



CREDITS

Dreamtime™

©1995 by Greg Porter

Published by: Blacksburg Tactical Research Center
P.O. Box 1121
Collinsville, VA 24078 USA
<http://www.btrc.net/index.html>

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First printing: December 1995
Hypertext edition 1.0: August 1997

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Intro

This is the .pdf version of **Dreamtime**, identical in most respects to the printed version, with the exception of some color here and there. As always, body text in **red** is a hyperlink to elsewhere (**blue**), but there aren't that many in this document. If you are interested enough to have bought this, we'd like to point out a couple of links of note. Links were current at the time of printing.

The Ancient World Web

<http://atlantic.evsc.virginia.edu/julia/AW/meta.html>

An index to various ancient topics, from virtual tours to UFO's from Atlantis.

Myths

<http://pubpages.unh.edu/~cbsiren/myth.html>

Cultural myths and legends by geographical area.





INTRO- DUCTION

The Dream

No one knows what the Earth Mother dreamt before She made the People, only that She dreamt alone, for She told us so. Then, one Dream, She dreamt of us, and a great place filled with many things. Things both great and small, that walked, and flew and swam and crawled. There were wonders above and below, and everywhere She walked in Her Dream, She saw something new and fascinating. But as with all dreams, She eventually awoke from it. While the memory was fresh in Her mind, She made this Dream real, walking and creating and setting forth the wondrous things to multiply all the empty spaces of Her Dream. But, the Creation was a tiring thing, as all women will tell you, and She returned to Her rest before it was complete, and before all Her mistakes could be undone. But, She rested anyway, knowing that she would Dream of what went on in Creation, for She made it part of Herself. So, there are many things in the world that are not right, but all of Creation lets the Earth Mother sleep, for who knows what She might change if She awakens again?

We are the People, the last thing made by the Earth Mother. Formed from Her body at the end of Her work, we were small, and She had given her gifts to all the other shakt. "Give us fangs", we said, "that we might bite and tear", but She had given all the fangs to other shakt. "Give us claws then, that we can claw and climb", but those too were gifts already given. She had neither strength nor speed of limb to give us, nor wings or even fur to protect us from the cold winds. "Is there nothing you can give us, that we not be the least of the shakt?", we asked of Her. Earth Mother thought very long, and we worried that She might unmake us, for we were small and insignificant, and She was very tired and wanted to rest. But She looked upon us and smiled. "I have one gift left to give, and I give it to you. I give you Myself. You may take of Me what you need, so long as you show Me respect, and since all shakt are of Me, you make take of such of them as you have courage to challenge. Now go, lest I change My mind. You are special, and I will Dream much of you, last of My Children." And then she went to Her hidden place, and returned to Her sleep.

The People knew not what to do with this gift at first. The tree shakt left nuts upon the ground, but they hurt our teeth. Then one of the People took of the Earth Mother, and used a rock to smash the nut, and was no longer hungry. Then a Wintersleeper came for the nuts, and another of the People took a great stick and struck it dead, even though it had fangs and claws. A third took a pointed rock and cut off the skin, to keep from being cold, and the People saw the greatness of the Gift. In time we learned to use the Gift in many ways, and to speak to the invisible shakt, bound to our will by the Earth Mother.

We are the People, the last shakt of the Earth Mother. We use her Gift, and we use it wisely, for we live upon Her, and She is Dreaming of us.

Designer's Notes

Dreamtime is a game where you should leave your preconceptions at the door. It might look a lot like a campaign set in a prehistoric human time, *but how do you know?* Your characters might not even be human, on a world that is not remotely like Earth. Your characters know that they are, that the world is, that it is a large and dangerous place filled with many things that defy comprehension and powers so great that their true nature is cloaked in symbolism, lest it take notice of you. At the same time, you are special, the favored children of the Earth Mother, to whom She has given gifts bestowed on none of Her other creations.

Maybe someday the elders of Atlantis and Mu will speak of you as legendary heroes, or maybe you are from a future so terrible that it completely wiped out humanity, and you are the next species to evolve, the advanced machines of an extinct humanity trying to understand and shape you while you struggle to understand and shape them. You don't know, and you never will. You just have to make the best of it, and try to understand what you can.

While there are some illustrations scattered throughout the rules, keep in mind that they only represent one possible interpretation of **Dreamtime**. We've made a deliberate effort to keep things vague in way that gives you a feel for the way your characters will think. They do not think in terms of exact numbers past 10 or so. They don't measure time in hours, leave written messages, or have vast wealth. Their worldview may have certain inconsistencies to our way of thinking, but which are perfectly reasonable to theirs.

Immerse yourself in the world of **Dreamtime**, and meet the challenges as they come. You may be surprised at how much you anticipate each new adventure in this strange new world.