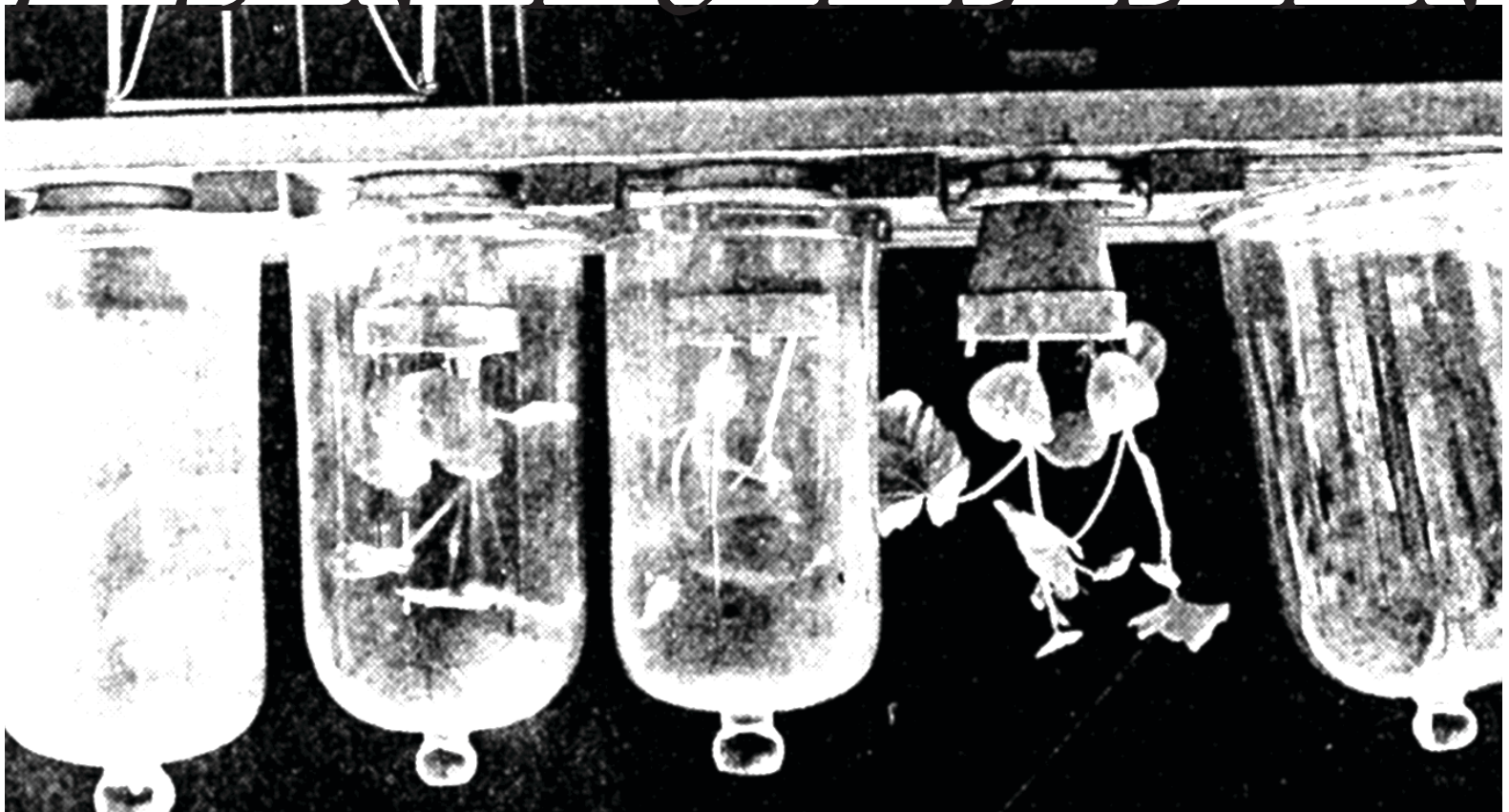


PENICILLIN



Weird rpg zine

Issue 1

Fall 2019

I've wanted to make a zine for a long time. A few are still sitting in my drafts, stillborn. Maybe I'll take the calories from their carcasses and feed them to this monstrosity

Add to the fungal biomass.

The spore-filled morass of thought and darkness.

Nominally, this is an rpg zine. But there will be divergences, digressions. I don't know where this journey will end, but I know the sights along the way will be worth it.

Black & Blue

By Micah Anderson

There are 13 fully-fledged witches. They roam the grounds of the old ruined manor at night, and sleep in the flooded basement during the day.

Their leader is called Bruised Gallow, because of the constant contusions and an ancient rope scar across her throat. During combat she will let herself be struck with blunt objects to read the wielder's future.

She has a familiar called Sol-amet, who usually takes the form of a straggly black cat or a bipedal flea the size of a child. Sol-amet doesn't fight unless absolutely pressed, but constantly spies for Bruised Gallow.

All the witches know the spells INVERT ARMOR, POWERFUL PRESENCE, SLEEP, DREAM EATER, and SHRIVEL. They can summon hungry wolves once per day, so long as they bleed.

Bruised Gallow can cast any of the spells in her grimoire, turn into a mist, or transform into a wolf, or mountain cat, or a huge crow.

Using Sol-amet's power, she can fold herself into the SIDEWAYS, the joining of corners and edges of the world. It seems like she teleports, but she just moves through the liminal spaces. She can do this six times per day.

