodded and slipped past her, eager to make up for breaking her host's rule against snooping. Unbidden, Yazeba's mouth quirked around her morning cigarette into a half-smile as she watched the teen scarper off. Try though she might, she struggled to crease it back into a scowl.

RELAXED MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of tokens where everyone can reach them. During the Chapter, whenever anyone does a Whoopsie, they'll take a token. Before anyone can do one of their Bingos, they must first give a token back to the table.


THE CARD CATALOG

Yazeba's library is "organized" into the following sections:

- ⦿ Reference, Encyclopedias and Lexicons
- ⦿ Cookbooks
- ⦿ Astronomy and Astrology
- ⦿ A small cabinet marked "humor," into which some economics textbooks seem misshelved
- ⦿ Cryptozoology
- ⦿ A surprisingly large section of books about airplanes
- ⦿ ~~History~~ Fantasy
- ⦿ Science Fiction
- ⦿ Science Fact
- ⦿ Medicine, Alchemy, and Psychology
- ⦿ True Crime, Necromancy, and the unpublished works of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
- ⦿ A well-loved row of comic books about a genius cat
- ⦿ Miscellaneous

When you browse a section, check it off, take a token for your trouble, and make up the title of a book that catches your eye. Write it down on an index card, along with an author's name and the section you found it in. Yazeba will see you pick it up, and offer her opinion on it. If you still want to read it after hearing what she has to say, take a seat, read a while, and then tell us whether you think she was right.

If you decide not to check out a book, hand its card back to Yazeba. But if you decide you'd like to keep it for a while, do a Bingo to work up the nerve to ask her for permission, and if she says yes, attach it to your character sheet with an index card.

When everyone but Yazeba has borrowed at least one book, or every section has been explored, the chapter ends. Give Yazeba a token for everyone who borrowed at least one book, and then everyone holds on to any tokens they've collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Book*, too.

READER BEWARE

Some of the books in Yazeba's library are magical, and some are not. Everyone but Yazeba has access to the following Whoopsies:

- ✦ Accidentally rip an ancient page.
- ✦ Startle a flock of books, which fly into the upper shelves and take turns dive-bombing you.
- ✦ Fall into another world through the power of imagination.
- ✦ Feign interest in something boring because it would make you seem smart and cool.
- ✦ Learn a terrible truth about the fundamental nature of the universe.
- ✦ Ask Yazeba about the books in the locked display case.


A HOARDER OF KNOWLEDGE

If we've played this Chapter before, the Concierge gives Yazeba takes all of the cards from previously cataloged books. She may recommend them as the others browse, if she likes. While she's in the library, Yazeba has these extra Bingos:

- ★ Begrudgingly suggest a title someone really ought to read.
- ★ Cautiously allow someone to borrow something special from the library.

And these extra Whoopsies:

- ✦ Snap at someone for mishandling the books.
- ✦ Disparage someone's choice of reading material.

Yazeba begins the chapter with two tokens. If she ever has zero tokens remaining, her benevolence runs out, and she declares the library closed to guests—end the Chapter and Lock it. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Keep Out Sign*. Throw any leftover tokens in the trash.

CHAPTER 27 *Snickerberry Season*

WITH THE MOON PRINCE, HEY KID, AND ANYONE
WITH A HANKERIN' FOR BERRIES



In which the Moon Prince goes berry picking for the first time, and discovers that Earth can be a thorny place.



It would take a long time before the Moon Prince would acclimate to the bright sun, the cloud-dappled sky, and the sight of the color green. Of all of this world's little mysteries, none had captivated them quite so much as the little pile of red fruit, wrapped in a towel and sitting in a strainer on the kitchen sink.

"What are those?" they pondered, to no one in particular.

"Are you from another planet? How have you never heard of snickerberries?" Hey Kid emerged from a nearby cabinet with an oversized ladle hanging from one horn and twin expressions of excitement and mock dismay.

"No! The moon isn't a planet. Wait, how did you get in there?" Moon Prince stammered out, but it was too late, and Hey Kid was already dragging them deep into the tangled bushes with a wicker basket on each arm.

"Snickerberries are the biggest, ripest, sweetest, reddest fruit you'll ever find anywhere, and whoever fills the most baskets gets the biggest slice of Parish's snickerberry pie." Hey Kid described this tradition with a very serious voice.

"So it's ...it's a competition, then?" Moon Prince glanced around at the prickly bushes, and the astonishing bursts of red peeking through their impossible green tangles.

Hey Kid's spiky teeth stretched from one end of their face to the other, and for a brief moment the Moon Prince could see a furious orange flame in their eyes. "Yes, and you're already losing."

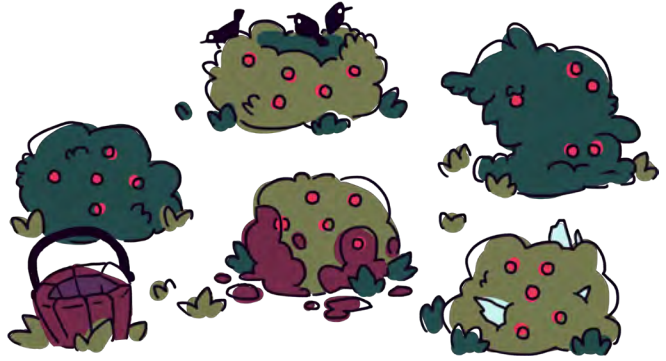
THE LAWS OF BERRY BUMBLING

Before this Chapter starts, put down five index cards: “Closest Bush,” “Muddy Bush,” “Bird’s Nest Bush,” “Bush With Broken Glass,” and “Bush That Sort Of Looks Like Yazeba.” Put five Berry Coins on each card. Whenever anyone wants to take a Berry Coin from a Berry Bush of their choice, they’ll consult all the Berry Coins they already have.

If they don’t have any Berry Coins, they succeed right away, and take a Berry Coin from the Berry Bush.

If they do have some Berry Coins, they flip all of them at once, and if *all* the coins come up heads, they succeed! Otherwise, they must do a Whoopsie about it, and consult the rules for the bush they picked from. Either way, they take another Chaos Coin.

Don’t get distracted, or the others might poach your berries! Whenever you do a Bingo, the first player to say “Dibs!” can snatch them. In this Chapter, we only do Bingos by accident.



SNARLS OF GREEN

- ⦿ If you do a Whoopsie at the Closest Bush, don’t sweat it!
- ⦿ If you do a Whoopsie at the Muddy Bush, soil your outfit. Stop collecting berries until you do a Bingo and go change.
- ⦿ If you do a Whoopsie at the Bird’s Nest Bush, get chased by grackles. There’s no way you can collect any more berries until you do a Bingo that gets rid of them.
- ⦿ If you do a Whoopsie at the Bush With Broken Glass, get a cut. You must do a Bingo and seek medical attention before picking more berries.
- ⦿ If you do a Whoopsie at the Bush That Sort Of Looks Like Yazeba, you are also mesmerized by the bush. You cannot continue picking berries until you do a Bingo and bring it something it wants—tea, a cigarette, an old fur coat, etc.

A MAW FULL OF FANGS

If Hey Kid doesn’t like how their coin flip went, they can snack on some berries (and lose a Chaos Coin) to flip again. If they do, put that Chaos Coin on The Bush That Sort Of Looks Like Yazeba.

THIS CURIOUS PLANET


The Moon Prince is still trying to figure out how exactly everything around here works. They have their own checklist that they're trying to accomplish:

- Do a Whoopsie at the Muddy Bush.
- Do a Whoopsie at the Bird's Nest Bush.
- Do a Whoopsie at the Bush With Broken Glass.
- Do a Whoopsie at the Bush That Sort Of Looks Like Yazeba.
- Do a Bingo and describe how blue the sky is.
- Do a Bingo and describe how red the berries are.
- Do a Bingo and describe the colors of the flowers.

At the end of this Chapter, during Housekeeping, the Moon Prince can tick a Track for every two checkboxes checked.

THE BAKER AND HIS DOZEN

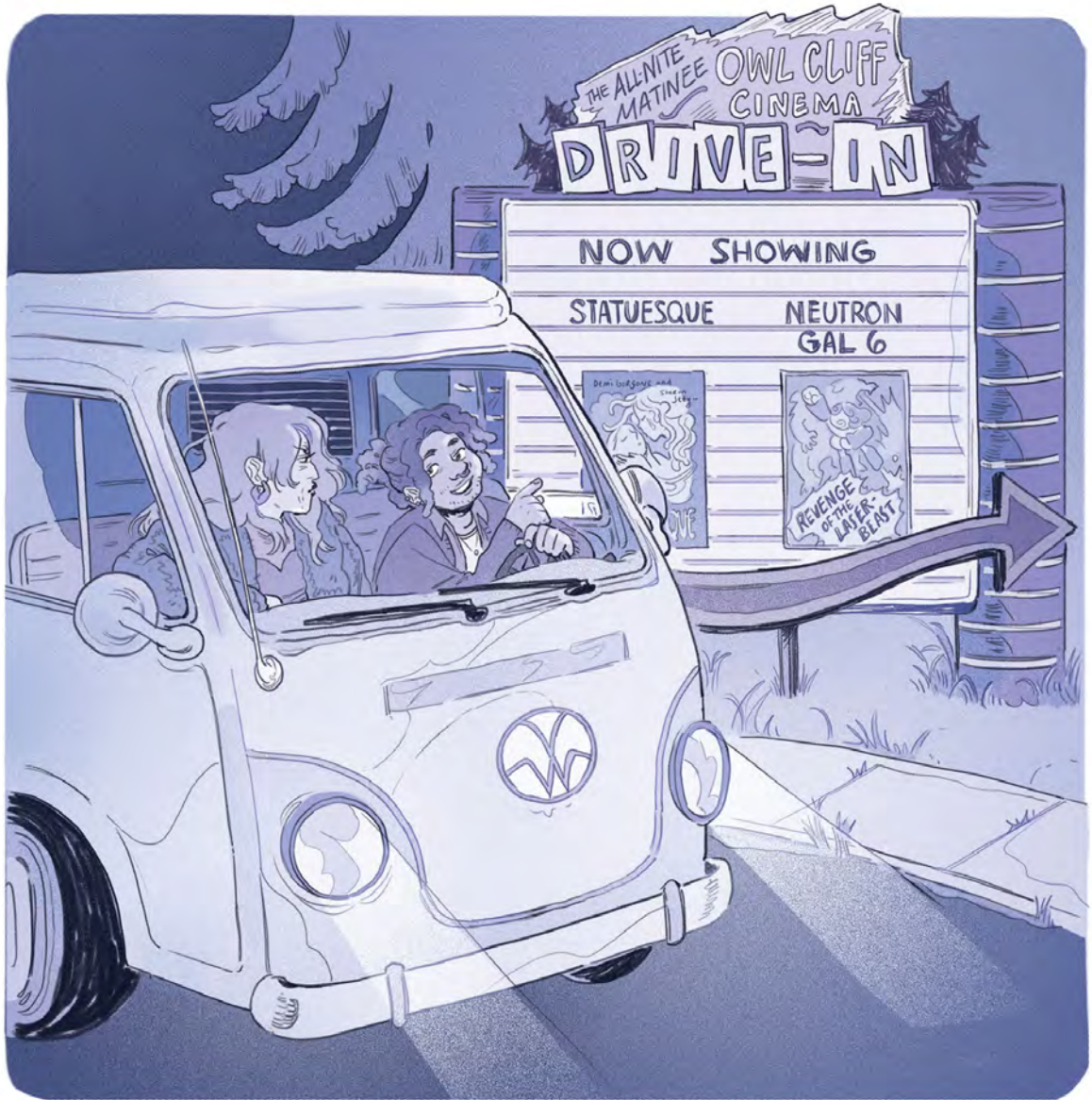
When you have five Chaos Coins, you can give those berries to the kitchen, bank your Chaos Coins, and tick the Pie Track.

When the Pie Track fills up the chapter concludes. Whoever has the most banked Chaos Coins at the end of the chapter wins, and describes the enormous slice of snickerberry pie they've won (and why it's so much better than everyone else's). The Bed & Breakfast gets a berry-stained  *Basket*. Hold onto any Leftover unbanked Chaos Coins for Housekeeping.



CHAPTER 22 *The Big Screen*

WITH SAL, YAZEBA **AND** ANYONE WHO LIKES POPCORN



In which Sal and Yazeba reflect on his former apprenticeship, while they watch a double feature at the local drive-in.



Sal leaned forward to wipe condensation off of the windshield, and as his van crested the hill, the lights of Veilridge winked out behind it, leaving only the bright-burning stars overhead—and the cozy glow of one street lamp, illuminating a parking lot. Broken asphalt gave way to patchy grass, the last dandelions of summer wearing their fluffy seeds like a monk’s tonsure.

His headlights briefly illuminated a sign that depicted a friendly owl sitting in a convertible.

“A double feature? That’s a pretty good deal.” Yazeba announced, buried in quilts and heavy pillows in the passenger seat. Sal was surprised she had wanted to come along—it was rare for her to leave the Bed & Breakfast, let alone on such a frivolous outing. But she said she liked movies, and Sal wasn’t about to question his teacher on a matter like this.

My boss, not my teacher. Sal quickly corrected himself in his head. Even though it had been a decade since he tried to learn magic from her, old habits die hard.

Sal did a quick k-turn so the butt of the van faced the screen, and popped the trunk open. As he set up the Bed & Breakfast’s movie party, he was struck by the anonymity of artificial twilight: anyone he knew *might* be here, but they’d be nothing more than an indistinct shadow on a distant lawn chair.

The screen floated above all else. Countless white panels (only one of them fallen away) reflected back the light of the huge projector far in the back. The commercials started just as Sal plopped onto a cushion and turned on the radio. A half-asleep Hey Kid curled up next to him with an overpriced slushie.

Yazeba rustled to join him, moving slowly so as not to let anyone hear the tell-tale crunch of contraband pretzel bags and catfish taffy squirreled away in her blanket cocoon.

Just as the coming attractions ended, Yazeba opened her mouth and stunned Sal with a question.

PENSIVE MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll read through it and select Questions to write down on index cards, then place as many tokens on each of those Questions as the Chapter asks for. These questions need to be picked away at. Whenever any of us does a Bingo or a Whoopsie, they'll collect a token from one of the Questions, keeping it if they did a Bingo or giving it to someone who can learn from their mistake if they did a Whoopsie.

THE BIG QUESTION

Folks from the Bed & Breakfast are not quiet, focused movie-watchers. They're prone to chatting, joshing, wisecracking, snacking, bickering, and all manner of distraction while they enjoy the show. When the chapter begins, write the following question on an index card and put 20 tokens on it:

- ⦿ How do the people around me make me who I am?




DOUBLE FEATURE

Whenever someone moves a token from The Big Question, they'll check off a plot point from *Statuesque* and discuss it in hushed voices:

- ⦿ Demi's character struggles at her high-powered business career in the Big City.
- ⦿ Sharon's character's best friend tells her to lighten up and not to focus so hard on her art.
- ⦿ Demi's boyfriend disappoints her at a work event.
- ⦿ Sharon asks Demi to pose for her sculpture class, and she says yes!
- ⦿ A forgettable Top 40 song from last year plays over a montage.
- ⦿ Demi accidentally gives Sharon the wrong idea about her relationship status.
- ⦿ Sharon confides her feelings to her best friend.
- ⦿ Demi freaks out about a misunderstanding.
- ⦿ Sharon unveils her sculpture and makes a heartfelt speech even though she doesn't know Demi is at the exposition.
- ⦿ They kiss.

When *Statuesque* is over, everyone takes a moment to stretch and refresh themselves before the second showing. From now on, whenever someone moves a token from The Big Question, they'll check off a plot point from *Neutron Gal 6: Revenge of the Laser-Beast*, instead:

- ⦿ A plucky astrophysicist discovers evidence that the laser-beast is regenerating on Mercury.
- ⦿ A military leader yells at someone because Neutron Gal is "dead" from the last movie.
- ⦿ Some painfully obvious product placement for Melonmile Cola.
- ⦿ The plucky astrophysicist realizes that Neutron Gal is in hiding, and she was the beautiful new exchange student at the university!
- ⦿ Neutron Gal's extremely catchy theme song plays while she beats up some Bad Guys.
- ⦿ The Laser-Beast awakens and flies towards Earth, the anti-Monster defense network unable to stop it.
- ⦿ A part we all missed because someone had to go to the bathroom and offered to get more snacks while they were up.
- ⦿ At the climax of the big fight, the Laser-Beast throws the plucky astrophysicist into the stratosphere, forcing Neutron Gal to choose—rescue her new friend, or save the Big City!
- ⦿ The rest of the Atomic Girls fly out of the Sun and beat up the Laser-Beast while Neutron Gal flies to the moon and saves the plucky astrophysicist.
- ⦿ They kiss.

When both movies have concluded, everyone goes around and tries to answer The Big Question as best they can. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Popcorn Bag* and we'll try to answer Yazeba's Question.

YAZEBA'S QUESTION

At the start of the Chapter, Yazeba chooses a question from below, asks Sal the question out loud, and writes it down on an index card. Don't put any tokens on it.

- ⊙ “Are you happy with the person you've become?”
- ⊙ “Do you wish you could change the past?”
- ⊙ “Who do *you* want to be?”
- ⊙ Something else that Sal isn't ready to answer.

Sal cannot answer this question now—he has to really think about it. Anyone may put a token on Yazeba's Question at any time, and when they do, Sal must verbally acknowledge it somehow—stammering, wincing, musing aloud, etc.

After answering The Big Question, everyone (but Yazeba) goes around and says the answer they think fits best for their character—or for Sal, on his behalf. Finally, Sal can choose: either answer it aloud, or keep his answer to himself. Either way, he writes it down on the card and paperclips it to his Character Sheet as a Keepsake. Then, follow the instructions at the end of the *Sal's Question* section.


SAL'S QUESTION

It's been more than a decade since Sal tried to learn magic in imitation of Yazeba, and although it *should* be just water under the bridge, Sal can't let go. At the start of the chapter, Sal chooses a question that he's wondering about Yazeba, and writes it down on an index card. He does *not* say it out loud, nor does he put any tokens on it.

- ⊙ “Are you disappointed in me?”
- ⊙ “What did you want from me?”
- ⊙ “What would you have done, if you were me?”
- ⊙ Something else, from Sal's anxieties.

Anyone may put one of their tokens on this question at any point, and when they do, Yazeba must nonverbally acknowledge it somehow—coughing, sighing, grumbling, etc.

After Yazeba's Question has been answered, Sal works up the courage to ask Yazeba the question he chose.

- ⊙ If Yazeba's question has more tokens than Sal's: Yazeba replies with a question of her own, and the chapter ends. Sal hands out any tokens on his question and everyone keeps any tokens they've collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping.
- ⊙ If Sal's question has more tokens than Yazeba's: Yazeba answers flippantly and ambiguously, and the chapter ends. Yazeba hands out any tokens on her question and everyone keeps any tokens they've collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping.
- ⊙ If both questions have the same number of tokens: Yazeba answers honestly from her heart, and the chapter ends. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Movie Poster*, everyone divvies up the tokens on the questions among themselves, and holds on to any tokens they've collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping.



CHAPTER 30 *A Trip To The Waterfront*

WITH PARISH, GERTRUDE, *AND* ANYONE THRIFTY



*In which Parish's grocery shopping is derailed
by the desires of his companions.*



Gertrude couldn't tear her eyes away from the dress in the window. It was a cascade of pinks and silvers and purples and greens, like a seashell wrapped in peacock feathers. It was decadent and gaudy, exactly the sort of dress a princess would wear to a trendy club. It was everything Gertrude had ever wanted. She wondered whether Yazeba would love it, or despise it.

Parish's voice broke her from her reverie.

"Come along, young Gertrude! We're just here for groceries," he croaked.

He was staring intently at a fishmonger's wares, the glassy eyes of freshly hung trout staring accusingly over his head at Gertrude. Above, seagulls screeched and cast shadows from the blazing hot sun. The waterfront was packed with shoppers and tourists, little kids slobbering on their ice cream cones and sneering teens lurking under every gazebo. Narrow storefronts hid behind kiosks overflowing with goods and merchandise brought upriver from the sea.

It was the kind of chaos to which Parish was not accustomed. Foolishly, he'd thought it would be easy enough to grab some groceries—and perhaps a toy for Hey Kid—and then hop in Sal's van and go right back home. And maybe it would've gone that way, with Gertrude forgetting all about the dress...except that, just as she looked away, she made eye contact with one of those smug teen loiterers, who gave Gertrude a *look* that made her painfully aware of every hole in her hand-me-down sweatshirt.

Suddenly she knew exactly how this outing would end, Parish be damned. Under her breath, she murmured an oath:

"I'm not going home without that dress."

RELAXED MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of tokens where everyone can reach them. During the Chapter, whenever anyone does a Whoopsie, they'll take a token. Before anyone can do one of their Bingos, they must first give a token back to the table.

HAVES AND HAVE-NOTS

This Chapter requires money (not real money!) Make a bunch of \$1 bills by ripping up index cards and writing a little \$ on each one. Before the Chapter begins, each character decides if they're Responsible (someone who has arrived at the Waterfront to get some supplies needed for the Bed & Breakfast) or Impulsive (someone who desires something nice but has no money for it). If you're Responsible, take an Index card and make a Grocery List with 5 Necessities on it. Some Lists might include a mix of the following:

- ☉ Fish (*salmon, tuna, yellowtail, talking carp, seabass*)
- ☉ Herbs (*parsley, lavender, basil, wormwood, mandrake*)
- ☉ Cleaning Supplies (*soap, sponges, paper towels, abjurative powder, aqua regia*)
- ☉ Fruit (*apples, bananas, strawberries, snickerberries, oranges*)
- ☉ Books (*almanac, English-to-Moonish dictionary, trashy romance, arcane tome, cookbook*)
- ☉ Any other five things someone might need.

If you're Impulsive, take an Index card and draw a little picture of the Luxury that has captured your heart's desire, and draw a 4-part Track underneath it. Some Luxuries might include:

- ☉ A pretty dress with lace and ruffles.
- ☉ A really, really, really cool action figure.
- ☉ A state-of-the-art brand-new guitar.
- ☉ A mahogany wand tipped with obsidian.
- ☉ A puff mousse pastry with gold icing and twenty (twenty!) layers of chocolate.
- ☉ An antique relic that seems to speak to you about your destiny.

Anyone can spend a token and \$1 to mark a Luxury Track, or to cross off a Necessity. Every Responsible person possesses exactly enough money to get all the things on their Grocery List (totalling \$5), and each Impulsive person possesses exactly enough money to get nothing at all.

DRAGGING THEIR HEELS

Whenever a Responsible person does a Bingo, they may spend \$1 to check one Necessity off of their Grocery List. However, any Impulsive person may stop them by immediately doing a Whoopsie to delay, distract or annoy them, in which case the two enter into negotiations. If the Responsible party can convince the Impulsive party to cooperate (whether by reason, emotion, or—at last resort—a cash bribe), they may check off the Necessity. If negotiations stalemate, move the spotlight to someone else for a while.

FORAGING ON THE BOARDWALK

Of course, in a vibrant marketplace like this, there are ways for resourceful, cunning, and brave individuals to find what they're looking for. Anyone Impulsive may spend a token to:

- Busk for change with a talent (or “talent.”)
- Check all the payphones for loose quarters.
- Pickpocket a tourist, which is pretty much always morally justified.

When you check off one of these boxes, get \$1.

Likewise, anyone Responsible may spend a token to:

- Find a day-old Necessity in a dumpster behind a store.
- Charm a shopkeeper into saying “don't worry about it” about a Necessity.
- Shoplift a Necessity from a big business, which is pretty much always morally justified.

When you check off one of these boxes, check off the Necessity, as well. Once any avenue of foraging is checked off, it's either depleted or too risky to try it again.

LAST FEW BUCKS

The Chapter ends when the Responsible people have nothing left to buy—either they've run out of money or purchased every item on their list.

Any Impulsive person who managed to fill up their Luxury track can purchase the object of their desire, and paperclip the card to their Character Sheet as a Keepsake.

Parish will say how he corrals everyone back into the van, and we'll discuss what we could or couldn't get.

If nobody Responsible managed to check off more than 3 Necessities on their list, erase all of the progress on the Assorted Tracks on *pg. 132* before Housekeeping. If nobody Impulsive managed to purchase their Luxury, everyone should erase some or all of the progress on their current Journey.

Either way, the Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Plastic Bag Full Of Plastic Bags*. Hold on to any spare tokens and dollars you've collected for use as leftovers during Housekeeping.

CHAPTER 63 *Lost In The Cornmaze*

*WITH SAL, THE MOON PRINCE, AND
ANYONE WHO IS EASILY FRIGHTENED*



*In which Sal, the Moon Prince and their friends
encounter unexplainable things among the corn.*



Even as the haywagon rolled away toward its next group of passengers, the Moon Prince was still chuckling to himself. Their first official hayride had been quite the adventure, and more importantly, another “Earth-seasons experience” checked off of their list.

“What a delight!” they mused, as Sal dusted the remaining straw off his pants. With autumn came a whole host of activities that the Moon Prince had read about—gourd carving, apple picking, leaf jumping, post-leaf-jumping-tick-removal—and they wanted to experience it all.

“Is there anything else to do here?” the young prince asked, scoping out the festival grounds. Sal smiled to himself, because it’d been a while since he’d seen the Moon Prince this full of energy. He surveyed the scene with a hand on his hip. Dusk had come and gone, and plentiful gourd lamps competed with the moonlight to illuminate the thinning crowd, casting strange double-shadows.

They’d done just about everything. Well, except...had that sign been there before? Sal pointed in its direction, saying, “Looks like all that’s left is the corn maze. How’s about it, MP?”

The pair mosied through the entrance of the maze together, happy to lag behind a giddy group of costumed children who ran forward and split off in separate paths. Despite the familiarity of it all, the moment Sal crossed the threshold, something felt...off.

The children’s giggling, which should’ve been muffled by thick-packed vegetables, echoed distant and distorted. And as they walked, Sal swore the leafy pathways were growing narrower of their own accord.

None the wiser, the Moon Prince ran their fingers over the leaves as they went, asking, “What exactly is the purpose of a corn maze, Sal?”

“Uh,” Sal said, trying to hide his growing concern, “To find your way back out, I guess!”

He glanced over his shoulder, looking back towards the entrance, but it was gone, replaced by corn stalks that stretched so high the tips seemed to bend towards the moon overhead.

“Earth Corn is amazing, Sal,” the Moon Prince mused, pausing to pick up a fallen stalk. “I had no idea it was made of teeth!”

EERIE MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll shuffle a deck of cards and put it where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to push onwards, they can do a Bingo or a Whoopsie and flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card (a Jack, Queen, King, or Ace). If they do a Bingo, they'll flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card from one of the Black Suits (Clubs or Spades). If they do a Whoopsie, they'll flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card from one of the Red Suits (Hearts or Diamonds).

When someone reveals an Omen Card of the correct color, they'll consult the Chapter's rules to find out what happens next, and hold onto the Omen Card unless the rules say otherwise. If the deck runs out of cards before they find an Omen of the right suit, there's a moment of uneasy quiet. Shuffle any unclaimed cards back into the deck.

THE IMPOSSIBLE MAZE

A hollow moon looms over this tangled and endless maze of maize, and the geometry of the corn forms patterns that are definitely not possible under conventional euclidian laws.

Before the chapter really starts, place the 2 of Hearts down in the middle of the table, with the King of Hearts underneath it. We start here, in the center of the maze.

Whenever anyone pushes onwards, any non-Omen cards they reveal form a path through the maze. Place each card next to the card we came from. Red cards (Hearts and Diamonds) always continue in the same direction, but Black cards (Spades and Clubs) are forks in the path: place them perpendicular to the previous card and choose which direction to turn before placing the next one.

If the path threatens to travel right off of the table or to intersect with a previous path, we can either place the card in a new section or embrace the impossible geometry. We can always backtrack, change directions, or split up, if we want. If we do, we should use small objects to represent our positions in the maze.



SECRETS OF THE MAZE ♣♠

Consult this chart whenever you draw an Omen Card of the Spades or Clubs suit.

- J There's a rustling behind you, as the corn chitters with sharp and desperate teeth. If you're with anyone else, you are immediately sent alone to the lowest number card on the table. If you were already alone, freeze where you are until someone comes to save you with a Bingo.
- Q A cloud passes in front of the sickly harvest moon, and the maze shifts. Flip all 3s, 4s, and 5s on the map upside down. To cross their shadowy form and flip the card rightside up again, you'll have to do a Bingo or Whoopsie.
- K A long scarecrow looms above the corn, and slips from its pole as you approach. Retrieve the King of Hearts from under the 2 of Hearts, and shuffle him into the deck. If you've already shuffled the King of Hearts in, *Crookneck the Pumpkin Boy* joins you in the maze. Someone may play him if they like, and if they do, Unlock him at the end of the Chapter.

DENIZENS OF THE MAZE ♥♦

Consult this chart whenever you draw an Omen Card of the Diamonds or Hearts suit.

- J♦ You can tell something is following you, because the corn waves as it passes. Do a Whoopsie while you avoid it, or run as far away from it in the maze as you can.
- Q♦ A murder of crows watches you pass through the maze. If you do a Whoopsie to amuse them or scare them off, they'll fly through a hidden gap, and this card will turn into a shortcut to another part of the maze.
- K♦ You spot Sal ahead of you! He waves excitedly in a direction, then dashes that way, motioning for you to follow. *Was that Sal?* Reveal another card immediately and shuffle the King of Diamonds back into the deck.
- J♥ If you're alone, you turn a corner to see one of your friends. Go to their card and join them. If you were already with friends, each of you goes to a different corner of the maze, each joined by sack-cloth-and-hay effigies of the friends you were with. The effigies wordlessly follow you until you do a Bingo to get rid of them.
- Q♥ You find a burlap mask hanging from a wooden post. If you put it on, keep the Queen of Hearts, and whenever you push forward and the first card you reveal is an Omen Card, you may shuffle it back into the deck and reveal the next card instead. You can't leave the maze until someone does a Bingo to get the mask off of you.
- K♥ The long scarecrow's sack-cloth face protrudes through a wall of corn and drags someone away with a wicker arm. If anyone is alone, choose one of them to remove from the Chapter. If everyone is together, the long scarecrow snatches whoever has the most Omens. A player whose Character has been snatched may pick up someone else to play, and decide whether they came in to look for the others or have been lost in the corn for days. Shuffle the King of Hearts back into the deck.

THE EXIT OUTSIDE SPACE

When you reveal an Ace, if the last card revealed was also an Ace, shuffle it back into the deck.

- ② The first time an Ace is drawn, you spot a big archway covered in dead sunflowers marked “EXIT,” but when you pass through it, there’s just more corn on the other side, and when you look back, you can’t find it again. Move yourself to the lowest-number card in the maze.
- ② The second time an Ace is drawn, you think you spot the exit...before the hayride cart barrels through the maze with a rumble and a roar. Do a Whoopsie as you duck away, and draw a straight line across the maze. Shuffle all of the maze cards along that line back into the deck, and you’re left lost in the corn.
- ② The third time an Ace is drawn, the moon jumps forward in the sky overhead. Rotate all of the odd-numbered cards in the maze ninety degrees. If you’re trapped in a dead end, you can do a Bingo to fix the card you’re on.
- ② The fourth time an Ace is drawn, you find the exit for real. Any Residents taken by the long scarecrow can be found sitting on a haybale with no memory of the maze. Describe what snacks everyone gets from the little farmstand at the exit. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🎃 *Jack O’Lantern* and the Moon Prince decides how the chapter ends. Divvy up the leftover Omen Cards on the table for Housekeeping.

Lock any Guests who were taken by the long scarecrow, starting a twelve-part Track (among the Assorted Tracks on *pg. 132*) called “*Escape The Maze.*” We can Unlock those Guests again once the Track is filled, and give them each the Whoopsie “Be haunted by memories of an impossible maze.”



CHAPTER Diary Two



WITH GERTRUDE AND HER DIARY (AND NO ONE ELSE)
SOMETIME BEFORE SHE ARRIVED AT THE BED & BREAKFAST

Hi, Diary Two.

This is officially Day 4 of journaling and I'm not feeling any better. I don't think Mr. ~~Rehett~~ knows what he's talking about. I've got 3 more days of this 'mindful exercise' stuff before I have to show everything to him. Why should he get to know what I think or where I go? And why should ~~that~~ Mr. ~~Rehett~~ says everything is confidential, but I know what that really means: it's between us until he decides it isn't.

Whatever, that's why I'm starting this diary, Diary Two. So since it's just for me, I'll tell you about something cool that happened today:

Uhhh so I found all these creepy masks in a suitcase? Wait, lemme back up. So you know how hot it gets at the house, right? Sometimes it feels like the wallpaper's gonna ooze off. Summer school sux but at least there's A/C. Well I was sitting in front of that one box fan (the one that buzzes like a hornets nest when it's turned up to High?) and ~~Mark~~ came in and stole it, pointing it his way. I snatched it back, and we kinda did that back and forth for a while until he got all mad, and then ~~Mark~~ came down and turned it into this whole thing. There was yelling like always and I think one of them ended up busting the fan against the wall or something. Idk. I ran out before I could see. I heard Mark running after me, shouting stuff, but he gave up once I got near Pike's Dump. No one goes there on account of all the seagulls and the stink, so it's safe, even if you leave smelling like low tide.

MY BORING LIFE

I start with a friend. Draw a picture of them and give them a name.

I start with a secret hideout. Draw a picture of it.

CARD SUIT MEANINGS

- ♥ A friend is with me. Draw a little picture of them, and get +1 to a stat.
- ♦ I'm listening to a song while this happens. Play the song while I write, and keep listening.
- ♣ I have an obligation I'm procrastinating on while this is going on. Get -1 to a stat unless I take time to deal with it during all this.
- ♠ I have an anxiety attack in the middle of the event. Draw a picture to capture my inner feelings, and get -1 to a stat.

CARD NUMBER MEANINGS

- A Find a new hideout—some place where I can be myself. Draw a picture of it and get +1 to a stat.
- 2 Make a new friend at school. Draw a little picture of them and get +1 to a stat.
- 3 See a cool bug in the grass. Draw a little picture of it and get +1 to a stat if you like the picture.
- 4 Have a moment with the world—poignant or melancholy, or something else. Write a short poem about it.
- 5 Meet a girl at summer school I'm envious of. Draw a picture of her and write down why.
- 6 Fall asleep in class and miss what the homework was. Get -1 to a stat.
- 7 Ask my friends to try out a new name, pronoun, or dress with me. Try writing the name in the margins. *Choose:* Get +1 to a stat if I think they'd say yes, or -1 if they wouldn't.
- 8 One of my siblings has been snooping around in my stuff. *Choose:* -1 to a stat, or cross out one of my secret hideouts—it's not secret anymore.
- 9 Go to a big party and be completely terrified. *Choose:* -2 to a stat, or tell a girl to her face why I'm envious of her.
- 10 Stay up too late the night before and nearly miss a big test. Write down what it was about and what I was thinking about instead. *Choose:* -2 to a stat, or write "FAILED" in big red letters in my notebook.
- J Misunderstand a friend and get into a big fight with them. *Choose:* -3 to a stat while I try to make them happy, or cross out a drawing of them and scribble away any mentions of their name.
- Q Get in a fight with a relative and sob in my room. *Choose:* Cross out a stat entirely, or cross out all my secret hideouts and remove all As from the deck.
- K Realize everyone forgot my birthday again. Skip writing about today.

CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE

The game ends on my birthday, or on whatever day I'm asked to take a penalty to my stats and can't afford to. Today's the day I run away, leaving everything behind and heading into the Haunted Woods. I don't know what's out there. Maybe I'll get eaten by the witch or whatever. Maybe I'll just freeze to death. Turn to *pg. 12* in the book, and we can find out what happens together.

Whatever happens, it'll be better than all this.

The first time someone plays this Chapter, the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍷 *Mask*. Keep this journal with the Bed & Breakfast, in a special spot.

CHAPTER 6
The Perfect Pumpkin
WITH AMELIE, THE MOON PRINCE, AND ANYONE READY FOR FALL



In which the Bed & Breakfast has waited too long to get a spectacular squash.



Amelie and the Moon Prince were late to the opening of the Pumpkin Patch. If there was anything the Moon Prince was sure Amelie despaired of as much as uncleanliness, it was a lack of punctuality—and the Moon Prince had staggered down the stairs fifteen minutes past the time they were supposed to be at the bus stop. They leaned heavily on a cane and practically dragged a horticultural book behind them. Predictably, Amelie had been wheeling back and forth in the entrance hall, practically quivering with anxiety; and it was a very nervous robot who boarded the late bus with the very anxious Moon Prince in the rain so they could head to the Pumpkin Patch where all the best pumpkins would certainly be gone already.

To stop themselves from constantly apologizing for their tardiness, the Moon Prince cracked open *Barnabie Duke's Official Guide To Horticultural Production*. Amelie watched rain run down the windows while their metal fingers tapped an anxious rhythm on their legs. Both tried to ignore the jostling around them.

The Moon Prince ran a shaking finger down the page they'd dog-eared and found the paragraph that talked about color and size in healthy pumpkins. "...Color not necessarily indicative of health," they found themselves murmuring aloud.

Amelie turned to look at them, then at the book in apparent interest, and said flatly, "Reading on a bus will cause motion sickness."

The Moon Prince flinched and slammed the book shut, turning a deep blue with embarrassment. After a moment Amelie added, "But it was appropriate of you to bring research materials. We will likely need them."

The Moon Prince offered a hesitant smile, and Amelie's nervous tapping slowed a touch. The bus emptied and refilled, emptied and refilled, each stop allowing more cold and wet to blow inside.

"We will need to select a pumpkin that can fit into Sal's van. I have memorized the measurements."

The Moon Prince nodded politely. "Thanks, Amelie. And we won't want one with soft spots or streaks, right? A nice, even orange."

"The stem must not be too long, but we do want a pumpkin that has one."

"Yes! And one that's perfect for carving, so not too long, though it could be a little narrow?"

"Affirmative. And we will—"

"Ibbotson Patch, this stop," the bus driver hollered, ending Amelie and the Moon Prince's deliberations. They both stood up quickly. Amelie reached out, hesitantly, to offer support, but the kind old bus driver hit a button that lowered the step to ground level when she noticed the Moon Prince's cane.

As the two of them looked out over the pumpkin patch, however, they were shocked to find it absolutely swarming with other pumpkin pickers! The Ibbotson Patch was famous for the exquisite variety and size of its pumpkins, and had drawn in families from all over the county. The Moon Prince trembled, preparing himself for endless "excuse me's" and "beg pardon's," and Amelie buzzed uncertainly at the dismal quality of the remaining gourds. If there was one thing the two had in common, it was their hatred of crowds.

FRANTIC MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of Chaos Coins where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to tick a track, they'll consult their Chaos Coins:

- ☉ If they don't have any Chaos Coins, they succeed right away, and take a Chaos Coin.
- ☉ If they do have Chaos Coins, they flip all of them at once, and if *all* the coins come up heads, they succeed! Otherwise, they don't tick the track and must do a Whoopsie about it. Either way, they take another Chaos Coin.

Anyone can cash in five Chaos Coins to tick a track right away. When any of us does a Bingo, they may give away all their Chaos Coins to someone else, making the whole mess their problem. (*That person shouldn't then turn around and return the coins with a new Bingo—no tag backs!*)

Tip: This is for the BnB's Halloween jack-o-lantern! It should be large, smooth, and round, with enough room to carve and a nice stem.

SPLENDID SQUASH



Amelie and the Moon Prince are braving the crowds to search for the perfect pumpkin. There's so many to choose from, and so little time! To pick a prize, wander through the patch until you find one that looks like it might be right:

1. Consult your Chaos Coins as you search the fields, and tick the Splendid Squash Track if you succeed.
2. Once the Splendid Squash Track has filled up to one of the pumpkins depicted on it, discuss the merits and/or faults of that pumpkin. Someone should hold on to it, and whoever does flips an extra Chaos Coin whenever they search, because wow are these things heavy!
3. Once the Splendid Squash Track has filled up all the way, we've found what is indisputably *the* perfect pumpkin! Everyone goes to the front of the patch to wait for Sal, who will arrive shortly (push the Chaos Coin on his track towards the end whenever you like).

TURBULENT TUMULTS

Amelie and the Moon Prince are not great in crowds, and the pumpkin patch is positively swarming with people. During this chapter, everyone has access to the following Bingos:

- ★ Power through the overstimulation.
- ★ Reassure one another.

And also the following Whoopsies:

- ✦ Get angry at someone's jostling.
- ✦ Pick a fight about the appearance of the current selected pumpkin.

DELICIOUS DETOURS

Any time anyone feels they just can't handle it anymore, they can step away to the refreshment area. Trade one tick on Sal's approach track, below, to get rid of all your Chaos Coins.

Describe what you do in the rest area to distress:

- ☉ Select a snack: roasted pumpkin seeds, cinnamon anise scones, street corn with spices, or pumpkin pie.
- ☉ Select a beverage: hot apple cider, pumpkin lattes, cold root beer, or ginger and anise tea.
- ☉ Sit and people watch.
- ☉ Play cornhole toss to win fabulous prizes!

When you play cornhole toss, flip each Chaos Coin you're getting rid of. Every Heads represents a bean bag successfully sunk:

- ☉ 1+ gets you or a friend a free candy apple.
- ☉ 2+ gets you or a friend a free miniature pumpkin.
- ☉ 3+ gets you a free scarecrow to decorate your front yard for fall! Unlock *Crookneck the Pumpkin Boy*, on pg. 177. Someone may begin playing him immediately, if they like.

SAL IS ON HIS WAY

Sal has graciously agreed to transport whatever pumpkin we select back to the Bed & Breakfast, but he's coming from band practice and won't want to wait around too long.



At the start of the Chapter, put a Chaos Coin on the first part of his track to represent his van. Whenever someone consults their Chaos Coins, move it one space along. When it reaches the Ibbotson Farmstand, he'll arrive, and we'll have to settle for whatever pumpkin we've picked by then.

If we all agree that this is the perfect pumpkin, and nobody thinks there was a better one we could have found, the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🎃 *Jack-o-Lantern*. The Chapter ends after the Moon Prince has had a moment to catch their breath. Hold onto any leftover Chaos Coins you've collected for Housekeeping.

CHAPTER 11 The Tomtom Hunt

WITH PARISH, AMELIE, THE TOMTOM (WHO IS PLAYED WITHOUT A CHARACTER SHEET), AND ANYONE DETERMINED TO CATCH HIM



In which a mischievous gnome sneaks around in the snow, and causes the Bed & Breakfast all sorts of misfortune.



The snow piling up around the Bed & Breakfast had reached the window-sills. It nearly glowed in the moonlight, which made them easy to see: tiny little footprints, wandering out from the garden shed, over to the kitchen window, and from there to the garage. Each print had a pointed tip, left by a tiny holly-wood clog.

Parish grimaced, lowering his binoculars from his face, and hopped off of the top shelf in the laundry room. “Back again, eh, you midwinter miscreant? AMELIE! Amelie, where are you? He’s back!!!”

Gertrude, jerked up from her nest atop the dryer and rubbed sleep from her eyes, alarmed.

“Parish? What’s going on...is there trouble?”

Parish was already bundling himself up in his puffiest winter jacket with all of the severity of girding himself for battle.

“The Tomtom’s come again this year. Our longtime nemesis. An evasive and cunning fairy of the gnomey variety. He visits anywhere the snow falls, tromping around in his little wooden shoes and leaving his *little blessings* for any house that—”

It was cold, and Gertrude would have dearly liked to go back to sleep.

“Blessings? Wait, why is he an enemy, then?”

“Yazeba has made it *very clear* that she doesn’t want his blessings,” the old frog whispered, “And where he isn’t welcome...he pulls pranks. Dastardly ones. He’ll drink all of your milk, leave the windows open to the snowstorm, draw on the walls with fireplace coals.”

Gertrude pulled her blankets over her face, trying to decide whether or not the Tomtom was really her problem. “Well,” she yawned. “What exactly are you going to do about it, Parish?”

Parish hefted a snow shovel and swung it experimentally through the air with both hands, testing the weight of it like a medieval glaive. Behind him, Amelie appeared in the doorway, the huge jaws of an iron bear trap dangling from one of their shoulders.

A shadow fell across his face as he replied, “Quite simple, my girl. We’ll put an end to that reprobate’s puckish ruckus once and for all.”

EERIE MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll shuffle a deck of cards and put it where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to push onwards, they can do a Bingo or a Whoopsie and flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card (a Jack, Queen, King, or Ace). If they do a Bingo, they'll flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card from one of the Black Suits (Clubs or Spades). If they do a Whoopsie, they'll flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card from one of the Red Suits (Hearts or Diamonds).

When someone reveals an Omen Card of the correct color, they'll consult the Chapter's rules to find out what happens next, and hold onto the Omen Card unless the rules say otherwise. If the deck runs out of cards before they find an Omen of the right suit, there's a moment of uneasy quiet. Shuffle any unclaimed cards back into the deck.

THE TOM OF TRICKS

Before the Chapter begins, the Tomtom separates all Clubs cards out of the deck and puts them face down on the table in a three by four grid *except* for the King. Then, while nobody is looking, he'll swap one of the cards on the table with the King of Clubs, and place the card he swapped face up just outside of the grid. The Tomtom should always remember where the King of Clubs is: if his Hunters find it, he'll be captured! Whenever the Hunters reveal an Omen, they must close their eyes as the Tomtom secretly chooses one of the following:

- ⦿ Swap one of the non-Omen cards they revealed with a face-down card in the grid (but never the King of Clubs).
- ⦿ Swap the King of Clubs with an adjacent facedown card in the grid.
- ⦿ Pretend to swap things around, but leave them as they set.
- ⦿ Add four of the non-Omen cards, face-down, to the grid. The Tomtom can do this only if the Hunters have just revealed at least four non-Omen cards, and only once.

When the Tomtom is finished and everyone can look, resolve the Omen by reading *Dark & Silent Were The Boughs*, then shuffle any unclaimed cards that were revealed back into the deck.

DARK & SILENT WERE THE BOUGHS

The Tomtom leads a merry chase across the Bed & Breakfast's grounds, transformed by the solemn grace of winter and its long, long shadows. Whenever the Hunters reveal an omen card, they find a clue as to where the Tomtom has gone, and collect it.


- J♦ The Tomtom's pointy tracks loop around Grackle McFran's hut three times. There is a smiley face drawn in the frost on the window.
- Q♦ The Tomtom's pointy tracks traipse through the garden, in and out and in and out of all the Rabbits' holes.
- K♦ A small snow fort has appeared in the backyard. Inside it's dark as dark can be, shielded from the moon and stars.
- A♦ The Tomtom's pointy tracks lead to the gate in the old stone wall. A festive sprig of mistletoe dangles from its arch.

- J♥** Looping back around, the kitchen window's been jimmied open and Parish's fresh pie has been pilfered! We can still smell rutabaga in the air; he must be close.
- Q♥** Yazeba's sign in the front window (the one that says, "No soliciting, trespassing," etc) has been replaced with an identical sign that says, "HA HA HEE HEE HO HO."
- K♥** Following a commotion, we find the garage door open, and Sal's van blasting its hi-beams and country classics over its busted radio speakers.
- A♥** To Amelie's horror, their tidy tarp-covered lawn furniture on the patio has been scattered, along with an upended bag of charcoal that streaks the snow black.
- J♠** We hear a faint, musical drumming from the woods, as if someone were dancing on a tree with wooden shoes.
- Q♠** A red fox peers out playfully from the treeline, then dashes off into the woods.
- K♠** The Tomtom's pointy footprints lead deeper into the woods, then straight up the trunk of a tree, into the canopy.
- A♠** The Tomtom's pointy tracks lead to an old, old clearing in the woods—one you've never seen before—then vanish. It's unearthly quiet here.


AFTER HIM!

At any point, a Hunter can return an Omen they've collected to the box in order to try to catch the Tomtom, either by laying a clever trap or charging blindly ahead. They flip a card that's adjacent to any face-up card in the Tomtom's grid.

- A-Q♣** The trail wends onwards. However: If the King is hiding in an adjacent card, the Tomtom will tap the table or use their mouth to make the sounds of clogs clomping nearby.
- ♥** The Tomtom will tell the Hunter what blessing he has left them, usually a trinket of carved wood, stone, or pine resin. If they like it, the Hunter may collect it, removing the Hearts card from the Tomtom's grid and keeping it with their Character Sheet.
- ♦** The Tomtom will tell the Hunter what cute (but infuriating) little trick they've stumbled into. The Hunter must do a Whoopsie about it.
- ♠** The Tomtom will tell the Hunter what treacherous, icy trap they've stumbled into. Someone must do a Bingo to save them from peril.
- K♣** The Tomtom is captured! The Hunter who flipped the card describes how. The Tomtom never speaks aloud, but nonetheless will try to convince the Hunters to let him go.

Once the Hunters decide what to do with the captured Tomtom, the Chapter ends. They can divide any face-down cards left in the Tomtom's grid evenly amongst themselves, and hold on to any cards they've collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping. The Bed & Breakfast gets a pair of  *Wooden Clogs*. If the Tomtom was released, he can become a Guest at the Bed & Breakfast if he would like: Unlock his Character Sheet.

A WILD GOOSE CHASE

If the deck runs out of Omens, the Tomtom has well and truly escaped, and the Chapter ends. Maybe they'll have better luck next year. As the Hunters make their way back to the Bed & Breakfast, cold, weary, and defeated, the Tomtom can tell everyone who didn't already get one about a little fairy gift he's left them, and offer them a Hearts card. Hold on to any Hearts cards the Hunters have collected for use as Leftovers during Housekeeping. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Fairy Blessing*, to Yazeba's dismay.

CHAPTER 15 *Shovels At Dawn*

WITH GERTRUDE AND AMELIE **AND** NO ONE ELSE AT ALL



In which Gertrude and Amelie clear a path through the snow, alone, while thinking about what it means to take care of others.





Gertrude awoke to a banging and clattering, and roused herself blearily to find Amelie in the laundry room, outfitting herself with a puffy coat and wielding a big plastic shovel.

Gertrude yawned and asked, “It’s so early...what are you doing?”

Amelie screwed a red knit cap onto their head, and their antenna spronged through a hole in the top. Somehow, they made this look very serious. Stoic, even.

Fortified against the elements, they explained, “There has been an overnight snowfall of seven point two five inches. All pathways on the premises must be cleared before the Bed & Breakfast begins office hours.”

Gertrude looked out the window and saw the ground blanketed in snow, and the snow blanketed in sleepy dark. The whole yard was gone; she couldn’t even see the horseshoe pits.

“You’re going out there all by yourself?” she asked.

Amelie stared at Gertrude for a moment, then slowly turned their LED gaze towards a second shovel leaning up against the washing machine, then left.

A few minutes later, Gertrude found herself blinking away sleep and pulling on a pair of someone else’s snow boots.

PENSIVE MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll read through it and select Questions to write down on index cards, then place as many tokens on each of those Questions as the Chapter asks for.

These questions need to be picked away at. Whenever any of us does a Bingo or a Whoopsie, they'll collect a token from one of the Questions, keeping it if they did a Bingo or giving it to someone who can learn from their mistake if they did a Whoopsie.

A HEAVY LOAD

Gertrude comes from a place where nobody thinks she's very useful, and even here at the Bed & Breakfast she doesn't always know how she can help. With her limbs struggling and her breath sharp and heavy, there's a question on her mind. She chooses one of the questions below, or invents her own:

- ⊙ "Is hard labor only for stronger people?"
- ⊙ "Have I been pulling my own weight?"
- ⊙ "Will we always be falling behind on everything?"

The question starts with 8 tokens on it. When no tokens remain, Amelie will offer Gertrude some thoughts, but no answer. If Gertrude thinks she can answer the question, she'll write it down and clip it to her character sheet as a Keepsake.

WHILE OTHERS SLUMBER

Amelie has spent a lot of quiet mornings toiling in the dark, but usually they are alone, and their thoughts are focused and empty.

This morning, though, one thought in particular is clunking around in their metal head. Amelie chooses one of the questions below, or invents their own:

- ⊙ "Why can I never ask for help?"
- ⊙ "Is caring for others enough?"
- ⊙ "What would I do, if not this?"

The question starts with 8 tokens on it. When no tokens remain, Gertrude will offer Amelie some thoughts, but no answer. If Amelie thinks they can answer the question, they'll write it down and clip it to their character sheet as a Keepsake.

A WINTER WONDERLAND

Both Amelie and Gertrude have the additional Bingos:

- ★ Admire a particularly impressive icicle.
- ★ Write or draw something with your finger.
- ★ Throw a snowball.


They also both have the additional Whoopsies:

- ✎ Struggle under the weight.
- ✎ Ignore something beautiful.
- ✎ Let the cold seep in.

ALL PATHS MUST BE CLEARED

The snow that's fallen is wet, heavy and meanspirited, but the Bed & Breakfast needs three paths cleared: One to the mailbox, so everyone can get their packages and Yazeba can get her bills, one to the propane tanks, so the heat stays on and we don't freeze to death, and the whole gravel drive, so guests can come and go once the roads are plowed. You can spend tokens and do some exhausting shoveling to mark these tracks.



- ☉ When one of the tracks fills up, the first rays of dawn peek over the horizon.
- ☉ When the second track fills up, dawn's light hits the ice and throws rainbows all over the yard.
- ☉ When the all three tracks are completely full, the shoveling is done, and we can go back inside and finish talking over hot cocoa. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Festive Mug*. Gertrude and Amelie split any unspent tokens as Leftovers for Housekeeping.

The Chapter ends when we answer the question: "Did we do a good job?"

CHAPTER 33 *Let's Start A Band*

WITH SAL, AMELIE, **AND** ANYONE WITH RHYTHM (OR ENTHUSIASM)



In which the Bed & Breakfast starts a band—or at least, tries to.

Sal woke up to a dripping sound outside his window. The snow on the roof had finally started to melt, plinking against the gutters like a metronome. He pulled himself out of bed and shuffled through the pile of mistreated instruments on his bedroom floor. Just as wool coats and scarves were put away for the year, so too were Sal's 'out of season' instruments. He tucked the banjo that had kept him company all through winter back in its case, just as his autumn harmonica and summer accordion before it. He threw open the window, and the chill spring air awoke in him a desire for something novel.

So Sal set about the Bed & Breakfast, plucking rhythmically at a spiraled doorstopper, then thumping a rolling pin along the staircase's handrails. He was trying to stir up a new sound, anything to blow that last bit of winter stuffiness clear.

Eventually a song had begun to form in his head, but there was something missing...something Sal couldn't put his finger on—until Amelie rolled by. Just as frustration was setting in, his ears twitched at a faint whirring from down the hall, growing louder with each passing second. Amelie appeared just as the buzz reached a crescendo, drowned out only by Sal's sudden outburst.

"Amelie!"

Amelie zeroed in on the familiar voice. "Sal," they mimicked back in a neutral tone.

"That sound...is that coming outta you?"

They tried to run a diagnostic scan, but a fan in some hidden compartment of Amelie's body began to whirl louder in protest, so they aborted the attempt.

"It appears to be so," they said, although being made cognizant of themselves, as opposed to the Bed & Breakfast and their to-do list, confused them a little.

"You think we could record something together?" Sal asked, pulling a well-worn tape deck out from under his sleeve. "That noise of yours is just what this song has been miss—"

It turned out that Amelie was *also* recording, and Sal was cut off by the sound of his own voice being repeated back to him.

"—'Record something together?' is missing from my directory of required tasks."

"Well, it's...it's not required, Amelie, but it might be fun?"

Amelie continued to stare, and although their LED expression didn't change, the air around the two seemed to shift, somehow. That faulty fan whirred again. For a moment Sal was afraid he'd set off some sort of glitch in the overworked robot's system.

But then Amelie spoke again, their voice as composed as ever; yet Sal swore he could hear a tinge of curiosity hidden beneath the surface: "Fun?"



