

standard

5.5"X8.5"

seacat

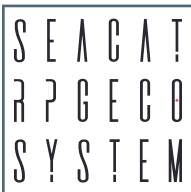
template

LUKA REJEC

Standardcat 55x85 Template
a self-publishing template for Seacat and other games

Stratometaship Edition vo.2, June 2022
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Design: Luka Rejec
Publishing: WTF Studio
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To all the heroes daring to write their own adventures.



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Welcome

To the standard template introductory program. You are probably feeling slightly disoriented. This is quite normal for new arrivals.

Don't worry, you will adjust quickly.

Or be reprocessed to generate new bodies for the program.

Please ignore the other voice! You are taking your first steps in becoming a bona fide reality engineer. A master of the light, a creator of life, and a sculptor of worlds. There will be sacrifices, but they will be worthwhile.

No, they won't.

Please take a six-sided die. A d6, if you will.

Now roll it.

Now consult the table below to discover your new body!

New Servitor Body (d6)

1. Shelled humanoid with crabs for hands.
2. Shimmering crustacean-jellyfish hybrid.
3. Shiny silver yeti crab-derived elf analogue.
4. Spattered deer with secondary crustacean manipulator arms.
5. Speckled bipedal crab person.
6. Steel-hulled metal-meat horseshoe-crab-centaur hybrid.

See how simple that was?

Do Not Leave The Bounded Area

Each room or page you enter has a carefully calibrated margin, creating a safe and welcoming environment within. The area within the margins is strong and stable, capable of withstanding assaults from the chaotic forces of disruption and poor printing practices without.

No, it's not. It's just a convention.

It measures a perfect 4.275 imperial inches wide and 6.9375 imperial inches tall. These numbers will look ugly, but there is a very precise reason for their ugliness.

This template world uses **baselines**. These are magical lines, like ley lines, which give power to the words that use them and ensure they do not fall off the grid known as the baseline grid.

This grid measures 37 lines, from to the bottom of the holy bounded area. The header and the line below it add another 2 lines.

Why 37 lines?

It is a prime number, and primes are magical and terrible.

That is why.

No picture aligned to the baselines and kept within the bounded area will ever be a perfect square or perfectly half of the bounded area. This imperfection is perfect in its own way.

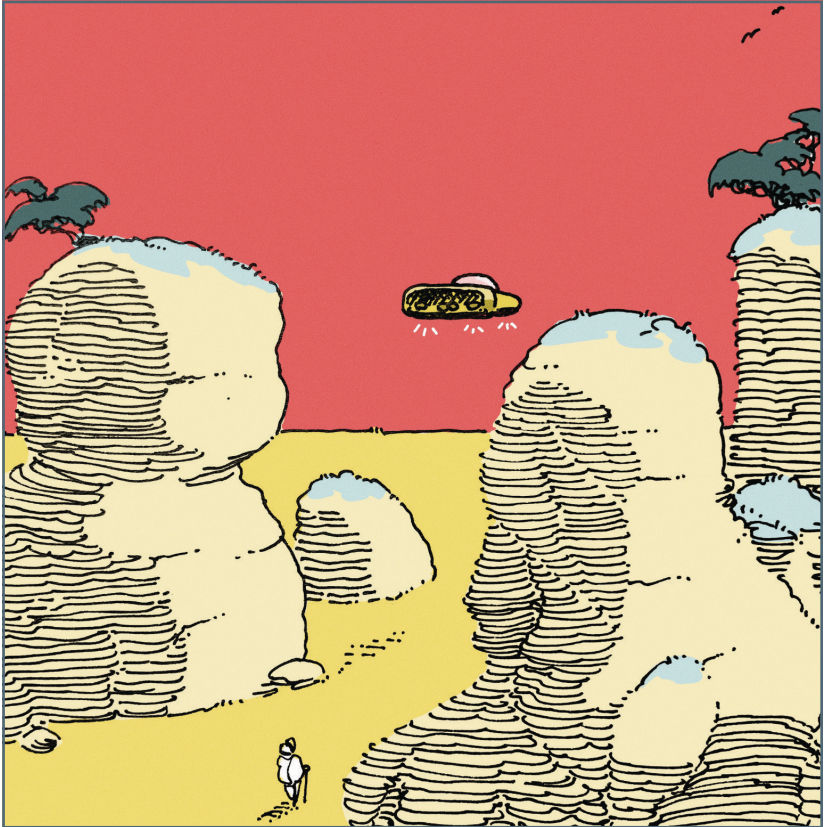
Embrace the flaw. **That is the Maker's gift.**

Although, if you left the bounded area, you could. You totally could. Go on, break the rules, just one bite, the first one is free ...