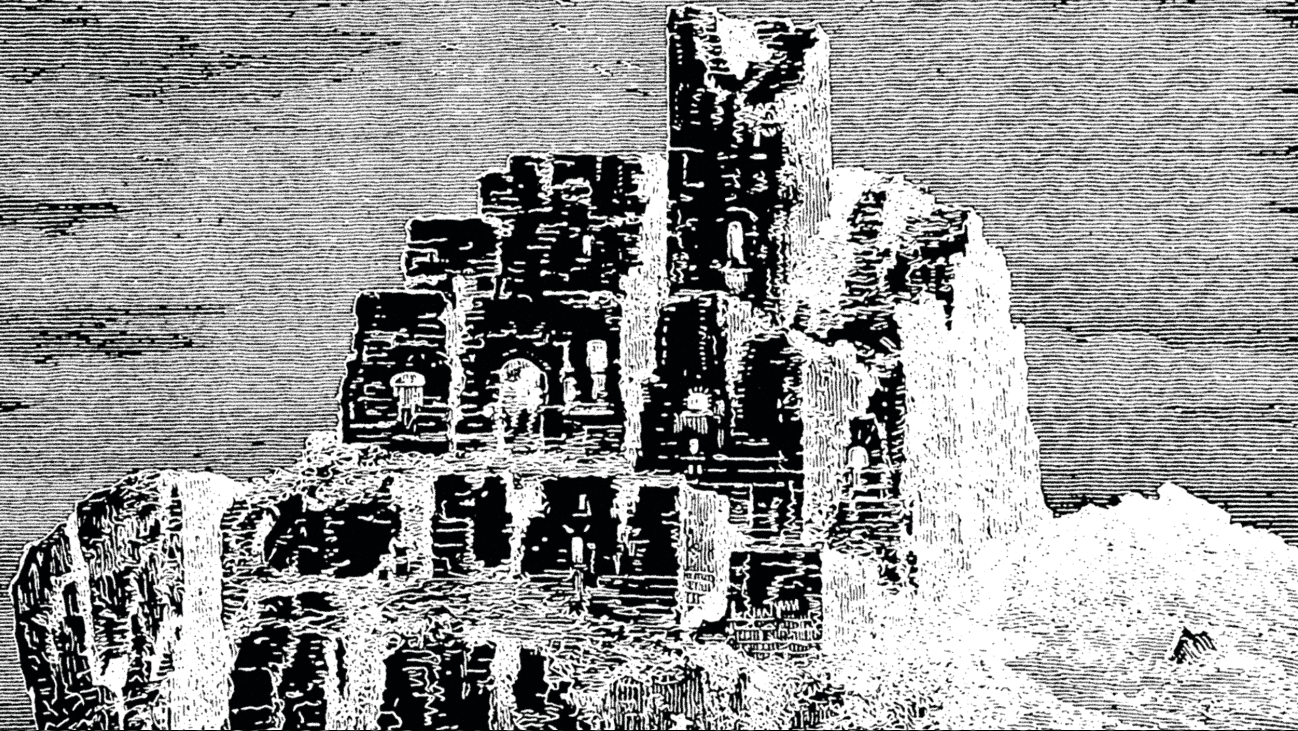
Out on the moors is a collapsing ruin. Swaybacked and ivy-swaddled. Dripping with mountain algae and rainwater, daubed with woad in fractal sigils. Wolves and crows flock here, to the empty rooms baroque and mildewed. At night, the moon glows on the spirals and teeth.

A coven of witches make home here. They bathe in moonlight and mountain springs. Their limbs are pale and long, chill to the touch, perpetually suffering the first effects of frostbite. They have no name for themselves (they have given up such things), but the locals in the town of HARROWGRAVE below speak of them (hushedly--nervously--with much crossing of themselves) as the Siblings of Black and Blue.

The witches like to abduct people. They bruise themselves and their victims, reading haruspice in the subdermal blood-pools. They divine the future with blunt-force trauma. The witch-mother will with sharp knife and bone-straw suck the blood from under the skin, savoring it like old fine wine. It isn't ritual, she just likes the taste.

The Siblings draw their power from a cthonic god. They worship it by bringing it children. In return, the god grants them gifts from the secret kingdoms under the earth. Things they can extract forbidden knowledge from. Forgotten things, or things never before seen.





The manor is sunken halfway into the acidic ground. The ground floor is semi-submerged, windows and walls bowing with the weight of a century of dirt and rainwater. Upper floor jutting like a splintered ship's prow, ruined tower like a kudzu-choked smokestack.

THE TOWER is open to the sky, and a witch is up here at night, watching the moon with rapt furvor. Creeping plants and mold make the spiral stairs inside treacherous.

THE UPPER FLOOR is exposed to the elements. Rain courses into the rotted panneling and down the halls in thin rivers. All the rooms (besides *BRUISED GALLOW'S BEDROOM*) are so old and scavenged that it's hard to tell what they once were. They're all abandoned except one which contains a family of vultures.

BRUISED GALLOW'S BEDROOM contains a mildewed four-poster bed and an iron chest, which contains her *grimoire* (and 1d20*10 silver).

THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY leads to a slippery marble staircase down to *THE FOYER*, one of the few rooms on the ground floor still accessible from the outside.

THE FOYER is where the witches like to perform some of their haruspices. Implements of bruising and pain litter the floor, surrounding ash piles and scraps of cloth. There's a large marble staircase leading up. The west stairs lead upstairs, the east lead to a 20' drop onto rubble and ruins covered in plantlife. All the doors to the east are blocked with rubble and dirt. There are two doors to the west. One leads to a hallway, and the other leads to *THE KITCHEN*. Six witches dwell here at night, playing cards, drinking, and reading bruises.

Everything is burnt and covered in ash in *THE KITCHEN*. There are limbs split and severed on the butcher's block, spitted over the fireplace. Human offal hung from the ceiling, strange herbs in bunches drying in the rafters. Mugwort, pennyroyal, John the Conqueror root, belladonna. In the oven is a charred infant skeleton with a cursed coin in its skull. If anything is disturbed, the bound spirit of the baby forms a gigantic, floating infant skeleton from the ash in the room and attacks. At night, there are three witches in here, preparing human flesh.

Spells in Bruised Gallow's grimoire: SHADOW JUDGE (as HOLD PERSON but to their shadow, does d12 damage unless they confess sins), RAISE NIGHTMARE (catatonic host produces a nightmare beast), TELEKINETIC SHOVE, SLEEP, SCRY, DREAM EATER, CURSE, SEEK THE MOON, INFLICT PAIN, and INVERT. The *grimoire* takes 3 months to decode.

Hypothermia sets in after too much exposure to the freezing water. On a failed Con save, take 1d4 damage and expand your fumble range by 1 (fumble on 19 and 20 instead of just 20). Every hour of exposure, test Con again to the same effects. A warm fire will reduce one level of Hypothermia per hour.

ASH BABY

HD 5

AC as Chain

MOVE as human, floats in the air

ATTACK with toothless jaws for 1d8 damage. Lose 10 XP. Also attacks with its hands; take 1d6 damage, and gain a level of Hypothermia.

Immune to non-magical attacks.

If you remove the coin from the baby skull, the ghost is freed, and might attack the witches on its way out.

