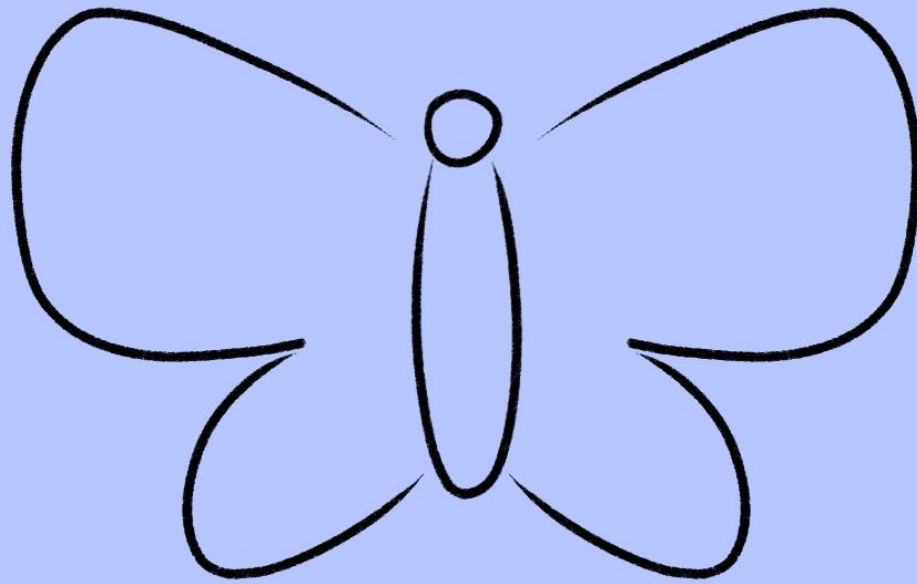


The Pure



A Supplement of Youthful Dreams
for
Mage: The Ascension

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By Gemmo

To all beings, that we may find The Supreme Attainment.

Wake up.

Magic was never dead.

Only Sleeping.

The wonder of yesterday and the hope of tomorrow rests in Souls like us.

Some called us sinners, others saints.

And said that we could fly to heaven and fall to hell.

We call ourselves Mages.

Make no mistake: We are Deity.

Today, we work wonders.

Tomorrow, we manifest destiny.

The question is: What will you call yourself?

Before and behind us lies Eternity.

Are you ready to Transcend?

Introduction

The Rest of Your Life

When I was a child, I realized that I liked being one.

That was the moment my innocence went, of course.

Presently, I was heading into the daycare. Once, when I had actually attended it, I remembered the name. Yet even then that hadn't mattered. It was just the daycare. And it still was, now. Even if it was left an abandoned lot.

I traced around the back of the place, where the growth of trees provided cover. Iconography and embellishments had long since been removed, if only to confirm its sold status. There was roughshod wood with faded paint, old glass and the décor of childhood, now cast into another light with the passage of time. More than one place was being haunted, I realized.

I had daydreamed of doing this years ago, of course. Back when the passions were still strong in my mind. Years had passed in placid emptiness, longing and fantasizing and remembering all while what remained of my youth rapidly faded away. Back then I had been a touch romantic about it, I thought. Really, it was insane that it had meant that much to me. Now the romance was gone, and genuinely so, really. I still did not know what compelled me to come back here, apart from unfinished business.

I picked at the tumbler lock of the place's back door. It was aged and I had only needed to spend a month practicing.

The door unlocked and I slowly opened it. It glided along the floor silently and I entered before shutting it back behind myself. My flashlight illuminated darkness; a corridor that led to the playroom on one end and the nap room on the other. Before me was the arch that led to the front room of the place, the one that held its own exit to administration. There were other routes and doors, of course, but a walk would likely be needed to spur the memory. So, I did so.

I took a left. I could remember one archway led to the sleeping quarters, rows of identical cots, but I also recalled the mysterious doors just past the bend. I always figured those were for storage or other employee business, but I hadn't confirmed it myself and I was now here. So I walked.

It was dark and this was ridiculous, I realized.

I passed the sleeping room and found some of the doors of interest. One was of an old, cheap wood. The wear on it felt, interesting somehow. Like the black sheep of the family. I opened the door.

The room I entered was small and concise. On the right was a shelf and on the left was a cleared area with a small cloth mat set upon the ground. A kind of mat that seemed familiar, I realized. I looked back to the shelf and saw their contents and it became clear in my mind.

This was the changing room, I remembered.

They segmented it away from the bathroom to preserve the pride and exclusivity of all the older kids.

Or really just the kids that weren't babies, really. No doubt the medically-challenged just used the employee's bathroom or something.

The colors were pastel and soft and vibrant despite the cramped nature of the room and the passage of years. There was a diaper pack that had already been opened and left behind. Small rusty things abandoned with the place. I looked at the designs and the shape and remembered the room and felt raped. In an instant I left the room, slamming the door shut behind me. It was my mind that had reached out, though.

I figure I could have remained pure, had I not lived.

The world pricks at you like thorns, they say, until the pure white of the soul is shredded like cotton. Less glamorously, something grabs onto you, something that taints the image of real goodness and never satisfies. Always disingenuous, degrading. And even when the desire fades, the somatic obsession remains. Like a groove worn into lead.

I sighed in the darkness.

I had spent months planning this thing out, and was breaking the law in order to actually do it. Now I had no clue what I was doing here. Really, what the hell was I thinkin-

I heard a crash from elsewhere in the building. I immediately shut off my flashlight and plunged myself into the gloom. It, it couldn't be an object falling down, right? I started to pay more attention to my ears but my heart rate was still increasing.

There were more sounds. Footsteps. Fuck, *fuck*...

I was about to turn around to look for an escape down the corridor, before I realized something.

There was light coming from down the hallway.

It flashed on the wall by the bend and spread out softly, as if radiating in all directions. It was white – pure white – and something seemed off about it.

No.

That wouldn't describe it.

There was nothing off about it.

I began to walk toward the light. I had no idea why but there was something there, something wonderful that I had always sought yet found so elusive. Another part of me thought myself a fool, because it almost seemed like I was going to be an idiot caught by the police because I was hypnotized by nostalgia or something. Yet there was another voice in me that was stronger, more real. I turned the corner.

I was confronted with wonder.

There before me stood light and a boy. The light *was* light, bare and alone, manifested in the form of an

orb that hovered just by a kid. And said kid *was* a kid, four foot something, older than a young child but not yet a preteen. He was wearing just a diaper and a cobalt shirt on which were sewn dazzling stars of golden thread. Somehow, I did not disbelieve. That was what surprised me the most.

“Huh. Well I can't say I've seen this before.” the boy said like someone out of a dream. “Kind of glad I casted this before spying you here. Now we won't have to go through the proving rigmarole or spend the night at the police station. Anywho, what's your name?” he asked me as though it was the most normal thing in the world.

“You, you'r-”

“A wizard, yes. My name's Jacob. Now, what's yours?”

“An, Anthony.” I responded. I responded...

“Ah, well it's a nice surprise to see you, Anthony! Trust me, this is just as much a surprise for me as it is for you...” Jacob talked and he glittered in a way that was not visual. I felt something inside me, then, but that didn't feel quite physical either.

“I, how, this is like-”

“A story?” he spoke immediately and I looked into his eyes.

He caught me there.

I recognized a knowing there. A knowing that I had dreamed of and never thought I could actually share with another person. I wasn't even sure how I recognized it, but I did, and I wanted to resist and think through this situation rationally, but ultimately I just nodded. Yes. God, *please*, yes...

Jacob must've seen something, because his face went more neutral, but there was still the light behind it and no hostility.

“There, there, lad. Given the circumstances, I trust you aren't a burglar. You're much more than that, aren't you?”

I felt really, unadulterably foolish right now. Because I was on the verge of tears and felt comforted by a school kid. But everything was hurting so much that I didn't do anything about it.

“I, I don't know what I am, man...”

I started to cry and just stared at him for a while in the gloom. His composure remained and I felt like shit when I saw the concern on his face, but the captivation was all-encompassing. He was there and he was magic and he was *real* and that meant so many other things...

After a while, he spoke.

“You're lying though. You know what you are.” he said, and there was no barbs to his words.

I looked upon him with expectancy unmatched.

Jacob pointed up.

And I exploded in the most silent explosion of my life.

Words could not explain what was felt. And to relate it would ruin the sacredness. But still I remembered I was perfection and ultimacy and that was all I ever needed to know.

Jacob caught me when I fell.

“As if this night could not get better!” there was chuckling, but the world still felt like a distant dream. When I could recognize Jacob, it was like recognizing an echo of rapture.

He was still there, I recognized, even though I had just had the distinct sensation that I had stepped somewhere else. He was even staring at me now. Yet I knew just looking at him that it hadn't been due to concern. He was looking at me like I had looked at him...

Wait.

“You, you're a 90s kid.” my words came out. Normally I would have wondered why, but I didn't this time. I just knew.

The world before me bended and twisted as Jacob's mouth curled. *God*, it was like my mind was opening and twisting...

Jacob did not immediately speak. Instead he traced some symbol with his finger and an ID card appeared, hovering in the air. I stumbled to my feet, away from his support, and examined it with hunger. It was a school ID, one that showed a child who matched him to a T. Except the year emblazoned on the card was before the millennium, let alone this decade.

“Embarrassing, I know.” he shook his head, but his brightness and zest went nowhere. “But the gig's up now and you're Awakened! God, I really almost feel terrible for this, really anti-climactic as far as life-defining magical experiences go...”

“A, Awakened?” I asked. More images from Jacob's mind flashed before me, information I knew could be confirmed as perfectly as I had the last.

“Yep. Awakened to all, well, *this*. A deeper level of reality than most are privy to. That fact that you're a mage like me now is pretty much the only reason I was able to teleport my card so nonchalantly...” Jacob began to go off.

“A, mage. Magic.” I repeated to myself. The distance between men kept fluctuating, extending and vanishing. At times I felt like I could throw a slider down, or raise a screen. Filter thoughts or let emotions stream somewhere else. All of these things were true, undoubtedly true. More true than many of the facts printed on paper. Than some days of my life. I knew all of this, and yet I repeated the words because the idea of using them to describe this, *divinity*, felt, curious. Perhaps not right or wrong, but still curious.

“Those are words we are accustomed to using freely, yes.” Jacob quipped. “ Though, more specifically, we speak of True Magic. Sorcerers have their gifts, yes – those hedge-magicians that you are probably familiar with – but they still only walk in their Sleep. Not that it stops them from attaining religious experience or modest magic, but they cannot shape reality through their Wills quite like we can. We can perform Miracles, Anthony.” in his final words Jacob fell into my eyes again. Not as an angel, this time. As an equal.

“I read your mind.” I stated, for it was fact.

“With time, you'll be able to do much more.” Jacob spoke, and reclined out of his gaze. “For you're not just a psychic, Anthony. Your powers stand above the Sleepwalkers like the Sun over the world. As will the challenges you face.”

I paused, turning toward him then. I knew he anticipated what my response would be, but I still acted.

“Earlier, you mentioned that you were only able to teleport that card so easily because I had become a mage.” the final word played strangely on my tongue. “And before that, you mentioned how fortunate you were that you had summoned your light before encountering me. That, that's-”

Jacob opened his mouth to speak, but I finished.

“Paradox.”

Jacob gave a certain wry smile and nodded.

“That is correct. Paradox is only one of the banes of our lives.” Jacob's voice fell, gaze off, and for a moment the years behind them became visible. “Reality may seem plastic to us, but have you ever played with a water bottle? It can snap back.”

Jacob raised a hand and his ID returned to him. He stowed it in a pocket and turned to face me. Things weren't dreamy anymore. They were clear. I was lucid, I realized.

“Our magic is still limited, unfortunately. You see, in order to work our Wills, we have to push back against all the other wills in the world. Sleepers like the one you once were. They hold their own *paradigms* as much as we do, and unfortunately theirs tend to deny our magic more often than not. Even asleep, their Souls strive to enforce their vision of reality, unweaving our magic.”

Jacob looked off, thinking of something my tendrils couldn't reach. He looked back at me soon after, though.

“Still though, our wakefulness is enough to push against them a great deal of the time. It's part of how we're even able to perform our sorceries in the first place.”

I stood still for a while. When I stretched this aching muscle, I could feel it span beyond the building, past myself and Jacob, out into the world and night air. All around were minds, minds that had once seemed familiar but now seemed drugged, ignorant, lost. My perceptions became blanched out, weaker as I spanned the surrounding neighborhoods. It was almost as if a subtle light was dimming underneath

a heavy blanket of miasma. I hadn't made it very far into the city before I jumped back into awareness inside the body.

"They are asleep." I said. I felt the grandeur evaporating faster now, even though the memory of my sight was fresh in my mind.

"I know that look." Jacob shook his head. "It'll take more to recapture that feeling, and to find its final conclusion."

I breathed to myself, before looking back at him.

"So, these souls, sleeping or not, are the basis for magic. Or at least whatever kind of magic you, we use." I spoke.

"Well, others tend to call them Avatars, but we know them as Souls. It's pretty obvious, really." Jacob looked off in the contented sort of remembrance this time.

"Others. Other mages. We. You're part of a group, aren't you?" I asked.

"Well I had hoped to cover more of the traditional magely business first, but I suppose we were going to have to confront this eventually..." Jacob shook his head to himself, smiling, and traced his foot along the ground in idle play. I suddenly remembered that he was wearing a diaper.

"I am a member of The Pure. The Fellowship of The Pure, to be exact. We shepherd the magic of childhood, that we may lead men to understand the Divinity of the Soul."

Jacob said, and bowed before me.

"Usually the newly-Awakened figure out their paradigm and get into more serious magical shenanigans before getting contacted by us, but in your case things are a little peculiar. We're essentially a group of Awakened individuals who share in common an interest in...well...you know what."

I thought to speak, but just held silent. This situation was weird enough as it was.

"I mean, I trust you already know where I'm going with this, but there are a few things that I think you wouldn't have expected." Jacob began to look off to the side like a teacher in lecture.

"First, we've actually been around for a while. It isn't like a bunch of ABDLs got struck by magic one day and decided to form The Fellowship. Granted, when that happened, it *did* sort of reinvent the faction..." Jacob stared down for a little bit before returning his gaze to me. "The Pure have been around for millennia at this rate, though we've always been tiny as compared to other Awakened factions. And yes, there are *huge* wizard wars out there..."

I blinked.

"There's kind of been a split with us there, actually. There've always been people interested in being a kid again out there, and even nowadays there're multiple divides in terms of what people like in regards to the matter, or how 'far' they're into it, for lack of a better phrase. Couple that with Elders living for

centuries and hailing from times when the face of youth looked completely different, and you can see how even this small group would get convoluted.”

I blinked again. But this time I actually spoke.

“So. These 'Elders.' Based on that and the fact that it looks like you haven't aged a day, I take it that you have immortality of some sort? Or...” I trailed off.

“Regression?” he smirked. I just sighed and nodded.

“Well we do. Granted, not all of our number are proficient at actually *doing* it. That's what friends are for, though. This gets complicated, but yeah, there are guys who have been incarnate on this planet for even longer than me. It gets pretty amazing, I'll admit.”

“I. I suppose I don't even know what to say to that.” I spoke. Really, it almost felt automatic. I didn't actually, have the desire, did I? Once it was a raging fire but now it was just evaporated by time. But this, this was possible. This was real. And yet it didn't seem half as amazing as the wonders I had already experienced. Considering the situation carefully, I planned out my next words.

“So I'm guessing a lot of you are into diapers.”

Jacob looked at me as though I had said the funniest thing he had ever heard.

“God, I was wondering how the dam was going to break.” he shook his head to himself, smiling. “But yeah, in any case. Certainly not all, though. And don't let the Elders hear you say that...many of them will get pissy for less...” he chuckled to himself, and I felt a shared grin grow on my face.

“You into them too?” Jacob asked. Some of the mirth was still there, but he looked a bit more guarded, or expectant.

“What the hell do you think, man?” I responded. A chuckle actually escaped me, that time.

“God, dude...it's really rather surprising how this doesn't get old easily...” Jacob just shook his head to himself laughing. It was intriguing to see how his mind differed from my own, and just how much similarities between him and I yet remained.

“Anyways, well. Let's just say there's *opportunity* there back at our Domain.” Jacob said. Cast against the light of his orb and the glittering of his dress, he looked like he was out of a dream again.

“Your, Domain?” I asked. I felt my brow furrow and I wasn't quite sure why.

“Yeah, it's essentially our little base in the Astral, I'm pretty sure even a seemingly normal guy like yourself knows what that is...” Jacob smiled.

I paused. Jacob noticed something leave my face and his own grew more serious.

“Remember, whatever happens here is your choice.” he said.

"You have a place. You have a place where you can do all that stuff." I said.

"We do." Jacob admitted, and there was more sadness than I expected from him.

"That's. I need to think." I admitted.

"I understand." Jacob nodded.

I stood there and contracted. The world was getting distant again, but not in the same way as it had before. My mind did not just have the ability to reach out, I realized. It could also return within, draw itself back. *Think* more truly than I had ever been able to, even as one overly-given to introspection and self-consciousness. Now I had a problem that suited this ability.

So much was possible. Dreams were coming back to my mind, wonderful, terrible dreams that could possess a man and leave him a shriven husk afterward. Power couldn't help here, not when they would still be the one in control. I *wanted* to want it, I thought. But I didn't actually *want* it.

I still had the magic. Whatever it was, this power was all that I had ever really wanted. Even my lesser dreams pointed back to this. I had remembered it more intuitively back then, this ageless presence, essence, soul, this majesty which I was before my birth and would remain after my death. I had remembered it then and knew that was the true innocence of children, beyond the idol of flesh. Somewhere along the way I had lost the path, away from the real and into unfathomable darkness. Now this window was so tainted that it could never show me the light beyond.

Could it?

I looked at Jacob. And that was when I realized.

What was behind his eyes was like that behind my own.

"I'll join." I said.

His eyes grew wider than I had ever seen.

And then he took my hand.

When you're Wake-Up, dreams can't hurt you.

I stepped forth from this world into another.

The transposition was instant, like a level loading in, but I knew immediately that everything was different. Somehow, Jacob seemed even more shocked than me, smiling to himself madly. I could see around us an environment that approximated the old daycare we previously stood in, but 'old' only worked as a descriptor in another sense. The wood panelling of the floors, walls, and ceiling was of masterful quality, and spotless, but it looked almost a century out of date. By the darkness I could tell it was still late, but the atmosphere was completely different. The kind of coziness that doesn't cloy.

I panted a little.

Was.

Was I actually *excited*?

“*Holy*, did that no focus!” Jacob shouted.

“Okay...that's cool, really...” I took a moment to breathe. “My heart is like a fucking *metronome*...”

“Hah, good ol' Spirit will do that for you! Plus catharsis, but let's not spoil things through dwelling, shall we? We have Work to do!” Jacob giggled to himself.

“R, Right.” I nodded my head slightly before shaking myself. “Okay, so...going I'm guessing this is like some sort of spiritual reflection of the daycare back on Earth?” I asked. Geez, we were really in the astral plane...

“Hah, well I guess media does prepare you to some extent. That would be correct, though in this case, the *images* that people hold in their head regarding a place mean just as much as what it's actually like.” Jacob said. “I'm guessing there's a lot more people like you who felt highly of that daycare...or at least people in general projecting their images of it onto the one close by. Contagion and the Astral and shenanigans get pretty crazy, man...”

“That seems to be a recurrent theme.” I said.

“Yeah, well anyway we're here now! The old daycare serves as an anchor for much of our sojourns in this area. Provides a little trickle of juice for spells, and even more importantly, provides a nice sympathetic connection for reaching the Nursery. Here, follow me...” Jacob spoke and extended out his hand. I accepted it wordlessly and we began to walk.

The place looked almost Edwardian, I thought. Or how people imagined those times, at least. Surprisingly not shitty, though. There were cushions and nice glass windows revealing trees cast against twilight. I could spy a playroom enlivened by warm lamps, hints of bedrooms with cribs and a reading room with a mat. An amalgamation, really. But I did not care about anachronism. Evidently heaven didn't either. Jacob led me to a turn that brought us to the central hall, and I saw the front door before us.

“So you, actually live here? I mean, in this plane. Isn't it supposed to be, mental or something? We didn't like, leave our *bodies* back there, did we?” I asked, though really my mind was still caught on...everything.

“Well, I mean you're right in regards to incorporeality. I'll be honest; I don't have a clue about how 'physically' entering into the Astral works, and I'm not sure how we can confirm a theory for that. You didn't leave anything behind at least, if that's what you're worried about.” he shrugged. “But yeah, we do have a home base in here. Here, I think I'll be able to explain a little bit better out here...”

Jacob opened the front door and I was confronted with a forest at night. Out beyond the patio there were rows of trees arrayed into a sprawling expanse, with cobalt-black filling up the paths. A dirt trail continued on from the daycare into the woods. Somehow, though, it was not exactly intimidating. At least in the way it would have been on Earth. Despite the time (did that really mean anything?) it was

still easily bright enough to see, like one might see in a storybook or a video game. And yet it was beyond that; infinitely beyond that in a way that was difficult to put down. My pace didn't slow down at all. It only increased.

"Welcome to heaven! Mind you, don't actually die to get here, you hear? Even now things could change to hell if things go awry, but we should be pretty safe here." Jacob said. I was just smiling.

"Wasn't planning on it." I said. My eyes were flying all over the place. Hell, I got half of the wonder just by being here. My mind came back to the fore however, even while the littler self was captivated.

"So...you said Spirit, right? In a weird proper noun way." I said. It was so weird that I could actually tell those, now.

"Uhuh. That's one of my specialty Spheres. Essentially, they're the cornerstones of our magic, the designation for a pattern of related effects, or the domain of them, depending on how you think about the matter." Jacob nodded as he led me further down the path towards the woods. The trees towered over us.

"Huh. Right." I nodded. "Mind is mine, then."

"Yup." Jacob smirked. "Those folks tend to be pretty quick on the uptake generally. Not going to lie, you're kind of the spitting image, there..."

I just pushed him on the shoulder a little and he laughed and we continued walking. We were solidly *in* the woods now, with the daycare retreating into a distant light behind us. Yet we hadn't been walking for long, I thought. The more I looked, the more space seemed inconsistent. Hell, if this was the Astral then how could space be present? I looked around and saw a vast otherworldly wood. I felt a bit naked.

"Guess it's starting to hit you now, right?" Jacob asked in a way that wasn't a question. "As I mentioned before, the Astral is strange place that runs more on the mechanisms of the mind than nature. This environment isn't even really solid the way it is on Earth. Places have relations of correspondence rather than distance, at least to a degree. And especially in places where wills haven't solidified the area. Even what we're seeing now is sort of an illusion, though our astral visions seem pretty consistent. Helps when you're with someone else, admittedly..." Jacob shook his head to himself, smiling. "Don't worry, though. I know where we're going and that will bring us to where we want to go." he said.

I heard his words and I suddenly felt a queasiness inside of me. At times, I felt like I could see beyond the trees, beyond some raster image that was flashing rapidly before me at all times but which had something else behind it when the images didn't appear.

I felt my grip on Jacob tighten and he continued to lead me through the forest. Eventually the sight of the daycare had all but vanished behind us. There just seemed to be an endless expanse of forest. The world was large, practically overwhelming. Yet Jacob simply continued on unphased. He seemed as much a lantern as his magical light was.

"So, was there anything else you'd like to know?" he quipped. His attention was still focused on the path ahead.

I thought to myself for a moment, then answered.

“There's something we're aiming for. We have a chance at liberation. In this very lifetime, don't we?” I spoke.

“That's not even a question. You know it's true.” he said. He didn't look back because it was matter-of-fact.

I breathed in deeply.

“Anyone can attain that, really. Awakened or not. I can tell you knew that you were already It during your Awakening. Of course, there's a difference between that and finally having the realization. That's still a struggle for all of us, I am afraid.” Jacob said. The path continued to wind through darkness.

“Sometimes our Souls face Seekings, and when we conquer them – conquer ourselves – we acquire enlightenment. We can work greater magics, perceive more of the universe, and draw ever closer to final Transcendence. Pure or not, though, stagnation is an ever-present enemy.” Jacob spoke. I could feel the power within me gently thrum with steadiness, and I paid more wonder to it for a few meaningful seconds.

“I'm not even sure if this feels like wizardry. At least not in the way robes and wands and pentacles make it out to be. We're-”

“Real. God. People. I know.” Jacob said firmly, but the interruption didn't concern me. I nodded, and he continued. “Mage is a relevant term, but it's still only a signifier, much as those other ones are. Really we're, well. Everything. Everything that matters. We've been the miracle-workers of legend and visionaries at the horizon. The thing is, we have the power to change things. To manifest those visions into this world. And oh, do we ever fight in the implementation...”

Jacob trailed off. For a moment, I thought I could see the path ahead of us twist, but Jacob's voice returned soon after.

“That's why we also just call ourselves Awakened. Even if they don't agree with the term, everyone can at least get the analogy.” Jacob looked back to the path. “Reality isn't what it says on the tin. Most people get this intellectually, but we can actually see it.”

Jacob pulled out his wand. It was a glittering, entrancing thing.

“This is just one shape of it. Of Will. Others have drums, guns, test tubes, swords, computers, staves, or whatever else you could think. People have countless models for how it all works, different ways of focusing what it is we do. And honestly? They're probably right half of time. We've been trying to figure out the grand answer to it all for ages, but it's a damn confounding problem. So yeah, you're probably going to be seeing stuffy old ceremonialists, eccentric scientists, monks of all stripes, prophets, brujahs, psychics, even plain old magicians. Even we of The Pure have a thesis, as faltering as part of it may be. There are lots of ways to approach the problem and many people trying at it.”

Jacob sighed toward the end, but not in sadness.

“The hard part is that there's only going to be one answer at the end of it all.”

He looked at me, and we both nodded.

“I wouldn't have it any other way. And it could not be any other way.” I said.

He smiled.

When I looked back at the path, I realized that the trees were thinning. By us they were still clustered, but ahead they grew more and more sparse. Far away – at the edge of visibility – something waited at the horizon of the dirt path.

Some *things*.

“Ah, just in time! Perhaps the wilds were just waiting for us to be finished...come along!” Jacob took my hand and I surprised myself when I started to sprint.

I recuperated myself on the way enough to confirm that *yes*, those little dollops of wood and stone and light were probably signs of buildings. And given the way that Jacob was talking, presumably this was the good sort of settlement to see. I hastened in my sprint. It reminded me of my dreams from ages ago, when I would see an opportunity to find youth once more, only to have it invariably barred from my way time and time again. But this wasn't a dream. Not by a long shot.

“Holy hell man...wanna wait up for your guide or something?” Jacob spoke, but he also laughed under his breath in his sprint and kept falling behind. Given that he didn't stop me, I kept running.

The dots grew. Into rectangles and more convoluted shapes that did not easily fit into geometry. They were definitely buildings, I could tell now. Buildings set into some clearing in the woods that was so large, you could hardly call it a clearing. I thought of sleepovers and fantasy homes and Christmas coziness and I realized that there was something behind them that I wanted.

Lungs were hurting bad. Mind was a mess.

Shapes expanded, visible, palpable, close.

It was so close, now...

I broke into the clearing. The legs almost immediately gave way. I was panting and feeling like hurling but all around me was *something*. A world.

I was breathless on the ground by the time I heard Jacob catch up. Above was a canopy of stars, closer and more divine than they had ever been on Earth. On the periphery I could see wonderful hints of buildings, wooden rims and twinkling lights. This was, this was kind of a bad idea, in retrospect. If only I could sit up, I could actually se-

“*Holy* crap! You already snagged 'em, Jacob?!” a voice shouted.

“Ugh...Timaeus is gonna be pissed again if he finds out you're taking fresh wake-ups.” another voice

sighed. "How'd you even get him so fast, anyway?"

"Out of my hands this time, Richard." I could hear Jacob speak crossly, for once. "He Awakened right in front of me. I'll let him do the speaking once he's recovered."

