The Heart is a Dungeon - Transcript

GM: Dusk arrived with shoes so soft you didn't hear it coming. We see the landscape of West Virginia, the shadows stretching reeds and tree into shapes unwelcoming to those with eyes so used to light. From the heights a hawk flies, we see a thin, curving bit of river hidden and smothered between the green. You're not sure where you took the wrong turn, but by now you're pretty positive you would have merged into a bigger tributary than this small stream that barely holds your canoe without too much overgrowth and clutter.

It's 1873. The world is still vast, still wild in the deepest woods and the darkest caves, and you take that into account. Realizing it is getting closer to night and there's no sign of a clearing to anchor and set up camp. As your silhouettes become visible against the bright orange sunset to the west, what do we see when we see Sparrow and Joshua?

Sparrow: You see on one end of the canoe a large humanoid creature with big, drooping cow-like ears, a flat, long bovine-ish nose and wild, long copper hair tied up in braids just kind of lounging back, seemingly unbothered by the situation, just watching the crows fly above head while she watches her much shorter companion try to figure out where they are.

Joshua: With Joshua you see a half-elven boy with short, pointed ears, darker-skinned with dark, curly hair that stops about the shoulders, and in his hands he has a book that he is not reading, but is just nervously thumbing through as he looks at the surrounding trees and the water below. Sparrow?

Sparrow: Yes?

Joshua: You know I'm not too learned about river traveling and all this, I was just wondering when you think would be the best time... I don't think the town is coming up? I could be wrong. If you tell me that I'm wrong and I'll believe you. But are we close to the town? Are we going to keep going in the dark? Is that a thing that we're doing?

Sparrow: Oh honey, don't you even worry about it. Let's take a look around. And I'm going to sit up, kind of take in the surroundings more deliberately, and just kind of listen to see if the wind has anything to say.

GM: Those big old ears of yours perk up. And it's wild out here. You can hear the reeds bopping each other, the occasional beaver and stoat watching you through the overgrown hedges. At this distance you don't hear any signs of the civilization you're looking for, or the major town you would expect to find fairly soon. To be honest, you expected to find it a few hours ago. This river that you're on, you're lucky you're in a canoe, because if your raft was much bigger, you would not be moving as smoothly as you are right now.

Sparrow: Well, it seems we might have come a little bit off course. Maybe we'd best find a place to make a camp.

Joshua: So, we're not going to be hitting in the town, is what you're saying?

Sparrow: Well, certainly not by dark.

Joshua: Okay, well you know, that's fine. I am sure amicable to getting off the water and making a camp, if that is what you think we should do.

GM: But it's not too much further around a bend. It sticks out because it's not organic. There's a stone dark that emerges out into the river. It looks old. Older than anything you've really seen in these parts of the country with vines growing up it, holding it together. Old, dark, dark rock that doesn't look like it's even from this region. A hundred feet or so behind it, you're pretty sure you can make out the shape of a small cabin with a single lighted window.

It appears you stumbled onto a homestead of sorts. Joshua instantly can feel that someone else has wards set up nearby. Magical shields or a fence or a gate, not anything sinister. Just what one who operates in certain magics would tend to have around a home.

Joshua: Joshua, feeling that crawl of magic that he's not yet completely familiar with, I think is going to look to Sparrow. Well, I'm not too sure, but I think the person that lives here might be of kin to us? And with that he gestures between them kind of awkwardly because he's not entirely sure what they actually are.

Sparrow: Ah, did you pick something up? Let's follow that feeling. And I will kind of steer the boat towards that spot. And I pull out the last of the baked goods I brought along as a little offering, perhaps in exchange for a night's rest, and knock on the door.

GM: You smell purple cornflower, wink-stem ferns as the wind goes through the Appalachia. You can feel it almost rushing ahead of your form to embrace between you and the wall. You smell the wild and as your hand reaches to that door it's open before and all you see for a moment is a double-barreled shotgun and then an elf woman behind it, looking at you carefully, squinting into you and through you just to make sure. And then you see them slightly relax once they decide and settle upon what they believe they see.

GM [as Lu]: Can I help you? You're a long ways from anywhere.

Sparrow: We sure are. I think we might be lost. It sure is getting dark out here. We were wondering if we might exchange some of these lovely cookies we made for a night's rest? We're fine even outside. We don't want to be no bother.

GM [as Lu]: Let me ask you an honest question. How are your cookies and how does Joshua think your cookies are?

