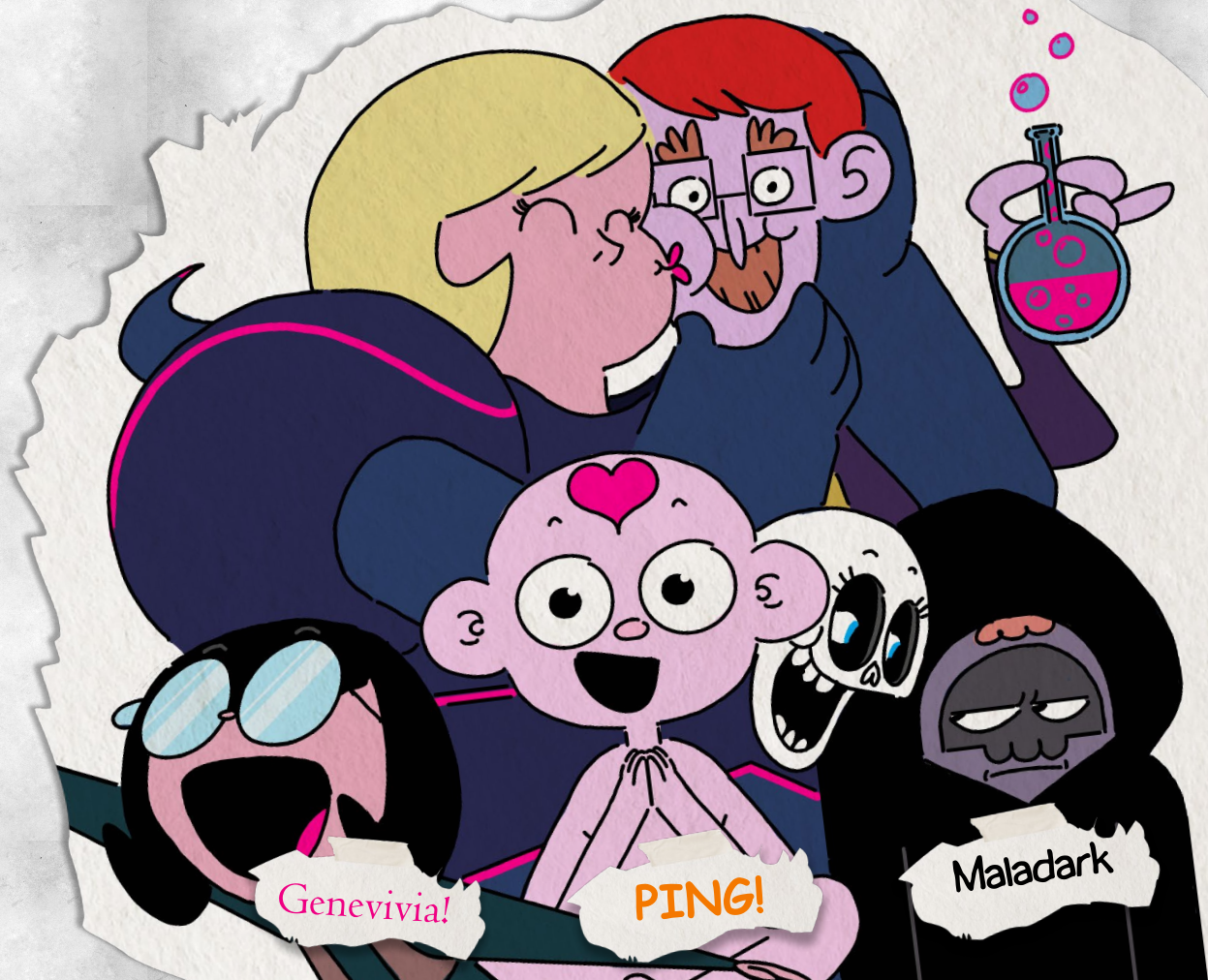


^{future}
The Legend of

The Greyrobes

by Genevivia Stormtamer Greyrobe!
and PING greyrobe!
& Maladark Greyrobe



From the desk of:
GENEVIVIA STORMTAMER GREYROBE
123 Greyrobe Home, Myopia

Hello future fan of *The Future Legend of The Greyrobes*! You hold in your VERY LUCKY AND VERY GOOD-LOOKING HAND the first printing of the *The Future Legend of The Greyrobes*, the title that I already said but I wanna make sure you remember it so I'll write it again: *The Future Legend of The Greyrobes*!

