

Worlds of
CATTHULHU



Caroline

Call of
CATTHULHU

BOOK III

WORLDS
of
CATTHULHU

JOEL SPARKS
& FRIENDS

Whorls within Wheels

Welcome to the long-hidden lore of the Worlds of Catthulhu, also known arbitrarily as the Whirls, Whorls, Wheels, Words, maybe Weals, Woes, Weirds, or other, similar-sounding words. This book originates in a Stretch Goal from the 2013 Kickstarter that launched Catthulhu Deluxe. In those heady, frantic days, a roster of talented RPG authors was hastily recruited and tasked with creating new settings for Catthulhu-style catventure. Emerging from the subsequent gantlet of evolution and development, we are pleased to present you with a cat's lives worth of heretofore unglimped realities in which to pit ordinary cats against the supernatural.

My own setting, *The Cats of Fuiry*, grew from another brief treatment to an entirely fresh, arguably rather baroque vision of the game. What lies beyond even the humbling cosmic truths of the Meowthos? From what point of view does Dread Catthulhu itself appear merely a facet of a greater fear? What, in fact, is everything All About? Here is an answer. *The Cats of Fuiry* anchors Worlds of Catthulhu, the book, as the hub Fuiry itself connects all the realms presented, and infinitely more, including the original Call of Catthulhu setting.

Each of the authors in this collection offers a different style and perspective, from the gritty, ashen underbelly of the industrial revolution to the free winds of the open savannah. Take what you like; combine and adapt; place the book under your pillow and let its whispers guide your own expeditions in Dream. The Worlds are yours, now; do with them as you please.

— *Mister Joel*

WORLDS OF CATTHULHU

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including more downloadable content about Fuiry!

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GAME TERMS

		Reference
Cat Dice (dC)	Six-sided dice on which a 1 or 2 shows a Sad Cat (failure) and 3 through 6 show a Happy Cat (success). Used for Challenge Rolls.	I, p19
Cat Herder	The game master, who prepares a scenario, describes Challenges and their outcomes, adjudicates the game, and plays the part of every character and event in the imagined world other than the Player Cats.	I, p i
Catthulhu	A primal spirit of uncontrolled emotion. Catthulhu manifests across many Dirtworlds but is not known or directly present in Fuiry.	II, p23
Catventure	A series of Challenges arranged by the Cat Herder, who works with the players to turn it into a surprising story.	I, p32
Challenge Roll	Game mechanic: rolling two Cat Dice (2dC) and counting the successes: none, one, or two.	I, p20
Challenge, Dire	A Challenge roll on which a player chooses to use three dice, with the risk of injury or death for the Player Cat.	I, p22
Experience	Specific bits of knowledge or lessons acquired by Player Cats in the course of the game, noted for future use.	I, p34
Injury	Physical harm born by a Player Cat; the third Injury means death.	I, p27
Non-Player Cat (NPC)	A character in the game controlled by the Cat Herder; part of the world presented to players.	II, p51
Player	An actual human being present at the game, taking on the part of a Player Cat.	I, p7
Player Cat (PC)	A character in the game controlled by a player.	I, p7
Right Cat (RCFTJ, RCJ)	Also known as the the Right Cat for the Job. The Cat Herder declares whether a cat is the Right Cat for a particular Challenge, based mostly upon Role but also taking into account anything else the player suggests, such as background, prior experience, or even physical appearance. The Right Cat gets one free Success on the relevant Challenge Roll. In <i>Cats of Fuiry</i>, when two cats of the same Role but different Status compete, only the one of higher Status is the Right Cat, and gets the free Success even if the Challenge is not appropriate to that Role.	I, p20
Role	When capitalized, one of the five general types of Player Cat, each with its own typical background and expertise.	I, p8
Scrapping	Physical combat with wrestling, biting, or use of claws.	I, p28
Setting	The general framework of a world, environment, or society in which catventures take place.	II, p91
Treat 🍖	Game mechanic: Players have a limited number of Treat tokens, which can be surrendered to the Cat Herder to earn a second chance at a Challenge roll or otherwise influence fate.	I, p21

About *Call of Catthulhu*

Call of Catthulhu is a rules-light roleplaying game (RPG) in which the players (you and your friends) take on the roles of a group of imaginary cats (the Player Cats, or PCs). One person, the Cat Herder, invents a series of challenges (the catventure) or uses a published scenario to give the cats something to do. Sometimes the rules include a Catventure Seed, a quick idea on which the Cat Herder can build.

Unlike many role-playing games (RPGs), *Call of Catthulhu* doesn't make much use of numbers or math. Player Cats have no ability scores, such as Strength or Dexterity. They don't have lists of skills or spells, bonuses or penalties, or gear like armor and weapons. Not much of the game is about fighting. All you do is act like a cat. Five different Roles and a wide variety of back stories give some idea of what your cat is good at compared to others, and who is the Right Cat for any Challenge.

For each play session, everyone gets together for a couple of hours. What happens depends mostly on your cleverness in trying to overcome the Challenges presented by the Cat Herder. The Cat Herder also considers how difficult or dangerous the situation is, plus secret information that only the Cat Herder knows, and tells you the results. Everyone takes turns and then you move on to the Next Thing.

The setting for the original *Call of Catthulhu* is the normal world on the surface, and many Challenges are ordinary fun cat stuff: getting treats, chasing mice, and exploring under sofas and outside. Behind all this, however, is a shadow world of sinister plots, evil conspiracies, and the ancient animal gods of the Catthulhu Meowthos, taking inspiration from the writings of H.P. Lovecraft. The Cat Herder leads the group into confronting these deeper mysteries as much as seems fun for everyone. Ultimately, your cats can end up saving civilization from deranged animal cultists trying to awaken an ancient force, perhaps even the dreaded monarch of destruction, Catthulhu itself.

In addition to this book, the aspiring Cat Herder will need the *Call of Catthulhu* rules. *Book I: The Nekonomikon* (The Book of Cats) contains everything needed to play, including how to make up cat characters, use Cat Dice and Treats, Scrap with other critters, and all the basic Rules of Paw. A copy of *Book II: Unausprechlichen Katzen* (The Cat Herder's Guide) will also prove extremely informative and helpful.

References to the *Call of Catthulhu* rules cite book and page, e.g. (Book I, 99) of page 99 of *The Book of Cats*, or (Book II, 23) for page 23 of *The Cat Herder's Guide*. The opposite page reiterates important Game Terms.

Ask for Catthulhu at your favorite physical game store. If that well-intentioned inquiry meets with frustration, the massive online game source RPGNow.com offers the books in both digital and print-on-demand forms, plus free downloads.

About *Worlds of Catthulhu*

This book offers new visions for *Call of Catthulhu*, setting catventures in different places and times from 1880s Mexico to a galaxy far, far away. The most detailed setting, *The Cats of Fiury*, is followed by unique contributions by excellent RPG authors, including several ready-to-play catventures. Thanks to our Kickstarter backers who made these stretch goals possible!

The Cats of Fuiry

Joel Sparks



At the center of Dream, far outside the cold, dull sphere of any mortal world, persists a realm apart, an eternal yet fragile reality of passion and fear, beauty and sacrifice, pleasure and outrage. Strong, pure emotion makes up the very substance of this world, for here focus all the hopes and fears of every living thing. From and within this unique, infinitesimal singularity of awareness arises a realm where conflicting ideas and desires manifest as fascinating, powerful beings, playing out the endless struggle to determine what shall be True. These semi-divine denizens strive in diplomacy and war, love and hate, creation and destruction, for as their struggle goes, so goes the fate of the mortal world. Of course, charged with supernatural élan, the cats of Fuiry consider only their own immediate impulses, to all appearances and analysis utterly oblivious to any tenuous exterior connection.

In *Call of Catthulhu*, of course, the immortal fey appear as cats, dismissing any other view as distortion and illusion, easily ignored. The realm itself they name *Fuiry*, pronounced “Fury.”

Playing in Fuiry

The *Cats of Fuiry* setting works a little differently from basic *Call of Catthulhu*. The Chaos Gods of the Meowthos don't appear directly. In this setting, each cat is a powerful personality, and as they compete for Status within the faerie court of Queen Catania, they unwittingly alter the nature of the entire multiverse, gods included. There are no humans. The Roles are different and more powerful. Everyone's goal is to rise in Status, starting as Trivial cats barely tolerated at Court and working up to more prominence, luxury, and power.

Typical Challenges in Fuiry include plots by rivals to cause embarrassment and failure, risky favors asked by cats of higher Status, and the occasional assassination attempt. At the end of each play session, your cat's Status has Rising Trend, if you impressed your Superiors; Stable Trend, if success was mixed; or the dreaded Falling Trend, which can hurt your Status if things don't change. See p15.

You should know some basic concepts from *Call of Catthulhu*, plus a few key differences.

ROLE: Every Catthulhu setting offers five different Roles for cats, defining different areas of expertise. In *Cats of Fuiry* you choose from winged Aerialist, mysterious Changeling, sociable Courtier, battling Knight, or bizarre Sorcerer. See p24.

BACKGROUND: In *Cats of Fuiry* all the Player Cats (PCs) have a similar background. They all come to Court for the first time as Protégés, with a lot to learn about the complex struggle for Status.

DESCRIPTION: You can describe your cat however you want: fur length, colors, eyes, etc. Aerialists have wings: feathered, batlike, butterfly, or dragonfly.

NAMES: A Fuiry cat has a personal name, a family name, and possibly a name of local origin. For example, you might create Maxine Featherbottom of Scale Village. At first, however, no one at Court will call you anything but "Scaly," or "Maxie" at the best, and probably just "Hey you!" See p12.

ACTING LIKE A CAT: In *Call of Catthulhu*, a PC is an ordinary housecat or alley cat, living in our world with humans, houses, dogs, and so on. The cats of Fuiry, however, rule their world as the dominant species. While still physically normal cats, they mysteriously have Palaces, carriages, villages, armies, and everything else needed for a fantastic fairy-world setting. There are no humans or any other creatures to challenge cats in intelligence and power. They domesticate dogs as mounts. Even without thumbs, the cats wear cloaks and masks and jewels, and make occasional use of props. Play your cat with feline pride, human-like knowledge, and fierce ambition.

GLOSSARY

The Glossary on p67 collects certain unique, important terms of Fuiry, generally capitalized in the text, such as Status, Trend, and Battle.

The Courts

At the poles of Fuiry life lie two opposing societies: the realm of Queen Catania and that of Queen Maob. Each realm is a huge nation of countless anonymous cats known as Nulls, led by a ruling-class of Named cats who attend the Queen's Court and compete for Status. Each Queen rules from an elaborate Palace in a crowded Royal City. Within the Palace, the Named cats seek approval from their social Superiors, signs of favor, and increasingly impressive titles, striving to rise in the hierarchy of Status and gain power and luxury at the expense of their rivals. This struggle forms the primary challenge for Player Cats (PCs) in a Fuiry game.

The PCs belong to the Court of Queen Catania, considered the incarnation of the Sun and, according to common belief, the pinnacle of everything praiseworthy and good. The cats of this Seelie Court fear and oppose the mysterious Unseelie Court of Queen Maob, considered the incarnation of the Moon and the embodiment of evil. Days and days of travel lie between the two Royal Cities, across the Country, a broad territory of villages, agriculture, Estates, and wilderness frequently traversed by the Queens' Armies in their endless conflict. Few Seelie cats indeed have ever traveled so far as Maob's Court, but stories tell of its barbaric splendour and the cruelties and depravities practiced there.

THE SEELIE COURT

Queen Catania rules from her Palace, an enormous complex of innumerable chambers, towers, great halls, and passages both secret and known. Nearly every Social Occasion of note takes place in the Palace or on the immediate grounds; see *The Round*, p51. Catania appears at very few events, remaining closeted with her Lofty advisors; when she does appear, she almost never speaks.

By reputation, the Seelie Queen exercises subtle, far-reaching, and undetectable power over the waking minds of her subjects. She maintains many consorts, at least in name, though they seldom attend her in private. Mostly she sleeps. Waking her unnecessarily is punished by Rustication.

For other offenses, Catania's Lords Justice usually punish by execution, primarily for bothering them. Death neatly clears everyone of potentially embarrassing entanglements with the convicted and, of course, they come back around again as kittens. By the time a reincarnated cat reacquires the old memories, all is forgiven.

THE UNSEELIE COURT

Queen Maob maintains her own grand Palace, Court of powerful nobles, and mighty Armies. Beyond that, Seelie cats know only guesses and rumors. Supposedly Maob never sleeps, but insinuates her power into dreams, even those of Seelie cats who let their minds grow vulnerable. She sits her throne day and night, always on view for those who dare enter the Presence. Boring her is a crime, go the stories, and offenders at the Unseelie Court suffer imprisonment and torture of the most baroque invention. Death, with its promise of rebirth, the mighty hold as a reward deserved by few.

Rumors also state that Maob takes no lovers but that her favor changes frequently and without warning, granting some Lofty Name unchecked power for a night or three, only to rebuke the chosen and turn to another. Members of the Court live in fear of tyrannical whim, and thus spend much time fighting for Status elsewhere, working intrigues and launching Battle against the Seelie folk and their lands. Still, to reap praise, one must return to the giver of all favor.

THE QUEST FOR STATUS

In a sense, nothing else matters. The cats of Fuiry measure success by climbing the hierarchy. A Courtier aims all effort and skill to the climb, but cats find little luck in any Role without securing better Status. See Status and Success, p14.

STATUS LEVELS

	Status	Social power	Honorific	Address	Example
6	Supreme	Queen	Her Majesty the Queen ¹	Your Majesty	Catania and Maob only
5	Lofty	Inner circle, closest advisors	The Great Lord/Lady _ (full name)	Your Grace	The Great Lord Buxley Fatheringstock of the Highstate Reaches
4	Grand	Untouchably powerful, with extreme wealth or ancient reputation and many supporters	Lord/Lady _ (full name)	My Lord/Lady	Lord Carmichael Claw of Phantypique
3	Notable	Admired and talked about, with broad influence over others	The Honourable Sir/Madam _ (full name)	Noble Sir/Noble Madam	The Honorable Madam Dane Esting of Dewpoke
2	Acceptable	Established at Court, with stable support	Sir/Madam _ (family name)	Sir/Ma'am	Sir Waxscrabble of Oxhollow
1	Trivial	Tolerated in case they someday, improbably, achieve significance; includes starting Player Cats	Master/Mistress _ (family name)	Family name only	Master Clydehop
0	Null	Attendant, peasant, outsider	—	By occupation, or by a pet name as a sign of long service	Valet, Girl, Boy, Peasant, Crumb if small, Brickbottom if lazy, or You

1. Traditional full royal honorific: *Her Majesty, Queen Catania, Great Lady of Estates, the Light of Fuiry, the Supreme Imperial, the Catnip of Consolation, SheWhose Gaze Encompasseth theWorld, Rightful Ruler of All Fuiry, the Jewel of Court, the Face of the Sun, the Dread Mistress ofTime, the Immortal, now, always, and forever.*

Referring to the cat, also known as the Name, in formal speech requires the Honorific, especially when announced upon arrival at an event. In private, to show casual familiarity with the subject's reputation, a single word is preferred, either the family name or the distant land which the Personality claims as domain (and has probably never seen). Thus "Riptascot" or "Swampmuddle" for Sir Riptascot of Swampmuddle, an Acceptable Knight. Snide nicknames are even more daring—"Ripper" or "Old Swampy"—risking a Scolding if overheard by any Superior: **!-!** (p16).

Speaking directly to the Name uses the Address, generally larded with flattering descriptors of virtue gradated to the situation and the difference in Status. "Kind" always works, implying the ability of the addressee to grant favor: "Kind Sir Whiskerton" or "My most kind Lady Litterclaw." The descriptors

“cogent” or “fearsome” nod to the presumed martial prowess of Knights of any Status. “Sagacious” praises Sorcerers in particular, with just a whiff of amusement at the pitifully solitary nature of their avocation. It is a mistake to use “Gracious” except to a Name of Lofty Status, entitled to the honorific Your Grace. Adding “most” acknowledges that the addressee is of higher Status than the speaker, while “good” implies approval of service and thus condescension to an inferior, as a Notable saying “Good Madam Paddington” looking downward or “Most admirable Lord Harrumph” looking up. Inventiveness and variety in descriptive address show off the speaker’s eloquence and social dexterity; it is a skill particularly important for Courtiers.

FIRST NAMES: Personal names belong in the mouths only of the most intimate friends in strict privacy. Lord Reginald Swatbottom of Clearwater would react very poorly to mention of his first name, much less “Reggie,” except by a very old friend, a longtime patron, or a lover whilst actually in bed, and absolutely never spoken where a third party might overhear—even another lover in the same cat bed. As a sole, uncomfortable, barely permissible exception, a Name could choose to tolerate personal name use before an audience of one well-known, anonymous, and unspeaking Null Status Attendant. Use of a first name in public, a vanishingly rare tactic, constitutes a grave, even deadly insult, clearly equating the subject to a mere servant to be chided and then ignored; metaphorically, an infant kitten who has piddled the floor. Murderous rage, cold or immediate, is the absolute minimum response; those few words can cause declarations of war or a lifelong devotion to the speaker’s utter ruin.

FAMILY NAMES: Everycat must have more than one name, one of which indicates the cat’s origin. When the actual family name reflects unacceptably Null occupations, like Taylor or Smith, it must be replaced or changed: to Tyger, for example, or Samitta. Some simply adopt a place name. “Rocksport,” for example, implies that the community named boasts only one family of significance, and this cat comes from it. Trivial cats are addressed by family name only, even by other Trivials when in public.

TITLES: A Title indicates the size and importance of the Estates a cat rules. Title change when the cat becomes Wealthy, adding new lands to the Estate portfolio, or Impoverished, having to sell burdening properties such as ancient family manors or give up leaseholds on agricultural lands. Such reversible adjustments occur within a Status level, although they can push Trend (p15).

TYPICAL TITLES

<i>Status</i>	<i>Sample Titles</i>	<i>Wealthy Titles</i>	<i>Impoverished Titles</i>
Supreme	Queen	(Always Wealthy)	—
Lofty	Grand Duke / Grand Duchess; Regent; Prince / Princess	Archduke / Arch Duchess	Marquis / Marquess
Grand	Duke / Duchess	Sovereign Duke	Landgrave
Notable	Count, Compte, Graf	Earl	Viscount/Vidame
Acceptable	Baron	Grand Baron	Baronet
Trivial	Gentleman / Gentle Lady	Scion, Landsman	Esquire
Null	Peasant	Burgher	Churl, Peon, Helot

GOOD FAMILY

Cats of any Status, i.e. not Null, must have antecedents known to at least some Superior: acknowledged proof that the family boasts some connection with Court however minor and long ago. For Trivial Status, examples of past service will do, such as an ancestor singled out for valor in Battle or for saving a Name from embarrassment in a diplomatic or financial situation. As a favor to such a family, a Name might accept a young rascal of good deportment into service and take on the role of Patron. Thus the Player Cats arrive as Protégés of Patrons (p49), tolerated at Court but without means or influence.

Status and Success

Personal prowess, even of Knights in Battle and Sorcerers with magic, goes paw in paw with Status climb. Likewise, the accumulation of material luxury, the adulation of crowds for an Aerialist's flight, and the growing mystical wisdom of a Changeling all require Status. A cat who can't fight up from Trivial to Acceptable finds that plum military missions, scrolls of potent arcane force, opportunities to show off, and places and objects with interworld Vibrations simply don't come to the lowly. Conflicts with Superiors lead to failure, while exceeding the stature of other cats makes it ever easier to beat them. Status controls all. In *Cats of Fuiry*, the ordinary success rolls of Call of Catthulhu work a little differently.

STATUS AND CONTESTS OF SUCCESS

As usual, the Cat Herder decides who, if anycat, is the Right Cat for the Job for any particular Challenge at hand. However, when Fuiry cats clash, as they often do, the rules change slightly.

Between two cats of the same Role making opposed Success Rolls, only the one with the higher Status is the Right Cat for the Job. The Lesser in the contest can never be the RCJ and does not receive the usual automatic success. The Superior has a free Success even if the Challenge is one that would normally be inappropriate for that Role!

In contests between two cats of the same Role and Status, both are the Right Cat, or neither is, depending on the Challenge.

Changing Status

Methods of gaining actual Status include Accceleration by a Superior, Acclamation by general consent of Court, Assertion through sheer force of Personality successfully resulting in general acceptance, and Discovery. An inferior can never affect the Status of a Superior. Well, almost never.

Increase in Status comes from above. Deliberate support given by a Superior is Patronage. Formally bestowing a title of higher Status is known as Acceleration, and a rare honor. Loitering near the mighty hoping for luster by association is known as Hanging On, an accepted part of social roles only to be expected from anycat with respectable ambition.

Decrease in Status comes from failure to keep sufficient distance from those below. The demarcation between Me and Them must be kept clear, wide, and obviously visible to those above. Lessers who loiter nearby hoping for luster by association are Hanging On, crass and despicable crawling practiced only by sniveling bounders.

Bounders are those who Assert the right to higher Status perquisites but do not fully pull it off. It is a touch-and-go matter whether Superiors slap down such obnoxiousness mildly and with amusement, or punish the Bounder severely.

Interactions with Superiors can cause temporary Status effects. The cat of lower Status, known as the “Lesser,” experiences treatment appropriate for a cat of different Status for a brief period determined by the Cat Herder. The cat is advised to withdraw from the current social situation at first opportunity; at the latest, the effect will disperse by the time the Lesser appears at the next event.

The table of Interactions with Social Superiors gives positive and negative valences; these temporary embarrassments and praises affect the progress of the Occasion and the results of any social Challenge Rolls. At the Cat Herder’s discretion, strong or repeated valenced interactions can change a cat’s social Trend.

Trend

Fine gradations exist among those of the same nominal Status, most easily expressed as trends. From most to least respected, a Name can be Rising, Stable, Falling, or Fresh within the Status level. Such trendings fluctuate rapidly with the very latest events and interactions. Rising cats have had recent success and attracted attention from the mighty. The Falling have suffered public mockery, failure, or shame.

Arguably, establishing a better Trend for Catania than Maob is the highest goal of the Game. Should either Queen seem to be about to change Status, it would shake the world.

TREND WITHIN A STATUS LEVEL

Rising	Attracting positive notice by Superiors. Sustained for three sessions in a row, Rising Trend can give opportunity for Status increase.
Stable	Ignored by Superiors, or regarded neutrally. Most cats live at this Trend all the time.
Falling	Attracting disapproval or mockery from Superiors. Continuing for three sessions, Falling Trend can threaten loss of a Status level, though not from Trivial to Null.
Fresh	Recently arrived at a higher Status level. Fresh Trend lasts no more than two sessions, as Superiors wait to see how the arriviste will handle the new visibility.

- Perceived approval from social Superiors exerts upward pressure on Trend; this positive valence is marked in the game text as {+}.
- Perceived disapproval by Superiors afflicts Trend with negative valence, marked {-}.
- Normal behavior with no valence effect on Trend is marked, where necessary, with {O}.
- An incident which might result in positive or negative valence effect, depending on circumstances, is marked {*}.

When the Cat Herder announces that a cat has accrued a positive or negative influence, the player should take note in writing, for toting up at the end of that day’s play.

Interactions with Social Superiors

Both types of valences arise most frequently from social interactions with Superiors. The Cat Herder determines what other activities, when observed by Superiors, result in positive or negative pressure. Each cat’s player should track total Trend pressures experienced in one play session of the game. At session’s end, positives cancel out negatives and vice versa, to give a net total effect on Status. For example, two positive and one negative interaction net out to one positive total.

<i>Superior’s Action</i>	<i>Valence</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Status Effect</i>
Ignoring	{O}	The standard behavior of the greater toward the Lesser is to treat them like wallpaper.	{O} The Superior ignores the Lesser as if not there {-} Snubbed: The Lesser is ignored as if not there, after making an attempt to get the Superior’s attention, such as presumptuously offering a greeting
Delegating	{-}	To delegate is to tell someone else to deal with the Lesser, usually to remove them from scene as quickly as possible, like offensive dross. If the person ordered to act has greater Status than the Lesser, the insult is weaker; if the actor is of Null status, like guards, the insult is especially crushing. Typically the Superior simply says the <i>delegate</i> ’s name in a way that implies that they should really have taken care of this pest without having to be told.	{-} Dealt with by Superior {-} The Superior doesn’t specify who should take care of the Lesser; usually, a Superior will hustle in {-}{-} Dealt with by Null {*} If the chosen delegate has the same Status as the target Lesser, it constitutes Noticing {+} for the <i>delegate</i> (not the Lesser)
Dismissing	{-}	To dismiss an inferior, the Superior addresses the room at large but is forced to include the Lesser in that category. The Personality uses the fewest and coldest words possible, such as, “That will do,” or “I’ve heard enough.”	{-} Cut off, and clearly meant to go away {O} Silenced, but with presence apparently still tolerated
Noticing	{+}	Just a simple nod of acknowledgement or a murmured “How d’you do,” constitutes being noticed by a Superior, which far beats being ignored.	{O} Acknowledged by the requirements of a social situation along with many others, e.g., in a receiving line {+} Acknowledged among others who do not get the same treatment

<i>Superior's Action</i>	<i>Valence</i>	<i>Description</i>	<i>Status Effect</i>
Scolding	{♦}	It's always noteworthy to receive more than a few words of direct address from a Superior, even in the form of blame and anger.	{♦} Scolded without apparent recognition, as an anonymous offender {♦H♦} Scolded in a way that suggests familiarity, such as failure to do as previously told
Singling Out	{♦}	When the Superior takes time for a word of praise about a Lesser, even if addressed to someone else, the Lesser gains a bit of shine. Ordinary Singling Out falls short of Naming; typical phrasing includes "That was nicely done," or "She does dress up well, doesn't she."	{♦H♦} Superior is heard to praise the Lesser to another {♦H♦H♦} Superior praises the Lesser directly
Naming	{♦*}	No matter how withering a Superior's scorn, the fact that they know the Lesser's name is a sign of importance.	Special: Add {♦} to other action if the Superior appears to remember the Lesser's name Add nothing {O} if the Superior simply repeats the Lesser's name immediately after hearing it, with apparent distaste for the very syllables and a clear intention to forget it at once
Silence	{♦*}	Coldest of all is the refusal to even bother speaking when putting an inferior back in place. Delegating by a simple roll of the eyes toward a lackey, or a crass Dismissal with a rudely jabbed finger followed by a thumb toward the exit, cuts deeper than any spoken insult.	Special: Take {=} to Delegating or Dismissing if it accomplished without the Superior speaking a word

Rising Trend and Increasing Status

⚔️⚔️⚔️ A net total of three positive interactions in one game session means that the cat made a very good impression, signified by an improvement in Status Trend. A cat who began the session with Falling Trend successfully recovers Stable Trend. A cat with Stable Trend who accumulates three positives achieves Rising Trend, which disposes other cats to agree to Favors and show respect. This general air of success persists until the next game session begins, when Trend reverts to Stable.





Achieving a Rising Trend for three game sessions in a row can, at the Cat Herder’s option, create an opportunity for an actual increase in Status level. Climbing this precious rung will send the PC on a whole catventure, with which other PCs should kindly choose to assist. The aspirant must overcome a major challenge, to the benefit of a Superior, against the certain interference of jealous rivals. If the quest takes more than one play session to complete, the aspiring cat must maintain Rising Trend for every session. Once the accomplishment is made known to Court, the cat enjoys honorary membership in the new Status for one play session, by the end of which the aspirant must create at least a reasonable appearance of impressive luxury appropriate to the new Status: see Portfolio, p19. This done, the Status is secured, and Trend remains Fresh and immune to positive or negative valences for a session or two.

Falling Trend and Status Loss

⚔️⚔️⚔️ Failures and embarrassments push Trend down. A net of three negative valence in a single play session pushes a Stable Trend into Falling. Other members of Court display marked coldness and do not agree to Favors. When play begins again, Trend returns to Stable.

A cat with the misfortune to earn Falling Trend for three play sessions in a row runs the risk of actual loss of Status level. To prevent loss of a level of Acceptable or above, the cat will have to achieve some very impressive accomplishment requiring a whole catventure and the assistance of the other PCs. No amount of Falling Trend can make a Trivial cat into a Null, but there is always the risk of Rustication (p19) if something isn’t done to improve one’s prospects. Regaining acceptance at Court after Rustication presents tremendous difficulties.

Non-Player Cats (NPCs) ordinarily employ a more conservative long-term strategy, taking much longer to climb the ladder, but never running so much risk of a fall. Particular rivals to individual PCs, however, imitate the high-risk, high-gain behavior inherent in a Player Cat’s heroic nature.

<i>Opinion of Superiors at Session’s End</i>	<i>Cat Herder Option</i>
⚔️⚔️⚔️ Net of Three Positives in One Session	 Rising Trend for Session
 Three Sessions in a Row of Rising Trend	Challenge to INCREASE STATUS
⚔️⚔️⚔️ Net of Three Negatives in One Session	 Falling Trend for Session
 Three Sessions in a Row of Falling Trend	Risk of STATUS LOSS

Discovery & Hidden Identities

Noticing a Null Status cat can turn it into a Name! Caution is required. For safety, a Name commonly addresses an Attendant or other Null by function: “Guard,” “Boy,” “Maid,” “Cook,” etc. Better still is to have a minor member of one’s Entourage deal with such things, oneself treating Attendants as invisible. The most acceptable reaction, should a Null begin to speak, is the Discovery that the cat has been a Name all along, moving under a Hidden Identity for interestingly dramatic reasons.

Rustication

No one is really a Name who doesn’t regularly appear at Court. Sustained damage to even Trivial Status means Rustication: relocating to some dreary backwater, excluded from of the circles of the powerful completely. For social purposes, Rustication is worse than death, for it lacks even the fresh start of a new bodily life. For any cat to even be seen with the Rusticant means damage to Trend ~~1-1~~. The only way to return is by anonymous achievement under a Hidden Identity. For example, the cat could work in disguise as an Attendant until able to greatly aid a Superior, or rise to triumphant leadership in Battle under a *nomme de guerre*. Once the cat earns a Status increase, the true identity is revealed and acceptability restored.

CATVENTURE SEED: A Personality Rusticated by Status loss calls on the Player Cats for aid. One of the PC’s Patrons reluctantly acknowledges an old favor owed to the pariah, and the rest allow their Protégés leave to assist. The PCs must travel into the Countryside to expose a false claimant to an ancestral Estate, or drive out a band of malign and aggressive cats who torment a village that should be providing healthy tribute. With success, the exiled cat can rebuild social luster, ride the swell of fortune, and soon, after perhaps help on another occasion or two, stage a triumphant return to Court. Thus reestablished, the grateful Personality owes each PC meaningful future Favors.

Personalities & Portfolios

The identity, reputation, and ineffable aura of anycat with Status make up a Personality. Personalities includes all Player Cats, all the Names at Court, and such Hidden Identities as may come to light (p19). The existence of a Personality can be recognized, and its Status estimated, not only by inimitable *elán* and aura, but by the attendant Portfolio that each Personality naturally accrues.

A Portfolio includes Accoutrements, Entourage, and Attendants. (The use of faux French in *Catthulhu Unseelie* is highly encouraged.) The congeries of these elements exists solely to proclaim the importance and uniqueness of the Personality at its center.

ACCOUTREMENTS

The physical emblems of Status, from a well-cut cloak to spacious townhouses, are a cat’s Accoutrements. Each object contributes conspicuous Status display. Flambeaux light the halls; platters of fowl, fish, and savory gelatins steam on dressed tables; carriages wait on white gravel drives. Presumably somehow responsible for all these things are the anonymous servants called Attendants.

ATTENDANTS

Regarded as hardly more alive than Accoutrements, Attendants are Null cat servants who never speak in public, nor take the slightest initiative, at least never where a Named Cat can notice. Without the need for explicit instruction, they pace through the motions of the endless servile tasks required for the comfort and visible Status of their Master Personality. To hide any potentially awkward glints of individuality, Attendants wear utterly plain Domino masks at all times. These eyepieces must be completely unadorned and of a single, dull color, one unobtrusive against the palette of the current surroundings.

Assuming the Domino: By an old magic, such a mask entirely disguises the identity of any cat of any Status who dons one, no matter how familiar or distinctive the guised Personality might otherwise appear. Cats of Hidden Identity often pass so clad. Other cats with sufficient brio to risk possible Status damage sometimes steal an Attendant domino and move incognito, assured of complete anonymity even to close acquaintances so long as the mask remains in place. Of course, the cat must remove the mask to speak; while worn, its spell prevents behavior inappropriate to Attendants if witnessed by any NPC (non-player cat). Only two types of cats can penetrate the disguise: A Player Cat who suspects the true identity of a fellow PC and looks closely can discover the friend, possibly needing success on an appropriate Challenge Roll. The Queen, of course, is not fooled; she sees the true nature of everything that falls under her gaze. (See also the fearful Ritual of *Tiberto's Omnipotent Purgation*, p42.)



Noticing: Nulls do not normally speak in the presence of Named cats. Cajoling with favors and threats might evoke direct cooperation or a response, but sustained or repeated interaction risks Discovering a latent Personality under the anonymous Domino. Many a cat has rued once bringing forth the Hidden Identity of a former servant who now outranks the Discoverer.

ENTOURAGE

A cat of Notable Status or better attracts other, Lesser Personalities who fall into orbit, advancing their own careers by association with a successful Name. Each such Personality, of course, possesses its own Portfolio of appropriate nature, possibly including an Entourage, and so on in a network of sycophancy and patronage. Player Cats, beginning with Trivial Status, are visible only as Retainers in a Patron's Entourage, scarcely above the Attendants.

ORIGINS OF THE PORTFOLIO

Where does all this stuff come from? To answer a question with a question: What difference does it make? No proper cat would waste time inquiring after abstract questions of etiology or causation. Why bandy words with the silent ineffable, rehearsing quibbles about which no one interesting could possibly care? There are deeds to do, charmers to woo, dastards to confound! Amusement blooms where Personalities collide; it would be un-Fuiri to squander one's attention on anything less.

