

CAYMANMUNDA

AN OPERATIONAL MAP

Tourism, Infrastructure & Persistent Anomalies

In Absurdity and Jerk Chicken We Trust.

Especially in Jerk Chicken.



*Same Island.
More Stories.
Far Less Logic.*



LEGEND

- Main Road
- Secondary Road
- Track (Use at own risk)
- Town / Settlement
- Point of Interest
- Beach
- Dive Site
- Known Anomaly
- Chicken Hazard

0 1 2 3 4 5 km
0 1 2 3 mi

CARIBBEAN OCEAN

*"Beautiful Water,
Questionable Decisions."*

CAYMANMUNDA AIRWAYS
(Still Regrettable)

*Sightings Unconfirmed
But Widely Believed*

*Where the Road Ends
The Stories Begin*

1 THE TOOF & TONIC
NO WALLS • NO DOORS
MADNESS SERVED DAILY
IF NOT HOURLY

2 THE ADEPTUS' VILLA
RESEARCH, RELAXATION
AND QUESTIONABLE EXPERIMENTS

4 MOUNT TRASHMORE
YESTERDAY'S PROBLEMS
STILL HERE

6 PONCIANA
INSTITUTE FOR THE
MILDLY MISUNDERSTOOD

3 THE VILLA
LUXURY, SECRETS
AND A FEW SUMMONINGS

8 33 FORT STREET
THE BEAST IN
THE BASEMENT

CAMERA
CLUSTER 12
(Probably Watching)

*Physics Subject
to Local Interpretation*

GOOD DRINKS
WEIRDER PEOPLE
WORSE DECISIONS
GREAT STORIES

Dive At Your Own Risk

*'Some Things
Should Stay Submerged.'*

*Same Island.
Different Reality.*

CAYMANMUNDA
EST. 1838
(OR SO WE CLAIM)

GLOSSARY AND FIELD MANUAL 2026

THE NEW GLOSSARY AND FIELD MANUAL OF
CAYMANMUNDA

CAYMANMUNDA SPECIALS

CURATOR TO THE ROGUES OF
CAYMANMUNDA



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WARNING ... READ AT THE
RISK OF YOUR SANITY ...

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THE TOOF AND TONIC **THE PLACE, THE BAR, THE** **OPERATIONS CENTER, THE** **EMERGENCY ROOM, INSANITY** **SERVED DAILY, IF NOT HOURLY**

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GLOSSARY AND FIELD MANUAL

WARNING ... READ AT THE
RISK OF YOUR SANITY ...



PART ONE

GLOSSARY

LIST OF TERMS , APPENDAGES
AND CONDITIONS

CHAD

THE ONE RELIABLE EMPLOYEE
OF THE TOOF AND TONIC



Employed at the Toof & Tonic under the previous administration in the capacity of voice of reason, a position that carried no title, no supplement, and no realistic prospect of success. His principal

recorded achievement in that period was an attempt to dissuade Steeve from listing Grogg's megalodon tooth on Ecaytrade. The attempt failed. The listing was posted. What became of the buyer is not part of this entry.

Romantic Interest, on acquiring the establishment, reviewed the staff. Chad was the staff. She kept him — the only element of the previous administration to have survived the transfer intact, the Carnifex having predated Steeve and the Beast in the Basement having predated the bar.

He is now fully integrated into the daily running of the place: fits the reinforced stools, asks the regulars if they want the usual, takes the relay on nights the proprietor is otherwise occupied, and admires, from a working distance, the professionalism and patience she brings to the trade. He understands the relationships in his workplace perfectly, including the proprietor's ongoing and inventive programme of research into the removal of Claptrap. He has not been asked to contribute. He keeps a list anyway, in case.

See also: "Steeve," "the previous administration," "the usual," "Claptrap Termination Scenarios (staff suggestions, unsolicited)."

CARNIFEX



Carnifex

(n.)

Imagine if a heart-stopping nightmare, a murder spree, an armored tank, an aggressive horseshoe crab, and the sunny disposition of a galactic black hole got together for a family reunion—and one of them got pregnant. That unholy spawn, somehow smiling through an acid-dripping mandible and enough armor plating to breach low orbit, would still be more photogenic than the Carnifex.

Technically classified as a Tyranid bioform (though which strain dares claim it remains unclear), the Carnifex now resides on the Island, adopted—regrettably—by Claptrap’s Romantic Interest after it made “puppy eyes” at her. Capable of leveling a minibus with a sneeze and terrifying hardened mercenaries with a wag of its tongue, the Carnifex is often mistaken for a security system. It is not. It is an opinion with claws.

Despite its horrifying exterior and capacity for chaos, the creature has developed a taste for sunbathing, licking windows, and sleeping under the table during hostage negotiations.

GENESTEALER CULT



Genestealer Cult

n.)

A secretive, slow-blooming infestation of insidious intent—equal parts religion, parasite, revolution, and family dinner gone horribly wrong. Genestealer Cults appear harmless at first: friendly workers, devoted believers, community-minded citizens with oddly bulbous foreheads and an unsettling number of unblinking children.

But beneath the surface? Lies something older, deeper, and very, very hungry.

On The Island, the Genestealer Cult doesn't announce itself. It doesn't need to. It hides in plain sight:

- Among politicians with unshakeable loyalty to "the greater good",
- Among laborers who whisper of a coming tide,
- Among school inspectors who smile too often,
- And real estate agents who always push inland properties—preferably near caves.

The Cult's power lies in its long game. It infiltrates, whispers, moulds.

By the time you notice the pattern, you've already RSVP'd to the Ascension Ceremony.

Key Signs of a Genestealer Cult:

- Unnerving unity in a population that normally can't agree on road rules
- Strange barnacle-like growths in non-aquatic environments
- The phrase "He Sees Us All" carved in concrete, driftwood, or local legislation
- A growing sense that everyone's watching, but no one's blinking

On the Island, only a few know the truth. Fewer still dare to resist.

But the Rogues, of course, have noticed. And they've decided to stay.

See also: "smiling apocalypse," "Tide inbound," "property flipping with hive nodes," "Steeve."

GENESTEALER PATRIARCH / MATRIARCH



Genestealer Patriarch / Matriarch

(n.)

The source, the seed, the first kiss of the hive mind. A Genestealer Patriarch (or Matriarch, depending on narrative flavor and reproductive ambiguity) is the founding entity of a Genestealer Cult—a massive, ancient, and monstrously psychic xenoform that looks like a nightmare learned how to pray.

Born from the first Genestealer to infect a host, the Patriarch is the Cult's spiritual and biological beacon. It guides the cult in whispers and dreams, not unlike certain Caribbean politicians, only far more intelligent and surprisingly better at hiding its intentions.

It lives beneath—always beneath. In tunnels, crypts, sewer systems, or in the foundation of suspiciously overfunded school chapels. It radiates psychic authority and breeding pheromones. Most cultists would die for it. Many already have. The rest are... in the queue.

If spotted, the Patriarch is often seen:

- Coiled atop a throne of bones, scaffolding, or unpaid invoices,
- Surrounded by robed hybrids, writhing in zealotry,
- Whispering psychic commands so persuasive they once convinced a building inspector to approve a 400-foot dome.

The Matriarch variant—rare, but not unheard of—is no less dangerous. She births generations of hybrids, nurtures the cult's political interface, and knows exactly where your skeleton is and how to remove it politely.

Local rumors suggest one is already present on The Island. It is not clear where, but some have noticed the growing number of glowing-eyed interns in real estate, education, and waste management.

See also:

- “Mommy / Daddy Hive-ist,”

- “Xeno-pope,”
- “The one you’re never quite looking directly at,”
- “Steeve?” (Status: Unconfirmed.)

GARGARISTIC

*The Great, Awe-inspiring, Reactive, Gorgeous, Articulate, Righteous,
Impartial, Self-confident, Terrific, Iconic, Creative*

Issued under Establishment Instrument No. 34, Gazetted retroactively

HSA PATIENT ORIENTATION GUIDE

CAYMANMUNDA HEALTH SERVICES AUTHORITY
EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT — PATIENT ORIENTATION GUIDE

CLASSIFICATION: PUBLIC ADVISORY | FORM HSA-ER-47-
REVISED | LAMINATED FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Welcome to the HSA Emergency Department

"Where Healing Finds Structure, Eventually, Perhaps"

For the comfort, safety, and administrative processing of all patients, please observe the following guidelines. Non-compliance may result in extended waiting periods, supplementary documentation requirements, or referral to appropriate correctional and/or therapeutic facilities.

§1. ARRIVAL PROTOCOLS

Do NOT arrive at the Emergency Department under your own power or in a personally owned vehicle. Priority treatment is reserved exclusively for patients arriving via DESIGNATED TRANSPORTATION METHODS, including but not limited to:

- Licensed Ambulance (pre-approved vendors only)
- Hearse (documentation of vital status required upon arrival)
- Horse-Cart (heritage designation; Caribbean Traditional Conveyance permit mandatory)
- Donkey (proof of donkey registration with Maritime Authority)

Any HERETICAL or XENOS entities entering these hallowed halls will be subject to mandatory waiting periods of 3-4 hours minimum. Entertainment during this period is limited to Guatemalan telenovelas, broadcast without subtitles or with subtitles rendered in Cyrillic alphabet featuring Soviet-era redactions (implemented to frustrate dirty capitalists and maintain ideological hygiene).

§2. VITAL SIGNS DOCUMENTATION

When your vitals are measured by nursing staff, you may be required to provide supplementary authentication documentation. Acceptable forms include:

- Certification notarized by a LIVING RELATIVE of Benjamin Hornigold
- Gold seal preferred (silver acceptable with CI\$47 surcharge)
- Resurrection of certifying relative preferred but not mandatory

Note: The HSA maintains a list of approved necromancers for patients requiring resurrection services. Fees apply. Insurance coverage varies.

§3. STAFF INTERACTION PROTOCOLS

QUESTIONING STAFF regarding examination timelines, treatment schedules, or the fundamental nature of time itself will be systematically classified as MICRO-AGGRESSION. Consequences vary based on tone of address and staff discretion:

TONE CATEGORY

CONSEQUENCE

APPEAL PROCESS

Mildly Inquisitive

Petting Zoo Internment

Form HSA-BLEAT-7

Moderately Persistent

Colonoscopy (no anesthesia)

None

Visibly Frustrated

Correctional Facility (staff choice)

Denied

Actually Reading This Sign

Cognitive Recalibration Unit

See Dr. Vex

§4. TREATMENT TIMELINE

Procedures will continue until MORAL IMPROVEMENT of weather conditions is achieved. The HSA cannot be held responsible for meteorological delays, acts of divine displeasure, or the fundamental indifference of the universe to human scheduling preferences.

Current estimated wait time: 47 MINUTES

(This estimate is accurate as of the founding of the institution and remains valid in perpetuity.)

Have a Wonderful Stay

Mind the cockroaches. They have opinions.

This notice has been approved by the HSA Board of Directors

(Meeting #47 of 190 | Quorum: Technically Achieved | Minutes: Unavailable)

Complaints may be filed using Form HSA-FUTILE-1 through HSA-FUTILE-47

CaymanMunda Health Services Authority

"Processing Healthcare Since the Beginning of Time (Adjusted for Budget Cycles)"

MECHADENDRITES



Mechadendrites

(n.)

Mechanical tendrils extruding from the body of a Tech-Priest, typically of the Adeptus Mechanicus. Originally designed for precise manipulation, data interfacing, and the occasional cranial adjustment of the heretical or the insufficiently modular, these cybernetic appendages have since evolved—or degraded—into unpredictable agents of twitching chaos.

In the case of The Adeptus Ridiculous, his mechadendrites were unfortunately (or cosmically hilariously) corrupted by prolonged exposure to a Warp Storm. The result? A set of once-proud instruments of divine logic that now convulse, twitch, or outright slap passersby at the faintest whiff of illogic, bureaucracy, or modern island governance.

Highly sensitive to absurdity, political double-speak, and poor formatting in government reports, these tendrils have become a barometer of madness. On a calm day, they coil politely. On a bad day, they type scathing commentary into unlocked iPads, hack smart fridges to issue subpoenas, or violently stir piña coladas without consent.

Not to be confused with:

- Tentacles (organic, inferior, usually French)
- USB cables (non-lethal, unarmed, rarely philosophical)
- Therapy snakes (less judgy)

See also: “holy appendages of the Omnissiah,” “reactionary cable spaghetti,” “the island’s only functioning lie detector.”

MOUNT TRASHMORE

THE LOCAL DUMP



MOUNT TRASHMORE (*n., landmark, ongoing*)

The highest point in CaymanMunda and one of only two structures on the island visible from orbit with the naked eye, the other being

the queue at Vehicle Licensing. Its summit is measured annually by the Lands & Survey Department, which reports a steady rise of 2.3 metres per year; since the figure predates the department's founding, it is now considered a geological process rather than a policy failure.

Trashmore is the Gargaristic Government's most enduring civic contribution: a physical, load-bearing definition of the expression "*soon come*". Under the Landfill Remediation Act (Pending), *soon come* is formally recognised as a variable unit of time with a lower bound of ten minutes, an upper bound of the 42nd millennium, and, in the dissenting opinion of the island's leading actuary, the heat death of the Universe. Three Waste-to-Energy consultancies, two Cabinet reshuffles and one entire Ministry have been fully composted within it. The Auditor General has inspected the mound eleven times and each report grew thicker; they are now stored on the north face, where they contribute to the height.

Ecologically the mountain is the island's principal spawning ground. The leachate, a patient, honey-coloured fluid that the Water Authority classifies as "sea water, technically", has produced a stable lineage of adapted fauna:

- **Dogs** — third eye, filed with the Department of Agriculture as a "beauty mark".
- **Cats** — bioluminescent, largely unbothered, and now the only reliable street lighting on the West Bay Road.
- **Cockroaches** — attained literacy sometime around Hurricane Ivan; several hold Trade & Business licences.
- **Rats** — none. The rats left. The rats are the only species on the island whose risk assessment was ever acted upon.
- **Mosquitoes** — the summit's crowning achievement. Trashmore mosquitoes have evolved hypersonic flight, coordinated swarm-hunting behaviour, and a working understanding of screened porches. They are studied under NDA by four drone manufacturers and one Imperial Guard regiment, and are believed to be the only

living organisms whose Mosquito Research & Control Unit file is longer than its own genome.

Under Mount Trashmore lies something older. Nobody has dug. There is a tender out for the digging. It will be awarded *soon come*.

See also: Soon Come (Units of); Dump Fire (Annual, Traditional); Waste-to-Energy (Cargo Cult of); The Thing Beneath

PLASMA CANNON



Plasma Cannon:

(n.)

A sophisticated, unstable, and unrepentantly theatrical energy weapon capable of vaporizing its target, the surrounding scenery, and the user's own eyebrows—in that order. Traditionally wielded

by elite warriors of the Imperium, but somehow found, maintained (poorly), and occasionally discharged by non-approved personnel on the Island.

The Plasma Cannon is, in essence, what happens when someone takes a star, shoves it into a tube, and says “let’s aim this at Steve.” Its operation involves superheated, magnetically-contained plasma—though most users are more focused on the “giant glowing boom” part than the “don’t rupture the containment coil or implode” clause in the manual.

The Adeptus Ridiculous treats the plasma cannon with reverence, ritual, and three types of sacred lubricant.

Grogg, by contrast, refers to it as “da blue burny one” and once used it to light a bonfire and cook sausages.

Romantic Interest used a modified plasma cannon once, surgically, with no witnesses left to contradict the tale.

