
Noir Weights - Waylon and The Alter (Complete)



Streets blessed by Our Lady of Neon.

This is the first completed part of a mini-setting I've created, based on the weird city my imagination goes to when I listen to Tom Waits music. This isn't the entire city, it's a neighborhood in it called Noir Weights. Here is one of the notable places in Noir Weights, Mister Waylon's house. The next place I will create is 'The Old Gug Bourbon Distillery'.

In These Strange Streets -

The city is a place where reality has become senile. The welcome sign at it's limits is blank. The records hall is filled with so many uncertainties that it's dangerous to go in alone. The city is an anyplace that could be anywhere. Its citizens care little for specifics as long as they get what they want by the end of the day. The nice parts cope with dazzle and chance, the bad parts are just trying to get by without much thought to the state of the world.

Off, in the distance, is Downtown. The city's towering skyline is draped in neon and flashbulb signs. Here, the more respectable crowd roam between their casino themed offices and their night-lounge homes. The fashionable folk strut about streets bathed in electric pink and blue light, everyone dressed to the nines in shark-skin suits and leopard print dresses. Their tailored clothes all decked out with the latest arcane charms to ensure good luck, and most of all, a perfect sense of 'cool'. Above Downtown, a metal serpent the size of a skyscraper slides through the air, its body an amalgam of neon, chrome, and marquee lights. The chrome god prowls the skies to keep watch on

Downtown, snatching up those who really don't fit the 'vibe'. If the sky-serpent doesn't get 'them', its children will. Snake boys and girls done up in silk and polyester, their headlight eyes capable of freezing a sad-sac in place in order to get a good shot. The seizing, foaming wrecks thrash in alleyways and sidewalks until neon jaws swoop down to put an end to their misery.



The motto of Noir Weights.

Darkness at The Edge of Town -

Noir Weights is the quintessential bad part of town. The streets alternating between cracked asphalt and broken cobbles. Rarely, a streetlight will flicker on when the world realizes that it should be night. A neighborhood of derelict structures and broken downtown signage. All the roads here either lead to the old distillery or straight out to safer places.



This is just the beginning...

How'd we get here? - 1D6

Traveling to the city, and Noir Weights, can occur through a vast number of ways. Here are a few that you can roll randomly, or just choose. You can also just make something up that Thompson, Burroughs, or P.K. Dick would approve of.

1) ***The Devil's Red Convertible/Carriage:*** Wandering down a forest track or hitchhiking over a forgotten highway, it found you and The Man offered you a ride. In the old-fashioned places it's a shining red carriage pulled by two bright, white horses, their proportions stretched ever-so-slightly. In places where tech would allow, it's a shiny monster of a red convertible. A man with a wide smile, slick clothes, and pupils as big as saucers offers you a ride. Time went wild, miles morphed into a new measurement beyond distance, and now you're staring up at a sky moving towards evening. Red lanterns or tail-lights wink off in the distance, stranding you in hostile territory.

2) ***In The Depths of a Binge:*** Too many drinks at the tavern. Too many puffs of opium tinged smoke. Too many huffs off the ether rag. You could have woken up in Narcosa or the Dreamlands, but the gods and fate really want you to hurt. Now, you're in Noir Weights, and its getting toward the dark hours. Hours where things might prowl to kill with a wide grin and a 'helping' hand.

3) ***Searching Lost Highways:*** There are roads that cross more than just land, back ways where someone can shave time or just get lost. Maybe you're trying to escape yesterday, or maybe you're just a wanderer. After taking the right dirt road, the perfect unmarked highway exit, you ended up

here. You've heard about this place, and it may be a good idea to just keep moving. Unfortunately, it's almost night, and you're smart enough to know it's better to find shelter rather than risk wandering in the dark.

4) ***Empty Beds and Broken Hearts:*** Another night spent with the bottle, trying to scrub out the ache with fire-water, nicotine, and grumbled music. You stumbled to bed, secretly hoping you didn't wake up, or maybe wanting to open your eyes somewhere new. Awake now, you find the ache has become external, a place of broken streets and dead neon. You feel better somehow, but you know night always brings out the worst in you, and it's coming on quick. Deepening shadows shift, headlamp eyes stare out from the dark, best get moving.

5) ***Dates in Dark Lands:*** A friend of a friend introduced you two the night before, and it was incredible. The booze, music, and company combined to create the best night in the history of first-dates. Now, you want more. You've been following the directions your date gave you last night to their place, turning down strange streets and unfamiliar alleys. Rounding that last corner, you're in a part of town you've never seen before, and the ink on your directions is turning into smoke. Rats the size of dogs shift in the alleyways, and tattered people eye you with hunger around a trash fire. Night's coming on, and you're a stranger in a strange land.

6) ***Feel Good Shopping List:*** You travel the ways, moving between whens and wheres as people might ride through time zones. You're looking for a fix, and having started a collection of concoctions that bring on altered states of bliss. Problem is, once you get caught up in a serious drug collection, the tendency is to push it as far as you can. You were supposed to pop out in the middle of Downtown, where the most transcendent highs can be had through the lever pull of a one-armed bandit. That wrong turn is going to cost you, you're in a bad place and the night is coming quick.



Watch your step...

Savage Streets -

The streets of Noir Weights are dangerous during the day, and downright deadly at night. While it is still light out, characters may attempt Charisma checks to dissuade hostile humans from attacking: Fume-Heads, Hooch-Heads, and Sugar-Junkies. The nights in Noir Weights tend to bring out the anger and desperation in its residents. Once the sun goes down, any possibility of non-violent encounters go with it. During the daytime the characters have a 1 in 6 chance of an encounter. At night the encounter rate goes up to 4 in 6.

Encounter Table

- 1) Crusties / Crust-Punks
 - 2) Disties / Fume-Heads
 - 3) Sewer Dragon / Super Croc
 - 4) Boozers / Hooch-Heads
 - 5) Sugar-Junkies / Candied-Killers
 - 6) Snake-Boys / Snake-Girls
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Crusty / Crust Punk

Crusty / Crust-Punk

Red and brown carapace can be seen bursting through torn skin beneath dirty clothing. Their left arm is a twisted pincer, the appendage is a unsettling combination of chitin and infected skin. Blank, black doll's eyes stare out at the world with the vacancy of a true predator.

There are reasons why there are posters around Downtown that warn folks not to eat things that were taken from the river. Unfortunately, when you're hungry enough, warnings won't fill your belly. Most of the fish are edible, though they tend to slowly push people towards insanity due to their high levels of mercury and *other* chemicals. However, sometimes a body is so hungry, they can't bring themselves to throw away a river lobster. The sweet meat changes folks. First a person might only get a few hard, red nodules on the skin, but the changes get worse the more you eat the river bugs. It's not long before the mind gets scrambled, a left arm turns into a pincer, and the eyes start seeing colors humans aren't fortunate enough to be able to notice. The Crust-Punks, or Crusties, like eating folks. They say humans taste sweet, if one can understand their clicking language. Supposedly, they have a king and queen somewhere in the slums, God help the poor fool that encounters them.