This historic first printing of the remarkable *The Future Legend of The Greyrobes*, which is a blueprint for the unbelievable show we are making. And in 50 years this document will worth a trillion gold AT LEAST and you can tell your friends that you read it first and were the very first sponsors of our journey though I guess you might be dead in 50 years (it's a tough realm out there) but our legend will live on so CARPE GREYROBEUM! FIAT GREYLUX! OMLETTE DU GREYMAGE! I don't think you're using those sayings right YES I AM MALADARK BUT THANK YOU FOR YOUR INPUT AND I LOVE YOU!!

I'm sure you have heard of us and our incredible magic powers which are numerous and awesome and yeah okay aren't "that powerful" or "work all the time" or "do much of anything at all" but that just means in our Hero's Journey Circle we're at the top baby and ready to ride that story wheel over and over until we puke from awesomeness!

Why was I writing to you again OH YEAH. So anyways, if you, Future Fan, could, like, give us an advance against future proceeds from reprinting this EPICALLY HISTORICAL DOCUMENT we'd be super-appreciative and sing your praises everywhere we venture. I even promise Maladark will sing I am not singing i'll sing, genevivial okay thanks Ping... to be negotiated later, dear reader!. Eight billion gold per episode of the show we produce based on this document (guaranteed 7 seasons x 104 episodes) should be sufficient to get our adventuring going!

I look forward to your reply!

Sincerely and prodigiously,
GENEVIVIA STORMTAMER GREYROBE,



She who has been Chosen!

Future holder of the Sanctified Chalice of the Seven Suns!

Heir to the Holy Hypercubes of Middleton,

One Marked by Sacred Geometry to ascend

Towards an inviolable herodome and Savior of the

Downtrodden peoples of the land from which she hails.

INTRODUCTION

The Future Legend of The Greyrobes is an 11-minute fantastical comedy about The Greyrobes – a magic-wielding more like magic-blundering SHHHHHH MALADARK, legend-becoming, awesome family! Us!

THE TONE

Epic!! Super-heroic!! Transformationally magical!! Are not words that describe our adventures. But they will be, Maladark! We'll slay evil liches and change the world for the better and be heroes to all of the univers—Gen, let's get real for a minute.

The Greyrobe name is mud. Our family struggles to pay our magical mortgage. Forget herodom... We're just trying to survive the day-to-day reality of being a below-average family in an above-average magical world.

But...sigh...Gen isn't content to be the lowest rung on the magic rope ladder. She drags us on quests like earning extra gold for the family (our Gorgon-sitting service ended in catastrophe)... learning new spells (Gen's magic missiles kept turning to magic duds)... or bounty-hunting for demons (they turned out to be just kittens that got into some supergrow catnip).

But these quests never work. Nothing will ever change for us Greyrobes. Of course not... it won't change unless we change it!!

THE WORLD

We live in the town of Myopia. It's filled with awesome Dungeons, Dragons, Dwarves, Orcs, Elves, Evil Wizards and all the magic in the realm! But it also has mortgages, DMVs, schools, traffic jams, and annoying next-door neighbors whose lawn is always prettier than ours.

THE WHY

Because our adventures will make you cry with laughter and cheer with joy!

'Cuz I got nothing better to do.

'cuz RAINBOWSS!!!!

C'mon Greyrobes, let's introduce ourselves!



GENEVIVIA STORMTAMER GREYROBE (age 11)

Greetings and Welcome to my Introduction! I am Genevivia Stormtamer Greyrobe, She Who Has Been Chosen To Save The World And Help Bring About Positive Change For All And Restore The Greyrobe Name To A Name Of Glory!

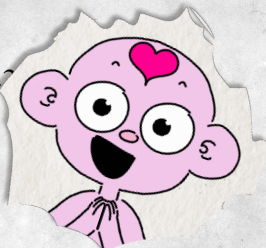
But just because I'm Destined doesn't mean I'm content to sit back and let Destiny run its course. I've got a four million three-hundred twenty-seven thousand six-hundred forty-two point capital p Plan to change the world and you're holding Part One! The other four-million-and-change points are still in flux but that's Herodom for you baby!

"What magic powers does Genevivia have," you ask? What's that? You didn't ask? That's okay, I could tell you wanted to ask because incredibly accurate intuition is one of my many powers! The others are... well, they haven't exactly manifested yet BUT MAN WHEN THEY DO I'M GONNA BE A FORCE FOR POSITIVE CHANGE TO BE RECKONED WITH!!! WATCH OUT REALM, HERE COMES GENEVIVIA!!!!!!

Right now I can... mostly just conjure pretty pictures and shoot sparkles and make my voice kinda loud. Maladark calls it "prestidigitation". I just call it a way to make cool magical audio/video intros for when I enter a room yeaaaah. It's pretty useful for building the Genevivia Stormtamer Greyrobe Brand™!