The night sky was interrupted by the appearance of faces above me. At one corner of my vision, I could see a gawking visage take me in excitedly, while at the other corner, more measured eyes took me in just as assiduously. Both looked to be about Jacob's age. Or, well, "age," at least. I'd been accustomed to reflecting on that descriptor's irreality, but it was still so odd to see it become so immediately relevant...

"Hmm. Well as long as you can relate that to Timaeus, I think you're golden. I'll put in a teep's word if you need it." the figure that must have been Richard said.

"Thanks, Richard." Jacob said.

"Hooold up, Jacob. You're not just going to breeze by that." I could see the excited one shake his head, grinning even more madly as he looked back up at Jacob. "He *Awakened* in front of you? You saw a mortal out there? I thought you were just going to pick up some quint. Did you have your...'outfit' on when you saw him?" he asked, but mostly he was just stifling chuckles.

"If we could pick up the aftershocks of his Awakening, Seth, I doubt he's of the type that cares." Richard, rolled his eyes. "Though...how far did you head out from the daycare, Jacob?"

"Wait for it..." Seth said.

"Geez, you going to let the man introduce himself, at least?" Jacob groaned.

"Ah, that *would* be good manners. Here Richie, let's help the newbie up, shall we?" Seth spoke and began to tug on one of my arms like a doll. It hurt about as much as one would expect.

"...Never use that nickname again and I might spare you later." Richard spoke with an unrelenting stare at Jacob, but he picked up my other arm. The pain lessened.

I got up to my feet pretty quick, all things considered. I had recovered physically a great deal just lying on the ground. Now there was just this confusion to get through.

"So, kid, welcome to the Nursery! I'm Seth and my friend here is Richard. Now, first things are first; What's your name?" the boy asked with surprising speed and lucidity. I could notice now that he was actually properly dressed in comparison to Jacob. Normally dressed, granted, but at least he had pants. Behind him was an *amazing* assortment of structures that I was quite frankly more interested in at the moment, but I forced myself to speak.

"Anthony."

"Ah, well good to see you Anthony!" Seth caught my hand before I could really cognize the fact and shook my arm vigorously.

"Same here." Richard tilted his head upward in recognition. He was actually dressed with less formality than I had expected, appearing much the same as Seth, except with dark blacks, blues, and greys. A short-sleeved T-shirt had the Greek letter psi emblazoned on it. A bit too transparent, if you asked me...

"It is good to meet you as well." I nodded my head towards them after a pause. Jacob started to walk up behind me, soon settling close by.

"So how did Jacob find you, anyway?" Seth asked.

"I. Well I was. I was heading into an abandoned building for reas-" I was cut off.

"We can surmise." Richard shook his head, more as in pity, though.

"Ah God...sorry man, but it's *still* just funny to see..." Seth didn't even really try to suppress his laughs this time. "Ah...anyway, I hope you're enjoying the place! And your magic, of course. Sorry, usually these things are split into two..."

"I've heard." I shook my head a little.

"I think what my friend is getting at is that we should probably be giving you the tour now. Plus initiation. Do you think you could inform Timaeus, Jacob? I'll teep the others so we can get ready for the ceremony." Richard spoke.

"I'll take that first one for myself, but I'll be back soon." Jacob sighed. For a moment I felt a little scared, and remembered when Jacob had seemed like a miraculous angel, but it was a passing feeling. Being a magician now and physically older than the rest of them could do wonders, there.

"Sounds good, then." Richard nodded.

"Hey wait, before you go, Jacob..." Seth "jogged" up despite the fact that he was around five feet away from the guy. "...my tass? Please?"

Jacob shook his head, but smiled.

"Alright, crazy kid...here's your quint." Jacob rummaged through his pack and pulled out a four-leafed clover. I was surprised at the fact that he had one, at first, but that paled in comparison to what I saw next. As soon as Seth's eager hands scooped up the thing, it started to sparkle and dissolve into a pale blue nimbus. As Seth absorbed the thing, he somehow got even more jittery.

"Thank you thank you *thank* you, Jacob!" an increasingly frenetic Seth suddenly jumped onto Jacob in a hug. Luckily for Jacob's life, he was spared it soon after.

"I guess that's what good deeds get you..." Jacob breathed a bit to himself. Something of a smirk made its way onto my face.

"Besides Sphere access?" Richard said from the sidelines, shaking his head.

"I'd love it if he actually gave me that..." Jacob sighed.

"Hey!" Seth spoke up. "I've done tons of other things! Remember all those shell-demons we had to fight? It'd have been a wrap if I hadn't come in!"

"True, but I don't think most mages whine to anyone besides the Caretakers for changes..." Richard grinned, shaking his head.

"Well you just don't think outside the box!" Seth spoke.

"Relax, relax, I don't mind helping out kids..." Jacob ruffled Seth's head a little and he quieted down.

"In any case, I should be off for the Elder. Take care, all of you. And you in particular, Anthony." Jacob gave me a solid, stoic stare. "I'll be back before long."

I looked into his eyes for a little bit and gave a wave. The others gave their own farewells and associated gestures. Jacob seemed to wait for things to settle in my eyes before leaving, but I still thought it was a bit early.

"Well, it looks like we can begin in earnest." Richard spoke. He took the time to look between the two of us, myself and Seth, but it wasn't that long.

"Then let's begin the tour!" Seth exclaimed.

Oh right.

We were in a magical village in the heavens.

Holy.

My eyes danced on an assortment of buildings, of countless different types that I couldn't really identify by the exterior. They ranged from traditional to anachronistic, all set in a perpetually star-lit clearing in the woods. There were little paths and roads along the way, some cobbled and some cement, but all suitable for travel by walking. Before my guides started to properly guide me, however, I asked a question.

"So, what's up with all this 'quint' stuff anyway?"

"It's just magical energy, basically." Seth spoke with straightness that surprised me. "Still pisses off a lot of these sorcerers and psychics that Awaken, but it turns out that energy-models have something behind them." he smirked at the end and I did not quite get why.

"The Awakened do play by different rules, yes." Richard spoke pretty normally, but I could spot some strange look that he flashed at Seth. "Quintessence is a powerful amplifier of magic and a structural element of 'Domains' such as this."

"Right...I recall Jacob said something about 'juicing up' spells." I muttered rather quietly. We were walking through tight streets. Around us were what appeared to be homes. They were small, appearing like tiny apartments or condominiums, though with a far more rarefied atmosphere than any

could accomplish on Earth. In little byways and gaps I could see tantalizing hints of other residences. Some were freestanding homes. Some even had hedges or gates that hinted at what must have been extensive estates beyond. Others appeared more like community centers or small complex-based communities. Most surprising of all was the variety in design. There was, simply put, a lot of it, even though most seemed to range between the last and current century. You could find 70s family homes, “contemporary” high-class dwellings, Victorian estates, and far more, sometimes even right by each other. There were a few times I spied something that approached the medieval, or even more ancient, from shacks to huts, yet these were rarer. I became so engrossed in my search that I actually had to draw my attention back to wherever my guides were taking me. I could see that the path ahead seemed to wend into more...productive or non-residential districts. The roads were becoming more elaborate and less contemporary as time went on, I realized.

“Reaching the Square soon. Old-timey areas indeed...well, except when we rip out chunks of the interior to add in modern amenities, but y’know...” Seth spoke.

“I didn’t know you guys had such a large constituency.” I said.

“We don’t, if you’re talking about the residences.” Richard spoke. “Our type are a fraction of the population and the Awakened even more so.” he said with hard eyes focused somewhere else. “Still, we’ve had a lot of mages pass through over the centuries, each generally leaving their mark on the Nursery. Even once they’re gone, we keep the buildings. Good for reflection.” he stated, nodding to himself. I could tell he was caught somewhere else.

I took in the words and watched our current destination come into clearer focus. The ‘square,’ if it could be called that, was more of a flatter, grassier area, with various arcane but presumably practical buildings arrayed towards the sides and an even more sparse, ceremonial area at the rim of the settlement. I could spy libraries to my sides, strange little workshops that seemed to house woodworking goods, buildings that pushed the bounds between small-town locations and wizardly resource areas. Closer to the end one could see churches and temples, while an ominous structure on a hill marked one of the last buildings before a flat open space with light megaliths, a space that the whole area seemed to converge upon, but never infringe. For a moment, I felt myself transported into an old memory, or rather something that said memory had pointed towards. It was entrancing and I desired to know more, but it slipped from the mind as soon as one could direct their attention towards it. Granted, I was not exactly sad, this time. I was getting better at finding it.

“So here’s where most of the action is! This’ll be very helpful to get around if you decide to lodge in the Nursery, plus it’s where most of the people will be. The main diaper shop is on Calcini way...” Seth spoke and I restrained myself when the solemnity evaporated in a instant. “Luckily,” Richard interrupted him a moment after.

“Bloody hell man, do you even know how tours work?!” Richard shook his head, briefly massaging his temple. “Sometimes your lack of tact seems like it would qualify as a paranormal phenomenon...ah, God, anyway...” Richard stood up a bit straighter, standing before me as though in some practiced routine. “Here we have the Old Town. Or Square, whatever you want to call it. As my...*friend* has pointed out, this is where most of the services and locations of interest are in Nursery. Apart from this core, the place consists largely of dwellings, more than half of which are abandoned. Old Town was the first part of the Domain to be formed, hence the architecture, though of course even these structures have been renovated to a degree over the years. You can find the libraries here, as well as arcanums of

normal and juvemantic varieties, furniture repositories, the town hall, not to mention-

“The diaper suppliers.” Seth spoke smugly, and dodged Richard's hand when it flew toward him. He was pretty good at that, I had to admit.

“Not wrong!” Seth quipped while Richard was recovering, staring, and fuming. Eventually the mage just rolled his eyes and gave up.

“...Those are also present.” Richard made out.

Seth just grinned.

“Now if I may take the reins? I do have something to add to your little impromptu history lesson there...”

History.

History?

Seth must have seen something on my face, because he took the opportunity to speak.

“Quick question; how long do you think people like us have been around?”

“I...uh...well presumably for as long as the human race.” I responded after a delay. That, was certainly a question.

“Correct. Granted, diaperfags like us had to wait a while to incarnate, but still, the basic premise of an affinity for childhood has been around for eons.” Seth spoke with lucidity, though the coyness behind it was easy to spot. He meandered about, pacing back and forth. Richard rolled his eyes.

“So, now that the obvious is settled...when do you think The Pure as we know it now organized?” Seth asked.

“...How the hell am I supposed to know anything of that?” I tilted my head.

“Tsk tsk tsk...our educational system is truly a travesty. C'mon, man, think back to history class! What do you recall?” Seth looked at me with intent.

“I...Moloch eating children?” I shrugged awkwardly.

“No, but that's actually not a bad guess...damn, those were crazy days...” Seth looked off almost wistfully to himself.

I stared at him for several seconds in an emotion I never thought I would feel. He noticed quickly and resumed speech.

“1500 B.C. Proto-Purist groups in Egypt arise. What did you think about the whole ‘Horus the Child’ thing, eh?” Seth spoke confidently.

“Oh you know damn well that they were influenced *by* that, not the other way around...” Richard shook his head.

“Still an influence, no?” Seth smiled. “750 B.C. Same said groups begin to arise in Greece, independently. When Solon travels to Egypt nearly a century later, he brings back word of their activities, albeit shrouded in mystery. Though these documents from the journey would later be lost to time, the Greek juvemancers noticed and conducted a journey to the country. When they met with their fellows in the fading land of Egypt, they would form the first true corpus of Purists. They would not call themselves such, however, until the inauguration of a new age. By now having marshalled significant magical resources and riding the wave of Quintessence from the turning of the millennium, they form The Fellowship of The Pure in year 1.”

Seth paused for a while there in the stillness of night. It took me a little while to notice, but Richard did so as well. After only a little longer, I felt it too.

We held.

The moon continued to travel in the sky. Seth knew when to break the silence.

“The formation of The Fellowship was conducted in a Domain now known as Conclave. There amid ancient boughs do the oldest treasures of The Pure still lie; the archives in redwood, the reliquaries with magic untold, the shrines to ancient powers. Conclave was far too sacred, however, to withstand normal habitation. So, not long after its manifestation, another Domain was established, the one in which you find yourself at this very moment. Nursery.”

I looked around. Streets glittered and scintillated in darkness. At some point, the wonder of things becomes difficult to describe.

“Nursery began in Old Town, and many of the structures here are almost as old and valued as those in Conclave itself. Years have changed its face; we do still renovate these areas from time to time. This place has gone through a Roman phase, Byzantine, medieval, Renaissance, you name it. Still, we like to keep the exteriors at least a good few centuries behind the times.” Seth chuckled to himself. Beyond a few more contemporary stores, I found his words true.

“Here, we have a little hideaway from the world. And yes, that *does* necessarily entail actually hiding. Still, most people tend to do that in the more disappointing environments of Earth anyway. Unless you're a hermit striving utterly for Ascension, you might as well give into human weakness properly.” Seth looked down. The smile was half. Not exactly sad. I knew that feeling.

“Here we can live and play in the true way. There are countless little things that utterly annihilate any ability to enjoy this stuff back on Earth, as you know. Here it is possible. The significance of that alone is difficult to describe.”

The mind was distant from me, I realized. The mind that had become empowered with its latent, limitless glory was away from me. There was a faint warmth to everything. Empty in the comfortable way. I did not know what I was staring at.

I turned to Richard.

“When did you get here?” I asked without much thought.

“2000s, thereabouts.” he shrugged. “Wasn't actually on the streets in the 70s or 80s. Just always heard of those days.” he looked off, smiling faintly to himself. “I guess unlike you guys I came from a different area.”

“You're.” I said, and then I realized.

“Heh, nah. I don't mind you guys, though.” Richard just held, and nothing more needed to be said.

“Back in the 2000s, the psionics communities on the internet were pretty big. Or well, at least bigger than they are now. And I do mean that term...needless to say we were outcasts of occultism and proper parapsychology alike.” he looked off more strangely than usual for a moment, but it soon passed. “I had already developed my talents before then, when I was a proper kid, but my only representation then was like, Pokemon.” he shrugged. He started to gaze off closer to the sky. There was more beauty than I had thought, I realized.

“On the internet I really began to understand that there were people like me out there. That there were scientists out there studying who we were. There were long hours on forums and excited practice tests with other people and it was just something else. It was like this whole other world opening up. In retrospect, it's easy to see how I just fell into it.”

Richard said and his expression fell for a moment.

“I suppose situations like that are nothing unique in the grand scheme of things, if few. It just doesn't change the fact that it's difficult to talk about what you are in the core.” Richard spoke.

“I don't really regret my time in the community. It was a thing that had its place. It's just that it became painfully obvious that nothing was going to change. Our powers weren't going to become stronger or more recognized. We weren't going to be cool rebels or whatever. We'd just go on with our lives as everyone like us had done before.”

Richard looked off for a while and sighed.

“In 2009 the decade was almost over and I had just graduated from high school. I had the rest of my life to live.” Richard spoke, shaking his head.

“That's when I Awakened.” Richard's head continued to shake, but he was smiling. “Perfect timing, I know. Saved me in a way. Granted, I was pissed afterwards from the needless despair I had felt, but the enlivenment washed that away with ease. I knew that it *was* possible. That was what I had needed at the time. The perfect event for the perfect occasion.” Richard was just smiling to himself now. “So I got the sci-fi tier powers and started to dress like a psi-punk and learned all about this Awakened business. Sure Paradox was a pain in the ass to adapt to, but the whole True Magic business was still amazing to see, and I adapted to the term. I got invited by The Pure shortly after coming to grips with this stuff, and though it was honestly really funny at first, I couldn't help but join. Hooked up with the Psi-Kids and started working on the dream. And it is coming together, I'd say. It's amazing how many more

Sleepers are looking into psi, these days..." he smirked.

I looked on at Richard and was drawn out of trance. I just nodded to him, and he shot me a grin. Though, I hoped it wasn't for noticing me come out of a stupor...

"Hah, man! I love it when you bring out that backstory...like cool loner psychics transforming the world, so badass..." Seth laughed and jumped up on Richard in a pseudo-hug. For once the boy didn't appear to care. He just smirked and waited for Seth's hyperactivity to die down. His composure reasserted itself as Seth began to get off of him. For a moment I noticed something change in his face, though I couldn't quite pick up what happened until he opened his mouth.

"Ah, it would appear as though the preparations are ready."

"Oh shoot, really?! We barely even gave him the tour..." Seth spoke.

"Yep, they're assembled at the Grounds. We should be getting a move on." Richard nodded toward his fellow friend, beginning to turn an eye toward me. "Your initiation awaits. Are you ready?"

Remembering, I paused for only a moment.

"Yes."

He grinned.

"Then let's get a move on."

I walked with the two down the square. The street grew ever more cobbled. We passed by a library, past glass windows that sheltered strange magical stores, and past decorated, mysterious buildings of youth. Beyond the temples of the square's rim I saw the standing stones of the periphery draw ever closer. There, when I strained my eyes in the night, I could see figures standing. They were all arranged in an open ring around a single, enigmatic archway of stone. As we approached, I could make out a bed of similar grey rock on the ground, as well as omnipresent moss. The figures, I realized, were of a dazzling variety; some in robes and masks, others practically naked but for protective undergarments. All however, were excited, whether gibbering among themselves or gazing at me with probing intent. As we started to set upon the dirt path that led to the ritual ground, I realized I could see Jacob there at the head rock, standing with a peculiar boy who held a strange expression. The night air was bright and shining and alive, but somehow that didn't ease things.

What was I going to do?

We continued down the trail. The murmuring of the crowd continued to grow as we approached the ring of stones. By now Richard and Seth had let me be first, standing only a little ways behind me on either side. There were at least 20 people surrounding us; not a lot, but honestly still pretty big given the sample population. And that wasn't even taking into account who would have been here at this very time...

I was drawn out of thought by our arrival at the center. I paused for a moment, because I noticed the grey stone on the ground. Symbols were etched into it; countless runes, hieroglyphs, and more, some I

could recognize and some I could not, all weaved into some alien pattern of intricate, delicate wonder. I wondered about what function they could serve. There were some scrawls I recalled, some from books and others from dreams.

I looked back up. At the end was Jacob and this other individual. He must have been the Elder, I realized.

“We are all here assembled.” he spoke with a plainly youthful tone, but a gravity and sensibility that was intimidating. I could hear the crowd quiet down at the stirring of his speech, and see them straighten at its content. Some were youths, others were plainly adults, but all faced us with anticipation. It felt, for a moment, as though I was encircled in a dream. Or as though I was in the presence of gods. Though of course neither of those were true. I was awake, and they were far more than just gods.

“We are assembled here tonight to welcome a new member into our fold. I am sure many here felt the wake of Awakening this night, distant yet earnest as they always are. Our brother Jacob found this young mage not an hour ago, and has brought him to our sanctuary that he may not be left adrift in darkness. Circumstance has forced our hand, but not our ways.” he spoke, and began to pace.

“It is not tradition for one to be inducted into our ways before he has understood Magic. Indeed, it is scarcely tradition for our ways to be considered 'ways...’” he continued. “We do as we have always done. We ask this mage the Question.” he stated.

No one moved or made a sound. Faces held firm. It was as though everything was holding in its breath. If this was it – the initiation – then this had to be the defining moment, I realized. Was I ready?

He looked at me, and I did not look away.

“Why do you want to join?” he asked simply.

I blinked.

Then I laughed.

“I already Awakened. This is just joining the cool kid's club.”

Everyone was still for only a moment, until there was some nigh-imperceptible softening to the Elder's features. Then there was a gentle susurrus all around us as the assembled began to murmur amongst themselves excitedly. Jacob shot me a smile with no words, and that was how I knew I made it.

“Very well.” the Elder said. He shook his head to himself briefly, as if recovering his sovereignty. “Here under Luna, you are officially gathered into our fellowship. As pristine as it was on the day of your incarnation, your secret and unborn soul whispers to you even now. Pay well heed to it, for beyond men or even Powers, it is the only God. Through the art of Magic, may you find that ultimate glory beyond name or thought or phenomenon, which we in our blindness can only call Ascension. Live and play, friend.”

“Live and play, friend.” the crowd repeated immaculately.

Kind of corny, I had to admit. But it was difficult to feel annoyed at that when I was still riding the cool waves of a rapture that had happened but an hour ago. There were no sparkles, no “actual” use to all those stones that I was half-sure those wizards would have enchanted for some purpose. But it didn't need them. There were no sparkles in the same way that there had been no platitudes. With a moment's thought my mind could span the Earth. Indeed, there was never a moment where it *needed* to span the world, for it was everywhere and nowhere at the same time. I knew from experience. So I just held in the atmosphere, even as the crowd started to talk and laugh among themselves, clearly beginning some kind of celebration. Likely pointless, I had to admit. But nothing that would endanger my glory. Nothing that would endanger *Glory*. Even as Timaeus shuffled off to the side, ready to instruct me further, if my mind-taste was correct, I could see the others return to me. From behind, Richard and Seth approached, apparently glad that I hadn't exploded into uncertainty on stage. And before me, Jacob was approaching, bright and shining and excited. Like a kid in elementary, and not a mage who was far more experienced than myself. For a moment I wondered why, since he too had already tasted the incomparable wonder of Awakening. And must have known how much more it mattered than whatever we would be doing here. But then I realized that I must one day stand in his shoes. So, I simply abided in silence. It wasn't really that perturbing, when you thought about it right.

“So, it's official now. Welcome to The Pure.” he grinned. Still looked like a cherub, I had to admit. Behind me I could feel both of the other guys, resting their arms on my shoulder.

“I, guess that kind of begs the question now.” Richard mused.

I looked back at Jacob, for I could more than guess what would come next.

“What do you want to do first?” he asked.

I began to smile, looking up at the night sky. I realized that I had been a *bit* wrong earlier. There were sparkles. Sparkles-in-nothing.

“Let's see...”

Preamble:

Hello and welcome, fair reader, to The Pure, a supplement for White Wolf's classic game of magical role-playing, Mage: The Ascension. This supplement covers a gamut of regressive and youthful content, from spirits to spells and more, including a whole new faction, The Fellowship of The Pure. Apart from providing a built-in way to introduce such content, the supplement also provides general mechanics and ideas that should be useful without the fluff. This supplement is intended as something of a strange love letter to both Mage: The Ascension and to the tropes of youthful magic present in the ABDL and AR communities.

If one could not already guess, this means there are going to be adults acting like kids, adults turning into babies, and of course, diapers.

The supplement is largely non-linear and one can move around it as they can any RPG book. Feel free to take and use (or not use) mechanics and ideas as you like. A copy of the Mage: The Ascension core rulebook is required to make use of the content detailed. This supplement is largely edition-agnostic, so whichever one you choose should probably work.

The Fellowship of The Pure

Man's lot in this world is poor. From the moment he breathes he is thrust into a world of turmoil and dissatisfaction. His reason held captive by biological impulses, he is left as an animal. A man must kill other beings to live, he must toil to shelter himself from the elements, and he must always protect the shambling, failing garment that he came into the world with. Civilization has added another veneer to this, but ultimately he is still played as a marionette by powers he is scarcely even aware of. And yet, throughout all of this sorrow, man often finds his salvation in one of the most unassuming of places. For though reproduction is in many ways the disgusting zenith of this hell – biological and chemical and animalistic – it brings to him a great mystery, and one he himself once knew. Who has not seen this wonder, gazing into a child's soul?

The Pure know of this innocence from beyond flesh, and they have endeavoured to understand it for millennia.

A furtive, quiet tradition, The Fellowship of the Pure have nevertheless shepherded the magic of youth throughout many eras of human history, and rank among the strangest of Awakened organizations. These scholars and sorcerers dedicate themselves towards understanding the secret divinity of the soul, as it presents itself through the incarnation of the Child. In seeking knowledge about these exalted heights, they also endeavour to learn of the mundane aspects of juvenility, which brings the other aspect of the organization to relevance. The Pure generally consist of kids-at-heart and weirdos, those who have a more personal interest in the subject of childhood in both its mundane and mystical aspects. While such tendencies were even seen in past millennia, the dawn of the contemporary era has brought more firmly to light a goofy and somewhat obsessive drive among The Pure: the desire to be a child. This fixation has for obvious reasons left The Fellowship a marginalized organization among Awakened groups, when they are even aware of The Pure at all. Nevertheless, The Fellowship continues in its quest, gathering new Children from among the more juvenily-inclined Awakened in the world, even as its Elders retreat further into the Astral. For though the Ascension War rages on, and the face of childhood changes as the centuries pass, the hidden core of the human spirit continues unchanged by eternity.

History:

Legend traces the legacy of The Pure as far back as the incarnation and witnessing of the first human child, and while technically true, The Pure as a collective can largely be traced to ancient Egypt, circa 1500 B.C. Here, the cult of the god-child found one of its greatest – if not first – flowerings, in one of the aspects of Horus. Individuals with an affinity for youth and mages themselves had been around for time immemorial, of course, as had exceptionally rare individuals who were both. But the first stirrings of the present corpus of The Pure can be traced back to this land. Unbeknownst to Sleepers, the spiritual influence of the cult of Horus the Child began to leak out to Egyptians who Awakened. Those mages who had an affinity for childhood found that they began to be able to spy other willworkers with similar predilections to themselves. This crude sight eventually become the much more developed sense that youthful mages possess to this day. In a time as ancient as this, the demographics were vanishingly small, and even with this boon, they were only able to gather a group that measured in the tens. Still, this community of stalwart souls was one of the building blocks for the future, and they would preserve juvemantic lore that would later serve as the bedrock of The Pure. In their own time, these proto-Purists saw themselves as the fulfillment of the promise that Horus' youth stood for; the protectors of the people of Egypt on behalf of the gods. In their hidden gatherings and in their Domains

of the Duat, they wore the lock of youth, researching the juvemantic arts and enjoying intimations of their immortality when they weren't busy using their magic to assist the people of Egypt. Intensively secretive, they hid their true identity and activities from the public, and their furtiveness even ultimately concealed much of their lore from the contemporary Pure. Despite their activity, they would not expand greatly beyond their initial beginnings, and the critical discoveries that they did make would not greatly change their influence on history. At least, until the land of Greece found its own peculiar awakening.

In 750 B.C., a similar phenomenon as happened in Egypt occurred across the breadth of the Greek city-states. While this wave seemed to have no instigating event, youthful mages were nevertheless able to find and recognize each other for what they were. Only in rare cases did this lead to the classical combat of magicians; there were other sorcerers to fight and finding someone like oneself in the ancient world was largely utterly priceless. These mages formed a coalition much as the Egyptians had, and for the course of a century, researched the art of juvemancy and bicker-played in their secluded estates. During the 600s B.C., they were awoken from this relative complacency by news of Solon bringing knowledge of Egypt. Though Solon himself did not quite recognize the references, he nevertheless had unwittingly picked up traces of juvemantic lore in his travels. The Greek proto-Purists recognized the lore immediately, and suddenly found themselves filled with debate at the prospect of other juvemancers. By this time Egypt had already been recognized as an old country; could juvemancers among their ranks possess knowledge unfathomed of before? It was with hesitation, caution, and more than a little bit of excitement that an expeditionary team was arranged to travel to Egypt. Sequestered from their fellows and travelling abroad to foreign lands, these mages were selected for skill, loyalty, and magical prowess. Duels and challenges were held to select the hopefuls, and the final team was sent on their journey with high prayers. Facing the inhospitable climes of the ancient world, these juvemancers relied on their magics to deliver them safely unto their destination. They passed by many other nations in their travels, picking up what little lore they could on the way. Finally, when they arrived in the revered land of Egypt, this weathered band found their perceptions flaring. Guided by their sight, they found the hidden sanctums of the Egyptian proto-Purists and introduced themselves as humbly as was possible. After only brief diplomacy and cross-confirmation, the Egyptians began to instruct the Greeks their lore, both juvemantic and theological. In particular, the Greeks were astounded to discover two great mysteries from the Egyptians, one from each category. During their quiet centuries of study, the Egyptian proto-Purists had discovered a means of immortality on Earth. Whilst a pale shadow of the posthumous immortality that the Egyptians so revered, it still allowed one to remain on the Earth indefinitely. This was groundbreaking for the Greeks, as they had only discovered ways to form seemings of youth or age with their magic, and had not yet been able to extend one's earthly span. Even more astonishing than this discovery, however, was the great and holy mystery which the Egyptians next extended to them. Throughout their times of service to the peoples of Egypt and the gods, the Egyptian mages had learned of the greatest magical secret of all: the soul itself was the ultimate divinity. The Greeks and indeed many mages had already received intimations of this in their Awakenings, but the quiet confidence that the Egyptians exuded was enough to convince all of the Greek party that the Egyptians were correct in this ultimacy to all every last thing. Transformed by revelation, these Greeks asked to study under their tutelage. The Egyptians accepted, and for a number of years they remained there in the ancient land.