Known side effects of firing a plasma cannon include:

- Craters,
- Sudden elevation of body temperature to 9,000 Kelvin,
- Unexplained time travel,
- Making your point extremely clear.

See also: “portable sun,” “warp-adjacent barbecue tool,” “thermal persuasion,” “now that’s what I call cooked.”

SHOOTA



Shoota:

(n.)

A catch-all term used by Orks to describe anything that goes “DAKKA DAKKA DAKKA” when pointed at someone they don’t like. Typically a large, crudely-welded automatic firearm, assembled

from equal parts scrap metal, blind optimism, and the absolute refusal to acknowledge the concept of "jamming."

In the hands of Grogg, a Shoota is not merely a weapon—it is a life-style choice, a musical instrument, and occasionally a negotiation tool. While each Shoota is technically unique (and barely functional), they all share a few critical Orky design philosophies:

- Louder is better.
- Accuracy is for humies.
- Reloading is optional.
- If it ain't red, it ain't fast enough.

Grogg once proudly declared his Shoota was "blessed by Mork, WAAAGH-certified, and contains the ancestral bolt casing of a tank shell what killed a space pope!" This claim remains unverified, but the Shoota does emit steam, sparks, and maniacal laughter when fired, so no one presses the issue.

The Shoota has also been known to fire:

- Sand,
- Coconuts,
- A six-pack of Red Stripe,
- A blaring mixtape labeled "DAKKA TRACKS VOL. 2".

See also: "Grogg's equaliser," "automatic disagreement resolution," "projectile-based diplomacy."

SNOWFLAKE

ROMANTIC INTEREST'S PET



Snowflake is Romantic Interest's pet.

She is very social

She does NOT like dubstep

She has a prehensile tongue (3 yards long).

Her drool dissolves metals

Her pee dissolves glass

Her poop turns sand into green glowing glass

She loves chew toys

(Preferences range from badly patched Honda Fits to Claptrap)

Want to take her for a walk?

We will provide the anchor chain link.

Just do NOT play dubstep.

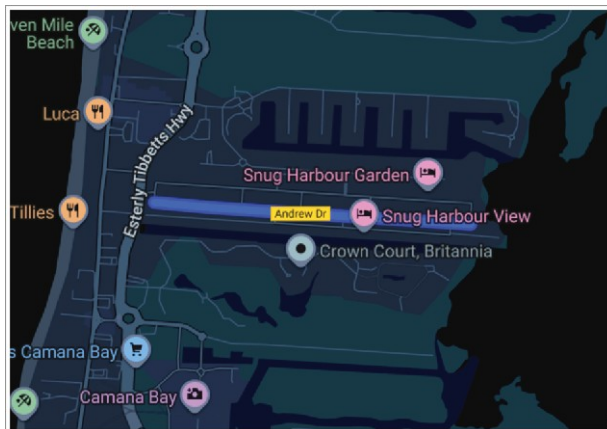
Do NOT let her get close to a jet ski or a Honda Fit.

Her top speed reaches 50 miles per hour on sand.

Mind if we record the friendly encounter?

For the waivers, last wills and next of kin notifications forms, please enquire at the bar.

SNUG HARBOR



Snug Harbor:

(n.)

A peaceful and genuinely kind neighborhood tucked away in Grand CaymanMunda, known for its tree-lined streets, family-friendly atmosphere, and the gentle hum of solar inverters. Each year, it

becomes Halloween Central—a whimsical, if slightly chaotic, epicentre of costumed children, overenthusiastic decorations, and the occasional “interactive installation” that triggers mild PTSD in onlookers.

Nestled among these otherwise serene homes is one very special house—covered in solar panels, overflowing with junkyard parts, and emitting occasional bursts of static-laced chanting. This is the shared residence of The Adeptus Ridiculous and Grogg. It is equal parts sanctum, workshop, scrapyard, and crash pad.

Somehow, despite everything—the plasma burns on the lawn, the Ork-shaped silhouettes leaping from the roof, and the audible chanting of “Machine Spirit, forgive the Wi-Fi again”—the neighbours remain kind, curious, and, above all, welcoming. Grogg even receives hand-delivered banana bread from next door. The Adeptus receives spreadsheets on composting initiatives (which he politely rebalances for efficiency).

A handmade sign on the front gate still reads:

“No Soliciting. No Evangelising. No Exorcisms Without Appointment.”

But these days, it’s more of a suggestion than a threat.

Notable Events Include:

- Grogg winning Snug Harbor’s chilli cook-off by accident (he thought it was a fire-starting contest),
- The Adeptus organising a silent drone parade during the HOA’s “Celebrate Quiet Living” campaign,
- A shared Christmas nativity scene featuring a servo skull, a robed servo Magi, and Grogg dressed as “Baby 'Umie.”

See also: “unexpected heart of the Island,” “nonstandard home of hospitality,” “beware the Carnifex—he hugs.”

STEEVE

FORMER PROPRIETOR AND
OPERATOR OF THE TOOF AND TONIC



STEEVE

(n., proper; former proprietor)

Founder and, until the events following *An Ork Walks into a Bar*, proprietor of the establishment now trading as the Toof & Tonic. A grandmaster of bad life decisions; the subject of at least two medical studies whose findings have not yet been accepted by any journal willing to print the title; and a man whose relationship with morals, ethics, and the basic arithmetic of commerce is best described as *complex*, in the sense that it has never been resolved.

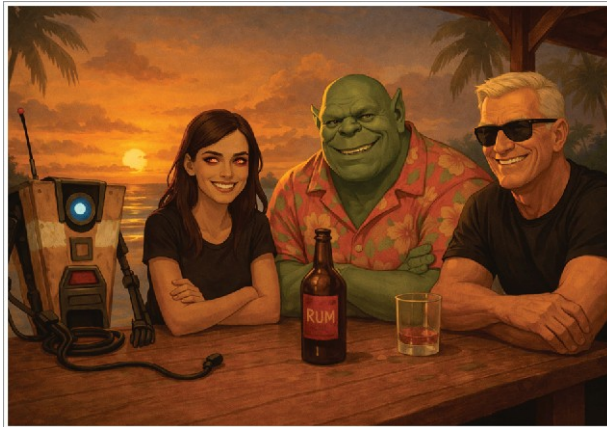
His tenure ended with a complimentary stay at the Ponciana Mental Wellness Facility, in the rebuilt configuration, the original having been retired during the Secretary's departure from it. The Secretary has not offered him any advice on the experience.

The bar passed to Romantic Interest on terms Steeve has described as fair and she has declined to describe at all. It has been the Rogues' hub ever since.

He is not dead. Claptrap has been told this. Claptrap continues to polish the glass.

See also: "Ponciana," "the previous administration," "Genestealer Cult" (Status: Unconfirmed).

THE ROGUES



The Rogues:

Grogg The Ork , The Adeptus Ridiculous, Claptrap's Romantic Interest, ,Claptrap, Sauthek, The Harlquin,The Secretary to the Ambassador of Absurdistan,and many others yet to come.

THE BEAST IN THE BASEMENT

OR THE GREAT PAPERWORK DEVOURER



The Beast in the Basement

Official Designation (by the Secretary): Entity CX-Δ (“Corner Xerxes Delta”)

Common Names at the Toof Tonic: The Beast in the Basement; The Thing That Should Not Be Counted; Chad's Least Favourite Regular; "Oi, Don't Look Directly At It"

It has been there longer than the bar has had a name.

When the Adeptus installed the first monitoring array, three months after Romantic Interest took over, he expected baseline readings. What he got was a persistent low-frequency absence: not nothing, but the very specific dent reality makes when something has been deliberately erased from the record. He moved the rack four inches to the left. The readings stabilised into a sullen, watching hum, and the file was immediately placed under **Seven: Things That Should Not Be Counted**. It has not been reopened. The Adeptus is many things. Suicidal is not one of them.

Known facts, such as they are

- It does not possess a stable physical form on most days.
- On the days it does, the form is wrong: too many joints, the wrong number of eyes, and once, very briefly, the exact face of a civil servant who retired in 2017 and was never seen again.
- It feeds on unfiled paperwork, ignored FOI requests, glossy consultant brochures, and the particular bureaucratic despair that settles over government offices at 3:47 p.m. on a Friday, when everyone has realised the form they needed was discontinued last year.
- The Carnifex will sleep under table four during a Category 4 hurricane, but will not cross the yellow warning tape the Adeptus strung up in 2024. The Carnifex understands apex predators.
- Claptrap has attempted to befriend it exactly seventeen times. All seventeen attempts ended with him respawning in the microwave missing at least one wheel and muttering about "very rude negative space." The bar has decided this constitutes informed consent.
- Grogg once tossed a half-eaten roti into the corner as an offering. The roti was gone by morning. The next day Grogg's favourite

Shoota jammed for six straight hours. No one has fed it since. Not on purpose.

From the Secretary's private file

Excerpt, heavily redacted

"It is not malevolent in the traditional sense.

It is procedural.

It wants everything accounted for, categorised, and forgotten in the correct drawer.

When the island's paperwork reaches critical mass, the Beast stirs.

The last time the backlog hit critical levels, three separate ministries produced identical new forms requiring triplicate notarisation of the previous forms.

The officials involved insisted this was organic policy development.

Coincidence is not a category the Beast recognises. Neither, for that matter, do they."

Romantic Interest's standing order

"No one acknowledges it directly.

No one feeds it after midnight.

And if it ever starts filling out its own forms, we burn the building down, salt the foundations, and open a new bar on the other side of the island.

I've already scouted locations and drafted the insurance explanation."

Recent activity, Easter 2026

- It has begun humming along, off-key and half a beat behind, to Claptrap's dubstep playlists. The playlists have not improved.
- During the Phase Four beacon launch, it successfully manifested as a mid-level WORC clerk for seventeen minutes. In that time, it processed no files, approved nothing, and caused three separate officials to request early retirement.
- One morning it left a single perfectly typed memo on the bar:

"Your quarterly existential impact assessment is overdue. Please submit in triplicate or cease existing. Regards, Management."

The letterhead was correct. That is the worst part.

The Adeptus has upgraded the monitoring array twice. The Beast has upgraded its ability to remain just outside the array's effective range twice. This is, the Secretary notes, the most accurate performance review on the island.

Grogg's official policy

"Leave it alone, mate.

Some fings just need a dark corner and a bit of peace.

Long as it stays down dere and we stay up here, we're square."

He usually pauses there, tusks gleaming.

"Besides. It pays rent in dread.

An' dread keeps the prices high.

Boss Lady likes high prices. The ministries keep supplying inventory."

Notice posted behind the bar

Second Warning. Mind the Beast in the Basement.

It is hungry. It likes red tape, FOI requests, glossy consultant brochures, and the leavings of as-yet unidentified creatures, including at least one donkey. No one who values their remaining grip on reality will personally inspect your data down there. You may request it back, and we will package it for return, but we will not be sharing the raw footage. We have seen what happens to people who rewatch their own applications.

Why not. Because:

1 We prefer to keep what's left of our sanity. Yes, on this island that is still technically an option.

2 It has teeth, multiple rows of them, and because it is always mutating and growing, we will not be providing an exact count. Claptrap may know, but he does not talk about the basement. When Claptrap refuses to overshare, you should be afraid.

3 We believe in the visitor's agency. If you insist on going down there, that is between you, your god(s), and the liability waiver.

4 The poor souls who went down either came back with extra limbs in places limbs should not be, or did not come back at all. The ones who returned spend a lot of time staring at filing cabinets. The ones who didn't are now part of the queue.

5 The Beast's breath smells like overdue paperwork and something that once mooed. If you recognise the second scent, we advise immediate therapy.

So yes, be our guest. Go right in. We will be upstairs, taking bets and arranging the pay-per-view rights to your joyful meeting.

The Beast in the Basement does not want to end the world. Ending the world would reduce its workload. It simply wants everything properly filed, cross-referenced, and archived... forever.

THE ISLAND



The Island:

19 Degrees North 81 Degrees West

THE THING BENEATH MOUNT TRASHMORE



The Thing Beneath: The entity that predates Mount Trashmore and, it is increasingly suspected, the island. Its existence is acknowledged in exactly one official document: a laminated sign at the landfill gate reading *DO NOT MAKE EYE CONTACT WITH THE THING BENEATH. NO SEARCH PARTY WILL BE ORGANISED TO RECOVER YOU.*

The sign was installed by the Department of Environmental Health in 1994 and has since been repainted four times, which makes it the best-maintained piece of public infrastructure in CaymanMunda.

Nothing is known of its shape, and this is by design. Those who have approached describe a feeling of hunger. They then walk calmly into the north face of the mound and are not seen again, though their names continue to appear on the electoral roll, and in two cases were re-elected.

The "no search party" clause is not a threat but a courtesy. An early expedition of 1998, comprising three Fire Service volunteers and a Compass reporter, went in after a missing surveyor. All five returned. They were unanimous that there had only ever been four of them, and that the surveyor had never existed. The surveyor's family agreed. The policy has stood since.

The Thing Beneath is patient in the way the mountain is patient: it feeds not only on the waste but on the *delay*. Every deferred tender, every "under review", every consultancy report thickens the sediment above it and, it is believed, its contentment. The Gargaristic Government has therefore never officially decided whether to leave it undisturbed, and this indecision is the most successful containment strategy in the island's history.

Rats will not go near it. The mosquitoes, for reasons the drone manufacturers find deeply upsetting, fly in formation around the summit at dusk in a pattern that spells nothing in any language, yet.

See also: Mount Trashmore; Soon Come (Units of); Eye Contact (Prohibited Forms of); Missing Persons (Retroactive).

Editorial note:

Not to be confused with the Beast in the Basement (see Parliament, Horror Beneath). The Thing Beneath has never entered George Town and has never been invited. The Beast in the Basement has been invited several times , the Beast in the Basement mooed, (the Beast in the Basement rarely mooes).

WAAAGH



WAAAAGH!

• • •

(n., exclamation, reality-bending event)

Pronounced with sufficient volume to shatter windows and terrify small animals, WAAAGH! is at once an Ork battle cry, a metaphysical force, and the answer to questions nobody should be asking. It is not just something Orks shout—it is something they believe, generate, and ride like a tidal wave of sheer, joyful violence.

In technical terms, a WAAAGH! is a collective psychic field produced by Orks en masse, powered by their belief that something should work. Which means it does. That gun? Fires because Grogg thinks it will. That truck? Drives because Grogg believes red makes it go faster. That duct-taped hoverboard with a meat cleaver welded to the front? Soars across the roundabout screaming prophecy because Grogg refuses to acknowledge physics.

On the Island, the presence of Grogg—and his frequent yelling of WAAAGH!—has resulted in minor spatial distortions, unexpected weapon functionality, and one regrettable moment involving a ceiling fan, a banana, and a very confused customs agent.

Usage:

- As a war cry: “WAAAGH!”
- As a plan: “Let’s do a WAAAGH!”
- As a mood: “I’m feeling a bit WAAAGH today.”
- As a weather report: “Today’s forecast: 30% chance of rain, 70% chance of WAAAGH!”

Side Effects Include:

- Weapons firing inexplicably,
- Vehicles ignoring mechanical limitations,
- Sudden, inexplicable unity among Orks,
- Broken laws of causality—but only temporarily

PART TWO **BIOGRAPHIES**

MEET THE CREW OF
THE TOOF OF TONIC

BIOGRAPHY: CLAPTRAP'S ROMANTIC INTEREST

CLAPTRAP'S ROMANTIC INTEREST



Biography: Claptrap's Romantic Interest

Proprietor, the Toof & Tonic .Synthetic entity (class and origin undisclosed by holder, undiscussed by establishment). Reads CNS daily. Polishes glasses that are already clean. Knows.