Sparrow: Well, I consider myself a decent baker but I'll let you try one for yourself before you

decide.

Joshua: We don't mean to cause any bother or any harm. We were just looking for some direction, some instruction? If you're not too comfortable with us, we can have a talk down by the boat, but, you know, we're not trying to interrupt your nightly ablutions.

GM: She's very tired. She has worry lines around her eyes. Probably hasn't slept or tranced in a while as you, now closer, can see she's full-blooded, high elf. But she lets the muzzle of the gun droop a little bit.

GM [as Lu]: I'm sorry. There's room. You can even go under the workshop if you want to get away from the morning dew in case there's a sprinkle. Feel free to drink water, use the fire. I've got some stew I can water up a little bit.

Joshua: Oh, thank you so much.

Sparrow: Thank you kindly dear. We'll try not to be a bother.

GM: As you enter you see a humble single bedroom studio home, a little kitchen, a little dining room, a sitting area. And you see a bed with a Harrengon old rabbit man. Blanket pulled up, looks ancient, older than any hair gone you've ever ran into. Sickly, but more from age than anything else, and kind of in and out, of a little bit of a fever-y sleep, and she kind of glances over and sighs.

GM [as Lu]: My name's Lu, by the way.

Sparrow: Lou, you're such a doll, thank you.

GM: One eye kind of raises. Doesn't say anything.

Joshua: Um, I'm Joshua. Not to, sorry to cause any trouble.

GM [as Lu]: Oh, you're not causing any trouble. You're just here at a sensitive time, but I guess we can’t all choose when we get lost, can we?

Sparrow: My focus, Fear No Haints, is strongly connected with death. Can I sense that this old person is dying?

GM: As Joshua is making the more friendly and acceptable conversation, you're scoping on the old rabbit in bed as, you know, Sparrow would. The first thing that you notice when their eyes flicker a little is they're just filled with a deep blue and white starlight just swirling and moving. Their eyes flutter. They close again. They mutter a few things that you can't really make out because it's more of a dream. Definitely dying, definitely from old age, but it also seems like the old age has been lengthened through magical means. That those means are now at their end.

Sparrow: I think noticing that, sort of a dark intensity would cross Sparrow's face as she looks back at Lou. How long has he been like this, dear?

GM [as Lu]: A couple seasons. We did all we could to make his life a little longer in length, so we'd have a little more time. But we always knew I would outlive him by quite a bit.

Sparrow: I'll certainly prepare in the open so she can see what I'm doing.

GM: What are you doing?

Sparrow: If you'll allow me, I would like to use my Dream Walk Cypher. So I will prepare herbs and crush them into a liquid and prepare a cloth to lay across his head.

GM: As you're doing that, Joshua, are you maintaining this space? Are you getting anything out of the canoe? Are you just watching aghast as Sparrow starts taking out all these things on these poor people's floor?

Joshua: I think he's interested in what Sparrow is doing, because again, this is all things that are new to him, but I'm also going to try and see what's around. See if there's anything hidden. And, for that, I'm going to use See the Unseen, which I do for free.

Sparrow: I will lay my hand on his hand and enter a trance. I will lose all sensation of the world and see what he's seeing in his dreams.

GM: What does Sparrow look like when they enter into their dream-lurking trance?

Sparrow: For a moment I look like myself, but made of sort of an ethereal light and then my eyes light up real big and round and just kind of washes everything out into more of a haze. Trying not to make a disturbance, but see what's going on in here.

GM: That very moment, Joshua taps into their own riddle, their own inner dock. Their eyes shut, open up, glowing. You see the starry eyes of the old Harrengon light up also and it's blues and blacks and they're both just there with wide eyes shining bright in this cabin.

You see Lu is taken aback, but once again, she understands things. You step into your place and when you open your eyes, you can see through everything so smoothly. Except for these lines covering the whole property, you see almost this net of magic arcane blues and purples, about a half acre or so around this space. But out at the pier where your canoe is, you just see the ghost of the canoe, the shadow of the canoe.

You see a long, thin form in a sharp suit with a little hat and a little briefcase standing and just staring straight into the home. Sparrow, you enter into the rabbit and you smell… you smell spring. You smell spring somewhere where the sky is not so heavily cluttered with dark,

tormented trees, but open meadows and open valleys. And you feel strong and you realize you are bounding and you are running and laughing on this meadow.