RELAXED MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of tokens where everyone can reach them. During the Chapter, whenever anyone does a Whoopsie, they'll take a token. Before anyone can do one of their Bingos, they must first give a token back to the table.

GETTING THE BAND TOGETHER

As this Chapter begins, everyone joining the band chooses an instrument to play. It doesn't matter how well they can play the instrument, or if you even know what the instrument is.

- | | | |
|----------|---------------|------------------|
| ☉ Singer | ☉ Harp | ☉ Moon Knife |
| ☉ Guitar | ☉ Piano | ☉ Wineglasses |
| ☉ Bass | ☉ Goblin Horn | ☉ Spoons |
| ☉ Drums | ☉ Harmonica | ☉ Jug |
| ☉ Violin | ☉ Accordion | ☉ Your Own Body |
| ☉ Cello | ☉ Tambourine | ☉ Triangle |
| ☉ Flute | ☉ Synthesizer | ☉ Something Else |

BEHIND THE MUSIC

Joining a band is the most exciting thing that's happened to any of us in a while! During this Chapter, everyone has access to the following Bingos:

- ★ Point out when someone's really found the sound!
- ★ Riff on or harmonize with someone else's tune.

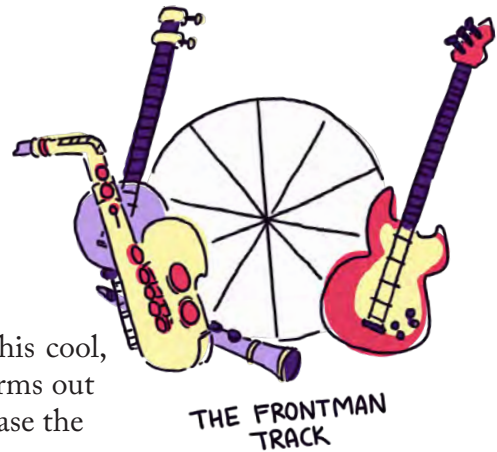
On the other hand, celebrity (or the hope of it) has a way of going to people's heads. Everyone has access to the following Whoopsies:

- ✎ Play over and outshine someone else's music.
- ✎ Threaten to quit the band unless you get your way.

TAKING CHARGE

Sal swears that this isn't gonna be like all the other bands he's started. This time he's gonna hold it all together. Whenever anyone does a Whoopsie, Sal can suppress the impact of the Whoopsie and prevent it from filling the Dissonance Track. When he does, tick the Frontman Track instead. Tick it twice if it's his own Whoopsie.

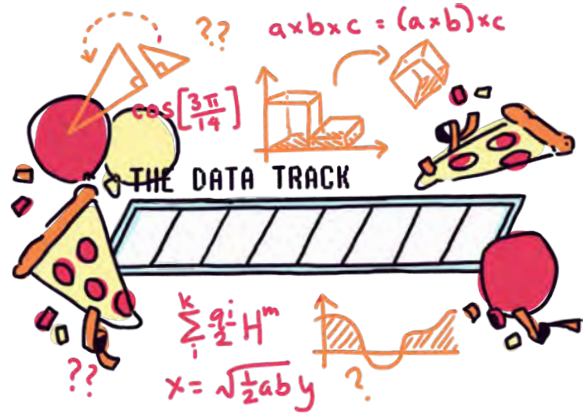
Whenever the Frontman Track fills up, Sal loses his cool, and ticks up the Dissonance Track five times. He storms out of the practice room, but when he comes back he'll erase the Track and is ready to lead again.



DEFINE CLASS = (“FUN”)

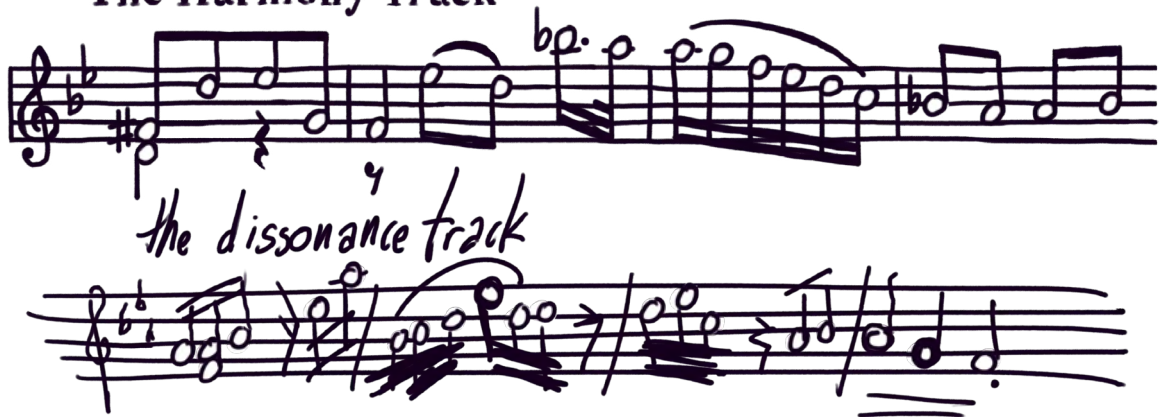
Amelie’s processors are working full-tilt to adapt to this activity and calculate the parameters of Sal’s “fun” task. Whenever someone does a Bingo, Amelie will analyze whether or not this is “fun.” If they determine that it is, they’ll fill in a segment of the Data Track.

Unfortunately, Amelie can’t just turn off their other directives. Any time they notice a task they left undone, or a mess the band is starting to form, they’ll erase a segment from the Data Track. If the Data Track ever fills entirely, fill in five segments of the Harmony Track and give Amelie five tokens.




PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

The Harmony Track



Every time someone does a Bingo, tick the Harmony Track. Every time someone does a Whoopsie, tick the Dissonance Track. Once either Track fills all the way up, start wrapping up the Chapter.

If the Harmony Track is full, then the band can put on an awesome concert in the garden outside the Bed & Breakfast. Everyone describes their favorite part of the concert, and pick a song you all play a banging cover of as a group. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  Band Poster. The band lasts for a few more weeks before it dissolves due to scheduling mishaps, but it was fun while it lasted!

If the Dissonance Track is full, then the band falls apart before it can ever reach the stage. Everyone says what they’re most annoyed about with each other, and makes a note of it on their Character Sheet.

CHAPTER 20 *One-Of-A-Kind Meta-Clone-O-Matic*

WITH HEY KID, AMELIE, **AND** ANYONE READY TO BLOW A GASKET
STARRING: HEY KID, HEY KID, HEY KID, HEY
KID, HEY KID, HEY KID, **AND** HEY KID



In which Hey Kid clones themselves a few too many times, and Amelie has to put a stop to it.



It was morning at the Bed & Breakfast, and the whole house was slowly awakening to the sound of singing birds and morning sunshine diffused by condensation on the windows. Parish was in the kitchen making coffee, and the smell of roast beans wafted through the halls. Amelie was set up by the back door, sweeping the last of the winter dust out into the yard.

The screen door rattled, and they stepped aside just as Hey Kid leapt into the kitchen.

“Hi Mx. Amelie!” Hey Kid gave a small curtsy as they stomped dirt all over the kitchen floor before darting into the living room, a sudden flash of orange.

Amelie buzzed an electronic sigh, and got back to sweeping as they activated their built-in Patience Protocol. They managed to get most of the dust into the dustpan before Hey Kid smacked open the screen door, tossing the dustpan and its contents everywhere.

“Hi Mx. Amelie!” Hey Kid gave a peace sign as they stomped dirt all over the kitchen floor. They darted into the living room, a sudden flash of green.

Amelie stood shocked and covered in dust. They went to pick up the dustpan before their brain started filtering through their stored knowledge of the permanent residents. *Hey Kid—color designation blue. Not green. Uh oh.*

“Hi Mx. Amelie!” Hey Kid and Hey Kid both yelled, giving matching salutes as they stomped dirt all over the kitchen floor. They both darted into the living room, sudden flashes of purple and pink. Amelie peeked through the door.

Oh, dear.

Parish was trying to get their attention from the kitchen, coffee in hand. He asked, “Dear Amelie, has the post arrived yet today? I was supposed to receive a free trial of a produce duplicator, but I can’t find it anywhere.”

They swiveled and grabbed Parish’s arm, pulling him out the screen door into the backyard. A big cardboard box sat nestled in the dewy grass, surrounded by Hey Kid’s entire wardrobe. Puffy dresses and sparkly suit-jackets lay out on the lawn, and atop the box sat the little devil herself. They waved to Amelie and Parish.

“Hey, watch this!”

Hey Kid hopped off the box and climbed through the opening. There was a flash of light, and two Hey Kids clambered back out. They high-fived, and the new Hey Kid grabbed a pair of novelty oversized sunglasses off the ground. “Hi Mx. Amelie!”

Amelie and Parish said, “Oh, dear,” in unison.

FRANTIC MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of Chaos Coins where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to tick a track, they'll consult their Chaos Coins:

- ☉ If they don't have any Chaos Coins, they succeed right away, and take a Chaos Coin.
- ☉ If they do have Chaos Coins, they flip all of them at once, and if *all* the coins come up heads, they succeed! Otherwise, they don't tick the track and must do a Whoopsie about it. Either way, they take another Chaos Coin.

Anyone can cash in five Chaos Coins to tick a track right away. When any of us does a Bingo, they may give away all their Chaos Coins to someone else, making the whole mess their problem. (*That person shouldn't then turn around and return the coins with a new Bingo—no tag backs!*)



HEY KID 2: ORANGE & EDITION

MY FAVORITE ROOM IS THE
LIVING ROOM BECAUSE OF ALL
THE PEOPLE IN THERE!

BINGO:

- ★ Make a new friend.

WHOOPSIE:

- ♣ Bite someone.



GREEN BEAN H3Y KID

MY FAVORITE ROOM IS THE KITCHEN
BECAUSE I CAN BE HELPFUL THERE!

BINGO:

- ★ Pick something up with my incredible strength.

WHOOPSIE:

- ♣ Throw something or someone across the room.



HEY KID EPISODE TV: A NEW PINK

MY FAVORITE ROOM IS HEY
KID'S ROOM, BECAUSE THAT'S
WHERE ALL THE TOYS ARE.

BINGO:

- ★ Show someone your favorite action figure, doll, outfit, or diorama.



WHOOFSIE:

- ✦ Force someone to hang out with you.



SALUTATIONS CHILD THE FIFTH, ESQ., PRINCE OF PURPLE

MY FAVORITE ROOM IS THE LIBRARY,
WHERE I MAY STUDY RESPONSIBLY.



BINGO:

- ★ Loquaciously articulate events as they transpire.

WHOOFSIE:

- ✦ Insist on tedious decorum.



RED-WITH- RACING-STRIPES HEY KID, MK. 6

MY FAVORITE ROOMS ARE ALL THE
HALLWAYS, BECAUSE I CAN RUN
DOWN THEM REALLY FAST.

BINGO:

- ★ Excitedly run somewhere, and get there really fast.



WHOOFSIE:

- ✦ Dash away to somewhere no one can find you.



HEY KID No. 7

YOU KNOW MY FAVORITE ROOM
ALREADY. DON'T YOU? I'M HEY KID!

BINGO:

★ Act just like the real Hey Kid.

WHOOPSIE:

♣ Let the mask slip, and reveal my true nature.



MISSTNG KID

THE EIGHTH HEY KID HAS
ESCAPED THE BED & BREAKFAST.
AND I'M SURE THAT'S THE LAST
WE'LL EVER HEAR OF THEM.

BINGO:

★ UNKNOWN

WHOOPSIE:

♣ UNKNOWN





THE META-CLONE-O-MATIC™

Hi! You are now the proud owner of the one-of-a-kind miraculous Meta-Clone-O-Matic™, a modern kitchen solution for ages 12+. Simply insert an item you want copied, pull the lever, and now you have two!

- Whenever you put an object into the Meta-Clone-O-Matic™, you have 10 seconds to write as much as possible about that object onto a new index card.
- If you're making a copy of a copy, you have half as much time, and cannot write anything from outside the original card.
- If you want to return an object to the Mirrorverse of its origin, you'll need to open up the secondary Meta-Clone-O-Matic™ access panel (*See: Diagram 115b.1*) and adjust the output wires accordingly.
- Consult your Concierge for any disputes on the mechanical function of the Meta-Clone-O-Matic™.
- Do not, under any circumstances, insert living sentient beings into the Meta-Clone-O-Matic™. This is incredibly dangerous. In the event of a copied sentient being, flip a coin. On a heads, the duplicate will share rough goals and Chaos Coins with their original; on a tails, write "EVIL" on their card and they'll share rough goals and Chaos Coins with the Hey Kids.
- In the event of a hazardous danger

EIGHT OF THEM?!?

Hey Kid managed to make seven clones of themselves before Amelie found out what they were up to. Each one is a different color, and each is represented by an index card with one Bingo and one whoopsie, along with a 3-part track and their favorite room in the Bed & Breakfast. You can find them in their favorite room, wreaking havoc.


All the Hey Kid clones share Chaos Coins, and they can consult their coins in order to erase a mark from any Track.

Once a Hey Kid clone's track is filled up, that Hey Kid will realize they should go back home and climb back into the Meta-Clone-O-Matic to be zapped away—or tire themselves out enough to be wrangled back into the Meta-Clone-O-Matic by someone else, with no further coin-flipping required.

HACKING THE MACHINE

Before we can send all the extra Hey Kids back to the Mirrorverse, we'll have to rewire the Meta-Clone-O-Matic in accordance with the instructions. Unfortunately, the instructions are very complicated. Anyone can consult their Chaos Coins to try to advance the track shown in Diagram 115b.1.

Once the track is full and the Meta-Clone-O-Matic is rewired, anyone can consult their Chaos Coins to try and zap one of its duplicates back to where it came from.

Amelie can turn the Meta-Clone-O-Matic off once they think they've put everything back in its place. Once it's turned off, no more coins can be flipped, and Amelie decides when the Chapter ends. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Toolbox*, and we'll hold on to any Chaos Coins we've collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping.

EDGE CASES

There are a number of unique events that can occur via the Meta-Clone-O-Matic. The Concierge is the ultimate arbiter on how the Meta-Clone-O-Matic functions. Here are a few to keep an eye out for:

- ⦿ Any money (including Chaos Coins) duplicated in the Meta-Clone-O-Matic will be the wrong color, or will have backwards writing on it, thus rendering it unfit for legal tender.
- ⦿ Yazeba cannot be duplicated in the Meta-Clone-O-Matic. Any attempts just result in a pile of dust.
- ⦿ If the Moon Prince enters the Meta-Clone-O-Matic, instead of creating a clone, unlock *Nimbus Shadowside* as a Guest and add them to the Bed & Breakfast. You cannot force xem back into the Meta-Clone-O-Matic against xyr will.
- ⦿ In the unlikely event that an extra Hey Kid manages to stick around after the chapter ends, give them three more Bingos and Whoopsies, write three facts about them, and create them as a guest. Give them a Journey from the Spare Journeys section, and once that Journey is complete, they will decide to leave the Bed & Breakfast and go their own way in the world.

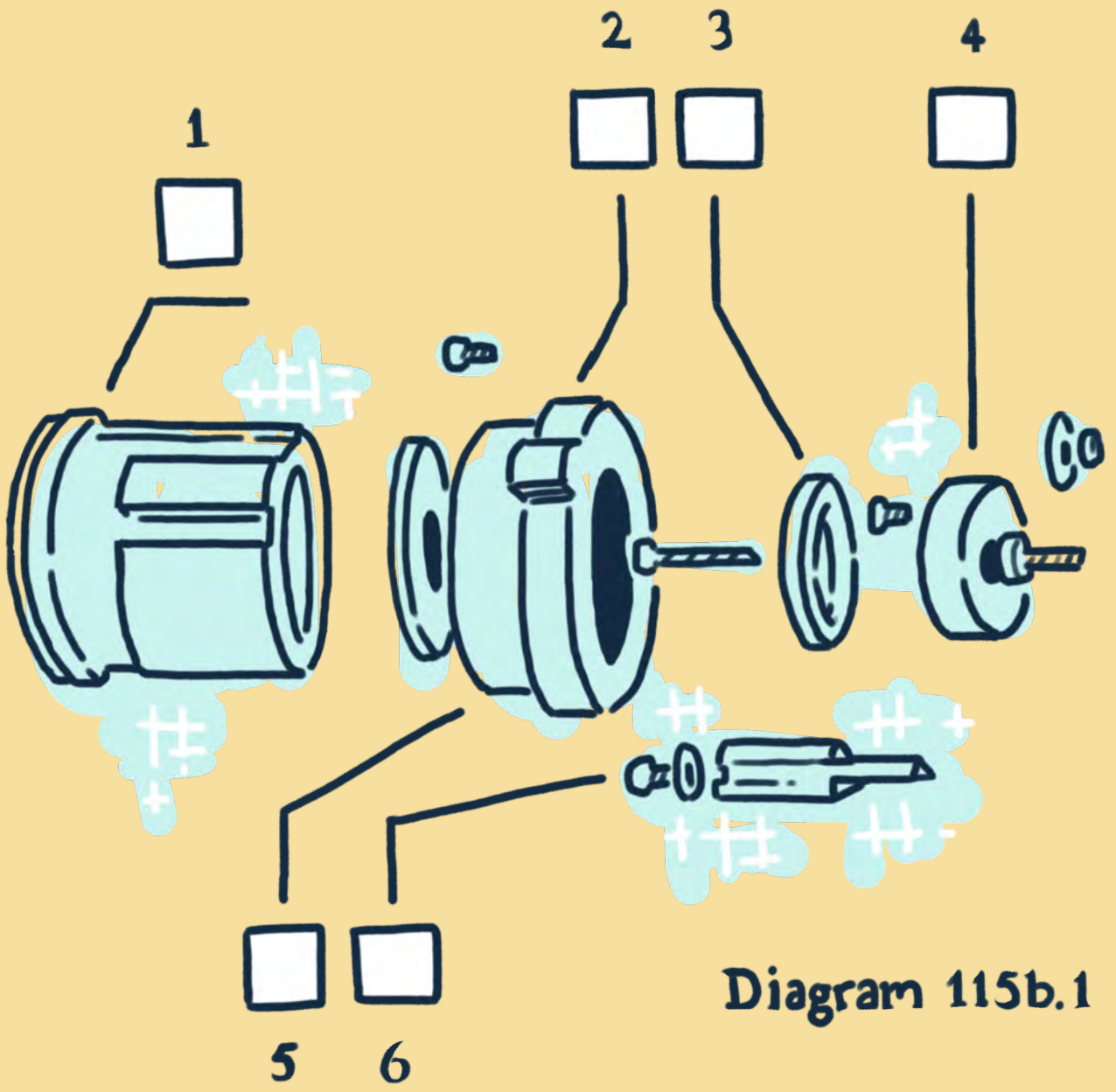


Diagram 115b.1

CHAPTER 2 *The Night Market*

WITH GERTRUDE AND ANYONE BUT YAZEBA
STARRING: MONDAY



In which the dream merchant Monday invites Gertrude to see the wonders of the fairy market, and offers to buy her heart.



Fireflies danced in and out of the stone wall that ran through the woods behind the Bed & Breakfast. The buzzing of a thousand evening insects was beginning to sound almost musical. Gertrude fiddled with the folded envelope in the pocket of her hoodie, running her fingers over the gilt edges and bumpy wax, but she'd already read the letter it contained over and over. She could probably recite it by heart:

MISS GERTRUDE,

YOUR CHARM, CUNNING, AND APPTITUDE FOR MAGIC HAVE NOT GONE UNNOTICED BY ALL. IT IS MY CHERISHED HONOR TO INVITE YOU THIS EVENING TO THE NIGHT MARKET, BEGINNING AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT AND ENDING AT TWELVE. BRING THE ENCLOSED TICKET AND AN ESCORT TO THE WOODEN GATE IN THE OLD STONE WALL AT THE APPOINTED HOUR. I'M GIDDY WITH ANTICIPATION TO SEE IT VICARIOUSLY THROUGH YOUR EYES.

YOURS,

Monday

P.S. YAZEBA DOESN'T NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THIS LITTLE EXCURSION. SHE MIGHT GET JEALOUS.

She tried her best to follow the little fairy-light dancing in front of her, but the path through the haunted woods was invisible (and, frankly, nonsensical) to her. She asked, “Uhh, Monday, are you sure this is the right way?”

“There’s no path I know better, my dear,” Monday’s voice, singsong in the night, seemed both ahead and behind her. “Not even the way back.”

They stepped through a wooden gate suspiciously like the one in Yazeba’s backyard, and Gertrude felt her hair puff out as the air became muggy and full of unidentified smells both enticing and repugnant. The melodic buzzing and croaking of wildlife resolved itself into real music, and the muffled din of barkers addressing unruly crowds.

As always, she had more questions than she knew how to ask. “Also, how can the market begin at midnight and end at twelve? Isn’t that no time at all?”

This made Monday pause and bob thoughtfully in the air, as if they’d never considered it before, but eventually they chuckled, “There’s always time to *shop*.”

The Night Market was nestled among the trees and expanded far beyond them, rows and rows of tents and stalls stretching off into the dark. Its sprawling lanes were lit by moth-mobbed lanterns and lined with muddy carpets, and everywhere there were strange and marvelous wonders for sale the likes of which Gertrude had never seen: ancient swords and fizzing love potions, otherworldly plants potted in skulls, dresses made from running waterfalls and candies that gleamed with trapped moonlight.

But before she could take more than a couple steps, Monday stopped her with a raised finger, a smile painted on their face, and said, “Careful, Gertrude! Fairies are treacherous creatures, but I’ll stay close beside you. So, the question of the evening: With all your heart, what do you desire?”



PENSIVE MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we’ll read through it and select Questions to write down on index cards, then place as many tokens on each of those Questions as the Chapter asks for. These questions need to be picked away at. Whenever any of us does a Bingo or a Whoopsie, they’ll collect a token from one of the Questions, keeping it if they did a Bingo or giving it to someone who can learn from their mistake if they did a Whoopsie.

HEART ON HER SLEEVE

Gertrude has never really thought about how she could be a witch before. Sure, little magics have always happened, but it’s never been heavy on her mind. But now there’s a world open to her, a world of talking frogs and fairy markets and everything she could ever dream of. And for the first time, someone’s telling her she’s actually good at something. Gertrude chooses one of the questions below, or invents her own:

- ⊙ “What would it take to make me feel like I belong here?”
- ⊙ “Who would I be, if I really could be anyone?”
- ⊙ “What does it mean to be respected?”

The question starts with 9 tokens on it. Once all the tokens have been removed, everyone will go around and attempt to answer it, with Gertrude answering last. Then, the Chapter ends when Gertrude decides to go home. She divvies up the leftover tokens from this question among her friends for use during Housekeeping.

THE WITCH'S BARGAIN

Monday's invitation to Gertrude was, unsurprisingly, calculated. They would like to buy Gertrude's heart, and tonight they plan on making an offer to the young witch that she can't resist. Write "The Witch's Bargain" on an Index card. Every time someone places a token on The Witch's Bargain, Monday may ask Gertrude a question, such as:

- ⊙ "Do you worry about losing control?"
- ⊙ "Do you think Yazeba likes you?"
- ⊙ "What are you so scared of?"
- ⊙ "Who are you trying to impress?"
- ⊙ "What will you do if you're not strong enough?"
- ⊙ "Do you think you're too much, or never enough?"
- ⊙ "What do you think people see, when they look at you?"
- ⊙ "What do you suppose it really means to be authentic?"
- ⊙ "Are you who you want to be?"
- ⊙ "Has anyone ever told you that you guard your heart too closely?"
- ⊙ Anything else, of Monday's devising.

Monday can ask the question immediately, or hold on to it until they sense an opening. The questions always come off as innocent, no matter how sinister their implications.

At the end of the Chapter, after Gertrude's answer to her question, Monday may make an offer to Gertrude. They may promise her absolutely anything, but the price is always the same—Gertrude's heart. No one else may contribute their opinions—they must give Gertrude the space to genuinely consider and come to her own conclusion. If she says yes, then the deal is struck. Monday gives Gertrude the Heartless Contract on *pg. 446* to sign and leaves the Bed & Breakfast. If she says no, then Monday backs off, and the Chapter ends.

WONDROUS WARES

Monday plays by different rules in the Night Market. Monday starts with 12 Tokens, and can't receive more. If Monday would receive another Token, put it on The Witch's Bargain instead.

When Monday does a Bingo or a Whoopsie, something splendid goes up for sale in the Night Market: a magical cloak of protection, an infinite chocolate bar, a flaming sword, or something like that. Monday can tailor the item to suit a Character perfectly. They need not involve themselves in the transaction (see *Unfamiliar Faces*) even though they're the one pulling the strings.

Monday writes down the goods for sale on an index card and puts between one and three of their Tokens on it. Anyone else may purchase the wares on Monday's credit. If they do, move the Tokens from the purchased item to The Witch's Bargain, and they take the index card and clip it to their Character Sheet as a Keepsake.

UNFAMILIAR FACES

The Night Market is full of strange creatures with exciting wares, who you might never see again. When this Chapter begins, write down the four following sentences onto four separate Index cards. Then, everyone writes down a personal fact about a creature, a description of a wild outfit, an unusual kind of body, and a tricky fairy magic onto four Index cards, and then shuffles all the cards together.

- ☉ I am vast and beautiful, like the ocean or the sky.
- ☉ I owe the Starving King an unspeakable debt and live in terror of his inevitable return.
- ☉ Wearing a plaid blazer, like a used car salesman.
- ☉ Look at this little tree in my hand, and watch it fade to autumn and die, isn't that neat?

Whenever anyone starts up a conversation, someone else (who isn't in the conversation) chooses two index cards randomly from the pile. These cards comprise a Stranger that they'll speak as until the conversation is over, the location changes, or the Stranger gets bored of participating. When we leave a Stranger behind, keep their index cards together, but put them off to the side. When there are no more cards left to draw from, we can pick up Strangers we've already met whenever we need one.

SALVATION AT ERDOGOSS BRIDGE EXCERPT FROM HEARTSWORD

But just when all hope was lost, I remembered the ancient pearl flute that the old crone gave me when she first foretold my prophecy and hinted at the power of the Heartsword. In my moment of desperation, surrounded by Muldakai raining black death fire down from above, I played the flute and its notes sung out across the chasm. Suddenly, the flames stopped, like when you smother a campfire with water. From the dust and ash, emerged forth an old crone, with silver hair and a black hood.

"Wait, you're the old crone from before!" I hollered, looking at her with surprise. She shook her head, and took off her black hood to reveal a powerful woman, with indigo hair, emerald eyes, and a dazzling smile. She also had fairy wings.

"I was just in the form of a crone to deliver my prophecy. I am in fact Selena, errant fairy of the moon, keeper of golden locks, and guardian of the second day. I see that your friend is dead, and for that I am sorry." The fairy uttered with beautiful vowels.

I looked down at the corpse of Captain Redtooth, who lay in my arms. While weeping I sobbed, "Oh please, great Selena, is there anything you can do to save him?"

With a smile Selena announced, "Indeed, I can bring your dead brave captain back to life, although it will cost a terrible price."

"I don't care if I have to rip my own heart out. I'll do anything to save him."

FAIRY NAMES

If you need any names for the various fairies hanging around the Night Market, you can use these (or invent your own):



- ☉ Alvius Pudge
- ☉ Archival Dust Bunny
- ☉ Belladonna
- ☉ Blue Cassandra
- ☉ Crowfriend
- ☉ Forget-Me-Not
- ☉ Hazelnut Q. Twig
- ☉ Jade Bogwing
- ☉ Lickspittle
- ☉ Madam Spade The Glitterwitch
- ☉ Maeve's Funny Little Friend
- ☉ Red Rasp
- ☉ Sparkle Duchess
- ☉ Spooky Jess
- ☉ Tech Ghoul
- ☉ The Baronette
- ☉ Whiskered Tim

THE NIGHT MARKET'S QUESTION

The Night Market is a strange and beautiful place. Lanterns and string lights dangle from nothing, marvelous tents filled with strange creatures selling everything you could imagine, and huge piles of delicious food. While in the Night Market, everyone (sans Monday) has a Big Question hanging over their heads:

- ☉ “What is my heart’s fondest desire?”

We are probably not going to fully answer this question during this Chapter. Instead, when the Chapter ends, everyone goes around and gives as much of an answer as they can, based on how many tokens the question has. Then split up the leftover tokens as evenly as you can for Housekeeping.

- ☉ **Less Than 4 Tokens:** Shrug, and say something that probably isn't it.
- ☉ **4-6 Tokens:** Give a one word answer, if you have one.
- ☉ **7-11 Tokens:** Give a one sentence answer, if you have one. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Fairy Blessing*.
- ☉ **13 or more Tokens:** Give a full answer if you have one, write both the question and your answer down on an Index card and keep it with your character sheet. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Dream Crystal*.

CHAPTER 49 *Rock On!*

WITH SAL, GERTRUDE, **AND** ANYONE READY TO ROCK OUT



In which Sal takes Gertrude to a house party, and she gets a taste of the punk lifestyle.



The neighborhood Gertrude watched roll by from the passenger seat of Sal's van wasn't what she was expecting. Given Wormstonk's music, she'd assumed the venue for their latest show would be somewhere less...sub-urban. Rows of identical two-story homes stretched as far as her eyes could see, sprawling out under the last vestiges of the setting summer sun.

"We're here!" Sal sang, parking next to the very antithesis of a HOA-regulated house. Gertrude stared out at the array of loitering bodies on the front lawn, her own insecurity beginning to bubble up. Listening to the band's EP in the privacy of the laundry room was one thing, but now she found herself at her first ever punk show.

"Um, I don't have an I.D.," she blurted out as they walked closer to the house.

"It's a house show, Gertie, not a bar. No one's gonna card you," the usual teasing in Sal's tone was softer now. He could see her anxiety coming off in waves, even under her mask.

"Hey," he whispered, giving her two hearty pokes to the side to raise her gaze up from the sidewalk. "I get it's your first show, but there's nothing to be nervous about. The worst that'll happen is an accidental elbowing."

Gertrude chuckled with relief and turned her attention towards the back door, now unnerved by the eerie quiet.

"Are...are we late? Did Wormstonk already play?" she asked the seasoned show-goer on her side.

"Well, if my calculations are correct—" he pulled the crumpled up flyer from his back pocket before continuing in an uncharacteristically scientific tone, "—if the flyer says 'Doors open at 8', then that means the bands won't get there til 9, and won't get set up for another half hour. With three openers, all with songs shorter than sixty seconds, and factoring in 'Punk Time', I'd say—"

Sal's conclusion was interrupted by a screeching guitar lick and the electric buzz-pop of amps powering on. All at once the remaining show-goers who were sprawled on the lawn threw down their cans and cigarettes and ran back inside. A familiar chord rang out from inside, one from a song Gertrude had spent hours listening to on repeat. Her smile was hidden, but Sal could hear it in her voice as she grabbed hold of his wrist, pulled him along and yelled:

"Oh! They're on NOW!"

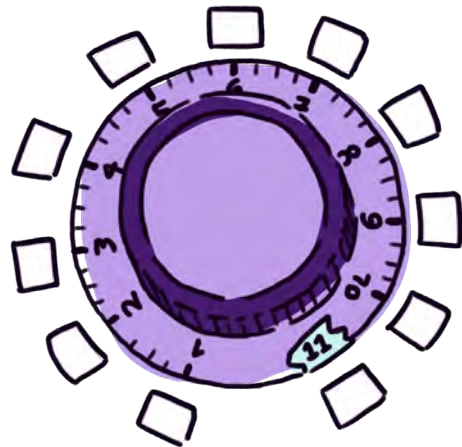
RELAXED MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of tokens where everyone can reach them. During the Chapter, whenever anyone does a Whoopsie, they'll take a token. Before anyone can do one of their Bingsos, they must first give a token back to the table.

IN THE BASEMENT

The Basement is where the stage is, and where Wormstonk is performing live. Their music is loud, sweaty, and rowdy. They want to see the audience thrash and flail! Make mistakes! It's rock and roll, baby!

Whenever you do a Whoopsie in the basement, turn up the volume on the Rock And Roll Track. If we turn the volume on the Rock And Roll Track up to 11, then Wormstonk notices how cool we all are. Anyone can get up on stage and sing along with the music, and unlock the "Wormstonk" Guest if we can find them (*hint: they're not in the book*).



IN THE HOUSE

People like to hang out in the house, listening to the dull thud of the music below, eating pizza, and chilling on couches. Whenever someone starts up a conversation with a Stranger (see *Unfamiliar Faces*) while up in the house proper, they get a token.

Whenever someone is talking to a Stranger at the party, they can take a slice from the Pizza Track (marking off that section). When the Pizza Track has been eaten, anyone can spend a Token to find a new pizza in a box (and create a corresponding Pizza Track).

At the end of this Chapter, everyone gets an extra token as Leftovers for every pizza that has been eaten.

UNFAMILIAR FACES

Parties are full of strange people with exciting lives, who you might never catch again. When this Chapter begins, write down the four sentences below onto four separate Index cards. Then, everyone writes down a personal fact, a description of a wild outfit, an extremely specific emotion, and a cool tattoo idea onto four Index cards, and then shuffles all the cards together.

- ☉ I wanna go to college to become a wizard, like my dad.
- ☉ I think tie-dye denim is the height of fashion.
- ☉ I'm secretly a Martian, and I have to make sure no one figures it out.
- ☉ I have a tattoo of a large rat eating pizza on my collarbone. Wanna see?

Whenever anyone starts up a conversation, someone else (who isn't in the conversation) chooses two index cards randomly from the pile to comprise a Stranger, that they'll speak as until the conversation is over, or changes locations, or they get bored of participating. When we leave a Stranger behind, put their index cards together off to the side. When there are no more cards left to draw from, we can pick up Strangers we've already met whenever we need one.

GROUPIE NAMES

If you need any names for any of the punks hanging out at the house concert, here's a few names floating around (or you can invent your own):



ON THE LAWN

Outside the house, the summer night is cool and the smell of smoke lingers around the bushes. There is a question lingering here, on an Index card that anyone can access when they step outside. It is:

- ☉ “Do I fit in here?”

Whenever someone does a Bingo outside, they put the token they spent on the question. At the end of the Chapter, check how many tokens the Question has, and try to answer it accordingly:

- ☉ **4 Or Fewer Tokens:** Shrug, and move on. It doesn't matter.
- ☉ **5-8 Tokens:** Everyone who wants to gives a short answer.
- ☉ **9 Or More Tokens:** Everyone who wants to gives their thoughts on the question, and the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🎸 *Band Poster*.

BACK IN THE VAN

When everyone's been to the Basement at least once and at least one Pizza Clock has been eaten, Sal can decide when to end the Chapter, since he's the one who drove us here. We'll hold on to any tokens we've collected and everyone will receive an extra token for each pizza pie that was eaten, all for use as leftovers during Housekeeping. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍷 *Red Plastic Cup*.

CHAPTER 46 *The Midnight Mushroom Hunt*

WITH YAZEBA, PARISH, AND ANY AMATEUR MYCOLOGISTS



*In which Yazeba and Parish journey into the
haunted forest to collect magical fungi.*



Parish had lived through more frightening circumstances than walking through a notoriously haunted forest at midnight. But he hadn't lived through them as a *frog*.

The Bed & Breakfast's cook had been contemplating the next day's meals with the limited remaining groceries (as Amelie had yet to do the week's shopping), when Yazeba had sailed imperiously into his kitchen and demanded, "Come with me, and bring a paring knife."

Almost all the Bed & Breakfast's knives were paring or fruit knives—those were the only knives Parish's small, amphibious hands could hold. But Yazeba was a witch with her own ritual implements, and he could think of no reason she'd need one of the many worn utensils in *his* domain, but he grabbed his favorite and hopped along, grocery woes forgotten.

Now he'd give anything to be fretting over pasta primavera and crow pies again, because once he'd jumped into Yazeba's bike basket and seen the route they were taking, Parish wanted nothing more than to beg the witch to turn around and head home. Fear was a feeling as foreign to him as riding in the basket of a bicycle. He found himself missing the sensation of two strong human legs beneath him and a sword rattling against his hip.

They sped past old run-down shacks which had stood empty for decades, even before his transformation. Past the DANGER, TURN BACK and VOID AHEAD signs. Past the final notice of HAUNTED WOOD: ONLY THOSE CAPABLE OF MAGICAL AND MENTAL DEFENSE SHOULD ENTER, painted a stark white on an old wooden sign.

Parish felt anything but capable. As a knight, he'd journeyed through these woods before, ignoring the siren calls of trickster spirits and the floating lanterns of wraiths. As a human, he'd fought off monstrous, hungering trees and hellish beasts that would make an easy meal of a frog. And now, Parish couldn't decide what he was more scared of: entering the old woods, or asking the grouchy witch to turn around. She was cycling on with a resolute expression, with not a quiver of her chin nor a tremble in her grip. Where had his own courage gone?

The old bike screeched to a halt at the forest's mouth, and Yazeba dismounted. After a breath, Parish did as well, clutching his paring knife in quivering hands. He fancied it was the bike screeching, but the noise from the old brakes and rusty chains seemed to echo between the trees; echo, and multiply, and return a thousandfold, sounding like the shades of the underworld and the demons of the wind laughing at them—laughing at *him*, returning in such a pathetic form with a blade suitable only for cutting fruit.

Something in the woods was watching them, sizing them up. Fairy lights that looked like glowing eyes danced in the distance, while something larger and more substantial slithered among the old leaves and ancient branches.

“You know why we’re here, of course,” Yazeba said in a clipped tone. Parish flinched. Why *was* he here? As a tiny frog, he would provide little in the way of protection, and the infamous witch probably frightened whatever dwelt in these woods even more than it frightened him.

“I...I do not, actually,” Parish croaked.

Yazeba closed her eyes and sighed, and for a moment she didn’t look like a formidable, heartless witch, but a very tired, very middle-aged woman.

“Mushrooms,” she said softly, her harsh voice quiet in the still night.

“Mushrooms?”

“Mushrooms,” she repeated firmly. “I need to gather a few specific types from these woods, but I need your help harvesting them. You are an expert when it comes to fungi and I would hate for them to lose efficacy because of my...*incompetence*.” It sounded physically painful to say the word.

“Mushrooms,” Parish murmured, and looked out at the laughing woods again. He clutched his paring knife closer to his chest.



THE HAUNTED WOODS

Between the Bed & Breakfast and Veilridge are the Haunted Woods, and tonight the mist is even more unsettling than usual. Take a deck of playing cards, set the Jack, Queen, Ace of Hearts aside, and deal the rest out in a 7x7 grid face-down—this is the Haunted Woods. Give the Queen of Hearts to Yazeba, the Jack of Hearts to Parish, and all other players collectively hold onto the Ace of Hearts. These are the game pieces we will use to navigate the Haunted Woods.

Everyone enters the Haunted Woods together, at an edge of Yazeba’s Choice. Whenever anyone moves to a new card, flip that card face-up. That person may choose whether to move to the next card, or do a Bingo and linger. If they choose to linger, they get to collect that card and consult the Mushroom Chart to see what sort of Mushroom they’ve found.

Kings are special events—if you flip one, immediately consult the Mushroom Chart to see what happens. You don’t need to do a Bingo and linger.


If a card has been picked up, then the Haunted Woods has been *disturbed* there, and it’s not safe to retread those steps. Wise explorers will step carefully and make sure to preserve a path home.

MUSHROOM NEEDS

Yazeba and Parish both have lists for their various projects—Yazeba’s mushrooms are for her potions and tonics, while Parish wants to prepare a recipe. The Chapter can end when either of them finish their list, and definitely ends once both have finished their lists. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍄 *Baby Mushroom* if one list is complete, and a 🍄 *Golden Chanterelle*


if both lists are complete. Everyone can keep any extra mushrooms they've collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping. In the event that the group has become hopelessly lost within the Haunted Woods, the Concierge may describe the rising sun and the ending of night. In this event, everyone retreats home with what they have, keeping the mushrooms they've collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping and a deeper terror of the Woods and its mysteries. Lock this Chapter.

YAZEBA'S POTION LIST



1 Lion's Mane
 1 Hen-of-the-Woods
 2 Sickeners
 2 Death Caps
 2 Oyster Mushrooms
 1 Destroying Angel

PARISH'S PANTRY LIST



1 Giant Puffball
 1 Bear's-Head Tooth
 3 Chicken-of-the-Woods
 1 King Boletus
 1 Oyster Mushroom
 Two Bonista puffballs

A PRETTY FUN GUY

Parish has a unique talent for identifying mushrooms. It's easy to spot hidden fungi when you're already mushroom-height, and their smells can tell a lot more to a froggy nose than any old book. Whenever someone Parish is with collects a mushroom, and it's not one of the items on his or Yazeba's list, he can take a closer look and re-identify it, swapping it with any face-down card and referring to the chart again. The new identification is always right, even if it's worse.



STRANGE FOREST SIGHTINGS

- K♦** A strange deer, with too many eyes and horns that seem to writhe under the moonlight. It will go away peacefully if you throw a Deer Mushroom at it. Otherwise, it will charge at you before vanishing into the woods, flipping all face-up cards in the Woods face-down and mixing them up.
- K♠** A small family of wicked goblins, with gleaming eyes and a love for mushrooms. They'll let you go peacefully if you give them any toxic mushroom—if you don't, they'll play a wicked prank on you! Take all your mushrooms and mix them up face down with all the other face down cards.
- K♣** A monstrous crow-like creature has been watching Parish from above. He can do a Bingo to scare it away, but if he lets bygones be bygones it'll follow us home. Unlock the Guest named *The Jeckerynne*, if you can find it.
- K♥** An iridescent flyer, worn and torn by the elements, which reads "The Everyone Hostel: We Have Room!" with a picture of a young Yazeba on it. If Yazeba sees it, she must do a Whoopsie and storm off. She will not speak of the history of that old hostel.

THE MUSHROOM CHART

- 9♦,♥,♣** *Amanita phalloides*. The Death Cap mushroom is incredibly dangerous. Not only does it resemble more edible mushrooms, it is very stately and noticeable.
- 8♦,♥** *Amanita bisporigera*. An incredibly toxic stalk mushroom. Its younger form is frequently mistaken for a puffball mushroom. Nicknamed the Destroying Angel.
- 9♠** *Boletus edulis* The King Boletus is a delicious source of protein. Unfortunately it can be hard to find in the wild.
- 8♣,♠** *Calvatia bovista*. A delicious white puffball mushroom. Tastes great fried!
- A♣** *Calvatia gigantea*. The Giant Puffball is a huge mushroom that can serve as the centerpiece for an entire feast.
- 10♦,♠** *Cantharellus cibarius*. The delicious Golden Chanterelle is a vital part of any mushroom meal. Don't mistake it with the poisonous Jack-O'-Lantern mushroom!
- Q♣,♠** *Galerina dormiosa*. A white slightly spectral mushroom that glows in the dark. Can be placed back in the earth to create a path that was previously removed.
- A♦** *Grifola frondosa*. The Hen-Of-The-Woods (named after its resemblance to a hen's plumage) is a vital component in many folk remedies for chronic fatigue and exhaustion.
- J♦** *Hericium erinaceus*. Often nicknamed the Lion's Mane, this mushroom tastes like crab and resembles a mane of fur emerging from a tree. Very useful for brain fog and migraines.



- A♠ *Hericium americanum*. The Bear's-Head Tooth mushroom, while similar to the Lion's Mane, lacks the latter's medicinal properties. It's still delicious, however, and tastes like crab.
- 4,5 *Laetiporus sp.* Often called Chicken-Of-The-Woods, a bright yellow soft-flesh shelf mushroom that tastes just like chicken.
- 10♥,♣ *Omphalotus illudens*. The poisonous Jack-O'-Lantern mushroom, named after its bright orange coloration, is a toxic and unpleasant mushroom easily confused for the Golden Chanterelle.
- 7 *Pleurotus ostreatus*. Oyster mushrooms are a kind of shelf mushroom that is both a great snack and useful for its function as a base in various arcane reagents.
- 3 *Pluteus cervinus*. Deer Mushrooms are wide-capped mushrooms with a mediocre taste and limited medicinal applications.
- 7♣,♠ *Psilocybe ovoideocystidiata*. A rather unique mushroom. Keep out of the hands of children.
- 6 *Russula sp.* A bright red mushroom nicknamed the Sickener, for predictable reasons. Don't eat.
- 2 *Scleroderma citrinum*. The Common Earthball is a puff-like toxic mushroom and should be avoided.
- Q♦ *Vermi boletus*. Resembles a small child buried in the mud. Create a copy of the *E. Vermi Boletus* guest (found on pg. 183,) but change the first letter to reflect a new subspecies, and give them to the Bed & Breakfast as a new guest.

CHAPTER 32 *Earthsick*

WITH GERTRUDE, THE MOON PRINCE, **AND** ANYONE WHO DREAMS
OF FLYING OR HAS NIGHTMARES ABOUT FALLING
STARRING: A GAGGLE OF GUESTS



In which Gertrude casts an antigravity spell, much to her dismay, and the Moon Prince never wants it to end.



The Moon Prince laid sprawled out on their bed, cushioned by a mound of pillows. No matter how much they stretched or readjusted, there was simply no relief for their aching muscles. Most of the time they could almost ignore the constant pressure from Earth's gravity, but on their worse days, when it felt like their limbs were held down by iron weights, the strain was much more obvious...especially to one of the Bed & Breakfast's most empathetic residents.

Gertrude scrambled up the ladder into the attic in a rush, scurrying in through the barely open door. The Moon Prince winced as they turned to see her, her hoodie pouch bulging suspiciously, and sat up fast enough to make themselves dizzy, praying a pleasant smile was enough to hide their pain.

"Oh, good evening, Gertrude! I didn't hear you on the ladder!"

"Hey," Gertrude responded with less zeal, her gaze oscillating between the Moon Prince's too-taut smile and the iron grip they currently had on their mattress. "I, uh, noticed you've been limping a lot lately, and wanted to check on you. You feeling alright?"

The Moon Prince's expression faltered, but they slipped it back into place. "I guess I'm still getting used to the gravity here! I didn't know I was being that obvious." They chuckled, ignoring the pressure it caused on their ribs.

"So you...aren't feeling alright, then," Gertrude said slowly. She crossed the attic to sit, gingerly, at the foot of their bed.

The Moon Prince had never been adept at lying—maybe *withholding*, but never flat-out deception. They let out a deep sigh and slouched into the weight of their own body.

"No. I suppose I don't feel alright at all."

Gertrude glanced nervously at the trapdoor, and spoke in hushed words, "Well, I've got a spell that might solve that. One of Yazeba's."

"Oh! Are you sure Miss Yazeba doesn't mind you borrowing her spell, Gertrude?" The Moon Prince asked, innocently enough to wrack her with momentary guilt. But Gertrude was already emptying her hoodie of its hidden spoils.

"I'm sure she won't even notice."

The Moon Prince opened their mouth to object, but Gertrude had already begun grinding the reagents, her hands quick and deft with the mortar and pestle. She began to chant:

*Stars unborn and stars long past, Release your ancient grip at last
Ethnic earth and soil worn, Forget your hold on mass and form*

As the last syllable left her lips, everything in the attic began to rise into the air. Gertrude flailed and swatted her hair out of her eyes as she lost contact with the bed.

The Moon Prince, however, felt right at home. Their posture acclimated immediately—spine lax, limbs loose and head straight forward. A sigh of relief left the young royal as their head ponked gently against the ceiling. Finally, there was no dull, radiating ache. They'd never had to worry about constant physical pain back on the Moon. For a moment, they were lost in memories of home.

A show of gratitude was in order, but a cacophony of thumps, bangs and yells from the floor below interrupted that. The pair spun around, the sudden swivel making Gertrude propel herself right into a suspended wardrobe. Even with the trapdoor closed, it was easy to guess what the chaos outside was all about, especially when Yazeba's voice struck through the Bed & Breakfast's walls like a hammer, chilling them both to their cores:

"Who turned off the gravity?!"



FRANTIC MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of Chaos Coins where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to tick a track, they'll consult their Chaos Coins:

- ☉ If they don't have any Chaos Coins, they succeed right away, and take a Chaos Coin.
- ☉ If they do have Chaos Coins, they flip all of them at once, and if *all* the coins come up heads, they succeed! Otherwise, they don't tick the track and must do a Whoopsie about it. Either way, they take another Chaos Coin.

Anyone can cash in five Chaos Coins to tick a track right away. When any of us does a Bingo, they may give away all their Chaos Coins to someone else, making the whole mess their problem. (*That person shouldn't then turn around and return the coins with a new Bingo—no tag backs!*)

SPACE TRAINING

With Gertrude's errant spell, the entire Bed & Breakfast has been thrown into zero-gravity chaos. The Moon Prince wants to have fun and be a Cosmonaut, but Gertrude is terrified of Yazeba's wrath, and is acting like a Landlubber. Any other Residents must decide if they are Cosmonauts or Landlubbers before the Chapter begins. The Gaggles of Guests all start out neutral. By consulting their Chaos Coins, the Cosmonauts can show how much fun floating can be:

- ☉ You can play all sorts of new games.
- ☉ All those mystery aches and pains go away.
- ☉ You can fly through the house.
- ☉ You can look behind all the heavy furniture.
- ☉ Something else Moon Prince misses from their home.

Similarly, the Landlubbers can consult their Chaos Coins to point out one of the many perils of low gravity:


- ⊗ Yazeba's antique pottery is going to shatter.
- ⊗ Everyone's getting mud on the walls.
- ⊗ Someone turned on the tap, and now orbs of water are *everywhere*.
- ⊗ Eating cereal has become impossible.
- ⊗ Something else Gertrude knows Yazeba will hate.

Whenever you check one off, the Gaggle of Guests' player picks a Guest who defects to your side.

BOUNCING OFF THE WALLS

The Moon Prince hasn't felt this light and free in ages, and they know they'll be back in bed as soon as the spell is ended. It's not that they never want it to end—they know it has to, eventually—but first they have to show everyone what they're really like when they're not being slowly crushed. At the start of the Chapter, take an index card and designate it The Star Corner.

Whenever a Cosmonaut proposes an activity, they can consult their coins to see how well it goes. If they're forced to do a Whoopsie, they can draw a star in The Star Corner. If *every* coin comes up tails, they draw a planet in The Star Corner and do a Whoopsie *catastrophically*.

When the chapter ends, the Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Broken Vase* for every planet, and the Cosmonauts may divvy up the Stars as Leftovers for Housekeeping.



UNDO WHAT HAS BEEN DONE

In order to reverse the spell and restore the Bed & Breakfast to its usual semblance of order, Gertrude and the Landlubbers must:

- ⊗ Find the original spell in a field of floating books in the library.
- ⊗ Find the mortar and pestle amongst the attic junk.
- ⊗ Inscribe an inverted glyph of stars onto the mortar.
- ⊗ Catch all of the leftover flakes of mica from the first spell.
- ⊗ Grind the pestle with fresh earth from the garden.
- ⊗ Speak the incantation in reverse, without interruption.

Of course, all of this is easier said than done: when Landlubbers consult their Chaos Coins, they take a coin *before* flipping, instead of after.

When the Landlubbers check the last box, Gertrude's player decides whether gravity returns gradually or all at once. No more coins can be flipped or boxes checked. The Moon Prince decides when the chapter ends. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍷 *Book of Magic*. The Landlubbers hold on to any Chaos Coins they've collected as Leftovers for use uring Housekeeping.

THE WITCH'S GOOD HUMOR

If someone is playing Yazeba, she is neither a Landlubber nor a Cosmonaut, because she's no fun and she's certainly not fixing Gertrude's mess herself—though she might provide a push if she gets impatient. At the end of the Chapter, she can take an extra Chaos Coin (as Leftovers) for every item on this agenda that she accomplished:

- ☉ Pressure Gertrude without saying anything.
- ☉ Correct Gertrude as to the specifics or nature of the spell in question.
- ☉ Furiously maintain my dignity as she nearly floats away.
- ☉ Show the Landlubbers how easy something they're struggling with is.
- ☉ Be enticed, maybe just a little, to participate in the Moon Prince's chicanery.

If no one is playing Yazeba, the occasional angry shout is heard from her study.



CHAPTER 67 *The Rusalka's Mirror*

WITH THE MOON PRINCE, YAZEBA, AND ANYONE BUT GERTRUDE



In which the Moon Prince accidentally frees a dangerous spirit in the attic, and needs Yazeba's help to stop her.



It was a crisp, clear night, and the moon hung bright and low in the Moon Prince's window, setting the snowy ground alight. It was so bright and low and penetrating as to seem almost accusatory. Maybe that was why they couldn't sleep.

Bundled up in a blanket, they padded softly up to the attic observatory, as they often did in quiet moments. There was a telescope, Yazeba's star charts, some broken limbs of Amelie's, a dressmaker form, and a pile of boxes marked *STRESSED PINS*.

And there was something tall, with a sheet draped over it. In the moonlight it almost looked like a ghost, except that it had no eye holes and only fluttered in the draft. A sign taped to the sheet read, in scrawled handwriting, "DO NOT TOUCH. GERTRUDE THIS MEANS YOU."

Curious, and not being Gertrude, (and not being accustomed to taking orders from signs anyway) the prince pulled down the sheet. Beneath it was a lovely standing mirror with a dark wood frame. In its reflection was the attic, but Amelie's parts were rusted, the star charts were blurred beyond legibility, and the telescope was floating. It was as if the whole attic were underwater.

Most curiously of all, where The Moon Prince himself should have been standing, they saw a masked teen with long, flowing hair. And she began to sing.

Asleep at her desk downstairs, Yazeba's eyes jerked open, and she sprang from her chair. "Frights afire, you fool!"

A NOTE ABOUT TONE

Before this Chapter starts, we should decide as a group whether this is the right Chapter for us, and discuss the intensity of the Rusalka's song. Do we want this Chapter to feel more adventurous, or horrifying? Are we comfortable with the Rusalka as an allegory for suicidal ideation and self-destruction, or do we want to treat her as just a scary monster in the attic? Once we're all on the same page, we can continue.

EERIE MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll shuffle a deck of cards and put it where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to push onwards, they can do a Bingo or a Whoopsie and flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card (a Jack, Queen, King, or Ace). If they do a Bingo, they'll flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card from one of the Black Suits (Clubs or Spades). If they do a Whoopsie, they'll flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card from one of the Red Suits (Hearts or Diamonds).

When someone reveals an Omen Card of the correct color, they'll consult the Chapter's rules to find out what happens next, and hold onto the Omen Card unless the rules say otherwise. If the deck runs out of cards before they find an Omen of the right suit, there's a moment of uneasy quiet. Shuffle any unclaimed cards back into the deck.

A RIVER DEEP AND COLD

Icy water is leaking from the Rusalka's mirror—at first a trickle, and then a stream, until it is finally gushing into the attic. Whenever we reveal cards from the deck, put all of the non-Omen cards face up in a second pile next to it to form the Rusalka's River.

The height of the River is how high the floodwater has gotten. If you can think of a way to bail out the attic, redirect the flow, or pile high something to stand on, do a Bingo about it and put a River card back in the middle of the deck before revealing more cards.

When the River is taller than the deck, the water is over everyone's heads. Anyone but Yazeba can undertake a heroic, desperate act to shuffle half of the River back into the deck, but they're washed away and removed from the rest of the Chapter. Otherwise, everyone drowns, and the Moon Prince awakens in a cold sweat. End the Chapter and Lock it, then Unlock Chapter 76: *"The Rusalka's Mirror."* The Moon Prince gets the Whoopsie, "Nod off, and have nightmares of drowning."

THE RUSALKA'S SONG Q, K, A

When you reveal a Queen or King:

- ◆ The Rusalka's song is about how easy your life has been, and how little you have made of it. If either is true, lay this card over your Bingos. They are inaccessible to you.
- ♥ The Rusalka's song is about how no one knows the real you, and how they wouldn't like you if they did. If either of its claims are true, lay this card over your Whoopsies. They are inaccessible to you.

- ♣ A torrent of icy water from the mirror blasts you. Do a Whoopsie immediately, if you can.
- ♠ The Rusalka catches you by the hand and drags you into the mirror-room. Someone must do a Bingo to save you, if they can.