Activity Cycle: Primarily Night

Intelligence: A little dim by human standards.

Treasure: Not much, a few coins, rags, maybe an old keepsake.

Alignment: Neutral (They really aren't all that concerned about anything but food and the lobster royalty)

No. Appearing: 1D6

Armor Class: 15

Movement: 30 ft.

Hit Dice: 2 HD (9 HP)

To-Hit: +3

No. of Attacks: 1 - Claw or Improvised Weapon

Damage: 1D8+1(Claw) OR 1D4+1 (Improvised Weapon: Board with Nail, Tire Iron, Brick, etc...)

Special Attacks: None

Special Defenses: None

Magic Resistance: Nil

Size: Medium (5' to 6' tall)

All Saves: 15

Crimson Dragon Slayer

Activity Cycle: Primarily Night

Intelligence: A little dim by human standards.

Treasure: Not much, a few coins, rags, maybe an old keepsake.

Alignment: Neutral (They really aren't all that concerned about anything but food and the lobster royalty)

No. Appearing: 1D6

Armor Class: 5

Movement: 40 ft.

Hit Dice: 2 HD (12 HP)

Action Dice: 1D6

No. of Attacks: 1 - Claw or Improvised Weapon

Damage: 1D8+1(Claw) OR 1D4+1 (Improvised Weapon: Board with Nail, Tire Iron, Brick, etc...)

Special Attacks: None

Special Defenses: None

Magic Resistance: Nil

Size: Medium (5' to 6' tall)

Dungeon World

No. Appearing: 1D6

Hit-Points: 6

Damage: 1D6+1 (Claw: 1 Piercing, Close) OR 1D3+1 (Improvised Weapon: Close)

Motivations / Tactics: Attack a single target as a group. Grab with pincers. Return meat and valuable items to the king and queen.



Disty / Fume-Head

Disty / Fume-Head

Normal men and women at first glance, their clothes an indication of life on the streets. Soon, their forms lose focus, looking like blurred humanoid smudges. Then their forms are too focused, every pore visible, despite the distance. They move like missing frames from a film reel, stuttering closer with every second.

Within the ruins of the Old Gug Dreamland Bourbon distillery is cult run by a fez wearing wizard/priest. The Cult of the Isolated Enlightenment believes that through extended periods of sensory deprivation in the distillery's old stills inhaling alcohol fumes gone strange with age, one can convince themselves that reality isn't real. The cult's leader, Sir Uriragu Storef the Rafter Rogue, usually is good about remembering to let people out of the stills after the proscribed time. Occasionally, he gets distracted with his city wanderings and forgets to let the poor souls out, resulting in a state of over-enlightenment. These folks end up becoming ultra-nihilists, not only seeing the un-reality in reality, but also believing that there is no point to anything. Thus, they cast off the teachings of Sir Rafter Rogue (no one knows why he calls himself this), and wander in large real-gangs in an unreal world outside the monastery distiller. The only thing they retain from Uriragu is the fez, a mark of empowered-enlightenment amongst the cult. Some say that Uriragu Storef is actually the fez, not the man, and his teachings are from another dimension entirely.

Activity Cycle: Primarily Night, reality is less *real* at night.

Diet: Nothing. If food isn't real, why eat it?

Intelligence: Very intelligent, one might think inhaling ancient alcohol fumes for days on end might kill brain-cells, which it does. But they stay in the stills for so long that their near brain-dead minds cycle back to intelligence, it's all a big repeating cycle, you see.

Treasure: Not much, just cloths and a *fez*. What point do things have if they aren't real?

Alignment: Chaotic (No point in rules, when you can just make them up as you go along.)

No. Appearing: 1D10

Armor Class: 13

Movement: 30 ft.

Hit Dice: 1 HD (5 HP)

To-Hit: +2

No. of Attacks: 1 - Improvised Weapon or Unarmed

Damage: 1D4+1 (Improvised Weapon: Board with Nail, Tire Iron, Brick, etc...) OR 1D3+1 (Unarmed: Punches, Kicks, Slaps, etc...)

Special Attacks: Reality Glitch: With the realization that reality is unreal, one may learn to manipulate it based on their desires. Instead of attacking the Disty can manipulate reality so that a strange something strange happens: Opponent steps on a rusty nail (1D2 damage, save VS disease or contract Tetanus), Opponent slips (Reduce their attack or AC by -1 for the next round), A piece of a building falls off and hits the opponent (1D4 damage). They can change reality in any

minor way they choose, allowing the GM to impose any minor form of damage or penalty. This ability does not allow a save, because reality bites. All effects stack, these folks are really dangerous in big groups.

Special Defenses: Reality Death Insurance: Their ability to control reality also protects the Fume-Heads. Whenever rolling damage against them, it must be rolled twice and the lower result must be taken.

Magic Resistance: 15% Even reality breaking magic sometimes listens to them.

Size: Medium (5' to 6' tall)

All Saves but Magic: 16

Save vs. Magic: 12

Crimson Dragon Slayer

Activity Cycle: Primarily Night, reality is less *real* at night.

Diet: Nothing. If food isn't real, why eat it?

Intelligence: Very intelligent, one might think inhaling ancient alcohol fumes for days on end might kill brain-cells, which it does. But they stay in the stills for so long that their near brain-dead minds cycle back to intelligence, it's all a big repeating cycle, you see.

Treasure: Not much, just rags and a *fez*. What point do things have if they aren't real?

Alignment: Chaotic (No point in rules, when you can just make them up as you go along.)

No. Appearing: 1D10

Armor Class: 1

Movement: 50 ft.

Hit Dice: 1 HD (6 HP)

Action Dice: 1D6

No. of Attacks: 1 - Improvised Weapon or Unarmed

Damage: 1D4+1 (Improvised Weapon: Board with Nail, Tire Iron, Brick, etc...) OR 1D3+1 (Unarmed: Punches, Kicks, Slaps, etc...)

Special Attacks: Reality Glitch: With the realization that reality is unreal, one may learn to manipulate it based on their desires. Instead of attacking the Disty can manipulate reality so that a strange something strange happens: Opponent steps on a rusty nail (1D2 damage, save VS disease or contract Tetanus), Opponent slips (Reduce their attack or AC by -1 for the next round), A piece of a building falls off and hits the opponent (1D4 damage). They can change reality in any

minor way they choose, allowing the GM to impose any minor form of damage or penalty. This ability does not allow a save, because reality bites. All effects stack, these folks are really dangerous in big groups.

Special Defenses: Reality Death Insurance: Their ability to control reality also protects the Fume-Heads. Whenever rolling damage against them, it must be rolled twice and the lower result must be taken.

Magic Resistance: 15% Even reality breaking magic sometimes listens to them.

