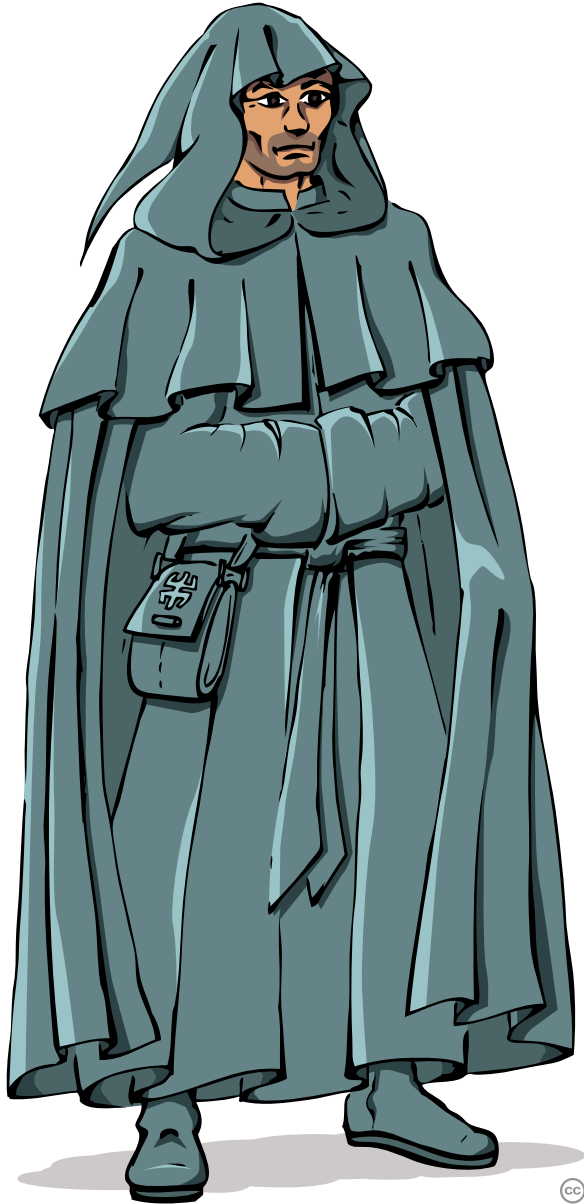


Time Enough

Stories from the World of Haven



Breathe. I'm sure you're wondering what happened, where you are, where your "computer" or "mobile phone" went, and perhaps by now you're even wondering what your name is. My name is Marius Thane, and I promise I'll tell you everything I know about what happened to you, but in order tell you that, I need to tell you my own story, and to tell you my story, I first need to tell you a few stories about Haven...

The Dream

Few stories about Haven begin with "once upon a time" because everything about Haven is cyclical; Nothing lasts forever, yet everything returns again in its season. This story begins when Haven started to dream, and it isn't over yet. It may not end until she awakes.

Haven dreamed herself. She dreamed herself in many forms. She dreamed her skies and oceans, mountains and valleys. She dreamed parts of herself with their own free will and their own dreams. In short, she dreamed her people.

There are some, the Shamans, who can touch her rolling, dreaming consciousness through our own dreams. To touch the expansive, manifold mind of a living world, our limited minds interpret the facets of her consciousness as nine totems: Maker/Mother, Destroyer, Protector, Enchanter, Trickster, Sage, Healer, Reveler/Rager, and Balancer. When everything is as it should be, all facets of Haven dance together in a continuous, dynamic balance.

Our knowledge of Mother Haven —what she "says", what she "means", what she "wants"— is limited by our understanding of her/our dreams, but even so, we've learned much. Haven is one of the "Ten Thousand Worlds", whatever that means. Others include her sister, now called Ghost, and her cousin Antipode. There's even a fond distant relative called Earth, with whom she sometimes shares her dreams. Some of Haven's biggest problems have come from other worlds, and perhaps at least one solution.

So the word "Earth" sounds familiar to you? Well, it should, but more on that later...

The People

Haven dreamed the Sidhe, with their affinity for the red *fo* force (fire/electricity/light) of the universe. She dreamed the Korobokuru, who have affinity with the yellow *bhum* force (inorganic matter). She dreamed the green *shui* force (water/liquids) affined Lutins and violet *kung* force (void/shadow) affined Wakyambi. She dreamed the late Rakshasas, who had an affinity for the blue *feng* force (wind/motion). She even dreamed Humans, who once had an affinity for the orange *muk* force (organic matter), but no longer do.