Whenever you reveal an Ace, the water creates a broader structural problem. Take the top six cards from the Omen Deck and put them with the River, then:

- A♥ The water soaks through the ceiling of the living room, building up mold and rot. Create a new Track in the Assorted Tracks section to monitor its repairs, and no one can hang out in the living room until it's fixed.
- A♦ A friend gets lost in the waves and dumped deep in the Bed & Breakfast's sub-basements. Lock a Guest who isn't being played right now and set them aside. We can find them, lost and confused, the next time we play Chapter 14: Lights Out.
- A♣ The water sweeps away our favorite treasures and reminders of our time together. Draw X's through all the Mementos in the Concierge's favorite Shelf.
- A♠ The water soaks Gertrude's bed and damages her journal. Divide her Keepsakes randomly into two even piles, and destroy everything in the first pile.

If anyone has a Queen or King of Hearts and a Queen or King of Diamonds on their Sheet, they lay down in the water and will speak only to agree with the Rusalka.

THE PRINCE'S LIGHT

Whenever someone reveals a Queen, King, or Ace, the Moon Prince may try their best to intervene. They may either make a counterargument against the Rusalka's song, or act in desperation to prevent the Rusalka's waves. If they do, they take the card and place it face-down on their own Character Sheet, covering some portion of their Sheet. Once no Bingos or Whoopsies are visible on their Sheet, the Moon Prince lays down, defeated, in the water as well.

THE WITCH'S CIRCLE J

To seal away the Rusalka, Yazeba must complete a circle of binding, for which she needs four anchors from around the attic. Whenever a Jack is revealed, anyone can do a Bingo to give it to Yazeba, and she places it in front of her as part of her spell circle:

- J♥ A flyer for The Everyone Hostel, sunbleached and torn.
- J♦ An ill-fitting wizard's robe from Yazeba's college years.
- J♣ One of Yazeba's old books, published under a forgotten name.
- J♠ The Rusalka's mask—forcing her to cover her face with her hair.

If Yazeba collects all four Jacks, her circle is complete, and the mirror freezes. Set aside the deck of cards and wrap up, and The Moon Prince decides when the chapter ends. The Bed & Breakfast gets a water-stained 😞 *Mask*. Collect any Omen Cards on your sheet to use as Leftovers for Housekeeping. If the Moon Prince has the Whoopsie "Nod off, and have nightmares of drowning," strike it from their Character Sheet.

"Fears arise, Gertrude, what have you done!"
Asleep at her desk, Yzeps's eyes jerked open, and she sprang from her chair.
A slender, crowned teen with eyes like quicksilver. And they began to sing.
Most curiously of all, where Gertrude herself should have been standing, she saw
was floating. It was as if the whole attic were underwater.
parts were rusted, the star charts were blurred beyond legibility, and the telescope
standing mirror with a dark wood frame. In its reflection was the attic, but Amelie's
called out, to be honest) Gertrude pulled down the sheet. Beneath it was a lovely
Curious, and with bleary eyes smudging the words, (and a little angry at being
GERTRUDE THIS MEANS YOU."
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vatory. There was a telescope, Yzeps's star charts, some broken limbs of Amelie's,
Bundled up in a blanket and still half-asleep she padded softly up to the attic obser-
to seem almost judgmental. Maybe that was why she couldn't sleep.
low and setting the snowy ground alight. It was so bright and high and pure as
t was a crisp, clear night, and the moon was bright, hanging in Gertrude's win-

The Rascal's Mirror

WITH GERTRUDE. YAZIBA. AND ANYONE BUT THE WORN PRINCE



In which Gertrude accidentally frees a dangerous spirit in the attic, and needs Yaziba's help to stop them.

Character sheet. If Gertrude has the Whoopie “Give up without a fight,” strike it from her gets a tarnished Crown. Collect any Omen Cards on your sheet to use as Leftovers for deck of cards and wrap up, and Gertrude decides when the chapter ends. The Bed & Breakfast If Yzeps collects all four duergs, her circle is complete, and the mirror freezes. Set aside the The Russalka’s crown—forcing them to turn angry and cruel. A pack of Yzeps’s cigarettes, bought from a gas station. Yzeps’s orb, carved from elfin-stone and gifted freely. Yzeps’s wand, holly-wood and woven by troll-magic.

0 ♠ The Russalka catches you by the hand and drags you into the mirror-room. if you can. Someone must do a Bingo to save you, if they can.

0 ♣ The Russalka catches you by the hand and drags you into the mirror-room. if you can. Someone must do a Bingo to save you, if they can.

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THE APPRENTICE’S BURDEN

down in the water and will speak only to agree with the Russalka. If anyone has a Jack of Hearts and a Jack of Diamonds on their sheet, they lay Divide their Keepsakes randomly into two even piles, and destroy half of them. The water soaks Moon Prince’s bed and damages their treasures from home. favorite shelf. The water sweeps away our favorite treasures and reminders of our time together. Draw X’s through all the Mementos in the Concierge’s Lights Out. We can find them, lost and confused, the next time we play Chapter 14: sub-assemblies. Lock a Guest who isn’t being played right now and set them A friend gets lost in the waves and dumped deep in the Bed & Breakfast’s for. Create a new Track in the Assorted Tracks section to monitor its repairs, The water soaks through the ceiling of the dining room, building up mold and cards from the Omen Deck and put them with the River, then: Whenever you reveal an Ace, the water creates a broader structural problem. Take the top six

THE WITCH’S CIRCLE 0

anchors from around the attic. Whenever a Queen is revealed, anyone can do a Bingo to give it to Yzeps, and she places it in front of her as part of her spell circle: To seal away the Russalka, Yzeps must complete a circle of binding, for which she needs four

A NOTE ABOUT TONE

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THE RUSALKA'S SONG ♣, ♠, ♡, ♠

When you reveal a Jack or King:

- ◆ The Rusalka's song is about how jealous you are of everyone, and how you will never have what they do. If either claim is true, lay this card over your Whoopsies. They are inaccessible to you.
- ♥ The Rusalka's song is about how lonely you are, and how hard you have to work for others to accept you. If either of its claims are true, lay this card over your Bingos. They are inaccessible to you.
- ♣ A torrent of icy water from the mirror blasts you. Do a Whoopsie immediately.

CHAPTER 45 *Snow Day*

WITH HEY KID AND ANYONE WITH WARM WINTER CLOTHES



In which Hey Kid reminds everyone how to have fun in the snow, and reflects on whether they're getting too old.



Snow is a crafty creature. You fall asleep to the first harmless specks falling from the sky, and in the morning the whole world has been conquered. Hey Kid pressed their hands against their window, hot breath crystalizing against the glass. The fields and forests surrounding the Bed & Breakfast were all sparkling white, indistinguishable from the diffused gray sky above. Their eyes lit up and they scrambled out of their room and down the stairs still in their footie pajamas.

“Snow day! Snow day! Snow day!” they screamed, hurtling down the stairs. Guests creaked open their doors to see the little blue devil sliding down the banisters before landing victoriously right in front of Sal and Parish in the foyer. “SNOW! DAY!”

Parish nearly spilled his coffee all over his winter coat. “Hey, wha? Huh? Ah, yes, we’re getting ready to shovel the driveway. Don’t know where Amelie’s got to.”

Sal nodded, and adjusted his snow pants.

“Shovel the driveway? That’s it?” Hey Kid crossed their arms. “You’re gonna mess up perfect sledding weather? You’re not gonna make a single snowman or bean someone with a snowball?”

“Kid, aren’t you getting a little old for snowballs?” Parish rolled his eyes and grabbed one of the shovels.

Hey Kid froze in place, their boots in their hands. A thousand thoughts rushed through their mind: *Maybe I AM getting too old for this? Is that what becoming old is? Or is he just saying that because I’m an annoying little kid? Does Parish hate me? Why does this hurt so bad? What is **wrong** with me—*

Sal spotted the tears welling up in the corner of Hey Kid’s eyes, and knelt down. “Hey, hey hey. Don’t listen to Parish, okay? He’s just grumpy because he hasn’t had his morning coffee.”

Hey Kid sniffled and smiled. “Thanks Sal-sal.”

Sal clapped Hey Kid on the back. “Here’s what you’re going to do. Get everyone’s attention, get all bundled up—” Hey Kid made a face, and Sal gave them a look. “—and then we’re gonna have the best snow day of our lives. Okay kid?”

FUN THINGS TO DO WITH FROZEN WATER

At the start of the Chapter, we'll take turns describing our winter outfits and how many layers we're wearing, then write each of the activities below onto a different index card and put three tokens on it:

- ☉ Snowball Chucking
- ☉ Snowfort Building
- ☉ Snowman Decorating
- ☉ Sledding
- ☉ Ice Skating
- ☉ Icicle Licking
- ☉ Hot Cocoa Drinking
- ☉ Track Stomping

At any point during this Chapter, we can declare new activities by writing them down and putting three tokens on them from the table. Whenever anyone engages with an activity and does a Bingo or a Whoopsie, they can collect a token from that activity, keeping it for themselves if they did a Bingo or giving it to someone who can learn from their foibles if they did a Whoopsie.

When an activity runs out of Tokens, tick the Sundown Track. We don't have to stop enjoying that activity, but we've learned all we can from it. When the Sundown Track is full, it's time to go inside for the night. Read from *A Sensitive Child* to wrap up the Chapter.



SPACE TO REFLECT

A snow day is a respite from the rhythm of life, a time when people can stop and reflect on what their daily existence means to them and think about whether it's really working out. Before the Chapter starts, everyone but Hey Kid chooses one of the questions below, or invents their own:

- ☉ "How can I spend more time doing the things I love?"
- ☉ "How can I make more room for fun in my life?"
- ☉ "How do I get back in touch with my inner child?"
- ☉ "How do I treat my friends better than I currently do?"
- ☉ "How can I remind myself to be more forgiving to myself?"
- ☉ "Why do I spend so much time worrying?"

At any point, you can put a token you've collected on your Question or on someone else's. At the end of the Chapter, go around and answer your question based on how many tokens you have on it.

- ☉ **Fewer than 3 tokens:** Shrug, and move on with your life.
- ☉ **3-6 tokens:** Give a short (one sentence) answer, and don't worry if you're actually right.
- ☉ **7+ tokens:** Ask someone else for their thoughts, and take a moment to figure out an answer that feels right. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🧣 *Winter Scarf*, or 🍵 *Festive Mug*.

Then keep any leftover tokens for Housekeeping.

A TREACHEROUS WONDERLAND

Everyone has the following additional Bingos:

- ★ Help someone out of the snow.
- ★ Take in the beautiful winter landscape.

And the following additional Whoopsies:

- ✎ Bonk someone in the face with a snowball.
- ✎ Get snow all up in your clothes.

A SENSITIVE CHILD

Despite Hey Kid's best attempts, the world has begun to feel like more of a struggle every day, and they're left with a lot of questions. Hey Kid starts with a piece of paper with *every* question from the *Space To Reflect* section written on it. Every time Hey Kid hears or thinks of another question, they write it down on the paper. They can spend three tokens in order to cross off one of their questions without answering it. At the end of the Chapter, they'll attempt to answer every question they have left.

- ☉ If there are no questions left unanswered, Hey Kid goes to bed that night warm and happy. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🧢 *Knit Cap*. Keep any tokens we've collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping.
- ☉ If there are some questions left unanswered, Hey Kid struggles to sleep that night, worrying about the answers. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🧢 *Knit Cap*. Hey Kid throws their tokens in the trash, but everyone else can keep theirs as Leftovers for Housekeeping..
- ☉ If Hey Kid cannot answer a single question, Hey Kid has an anxious meltdown in the middle of the snow. Consult *How To Be A Grownup*, within the Forbidden Envelope.

CHAPTER 37 *Our Little Island*

WITH PARISH, THE MOON PRINCE AND ANYONE NAUTICAL



In which Parish and the Moon Prince have a high-seas adventure running errands in an underwater Veilridge.



For six dark days and six cold nights, pounding rain beat the windows of the Bed & Breakfast, making such a racket that a witch could hardly think. It was so thick in the air that you couldn't see through it, and the storm roared on like it would never end. But then it did end—as endless things tend to do.

Sensing the sudden silence, the Moon Prince pulled aside the curtain to peer out of the attic window, lifted up the heavy glass pane, and looked out at what had been a patchwork of fields, hills, and forests less than a week ago. The flood had swallowed it all: in every direction, as far as the eye could see, the world had become a flat and shimmering ocean except where the tops of trees and telephone poles poked up stubbornly from the water. Low-hanging white clouds were perfectly reflected in the smooth mirror of this brand new sea.

The Moon Prince spotted half a stop sign peeking above the water by what used to be the road, no longer declaring “STOP,” but a secret word made of half-letters.

The Bed & Breakfast was itself a tiny island, swarming with guests and staff who were hanging clotheslines from the gutters and collecting detritus that had floated off unattended. The front porch had become something of an impromptu dock where folks lashed together rafts, and from their vantage point the Moon Prince could see a wide wooden boat tethered to the porch swing. A small frog frantically tried to unfurl the sail, and his body strained under the heft of the thick rope.

The Moon Prince cupped their hands to shout, “What're you doing down there, Parish?”

Parish looked around for the source of the voice, then waved his little sailor cap up at them. “A few guests got stuck at the train station, and the Bed & Breakfast needs supplies. I'm putting a little crew together for a maritime adventure! Would you like to be first mate?”

The Moon Prince nodded vigorously, grabbed a silver spyglass from their luggage, and scrambled down the stairs as fast as their body would allow.

RELAXED MOOD

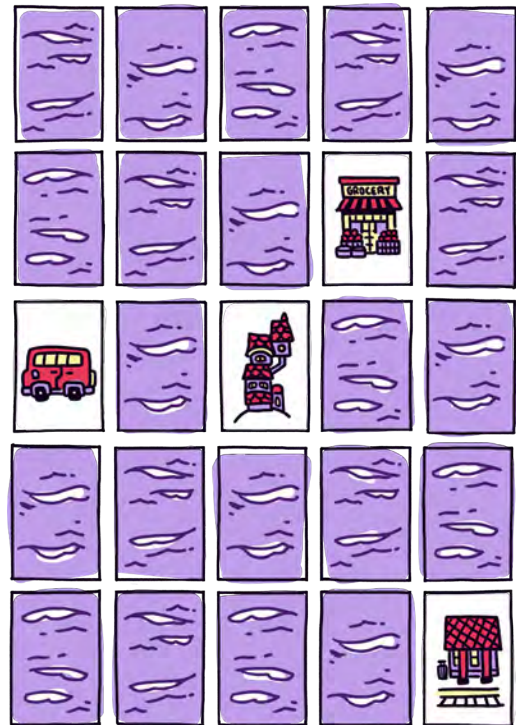
Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of tokens where everyone can reach them. During the Chapter, whenever anyone does a Whoopsie, they'll take a token. Before anyone can do one of their Bingos, they must first give a token back to the table.

THE SUDDEN SEA

At the beginning of the Chapter, grab 25 index cards that will become our impromptu ocean. Label one "Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast" and put it in the middle face-up. Label three more cards "The Train Station," "The Grocery Store," and "Sal's Van," and set them aside.

Divide the remaining index cards evenly between everyone (Parish gets any extras). Label every card with one of the following:

- ☉ A familiar landmark, made strange and new by the water.
- ☉ Flotsam and jetsam (like a floating hat crewed by mice, a sleepy isopod under the waves, a big branch that looks a lot like an alligator, or a group of teens having a splash fight). After you label these, also mark them with a "?"
- ☉ A waterborne hazard (like a whirlpool, tangled power lines, deadly freshwater sharks, or a treacherous shallows). After you label these, also mark them with a "!"



No need to overthink what we write! We can always add more details if and when we need them. Once all of the cards have something written on them, shuffle them up and lay them out face-down in a 5x5 grid around the Bed & Breakfast. Place a small object on top of the Bed & Breakfast's card to represent our Boat.

O CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN

When play begins, the boat first launches from Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast, and can sail to any adjacent card, which is revealed when we arrive. We can discuss it as a group, but Parish always gets final say on where the Boat sails next. Anyone besides Parish can then make the boat sail there by saying "Aye aye, captain!" and doing a Bingo.

Whenever we arrive in a place with a “!” we each lose a token to navigate the danger—and anyone who doesn’t have one must do a Whoopsie about it instead. Whenever we leave a place with a “?” we put it face-down again and swap it with an adjacent face-down card, if there are any.

UP IN THE CROW’S NEST

The Moon Prince can spend a token to peek ahead of the ship with their silver spyglass, and look at any one index card on the table. They can’t make out what’s there well enough to say exactly what it is to the rest of the crew or answer any questions about it, but they can hint as to whether or not to go there.

During this chapter, the Moon Prince has the following additional Whoopsies:


- ✦ Lose track of where we’re going. Take all the face-down index cards, shuffle them up, and put them back randomly.
- ✦ Lose track of where we were. Take four face-up index cards, shuffle them up, and put them back randomly and face-down.

PORT AHOY

When we find the Train Station, everyone who wants to can describe something beautiful or interesting about how the water sits over the tracks, and everyone gets a token. We each grab a Guest to play for a little while, until we return to the Bed & Breakfast. (Then, anyone who wants to get off the boat may go inside, except for Parish and the Moon Prince.)

When we find the Grocer’s, we load up on the stock they’ve laid out on the canoes: everyone may describe what they fish out of the water for the Bed & Breakfast to receive one token.

When we find Sal’s car, we’ve got to do an awful lot of hard work (and spend three tokens, between us) to lash it safely to the aft end of the boat to be towed.

Whenever we return to the Bed & Breakfast, we can choose to end the Chapter. If we accomplished all three of our objectives, the Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Sailor’s Cap*, but either way, hold onto any tokens you’ve collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping.

CHAPTER 40 *Spring Cleaning*

WITH AMELIE AND ANYONE WITH A FREE SET OF
HANDS, FLIPPERS, OR OTHER APPENDAGES



In which Amelie breaks, and everyone else has to help them clean.

The sun had cut through the chill and damp of the morning mist, marking the first sunny day of the year. Sal strung up his hammock in the garden to soak up some sunlight and watch the grass sprout. Not long into the morning, though, his dozing was interrupted by a high-pitched whirring.

Peeking his head over the fence, he saw Amelie, who had thrown a rug over the clothesline and was attempting to beat the dust from it with their hard metal limbs, which were twitching ineffectually at their sides, punctuated by the occasional half-hearted jolt.

Sal's brow furrowed. "No...Amelie, c'mon, the snow's barely melted. It can't be time yet. And what's with your arms?"

They turned to him, LED display flickering in disapproval. "The parameters of operation for Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast clearly indicate: We Must Not Waste Such A Beautiful Day. Come assist me in beating these rugs."

Sal rolled his eyes—he knew no amount of his slapdash cleaning would ever appease Amelie. "Why even ask for help if you're just going to come behind me and redo it anyway?" he demanded, looking longingly at his comic book.

Amelie was silent, and on anyone else, Sal would have identified the silence as resentful. Then they spoke, their voice warping. "I seem to have a - a - a - a - a -" And with that, their voice box crackled into a low-level humming as their eyes dimmed to minimum power. The night porter leapt out of his hammock as Amelie swayed dangerously. In a minute he had collected the clicking and whirring robot in his arms and raced inside, the rugs quite forgotten. "Hey! HEY! Get out here! Something's wrong with Amelie!"

"Th-there is NOTHING wrong w-w-w-with meeEEE," they droned in response. "I am the Amelie 2900; the perfect maidservant-ant-ant. Whenever you c-c-c-an't, AMELIE CAN - and you, S-S-Sal, certainly can't."

Gertrude blinked at them from the lobby couch, a spoonful of soggy cereal halfway to her mouth. She could all hear Yazeba cursing upstairs ("Fuses afire!") and stomping around in search of an instruction manual.

"Wh—what's happening?" Gertrude asked.

"This-this-this day must not be wasted," Amelie repeated, and it came out as a whine. They shook as Sal tried to keep from dropping them. "Spring Cleaning for the Bed & Breakfast m-m-must commence."

"Amelie seems to think it's Spring Cleaning Day!" Sal sighed. "But they must've blown a fuse or something. Their arms aren't working, and—" he groaned as Amelie collapsed and the full weight of a metal robot fell on him. "—I'd guess their legs too, at this point."

Amelie's whirring died down, their eyes blinking dimly in the lobby. If Sal didn't know any better, he'd say they looked sad. He lugged them over to a free couch and dropped them as politely as it is possible to drop a heavy metal humanoid onto a cushioned seat.

"There is n-n-nothing for it, I suppose," Amelie hummed, forlorn. Sal looked horrified; he knew what was coming. "You all must take on my tasks for the day, and report back to me."



FRANTIC MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of Chaos Coins where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to tick a track, they'll consult their Chaos Coins:

- ⊙ If they don't have any Chaos Coins, they succeed right away, and take a Chaos Coin.
- ⊙ If they do have Chaos Coins, they flip all of them at once, and if *all* the coins come up heads, they succeed! Otherwise, they don't tick the track and must do a Whoopsie about it. Either way, they take another Chaos Coin.

Anyone can cash in five Chaos Coins to tick a track right away. When any of us does a Bingo, they may give away all their Chaos Coins to someone else, making the whole mess their problem. (*That person shouldn't then turn around and return the coins with a new Bingo—no tag backs!*)

THE LIFE-ALTERING TECHNOLOGY OF TIDYING UP

Amelie's self-repair protocol is taking a long time to fix whatever's wrong with them, but they remain the Bed & Breakfast's expert on cleanliness. Any time anyone else does a Whoopsie, Amelie may consult their Chaos Coins to chide that person. If they were already under Amelie's supervision, Amelie succeeds automatically.

- ⊙ If Amelie succeeds, they'll deliver an impressive lecture to the person in question, give them a Chaos Coin, and assign them a new task under their direct supervision.
- ⊙ If Amelie fails, rather than doing a Whoopsie, the other person convinces Amelie that they weren't slacking, just doing the chore differently—and may cross out, rather than check off, the task they were attempting.

Amelie can only supervise one person at a time. If they're supervising someone, everyone else is unobserved—as long as they can avoid doing a Whoopsie.

THANKS FOR THE HELP!

Amelie is used to handling the entirety of the Bed and Breakfast's housework on their own. This means that, often, other people's cleaning doesn't live up to their exacting standards... but it also means they might appreciate new perspectives and a new set of hands.

Any time Amelie feels someone is working exceptionally hard or doing a great job cleaning, they may take a Chaos Coin from that person and return it to the table.

Meanwhile, Amelie has access to one extra Whoopsie this chapter: "Ponder the pros and cons of self-sufficiency."

SCRUB UNTIL IT SHINES

Amelie's skill with a dustpan is unrivaled, and their expectations are high. Consult your Chaos Coins to try and finish a task to their standards, and if you succeed, check the task off.

- | | |
|---|---|
| ↳ Bust the dust | ↳ Polish the furniture |
| ↳ Beat the rugs
and mattresses | ↳ Check for mimics |
| ↳ Sweep the floors | ↳ Scrub the counters |
| ↳ Sweep behind all
electrical appliances | ↳ Wash out the
Garbage Cans |
| ↳ Wash the curtains
and tablecloths | ↳ Purify the Air |
| ↳ Wipe the windows | ↳ Mop Everywhere with
Anti-Curse Water |

THE WHOLE PLACE IS SPARKLING

When all tasks are completed, Amelie's power runs low and their self-repair protocol completes. Everyone collapses from exhaustion in the refreshed Bed and Breakfast, congratulates each other on a job well done, and admits whether they really did their best on their assigned tasks or not. Amelie decides when the Chapter has ended by going into sleep mode.

For each task that was completed to the robot's fussy expectations and checked off the list, give Amelie a Chaos Coin. For each task done "close enough" and crossed off the list, everyone else gets one Chaos Coin. Keep any Chaos Coins you've collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping.

If more tasks are checked off than crossed out, the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍷 *Health Inspection Certificate*. Otherwise, the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🧦 *Lost Sock*.

CHAPTER 50 *Stargazing*

WITH GERTRUDE, THE MOON PRINCE, **AND**
ANY AMATEUR ASTRONOMERS



In which the stars are beautiful out tonight, and two teens teach each other about the constellations.



Gertrude had never seen stars like these before, and she couldn't help herself. While the rest of the Bed & Breakfast gathered in the field with blankets and pillows to watch the constellations, she slipped up the stairs and climbed through a partially-open window onto the roof, laying against the roof tiles to stare at the miraculous sky. She had with her a beat-up fantasy novel, her diary, a couple snacks, and a pillow—all she could ever need.

And she was alone. Or so she thought, before an exuberant voice whispered to her from across the roof. She jumped, and then caught her breath when she recognized the Moon Prince's silver pajamas.

"Psst! Hi, Gertrude!"

Without thinking, Gertrude shoved her books back into her pack, but she flashed a cautious smile and whispered back, "Oh, hey MP...! What are you doing up here?"

The Moon Prince shrugged. "It's a cloudless night tonight, and I didn't want to go up and down all those stairs. I figured I'd watch the constellations up here."

They fidgeted with the stuffed alien in their arms. Gertrude scooted over, just enough that there was a little room at the edge of the roof, and the Moon Prince laid out their shiny blanket. With a groan, they rested their head on the other end of her pillow. The two lay there for a moment, staring up at the stars.

The Moon Prince pointed up at one constellation in particular. "Look! That's Pannychis! It looks so weird from down here."

"Pannychis?" Gertrude asked. "I don't think Earth has that one."

"Oh! Well, if you're born under it it means you'll host a lot of really big parties? And that one over there is Tabernacle, which, umm—er, that is," they caught themselves, and started stammering. "Sorry, I just get excited, I don't mean to ramble."

Gertrude rolled over and gave them a smile. "Don't worry MP, I'm listening." Her hand naturally rested against the back of the Moon Prince's, who blushed a little, unused to people actually listening. They resumed explaining all about Tabernacle with a halting, giddy nervousness. Gertrude leaned back, rested her head next to theirs, and stared up at the beautiful stars.

PENSIVE MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll read through it and select Questions to write down on index cards, then place as many tokens on each of those Questions as the Chapter asks for.

These questions need to be picked away at. Whenever any of us does a Bingo or a Whoopsie, they'll collect a token from one of the Questions, keeping it if they did a Bingo or giving it to someone who can learn from their mistake if they did a Whoopsie.

WAYWARD TEENS

Gertrude has found a home here, in the rickety halls of the Bed & Breakfast. She's made friends, and for the first time in her life, she fits in. But a home is a tricky thing for someone who's been burned before, and the stars remind Gertrude of all the people she'll never see again.

Even if she's trying not to talk to the Moon Prince about it directly, there's a big and heavy question in her heart. Gertrude chooses one of the questions below, or invents her own:

- ⊙ "How do you learn to trust the people around you?"
- ⊙ "How can I hold onto these fleeting moments forever?"
- ⊙ "Is it worth it to go back someday?"
- ⊙ "What is a home?"

The question starts with 9 tokens on it. Once all the tokens have been removed, everyone should go around and try to answer it. We can choose whether or not to end the Chapter here.

CELESTIAL DESTINIES

Moon Prince has found a home here, in the rickety halls of the Bed & Breakfast. They can be a person here, and for the first time in their life, they feel loved. But a home is a tricky thing for someone who's been burned before, and the stars remind the Moon Prince of distant parents and ice-cold halls.

Even if they're trying not to talk to Gertrude about it directly, there's a question big and heavy in their heart. The Moon Prince chooses one of the questions below, or invents their own:

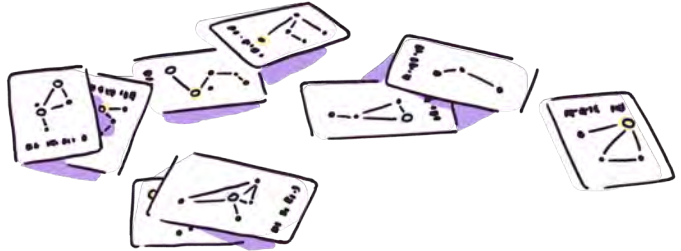
- ⊙ "How do you learn to trust the people around you?"
- ⊙ "How can I hold onto these fleeting moments forever?"
- ⊙ "Is it worth it to go back someday?"
- ⊙ "What is a home?"

The question starts with 9 tokens on it. Once all the tokens have been removed, everyone should go around and try to answer it. We can choose whether or not to end the Chapter here.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD

We are here, together, now. At the bottom of the world, staring up at a vast and impossible cosmos. In these moments we seek to give meaning to the chaos, to bless the stars and constellations with their names.

Whenever we like, any player may draw a constellation on an index card, name the constellation, and move a token from a Question onto that card (saying nothing else about it!) For as long as a token remains on a constellation's index card, anyone may describe what that constellation means to them to take the token from it.



GUIDING LIGHT

Write down the Big Question on another index card.

- ☉ “Where should I go from here?”

This question starts with no tokens. We’re probably not going to successfully and fully answer this question throughout the Chapter, but we can put one of a token we’ve collected on it whenever we think it over.

When the Chapter ends, everyone goes around and gives as much of an answer as they can, based on how many tokens the question has.

- ☉ **Less Than 5 Tokens:** Shrug, and maybe say somewhere you think could be it, but is probably wrong.
- ☉ **5-8 Tokens:** Give a one word answer, if you have one.
- ☉ **9-12 Tokens:** Give a one sentence answer, if you have one. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🌌 *Telescope*.
- ☉ **13 or more Tokens:** Give a full answer, if you have one, then write it down on an index card & attach it to your Character Sheet as a Keepsake. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🌌 *Telescope*.

Hold on to any other tokens we’ve collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping.

CHAPTER 52 *Amelie's Big Day Off*

WITH AMELIE, PARISH, SAL, AND
ANYONE WHO FEELS OVERWORKED



In which the staff at the Bed & Breakfast get some much needed pampering at a very fancy spa.



Sal's aim with a #10 business envelope was getting pretty good; he could flick his wrist and get a letter into the appropriate guest or residents' mail slot all the way from his desk, missing only one shot in ten. He counted them as he sorted the big pile: "One, two, three for Yazeba, one for room two, one for the rabbits, two for the rabbits, one for... Amelie?"

He wiped summer sweat from his brow and stared down at the thick envelope in his hands, addressed to "Amelie NO FIELD ENTRY," from the Triple Deluxe Resort in Mewry Bay. He looked up at the mail cubbies, even though he already knew that there was no slot for Amelie. They had never received a single letter. Thankfully, Amelie was at hand, and their wheelies squeaked anxiously as they inched forward to accept it.

It looked like junk mail to Sal, the kind he usually tossed in the waste bin no matter whom it was addressed to, but he kept that thought to himself as Amelie clutched it reverently in both hands, gently tearing one end and sliding out the thick packet of contents. The top paper featured a commanding text popup in yellow and red: YOU'VE WON!

"I have received an all-inclusive day of pampering at the Triple Deluxe Resort for myself and two or more friends," Amelie read. "A pity. They should have sent it to someone else. What a waste."

"What, you're not going to go? You've got to! Have you literally EVER taken a day off before?" (They had not.) "Hypothetically, who would you bring? Me, obviously, I'm the only one with a car, but who else?"

Amelie carefully considered whether they had two friends. "Parish," they said.

"Yeah, the little guy could really use some pampering... PARISH! Put dinner in the fridge for Yazeba and the rest, we're going to the spa to get the Triple Deluxe treatment!"

"Wait..." Parish croaked, "If we're all going to the spa, who's watching the Bed & Breakfast? *Hey Kid?*"

"It'll be *fine*," Sal insisted, tossing a flannel shirt over his work tee.

The Triple Deluxe Resort was a sprawling, decadent building, all high, cream-colored walls and enormous windows, with an embarrassment of fountains dotting its gardens and lawns. The Yazeba's staff looked entirely out of place as they slouched, hopped and wheeled their way to the front desk for check-in, but the consummate professionals of the resort took their motley guests in stride after only a moment's hesitation. It was hard not to compare their uniformed appearances, straight backs, and neat name tags to how things were back at the Bed & Breakfast.

An immaculately groomed porter took the voucher from Amelie and typed its code into a lightning-fast computer. She nodded once and smiled, motioning for Amelie, Sal, and Parish to follow her. Someone with a tray of lemon water materialized nearby, proffering it hospitably.

As they were escorted from the lobby to the day spa hall, Sal caught Parish looking longingly at the bright, clean kitchen appliances in the staff break room. He turned to allow a staff member to place a fluffy white robe over his greasy, stained t-shirt, and saw Amelie staring at a floating cart of brand-name cleaning supplies being pushed by a housekeeper with an upturned chin and a handsome apron falling neatly over their state-of-the-art prosthetic leg. Sal couldn't tell if it was floating by magic or technology, and he didn't much care. Three musicians with the finest instruments money could buy marched past, heading for the open stage in the lobby. They looked as if they had no other worry than filling the air with smooth jazz and good vibes.

Sal sighed. Parish sighed. Amelie buzzed softly.



RELAXED MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of tokens where everyone can reach them. During the Chapter, whenever anyone does a Whoopsie, they'll take a token. Before anyone can do one of their Bingos, they must first return a token to the table.


THE LAP OF LUXURY

Amelie's "All-Inclusive" package covers a wide variety of treatments and activities, listed below.

- Complimentary Robes And Towels
- Sauna Cleanse
- Mineral Bath
- ● Wind Therapy
- Juice Bar Break
- ● ● Mani/Pedi
- ● Tea Service
- ● Silkworm Body Wrap
- ● Deep Tissue Massage
- Parting Gift Bags

Note: If you aren't sure what a treatment entails, don't worry. Nobody really knows what any of these words mean. Just close your eyes and imagine something that sounds profoundly relaxing, expensive, and a little bit silly.

If this day could last forever it would be paradise, but alas, time flies: Whenever someone does a Bingo, they check a box for the current treatment. When all the boxes are checked, they also describe the next treatment on the list (and how the courteous, professional resort staff adapt it to suit a frog and a robot) in a soothing voice.

Once all of the spa treatments are complete, Amelie will tell us when and how the Chapter ends. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Monogrammed Slipper*. Hold on to any tokens you've collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping.

WELL AIN'T THIS PLACE THE RITZ?

We all work in the hospitality business, but it's hard to believe that Yazeba's and the Triple Deluxe Resort even exist on the same planet. Everyone has access to the following Bingos:

- ★ "Let yourself relax and be pampered."

Everyone also has access to the following Whoopsies:

- ✦ "Make the resort employees raise one eyebrow."
- ✦ "Comment on how much better the service, food, or facilities are at the resort than they are back at the Bed & Breakfast."

TIRED OLD ENGINE

Amelie has very rarely "relaxed" before. They aren't sure they know how. They aren't sure they'll like it, or what it will mean for them to finally, utterly stop working.

During this chapter, Amelie can spend tokens, one-for-one, to permanently change words on their Character Sheet.

(Characters can always change their names or pronouns at any time, but Amelie might want to think about it a little more than usual today.)

TAKE A SOUVENIR

The Triple Deluxe Resort has a fantastic gift shop in the spa that loves to give out free samples. After a particularly relaxing or enjoyable treatment, anyone can spend a Token to receive a free sample of that treatment to take home with them. If you do, write it down on an index card and attach it your Character Sheet as a Keepsake:

- Imported Kraken's Sea Mineral Bath Salts (Hand-Packed By Mermaids!)
- Reusable Self-Heating Lavender Scented Warming Eye Wrap
- Instant Organic GMO-Free Gluten-Free Corn Syrup-Free Sugar-Free Juice Packets
- Nourishing Honey Foot and Hand Mask
- Enchanted Obsidian Meditation Stones (Hand-Carved By Canary Island Obsidian Golems!)
- Self-Regenerating Angelic Vibration Ultimate Relaxation Incense Sticks

CHAPTER 66 *All Hallow's Eve*

WITH GERTRUDE, HEY KID, **AND** ANYONE COOL ENOUGH TO HANG
STARRING: THE GHOUL GANG (WHO MAY BE PLAYED
TONIGHT, EVEN IF THEY ARE LOCKED)



*In which some teens summon ghosts in a graveyard,
and Hey Kid realizes they're in over their head.*



Gertrude slid the window open, feeling the autumn chill against her skin. She pulled her cap over her ears, adjusted her knit scarf, and quickly checked her backpack to make sure everything was there. She closed her eyes, and for the thousandth time she asked herself if this was a good idea, before putting one hand up against the window and—

SLAM! Gertrude's door burst open, and she turned around with fear in her eyes. There, illuminated in the orange glow of the hallway, stood a very small devil with a very large pumpkin-shaped bucket. "Hey Gertrude!" Hey Kid screamed, and Gertrude slid her window shut. "It's Halloween, it's Halloween! Can you take me trick-or-treating again? No one else is as good at it as you!"

Gertrude pressed her head against the wall. "No, Kid. I've already got plans tonight."

"Can I come?"

"They're *secret* plans," Gertrude sighed. "Besides, aren't you getting too old to go trick-or-treating?" The smoke in Hey Kid's eyes was enough to tell Gertrude she'd made a mistake.

"If you don't let me come, I'll go bother Yazeba to take me trick-or-treating instead, and she'll be *angry*."

Gertrude paled and sighed. "Fine, as long as you don't embarrass me. Grab a jacket and meet me outside."

It wouldn't be long before the two kids found their way to the old graveyard at the edge of town. Gertrude hopped the cast-iron fence with the skill of someone who'd hopped a lot of fences in her life, and took a moment to help Hey Kid through the bars. A sickly yellow moon hung overhead as they crept through the fields of ancient graves, until they arrived at a mossy stone courtyard in the midst of the cemetery. It was dark, but Gertrude could see the outlines of her friends among the tombstones...along with the Ghoul Gang.

"Roy? Liz? Jax? I'm here."

Roy, the smallest of the ghouls, hopped down from a crumbling edifice and stepped forward. Moonlight danced in his one eye, the other hanging limply from his head. "Glad you finally made it. We've been waiting ages. Who's the twerp?"

Hey Kid hid behind Gertrude, and she shrugged. "They're cool, they can handle it."

Liz spoke up (startling Hey Kid; somehow she was right behind him). "As long as they're not a crybaby."

Jax stood up and cracked their neck, nearly turning their head all the way around. "You got the goods?"

Gertrude pushed aside a pile of brown leaves, cracked open her backpack, and pulled out five thick red candles and a box of chalk. "You know I do. Let's summon some ghosts."

FORBIDDEN NECROMANCING

Draw a circle onto a piece of paper and place a deck of cards inside it. This will be your Summoning Circle. Don't remove the deck from the circle until the chapter is completed. *(Additional supplies, including candles, ominous runes, animal bones, or crystals, are encouraged but not required.)*

At the start of the Chapter, everyone places their hands in the Summoning Circle and says the following incantation:

*"Oh ghosts of ancient times, we summon thee
this Hallow's Eve to speak to us thy wisdom."*

The circle is now prepared. Starting with Gertrude and going around counter-clockwise, each character flips the top card of the deck (keeping the card inside the circle) to discover how their spiritual energies align this Hallow's Eve, consulting the Grim Oracle to determine what it means.

Thereafter, starting with Gertrude, we go around in a circle and ask the ghosts questions:

- ⊗ About a time you're scared you messed up.
- ⊗ About a time when you're not sure you made the right choice.
- ⊗ About something you're scared will happen.
- ⊗ About a choice you need to someday make.
- ⊗ About a secret you wish you knew.
- ⊗ About another character in the circle.
- ⊗ Do something risky or outrageous, and consult the ghosts about how it goes.
- ⊗ Confess something embarrassing or weird, and consult the ghosts about how it goes.

The Ghoul Gang can choose to scare Hey Kid instead of asking a question—revealing cards from the deck and describing what terrifying and creepy thing lurks in the shadows.

Once everyone has thrice consulted the Grim Oracle, it's time to end the ritual. Read *Closing The Circle* and follow the instructions precisely.

THE GRIM ORACLE

The ghosts have transformed the deck inside the Summoning Circle into a tool of divination. You can decipher their meanings by consulting the following charts. First, look at which suit it is to know the card's Symbol.

- ♣ Creativity, dreams, and magic. Their portent is a cawing raven.
- ♦ Finances, stability, and home. Their portent is the sallow moonlight.
- ♥ Friendships, family, and hearts. Their portent is a mist between the graves.
- ♠ Hardships, trials, and enemies. Their portent is a pair of glowing eyes in the darkness.

Yazeba would kill me if she knew I was doing this trashy parlor trick magic. but Roy, Jax + Lig seem to think it's cool. sooooo

If your group knows any other forms of interpretation, or wants to invoke spreads + more complicated explorations of the cards. I won't stop you

Then, check the card's value to see what is happening to you in relation to that subject.

- A A new beginning, the start of a venture related to the Suit.
- 2 Two equal concepts caught in perfect balance, unable to let go.
- 3 A branching path, a split decision between two worlds relating to the Suit.
- 4 Trapped in one place, unable to move beyond the Suit
- 5 Inversion, denial, unable to access the Suit.
- 6 A perilous and dangerous journey, in search of (or surrounded by) the Suit.
- 7 Trickery, something you thought was reliable turns out not to be.
- 8 Introversion, self-reflection, seeking that Suit from within.
- 9 A plentiful amount of the Suit, which fills your dreams.
- 10 An overwhelming quantity of the Suit, passing it on to everyone around you.
- J Someone in your life who has only just begun to explore the Suit.
- Q Someone in your life who understands the mysteries of the Suit.
- K Someone in your life who has mastered and controls the Suit.

You can ask the deck for a second card if you require clarification.

CROSSING THE CIRCLE

If you want to lie about what a card means to you, or act out in a way that challenges the magic of the ghost summoning, collect the current card from the circle and do a Bingo or Whoopsie about it.

Hey Kid gets an extra Whoopsie: "Get super freaked out."

If at any point there are more face-up cards outside the circle than inside it, then the balance between worlds has shifted, and the circle has been broken. The ghostly groundskeeper emerges from beneath the soil, horrified at the Ghoul Gang's impropriety. Both this Chapter and the Ghoul Gang get grounded (Lock them if they were previously Unlocked).

Everyone else must escape the ghosts, saying the following magic words as they destroy the circle and describe their characters running all the way back to the Bed & Breakfast:

*"Oh ghosts of ancient times, we cast thee back unto thy graves,
to trouble this Hallow's Eve no more!"*

The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🎃 *Jack O' Lantern* and no one gets to keep any Leftovers, dropping them all as they flee the cemetery.

CLOSING THE CIRCLE

Everyone says the magic words:

*"Oh ghosts of ancient times, thou have spoken thy wisdom
this Hallow's Eve and now may slumber."*

Gertrude wraps up the chapter, and the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🦴 *Skull*. Unlock the Ghoul Gang as guests at the Bed & Breakfast, if they're not Unlocked already, and hold onto any cards that were brought outside the circle as Leftovers for Housekeeping.

A crisp wind tugged at the Moon Prince's scarf, threatening to crease the tidy white sheets of printer paper which bore their cover letter, resume, and royal pedigree. They placed a hand on the "P/T OPENINGS AVAILABLE" sign hanging in the window of Cafe Tiara, leaving behind smudged fingerprints, and shot a nervous thumbs up back to Sal in his car.

Pushing down the unease in their stomach and the aching of their joints, they fumbled with the door (which was push, not pull) and reconsidered for the twentieth time whether opening with a joke about having misplaced their *actual* tiara would be charming, off-putting, or somehow imply that they were irresponsible.

Behind the register, one solitary soul cast a slouching shadow across the cafe.

The Moon Prince put on their princeliest posture, and declared, "Hello! I saw the sign in the window—where may I drop off a resume?"

The shadow's owner tapped a little badge on their lapel that read "Manager," and held out their hand, roughly snatching the proffered papers.

"Hired," the manager said, stuffing the Moon Prince's papers into a drawer by the register.

"I am?!" they asked, waves of both relief and horror lapping at the edges of their voice. "Oh, uh...when do I start?"

The manager threw their yellow apron at the Moon Prince, and grabbed their car keys. "Now. I'm on break."

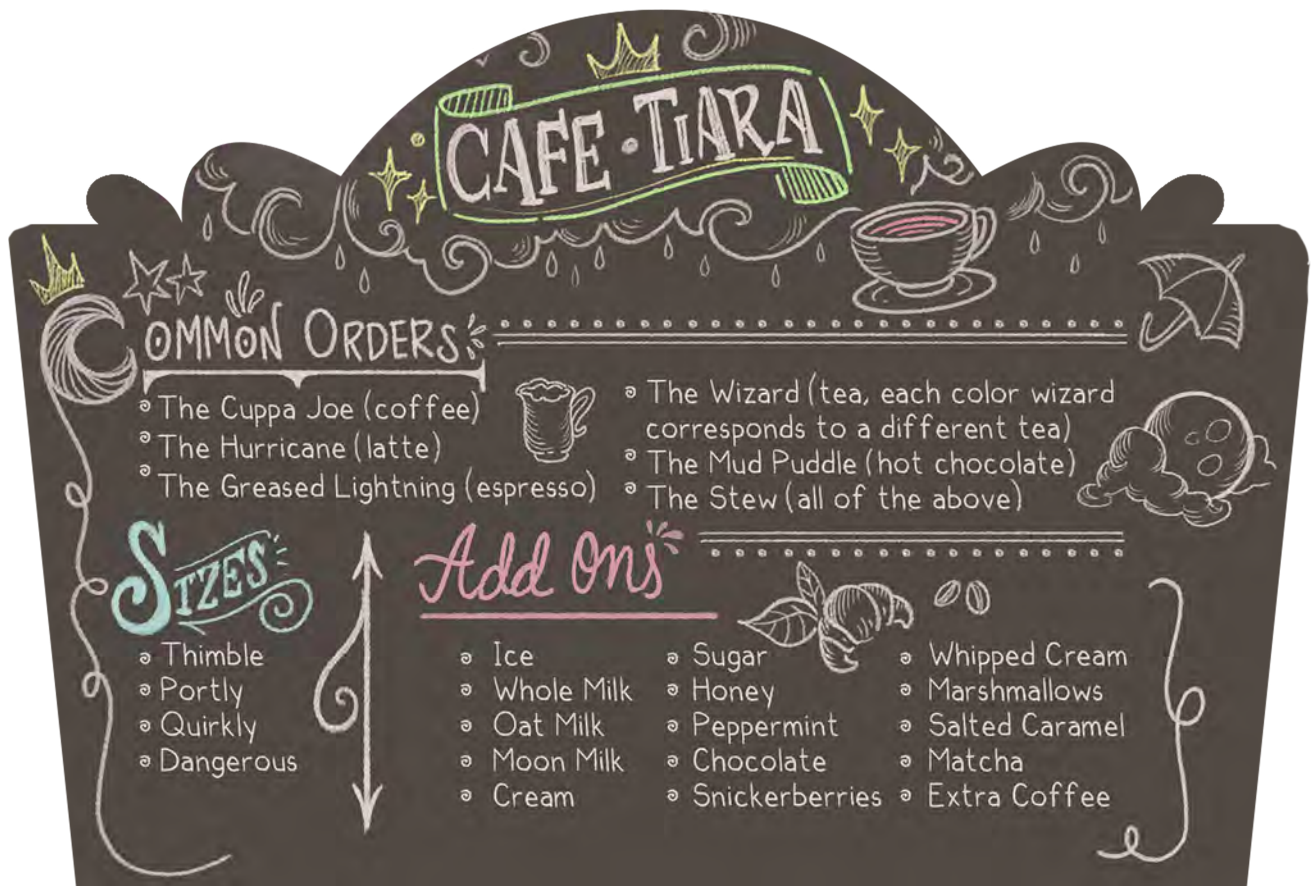
FRANTIC MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of Chaos Coins where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to tick a track, they'll consult their Chaos Coins:

- ☉ If they don't have any Chaos Coins, they succeed right away, and take a Chaos Coin.
- ☉ If they do have Chaos Coins, they flip all of them at once, and if *all* the coins come up heads, they succeed! Otherwise, they don't tick the track and must do a Whoopsie about it. Either way, they take another Chaos Coin.

Anyone can cash in five Chaos Coins to tick a track right away. When any of us does a Bingo, they may give away all their Chaos Coins to someone else, making the whole mess their problem. (*That person shouldn't then turn around and return the coins with a new Bingo—no tag backs!*)

THE CAFE TIARA CHALKBOARD



Anyone can order cookies, croissants, cupcakes, or anything else from the baked goods section, adding them to their order.

I'LL HAVE THE USUAL

When you want to place an Order, write it down on an index card and wait in line. Whenever you get bored or frustrated by the wait, consult your Chaos Coins. On a success, jump to the front, cutting off whoever else is ordering; on a failure, go to the end of the line.

When it's your turn to be served, flip your Chaos Coins. If you succeed, you may communicate your order to the Moon Prince (or another barista) however you like; if you fail, you must place your Order without using any of the words on the blackboard.

If the server gets your order wrong, do a Whoopsie at them and go to the back of the line. If the server gets your order correct, put a big check on the index card and set it aside. When you're done enjoying the perfect drink, you may either get back in line to order again, or take pity on the Moon Prince and offer to step behind the counter to help out.

LEARNING ON MY FEET

The Moon Prince takes a moment (but only a moment!) before the chapter to familiarize themselves with the Cafe Tiara Chalkboard.

A barista's job is to guess what each customer's Order is, and attempt to prepare it to the best of their ability. To do this, once they've heard the customer's Order, they'll write down what they believe the Order to be on an index card and consult their Chaos Coins. If the Moon Prince succeeds, they can show the index card to the customer, and they get \$1 for every ingredient they got correct. If they fail, they completely bungle the order, and the customer goes to the end of the line.

The Moon Prince can spend \$1 to tick the Shift Track. Once the Shift Track is full, the Moon Prince may end the Chapter whenever they like, following the rules in the *Closing Time* section. The Moon Prince also has the following additional Whoopsies:

- ✦ Forget a step, and remove one of your ingredients from the Order.
- ✦ Mix in something weird, and add an extra ingredient to the Order.
- ✦ Collect the wrong amount of money for the order, and add a box to the end of your Shift Track.



CLOSING TIME

When the Shift Track fills up, or if the Moon Prince just has enough and quits, the Chapter wraps up. If they keep the job, give them either the Bingo "Be generous with my pocket change" or the Whoopsie "Stress about my next shift at the Cafe," (if they were not there already) and the Bed & Breakfast gets a ☕ *Coffee Cup*. If they quit, the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🎩 *Paper Crown* instead. Everyone keeps any checked-off orders they set aside, any Chaos Coins they've collected, and any \$1's they keep as Leftovers for Housekeeping.

CHAPTER 75 *The Crash*

WITH SAL, GERTRUDE, **AND** THE LONELY NIGHT
(VOICED BY ALL OTHER PLAYERS)



In which Sal and Gertrude crash the van and aren't sure if they'll make it home.



Sal looked up from his steering wheel and took a breath. Nothing felt real. The van was dark. Everything else was blinding. An antlered shape peered at him with curiosity through streaming headlights, and then staggered away. He blinked at the mangled hood of his van, steam rising from the engine, which was wrapped around a thin gray ash tree.

Gertrude whispered, “Holy smokes.” Gertrude was in the van, too, which was what made Sal finally panic.

“You okay, kid?” he asked, twisting in his seat. His body was stiff and alien.

“I think so,” she said, biting her lower lip, which immediately began to chap in the sudden cold. “Did you hit your head?”

“No. I don’t think so?” Sal couldn’t remember. He put a hand to his forehead, then stared at his fingers in the black-and-white. He couldn’t tell if he was feeling blood or sweat on his gloves. They just felt numb.

So he said, “No. I’m alright.”

Gertrude stared at him disbelievingly. He put his fingers to his forehead again to check for blood. He still couldn’t tell. All he knew was he had to get Gertrude home.

Gertrude nodded and pushed the car door open. It swung away, and she hoisted herself over the tipped-up passenger side and onto the stretch of unbroken snow that must have been the road.

“Come on, Sal. We need to start walking. Can...can you get out?” She pulled her winter coat closer around her, and watched several tiny, cruel snowflakes collect in the creases of its shoulders.

Sal wasn’t moving.

“Sal?” Gertrude leaned over the car and held out one mitten.

Sal twitched and looked up at her. “Right, right.” He took her hand and pulled himself out of the van, shivering already. Gertrude’s boots sunk deep into the heavy snow. Her breath felt like shards of glass in her lungs.

The two of them looked out at the vast expanse before them, and the long, long march home.

EERIE MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll shuffle a deck of cards and put it where everyone can reach them.

- ⦿ Whenever anyone wants to push onwards, they can do a Bingo or a Whoopsie and flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card (a Jack, Queen, King, or Ace). If they do a Bingo, they'll flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card from one of the Black Suits (Clubs or Spades). If they do a Whoopsie, they'll flip cards from the top of the deck until they reveal an Omen Card from one of the Red Suits (Hearts or Diamonds).
- ⦿ When someone reveals an Omen Card of the correct color, they'll consult the Chapter's rules to find out what happens next, and hold onto the Omen Card unless the rules say otherwise. If the deck runs out of cards before they find an Omen of the right suit, there's a moment of uneasy quiet. Shuffle any unclaimed cards back into the deck.

THE COLD, THE NIGHT

Everyone who is not playing Sal or Gertrude in this Chapter instead plays as the Night. Whenever Sal or Gertrude want to reveal cards from the deck, they instead (politely) ask the Night to do it for them. The Night reveals the cards, giving the first Omen Card revealed to the petitioner and keeping the rest for itself.

The night can return cards it has collected to the deck and shuffle it to do the following:

- ⦿ **Three Clubs Cards:** Describe the presence of wildlife. Trade the three returned cards for two other cards (numbers 2-10) of your choice from the deck.
- ⦿ **Six Clubs Cards:** Sal and Gertrude have lost the road. Describe the place they find themselves. Between them, they must do a Whoopsie and a Bingo to find their way back.
- ⦿ **Two Diamond Cards:** Describe the way the cold takes a toll on their bodies. Trade the two returned cards for the top three night cards (numbers 2-10) from the deck. (Put any Omen Cards you see this way on the bottom of the deck).
- ⦿ **Seven Diamonds Cards:** Sal or Gertrude (your choice) is suffering from hypothermia. Describe the way the cold has wormed its way into their core. Between them, they must give up two Omen Cards in order to find the strength to keep going.
- ⦿ **Nine Spades Cards:** Ask Sal and Gertrude, "Why isn't anyone coming to rescue you?" Search the deck for a Diamonds or Clubs omen card and give it to Gertrude as a new fear.

The Night can place any Hearts cards it collects onto Sal's Character Sheet. Otherwise, the Night does not speak.

THE HURT

Sal says he's okay.

If the Night places Hearts cards on Sal's Character Sheet, he can slide those cards around, but they can't overlap. Anything covered is foggy, far away, and inaccessible. When his entire sheet is covered, he is no longer conscious.

If Gertrude collects the Jack, Queen or King of Hearts, she can find a way to help Sal, and set aside 1, 2 or 3 Hearts (respectively) from his Character Sheet.

THE QUIET

Gertrude's going to make it home, if it's the last thing that she does.


Whenever Gertrude collects a Diamond or Clubs Omen Card, she (silently) names it after a fear she has and places it on her Character Sheet. She may not speak it aloud to Sal. If she ever has four or more fears on her Sheet, the Night takes one from her and makes it true. Gertrude explains what her fear was, and the Night describes how it comes to pass.

If Sal has an Omen Card that matches suits with one of Gertrude's fears, he can put his card back in the deck to reassure her as they walk, and she can tell him what the fear is. If she's willing to let go of it, Sal takes the card from her and sets it aside.

THE WAY HOME

When Gertrude and Sal reveal an Ace for the first time, they see the headlights of another car in the distance. If they can return another Omen they've collected of the same suit to the deck, the car turns and trundles away, and they can collect the Ace. Otherwise, it fish-tails past, forcing them to scramble off the road, and the Night can take the top six non-Omen cards of the deck (shuffling any Omens back in).

