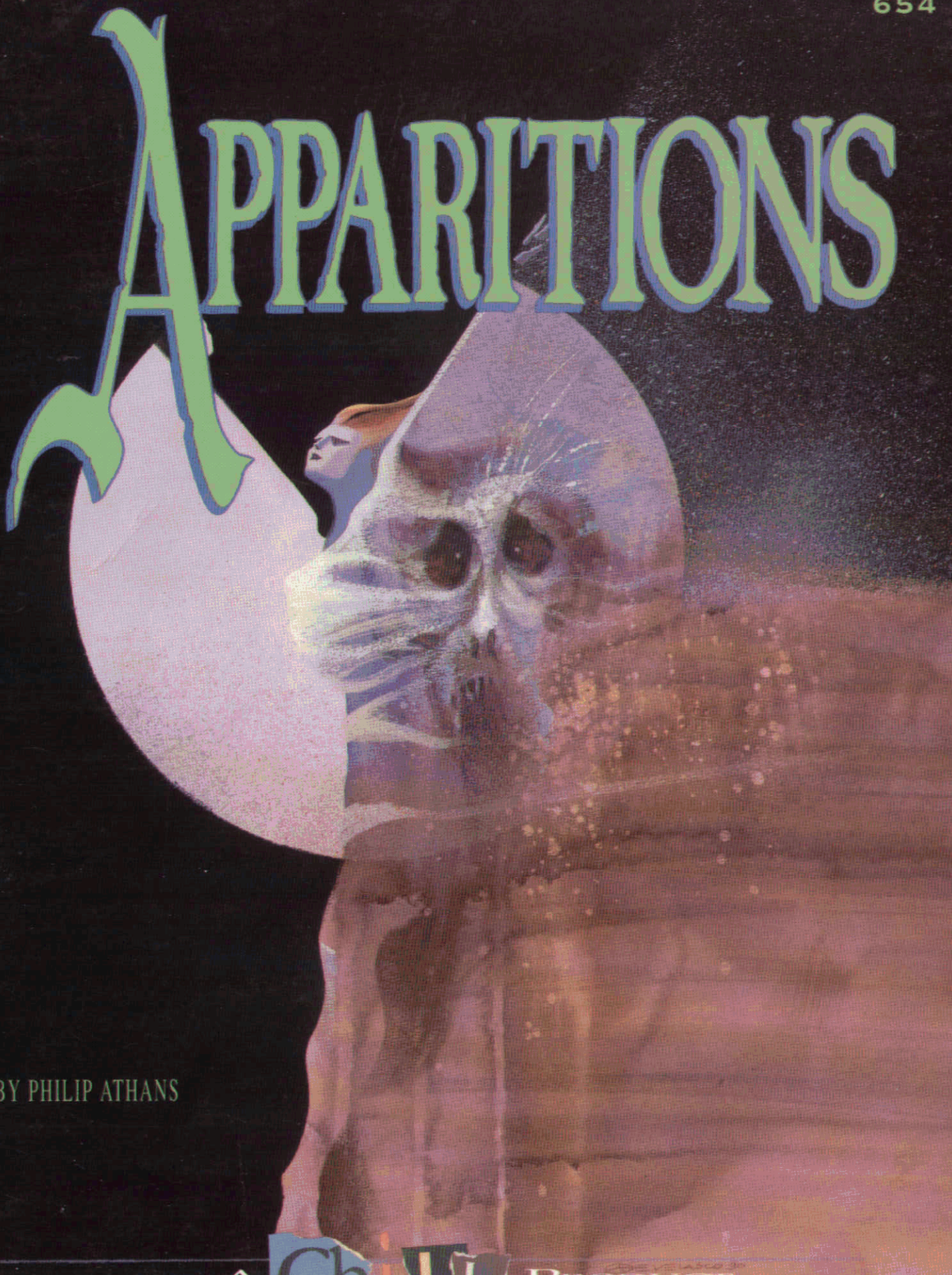


APPARITIONS



BY PHILIP ATHANS

A **ChILL** PRODUCT

APPARITIONS



CHILL: THE APPARITIONS SOURCEBOOK
WILLIAM DANIEL TREVALAINE'S
REPORT TO THE SOCIETAS ARGENTI VIAE ETERNITATA

APPARITIONS

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"I HAVE SEEN BEYOND.

*"I DID NOT WANT TO.
IT WAS SHOWN TO ME.*

IT CAME TO MY DOORSTEP AND MADE ITSELF AT HOME.

I DID NOT WANT TO SEE.

I DID NOT WANT TO.

*"NOW, I CAN'T ERASE WHAT I SAW FROM MY EYES
OR REASON AWAY THE MEMORIES AND NIGHTMARES FROM MY MIND.*

*I HAVE SEEN BEYOND THE WALL OF DEATH
AND I DID NOT LIKE WHAT I SAW THERE.*

HORRIBLE.

"MY GOD IN HEAVEN, IT WAS SO HORRIBLE.

*"SOULS DO NOT ALWAYS CROSS TO PARADISE OR DAMNATION.
SOME FALL BETWEEN,*

DRIFTING HOPELESS IN A FOREVER OF NOTHING.

SOME FALL BACK.

BACK.

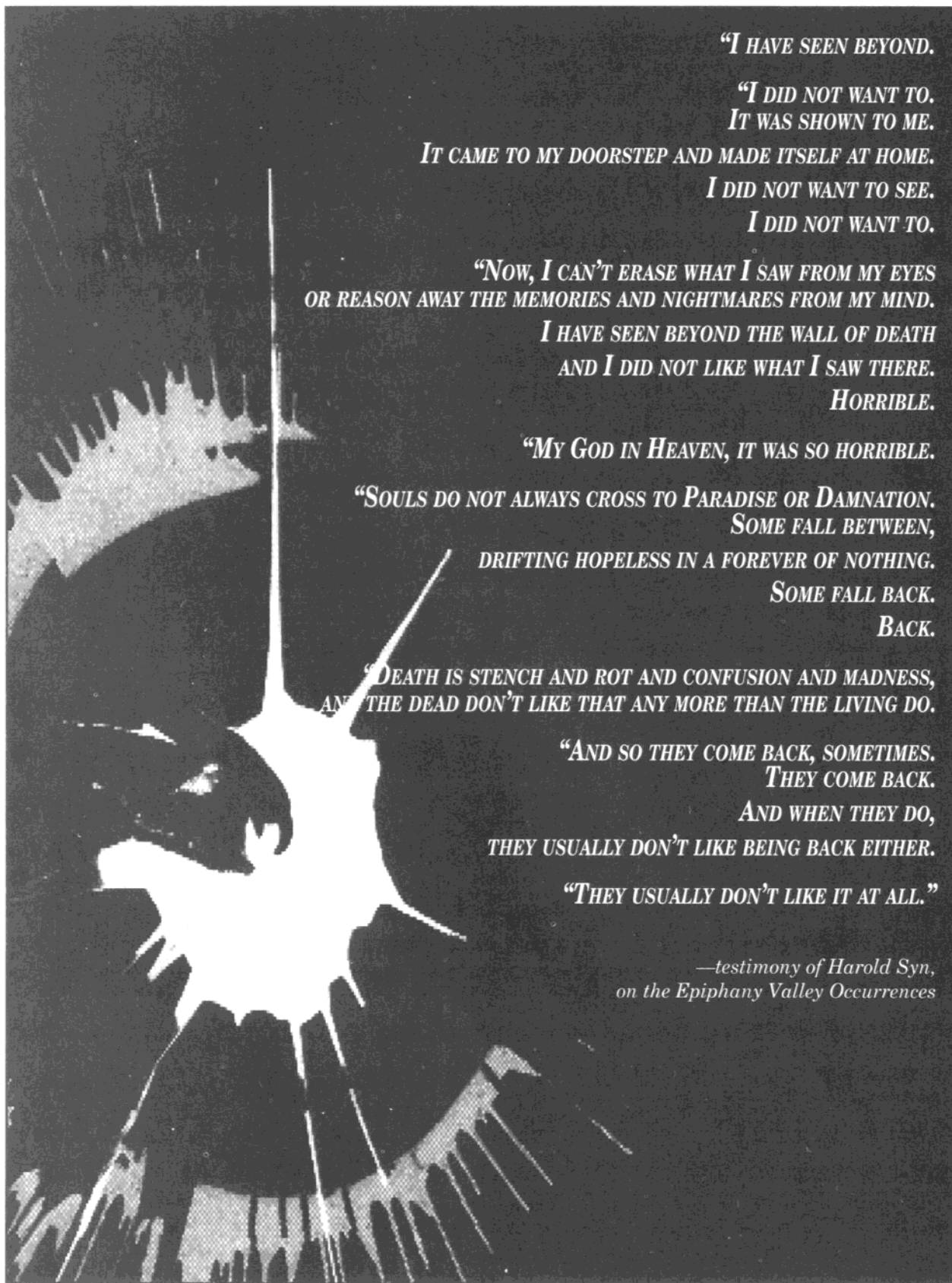
*"DEATH IS STENCH AND ROT AND CONFUSION AND MADNESS,
AND THE DEAD DON'T LIKE THAT ANY MORE THAN THE LIVING DO.*

*"AND SO THEY COME BACK, SOMETIMES.
THEY COME BACK.*

*AND WHEN THEY DO,
THEY USUALLY DON'T LIKE BEING BACK EITHER.*

"THEY USUALLY DON'T LIKE IT AT ALL."

*—testimony of Harold Syn,
on the Epiphany Valley Occurrences*



INTRODUCTION

It became clear to me when I was only a young boy that I could sense things that others couldn't. My father called it an overactive imagination. My mother said I was sensitive. My brothers taunted and ridiculed me and called me "spooky." God, I wish I could keep from crying when I say that. Even writing it is nearly impossible. Spooky. What a horror of a word, what an abomination! Fear is not something for juvenile labels like "spooky." Fear is simply not to be trifled with.

My hands are shaking as I write this, and I cannot make them stop. I have not been able to for a very long time. I wish that it were my imagination or that I were just overly sensitive. I wish I were just spooky. I am not, I am afraid. I am so consumed with fear that it is like a living thing inside me, feeding on my heart and my stomach. Making a meal of my sanity and belching in satisfaction. I am afraid because I know too much.

Sixteen years ago, I was little more than a boy, studying parapsychology at a small private college in upstate New York, full of ghost stories, cold spots, and Ouija boards. I was a foolish child. It was here that I met Dr. Wilhelm Greistmann, who introduced me to SAVE. At first, I must admit, I thought it a collection of interesting lunatics and figured I'd play you all for a few laughs. After all, I knew I could feel things, sense the wanderings of the not-quite-dead. I had conducted seances. Rattled some windows, lifted a table, heard a whisper from behind me when there was no one there. I fancied myself a "professional" spirit

medium, and I thought I knew what I was in for.

Sixteen years ago, you, my fellow members of SAVE, sent me to find ghosts, to list them, categorize them, steal away their mystery and castrate the horror of them. You sent me to find ways to summon them and ways to banish and destroy them. Eagerly, I accepted my assignment. Now, sixteen years later, as I finally put pen to paper and submit my report, I wish to God I'd never heard of you. They know me now, you see. I've learned too much, I've passed on too much.

In this report, I will describe creatures that have form and purpose, but no substance. We call them apparitions, for lack of a better term. Ghosts, if you will. Spectres, phantoms, apparitions . . . spooks. In my travels I have encountered some firsthand. Others I have come to know through the testimony of firsthand witnesses. I have included their stories, word for terrifying word, in this report so that perhaps you can come to know these horrors as intimately as I. Furthermore, I have included my personal conclusions and recommendations for envoys of SAVE so that these unnatural beings can be held away from the world of the living.

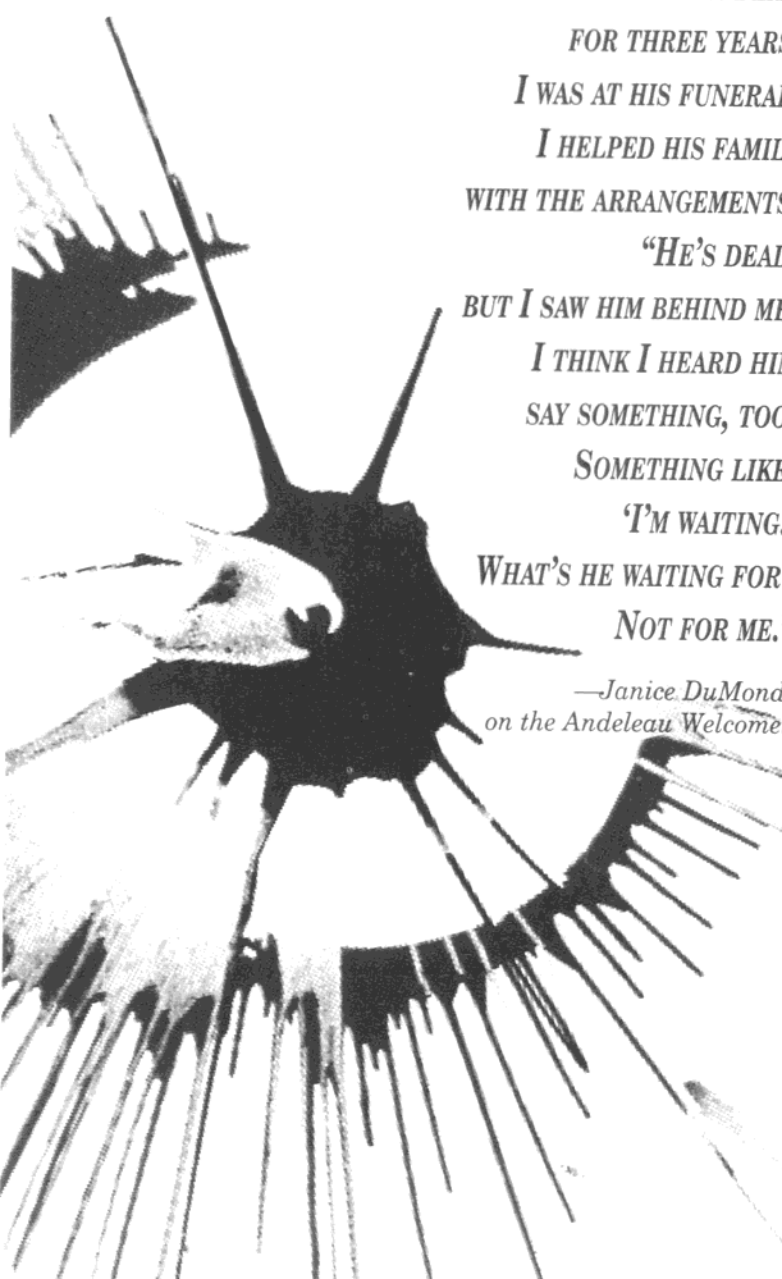
Eventually, they will find me, and when they do, I'll go with them willingly. I will not try to fight them. Until then, please accept my report as a manual for SAVE envoys. Please do not hold one word back from them, dismiss not even the wildest tale. Make light of none of this. Use what I have learned well, and always remember, there is no touch as cold as the touch of the dead.