WEALTH, POVERTY, AND DEBT

Even in a world without any exchange economy, where possessions manifest themselves without the crass need for visible labor, there are always those whose luxurious lives inspire envy, and others whose struggles draw pity. These minor differences in comforts mean much to the cats involved. Players and the Cat Herder must never forget that *The Cats of Fuiry* involves no counting or calculation! Advantage or disadvantage through possessions flows from the strength and character of each cat's Personality. Changes in fortune signify the inexorable progress of triumph and doom; Fate itself takes a direct and personal role in raising cats up or driving them down. In play, Wealth or Poverty serves only to establish a character's personality and place in society.

WEALTH: Some cats enjoy a level of material plenty beyond that of their Status peers. While still appropriate in number and variety to the cat's Status level, a Wealthy cat's Attendants and Accoutrements show visibly superior quality. Richer fabrics, finer wood, brighter stones, fresher tidbits, footcats of sleeker haunch, and a snappier step from servants: Everything around the wealthy cat shows the gloss of comfort and good taste. Such a cat enjoys a concomitant increment of influence at Court, as others wish to luxuriate amidst the pleasures. Entourage members show off a luxury gift or two among their own Accoutrements, signaling favor. Of course, Fuiry uses no money, and no transactions ever take place. A Wealthy Personality attracts the best of everything because its aura demands it. It is simple for such a cat to achieve a Rising trend in Status.

POVERTY: On the other paw, Impoverished nobles do exist, technically maintaining the Portfolio called for by their Status level, but with everything showing signs of wear, age, and even shoddy construction or false veneer, with Attendants of dull wit and slow, sloppy service. Other cats treat their impecunious fellows with the forms of respect due per Status, maddeningly tinged with pity and the fear of contagion. Their Status remains Stable but can never trend to Rising. Conspicuous poverty, like conspicuous wealth, flows from a cat's fate.

TYPICAL PORTFOLIOS BY STATUS

With helpful comments from Lady Patuxia Wallflower, the list below gives typical Attendants, Accoutrements, and Entourage for each Status level at Court. Pressed, Her Ladyship also takes a guess as to how many cats at Court enjoy prestige of that height. See also Additional Accoutrements by Role, p45.

Supreme: The Queen

"Her Highness has simply everything, and of course it's less than she deserves."

Portfolio: Any pomp, parley, or Accoutrements desired, in outrageous quantity, ostentatiously or even obscenely overdone; a new, dazzling, impractical outfit for every occasion, with cloak, mask, collar, and more elaborate clothing types that other cats never use; a buffet of choice tidbits freshly laid out in every room just before the Queen happens to stop by; uncounted royal chambers where every bit of furniture is older than anyone can remember, yet in perfect and beautiful condition, with a guard outside every door and at least three secret passages including one long forgotten; an Acceptable Cat as personal maid with a dozen well-bred Trivial assistants; a Knight of Notable Status commanding a force of two dozen or more personal guards of unusual size; daily bestowment upon one or another cat, Rising within Grand Status, of the signal honor of assisting the Queen in preparing for the day; choice of consorts from a field of Nobles of Notable and better Status; the blind adoration of every Null Status cat of Seelie, plus awe and terror from the Null Cats of Unseelie; unquestioning obedience from cats of Trivial Status; fear and respect from all others; immunity from direct attack by anycat of less than Grand Status; official Royal Powers of law and justice and unofficial power over changes in Status, as detailed elsewhere; and instant access to any Portfolio

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element such as any other cat commands, only better. In addition to the Palace and a few ancestral Estates, the Queen has an entire extra castle in the Countryside, with a Knight Castellan of Notable Status, a force of Lesser Knights, staff equivalent to a Grand Cat's total Attendants, and associated castle town, lands, villages, and farmers. The Queen's Portfolio must always be of Wealthy quality, even if tiers of Nobles must become Impoverished to support it.

Lofty

"I know of eight such delightful folk, I believe."

Portfolio: A favored Notable Cat as constant companion and general sidekick, plus two or three more Notable Cats eager to be of service, each bringing an Acceptable companion to order about in turn; one Grand Cat who owes much but is seldom called on to appear in the Entourage; the personal protection of an Acceptable Knight, two bodyguards of Trivial Status, and a dozen Null guards, with at least two always in Attendance; a known Trivial Cat of each Role obliged to provide reliable assistance when desired, which position PCs might well strive to attain; the obligation of keeping a Notable Consort, plus sometimes a preferred, secondary friend of merely Acceptable Status; a large if stuffy suite in a Palace tower, with half a dozen Attendants and a formerly secret passage now apparently walled up; an unvarying outfit, classic rather than current, of impeccable clothing that makes no nod to fashion, but strongly asserts the cat's Personality; subtle trimming of gems and precious metal on most possessions; a reliable weapon; two or three estates like those of a Grand Cat, one of which is better; multiple carriages, including one drawn by a dog with its own dog-tamer Attendant; the ability to completely ignore the existence of cats of Trivial or lower Status, including immunity to attack by them; a network of informants sufficient to quickly find out anycat's antecedents and basic agenda; a cruel secret habit.

Grand

"Twelve, or fourteen; sixteen at the most. Less than twenty, anyway."

Portfolio: Six or eight Notables in orbit, plus strings to pull on a dozen or more Acceptable cats if needed; a suite of four or five rooms in the nice part of the Palace, with a view, rich antique furnishings, new rugs and draperies every season, its own permanent staff of three Attendants, a secret passage, and a history of occupation by someone famous, probably the same cat in previous lives; a selection of cloaks and masks always available, plus a jewel or decorative weapon when appropriate, all chosen by a valet for unimpeachable if conservative acceptability; a chief bodyguard of Trivial Status and a consort of Acceptable Status or better; the valet, a cook, four to six menacing guards, four foot-cats of good appearance, a coach-cat; a large carriage with comfortable suspension, room for four cats inside, and harness for four hares driven in alternating bounds to provide a steadier roll; a townhouse near the Palace with its own gardener and maid; an estate somewhere in the countryside with its own name, grand house, permanent staff of six or more various Attendants, agricultural lands, and a nearby village of Null Status cats long devoted to the Grand Cat's family; the ability to acquire the equivalent of anything a Notable would have, as desired; immunity from direct attack by cats of Null Status, due to oppressive force of Personality.

Notable *"Oh, a couple of dozen. Haven't counted. Is it as many as three dozen? Not more than forty, surely. Forty-eight at the very most, and that seems excessive, don't you think? Let's say about forty-two."*

Portfolio: One or two devoted Names of Acceptable Status, and alliance with a few more; a suite of two or three Palace rooms, furnished in simple good taste, with a maid in permanent Attendance; a personal valet and a bodyguard; use of boarding rooms in town with maid service; two-wheeled carriage big enough for two occupants, with coach-cat and foot-cat, and drawn by a brace of hares, thus giving a rather lurching ride; either a new mask or a new cloak at every major social Occasion; an Estate of agricultural land somewhere, with tenant-farming cats of Null Status.

Acceptable *"My stars, who bothers counting these people. They come and go, don't they? I'm sure there are thousands. No? Closer to a hundred? Very well. Doubtless you know better than I. A hundred and twenty at the outside, then? Fine, whatever you say. All these numbers make me so dull."*

Portfolio: A single chamber in the Palace complex, with worn but adequate furnishings, plus a comfortable dwelling somewhere unfashionable; a mask of general utility and high quality, but showing its age; a good cloak for each season, in rotation; a pair of loyal Attendants; a few valuable contacts outside Palace life; sometimes a cat of Trivial Status as protégé.

Trivial *"Who??"*

Portfolio: A cloak of no distinction; ability to scrounge food, find a bed when needed, or borrow a simple mask distinguished from those of Attendants by faded scrollwork, tiny rhinestones, or a wilting cockade; ambition; a Patron if a PC or otherwise outstanding.

Null (Lady Wallflower did not seem to hear the question.)

Portfolio: Nothing of note. Attendants at Court and hordes in town and Countryside. No cat above Trivial Status would make eye contact.

DISCOVERING YOUR CAT

Player Cats in *The Cats of Fuiry* are young, untested servants of Good Queen Catania of the Seelie Court. Each PC occupies, by nature and experience, one of the five Roles of Fuiry society, serves as protégé to a Patron at Court, and enjoys Trivial Status, a lowly standing but infinitely preferable to the Null Status of the common cats outside Court life. The process of rising out of the anonymous masses to Named Status is known as Discovery.

Creating a Player Cat requires just five quick, creative choices.

1. Choose one of the five Roles explained below.
2. Jot down the Accoutrements explained on page 23. (You can add more from p45-48).
3. Choose a name with the guidelines on page 12-13 .
4. Choose which Patron brings your cat to Court, from the list on page 49.
5. Add any physical description. Draw a picture! It doesn't have to be great art.

Done!

The Five Roles

<i>Role</i>	<i>Powers</i>	<i>Experiences</i>	<i>Typical Treatment</i>	<i>Initial Status Trend</i>
Aerialist, p25	Flight	Bird's eye views	As interesting freak	Stable
Changeling, p27	Eighth Sense, Worldwalking	Dirtworld lore, knows a mortal world, can sense Vibrations	As uncomfortable outsider	Stable
Courtier, p29	Favors, Social Mobility	Noble lore, adept at social navigation	As ally or rival	Fresh
Knight, p31	Command	Battle lore, experienced as a soldier	As reliable bore	Stable
Sorcerer, p35	Glamours	Arcane lore	As creepy hermit	Falling

Powers: Each Role brings special abilities that no other Role can do.

Experiences: Each type of cat knows the lore of a certain aspect of Fuiry life.

Typical Treatment: When making lightning-fast judgments on how to treat a young cat's actions, savvy NPCs always consider the relative respectability of the PC's Role.

Initial Status Trend: Some cats have an easier time climbing the rungs of Status. See Trend, p15.

THE AERIALIST



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Born with wings, these cats can fly! This marvelous gift tends to go along with bluff, optimistic, plain-spoken personalities: confident, impatient with detail, and action-prone. Fewer than one cat in a hundred has wings, only loosely correlated with family history. Aerialists get a lot of attention and admiration, along with the presumption that they lack the depth or wit to deal with great matters. They easily achieve Trivial Status, but seldom rise above Acceptable.

ROLEPLAYING AN AERIALIST

A player wishing to enjoy the Aerialist's unique gifts should be willing to play a cheery, assertive soul, sometimes irking others just through thoughtless behavior, not malice. This cat cuts short debate, when the talk drags on, and would rather try and fail than hesitate. Omission causes regret. Commission creates pleasing memories, or at least intense ones, or at least attracts attention.

WINGS

Aerialist wings come in four types. The player can choose Feathered, Insect, or Bat wings. Insect wings are a double pair: Huge, colorful butterfly wings for Seelie Cats, and veined, translucent wings like a dragonfly for the Unseelie. Both insect types allow the cat to hover steadily with very rapid wingbeats, but suffer damage easily and are slow to heal. The great size of butterfly wings hinders the cat on the ground and makes it difficult or impossible to enter confined spaces. Bat wings fold up more compactly than other types, though their naked skin offends some eyes. Feathered wings are the most common: muscular wings that can lift the cat quickly, or raise powerful gusts when the cat rears back.

Feathered. Advantage: Strong.

Insect, Butterfly (Seelie). Advantages: Beautiful, hover. Disadvantages: Huge, delicate.

Insect, Dragonfly (Unseelie). Advantage: Hover. Disadvantage: Delicate.

Bat. Advantage: Foldable. Disadvantage: Unattractive.

FLIGHT

HOPPING FLIGHT: An Aerialist can easily glide down from a dozen or so cat-heights, take a gliding jump of eight or ten cat-lengths, or with a hug-and-flutter move, boost another cat as high as a standing cat can stretch. (Easy Challenge roll, at which the Aerialist automatically succeeds as RCFTJ. Roll anyway to check for Midnight or Snake Eyes results.)

SOARING FLIGHT: As a Normal Challenge, an Aerialist can take a running start and soar into a brief flight, staying aloft for a dozen or so cat-lengths before needing to land and rest. With similar effort the cat can land and balance on a precarious perch. (Normal Challenge roll, with one automatic success as RCFTJ.)

CRUISING FLIGHT: With a Difficult Challenge Roll, an Aerialist can climb from soaring into sustained cruising, riding high air currents and maintaining altitude for long distances with occasional wing-flaps. The cat can easily descend in a gradual manner, entering Soaring Flight, or choose instead to make a steep dive.

DIVING: A diving Aerialist moves faster than any other cat, even one mounted on a greyhound. However, ending a dive safely requires a Difficult Challenge Roll. On Success, the cat levels out into gentle Hopping flight. On Failure, the cat is forced to Soar straight ahead for a dozen cat-lengths, colliding with any obstacle; on Snake Eyes, the cat crashes into the ground, suffering Injury and shame. A diving cat can also deliver an extremely powerful tackle or claw attack at dive's end, inflicting Injury, but if the Challenge roll to end the dive fails, the Aerialist crashes into the target and suffers an Injury as well. The cats fall prone, entangled, and slide or roll two cat-lengths forward, possibly knocking into other cats and hazards.

THE CHANGELING



Certain cats have spent considerable time in a mortal world, where creatures are born of mud, made of flesh, cursed to suffer, and doomed to die. Most Changelings were born outside of Fuiry and grew up knowing only of the other realm. It comes as a shocking revelation to learn the truth of their Fuiry heritage, which often occurs by unintentionally slipping through a Soft Place. Thereafter, a Changeling knows both realms, but lacks grounding detail about Fuiry, damaging their ability to rise in Status. When other cats must venture into the mortal sphere, fur bristling with discomfort and revulsion, a Changeling guide is essential to prevent error, disorientation, and exposure as aliens. Mortal cats and other creatures fear beings of Fuiry, and might flee or attack. Humans who somehow discover the true nature of Fuiry cats try to capture them and extort magical favors.

ROLEPLAYING A CHANGELING

To embrace the role of Changeling, a player should consider what it's like to be an outsider, connected to two worlds but belonging to neither. (Players with similar real life experiences, which are not uncommon, might find the role naturally appealing—or too close to the bone to work as fantasy.) Changeling cats

become private, even secretive, and a little lonely. They have seen sights, encountered beings, and garnered experiences unknown to those around them, and they have no one to talk to about all those memories. A Changeling needn't be sad—many are proud of their uniqueness—but they don't move comfortably at Court or in other social gatherings. Forever there lurks, in a corner of the mind, tickling like a stray hair, the temptation to break away, sneak off to a Soft Place, slip through, and escape into unreachable isolation.

EIGHTH SENSE

A Changeling always moves in two contexts, seeing, smelling, and most of all hearing things that other cats can't or won't notice. Usually the shadow world, the one not physically occupied, remains subtle, vague, easy to ignore. At other times, sensations force themselves on the attention, even overwhelming immediate perception. When the cat's spirit passes, in the shadow world, through psychically charged situations, the supernatural perceptions called Vibrations can take hold: whispers of sound, possibly accompanied by flickers of visual images, sensations of temperature or movement, and so on. In play, the Cat Herder may tell the player of a Changeling of a funny feeling about a person, place, or object, or suggest a premonition of danger or the sense that something big is about to occur. For more subtle, less crucial perceptions, the Cat Herder might call for a Changeling player to make a Notice Roll (Book I, p32).

Worlds of Catthulhu

Some vibrations go beyond subtle to shake the walls of the worlds. Deep disturbances arise from vast natural magics and temporal tectonics, but the strongest temblors come from intense mortal emotion—the very substrate of Fuiry. Mass suffering, and the less common mass joy, ring the welkins like giant bells. Mystical practitioners in the Dirtworlds lead crazed cults of fellow doomed mortal in rituals frenzies that scrape at the membranes, trying to draw attention from Outside. Finally, all is subject to the ponderous evolutions, interventions, manifestations, breakthroughs, and cataclysmic awakenings of the Gods. If sustained, or apocalyptically intense, any of these psychic conflagrations and implosions can penetrate dimensional membranes and create a new Soft Place or Gate.

WORLDWALKING

At start of play, each Changeling possesses intimate, instinctive familiarity with two worlds: Fuiry, and the mortal realm in which the cat once lived; by default, the world of *Call of Catthulhu* with its surface resemblance to the reality in which the players live. Later, significant catventures elsewhere could allow a Changeling to learn the feel of additional realms, as gained Experiences at the Cat Herder's discretion.

Changelings can travel between familiar worlds uses Soft Places and Gates. Entering an unknown world requires stronger magic: opening of a Gate by the rituals of a Sorcerer, or forced transit by some divine power.

SOFT PLACES: When coming near any leaking spot between dimensions, the Changeling senses the flow by Eighth Sense. To quickly locate the opening, or to identify whether the world on the other side is a familiar one, each require an Easy Notice Roll, at which the cat automatically succeeds as RCFTJ. Pushing through to a known world is a Normal Challenge and takes perhaps a minute of concentration. Bringing other cats, heavy objects, or similarly important loads requires painful effort. To carry across one companion costs the Changeling one Treat, or if such is not available, an Injury. Causing the massive suction necessary to transport an entire group is a Difficult Challenge exacting double exertion: two Treats, two Injuries, or one of each. The Cat Herder makes the call on what constitutes a manageable group for transport; NPCs and other potentially plot-damaging resources tend to mysteriously not make the crossing.

Pushing through a Soft Place into a world never before visited is a Dire Challenge (Book I, 22), risking Injury and failure together. Only the Changeling goes through, unaccompanied.

For any transition attempt, another Changeling can contribute a single Treat or suffer one of the Injuries—not both—by supporting the cat with directed concentration. A Sorcerer can share the shock by physically touching the Changeling and accepting one Injury; Sorcerers cannot contribute Treats. Romantic, possibly misleading stories tell that a cat bonded to the Changeling by the deepest love can share or assume the risks regardless of Role.

GATES: At certain locations, permanent openings link two realities. At each, an unseen magical entity called a Gate Demon holds the way, and nothing can pass through without the Demon's permission. Demons recognize when a Changeling's Vibrations chime with both connected realities, so a Changeling can attempt to get access a familiar world simply by asking. Depending on what Demon holds the aperture, better success might come from politeness, sly logic, or intimidation. With good strategy, gaining the demon's cooperation is an Easy Challenge. If not, the Cat Herder determines the difficulty; the Demon might demand a particular service or sacrifice before granting access. Changelings can't open the way into an unfamiliar world; that requires the elaborate Gate Rituals of Sorcerers (p40).

THE COURTIER



In the all-important struggle for Status, clever cats specialize in charm, wit, solicitous behavior to betters, subtle persuasion, and a keen sensitivity to opportunity and slights. A majority of members of Court follow the Courtier role, and they predominate even more at higher Status levels.

ROLEPLAYING A COURTIER

The player who wishes to play a Courtier cat must be an actor, entertaining the Cat Herder and other players with quick patter, suave and amusing, kind or cutting at will. Everyone must have patience with table time spent on conversations between the Courtier and important NPCs played by the Cat Herder. In *Cats of Fuiry*, one's actions matter because of how Superior cats perceive them and how the outcome affects the fortunes of the powerful. The Courtier cat gathers vital information, detects and deflects rivals, and spins the reputations of the group.

If the gaming group does not include any Courtiers, the PCs' Patrons take on the task of social navigation. While generally starting from a benign attitude, Patron motives and level of interest can evolve unpredictably and in hidden ways.

Worlds of Catthulhu

Favors

The Court's social web involves even the most Trivial cats, and connections grow geometrically, up, down, and around, like crystals in a saline pond. As a newcomer, the Freshly-minted Courtier agrees to most every little request and expects little in return. Nonetheless, obligations accrue and every link transmits both ways.

In play, a Courtier can suddenly recall a Favor owed by another cat and call upon this debt for assistance. Agreement results in the Courtier now owing a Favor to the other cat, of a magnitude proportionate to the generosity of assistance given.

Once per play session, calling upon a cat of the same or lower Status, the request simply works. Additional attempts to gain aid require Cat Herder adjudication, plus sacrifice of a Treat just to make the try. Appeals to cats of the Courtier's own Status level constitute Normal Challenges, and even peremptory demands upon Inferiors call for Easy Challenge Rolls to ensure reasonable compliance.

Cats of higher Status prove difficult to engage; see Interactions with Social Superiors, p16. Any attempt to call upon a Superior, other than the Patron, requires a Difficult Challenge Roll. No more than one Favor from a Superior can be secured per session. Calling upon one's own Patron does cost a Treat but reliably earns at least minor indulgence, unless that eminence is busy with other Superiors.

Invoking too many requests in a single session makes success less likely and risks a reputation as a demanding sort. Competitors for the target cat's attention make opposed Challenge Rolls, and if Status differs, only the Superior supplicant counts as Right Cat for the Job (see pvi).

If the Courtier successfully calls in the Favor, the Cat Herder determines the extent of assistance offered, except in the case of a Triumphant Success or Embarrassing Success (I, p23) which allows the player to describe the result per *Call of Catthulhu* rules. Status naturally dictates much about the outcome.

Cats of other Roles can earn specific Favors in play, but not simply recall one as Courtiers can.

Social Mobility

Courtiers listen to other cats talk and store away what they hear. When socially appropriate, Courtiers often draw forth surprising bits of knowledge, glibly spouting information even if lacking the full understanding to back it up.

In play, once per session, a Courtier can act as Right Cat for the Job for some other Role. This mental flexibility does not include supernatural powers such as Glamours, Worldwalking, or Flight. Sometimes, a skilled cat can even behave, briefly but passably, at another Status level. Assuming the air of a Superior is a Difficult Challenge and can only be carried off at the immediate next level up. Slumming one's demeanor downward works more easily and for longer, but requires an Easy Challenge Roll to avoid giving offense to the Lessers at one level lower, or a Normal Challenge for two or more levels down. Results depend, as always, on Cat Herder interpretation and the player's own cleverness in acting out the approach and parley.

Employing their social fluidity in the longer term, Courtiers serve the Queen in many positions. The ranks of military officers include, among the Knights, a considerable leavening of Courtiers choosing to detour through a military career, particularly in times of heavy Battle when glory lies thick on the ground. This path lies open to PC Courtiers as well.

THE KNIGHT



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In the field, when I lose, at least I know who's the enemy and how they beat me, and I shall return the next time armed for victory. At Court, when I lose, I don't know why or how or even who won. It is a horrible place.

— Sir Jantz Sicklemoon, Lord General, 2nd Infantry, Army of the Field

The Queen's long and stable rule rests firmly upon the might of her Armies and the devoted service of the cats therein, who prove themselves more loyal than any others subjects by daily risking their lives. So say the Knights, anyway. Cats who love to fight, or of intimidating appearance, or without Wealthy background, or of particularly tactical mind, find military service the best way to demonstrate their usefulness and come to the attention of their social Superiors. Player Cats, being of Good Family (p14), enter service already marked for advancement and enjoying the courtesy title of Knight, distinct from Null Status Leviess even of the same Rank. To advance, they must prove themselves in Battle: the highly formalized, never-ending conflict between the Seelie Court of Queen Catania and the rival Unseelie Court of Queen Maob. Vast and varied disputed Countryside lies between the two realms, and Battles of every scope and consequence never cease, each acre gained burnishing the already planetary prestige of the victorious Queen, each cat-length

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pushed back causing a royal frown of dismay. Battle outcomes affect the Status Trend of commanders, who hoard the glory but generously share blame with their subordinates.

ROLEPLAYING A KNIGHT

I would rather excel others in the knowledge of what is proper than in the extent of my soldiers and power.

— Magnus of Fens-Allesandro, Lord High Marshal of the Queen's Armies in the Eon of the Two Suns, Lost

Knights have the reputation, according to Courtiers, of lacking imagination, failing to observe social niceties, and wielding words as blunt instruments. On the other paw, a Knight who knows what's right feels justified in cutting through endless games, particularly when civilians apparently seek to distract Superiors from the facts, drawing away favor and influencing policy in illogical directions. The player of a Knight character need not act stupid; indeed, some of the sharpest strategic minds at Court are military thinkers. However, occupied with time in the field, paws sometimes wet with mud and rain, sometimes with blood, a Knight active in Battle simply lacks the time to whisker out all the hidden currents of influence at Court. Victory in Battle reaps approval and advancement by solid results rather than by mincingly weaving gossamer webs of chit-chat.

Queen Catania is served by three Armies: The Army of the Field, ancient beyond memory and stolidly reliable; the newer Army of Banners, out to prove itself; and the small, unconventional Army of the Bees, to which the Lords General can safely divert rising officers who seem unsuited to properly regimented Battle. Each Army consists mostly of Infantry Divisions, supported by a Cavalry Brigade mounted on fighting dogs and a supplemental Sky Command of winged Aerialists. Each branch designates a fraction of its forces as Scouts, sent forth on intelligence, reconnaissance, and other special missions apart from the main command. For military-minded players who like detailed numbers, complete service rosters appear on FUIRY.com!

On Her Majesty's Service

A Player Cat Knight usually begins service as an Infantry Scout, so as to have varied missions instead of merely marching in file like some ordinary Levy. An Aerialist who chooses a military path serves as an Air Scout instead. Moving from Infantry Scout to Scout Sergeant is no great matter for an ambitious PC with a little success. The cat then commands a Scout Patrol of seven or eight Nulls, and other PCs may be asked by higher-ups to join the Patrol in Irregular Service when the Cat Herder finds it convenient. Refusing such a request can taint a PC's reputation with cowardice and pushes Trend downward.

Advancement beyond Sergeant, or the promotion of an Aerialist to Flight Commander, meets with more competition from NPCs and requires a good showing in a series of Battles.

PC Courtiers, with their powers of social mobility, can follow the Knight's path through the military as well, though not the RCFTJ at Battle (p61).

EXPERIENCE OF BATTLE

In Battle, a PC first faces a Lesser cat, likely an easy victory, although Nulls freely fight Trivial cats when at war. Next the PC must strive with a rival of the same Rank and Status. With success, the PC then gets a chance to face a Superior cat of one Status up. Beating *that* cat pushes Trend up. Choosing to face a Superior, then losing, gives a reputation that the cat acted a bit of a Bounder and really should have known better.

Inattention, asking questions, or otherwise irritating a higher-ranking cat always pushes Trend down by one negative valence **1-1**. For most Player Cat missions, which take place outside the rank and file, interaction with superiors comes only when receiving orders before Battle, and when reporting afterward.

1. Face a Lesser
Fail: **1-1 1-1**, Challenge to escape capture
Succeed: Must face an Equal
2. Face an Equal
Fail: Honorable Defeat, captured for Ransom if above Trivial Status **1-1**
Succeed: **1-1**, Quit the field and claim small Ransom, or choose to face a Superior
3. Face a Superior
Fail: **1-1** Whiff of the Bounder, Charismatic Injury
Succeed: **1-1 1-1**, Claim substantial Ransom

CHARISMATIC INJURIES: These marks of defeat remain permanently on the cat's current body, reminders of defeat at the hands of a Superior. However, if the cat can turn the story of the defeat into a highly entertaining story and tell it at an Occasion of at least Notable Status, in the hearing of Superiors, the shame turns to respect **1-1**. Examples include a torn ear, a scar across the eye, a ripped nostril or lip, a patch of furless skin, a bent toe, or a kink in the tail.

CATVENTURE: For an example Experience of Battle, see "A Night Under Arms," p66.

CATVENTURE SEEDS: Some other types of missions take responsibility for the Experience of Battle away from the PCs, and instead require constant interaction with a Superior. Examples:

- After a success, the PCs receive the honor of acting as Color Guard for a night's Battle, accompanying an officer and bearing his standard (see "Entourage" under Additional Accoutrements by Role, p45).
- As punishment for recent mission failure, the PCs get the job of staying awake all day guarding a Superior Officer's comfy tent. The Unseelie pick that day to send a disguised assassin.
- The cats receive a stealth mission to sneak a diplomat Courtier, of Status two higher than any PC's, through enemy-held land. The Courtier is sure to report any rudeness or disobedience to the military brass when the mission ends, or even grudgingly give out praise: **1-1-1** to **1-1 1-1**. Allowing capture or death of the escorted cat means sure Trend damage: **1-1-1-1** and likely demotion in military Rank.



Sir John of Neill, Acceptable Sorcerer

THE SORCERER



Following the least common, and least prestigious, of the Roles, the Sorcerer chooses to pursue Status through dark, secret knowledge that others cannot, or dare not, master. With the quick twists of fate called *Invocations*, powerful *Rituals*, and the use of ancient *Tomes*, Sorcerers can command magic that undermines causality. The powerful in society fear Sorcery, disdaining its crabbed and isolated users, while surreptitiously seeking their aid in important matters.

ROLEPLAYING A SORCERER

To take on the part of a Sorcerer of Fuiry, the player must embrace all the worldly desires of any usual cat of Court, yet employ none of the usual methods of acquiring them. The Sorcerer feels deeply unsuited for subtle charm, friendly trading of favors, or bluff military success. Anxious, yet ambitious, this lonely cat works alone for long days when other cats sleep, striving to master in solitude the ancient secrets of magic, for only by thus cheating fate can an awkward soul win the well-deserved rewards that others seem to easily gain. Sorcerers maintain great mystery about the exact extent of their powers, for they gain more social influence through fear than through any spell. The Sorcerer player will pass notes back and forth with the Cat Herder when needed to hide the mechanisms of wit, luck, and spellcraft used to achieve impossible-seeming effects.

In addition to their main power, the creation of magical effects called *Glamours*, Sorcerers command *Arcane Trivia* and *Arcane Mastery*.

ARCANE TRIVIA

Sorcerers have a broad but random knowledge of the arcane. Once per session, the Sorcerer can automatically recognize some glyph, artifact, equipment, name, aura, magical taint, or other obscure bit of information related to secret studies and lost knowledge from the past. The player can attempt to further analyze or recognize arcana by making Challenge Rolls as determined by the Cat Herder.

ARCANE MASTERY

Once per session, the Sorcerer can attempt to take control of a magical force, process, or tool by spending a Treat and making a Difficult Challenge Roll, with unpredictable result. Outside of the laboratories of other Sorcerers, such active magics are rare. In the case of a Relic, an ancient item with its own Personalisty, success brings no true mastery. Instead, the Sorcerer realizes the object’s name and recalls a brief, cryptic hint as to its power.

Glamours

The term “Glamour” refers to all magical spells, including the instantaneous effects called Invocations, the more ponderous Rituals, and the powerful hermetica contained in ancient books known as Tomes. Learning more Glamours requires a combination of earned Favors from a Patron, personal research between sessions as rewarded by the Cat Herder, and determined seeking through Catventure. Sneaking access to a Patron’s copy of a Ritual for a rush casting, reading direct from the book without study, carries major risk.

LEARNING AND CASTING GLAMOURS

	<i>Invocation</i>	<i>Ritual</i>	<i>Tome Ritual</i>
Acquisition	Teaching	Research	MacGuffin
Learning	Off stage during session	Can use next session	Can use in two sessions
Casting	Instant	Minutes to Hours; requires Bits	Seconds
Uses	Unlimited	Unlimited	Once
Success Roll	Normal, none, or Contest	Difficult; Dire if rushed	None: Always works

Aiming High or Low

When describing the outcome of a Glamour successfully affecting another cat, the Cat Herder always takes into account the relative Status of the Sorcerer and the intended subject. As makes perfect sense to cats, a highly elevated Personality breezily ignores or quickly shrugs off the piddling slights of a low-Status practitioner, while a Superior Sorcerer manipulates Lessers with ease.

Unmechanical Fate

Magic is fickle, and the Cat Herder’s arbitration so reflects. If a player attempts to use game mechanics to evade the fated costs of a Glamour, the Cat Herder may declare that the winds of Will curl back on the Sorcerer with a more wicked sting than that dodged. Of course, if the trick seems clever, amusing, and unlikely to become a systematic break in the rules, the Herder might allow it to work once, maybe even awarding a Treat for the innovative thinking. Glamours never offer predictable results.

INVOCATIONS

Immediately launched with a word and a gesture, Invocations last for but a moment. Beginners shout the words of power and strike abrupt postures, giving Sorcerers the prickly reputation of responding to normal situations with weird outbursts. Success rolls required, and other risks and costs, vary. A Sorcerer of Trivial Status knows two Invocations at start of play: the basic trick of fate known as Shiftluck, plus either Pullgamble or Tanglethink.