Size: Medium (5' to 6' tall)

Dungeon World

No. Appearing: 1D10

Hit-Points: 4

Damage: 1D3+1 (Improvised Weapon: Close) or 1D2+1 (Unarmed: Close)

Motivations / Tactics: Sow chaos and have fun doing. Break reality to hurt or destroy unreal people (everyone but them). Impede the work of others through minor reality glitches.



Sewer Dragon improved by a few more cycles of its urban legend.

Sewer Dragon / Super Croc

It crawls from a storm-drain or open manhole, its movements slow and graceful. It looks like a crocodile with elongated legs, a much more supple tail than normal, and a folded set of wings. The crocodile's body is covered in slime and excrement with trash sticking to its hide in places. Given the

open space, it stretches out its vestigial wings to their full four foot wing-span. It opens its maw and lets out a sound between a growl and a hiss, its eyes shifting about to lock onto the croc's next meal.

This is what happens when someone makes up an urban legend about crocodiles living in the sewers. When reality comes down with a case of Alzheimer's dementia, it gets confused about what was real and what wasn't. Now, they're wandering the sewers, eating the unwary or unlucky. Problem is, the urban legend has begun to change. People catch brief glimpses of them in the dark, and claim there are dragons living in the sewers. Now, they've begun to grow wings, and have developed a level of cunning they lacked before. Today, they're eating those unlucky enough to get too close to storm-drains and manholes. Tomorrow, if the legend keeps changing, they could be cruising the skies hunting for lounge-singers and gold Rolex watches.

Activity Cycle: Primarily Night, the creepy lizards see better in the dark.

Diet: People wandering by manholes. Street-folk sleeping in the wrong place at the wrong time. Beloved pets left outside for too long.

Intelligence: Equivalent to a particularly intelligent dog. The problem is, they get smarter with each new iteration of the legend.

Treasure: Not much. They haven't gotten into the habit of collecting shiny things, yet.

Alignment: Neutral (They aren't capable of cogent thought, for now.)

No. Appearing: 1 (Luckily, they are very territorial when it comes to their own kind)

Armor Class: 19

Movement: 40 ft.

Hit Dice: 6 HD (30 HP)

To-Hit: +6

No. of Attacks: 3 – One Bite and Two Claws

Damage: Bite – 1D10+3 / Claw – 1D6+1

Special Attacks: *Sewer Spew* 3/Day – The sewer-thing can vomit a 40-foot line of sewage and stomach acid at targets. Those that are attacked with the spew must save versus breath for half-damage from the vomit, then they must save versus poison against the disease within the spew. Each time a creature is hit by the spew, they must save versus poison again to avoid the disease. The spew does 4D6 acid damage, and another 1D6 continuous damage for another 3 rounds. The vomit infects targets with *Sewer Shakes*: *Onset* – 1D3 Days. *Symptoms* – Severe fever and shaking. *Game-Effects* – 1D3 Constitution Damage. *Cure Requirements* – 2 Consecutive Saves, 1/Day if active 2/Day if resting.

Special Defenses: *Immunity* – They are immune to all poisons and diseases. These things live in the most toxic sewers in all of reality without any detrimental effects.

Magic Resistance: Nil

Size: Large (10' Long)

All Saves: 13

Crimson Dragon Slayer

Activity Cycle: Primarily Night, the creepy lizards see better in the dark.

Diet: People wandering by manholes. Street-folk sleeping in the wrong place at the wrong time. Beloved pets left outside for too long.

Intelligence: Equivalent to a particularly intelligent dog. The problem is, they get smarter with each new iteration of the legend.

Treasure: Not much. They haven't gotten into the habit of collecting shiny things, yet.

Alignment: Neutral (They aren't capable of cogent thought, for now.)

No. Appearing: 1 (Luckily, they are very territorial when it comes to their own kind)

Armor Class: 9

Movement: 40 ft.

Hit Dice: 6 HD (36 HP)

Action-Dice: 3D6

No. of Attacks: 3 – One Bite and Two Claws

Damage: Bite – 1D10+3 / Claw – 1D6+1

Special Attacks: *Sewer Spew* 3/Day – The sewer-thing can vomit a 40-foot line of sewage and stomach acid at targets. Those that are attacked with the spew must make a dexterity based save for half-damage from the vomit, then they must make a constitution based save against the disease within the spew. Each time a creature is hit by the spew, they must save versus poison again to avoid the disease. The spew does 4D6 acid damage, and another 1D6 continuous damage for another 3 rounds. The vomit infects targets with *Sewer Shakes*: *Onset* – 1D3 Days. *Symptoms* – Severe fever and shaking. *Game-Effects* – 1D3 Constitution Damage. *Cure Requirements* – 2 Consecutive Saves, 1/Day if active 2/Day if resting.

Special Defenses: *Immunity* – They are immune to all poisons and diseases. These things live in the most toxic sewers in all of reality without any detrimental effects.

Magic Resistance: Nil

Size: Large (10' Long)

Dungeon World

No. Appearing: 1

Hit-Points: 10

Damage: [B (1D10) +2 *Reach, Messy, Forceful, Piercing 4*]

Motivations / Tactics: Breathe forth acid and disease. Eat someone alive. Drag carcass back to lair.



Boozer / Hooch-Head

Boozer / Hooch-Head

Staggering about the street, these poor folks are dressed in rags and suffer from poor hygiene. They can be seen standing around mumbling to themselves, or scrounging for spare change. However, when they get desperate for drink, they can become very mean indeed. Don't let them breathe on you, their breath can strip paint off walls. Really, it can.

Sometimes life is rough, and the only way to cope with it is to let the booze numb all the pain. As money runs low, people become less choosy about the rot-gut they drink. Eventually, they start drinking the stuff made in back alleys and abandoned warehouses, the kind of hooch that's been ran through a car-radiator a few times. Now, all that's left to these tragic folk is the hunger for booze and the inclination to do whatever it takes to get it.

Activity Cycle: Primarily Night, the thirst is less during the day.

Diet: Booze, they live on the stuff now.

Intelligence: Low intelligence by human standards. Most of them were normal at one time, before booze pickled their brain.

Treasure: Not much, just soiled clothing and a bit of money to buy that day's fix.

Alignment: Chaotic (No rules but the thirst.)

No. Appearing: 1D10

Armor Class: 12

Movement: 30 ft.

Hit Dice: 1 HD (5 HP)

To-Hit: +2

No. of Attacks: 1 - Improvised Weapon or Unarmed

Damage: 1D4+1 (Improvised Weapon: Board with Nail, Tire Iron, Brick, etc...) OR 1D3+1 (Unarmed: Punches, Kicks, Slaps, etc...)

Special Attacks: *Booze Breath* 1/Day – The boozer belches out a burning cloud of poison and alcohol fumes. The target must be within melee range of the hooch-head, and may make a save versus breath for half-damage. The breath does 2D4 damage, and another 1D4 continuing damage for another round.

Special Defenses: *Immunity* – They are immune to all forms of poison from the years of drinking back-alley hooch.

Magic Resistance: Nil

Size: Medium (5' to 6' tall)

All Saves: 16

Crimson Dragon Slayer

Activity Cycle: Primarily Night, the thirst is less during the day.

