





Excerpts from the journal of Princess Yosha Pug

My father asked me to write down everything I know about our kingdom and the lands around us. Uncle Puckington, our king, continues to try and build diplomatic ties to the cat monarchies of Mau, and he feels that having a detailed account of our lands will help in the exchange of knowledge with our neighbors.

I suppose I should introduce myself! My name is Princess Yosha Pug, and I'm Prince Murra Pug's daughter. The dogs in our kingdom call me an "artisan," someone who studies the ancient magic and masterwork objects of Man. I've loved reading since I was a puppy, but I've always wanted to see the world I've read about. My friends and I have travelled and had a number of adventures: some were scary and some





The City of Pugmire

were wonderful, but all of them increased my knowledge of the world! I've learned so much, even though my father worries about me.

Bah! He only worries because he's a soft noble dog. You've proven your mettle time and again to all of us.

I'm Pan Dachshund, by the way, and I'll say the things that Yasha is too nice to write to all you stuck-up dogs.

The Kingdom of Pugmire

Vinsen Pug the First founded the kingdom of Pugmire a very long time ago. He was one of the first dogs to recover our ancient ability to sense the Unseen, the invisible demons that plague many of the peoples of the world. With a good heart and a firm paw, he helped to build a community of trust and respect where all dogs could live. The area he chose was ignored by the cats and the badgers because it was too boggy, but he and his fellow dogs worked to drain it and slowly build a kingdom. Vinsen never lived to see his dream realized, but the city was named after his family, and the Pugs were the first nobles of the kingdom. Over the years, other families have come to claim the throne of Pugmire, but my family has held it more often than most.

Just because the Pugs are in power now doesn't mean that other breeds aren't on the sidelines, waiting for a chance to be in charge. Not every family wants to rule Pugmire, though - the Hounds left to form their own cluster of kingdoms out west, for example, and many of the Bulldogs serve in the military instead of striving for courtly graces. And some of us, like me, care more about life outside the walls.

City of Dogs

Pugmire is often called the "City of Dogs," but that's not entirely true. The city welcomes any who are willing to work for the kingdom's interests, no matter their breed or species. The Cat Quarter, for example, has a number of cats that have chosen not to live in the monarchies of Mau. I once met about a dog from the Afghan family who has a cat valet that works for him! Even those dogs that are not claimed by or adopted into a family have a place inside Pugmire.

First off, never trust a cat. Ever.

Their language has seven different words for "betrayal."

Secondly, it's true that cats and dogs down on their luck have a place in Pugmire, but that place is usually at the bottom of the ladder. While it's possible for any family to end up as a noble breed, it's not easy, and some of the other families will do what they can to stay on top. There are plenty of good dogs, like Yosha, but I've seen enough bad dogs that I'd rather sleep under the stars than behind solid walls most nights.

The World

With mentions of other kingdoms and monarchies and peoples, it can be comfortable to think that the entire world is civilized and peaceful. I wish that were true! But in reality, there is still so much we don't know. What we DO know is that all of the peoples inherited this world from Man (or "humanity" as some texts refer to it, although I prefer the Church's terminology in this case). Much of the world is covered with inhospitable landscapes, chaotic creatures, terrifying ruins, or simply inscrutable structures. Only those who are courageous, intelligent, and pure of heart can work to uncover the secrets of Man and make the world our own. Even the area around Pugmire still contains secret dangers and mysterious threats that we must work together to uncover and overcome.

I'm not a religious dog, so I don't buy into the whole idea that "Man created this world to teach us" or anything, but Yosha's correct that there are a lot of strange and dangerous things out there.

Once, I was exploring a cave that some ancient texts claimed held a treasure that could move the earth, but when I got there all I found were a half-dozen massive creatures that looked like hairless rats with no eyes and tongues that acted like whips! I still have one of their tongues in my bag as a souvenir.

Ruins and Tombs

We see Man's hand most clearly in the ruins They have left behind. I've travelled to a number of sites that contain writing in the Word of Man, locked from prying eyes by ancient incantations



or mystical artifacts. Some have become overrun by badgers or other, less intelligent scavengers. Even some cats have claimed ancient tombs in the name of their own necromantic studies. Dogs and other people try to enter these protected places in search of powerful relics or new magic, but I only go to increase my own knowledge of Man and the world before. Once I even found an ancient tablet engraved with the Word of Man, but the engravings moved whenever I touched the surface!