Shiftluck	The first trick every Sorcerer learns, Shiftluck requires no Success roll. Snatching a moment of fortune from the near future, the cat gains a lucky break right now. The player gets the benefit of one Treat, used immediately, at the cost of giving up the usual automatic Success on an upcoming, meaningful roll, chosen by the Cat Herder, for which the cat would be RCFTJ. Any PC Sorcerer knows Shiftluck at start of play, as well as either Pullgamble or Tanglethink.
Pullgamble	With a wicked insult in a cryptic language, the Sorcerer knocks the supports of Fate from under another cat's effort. In play, Pullgamble must be used immediately after the victim makes a roll. The Sorcerer player chooses a die and changes its result to 1. The Sorcerer player must have a Treat available and give it up to make the Invocation work. Trivial Sorcerers often learn this gambit during their earliest instruction.
Tanglethink	To inflict this instantaneous effect requires winning a Contest of Success, with another Sorcerer as the Right Cat for purposes of resisting. If the invoker wins, the subject loses track of its immediate thoughts, decisions, or realizations. They recur after a blinking moment, giving the invoker a very small window in which to act. If a Trivial Sorcerer didn't learn Pullgamble, the Mentor is sure to teach Tanglethink instead.
Day to Night / Night to Day	This dramatically-named Invocation creates sudden dark or light for a few cat-lengths around the invoker. As described by the player, the Glamour snuffs lights such as torches, lanterns, or candles, or envelopes the immediate area in an obscuring cloud of smoke, or creates a surprising burst of illuminating light, or flares out kindling heat sufficient to ignite anything flammable and singe whiskers. If the magic snuffs or ignites physical light sources, the condition persists, and cat eyes quickly adjust; magical smoke has perfect opacity but disperses in moments; blasts of light last an instant but leave vision dazzled. The invoking Sorcerer suffers no surprise or dazzle.
Demon's Yowl	The shout of Invocation emerges as a great scream, bigger and louder than any living throat could emit. Lasting a few painful moments, the Yowl obscures all other sound, hurts sensitive cat ears, and frightens almost any creature who hears it. Among other uses, the Yowl stops creatures in their tracks, which can Stun a Scrapping foe or inflict a Holding Action on a monstrous attacker. The invoker, though with pained ears, suffers no stunning effects.
Ticveil	If the caster wins a Contest of Success, with a Courtier as the Right Cat to resist, the target cat's demeanor flickers for an instant to display the emotion or aspect of the caster's choice. The Invocation can impart an air of guilt to the innocent, innocence to the sly, suspicion to the neutral, boredom to the intrigued, mockery to the kindly, passion to the cold, and so forth. Well-timed use can tilt the balance of a tense social situation. Cast on a willing target, or the Sorcerer's self, the spell requires no Contest.
Twiddletwitch	By winning a Contest of Success, with an Aerialist as the Right Cat to resist, the Sorcerer causes part of the target's body to spasm slightly, just enough to bobble a gesture, miss a leap, trip on a stair, knock over a bowl, loose an ornament, or turn a gentle touch into a swat. Timing must be precise to achieve the desired effect.
Vesperpaw	With a careful gesture, the Sorcerer pushes or taps at the air and the gentle force of the movement affects something at a distance, up to a couple of cat-lengths away. The Invocation cannot grasp or apply fine control, but proves useful for toppling what's out of reach or tickling an ear without being seen.

RITUALS

Slow steerings of Fate, Rituals take time to complete but create lasting effects. Rituals involve complex, arcane, and poorly-understood processes. If directed at another cat, a Ritual requires Sympathetic Bits of the subject: samples of fur, whisker, waste, blood, a favored mask or ornament, or other physically intimate or psychically cathected object. The freshness, quantity, and variety of the Bits influence the Ritual’s strength and how long its effects linger.

If a Ritual somehow fails, the Sorcerer still pays any costs and suffers any negative effects. The Sorcerer is RCFTJ for these rolls and can throw in Treats as usual. Midnight or Snake Eyes results, as elaborated by the player, tend to include spectacular magical manifestations.

Learning a Ritual requires nights of uninterrupted study. A Sorcerer with only quick access to a book containing the spell can attempt it with a direct reading; this makes the casting into a Dire Challenge with highly unpredictable outcome.

First Glamour	This common Ritual alters a cat’s appearance to that of another. It requires Sympathetic Bits of the cat to be imitated, not the one assuming the disguise. The effect fades gradually, at a rate depending on the Bits used. Upon face-to-face encounter with the original, maintaining the illusion becomes a moment-to-moment series of Difficult Challenges by the subject, with a Courtier as the RCFTJ.
Tweak the Ears	This relatively quick Ritual lightly grips a cat’s psyche and adjusts it just enough to match a different Role. If the Subject is unaware or unconsenting, the Sorcerer must win a Contest of Success, with a Knight as the Right Cat to resist. The subject temporarily experiences a new orientation, providing unsuspected insights, while familiar habits of thought become sluggish. For purposes of socialization, RCFTJ, and so on, the cat functions as a different Role as specified by the Sorcerer at casting. The effect can also swathe a Named cat with the appearance of a Null, similar to donning of the Domino, and the subject can choose to discard the illusion at any time.
Neverso	Taking only a minute of chat, while the caster touches the subject or holds any convenient Bit, this quick Glamour temporarily twists a cat’s belief about something known or witnessed. Duration depends on the comparative freshness of the Bits and the memory: a maxim long held reasserts itself after any pause for thought, while a recent surprise submerges long enough for the Sorcerer to be well gone and on to the Next Thing, and a seemingly minor and uninteresting fact might be forgotten indefinitely unless someone actively reminds the victim of the facts.
Soulspade	With this invasive and hidden Ritual, the Sorcerer attempts to strengthen or push down a memory from a past life. An effortful pressure on a slow and ponderous process, affecting the recovery of past lives requires multiple sessions of personal conversation, distracting or encouraging the subject in considering its own identity. The talks seem ordinary, if intense, with no flash, bang, or flummery. Before each session, the Sorcerer must take time to plan the thrust of intention and process, using Bits as usual. Any interruption of the regular schedule of meetings threatens the entire Ritual; repeated interference destroys the effect completely and the subject might suddenly realize what the Sorcerer intended all along.

Binding Token	<p>This Ritual infuses the Sorcerer's own Bits into an attractive ornament of some kind, which becomes a Binding Token. When a cat willingly accepts the Token from the Sorcerer, the effect of that Sorcerer's next or current Ritual on the recipient becomes permanent. The target need not wear or carry the Token for its effect to work, but regards it as very precious and important. The Bond, and captive Ritual, end only with the Token's physical destruction or if the target freely gives it away to another who willingly receives it, thus ending the magic entirely. The strength of Bits used in the Token's creation does not affect duration, but rather increases the magical reluctance the target feels toward giving away or destroying the Token or allowing another to do so. While the Bond functions, the Sorcerer cannot create another Binding Token, nor cast again the same Ritual as the Token has bound.</p>
Cross the Eyes	<p>To cast this Ritual requires Bits from three different cats: two to be affected in the eyes of the third. The magic switches the feelings of the target cat about the two subjects, so that, for example, the one once hated is now loved and vice versa. The Sorcerer may be one of the three cats. The effect fades, possibly at different rates, depending on the relative strength of Bits used; whether the original feelings resume with the prior intensity, or confused, or redoubled, depends on the behavior of the subjects during the spell.</p>
Cloak of Shame/ Cloak of Glory	<p>This Ritual affects Status itself, a Named Cat's main preoccupation, and requires detailed adjudication.</p> <p>Considered even more offensive than most Sorcery, the Cloak Ritual coats the subject's aura with the distinctive tang of a different Status level. A victim with lowered apparent Status seems awkward and inappropriate in familiar social circles, and peers become reluctant to associate. A cat boosted to a higher Status aura seems more charming, confident, and successful than previously believed, and others feel that trading favors and including the subject in social Occasions will reflect well on all.</p> <p>The Cloak requires theft of Accoutrements from the Status to be imitated, and only theft will do. The objects must be destroyed, through abasement for demotion or respectful sacrifice for promotion, in creative ways invented by the Sorcerer. In the most difficult case, tumbling a Trivial cat down to Null Status, the Ritual must include destruction of the victim's every possession, and infliction of an embarrassing failure or Injury witnessed by a Superior. Unlike the disguise of First Glamour, the Status-nullifying effect of the Cloak of Shame cannot be shed by the subject at will.</p> <p>Duration of the Status effect is highly variable, based not only on the iconic quality of the stolen items, but on the subject's individual panache. A truly bold individual shakes off Status damage quickly, while one who already suffered from a Falling trend, or Poverty, faces a hard climb back to previous prestige. A cat already of Rising Trend might even pull off a higher-Status charade long enough that those who acted kindly feel embarrassed about reversing attitude; using that window of hesitation to quickly assemble a conspicuous and appropriate Portfolio, the secret Bounder could even secure an actual Fresh new Status level. Forever, the risk persists that events will expose the past sorcerous aid, at the very least destabilizing the cat's repute.</p>

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Gate Rituals

At one of the rare Gates, Sorcerers can perform Rituals that allow passage between worlds in both directions, sometime accidentally admitting mortals into Fuiry. These rituals require arcane substances, chants in imaginary languages, and precise timing, and most only work with the intent support of additional cats, traditionally a dozen, making 13 including the Sorcerer. (See Coven Work, p42.) Compared to the easy Worldwalking of Changelings (p28), the Gate Ritual process is clumsy, difficult, and slow.

Ring the Changes	This Ritual must be cast at the location of a Gate (p28), a Demon-guarded doorway between worlds. Laboriously, through an assortment of chimes, horns, whirlygigs, other instruments, and cat-yowlings, preferably with Coven assistance, the Sorcerer seeks to make the sort of horrible music pleasing to the Gate Demon, so that it will open the way. Demons spit fire and roar to indicate displeasure with attempts, but give no guidance for improvement; bringing forth the correct chords, dischords, tones, rhythms, and other elements that will relax the interdimensional monster requires many retunings and experiments. Some books mention the risky technique of deliberately making the music painful, instead, so that the Demon relents simply to make it stop.
Searing Mirror	The Ritual presents a Demon with a faint vision of its own mirror doppelganger, an exact and opposite counterpart. For them to meet would mean annihilation. This Tome does not lose power and the Sorcerer may repeat the rite as desired, bringing the vision ever closer and clearer. Is it real? The target Demon is unlikely to take the chance; it will want the book destroyed. Whether it attempts to achieve this through compliance, or unguessable direct action, depends upon successful intimidation by the caster.

TOMES

These rare, ancient, and massive books contain the most powerful of Glamours, sometimes referred to as Tome Rituals. Only Sorcerers can make out the formulae within the volume, though anycat can decipher the title, and Changelings feel an ill chill around any Tome. The magic text requires careful study over many nights and assembly of obscure ingredients, including Bits of any target creature. Once the arrangements are made, casting requires the clear intonation of a page of mystically-laden syllables. A Sorcerer can only make use of each Tome once; after that, they remain valuable parts of a library collection, to be plumbed in researching new, related spells, or grudgingly traded to others who can make their own uses.

Breath of the Grave

Once studied, this Ritual can be effected very quickly. Summoned by a single vile phrase, a roil of purple smoke rises with a fierce, angry hiss to surround the caster, bringing the foul stench of death: pustulent meat, rabid dog scat, poisoned water, burning fur, and the glandular exudations of a cat in mortal fear. All cats and healthy animals flee, to a wide radius; dogs scent the miasma, quail, and run before it even comes within sight. None can approach within touch of the Sorcerer, who must overcome the same revulsion through self-mastery, and can then move and act normally. Small plant life withers at the smoke's touch; insects die, small birds sicken; trees suffer a permanent taint. The cloud follows the caster until dispersed by hostile magic, extreme weather such as a gale storm, or a cleansing Ritual.

Death Anchor

This rite permanently affixes the target soul to its body, and the cat becomes unable to die. Success requires a full night of preparing the body before the final casting. Vitality persists so long as the target never once leaves the immediate area of the casting. Ordinary bodily functions such as eating and breathing cease, but the cat can sense everything normally, speak softly, and make weak physical movements. No matter how tortured and torn the corpus, the spirit lingers on. The Ritual can prolong an injured cat's life until medical Attendants can be found, or a desperate Sorcerer might use Death Anchor to remain in immortal isolation for unclean reasons. Often, however, this Ritual serves to imprison a bitter enemy for uncounted years, perhaps under torture, preventing the natural transition to the next Life.

Phalanx of the Scarab

A glittering swarm of tiny beetles takes wing around the target cat's head, forming a whirling, hollow, gently buzzing sphere. Hostile magic directed at the cat instead strikes the bugs, destroying them in little pops of light: from a single beetle incinerated by a low-Status Invocation, to a pawful for harsher spells, or the whole swarm exploding in a dazzling display if assaulted by a powerful Ritual. If not so destroyed, the Phalanx persists as long as a certain kind of incense remains burning at the original casting site, though the target and accompanying bugs may travel. Other cats do not regard a globe of insects as socially appealing headgear. Kittens may try to catch them.

Seven Curses

The target cat is freighted with bad luck. The Sorcerer performs this Ritual seven times on seven consecutive nights, with heavy use of personal Bits. The first casting results in a minor accident for the target. Each subsequent casting causes a worse and more embarrassing fumble, culminating in a humiliating public mishap certain to damage Trend or even Status and become part of the cat's reputation for the rest of this Life. The Ritual can only touch cats no more than one Status rank above the caster. Physical reach from the casting site to the target increases with relative Status; affecting a cat of equal standing resonates to a few rooms away, while tormenting a Lesser could perhaps even stretch tendrils out into the Country.

CATVENTURE SEED: A cat's Patron appears to be suffering the Seven Curses. Can the PCs find the spellcaster before the last night, and if so, can they discover who provided the Tome?

Shatter the Mold

Overnight, in an incredibly painful transformation, the target cat completely changes physical form. The new body is of prime young adulthood with randomly different fur color, patterns, eye color, musculature, voice, and so on. There is roughly a one in six chance for the body to have the wings of an Aerialist. When using this Tome to provide an aging cat with new youth, the willing subject calls for witnesses to prevent any confusion as to identity: a disturbing experience for a protégé. A caster might instead use the Ritual as an impenetrable disguise, or as part of an attempt to oust a foe from Status, as former servants and admirers fail to recognize or acknowledge the altered victim.

CATVENTURE SEED: A young cat approaches the PCs and claims to be a Noble who suffered this spell. No one else will risk Status by helping, but if the PCs can get the cat past the guards of his former Estate in time to confront his wicked relative and prove his identity at a big event, he will reward them with gifts and social advancement. Unless he's lying.

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Tiberto's Omnipotent Purgation

A dangerous rite, the Purgation requires only an hour to complete, whereupon the Tome consumes itself in a blinding light that grows and grows. Within the encompassing glare, all magics, disguises, curses, ensorcelments, Hidden Identities, and other unnatural obfuscations dissolve and blow away, revealing True Nature in its harsh and utter glory. Consequences vary. Even a caster of Trivial Status could affect an entire ballroom with this Ritual; one of increasing prominence could purge a Palace, a Town, or a field of Battle. A Lofty Sorcerer's dweomer might wash the whole Realm in light, but the more powerful a cat, the less likely to want this Ritual cast.

Trail of the Soul

This insidious Ritual only works if the target cat suffers physical death during the hour of casting. In fleeting shapes that dart within the colored smokes of special flames, the Sorcerer tracks the movement of the escaping soul. If successful, the caster can pinpoint the very womb where the cat's next Life begins and indelibly mark the kit to be born. If the cat instead becomes Lost or has left its ninth Life, or somehow gets sucked through a Gate, the Ritual tracks the soul only up to its departure from Fuiry.

CATVENTURE: See "The Dragonfly Ball," p53.

COVEN WORK

When casting a Ritual, a Sorcerer can improve results by gathering other, Lesser cat Sorcerers to assist. A single Apprentice speeds work but does not otherwise affect the spell. A total of three helpers, known as Chanters, increases the magic's reach and tenacity as they repeat key phrasings. A chorus of nine supporting cats, a Choir, extends casting time but provides a musical thrust that batters against the will to resist. Combining the nine-member Choir, the three Chanters, and the high-Status Sorcerer, for a total of 13 cats, forms a full Coven and powers a Ritual that takes hours but can reach nearly anywhere and overwhelm nearly any target. Of course, any one of the participants might be incompetent, or a foe in disguise, set to foil the Sorcerer's plan. The ability to gather and control Lessers comes from Status, and each helper might have the Status to bring more; see Portfolios, p19, and Additional Accoutrements by Role, p45.

OTHER GLAMOURS

No mere catalog can encompass all the ripples that might disturb the stream of Time. A sorcerous Patron or discovered Tome might offer the secrets of an unknown trick. Independently, a clever, curious, or desperate Sorcerer can try something completely new.

Improvising Invocations

The player can try a fresh shout of demand spontaneously in the moment, but this carries dangers. Unless the attempt can resolve very quickly in play, without requiring the Cat Herder to consider detailed request or explanation, the moment slips away and the incautious Sorcerer may suffer a quick backslap from Fate.

Better for the player to prepare the idea and let the Cat Herder know of the intended concept. If the Cat Herder considers the idea completely unworkable, the Sorcerer's tests reveal that the idea has no power. Otherwise, the inventor feels the mechanism of Will mesh with the strands of Fate in some way.

It is the feeling of groping in murky water, hands unseen, and suddenly grasping the cold muscularity of a fish for one struggling moment until it slips away. This is all that pure experimentation can reveal: The sleight will do *something*. Only when tested in the heat of a moment of decision does the Invocation truly engage, revealing the details of its strengths and costs, as determined by the Cat Herder's fully arbitrary interpretation.

Guidelines for Adjudicating Invocations

- **Roll for It**—Any untested magic has uncertain results. An improvised Invocation requires Success on a Normal Challenge, even if it only affects the inanimate world. If the Cat Herder judges that the intended effect would require a Difficult Challenge, the Glamour simply fails, for such power exceeds the limits of Invocations. The ambitious Sorcerer must consider developing a Ritual instead.
- **Allow Resistance**—A new Invocation targeting a living soul requires a Contest of Success with the intended subject. This takes the place of the Challenge Roll.
- **Compare to Known Formulae**—The standardized Invocations on p37 offer the best likely ratio of effect to cost. Anything untried will be more costly, less effective, or less predictable, in some combination.
- **Consider Spectacle**—Uncontrolled magic causes obvious, and clearly sorcerous, side effects such as weird flashes, loud roars and bangs, foul and colorful smoke, demonic laughter, trembling ground, and other signs making it clear to observers that A Sorcerer Did It.
- **Status Presses Everywhere**—Player and Cat Herder alike should recall that Lessers cannot much inconvenience their Superiors, even with magic. The touch of any Glamour always causes irritation, at least, which may or may not be a helpful result.

Inventing Rituals

The depth of knowledge hidden away in the forgotten archives of Fuiry, and the cluttered minds of close-mouthed Sorcerers in full possession of past memories, remains unplumbed, a dark ocean. Through personal study and experimentation, or by discovering ancient hints and records, a Sorcerer may come to possess a unique Ritual.

In practice, the player works up a description of the desired Ritual, with costs, requirements, and effects similar in balance to the rites described above. After taking the player's description under advisement, the Cat Herder is encouraged to consider at leisure before giving feedback. When ready, the Cat Herder explains whether the Ritual can work at all, and if so, what adjustments the player should make. After submitting satisfactory revisions, the Sorcerer can attempt the Ritual itself.

The player chooses whether the new Ritual derives mostly from original work or from discovered records. If original, the magic is less reliable, but no other Sorcerer has it at all. In the case of a previously recorded effect, the Ritual offers more predictable results at less cost, but other may have made the same discovery.



Ajnin du Ciel, Air Scout, Army of the Bees

Additional Accoutrements by Role

In addition to the physical objects associated with anycat according to Status, a cat's Accoutrements include certain items appropriate to the particular Role. Like anything else, these naturally vary with Status, from the sparse and second-hand kit scrambled together by the Trivial to sparkling Noble collections of redundant excess. Certain Roles imply more variety of possessions than others, and different activities and Occasions call for different selections from available gear.

AERIALIST'S ACCOUTREMENTS

The least burdened by things, the winged cat eschews flowing cloaks for a short cape unlikely to become tangled during landings. Masks are streamlined, wrapping to the sides of the head, often with beaklike projections sheltering the muzzle. High-Status masks imitate birds of prey with bright feathers, viciously-hooked bills with gleaming lacquer, and metal foil around the eyes to simulate the raptor's cruel gaze. Aerialists of current or former Air Division service may sport goggle-masks with glass eye-pieces in place, even in fancy and impractical civilian masks; wearing actual surplus goggles without having served appears jaunty to the young, pretentious to the old.

CHANGELING'S ACCOUTREMENTS

Ordinary gear appropriate to Status suffices for the Changeling, who only mostly occupies this world anyway. An air of spirituality, or distraction, lends quiet dignity to any outfit. However, many a Changeling chooses to carry a special token of their lost home: a small, usually ordinary-looking memento such as a scrap of cloth, a bit of tinsel, or a stone. Worn around the neck on a collar or string, or tucked into a pocket sewn in a cloak, the totem comforts the cat, and incidentally radiates lingering Vibrations of the other world. The player of a Changeling should decide what token the cat might keep, and perhaps muse on what memories it holds.

COURTIER'S ACCOUTREMENTS

No one object matters much to a proper Courtier, for every Occasion demands something different. Yet what a pleasure to be surrounded by nice things in profusion. Even when starting out with Trivial Status, a Courtier takes care to keep the mask brushed and the cloak clean, and seeks to acquire backups as soon as possible. Just two cloaks and two masks makes four possible outfits. Add a bit of unique jewelry, however basic, and one begins to express one's style. To speak with important cats one must look presentable enough to stand nearby. Of course, with the right knowledge and subtle skill, a Courtier can shine in rags while an ordinary soul looks tawdry in the finest silk and gold.

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KNIGHT'S ACCOUTREMENTS

A Knight's Accoutrements come primarily from Battle: issued gear, medals and awards, and occasional tokens of victory taken from fallen foes. A particularly distinctive ornament or weapon, transferred from loser to victor, shows mutual and respect. Proper form with captives suggests asking politely for a gift in memory as the Ransomed foe takes leave, to which the freed cat generally agrees. Most Knights consider it in poor taste to outright rifle the bodies of cats who actually die; see Loot and Ransom, p61.

<i>Rank</i>	<i>Status</i>	<i>Service</i>	<i>Uniform and Issue</i>
Soldier	Null	Infantry	Kerchief
Sergeant	Null – Trivial	Infantry	Leather cuirass and helmet
Infantry Scout	Null – Trivial	Infantry	None
Leftenant	Trivial	Infantry	Leather cuirass and crested helmet
Scout Sergeant	Trivial	Infantry	Kerchief
Trooper	Trivial	Cavalry	Small dog mount, spurs, saddle
Cavalry Scout	Trivial	Cavalry	Hare mount, spurs, saddle
Flier	Trivial	Sky	Short cape
Air Scout	Trivial	Sky	Kerchief, goggles
Leftenant of Cavalry	Trivial – Acceptable	Cavalry	Small but vicious dog mount, leather cuirass (steel if Acceptable)
Leftenant of Scouts	Trivial – Acceptable	Cavalry	Leather cuirass and helmet
Leftenant (Flight Commander)	Trivial – Acceptable	Sky	Short cape, goggled helmet
Scout Flight Commander	Trivial – Acceptable	Sky	Winged goggled helmet

Officers at Captain level and above are always accompanied.

<i>Rank</i>	<i>Status</i>	<i>Service</i>	<i>Uniform and Issue</i>	<i>Entourage</i>
Captain	Trivial – Acceptable	Infantry	Steel cuirass, overclaw	Flag bearer, aide de camp
Captain of Cavalry	Acceptable – Notable	Cavalry	Large dog mount, leather cuirass (steel if Notable)	Banner trooper, aide de camp
Captain (Wing Commander)	Acceptable – Notable	Sky	Winged helmet, Command Cape	Flag Flier

Officers at Colonel level and above seldom bear personal arms or armor, except of the decorative kind.

<i>Rank</i>	<i>Status</i>	<i>Service</i>	<i>Uniform and Issue</i>	<i>Entourage</i>
Colonel	Acceptable – Notable	Infantry	Battalion Command Cloak	Color Guard (Squad)
Regimental Colonel	Notable – Grand	Cavalry	Older dog mount with armor (decorative if Grand)	Color Guard (Troop)
Colonel (Squadron Commander)	Notable – Grand	Sky	Command Tabard	Color Guard (Flight)

Officers General wear beautiful traditional uniforms. They carry no armor or weapons.

<i>Rank</i>	<i>Status</i>	<i>Service</i>	<i>Accoutrements</i>	<i>Entourage</i>
Lord General	Notable – Grand	Infantry	Armored carriage drawn by armored dogs, with driver and guards	Lord's Guard Company
Brigadier General	Grand	Cavalry	Huge, golden chariot drawn by four hound-mounted Leftenants	Brigadier Company
Air Marshal (Sky Commander)	Grand	Sky	Mobile watchtower and landing platform, moved, when necessary, by a team of hares	Commander's Wing
Lord High Marshal	Lofty	Above all	Command Tent compound, elaborate and comfortable	High Guard Company

SORCERER'S ACCOUTREMENTS

More than any other Role, the Sorcerer accumulates clutter: charms, tokens, and fetishes; oddities, knick-knacks, and curiosities; notions, potions, and colored solutions; preserved claws, bottled eyeballs, and dried newts; inkpots, beakers, alembics, and simple trash. Shelves and tables of such miscellany give each Sorcerer's lab its own distinctive claustrophobic character. The greater the Sorcerer's Status, the more voluminous and the more impressively weird the Accoutrements become. Most importantly, a proper lab requires arcane writings: scrolls, books, and scraps indited with burdensome wisdom, unwholesome secrets, labored analysis, and wild speculation by Sorcerers and other knowledge-seekers of the past. Often enough a maturing Sorcerer comes to consider a treasured volume as a personal accomplishment that the Sorcerer wrote in a prior Life.

Status	Additional Sorcerer Accoutrements	Entourage
Trivial	Dusty book; dishevelment. The Shiftluck Invocation, and either Pullgamble or Tanglethink (p37).	—
Acceptable	Alembics, diagrams; bloodshot eyes. More Invocations.	Oafish assistant in place of Attendants
Notable	Shelf of creepy books, skull, ancient jewel; habitual cackle or sulfurous personal odor. All the basic Invocations and access to at least one Ritual.	A youthful apprentice, probably doomed; a more sociable friend of Acceptable Status; cadaverous Attendants
Grand	Library with scrolls, elixirs, complete skeleton, chalk or charcoal diagram on floor; white streak in fur or constant sneer. Many Rituals.	A Coven of Notable Sorcerers, each secretive and ambitious
Lofty	Bottled imp, severe robes, multiple jewels; aura of sinister power. Only one Lofty Sorcerer exists at Court: the Queen's personal arcane advisor, currently His Grace Yelime the Wise, Ducal Regent of Thornridge. All other Sorcerers fear Yelime, who collects Sympathetic Bits and True Names; most hate him as well. His great library contains multiple Tomes, and certain books said to whisper evil secrets to any who come near; he possesses the largest known collection of ancient Relics both minor and great.	By repute, the allegiance of one or more Gate Demons and other beings of unnatural origin

Patrons

As young, untested servants of Good Queen Catania, each PC must have a Patron at Court: a more experienced cat, older in this Life, with an established role in the circles around the Queen. The Patron provides information and assistance, promoting success of his or her Player Cat protégé, but frequently and unpredictably limited by political considerations far beyond player comprehension. Players can choose a Patron from this typical list, or the Cat Herder may assign one.

ARLEQUIN: A Sorcerer cat of black and white patches, Arlequin spends days and nights working in a private laboratory, making only occasional, and largely unsuccessful, forays into the social world. Arlequin's skills in scrying and clairvoyance sometimes uncover important personal secrets, grudgingly bartered for by scheming Courtiers or occasionally shared with a curious protégé. Status: Acceptable.

DOTTOR: Fat, old, and unkempt, with nondescript black fur going grey, the Sorcerer named Dottor never leaves his stuffy, cluttered set of dust-laden chambers. Non-player cats frequently visit to beg for potions and powders, reputed to cool or inflame ardor, cause or cure hacking hairballs, or alter luck in battle. Observant PCs will notice that Dottor dispenses these nostrums at seeming random, often proffering the same herb for unrelated or even contradictory complaints. Still, the cats come, and Dottor supplies. To a protégé Dottor spares occasional scraps of true arcane lore, rescued from the brummagem of the years. Status: Notable.

FLAVIN AND FLAMIN: These two slender Courtiers pride themselves on physical beauty and charm. Flavin is creamy of fur, with chocolate points; Flamin, silver-white with dark seal points; both exhibit extraordinary poise and grace. They are never seen together as companions, avoiding one another even at large events, but always rumored to be secretly involved: Flavin pining after a cold-hearted Flamin whose gaze falls elsewhere, or the other way around, or perhaps they are in the throes of a love for each other that must be hidden from jealous rivals, or else they have foresworn their true hearts' bond and vowed to never love again. Some admirers defend a theory that they are one cat. There is no shortage of reports of their simultaneous presence in separate places, but no PC will ever see them together. The endless variations provide an entertaining drama for the rest of the Court; a protégé of either will have the chance to observe important cats involving themselves socially with the Patron, hoping to garner romantic favor, make another cat jealous, or at least share in the attention. Status: Notable.

KAPITAN: A middle-aged Knight with long, carefully groomed fur of shining grey, Kapitan is an experienced military leader, privy to plans of war. The Court consults Kapitan on strategy, resulting in plans that invariably require the Knight to remain in a supervisory role far from the battlefield. Status: Notable.

KOLUMBIN: A Courtier of unusual modesty, Kolumbin stays behind the scenes, seeing to the comfort and convenience of more highly-ranked cats. Well-groomed, tabby-marked, and a trifle fat, Kolumbin often becomes privy to the secrets of other Courtiers who underestimate how much might be heard and remembered. Status: Acceptable.

KOMECK: With golden fur and brilliant blue eyes, this Changeling draws attention, but suffers condescension due to association with some dull mortal realm. Komeck wields little social power but treats younger cats with kindness and can offer much lore about the ways of the Dirtworlds and the cats, humans, and other creatures therein. Status: Acceptable.

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PAGLI: This all-white Aerialist performs amazing feats of flight, often in forbidden airspace: daring to weave among the Sacred Swans, or leaping from tower to tower atop the Palace itself. Again and again, the white-winged cat seems to misjudge a dive or swerve, tumble in the air, and plunge toward certain disaster, only to recover and swoop away, leaving onlookers in mingled relief and laughter, unsure if it was all an act. The Court deals Pagli punishment and forgiveness unpredictably, causing frequent fluctuations of Trend. Young cats admire Pagli's grace and insolence alike, but usually must do so from leg's length; a rare protégé can learn much about physical skill and performance. Status: Notable.

PANTALON: A gruff Knight of late middle age, black with a white chest, Pantalon lacks grace, style, or charm, displaying instead a ponderous dignity and a pride which instantly turns to anger upon any offense. No other cat of Grand Status bothers taking protégés, and somehow, cats of every Status seem to owe Pantalon favors, resulting in tremendous influence for one so lacking in amusement. If Pantalon's power comes from knowing shameful secrets, a protégé will never learn what they are. However, when a young cat provokes the enmity of the high and mighty, Pantalon is one whose protection might set things right—thereby earning a new favor owed by the beneficiary, never to be forgotten. Status: Grand.

PULKI: The ugliest of cats, Pulki is tolerated by other Courtiers perhaps because they look more glamorous in comparison. Hunchbacked, patchy of fur, and seemingly dull-witted, Pulki wanders solitary through the Palace, sad and alone, and a young cat choosing Patronage here risks serious drag on Trend. Yet, moving at seeming random and ignored by the important, Pulki sees much, somehow often being in the right place to overhear important talk or witness secretive dealings. Status: Acceptable.

ZANN: Stolid even for a Knight, Zann displays unequalled physical might, and returns from battle after battle surrounded by tales of beatings delivered, threats pushed aside, and glorious victories. Each success results in a round of feasting and praise, which soon ends, for Zann never shows the slightest glimmer of cleverness, leadership, or ambition. Protégés enjoy the spillover of his bouts of fame and the chance to sign on to frequent military adventures, if only as supporting troops to someone else's brilliant plan. (See "A Night Under Arms," p66.) Status: Notable.

THE ROUND

The calendar of social Occasions at Court runs all year and includes at least one small public event every night, in addition to frequent major gatherings and important private parties arranged solely by invitation. Taken all together, the year's events constitute the Round, culminating in the Queen's Birthday, traditionally celebrated at the Spring Equinox.

Listing an entire Round of events would burden these rules needlessly. Instead, the Cat Herder should invent whatever nonsensical celebration the game seems to demand. The typical event name consists of a descriptive word and the name of the event type. The Cat Herder can preface the name of any event type with Flower (spring), High (summer), Harvest (fall), or Snowball (winter). The most common event types are Ball and Masquerade, thus giving eight major event names to frame the year, from the Flower Ball through the Snowball Masquerade, with the Queen's Birthday as the ninth and most splendid date.

Each event has a Status level. Cats of more than two levels lower cannot attend the event; they will be Dismissed **!-!** (p16) and physically escorted out by Attendants. Resistance labels a cat as a Bounder and raises bitter condemnation for bringing the Occasion to a halt: **!-!!-!!-!**

No cat of more than one Status level above that of the Occasion would deign to appear. Even a personage of one higher Status will only attend if promised by the host to be the center of attention. A small event might be of any Status; the typical mid-sized ball is Notable; only the nine main annual events enjoy Lofty Status and can thus attract the attendance of the Queen.

As inspiration for more of the wildly proliferate range of Occasions, the tables below give 36 descriptors and 36 event types. To name an event, the Cat Herder chooses one descriptor and an event type from the lists, or rolls randomly. Two six-sided dice read in order give an event descriptor. A fresh roll of the two dice then indicates an event type. Absurd results can happen; most will fit nicely with the confusion typical of the Round.

Example: Rolls of 3 and 6 give the event descriptor "Ladies'." Fresh rolls of 1 and 3 point to "Bonfire." A full event name always receives the definite article, so the randomly-named event is "The Ladies' Bonfire"—interpreted from that title, perhaps a nighttime Occasion, out in the Palace Garden, at which females choose their dance partners and show off resplendent outfits with many metallic and mirrored surfaces to reflect the flames.

CATVENTURE: For details of one Notable Occasion, see "The Dragonfly Ball," p53.

ARE YOU HAVING FUN YET?

Sad Cat (1–2)	A dull and awkward occasion
Happy Cat (3–6)	A pleasant time

The Cat Herder can randomize the overall success of the event on a single Cat Die. Cats of higher than the Occasion's Status experience –1 on this die; those of lower Status view it at +1 per level of difference. Thus the ambitious look down on those exhibiting enjoyment.