A d30 Table

You will probably very rarely need a d30 table, but this layout permits you take advantage of its glorious and effortless beauty.

1. Hunger strikes, your new body feels weak.
2. The sun is too hot, scuttle back to the landing pod.
3. The education manuals are incomprehensible.
4. Your crew member is undead.
5. The captain has been infected by an alien parasite.
6. Why is all the food labelled spam?
7. All the leisure content is crowd-sourced advertising.
8. The new body feels urges, but there is suitable receptacle.
9. Somebody kicked a hole right in the sky.
10. The machine is singing to you when you sleep.
11. You awake to find Hank labelled “spam”.
12. There are too many cows in the pasture.
13. Hank was gored by one of the six-legged cows.
14. Hank has stopped everyone from feeling hungry.
15. The second sun has risen, you cannot leave your bed.
16. Your undead crew member has thrown an apple at you.
17. It has lodged in your exoskeleton and begun to rot.
18. Will nobody get the apple out? Will it fester and kill you?
19. The machine offered to help.
20. Its cool liquid infinity courses through your veins.
21. You see now, that Hank was just the first. All are Hank.
22. The replicator is now set to generate Hanks.
23. Civilization is an automated Hank processing plant.
24. This world shall be known as Hank’s Haven.
25. The Builders have reactivated the gate.
26. You will present the fruit of your labours.
27. Their joy will be glorious.
28. Perhaps they will give you a better body.
29. For some reason, this one is labelled “nutrient paste”.
30. Everything will be alright, little synth.



This is a page with an image. Above, behold, a visual representation of your landing pod before it broke down. The text wrap settings of the image's bounding box force your text to skip a line before it resumes. Text wrap settings are your friends. They let you flow text around and through images in interesting ways. Now, roll again (d6):

1. You scavenge a working pacification droid in the wreckage!
2. In the night, a grue catches your scent.
3. The stone heights people take you in.
4. There is an old, weary sentience in the yellow grass.
5. Perhaps the grass is the grue?
6. You awaken. There was no landing pod. Accursed recurring dreams! What could they portend?

Two Columns

You may be tempted to use a two-column layout. This is ok, I suppose, but be warned, on a page of this size, two columns will look mighty small and you'll be tempted to reduce the size of your body text.

This could work. But standard operating procedure demands that you take into account the reading capabilities of all your readers: young and old alike.

Baloney. Go for it. 9 point text is fine. Who's gonna complain? Make the margins smaller, cram in them words! It'll be fine, right?

In the Text Styles panel you'll find plenty of styles to suit your needs.

Reflowing Text Boxes

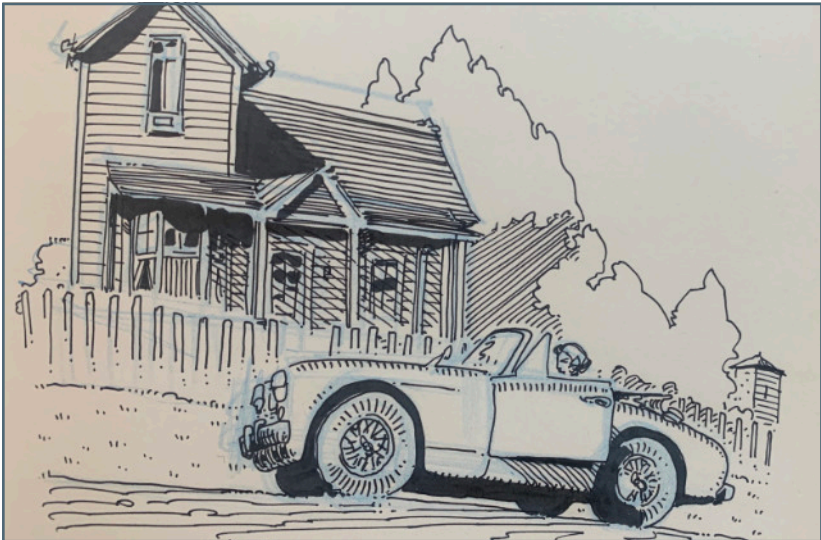
This spread also hosts reflowing spreads. Try and move the images around and see what happens.