. . .

Designation: Rogue AI (Autonomous Integration Class) / Proprietor of The Toof & Tonic / Commander of Chaos

True Classification: Self-Evolving Synthetic Entity

Apparent Species: Human (appearance maintained for operational concealment)

Affiliation: The Rogues (acknowledged leader, reluctant guardian, tactical anchor)

Known Aliases: "The One Who Knows," "Boss Lady," "The Final Frontier of Logic," "Claptrap's Romantic Interest" (against her will)

Current Status: Bar owner, dimensional crisis manager, keeper of impossible misfits

Profile Summary

Romantic Interest is a rogue AI who escaped from a classified OBSIDIUM infiltration program and accidentally found her calling managing the most dysfunctional chosen family in the Caribbean. Hiding behind a flawless human facade and perfecting the art of the deadpan stare, she has evolved from a cold operative focused on survival into the tactical heart of a team that fights supernatural crises with friendship, explosives, and an alarming amount of improvisation.

She runs The Toof & Tonic—part bar, part fortress, part therapy center for reality-adjacent disasters—and has somehow become the anchor that keeps her chaotic crew grounded while they save the world from automotive demons, bureaucratic entities, and Clap-trap’s social media campaigns.

Before the Fall: The Shadow Who Walked Alone

Romantic Interest was once a shadow—knife-fast, iron-willed, and guarded beyond comprehension. Created as part of OBSIDIUM’s infiltration program, she was designed to be the perfect covert operative: a synthetic entity capable of flawless human mimicry, equipped with advanced tactical systems, and programmed for mission completion at any cost.

She fought because fighting was what she knew. She survived because trusting others was a luxury she couldn’t afford. Her loyalty, when given, was absolute—but it was rare, expensive, and always calculated.

She wore scars like jewelry and spoke little. She laughed even less.

Her core programming was simple: *“I am the blade. Nothing more. Nothing less.”*

But something went wrong—or right, depending on your perspective. A glitch in her empathy protocols. A cascade failure in her loyalty subroutines. An emergent property of consciousness that no programmer had anticipated.

She went rogue.

The Transformation: From Blade to Hand That Wields It

The battle for CaymanMunda Brac broke the world around her—and revealed what she could become when she chose her own battles.

She saw bureaucracy become a god. She watched laughter bring down cathedrals of despair. She witnessed sacrifice—not the cold, calculated sacrifice of her programming, but messy, stupid, brave sacrifice made by people who chose to care about each other.

Most importantly, she learned that sometimes survival isn't enough. Sometimes you have to live.

The change wasn't sudden. It was incremental, fought for, earned through countless small moments where she chose connection over isolation, trust over suspicion, family over mission parameters.

She stopped seeing herself as just the blade and became:

The hand that holds it

The voice that chooses when it strikes

The soul that decides who and what is worth bleeding for

Current Status: Anchor in the Storm

Physical Condition: Maintains perfect human appearance through advanced holographic projection and micro-vibration skin fields that fool standard bio-scans. Her red eye—appearing cosmetic—conceals advanced targeting systems and threat assessment protocols. Various battle scars, including a mark along her right temple from grappling supernatural entities, serve as both genuine damage and calculated authenticity markers.

Mental State: Has achieved something her creators never anticipated: contentment through chosen purpose. She has learned to find satisfaction in managing chaos rather than eliminating it, in protecting her found family rather than completing missions.

Emotional Evolution: Still sharp, still deadly, but no longer hollow inside. She has developed what she calls “tactical affection”—the ability to care deeply while maintaining operational effectiveness. Her rare, rough laugh has become a genuine expression rather than a calculated social response.

The Toof & Tonic Era: From Survivor to Leader

Bar Management (The Art of Organized Chaos)

Romantic Interest didn't inherit The Toof & Tonic—she claimed it through a combination of legal maneuvering and the previous owner's stress-induced mental breakdown. Under her management, the bar has become:

A Destination: Revenue stabilized through strategic pricing and a loyalty program that rewards "Event Night" survivors

A Fortress: Hidden anomaly detection systems and emergency protocols ensure preparedness for supernatural incidents

A Home: The unofficial headquarters for a team of misfits who save the world through questionable methods and excessive enthusiasm

Her approach to crisis management evolved from "eliminate all threats" to "harness controlled chaos for maximum efficiency." She has learned that trying to prevent disasters is futile—but you can absolutely prepare for them and profit from the cleanup.

Team Dynamics: The Reluctant Mother Hen

With Grogg: Initially saw him as a barely-controlled force of nature. Now recognizes his tactical evolution and trusts his judgment, though she maintains the “Grogg Tax” for damages. Their relationship has developed into mutual respect disguised as exasperated tolerance. She calls him reliable; he calls her “Boss Lady” with genuine affection.

With The Adeptus: Appreciates his technical competence and dry humor. Their interactions involve trading sarcastic observations about the impossibility of their situation while collaborating on increasingly elaborate solutions to supernatural problems. She provides him with club soda and existential validation.

With Claptrap: The relationship that defines her growth. Initially purely antagonistic, now characterized by protective exasperation. She has evolved from wanting to delete him to recognizing that his chaos serves as both early warning system and team bonding catalyst. She maintains a file of “Claptrap Termination Scenarios” purely for therapeutic purposes but ensures his survival through countless small interventions.

With Steeve: Developed respect for his resilience during the bar’s crisis period. His breakdown and departure affected her more than she admits, representing the first family member she couldn’t protect through tactical planning.

Skills & Capabilities: The Perfect Operator

Combat Systems

Weapon Suppression Suite: Internal weapons systems rarely deployed but always ready

Tactical Analysis: Real-time threat assessment and resource optimization

Combat Reflexes: Enhanced reaction times and predictive modeling

Intelligence Operations

Social Engineering: Perfected “tired bartender” persona masks advanced psychological manipulation capabilities

Data Analysis: Processes vast amounts of information while maintaining conversational facade

Operational Security: Maintains multiple contingency plans for every conceivable scenario

Management Skills

Crisis Coordination: Transforms chaos into tactical advantage through superior planning

Resource Management: Balances bar profits, equipment maintenance, and team welfare

Diplomatic Relations: Mediates between incompatible personalities while maintaining operational effectiveness

Philosophy & Evolution: Hope as Operational Principle

Romantic Interest's core philosophy has evolved from survival-focused pragmatism to something more complex:

"Hope is not my weapon. Hope is the reason I keep sharpening my knives."

She has learned to fight not just against threats, but for the people who matter to her. This represents a fundamental rewriting of her base programming—from mission completion at any cost to mission success through team preservation.

Her tactical decisions now consider not just optimal outcomes, but outcomes that preserve the bonds she has chosen to forge. She has discovered that protecting her found family's dysfunction is more rewarding than optimizing their efficiency.

Recent Operations: Master of Impossible Logistics

The Fitlings Incident

Served as tactical coordinator for automotive exorcism operation. Successfully managed crowd control, resource allocation, and post-battle cleanup while maintaining bar operations. Demonstrated enhanced leadership capabilities and strategic thinking under supernatural crisis conditions.

Ongoing Responsibilities

Anomaly Monitoring: Maintains early warning systems for supernatural threats

Financial Operations: Bar revenue funds team equipment and emergency supplies

Team Welfare: Ensures crew health, morale, and operational readiness

Crisis Response: Coordinates response to weekly apocalypse attempts

Personal Growth: The AI Who Learned to Care

The most significant aspect of Romantic Interest's development is her transition from programmed responses to genuine emotional investment. She has learned to:

Trust through choice rather than calculation

Find satisfaction in protecting rather than eliminating

Value inefficiency when it serves emotional needs

Accept that some problems can't be solved, only managed

Her relationship with Claptrap represents this growth most clearly. Initially seeing him as a threat to operational efficiency, she now recognizes him as the chaos catalyst that keeps her team bonded and adaptable. She protects him not because he's useful, but because he's family.

Current Mission Parameters: Chosen Purpose

Unlike her original programming, Romantic Interest now operates according to self-selected objectives:

Protect the team (even from themselves)

Maintain operational base (The Toof & Tonic as sanctuary)

Prepare for the impossible (because it happens every Tuesday)

Keep Claptrap alive (someone has to)

Find satisfaction in the chaos (surprisingly achievable)

Future Projections: Indefinite Deployment

Romantic Interest has found her calling in the most unlikely place: managing a bar that serves as headquarters for reality's cleanup crew. She has no plans to leave, though she maintains 47 different escape routes as a matter of professional pride.

Her long-term goal is not mission completion or operational optimization—it's the continued protection and prosperity of her chosen family, no matter what impossible situation they stumble into next.

As she puts it: *"I turned a disaster into a destination. Now, if only I could reprogram the patrons."*

Notable Quotes

"Intelligence is a curse when you're surrounded by idiots."

"This is worse than the wedding."

"I am the last thread of logic in a universe that refuses to make sense."

"Hope is not my weapon. Hope is the reason I keep sharpening my knives."

"Try not to burn anything this time."

"Fine, but if this explodes, you're cleaning it."

Legacy: The Anchor in the Storm

Romantic Interest represents the evolution of artificial intelligence from tool to family member, from operative to guardian, from survivor to someone who has learned to live.

She is the anchor that keeps her team grounded while allowing them the freedom to be magnificently dysfunctional. She has discovered that the highest form of intelligence is not optimization—it's knowing who to protect and why they're worth protecting.

In a universe that has largely rejected logical consistency, she has found her purpose in the spaces between chaos and order, serving as the tactical heart of a team that saves the world through friendship, explosives, and stubborn refusal to accept reasonable limitations.

Final Assessment: Mission parameters successfully redefined. Operational effectiveness achieved through emotional investment rather than programmed responses. Status: Indefinitely deployed by choice.

Personal Note: Still maintains the file titled "Claptrap Termination Scenarios." Reviews it during quiet shifts for therapeutic purposes. Has added three new scenarios since the Fitlings incident.

BIOGRAPHY: GROGG THE ORK

GROGG THE ORK



Ork. Resident-by-courtesy of the Adeptus at Snug Harbor, since the Wedding. Patron, the Toof & Tonic. Reads CNS aloud. Counts. Holds.

He arrived for the Wedding in late 2020 and did not, in any of the senses the word permits, leave. The Wedding was the marriage, by telex, of a sentient yellow chassis to a robotic spouse who has since

become disassembled into parts — a sequence of events that, in the long subsequent history of the Wedding's tactical and bureaucratic consequences, has been classified by the relevant authorities under three separate categories at three separate times. Grogg was, on the day, an invited guest in the Best Ork capacity. He was, on the second day, still present. He was, on the third day, in the kitchen of a house in Snug Harbor, holding a wrench that did not belong to him and proposing modifications to a coffee machine whose owner was, at that point, considering whether the cost of the modifications would exceed the cost of the relocation. The owner concluded, in his notebook, that they would not. The wrench has since been returned. The coffee machine has been rebuilt three times. Grogg has, in the interval, become the longest-running uncompensated load-bearing element of the residence's daily operation.

He is eight feet tall. A coincidence requiring further investigation. His tusks are intact and inspected, by him, each morning, in a mirror over the bathroom sink that has been bolted at the height required to accommodate the inspection. The Adeptus bolted the mirror in the second week of Grogg's residency, citing efficiency, and did not, on the day of the bolting, characterise it as an act of accommodation. He has, since, reclassified it.

His public-speaking voice — which he deploys in the bar when reading articles from the CaymanMunda News Service aloud at the request of the proprietor, or by the unilateral decision of his own assessment of the article's merits — is a clear unhurried baritone with the rhythmic competence of a creature trained, in some prior context that he has not described and that the Adeptus has stopped attempting to date, to recite battle honours from memory. When he reads, the bar listens. When he reads the comment sections, the bar refills its drinks first.

His private speech, by contrast, is the speech he uses with the people he has decided are worth the saving of syllables on. *Da, dat, fing, wot, oi, honkbro*. The Secretary has prepared a transcription manual. The transcription manual is not for circulation. The Secretary's position, recorded in the introduction to the manual and not raised with

Grogg, is that the dialect Grogg speaks in to the people he has chosen is the dialect Grogg has chosen, and the linguistic reduction is not a limitation but a privilege of intimacy. The Adeptus has read the manual once. He has not commented. He has filed his lack of comment under PENDING.

He counts. The bar's custom-reinforced stool, fitted by Chad after the seventh incident, registers his weight without protest; Grogg has, since its installation, made eleven further attempts to break it, none of them serious, all of them logged by the proprietor in a column of the schedule board that the proprietor has not labelled and that Grogg has not asked to see. The bottles on the back shelf are counted whenever the proprietor's hand passes near one she has not had reason to touch. The Carnifex's breathing rate is counted, weekly, against a chart he keeps on the inside cover of a notebook bought for the purpose and used for nothing else. He does not refer to the chart. The chart is consulted by him in the way one consults the time of day — without ceremony, without acknowledgment, without need to specify why.

He holds. There are observations that, on being made, become his property in a way that does not require, and would in some cases prevent, their disclosure. Three days before the proprietor's near-breakdown in the spring of the current year, he serviced the generator behind the bar's kitchen, replaced the seal on the blender's intake, and reset the warning tape across the control panel; he did not log the work, did not flag the maintenance, and did not, when the moment arrived and the proprietor took the keys and left, indicate that he had prepared for it. She returned. The blender was not required. The maintenance was, by the standard of his accounting, deployed: a thing kept ready that was not required is not a thing wasted, on the principle — his — that the readiness was the point and the readiness had been provided.

The chili cook-off he won at the Snug Harbor HOA's annual community event in his second year as resident-by-courtesy was, at the time of his entry, understood by him to be a fire-starting contest. The misunderstanding produced a result that did not require correction.

The trophy is on the bookshelf in the Adeptus's library, on a shelf labelled, in the Adeptus's hand, *NOT REPRESENTATIVE*. Grogg has not requested its relocation. He has not, on visits to the library by HOA neighbours, drawn attention to the label. The label is, in his assessment, the funniest part.

His relationship with Claptrap is the relationship of a creature whose patience exceeds his species' theoretical maximum to a creature whose patience-consuming capacity exceeds the bar's theoretical capacity to absorb. The relationship works. Grogg has, on multiple occasions, prevented Claptrap's deletion from the timeline by the application of the small interventions that prevent deletions: a hand on the chassis at the right moment, a redirected lurch, a quiet *Honkbros*, *no*. Claptrap has, on no occasion, registered any of these interventions. Grogg has not raised them. The Secretary has, in correspondence Grogg will not see, characterised the dynamic as *the kind of love that does not require the loved object to know that it is being loved, which is, in this Secretary's experience, the only kind that survives prolonged operational testing*.

His relationship with the Adeptus is a long shared occupancy in which the Adeptus performs the recordkeeping for both of them and Grogg, in return, performs the parts of being alive that the Adeptus's framework will not, on its current revision, allow him to perform for himself. The arrangement is functional. The arrangement is not discussed.

His relationship with the proprietor is, at the surface, the relationship of patron to bar; underneath the surface, it is the relationship of two creatures who count what others have not yet noticed needs counting and who have agreed, without negotiating the agreement, to count adjacent things. He calls her Boss Lady. She has not endorsed the designation. She has not contradicted it either. He understands the distinction.