When they reveal an Ace for the second time, there is a neighborhood house just off the road, its windows dark. If they can return a King, Queen and Jack they've collected to the deck, a friend was checking on the neighbors, who aren't home: one member of the night picks up an unused Guest's Character Sheet and joins them, with another puffy coat, snow shoes, and a thermos of hot cocoa. Otherwise, the house and yard stand empty, and the Night can take the top thirteen non-Omen cards of the deck (shuffling any Omens back in).

When Sal and Gertrude reveal an Ace for the third time, the Bed & Breakfast appears in a little pool of light. Players playing the night pick up unused guests or residents, who rush to help them home. Once everyone is safe and warm, the chapter ends and the Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Knit Cap*. Sal and Gertrude hold on to any leftover cards they had or set aside for use during Housekeeping.

If Sal and Gertrude never reveal an Ace for the third time, Gertrude is found early the next morning. The Concierge decides what happens to the Bed & Breakfast.

HEARTSWORD

CHAPTER THREE

The Battle of Brackled Bay

The moody, salty winds brought ill tidings across the bay as I clutched the Amulet Of Disguise Self closer to my chest. With its magic, I no longer looked like the nervous 13-year-old Kumish girl I secretly was, but instead I resembled a brave warrior with battle scars and a bushy beard. I tried my best to think of names for myself, but it was hard to wholecloth invent a new identity. I'd never had to do it before, but I knew that the witch was right; and if I could just find the perfect name, Captain Redtooth would *have* to believe me.

Suddenly, a man jumped out from behind a rock, his sword pointed at my throat. "Avast, yee sea-demon! You will not threaten me!" He hollered from behind his bushy black beard, his head tilted up to stare down at me.

"I am no sea demon," I uttered with trepidation. "My name is...err...Algar the Bold! I'm a knight who seeks the dread pirate Captain Redtooth."

Captain Redtooth sheathed his sword furiously, and murmured with apprehension, "Then I am the one you seek, for I am the dread pirate Captain Redtooth, captain of the Iron Queen, scourge of the ninefold seas, and slayer of dragons!" He twirled his mustache.

I stared down at the short man with the black beard. I wondered, "Where is your ship, then?"

With that mistake Captain Redtooth grew even more emblazoned than before, and a red burning glow traveled up his face. "It's right around here somewhere, I

just must have misplaced it for a moment!" He roared. "I don't want to talk about my boat, okay! I just left it behind while I was searching for the lost treasure of Nothma, and it was stolen away by the evil Witch Hagmora! That's what I get for allowing a woman on board..." He finished his sentence with a murmur of hate and several vile words so hateful and vile they made me flinch.

"So you seek Emperor Zot's right-hand woman to get your boat back, and I seek Emperor Zot himself to overthrow him and save the world," I clarified, hope suddenly stirring in my womanly chest, disguised by male illusions.

The diminutive captain ceased his volifugerant curses and looked at me with an expression of interest. He queried, "But how can you hope to defeat Emperor Zot? It's said that no one can stop him without the Heartsword, and that's been stolen away for ten thousand years. It's harder to find than the treasure I'm looking for, and I've spent my whole life hunting for the Lost Caves of Nothma!"

There was a sudden spark of hope in my eyes as I replied, "Oh but Captain, I know where the Heartsword is! Will you help me save the world?"

THE ADVENTUROUS MOOD

The Concierge serves as the Dragon Mistress (DM) for this chapter. Every player needs a full set of polyhedral dice. When you want to do anything interesting, roll a 20-sided die + the relevant skill, and try to beat the number the DM gives you.

If you roll high, you succeed (and you may do a Bingo.) If you roll low, you fail

(and you may do a Whoopsie.)

These rules are from a book that said the word "Advanced" on it, but if we can't make heads or tails of them, we can always just make up what we think the rules should be. We can even replace them entirely with another ruleset, if we have one lying around.

CHARACTER SHEETS

Grace Kumish (Level 2 Knight)

HP: 13 (2d10) AC: 13
STR: 16 DEX: 12 CON: 10
INT: 15 WIS: 10 CHA: 10

Skills:

Disguise 2
Spear-Fighting 2
Horse-Riding 1
Poetry 3

Inventory:

- +1 Warrior Spear
- Partial Plate Armor
- 2d8 gold coins
- Scarf given to her by her mother, that she wears to remind herself of her past
- Amulet of Disguise Self, which allows her to assume her alternate identity as Algar The Bold

The author of Heartsword forgot to give Grace any Bingos or Whoopsies, but for this Chapter she can borrow Gertrude's.

Captain Redtooth (Level 6 Rogue)

HP: 33 (6d8+6) AC: 15
STR: 10 DEX: 16 CON: 12
INT: 12 WIS: 8 CHA: 16

Skills:

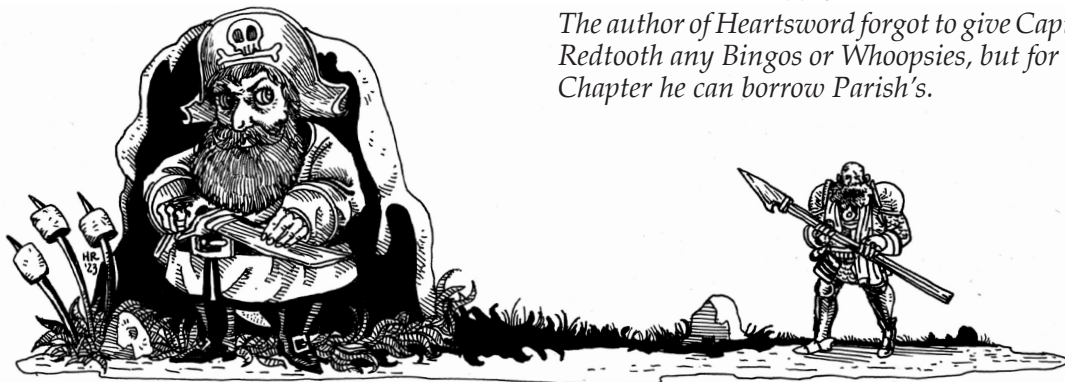
Seafaring 3
Swordfighting 2
Skullduggery 2
Boasting 2
Hornswaggling 1
Swashbuckling 1

Inventory:

- Pirate's Cutlass
- Pirate's Cap
- Map to the buried treasure of Nothma
- Compass (broken)
- Ship (lost)

Note: This stat block is from before Captain Redtooth becomes a vampire. Please find the vampire stat block rules in Ogre Magazine vol. 3 (June 1982) and apply those to this stat block.

The author of Heartsword forgot to give Captain Redtooth any Bingos or Whoopsies, but for this Chapter he can borrow Parish's.



Almaragion of the Cloudy Court (Level 2 Elf)

HP: 9 (2d6+2) AC: 13
STR: 12 DEX: 18 CON: 12
INT: 13 WIS: 14 CHA: 10

Skills:

Archery	3
Survival	2
Sky Magic	1
Flight	1

Inventory:

- +1 Elfin cloud-bow
- Crown of the sky-elves
- Green tunic
- Pointy green shoes

The author of Heartsword forgot to give Almaragion any Bingos or Whoopsies, but for this Chapter Alle can borrow the Moon Prince's. In fact, Alle might want to borrow the Moon Prince's pronouns, too.

Additional Companions

If someone else is joining Grace on her quest (such as Zorakiss, Olm the Bard, or another character of the reader's imagination), give them an overly vowel-heavy name and write it down on an index card. Roll a fistfull of dice to determine their Hit Points, a d20 to determine their Armor Class, and a roll a d6 four times to assign skill bonuses to four skills from among the following: Archery, Brawling, Cooking, Drinking, Forest Magic, Healing, Inventions, Mathematics, Music, Oddities, Perception, Pole Vaulting, Risk-Taking, Snake Handling, Sneakery, Swordcraft, Throwing, Use Crystal, Wizard Stuff...or any other skill you can think of. Finally, pick an appropriate Resident or Guest from the Bed & Breakfast for the new companion to borrow Bingos & Whoopsies from.

THE DRAGON MISTRESS'S GUIDE OF THE PROPHECY OF THE HEART SWORD

Note: This section is written assuming the DM is familiar with the events of Heartsword, its sequel Nightsword, and the spinoff series The Almaragion Chronicles. If you're not familiar with the narrative and adventures contained within these tomes, you are encouraged to read them at least once before using this ruleset. In-depth familiarity is expected and encouraged. The Prophecy Of The Heart Sword does not expect you to have read Dreamsword, or any of the (non-canonical) Adventures Of Captain Redtooth.

You can use the rules provided in The Prophecy Of The Heart Sword for any narrative or story you would possibly like to tell, with any characters or plots you could imagine, but it's best suited for generic

fantasy—that is, dashing adventures of magic set in the world of Xenios about our group of brave adventurers in particular fighting Emperor Zot.

The map on pg. 15 of Heartsword provides a good structure for a campaign, but here are some encounter ideas based on each of the locations featured on the map.

- **The Village of Kumish:** Giant spiders, Ghosts of Grace's parents (*use ghost stat blocks*)
- **The Port-City of Mostaf:** Soldiers, Corvoggi (*use goblin stat blocks*), Vizgazi Spiders (*use spider stat blocks*)
- **Brackled Bay:** Pirates, sea-demons (*use devil stat blocks*)
- **Zwargotz Swamp:** Zwargotzi Skeletons

(use skeleton stat blocks), giant rats

- **Oz'da Pass:** Muldakai (use dragon stat blocks), Kozi (use griffin stat blocks), Faceclaimers (use devil stat blocks)
- **Erdogoss Wastes:** Elfin Archers, Muldakai (see above), Fairy tricksters (use sprite stat blocks)
- **Skull-Hell of Mirdroj:** Emperor Zot, Muldakai, Morgot Imperators, Devils (use demon stat blocks)

FEARFUL FOES

If Grace and her companions survive long enough to oppose the forces of darkness, the Dragon Mistress will require stat blocks for Heartsword's antagonists not available in any bestiary. These are included below. Players are likely to encounter Hagmora by the time they reach her domain in the Zwargotz Swamp but she may appear to harass them elsewhere. Emperor Zot never leaves Mirdroj unless his army in the Oz'da pass faces a total rout.

Witch Hagmora

HP: 64 (7d8+32) **AC:** 13 (15 if she has stolen or borrowed the Omnirion Crystal)

STR: 7 **DEX:** 13 **CON:** 18

INT: 19 **WIS:** 16 **CHA:** 5

Skills:

Shadow Magic	4
Potions	3
Lurking	2
Spying	2
Scheming	1
Insect Empathy	1

Loot:

- 120 gold
- 2d4 random potions from table C
- Hag's hair bracelet

The author of Heartsword forgot to give Hagmora any Bingos or Whoopsies, but for this Chapter she can borrow Yazeba's, Monday's, or both.

List Of Magic Items

- **Boots Of Leaping:** Triple leap distance.
- **Amulet Of Disguise:** Disguises the wearer as someone of a different gender.
- **Omnirion Crystal:** Ultimate control over all reality. +2 to all rolls.
- **Heart Sword:** +2 magic sword, can only be wielded through Magic (*Friendship*) checks.

Emperor Zot

HP: 68 (8d12+16) **AC:** 18 (16 if the Omnirion Crystal is lost or destroyed)

STR: 17 **DEX:** 15 **CON:** 14

INT: 15 **WIS:** 8 **CHA:** 16

Skills:

Skull-Hell Magic	3
Hungering	3
Warcraft	3
Thrall	2
Visions	2
Staff Combat	2

Loot:

- 600,000 gold
- Helm of Shadows
- +2 Staff of Devil Command
- The Omnirion Crystal

Zot has no Bingos or Whoopsies; only foul Natures that he uses in their place:

- *Consume that which is sacred.*
- *Obsess over the Omnirion Crystal*
- *Bring ruin to the world.*
- *Demonstrate the futility of hope and love.*
- *Pursue my aims no matter the cost.*

CHAPTER 72

The Debutante Ball

WITH YAZEBA, GERTRUDE, AND ANYONE ON THEIR BEST BEHAVIOR
STARRING: THE CANDLE PRINCESS (WHO MAY BE
PLAYED TONIGHT, EVEN IF SHE IS LOCKED)



*In which Yazeba's goddaughter takes a shine
to Gertrude at the New Year's Ball.*



Tt had only just begun to snow as the antique Rimes Royce pulled up to the front gate of the Bed & Breakfast, gleaming bone-white on the dead lawn. The only signs of its driver were tiny footprints in the snow heading up to the porch, and a silver-edged envelope daintily floating a foot above the ground. The old door swung open with a creak and a *ding*, and Sal nearly jumped out of his skin when a letter was placed directly in front of him. He picked it up and studied its delicate craftsmanship, half-expecting it to melt away in his hand. But there it was, with "Yazeba" blocked out in sparkling argent ink and a calligraphic hand.

By the time Yazeba was called downstairs and perched her reading glasses upon her crooked nose, a small crowd had gathered in the lobby, pretending not to be curious about what kind of mail a witch might receive. She squinted:

To the Esteemed Witch Yazeba, she who will bear no other title:

It is with all respect owed to a witch of your talents and notoriety that We cordially invite you, along with any worthy persons from your coterie, to the debutante ball of Our daughter, The Candle Princess, Maid of Midwinter and January Heir, to be held at midnight on New Year's Eve at the Aurora Palace.

*Yours truly,
The Ruslight King
Steward of Polaris & Boreal Regent
(dictated but not read)*

*It would be customary for you, in your capacity as the debutante's godmother, to give a brief speech and a toast before the banquet-at which point your responsibility to the Princess will be concluded.
-RX*

“Bite and blast...is she sixteen already?!”

Gertrude, who (being brave or nosy—or aren’t they the same thing sometimes?) had hovered *just close enough* to read over the witch’s shoulder, snickered. “Guess you’re going to miss board game night!” She faked a stretch and grabbed her book, ready for a quiet evening in.

“Oh, no, no, no,” Yazeba cackled, snatching *Heartsword* from her teenage ward’s hands. “If I have to spend New Year’s at a stuffy fairy party, then frosts afire, you’re coming with me!”

Gertrude was agog. “Me?!” A shiver of fear danced down her spine.

“Who else? You won’t be bored. There will be plenty of hors d’oeuvres, ball gowns, dancing, other girls your age...”

Gertrude blushed under her mask. It wasn’t being bored she was worried about.

“Frankly...anyone who can behave themselves, can come along as my...” Yazeba chewed on the word from the letter before enunciating it with a dismissive wave of her hand, “...*Coterie*.”

Everyone of a mind to go quickly cleaned themselves up, except Gertrude, whom Yazeba took by the wrist into the kitchen (whether it was a punishment or favoritism—or aren’t they the same thing sometimes?) to be dolled up with a few flicks of a wand. Gertrude protested, at first, but quickly demurred when a zap of ozone transmuted her threadbare old hoodie into the nicest gown she’d ever been close enough to touch. It fit her round body in a way she hadn’t known a gown could, and yet still *felt* as familiar as the hoodie it had always been.

And then everyone piled into the immaculate Rimes Royce, which purred as it rose weightlessly into the sky.



There are countless words poets have tried to use to capture the grandeur of the crystal ballroom at the Aurora Palace. The one that felt most apt to Gertrude at first sight was *ethereal*. From the glassy tiles (so delicate that she felt like she was standing on clouds), to pillars filled with frozen fire, to even the starlit rafters of the dazzlingly high ceiling, the palace was a display of extravagance Gertrude had simply never seen before in her life. Flickering wisps ferried plates of sherry and shrimp to important fairy personages while elven aristocrats bickered by a fondue fountain. At the far edge of the ballroom an enormous double staircase bloomed from mist and gentle lightning, its banisters arching to rooms and wings unknown.

And at the top of the stairs, the debutante stood, an impeccable figure molded into a perfect hourglass by a corseted pearl-white gown, with licks of firelight from her blazing countenance woven into flaming hoop braids. One of her friends leaned over and whispered in her ear, and even from the entrance below, Gertrude could hear the Candle Princess's laugh—like the crackle of cherrywood burning.

She gazed out over the crowd until her golden eyes caught Gertrude's, and in an instant the princess was at Gertrude's side. She murmured, "I don't recognize you, O Masked Stranger—are you a friend of godmother's? You've such a lovely dress!"

She was close enough that Gertrude could feel the warmth radiating off of her, a sharp contrast to the chill of the palace. The Princess added, hopefully, "Would you care to join me for the first dance?"

Gertrude gulped, and Yazeba hid a wicked grin behind her faux mink furs.



NOW PRESENTING

Before the Chapter begins, starting with Yazeba and ending with Gertrude, everyone describes their formal wear, and whether or not they look like they belong among the crisp, dapper courtiers of the Aurora Palace. In Gertrude's case, her gown is a supernatural glamour, resembling whatever she thinks would make her feel most beautiful, powerful and radiant. Gertrude looks like she belongs here.

THE WALTZ

During each rotation on the dance floor, everyone pairs off into partners to Dance, grabbing three tokens to place between them. While Dancing, you might literally be dancing together, piling up your plates at the buffet table, catching a momentary breath of fresh air on the patio amidst a sparkling snow flurry, or comforting one another through a panic in the bathroom. In Fairyland, all of these things are Dances. While you Dance and banter with your partner, at any point you can surprise them with a question. They can then choose:

- ⊙ Sweep you off your feet and avoid the question, doing a Bingo and giving you the token.
- ⊙ Dance around the answer, and ask you a question of their own.
- ⊙ Miss a step and answer the question fully, taking a token and doing a Whoopsie about it.

Once all three tokens have been taken (or whenever you break apart), the two of you tick up the Midnight Track (located at the end of this Chapter) and split apart.

THE ART OF WALLFLOWERING

If you find yourself without a Dance partner, whether because there are an odd number of players or your Dance has concluded, you have a number of options available to you:

- ☉ You may scrawl a message, rumor, or a bit of gossip with your finger in the frost on a colonnade. Write it down on an index card, to be perused by other wallflowers over the course of the night.
- ☉ You may tick up the Midnight Track to hobnob with the assembled courtiers, and add two tokens to your next Dance.
- ☉ You may tick up the Midnight Track to help out the courteous waitstaff, and collect a token immediately.
- ☉ If you spy someone else who's unpartnered, you may approach and join them, starting a new Dance with three tokens between you.
- ☉ And of course, you may interrupt someone else's Dance with the question, "May I cut in?" and if they say yes, their former partner collects all the remaining tokens between them and must split off on their own, while you start a new Dance with three tokens between you.

THE LADY OF THE HOUR

The Candle Princess has a polite interest in all of Yazeba's coterie, but it's clear only one person has captured her attention. She may ask any question she'd like, but no matter how she phrases it, it's clear there's only one thing on her mind: "Who is the Masked Stranger?"

When the Candle Princess asks you a question, you must choose one of the options below, instead of those listed under *The Waltz*:

- ☉ Tiptoe, swerve, lie, or cut around the question, giving no answer but two Tokens to the Candle Princess (one from the table and one you've collected).
- ☉ Change places, giving the Candle Princess a short or curt answer and asking a question of your own.
- ☉ Do a Whoopsie and tell the Candle Princess what you think of Gertrude, either bluntly and unflatteringly or charitably sugar-coated. Either way, break off from the Candle Princess, collecting any remaining tokens between you.

Every time the Candle Princess gets an answer—any answer at all!—as to the Masked Stranger's nature, she writes it down.

THE FAIRY'S GODMOTHER

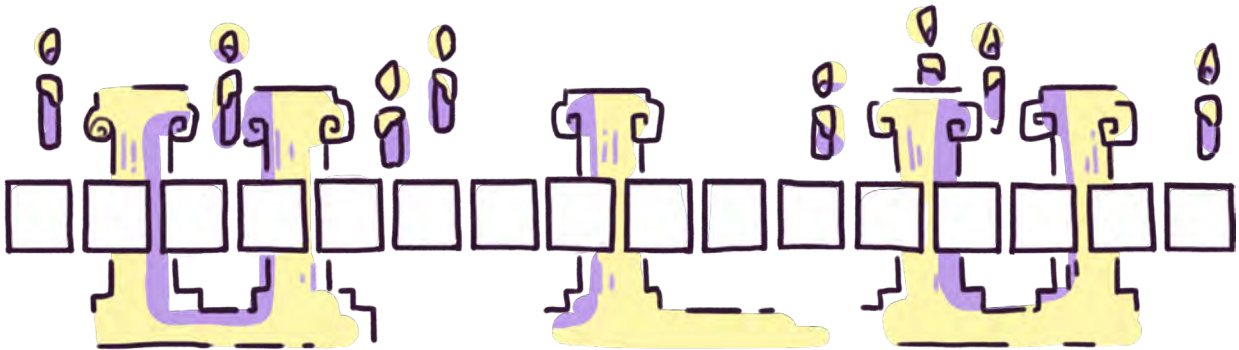
An old witch's Dance is esoteric and terrible. When asked a question by a dancing partner, Yazeba must choose one of the following responses, instead of those listed under The Waltz:

- ⦿ Take the lead and answer the question behind the question, doing a Bingo and giving her partner a token she's collected.
- ⦿ Pirouette the question around, and force her partner to give their own answer.
- ⦿ Refuse the Dance and deny the validity of the question, doing a Whoopsie and breaking off with her partner. She collects the remaining tokens between them.

If Yazeba and the Candle Princess ever Dance, Yazeba follows her own rules unless her goddaughter has collected more tokens than her.

THE MOMENT OF THE NEW YEAR

Whenever a Dance ends, mark the Midnight Track.



When the track is filled, a countdown begins to the stroke of midnight. The Candle Princess finds Gertrude and makes her best guess as to her nature.

If Gertrude thinks the Candle Princess is in any way correct, she can invite her back to the Bed & Breakfast and we may unlock the Candle Princess as a Guest. If Gertrude feels the Candle Princess is wholly wrong, the two part ways with much unspoken.

Either way, Yazeba is sleepy and wants to go home. She'll wrap up the chapter with a toast, and the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍷 *Bottle Of Champagne*. We'll hold on to any tokens we've collected for use as Leftovers during Housekeeping.

THE FRONT DOORSTEP HEY KID'S ARRIVAL

Andreas Turg was not a good man. His passion for magic began when he was seven, when he cursed his best friend with Perpetual Periodontis. This earned him involuntary enrollment at a magical preparatory academy, where he garnered a reputation for tormenting his headmaster's cat and bullying other students. His parents would tearfully insist that he just fell in with the wrong crowd, but the truth is that there was no crowd more fit for him than the Order of Misery. When mundane young men with too much money and not enough consequences get hopped up on their own ego, they pick fights at bars and sneer at women. When wizards do it, they end the world.

The abandoned factory would have been much less impressive during the day, just another shell of a building left behind by the fires a few years ago. But illuminated by the crimson glow of the Gate, the building's stark lines became such a proper monument to destruction that Andreas Turg had to take a moment mid-ritual to admire his handiwork before returning his attention to the task at hand.

The wicked knife plunged deep into the screaming maw. Starving blood spurted forth from the Gate, and Andreas almost flinched as it ate away at his skin. If angels truly watch over the actions of man, then Andreas was sure that in this moment even they must turn their gaze away in disgust. Before his hand could disintegrate down to the bone, he wrenched from the jaws of hatred itself the key to annihilation, and gave it name and breath from his own lungs. His will became true, and over the wailing of the void and the howling of the gale, he became the midwife of the apocalypse.

"Idiot boys. What have you done?" Lightning snapped behind the half-open shipping door, and the woman's words carried clearly despite the peal of thunder that accompanied her. Andreas turned, arm smoking where it grasped the key, to sneer triumphantly at the intruder.

"You're too late, witch. The heir to armageddon has arrived. The King will ride once more through the gates of Hell. The world's death now has a name, and someday we will seize the throne of life and feast upon the bones of—"

"Flames afire, will you be quiet? I'm thinking." As the Gate sputtered and closed, the only light left in the room came from the woman's ashy cigarette.

Andreas snorted, and picked up his ritual knife from the altarpiece. "There's no thinking your way out of this, witch. The deed is done, the doom is marked."

"Oh, I know just what to do about that. It's this other thing."

"You're bluffing. I just ended the world! What else could you possibly be considering?"

"Whether or not to kill you." Yazeba tossed her cigarette aside. "And I've made up my mind."

Magic carries many monstrous properties, but chief amongst them is this: it is always easier to destroy than it is to create. It took a quarter of a century for Andreas Turg to become the man he was that night, with the doting love of parents and teachers, tens of thousands of hand-prepared meals, untold access to money and power. But Yazeba needed less than a minute to completely unmake him in front of his entire Order. All that was left in that room when she was done was the apocalypse itself, mewling amongst a pile of crimson rags and scattered bones.

Yazeba was here to kill the apocalypse. That was the deal she made with the Rushlight Court: she was chosen specifically because of her heartlessness, her ruthlessness, her willingness to travel the shadow paths where few dare return. But when she approached the Gate, and gazed down upon the end of the world given form, the molten heat gave way and, for a moment, the apocalypse resembled a crying child. If you'd asked her, she couldn't tell you why she changed her mind.

With one agitated motion Yazeba plucked the clumsy, harsh name Andreas had given the child from its being, and tossed it amongst the pages of her spellbook like an ugly pressed flower. She cradled the nameless baby to the hollow of her chest, and left.



Pařish always made dinner for two, even when she was gone for days on end. While Yazeba was often poor company, the house was even lonelier than usual without her.

The rain entered the kitchen with her, crashing onto the floor and soaking into the mats. She had something bundled up under her arm. "Where have you been?" Pařish tossed two carrots onto the cutting board.

"On...witchy business."

"What's that you have with you?"

"Orphan. Found them on the front doorstep." Yazeba placed the bundled scarf onto the kitchen table, where it unfolded to reveal a small blue child, with two nubbins for horns and bright feline eyes.

"You did?" Pařish glanced up at her. "I didn't hear a knock or anything."

"The front doorstep." Yazeba sat down into her favorite chair, and Pařish knew better than to push her further. "I suppose we have another guest."

"Just a guest? A child can't exactly rent a room at a Bed & Breakfast..."

"Stop calling it that." Yazeba groaned and pressed her face into her hands. "We'll hold onto the child until we find some good parents for them. Someone who can love them for who they are."

Pařish shrugged, and pulled a third carrot from the pantry. And that is the story of how Hey Kid came to live at Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast.



Resident
JOURNEYS

GERTRUDE'S JOURNEYS

THE SUMMONING OF THE HEART SWORD

EXCERPT FROM HEARTSWORD

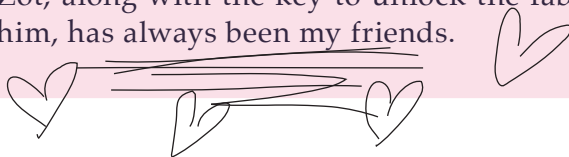


And now, with the powers bestowed upon me by the Omnirion Crystal at the Great Eclipse, I can ascend the steps of hell and claim my rightful place upon the throne of Chasmodus, destroying the world and reshaping it in my own image! Now everyone will love me, and I will rule this new world of my own creation!"

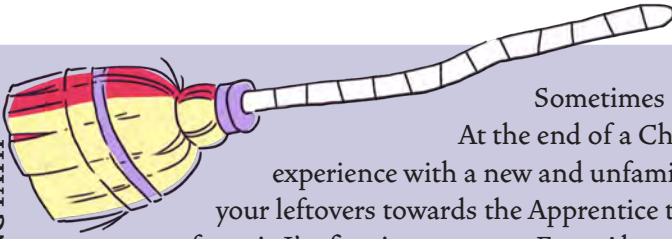
I watched with a combination of horror and terror as Emperor Zot donned the Coldest Crown and waved his Staff of Devil Command against the stormy sky. Wolves howled and goblins cackled as the Ashen Gate flickered to life, its ancient bells tolling the arrival of a new age of perpetual gloom. Perhaps when I was in my masculine alter ego, I would've been strong enough to break free from these chains. But with the loss of my persona and the adoption of my feminine weakness, I was unable to fight back against the Devil-King of Chasmodus.

I struggled against my restraints as Emperor Zot ascended before the Ashen Gate. His open chest revealed rows upon rows of skeletal ribs, holding back an army of Infinite Darkwolves. Alle and Zorakiss couldn't escape their imprisonment, and even Captain Redtooth's vampiric fangs couldn't bite through Emperor Zot's adamantium cages. Even that evil Hagmora, bound by imps commanded by Emperor Zot's Staff of Devil Command, was unable to stop his cruel ascension. The world was doomed, and it was all my fault. If only I hadn't thrown away my power to wield the Heartsword in order to save my friend's life!

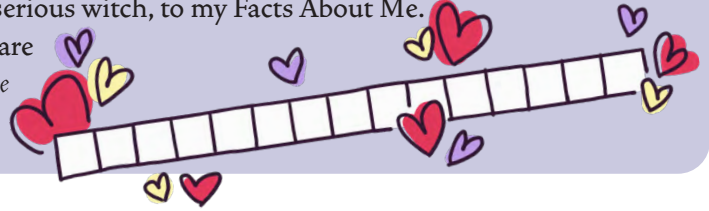
But as I sat in my cage staring up at the Emperor, I realized perhaps I had what he always wanted. Through the bars of my cage I grabbed the bard and Alle's hands, and slowly we formed a circle of hands around the evil wizard. I could feel my heart burn with passion. I reached into my chest and pulled a glowing fuschia broadsword from between my ribs. This is it—the fabled Heartsword! Maybe the real strength I've always needed to defeat Emperor Zot, along with the key to unlock the fabled sword that is needed to defeat him, has always been my friends.



THE WITCHING PATH



Sometimes I feel like I'm at a crossroads in my life, y'know? At the end of a Chapter, if I learned some magical secrets, gained experience with a new and unfamiliar creature, or earned Yazeba's approval, put your leftovers towards the Apprentice track. When you fill 4 segments, add what kind of magic I'm fixating on to my Facts About Me. At 9, give me the Bingo: "Work a tiny magic from my area of interest." At 13, replace my Journey with "The Next Yazeba?" At the end of a Chapter, if the chapter was all foolishness or a waste of time, put my leftovers towards the Teen track. When you fill 5 segments, add a frivolous hobby, unbecoming a serious witch, to my Facts About Me. At 10, give me the Bingo: "Tell someone why I care about them." At 15, replace my Journey with "The Lighthouse Girl."



I'm learning to be a witch! Finally! Whenever the Destiny Track fills up, erase it and look at these lists. Make a choice from the first list that hasn't yet been chosen from, and write a fact about it under my Facts About Me:

THE NEXT YAZEBA?



1. Fire Magic / Shadow Magic / Sea Magic / Cloud Magic
2. Wand / Staff / Flute / Sword
3. I'm too excited / I'm always stressed / I'm so distracted
4. I need to sleep / I need to eat / I need to open up / I need to study
5. Is she proud of me? / Is she mad at me? / What's wrong with me?
6. I don't have to be Yazeba (Get the Bingo: "Stand firm to who I am.") / Yazeba cannot be the person I want her to be (Get the Bingo "Adjust my expectations.") /

I don't need to prove myself to Yazeba, she'll care about me anyway (Get the Bingo: "Love my friends.") Once I've made all the choices I can, it's time to think about whether I want to call myself a witch. If I do, write that down in my Facts About Me, draw a witch hat somewhere on my Character Sheet, and give me a Spare Journey.

THE LIGHTHEART GIRL

For the first time in my life, I think I'm happy. Fold and staple five sheets of paper into a little booklet, and draw a big heart on the front cover. This is my fresh new diary; keep it with my character sheet. After every Chapter, write down a few big feelings you want to remember forever about my time at the Bed & Breakfast. When I fill the second, fourth and sixth pages, pick one and check it off:

- Give me the Bingo, "Recognize my limitations."
- Give me the Bingo, "Take care of myself."
- Give me the Bingo, "Trust that I will be taken care of."
- Add "I have a good life" to my Facts About Me.
- Think about taking off my mask. If I do, rewrite my Facts About Me about my appearance.

When you fill the eighth page, put the diary with the Bed & Breakfast, draw a flaming heart on my Character Sheet, and give me a Spare Journey.

HEY KID'S JOURNEYS

HEY TEEN

Every time Mature fills up, something new happens. Once you follow the instructions, erase all the stats in the radar chart and start fresh again.

THE FIRST TIME MATURE FILLS UP..

Hey Kid gets new Bingos and Whoopsies, according to the list below:

- ☉ If they have at least 3 ticks in Cool, place the Cool Teen stickers over two of their Bingos.
- ☉ If they have at least 3 ticks in Deep, place the Deep Teen stickers over one of their Bingos and one of their Whoopsies.
- ☉ If they have at least 3 ticks in Creative, place the Creative Teen stickers over one of their Bingos and one of their Whoopsies.
- ☉ If they have at least 3 ticks in Funny, place the Funny Teen stickers over two of their Whoopsies.
- ☉ If they have less than 3 ticks in every other meter besides Mature, consult *How To Be A Grownup*, within the Forbidden Envelope.

Teen Stickers

COOL TEEN BINGO:

- ★ Pull off a sick stunt.

DEEP TEEN BINGO:

- ★ Approach it from someone else's perspective.

CREATIVE TEEN BINGO:

- ★ Put on the finishing touch.

FUNNY TEEN WHOOPSIE:

- ☹ Have a cunning prank explosively backfire.

COOL TEEN BINGO:

- ★ Glide past a problem on devil-may-care charisma.

DEEP TEEN WHOOPSIE:

- ☹ Lose myself in adolescent philosophizing.

CREATIVE TEEN WHOOPSIE:

- ☹ Let perfectionism get in the way.

FUNNY TEEN WHOOPSIE:

- ☹ Laugh off my troubles (but do nothing to fix them).

THE SECOND TIME MATURE FILLS UP...

Add a new piece of paper to Hey Kid's character sheet labeled "Facts About Me," and from the lists below, choose a fact from each list for each point Hey Kid has in that meter. If Hey Kid has less than five total new facts, consult *How To Be A Grownup*, within the Forbidden Envelope.

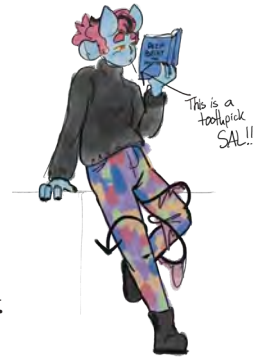


Cool Facts:

- ☉ I have huge leathery wings that give me a bonkers wingspan.
- ☉ I'm really good at skateboarding, and can do awesome tricks.
- ☉ I wear flamboyant outfits to reflect my inner personality.
- ☉ I have really good taste in books, movies, and music.
- ☉ I struggle a lot with dysphoria, but deep down I know I can figure it out.
- ☉ I want to grow up to be a rad pop star.

Deep Facts:

- ☉ I have a third eye on my forehead that can see into the beyond.
- ☉ Even when I argue with others, I can still see their point of view.
- ☉ I like to write poems to express myself, and they mean a lot to me.
- ☉ I try to spend time appreciating the little things in the world.
- ☉ I struggle a lot with feeling overwhelmed, but deep down I know it's okay.
- ☉ I want to grow up to be a social worker.



Creative Facts:

- ☉ I have a halo of flame that can change colors at will.
- ☉ I've taught myself to be a really good artist.
- ☉ I love imagining new worlds and the characters that inhabit them.
- ☉ I'm practicing the ukulele, and it's okay that I'm not very good right now.
- ☉ I struggle a lot with depression, but deep down I know it'll be okay.
- ☉ I want to grow up to be a comic illustrator.

Funny Facts:

- ☉ My tail is really big and I can bounce around on it like a pogo stick.
- ☉ I have a good sense of comedic timing, and I can make people laugh.
- ☉ I really love to make people smile.
- ☉ I'm good at respecting people's boundaries.
- ☉ I struggle a lot with anxiety, but deep down I know I'm loved.
- ☉ I want to grow up to be an actor.



THE THIRD (AND FINAL) TIME MATURE FILLS UP...

Choose a new Journey for Hey Kid based on whichever stat (besides mature) has the most Fluff in it. If two or more meters are tied, pick your favorite.

- ☉ **Cool:** *Dope Tricks And Sick Flips*
- ☉ **Deep:** *Little Demon, Big Thoughts*
- ☉ **Creative:** *The Best Comic In The World*
- ☉ **Funny:** *Goofs, Bits, Pranks, And Assorted Chicanery*

DOPE TRICKS and SICK FLIPS

I'm surrounded by slowpokes a lot of the time, which makes my role really clear: it's up to me to remind everyone how to be cool and gnarly! Whenever I do something from the list below, check it off.

- Show off a dance from my favorite TV show or video game.
- Do a backflip during conversation to emphasize (or distract from) your point.
- Jump (or fall) from a gasp-worthy height.
- Get involved in something a bit too edgy for you.
- Make a routine chore into a fun game.
- Invent an entirely new kind of -boarding that's not skate- or snow- or surf-.
- Invent a new sport, and get two friends to participate.
- Show someone who's down exactly how cool they are.

Once my coolness is the stuff of legend (and every box has been checked), write "Cool" on top of my Character Sheet, rest on my laurels, and I get a new Journey. Either pick from the other Hey Kid Journeys or from the Spare Journeys.

LITTLE DEMON, BIG THOUGHTS

In between the laughs and the high-flying adventures, my life, my friends' lives, the world—it's all this interlocking puzzle. I'm not sure how to express the question at the center of everything, but when you select this Journey, pick a form for it to take, and write it down on a notecard attached to my character sheet:

- Why are we here?
- What actually matters?
- What's broken about us?
- Another question of your devising: _____?

Whenever I complete a chapter, start writing down an answer to the question, spending one leftover to write one word. If the index card fills up, ask yourself if, holistically, what you've written answers the question. If it does, write "Sweetheart" on top of my Character Sheet and I get a new Journey (Either pick from the other Hey Kid Journeys or from the Spare Journeys). If it leaves me scared and unsure, consult *How To Be A Grownup*, within the Forbidden Envelope.

THE BEST COMIC
in the WORLD

I am writing a comic book, the greatest comic book anyone's ever seen. Take a bunch of extra Hey Kid Comic pages and staple them together into a booklet. At the end of each Chapter, spend leftovers to draw more panels in the comic on a 1-to-1 basis (don't worry about art style!) The comic can be as long or as short as you'd like. Once I'm done with the comic, give it to the Bed & Breakfast. Write "Artist" on top of my Character Sheet, and I get a new Journey. Either pick from the other Hey Kid Journeys or from the Spare Journeys.

GOOFS, BITS, PRANKS, and
ASSORTED CHICANERY

Life's all about kicking back, having fun, and pulling off goofs. Whenever I do something from the list below, check it off.

- Get up to some outrageous mischief that makes someone else laugh.
- Make a pun that makes someone else groan.
- Try to give someone a mediocre nickname.
- Break the tension with a well-timed goof.
- Juggle three pies at once.
- Start an in-joke that other people use.
- Dress up in an absurd costume.
- Make Yazeba smile.

If I start a Chapter and everything's been checked off, it's time for my big prank. Spend that Chapter putting it all together, and end the Chapter with a *BANG!* Write "Comedian" on the top of my Character Sheet. I get a new Journey. Either pick from the other Hey Kid Journeys or from the Spare Journeys.

SAL'S JOURNEYS

LEGEND IN THE MAKING

I don't plan on being a Night Porter forever, you know. I've got talent, I've got vision, I've got one and a half guitars, and I'm ready to put in my dues to make it to the big time.

- Get someone to listen to my album
- Write a passionate letter to a talent scout
- Sell a record
- Perform for an enthusiastic crowd
- Attract a die-hard fan (who?)
- Get someone important to listen to my music

Check these off when they happen. When they're all checked, I'll replace this Journey with "Really Making It."

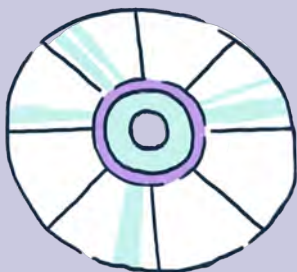
I think I'm actually doing it! I'm working every day, but I'm on the long road to fame. Whenever this Track fills up, erase it all, check off one of the boxes below, and put my character sheet aside.

- I can't make it to the next Chapter—I'm busy with a concert, recording, party, festival, or jam session.
- For as long as I'm on this Journey, I'm so excited I can't sleep.
- For as long as I'm on this journey, I have the Whoopsie: "Step out to take a call from my producer."
- For as long as I'm on this Journey, I'm very tired.
- For as long as I'm on this journey, I have the Bingo: "Encourage someone to follow their dreams."

- I don't even remember the last time I felt like myself.

When I begin a chapter with every checkbox filled, I've hit my limit. Weigh down my Bingos and Whoopsies with exhaustion. If anyone has a heart-to-heart with me which makes me reconsider who and what my music is for, replace this Journey with "The Bard Of Veilridge." Otherwise, I'll keep running myself ragged.

REALLY MAKING IT



THE BARD OF VEILRIDGE

Sometimes you realize the life you're building isn't the one you want. It's time for me to bring my music back where it comes from. When I start this Journey, attach a new page to my character sheet and write **Songs For My Friends** at the top. At the end of each Chapter, turn each leftover into a word in a song lyric on my **Songs For My Friends** page.

- Yazeba
- Hey Kid
- Parish
- Amelie
- Gertrude
- Moon Prince
- _____
- _____
- _____

Whenever someone (or a group of someones!) is in crisis, heartbroken, or bored—or if the spirit seizes me—I can serenade them a little with something from the **Songs For My Friends** page. If it helps, I'll check them off or fill in one segment of the Bonfire Track. When everything is filled out, cut out the very best lyrics from the Songs For My Friends Page and paste them over that Rolling Bones interview I used to plan on. I get a Spare Journey.



PARISH'S JOURNEYS

341

RESIDENT JOURNEYS

THE GLORY DAYS

Once upon a time, in a far off kingdom, there was a very brave knight: Me! Sure, I haven't done many knightly deeds lately, what with a Bed & Breakfast to feed, and I might be a tiny frog now, but I've still got the chops for heroism and adventure and I find myself missing those days of yore. Check off the following things as they happen, or spend three leftovers to cross one out:

- Dust off the ol' suit of armor and take it for a spin...
- ...then wreck it.
- Slap someone with a white glove and challenge them to a duel...
- ...and regret it.
- Forge a new sword from rare, legendary metals (perhaps with a shining jewel on the crossguard) ...
- ...and forget where I put the damn thing.
- One of the kids calls me their hero.

Once every item on this list has been checked off or crossed out, perhaps it's time I admit that my knightly years are behind me. Replace this Journey with *"Frog-Life Crisis."*

FROG-LIFE CRISIS

Sometimes I worry I haven't experienced life enough, that there's all these amazing activities and events I've missed out on, that I'm still a bachelor after all these years. It's no matter! I'm an adventurer, after all—and what's the greatest adventure if not tackling life itself? Check off the following things as they happen, or spend three Leftovers to cross one out:

- Acquire a frog-sized motorcycle, automobile or aeroplane...
- ...then wreck it.
- Procure a bouquet of roses and ask someone my age out on a date...
- ...and regret it.
- Acquire a spiffy suit perfect for a frog-about-town (perhaps with an especially ostentatious hat)...
- ...and have a meltdown worrying whether it makes me look weird.
- One of the kids calls me their friend.

Once every item on this list has been checked off or crossed out, then perhaps it's time to admit I'm a little on in years to be getting tangled up in such tomfoolery. Replace this Journey with *"The Next Generation."*

THE NEXT GENERATION

These kids are starting to grow up, and I can't let their only teacher be a grumpy old witch. I want to teach them all the skills I know, because someday they're going to be the ones in charge of the Bed & Breakfast. Whenever I teach someone younger than me a skill from the list, check it off and give them the associated Bingo or Whoopsie.

- How to grill the perfect burger. / Bingo: *"Step in and calmly address the problem."*
- How to scramble the perfect omlette. / Whoopsie: *"Make a big mess all over the place."*
- How to rescue princesses from tall towers. / Bingo: *"Offer someone a rose."*
- How to slay dragons in their evil lairs. / Whoopsie: *"Declare someone is my nemesis."*
- How to live a full, courageous life. / Bingo: *"Recall a bit of ol' Parish's wisdom."*

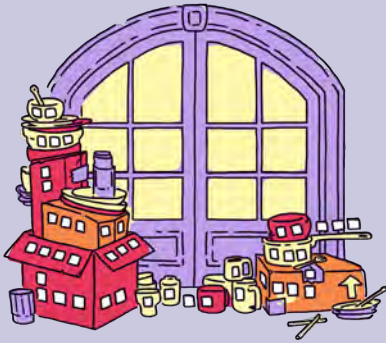
Once I've checked these all off, I'm a proud old frog indeed. Write down another sign of my age (*gray skin / forgetful / a cane / etc*). and give me a Spare Journey.

YAZEBA'S JOURNEYS

343

RESIDENT JOURNEYS

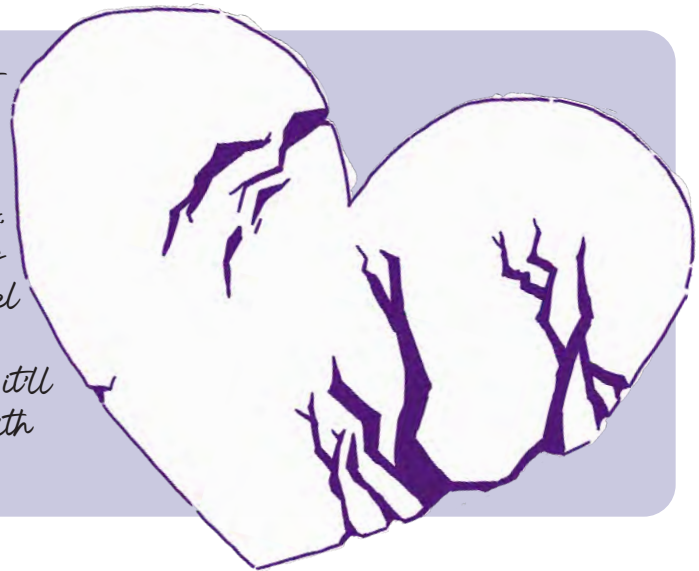
YOU OKAY IN THERE?



Hey Zeeba, it's me. Just checking in. You've been quiet for a while. I hope everything's okay. Unless a Chapter calls for you by name, no one can play as you; you're in your office dealing with "witchy business." At the end of every Chapter you're not in, we can choose to put our leftovers into the depression pile of dirty dishes you've been slowly building up outside your office doors. Once we've checked off every dish, please come downstairs? Replace this Journey with "The Empty Chest." -Sal

THE EMPTY CHEST

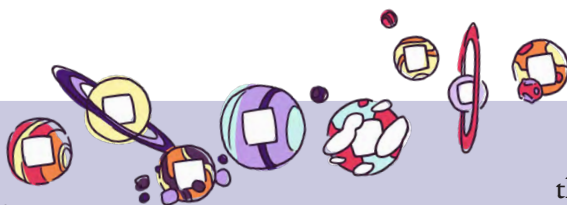
Dear Yazeba. At this point I've figured out your trade with Monday, and what it cost you. I don't know if it'll help, but here's a heart, from me to you. It's got a lot of cracks, and it doesn't have anything in it yet, but it's a start. When you spend time with us and feel something, you can turn any leftovers you have into dots in this heart. Maybe someday it'll fill up, and you can replace this Journey with "Fill In The Cracks." Love, Gertrude



FILL IN THE CRACKS

Hi Yazeba! You have a really pretty heart but it's got all those cracks in it! Have you tried ripping up the stickers we get when we play Chapters and pasting them over the cracks? They're just like bandaids! Once all the cracks are covered up, I think you'll be all ready to unlock Chapter 99, "Goodbye Yazeba."

MOON PRINCE'S JOURNEYS



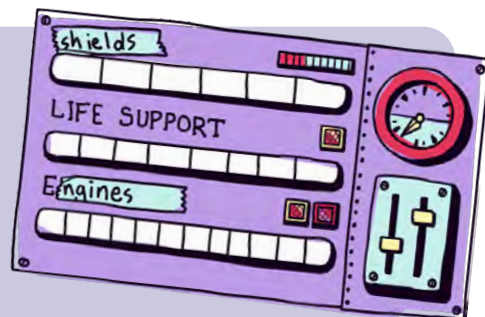
DOUBLE GRAVITY

Everything on Earth is so *heavy*, and I thought I could get strong enough to just deal with it, but I'm really starting to really feel the weight of everything. While I'm on this Journey, if I want to push through and do something physically taxing, I have to cross off one of my Planets. When I have no Planets left to cross off, I'll go lie down and take a nap somewhere. My player may grab another character to play for the rest of the Chapter, and when it ends, anyone may spend five leftovers to erase the slash over one of my Planets. Whenever I have to leave a Chapter early, I immediately mark the Alien track. Once the Alien Track is completely full, replace this Journey with "*Low Orbit*."



LOW ORBIT

Life on Earth is hard, but I don't want to go back to the moon, either. My friends are here. I should at least rebuild my ship so I have options again. Maybe fixing it will help me fix myself, a little? When I'm on this Journey, I get the Whoopsie, "Stick to what I know is safe." Every time I do it, mark the Shields Power Track. While I'm on this Journey, I get the Bingo, "Rest and catch my breath." Every time I do it, mark the Life Support Power Track. At the end of each Chapter, I can put my leftovers in the Engine Power Track. Once all three tracks are full, my spaceship is operational. I can stay at the Bed & Breakfast if I'd like, or head out to explore the stars. Either way, give me a Spare Journey when I return.



RENT & TAXES PARISH'S ARRIVAL AND HOW THE B&B CAME TO BE

It all started innocently enough, with one down-on-his-luck knight appearing on her doorstep to beg for a countercurse.

"I throw myself upon thy mercy," the frog knight had said. Which was a mistake, because Yazeba wasn't sure she had any mercy left to throw oneself upon. If she did, it was probably hard. And spiky.

But he didn't leave when she told him that she couldn't break his curse, and he promised to make himself useful around the place if he could shelter there while he figured out his next steps. And so he did; he was a simple cook, accustomed to boiling foraged soup in a helmet over a campfire, but before the witch knew what had happened, he'd dutifully weaned her off of her routine of table crackers and diet sodas. She suddenly found herself taking two or more meals a day. Sometimes there was even a vegetable.

"There'd be more zucchini; I've read the almanac you left downstairs and it's prime harvest season," Sir Parish told her some weeks later, "But, well, it seems you have an infestation. Of rabbits."

"Undermining *my* fortress?" she fumed.

"They *are* quite cute, for what it's worth?"

"Well. We'll just see about that."

That afternoon, the witch toiled in fumes and blazing heat, concocting an enormous vat of bubbling poison in the darkness of her study. Puddles of it sizzled where they splashed the floorboards as she hoisted it clumsily down the stairs and out onto the gentle green of the lawn. But for some reason, she found that she suddenly felt... well, a little silly? So she hesitated on tipping it over into one of the many, many rabbit holes. Was she really going to lay waste to her own backyard, just to keep the wildlife out?

She collapsed by the cauldron to catch her breath, and caught sight of a handsome, tawny rabbit in a blue waistcoat, blinking at her from another warren exit, closer to the garden.

“Listen well, little beast,” she smoldered at it. “This is *my* hut, which is where a witch comes to be *left alone*, and I paid *dearly* for it. If you and your ilk *insist* on burrowing holes, the least you can do is share the fruits of *my* garden with *my*—” She hesitated, not sure what word to use to describe Parish, before settling on “My visitor.”

The hole in her chest ached. The rabbit twitched his nose, and disappeared.

And with that, the precedent was set. No matter how impenetrable her lair was supposed to be, she’d allowed the frog and the rabbits to buy their way in, and so could everyone else. She complained viciously of the imposition when the Lyranthiel elves came upstate to hide away from some socialite gossip. Despite her unpleasantness, they left behind a chest of gold and rubies she could use to fix the roof. She scowled at the wet footprints the lady of the lake left in her hallway leading to and from the bathroom, but the lady’s ancient coins spent easily enough, even if you had to scrape the algae off of them.

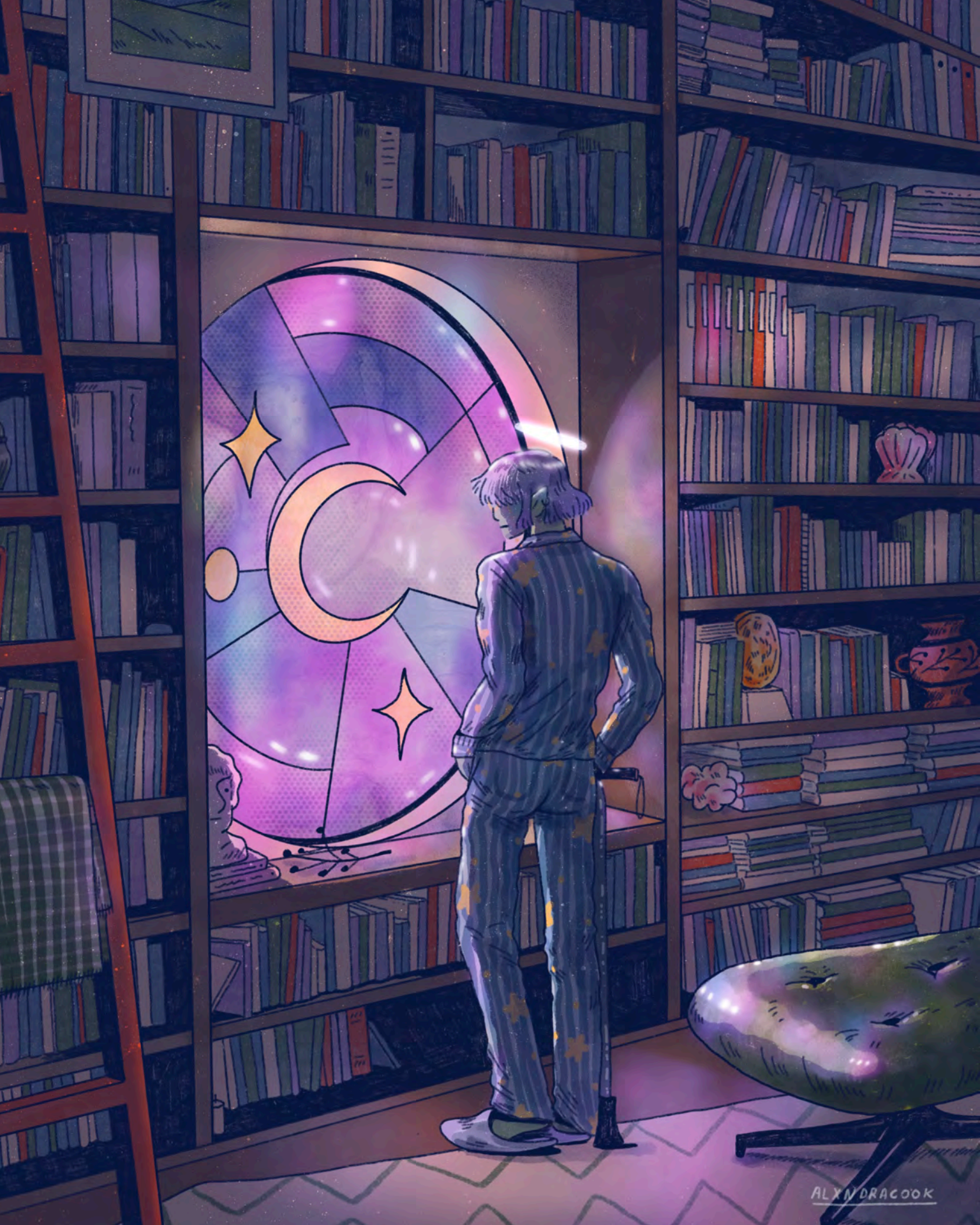
“You’ve collected quite a lot of rent,” Sir Parish told Yazeba one day. “You’re going to have to, ah, do some paperwork if you don’t want tax collectors sniffing around here.”

Yazeba told him she didn’t have time, and she’d “handle that” when it came to it, but he continued to pester her all week. It seemed he’d interpreted what she’d said as a threat, and taken up the quest of saving the tax collectors’ lives (whether they deserved it or not).

On the day of the deadline he asked her, “What’s the... name of this business?” and when she regarded him icily, he explained, “I don’t know if I’m filing the right forms, but it needs a name, regardless.”

“What do I care?” she asked, waving her cigarette and retreating up the stairs. “There is no business. None of *their* business.”