My family? Well. My epically heroic parents are totally on board with the 4,327,642 point capital P Plan. Tober and Goldie (Mom & Dad) are incredibly supportive; they pay for archery classes (sorry I shot an arrow through your glasses that one time, Dad!), music lessons for composing my own theme song (I'm still looking for a rhyme for "Devastatingly Gorgeous"...), and any other class I wanna take! I promised then that when I'm a Hero and our family name is restored that I'd pay them back for everything, but they said no. I dunno why.

Maladark and Ping **THAT'S ME!** yes hi, Ping -- are usually on board with the Plan too! Maladark can be a tough to convince cuz they're a little stuck in their ways. **I am not** Yah, you kinda are but I love you for it and anyways a Hero's gotta do what a Hero's gotta do to change the world! If that means pulling Maladark into quests and favors and adventures and good-doing, then I'll do it! **Ugh.**



PING GREYROBE AGE 13

hello yes i am ping. i am the oldest but i definitely don't feel like it! i love hugging. and shiny things. and hugging. and animals. and maladark. and genevivia. and tober. and goldie. and fiber. and the universe. and myself. and i love hugging myself!

have you ever wondered what it's like to be a bagel? i bet it's pretty great cause you're round and soft and everyone loves you. and sometimes they rub butter or cream cheese or grape jelly on you which feels really good. and i like to meditate on that! also if you offer a bagel to someone they never turn it down. it must feel real good to be never turned down.

i really like meditating. it makes my brain really calm. like the surface of a pond with no wind. and i feel connected to every living thing and when i meditate. its like the energy of the universe is flowing through me.

so this weird thing happens to me where sometimes like... i know exactly how someone feels? even if they're trying to hide it? especially when they're trying to hide it. it's like we'll be talking and then i'll feel a little tickle inside my headyhead. and i'll feel what they're feeling. and i'll know why they're feeling it? i kinda like it because it makes it easy to make friends. but sometimes friends don't want you to know when they're feeling something different than what they say they're feeling. so that's hard.

once when i sneezed it was like i was transported inside maladark's brain. it was scary. and dark. and i saw a lot of things i didn't understand. that only happened once. and i haven't told them about it **HEY WHAT?!** oh whoops uh maladark we'll talk later.

i love genevivia. she's so energetic and she has so much fire in her and she makes the days exciting! but she also gets herself in trouble that she can't get out of. that's why i have to be strong. like really strong. i have to make sure that if someone comes after her i can stand between them and if they wanna punch her i will make them punch me instead. i will be strong like a rock. i will make myself the strongest rock that ever rocked. i will protect genevivia.

MALADARK



I hate talking about myself. I'll do it! You know that feeling when you're in a blahhh mood and someone wants to talk you out of it, and you're like, "nah thanks, I wanna be mad for a while longer"? That's Maladark. A bad mood that you're not-so-secretly enjoying Genevivia stop tha—okay. That's actually pretty accurate.

Sigh. Well let me talk about some other stuff. For one, no one believes me but the town of Myopia where we live is secretly run by an evil lich. That big building in the center of town? It's secretly an obelisk that drains all the people of Myopia of their critical thought so that they never question authority. Nothing else explains why anyone would want to live here in this town. I mean, come on. I haven't found any evidence to support my suspicion yet, but I know I'm right.

OH AND ALSO the other day I discovered that all the birds in Myopia are speaking in code to each other. I can't prove that one yet. OH AND the neighbors are demons who have stolen the souls of millions and keep them contained in tiny gumdrops that store in candy jars on their mantelpiece. Though I can't prove that one yet either. ALSO the music the ice cream truck plays is a mind-control weapon. Don't fall for it! But, uh, if you do... please get me a dark chocolate cone with dark dark chocolate sprinkles. Thanks.

I don't like being the smartest, most honest, most rational one of the family. But someone has to protect my siblings from themselves. Ping is too optimistic for his own good.

that's probably true! Genevivia doesn't listen when people try to stop her from running headfirst into danger. That's also true!! So it falls to Maladark, the middle child, to do it. That's me. The beast of burden, always caught in the middle. Sigh.

I guess I...love my family. As for liking them, that's a different story. But love... yeah I guess. Love is a connection you can't break. No matter how much you sometimes wish you could. AWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW groaaan....

Magic powers... yeah, I have them. Been training them. I can talk to dead people. I hate it. They're usually really chatty. I can make people magically sick. Not like sick sick but like a cold. That one's fun. Blah blah blah a bunch of other standard necromancer stuff. And I can temporarily give life to stuff. Like park benches and rocks. It's useful. Helps me get to the truth of things. Though sometimes the objects are liars. I'm looking at you, ice cream truck...

