
Used Carpet Salesperson

It turns out that it's a long and arduous journey to the Wishing Well. It's not like they hide them around every corner. To get her, you needed maps, and rations, and most importantly transportation. One does not simply walk across the continent. OK, maybe one *could*, but it seems like a royal pain.

Magical transportation takes money, though. Lots of money. So you began making inquiries for discount options. And it turns out that lots of people did have old carpets, brooms, and whatnot that were sitting unused after their owners had upgraded. Someone else might've just bought one and travelled on. You, however, saw an opportunity to raise money for the rest of your journey. This was an under-served niche, and you were just the right person to fill it.

So, you set yourself up as a used carpet salesperson, buying up old magical transport that was available and reselling it, at quite nice profits may I add, when opportunity presented itself along your way. Sure, it might not have been the fastest way to travel. But you sure as stone aren't pinching pennies to buy hardtack any more.

And you made it in time, despite your side-business. There's just one thing, though. This has whetted your taste for business, but dealing in others' threadbare castoffs is limiting, in lots of ways. You can't really express your creativity, and whether or not you admit it aloud your wares always have flaws. But with your new insight into magical transportation, you could make something groundbreaking, artistic, without flaws. At least, you could, if you had the ability to turn your designs into reality at all. But if you wished for a magical flying loom, you could make the best flying carpets the realm has ever seen! Avant-garde designs! Re-enforced wool underlayers! Side-view looking glasses! Ah, the sky's the limit.

Wish

- A magical flying loom.

Items

- **Flying Carpet**
- **Book of Failed Transportation Spells** *You found this at a magician's estate sale, and bought it thinking it would help in your attempts to make better flying carpets. It doesn't have much useful in it though—just random spells with impossible ingredients. For example, there's a spell to turn mirrors into connected gateways: walk into one, and out the other. But, it needs quicksilver. And who has quicksilver?!*

Turned to Gold

The thing is, people are idiots. And greedy. People are basically greedy idiots. But people don't realize this, of course. They think they're so clever. So basically, people are greedy idiots who think they're clever. And by people, you mean your mother.

Your mother has a thing for money and gold. No matter how much gold jewelry or decorations or coins she has, she wants more. So, as you can imagine, when she was at a dinner party and saved a drunk genie from making an impolite remark about the Duke, and he offered her a wish in return, she jumped at the chance. Now, just because she's an idiot doesn't mean she's ignorant. She'd heard the tales, knew some of what could go wrong. And that's the problem. That made her feel like she knew what she was doing, that she could be clever. She didn't go talk it over with a lawyer, or consult with you, or anything sensible like that.¹ She just remembered what could go wrong with everything she touched turning to gold, and said, "I wish everything I touch would turn to gold, but that this wouldn't ironically kill anyone or anything like that." Oh, Mother.

So, of course, when she got home, you ran up to give her a hug. And you turned to gold, sort of. You're still alive. You can still talk and move around and so on. But you can't eat normal food, only golden food, and it tastes like not much at all and is super expensive. Also, you're really malleable, so you need to be careful not to hit anything too hard or you'll be hours getting yourself back into shape. So, it's better than being dead. But it's really putting a cramp in your lifestyle.

Your mother was aghast, of course. She sent a message to the genie, asking if he could undo it. But, of course, he couldn't. When she asked what could, he said "Well, the Wishing Well probably could, I guess." So that's why you came here. Your mother prepared lots of gold food for your journey: golden apples, golden sandwiches, a golden beef stroganoff. And off you went.

Wish

- To no longer be made of gold.

Items

- **Golden Apple**

¹She probably had had a few drinks herself, to be fair.

Turned into a Toad

You had no way of knowing that the princess had learned some dragon magic at that infernal Princess Tea Party Battalion meeting. Or that she would catch you in your scheme to run off with her design ideas for a line of shoes concealing daggers in the heels and sell them to the highest bidder. Okay, so maybe she had every right to be mad at you. Maybe you should have known better than to steal from a princess who liked to wear weapons to the ball. But, did she really have to turn you into a purple toad with orange warts? How embarrassing.

Wish

- Break the dragon spell that made you a toad. Or, at least get some color coordination!

Items

- **Mysterious Slime** (*Ahh... the joys of being a toad.*)

Turned into a Squirrel

So, there are all these rules they tell travelers about the Enchanted Forest. “Be polite to everyone you meet.” “Cast a stone in before crossing a body of water.” “Don’t eat anything you see growing wild without a guide.” So, you see, you should’ve known better.

The thing is, you couldn’t help it. You’d gotten lost, and your salt beef and oatmeal ran out days ago. You were hungry! It would’ve probably made more sense if it were berries you’d seen. But there weren’t any berries in that part of the forest. Instead, there were lots of oaks. You’d heard about hermits eating acorns to survive, and it’s not like they belonged to anyone. What would be the harm?

But you were twice wrong. The grove was the private reserve of the Squirrel Queen. Also, eating the acorns turned you into a squirrel yourself. (Though why the Squirrel Queen would need the power to turn into a squirrel is not manifestly clear.) So not only are you a squirrel, you’re an outcast squirrel, chased for what felt like days by squirrels improbably riding badgers until you managed to get away.

The truth is, other than all the other squirrels trying to kill you, you kind of like being in this shape. It’s amazing how little people pay attention to what’s overhead, and you’ve gotten rather fond of knowing other people’s secrets. The bushy tail is soft and warm, like always having your favorite blanket on hand. And the jumping! Leaping! Climbing!... It’s a thrill!