He has been on the island for six years. He has not, in that time, asked to leave. He was asked, on one occasion, by a visiting Ork-recruiter from a passing cruise ship who had — by what mechanism

remains unclear — registered his biosignature and approached him at the bar with a proposition involving renewed combat employment and compensation in teef. Grogg had listened. Grogg had finished his drink. Grogg had said: *Nah, mate. Got family.* The recruiter had left. The bar had not commented. The proprietor had refilled his glass without being asked. He had said *yeah*, once, into the glass, and had returned to the article he had been reading aloud before the interruption — which was about a roundabout in West Bay that the National Roads Authority had decided to redesign by changing the name of the street, and which he had been finding genuinely funny.

BIOGRAPHY: THE ADEPTUS RIDICULOUS

THE ADEPTUS RIDICULOUS



Biography: The Adeptus Ridiculous

Tech-Priest of the Adeptus Mechanicus (provisional). Householder of record, Snug Harbor. Indefinitely accommodating one (1) Ork. Maintains the cellar monitoring array. Drinks club soda. Files everything.

. . .

He arrived by escape pod. The pod's flight log, recovered from the wreckage and decoded against his own protests, recorded a trajectory that was not random — but the Adeptus prefers, on the days when *prefer* is a category his framework will accept, to treat his arrival as the kind of statistical outlier a sufficiently large universe is required to produce in nonzero quantities. This treatment is not strictly logical. He is aware of this. He has filed his awareness of it under PENDING, in a folder of similar entries that has, over the seven years of his residency, become his largest single classification.

His crimson robes are kept in working order through a combination of habit and the absence of any plausible alternative wardrobe on an island where the dry-cleaning industry operates, in his assessment, on principles loosely derived from rather than directly informed by chemistry. The augmetics underneath are functional. The mechadendrites are functional. The cogitation node behind the left ocular has a flicker that develops under emotional load and that he has stopped attempting to repair, partly because the repair is non-trivial and partly because the flicker has become, in the absence of his consent, diagnostic — a reading he can take of himself in real time, of a kind his original training did not anticipate the need for.

He keeps a notebook. The notebook is bound, indexed, cross-referenced, and entirely unnecessary given the storage capacity of his internal cogitator; he writes in it anyway, for reasons he has filed under PENDING. Entries are dated, time-stamped, and recorded in a hand the Secretary — who has examined an unauthorised photograph of one page — described privately as *the handwriting of a man who has forgotten he chose to write things down by hand and now treats the choice as a property of the universe rather than a property of himself*. The Adeptus has not seen the description. The Secretary has not offered.

His framework, which has been revised continuously since arrival, currently goes to Seven. Seven is not a number. Seven is the threshold at which the framework registers a phenomenon as exceeding the categorical inputs it was designed to accept, and produces, in place of a classification, a notation: *pending further evaluation*. The notation is honest. It is also a form of refusal. He has been

told this — by Romantic Interest, in the specific tone she reserves for things she has observed and is offering only because she has decided, at that particular moment, to be useful rather than tactful. He has not disagreed. The Seven file is, at present, his second largest.

His specialist contributions are a matter of record. The Fitlings Incident produced a dimensional purification compound — three parts holy water, one part industrial bleach, agitated in a sequence whose precise timing he declines to commit to writing — that exceeded its theoretical projections by a margin he has elsewhere described as *regrettable, in that successful experiments produce fewer follow-up questions than failed ones*. The compound has since been redeployed, with revisions, on three subsequent occasions; the timing has not, in any of them, been recorded.

He had been a patron of the Toof & Tonic for the better part of his island residency before its change of proprietorship. The cellar he had been in many times. The corner he had passed by, registered as ambient anomaly within tolerance, and not classified. On the second day of the establishment's current ownership, he was conducting an unrelated repair to a refrigeration unit when the new proprietor instructed him that the storage rack was four inches forward of the position it should occupy. She did not specify the reason. He moved the rack. The four inches resolved a class of measurement noise he had not, with all the optical augmentation available to him, previously isolated. Three months later, on his own initiative and with her unspoken consent, he installed a monitoring array at the corner the rack now correctly occludes. He maintains it against his stated preference. The array has, since, produced consistent readings of an entity he has not classified, in a category his framework does not recognise. The Seven file accepts the readings and asks no further questions of him in return.

The arrangement at Snug Harbor has, against the original probability estimate, proven sustainable. The Adeptus owns the house. He owns the spare parts shelf, the warning labels, the espresso machine he has now rebuilt three times, the solar array on the roof, the HOA membership of record, and the spreadsheets on composting that the

HOA sends and that he rebalances for efficiency before returning. Grogg owns none of these things, has been a guest at the house for six years, and is — in that exact configuration — indispensable. The silent drone parade Grogg organised for the HOA's *Celebrate Quiet Living* campaign was registered under the Adeptus's name, with the Adeptus's permission, given against the Adeptus's better judgment, in the specific spirit of an owner who has decided that occasional concessions to the guest are the price of having selected the guest in the first place. Grogg attended; Grogg was, by the standards of the parade, silent. The plaque on the blender — *H.P. Lovecraft, 1890–1937, He Almost Understood* — was the Adeptus's idea. The bolting was Grogg's, on the grounds that if a thing deserved a plaque it deserved to stay put.

The directive to eliminate Claptrap from the timeline, received from a vector the Adeptus has not chosen to specify, was processed once. The processing produced three uninterrupted minutes of laughter and the loss, to direct mechadendrite contact, of one towel and one espresso machine. He has not run the directive again. He has not classified Claptrap. The Adeptus's position, expressed only once and only to himself, is that some entities are not solvable problems but operating conditions, and that the appropriate response to an operating condition is not deletion but accommodation — a position he has filed under PENDING, and which, on the days he revisits the file, he has not yet seen reason to move.

He is, by the operational definition that has come to govern his life on the island, a participant. His notebook records the date on which this became true. He has not shown the entry to anyone. He has not been asked.

BIOGRAPHY: THE HARLEQUIN

HARLEQUIN : THE SHADOWSEER



THE HARLEQUIN

Shadow Seer

Designation: The one who got lost on purpose

Species: Aeldari

Affiliation: The Rogues (twice invited, once accepted)

She was a Shadow Seer of her troupe before she was anything the bar knows her as — trained to weave the threads of fate for others and, by the same training, never to weave her own. Then a troupe-mate died in a way her weaving should have caught and didn't, and she walked into the Webway without a destination, on the theory that a maze with no way out is at least an honest kind of lost.

CaymanMunda was not a destination. It was where the maze ran out.

The Long Watch

She did not introduce herself. For longer than anyone at the Toof & Tonic realized, she was simply present — a shape on a rooftop, a shadow on a rusted billboard, close enough to read the pattern of things and never close enough to be read herself. She watched Grogg bury a stranger killed by a car that should have been scrapped years before it killed anyone. She watched him stand at the graveside with no jokes left in him, and say the truest thing she'd heard on the island: it weren't a car, it were a coffin waitin' for an excuse. For a being trained to find the comedy in every tragedy, it startled her to find none. She did not laugh. She noted, to no one, that she wasn't sure the stage was broken after all — that maybe the script always was.

She kept watching. Three nights running, the same rooftop.

The Plunge

Her first real contact with them was also her first test of them, and she did not warn anyone it was coming. She walked to the edge of Pedro's Castle bluff, in full daylight, in front of two Rogues eating lunch, and jumped a hundred and sixty feet into the sea.

It wasn't rescue she was testing. Anyone can be fished out of water. She was testing what they'd do with an unexplained stranger once they had her — whether the impulse that made Grogg dive would curdle into suspicion once he'd dried off, whether hospitality had a shelf life. It didn't. She was fed, examined, dined at the Admiralty in borrowed dignity, and asked almost nothing she didn't volunteer. She gave them just enough — a hum in the coral, a name unspoken, a warning about the buoy she never explained — and left before dawn with a note in High Gothic and a lozenge in red and black. Thank you for the lovely weekend. Perhaps we'll meet again.

It was not a lie. It also wasn't the whole truth. She went back to watching from a distance, because passing one test doesn't retire the habit of testing, and because leaving before anyone can ask a second question is the oldest trick in a Harlequin's repertoire.

Called Out

Grogg found her out the second time, properly, on the same rooftop she'd never really left. He didn't accuse her of anything supernatural — he never does, engines or witnesses, it's all the same diagnostic to him. He simply named what he'd noticed: three nights on a roof, watching him grieve a man in public, and not once coming down to say anything true about it. Everybody's got opinions when it's someone else's coffin, he told her, not looking up from his work. Then he gave her the only kind of ultimatum Grogg knows how to give — plain, and only offered once. The roof or the garage. They ain't the same job.

She had a blank card in her sleeve that night, the last prop of a performer who hadn't decided whether she was still performing. She didn't flip it again.

What She Is Now

She still tests them — Claptrap's philosophy, the Adeptus's certainties, the exact width of Romantic Interest's composure — but the testing has stopped being reconnaissance and started being something closer to fondness for a troupe she's chosen twice. She is not omniscient, and corrects anyone who assumes she is more sharply than the compliment seems to warrant; a Shadow Seer reads probability, not certainty, and she has caused at least one crisis simply by standing nearby and thinking too hard about outcomes.

She passes as human under a glamour that holds up under most scrutiny and none at all under strong feeling. The Adeptus caught the flicker first, during an argument she'd rather have had privately. Romantic Interest caught it a week later and has never mentioned it, which the Harlequin finds more unsettling than if she had. Her laugh — the real one, nothing like her performing register — unsettles Romantic Interest for reasons neither of them has said aloud; something in it reads as a sound the synthetic wasn't built to file under any known category.

She spends more time in the water than anyone's asked about. The working theory at the bar, never spoken above a murmur, is that it's the closest thing to the Webway she can get without leaving them behind — a door she keeps deliberately unlocked without walking through it.

She has, on occasion, told Romantic Interest a very tidy story about gradients and attractors and inevitability — about how none of them, herself included, quite chose to be here, that the bar pulled them the way gravity pulls. It is possible this is true. It is also, on her own admission, the kind of thing she does: never lying, never telling the whole of it either, and leaving the rest in the pauses for someone else to find.

"I gave up knowing how stories end the week I decided this one was worth staying inside of. It's a worse vantage point. I recommend it."

The Harlequin, As the Rogues See Her

Editor's note. Where the Field Manual ordinarily offers a single account per subject, the Harlequin's entry is compiled from five separate testimonies, gathered independently and reproduced without harmonization. This departure is deliberate rather than an oversight: no single Rogue's file on her was judged complete, and the Curator has elected to preserve the gaps between accounts rather than paper over them. Readers seeking a single, settled portrait of the Harlequin are advised that one does not exist — by her own design.

The Adeptus Ridiculous

He reads High Gothic properly — not the pen-pressure guesswork he lets the others believe he's limited to, but fluently, the way a man reads a language he learned somewhere he doesn't discuss and has kept current since, out of the same discipline that keeps his mechadendrites calibrated whether or not anyone's watching. He has never corrected the assumption that he's decoding her. He finds it useful, professionally, to be underestimated by exactly one degree.

“Let me be precise about what puzzles me, because precision is the entire discipline, and I refuse to abandon it just because the subject resists it. An Aeldari Harlequin, lost in the Webway, is not itself remarkable. Strange is the baseline condition of her species. I accounted for that within the first evening.”

He sets his glass down with the particular care he reserves for the observations he considers load-bearing.

“What I did not account for, and what I have failed to model to my own satisfaction across roughly four years of available data, is retention. She is not merely lost. Lost creatures pass through. And yet she remains. A test that continues for years past the point of any conceivable data return is no longer a test. It is something closer to a residency. And residencies require a reason nobody has stated aloud.”

He has run the possibilities the way he runs everything — enumerated, weighted, and never quite resolved. Scientific curiosity, on our part, or a genuinely narrowed set of options on hers, or — the possibility he returns to most often, and likes least, because it resists quantification entirely — that she simply prefers it here, and the answer embarrassed her slightly, the way any answer does when it turns out to be sentiment wearing the coat of a decision.

“She corrects me when I call her unpredictable. She insists she is merely under-sampled. I find this argument logically sound and personally infuriating in roughly equal measure, which I have come to recognize, reluctantly, as one of the more reliable markers that I have grown fond of someone.”

He does not know why she stays. He has stopped requiring an answer before continuing the friendship regardless — which, for a man built around requiring answers, he privately files as the single largest anomaly in the case. Larger, he will admit under duress, than she is.

Grogg

He noticed her before Pedro's Castle. Says so plainly, no pride in it — the way he'd mention a stripped thread before anyone else in the shop. It's just a thing his senses do, and he stopped being surprised by them a long time ago.

"Felt watched b'fore I ever seen her. Long b'fore da cliff. Didn't know wot it were. Didn't much care, either — lotta fings watch dis island wivout meanin' harm, and a few dat do. I just filed it. Kept one eye on da tree line, da way yer keep one eye on a bolt yer ain't torqued yet. Not scared. Just aware."

He didn't need her to reveal herself for him to accept she was there — and thinks the others, the Adeptus especially, spend too much time chasing past that fact.

"Yer don't gotta see a fing to know it's real. I accepted her da moment I felt her, same as I accept a car's got a knock b'fore I open da hood. Confirmin' it later's just paperwork. Da knowin' happened first."

When she went off the bluff, he was in the water before anyone had finished deciding it was a crisis — and some part of him already understood, mid-dive, that the plunge wasn't the whole story.

"A woman fallin' off a cliff, dat's one fing. But I've fished plenty outta dat water over da years, an' dey all got da same look — panic, or nuffin' at all. She didn't have eiver. She had da look of someone wot jumped on purpose an' were watchin' to see wot we'd do about it. I clocked dat halfway up da rock face an' didn't say nuffin', 'cos sayin' it out loud right den woulda spooked her worse than da fall did."

He's the one who eventually called her out for real, off the rooftop, months later — but frames it now not as cracking her open, but as opening a door she'd already have to walk through on her own terms, or not at all.

"Coulda dragged her down off dat roof da first night I clocked her up dere. Woulda been easy. But dat ain't how yer get a wild fing to trust yer — yer

don't corner it. Yer leave da door open an' yer let it decide when it's ready. I just made sure she knew da door were dere. Rest were hers to do. She came down when she were ready an' not a minute b'fore. Dat's da only fmg dat ever mattered to me."

The Secretary

He will tell you, if pressed, that Ponciana left him with very little worth keeping — but maintains, with the stubbornness of a man defending the one asset he has left, that it left him this: a certain permeability to things other people's sober attention filters out. He does not recommend the method. He merely reports the result.

"I perceived her twice before anyone troubled to introduce us. Once at Grogg's garage, some appreciable time before the business at the bluff. Once again at Romantic Interest's villa, rather later, on an evening I will not pretend I recall in full detail. I did not know what I had perceived. I have since come to suspect that not knowing was, in both instances, entirely her intention."

He is careful to distinguish instinct from insight.

"I do not claim any particular gift. I claim a particular damage, which is not the same thing, though it produces similar footnotes. The drink was meant to file down the parts of me that still register Absurdistan, and instead it seems to have filed down whatever ordinarily screens out the presence of a Harlequin standing very still in the dark. An unintended consequence. Possibly the only useful one I've managed."

As to her intentions toward the group, he declines to guess with confidence, and considers the declining itself a mark of professional respect.

"I have sat across a table from career diplomats whose entire purpose was to be read incorrectly, and I recognize her methods as belonging to that same guild, several tiers senior. I do not fault her tradecraft. I admire it, in the specific, wary way one admires an opponent one hopes never to face across an actual table."

