
Middle Children United

From the moment you saw the advertisement, you were hooked. It read: *Are you feeling left out of all the adventures? Have older and younger siblings who get all the glory? We feel your pain! Come to Middle Children United, where for the first time in your life, the focus will be on you!* At long last, you thought. A place where you wouldn't fade into the background. Maybe this group would be able to help you find something interesting to do with your life. Something important! You went to the meetings. You paid your dues. And being with people in similar situations was great. Finally, you're not the only one stuck with a boring bureaucratic job while your siblings get all the exciting ones.

But overall, the group was a huge disappointment. All it ever amounted to was disgruntled members complaining about their siblings. You could complain about your family all on your own! What this group needed, you decided, was a way to keep conversations on yourselves, what you've been accomplishing, the major issues of the day. Any topic that *wasn't* your families. A magic doorway, or something. Maybe, if all of the Middle Children United members couldn't talk about their families, they would finally do what they'd all come there to do: focus on themselves.

Someone has to do something to make this group function.

Wish

- A way to keep members on-topic at meetings.

Abilities

- **Bureaucratic Influence:** You and your colleagues in Middle Children United have influence with various Boards of Education and such bureaucracies.

Gargoyle Liberation Front

Where ever there are souls that yearn for freedom, we are each of us enchained. Where one is trapped, forever unable to choose their own path, all good hearts weep. For those who've done no wrong to be denied their liberty is the greatest injustice.

That's why you joined the Gargoyle Liberation Front. For someone to be trapped on the corner of a building or in the carvings atop a column, just because of the whim of some tyrant architect centuries past? Such things cannot be borne! You and your compatriots gathered to right this wrong.

It's been slow going, though. The people who own the buildings go on about "structural integrity" and "historical value", blind to their own cruelty. You'd be happy to break and enter in the name of freedom, if you had a way to free them yourself. But the expensive sorcerers who can do the necessary magic aren't so keen on lawbreaking. And getting the opportunity to free gargoyles legally involves even more expensive negotiations with the owners. (Most kingdoms don't treat gargoyles and other "architectural entities" as full individuals under the law. Criminal.)

That's why you were sent. The Front pooled their resources, did the necessary divinations, and managed to discover the way to a surviving Wishing Well. For, what would take innumerable centuries of toil and strife could be done here, now, with a single wish. You could be the one to set gargoyles, animate statues, wise-cracking door-knockers, and all their brethren free, forever.

Wish

- To break free gargoyles and other architectural entities.

Secondary Goal

- Win new converts to your most noble cause.

Recovering Heroes Support Group

You did your part. You rescued the village from pillaging giants. You found the child lost in the woods. You saved the kingdom, and got the customary reward. But, you still felt the urge to . . . be a hero. It was like an addiction. You woke up every morning hoping to find news of a disaster. You rode toward every fire. Whenever a new minstrel rode into town, you begged to hear the latest horrors. But, you had done too good a job. The kingdom was safe, and there was nothing left for you to do. When your spouse caught you trying to bribe a witch to cast a spell on the townspeople (so you could rescue them), they insisted that you join the Recovering Heroes Support Group.

The group saved your life, and your marriage. You were surrounded by people just like you, struggling to put their glory days behind them and settle into their happy endings. The group had a surprisingly large membership! But now, the group is in danger. Monsters and evildoers and relations of beasts the members had defeated had sent in a spy, and learned where the meetings were held. They were attacking, and the group was being forced to defend itself. They were being forced to . . . once again. . . be heroes. It was terrible! So, for the good of the group, you came to this well, to wish for a way to keep the group safely hidden, forever. No further acts of heroism required. You only hope you can return before it's too late. . .

Wish

- To have a safe place to hold meetings that will never require heroics to defend.