So Parish frowned at the forms, gripped the pen in both webbed hands, and wrote: Yazeba’s Bed & Breakfast. And so it became true.

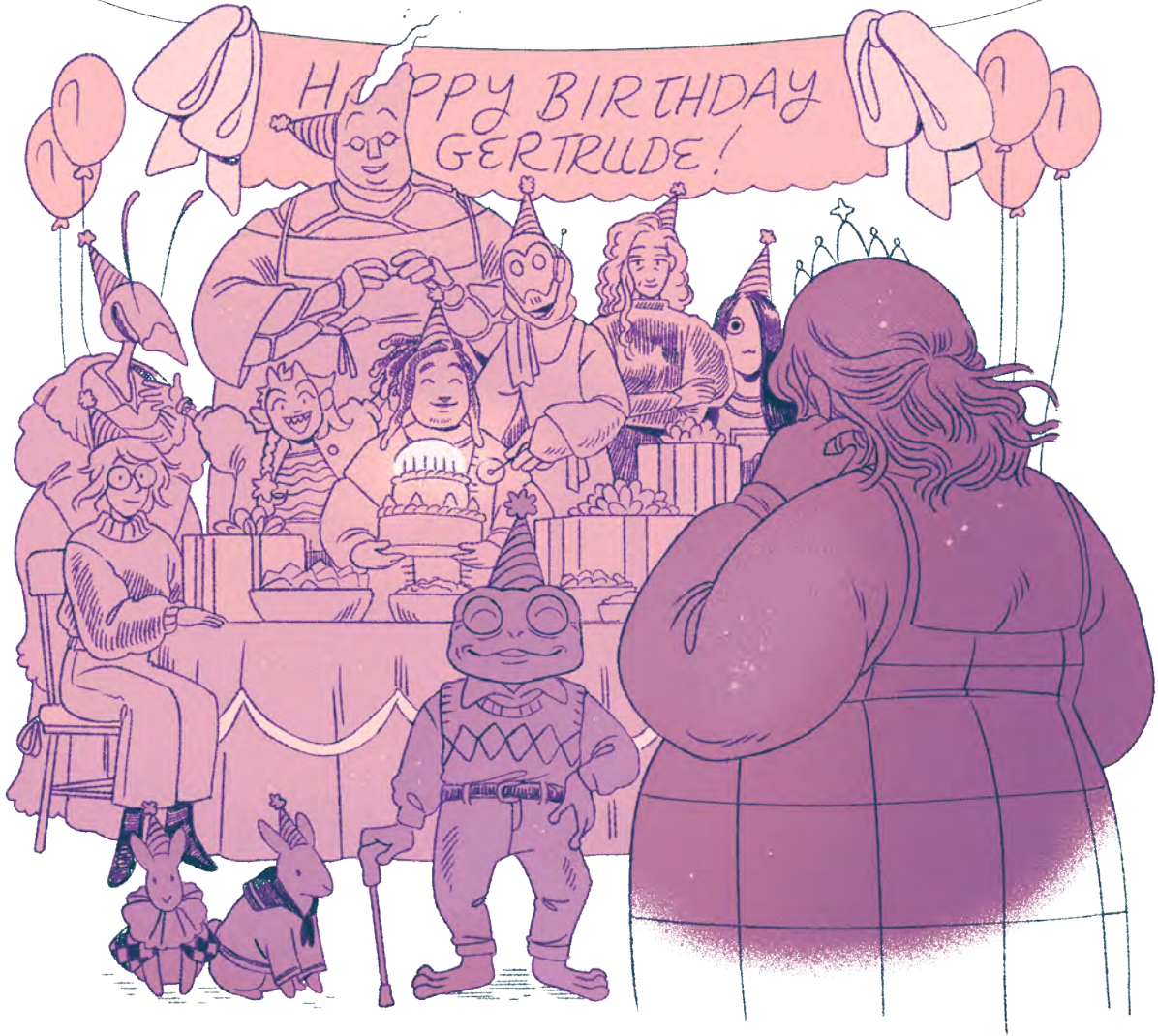


Late Chapters

CHAPTER 1

Another Birthday For Gertrude

WITH GERTRUDE AND ALL OF HER FRIENDS



In which everyone celebrates that Gertrude has grown into a confident young woman.

It was a beautiful morning, and Gertrude had the window cracked to let in the warm September air (a lovely reprieve from weeks of nasty weather) while she reread her favorite book. It was called *Heartsword*, and it was the most prized and well-loved book on her shelf; a thrilling fantasy adventure about a princess forced to disguise herself as a man in order to defeat an evil emperor. If you asked Gertrude, she'd have a lot to say about its secret themes of girlhood and self-discovery, and the small shelf of sequels and spinoffs clustered on her nightstand were covered in sticky notes and annotations.

Casting her eyes up from the purple prose to a special dress hanging, freshly laundered, from her closet door, Gertrude decided that today was going to be her birthday.

Donning it, she danced into the living room to announce the news. Hey Kid was up early working on a couple pages from their comic, and the Moon Prince had fallen asleep in one of the big chairs. Hey Kid looked up and waved a marker. "Morning Gertie! Nice dance moves."

Gertrude smiled. "Thanks! It's my birthday!"

Hey Kid leapt into the air, scattering art supplies everywhere. "It's your *birthday?! Today?! Why didn't you tell us?*"

"I'm telling you right now, aren't I?"

"MP, wake up!" Hey Kid threw their comic at the Moon Prince, who awoke in a flurry of marker-bled printer paper. "We have to make invitations for everyone in the whole Bed & Breakfast!"

The Moon Prince gasped and shoveled comic pages off of themselves, wiping sleep from their eyes. "It's your birthday? Oh no, I don't even have a present..."

Gertrude grinned, and danced off into the foyer. "Then you better figure something out, dude!"

For the next couple of hours, the Bed & Breakfast was overtaken in a flurry of activity, as Hey Kid ran up and down the halls passing out notes to everyone they could find. Sal and Parish held council in the kitchen like generals preparing for war, deciding on a menu ("Heaven above forgive me, it'll have to be a potluck," muttered Parish) and creating a list of party supplies to run out and grab in Veilridge. Amelie grabbed a floppy disk from the back office labeled "Birthday Celebrations For Dummies" and diverted all available power from *Sanitation Mode* to *Decoration Mode*.

Gertrude hand-delivered one invitation in particular: a note that said, "I've decided it's my birthday, if you'd like to join us," in her big, loopy handwriting with hearts dotting every i. It felt strange to slip it under Yazeba's door (as if the witch needed an invitation to a party in her own house!) but nobody had heard from her in weeks. Gertrude hoped that she saw it, if she was even in there.



By dinnertime, the backyard had been transformed into an elegantly-composed rustic dining venue that twinkled with candlelight and ambiance. Music boomed from speakers in the house, softening to pleasant background sound by the time it reached the party, and the crowd trickling in was the perfect size for the gathering to feel well-attended, yet also intimate.

Along a series of tables pulled from the shed lay a glorious potluck feast, with plates of caprese salads, fresh-picked tomatoes and basil from the garden. A colossal roast bird sat on its own special table, honeyed, carved, and surrounded by roast russet potatoes from a local farmer's harvest. The punch was fresh and warming, and sliced pears and grapes wreathed the basin.

Every guest had brought their own dish, ranging from The Rabbits' carrot soup to a box of store-bought donuts. And at the center of it all was the spot cleared for the cake. Parish wouldn't allow Gertrude to see what he'd been working on, but its silhouette loomed through the kitchen window, multi-tiered and only a little intimidating.

Arranged around the desserts were the presents, all sorts of strange shapes wrapped tight with whatever wrappings folks could find.

Sal had wisely snagged a huge box of paper plates, and Gertrude took a moment to admire the little frog printed on hers. She took a deep breath, glanced up at the window to Yazeba's study, and twirled out onto the patio. Dozens of voices cheered together,

"Happy Birthday!"



RELAXED MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of tokens where everyone can reach them. During the Chapter, whenever anyone does a Whoopsie, they'll take a token. Before anyone can do one of their Bingos, they must first give a token back to the table.

THE BIG EVENT

At the start of the Chapter, everyone goes over the following three sections and thinks about how to describe their birthday attire, what they've brought for the potluck, what activities they've planned, and which gift they might have tried to acquire for Gertrude.

PARTY ATTIRE

Gertrude is growing into a fashionable young lady, and it would be remiss to show up to her birthday party wearing anything less than *a look*. From the list below, choose at least one outrageous statement accessory and describe the outfit you've designed around it.

- ☉ Some over-the-top makeup, perhaps with a clown nose.
- ☉ A colorful jacket with tons of pockets, all full of streamers and confetti.
- ☉ Huge, puffy pants.
- ☉ A hat you found in the bottom of your suitcase, that you think is very spiffy indeed.
- ☉ A dazzling suit or dress from when you were younger.
- ☉ A top hat full of The Rabbits, since there's nothing more fun at a party than stage magic.
- ☉ A mystical corsage, decorated with ancient gems and runes amid ageless flowers.
- ☉ A pendant that declares, in bold, glittery letters, "HAPPY NEW YEAR!"
- ☉ A pair of colorful oversized sunglasses.
- ☉ Leather boots with high heels made of knives.
- ☉ The birthday cape (a Moonish tradition).
- ☉ A big red bow.
- ☉ A trumpet.

Additionally, if you choose to wear a pointy party hat, start the Chapter with an extra token.

PREPARE THE VENUE

Everyone besides Gertrude goes around the table and each answers at least one of the following questions:

- ☉ What Dish did you contribute to the potluck?
- ☉ What decorations did you take responsibility for, and how do they look?
- ☉ What Special Event do you have planned?

For each one, write it down on an index card and place it in the middle of the table, arranged to reflect an impromptu map of the birthday. Leave a big space in the middle for the cake and presents!

Someone can put on a playlist of music, if they want.

GERTRUDE'S WISHLIST

While everyone else is setting up the party, Gertrude should think about what she'd like for her birthday, making a list that's a little longer than the number of players. She should write and circle a number next to each item, from 1-5, indicating how hard she thinks it would be to get. When she's done, she'll put it in the middle of the table with the cake for everyone to see.

FROM 6 UNTIL QUESTION MARK



Let's Get It Started!

Let's Get Wild

Let's Get Cake

After everyone is done setting up their index cards it's time to greet all of the guests as they arrive, catch up and hobnob, and get the party started. We can move on to the "Let's Get It Started!" section.

Whenever someone does a Bingo, mark the Party Track. When we complete the first table, we'll move on from "Let's Get It Started!" to "Let's Get Wild!" and when we complete the second table, we'll move on to "Let's Get Cake!"

LET'S GET IT STARTED!

The first few minutes of a party are always kind of odd, aren't they? When is set-up really over, and when does the party begin? Use the *Mingling*, *Surprise Arrivals*, and *All Hail The Birthday Girl* rules for this stretch of the party!

MINGLING

During this first stage, everyone has the following extra Bingos:

- ★ Help someone else feel welcome and included.
- ★ Introduce two of your friends to each other, and tell them what they have in common!
- ★ Reveal an extra surprise you brought, adding another index card with party decorations or potluck food to the middle of the table.

And the following extra Whoopsies:

- ✦ Clumsily introduce yourself to someone else.
- ✦ Remark upon the weather, current events, or the drive here (especially if you did not drive here).

SURPRISE ARRIVALS

Friends old and new might be fashionably late, and this is the sort of party absolutely anyone might drop into! Anyone may spend a token to give voice to a stranger from a previous Chapter, to introduce someone new, or even to bring in a Character from another beloved media franchise.

If somebody wants to play them, give them 4 Bingos and 4 Whoopsies, writing them down on an index card whenever you think of one. Otherwise, they can hang out in the background.

ALL HAIL THE BIRTHDAY GIRL

Gertrude can hold court on the patio, or she can roam the party to greet her attendees more actively. There are a few birthday girl rituals and niceties to observe:

- ⊙ The first time any attendee compliments Gertrude, she gets a token. If she then comments on the attendee's outrageous statement accessory, they get a token as well.
- ⊙ If Gertrude expresses a desire, anyone who fulfills it gets a token.
- ⊙ Everyone should try to greet the birthday girl before the party Gets Wild!

LET'S GET WILD!

The ice has been broken. Anyone who has failed to greet the birthday girl by this point loses all of their tokens, in accordance with birthday law. As things heat up, use the *Special Events*, *The Potluck Feast*, and *Bust A Move* rules.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Anyone who has a Special Event planned may initiate it by putting aside two or more of their tokens, getting everyone's attention, and making an announcement. Anyone who wants to participate may; everyone else can continue the festivities while they observe.

The planner determines how to organize their Special Event, and at the end, can award the tokens they set aside to the participants as they see fit.

THE POTLUCK FEAST

Whenever someone tries a serving of a potluck Dish, place a token on it (from the table). Once any dish has three tokens on it, it's almost gone: whoever manages to get the last bite can take one of those tokens, and whoever brought the Dish gets the other two for sharing such a popular treat.

BUST A MOVE!

The dance floor is an excellent thermometer for how well a party is going, but it can take a while to get everyone grooving. Add an index card that says “Dancing!” to the party.

Anyone who wants to may show off their best moves, tempt someone else onto the dance floor, or request an absolute banger from whoever’s DJing—anything that spices things up and gets everyone moving—and place some of their tokens on the Dancing! card. The more tokens on the card, the rowdier things get:

- ☉ **0-1 tokens:** One or two attendees are shuffling in the corner.
- ☉ **2-4 tokens:** There’s still plenty of room on the dance floor to make a real fool of yourself, if you’d like! Everyone has the Whoopsie: “Clown around with an embarrassing dance.”
- ☉ **5-8 tokens:** The dance party has spilled out of the dance floor. Everyone has the Whoopsie: “Boogie your way into or out of a conversation.”
- ☉ **9+ tokens:** Everyone is flushed and loose. When the Chapter ends, the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍷 *Bottle of Cider*.

LET’S GET CAKE!

Of course, we can’t just grab the cake and eat it; there’s a certain amount of birthday ceremony that must be observed: the singing, the candles, the birthday wish.

FIRE AND SONG

The lyrics to *Happy Birthday To You* couldn’t appear in the original television run of *Yazeba’s Bed & Breakfast* due to copyright issues which are now resolved, so we can sing that one if we want, OR we can sing the song that did feature:

Hey hey, birthday birthday!
Happy birthday, Birthday Girl!
Hey hey, it’s your birthday!
Have some fun and rule the world!

Anyone who’d like to really ham it up may sing the birthday song a second time in a new musical genre or a sillier voice, or even tack another birthday verse onto the end, and receive a token. This can happen any number of times in a row, until someone who’s really hungry demands that it stop.

While everyone else is singing, Parish lights all the candles on the cake, and Gertrude will write down a Birthday Wish on an index card, then fold it in half so it can’t be read. When the song is over, she’ll blow out the candles, and we’ll attach the wish to her Character Sheet as a Keepsake.

DOING THE HONORS

Traditionally, Gertrude makes the first cut into the cake, but thereafter she may choose a champion to oversee the distribution of slices. Gertrude gets her slice and a token immediately, but everyone else must do the Bingo “Wait patiently in line,” to get cake, after which they can take two tokens back if they comment on how delicious and indulgent it is.

GERTRUDE’S PRESENTS

While chowing down on cake, everyone but Gertrude takes an index card and secretly writes down a present for Gertrude, then folds it in half so it can’t be read. If you want to give her something from her wishlist, you’ll have to spend that many tokens; if you want to give her something she doesn’t even know she wants, decide for yourself how many tokens to spend. Once everyone’s ready, Gertrude will start opening presents, beginning with the one thrust in her direction most excitedly.

If Gertrude *loves* your present, she’ll draw a heart on her Character Sheet with your initials in it. If there’s one present she’s absolutely the most touched by, she’ll draw a heart on the *giver’s* Character Sheet with a G in it.

AFTERPARTY

Once the cake is served and Gertrude has opened her presents, the party (and this Chapter) are technically both over.

But we know how parties work, don’t we? They have a way of dragging on into the night, the last visitors lingering until the first rays of sunlight crawl through the trees. Hang out for a while, sit in this space together. Enjoy the party. Perhaps there are adventures still left to be done—a midnight climb up to the watering hole, a campfire story, a secret moment shared beneath the stars. The Chapter ends once we’re all ready to pack up and go home, and Gertrude describes her final feelings around the party.

The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍰 *Birthday Cake* and a 👑 *Paper Crown*. Everyone keeps their tokens and their uneaten potluck cards as Leftovers to use during Housekeeping. Gertrude takes all the presents she values most as Keepsakes, and can turn the rest into Leftovers as well.

CHAPTER 77 Yazeba Casts A Spell

WITH YAZEBA, GERTRUDE, AND ANYONE FEELING MAGICAL



In which Yazeba casts one of a number of spells, and the Bed & Breakfast helps pull it all together.

Note: This Chapter contains three spells. Each time you play this Chapter, the Concierge should choose a different spell.



To say that Yazeba had been acting strangely over the past week would've been an understatement. Gertrude had noticed it for days now; the way Yazeba was keeping to herself more than usual, holed up in her study. Even when Yazeba was around, she barely participated in conversation anymore—not even offering up her usual snide quips or derision. Gertrude had certainly taken note, and was hoping others had, too.

“Do you think Yazeba’s alright, Sal?” she asked one morning, earning a distracted “Uh-huh” from the night porter. Gertrude watched as he tuned his guitar at the front desk, paying little mind to their conversation or Gertrude’s growing dread.

“You don’t sound that convinced...”

Sal paused to let out a sigh, his face betraying the argument he’d been having in his own head—whether to stay out of Yazeba’s business, or to acknowledge how strange the witch had been acting. But before the first option could inevitably win out, someone else spoke up.

“Yeah, what the heck’s up with Yazeba?”

Both Gertrude and Sal turned to see Hey Kid hanging upside-down from the couch, observing.

“How come she’s actin’ all weird and runnin’ all over the place? Ain’t today s’posed to be her off-day?”

“Maybe something urgent came up?” Gertrude offered, only for Sal’s scoff to interject.

“Nothing just ‘comes up’ on one of Yazeba’s days off, Gertie,” Sal drawled, expending the energy to finger-quote and all. “If the Bed & Breakfast isn’t actively engulfed in flames, then everything else waits...isn’t that right, Hey Kid?”

All Sal got in return was a forked tongue sticking out in reply. The demon child scuttled off, forgetting about Yazeba and pondering their history with accidental arson. It seemed like everyone but Gertrude was content to let Yazeba be, which only made her more worried.

“Well, see? That just proves that something has to be going on with—”



The backdoor slammed as Yazeba rushed in carrying an armful of loose stones. One of the smaller ones managed to escape, and tumbled down the steps behind her. Wasting no time, Gertrude plucked up the forgotten rock and trailed after her. Silently following Yazeba into her study, Gertrude was met with quite a sight: Rocks of various shapes and sizes had been arranged in a circle, the circumference of which just barely fit inside the room. Yazeba’s back was turned as she methodically placed more until the circle was nearly complete.

“Uh, Yazeba? You dropped this...” Gertrude offered meekly.

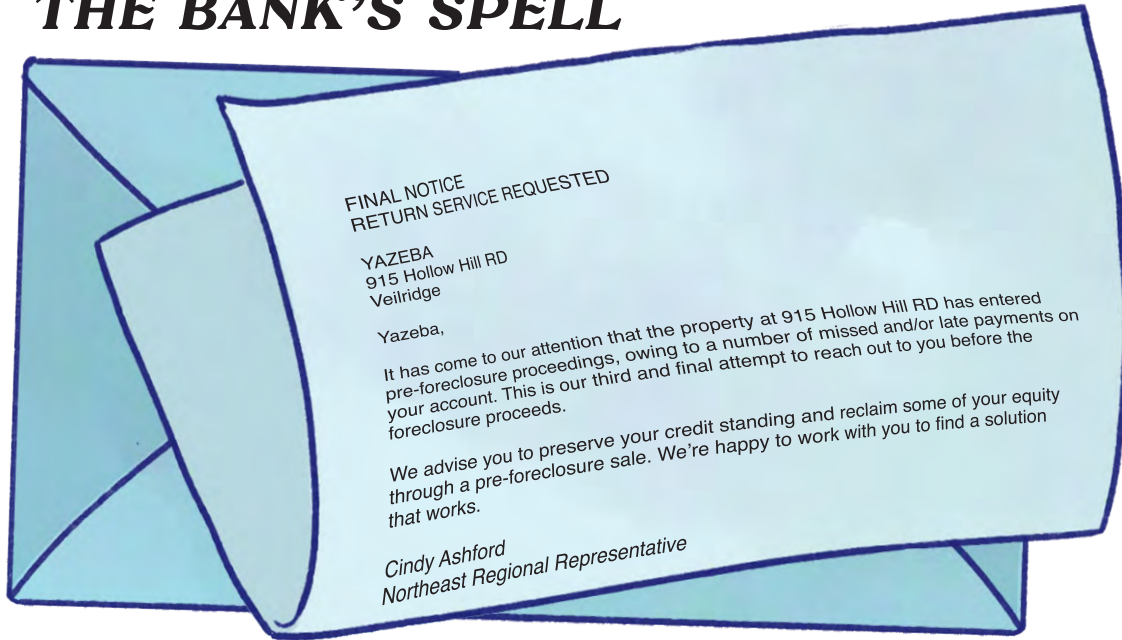
“Leave it with the others,” she commanded, only turning to face Gertrude once the rest of her stones were in their rightful place. She made to hurry past Gertrude towards the stairs, but gave her a pointed look as she did. “And then you may leave my office.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Gertrude mumbled, having grown comfortable enough with Yazeba to allow the teensiest bit of snark into her tone. Gertrude placed the stone down in the circle as directed, parting others to make enough room. Right as she was about to leave, she noticed something in the very center of the arrangement—a folded-up letter, tucked just out of sight.

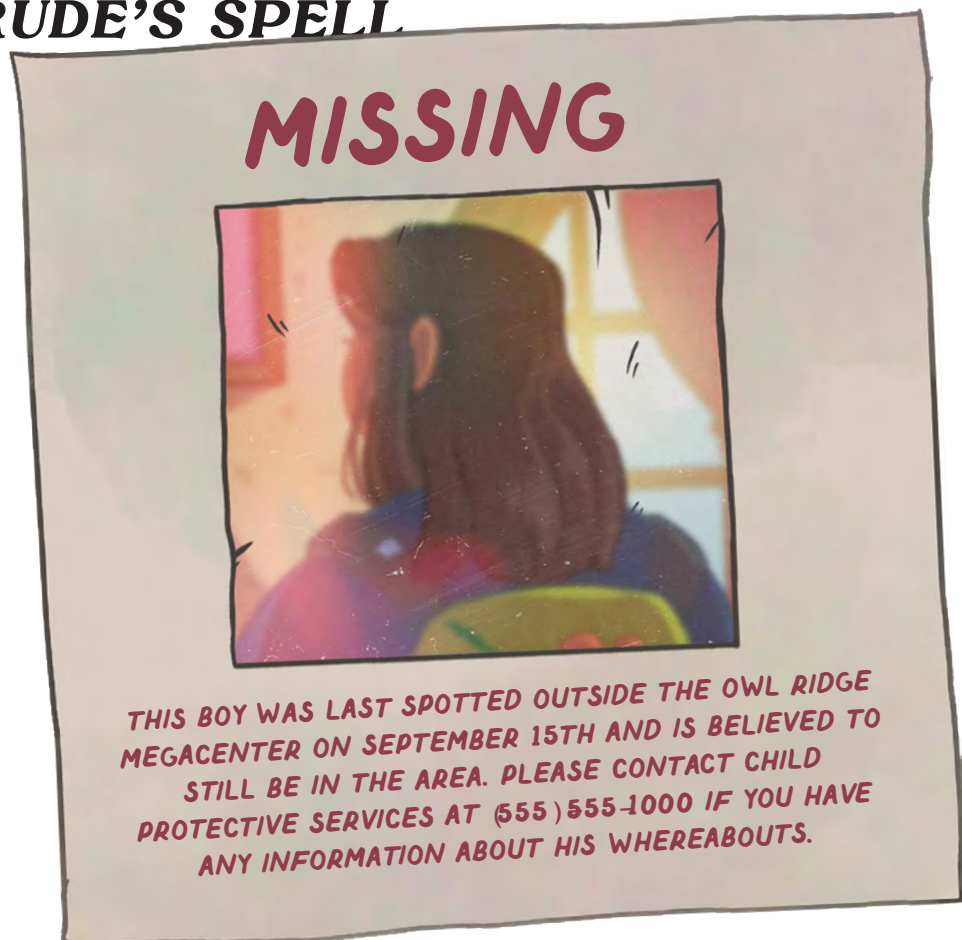
THE MAYOR’S SPELL



THE BANK'S SPELL



GERTRUDE'S SPELL





“I think Yazeba was trying to cast a spell. Like, a big one,” Gertrude told Parish in hushed tones, hoping someone, anyone else, could weigh in on Yazeba’s sporadic behavior.

The frog simply shook his head, more focused on stirring the perfect béchamel for the evening’s main dish than to interfere with his employer’s business. “She seemed conflicted, Parish...just staring at that circle. Do you think she may need our help to pull it off?”

“Gertrude, my dear, Yazeba is as capable a witch as she is private. You know that.” He paused just long enough to taste the sauce for flavor, before deciding on one last grate of nutmeg. “I’m sure that, whatever is on her mind, she’s well equipped to handle it...”

Parish hadn’t said “alone,” but Gertrude heard it all the same.

Who could blame any of them? Everyone had suffered Yazeba’s wrath at least once for meddling in her affairs—or worse—attempting to emotionally connect with her. Gertrude tried her best to ignore her gut, and to put her trust in Yazeba’s independence. But her worries persisted, especially when Yazeba was spotted alone in the hallway later that night, cursing under her breath about “impossible math” and the alignments of stars. Since when did the great Yazeba pace?

Later still on that same night, Gertrude followed the noise up towards Yazeba’s quarters. Perhaps others had heard it too, but chose to mind their own business. Emboldened by a sleepless night and concern for her friend, Gertrude discovered the seasoned witch at the very end of the uppermost hallway.

“Yazeba?” she called in a hush, as if waking a sleepwalker. Yazeba looked up, frozen mid-step like a stupefied deer. She had none of the timidity of one, though, even if Gertrude swore her fingers were shaking ever so slightly.

“Haven’t you got a room for a reason?” Yazeba spat out, louder than intended given how late it was. Gertrude couldn’t help but to wince, though not from the volume.

“I—I tried to sleep, but I kept...” Gertrude saw Yazeba hastily stuff the letter into her robes’ impossibly long sleeves. “...Hearing footsteps.”

The two stood in silence for what felt like a lifetime; Gertrude couldn’t be sure whether Yazeba was sizing her up, or actually waiting for her to speak again. Either way, Gertrude’s words tumbled out before she was able to second-guess herself.



THE MAYOR'S SPELL

"...Are you going to do it? Help Veilridge?"

Yazeba straightened herself even more—if such a thing were possible—gathering her full height to deliver her verdict. The indignation of having such a private letter read never showed on her face—perhaps she was too blindsided by the question to care, or maybe the sincerity in Gertrude's tone took precedence.

"Whatever mess that foolish burg has stumbled into is no concern to me."

"But—but the mayor said it was important!" Gertrude said, a heat growing behind her tone, "What if the town's in danger?"

Yazeba began to fidget. She brushed strands of her hair behind an ear with a trembling hand despite her stony demeanor.

"Witches do not concern themselves with the wellbeing of angry mobs."

"Okay, but you're still holding onto their letter..." Gertrude's newfound nerve stirred a reaction from the witch. Where there was fire in Gertrude's stare, Yazeba merely looked...intrigued. When was the last time someone had chastised her? When had Gertrude grown a spine?

"Go on, then," Yazeba said with an uncanny calmness.

"It's just—I've seen how you've been acting all week. No one may have said anything to you, but we've all noticed." Gertrude found her coals beginning to cool. "Things are bad, and I know you're mad at the town. But sometimes being in a community means helping them out, even when they've hurt you. I think it's important."

THE BANK'S SPELL

"Is the Bed & Breakfast going to close?"

Yazeba straightened herself even more—if such a thing were possible—gathering her full height to deliver bad news. "That letter wasn't for you to read. It's a private matter."

"But—but the letter made it sound really bad! I don't know how banks work, but," Gertrude said, a heat growing behind her tone, "We have to do *something*."

"There's nothing I can do. My misdirection spells aren't strong enough to hold off the bank forever."

"Okay, then stop trying to fix it all by yourself!" Gertrude's newfound nerve stirred a reaction out of the witch. Where there was fire in Gertrude's stare, Yazeba merely looked...intrigued. When was the last time someone had chastised her? When had Gertrude grown a spine?

"Go on, then," Yazeba said with an uncanny calmness.

"It's just—I've seen how you've been acting all week. No one may have said anything

to you, but we've all noticed." Gertrude found her coals beginning to cool. "You might think this is just your problem, but it's going to affect everyone. We can pay off the money and magic away the problem, but you're going to have to let us *all* help."

GERTRUDE'S SPELL

"Are you going to turn me in?"

Yazeba straightened herself even more—if such a thing were possible—gathering her full height to reveal her truth.

"Don't be absurd, child. You're under my *protection*."

"But—But it means they're looking for me," Gertrude said, a heat growing behind her tone. "And if the government figures out that I'm here, my life is ruined. You can't keep that kind of thing from me!"

"What do you want me to do, erase your past?"

"I know you've done it before, with *your* old name." Gertrude's newfound nerve stirred a reaction out of the witch. Where there was fire in Gertrude's stare, Yazeba merely looked...intrigued. When was the last time someone had chastised her? When had Gertrude grown a spine?

"Go on, then," Yazeba said with an uncanny calmness, trying not to betray her growing respect.

"I know there's magic that can erase my old name, cut me off from the past. I've seen your books with the crossed out author pages. I know you can make it all go away." Gertrude found her coals beginning to cool. "I want it to go away. I want to stay here at my real home, and I know it's hard but I need your help. Please."



"...Are you quite finished?"

"Yeah. I'm done."

"Good." Yazeba retrieved the letter from her sleeve once more, taking a moment to trace over each of the letter's words. With a steadying breath, the witch looked back up to Gertrude, the smallest hint of mirth just behind her eyes. Even still, her tone remained as unbothered as ever.

"Meet me in the field tomorrow morning, just as the sun is rising. We have a spell to cast."



FRANTIC MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of Chaos Coins where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to tick a track, they'll consult their Chaos Coins:

- ☉ If they don't have any Chaos Coins, they succeed right away, and take a Chaos Coin.
- ☉ If they do have Chaos Coins, they flip all of them at once, and if *all* the coins come up heads, they succeed! Otherwise, they don't tick the track and must do a Whoopsie about it. Either way, they take another Chaos Coin.

Anyone can cash in five Chaos Coins to tick a track right away.

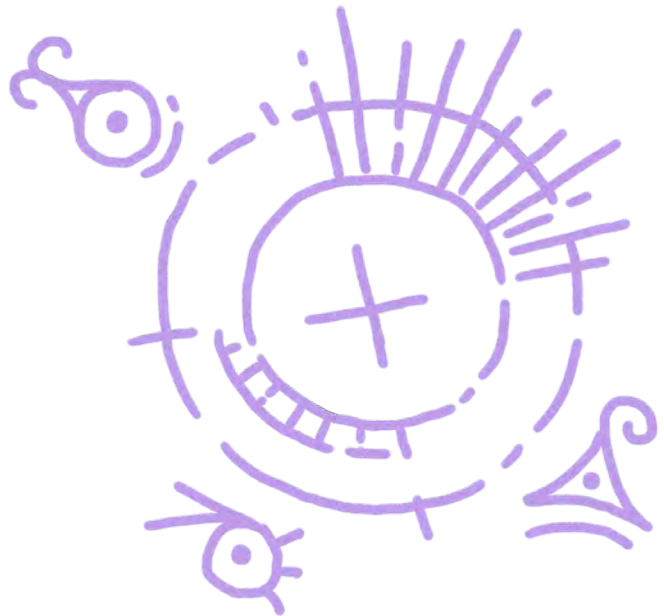
When any of us does a Bingo, they may give away all their Chaos Coins to someone else, making the whole mess their problem. (*That person shouldn't then turn around and return the coins with a new Bingo—no tag backs!*)

THE MAYOR'S SPELL

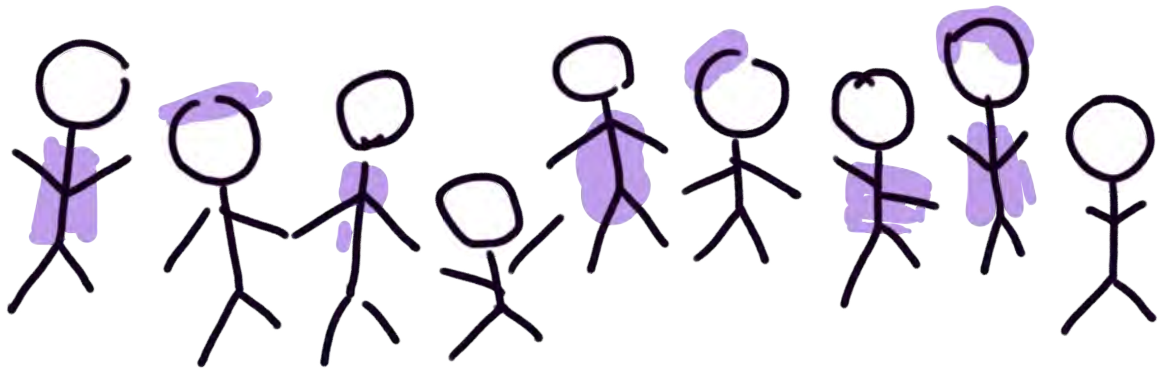
Juno's Marvelous Restoration. *Begin with the circle, with a diameter of a hundred paces, at the center of the ruin, containing Juno's Runes (as seen in the accompanied diagram). Draw three other circles at sites of power within the ruin, each fifteen paces wide and marked with one of Juno's Runes. Gather the Tools of Power and consecrate them with the touch of those who once lived within the ruin, or their descendents. Construct a bonfire in the center of the circle, and burn within that fire a sacrifice from the King of this land, given willingly. All must dance around the fire while the caster strikes the flaming beast that emerges thrice, once with each Tool of Power. Upon the third strike, sparks will fly forth from the flame and fill the ruin with light, repairing broken walls, uplifting fallen rooftops, and restoring all to how it once was before.*

DRAWING THE CIRCLE

Take a spare piece of paper and place it in the middle of the table. (*Alternatively: Go to an open field with chalk, stones, or other marking materials.*) Yazeba and only Yazeba may consult the accompanying diagram, and everyone else takes turns following her instructions, drawing it out one stroke at a time. If someone makes a mistake, she issues a correction and they get a Chaos Coin.



RALLY THE TOWN



As you start this spell, automatically check off one step on this track for each Guest from Veilridge who's playing. To continue filling it up, consult your coins and play out a short scene with a random inhabitant of Veilridge. Once it's full, everyone in town has spread the word and all of Veilridge has gathered together.

DRAW CIRCLES AT SITES OF POWER

Borrow Sal's van and drive to the three most important places in town—the **Grocery Store**, the **High School**, and the **Train Station**. At each one, two separate people must each consult their Chaos Coins to draw the circle there. If one succeeds and the other fails, an argument breaks out and must be resolved by a third party before the location is successfully marked.

- Grocery Store
- High School
- Train Station

CONSECRATE THE TOOLS

Locate the following three ritual tools on the Shelves of the Bed & Breakfast. If you cannot spot all three Mementos, you can consult your Chaos Coins to improvise and find an alternative for each missing Memento:

- Hammer
- Pair of Scissors
- Candle




CONSTRUCT AND LIGHT THE BONFIRE

The spell requires a bonfire. Once the *Rally The Town* track is filled, automatically check off two boxes on this Track as the townsfolk help gather kindling.

When this Track is complete, the fire is built. A strange beast begins to stir in the flames—the manifestation of all the hurt Veilridge has felt from the hurricane. Whoever finished the track describes the beast to everyone else.

THE TOWN'S SACRIFICE

As Veilridge has no King, everyone must make the sacrifice together. Each Resident and Guest at the Bed & Breakfast (even if they're not in the Chapter), along with any folks from town who have been given a name during this Chapter, each declare something they offer up. If everyone offers something to help repair the town, the Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Jar Of Light*. Either way, the beast grows in size and strength as it consumes all that is sacrificed, until it is ready for Yazeba to strike it down.

STRIKING THE FIREBEAST

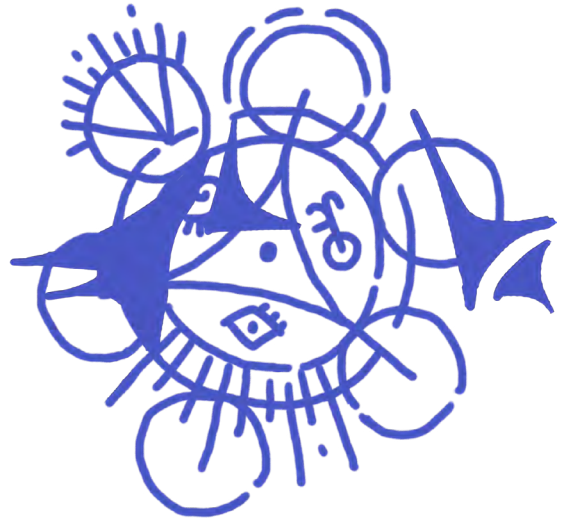
Once the Firebeast has grown huge and stormy off of the town's sacrifices, Yazeba flips everyone's Chaos Coins as she strikes the beast with the scissors. She then takes all the tails, and flips them again as she strikes the beast with a candle. Finally, she takes all the tails left and flips them one last time as she strikes the beast with the hammer. For every tails-side coin left after this process, one of the buildings in Veilridge has been irreparably damaged, and will take years to fix. For the rest of the town, however, as the beast falls apart from the final hammer's blow, its magic pours forth, undoing the harm wreaked by the flood with a blessing of peace and prosperity.

THE BANK'S SPELL

Phetermagon's Banishment of Coin. Begin with the circle, fifty paces at its radius and triangulated, with six circles each containing Flame Of Sulfate. Place thy contract at the center of thy circle, and at each point of the triangle place thine treasures three: A worthless treasure, An invaluable treasure, and a treasure of stated value. These treasures pin thy contract's value. With a symbol or possession of the contracted party, and the recitation of the phrases "PHETERMAGON - CASAVARGON - TULMOT OSIN MUL," pierce thy contract and thy symbol at once with thine Executioner's Blade, and in that moment shatter thine agreement and sunder thy debt.

DRAWING THE CIRCLE

Take a spare piece of paper and place it in the middle of the table. (*Alternatively: Go to an open field with chalk, stones, or other marking materials.*) Yazeba and only Yazeba may consult accompanying the diagram, and everyone else takes turns following her instructions, drawing it out one stroke at a time. If someone makes a mistake, she issues a correction and they get a Chaos Coin.



BUILDING THE FIRES

Once any inner circle is finished, consult your Chaos Coins to light a fire inside—marking it with a little drawing of a fire. These fires glow green with copper sulfate, which Yazeba grabbed from her office. Six fires must be lit in total.

FIND THE MORTGAGE PAPERWORK

While drawing the circle, someone else should rifle through Yazeba's paperwork and find the Bed & Breakfast's deed. Consult your Chaos Coins to check the most likely locations—it will always be in the last place you look.

- Somewhere in the front desk's many packed drawers.
- Gathering dust in the ancient cardboard boxes in the attic.
- Hidden amongst the esoteric clutter of Yazeba's study.

This task is exhausting, so take an extra Chaos Coin every time you search a location.

FINDING THREE TREASURES


The spell requires three treasures:

- **Something Worthless:** *Examples include a trash bag, a letter from the government, chewed bubblegum.*
- **Something Invaluable:** *Examples include an old t-shirt, a hand-drawn illustration, a memory of the past.*
- **Something of Fixed Value:** *Examples include a box of concrete, a single dollar bill, a golden necklace.*

When you think of something that fits the spell's description, consult your Chaos Coins to see if it's a suitable reagent. If it is, write it down on an index card. Thereafter, anyone may consult their Chaos Coins to go collect it, checking it off the list.

STEAL FROM THE BANK

You need a symbol of Northeast Regional, your predatory mortgage-lending bank. Choose one of the paths below for the best way to acquire a symbol:

- **Sneak into the local branch's office and snag a business card or other logo.** Draw a three-part track on an index card. If someone fails even once, you have to start over from the beginning.
- **Recreate the bank's logo on a piece of paper.** Draw a five-part track on an index card, and once it's done draw the logo.
- **Climb up onto the wall of the local branch and steal their big sign.** Draw a nine-part track on an index card, and if it succeeds get a  *Keep Out Sign*.

THE EXECUTIONER'S BLADE

Once the circle is drawn, the fires lit, the mortgage and treasures are arranged, and the bank's symbol is in hand, it's time to complete the ritual by piercing it with one of the Bed & Breakfast's many swords. Yazeba flips *everyone's* Chaos Coins. For every coin that comes up tails, its owner names something of monetary value that is damaged by the backlash, but the spell is successful regardless.

GERTRUDE'S SPELL

Lethe's Baptism, Megara Variant. Begin by drawing the circle with an inner diameter of the supplicant's height and an outer diameter as broad as the width of their hand, thumb to pinky. The supplicant's identity must be defined at three points of the circle: something of her old life, something of her new life, and something of the life she hopes to have. Invoke the waves of midnight to bless floor-length robes of black silk, which she must don before entering the circle. Mark the supplicant's face with clay, and crown her with wildflowers from her new home. The supplicant burns her name, then is carried in procession to a place where water meets sky, and submerged bodily. When she resurfaces cleansed of her old identity, the ritual is complete.

DRAWING THE CIRCLE

Take a spare piece of paper and place it in the middle of the table. (Alternatively: Go to an open field with chalk, stones, or other marking materials.) Yazeba and only Yazeba may consult the accompanying diagram, and everyone else takes turns following her instructions, drawing it out one stroke at a time. If someone makes a mistake, she issues a correction and hands them a Chaos Coin.



GATHER THE RITUAL ITEMS

When each of the three outer circles is completed, place a Chaos Coin on it. Anyone may do a Bingo and answer one of these questions, taking the Chaos Coin and replacing it with a little drawing of the item in question. Answer each question only once:

- What's something that represents Gertrude's old life?
- What's something that represents Gertrude's life with us?
- What's something that represents Gertrude's future?

DON THE MIDNIGHT ROBES

There is a crack in the third-floor bathroom where the howling void of non-being sits, and the midnight waves lap against our skies, nameless and desperate for form. Consult your Chaos Coins to wash the black robes in these waters, but if you fail you must choose one of these options instead of doing a Whoopsie:

- Succeed, but allow a small drop of the midnight waves to touch your body as you wash, and cross off a single word from your Character Sheet for each coin that came up tails.
- Succeed, but allow a bit of the darkness to follow you back. If you give it a name, you may adopt it and turn it into a Guest on your own time. Otherwise it climbs back into the walls.
- Fail, because these are the wrong robes? They're polyester? You do succeed in finding the *silk* robes in the laundry room, after some confusion.

MARK HER MASK WITH CLAY

When Gertrude has donned the midnight robes and entered the circle, she draws her mask in the center circle. Everyone takes a turn marking it. Gertrude might do a Whoopsie during this process—it's weird when people touch your face!

CRAFT THE FLOWER CROWN

Hunting for flowers in a hurry is difficult. Consult your Chaos Coins to gather any particular type and weave it into the crown. You don't need every kind of flower, but each one will protect a different aspect of Gertrude. *Do not include any forget-me-nots.*

- Asters for Strength
- Clover for Independence
- Indigo for Secrecy
- Mallows for Sweetness
- Lillies for Humor
- Anne's Lace for Skill

Once the circle is drawn and Gertrude has donned the robes, there's only time to look for one more kind of flower, then place the crown on her head.

BURN AWAY HER OLD NAME

Gertrude's player writes her old name (which only that player can know at that moment) onto an index card, then destroys that piece of paper such that no one can ever read it again. Never speak it to anyone else.

THE PROCESSION

Once the circle is drawn, Gertrude's raiment has been donned, and her old name burned, it's time to carry her up the mountain to the old watering hole. Flip *everyone's* Chaos Coins. For every coin that comes up tails, its owner must do a Bingo to get her to the water's edge with the spell intact, and dunk her.

THE WATERS

While Gertrude sinks into the dark, still waters of the quarry, she consults her Chaos Coins one last time. On a failure, the weight of her past self threatens to drag her down with it. She can choose one of these options to resurface anyway:

- Kick off the midnight robes, and cross out her Journey; she no longer has one, for now.
- Lose the flower crown, and the name Gertrude is forgotten; she must pick another.
- Lose her mask, and be seen.

When she resurfaces, the world outside the Bed & Breakfast will have forgotten her old self, which will have no more claim over her. Everyone returns to the Bed & Breakfast.

AFTER THE SPELL

Once the spell has concluded, everyone gathers at the Bed & Breakfast for a big feast and celebration. Yazeba and/or the Concierge describe how the spell impacts the rest of the world. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 📖 *Book Of Magic*, and Yazeba decides when the Chapter ends. Take any coins leftover after the spell and distribute them evenly among the players as Leftovers for use during Housekeeping.

CREATING YOUR OWN SPELLS

There are other spells that exist, other letters begging help, other ritual circles waiting to be drawn. You might find them scattered throughout the world, or maybe you'll create one yourself.

If you find another spell, you may lay it out as a new part of this Chapter. If Yazeba has no interest in performing the new spell, Gertrude can take charge, instead.



CHAPTER 95 *Bonfire*

WITH SAL, ANYONE WHO WANTS TO PERFORM,
AND ANYONE WHO WANTS TO WATCH



In which Sal hosts the annual bonfire to mark the end of summer.



There had been some brief thunder showers that morning, and everyone had wondered if they should cancel, but by the time the sun was drooping and the thrum of woodland insects was in the air, the grass was dry and the sky was clear. Sal was still young, but he had an old man's sense for the weather. He always scheduled the bonfire for the perfect August night. Maybe it was a knack left over from his long-ago life as Yazeba's apprentice. Maybe summer nights just liked him.

Because of the drizzles earlier in the day, a lot of the preparations were running behind, but Sal was calm at the center of the bustle. The bonfire always ran a little behind. That's how you make sure it starts right as the sun is setting.

He waved to Parish, who was making his way to the forest trail with a lockbox held high above his little head.

"Would you like a hand with that?" he called out.

"No sir," Parish called back. "After last year's *Mystery Of The Missing Marshmallows*, I'll be keeping the s'mores ingredients under heightened security until it's time for intermission."

"Can't be too careful," Sal agreed, stifling a chuckle. He knew who'd pulled off that heist, but he wasn't about to rat them out.

Sal swung past the garden, where the rabbits were beginning to emerge in their matching pajamas and flannels, to the side yard. It was quickly turning into a labyrinth of vehicles, all parked willy-nilly, each car blocking in more than the last. Presiding over the chaos was the Moon Prince, who directed a truck driven by Bud Woodruff into an empty spot with their cane. Bud honked the horn joyfully as he threw it into park, and Jax, Liz, and Roy hopped out of the open pickup bed, grabbing tattered blankets and drinks.

Sal offered the Moon Prince a sip from his thermos, but they declined.

"I thought Yazeba was going to direct parking? To prevent mud tracks, she said," Sal asked.

"She was doing it when I came out here, but she said she had to go fix her makeup."

"Hmm," Sal said, taking a slurp of throat-soothing honey and lemon tea to warm up his vocal cords. Musician's secret.

"I hope she'd forgive me for saying as much, but she's been acting suspicious lately. Moreso than usual, I mean."

"Whelp. Keep up the good work! Or put up a sign that says 'Park Here,' I guess."

"This must be almost everybody, anyway. It feels like the whole town is here."

"And beyond, I should think!" Sal clipped his thermos back onto a belt loop at his hip. "Why don't you head over now? Any stragglers will find their way easy enough once we start."

The two parted, the Moon Prince joining up with the teens from town while Sal popped inside to grab his guitar, and a cardboard box with an old pillow, flashlights, a first aid kit, and enough bug repellent for the entire county.

He started for the woods himself, but was ambushed before he got there.

“SAL! SAL! SAL! SAL!”

Hey Kid barreled out of the woodline, their arms piled high with sticks. Gertrude shuffled along not too many steps behind them, bearing a more reasonable load.

“SAL! If I sign up to sing a song I made up, can you play your guitar to go with it?”

“Maybe...” Sal scratched his chin. “I’ll be pretty busy with my emcee duties. Have you already tried asking Gertrude?”

Hey Kid’s eyes went wide, and they rounded on Gertrude so fast that they dropped their kindling (which, of course, startled Gertrude so much that she dropped *her* kindling).

“YOU can play GUITAR?!”

“No—I mean, a little?” Gertrude said, blushing behind her mask.

“That’s PERFECT, because I can only SING a little!” Hey Kid laughed, scooping up the dropped wood. “Come on! Let’s finish the bonfire so we can go practice.”

“But...it’s supposed to start in less than half an hour! That’s nowhere near enough time!”

But Hey Kid was already grabbing her by the hoodie sleeve and towing her ahead of Sal to the trail. “Then hurry!”

“When the bonfire starts, don’t forget to tell me the name of your act for the sign up sheet!” Sal called after them.

He took his time among the familiar roots and stones of the path and breathed the evening air, which already had the taste of fire on it.

Sure enough, when he found his way to the clearing, Amelie was standing over the firepit, nursing a tall but tidy cone of sticks into a flame. The group was a little smaller than last year, intimate, but packed with friends who were all getting cozy on logs and in sleeping bags.

Yazeba sat at a stump right by the fire, wrapped in a quilt.

“You really do make such a mess every year, inviting everyone to my poor little house,” she grouched, but Sal could tell that she was feeling something, so he put down his things next to her and whispered:

“Thank you, as always, for hosting.”

Then he clapped his hands so powerfully that everyone turned to look.

“FRIENDS, FAMILY, NEIGHBORS AND GUESTS! Please make yourselves comfortable,

and if you have an act you'd like to perform—a story, a song, a poem, anything at all—please see me to get added to the sign-up list. We start in ten minutes!”



SETTING THE STAGE

After we've picked Characters but before we begin the Chapter in earnest, we should decide as a group whether we want to play this Chapter by the seat of our pants, or take 10-15 minutes to split up and write or look up song lyrics, poems, or jokes that our Characters might want to perform. A few of us should tell Sal what we're planning, to get the sign up sheet started.

When we gather back together, everyone tells us how they're getting comfortable around the fire, protecting themselves from the summer night's chill and from the bugs drawn to the lights. You might consider:

- ⊙ Wearing a borrowed flannel or a sweatshirt.
- ⊙ Appointing yourself in charge of bug spray.
- ⊙ Using an old “outside blanket” as a shawl.
- ⊙ Sitting on an old “outside pillow” to soften the logs and stumps.
- ⊙ Bringing your own collapsible chair.
- ⊙ Cocooning yourself in a sleeping bag.
- ⊙ Planting your butt in the dirt.
- ⊙ Sitting a little too close to the flames.
- ⊙ Huddling up to a friend.

Then, to get the ball rolling, Sal will re-read his last line from the fiction and introduce the first act.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES

If the Concierge isn't playing Sal, they can take the night off. Sal's got it covered.

Sal will prepare a piece of scrap paper: the Sign Up Sheet. He'll make a list of performances in the order they come to him, introduce each act with a little compliment, joke, or segue, keep any rambling performances from going over time (he may want to set a timer for 5 minutes), and make sure everyone gets the applause they're due.

Anyone may sign up to perform at any time, even if they've already performed. Multiple Characters can contribute to the same act, and anyone can grab an unplayed Character to perform as, if the mood seizes them.

This chapter details six kinds of performances: a *Chorus*, a *Verse*, a *Bit*, an *Anecdote*, a *Shaggy Dog Story*, and a *Scare*. If you want to perform something that doesn't fit any of these categories, you should go for it! There won't be any rules for it, but we'll all enjoy your talent anyway.

PERFORMING COMFORTABLY

The Bonfire is an excellent time to play outside of our comfort zones, but we don't need to actually sing or write or do stand-up if we don't want to—we can just describe what our Character does with their body, how they're feeling as they perform, and what ideas their act introduces.

If Sal calls your name and you don't want to perform at all, you can say you're missing—maybe you went back to the house to use the bathroom, or are looking for more firewood. If you start performing and don't know how to continue, it's okay to end it early, say you have stage fright, or say your guitar string breaks! Sal will save you and move along to the next performance.

THE BONFIRE

Write “The Bonfire” on an index card, put it in the middle, and put 8 tokens on it for each player. Write “Sal's Goodnight” on another index card and put it next to The Bonfire. Whenever anyone does a Whoopsie, they may take a token from The Bonfire. Whenever anyone does a Bingo, they may give one of their tokens to Sal's Goodnight. When the Bonfire runs out of tokens, it's later than late: finish up the current performance, then it's time to read Sal's Goodnight.

AFTER EACH PERFORMANCE

Whenever a performance ends, everyone in the audience goes around and picks a reaction:

- ⊙ Applaud, and give the performer a token from the Bonfire.
- ⊙ Be moved to tears, whoop and holler, or have a more subtle outburst of emotion, and put one of your tokens on Sal's Goodnight.
- ⊙ Politely excuse yourself to gather more firewood, and add a token to the Bonfire card.

If there were multiple performers, they split any tokens they received between them.

Once everyone reacts, chatter amongst yourselves, change seats, run back to the Bed & Breakfast to grab something, or play a prank on someone who's fallen asleep. Sal will introduce the next act when it's time.

PERFORMANCES

A CHORUS

A Chorus is any musical performance where the audience participates, whether that means enthusiastically belting out the parts of a song that everyone knows, singing harmonies in a round while the performer conducts, or even just stamping and clapping to keep time.

When the performer announces the song, they explain how the audience participation should go, and everyone else secretly decides whether their character knows the song or not.

If you know the song, and notice that someone else doesn't, you can help them out with nudges, whispers, and gestures. If you're correct and your hints help, you may both take a token from The Bonfire when the performance is over. If you don't know how the song goes, but you do your best to keep up and nobody notices, choose one to keep for the rest of the Chapter:

- ✎ A Whoopsie: "Fade into the background."
- ★ A Bingo: "Substitute enthusiasm for expertise."

A VERSE

A Verse is any performance where one person expresses themselves, and the audience absorbs it in rapt attention. They can recite a poem, sing, play an instrument, do a dance—anything meaningful but metaphorical.

Before you perform a Verse, pass everyone an index card, and secretly decide *who your performance is for*—it can be for anyone present, including yourself. After the performance, give any tokens from the audience's reactions to that person. If you're listening to a Verse and you think you know who it's for, you can write your guess on your index card. When the performer gives out the tokens, you can reveal your guess and collect a token from The Bonfire if you were right.

A BIT

A Bit is any performance where the performers make everyone else laugh. They can tell a series of short jokes, or act out a little skit, or perform a scene from a movie—anything that might get a guffaw.

When the performers start a Bit, everyone else decides whether they're Giggly or Feisty. Playful groans and boos from Feisty audience members are every inch the sign of respect that chuckles and shrieks of laughter are from Giggly audience members. After the performance, everyone gets access to a new Bingo for the rest of the Chapter: "Make a callback reference to someone's funny Bit."

AN ANECDOTE

An Anecdote is a true (or...mostly true) story about something that really happened to the performer or a friend of theirs. It can be funny, sad, exciting, or bewildering—as long as it's extraordinary. A good way to start an Anecdote is with an intriguing hook, like one of these:

- ⊙ "I want to tell you all about how I got this guitar..."
- ⊙ "It's normal to want a pony when you're a little kid, but I *really* wanted one..."
- ⊙ "This is the story of the worst day of my life..."
- ⊙ "This is how my friend and I wound up stranded in Mewry Bay in just our swimsuits..."
- ⊙ "So, this one time, my dear friend wanted to get into fashion design..."
- ⊙ "Back when I was in college, I had this crush..."
- ⊙ "Back on the moon, I once almost started a war..."
- ⊙ Something else, of your own invention.