Diet: Booze, they live on the stuff now.

Intelligence: Low intelligence by human standards. Most of them were normal at one time, before booze pickled their brain.

Treasure: Not much, just soiled clothing and a bit of money to buy that day's fix.

Alignment: Chaotic (No rules but the thirst.)

No. Appearing: 1D10

Armor Class: 2

Movement: 50 ft.

Hit Dice: 1 HD (6 HP)

Action-Dice: 1D6

No. of Attacks: 1 - Improvised Weapon or Unarmed

Damage: 1D4+1 (Improvised Weapon: Board with Nail, Tire Iron, Brick, etc...) OR 1D3+1 (Unarmed: Punches, Kicks, Slaps, etc...)

Special Attacks: *Booze Breath* 1/Day – The boozer belches out a burning cloud of poison and alcohol fumes. The target must be within melee range of the hooch-head, and may make a dexterity based save for half-damage. The breath does 2D4 damage, and another 1D4 continuing damage for another round.

Special Defenses: *Immunity* – They are immune to all forms of poison from the years of drinking back-alley hooch.

Magic Resistance: Nil

Size: Medium (5' to 6' tall)

Dungeon World

No. Appearing: 1D10

Hit-Points: 4

Damage: 1D3+1 (Improvised Weapon: Close) or 1D2+1 (Unarmed: Close)

Motivations / Tactics: Belch forth a small cloud of caustic chemicals. Beg, barter, and steal to get their next drink. Search dead or sleeping bodies for money and other valuables.



Sugar-Junky / Candied Killer

Sugar-Junky / Candied-Killer

Twitching and overly energetic, they rush about the street overturning everything in sight, searching for something. Their faces and clothes are smeared with chocolate, their fingers sticky with sugar residue. All of them are dressed in rags, their bodies emaciated from near ceaseless activity. They smile when they see a source of money and things to pawn, their mouths full of rotten teeth and empty holes. The air around them is filled with the sickeningly sweet scent of rotten candy.

The source of their addiction is the sweet confections found at the Temple Candy Store. The store, while dilapidated on the outside, is expensively decorated in dark woods, marble, and brass on the inside. The store is filled with candy versions of every god, goddess, or old-one imaginable, even a few no one has heard of. On sale are candied divinities, sugar soaked bits of divine power to be had for a price. Those that eat the stuff are filled with a sense of divine purpose, as well as granted a number of minor miracles. Repeated consumption leads to addiction as well as metabolic changes. The sugar-junkies are able to move with incredible speeds as well as cast a number of divine spells, however, their lives are consumed with the need for more divine sweetness. Mister Fogler runs the store, a tall and handsome man. His skin is tinged blue, and sticking out from his immaculate three-piece suit is a pair of silver metal wings. The junkies mind their manners while in Fogler's store, the last person to anger him was crucified above the entrance for a week, it took him that long to die. As to how he injects the divinity of various deities into his candy, he refuses to say.

Activity Cycle: Whenever the sugar rush wears off.

Diet: Divine sweets.

Intelligence: They can be very intelligent, but they only think of the candy they crave and what they have to do to get it.

Treasure: Not much, just soiled clothing and a bit of money to buy that day's fix.

Alignment: Chaotic (There is only the need for candy, and the will to get it.)

No. Appearing: 1D4

Armor Class: 18 (They are incredibly fast.)

Movement: 60 ft.

Hit Dice: 4 HD (20 HP)

To-Hit: +4

No. of Attacks: 2 - Improvised Weapon or Unarmed

Damage: 1D4+1 (Improvised Weapon: Board with Nail, Tire Iron, Brick, etc...) OR 1D3+1 (Unarmed: Punches, Kicks, Slaps, etc...)

Special Attacks: *Divine Spells* 2/Day each - Bless, Command, and Cure Light Wounds. 1/Day each - Enthrall and Heroism. Due to their incredible speed they may either attack twice, cast a spell and attack, or cast twice in a single round. They are considered 4th level casters.

Special Defenses: Nil

Magic Resistance: 25% versus divine magic only.

Size: Medium (5' to 6' tall)

All Saves but Magic and Breath: 13

Magic vs. Arcane: 13

Magic vs. Divine: 10

Breath: 10

Crimson Dragon Slayer

Activity Cycle: Whenever the sugar rush wears off.

Diet: Divine sweets.

Intelligence: They can be very intelligent, but they only think of the candy they crave and what they have to do to get it.

Treasure: Not much, just soiled clothing and a bit of money to buy that day's fix.

Alignment: Chaotic (There is only the need for candy, and the will to get it.)

No. Appearing: 1D4

Armor Class: 2

Movement: 100 ft.

Hit Dice: 4 HD (24 HP)

Action-Dice: 3D6 (+1D6 higher than normal due to their incredible speed)

No. of Attacks: 2 - Improvised Weapon or Unarmed

Damage: 1D4+1 (Improvised Weapon: Board with Nail, Tire Iron, Brick, etc...) OR 1D3+1 (Unarmed: Punches, Kicks, Slaps, etc...)

Special Attacks: *Spells* 2/Day each – Missile Command and Falstaff's Field of Force . 1/Day each - Glowing Magenta Mist and Ball of Death. Due to their incredible speed they may either attack twice, cast a spell and attack, or cast twice in a single round.

Special Defenses: Nil

Magic Resistance: 10%

Size: Medium (5' to 6' tall)

Dungeon World

No. Appearing: 1D4

Hit-Points: 8

Damage: 1D3+1 (Improvised Weapon: Close) or 1D2+1 (Unarmed: Close)

Motivations / Tactics: Cast a divine spell of level 3 or lower. Attack twice, cast a spell twice, or attack and cast a spell in a single act. Move with incredible speed.



Snake-Boy / Snake-Girl

Snake-Boy or Snake-Girl / Scaly

These folks are dressed to the nines in the latest suits and dresses. Their clothes are made of the finest shark-skin and polyester money can buy. Their features are reptilian, lips largely absent and noses that just consist of nostril slits. Their skin is smooth with a slight tinge of green, when the light is right they appear to be covered in fine scales. Eyes the color of gold, the irises vertical slits. The only way to tell the males and females apart is by the clothes they are wearing. They're carrying intricate pistols of neon and chrome, and they are staring hard in your direction.

They are the servants of the neon-snake god that prowls the skies over Downtown, though no one has ever seen them speak with the titanic thing in the sky. The snake-boys and snake-girls keep the peace of Downtown, and make sure that those who don't belong stay out. Snake-boys and girls possess a potent weapon, they are able to immobilize a target with just their stare, while their eyes flash and shift colors hypnotically. Their way of keeping the peace involves intimidation, violence, and death and few are dumb enough to question their authority. All of them carry pistols they use to subdue victims with poison or kill people with neon lasers. They rarely leave Downtown unless they are looking for something or for some 'fun'. These cruel creatures speak with breathy voices, their words always ending with a lisp.

