

THE RAINY CITY FLED MARKET

[UNNATURAL PHENOMENON]

“Do not harm Rats while owning, using, or even holding the toothpaste for its unique function.”
Danthulhu, [Artifacts from the Rainy City Flea Market](#)

There is a flea market in ██████████, a city in the Pacific Northwest, that happens on every fourth Sunday of the month. When it falls on the 23rd day of the month and it's raining, the Rainy City Fled Market¹ takes place between 10 A.M. and 4 P.M.

It's attended by mostly street-level checkers who sell and buy curiosities, with the occasional lost normie or pony on an errand. For whatever reason nobody of any real power in the Pacific Northwest has any presence in the Fled Market; either they don't know about it, they don't care about it, or they're scared of it.

The Flea Market

The regular flea market takes place on a single street, closed off to vehicular traffic. It features food vendors, farmers selling their produce, handmade jewelry and other arts and crafts, and all sorts of organic products for those with all sorts of food allergies. A local metaphysical supply store, *Infinite Gratitude*, is located just off of this street. Nobody working there is aware of the Fled Market; occasionally a lost pony might find their way in there while looking for real magicians.

The Stairs

A parking garage on another street just off the Flea Market street boasts 3 stories, two sets of stairs, and an underused elevator. During the active period of the phenomena, one set of stairs extends down another story leading to a slightly worn metal door. The door is unlocked.

The Fled Market takes place in the space beyond this door. The spatial arrangement of the Market is a topic of contention.²

The Fled Market

Every vendor in the Fled Market is notoriously tight-lipped about the specifics of how the Market is organized, how they're there before anyone else can get there, and how they managed to get a table there. It's best not to worry too much about such details.

The Market is fairly navigable and sparsely attended, so there's no risk of being lost or separated from one's compatriots. If you would like to leave, simply go back the way you came.

¹ A common prank is sending ponies on a wild goose chase looking for the Fleeing Market.

² See Arvo Canto's "Thoughts on Spatial Anomalies", the Hyperreal Research Wiki page on Spatial Anomalies, and HomerDimpson's "got 2 high ... gunna post abt the Nth Dimension".

What Can You Find There?

- Katana Tim and his boxes of cables and electronics. A great way to find a charger for your Sun Microsystems 2019 laptop you got from an Otherspace.
- Helena has been selling her herbal elixirs at the Fled Market for decades. She still looks like she's in her late 30's.
- Unruly homeless teens mill about, gossiping with vendors and keeping an eye on anyone new that shows up to the Market.
- Jehovah's Witnesses have a table where they hand out pamphlets. As far as anyone can tell, the pamphlets are entirely mundane but work very well when used as paper for ritual purposes.
- There's always at least one diviner who can help you towards whatever objective you have, whether it's by reading the *I Ching*, their homemade Oracle decks, or rolling dozens of dice of different size and kind.
- A Fun House Mirror Maze attraction. Nobody who's gone in has come out again.