

SHARED

SHARED WORLDS 2009

Wofford College Spartanburg, South Carolina



WORLDS

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THE SHARED WORLDS SAMPLER

Featuring Artifact Stories and a Bestiary

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WORLDS



INTRODUCTION

Sharing Shared Worlds

Dear Shared Worlds Students:

Thanks so much for your creativity, hard work, imagination, and energy. We've really enjoyed working with you this year. We hope the experience was as motivating and fun for you as it was for us.

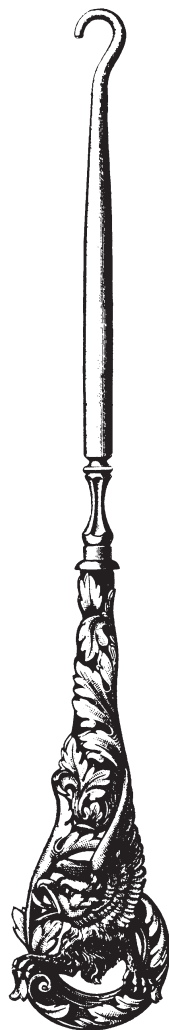
Coming out of Shared Worlds, we hope you've not only made new friends but also have a better understanding of your own writing.

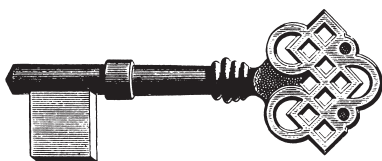
This sampler you hold in your hands represents just a small amount of all the incredible writing you did over the two weeks (much of the rest of that writing captured by your World Book wiki entries). It's meant as a nice keepsake by which to remember the camp and your fellow students. It's also a thank you from us for being so great.

We hope you have a wonderful rest of the summer.

Until next year,

The Shared Worlds Staff





ARTIFACTS

Fragments from Worlds “In Progress”

The Challenge: Take an actual real-world object given to you the first day of Shared Worlds and in three days transform it into something from your world. Artifacts ranged from a small plastic heart to old coins and, in one extreme case, a drawing on a leaf. We’ve highlighted the most direct reference to the original object in each passage below.

Rachel Berry

In Qal-Id, once a human becomes of age, their **BIRTH HEART** is removed and replaced with a chemically enhanced and longer-lasting heart. Once the host for the heart has expired, the heart is re-charged and sterilized.

The origin of the hearts is a classified subject known only to the Qal-Idian scientists. Rumor has it that these are hearts of the Faded. The life expectancy of the hearts is on average around seventy years longer.

Samantha Black

I looked down at the **DARK SEED** in my hand. It was a very rare item. The seed would grow into the magical Star Glythoshal Trap plant. These were the main predators of the flying glythoshal and the main food source of the black-footed picka.

These animals were gentle, flying wild vegetarian mammals beloved by the Avians. The seed was very valuable. I planted it gently and carefully in the dense cloud. The sky ecosystem is truly beautiful.

Katherine Buchanan

Philipa walked backward and forward nervously, in front of the **VIOLENTLY**

RED MURAL. She was thinking, quite unaware of what she was doing and where she was. After pacing for what must have been ten minutes, she froze in place. Something felt weird, and off. It was hot around her, quite unusual for Northern Humaea. Nothing around her should be so hot, nothing was flaming except...

It was moving, the flaming sky of the mural was shimmering. Slowly, the shimmering spread through the mural's mountains and into the colorful city below. Slowly it spread to the lake, causing ripples to appear. Finally, the shimmering landed upon the crown of the beggar king.

This sight drove all worries from Phillipa's mind. As she watched the mural change, the heat intensified and until new worries appeared in her mind, before she could drive them away, she was gone. And then she was back *there*, where, she knew not, but she was standing where the king had been standing, watching the skylight revolve like an ever-constant flame.

Emily Carrigg

This is the seed from the standkelp tree. It is a **BROWN VASE-LIKE OBJECT WITH A SMALL KNOB AT THE TOP**; directly below that is the strand where the tree originally grasped the seed.

This delicacy, found in the Western Forest, is eaten at the comet festival every year. It is roasted in massive amounts, and becomes spicy in the process. These mystical yet common seeds smell of used magic even though they have no magical background.

Kate Clayborne

Serafina gazed up into the bright sky; it glowed almost eerily between the thick white clouds. An awful loathing burned in the pit of her stomach, stinging her throat and forcing the young Terran to look back at the **HARD FLOOR OF THE BRIDGE**. She had been traveling across it for three sleep cycles, though she hardly stopped to rest. The girl itched to arrive in her new home, a feeling she had not experienced yet, off this lonely piece of junk in the ocean. Luckily, the depressing journey would soon be over. Maybe that wasn't a good thing, though. Serafina was a young Terran, orphaned and alone in a bandit-ruled country. She owned nothing, but that would not stop a thief from abducting her. As she walked, she fretted. Almost there. She could see land ahead, a few hours away at most. Her backpack felt heavy on her shoulders, dragging her away from the island of Trivalia.

James Cookson

My artifact is the **TWO-WAY CAMERA**. What it does is play two movies at the same time, and it can also film two things at the same time. This device has one camera on one side and another camera on the other side. With this you can film things in back and front of you. You can also watch two movies: one in back and the other in front.

Christopher Davis

Artifacts. We never really think much about them, except as reminders of our past. However, it might be smart not to remove an artifact from an abandoned mine. In this case, something quite bad could have happened.

Each day in Qal-Id, the miners would get to work using steam-powered drills, firing a piston into the rock and retracting it quite quickly, making speed and delicacy easy. The people of Qal-Id were technologically advanced, with no carbon emissions, as everything ran on steam power. However, one thing out of the ordinary was about to happen.

One day, a new worker, who had been hired the day before, had overslept, and was late for work. He ran as fast as he could, grabbed his drill, and ran to the mines. However, he took a wrong turn, and ended up at an abandoned mine. Right as he started drilling, he hit something, and found an artifact. However, removing that artifact might have been a bad move on his part. He ran up the ladder, and right back to the museum. However, something had awoken in the earth.

As the miner was promoted, a zombie had climbed up the ladder, and was heading to the museum to grab the artifact and put it back, but as soon as he had grabbed the artifact, he saw a small child. Primal urges kicked in, and he wanted to eat it. However, another miner, this time one who uses a laser to cut through the rock and create new passageways, saw him, and grabbed his laser. He took aim, and fired, instantly incinerating his brain, and making the artifact go flying into the ocean. **THAT IS HOW ONE SMALL, DRILL-LIKE ROCK WASHED UP ON OUR SHORES.**

Shannon Dean

Sim leaned back on his bed; the clouds that made up the facing wall parted aside to reveal a gorgeous sky. The sky was always gorgeous from above the clouds because any bad weather was below you. Sim called a cool breeze to

blow on his face while he leaned back with his wings stretched and tucked behind his neck. He felt the warm pulse of his heart through the thin membranes that cradled his head. The breeze was quiet, and this late in the sleeping period of a lightning, no one would be awake like Sim. Hmmm... quiet.