Some dogs, such as my friend Jack, help in opening these ruins and deactivating the traps that can be found within - both the traps that Man have left behind to test us, and those of the other races that try to claim the bounty within as their own. Jack's a funny dog, and I like him.

Jack Rat-Terrier's insults and abuse always makes me laugh, but I make sure my purse of plastic coins is secure when I talk with him. He's not a BAD dog, and I've never actually caught him stealing from me, but he spends more time in the ghettos and slums with the cats and badgers than I would be comfortable with. When preaking into a ruin, he's a handy dog to have around. His heart's in the right place, I guess, but I can't ever feel too comfortable around a dog that would rather explore an underground labyrinth than run in the warm summer sunlight.

Death of Man

Man has given us everything. It is by Their hands we have been uplifted from our canine cousins to be the dogs we are today. The various and ancient Ages of Man give us much of our education and knowledge, although many intelligent dogs have made their own discoveries. Man has even left behind the wondrous items and magical talents we use in our exploration of the world. Unfortunately, They are gone, and we mourn and worship Them in equal measure with our words and deeds every day. That is why there are so many tombs left behind. Perhaps if we are good dogs, we too will be able to run and play with them for eternity.

Hardly. Certainly **SOMETHING** existed previously, but there's nothing I've seen that makes me think that those who were here before us were anything more than another race of people. I certainly don't think there's a bunch of dead gods guiding us from beyond the grave that arbitrary decide which dogs are rewarded in the afterlife.

ONCE YOU'RE DEAD, YOU'RE DEAD, AND THAT'S THAT.

Even the cats buy into this religion, although they think that "humanity" served **THEM**, not the other way around!

The Code of Man

The Church has carefully studied the Word of Man as passed down to us, and from that scripture they have compiled the Code of Man that all dogs of Pugmire should follow. It's very short, so I've included it here:

1. Be a good dog
2. Obey the master
3. Bite only those who endanger you
4. Protect your home
5. Be loyal to those that are true
6. Protect all from the Unseen
7. Fetch what has been left behind

I don't understand why you have to take good advice and dress it up with some kind of religious imperative, but that's Pugmire for you. There are some parts of the Code I take issue with - "obey the master" being a big one - but I don't know of anyone who doesn't try to be a good dog, protect their home, or stay loyal.

It's just how some dogs choose to interpret the Code that causes problems.

Magic

Man has given us many different kinds of magic. My friend Sister Picasso Collie, for example, is a devout shepherd of Man. Through her study and faith, she is able to do amazing things simply by praying to Man for help. My magic is a little more academic: I have a masterwork focus that I have studied for a few years now, and I'm able to unlock various spells within it during my research. It looks like a small metal ball, but it can do so many wonderful things! And as I learn more from ruins and exploration, I apply that knowledge to master the spirits inside my focus and grow even more as an artisan.

Now magic is something I can believe in, because I've seen it happen. Yasha once shot a demon-possessed dog with a beam of light, and Sister Collie has healed all of us more than once with just a touch and a prayer. Even my friend Rex Pyrenees has a magical sword, and I've met a few cats that dabble in forbidden arts. Faith isn't for me, but I can't deny that it has a very real effect for some dogs.

Sister Picasso Collie, a Shepherd of Man.

Spike Mutt, a Pariah and Free Dog.



Pariahs

Not all dogs are good dogs. Some are very bad dogs that need to be removed from civilized society. These are the pariahs, dogs that have been excommunicated from Pugmire to live outside its walls. I understand that it is important for bad dogs to live outside, but sometimes pariahs can come back to live within the kingdom, although in diminished circumstances. Many dogs who have not been accepted by their family - or even cast out from it! - end up as pariahs by default, with no home to call their own except for that which they make for themselves outside the kingdom.

I have travelled to many places, and I have met a number of pariahs. I think that any bad dog can become a good dog again, if they want to be. There are even a few of my friends that I believe with all my heart are good dogs, but they choose to live in the wilderness. I don't know if I would have the courage to live like that.

"Pariah" is what the ignorant dogs that live behind stone walls say. For those dogs that choose to live without the leash of civilization, however, they are called "free dogs."

Some strays, like Spike, actually prefer to live outside of society. I can't say I could live forever in the wild, but every time I stay more than a few days inside Pugmire or one of the other cities of the world, I feel my paws itch with the need to have grass and dirt under them again.