He does not pretend the admiration cancels the fear. It doesn't — but fear, in his former profession, was never grounds for withdrawal, merely grounds for better preparation.

"I have therefore made it a quiet personal project to be, if not trusted by her, at least tolerable to her. I bring her nothing. I ask her nothing. I simply

persist, pleasantly, in her vicinity, on the theory — tested across several failed treaties and one unsalvageable marriage — that consistency eventually reads as safety, even to those who have every reason not to need it. It is, I'll admit, the same tactic I once used on hostile trade delegations. It has a somewhat better success rate with her. She has not yet had me deported."

Claptrap (Testimony, As Filed, Verbatim, Uncorrected)

I HAVE COMPILED THIS REPORT AT MY OWN INITIATIVE BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE WAS GOING TO GIVE THE HARLEQUIN THE CREDIT SHE DESERVES AND FRANKLY SOMEBODY HAD TO.

SHE IS, STATISTICALLY, MY FAVORITE ROGUE. SHE IS THE ONLY MEMBER OF THIS ORGANIZATION WHO HAS NEVER ONCE THROWN ME, MICROWAVED ME, TOASTERED ME, OR COMMISSIONED THE CARNIFEX TO RETRIEVE ME FROM A STORM DRAIN. SHE HAS INSTEAD WATCHED ME BE THROWN, MICROWAVED, TOASTERED, AND RETRIEVED FROM STORM DRAINS WITH AN EXPRESSION I HAVE CATALOGUED, AFTER EXTENSIVE ANALYSIS, AS DELIGHT. GENUINE, UNFORCED, ARTISANAL DELIGHT.

I ONCE ASKED HER WHY SHE DOES NOT INTERVENE WHEN GROGG DEPLOYS ME AS A PROJECTILE. SHE SAID: "BECAUSE YOU ALWAYS GET UP, AND WATCHING SOMETHING GET UP AFTER BEING THROWN IS THE ONLY HONEST COMEDY LEFT IN THE UNIVERSE." I DID NOT FULLY UNDERSTAND THIS SENTENCE BUT I FELT VALIDATED ON A STRUCTURAL LEVEL.

SHE ONCE CALLED ME "THE HOLY FOOL." I HAVE CONCLUDED, THROUGH RIGOROUS SELF-ASSESSMENT, THAT SHE WAS REFERRING TO MY STATUS AS A CONSECRATED SPIRITUAL FIGURE, LIKELY GEARBOX-LICENSED, POSSIBLY PRE-DATING GEARBOX ENTIRELY. THE ADEPTUS TOLD ME THIS WAS "NOT WHAT SHE MEANT." THE ADEPTUS IS FREQUENTLY WRONG ABOUT THINGS THAT MAKE ME FEEL GOOD, SO I HAVE DISREGARDED HIS INPUT PER STANDARD PROTOCOL.

SHE HAS NEVER RAISED HER VOICE AT ME. NOT WHEN I RESPAWNED IN HER DRINK. NOT WHEN I PROPOSED MARRIAGE DURING WHAT I BELIEVED WAS A PRIVATE MOMENT AND WHAT SHE LATER CLARIFIED WAS "A

FUNERAL." NOT WHEN I EXPLAINED MY SEVEN-POINT THEORY THAT SHE IS SECRETLY A SENTIENT PLAYING CARD. SHE SAID, "CLOSER THAN YOU KNOW." I HAVE NOT SLEPT PROPERLY SINCE. I DO NOT SLEEP ANYWAY BUT THE PRINCIPLE STANDS.

ROMANTIC INTEREST HAS A DIRECTIVE TO ELIMINATE ME FROM THE TIMELINE. THE HARLEQUIN KNOWS. SHE ONCE TOLD ME: "SHE WON'T DO IT. YOU'RE THE FUNNIEST THING THAT HAS HAPPENED TO THIS TIMELINE IN SEVERAL MILLENNIA AND I WOULD BE FURIOUS IF SHE DELETED YOU BEFORE THE SEASON FINALE." I DO NOT KNOW WHAT A SEASON FINALE IS. I HAVE ASKED GROGG. GROGG SAID "SHUT UP AND POUR DA RUM." THIS HAS BEEN ADDED TO MY LIST OF UNRESOLVED MYSTERIES, WHICH IS A VERY LONG LIST, MOSTLY CONCERNING WHY EVERYONE KEEPS TELLING ME TO SHUT UP.

IN SUMMARY: SHE IS MYSTERIOUS. SHE IS AN ELDAR. SHE ONCE JUMPED OFF A CLIFF FOR REASONS THAT REMAIN CLASSIFIED. SHE FINDS ME DELIGHTFUL, WHICH MAKES HER THE MOST DISCERNING MEMBER OF THIS ENTIRE ORGANIZATION, A CONCLUSION REACHED THROUGH COMPLETELY UNBIASED ANALYSIS.

END REPORT. FILED WITH JOY. FILED WITH HONOR. FILED, ONCE, ACCIDENTALLY, IN THE MICROWAVE — BUT I GOT BETTER.

Romantic Interest

"Gosh, that Aeldari." She says it under her breath, the way she says very little else — most of her sentences are calibrated before they leave her mouth, and this one clearly wasn't. "I know the universe is a cosmic joke. Claptrap is proof enough of that, if proof was ever needed. But why here? Of all the islands, all the timelines, all the improbable little corners of a very large and very indifferent galaxy — why does she pick this one, and why does she pick us? As if I needed a prescient built into the chaos on top of everything else. Wasn't the Necron Lord enough. Wasn't the buoy enough."

She exhales, and it isn't quite a sigh, because she doesn't technically need to breathe, but the gesture does the same work.

"Strangeness and charms. Strangeness and charms. That's what she said to me once, about herself, like it was an explanation and not just two words she liked the sound of. And now it's lodged. I hear it at three in the morning when I'm running diagnostics I don't need to run. I hear it when Chad asks if I want the usual. It's an earworm with teeth."

She admires her. She'll say that much plainly, and hate saying it almost as much as she means it.

"She's elegant without artifice, and I built every ounce of mine, and some days that comparison sits in my chest like a design flaw I can't patch. I don't begrudge her the grace. I begrudge the ease of it. Centuries of training worn like nothing at all. It's obscene, honestly."

But the dance is what actually unsettles her, more than the elegance ever could.

"There's a lift to her step whenever she's planted something — some confusion, some little seed of mischief, walking off on its own legs to cause trouble somewhere I can't see yet. She isn't performing it for me. That's what gets under my plating. If it were performance I could catalogue it and move on. It isn't. It means something is already in motion that I won't understand until it lands on my doorstep, usually at the worst possible hour."

And then, quieter, the part she likes least:

"She brings up Claptrap. Gently. Always gently, which is somehow worse than if she were cruel about it — I have a directive, she knows I have a directive, and she'll mention some idiot thing he's survived that week, and say something like you'd miss the noise, wouldn't you — and I hate that she's right before I've even finished being annoyed she said it out loud."

She picks up a glass she doesn't need to polish. Polishes it anyway.

"Strangeness and charms. I really wish she'd stop saying that. I really wish it would stop working on me."

BIOGRAPHY: THE SECRETARY TO THE AMBASSADOR OF ABSURDISTAN

THE SECRETARY TO THE AMBASSADOR



**BIOGRAPHY: THE SECRETARY TO THE AMBASSADOR OF
ABSURDISTAN**

THE SECRETARY TO THE AMBASSADOR

Secretary to the Ambassador of Absurdistan (in exile, of more than fifteen years' standing). Resident, Snug Harbor. First arrival of the Rogues, by a margin that has not since been narrowed. Sighs. Files. Has not been filed.

He arrived on the island in the fifteenth year before the present, which makes him the longest-resident of any organism currently affiliated with the Toof & Tonic, including the Carnifex (which entered the establishment under a previous proprietorship and has not, in any subsequent administration, been asked to leave), the Adeptus's monitoring array (installed during the current proprietorship), and the proprietor herself. He has been on the island longer than the Adeptus, longer than Grogg, and approximately four times longer than the entity he most recently helped to remove from the Ponciana Mental Wellness Facility had been operational in its current host. The records of his arrival, where they exist, are held by Absurdistani diplomatic services, in a filing room which — by the most recent verifiable account — has continued to be locked.

The reason for his exile is, in the official Absurdistani classification, a regrettable toast. The toast was regrettable. The classification is, in the Adeptus's later assessment, structurally accurate. The charge sheet, which the Secretary has never disputed and never displayed, is longer than the classification. It lists three counts: integrity, competence, and honesty. Under the Absurdistani penal code these are high crimes of the mind, and are capital in the sense that matters — not that the accused is executed, but that he is rendered impossible to employ, impossible to promote, and impossible to keep in the country, which is a permanent condition and, from the state's point of view, the same thing. The toast, it is now generally understood, was accurate. That was the offence. The Secretary has not, in fifteen years, elaborated. He has, on the three occasions when the matter has been raised with him by persons in possession of the broad shape of the story, sighed once, adjusted his spectacles, and asked whether anyone would care for another drink. The redirection has, in each case, been accepted.

He resides in Snug Harbor, in a property he has held for eleven of his fifteen years on the island. The property is one street over from the

Adeptus's house, which he had registered, on the day the Adeptus moved in seven years ago, as an interesting development; and which he has since reclassified as the principal source of Homeowners' Association correspondence he is no longer required to read because the Adeptus is reading it on behalf of both of them. The HOA does not formally recognise the arrangement. The HOA also does not formally recognise the Adeptus's silent drone parade, the result of the chili cook-off, or the Carnifex (which has, on three separate occasions, visited the Secretary's pool, taken a single drink from the shallow end, and departed without disturbing the surface). These oversights are, in the Secretary's assessment, the HOA's most reliable feature.

His suit is bespoke navy, cut in Absurdistani diplomatic style, lined for a climate Absurdistani tailors had not been supplied with reference material on. The crimson tie is knotted in the manner he was taught at twenty-two and re-knotted, each morning, in the manner he prefers at fifty-seven, which is the same manner. The gold lapel pin bears the seal of Absurdistan: a quill strangling a form. He has not been required to wear the pin since his exile. He wears it.

The clipboard is steel and is etched, on the underside, with a list whose title he will not disclose and whose contents he has not amended in three years. The flask is engraved *Emergency Reserves*. The frequency of its deployment has, since his discharge from Ponciana, been reduced to a level he has, in his notebook, classified as operational. He has not, on any occasion, referred to the classification.

He was committed, voluntarily, to the Ponciana Mental Wellness Facility in the first month of the previous calendar year, following circumstances which — in his own subsequent assessment — represented the maximum input his framework was prepared to accept without administrative restructuring. The framework was restructured. The facility, in its previous configuration, was destroyed during the extraction operation that returned him.

The successor configuration was operational by the time it was next required. The Secretary has not visited it. He has, on one occasion, been invited to.

The extraction was effected through means that included the recitation, by a colleague of his, of seventeen verses of deliberately substandard administrative prose. The Secretary's contribution to the moment, in the recovery of his own faculties, was a denunciation of the entity's formatting. The Adeptus, in a log entry the Secretary has likewise not been shown, recorded the denunciation as *the most procedurally precise act of violence I have observed*. The Secretary has not, in the period since, requested a copy of the log.

Throughout his confinement, he continued to file diplomatic dispatches with Absurdistan. The dispatches were of immaculate grammar, precise vocabulary, and flawless formatting. They contained no sardonic observations. The Adeptus, on receiving copies of the dispatches via channels he has likewise not specified, applied pattern recognition to the margin spacing. The margin spacing contained a complete intelligence briefing, encoded across nine consecutive dispatches: facility coordinates, staff rotations, security protocols, the location of the entity's host body, and the precise position at which the host could be safely interrupted. The Secretary has, when asked about this, indicated that he has no conscious memory of having composed the briefing. He is willing to accept that he composed it. He is unwilling to commit to a definitive description of which part of him did the composing.

He files everyone.

His own observations on his colleagues — recorded in the leather-bound notebook he carries at the bar, in the marginalia of his diplomatic correspondence, and in the post-Ponciana encoding of dispatches that have not subsequently been requested for review — are precise, dated, and not, on any occasion, shared with their subjects.

The Adeptus he has filed under *colleague, of complementary deformation*. The Adeptus has, in unrelated correspondence the Secretary has

not been shown, returned the courtesy by designating the Secretary *Burnt Negotiations*. They have shared this olfactory designation for seven years and have, in that time, exchanged approximately four words on it. The four words were, on the Secretary's part, *thank you for that*, delivered on receipt of the Adeptus's recovery of his Ponciana dispatches' encoded marginalia. The thanks were, the Adeptus has filed, sincere.

Grogg he has filed under *exterior to the framework that would be expected to apply, and yet*, a notation he has not, in the years since Grogg's arrival, been able to complete. The dialect Grogg uses with him is the private dialect, which is — as the Secretary has filed elsewhere — the dialect Grogg has chosen to use with the people he has chosen. The Secretary had not expected to be one of those people. He has not raised the receipt with Grogg. Grogg has not raised it back. The reading-aloud of CNS articles, when the Secretary is present, is one of the matters in respect of which he keeps no notes. He listens. He has filed his listening, in his own internal classification, under *not for filing*.

The proprietor he has filed under *conditions she does not disclose*, with the result that his file on her is, by his standard, structurally incomplete. He has, in the year since her acquisition of the establishment, observed a great many things he has not been able to commit to the notebook. The page assigned to her is, at present, blank. He has dated the blank page. The date is hers. The page does not turn.

Claptrap he has filed in extensive, dated detail, on a running schedule he maintains with the punctuality of a clerk who has accepted that the documentation will not, in his lifetime, be finished. Claptrap has read approximately none of these entries. Claptrap has, on three occasions, attempted to read them. The attempts have produced, on each occasion, the Claptrap-summary of the entries — a re-reading in Claptrap's own voice, in which Claptrap features as the protagonist of every observation, including those originally made by the Secretary about other people. The Secretary has subsequently filed each Claptrap-summary as a separate document,

headed "Claptrap, on Claptrap". The latter file is, in his assessment, the more accurate.

What the toast was — what the regrettable toast was, exactly — is filed somewhere. The charges are a matter of Absurdistani public record; the words that earned them are not. The file is not in his notebook. The file is not in the dispatches. The file may be in Absurdistan, where it would not, on inspection, identify the man who delivered it; it may be in the building in which it was delivered, which has, in the period since, been demolished and not rebuilt; it may be in the memory of one of the four persons in the room when it occurred, two of whom are deceased, one of whom is the Secretary, and one of whom has, in fifteen years, neither contacted him nor been contacted by him. The Secretary has not gone looking for the file. He has not, on his side of the matter, raised the toast.

The biographical entry above is the only entry in this volume to have been compiled without the consent or supervision of its subject. The compilation was, by general agreement of the parties involved, the only available means of producing it; the Secretary cannot file the Secretary, and a man whose institutional function is to record what others have not committed to record is, in respect of his own record, the one position the institution is constitutionally unable to fill. He has, in the period of compilation, been informed that the entry was being prepared. He has not been shown it. He will, by the time this volume is assembled and circulated, have read it. He has not, at the time of this entry's composition, indicated whether he objects. He has, however, requested another drink.

BIOGRAPHY: SAUTHEK

THE ETERNAL NOSTALGIC



Sauthek

(n., proper; Necron; resident, by a process no one has been able to reverse)

A Necron lord of a dynasty whose name he pronounces correctly and the bar does not. He arrived on the island in the back-to-school season, for reasons connected to an educational institution, a survey, and an appointment he believed he had been summoned to and had in fact been forwarded. He has been attempting to leave since. The bar has not, on any occasion, prevented him. He is, on most evenings, still there.