Around his neck was a **STRONG METAL TUBE** about the length of a thumb. Its outsides were ribbed and coarse where it brushed his bare chest. The quiet of the wind brought a desire for music to Sim. He called a gust to push the tube close enough up his chest so that he could bow his head to pick it up with his mouth. The wind whistled a high note through the tube. Excellent.

Holding it in his mouth, Sim sat up against the cloud headboard of his bed and folded a wing over himself to hold the whistle with his thumb so that it just barely brushed his lips. Then he began to play.

Sim heard the voice of the wind playing around his head, his a high tune that could only be complemented by the whisper of the breeze. It could have almost been a piccolo, but there was such an exotic sound to it and such a beautiful calm that it could have been an instrument of a Caller Avian. Caller Avians were the only ones who understood the language of the wind and could call it to them to play a symphony that could only be appreciated by those truly listening to the sound of the breeze.

Savannah Finver

Sinn snapped his fingers together; watching as sparks sprung into the air and fizzled out before they could reach the ground. If the Avians could control the weather, why would they need any weapons? Sinn's Armory class was unnecessary, in his opinion. It was a waste of time, especially considering that they could be perfecting their control of their magical abilities.

It was frustrating for Sinn to try to wrap his bat-like fingers around the **TINY PEN** his professor had handed him. At least, it appeared to be a pen. It looked wooden in the middle and black on the ends, and the same black fountain that was built in the center of the biggest Avian city, Cumulus, was painted with black ink on a silver label. Sinn twisted the knob on the end, expecting the tip of the pen to emerge from the point. He jumped back in surprise as a stream of electromagnetic energy blasted from the tip, knocking over several shelves and sending weapons spilling across the floor in the process. Sinn cautiously placed the pen back on the shelf.

“Be careful with those lasers,” the professor instructed. He didn’t seem at all phased by the evident destruction in the room. “They’re used specifically to destroy any asteroids that fall from the Ring. Very powerful. Very dangerous.”

Sinn nodded and shuffled his feet awkwardly as his professor magicked everything back into its proper place. He wouldn’t be going near the magic pen-lasers any time soon.

Zak Frey

Excerpt from the writings of A. Barnus Sarely, a traveling scholar and folklorist...

As a renowned scholar, I have had the unique privilege of traveling between the four island nations, observing their various cultures and customs. One of the most interesting differences I have observed is the disparity between the various methods of locking and securing doors.

Probably the simplest method is found on Humaea. The people of Humaea, more often than not, do not bother to lock their doors, relying instead on the strong sense of respect and camaraderie between them. In essence, Humaeans do not steal from one another, effectively making locks unnecessary.

In Mondí, they have developed a device commonly known as a “deadbolt.” Despite the intimidating title, it is really a fairly simple device. A small metal key is inserted into a slot in the door and rotated clockwise. This inserts **A SMALL METAL ROD FROM THE LOCK’S INTERNAL MECHANISM** into a hole in the door-frame, essentially making the door impossible to open until it is unlocked.

I shall mention Qal-Id only briefly due to the massive variety of sometimes absurdly complex mechanisms used there.

Kangerige has perhaps the most interesting of the various locking mechanisms I have encountered. Many houses, especially those of the nobles, have a small threaded rod protruding from the door in about the same place as one might expect a doorknob or handle. Each rod is uniquely patterned and fits a small brass or silver knob which the owner of the house always carries with them, often on a chain around their neck. This knob is screwed onto the rod and can then be turned to unlock the door.

Kelsey Fuson

In a small, worn chest in a long-forgotten cave, there resides a **BEADED**

BLACK ARMBAND. A gloomy mist seems to hang over the dusty room, and the memories of the forgotten seem to flow. The armband remembers the bright blue sky, the feel of magic pulsing through it. It remembers its Wearer, the mage with the red hair and the soft hands.

More specific memories flow through. A first, sputtering burst of flame. A game of throwing a small, glowing ball in the dark. Most of all, a young girl's smile, brilliant as the sun in the sky, as she gave up the armband and its control of her magic.

So the armband had lain in that room, forgotten, alone, waiting. Waiting for its girl. The girl with the red hair and the soft hands. The girl with the beautiful smile. And so it would wait, unless someone found it again.

Jackie Gitlin

Eleandra Praexi knew when to not look a gift horse in the mouth. To be honest, when one was an apprentice in the Guild of Magic, it usually was never something one wanted to do. So, when she had been given the small trinket, she had not asked the questions that had come to mind. It helped that she had been caught up in the excitement of leaving the village that lay on the border of the Crellian Forest. Her long, bony fingers wrapped around the cool metal. It was almost second nature to just gently shake the metal, the clapper striking the side of the bell. The tiny clear note sang out, breaking the soft silence of her rooms.

Eleandra had never understood how the **LITTLE GOLDEN BELL** worked. It looked like a piece of junk, scratched and battered, slightly dented from where the bell had been struck. She did understand the properties of gold and the pure element and how it mixed with magic. Or, rather, how it did not mix. Gold, nor any pure element, could be affected by magic. In truth, many Mages loathed the pure forms, or any forms of the simple elements. The inability to do their very work, their purpose, made them frustrated and angry.

The bell, however, gave them a different sort of frustration. She shook the bell again, a pleasant numbness spreading across her hand.

"This bell is special, Eleandra," her master had told her. She had found herself entranced by the fact that the High Mage of the Guild of Magic had taken her on as his apprentice. She had never missed a word he told her, though had never passed an opportunity to add a sarcastic comment to his lessons or lectures, earning her a wry look and a roll of his wise eyes.

“How so?” Her curiosity had been piqued. She leaned forward, looking at the small bell in his calloused hand. He had given her a sly smile and rung it once. At first, she had thought nothing of the sound. But it hung in the air, turning in spirals, dancing long past the time it should have faded. Eleandra had stared, her face turning into an expression of wonder. It quickly dissolved into shock and slight fear as she felt him fade from the room. Not out of her sight, but from her very senses that were tied to magic. It was as if her master, Alder Croft, who had taught her almost the entirety of her knowledge of magic, disappeared from any trace of magic.

The note died, fell flat in the air and the sense of his airy, swift magic seeped back into the room.

Before she could ask, he spoke.

“This bell is almost pure gold, and as such, cannot be affected by any magic you and I can perform. The note it produces, made by this pure, or in this case, non-pure, bell veils any trace of magic from a person or object,” he told her and reached out with his free hand, taking her own hand in his. He placed the bell in her palm, closing her fingers over it with his own.

“Keep this safe, Eleandra, and it will hide you, serve you, and even protect you.” His voice was soft and her gray eyes met his blue ones. The air felt a bit heavier, and Eleandra felt her breath stop for a moment as the final flat note died away and he squeezed her hand gently.

The memory dissolved, the strange, oblivious numbness faded from her skin, and the sound was silenced. Eleandra smiled softly and rang the bell again. She was lost to the sensation of the tone—her own chamber, the small bed, flickering hearth, and crowded desk, falling away. The other Mages might be angry at her for the noise and frustration, but she didn’t mind. Perhaps just one more memory, of simple touches and the sound of a bell dancing and twirling through the air.