Activity Cycle: Whenever there is a disturbance Downtown.

Diet: Meat, animal or human, it doesn't matter.

Intelligence: Genius, they are well known for being able to outsmart just about any human they meet.

Treasure: Fine clothes, their service pistol, and a mysterious gold key.

Alignment: Lawful (They uphold the law of Downtown, they also happen to be the law as well.)

No. Appearing: 1D2

Armor Class: 17 (Their hides are remarkably resilient.)

Movement: 30 ft.

Hit Dice: 6 HD (30 HP)

To-Hit: +6

No. of Attacks: 2 – Service Pistol or Claws

Damage: Service Pistol has two settings, dart and laser. The dart delivers a poison while the laser damages. The laser reduces a targets AC by -4. The pistol may only be fired once per round. 3D4 (Laser) OR 1D6+2 (Claws)

Special Attacks: *Poison Dart* – A person struck by a dart must make a save versus poison or fall to the ground shaking and foaming at the mouth for 6 rounds. *Hypnotic Gaze* – Using their color shifting, lighted gaze, they may immobilize a target. The target must make a save versus paralyzation, if they fail they are paralyzed for as long as the snake-boy or girl does nothing else but

stare.

Special Defenses: Nil

Magic Resistance: 20%

Size: Medium (5' to 6' tall)

All Saves: 13

Crimson Dragon Slayer

Activity Cycle: Whenever there is a disturbance Downtown.

Diet: Meat, animal or human, it doesn't matter.

Intelligence: Genius, they are well known for being able to outsmart just about any human they meet.

Treasure: Fine clothes, their service pistol, and a mysterious gold key.

Alignment: Lawful (They uphold the law of Downtown, they also happen to be the law as well.)

No. Appearing: 1D2

Armor Class: 7 (Their hides are remarkably resilient.)

Movement: 50 ft.

Hit Dice: 6 HD (30 HP)

Action-Dice: 3D6

No. of Attacks: 2 – Service Pistol or Claws

Damage: Service Pistol has two settings, dart and laser. The dart delivers a poison while the laser damages. The laser reduces a targets AC by -4. The pistol may only be fired once per round. 3D6 (Laser) OR 1D6+2 (Claws)

Special Attacks: *Poison Dart* – A person struck by a dart must make a constitution save or fall to the ground shaking and foaming at the mouth for 6 rounds. *Hypnotic Gaze* – Using their color shifting, lighted gaze, they may immobilize a target. The target must make a willpower save, if they fail they are paralyzed for as long as the snake-boy or girl does nothing else but stare.

Special Defenses: Nil

Magic Resistance: 20%

Size: Medium (5' to 6' tall)

Dungeon World

No. Appearing: 1D2

Hit-Points: 11

Damage: 1D6+1 (Claws: Close and Piercing 2) or 1D12 (Laser: Ranged and Piercing 4)

Motivations / Tactics: Attack with a dart, immobilizing a target. Paralyze a target with their gaze. Retreat and call for backup if they are unable to handle a situation.



Waylon's home.

Shelter in the Slums -

Among the rows of decaying houses, broken neon statues, and dead marquee signs is a place that has seen a modicum of repair and habitation. By the standards of Noir Weights its a mansion, anywhere else it'd be condemned. A three-story affair the no-color of sun bleached wood, its lawn overgrown and mostly dead. People come calling in a steady drip at all hours, street-folk mostly with the occasional uptown slummer. The noise of construction blares all day and night, some room in the place is always having work done to it. Salvaged junk and building materials are frequently brought in, carried by the nervous and twitching folk of the street.

The owner is a tall, skeletal man who needs to stoop when entering and exiting the house. His hair is iron gray and always slicked back. His face, drawn tight against the skull with a permanent 5

o'clock shadow. The man's eyes are sunken and the same no-color as the house. He's always dressed in a tailored black suit that's been made threadbare with age.



A new addition to the Alter.

What's he building in there?

Waylon, the owner, is constantly working on a mad construction he calls 'The Alter'. It takes up the entire first floor, the walls having been removed to make way for his ever expanding vision. The scuffed floorboards buckle under the weight of the thing, making the house groan as people pass through it. The Alter is a conglomeration of television tubes, ancient radios, engine blocks, and so many other junk-artifacts.

What's new? - 1D6

The Alter is in a near constant flux from Waylon's 'improvements'. What's been added since the characters' last visit?

1) ***Tesla Coil***: A Tesla Coil juts out at a precarious angle from a stack of old radios. The entire construction hums a bass so low it vibrates the body rather than the eardrum. Arcs of electricity lick out of the coil, touching the dials of the various radios its attached to. Rather than a loud snap, the arcs sound like music and talk-show banter.

2) ***Mannequins***: Amid tumbledown mounds of wires and television sets are a trio mannequins attached to a complex set of motors and pulleys. A podium is set before the group, its surface

covered in vacuum tubes and wires, its top is one large selector switch. The switch is marked with four settings: sex, drugs, music, and off. One each setting the mannequins will come to life and each one in turn will cry-out the worst, best, and last of whatever the switch is set to as well as the time and location it was experienced in. (ex: **Sex:** *Tammy Fulton, Senior Prom, School Parking Lot. 'Crystal', Yesterday, 5th Avenue Gentleman's Club Parking Lot. Mable Werner, Forty-Seven Years From Tomorrow, Shady Palms Rest Home.*). There is a 1 in 6 chance that when the switch is set to off the mannequins will sing in harmonized falsetto, the relative date and method of the user's death. No one has tested to see if their predictions are true yet.

3) **Television Wall:** Set in a relatively clear area of the house is a wall of televisions from various eras, five-hundred pound console sets to three pound flat screens. Before the wall is a ripped, brown recliner, its seat half sinking into itself. From outside the chair, the sets cycle through channels and snow, never holding a particular picture for more than a few moments. From the recliner, the pictures focus to perfect clarity on a number of scenes. Each set focuses on a pivotal moments in the viewer's life, and then plays out what could have happened if the situation ended in the best or worst possible outcome (1D2: 1 – Worst Possible Outcome 2 – Best Possible Outcome). These sessions usually leave the viewer either sullen from seeing how much better their life could have been, or a nervous wreck over how close they have come to death or worse.

4) **Stationary Bike:** An age worn and rusted stationary bike set among, and connected to, a near endless tangle of wires and cables. Attached to the handlebar is a small white basket, a bright silver bell, and pink streamers affixed to titanium-white handle-grips. Before the bike, and attached to with thick cables, is a wide metal door frame. Placed upon the seat is a helmet made of a stainless steel cullender, it's surface covered with wires and nine-volt batteries. If the bike is pedaled, and the cullender worn, the door frame first fills with a swirling purple static then... (1D8: 1 - The rider's parents dancing for the first time. 2 - The rider's most longed for companion, usually 'the one who got away', walking arm in arm with the rider in some idyllic park. 3 - The rider's childhood home, morphed into an idealized version fit for the cover of the Saturday Evening Post. 4 - The rider's parents fighting, one drunk and violent, the other bleeding and crying. 5 - The bitterly regretted fight between the rider and their most longed for companion, the one that got them to leave forever. 6 - The rider's childhood home, burning, caretaker screaming, the rider a child hiding in the closet. 7 - The rider pedaling the bike watching the rider pedaling the bike watching the rider pedaling the bike watching... 8 - The rider resting on the bike, blood soaked knife clutched in one hand, companions' faces clutched in the other.)