Unfortunately, you can feel the effect of the acorns wearing off. You’ve started getting bigger, and your fur has started to thin ever so slightly. To stay the way you are, you need more of the Queen’s acorns! But, it’s not like you can just go back to the grove and pick them. You’re hoping the wishing well will be able to supply you with as many acorns as you need for a lifelong stash... or at least a stash that will last until you feel like letting the transformation wear off.

Wish

- A large supply of the magical acorns from the Squirrel Queen’s grove.

Juxium the Magnificent

Getting to the Wishing Well was a long journey, and you didn't necessarily want everyone you met along the way knowing your true identity. Sometimes the subtle route is best. So you bought some robes, got some flashpowder and such at the alchemist's, and set yourself up as Juxium the Magnificent, sorcerer extraordinaire.

You expected it to be a handy disguise, to be able to have fun presenting yourself as eccentric and to keep bandits and the like from bothering you. Everyone knows sorcerers are mysterious, secretive, and often travelling alone.

And it worked! Folks were mighty impressed. You spun all sorts of tales, showed off a few tricks of slight of hand, and they lapped it up. And then, people started asking you to help their crops grow, to brew them love potions, to re-enforce their barns. You needed coin for the journey, so you thought, if they're so eager to give you a little money, why not? You'd be far away by the time they found out.

The thing is, it turns out you really like being a con artist. You relish the thrill of being in disguise, the feeling of power when someone has bought your lie... and the money isn't bad either. Now, you want to up your game, and start fleecing the big marks. A while back you heard of some con artists that managed to convince a king to pay through the nose for *invisible clothes*. Now, that's artistry. That's power. You want to be like those tailors. You want to con royalty! But to do that, you'll need more than the appearance of a travelling sorcerer...

Wish

- To be appointed as the court sorcerer of a kingdom, so you can con the wealthiest and most powerful people out of their gold.

Items

- **Loom** *used for making fancy robes*

Invisible

To get to the wishing well, you had to walk through the Enchanted Forest for a long time. Days and days and days without an inn or pub to provide food. Your travel rations were dry. They were such a dreary diet. You hate dreary things! You longed for even one piece of juicy fruit, or piece of sweet cake... So, when you saw the purple berries, and your poison detector let you know they were safe to eat, you didn't hesitate. Of course, the moment you started to chew you felt it: a chill, like you were being dipped in icy water.

Now, you're invisible. People can hear you and bump into you, but no one has been able to see you since you ate those berries. At first it was fun. You could play tricks on people, and sneak around to learn secrets. But, you soon realized how lonely invisibility is. Now, all you want is to be seen.

Stupid defective poison detector. It's all the tool's fault.

Wish

- Become visible again.

Note

- You're sufficiently noisy that people generally know where you are, despite your invisibility.

Items

- **Poison Detector**

Monarch Macrae

It turns out that most people don't really know what their ruler looks like. Sure, you've got their head on all your coins, maybe a portrait in the town hall if your town is particularly notable, but what people really notice is the finery, the attendants, the pomp and circumstance. If you saw your ruler alone, dressed in ordinary clothes, would you really recognize them?

So, when Monarch Macrae of the Kingdom of Alzior developed a reputation for getting fed up with all the responsibilities of rulership and slipping out of the palace to have adventures, you got an idea. You were in good with a local troupe of actors. They helped you put together a disguise, nothing magical, but good enough. You spent most of your money on a sword that might *not actually* be enchanted, but certainly looked like it might be. And you went around conspicuously *not* drawing attention to yourself.

It worked great. Monarch Macrae's plenty popular, so people treated you well, gave you the best room in the inn, gave you the best cut of the roast. Everyone thinks they're part of some great adventure, they really get into it. It's made travelling here to the Wishing Well *so* much more enjoyable.

Thing is, it's got you thinking. Why not wish to really rule a kingdom? The idea has grown on you. And if you're this popular as a *fake* monarch. . .

Wish

- To rule a kingdom.

Items

- **Fancy Sword**

Turned into a Child

You were at an enchanter's estate sale when you found it: an unlabeled jar with a lead stopper. Well, you knew exactly what was in that jar, so you happily paid the asking price and rushed home with your find. Sure enough, when you pried off the lid, there was a djinn, ready to grant you three wishes. And, fool that you were, you blurted out the first wishes that came to mind: wealth, a magic mirror that will answer any question, and eternal youth. Now, you're stuck in the body of a child. You've looked ten years old for twenty years already, and it's maddening. What good is wealth if you can't buy and enjoy a good bottle of ale? Or if you're legally too young to own property? You can't stand it anymore!

Your magic mirror (safely hidden back home—no use risking something that valuable on a quest!) told you what to do: come to this well, and wish to look like an adult. So, here you are!

Wish

- To break your last wish and look like an adult.

Turned into an Ogre

Your second year at Miss Penelope's Magic Seminary, you decided to turn your teacher into an Ogre. She deserved it. You worked for months to craft the perfect spell... one that couldn't be broken, bent, or twisted. You didn't know that Miss Penelope had a charm that turned all spells sent at her by students back on the casters. You didn't know that your perfectly crafted spell of revenge would, instead, be your curse.

You did your work too well. No one could break it. You're sick of being an outcast, trapped in a body that isn't yours. The Wishing Well is your last hope!

Wish

- Turn back into your true self!

Abilities

- **Immune to Transformation Spells:** Normal spells and magic can't transform you or return you to your original form.

Items

- **Scroll of Ogre Transformation:** A written copy of the spell that can turn someone into an ogre unbreakably. It reads: Mumbo, jumbo, ogre, pop! This here spell will never stop!
- **Wish-break Stick:** Can be used to undo all the effects of a wish on the user. Destroyed after use. *(This was given to you by someone who sponsored your journey to the Wishing Well, to use in case your wishing goes awry. It doesn't work on your curse, of course. That was a spell, not a wish.)*