Items

- **Escape Ring:** Can make the wearer incorporeal at will. (*great for avoiding fights*)

Speed Rescuing

These are different times. Your generation's not going to let yourselves be bound by the way things have "always" been done. In your grandparents' day, maybe there was no better way to find your true love than to wait around for years for some dashing knight to rescue you, or to go on an arduous quest and face almost-certain death knowing nothing of the person you're trying to rescue beyond the plaintive wails of the parents and the tales they've paid bards to spread. But you've looked into it, and what the storytellers hide behind "happily ever after" is a lot of unhealthy and decidedly unhappy marriages. The rescuer and the rescued could have nothing in common, have completely different tastes in entertainment or castle decoration, have incompatible political views! It's all nice and romantic to let destiny work everything out, but, based on what you've seen? Destiny needs all the help it can get.

So, you helped found Speed Rescuing, Ltd. The idea is simple. Instead of pledging hands in marriage as the reward for an arduous, epic quest from a village-destroying manticore, pledge a few dates for rescuing someone from something smaller. Like, an irate goblin, or maybe an excessive amount of tax paperwork. You can spend a few hours on the quest, catch dinner and a pantomime over the weekend, and if you're not feeling the alchemy you can try it all over again the next week.

The problem is, though, that it turns out heroes don't like playing by the rules. They'll keep hassling someone who turned them down, or rescue the same person more than once, or some hero that hasn't even signed up feels like they can waltz in, tame an awkwardly-long mutant dog, and get a date without paying the Speed Rescuing, Ltd. rescuer fee! It's a serious existential threat to your business model!

So you talked to the board, and they were all like, what if we had a legal agreement that would be magically binding on anyone entering Speed Rescuing, Ltd. premises? But your wizarding department said that that would be immoral, unethical, impossible, and also prohibitively expensive. So that's why you decided to come here.

You really do want to make the world a better place. Is it so wrong to want to make money doing it, and also magically compel everyone to follow your rules?

Wish

- That your speed-rescuing regulations be magically binding on anyone entering Speed Rescuing, Ltd. premises.

Items

- **Monitoring Book:** This book automatically updates to track all happenings in an area specified by the owner. (*Currently tuned to Speed Rescuing, Ltd. premises. Your wizarding department made it.*)

Toxic Toadstool Gardening Club

There is so much more to magical gardening than roses that sing and ferns that unfurl into rainbows! You and your other Toxic Toadstool Gardening Club members (aka “Toxic Toadies”) are committed to tending the noxious and dastardly plants that thrive in the Enchanted Forest. It’s guerilla gardening at its most thrilling! Why, when all the other inhabitants of the forest are hacking back the deadly nightshade and trying to eliminate patches of berries that turn eaters into blue donkeys, your group is out and about in the middle of the night helping those very same plants to thrive! Yours is an important calling. You help keep the Enchanted Forest safe from intruders, ne’er-do-wells, and people stupid enough to eat strange berries in a magical forest. Not to mention that many of the plants your group tends are essential to maintaining the delicate balance of forest’s magical ecosystem. If an innocent bystander or twelve gets caught by the plants, well... all great things come at a cost.

Unfortunately, a plague of goodness has swept through the Enchanted Forest. For some reason, a particularly invasive variety of buttercup has been springing up everywhere, and it seems to be specifically targeting every nasty plant and fungus your group tends. Strangled by roots of goodness, your carefully-tended plantings have begun to decline. You suspect a traitor in your midst! Or a particularly humanitarian flock of sparrows. Whatever the cause, you need to figure it out and stop it, before the Enchanted Forest loses its bark *and* bite!

Wish

- Cure the Enchanted Forest of the Buttercup Plague!

Abilities

- **Grow Plant:** You can grow a plant from seeds instantly.

Items

- **Powdered Invisible Dusk-blooming Chokeweed**
- **Topical Flower Seeds:** When grown, topical flowers require those close enough to smell them to keep conversation on a specified topic.

Princess Tea Party Battalion

Many years ago, the Legendary Princess Alianora founded the Princess Tea Party Battalion. The Princess Tea Party Battalion, when Alianora created it, was a small and secret club for royal rebels, where the rare princesses who wanted to learn to fight and plan battles, or do magic, or any other un-princess-like skill, could do so without having to resort to drastic measures (like bribing a dragon to kidnap them). Over the years, the Princess Tea Party Battalion has become one of the most well-respected royal social clubs to belong to. Any princess worth their salt has had at least a few fencing lessons and knows a fireproofing spell or three! And, therein lies the problem.