Start at the very beginning of the story, and give lots of supporting details. You'll know the Anecdote is over when it finally circles back around to the hook. While the performer tells the Anecdote, anyone that they mention in the story has the Bingo: "Interrupt to issue a correction or provide a detail." Everyone else has the Whoopsie: "Interrupt to ask a question or seek clarification."

A SHAGGY DOG STORY

A Shaggy Dog Story is any sort of story which is long, rambling, repetitive, and doesn't have much of a punchline. The performers don't tell anyone it's a Shaggy Dog Story—they just tell the story. If someone realizes it's a Shaggy Dog Story before you get to the punchline, they can interrupt you and block you from using one of your Whoopsies for the duration of the Chapter.

If the performers manage to get to the disappointing punchline, the audience's groans fuel them, and they can sleep easy tonight knowing they're the trickiest clown in town.

A SCARE

A Scare is an untrue (or...mostly untrue) scary story that has been passed down to the performer. It can be a local legend, or something you're making up on the spot—as long as you never admit it. A good way to start a Scare is by establishing a time, a place, and some characters to root for, like this:

- ⊙ "On a warm summer night—much like tonight, really—a group of friends decided to go camping not far from here..."
- ⊙ "Back in the 70s, teens used to drive up to the old quarry to drink and hang out..."
- ⊙ "It was a babysitting job like any other, or so the babysitter thought..."
- ⊙ "So. This guy was driving home from a rock show late at night, when he saw a hitchhiker on the road..."
- ⊙ "A couple had just bought their dream home, but they couldn't understand why it'd been so dirt cheap..."
- ⊙ "Do you believe in Crispy Jack? No? Well, there was once this out-of-towner who didn't believe in him, either..."
- ⊙ "They say that somewhere in the woods around Veilridge, there's an abandoned house where an evil old witch lives...and once, a teen girl looking for a place to stay the night stumbled upon it..."
- ⊙ Something else, of your own invention.

Start slowly, giving lots of unconfirmable details, and introduce eerie elements gradually before revealing the threat. You'll know the story is over when the first characters you introduced are about to either die, or escape and receive a final message. (Sometimes it can be fun to end on an anticlimax; maybe the killer turns out just to have been an earlier character getting home from a hockey game, and covered in ketchup from a hotdog.)

While you perform a Scare, whenever you introduce a character to the story, do it in vague terms (“a young woman,” “the smart one,” “a traveling salesman,”) but look directly at a member of the audience who reminds you of them. They’re now in the story, playing as that character.

When you’re in the story, you can push back against the performer’s narration by giving them one of your tokens. When you meet your doom, take a token from The Bonfire.

COVERING YOUR EARS

If at any point during a Scare you get uncomfortably freaked out in real life, you always have permission to pause the performance to take a break, ask the performer to change a detail, or ask to skip the rest of the performance, and they’ll always agree.

We should all keep an eye on each other—sometimes when someone is scared it can be hard to speak up!

SAL’S GOODNIGHT

When the bonfire gets low and the night goes from late to *really* late, it’s time for Sal to wrap things up, but he’s saved his performance for last. (This is a kindness, really; who could possibly follow him?) No more tokens can change hands; hold onto any unused tokens as Leftovers for Housekeeping, and count the Tokens on Sal’s Goodnight. As Sal’s performs, he can spend tokens from his Goodnight to work in the following themes:

- ① **1 Token:** An earnest love for everyone present, and a desire to protect them from the world’s heartbreaks. Everyone may doodle a heart somewhere on their character sheet.
- ③ **3 Tokens:** The bittersweet passage of time, and excitement for what we’ll do in the future. Everyone may doodle a star somewhere on their character sheet.
- ⑤ **5 Tokens:** The energy of being surrounded by so many bright and talented people. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍿 *Bag of Popcorn*.
- ⑦ **7 Tokens:** The awe of being truly held by your community. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍾 *Bottle of Champagne*.
- ⑨ **9 Tokens:** A wish that this night could last forever. The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🧚 *Fairy Blessing*.

Sal can quietly award any unspent Tokens to his favorite act of the evening as Leftovers.

When his performance is over, he’ll wish everyone home safe, and start breaking down the bonfire. The Chapter ends when the crowd begins to disperse, and the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍵 *Plastic Cup*.

Gertrude lifted up her mask for a moment to wipe the sweat from her brow before slamming her back against Sal's overstuffed van. *KER-KIUNK!* The van groaned before the trunk finally locked into place, and Gertrude sank down to the dirt, panting. She looked up to see Sal standing over her.

"Everything's loaded in?" he asked, extending a hand.

Gertrude nodded, and let him pull her up. "Lacuna Beach...here we...come!" She declared between breaths.

Hey Kid howled with joy from the roof of the van, and crawled through the window to sit in the Moon Prince's lap. Gertrude squeezed in between them and Parish, who was greased head to webbed toes with sunscreen. She realized she'd never been in a car packed with quite this many people before. It felt like the whole Bed & Breakfast was squeezed in the back of *The Flying V*. She did her best to find her seatbelt—Amelie tapped her gently on the shoulder and pointed it out—before Sal finally got the keys to turn in the ignition, and with a groan the old van jumped to life.



Sal's knuckles tightened against the steering wheel. "The rest stop's just a mile away!"

Hey Kid moaned pathetically. "I *need* to pee right! Now!" The Moon Prince grimaced stoically from underneath them.

Yazeba poked her nose out from under a pile of towels and pillows. "Fries afire, I'm starving."

"We can get fries...at the rest stop..." Sal muttered through gritted teeth. A loud beep from the back signaled that Amelie had entered sleep mode.

Parish blanched. "I packed fries in the picnic basket, if you can just wait until we get to the beach."

"Fast food has a special flavor," Gertrude muttered before burying her nose deeper into her book.

Sal took a deep breath, and then pushed his sunglasses up. *The Flying V's* air conditioner was working overtime but couldn't compensate for the wave of heat coming off the pavement and the many bodies of his crushed passengers. The twelve-lane highway sprawled out in front of the van, gentle farmlands slowly giving way to miles and miles of billboards.

Sal's eyes locked onto one sign. "The rest stop is half a mile away," he muttered.

"I DON'T KNOW HOW TO COUNT THAT HIGH!" Hey Kid screeched, and the Moon Prince made desperate eye contact with Sal in the rearview mirror.



Perhaps it was the salty air, or the cawing of seagulls, or the warm golden sun, but the arrival at Lacuna had a kind of transformative effect. Hey Kid stopped screeching, Yazeba stopped growling, Sal's knuckles loosened on the steering wheel. Parish breathed a sigh of relief, and the Moon Prince's stomach settled. Gertrude filed a bookmark in her book.

Everyone tumbled out of *The Flying V*, sun warming their faces, and toes sinking into the soft, pale sand. Gertrude looked longingly to the fries and shakes stand while Parish hopped around gleefully with his picnic basket; Sal and Hey Kid ran straight for the water while Yazeba and the Moon Prince were left to finish pulling the things out of the car. The assembled equipment included a large, battered umbrella, two rickety chairs, an assortment of towels patterned with sea creatures, buckets in various sizes, and—inexplicably—a plastic baseball bat. Gertrude wandered over to help with the towels, paying no mind to Hey Kid blissfully rolling in the sand or Sal shrieking with laughter as he tested the cold surf with his toes.

"Mind the sunscreen," Yazeba growled as Gertrude picked up a bundle of towels. "Sun's hot today."

"Where's Amelie?" the Moon Prince asked bleary-eyed, clearly not over the car ride just yet.

"Still in the car. Hates the beach," Yazeba huffed, lighting up a cigarette. The chairs and umbrella were piled at her feet. "Says sand destroys their actuators."

"You should come out, Amelie," Gertrude ventured softly. "You'd look lovely in a floral beach hat."

Yazeba puffed on her cigarette. "Bring them one, then," she said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. "I'm going to go see what provisions Parish is hiding in that basket." And she gathered up the umbrella and chairs and stalked off.

"Gertie!" Sal shouted, running back from the water's edge. He pulled something from the pocket of his board shorts and stuffed it into Gertrude's hands. She looked down—a crumpled wad of bills.

"For fries," he said breathlessly, patting her masked cheek affectionately. He grabbed a hammock out of the back of *The Flying V*.

"For fries," Gertrude repeated, as the Moon Prince made a face at the thought of eating. Sal dashed back out to the beach, whistling cheerfully and laughing. Parish sat under the newly erected umbrella to watch Hey Kid, who'd already started a sandcastle. Yazeba fished a hoagie out of the picnic basket and clutched it protectively to her chest, exchanging threatening glances with a hungry seagull. The Moon Prince took a few tentative steps onto the sand, then broke into a run

for the water, almost tripping over a ditch Hey Kid had dug for their castle's moat. Amelie was finally extricated nervously from the car, head swiveling as if expecting a sandstorm to appear at any time.

"Please allow me to accompany you in your objective to acquire fried potato snacks, Gertrude," Amelie buzzed out, carefully staying on the paved, non-sandy path.

Gertrude smiled slightly under her mask, because she'd been right: Amelie looked darling in a floppy straw hat. She linked arms with them and made her way to the concessions stand.



RELAXED MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of tokens where everyone can reach them. During the Chapter, whenever anyone does a Whoopsie, they'll take a token. Before anyone can do one of their Bingos, they must first give a token back to the table.

ARRIVING AT LACUNA BEACH

When the chapter begins, take a moment to describe what swimwear your character is wearing, mixing and matching from the list below.

- Snorkel
- Goggles
- Swim Trunks
- Splotchy Sunscreen
- Binder
- One Piece
- Bikini
- Sundress
- Floaties
- Swimcap
- Sunglasses
- T-Shirt
- Shorts
- Way Too Many Layers

Everyone also starts with \$2 and a towel.

BEACH TIME

It's a universal fact that any time spent at the beach is both endless and much too short. Decide as a group how long you all want to play this Chapter (three hours is a good guess). Set up a timer to go off once every half hour, then take all the clubs from a deck of playing cards and shuffle them together. Whenever the alarm goes off, someone draws a card and announces what's going on.

- 2 The beach gets super duper crowded. For the next 30 minutes, whenever you want to do a Bingo, flip a coin. If you get tails, do a Whoopsie instead.
- 3 A huge number of seagulls descend from the sky. No one can do Bingos for the next 30 minutes unless they distract the gulls with some fries.
- 4 The ice cream truck shows up! All ice creams and milkshakes are 50% off for the next 30 minutes.
- 5 Sunscreen time! Everyone regroups and puts on sunscreen, then goes back to what they were doing.
- 6 Some x-tremely rad surfers come by to hang out. Unlock the Surfing activity.
- 7 Some teen miscreants are hanging out on the rocks at the edge of the beach. Unlock the Loitering activity.
- 8 Parish cracks open the picnic basket and everyone gets to have snacks! Regroup, and for the next 30 minutes all snacks are FREE. (Don't take more than your fair share!)
- 9 A tide rolls in, bringing deep sea treasures. For the next 30 minutes, whenever you *Seek Buried Treasure* or *Explore The Tidepools*, you get \$1 worth of pretty rocks, shells, and sand dollars.
- 10 A huge wave comes crashing in. Destroy all sand castles.
- J The sky is doing some incredibly beautiful things. For the next 30 minutes, get a Token whenever you describe to someone else what the sky is doing.
- Q The Pelican Buffet opens for business. Unlock the *Feasting* activity.
- K A massive shelled kraken breaches the surface, curious about all the little bipedes. For the next 30 minutes, whenever you enter the Depths while Swimming, get an extra Token if you describe your strange encounter.
- A A huge storm is rolling in. Lock the *People Watching* activity for the next 30 minutes as everyone seeks cover. You can keep hanging out, but be careful—don't get struck by lightning!

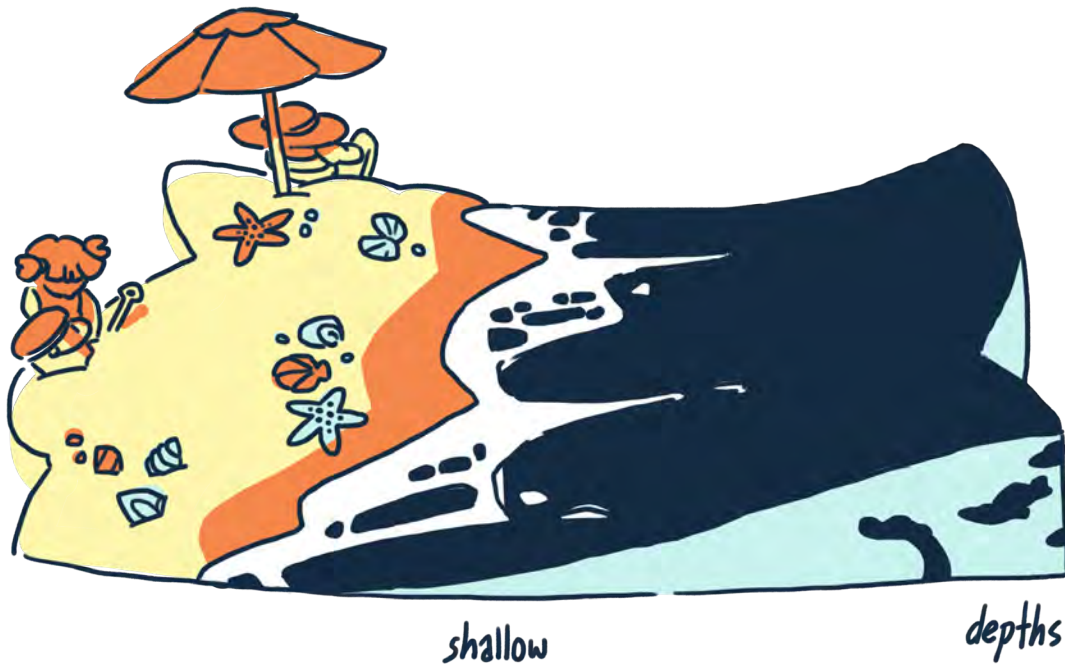
Once your desired play time has elapsed, go to the *It's Getting Dark* section.

SEASIDE ACTIVITIES

SWIMMING

When you start splashing around in the sea, choose an object to represent your character and place them in the Shallow section of the sea. When you're in the Shallows, you have the following Whoopsies:

- ✦ Get caught in a riptide, and go to the Depths.
- ✦ Splash your friends, and both go to the Depths.
- ✦ Freak out and swim back to shore.



When you're in the Depths, you have the following Bingos:

- ★ Show off your swimming skills, and go to the Shallows.
- ★ Help a friend back into their comfort zone, and both go to the Shallows.

BUILDING SANDCASTLES

Whenever you want to build a sand castle, take a blank index card and draw the base of your sand castle on it. Whenever you do a Bingo, you may add another structural component to your sand castle. Once you're happy with it, sign it and place it on the table. If it survives the day, keep it as Leftovers at the end of the Chapter. Anyone participating in this activity has the Whoopsie:

- ✦ Smash someone's sandcastle (intentionally or accidentally), destroying it completely.

MUNCHING SNACKS





There's a couple food trucks set up at the edge of the beach, and their tasty treats can provide an exciting morale boost—at a price. Consult the menu below to see what's available.

- ☉ \$1: Bag Of Chips
- ☉ \$1: Can Of Soda
- ☉ \$2: Ice Pop, bad flavor
- ☉ \$2: French Fries, small
- ☉ \$3: Ice Pop, good flavor (*Gives you a Token when eaten.*)
- ☉ \$3: Hot Dog (*Gives you a Token when eaten.*)
- ☉ \$4: French Fries, large (*Can be shared, and everyone who eats some gets a Token.*)
- ☉ \$4: Milkshake (*Can be shared, and everyone who drinks it gets a Token.*)

While everyone only starts with \$2, there's a lot more money hidden across the beach if you know where to look!


SEEKING BURIED TREASURE

Take all the Diamonds from a deck of playing cards, shuffle them, and deal them out onto the table face down. Everyone doing this activity has the Bingo: “Search the beach for treasure and flip over one of the cards.” Whenever anyone flips over one of the cards, they collect it, then check the following list to see what they get.

- 2 A disgruntled crab just looking for a snack. Shuffle all of your Diamonds cards back into the pile, including the crab, and do a Whoopsie about it.
- 3 A dirty beach towel left abandoned in the sand. Shuffle it, along with one of your Diamond cards, back into the pile, and do a Whoopsie about it.
- 4 A slippery jellyfish that only stings a little bit. Do a Whoopsie when you find it.
- 5 A pretty white  *Seashell* that you can give to the Bed & Breakfast if you still have it at the end of the Chapter.
- 6 A huge pile of seaweed.
- 7 A lovely blue  *Seashell* that you can give to the Bed & Breakfast if you still have it at the end of the Chapter.
- 8 Two perfect sand dollars. Counts as two Dollars for snacks.
- 9 A half-buried plastic bucket. While you have this card, you get an extra token for every Whoopsie you do while building sand castles.
- 10 A stunning pink  *Seashell*, that you can give to the Bed & Breakfast if you still have it at the end of the Chapter.
- J A map to a sunken city, in the depths of the sea. If you swim out into the Depths, you can find Atlantis and be anointed Monarch Of The Mer-People. (Write this somewhere on your character sheet.) You’ll bring back a  *Crown* that you give to the Bed & Breakfast if you still have it at the end of the Chapter.
- Q A glass bottle containing a model galleon crewed by bugs. If the bottle is opened, the boat rapidly grows to full size, and the bug crew are freed from their curse (although they’re still bugs). Unlock the Sailing activity, if it’s not already unlocked.
- K A pirate’s spyglass, haunted by a powerful ghost. You cannot do any Bingos while you hold this spyglass, but you can also see and befriend ghosts.
- A An enormous chest full of buried treasure. Is locked and requires a lockpicking kit to open, but inside is enough treasure to count as \$50.

EXPLORING THE TIDEPOOLS

The small tide pools caught in the rocks at the edge of the beach are full of strange creatures and cool discoveries. Take all of the hearts from a deck of playing cards and shuffle them together. Whenever you do a Bingo or Whoopsie at the tidepools, you may collect the top card from the Beach Time deck and see what you discover:

- 2 An old soda can. Shuffle this card back into the deck.
- 3 A bunch of barnacles. Shuffle this card back into the deck.
- 4 A pile of stinky sea goo! Shuffle any cards you've collected back into the deck!
- 5 A beautiful starfish.
- 6 A hermit crab with a spiky shell.
- 7 A couple of shore crabs on a date.
- 8 A sea urchin.
- 9 A chubby sea anemone.
- 10 A baby octopus who needs to go back to sea! If you bring him to the Depths, find a King from the Beach Time deck, shuffle this card back in, and put the King on top.
- J A briefcase full of soaked money! Only \$5 is salvageable.
- Q A magical talking carp, who promises a wish in exchange for her freedom. She will do no such thing, but you get a  *Fairy Blessing* if you set her free.
- K The figurehead of an ancient ship, a statue of a beautiful man with emerald eyes.
- A A glass bottle with a note inside. Write down the note on an index card, and give the note to the Bed & Breakfast.

PEOPLE WATCHING

Lacuna Bay isn't the most crowded beach in the world, but it's still packed full of interesting folks and strange characters.

Take all of the Spades from a deck of playing cards and shuffle them together. Whenever you want to spot someone at the beach, draw one and write down the visible trait below on an index card. Put the new Stranger's cards together, off to the side.

- 2 A brutal sunburn that runs across their entire body.
- 3 A huge T-shirt that covers their whole swimsuit.
- 4 The tiniest dog you've ever seen.
- 5 An oversized beach hat that droops around them like an umbrella.
- 6 Huge colorful sunglasses that cover most of their face.
- 7 Surface wounds caused by stray seagull attacks.
- 8 Looks away in a panic; was people-watching *you*.
- 9 A sick bathing suit in an interesting color.
- 10 An...extra eye? Are they an alien?
- J A trench coat, sunglasses and a fedora.
- Q Dyed colorful hair, soaked by the water but still suggesting fun shapes.
- K An awesome tattoo, like a dragon or a skeleton or song lyrics that you recognize.
- A A big surfboard tucked under one arm. They can Unlock the *Surfing* Activity if you befriend them.

If you want to start up a conversation, someone else (who isn't in the conversation) will draw a second Spades card, write down the personal trait below to finish the Stranger. They'll speak as that Stranger until the conversation is over or they get bored.

- 2 Bummed out from a recent breakup.
- 3 Feels like everyone is staring. (They're not, but in fairness, *you* were.)
- 4 A wizard in training at the Magic Academy.
- 5 Desperately looking for buried treasure to save a failing hat shop.
- 6 First day off from work in *years*, and they want to make the most of it.
- 7 Haunted by their fear of stray seagull attacks.
- 8 Is trying to calculate the total tonnage of all this sand.
- 9 Can explain every single cloud formation visible from the beach, if you'd like.
- 10 Actually an alien, but *shh!*
- J Accidentally ran their submarine aground.
- Q Works at one of the snack kiosks, and taking a smoke break before work. They'll get you half-price snacks if you become friends.
- K A stressed parent who could use some help with their kids. They'll give you \$5 if you give them a hand.
- A A cool teen loitering on the sands. They can Unlock the *Loitering* Activity if you manage to impress them.

When we leave a Stranger behind, put their cards together off to the side. When there are no more cards left to draw from, we can pick up Strangers we've already met whenever we need one.

PAINTING THE SKY

Sometimes you want to just sit back and appreciate everyone else having fun. When you're engaged with this activity, take a blank piece of paper or sketchbook and create art depicting what's going on around you. You don't do any Bingos or Whoopsies. You can decide you're done whenever you want and move on to another Activity.

SURFING

This activity starts locked. You'll need to find someone who can surf in order to unlock this activity. When you want to surf, find a six-sided die and draw a little Surf Meter on a piece of paper. Whenever you wanna do a cool trick with your surfboard, roll the Surf Die and refer to the chart below. You may spend tokens to add +1 each to the roll. Afterwards, tick the Surf Meter.

- ☉ **1:** Yikes, broski! You totally beef it and scrape your knee!
- ☉ **2:** Better luck next time, hodag. You get a Token as you slip off the board.
- ☉ **3-4:** Killer job, lil dude.
- ☉ **5-7:** Woahski broski! That was hella tight. You get +1 to your next Surfing roll.
- ☉ **8-99:** Way to carve foam, your royal gnarliness! You realize you're actually really good at this, and get +1 to all future Surfing rolls forever (*mark this on your character sheet*).
- ☉ **100+:** You're the best at surfing, wow! Come up with a new slang word that surfers use now and get the Bingo: "Surf anywhere, even without water."

When the Surf Meter fills up, a *Killer Wave* is coming. Proclaim it to the entire beach, and anyone who decides to come try to catch it can take a token. After everyone who wants to roll the Surf Die rolls it, the sea becomes calm, and there can be no more surfing today.



LOITERING

This activity starts locked. You'll need to find some cool teens to unlock this activity. While Loitering, you can watch anyone do any other activity, and you can cheer them on to give them a Token, bump up their card by 1 value, help them find \$1, or boost their Surf Die roll by 1. Similarly, you can jeer at other beachgoers to steal a Token or \$1 from them, lower their card by 1 value, or lower their Surf Die roll by 1. If someone jeers for a third time before the Beach Time timer goes off, a lifeguard, kiosk worker, or concerned parent will come shoo away everyone who's loitering. Scatter to other activities and lock Loitering again.

FEASTING

This activity starts locked. You can't unlock this activity until the Lacuna Seafood Restaurant opens for business. The Lacuna Seafood Restaurant is open for business, with some delicious meals and outrageous prices. Consult the menu below to see what's available.

- ⦿ **\$1:** Can Of Soda
- ⦿ **\$2:** Clam Chowder
- ⦿ **\$4:** Small Salad
- ⦿ **\$5:** Shrimp Plate
- ⦿ **\$6:** Poutine Fries
- ⦿ **\$7:** Mozzarella Sticks (*Gives you a Token when eaten.*)
- ⦿ **\$8:** Crab Legs (*Gives you two Token when eaten.*)
- ⦿ **\$9:** Bowl Of Mussels (*Can be shared, and everyone who eats some gets a Token.*)
- ⦿ **\$10:** Steamed Giant Clam (*Gives the Bed & Breakfast a  Seashell when eaten.*)
- ⦿ **\$20:** Lobster (*Gives the Bed & Breakfast a  Lobster when eaten.*)



SAILING

This activity starts locked. You'll need a strong sailing vessel to unlock this activity. While sailing, you need at least two players. One of them must be the Captain, and everyone else is a Seahand. Take forty-nine index cards and write the following, each on a different card.

- ⊙ A secret island, full of treasure. *Everyone aboard gets \$5.*
- ⊙ A rocky island with grumpy harpies sunbathing. *Unlock Xanther Erinyes on pg. 206 if they aren't already unlocked.*
- ⊙ A train station sitting in the middle of the waves, inhabited by ghosts.
- ⊙ A siren playing dulcet tones alone on a rocky beach.
- ⊙ A kraken swimming through the waves, too busy to say hi.
- ⊙ A pod of friendly whales.
- ⊙ A forgotten statue beneath the waves.
- ⊙ A floating island mostly hidden by clouds.
- ⊙ The rest of the cards are blank.

Arrange these cards on the table face-down in a 7x7 grid, and choose an object to represent the sailing vessel.

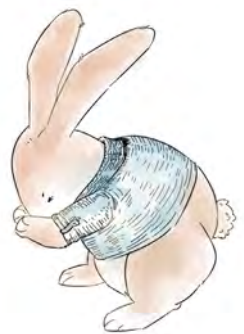
The Captain does a Bingo or Whoopsie in order to move the ship from one card to another. Flip the card over, and the Seahands work together to describe what they see. If the card is blank, it's empty ocean as far as the eye can see, and the crew instead find a moment of beauty together.

If at any point the Beach Time timer threatens your sailing conditions, you must return immediately and cannot sail anymore for the day.

IT'S GETTING DARK

Once the amount of Beach Time we decided upon has elapsed, it's getting dark and time to go back home. Take any tokens, \$, index cards, coins, or whatever other godforsaken trinkets this Chapter hands out and use them as Leftovers. Any Mementos acquired can be given to the Bed & Breakfast, or stuck on the back of your character sheet decoratively.

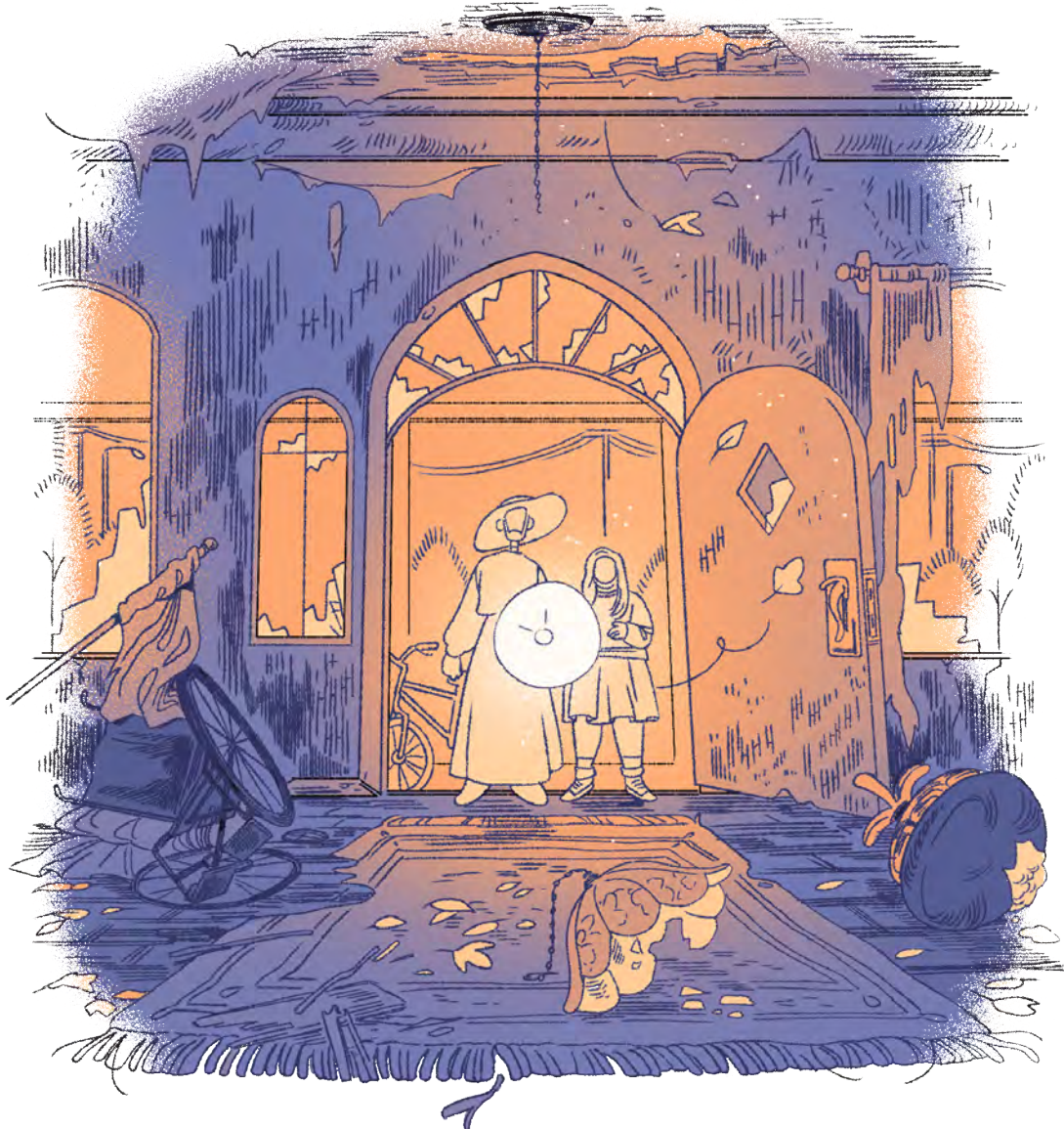
If anyone wants to, they can turn any friends or enemies we made at the beach into Guests for the Bed & Breakfast. If they do, write up some fun facts, Bingos, and Whoopsies, and pick out a Journey for that character, then add them to the Guestbook.



CHAPTER 90

The Witch's Old Hostel

WITH AMELIE, GERTRUDE, AND ANYONE WHO
CAN TREAD LIGHTLY (BUT NEVER YAZEBA)



In which Gertrude and Amelie lead an intrusion into Yazeba's old life.

Tt started when Gertrude was helping Amelie clean out old boxes in the unoccupied storage area of the attic and found what appeared to be an old flier, somehow still in perfect condition and not yellowed by years or transport or storage or tears. As if by magic.

The Everyone Hostel it read, with an iridescent sheen sparkling so brightly it reflected in Amelie's face display and Gertrude's eyes. It was the type designed to be easily slapped on signs, lampposts, old buildings, and dusty storefront windows. An array of colors and shapes made a large heart with a window in it. **We Have Room!** blared out in purple text. Smaller letters in dazzling white, a firm pink, and a soft blue spelled out the address. Amelie buzzed out the postal code.

Robot and girl both blinked at the flier, held gently in Gertrude's chubby fingers and Amelie's usual iron grip.

"Do you think this was it?" Gertrude asked in a hushed voice.

With a robotic whirring, Amelie released their hold on the flier and straightened. "Please clarify," Amelie hummed.

"Do you think this was the place Yazeba had before..." Gertrude trailed off.

Amelie turned slowly to face them, the LED display unblinking in the dim storage attic light. Only the residents closest to Yazeba knew about Yazeba's old place—more by the gossip of the gift shop fairy and others than anything the witch said herself. But it had existed. An old hostel in the heart of the city, as close to society as the Bed & Breakfast was far, that had been lost in smoke and fire. Every time it was retold, the story seemed to change ever so slightly: the exact location, the appearance, the number of occupants, the reason it was destroyed...but in every version, it was destroyed completely and utterly and without any chance of rebuilding. And it always ended the same way: with a distraught and desolate witch selling her heart to protect the very thing her love couldn't.

Amelie's eyes flickered slightly, and they replied simply, "Yes."

Gertrude looked at the sticker again. Felt a tingling in her back. Her fingers. "We should go there," she said.

Amelie turned away speedily and resumed tidying the piles they'd made: giveaway, throwaway, keep and sort neatly. Gertrude had invited herself to help specifically to prevent the throwaway pile from getting too large. She was sure Parish wouldn't appreciate the robotic maidservant throwing away his copies of *Courtly Affairs* and *Knight Etiquette*, bittersweet reminders though they were. However, Amelie had seemed preoccupied with the old clothing found up there; handsome skirts and ruffled blouses, slightly out-of-date dresses and ball gowns, and gorgeous wide-brimmed hats. It was with one of these hats that they now fiddled as they answered softly: "Why?"

"I want to see it," Gertrude breathed.

“Why?” Amelie repeated.

“I want to see what’s worth selling your heart for.”

“Oh, Ms. Gertrude,” Amelie said, and they turned to face her again, still holding the brown hat with its fake yellow flowers. “She lost what she sold it for. All that’s left is the ruins. Why would you walk through someone’s heartbreak?”

Gertrude stared hard at Amelie, who was holding a flowered hat and a long puffy skirt. It wasn’t like the robot to wax poetic. A brief response, a polite nod, barely concealed anxiety was more Amelie’s speed. “I just feel like I have to,” she said at last. She wasn’t sure if she was scared or fascinated.

“If you insist,” Amelie said clearly, sounding more like a robotic maidservant again, “Then I must accompany you.”

“I’d like that,” Gertrude replied, her voice quiet.



Yazeba said nothing when Amelie informed her of their departure and destination. Her eyes simply searched Amelie’s face, then Gertrude’s. Then, with a sharp nod reminiscent of a large bird of prey, Yazeba gave her approval.

“If you have time to look for it, I left an old scarf there.”

“Won’t you be coming with us?” Gertrude quavered.

“Of course not,” Yazeba snapped, and shut her door.



Amelie mounted an old bicycle of Yazeba’s, a cruiser in powder blue with a large pink basket and pink spokes. They turned to Gertrude, and motioned for her to sit on the improvised seat behind them, where back baskets could usually go. Gertrude got on hesitantly, holding on to the robot’s waist.

“What do you know about the old hostel?” she asked hesitantly, as Amelie began pedaling. It didn’t escape her notice that Amelie seemed to know the most about it, just as it hadn’t escaped her notice that they were now wearing the flouncy skirt and pretty hat they’d found in the attic.

“Most of it I extracted from that fiendish gift shop merchant, Monday,” Amelie said, and the tone of their voice indicated a firm dislike. “But...Ms. Yazeba has spoken of it. Rarely. Briefly.” Their voice wavered. “You are not wearing a helmet,” they added disapprovingly.

Gertrude cringed. She knew she’d forgotten something.

“Most bike deaths occur as the result of head injury,” Amelie continued mercilessly. “If we were to be struck by a vehicle—”

“Oh, don’t, don’t!” Gertrude squeaked, and clutched Amelie tighter. “You aren’t wearing a helmet either!”

“My head is made of reinforced steel and titanium with bulletproof casing and glass,” was Amelie’s stern reply. “I do not need a helmet.”

“You just wanted to wear the hat,” Gertrude shot back cheekily.

Amelie was silent.

The landscape changed from uncomfortable highway forest to suburbs, and the “DANGER: DO NOT LEAVE THE ROAD” and “VOIDS AND CREATURES IN THE WOOD” signs slowly disappeared. They were soon replaced by signs such as “NO BLOOD MAGIC WITHIN CITY LIMITS WITHOUT PERMIT” and “CARRIER HAWKS MUST BE TAGGED.” Gertrude giggled at one that said “ALL ROBOTS MUST DEACTIVATE LASER CAPABILITIES,” which Amelie primly ignored. The occasional car transitioned to frequent motorbikes, vans, and flying or teleporting steeds, and the cacophony of the city replaced the eerie silence of the wood. Gertrude almost preferred the wood, and she had noticed that Amelie’s grip on the handlebars tightened enough to split the rubber. Fortunately, the pedestrians, motorists, and mounted riders seemed disinterested in a housemaid robot and a chubby masked girl. Every pedal brought them closer and every pedal seemed to fill them with dread.

Gertrude put her face against Amelie’s back and pretended she was invisible.

It was only when Amelie’s dutiful, if anxious pedals slowed that she looked back up. The neighborhood they’d entered now seemed even more run-down than the tired suburbs full of signs banning blood magic and necromancy. Signs here said “GHOST WATCH IN EFFECT” and “LIMINAL SPACES LIKELY, AVOID CURBS THURSDAY NIGHTS.” Amelie finally came to a halt in front of a large lot sandwiched between two smaller shotgun shacks. A vacant, run-down house covered in vines and graffiti took up most of the lot, though Gertrude thought she could make out the remains of a garden plot in the front. The house had been at least three stories, but in its current ramshackle state she wondered if the floors could support the weight of the living when all that had walked there for years was ghosts.

“We had best look for that scarf,” Amelie said, and their voice was uneven. They allowed Gertrude to get off, then dismounted, wheeling the bike up the cracked front walk. They almost tripped over roots twice as they stared at the front of the house.

The screen on Amelie’s face flickered a bit, perhaps as close of an approximation to organic crying as the robot could ever achieve. Gertrude moved a bit closer, and took Amelie’s hand; they twitched, but did not pull away.

“Are you alright?” Amelie buzzed out softly, sounding more like a friend than a nursemaid.

“Are *you* alright?” Gertrude countered, her voice gentle.

The robot was impossibly still for a few breaths. Then their head swiveled to survey the wreckage before them that none but the most daring of street artists had dared to touch, their tags seeming to immortalize the ruin more than deface it.

Gertrude watched as they took in the charred front steps and rotting porch and disastrously overgrown front yard and shuddered.

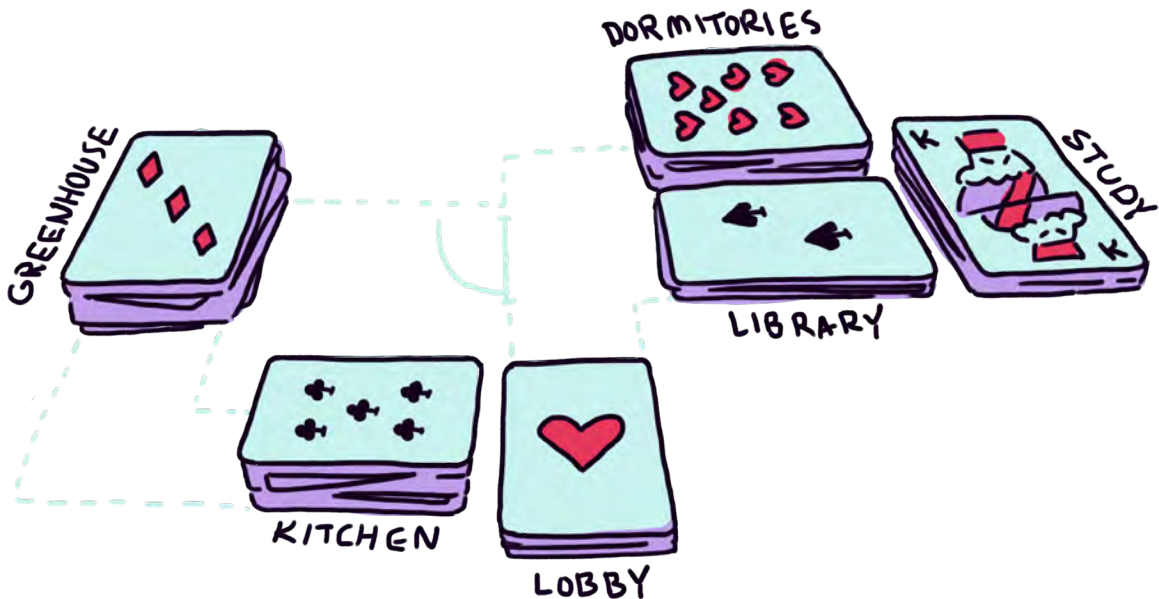
“I have never had the misfortune to explore a ruin of someone’s former life,” Amelie droned quietly, unhappily. “I confess that I am not looking forward to this.”

Gertrude nodded, looking at the broken windows and graffitied walls and open, swinging faded pink door halfway off its hinges. She gulped and squeezed Amelie’s hand tighter. Amelie sounded sad, but Gertrude felt something else tickling the back of her neck. A sensation raising the hairs on her arms and gooseflesh on her back and shoulders. A thrill of foreboding as she saw, reflecting in a broken window, a happy, smiling witch with a magnificently curved nose and a mess of untidy hair. It wasn’t the reflection of a witch who wasn’t present that scared Gertrude, however.

It was seeing a Yazeba that didn’t exist anymore.



EXPLORING THE RUINS



Before the Chapter begins, shuffle a deck of cards and deal out the cards face down into a map of the hostel’s rooms (see the accompanying floorplan). The Lobby should get one fewer card than the others.

Everyone starts the Chapter in the Lobby, but we can move freely to any room unless there’s a face-up card blocking it. Whenever someone wants to investigate the ruined hostel, they reveal the top card of the room they’re in. If it’s an Omen (Aces, Jack, Queen or King) they consult that room’s rules; otherwise they consult the rules for *Debris*.

When you reveal a Hearts or Diamonds card (EXCEPT for the Queen of Hearts), you or anyone else in the room may do a Bingo to pay your respects to what you've found, and collect that card.

When you reveal a Spades or Clubs card, put it face up on top of the pile it came from. Nobody can investigate that room again until the card has been dealt with. If at any point all of the rooms become blocked by Spades or Clubs, we should leave, and the Chapter ends immediately.

CROSSED

If someone has a card on their Character Sheet, they are Crossed. Being Crossed can mean a lot of things, none of them good: you may find yourself losing things, or being unusually clumsy, or feeling particularly sad, or even physically unwell. When you collect a Jack, Queen, or King of Hearts or Diamonds, you may put a card that's Crossing you back in the box.

If anyone gets Triple-Crossed (three or more cards on their character sheet), they fall unconscious and the Chapter ends immediately: leave any Leftover cards behind, and the Bed & Breakfast recovers nothing.

THE SCARF



Yazeba asked for her scarf back. Whenever we find the Queen of Hearts, we'll mark off this Track.

If it fills up, the scarf flutters to the ground, and we can take it and leave this tragic place. Hold on to any collected Hearts and Diamonds as Leftovers for Housekeeping, the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍷 *Tattered Scarf*, and the Chapter ends.

Otherwise, the vision fades. Shuffle the Queen of Hearts into the hostel room with the most remaining cards.

DEBRIS 2-10

- 2-4♦ We find one of the hostel's surviving pamphlets. What were its selling points? What did it look like, before...this?
- 5-9♦ We find a partially intact book. What's it about? What is marked or dog-eared?
- 10♦ We find a ring of keys. What plastic bauble dangles from it, half-melted?
- 2-4♣ The hostel shifts, like the Bed and Breakfast does, but with a *lurch*. Everyone in this room feels like they're falling, and finds themselves in different rooms, with this one inaccessible. We can deal with this card by putting it and a Hearts or Diamonds card we've collected with a higher number back in the box.
- 5-9♣ The room has a *bad vibe* so powerful that it's hard to concentrate. We can deal with this card by putting it and a Hearts or Diamonds card we've collected with a higher number back in the box.
- 10♣ Everything in the room begins to shudder and vibrate, then whirl through the air. Everyone must flee the room. We can deal with this card by doing a Bingo, then putting it and two Hearts or Diamonds cards we've collected back in the box.
- 2-4♠ There's a pile of garbage and rubble to dig through in this room. We can deal with this card by stopping to sift through the mess, getting filthy in the process—put the card on your character sheet if you lead the effort.
- 5-9♠ We find some graffiti left in the building after we abandoned it. What does it say? Is it harmless? If so, we can ignore it, and put it back in the box. If it's not, we can deal with this card by cleaning it, covering it up, or adding a rebuttal or something beautiful, then put it back in the box.
- 10♠ The ceiling collapses, showering us with splinters, dust, and plaster. We can deal with this card by carefully inspecting the room to make sure it's safe to explore: reveal the card beneath it, and if it's Hearts or Diamonds, return this card to the box. Otherwise, put the revealed Spades or Clubs card face-up on an adjacent room, and consult that room's text for it.
- 2-4♥ We discover a singed photograph with that many people in it. Yazeba's there...but who are these strangers? What do they look like?
- 5-9♥ We find a note on a shred of paper, a moldering post-it, or a dingy whiteboard. What does it say?
- 10♥ We find a framed group photo of the hostel's staff and regulars. Yazeba is hugging the people on either side of her. What message is written on the back?

THE LOBBY

- J♦ On the walls, you can see the remains of a beautiful mural that seems to change with the sky outside. What does the weather look like now?
- Q♦ There's a faint psychic echo of someone singing clearly. You can't make out the words but, inexplicably, it's a song of the future. Heartbreak, open doors, prosperity, doom, and security are woven throughout. What is it saying specifically to you?

- K♦** A couple of large planters, cracked and broken, lay about. You can tell from the soil contents that these were no ordinary houseplants. Is there new growth here?
- A♦** Large scratches have torn through the gorgeous murals on the wall and the scorched floor. You don't want to think about what made those marks. Whoever first comments on the marks keeps this card on their character sheet.
- J♣** As soon as you get your bearings it becomes dark—warm and comforting, you know nothing can get you if it can't *see* you. Whoever revealed this card must do a Whoopsie about it immediately, after which the darkness playfully lifts, as though we've been pranked somehow, and we can put the card back in the box.
- Q♣** An old, cracked vase rolls across the floor. In its cerulean glass you see an echo of waves, thick hands commanding the shoreline, and hair that shines like the sea. A song as old as the sea, full of sadness, fills your heart. We can deal with this card by finding a way to cheer one another, and put it back in the box.
- K♣** The remains of an old altar are against a broken window next to the door, and memorial candles with faded smiles lay broken and unused for years. You feel too uncomfortable to make an offering. We can deal with this card by doing a Whoopsie about it, and put it back in the box.
- A♣** There's a spray of dark stains against one wall. You don't want to think about it. Whoever present is the most squeamish places this card on their Character Sheet.
- J♠** Whiffs of herbal ingredients, burning stone, and ritual candles brush against your nose. You become aware that the veil is thin here. We can deal with this card by collecting a Diamond in another room, and return this card to the box.
- Q♠** Shadows dance across the wall, writhing with wild hair and flowing garments. They cannot possibly all be yours. We can deal with this card by staying away until it dies down: once we've each searched somewhere else, we can return this card to the box.
- K♠** The air in here is heavy and cloying, like putting a penny in your mouth. Your heart beats quickly, uneasily. Put this card back in the box, quickly.
- A♠** The air is hot in places and cold in others. You feel coveting eyes upon you. Whoever revealed this card places it on their Character Sheet.
- J♥** Something brushes you lightly on the shoulder, but the touch is comforting and lonely rather than aggressive. How do you react? Do you feel lonely as well?
- Q♥** You see the ghostly shape of a semi-familiar witch behind a burnt desk. You're unused to seeing her smile this bright. She reaches to wave, and is gone. Consult *The Scarf*.
- K♥** In the broken mirror that lay shattered on the floor, you jump at the sight of a brief reflection of kind old eyes, thick white hair, large glasses, and a mass of wrinkles. It's gone after a second. What did they gesture at you?
- A♥** A brief scream cuts the air, thin and empty and not really there. You feel the unwelcome impact of heat, blood, and fear, and worst of all, deep regret that it wasn't you. Whoever flipped the card places it on their Character Sheet.

THE KITCHEN

- J♦** Broken bits of crockery litter the floor and a long counter. Surely some once held salt and flour, but a few have traces indicating more arcane reagents. Do you see any ingredients the Yazeba *you* know uses?
- Q♦** A bright laugh peals through the stale, burnt air. For a moment you smell chicken vindaloo, café con leche, vinegar pie, and other rich foods. What's Yazeba's favorite food? Do you even know?
- K♦** Under the shattered remains of the large farmhouse-style sink you find a bundle of herbs that miraculously escaped the fire. What are they?
- A♦** The remains of the curtains are ripped and tattered by more than just time. Why would anything attack window dressings with such violence? Whoever notices their colors first places this card on their Character Sheet.
- J♣** The old stove sparks once, twice, then is cold again. There's no smell of gas. We can ensure the room is safe by doing a Bingo about it, and return this card to the box.
- Q♣** Vintage postcards of Lacuna Beach paper one wall. You don't recognize them; you've never seen voids in that blue, blue sky before. Anyone can deal with this card by covering them or taking them down, and placing the card on their Character Sheet.
- K♣** Under a part of wall covered in uncanny postcards you find a shakily carved pentagram emanating deeply distressing energy. You don't want to think about what happened to the person who carved this. Return the card to the box. Now.
- A♣** Knives are stuck in the walls, as if thrown quickly and violently in an attack—or defense. Whoever has the softest skin places this card on their Character Sheet.
- J♠** Some old spell tags are placed around the room, seemingly at random. What kind of monster merited the use of such powerful sigils? If anyone recognizes the sigils, place the card on their Character Sheet. Otherwise, return it to the box.
- Q♠** Your shadows detach, running about quite independently. In a breath they return to you, but remain unattached. Place this card on Amelie's Character Sheet.
- K♠** You feel a terrible, ancient hunger. Whoever flipped this card places it on their Character Sheet.
- A♠** The fire burned hottest here. Scorched oil canisters and melted plastic affirm it. It's amazing there's anything left. Whoever flipped this card keeps it on their Character Sheet.
- J♥** An old statue of some saint or spirit lies in the sink basin, wings and heads broken off. You can only see hands raised in welcome; a friendly aura emanates from the figure. Where was this standing before its unceremonious death in the sink?
- Q♥** A shimmer sits at the battered remains of a large, round table; a familiar young witch sharing food and medicine with her peers. You're unused to seeing her smile. Consult *The Scarf*.
- K♥** An old cast iron skillet lies on the cracked tile, far from the rusted stove. Warm, wrinkled hands once used it; it was seasoned to perfection. Do your eyes fill with tears?
- A♥** There's a massive stain of oil right in front of the sink, still dark and slick. You smell spice and iron. Gertrude keeps this card on her Character Sheet.

THE GREENHOUSE

- J♦** Shattered remains of magnificent ceramic planters in various shapes lay here and there. What grew in them? Were the plants happy here?
- Q♦** A vision of a small seedling, then a tiny plant, then a huge, fruit-bearing bush looms in your mind. Is there plant like this in the garden at the Bed & Breakfast?
- K♦** An old cot covered in cobwebs, and a steamer trunk full of clothes. Someone loved this greenhouse so much they slept here. What did this garden witch used to wear?
- A♦** These walls were once fine glass, but are now shattered and stained. Whoever reveals this card reaches out, mesmerized, and is cut—place it on their Character Sheet.
- J♣** Instead of grow lamps there are cleverly enchanted crystals that provide all the light a growing plant needs. But they haven't been used for years now, and only react briefly to the presence of a new witch. Someone with magical potential can deal with this card by doing a Bingo to light them up, and return it to the box.
- Q♣** An old pipe system groans and sprays a stream of brown water. Someone with mechanical know-how can do a Bingo to fix the leak, and return this card to the box.
- J♣** A huge planter of gray soil sits in an aisle. Approaching it gives you the weirdest feeling of dust and decay and mourning. It's in the way, but nobody should touch it, right? If someone does, they can deal with this card by placing it on their Character Sheet.
- A♣** Dark spatters dot the floor around a torn seed catalog, which must have held a trove of heritage seeds. You wish you could've saved them. Whoever flips this card keeps it on their Character Sheet.
- J♠** A blackened stump grows directly up through the tiles. A sigil is carved at the base of the tree, still faintly thrumming with a half-completed spell from ages ago. We can deal with this card by doing a Whoopsie about it, and put it back in the box.
- Q♠** You hear a whisper on the wind, and the earthy air of the greenhouse stirs slightly. An unwelcome breeze brushes your face, but does not linger. Whoever revealed this card must do a Whoopsie about it immediately, then may return it to the box.
- K♠** An ancient sigil on the floor is accompanied by inscriptions in Ladino, Old English, and two languages you don't recognize. It flares to life at your presence, but it's been so long, and it is so tired. We can deal with this card by staying away until it dies down: once we've each searched somewhere else, we can return this card to the box.
- A♠** This glorious space was once a paradise of life. Now, only the frayed remains of hanging lights and rusted pipes remain. Amelie places this card on their Character Sheet.
- J♥** There's a small book under a wrought iron stand that lies upended on the floor. In the front, you see "With love, Yazeba" scrawled on a title page. What book is it?
- Q♥** A glittering figure in gardening gloves clips a sprig of rosemary as long as her arm. She'd look familiar, if she weren't laughing at someone's joke. Consult *The Scarf*.
- K♥** A flicker of light reveals the reflection of an elderly gardener tending to freshly sprouted poisonous plants. After a moment, the reflection is gone, but the delicate scent of belladonna flower remains. What other plants grew here?
- A♥** An outline in the dirt; his love for this greenhouse was his undoing. He was so close to the exit—he could have fled. He stayed among the flames anyway, and then it didn't matter how many orchids he saved. Amelie places this card on their Character Sheet.

THE LIBRARY

- J♦** Charcoal sketches are blown across the room, some scientific, others clearly more for artistic leisure. You can tell there were more. So many more. What kind of diagrams, landscapes, and figures remain?
- Q♦** A crystal ball, large as a human head, survived. A kind face in a vibrant headscarf briefly dances across the surface, then disappears. Did they see all this coming?
- K♦** Charred manuscripts in Hebrew and Sanskrit are piled in a silver holder. Their focus is agriculture, weather, and geography. Could they be of any use to you now?
- A♦** You're struck by the size of the space; no library this size could possibly fit in the dingy ruin you'd seen from the sidewalk. But then again, this was a library of witches, and you remember—anything is possible, isn't it?
- J♣** A tinkling laugh rings out from the skeletal remains of blackened bookshelves. You have not earned the right to walk among forbidden knowledge. Whoever present has a Journey closest to completion keeps this card on their Character Sheet.
- Q♣** An old salty smell assaults your senses. This place is ancient and young simultaneously, like the deep and shallow sea. The inviting song of lost knowledge pulls you among the maze of burnt shelves. Whoever flipped this card is lost in the Library until it's dealt with by revealing all of the remaining cards in the Library.
- K♣** Runes decorate the remaining parts of the wooden floor, emanating a feeling of guilt. You feel like you're intruding. If you explore the Library anyway, do a Whoopsie about it and place this card on your Character Sheet.
- A♣** A maze of perfect bookcases, a repository of arcane knowledge, all smashed and burnt and blackened and charred. So much was lost here, in violence and fire. Gertrude places this card on her Character Sheet.
- J♠** There might have been manuscripts and first editions here that nowhere else will ever have. So much knowledge, gone. Gertrude places this card on her Character Sheet.
- Q♠** The maze casts shadows in every direction. You can't be sure you didn't see some of them moving, but as you enter the dusty, burnt space, they settle in place. Whoever revealed this card must do a Whoopsie about it immediately, and return it to the box.
- K♠** A bowl with a dark stain lies in front of a cracked pedestal, emanating anger and resentment. Its unholy shine catches your eye. You feel pinioned in place, like a butterfly specimen in a glass case. Whoever revealed this card is stuck. We can deal with it by checking in on them with a Bingo, and return it to the box.
- A♠** The rank smell of wood and lacquer gone up in smoke lingers, and your heart aches at the care put into this place. Years of gathering, making, and restoring tomes, gone in—what? A few hours? Whoever revealed this card places it on their Character Sheet.
- J♥** A golden cage lays on its side in a nook that, once upon a time, was cozy and inviting. Rat pellets are scattered everywhere and the metal frame is charred, but you still feel a tiny, welcoming presence perched on it. Who is this friendly, fading ghost?
- Q♥** A vision in the window: a young witch excitedly shows a passage to her neighbor at a carrel desk. You've never seen her so comfortable with another person. Consult *The Scarf*.
- K♥** Someone spent countless hours here, cataloging the books, making things easy to find. If you squint, you can just make out a flicker of a ghost tending the library as if it was still a vibrant repository of information. What does the ghost do, before fading away?
- A♥** The sound of roaring fire fills the air before dissipating quickly as it came. You feel an impact, and heat, and hear a fervent, whispered prayer. Whoever revealed this card places it on their Character Sheet.