The hallway off *THE FOYER* has five doors. The door at the far end leads to *THE BASEMENT*. One on the right leads to *THE PARLOR*, and one on the left leads to *THE TROPHY ROOM*. The other doors lead to bedrooms-turned-witch dens. Two witches in one, one in the other.

THE PARLOR contains a bunch of stuffed couches and lounges spilling their cotton. A few black candles (made from human blood and tallow, but no other effects). In a curio to the side is a pristine pack of Tarot cards, missing the sword suit and the major arcana. It is painted with iridescent pigments and contains symbology not of the surface. A collector of strange items would pay 75 silver for it, or 100 for a full set. (The Undercountry dwellers remove the sword suit in deference to the Tarot Knights, and Bruised Gallow has the Major Arcana with her). 1-in-6 chance Sol-amet is here.

TROPHY ROOM is locked, and contains a child from a nearby town. They're weepy-eyed and want to go home, but are afraid of the witches and the thing in the chimney. "I heard it scratching in there!" The room also contains a bunch of rotting taxidermied heads (patched with fungus), and an old musket above the mantle, too high for the child to reach. If you go to the fireplace, a shower of maggots spill out and begin crawling towards you, forming a manlike shape.

Down a set of cobblestone steps. *THE BASEMENT* is moldy and stagnant with water. Where most of the witches sleep during the day. Filled with trash and old furniture. Minor treasure scattered around the witches' pallets. There are stairs dig into the stony ground, deeper. Water trickling downward. Always down.

Deeper is a *BLACK LIBRARY* containing the *communal grimoire* and most of the *gifts of the Giant*. Black-lacquered cabinets with glass fronts display the objects like a museum or reliquary. The book is heavy and chained in place to a pillar in the middle of the room.

Farther down. You're getting close. The stairs spiral down, ever deeper. Strange roots burst through the walls, slowly drifting like seaweed. Pale and inedible. The cold water drips from everywhere, the walls, the ceiling, the tip of your nose.

Here. The stairs end in a smooth room. A shallow bowl, the floor becomes the walls and join the ceiling. There are tool marks around an ancient altar and the door to the stairs. The only other imperfection in the concavity is a hole, worn by geological pressures and ages. A scar in the rock, three feet wide and four feet long. Wide enough to fit into, barely, without armor. This is where the witches' god comes to visit.

The hole leads to a network of tunnels, which in turn will eventually lead to the Undercountry.

The god is a giant. Long and boneless. Etiolated, fishbelly white. It brings the children gifted to it to the Undercountry, for unsure purposes. In return it gifts the witches with salvage and treasure, knowledge. No one knows why it does this. It will chase you, slowly, through the tunnels, crawling after you, its arms bending around limestone corners.

It will chase you to the ends of the earth. Using the tiny spaces under the ground.

It isn't fast. It doesn't need to be.

Gifts of the Giant:

Nuclear Gauntlet, Parity Knife (sword handle, ignores armor, does 1d8+1 damage as long as the target's name has an even number of letters. Does nothing otherwise), spidersilk cloak, dreamwalk serum, quasar stone, a broken clockwork crossbow, the preserved head of a trow earl-priest.

THE GIANT

You can't fight him. He smiles and shoves his fluid body through the tunnels after you.

HD 20

AC as Plate

MOVE as a slug

ATTACK by grabbing you in his huge hand. He'll bring you into his mouth. He crunches down and his eyes roll back in ecstasy as you take 10d10 damage.

Charm Person

By Jared Sinclair

Range: 120'

Duration: See Below

In Autumn, go to a fancy grocery and buy three different apples in varieties you've never heard of. Take them home and taste each one. Try just the flesh of each, and just the skin, and both together. Take detailed notes about the appearance, aroma, flavor, sweetness, tartness, texture. Imagine a situation to which each apple would be best suited: in cooking, in eating on a porch alone at sunset, in carrying in a bag to visit a loved one, in offering to a new friend on the train, etc. Form strong, important opinions about the apples, and to what situations each is best suited.

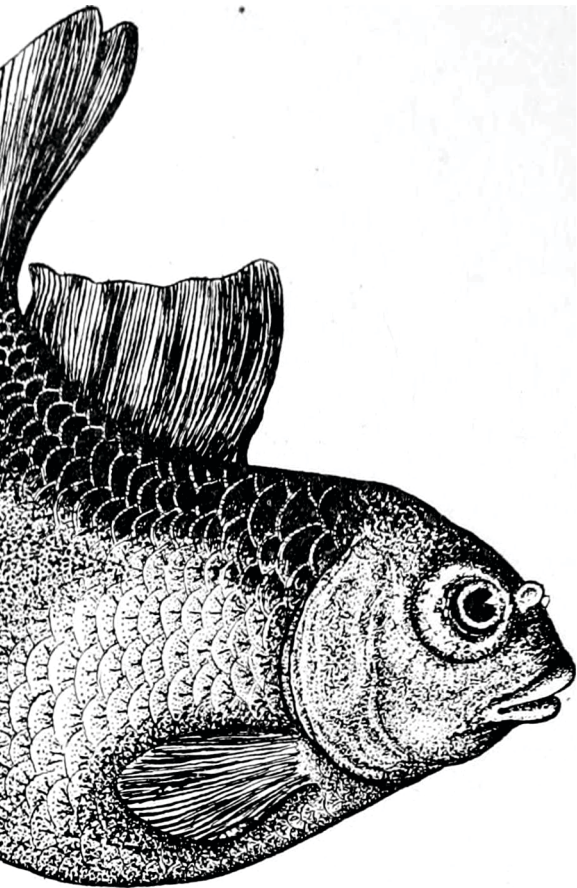
The next time you need to make small talk, and you're not sure what to say, explain your various important opinions about apples, what they taste like, how they look and smell, and to what situations certain varieties are best suited. Ask the person if they have any opinions about apples, or about other fruits. You may agree with their opinions about fruits wholeheartedly, or strongly disagree with them, at your discretion.

Possible Dream Dungeon

By John Battle

If you die in the dungeon (besides in the proscribed ways), you awaken once more in Room 1.

Something put you here. You need to get out.



1. YOU ARE IN A CROWDED ROOM, DEEP IN A DUNGEON. It's like a concert floor, people stacked shoulder to shoulder. Moving through them functions like a concert. But if you head towards the exit they will politely try to stop you. This politeness becomes violent rather quickly.