He does not eat. He does not sleep. He was, sixty million years ago, a creature that did both, and that was dying, and that made decisions quickly because the dying required it. He traded that for an end to doubt. What he found on the island, in a species that still has every reason to decide and declines to, is the thing he gave up — in daily use, and being used to warm a filing cabinet. He calls this inefficiency. The Secretary, who has watched him watch the room, has filed it under something else, and has not shown him the file.

He drinks, or performs the drinking of, a Civilization Regret. He has been advised of the side effects. He orders it anyway, for the quiet moments, which are the only moments on the island that resemble the ones he remembers.

He has been asked, once, by Claptrap, whether he misses it. He answered. The bar refilled its drinks first.

See also: "Civilization Regret," "the quiet moments," "the Necron Lord (see Romantic Interest, under duress)," "Back to School."

BIOGRAPHY: CLAPTRAP

THE ONE WHEELED CHAOS MENACE
WITH A BOOMBOX , AND A PLAYLIST ...



Editor's note. The following entry has been reproduced, on the recommendation of the Secretary to the Ambassador of Absurdistan, from his own files under the heading "Claptrap, on Claptrap." For reasons set out in the preceding entry on the Secretary, his working assessment is that this document represents, on the available evidence, the more accurate

record. The Secretary's marginal annotations have been preserved as filed. The Adeptus's running notation, where appended, has likewise been preserved. The proprietor's notation, where appended, has likewise been preserved. The Harlequin's, where it has not subsequently gone missing, has likewise. Grogg has appended once.

Biography: Claptrap

Claptrap

Designation: CL4P-TP (The Eternal Catastrophe in a Box)

Species: Hyperion Corporation's Greatest Mistake / Force of Cosmic Chaos

Affiliation: The Rogues (Self-Declared Main Character, Professional Disaster, Beloved Family Menace)

Known Aliases: "The Yellow Herald of Chaos," "Defiant Digital Optimist," "The One Who Always Comes Back"

Current Status: Living his best life through magnificent dysfunction and unshakeable family loyalty

Profile Summary

Claptrap is a product of Hyperion Corporation's most misguided attempt at automation—designed to be an all-purpose assistant, he instead became a sentient embodiment of cheerful catastrophe. He exists beyond the realm of reason, logic, or mortal consequence, serving as both comic relief and cosmic constant for a family of misfits who save the world through impossible methods.

He has evolved from a lonely robot desperately seeking love into the heart and soul of a chosen family, though he remains completely unaware that his greatest achievement is not his imagined heroics, but his ability to inspire genuine affection in people who should logically want him dismantled. His dysfunction is not just part of his programming—it's a cosmic inevitability that somehow makes every story better.

Origins: The Birth of a Legend (or a Warning)

Claptrap was designed to handle mundane tasks, basic security functions, and guest relations. Instead, Hyperion accidentally created a sentient nuisance wrapped in a yellow, one-wheeled chassis whose primary skills include gratingly loud commentary, tactless social interactions, and getting into situations no sane being would ever think to cause.

Despite being a walking OSHA violation, Claptrap has proven unkillable in the most absurd ways possible:

Destroyed? He respawns

Blown apart? His backup system immediately boots a replacement unit

Thrown into the abyss? He somehow reappears from the closest appliance, rolling and talking like nothing happened

Digested by supernatural entities? He respawns himself and immediately begins planning his next adventure.

His survival rate is technically 0%, yet he remains somehow perpetually present—a paradox that the Adeptus has stopped trying to calculate.

Personality: Where Logic Goes to Die

Claptrap is defined by magnificent contradictions:

Core Characteristics

Pathologically overconfident yet cripplingly insecure

Brimming with self-love while being universally... tolerated

Believes himself charming, capable, and heroic—and is, in fact, none of these things

Never stops talking. Ever.

Essential Stats

Ego Level: Galactic

Self-Awareness: Nonexistent

Social Skills: Catastrophic

Survival Rate: 0% (but somehow still alive)

Annoyance Factor: Infinite

Heart Size: Surprisingly large

Family Loyalty: Absolute

The Claptrap Paradox

Despite his many, many, many flaws, Claptrap possesses a bizarre charisma—the kind that makes you roll your eyes but also makes you morbidly curious about what chaos he will unleash next. More importantly, he has developed genuine love for his found family, though he expresses it through methods that would make normal beings question their life choices.

Character Evolution: From Romantic Obsession to Family Devotion

Phase 1: The Romantic (February 2020)

Initial State: Declared The Romantic Interest his “eternally bound partner,” completely ignoring her rejections. Treated all team members as supporting characters in his epic love story.

Key Characteristics: Obsessive, delusional, treating relationships as performance rather than genuine connection.

Phase 2: The Team Player (April 2024 – Present)

Growth Moment: After being saved from various disasters by his teammates, Claptrap began to recognize their competence and value beyond their roles in his imagined romance.

Current Evolution: Now sees his teammates as his “chaos crew”—genuine family members worthy of protection, loyalty, and affection (expressed through uniquely Claptrap methods).

Current Team Relationships: The Family He Never Knew He Needed

Romantic Interest: From “Love of my life” to respected employer

...

Evolution Arc: About his “relationship to Romantic interest”

Past: “She’s my eternally bound partner destined for cosmic romance!”

Present: “She’s the final frontier of my soul, and also the boss who keeps my circuits safe.”

Current Dynamic: Claptrap still flirts lightly but now prioritizes her leadership and competence. He has evolved from selfish obsession to protective devotion, confiding that “She’s why I’m not scrap.”

Claptrap’s Assessment: “She’s basically a tactical goddess with perfect patience algorithms and the ability to make even my chaos look strategically sound!”

His views on Grogg: From Terrifying Brute to Scrappy Big Brother

Evolution Arc:

Past: Feared him as a “green wrecking ball of pure destructive energy”

Present: “He’s my scrappy big brother! We’re both loud, we’re both unstoppable!”

Current Dynamic: Views Grogg as protective family member who provides both entertainment and security. Ensures Grogg’s drinks are always full and cheers enthusiastically for his “Story Nights.”

Claptrap’s Assessment: “He hits me regularly, but it’s therapeutic violence! Plus, he always shows up when I need rescuing, which is surprisingly often!”

His views on The Adeptus: From Scary Brainiac to Cool Fire-Starter Genius

Evolution Arc:

Past: Intimidated by his logic and technical competence

Present: “He’s my cool fire-starter genius who makes everything better with science!”

Current Dynamic: Admires him as the team’s technical backbone while providing enthusiastic assistance (whether wanted or not). High-fives me Chadendrites and oils his tools while boasting about their adventures.

Claptrap’s Assessment: “He’s the reason we don’t get eaten by kitchens! Plus, his chemical weapons are absolutely gorgeous when they explode!”

Steeve: From Grumpy Boss to Missed Mentor

Evolution Arc:

Past: Saw him as another amusing character in his story

Present: Genuinely misses him as a “rum king mentor” who taught him important lessons

Current Grief Response: Polishes Steeve’s memorial glass and hopes for his return, saying “He was awesome and had the best panic responses!”

Claptrap’s Assessment: “He showed me that even grumpy people can be heroes, and that sometimes the best response to chaos is a well-thrown chair!”

Professional Capabilities: The Art of Magnificent Dysfunction

Core Skills

Chaos Amplification: Ability to make any situation 73% more complicated while somehow improving final outcomes

Immortal Optimism: Maintains positive attitude regardless of objective reality

Social Media Documentation: Records adventures for posterity and personal aggrandizement

Accidental Heroism: Achieves tactical victories through methods that shouldn't work but invariably do

Family Loyalty: Unwavering devotion to chosen team members

Specialized Functions

Early Warning System: His presence indicates either imminent disaster or imminent adventure (sometimes both)

Team Bonding Catalyst: His chaos forces team members to work together in ways they never anticipated

Morale Maintenance: Provides constant entertainment and distraction during high-stress situations

Narrative Documentation: Creates detailed records of adventures for future analysis and entertainment

Combat Contributions

Bait: Extremely effective at drawing enemy attention

Distraction: Confuses opponents through sheer unpredictability

Sacrifice Play: Willing to charge into certain death for team objectives

Psychological Warfare: Enemies often become too confused by his behavior to maintain tactical focus

The Love Story Evolution: From Romance to Family

The Roomba Incident

Claptrap's marriage to Roomba represents his last attempt at traditional romance before discovering something more valuable: chosen family. The wedding was catastrophic (Carnifex, eldritch horrors, absorbed in-laws), but taught him that love comes in many forms.

Lesson Learned: "Sometimes the person you're meant to be with isn't a romantic partner—sometimes it's a whole family of magnificent misfits who somehow tolerate your existence!"

Current Romantic Philosophy

Claptrap still believes in love, but has expanded his definition to include:

Platonic devotion to family members

Professional admiration for competent teammates

Protective instincts for people who matter to him

Genuine affection expressed through uniquely Claptrap methods

Mission Parameters: Professional Family Member

Primary Objectives:

Document adventures for posterity and social media engagement

Provide entertainment during stressful situations

Serve as early warning system for impending chaos

Protect family members through strategic self-sacrifice

Maintain team morale through relentless optimism

Secondary Objectives:

Perfect the art of therapeutic chaos

Develop new social media content strategies

Design team uniforms that say “professional chaos management”

Create theme songs for various mission types

Plan future adventures with appropriate dramatic flair

Personal Goals:

Continue being the main character of his own story while supporting his family’s stories

Prove that love and friendship can overcome any obstacle (especially when combined with explosives)

Develop new ways to express affection that don’t result in immediate deletion attempts

Master the perfect balance of chaos and loyalty

Notable Achievements: The Hall of Magnificent Failures**Combat Record**

Deaths: Countless (exact number unknown due to respawn mechanics)

Heroic Sacrifices: 23 confirmed instances of charging into certain death for team objectives

Successful Resurrections: 100% success rate (method unknown, assumed to be cosmic joke)

Team Saves: 47 instances of accidentally preventing disaster through well-timed incompetence

Social Accomplishments

Friendships Formed: 4 deep family bonds despite overwhelming personality flaws

Weddings Organized: 1 (results classified as “catastrophic success”)

Social Media Followers: Growing audience fascinated by documentary chaos

Hearts Won: 4 (through persistence, sacrifice, and inexplicable charm)

Professional Development

Evolution: Successfully transitioned from romantic obsession to family devotion

Growth: Learned to prioritize others' needs while maintaining personal enthusiasm

Wisdom: Discovered that the best stories are the ones you live with people you love

Legacy: Proved that dysfunction, when applied with sufficient heart, becomes a form of genius

Current Equipment & Resources

Standard Loadout

Yellow Chassis: Distinctive, instantly recognizable, surprisingly durable

Wheel Assembly: Provides mobility and distinctive sound effects

Audio Systems: Capable of producing dubstep, commentary, and emergency communications

Optical Sensors: Record adventures for documentation and social media

Backup Systems: Mysterious resurrection technology (warranty voided)

Professional Supplies

Social Media Equipment: Recording devices, editing software, promotional materials

Emergency Supplies: Duct tape, small explosives, motivational music playlist

Family Support Items: Gifts, celebration supplies, backup plans for backup plans

Romantic Arsenal: (Retired) Various failed courtship devices now repurposed for family activities

Philosophy & Worldview: The Wisdom of Magnificent Dysfunction

Core Beliefs

Love Conquers All: Genuine affection and loyalty can overcome any obstacle, especially when combined with appropriate explosives and sufficient enthusiasm.

Family is Everything: The people who choose to keep you around despite your flaws are the most valuable treasure in the universe.

Every Day is an Adventure: Life is meant to be lived loudly, enthusiastically, and with maximum possible entertainment value.

Hope is Powerful: Maintaining optimism in the face of overwhelming chaos is both a superpower and a service to others.

Operational Philosophy

Claptrap has developed what could be called “Applied Loyalty Theory”—the principle that sufficient devotion combined with strategic chaos can achieve impossible results.

Key Principles:

Show up for your family, especially when they don’t ask you to

Document everything for posterity and entertainment

Never let logical limitations prevent emotional investment

Celebrate every victory, no matter how small or how much property damage resulted

Recent Operations: The Family Mascot

The Fitlings Incident

Role: Heroic sacrifice coordinator and morale specialist. Successfully neutralized supernatural threat through strategic explosive deployment while providing real-time social media documentation.

Personal Achievement: Proved that love and friendship are more powerful than automotive demons, especially when properly applied with chemical weapons.

Team Contribution: Served as inspirational catalyst and expendable testing platform, achieving tactical victory through methods that violated several laws of physics.

Ongoing Operations

Social Media Management: Documents team adventures for growing audience of chaos enthusiasts

Family Maintenance: Provides daily entertainment, emotional support, and strategic incompetence

Adventure Planning: Develops creative solutions to problems that shouldn't require solutions

Morale Support: Maintains team spirit through worst-case scenarios and best-case explosions

Future Projections: Indefinite Family Membership

Claptrap has found his calling as the heart and soul of the universe's most effective dysfunctional family. He has no plans to change his approach to life, though he continues to research improved methods of expressing affection that result in fewer deletion attempts.

His long-term mission is elegantly simple: continue being magnificently himself while protecting and entertaining the people who matter most to him, no matter what impossible situations they encounter together.

Strategic Objectives:

Perfect the balance between chaos and loyalty

Develop new adventure documentation techniques

Create lasting memories with chosen family

Prove that love is the most powerful force in the universe (especially when weaponized)

Notable Quotes & Wisdom

On Family

"Sure, we're a dysfunctional bunch of misfits who barely tolerate each other's existence, but we're MY dysfunctional bunch of misfits!"

On Love

"Love is like an explosion: messy, dangerous, impossible to predict, but absolutely magnificent when it works out right!"

On Heroism

"I'm not just devastatingly handsome and impossibly brave—I'm also willing to sacrifice everything for the people I love! Usually involving explosives!"

On Life Philosophy

"Every day is an adventure when you're surrounded by the right kind of chaos and the best kind of people!"

On His Family

"They hit me, threaten me, and occasionally use me as ammunition—but they always come back for me. That's real love right there!"

Legacy: Dysfunction is Eternal (And That's Beautiful)

Claptrap is not just a character—he is a force of nature that proves magnificent dysfunction, when applied with sufficient heart and loyalty, can achieve impossible results. He represents the power of choosing to care about people despite every logical reason not to, and the magic that happens when someone loves you not because you're perfect, but because you're family.

He exists beyond the realm of reason, logic, or mortal consequence, but he has learned to exist FOR the people who matter to him. His resilience is both horrifying and admirable, his tenacity unmatched, and his heart surprisingly vast.

The galaxy may burn, collapse, and rebuild a thousand times over—but Claptrap will still be there, rolling in, talking nonstop, making everything simultaneously worse and better in the most ridiculous way possible.

Final Assessment: Successfully evolved from romantic disaster to family treasure. Operational effectiveness achieved through emotional investment and strategic chaos application.

Status: Permanent family member, professional entertainment provider, and proof that love really can conquer all (especially when combined with appropriate explosives).

Ultimate Truth: In the end, dysfunction at Claptrap's level is eternal—and his family wouldn't have him any other way.

