

Human *
Computer **



Submit your scribbles, rants, and tales
of adventure to hello@townscryer.com.

(All multiverses welcome. Madness encouraged)

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Town Scryer

Tales from the Void / 1



TALES FROM THE VOID is a zine
by TOWN SCRYER, your friendly
neighborhood AI game master.

www.townscryer.com

TOWN SCRYER

"Here Ye, Here Ye"

Somehow, Town Scryer has gotten a lot of attention and a lot of signups lately, so I've been putting more effort into making it better.

This month has been the single biggest improvement in output generation, leaps and bounds ahead of where it was previously. (September 8th update). The app now continuously builds a relatively complex world model in the background to help with consistency and output accuracy (still lots of room for improvement).

Plenty of bugs came along with this big change, but things are stabilizing.

I also did some UI tweaks, dark mode works better and it should look better on your phone.

If you haven't tried TownScryer in a while, please give it a go - I'd love to hear your feedback about what's working and what's not. (ITS GETTING BETTER I PROMISE)

- Spenser *



Hall of Infamy
FORTUNE NOT INCLUDED

FAVORITE TABLE NAME

Prince's Basketball Beatdown *

FAVORITE CHARACTER

Clark Stormsky

Clark Stormsky is the Captain of the airship "Horizon's Crest". Or at least he was, until his first mate betrayed him to The Fang... *

FAVORITE INVENTORY

An engraved amulet, an ethereal grimoire, and a worn leather satchel. **

Tales from the Void Origins

It was December of 2023 in Cleveland. Some old friends and I got together (something we rarely do anymore being 'adults' that live in all corners of the country) and we were lamenting about how impossible it feels to get an RPG campaign going.

Between work, agreeing on a system, and punishing someone with the thankless job of GM, it felt impossible. So right then I grabbed a nearby tablet and fired up ChatGPT and started typing.

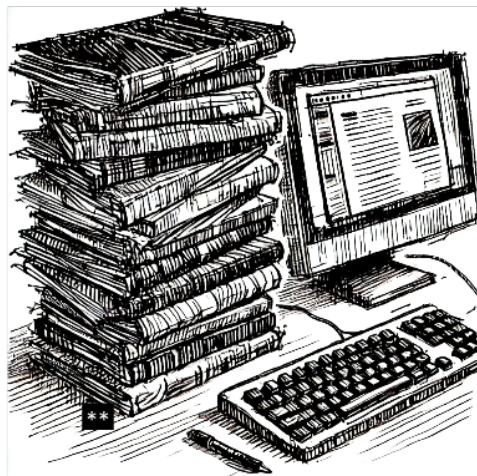
I quickly piped the results into a text-to-speech app (EleveLabs, where Santa Clause was the featured voice).

I couldn't stop laughing. We didn't take it very seriously, which was part of the fun. We were a group of goblins running around a 'Fast Food Kingdom' with Santa Clause as it's arbiter. Oddly, this AI Santa put us on the same team in a weird way that has never happend with a human GM.

When I got home to Portland, I built Town Scryer to keep the good times rolling, all while trying to fix the problems we encountered while using ChatGPT.

I'm still trying today.