2. WHEN THIS DOOR IS OPENED, THE GRAVITY SHIFTS, making the wall with the door the new floor. Person opening the door needs to save or fall right in. Everyone else probably has to save from the sudden shift too.

This room is a 100' drop. If you fall you will die, unless you do something clever.

3. THIS ROOM IS FULL OF CAGES AND JARS. Inside of each container is a person you've met in the campaign. They're all rabid and trying to get out. If you release one, they'll try to bite you. If bitten, you turn into that NPC. Their personality will slowly start to take over yours.

Those people from the first room, if any have survived, will definitely smash these jars on purpose to fuck with you.

4. THIS ROOM IS FULL OF LAUNDRY MACHINES. They all begin to whirl and churn as the party enters. Water overflows them and floods the room with blood. Inside each machine is the corpse of something they've killed.

The disparate parts of which will try to grab the party and pull them under to drown them.

The exit to this room is on the roof.

5. When you open the door you are in an INFINITE ROOM WITH A SINGLE GRANDFEATHER CLOCK. If you turn the hands of the clock, time moves forward or backward. Whoever turns the clock is not affected, but everyone/thing else is.

You need to age the room forward 576 years for the dungeon to be built around you and a door to be formed.

If you age it backwards 666 years, you will see the thing that put you here...it has little puppets of all of you. You can take these puppets. They function as voodoo dolls.

6. The first person to step into this room DOUBLES IN SIZE.

The next becomes half as large.

The next grows a foot a round and will crush everyone in this room in just 10 minutes.

And the one after is reduced to mere inches.

The bigger you are, the quicker you'll die.

The door is big enough for a mouse.

7. I T ' S Y O U R B I R T H D A Y . The rest of the party smiles and feeds you forkfuls of cake. Forcibly. They have so much cake for you to eat. And if you don't eat it, they have forks to prod you with. Your significant other is here too (someone from the campaign) and they're really upset that you're ignoring them. If they leave or break up with you, you will LITERALLY DIE, LIKE OMG.


The potion to shrink everyone down is the cake.

8. THE CARPET OF THIS FLOOR IS A DEEP NAVY BLUE. Glimmering. But really it's just unnaturally still water.

This room is a jar, 60' deep (for your tiny form). At the bottom you can make out a pet shop through the glass of the jar. How will you get out? Oh, there's also a hungry goldfish in here that might swallow you whole.

9. THINK ABOUT YOUR CHARACTER'S CHILDHOOD PET. When you enter the pet shop through the jar, that's the animal you become, locked in the appropriate cage. People are coming to buy you too. If they succeed then you are taken back to the first room of the dungeon. The only way to turn back into your normal form (besides magic) is to die the same way your childhood pet died.


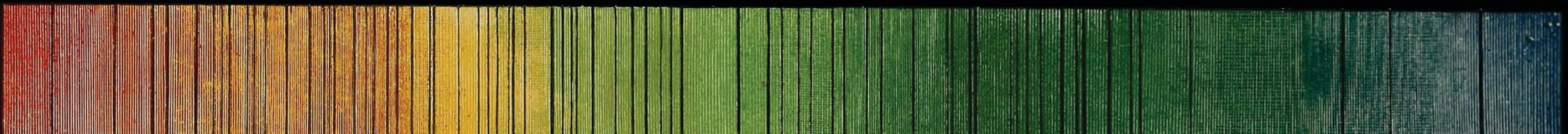
10. When you wake up from this death, you're face to face with a MIRROR. This is the exit to the dungeon and your reflection is blocking it. Think of something clever, or use the voodoo doll of yourself to move yourself out of the way or something.



First, you'll need to lose something. It's not especially difficult, these things tend to take care of themselves over time. Everything is lost eventually. Try losing one thing, a small thing. A souvenir baseball, perhaps. Let it hang precariously from your bag, leave it out where some thief might find it, or where it might roll away of its own accord. Allow it to lose itself, that's the first step.

Locate Object

By Jared Sinclair



Now try losing larger, losing better. Pack your collection of Golden Age science fiction novels into the trunk of someone else's car, one with an out-of-state license plate. Stuff your damn futon in a whale's mouth and let it swim away. Whatever it takes. There is nothing you can't lose, given enough practice and ingenuity. Just focus on the work of losing, and you'll find it comes more and more easily. You'll lose even your loved ones, given enough time. There's little you can do to avoid it, just find another unneeded thing to lose, and again, and again.

Range: 60' + 10' per level of the caster

Duration: 2 turns

Don't expect lost things to be found. If you found a lost thing, was it ever really lost to begin with? No, nothing lost can ever return. You might hear about your loved ones, that they found a job in Minneapolis selling solar panels to restaurants and banks. You might see a child and his father throwing a ball with a familiar mark on the side, but they're gone. Lost. Even this feeling will disappear in time.

Diseases

By Micah Anderson

HOW DID YOU GET IT? *Defiling the temple of a sea-god, or doing something truly reprehensible to a lobster. You fucking sicko.*

HOW DO YOU CURE IT? *You can't. Sorry.*

HOW DID YOU GET IT? *Handling any strange wands, especially those found in a dungeon.*

HOW DO YOU CURE IT? *It's incurable, but you can stave off the effects by passing it on to someone else.*

HOW DID YOU GET IT? *Eating too many blood oranges, coming into contact with any bodily fluid already infected.*

HOW DO YOU CURE IT? *Drain your blood to keep it in equilibrium, forever.*

HOW DID YOU GET IT? *Ingest the flesh of an ooze. It's a bit like lycanthropy, but grosser.*

HOW DO YOU CURE IT? *Drink a bunch of milk. Bathe in milk. Sacrifice an innocent to the calcium gods.*

HOW DID YOU GET IT? *You didn't offer a weary guest the customary drink, or touched a dragon's scale without washing it in grain alcohol first.*

HOW DO YOU CURE IT? *Consume 9 pounds of ice.*

HOW DID YOU GET IT? *Encountered a memetic virus, an Outsider or god thought about you too hard, or you got drunk and started talking philosophy.*

HOW DO YOU CURE IT? *It can't be reversed, but you can halt it by reading anatomy textbooks and remembering bits of your past life.*

HOW DID YOU GET IT? *Struck on the head by a Stygian apple, or bitten by a gravity goblin.*

HOW DO YOU CURE IT? *Remain suspended in an antigravity field for an hour a day for a month.*

Curses and the myriad illnesses that plague humankind are one in the same. Previous theories of predatory animals too small to see or vaporous miasmas are laughably inaccurate. A witch might curse you with a haunted reflection, or the common cold. Most cure disease spells, if pumped up with enough juice, will work on curses, although you have to know the effects of the curse inside and out to affect it.