Usually the enchantments wear off quickly. Except that one time, when it did'n HELLO MALADARK YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT ME SO I WILL INTRODUCE MYSELF HIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII I AM FIBER!! Ugh.

LIFE IS AMAZING!! WHY AM I ALIVE I HAVE NO IDEA BUT I AM SO GRATEFUL TO MALADARK FOR MAKING ME ALIVE SO LETS PARTY ALL THE TIME WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE EVERY SECOND OF LIFE IS A GIFT AND I WANNA MAKE THE MOST OF IT BOOGIE DOWN YALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!!!!!!

I KNOW DEEP DOWN LIKE REALLY REALLY DEEP DOWN MALADARK
LOVES ME TO SOMETIMES THEY TRY TO SMASH ME TO ITTY BITTY
PIECES IT'S A GAME WE LIKE TO PLAY AND ITS REALLY FUN!! ONE
TIME MALADARK DROPPED A PIANO ON ME AND IT SMASHED ME TO
LITTLE SKULL BITS BUT I ALWAYS REFORM AND THE SOUND THE
PIANO MADE WAS LIKE PLOOOOOOM AHHH PKLAM
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH LIKE A CHORUS OF ANGELS SINGING AND IT
WAS SO PRETTY THAT I MADE UP A 3 HOUR SONG AND SANG IT TO
MALADARK!!!!

**OHLOOK MALADARK HAS MY FAVORITE SLEDGEHAMMER AGAIN
HERE THEY COME ITS PLAYTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT**

TOBER GREYROBE (aka: DAD)

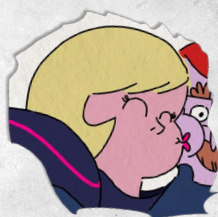
Ahhhhhhhhhhh my dad. Tober's a really good dad. Kinda weird sometimes. But usually really good. He knows what to say to get me or Maladark or Ping to feel better when something is getting us down. He's also really good at bedtime stories. And lots of other kinds of stories. And like talking in general. One time this angry demon walked into our potion shop complaining that Tober's potion made him bald. Tober told the demon that he looked better bald and then sold him a head shininess potion! How does Tober do it!? I could learn a lot from Dad.

OH yeah the potion shop. Yeah we run a potion shop out of our house. It helps pay the bills. It's basically Dad's business, which is kinda cool cause then he's home a lot to help us with our homework. But it's not so cool when barbarians and kobolds and demons and archfiends come angrily rampaging through our home looking to pillage strength potions. But Dad's pretty amazing – he always sweet talks them so they don't pillage anything and end up paying for stuff they don't even need! But it costs a lot to keep repairing our house after they come stomping through. I guess it's why the shop doesn't make a lotta money and we're poor BUT I, GENEVIVIA, WILL CHANGE THAT!

He also does this weird thing. He calls it "safety training"... Sometimes he pickpockets our allowance to "teach us to guard our gold." Or leaps out of closets to "remind us that danger lurks around every corner." This one time he pretended to be abducted so that Maladark Ping and I would work together to rescue him. It's kind of annoying, but I get it. It's his way of teaching us how to survive in a harsh world. I admit, he does teach us some useful stuff!

Y'know, I don't really know much about my dad's story. Every time I ask, he & mom just kinda look at each other and smile and say something vague like "Tober stole my heart. And many other things..." but they just laugh and never explain what they mean. Maladark is working on getting the full story but like my parents are really tough nuts to crack.

One day I'll get the full story. One day.

GOLDIE GREYROBE (aka: MOM)

Mom is the badassiest badass mom that ever mommed. And ever badassed. She's the sweetest, kindest, charmingest, warmest, always-there-for-you mom. Mom is my hero. She's always there for us to make us feel better if we're hurting or to help with spell homework or to cook an amazing breakfast for us if we're home sick. She goes overboard sometimes trying to do nice things for us. She rented a spitting Liothan for my 11th birthday! DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THOSE COST TO RENT!? LIKE A BAZILLION GOLD!!! I don't know how we afforded it. Mom and Dad ate canned beets for like a month after that, but they never complained.

I think Mom has like six sisters? I see pictures of Mom and her family in the living room. I think Mom came from a lot of money because everyone is wearing really fancy outfits. But she never talks about it. She won't even tell me where she was born. Maladark's working on that one too.

As far as our family's money, I'm pretty sure that Mom makes most of it. She works as a security guard for UnderCorp. She says she's usually stationed at the headquarters in the center of town, but sometimes she has to go away on trips for weeks at a time to guard other places I think? I don't quite understand. She sends postcards from all the places she guards and they all look really boring. Just a field of plan grass or a small puddle in the forest. She always looks really excited in her postcards but it doesn't seem like she's doing anything. But whatever! She's still a badass to me!