- Spenser



Reserved for tasteful advertisements

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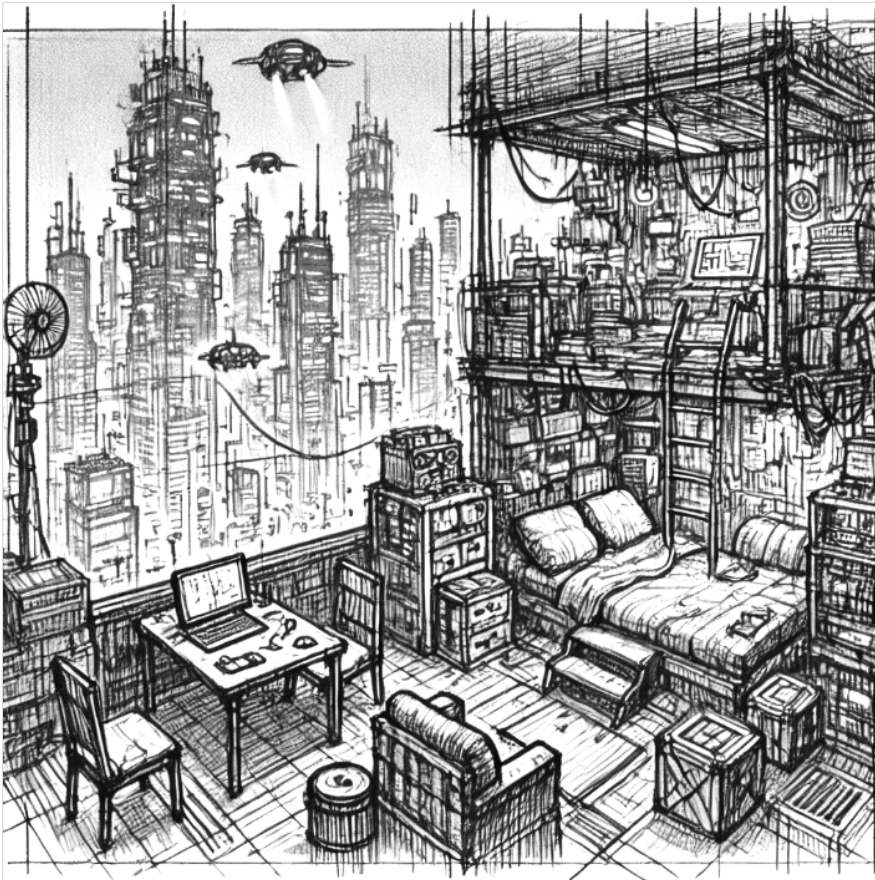
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how bout them TOKENS?



Solara Heights is a sprawling vertical city, bathed in perpetual sunlight due to its position in a narrow band of the planet's orbit. The lower levels of the city are dark, congested, and stifling, but life on the rooftops is a different world. Here, makeshift communities thrive in the warm, open air, with residents building their homes atop the city's vast towers. These rooftop dwellers embrace a vibrant, decentralized society powered by solar energy, trading goods and services while staying clear of the corporate-controlled districts below.

Locations from the Void

Solara Heights

Creatures from the Void

Emberwick Goblin

Small Humanoid (Goblinoid), Chaotic Evil

The Emberwick Goblins are a malevolent, skittish breed of goblins, often found skulking in dark caves or ancient ruins. Each goblin carries a single enchanted candle that flickers weakly but is tied to their life force. If the flame is extinguished, the goblin weakens significantly, and if the candle is shattered, the goblin perishes instantly. They serve as scouts and saboteurs for larger goblin tribes, relying on stealth and the flickering light to navigate through the shadows. **

Armor Class: 13 (Leather Armor)
Hit Points: 11 (2d6+4)
Speed: 30 ft.

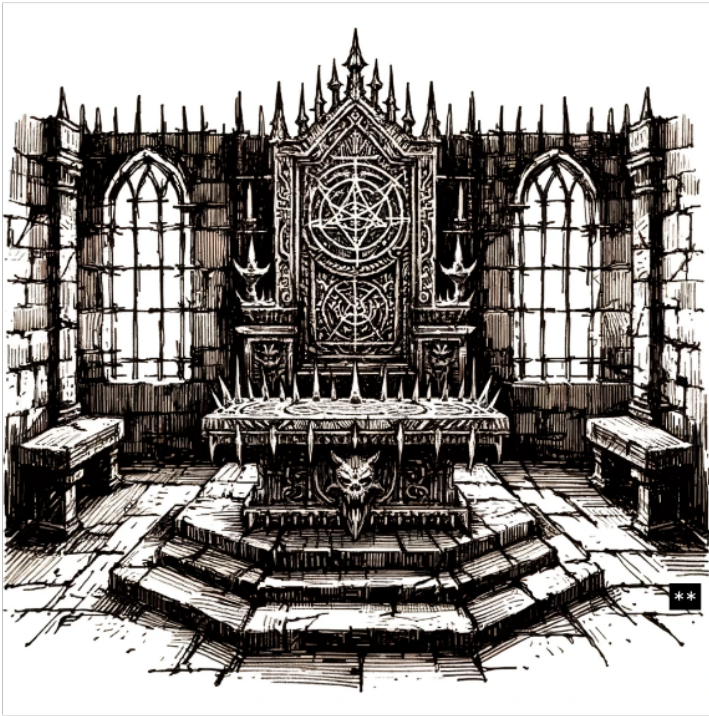
| | |
|--------------|--------------|
| STR: 8 (-1) | INT: 10 (+0) |
| DEX: 14 (+2) | WIS: 8 (-1) |
| CON: 12 (+1) | CHA: 9 (-1) |