Behind you, you see a young high elf and her eyes are of nothing but admiration for the joy you've mutually brought into this world. As you run away from a town, backpacks on your back, promising that you'll both be enough, you'll both always be enough. We'll find a way. We'll live forever, together. And then we come back to Joshua. Joshua, do you pull yourself out of your vision or do you continue to watch?

Joshua: I think seeing the man, Joshua has continued to watch but is a little taken aback.

GM: You watch him walking the length of this arcane net that you can see, testing it, reaching out a little hand and spitting on it. And you see a little red magic burst as he is testing the strength of the ward. You also see Lupin's head turn very quickly, torn between the two requirements of her attention at this moment.

You're going through these flashes, and you see him getting older. You see them try strange magic, strange rituals that help him there. They restore vitality. They maybe give him a season that doesn't count. They're trying to patch together something, but they're both desperate about it. And it seems sincere and more out of a hunger to be together than anything else in this world. They avoid wars. They avoid depressions and causes. They hide in caves. They have tree houses at one point up in what now is referred to as Oregon.

Joshua: Caught, I think, caught between looking at the man and trying to figure out what Sparrow is doing. Do you -I'm so sorry, do you know.. Who is that?

GM: Her eyes kind of narrow.

GM [as Lu]: I don't know who, but I know what. There's a slice of hell disguised as a corporation of sorts referred to as Bulletin Board. They technically own this property. They're waiting for Tevil here to pass before they come claim it, and I've extended his life multiple times and they send messages, they send servants, they send lucky rabbits' feet wrapped in boxes. But it appears they found their way here somehow because this is the first time they've ever sent one of them.

GM: And you see she looks concerned. Where y'all showing up at her door did not worry her too much, she seems a little shaken by this very tall figure, very thin, big turtleneck collar with its head kind of shoved in a little more than looks natural. Big old elven ears almost that droop down to its shoulders with this giant smile that goes from eyebrow to eyebrow.

Joshua: Should we be… should we be trying to get rid of them?

GM: She looks at the table and looks back at you.

GM [as Lu]: You came at the worst moment and they followed you.

Joshua: I'm sorry.

Sparrow: Yes, I would like to address Mr. Tevil directly, if I may.

GM: You may.

Sparrow: Honey, come on out and talk to me. Can you hear me? That's an 18 on the dice.

GM: All you saw was darkness as you spoke until suddenly it turns into this giant almost like you're in an orb, and it's blue and it's sparkling. There are stars swirling in it. You don't see him, but you feel all of his self focused upon you as though all he is is what he's seen right now.

GM [as Tevil]: Who are you? You're not Lu.

Sparrow: My name's Sparrow. I'm just trying to help. Are you trapped here? What's going on? How can I help you?

GM [as Tevil]: I'm dying, Sparrow. I was just trying to remember one last time. Why are you? I don't remember you.

Sparrow: Oh, you don't know me, honey. I'm just trying to help your dear Lupin out there. Things look a little rough.

GM [as Tevil]: Is she in danger? Is my Lupin in danger?

Sparrow: Oh, I don't know about that, honey. I'm worried about you right now.

GM: You step out and it feels different out here, Joshua. Especially seeing things as they are. There's that weird “that shouldn’t fit there” as this seven, seven-and-a-half-foot tall man with wide jack-o-lantern eyes and a little briefcase.

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: Good evening! Tilts his hat. So good that you could come talk to us today!

Joshua: Listen, listen, sir, good evening as well but I ain’t got nothing to say to y'all.

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: I have a contract!

GM: You just hear him muttering as you are going to the workshop.

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: I'd love it if you could see these terms. I need you to look at the terms!

Joshua: Oh, no. I ain't too interested in no contracts. You know, my mama always said I should really not listen to, you know, random salespeople when they come knocking at the door. And

you're knocking at a big old door right now, sir.

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: Hahaha, I love jokes.

GM: You start seeing big, strange-looking bullfrogs and strange reptiles throwing themselves at the ward and just falling asleep the moment they hit it and not being able to go through and you watch one of his little curled fingers calling to the swamp and to the wood.

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: I have a right, here. She's avoided my rights.

GM: And as you get to the workshop, you see it looks like four or five pieces of smoothed-down wood that obviously already had some work.

GM: [as Mr. Brindle]: Step over here for a second!

GM: And you're able to shake loose this pull. But it's not pulling Joshua, it’s pulling Joshua's shadow. There's a darkness in you that this voice knows how to call to. Does it even see you, or does it just see the little light you break up along the horizon?