When the mages returned to their fellows in Greece, they were changed men. When they arrived as children to the hidden sanctums of the proto-Purists, their fellow mages realized that they were not under illusions, or had merely hid aged innards under youthful skin. Indeed, they had a presence that extended beyond mere mortal vitality, a sublime, grand divinity that was almost as surprising to the mages as a mage was surprising to a Sleeper. The returned band set about teaching their fellows of all

they had learned, much as the Egyptians had done for them. They taught the secrets of physical immortality, and of the absolute divinity of the soul. Centuries before the Hellenistic period, they brought the god Harpocrates with them, and learned the nature of silence. These sojourners revealed that the Egyptians had not even sent them back alone; the Greeks had been gifted with magical amulets that allowed communication, and had been taught hidden passages through the Underworld by which the two would be able to travel to one another. Girded with such Spirit magic, the Egyptian and Greek proto-Purists were able to form a new coalition, one tentatively named the Juvenali. Even as both the lands of Greece and Egypt sputtered to a halt over the ensuing centuries, these Juvenali were able to survive and shepherd their ways. These Juvenali, filled with a Greek fire, decided to engage in an endeavour that the isolated Egyptians had been too staid to attempt. They would promote their holy theology of transcendence in secret, where they could, even in an era where gods and monsters ruled over men. They were able to make some inways with the mystery cults, and had formed stable if subtle worldly tendrils by the time of the Romans. At one time, it even seemed like the dawn of the new millennium might even be the revolution that humanity so desperately needed. The Juvenali prepared themselves for this era, and riding upon the wave of Quintessence in its wake, formed their first Astral Domains; Conclave and Nursery. No longer would they be the Juvenali; now, they were The Fellowship of The Pure.

Unfortunately, in the following centuries, these proper Purists found more of the same. The religious revolution that was spreading like wildfire ultimately ended up subjecting man to the same unholy bindings he suffered under the capricious rule of the gods. The Pure would attempt to influence the Hermetics and Gnostics in an effort to change the path of civilization, but such groups largely only ended up an influence in the magical world, and not also the secular one. As centuries passed and individual Purists died, even with immortality, new Purists would join and spread their own influence. These Purists had grown up and learnt their magic from the paradigms that The Pure themselves had influenced. Eventually, The Pure themselves fell "victim" to their own program, despite the efforts of old Elders. While it did not change the fundamental ethos of The Pure, and indeed was actually a sign of their effort's success in influencing Sleepers, The Pure still ended up in a situation where they began to forget that they were the vanguard attempting to shape humanity. The Pure became more isolationist and distant from the world, particularly as old Elders retreated into seclusion. As the centuries progressed, many even came to believe that this had always been the way of The Pure. So they rescued the newly-Awakened from a harsh world, taught them of the wonders of juvemancy, and of the ultimacy of their own soul. The Astral Domains of The Pure flourished while the Earth progressed much as it always had, in bitterness and quiet advancement.

Eventually, as the centuries progressed, The Pure noticed things changing in the world. The influence of church and aristocracy alike began to wane. Clever machines were being developed, ones that saved on labor and permitted leisure. The Pure were cautious of these developments, having been overly-optimistic before, but still they could not help but notice the effects. Man was being unchained from previous limitations, and if he did not always find the worldview of The Pure, he at least questioned the ones around him. The face of childhood too, changed. Where children were once utterly buried beneath labor even by the standards of antiquity, they now had more time to be children, and attitudes towards them began to shift. This change would soon become viscerally present for The Pure, as newly-Awakened recruits of The Pure would bring this new image of childhood with them. The older Elders found them spoiled (and even older ones found them a return to form), but many of the rest simply found this to be a new development to be observed. The changes in the next few centuries would almost be too many to count; from democracy, to industrialization, to religious revolution and the problems of modernity, the very face of the Earth seemed to be swept away before the eyes of The Pure. Once recovered from the initial shock, however, The Pure realized that the world was far more

malleable now. If people had not chosen divinity, instead opting for leisure and an encroaching ignorance of past eras, then they at least would not be so stuck in such a state as humanity had suffered in previous centuries. Despite the relatively plastic state of the world at the time and the opportunity to effect great change, The Pure still held largely distant, accustomed to isolationism after a span of centuries in such a state. Younger Purists, however, were beginning to stray from these ideals. The Pure themselves found great changes happening, as populations increased and more people of youthful sentiments found themselves Awakening, each from a broader variety of cultures. Changes in childhood would only increase the generational gap. And one of the largest was yet to come. Some Purists today sardonically remark that the advent of disposable diapers in the 1950s would mark the beginnings of another wave of change in The Pure, but apart from a few mages who grew up with them, there would be little real effect until the 1980s at most. By that time, murmurs of infantilists had spread, but few would join The Pure, and they seemed of little real consequence until the 2000s. A new social phenomenon would then take the world and The Pure by storm: AB/DLs.

Strictly speaking, those who desired to be babies or act like children were not new to The Pure. But a whole subculture centered around that matter, and among mortals no less, certainly was. Being mortals, even with their small demographics they vastly numbered The Pure. Furthermore, their cultural influence in the world of childhood affinity would greatly color the “stock” from which Purists were derived. As time went on, it became more and more likely that any given newly-Awakened that The Pure found was an ABDL. This trickle quickly turned into a flood, and within the span of only a decade, a near-complete demographic shift had occurred in The Pure. ABDLs or ABDL-adjacent or sympathetic folk now made up around 60% of The Pure, leading to intense cultural shocks. Great debates were held over preserving old Purist culture, and fierce accusations were made on both sides. Whether accused of fetishism or puritanism, it seemed as though Purist vied against Purist. Things were not entirely negative during this time; great advances were made in juvemancy as new spells and wonders were developed, invigorated by fresh ideas from a new generation of Children. Many people honestly didn't care too much about the newcomers either; there had always been many different flavors of childhood affinity within The Fellowship itself. Still, it would only be by 2010 that conflict truly died down. A now-changed Pure began to look toward the future. The gap between the Elders and the Youths was now greater than ever before, but so were the opportunities. With the influx in fresh blood, the isolationism of The Pure may yet wane, and all around them, other magical conflicts heat up. With their numbers, they could finally take a stand in the Ascension War – or merely foster the new image of childhood for the new era. Individual Purists certainly disagree, and as they have always learned, it will be in the crucible of the individual mage that destiny is manifested.

Organization and Structure:

The Fellowship of the Pure stands almost unique among Awakened organizations in its combination of disorganized, informal institutions, low population, ready access to magical resources, Astral domains, and longstanding traditions. There are few formal leadership positions in The Fellowship, and social interactions within it often function as an extended form of how peers and friends interact. The largest divide is, as in other places, seen in the split between the Elders and the Youths (non-Elder Purists). This split is as much material as it is ideological; the Elders largely control the magical resources of The Pure and govern its domains, whilst the Youths tend to have greater connections to the world and influence in contemporary society. As the name would suggest, the Elders have far older sensibilities, having lived for centuries (and in some cases even millennia). A loose council is present among The Pure, which primarily consists of Elders and a minority of exceptionally powerful Youths. While only a small part of the council, these Youths do act as equals among it, something that is almost unheard of anywhere else in The Pure. Elders are generally deferred to, and especially in formal situations, but in

practice they are heavily distant from average life in The Pure. The population of Elders is small, as few actually seek immortality and fewer still are able to maintain it before falling to one fate or another. Most Youths are accustomed to dealing with other Youths. Society here is far more informal, and in many ways just manifests as an in-person form of interactions that the individual was far more used to on the internet.

Most social interaction occurs in the Domains of The Pure, principally Nursery. All newly-recruited Purists are provided with means to reach Nursery, though these means are not standardized and are often heavily idiosyncratic. A mage with Spirit magic may be taught how to actually travel to Nursery, while another mage may be given contact information to reach another Purist who can take them there, while yet another mage may be given a magical device to let them contact Nursery or shown a hidden portal that will let them reach it. These means are heavily dependent on the mage's mortal residence and local mages in the area. "Newbie ferrying," is a common volunteer job among more responsible Purists. The ability to communicate is crucial to The Pure, especially for those with limited magical abilities who may end up isolated once more without the help of the more capable. This can even extend to members who voluntarily isolate themselves or just neglect to visit The Pure. It is not unheard of for The Pure to sponsor expeditions to the estates of old Elders (while rarely dangerous to life, these expeditions are conducted with trepidation due to more potentially embarrassing concerns).

In general, the egalitarian ethos to The Pure is fairly common in areas outside of the Elders. There are definite hints of meritocracy even among Youths however, if only because power and enlightenment generally correlates with capability.

Initiation and Recruitment:

When a mage with youthful predilections Awakens, their newly-unveiled mind colors the local astral fabric. Speculations on the particular matter abound; the most common theory is that their newly-empowered mind unconsciously sends out messages that are colored by their youthful sensibilities. In any case, they become visible to other mages with similar predilections. This is strongest in their immediate area, but the wake is usually wide enough for any given mage to "feel" them. It is usually the most sensitive that are able to pinpoint their exact location, but knowledge of the individual alone is often enough for the use of other magics in determining their precise location. The person is only visible in such a manner for the span of one month, and so The Pure are generally quick in ascertaining the person's exact location and keeping a careful record of it. Contact, however, is not always made within that same month. The Pure prefer for the person to come to grips with their (exceedingly miraculous) Awakening, and learn more of the nature of True Magic before they introduce them to something as relatively trivial as The Pure. Once they are satisfied with the individual's progress, however, The Pure will make contact. Upon acceptance of the invitation to join (almost all invariably accept), the individual is spirited away to a local chantry (and preferably Nursery, if possible). There, they are initiated into The Pure, and receive instruction in their history and in juvemancy. New recruits are always given some means of contacting other Purists, even if it's just an encrypted IRC or a phone number. Many newly-Awakened mages do not have the skill to travel easily to The Pure's Astral Domains, and The Pure are relatively decentralized on Earth. Magical amulets that allow communication are pretty common, both for practical purposes of avoiding internet espionage and as a far more weighty, symbolic token than just a digital contact point. Once recruited, the Purist typically remains a newbie for around a year before the learning gap and patronizing stigma vanishes. Regardless of their status, however, The Pure go to great pains to ensure that all members can communicate with one another easily.

Factions:

Waddlers:

One of the newest and paradoxically most influential factions, the Waddlers are one of the main faces for The Pure in the new millennium. The Waddlers principally consist of those with a predilection for young childhood, and especially those with an affinity for diapers. Essentially standing as the face for ABDLs in The Pure, the Babies have had a somewhat surprising history in The Fellowship. As loathe as some old-timers are to admit it, the desire to be a baby is nothing new, and such individuals have always ranked among The Pure. The *culture* of Waddlers, however, only arose in the contemporary era, and was essentially enabled by the medium of the internet. A group that once lacked an outlet beyond paltry magazines and hinting scientific articles now had a way to connect with others like them through the advent of the world wide web. Individuals who may have once thought themselves unique now realized that they weren't alone. The reliance of the ABDLs upon the internet for communication vastly shaped their culture, and in some ways produced "ABDLisms" that were in actuality far removed from the matter of real childhood. Both cut off from mainstream society and simultaneously different from those with just an affinity for childhood, these ABDLs remained tightly knit with one another, quickly forming a subculture of their own. And when new Purists Awakened, many were influenced by this new face of babyhood affinity. The resulting cultural influx altered the demographics of The Pure almost overnight; even those old-timers who were much like them in desires were shocked by the differences in culture. Diapers too were something of a surprise that soon got normalized. Strictly speaking there had always been those who liked diapers (and even stranger, more ancient things), but the new language and sensibilities that the Waddlers brought were a revolution. Through sheer force of numbers, the Waddlers have established themselves as a strong force in The Pure, and it is unlikely that that is going to change anytime soon.

Waddlers themselves actually assume a variety of ages. Some prefer physical adulthood, while others prefer to go into babyhood body and mind (or even just bodily). Dispositions towards diapers similarly vary, though there is general tendency towards liking them. Members are more commonly known as kids, and (often derogatorily) "diaperfags."

Caretakers:

The Pure do focus themselves on childhood. But not all identify themselves with that object. The Caretakers stand as the most obvious example of this. As the name suggests, the Caretakers consist of those who prefer to take care of children rather than be them, and in this sense they are actually one of the most alien groups among The Pure. Not that anyone treats them like that; in fact, they have been one of the most respected and deeply-rooted groups among The Pure for millennia. There have always been those who have wished to safeguard the young (and even not-so-young), and the Caretakers as a status rose up even amongst the first proto-Purists in Egypt. Contemporary Caretakers, however, have been significantly influenced by ABDL culture of the late 20th and early 21st centuries. There is something of a broad mix between the "classical" Caretaker and one who is more used to ABDLs (if there can even be said to be a meaningful distinction in the first place), though nowadays both are pretty used to the sorts of littler mages who compose The Pure. As can be ascertained, Caretakers do appear to the sight of youthful mages in the aftermath of their Awakening, even though they themselves are not the ones given unto childhood. Speculation for this effect abounds, with most claiming that the association without identification is enough to "register" magically, but in any case, most Purists are just happy to have some more responsible adults in the organization. Caretakers are pretty infamous for being some of the most sober-minded and responsible among The Pure, even

moreso than some Elders. Despite this, they rarely actually seek political power, preferring to corral and protect their charges instead. They are most given to leadership when they think it can solve problems that directly impact children (which is essentially all non-Caretakers, to their minds). Caretakers themselves take different approaches to the art of caretaking. Some focus on a single charge who accepts their watching eye, while others just keep an eye on all they come across. Many Caretakers were already involved with things like babysitting or childcare before they Awakened, and those few who weren't typically pick up on the rudiments quickly. Caretakers tend to vary pretty widely in regards to their focuses on Earth or the Astral. Plenty had obligations back on Earth before their awakening, or a sense of duty, and actually spend much of their time on non-Purist business. Others just can't get enough of caring for little kids, and so spend much time doting over indefinitely regressed ones in the Astral. And yet others follow Purist mages wherever they go, traveling to the Earth and Astral and back again, and taking care of their charges all the while. For obvious reasons, Caretakers almost universally assume adult forms. Adolescence is the farthest most are willing to go back on a permanent basis, though it is not unheard for Purists to "accidentally" regress them back further for a while. Caretakers who assume immortality essentially become a form of Elder, and rank among the few Elders to assume adult forms, some of which are even aged to proper elderhood. These are the most feared type of Elder, for they are usually immune to most of the tricks that Purists like to play on Caretakers, and rarely take no for answer. If one can be annoyed by a normal smothering person, one can imagine what a parental 300-year-old wizard is like.

Some among the Caretakers do not affiliate with the status on a permanent basis, but be careful whom you use the term "switch," around, lest you find yourself in time-out.

Elders:

A strange mix of status and actual political bloc, the Elders include all who have lived for more than 120 years among their ranks. Originally based on the traditional maximum lifespan of humans (world records notwithstanding), this limit is more of a suggestion for those with True Magic at their disposal. All Elders are united in their age, and by their nature, every current Elder has used some means of extending their lifespan or arresting the aging process. The means by which this can be accomplished are irrelevant and thus in theory quite varied, but the overwhelming majority have simply used Time-based juvemantic techniques. Elders are also generally close to one another in regards to their mindsets, though depending on their era of incarnation, these can still vary very widely. By virtue of their age and power, Elders are one of the principal political powers among The Pure, though they also tend toward the distant. Most Elders actively involved with The Pure and leadership roles are beneath the age of 500 years. As time goes on, Elders tend to drift into seclusion, focusing on esoteric projects or magical attainments. Not all actually disengage from worldly life; some Elders have become notorious schemers subtly engineering mortal society. Most, however, will stop most if not all engagement with The Fellowship, and some even drift away from juvemancy. Most, however, still find wonder in the youthful arts, even if their conception of the topic is alien to contemporary Purists. Despite their name, most Elders don't actually effect wizened ambiances. Indeed, the majority of Elders assume youthful forms, typically those of middle childhood, even if their manners of speech tend towards both the mature and the antiquated. Elders are somewhat notorious for their eccentricity. Even among The Pure, where the means for eternal life is pretty much open knowledge, the personality type that seeks immortality is quite specific, and the Elders have always been limited in numbers, despite their constant presence collectively. Their disconnection from mortal life and accustomation to cultures centuries out of date do not help in this matter. And of course, some were just eccentric to begin with.

The Elders hold a great deal of the material and magical wealth of The Pure, and they often work

heavily with older, competent Youths in coordinating plans and running the faction. Many have vast stores of wealth (not always in cash) and hidden estates, whether they be on Earth or in the Astral. The oldest of Elders eventually tend to live in the Astral almost exclusively, as Paradox begins to strike down on them harder and harder for each century that they cheat death. Eventually, even the slightest provocation can result in a Paradox backlash that annihilates the offending Elder. When one of these old-timers do visit the Earth, it is often with the assistance of younger Purists to help them navigate contemporary society. Chaperoning these Elders has become something of a strange and joked about “job” among The Pure. When you're guiding a 500 year-old child-mage around Disneyland, you see astounding wisdom and bottomless ignorance in equal measure.

Cherubs:

There are some people who just seem like children in their hearts. Some are trusting, others hyper-excited about the inconsequential, and yet others never gave up their toys. Whether it be in innocence or immaturity, they simply naturally seem to have never quite left their youth.

When these people join The Pure, they can have something of a shock.

Less of a faction and more of a classification of individuals, the Cherubs are made up of mages with a natural affinity for, and shared nature with, childhood. The key aspect being affinity; the Cherubs are defined more by a mode of thought and set of behaviors rather than by an intellectual enjoyment of youth. In this sense, even a great deal of non-ABDL Purists would not qualify as Cherubs. The label itself is almost never used by such individuals themselves, and is instead used as a means of classification for other factions. The group encompasses all “pure” individuals and innocents. This classification does not necessarily render them angels, however. Plenty of other Purists find the Cherubs annoying due to actual ignorance among them, as well a lesser disposition towards serious occultism. For Purists, not being able actually come out of kid-mode can be very frustrating. Nonetheless, the Cherubs are appreciated to a degree for their natures. Many old-timers (who ironically would have once found them annoying) look to the Cherubs as a necessarily counterbalance to the influx of ABDLs that took the Purists by storm in the new millennium, and to the overall cerebral makeup of many other Purist factions. The term does have some controversy among The Pure, primarily due to its potentially infantilizing judgement and the question of what constitutes “purity” when it comes to childhood (not to mention the self-awareness that taints innocence). While they have always been among The Pure, nowadays the term has connotations of old debates that roused bad blood, particularly concerning the Waddlers. Questions of hobbies vs. “fetishism” vs. innate natures have gripped The Pure in the past, and despite philosophical ceasefires and contemporary, charitable acceptance, the Cherubs still bring old, uncomfortable areas to light.

Cherubs share few similarities beyond their inherent youthfulness. Types range from classical cute innocents to cotton-headed “gamer bros.” The main uniting thread is that mentally, they're more child than adult. This can lead to some odd situations among the rest of The Pure, such as a severe scholar in the body of an 8-year-old teaching a 30-year-old man with the attention span of a teenager. Generally speaking the magical styles of Cherubs are pretty eclectic and based only loosely on traditional occult systems. It is not uncommon to find Cherubs manifesting exceedingly specific magical systems based upon half-remembered pop-magic from childhood. Cherubs as a whole are unlikely to be into babyhood or diapers as compared to some other Purists. Those who are typically don't culturally associate with others Purists who are into that area, apart from fellow Cherubs.

Intriguingly, Cherubs are known for possessing dots in True Faith, though this is still incredibly rare.

Bes' Guard:

Life isn't all fun and games. Those of Bes' Guard know that fact more than most, and have taken it upon themselves to shield those less enlightened. It is the ancient oath of the Guard to defend all such innocents, whether they be mortal or purist.

According to legend, Bes' Guard dates back to ancient Egypt, where a group of proto-purists had Awakened. Seeing the example of the god Bes and being inspired to greater courage than they had ever known, these mages became defenders of the helpless. While originally protective of mortal children, the Guard would later focus heavily on exorcistic duties and the defense of The Fellowship. A warrior faction, Bes' Guard has comparatively little practical relevance to much of The Pure's activities, though when combat does arise, the Guard are an absolute lifeline. Much of the Guard consists of those who were already interested in battle prior to joining The Pure, whether from experience or hobby. The Guard largely train in melee combat, as the bulk of their foes are supernatural beings and various astral riff-raff. The use of enchanted weapons and countermagic is a staple of their training. To a lesser extent, firearms are also employed by the Guard, but this is deemphasized quite significantly for obvious reasons. Firearm training is less standardized than melee training, and often conducted on the basis of personal mentorship or friendships. Put simply, guns often imply battle against human opponents back on Earth, and while permissible in extreme situations, all of The Pure generally seek to avoid this to the utmost. Things, "getting serious" among The Pure is another matter entirely. Notably, while esoteric, the training of the Guard is far from the best among supernatural factions. It is not nearly as exacting as typical military training, and culturally the recruit is still one of The Pure, inhibiting a sense of a chain of command. While good for the average mage and especially for the average Purist, the Guard are simply not suited for the heights of war. Apart from the defense of Purists against spirits on Earth and in the Astral, Guard members are also known to engage in humanitarian work. This is typically in children's charities, but extends to any sort of human decency. In this, the Guard hope to adhere to the origins of their oath.

The majority of the Guard consists of contemporary Children. Some Elders yet remain in the Guard, and these figures often provide the backbone for the faction's culture. They are also notoriously known for being out of touch in regards to military tactics that have arisen since their times. The guard typically dress lightly in their everyday lives, and utilize ceremonial dress evocative of their Egyptian origins in the Astral. While adhering to the fearlessness of youth, many of the Guard are also interested in the less "cool" aspects of childhood. Getting a Guard to admit that in public is another matter altogether. Despite their name and inspiration, the Guard generally does not actually beseech Bes, instead using the figure as an example of greater ideals. Part of this is for reasons of religion and paradigms, while the other part is due to fear of offense (the Guard are still part of The Pure, after all).

Seekers:

Moreso than any other faction, the Seekers strive to understand the mystery veiled behind incarnation: the ultimate grandeur of the soul. The Seekers are older than the proper Fellowship itself, and those among their number claim that the interior faction is timeless. Given how Awakening and religious experience are human universals, the other factions generally see this as true, but a cop-out. The Purists are the most mystical of The Pure's factions, though even they don't quite match up to even mortal mystics outside of The Pure. Nevertheless, they have dutifully studied the ontology of the soul and its absolute divinity for millennia. Though they are also scholars, the Seekers emphasize the importance of direct spiritual experience, and are known for their strange rites and asceticisms by which they strive to

achieve higher and higher states of gnosis. Other factions tend to find them strange given their disconnection from the common world of childhood and thus from one of the central pillars of the organization, even though they ultimately honor its true spirit far more. They are in some ways the ones least like Purists, and in other ways the ones who are most truly Purists.

The Seekers are most prevalent in the Domain of Conclave, and do not visit Nursery often. Most engage in a moderate level of asceticism that is stricter than that of most magicians throughout history but not as severe as that of most monks. Low food and water in-take is common, as are unadorned homes and persons, but they do not take a vow of poverty. Many study mystical lore obsessively and can become very conversant in theology and metaphysics. They do, however, tend to dedicate less time to studying practical magic. Seekers do actually tend to play and do “normal kid stuff,” but this is conducted in private settings at a low frequency, and it is embarrassing for them to admit this. Many Seekers only interact with The Pure to speak about divine matters, and it is not uncommon for them to stand as religious advisors.

Librarians:

The Librarians have a simple job, but it is a job they preserve admirably: the maintenance of historical information regarding The Pure. The Librarians collect, preserve, and study all knowledge regarding The Fellowship, from its past to its structures, rites, laws, and more. The Librarians are known to appeal to those with a taste for more conventional scholarship, due to their focus on history and their duty to only record (practice belongs with The Pure at large). The Librarians are primarily based in Conclave, where they tend to the archives, but members are also present wherever The Pure maintain libraries, from Nursery to even earthbound chantries.

Phantasists:

More of a broadly visible category of person rather than a faction per se, the Phantasists are known for their devotion to uncovering every possible permutation of childhood fantasy imaginable. Sometimes known as the hedonists of the The Pure, the Phantasists are somehow even stranger than that. The Phantasists focus on the *fantasy* of childhood yearnings, and in doing so try to discover all the possible ways to bring these fantasies into manifestation. Most Phantasists come from ABDL circles, though they are quite unique in and of themselves. Phantasists will comb spirit catalogues for entities who are given to babying, they will travel through dangerous Astral territories in order to find a single plane of youthful whimsy, and they will stretch their spellwork to see if they can make ABDL memes a reality. Phantasists are known to some other Purists as the people who “try to make internet fics real,” and they are not entirely incorrect in that characterization. In fact, there is even a certain strain of “meta” Phantasists amid the broader group. This group sees the status of desiring childhood as more sublime than actually being the child, and identify with their desires more than their object of desire. In a real sense, they focus more on the subcultures that centered around their desires rather than the actual content of their desires. This subgroup is known for being very weird and rather sad among other Purists, but their knowledge of obscure ABDL lore is second to none.

Assumed ages among the Phantasists vary. Some desire physical childhood, others do not. There is a pretty broad spectrum of fantasies even among singular individuals, so one can see a variety of ages among the Phantasists.

Girders:

The monad exists without context, but in this kerneled world of phenomena, framing helps. The child's welfare may dwell in their guardian, but their image lies in the identity that surrounds them. Plus, as those of this faction point out, the baby needs clothes from *somewhere*.

The Girders, as their appellation suggests, support the activities of the rest of The Pure. Far from bureaucrats, however, the Girders focus on an unglamorous but crucial area: providing the means for children to play in peace. The Girders are responsible for everything from furniture sourcing to diaper production, from keeping pantries stocked to having toys ready for birthdays. Given the population of The Pure, what may in more normal worlds be a trivial matter is rendered a sprawling, constant task. The Girders perform this duty with quiet competence and genial silence, trained in the art of Girding from generations of experience. These chamberlains are respected when noticed, and take pride in a discipline that the faction has honed to a fine art. Indeed, some even say that the Girders edge toward the *smug* when they are not actively helping their fellows, though none would mention that in polite company. After all, they perform such a thankless task while asking nothing in return, and few want to test the generosity of those supplying their leaky little kids. The Girders tend to draw in a pretty specific sort of personality, one who can be confronted with all the other wonders of The Pure and still choose logistics. Unlike the Caretakers, however, Girders are still often regressive at heart; they simply find this desire more fulfilling in the abstract. As can be guessed, the Girders hold a slight rivalry with the Caretakers, largely over disagreements over who truly cares for the kids more. However, the Girders would never dream of letting this minor conflict risk the well-being of the Children. Apart from their general administrative and logistical skill, the Girders are also well-trained in the cultural and material history of childhood, to the extent of competing with the Librarians in terms of knowledge. In this area, the Girders have a heavy focus on *materia*; what paraphernalia were children associated with at a given place in time, and how did that impact both the people and the image of them? Proficiency in such knowledge forms a significant part of intragroup competition within the Girders. Another area of sportsmanship for the Girders is in the manifestation of a given environment or scenario for kids on Earth or in the Astral. Need a nursery for a mage hit by regressive backlash to stay in for a week? Want to surprise someone on their birthday? Need a model recreation of a 15th century Estonian childhood for that Elder that just came out of seclusion? The Girders will have you covered, and brag to their friends about it afterward. Among the factions, the Girders are the most likely to specialize in the sphere of Matter, though Spirit is another common area of emphasis. The Girders are equally adept at providing for children whether they be on Earth or in the Astral.