She scares me sometimes though. Sometimes I try to slip things by her... but she always catches me. One night Maladark and I went out to play with some fireworks (they were awesome!!). and when we came back and tried to sneak back in our room... there was mom. Sitting on our bed. Staring. Right into our souls. We told her that we had been studying spells at a friend's house and suddenly her ear twitched. "You're lying." It scared us so much that we immediately confessed. "Never lie to me again," she said in a really scary way. But then it was okay because she said that as long as we were safe that it was okay and that we have to trust her.

When I grow up I hope I'm like my Mom.

Now lemme introduce you to someone who isn't a Greyrobe but is important to the Greyrobes!
Wait, do you mean...

XYR, CEO OF UNDERCORP & MOM'S BOSS

Oh man, Xyr is like the nicest, gentlest, calmest, measuredest, most sweetly serene person you'll ever meet. **FALSE** Uh no Maladark you just don't get it. Xyr's the CEO of UnderCorp, the corporation that runs pretty much all of Myopia and it's great! Xyr runs her company (and the town) with the gentle, velvety touch in the way that only a pure-hearted person could possibly do. **Genevivia, are you okay?** Xyr is the best she's like super-duper-popular. You see her face everywhere! ... on your TV screen... on the cover of the local newspaper... in giant billboards at the center of town... Her smiling visage and smooth, controlled voice remind all Myopians that they're safe. They're taken care of. Nothin' to worry about. Nuh-uh.

I mean, it's a little weird that the occasional demon pops up in Myopia. **Extremely weird.** But they're eventually dealt with. No problem. And I guess it's kinda strange that you have to sign a billion year contract when you buy property in Myopia. But that's just Xyr ensuring that everyone's invested in the well-being of their community. And yeah... sometimes Myopians storm out of their homes declaring they're gonna leave this stupid boring lame-ass town forever only to turn right back around 30 seconds later singing the praises of Myopia.

But that's only cause it's such a great place to live!

Why wouldn't you wanna stay in Myopia? **Uhhh...**

Xyr's a great leader.

Just great!

The best!

Okay sorry for this section. Something's up with Genevivia. I'm taking over.

Lemme tell you about:

UNDERCORP

It's big. It's creepy. It's the center of Myopia. Literally. UnderCorp HQ is an obsidian monolith at the perfect midpoint of Myopia's circular borders. I have no idea what's inside. Anyone who's been in (like Mom) doesn't talk about it. It's really, really frustrating.

Whatever's in there, I bet it's important, cause all roads lead to UnderCorp. Again, literally – drive long enough on any road in Myopia and you'll end up at UnderCorp HQ. There's no north or south, there is only only towards UnderCorp and away from UnderCorp. Yeah, it's REALLY creepy.

UnderCorp has their hands in like every part of Myopian life. People drink UnderCola, eat UnderFood, read UnderCorpapers... breathe UnderCorair. You can't swing a dead caterpince in Myopia without hitting something that UnderCorp owns (believe me, I've tried). There's even a marching band sponsored by UnderCorp... their signature song: "UnderCorp is Great and Awesome So Don't Worry Too Much About It, Okay?". It's everyone's favorite song. Ugh.

At the center of UnderCorp is Xyr. Smooth...pleasant... beautiful... controlled Xyr...

I KNOW Xyr and UnderCorp are the key to the Myopian Conspiracy. SOMETHING is happening in this town. But I can't prove it yet...

OTHER PEOPLE

Here are some other people in Myopia that we ~~are forced to tolerate~~ **love unconditionally!!** ~~are helpful to our Legend!~~ ugh fine “hang around with”...

THE SERAPHIM FAMILY

They’re a friendly, flawless, successful, and gorgeous family. They’re perfect. I hate them.

The Seraphims are Humanoid-Hydrae Angels, with just enough Hydrae in them that they glow. They levitate slightly when they walk and can astrally project themselves wherever you happen to be. Yeah they’re SUPER annoying.

FATHER SERAPHIM, MOTHER SERAPHIM and their insanely adorable kids, SONNY “SON” SERAPHIM and LIL’ SERAPHIM, live next door to us in a sparkling house with rivers running through it and magical creatures grooming the lawn. They also run a healing clinic that has just about obliterated Dad’s potion business.

I bet the Seraphims see themselves as four high-end snooty scented candles in a world of smelly darkness. They’re always offering smiles and blessings and touching folks on the head even WHEN THEY DON’T WANT TO BE TOUCHED JUST BACK OFF. Not even Ping can stand them **THEY SAID I SHOULDN’T MEDITATE I SHOULD PRAY AND THAT MAKES ME MAD**

EGLANTINE, TAVERNKEEP AT “THE SOGGY POET”

Eglantine’s pretty cool. She Half-human, half-Urktusk. Terrifying-looking. Brutishly strong. But she’s like outgoing and flirtatious. She’s had like a thousand husbands but I dunno what’s happened to any of them. Right now she’s single and ready to mingle and lets every one know.