When the Sidhe constructed *Túr Na Am* (the Tower of Time) on *Oileán Na Am* (the Isle of Time), history, as we know it, began. When the Rakshasas built their *Agara Vichitrah* (House of Wonders) complex, some of the Haven's greatest wonders and horrors were born. When the Korobokuru and Wakyambi met, it was the beginning of standardized weights, measures, and currency, plus an international trade language and cross-species cooperation. When the Lutins and Humans met, the first war began.

The Veil

The tragic story of Motomapori, the first great Wakyambi explorer of magic, has become an object lesson for every young, impatient, power-hungry Mage looking for short-cuts. A powerful telepath, he nonetheless couldn't attain the state of *dhamira nzuri sana* (very beautiful intent/consciousness) favored by the *Mzee* (dignified ones) in their students, so he was never able to learn advanced psychic skills. Motomapori then tried to learn the ways of magic.

He learned both the path of the *Liu Xie Wu Jen* ("six-sided" or generalist Wizardry) and the white path of Chaos Mysticism, gaining powerful insights into the workings of magic, but became impatient and frustrated by its rules. The one rule that most chafed Motomapori was that no one could train to be a Shaman; Haven chose them herself. Feeling that if he could only learn all three sets of magical paths — Wizardry, Mysticism, and Shamanism— such mastery would allow him to work around the very rules of magic itself.

Motomapori tried various odd experiments to circumvent the rules of magic, all the while becoming a more powerful Mage and alienating those around him with his obsession. When none of his magical experiments succeeded, he tried to use his telepathy to establish contact with Haven herself. Isolating himself at the top of a mountain, Motomapori expanded his mind and reached out to the strongest mind he could find. Something answered.

That something called itself a "god", and demanded things called "worship" and "offerings", in exchange for a new source of magical power unavailable on Haven. Motomapori gave this creature what it wanted, and he was taught to use "the power purloined", magic fueled by the very lives of other creatures. This previously untapped source of power quickly made Motomapori into the most powerful Wakyambi Mage yet seen. It also turned him from the traditional Wakyambi pursuit of mastering the self to pursue the mastery of others. He soon had hundreds of Wakyambi settlements under his thrall, either as "worshippers" or "fuel". Motomapori may have well gone on to conquer other peoples, except that one day while conquering a Wakyambi village that bordered a Sidhe collective, he disturbed the garden of the master Sidhe gardener Garraíodóir Glas.

Glas actually *was* a Wizard, Mystic, and Shaman. He could have told Motomapori that mastering all three sets of magical paths would only reinforce a student's respect for the rules of magic. He could have explained that Motomapori had become the pawn of a being who wanted to gain a foothold on Haven. He could have even helped him overcome what had become a magical addiction to his power source. But Garraíodóir was still young then, so he just tricked Motomapori into becoming his own "fuel" and self-immolating.

For a year after that incident, every Shaman on Haven dreamed of a great gossamer veil wrapping itself around the solar system. At the end of that year, astronomers first detected the Veil, a barrier meant to keep out gods. Unfortunately, every once in a while, a young, strong, impatient Mage will dream of an offer of power from beyond...

The Wish Machine

The Rakshasas were shapeshifters. They were also masters of reshaping their environment to suit their needs. Their complexes rose out of the jungle on their own, and could reconfigure their rooms and halls in response to the changing needs of their inhabitants. They built strange dark mirrors; A person could walk into one mirror and walk out of another one on the other side of the world. They could even breed plants and animals for specialized functions.

Then they met the Humans and became ambitious. When Rakshasas still walked on Haven, Humans had a special power over all living things. With their help, Rakshasas figured out how to create their monstrous "living tools". An explosion of creativity and bizarre experimentation followed, centered around the *Agara Vichitrah* (House of Wonders). Their ultimate creation was the *Abhivajchita Yantra* (Wish Machine), a machine that was meant to allow a Rakshasa to use dark mirror technology to extend her shapeshifting powers into her surroundings, effectively letting a Rakshasa reshape the world at will. When the great machine's Rakshasa builders and Human guests came together to witness the first test, something went horribly wrong.

To this day, no one knows exactly what happened, but the machine apparently performed too well. It tried to fulfill the multiple conflicting unexpressed desires of all the Rakshasas present, then drew on the powers of the nearby Humans in an unexpected way to make contact with every other dark mirror on Haven. The result was an ever-expanding vortex of constant change, shaping and reshaping everything caught in its path, and causing the random appearances and disappearances of strange hybrid creatures.

By the time the *Abhivajchita Yantra* burned itself out, the entire jungle that surrounded the House of Wonders turned into the White Waste: a barren desert plagued by powerful magic-disrupting storms and strange hybrid creatures, the Chimerae. Humans the world over lost their powers. The Rakshasa? They disappeared —from everywhere.

