

~ An Excerpt from Sir Valoo Bash's Diary of Dimensions ~

Exploring the Faekin Marshland with Commentary on the Rare 'Oberon Ooze.'

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Dimension: Arguntien Green Space

World: Kilintoria

Date: Irrelevant

It has come to my attention that there is a particularly rare breed of ooze that hails from the Faekin Marshland in the backwaters of Kilintoria's second smallest continent: Kilintoria. It is a world not known for its clever naming conventions - hence why I believe the so tactlessly-titled 'Oberon Ooze' was named as such.

As far as fairies go, they are undoubtedly the same across all dimensions. Tricky, mystical and if I am so bold as to say: disgusting. Many mortal beings would use the over-indulged word "beautiful" to describe them, but I would be the first to disagree. What is so possibly beautiful about mystical glitter getting ruffled into your feathers? Or having all of your compasses turned into mushrooms! And don't get me started on what that time with the Arcane Pie and the Changeling Dogs. In any case! It matters not the size of their bosom or the glisten of their overly-sharp cheekbones...

Fairies. Are. Annoying.

Oozes, however, are the primordial essence of life. Ahh, what a thought! The very soup that bore us into this chaotic dimension still roam the lands, seas, and skies as bubbling balls of bodacious bile. Riveting! Exciting! And not a spec of glitter anywhere! So, you can imagine my absolute shock, awe, and level of confusion when I discovered there existed a dimension where both beings had become one. A discovery that has been right beneath my beak for so long! As a member of the Horizon Walker Alliance, I am obligated to take the case.

On a rainy day in no particular month, I ventured into the Faekin Marshland. It was a dull place of looming moss trees, scurrying land fish, sad plants and stank of an onion-like odor. Not terribly exciting I admit, but upon looking past my boredom - I made my first discovery.

First Discovery: It rains upwards here! Not uncommon by dimensional standards, but quite frustrating if you are unprepared for it. Fortunately, a Ranger is always prepared. Communing with the Blue Mana of the plane, I was able to create a small hydrophobic barrier around my person. Feeling more comfortable and excited about the world I was now in, I took a mighty leap forward. Which is when I made my second discovery!

Second Discovery: The swamp pools in the Faekin Marshland are quite deep! And my shield was quite potent. You see, the swamp water parted mystically around my

shield... plummeting me towards the bottom of the watering hole. Now, normally, this would be a perfect time to panic - since keeping a concentration on this shield would tax my body to the point where my air supply would run quite low. And as far as I know, being at the bottom of the lake without access to oxygen or possessing any form of gills has never worked out well for anyone. But never fear! For destiny had a better plan for your favorite avian.

Third Discovery: Fairies are mischievous! That is not the discovery - we already knew that. But these pools, they didn't lead to muddy death, but in fact to another land under the Marshlands. What I assume would be the TRUE Faekin Marshlands. I must wonder if the name 'Faekin' derives from the combination of 'Fae' in reference to the Fairy-folk and 'kin' as a reference to... well to a redundant word that means a type of shared blood. So, it would translate to something like, "Fairy Folk People", which is three times redundant. I would like to give them more credit than this (against my better judgement) and assume someone was quite dastardly in their slang, dubbing the Marshlands 'Fake-In', as in a literal reference to the false surface world.

Semantics and etymology aside, I felt like I was getting closer to the creature I was looking for. The Ooze in question was named after Oberon, the King of Fairies in stories across the multiverse. I wonder if it was named because it held such a royal and powerful aura like the king himself is supposed to have. Or maybe it was a lackluster name of irony? Someone who disdains the fairy's royal ruler and named a simple creature out of spite. Questions would turn to answers when I came upon a herd of stampeding Brambleggers.

For those of you out of the know, a Bramblegger is a type of subterranean creature that can walk on all forms of earth; usually ignoring gravity. They are deer-like creatures that have the hides of hedgehogs - but their spines resemble bramble bushes. They like to sleep in the surfaces soil; so, if you should see a snoring bush, you have most likely found a Bramblegger! They are quite adorable, but a rare sight to see in person.