As you're struggling to get these pieces of wood, they're kind of falling out of your hands but you're getting the grip, you're keeping your nerve. You just don't look at ‘em, you just don't look at ‘em. When someone whistles from the green, you never whistle back. And we go in to Sparrow.

Sparrow: I would, if you wouldn’t mind, like to burn an intellect point to use encouragement. And I would like to project my warmest, most welcoming self to Mr. Tevil. Honey, I got a bad feeling that I’m needed somewhere else. Would my uncanny trait clue me in that there's something wrong outside?

GM: All the way to your bones, you feel that there's something wrong outside and you hear...

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: Please? Please!

GM: Lupin does not notice that you are out of the trance. Their back is to you, they're working frantically.

Sparrow: I would like to march with purpose outside, please.

GM [as Lu]: They’re outside, just buy me a second.

GM: Tears coming down your face as you just leave the presence of these herbs. It's instantly gone the moment you get out of the door. You see Joshua off to the side holding pieces of carpentry.

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: Ah, another co-signer. Could you please?

GM: Can you please make a Using Magic roll for me, Sparrow?

Sparrow: I am trained in using magic. I do have a one-edged intellect.

GM: I'll do the same roll. It would have been an 18, you're trying to get 12.

Sparrow: Ooh, that's a 13. Oh, goodness.

GM: As from behind the turtleneck, the head just rises. The neck thin, almost giraffe-like, as this strange head lifts three, four feet off the body and then comes down in front of its chest. Being controlled at the end of this long neck, staring at you.

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: Are you sure you don't want to sign?

Joshua: Listen, sir, I already told you we don't want no part of any business you've got! And I think Joshua instinctively, because he doesn't have full control, is going to push him. So that's two intelligence, but I have one edge. It pushes them one immediate distance away.

GM: Joshua, just basically a giant no soliciting sign, screams that last word at this man. You see the reeds as though a massive wind goes through, the trees shake, and for a moment, the man's gone. And when you squint, you actually see him on the other side of this little river, a good hundred feet further away, looking around slightly confused. And then as if he's right behind your ear, you hear:

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: Alright!

GM: And he just starts walking back towards the homestead. You've bought some time.
But Joshua runs in with this wood and you see Lupin waiting for you. The blanket has been pulled off of her companion who's in like a pajama shirt, sort of moaning and groaning and but smiling just in dialogue. She has a cleared spot on the ground.

When you bring these pieces in, she takes them from you and starts almost putting them together like it was a piece of furniture or a craft of sorts. Outside you hear:

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: Oh, right, the river. You think moving water can stop me?

GM: And you hear Lupin be like:

GM [as Lu]: Damn straight, moving water should be able to stop you.

GM: As she's putting stuff together. What you see, Sparrow, is dark tentacles starting to come from the water, reaching up to the sky and then settling back down. As the strange, tall man

gets to the edge, the tentacles come out and catch his feet and help him walk across water without getting wet. He still has a way to go, but you do see that the moving water is being bypassed. You would know that to be deep magic.

Sparrow: More for flair than anything, I would like to mark this territory as under my protection by taking out my fiddle. And I'll find a good stump or tree knot to sit on and just haunt the forest a little bit with a song to let them know I'm here.

GM: Amazing. Joshua, inside you hear the song of the dead coming out of that fiddle. The beautiful song of the dead. Yes, the truth is gloomy, but if the truth is gloomy, so be it.

As your friend is inviting the sadder parts of nature to dance, you're watching them put this shape together. You'd assume it was almost the outline of a mirror, possibly, or some sort of doorway. So, it's hollow in the middle. It's just this frame. And she has these herbs that she's crushing. You have tears just coming down your face and you don't understand why besides every time you look at those herbs your heart just breaks.

She has tears coming down her face. The rabbit, little star lights almost like glass coming out of his eyes. He's still in this trance and you hear the sad, lost fiddle of Come All Ye Ghosts and Dance With Me. You recognize the song. Do you sing in here or do you go join your companion in their performance?

Joshua: He'll ask, do you need anything from me? I think I need to help Sparrow.

Sparrow: A low, long, sad almost cry becomes a melody that would be familiar to the woodlands and the deep folk of the Appalachian Mountains, where I'm from. And it's just a cry that lets the spirits know that only those that are friendly are welcome. It just fades into some doodling of my own design, calling out to the kinder side of these woods.