Psi-Kids:

All around the world, strange powers are emerging from the dormant recesses of the human mind. Once only witnessed sporadically, natural selection is now guiding mankind into the full embrace of its latent paranormal powers. Forerunners of this next stage of human evolution are already appearing among our youth. Across the globe, select specimens from every generation are coming to an awareness of their abilities, struggling to understand their power and evade forces that would endeavour to control them. Forming groups and gangs wherever they find each other, these misunderstood marginals are in actuality the heralds of our species' psychic awakening. At least, this is what media has been telling us for decades. So, is it true?

Well, uh, not really.

There have always been psychics, of course, and naturally they have to rise from the ranks of children. But the psi-punk image has always been a literary conceit (much to the consternation of SF fans and mages alike). There's simply no room for a rebellious, dramatic upsurge in psychic youth when they

have just been growing into their rather weak powers at the same low rate they always have. This reality, however, does not mean that the *idea* is of no consequence. As the Psi-Kids prove, this image has captured the minds of supernaturals and mortals alike.

The Psi-Kids largely consist of those Purists who were heavily influenced by pop-psi media in youth. Given the diversity in media depictions of psi, there is actually a spectrum of variety amongst the Psi-Kids themselves, though there is sort of a built-in limit in terms of the “punk” atmosphere and youth subculture ambiance. The main commonality is a sense of wonder and adulation for psi. This is often tied to it being seen as a secular, anonymous numen, the nameless face of transcendence for a “new” era. Millennium and Y2K themes are rather prevalent. Apart from this more heartfelt side, there are also simply those who join for quasi-ironic reasons. Indeed, even those mages with an utter devotion to psi also tend to play up the “punk” aspects in an exaggerated manner. The main paradox is that the Psi-Kids stand for an image that never quite materialized into the world at large. Far from despairing, however, they see themselves as the forgotten, inspired children who will now bring that dream to the world.

Common Psi-Punk themes include “wild talent” loners, the paranormal boom of the 1970s to 1980s, golden age SF, superhero fiction (to a degree), and 2000s millennial wonder. It is not uncommon for them to effect mysterious, rebellious, or eccentric demeanours. Surprisingly or unsurprisingly, Psi-Punks who were formerly plain psychics only form a minority of the faction, albeit a significant one. Due to their rather specific aesthetic, not all mages in The Pure who are involved with psi actually join them. In fact, many from more parapsychological backgrounds join other factions or just stick to their scientific circles.

Psi-Punks tend to hang out on Earth more than in the Astral, unlike some other factions. They typically associate with other, unAwakened individuals, such as psychics, science-fiction fans, or psi-enthusiasts. Congregating in miniature chapter-houses or other cheap gathering places (often just people's homes), they form little clubs that support psi and buoy the hope of Sleepers. Psi-Kids are somewhat infamous among The Pure for being able to get away with less Paradox than many other Purists, due to psychic phenomena appearing less vulgar to most Sleepers, especially the ones they tend to associate with. Despite this boon, they often have to come running back to the more magical Purists whenever they have need of juvemancy, and especially regression magic. Most Psi-Punk paradigms don't include bodily transformation or really anything outside the purview of mental powers.

Paradigm and Practice:

The general paradigm of The Pure can be traced back to three major lines of influence: the absolute divinity of the soul, western magical thought, and childhood wonder. Needless to say, this last point does not mesh easily with the others, and the combination was never truly organic from its inception. Nevertheless, this tripartite model has served as The Pure's paradigm for millennia.

The Godhead of the spirit is a foundational point of The Pure's philosophy, much as it is for many magical traditions, though The Pure are even more emphatic in its absolute ultimacy. Unlike some other lines of thought in Hermeticism and Gnosticism, The Pure do not accept any sort of attenuation of the soul's divinity, accepting every person and indeed every individual thing as God itself. Naturally this leads them to largely forbid worship on religious grounds, though other religious practices are accepted and indeed practically required. This tenet dates back to the witnessing of the first human incarnation, and is thus held sacrosanct. Some scholars have also noted that it is also in-line with traditions in various religions of gods or God manifesting as humans, and thus as god-children. The

tenet is related to the extreme egalitarianism of The Pure, as well as their ultimate hope in Ascension.

The adherence of The Pure to western models of magic in general is largely as a result of convenience and its embeddedness in the sorts of cultural milieus that Purists find themselves in. Cosmologically, The Pure are in theory quite separated from Hermeticism and even Qabalah, but as with other occultists, they find the language and method easy to grok and readily workable. Natural magic, or the magic of impersonal processes in the universe, is a large component of Purist method. The evocation of spirits (principally angels) is also a standard of Purist magic. Qabalism is standard as it is with pretty much all western occultists. Of the three major components of their paradigm, this ambiguous segment is the one least influenced by the Purists themselves. It is still very strong, though, as virtually all Purists incorporate it in their magical activities outside of The Pure. Since it usually weaves itself into their personal magical paradigms, especially in an age of easy internet access to source texts, this undercurrent is kept constantly vitalized. Notably, Purist groups outside of the western hemisphere tend to lean towards magical models of their native area. There are, however, complicating factors. Firstly, Purists are more thin on the ground in other areas of the world, and ones who join tend to be socialized more towards the majority (though this is more the natural result of interactions and not encouraged). Second, occultism as a whole has been heavily influenced by western magical thought, and globalization has spread "it" as one of the first things one finds when searching for magic, regardless of where one is in the world. In fact, some non-westerners even take it up as an open path to magical power, outside of exclusive bloodline or apprenticeship-based models present in some parts of the world. For the most part, though, native traditions still remain a strong influence.

The last influence is the one most emblematic of The Pure and defining for them: childhood. This is both one of the most important parts of The Pure, and also the one that is strangely enough the least-defined. What is childhood? A physical state? A constructed image? A status? A label? Apart from these more philosophical ruminations, there is also the more plain fact that the idea of childhood varies greatly from civilization to civilization. It would be fair to say that every Purist has their own relationship to the matter. Despite this, most points of agreement center on outward, embodied activities and a common respect for what underlies childhood. Many Purists will at least enjoy the appearances of childhood, and a great deal will assume it physically. From play to demeanour, some things are as close to universal as are possible. If a Purist did not care for the normal child, they would probably not be among The Pure. Purists tended to first come to the area from the outward signifiers, and the common image of just being a child; youthful, free, playful, and the like, is a touchstone. From toys to caretakers, the whole gamut is enjoyed. These exterior images point to something deeper, to the ageless presence veiled behind flesh. What we call the child is vivified by its true nature, something beyond not only childhood, but all of our faltering concepts of the world. Yet through its image, we can discover that real glory. The child serves as an example of the mystery of incarnation, an opening into the transcendent theology of the soul, the true God.

The Pure tend toward apantheism and pluralistic realism. The specific religions of individual Purists vary considerably, though generally along these axes. Some Purists do hold religions that would seem to explicitly conflict with common Purist theology and philosophy. These are generally few, but are as present as are all forms of seemingly-contradictory syncretism among humanity.

Generally speaking, Purists tend towards mystical magical styles. Technomagickal effects are not necessarily uncommon, but technomagickal paradigms often are. The general ethos of The Pure goes against reductionism.

Notably, The Pure tend to deviate from traditional evocation techniques. Whilst they still recognize the

importance of hierarchy and the assumption of authority in the fallen world, on a fundamental level, they recognize the equality of all beings. This means that some of their evocation methods may seem less harsh than many methods, and far more presumptuous than many other methods. In particular, Purists tend to shy away from demonic evocation due to the necessary force involved. When they do summon demons, they will be plenty willing to use Solomonic techniques and the tricks of classical goetia, for self-defense and utility, but they prefer to avoid having to lord over other beings if possible.

Spirits and Allies:

As with many magicians, The Pure interact with supernatural beings of all stripes. The ethos of The Pure, however, has significantly shaped both the types of beings they interact with, as well as how they interact with them.

The Pure have something of a strenuous relationship with spirits, at least in regards to them as Purists. While in their traditional magical modes the average Purist may have no problem calling up a spirit, many find it exceedingly awkward to call up spirits for juvemantic or childish purposes. For good reason, they see it as besmirching the holy, and as something that draws them away from pure consciousness, even moreso than juvemancy does. The fundamental theology of The Pure also downplays the role of spirit interaction. Purist philosophy centers around the Godhead of the soul, and the cultivation of personal power is a key part of their praxis. This is not for reasons of ego-centrism, but rather as a recognition of the inherently separate nature of individual beings, as well as the fact that individual liberation is itself synonymous with the highest Good. For the Purist, keeping to oneself and sheltering in one's own absolute divinity is a holy, even selfless duty. Therefore, they do not emphasize relationships with spirits, and actively look down on power-relationships of any sort, even with mortals. Submitting to other beings and holding power over them are strongly denounced, though exceptions for practical reasons can be made, and respect is in any case a given.

Despite these issues, The Pure do indeed interact with certain sets of spirits in particular. For obvious reasons, these spirits generally center around childhood, though not all do.

Angels are known for governing every domain in the book, and it is no surprise that The Pure have good relationships with the Angels of Youth. They are commonly evoked in spellwork, for the blessing of Purist and mortal children alike, and are also evoked for simple company. The Pure are also quite familiar with natal angels, or what are commonly known as guardian angels amongst most non-occultists. The relationship of The Pure with the Angels of Youth in particular is so strong that the two are essentially allies. Many Domains and chantries are invisibly protected by these beings, and the angels are known to tip off Purists to troubles in the area when they are on Earth, most notably instances of child endangerment. The two help one another out in their respective areas of expertise, and get along well. In their traditional magic, The Pure are also known to be pretty good at evoking angels of Venus, if only due to natural affinity.

The Pure are also known to interact with fairies. The Cherubs are known to specialize in this, as their naturally innocent hearts make them supremely sensitive to the Otherworlds, but Purists of all stripes have been known to evoke them. There are some fairies that are relatable to the youthful sensibilities of The Pure, and Purists generally tend to get involved with these ones. While they may still possess that traditional fairy inscrutability, they at least tend to not entrap The Pure in strange games as other fairies might.

There are also a variety of spiritually-indecipherable entities that are nevertheless in certain kinship

with The Pure, whether they be like playmates or caretakers. Many Purists are able to interact with these beings intuitively, and it is fairly common to either evoke such entities, or to travel to their Astral realms directly.

The Pure don't really have any special relationships with elementals, though many of The Pure absolutely adore them. Most of these obsessives tend to be younger.

The Pure interact with demons and chthonic spirits significantly less than the "average" western occultist does. The techniques for their conjuration typically require too much force and rulership than Purists are comfortable with imposing on another being. When necessary, however, Purists will conjure such entities, typically as a part of their normal magical practice. Other than that, Purists simply don't have any particular affinity for demons.

The Pure don't have much of a relationship with the dead. Occasionally a Purist comes across the ghost of a kid or of a child-at-heart, but such relationships are almost always professional, even if they might understand these spirits better. Purists do tend to help these ghosts, but they are very solemn in their dealings with them.

A somewhat common misconception is that The Fellowship possesses knowledge of and good relationships with the souls of pre-existence. This is typically due to their position on the human developmental cycle, appearing "younger" than the living and the dead. In reality, of course, the pre-existent souls are essentially irrelevant to childhood. Without a body, they have no age, the very concept of which is tied to life and alien to the uncreated, eternal soul. Some individual mages, however, have taken to interactions with them. They are quite alien, but this is not minded. Such involvement has a significantly religious character; the observation of the spirit after manifestation, but before matter. General Purist interest in the pre-existent souls mainly circles around their relationship to the mystery of incarnation.

Relationships with Other Groups:

Ascendants:

Ascendant is the broad term applied to any organized Awakened group, typically centering around a single magical tradition, which seeks to manifest its given image of Ascension. By the nature of the term, this necessarily entails global change and active participation in the Ascension War. The Pure are pretty used to Ascendants and their grand designs, but rarely actually interact with them much. Typically, Ascendants hew closer to mystic paradigms, or at least scientific paradigms that are more spirited than those of most Spooks. While their magical paradigms are often quite close to those of many Purists, the two are still not exactly on cordial terms. Ascendants by their nature are often prone to world-spanning schemes and aggression, while The Pure largely keep to themselves. Even if a given Purist doesn't care about the designs of an Ascendant, they at least won't have the same sort of mindset as them, and relatability alone is an important factor in interactions. Ascendants who are aware of The Pure often consider them of no consequence, or even as blasphemous in their use of True Magic towards such inconsequential ends. Individual Ascendant groups can be on good terms with The Pure, as is seen with some organizations centering around healing, knowledge, or with a tertiary connection to childhood. Largely, though, the two keep to themselves. This disconnect between the Ascendants and The Pure as a whole does not mean that individual Purists and Ascendants steer away from interaction though; far from it. Individual Purists are almost universally involved with magical organizations besides The Pure, and many of these are Ascendants. If their colleagues even know of

their association with The Pure, though, it is often not thought of as being particularly relevant.

Spooks:

“Spook” is the label given to a class of organization with vast resources, expertise in the supernatural, and technological sophistication. The term was adopted given the widespread nature of these sorts of organizations, the similarities between them, and the difficulty inherent in identifying any given “spook” that one encounters. From what many mages have gathered, there are multiple quasi-governmental, paramilitary groups with paranormal resources and focuses out there in the world, and it can be very difficult to tell them apart in the field. What is known is that Spooks include some mages in their ranks, and a large amount of supernatural support besides. Despite this fact, Spooks generally adhere to more scientific and technomagickal paradigms. While rarely denying the reality of the supernatural, they at least treat it more as an analytical problem and hold worldviews with few metaphysical assumptions. This naturalistic perspective naturally leads mages among their number to hew towards technomagickal arts, and Awakened science is a large backbone for organizations of this type. These mages often think of themselves as discovering more rarefied laws of nature, rather than enforcing their vision of reality onto the world. The Pure generally hold a negative attitude towards Spooks, though it isn't especially pronounced and it doesn't seem like Spooks take much notice of The Pure, though there is little way to tell. Conflict with Spooks largely comes into play in regards to their general hunting of mages. While far from universal, Spooks have been known to hunt mages of sufficient power who have interfered with their designs, knowingly or not. Philosophically, The Pure are also often very far removed from Spooks, contributing to their antagonism toward them. One of the only direct signs of Spook involvement with The Pure themselves has been in the capture of some adepts of Time. While difficult to separate from their hunt of mages in general, it seems as though the Spooks have grown interested in some of the “temporal anomalies” that The Pure have great knowledge of. Purists who are aware of this are often known to be scared of what this portends.

Sorcerers:

Interactions with mortal magicians among The Pure can be generally divided into two categories. Communication with sorcerers as a part of general magical study is relatively common, and not especially valued. In this capacity, the relationship is often strictly professional outside of any other friendships that may be developed. Purists value magical dialogue as much as any of the Awakened, and are often quite devoted to their personal paradigms. Fundamentally, though, the average sorcerer just doesn't bring enough to the table for The Pure. Their occult lore may be useful, and The Pure are often wise enough to recognize that the limited powers of sorcerers are not always representative of the (possibly prodigious) knowledge or enlightenment they may carry, but they are often not privy to the world-bending realities of the Awakened world, and especially not to the sorts of things that Purists get up to. The second category of sorcerers, on the other hand, is both extremely rare and deeply treasured: ABDLs. Finding the combination of magic and regression in a single individual is itself the discovery of a needle in a haystack, and actually coming to the awareness of such a sorcerer is exceptional. The Avatars of sorcerers still slumber, and thus The Pure are not able to find these individuals as easily as they can newly Awakened regressives. When The Pure *do* find such a sorcerer, it can often be the beginnings of some of the best of friendships...and bitterly sweet reflections. For while The Pure can discuss occultism and babyhood freely with the sorcerer – something said sorcerer is often even more appreciative of – it is rare that they are made privy to the Awakened life. While not a fundamental policy of The Fellowship itself, sorcerers are often barred from being made aware of the more fantastic wonders of True Magic, much as mortals are. This is less for purposes of masquerade and paradox, and more for the simple, plain fact that sorcerers are still closer to mortals than mages. Barring Awakening,

a sorcerer among The Pure will have to live in the shadows of True Mages, and see wondrous sights and realms far beyond the magics they have painstakingly scrounged together. For people still with families, or worldly aspirations, or living quiet, contemplative lives, this can be something that turns their understanding of the world on its head, and leaves them with no outlet, unless they opt for a solipsistic existence in the Astral, away from everything they knew. Some sorcerers do eventually join The Pure, after a fashion. Whether as consors or acolytes, or simply as friends, they too join the Children in adventures they could once only dream of. And yet, looking back at the rest, who must make a 9-to-5 and live and pass away with the world, who can say who has it better? After looking at the simple, religious devotion of many of these sorcerers, many mages quietly wonder if they are purer than The Pure. So, their interactions with these magicians often limit themselves to the screen or munch. A pale imitation of the youthful magic The Pure have at their disposal, some say. Yet one with a life of its own.

Psychics:

The relationship between psychics and The Pure is much as it is with sorcerers, though generally to an attenuated extent. Psychics face the same disparity in power with mages as do sorcerers, but they also generally hold less knowledge of occult lore than sorcerers, at least of a type that would interest most Purists. An exception can be seen with mages who hold paradigms that incorporate psi. Some such individuals and even groups among The Pure are absolutely obsessed with psychics, and a few individuals even ranked among them before Awakening. Relationships are still generally held distant, as with sorcerers, but some mages still maintain communications with such psychics. Regressive psychics, much like sorcerers, are a rarity, and at times mages of The Pure have formed friendships with them. While these are mostly limited to interactions on the internet and in-person, a rare few daring mages have ventured into magical interactions with these psychics. These sorts of explorations are rare for reasons of mindset protection, as with sorcerers, but also for a much more practical problem: paradox. The mental nature of a psychic's powers has rendered one rather niche technique among The Pure of particular relevance, however: telepathically-shared dreams. Mages proficient at lucid dreaming and Mind effects can connect to the mind of another and telepathically-share an environment. While technically possible to conduct in a waking state, sleep is favored for both aesthetics and for rendering the effect more coincidental. The use of this method is still extremely rare, as most psychics' powers are weak enough that such a strong Mind effect is rendered vulgar to them. Still, when it has been able to be conducted, such dreamers have been able to share unforgettable times together, out there amid the stars and the mind.

Mortals:

Sleepers, where would one be without them? Mortals occupy a curious place in the minds of The Pure. To be more specific, mortals and the quality of *mortality* are often located in different spheres for mages in general, let alone The Fellowship. As with all mages, mortals in the abstract are important to The Pure. All mages derived from their ranks, and it is they for whom the world is being transformed. Even Sleepers demonstrate their magical power in reinforcing Paradox, and if all could be Awakened, the world could become truly wonderful. Nevertheless, these high-minded truths are often obscured in the minds of mages who must actually deal with individual mortals. For even a "normal" mage a Sleeper can be grating. In the past alone, few people were seriously invested in religion and magic, and the contemporary era has seen that level of proficiency plummet. Mages often find Sleepers to be legitimately disturbing in their likelihood of shallowness. Even if it is not universal, such superficial individuals will statistically account for most of one's interactions. For an Awakened, the Sleep is not an abstract horror. It is a painfully visible depravity and imprisonment of the individual that they must

see every day they remain on Earth. Unfortunately, this real fear and disgust often simply fuels the hubris of mages who find themselves Awake. While many are initially very glad for their Awakening, it can be all too easy to begin to take it for granted as the years roll on. It is not uncommon for mages in general to feel superior to Sleepers, lording over them or “shepherding” them in a paternalistic manner. In some sense, the general trajectory of a mage will pull them ever further from humanity, as their obsession with occult explorations grows and they become ever more in-tune with their divine core. The part that is often difficult for Sleepers to understand is that said fate is actually a good thing. Even those who endeavour to be just towards Sleepers and temper their hubris will find mortals just becoming less relatable as time goes on.

In this area, The Pure have several factors complicating their interactions with mortals. On one hand, the theosophism of The Pure will often have them subjugate the human to the divine, or at very least have that as the ideal. On the other hand, however, Purist praxis renders them closer to the human milieu. Childhood and its relationship with embodiment are very much related to the mundane sphere, and moreso than other mages, Purists often remember little things that others of their kind tend to forget. These two competing forces can be said to roughly cancel one another out, though it is rather uneven. Further, however, the alienation from Sleepers takes on an additional dimension among Purist mages; that of their regressive tendencies themselves. The typical mage takes issue with the spiritual blindness of most mortals, and their focus on worldly activity. Said mage, however, at least shares the same sins as the mortal. The Purist, however, finds it hard to even relate to the Sleeper's mundane life. A large part of The Pure's focus on the Astral is based on this very conundrum. In a fundamental way, many Purists cannot simply live their lives in the way that many mortals do, or would even wish to do so were it possible. Their desires are abstracted, disconnected from the world, and not as invisibly implementable as the usual throes of sports and marriage and family. Some obviously find this less troublesome than others, but some level of separation from Sleepers is common among The Pure. Alternately, many Purists do actually have positive attitudes towards mortals. Typically this is from the perspective of stewarding and the goal of universal Awakening, but some also just have a soft spot for them, or see themselves as responsible for their protection. For obvious reasons, many Purists have a particularly positive attitude toward children. Even this, however, is tempered by knowledge of the pain of incarnation, and the vicissitudes of a meaningless life that can only be resolved in Awakening.

Views on Ascension:

Ascension is the silent glimmering foundation of The Pure, the ultimate force upon which the whole edifice rests. It is the transcendence behind the outer face of childhood, the soul within the idol. Like a far-off mystery in the sky, it is a mysterious hope that is more than just a hope, a reality that justifies every last seeming vanity of their praxis. While only rarely explicitly discussed, Ascension is embedded deep in the theology of The Pure. It is ultimacy, the state of complete liberation, the perfect, best end with not a trace of evil. Ascension is tied directly to the absolute divinity of the soul, and true realization of one's own absolute Godhead constitutes Ascension. Ascension is the freedom and glory of every last thing. It makes no concessions, and leaves no catches that will allow for anything less than utter goodness, perfection, and ultimacy.

For The Pure, why would you call anything less Ascension?

Membership Traits:

While varying in personal practice and attributes, members of The Fellowship hold certain commonalities by virtue of their very association with the group. In regards to some matters, such as

the Spheres, this is not by formal rule or education, but rather simply by the necessities of youthful magic. On the other hand, The Pure do demand training in the history of their organization, youth magic, and a few other areas. The outline of common Purist traits and required qualities is given below.

Spheres:

The favored sphere of The Pure is, unsurprisingly, that of Time. The second most common sphere is that of Life, due to both its relation to many regressive magics and due to the focus on embodiment present in much of Purist praxis. On a mystical level, Spirit is valued for the insight it sheds on the soul and the mystery of incarnation. It is also of great practical use in the maintenance of The Pure's various Astral Domains, and indeed in accessing the Astral itself. Apart from these doctrinal Spheres, many individual members have different specialty spheres or modes of Sphere use that vary with their given praxes and paradigms. The Psi-Kids and other such psychical mages are known for their mastery of Correspondence and Mind. Hermeticists and various classic ceremonial magicians are known for their proficiency in a gamut of spheres that encompass traditional magic, such as Correspondence, Entropy, and Spirit. Matter and Forces are mainly utilized for a variety of regressive magics that don't easily align with the traditional, serious magical traditions. Prime is useful as an adjunct to many rites, but comparatively few mages among The Pure actually specialize in it. When they do, it is usually as part of their personal practice, as is seen with various natural magicians.

Abilities:

Upon induction into The Fellowship, all newly-minted Purists are instructed in the traditional curriculum administered by the Librarians. This curriculum sets these mages up with a basic understanding of The Fellowship, as well as the theory of its shepherded, esoteric magics of youth.

All members of The Pure must have at least 1 dot of Lore: The Pure. They must also have at least 4 dots of Esoterica, and select Juvemancy as a specialization. Notably, The Pure is pretty much the only source for training in either Lore: The Pure or Esoterica (Juvemancy). Training in Occult also used to be a requirement, but the sudden influx of Children seen in the 21st century has left this by the wayside. The Seekers still complain about the diminished standard of education, though in practice most mages among The Pure still have paradigms that require proficiency in Occult.

Apart from these requirements, many mages also have Esoterica specialties in topics relating to their paradigms. Contemporary technological skills such as Computer, Drive, and Technology are also common to contemporary Children, though many Elders still don't have much of a grasp on those things. Science is common to Children with more scientific paradigms, as well as Children who simply use technomagickal effects for juvemancy. While the old guard is still quite proficient in Meditation, this tends to be pretty lackluster in younger members. Those responsible for maintaining The Pure's Astral presence and chantries tend to have knowledge of Cosmology. Other abilities are largely dependent on the idiosyncrasies of individual magicians.

Backgrounds:

As part of joining the Fellowship, all Purists gain 1 dot of Status: The Pure. This is the minimal level of affiliation that represents membership in the tradition.

Purists commonly possess dots in Chantry for whichever Domain is "closest" to their area, Nursery being the most common. Chantries on Earth are more rare and less frequented by members, but are still

around. The Chantry background is commonly used to enlist juvemantic aid from other Purists, typically in an area the individual has little proficiency in (age regression and progression being two of the most common services sought). Help “on the ground” from fellow Purists is typically represented via the Allies background.

A surprising amount of Purists are able to access or formulate wonders, given the magical lore shepherded by the organization. The Wonder background is not uncommon, and Purists in particularly commonly have juvemantic ones.

Some Elders or even just skilled Purist mages in general are willing to serve as mentors to other Purists. The Mentor background is uncommon but present among The Pure. Purist mentors and non-Purist mentors (met via other avenues) are roughly equally common. Elders in particular are notorious for being eccentric mentors, given the long span of their lives and subsequent older sensibilities (to say nothing of the idiosyncrasy of Purists in general).

Resources is practically universal among Purists, as it is with most individuals, but there is often a defining gap between the wealth of the Children at large and Elders. Generally speaking, most Purists won't have Resources greater than 2 dots. At most, they'll likely be able to accumulate 3 dots by the end of their mundane careers or through the clever application of magic. The attainment of wealth often isn't on the minds of many Purists, especially when they can access unimaginable wonders that money alone could never buy. Nevertheless, it is quite common for Elders to have high Resources, with some even reaching 5 dots. The means for acquisition is usually due to their age and skill in magic; it is easy for an Elder to accumulate assets over the course of a lifetime and then transfer it to a convenient “relative” upon their “passing.” The regressed self can appear like a relative with exceptional ease, for obvious reasons, and many Elders deliberately cultivate personas for this very purpose. Often the enterprising Elder doesn't need to do much to maintain their wealth after a certain point, with investments and interest automatically maintaining the hoard. As works for many Elders, as they usually don't care too much for wealth much like their peers. It is very useful, however. Travelling to find the newly-Awakened costs money, and there are a multitude of other expenses that demand plain old cash. From acquiring rare magical texts, to sourcing all of the supplies for The Pure's (many) children, to even those rare occasions where a chantry is constructed. These all need to come out of someone's pocket, and the wealth of the Elders is the source most often tapped. Despite the expenses of The Pure, these Elders still often have a large surplus of wealth available, which has raised the question of what to do with it. Establishing and funding home-grown branch charities that they can oversee is somewhat common among those few Elders with backgrounds in business, but this is not the province of all Elders. Others have thought of starting magical organizations for sorcerers and hedge-magicians on Earth. Despite The Pure's insistence upon separation from the Ascension War, this question of investment – and whether it would constitute involvement – has raised fierce debates.