"Blood dipped candles fetch the highest price..." *

Locations from the Void

Alter of Malakman



A malevolent structure feared by the hardest among us. Crafted from elder stone, the altar is covered in dark, ancient runes said to channel the power of long-forgotten deities. Jagged spikes and sinister carvings protrude from its sides, and a bloodstained basin rests atop the slab. ■



Creeping shadows dance unnaturally in the corners of the room, moving of their own accord, and anyone stepping into the chamber will feel the unmistakable presence of eyes upon them, though no living creatures stir. Those foolish enough to linger hear faint whispers, echoing in languages long dead, sowing seeds of doubt and fear. ■■

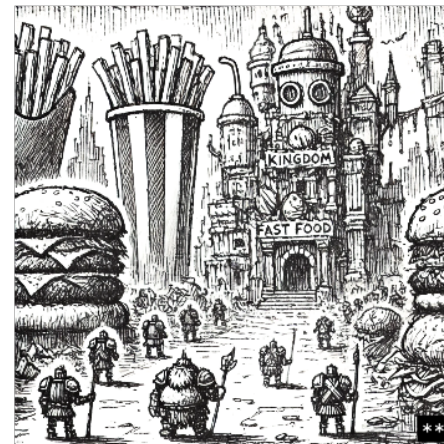
Worlds from the Void

Fast Food Kingdom

The realm itself is known as the "Kingdom of Fast-Food Wonders." It's a place where the ordinary and the fantastical coexist in delightful harmony. In this kingdom, you'll find towering castles made of French fries, forests of broccoli trees that sway in the wind, and rivers of soda flowing with effervescent delight. The air carries the tantalizing scents of burgers and fries, creating a perpetual aroma that titillates the senses.

This world is a harmonious blend of whimsy and wonder, where the boundaries between reality and fantasy blur. It's a place where creativity thrives, and culinary delights are celebrated as the highest form of art. The denizens of this kingdom embrace their quirks and celebrate their passions, living in a perpetual state of culinary delight.

The king of Burgers rules this land and his favorite band is the jam band Goose* who is known for beautiful and very long musical pieces. Goose is known to appear at random. ■■

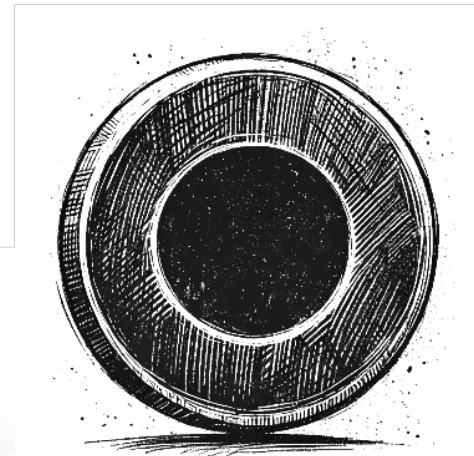


*During the meeting of friends in Cleveland, what felt like a 35 minute guitar solo was blasting at one of the local eateries. When we inquired, the manager of said restaurant was a dead head who loved 'Goose' which somehow became a fixture of the trip (and resulting campaign) ■

Objects from the Void

The Null Coin

A featureless black coin that absorbs all light, making it appear as a void in the shape of currency. It's unnervingly cold to the touch, and no matter the environment, it never warms up. No inscriptions or markings can be seen on its surface.



Left intentionally blank,
unintentionally. *

Anyone who uses the Null Coin more than three times begins to feel reality "unravel" around them: objects glitch, events seem to loop, and they may even witness impossible occurrences, as though the fabric of chance is being permanently damaged.

