

ABACO'S TEMPLE MOBILE

"No mere géant, no mere temple. This great crawler, this megamorph has accreted and grown around a divine spike, a heart of builder, and a seed of milkweed."

—Local folklore.

The ever-growing temple-beast-mountain of the lord of numbers harvests excess knowledge and sets it in stone. Numerarians, maintainers, and other savants of the Long Long Ago, who feel the pull of the older world and wish to ascend to a nobler state of academic pursuit climb the ivory shell of the great Temple Mobile. There, they are welcome to carve out an ivory shack and live their exalted lives in the contemplation of perfect axioms.

Visitors can pay to stay overnight and experience the cosmos in a grain of temple-beast-mountain sand.

Yellow God, also Mathic Lord Abaco

Dream calculus proves their stone is the heliodor, their beloved bird the hawk, their blood-marked tree the drago.

"The eternal scribe who tallies and accounts. They that accumulates and invests, rations and divides. The bringer of profits and poet of growth. But also, the devouring machine, the taskmaster, the grinder of dreams."

Prayers to Mathic Lord Abaco

Once per session or so; should you seek accumulation, eternal increase and momentary surcease, whisper:

"Line go up, to moon, to sun, our toil today and everyday and after soul gives way, for line, for string, for up ..."

ROLL D20 + THOUGHT - AURA

1 or less	Numbers flee your mind, everything is one, everything is zero. Confusion reigns.
2-19	Hold your rolled number hot in your head. Add it or subtract it once.
20 or more	A clocktruth presence. A machine promises law. Regularity. Hold a blessing in within, sacrifice it to save without rolling.