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: It's not fair. I have a contract!

GM: And he's pushing and now he realizes there's a barrier of music and a barrier of the wards before he can get to that house.

He starts opening his briefcase and you just watch him pulling out handfuls of rot, vegetables that have turned into soil, just bone and flesh that's become this gross substance. He starts throwing it at the ground and you see these strange deer arms jut out of this pile of bile on the ground. The kneecaps are backwards, they bend wrong. They're coming out and once you finally see this face, you're like, that's not a deer. Why are its eyes in the front? Why are its teeth so sharp? And they start throwing themselves against the song and shrieking back and hitting themselves against it and he just nods.

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: Yes.

Joshua: I think as the song begins to manifest something begins to stir deep within him that he is actively trying to suppress. But these little twining strings that seem to move along with the tune swaying time with the melody begin to appear. There are these little ribbon strands of darkness. And then I'm going to, using my Cannot Escape the Darkness focus, use Ribbons of Darkness. For the next minute, darkness condenses in an area within long range and all tasks attempted by creatures within the area are hindered.

GM: This song starts going, Joshua just steps out, the light of the cabin behind him, sees these piles of not deer just throwing themselves against the wall over and over. Shadows burst out like you are a dark dandelion thrown from behind, and they start going on, they don't just stop these creatures they revert them back. They wrap around the deer and it turns back into rot, down onto the ground. You see moss algae start to burst out of them.

GM: [as Mr. Brindle]: No!

GM: As you are at this battle of wills with both of you linked together by darkness and song holding back Mr. Brindle from Bulletin Board.

Sparrow: Do I have clear eyes on Mr. Brindle? And he can hear me?

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: I can hear you just fine.

Sparrow: Continuing to play, perhaps picking up speed a little bit, I'm going to walk towards Mr. Brindle and as I do, very directly locking eyes with him, I'll begin to just hiss under my breath: you are not welcome here, sir, and you will not come back. And as I do, I will spend an intellect point to cast Shake the Bones. That's a natural 20. May I cause him fear? I would like him to fear me, if I may.

GM: Those eyes go wide.

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: I watched the first trees root here and I've never been afraid!

GM: He puts his head in his gian,t long fingers that curve over the back of his hat and touch the back of his neck as he hides.

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: What have you done to me?

GM: As you are just playing your fiddle at a devil, and these shadows are writhing from your friend, you both hear a cry from the cabin behind you as this sob breaks out and you hear the chimes of pure good magic echoed in sadness taking place. The cabin lights up these blues and silvers that just push through you and keep going.

They hit all the Not-Deer and Mr. Brindle, who falls down from three things hitting him at once, as the pure magic, this trauma, goes out from this spot into the swamp and then it is silent

behind you again. But for the song of Ghosts played by dear Sparrow.

Sparrow: Joshua, dear, would you go check on Miss Lupin? I'll keep an eye on this one.

Sparrow: Alright. He'll head back in.

GM: Pinned by darkness and song and sorrow, this creature of ancient pacts is lying in the mud. Their spotless suit is in the mud.

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: And this has never happened before. This has never happened, ever since that first deal, this has never happened.

GM: And they're looking at you, face down in the mud, straight across the river as your voice has them completely humiliated and focused on that humiliation as Joshua steps in and you see the rabbit's eyes are no longer glowing.

There's obviously a wound that's been given that was of mercy and timing. The frames you put on the ground now have a clear pane of glass perfectly connecting them. There was nothing there before, there was no glass in here before, it was just the wood. But now there's a dead Mr. Tevil and a mirror and you can see her with handfuls of blood wiping the wood as though staining it and sealing it and just crying, crying as his eyes have now gone dim and she looks up.

GM [as Lu]: It's the only way we could stay together.

Joshua: I think Joshua, not understanding what has been done but the gravity of it, is going to kneel down to where she is and as comforting as he can under duress, place a hand on her shoulder and back. I know he meant a lot to you, so whatever you need to do, you do. I don't think you're doing anything wrong. I don't feel anything wrong.

GM: She doesn't know this right now. Your mind blurs only enough that it's clear enough for your darkness to tell you what it sees. She's with child. She does not know. And you see that she has a bag packed. She's looking at him with a look you can clearly translate as "I wish I had time to bury you but you're not there anymore and I understand that."

