

TALES FROM THE LOST KITCHEN



fig. a



fig. b



fig. c



fig. d



fig. e

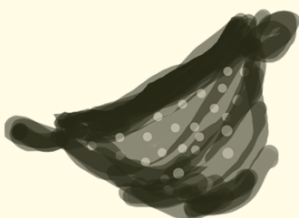


fig. f

Go to a kitchen.

You are a group of people who live in the future.

You have uncovered this kitchen.

It belonged to your ancestors.

It is full of many things.

You do not know what they are.

How to play:

Take an item. Tell us what it is.

Then, tell a tale of your ancestors.

How did they use it? Why?

Now it's the next person's turn. They have a choice.

They may either agree with the tale that has been told and the values it represents. If they do this, they take a new item, and tell another, consistent tale.

Or they may disagree. Then, they must take the same item and tell a new tale that reveals the truth.

Repeat this until you become weary of your forebearers.

Then, come together and use the evidence you've established through your stories to describe your ancestors and confirm your collective history. The truth of your past is now revealed.

Leave the kitchen invigorated by your enlightenment.

Variant:

Your ancestors had to flee this kitchen and leave. If they hadn't, you wouldn't be here today. This is what they left behind.

ALL THINGS GROW

This story takes as long to tell as a plant to grow.

Mother curls her hand – strong, calloused, beautiful – over yours.

She has given you something – a sunflower seed.

It presses against your palm.

Her eyes shut.

Hold the seed, when you're ready, plant it:

Your mother is a babe. Pink and crying, feeding and growing.

Tell us about her home. What were her parents like?

When the first shoots arrive:

Your mother is a child. She is small and the world so big.

Tell us about her best adventures. How she was brave?

When the stalk grows strong, and leaves emerge:

Your mother is a teenager. Her territory grows. She is becoming more independent.

Tell us of her dreams. What is the future she hunts?

When the flower blooms:

Your mother atop the mountain she has climbed.

She is all alone and all herself.

She is smiling at the sun.

Tell us who your mother is. What limits has she shed?

Let the flower be. When you're ready:

Cut it.

Place it in a vase. That was your mother before you knew her.

You don't need the flower to know the rest of her story.

Grow.



Storybrewers
Roleplaying

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