1. **LOBSTERISM.** Your genitals become replaced with a lobster tail, complete with shell, tiny legs, and all the accoutrements. It's still functional. Gain a +1 bonus to save vs. groin attacks. If you have intercourse with someone you will become pregnant and give birth to 1d6 lobster-men. Interestingly, this curse can be used on other body parts, but to less drastic effect (gaining a giant lobster claw is cool, and most adventurers can't write anyway).

2. **SPELL SYPHILIS.** Your mind begins to slip, and your spell slots rot right out of your head like dead teeth. Eventually, you die, but in the meantime you go crazy and become the stereotypical mad wizard. Your aura, if viewed through a shew-stone or a spell like second sight, looks like a ratty old cloak made of bacteria or fungus, and you look like a living corpse. Spell slots rot at rate of 1 per day, then you start taking Wisdom damage. At 0 you die.

3. **EXCESSIVE SANGUINITY.** You have too much blood! For the first few days after contracting this illness you feel fucking great, and gain +2 to Dexterity and Strength checks, but then it starts to hurt as your veins swell and fill, with no extra space to grow to. After nearly two weeks of excruciating agony, you pop. In that time, any being that feeds on blood (vampires, blood mages, mosquitoes) within a five mile radius knows exactly where you are.

4. **SPONTANEOUS OSTEO-LIQUEFACTION.** Your bones turn to liquid, usually in stages. First, the teeth liquefy and trickle down the back of the throat. Save vs choking. Then the extremities, the fingers, toes, and fontanelle, and you stop being able to hold things. Finally the main structural bones turn to liquid and you can't stand, or move quickly at all. You become a slime, of sorts.

5. **TEAKETTLE DISEASE.** Your internal body temperature is constantly rising, causing pain and pressure on your bones. If you ignore it long enough without releasing it (roughly every three hours), you take 1d6! heat damage. When you release it, it issues from your mouth in a burst of steam and a piercing whistle that can be heard from far away. Your sleep is rough and unsteady, and you gain 1/2 the XP you normally would.

6. **LOSS OF ONTOLOGICAL COHESION.** Somehow, your body has been convinced that it isn't really a human body. Your organs and tissues forget their purpose, turning into leaves and flowers and tadpoles and threads. You drift apart, your mind unravelling as your body does. Occasionally, you can remember who you were with enough fortitude so as to hold your new body together (like living armor) but this is rare. All of your physical stats begin to decrease as your body fades, and unless you pass a Wisdom save every day, so too does your mind.

7. **TVS. AKA TERMINAL VELOCITY SYNDROME.** Once thought to be a combination of a vestibular issue and osteogenesis imperfecta, sufferers of TVS are affected by gravity at an abnormal rate. Every movement is compounded enough to instantly reach terminal velocity; even a fall from a foot or two up can be fatal. A stumble deals 1d6 damage, and all fall damage is multiplied by 10. Your attacks are a lot heavier, though, and deal +2 damage, although they also deal 1 damage to you.

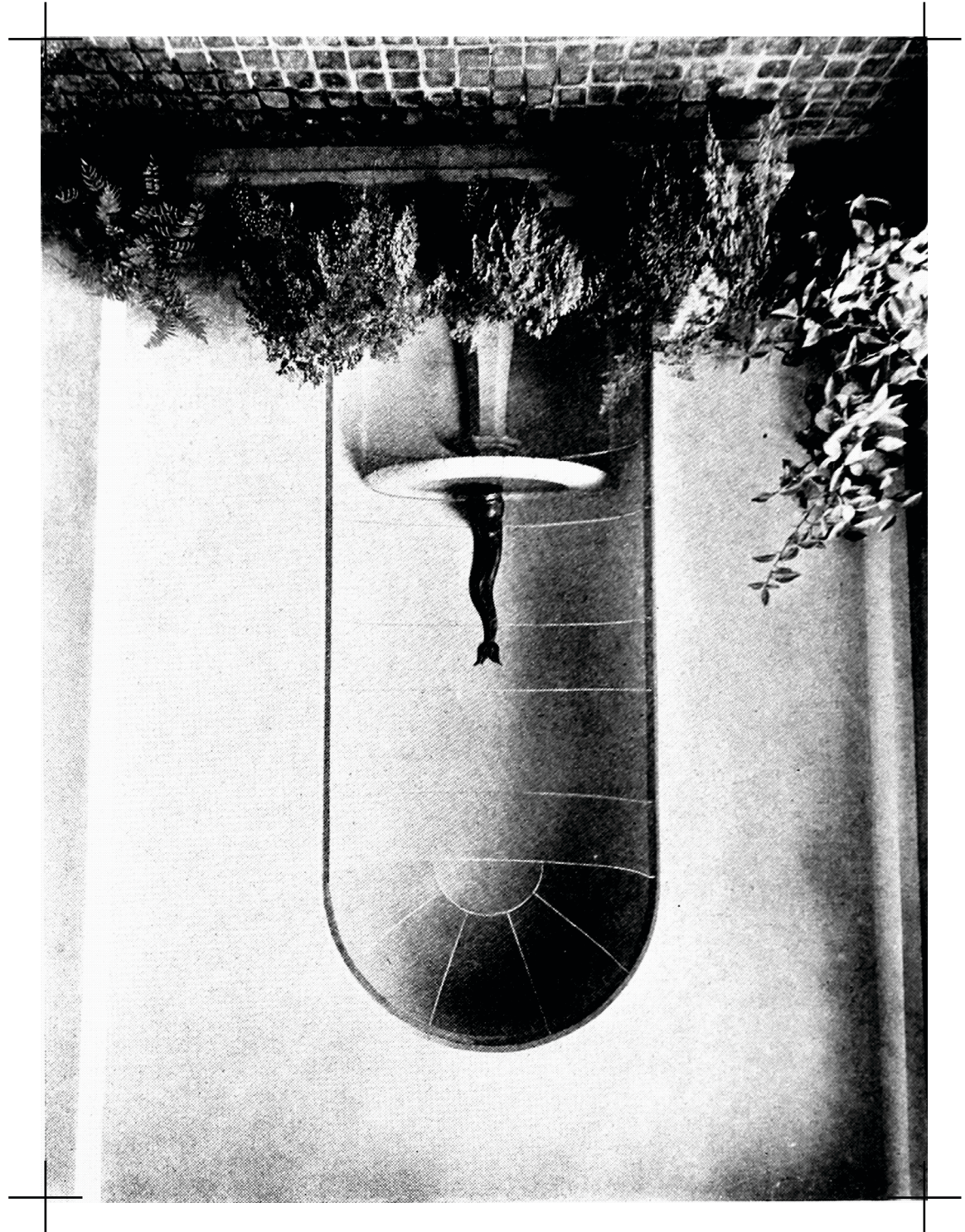
It takes a giant
The story goes
To pile mountains one
On another
The magician says
Who builds of words
Must too
Be
(What is larger?
Not mountains)
So it is he builds
Of words
Objects of astounding
Perversity
Thinks himself
Towering
Does not
Imagine not
To reach the foot
Of the brazen
Throne
Of heaven
Look down
Become
Divine
Perverse
Turn suddenly to blood and dust
Perhaps Mother
Thinks
To teach
Contempt
For gods and not sacrifice
Nurse to new health
On ferocious
Violence
And slaughter
Who is born again
Forged
Now
Of father's
Blood