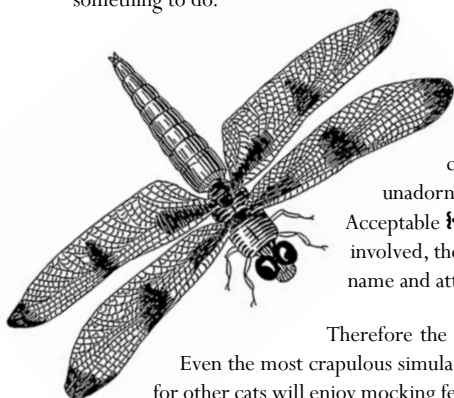
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RANDOM NAMES FOR OCCASIONS

<i>First Die</i>	<i>Second Die</i>	<i>Descriptor (2 dice)</i>	<i>Event Type (2 dice)</i>
1	1	Acrobat's	Auditions
1	2	Avian	Ball
1	3	Beastie's	Bonfire
1	4	Butterfly	Burning
1	5	Cloakless	Changes
1	6	Confidante's	Circus
2	1	Cottonpatch	Concerto
2	2	Dawn	Cotillion
2	3	Dragonfly	Debut
2	4	Eclipse	Decanting
2	5	Fantastical	Esquadrille
2	6	Fasting	Eve
3	1	Flower	Exhibitions
3	2	Fountain	Exultation
3	3	Honeybee	Feast
3	4	Hooded	Figures
3	5	Illuminated	Flambeaux
3	6	Ladies'	Fusillades
4	1	Midnight	Gallantries
4	2	Mourner's	Games
4	3	Mummer's	Libation
4	4	Mystic	Liminal
4	5	Ocean	Madness
4	6	Partridge	Masquerade
5	1	Peasant's	Parade
5	2	Petitioner's	Procession
5	3	Queen's	Promenade
5	4	Rebirth	Quadrille
5	5	Shrubbery	Quartets
5	6	Soldier's	Recital
6	1	Starlight	Romp
6	2	Sundown	Salon
6	3	Topsy-Turvy	Tea
6	4	Twilight	Wafting
6	5	Victory	Verities
6	6	Virgin's	Zephyrs

Catventure: The Dragonfly Ball

At this costumed Occasion of Notable Status (see p51), attendees dress as dragonflies. Naturally, many plots ponderous and picayune ripple below the surface of repartee, refreshment, and attempting freshly invented dances meant to simulate darting bugs. Player Cats have the chance to win notice from Superiors, put down rivals, make themselves look like fools, or fail to stop unfortunate events. Everyone will have something to do.



Preparing for the Event

To gain admittance, everycat must sport a dragonfly costume. Null Attendants attempt to block any who show up unadorned. Boorishly pushing through incurs Dismissal by a nearby Acceptable **1-1** (see p16); if the PC insists on refusing until the guards get involved, the Acceptable cat sends someone to discover the offending cat's name and attach it to a reputation as an ignoramus.

Therefore the Player Cats should take care to acquire costume in advance. Even the most crapulous simulacrum of projecting wings and some kind of antennae suffices, for other cats will enjoy mocking feeble versions. As Trivial cats, the PCs lack extensive resources and must find ways to secure the needed frippery.

- A Courtier can borrow a halfway decent outfit through trading away a Favor (p30) to an NPC; this does not count as the free Favor able to be called in on the night itself. By choosing to spend a Treat and then making a Normal Challenge roll, the Courtier also gets some rather battered costumery usable by other cats. On a Partial Success, or by Cat Herder's choice, the cobbled-up paper wings and wire antenna suffice for all but one of the PCs. The Courtier's own outfit looks a bit better.
- If a player comes up with a clever idea for crafting common household items into a passable outfit, one of the Patron's Attendants will do the work and provide a single costume just in time. The Cat Herder should note any excess attention to the Attendant that might contribute to Discovery if it becomes frequent.
- One PC could steal the dragonfly gear of a rival, with an Aerialist as the Right Cat for such a stealthy mission.
- One cat could get a perfectly nice costume by acting kindly toward an Attendant seamstress, though such attention increases a Null's psychic weight and could eventually lead to Discovery.
- A single PC without costume can choose to assume the Domino and slip in as an Attendant. At the moment of breaking character, by speaking or taking initiative, the disguise is revealed, and if the result seems dull to the crowd, the PC risks ejection by guards **1-1-1**. The player should inquire about the proper color of Domino for this event: a pale blue.

If restricted by table time and player interest, the Cat Herder can simply assume that the PCs somehow managed to dress out, at the sacrifice of these rich details of Palace life.

Arrival

A ballroom of Notable size, one of several in the Palace, houses the Ball, which begins a couple of hours after sundown. Dozens of tiny stained-glass insects dangle in mobiles from candelabra, drifting with inconstant airs, casting little diamonds of color along every surface. Flats of polished dark wood form a temporary dance floor over half the stone flagging; a huge sky-blue rug, cut to an irregularly-curved pond shape, covers the rest. Pots of tall dried reeds cluster at the rug's edge. A central table displays delicate water dishes scattered with floating marsh flowers, morsels of jellied fish supposedly from ponds frequented by dragonflies, and digestive grasses sprouting from bowls of sand. At the table's center squats an enormous black dragonfly sculpted from frozen blood. Over the evening the thick ice and gelatin wings melt grotesquely, assisted by the lickings of cats, raising a sanguinary smell. Glass doors open onto a narrow balcony; a blue carpet descends the main entrance stairs, while a draped and guarded door might be reserved for the grandest guests; Attendants come and go through discreet passages.

Roughly 150 cats attend the Ball, with those of higher Status arriving later. A PC who carefully examines the crowd hears these descriptions from the Cat Herder.

- The standard costume includes a mask with very short wire antennae and insect wings, of silk or cloth, worn over a cloak of bright solid color.
- Some masks have inconveniently long feathers for antennae, perhaps confusing those of moths with dragonflies.
- More ostentatious wingspan and gaudier spangles correlate with lower Status.
- A few cats have managed very wide and glistening double wing-pairs, though with rather plain cloaks and masks.

These last are secretly Unseele Aerialists lurking in wait for an assassination attempt on the Ball's most prestigious attendee, Lord Fulsome Hammertoe. A PC who stops to examine the wings and makes a Notice roll (1, p32), with a Knight as the Right Cat, sees that they even seem to quiver from time to time. A suspicious Player who chooses to confront one of these cats, even by just brushing against the wings, must win a social contest of success or be decried as rude by a rival, during which moment the Unseele slips away. However, if the PC succeeds in pulling off the move and raises alarm that the wings are real, the Unseelies are forced to accelerate their plan; see *Murderous Foes*, below.

Identifying Attendees

A player who stops to look around can easily observe a great deal of detail, and earns a Treat 🍷.

- The identities of cats of Acceptable Status are hidden by unusually large masks with insect-eyes, a style specific to this Occasion. PCs, however, easily spot the Patron Kolumbin by reason of broad tabby markings, loose white belly, and intent work at the fish-platters.
- Courtiers can attempt to recognize other Acceptables through telltale characteristics and behaviors; a normal Challenge Roll brings to mind that Sir Boxingly favors a particular ceremonial platinum sheath-knife to mark his role as guard to Madam Fustwillow, the hostess of the Occasion.
- Notables do not dissemble for this minor event, and PCs recognize by sight the three Notable Patrons present.

- Should it somehow seem worthwhile, merely asking around garners the name of any unknown fellow Trivial, except that nocat seems to know the few with the perfect wings.
- As always, the Domino of the Attendants might by chance disguise some Hidden Identity.
- Even non-Courtier PCs know of Madam Fustwillow and Lord Hammertoe, who in any event, when they appear two hours late on the blue carpeted stairs, receive formal announcement by a Trivial functionary of good voice.

SIGNIFICANT ATTENDEES

Jewel of the Occasion

The crowd expects but one cat of Grand Status: the Courtier named Lord Fulsome Hammertoe, Duke of Pinkberry. Lord Hammertoe is a yellow short-haired cat of late middle age, moving slowly, speaking little, and of a stony dignity.

Three Notable cats, including Madam Fustwillow, accompany Hammertoe in Entourage. Master Mortarton and two Null guards Attend.

Eschewing clumsy props, Hammertoe wears a deep-blue velvet cloak embroidered with a golden wing design, of gold lining, plus a golden-white mask set with tiny purple sapphires forming the abstract shapes of curled antennae. A single massive sapphire hangs on a gold chain around his neck.

Notable

- The Honorable Madam Hirsutia Fustwillow, Countess of Greenacre (Courtier), staying by Lord Hammertoe and herself accompanied by her usual companion Sir Boxingly. Costumed with very small wings of colored glass in silver tracery, matching jewelry, a bottle-green cloak, and a green mask sporting tiny horns of silver. Though few guests bother to remember, to Madam Fustwillow fell the task of planning the Ball, a privilege communicated downward from some Lofty personage or other.
- Patrons: Flavin (Courtier), Pagli (Aerialist), Zann (Knight)
- Around 15–20 other Notables with wings of painted silk, or cloisonné for the Wealthy; generally accompanied by one Acceptable hanger-on each

Acceptable

- Sir Boxingly of Fieldstone (Courtier), companion to Madam Fustwillow, wearing gray with dull short wings and his symbolic and useless platinum knife
- Patron: Kolumbin (Courtier)
- Around 35-40 other Acceptable cats with wings of dyed cloth or rough silk

Trivial

- The Player Cats
- Rival cats to any PC Courtiers, and other Rivals as placed by the Cat Herder

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- Master Mortarton, Chief of Lord Hammertoe's personal guard
- Around 80-90 other Trivial cats with wings of simple designs painted on coarse white cloth, some pairs quite inconveniently wide, knocking into other cats and easily bent or dislodged

Null

- Two of Lord Hammertoe's personal guard
- Two other guards stationed at a draped private entrance
- A couple of dozen silent Attendants in blue Dominos, pushing carts of fresh platters to the table, clattering about with dirty ones, and sweeping up spills and broken bowls with cloth brushes over their paws
- Any PC who wishes to appear under the Domino

When the PCs enter the Ball, the guests of honor have yet to arrive, so Notables rank highest among those present. The charismatic Patron Flavin currently acts as the event's center of gravity, around whom everycat orbits, the Trivials at a considerable distance. Flavin favors any personal Protégé with a generous half-second gaze from the corner of one eye, of which any Rival and a handful of Acceptable cats take jealous notice.

Conversational Access

Before the action part of the catventure begins, the Occasion offers, as all Occasions should, the chance for ambitious cats to impress their Superiors. Of course, no amount of wit makes an impression if the Superior doesn't even listen, so first the Lesser must gain entrance to the circle of cats around the target star. Examples of ways that clever cats might get the attention of Superiors:

Null to Trivial

- A PC under the Domino reveals the truth, by removing the mask or simply speaking to another PC.

Trivial to Acceptable

- Trump a rival's insult to gain a temporary place by Kolumbin's side. See "Insults," below.
- If of Rising Trend and a Protégé of a Notable Patron present, catch the Patron's eye and get a quick introduction to an Acceptable cat, probably Kolumbin, or Sir Boxing if a Knight.

Acceptable to Notable 🃏

- If near to Kolumbin, make an impression on Flavin with a clever compliment, appropos witticism, credible dropping of a Notable name.
- Casually show off an unusually fine Accoutrement; if a Notable cat expresses any admiration, make a gift of it.
- Aerialist: Find a good reason to take a quick flight, and do so dextrously enough to impress Pagli.
- Knight: Once fighting breaks out, acquit well in Scrapping to gain the notice of Zann.

Notable to Grand

- Having taken notice of a PC Courtier, Flavin asks the cat to deliver a note to Flamin, who is not present. Taking the paper and agreeing to do so earns a return Favor in future, and a Courtier knows that it can wait until after the Ball. Showing the note to Madam Fustwillow causes her to rush to Lord Hammertoe, and it would be wise for the PC to follow. They look at the note briefly and the PC has a moment of Hammertoe's attention. This course gains notice **!*** but earns distrust from Flavin, canceling any Favor, and possible enmity from Flamin.

INSULTS **!***

A rival Courtier with luxuriant feather-feelers pushes between the PC and an important cat: Madam Fustwillow by preference, else Flavin, or Kolumbin at worst. Loud enough to be heard, the NPC sneers, "Goodness, what an interesting costume. Did you make it yourself?" Such reference to the origins of an object is borderline obscene, and the insult also implies Null working-cat Status for the PC and an ignorant disrespect for the elegance of Fustwillow's Dragonfly Ball. The player must come back with a witty rejoinder or suffer downward pressure on Trend: not because the insult was all that clever, but because a Courtier's reputation depends on amusing display of quick wits. The erroneous moth-antennae of the rival's mask provide one easy target for mockery. Speed and cleverness on the player's part earn a Treat; an especially crushing rejoinder pushes Trend upward **!***, while flustered stuttering at a loss transfers reputation to the Rival and pushes Trend down **!-**.

Closet of Sorcery

The red-draped entrance, though the Cat Herder initially suggests that it will admit Lord Hammertoe, or perhaps additional guards, actually marks the location of a daring act of conspiracy. The two Null brutes in plain livery are secretly in the employ, via proxy, of a Grand cat enemy of Lord Hammertoe, and they mutely discourage anycat from looking behind the drapery. The pair know nothing of the assassination plot or any Unseelie involvement and don't get involved in any tussles. They only guard the door.

A Changeling who deliberately passes near the draped door, braving the bristling of the guards, hears a faint, fluttering hiss of Vibrations. The player may attempt a normal Challenge Roll to learn more: partial success reveals that the sound indicates a minor leak in dimensional fabric, while a full success suggests that some phenomenon exerts light pressure on the membrane, causing the savor of another reality to seep through but not rending any sort of lasting hole.

Closer inspection picks up the smell of something burning, but the guards quickly step to anycat so approaching and bull the nosy feline away. A Knight may face them down with an Easy Challenge and sniff at leisure, but the guards step up again before allowing anycat to look behind the drapery; see below.

In the antechamber, a disused cloak-closet, the Acceptable Sorcerer Sir Reliquent conducts the dark Ritual known as *Trail of the Soul* (p42), following the arcane instructions detailed in a massive Tome bound in scaled white hide. Nine white candles surround a bronze dish, from which red-hot coals issue a thick white smoke fragrant of bitter herbs. Reliquent prepares to snuff the candles one at a time according to a secret sequence. The fresh smoke of the last candle must mingle with the white vapor at the very moment that a cat's soul leaves its body nearby. Reliquent lacks the Personality to perform this Ritual at any great distance, thus he and his thick-browed assistant have crammed this disused cloak-closet with the apparatus of Sorcery. Under pressure from an unknown sponsor, the cat is to perform the Ritual at the moment that

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assailants at the Ball bloodily dispatch Lord Hammertoe from this current Life. He knows nothing of how the death will occur or even the target, only that he is to follow the soul's flight.

Reliquent, a disheveled black and white tom, wears a yellow-gray cloak and the mask of a demon's face in clashing red. His assistant, "Assistant," wears a plain black Domino with water stains. The two of them move about clumsily, squeezing to avoid the various flames in the cramped chamber.

Stopping the Ritual requires gaining access to the chamber. Coming up with a good idea earns the player a Treat, even if it doesn't work. Of course, if the PCs prevent Hammertoe from dying, the Ritual does nothing; see *Murderous Foes*, below. With the guards eliminated by any method, the door behind the drapery pulls open easily.

- A Notable cat can order the guards to step aside. A Courtier is the Right Cat for gaining the interest of such an impressive ally; see *Conversational Access* above, p56.
- A PC can attempt to bully the guards into standing down, but there are two of them. The job requires roleplaying a gruff, threatening approach, followed by Scrapping rolls, which in this case represent hands-off intimidation. Since the guards are Nulls facing a cat of higher Status (the Trivial PC), they get no automatic success, but a PC Knight does; see *Scrapping* (I, p28). On the first Scrapping roll, if the PC beats both guards, one of them sheepishly caves and glances questioningly at the other, who stands alone against the PC for the second Roll. If the PC wins that contest as well, the guards sullenly give way, then trot out of the Ball. If followed, they retire to a common Null dining room; they will not speak before Named cats and can provide no information.
- If a Knight tackles the cats in physical combat, instead of intimidation, the crowd gathers around in excitement and the PC loses reputation for bothering to tangle with Nulls ~~1-1~~. However, an especially skillful beat-down earns the approval of the Patron Zann (p50). If Lord Hammertoe has arrived at the Ball by the time of the scuffle, Master Mortaton and his guards step in to pull the scrappers apart. This provides an excellent opportunity for the Unseelie to attack Lord Hammertoe; see *Murderous Foes* below.
- If a PC thinks to ask, a cat might recall the existence of a secret passage nearby that leads to the closet; this is the ingress used by Reliquent. Remembering the passage's location requires a Normal Challenge Roll, with a Courtier as the Right Cat for the Job. On partial success, the PCs will have to search the corridors outside the ballroom; again, this dramatically coincides with the Unseelie assault while the group is split up.

Via main door or secret passage, access to the room reveals Reliquent's dark labors. An Aerialist can act before anycat else; otherwise the Cat Herder determines how the Sorcerer and Assistant react. If the PCs have gained Conversational Access to Lord Hammertoe's Grand Status level, Hammertoe can order Reliquent to cease fiddling and explain himself.

The easiest way to disrupt to spell is to knock over any of the burning ingredients, but doing so, or engaging in any other vigorous action in the tiny space, runs serious risk of fire. A player must think before acting and just how the cat proceeds with extreme caution, and then make a Difficult Challenge roll, to prevent spilled coals and candles. Any Scrapping also topples the setup and starts a blaze.

Fire: In the restrictive space, any uncontrolled flame ignites the Tome and sets Reliquent ablaze, and possibly other cats depending on failed rolls or Cat Herder's sense of drama. Unless a PC thinks quickly of a way to save him (thus earning a Treat ☺), such as to douse the flaming Sorcerer with a water bowl from the ballroom repast or roll with him in the drapery from the doorway, Reliquent falls unconscious from burns. Later, in a makeshift infirmary sponsored by Madam Fustwillow, he suffers an attempt by his unknown sponsor to make him suddenly get worse and die. If the PCs have followed the matter so far, Reliquent gasps out a last few cryptic words as a clue, perhaps "The yellow eye!"

If the cats save Reliquent from burning, he is pathetically grateful. He owes the PCs Favors, which he would rather fulfill in ways that do not annoy his anonymous sponsor, whose identity he does not know. If the PCs do insist on calling in all their Favors in that way, he can reluctantly direct the them one level up the conspiracy.

Details, and consequences for Reliquent, are left for the Cat Herder to dream up for a later catventure. In addition to threats and vague promises of advancement, the Tome of the Trail of the Soul was to be his reward. The scorched pages remaining could prove useful in a Sorcerer PC's researches; a Treat to the player who thinks to collect them. ☺

If the PCs never penetrate to Reliquent's hideyhole and stop the Ritual, saving Lord Hammertoe's soul becomes a matter of keeping his current body alive.

Murderous Foes

Three Unseelie Aerialists, disparagingly called "bugwings," choose a moment when Lord Hammertoe wanders near the glass balcony doors. They rise into the air and rush to push him outside where five lance-armed Aerialists hide in a sorcerous cloud, waiting to charge the balcony and skewer Hammertoe. Catania's Aerialist patrols, circling the Palace, will spot and kill the "bugwings" quickly but they have time to make the kill.

PCs in the ballroom have the chance to stop the rush. Up to three may simply attempt to physically block one bugwing each. Each makes a Scrapping roll, and the bugwing gets a free Success, as do any PC Knights or Aerialists.

If the PCs stymie all three assassins, they fall back and scatter. Two try to escape out the doors, but the one with the poisoned claws hangs back, and if Hammertoe is left unguarded, swoops in to grapple; see below.

If two shoving assassins are stopped, the last grapples with Hammertoe directly and attempts to scratch him with poisoned claws. The Cat Herder can assume that the first scratch works and not bother

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with dicing between two NPCs. Alternatively, to introduce uncertainty, the combatants make a series of Scrapping rolls as they wrestle. Hammertoe rolls two dice per attempt and a failure on either means a deadly scoring, while he needs two Successes to shake off his attacker.


If two or three assassins evade blockage, they shove Hammertoe out the balcony door, where quick PCs will have a single chance to shield him before the Unseelie lances pierce his heart.

Whether Aerialist lance or poisoned claws, a PC can spend a Treat to interpose bodily and take the Injury, resulting in poisoned unconsciousness, general admiration **1010101**, and a hefty Favor owed by Lord Hammertoe. If nocat intervenes, Hammertoe is killed, and if the PCs interfered but failed, they are regarded as possibly having made things worse **1-1**.

The two anonymous guards on the entrance to Reliquent's closet, if still present, scarper when fighting begins, out of the ballroom and gone. An alert PC could take the chance to charge in and disrupt the Ritual. If Hammertoe dies but the Ritual fails, his soul flees to an unknown kitten outside the Palace.

If a PC has gained Conversational Access to Madam Fustwillow, Sir Boxingly becomes aware of their actions. In the interest of preserving peace at his mistress' Ball, he assists, semi-competently, with intimidating the guards at the secret door and in stopping the assassin attack. This makes it more likely, if the Cat Herder wishes, for Hammertoe to survive.

If the PCs actually get Access to Lord Hammertoe, Mortarton and his guards become alert, ready to leap into the Scrapping when the assassins act. Mortarton, frightened and angry, bites one bugwing in the throat, resulting in a burst of blood and the assassin's rapid death. His vengefulness, together with the Unseelie's option to use poison on himself, and the overzealous Battle-lust of Catania's flyers outside, make it unlikely for any assassins to survive. If the PCs manage to keep one alive, Mortarton drags the bugwing away for long questioning, and the PCs gain approval **101** from Madam Fustwillow as she attempts to salvage some tiny scrap of respect for her ruined Dragonfly Ball.

If Reliquent's Tome Ritual proceeds undisturbed, the deaths of assassins register in the smoke as dark spirits fleeing away toward Maob's realm, clearly Unseelie and low-Status. If the sounds of conflict die down without the transit of a Noble Seelie Soul, he peeps quickly through the drapery, then gathers up his Tome in a drag-bag and trots away down the secret passage. A Sorcerer PC, examining the guttering candles and other detritus, can identify the Ritual on a Normal Challenge Roll; the idea earns a Treat. 

If Hammertoe dies, and the Ritual succeeds, Reliquent traces the fleeting soul to a newborn kitten in the litter of a Null in the Palace servant quarters, whose parturition takes place under the watchful eyes of a mysterious figure. The soul-marked kit, which has eyes of two colors, will be quickly stuffed in a basket for transport to a nearby Gate and exile to a Dirtworld. Rescuing the kit could form another catventure for the heroic Player Cats.

BATTLE

Nulls? Dumb stupid animals to be used.

— Lord Henri of Kissingry, Grand Marshal, Army of the Field, retired

I would rather excel others in the knowledge of what is proper than in the extent of my soldiers and power.

— Magnus of Fens-Allesandro, Lord High Marshal of the Queen's Armies in the Eon of the Two Suns, Lost

In the endless struggles among cats, particularly between the two Courts, the outcome of many a great matter comes down to decision on the fields of Battle. Levies of Null Status soldiers, commanded by a hierarchy of Knights, clash according to formal rules of engagement that show mutual respect between opposing officers while doing little to spare the common soldiers from bloodshed.

While Knights make up the bulk of the Army, with Aerialists for the Sky Divisions, cats of any Role can take up arms, as volunteers or under orders from a Superior. For combat and strategic Challenges, a Knight is the Right Cat for the Job, but the long path of increasing Status through rising in military rank is open to all. Unusual cats, like most PCs, often end up in Scout units.

Like every aspect of Fuiry life, military rank and power flow from Status; in turn, success at Battle contributes to a Knight's advancement. A typical Knight believes that only such hard-won, concrete victories make a legitimate basis for prestige, vital as they are to the preservation of the Queen's rule. The Knights resent social success achieved by the nattering guile of Courtiers, the cowardly tricks of Sorcerers, and others who influence the mighty by staying safely at Court and bending ears.

Advancement

As the overlap of Ranks with multiple Status levels shows (p46), advancement on the two tracks need not occur simultaneously. Success in Battle can lead to Acceleration at Court; indeed, such reward forms the main path to advancement for Knights and a primary motivation for Named cats to enter the field. Cats who already have Status enter the armed forces at the minimum appropriate Rank, never below.

Loot and Ransom

Since material wealth only stays in the claws of those with the Personality to command it, and since proper cats don't carry parcels, fighters of any prestige take little interest in looting. Bounders, however, operate with avidity, hoping to gain influence by display and even gifts of a richness beyond the Status they command. Nulls scabble with uncontrolled appetite for any salvage that might ease their miserable lives: a cooked chicken left by fleeing Attendants, a bent overclaw, or a bit of flash shamefully scavenged from the body of a slain Noble officer. Like the chicken, the bauble gets swallowed, but for later retrieval, to lend some increment of prestige when displayed back in the Null's dirty village or alley home. This pitiable display is itself an act of Boundery, too small for any Status cat to notice.

Ransom, on the other paw, constitutes a considerable and honorable transfer of wealth for any captive above Trivial Status. The two sides release Trivials in routine prisoner exchange, but those who successfully capture Nobles expect riches in exchange for release. One or two Ransoms can reduce the captive's estate to Poverty, or degrade a Wealthy cat to ordinary levels of luxury. An Impoverished cat cannot pay and remains prisoner in the enemy Court indefinitely. Honor-bound not to escape, the defeated combatant mingles with society, an object of curiosity and pity, rendered proper Courtesies by Status but always

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effectively under a Falling Trend. Any additional Status damage forces the cat to give up social privileges and return to confinement. Sometimes a benefactor from the other Court steps in to pay the outstanding Ransom, for prestige at home or later Favors. Sometimes the original captor forgives the debt. For others the only release is eventual death.

CATVENTURE SEED: A sad Unseelie cat lurks about Court in token cuff-chains. Should the PCs, with only Trivial Status to risk, investigate her story and perhaps expedite a Ransom that might be shared?

Rules of Engagement

Battle proceeds strictly by rules so hallowed and ancient that they rigidly bind all participants, magically compelling behavior and dictating outcomes. If one is not going to Battle correctly, they say, one might as well not Battle at all.

Only a complete Bounder could even theoretically conduct warfare in contradiction of the Rules, and that fighter's own army would turn against such a leader with censure, dismissal, possible Status loss, or even trial at Court resulting in likely execution. It would be in poor taste to speak too much of cases in which an offending officer brings unconscionable action to swift and conspicuous victory, causing military authorities to recognize that the Rules in fact allowed such choices all along, and perhaps should be annotated for future reference.

The Rules of Engagement structure Battle to bring Named Cats into direct opposition to their equals in Rank and Status, and those directly above and below, so that each victory depends upon the individual virtue and strength of Personality of the combatants. Thus Battle reveals Truth. Defeating foes need not involve personal melee; troops, tactics, and trickery all count as legitimate weapons, and honor comes from eliminating the foe's options and resources, marching the loser back to camp as captive, and then extracting Ransom from the other side. Actually killing an honorable enemy, while technically a victory, indicates a failure of more subtle methods and a regrettable, though sometimes unavoidable, result.

Bringing about the desired contests of honor may require quite a bit of death and suffering by the thousands of Null Status Levies who form the bulk of the Armies. The commanders of both sides seem to accept this risk without undue concern; see p65

The Three Armies

Each of the three Armies of the Queen has its own character and reputation. The Army of the Field dates to beyond memory; its officers consider their troops the very backbone of the Queen's might and indeed the one indispensable protector of the continued influence of the Seelie Court, saving only Her Majesty's august self. Strict adherence to discipline, tradition, and the chain of command govern the Army of the Field; hidebound, critics mutter, devoted to pettifoggery, often blind to expedience or even sense.

The Army of Pennants, by tradition, was established in some later era; students of the matter maintain that an overflow of ambitious officers required creation of a new hierarchy in which they might climb, since commanding cats do take an inconsiderately long time to die. In particular, Superiors in the Army of the Field would send troublesome cats to Pennants as punishment. The Army swelled with newly-minted Companies and then Regiments. Organizing the expanding ranks and declaring them a new Army also allowed Catania to reward a favorite with a new Generalship. Founded thus in ambition, the Army of Pennants quickly became a convenient place to direct Knights whose enthusiasm sometimes disturbed

the serene predictability preferred by Army of the Field officers. From the top down, then, the Army of Pennants attracts and rewards fighting cats who seek glory, triumph, and spectacle.

The Army of Bees came onto the scene rather later, though exactly how long ago remains vague. The steady increase in martial enrollment continued, though more slowly. Some say that the Queen's own spy network began adapting questionable methods from the Unseelie Armies; meeting thus with new success, the slippery-minded intelligence cats, of all Roles, sought to recruit their own guard force. Resentment and tumult were cut short when the Queen simply announced a third Army, sweeping various supernumary divisions away from the other two and this time appointing both a new General and a Lord Marshal over them all. If the Army of Pennants occasionally tramples dusty rules in pursuit of glory, the Army of Bees reputedly tosses the book aside completely, seeking results by available means that sometimes skirt the limits of acceptability. Justifying their tactics after the fact, the Officers General of the Army of Bees offer interpretations of the rules so flexible as to cause comment that Court is their second battlefield.

Weapons

In Battle, Levies and non-commanding fighters rely on anycat's natural weapons: front claws for swiping and knocking about, weight for pinning, rear claws for raking in a grapple, and teeth for a killing bite when needed. More impressive combatants display, and sometimes use, the Accoutrements of fighting. Infantry Captains wear sharp metal overclaws strapped to the metacarpal, ready to deliver deep, bloody cuts. Some insist on custom suits of articulated steel, useful and unfashionable, with spikes at every joint and built-in wrist blades. Cavalry riders level couch-spears, fixed like lances on their saddles, and the officers ride trained dogs with bonebreaking jaws, sharp teeth, and no fear. Flyers sometimes carry heavy rocks aloft to bombard the hapless groundlings below. In *Cats of Fuiry*, such armament takes effect in the description of Scrapping results by the Cat Herder. No need for calculations or mechanics: losing a Scrap with an armed foe necessarily involves painful outcomes, and the Cat Herder doles out Injury when it seems appropriate to circumstance. The budding Player Cat is advised to avoid tangling with Superior arms to the extent permissible within the confines of honor.

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OFFICERS GENERAL

Status	Command	Current Occupants
Supreme	The Queen's authority governs all combatants and officers. She may personally Advance a particularly stellar hero, but she does not stoop to directing Battle.	Queen Catania
Lofty	There is only one Lofty Knight at Court. The Lord High Marshal, historically sometimes the Lady High Marshal, controls the entire Queen's Army from a seat of command, usually at the Palace itself. Concocting long-term strategy with a cabinet of ministers, the Lord High Marshal disposes the Armies which the Grand Marshals command.	<i>Greyjowl</i> : His Grace, the Lord High Marshal, Grand Duke Mustard Greyjowl of Dryacres, Duke of Bittergrass, styled Hero of the Marshes and Mountains
Grand	Each Grand Marshal commands one of the three Armies: The Army of the Field, stolid and regimented, the Army of Pennants, flamboyant and glory-seeking, and the Army of the Bees, fluid and swift.	<i>Cuirass</i> : The Lord Cuirass of Girthington, Duke Ospy Wellboots, Grand Marshal of the Army of the Field <i>Armstrong</i> : The Lord Armstrong of Custervale, Duke of Sunsidies, Grand Marshal of the Army of Pennants <i>Pierceneedle</i> : The Lady Cobalt of Pierceneedle, Duchess of Azurna, Grand Marshal of the Army of the Bees
Grand cats of Division-level Rank	The three Brigadier Generals of Cavalry, enjoying a dashing reputation not accurate in all cases, and the three Air Marshals of the glamorous Sky Commands, of whom only two are winged Aerialists, command Grand Status. Of the 12 Lords and Ladies General of Infantry, three particularly distinguished leaders have also achieved Grandness. Such accomplishment by an officer of Division level indicates a possible future as Grand Marshal of an entire Army, for such matters do change unpredictably.	Nine of the 18 Division-level officers. Examples: Sir Gibraltar of Pebbelry, Duke of Tidewater, Lord General, 1st Infantry, Army of the Field Sir Ventry of Backbitten, Count of Reliquent, Brigadier General, Cavalry, Army of Pennants Madam Ruffimust of Recht, Marquess of Eastflat, Air Marshal, Sky Division, Army of the Bees

OTHER GRAND CATS

Grand cats of Battalion-level Rank	Of the 24 Regimental Colonels of Cavalry across all the Armies, and the 24 Colonels of the Air, about one in ten also occupies Grand Status. Such stars tend to be Wealthy, or considered almost certainly the reborn forms of Grand cats departed, or practicing Courtiers pursuing a Knightly path for advancement. In a few historical cases, the Queen has bestowed such honors, rewards, and Estates upon the hero of a decisive military victory as to Accelerate the fortunate cat beyond former standing.	Five of the 48 Battalion-level officers of Cavalry and Air. No Colonel of Infantry has Grand Status.
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Death on the Field

No Named cat ever dies at random, and that includes bleeding out due to happenstance of Battle. Instead, defeat comes through surrender when surrounded, physical restraint by overwhelming numbers, or falling, temporarily incapacitated from Injury. Captured, the losing cat suffers the embarrassment of a forced march into enemy camp, soon thereafter Ransomed by the home force. Null cat Levies bear no Ransom, but usually conflicting combatants observe similar nicety, refraining from utterly deadly blows. Outmatched Levies flee, deserting their units and running back home, from whence they must be laboriously impressed anew for Battle another day.

In certain circumstances, however, plenty of Null Levies do suffer physical death, with no guarantee of dying in a significant way like a cat of Name. Cavalry spears plowing into Infantry troops reliably skewer a few bodies. Certain bloody-minded fighters, Infantry Sergeants as a rule, arm themselves heavily and dish out vicious blows meant to loose guts and slash veins. War dogs bite and shake unarmored cats without mercy, breaking necks and savaging flesh. Boulders from Air Division bombings necessarily strike some hapless ground soldiers directly, smashing skulls or messily tearing off limbs. So be it. Victory in Battle determines universal Truth, and such a matter cannot be accomplished with half-hearted effort. Without vigorous assault, Battle would lack both meaning and excitement, and absorbing such violence, thus sparing important cats for the higher conflict of Personalities, is why the Levies are there. They will be born again, probably, back into new dreary Null Lives, and at least get to enjoy the fleeting sunlight of kittenhood once more.