—W. Daniel Trevalaine, PhD



APPARITIONS

THE NATURE OF APPARITIONS



*"I SAW HIM
OUT OF THE CORNER
OF MY EYE.
JUST FOR A SECOND . . .
MAYBE EVEN LESS,
BUT I SAW HIM.
HE HAD BEEN DEAD
FOR THREE YEARS.
I WAS AT HIS FUNERAL.
I HELPED HIS FAMILY
WITH THE ARRANGEMENTS.
"HE'S DEAD,
BUT I SAW HIM BEHIND ME.
I THINK I HEARD HIM
SAY SOMETHING, TOO.
SOMETHING LIKE,
'I'M WAITING.'
WHAT'S HE WAITING FOR?
NOT FOR ME."*

*—Janice DuMond,
on the Andeleau Welcomer*

IMAGES FROM BEYOND

Before I begin my discussion of the specific entities I have encountered, I think it is appropriate to come to some understanding as to what, exactly, is an Apparition. These creatures, by definition, have no solid physical form, no bodies. They exist as shadows, phantoms, like the reflection of a windowpane on a wall. The hard earth itself means nothing to them. They pass through walls, through closed doors, even through people as if they were not there at all.

Apparitions fall into three loose categories: Departed Spirits, Projections, and Independent Creatures of the Unknown.

Departed Spirits return to the world of the living for countless reasons. Some have unfinished business to attend to, a score that must be settled, a sin to be forgiven, a punishment to be served. The list is hideously long. I myself have wondered on numerous occasions what I might be sent back for after I meet my own end. Will I have to apologize to the people who I have forced to retell their painfully terrifying stories for my morbid, dangerous curiosity? Will I be allowed to rest in peace? I have encountered too many a soul who were not. Departed Spirits return, again, for many reasons. Sometimes their mission is benevolent, to warn of danger or to right a past wrong. Sometimes their mission is one of hate, vengeance, or murder.

Projections are the least threatening of the three, though no less disconcerting when encountered. Projections often retell a story of some great tragedy, like the death of an innocent or a tragic accident. Sometimes Projections give us a glimpse of the future, perhaps to serve as a warning. Or, perhaps, to taunt us about our inability to escape our own destinies. Either way, as their name might imply, they are merely pictures. Unnatural, often frightening and repulsive pictures, but pictures nonetheless, with no substance and posing no direct threat.

Independent Creatures of the Unknown are often the most malign of the Apparitions. Having no relationship with their human victims aside from their contempt for us, these creatures come from the Unknown to torment us. They are very real and very dangerous. Their evil is such that few among the living could even imagine it. These are the creatures, the monstrosities, that we must be most committed to destroying.

As it is with much of both the natural world and the Unknown, these categories are often rendered useless by the chaos of reality. As such, they are to be considered only guidelines. There are some entities that have certain characteristics of two, or even all three categories.

And so I take you among the undefined, the outcast, the incorporeal, the Apparitions. . . .

USING THIS BOOK: A NOTE TO CHILL MASTERS

This book contains information on Apparitions that you may or may not want your players to be familiar with right away. As CM, it is up to you to decide what information is available to your players and when. To make this job a little easier, each of the creature listings that appear in the chapters to follow has four distinct parts. Following the name of the creature and basic qualifiers (Type and Category) is the Medium's Introduction, which provides a basic description of the creature and of its origins, motivations, and abilities. This could be considered information any SAVE envoy would know without having to do much research.

Following this is a short Eyewitness Account describing an encounter with the creature. SAVE envoys may have heard these firsthand accounts in the past, but the information in the accounts usually requires a little more research.

Next, based on information already known from the Medium's Introduction and Eyewitness Account, is the Medium's Conclusions section. This section provides precise details of the creature and should be available only to SAVE envoys who expend some time and energy on research. This section is most helpful to the CM because it describes the creature in the detail necessary to run it as a realistic game encounter.

Requiring still more research or even direct personal experience on the part of SAVE envoys, the final section, Medium's Recommendations, gives accurate information on how to proceed with encounters with this creature. This is where you find information on summoning the creature, exorcising it, and so forth.

This format is specifically designed for the use of Information (Knowledge and Research) Skills. It's up to the individual CM to define Target Numbers and so forth for each encounter, but use the following guidelines for giving players the information in the creature listings.

MAKE A SPECIFIC KNOWLEDGE OR RESEARCH CHECK:

L result *Players can read the Medium's Introduction.*

M result *Players can read the previous result and the Eyewitness Account.*

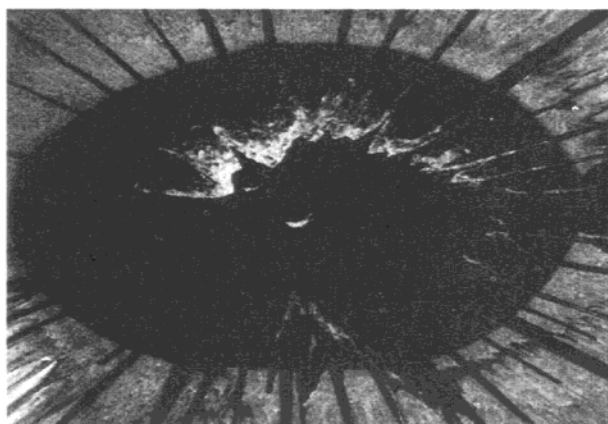
H result *Players can read the previous results and the Medium's Conclusion.*

C result *layers can read the previous results and the Medium's Recommendations.*

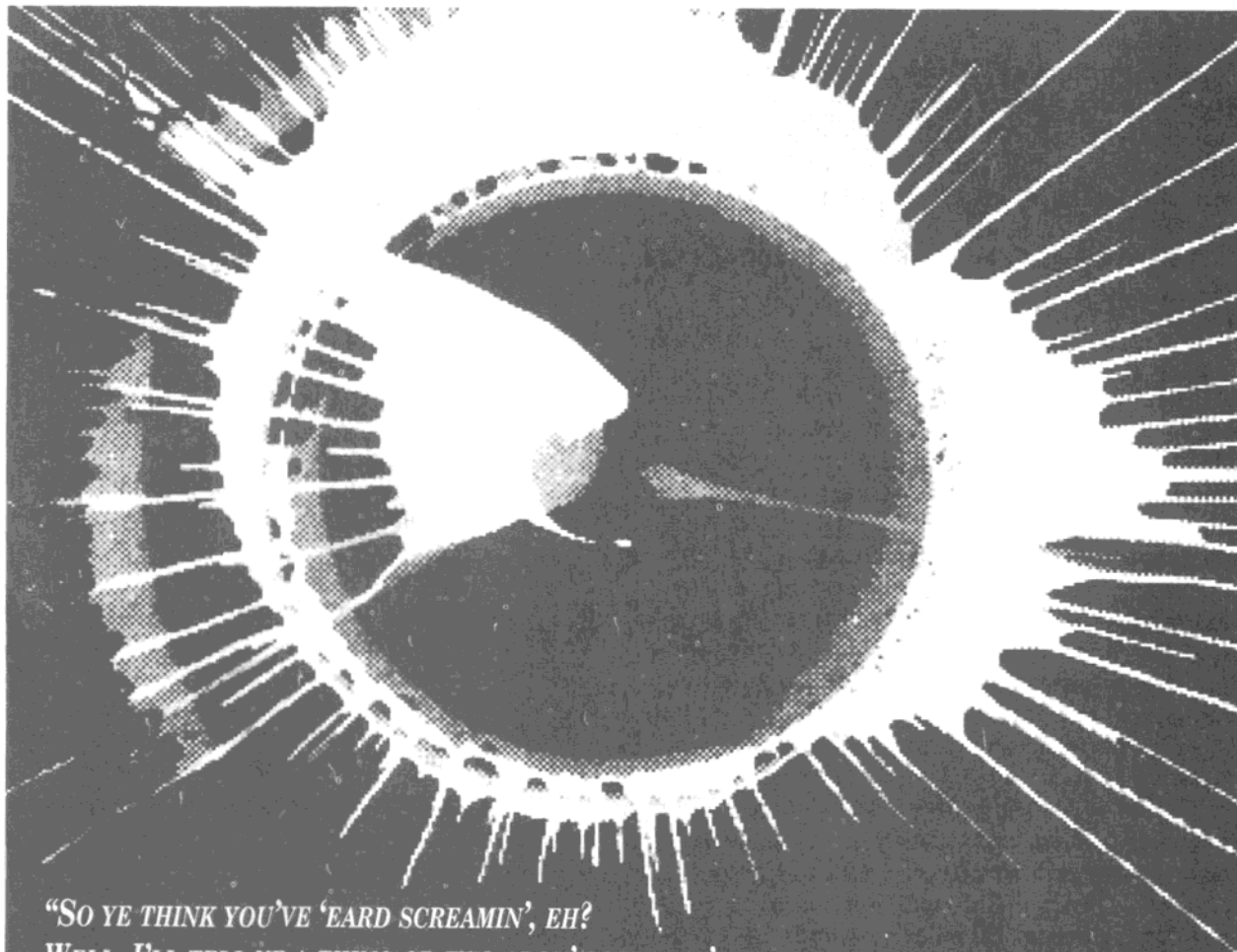
Again, these are simply guidelines. You, as CM, may decide that some information simply can't be known by the player characters before they see the creature in action for themselves. In that case, adjust the previous rules accordingly.

Information for the CM's eyes only follows each creature listing in a Chill Master's Notes section. Here you will find complete game statistics for each creature, including any new rules necessary to run the creature. In some cases, hints and ideas on how to introduce these creatures into your Chill campaign are provided. Appendix A (p. 91) provides a summary of stats, in table form, for all of the creatures in this book. Appendix C (p. 92) presents new Disciplines of the Evil Way.

In some cases, creatures in this sourcebook are duplications of those found in the Chill hardcover. In these cases, you will be referred to the hardcover for statistics and other information in order to avoid repeating previously published material. This sourcebook presents only new information or, when necessary, clarifications on these creatures.



APPARITIONS



"SO YE THINK YOU'VE 'EARD SCREAMIN', EH?
WELL, I'LL TELL YE A THING OR TWO ABOU' SCREAMIN'.

"I'M A McDONNOUGH, I AM, OF THE ABERDEEN McDONNOUGHS.
AND MY FAMILY KNOWS A THING ER TWO ABOU' SCREAMIN'.

"SEE, WHEN ME GREAT-GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER DIED.
OH, THAT WAS MANY A YEAR AGO NOW.
SEEMS HE DIN WANTA LEAVE 'IS HOUSE.
AT LEAST, THA'TIS, HIS HEAD DIN WANTA LEAVE.
EVERY TIME WE TRIED GETTIN' RID O' THE DAMN THING,
WE COULDN'T KEEP OUR HEADS FOR ALL THE SCREAMIN'.
SCREAMIN' AND CARRYIN' ON
LIKE NO CHRISTIAN MAN OUGHTA BE HEARIN'.

"'TIS MY FAMILY CURSE, IT 'TIS."

—Ainsle McDonnough, on the Screaming Skull of McDonnough Manor



ANCESTRAL HORRORS

The importance of family and heritage can almost never be denied. What we receive from our parents and their parents before them and what we pass on to our children is the essence of the human condition. All of our lives are finite. We will, under even the most perfect of circumstances, walk the Earth only so long before we succumb to the embrace of death. Our families and children are pieces of ourselves that we can leave behind after death and, through them, live on.

Inheritances take many forms; money, property, poor eyesight . . . ghosts.

Most common in the British Isles and Northern Europe, Ancestral Horrors or Family Ghosts are passed along from generation to generation. Some families embrace these restless spirit relations. Others try everything in their power to rid their heritage of these unwanted shades.

Ancestral Horrors are usually quite disturbing in nature. Though rarely directly threatening, these occurrences invariably leave lasting psychological scars that are passed along from generation to generation along with the entity itself.

Unlike typical hauntings, Ancestral Horrors do not center on a building, place, or item, but on the family itself. Though they may move to a new place, miles, even hundreds of miles from their ancestral home, these families continue to be visited by their black sheep from the Unknown.

Commonly referred to as curses, these hauntings are often the result of some crime or indiscretion committed by a member of the family that has gone unpunished. Even righting the past wrong doesn't dispel the family's visitors. Blood is certainly thicker than water. In some cases, it may even be thicker than death. Once a family has "acquired" an Ancestral Horror, it is virtually impossible to get rid of.

I have encountered through eyewitness accounts three such entities, all of which share several motivations. The first two, the Bansidhe (often mislabeled as Banshee) and the Bean-Nighe, are closely related in that both serve to warn a family of the approaching death of one of its members. This may seem like the entities are toying rather sadistically with the dying family member. In reality, the Bansidhe appears before its family only when another member is about to die. Steps can still be taken to save the doomed relative, and it is now believed that Bansidhes actually kill their victims themselves.

The Bean-Nighe, an Ancestral Horror closely related to, but considerably less frightening than the Bansidhe, is also a harbinger of death to family members who encounter her. Lastly, Screaming Skulls, one of the most bizarre manifestations I have ever encountered, simply insist on staying home.

BANSIDHE (BAN-SHEE)

Type: Independent

Category: Independent Creature of the Unknown

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

Bansidhes (commonly known as Banshees) are described in Gaelic literature as both faeries and ghosts. Their name comes from the Gaelic bean side, loosely translated as "woman of the faerie folk." These entities attach themselves or are attached to a particular family by some unknown force. Once attached to a family, they remain with it, generation after generation, following members of the family wherever they may go.

Irish folklore sees Bansidhes as sad creatures that cry out in mournful wails when a family member is near death. Bansidhes rarely manifest themselves, but when they do, they appear as



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beautiful young women with thin figures, deathly pale complexions, and green eyes stained red as if from hours of crying. These ghostly Apparitions float through the ancestral home, screaming and wailing in hideous, unnatural tones. Most often, however, only the screaming is heard. Bansidhes only appear before those about to die. Seeing the face of a Bansidhe spells inevitable doom.

Bansidhes are often considered by their families to be a sort of guardian angel, following the family from generation to generation and bringing it good luck and good fortune. Its final service to each member of the family is to cry for the departing soul. It is also believed that the cry of the Bansidhe is a sort of prayer, designed to hasten safe passage of the soon-to-be-departed soul's journey to heaven. Families inclined toward this belief are terrified at the sound of the Bansidhe's unnatural wail as any sane person would be, but they tend to see it as a cry of sorrow born of love and loyalty, not an act of hostility or malevolence.