And even rarer a sight, to see them fleeing in such an organized pack! What kind of predator would disturb such a powerful group of creatures? And that, fellow Rangers and Scholars, is when I saw it! Yes, the glorious pink film. The sloppy squishing of bubbling swamp water. A light that would put the Arcana Crystals of my home plane to shame - yes, dearest readers, I had found the Oberon Ooze!

Now, for a note: Fairies are tiny! Even the largest fairies are usually no bigger than human children. Naturally, when I imagined an ooze in association with the fairies, I assumed it would be tiny as well. Well! You know what most dimensions say about 'assuming', right? Because, this creature was TITANIC. A messy, magical, manic mass, if I was choosing my words right.

I admit, I was awe-struck! I have met many Oozes in my planar travels. The adorable Jellies of Lymrica, the sneaking Slimes of Tulsakor, the ever-eluding Puddings of Chu'Hun, and of course the flirtatious Flans of Nymotania. All these family members

share similar characteristics: Loose, slime-like mass, cube-like or spherical in shape, colors ranging across all known spectrums, and a desire to feed. Some oozes have elemental affinities, usually all are baseless in their sentience (though the rare exception of Lord Sluggonis the Sacrilegious; a story for another day). None of them are particularly magical in nature, mostly just left over primordial soup that was never formed into a finish product.

So, when I saw the floating, pink ball of shining slime cast a spell at the herd of Brambleggers I found myself smiling from cheek to cheek. I heard the distinct crackle of lightning, but the air smelled of brimstone! The temperature dropped in an instant as the Brambleggers were frozen. But you see, the truly marvelous aspect of this spell, was that the bodies of the creatures were not frozen in ice... but in time!

A time-altering, fairy ooze living at the bottom of a false swamp in the middle of a poorly-named continent in a dimension long forgotten! Let me be the first to admit, I let out a heart squawk in excitement! Which of course, if you know how my adventures go at this point, ended poorly for me. Apparently, the Oberon Ooze stops its victims in time because it is quite slow. It took a bit for it to finish consuming its Bramblegger dinner. And I was so consumed in taking my notes that I hadn't realized that my legs had been frozen in time as well! Hah! Imagine that.

It was embarrassing really, I should know better at this point. But the will of Science and Arcana ushers my body to move into the most hostile conditions - to learn! In the hopes of passing on this great legacy of planar exploration to the coming generations! Which is why I shall never die in the field (not like this at least), for I need my notes to be completed as much as can be and archived back in the L.A.B. (Library After Betterment).

Now, I thought to myself, what is the best way to cure time-locked legs? A spell is the most obvious guess - but I am no wizard; no nature magic I wield could stop this level of reality-shifting. Hm, perhaps one of my enchanted tools in my bag of holding would help? I dumped my belongings onto the ground as the behemoth moved closer to me. I was quite thankful, the lighting in the crags beneath the Marshlands was rather dull - so the pink illumination helped a great deal.

Thanks Oberon!

Crystal Lighter? Potentially to create a distraction, but since this creature has no true vision - a spark of superior light would do nothing but cause a headache for myself.

The Legacy Rapier? Unless this ooze is an alternate version of myself, most likely not going to help.

Hmm... Helm of Shadows... Bangle of Burrowing... Lightning Gauntlets -- oh! This would do the trick perfectly! Oh, hello there...

The bubbling beast of pink fairy energy was at my feet. I could feel energy pulsing from its gelatin. My head felt warm and my blood felt carbonated. I also had the unnatural desire for jelly bean candy. Specifically, grape-flavored.

Important Note: I hate grape-flavored jelly beans.

It took all I could to uncork the glass vial in my pack. Two yellow pills were inside, I popped one of them into my beak. Clearly, it did not like the quick movement and froze my hand in place. Although I was starting to reserve my table at death's door - I made a note:

Here's the note: A crown of illusory energy seems to form around the top of the ooze's head. It beams a bright pink light that can be seen even if one's eyes are closed. Could it have enough sentience to have created that itself? Does it have a concept of royalty? Does it own land and rule a kingdom? Or was it simply a leftover need from its mystical origin?