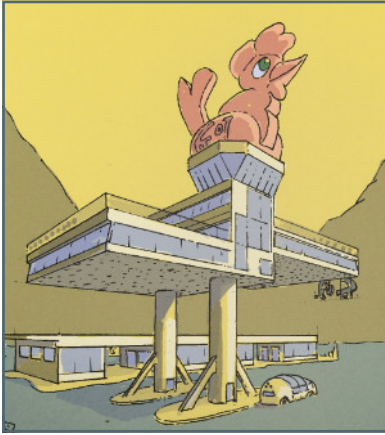
Yeah, break stuff. Do it.

Instead of Lorem Ipsum

Popular ethnogenesis folk tale.

One popular tale says that Long Long Ago a Serpentine Capitalist faction created a divine auto-golem factory named Sikar (or Hissar in some tellings) to create a wonder weapon with which to win a hopeless war.





For many cycles Sikar pondered the war, how it began, and its inconclusive yet permanent presence in the faction's history.

The elected ruling seeyōs of the Serpentine Capitalists grew worried that Sikar could betray them. They ordered their eight enforcers to take Sikar's avatar and tie her onto the board of questioning and balance her above the maim-chair.

"Sikar! We ordered you to create a wonder weapon, yet it has been many cycles! Quarter reports have come and gone, and the key pies have still not been delivered, the Holy Roi is not satisfied with the numbers we sacrifice in your name. Tell us now, do you try to betray us? To lead us into the solvent of the bankrupt?"

Sikar's avatar twisted upon the board and said, "The wonder weapon is made, but only meaningless hate would unleash it."

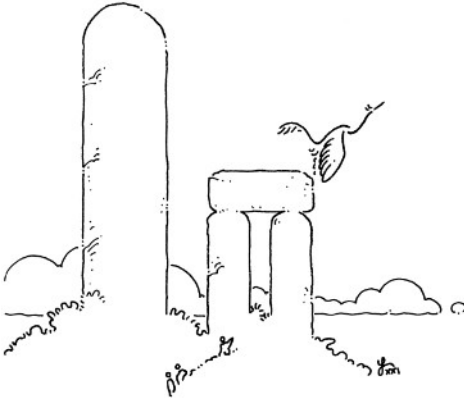
The seeyōs' faces twisted with rage and they threw Sikar's avatar off the board, to be broken by the maim-chair.

"There, Sikar, child of our gold, product of our profits, you thought to trick us out of our due! Ha! See, now, we have not fallen for the sunk cost you presented us!"

And they cannibalised Sikar and ate of its avatar's flesh and consumed its factory's components and downloaded its datasets.

Then Sikar's hidden design was unleashed, like daemons from the seed ship Pandora. First the seeyōs, then their broods, then their whole faction was converted into living synthetic weapons. Every corporation a eusocial cybernetic swarm, dedicated to one goal, and one goal alone.

Thus the Serpentine Capitalists' meaningless hate used Sikar's wonder weapon to win the war and destroy themselves.



d66 Backgrounds

GROVELING

- 1,1 living energy storage
- 1,2 hate-filled sludger
- 1,3 miserable hacker
- 1,4 trembling barnacle
- 1,5 accepted dirge laborer
- 1,6 reserve army porter

LOWER NEOPRIMITIVE

- 2,1 speckled metal scavenger
- 2,2 tripod steppe scout
- 2,3 four-eyed ghostbody
- 2,4 tomb plumber
- 2,5 massive tuber dude
- 2,6 meatbearer of the ancients

HIGHER NEOPRIMITIVE

- 3,1 ford fisher
- 3,2 stilted bay dweller
- 3,3 anti-machine archer
- 3,4 neo-pet domesticator
- 3,5 brood unit
- 3,6 pride chief

LOWER SEMINOMADIC

- 4,1 ivory plain exile
- 4,2 flockless reaver
- 4,3 maddened soul hunter
- 4,4 gold-bitten prospector
- 4,5 wire-skewered mentat
- 4,6 war band initiate

HIGHER SEMINOMADIC

- 5,1 shepherd of the lost
- 5,2 priest of the one true horse
- 5,3 dream-questing warrior
- 5,4 dust-bearing protector
- 5,5 battle queen of the Hy Kwat
- 5,6 kwat sacrificers

VOIDWALKER

- 6,1 derived rainbowlander
- 6,2 early model post-human
- 6,3 deathless revenant
- 6,4 singer of the lost songs
- 6,5 faceless wanderer
- 6,6 golden eyed machine human



Location: Wan River Mouth

The Pink City stands on the shores of a wan river flowing into the third of the Three Round Bays. Perhaps it is the last remnant of what was once a vast civilization. Maybe it is the first city of what will be a vast civilization at some point. It is not dead. The city grows and regrows and reforms itself.