Dragonfall

Only a few Sidhe remember a time when Haven's twin sister, the pale Ghost, was once the verdant Manita. Back then, before the advent of stronger telescopes, no one realized that there was a thriving civilization on Manita —or Antipode. Everyone learned otherwise one day, when Antipode made one of its regular close passes to Haven and what appeared to be a crimson cloud of insects migrated from Antipode to Manita. The cloud seemed to sweep over the planet, consuming its features and leaving a pale, dead, ghost of a world in its wake.

Very soon after the crimson cloud attacked her sister, another, smaller cloud fell towards Haven. The Sidhe, assuming that the same fate was about to befall Haven, launched every one of the *Cathlong Criostalaithe*, their magnificent flying crystal ships, to the world's defense. No other species was in a position to do anything else but watch the lights of the great armada rise like campfire sparks towards the individual motes of the cloud, each of which lit up as it hit the atmosphere. Ground observers saw what seemed like a battle of fireflies,

lights that danced and whirled for an entire night, winking out, one by one, until there were almost none left by the time the dawn made it impossible to see more. The Couatl were first sighted after that night, and to this day, most people assume they came from Antipode. It is considered to be the first War of the Falling Stars.

Natural philosopher Marius Thane, who actually gets close to Couatl on purpose, discovered that the truth of the matter was quite different. The Couatl are natives of Manita/Ghost, and the crimson cloud was an invasion force of millions of creatures that had crossed the gulf of space to ... consume. They were the servants of the Tzitzimitl, lords of Antipode. In the space of a night, the entire Couatl culture was destroyed. The Couatl were actually physically and magically superior to their enemy, but were greatly outnumbered, and were being quickly left with a world that could not sustain them. While most stayed and fought to buy time, a chosen few attempted to fly higher and farther than any Couatl had ever flown. Most of the escapees were shot down before they even left the atmosphere, most of the rest died in the gulf of space when their powers failed them mid-trip, and most of the ones remaining were transformed by the flames of reentry just before being met by the Sidhe armada. The Sidhe and Couatl nearly annihilated each other before each side's psychics understood enough to call off the fight.

Now the Couatl are Haven's top predators, taking what they want without regret or explanation. Their behavior is as difficult to understand as their minds are to read. Marius Thane thinks that they're working on a centuries-long plan, but towards what end, he cannot (or will not) say. And of course, now when Antipode gets very close to Haven and Ghost, the crimson cloud doesn't go towards Ghost. It comes to Haven.

The Wars of the Falling Stars

Every misbehaving child on Haven has been threatened by her parents with tales of the Tzitzimitl and what they did in some previous War of the Falling Stars. Every war is heralded by an unusually close pass of Antipode followed by a rain of falling stars—and some fresh horror. Each war brings a new, different kind of evil to Haven.

The first war didn't even require the servants of the Tzitzimitl to make planetfall; they just pitted the Sidhe against the Couatl until both were almost wiped out. In the second war Haven was bombarded by falling stars which served as the chariots for monstrous fiends that devoured every creature in their path. The third war's falling stars disgorged minute creatures that spread chemical fires which could not be quenched by water. In the most recent war, the chariots delivered a devastating "mind virus" that turned its victims against their own friends and families.

Antipode crosses Haven's orbit every 49 years in an extreme ellipse, with some passes coming in closer than others. New wars tend to be presaged by violent seismic activity on Haven. So far, a different species—Sidhe, then Korobokuru, then Lutins, and last time, Wakyambi—has made a terrible sacrifice to save Haven each time. With the Rakshasas gone, only de-powered Humans are left to rebuff the next attack.

The Dominators

Every species that made a sacrifice defending Haven in one of the Wars of the Falling Stars found its own way to cope afterwards. The Sidhe withdrew to the wild places of the world and had less and less dealings with other species; they never regained their original numbers. The Korobokuru dug deeper, began the Great Caravans, and turned staying at home into a female virtue. The Wakyambi managed to become even more compassionate, their cultural values having been reinforced by their experience. The Lutins went on a scavenger hunt for tools of power.

After their horrific losses in the fires of the third War of the Falling Stars, the reigning Lutin king acquired a begrudging admiration for the Tzitzimitl. Unlike most others on Haven, he wasn't repulsed by their terrible weapons—he wanted some of his own. The king claimed all Tzitzimitl technology as his own, and offered boons to any Lutins who recovered it, could make it work, or could derive other tools from it.