THE DORMITORIES

- J♦ The hallways are painted with sacred geometries and intricate floral patterning. You find sigils for peace, compassion, and harmony. Why didn't these protections work here?
- Q♦ A rush of cool air passes you in the hallway, accompanied by pounding footsteps. It's easy to imagine people traversing this hallway to and from their cozy little rooms. How do these rooms compare to those at the Bed and Breakfast?
- K♦ Someone put hooks in the long hallway's ceiling that might've once held—what? Lights? Houseplants? Signage? It's all gone now.
- A♦ The hallways are painted with beautiful sacred geometries and intricate floral patterning. Massive claw marks rend through the artwork as if it were wet paper. Whoever revealed this card places it on their Character Sheet.
- J♣ You find an old illusionist's coin on the tile floor, under a mural of an archangel's cube and yellow ivy and daffodils. One side has a bird on it. The other is too blackened by fire to make out. Whoever would like to keep the coin can do a Whoopsie about it, and return this card and any cards Crossing them to the box.
- Q♣ One door is painted with a glorious view of an emerald green ocean, contrasting with the geometric wall murals. The door is seemingly locked, but there are ways to bypass witch locks. We can do a Bingo to deal with this card and return it to the box.
- K♣ Before one of the many doors in the hallway is a small sigil carved politely into the floor. It lights up as you approach, then fades out feebly. The room beyond feels dark and comforting. Anyone may deal with this card by spending a few silent minutes inside, then return the card to the box.
- A♣ A door hangs in the damp, moldy hallway, halfway torn from its hinges and marred by ferocious gouges. Whoever feels most vulnerable places this card on their Character Sheet.
- J♠ Sigils invoking spirits of protection and health are carved all along the baseboards to a long, damp hallway—what's left of them. Someone took great care to protect this place. It didn't work. The sigils flare up in response to your presence, as if readying themselves to protect against a new threat. Someone with magical potential can deal with this card by doing a Bingo to placate them, and return the card to the box.
- Q♠ An unpleasant laugh reaches your ears, as if daring you to try and follow without falling through the rotting floorboards. Whoever revealed this card must do a Whoopsie about it immediately, and then we can return it to the box.
- K♠ A horrible dark stain marks the corridor wall, and though the damp hallway has many scorch marks, this is the only mark of its kind you can find. We can't deal with this card, but we can try to ignore it: shuffle it back into the Dormitories pile.
- A♠ This long hallway stinks of mold and damp, but the fires didn't spare it. You see scorch marks everywhere—almost as if something intentionally aimed at certain spots. Whoever revealed this card places it on their Character Sheet.
- J♥ Each door once bore a sign, painted by someone with a skilled and loving hand. The names are faded, but can you make out some of the designs and personalized flourishes?
- Q♥ This room at the end of the hall...it had to be hers. It was tidy and colorful, not at all like her dark and cluttered den today. You catch a whiff of perfume and cigarettes. Consult *The Scarf*.
- K♥ You find a room furnished not unlike a grandma's. Old crochet covers and a heating pad for the feet lie scattered across the floor—people of all ages were comfortable here. Where did they all go, after?
- A♥ You hear a forlorn whisper in a voice you don't recognize, and you know she wasn't there to save them. Whoever revealed this card places it on their character sheet.

THE STUDY

- J♦** A horribly mangled wooden shelving unit that must have been beautiful once lays upended, strewn with ruined art supplies about—a half-empty tube of wood glue, dried out paintbrushes, a chisel. What did they carve on the old shelf?
- Q♦** An scattered array of wooden divining sticks and bones lie on the floor, still thrumming slightly with psychic echoes. What does their current arrangement portend?
- K♦** You're surprised by a few pots and planters in here—wouldn't succulents and snake plants be kept in the greenhouse? But someone kept them here, in this dusty window, and loved them. How well did the pots survive the fire?
- A♦** Posters of arcane rituals, herbal references, and ley line maps once papered these walls. You can barely make them out now. Do you recognize any of the directions that survived the fire? If so, place this card on your Character Sheet.
- J♣** A slight tapping emanates from one side of the study, friendly and playful. It increases in volume and frequency until it stops quickly, suddenly. Angrily. Whoever revealed this card places it on their Character Sheet.
- Q♣** A dust-covered velvet painting of an emerald green ocean leans against the wall, forgotten, in a dark corner. It fills the room with implausible coldness, its baleful colors emanating chill. Someone who's immune to cold can deal with this card by doing a Whoopsie about it, and return it to the box.
- K♣** A stack of charred—but inexplicably intact—books sits upon the remains of an elaborately carved wooden desk. Somehow, the corpse candles next to them also survived the fire unmelted. If you touch and look through the dreadful texts, place this card on your Character Sheet. Otherwise, shuffle this card into the room with the most remaining cards.
- A♣** Most of the desks in here have been smashed beyond repair. A fire couldn't have done that on its own. Whoever revealed this card keeps it on their Character Sheet.
- J♠** Some odd orbs and flashing lights dance across the room, blowing ash and smoke on your face as if daring you to follow them. Whoever revealed this card must do a Whoopsie about it immediately, then return it to the box.
- Q♠** Shadows run across the floor, almost as if fleeing something—and you hear the floorboards creak heavily. Something approaches, but all you feel is sheer dread. You have to get out. You don't know what it is. You have to get out. We can deal with this card by staying away until it moves on: once we've all searched somewhere else, we can return this card to the box.
- K♠** Iron essence and copper scent fill the air, almost suffocating. Something ancient and terrible once slithered through the glass window, and it stunk of blood and bone. We can deal with this card by finding a way to make the air here breathable again, and return the card to the box.
- A♠** This room was largely spared the fire, but something worse happened here. Ancient guts and old poems sully the air, and the floor is oily with regret and ichor. Arcane rituals couldn't even save them. Whoever revealed this card places it on their Character Sheet.
- J♥** The bronze statue of a traveler spirit stands in the glass window, stained by ichor and anguish. Its open hands are worn smooth and shining from repeated touch. What offerings did they drape from its arms, and around its neck?

Q♥

A flicker of someone sits at an upended, broken chair, her bony back curved as she studies something intently. You've never seen her spells suffused with joy like this, as she twists and turns the floating runes. Consult *The Scarf*.

K♥

An old wheelchair sits on its side, one wheel full of bent spokes and a handle completely broken. The seat sags and the lovingly painted front wheels are chipped. You see glyphs and sigils all along it—how was it enchanted?

A♥

An old wheelchair sits on its side, one wheel full of bent spokes and a handle completely broken. The seat sags and the lovingly painted front wheels are chipped. The cloth backing of the chair is stained dark. Whoever revealed this card places it on their Character Sheet.

CHAPTER 86 *Back To School*

WITH HEY KID, GERTRUDE, MOON PRINCE,
AND ANYONE BUT GROWNUPS



In which Hey Kid and the rest of the teens have to spend a year attending Veilridge High.



Gertrude knocked on Yazeba's door, a cup of tea in her hand. The brass knocker leered and growled, but a stern glare was enough to quiet it. With no answer, she slipped past the heavy oaken door and into Yazeba's study. It wasn't the first time she'd stepped foot in the most private room of the witch's house, but it never failed to take her breath away. She skirted around a massive astrolabe (her breath catching as she nearly knocked it over) and came to stand by the witch's mahogany desk, where shimmering crystals, twirling pendants, and unidentifiable mystical apperati surrounded a clunky ink-stained typewriter.

Yazeba was asleep, face down on the desk, pressed against a piece of paper. Gertrude could read only two words near the top: "Hey Kid."

She put the tea down onto the table, and the witch awoke with a start.

"Forms afire! What are you doing here?" She unstuck the page from her face and swept it under an eerily-lifelike silver monkey statuette.

"It's ten a.m., and I figured I'd bring you some tea." She looked over at the monkey. "What's up with the paper you just hid?"

Yazeba snarled, and went to mutter a condescending lie. But she could feel Gertrude's eyebrow raise under her mask, and the witch swallowed her pride. "It's from the government. They've been getting on my case about the Kid, saying that if they're not enrolled in at least one year of classes, then agents will start coming around and...asking questions."

"What are you going to do then?"

"What else?" Yazeba shrugged, and let out a weary sigh. "I stayed up all night figuring out how to enroll Kid at the local high school. Starts Monday."

Gertrude turned as white as a sheet. "No! You can't send Hey Kid to high school! They're...they're going to get eaten alive!"

Yazeba sighed, looked down at her desk, and sipped from her tea. "Not much can be done. Quit worrying—they'll be fine."

Gertrude felt hot tears well up under her mask. She stormed out of the study without another word, leaving Yazeba alone.



The Moon Prince was still wearing pajamas, steadily making their way down the many flights of stairs. It had been a while since they'd crash-landed on Earth, but their heart and bones still hadn't adjusted to the heavier gravity. And so they nearly tripped over Gertrude, who was curled up at the corner of the landing, sobbing.

"Woah, hey—Gertrude, what's wrong?" They gracefully pulled themselves onto the stairs, and rested their hand close to Gertrude's shoulder.

"Yazeba...Yazeba's making Hey Kid go to *high school*," Gertrude uttered these words with such venom that the Moon Prince was worried it might peel up the tacky wallpaper.

“What’s the harm in that? I’ve seen a lot of Earth movies, and high school didn’t seem *that* bad...”

Gertrude sighed. “You wouldn’t get it. High school is where creativity goes to die. You take happy kids and you,” she mimed crushing the air like a trash compactor. “And all you’re left with are soulless corporate drones, ready to live identical pointless lives. The moment Hey Kid steps foot in that place...”

The Moon Prince sat for a moment, their heart heavy. “Is there any way we can help?”

Gertrude shrugged with defeat. “What am I even gonna do MP? Go back to high school pretending to be an ordinary Veilridge resident so I can keep our favorite demon child safe from complete existential collapse?”

“Hey, that’s not a bad idea. And besides, you wouldn’t have to do it alone. I’ve always wanted to go to school and see what it’s like for you human teens.”

Gertrude blinked. “I mean...I’m down if you are. Just, can you promise me one thing?” She fidgeted with the seam of her hoodie. “I didn’t think I’d ever be back at school, and I don’t think I could do it alone. You’ll stick with me, right MP?”

Moon Prince wrapped one arm around Gertrude. “I promise. We got this.”



Hey Kid stared at the Moon Prince with wide-open eyes. “I’m going to *school*? I’ve never *been* to school before!” Their grubby hands furiously scrabbled through the backpack full of folders, notebooks, pencils and calculators.

“Yep! And we’ll be with you every step of the way.” The Moon Prince beamed. “It’ll be an adventure! Think of all the things you’ll get to learn about.”

Gertrude did her best to sound excited. “Yeah, we’re going to get to... do homework...”

The Moon Prince glanced over, and smiled even wider to compensate. “Make new friends!”

“Get into arguments—”

“—About how much fun you’ll have at parties!” Moon Prince’s elbow found a home in Gertrude’s side, and she reluctantly smiled under her mask.

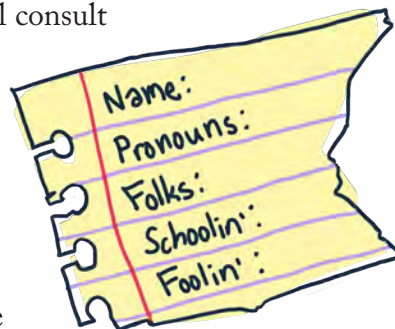
“Gertrude, MP, don’t worry.” Hey Kid cracked their knuckles, trying to act way more confident than they actually were. “We got this. When it comes to making friends and talking about cool things, I’m a pro. This will be *awesome*. Besides, how hard can one year of school be?”



FRANTIC MOOD

Before this Chapter starts, we'll put a big pile of Chaos Coins where everyone can reach them. Whenever anyone wants to tick a track, they'll consult their Chaos Coins:

- ☉ If they don't have any Chaos Coins, they succeed right away, and take a Chaos Coin.
- ☉ If they do have Chaos Coins, they flip all of them at once, and if *all* the coins come up heads, they succeed! Otherwise, they don't tick the track and must do a Whoopsie about it. Either way, they take another Chaos Coin.



Anyone can cash in five Chaos Coins to tick a track right away. When any of us does a Bingo, they may give away all their Chaos Coins to someone else, making the whole mess their problem. (*That person shouldn't then turn around and return the coins with a new Bingo—no tag backs!*)

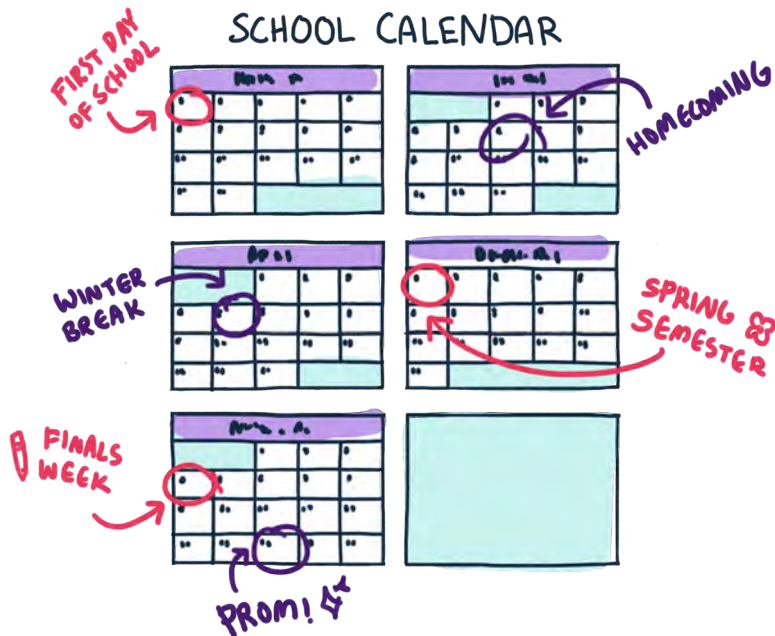
DAY PLANNERS

High school is a constant battle, where students must balance academic achievement and social acceptance to survive. At the beginning of the Chapter, each student takes some paper and labels it their planner. Whenever you describe a student, teacher or group at school, note them down on your planner. Decorate the planner however you want, and draw two boxes, leaving space beneath each one for talleys as the Chapter progresses. In this Chapter, you divide your Chaos Coins into two pools, one for Schoolin' and one for Foolin'.

Stress in high school hangs around for longer than it does back home. When you do a Bingo in this Chapter, you can give away your Chaos Coins from either pool.

THE CALENDAR

As the Chapter progresses through the school year, keep track of it on the Calendar, starting on *The First Day of Classes*. As you proceed through the Calendar, consult each associated section.



FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

When Sal drops everyone off in front of the squat, brick school building of Veilridge High, everyone should describe their crisp new back-to-school outfits, what emotion they're hiding, and where they sit during class. Whenever you want to make a good first impression at school, pick a Small Victory and consult your corresponding coin pool. If you succeed, mark a tally for yourself under that heading. Each student can have any particular Small Victory only once.

SMALL VICTORIES

- Pay attention during class. (Schoolin')
- Raise your hand and answer a question when no one else was willing to. (Schoolin')
- Get all of your homework done. (Schoolin')
- Make a new friend, and tell us about them. (Foolin')
- Figure out where you're sitting during lunch. (Foolin')
- Join an afterschool club, and tell us about it. (Foolin')

Whenever you would have to do a Whoopsie, check off one of the Major Setbacks instead. When all of the Major Setbacks are checked off or everyone has at least three victory tallies marked, we'll move on to *the Fall Semester*.

MAJOR SETBACKS

- **Hey Kid:** Tell us about a teacher and how you frustrate them in class.
- **Gertrude:** Tell us about a group of students who bully you, and how they do it.
- **Moon Prince:** Tell us about a group of students, and what they pressure you to do.
- **Anyone:** Tell us how you ruin your outfit.
- **Anyone:** Tell us how you reveal an embarrassing gap in knowledge between you and your peers.
- **Anyone:** Tell us how you get detention—on the FIRST DAY!

THE FALL SEMESTER

It's been about a month now, and everyone's used to Sal dropping them off for the daily routine of school. Everyone should chat about the following questions while jotting down their answers in their Planner:

- ⊙ What class are you best at?
- ⊙ Which class are you worst at?
- ⊙ Who's someone you're getting along with?
- ⊙ Who can't you stand?
- ⊙ Where do you sit during lunch?
- ⊙ How has your wardrobe changed since the start of school, and why?

GURRICULARS

Then, each student chooses two 5-part tracks to work on. Multiple students can choose the same Track.

- Get all A+s this semester. *Reward: 5 tallies under Schoolin'*
- Join a study group to cram for the midterms. *Reward: 4 tallies under Schoolin' and 1 under Foolin'*
- Complete a big group project. *Reward: 3 tallies under Schoolin' and 2 under Foolin'*
- Become the president of a club, sport, QSA, or other extracurricular. *Reward: 2 tallies under Schoolin' and 3 under Foolin'*
- Get accepted into a clique, and sit with them at lunch. *Reward: 1 tally under Schoolin' and 4 under Foolin'*
- Prove that you're cool to the most popular or notorious clique in school. *Reward: 5 tallies under Foolin'*

	FIRST	LAST			
	EXAMPLE				
	○	○	☑	○	○
	○	○	○	●	○
	FILL IN COMPLETELY				
1	○	○	○	○	○
2	○	○	○	○	○
3	○	○	○	○	○
4	○	○	○	○	○
5	○	○	○	○	○
6	○	○	○	○	○

GROWING PAINS

Gertrude, Hey Kid and Moon Prince each have two extra Whoopsies during this time of year.

- ✦ **Gertrude:** Point out a way that the school trains everyone to submit to authority and conform. Give another student a Chaos Coin under Schoolin'.
- ✦ **Gertrude:** Rudely withdraw from your friends when you realize that they're adapting better than you. Give another student a Chaos Coin under Foolin'.
- ✦ **Hey Kid:** Need extra help on your homework and drag a friend into tutoring you at the expense of their own. Give another student a Chaos Coin under Schoolin'.
- ✦ **Hey Kid:** Cling to your older friends and cramp their style. Give another student a Chaos Coin under Foolin'.
- ✦ **Moon Prince:** Try to explain something, but make your friend feel stupid instead. Give another student a Chaos Coin under Schoolin'.
- ✦ **Moon Prince:** Ditch everyone else to go hang out with your *new* friends. Give another student a Chaos Coin under Foolin'.

Whenever you complete a Track, let the table know. The Fall Semester ends once every student has completed at least one Track.

HOMECOMING

The first big formal of Veilridge High is upon us, and the gymnasium has been awkwardly converted into a tinsel-covered ballroom. Tell everyone what outfit you're wearing to homecoming, why you're wearing it, and consult the table below based on how many tallies in Foolin' you have.

- ⊙ **6+ Tallies:** You arrive with your clique, color-coordinated and well-prepared. Why are you still worried you don't fit in?
- ⊙ **3-5 Tallies:** You arrive with a single friend, someone who invited you. Why do you trust them, against your better judgment?
- ⊙ **Fewer than 3 Tallies:** You arrive entirely alone, without any friends. Why are you here?

You can skip homecoming if you would like, in order to study for the upcoming midterms. If you do, erase all your Foolin' tallies and get 2 Schoolin' tallies. Write "LOSER" in your planner.

MIDTERMS

Midterms are here, and everyone is taking tests, scrambling for help, and getting their semester report cards. Consult the table below to see how well you did in school. You don't have to tell anyone your results.

- ⊙ **6+ Tallies:** You've gotten As in all your classes. You're an honors student! Why does that make you feel lonely?
- ⊙ **3-5 Tallies:** You get good grades in most of your classes except one. Choose which class you're barely passing, and which you got an A in. Why do you still not feel good enough?
- ⊙ **Fewer than 3 Tallies:** You are failing multiple classes. Why do you bother?

You can cheat at the midterms if you want, cashing in on some cred in order to get a better grade. If you do, erase all your Schoolin' tallies, get 2 Foolin' tallies, and decide what grades you got. Write "CHEATER" in your planner.

WINTER BREAK

School is out for two weeks, and we should decide, as a group, what to do with our break:

If we decide to do a good job on the mountain of homework we've been assigned, everyone should take one Chaos Coin into each of their pools, then mark three tallies under Schoolin'. Walk away from the table for at least 15 minutes to drink water, stretch, and use the bathroom before returning to the game.

If we decide to go back to our normal magical adventures for two weeks, we'll pause this Chapter and go play an earlier Chapter of *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast* with these characters (preferably one that seems appropriately wintry and fun). When we complete it, we'll come back, and each of us may lose one Chaos Coin and mark three tallies under Foolin'.

THE SPRING SEMESTER

School starts in the last dark mornings of winter, and Sal is half asleep when he drops you off for school near dawn. Everyone should chat about the following questions while jotting down their answers in their Planners:

- ☉ How has the school changed since the Fall?
- ☉ Why did one of your classes suddenly get way, way harder?
- ☉ Who has changed dramatically over the break?
- ☉ Who is treating you way differently than they did last semester?
- ☉ Where do you sit during lunch?
- ☉ Do you have enough layers for cold mornings and hot afternoons?

EXTRA CURRICULARS

Then, each student chooses two tracks to work on.

- ☉ **2-Part Track:** Slack off—none of this matters anyway. *Reward: 2 tallies under Foolin'.*
- ☉ **3-Part Track:** Work hard at all your classes. *Reward: 4 tallies under Schoolin'.*
- ☉ **4-part Track:** Find someone special to go to Prom with you, and tell us who. *Reward: 6 tallies under Foolin'.*
- ☉ **5-Part Track:** Make real friends with a teacher, who can be your mentor. *Reward: 6 tallies under Schoolin'.*
- ☉ **6-Part Track:** Abandon your current group of friends to fit in with an even cooler clique. *Reward: 9 tallies under Foolin'. Write "TRAITOR" in your Planner.*
- ☉ **7-Part Track:** Uncover and reveal a secret ring of cheaters working within the school. *Reward: 10 tallies under Schoolin'. Write "SNITCH" in your Planner.*
- ☉ **8-Part Track:** Plan and execute an outrageous prank for the last day of school. *Reward: 12 tallies under Foolin'.*
- ☉ **9-Part Track:** Become valedictorian of your grade. *Reward: 15 tallies under Schoolin'. Draw a crown in your Planner.*
- ☉ **10-Part Track:** Become the universally agreed-upon most popular kid in school, beloved by all. *Reward: 15 tallies under Foolin'. Draw a crown in your Planner.*



SCHOOL IS OTHER PEOPLE

Gertrude, Hey Kid and Moon Prince each have two extra Whoopsies during this time of year.

- ✦ **Gertrude:** Snap at Hey Kid in a moment of thoughtless frustration. Double all of Hey Kid's Chaos Coins.
- ✦ **Gertrude:** Tell the Moon Prince all the ways they've hurt you. Double all of the Moon Prince's Chaos Coins.
- ✦ **Hey Kid:** Pick a fight with a bully, then hide behind Gertrude. Double all of Gertrude's Chaos Coins.
- ✦ **Hey Kid:** Have a huge explosive meltdown in the hallway right in front of the Moon Prince. Double all of the Moon Prince's Chaos Coins.
- ✦ **Moon Prince:** Tell Gertrude exactly what she's doing wrong if she wants to survive high school. Double all of Gertrude's Chaos Coins.
- ✦ **Moon Prince:** Fall apart in front of Hey Kid, and make them feel hopeless about their own chances. Double all of Hey Kid's Chaos Coins.


Whenever a student completes a track, let the table know. The Spring Semester ends once every student *but one* has completed a track.

FINALS WEEK

Draw up a little report card for yourself in your Planner, with 4 classes that you took this year. Spend Schoolin' tallies to get grades:

- ⊙ **1 Tally:** You barely (just barely!) passed this class.
- ⊙ **2 Tallies:** You got a decent grade in this class.
- ⊙ **4 Tallies:** You aced this class! Write a Bingo, Whoopsie, or Fact on your Character Sheet related to something you learned in this class.

If you don't spend any tallies on a class, that means you failed it. If you passed all of your classes, write "I graduated from high school!" under your Facts About Me. Additionally, you can spend any excess Schoolin' tallies on the following:

- ⊙ **1 Tally:** You found a cool book. Take an index card, write the name of the book, its author, and a bit about what it's about, and give it to the Bed & Breakfast for safekeeping.
- ⊙ **3 Tallies:** You discovered something you're passionate about. Write a Bingo, Whoopsie, or Fact on your Character Sheet related to your newfound passion.
- ⊙ **5 Tallies:** You got accepted into a prestigious college. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Tassel and Mortar*.

You don't want to show your grades to your friends, instead describe Yazeba's reaction to the report card she gets in the mail. Once everyone knows their grades, we'll move on to *Prom*.

PROM

The big capstone event that the whole year has been building to is here, and tensions are high. No matter how the school year has gone so far, everyone's memories of what it was like will pivot on just this one night.

Who do you arrive with? How good a match is your friendship? How good a match are your outfits? (Sal can take you if nobody else will, but he's not exactly "high school cool.")

Play out Prom like any other scene, but don't use Bingos and Whoopsies normally. Instead, you may spend Foolin' tallies at any point in order to do one of the following:

- ⊙ **1 Tally:** Do one of your Whoopsies.
- ⊙ **2 Tallies:** Recognize how someone made your year better.
- ⊙ **3 Tallies:** Do one of your Bingos.
- ⊙ **4 Tallies:** Apologize to someone, and make peace.
- ⊙ **5 Tallies:** Reveal the true nature of one of your enemies to the whole school.
- ⊙ **7 Tallies:** Turn a school friendship into a real, actual, meaningful friendship.
- ⊙ **10 Tallies:** Get elected the Prom Monarch, or steal the title from someone else.

The Bed & Breakfast gets a 🍷 *Prom Sash*.

Prom ends once everyone has run out of Tallies.

SCHOOL'S OUT FOR SUMMER

Summer proper has arrived, and this long year is finally over. As Sal drives you home from your last day of yearbook signings and movie-watching, everyone should take turns saying one sentence of narration summing up the school year and what they learned.

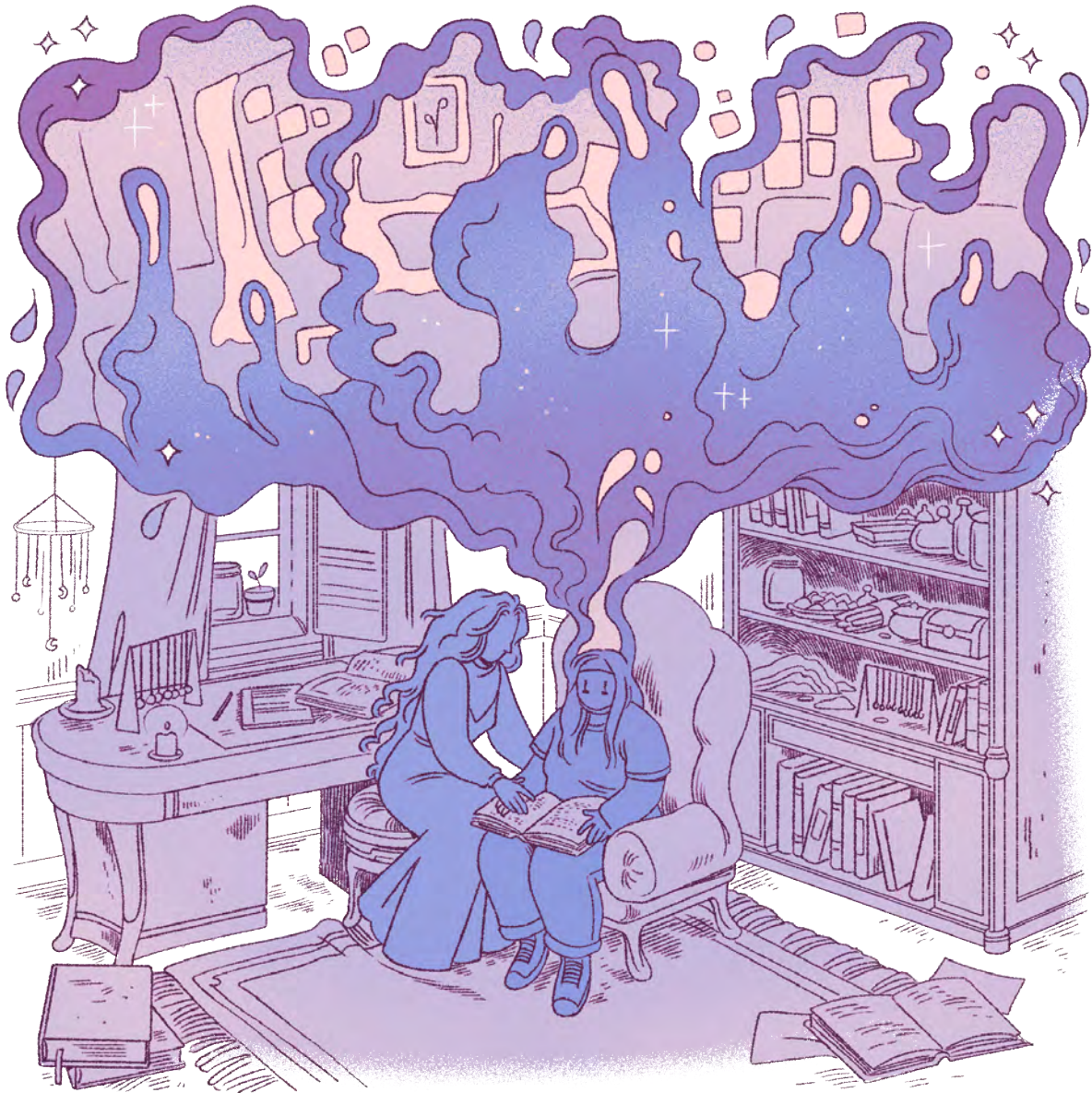
When you're done describing the final moments of the year, clip your Planner to your character sheet, and then the Chapter ends. Hold on to any Chaos Coins you've collected as Leftovers for Housekeeping.

If anyone wants to, they can turn any friends or enemies made along the way into Guests for the Bed & Breakfast. If they do, write up some fun facts, Bingos, and Whoopsies, and pick out a Journey for that character, and add them to the Guestbook.

CHAPTER 98

Home

WITH GERTRUDE, YAZEBA, AND ANYONE SUPPORTIVE



*In which Gertrude casts a spell to return to her childhood,
and confront the darkness waiting there.*

Gertrude wasn't sure what the catalyst had been that had stirred up the long forgotten memory. There was no pinpointing how that dormant seed in her mind had finally begun to sprout, but once the memory came to her, it couldn't be forgotten again. In the middle of the night Gertrude awoke, but it wasn't from the shrill beep of the washing machine's finished cycle.

One word skipped out from Gertrude then, her mind still half-unconscious and clinging to the epiphany:

"Locket..."

Hanging a "Do No Disturb" sign upon the jeweled handle to Yazeba's bedroom door was unnecessary; the door itself stood imposingly, monolithic at the end of the hall. Yet Gertrude stood, still dressed in her sleeping clothes and illuminated only by the moonlight. Her fist hung in the air for what felt like minutes, mustering up the resolve to finally knock. But as soon she took a steely breath to do it, the door swung open of its own accord.

"Frost afire! What is it, girl?!"

"M-Ma'am?"

"If you so desire to knock upon my door, then for heavens' sake, do it! Better my sleep be interrupted by the noise than by your incessant *intendings!*"

Gertrude took the verbal lashing in stride, neither cowering nor apologizing, her fist still hanging in the air.

The silence stood for a moment. "Well?" Yazeba demanded, though any true heat in her voice had fizzled out.

Gertrude swallowed and mirrored Yazeba's posture. "I need you to show me the Obtaining Spell..."

Gertrude had borne witness to it only twice, but she'd taken rapt note of the details, quietly marveling when a tangible artifact appeared in Yazeba's hands from thin air: a mug of coffee, a ripe tropical fruit from a distant land—and perhaps now, a treasured locket.

The witch wasted no breath asking why Gertrude suddenly needed to know this spell in the middle of the night. Even through her mask, Yazeba could see something in the teenager's eye that had been only a flicker, a year ago. She languidly outstretched one arm, ignoring how Gertrude's posture temporarily pivoted from confident to confused. A second later, a luxurious robe flew from some hidden corner of the room and covered the heartless witch.

Yazeba stalked swiftly past her, murmuring, "To the study, then." It took Gertrude a second to remember to follow, as shocked as she was thankful to have been taken seriously. Candles lit themselves at their entrance, casting an amber glow all around them. They sat across from each other on the floor, with the length of Yazeba's robe hiding whether her legs were crossed, bent at the knees, or hovering above the ground entirely.

Though the logistics of the Obtaining Spell were simple enough, those tended to be the most difficult to execute. Foraging for specific herbs to mince, ferment, and boil for a spell was time-consuming, but ultimately foolproof.

“Whatever item you wish you obtain is just a distraction,” the elder witch yawned, sage wisdom tempered by sleepiness. “Your main focus must be the place it rests. If you can’t visualize that, we should just go back to bed.”

“I understand.” Gertrude nodded with feigned confidence, gripping her knees a tad too tightly for support.

“And,” Yazeba interjected with force, her annoyance of having her pearls of wisdom brushed off so easily not escaping Gertrude, “Knowing why you desire this item so badly, is also key.”

“I guess I—”

“You *guess*? You’ll need to do more than that if you want this spell to work.”

“I *understand*.” A beat of silence nestled between them, enough time for both to recenter and bite back whatever venom was still on their tongues.

“Well then. Begin.”

Small aspects of Gertrude’s childhood home, seemingly unimportant things, began to emerge in her mind. The matte finish of that checkered linoleum kitchen floor, the familiar squeal from the rusted door-hinge in the bathroom—each minute detail grounded her even more. She turned her mind to travel upstairs, towards the attic. The locket was tucked away somewhere up there, beyond a canopy of cobwebs and with only the occasional moth for company.

But before Gertrude could bring down the trapdoor’s ladder, another door in the dimly-imagined hallway stole her focus:

There was someone behind it, or multiple people, or maybe she was wrong and no one was there at all. Panic seized her heart at the sight of it. Even more so when it began to creak open, light and shadows spilling into the hallway—

“I—I changed my mind!” she yelped, suddenly back in Yazeba’s study, staring down an impatient witch. “It—It’s just some old locket, Yazeba. It can stay put. It’s probably not even...meant for me.”

She tried not to cry, not in front of Yazeba, but there was no use; the tears were already on their way too fast and hot to blink back. Knowing the effort was fruitless didn’t stop Gertrude from covering the holes of her mask entirely in the palms of her hands, as if she were a child hiding from a monster. Maybe, if she couldn’t see Yazeba, then Yazeba couldn’t see her either.

Yazeba’s voice was, as always, as hollow as her heart. But somehow, there was a little warmth in it. “Gertrude. Why do you want this locket so badly?”

“It’s an heirloom,” Gertrude’s shaky tone grew more stable as she went on. She remembered grabbing at it, as her nana held her in those soft, pillowy arms, and

recited what she'd been told: "It was passed down from mother to daughter for generations. But my grandma only had my dad, who only had me and my—well, you know. So it's been...stowed away for a while. Since she. Passed."

"Hm," and if Yazeba had a pipe on her person, it would've been the perfect time for a knowing drag or two. "So you don't think it was meant for you, then? That locket isn't rightfully yours?"

"No! It is!"

The answer came out so fast that Gertrude wondered, for a moment, if Yazeba had sneaked some sort of Truth spell onto her, but no, not by how the old witch's mouth twitched in the corner, threatening to betray a smile.

"Then what's the hitch?"

"I just—I didn't think I'd have to go past that room to get it."

"You don't live there anymore," Yazeba said, taking Gertrude's hands in hers, which they both noted with muted surprise. "You have the right to claim what's yours. And when you do, you will be back home, safe, and...I'll be right here the whole time."

A faint warmth spread from Yazeba's palms onto her own, whether it was magic or just body heat. In a silent mantra, Gertrude repeated Yazeba's affirmations of home, of safety, and of family. *Real* home, *real* family. She could feel the tears drying out underneath her mask, but her eyes were even clearer than before.

"I'm ready to try again."



PREPARING THE RETRIEVAL SPELL

Before the Chapter begins, prepare a deck of cards to represent Gertrude's memories.

- ① First, spread out the Hearts cards face up on the table. These are Gertrude's memories of love. To begin, Yazeba claims the Queen of Hearts and places it in front of herself. Then each of Gertrude's other friends claim a Hearts card from the table as well. Remove the Hearts face cards from the play area, then shuffle the rest (2 through 10) together.
- ② Shuffle all 13 Clubs cards together with the Hearts. These are Gertrude's memories of places.
- ③ Shuffle the 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 of Diamonds together with the other cards. There are Gertrude's memories of pride. (Gertrude doesn't believe she has many of these.) Remove all other Diamonds cards from the play area.
- ④ Shuffle the 2 through 10 of Spades together with the other cards. These are Gertrude's memories of pain.
- ⑤ Finally, draw a circle and write the words *The Basement* inside it. Trap the Ace, Jack, Queen, and King of Spades inside the basement. These are memories so intense that Gertrude has buried them.

PLAYING WITH PAIN

Before starting this Chapter, it's a good idea for the group to talk about our boundaries, especially around injury, family, transphobia, dysphoria, neglect, and abuse. We're in control of whether and how these themes may arise, but only if we're all on the same page about them.

To Gertrude's player: Before you close your eyes to start the Chapter, hold these facts in your heart. Your goal is not to describe the most horrible things you can think of, but to tell us, truthfully, what the hardships of Gertrude's former life were like. As always, draw from your own experiences, not the experiences of others (especially those with identities you don't share).

We can always pause this Chapter to take some space, discuss whether we're comfortable, make a change to how we're playing, or stop entirely.

WALKING THROUGH MEMORIES

Gertrude plays this Chapter with her eyes closed. If she can't remember her Bingos or Whoopsies, she can ask a friend to remind her of them. If she can't remember what she's supposed to do, Yazeba will remind her of the rules of the spell.

Whenever Gertrude presses onward, reveal the top card of the deck. Yazeba will tell Gertrude what card it is, and remind her of how to interpret it, if she needs help. The number on the card is Gertrude's age in her memory. In Jacks, Queens, and Kings, she is 11, 12, and 13, respectively. Memories in Ace cards are always from the day she ran away from home.

DRIFT AND ANCHORS

Conjuring memories is a battle of identity, history versus present. Whenever Gertrude begins to feel lost in the echoes of her old life, trapped by a memory, or defined by her past, she starts to drift; the world of the present recedes from her mind as she becomes increasingly lost in the past. Gertrude's friends can try to anchor her in one of two ways:

CONNECTION

When Gertrude starts to drift, her friends can use the memory attached to one of their Keepsakes, describing it aloud to Gertrude. She can jump to it, for a moment, to recover. They give the used Keepsake to the Concierge to be archived, and collect the card that was troubling Gertrude, who can move on to her next memory when she's ready.

PROJECTION

Gertrude's friends can return the Hearts card they picked to represent themselves at the beginning of the Chapter to the box, and project themselves into the memory that's troubling Gertrude. There, they can do a Bingo or a Whoopsie to protect her, then collect the card that was troubling Gertrude. When she moves to the next memory, they return to the real world.

If nobody can stop Gertrude from drifting, destroy one of her Keepsakes without looking at it. If Gertrude runs out of Keepsakes, the conjuring works in reverse, banishing her present self. Lock her Character Sheet and get her a brand new one, at the start of her very first Journey. She remembers coming to the Bed & Breakfast, but nothing that's come after. The Chapter ends when Yazeba sends everyone to bed.

PLACES IN THE PAST ♣

When Gertrude reveals a Clubs card, it's a memory of a space: a room or spot somewhere in or around her childhood home. She'll tell her friends aloud where she finds herself, in as much or as little detail as she likes. We can ask her questions about what she sees, but she doesn't have to answer them if she doesn't want to. When Yazeba guides her onwards through the spell, Gertrude can collect the card and reveal another.

FORGOTTEN STRENGTH ♦

Even though Gertrude thinks of her life before the Bed & Breakfast in negative terms, there are memories she can draw strength from. When Gertrude reveals a Diamonds card, she'll describe something about her younger self, or something she did, that she can be proud of now—even if she wasn't proud in the moment. We can ask her questions about it, but she doesn't have to answer them if she doesn't want to.

PEOPLE LEFT BEHIND ♥

Hearts cards represent a memory of someone who lived in the house with Gertrude. When she reveals one, she'll tell us who they are, aloud, in as much or as little detail as she likes. We can ask her questions about them, but she doesn't have to answer them if she doesn't want to. After describing this memory, Gertrude does either a Bingo or a Whoopsie in her memory of the person she left behind.

If Gertrude has collected a Diamonds card with the same value as the current memory or higher, she can tell us what Bingo she did in the memory and collect the Hearts card.

If Gertrude hasn't yet collected a high enough Diamonds card, she remembers a time she hurt or withdrew from the person she left behind. Gertrude should tell us about the Whoopsie her past self did, and the Whoopsie she's doing in the present. She starts to Drift.

UNPROCESSED PAIN ♠

You can only run away from the things that've hurt you for so long. When Gertrude reveals a Spades card, she's confronted with a memory of pain, whether it's physical, emotional, or existential. She'll tell us what it was like, in as much or as little detail as she can manage. We tell her words of sympathy about it, but she doesn't have to listen if she doesn't want to.

If Gertrude has collected a Diamonds card with the same value as the current memory or higher, she can sit with the memory for a moment while each of her friends does a Bingo or a Whoopsie about it. Then she may collect the Spades card and move on. Mark the bottom segment of the Wholeness track. If she hasn't yet collected a high enough Diamonds card, the memory is too much for her to confront alone and she starts to Drift.

WHOLENESS

As Gertrude processes the painful memories at the fringes of her childhood, she's more likely to encounter the big ones—whether she's ready for them or not. Every time she or one of her friends collects a Spades card, mark one of the bottommost segments of the pyramid.

When the 1st, 3rd, or 5th layer of the pyramid fills up, shuffle the lowest value Spades card from the basement into the deck.

When the 2nd, 4th, or 6th layer of the pyramid fills up, Gertrude's Diamonds cards count as one higher value for the purposes of overcoming Spades cards.

Yazeba should especially help manage this part of the spell, since Gertrude is new to all of this and has her eyes closed.

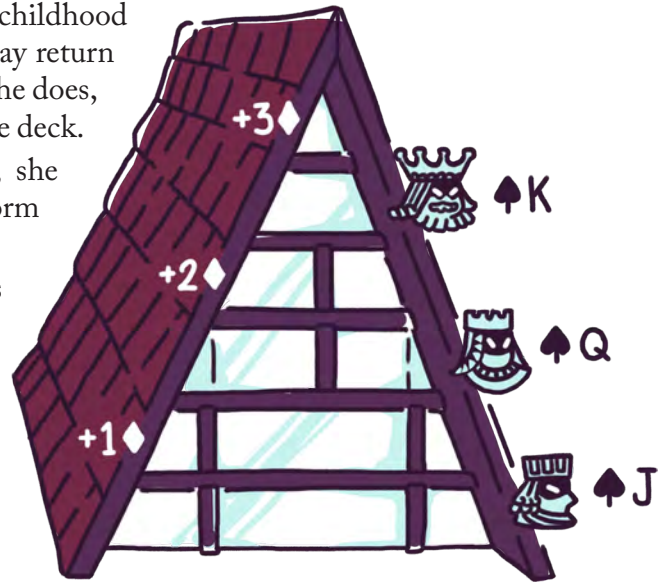
EXPLORING THE HOUSE

Gertrude begins in the Yard outside her childhood house. Once she collects a Diamond, she may return it to the box to enter the First Floor. When she does, shuffle any Clubs she's collected back into the deck.

While Gertrude is on the First Floor, she needs to collect at least five Clubs cards to form the stairs.

Once she does, she can return those Clubs to the box and ascend to the Second Floor. If the Ace of Spades is still in the basement, it breaks loose: shuffle it into the deck. However, if Gertrude's Character sheet has a little witch hat or a flaming heart doodled on it anywhere, retrieve the Jack and Queen of Diamonds from the box and shuffle those into the deck, as well.



While Gertrude is on the Second Floor, she needs to overcome three Spades cards to find *The Attic's* trap door.



THE ATTIC

When Gertrude enters The Attic, remove all of the remaining Clubs and any Diamonds cards of 10 or lower from the deck and return them to the box. Then, shuffle the Ace of Diamonds into the deck.

When Gertrude reveals the Ace of Diamonds, she finally locates her locket. She'll tell us the look on her face and what she's feeling as she finds it in as much or as little detail as she likes. Gertrude may open her eyes, to see the locket in her hands in the present, and thank her friends for their help.

The Chapter ends when Yazeba tells Gertrude how well she did at the conjuring spell. Gertrude distributes any collected cards evenly amongst herself and her friends to use as Leftovers during Housekeeping, and the Bed & Breakfast gets an  *Heirloom Locket* and a  *Book Of Magic*.

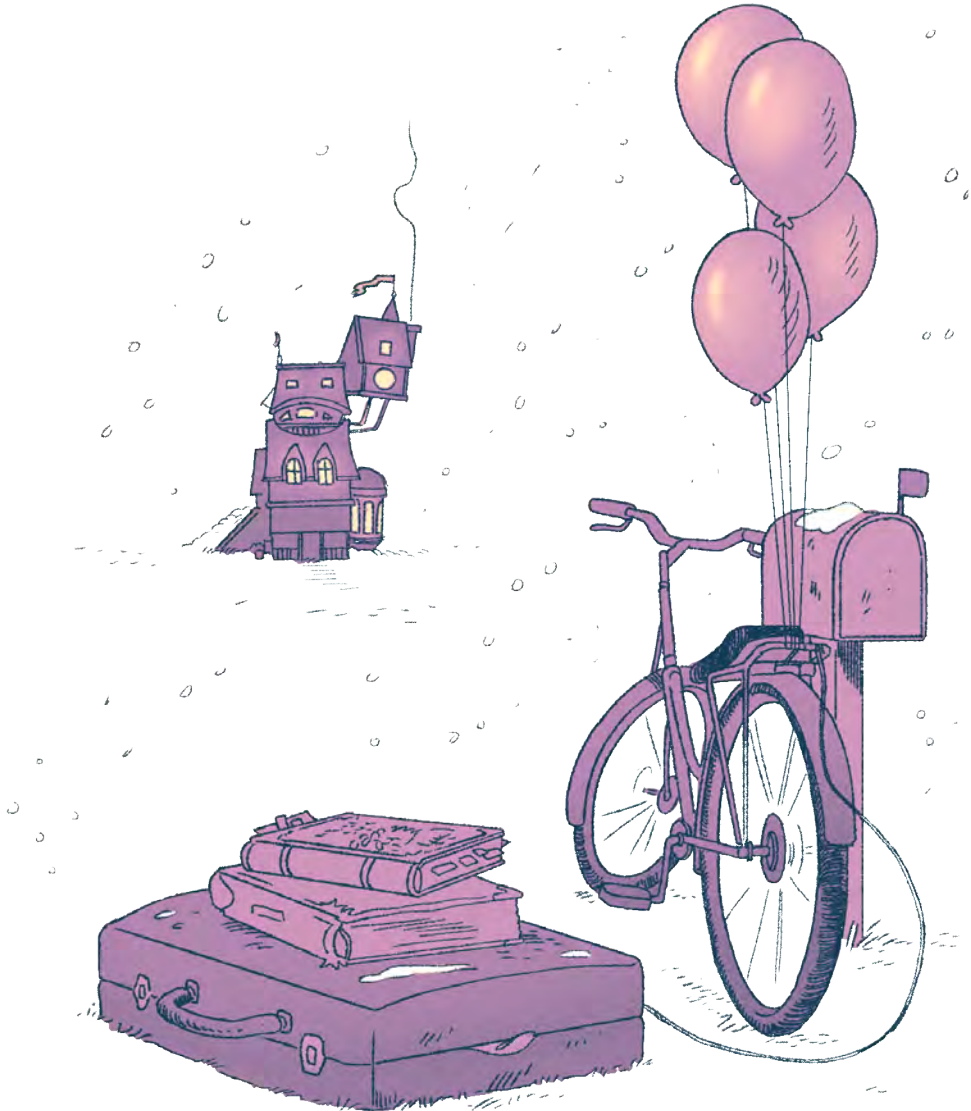
If Gertrude has a witch hat doodled on her Character Sheet, and this is the first time she's played this Chapter, the locket represents her connection to her magic. Replace one of her Bingos with "Work a subtle act of magic to help bring peace," and one of her Whoopsies with "Work an act of incredible magic, which doesn't help at all." She is a Witch now.

If Gertrude has a flaming heart doodled on her Character Sheet, and this is the first time she's played this Chapter, the locket represents her connection between her past, present, and family. Replace one of her Bingos with "Remind everyone of home with the perfect snack," and one of her Whoopsies with "Help out someone else, to my detriment." The Bed & Breakfast is her Family now.

CHAPTER 99

Goodbye Yazeba

WITH YAZEBA AND ALL OF HER DEAREST FRIENDS



*In which Yazeba leaves the Bed & Breakfast,
our story ends, and a new one begins.*



While it's hard to say whether there's any one particular day that's best for saying goodbye, eventually one must choose, and the 16th of September seemed like a better day than most. After all, plenty had happened just the day before, and it was time to start something new.

Yazeba had never announced that she'd be leaving, or when, but the possibility had hung heavy over the Bed & Breakfast for some time, so when she broke the news over brunch, it was a surprise to no one.

Well—it was a surprise to no one but Hey Kid.

“You're *LEAVING?*!”

“Yes,” Yazeba said, calmly and evenly, for she'd rehearsed this conversation in her head many times. “I'm thinking it's time for me to do a little traveling.”

“Where are you going?” The Moon Prince's eyes were wide.

“None of your busi—” Yazeba caught herself. Old habits die hard. “I don't know yet. We'll see.”

Amelie looked up from their crossword puzzle. “When do you depart?”

Yazeba tilted her head in the direction of the window, where a small brown suitcase covered in stickers was airing out on a clothesline. “This afternoon. I've still got some packing to do.”

Gertrude nodded solemnly, staring into her coffee. It was, of course, inevitable, but in this moment she was still grateful for her mask.

Parish held out another pancake for Yazeba with his spatula. She declined, but when he said, “You'll be needing seconds, then. To fortify you,” she reconsidered. Let the old frog have his way.

“Sort of a big change for the business,” Sal ventured, looking out the window at the clouds and pushing his eggs around his plate. “What'll happen to the Bed & Breakfast?”

She shook her head. “Hardly a change at all. I barely run this place, you all know that. S'just my name over the door.”

“Are you ever coming back?!” Hey Kid asked. They had hopped out of their chair and were pacing back and forth, as if they kept deciding to leave the kitchen and then deciding against it in a loop.

“Certainly!” Yazeba said. “Though not for some time, at least, and probably not for too long.”

A moment passed.

“We'll see,” she added, more quietly.



Yazeba sat alone in her room, surrounded by the years and years of knickknacks and tchotchkes she had amassed.

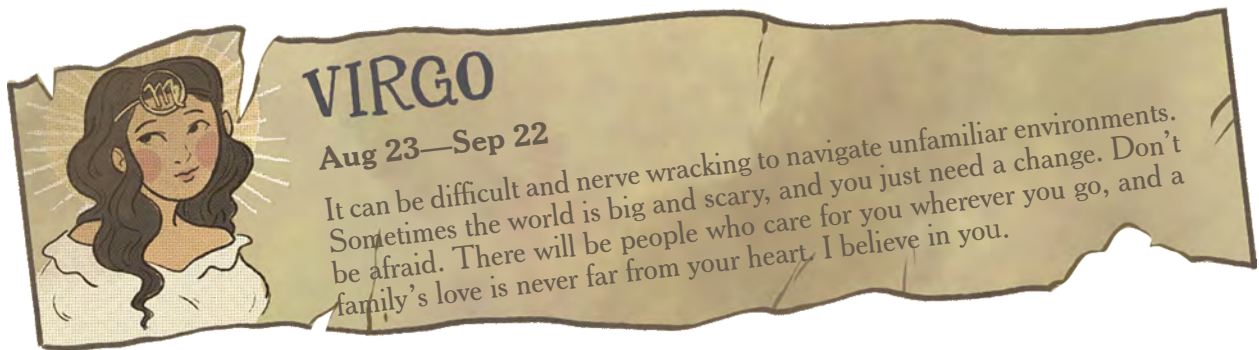
One by one her clothes, which normally lay scattered across the floor or hidden

in a closet she would never open, folded themselves and laid down in her suitcase. Some of them she scowled at, and they floated neatly into a sack instead, bound for the thrift store. Once all her clothes were sorted, all the various ornaments, crystals, pendants and unidentifiable mystical apparatus that covered every spare surface of her room formed a single file line and marched into the luggage.

Finally, once all the paintings and furniture with which she couldn't bear to part had clambered into the overstuffed suitcase, Yazeba was left sitting in a bare, dusty room. She picked up her typewriter from the wooden floor, and collapsed it into a tiny box before sliding it in among her luggage.

With the typewriter gone, the papers tucked beneath it fluttered loose, and she shifted through them carefully. A polaroid photo of the Earth. Hey Kid's adoption paperwork. Amelie's warranty. Sal's W4 form, Parish's gallant cover letter...and a newspaper clipping, yellowed with age.

A knock at the door. "Yazeba? Are you in there?" Gertrude's voice rang from outside.



"One moment! Just finishing up." Yazeba slid the papers into the suitcase and latched it shut, then gathered the last object left in the room—her spellbook. "Come in."

Gertrude opened the door, but didn't enter. She was holding a little package bound up in craft paper. Yazeba sat on the floor in the middle of the empty room, catching her breath.

"I was hoping to see you before you came downstairs," Gertrude said.

Yazeba sighed. "You're not going to let me just leave quietly, are you? Everyone just *has* to make a big fuss out of it."

Gertrude smirked a little behind her mask and glanced down the stairs. "Sal...you know how he is. Anyway, I wanted you to have this." She crossed the threshold of her study—since it was now just another room, really—and pressed the package into Yazeba's hands. "A going away present."

Yazeba gasped, affronted. "But...oh, no, no, *I'm* supposed to give gifts to *you!* I don't want anything, and besides, I'm trying to pack light..."

“Stop that,” Gertrude grinned. “You should probably hide it before the whole house gets ideas.”

This shut her up. And when Gertrude offered her a hand up off the floor, she took it, and the two of them went down the steps and out the front door.

“GOODBYE, MISS YAZEBA!”

There was a flash. Confetti flew. Hey Kid and Sal made an awful racket with some kind of party noisemakers. Everyone had assembled on the lawn, guests clustered on blankets around the picnic table, which held a beautiful white cake. At the end of her driveway, Yazeba’s bicycle leaned on the mailbox, trailing balloons from the rear reflector.

“You didn’t think you were sneaking off that easy, did you?” Sal laughed.

Hey Kid took her by the hand and led her to the least broken lawn chair. “You’re not going anywhere until EVERYONE has had a chance to say goodbye!”

Yazeba sat down and, for the first time in a very long time, she let a smile run all the way across her face.



THE GOING-AWAY PARTY

GIFTS, ADVICE, & PROMISES

Put three index cards on the table and label them Gifts, Advice, and Promises, then put two Tokens per player on each card.

Whenever you do a Bingo, you can also give someone a gift, a bit of advice, or a promise, and if they accept, give them a token from that card. Whenever you do a Whoopsie, you can also request a gift, a bit of advice, or a promise from someone, and if they oblige, they’ll give you a token from that card.

A LOVELY DAY

Everyone has access to the Bingo, “Have a slice of vanilla cake.”

Everyone has access to the Whoopsie, “Say how beautiful the weather is instead of saying how you feel.”