5) **Typing Machine:** A huge machine that looks like someone welded a typewriter, printing press, and a locomotive engine together. Before the keyboard is an old bar-stool, its padding leaking out from the cushion in several places. The brass plaque above the keyboard reads 'PLEASE TYPE YOUR FULL NAME'. When the typists name is typed, it won't work if a fake one is given, the machine shudders into frantic life. It rapidly spits out typed pages into an orderly pile on an end-table next to the machine. Once the pile is three-hundred or so pages high, the machine shuts off and refuses to function for any previous user; a typist must be a completely new person, otherwise it ignores all input. The pages are a novel, and if read by the typist that spawned the novel's creation, a life is changed. Others will consider the novel to be good, but nothing to get excited about. To the typist, its the greatest work of fiction every written, the problem is there will never again be another like it. The typist will either be dragged into a deep depression over the singular nature of the writing, or internalize the novel's message and be changed forever.

6) **Telephone:** An old-fashioned crank telephone is attached to a post in the middle of a cable and book filled room. The cables run into the walls, or stacks of holy books that give off a distinct scent

of ozone and heated rubber. When approached for the first time, the phone will ring out a strange pattern that is unique to each person who approaches it. Those that answer the phone are spoken to by whatever deity they worship, the compelling voice giving an explanation as to why it is calling at such a late hour, no matter if the hour is late or not. The voice whispers a secret to the answerer, a Marcelian mystery that carries meaning only for them. After the whisper, the line goes dead, never to ring again for the same person twice. For those listening in to the conversation, it just sounds like static and the breaking of light bulbs, sometimes it sounds like a little girl counting til the line goes dead.



A rare photograph of Mister Waylon.

About Waylon -

Not much is known about Waylon, and he avoids answering questions about his past. There are, though, a number of rumors about his origins and the source of his knowledge about the summoning of the *Other Folk*.

Rumors- 1D6

1) Waylon was an accountant for a casino-temple in the far eastern city of Macau. He had married a local woman, who nearly died in childbirth, losing the child. Waylon had somehow made a deal with one of the *Other Folk*, possibly The Grins, for his wife's life. In exchange for her life he was sent to Noir Weights in order to spread the influence of the *Other Folk*. When he has summoned them the proscribed number of times, Waylon may return to his wife and his accounting in Macau.

2) Waylon is one of the *Other Folk*, or perhaps possessed by one, and is working to spread the power and influence of his kind in Noir Weights.

3) Waylon was the mayor of The City, before reality became demented and senile. The *Other Folk* are actually the members of the city council, they were changed and shunted into another existence. The *Other Folk* are all working in concert to change reality back to what it was, doing this through the requests they grant and the prices they ask for.

4) Waylon is actually a title, not a name, in a world-wide secret religion based around the worship of the *Other Folk*. The Waylon of Noir Weights is working under the orders of his superior(s), perhaps even the Grand Waylon, who rules from his factory-cathedral in the legendary Tourmaline City. According to current rumors, the Grand Waylon is seeking to expand his influence over Noir Weights and Downtown.

5) Waylon is actually responsible for the breaking of reality which brought about the current situation in The City. Waylon was a scientist looking to contact alternate planes of existence. His breaking of the veil between this reality and the next caused a partial collapse in the reality surrounding The City. Driven mad by his mistake, he now seeks the complete collapse of reality around The City. He is achieving his goal by allowing the *Other Folk* greater and greater influence over the people of Noir Weights.

6) Waylon is working to halt the progress of the apocalypse, as to which religion's version of the apocalypse, rumors vary. He is working in concert with devas/angels/demons/jinn/archons/oni/etc, who have taken the form of the *Other Folk*. The works of the *Other Folk* are staving off the end of the world, though there are those who believe the world needs to end. Accordingly, Waylon is fighting a shadow war with the forces who want the world to end in the hopes of a new and better one.

Activity Cycle: Works mostly at night, he can be seen moving about during the day.

Diet: Appears to be a vegetarian.

Intelligence: At very least, a genius by human standards, though he may possess a super-human intellect.

Treasure: The Alter, a journal explaining his true origins, a few suits, a key to the house, a pistol, and his enchanted pocket watch.

Alignment: His alignment reflects his true motives for his work. So, it is up to the GM to decide.

No. Appearing: Unique

Armor Class: 15 (Unarmored w/ 18 dex) / 19 (w/ pocket watch activated)

Movement: 30 ft.

Hit Dice: 9 HD – Level 9 Magic User (38 HP)

To-Hit: +2 Melee / +4 Ranged

No. of Attacks: 1 – Unarmed or Pistol

Damage: 1D10 (Pistol – Ignores the first 5 points of AC) OR 1D3+1 (Unarmed)

Special Attacks: *Spells* - 1st lvl. Shield/Mage Armor, 3x Magic Missile 2nd Lvl. Detect Invisibility, Invisibility, Stinking Cloud, 3rd lvl. Fly, Haste, Hold Person, 4th lvl. Confusion and Charm Monster, 5th lvl. Cloudkill.

Special Defenses: Enchanted Pocket-Watch: *Protection* – Activated with 1 action, +4 to AC, lasts for 1 turn before it must be reactivated. *Undo Damage* – 3/Day as a free action, on anyone's turn, he may undo damage from the most recent attack, he may do this even if the most recent attack had killed him. He may do this multiple times in a row, undoing the damage from the previous 3 (or less) attacks.

Magic Resistance: Nil

Size: Medium (5' to 6' tall)

All Saves: 11

Crimson Dragon Slayer

Activity Cycle: Works mostly at night, he can be seen moving about during the day.

Diet: Appears to be a vegetarian.

Intelligence: At very least, a genius by human standards, though he may possess a super-human intellect.

Treasure: The Alter, a journal explaining his true origins, a few suits, a key to the house, a pistol, and his enchanted pocket watch.

Alignment: His alignment reflects his true motives for his work. So, it is up to the GM to decide.

No. Appearing: Unique

Armor Class: 0/5 (w/ pocket watch activated) / 14 (w/ Fallstaff's Field of Force)

Movement: 50 ft.

Hit Dice: 5 HD – Level 5 Wizard (38 HP)

Action-Dice: 3D6

No. of Attacks: 1 – Unarmed or Pistol

Damage: 2D4 (Pistol – Ranged – Damage explodes on a 3 and 4) OR 1D3+1 (Unarmed)

Special Attacks: *Spells* - 1st lvl. Fallstaff's Field of Force, 3x Missile Command 2nd Lvl. Glowing Magenta Mist, Flight, Sticky Webbing Atlach-Nacha, 3rd lvl. 2x Purple Lightning Strike and Limited

Invisibility 4th lvl. Ball of Death and Silence, 5th lvl. Horror Beyond Reckoning.