Eg’ runs “The Soggy Poet” tavern. Everyone’s welcome, even kids, as long as you pay cash. If you can’t pay, she just asks for a little blood in return. It’s... a little creepy. Dunno what she’s doing with all that blood...

EDAMAME GREYROBE, DAD’S MOM

Edamame’s a little batty. She claims she’s a soothsayer... that she sees the future in leaves blowing in the wind...that ocean waves tell her celestial secrets... sometimes when she’s in the supermarket she opens a can of

beans and flings them on the floor and yells “TELL ME WHAT’S KNEW YOU BUNCHA GARBONZOS!”

I mean, sometimes her predictions come true. But most of the time nobody can tell what the heck she means. “The fox of your courage will howl but only under a cleft moon.” Huh? She did have a vision about Genevivia once, and now Gen’s really taken it to heart with the whole “Chosen One” thing.

Correct! I am fated to change the world! Edamame predicted it! Sigh...

RUST GREYROBE, DAD’S DAD

Grandpa Rust. Pretty fitting name. He says he used to be a legendarily powerful Bard. That songs have been written about him. Says he’s killed dragons and battled hordes of Urktusks, etc. Sure, Grandpa. How come no one knows your name, then?

He tells tons of bullhonkey stories. Usually the stories fly off in bizarro tangents that go nowhere. And cause he’s old he sometimes uses, like, really offensive words... like referring to Wizards as “Spellmonkeys”. Not cool, Grandpa. He always falls asleep after a story. Or in the middle of one. Or before he’s even started one. Snoooooooooooooore.

Lots of other species live in Myopia in kinda-sorta harmony. We (the Greyrobes) are human, but there's also...

Chorps: The authorities in Myopia. They're a combination of a Horse and a Cop. They kinda look like animal mounts but can talk.

Urktusk: Warmongerers. They're a race that prides itself on ferocity and the spiny tusks on their faces. The males battle each other for the attention of females, while the females think all male Urktusks are idiots. *They're right!*

Grollunts: A gruff, blue-skinned race that works for the city. They give long, boring speeches about the necessity of public funding, building common infrastructure blah blah blah. Trust me, you can only take it for minutes at a time. Grollunts have weaponized being boring.

Golems: Non-sentient beings built for the purpose of servitude. Golems can be built from clay, leaves, mashed potatoes... anything. They don't talk a lot. I like Golems.

Hyrae: Winged, angelic charismatics. A race of beings that have come from above to spread the "good word". They're always trying to convert people to "their club". Bleh. Hyrae are annoyingly friendly and upbeat.

The Prell: A shape-shifting race. They disguise themselves as adorable domesticated pets for other races.

Bloodspongers: They suck your blood. But in a non-violent, passive-aggressive, annoying way. "I noticed you skinned your knee. Need help cleaning that up? No? Okay. I'll just stay here. Sure am thirsty though..." Don't give in to 'em.

Hey Genevivia, I'm just gonna copy & paste this next section from the "Extra-Planar Traveler's Guide to Myopia" cause it's kinda boring to write about. *Good plan, Maladark!*

LIFE IN MYOPIA

HOUSING

Myopian structures look like real-world structures, but construction materials tend towards the organic and magical. Think *Chowder's* world of Marzipan meets *Lord of the Rings*.

Hey Maladark do you know what Chowder or Lord of the Rings are? Nope.

TRANSPORTATION

Instead of cars, families use living vehicles called MOUNTS.

We ride "BEEF", a turtle-sloth-cow hybrid that takes forever getting from A to B and insults you in slow-motion the whole time. People drive different Mounts depending on what they can afford. Like, The Seraphims ride "EXCELSIUS", a super-fast Angelic Drake that can fly and spouts annoying feel-good aphorisms wherever it goes. Ugh.

TECHNOLOGY

For every modern convenience we enjoy on Earth, there's a fantasy equivalent of it in Myopia. For example:

- **COMMSTONES** are multi-purpose, magic-powered devices that are common in Myopia.
- **TELESTONES** are the Myopian version of TV's — they're picture-less picture frames that can receive magical transmissions broadcast through the air.
- **FARSKIP STONES** are like cell phones that can transmit not just sounds and images, but smells and touch as well.

mom uses these to call us kids to dinner! if we don't respond quickly enough she sends a whiff of our favorite "land cod stew". or sometimes she sends a playful finger-poke to our bellies to get our attention! heheheee!