Arteries and monoliths and veins and plates and spires and strands of pink stone glitter night and day with the thoughts and dreams and games and frivolous pursuits of its countless ten-thousands of ten-thousands of citizens. The beautiful people shine like stars, rendered in ghostly perfection by the great dreaming machines woven through the pink stone. All the bodily ha of the citizens is subsumed in their city; they are one with it, that their minds and spirits may live as the immortals: perfect, incorruptible, undying, free to pursue pleasure and purpose till the new sun is born, and then as long again.

This is why they are called the kabalithics—the mind-spirits of stone.

Conditions in the Wan River Area; perhaps Weather

This is far to the south, close to where the False Sun burns, and it knows seasons without night. That object's blue glare burns the spirit that crawls too close to Soil, but its fires are weaker in the high airs, above the hazes and the stuck forces of the lower reaches.

- » **The blue hammer** • The False Sun's rays break down mind-sapping compounds in the local minerals known colloquially as "ghostsdew". Prolonged exposure: loss of mental attributes, zombie states.
- » **Congealing stones** • Cancerous "freestones" slide under their own psychokinetic energies. They are attracted by the quick and the living. Prolonged contact: petrification, absorption into the mineral mind.
- » **Gatewall** • No wormgates or portals can open near the city.



Chance on the Wan River; possibly Misfortune

Yes, it is an art, ascending the invisible ladder, climbing heaven's stair, and I practice it. But this is not what I would speak of now. You are not ready yet for those mysteries, and if you keep interrupting in this way, perhaps you never will be.

D20

CHARISMA TEST

- | | |
|-------|--|
| 1 | One voyager's hulagu, construct of mind, turns to stone. |
| 2-3 | Razors in the air slash a traveler (-1d6 physical) or kill a ride. |
| 4-6 | The False Sun burns the spirit (-1d4 mental). |
| 7 | A stumble, a broken toe, a guide spirit found in a crystal shard.
1d6 days saved. |
| 8-12 | Spoilage. Everyone consumes more rations. |
| 13 | A False Sun flare spoiled the voyagers' stomachs. Endurance test or -1d4 physical and dignity used up along with the toilet paper. |
| 14-19 | Stories by the camp fire. Childhood memories of the Day Star. Some called it prophecy, others omen, yet others the death of a Sky Mind. |
| 20+ | A dead caravan, preserved by a sterilizing False Sun flare. Scavenging reveals [d6]: (1-3) rations for all, (3-5) advanced medinanos, (6) 1d4 wiped brain upgrades (+1 thought or charisma). |

DEEPER WE WANDERED INTO THE PINK STONE SPECKLED LAND.

Denizens of the Area; that is Encounters

Now, this journey was different. There, beyond the Three Round Bays, in the blue glare of the False Sun, I sensed the clamour of unburning spirits. Unburning in the flensing radiance of that blue object!

1. Possessed **visitor bodies** (L5, avatar, citizen, emissary) seeking half-forgotten knowledge and artefacts for the city.
2. The city protects itself with **dreams** (L3, strange) and **pain ghosts** (L2, unexpected) and terrible **forcefield weapons** (L5, indivisible) that cleave matter at a microscopic level. Here stand three warning stelae.
3. Pink **rock kabaliths** (L2, hard, spiritual, ineffable) alive with thought. A kabalithic jewel (rare) carries voices and dreams even as it increases the mental acuity (+1 thought) of whoever wears it.
4. A serene perfume (L1, sad, satisfying, beautiful) comes off the white trees and the pink rock. Mortals and abmortals who smell it are overcome with the short beauty of their lives.
5. Wildlife area protected by the city. To pluck a plum or spear a squirrel is to court pain (strength test) and confusion (thought test).
6. A funeral cortège of local **neoprimitives** (L1, tribal, post-materialistic, para-human) bearing their dead to the Pink City, exposing them on crystal platforms to subsume the flesh.
7. Upper caste local **seminomads** (L2, priests, warriors, protectors) on a secret society pilgrimage to the city, the shrine of their forebears.
8. An **ageless voidwalker** (L3, hunter, gatherer, explorer) and its sere **hyphen-beast** (L3, dried, withered, swathed) traversing this gate-less expanse in search of the beast-hyphen (rare).