PARTING WORDS

When the Gifts, Advice and Promises cards are all empty, Yazeba will stand and announce that she is going. Beginning with the player with the most Tokens and ending with the player with the fewest, everyone may spend their tokens, one token for one sentence, to say their goodbyes to her.

A few words can be as powerful as many. You don’t have to spend all of your Tokens. If you have any left when you’ve said what you needed to, give the rest to Yazeba.


FAREWELL

Yazeba will write down the Big Question on an index card:

- ☉ “What have we meant to each other?”

Whenever Yazeba receives a Token, she’ll put it on the question. After everyone has had a chance to say their parting words to her, she’ll address the entire party, and answer it as well as anybody can, based on how many Tokens the question has.

- ☉ **Less Than 7 Tokens:** The question is unanswerable. Yazeba sneaks out of the party when no one is looking.
- ☉ **7-12 Tokens:** She’ll give a long, rambling speech that begins with “I’m no good at this sort of thing...”
- ☉ **13-20 Tokens:** In her usual style, she’ll Name what binds us together, briefly and honestly.
- ☉ **More Than 21 Tokens:** As above, but she cries a little.

When she’s done, she’ll climb onto her bicycle and fly away. When Yazeba becomes a speck in the sky and then is no longer visible, the Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Mended Heart*. Put it on the back cover of the Bed & Breakfast, and we’ll all figure out what to do next.

WHAT’S NEXT, AFTER THIS

PROCLAIM, “THE END”

It’s been a long and fateful journey, and maybe we’re satisfied. Feel free to close this book, put it back on the shelf, and thank one another for playing. We can always take it back down, if we’d like, or write out the epilogues we know are true.

START FROM THE BEGINNING

Like all good books, we could just take *Yazeba’s Bed & Breakfast* and start from the beginning. Turn back all the pages, and watch Gertrude stumble through the rain and up to the front door once more. We could do that, if you’d like.

Be warned: it feels strange to start over. Characters you’ve spent a while growing with will be back where they began. We can’t undo something once it’s been done.

With that in mind, it would be wise to take a rest from *Yazeba’s Bed & Breakfast* before starting it over from the beginning.

CONTINUE FORWARD

If we don’t want to start over, we can make this book our own instead. To do that, let’s have a *Staff Meeting*, and everyone’s invited. The Concierge is the mediator, but everyone should have their voices heard as well. The player who was just Yazeba can play as Grackle McFran, who is technically an employee of the Bed & Breakfast and gets to say their opinion as well.

THE STAFF MEETING

In order to continue forward without Yazeba, there's going to need to be some changes around here. Even though Yazeba would never want to admit it, she had a pretty big impact on the place, and we can't continue unless we know what to do without her. To that end, here are the matters that must be discussed:

- ② Who is in charge of the Bed & Breakfast now? (*One of the residents? Multiple residents working together? A worker's co-op? Something else?*)
- ② What do we do here? (*Are we still a Bed & Breakfast? Do we still have the jobs we used to? Are any residents departing? Are we welcoming any new residents in?*)
- ② How do we feel about the rules? (*Is it still always September 15th? Are we taking down or changing any of the signs on the front door? Are we rewriting, removing, or adding to any of the game mechanics?*)
- ② What do we do about the house? (*Are we still near Veilridge? Is it still an old wooden mansion? Is it still terrestrial?*)
- ② What should we call the Bed & Breakfast now? (*Do we keep Yazeba's name on the sign? Do we name it after one of the residents? Do we change its name structure entirely?*)

There are still some other matters we should figure out, although it's okay if we don't want to do them right now. Those are:

CREATING NEW GUESTS

As the Bed & Breakfast grows, new friends will constantly be arriving and departing. If a resident has left the Bed & Breakfast, they might come back as a guest later on. There might also be characters we meet outside the Bed & Breakfast we want to welcome in. Here is the process for making a new guest:

- ② Give them a catchy name, some pronouns, and three facts about themselves. These are generally a bulleted list.
- ② Give them four Bingos, although not all must be useful.
- ② Give them four Whoopsies, although not all must be disastrous.
- ② Give them a Journey. You can use one of the Spare Journeys, or steal a Journey from another resident or guest, or make one up entirely.

CREATING NEW RESIDENTS

As the Bed & Breakfast grows, we'll want to add new residents. Perhaps these are guests who have decided to stick around and grow, or maybe they're folks from somewhere else we've welcomed into the Bed & Breakfast. Here is the process for making a new resident:

- ② Give them a catchy name, some pronouns, and some facts about themselves. These can be presented as a bulleted list, or you can do something fancy with them.
- ② Give them five Bingos, and make sure they're all impactful.
- ② Give them five Whoopsies, and make sure they're all impactful.
- ② Give them something to do on their sheet, like drawing pictures or writing stuff down.
- ② Give them at least three Journeys that feed into each other. These might be tricky to write, so you can always steal a structure from another resident and rename the steps.

CREATING NEW CHAPTERS

If we have all these residents and guests lying around, we're going to need new chapters for them to play! We can probably make do with the chapters we have (adjusting the wording to accommodate for the Bed & Breakfast's changes) but eventually we might want some new chapters. Here is the process for making a new chapter:

- ② Figure out what season is happening outside. (*Is it Spring? Summer? Autumn? Winter? Wet season? Dry season? Mud season? Bug season? etc.*)
- ② Figure out what mood the chapter is, based on the season. This might be one of the four moods inside this book, or maybe you've found another mood elsewhere.
- ② Figure out who will be the main characters of the chapter. Note if there's any guest stars, anyone banned from attending, or any other little surprises.
- ② Write a bit of prose, describing the start of the chapter leading into play. Use this to set the stakes, tone, and conflict of the chapter.
- ② Using the mechanics of the chapter's mood, construct rules for what happens in the chapter. If you're not sure what rules to use, steal from everything: other chapters, other games, other genres, other worlds. Steal freely and build your chapter from what you take. (*Just don't forget to give credit!*)
- ② Make sure the chapter has some way to end.

AND SO ON, AND SO FORTH

If we're going to keep playing, we have a lot more we'll need to make. New shelves with new nooks, new mementos and new stormclouds, new journeys and moods and new stories and new worlds and new families, until our new house is teeming with colorful faces and complicated lives. And at that point it's not really the Bed & Breakfast you started with, is it? And that's okay. It was never really just one place to begin with.

HI THERE A NEW ARRIVAL

While it's hard to say whether there's any one particular day that's best for running away from home, if forced to choose, the 15th of September would be as good a day as any.

On the other hand, to the freezing kid stumbling through the snow for goodness-knows-how-long, this felt like an even more miserable September than most. A freak snowstorm was unlucky. On that kid's birthday? Doubly so.

In the icy white field, thinking icy white thoughts, the kid didn't even notice crossing a half-buried stone wall, or stepping on a wooden gate knocked down by the wind.

The kid did notice the house, though, and might have hesitated a moment if not for a howling gale that cut right to the bone. A little bell chimed as the kid stumbled inside, stomping off the snow on a small welcome mat and ignoring all the signs on the front door except for the faded words: BED & BREAKFAST.

A woman sat behind the desk, reading a yellow-paged book with an overwrought sword on the cover. Her name was Gertrude, although the kid at the door could be forgiven for not knowing that just yet. She looked up, and closed the book. "Hi there. What's your name?"

The kid answered, and by the end of the sentence, it became true.

The Mystery Appendices


Appendix A: SPARE JOURNEYS

Sometimes it feels like your entire life has led you to a single, culminating moment—one that finally answers the hard questions about who you are and where you belong, when you realize all of your hard work and dreaming has paid off, and you can finally be satisfied. The book ends, and your story has concluded.

So imagine your surprise when, the next morning, you wake up again! And even as you enjoy the glow of your new life, you realize that, in order to live it, you'll have to start a new story on a fresh page. In times like these, you may feel directionless, and that's okay—just pick one of these Spare Journeys to replace any that you've completed.

AERONAUT




You were gifted, found, bought or stole a marvelous flying machine. Draw a picture of it on the top of a piece of paper. Whenever your Track fills up, erase it and ask who wants to go with you on an adventure above the clouds. As a group, spend a bit of time talking about what sorts of things you see from up there, and how you dress for the occasion. Everyone writes down their favorite memory onto the piece of paper. Once the paper has run out of room, give the paper and a  *Cloud* to the Bed & Breakfast, and get a Spare Journey.

The ultimate end goal of alchemy is to use fastidious, exacting ritual and a profound understanding of the spiritual complexities of chemistry to create a divine reagent that purifies base metals to gold and grants god-like powers. How hard could it be? While you're on this Journey, you have a new Bingo: "Test out a new potion I've been working on." When someone uses your potion, choose and check off one result from below:

ALCHEMIST

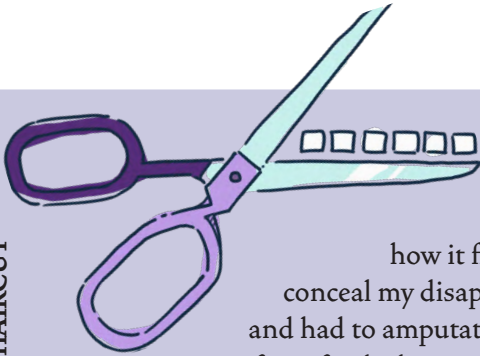
- It turns the subject partially invisible for a while.
- It gives the subject the hiccups for a while.
- It renders the subject invulnerable to fire, lightning and bug bites for a while.
- It allows the subject to breathe water for a while.
- It makes the subject ravenously hungry and thirsty for a while.
- It repels grime from anything it touches.
- It explodes.
- It tastes amazing!


When you've experimented with every result, you may not have found the philosopher's stone, but you've definitely learned a lot about alchemy! Give yourself a new Bingo: "Offer a potion that can help." Give the Bed & Breakfast an  *Alembic* and get another Spare Journey.

ARTIST

You are an artist, working on a beautiful painting. Take a blank piece of paper and paperclip it to your Character Sheet—this is your Canvas. At the end of each Chapter, you can spend leftovers to draw lines or brushstrokes on it. If a Chapter concludes and you don't put any leftovers into your Canvas, throw the paper out and start over again—you're dissatisfied with your work. Once you feel satisfied with the finished artwork, give it to the Bed & Breakfast and get a Spare Journey.


BAD HAIRCUT



When you start this Journey, pick a sob story. You get the associated Whoopsie for as long as you're on this Journey. If you thought this style would look good but don't like how it fits with your head shape, you have the Whoopsie "Fail to conceal my disappointment." If you got something sticky caught in your hair and had to amputate, you have the Whoopsie "Fail to avoid a messy situation." If you freaked out and cut your own hair and aren't sure why, you have the Whoopsie "Fail to articulate what's wrong." You can't spend your Leftovers on this Journey if anyone commented on your appearance (even to tell you that you look okay!) during the Chapter. But when the track fills up, your new style has grown in a little and you've gotten used to it. Give a  *Pair of Scissors* to the Bed & Breakfast and get a new Spare Journey.

BLADEMASTER



You were gifted, found, bought or stole a very cool sword, and you're starting to get pretty good with it. When you choose this journey, write down what your sword looks like and how you decorate it: _____. While you're on this journey, you have an extra Bingo ("Cut something that needed cutting,") and an extra Whoopsie ("Cut something that absolutely did not need cutting.") There may not be much call for swordplay at the Bed & Breakfast, but carrying it feels very powerful and dramatic, so any time you say you'll protect, oppose or honor someone or something, swear an oath and write it down on your character sheet. When the track fills up, decide whether you'd rather keep your blade by your side, or in your heart. If you keep it by your side, write "I always carry my faithful sword," under your Facts About Me, and give it a name. If you keep it in your heart, write a new Bingo for yourself that reflects your warrior spirit. Either way, give the Bed & Breakfast a  *Legendary Sword* and get another Spare Journey.

BOOKWORM



You've found a really weird and interesting book, and you can't put it down. Take an index card and write down the name of the book and its genre. As long as you're on this Journey, you have the following Bingos and Whoopsies:

- ★ Connect something happening in your book to what's going on.
- ★ Tell someone about a part of the book they'd be interested in.
- ⚡ Get lost in your book at the expense of everything else.
- ⚡ Tell someone about a part of the book you *think* they'd be interested in.

Every time you fill an even-numbered box on the Book Track, write a chapter title onto the index card. Once the Book Track is full, the Bed & Breakfast gets a 📖 *Book*, and get another Spare Journey.

The Bed & Breakfast could use a little TLC, and you've taken it on yourself to spruce up the place. When you start this journey, pick a room to renovate: _____. Whenever a chapter takes you there, describe the work in progress and how tidy you think your tools are—or aren't! Put leftovers in the checkboxes below to advance the project.

CARPENTER

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bleach some ceiling stains. | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Pull up the carpeting. | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Refinish the hardwood. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tear down the old wallpaper. | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Smash down part of a wall. | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Install a new window. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Plaster over the drywall. | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Reroute the electrical wiring. | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Apply a new coat of paint. |

When you get bored of your project, you can abandon it, and get another Spare Journey. If you've completed 0-2 tasks, you get a new Whoopsie: ("Bite off more than I can chew"). If you've completed 3-5 tasks, give the Bed & Breakfast a 🪓 *Hammer*. If you've completed 6-8 tasks, give the Bed & Breakfast a 🧰 *New Toolbox*. If you complete all 9 tasks, give the Bed & Breakfast a 🧰 *New Toolbox*, a 🪓 *Hammer*, and get the Bingo "Buckle down and do something no one else was up for."

DETECTIVE



There's a mystery afoot, one that you're determined to get to the bottom of. Every time you fill up one of these Clue Tracks, check off one of the boxes below.

- You've found a clue that hints at the true nature of the conspiracy: _____
- You've found where the conspiracy meets: _____
- One of your enemies is involved in the conspiracy: _____
- One of your *friends* is involved in the conspiracy: _____

Once you've gotten to the bottom of it, confront your friend and discover the truth of the conspiracy. Your friend gets a Whoopsie ("Be needlessly cryptic when clarity is important,") and the Bed & Breakfast gets a 🔍 *Magnifying Glass*. Pick out another Spare Journey.

FRIEND? FRIEND!


There's someone in town who seems really cool and you really want to be their friend. Take a piece of paper and write down why you think they're so cool. At the end of a Chapter, put all your leftovers into a single checkbox to choose it. Write down what you learn on a piece of paper.

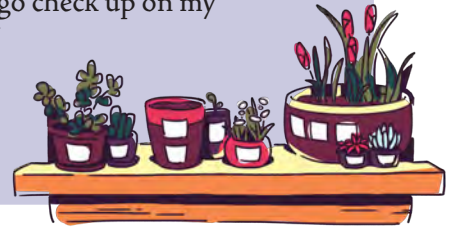
- Their name.
- Their pronouns.
- Something they're good at
- Something they care about.
- Something they're embarrassed of.
- Something they hate.
- A fun fact about them.
- A fun fact about them.
- A fun fact about them.

Once you've checked off the boxes, tell everyone how you became friends, and create them as a Guest—give them Bingos, Whoopsies, and a Spare Journey. They can show up in any Chapters set outside the Bed & Breakfast. Find another Spare Journey.

GREEN THUMB

You've got a little garden (circle one: *out back* / *by the porch* / *in your windowsill* / *deep in the woods*). Draw a picture of what the plants look like. As long as you're on this Journey, you always have the Whoopsie "Drop whatever I'm doing to go check up on my plants." You can only spend your Leftovers on this Journey if you checked on your plants at least once during the Chapter.

When the track fills up, the Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Potted Plant*, and you get another Spare Journey.



INVENTOR

You are building a glorious machine, the sort no one's ever seen before. Take a scrap piece of paper and draw a 4 part rectangular Track on it representing the core of the machine.

- Whenever a Track fills up, create a new circular three-part Track to represent an engine, radio, sprocket, or other part of the machine that needs consistent upkeep.
- Whenever a circular Track fills up, clear the Track and create two Checkboxes to represent supplies you need to acquire for your machine.
- Whenever you complete a Checklist, create a new rectangular four-part Track to represent the construction of a new component of your machine.

Once you run out of room on your paper, draw a picture of the machine on the other side, with three Nooks. Anyone can put a Memento into a Nook in order to unlock a Guest, give a new useful modern device to the Bed & Breakfast, or change one of the rules of the game. Give the machine to the Bed & Breakfast, and get another Spare Journey.



JAMMIN' OUT


You're working on a mixtape for the Bed & Breakfast. At the end of a Chapter, put all your leftovers into this Journey and write down a song on the album that you feel fits the vibe of the Chapter and of the Bed & Breakfast, starting on the A Side.

⚡ A Side: As long as you're on the A Side, you have the Whoopsie: "Zone out and listen to the music."

- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

★ B Side: As long as you're on the B Side, you have the Bingo: "Inspire someone with a song that means a lot to me."

- _____
- _____
- _____
- _____

Once you run out of room on the A Side, switch to the B Side. Once you run out of room on the B Side, the Bed & Breakfast gets a  Vinyl Record, and get another Spare Journey.

JUNK COLLECTOR

You've accumulated a lot of *stuff*, none of which is exactly garbage, even if you're not sure yet what exactly it's going to be useful for. And now that you have the big pile, you're tempted to collect more. Whenever a chapter presents you with some junk, you may hold onto it for later and add it to the list.

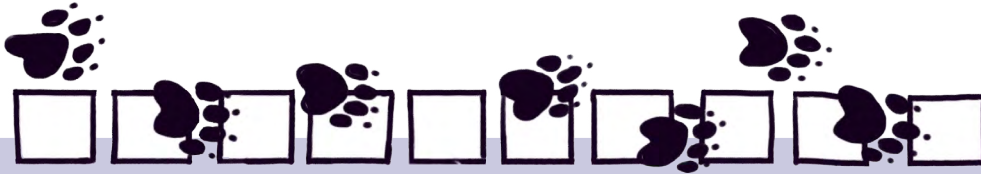
- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="radio"/> A broken, old-timey radio. | <input type="radio"/> Part of a virtual reality device. |
| <input type="radio"/> An empty fish tank. | <input type="radio"/> _____ |
| <input type="radio"/> A box of scrap fabric. | <input type="radio"/> _____ |
| <input type="radio"/> Buttons of various sizes. | <input type="radio"/> _____ |
| <input type="radio"/> Most of a board game. | <input type="radio"/> _____ |
| <input type="radio"/> Stacks of magazines. | <input type="radio"/> _____ |

Whenever you find a good use for some of your junk, cross it out. At the end of a chapter, you can also say goodbye to some junk and cross it off the list. Once you've finally gotten rid of it all, give yourself the Bingo "Let go of something" and get another Spare Journey.




NEMESIS

You can only choose this Journey alongside someone else. You both become fated rivals of each other. Write your nemesis's name here: _____ . As long as you're on this Journey, you have the Whoopsie "Focus on defeating my nemesis above all else," and the Bingo "Flaunt my superiority in an activity of my choice." Whoever fills this track up first wins, and soundly defeats the other. Whoever won gets the Whoopsie "Gloat about my accomplishments," and whoever lost gets the Bingo, "Show off my talent through competition." Both of you get new Spare Journeys.



NEW PET

You found a stray creature, and have taken it in until you can find it a proper home. Choose what sort of pet it is (*dog / cat / rat / raccoon / caterpillar / dire wolf / kraken / something else,*) give it a name, and write both down on an index card. Your pet has all the same Bingos and Whoopsies as you. As long as you're on this Journey, you have the Bingo "Roll around and have fun," and the Whoopsie "Get defensive of my companion." Once you complete this Journey, you find a new home for your pet. Give them to any Guest (or the Bed & Breakfast itself) and bid them farewell. They'll still be really happy to see you, when they do! The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Chewed-Up Toy*, and you can get another Spare Journey.

PENPAL

You've made a friend with someone far away from here, and you've been exchanging letters! Take a blank piece of paper and make a small sheet for them—name, pronouns, 3 fun facts, and a quirk about their writing. Once you feel like your letter is all done, send it to anyone else. They can write a reply if they want, or you can start on a new letter. Once you feel like you've written enough, your penpal comes to visit! Give them four Bingos and four Whoopsies, and pick out a Spare Journey for them. Once they complete their Journey, they'll head home.



PYROMANCER


The allure of fire magic is hard to resist, and it's an easy thing to want to muck around with. You just gotta be careful, lest you get burned. As long as you're on this Journey, you have the following Bingos and Whoopsies:

- ★ Summon a trail of sparks in the air.
- ★ Illuminate what's going on.
- ★ Start a warm and comforting flame.
- ⚡ Make something explode.
- ⚡ Blind with burning light.
- ⚡ Start a blazing fire.

Once you complete this Journey, choose a Bingo or Whoopsie to add permanently to your character sheet. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Candle*, and get another Spare Journey.

You got an old instant camera and a roll of film from (Choose 1: *a yard sale / an antique store / a weird fairy / another guest*) and you've found a new hobby as an amateur photographer. Whenever you spot one from below, take an index card, do a little sketch of what the photograph is like along with a caption, and give it to whoever you want (or hold onto it). You can take the same photo for a prompt multiple times, but only check the box off the first time.

- You feel good about yourself and want to take a selfie.
- One of your friends is being outrageously silly.
- You notice a very small moment of beauty.
- You're all doing something *technically* illegal.
- You and your friends are all having fun hanging out.
- Some truly bonkers shenanigans are happening (or about to happen).
- The sky is doing something really beautiful.
- Your friends are being weirdos at night.
- Some other moment that makes you happy.

Once you've checked off every box, you run out of film. You can get more film and take more photos, but for now—give the Bed & Breakfast a  *Polaroid*, and get another Spare Journey.

You've been working way too hard lately, and you *need* to rest. When you embark on this Journey, write a short description of your pajamas and favorite pillow:

(_____)


As long as you're on this Journey, you have the following Bingos and Whoopsies:

- ★ Remind everyone to take a quick break.
- ★ Pull out pillows, blankets, or stuffed animals.
- ★ Cuddle up next to someone and fall asleep.
- ★ Exert and exhaust myself.
- ★ Lie about the rest I need.
- ★ Stay up *way* past my bedtime.

You can finish this Journey and get another Spare Journey whenever you want, but remember—there's a reason you're taking a breather. When you do, choose one of the Bingos or Whoopsies and add it to your character sheet.

You're working on a (Choose 1: *novel / poem / play / comic book / dissertation*). Take an index card and write down its working title and brief plot summary. On the other side, keep track of how the project goes, and at the end of each Chapter choose 1:

- A part ended up exactly how you expected
- A part ended up better than you expected
- A part ended up totally different than you expected
- A part ended up a disappointment
- A part ended up way worse than you wanted
- A part ended up so bad that it retroactively ruined another bit—uncheck another box.

Once the project is done, give it (along with a  *Book*) to the Bed & Breakfast, and get another Spare Journey.

Appendix B: Loose Bingos & Whoopsies

Oh, dear.

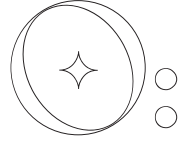
There was a tidy little list of Bingos and a tidy little list of Whoopsies in this appendix, but it seems as though some dastardly person must have put on a clever disguise and tossed the place while nobody was looking!

Well. Bingos and Whoopsies start to look pretty similar when they're all jumbled up like this... but don't worry! I'm sure you can determine which are which, if you squint and purse your lips.

- ☀️ Ask for help.
- 📖 Protect someone's feelings.
- 🌸 Tell someone what I really think of them.
 - ♥️ Smooth things over with a joke.
 - ➡️ Tell a harmless little lie.
 - ☀️ Blurt out the honest truth.
 - 🌸 Pick a fight with something scary.
- * Run away, as fast as I can.
 - ♣️ Give someone or something a new name, nickname, or pseudonym.
- ☀️ Get caught up in the moment.
 - Conjure 2d6 lesser demons.
 - ⊗ Stop to think.
- ☸️ Spout forth dread prophecy.
 - ⚡ Explain the plot of the newest episode of *Neutron Gal* to anyone listening.
 - ⊕ Break out my trusty pocket knife.
 - Ⓜ️ Draw up a complex plan.
 - ➡️ Calculate the odds of success.
 - Unleash the chaotic powers of a mysterious artifact I found.



CHAPTER



Ichor In The Walls

A HIDDEN CREATURE AND A SINGLE LONELY SOUL. NO MORE AND NO LESS

Whispering. At the bottom of the world. The voices of
 Sometimes, when a resident of the Bed & Breakfast wanders late at
 night, they can hear a faint skittering in the walls. Sometimes, they'll call
 out to see who's there.
 Each night is represented by a new hand of cards. As the Seeker
 looks for Ichor, they will ask for cards, one at a time, from the top
 of the deck. If the total value of the cards ever breaks 21, then
 the Seeker is too eager in their search, and Ichor flees.
 Shuffle the entire hand back into the deck.
 If there's not enough cards left in the deck to make 21, then the
 Seeker has searched everywhere and is forced to give up. Describe how
 to return to the walls and hide from the noisy brightness of it:
 the nameful world.

SEARCHING

One of us is the Seeker, a resident looking
 for Ichor in the walls. They'll ask for cards to
 represent their search.

The other one of us is Ichor, who is hiding in the walls. Ichor is the
 dealer, and holds the deck of cards. Look at Ichor's character sheet, but don't feel bound to
 it—after all, you're not a guest yet.

Once all the aces are inside your copy of *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast*, Ichor may make a choice—join the Bed &
 (just maybe!) find a home, the nameful world.

In which there is something

Hush, hush. Quiet quiet. Can you hear that?

Appendix C: A List of NAMES

I honestly can't believe it. I've introduced you to every new friend I can think of, and you still want to think up more? That's amazing.

Well, we all know that coming up with a name is the hardest part, so if you can't think of one, there are a few sitting unused in the lost and found at the Night Market:

Aaron, Alcides, Ayanne, Adora, Axolotl, Acid, Amaranth, Avery, Aerin, Avnas, Ahnuil, Ally, Alphaspel, Amaryllis, Amber, Andrea, Ane-Marte, Annika, Antelles, Aquarion, Ash, Avalon, Bernadette, Bee, Bailey, Byrne, Bear, Bog, Ben, Bookwurm, Brannen, Brellenia, Brittany, Bryan, Bats, Celeste, Charley, Cove, Crow, Calrosa, Caroline, Chance, Christopher, Clairric, Constance, Cordelia, Courtney, Dell, Dude, Dusk, Deena, Droo, Daisy, Darling, Dandesun, Daniel, David, Demae, Dez, Diane, Dracosby, Esther, Eleanor, Eunice, Eric, Erin, Ephemeral, Eclipse, Eri, Eli, Eskil, Evan, Francis, Fervent, Freida, Fallon, Finian, Fouton, Frey, Freyia, Genevieve, Ginger, Gustaf, Grey, Garland, Greire, Gareth, Hannah, Hailey, House, Hannah, Honeybee, Hudlion, Harper, Hark!, Hum, Hamish, Idle, I'lah, Izzie, Ivan, Iggie, J*Mart, J e'rah, Jaelan, John, Josh, Julia, Juniper, Jupiter, Janie, Jason, Jayme, Jenann, Jeremy, Judson, Jerrod, Jesper, Jesse, Jessica, Jex, Jimmy, Jelani, Juke, Kay, Kent, Kaiden, Kaitlyn, Kassiopeia, Kate, Katie, Kit, Kodiak, Kosswinth, Krasnaya, Kristen, Kyle, Kyla, Kyra, Krux, Koren, Kaiju, Karma, Kit, Logan, Lora, Luned, Lydia, Lyle, Lucky, Lauren, Leonard, Liza, Lycaon, Lute, Mod, Mulligan, Merry, Madeline, Marc, Mark, Markus, Mars, Matthew, Maui, Maya, Maverick, Mew, Michael, Mimi, Mindi, Molly, Morgan, Mauve, Minch, "My Lord," Newt, Natalie, Nathan, Nessie, Nick, Nico, Nicole, Noah, Movie, Neftalí, Nin, None, Noctu, Norris, Ninja, Ooze, Olive, Ochre, Osmina, Oyabode, Ophelia, Oat. Pascal, Pipas, Pix, Poppyseed, Preetts, Pepper, Pr'yanka, Priscilla, Percy, Quan, Que, Quinn, Qwerty, Reily, Rochelle, Rook, Rensberger, Rachel, Raphael, Raveneris, Reilly, Rhem, Rich, Richard, Roland, Roma, Rose, Rostler, Ruaira, Ryan, Rybos, Rye, Raybie, Rafe, Sloan, Su-Z, Sheena, Soupizet, Sophie, Stella, Stuart, Sunny, Sylvan, Sylvia, Spot, Sid, Soot, Samantha, Schmooples, Scrembus, Sean, Selvin, Sheepy, Shutala, Siân, Sidders, Sarah, Skully, Tinsel, Tuve, Taryn, Tyler, Timbre, Tara, Thea, Tiwaz, Tot, Trace, Ulrich, Umyeno, Usef, Vernice, Verily, Voz, Wesley, Whiskey, Wyn, Wyatt, Wart, Wylie, Wizard, Xavier, Xtree, XO, Yasmin, Yenith, Yukiro, Yvette, Yoni, Y?, Zinaia, Zøe, Zip, Ziggy.



Appendix D: The HEARTLESS CONTRACT

By signing this contract, I, _____, of MERCHANTED body and mind, do willingly gift my heart to Monday GREEN-EYES OF THE ERRANT COURT, MERCHANT OF DREAMS, THIEF OF GOLDEN LOCKS, DUNNOON WHISPERER, WITCH-LIGHT, FAIRY, IN EXCHANGE FOR THE FULFILLMENT OF MY GREATEST DESIRE:

This contract is binding in PERPETUITY, TO BE TERMINATED ONLY BY FURTHER AGREEMENT BETWEEN BOTH PARTIES.
 x. _____ Monday _____ x. _____

NEW BINGOS

Choose 2 Bingos you already have to keep, but toss the rest in the garbage. Replace them with:

- ★ Use your fulfilled Greatest Desire to help others.
- ★ Leap through the air, unburdened by a heavy heart.
- ★ Show kindness...of a sort.

NEW WHOOPSIES

Choose 2 Whoopsies you already have to keep, but toss the rest in the garbage. Replace them with:

- ✦ Put your Greatest Desire above all else.
- ✦ Stay cryptic and secretive about something that matters to everyone.
- ✦ Criticize someone (and call it “helping.”)

THE SMALL PRINT: The signatory shall replace his, her, their, or sex journey with both of the Journeys included below. The signatory shall not otherwise seek the return or reprisal of his, her, their, or sex heart without the completion of the Brambled Path to Monday's House. The contract holder is not responsible or complicit in any personal, emotional, medical, physical, practical, spiritual, or cosmic harm caused by the absence of a heart.

The
BRAMBLED PATH TO
MONDAY'S HOUSE



Whenever the Bed & Breakfast gets a Memento, someone else can take it and put it in the Brambled Path To Monday's House. Once it's all filled out, unlock "Monday's Game," if you can find it.

HEARTACHE

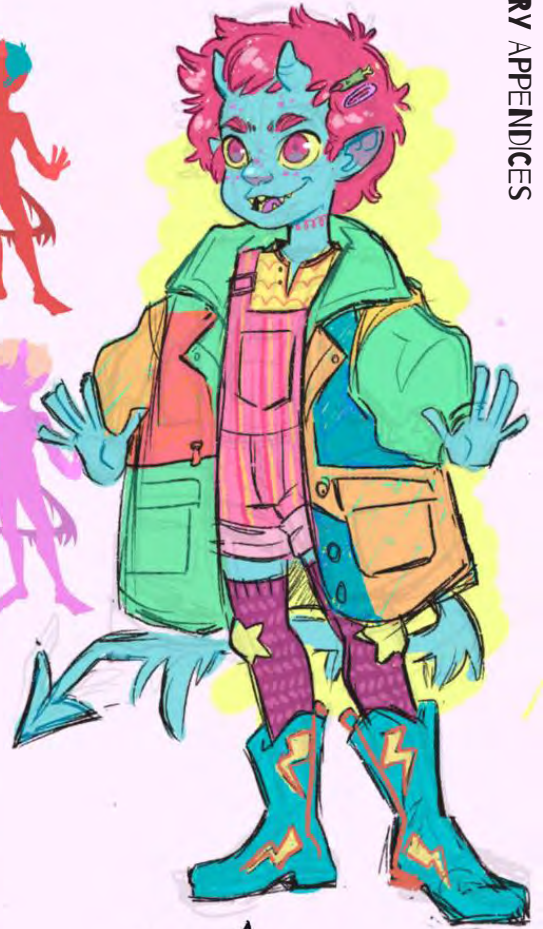


At the end of each Chapter, put all of your leftovers into the Heartache Track. Whenever it fills up, clear it, and black out a single word from your Facts About Me.

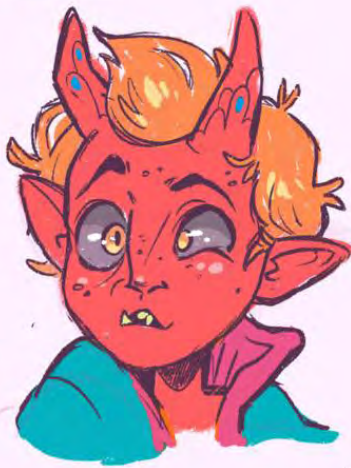
Appendix E: Sketches & Concept Art



Ed
(Bebop)
hair



HEY
KID











PARISH



is he... you know?



friend shaped

another flavor of dad clothes

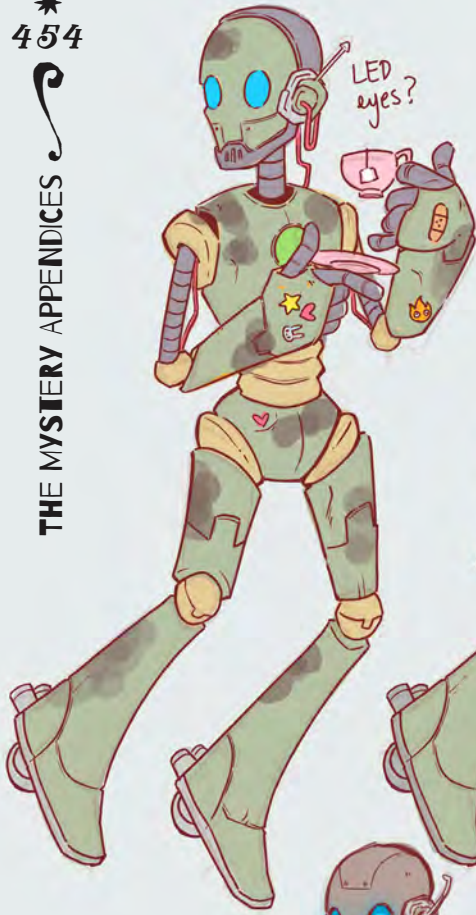
dandy, innkeeper or adventurer aesthetic?

sunhat
shoes (oxfords)
breeches
apron
scarf
comfy sweater
dnessy shirt



HEY KID
POSSUM GREEK GAMES
AASTERISMS

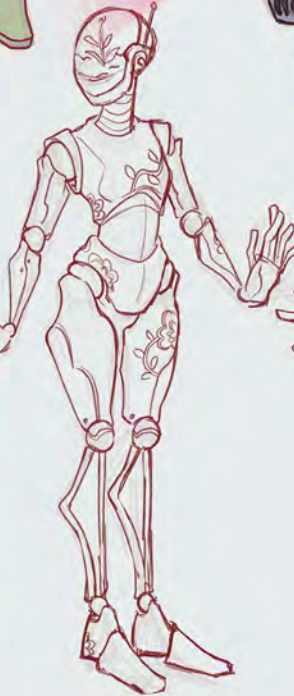
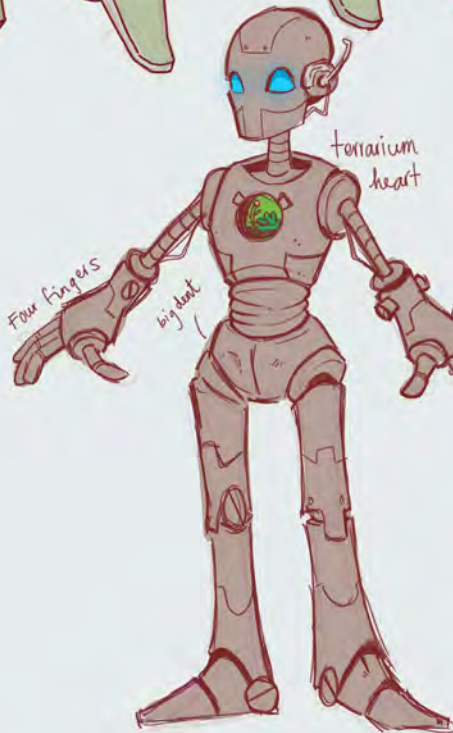




made from scrap/repurposed metal so u can see the previous paint job



hearing aid



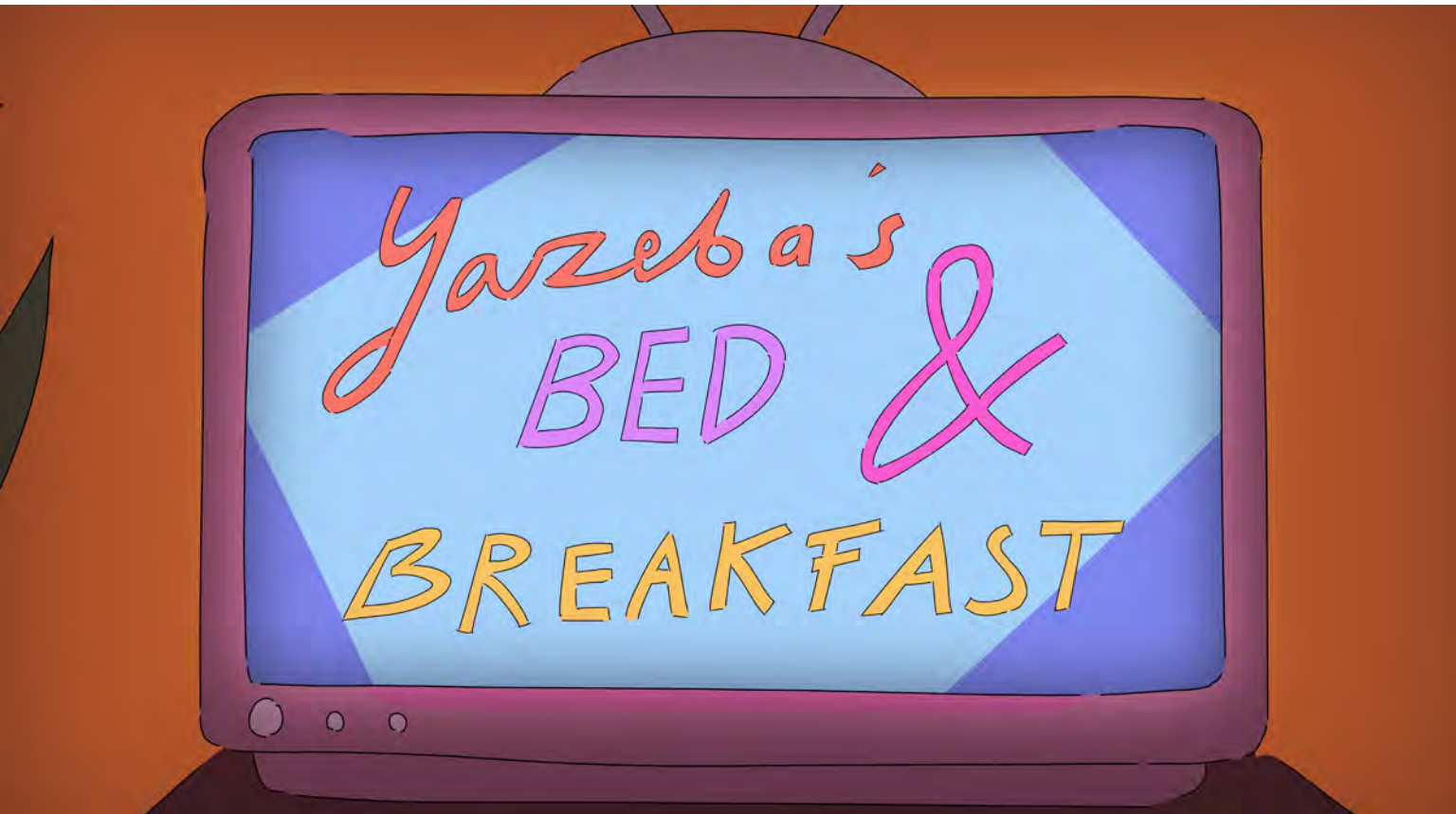






Sketch for "The Night Danse" by Adam de Souza











A RECIPE FOR PARISH:

Preheat 1 brave young fellow until gallant & knightly.
 Braise lightly over dragonfire.
 Introduce 1 princess, cursed to be a frog, and kiss.
 Form the knight into a frog, trading out the princess.
 Banish.

Serve slightly disillusioned, with spite to taste. Feeds as many as there are guests at Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast.

Recipe for a Good Chef:

Under development

- 1 cup chopped obsession
- 1 tsp. concentrated love for others
- A drizzle of emotional awareness
- Arrogance to taste
-
-

Needs a fresh twist

RECIPE FOR A GOOD KNIGHT

- 7 whole virtues, trimmed & peeled
- 12oz tenderloin steak
- 1/4 cup courtly manners
- 2 tbsp. salt & vinegar
-
-

RECIPE FOR A GOOD FROG:

- A pinch of excitement
- 1/2 cup jumping ability
- 1 croaked onion
- 2 cups pond water (salted for flavor)

**Getting stale*
**Needs a new approach*

City Hall Beset By Evil Winds

SLEEPYTOWN, MA—Sleepy-town city hall closed on Sunday as winds exceeding 50MPH rocked vehicles, overturned garbage cans and brought down signage. The storm, accompanied by dark clouds and ominous flashes, has so far remained localized on the city square, where it ignores children and small animals but threatens to carry away public officials. Mayor Langor said that the source of the devastation was local witch and commerce committee member Yazeba the Great and Powerful (last name unknown), but when asked why an otherwise reputable member of the community would visit such vengeance on the city, would only say that the matter was under review. At publishing time, Yazeba could not be reached for comment, though eyewitnesses saw her admiring the storm from the seat of her ten-speed bicycle on Main St.

Who is Yazeba?

Ever since I arrived in the B&B I've been trying to figure out the witch who owns the place... but none of the employees or guests who know her only give me these dodgy non-answers.

You ever wonder why witches Always live out in the woods Far away from the village Doing nobody no good

You ever wonder why some folks Try to hide in her gloom Pretend that she has no love And lock up her reading ROOM

???

The young and incredibly talented [redacted] is the newest witch to grace the publishing world. [redacted] has already published two bestselling books on witchy magic, *The Young Witch's Sensible Guide To True Names* and [redacted] incredibly seminal text, *The Love of Magic*. [redacted] is renowned for texts that both expose the honesty and emotional power of spellcasting, and critics agree that [redacted] will go down in the history books as one of the magick-ing world's most talented—and most compassionate—witches.

My dear old friend,

It has been too long. And, to be brief, we both know why. It's hard to be friends with someone who sold her heart away. But still, my love for you is stronger than my own discomfort, and so I write this letter to inform you that I will be arriving in the Spring. I know you won't be happy to see me. I know you won't care. But I'll be there anyway.

Always yours
D.A.

When Yazeba turns these keys, all kinds of good stuff happen:

- Yazeba is really good at asserting her boundaries.
- Yazeba can solve her problems without magic because she's just wise like that!
- Yazeba can see things nobody else can.
- Yazeba likes to name things, and when she gives something a new name, she gives it new perspective and breathes power into it!
- It's really rare, but sometimes Yazeba will show how kind she is, and help someone heal.
-
-
-



I have literally no clue why anyone likes Yazeba. People always say nice things about her, but she always seems to be making these Whoopsies!

- She's bossy, but, like, not actually a good leader.

- She's cryptic and secretive about things that affect everybody.

- She seems to just delight in pushing everyone away!

- She refuses to ask for any help from anyone.

- She always says magic can do anything, but her spells only make things worse!

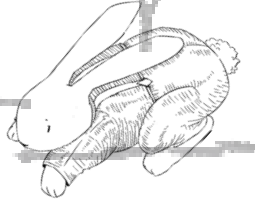
My esteemed hostess, my erstwhile employer, and my dear friend,

Your journey is "Naming The Problem."

You ruminate too much. It's like whenever your clock fills up, you add another of your "Whoopsies" to what Gertrude wrote. Maybe when you run out of room you'll replace this Journey with "Getting Better."





Appendix F: The Ptísilithion (EXCERPT)



I suppose this is supposed to be some sort of ancient instruction manual for the Ptísilith. But I can't really make heads or tails of it. And we really oughtn't bother Yazeba about it, so we'll just have to muddle through with some guesswork.

What do you suppose the Ptísilith's glyph most resembles?

- ☉ **A Bird:** Ah, the symbol of freedom and movement! Sal absorbs the Ptísilith's aetheric energies. Give him the Bingo and the Whoopsie, "Set something free."
- ☉ **Two Birds:** With the destruction of the Ptísilith, a prophecy has been completed. Unlock Grackle McFran and The Jeckerynne, if they're not already Unlocked, and swap their Journeys. The Jeckerynne is now bound to the Bed & Breakfast as a groundskeeper.
- ☉ **A Bow and Arrow:** The seasons reverse, and the hunter becomes the hunted. Unlock The Stag of the Great Hunt if he's Locked, rename him "The Great Wolf of Winter," and change his Bingos and Whoopsies to be just about the opposite of what they were. Swap his pronouns.
- ☉ **A Cauldron:** The Ptísilith leaves behind an ancient device, but it seems to be broken. The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Broken Vase* and some  *Mystical Energy*.
- ☉ **The Coldest Bell:** The bell rings its harsh and hollow tone, and the Starving King's shadows darken the doorstep of the Bed & Breakfast. The truce has ceased. Unlock Chapter XVI: *The Wicker War*, if you can find it.
- ☉ **A Crossroads:** Whoever was nearest the Ptísilith when it exploded is filled with a deep sense of both confusion and destiny. They get *two new Spare Journeys*. Find somewhere to stick them on their character sheet without covering up their old Journey. (You may have to cover up some other things!)
- ☉ **A Frog:** Parish absorbs the Ptísilith's arcane energies, and the curse he bears becomes infectious. Give him the Whoopsie and the Bingo, "Turn someone else into a frog, temporarily, with a touch."

- ⑦ **A Gate:** Yazeba is concerned by the Ptísilith's destruction and departs on witchy business. Draw a new Shelf slot by the Gate In The Old Stone Wall—Yazeba is locked until two Mementos are placed there. She returns with a  *Mysterious Briefcase* for the Bed & Breakfast.
- ⑦ **The Horizon:** (a horizontal line) A portal opens where the Ptísilith stood. If you have a roadmap, draw a portal over Veilridge and another over a town chosen by pointing with your eyes closed. They're now adjacent.
- ⑦ **A Little Guy:** In the wreckage of the Ptísilith, the Tomtom stands, snacking on some treats. Unlock the Tomtom and ask him if he wants to stay. If the Tomtom was already unlocked, ask him if there's anything on his Character Sheet he'd like to play around with changing.
- ⑦ **A Mask:** Gertrude is marked with the Ptísilith's eldritch energies, unlocking ancient magic of incredible power. Give her the Bingo and the Whoopsie "Actually do real magic, which is big and scary."
- ⑦ **The Moon:** Unlock Nimbus Shadowside. If xe was already Unlocked, xe starts bringing around a mysterious masked buddy: make a darksidified copy of Gertrude's Character Sheet: give the copy a new name and pronouns, and replace two of their Bingos and Whoopsies and their Journey with Nimbus's (but referencing Gertrude instead of The Moon Prince).
- ⑦ **A Mountain:** Amelie resonates with the Ptísilith's chthonic energies. Give Amelie the Bingo and Whoopsie, "Nurture something to grow out of control."
- ⑦ **An Orb:** The Ptísilith releases a guiding beacon of great prophecy. Unlock Rothallion the Purple, if you can find him.
- ⑦ **The Ptísilith:** (a vertical line) The Ptísilith leaves behind... two smaller Ptísiliths? Make two copies of its Character Sheet, halve the listed dimensions in their Facts About Me, and replace one of each of their Bingos with "Broadcast what's happening by my twin."
- ⑦ **A Skull:** The world ends, or at least starts to. Consult the Forbidden Envelope.
- ⑦ **A Star:** The Winding Road to Fairyland opens. Unlock it. If you have a roadmap, draw it in.
- ⑦ **A Sword:** When the smoke clears, someone nearby the Ptísilith's explosion is left holding an ancient weapon. Add to their Facts About Me: "An ancient stone gave me a magic sword, so I might be The Chosen One or something?" The Bed & Breakfast gets a  *Legendary Sword*.
- ⑦ **A Wheel:** Everyone in the Bed & Breakfast is struck by a wave of chronomancy, rendering younger people temporarily old and older friends temporarily young. Make a new Shelf ("*The Prehistoric Cave In The Basement*") with two Nooks. The time distortion ends when they are filled. Everyone gets the Bingo and the Whoopsie "Act my age" until this is all over.
- ⑦ **Kind Of Just A Blob:** Well, that's anticlimactic. The Ptísilith leaves behind nothing but a 4 out of 5 star review of the Bed & Breakfast.

Appendix G: DEDICATIONS

INSPIRATION

Special thanks to Edda Mendes, who helped create the groundwork that would become this game.

Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast draws mechanical inspiration from countless other games, but its mechanics owe a special debt to *Chuubo's Marvelous Wish Granting Engine* by Jenna Moran, *Dream Askew/Dream Apart* by Avery Alder and Benjamin Rosenbaum, *Natalie Libre's Indie Kids' Menu* by Hy Libre, *Lady Blackbird* by John Harper, *Ten Candles* by Stephen Dewey, *Dread* by Epidiah Ravachol, and many more besides. A significant amount of its philosophy is informed by The Wayfinder Experience, *The Well-Played Game* by Bernard De Koven (and by extension, the New Games Movement), *The Poetics of Space* by Gaston Bachelard, and the playgrounds of Isamu Noguchi.

Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast was creatively inspired by all the half-remembered children's books of our youth, but most importantly *The Moomins* by Tove Jansson, *Wind In The Willows* by Kenneth Grahame, *The Mysterious Benedict Society* by Trenton Lee Stuart, *The Secret Of Platform 13* by Eva Ibbotson, the *Fairyland* series by Cat Valente, and *The House In The Cerulean Sea* by TJ Klune. It was also inspired by *Howl's Moving Castle*, *Calvin & Hobbes*, *Angelina Ballerina*, *The Owl House*, and *Foster's Home For Imaginary Friends*. We hope to honor every out-of-print softcover found at a yard sale, every misplaced episode of a TV show watched after bedtime, and every obscure fanfiction building community where there was none before.

Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast owes a great debt to the Hudson Valley, with its little houses scattered among the vast and ancient Catskill Mountains. Our valley's apple trees, pumpkin patches, waterfronts, winter gales, summer camps, and homes all made their way into this book, and while there are many places the *Bed & Breakfast* can be, for us it will always live in the mountains between New Paltz and Shokan, where the sun is warm and the nights are cool.

THE TEAM

Mercedes Acosta is a Caribbean Indigenous Tai'no artist, writer, herbalist, and storyteller. She's also created some horror tabletop games such as WHAT HAPPENED and *Los Arboles*. In his spare time he enjoys gardening, singing, and helping people in need.

For all the stories waiting to be told and all the people who carry them in their hearts. For everyone who has carried mine so far, including the team on this game, Jazz, Rosita, Ons, and Tex.

Jay Dragon is a queer game designer and publisher in Philadelphia. Jay is the editorial director of Possum Creek Games and author of *Wanderhome*, *Sleepaway*, and some parts of *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast*. Jay loves sunset forest adventures, midnight ghost summoning, and taking naps.

For Malden House, for the quarry and the rooftops, for every family I've found and every home I've tried to build. Thank you to those who work even now to create a home in your hearts.

Lillie J. Harris is a cartoonist, illustrator and writer from Southern Maryland. Their graphic novel *Wilderness* is currently being sold through Radiator Comics. Tension and empathy are key themes in Lillie's work. They also enjoy teaching, linguistics, and "not punching down."

For my parents, for their unconditional love and support, my friends, for enriching my life, the countless RP partners who've helped to hone my writing over the years, and to everyone eager to create with the same freedom we had as kids.

Ruby Lavin is the art director at Possum Creek Games and the artistic mind behind everything Possum Creek Games does. She likes texture, critical theory, fantasy, and weird plants.

For Mount Temper, Tobias, Overlook, and also all the dirtbags in this one.

Aster Santiago is a queer illustrator, animator and concept artist from Mexico City. He has worked in a variety of projects ranging from animation, games, publishing and kidlit. His passion lies in storytelling and worldbuilding and he likes to focus on creating stories and experiences that make this world a little brighter and bring us a little closer together as humans.

For the home that made me and for the one that holds me, everyday. For the little monster in all of us.

M Veselak is one of the cocreators of *Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast* and the author of the *Wickedness* RPG. When she's not writing, she enjoys horror films and luring unwary travelers into her pond to drown.

For the girl who wears a mask.



Appendix H: A Note on Type

In a perfect world, every single part of this book would be hand-drawn and hand-written. Unfortunately, we live in hell, so have instead employed approximately 40 individual typefaces to approximate a maximalist antique picture book that is also a saturday morning cartoon. Special inspiration taken from the handwriting of Carson Ellis, Wendy MacNaughton, and Natalie Andrewson. Thanks also to Aster for drawing me lots of paper and getting us closer to japanese stationery bullet journal bliss.

Rules text is largely set in Caslon and Vendetta. Fiction is largely set in Tropiline. Those very beautiful handwritten headers are in Herschel, Boysenberry, and Chauncy. Fun little ornaments are likely in Pitos, unless they're in Bookeyed Martin or Bookeyed Sadie. Special thanks to the typographic work of Taylor Penton and Josiah Goldsmith, as well as Dicier by Speak the Sky (Licensed under CC BY 4.0)



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More From Possum Creek

Possum Creek Games is a small independent tabletop publishing company located somewhere between Veilridge and Philadelphia. Since 2020, we've been making games about community, liminality, and the magic of the mundane.

Wanderhome is a pastoral fantasy game about traveling animal-folk journeying through a beautiful world. As the Hæth changes with the seasons, so does your group, growing over time as they seek their home. By Jay Dragon.

Wickedness is a witchy game for three players and a deck of tarot cards, which tell the story of a coven of spellcasters struggling to keep the balance between the worlds—and each other. By M Veselak.

Our Haunt is a creepy-cozy game about a found family of ghosts in a haunted house, learning to love each other despite the chaos of the spectral world. By Rae Nedjadi.

Learn more about us at www.possumcreekgames.com or get exclusive first looks at what's coming next from the Creekside Community Center at patreon.com/possumcreek.

RETAILERS

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*A WHIMSICAL SLICE-OF-LIFE TABLETOP RPG
ABOUT A FOUND FAMILY & THEIR MAGICAL HOME*

“What you now behold is more than merely a book: ***It is a spell, a true working of magic on the world,*** carefully woven to bewitch the reader and transport them to a place both familiar and yet beyond imagination. ***Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast does the impossible,*** uniting incredible play experiences under the same roof of shared storytelling, such that you will fall in love with this incredible work over and over again, all while never leaving hearth and home. ***It is a masterpiece,*** not just of game design, but of spellcraft.”

— Brennan Lee Mulligan, *Dimension 20*

Our story begins in a sprawling old house, where it's somehow always September 15th, and there's always room for a new visitor. A teen girl sits on the windowsill, reading a well-worn paperback and listening to the splashy-crashy rain come down. She's alone in the world, but it won't be long until the strange folk who reside here become her amazing new family...

Yazeba's Bed & Breakfast is a roleplaying game unlike any other, full of charming characters and a whimsical world. Pick up various residents and guests of the B&B and help them on their journeys. Scramble eggs with a talking frog, get in a snowball fight with the harbinger of the apocalypse, and even try to mend the heart of the wicked witch who runs the place. Everything you do will leave a mark on the book, with stickers and trinkets, until you've created something entirely your own.

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