Linda Harmon

From “The Mage and the Kongulo Kona”...

The mage stared silently at the frozen terrain around him. His black boots dug into the icy terrain while his long black cloak whisked around his ankles, disturbed by the frigid wind. The Land was white for as far as he could see. He felt completely and utterly alone.

He knew that he shouldn't have been exploring the Niveus Glacier. At least, not alone. But he knew the risk he was taking. It was next to impossible to get through Attero without the rogue magic in the area affecting his senses, let alone staying on the forsaken glacier for an extended period of time.

To the mage, it was worth the sacrifice. It was time for his people to stop living in fear of a giant block of ice. Sure, there had been incidents in which people who had visited the glacier had come back to their homes drastically different. They would talk of the strangest things, adopt an allergy that hadn't been previously present, or had a sudden incurable case of insomnia.

In the cities, there were tales of fantastic beasts that inhabited the Niveus Glacier. there were myths of giant ice creatures; large, furry mammals with horns covering their bodies, or rodents that illuminated in the dark. Myths that only a child would believe, the mage thought to himself. He had not seen a single mythical creature for the weeks that he'd been traveling on the block of ice.

The mage hoisted his golden staff to his right hand and began to march forward. He knew that if he kept moving at such a grueling pace, he would kill himself. That is, if the rogue magic didn't. But he needed to prove to himself and the world that the glacier was in fact, habitable. He needed to discourage those awful myths about fabricated beasts and those fears of mutation.

The mage bundled his cloak around him as the wind increased. Up ahead, he could make out the large gray outline of a cliff face. The mage brightened at the first sign of a defined land form in days. Setting his gaze firmly on it, the mage began to march steadily toward it until he was only about ten yards away. As he moved closer, the mage spotted a large cave entrance right on the side of the cliff face. He could definitely feel the wind speed increasing as his cloak flew to the side, exposing his entire left side to the harsh cold. Not knowing how else to get out of the wind, the mage ducked inside the cave.

What he saw made him gape in awe. Inside was a frozen woman. Her body was located just inside the left wall of the cave, completely surrounded in ice. Her skin was fair and her hair was in the ancient fashion of having it dyed two colors. Her golden locks framed her face while her hair got increasingly darker until it was a dark brown color that stopped at the middle of her back. The expression on her face was serene, as if she'd expected her fate. Her hands were clasped in front of her, as if waiting for something.

As the mage continued scrutinizing her, he noticed that something wasn't quite right. He noticed that the area along her waist-line seemed slightly deformed. The mage moved closer, but stopped in his tracks at what he saw. This woman, frozen in a glacier, had no legs. No human legs, that is. The woman's abdomen had been replaced by the body of a spider. She had eight hairy limbs that branched off of the dark and hairy body on an arachnid.

The mage had to stifle a scream. Not only was this sight one of the most terrifying things that he'd ever seen, but it also completely horrified him that someone would even consider a spider-woman, let alone letting her freeze in ice. Gripping his staff tighter, he began to consider his options. On one hand, he could ignore this small anomaly, go back to civilization, and tell everyone that the glacier was habitable. On the other hand, he could tell the truth and have his sense of pride demolished.

The mage looked back at the **SPIDER WOMAN**. What if she was dangerous? If he told people to come live here, and the glacier began to melt, the icy spider woman would go out of the cave and hurt someone. That would completely be his fault. He looked around the cave and swallowed his pride. He gathered his cloak in his hands, gripped his staff, and marched out into the raging wind, head held high.

Celia Healy

"Will you come on!" Lenni hissed, grabbing the vampire as she moved towards the door.

Walter was paler than usual, he needed blood, and soon. Dazed, he followed. "First person I see, I bite," he mumbled.

"Mhm..." Lenni was too preoccupied to listen to the threat. They had accomplished what they came for; she fingered **THE CRYSTAL** in her pocket.

Her secret employer at first had seemed suspicious, but he, or she, played well. Why said employer wanted an old rock was beyond Lenni. She was paid to steal, not to ask questions.

As far as old rocks went, however, it was nice, though not worth a purple ruby, much less a silver. It was a small narrowed rod that sat in the palm of her hand. Most of it had been carved out, but the worker had apparently left in a hurry and the top remained rough. Why? Lenni had no idea, and if Walter did he was to preoccupied to say anything.

[*Later, though...*] “Of course I know what it is!” Walter wiped his chin, drawing a streak of blood across his face. Lenni ignored it. “Why didn’t you ask sooner?”

Lenni rolled her eyes. Walter always forgot what went on when he needed blood. “I did, you were too delirious to answer,” she scowled, nudging the unconscious soldier next to her.

“Erm, right,” Walter shrugged. “It is a diamond, fairly simple—”

“Diamond?” That would explain the silver.

“Stop interrupting. Yes, a diamond! But not just a diamond. I assume you know where we are,” he didn’t wait for Lenni to answer. “The King stores extra life-energy in it.”

Lenni waited for Walter to continue. When he didn’t she piped up. “And?”

“And nothing, it is a simple concept with a high price.”

“Why not just Fade?”

“Oh good question,” Walter snapped. “Imagine the popularity of a king who drinks blood!”

“Fine, don’t bite my head off!” Lenni held her hands up. “Just a question.”

“The life-energy in the stone could double one’s life span; you can’t just walk out with it!” Walter seemed to see the implications.

“Walter, this was a bad time to suddenly gain morals. I’m paid to steal, not to ask questions.”

Taylor Hocutt

“Is that an ant or a spider?”

“Falsador. I don’t know.”

One of the things I hate about living in the sewers is the Darkness. I suppose it isn’t all bad though. Being in the dark certainly has its benefits.

“Well **IT’S ON A LEAF**, so it’s a minor threat.”

“Or a minor benefit,” Baryn interjected.

“*Always* plan for the worst. Remember the last time there was a spider? The mage? Stuff started exploding! Half of us are still in holding cells!” My voice reverberated through the cold stone chambers. Luckily nobody on the street above would have any chance of hearing us.

“If it’s an ant then it’s some type of trader’s cart. They’re always easy, too busy staring at their own feet from the toil of pulling a cart to look out for their items.”

“We’ll take a look, if it’s anything other than a cart then we abort.”

It’s good to be wary, it’s how you put food on the table and stay out of confined stone spaces. Admiring my surroundings, I notice the irony of that statement.

“Fine,” he said as he began his ascent to the world above. “Just a quick look.”

Will Holcomb

A Report from the 3rd Zoological Expedition into the Southern forests of Doxas’Olum (8th Tractan biologostic regiment)

My Great and Mighty Lord,

You have sent us into a nightmare world. Glutinous **ORANGE FUNGI** creeps and claims our food and clothes as we sleep. The maddening whoomphs and keening calls of the Umbrellettes surrounds us, and we seem to only find our own footprints when we dreamed of titanic spore.

We could have handled that alone. Just yesterday our party numbered fifteen. Now I am the last, for today we angered the Oraba. Allow me to elucidate.