My research, however, has found its romantic view of the Bansidhe to be dangerously false. I present to you an excerpt from the journal of a Mr. Patrick O'Hara, a wealthy Irish landowner. The original entry was written on Christmas Eve, 1794, the night that Mr. O'Hara died in his sleep, apparently of natural causes, in his home in Northern Ireland.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

I am writing my final words. I am a dead man. I say goodbye. The Bansidhe has come for me. It has cried for me and shown itself to me. I will die, then, like my father before me, and his father before him. I pray to God that it will carry my soul safely to His embrace.

I will go to sleep and let Katie take me where she will. I pray only that I will have time to tell you, my children, this tale.

It started, like it always has started, with the screaming. Perhaps I indulged a bit too much this Christmas Eve. The whiskey had gone to my head, and I left you happily singing carols by the fire. I went to bed and fell immediately into a deep sleep. I first heard the screams as if in a dream. When I awoke, I laughed to myself and thought: "Goodness, I dreamt Katie had come for me." It would have been only one more in a series of nightmares that have kept me wide-eyed in my bed for the last week and a half, but sure as I was born, it was no dream. The next scream sounded at first like you children singing far away downstairs. It grew louder and louder, and I knew soon enough that it was not my children. It was no living thing that made that terrible wail. There was a cacophony of

echoes when it stopped, as if it screamed through a vast chamber. No sooner had the first scream's echoes died away than the next scream started. Though it did not seem possible, this next scream was louder than the last. Louder and clearer as if she were coming closer. The next scream came faster and I thought I heard her sob in the midst of it. The screams were screams of sorrow, not of fear. The only thing I had ever heard comparable was just after the tragedy that befell Shelton Lenchan when his young son drowned in the pond near his estate. His wife, holding her son's lifeless, soaking body in her arms, screamed like that.

It was then that it hit me, as if I'd been shot through the heart, that Katie was coming to take one of us away. I am old, my Mary has passed away, you children are ready to begin families of your own. I prayed then that Katie was here for me.

The screaming continued, the sobbing becoming easier to distinguish. With trembling hand, I broke six matches trying to light the candles at my bedside. When they were lit, I closed my eyes. I dared not look around me for fear that I might see the Bansidhe Katie come to claim my soul. I opened my eyes in the dim orange candlelight, and though Katie's screams shook the bed, the floor, and my very heart, she was nowhere to be seen. I arose and went to the door. Here I heard a muffled voice. It was you, Adam. I threw open the door, and I must have startled you with the sudden shriek of the hinges, coming as it did between the horrid screams. You turned quickly to me, your eyes wide with fright. "Father," you said to me in a hoarse whisper, "What is it? Is it Katie?"

"Go back to your room, son," I replied. "Go back to sleep if you can."

A scream sounded again, this time so loud it seemed Katie might be standing between us. "Adam," I said, trying very hard to keep my voice from cracking with fear and self-pity, "go back to your room. It is Katie."

Your eyes softened then, and I knew you remembered. How could you forget? That was the last time we heard the screams of the Bansidhe. It woke the entire family. My dear Mary held you in her arms while you cried in fear. I went to find the source of the horrible wailing. When I returned, I found you still in the arms of your mother. She was dead. Your eyes were closed tightly, your face hidden in her breast. You had seen nothing. Thank God.

Swallowing a sob of my own, I turned and walked down the corridor into an envelope of mournful cries. I came to the top of the stairs, my eyes reluctantly scanning the walls and doorways. I saw nothing. The screams had been rising and falling now for the better part of an hour, and I thought that I would be happy to die if it meant never having to hear another of them. And then I saw her.

At first I thought it was your sister Elizabeth, and I



almost called out to her. That cry stopped short when I saw that as this young woman walked, her feet did not quite touch the floor. She was dressed in fine white silk that blew behind her, though the cool air in the house was as still as death. Her long red hair blew in the same unnatural wind. I was standing at the top of the tall, wide staircase that leads down into the foyer. She crossed in front of the front door and stopped. I stood as still as I could. A wave of panic swept over me, and I had to fight back the urge to blow out my candles so that the darkness at the top of the stairs might hide me from the Bansidhe and keep me alive a moment longer.

She stopped screaming, but her hands were still clutched over her eyes as if she were contemplating clawing out her own eyes. Could it be that she considered that? That she would rather do that than to look at me, knowing her look would be my doom? She was crying, her bone-thin shoulders shuddering under her robes. She screamed again into her hands, the loudest scream yet. Then, she disappeared.

The screaming had stopped. The house was so quiet I could hear the rush of blood in my ears and the tiny piercing ring left there by the Bansidhe's keening wail.

Was that small glimpse of Katie enough to send me on my way? I became a little dizzy then, I suppose from the whiskey and out of pure exhaustion. I turned to go back to my chamber, and she was there. She was beautiful, like an angel, as, perhaps, she is. We stood face to face then, no more than two feet from each other. She had taken her hands from her face, and I saw her perfect features, her big, green eyes rimmed in red from crying. Her face was framed by her red hair, still blowing, though I felt no breath of wind. Her full lips parted, and looking me solidly in the eyes, she screamed again.

This scream had me clasping my hands to my ears for fear my eardrums would literally burst from my head. Eyes wide, I saw her face change. Her lips pulled back from her teeth, her eyes widened and turned from healthy green to gray, and her face wrinkled as if seconds were aging her as only years could. She seemed to die before me as she screamed. Closing my eyes tight, I let panic take over me, and dropping the candelabra, I ran headlong to my chamber.

When I got there I bolted the door behind me and went straight to my monthly desk. It is here that I pen these words to you, my son, awaiting my fate. The screams have gone. I am tired. Do not cry for me. Katie has taken care of that. I will go see your mother now. Good-bye.

Mr. O'Hara's children found his journal at his bedside that Christmas morning. Their father did not awaken.

MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

This sad and frightening tale, as well as my other research into the nature of the Bansidhe, has led me to several dire conclusions. The first and perhaps most sinister fact concerning the Bansidhe is the complete certainty that once having seen the creature's face, you're surely doomed. There has not been a single case where someone has seen a Bansidhe and lived longer than a full day afterwards.

Another apparent absolute in the behavior of the Bansidhe is the fact that it does stay with a single family, never leaving it or appearing to any other family. The Bansidhe follows the paternal line so, for instance, Mr. O'Hara's son Adam will inherit Katie, while his daughter Elizabeth might meet the Bansidhe of her future husband's family.

Contrary to what many outsiders believe, not every family in Ireland and Wales has a Bansidhe haunting its heritage. In fact, few families are so cursed. A few of these, strangely, brag about their family Bansidhe as if it were a sign of especially high breeding. Perhaps the belief that Bansidhes are guardian angels or are somehow connected with safe passage to heaven has something to do with this. It is safe to say that most families that are familiar with these creatures are thankful that they are not so "blessed."

SAVE has held the belief for some time now that Bansidhes are not what legend makes them out to be. Rather than sad messengers, powerless to prevent the certain doom of their adopted relative and forced only to scream and cry in mourning for them, SAVE believes, Bansidhes are actually malign creatures of the Unknown who greedily steal the life essence of the doomed for their own evil purposes. Having convinced families through the generations that they, themselves, are not the cause of the deaths they predict, Bansidhes have managed to continue their work unmolested. In much the same way a farmer selects which chicken to slaughter for the night's dinner, the Bansidhe picks a victim from among the family and begins its horrific screaming. In some instances, the victim then approaches the Bansidhe willingly with the belief that the Bansidhe will guide him to heaven.

When the Bansidhe reveals its face to its victim, the doomed person's life-force begins to ebb away almost immediately. Most victims, growing weaker by the moment, soon fall into a deep sleep, which then becomes a coma, and eventually (within 24 hours) results in death.

Though Bansidhes are most often encountered in



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Ireland and Wales, they have been known to follow members of their adopted families as far as India. It was there, in March of 1934, that more than 70 guests at a state dinner at the residence of Stephen Baxter, then Assistant to the Governor General of the British Crown Colony of India, heard what many described as a series of "miserable shrieks" that apparently had no source. Lord Baxter's wife, Margaret, died later that night of respiratory failure. Though the incident was kept quiet, Lord Baxter, in his grief, was heard to credit his family's Bansidhe (whom he called Maggie) with the screams that preceded his wife's untimely death. Upon his return to his family's estate on the outskirts of Aberystwyth four years later, Lord Baxter encountered Maggie again but did not live to tell about it.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

My research has brought me to yet another dire conclusion regarding the nature of the Bansidhe. It is now known that the Bansidhe does not actually kill its victims. Using a hitherto unknown Discipline of the Evil Way we will refer to as Steal Life-Force (see Appendix C, p. 94), the Bansidhe sucks the life energy from its victim, leaving it "rapt." In this state the victim appears, to even the most expert observer, to be quite dead. In a way, the body of the victim is dead. The Bansidhe has taken its life-force and consciousness. If the victim's body is embalmed or undergoes similar preparatory steps toward burial, it is impossible to return the victim's life-force to his body.

The Bansidhe takes its victim's life-force back to its domain in the Unknown. Though it was first believed that Bansidhes made their lairs underground, it is now known that Bansidhes live in that unexplainable dimension we call the Unknown. Fitting, I suppose, for a so-called "faerie woman" who possesses no physical form. The entrance to the Bansidhe's personal corner of the Unknown is always located near its adopted family's ancestral home. This entrance is marked by a dolmen, an ancient structure consisting of two or more large vertical stones supporting a single horizontal stone. This structure resembles, in some ways, an altar or triptych.

Such structures are fairly common in the Celtic countryside. There, in the Bansidhe's vile lair, the victim, now an unwilling resident of the Unknown, is made a slave to the cruel whims of its inhuman relation.

Rescuing someone so imprisoned is possible, though

quite difficult. Bansidhes are greedy creatures, very reluctant to give up their valued prizes. The following method of rescue was told to me by an Anglican vicar who has insisted on remaining nameless. I have every reason to believe this brave man's story, for it was he who was pulled back from the clutches of his own family's screaming curse.

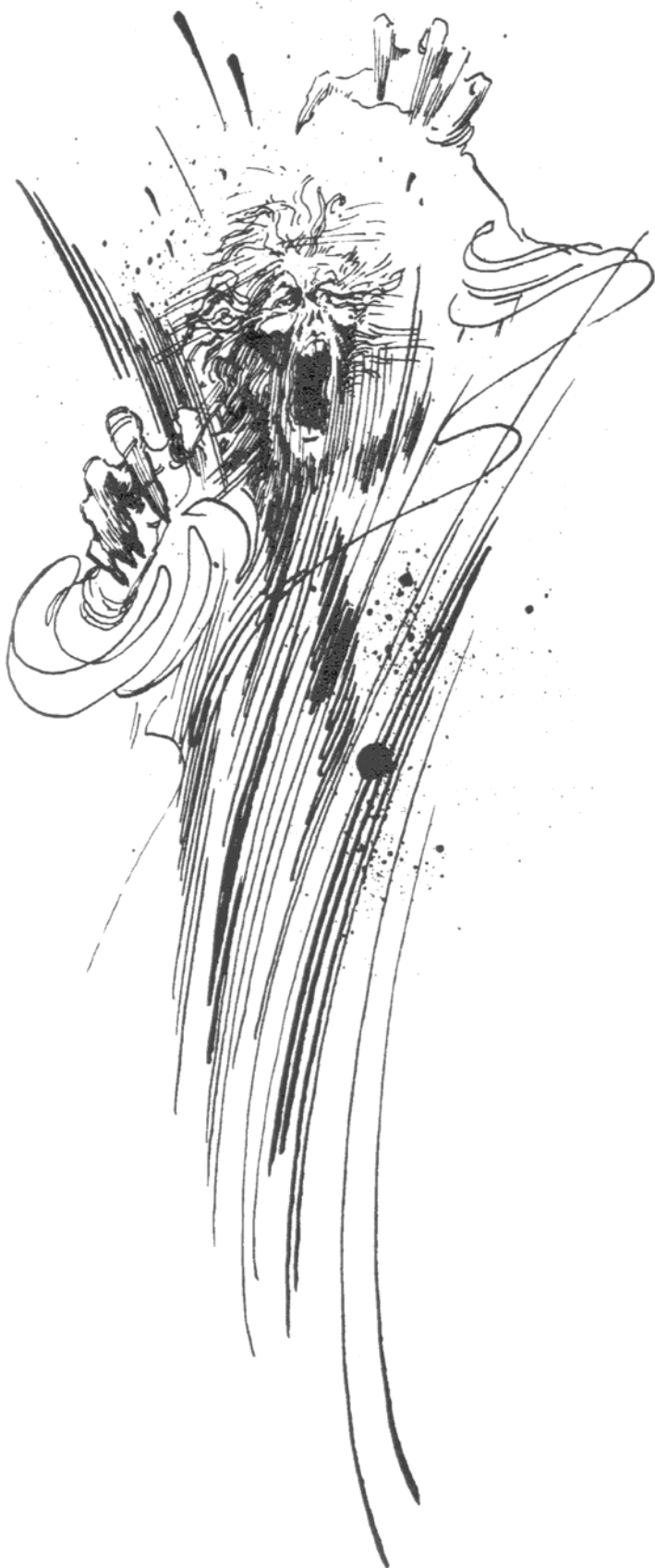
What makes the rescue all the more difficult is that it must be undertaken by a close personal friend of the victim's. A family member who attempts this task will end up only incurring the wrath of the Bansidhe and it will be that relative who next looks upon her face and joins her in the Unknown. A friend, carrying some item of a personal nature once owned by the victim, must first find the Bansidhe's dolmen. In some cases, this is a fairly simple task. If there is only one such structure nearby, it must be the dolmen. In some places, though, dolmens can be quite effectively hidden in dense undergrowth or even partially buried by a thousand years' movements of the earth around it. Also, there are some places where dolmens are more common, and several may be located near the family's home. In this case, the rescuer must find the correct dolmen. Not every such structure marks the lair of a Bansidhe. Some hold other, possibly even more dangerous, secrets, and some are harmless relics of eons past.

One way of identifying the proper dolmen is by recognizing the secret name of the Bansidhe transcribed on it. Carved into one of the stones of the dolmen is a series of mysterious runes. Only those with vast knowledge of ancient tongues are able to recognize such runes. Discovering the Bansidhe's secret name in the first place is still more difficult.

When a Bansidhe screams, it is not howling incoherently. Its scream is an integral part of its Evil Way attack and serves to prime its victim for the final life-stealing manifestation. This scream contains, among other things, the Bansidhe's secret name, since it must identify itself to the source of its powers in order to conjure the necessary energies to complete its attack. Again, it is most difficult to distinguish the Bansidhe's secret name among the terrifying cacophony of shrieks.