The slime began to drip onto my beak - and I immediately felt the all-too familiar pain of digestive acid burn away at my keratin. I had to move quickly! In my free hand, I jostled the pill out of the vial - dropping the glass in the process. Predictably, it attempted to freeze the threat. However, the creature froze the glass in midair! And my pill was safe. Well, safe enough to flick into the mass of magic's body.

The pill began to dissolve in its stomach as it did in mine. I would have less than three minutes to make things work in my favor.

My world suddenly became bright and pink. It was if as I was swimming in an ocean of cotton candy adorned with sprinkles. The air smelled like warm grass and honeysuckles. Time had no meaning here. I was content, happy - a return to a womb I would never know. It was true paradise. So, when I said I had three minutes, I only had 30 seconds for my plan to work. I spent so much time gawking in the essence of the Oberon Ooze I metaphorically shot myself in my (time-frozen) foot.

The pill we digested temporarily swaps souls between the two consumers. Souls are finicky concept; most people would argue that souls are reserved for 'sentient beings'; an appalling and arrogant claim in my opinion. Regardless of your stance on Animism, I had swapped temporary places with the ooze, so I had only enough time to do two things.

First: I delved into whatever memories it's spirit held. Which disappointedly was nothing. I guess I was too hopeful at some secret origin story behind this ooze. For some deeper connection to a race of mystical beings and how they formed a union with a simple ooze. Perhaps this world is just heightened with mana; and this precious beast is an omnivore across meat and magic. I yearn for complicated origin stories, but sometimes simple ones must do.

Oh yes, and secondly: I had to revert the spell that would have me eaten in ten seconds. I am no stranger to magic, but never have I cast a spell that altered *time*. That was a strange concept to be honest. As I attempt to cast something with my jelly-body, I felt a gurgle in my “stomach”? I am not sure what that sensation was about, but I do hope I did, whatever I needed to do! Because my time was up.

A swirling vortex of dank cavernous odor, wet feathers and rotten eggs brought my back into my own body! Hooray! I had not been digested!

Funny though, my legs were still frozen in place. But as my eyes adjusted forward, the titanic ooze had withered into nothing but a small pink puddle of candy-like soup. It was leaking into the cracks of the cave floor, returning to a home it may have come from. As a seeker of secrets, excavator of forbidden knowledge and the general weirdness of the worlds, I am both excited and disappointed to say that I did not learn as much about the Oberon Ooze as I would have liked. I did nothing but prove it existed. I did not learn its origin. I did not learn its potential or capabilities aside from its desire to consume Brambleggers and cast time-based spells.

Eventually, my legs became unfrozen and I made my way out of the Faekin Marshlands. I decided to stay at an inn on the outskirts of Faekin and rest my recently-aged feet. I assume I will spend many hours pondering the odd events of the day.

Well, that’s all for now! Should I have any updates, I will scrawl them hastily below. But for the time being, I need a coma’s worth of sleep. My next destination will be to Velkepter, home of the Rintiz Jungle of Storms! I hear there is a rare breed of cloud serpents the size of whales that dwell in the skies there...

Until next time!

- V.B.

Update: Something odd occurred just before I retired to my room. The innkeeper allowed me to stay the night free of charge; which was very courteous but quite out of the blue. He kept calling me “your highness” and said that he was thrilled to serve someone of the “crown”; whatever that was supposed to mean. I’ve been knighted three times across my journeys, but Sir Sir Sir Valoo Bash has never been crowned a king (not yet at least).

In any case, maybe some sleep would help me figure out the puzzling behavior... as soon as I can figure out why this room insists on glowing with pink light! I swear I extinguished every torch in this bloody establishment! Harrumph. Grrr. Gads. Other synonyms for being annoyed. Crowns, pink light, and now the scent of grape candies!

... Wait.

[The rest of this page’s text is untranslatable at this time.]