Their first success was the discovery of gunpowder and development of firearms. Their next major success was steam power. Between powerful weapons that don't rely on magic and a power source that poisons its surroundings, the Lutins earned the enmity of every other sentient species, especially Humans, who tend to be their nearest neighbors.

By far, their greatest success was the discovery of the Dominators, charioteers of the falling stars. These nearly insubstantial creatures manifest physically as moving black designs on the surface of whatever object they possess. They are the secret to the new Lutin self-propelled war machines. Unfortunately, a few have escaped and are interacting with some of the native life on Haven in completely unexpected ways.

The Lost Clan

Mother Haven has survived attacks from within, from without, and from beyond. She is not without her champions, but neither has she emerged unscathed from the countless assaults she's endured. With her Humans weakened, and next in line to defend her from whatever new dangers might come, she needed to find a way to help them.

And she did. She found me.

Haven often shared her dreams with her distant relative, Earth. If fact, when each world dreamed itself, they sometimes dreamed together. A Havenite who visited Earth would recognize all sorts of familiar things: air, water, stones; even life forms that look remarkably similar to those on Haven; with one in particular that is almost a perfect match for her Humans. In many ways, Earth is a milder, tamer, safer, less diverse and less magical version of Haven. Earth's Humans, on the other hand, even without magic, are more energetic, ambitious, and creative than Haven's Humans ever were.

Earth is so full of these wonderfully energetic creatures that they're getting in the way of each other's plans, then getting into horrible conflicts, then killing each other in heartbreakingly large numbers—all the while tearing up Earth in the process. Sometimes all it takes is one Human to lead, often

just by example, to start a fresh wave of destruction. Earth in its own way is in as much danger as Haven, so the two made a deal to help each other.

Haven was permitted to have her pick of the Earth's worst potential troublemakers, future leaders of the next "ethnic cleansing", or future suicidal terrorists that would inspire a thousand imitators, or the future inventor of a new way to kill. She would take them in their dreams, *through* their dreams, transforming them into perfect physical matches for her Humans as they crossed over from Earth's dream into hers. They would retain their drive, their energy, their ambition, and their ability to inspire others to greater heights. They would slowly lose their memories of their old lives as they learned how to survive on Haven in the manner of young children. They could redeem themselves, inspire or perhaps lead others, and help her Humans make the most of what they still had left. They might even become her heroes.

The first one she picked was a man with strength, smarts, and a past full of frustrated ambitions who was well on his way to becoming the next great serial killer. One more bar brawl, one more run-in with the law, one more destructive rampage just to see things fall apart, and he'd turn a corner in his life to become Earth's next big problem. The first one she picked was the man who would become me, Marius Thane.

I am both honored and cursed to be the first and only one of us —yes us— to still remember almost everything. I've forgotten my old name, but I still can't forget all the rotten things I did, all the people I've hurt, all the damage I did, even though the details get more blurry with every passing year. When I got here, all the people and situations I used as reasons, as excuses, for doing the things I did ... literally no longer existed. That realization started my personal awakening. I'll spare you all the messy details about how I bumbled along until I found my place in this world, and my mission. It's enough to know that I am now the man who faces dragons, and that Mother Haven and I did some "talking" before she brought over anyone else from Earth.

Now we have a new program for immigrants from Earth. Immigrants like —you guessed it— YOU. You're here because there's something special about you, because you have all the makings of someone who will make a mark in this world. You're here because on Earth there's no more room for yet another person with ambitions the size of yours. But on Haven, even the sky is not the limit; and on Haven you're needed.

Soon, you'll forget all the things that got in your way on Earth. Soon, you'll forget your old life; No one after me gets burdened with that anymore. You'll probably even forget most of the details in the stories I just told, but you'll never forget their meaning.

See the blue smoke in the distance? As soon as you put on these clothes that I brought for you, we're going to hike to that settlement, and I'm going to present you as orphan from a "Lost Clan". Because I'm Marius Thane, the lunatic who tries to talk to Couatl, they'll take you in and make you one of their own. By the time we reach their cook fires, your transformation will be complete. If you have questions, I'll answer them now, but of course, you may not remember my answers.

Yes, I kept you busy with stories to give the transformation time enough to finish it's work. Sorry. You weren't even supposed to notice that you were magically learning a new language. If you're going to scream, cry, or throw a punch, now would be the time to do it. If you're going to rail at the injustice of it all, just know that if you're here, you were probably on a one-way path to your own destruction on Earth, and now you have a chance at a whole new life.

If we keep a good pace, we should arrive in time for supper...