The Oraba is an ursine creature, some sight to ten feet in height. You shall see evidence of this on our crushed bodies, should you bother to investigate forensically (if you find us at all). Its head is marked with distinctly bat-like ears (it’s heard us in the brush) and a pair of stunningly large ram horns (beautifully gnarled like pottery...the impression it left in Samson’s chest was stunning). Comically, a growth stuck out of its pendulous belly, like a perverse mockery of a children’s toy....

Will Hunt

In Humaea, there was a King who was under siege from Buffos or Fluffa-luffagus, or some lame vampires. The point is, the King was in trouble, so he sent a messenger to the biggest military installation at the other end of the continent, called Contrived. The messenger, Convenient, galloped hard on his trusty steed Blasphemy half-way round the island before stopping for rest.

Meanwhile, things in the castle under siege were reaching crisis point. The Defenders were rapidly running out of food; and the cruel vampire lame-o leader had demanded that the King send his firstborn to them as a sacrifice, after which the vampires would lift the siege. The King, aware of the quickly mounting panic and desperation amongst his people, made the decision that would

later drive him to suicide: he sent his son to be sucked dry by the vampiric hordes. The siege, of course, went on.

Halfway round Humaea, the messenger was trying not to stop for rest on his trusty steed Blasphemy. On they galloped, for two days straight, telling all whom they passed of the plight of the King in a loud, almost incoherent voice. As the messenger neared the castle of Contrived, through a haze of manic energy, he beheld another besieging army attacking it! Thinking on his toes, he used his **BLACK LEATHER RING WITH A PEACE SIGN ON IT** to cause his steed to spontaneously combust. Blasphemy instantly panicked and charged the remaining distance to the tents and the siege tower at the wall. As the tower caught fire, cooking the lame-o vampires inside, the commander burned to a cinder in his tent. The assault broke down, allowing Contrived's forces to rout the remaining enemies and reach the King in time. The messenger went out in a glorious burst of flame, taking out a whole vampire battalion with him.

Megan Jackson

"Mistros, creator of land, has given us this fertile home upon which we thrive and live in paradise. This paradise is called Godfrey, a place where his servants live to please us, for if we are happy, he is too." – Excerpt from *The Gift of Mistros*

Mistros' Eye is **A STONE** found on the shores of the Nunsely Triangle. The stone's color can be anything in the range between red and green. These stones are believed to be Mistros' tears and blood, spilled in the War of the Heavens, where the Avians stole Mistros' weather magic and ejected him and his followers from the sky. Although some believe they are merely glass toys created for use by the Hydrans.

Whether glass or tears or blood, these stones hold magical properties, and can be sold to the Avians for a year's worth of fair weather, or alternatively sold on a black market for a Hydran. Brave few have ventured out into the triangle's waters to find the blood and tears, but no return has ever been recorded.

Jake Johnson

I lie looking at the ceiling in my tree house. Unable to sleep I leap to the edge of my house in the trees. My wings catch the wind as I soar toward the source of my anxiety. The sacred lake in the mountains.

Tomorrow is the day I come of age. My **CHILDHOOD BLANKET** that I have used for years will become a suit of armor.

My Antar, my battlesuit, the lake I now flutter before, is magic. The cloth, when dipped in it, and the ritual performed, will become my Antar. It's a magic of sorts. It is impenetrable yet flexible. It contains the protection spell of the hearth. It will protect me during my time of military service. I go back to bed calmed.

The next day, our village elder stands before me flanked by my parents. I pass him my blanket. The folded cloth passes between us with a knowing look. He turns and dips the cloth in the lake. He begins to chant in an ancient language. When the cloth comes out of the lake, it is my Antar. I don the glimmering hardened cloth with pride and regret.

John Kazan

I picked up the **SEVEN-SIDED COIN**. It was a dark, brass-like color, with a hairless Terran on the front. The five languages of the kingdom of Jordan were inscribed on both sides of the coin. I passed a winged arm over the coin, letting carefully portioned magic flow from my mind. The coin gave off a soft brown glow for a few seconds, then stopped. A ghostly representation of the coin appeared in the air in front of me, slowly solidifying. I quickly placed the coin on the table next to me and caught the representation of the coin as it finished solidifying. This new coin was for the museum's fixture on Old-Age Terran Society, and was likely to attract many people from the Southern Cloud.

Right then, Nix-Lith burst into the room. The Chirotera looked angry in that moment.

"We need all of the coins on display by the time we reopen, Oix-Hix," he said quickly.

Silently, I waved the replicated coin in front of his face. He frowned.

"Well, bring it to the fixture, flip-flap!" he flapped at me impatiently.

I walked out of the Real Artifacts room and into the main museum area.

The museum was to reopen at the next Lightening—a wonderful time for visitors from the dark areas. I came upon the Old-Age Terran Society fixture. This was my favorite: it had things ranging from ancient farm equipment to weapons of war used against the Hydrans. It also, of course, had monetary items such as coins. This particular coin from the Kingdom of Jordan was seven-hundred-and-twenty Lightenings old, one of the oldest on exhibit. I placed the coin on

an empty hovering exhibit piece. Finally done.

We museum workers had been working on this exhibit for the past two Lightenings. And tomorrow is opening day, the first day of lightening. Now I just had to tell Nyx-Lith that I was done with the fixture and I could return to my cloud. Luckily, Nyx-Lith came bursting into the exhibit at that moment, saving me some time because I didn't have to go looking for him.

"Oix-Hix, wonderful. You can go back home now," he said, surprisingly not angry. I left, happy with my work.

Jimmy Kidd

The day I found **THE COIN** all started as normal. I was journeying through Mulaian territory. Trudging through the sand, I saw the shine of something flash through the side of my eye. It grew bright enough to become an annoyance, so I kicked the sand in an attempt to bury it. Feeling something metallic hit my toe, I shifted through the sand to find a dirtied coin. I picked it up, but it was unreadable through the dirt. *Clean it up when I get home*, I thought after observing it.

Returning home, I washed it in the sink. Re-observing it, I saw what looked like a Terran head like mine, but surrounded by words in a strange language, nothing identical to Doegish. I took a closer look to see it right as it began to shine blindingly bright. In pain, I stumbled backwards, dropping the coin in the act. Soon after the light stopped, I regained my senses to find two huge holes incinerated into opposite sides of the walls of my house.

In fear, I quickly picked up the coin and threw it out. It really didn't help either when it hovered in the air. The air around the coin started to materialize. The figure that came out was neither a Terran nor Avian, although it hovered in the air strangely. The face was wrinkled and emotionless.

He glanced at me through the hole in my wall. Then he said in a monotone voice, "There are some things no mortal creature can handle." It said this as if it had done so many times before. With that it vanished...this greater being.

Taylor Livingston

This **BLUE RING** is a decoration used by Hydrans in the salt water. It is put on the door of the higher-end saltwater Hydrans, depicting the class of the family that lives in the house. The higher the ring sits on the door, the higher in

the upper class they are. If the ring sits on the door frame, the family works in government.

The lowest rank sits level with the door knob, indicating a soldier in the militia, no matter the rank. Then it goes up to militia leaders, and so on.

