The Bloody-Handed Name of Bronze

sorcery and violent passion in a world of desire

by Joshua A.C. Newman
Know the Will of the Names of the World

All that has a name has a will, from wind-perfected stone to petty palace guard to proud ocean. You, when you know the will of the names of the world, will tell all of the companions how the names of the world act in accordance with their caprice.

When you doubt the will of a name, remember that it will want to exact its price from a namedealer; and from a hero to be exalted by their heroic feats until the hero is so mighty that the Great Name becomes jealous.

If but one friend joins you, one of you will know only the will of their own companion and will take action according to their companion’s will. The other will know the will of all the names of the world but nothing of the companions but their actions. Choose now between the two of you, for it will so remain until this adventure’s fire is quenched.

If you have gathered around you more friends — as many as three — all of you will know the will of your companion, but one of you will — when your companion is quiet, absent, or slipping and struggling — tell the others the Will of the Names of the World. When your companion is present and may pursue their will, ask another to know the Will of the Names of the World.

If you have more than three friends with you, divide yourselves into groups of four or fewer. Change groups when the opportunity strikes.

Know Your Nature

You may find yourself a companion clad in glittering horse-crested bronze, a fated hero seeking your destiny that you might do deeds great and terrible, to be desired atop wall and hips alike, to die bathed in glory overthrowing the Great Name that has heretofore commanded you.

Or you may find yourself a Dealer-In-Names, a companion clad in the tattered rags of a mendicant oracle or in the name-inscribed brocade of a city’s priest. When you speak the Language of Names to the ancient tree whose roots reach the Waters of the Underworld; to the beautiful tiger, mistress of its forest; to the great ocean, its depths teeming with the dead, they will treat with you.

When you are either of these, you will:
- describe your appearance, your expressions, and your actions.
- When you take action from among those listed, another player will point it out to you, or you may suggest that you are taking such action to them once your companion has acted.
- If they agree, gather all of your dice and throw them that you may choose from the list the consequences you desire.
When you know the Will of the Names of the World:

Pursue with vigor the Will of the Names of the World, from a simple cooking fire to the Great Queen and her twelve greatest hero-warriors.

Answer the questions of namedealers, both asked and unasked, according to the will of the names present.

Describe with all the senses the world and the things in it: the expression on a face, the sweet herbs of honey wine; the scent of perfumed sweat on a lover, the touch of rain on desert-chapped lips, the sound of a klesh-skinned viol singing to the wind that gives heart to your bright-eyed sea vessel.

When you encounter a new people, describe their ways as the companion’s experience them.

Arm opponents with trophies of legend both known and untold.

When an opponent with a name faces a companion, grant a namedealer a gold die for each attribute they have. Grant a hero a die of jet for each attribute they have and each attribute of any trophy borne by the named opponent.

When you first settle to share these tales of might and cunning, decide who first knows the Will of the Names of the World.

Then, You who Knows the Will of the Names of the World, ask of the companions these questions. When your companion arrives, ask another to know the Will of the Names of the World, and continue so passing that knowledge.

How are you called?

If you are a hero

...mighty of limb, cast into the world by the will of a Great Name to do battle with heroes and monsters, to rise to greatness that might overwhelm that of the Great Name itself, ask either a namedealer or any other who knows the Will of the Names of the World for the name given you by destiny.

Take two mortal dice of jet: your name and your body. If you lose both, you must depart for the Waters of the Underworld.

If you are a namedealer

...clever of mind, perhaps weary of heart, and eager to treat with powerful names that they may aid you in escaping the consequences of your past treaties — then draw from the Well of Names until you have find found your true name. But give this name only when treating in good faith with another. If another knows your true name, you must deal with them in good faith when so called. So now, draw again from the well of names for the false name which you tell your companions. Beware of using that name for too long! It may take root, and if you answer to it for too long to those who believe it true, you will be again bound.

Take now two mortal dice of jet: one, your last breath; and the other all other breaths of your life. If you lose both, you must depart for the Waters of the Underworld.

