


NARRATIVE DECLARATION 



# ROTGRIND

A WORLD  
IN DECAY



DEITIES

THE ANARCHY

**PATHFINDER**  
COMPATIBLE

COMPATIBLE WITH PATHFINDER 2E

## THE ANARCHY (IT/ITS)

*The force behind all things chaotic and changing, unceasing in its ever-shifting dance.*

**Edicts** embrace and enact change however possible, deliver ruin to those that stagnate progress, restore life where there is death in abundance

**Anathema** stem the flow of change in the world, adhere to doctrines of control

**Revival Point** Broken Object (any) / Explosions

## DEVOTEE BENEFITS

**Divine Font** *harm or heal*

**Divine Skill** Intimidation

**Favored Weapon** pick

**Domains** Creation, Destruction, Freedom, Nature, Time

**Cleric Spells** 1st: *dizzying colors*, 4th: *confusion*, 6th: *never mind*

**Allies** Uncle Blaze, Mama Decay

**Enemies** The Perfection

**Temples** workshops, battlefields, wherever time still flows / in the presence of change

**Worshippers** ascetics, artists, revolutionaries, druids

**Sacred Colors** rainbows, black



[@laura\\_pendl](#)

# THE ANARCHY

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## FUNDAMENTAL FORCE OF CHAOS, LOCUS OF PROGRESS

**Before mortal life drew its first breath, before the firmament of Tyne took hold, and the stars themselves spun into form, it was anarchy which presided over all that was – and all of it was Anarchy. As the Fundamental embodiment of chaos, The Anarchy is less a singular being than a sapient force, a gestalt consciousness living within the ebb and flow of entropy underlying creation. So long as time continues to march and life grows and withers, The Anarchy persists, as nothing that is will ever not cease to be, in time. It is spontaneity and ambivalence manifest, caring for little beyond the perpetuity of the natural order and the ruination of those who rally against it.**

By its very nature The Anarchy is not one to explicitly make itself known to its followers, owing to a belief in the Fundamental's omnipresence across all that is, was, and will be. Time makes cities and charnel houses in equal measure, and Anarchy presents itself in its passage. Those enlightened (or maddened) to action in pursuit of progress by any means are thought to be possessed of The Anarchy's lingering will, though whether they are simply influenced by it or puppeted directly as unwitting servitors remains a topic of debate.

Anarchic apocrypha - fittingly - portrays the fundamental as malign, benign, or nurturing depending on the school of thought. Some portray The Anarchy as the wellspring of all life – all that can ever be made by the chance weaving of the threads of chaos into something new or untangling them back into raw potential. Others hold the belief that it was an ouroboros of creation and destruction, endlessly and formlessly creating and self-annihilating until its antithesis – The Perfection – imposed order upon it as the cosmos took form. Most paeans hold that, above all else, it is the manifestation of progress by manner of entropic certainty – the certainty that time will march unceasingly onward towards oblivion and the annihilation of reason, as every ounce of manifested order will one day return to the maelstrom of chaos to begin again. Anything and everything else beforehand is but a necessary and inevitable byproduct of the cycle.

The ashen crags of Terleem are home to peoples who were, in bygone ages, known to venerate The Anarchy extensively in their desire to derive purpose and solace from their ruin-addled existence. Through the Ur-Anarch Ven'orth, a figure scholars believe to have been in direct communion with The Anarchy, the Ven'taabi People of Terleem would come to see the divinely wrought nature of their toils as a direct missive from their god. Why else would they labor to rear new life in the wake of

pyrodiluvial destruction, time and again, if they were not chosen to maintain the holiest of its cycles? Amid the vulturous squabble of warlords and bandits in present day, clades of the devoted remain in the ruins of Old Terleem, visiting death upon the perverters of the holy cycle and seeding new life in the corpse-loam that remains.

The Anarchy cares little for the nature of one's actions so long as they do not stagnate or disrupt the natural order of the cosmos, though despite its aloof and mercurial nature it is not above noticing those venerating its existence through action. Devotees of The Anarchy, while at their most densely-concentrated in Terleem, are no less varied than the force they venerate. Owing to its differing perceptions and interpretations, anarchic devoted are present across all walks of life – druids might take it upon themselves to maintain the natural world around them, ascetics might invoke its name in reflecting on the cycle of creation and destruction, artists may draw upon entropy to spur the generation of their next works, and the more destructively-inclined might align themselves with rebel factions and the similarly-minded followers of Gatharim. The Anarchy doles out measures of its power freely (if unconscious to its doing so), albeit most commonly manifesting as moments of inspiration or the catalyst spurring someone to action, though this phenomena is not strictly limited to the devoted. Those who willingly or unwittingly dedicate their lives to championing its cause might find themselves veritable tuning forks for The Anarchy's entropic cacophonies, capable of manipulating strange, entropic energies into fulminations that combat the very nature of order within their recipient.