Other backgrounds largely vary depending on the mage, as is usual. The Avatar background is heavily focused upon by The Pure, but the actual rating of it varies as it does with the general mage population. Arcane has obvious utility, though Purists don't tend to draw as many enemies as other Awakened. Cult is relatively uncommon among Purists, given their egalitarian sensibilities. The infamous “diaper cult” set-up is as notorious as it is utterly rare. Strangely enough, the background is most commonly seen among the Psi-Kids, who often accumulate unAwakened psychics and other hangers-on as part of their praxis. Fame is rare among Purists, as they often don't make much of a name for themselves in either Awakened or unAwakened circles. Node is also rare, as Purists are rarely able to acquire the choicest nodes for themselves and can be unwilling to fight for them (though not all are). Sanctum is as common to Purists as it is to other mages. Notably, it is not unheard for Purists to have two sanctums;

one for traditional magic, and one for juvemantic arts. This latter one is often decorated much less seriously. Demesne is surprisingly common among Purists. Such realms are often dedicated towards regressive desires, or have sections for such play set up in within the demesne. The Psi-Kids in particular are known for using demesnes when setting up telepathically-shared dreams. Library is common among many Purists as it is among mages in general. The Librarians actually don't tend to have higher Library ratings than other Purists; their knowledge is more historical than occult and they generally tend to the shared libraries of The Pure rather than their own. Dream is about as common as it is among other mages. Totem is not any more uncommon among Purists than it is among other mages, but the relationship is rarely worshipful, if no less respectful. Past Life is held with the same frequency as it is with other mages. As with other individuals, some mages have memory of their pre-existence. Treat this as the Past Life background, except that the previous "life" will not be human or physical. A model for this background is also provided in the Mechanics section.

Merits and Flaws:

Like many individuals, The Pure can also possess certain strengths and banes. Most of the merits and flaws that Purists share in common are related to their youthful nature; most other merits and flaws vary widely. A small selection of common Purist merits and flaws are listed below, as well as information as to how they relate to The Pure.

Impediment (Flaw, 1-6 pts.): Of all its variations, Impediment (Incontinence) is (perhaps unsurprisingly) the most common among The Pure. This is due to its ability to be artificially-induced via the performance of the Rite of Dependence. Once induced through magical means, this condition functions as it naturally does. A largely unspoken but significant amount of Purists have used the Rite of Dependence to inflict this particular flaw on themselves, at least temporarily. Because of this, it is the most overrepresented of all impediments among the Purist population. Those who naturally acquired Impediment (Incontinence) outside of magic are for the most part only as common among The Pure as they are amongst the rest of humanity; that is to say, not very common. Impediment (Incontinence) is valued at 1 point. Other Impediments show up among The Pure at the same frequency as they do amongst the rest of humanity, or even at somewhat lower rates given the utility of Life magic.

Child (Flaw, 1-3 pts.): This flaw is not as common among The Pure as one might believe, if only because the social repercussions for being young aren't very significant among The Fellowship. Purists who go onto the Earth in child form, though, do possess it. For those who do possess the flaw, all point ratings are relatively common.

Short (Flaw, 3pts.): Yep. There are a lot of little kids running around among The Pure. Those below adolescence are generally going to have this flaw. Inherently short adults, on the other hand, aren't any more common among The Pure than they are among humanity at large.

Aging (Flaw, 2, 4, 6, 8, or 10 pts.): The aged variant of this flaw is rare to see among The Pure, but the youthful one is downright common. Both the young 4 point version and the older 2 point variant are pretty ubiquitous.

Sanctity (Merit, 2 pts.): Not overly common, but certainly more prevalent than it is amongst the average population. Cherubs and other such innocents tend to have this merit. This merit can cause a bit of jealousy on the part of others, but most mages are enlightened enough that they don't get too attached.

Innocent (Merit, 1 pt.): Sorcerers can get a pretty similar merit to Sanctity for only 1 point. Lucky bastards. Prevalent as per Sanctity. Typically found amongst allied sorcerers and psychics.

Subculture Insider (Merit, 2 pts.): A fair amount of Purists are embedded in mortal ABDL and regression communities.

Unaging (Merit, 2 pts.): It is not uncommon for a Purist to have somehow finagled the effects of this merit onto themselves. While pretty cool and unique, this merit can actually pose some trouble if it was stumbled upon unintentionally, as not all individuals desire immortality.

Derangements:

Derangements in general do not appear among The Pure at any greater proportion than the common population, but where they do appear, one derangement in particular is overrepresented: Regression. To no one's surprise, this disorder can develop among The Pure, though it is not as common as one might think. Normally maladaptive, this coping mechanism or trauma response can often actually get an individual the help they seek among The Pure. Even though Purists are usually able to tell pretty keenly between normal Purist kid behavior and Regression, it is common for them to lack the heart to actually refrain from indulging them. Caretakers in particular are known to feel visceral sympathy for them, even if they intellectually know that they aren't helping them by enabling their disorder. Despite its greater prevalence in comparison to other derangements, Regression still only afflicts a miniscule number of Purists. Treatment is thus not a priority, as unfortunate as it is for the afflicted. This derangement is particularly pitied, given how it insults the very ethos of being a mage, as well as the ultimacy and dignity of the soul.

Glossary

Ascension: The attainment of ultimacy and utter transcendence, beyond mortal comprehension. The driving force of the Awakened, and their much-sought goal. Different mages often hold different views about the precise nature of Ascension.

Astral: The otherworld, the spirit world, heaven (or hell). The Umbra. In western magical parlance, the plane of the mind alone, as separate from the physical world below and divine territories above.

Avatar: The hidden, divine part of a mage that enables them to perform True Magic. Possessed by all beings, though it is only Awakened in some.

Awakened, The: Those who have seen the true nature of reality and have awoken to the ability to work wonders. Also called prophets, sorcerers, gods. The proper title for mages.

Awakening, The: The transcendent moment when a mage discovers the true nature of the universe and attains the powers of True Magic. Far more than just empowerment, the Awakening constitutes one of the most unimaginable of mystical experiences.

Chantry: A base of operations where mages congregate. Typically associated with an organization. Depending on the level of development, some Chantries can have all kinds of services and features, whether mundane or magical. Chantries can be on Earth or in the Astral.

Children, The: The Pure, collectively. Some definitions exclude Caretakers, others do not.

Coincidental Magic: Magic that looks like it could have occurred by happenstance. A cab suddenly appearing just when you need it, phenomenal luck at craps, and finding the one thing you needed on Craigslist. Traditional probability manipulation. Some coincidental magic is more plainly supernatural, sometimes due to the paradigms of Sleepers. Low-level precognition, for example, can be coincidental.

Domain: A demiplane in the Astral formed by the will of mages, or other beings for that matter. A Horizon Realm.

Elder: A Purist who has lived for over a century and attained physical immortality. Known to be powerful and eccentric.

Hedge-Magic: Mortal magic. Weak supernatural powers that can be learned by unAwakened individuals. Hedge-magic does not invoke Paradox.

Juvmancer: One who practices juvemancy. A youthful mage, one possessed of regressive magic.

Juvmancy: The art of youthful sorcery and regressive magic. The specialty of The Pure. Not a form of divination.

Node: A place of supernatural power from which Quintessence can be harvested. Locations can be nodes due to a variety of reasons, such as antiquity, placement over ley lines, or cultural significance and belief.

Paradigm: A mage's model of the universe and of magic. Paradigms heavily influence the art of each individual mage. Sleepers also possess paradigms, but they cannot use them to perform True Magic.

Paradox: The force that destroys the works of magic and sears the mage in their efforts to change reality. Theorized to be powered by the slumbering Avatars of Sleepers. Paradox strikes when wonderworkers perform vulgar magic before Sleepers, as well as on certain other occasions.

Psychic: A mortal with notable psychic powers. A form of Sleepwalker.

Pure, The: An Awakened organization centering around childhood and the divinity it veils. Masters of the art of juvemancy.

Purist: A member of The Fellowship of The Pure.

Quintessence: Fundamental universal power that can be used for magical purposes.

Sleeper: A mortal whose Avatar is not yet woken. They are blind to the true nature of reality and are unable to perform True Magic. Sleepers are thought to invisibly power the force of Paradox.

Sleepwalker: One whose Avatar stirs in its Sleep, and is able to perform tightly limited forms of magic. Sorcerers, hedge-magicians, and psychics. Sleepwalkers cannot wield absolute power over reality like the Awakened can.

Sorcerer: A mortal magician. One who has learned the art of hedge-magic through study or gift. The common occultist, far more prevalent than mages. The powers of sorcerers are greatly limited, but they do not invoke Paradox.

Tass: Solidified Quintessence. Comes in a variety of forms that depends on the type of Node.

Technomage: An Awakened who manifests their wonders through sublime science and technology. One who uses technomagick.

Technomagick: Wonders enabled through transcendent science rather than sorcery. Technomages have Awakened Avatars, and the true nature of technomagick is hotly debated.

True Magic: The ability to perform miracles through sheer force of will. The province of the Awakened.

Vulgar Magic: Magic that is obviously supernatural and beyond the bounds of everyday life. Levitation, teleportation, resurrection, and other such miracles of yore. Vulgar magic gives the caster Paradox even if they are successful in casting it.

Wonder: An enchanted object or magical item. Able to be manifested by True Magic. Some can be used by Sleepers and the like.

Youth: A Purist who is not an Elder.

Mechanics

Age:

From birth to death, every living thing assumes a variety of shapes. As entities grow and develop, they acquire new faculties and increase in prowess, and as they age and wither, those same powers find themselves waning. Whether it be from the immaturity of youth or the decrepitude of elderhood, age can have a serious impact on the abilities of living beings.

All living entities possess an age category. This represents a stage in the life cycle of the being. Each age category modifies various attributes and sets maximum limits upon them, as illustrated below. This section assumes humans as a baseline. Other species can reach various age categories at different years. If a maximum attribute is not listed, then the default maximum of 5 dots is present.

Entities retain their original attribute scores as latent values, even if the maximum attribute caps of whatever age category they are in suppresses these values. If they enter an age category with an attribute maximum equal to or higher than their original attribute value, then that attribute reappears. This is most commonly seen in magical alterations of age.

Unless otherwise specified, age category attribute modifiers disappear upon leaving the age category.

Note that the maximum attribute limits ascribed to each age category can be exceeded through the use of magic, though such feats are not easy.

Apart from attribute effects, some age categories also have miscellaneous effects that are detailed in their entry.

Infant (0-1 years):

Maximum Attributes:

Physical – Strength: * Dexterity: * Stamina: *

Infants add two dots to Charisma.

Infants automatically possess the Impediment (Incontinence) flaw, which can only be removed by age. If the flaw is already possessed due to genetic conditions or physiological injury, then it is not removed with age.

Toddler (1-3 years):

Maximum Attributes:

Physical – Strength: * Dexterity: ** Stamina: *

Toddlers add one dot to Charisma and one dot to Appearance.

Toddlers have a 50% chance of possessing the Impediment (Incontinence) flaw. This is rolled for each

entity upon entrance into the Toddler age category. This flaw can be removed via potty training. Toddlers who are actually physically incontinent due to genetic or physiological conditions cannot remove this flaw via potty training, for obvious reasons.

Young Child (3-7 years):

Maximum Attributes:

Physical – Strength: ** Dexterity: *** Stamina: **

Young children add one dot to Appearance.

Child (7-13 years):

Maximum Attributes:

Physical – Strength: *** Dexterity: **** Stamina: ***

Adolescent (13-18 years):

Maximum Attributes:

Physical – Strength: **** Dexterity: ***** Stamina: *****

Adult (18-40 years):

Maximum Attributes:

Physical – Strength: ***** Dexterity: ***** Stamina: *****

Middle-Aged (40-65 years):

Maximum Attributes:

Physical – Strength: **** Dexterity: **** Stamina: ****

Elder (65-90 years):

Maximum Attributes:

Physical – Strength: ** Dexterity: *** Stamina: **

Venerable (90+ years):

Maximum Attributes:

Physical – Strength: * Dexterity: ** Stamina: *

Backgrounds:

Past Existence:

Not many people remember things from before they were conceived. You do. With this background, you can remember some of your pre-existence, and thus obtain knowledge of (often supernatural) matters that would be hard to come by otherwise. Once per session, when attempting an ability check on a matter relating to spirit lore, the Otherworlds, or similar topics, you can roll a number of dice equal to this background's rating against difficulty 6. For each success, you can roll an additional die on the ability check. This represents memories from your previous spiritual existence, which likely encompasses discrete events. The Storyteller decides what exactly you recall, and you should write down your memories whenever you successfully utilize this background. At the Storyteller's discretion, you can also use this background on less esoteric ability checks. For example, it could be possible that you happened to wander around a particular forest before you were born, and that this knowledge could help you find your way out in your present life. The Storyteller is encouraged to limit these uses of the background, as they overlap heavily with Past Life. A botch on a Past Existence roll usually indicates that you get caught up in the alien mode of thought from your pre-existence. Needless to say, this can severely interrupt your functioning in the world, and can be emotionally distressing once you return mentally to mortality.

X: You don't remember anything past the age of 2.

*: Faint knowledge from beyond life.

** : Muddled recollections of another existence.

***: Clear pre-existence memories.

****: Vivid and extensive memories of existence in another state of being.

*****: Incarnation was barely a footnote to you.

Abilities:

Lore: The Pure:

This ability represents information about The Fellowship of The Pure as an organization, as well as its associated history and lore. Those with this ability can know about the The Fellowship, its hidden signs, the secrets of Elders, and even of those ancient groups which presaged its manifestation. Generally speaking, this knowledge can only be raised if one is a member of The Pure and has access to its archives. There are, however, other ways of acquiring dots in it, such as somehow entering one of its libraries, finding ancient literature about them on Earth, or listening to a particularly talkative Elder.

Esoterica (Juvemancy):

The secrets of youthful magic are encompassed by this specialty, whether they be esoteric or practical. Broadly speaking, this specialty regards all magics that are related to childhood, from youth blessings to age regressions, though in practice, "juvemancy" is a specific style of magic that youthful mages use as a theoretical construct. A random spirit that can render a man a child probably wouldn't think of

themselves as practicing juvemancy. And yes, juvemancers know that the term should technically refer to divination via youth. No-one uses child diviners anymore, however, so they'd appreciate it if people just let them use the damn term.

Esoterica (Juvemancy) can be used to lower the difficulty of rolls for casting juvemantic effects as per the rules for abilities enhancing magic.

Derangements:

In this fallen world, the mind is a sad thing. Experiences can feed maladaptive behaviors, trauma can paralyze the psyche, and the brain can be blasted by the thousand frailties that mortal flesh is heir to. While their souls are impregnable, men at this moment do not seem so. Derangements are the mechanical representation of certain mental illnesses, and they are something that not even the Awakened are always immune to. Derangements differ from Quiets in that the latter are magically-induced through Paradox backlash. Derangements, on the other hand, whether through psychological or neurological means, are mundane in nature. Derangements can be present at the beginning of the play or can be induced through certain traumatic events. Each Derangement has a triggering circumstance that induces its effect. Once activated, the effect remains in play for the rest of the scene. When the character enters the circumstance that would activate the effect, they can spend a Willpower point to negate it for that scene, but if the trigger remains upon the conclusion of the scene, they must continue to expend Willpower if they wish to avoid the effect. Particularly strong circumstances may require a successful Willpower check or the expenditure of multiple Willpower points, at the Storyteller's discretion. Cures for Derangements are at the Storyteller's discretion, but will likely involve significant role-playing.

If voluntarily taken, a Derangement gives 3 freebies points during character creation.

It should be noted that the subject of Derangements in play should be treated with caution, as they are referential of impactful psychological conditions.

Regression:

When presented with stress and obligation, individuals afflicted by this condition escape into a younger state of mind, where they think themselves more bereft of responsibility. The exact manifestation varies, and it is rarely very dramatic, but nevertheless they might become more whimsical or more given to childish anger. The end result, however, is that they seek to avoid what issue troubles them, and will ideally seek to have some more capable person handle it. Note that this is not voluntary in the same sense that the normal avoidance of obligations is; instead the individual breaks down somewhat and cannot conduct certain activities without invoking extreme anxiety. It is not a consciously formulated act, though it may be behaviorally reinforced (i.e., if their demands are met). Those suffering from the effects of this condition remove two dice from their dice pool on all checks involving mental attributes.

Spirits

The span of the universe and of time are endless, as are their inhabitants. Every human idea or concept has a personality behind it, and that is only taking into account a trifling part of the equation. Of course, an animistic universe does not play favorites. As seemingly mundane as it is, childhood is still a necessary aspect of the universe, and has a score of spirits whom share it in their nature. The ways in which they do so are of course multitudinous, and any given spirit of youth can differ widely from the other. There are ghosts and gods, angels and demons, and even stranger entities out there, all united by a rather specific aspect of reality. Nevertheless, these entities exist and can interact with man. While inciting mixed feelings among Purists and other youthful mages, they are still of incredible relevance to their magical lives.

Butterscotch Sprite:

As adorable as they are frenetic, Butterscotch Sprites have served as companion-spirits and familiars among Purists for centuries. Theorized to be somewhere between fairies and egregores, these spirits appear as small, often animal-like entities, with plenty of unnatural features and colors which give them the appearance of cute chimerae. While intelligent, butterscotch sprites are child-like and even vapid, simply not given to higher thought or concerns most of the time. Butterscotch sprites love bright colors, playing, fun, and other things that are cute. This endears them to some Purists and absolutely annoys others. As familiars, butterscotch sprites can be willing to eat Paradox, though they usually complain of a “tummy-ache” afterwards. Butterscotch sprites are known to be rambunctious in playing and are generally kept out of sanctums and laboratories.

Willpower: 4, Rage: 3, Gnosis: 4, Essence: 15

Charms: Airt Sense, Appear, Materialize, Soul Reading

Angel of Youth:

Endless choirs of angels minister everything in the world, and childhood is no exception. Appearing much as many of their kin, Angels of Youth govern their titular domain, both providing archetypal support to the topic and intervening in the world as conjuration or necessity dictates. The Angels of Youth have a strong relationship with The Pure, and Purists have honed the art of their evocation to a razor's edge. Strictly speaking Angels of Youth themselves are of the “invisible angels,” rarely evoked, instead lending their power to the blessings of children or occasionally helping people directly without visual appearance. When they do appear, it is typically as a soft orb of light, or a shining white silhouette of a figure. Occasionally they will appear as an awe-inspiring human being, but this is rare to see, especially in evocation.

Angels of Youth hold a sanctity about themselves that is simply beautiful to behold. They are exceedingly calming to be around, and their benevolence shines with their every word. While this effect does not reach the heights of religious experience, it can still reduce even the strong to weakness and joy. Angels of Youth are soft-spoken, caring, and kind, though they also possess a sternness that they do not fear to use. As one can guess, they especially like the company of children.

The Pure summon Angels of Youth for help in juvemancy, as advisors, and simply for their presence. The Angels of Youth are generally glad to provide all of these services, though they only rarely help

with full-on caretakerly duties.

Willpower: 5, Rage: 4, Gnosis: 6, Essence: 20

Charms: Airt Sense, Appear, Blast, Cleanse the Blight, Cling, Disable, Ease Pain, Flee, Healing, Illuminate, Insight, Peek, Re-form, Soul Reading, Regression, Progression

Caretaker Spirit:

These astral denizens hail from a variety of realms and are of a multitude of natures, but all are united in their willingness to baby those they come across. The Pure maintain copious catalogues of these spirits, and generally possess good relationships with them.

The forms of Caretaker Spirits vary greatly, though those most commonly summoned appear as foggy, humanoid figures with implied features.

Willpower: 4, Rage: 4, Gnosis: 4, Essence: 15

Charms: Airt Sense, Appear, Materialize, Peek, Soul Reading, Diapering, Regression, Progression

Rememberer:

It can be hard to let things go. Rememberers stand as only one example of this. An exceedingly scarce type of ghost, Rememberers result when a dead individual holds an affinity for childhood as a touchstone. Not all dead regressives or ABDLs become Rememberers; the individual must both remain on Earth as a ghost and actually deny death *through* an obsessive focus on youth. This is an exceptionally rare circumstance, and not a pretty one. Rememberers can haunt a variety of areas. The most common is their former place of residence, as with many ghosts, but Rememberers in particular generally prefer to haunt their old childhood home, or the location they had the strongest emotional connection to as a child. As such, some potentials haunts include the homes of friends, or even the places where a sympathetic social worker frequented. These locations also generally consist of playgrounds, parks, arcades, and other such places where children congregate. Rememberers tend to be aware of their surroundings and death, but generally ignore that fact, engaging in behaviors they may have once engaged in in life, or wished to. Rememberers almost always appear as the childhood age they had the greatest affinity for, though a few exceptionally tortured souls actually appear as adults due to strange guilt-complexes or other mysteries of ghostly psychology.

The reactions of Rememberers to strangers and the living varies. Some ignore them and some actively drive people away so they can play in peace, but just as many invite them to join them, excited for a playmate, or baby them so they can satisfy their desires vicariously. The normal activities of a Rememberer are often ultimately unsatisfactory due to their lack of a corporeal body and the low climes of Earth as opposed to the Astral, so visitors can actually present an exciting addition to their dreary afterlife. Rememberers have sometimes even been known to attempt to trap people in abandoned buildings, but they rarely have the power to enforce this and are often forced to use misdirection.

Beyond jokes of haunted daycares and regression tropes, Rememberers are a sad lot. Though Rememberers are very rare, Purists still bump into them a decent bit, since Purists will often visit the sorts of locations that Rememberers tend to haunt, searching for nodes and Quintessence. The native

ability for many Purists to actually see ghosts is also a help on that front. Some Purists take these Rememberers on as charity cases, but this can be a mixed bag; the Purist can know a great deal of what the ghost is going through, but the ghost might see the Purist's attempt to cure their obsession as hypocritical, since they can fulfill all of their childhood desires and more using their magic. The general policy of The Pure is to try to help, but not get caught up in their affairs.

Willpower: 4, Rage: 5, Gnosis: 4, Essence: 15

Charms: Airt Sense, Appear, Cling, Disorient, Inhabit, Mind Speech, Peek

Abductor:

Humanity has always encountered strange beings that spirit them away in the night. From fairies to little grey men, these alien entities steal away people for all sorts of inscrutable purposes, purposes we only hear glimpses of from those who got away. While the abduction phenomenon is nothing new, what is likely more recently manifest are people's mixture of this reality with their...desires. As much as spirits can influence humanity, humanity can influence spirits, and a particularly peculiar example of this can be seen in the Abductors. Only recently observed, though with more visible precursors, the Abductors appear as something of an egregoric influence on the spirit world. These enigmatic beings steal people away, typically people who had possessed strange fantasies of being babied and cared for by otherworldly forces. In gleaming realms and elysian vistas, these not-so-scary visitors regress and coddle their victims, stealing away one of Earth's children before they have to give them back. And when the time comes, they do so, leaving the confused kidnappee with only strikingly vivid dreams and an amazingly gratified fantasy as evidence of something strange having taken place. At least, most of the time.

Abductors are a very strange phenomenon for The Pure, and have only recently been confirmed beyond apocrypha. These beings do come in a variety of shapes, but extraterrestrials of a particularly soft disposition are the most common nowadays. Fairies were occasionally glimpsed in the past, but these were very uncommon, and often didn't resemble the sorts of fantasies that became more evident once ABDLs as a group reared their head. The Abductors are most notable for actually stealing away individuals into their Astral realms, but they appear to have rather limited powers beyond that. Further, this effect lasts for only a limited time before the individual winds up back on Earth. These kidnappings themselves usually take place at night at the beginning of one's sleep cycle, and provide full restfulness once the individual arrives back on Earth. Thus, it can be surprisingly easy to dismiss the encounter despite its viscerality, though the magical sight of mages and their accustomation to the supernatural will leave them with knowledge of its truth most of the time. Mortals are the most common targets of Abductors, though it is unclear whether that is because of the greater population of mortals, or because the Abductors actively avoid the Awakened. It is generally agreed that the Abductors are largely egregores, being fostered by the imagination of mankind's regressives, but few other clues as to their motives can be discerned.

Abductors are generally silent and enigmatic, even as they baby someone, but they are never hostile or scary. They take an abstract joy in treating others like children, and take great delight in watching their abductees play around, from a distant, detached perspective. Manhandling and the use of confusing, automated machines have been reported in many accounts of Abductors. Some Abductors do physically regress their victims, but many do not. In any case, any effects inflicted on the victim are reversed prior to their return to Earth.

Because of their lack of harm to their victims, the Abductors are a low priority for The Pure to solve, even though kidnapping is involved.

Willpower: 5, Rage: 3, Gnosis: 4, Essence: 30

Charms: Airt Sense, Appear, Call for Aid, Cling, Disable, Disorient, Insight, Materialize, Mind Speech, Peek, Re-form, Spirit Away, Regression, Progression

Charm List:

Some spirits have peculiarly regressive charms. These charms are listed below.

Diapering: For three essence, the spirit manifests a diaper upon a given mortal target. This effect works through clothes and other coverings.

Regression: The spirit spends five essence to regress the target. The target is immediately reduced to any age between newborn and just below their current age, as the spirit chooses. This charm can be counter-magicked, but the target gets no other ability to resist it.

Progression: The spirit spends five essence to age a target. The target is aged to any point up to elderhood, as the spirit wishes. This charm can be counter-magicked, but otherwise the target has no ability to resist it.

Astral Realms

Nursery (75 pt.):

Not the first of The Pure's Domains but by far the most populated, Nursery has stood as the principal seat of The Fellowship's power for millennia. While Conclave is its spirit, Nursery is the beating heart of The Pure. Originally established not long after Conclave, around 5 A.D., Nursery consists of a business and cultural district, Old Town, as well as a sprawling residential district, filled to the brim with the homes of ages and Purists long gone. The Domain is set in a large "clearing" in an astral woodland. Visitors to the Domain travelling through the Astral often find the woods before they find the Domain itself.

Nursery effectively serves as the main communications hub and living center of The Pure. All sorts of business and magic is conducted here, and many can in fact live out whole lives in the Domain should they want to. While not quite up to the scratch of the archives of Conclave, Nursery does have many substantial libraries of its own. Many of these libraries have plenty of books on a plethora of mundane topics and traditional magic, actually out-competing Conclave in many non-juvemantic areas. Mundane supplies and lesser wonders are stored in Nursery, to be distributed as needed. Personal homes are not too hard to manifest, but they require permits and potentially outsourced labor if the mage is not proficient in Spirit. There are many small communities and daycare-type environments, for communal living. Architecture varies greatly; old buildings are left up and only Old Town and roads are actively renovated. One can spy ancient huts right next to contemporary apartment complexes, and see magical lanterns illuminate an otherwise contemporary ice cream shop.

Nursery is primarily populated by mages. At any given time, only 20% of the population are more or less permanent dwellers. The other 80% cycles in and out of Nursery, visiting the Earth and other Domains. A small amount of acolytes and consors also dwell in Nursery. Many of these individuals are not permanent residents, but of those non-mage Purists who do dwell permanently in the Astral, Nursery is their primary location. There are lots of kids in Nursery; many of these are mages who can be liable to changing their age multiple times in one day. Many of the rest are acolytes and consors, who typically assume ages more permanently than their magely brethren, by virtue of not being able to change it easily without help. Assumed ages in general vary widely in Nursery, though adults are still common.

Most forms of mystic magic and even some forms of technomagick are coincidental in Nursery. Juvemantic magic in particular is always coincidental.

Conclave (50 pt.):

Conclave was the Domain where The Fellowship of The Pure was first manifested, and to this day it remains the hallowed treasure of the The Pure. Consisting of a small village nestled in light woods resting beside elysian plains, Conclave has always been only sparsely developed due to its sanctity. Trees are of all types and do not conform to earthly environments; oaks and willows rest beside redwoods and aspens. Structures are often built of wood or stone, with the central conclave itself consisting of a building grown from living wood. Architectural elements are influenced by the Greeks and Egyptians. No contemporary architecture is present, and the whole place radiates a palpable sense of power and glory. The council is seated in Conclave, and weighty political action is conducted at

moots held within the central conclave. There are few permanent residences, and those who do live there do so knowing they can expect no contemporary conveniences.