The Rise of the Mutts

Some of the dogs that live outside Pugmire - those dogs that no longer have families, by their choice or someone else's - have started to give themselves a new name: "Mutt." Instead of a family by breed and lineage, they've created a family of choice. Any dog can decide to be a Mutt, and some of them travel together for protection and company as they live in the wilderness.

Some of the dogs I talk to worry that the Mutts will try to overrun Pugmire, demanding to be made a noble family. But I don't think so. Many of the Mutts I've met seem to be happy where they are. But I think it would be great if some of them came to live with us!

THIS IS WHY I LIKE YOSHA.

She uses her large eyes to actually SEE what's going on, instead of assuming that Pugmire is the best thing that ever happened in the history of ever. The Mutts don't need a city to live in, or to conquer. Once in a while some Mutts will come to the city in order to buy and trade for goods, before leaving again as quickly as they can.

Our Neighbors

The monarchies of Man are what some dogs call "the cat kingdoms," although a few of my moggie friends tell me that cats don't have "kings" the way we do. Oh, I should explain that "moggies" are the cats that don't have families - something like strays or Mutts for us. A few of the moggies act as bandits, attacking dogs for supplies or (for the bad cats) out of spite. Other moggies come to live in Pugmire, though, and find jobs to help them survive.

The badgers don't really have monarchies or kingdoms, though. They invade other places and take them over. Whether it's a dog outpost, a cat settlement, or even an old ruin of Man, they show up, use all the supplies they can, and move on to the next place. My heart tells me that there may be some good badgers, just like there are some good cats, but I've never got a chance to meet one. Maybe someday!

I don't trust cats. I HATE badgers. I once shot the Badger King when his band tried to overrun a Mutt settlement I happened to be staying at. I made a necklace out of his teeth, which I wear to this day. Some dogs don't believe me, but I bet if you ask any badger, they'll act like they've never heard of me. That's how you know they're scared.

Monsters and the Unseen

There are some things that can't be good. Not ever. They are insane creatures that roam the wilderness, or twisted animals that cause too much damage to be allowed to roam free. Some can actually be quite intelligent, but for some reason they don't have any interest in being our friends. We generally label these kinds of creatures "monsters," and many of them are very scary indeed.

The worst, though, are the demons - invisible spirits and manipulative monsters that want nothing but destruction and chaos. We call them "the Unseen," and they are the most frightening of all. Demons can take on many forms, even those of your friends and loved ones, making them very insidious and dangerous.

The Church tells us that dogs used to protect Man from the Unseen, barking to warn Them when a demon comes to pass. Maybe that's why They are no longer with us, because we failed to protect Them from the Unseen.

This is what I do: I hunt monsters. I don't need to dress up every horrible thing as a "demon" in order to know that it's dangerous and needs to be stopped. Monsters are bad for everyone, civilized and free dogs alike, and if I go to my eternal rest putting an arrow into a rampaging monster, then I've lived a good life.

AND THAT'S WHY YOU'RE A GOOD DOG, PAN.

Pan Dachshund, Hunter and Monster Slayer.



A detailed illustration of a pug dog wearing ornate, metallic armor. The pug is holding a sword aloft in its right paw. The background is a warm, reddish-orange glow.

Pugmire

Pugmire is one of the first of Onyx Path Publishing's creator-owned games, produced in a partnership with veteran game designer Eddy Webb and his company, Pugsteady. It's also part of the Open Development program featured on the Onyx Path website; you can follow Eddy's posts for updates about this new game.

Some highlights of *Pugmire* include:

- 🐾 Family-friendly world inspired by comics, novels, films, and games such as *Mouse Guard*, *Redwall*, and early *Dungeons & Dragons* releases like the *Expedition to the Barrier Peaks*.
- 🐾 Traditional fantasy rules system redesigned for quick creation of heroic characters and streamlined game play, with an emphasis on cooperation and action over competition and violence.
- 🐾 A variety of callings and breeds that give focus to a character's role in society and in the adventuring party.
- 🐾 Rival races, like cats and badgers, along with terrifying and dangerous monsters that roam the landscape.
- 🐾 Iconic characters, like Princess Yosha Pug, and setting hooks to frame the mystery of this world.

For more information, check out the *Pugmire* page at
<http://theonyxpath.com/category/worlds/pugmire/>

Will YOU be a good dog?