Though most, if not all, families cursed with Bansidhes give them names of their own (Maggie, Katie, etc.), their secret names are quite different, and these endearments will serve the rescuer no purpose. There is no reason, in fact, to believe that the Bansidhes themselves even realize that their victims have given them these names. Surely, they





do not care. In the case of the rescued vicar, his Bansidhe's secret name was Krywyr'Llyrv, though his family had always called her Alice.

Once the dolmen is discovered, it is then a simple task to knock it over and see to it that none of the stones is in contact with another. Doing this forces the Bansidhe to release the life-force of its last victim, and its last victim only. All others claimed by the Bansidhe remain, apparently forever trapped with the Bansidhe in its lair. I do have reason to believe that once its gateway to the real world is closed, the Bansidhe's power inevitably dissipates and those already trapped can cross into the next world in peace. Others believe that Bansidhes actually feed on the life-forces of their victims, and they come to claim another only after they have used up and destroyed those they took before. This could certainly explain why only the last victim is released, but there is one piece of evidence that causes me to believe this to be untrue.

When the dolmen is suitably toppled, the life-force immediately returns to the victim, who awakens gasping for breath. Usually, they wake up screaming. Rebirth, it seems, is no less painful and disquieting than birth. The victim remains in a state of incoherent madness for the better part of that day, gradually recovering his wits. He eventually returns to normal but has no knowledge or memory of what he had endured. He cannot even remember the screams of the Bansidhe before he looked it in the face.

If the rescuer fails to bring some personal item of the victim's, the Bansidhe, upon the destruction of its dolmen, may release the wrong life-force. In this case, it is said, the victim's body awakens, mad as is usual in such cases, but it never recovers. Such a person remains completely insane for the rest of his natural life, which, mercifully, tends to be unusually short.

Since no other victim is released by the destruction of the dolmen, if this one attempt fails, the life-forces of the other victims are lost forever. Hopefully, they are released to move on to the other side in peace. If they must remain enslaved to the whims of an embittered creature for all eternity, may God have mercy on us all.

Though the Bansidhe cannot return to the real world once its dolmen has been toppled, if it is rebuilt or even if any of the stones come into contact with any of the other stones, the Bansidhe is released once more. At this point, the Bansidhe is free to choose another family to bond itself to. Being a malign and hateful creature, it will surely



APPARITIONS

attack the family of the person responsible for its imprisonment.

Lastly, I must caution SAVE envoys to approach the families cursed by Bansidhes with great care. We have all become accustomed to not being believed. Only those who have encountered the Unknown, and therefore have reached a point where they no longer question their own sanities and perceptions, will place all of their trust in our knowledge of the Unknown. Once this trust has been achieved, however, those who have encountered the Unknown are all too willing to allow us to assist them. They are invariably desperate to be rid of the whole situation and will be cooperative almost to a fault.

Such is almost never the case, however, when a Bansidhe is involved. As pointed out previously, many who are cursed with the inheritance of a Bansidhe see it as a sign of good breeding and good luck. Thinking that the Bansidhe itself is harmless, albeit disturbing, its victims almost always refuse to have it exorcised. After generation upon generation of belief in this vile creature's clever ruse, it proves to be a most difficult task for envoys of SAVE, already lacking some credibility with those whose experience of the Unknown is limited, to convince even those family members in immediate danger that the Bansidhe itself is stealing the life-force of their family.

On November 2, 1890, SAVE envoy Pierre Rensoir was shot in the head by Russell O'Malley while the two searched for the dolmen of the O'Malley family's Bansidhe, Maeva. The dolmen was never found, and Mr. O'Malley died six weeks later of congestive heart failure, amid Maeva's screams. SAVE envoys endeavoring to do battle with the Bansidhe should keep this incident in mind. Proceed with the greatest possible caution in dealing with the Bansidhe's victims. In a very real way, family members are more dangerous to SAVE envoys than the Bansidhe is since the Bansidhe can only appear to members of one family.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

Contrary to what Mr. Trevalaine believes, the attack of the Bansidhe is not always 100% successful. This proves that, where the Unknown is concerned, there's always one more myth. . .

To administer an attack by a Bansidhe, make an Opposed Steal Life-Force Check for the Bansidhe against an Opposed Current WPR Check by the victim. If the victim rolls a higher result level than

the Bansidhe, the creature's attack is unsuccessful (this time).

If both results are equal, the victim loses 2D10 Current Willpower and begins to experience terrible nightmares, which prevent regeneration of Willpower, for three consecutive nights.

If the Bansidhe's result level is higher, consult the following chart.

Difference	Consequence
1	In 2D10 hours, the victim falls into a death-like trance and appears in every way to be dead. The victim is then struggling with the Bansidhe for control of his life-force. The victim inevitably prevails, regaining consciousness in 3D10 hours, suffering a Willpower loss of 2D10 and experiencing nightmares for three consecutive nights that prevent regeneration of Willpower.
2	Same as 1, but it takes 2D10 x 2 hours for the victim to revive.
3	Same as previous two results, but victim is also hopelessly mad for 1D10 hours after reviving. The victim, in this state, screams incoherently and attacks any person or animal in sight unless restrained.
4	The victim loses the struggle and the Bansidhe takes his life-force to the Unknown.

When using this chart, the Difference column indicates the Bansidhe's number of result levels higher than the victim's. The Consequences column indicates the specific consequences of that level of success attained by the Bansidhe.

Always remember that Bansidhes cannot and will not attack anyone not from their bonded family.

Helping to further the myth that the Bansidhe's attack is always successful is the fact that once a family member hears the scream of the Bansidhe, he begins to weaken, making the attack more likely to succeed. The family member chosen as the next victim loses 1 point of Current Willpower for each scream he hears. This is an unavoidable aspect of the Bansidhe's Evil Way attack, combined with the strong psychological belief on the part of the victim that the Bansidhe is a harbinger of doom.



BEAN-NIGHE (BEEN NI)

Type: Servitor

Category: Projection

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

Quite often confused with Bansidhes, the Bean-Nighe is, in fact, exactly what many believe the Bansidhe to be. Found throughout Scotland and parts of northern England, these spirits are usually seen late at night by travelers when they pass a small body of water. The Bean-Nighe appears as a peasant woman, quietly and contentedly beating bloodstained shrouds on the rocks at the water's edge and wringing out fresh, deep red blood. As she goes about her grim chore, the Bean-Nighe often hums a slow, melancholy funeral dirge. The Bean-Nighe is often referred to simply as "the washing woman."

If the passer-by attempts to speak with the Bean-Nighe, she turns a sad face to the traveler and tells him the names of those about to die. Like other Ancestral Horrors, the Bean-Nighe follows one family from generation to generation, appearing only to members of that family when one of the kin is about to die. It is also believed that if the traveler asks the Bean-Nighe of his own fate, the spirit complies, providing a fairly precise description of future events leading to the traveler's death.

While visiting New York on a lecture tour last year, I encountered the most interesting young man. This Mr. Kyle MacIntyre, a New Yorker of Scottish ancestry, apparently encountered one of these odd creatures on a recent trip to Scotland to visit relatives. Here is his story, as told to me.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

"It was my first trip to Scotland, and I admit I really didn't know what to expect. Some of my older aunts and uncles whom I'd met when they visited my parents here in New York seemed like pretty weird people. They were full of the silliest ghost stories, and one of them actually claimed to have seen the Loch Ness Monster.

"Somehow, growing up in New York made it tough to get too wound up in things like ghosts and sea monsters. Maybe it's because we have so many human monsters here. Anyway, I figured it was just the older folks who bought into all the ghost stories, same way they buy things like insurance scams and TV evangelists. I went to Scotland thinking I'd see lots of new things, but I never figured on a ghost being one of them.

"Like I was saying, it was my first trip to

Scotland, the summer I got out of college. The flight over made my back hurt, and renting a car was harder than you might think. They told me people in Scotland spoke English. . . .

"It was close to 90 miles from Edinburgh to Aberfeldy, where most of my relatives live. The drive was a pain at night, with jet lag and fog making it almost not matter whether I had my eyes open or not. It seemed like I drove forever. I wanted to go to sleep, and the thought of greeting and kissing aunts I hadn't seen since my brother Mickey's wedding in '83 just didn't sit well. When the woman stepped out into the road in front of my car, I thought at first that I was dreaming her.

"The brakes locked, and the little rental's rear end pulled a little as if in protest of the front end's need to stop. I swore and almost hit my nose on the steering wheel. When I looked up, I could see the woman, old and hunched over, wander off the road and into the thick black woods that walled off that side of the road. Honestly, it took me a couple minutes just to believe I actually didn't hit her. When I was over that, I realized where I was—in the middle of the Scottish Highlands, alone, at night. This woman looked like she was at least 80, if not pushing 100. Why was she out here in the middle of the night? Why did she step out almost directly in front of my car?

"I got out of the car and followed her into the woods. I figured she must have been in a car accident or something and was wandering around in some kind of daze. An 80-year-old woman out there at night was not what I expected to see at all. Maybe she was hurt and had no idea where she was.

"I went through the forest, banging my toes on tree stumps and absolutely demolishing an Armani suit that cost me way too much ever to take it out into the woods at night. Eventually I heard the sound of running water. When the trees finally broke, I saw a little stream going by. The woman was sitting near the edge of the stream.

"In the bright light of a late summer's full moon, I could see her pretty clearly. It seemed like she didn't notice me at all. I was about to say something when, for some reason, I caught myself. I took one step forward, careful not to make a sound, and decided to get a closer look before I let her know she wasn't alone. I must admit that this was when I started to get kind of scared. None of this made any sense. We were out in the middle of nowhere. Maybe I didn't say anything at first because I was afraid she was some kind of escaped



APPARITIONS

lunatic or something. What would you think?

"Anyway, like I was saying, I shut up and got a closer look. She wasn't much to look at, but wasn't scary. She looked like a very old woman, that's all. In that light she looked a little bit like a newborn infant, her face round and red, her brow knitted and furrowed. She was sitting down, but I could tell she was short. I mean, really

short, and kind of round. She looked something like those pictures of Eastern European or Russian women with their wizened, wind-scarred faces and shawls over their heads.

Though I could barely hear her over the sound of the crickets and the stream trickling by, she was humming a little song. I didn't recognize the tune, but it was slow and full of sorrow.

"She was sitting right next to the water, her legs twisted uncomfortably beneath her. As I watched her, she produced a long piece of white cloth that had some sort of stain on it. She dipped the cloth in the stream and began to wash it out. After beating it soundly against a rock a couple of times, she wrung it out. The water that came off it was dark, black in the cool blue moonlight. I watched her continue to clean the fabric and was about to say something when it came to me. The stain was blood!

"The skin on my back

seemed to wake up and crawl around. A world class case of the heebie-jeebies. I had a talk with myself then. I thought about where I was, out in the middle of nowhere. I was watching a 90-year-old woman wash blood from some kind of shawl or shroud in a stream at two in the morning while humming to herself. She was crazy, or covering for someone who was.

"I decided to go back to my car and get as far away from this scene as possible. I didn't want to take my eyes off her, so I started to walk out of the clearing backwards. It was like a scene from a Bugs Bunny cartoon. I stepped on a twig . . . snap . . . and the old lady looked up at me.

"Her eyes hit me like an ice cube down the back of my shirt, and I froze completely. Her face was completely blank. If someone told me to make my face blank, to wipe off every trace of expression, there's no way I could ever do it that well.

"I was just about to turn and run when her face changed. Her features softened, her sparse eyebrows turned down, and she seemed about to cry. She started humming again, the tune obviously not making her happier. I was thinking too fast for my own good and decided to say something before I had a chance to stop myself. 'Um,' was all that came out.

"It made her stop humming. She opened her mouth to speak, and I could see she had no teeth. 'Sybil,' she said, her voice thin and rough.

"What?" I asked, almost as an involuntary reaction.

"Sybil," she repeated, "is next, then Benjamin, then Lara."

"I had a cousin named Sybil. Her father's name was Benjamin, my aunt Lara's husband. Either this strange old woman knew my family or this was a most extreme coincidence.

"Sybil who?" I asked her.

"Sybil MacGregor."

"My cousin. In this part of Scotland, though, there were probably close to a thousand Sybil MacGregors.

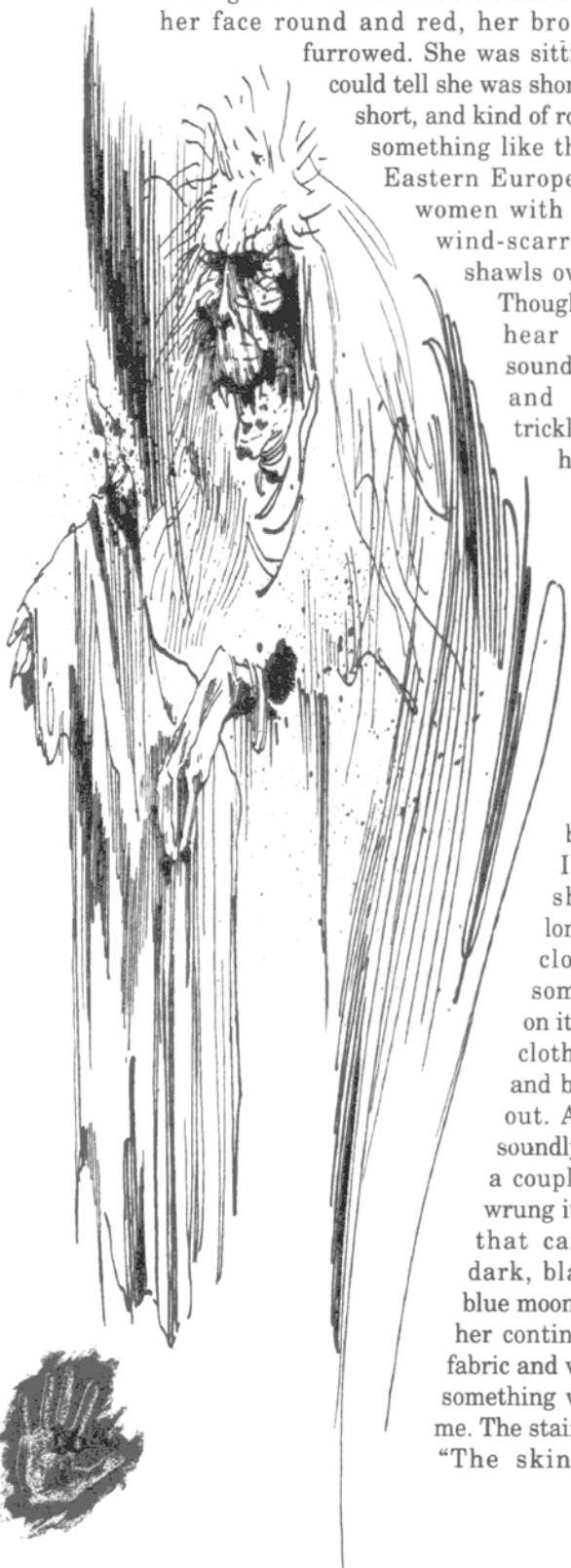
"Which Sybil MacGregor?"