Conclave is primarily a religious site. Many small shrines are dotted around in the surrounding wilderness, and a central temple is present within the village itself. The Pure maintains its relationships with its spiritual allies in Conclave, and it is a common place of pilgrimage for Purists. Notably, the Seekers are largely stationed in Conclave.

The redwood archives host all records of The Pure and of juvemancy that Purists have available, along with copious amounts of mundane and general magical documents. Almost all of these documents are originals, preserved by magic throughout the millennia. The most powerful and ancient wonders of The Pure are also held here, in vaults grown of living redwood that is harder than diamond. It is rumored that countless sorts of treasures are stored here, from crowns that prevent the wearer from being attacked to fonts that can resurrect the dead. Little but speculation is possible, because the vaults are always kept locked and the manifests are limited to a miniscule selection of individuals. The Librarians astutely maintain the redwood archives, and politely redirect inquiries regarding the vaults.

Mystic magic is coincidental in Conclave. Technomagick is vulgar, much to the chagrin of those few technomages among The Pure. Mundane technology *works*, but you better not be seen using it in Conclave.

Hideaway:

In Purist parlance, a Hideaway refers to any Domain manifested by a youthful mage for personal, regressive purposes. These are typically very small given the resources available to the individual mage, often consisting of only a single building and an exterior environment that cannot be meaningfully interacted with. Among The Pure these are actually quite rare, as the established Domains of The Pure obviate the need for much effort in manifestation, and provide a social environment. Still, in those circumstances where youthful mages manifest on their own, it is not uncommon to see them make their own Astral Hideaways. These are typically based upon (often inane) specific fantasies, from quaint little shacks in plains to play lots of malls. Magical resources and lore are typically minimal; the manifesting mage typically uses their Domain to play around as a kid without the issues that vulgar magic poses back on Earth. Some Purists spend their time combing the Astral for these sorts of Domains; the sympathetic connection between the two individuals' shared youthfulness can be enough to draw the enterprising mage towards them without any other identifying information. This can get pretty haunting, as many Hideaways are now abandoned, and one can even see the Hideaways of different eras differ from one another, as the technologies of the period and the ideas of childhood changed. Some Hideaways are still active to this day, and that is how some youthful mages who were "missed" shortly after their Awakening can be found. Some of these small Hideaways are even used by more than one person, though it is rare for any more individuals beyond the first to be mages. Instead, it is more common for the mage to bring an unAwakened friend to their Domain (even if they have to eat up that Paradox the first time).

Nodes

Haunted House (*):

The creepy abandoned house at the end of the lot is as timeless as it is omnipresent. Industrial civilization in particular intensified this image, as homes became commonplace and thus more justifiable to abandon. The image of the haunted house has become so prevalent in media that it can be difficult to tell where abandoned house tropes arose from experience and where they arose from the ouroboros of popular culture. Kids have always found creepy old houses enticing in one manner or the other, but for some, that's precisely because they saw them on TV.

In either case, the old house on the street is as ripe a node as any.

Nodes known as "Haunted Houses," are still rather uncommon, but they are not reliant upon actually being haunted in order for Quintessence to flow. The mystique of a house in a neighborhood, or rumors of bloody murders that have taken place there, can be enough to render it magically-useful to a mage. And if said node actually houses a ghost, the more the merrier, no? While they provide only a paltry measure of Quintessence, mages find them useful, as they are both more common than other nodes and less commonly fought over. Unfortunately, even these nodes have been declining over the years. Some blame kids staying inside too much and not caring about creepy places on their street, while others speak more boringly of the housing market. Some mages have even been known to intentionally spread rumors of hauntings at homes, or even scare local children in order to render a given estate into a Haunted House node. Sometimes these efforts bear fruit, sometimes they don't, and sometimes they piss off a ghost whom the mage had neglected to identify via Spirit magic.

Some Purists given to the spookier side of things have been known to set-up miniature chantries on Haunted House nodes (usually after checking property owners to ensure uninterrupted squatting). This activity is particularly popular on Halloween.

Kinderwasser Pool ():**

Where do children come from? While the physical aspect of that question is as well-known as it is unpleasant, there is another part of the mystery that is truly sublime: that of the soul. In Germany, they know the landing site quite well. Kinderwasser pools are said to be bodies of water from which souls come from and return to, and magical inspection confirms this fact well enough. While not answering all questions regarding the ontology of the soul, locations such as this at least act as intermediate points of transport for souls according to masters of Spirit. True kinderwasser pools act as nodes, and can provide a small trickle of Quintessence as a "byproduct" of their sacredness and natural activities. These locations are largely limited to the country of Germany, however, sparking esoteric debates among those (few) who are privy to such speculation.

Kinderwasser pools are held as holy locations by The Pure, not to be defiled, and the Seekers especially pay homage to them. Chantries are never built to utilize the Quintessence flows of kinderwasser pools, and the Quintessence itself is often dedicated to solemn workings, when it is even harvested. Kinderwasser pools serve as a point of reflection for the mystery of incarnation. Pilgrimages to kinderwasser pools are traditional among the Seekers. Mystics are also known to visit them, as are Purists in general, albeit to a significantly lesser extent. The Pure do not have a monopoly on kinderwasser pools, and individuals of all stripes are known to visit them, Awakened or not. Many

have passed by one, captured by its stark beauty, scarcely suspecting its true nature.

Finding kinderwasser pools can be a pain, but some traditional midwives in Germany still hold lore about them. Abilities that reveal the movement of souls can reveal a true kinderwasser pool, if one can stand the tedium of individually examining bodies of water. Tass usually comes in the form of water taken from the pool, which glimmers to a mage's sight. If an underground tributary of a kinderwasser pool passes beneath a tree, then sap from that tree can also function as tass.

Disneyland (***):**

The Magic Kingdom is a warzone. That is not a joke or even an exaggeration. The imagination and image of Walt Disney and his works has left an indelible mark on the most famous amusement park in the world, and countless mages fight to capture its geyseros upwelling of Quintessence for themselves.

The battles at Disneyland are as omnipresent as they are invisible. The sheer mass of Sleepers renders vulgar effects exceedingly risky, and more than one visitor has died of a "sudden heart attack," on the premises. Mages of all stripes strive to siphon Quintessence from key junctures; certain historical points of the park tend to gather tass that is near-invisible to Sleepers. Purists themselves aren't even much of a significant figure in this battle; competitions between Ascendants and Spooks are by far the most common, and even among these categories, individual organizations rarely cooperate. Mages fighting in Disneyland will commonly use coincidental magic to inconvenience or even harm their enemies. For this reason, getting onto a ride as a mage is known to be taking one's life into their own hands; "accidents," are not unheard of. It is common to draw a "ceasefire" sign into one's aura if they are only at Disneyland to enjoy the park. If one does so, this will almost always be respected, but one had better not so much as touch tass or siphon a single point of Quintessence. Oathbreakers are not dealt with lightly by any factions.

Purists are heavily outnumbered by other factions at the park, but some Purists still feel a duty to fight for it, if only out of principle. Purists are commonly able to control enough of Adventureland and Tomorrowland to be able to siphon a trickle of Quintessence from the park, though this stability isn't much compared to the great scores that other factions are able to get. It is rumored that Disneyland itself might actually favor the Purists, with various lucky breaks and seeming protections being claimed as evidence of this theory, but there is little conclusive confirmation for it.

Somewhat more disturbingly, it is rumored that Disneyland might actually be already "capped," by other groups, and that the Quintessence being fought over is only a thin covering over some grand reservoir of Quintessence. Many people say that other mages are the ones harvesting Disneyland in these theories, but the most disturbing ones suggest that the park authorities actually control its Quintessence, whether they be Sleepers or Awakened. Evidence is presented in the form of the ritualistic garb of the costumes at the park, or the paint color combinations that are suggested to actually be forms of sympathetic magic, or even the mere success of Disney as a company. Practically no major groups will admit to believing in this theory. Sleepers able to control Quintessence to such a degree? It would be revolutionary were it true. And mages able to keep such a score under wraps? It seems impossible.

How many do take it seriously? Well, that's a question.

Chantries

Elysium Industries (15 pt.):

For those who know of the firm known as Elysium Industries, it doesn't seem like much. The baby goods and medical company is known for selling low-cost diapers without compromising quality, sure, but since when were diapers such a hot product? Elysium Industries only owns a couple factories and a relatively small office building. Apart from providing diapers at affordable to borderline charitable rates, there just isn't much of note about them.

For once, the Sleepers are actually pretty correct.

Established using the wealth of an Elder but actually run by younger Children, Elysium Industries is the pet project of a few industrialists among The Pure. On the mundane side of things, they sell baby diapers and adult incontinence products at relatively low volumes. Profit margins aren't much, but the parties involved aren't looking for physical wealth. Instead, what they look for is a deniable place to host diaper-making machines.

Elysium Industries handles the task of diaper construction and particularly enchantment among The Pure. Much of the volume produced by the factories is actually funneled off to other Chantries and Domains of The Pure. From there, they can be distributed among members with ease, when necessary. Needless to say, it is very difficult to predict how much product will be used by The Pure at any given point in time; any excess diapers are sold or donated, and deficits can be compensated for via buying from mundane companies. Apart from standing as a prime source for The Pure's mundane diapers, they also host one of the few locations where enchantments are made upon diapers in anything approaching a systematized way. The clientele is low enough to the point where they are made-on-demand, but they're still one of the few places where one can get proper enchanted disposable diapers without having to resort to the Matter sphere.

The chantry aspect of Elysium Industries is actually pretty minimal; much of it is dedicated to mundane business and it is largely staffed by Sleepers. Select machines in the factories are set aside to be used in enchantment, away from other employees, and much of the office space that the company possesses is dedicated to Purists and other visiting mages. Elysium Industries has gained something of a reputation as the ABDL diaper company for supernaturals, as utterly niche as such a market is. The proprietors have thought of expanding into other areas, like furniture, but for now they've decided to let other Purists tackle them.

Magecraft

Rotes:

Throughout the centuries of its span, The Fellowship of The Pure has accumulated a vast trove of lore regarding regressive magics and sorceries relating to childhood. Collated and compiled, many of these disparate and unsystematized effects have been used to formulate various standardized rites. While far from perfect, and still subject to much personal idiosyncrasy in design, The Pure still rank among the best in childhood magic.

All rites described in the section below use Esoterica (Juvemancy) as their associated ability and specialty in spellcasting.

Age Lock (Time 5):

A rite commonly used by Elders, this rite freezes the age of the target in its current position. Those affected by Age Lock cannot have their age altered in any capacity, magical or otherwise. This rite is almost universally used by Elders after they have adjusted their age to their preferred ideal. After casting it, the aging process will not affect them, and they do not need to cast further age regressions in the future, with protection against being magically aged to boot. Age Lock is also useful against pranksters among The Pure, who can be very willing to turn one of the Children back into a baby for the day. This magic does not technically appear vulgar to the outside observer, but the recipient will eventually become a paradox magnet on Earth if and when they age over their allotted time.

Rite of Dependence (Life 3):

This rite is as simple as it is peculiar. With hymns to Venus and some obscure celestial powers, the mage renders themselves incontinent. Differing variations of this rite can affect bladder control, bowel control, or both. In any of these cases, the mage gains the Impediment (Incontinence) flaw at 1 point, without actually gaining a bonus freebie point for it. A corollary to this rite with the same Sphere requirement, the *Rite of Control*, renders the mage continent once more. The Rite of Dependence can also be cast with a Time effect to automatically reverse itself after a period of time. Depending on the stretch of time, this can range anywhere from Time 2 to Time 4. The impact on continence provoked by this rite is immediate and permanent; for counter-magickal purposes, there is no lasting effect that continually induces the incontinence. Also known as the Rite of Independence, this rite is as popular as it is quietly notorious. Due to its connection to actual disabilities held by other human beings, the rite itself is almost never discussed in polite company, even though it is a fairly prevalent, unspoken phenomenon amongst The Pure. Asking an incontinent mage if they have used the Rite of Dependence is one of the biggest faux paux one can make among the Children, and practically a duel-wish if the mage is naturally incontinent.

Rite of Control (Life 3):

A rite of intriguing use, the Rite of Control renders a given target continent. For obvious reasons, this rite only functions on targets who have some level of incontinence. Furthermore, all sorts of excretory system issues outside of the norm are also removed, such as bedwetting. This change is permanent and leaves no lingering effect that can be affected by counter-magick. The target of this rite removes the Impediment (Incontinence) flaw. If the target gained a freebie point from it, this must be paid for via

experience as usual. If the target gained no points from the flaw to begin with, as is often the case with Rite of Dependence users, then this rote has no experience point cost. This rote is often used by Rite of Dependence users whenever they are living their normal lives, engaging in magical study, or otherwise conducting sober activities. It is also used by some Purists who were incontinent prior to joining the tradition. For medical purposes, knowledge of this rote is often given to Awakened groups with a dedication to healing. In many instances, this strange goodwill gift is the only connection a given Awakened organization has with The Pure.

Veil of Youth (Mind 4):

Drawing on the mists of bygone eras and the idealization of an impossible image, this spell imparts the wondrous mentality of childhood onto the target. More prosaically known as just mental regression, Veil of Youth effectively renders the mind of the target like that of a child for its duration. A willing target can allow the effect to overtake their mind, while a resisting individual can roll Willpower against the mage's Arete to withstand and negate the effect. Once affected by Veil of Youth, further rolls to resist cannot be made, and only other Mind effects can cure the target before the effect expires. An individual under the effects of Veil of Youth does not have their mental attributes affected; instead, they must expend a Willpower point whenever they wish to use abilities involving mental attributes. The only exception is for abilities that are tied to the mage's Focus. Such abilities can only be used normally in the casting of magic, and any other use of the ability necessitates the paying of Willpower as usual. This Willpower cost is also extended to the use of "grown-up" abilities, or the conductance of activities that would normally be beyond the ability of a young child. Motivationally, the target does not have much desire to do such things, and has to push through a comfortable mental fog in order to use their abilities to their normal, adult extent. Apart from this bane, however, Veil of Youth also extends a certain uncommon wonder to its recipient. This sheen to the world extends for a time, even after Veil of Youth itself has expired. For its duration and for one day after Veil of Youth expires, the individual reduces the difficulty of all ability checks involving creativity or imagination by 1. The Storytellers may also decide to provide uncanny insight to the character. By default, Veil of Youth lasts for one day.

Conjure Caretaker (Spirit 3+):

True to the name, Conjure Caretaker is the standard rote utilized by The Pure to acquire otherworldly companions of a parental nature. Through juvemantic renditions of evocation rites, the mage is able to summon a spirit of a caretakerly disposition. Most forms of this rote are designed to explicitly conjure a spirit of youth or other such entities that are particularly tailored to the wishes of Purists, and there are Purist spirit catalogues full of entities that are particularly given to this area. In any case, the rote calls only to spirits that would be genuinely willing to baby a person; most versions of this rote dispose of traditional evocatory bindings for obvious reasons. The conjured spirit only has the charms and powers that it normally possesses, and so the caster must take into consideration how much the spirit will be able to affect the environment when planning out the conjuration. This rote is most commonly performed in the Astral, where the spell is both coincidental and the spirit does not need materialize in order to interact with the world.

Spirit ratings higher than 3 affect the capability of the spirit, and the mage can always choose to evoke spirits that are lower than the limits of what their skill allows.

Empty Nest Calling (Mind 3):

A subtle and vaguely questionable effect, this rote draws forth those of caretakerly dispositions in the surrounding environment, and gently guides them towards the caster. This rote does not effect mind control and only telepathically guides those with parental dispositions towards the vicinity of the caster via subtle suggestion. If such people are not present in the immediate vicinity, then this rote has no effect. Further, this rote does not exaggerate behavior. Even a smothering type of person isn't going to be liable to want to change someone's diaper, for example. However, this effect does have some utility. If the mage's car has broken down on the side of the road, a called individual is liable to go to pretty extreme extents to help them fix the thing, and even mundane smotherly help can be pretty big. If the mage casts this rote in certain environments, such as an ABDL con or munch, they are also much more liable to find people who will be willing to do things the mage might seek. As with any situation, further development of relationships can also change things. By default, the rote only calls individuals, and so the caster should think as to how they handle interactions carefully. Note that this rote doesn't directly summon parental spirits as *Conjure Caretaker* does; Empty Nest Calling will only call spirits if they are in the immediate vicinity and possess caretakerly traits.

Bittersweet-Sight (Mind 3, Spirit 2):

Less of a rote and more of a strange instinctive sense among youthful mages, this faculty was largely responsible for manifesting The Pure in the first place. This perceptual faculty picks up those of youthful dispositions who have recently Awakened, giving the mage a sense of their identity, and with greater success, their location. This rote does not actually help one perceive the Awakening of a mage themselves (the Awakening is far too transcendent), but it helps them to perceive the mage's mind afterwards, whose juvenile tendencies have been broadcaster brighter by the newly-unveiled splendour of the mage. A single success with this rote gives the mage the equivalent of direct sympathetic token of the perceived mage (on the level of hair, saliva, or intimate familiarity). This can greatly ease the use of Correspondence effects to pinpoint the mage's location. Each success past the first gives more detail about the mage's location; at four successes, the exact location of the mage is revealed. This "rote," can be activated consciously, but it also reflexively activates itself sometime after a mage with youthful tendencies Awakens within twenty miles of the mage. In the Astral, "distances" can of course get far more wobbly, and it is not uncommon for mages to feel the presence of newly-Awakened mages from around the world.

This rote is known as Bittersweet-Sight for reasons that are plenty obvious for those who have experienced Awakening.

Diapering (Correspondence 3, Matter 2):

Another common conceit turned reality, this rote manifests a diaper upon a given target. The target suddenly finds themselves wearing the diaper, their previous underwear (which is effectively shredded by the rote) being replaced. This rote does not affect any other clothing worn by the target, unless cast as part of a greater working. By default this rote works by apportioning a diaper from a specified location (the mage chooses which diaper is teleported by the spell). The diaper to be teleported must have minor spellwork conducted on it prior to the use of the actual Diapering rote, thus necessitating that it be in the character's possession, at least effectively. With the addition of Prime 2, a version of this rote can be cast in which the diaper appears from "nothing," removing the need to already have a diaper present ahead of time. In this circumstance, the mage gets to decide the design and type of the diaper. While the rote can't be counter-magicked after it is cast, the spell can of course be interrupted during its casting.

Clothing Cleansing (Matter 2, Forces 2):

A simple rote, Clothing Cleansing instantaneously removes all waste from a garment, purifying it in tandem. Naturally, this is most readily applied to diapers. At Matter 3, this rote can also cleanse disposable diapers (something that has been described as “weird” by recipients and performers of said rote). The location of the diaper matters not for the purposes of this rote; it works on a worn diaper as well as an unworn one. The waste is broken down into its constituent elements as part of the Forces effect, simply adding basic matter to the nearby environment. Some variants of the rote use a Correspondence effect instead to transport the waste elsewhere; this is typically either to a predetermined compost or dump location, or done with little care as to the target destination. This rote is most commonly used to clean large batches of used cloth diapers at a time; most little ones prefer to get changed by hand rather than being cleaned by magic.

Touch of Youth (Life 4, Time 3):

Almost universally known as *Age Regression*, this spell renders the target younger. The caster chooses a specific amount of years they want the target to regress by, or an age they want them to return to, and casts the spell. Anywhere from newborn to just below the target's current age are possible ages for regression. Four successes against difficulty 7 are required for the spell to succeed. If successful, the target is regressed as intended. Attributes are affected as per their new age category.

As one can guess, entities without age or bodies are immune to this spell, such as spirits.

The target's mind is not entirely affected by the spell; Veil of Youth is required for mental regression.

This rote is exceedingly common amongst The Pure, and there are dedicated sanctums and ritual sites for easing the casting of this spell.

Years like Tides (Life 4, Time 3):

More commonly known as *Age Progression* to contemporary Children, this rote ages the target by a specified amount of years. The caster chooses the number of years the target is to be aged, or the age they want the target to land at, and casts the spell. Four successes against difficulty 7 are required for the rote to succeed. If successful, the target is aged to the point desired. Attributes are modified per the new age category that the target finds themselves in.

As with Touch of Youth, beings without age or bodies are immune to this rote.

This rote is common among The Pure, much like Touch of Youth, though it is mainly used for returning to one's old age after having been regressed. Some specifically use it to effect old, wizened appearances, though many shy away from it after feeling what arthritis feels like.

Baby Monitor (Correspondence 3, Mind 2):

Grown-ups tend to keep an eye on little ones, but such a timeless task can be rendered difficult when said children possess the powers of Gods. This rote is a response to that difficulty. As part of a bonding ritual, the mage weaves an invisible window into the immediate locality of another individual. Through minor concentration, the mage can gain a direct clairvoyant feed into the person and doings of the designated benefactor. This sensor lasts indefinitely, and can only be removed via the performance of a

severance ritual or by the unweaving of the spell on the behalf of either party, at difficulty 7. Outside parties can also attempt to unweave the spell, but the difficulty is increased by 2. Baby Monitor provides visual and auditory information, at roughly human-level strength. The range, however, is tightly limited to just the monitored individual and their immediate environment. The “view” of the monitor can be altered slightly, in order to see the person or the environment from multiple angles, but will always hover in their vicinity. This effect cannot be used for general clairvoyance. The bonding ritual that is a prerequisite for the spell must be conducted between willing parties who have some significant level of emotional connection in order for the rote to function. Afterwards, the bond can only be broken via the severance ritual or the unweaving of the effect. Some alternate versions involve greater uses of the Mind sphere in order to provide information from the bonded individual's mind as well, but this is almost universally considered to be very creepy and is subsequently avoided.

TFTGAR (Life 5, Time 3):

A spell of the contemporary era, TFTGAR was quite literally designed for the meme. As the name suggests, this complex rote transforms the body of the target into that of another species, switches their sex to the opposite one, and regresses their age. Despite being initially developed as a joke, TFTGAR is a very complex rote, and by its very nature invites the caster to make their own alterations. Only the sex shift is static, assuming the target is from a species with two genders. The transformation and regressive effect are dependent upon the design of the mage. The transformation itself must be to a roughly humanoid form, and intelligence will be retained upon transformation. Other than that though, some truly bizarre possibilities reveal themselves. The simplest options are anthropomorphic animals, but anything from Bygones to entities entirely of one's own design are possible. The most complex feats require Life 5, however. As with other forms of transformation, the Avatar is not affected, and magic use is still possible after casting if the target is Awakened. If the entity the target is transformed into doesn't truly have a gender, then the gender shift part of the rote merely gives them an appearance overlay, like how sexless robots can be given the features of genders. The regressive effect of the rote functions much as other age regression spells. The caster chooses the number of years they want to regress the target by, or the age they want the target to hit, and casts the spell. Any option from newborn to just below the target's current age is possible. Five successes against difficulty 8 are required for the rote to succeed. If successful, the target is changed to the caster's specifications in an instant.

Despite its intended use as a joke spell, the extraordinary difficulty of its casting means that most successful castings are done via an extended ritual. Needless to say, the spell can cause intense unease due to bodily violation, though some deliberately tailor the rote to their specifications before casting it. It is more common for individuals to cast separate transformation and age regression spells as desired, though. When in the Astral, there are quite a few mages who adopt different forms.

Beloved of Heaven (Entropy 4):

Children are so precious and inviolate in the minds of their parents. Unfortunately, this does not always extend to the world. The mage who would be young again is often confronted with that fact. From low strength to susceptibility to illness or even kidnapping, a variety of unpleasant scenarios can face the magician-turned-kid, especially one without guardians. Of course, being what they are, mages are no stranger to countermeasures. Beloved of Heaven is one such response. Using Entropy effects to twist fortune to the favor of the target, the affected child is gifted with uncanny and downright supernatural luck. Occasionally snubbed as a “reskin” of a standard Entropy blessing or youth protection spell, the favor that Beloved of Heaven bestows is no laughing matter. While for the most part it only affects

probability, it affects it to a truly ridiculous degree. Even bereft of resources, a recipient of the rote would be able to obtain healthy food and safe dwellings every day. Accidents, disease, and malevolent action is also heavily mitigated; many an enemy mage has been surprised when their regressed and seemingly vulnerable target seems to get all the lucky breaks. Mechanically, any check made by the target to resist adversity has its difficulty lowered by 3, and any check made to take hostile action against the target has its difficulty raised by 3. The duration of the rote is not set to a specific period of time, but tied to a specific condition; it lasts until the target ages beyond 13 years. Physical age is the only defining quality for this, as that is the only quality that is truly an age. An affected mage who turned himself back into an adult would find the effect immediately dissipate, and even an unregressed kid who was magically-aged into adulthood would lose the effects of the rote. Only children can be affected by the rote. Among Purists, Beloved of Heaven is typically cast by adepts of Entropy upon those who want to visit Earth while regressed. It is also not unheard of to hear of these same adepts casting it upon random children they find, when the opportunity permits.

No Adults Allowed (Correspondence 4, Life 3, Matter 2, Prime 2):

A perennially annoying spell for Caretakers, this ward blocks the entrance of adults into a designated area. Typically intended to protect a room, this spell can also be cast upon any given, predetermined area of ground. The ward takes 10 successes to form and costs six points of Quintessence. Once formed, the ward is permanent until unweaved. By default, the ward blocks all beings below maturity for their species. In humans this is typically 18 years of age, but some set the limit to 13 years. Beings without an age or body are unaffected by this ward. The ward physically prevents entry, though objects are unaffected. This loophole is the primary means by which Caretakers are able to get wayward kids back into line.

Wonders:

** Bedwetting Tea:*

Some legends don't last for very long. And some scarcely seemed like legends at all. On old messageboards in a new millennium, when regressives were no longer islands but not yet jaded, one in particular lived for a time. This time was to be short-lived, no more than a decade or so, but for a while there was the mundane mystery and trifling hope of a few strange souls. While most have forgotten the legend of bedwetting tea, some of the few who yet remember can also manifest it into reality.

Bedwetting Tea is a trifling wonder that is able to be constructed by anyone with knowledge of Life and Matter. By brewing an assemblage of unlikely ingredients together and Willing them to work, one can produce a small measure of liquid that induces enuresis in the consumer for one night. Bedwetting Tea is a simple wonder to produce and requires no Quintessence, standing more as an Effect. More than one dose of Bedwetting Tea per night has no additional effect, but the wonder itself can be consumed essentially indefinitely, with no long-term impacts on the individual or their continence beyond the immediate effects.

Bedwetting Tea is a pretty marginal wonder despite its simplicity. Many who would otherwise be interested instead skip straight toward the use of the Rite of Dependence and the Rite of Control. Further, the wonder itself is considered pretty old-school and even weird, hailing from another era that few were involved in and fewer still cared for. Still, the aspect of ABDL urban legendry and mythmaking has ensured it something of a cult following. Variants of "Bedwetting Tea" that induces encopresis instead of or in addition to enuresis have also been developed by a few enterprising souls,

but these are even more marginal than the baseline wonder.

** * * * Initiation Diaper (Trinket):*

The Initiation Diaper is unique in that it began as a manifestation of a single mortal's mythmaking before being copied by The Pure. Appearing as a normal, unadorned diaper, this wonder has a very curious effect. People in the vicinity of someone wearing the diaper do not find it or the person unusual in the slightest. This Mind effect does not actually conceal the diaper via traditional stealth magics; the affected simply don't find it weird for the person to be wearing the diaper. This normalization effect is limited to small gatherings, and the diaper is still only liable to be noticeable as much as is normal. If the person wears pants over the diaper or otherwise conceals it, it is unlikely that this effect will take place. Otherwise, though, a person could walk through a house in nothing but the diaper and find nothing but nonchalance. This effect still takes place regardless of the usage status of the diaper, though the indifferent audience may suggest a change or otherwise make innocuous comments about it. The Initiation Diaper also comes with an additional Mind effect, one that takes place whenever the wearer takes the diaper off. At that time, anyone who had seen the wearer with the diaper on immediately forgets that the person had been wearing a diaper. This extends to the recontextualization of memories involving the diaper, though it does not outright wipe memories involving the person. The nonchalance induced by the wonder does not act as a blanket effect against other social norms, like entering a house uninvited, but even in that scenario, the individual would not find the diaper to be in any way notable or a problem of the situation. This effect can be resisted per the usual rules for mental assaults, provided that the individual both knows of the power of the Initiation Diaper *and* knows that the person is wearing it. For the purposes of the roll, the Initiation Diaper is treated as having three successes to be rolled against. The Initiation Diaper becomes more chancy in functioning with the greater the amount of people exposed to it, capping out to 10 people, at which point the magic ceases to function. One cannot troll national television via this effect (without risking extreme Paradox and social marginalization, at least).