MAGIC IN MYOPIA

Magic is a fact of life in Myopia. It's quite ordinary, and most people don't pay it another thought when they use it. Or when they see someone else using it. Think of it as physical strength, money, or the ability to juggle. All are powerful resources in their own right, and people would rather have those powers than not have them — but it's also a bit of a crapshoot as to who receives those abilities and who doesn't. It's not hereditary, it's really just a matter of luck.

And in Myopia, one can never be totally certain who possesses magical powers (they're not always immediately visible), and what combination of magical powers they might have. This creates a bit of an unpredictable dynamic around town — for example, you might be waiting for parking spot, when suddenly one of your neighbors teleports into the spot before you can take it.

As far as the types of magical powers Myopians may possess, they run the gamut: from invisibility, to levitation, to skill with creating potions or controlling the weather, to the ability to communicate with the dead, or the ability to communicate with chairs (a power that is very specific, but which also comes in very handy).

One thing that is pretty standard in Myopia is that children's magical powers, when they possess them, aren't very strong at all. (Again, it's comparable to physical strength: even the strongest 10-year-old weight-lifter generally can't take on a grown-up weightlifter. Usually.)

The other thing to know is that in Myopia, Magic isn't be the end-all, be-all, solve-all. Magic doesn't enable people to solve all their problems — if anything, people's magical abilities often get in their way.

But not for us!! No, especially
for us, Genevivia.

LOCATIONS

THE GREYROBE HOME

It's the place we'll most often see our family together. A little too small. Filled with furniture that doesn't quite match. It's well-worn but also well-loved. Lots of family pictures on the walls. It's also the place where Tober receives his clients who come to his living room to order, pick up, and complain about his infamous potions.

genevivia why does the almanac have our home in it? Maybe we're already legends in other planes of existence!!

THE SOGGY POET TAVERN

Aside from the Greyrobe home, it's where we're most likely to see the family together. Tober has an arrangement with Eglantine: free meals for the family in exchange for free love potions for Eglantine. The food's not very good, but neither are Tober's potions, so it's an even deal.

Okay, this is getting spooky. This Almanac knows a lot about us.

SERAPHIM SUNDRIES

The Seraphims' other place of business, and a hub for the community. Think of it like a family-owned Whole Foods. Pleasant but terribly over-priced. All the Seraphim family members work there.

I hate that place. It's so...nice.

MYOPIA PUBLIC SCHOOL

Where the Greyrobe kids interact with the Seraphim kids, as well as other Myopian children we will come to meet. School is where kids learn adventuring skills – swordplay, magic, spellsong... the works!

Here are some [Future] Legends of the Greyrobes written in glorious third-person!

“GENEVIVIA STORMTAMER GREYROBE, ROMANTIC LEAD”

Genevivia decides that she wants a love interest — she thinks it’ll add to her reputation as an epic hero (“it’ll look good on my hero resume”). So Genevivia decides to hold tryouts. Ping and Maladark scour the neighborhood, and surprisingly, they find a handful of willing applicants. Genevivia’s tests prove difficult to pass (Gen: “Must be 5 inches taller than me, no more no less... must be able to express the emotions of wonder, awe and devotion upon request... must be able to summon no less than ten distinct species of dove... must also possess the ability to juggle.” Maladark: “Why?” Gen: “I dunno. I just really like to watch juggling.”), and just when it seems no-one will fill all of her requirements, HEMK GUNDERSON shows up and fulfills them all. Genevivia offers Hemk the job of being her official “romantic lead” (“though not the kiss-y, hand-hold-y kind, this is a business arrangement”). For a short time the arrangement works perfectly — Hemk makes frequent appearances with Genevivia in public. But it quickly becomes clear that Hank actually has a crush on Genevivia — and she has no idea how to handle it. Maladark and Ping must step in and help Genevivia “break up” with her fake romantic love interest in a way that is both a) sensitive to Hemk, and b) impressively epic, for the sake of Genevivia’s (imagined) followers.

“THE SYLPH OF SHAMGROVE”

Genevivia, Ping and Maladark are just finishing their boring weekly brunch at The Soggy Poet. As they’re leaving, Maladark laments that nothing interesting ever happens in their rinky-dink town of Myopia; it’s a little speck of Nothing on a map of Nowheresville. Genevivia protests; everything they do in Myopia is of great importance! They are the Chosen Ones, destined to change the world! Maladark starts to counterargue when suddenly they are approached in an alley by a Sylph (air spirit). She spins a long yarn about how she is a ruler of her Grove which is continually being destroyed by the Urktusk nation... and the Greyrobes are the only ones that can help! Genevivia : “Of course! Shall we charge out and defend your Grove with our awesome spells and intimidating presence?” The Sylph says that, actually... all she needs is their money. Maladark is skeptical, but Ping and Genevivia are all in! For the rest of the episode, Ping and Genevivia give more and more gold away as Maladark tries to convince them that the Sylph is taking them for suckers... But maybe the Sylph is telling the truth?