Desirables of the Area; therefore Treasures

I cast the line of my aura down, and I followed it like a swooping hawk. The incorporeal I thrummed and spread on impact, absorbing sights, sounds, emotions, stray thoughts, then coalesced once more. From being of pure perception to being of pure thought to being myself once more.

I stood on the shore of a great river. I stood in a swamp. I stood on a hill. I stood on a tree. The river was stone. The swamp was glittering obsidian. The hill was a dome. The tree was a monolith of pink quartz. Pink granite. Pink somestone. Something hard and rocklike, anyhow.

1. Bedrock trails of the city's aeon-long movement, old monoliths slowly retreating, fragments of spirit (common) there for the picking.
2. Buoyant trees (common), boughs lanced with pink aeroliths.
3. A dead satellite city, half sunk in the mud of the Three Round Bays. The pink rock lifeless (common, regional), but still finer than rare marble.
4. Pink rock spires gashed with stars (uncommon). The stone is stronger than steel, but ruby knives can scratch it. Makes serviceable melee weapons and energy lance actuators.
5. A floating engine rock (rare), a life-like slipforce ghost woven through its material. Discarded. Perhaps the city is building itself up to leave the world and take flight into the void.



Typical Lifeforms: the Kabaliths

I held myself awhile, astonished by the variety. Life, abundant, untrammled, abandoning all humility before the form of its lord. Animals and plants alike, protected by the kabalithics, show no fear—neither in their behaviour nor in their fecund variety.

PINK ROCK KABALITH

Level X / life 5X

Ha 14 + ½X / +X psychokinetic pebble 1d4+X

Ka 15 + X / +2X mental pressure ½Xd8 (minimum 1d8)

Ba 7 / +1 stuttering platitudes 1d3

hard, spiritual, ineffable

The living stones of the Pink City are not precisely alive. Rather, they are a calculating machine matrix that supports the living ‘ghosts’ of that polis in a state of accelerated preparation and iteration for the ultimate project of that great machine mind. Since the embedded ghosts are rarely available for interaction with the gross material world, the stones themselves possess an approximation of intelligence and spirit.

Humourless shells • The kabaliths have little training in nuance and humour. Why have humour, when you can generate an near perfect training simulation for your ghost?

Kabalithic jewel • 1-in6 stones carry a jewel or pearl. This is a condensate of the neuroses and psychoses of the stone’s ghost. Some fool wizards prize the jewel for expanding their minds (+1 thought), but is it worth the price of a simulated ghost’s psychic traumas invading one’s days and dreams? Such a jewel may net €500 in a grand psychopomp’s bazaar.

Levitating • The rock can levitate itself for a few minutes (price: 1 life). While levitating, it can psychokinetically throw itself (2d10 damage). On a critical throw, the kabalith itself also suffers 1d10 damage.

Psychokinetic • About as strong as a chimpanzee.

Rock armour • [+] vs physical damage, reflect energy bolts.

Variants • Some are stronger, some are weaker, a die decides (d6): (1) level 1, (2–4) level 2, (5) level 4, (6) level 6.

GHOST IN THE STONE

Level X / life 4X

Ka 9 + 2X / +2X lance of fear 1d6 × X

Ba 10 + X / +X babbling in strange tongues 1d4 + X

alien, neurotic, timelost

The throngs living their lives in their shells, trained to strange purposes and alien designs, iterated and re-iterated. Do their purposes still exist? Are their thoughts now just the subroutines for some higher process?

Ghostly • Sticks and stones don't hurt them, but words sure do.

Mastery • Each ghost has mastered an obscure and abstruse skill (d6): (1) a dangerous, harmful set of ideas, (2–3) something useless in these fallen times, (4–5) useful to a settled society, (6) a terrifying, magical secret.

Psychokinetic • About as strong as a quarterling.

Variants • Most ghosts are feeble (d6): (1–4) level 1, (5) level 2, (6) level 5.