Read Magic

By Jared Sinclair

Range: 0

Duration: 1 Turn



The Black Ocean on the Other Side of the Sun

By John Battle

The dark side of the sun is a black ocean of turbulent half-waves made of liquified bones and essence. It hangs motionless in the sky as the slish-slash of water cakes the hissing burn from the brightside.

Our sun is a noisy one, but the black ocean holds infinite silence. Claws rake its murky depths, kicking up the bits and pieces of sludge that form angels, muk-beasts, and terrorfish. Poor, pale creatures. All of them.

Born drowning, an Angel is made of marble flesh, speckled with the different shades of hell. Eyes rimmed in a mosaic black that shifts and drips with sad tears at the sights it beholds. The rake marks scar and chip their androgynous bodies, sometimes rending limb or life.

They have no mouths but the hums of their chest vibrate with such magnitude to bring unholy visages from the void, or perform small miracles. Each has a song that it remembers from the time "before", when they were buried in silt and had no eyes to see, or ears to hear.

Their wings grow only after leaving the black ocean, when they crawl to the bright side and bake themselves like wet clay in the furnace, solidifying shape and drying out the wrinkles on their brain. Each wing drips like ink from the slits on their shoulder blades. This makes them cry.

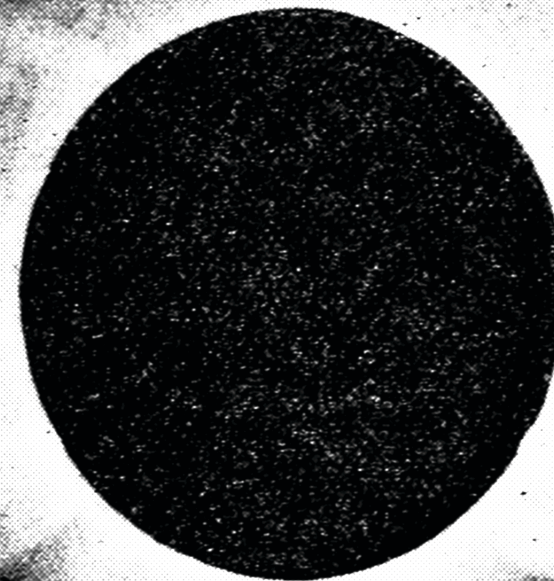
In the confines of the infinite space, their flight is a beautiful and dangerous one. But on mortal soil, their heft and weight turns the liquid dance into a destructive crash of snare and symbol as they bare no regard for tamed stone, or flesh-made structure-prisons (this is their name for buildings).

They worship the earth itself as the grandest of angels. Soft and welcoming (If only they were made of soil instead of marble they could maybe mesh with, and love one another in bonds unbreakable) and they regard buildings and cities and monuments as cursed creatures, unable to grow wings or cry or bleed.

The denizens of below-soil bear witness to them and offer full respect. From the worms, to the maggots that eat dead flesh. To the roots of trees and the wood boxes that keep sleeping dead safe from hell. An angel will raise skeletons from these boxes to set them free, or use them as foot soldiers in their war against the stonescapes of man.

With a pacifying tune, hummed through the vibrations of wall and floor, and the unyielding, never broken horde of bone, an Angel marches forth into the fortresses and halls of gods or kings, and plants the holy banner; a Holy Gaurantula. These spears of marble bone can only be made in consummation of skeleton-solider and angel love, the skeleton giving their life, and the angel giving their blackened love to create the several-meter-long pole, with sharpened tip on either end.

Once planted, the Gaurantula liquifies all stone within a mile, turning the area into abyssal waste. If the spear is left untested for several days, a black lake will form and birth a new angel. This angel will be more pure and serene than the others, being born of soft soil... instead of murky silt.



Are you tired of being human, having talented brain turning to a vampire in a good posture in ten minutes, Do you want to have power and influence over others, To be charming and desirable, To have wealth, health, without delaying in a good human posture and becoming an immortal? If yes, these your chance. It's a world of vampire where life get easier, We have made so many persons vampires and have turned them rich, You will assured long life and prosperity, You shall be made to be very sensitive to mental alertness, Stronger and also very fast, You will not be restricted to walking at night only even at the very middle of broad day light you will be made to walk, This is an opportunity to have the human vampire virus to perform in a good posture. If you are interested contact us on
Vampirelord7878@gmail.com



Lunar Vampires

By Micah Anderson

VIBROBLADE

Extremely sharp. Does 1d8+1 damage. Has d66 charges in its tenebrovoltaic battery. Using one charge activates the vibration motor, causing an additional 1d6 of damage, sawing through limbs like butter and leaving heavily bleeding, ragged stumps. After using the last charge, a demon from beyond normal geometry is unleashed. Somewhere.

MOLECULAR DISASSEMBLY CANON

A mass of tubes and wires with a series of Nixie tube-like glass bells underneath, filled with Sonic Ooze. Must be fed blood weekly, or the ooze discorporates. Firing it causes an electric shock to agitate the oozes, which send out a metasonic vibration through the tubes. Does d12 damage, exploding on a 1 or 12.