The Spear of Ludug was beaten from the teeth of Ashti, the legendary hero of bronze from the people of the volcano Una. It wishes to find itself in the heart of she who wrenched the teeth from its bronze skull, and will aid any who promise such a thing. But it is a vengeful name, and will not take betrayal lightly.
Namedealer, from whom do you flee?

You can coax lightning from the clear sky; speak to the stony earth that it might swallow your enemies; seduce king and queen both.

But you trade in promises and one of these you have not well discharged. Or perhaps in discharging it, you may have found yourself the enemy of a king stoking with their rage the fire burning in their broken heart, or of a rival jealous of your success, or of the very sky itself, affronted at a lie.

Tell your companions how you appear: your age or youth, your robes tattered or adorned.

Ask one who knows the Will of the Names of the World: what does it wish of you?

What name do you know, that it now aids you?

A bronzesmith knows the name of a fine sword. A priest, the name of the broad sky of their city. A gambler knows the name of a proud-plumed ktesh, raised from its leathery egg to fight its kin with needle teeth and killing claw. What name do you know?

Is the name: Old? Big? Beautiful? Mighty? Known to All? Inscribed?

Give it one die of gold for each whenever it is true. If any of these attributes change as circumstance flows like a riven; as names grow in renown, as they are written or forgotten, change the number of dice in accordance.

Namedealer, ask one who knows the Will of the Names of the World what it demands of you in exchange for its aid.

The Well of Names

Draw herefrom until you find that which you seek.

a du il lu ne ti
ad e ir lug nu tu
ak en ka lum pa u
al fa kal ma ra uk
ar gal kin mard ri un
as gil ku mat rim ya
ash gish kur mni ru yog
bar gu la mu sar za
bi gue lab mum sha zi
bur hf lil na shu zu
dim hu lim nam siz zug

Heed this warning:

Beware the company of heroes, for those who are born with destiny wash their blades in the blood of those found closest. And yet, they may be far mightier than those who pursue you, and the great name they follow may be persuaded to send them to your aid.
Hero, what Great Name grants you your destiny?

You, who strives to die well, who are fast of foot or strong of limb; friends with death until it betrays you; desired by all, feared by the wise, and challenged by only the mighty or the foolish, ask a namedealer or one who knows the Will of the Names of the World to draw from the Well of Names until they have found that which you seek.

When you have found the name you wish all of your descendants to know, tell it to all of your companions that it might echo through the ages. Tell them of your frame, your face, your attire and jewels.

What is your fate?

What Dealer-Of-Names has told you the will of a Great Name?

Ask one who knows the Will of the Names of the World: what is that will?

Is the Great Name:

- Feared?
- Generous?
- Beautiful?
- Mighty?
- Known to All?
- Present in Eidolon?

Give it one gold die for each when it is true. If any of these attributes change as the tides of war build the honor of a city on bone; as foes crumble and the mighty lose their names; as the great are forgotten or the humble rise, change the number of dice in accordance.

Take a trophy.

The shell of the Great Tortoise of Gho, borne as a shield. A sword of bronze, forged by the volcano, Una. The sandals of Zhafaya, the East Wind. What magnificent trophy, invoking awe and desire in those whose eyes fall thereupon, have you already won?

Is the trophy:

- Old?
- Generous?
- Mighty?
- Known to All?

When you proudly brandish your trophies, roll an additional die of jet for each attribute that is true now.

Heed this warning:

Namedealers usurp the power of the names of the world. You might persuade one to use their stolen power in pursuit of your glory or reveal to you the Will of the Names of the World, but their tongues spin lies and false promises. Be sure of their loyalty.

Lamat, hero of the city of Hu, flies forth on Paruk, the winged lizard she tamed in the northern mountains when she pursued a group of raiders to their home and forced them to swear fealty to the city of Hu.

Her mother, the oracle Lusarya, has charged her to voyage into the world and return with the head of the giant Ashya that she might build a temple dome of his skull.