"Of the Aberfeldy MacGregors," she answered patiently. That was my cousin.

"What about her?" I asked, suddenly thinking it might have been Sybil's blood on the shroud.

"Sybil," the old woman repeated. "Then Benjamin, then Lara."

"She disappeared then, literally faded away like in a cheap movie. I closed and opened my eyes, rubbed



BEAN-NIGHE

AGL: N/A

DEX: N/A

PCN: (3D10) or 18

PER: N/A

STA: N/A

STR: N/A

WPR: 80

EWS: N/A

ATT: N/A

SR: N/A

WB: N/A

Fear: -20

MV: 100' (I)

Type: Servitor

Class: I

Category:

Projection

Disciplines: None

them, put my glasses on, took them off. She was gone.

"I went back to my car and drove the rest of the way to Aberfeldy with my heart racing. Was that a ghost I saw? What did my cousin and her parents have to do with it?

"I didn't tell my Aunt Lara, Uncle Ben, or Sybil about what I saw that night. Maybe I should have. We had a good visit together, a very good visit. I flew back to New York, and three days later all three of them were killed in a car accident. Lara held on in a coma for almost a week. Ben died in the ambulance. Sybil was killed instantly.

"I should have told them about the washing woman. I should have told them."

MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

I have found no evidence that the Bean-Nighe has any actual involvement in the deaths it predicts. It appears as if the Bean-Nighe truly is a passive reporter of future events. The Bean-Nighe never tells the traveler of his own death unless she is directly asked. Those who have reported encounters with the Bean-Nighe usually believe her to be sincerely saddened by the news she brings and often reluctant to have to pass the news along.

Bean-Nighes are believed to be the ghosts of women who died during childbirth and appear only to members of their families and, unlike Bansidhes, do not follow along strictly patriarchal lines.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

As projections, Bean-Nighes can be considered harmless. Not only do they lack physical form, but they also lack any method of affecting the Known. They are as dangerous as a film on a cinema screen. By the same token, it is impossible for someone to cause the Bean-Nighe harm. If a violent act is made against it, it disappears and does not manifest itself again to whoever attacked it. I have encountered no method to summon a Bean-Nighe intentionally.

In the true account previously described, Mr. MacIntyre laments his not having told his relatives about his encounter with the Bean-Nighe as if he might have prevented their deaths from occurring. I

have found no evidence to suggest that anyone so marked by a Bean-Nighe has ever survived. Because the Bean-Nighe seems very limited in its range of action in this world, it is logical to assume that it is acting merely as messenger for some more powerful force. In an effort to avoid theological discussion, let's call that higher power destiny.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

Running the Bean-Nighe can be a difficult challenge for any Chill Master. Before the encounter, decide on a short list of NPCs, related to the PC in some way, whom you're going to kill off within a month of the encounter with the Bean-Nighe. If a PC asks the Bean-Nighe of his own fate, you've got real trouble. Give the player as detailed a description of his character's death as you can muster. The PC might die of old age 70 or 80 years later.

SCREAMING SKULL

Type: Independent

Category: Departed Spirit

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

Also mistaken for Bansidhes are Screaming Skulls. These unique and disturbing manifestations are strongly linked to a specific family's ancestral home. As in the case of families cursed with the presence of a Bansidhe, these creatures fill the family's ancestral home with horrifying shrieks in the dead of night. In a voice described by many witnesses as a combination of laughing and crying, like the rantings of a madman, the spirit of a recently departed family member calls out in anguish at having been forced by death to leave the comfortable confines of its home.

These frightening disembodied screams are heard throughout the house until the body of the deceased is exhumed and the skull brought into the house. Only then will the spirit seem content and stop its otherworldly protestations. Also called "Family Skulls," most of the finest families in England and Scotland have at least one they can't seem to get rid of.

The following journal entries were provided to me with the express understanding that the names be removed from the text to avoid embarrassing the family. Though the original journal entries were written over 100 years ago, there is still a skull sitting comfortably on a shelf in this family's home. Though I asked them to remove the thing from their home while I was there to check the authenticity of the journal, they refused.



APPARITIONS

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

October 10, 1879. Buried father today. He is buried next to mother. May God have mercy on his soul.

October 11, 1879. We are cursed by the wail of a Bansidhe. I thought my family mercifully devoid of this affliction. Alas, it screams in the night. I remain stoic for the benefit of [my young daughter], whose fear has grown to such a height we fear for her sanity.

October 12, 1879. The screaming continues. [My wife and child] have fled to my Uncle [deleted]'s estate in Grantown-on-Spey. I wish I could have joined them. I wonder now if this is indeed a Bansidhe that visits us. It screams through daylight as well. I still cannot tell if it is laughing or crying, screaming in terror or delight.

October 14, 1879. I can stand it no longer. If it is a demon from hell come to claim me, why hasn't it done so? In the morning I shall visit the vicar.

October 15, 1879. Strange advice from the vicar. I am to employ two stout men to exhume father's body. The vicar believes that it is he whom I hear screaming even as I put pen to paper tonight. The vicar is not a superstitious man. Strange advice indeed, but I shall heed it. What else is there for me to do?

October 16, 1879. Father is exhumed. May God have mercy on us all. Though no more than a week dead, the sight that greeted my eyes as I reluctantly lifted the lid of his coffin set my hair on end. His body, though quite advanced in its decay, still retained some of father's plumpness. His head, however, seemed to not fare quite as well. Atop father's shoulders was nothing more than a clean white skull.

Following the vicar's advice, I took the skull home with me. The hired men thought me quite mad, and it cost me several pounds to ensure I did not gain the unhealthy reputation as a body snatcher. Once home, I was greeted for the first time in a week by silence. There is a peacefulness in the air here. But what am I to do with father's skull?

October 18, 1879. Two days of peace. The skull sits in a drawer in my study. I will consult the vicar as to my next step. Perhaps it is time to bury it again. I have sent for the return of [my wife and daughter].

October 20, 1879. [My wife and daughter] have returned. I did not tell [my wife] of my strange communion with father's spirit and I will not.

Tomorrow, whether the vicar feels it appropriate or not, I will replace the skull and put this unclean business behind me.

October 21, 1879. No sooner did I lay down to sleep last night than did [my wife] suddenly cry out. Rushing to her bedside, I saw what it was that had frightened her so. Father's grinning skull now sat upon her dressing table. I questioned [my daughter] regarding this cruel prank, but I am convinced she never knew of the skull's presence in my locked drawer. The staff is similarly denying knowledge of the skull's presence. [One of the chambermaids] has given her notice, saying a most curious thing: "I won't work in another skull house."

October 23, 1879. The skull has been moved several times from its hiding place. It seems as if it is moving of its own accord. I will bury the skull tomorrow.

October 25, 1879. It will not go. I cannot take it from the house. The first time, I put it in a valise and rode off for the cemetery. When I arrived at father's grave I found the case to be empty. Upon my return to the house, the skull greeted me from a shelf in the foyer. Hiring again the village men who surely see me as mad, I had them take the skull in their cart to the cemetery. Though it has been dry, their cart became mired in mud just before they left the property. When the box containing the skull fell off the cart, the cart jerked from the mud and was free. When the men replaced the skull on the cart, it again became mired. Frightened, they left the skull there and vowed never to return to my employ. The screaming resumed immediately and continued until I returned the skull to the house.

November 12, 1879. I have discussed this with [my wife and daughter] and we are decided. Father is to stay here. We have had constructed for him a glass box into which we have placed his skull. My father was not, in life, a man to be trifled with. In death, he is no less obstinate.

MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

Screaming Skulls are classic ghosts. These are spirits of particularly stubborn individuals who found their way back to the world of the living by attaching their spirit energies to a physical focus. The spirit becomes a permanent part of this focus, which is its only vehicle to the world of the living. The skull is most often chosen because, as many believe, it contains the spirit in life.



These spirits are not evil and generally don't seem to frighten or disturb their families. They are merely stubborn souls that refuse to accept death's insistence that they leave the home they loved in life.

Screaming Skulls scream and wail continuously until their focuses are brought back to their homes. They exert great spiritual energy in order to prevent their focus from being moved from their homes. Likewise, they have the ability to move their focus throughout the home, though this ability seems limited.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

Screaming Skulls can be quite frightening, especially when they begin to move about, but they are by no means dangerous. They are not evil, nor do they have the ability to affect the world of the living, except to help keep their focus at home. They have no way of attacking the living or causing them any physical or psychic harm. The screams that resound through the family's home when the skull is not there, however, can be quite disturbing.

SAVE envoys should exercise the same caution in dealing with the families of Screaming Skulls that they do with the families of Bansidhes. Though the skulls are not as dangerous as Bansidhes, they do come from a world apart from this and belong there, not here. A simple seance will suffice to

exorcise the spirit. In it, as many of the spirit's surviving relatives as are available say their final good-byes to the departed and ask it politely to leave. Many families have grown quite fond of their "family skull," however, and it may be difficult for SAVE envoys to persuade them to get rid of it. Many fear that such an exorcism will do their relative's spirit some harm. This is not the case. The seance merely releases the departed from its earthly focus and allows it to cross into the next world in peace.

SCREAMING SKULL

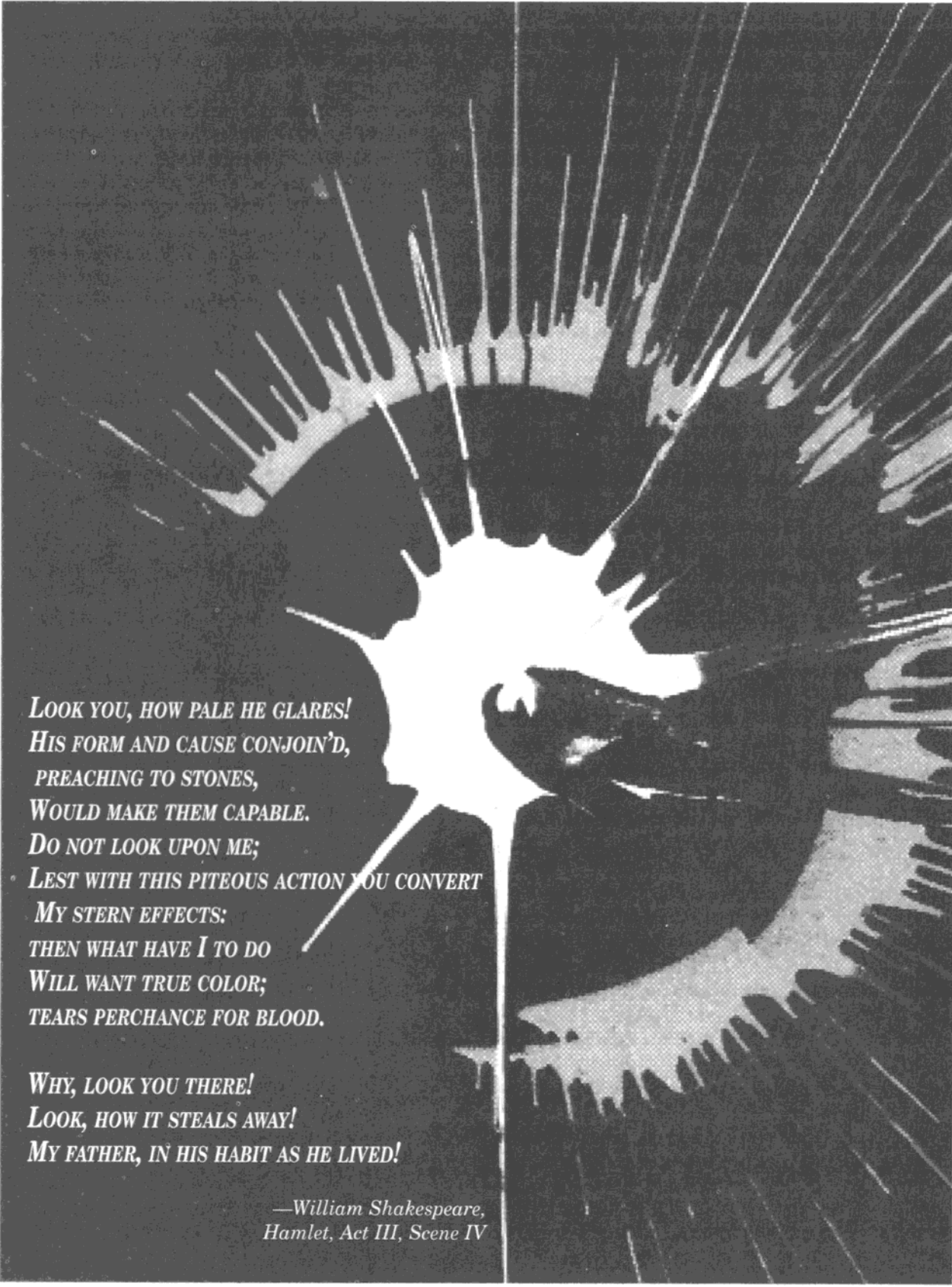
AGL: N/A
DEX: N/A
PCN: 25 [H; +20]
PER: N/A
STA: N/A
STR: N/A
WPR: 100
EWS: (70)*
ATT: N/A
SR: N/A
WB: N/A
Fear: -30
MV: Special
Type: Independent
Class: I
Category: Departed Spirit
Disciplines: Teleport (skull focus only)
Unique Resist Travel (see p. 93.)

*The Evil Way Score given here is something of a misnomer. Since Screaming Skulls aren't inherently evil, it is unfair to call their spiritual powers the Evil Way.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

Screaming Skulls, though attached to a very solid focus, are incorporeal in nature. The skulls themselves are merely anchors that allow the insubstantial spirit to cling to the world of the living. Screaming Skulls may use their Teleport ability once every 36 hours but don't necessarily always want to move. They may not Teleport outside their homes but can appear anywhere inside, often popping up in the most bizarre places.