Catventure: A Night Under Arms

A brief tour through the Experience of Battle

Cats prefer to carry out Battle, like most activities, at night. As evening falls, commanders lead their Nulls in chants of praise for Catania, in the person of the departing sun, promising to present her with a victory when She rises again.

In this Catventure, a Player Cat Knight of Trivial Status serves as Scout Sergeant of Infantry, commanding a Squad of Null Levies. Trivial PCs of various Roles may be assigned to the Squad also, so the Cat Herder can keep the party together.

Nightfall. A Leftenant paces the line shouting roster: “Squarrrrr Date!” (Squad 8). The Sergeant must reply “Sir!” (or equivalent noise) and bring the group to attention among the rest of the forces. The Leftenant finishes her inspection and turns to bellow: “Comp’ny Fourth, ’Tallion Fourth, ’Vision Two, prrrrrresent!” Then the resplendent Captain addresses the whole Company.

“Knights and Levies of the Marching Fourth! Unseelie moves in the field and you will stop him! Questions: No! Do not fail your Queen and Court. That is all!”

Orders come down from on high through the surly Leftenant. The Scouts receive a typical irregular intelligence mission: Split away from the main formation and seek Unseelie spies in the low hills above the field of Battle.

The three stages described below form the PC Knight’s Experience of Battle.

1. First the Squad encounters an individual spy skulking in the brush: a Scout Levy from the Unseelie army. They must stop the spy from escaping into cover to carry reports back to an enemy Colonel, by capturing the Scout or even killing him if unavoidable. If the group is proceeding cautiously the Cat Herder can give each PC a Notice roll to spot the lurker, with a Changeling as the Right Cat and the highest total making the spot. However, noisy and talkative players (not their cats) mean an undisciplined approach. The spy notices such a Squad at once and takes off running, sticking to thick brush for cover; he must be chased down.

Results: Should the Scout escape to make report, the PCs have failed. An Unseelie movement soon catches the Seelie troops on the flank and the Company is scattered. The Sergeant can expect a proper dressing-down **!-!!-!**. If the Scout is stopped, the night proceeds. The Scout has no Ransom and can safely be left tangled up in his own cloak.

2. Following the Scout’s tracks, the Squad comes upon an enemy unit equivalent to their own: an Unseelie Knight of Trivial Status commanding seven Null Levy soldiers. Enthusiastic Battle commences at once. The enemy Knight addresses herself to the Sergeant PC directly, while the Nulls occupy each other or face other PCs. Winning a single Scrapping roll beats a Null. Again, the goal is to prevent any of the enemy from escaping to carry news to their command. Sufficiently terrified Levies driven from the field will reliably flee home, not to make report; the enemy Sergeant will report directly if she escapes, but surrenders if personally beaten in three Scrapping rolls or if all the Levies flee. She commands a small Ransom, enough to pay for a dinner party at Court with one or two Acceptable guests. The Sergeant also carries some Battle plans, inked on a scrap of parchment.

Results: The higher-ups understand equal Battle, and neither victory nor defeat affects Trend. If the Seelie Sergeant loses, however, his Levies flee and all PCs are captured for later Ransom {—}. With victory, the Seelie Sergeant and his companions have dispatched the night with honor {+}. They could retire from the field, but the Battle plans on the Unseelie Sergeant show where an Unseelie Platoon—more than 60 soldiers—will soon pass through a narrow wash in an attempt to evade notice. There's no time to alert Superiors: the Sergeant must choose whether to rush the Squad to the high land above the Platoon's path and launch a daring ambush, or retire for the night.

3. With the advantage of surprise and terrain, the PCs' Squad can succeed at scattering the enemy Platoon, if and only if the players come up with a clever or entertaining plan. Otherwise, a couple of Squads' worth of troops recover from startlement and charge uphill, frightening off the Levies and forcing the PCs to surrender or flee. If the plan works, the foe suffers general disruption, and the PC Knight comes face-to-face with the Unseelie Leftenant: a respected cat of Acceptable Status, experienced at Scrapping, and well-equipped. (The PC thus plays the role of the Lesser encounter required by this Acceptable's Experience of Battle for the night.) By force of tradition the other player cats should stand back and allow an honorable one-on-one combat. The players should allow a few minutes of spotlight play for their friend Through quick thinking and some luck at rolling Scrapping Contests, the PC may manage to overcome the Superior and make a prestigious capture.

Results: Marching such a Noble back to camp earns a Trivial medal for the Sergeant {♦♦♦}, and a Ransom sufficient to command new cloaks and masks for all the PCs. On the other paw, if the Leftenant defeats the Seelie Knight, the PCs must be Ransomed {—}. The Sergeant's reputation acquires a Whiff of the Bounder {—}: the suspicion of not knowing one's place. Superiors hint that the Sergeant really should have just left the field. Pointing out the captured Battle plans meets with frowns, as it implies a lack of faith in the Company's ability to cope with a mere Unseelie Platoon.



GLOSSARY

Acceleration: Increase in Status through direct award of title by a more powerful Name. A rare honor.

Accoutrements: The physical components of the Portfolio accrued by a Personality, including personal possessions, housing, furnishings, provisions, animals, vehicles, and Estate if any.

Address: Appropriate term to use when speaking to a Named Cat of a particular Status.

Advancement: Increase in Status, won step by step.

Anarchist: A cat accused of actively working to subvert the social order, probably an Unseelie sympathizer or agent.

Announcement: The introduction of cats arriving at an Occasion, performed by a loud-voiced Functionary.

Assertion: Acting as if entitled to a Status level and its perquisites, thus challenging those at Court to either accept the change or dare to dispute it. When deemed unsuccessful, Assertion marks the cat as a Bounder.

Attendants: Unspeaking servants who form part of the Portfolio belonging to a Personality.

Battle: The formal process of making war, carried out by Knights commanding Null Status Levies. In each Experience of Battle, a Named cat faces one Inferior, one Equal, and, optionally, one Superior.

Bounder: A cat who gives social offense by acting in ways not permissible by Status.

Carriage: Wheeled conveyance, more or less luxurious; an Accoutrement of a cat of sufficient Status. Those drawn by hounds exceed in prestige those drawn by hares.

Country: The vaguely-defined lands out beyond the Palace and Royal City, yet still part of Catania's vast realm; location of Estates, most Battles, Rusticated cats, and countless Nulls presumably engaged in boring Null activities.

Court: The social hierarchy of cats surrounding a Queen; also, the physical surroundings of the Palace, prime venue for social competition and self-promotion; also, the ongoing Round of Occasions.

Coven: A group of Sorcerers working together to cast a Ritual; may include Chanters and a Choir.

Debt: A sad condition of fortune in which a cat suffers harassment by Duffers, sometimes leading to loss of Status and consequent self-exile from Court.

Demon: Unseen being dwelling in the crevices between worlds. When a Soft Place in the interdimensional membrane tears open, a Demon takes hold and stabilizes the gap into a permanent Gate, thereafter extracting tribute from those who wish to pass through.

Dirtworld: Any of the uncountable realities occupied by the mortal souls who give rise to Dream; ignored or disdained by the cats of Fuiry, but sometimes accessible through Soft Places and Gates. A Changeling cat has spent considerable time in a Dirtworld, usually being born there and only later discovering Fuiry.

Discovery: Revelation of the Hidden Identity of a cat previously considered Null. The mistaken Status might have been due to deliberate dissembling, or because the cat, unaware, is the reborn form of a Named cat who died, or because a named cat Notices the Null with too much attention and thus causes a Personality to manifest (and then have always been there). Also, the process of making up a new Player Cat, similar in that a previously unknown character appears at Court.

Domino: The most basic mask, unadorned and monochrome, universally worn by Attendants. A cat donning such a mask can pass as a Null Attendant with magically perfect success.

Dream: The realm of the emotions of every living thing, of which Fuiry forms the hub, focus, and arena.

Dunners: Manifestation of the curse of Debt, appearing in the form of cats of seemingly Null Status rudely demanding payment. They wear predatory smiles but no masks. Nominally the Dunners serve ill-defined creditors who are never seen nor named.

Eighth Sense: The sensitivity of a Changeling to Vibrations.

Entourage: The group of Named cats who associate themselves with a Personality as part of the Portfolio, sometimes including formal Retainers.

Estate: A Named cat's suite of lands, houses, crops, livestock, villagers, or other property far from Court, adding to prestige but rarely visited in person; technically, an Accoutrement forming part of the cat's Portfolio. The Estate has its own name, which may be appended to the cat's formal Address using "of," as in, "Sir Dewclaw of Hedgerun."

Favor: A social debt owed by one Cat to another. Courtier players can spontaneously "remember" Favors when convenient; other types of cats must earn specific Favors during play.

Flight: The ability of Aerialists, unique among cats, to take to the air on wings. They can perform Hopping, Soaring, and Cruising Flight.

Fuiry: The world at the center of Dream; universal hub of hopes and fears; crux of the unending struggle to determine what is true, as waged by the intense, passionate, immortal cats of the Seelie and Unseelie Courts.

Functionary: A servant of the Court dealing with necessary social details such as Precedence, Announcements, organizing Occasions, and scheduling the Round. Functionaries occupy a mix of Null and Trivial Status.

Gate: A permanent hole between worlds, secured by a Gate Demon.

Glamour: A magic performed by a Sorcerer; Glamours include Invocations, Rituals, and the powerful spells found in Tomes.

Good Family: The minimum requirement for acceptance at Court and, thus, achievement of Trivial Status.

Hidden Identity: A Personality existing unsuspected in a cat thought to be merely a Null; revealed by Discovery.

Honorific: The formal title used to refer to cats of a particular Status, related to but distinct from correct

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terms of direct Address.

Influence, Negative ☹️: Result of an action or Social Interaction that causes disapproval by Superiors. Influences the cat's Status Trend at the end of the play session.

Influence, Positive 😊: Result of an action or Social Interaction that meets with approval of Superiors. Influences the cat's Status Trend at the end of the play session.

Invocation: An instant, shouted Glamour, having a local and short-lived magical effect.

Lesser: In social interactions, the cat with the lower Status.

Levies: Masses of Null soldiers; commanded in Battle by officers who are generally Knights.

Life: The experience of a cat in the current body, from birth through a potential span of centuries unless killed. A cat of Fuiry can be reborn eight times, for a total of nine Lives; see Rebirth.

Lost: Said of a cat not reborn after death, but not believed to have had nine Lives.

Mask: The most important of Accoutrements, communicating Status, Personality, Wealth or Poverty, and even putative mood or intentions. A Mask must always be worn at Court except in the most private circumstances. See also Domino.

Mortal: A creature of a Dirtworld: dim of wit, weak of body, dull of perception, born to suffer, easily poisoned by disease and age, and, before long, dead and gone, to become dirt again.

Name: A cat of above Null Status, therefore recognized at Court, though grudgingly if Trivial. Also, "Named cat."

Noble: A Name of Notable or higher Status.

Noticing: Paying too much attention to a Null and thus causing risk of Discovery.

Null: Condition of no Status, or a cat of Null Status. Peasants, soldiers, and the general population of Null speak to one another and carry on drab, ordinary lives. Nulls serving as Attendants wear the Domino and never speak, at least not where Named Cats can hear.

Occasion: A social event of significance, where reputation, Trend, and Status can be won and lost. Part of the Round.

Palace: The huge, glamorous castle compound that serves as a Queen's royal seat; the location of Court and the scene of significant social Occasions.

Patron: A Name who takes charge of a Trivial cat as Protégé, offering guidance and introduction to Court in exchange for service.

Personality: The identity of a cat, including force of will, confidence, reputation, and character. Personality gives rise to and is evidenced by the accompanying Portfolio.

Portfolio: The complete physical manifestation of the force of a Personality, including the material wealth

of Accoutrements, the silent servants known as Attendants, and an accompanying Entourage of cats of Lesser Status.

Poverty: A condition by which a cat's Accoutrements fall short, in quantity and quality, of those typical of the Status level. Opposite of Wealth. Consistent display of Poverty can hurt Trend. Handled poorly, Poverty can lead to Debt.

Precedence: The list of every cat at Court in order from most to least prestigious, listed on the Table of Precedence maintained by Functionaries.

Protégé: Cat of Trivial Status, brought to Court by a Patron to provide service and gain experience; an unimportant part of the Patron's Entourage. All Player Cats begin as Protégés.

Queen: One of the two cats of Supreme Status: Catania of the Seelie Court or Maob of the Unseelie Court.

Rank: Position within the command structure of an Army, such as Sergeant or Lord Marshal. Loosley correlated with Status.

Ransom: Payment of riches, commensurate with Status, to secure release of a prisoner taken in Battle. The Ransom of a Trivial cat is simply exchange for another Trivial prisoner, plus the irritation of Superiors. Payment and receipt of Ransom can influence Wealth and Poverty.

Rebirth: The extended immortality of a cat who dies, and perhaps the only way that cats of Fairy are born. Memories of previous lives return incrementally as the cat rises in Status; Nulls never learn their pasts.

Relic: An object of such reputation as to acquire its own Name and Status.

Retainer: A Named Cat bound in formal service to a Superior, as the Player Cats serve their Patrons. Retainers form part of the Superior cat's Entourage, which may also include cats not in formal service.

Ritual: A powerful Glamour of careful preparation and slow progress. See also Invocation, Tome.

Role: One of the five sorts of cat, defined by experience and expertise: Aerialist, Changeling, Courtier, Knight, Sorcerer. Chief determinant of the Right Cat for a particular Challenge.

Round, The: The annual schedule of momentous social Occasions at Court, understood in detail only by a few fastidious, fussy, specialized Entourage members.

Royal City: Also, "Palace Town." The urban conglomeration outside the walls of the Palace grounds, providing a convenient location for Portfolio townhouses, dens of ill repute, hideouts for the shamed, carriage accidents, amusing markets, assassination attempts, assignation attempts, extra-Palatial Occasions of little note, and conspiratorial meetings in catnip bars.

Rustication: Exile from Court, whether formally ordered by a highly placed Superior or self-enforced due to shame, to someplace in the Country, too distant and distasteful to bother defining in any detail.

Seelie: Ancient term said to mean, variously, "kind," "helpful," "hopeful," "bright," or otherwise virtuous; applied by the Court of Catania to itself in contrast to that of Queen Maob, called the Unseelie Court. As a noun, a subject of Catania as opposed to one of Maob's, especially in Battle.

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Soft Place: A small, invisible, sometimes mobile area of permeability in the barrier between realities. A Changeling can sense Vibrations leaking across and, if familiar with the world on the other side, push through.

Status: The hierarchy of social influence, ranging from Null cats of no account to the Supreme level occupied only by the two Queens. Securing and gaining Status forms the primary occupation of cats at Court. Changing levels is difficult, but see Trend.

Superior: In social interactions, the cat with the higher Status.

Title: A noble rank roughly corresponding to Status combined with Wealth or Poverty.

Tome: A huge book containing magical secrets, used by a Sorcerer to cast a one-time Ritual Glamour of great power.

Townhouse: A dwelling, technically part of a cat's Estate, located in Royal City conveniently close to Court.

Trend: Within a Status level, a measure of whether the cat's reputation is Rising, Stable, or Falling, or Fresh if possession of the Status is new. Trend can change every play session.



Positive Status Trend



Negative Status Trend

Trivial: The Status level of starting Player Cats, barely above Null.

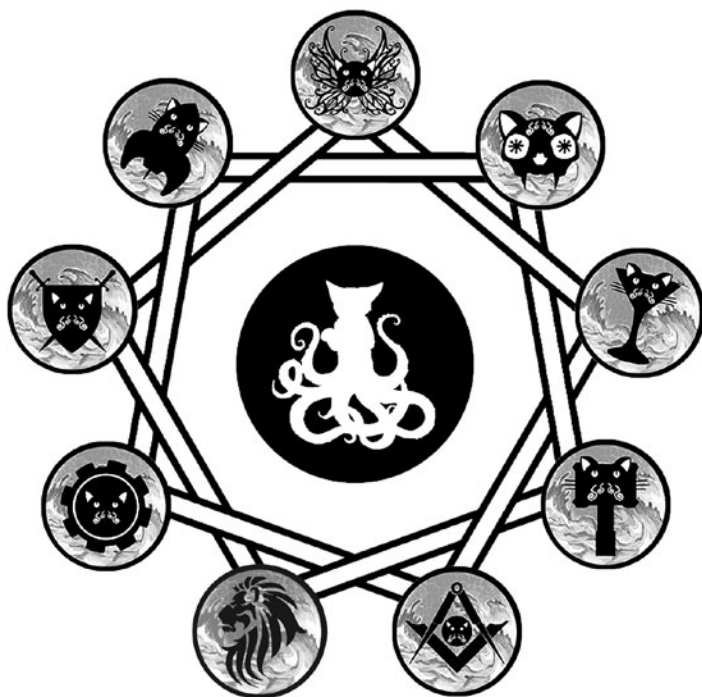
Unseelie: Vague term used by Catania's Court to describe that of Maob, connoting "evil," "deceitful," "cruel," "murderous," "alien," or otherwise blameworthy. As a noun, any subject of Maob's, or collectively her armed forces.

Vibrations: Subtle influences leaking from one reality into another through a Soft Place, or radiating from an object or creature touched by multiple worlds. Changeling cats can perceive Vibrations through their Eighth Sense, interpreting the effect as faint sounds or movements of the air.

Wealth: A condition of splendor and plenty in a cat's Accoutrements, exceeding that typical for the same Status level. Opposite of Poverty. Spending Wealth to entertain other cats can help increase Trend.

Weapon: An Accoutrement marking, like any other, the cat's Status; generally small and decorative, but larger and more functional-looking for a Knight. Only a few Weapons, such as metal overclaws and couch-spears, actually work in Battle; such practical nature reduces their prestige value.

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Iron Edda: Claws of Metal and Bone

Tracy Barnett

Stupid two-legs. They can't see it. They can't see the things that scurry and skitter around. Chittering things that whisper secrets and rumors. Dark, hunched things that crave shadows and death. Impish things made of fire and life. But we know. We've always known. And we can smell it on the air. The end is coming. The great battle that our ancestors spoke of.

Catnarok.



The harbingers of it are moving. The servants of Fenrir the Wolf, the snakes of Jormungandr the World Serpent, the squirrels that serve Ratatosk the Whisperer, all of them want to supplant us. But we are faster, smarter, and sneakier. Catnarok will not see us dethroned. We fight to keep our rightful places in the two-leg's homes and under the two-legs' hands. We fight, for it is our fate to do so.

— Cleft-Paw the Grizzled, cat to Jarl Elsebet

Iron Edda: Claws of Metal and Bone takes the story of Call of Catthulhu and situates it in the context of Norse Mythology. The animals gods from the core game are replaced by creatures of myth and legend. And, of course, the struggle isn't about the day-to-day challenges of keeping humans doing the feeding, petting, and caring that cats desire. It's about Catnarok, the final battle that will decide the fate of catdom for all time. Will your cats survive and live in a feline utopia or will they fall to the depredations of wolf, snake, or squirrel? Only you can decide that.

What's Different?

ROLE

In Claws of Metal and Bone, there are a few changes from Call of Catthulhu. All five Roles are still present, but there's a greater balance of some types. Here's the breakdown:

Catrobats – Agile and lithe, Catrobats slink and stalk. They are especially the enemies of the snakes of Jormungandr, as they are the only ones that possess the quickness to fight them. Catrobats in Midgard often take the role of scouting, using their stealth to sneak into dangerous territory to gather information.

Pussyfoots – Rare in the extreme in Midgard, Pussyfoots are more often found in vangaurds from the Petruvian Empire, or in the caravans of the Traders from J'Goll. An occasional Pussyfoot can be found in the Holdfasts of Midgard where they use their charm to counteract the squirrel agents of Ratatosk.

Scrappers – Scrappers are the most common type of cat in Midgard. They stalk the holdfasts of Midgard, fighting much as the two-feet do. They are honor-bound and vicious, giving no quarter and asking for none in return. There are tales of Scrappers that can take on even the wolves of Fenrir, standing paw-to-paw with the feral beasts.

Tiger Dreamers – These are the cats to seers and oracles and sometimes take those titles for themselves. There are secrets, hidden from even the sight of cats. Dreamers stroke themselves along the magical currents that underpin reality and can sometimes call upon those powers for themselves.

Twofootologists – In Midgard, these cats are called Tricksters. They make ample use of human cast-offs. Weapons left leaning against doorframes, or a precariously balanced pile of crockery will come crashing down just at the right time when a Twofootologist is about. Human tools in Midgard aren't complicated, which leaves plenty of opportunities for Tricksters.

LIFESTYLE

There are few **Show Cats** in Midgard. Life for a cat in these lands require a level of engagement and interaction that leaves little room for Show Cats. Any Show Cat in Midgard will likely be looked down upon by its brethren; a barely tolerated presence that won't be accepted until it proves itself in a fight.

House cats are common enough in Midgard. They slink and skulk about the areas they claim as their own and are fiercely protective of the humans that they care for. Food scraps and warm hearths are the life of a housecat.

Feral cats are common in Midgard. Though they claim no fixed home, they have plenty of contact with humans. Common dinning spaces in Meadhalls and around cookfires make sure that feral cats eat as well as any other, but without the burden of caring for a specific group of humans.

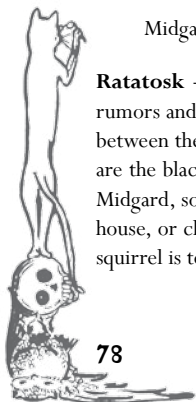
PHYSICAL DESCRIPTIONS

All cats in Midgard are mixed breeds, save for a rare few. There are stories among catdom of cats that have bred with larger beings; mountain lions and feral lynxes. There are also whispers of hearty forest cats and, disturbingly, of cats that are more than what they seem; cats crossed with things that slip along the edges of reality.

The Powers That Be

Midgard has a host of threats and gods that cats struggle against on a daily basis.

Ratatosk – This squirrel runs up and down the trunk and branches of Yggdrasil, carrying rumors and whispers from Nidhog the dragon, and Hraesvelg the eagle. Ratatosk sows enmity between these two beings, twisting the messages it carries to its own ends. Ratatosk's servants are the black, brown, and grey squirrels of the forest. They climb and leap about the tress of Midgard, sowing discord much like their master does. Any squirrels perched on the eaves of a house, or clattering in the corner of a Meadhall might be a servant of the Rumormonger. No squirrel is to be trusted.



Fenrir – It is said that this wolf, child of a mythical two-legs named Loki, will swallow the sun during Catnarok. Every wolf is a follower of this great being, and does what it can to squelch light. They kick dust on fires, and even use their own water to put out torches. Wolves are usually best fought by Scrappers. But even the fiercest of Scrappers is hard-pressed when a pack appears.

Jormungandr – This is the snake that surrounds the world and keeps the oceans contained. This lineage makes all snakes insufferable. Even those that aren't constantly plotting and scheming are barely tolerable. The plans of the snakes are inscrutable. They seem to move in no discernable pattern, but whenever one appears, bad things begin to happen. Catrobats are especially vigilant about snakes and some have made it their sworn duty to kill the slithering things whenever they are found.

Other Animals – The other animals that verge into feline territory are not so much enemies in Midgard, but reluctant allies. They have no direct god which they worship, instead choosing to embody whatever they determine to be the ideals of their race. It's possible that any other animals could be enemy, ally, or neither, depending on the timing and circumstances. In other words, the only beings that a cat can truly trust are other cats.

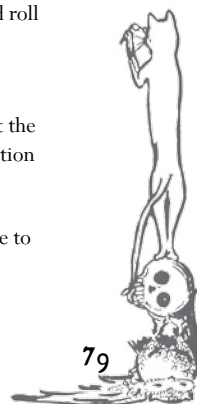
Holdfast Generation

One of the mainstays of an Iron Edda game is the player-based generation of the holdfast within which the game takes place. *Claws of Metal and Bone* is no different. This process provides all the hooks the Cat Herder will need to have a fun and exciting game.

You'll need 2dC and a piece of paper to serve as a map of your holdfast.

2dC	1-2	3-4	5-6
1-3	Clawsome Events	Furry-ous Warriors	Mystical Tails
4-6	Impawssible Feats	Cat-astrophe	Purrfect chance

1. Roll 2dC, of two different colors. Choose one die to read across the table, and the other to read down the table.
2. Once you have your box, find the corresponding entry on the list below and roll one additional dC.
3. Read the entry aloud, and answer any questions that are posed in the entry. There may be words or terms that you're unfamiliar with when looking at the questions. If you see something you don't recognize, check the setting section of the book to get a description.
4. Draw something on the map that corresponds to your entry. It does not have to be to scale.



Worlds of Catthulhu

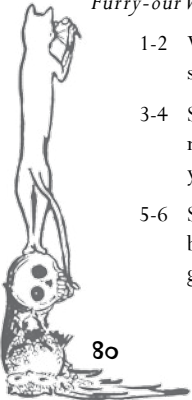
5. Each player takes a turn taking steps 1-4. If you have a small number of players, have the Cat Herder take a turn as well. When everyone has gone, you should have 4-5 entries on the map.
 - 5a. If you roll the same category as another player, feel free to roll again for something different. Same goes if this isn't your first campaign.
6. Discuss among the group where the holdfast should be on the map. Give it a name.
7. While the players are answering these questions, the Cat Herder needs to take notes about the answers. The things the players are saying at the seeds of the plot and the beginnings of the story that the GM will guide. Anything that catches your ear should be written down. If something a player says catches your interest, or doesn't make sense, ask a follow-up question to get some more details. As mentioned above, as questions get answered, things get defined in the world. It's best to come into this process with an open mind. For example, if a question mentions the Jarl and a player refers to the Jarl as "she," then the Jarl's a woman. It's that simple. The declarations that are made during this process should be noted and used later.
 - 7a. Players, feel free to ask each other questions as well. Let each player answer their own questions, but if they ask for help, give it to them. This is, above all, a collaborative process.

Clawsome Events

- 1-2 Food has been appearing all over your holdfast, but it doesn't look like your two-feet are the ones providing it? Who is giving such bounty? Can they be trusted? Why or why not?
- 3-4 Mangard One-Eye has come to your holdfast! This cat has been rumored to have been all over the world, *even having traveled to other holdfasts*! What brings Mangard to your holdfast? Why should this worry you?
- 5-6 String! A two-foot merchant has come to the holdfast and his wagon is full of wonderful string. How are the local cats reacting to this? Is anyone trying to keep it safe? Is anyone trying to claim it for their own?

Furry-our Warriors

- 1-2 Wolves have been spotted outside of the holdfast. Why are the wolves coming so close? How are the local cats mobilizing to fight off this threat?
- 3-4 Small sneaking Ratatosk are scampering through your holdfast, spreading rumors and lies. What devastating rumor has been told about you? How will you prove the truth?
- 5-6 Slipping and sliding, snakes are sneaking through your holdfast. They look to be going somewhere else, but their presence is disturbing. Where are they going? Why do they need to pass through your holdfast?



Mystical Tails

- 1-2 A Tiger Dreamer has had a vision of great abundance and excess. What is this vision? How can you work to make it come to pass? Who is trying to stop you?
- 3-4 An augury has predicted two-foot war coming to your holdfast. What are the two-feet fighting and how can you help keep your way of life?
- 5-6 Visions are being seen in fire by man cats, not just Tiger Dreamers. What is the source of these visions? What could they mean for you and your holdfast?

Impawssible Feats

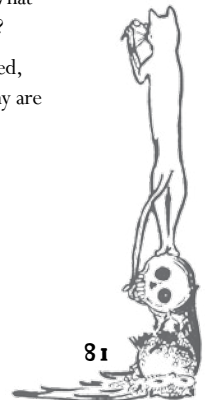
- 1-2 A Trickster cat claims that they can not just use human cast-offs, but can actually build new devices. What new invention have they made? Why does this worry the local cats?
- 3-4 A cat in armor? Impossible! Yet, Old Flick has been heard clanking around the holdfast. Who made the armor? Why is Old Flick wearing it?
- 5-6 A Forest Cat has been slinking along the walls. Why has this cat come from the wilds to your holdfast? Why do they look so familiar to you?

Cat-astrophe

- 1-2 No fires? The two-feet have stopped laying fires in tcheir hearths, depriving you or warm hearthstones. Why? How can you get your warming spot back?
- 3-4 All the fish coming from the river are rancid and putrid. What is going on that has ruined your favorite food source? How can you get more tasty, tasty fish?
- 5-6 Bad catnip has been circulating through your holdfast, causing hallucinations and visions, rather than a euphoric feeling. Who is responsible? How can they be stopped?

Purrfect Chance

- 1-2 Every two-foot is looking have a cat in their warm houses. Why? How are the more feral and independent cats reacting to this?
- 3-4 A great victory has been won against the forces plaguing your holdfast! What enemy has been defeated? Why shouldn't the holdfast celebrate too soon?
- 5-6 Most of the two-feet are gone. There are still enough hands to pet and feed, but now there's more space for you cats. Why did the two-feet leave? Why are some cats worried about it?



Setting

This setting is based on *Iron Edda: War of Metal and Bone*, a game about dwarven destroyers rising up to enact Ragnarok on the world of Midgard. The humans bond themselves to the bones of dead giants to fight back.

This version of the world, the cat-focused version, puts that war into the background. As mentioned in *The Powers That Be*, the cats have a whole different take on the situation. As far as the cats are concerned, it's not the unnatural metal threats to worry about, but the animal ones. As a result, this setting walks a fine line. The feel of epic battle and Norse-inspired adventure balances with, well, cats. Cats see and do things differently than humans do. They don't wield weapons or walk on two legs. We're not anthropomorphizing them, but they need to be capable of fighting their own battles to maintain the life they've become accustomed to.

When you're running a game of *Claws of Metal and Bone*, keep those things in mind. Yes, you're a cat, but you're a cat living in a world of epic adventure. The fate of the holdfast may rest in your hands, err, paws, but you're still a cat. It's all about balance.

Tracy Barnett is the co-owner of Exploding Rogue Studios, publishers of the *Iron Edda* line of games and fiction. <http://www.explodingrogue.com>

Swords of Catthulhu

Vickey A. Beaver

In *Swords of Catthulhu* you'll find a world of magic and intrigue. The starting place for adventures here is Castle Felsmark, which includes the castle proper, the extended grounds, and the immediate area beyond the castle's walls.



CASTLE FELSMARK

The Marsmith family has occupied Castle Felsmark for 300 years. In that time there have been benevolent and malevolent rulers. Fortunately for the people they have sworn to serve, the majority have been the former. For the cats of the castle, life has been mostly good. Lore whispered from one litter to the next tells of the first Queen of Felsmark, rumored – at least amongst the felines of Felsmark – to have been aligned with Ptari-Axtlan. The details of such an unlikely pairing have been long ago lost, replaced by stories as tall and wide as the Men of Strong Drink on Floor.

High above a nameless sea, Castle Felsmark is a beacon to ships wishing to dock before continuing on the several days' journey to other holdings. A large cove provides vessels access to as many slips as cats have toes on a paw, a mid-size warehouse, a small inn and tavern, and a well-stocked stable, complete with wagon rentals. It takes five hours for humans to wind around the rocky trail from the docks to the castle, even if they have horses. Wagons take even longer, often by another full hour. Cats, of course, are quick and sure-footed. They tend to manage the task in $\frac{3}{4}$ the time unless hurried. Then they'll do it in half, bounding from large rocks and moving with haste.

The amount of time it takes to get from the water to the castle is the sole reason there is no fish market. Enterprising humans have gotten around that by catching and smoking the fish, for which sometimes King complains is where his gold has gone, or by holding them in a barrel of seawater and offering live fish on Market Day. Some cats have figured out how to convince Fisherman to part with small ones. Fisherwoman, on the other paw, is much more amenable, offering larger catches...so long as the cat is clever enough to bring her something in exchange.

The village of Felsmark is enclosed by a great wall, painstakingly built of the plentiful rocks of the land and enchanted by a wizard. An immense gate and two smaller duplicates derived from the tallest, thickest trees found in the elven forest two hours' foot-journey to the west have kept friends safely in and foes mostly out for nearly the whole of Felsmark's history. Druids have reinforced the gates with vines they have charmed into compliance.

Some cats, relaxed by the catherbs the druids bring, claim they have seen the vines trip irreverent visitors, whether an ally or not. One cat's tale that's been swirled about speaks of a plot within the last generation. Supposedly, the vines somehow sensed foul intent in a dignitary sent to parlay with Queen. Rather than let her knock in request to gain night entry, they converged upon her, making her motionless as she hung upon the gate. She was discovered in the morning, barely breathing and with a message written in a strange, hidden ink. She was held until her patron

came. No cat knows what became of her or the bird that had sat upon her shoulder.

When the gate is open, villagers and visitors come and go with little fuss. Most who don't live in or around the village come to swap goods, services, and coins. Market Day comes once a week, the day before many of the twofoots' worship day. The Great Market Day happens once every two moons, except in winter when it doesn't happen at all. Then, people venture in from all manner of places and the ruckus is worse than hearing the dogs yap and howl when something is awry, or they're just bored.

There are more people at home within the walls than the cats there can count. They've heard enough numbers batted about to feel there are several hundred, but probably not several thousand. There's certainly no shortage of buildings or plots. Luckily, the place isn't so overrun with twofoots that there is no place to frolic in the grass, stalk prey in the open, or climb trees to gain a better vantage point than the ground affords.

The castle itself supposedly has enough rooms to count a big litter to each digit of two paws. Whether that's true or not, the cats can tell it takes substantially longer to saunter along the perimeter of it than it does to do the same to any other building. The next largest is nearby: Melnir's Bed and Board. It's where all the people with fancy clothes and large chests stay if they haven't been welcomed into the castle.