She flies far from the eyes of the sky of the city of Hu into lands unknown.
You, who Know the Will of the Names of the World!

To begin an adventure, and any time you do not know, ask all of your companions:

Where are you? What do you? What others join you?

When all companions have answered you, and they have clarified according to your curiosity, imagine what the names of the world now present want from the companions. A name might be a stele, ancient when the sky was the face of a child and the moon was as bright as the sun; a fellow traveler at the caravanserai who seeks love in the arms and between the thighs of a companion; a cooking fire, young and brash, with a wish to grow as large as the world.

Tell the companions what occurs according to the will of the names in reaction to the presence of the companions.

Once the companion has taken action at least once, ask another player the Will of the Names of the World and answer for them these same questions.

If your own companion might be present, ask another the Will of the Names of the World.

Give the companions opportunities to take action, that you might respond with the dice they have rolled.

If a name does not wish to aid the companion when they take action, withhold the dice of that name. But remember that it is only by rolling the dice of gold that the name can make a companion submit to their will.

Follow the Will of the World.

Seize on connections and coincidences. Whose will has brought about this coincidence?

If you play with more than one friend, seek and seize opportunities to bring your companion to the fore.

Secrets and mysteries wish to be discovered. What name holds the secret and wants to tell it to a namedealer, perhaps when wishing to strike a bargain?

When a companion chooses a consequence that alters the will of a name of the world, you have learned something new about the will of that name. If you must consider before revealing its response, do so. The will of all names is fickle, a mystery of the heart.

Make the companions want to please the names whose will you know.

When you attack a companion with word or deed, warn them that they will become harmed or shamed unless they take action.

If their attacker is named, they may be harmed twice before expiring.

If that attacker has chosen to die for the sake of victory, they may attack once more as they die.

When you, a companion, answer them:

Where are you?

On the Great Road, traveling with a caravan toward the Deepest Well? In a wadi, hoping to remain unseen by the army marching above? Astride an akum, flashing lance in one hand, singly charging the great hero of a city that quakes at the mention of your name? In the last place to which you fled?
Draw from beyond the borders of that which is seen.

To the northeast, lies the Great Road and the First City where many settle from their travels. None have traveled the Great Road to its easternmost point and few have traveled to its westernmost terminus on the border of the Great Sea and the Waters of the Underworld.

Far to the north, there are warrior tribes who ride to battle upon akum, the great and terrible flightless birds, toothy of maw. In their mountains live tribes who ride the kurka, lizards of the sky. The skin of these people bear stripes, like those of a tiger.

To the west is the Great City, in which you might find Shuat, the Deepest Well. It is a port to the azure sea, sailed by ships of stout bow and keen eye, crewed by people of the islands of Ity, where their smooth and grey skin protects them from the sun and sea in which they live. Their villages and farms of seaweed stand in the clear, shallow water of their flooded islands. The people of many lands join them in their travels.

Far away, someone builds an empire of iron. No name of iron is old. All are ugly. No people you know speaks its language.

Beneath the firmament lie the Waters of the Underworld.

Above the dome of the sky stretch the boundless waters of heaven. The sky of all places you know looks down with its strong right eye of the sun and its weak left eye of the moon.

What are you doing?

Do you travel in pursuit or flight? Prepare now for the confrontation, be taken by it unawares, or aggressively face it.

Who else joins you?

Others in the caravan? Your enemies, who have lain in ambush for you? The obeissant members of the court, surrounding you upon your ill-gotten and undesired throne of the City of Ab? Invite any other companion to join you, that they might answer these questions, as well.

When you meet one from a people yet unknown, describe what legend tells us of one such. If you come to know any of them, they will both satisfy and defy expectations.

When you see the opportunity, take action. Action will achieve your desires and force the hand of the names of the world.

If you take action against a companion, both will roll their own dice, and then they will subtract their achievements from yours, choosing whether to select consequences that you have left unchosen.