Special Defenses: Enchanted Pocket-Watch: *Protection* – Activated with 1 action, +4 to AC, lasts for 10 minutes before it must be reactivated. *Undo Damage* – 3/Day as a free action, on anyone's turn, he may undo damage from the most recent attack, he may do this even if the most recent attack had killed him. He may do this multiple times in a row, undoing the damage from the previous 3 (or less) attacks.

Magic Resistance: Nil

Size: Medium (5' to 6' tall)

Dungeon World

No. Appearing: 1

Armor: 0 (Normally)/ 3 (w/ Magic Pocket-Watch)/ +4 to AC w/ Magic

Hit-Points: 15

Damage: Pistol - [B (1D10) +2 *Ranged, Messy, Loud, Forceful, Piercing 4*] or Arcane Blast – [B (2D4) *Ranged and Forceful*]

Motivations / Tactics: Protect the Alter. Cast any Wizard spell up to the 5th level. Add onto the Alter. Enact the will of the *Other Folk*.



Sit back, relax, and let go...

At the Alter...

Despite the chaotic mess of its construction, the Alter has a purpose that has called so many street-folk to come at worship before it. Waylon is an inventor. Waylon is a visionary. Waylon is a prophet. Waylon is THE priest. The Alter is the culmination of mad obsession and magic, a calling place for *Other Folk* to step through and visit. Each night the homeless and mad gather before it, each one hoping and dreading for Waylon to choose them to be that night's vessel. Waylon has always remained elusive as to what the *Other Folk* are, but it is clear that they are only able to interact with the world through the possession of a host. During their possession, bodies go through a number of changes, and their behavior drastically changes to fit that of the summoned *Other Folk*. Those that

live through the experience are changed, granted boons and knowledge by the being that possessed them. Each of the *Other Folk* have a unique form and personality separate from the possessed. Through the flipping of switches, turning of cranks, and the buzzing of transformers, a vague form will flow out of a static filled television screen and into that night's vessel.

Notes: The exact extent of the powers of the Other Folk is left somewhat open. The idea is that they are truly capable of anything that falls within their purview. Those that play the role of the vessel are given preference when the Other Folk are granting requests, though others may beseech the manifested being. The rules for being a vessel are as follows:

The vessel must make a save versus Poison. A success means that their body is able to handle the stress of their possession. A failure results in the loss of 1D10 temporary points of Constitution, 1 point will return each day the vessel spends resting. A critical failure results in the Constitution loss being permanent, they are only able to be returned by spells like Miracle and Wish.

Crimson Dragon Slayer

The rules work exactly like the OSR rules.

Dungeon World

The vessel must make a Constitution based check. On a 10+, the vessel is able to handle the stress of the change cause by the Other Folk. On a 7-9, the vessels loses 1D10 temporary points of Constitution, 1 point will return each day the vessel spends resting. On a 6 or less, the Constitution loss is permanent, the points can only be returned by the cleric spell Repair.



Tonight's Guest- 1D6

1) **The Grins:** *Appearance*— The vessel's expression slowly changes to a wide smile, usually from one of terrified awe. Soon, however, the smile spread beyond what should be physically possible. Stretching out to wrap around the jaw and cheeks to touch each ear. The grin becomes taller as well, growing up to swallow nose and eyes until there is nothing but hair, forehead, and grin. The teeth remain the same size, but they grow in number until teeth are layered over one another and roll back in rows down the vessel's throat. *Behavior* – Condescension and false joviality drip from every utterance in a voice that fluctuates between the deepest basso profundo to the highest falsetto. He offers desires of hunger and lust, and asks for very little. A favor, not now, but later. Later, when the buyer is comfortable and secure. Later, when the buyer has ever-so-much more to lose.

2) **The Brick Wall Boy:** *Appearance*— The vessel's physical proportions slowly take on those of a child, rounding what once was sharp and firming what once was flab. Their hair grows, or shortens, into a blonde mop and their eyes turn a piercing blue. Soon the skin takes on a ochre color and then a rough, brick-like texture. Lines of mortar appear in regular intervals along the body, while the floors creak under the new sac of bricks weight. *Behavior* – Playful, innocent, flighty, inattentive, and cruel. The Brick Wall Boy embodies every stereotype of children, both the positive and the monstrous. He offers protection and separation, building hidden barriers between the seeker and the things they wish to avoid. The payment is usually some bauble or trinket, or even a piece of candy. Whatever he wants, the vessel never has it, and the journey to find the item quickly becomes a complicated mess. Stores that used to sell the item no longer carry it, an item the character had seen around frequently is now no where to be found. The journey usually ends after a long fruitless search, and the item's price is now far more than it usually is.