*LOOK YOU, HOW PALE HE GLARES!
HIS FORM AND CAUSE CONJOIN'D,
PREACHING TO STONES,
WOULD MAKE THEM CAPABLE.
DO NOT LOOK UPON ME;
LEST WITH THIS PITEOUS ACTION YOU CONVERT
MY STERN EFFECTS:
THEN WHAT HAVE I TO DO
WILL WANT TRUE COLOR;
TEARS PERCHANCE FOR BLOOD.*

*WHY, LOOK YOU THERE!
LOOK, HOW IT STEALS AWAY!
MY FATHER, IN HIS HABIT AS HE LIVED!*

*—William Shakespeare,
Hamlet, Act III, Scene IV*

MEMENTO MORI

The Unknown is most aptly named. For every mystery that SAVE has solved, it has encountered numerous others that remain to be unraveled. Perhaps the most perplexing emanations of this vile dimension are Apparitions. It is easy for us to hate and fear the likes of the Vampire, the Bansidhe, or the Deceiver. They are evil. They come to our world with the intent to do us grave harm. They are hateful and cruel, driven by a malign intelligence.

My own investigations into the spirit world have led me to a confusing conclusion. There are creatures of the Unknown who mean us no harm. Already I have described two such creatures to you: the Bean-Nighe and the Screaming Skull. I will examine others in this section.

Apparitions are described by SAVE as "supernatural visual manifestations suggesting the presence of someone or something either dead or simultaneously elsewhere." We can certainly add to this definition those Apparitions, like the Barghest, that do not presently, nor have ever had a physical, earthly counterpart. These projections from the Unknown usually occur with little warning, though they can also be called into our world by means of a seance or similar contrivance.

The reasons that Apparitions appear are myriad. They most often appear to communicate an urgent message to the living, either directly or indirectly. Because these messages are almost always of dire import and predict violence, sadness, illness, or death, Apparitions are usually greeted with great fear and trepidation by those they visit. Though the message it brings is rarely welcome, the Apparition itself is invariably incapable of taking direct action in the physical world. As with most aspects of the

Unknown, however, this is a rule to which there are many exceptions. Though most Apparitions are harmless, at least in a physical sense, some are as evil as any abomination of the Unknown.

In general, Apparitions are drawn to an individual, rather than a place or building, so they may appear almost anywhere. Others are connected, like Screaming Skulls, to a physical focus that serves as a sort of conduit for their journey out of the Unknown. They sometimes use as focuses things like mirrors, windows, and other polished surfaces, appearing as reflections with no source. Their ability to communicate and act in the physical world is often severely limited, consisting of eerily short visitations and enigmatic half messages. Adding to the disturbing nature of their appearances, Apparitions usually accompany a sudden chill in the air or a bright, diffused light. Sometimes, both phenomena accompany them.

My good friend, the late spirit medium Samantha DuBoise, was fond of quoting an old Latin text when discussing Apparitions. *Memento Mori* she called them. A reminder to the living that they too will eventually walk among the dead.

In this report I present to SAVE information on five unique types of Apparitions, eight creatures in all. First of the five types is Crisis Apparitions, which appear as a warning from usually living psychic senders. The second type, Welcomers, includes two distinct creatures, the Bane and the Fetch, that "welcome" a dying person to the other side. Common in the United States, Phantom Hitchhikers have appeared to numerous travelers and are the third type of Apparitions.

Not all Apparitions are human in form. Many



APPARITIONS

Animal Apparitions have been encountered. These make up the fourth type of Apparitions. The final type, the Will-o'-the-Wisp is as malign a creature of the Unknown as any ever encountered by SAVE and is responsible for countless deaths.

CRISIS APPARITION

Type: Servant

Category: Projection

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

After much research on the subject, I feel confident in reporting that Crisis Apparitions are by far the least threatening incorporeal entity yet encountered. They are actually creatures of the Unknown and not, as is often believed, merely images or reflections sent telepathically to manifest before someone some distance away. Though they are entities in their own right, Crisis Apparitions rely on their sender to provide their form and mission. They seem to have no independent intelligence, and a wayward Crisis Apparition has never been reported.

Conjured from the Unknown through very simple and inefficient gates by a psychic sender in the Known world, these creatures are sent to a desired place to alert someone else of a crisis as it is experienced by the sender. Sent either as a warning or call for help, the Crisis Apparition is completely at the mercy of its earthly sender. Most of the time, the sender's latent, untrained psychic ability instinctively conjures the Apparition. It is actually extraordinarily rare that the sender is consciously sending the Apparition.

One such case is that of Ellen Froman, who witnessed a Crisis Apparition sent by her friend Laura Seagrove upon the death of Mrs. Seagrove's daughter. Mrs. Seagrove insists to this day that she had nothing whatsoever to do with conjuring the Apparition, and although circumstance has made both women acutely aware of the reality of Apparitions in general, Mrs. Seagrove maintains that she is not psychic and never has been.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

This story was told to me by both women at Mrs. Froman's home in suburban Detroit, Michigan, in July of 1987.

Ellen Froman (EF): It was pretty late, when I saw Laura that night. She was in Paris at the time with her daughter. Laura and her husband, Frank,

had just gone through a pretty messy divorce. (pause) Oh, I'm sorry, Laura . . .

Laura Seagrove (LS): That's okay El.

EF: Anyway, they had been in Paris . . . how long?

LS: Five days. Jennifer . . . that was my daughter . . . loved it. She was 12 at the time, and well, she just loved it.

EF: I drove them to the airport. Laura and I have been friends since we were in high school. We both know everything the other's doing. We always know where the other is and what's going on. Especially now, since we're both divorced, we sort of look out for each other . . . for each other's kids. When I saw her sitting in the corner of my room that night, crying, I knew it couldn't be her. I had just talked to her on the phone from Paris.

LS: Honestly, I still have a little trouble believing this. If it was anybody but Ellen . . .

EF: Thanks, kid. Anyway, I saw her in my room. I was asleep, and something woke me up. I looked up, and there she was, just as clear and solid as day. I thought I was dreaming, but I know I wasn't. I wasn't dreaming.

LS: Under any other circumstances, I'd have thought you were on drugs.

EF: No, I wasn't on drugs. It was for real. You were for real. So anyway, I said, "Laura? What are you doing here?"

LS: And what did I say?

EF: Nothing. You were crying. I've never seen you cry like that. I didn't even think. I mean, I knew it couldn't really be you. But it was you, know what I mean?

LS: I was crying all right. I wasn't crying in your bedroom in Michigan, though, I was crying in a hospital in Paris.

EF: At the exact same time.

LS: Exactly. To the second.

EF: I tried to say something to you, but I didn't know what to say. I said your name . . . when I saw you in my room, I mean . . . but you didn't look up. It looked like you were sitting in a chair, but there was no chair under you. You just sat there with your butt two feet off the ground. I tried to touch your hair, and my hand passed right through. It was like those things we saw at the museum in Chicago. What were they?

LS: Holograms?

EF: Right . . . you know, those laser pictures that look 3D? My hand went right through her, and she disappeared. I got the creeps like you wouldn't believe. And then the phone rang. It was Laura.



LS: I called her from the hospital. From Paris. I called to tell her my little girl was dead. I couldn't even talk, I was still crying so . . .

EF: I didn't like the whole thing. I really didn't like it.

LS: I just can't tell you how much I wanted to talk to Ellen. I wanted her almost as much as I wanted my Jennifer back.

MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

In the light of the fact that a vast majority of the people involved in Crisis Apparition cases don't believe in psychic phenomena, it is quite obvious that in order to conjure such a being from the Unknown and send it on its mission, the sender need not be conscious of any such effort. In fact, the entire process seems to work much better if the sender is completely unprepared to contact the Apparition. It seems as if these beings wait in the Unknown, watching the world of the living. When an occurrence of great emotive power takes place and the psychic connections are in proper order, the being emerges through the gate created by the sender, receives its unconscious commands, and proceeds to its destination, where it manifests before a specific person in the likeness of the sender, mimicking the sender's actions. In times of great psychic disturbance, perhaps each of us has his own creature waiting to serve as his messenger.

Once employed by the sender, the Apparition has little time to complete its mission. The longest recorded appearance of a Crisis Apparition lasted only three minutes before fading back to the Unknown. Why these simple creatures are willing to do us this service is still a mystery. It is possible that they somehow feed on the negative psychic trauma that elicits their aid in the first place. This certainly would be in keeping with the insidious nature of the creatures of the Unknown.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

As a fairly accomplished spirit medium myself, I have learned of a way to conjure Crisis Apparitions. This Discipline of the Art, which I call Send Apparition, allows the adept to choose the time of the Apparition's appearance and the content of its visual message. It was by my own personal experiments with this discipline that I gained what little knowledge I possess of the true nature of Crisis Apparitions.

What led me to the belief that Crisis Apparitions

feed off the negative psychic energy of a traumatic event is the fact that in the absence of such overwhelming negative circumstances, the capabilities and effectiveness of the conjuration are severely constrained. At one point in my travels, I was actually in considerable personal danger. At that time, I mustered my strength and urgently called on one of these entities to alert my good friend and fellow SAVE envoy Spencer Ullo of my predicament. When we compared notes several days after my rescue, we found that the Apparition I had sent him was considerably clearer and lasted a good deal longer than previous experimental conjurings.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

Under absolutely no circumstances will Crisis Apparitions break character. Such being the case, they have essentially no individuality whatsoever and are merely pictures. Therefore, no Chill game statistics are given for them. Still, they can be classified as Servitor/Projection Apparitions.

Mr. Trevalaine's new Discipline of the Art is described as follows.

INCORPOREAL

(PCN + STA) ÷ 3

SEND APPARITION

Cost: 2D10 WPR/use Roll Required: G
Range: Unlimited Area: 1 manifestation

This discipline allows your character to send a Crisis Apparition to anyone your character personally knows. The Crisis Apparition naturally takes the form of the sender. The Apparition appears before the target person in the form of a fully visualized, though incorporeal form. It mimics the sender's current actions for 19-37 rounds (2D10 +17).

WELCOMERS

Also known as "Meeting Cases," Welcomers are creatures from the Unknown that appear to those about to die, as if to welcome them to the other side. The Bansidhe is a form of Welcomer. I have encountered two other such creatures. One is a most malign beast of immense cruelty. The second is an entity deeply shrouded in mystery.

Because their appearance signals imminent doom, these are among the most feared of Apparitions.



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BANE

Type: Independent

Category: Independent Creature of the Unknown

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

Encountered most often in North and Central America, the Bane is a vile creature of the Unknown. With inhuman cruelty, it preys on the sick and dying, making every effort to add to their suffering. Its ultimate goal is even more hideous. The Bane's final cruelty is to cause, through use of the Evil Way, its dying victim to appear dead in hopes the poor soul will be buried alive. Once in the grave, the victim is completely at the mercy of this monstrosity. The Bane devours the victim's will, and the victim dies a grisly, lonesome death.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

It was shortly after the earthquake that devastated Mexico City that SAVE envoys Santiago Mendes and Maria Alvarez encountered a Bane. Mendes was injured in the collapse of an apartment building. He was injured quite severely and was near death. Maria Alvarez, trained in the Art, saw to his recovery herself and eventually revived him through use of the Restore Stamina Discipline. When Santiago Mendes was fully recovered, this was the narrative portion of the report he filed:

The pain was incredible. I never felt anything like it. I prayed and prayed for the pain to go away. I prayed to the Virgin Mary to take it away. In the end, it was Maria who took it away. Fitting.

The earthquake gave much to the Unknown. Human suffering always does. When I was injured, it was as if I could feel the hideous monsters of the Unknown foraging through the decimated city, picking out victims at will. As it happened, I was one such victim.

It came to me as a corpse, long dead, standing over the cot in which I was left to die. It was awful. The face and body were bloated and decaying. I could smell it. It was grinning at me. I think I heard it laugh. I know it spoke to me. I will never forget its words.

"I've come for you," it said to me. "I've come to take you to Hell, where you belong. I'll torture you first, to be sure. You will scream in agony as you die. I will see you buried alive, and I will come to you in your box underground, in the dark. I will come and nibble you away."

And it laughed a horrible laugh. The pain grew worse and worse. I could see my arm. It had been

broken quite terribly when the building collapsed. I could see the flesh peeling away. I saw it again and again. It laughed at me and taunted me and told me I would die slowly. At one point it bit me, tore a huge chunk of flesh from my side with its rotting teeth. The pain was unbearable. All at once, it appeared to me again and told me that it would fight to keep me. It called Maria by name . . . called her terrible things. It said it would fight her for my flesh and my soul. I must assume that it did not prevail, since I am here now to tell you this story of torture and damnation. Maria saved me from the most horrible death imaginable.

MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

This sick beast from the Unknown is believed to be the basis for the Mayan legend of Ah Puch, a death god who took the souls of the sick to his kingdom in the underworld and made them slaves. I have no reason to doubt that this is possible. If so, the Bane has been in existence for hundreds, if not thousands of years. It is impossible to say exactly how many sick or injured people fall victim to these creatures every year. It is horrible to think that this beast might greet us all in similar circumstances.

The terrifying manifestation witnessed by Mr. Mendes was never seen by his companion, who was



at his side every moment. Obviously then, the Bane appears only to its victim. It is widely accepted among SAVE envoys in Central America that the Bane works its evil by passing through the body of its victim. Mr. Mendes believes that when the Bane passed through his eyes, he saw it above his bed.

Though Mr. Mendes' injuries were quite serious, they quickly became even more acute with the arrival of the Bane. This and other descriptions of encounters with this creature show that it acts to worsen its victim's injuries through the use of the Evil Way. What it did not have a chance to do was cause Mr. Mendes to appear dead. If Miss Alvarez had not used the Art to revive him, he would have appeared to die. At this point, if the Bane's evil plan had succeeded, Mr. Mendes would have been literally buried alive.

The Bane's threat to join him in his coffin was not an idle one. Once there, it would have finished Mr. Mendes off, feasting on the psychic energy released in his death. All the while, this cruel torturer would have tormented Mr. Mendes, reveling in his agony.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

The Bane uses three Disciplines of the Evil Way. One, unique to the creature, allows it to appear to its victim. The second, Appear Dead, allows it to cause its victim to seem dead. The third, Putrefied Shell, hastens the decaying process in the hopes that those tending the victim will bury him sooner.

The Bane succeeds in its objective by wearing down its victim's Willpower until it is vulnerable to the Appear Dead Discipline. It is possible that the final loss of Willpower caused by the victim's fatal horror at having been buried alive is what sustains the creature and is its ultimate goal.

The case of Mr. Mendes illustrates a ray of hope in our battle against the Bane. It is possible to defeat the creature and save the victim from this nightmarish fate. In some respects, survival depends on the Willpower of the victim. Strong-willed individuals can resist the fear that weakens them, protecting them from the Bane's Evil Way attacks. Those adept at the Art, like Maria Alvarez, can also use Restore Stamina to help the victim resist the Bane. Once the victim is fully healed, the Bane moves on to another potential victim.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

The Bane is described in detail in the *Chill* hardcover, p. 204.