The Monolith, known only by that epithet, stands tall and alone in the desert. It rose at the first morning, the arousal of the Waters of the Underworld reaching to be stroked by her husband, the Desert Sky, that she might become pregnant with the world. It was once the Great Name of a people of the desert who could read all things in the many words inscribed thereupon in the Language of Names. It wishes to be known to all again, that all earthen-beings might know the wisdom of the Language of Names.
Zikru was once a beautiful man, a poet of great skill. So great was his ability with his tongue that he never slept alone, and often with the chiefs of his tribe. But, drunk one night on a subtle wine, he boasted that his knowledge of the Language of Names was greater even than that of Ashlala, the Great Name of the People of the River Uklal.

Ashlala, itself, rose from the river, water gushing in cataracts down the reeds of its hair, its horns piercing the limb of the moon above, and demanded that Zikru persuade the mighty Great Name with his skilled tongue, or bow down and pledge himself to its service forever.

Zikru asked what Ashlala would offer should he so persuade the Great Name to spare him. Ashlala’s words dripped with contempt: “I will make your tongue the greatest in all that floats above the Waters of the Underworld.

The poem Zikru composed moved Ashlala, indeed, coaxing tears of pearl from its many eyes. In shame, Ashlala fled the River Uklal and made good with its promise, saying, “You shall have a vision to see into the hearts of earthen-beings, and the tongue to move them.”

The people of the River Uklal, having already seen the horror of their Great Name, stood frozen as Zikru’s beautiful face erupted with a third eye, his smooth brown skin became thick and scaled, and his tongue, the treasure of his people, grew forked.

Zikru lives among them to this day, commanding them as a Great Name might, unable to cry for his own lost beauty.
The City of Guruk tells its future in the deaths of its gladiators. Each match is observed closely by oracles who tell from the splashes of blood whether the Queen may conceive this year; from the cries of pain of a victor whether the Northerners may raid again; from the pattern of intestines on the ground whether the barley might rise early.

The city’s four gladiatorial families, fecund with adopted slaves, grant the arena their purported offspring at each festival. Amegh of the Family of Nur stands for three years now the champion of the Guruk. To aid in the foretelling of good fortune for the Family, Amegh fights with the bronze, double-leaf-bladed weapon, the Wind that Blows Both ways. He will, if the oracles decree it necessary, supplement the weapon with others, but it is the Wind that Blows Both Ways that finds its home in his palm and in the breast of his opponents.

In his dreams, and with the tongue of his trainer Nur Geshur, the ancient voice of the Sun of the Sky of the City of Guruk lends him purpose. It drives him to a truth written in blood — a truth that ever further glorifies the future of those who believe they own him.

Around his waist he wears the grimacing Face of the Sky, the harness of the champion of the city.

But Amegh has interests beyond those best sought in the arena. He finds in his hands the fate of the city that enslaved him and drives him to kill and, eventually, to die.

He would seize that destiny for himself.
Taking Action

The wills names of the world are fickle in their own way, and may be subject to the consequences of the action of companions.

All witnesses will say how they see a companion act. Have no concern for their intentions, but only for that which they have done.

Companion! When you take actions according to your nature, roll at once:

- Your mortal dice of jet: the mortal dice of your body, your name, and your trophies
- All immortal dice of gold borne by the names that aid you in this moment.
- Count every 5 and 6 on your dice as an accomplishment.

If there are no accomplishments, do as your opponent demands or they may harm you at their whim! If iron here met bronze in battle, it has bitten deep, destroying the bronze.

If you have 1 accomplishment, pick one consequence of the action you have taken. Your opponent may choose to defy any consequences you have left unchosen.

If you have 2 accomplishments, you have succeeded well! Choose two consequences of the action. Your opponent may choose to defy any consequences you have left unchosen.

Hero! If you roll 3 accomplishments and at least one is gold, choose three consequences as you perform a great feat worthy of legend!

When you face a trial at the behest of a Great Name, they may grant you great abilities of speed, of agility, of endurance or leadership worthy of a tale told to the grandchildren of those who witness it. Tell your companions what was seen by those who witnessed your might, for they may already know of your deeds.