Were the family to move, they would take the ring with them. The ring is usually received when an “ancestor,” so to speak, enters into a high-ranking job. From there it is passed down through the generations along with the job. The ring is rarely moved.

Madeline McCann

“Thank-you so much, mommy!” giggled the young girl with delight. “It’s so pretty!”

“I’m glad you like it! Nundinae is advancing so quickly, isn’t it? Yesterday it seemed like nothing. Today, this!”

The girl giggled again as she pressed the button on the shiny rod and the frogs began to spin around.

There were two **SHINY GREEN FROGS ATTACHED TO THE ENDS OF A V-SHAPED PIECE OF METAL**. Going the opposite direction under the “V” was a bar of metal that attached to a bar of more metal. When the button was pressed, the frogs spun around in circles, dazzling metallic twirls, as if chasing each other.

“I know you’re excited to see me because Nundinae is so far away from Veneficus, but it’s late and you need to go to bed now. I love you!”

“You too!” the girl twirled around, skipping back to her room, the frogs dancing all the way there.

Lina Mistrion

They told me that I had been born again. I was meant to be starting a new life with a fresh pair of eyes, and a heart transmuted to pure gold, blood overflowing with the elixir of life. In truth, the only thing that was overflowing was my eye ducts. Barely able to contain my gratitude or my bladder, I fell to my knees before my Master. The Master Alchemist.

“Master,” I said. “Master...” I couldn’t stop myself from mumbling it over and over in disbelief.

But I suppose now that I was finally a real alchemist I would have to begin

suspending disbelief if I wanted to accomplish anything. And, as the heady gaze of the Master met mine and the Medallion was pressed into my palm, I vowed to be the best. A sudden miasma of calm assurance was cast over me. Such was the staggering power of the Guild, and of the Insignia.

Azure, scarlet, and gold were our representatives, rendered into a sun bursting on a dark sky. And in the middle of the **MEDALLION** was the Insignia: the flames of knowledge behind the book of secrets and spells, and below a gear peeking out between olive branches. The Insignia *was* alchemy, the perfect alliance of magic and science. Around the medallion were thirteen crimson gemstones. The symbol of our mastery and vast knowledge of the world of Mundi was now mine.

I was one of them. And I planned to earn my keep.

Emmy Neal

The Maurector is a multi-pieced magical aura detector used by the Maturity (Magical Security) of Tracts. **THIS PIECE** screws into a steampowered magic recording device and is held up to an eye to discover if someone has magic. (Tartans don't have the ability to see auras because they don't have magic or the technology necessary.) The subject must look into the narrow end of the Maurector's eyepiece for it to record the proper levels.

Every Tractan must undergo magical tests, usually before they enter their first year of school. People who test positive on the Maurector are deported (whether or not their parents choose to leave with them). The Maurector helps the Tartans prevent an infestation of magic inside the city.

Even though the Maurector is able to detect magic, it is useless when it comes to detecting mutations. This is why the number of mutants in Tracts are multiplying despite the filters blocking Tracts from magical infection.

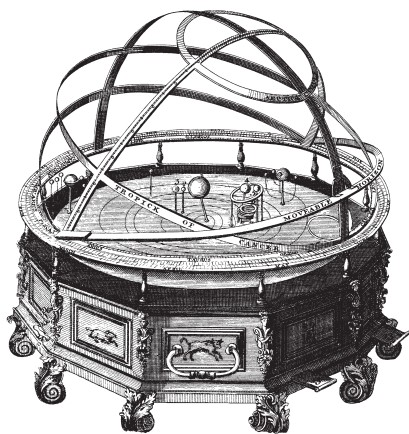
Claire Pillsbury

Everyone always talks about legends on Humaea. We're really religious and love a good story—like the sniping mouse legend. It says the mouse was often hunted by the cat, because its arrows could be heard by the cat when flying through the air. So the mouse sat on top of a clock, and waited for it to strike midnight. The sound of the bells covered up the arrow flying, and the mouse hit the cat. The moral is tools can't be limited if their user is clever.

I myself am a consumer of these legends. My collection consists of pictures of the tales, with a note jotted on the back to help me remember what the legend is. **TAKE THIS CARD FOR EXAMPLE: THE SNIPING MOUSE UPON THE CLOCK. WITH THE WORDS “AT MIDNIGHT, MAYBE” ON THE BACK.** With this, I’ll never forget!

Whitney Raven

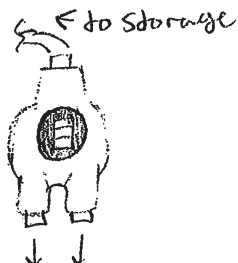
Kongerigian Encyclopedia of Historic Events—Entry #278046, *Date: 30th August, Year 8904, The Map of Rhodan Selene*...Rhodan Selene, hero of our land, was known far and wide, from the deserts of Qal-Id to the tundra of Humaea. His heroic deeds were and still are classic legends. But for all his greatness, he had one fault, I’m afraid: his overactive sense of humor. From egging on a dragon to tripping small children into piles of buffow dung, his frivolities were a true downfall of his character. There can be no greater example than his final feat: disappearing in a time of great need. As a dragon ravaged our city, wanting its lost treasure back, Rhodan left but a note on our king’s desk, addressed to him by his initials, C.G. The **NOTE HELD A GREEN CARD OF FINE PARCHMENT WITH A CRUDELY DRAWN MAP UPON IT.** The words “If you can’t find it, I’m sorry. Did the best I could. – R.S.” were to the left margin of the card. At once a troop of soldiers was dispatched to locate what was assumed to be the treasure the dragon sought. Nothing was ever found. Rhodan was never seen again. And the dragon was eventually, after numerous casualties, slain.



Noah Reveley-Hunt

Guide to assembling Portable River Filter

FIG #1 – (not shown to scale)



Shown item is **THE CONNECTOR** to transfer the collected magic into a storage tank for disposal.

FIG #2 – The Dampener to reduce harmful magic bursts.

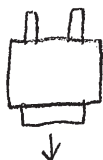
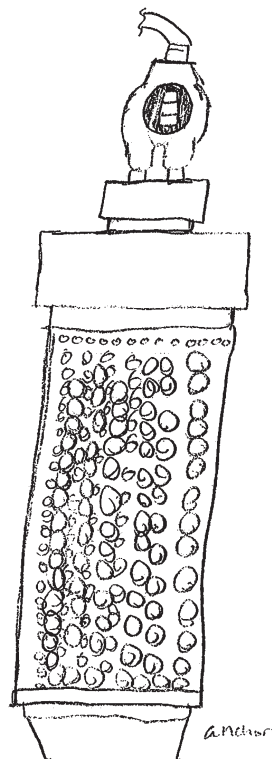
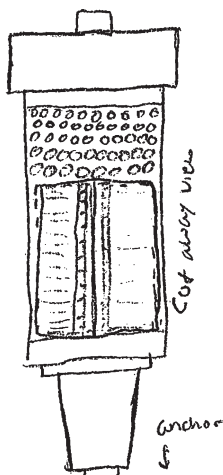


FIG #3 – The actual filter itself. Note the perforated sleeve within which is installed a powerfully charged silver mesh. The mesh collects magic energy from the water and transfers it to the dampener.