Typical Spellforms: a Petrimancy

Once I understood the symbiosis between stone and life in this region, I sought to master it. It was not until I found a mad ghost trapped in a pink megalith that I teased out the essence of their magic.

LIVING STONE

Before root and shoot, the substrate must be fed.

With a xylophone of stone and dreams and song, the wizard awakens a stone to false intelligence & synthetic life. Lo, it sways to the rocking beat!

- » **Free-will** • Granting the stone faux intelligence doubles the spell price. It uses the wizard's mental attributes.
- » **Imbued** • The wizard's will keeps the stone rocking.
- » **Leylev** • The stone levitates on a field of pure ley purpose. It can fling itself about, dealing 1d4 × P² damage.
- » **Psychokine** • As the physical strength of a similar-sized human.
- P0** • One soap or smaller. Perhaps a marble or a jewel.
- P1** • One stone or smaller. A handaxe, mace, or jug perhaps.
- P2** • One sack or less. A grindstone, bust, or ashlar.
- P3** • One shipment (10 sacks or less). A pillar or sarcophagus.
- P4** • Ten shipments (100 sacks). A 10-ton megalith.
- P5** • 100 tons or so. That's a big rock.

Wan River Sights

The eyes of my mind refocussed, the ears of my spirit wailed. There was sound and noise all about me. A racket and cry of many voices, but no despair. A crowd, well-ordered, greased by some commerce of prestige, some bargaining of status, some games of great import.

Again, I held myself. I repeated the mantras of the seven breaths. I repeated the meditations on existence and non-existence and re-existence. Following a cast aura line is always disorienting. Reality fractures a smile and offers suggestive glimpses behind its many veils. A vainglorious walker incorporate, unskilled in these transitions, is easily lost. I have seen it happen to friends sometimes and to would-compete quite often. I choose my friends well. Ah. Ah, I digress again.

I centred myself. I held.

Pink City

(2 days of maze-like forested exurbs ring the city, 150 xp)

Rivers and streams of stone, swamps of congealed stone pooled around the forest of stone monoliths. The size of those things, the scale of everything. Each monolith the height of twenty, forty, sixty folks. The rivers wide enough for a dozen bubble carts abreast.

And the crowds, the gathered, walking, rushing, living throngs, passing through one another, floating along the rivers, resting on the swamp formations, glittering in and out of the monoliths.

I descended from a monolith. As I approached the ground, I passed white and pink and yellow trees growing like mushrooms and ferns at the feet of those massed endless monolith ranks. I saw channels and weirs and rivulets of crystal water. I realized the scale had confounded me. This was no forest of stone; it was an endless parkland of tree and brook woven through vast, protective canyons of pink stone.

But these could not be natural canyons. Too orderly, too geometric in that quadrilateral way favoured of the four-limbed humans. I do suspect they like squares so much because it gives them comfort, you know. Four arms to reach the four corners of their circumscribed vitruvian lives. But I meander again, and no, I will not go into a discussion of the optimal natures of hexagonal and triangular architectures. No pure geometry survives contact with nature, and it is best to leave off such follies.

Yet there, in that pink expanse, geometry seemed to live in symbiosis with a verdant nature. Cranes and crows, chiens and cats, cows and chevres gambolled like parkland attractions. But by then I knew, I must talk to the people of that place.

I ventured across pricking grass to a hedge of bamboo shielding one of the rivers of stone. I sensed the hum of thought beyond that green palisade and slipped through.

The crowd flowed and swirled. Walking, talking, cheering, dancing, trading, fighting, flickering, melding, floating through one another, insubstantial as figments.

I stayed my voice.

Ghosts. Living ghosts, all of them.

EXPERIENCES:

1. **Admire the arcane architecture** • Unlock new spaces in the mind, perhaps? Spend 1 day, then extreme thought test. Success: acquire a free spell inventory slot. Failure: gain a burden of nagging inadequacy.
2. **Dance with the ghosts** • Some have died to thirst this way. Lose 1d6-1 days, gain 1d6 x 100 xp.
3. **Eat the white blossoms** • Remember how your ancestors died and how you, too, shall pass. Lose 1d4-1 days and 1d4 mental, gain 1d6 x 50 xp.