Burning your destiny

After you roll, you may burn any number of your own destiny at once. A namedealer gains dice of gold, trying the patience of the names. A hero gains dice of jet, risking hubris. Count the accomplishments as though you had rolled them before.

When you face a companion

When your foe is another companion here at your table, you will roll your dice and they will roll theirs. For each accomplishment of theirs, remove one of yours. Then read the dice as you would normally.

None may tell a companion their will; it is theirs alone. Should an accomplishment offer to alter their will, tell them it is your wish, but expect them to act in accordance to their

When You are Harmed or Shamed

Ask a witness to describe the lasting harm done to your body, or, if shamed, your name: a deep cut from which hang your viscera; gore where there once was an eye; the shell of the great tortoise, shattered on the floor; shame at your failure to save the life of your friend.

Remove one of your mortal dice of jet. If you have now lost both, you must depart for the Waters of the Underworld.

They who have you at their mercy may opt to take something else from you, rather than harm your body or name; a possession or a loved one, even the well-being of a companion. Be wary of accepting harm, for it may harm lives you value more than your own.
Two years have passed since Emakesh rounded the bend of Mother River to see the village of Adur Em burned to a smoldering cinder. He asked the boat — a simple canoe carved from the stout bowsprit of the warship whose stories you already know — to beach itself that he might look among the ashes for clue or treasure. What he found was much more than the fire-eaten remains of a village.

Within the crinkling charcoal of the town, he found a holocaust. The smoldering skeletons of its peaceful fishing inhabitants littered the town in heaps where the marauders had piled the bodies to denude them of valuables. Here, he found a bent leaf sword like those carried by the soldiery in the mighty City of Dur who now marched the length of the Mother River in search of cities to subdue. And there, lay a feather, such as those worn by their captains. But why, he wondered, would such an army attack a village so small and peaceful as these fishers? He saw signs of battle given, but also that the village had expected no trouble; the everyday fish market still stood, its wares scattered and dirty. Flat loaves of bread and fruits littered the ground, as though morning shoppers had been taken unawares. It appeared that the militia of the town had roused itself hurriedly and incompletely, giving fight only briefly.

As Emakesh explored, though, he found one alive: an old woman who called herself “Lal”, her face smudged with greasy soot, one eye sealed shut with a wound, her clothes and hair burned away. “The name,” she said, “is true. The time for falsehoods has passed. They will save me no more.”

Emakesh moved, gave to her his true name, a long and lilting name in a language from far away; a name from a people whose every child learned the Language of Names that he had made his life’s study.

“Promise me,” said Lal as she held out her open palm, wizened with age and crooked with recent violence “that you will preserve this flame.” In her hand danced a tiny spark, a fire no bigger than a failing light perched on the consumed wick of an oil lamp. “Its name is Shumal. It is the fire of the first sunrise. It has sustained our people since that first dawn, but now we are dead. Take it with you that it may light the way and another people may remember our name, now that we are gone.”

Emakesh nursed her through the night, speaking sternly with the evil names of suffering that sought to increase her misery in her final hours. They recoiled at his word, but in the morning, she was dead.

The flame spoke with the name of a small child in a small voice. “Will you protect me?” it asked in the Language of Names.

“If you protect my life, if you cook for me my meals, if you let me see in the darkness and burn those who would see me harmed, I will carry you in my hand and nurse you to health and see you safe in the hands of a people who will do you honor.”

The two agreed.

In the years since, the Dawn Flame has grown. Many now know the wonders of Shumal, from the City of Bhat to the northernmost port on the shore of the Sea of Loss. It now lives within an iron ring, stolen from the King of the City of Cloud, that Emakesh wears on his right hand. He has heard of a sea people who worship the dawn and now travels in his canoe to their port city of Daghra, that Shumal and he may part ways, the flame to be worshipped by a people who love it — a people to be forever indebted to Emakesh.
Healing and Recovering Honor

Take appropriate action to heal the wound and take back the mortal die of jet you have lost! You will forever bear the scar of the wound. Ask a witness how this appears: a mass of scar where once was your eye; a mangled hand of two fingers; a limp that favors your crushed leg; a new ear, crafted from a seashell.