Allie Roose

It's not a big deal, really. The **PICTURE**, that is. It certainly wasn't when it was given to her, just another one to hang on a wall already cluttered with pictures of family, friends, scenery, and herself, and it would seem wrong, somehow, if a simple object gains more meaning just because a person connected to it is gone. It's like a replacement, and she wouldn't want to do that.

She knew she shouldn't have let him go to that island. The trip there is dangerous, and the land itself probably more so. He could have been eaten by any number of sea monsters or attacked by merminators before he could even get there. There were plenty of monsters on land too. Kongerige was a very dangerous place after all. It's a bit of a miracle he even got a boat to take him there what with all the horrible stories told about it. But he insisted, and she let him go. That was all there was to it.

Miranda Severance

THIS RECTANGULAR BLOCK is used as a meditation aid for inexperienced mages in Veneficus. One turns the block with their hands, thinking of nothing but the markings (or lack of markings on two of the sides). Since the markings are a monotonous grid of rectangles, the mind cannot be reminded of the physical world around it. It is especially common for it to be used by children.

There seem to be stone blocks similar to these in the Rusts, suggesting that the concept dates back to the ancient civilizations. Interestingly, a similar cube is used in Tractus to teach arithmetic. Of course, Tractus denies that the similarity is anything but coincidence. Strangely, no such blocks, for any purpose, exist in Nundinae.

Derrek Thompson

Brekit stared at the **SMALL BOX** on the shelf. The strange beetle on the center of the lid beckoned him. He knew the logo oh too well. His father had run away to run a Hydran show when he was small. The box had been delivered by an Avian passing through. Brekit's curiosity was at war with his better judgment. He knew the box bore the branding of his father's touring company. Brekit also knew that his father was a loner and a liar. But despite what he knew, he had to open the box.

With trembling hands, he pulled the lid off of the box, revealing a small

metal coin. It was an average coin for the area, but a little old looking. Brekit wondered what it could be. Thoughts flew through his mind. Money? No, it didn't look official enough to be currency. Then, an idea came to him. The coin was a gift coin. Surely to be redeemable at one of his father's stupid freak shows. It had to be.

And now Brekit found himself with a decision. Should he go? After all these years, would seeing his father help anything? And for that matter, why had his father, all of a sudden, decided to enter his life? And why did he decide to do it in such a mysterious way? And then another question entered his mind. What would his mother think?

Ryan Yappert

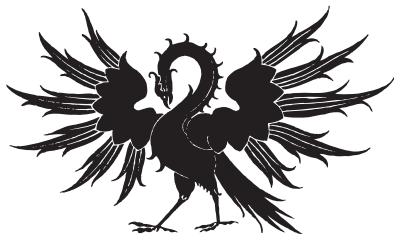
Dear Readers, I, the great explorer Valdez Gyer, thank you for picking up this newest volume of *Krakens and You*. This time we'll be covering kraken mating habits and rituals. It is important to recognize the signs, as this is when they are most imitable.

Krakens mate and court in mid-glide, crashing into each other in a tangle of limbs. Plummeting to the waters of the Risom Sea, the male fertilizes the female's eggs held inside her mouth.

Later, the female crawls into the tidal coves at the base of the cliffs. She releases the **EGGS—MILKY SPHERES THE SIZE OF A MAN'S PALM, COVERED IN DIMPLES**—to hold water. They fluctuate from soft to firm as the tide covers them. Some find these a delicacy, but beware when seeking the eggs! Unmated krakens will attack anything not a kraken on sight.

I hope you have enjoyed this volume of *Krakens and You*. Remember, these noble creatures can easily be deadly if provoked. For more information on flying krakens, be sure to pick up the next volume on hunting habits.





THE WRITERS

A Fantastical Bestiary

The Challenge: You had to create a writer bestiary by describing your fellow students, thus showing how much you had observed about them. Some of you were by that point already “in character” in your worlds—for example, the dueling James Cookson and Jimmy Kidd—but the assignment didn’t require the descriptions to be set in your worlds.

Bestiaries started out as medieval collections that provided physical and allegorical descriptions of real or imaginary animals. Modern versions include Franz Blei’s playful bestiary of his writer’s group, including this entry on Kafka: “*The Kafka*. The Kafka is a magnificent and very rarely seen moon-blue mouse, which eats no flesh, but feeds on bitter herbs. It is a bewitching sight, for it has human eyes.”

RACHEL BERRY – The Ray is a creature whose origin comes from a siren. She lives on land and is very musically adaptable to mastering most instruments and games she tries, in a short period of time. She uses her gift of music, both vocal and the guitar, to lure curious humans—not to harm but to entertain. She enjoys making others smile with her gift of persuasion in music. However, the Ray has a fiery temper toward those left unaffected by her magic. Usually, she is a peaceful, happy creature. The Ray’s true nature is best observed by night. She has been known to be soothed by Asiatic instrumentals and the cello. (Shannon Dean)

SAMANTHA BLACK – The Samantha is a small creature with a radio for a mind. A particularly outgoing animal, although shy when faced with observing audiences. The Samantha familiarizes herself with dark music and red things. It is an omnivore, although its main nourishment is diet soda. (Megan Jackson)

KATHERINE BUCHANAN – The Kather is a playful creature whose sensitive ears and bright, wide eyes give it acute empathic abilities. Highly genial, the Kather is easy to approach and observe; it is even known to attempt its distinctively melodic communication with other creatures, alternating between a trill and a soft murmur, and often picking up animals in a manner oddly reminiscent of a hug. Despite its friendly disposition, a Kather is not easily tamed and can become quite defensive of its territory, stamping and bellowing when protecting its herd. While revered as a holy beast in some areas, it is sadly valued for its ivory in others. (Lina Mistrion)

EMILY CARRIGG – A small, light-haired mammal that enjoys running through the Northern forests at great speeds. Depending on the Carrigg's disposition, its eye color is subject to change from brown to blue. This creature is noted not only for its extremely poor night vision but for the elaborate nests it builds in the tree-tops. It is an omnivore that has few meals, preferring instead to find its energy source in the sugary juices it drinks. The Carrigg is also noted for the way it “mocks” its fellow wildlife, occasionally enticing the animals to chase it around the forest. (Emmy Neal)

KATE CLAYBORNE – The Clayborne resembles a purple meerkat, with the exception of the wings on its back. Although it can rarely be found using its wings, it is able to soar like the wind when it wants to. Despite the social norm for meerkats like it, the Clayborne can be found hanging out with wild ferocious animals, and almost makes it look safe. (Madeline McCann)

JAMES COOKSON – The Cookson (also known as “Jerome Lecours”) is a Terran who captures and sells exploited creatures of Doegum. As he would say, he is a greedy, money-obsessed, self-centered, and overall evil being—when he's being modest. He lost his right leg and arm in a bad trading deal, but got the replacement leg and still has three more arms. In short, don't mess with him and stay very far away. (Jimmy Kidd)