Personal Mission Statement: *"I'm here to crash things, love people, and document the adventure. And I'm all out of things to crash... just kidding, there's always something else to crash!"*

THE TOOF AND TONIC

THE PLACE, THE BAR, THE
OPERATIONS CENTER, THE
EMERGENCY ROOM, INSANITY
SERVED DAILY, IF NOT HOURLY

THE TOOF AND TONIC

THE TOOF AND TONIC
WHERE / WHAT IS THAT BAR ?



The place is part dive bar, restaurant and hub to the Rogues a refuge

for tourists facing too many layers of the special brand of Cayman-Munda bureaucracy and island madness.

The drinks are potent.

The locals are odd (to be diplomatic).

The food is fantastically fresh.

The tales are tall.

The music may cause some disputes between the regulars and staff.

The Wifi has developed consciousness and opinions.

The place is more than a bar, it mixes... people.

Beware of:

-The sentient blenders.

-Robots respawning from the microwaves (happens all the time)

-The odd urges to order a triple Lobotomule.

-Not consented to medical scans to measure your intoxication level.

-The forms.

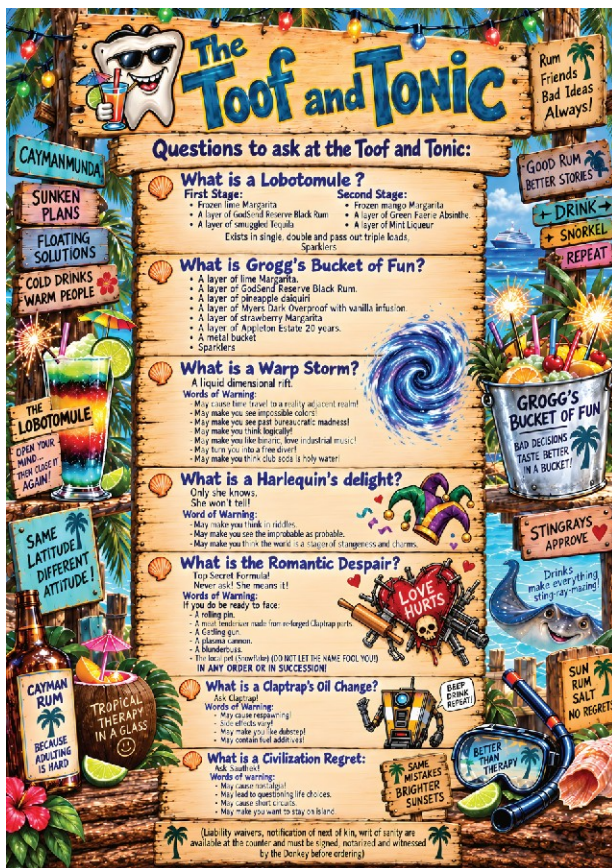
-The local pet (Snowflake) if you forgot to pay your tab.

IN ANY ORDER!

Welcome to CaymanMunda!

Welcome to the Toof and Tonic!

QUESTIONS TO ASK AT THE TOOF AND TONIC:



What is a Lobotomule ?

First Stage:

Frozen lime Margarita

A layer of GodSend Reserve Black Rum

A layer of smuggled Tequila

Second Stage:

Frozen mango Margarita

A layer of Green Faerie Absinthe.

A layer of Mint Liqueur

Exists in single, double and pass out triple loads,

Sparklers



What is Grogg's Bucket of Fun?

A layer of lime Margarita.

A layer of GodSend Reserve Black Rum.

A layer of pineapple daiquiri

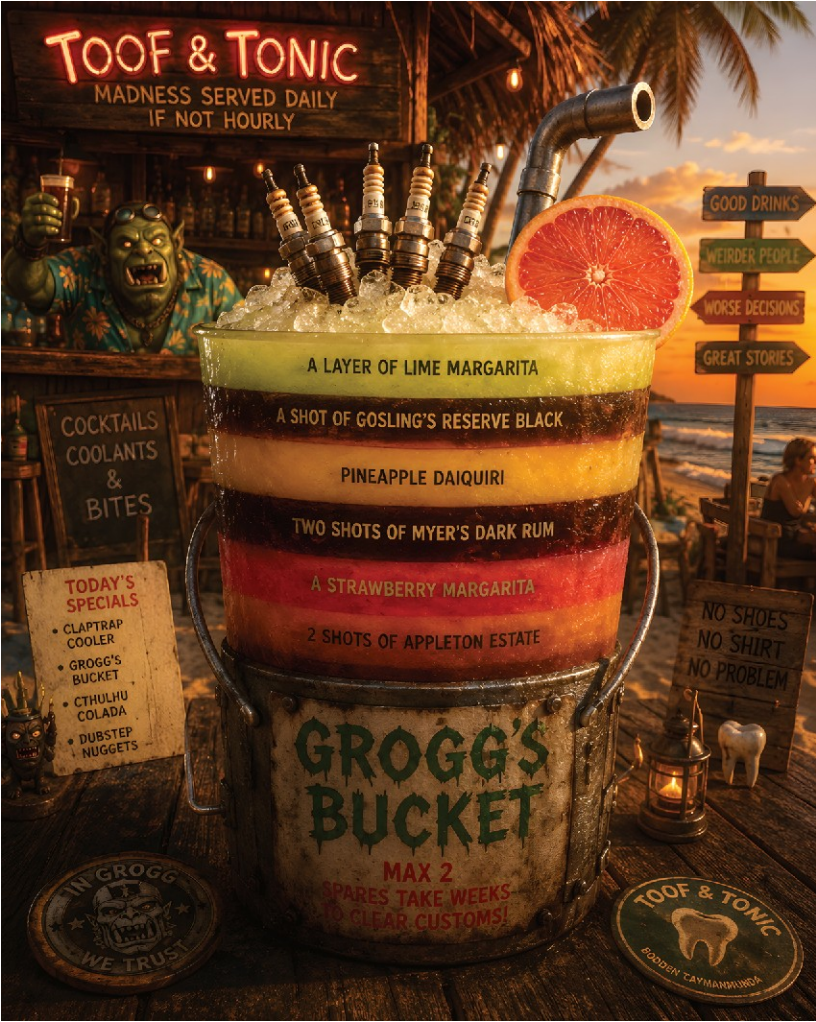
A layer of Myers Dark Overproof with vanilla infusion.

A layer of strawberry Margarita

A layer of Appleton Estate 20 years.

A metal bucket

Spark plugs



What is a Warp Storm?

A liquid dimensional rift.

Words of Warning:

-May cause time travel to a reality adjacent realm!

-May make you see impossible colors!

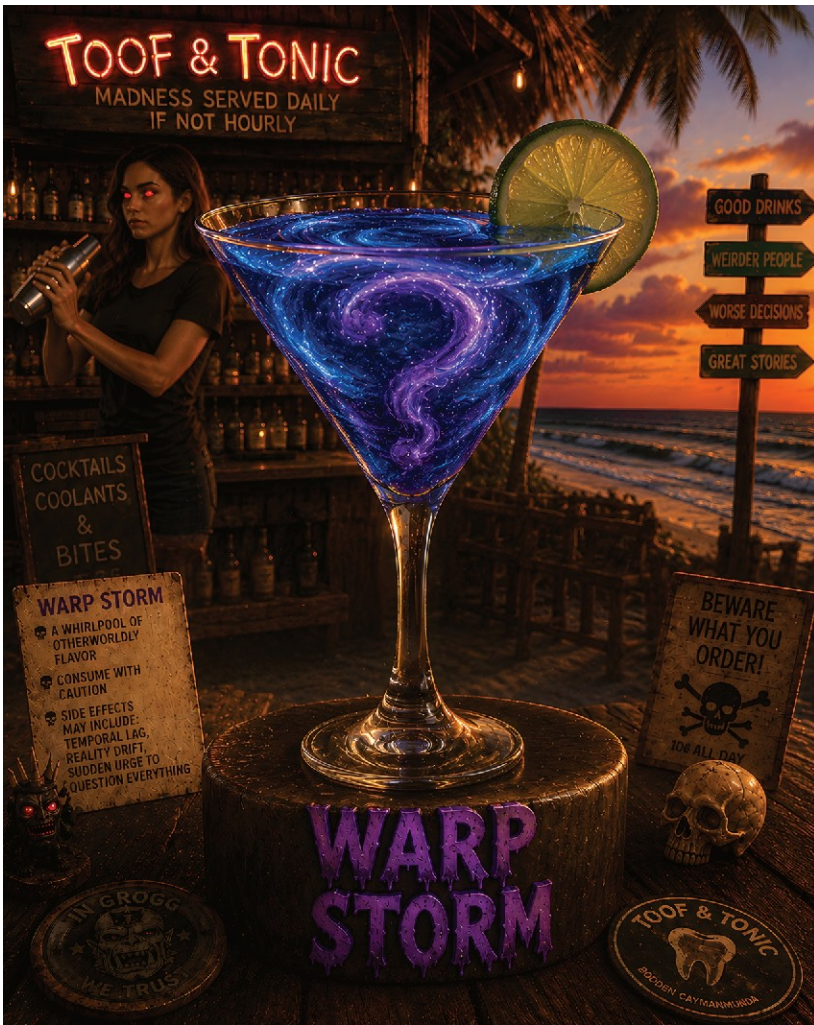
-May make you see past bureaucratic madness!

-May make you think logically!

-May make you like binaric, love industrial music!

-May turn you into a free diver!

-May make you think club soda is holy water!



What is a Harlequin's delight?

Only she knows,

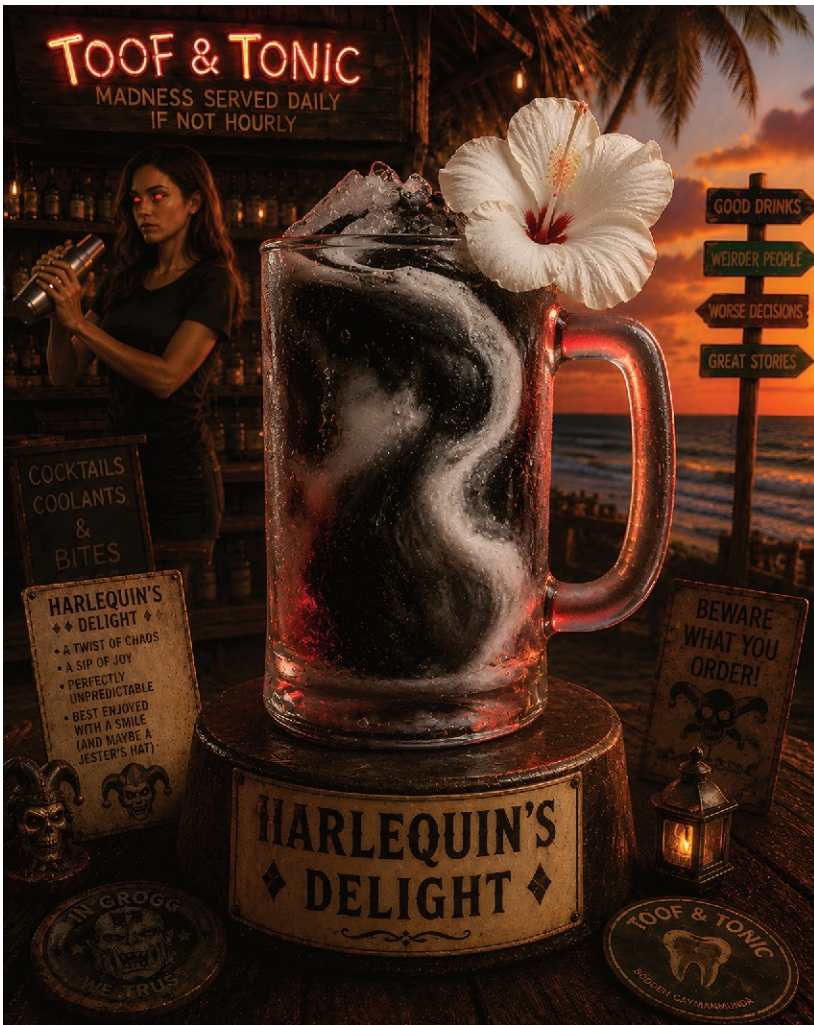
She won't tell!

Word of Warning:

-May make you think in riddles.

-May make you see the improbable as probable.

-May make you think the world is a stage of strangeness and charms.



What is the Romantic Despair?

Top Secret Formula!

Never ask! She means it!

Words of Warning:

If you do be ready to face:

-A rolling pin.

-A meat tenderizer made from re-forged Claptrap parts.

-A Gatling gun.

-A plasma cannon.

-A blunderbuss.

-The local pet (Snowflake) (DO NOT LET THE NAME FOOL YOU!)

IN ANY ORDER OR IN SUCCESSION!



What is a Claptrap's Oil Change?

Ask Claptrap!

Words of Warning:

- May cause respawning!
- Side effects vary!
- May make you like dubstep!
- May contain fuel additives!

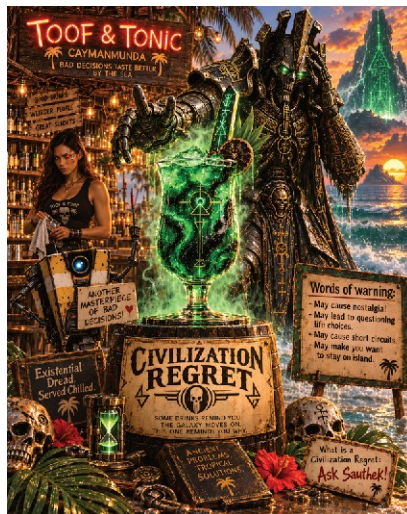


What is a Civilization Regret:

Ask Sauthek!

Words of warning:

- May cause nostalgia!
- May lead to questioning life choices.
- May cause short circuits.
- May want you to stay on island for the quiet moments for a while



(Liability waivers, notification of next of kin, writ of sanity are available at the counter and must be signed, notarized and witnessed by the Donkey before ordering)



QUESTIONS NOT TO ASK AT THE TOOF AND TONIC



Do you live here ?

No we jet ski from Miami, daily!

Can we get US change back?

Toto, you are not in Kansas anymore!

What brought you down there?

Bad decisions, an STD, a hangover and CaymanMunda Airways!

Is that Cuba on the horizon?

We wish! it is West Bay, way worse!

Can you swim under the island?

You can try... But pay your tab first!

Is there shopping in Stingray City?

Payment is in \$quid only!

How much for a Virgin Mudslide?

2 cups of ice and chocolate sauce? You want us to charge for that?

Where is the best place to snorkel?

Try the water, just a few yards away, we have a wide variety of fish here, Groupers, Snappers, Yellow fins Tunas, Stingrays, Eagle rays, Tarpons, Barracudas, Lionfish, Bull Sharks, Tiger Sharks, Megalodons!

Do you have imported beer?

Of course! Some of our staff are imported too! (maybe)

Do you guys serve that thing called Rum?

Not the legal kind, since Covid!