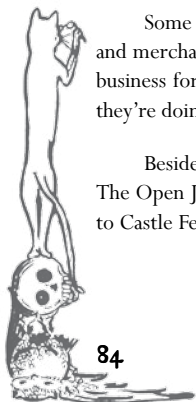
It's a lot like The Salty Goat much closer to the gate, but they don't like cats in there and brawls aren't allowed. But then there's also Tanny's Pub near the north wall where they snatch up some of the meanest alley cats to see who'll win in a fight out back. Sometimes they even put them against dogs. Shady dealings abound there and every cat worth her whiskers knows that.

Tanny's is also known as the place to find out things. It can be worth the risk of capture to get news of the human plots. They aren't too careful that lot. At least not once they've been into the strong drink or the strange smoke. Tanny's isn't short of either.

Prowling about those places isn't the only way to learn of news. The watchtowers provide plenty of chances to hear who is coming and going and why. Clever cats might hang about the lane leading to the main gate from the outside. More than one plot has been foiled by a well-timed bout of eavesdropping along the path in. No one much takes note of a four-footed spy when they're busy making progress up treacherous land.

Some of the travelers coming to Castle Felsmark come with guards protecting their lives and merchandise. They could be on their way to see Queen or King or their children or to do business for Market Day. Whenever anyone spies Guards, you can bet one of your lives what they're doing there is worth being curious about.

Besides the places to eat and sleep you know about, they might be headed to Market Lane, The Open Jar, Deliah's Herbs, Linar's Curios, or Doc Hillis. That is if they don't aren't coming to Castle Felsmark proper.



MARKET LANE

In the middle of the walled village runs Market Lane, where Market Day occurs. After the last serious attack on Castle Felsmark long ago, Then-Queen Tarees ordered a reconstruction to minimize damage to it should there ever again be intruders.

Now, if siege were attempted, trusted villagers know how to activate a number of traps hidden beneath the planks that comprise the market floor. With few permanent stalls, destruction would be limited to that of the attackers.

The lane itself is long and wide enough for a dozen and a half stalls on both sides. On particularly busy market days, smaller carts and stands are fitted in between the primary aisles. Everything from exotic herbs to healing poultices and from dried beef to fine jewelry makes its way for sale along Market Lane.

The Open Jar

Well-known for some of the most durable pottery for miles around, The Open Jar is a favorite for those who are long on the road. Only a fool expects to get a bargain there. Potterer talents have made their way into song. She is inventive and accommodating for a price. She's devised thimble-sized containers twofootologists prize for their versatility. Not that Potterer knows anything about that. She started making them to hold potent powders, paltry samples of hair, and substances of similar nature that wizards might seek. It is situated near the south wall.

Deliah's Herbs

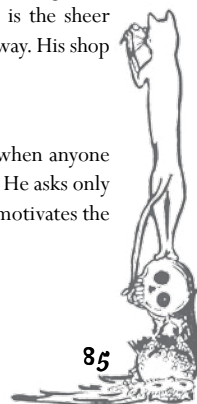
Deliah does brisk business offering herbs from her own garden, those gathered from just beyond the wall, and others that have made their way to her from afar. Her herbs are sought after for a variety of remedies, to evoke a certain state in bathing as part of soap or in ritual as part of sticks that are burned for their smoke, and sometimes they are shoved into pipes or rolled in leaves that the twofoots suck on after lighting. She even deals with the druids who bring catherbs. Her shop is located between Market Lane and The Open Jar.

Linar's Curios

This shop garners attention from most everyone — with two feet or four — who passes it. The windows show off contraptions and seemingly ordinary objects. The shelves are lined with boxes with secret compartments and triggers set next to strangely shaped mugs of wood. In between them sit metal bits and bobs, trick cloths, and interesting tokens made from who knows what. The walls hold up more shelves where there isn't a wall decoration hailing from across the land or even from across the sea. Perhaps the most fascinating detail is the sheer number of the items that appear catlike at different angles if you look just the right way. His shop is between the east side of Market Lane and the main gate.

Doc Hillis

Whatever his views are on most subjects, Doc Hillis holds his tongue. But when anyone needs healing, his door is open. If the patient can't make it to him, he goes to them. He asks only to be left out of any squabbles and for debts to be paid as arranged. His reputation motivates the majority to do what little he asks.



Stories have it that he is generous with his time and talent, but crossing him can be more hazardous to your health than whatever you needed his help overcoming. He knows his way around healing instruments and knows how damaging they can be if not used to mend. His home is his treatment center. It is located between Market Lane and the north wall. It is not as far as Tanny's Pub.

OTHER LOCATIONS

As with any reasonably large village, many establishments serve the needs of the castle and its people and animals. Most anything a cat could want to find is here.

There are barns beyond the wall where larger tracts of land are farmed, but only something amounting to a large shed inside. There are three stables, one of which serves the castle while the other two serve the north and south sides of the village respectively.

Besides what Market Day brings, there are permanent shops and stores for common goods and needs. The castle itself hosts stores that are deemed too vital to chance leaving beyond its confines. The armory and granary are there as is a large well, which serves the family and can be used should the main well be unusable.

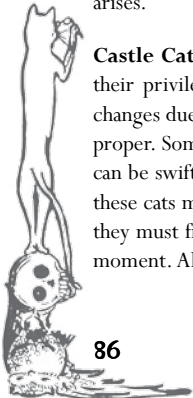
CATS ABOUT THE LAND

There are many ways to enjoy the lives of cathood in and around the land the Marsmith family has stewarded these many years. The following list describes the most common places cats hang out at and what they likely do while there. It's not exhaustive, and a cat can change her location if the mood strikes her.

Alley Cats: As you'd expect, these cats frequent the alleys around Castle Felsmark. Typically, they are the homeless and the runaways. They scrounge for scraps and hunt for rodents. Cunning cats may have a higher purpose: watching for signs of nefarious or supernatural activity.

Barn Cats: Usually honored by humans who wish to keep vermin at bay, these cats prefer hay and lofts to the confines of their servants' abodes. The people who wait on them never expect these cats to be their schedules. The arrangement works well. The cats can communicate with other animals, relaying important information across the village and beyond when the need arises.

Castle Cats: These cats walk a line between the worlds of politics and intrigue. Don't think their privileged place means they constantly live a lavish lifestyle. As the Marsmith family changes due to births, deaths, position, and so-on, so too do the rules of their home, the castle proper. Sometimes it's simply a mood swing that alters the order just temporarily. At others, it can be swift and nearly permanent. Being a castle cat may be the most challenging of all. For these cats must act prim and proper or tough and useful as duty calls. Much like a chameleon, they must fit in wherever in the castle they may be and for whatever purpose they have at the moment. All the while, they must be aware of the movements within the walls and attempt to



make heads or tails out of what they learn, sifting through the intriguing and the mundane to be ready for what may come.

Cats on the Outs: Beyond the walls of the castle lie coarse fields, slopes of various degree of incline, woods, and – well beyond the walls – other lands. Cats who come to Castle Felsmark may arrive with merchants, wanderers, farmers, spies, nobles, or all on their own. The commonality they share is that they are outsiders who have to prove themselves to gain acceptance and possibly even simple respect. They may not be trusted at first. Some may never gain trust at all.

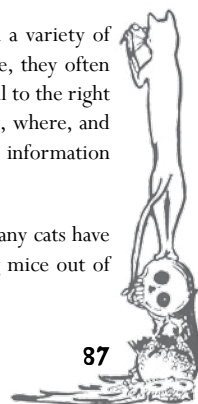
Druid Companions: As Castle Felsmark is known for its Great Market Day, it attracts many twofoots. Where there are people, there is a need for wisdom and nurturing. Druids tend to be well-suited for fulfilling that need. The companion cats are often even more in tune with the natural world than other cats. They might more quickly identify plants that have healing properties or sense a subtle weather change particularly quickly, for example. Likewise, both druids and their four-footed companions are averse to being around anything that lies outside the natural order, such as demons or those who were previously dead, yet have risen.

Elf-Cats: The nearest elves are those of the woods two hours west of Castle Felsmark. They have a special attachment to the cats of their homeland. Elf-cats look like other cats in their basic features, but their ears are longer and pointier, their eyes more sharp, and their legs taller. Those physical characteristics are matched with keener senses and faster strides. To other cats, the elf-cats are something of a mystery. They keep to themselves more often than not. When they mingle with others, non-elf-cats may be left with a vague sense of gracelessness. People generally have one of two reactions in their presence: either they fawn over elf-cats or they shy away. Few are neutral toward them.

Housecats: Like castle cats, housecats are served by humans who ensure they have a clear exit for their bodily business, plenty of meat, and occasional dishes of milk to keep them content. In exchange, they keep out noisy birds and hunt pesky insects. If they feel inclined, they might even entertain the twofoots by displaying their jumping prowess or engaging in acrobatic feats. These cats are important to the network of those who gather information. They learn of the village's business, boring and interesting alike. Not a small number of plots have been foiled because these cats live a frequently cloistered life, wandering outside to pass messages when something of note has been shared.

Shop Kitties: Shopkeepers have realized that cats can provide protection from a variety of unseemly intruders such as spiders, wasps, and scraggly mutts. At the same time, they often amuse or calm customers there to drop a few coins. If a cat has made herself useful to the right storeowner, she will be out where she can gain a sense of how money is flowing, where, and why. Like housecats, shop kitties are endearing and make terrific additions to the information network.

Stable Mate: In any civilized village, horses and beasts of burden play a part. Many cats have befriended horses through the years, chasing flies from their manes and keeping mice out of



their feed. The humans who manage the stables don't usually do much to encourage cats who the horses think of as stable mates, but nor do the people discourage them. Stable mates tend to stay in the vicinity of any given stable, but can sometimes be convinced to do errands other cats ask of them. Such might include telling when a certain rider arrives or plans to leave. They might even keep an eye out for atypical activity, perhaps a rider that appears at the rear of a wagon before it gets unhitched or hushed tones in broad daylight.

Stealthy Sidekick: Cats are known for their stealth. Some people find it amusing while others are annoyed by the four-footed creatures' ability to appear as if from nowhere. Among those who appreciate feline finesse are those who themselves are prowlers. These may be agents of good or evil or anything in between. The cats who act as their sidekicks may be aligned with their purposes or not. Either way, the lives of such cats is full of excitement, whether due to travel or defying dangerous odds of getting caught and seeing a life slip away.

Tavern Tabby: What is a tavern without a cat? Well, it's a place that's missing some character. Taverns being a place for food and drink, and sometimes even sleep, their keepers prefer that only paying guests indulge in their offerings. It's not a surprise then that most have a cat or two to chase out any small creature who doesn't belong. Tavern tabbies may not truly be tabbies, but that's the name the humans have dubbed them and that's the name that has stuck. Because taverns can get rowdy, dogs might also be found to lounge about the place until they are needed. Taverns are one of the few places cats and dogs appear to come along willingly. In reality, there have been some strong personal and professional bonds formed due to that little arrangement. When humans drink, they are more susceptible to suggestions, real or imagined. That is one tip tavern tabbies are suited for identifying or even taking advantage of than most any other cat.

Wizards' Familiars: The world of magic is mysterious and sometimes dangerous. Wizards have historically been known to be fond of the felines. It could be that they perceive cats to be just as mysterious as other humans view themselves. In any event, a cat at a wizard's side is likely to have learned secrets of the world a wizard manipulates. Sure, she can't pull off any tricks herself, but she can better spot them than cats not used to seeing magic could. She also will have an idea of where the wizard is drawing his power.



Catventure: A Bit of Catnip to Get You Going

Cats can get up to all kinds of dizzying heights of adventure with all that exists in Castle Felsmark, the MarSmith family, the village, and even the area beyond the walls. Take this situation for example. Something isn't right with Prince and the cat he thinks of as his knows it.

Melnc is a black and white cat with long, soft fur that's tinged with golden hairs. He is getting up there in years, yet retains his youthful agility and willingness to grapple any cat, anytime. Nearly always, he wins. He has watched Prince grow from the time he could open his eyes, and now he sees Prince is tired and irritable.

Unfortunately, one of the new doctor to the family has convinced Queen that Melnc and any other four-leg should be kept out of Prince's sleeping quarters at all times. Sure, he sneezes less than he used to, but it's not as if he doesn't sneeze at all. And if that was such a cure-all for his ailments, why does Prince look even more tired than three months ago when the directive came down?

Hearing his murmurs at night, Melnc started yowling outside Prince's door. After three days, Queen ordered Melnc banned from the hallway under threat of being doused with water. At first, he kept at it, but after four days of that, he has decided it's time for another plan. It just so happens that there has been an increase in the number of rats seen, so Queen has put a plan in motion to get in scrappier cats than those usually about the castle. This is where the adventurous felines come in.

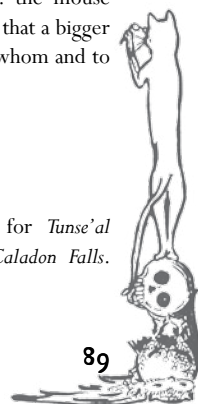
Challenge: Find a way to get into Prince's room

Challenge: Pick up on signs that a cat besides Melnc has been in the room. With some extra luck, they might find plant residue or pieces. That leads them to needing to figure out what the plant is. Eventually, they should figure out that the cat is a Hastpurr of Catcosa follower who has been sneaking in to influence Prince's dreams. The mystery cat has managed to make Prince think that war would benefit the kingdom.

Challenge: Once the cadre knows who, what, how, and why, they still have to find a way to put an end to it and do what they can to keep it from happening again.

Challenge: In the meantime, there's the original reason they were called: the mouse infestation. That has to be taken care of. If you have a lot of time or want to make that a bigger part of the story, it can be that they mice are being used to bring the plague. By whom and to what end is up to you.

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Gatos de los Muertos

Mark Diaz Truman

SETTING

Nogales, Arizona in 1892. A market near the border called Mercado de Elías, a place where people come up from Mexico to sell to the Americans who have moved to Nogales to look for copper in nearby mines. It is a border town with mud roads and limited civic structures, but there is a hint of possibility and wealth around the corner.



HUMANS

La Señorita, who owns the land of the market
La Vendedor de Pescado, the woman who sells fish in the market
La Curandera, who sometimes talks to the cats through her magic
El Soldado, who guards the market and pets the cats
Tomás, the young boy who feeds the cats in the market

CATS

Alley cats fed by El Soldado (Scrappers, Pussyfoot)
Cats kept and fed by La Señorita (Catcrobats, Pussyfoots, and Twofootologists)
Outdoor dreamers who wander, (Tiger Dreamers)
House cats belonging to nearby families (Twofootologists, Pussyfoots)

OTHER ANIMALS

Tanker, the dog of Soldado who chases the cats but never catches them
Coyotes of the desert, who live outside the bounds of the market
Birds, rats, snakes, and lizards of the city

LOCATIONS AT MERCADO DE ELÍAS

The Gates

People: El Soldado
Features: Large iron gate that is closed at night, chair frequently used by El Soldado

La Curandera's Tent

People: La Curandera
Features: Many beds for cats, loving pets, communication with the powers beyond

The Graveyard

People: No one
Features: Dark trees, fallen headstones, cold winds even in late summer

International Street

People: Crowds, odd merchnts
Features: Large road that divides Mexico/USA, toads, birds in nearby trees

THE ADVENTURE

Nearly 50 years has passed since the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo pushed half of Mexico into the United States; nearly 40 years since the Gadsden Purchase made Nogales an American city. As *Gatos de los Muertos* begins, the city is beginning to grow accustomed to the new reality of American soldiers and money. The cats, of course, find the whole situation silly, but realize that the growing tensions between the people and the border might make naps and pets more difficult to come by in the future. When the adventure opens, the cats can arrange themselves throughout the market.

Prelude: The Meow of the Dead

A Scrapper or Catcrobat (or both) goes out patrolling the night before the adventure starts. As the cat wanders the market, keeping an eye out for trouble and the forces of chaos, another cat comes toward the market, calling softly from the darkness. As the cat in the darkness grows closer, the Scrapper/Catcrobat sees that the cat is dead, a spirit returned to call cats to their death! Luckily, a group of American soldiers traipsing through the area scared the *gato del muerto* off before it could use any of its magic. What does it mean?

First Challenge: The Missing Vendor

No matter where the cats are in the marketplace, they hear a whisper from La Curandera's tent in the marketplace, a call to cats all over the market to come to hear. The call is urgent but not hurried, insistent and demanding without sounding rushed. Her tone is measured and calm. When the cats arrive, they find that La Curandera is nowhere to be found, but that she has left a small glass ball in her tent that is calling to the cats in the area. Tiger Dreamers who get close to or touch the ball will recognize it as an orb of some power, capable of delivering a message in response to a mystical timer.

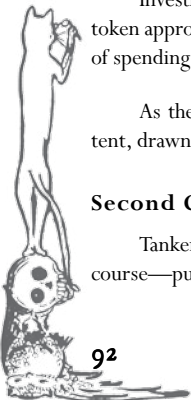
Successfully investigating the tent will reveal that La Curandera has taken steps to safeguard most of her prized possessions from humans while making them relatively accessible to cats. She has hidden feathers and tokens of power in places that Catcrobat can reach and that Twofootologists know to look. It's as if she's preparing for the event that she may not return. There are many signs that point to the graveyard, such as pieces of headstone, bones, and other artifacts that imply La Curandera has been working there regularly.

Investigating her tent thoroughly should earn each cat a Treat, as well as a magical item or token appropriate to the cat's type. Once during the session, a cat can sacrifice the token instead of spending a Life.

As the cats settle in to investigate the mysterious disappearance, Tanker approaches the tent, drawn by the large number of cats in the tent.

Second Challenge: Evading Tanker

Tanker, not knowing anything about La Curandera's disappearance—she fed him too, of course—pursues the cats. Catcrobat should have no problem getting away from Tanker, but



Pussyfoots, Tiger Dreamers, and Twofootologists need to pass a Normal Challenge to move to safety. Scrappers can stand and fight Tanker, inflicting Cowed, Gripped, Injured as normal and Dodging if things get out of hand. Tanker gets 1DC himself to oppose the cats. Failure on these rolls will probably result in light injuries for the cats, enough to make them stop and lick their wounds before moving on.

Cats that get close enough to Tanker will notice that he has a number of ragged cuts and scrapes—as if he had been in lots of fights with cats lately—but none of them know any cats that have actually fought with Tanker. Usually they only outrun him!

Tanker will only chase the cats to the edge of the market, at which point the graveyard should be easily in sight. He will not go any closer to the graveyard, and backs away in terror if he had not been driven off. Tomás is most likely to see him nervous and afraid, and the young boy will keep Tanker from getting out of hand if things go poorly for the cats.

Note: El Soldado. The soldier that protects the market is not particularly in tune with the darker aspects of reality, but he is generally kind and good to cats, especially those he sees in the market on a regular basis. He sometimes gives up bits of his rations to cat—and to Tanker—but he doesn't know how to do more than that. If the cats attract him to the tent or got to him for help, he's likely to look into the situation clumsily and need lots of help from felines in the know.

Third Challenge: Exploring the Graveyard

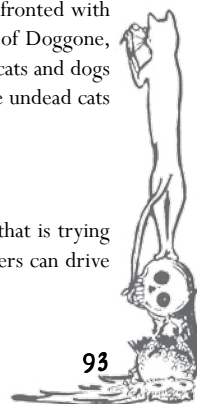
Cats that wander close to the graveyard, either because the chase with Tanker leads them there or because information about the dead returning from their graves eventually piques the cats' interests. The graveyard, menacing and dark offers the only answers that might help the cats make sense of what is going on in Nogales.

Within the graveyard, the cats find that the pet cemetery has been completely dug up, as all the cat and dog corpses placed in the graveyard by the humans has been dug up. Cats who pass a Notice roll will find that the dead cats and dogs have dug themselves up! Something is calling them back from the dead. Tiger Dreamers will immediately recognize this as the work of Doggone, but also sense that La Curandera has not been to the graveyard for some time.

As the cats make this realization, however, a few *gatos de los muertos* arrive to the graveyard. They look like they have been in a fight, albeit without really and consequences to their dead flesh! The cats will have to act quickly to hide, fight, or run when confronted with such deadly and evil cats! Before leaving however, the cats should find evidence of Doggone, as fish bones and scales litter the graveyard, summoning elements that call noble cats and dogs back from the dead. Cats that dawdle too long here will end up confronting these undead cats themselves!

Fourth Challenge: Forging Alliances

Upon returning to the market, the cats should realize that they face a foe that is trying to turn dogs and cats against each other, keeping both busy. If needed, Cat Herders can drive



that home by presenting a fight between an (un)dead dog and cats in the neighborhood. Smart cats, especially Pussyfoots, may consider creating alliances with the dogs in the market to defeat the forces of Doggone that threaten all of them. Twofootologists may remember at this point where the other humans keep treats to present as a peace offering to Tanker and other dogs to win them over.

Cats that are not Pussyfoots can try to convince the dogs, but it is a Difficult Challenge. If the cats are successful, the dogs confess that they are terrified of the fish tent. Something smells bad and toxic there, and the woman who used to feed them scraps on occasion now drives them off without a second word. They have also picked up the scent of La Curandera near the fish tent.

If the cats are unable to convince the dogs to join them, they will have to evade them or fight them when they gather in groups larger than four. The dogs are sensitive, and they will be drawn to any large grouping of cats. It makes them nervous!

Note: Los Coyotes. In addition to Tanker, the cats might also look to make alliances with Los Coyotes that live in the nearby desert. The coyotes are considerably more difficult to deal with than domesticated dogs, but they would offer considerably more help in defeating the forces of Doggone (Dire Challenge). Only a Pussyfoot could actually have a shot at getting them to recognize the forces of Doggone and ally with the cats to banish his cult. The Coyotes add 1DC to all rolls made by the cats against the forces of the Fish God while they are actively helping.

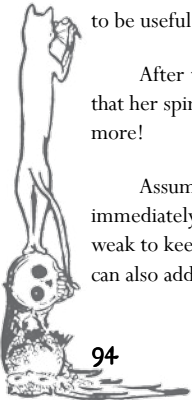
Fifth Challenge: Confronting the Doggone

Eventually, the cats will arrive at the fish tent. By this point, they should smell the forces of Doggone that are plotting evil. When they arrive, however, several gatos de log muertos are guarding the door. They will have to find a way past them, a Difficult challenge for anyone but a Scraper or a Catrobat. Tiger Dreamers will note that they feel the presence of La Curandera nearby!

Once inside the fish tent, the cats will find that La Vendedor de Pescado boiling a pot of something foul-smelling while surrounded by undead cats. Usually La Vendedor de Pescado cures and dries fish she has caught in lakes and rivers north of Nogales, but it appears that she is letting the fish she has caught decompose and rot, leaving a fish stench that makes all (living) cats struggle to even get through her tent. The cats will have to find a way to disrupt the cooking and scare off the cats! Twofootologists will find their knowledge of cooking materials and equipment to be useful here in this final conflict.

After the battle, Tiger Dreamers will note that La Curandera was here at one point, but that her spirit has led her out into the desert. They will have to follow her if they want to learn more!

Assuming the cats are successful in disrupting the ritual, all the undead cats and dogs will immediately fall down and start to decompose. The magic that held them in this reality was too weak to keep them alive. If the cats managed to stop them, they each earn a Cat Treat. Each cat can also add the following Experiences to their Cat Sheet:



- Dead Things Live in Graveyards
- La Curandera Can Be Trusted
- Dogs Are Our Sometimes Friends

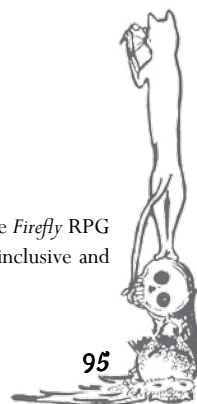
NOTES FOR THE CAT HERDER

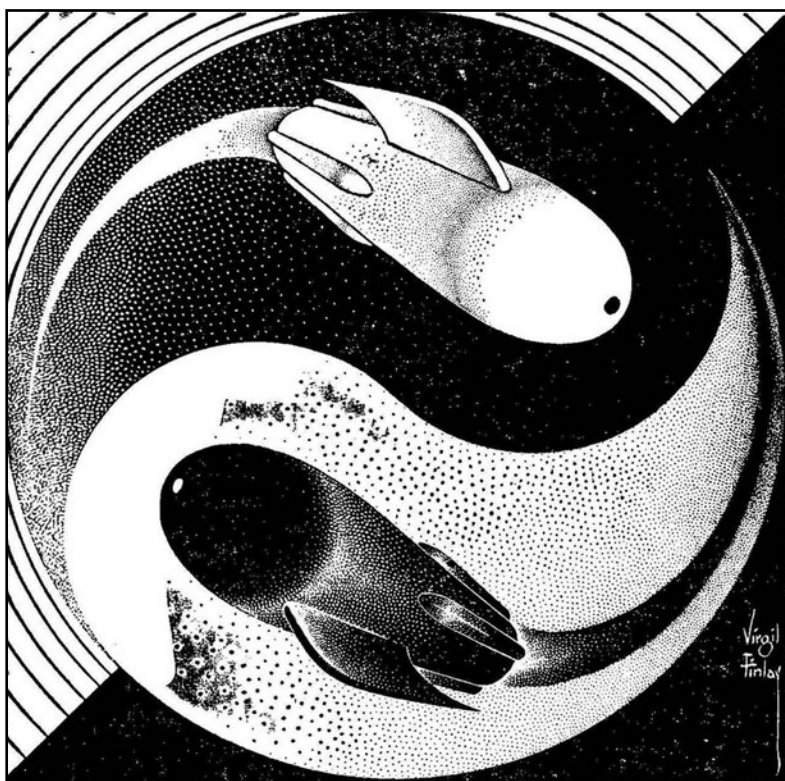
Gatos De Los Muertos is an introductory adventure for cats that desire a larger sandbox to play in while still focusing on mystery and investigation. Cats face a number of slower environmental challenges that culminate in a battle against Doggone and the forces of the Fish God.

As it stands, Doggone is very close to summoning a creature of darkness to pave the way for his return. La Vendedor de Pescado, with her long hours working with fish, has fallen prey to this dark god and now uses her fish dicing skills to make patterns of entrails that call cats and dogs back from the dead. La Curandera knows the secrets of the nearby walnut grove, a place of power that Doggone wants to turn to his own ends. The ritual La Vendedor de Pescado was performing was going to force La Curandera to reveal the location of the grove!

Luckily for the cats, La Curandera has resisted Doggone's plans, but she cannot hold out forever against his fish magic. The cats will have to journey out into the desert to find her and protect her from Doggone's allies.

Mark Diaz Truman is Lead Designer at Magpie Games and Systems Lead for the *Firefly* RPG from Margaret Weis Productions. Mark is a passionate advocate for creating an inclusive and diverse gaming community. <http://www.magpiegames.com>





Galaxy Warriors vs. the Robo-Cats

Eloy Lasanta

SETTING

A long time ago, in a galaxy far away... cats still protect humanity from outside threats, like aliens and their petty wars. The Empire rules with an iron fist and many have begun to rebel against his forces. This is but one tale of rebel cats on the planet Cattooine.



HUMANS

Hero, young farm boy with a destiny

Aunt, the lady who takes care of him

Bot, smells weird but looks like any other human, except he is gold

Wiseman, who is kind to all animals, cats especially, and knows many things

Pilot, woman who owns a ship

Soldiers, humans dressed in white with ray guns

Scientists, like the soldiers, but not nearly as scary or violent

CATS (WITH TYPICAL SORT)

Mother cat (Tiger Dreamer)

The Old Man's Cat (Twofootologist)

The Blue Print (Scraper; Short hair)

OTHER ANIMALS

Stray dogs, who love to eat the Wiseman's food

Ferrets, who love to steal the Wiseman's food from those already eating

Soldier dogs, belonging to the Empurror's infantry

Robo-Cats, the worst thing imaginable

LOCATION 1: FAMILY FARM

Living Pod - Downstairs

People: Aunt

Features: Place beneath the stairs where all the farm cats bask. Robot repair center.

Exits: Cat doors set up for all to come and go as they please.

Living Pod - Upstairs

People: Bot

Features: A skylight to see the stars at night. Hero's room.

Exits: A small hole to the roof. No fat cats allowed.

The Domed Fields

People: Hero

Features: Rows of moisture crops, thick fog hovering in the air, semi-transparent dome covering

Exits: Many rows of crops to escape into.

LOCATION 2: HERMIT'S CAVE

Inside

People: Hermit

Features: Stone tables and chairs, nothing very comfy, Lots of food shared with the local animals though

Exits: The front door and several windows.

LOCATION 3: ROBO-FACTORY

Front

People: Soldiers

Features: Large, sliding door that requires a button be pressed to open them.

Exits: Away from the Robo-Factory.

Corridor

People: Soldiers

Features: Various doors leading in a hundred different directions. There are too many Corridors to count.

Exits: Air and trash vents galore, random open or cracked door to slip into.

Blue Print Cell

People: Scientists

Features: Wires connecting the Blue Print to the machines, window to the robot-cat assembly line

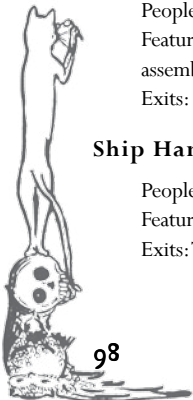
Exits: Only the way you came in.

Ship Hangar

People: Soldiers

Features: Handful of ships

Exits: The way you came, get out on the spaceship



LOCATION 4: THE SPACESHIP

Cockpit

People: Pilot

Features: Flashing lights, Buttons, Levers, Switches, one chair with Pilot in it

Passenger Area

People: Everyone but the Pilot

Features: Several chairs, video screens

Exits: Entrance to Cockpit and Engine Room

Engine Room

People: Bot

Features: Bolts

THE ADVENTURE

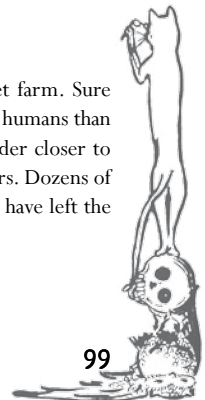
At the start of *Galaxy Cats*, Aunt is inside cleaning and general housework. Hero is in the moisture fields, toiling away. Bot is upstairs in Hero's room, where it was getting some repairs the night before. Cats may be strays or belong to Aunt or Hero, though cats aren't normally allowed in the moisture fields so they should stay away from that area. The other humans enter the story later in the adventure.

Prelude: Burning Down The House

It was a hot day on the desert planet of Cattooine, just like any other day. Lounging in the farm home where the fans are is easy to do or a cat could bask in the sun for hours to warm themselves from the cold, cold nights. This day, however, holds an air of destruction easily sensed by any cat worth a lick. The word Empire has been thrown around a lot lately and it is more than likely that this strange feeling may be its doing.

First Challenge: Warning! Warning!

All cats outside hear the marching of feet heading toward the usually quiet farm. Sure they get the occasional traveler passing by, but this sounds like the stomps of more humans than a cat has toes. Cats inside hear the approach with a Notice roll. Those who wander closer to investigate the caravan see humans who smell much like the robot that lives upstairs. Dozens of robots with glowing red eyes are chopping up the existing plant life and seems to have left the last farm smoldering in the far distance behind them.



Warning the humans of the incoming danger is the cats' first challenge. The Aunt's attention is the easiest to get. A pussyfoot could simply rub against her leg to get her to follow her to window. Catcrobat could do tricks that potentially damage the curtains near the windows, while a Twofootologist may simply press the front door alarm button.

Cats who care more for the Hero can go into the moisture fields to find and warn him. Scrappers and Catcrobat have the best chance of reaching him quickly, being use to more physically demands on their body, and the very act of running toward him is enough for him to notice the encroaching robot force. Other cats take longer and the destruction has already started by the time he is warned. In either case, he's far enough out that he survives this Challenge.

Finding the Bot upstairs, a Scrapper could Scratch it or a Tiger Dreamer could Scare it, both of which sets off its incessant ranting, which will alarm the Aunt. If bothered enough, it may even attempt to go get the Hero to stop the cats annoyance, making the Bot the perfect choice for any cat who wants to get someone else to do their work for them.

The Hero and those who are warned assemble and escape down the road. Anyone the cats didn't care to warn are destroyed in the lasers and fire. The humans talk about going to visit their friend who live in the desert, pick up their cats and head along the road.

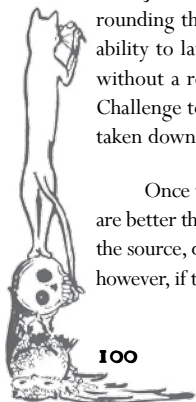
Second Challenge: Out-Wise The Wiseman

Once in the cave of the Wiseman, the humans all start talking of the Empire again and its plans on taking over Cattooine entirely. The planet's leaders refused Empurror Cymric's demands and were now playing the price. The Wiseman pulls out a light-up stick and talks of destiny to the Hero, but what really draws the cats' eyes all the animals at the front of the cave feasting on food left out for them by the Wiseman.

Mother cat invites the cats to enjoy the feast along side the ferrets and dogs and other animals there chowing down on the processed pet food. They are all pretty pleasant and oblivious to the destruction going on in the towns below since they live a comfy life up in the mountains. Sharing info about the robot army will scare the Stray Dogs, as they are small and weak, and make the Ferrets curious. Clever cats, especially Pussyfoots, can even convince the Ferrets to come along for the adventure.

Just as the cats are getting comfortable, a successful Notice roll spots two Soldier Dogs rounding the bend to the Wiseman's cave along with - GASP - a Robo-Cat! The cats have the ability to launch a surprise attack and the dogs will attack back. Scrapper can Injure the dogs without a roll, but must meet a Challenge to Injure the Robo-Cat. Other cats find it to be a Challenge to fight the dogs and a Difficult Challenge to Injure the Robo-Cat. If the Robo-Cat is taken down at any point, the dogs run away.

Once the Robo-Cat has been defeated, the cats can bring them to their humans as proof they are better than any twofoot. The humans are stunned and then start talking about tracking signals to the source, defeating the Empire's plans and hiring a pilot to help with their escape. Most alarming, however, if that man is attempting to create cats they can control. Such a power should not exist.