FETCH

Type: Servitor, Independent

Category: Departed Spirit

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

What makes the Fetch perhaps the most mysterious creature known to SAVE is the grim fact that there are no known survivors among the Fetch's chosen. Through contact with the spirit world, however, I have been able to piece together some facts regarding this supernatural Welcomer's motives and methods.

When the Fetch shows itself, there is no more certain a signal that whoever has seen the creature will die within 24 hours. There is little doubt that the Fetch itself is not responsible for the death of the condemned but merely comes across in order to welcome the soon-to-be-deceased to the other side. It appears only to one individual at a time and is never seen by anyone else. There is no known Discipline of the Art that allows one to observe a Fetch against its will.

I caution SAVE envoys against panic if they happen to encounter this spirit. Though I have been unable to find a living witness to a Fetch manifestation, I find it impossible to accept the concept of inevitable doom. Perhaps it is the Fetch's gentle nature, its assurance that death is not a bad thing, or simply its visual beauty that causes those it encounters to succumb to their fates with less effort for self-preservation than they might otherwise exert.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

I obtained the following account during a seance conducted in San Francisco in March of 1977. In this particular case, the spirit of a Mr. Garrick Barrin described its final day of life through the method known as Automatic Writing. In these cases, the medium (in this case myself) enters a deep state of meditation and opens his mind to the spirit, who communicates by causing the medium's hand to write. When I penned these words, I was not in control of my arm. Mr. Barrin, who died in 1955, was doing the writing. Both Mr. Barrin's widow and his daughter identified the handwriting as being a rather sloppy version of Mr. Barrin's own. I present this to you in its original form. Though crude and riddled with grammatical errors, this is the only known description of an encounter with a Fetch and as a document from the other side, I feel it is best seen in its true form.



APPARITIONS

GREY THERE WAS LIGHT AND
IT WAS WARM.

CAME TO
TOWARD ME VERY SO

BEAUTIFUL

IT WAS THOMAS
FACE IN THE FOG IT
WAS HIS HE SMILED AT ME
LIKE HE SAID I WOULD BE
OKAY I'M OKAY HERE

WHO IS THAT? I AM HERE I
AM ~~WANT~~ WANT TO
KNOW ABOUT MY LAST JAYON
EARTH I WILL TELL YOU
WHAT I SAW SHE WAS
DEAD FOR 7 YEARS

THOMAS MY FRIEND
I SAW HIM IT WAS BEAUTIFUL
IT WAS LIKE IN THE CLOUD
THERE ARE FOG ARE YOU
WAS LIKE YOU THERE IT
WAS LIKE IT WAS A FOG
MIST OF PEARLS SILVER AND



MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

The Fetch is a ghost of a dead man, woman, or child who crosses from the other side to welcome a friend or relative who is about to die. They generally appear 24 hours before the victim is to meet his fate. I believe it is safe to assume that the spirit that takes the form of a Fetch is the one resident of the spirit world who was closest to the doomed person in life. This spirit is, perhaps, lonely on the other side and impatient to greet its friend, who it somehow knows will be joining it soon. I have no reason to believe these spirits are evil. They do not taunt the doomed person, nor do they make any obvious effort to hasten his demise.

They appear in a very nonthreatening form and don't appear to exhibit any ability in the Evil Way.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

I have discussed the nature of the Fetch with several of my colleagues over the years and am amazed at their level of reverence for this spirit. They almost invariably believe that the sight of a Fetch spells certain doom. Unlike similar visitations, especially Bansidhes, there is little, if any fear involved in the encounter with the Fetch . . . or so many believe. To be quite honest, if I were confronted by the appearance of a friend or relative I know to be dead, I would certainly be afraid. If that





appearance signaled my imminent death, I'd be even more afraid.

For whatever reason, those who have encountered a Fetch have felt that they must die, for one reason or another, within that day. This being the case, they fail to fight for their lives if they fall sick or happen into an accident. My recommendation to SAVE envoys who may be confronted by such a ghost is to continue to fight for your self-preservation as strongly, if not more strongly, as you otherwise would be inclined to do. Do not be afraid that your survival will harm these impatient ghosts. They will have to wait a little longer to meet you again.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

The Fetch is described in detail in the *Chill* hardcover, p. 202.

PHANTOM HITCHHIKER

Type: Independent

Category: Departed Spirit

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

Phantom Hitchhikers are harmless manifestations of restless spirits most often encountered in the United States, England, and some parts of Western Europe. These ghosts most often appear to lonely travelers on deserted roads. Some actively solicit rides from the traveler by waving their ghostly arms or sticking out an incorporeal thumb. Others simply walk, limp, or crawl along the side of the road and seem to the traveler to be in some sort of distress. Most never stay around long enough to accept a ride. Those that do generally ride with the passer-by in complete silence for a short time, then fade away.

Some Phantom Hitchhikers gain considerable local recognition. At my last count, I've received independent confirmation of 40 recurring manifestations in the United States alone.

The following story was told to me by Jason Killman of Los Angeles. The events he describes occurred in the winter of 1985.



EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

"I was driving my mother's Cadillac from L.A. to visit my brother, who was working in Needles. It was about a five-hour drive. Once you get onto I-40, past Barstow, it's nothing but lots and lots of desert. It was a pretty lonely drive. The radio was as boring as ever, and I forgot my tapes.

"I had just passed Ludlow when I saw her. She was walking down the side of the road. Her clothes were torn and dirty. I went past her at about 70 miles an hour, so I didn't get that great a look at her. I thought about stopping, but I had a rule about picking up people out on the road. Yeah, like she wasn't a serial killer.

"Still, I couldn't help thinking about her as I kept driving. I started wondering things about her, like how did she get out here? Was she in a car accident or something? Anyway, I drove for about 20 minutes and had just gotten her off my mind when I saw her again!

"There she was . . . miles up the road. I mean miles! "Anyway, so I stopped. I know it was probably a crazy thing to do. I mean, it was pretty weird that she got ahead of me somehow, and both times I saw her she wasn't even walking fast . . . just sort of stumbling along. I don't even remember what I was thinking.

"I stopped ahead of her a little and opened the

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door. I watched her through the mirror as she came up to the door, but when I turned around to look at her, she was gone. Seriously, just gone . . . poof. Needless to say I closed the door and made it the rest of the way to Needles in record time."

MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

What Jason encountered on Interstate 40 between Barstow and the Arizona state line that day in 1985 was the earthbound spirit of Mary Anne Pennweather. Miss Pennweather was reported missing by her parents when she failed to return from her job as a waitress at a local truck stop along I-40. One month after her disappearance in September of 1967, Miss Pennweather's bloodstained clothes were found hastily buried near Cadiz Dry Lake. She was eventually declared dead even though her body and her killer were never found.

It is believed that Mary Anne Pennweather, though dead for almost a quarter century, still roams the highway in search of a way home. There have been well over 300 sightings of the "I-40 Girl." Everyone who reported seeing her who was then shown a photograph of Mary Anne Pennweather as she appeared only a week before her disappearance positively identified her as the girl they saw walking along the side of the road.

The I-40 Girl is a classic example of a Phantom Hitchhiker. She is a harmless Apparition playing out some unfinished business . . . merely a forlorn image from the past.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

Phantom Hitchhikers are in every way classic ghosts. They mean no harm to the living; they are merely unable to cross peacefully into the next world. Perhaps, like Mary Anne Pennweather, they never got a chance to make their peace with their families. Perhaps they want their murderers brought to justice or died in so sudden and violent a manner that they never got a chance to comprehend that they are dead.

These images from the other side can teach us something about ourselves and what awaits us. They are not monsters, and they need not be banished or destroyed. They may, however, be in need of our help. Sometimes I wish I was at liberty to travel to the southern California desert to search for the remains of Mary Anne Pennweather. I strongly believe that if she were given a proper burial, if her family and friends . . . and she herself . . . accepted her death, she would be able to cross in

peace and we would never see the I-40 Girl again.

Other widely-known Phantom Hitchhikers include Chicago's "Resurrection Annie," the "Hippie of the Highway" encountered along the highways of the Northern Rockies, and "The Pale Child" seen roaming the desolate stretches of road during Siberian winters.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

Phantom Hitchhikers, having no way of acting in the realm of the living except as images, have nothing to describe in game terms.

CMs can use these Apparitions to great effect, however. How would your players react to a scenario in which their characters actually help a ghost? Maybe they could be the ones to search the desert for Mary Anne Pennweather's remains. . . .

ANIMAL APPARITIONS

Not all Apparitions take the form of human beings, although this seems to be their preferred form since they usually have designs against humanity or endeavor to help it.

In my investigations, I have come upon several stories of occurrences involving Apparitions that do not take human form but take the form of animals. Two of these, the feared Barghest and the unusual Kirkevarer are the spirits of animals who, like their human counterparts, return (for whatever reason) in the forms they held in life. The third Animal Apparition is actually a creature of the Unknown that takes the form of a domesticated animal in order to insinuate itself among its human victims.

BARGHEST (BAR-GEST)

Type: Servitor, Independent

Category: Departed Spirit/Independent Creature of the Unknown

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

Also known by various names such as Black Shuck, Skriker, Padfoot, and Trash Hound, the Barghest is the probable source of the many English legends of ghostly hounds that terrorize the moors. The Barghest is a terrifying creature full of hate for humankind. It seems to treat its human victims as both food and playthings.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

The following story was told to me by Innes Gleason of Holsworthy, Devon, England from his room at the



Devon Institute for the Insane. I have every confidence in its authenticity. For what it's worth, I've never in my life seen anyone so terribly scarred. It was as if half of Mr. Gleason's face had been torn away. He was 23 at the time of the encounter.

"I don't want to dwell on these events, you understand, I'll tell you what you want to know, but I'll tell it fast. I'll get it out of my head and into yours if you can stand it.

"I've lived here all my life. I know my way around the moors. I know what sort of beasties are to be found there: rabbits, maybe wolves. These days, we've seen to it there ain't too many wolves left.

"I know not to walk the moors alone at night. I know to keep to the road.

"So I didn't that night. I didn't stay home like I ought to have. I didn't stick to the road once I went out. I can't get the sound of that thing out of me head. I can't sleep a single night without it. The sound it made . . .

"I was at home, watching the telly when I got a phone call. The Miller's place, about a half mile across the moors from my own house, was on fire. They were calling up all the volunteers. I had no choice but to go. Of course, I had to go. I had to. It was a half mile, no more, across the moors. If I'd have taken the road, it would've been three miles. It's true. I tell you. It would have taken me that much longer. I knew I could run the half mile across the moors before I could drive there. Anyways, my landrover was on the bugger. I was on my feet no matter what. It was that much shorter. You would've crossed the moors too . . . wouldn't you?

"It was a dark night. Black midnight. There was no moon. It was a moor night. The fog was rolling in so thick you could feel it rub up against your body. But it was only a half mile.

"I set out. I went into the night. I was running . . . not too fast, mind you . . . I knew I had to get to putting out a fire once I got to the Miller's farm. I hadn't gone 20 feet from my front door. It was right there. Oh my God, it was 20 feet from my front door when I

heard it growl. It was no dog or wolf or anything from this earth, and I knew that right away. I knew it. I'd heard the stories. You know, growing up . . . the stories of the Black Shuck. The Hound of the Moors.

"My spine froze in my body, and I said out loud: 'What was that?' The words on my own tongue froze my back even more. My hair was on end. I stopped running. My knees locked. I froze completely. 'What was that?' I asked again. It growled from behind me. I swear on my own soul it wasn't three feet behind me. I ran. My legs carried me. I wanted to scream but I couldn't. I can't describe that growl to you. It echoed inside itself, and I knew it was something come from Hell to kill me. It was going to eat me. I could hear it growling as I ran, trying to scream but with the scream caught in my throat. I still can't scream. I still want to scream. The growl was in front of me.

"I stopped. Then it was behind me. I spun around, but I couldn't see it. It was out there, out there in the fog. I looked down and saw the moor grass under my boots and I said, 'I'm off the road.' I was whimpering. I was so scared.

"It roared from behind me so loud I knew the others must have heard it at the Miller's, and I started to run again. But I was all turned this way and that. I wasn't heading for the Miller's anymore. I was going out into the moors. Oh my God, I didn't know. It roared from in front of me. I turned around. It roared from in front of me. 'Where are you?' I screamed. 'Where are you?' and I ran in circles. I didn't know where to go. I think I was begging it out loud not to kill me. I was pleading with it. I told it I was going to help the Millers. I asked it to please let me go help the Millers, then I begged it to just let me go home. I cried to that demon howl in the night to please just let me go home.

"When it jumped on me, I lost control of my body. I was a beetle in the jaws of



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a hedgehog. I was flapping like a fish trying not to be eaten. I didn't want it to eat me. It bit me I don't know how many times. The pain. I was screaming. I could hear myself scream like I was listening to the whole thing on the radio.

"Then it was gone. I was still flapping my arms and legs and screaming like a madman. I still thought I was being eaten. It just went away. Then it came back. I thought it did. I screamed and rolled away. It was one of my dogs. One of my own dogs had scared the beast away.

"To think I'd been dreaming for three months that they were the ones trying to do me in. My own dogs. I crawled to the Millers' bleeding. I begged them not to, but they put my dogs to poison. Every last one of them. Said I was mad and they'd turned on me.

"If I'm mad, what was the beast that tried to eat me? Was it sane? Was neither of us?

MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

The Barghest is the ghost of a mastiff hound somehow combined with a vile creature of the Unknown. Mercifully, Mr. Gleason did not remember, or perhaps did not see, the Barghest before it leapt upon him. When it takes corporeal form, it appears as a huge black dog with an unearthly red glow emanating from its mouth and eyes. A witness once remarked that it looked "as if the fires of Hell burned within its skull."

It can, apparently, manifest in corporeal form at will but always chooses to do so only after a long period of harrowing its intended victim. This psychological torment begins with nightmares about being pursued by dogs, or as in Mr. Gleason's case, the victim dreams about his own dogs turning on him. Only after these nightmares have sufficiently terrified the victim, weakening his will or otherwise preparing him for the final encounter with the Barghest, does the creature actually attack.

The creature always comes upon its victim when he is alone and in such a place that rescue is improbable. This place is always outdoors and always at night. The Barghest then chases its victim, appearing first behind him, then in front, then seeming to circle. It remains "just out of sight" simply by remaining in its normally invisible, incorporeal form. Only at the very last moment does the Barghest materialize in corporeal form to attack its victim physically.

It is also widely believed that Barghests occasionally serve more-powerful creatures as hunting beasts and assassins. SAVE believes they

are favored by Vampires, who admire the Barghest's attitude toward humans as playthings.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

Though the Barghest is normally incorporeal and therefore immune to most forms of physical attack, it must materialize in order to attack its victim. At this moment, the Barghest may seem vulnerable to normal physical attacks. Unfortunately, this is not the case. Like other creatures of the Unknown, the Barghest cannot be harmed in any usual manner. If, for instance, Mr. Gleason had had a gun with him when the Barghest attacked him, he could have shot it. Even if he had had an opportunity to fire as many shots as would be required to fell a beast of Barghest's size and strength, the creature would simply have reverted to its normal incorporeal form and disappeared. In several hours, the Barghest would have then reappeared in an even more foul mood.