The Initiation Diaper can be constructed as either a cloth diaper or as a disposable diaper (assuming access to machinery or the spheres of Matter and Prime). In the latter case, treat packs of 10 as a single wonder in regards to wonder construction rules.

The Initiation Diaper is generally considered something of a meme. It is most notably used by teenage Purists still living with their family. A small fraction of such Purists use the Initiation Diaper to get away with being diapered around the house without the usual stealth concerns that ruin the enjoyment of such garments. Needless to say, this is much to the consternation of the rest of The Pure.

** * * * Peach Juice of Immortality:*

A wonder with a name that is now often a misnomer, Peach Juice of Immortality refers to any juice with regressive qualities. Traditionally contained in an accompanying juice box, this juice progressively reduces the age of any individual who drinks from it, to a minimum of 1 year of age. The exact proportions for regression are rough, but generally small drinks will shave off a year, and a whole juice box is good for removing 10 years worth of age. Originally coming only in peach flavor, now the wonder comes in a variety of flavors, with the original one being scarce (apparently few people like peaches). Peach Juice of Immortality was originally constructed not long after the invention of juice boxes. Some young Children, having grown up with juice boxes and seeing Elders use Peaches of Immortality for youth, decided to mix the two together, harvesting the Peaches of Immortality from various Astral realms and juicing them. This immediately drew the ire of the Elders (and various

spirits) over sacrilege, and so such mages turned to crafting their own wonders. The name, however, stuck. Life and Time are used in enchanting the juice, whilst Matter is often employed in the construction of the juice box (not many own factories).

Paradox

Man is God.

So why does it so rarely feel like that?

Mages know more than most this fundamental quandary of the human condition. Human striving is juxtaposed against depravity, powers against limitations, person against animal. Miracles resolve this ancient conflict completely; the flight of men, the resurrection of the dead, the apotheosis of the peasant. The irrational third, the real solution to the false binary. These magicians promise a final end to the seeming of finity, an escape from all we think we know. Yet all of their power only renders the challenges all the greater. Pride and vanity grows in the shadows of accomplishment, and even the pure-hearted find that the ultimate goal is as hard to grasp as moonlight. Simon fell from his flying spell, Dee's angelic world never quite materialized, and Rasputin's luck ultimately ran out. For as much they strive to break the bounds of the world, reality does not let go of its hold easily. Though the mage is Awake, there are so many who still Sleep. This force that would cast the wonders of the wizard to ruin is known as Paradox.

Paradox Flaws:

Cherub's Curse (1 pt.): A common side-effect of age regressing magics, this backlash strikes when the mage is in mature form. While suffering from the Cherub's Curse, those around the mage will see them as younger than they are, in the most annoying of ways. Whether it be being carded for alcohol, not being taken seriously, or being mistaken for a hooligan teenager, this curse will always find a way to bite in the end. Those who seriously know the mage are not affected by the Cherub's Curse, and those immune to supernatural obfuscation are likewise immune to the effects of the backlash. The degree to which others misperceive the mage's age are highly situation dependent. A mage in a college classroom might merely be seen as a young adult even if they're an adult student, while the worker at a movie theatre might think that the mage is trying to sneak into an R-rated movie.

Plain Pants Regrets (2 pt.):

A seriously annoying backlash, this paradox flaw strikes the mage when (or if) they are not wearing diapers or any other sort of protective undergarment. The flaw causes the mage to lose bladder and bowel control at inopportune moments throughout the day, especially in public places. The flaw can be avoided: if the mage wears diapers throughout its duration. Surprisingly or unsurprisingly, the mage retains full control of their bladder and bowels while wearing diapers when affected by the flaw. Of course, this can itself lead to problems if they are seen wearing them, or at least just embarrassment. This paradox flaw particularly tends to strike those who manipulate others' continence via magic.

Mis-Adoption (4 pt.):

A backlash that strikes those using age regression magic, this flaw causes a nearby individual or group to assume that a mage lacks guardians, and subsequently seek to protect them. Affecting only mages who have physically regressed to childhood, this backlash can cause considerable headache, even though it is often not that hard to escape. A random but particular party from the nearby area is affected by the aura of the flaw. This is almost always an adult, and typically one already in a domestic or family environment, though some variance is possible. It is also possible for more than one individual

to be affected by the flaw, with said parties working together to look after the mage, but it is more common for a single individual to leverage help from others in their lives (while not under compulsion, a guardianless child showing up would still be pretty unusual for many people). If the mage can extricate themselves from the control of their would-be caretakers, they will find that they lose interest in and memory of the mage after the flaws runs its course. During that time, they are liable to find themselves chased by those affected by the flaw, and stuck as a child without documentation who is likely going to be reported to the authorities. For while the flaw is active, the mage cannot return to adult form...

Saturn's Toll (7 pt.):

By nature, years are spent. The spirit perseveres, but the same cannot be said of the body. This backlash makes the mage remember that fact. More liable to strike those who use Life magics for cosmetic reasons, or who seek immortality through the sphere of Time, Saturn's Toll brings the physical destitution of old age to the mage. Mages struck by this backlash have each of their physical attributes reduced by two for the duration of the backlash, to a minimum of one. Their outward appearance is not affected; instead capability is reduced similarly to that of old age. The Storyteller may also impose the effects of a 3-point Impediment if they feel it would be appropriate.

Saturn's Toll has been known to last for quite a while and it is truly an insidious backlash. The effects last throughout any transformations to their age that the mage receives. Once comfortable forms or fallback ages can provide no respite. The mage must also be careful when interacting with mortal society. Physical scans will show health problems at ages where they shouldn't be present, unless the mage also chooses to adopt an older form for the duration of a backlash. In order to avoid tipping off the powers that be, a mage is sometimes forced to adopt the outward visage of the weakness they have been struck with.

Paradox Realms:

Eternal Every-day (Time):

There is a place where your dreams came true. Needless to say, you always hated your dreams in the first place. Eternal Every-day dates back to the first person who ever yearned for childhood once more, and has considerably strengthened in the ages that have since come. While highly variable, its contemporary variants often pattern themselves on regressive fantasies of the internet era. In Eternal Every-day, the mage arises one day to find themselves in a world where they are only recognized as a child. The environment matches their childhood perfectly, or their fantasies of it. They are in the care of their guardians, whether these be ones from life or manifested from other dreams, and they go on through an endless parade of environments. Home, daycare, school, the playground, wherever the mage may be, there is naught but warmth, fuzziness, and indiscernibility. All of it is illusion, from the people to the places, and the only thing that ever mattered to the mage is shrouded from them: their soul. Mages being what they are, they often figure out the jig almost immediately and seek escape concurrently, but Eternal Every-day is still painful even when you recognize the illusion. For if you can't enjoy childhood in its perfected form, how can you even dance with it on Earth? Eternal Every-day is considered a pretty brutal but necessary revelation of the Godhead of the soul by The Pure, a crash course into the mysticism beneath the outer trappings of childhood. It is also, admittedly, recognized as pretty memey. New generations of Purists are continually shocked when they wake up one day to find their internet fics come to life. Some mages from other traditions also end up in this realm due to paradox backlash, but by its nature it tends to draw in a pretty specific category of people.

Parent's Lament (Entropy):

How many children has the human race manifested over the years? How many hours of labor have been dedicated towards helping the helpless? How many parents have seen their children waste away in their arms? In Parent's Lament, the mage gets a taste. Rare among paradox realms in that its Sphere of nature is not often the same as the magics which bring mages to it, Parent's Lament puts the backlashed mage into the role of a guardian to a very young child. The environment is uninhabited, and the mage stands as the only lifeline this being has before the face of death. Often taking place in contemporary environments that are nonetheless empty and run-down, the mage must face the messy, tiring, and disturbing realities of caring for a child head-on. Their sleep schedules run not on circadian rhythms but on the cries of the child, their hours spent in relentless scavenging, in feeding, in rocking and soothing and a thousand other things that exhaust the body and disquiet the mind. Many mages who have been through Parent's Lament note that one of the most disturbing parts of the realm is not in physical survival and care, but rather in trying to find the person within the seemingly bottomless child. Many mages are quiet in regards to how they escaped from Parent's Lament.

Dependency (Spirit):

Among the paradox realms known to The Pure, the one known as Dependency stands out as one of the most peculiar to their kind, and simultaneously as the one most similar to "normal" paradox realms. Dependency casts the mage into the role of a feeble being in a nigh-incomprehensible, transcendent reality. In Dependency, the mage does not appear as a human or even in any similitude of the mortal world, instead seeming as though they are some entity in some of the most rarefied heights of the astral. Reality is difficult to understand, tumultuous, and seeming as though it threatens their annihilation at any instant. There are environmental dangers, existential traps, siren songs, dreamlike logic and a next to utter inability to make sense of any of it. And yet, throughout all of this danger, one being always remains by their side. They are a shepherd, a guardian, an adoptive parent and an angel all in one. The mage's survival seems to hinge on their help, but the mage cannot understand how they help. And if they cannot understand *how* they help, how are they any less alien and frightening than the world around them? Paranoia and trust issues of the situation aside, scholars among The Pure speculate that Dependency recapitulates the basic situation of childhood – or a deeper thing beneath it – in purer form, beyond biology, and closer to a more sublime sphere of existence. It is said that one can stand to learn a great deal from a trip to Dependency; and that the consequences of a misstep there is all the more damning.

Paradox Spirits:

Guardian Angel (Spirit):

The paradox spirit known as Guardian Angel is questionably an angel, but definitely a guardian: the guardian of the You that is God, that is. Considered a fierce taskmaster by The Pure, Guardian Angel is actually feared less than many other paradox spirits known to The Fellowship, or magehood in general. This is not due to their light hand; far from it. Guardian Angel is the guardian of the soul, not the mortal man, and they look to discipline mages who have grown lost to worldly delights. Guardian Angel in particular, however, looks to capture a very specific sort of mage, the one who would shirk responsibility and seek refuge in a meaningless status of physical flesh. Given Guardian Angel's peculiarly specific targets, some speculate that they once ranked among the spirits of Youth, or other such entities. Angelic cataloguers have mused that Guardian Angel may have once been a spirit of

general sin-punishing. Regardless of their history, what is quite apparent about Guardian Angel is their actions against what they consider (often correctly) ignorance.

Upon backlash, Guardian Angel immediately assesses the situation and determines whether or not it would be more beneficial to commandeer the mage's mortal life or to spirit them away to their paradox realm. If the spirit elects to let the mage stay in the world, they will appear manifest in the mage's mind, visible only to them. The spirit will use its charms to counter any regressive magics that the mage may have casted upon their person. Guardian Angel lets the mage continue their daily schedule, provided that it is solely based on professional and preferably spiritual concerns. Any engagement in childish activities is monitored and attempted to be prevented via the use of charms. Diapers have been known to be apported away and ABDL internet activities disrupted via router errors. The spirit will not inflict any harm on the mage, but they are an utterly exacting guardian. Throughout all of this time, the spirit will chastise the mage for regressive tendencies and remind them of the path to Ascension. At home the spirit keeps a particularly keen eye, and is liable to engage the mage in philosophical and occult discussion. Despite Guardian Angel's activity, they attempt to not be too overbearing, and are indeed a master at not satisfying a mage's desire for a guardian in any capacity. Their skill at this has left a backlash of Guardian Angel to be known sardonically as "cruel and unusual punishment" by many of The Pure. Exceptional offenders are taken by Guardian Angel to a realm known as The Striving. This usually consists of individuals who have wantonly used regressive magics often and continually. Many such victims have also spent long stretches of times between Seekings, and include those who have generally magically-stagnated for decades. Guardian Angel spares no expense on the liberation of such individuals. The Striving is a world of shrines and schools set between trackless wilderness, where there is no earthly joy or perceptual pleasure. Guardian Angel alternates between intensive personal instruction and strict schedules and sudden vanishment, leaving the hapless mage to engage in personal pilgrimages and seek meaning in a land of destitution. It is rumored that Guardian Angel can affect the passage of time in this realm, though it has also been argued that the poor mental state of many returnees has left them ill-suited for judgment on such matters. What is agreed is that The Striving is a good scouring, and has indeed often led to Seekings and gains of Arete upon return to the world. It is not, however, something that one can come back from easily. Many who have escaped the realm have left The Pure soon after, either unable to look back at youth the same or having been genuinely cleansed in some undefinable way. Seeking refuge in other paradigms, they continue on alone in the journey towards Ascension. Quietly, many wonder about the value of their own.

Unlike many other paradox spirits, Guardian Angel is genuinely concerned for mages under their watch; they are simply under no illusions as to what is best for them. Guardian Angel is very well-versed in magical knowledge and open to fruitful debate, but they are relentless in their standards of enlightenment and do not hesitate to point out comforting or punitive delusions in the minds of men. Despite their association with Spirit, half of the time Guardian Angel's arrival is provoked by those who have suffered paradox backlash in the use of regressive magic. The other half of the time, those using the Spirit sphere to traverse the Astral have aroused their attention, particularly if it was to visit a babying realm of one sort or another.

Guardian Angel appears as a mass of white light and pristine geometry in the vague outline of a winged figure. They are painful to look at in their beauty, and tend to bring one to a stark lucidity.

Willpower: 6, **Rage:** 4, **Gnosis:** 7, **Essence:** 40

Charms: Airt Sense, Appear, Cleanse the Blight, Control Electrical Systems, Peek, Re-form, Short Out, Spirit Away

Parent:

Purists fear Parent.

This isn't the, "sawblades are creepy," kind of fear. Or even the fear of death. Purists fear Parent because they fear damnation.

The annals of Purist paradox spirits are filled with countless encounters. Some were annoying, some were dangerous, and some were deadly, but others simply had no resolution. No mage returned, no corpse found, not even a fate scried. This pattern was noted, but little could be made of it. It was only by the extreme luck of The Pure and the incomprehensible drive of a single individual that The Fellowship was able to identify Parent as a discrete paradox spirit. The Pure had found the mage battered, jumpy, and near-mad. By chance he had popped up out of the blue right next to Purist mages, and they were able to restrain him long enough for him to actually relate information (for the first thing he did upon noticing them was bolt away). The information he passed on, which was confirmed via magical means, has provided almost all of the information The Pure have on Parent. It was a helpful exchange for The Pure, though no-one present thought it of worthwhile cost to the man. For the mage had been a Purist, and as soon as he had related all of the information he had on Parent, he left The Pure, never to return. Some would say that at least the information provided can be useful, but the unspoken fact is that no-one wants to ever be in a situation where it could help.

Parent is a paradox spirit of extraordinary power. From what can be gathered, they are most likely to be summoned by enormous Paradox backlashes that result from grand, overreaching workings. Crucially, however, these grand workings are ones cast by those with hidden insecurity, and especially those who have some guilty and much repressed relationship with childhood. Youthful mages and regressives are the primary victims, though occasionally those with poor or bizarre childhoods can also fall prey. No matter the target, the perfect storm is cast, and the crucible of grandeur and feared powerlessness is rendered a beacon for Parent. Before the mage often even realizes what is happening, they have been spirited away to a hell.

Parent's realm isn't static, or even particularly coherent or lucid, but it does have identifiable characteristics. The mage who escaped hated to even mention the word, but he ultimately identified it as "Home." That is the term that Parent prefers to use. As the name suggests, the realm appears as a dizzying variety of home environments, each of which can wax and wane in an instant. All are confusing, chasmous, intimidating. Like frightful memories of the world from the perspective of a child. The very sense of reality shifts hellishly in this realm. Parent has almost complete control over the world, and can shift the person of the captive in an instant. Parent exerts all their power to render their captives as helpless, victimized, and dependent as possible. The amount of psychological and spiritual trauma induced by Parent and the realm are difficult to relate. There are no mundane tortures or threats, but the whole place is like a living nightmare. And most insidiously, it is one that the captive knows and fears all too well.

Magic is next to useless in this realm. In power the mage is left almost like a Sleeper, and with the constant mental tortures, their spiritual awareness is only somewhat better than the average mortal. Methods of escape are possible but exceedingly difficult to implement. Many captured accept means of reaching death as perfectly acceptable escape routes.

Parent toys with their victims, and scares them, but most simply they just numb their mind into

oblivion through the countless days of childhood. Regardless of whether or not the mage is regressed to childhood (which they can easily accomplish) the mage is rendered as putty in their hands. Parent's forms can change, and the appearances appear largely indescribable, though all are gargantuan and hulking in comparison to the victim.

It is thought that there are still victims currently trapped within Parent's realm, some of whom may have been imprisoned for centuries. Some grimly wonder about how many people Parent claimed before they came to the attention of The Pure.

If they had the means, The Pure would permanently subdue Parent. As it stands, almost all just never want to see them.

Willpower: 8, Rage: 8, Gnosis: 8, Essence: 75

Charms: Airt Sense, Armor, Cling, Disable, Disorient, Influence, Insight, Materialize, Peek, Shapeshift, Soul Reading, Terror

Quiet:

The enemy is not always without.

Every mage is possessed by an unerring vision and an unfettered Will. And unlike many people, they are able to implement their dreams into reality. The beauty of this is only matched by its terror. Mages are, by their nature, driven and obsessed, and the glory of the end is not always recognized by companions who care about the means. Mages must walk among Sleepers their whole lives, harboring unimaginable splendors and visions that scarcely anyone besides themselves will understand. Their magic will fade like glamour before the unenlightened, and they will be confronted with many like themselves, each powerful, purposeful, and with minds completely at odds with their own. For most – if not all – this is unacceptable. Their vision is *the* vision! So why must it remain so silent?

So, when faced with the fall of their wonders in Paradox, some do not find the universe striking back at them. No. Instead something in them *breaks*, if you would listen to the fools who lack their sight. They become possessed by some other self, some state of the mind that would seem to offer them a better avenue to completion, one not bothered by such a petty filter as sanity. And little do they realize the true backlash before their eyes. This magical madness is known as a Quiet.

Playground Lotuses (10 pt., Level 4):

As meaningless as they are, paper moons sometimes fool people. The Quiet known as Playground Lotuses stands as an example of this. Originally catalogued under the name juvephrenia, this malady was feared by The Pure for centuries, and was a significant means by which the population of Elders was kept down. The madness of Playground Lotuses is known for its infamous combination of two separate, terrible symptoms; delusion and power-madness. The afflicted see the ambience of childhood as the only relevant end in their lives, and their sorceries as the means by which they can force that vision upon reality. Apart from the warping of mindset, the Quiet also induces perceptual hallucinations, and even changes in the environment in its most advanced stages. The end result is that the afflicted find themselves trapped in a solipsistic, kerneled reality of their own design, and are left willing to extend that same “gift” to any unfortunate to enter their domain. While the exact pattern of the Quiet is invariably individualized, Playground Lotuses has a great many features shared by most

cases. These shared features are given in the stages of progression outlined below.

Stage 1 (Withdrawal): The mildest point of the Quiet's progression, Stage 1 is still a spectacularly dangerous and depressing time for the individual. While this is the point at which intervention is most likely to help the afflicted mage, there is also the risk of pushing them further into madness. The primary changes in Stage 1 are that of mindset; only the most mild of hallucinations are present, and physical changes have not yet taken effect (outside of what magics the mage may cast). The afflicted gain a growing sense of the futility of outside endeavour, and it is not uncommon for this to coincide with crises of philosophy and religion. The appeal of childhood increasingly grows in the mind of the mage, and an ideological fervor regarding the power of juvemancy begins to rise. The mage at this stage has often not yet begun to increase their roleplaying and juvemantic activities beyond the norm, but they spend an increasing amount of time philosophizing about the topics and obsessing. In some cases, the mage actually makes plans to proactively kidnap an individual as a means of proving the justness of their ideas. In most, however, the mage instead becomes increasingly withdrawn, leaving the house less and less and engaging in the minimum amount of activity necessary to meet outside obligations.

Stage 2 (Detachment): Characterized by mild to severe delusions, Stage 2 marks the point of definite, "classical" madness. At this stage, the afflicted begin to hold erroneous beliefs about their living situation, age, and identity, and hallucinations begin to appear. In the earliest parts, these symptoms are not enough to prevent them from leading a "normal" life, or at least fulfill outside obligations. By the end, however, the mage is left trapped in their own little world. Delusions mainly center around youth; the mage may believe that they are living in their childhood home, and that their parents are merely "out of the house." In other cases they might imagine themselves in a foster home or orphanage, or merely in a random house that they get to play around in. The mage also often believes themselves to be younger than they actually are. This often applies to a degree even if the mage is regressed, as they believe themselves to be an unregressed child. Disturbingly, the hallucinations of this stage often serve to confirm these misconceptions, and often progress into hobgoblins by Stage 3. Examples include hallucinating phone calls from parents, or hearing voices from outside the house. Online messages sent by friends might also be misinterpreted, or miscontextualized as messages from classmates (even though they don't go to school). The décor of the house might seem to resemble that of their own childhood home, or there might just be an intuitive sense that it's like their old home, even if the structure is vastly different. Severe disruption to these illusions can force the mage to interact normally to a degree, but it usually resumes almost immediately afterwards, unless individuals are directly trying to cure the mage. This Stage is most dangerous when the mage lives in an isolated area, such as a manor in the woods, as neighbors and general life events will not force the normal functioning of the mage to take over. The fall of many Elders can be traced to this exact isolation. Notably, the power-madness of late-stage Playground Lotuses is not yet apparent. The mage is capable of juvemantic activity and their normal magics, but they rarely think to use them. Visitors are also left alone.

Stage 3 (Obsession):

The final stage of Playground Lotuses, Stage 3 typically marks the point of no return. Not only have delusions solidified into hobgoblins, but the power-madness of the condition finally rears its head. This last symptom has traditionally been one of the most feared, and it indeed brings with it a certain lucidity that the other stages lacked. The mage is still certifiably insane, of course, but they now have awareness of their juvemantic arts, and the burning desire to use them to change reality. The mage still suffers from delusions, but can more ably cut through them as necessary to deal with outsiders; that is to say, capture them. The mage in Stage 3 seeks to bring others to their same condition, as a child in a

meaningless wonderland. Hobgoblins based upon previous delusions appear, and the mage even manifests ones relatively unconnected to their previous hallucinations. These can consist of physical voices appearing out of nowhere, but also animate dolls or plushes, fairies, and environmental transformations. Entities will typically amuse the mage or baby them, though they have a disturbing tendency to submit to the mage's will whenever an interloper appears. Environmental transformations are often based upon the mage's memories of their home environments growing up, or can even be based on old childhood fears, misperceptions, or fantasies. Even apart from these hobgoblins, the mage will often use magic to transform the environment as suits their whims. Those in the immediate presence of the mage will be in danger of being trapped by them, though the mage themselves will almost always not leave their residence. This danger is more insidious than one might think, though physical injury is almost never present. The mage might regress an intruder to the point where escape is a Herculean task, or change the environment so they cannot find their way out, or even alter their mind so that they forget to seek escape. The intruder is not killed, but they will be trapped in a solipsistic reality and drawn into the mage's terrible madness. One of the mage's largest weaknesses is also one that the kidnapped may find the hardest to implement; battle. The mage will rarely think to fight, and by the time they begin to use lethal force to defend themselves, it may be too late. A mage who is quick on their feet and mind may simply murder the mage before they can be subjugated. Actually considering this option and living with oneself after committing to it is another matter entirely. An attempt to reason with a mage to secure one's freedom, or even to cure the mage of their madness, is also possible, but extraordinarily difficult in practice. In theory one can save oneself and the mage, but the difficulty which this poses leaves simple escape or assault as very tempting options.

Playground Lotuses was one of the most feared states for a Purist mage in the past, and that antipathy still lasts to this day. The condition simultaneously combines threats to the afflicted, those around them, and an utter desecration of all the values that The Pure stand for. It was seen as a rape of the soul, and that is not an incorrect characterization. In centuries past, Purists known to be afflicted by Playground Lotuses could scarcely make it past Stage 1 before they would be killed. Old, whispered tales tell of measured, merciless assaults on secluded estates, where teams of Purists would band together to murder those of their own who had fallen to such a fate. The distaste for Playground Lotuses is such that is rarely spoken of today. Contemporary Children know little of it, and even less of how the afflicted were treated. Unfortunately, that leaves contemporary Purists without knowledge of how to identify it in their fellows, or with awareness of the first fixations that can lead to the spiral down into madness. And to this day, there are still those who will be willing to take the most extreme of measures to quash this Quiet.

The Cast Assembles: Sample Characters

Awakened Occultist:

"Age doesn't exist, but I thought I'd have grown past this stuff by now."

Your story was much the same as many magicians for the longest time, you thought. You incarnated. You grew up and became fundamentally dissatisfied with the world. You personally didn't piddle around with too much before diving into ceremonial magic and beginning the painful process of initiation, but your main vice back in those days was the desire to be a nurtured baby. In any case, much of your mortal self faded into the background as you grew increasingly involved in occultism, putting up the traditional facade of a religious academic to your family while you grew increasingly distant from those who you knew. Your powers advanced as you passed through the grades, the typical low-level psychism and luck magic of hedge-magicians. Though you found solace in them, you never took your eyes off of the sight of the shining Sun in Tiphareth, and the true glory of the soul that awaited in the unimaginable reaches of Negative Existence. You were being nailed up for your 5=6 at the local Golden Dawn lodge when much more than adepthood struck you. You Awakened, and have been clawing your life back together ever since.

You're a tired man whose life has exploded in the most quiet of ways. You're currently busy trying to restructure your understanding of the world and of magic while dealing with people who might as well be straight out of the "fetish" fics of your youth. You've recently turned 30 and you're pretty average appearance-wise. Compared to the common individual, you even invisibly comport yourself with the virtues of the sephira, holding a quiet stoicism that was instilled in you throughout your gradework. Despite this, though, you're still generally tired much of the time, and this haggardness does invariably seep into your appearance. You have had enough time to come to grips with the realities of Awakened magic, and do indeed feel utter excitement and vindication at your attainment when you're able to push through the mental slog. The surprise, however, has left you trying to rearrange your life. You were not expecting to be able to work the miracles of yore, and have a pretty bad inferiority complex that has just been added to pre-existent spiritual paranoia. Coupled with the fact that you've been contacted by The Pure and have been able to view magical acts that are almost tantamount to sacrilege in your eyes, you're almost ready to break. You won't, though. Your Will does not yield.

Paradigm: Everything is God, and it is through the practice of magic that one is able to restore oneself to their divine nature, fulfilling the Good and attaining ultimate transcendence.

Foci: Wands, daggers, pentacles. Traditional ceremonial equipment of western magic, ancient and contemporary. You've been researching juvemancy but have been loathe to actually practice it. It's pretty much on the backburner until you get all this turmoil figured out.

Role-Playing: Speak astutely and sharply. You mostly care about magic and don't care about bullshit. You let that become more clear when you're with the magically-inclined, though; you have a personality mask that you use when interacting with people at large, and you can even be a pretty nice person when in that mode.

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social Attributes: Charisma: 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental Attributes: Perception 3, Intelligence 4 (Critical Thought), Wits 4 (Existential Awareness)

Abilities: Art 1, Athletics 1, Awareness 2, Empathy 1, Crafts 2, Drive 2, Etiquette 1, Meditation 2, Research 3, Technology 1, Academics 3, Computer 1, Esoterica 4 (Kabbalah, Juvemancy), Occult 4 (Golden Dawn), Science 2, Lore: The Pure 1

Arete: 2

Spheres: Correspondence 2, Entropy 2, Spirit 2

Willpower: 5

Backgrounds: Avatar 5, Resources 3, Library 2, Sanctum 2, Status: The Pure 1

Ulterior Longevity Researcher:

"Yes, we can live forever, John. No, John, that's not the point..."