Third Challenge: Enter The Robo-Factory

The cats follow the humans to a large metallic, spiraling factory pouring smoke and exhaust into the sky. Soldiers stand in guard of the doors to enter and encircle the grounds to make sure no one gets in, so the humans begin plotting their course and figuring out how they plan on getting into the factory. Of course, the cats need not wait for their slow-thinking twofoots.

All cats can skulk toward the factory without any problem, but once they reach the structure itself, they need to find a way in and avoid detection by the Robo-Cats and Soldier Dogs that are playing sentry with their Soldiers. A Twofootologist can take a moment to watch the Soldiers' movements and watch as the button sequence to unlock the doors are pressed to get in. Scrappers and Catcrobots could pounce on a Soldier to steal a key card to get them in. Pussyfoots and Tiger Dreamers could distract the Soldiers who would love a real cat to pet, since all they have seen for months is Robo-Cats, while the other cats continue to search and eventually find a small opening in the side to slip in through.

Once inside, the real challenge begins: finding one's way through the various corridors and hallways to find the source of all the evil going on here. One cat's guess is as good as another with which corridor to take and Catcrobots can leap up to peak in through the view window of each room as they pass the many doors they'll find.

The deeper they travel into the Robo-Factory, the more the cats can hear the cries of a cat in pain. Following the sound, they can press the button to open the door (spotted by the Twofootologist) open the door only to find a shorthair cat in shackles with electrodes attached to it in various locations on her body.

Fourth Challenge: Save The Blue Print

The imprisoned cat screams for help. Her name is Blue Print, she says, and the Empurror has been using her to create Robo-Cats that will be used to rule the universe. She faced off against the Twofootologist the Empurror keeps by his side at all times, named Salty, and reveals the most disturbing news yet: somehow Salty has learned how to communicate directly to the Empurror, either through some kind of cybernetic implant or possible telepathy. When they battled, Blue Print, who is a Scrapper, was seen as the strongest cat around and used to forge a new army. Good news is that real sing Blue Print will stop production and has the chance of shutting down the Robo-Cats within range of the Robo-Factory who would then lose connection with her brain.

It's worth a shot anyway.

Any cat can see the room they are currently in is very confusing. Twofootologists can spot a number of buttons and switches that may have any number of results, including frying Blue Print. The Cat Herder may give its player a chance on 1d6. On a roll of 3+, they are able to figure out the buttons to loosen some the restraints on Blue Print, and on a 5+, she is freed entirely. On a 1 or 2, however, Blue Print loses the majority of her lives.



Other cats don't have such an easy choice when it comes to freeing Blue Print. Pussyfoots can do little in the room, but may be able to lure a soldier back to Blue Print. Seeing the suffering of the cat (something not all soldiers are aware of), they may press the sequence necessary to free Blue Print. A Catcrobot may attempt to walk the beam up to Blue Print and swing past the lasers protector her to get right up close and claw her bindings as a Difficult Challenge. A Scrappier could simply try to destroy the computer, but may destroy the part of the system that can free Blue Print. A Tiger Dreams could attempt to sleep in the room, then having vivid dreams of wires and electricity and blinking lights and button sequences. They can give a +1 bonus to any other cat's roll to free Blue Print with their advice.

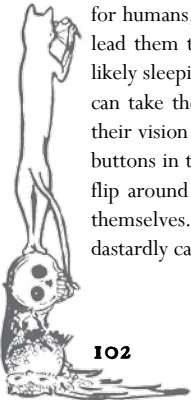
Any of the cats, at any time, can run out to make themselves known to their humans and lure them there to handle the problem for them. This takes a long time, requires them remembering their way back and avoiding dangers all over again. Still, it is an option.

Note: Your Ferret Friends. If the cats befriended the Ferrets at the Wiseman's cave, they have followed them to this room as well, keeping out of sight and out of the way of any attacks launched on the cats thus far. The openings to enter the computers are just big enough that the Ferrets can fit and all they have to do is chew up the wires to shut down the system. Which wires? They'll yell from inside that there are Blue, Green and Red wires. If they chew on either the Green or Red wires, they're fine. The blue ones, however, will end up taking their lives. If the Tiger Dreamer has slept in the room, they know exactly which wires to avoid. Just like a cat to pass the job on to someone else. They are quite good at delegation.

Fifth Challenge: The Getaway

Once Blue Print is free many of the Robo-Cats in the Robo-Factory shut down automatically, which makes the job of the humans fighting their way through soldiers that much easier. Before joining up with their humans, they've already disabled many of the Robot army the Empurror used to destroy so many homes and kill so many citizens, and now it's time for the escape. Running through a hail of lasers may be difficult for humans, but cats can easily evade most attempts to shoot at them... especially when the soldiers have such thick helmet visors. The cats need not even think about where they are going, because they can just follow the Hero, Wiseman and other surviving humans to their destination... the hangar deck.

The Pilot has the giant white spaceship's loading bay open and is waving for everyone to enter. Cats of all kinds can see that the way to the spaceship is a terrible labyrinth of danger for humans, born too big for their own good. Pussyfoots can gain their human's attention and lead them through the maze first hand, making sure they don't get hit. Tiger Dreamers are likely sleeping as their human carries them through, which will come in handy soon. Scrappers can take the fight to the Soldiers, clawing their legs or scratching their helmets to obscure their vision to stop them from firing their guns. Twofootologists can find connections between buttons in the hangar deck to turn on the assembly arms to grab the Soldiers. Catcrobots can flip around distracting the shots fired upon the humans, of course at the risk of getting hit themselves. Of course, they could just as easily allow their humans to get shot, but only the most dastardly cats would let such a thing occur!



Once inside the ship, the pilot starts yelling around the engine not starting. None of the Soldiers' laser beams seem to have damaged the systems, but this ship is often pretty buggy and loses pieces in the process. Humans don't have the attention to detail and hunting instinct to find something like that small and the Empire's Soldiers are certain to descend upon them and kill them all if this piece isn't found quickly.

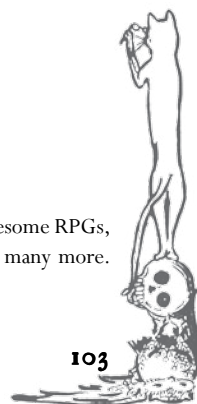
The cats' final job is to find one special spring that has fallen between the cracks of the Engine Room. If the Tiger Dreamer slept as the escape was happening, then they instantly wake up and know just where to find it with no problem or obstacle. Otherwise, any of the cats (no matter the type) can find it as a normal Challenge.

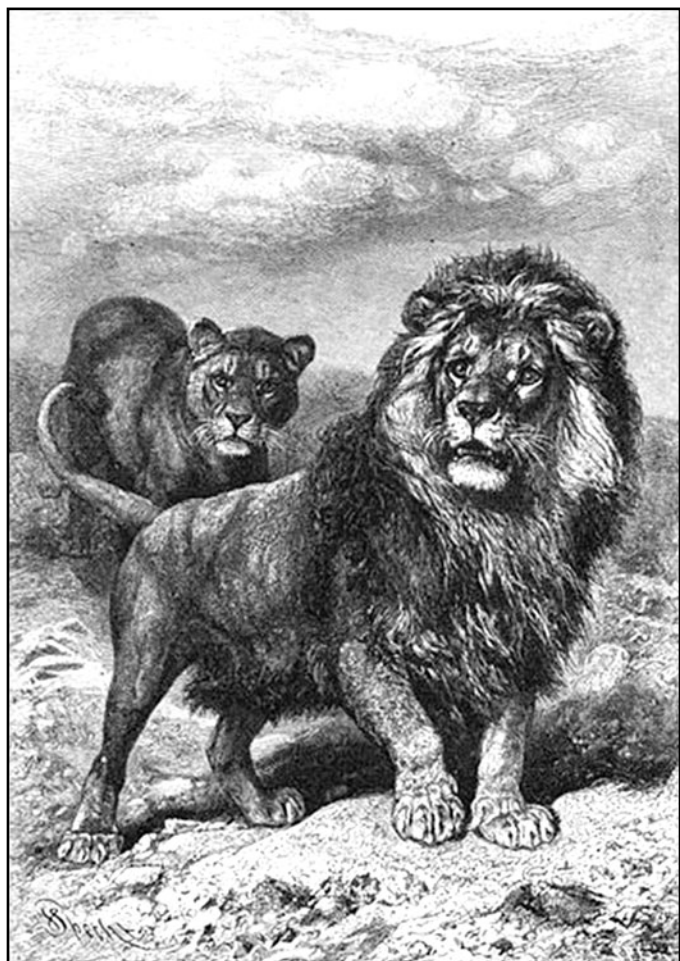
Once the spring is found, the humans put it into place and the engines start and the spaceship flies away. The cats thwarted a major threat to Cattooine (and arguably the world) and stopped the mechanized invasion of Robo-Cats. Of course... this was but one of the Robo-Factories in the galaxy. Now comes the time to convince the Hero to go after the others.

NOTES FOR THE CAT HERDER

This adventure is meant to be an introduction to the world and to the idea of running around in space. Though it may seem that the major action points were taken on by the humans, cats are much more clever in how they deal with problems. While the humans worked in the background, the cats deal with the real issue at hand and help the humans when they act like the lumbering idiots that they are. Of course, by completing this adventure, the cats have acquired a new friend, Blue Print, who can be used as an NPC in future stories, but have also gained a new enemy in the Empurror and Salty who will now stop at nothing to crush the cats and get the Blue Print back.

Eloy Lasanta is the owner/operator of Third Eye Games, creators of plenty of awesome RPGs, such as Part-Time Gods, Mermaid Adventures, Apocalypse Prevention Inc., and many more. <http://www.thirdeyegames.net>





Big Cats

Clare O'Halloran

As mentioned in *Unaussprechlichen Katzen*, player characters in *Call of Catthulhu* don't have to be ordinary domestic housecats. The cults of Fftar, Axlan, Bastet, and Hastpurr have worshippers of all sizes around the worlds, and many of them consider humans as irksome pests, or even as prey. The rules below present some options for playing as big cat species, plus a catventure for lionesses defending the future of their pride.



TRUE BIG CATS (GENUS PANTHERA)

Cat	Size	Habitat	Trait	Typical Role
Tiger	Very Large (300–800 lbs)	Jungles of India	Deadly	Scrapper
Lion	Very Large (250–500 lbs)	African plains	Strong	Female: Scrapper Male: Pussyfoot
Jaguar ¹	Large (200–300 lbs)	Central and South America	Hunter	Scrapper
Leopard ¹	Medium (100–200 lbs)	Africa and Asia	Climber	Catcrobat

OTHER WILD CATS

Cheetah	Medium (50–150 lbs)	Africa and India	Speedy	Catcrobat
Cougar ²	Medium (100–200 lbs)	Throughout the Americas	Stealthy	Poker (careful observer)
Caracal	Small (30–40 lbs)	African plains	Jumper	Catcrobat
Golden Cat	Small (10–40 lbs)	Central Africa or Asian forest	Talkative	Pussyfoot
Lynx or Bobcat	Small (20–60 lbs)	Asia and North America	Hunter	Scrapper
Serval	Small (15–40 lbs)	African plains	Sneaky	Poker

1. Panthers are jaguars or leopards with the genetic abnormality of melanism, or all-black fur. Such cats camouflage extremely well at night and make great stealthy Scrappers. The very rare albino or white panther may be marked by the gods as an important Tiger Dreamer.
2. Cougars are also known as mountain lions, catamounts, or pumas.

These tables necessarily show only a little information. More about the life cycle of wild felids makes fascinating reading or viewing. In real life, rarely would cats of different species cooperate. Where their ranges overlap, all cats fight each other over food. Tigers and many other big cats become solitary as adults and would not even work together with others of the same ilk. Catventures may present exceptional circumstances that allow a diverse group of player cats.

Settings

The Pride

The cats are the females of a lion pride, protecting their cubs and territory, and not counting on the king male for much except the most dire combat. See “The Future of the Pride” catventure.

Bachelor Band

Young male lions kicked out of their home pride by their father, the player cats must make their way in a hostile environment, finding enough to eat and eventually hoping to each find a mate and found a new pride.

Temple of the Ancients

Mighty panthers live in the deep jungle, near the remnants of an ancient human civilization. Supernatural threats arise from the ruined pyramid temple, while modern two-foots attempt to penetrate the jungle and find the lost city. Visions confirm: If not stopped, they will turn the site into an archaeological base, or worse, a tourist trap.

Cul-de-Sac

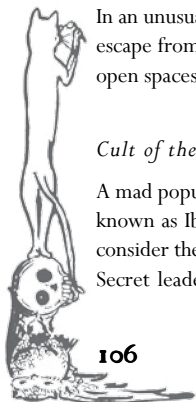
In the dry hills above a California suburb, a group of bobcats dodge humans, fight coyotes, and dine on whatever they can catch, including small pets. Will the local housecats prove valuable allies, or tasty snacks?

Safari Park

In an unusual scenario where player cats are of different species the PCs must work together to escape from a large science center and wildlife exhibition complex. Many species live in semi-open spaces contained by confusing security measures. Beyond the fences lie the wilds.

Cult of the Ib-Mab

A mad population boom of deer covers Ireland, led by an unaging fawn of mesmerizing beauty, known as Ib-mab, Avatar of the Wild (II p35). Most humans, under psychic pressure (II p15), consider the big-eyed grazers adorable and tolerate their incursions into every park and garden. Secret leaders of the worldwide cult of Axlan believe that Ib-Mab is Snarlyathotep. It surely



seeks to control and exploit the many ancient magical sites of Eire, gateways to other worlds, perhaps including primal Fuiry. The player cats are lynx brought over from mainland Europe by sympathetic, or hypnotized, human scientists to prey on the deer. Secretly the cats must disrupt Wild rituals, evade misguided human attempts to defend the deer herds, and ultimately face the Avatar. The cats don't realize that the human scientists implanted them with tracking devices, a dangerous fact should the information fall into the wrong hooves.

CATVENTURE: FUTURE OF THE PRIDE

Clare O'Halloran and Joel Sparks

Warning: This catventure involves the kidnap of, and apparent danger to, young lion cubs, the children of the Player Cat lion mothers. The cubs are never at real risk of physical harm but must be rescued from capture by feline and human foes.

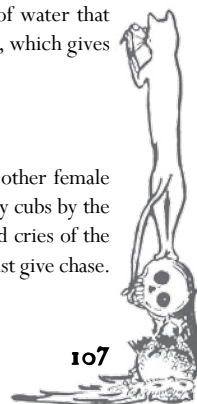
Background: The PCs are the females in a strong lion pride on the plains of Africa near a thick wood. As mother of young cubs, they worship Bastet, the mother cat goddess. The reigning male lion of the pride, who calls himself Lion, worships Fftar, the haughty cat-god of hunting and physical perfection. Some rival prides, including that of Lion's brother, instead venerate Hastpurr, whose tradition requires that big cats actively hunt down humans, their ape cousins, and other dangerous species that Fftar cats prefer to leave alone. For more on these deities see *Cat Gods*, Book II, p18.

I. THE BRIGHT WET AWFUL THING

In the middle of daylight sleep time, an unnatural creature suddenly appears and confronts the adult lions: A giant cat-shape that blindingly reflects the harsh sunlight. It smells like water and leaps at Lion. His attacks, and any by PCs, splash right through while the water-lion pounds with wet claws. Any PC who looks away from the thing and around the area, instead of just fighting, notices movement in the bush. It is a Tiger Dreamer of Uncle's pride, actively hissing out a ritual pattern over the bones of a huge lion, which lie in a broad puddle arranged in skeletal shape. The appearance of one Scrapper or any two other PCs suffice to frighten the cat and cause it to flee, abandoning the ritual. Immediately, the Thing becomes vulnerable and Lion's next attack smashes through the shape, which explodes in a vast shower of water that ruins his mane. He will spend the rest of the day grooming, and licking his bruises, which gives the PCs a window to act.

II. CUBNAP!

The male cubs are missing! Tracking by scent shows the presence of several other female lions: Easy challenge to sniff out tracks and find that the intruders picked up the tiny cubs by the scruff and carried them away (Treat). The PCs can then hear the plaintive, confused cries of the cubs, from within the trees. They are already distant. Lion is busy, so the mothers must give chase.



III. A VISITATION OF DEATH

Running along through the wood, the mothers gain rapidly on the foe who must carry or drive the small cubs. When not far away, the PCs hear roaring and repeated loud cracks like large tree-limbs breaking. They come upon a clearing where a mid-sized male lies bleeding to death from several small wounds. The smell of fire hangs in the air. The lion breathes out a final prayer: "Great Hastpurr's Eye, draw me to the Yellow War-Pride..."

A bitter stink rises from two odd tracks like those of giant pythons. The smell of the cubs leads the same way. A Twofootologist recognizes the evidence of humans, who kill with noise and fire and carry animals on bad-smelling things that roll.

IV. INTERFERING TWO-FOOTS

Swift tracking leads to the edge of the jungle, where a clutter of large, unnatural objects indicates busy intruders from the world of two-foots. The air swims with the smells of humans, trash, bitter smoke, fear, cats, raw meat, and chimps, whose mutters and shrieks mingle with the whines of the cubs.

Locations in the Camp:

The Banana Basket

Present: Three adult female chimps

See Rescue!, below, for what happens when the lions first see the camp and basket.

The Chimp Cage

A tarp covers the roof of this large cage, big enough for three or four lions. Inside, among cuttings from jungle plants, several mother chimps restrain their infants from escaping when the door is open. The humans brought these primates from another part of the jungle. They don't know that the chimps can come and go from their cage at will.

The Metal Hill

A huge, shining structure shaped like a fallen log.

Occupants: Five humans, currently working quietly out of the sun. Parked nearby, among some stinking barrels, is their vehicle, still with lingering cub smell.

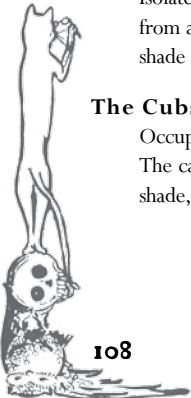
The Old Tree

Isolated from the rest of the jungle stands an ancient and mighty gum tree, a survivor from a previous phase of the forest cycle. Some of its heavy branches are dead. In its shade stand a pile of crates and the Cubs' Cage.

The Cubs' Cage

Occupants: The missing cubs

The cage is sturdy, with a single door firmly latched. Lacking time to rig a tarp for shade, the humans dragged this small cage into the shade of the Old Tree.



V. RESCUE!

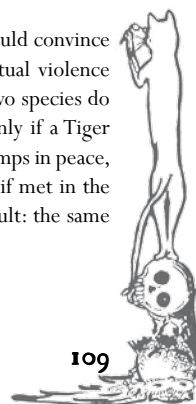
When first surveying the camp, the lions spot movement: Three chimps surround a tall basket overflowing with greenish bananas. They have stuffed their mouths and grasp more fruit in their arms. The chimps spot the lions at the same time. Emitting hoots of alarm that spray yellow pulp, they drop their bounty and sprint on all fours for the Chimp Cage. The cats would have to be fast to interfere: A Catrobat can get there first and block the chimps' way. A Scrappier can catch the hindmost chimp and attack it; beating 2dC pins the primate to the dusty ground, where it shrieks horribly. A Twofootologist realizes that this will draw the humans very soon. The cats will have only minutes to act. Unless stopped, the chimps dart into their cage and slam and latch the door behind them. Clever players will note (Treat): The chimps know how to work the cage doors.

The safest and least simple way to open the cage is with the help of the chimps. Other ideas that players might have:

- Swatting it: Useless.
- A Twofootologist can identify the door ("the part that opens").
- A Scrappier can bite the door latch, but initial gnawings quickly reveal that the sharp wires will hurt her mouth. If she goes ahead (Treat), it is a Dire Challenge causing a maximum of one Injury; on double success, the door bends and pops open.
- A player who assesses the Old Tree (Treat) sees a large dead branch hanging high above the cage. Cats could climb up and jump on the branch to dislodge it (Treat); aiming it to smash the cubs' cage is a Difficult Challenge with a Catrobat as RCFTJ. Someone will have to keep the cubs calm and still at the far end of the cage to avoid danger from the falling wood; this is a simple Contest in which the young get 1dC and an adult female rolls 2dC, with one automatic Success for a Pussyfoot. Failure means a cub panics and runs into the path of the falling branch, sustaining an Injury and needing to be carried home.
- A similar plan (Treat) could be accomplished by toppling heavy crates from the humans' nearby pile of supplies.

Honor of the Ape God

Chimps do not trust lions. However, with an Easy Challenge, a Pussyfoot could convince them to at least listen. Scrappers can help by appearing threatening, but any actual violence makes talk impossible, including if a pinned chimp was killed or injured. If the two species do communicate, the oldest chimp mother is willing to open the cubs' cage, but only if a Tiger Dreamer lion swears a sacred oath, on the cubs' lives, for the Pride to leave the chimps in peace, including free members of the same tribe, whom the lions can identify by smell if met in the wild. Finally, the chimps demand a future favor of defense against the Hastpurr cult: the same big cats who cubnapped the PCs' young cubs.



Agreement reached, the chimps carefully open their cage and let one adult slip out before slamming it again. If left to her devices, the chimp lopes over and pops the latch on the cub cage, then flees in bow-legged leaps.

Should lions make any threatening moves, all the chimps scream incredibly loudly. The lions must make Difficult Challenges to take any action for several seconds, with Catcroats getting the RCFJ free Success die. At the end of that time, the humans come running out, bearing tranquilizer guns. Any lion who was shocked into inaction has no time to grab a cub: she must run, or be shot down. Remember that there is one captive cub per Player Cat. The cubs cannot run fast enough to escape on their own.

Aftermath

The human's main concern was the safety of the chimps. Tranquilized lions will be caged near the cubs but separate. By the next day, they will see that these new cats are the cubs' mothers, and take the caged cats, in several jeep trips, to the jungle for release. However, the PCs do not know this will happen and might choose to stage another rescue attempt at night.

FUTURE CATVENTURES

The players can now take on the roles of the rescued cubs. How will this experience influence their attitudes and interactions with humans and other primates? What will the cult of Hastpurr try next?



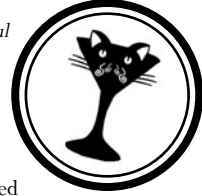
Clare O'Halloran possesses a fondness for cats of all sizes, games of all types, and learning about science and writing. This is her first published game material.

The Great Catsby

Ryan Schoon

Catsby turned out all right at the end; it was what preyed on Catsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and short-winded elations of the twofoots.

— F. Scott Feliscatus



The year is 1924. The human's attempts to outlaw liquor, a practice called prohibition, have backfired. In fact, the spirits flow more freely now than they ever did before the Great Human War. Those that can live in affluence do so with great fervor and those that cannot attach themselves to those who can. The theme of the decade is deafening parties and a rebellious attitude. Organized crime is on the rise, pushed to stardom by their efforts to circumvent prohibition. This period is known to the human's as "The Roaring 20s."

The life of excess is not lost on the cats. A very few, mostly Purebreds, lead spoiled lives, wandering through the parties in the great mansions, feasting on fish, cakes, and all the exquisite creams and milks that money can buy.

There is, however, one human who commands the respect of the cats. This human rises about all others. Those cats lucky enough to languish in the comfy halls of his mansion know him by his real name, but to all others he is called *The Great Catsby*. Catsby came out of nowhere and throws his money around by hosting lavish parties. Anyone from the two bit mobster, bathtub gin hawker, starlet flapper, or the chief detective may be in attendance, along with their exotic pets!

Castby's parties are the perfect place for humans to do business, and the perfect place for the Animal Gods to play with the fates of mankind. While Catsby himself lives under the protection of the great Ptari-Axtlan, many opposing forces seek to corrupt this blessing. Meyer Wolfshiem, for one, floods Catsby's parties with illegal liquor and corrupts the local police force with bribes. Is he in league with the Canine god Mutt'thra? Without a doubt, there are occult forces behind Catsby's fortune and rise to fame.

The only thing the cats know for sure is that they need to stay close to Castby and protect him from the evils that the humans don't know exist. At any one of these extravagant parties, the evil cat gods might make their move.

CATS AND OWNERS

The cats and animals in the Great Catsby belong to a particular set of owners. Those owners often bring their cats to play and frolic among the party goers. In The Great Catsby, the cats are noted by their type of owner, whose qualities are reflected in their cats.

TYPES OF CAT OWNERS

<i>Background</i>	<i>Struggling Owner</i>	<i>Established Owner</i>	<i>Prominent Owner</i>
Catrobat	Newsie	Con Artist	Circus Performer
Pussyfoot	Gangster's Moll	Old Money	Starlet
Scraper	Street Rat	Enforcer	Mafioso
Tiger Dreamer	Fortune Teller	Librarian	New Money
Twofootologist	Patrolman	Detective	Chief of Police

Newsie: It's a Newsie's job to deliver the newspaper wherever he can make a buck. As a Newsie's constant companion, a Catrobat must be as agile as its owner, making its way through crowded streets, fire escapes, and tight spaces. A Newsie's cat most likely snuck its way into one of Catsby's parties.

Con Artist: The Catrobat of a Con Artist is smarter than your average Catrobat. He has studied the ways of his master, who uses sleight of hand and the art of distraction like a magician. This Catrobat is the master of sneakiness and deceit.

Circus Performer: A Catrobat belonging to a famous circus acrobat would often find himself in the center of his owner's act. Even as a kitten, this Catrobat was trained to be the most flexible, acrobatic, and gymnastic Catrobat of all!

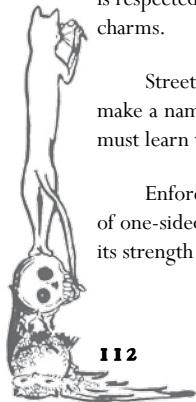
Gangster's Moll: A gangster's moll is often spoiled by the illicit funds her gangster brings into the house. These riches are not lost on the Pussyfoot, who is able to live a life of comfort and pampering, even while living in less-than-ideal circumstances. The Pussyfoot of a Ganster's Moll is adaptable and able to find joy in any excess.

Old Money:The richest of the rich hide away in their mansions and become old men. Their Pussyfoots do the same. Used to a life of ease, where they are waited on hand and foot, the Pussyfoot has only ever had to rely on its sheer cuteness. No one can turn away a Pussyfoot belonging to Old Money.

Starlet: The Starlet's Pussyfoot is used to being the center of attention. Often appearing in its owners films, this Pussyfoot has made a name for itself in the animal kingdom. Its fame is respected even by canines, and other animals, which are eager to succumb to the Pussyfoot's charms.

Street Rat: A Street Rat grows up poor but knows how to fight. Usually these street rats make a name for themselves by running errands for the local mobsters. The cat of a street rat must learn to fight as well, as its life is always in danger.

Enforcer: Being the main Enforcer brings a lot of privileges. One of those is an abundance of one-sided fights. This allows the scraper to test its mettle on smaller animals, and build up its strength over time. An Enforcer's scraper is eager to protect its owner.



Mafioso: The cat belonging to a Mafioso is both feared and respected by all other cats. They recognize that this cat's owner has power, and can make things happen in the human world. This cat is one of the toughest scrappers, because it knows there are many waiting to take him out and take his spot at the head of the cat mafia.

Fortune Teller: Just as a Fortune Teller may arrive at one of Catsby's parties and declare a vision of the future, so the fortune teller's cat will arrive and share wisdom of the True Tiger Way. Sleeping on the shoulder of one who practices fortune telling has obviously improved this cat's abilities.

Librarian: Catsby's head Librarian surrounds himself with books. The librarian's cat finds itself doing the same. Napping atop leather bound volumes or on the shelves between books has had an effect on this Tiger Dreamer. The librarian's Tiger Dreamer has a knack for knowledge that most other cats don't share.

New Money: A Tiger Dreamer belonging to new money has seen sights no other cat has seen. It has slept on trains, in cars, on boats, and has traveled to other countries. This has allowed the Tiger Dreamer belonging to New Money to have a deeper connection with the True Tiger Way.

Patrolman: The twofootologist belonging to the bumbling patrolman has been forced to learn the humans' ways. It spends its days assisting its owner, whether that involves finding his keys, fetching the paper, or hiding the bottles of gin when the patrolman has had too much to drink. The patrolman's twofootologist is a master of tools.

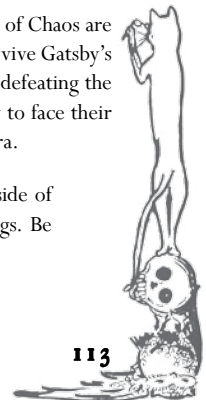
Detective: A detective needs a keen eye to survive, and his cat is no different. The detective's cat has spent his days traveling from crime scene to crime scene and has, of course, come to know a lot about the twofoot's objects. The detective's cat also has a great amount of cunning and can figure out how to use objects it has never encountered before.

Chief of Police: The Chief's cat has a very important position in all of Catsby's parties. This cat has learned how to move seamlessly through a crowded room to track its prey. It can use all objects available to it in order to investigate anything that it finds suspicious.

SPECIAL CHALLENGES

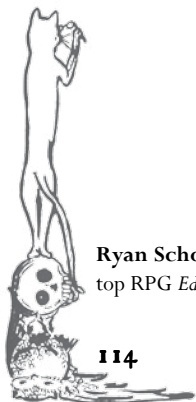
What is happening in Catsby's mansion? Fowl works are at play and the plots of Chaos are attempting to send humanity into complete disarray. It is up to the cats to try to survive Gatsby's unique parties and their varieties of special challenges. By completing challenges, defeating the agents of the other animal gods, and by surviving the night, the cats will be ready to face their final foe: Meyer Wolfsheim himself, the ultimate agent of the canine god, Mutt'thra.

- **Catsby's Guard Dogs:** Attempting to leave the party or explore the outside of Catsby's grounds will put the cats up against Catsby's watchful guard dogs. Be careful not to approach them, because they will attack felines on sight!



Worlds of Catthulhu

- **Exotic Pets:** Among the guests will arrive exotic pets. Birds, canines, rodents, and reptiles are all moving through the party, attempting to subvert their owners and negatively influence the twofoots.
- **The Mysterious Organ:** The cat's discover the organ, which has the ability to control and summon spirits, and to open hidden doors in Catsby's mansion. The piano is guarded by Klipschbringer and his army of Rodents.
- **Mobsters vs G-Men:** A bust gone bad causes chaos to erupt in the middle of Catsby's party. Bullets fly free and guard Dogs turn vicious. Can the cats find a safe place to survive the twofoots battle? Or better yet, can they find the agent of the Chaos gods who is manipulating the scene?
- **The Mysterious Owlsby:** Who is this odd man who inhabits Catsby's library? And how can the cats befriend or avoid his pet Gray Owl? The cats are sure this Owl knows the secrets of the occult workings in Catsby's mansion. But does he serve the Bird God?
- **Catsby's Basement:** The cats are free to explore Catsby's mansion. But a trip into the basement triggers an ancient Occult trap! Only by combining the powers of a Catrobat and Tiger Dreamer can the cats escape this situation!



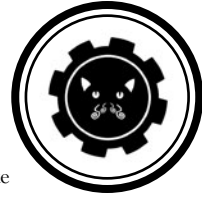
Ryan Schoon is the Lead Writer for Caelestis Designs and is currently working on the table top RPG *Edara: A Steampunk Renaissance*. <http://www.edarathegame.com>

Catthulhu: Gaslamp & Gearbox

Brie Sheldon

Hunger.

Hunger can drive even the most steadfast of cats down a dangerous path. When the wheels of industry began turning in the 19th century, it was expected that there would be more food to go around - not less. That was a lie. There may be more for those at the top of the pyramid, but like so many times before, they keep it to themselves and don't share with those who need it most.



The streets of the city are slowly filling with homeless cats and humans alike. Humans cast out because they don't have the skills to run the machinery and cats left out in the cold because the inside of these dark, dirty industrial buildings isn't safe for them, and the winding gears not safe for their flicking tails.

This is the city. The city is not all bad, though. With industry came lighted streets and iceboxes to keep cream cold and delicious. The lighted streets chased rats into the alleys so they are easier to corner and hunt. Catching a ride on a new-fangled "car" made trips to see the city from north to south and east to west all the easier.

Less resourceful cats might not find the new technology so fortuitous. When your owners are gone all hours of the day and night working in factories, or the strangers who normally leave delicious food out on their porches no longer have the money to afford to feed them, it can leave a cat's belly grumbling and growling, and leave a kitty lonely for attention.

Worst of all are the factory owners and bankers, many of whom once were people who cared for the cats of the city, treating them well. Now, these people seem distracted by the rotating cranks and resulting cash. Some cats might get desperate and look for something to change the world. It's enough to drive someone to madness.

Madness indeed, when some feel like perhaps this world is now meant for catastrophic change, and they search history and the present for some way out. Small collections of cats bind together, meeting in the dark, in secret. They meow quietly to unheard tunes, calling out to those beyond the aether. Come, they call, come and release us.

The very old and very rich Mrs. Merryweather, owner of the largest and newest textile factory, once was the wife of Mr. Merryweather, and always had left out snacks for the neighborhood strays. She also cared well for her own collection of kitties, but now they have felt left alone and neglected since her husband died. Is it possible the alley cats and merryweather cats have become one of those lost Cults, driven to bad choices by the treatment from their once-friendly and generous mistress?

TYPES OF CATS

The Urchin is best known for being underfoot and in some mess of trouble. They're experts at finding their way through the busy streets of the city. They're also known for being rather cute, in a rough and tumble sort of way, which draws in people who the Urchin happily relieve of their purses.

The Gadgeteer knows how to make things work. In a city of industry, there's no shortage of new gadgets to twist and turn. Most Gadgeteers have extra digits on their paws, giving them a better grip and more flexibility. They're the best to have around when exploring the industrial districts.

The Mouser knows food and knows it well. A hunter by nurture but a foodie at heart, they take advantage of every opportunity to try out the newest dumpster delights behind the busy restaurants of the city. Some Mousers are lucky enough that the owners don't even chase them away! When it comes down to it, the Mouser can hunt better than any other - always hungry.

