
Scenario

Every morning, you wake up in bed and look at the dawn. It is so incredibly beautiful, so mad wack stunning gorgeous, and you say, “How beautiful.”

The Place Without Recourse is a steep-walled ravine. Sometimes you’ll try climbing out, up the rugged slopes. Or maybe you’ll ask Train to carry you out. It’s a hard climb. Someone always breaks before the end. And when you’ve climbed until you can see the outside world, even as you crest the top and look down at the paradise outside, you find yourself waking back in your bed, looking at the dawn, and saying, as you always do, “How beautiful.”

The Place Without Recourse is ruled by Ii Ma. Sometimes you’ll start a rebellion. Sam will make weapons out of whatever he can find, breaking up the furniture and tearing down tree branches. Bird will write slogans and chants you’ll pretend rile your spirits. You’ll lead a charge against Ii Ma’s horrid bulk, screaming like a madman. And then each of you wake up in bed, look at the dawn, and say, “How beautiful.”

This morning, in the Place Without Recourse, Train Morgan wakes up in bed. The sun is this brilliant golden glow and there is pink and red like a fire in the sky and there is a swirling in those clouds there like the spreading of an insect’s wings. And he cries out, in a great loud voice, “Whatever happened to Ink Catherty?” And as his question echoes throughout the ravine and the sky grows dark, suddenly you’re not quite sure where you are any more.

Where

You’re in the Place Without Recourse. It’s a realm that’s been cut off from the world of steel and concrete and air, of people and lattes and instant messaging that we know and love. It’s a prison, in a way. You who reside in the Place Without Recourse were snatched up by the Ragged Things. You were carried from your ordinary lives through cracks in the world around you. Ii Ma whispered in your ear a question you cannot answer. And thus, you are trapped here as Isn’ts, as the unreal, and so long as they are, nothing they do will ever matter again.

Ii Ma is the Warden of this place. Where Ii Ma lives the blood and ichor that pours from under its great plate-like scales soaks into the soil. When Ii Ma moves it churns the soil and the blood, creating a thick unwholesome poultice beneath it for its wounds that never heal.

Sometimes when people look at Ii Ma they go mad. Their worldview, even if it is already accustomed to the nature of the place without recourse, cannot handle the existence of such a beast. Looking upon Ii Ma they see a world where disease is inexorable. They recognize that each step further into corruption is irreversible. They see that the world shall never be again so great as once it was. And if they should also surrender their purpose in that moment and fall into madness then they wake up in their beds, in the place without recourse, with the smallest portion of that insanity fallen from them. And they look towards the dawn. And they say, as they always say, “How beautiful.” And they do not visit Ii Ma again.

Who

Some of you have been here quite a while. It doesn’t matter much what you’ve tried. Few have managed to escape, before, and you are not among that number.

Some of you are new. There was a tower in a sea of chaos, a place where actors put on shows. It was snatched, en masse, by the Ragged Things. There must have been some question that the tower could not answer. Perhaps you actors were just in the wrong place at the wrong time. Regardless, now you are here.

One of you is Rahu. You just ate the Sun. This is, to say the least, highly controversial. But what is strange is that you did not just wake up in your bed, say “How Beautiful”, and realized that nothing had changed. The sun is definitely gone, and those of you who’ve long been here can feel that the wind has changed.

Train Morgan’s strange outburst will be for him to explain.

When

Well, that’s a bit unclear. Those of you from the tower remember it being the early 21st century before you were snatched away. But in a place where dawn comes at different rates for different people, exactly how long ago that was is a bit unclear. Days? Weeks? It doesn’t really matter.

What

Ii Ma, somehow, is dying. You would scarcely have thought it possible. Perhaps there is something good or noble in the world after all, that could overcome even the Warden. Perhaps it is but the world outside also coming to an end. As blood and ichor leak through the rents in Ii Ma's skin, the Place Without Recourse has started to crumble and fade. Even as the tiniest part of the spell of this place falls from you, as the shame that has caused you to keep your question to yourself fades just slightly, you can tell that there's not much time left.

Why

Unless something has done to stabilize the Place Without Recourse, it will fade with its master. While some of you have been here since beyond remembering, few actually prefer oblivion. You must somehow stabilize this place, or find a quick escape to the inescapable prison. But the rules that hold this realm together are fracturing. What escape would even look like is unclear.

How

A fey mood has come upon many who reside here. They call themselves Judges. They say that they can grant integrity to this place. But to do so, they need to use the skills of the newcomers, or as the Judges say, the Actors. Their shows are legends: they can grant structure to the map that will be the territory of a new realm. Or so the Judges say.

While the options here may seem limited to the outsiders, to those that have long lived here, anything greater than zero is disconcertingly large.

Game Schedule

- 1 hour after gamestart: First round of shows
- 2 hours in: Second round
- 3 hours in: Third round
- 4 hours in: Ii Ma dies