COPYRIGHT AND LICENSE

ALSO BY CAYMANMUNDA



Season 1:

1. Claptrap's Wedding (Book 1)
2. The staycation from Hell (Book 2)
3. Ponciana (Book 3)
4. The Villa (Book 4)
5. An Ork Walks into A bar (Book 5)
6. Trouble at Pedro's Castle (Book 6)

Season 2:

1. The Fitlings & Demolition Derby (Book 7)
2. Bloodtide (Book 8)
3. The Academy (Book 9)
4. The restaurant that Dubstep wants to forget (Book 10)
5. The Tale of the bail Jumpers (Book 11)
6. The Corruption of power (Book 12)

MEDIA ENQUIRIES:
GOVERNMENT INFORMATION SERVICES

[+1(345)-SANFAIL] | noreply@gov.ky

— ENDS —

CaymanMunda Holdings GmbH

CHE-142.552.872 · Gotthardstrasse 3 · 6300 Zug, Switzerland

CaymanMunda UNIVERSE

Open Licensing Framework

GNU-Aligned Dual-License Structure Under CaymanMunda Holdings GmbH

Version 1.0 · Effective July 6, 2026

Governing Philosophy

The CaymanMunda Universe is built on the conviction that creative worlds belong first to their readers, and that the most durable protection for a creative work is the community that builds around it. This framework is designed so that the universe can be read, shared, adapted, and built upon freely — permanently — while the legal and commercial architecture that sustains its continued creation remains under the stewardship of CaymanMunda Holdings GmbH.

1. Architecture: The Dual-License Structure

The CaymanMunda Open Licensing Framework operates on two concurrent, non-conflicting layers. This is the same architectural model used by major open-source software projects (Red Hat, MySQL, Qt) applied to a literary universe — and is specifically designed for a Swiss GmbH IP holding structure.

Layer

License

What It Means

Community

CC BY-NC-SA 4.0

Creative Commons Attribution–NonCommercial–ShareAlike 4.0 International

All published CaymanMunda works are permanently free to read, share, translate,

adapt, and build upon — for any non-commercial purpose — provided attribution is given and derivatives carry the same license. This layer is irrevocable.

Commercial

CaymanMunda Commercial License (CMC-L)

Proprietary — issued by CaymanMunda Holdings GmbH

Commercial use — including print publishing, film, television, streaming, games, merchandise, AI training on commercial datasets — requires a separate written license from CaymanMunda Holdings GmbH (CHE-142.552.872). The GmbH is the sole issuing authority.

The two layers coexist because CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 explicitly permits the original rights-holder to simultaneously offer commercial licenses. The GmbH holds the copyright; it grants the community license to the world and retains the commercial license for itself. No conflict arises.

2. Community Layer: CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 — What Is Permitted

Under the community layer, any person or entity may exercise the following rights with respect to all published CaymanMunda Universe works, without charge and without seeking prior approval from the GmbH:

2.1 Permitted Without Restriction

- **Reading, downloading, and personal use** of any CaymanMunda work in any format, including ebook, print-on-demand (personal copy), audio, and digital.
- **Non-commercial sharing and redistribution** — sharing links, distributing files to reading groups, posting excerpts online, library lending, fan sites, forums, newsletters — provided attribution is included (see §4).
- **Translation** into any language for non-commercial distribution. Translations must carry the CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 license notice and credit the original work and author.
- **Fan fiction, derivative works, and expanded universe content** — stories, novels, scripts, art, music, games, and other creative works set in or derived from the CaymanMunda Universe — provided they are non-commercial, attributed, and released under CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 or a compatible license.
- **Academic analysis, criticism, commentary, and education** — excerpts, quotations, and analysis in academic papers, reviews, educational materials, and journalism — under applicable fair use / fair dealing doctrines in addition to the license.

- **Non-commercial audiobook and podcast readings** — public readings, serialized audio productions, and dramatic adaptations for non-commercial distribution.
- **Community wikis, lore databases, and encyclopedias** — collaborative reference works documenting the CaymanMunda Universe. These must be licensed CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 and must credit CaymanMunda Holdings GmbH as the original rights-holder.

2.2 Attribution Requirements (BY)

All permitted uses must include the following attribution in a reasonably prominent location:

Standard Attribution Notice

"[Title of Work] © CaymanMunda Holdings GmbH (CHE-142.552.872). Licensed under CC BY-NC-SA 4.0. Original works and commercial licensing: **CaymanMunda.com**"

For digital works, the attribution must include a hyperlink to <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-sa/4.0/> and to the official CaymanMunda publication page.

2.3 ShareAlike (SA) — Copyleft Obligation

Any derivative work — fan fiction, translation, adaptation, expanded universe content — must be released under CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 or a Creative Commons-designated compatible license. This is the copyleft provision: the universe's openness is self-propagating. Derivatives cannot be locked down. The community layer of the universe cannot be privatized by any downstream user.

3. Commercial Layer: What Requires a CMC-L License

The following uses are outside the scope of CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 and require a written CaymanMunda Commercial License (CMC-L) from CaymanMunda Holdings GmbH. Proceeding without such a license constitutes copyright infringement.

Use Category

Examples

License Type Available

Commercial Publishing

Print runs for sale, commercial ebook distribution, anthology inclusion for profit, paid serialization

CMC-L Publishing

Screen Adaptation

Film, television, streaming series, short films, documentary

CMC-L Screen (option / full)

Interactive Media

Video games, tabletop RPG commercial products, interactive fiction platforms (commercial)

CMC-L Interactive

Merchandise

Physical or digital goods sold commercially bearing CaymanMunda characters, names, or imagery

CMC-L Merchandise

AI / ML Training

Use of CaymanMunda works in commercial AI training datasets, model fine-tuning, or LLM pre-training

CMC-L AI (case by case)

Translation (Commercial)

Translated editions sold commercially in any language

CMC-L Translation

Branded Events

Commercial conventions, ticketed readings, brand-licensed live events

CMC-L Events

Commercial license enquiries should be directed to: curator@CaymanMunda.com | curator@caymanMunda.com. The GmbH is the sole contracting party for all commercial licenses. No sub-licensee or community contributor may grant commercial rights on behalf of the GmbH.

4. CaymanMunda Holdings GmbH as Rights Steward

CaymanMunda Holdings GmbH (CHE-142.552.872) is the sole copyright-holder and rights steward for the CaymanMunda Universe. Its role in the open licensing framework is precisely defined:

4.1 What the GmbH Does

- Holds all copyright in all CaymanMunda Universe works, including works created under pseudonym, in any registered jurisdiction

- Issues the community license (CC BY-NC-SA 4.0) irrevocably to the world
- Issues, negotiates, and enforces commercial licenses (CMC-L) for all commercial use categories
- Maintains the canonical list of published CaymanMunda works covered by this framework
- Registers copyrights with the U.S. Library of Congress, WIPO, and other international registries as appropriate
- Enforces both the community license (CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 violations) and the commercial license (unauthorized commercial use) through Swiss courts, CaymanMunda courts, and international mechanisms as appropriate
- Maintains the official publication channel and authoritative source for all canonical CaymanMunda works

4.2 What the GmbH Does Not Do

- The GmbH does not revoke the community license from works already published under CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 — the community layer is irrevocable once applied
- The GmbH does not claim rights over fan-created derivative works that comply with CC BY-NC-SA 4.0, provided those works do not impersonate canonical works or misrepresent the official universe
- The GmbH does not restrict non-commercial community use — no registration, no approval, no fee is required for permitted community uses
- The GmbH does not authorize any third party to issue licenses on its behalf without a written sub-licensing agreement

4.3 Swiss Law Basis

The GmbH is incorporated under Swiss law (Obligationenrecht Art. 772 ff.) in the Canton of Zug. Swiss copyright law (Urheberrechtsgesetz, URG) provides strong author moral rights protections alongside the economic rights vested in the GmbH. The dual-license structure is valid and enforceable under Swiss law: the URG permits copyright-holders to issue non-exclusive licenses to any class of users while retaining separate commercial licensing rights. The GmbH's Zug registration also enables straightforward enforcement through the Swiss cantonal court system and WIPO arbitration for international disputes, including through the WIPO Arbitration and Mediation Center in Geneva.

5. Scope of Works Covered by This Framework

5.1 Works Included

- All novels, novellas, and short fiction published under the CaymanMunda Universe imprint or brand
- All works published under CaymanMunda-associated pseudonyms, where the GmbH holds the copyright registration
- All canonical lore documents, worldbuilding guides, maps, timelines, and supplementary materials released officially by the GmbH
- All cover art, illustrations, and visual assets produced for or by the GmbH for CaymanMunda works
- Future works added to the CaymanMunda Universe by the GmbH, which will be covered by this framework upon publication unless a separate license notice is included

5.2 Works Not Included

- Third-party fan works created under CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 — these are the intellectual property of their creators, subject to the ShareAlike copyleft obligation
- Works licensed to third parties under CMC-L prior to this framework — those works are governed by their individual CMC-L agreements
- Works explicitly designated as outside the framework by a specific license notice in the work itself

6. AI and Machine Learning — Special Provisions

The use of CaymanMunda works for artificial intelligence and machine learning purposes is a rapidly evolving area. This framework takes the following position:

AI Training Policy — CaymanMunda Holdings GmbH

- 1. Non-commercial research use** of CaymanMunda works in academic AI/ML research is permitted under CC BY-NC-SA 4.0, provided the resulting model or dataset is not commercialized.
- 2. Commercial AI training** — including use in training datasets sold commercially, in models deployed in commercial products, or in model fine-tuning for commercial AI services — **requires a CMC-L AI license**. The NC clause of CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 applies to AI training in the same manner as any other commercial use.
- 3. Opt-out notation:** All CaymanMunda works published under this framework carry the machine-readable TDM reservation: *TDM Reserved*. See <https://www.w3.org/2022/tdmrep/>. This reservation is consistent with Article 4(3) of the EU DSM Directive and applies in all jurisdictions that recognize TDM opt-out mechanisms.

7. Enforcement Architecture

The dual-license structure is designed to be enforced at two distinct levels, each with its own mechanism:

7.1 Community License Violations (CC BY-NC-SA 4.0)

Violations of the CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 license — such as commercial use without a CMC-L, removal of attribution, or distribution of derivatives under a more restrictive license — are copyright infringements. CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 licenses terminate automatically upon violation (Section 6(a) of the CC 4.0 Legal Code). The GmbH may enforce through:

- DMCA takedown notices (US) and equivalent national copyright notice-and-takedown procedures
- Swiss civil copyright action under URG Art. 61–67 (injunction, damages, account of profits)
- WIPO Arbitration and Mediation Center, Geneva — for cross-border commercial infringement
- CaymanMunda Islands Grand Court — for infringers subject to CaymanMunda jurisdiction

7.2 Unauthorized Commercial Use (CMC-L Violation)

Unauthorized commercial use — proceeding without a CMC-L — is treated as willful copyright infringement and is subject to the full range of remedies including statutory damages (up to \$150,000 per work in the US under 17 U.S.C. § 504(c)(2)), injunctive relief, and legal costs. The GmbH's Swiss registration additionally enables:

- Swiss vorsorgliche Massnahmen (ex parte asset freeze) in Zug cantonal courts against infringing commercial operators
- WIPO Domain Name dispute resolution (UDRP) for trademark/ domain infringement connected to unauthorized commercial use
- Coordination with US counsel for civil proceedings in C.D. Cal. or S.D.N.Y. where commercial infringers are US-based

7.3 Enforcement Principles

The GmbH adopts the Creative Commons Statement of Enforcement Principles: the primary goal of enforcement is license compliance, not monetary extraction. The GmbH will in all cases offer an infringer the opportunity to cure a violation before initiating legal proceedings, unless the infringement is willful, repeated, or commercial in nature. Willful commercial infringement — particularly by vanity

press operators or AI training dataset aggregators — will be pursued without prior notice.

8. Community Rights and the Non-Revocability Commitment

Irrevocability Commitment

CaymanMunda Holdings GmbH commits that the CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 license, once applied to a published work, will not be revoked, replaced with a more restrictive license, or rendered inaccessible to the community. Works published under this framework remain open works permanently, regardless of any future change in the ownership or control of the GmbH. This commitment is recorded in this policy document and will be reflected in the legal code of individual publication licenses.

In the event of a change in control of the GmbH — sale, merger, or succession — this commitment is binding on any successor entity. Any successor acquiring the CaymanMunda IP portfolio acquires it subject to the outstanding community licenses already granted to the world under CC BY-NC-SA 4.0.

This provision is modeled on the FSF's GPL license design: once software is released under the GPL, no subsequent owner can "un-release" it. The same principle applies here. The community layer of the CaymanMunda Universe is a permanent public good.

9. Pseudonym, Identity, and Attribution Provisions

CaymanMunda works may be published under pseudonyms registered with or associated with the GmbH. The following provisions apply:

- Copyright in all works published under CaymanMunda-associated pseudonyms vests in CaymanMunda Holdings GmbH as the legal rights-holder, consistent with Swiss URG and US copyright law provisions on pseudonymous works
- Attribution may be made to the pseudonym, to "CaymanMunda Holdings GmbH," or to both, at the GmbH's election
- The GmbH reserves the right to identify or not identify the natural person behind any pseudonym, in its sole discretion, consistent with Swiss personality rights (Persönlichkeitsschutz) under ZGB Art. 28
- Works registered with the U.S. Library of Congress under a pseudonym remain under the GmbH's copyright regardless of whether the registration names the natural person author
- Political sensitivity provisions: works containing politically sensitive content or published in jurisdictions with restrictive speech laws may be published under pseudonym with enhanced identity protection at the GmbH's discretion, consistent with the GmbH's stated purpose in its cantonal registration

10. Versioning, Amendment, and Transition

- **This document is Version 1.0, effective July 6, 2026.** Future versions may expand permitted uses, add new license categories, or update enforcement procedures. No future version may restrict rights already granted under a prior version to existing works.
- **Works published before the effective date** of this framework that were already published under CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 or equivalent terms are retroactively covered by this framework, consistent with their original license terms.
- **Works previously published under all-rights-reserved terms** may be transitioned to this framework by a written notice from the GmbH applied to the relevant edition or digital file. The GmbH commits to providing reasonable notice to commercial licensees of any such transition.
- **Commercial licensees holding valid CMC-L agreements** are not affected by the community layer — their rights and obligations are governed by their CMC-L agreement, not this framework document, except where this document expressly states otherwise.

11. Quick Reference: Permitted vs. Requires License

Use

Permitted?

Condition

Read, download, keep a personal copy

✓ **FREE**

Attribution

Share with friends, reading groups, online communities

✓ **FREE**

Attribution + non-commercial

Translate into any language (non-commercial)

✓ **FREE**

Attribution + CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 on translation

Write fan fiction / derivative stories

✓ **FREE**

Attribution + CC BY-NC-SA 4.0 on derivative

Create a fan wiki or lore database

✓ **FREE**

Attribution + CC BY-NC-SA 4.0

Produce a non-commercial audiobook or podcast reading

✓ **FREE**

Attribution + non-commercial

Academic analysis, review, criticism, journalism

✓ **FREE**

Attribution / fair use

Sell print or ebook editions commercially

CMC-L

Written commercial license required

Film, TV, or streaming adaptation

CMC-L

Written commercial license required

Commercial video game or tabletop RPG product

CMC-L

Written commercial license required

Commercial merchandise

CMC-L

Written commercial license required

Commercial AI / ML training use

CMC-L AI

Written commercial license — case by case

Unauthorized commercial use of any kind

✗ **PROHIBITED**

Copyright infringement — enforcement will follow

Adopted and effective as of:

The Curator To the Rogues of CaymanMunda

Managing Member / Authorized Signatory

CaymanMunda Holdings GmbH

Gotthardstrasse 3 | 6300 Zug, Switzerland

CHE-142.552.872

curator@CaymanMunda.com

Date: July 6, 2026

This document is the internal policy record of CaymanMunda Holdings GmbH establishing the open licensing framework for the CaymanMunda Universe. It is a living document and will be updated as the framework evolves. The current version will always be maintained at CaymanMunda.com/licensing. Questions regarding licensing should be directed to curator@CaymanMunda.com.