Anarchic energies are at their most concentrated in locales of extreme discord (battlefields, cataclysms, natural disasters) or where the barriers between the material world and the Fundamental Battlefield are at their thinnest, and wheresoever The Anarchy bleeds in excess into the physical world shall one find its most devoted or fanatical adherents. Particularly-skilled worshippers have a tendency to erect more permanent fixtures to venerate their god at sites of planar bleed, whether compelled by their zealotry or consumed by artistic vision. These structures and monuments might not only be reflective of the architect's interpretation of The Anarchy in design, but may also possess qualities considered "unnatural" for mundane analogues – the presence of fractalization, recursion, and non-euclidean spaces among them. Much like its insistence on the natural cycle, these strange and great works often fall into ruin or obscurity with time, becoming the subject of forgotten history or whispered rumors among wider society, one such being the Fractal Terrace of Iudith Eyries. An architectural marvel within Outset said to be the life's work of the architect of its namesake, it was said to boggle the minds of any who set foot within with seemingly-impossible structure of its gardens and captivate with utterly foreign art installations strewn about, alleged to have been created in service of a divine missive wrought of the chaotic energies which suffused the property. Though by the time of the First House the structure had seemingly disappeared from the city and the minds of its people, rumors and records of its existence persist, much to the chagrin of Perfection-aligned bureaucrats who work to suppress such dangerous misinformation.

Among its peers among the Fundamentals, The Anarchy harbors no disdain for The Beneficence nor love for The Malice - preferring to leave them to their feuding and reveling in the chaos borne of their rivalry drives the wheels of progress. Similarly, the Old Powers occupy a similar station within The Anarchy's sight as agents of progress. Whether they work together or against each other, inevitably the balance they maintain will keep the great cycle in motion, though Uncle Blaze and Mama Decay have - unknowingly - long-since-curried The Anarchy's for their particular influences upon it. In fact, despite the myriad forces of divinity at work upon the world, it is only The Perfection that is so odious and reviled that The Anarchy will go out of its way to interfere, subvert, or wound them however it can. As the only deity diametrically opposing it, The Anarchy is inclined to make a more-direct presence in the affairs of those working for as well as against its hated rival.





## SPONSORSHIP

The Anarchy sponsors individuals sparingly – while it is not known to be miserly with its power, the Anarchy’s attention is so divided amongst its multitudes that it rarely takes note of those championing its causes in the mortal world. It is more likely, however, to take note of those who act upon their will to enact change, particularly those whose actions have greater-reaching effects. Neither good nor evil, The Anarchy watches leaders guiding their people to war or peace with an equally-auspicious intrigue, though those working in opposition to its timeless antagonist are far more likely to receive the multitudes of its blessings. Perfectite Cogniliths (“Memoir Stones”) detail periods of their rule disrupted by those wielding anarchic influence. The inflexible grip of hegemonic perfection, broken – under the unyielding deluge of a unified will to change. So the world revolves, from frigid order to roiling chaos and back again, ad infinitum.

In sponsorship, The Anarchy does not err from its pursuit of the cycle it holds so dear. Life inevitably gives way to death, as it should be, and a sponsored falling in battle indeed meets their demise just as any other. Reviving them would be anathema to its praxis, but vision of the fractal branches of possibility does provide a useful caveat. One such legend tells of a pragmatic autarch blessed with sponsorship falling dead upon the glaive of her foe, only for a near-identical version to appear amid the roil of meteoric artillery, wreathed in prismatic flame and sundering her would-be executioner with her own fractal partisan. It is believed that a sponsored individual is wrenched away from a neighboring worldline at the moment of their death, where an otherwise killing blow only grazed them instead, erupting back into the fray of the new timeline at the nearest locus of entropic force, baptized in fire to mete out their undying will. Whether an explosion, structural collapse, or similar instance of great discord, those given an anarchic do-over describe it as a “stepping sideways, accompanied by the cacophony of divine vertigo”.

## PLAYING A FOLLOWER

A follower of the Anarchy is someone who fervently pursues progress in their world and believes in maintaining the cycle of creation. Whether they seek to unseat a corrupt hegemon enforcing poisonous stasis or tend to a withered garden, their faith in the Holy Cycle permeates their lives at all levels – though some are more aware of this acute devotion than others. They abhor stagnation, and will work against it as best they can at all times. Progress can be as intangible as it is tangible with some of the greatest possible changes coming from within, and personal growth is a fine equal to the enactment of physical or societal change.

Adherents live spontaneously and make for good company as pickup adventurers for their tendency to go with the flow as often as they adhere to their dogma, their blithe demeanor lending an energizing presence to their parties. Followers often struggle with balancing their impulse control with the conventions of wider society, frequently finding trouble by living in the moment, drinking a little too hard on a suggestion or engaging in the most direct solution to a problem regardless of tact. An individual from any walk of life may find their calling in The Anarchy, though clerics, horticulturists, druids, and revolutionaries are abundant among the faithful. Terleem is home to its most devout adherents, but the Ven'taabi diaspora has given rise to anarch enclaves across Tyne whereby they may evoke divine progress where it is most needed.

# NARRATIVE DECLARATION

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