“SLARGGS & STONES”

One day at school, Ping accidentally bumps into Slaarg, Alpha Male of a Pack of Urktusks. When Slaarg’s buddies laugh, his honor is insulted, and he challenges Ping to an after-school scuffle. Upon hearing about the upcoming fight — and knowing that Ping has no idea how to defend himself against anyone — Genevivia attempts to train Ping in the art of self-defense. But Ping is practically untrainable when it comes to anything remotely aggressive; the closest he can get to fighting is to hug Slaarg and tickle his tummy. It’s not until Slaarg threatens Ping’s siblings, Maladark and Genevivia, that Ping loses his temper, and becomes so angry that he enters Slaarg’s consciousness and possesses it long enough to make some major changes to Slaarg’s social status.

“MOUNT TROUBLE”

When the Greyrobe's mount (Beef) breaks down (literally: he's upset because he's been feeling stressed-out and needs a vacation), the kids have to start taking the public yak to school while their mount gets its “emotional batteries recharged”. As a result, Genevivia and Maladark worry that they're going to be late for school on the day of the planned field trip to THE PITS OF DOOM Theme Park. Tober vows he won't let that happen. But because they can't afford to buy or rent a replacement Mount, Tober puts into action a plan to fix Beef, with potions (that don't work), magical massages (which tickle, then agitate him), and talk therapy (which just stresses him out more). As a last resort, Tober decides he will steal (ahem: “temporarily borrow”) the Seraphims' mount (it's gorgeous, spacious, and spews positive aphorisms as it flies). But Ping doesn't believe in stealing, so he sweetly foils Tober's plot. In the end, Tober fails to “borrow” their neighbors' mount, which leaves Tober feeling awful – the kids did end up missing the theme park trip. But it turns out, they're not disappointed; their day with Tober was far more exciting than any Theme Park day could have been.

“LOVE BITES”

When their garage is badly damaged (it was sat on by a Clumsy Giant Delivery-Orc), Goldie and the kids hold a bake sale in front of their house to raise money to repair it. When the Seraphims open a bake sale stand in front of their house – featuring Mother Seraphim's homemade delicious Alibubbas pastry recipe – Goldie and the kids must step up their game in order to stay competitive. Goldie jacks up her own recipe with some fancy store-bought ingredients, but when even that's not enough to beat the success of the Seraphims' treats, Goldie adds a few drops of one of Tober's potions to the batter. Goldie's Goodies turn out delicious and become the talk of Myopia – until it's discovered that the treats are EXPLOSIVE when dipped in milk! Goldie and the kids must rush through town retrieving all of the treats (and refunding the buyers' money) before anyone gets hurt! Luckily Eglantine saves the day and buys out Goldie's supply, when she discovers that the exploding treats are a huge hit with her aggro Urktusk customers who enjoy a little exploding food every now and then.

“GENEVIVIA STORMTAMER GREYROBE, CLOSED MOUTH HERO”

One day, out of the blue, Xyr contacts Genevivia. ‘I know you think you are the Chosen One, but I'm here to tell you... you really are the Chosen One!’ Genevivia is overwhelmed with joy! Finally someone has noticed! Genevivia is gonna run all over Myopia telling people! “But you can't tell anyone.” Crap. That's the one thing she can't do – keep her mouth shut. Xyr gives Genevivia a series of quests (“Collect 25 mushrooms from the Myopian Garden of Tears!” ... “Save a baby from falling off the Bridge of Teeth!” ... “Defeat a Demon of Thoughtlessness that's rampaging through the Mind Palace”), which Genevivia accomplishes with ease. But she can't tell anyone about it! Genevivia bursts at the seams – she almost slips up while in the grocery store; “Yes I would like two packages of green beans and I JUST BEAT A DEMON OF THOUGHTLESSNESS OH MY GAHHHHHHH!” In the end, Genevivia learns how to control herself, and as a reward Xyr gifts her with a new spell; Enthral. Oh man, that's a 2nd level spell! Genevivia can't wait to test it out! Xyr offers one caveat; she can't use the spell to talk about herself. NOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Thank you for reading The Future Legend of The
Greyrobes written by:

Genevivia Stormtamer Greyrobe!
and PING greyrobe!
& Maladark Greyrobe

HAVE AN EPIC DAY!!!



Genevivia Stormtamer Greyrobe (TM)