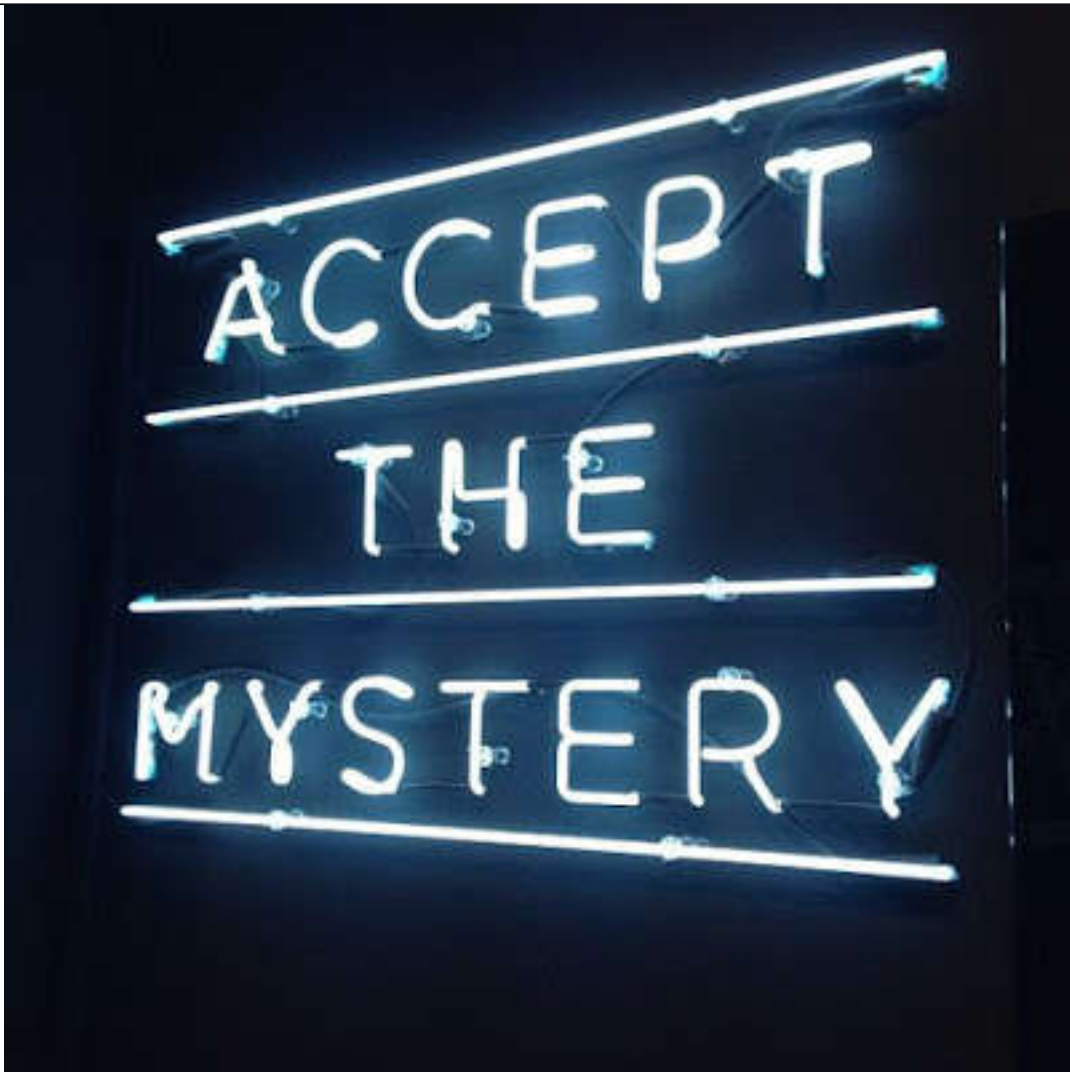
3) **Mister Stitches:** *Appearance*— The vessel's clothes begin to twist tightly against the their body, filling the room with the sound of choking and ripping cloth. Soon, clothes are unraveling, their threads swirling around the vessel's body. Threads multiply and wrap around the vessel's body, binding loosely around their torso and tightly around their limbs. Halos of thread surround the transformed vessel, the halo surging and receding with the rhythm of its voice. A nudist attempted to become the vessel for Mister Stitches once, Waylon and the street-folk refuse to speak about the incident. *Behavior* – A mass of nervous energy, it paces about the room as it rapidly narrates its own actions if left alone. When spoken to, Mister Stitches has the unnerving habit of walking around those addressing him. He speaks in a rapid monotone, his conversations linking topics without concern as to how they relate to one another. Mister Stitches offers those that beseech him the ability to bind people or concepts to their identity. Want to be though of as charming, handsome, intelligent, or talented? Mister Stitches can oblige, though people won't be able to say why they think these things about the individual. Want a new best friend, lover, husband, or wife? Mister Stitches is the perfect match maker. The new love can't say why they enjoy the individual's company, only that they would stay with the vessel forever. All that Mister Stitches asks is for the individual to separate themselves from something in their lives. Quitting a job, ending a relationship, or removing an appendage, fulfilling Mister Stitches' requirements are usually painful.

4) **Our Lady of Neon:** *Appearance*— The vessel's skin begins to darken until it is the color of night, the skin even and smooth like silk. The beauty of female vessels is enhanced, lending them an almost divine beauty. The appearance of males softens, giving them an androgynous, yet pleasing, appearance. Soon color appears, at first just star-like pinpoints of luminous neon color. After moments, the color spreads, flowing over the vessel's skin in a riot of bright geometric shapes. Their

eyes are the last to change, irises taking on varying bright colors in concentric rings. *Behavior* – Our Lady of Neon, or just Lady Neon, focuses her attention making situations more bearable. Just as neon light can beautify a dirty alley on a dark night, she seeks to make a situation more bearable without any intrinsic change. Lady Neon makes situations more bearable through bolstering a person's tolerance to it, increasing a person's patience or ability to tolerate pain. She is, by far, the most benevolent of the Other Folk. The costs for her help are light, though she does ask for something in return for her assistance as it seems some kind of intrinsic quality of the Other Folk. Lady Neon's price is for a person to bear something new, without her support. This new difficulty is incredibly minor, such as minor tinnitus or a paper cut that will not heal. Her behavior, while possessing a vessel, is often described as kind and nurturing.

5) ***Mister Sandman: Appearance***– The vessel's skin becomes rough and grainy, the hues of their body shifting to light browns and khaki. Soon their facial features soften, losing definition across their entire body, until their form resembles a wind-eroded statue of their former self. The shapes of their body shift with each movement, like piled sand constantly sliding and reforming to hold a particular shape. A whispering sound surrounds them, accompanying every movement no matter how subtle. *Behavior* – Mister Sandman prefers to play the character of a small-town family doctor, even going so far as to mimic a southern lilt to his whisper voice. His behavior is friendly, even when threatening, veiling his threats as advice or gentle warnings. He offers the veil of dreams, allowing individuals to drape the fantasy over reality. While Lady Neon may make a situation more bearable by slightly altering feelings and perception, Mister Sandman fully replaces feelings and perceptions. A garbage strewn alley can become a well kept suburban street, an addiction ravaged body can be that of Mister or Miss America. In essence, Mister Sandman sells lies that persist beyond thoughts and into reality. A person will still perceive danger, and can very well be harmed or killed. The danger, however, takes on a fantastic form to fit the individual's fantasy. A sore covered, and knife wielding, drug addict can become a sword swinging black-knight. An abusive spouse, can become a brooding beauty, making their hurtful actions truly dramatic as in the movies. What Mister Sandman asks for in return are the dreams of the 'buyer'. While sleeping without dreaming may be easy to give away, the imagination that is also taken can be sorely missed. Books become mere words, stories become a disconnected series of events, and ambition fades away. After paying the Sandman's price, people become the two-dimensional characters on the movie screens that they envied, without anything more than what is easily presented.

6) ***The Good Doctor: Appearance***– The vessel's clothes begin to lose color, while the fabric taking on a perfectly pressed appearance, the creases and seams starched. Clothing then changes to a physicians coat and scrubs. The vessel's face slowly becomes more and more luminous, until its shine obscures the vessels facial features and blinds anyone looking directly at them. The Good Doctor's appearance is neither male or female, the light making it impossible to read the physical characteristics of the being. Its voice thin and reedy, though without a hint as to the gender. *Behavior* – The Good Doctor's demeanor is supremely cold, but also perfectly professional, its only concern being the job at hand. The Doctor offers physical change, whatever is desired by the 'patient'. The drawback, or cost, to the procedure is that the Doctor gets final say on the final form of the requested change. One might request to become younger, the Doctor decides how far the clock is turned back. A request for beauty will always be fulfilled, but by whose standards is up to the Good Doctor. A payment is never asked for, the Doctor 'just wants to help'. The final drawback to the Doctor's assistance is the possibility of addiction to the change the Doctor brings.



Believe me, this place is real. I go there all the time...