The Princess Tea Party Battalion was supposed to be a safe haven for royal rebels, but if rebelling is socially acceptable, what's the point? You were into fencing before you knew it was fashionable. And, you want to be able to do more than fence. You want to fight! You want to ride into battle and slay your foe! You want to lead a Princess Revolution, with Princess Armies fighting Princess Villains! Your friends say you are delusional. You say, it's time for the Princess Tea Party Battalion to girl up and get serious about rebellion. Necromancy is the only solution.

Wish

- You want to imbue all members of the Princess Tea Party Battalion with Alianora's fiery spirit. . . literally.

Abilities

- **Fireproofing Spell:** You can make someone temporarily immune to fire. To cast it on a new target, you need to spend Powdered Hen's Teeth and Feverfew. To cast it on someone who's had it cast on them before (such as yourself), you just need to spend Feverfew. (*The Battalion oath includes "Always be prepared to meet a dragon."*)

Items

- **Powdered Hen's Teeth**
- **Feverfew**

Usurpers Anonymous

You have a problem. You're just too good at what you do. See, you come from a long line of viziers in the Kingdom of Monazo. Your family has always been loyal advisors and supporters of the royal line. Which would be great, except the latest queen? She was a complete imbecile, always being like "let's declare war on Duke Rotterfield because he beat me at chess" or "let's close the Grand Road and replace it with one that divides the kingdom more neatly in two". Insufferable! You didn't *mean* to do anything about it. But she was always asking you for advice, and trusting you, and telling the guards to obey you unquestioningly. So one day you just had to throw her in the dungeon, install her three-year-old son on the throne, and seize power. And it was glorious. Until her second cousin found a magic sword that talked in haiku and made a mean crème brûlée, gathered a ragtag band consisting of an artistically-minded vampire and a scarecrow with a hat made of rusty nails, and overthrew you. Oh, the bards talk about how she killed you in an epic battle, but of course she wasn't much more together than the old queen. You faked your death, deciding that to be the better part of valor, and moved to the kingdom next door.

Where you totally intended to make a stable, un-dramatic living as a financial planner. But then your skills became renowned far and wide, and the king wanted to hire you to manage his treasury and wouldn't take no for an answer. One thing led to another, and you'd taken over there, too, until his grandmother and her three-winged lightning-breathing pig overthrew you.

After a few more such instances, you realized you had a problem. You were just too good at usurping, at setting things up to give yourself the opportunity, and you couldn't help but seize it when it came. But you were reading the back of Scrivener's Weekly one day when you saw an ad that changed your life: Usurpers Anonymous.

You meet once a month, introduce yourselves, drink tea, and talk about how long it's been since you last deposed the rightful rulers of a kingdom. The support's helped, it surely has. And it's a great group of sinister chancellors, necromantic advisors, and megalomaniac ministers. You've been clean for almost a year, yourself. But you don't think you can last. You've seen too many others in the group fall off the carriage. And that's been on your mind on your way here.

See, the problem isn't really with you and your fellow Usurpers. The problem's really with the political system. By putting ultimate power in the hand of single family or whoever the local mystical chalice deems worthy, you're really asking for trouble. If everyone would just institute a libertarian anarchist utopia, you wouldn't have any of these problems. You told your idea to the rest of the group one meeting, and they were all in favor. Before you knew it, they'd chipped in for iron rations and some new sandals and you were on your way with a map the Court Sorcerer of Yendiz stole.

You're well aware that this will be disruptive. Enflaming the passions of a few thousand revolutionaries might seem extreme, but it'll be worth it.

So, that's what you've planned on wishing for. What could possibly go wrong?

Wish

- To start a libertarian anarchist revolution, everywhere.