RENFIELD, or SPACE GHOUL

HD 1

AC as Leather

MOVE as human

ATTACK with gross sawlike gums. 1d4

Translucent, jellylike. Born from vats in the cellships, reconstituted collected biomass. They eat flesh too, but don't hunt; they'll eat whatever's left after their masters finish. Want to faithfully serve the vampires.

Translucent: Advantage on stealth rolls while in dim light or darkness.

The Moon is dead, but there is life on and in it. Deep under the surface where the polyp-trees stretch their paralyzed branches and release reified madness in mercury drops to the sky, beneath the caverns and hollows made when the ground shifted and made room for lunar slugs and beetle-bears, there are deposits of a strange, hard material like ceramic but somehow more pliable. This is where the dead lie, the terrible secrets of eons past that have been buried under ash and layers of strange decay.

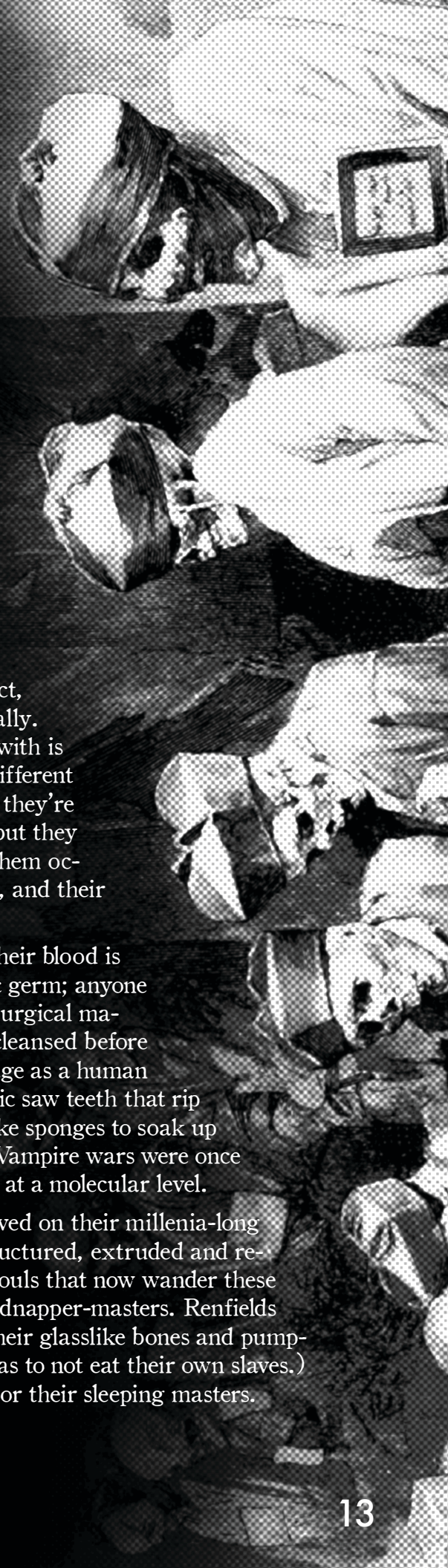
The deposits, if you were to exhume them (and exhuming them is what it would be, for you would be digging up tombs and coffins), would be ovoid, like squashed spheres of white plastic. Sometimes they'd have crushed and bent articulated legs. There are doorways and openings. They are huge, a few more than a mile across. You'd see the tracks they dig through the strata as they so slowly gravitate towards each others, at a geological pace. They grow into each other like mitosis in reverse. Inside, they are dark, deactivated, fractal, and incomprehensible. They each served myriad purposes, once.

The vampire catacombs are jam-packed: filled with strange equipment, surgical labs, esoteric weapons, and of course, vampires.

Lunar vampires aren't stereotypical eastern European counts. In fact, they look like slightly-shriveled, dead versions of your friends. Literally. There's a 25% chance that one of the vampires you fight or interact with is a doppelganger of someone you know. They actually come from a different version or timeline of the Moon and Earth. It doesn't really matter; they're stuck here now, just like you. They look utterly human externally, but they wear strange elastic jumpsuits, and arcane bits of machinery cover them occasionally. They look like extras from a 60s-70s scifi television show, and their tombs are built to match, all formica and plastic and curves.

Their bones are black carbon, scintillating with strange elements. Their blood is thick and greenish, more like sap than blood. It carries the vampiric germ; anyone who drinks it, or is fed it, or is injected with it in one of the ancient surgical machines will become a thrall-vampire in 1 week, unless their blood is cleansed before that. Vampires have blunt, human teeth. Biting does the same damage as a human does, unless they use tongue. Their tongues are coated in microscopic saw teeth that rip flesh with horrifying ease, and they use these terrible appendages like sponges to soak up blood. They are inhumanly strong, and magnificently hard to kill. Vampire wars were once fought with vibroblades and sonic canons that could disassemble you at a molecular level.

They once created a race of Renfields out of conquered people, enslaved on their millenia-long conquest of the universe. The DNA slurried and combined and restructured, extruded and recombined with more and more victims. Slowly creating the space ghouls that now wander these white, darkened corridors, maintaining the slow workings of their kidnapper-masters. Renfields are diminutive, like hunched men. Their translucent flesh displays their glasslike bones and pumping lymph. (The vampires removed the Renfields' need for blood so as to not eat their own slaves.) Renfields won't harm adventurers, preferring to lure them into traps or their sleeping masters.



In each wound is a god or a goddess waiting to be discovered, demanding our attention. We shy from pain and illness in fear or repugnance, we ignore it or cover it over. But the small god inside the wound will be propitiated one way or another. If we are unwilling to hear the wound, to experience it as a living reality, then it will force us to experience it in illness. Our bodies become sacrificial altars, vehicles for our experience of the supernal.

We begin with Purest Mercury, washed in rain water. Put the washed Mercury into a mortar with an equal proportion of sea salt. Saturate it with strong distilled vinegar and mix vigorously for ten minutes. Now wash the salt out with rain water until the Mercury appears shiny and bright, and push it through a thin leather. There should be no residue. This Mercury is now the field prepared and fit to receive our noble king.

It is not enough to attempt merely to extricate the wound, to rid ourselves of it. We must approach each wound as a message, the divine words of divine beings come to show us some part of ourselves that we have refused. If we are to learn anything from the stars of heaven, it is not to look continually ahead of ourselves to an imagined future when things will be all right. Rather, it is that things are right as they appear in each moment, and that what the moment brings is right. There are stars, too, inside of us, and the wound is our portal into that subtle place.

