

THE CRUEL FATHER OR A CAGE OF GODS AND ANGELS

A BEAUTIFUL FALL FROM GRACE FOR THREE PLAYERS. PLAY WITH A SPOOL OF THREAD AND SCISSORS NEARBY.

*A warning before you commence this tale,
Here love and force are drawn up side by side,
One must advance if e'er another fails,
And they who rule may wicked things decide.
In opening this Book of caged lust,
Decide if there are paths you fear to tread,
Between your trio you must build a trust,
Or let the outcome be upon your heads.*

THE THREE BEINGS

*Each of your trio must with faith select
One Being bright, whose actions you effect.*

THE ARCHANGEL

This golden crown sits heavy on my brow,
The world of man was built for me to guide.
Yet all my stars are dark and faded now,
Since I am barred from standing by your side.
I'd break my sceptre, perish, burn in flame,
To hear you speak a whisper of my name.

When Words Shall Fail (Give a thread and choose one):

- *My blinding light does harm to mortal forms.*
- *I tear a feather from my golden wing.*
- *I kneel before the Lord to face the storm.*
- *I conjure up a beauteous magic thing.*

THE MORTAL

I never knew desire 'til your light
Awoke these sinful thoughts I cannot stand,
I despise you with all my mortal might,
Because you show me who I truly am.
But to our Heavenly Father I am true;
I love him just as much as I hate you.

When Words Shall Fail (Give a thread and choose one):

- *I press a cold blade to an angel's throat.*
- *I crush a holy relic in my hand.*
- *I shed my armor, stripped of shield and coat.*
- *I coax a living thing to my command.*

THE FATHER

For all my children on this heav'n and earth
I sacrificed a fragment of my soul,
I only ask they prove that they were worth,
The Fact that I shall never more be whole.
To live a life that's pure and without sin;
To be Good, and in the place I put them in.

When Words Shall Fail (Give a thread and choose one):

- *I shrink the borders of their prison space.*
- *I force a child to name their deepest sin.*
- *I show the scars of my forgotten grace.*
- *I smite and rend to threaten life or limb.*

THE LAWS OF PLAY

*Our story must for but a blink delay—
The MORTAL will read out the Laws of Play:*

THE RULE OF VERSE

Each word you speak will march in heavy time
Five iambs bright must beat with every breath,

A spoken rhythm, sometimes wrapped with rhyme,
From dawn of play until the story's death.
If ever should your metered rhythm fail,
Then still your tongue, and read what's on your sheet—
Extend a thread to weave into the tale,
And do with grace an under-written feat.
Select with wit to whom you give your thread,
'Tis through this means that the whole plot is led.

THE RULE OF THREADS

When threads are granted, hearts are tightly bound,
Whether in love or hate, or pain or fear,
One thread will bring you onto holy ground,
And draw the body of another near.
You must face them, and speak with open heart,
Extend a hand to them before you part.

As play goes on, you'll wrap around your hand,
An ever-growing spool of golden threads.
Your most forbidden queries to demand—
When you have *three threads* 'pon another's head,
They can no longer hide their secret thoughts,
We'er they are by desire or fury wrought.

When *five full threads* are tied unto a soul,
Their independent will is washed away,
You shape their mind and take complete control,
And all their hesitations you belay;
Unless by chance 'ere then true love has found,
Some freeing root upon this barren ground.

THE GREAT REBELLION

*The Laws of Play being set firm and true,
The ARCHANGEL will read our prologue through:*

THE BEGINNING OF THE FALL

In ancient days, from sin the world was free,
All mortals trod a straight and narrow path.
The holy angels kept the Lord's decree,
Worked fair and true in fear of heaven's wrath.
Until one day the highest of their kin,
Did chance to meet a devout mortal priest,
The Angel fell in love, thoughtless of sin,
And the chaste cleric's burning lust increased.
But should the Father learn of what took place,
They know that dire punishment they'll face.

*The Stakes of Play being determined thus,
The FATHER must complete the final verse.*

THE END OF IT ALL

The game shall end when *seven threads* are tied,
If lovers bond, they break their golden chain;
They flee their cage to wander side by side,
Or cast the Ruler from his holy reign.
But if the Father gathers seven strings,
From both the rebels, in his heavy hand;
He'll strip the plumage from his angel's wings,
And throw an age of darkness on the land.
And mortal spirits will forevermore,
Seek, without finding, a love so rich and pure.

*Set are the Beings, Laws and all my art:
Go now, and tell a tale of rebel hearts.*