Shame may be healed only by proving one’s honor. If you have so regained it, those who persist in believing in the dishonor of the hero must remain silent or face the anger of those know of your greatness.

Burdu Adak, Long-As-An-Arm, was cast, forged, and ground by Nanam, called The Clever-Hand. He traded a promise of marriage to Uluk on the shores of the Waters of the Underworld for the copper, and stole tin from a Northerner who had carried it far on the Great Road as a tribute to the empire builder, Gash the Wielder of Bone.

But that is long in the past. Now Burdu Adak wishes to stop the spilling of blood by earthen-beings. It is old and tired, though its beauty is undiminished. It has cloven skulls for a thousand years and now wishes for the earthen-beings of the world to build gardens, to care for one another, and to make amends for the misery wrought with its fine edge.
Ahuj, as she’s known by Captain Kwajr’s brave crew, is friend to Djafaiya, the East Wind of the Sea. At a word from her lips, city gates discharge their duty to her by opening. Fair winds vacate the sails of their quarry and swell their own to overtake their prey. The Mighty City of Po invites her with gritted teeth and will see her unharmed in its rough streets and halls of intrigue.

She was borne by the great namedealer of the People of Hab, liyetueh — liyetueh, about whose traveling student you have read in this very library. The few who knew both are scattered to the winds, to turn the interests of the names of the world to their own or die at the whim of those they would control.

Captain Kwajr, Fury of the East Wind, holds Ahuj in high esteem and relies on her relations to the mighty names of the world. But she has, in return, promised to never constrain Ahuj’s freedom, and thus far has always returned from errands dictated by her own heart.

Ahuj wears in her hair many names indebted to her on strips of parchment and papyrus. On her head are strings of glass coins from the City the Fiiyah, as required of her by the city itself. Her face is dyed with indigo in the style of her people of Hab, though her people use henna, instead.
Which did you, Namedealer?

If your dice have given you three or more accomplishments, seize one destiny for each additional accomplishment!

Offer What They Desire

- They give you what you ask.
- They demand no more than you offered, refusing otherwise.
- The agreement they have made with you will endure.

Coerce

- They agree, or you may harm them.
- You remain unharmed in the exchange.
- No other is harmed.

Thieve

- You gain what was theirs for your own.
- You remain unharmed
- They do not know you took it, for now.

Escape

- You get away.
- You remain unseen.
- Seize one destiny!

You, who are faced by this dealer-in-names!

If you wish, devise consequences according to the Will of the Names of the World that stem from those consequences unchosen by the companion.

When a namedealer’s dice of gold afford two accomplishments, a name that was aiding with dice of gold now has the upper hand over the companion! What does the name wish at this moment?

Does it wish to dismiss the companion as incompetent and incapable of fulfilling their promise to you, ending the contract immediately?

Or does it make a new demand to which the companion must agree, else suffer immediate or foretold harm at the hand of the name?

Or does it allow the arrangement as it stands, accepting the companion’s fragile nature, allowing for the flaws of their mortality?

To Treat With a Name

Speak or write the name of the thing in the Language of Names — a tongue spoken by all names, forgotten but by mortals, save those who have dedicated themselves to its study. Speak to the name in a tone that befits its nature. Surely, to give a false name now would bring you doom, though the name with which you treat may not yet know of the falsehood.

Discuss with the name what it desires in the Language of Names, spoken in the space between breaths, as silently as a whisper, or in a voice as great as the sea, or written as boldly as blood on a banner of whitest linen.

If you wish, you may make an offer to the name and so take action; or it may make to you an offer, to which you may agree if you like. Take the dice of gold for each of its attributes and use them as you would those of any name.