Skills and Powers for Characters on Haven

Practical & Survival Skills

Culture/Customs: ¹
Language: ^{1,3}
Local Geography: ¹
Profession: ¹
Survival: ¹
Riding
Tracking: ¹
Vehicle: ¹

Building & Repairing Skills

Alchemy
Engineer ⁴
Mechanic ⁴
Weaponsmith

Knowledge Skills

Arcana
First Aid
Knowledge: ¹
Medicine ²
Navigation
Psychology

Spy Skills

Charm
Connoisseur
Escape Artist
Forgery
Intimidation
Lockpicking
Negotiation
Slight Of Hand
Stealth

Combat Skills

Acrobatics
Aerial Combat
Aquatic Combat
Pressure Points ²
Quickstrike
Unarmed Combat

Weapon Skills

Archery
Fast Draw
Firearms ⁴
Gunnery ⁴
Marksmanship ²
Specialist: ^{1,2}
Weapons Master ²
Weapons, Blunt
Weapons, Sharp
Weapons, Thrown

Mental Powers

Empathy
Magic ⁵
Mental Armor
Mental Control
Mental Probe
Precognition
Postcognition
Protection from Magic
Telekinesis
Telepathy

Physical Powers

Extra Attacks ⁶

Transport Powers

Jump ⁶

¹ You must specify an application for this skill;
You can buy several different applications of this skill.

² This skill costs twice as much as other skills.

³ The *Rakshasa Vak* language is only available to someone trained by Rakshasas.

⁴ These skills are only available to someone trained by Lutins.

⁵ This power costs twice as much as other powers.

⁶ These powers are available to psychics and martial artists.

Common Languages of Haven

Due to a combination of cultural influences, economic pressures, and warfare, five of the six native sentient species each standardized on its own common language several thousand years ago. Even for the Humans, only three major regional languages now dominate their various countries. Sentient Chimerae borrow the languages of their neighbors. As for Couatl, it has been suggested that since they communicate by pure telepathy, they may have transcended the need to encode their communications in the symbols of language.

The common languages of Haven are:

- Human (Western)
- Human (Central)
- Human (Eastern)
- Lutinaise
- Rakshasa Vak
- Ki-Wakyambi
- Koro-go
- Sidhe
- Traveler's Creole

Traveler's Creole and Ki-Wakyambi are languages that are both oral and signed, and someone conversant in either can just sign and expect to be understood. Traveler's Creole is an international language that evolved from various pidgin contact languages and has become the lingua franca of Haven, used in trade and diplomacy, but has a limited vocabulary compared to other languages. Most non-Wakyambi that are born with muteness or deafness learn Traveler's Creole from their own communities and can get through life with it well enough, but those who aspire to a higher education eventually take up the richer and more complex Ki-Wakyambi.

No PC learns the Rakshasa Vak language from birth, not even Rakshasa PCs. That language is passed on when other Rakshasas meet a PC Rakshasa and reveal their hidden history. For most of Haven, the writings on the walls of their ruined jungle complexes are completely indecipherable.

Bluffing Your Way Through Traveler's Creole

Traveler's Creole is simulated by using English words and both American Sign Language (ASL) and Plains Indian Sign Language (PISL) signs. For your own stories set in Haven, you should simulate Traveler's Creole by using the oral and signed languages that you most enjoy using.

The Sentient Species of Haven

Haven is home to over 200 million sentient beings, most belonging to one of the six (now believed to be five) native species that are available as Player Characters: Humans, Lutins, Korobokuru, Wakyambi, Sidhe, and Rakshasas.

Table 1: Sentient Species of Haven

Species	Estimated Population
Lutins	~ 100,000,000
Humans	~ 80,000,000
Korobokuru	~ 15,000,000
Wakyambi	~ 5,000,000
Sidhe ¹	~ 1,000
Rakshasas ²	~ 1,000
Chimerae ³	~ 500
Couatl ⁴	~ 100

¹ At least 100 Sidhe are "Ancients" of over 1,000 years of age.

² Rakshasas are believed by almost everyone to be extinct.

³ Chimerae are not really a separate species, but the product of a magical catastrophe. More exist than are non-sentient.

⁴ All ten Haven-born Couatl are the plumed "Quetzal-couatl".

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I chose to release this work in this way so you can adjust it to suit the needs of you and your friends, and so you can create your own characters and stories based on this game and still own them yourself—which is as it should be. I do ask that you give me credit when you make something based on this work (preferably by linking to www.TenThousandWorlds.org) and I ask that you not try to make any money off of it.

This should go without saying, but this work is a supplement to a *game*, **Ten Thousand Worlds**, and is meant to make a rainy afternoon more enjoyable for you and a few friends. This game requires you to use your imagination. If you have trouble telling the difference between fantasy and reality, then this game is not for you.