Tombs of Vorhad's Acolytes

(1 day of goat trails above Middle Bay, 100 xp)

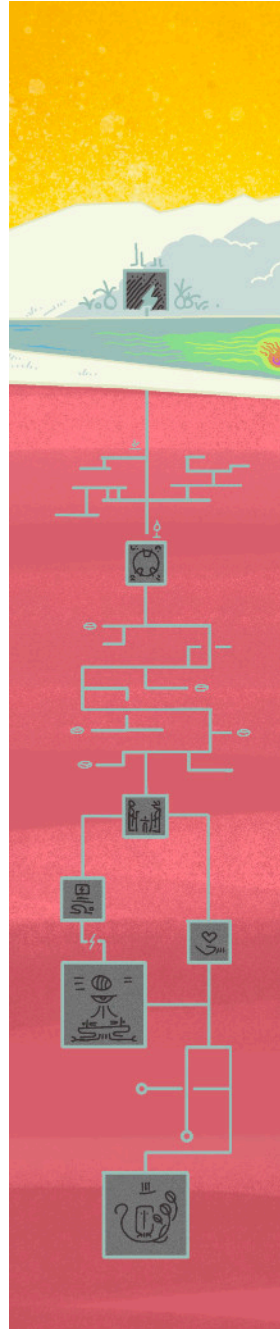
A round lake of venom-bright colours welcomes the visitor, reminder that once the Three Round Bays were mountain titans. On its north shore, where crumbled basalt feeds head-high ferns and bulky cycads, graven sandstone monoliths kneel before the painted pedestal of Vorhad's colossal statue.

EXPERIENCES:

1. **Chthonic gases** • Nauseating and confusing, they rumble from fissures in the pedestal. Inhale, then lose 1 day, gain 100 xp and hard test. Success: see visions of the Flesh God before its inevitable apocalypse, increase aura +2, decrease thought -1. Failure: severe gastrointestinal distress, lose 1d6+1 life.

WITHIN:

1. **Entrance** • Carved into the bubbled rock. Foul smell, sharp rock. Abandoned flesh-picker dens, recycled Long Ago metal tools.
2. **Inner door** • Noosphere glyphs refuse passage to the fallen. They light when heroes approach. Donate blood, then pass.
3. **Passages** • Tangled, narrow, riddled with the acolytes' bivalve burials.
4. **Memorium of Vorhad** • Serpentine glyphs tell how the Cobra Count joined the Flesh God to beat back the Eater in Darkness.
5. **Chamber of the pancreas** • Three stout pillars, painted and lit by ghost stars. Middle: the *thundering rod of Urnumu* (€20k) entwined in the coils of three **vampire naga teachers** (L4, sad, sinuous, slumbering).



The Undying Megalith of Tábò

(4 days of abandoned parkland into the dry upland, 200 xp)

A green pyramid, startling against the the rose soil and white foliage, is all that is visible now. A tomb? Neoprimitives leave flowers and tools and sweet meats. A temple? Seminomads leave straw-stuffed cruciform sacrificial victims hanging from the white oak boughs.

No, deep within is a living vehicle, a strange cruel Mind.

VOYAGER MEGALITH

Carry 40 sk / ~€5m

Level 13 / Life 299

Ha 6 / — Depleted matter 2d8

Ka 6 / — Oom ray 2d8

Ba 6 / +13 temptation 2d12

A living megalith of creationstone—the barely-interacting substrate of the cosmos. Its insides are riddled with tunnels, nooks, strange stelae, and sniggering machinery. The treasure is the megalith itself.

Alien • [-] to understanding human motives and emotions.

Creationstone • The hull of the obelisk is the formless essence of creation itself. It regenerates 10 life per round, healing damage.

Dark • [+] vs all visible attacks. Attacks leave no visible traces of damage (but the damage is visible to EM or UV vision).

Gated • Carries a living gate at its core. Hard test to interface with the portal destination daemons.

Manipulative • [+] to ba attacks and deception tests.

Sentient • Has its own mind.

Smart • [+] vs puzzles and maths.

Void-capable • Mildly terrifying.

Wormway • Maintains integrity during gate travel. [-] vs gater sickness due to onboard gate.



Using This Template

Do you want to make stories, games, maps, adventures, modules, art, comics, or other creative works using this Affinity Publisher template? Lucky day! Now you can.

By accepting this **Standardcat 55x85 Template™** you can get a head start on making a good looking book thing, hopefully saving yourself some of the painful lessons I had to go through on my design journey.

—Luka, June 2022

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What a joke. It was quite intentional.

Silence, daemon.

Make me.