Departing for the Waters of the Underworld

When you depart for the Waters of the Underworld, take action on the names of your descendants and witnesses to your life to learn how you are remembered. Speak to them from a dream or through signs, or through those who knew you in life, or through a record of your deeds. Roll all of your remaining destiny as dice of jet. If you reach the Waters of the Underworld with all of your promises fulfilled or forgiven, you will rest there in the cool and dark for all time. If not, your name will be restless forever, tormented by the names you defied.
Shout your name! Learning of your presence strikes the heart with fear and awe. Every 4 on the dice will additionally add to your destiny!

If you roll three or more accomplishments with the aid of your dice of gold, take a third consequence with a mighty feat!

You who face this hero!

If you wish, devise consequences according to the Will of the Names of the World that stem from those consequences unchosen by the companion.

When a hero’s mortal accomplishments upon their dice of jet outnumber those of your dice of gold, the great name may become jealous!

You may make a demand that the hero must follow in order to prove their submission to you? If they refuse that demand, you may harm them at your will and send their enemies against them.

Departing for the Waters of the Underworld

When you depart for the Waters of the Underworld, roll your destiny dice as dice of jet and choose one for each accomplishment:

- Those who witnessed you remember you.
- Those who remember you speak of you with admiration.
- Those who remember you speak of you with fear.
- Those who admire you raise their children in your image.
- Those who hear your name uttered in fear know of your bravery.
- Those who raise their children in your image preserve you in eidolon.
- You may return from the Waters of the Underworld as a Great Name to speak with those raised in your image, those who know tales of your bravery, and those who present themselves to your eidolon to guide them against the Great Names who tormented you in life.

Coerce

- They agree to do what you demand, or you may harm them.
- You are not harmed in the exchange.
- No other is harmed.

Lead

- Those who follow you remain unharmed.
- You are neither harmed nor shamed.
- Your followers adore you.
  Seize one destiny.
- You achieve that which you promised.

Follow your Passion for Another

- The object of your passion pursues you with equal or greater passion, else, if a companion, they may shame you.
- You are neither harmed nor shamed.
- None are possessed by jealousy over your passion.
- You exchange a vow of friendship with the object of your passion, or you are both harmed. Take them as a trophy.

Test Yourself

- You are witnessed! Seize one destiny and take followers from among the witnesses!
- You succeed in this trial!
- You cause no harm to others.
- You are neither harmed nor shamed.
Know Your Heart

When your companion takes action according to their nature, collect and roll all your mortal dice of jet and your immortal dice of gold.

Notice when others have taken action and ask them if that is their intent. They may choose to retract the action, or they must roll their dice.

You may burn any number of your destiny at once, turning each into a die of jet or re-rolling a die of gold. Count the accomplishments as though you had rolled them before.

Choose a number of consequences allotted by your achievements and according to the nature of your companion.

A Dealer-In-Names finds peace by discharging the duties they have agreed to, or by escaping the consequences of their failure, as judged by their death.

A hero finds glory in their own death, overcoming the Great Names that have made demands of them since before their fated birth.

Know the Will of the Names of the World

If you play with but one companion, one or the other of you will only know the Will of the Names of the World until the fire of this adventure is spent.

If your companion is absent, quiet, or slipping and struggling, then you will know the Will of the Names of the World.

Find in your heart the desires and interests of the names of the world. They may be fickle or honorable as you see fit.

Whenever you wish, ask another to know the Will of the Names of the World.

When a companion takes action, you may defy the companion in accordance with those consequences unchosen by the companion.

When you doubt, ask all companions present:

1. Where are you?
2. What do you?
3. Who joins you in this place?

You will need to play:

- A stylus and tablet upon which to inscribe your name.
- Nine or more mortal dice, hewn of jet.
- Nine or more immortal dice, cast in gold.
- Many coins, each an atom of your destiny.
- One friend, or as many as three.
- A will to share, with all here gathered, your understanding of this text and the ephemera that spin from your tongues.
- One turn of the hourglass, though you may continue as long as your heart desires adventure.

If you are a Patreon patron of xenoglyph, take one in thanks for making this, and my other creations, possible!

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