CHRISTOPHER DAVIS – The Davis is a large Rottweiler-like canine, with powerful jaws. It's a lighter blond color, with brown eyes that jump from their soft-colored shell. Though they have a stand-offish appearance due to the strong

jaws, they are much calmer than they let on; in fact, they are quite shy. But once they break out of their shells, this first impression becomes diminished and quite false. They are not often seen in packs or socializing with other creatures, though they bond seamlessly after extended periods of time. Although they seem built for a hunter's lifestyle, they never touch meat. They may be herbivorous, but they tend to avoid lettuce. (Taylor Livingston)

SHANNON DEAN – The Shannary, or *Shanneus Deanius*, is a proud bird that lives in the nocturnal air of Southern Asia. Its call sounds like that of a horn manufactured in France. Its habitat is frequently kept clean, and it will avoid any creature with an annoyingly extended call. The green feathers help it to blend in with its surroundings, avoiding predators. Its naturally proud nature is somewhat of an attraction to fellow birds of its kind. It normally likes to perch in the shadows and watch other animals for entertainment. (Rachel Berry)

SAVANNAH FINVER – The Finver is an intelligent being that enjoys a close family unit. Its diet consists of no dairy, as it has no way to digest lactose. It usually exists in family packs, while preferring to avoid other family units. Compared to other related species, the Finver is relatively smaller, although they are known to grow to great sizes. It has glasses-shaped markings around its eyes. Being intelligent, it has its own language and has its own fiction within society. While it prefers to stay with its own family, it can easily interact with others of its own species, and has been known to establish friendships. It has a fear of puppies. (John Kazan)

ZAK FREY – The Zak is a ginger-colored, parrot-like creature whose vocabulary consists of sarcastic, witty, and obscure remarks. When not laughing at the absurdities of life, it is often found trilling old Irish songs in a way that sounds uncannily like a penny whistle. The mocking words it says are very amusing to a rare other creatures, and despite the abuse the Zak may give, generally gets along with others. It is very intelligent and not afraid to sling its comments at others. The Zak is known to be slightly unaware of its surroundings when in deep thought. (Jackie Gitlin)

KELSEY FUSON – The Fuson can appear as a fiery Red Phoenix with solar panels on its back and armor on its underside. It tends to fly low in the sky,

surprising all whom behold its deathly silent flight. It can also take the form of a magnificent but rarely seen ocean-blue meerkat with the eyes of an ocelot. It also likes music. (Will Hunt)

JACKIE GITLIN – The Gitlyn is a slightly smaller-than-average weasel-like creature, usually light brown in color, and possessing the envious ability to seem to be everywhere at once. When happy, which seems to be almost all the time, it produces a tuneful, flutelike whistling that is generally pleasant to the ear. The Gitlyn is a hyperactive little creature, and rarely sits still long enough for a closer examination to be made. (Zak Frey)

LINDA HARMON – The Linda is a nocturnal songbird native to the southern United States. It is an omnivore, although it generally prefers the meat of birds and beasts over that of fish. They also eat fruit and berries. Lindas are drawn to human settlements by the sound of music, which they sometimes practice alongside their natural repertoire. (Miranda Severance)

CELIA HEALY – Springing from tree to tree, the Celian lemur does not stand still for even a moment. It is well bonded with other, neighboring animals, and remains an open book to anyone who would like to befriend it. When it is hungry, the Celian lemur enjoys tricking humans into giving it pasta-like dishes, as its mischievous side sometimes appears. And the Celian lemur tends to have the unintentional habit of drawing on familiar places with whatever is on hand, bringing it dangerously close to getting caught with each drawing. Who can tell what the Celian lemur is really like? (Claire Pillsbury)

TAYLOR HOCUTT – A Black Robe is a perplexing beast. It is tall and scrawny, with an epic mane. It is an omnivore, but enjoys stalking its prey using shadows. It feeds solely on human souls and fear. It often can be found dancing in secluded locations to Explosions in the Sky, but if it senses someone watching it will disappear, only to paint offensive words on the watcher in its sleep three days later. Anyone finding their way into its den will find it in a state of functional chaos. The Black Robe has a great talent for rendering two-dimensional images, many of which it will imbue with life, and laugh as they terrify whole cities. The Black Robe is a docile beast. (Noah Reveley-Hunt)

WILL HOLCOMB—The Willobird is an unassuming bird, save for its long brown tail and eyes ringed in black. It possesses the droning voice of a human, which it uses to lure travelers off the path and into traps. There, it feasts on their bodies. A clumsy flyer with gangly limbs, it swears when it crashes into obstacles. Although cunning, it stutters when confronted, and isn't threatening if one knows of its tricks. (Ryan Yappert)

WILL HUNT – The Mik (sometimes known as the Will) is a small, deceptive rodent. It appears placid, almost bored, but is in fact quite sociable after one interacts with it. Its arrival is often quiet and unnoticed, but it plays nice. It appears transfixed by music, specifically modern metal. Not much else is known about this small creature. (Kelsey Fuson)

MEGAN JACKSON – The Song Megan is a very colorful species who likes cows. This bird loves to sing and enjoys almost all kinds of music and various types of art. (Samantha Black)

JAKE JOHNSON – The Jake is a bat-like creature. This animal generally sticks to caves and attics. While not dangerous, it can be prone to erratic and eccentric behavior. Its vision is poor, but not so much so as other bats. Very little is truly known about it. (Allie Roose)

JOHN KAZAN – The Kazan is a quiet, friendly creature. One would not guess its extreme level of intelligence upon first meeting it, but it can be a great contributor to conversation and can, in fact, be very sarcastic. It is a gentle creature with wide, expressive eyes, though catching its eye directly may be a rare occurrence. It is skittish about what foods it eats, refusing to eat certain nuts or bananas. It is very flexible and can bend its joints in inhuman fashion. It has a unique talent for using and twisting words, and has a very powerful imagination. The Kazan is, furthermore, a very agreeable creature and not in the least bit harmful. It has an aversion to sunlight, as the piercing rays cause pain to its sensitive eyes. It has lanky limbs and jerky movements, as well as a deep, rumbling voice, which ironically can be frightening compared to its gentle nature. (Savannah Finver)

JIMMY KIDD – Arous, sometimes known as “Kidd” is an Avian. He is extremely

powerful but also very vain and stuck-up. Arous has an infamous rivalry with the corrupt Terran Jerome Lecours. Arous considers himself to be superior to others, including his own kind. (James Cookson)

TAYLOR LIVINGSTON – The Livingston is a green dog, like the Tasmanian dogs in shape, but is larger, and is withdrawn. It can run at thirty-five miles per hour, and eats much meat, about three pounds a day, which is a large amount for a dog. It has slight magical powers, able to camouflage into the color of sand. It sleeps for twelve hours a day, eating at three times during the day, four hours apart. It is not a cruel beast by nature, but when cornered, will unleash its sharp claws and teeth to fight, but only to distract in order to escape. The Livingston sleeps in caves, and is not a pack animal. It is a beautiful sight, but is very shy. It is almost unable to be tamed, but will occasionally share its kills with others of its kind. However, this is not likely to happen. It might come up to a human who is eating fish, or another type of meat, but will only take a small bit, then leave. The Livingston might come back, taking slightly larger pieces each time. It is a curious animal, as it is withdrawn, but will occasionally take slight amounts of food from human hands. After many nights of this, it is possible to be tamed, but it is a hard and laborious progress. (Christopher Davis)