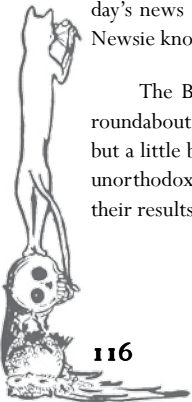
The Dilettante is an expert on human Culture. They have never had to lift a paw without someone holding it their entire life, but being carried around in a purse has its advantages. The Dilettante has seen it all but done very little. Their lives have been in the lap of luxury, never a thought for responsibility or hard work. They have had the chance to learn the finer arts, though. They're bright, but demanding.

The Jammy Dodger has more than nine lives. They're lucky, pure and simple. Clever and quick in everything they do because lady luck smiles on them. They're good to have around in a pinch because they seem to always know which turn to take, whether in the underground or grid streets, and the coin always flips heads for them.

The Bruiser is all brawn and no brains, but that's sometimes what you need in the streets. They're big. They're burly. They're scarred up, and they give out much more than they take. Most bruisers are surprisingly kind to those they associate with, however, and are loyal to a fault. Keeping a bruiser around can keep you safe from the scary things that lurk.

The Newsie knows all. They've got sharp ears and know the best spots in the city to listen in and suss out the mood and tone of the situation. No one thinks to keep quiet when an unassuming kitty is hanging around. The Newsie will take it all in and turn it around for next day's news - meowing out what they've found to other cats. If information is the game, the Newsie knows what's afoot.

The Boffin can fix anything from a twisted tail to a sniffle, but they might do it in a roundabout manner. They're the mad scientists—snappier than a whip when it comes to smarts but a little backwards when time comes to have a bedside manner. Their fixes might be a little unorthodox—the veterinarians they find are sometimes a little unusual - but no one can argue their results.



CHALLENGES

An Urchin...

- Can easily navigate the streets of the city, distract a human, slip through grates and gates, walk a fence, blend into a crowd
- With difficulty, can nip a purse or wallet, navigate country roads, distract a crowd, find a hiding place in the city, dodge moving vehicles

A Gadgeteer...

- Can easily press a button, climb up equipment, pull a switch, discern different fuels by scent, determine how to turn on a machine
- With difficulty, can distinguish text from graphics, push a lever, open a door, identify purposes of machinery, determine how to turn off a machine

A Mouser...

- Can easily catch a small animal, find basic foods, give chase to a dog, locate animals by scent, hide in good cover
- With difficulty, can catch a larger animal, find unusual foods, give chase to a human, locate humans by scent, hide in plain sight

A Dilettante...

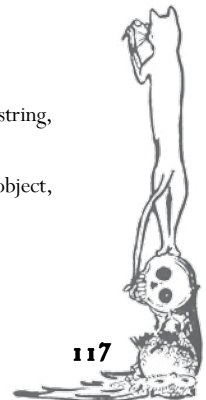
- Can easily get food from a human, recognize fine foods, identify human objects, get attention from a human, tell the difference between humans by sound
- With difficulty, can appeal for help from a dog, understand the use of human machines, remember the scent of a human, comfort a human

A Jammy Dodger...

- Can easily slip by a human unnoticed, tell direction even underground, find the nearest door or window, hear that someone is coming, balance on a beam
- With difficulty, can predict when something will fall, dodge moving objects, understand a game

A Bruiser...

- Can land a surprise blow, tussle with a dog, scare other cats, chew through string, tear open soft materials
- With difficulty, can scare a human, beat a dog in a fight, knock over a heavy object, chew through wire



Worlds of Catthulhu

A Newsie...

- Can recognize images, understand the mood of human speech, hear whispers, find the source of a sound
- With difficulty, can stay awake for long periods, communicate basic needs to humans, confuse a dog, track a human by scent

A Boffin...

- Can comfort a cat, find clean water, lick wounds clean, identify an injury, find a safe space to hide
- With difficulty, can staunch a wound, comfort a dog, locate a veterinarian, get help from a human

HUMANS

- Mrs. Merryweather, wealthy and old, formerly a friend to cats but now always angry and preoccupied. Carries a sharp parasol.
- William, Mrs. Merryweather's nephew and heir, visits on occasion. Has two cats of his own.
- Mr. Dodson, wealthy and young, spends an unusual amount of time with Mrs. Merryweather. Ambivalent to the cats. Waves around a fancy, unnecessary cane.
- Dr. Epstein, eccentric and clever, works and lives in the dilapidated carriage house on the merryweather estate. Loves cats but is destitute.
- Harry, a shop mechanic, loves cats and shares his food with them. Always in the dangerous rooms filled with moving parts. Lives in a small cottage near the industrial building.
- Servants, butler, cooks, various maids.

ANIMALS

- Player Cats
- Hungry neighborhood cats
- Thieving rats
- Neighborhood dogs
- Cult of the Red Smoke cats



LOCATION 1: THE INDUSTRIAL BUILDING

Weaving Floor

People: from dawn til dusk, 40 or more workers

Features: huge, noisy machine looms; air full of dust and tiny cloth scraps; very hot. Purebreds will suffer.

Exits: door to supervisor's office; short hall to throstrling floor; small, high windows kept closed

Drive Room

People: one or two mechanics

Features: enormous coal-fired steam engine driving steel shafts that Project from the walls, shaking the ground. Loud enough to damage unprotected cat hearing. Fiendishly hot and foul-smelling.

Exits: door to coal room. Stairs up to freight dock. Tight and dangerous egress by squeezing through the driveshaft openings. Under a whirring set of piston rods close to the stone floor, a hole in a steel grate leads into the underground tunnels of the Cult of the Red Smoke.

Locked Room

People: Mr. Dobson, William

Features: dark inside, sparsely furnished.

Exits: locked door, unlocked window that is taped over with cloth, a broken board beneath a desk that leads to the weaving floor.

LOCATION 2: MERRYWEATHER ESTATE

Kitchen

People: servants

Features: coal-fired stove, many cupboards, racks of knives and pans. Quiet and delicious-smelling - meats of all varieties, spices, and even sometimes tuna. Warm and relaxing. Occupied by a large tom cat who doesn't like to share.

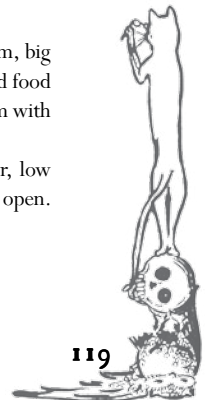
Exits: door to shared courtyard. Stairs to estate first floor. Hole in the back of a cupboard leading through a tunnel out the front of the estate to the streets.

Entrance and First Floor

People: Mrs. Merryweather, William, Mr. Dobson, servants

Features: winding hallways, large dining room, soft couches in the sitting room, big roaring fireplaces in every room. The dining room almost always has unfinished food in the wings off the side of the room. The sitting room is always a mite too warm with the smell of the fire. There is a dumbwaiter in the hallway nearest the kitchen.

Exits: the front door, the stairs to the kitchen, the stairs to the second floor, low windows that are always closed. Back door with a large iron grate that is rarely open.



Second Floor

People: Mrs. Merryweather, servants, William

Features: Mrs. Merryweather's bedroom with luxurious fabrics, the smell of faint perfume, and an open window onto the outside awning. William's guest bedroom, sparse and clean. The bathroom with working hot water plumbing, a massive bathtub that is often full, and one of the fancy flushing toilets. Long hallways.

Exits: the stairs to the first floor, windows in each room that are locked. A doorway to a balcony overlooking the courtyard, over awnings and fences. A hidden doorway behind the flushing toilet is damp and somewhat smelly but leads downward in a tunnel to the kitchen. The dumbwaiter.

Courtyard

People: Mr. Dobson, Dr. Epstein, servants

Features: sweet-smelling green grass, brightly colored flowers, a small shack of a garage. Shared with Dr. Epstein. The sounds of the surrounding neighborhood are loudest here - spare shouts, moving cars, and abnormally loud birds.

Exits: door into the kitchen, over the fence into the neighbors' yards, around the tight pathways to the front streets.

LOCATION 4: DR. EPSTEIN'S CARRIAGE HOUSE

Main Floor

People: Dr. Epstein

Features: broken furniture, old and worn couches, an unused kitchen nearly devoid of food, unusual smells coming from the basement door. The faintest sound of heavy clunking sounds from below.

Exits: the front door, the back door through the kitchen, the basement door.

Basement

People: Dr. Epstein

Features: bubbling chemical concoctions, an acrid smell mixing with the sweet smell of almond, a desk with blueprints, a machine with moving gears that clunk.

Exits: the basement door to the main floor, a single window that is wedged open.

LOCATION 3: THE TUNNELS

Sewers

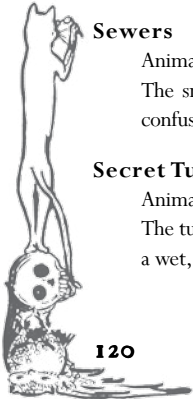
Animals: Neighborhood dogs, hungry neighborhood cats

The smell is atrocious and pervasive. It's dark, dingy, and the pathways twist and confuse.

Secret Tunnels

Animals: Hungry neighborhood cats, Cult of the Red Smoke cats

The tunnels are cramped except for a few large openings. The smell is of incense and a wet, smoky scent.



The Streets

People: passers-by, Mr. Dobson, Harry

Animals: hungry neighborhood cats, neighborhood dogs, thieving rats

The streets are dark even by day, filled with mist and the sounds of noisy motorcars.

THE ADVENTURE

At the start of the adventure, it is early morning, and Mrs. Mayweather is in the dining room. Ellen is with her, serving her breakfast, and Mr. Dobson sits across the table from Mrs. Mayweather. Lucius lurks in the hallway by the dumbwaiter, listening in on the conversation in the dining room. The other two maids are with the cook in the kitchen. William, however, is missing from the house and courtyard, not even to be found in Dr. Epstein's carriage house.

Dr. Epstein is in the basement of the carriage house, working. Likewise, Harry is working on the drive room, but oblivious to anything around him due to all of the noise. Inside cats may place themselves anywhere except the dining room of the mayweather estate. Outside cats cannot be inside areas of the estate where humans could see them.

Prelude: Whispers

Something unusual is happening in pleasant close, the neighborhood housing the mayweather estate. A Dilettante or a Newsie might be able to hear the changes in tone or surmise that something is changing at the estate. Mrs. Mayweather is upset, even moreso than normal, and Mr. Dobson is smug and self-satisfied, but it seems like he's trying to hide it. The hungry neighborhood cats are hissing outside the kitchen door, distressed that no food was left out for them. William's cats are on the lookout for him, and can smell him on Mr. Dobson, as well as the smell of cheap gin.

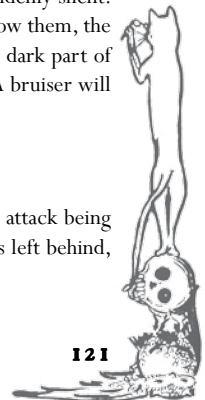
First Challenge: The Hunt

Cats who pay attention to the human goings-on will have the chance to follow Mr. Dobson when he leaves the dining room. He ventures out into the streets into an automobile, which will lead the cats on a chase. The eventual location is the industrial building with the drive room. In the meantime, someone may want to comfort Mrs. Mayweather.

The hungry neighborhood cats make a loud wailing ruckus but then fall suddenly silent. A small group of them wanders off into the streets, looking suspicious. If cats follow them, the chase leads underground. A Jammy Dodger or Urchin would be useful here. In a dark part of the tunnels, the cats may find themselves overtaken by some of the hungry cats. A bruiser will have little trouble shaking them off.

Second Challenge: A Lead

In the tussle, they may lose track of the hungry cats when they run off, the attack being just a quick assault. They may also find a cotton ball marked with tar that the cats left behind, something like one would lodge in their ear to mute out terrible noise.



Meanwhile, Mr. Dobson makes his way into a locked room in the building with the drive room. Following him would take special care and quiet. Here he has hidden William, who is tied up and unconscious. If the cats look in on William, they'll see Mr. Dobson drinking from a bottle of gin so cheap the smell carries throughout the room. As they watch, Mr. Dobson dumps some of the gin down William's clothes and pulls out a knife. Harry is in the drive room, and will draw the attention of the cats, offering food and attention. Harry seems to be unaware of what Mr. Dobson is doing.

Note: Dr. Epstein's Basement. Dr. Epstein is in a tizzy, and has lost one of his mixing compounds. A Mouser might be able to catch the scent of the sneaky rats who have stolen it and recover it for him. It is unusual for there to be so many rats in the neighborhood.

Third Challenge: Uncovering

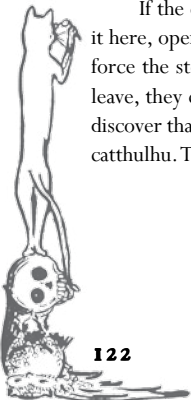
If the cats are able to distract Mr. Dobson from the locked room, they may find a way in to William. A Boffin may be able to wake William, while another cat might be able to loosen his binding. They could try to help William leave, or they could draw Harry's attention to get him to find William. The cats following the hungry cats can deduce that the tar and cotton ball lead to the dirty, noisy drive room. If they can keep from being distracted too long by Harry, or if Harry is otherwise occupied, they might search the room to find the hidden hole in the steel grate leading down into tunnels beneath the drive room.

Fourth Challenge: Revelation

The cats may want to lead Harry or William to escape the industrial building and head back to the cul-de-sac and mayweather estate. They can do so by sneaking through the upper streets or through the sewers. Dobson has an automobile, so he may be more likely to find them in the upper streets. A Jammy Dodger, Urchin, or Mouser can navigate the streets or sewers. In either case, it's likely they'll run into neighborhood dogs at some point. They will either need to scare off the dogs or convince them to leave them alone, or they'll draw dobson's attention or risk hurting the cats. If they can get to Mrs. Mayweather without being caught by dobson, the cats succeed at rescuing William and can hear him reveal his trauma to her.

Down in the tunnels beneath the drive room, the cats can find their way through to a large opening with a path around that allows for them to hide. In the opening, there is an altar with a small statue of catthulhu.

If the cats did not recover Dr. Epstein's compound, with some investigation they can find it here, open. There are fumes rising from the bottle that can make the cats feel dizzy. They can force the stopper back in and return the compound to Dr. Epstein. When the cats prepare to leave, they can be ambushed by a large group of rats. After tussling with the rats, the cats may discover that the rats were acting on behalf of the rat god, trying to stop the ritual to bring forth catthulhu. The compound was meant to weaken the cats so they were easier to ambush.



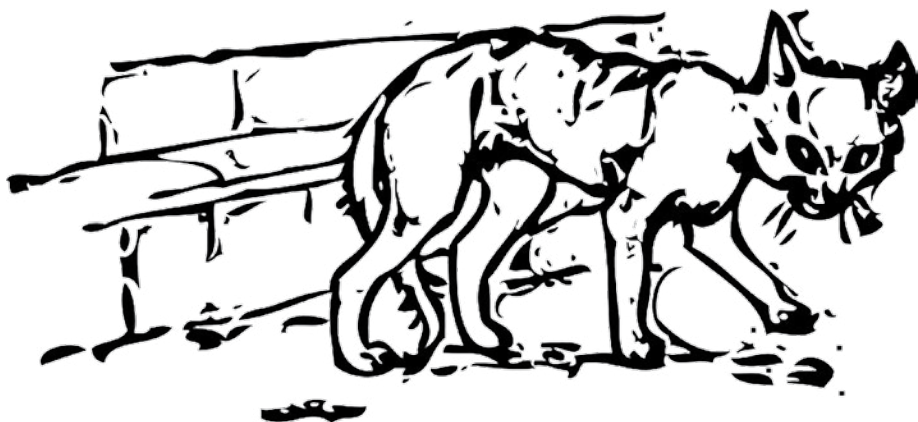
Conclusion

Once the cats have discovered the empty room or defeated the rats, the adventure is over. If they managed to recover William, they each earn another cat treat. Each cat can also add the following Experiences to her character sheet:

- Cheap gin smells like danger (can recognize the smell of gin and Mr. Dobson)
- Tar behind the ear means Catthulhu is here (can recognize members of the Cult of the Red Smoke)
- Chemicals can harm (aware of the effects of chemicals and can avoid them)

NOTES FOR THE CAT HERDER

This adventure has two storylines that can be done concurrently or separately. It is a brief adventure and allows for some flexibility. During the investigation of William's disappearance, which William's cats would be particularly interested in, elements of the other mystery could be revealed, like the hungry cats, the sound of chanting, or the hole in the floor of the drive room. While investigating the hungry cats, the smell of William on Mr. Dobson, in the drive room or weaving room, and the sounds of his distress could be heard with some effort. Mr. Dobson is trying to get William, the heir, out of the way so he might marry the old Mrs. Mayweather and take her fortune. Dr. Epstein has been plagued by rats who have been stirred out of their tunnels by the hungry cats.



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The Catthulhu Code

Ben Woerner

All that is in the Book of Life is not meant for the Eyes of Men.

—A. Alhissred, *The Necronomewcon*



Long ago, in the days before history the creatures of the Earth were closer to each other. Long before catkind decided to guide mankind to its lofty position as figurehead of the Animal Kingdom man, cat, and all the other beasts spoke to one another, shared thoughts, dreams, and lived an idyllic existence. Some call this Eden, other's call it the Dreamlands, Zion, Elysium, or the Realm of the Gods.

Whatever it was we know that man, the beasts, and cats were driven from this Garden. Many a cat dream of returning there, but fear the legends of the one who drove them from the Garden. Some say they were tricked out, others say they were forced. But all say that the creature was a Serpent.

It went by many names: The Morning Star, the Lying Darkness, and Set were just a few. It is said to be a great slithering evil that lurks in the dark space outside the Garden waiting for the stars to align. If they reach alignment it will find a way into the Garden and consume it, for it is always hungry. With the power it gains from consuming the Garden it will consume all of Creation, man, beast, and cat alike until nothing remains but the void.

There is hope! In ancient tomes it speaks of mankind and beasts being barred from the Garden. But these tomes are silent about the banishment of cats. A cat might find their way there again and drive back the Serpent, follow the Path to the Garden and return with that Gift. Perhaps the Gift is powerful enough to stop even the Great Catthulhu.

Today, no cat knows the Path, but many search for it. There are clues that wiser cats who found their way into the Garden have left behind for other discerning cats to discover. And there are false trails that charlacats have left to confuse the path. Many such breadcrumb trails exist and different Catbals specialize in following the different trails. What is the true Path and what is false trail, no cat knows. Those cats who claim to have found the way invariably disappear and none know if they were devoured by the Serpent or once reaching the Garden decided to never leave.

CATBALS: SECRET SOCIETIES

There are countless Catbals and individual cats dedicated to finding the Garden Path. But none so dedicated as the Catbals listed here. They are each a world spanning network of cats, but most, if not all cats in their organizations are members of their preferred roles. Although, beware, one or more of these Catbals might be full of kitty litter. If one of them knows the way down the Garden Path, how do the others? We know not, but perhaps the truth can be sniffed out.

The Followers of the Katballah have guided Mankind to leave clues within the Tailmud. Tiger Dreamers, they dream of the Sephirot, the Tree of Life. Those who climb the Tree to the Garden will find the Gift of Kater: the Yarn Ball of Wisdom. They claim to be the earliest seekers of the Garden and its Path, and with their ancient texts this claim rings true. They dream that the Tree of Life is both the Path, at the Garden's Center, and the Garden is at the Crown of the Tree. If they can understand the Tree then they will learn to climb the Tree and reach the Garden.

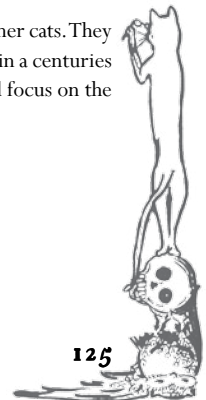
The Purr'ry of Sion are Pussyfoots who believe that a line of cats from the Meowvingian Dynasty have survived in an unbroken line from the Garden. They were entrusted as the Gatekeepers to the Garden and hold the secret to defeating the Serpent. Only the Chosen of the Purr'ry can follow the Secrets left for them by those Meowvingians who came before and discover the Sangreal, the Saucer of Cats, the Gift of the Garden.

The Nights Templar are an Order of Scrappers who claim to have haunted the ancient temples and fortresses since the time of King Solomon. Their progenitor was a Mouser of such resolve that he could not be tempted by anything. King Solomon trusted Candlestick, as was his name, so deeply that he would have Candlestick hold his candles for him so that Solomon could see in the dark to write. Even when a tempting mouse would walk across his feet Candlestick would not waiver. And thus, Candlestick, reading over Solomon's shoulder, learned all the wisdom that Solomon knew, and learned of the way to the Garden.

The Order of the Golden Yawn is a group of Twofootologists who reside in the eldritch halls of magick. Their symbol, a golden pyramid of light that shines through a distant window and brings eternal warmth to all, is what they believe they will find in the Garden. They claim that only through purrmetic rituals and secret rites can a cat find their way to the Garden and hope to defeat the Serpent. The Black Cats of the witch and wizard are, and have always been, members of the Golden Yawn. They work together as a network assembling the clues left by their ancestors in the rituals that the Twofooters bumble and fail because they were meant to be cast from paws and not hands.

The secretive Hisshissin are Catcrobatz who have journeyed far both outwardly and inwardly. They believe that only in knowing the world can you find where the Garden is located; and only when they know their true cat nature, with the help of catnip, can they defeat the Guardian who defends the Garden. Then will they find the Gift they seek. Others fear them and they are known by their motto, "Nothing is true, everything is purrmitted."

In their early days, the Hisshissin hunted more than just mice. They hunted other cats. They used to be Scrappers and Catcrobatz. They even warred against the Nights Templar in a centuries long conflict. But now they claim to have given up the Path of the Silent Killer and focus on the Path of the Garden.



TYPES OF CATS

<i>Background Role (Society)</i>	<i>Feral (Mixed / Purebred)</i>	<i>Housecat (Mixed / Purebred)</i>	<i>Showcat (Mixed / Purebred)</i>
Catrobat (Hisshissin)	Cat in the Crowd/ Street Performer	Eyes and Ears/ Mewlevi	Catsassin/ Whirling Dervish
Pussyfoot (Purr'ry of Sion)	Seeker/ Lost Kitten	Library Cat/ Meowvingian in Training	Meowologist/ Meowvingian
Scrapper (NightsTemplar)	Hunter/ Ranger	Sergeant/ Night Cat	Master/ Grandmaster
Tiger Dreamer (Followers of Katballah)	Strong/ Loveable	Wise/ Knowledgeable	Victorious/ Majestics
Twofootologist (Order of the Golden Yawn)	Meowphyte/ Black Cat Path Follower	Adeptus/ Black Cat Companion	Magus/ Black Cat Familiar

The Cat in the Crowd is common looking. Unremarkable, easy to miss. You can slip through the feet of a jostling crowd as well as a jaguar can stalk through a dense forest at night. You know the way of the street and how to disappear amongst the Two Foots. In days passed, the Street Performer would distract the crowd, and the Cat in the Crowd would hit the target.

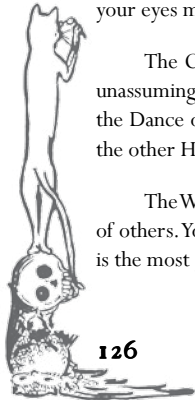
The Street Performer seeks the Garden Path amongst the highways and byways of the world. You leap and twirl about the streets and markets better than any traucer. You are always seeking what is around the next corner. Hoping that you will stumble onto the Path, to find it by not looking for it, but to be in the moment of the leap and chase.

The Eyes and Ears know what's going on. You keep an ear to the ground and weather eye out for anything amiss. You can climb the highest roof, and scuttle up a chimney better than any other. If there is something going on nearby, you can find it.

The Mewlevi are ecstatic-cats. You leap and twirl according to the ancient teachings of the Hisshissin. You believe that it will bring you knowledge of the Path. If you dance enough your paws will remember the steps. You drink little, and eat less, and partake of the catnip so that your eyes might be opened to the inner Path.

The Catsassins are the secret within the secret. Rare, but a few still exist. You are plain, unassuming, but a master of the Pounce, the Leap, and the Death from Above. All the steps in the Dance of Death. You have trained your entire life and believe that you make it possible for the other Hisshissin to find the Path, and if they do, they will bring you along.

The Whirling Dervishes are ecstatic-cats who have perfected their dance for the enjoyment of others. You may not have the deeper internal understanding of the Mewlevi, but your dance is the most glorious, and perhaps the Garden Path will be revealed to the one who brings it the



greatest glory with the most perfect dance. After all the Mewlevi say that it is the perfect dance which will find the Garden Path.

Seekers are the foot soldiers of the Purr'ry. You are always looking for Lost Kittens of the Meowvingian Bloodline. You know how to grease the right paws and know the markings and signs of a Meowvingian kitten. You know all the hidey holes and are on good terms with the most powerful alley cat lords. If there is a need or a problem on the streets you are the cat to fix it.

A Lost Kitten is a Meowvingian who does not know who they are. If you did you wouldn't be living on the streets! You have the trademark long hair of the Meowvingians and a unique star or spot on the top of each paw. You are naturally charismatic and many other cats are drawn to you, even if you don't know why.

The Library Cats are the scholars and geneolocats of the Purr'ry. You seek out lost lines of the Meowvingians and clues to how the Meowvingians can find the Cat Saucer within the Garden. You have an open nature about you that gets Two Foots to let you hang around, and you have a way with books and libraries to such a degree that most cats that live in libraries are member of the Purr'ry.

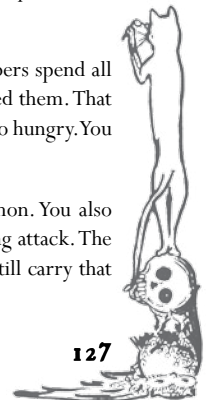
The Meowvingian in Training is a young Meowvingian who was born into the Purr'ry, or one who was just discovered. You know about your heritage, are learning to harness your natural long haired beauty and attract followers with a little effort. You usually can be found learning from the Library Cats so that one day you can begin your quest for the Garden Path.

Meowologists are the masters of the Meow and the esoteric riddles of the Meowvingians. You know all the ways in which a cat might manipulate a Two Foot with but a single meow, and you know all the signs and clue about the beginning of the Garden Path left behind by the Ancient Meowvingians. You dream of walking the Garden Path, but know that only Meowvingians can complete the puzzles. Perhaps you can show them and walk it with them.

The Meowvingian are a cat apart. Wherever you go other cats and Two Foots marvel at your beauty and grandeur. But you are more than a pretty face and charismatic leader. You are one of the descendents of the Meowvingians. You have the blood of ancient cat rulers flowing through your veins. And with that blood it is prophesied that you will unbar the Garden Path, walk it to the Garden, defeat the Serpent, and bring Heaven to Earth when you sip from the Saucer of Cats. Or at least, one Meowvingian will, maybe it's you.

The Hunter is the provider for the Nights Temple. The higher ranked members spend all their time practicing stoicism and the wisdom of Solomon, but someone must feed them. That someone is you. You catch the mice, the bugs, and birds so that the Nights do not go hungry. You may be simple, but you understand the wisdom of the Hunt and eating well.

Rangers rove about searching for clues and hidden temples built by Solomon. You also watch the other orders and are prepared to warn the Templar in case of impending attack. The Rangers were the worst hit by the Hisshissin in the ancient days and your order still carry that



grudge against them even now. You may wander, but you do so with purpose, prepared for any eventuality.

Sergeants run the various teams of Hunters, Rangers, and Nights based out of a Temple. You were probably a Hunter or Ranger yourself when you were younger, but now organize and teach the younger cats how to scrape. You bear the scars of their past crusades with pride and can be frequently found retelling your tales by a warm fire.

The noble Night Cat has taken up the banner of the Nights Templar. You embody all the stoic ideals of Candlestick the First Night Cat. You have learned from the Masters of the Temple the wisdom of Solomon that they wished to impart to you. They have taught you how to defend the weak, be brave and honest, and do no wrong. And you will defend these kernels of Solomon's Wisdom to your dying breath.

A Nights' Templar Master runs one of the many temples or cathedrals within the order. Or they are the master of the Hunters, Rangers, or Nights for the entire Order. You have spent many years in the service to the Nights of the Temple of Solomon. You know the politics that are played within the order, but your strength, cunning, and charisma have brought you this far. You have learned more about Solomon's Wisdom, but only the Grandmasters have learned the Final Secret of Solomon.

The Grandmasters are three equals of the Nights of the Temple of Solomon who rule over the entire Catbal of Nights. And you know the Truth about Solomon's Wisdom. You have likely spent years within the Cathedrals of the Order. You have been as patient as Candlestick and worked your way up each rung learning more secrets at each step. Your Cat Wrangler will know the Secret of Solomon.

The Strong, Loveable, Wise, Knowledgeable, Victorious, and Majestic are all the cats within the Followers of the Katballah. Unlike the other Catbals you do not split yourself into ranks or levels. You are all equals. Each group focuses on one of the important steps along the Garden Path. You believe that if you understand your step and embody the Virtue of that step you will understand the Katballah, and through it find your way to the Tree of Life within the Garden. Many Katballists will leave their group once they believe they have mastered the virtue they move onto the next. You believe that only once a Katballist has mastered all of the Virtues can they climb the Tree of Life that is the Garden Path.

Meowphytes are initiates into the Golden Yawn. You are not a Black Cat, but you seek to be warmed with the Wisdom of the Golden Yawn. You have been sent to the streets to learn the ways of the Two Foots in public. You also have been tasked with seeking out any new purrmetic rituals that the Golden Yawn has not laid their paws on. There are many claims to esoteric knowledge, but most are fake. So you spend your days studying Two Foots and your nights sifting through the false detris of purrmetic magick.

You are a Black Cat Path Follower. You follow The Ancient and Rite Path of the Black Cat. You may have been a Black Cat Familiar or Companion at one time, but now you seek to find the Black Cat Who Warmed Himself in the Sun Too Long. Legend goes that Black Cat was the



reason all were cast from the Garden. That unluckiness follows the Black Cat wherever they go, but that they know the way back into the Garden. You seek to find or become The Black Cat, and thus find your way to the Garden by embodying the Legendary Black Cat.

The Adeptus have been initiated into the Second Circle of the Golden Yawn. You have learned your first Purrmetic Rituals, although you may not have tried them out yet. You spend all day reading and studying the rituals of the Golden Yawn. You dream of the languid days of the Meowphytes and wish you had a few minutes to stretch out in the sun.

A Black Cat Companion has been assigned by the Order to a Two Foot Companion. They are not a Two Foot witch, wizard, or mage, but they might be one in training. You train just as much as the other Adeptus, but because you are a Black Cat you must also train with your Two Foot. You learn their quirks, moods, and behaviors better than any other. You help them in their studies so that one day you might become their Familiar.

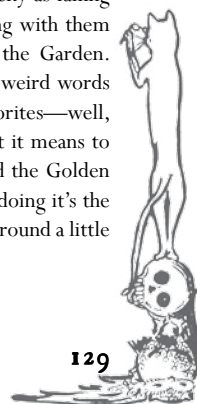
A Magus is a Master of the Golden Yawn. You have learned all the purrmetic rituals and secret rites that a cat can hold in their brain and remain sane. You believe that if you were able to find the Garden Path that you would know how to defeat the Serpent. Perhaps one of your friends in the Black Cats can find the way for you to walk?

Black Cat Familiars are the magically bound companions of witches and wizards. You have a gift that few other cats will ever experience. You can speak into the mind of your human and they understand you. You know your human better than anyone else ever will, and your human knows you almost as deeply. Once you learn all there is about magick from your master, and once they have passed on then perhaps you will follow the Path of the Black Cat.

Discatians

These cats form no Society, and have no Role. The Discatians are followers of the Principia Discatia. They believe that the Goddess of Chaos, Eris, found the Garden Path. It is told in numerous legends that she rolled a golden apple that granted immortality to whoever ate it into a party of gods. On the side the word, “Katlisti,” was inscribed, which means, “For the Cattiest One.” Golden Apples are only found in the Garden.

The Discatians believe if they follow Eris long enough, she will lead them back to the Garden. Or Not. Eris is the Goddess of Chaos, after all, and following her is tricky as falling without hitting the ground. Some believe in Not following Eris, for she is playing with them and avoiding the Garden. Therefore if they do Not follow her they will find the Garden. Discatians are an odd bunch, but no one can tell if there is true wisdom in their weird words and wanderings. As a Discatian, you’re whatever you want to be. Eris plays no favorites—well, she does, but only on a whim, so it matters Not what you choose. Embody what it means to be a cat (or don’t) and Eris will surely gift you with how to find the Garden and the Golden Apples inside. Or maybe she’s just playing a cruel trick on you. Whatever Eris is doing it’s the cattiest thing you’ve ever seen or heard. You’ve got to admire that. She even keeps around a little Cockroach she calls Gulik to toy with. Maybe you should get one too?



THE GREAT CONJUNCTION

In times past the Catbals scrapped with each other, and other times they worked together. Working together or fighting, when the Catbals came together they called them one thing: Furballs.

Now a great stellar conjunction draws near. All the great Catbals must come together to search for the Garden, defeat the Serpent, and bring the Gifts of the Garden to help Catkind against the Thing Beyond the Light. The Elders of each Order have called all their members to form Furballs to search for the Path to the Garden, to defeat the Serpent, and bring back the Gifts they find in the Garden.

Tales of the Catthulhu Code are about Furballs seeking hermetic knowledge hidden in plain sight or secreted in codes, magick, or visions. They will journey to places lost to Catkind: ruined temples, ancient fortresses, and maybe even the Dreamlands. With different and sometimes opposing visions of what the Garden is and how to get to it the Furball must learn to work together and find the Garden before the stars align and Darkness consumes all.



Ben Woerner is the founder of WunderWerks, a game designer, and author of the samurai noir RPG *World of Dew*. Twitter @capt_bloode