The mirror looks thin, it's not heavy, you pick it up and it's surprisingly light - even a small kid on a bike could pick up this mirror. She looks like she's ready to flee, having lost all that bound to this house. Outside, Sparrow you hear:

GM [as Mr. Brindle] It's done! It's done!

GM: The wards drop.

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: This house is ours now!

GM: But that doesn't mean the darkness lets up or the song lets up or anything. Their legal claim on this home is now activate, but-

GM [as Mr. Brindle]: Where's this where's the soul? This isn't what we agreed to. This isn't what we agreed to! Where's the soul of Tevil?

GM: And he's straining against all the weights you all piled upon this terrible creature. What is the consensus between Joshua and Sparrow? Joshua's watching this woman gather a backpack and pick up a mirror, it looks like she's just gonna flee on foot, you might assume, and Sparrow still out there with the fiddle and the eyes just talking shit at this ancient darkness, enough that it breaks its heart.

Sparrow: Shall we to boat, then?

Joshua: To the boat.

GM: You turn and see Lupin come out with Joshua, holding this mirror, eyes wide as they look at what you have wrought upon this creature, the piles of Not-Deer are now sprouting flowers, like it's a deep spring, incredible use of untapped magics as you have to walk closer towards Mr. Brindle to get into your boat.

Joshua: Can I give Lupin my cipher, my Charm of Retribution?

GM: You're all on that dark stone pier where you parked your boat. Old, ancient stone. Stepping on it now in this moment of battle and danger, you feel a connection to something as old as the mountains in this stone, and you can tell that Lupin is very aware of it. And you give them this precious gift, the three of you standing on this dock, watching this creature of darkness and debt be held beneath your boot across the river, one fiddle going, your darkness is still pulsing from you and these little ribbons, she stands there holding this cipher you've given her.

GM [as Lu]: No one will ever hurt me again like they have.

GM: She just presses her thumbs into it, and you just see blood starting to pulse from it, this thick burgundy purple-ish goo, and you see the man - the man, if he was lucky enough to be referred to as a man, this is below even the creation of Adam - as out there in the swamp you see bile pouring from them, you see mushrooms starting to sprout from his body, he's tearing them out, and she stomps on them.

GM [as Lu]: By the laws of the first stone, I bind you, I break you, you are gone!

GM: And he's just being consumed by this, both of you taken aback at this magic. Joshua puts a hand on Lupin's shoulder, and you lean into the song, your fingers bleeding with how long

you've been playing. Dawn is so far away that it makes no sense that the sun should rise right now, but it does.

You watch a garden grow from the carnage across the river. Your danger-sense goes down. Lupin is more sad than scared, now, but there's a canoe, there is a river, and

GM [as Lu]: They'll send more, that was just the first one. Can you take me with you, at least for a little while?

Joshua: Far as you're going to go

Sparrow: Oh, dear. You're welcome with us as long as you need .

GM: Puts a little hand on Joshua's shoulder, a little squeeze.

GM [as Lu]: I think I'm gonna head to Colorado. I don't really want any big surprises for a while, so I might…

GM: Joshua's little knowing smile at them not wanting any surprises yeah

Joshua: Yeah. Yeah, I think that'll be the best thing for you right now.

Sparrow: Seems as good a place as any.

GM: You all start paddling down the river, it's morning, why is it morning? It's because an important story has begun. As you begin to go down this river, the sun bounces off this mirror, and all of you are just watching it play along the coast, along the tree, as it's almost like you're being followed by light hopping through the woods with eyes made of stars. What is the heart or mind of Sparrow and Joshua in this moment as they make their way, without any sleep, having experienced horror and magical trauma?

Sparrow: Sparrow is a Musician who Fears no Haints. This has been a good day. I'm gonna whistle a little song for my new friend, Tevil, and watch the clouds go by.

Joshua: Joshua Can't Escape the Darkness, but maybe it's not so bad to have it lingering around if you can do some good with it.

Sparrow: You did good today, Joshua.

Joshua: I feel tired! I'm not gonna lie.

Sparrow: You two get some sleep, I'll keep watch.

GM: And as you're curving down this river, suddenly – ah, that's where we were supposed to be,

after just an hour or two. Sparrow is playing a song that they don't know how they know, but Lupin Francina knows. Years later, Frankie will sing the same song in a cellar to calm down a friend who's been shot, and this is how it began, taken from the head of a great grandfather with eyes of stars whose soul has been placed in a mirror so it can be loved forever. A new song is written that one day Frankie will sing.

Feral: Worlds collide!