

Poem describing Timmy's Tenderizer's found in Archive of Auxiliary Attunement:

If worn without attunement's touch,  
The Tenderizer's weight will clutch.  
Their mass will rise with every blow,  
The burden rises, slow but sure.  
At first, your strikes will lose their aim,  
And then your movement starts to fade.  
Each step a struggle in the fight,  
With memories that have a bite.

To learn to punch without such straining,  
Takes preparation, time for training.  
First, don the Trainers, worn with care,  
They're stored with other items rare.  
When worn at night and worn in day,  
Become accustomed to their weight.  
Then face their owner, brave and bold,  
With only fists, your skills unfold.

There's still more power to be won,  
A feast prepared by his grandson.  
A place where meat is always tender,  
And fighters fight but don't surrender.  
It's there your final training waits,  
Both victory and brisket taste.  
Your fists will fly in a barrage,  
Just like a Rocky-esque montage.

## Poem describing Corvine Corset found in Archive of Auxiliary Attunement:

In realms where magic weaves its strand,  
A corset binds both tight and grand.  
If change you seek without attuning,  
It clasps you fast, slim chance removing.  
At midnight's toll, a test unfolds,  
A trial of wisdom, fate beholds.  
If failed, you'll shift and take the wing,  
While raven's antics you'll now bring.

Attunement, you must now take heed,  
An altar made from Midnight's wing.  
The Raven Queen's most precious feather,  
Will bind your fate with magic's tether.

To gain the most from corset's grace,  
You'll sign the contract, find your place.  
A quill from Raven's feather made,  
Ensures your magic's never swayed.  
In Shadowfell, a fortress deep,  
Her memory you must not weep.  
There lies the contract's secret power,  
Atop the highest, darkest tower.

## Poem describing Opalescent Ocarina found in Archive of Auxiliary Attunement:

In a world where magic flows,  
And opalescent light bestows.  
A melody, so rare and true,  
The song you play which then plays you.  
If used without the charm's embrace,  
Then Chaos might just find its place.  
Wild magic's surge, what does it do?  
A blessing, curse, or both ensue.

To navigate the tides of madness,  
You first must study verse and chorus.  
A fairy's songbook old and rumored  
Holds secrets whispered, seldom humored.  
Within its pages, truth is spun,  
A melody for all to come.  
With Kaysa's guidance, chaos yields,  
What once was hidden, now revealed.

To reach the ocarina's height,  
Seek Kaysa, grasslands' ancient sprite.  
And in the gallant wide embrace,  
You'll find the fairy's gentle grace.  
To gain the deepest bond of all,  
Restore the grove where shadows fall.  
Where once enchanted, pure and bright,  
Now suffers from the discord's blight.

Poem describing Pirouetter's Pointe Shoes found in Archive of Auxiliary Attunement:

In magic shoes of dancing grace,  
A wondrous charm you may embrace.  
But heed the tale of caution true,  
Attunement's needed through and through.  
Without the bond, these shoes take flight,  
They yearn to be in the spotlight .  
With poise, they'll jump and twirl and spin,  
Regardless of the feet within.

Attuning to the magic shoes,  
The proper form you'll have to use.  
The right technique is quite elusive  
A certain source would be conducive.  
A gnome whose name does start with "D",  
His diary must hold the key.  
He learned that dance is naught but fighting,  
While putting all his thoughts to writing.

To reach the height of dancing power,  
A certain school you'll have to scour.  
That's where a gnome displays his art,  
Where dance and fighting both impart.  
They'll say, "The lesson's free, of course!"  
But best beware pervasive force.  
Unless you'd like to stay there longer,  
Then pray your power o' will is stronger.

Poem describing the Nevermore Necklace found in Archive of Auxiliary Attunement:

Without its claim of shadowed grace,  
It offers glimpses of the chase,  
Yet every sight is swiftly lost,  
A fleeting moment, tempest-tossed.

To bear its power, one must kneel,  
In Shadowfell, where dark is real,  
Before the Raven Queen, implore,  
And bind oneself forevermore.

To see with eyes of future's lore,  
Yet lose the past forevermore,  
One must erase all traces known,  
To serve the Queen, a fate unshown.

With every memory laid to rest,  
The necklace grants its full behest,  
A sacrifice of self to gain,  
The future's whispers in darkened vein.

In realms where shadow's secrets hold,  
The Nevermore's true might unfolds,  
A path of darkness, deep and wide,  
Where futures dance and pasts subside.

## Poem describing the Eyes of Zarus found in Archive of Auxiliary Attunement:

In the time of ancient lore, where secrets dare not tread. There lie the Eyes of Zarus, with power widely spread. One is keen to distant sights, a watchful gaze that scries. While one can peer inside the mind, determine truth from lies.

The Left Eye, in its silent might, sees far beyond the day, Through mists of time and distant lands, it charts the hidden way. The Right Eye, sharper than the blade, reads deep within the soul. Unveils the secrets, whispers soft, and makes the unknown whole.

Yet with each use, a shadow falls, a veil upon the light. The vision dims, the darkness grows, a loss that grips the sight. Without the sacred ritual, it's sure to lead to blindness. The only ones who see the light are those who follow Zarus. To bind oneself to greater power, and bear their mystic grace. One must embrace the Zarun creed and join their sacred race.

The Left Eye, when attuned and true, unveils the distant scene. And grants the gift of silent speech where distant forms convene. Through realms of thought and spectral waves, you weave your whispered plea. With eye that spans the boundless night, you speak to those you see.

The Right Eye, when its secrets known, commands the frozen will. To bind the foe in iron hold, where time itself stands still. A flicker of its magic's might can still the fiercest fighter. And turn a clash of wills to naught, a paralyzing nightmare.

The Left Eye, in its fullest form, the charm of gods you wield. With every gaze, you bend the will, and make the heart's true field. As for the Right Eye's full extent, where souls and bodies switch. Exchanging even one's own mind, to alter fate's deep stitch.

But those who seek their highest power must walk a path of dread. A sacrifice of one's own self for mystic arts ahead. The ritual is grim and stark, a harrowing embrace. To carve out part of who you are, to touch the great arcane. But in the end it's only fair, this is the will of Zarus. A trade of one eye for another, to sit upon the dais.