MADELINE McCANN – The McCannCann is a unique creature that looks strikingly similar to a narwhal, with magnificent blue-and-green stripes. Found only in swimming pools in Tennessee and Texas, it can be difficult to locate if one does not know where to look, but exceedingly intriguing. Its distaste for any meat is widely known, as well as its peaceful personality. However, the animal will not perform any tricks like a dolphin will, for it can be very humble. (Kate Clayborne)

LINA MISTRON – Bright, beautiful, and majestic is the Lina. Her brilliant sea-blue body with cream-stained stripes and fluffy cottontail are the only characteristics that make the Lina different than the giraffe. She resides in lonely peaceful fields, snacking on the crunchy green grass and harsh hay of them. Her emotions are consistently happy and peaceful, but occasionally sparkled with angry red and yellow temperaments. Unlike most peaceful beasts, she is uncommonly stubborn, yielding to no one. This bewitchingly spectacular beast is very uncommon, and few have actually ever been spotted. (Katherine Buchanan)

EMMY NEAL – The Emmy has an affinity for sweet delicacies. Due to its poor eyesight, it moves by heat sensors, and will investigate any unknown heat signatures because of its outgoing nature. It has one main tuft of fur on its head that spreads to its neck. This creature is very brightly colored and active only at night or late afternoon because it is slightly nocturnal. This creature has webbed feet. (Emily Carrigg)

CLAIRE PILLSBURY – The Itztar (sometimes known as the “Pillsbury”) is a large dolphin-like creature with slick green skin, which eats a variety of food, although mostly small fish and kelp. Known for its rapid chatter, the Itztar is very friendly, although constantly moving. (Celia Healy)

WHITNEY RAVEN – The Whitney is a black, leopard-like big cat residing on the plains of Africa. She hunts small gazelle, baboons, and hyenas whenever available. The cat does not get along with hyenas or baboons. This cat is also nocturnal and fairly reclusive. It enjoys stalking and harassing humans and, strangely, books. (Derrek Thompson)

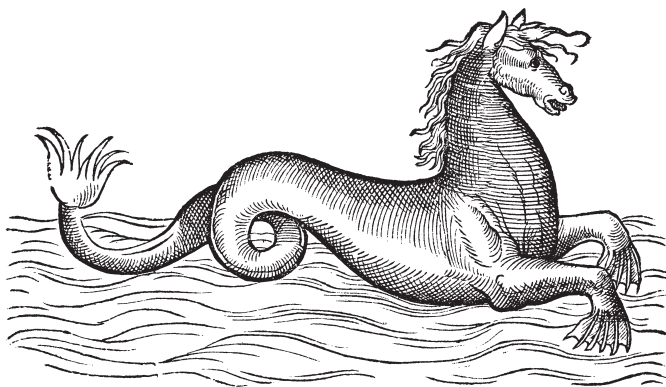
NOAH REVELEY-HUNT – The Newburger is an indescribable furry beast of the realm 114, a dark unexplored land of functional chaos. The mating call resembles that of a flying Kraken, and it feeds solely—and inexplicably—on unbelievably large quantities of soda. It commonly renders its meals from the massive and much revered Wofford cactus. It is currently on the Endangered Species List. (Taylor Hocutt)

ALLIE ROOSE – The Allie is a shy mountain-dwelling creature. It lives in a cave, behind a waterfall, where it feels indoors. It has a strong creed and enjoys the Magic game and video. It has pink fur with a brown mane. (Jake Johnson)

MIRANDA SEVERANCE – The Miranda is a magnificent mammal with black fur and brown eyes. This creature has a vivid imagination and has a wonderful talent for drawing. The Miranda divides its time between its burrow and the outside world. It feeds on meats, but does not care for vegetables. The Miranda does not like to be in confined spaces for long periods of time, and it does not like climate changes. (Linda Harmon)

DERREK THOMPSON – The Derrek is a Roc-like bird that resides in the mountains. Hunting mostly at night to avoid detection, he feeds primarily on small deer. Due to his mountainous, rural habitat, not much is known about the Derrek. (Whitney Raven)

RYAN YAPPERT – The Ryjhan is a creature resembling an enormous pair of flared nostrils that propels itself on an undulating bed of prehensile hooves growing from its back. Each nostril is in fact a mouth, which is lined with probing, touch-sensitive teeth. The combined capabilities of expansive twin maws allows it to engulf its prey and impale each of its weak points simultaneously. As a side note, the creature constantly blathers in arcane tongues, which only other absurd and improbable beasts seem to understand. Others are merely deeply confused by their incomprehensible conversations. Surprisingly, the Ryjhan does sport limbs, though they are well-hidden, malnourished in appearance, and deathly pale due to their hiding place in its immense scraggly coif. (Will Holcomb)



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Booklet design by John Coulthart.



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

STAFF

The Shared Worlds staff for 2009 consisted of:

Tim “The Seer” Schmitz, Director of Summer Programs

Jeremy “Big Kid” Jones, Director of Shared Worlds/Instructor

Jeff “Hyena Laugh” VanderMeer, Assistant Director/Workshop leader

Cathy “Make It Work” Conner, Office Manager

Christine “Make Sense” Dinkins, Instructor

Joe “Math Is Fun” Spivey, Instructor

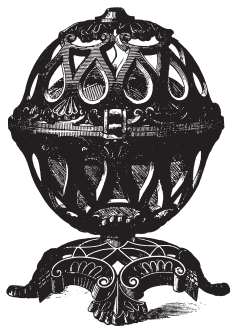
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Vanessa “Editorially Speaking” Lauber, Teaching Assistant

Nathaniel “It’s All Cool” Smith, Teaching Assistant



Maggie “Not Really Midwestern” Borden, Resident Assistant

Glenn “Battered Forehead” Hope, Resident Assistant

Mollie “Obey Me, Too!” Roper, Resident Assistant

SPECIAL GUESTS

Special guests at Shared Worlds included the following writers, editors, and lecturers:

Holly “Cat Fairy Tale” Black

Darin “Your Future Is Online” Bradley

Tobias “Halo” Buckell

Matt “Cool Maps” Cathey

Will “Game Face” Hindmarch

Trina “Why Am I Here?” Jones

Anne “Artifacts” Rodrick

Natalie “Cycle of Life” Spivey

Ann “Surreal Chic” VanderMeer

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Finally, thanks to Lawton “Wizard” Boyce and Wofford College for making Shared Worlds possible, the great people in the Wofford cafeteria, Matt “The Battery” Staggs for his efforts in promoting Shared Worlds, and to master designer John “Alchemy” Coulthart for creating this sampler.

AUTOGRAPHS

*Use these pages to collect the signatures
and well-wishes of your fellow fantastical
beasts...*