Obtain a pure native Gold, perhaps by panning a river. Reduce the Gold to a powder by grinding it with salt and vinegar into a paste. Wash out the salt and let the Gold dry. To twenty-nine parts of purified Mercury, add one and one-quarter parts of Gold powder and grind them into a fluid amalgam. Wash with rain water until it is clean and bright. Wipe the surface with a delicate cloth until dry, then seal it in a tall glass vessel. Allow to digest for three months at 40 degrees, then three months more at 60 degrees. The result is Animated Mercury.

It is a spirit which motivates the body, and it is the body which gives expression to spirit. Rarely do we turn to ourselves unless we are ill, never paying heed to the interior happenings of our souls until the workings of our bodies cease to work. What brings the patient to the physicker is the wound. And it is by the wound that the patient may arrive at a new awareness of something occurring within them. By attending to the wound, we are directed to the particular. Our perception of ourselves as a wholeness breaks down as we now seek to find our wholeness in the wound itself.

Take four parts of Animated Mercury and carefully amalgamate it with one part of fine Gold powder in a glass mortar. Wash the amalgam with rain water until it is clean and shining, then blot it with a delicate cloth. Place the amalgam into a long-necked glass vessel so that only one third of it is filled. Heat the vessel to 50 degrees and quickly seal it air tight before allowing it to cool. Set it to digest for three months at 40 degrees, until it darkens and finally reaches the Nigredo phase.

Cure Light Wounds

By Jared Sinclair

Range: 0

Duration: Permanent

Physician, address yourself to the dark side, to the reality of death, the stinking and rotting wound in all its unpleasantness! After all, how can we expect to realize the whole of life if we do not accept the life we have received as a wholeness? The wounded god invariably shows us transformation. The wound is a mode of transformation, a place where inner and outer realities suddenly mesh. If illness removes us from others initially, then it drives us into ourselves, allows us an immediate and intimate contact with our souls. We must make preparations for such a numinous event, where we may become participants in an eternal happening. This is not to suggest that we conduct ourselves as the masochist, finding in everything a monster of pure delight; rather, that we maintain an awareness of the primacy of the physical body as the organ of the spirit, and the wound as the messenger of the soul.

At this point, gently raise the heat to 60 degrees and continue the digestion. After three months, the matter will acquire an iridescence at the surface with colors reminiscent of a Peacock's Tail. As the digestion continues, the matter will gradually become lighter, marking the beginning of the Albedo stage. It will take about nine months for the matter to become entirely white. When this happens, raise the heat very slowly to 130 degrees over the course of several months.

To deny the wound, to deny death itself, is to surrender that autonomous portion of Nature. The body becomes lost. We turn away from what is immediately occurring, we turn away from our bodies in illness and death not because we have resolved the issue of the wound, but because it is easier to think of an afterlife. It is far less fearful and painful to consider the day when we may escape this life in one psychic piece. This narrow view robs us of our tie to Nature, strips us of our humanity. The body is a great temple which moves slowly towards a breakdown and dissolution.

The whiteness gradually gives way to a yellowness that deepens with time to red. This is the Rubedo stage of the Stone. At this point, digest the matter at 200 degrees for an additional two months to mature. Finally, allow the matter to slowly cool, then break the vessel to remove the Red Stone in the First Degree.

The Physician knows this. That the soul cannot fly, released from its vessel, until the body is broken down, dissolved, putrefied. This is the beginning of the Great Work, and without great care in its operation, the moment is lost to uselessness. To focus on the body, to focus on life and on death, is the preparation for the sacred marriage. The eternal is a sign of the dissolution of Nature, and not the beginning of created things, and the end in all things which no nature is without.

Appendix N

Deep Carbon Observatory

FLCL

Evangeliön

Dark Souls

Haibane Renmei

Sylvia Plath

Jack Spicer

Berserk

Book of Thoth

Lesser Key of Solomon

Michael Cisco

Perdido Street Station

The Scar

Iron Council

Kraken

Gene Wolfe

Paracelsus

Jeff Vandermeer

Anti-Sisyphus

The Undercroft

GLOG

Pretty Deadly

Alt-J

Steely Dan

Dan Deacon

Aaron Dilloway

Timber Timbre

Haruomi Hosono

Tasseomancy (the band)

Tasseomancy (the practice)

Hill Cantons

The Dream Songs, John Berryman

Junji Ito

Viriconium

Ultraviolet Grasslands

Adventure Time

1e DMG

Haruki Murakami

House of Leaves

Dune (Herbert novels)

Dune (Lynch movie)

David Lynch

Jim Jarmusch

Jeremy Saulnier

Jodorowsky

LSD

Cronenberg

Sitting outside during a thunderstorm

A Cool Dark Place To Die, Theatre of Ice

Thus Spake Zarathustra, Nietzsche

Wolf Children

Summer Wars

Ghost in the Shell

The Royal Tenenbaums

Moonrise Kingdom

Apocalypse Now

Aquarium, David Van

The Buried Giant, Kazuo Ishiguro

On the Road, Jack Kerouac

Hyperlight Drifter

Night in the Woods

Salem's Lot

Hainbach

Deru

Gesti, Luciano Berio

The Ocean at the End of the Lane, Neil Gaiman Megahex

A Vision, Yeats

Leda and the Swan, Yeats

Magnolia

Stalker

Roadside Picnic

Super Blood Harvest

Songbirds

Into the Odd

Troika!

Crypts of Indormancy

Castle in the Sky

Naussica

Akira

Cowboy Bebop

Fargo

The Incal

Bloodborne

Prophet

Twin Peaks (the band)

Twin Peaks (the show)

Goblin Punch

Unlawful Games

Jasper Johns

Mothership

Alien

Dead Space

The Iron Dragon's Daughter

Dungeon Meshi

End of Evangelion

Evangelion Rebuilds

Babylon 5

Pabst Blue Ribbon

East of West

13 Assassins

Vampire Weekend

Glass Animals

Looper

30 Days of Night

It Follows

Red Dead Redemption 1 & 2

Head Lopper

The Craft Sequence

Strange ASMR videos on youtube

Breaking Bad

Avatar: The Last Airbender

The Mummy

High Plains Drifter

Altered Carbon

The Gramps

Dead Milkmen

His Dark Materials

Halloween

The Blair Witch Project

Silent Titans

Fire on the Velvet Horizon

You ♡