You got into genetics because you were good at it. AP classes in high school turned into a biology Ph.D. in what seemed like no time. You think you're into the subject to a decent extent, and in any case, it certainly pays off as far as talents go. Bean counting and grant drains never really appealed to you, though, which is part of how you got into the weird world of study on human longevity. You certainly had a peripheral interest in the area, and you figured that it would make the work itself more exciting as you waited to print money for retirement. It was just that you never quite fit into the culture. Youth was exciting to you, of course, for as long as you could remember, but the kind of youth most people were looking for was the boring, virile kind. And it was the only kind that you thought was really biologically feasible, until you started down strange paths. You never really bought into the physicalist worldviews of many of your peers, but you also didn't have that much of a predilection towards the philosophical and supernatural before you discovered consciousness research. The initial findings from a plethora of psychological and parapsychological sources were enough to convince you that the mind-body connection was stranger than it seems, and you were well on your way to formulating a model of interactionistic dualism by the time you began to think about how this avenue of thought could be of assistance in your primary area of specialization. For if it was not possible to turn back the wheels of time much past young adulthood, let alone puberty, then perhaps a fresh vessel for the mind was all that was necessary. With advances in artificial gestation and artificial aging, along with revolutionary advances in parapsychology, could one transfer a mind from a tired, weary body, and into the lively one of a child? This was still idle speculation, of course, until the day you Awakened. You were preparing to demonstrate this miraculous effect before a live audience before a few Awakened scientists you had unwittingly corresponded with saved you from what would have been a spectacular Paradox backlash. Soon after you were discovered by The Pure, and have begun to relax in your dreams of childhood whimsy while you plan on how to best unveil your technology to the masses.

You're in your 30s, an unassuming man who appears healthy and vibrant despite a lack of attention to physical appearance. You're very intelligent and are able to interact with individuals of all stripes effortlessly, though you don't really fit into any of the circles you move around in, even scientific ones. Despite your eccentricity, you don't really give off such an ambiance to any of the people you interact with, even mages. You spend most of your time conducting mundane scientific work, performing research on the presently-Sisyphean task of designing a method of Paradox-free mind transfer, and

playing around as a kid. You tend to swap bodies when at home or with The Pure, even tinkering in your lab as a child. You are ABDL-adjacent, but prefer the years of middle childhood and retain a certain adult dignity even while “regressed.”

Paradigm: The cosmos is mechanistic, but mind and matter are two ontologically separate, real forces in it. The law of conservation is universally applicable.

Foci: Your main foci are a set of vatgrowth chambers and an assortment of psi-enhancing equipment and drugs which you use to effect mind transfer. Age regression guns and serums that can render an adult body into a child's one are, strictly speaking, bullshit, except when your friends among The Pure enchant toys with Quintessence. You also have some other tools that you have developed on the side. Most of these are for practice in exercising your magic (you've gotten used to the term), or for the benefit of your friends. Your “build-your-own diaper” machine is particularly popular...

Role-Playing: Speak fluently and with ease, but lack verbiage. You don't really appear like an academic even though you are one. Follow along with someone in a conversation, and ask them questions that indicate you are listening to them, but be superficial with it. You're the member of the family that never fails to show up, but who no-one really knows very well. When talking about your passions, increase the investment somewhat, but not too much. You're a pretty mellow person generally.

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social Attributes: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental Attributes: Perception 2, Intelligence 5 (Lateral Thinking), Wits 3

Abilities: Expression 1, Crafts 4, Drive 2, Etiquette 3, Research 4 (Academic Journals), Technology 4 (Biomedical), Hypertech 4 (Psi-Tech), Academics 4 (Philosophy), Computer 2, Esoterica 4 (Juvemancy), Medicine 4 (Drug Administration), Science 5 (Biology), Lore: The Pure 2

Arete: 5

Spheres: Life 4, Time 3, Mind 5

Willpower: 5

Backgrounds: Avatar 2, Resources 3, Library 1, Sanctum 4, Influence (Academe) 2, Status: The Pure 1, Chantry (Nursery) 2

Unabashed Child:

“One of the worst things ever was when I discovered that you have to stop trick-or-treating eventually. Until I discovered how to fix that...”

Life has always gone pretty swell, even if people have given you the side-glance ever more as the years go on. Sure, you still invite your friends to play with you in the backyard whenever they come over, but who *actually* wants to talk about work? And you did go out for candy every Halloween until you turned eighteen (and even then it was just a delay until you discovered magic), but who doesn't like candy? And yeah, you do still hug your mom and seek her advice for many things, but she's your *mom*, who

doesn't do that? And, well, it is true that *maybe* it was a bit peculiar that you weren't fully day-trained until you were 5, but you do have a manifesto about the matter that you would share if everyone wasn't so uptight all the time. People keep saying you're immature, but you don't really get what they mean. If you like something, you like something, and don't make up abstract things to pretend to like in order to look cool. It's pretty simple, really. You're not trying to be cute or are traumatized like people keep saying for some reason. You just hang out, and that's really fun. Of course, that got a lot harder to keep up with when school and work raised their heads, but you adapted. Friends could play on video games as well as the playground, and work is basically a place where you can print money. So yeah, you'd say life has gone very good. Especially when you discovered *magic*. Many of your peers stopped "believing" in it as they grew up, which you thought was really dumb, because it'd be like not "believing" in gravity. But though you'd always heard of it and were as enamored by it as any kid, you never actually used it until adulthood. For one day, after university graduation and entrance into something beyond a part-time job, you had a very lucid realization: what was I going to do for the rest of my life? You Awakened, and have been satisfied with the answer ever since.

You're basically like a storybook character transposed onto life. People have a hard time believing you're real. You essentially have the attitude of a particularly oblivious JRPG protagonist, and somehow have been able to make life work with that. You're in your 30s, are of average height and are surprisingly well-built, though your only exercise consists of physical play. You lack a great deal of self-awareness and mostly go with the flow of your instincts and emotions. You're not particularly unskilled or clueless enough to be unable to function in contemporary society, but you also don't care about it beyond the bare minimum for survival. Mostly you like to hang out with friends and play, particularly with magic. When The Pure recruited you, you hadn't actually joined any other magical societies or otherwise delved into the mysteries of Awakened magic. Your lack of knowledge about occultism or serious magical study astounds other mages you meet as much as you are astounded by their obsession with something that seems so removed from what you experientially know of magic. Even for The Pure, you just seem too much like a kid. Some try to educate you in occultism and religion, while others try to leave you be as "unsullied" or in tune with the Tao. You don't really care for either kind of person. Surprisingly, you actually kind of act like a "dude bro" generally. This was initially a defensive mechanism as part of maturation, but you grew into it as a fun way of being with friends. You like adventure and action and shun anything overly-serious and "abstract." You assume a variety of ages using your magic, but don't feel particularly attached to any of them. In fact, you conceptualize yourself less as a "child" and more as the kind of person who likes what they like.

Paradigm: Deep inside of everyone, there's a spark of wonder that lets them be magical, if only they'd recognize it. Fairy tales are real and we can make the world a better place.

Foci: Not much, surprisingly. You just focus for many of your effects. Wands and stuff are too formal, but you're readily willing to use natural objects like stones, leaves, or crystals. Anything that seems magical to a kid's mind is open game to you, even if it seems superficial to the student of the occult. Apart from foci derived from childhood magical beliefs, you also regularly use toys as foci. Stuff derived from fairy tales is also open game to you. If you were to summon ghosts, you'd pretty much always use a Ouija board.

Role-Playing: Act like that guy in the group who wants to know what you'll be playing, first thing's first. Don't be too annoying with it, or seem like you're trying to deliberately distract yourself from something, but tend to phase out of conversations whenever something serious or boring is being discussed. You have a natural charisma that has allowed you make your way through life where maturity failed you, so make sure to display that. You'll mostly go along with the group easily, and are

always there to help your friends. Be brave and a bit foolhardy. There is a fetherlessness to you that is rare to see, as well as a real degree of ignorance.

Physical Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social Attributes: Charisma 5 (Innocence), Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental Attributes: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 1, Athletics 2, Awareness 3, Expression 1, Crafts 1, Drive 2, Research 1, Survival 1, Technology 1, Academics 3, Computer 1, Cosmology 1, Enigmas 1, Esoterica 4 (Juvemancy), Investigation 1, Occult 1, Science 2, Lore: The Pure 3

Arete: 4

Spheres: Life 4, Time 3, Entropy 2, Spirit 2

Willpower: 5

Backgrounds: Avatar 3, Resources 2, Sanctum 1, Status: The Pure 2, Chantry (Nursery) 3

Storytelling

Having made it this far, through a not-inconsiderable, regressive supplement for one of the classics of magical roleplaying, you may be asking yourself:

What the hell am I supposed to do with this?

The most obvious answer is just as plain. You don't have to do anything with it. To be quite honest, I do not really expect this supplement to be used so much as read. In fact, someone actually playing with it might be tantamount to a vulgar effect in and of itself! But, for the sake of completeness and hope, it would be illuminating for the Storyteller to get an idea of how this work can be implemented in play.

Getting the Cabal Together

Premise and Scope of Play

Likely one of the most relevant things to clearly establish when using this supplement is going to be the extent to which regressive content is going to be a focus of the game. The basic premise used in the writing of this supplement is that youthful content is going to be a pretty significant factor of the game, but not the only (or even main) focus. The other, more usual first questions for a Mage campaign are also applicable here. Are the PCs going to be Purists? If so, then you already have an out if you are aiming for mid-range content involvement. The Pure almost always involve themselves with other magical activities on the side, and even other magical organizations. This double-life to the average Purist can provide an easy excuse for running more normal adventures. Involvement with The Pure also provide an easy way *to* get involved with ABDL content should one desire it. If you don't use The Pure, there are still easy ways to modulate the level of content in the game. Juvemantic magic can still be found or researched, and the average “monster of the week” can be a spirit of youth if you want a little more content. On the other side of the coin, such content can just as easily be reduced by throwing more normal enemies at the players in your session. It would be good to get an idea of what you're aiming for prior to the campaign, and with the consultation of your players. People can come into a game like this with completely different expectations, so it can be good to have that ironed out ahead of time.

Apart from the default expectation of “mid-range,” there are other styles of games that you could go for. One possibility is a high-regression, more comedic game. This particularly lends itself well to oneshots. The antics of juvemancers with high Sphere ratings can get pretty ridiculous, and pure ABDL content can be entertaining for some. This supplement can also be used as an adjunct to the tradition of wacky crossover games that do not take themselves seriously. Fighting cyborgs, werewolves, vampires, and gods in outer space in order to decide the destiny of humanity is entertaining enough; what would happen if you added diapers into the mix?

Another alternative is an extremely low-regression game. Some of the mechanics present can just be inserted into a standard Mage game for verisimilitude without impacting the flavor unduly. A character can just wear diapers if they want, or have the Impediment (Incontinence) flaw. This is generally more sustainable for long campaigns.

One thing that should be considered prior to play is character creation. By default, many of the rites and juvemantic procedures described will be unavailable to players if one goes with the default allotment of Arete, Spheres, and freebie points. Even effects such as Diapering are fairly Sphere-

intensive, and allocating Sphere points specifically for juvemantic spells can take away from other Spheres that are central to the character concept. Many staple spells – such as Age Regression – also have Sphere requirements that go beyond the bounds of allowed Arete in character creation. There are several potential options to handle this situation. One would be to allow Arete to be purchased up to 4 dots, potentially with additional freebie points being assigned. Another alternate possibility would be to assign a separate pool of Sphere dots specifically for juvemancy, and waive the Arete requirements for such Effects only. These alternate Spheres would only be able to be used for juvemantic effects, with the discretion of the Storyteller in deciding what constitutes a juvemantic effect or not. This system works best if one gives extra “free” juvemantic dots over time, so players don't feel the need to spend precious XP on what is essentially for role-playing purposes. Another possibility is to just not change character creation at all. If The Fellowship or other juvemantic mages are present, they can be beseeched for such juvemantic effects, which adds in additional opportunities for role-playing. Chantry ratings are good places to represent this additional aid, and Wonders can easily be used to get an otherwise high Sphere effect early on. Simply find whatever option works for your Chronicle.

On the Streets

Adventure Design and Grist

Once everything is squared away, and the Chronicle is begun, the work of crafting the adventure can begin in earnest. The natures of adventures are likely going to be heavily dependent on the type of game you settled on prior. Short-term games are likely going to be designed pretty exclusively on a single plotline, and provide freedom in that fact. For anything middle to long-term, though, you're going to want to figure out how to really craft them.

Some Chronicles will go with a monster-of-the-week style of play, and this is certainly possible. An easy way to make one of these is to think of an evocative location and imagine some sort of supernatural mystery there. Walking around one's own city can provide some good examples of this. Could a certain building be haunted? Or is there some old historic site that some mages could use as a node? Even if you don't use your own city, getting a feel for urban locations in general can be really useful for fleshing out your game. This technique works just as well for “normal,” adventure as it does for juvenile ones. A key part of monster-of-the-week style games is figuring out the motivations of characters. By their nature, these encounters are likely not to be self-initiated by the cabal, and so there needs to be a reason for them to involve themselves. Threats to Sleepers are a good excuse, but so are those same threats to their magical organization, or the chance to get Quintessence and other resources. Even the promise of magical lore and discovery can be enough for some characters. Generally though, immediate challenges with immediate consequence work well for this type of game.

Another style of play that is quite natural for the ethos of Mage is that of self-directed play. By their nature mages can have great personal ambitions, and through their powers they can actually succeed in achieving them. In this form of gameplay, mages will form their own goals and then take the steps necessary to complete them, with challenges rising organically in play. Want to claim a node? Then good luck establishing the chantry, fending off others who may want its Quintessence, and dealing with mortal society in terms of property rights and the like. This works from the street-scale to even globe-spanning schemes. It does, however, entail more of a headache from the Storyteller. A good way to enhance these sorts of games is to take the character's backgrounds and traits into consideration when designing otherwise normal challenges. Is a random mage intruding on the cabal's turf truly just a nobody? Or are they one of the other students of a mentor who taught one of the cabal's members? Little inflexions of color like this can be helpful in giving the appearance of an interconnected world, and can make players feel rewarded for picking out their traits.

One matter that should be taken into consideration is that of the Astral. This domain can seriously impact the theme of a game, since the environment is plainly supernatural and because otherwise vulgar magic is often coincidental in it. This is particularly relevant in regards to Domains, which can routinize extraordinary magic and otherwise affect the feel of the game. This is particularly notable in regards to The Pure, which make extensive use of the Astral for dwelling in and for the casting of magic. Some Storytellers will like the use of the Astral more, and others will wish to distance it from their campaigns. In either case, one should take into consideration the practical effects this will have on their game. If one uses The Pure, then a low-Astral game will likely have to explain why the characters aren't heading to Nursery all the time, or change the nature of the organization to make them more earthbound. They would also have to contend with the fact that juvemantic effects would be more difficult to pull off outside of sanctums. The place of Wonders should also be considered in light of these considerations.

A consideration unique to regressive games is the matter of ages. Assuming that the players take on a variety of ages on Earth, practical concerns are going to arise, and one should not be afraid to make them relevant in play. Younger characters are going to have certain social limitations applied on them, and the only way to get past them would be to reveal identification that would plainly reveal supernatural forces at play. The matter of identity and records alone would throw quite a wrench into the enterprising mage-turned-kid, but you should only emphasize such things as is relevant to your Chronicle. It can be fun to use such issues as a challenge or two, but dealing with the mundanity of documentation issues on a regressed mage can easily get tiring, and will force the character to return themselves to normal and otherwise just deal with social headaches. That being said, one shouldn't be afraid to have NPCs treat a regressed character as a child. Not only is that likely something that the player is aiming for, but it also makes it worthwhile for them to go to such an effort in regression. Adult PCs have a place in the party as well; they can easily cover for regressed comrades and otherwise handle the rudiments that young PCs will be unable to tackle. The physical effects of childhood on PCs should also be taken into consideration. Ideally a player having their character intentionally assume a child's form will not be too concerned about having a physical powerhouse, but it does introduce build concerns. On a lighter note, emphasizing these physical differences is another way to add flavor to the game, and highlight its nature as a regressive one. Younger characters can even provide certain benefits to the cabal. Social manipulation is one possibility, and smaller characters might be able to fit into certain places that other characters might not be able to traverse.

Of regressed ages, adolescence and childhood are the most easily gameable. That being said, one should not be afraid to figure out ways to work other ages in. The more severe weaknesses of toddlerhood can be glanced aside in a cinematic way, and short circumstances could render infancy a problem to be solved, and perhaps temporarily a boon in certain situations.

Assuming consent on behalf of the players, a neat little trick to provide for characters with the Impediment (Incontinence) flaw is to tell them when they eliminate. It provides a neat little simulation, and can make it feel like a uniquely worthwhile choice.

Some plot hooks are provided below.

Time Flies: The players are searching for nodes when they stumble across what appears to be a perfectly serviceable Haunted House. The lot has rested abandoned for a couple of decades and exploration reveals that it could be harvested with a little squatting. What they fail to realize is that the lot is actually haunted, and by a Rememberer at that. Worse, it soon becomes apparent that the lot may

finally be sold and utilized soon. Can they harvest the node in time? And will the Rememberer let them leave? Or, better yet, can the party help the obsessive soul who died in forlorn dreams?

Insider Secrets: A fellow Purist thinks that a certain upper-class family might hold magical secrets. At the very least, the head of the family is a fairly prominent politician, and an Elder playing far-reaching political games would like to get him on their side. Unfortunately, they have been resolutely impervious to normal methods of persuasion. There is an opportunity, however; the politician has a soft spot for kids, and a three-year-old son of his own. One whose birthday is coming up soon. The mission is simple; regress yourselves, have a couple cabal members pose as parents, sign up for the daycare that the politician's son attends, and get yourselves into his good graces. Once the son is secured, the adulation of the father is soon to follow. Then it's just a simple matter of attending the birthday party and getting the information, right? If you count becoming a little kid's friend as simple. Or appearing as a respectable family over the span of a month to a fairly upper-crust family as simple. Or navigating a borderline-mansion and its security measures as a toddler as, "simple."

I Can Do That, But Do I Want To?

Content Limits, Boundaries, and Such Things

As with other games, concerns of boundaries can occasionally arise. In this sense, a juvemantic game is no different, though in some ways the process of getting them established ahead of time is expedited. Some obvious concerns to figure out ahead of time are diapers and their usage. It'd be best to figure out what levels and types of usage are acceptable, and the degree to which description is necessary. Some players might want the Storyteller to handle things, while others might want to handle it themselves, and others might want to gloss over it as a background detail. Establishing this ahead of time is pretty critical, given their place in the type of game present.

Another concern is that of regression. While normally such effects would be voluntarily attained in-universe, there are situations where a character might be regressed against their will. Some players might feel uncomfortable with age regressions (or progressions), while others may have a particular character concept in mind that relies on a given age. You should ask if a player has concerns about this ahead of time, and some hard limits can be established so that such chance effects won't happen to certain characters in play. The same reasoning can be applied to nonconsensual continence-altering magic.

Apart from more regressive concerns, there is also of course the matter of content boundaries in general. One that might be more immediately relevant could be that of horror. While fundamentally sort of less serious than many other games, there are still opportunities for terror in this supplement, let alone Mage as a whole. While this area is more difficult in terms of requesting consent potentially spoiling things, one should at least ask what level of horror or even general seriousness is aimed for in the game, as part of Chronicle set-up. Sometimes even those who don't really have hard limits on certain types of content just don't want to have their ABDL game be filled with it.

On Religion, Regression, and Sacrilege

Or, Magic is Real.

A game about magic and the occult has to deal with magic and the occult. By itself, Mage: The Ascension has always dealt with real-world esotericism, and while heavily garbed in superficial understandings and gameable elements common to fantasy media, the World of Darkness as a whole is predicated upon the supernatural elements of our own Earth. Typically, groups will not have a problem

with this. The average individual is secular and they will intuitively perceive when they are going a bit far in profaning. Overall, the fantastical elements of Mage help to automatically distance it from serious matters, and people tend to demonstrate good judgment more often than not.

So, what happens when you bring diapers into it?

This is a difficult area to approach, and words on paper will not tell you how to handle it. The best route one can suggest would be to always lean toward caution and due reverence, but not to get caught up in needless paranoia. Occult and religious references are best used as an underlying backdrop, something used to add verisimilitude and real, thoughtful depth. Avoiding such topics can do the game a disservice despite the safety in doing so. That being said, some boundaries are very clear. Having a generic supernatural entity capture and baby your characters is one thing; having a real-world spirit do so is another matter entirely. Note that some of the issues of the sacred and the profane present here are also related to the matter of the tone of the game, but they are two distinct categories. In any case, Mage: The Ascension itself provides some easy outs in this area. Mages themselves are inherently larger than life characters as opposed to mortal sorcerers. It is easy to fabricate entities or create more fantastic scenarios that are distanced from real-world religion and occultism.

That being said, this section shouldn't scare you from attempting to cover some difficult areas in your games. The supernatural is a natural part of human existence, after all. This question could easily become more than just a meta-concern, and something that is addressed within the Chronicle itself.

Ultimately, you will have to listen to the quiet voice within in knowing what is the right thing to do, and not fool yourself.

Conclusion

No-Thing Dreams

"I guess we have a while, then?"

Sam was staring out across the rest of the city from atop the hill. It wasn't very high, of course, and so he mostly just caught the lit commercial strips and roads that criss-crossed twilight chapparal. The last time he had been here, his incarnation had been below the age of majority, and physically older than he was now.

"Pretty much. I trust you're past the shock and wonder and phantasy at this point." Connor spoke in such a way that Sam had expected him to be smoking when he looked back. His mentor was looking out over the same cityscape that had once enraptured him.

Sam's vision returned. Once, when he had landed on this world, the place had captured his whole mind. There had been a numinosity to the city itself. Beneath concrete there were ghosts, and every new little thing learned was like a mystery unveiled from heavenly vaults. School and learning and growing up really had a disgusting face, of course, but it had all been invisible to him then. In some ways this had spared him, and in others it had left him all the more ignorant. Of course, once one got accustomed to the realities of incarnation and Gnostic paranoia, another factor to the whole situation got revealed. It was also just really boring and tiring.

"I suppose I'm just sort of curious as to why we even pretend, then. I can tell you've got the ennui too. Is it really just the inertia? When I had been a kid, this, *thing* had really got me in its claws. Even when I got into magic and saw my soul, there had still been a certain genuine interest in it. Now it's just..." Sam took a moment to steady his breath. "...it's just out of habit. Like a circuit in my brain has been fried. Beyond the pleasure principle. *Jouissance*."

Both held in silence for a time. Sam had exhaled and Connor had just kept staring off. Sam could see the not-adolescent there in the moonlight, ancient awareness behind fresh eyes. Then again, neither of those things really meant anything in eternity. Connor shifted his position slightly, sitting up straighter so that he could hunch over more. His gaze danced over the light sprawl of city below, and mostly unaffected by all the sights.

"A concise truth. Of course, once you get over the initial rush, it's also one you realize you've manufactured some rage at. Do you recall what Siddhartha said about heavenly beings longing for their old hell-" Connor was cut off.

"It would be difficult to forget." Sam spoke with weight. His sight was as lead on old Connor, though the teacher did not react. "Regardless of how I may cling to the indignancy it inspires, it *is* a verity. And one that must be addressed."

"There, you did not even need my prodding at all, did you not?" Connor smiled, vigil not shifting. "You - we - are in quite a pickle. One that mere talk will not solve. Worldly distraction is only part of the equation. When vanity is dead and pleasure is ash, it is still no guarantee that one will have the strength to walk the path. The motivation of recognized delusion only goes so far." Connor's voice became

limned with something, and for once Sam did not attempt to look at him.

“Why are we here, then? We're right, of course. But if you knew that this whole time, then why did you induct me into The Fellowship? You showed me the Nursery, taught me all of those silly spells, worked trifles into *real* theology, for crying out loud. All for naught. The echoing of an impossible dream that I didn't even really want.” Sam spoke with measured fervor. He was looking now at something between Connor and the night. Even then, he was hardly even looking. Out of emptiness, his words returned.

“I'm not asking for absolution here. My sins are much as your own. I just don't know why any of us play like this.” Sam said quietly.

“*Jouissance.*” Connor said.

Sam half-accepted, and nodded in silence.

When the quiet next broke, it was because of the teacher.

“In a way it's the same problem for the other traditions. Those great mages going on quests and fighting that Ascension War. They just have grandeur for distraction, much as we have diapers for it. Tell me, of all the good candidates for Ascension throughout history, did you ever see one who fought shades and cast grand spells? Or was it just the man on the mountain in hermitage? The wandering miracle-worker? Some guy who didn't even try to 'do' something, and just was it? A lot of this enlightenment striving and paranoia is just dumb. We all know the easy route; we just don't want to walk it.” Connor shook his head for once, and to Sam's surprise, stood up. He still looked on toward the world below, but something was lessening.

Sam's eyes were fixed on the back of his mentor. He had come, years ago, in the wake of his Awakening. Back then it had been so surreal, a dream, an invitation into a world he had thought only existed in his mind. It was so hard to remember his feelings at the time, how much he had known, how much he hadn't known, and how much he had actively repressed. He must have known it was a paper moon, then, because it hadn't compared at all to that quiet, transcendent time when he saw his Soul. When he had felt true release. Connor had been charming, but just a human person, not like the real touch of angels, of spirits, of Powers. Connor had come; not to spirit him up or even down, but sideways. And now, here among the so-called Pure, he felt like a gangly fool, the sort of stereotype of a weird fetishistic young man that he would have felt more guilty for, had he not already seen his Godhead. There had to have been something before; something that had convinced him to walk down this path that was shorn from what was truly good and true. Whatever it was, Sam didn't care about it anymore.

And then Sam stopped, and realized.

When Connor looked back at Sam, he did not find the student he had stolen away from the world so many years ago.

“S...Sam?”

“I suppose that is the answer, then. We have a while, then.” Sam said simply, and with ease. His gaze

was now fixed in the direction that Connor's eyes once were, but it was not with heaviness or effort. Sam saw a city and he did not see a city.

“Sam...are, are yo-” Connor did not so much get interrupted as he did fall silent.

“It is simple, as you said. We simply have time to go. I'd be fooling myself if I tried to make it about anything else.” Sam spoke clearly, seriously, with no weight. Simply.

“S-Sam?” Connor croaked. His limbs were as wavery as his voice. The old mage stumbled forward, plainly seeking but still preserving the dignity of his face. By now Sam was standing, and for the first time looked down at his former master.

“P, Please. Sam. I have no right to ask you this, and you have no ability to bestow it, but, God, please...” Connor's voice faltered but there were no tears. He desperately looked up at Sam, knees on the ground for balance. It was so alien, so strange yet wonderful that it had been the only place for his gaze to fall. Sam still looked thirteen, still flush with the youth that had captured both of their minds. Normally this would bother Connor, make him hate the face and himself for ungodly vanity. But now it was just a circumstance and there were no barbs. Sam wasn't thirteen, he was *never* thirteen. And that was *beautiful*.

“You've already seen it. You have the strength. I suppose we'll just have to let the years go on, until our times expire. I'm sure we can let Ascension takes its course in the interim.” Sam spoke and it was as though those were the only words.

“It hurts...” Connor's countenance was that of the mad. Yet sometimes they were privy to wisdom, were they not?

“I still remember when you taught me all those years ago. The preliminary lessons on magic itself, lessons I had already learned before I woke up. The teaching that I remember the most now was faith. Faith in that sublime Self, in Transcendence, in an answer that made no concessions. I had not thought so much of the first part then, and indeed the lessons on simple religious devotion passed right by me the first two times. There is virtue to it, virtue I should have paid more heed to. Granted, I have had far more than just faith for a long time now, and I am infinitely grateful for that fact.

“You...have...?” Connor's whole being was one-pointed.

“Gnosis.”

On a little hill in the night, release was found.