Items

- **Royal Sword:** Decorated with the crest of the Kingdom of Kedonia. (*Apparently makes you the ruler of a kingdom; pulled it from a stone on the way over despite yourself.*)

Beasts for the Ethical Treatment of People

Heroes are all very good, but what about the teenagers that get fed to the Minotaur before the hero saves the day? What about Rons and Dunstables whose bones get made into bread before Jack comes along? What about the peasants who see their livelihoods ruined, the hapless folk who end up turned to stone or wracked with poison through no fault of their own? Do their lives not matter? Is their pain not worth our consideration?

That's why, some years back, a group of trolls, basilisks, harpies, and other such folk got together to take a stand, forming Beasts for the Ethical Treatment of People. They swore themselves to animal-vegetarianism and vowed to confront those around them with the fact that human suffering was wrong and that it was possible to be a monster without, you know, being a *monster*. They drafted laws establishing living standards for captives and limitations on consecutive time transformed into inanimate objects. They threw buckets of cleverly-brewed fake human blood on dignitaries. They developed a soy-based product imitating the texture and flavor of human flesh. They hired wizards to write slogans in mile-high letters of fire.

All in all, they attracted a lot of attention. Bards told far and wide of their daring awareness-raising exploits against beastly notables. Plenty of new members joined as well, including lots of so-called "associate members" (that is to say, humans). That's when you got involved. Partly for moral reasons, partly for practical reasons, and partly because it's the most fun guerrilla humanitarian group around.

Unfortunately, it turns out that media controversy doesn't actually automatically change the world.

So, your chapter got together and decided to solve the matter the easy way. Find a magical wishing well and wish that all humans could turn incorporeal at will. If humans themselves were inedible and could escape from captivity, then that'd free up a lot of time to focus on the fewer remaining cases of less-common mistreatment. And, if nothing else, it would open up all sorts of new opportunities for the associate members to pull off great stunts.

Wish

- That all humans be able to turn incorporeal at will.

Riddle Giver Guild

What do you call a mystery wrapped in an enigma wrapped in fellowship and fun? Answer: the Riddle Giver Guild.

See, it's a tough life. Standing by bridges for hours in the hot sun, not knowing if anyone will show up. Constantly second-guessing your own cleverness. Being faced with idiot hero after idiot hero who couldn't solve their way out of a pile of leaves. Not to mention those of you who've taken an oath to always lie. Those folks *really* can't have a normal social life. No one else understands.

That's why you joined the Riddle Giver Guild. The idea is to have a group where sphinxes, enchanted door knockers, labyrinth guards, and guardian spirits can gather for fellowship, support, and to test-solve and provide feedback on your latest riddles. The membership is a good bunch, from all sorts of different backgrounds: trackless deserts, ancient crypts, overly-enthusiastic pantries. Your specialty is secret passages, but you feel a kinship with the others, regardless of their focus. Because, face it: riddles are everywhere. Sure, your kind gets taken for granted a bit, treated as just an aside in someone else's story. But you're not in it for the glory. A well-crafted treasure-map is its own reward.

The problem, though, is that while your member list is long, the meetings have basically been a failure. The problem is one of logistics: riddle givers by the nature of the job don't cluster in one location; you're spread throughout the land. Not necessarily convenient places for commuting to a meeting. You've tried a rotation of wayside inns in different parts of the known world, but that just means you get a different small handful of attendees each time. The few regulars are those who have access to magical transportation of one sort or another, but the realities of the job make that beyond the reach of most.

So, that's why you were sent. If you wish for any mirror to be a magical gateway to any other, then you'll all be able to meet with ease! Even those stuck at their posts might be able to look in via a hand mirror or something. It's a perfect solution. Because, riddle me this: what could be better than free, universal magical gateways? Answer: nothing.

Wish

- That any mirror be able to be a magical gateway to any other.

Items

- **Mirror** (*how you planned to travel back after getting your wish*)
- **Magic Chisel**: Can be used to magically modify architecture according to the user's intention. Unlimited uses. (*great for secret passageways*)