## How to Swear like Safiya fon Hasstrel

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Safiya fon Hasstrel, domna of Cartorra and Truthwitch in hiding, is known far and wide for her colorful language. And despite her tutors begging her for years to clean up her mouth (soap-washes were used often!), she remains prone to a uniquely uncomfortable and nonsensical form of swearing.

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- **Step 1:** You have to be suitably outraged and you have to be outraged basically all the time. Like, 90% of your day should be spent at a low grade of annoyance. (The remaining 10% should be spent in absolute delight and awe.) This is how Safi lives, loves, and laments.
- **Step 2.** When the stewing gets to be too much, then the fire-pot-that-is-your-temper should go off. Some examples of what might tip you over the edge: stepping in sewage, being pooped on by a sea gull, or losing a taro card game.
- **Step 3.** Now that you are suitably irate, suck in a deep breath you'll need it to string together at least 3 very emphatic oaths.
- **Step 4.** Choose a modifier from the list below (or make up you own). For example: Thrice-damned.
- **Step 5.** Choose another modifier from the list below (or make up you own) and add it to the first. For example: Thrice-damned hell-flaming.
- **Step 6.** Now select an animal or item preferably one you don't often think of in a negative capacity (see the list below for inspiration) and add it to your two modifiers. For example: Thrice-damned hell-flaming weasels.
- **Step 7.** Finish with a colorful combination of nouns again, the list below should offer some ideas. For example: Thrice-damned hell-flaming weasels whose mothers were spineless artichokes.
- **Step 8.** Now shout the combination, mutter it, or spit it just make sure that there's venom and fury underscoring each word.
- **Step 9.** And of course, remember, the less sense you make, the more like Safi you'll sound!

## Modifiers

## **Animals and items**

Weasels \* Goats \* Horses \* Door knobs \* Boot heels

## **Colorful Noun Combos**

with balls for brains. \*\mathbb{K}\$ whose mothers were spineless artichokes. \*\mathbb{K}\$ with tits instead of tongues. \*\mathbb{K}\$ who eat piss-pies for breakfast. \*\mathbb{K}\$ stuck neck-deep in storm hound manure. \*\mathbb{K}\$ drowning in their own spit.