What saved Mr. Gleason from the belly of the Barghest was the fact that, for reasons unclear, the Barghest is deathly afraid of real dogs. This massive supernatural beast would turn tail and flee at the sight of even the friendliest terrier that happened within its sight. Likewise, dogs seem wholly unimpressed by Barghests.

A twig of dogwood, cut no more than three days previous to the encounter with the Barghest, can drive the creature off. The Barghest will then attempt to return again several hours later. SAVE envoys should also take note of the fact that if its victim crosses running water, the Barghest will not be able to follow for 24 hours.

The only way known to destroy a Barghest is to drive a dogwood stake through its belly or chest. There is nothing to convince me that this unnatural beast actually has a heart, so specific placement of the stake is unimportant. Obviously, this can only be done while the Barghest is in its physical form. This strange synchronicity may explain why Barghests occasionally serve Vampires.

It is believed that Barghests can be summoned and bound using two unique Disciplines of the Evil Way. These disciplines are currently unknown to SAVE.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

The Barghest is detailed in the *Chill* hardcover, p. 205.

The new Disciplines of the Evil Way, Summon Barghest and Bind Barghest, are detailed on pp. 92 and 94 of this book.



CCOA (CHOE-UH)

Type: Master, Independent, Servitor

Category: Independent Creature of the Unknown

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

The Ccoa is an insidious threat from the Unknown that takes on the outward appearance of a domesticated animal in order to gain close access to human communities. Once accepted as a harmless pet or livestock, the Ccoa works its evil to destroy the livelihood and homes of the humans it hates so vehemently. The Ccoa is an evil creature with the blackest of souls. It takes great delight in the suffering of humanity.

Encountered throughout the world, the Ccoa seems to have existed among human societies for thousands of years. SAVE has reason to believe that at least three ghost towns of the American West were destroyed by a Ccoa's insidious attack. Ruined villages throughout Central America often stink of the Ccoa's psychic residue. It is impossible to know exactly how many towns, villages, colonies, settlements, monasteries, etc. fell victim to a Ccoa's power. The number could be anywhere from the tens to the tens of thousands.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

In 1914, on the island of Puerto Rico, in the Sierra De Cayey, six miles northwest of Yabucoa, stood the tiny village of Santa Isabella. By the end of that year, its fields were dry, its livestock dead, and its people starving. Few Puerto Ricans even remember that such a village ever existed. Now all that remains of Santa Isabella is a few crumbling brick ruins, a long-dry well, dust, and its only surviving citizen, Tibido Santos. Senor Santos, whom I interviewed from a retirement home in Caguas in 1979, was 13 years old when "The Curse" befell Santa Isabella in 1914.

This is the text of that interview:

Daniel Trevalaine (DT): Senor Santos, tell me of Santa Isabella, before what you call "The Curse."

Tibido Santos (TS): I will tell you. It was a beautiful place. There were few people there. Oh yes, it was a small village to be sure. It was mountainous country. We were trying to grow all sorts of things. We found some crops that would take, some that would not. My father grew sugar cane. He had a very small farm, but he sold his cane here in Caguas for a fair price. We were not rich people, not in Santa Isabella. We were not

poor. We were happy. We were growing. Some other people were coming from the cities to the countryside. We finally were permitted to build a church.

DT: Wasn't it soon after the construction of this church that Santa Isabella's troubles began?

TS: Perhaps. The church sent a father from America of all places. He was to do missionary work with us. Perhaps in America we were considered savages, eh? Uncivilized country folk. Anyway, maybe he didn't know how to keep evil country things out. Maybe he was too civilized.

You know, no one who has heard me tell of this believes in The Curse of Santa Isabella.

DT: I know. I am here to believe you. Please continue.

TS: Yes, continue. So, this father he came and helped us to plan the church. He told us what to do, and we built it. I was 12 years old, perhaps 11 at the time. I remember it well. I helped to build the church. We all did. It made us a civilized village.

DT: When did you first start to notice that things were somehow different?

TS: Different? Ah, when The Curse began. Let me see. It was not long after we finished the church. It was a beautiful church. Like all of Santa Isabella, it was not fancy. It was a common man's church. The father gave it his blessing. The Saturday before the first mass, the father found a stray dog and took it in. I remember my mother thought he was very kind to do that.

DT: Do you believe that this stray dog may have had something to do with this curse?

TS: Oh, how am I supposed to know? If the father did not believe the dog was anything but a stray dog, what am I to believe it was more.

DT: Once the church was built, what happened?

TS: That Monday, after the first mass in our new church, all of the animals in the village were restless. My sister Maria told me that that meant there was an earthquake coming. I spent many nights afraid of the mountains' crumbling apart, I tell you. Maria had me going, didn't she.

DT: There was no earthquake then?

TS: No, no. Goodness, bite your tongue, young man. Hasn't Santa Isabella suffered enough for you to wish an earthquake too?

DT: I'm sorry. Please go on.

TS: Well, no, there was no earthquake, but there were the hail storms. . . .

DT: Hail storms?

TS: Yes, from a clear sky, no less. There was



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nothing to warn of their coming, nothing. There was no storm. No thunder or lightning. It just rained hail from the clear sky. It was a curse, then, we knew. The father told us it was nothing. It was a weather phenomenon, nothing more. We tried to believe him, but they just kept happening. Our very oldest people had never seen anything like it. The crops began to die. The hailstones beat down on them, beat them into the ground.

These storms were very strange. They did not last long, really no more than a single minute, but they came every day for a year, maybe 15 months. Every day until there was nothing in the fields but pulverized stalks.

DT: How did the townspeople react to this?

TS: React? Some of them just left. Most of us stayed. Some. . . including my father. . . went mad.

Santa Isabella was a Christian village. We all believed in God. We all prayed. We were good people. I will always believe that.

Anyway, I was only a boy. This was 1913 and 1914, so I was, what, 13? A few of the men, I don't know, five or six, began to fight, to cause trouble. My father burned my neighbor's house. Almost killed their daughter. Her father killed my father. Shot him in the head in front of my mother.

They went mad. Their crops were destroyed. The town was disintegrating around them. Maybe if I was a man then I would have gone mad too, eh? Even the dogs went mad . . . except for the father's dog . . . they turned on their owners. Two of them killed a 3-year-old child right before my eyes. It was the worst thing I ever saw.

Their livelihoods were gone. They took revenge on each other because they knew no way to take revenge on God. They drove the father out of town and burned the church. I fled with my mother. Santa Isabella burned a week or so later and it was never rebuilt.

It was a curse visited upon us by God. I believe this. They think I'm a senile old man and that may even be true, but when this curse burned away my village, I was a boy. I was not senile. I saw El Diablo at work.

MEDIUM'S CONCLUSION

What destroyed the village of Santa Isabella, and all too many villages like it, was not a curse visited upon them by God or the Devil. A Ccoa came into

their midst, in the guise of the stray dog adopted by the local priest. It alone caused the destruction of the village.

This creature from the Unknown, which has no natural physical form of its own, feeds on the negative energies released when a small community of people disintegrates into chaos and ruin. Once the community is destroyed, the Ccoa lingers on for several years, scavenging from the ruins and delighting in its handiwork before moving on to its next community of victims.

SAVE has found that the Ccoa always follows a definite pattern when it sets to the destruction of a community. Upon its arrival to the community, it uses various Disciplines of the Evil Way to give it the corporeal appearance of an animal common to the area. In the case of Santa Isabella, it was a stray dog. In other cases it could have arrived in the guise of a cow or a sheep or a camel. Ccoas probably appear as household animals such as dogs or cats more often, since it is easier for them to work from the protection of a welcoming household.

Regardless of the form it takes, the Ccoa immediately becomes master of all of that type of animal within its sight. If it

takes the form of a dog, it controls every dog it sees, and so on.

Apparently, the Ccoa uses the

Evil Way to begin the rain of hailstones that harries the villagers and pounds their crops.

Then, it somehow causes a few of the community's men to go insane. These men suddenly and uncharacteristically



commit acts of extreme violence or great dishonesty or both. The Ccoa carefully arranges things so that this sudden change in behavior seems the result of the village's recent bad luck with the weather and simply the natural greed and cruelty of the villagers.

This lasts for several months. The longest Ccoa assault known to SAVE took about one year and eight months from the first rain of hail to the eventual abandonment of the community. The shortest on record was only two months. The rain of hail and the unnatural behavior of the community's residents seem to end as soon as the last person either dies in the community or leaves it. By this time, there is little to leave but ruins: burned out churches, looted stores, and ransacked houses.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

SAVE envoys should use extreme caution in combating a Ccoa. Making this task extremely difficult is the fact that the Ccoa itself is nearly impossible to identify. It appears in every way as the animal it has chosen to mimic and behaves exactly like one of those animals.

Though this is often considerably more difficult than it may at first seem, it is possible to identify the Ccoa by finding the "newest" animal in the community. In the case of Santa Isabella, though Senor Santos did not himself realize it, he had correctly identified the Ccoa as the stray dog taken in by the American priest. If there is suddenly a cow or a pig among the herds that wasn't there before, it is most likely the Ccoa. Often, unfortunately, the Ccoa is intelligent enough to realize this and kills one similar animal and takes its place.

If the Ccoa is engaged in physical combat, it fights as the animal whose form it has assumed. Like many other incorporeal creatures, its corporeal manifestation is merely a shell. If the physical form is destroyed, it appears to die normally, but the Ccoa itself, which has no physical form, is actually unharmed. The Ccoa is then free to assume a new animal form, this time opting for a physically more capable animal such as a bear or mountain lion.

There is only one way known to destroy a Ccoa. This requires the cooperation of as many members of the community as possible. These citizens must come together and build a new town hall, school, church, or similar community-oriented structure near the center of town. This act of community

involvement frustrates the Ccoa and drives it out. This structure must be an actual, usable building made of the most durable material available. When the building is completely ready to use, the Ccoa is driven from the community. As long as that building serves its intended purpose, the Ccoa is unable to return. The Ccoa will, I assure you, do everything in its power to prevent the completion of this structure.

I have found that if, in accordance with certain Scandinavian customs, an animal sacrifice is made while the foundation of the building is being built, it will hasten the Ccoa's flight from the community. This sacrifice should be in the form of an animal of the type mimicked by the Ccoa and is to be killed quickly and mercifully, then buried in the foundation of the new building as it is being constructed. This also serves as a warning to the villagers that they may be visited by the Ccoa again. If the building is not used for its intended purpose, a Kirkevarer (see below) will appear. If steps are not taken to correct the situation, the Ccoa soon returns.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

The Ccoa is described in detail in the *Chill* hardcover, on p. 198.

Its Unique Discipline of the Evil Way, known as Hail, is described on p. 93 of this book.

KIRKEVARER (KEER-KAY-VAR-ER)

Type: Independent

Category: Departed Spirit

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

Kirkevarer are ghosts of chickens, cats, sheep, or other animals entombed in the walls or foundations of houses or churches as sacrifices for the good fortune of the residents or congregation. This practice, once commonplace in Scandinavian countries, is now nearly forgotten. Because of this, appearances of Kirkevarer are now extremely rare.

The custom of sacrificing a small animal and building it into the foundation or structure of a building was only in existence for a short time. In the case of private residences, the first animal that wandered close to the building site was killed and entombed in a wall or in the foundation. This was supposed to bring good fortune to the household. In reality, it may be more of a way to warn the family in the event of truly bad luck.

Sacrificing animals is a practice the modern



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church has endeavored to keep under the rug as a shameful footnote in history. In certain places the animals were sacrificed on a fairly regular basis. In certain parts of Scandinavia, lambs were regularly sacrificed as a community began the construction of a new church. A lamb was buried in the foundation of the church, beneath the altar, and was intended to provide good luck to the community as a whole.

The sight of a Kirkevarer is said to foretell misfortune for either the household (if it appears in a house) or the community as a whole (if it appears in a church). I have happened upon a body of evidence to suggest that this may be closer to the truth than many might imagine.

Kirkevarer appear as indistinct, partially transparent Apparitions, identical to their original physical forms. For instance, if a chicken was buried in the foundation of a house and its ghost manifested as a Kirkevarer, the Kirkevarer would appear as a semi-transparent chicken, silently wandering through the rooms of the house.

Apparently unintelligent, Kirkevarer appear oblivious to their surroundings. A Kirkevarer is only encountered at night and only within the walls of the house or church in which its body was buried.

These ghosts are also commonly known as "Church Wares."

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

Because the Kirkevarer is so rare in modern times, I was unable to interview any witness personally. I did, however, uncover a very old, very crude poem written by an anonymous Norwegian author in the late 18th Century. This poem, intended for the entertainment of children, describes a typical encounter with a Kirkevarer and begins to describe the very real danger that can sometimes follow its appearance.

The Church Ware

1

*In the little village
The sun shone brightly
And the children laughed lightly
In the field where crops grew strong.*

2

*Evil and darkness were far away
The people happy and content
To this village a priest was sent
To build a pretty church.*

3

*The church was tall
And made its people proud
They sang out loud
Of the beauty of the world.*

4

*And then to the village came
A merchant man from far away
From whence he came he didn't say
But he brought with him three daughters fair.*

5

*One daughter must have been quite pious
She spent much time at church
Leaving her sisters in a lurch
And leaving her father to wonder many things.*

6

*The priest they say was fond of her.
Too fond some began to say
They wondered if this daughter would stay
Or if the priest would go away.*

7

*Tongues did wag and wives did chatter
Rumor flew around the town
Almost blew the tall church down
The people judged though it was not their place.*

8

*The merchant heard these tales in horror
And took his daughters in their carts
To another town and another mart
Leaving the priest to pine.*

9

*The caretaker saw it first
A lamb so quiet among the pews
He thought for sure his mind he'd lose
And screaming through the town went he.*

10

*For many weeks it made its round
A spectral lamb the talk of the town
Which many knew would soon go down
It wandered the church at night.*

11

*And when the rain of ice did come
And kill the crops and spread the madness
The people left in pain and sadness
The town that now was nothing.*

12

*And so if you ever see
A Church Ware wandering by night
It's good for you to heed your fright
For doom is close at hand.*



MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

Kirkevarer appear only if the house or church is somehow made impure. In churches, this is not a difficult thing to do, since standards tend to be somewhat higher there. The poem, for instance, broadly hints at some indiscretion on the part of the local priest and one of the traveling merchant's daughters. Even if this relationship was limited to innocent attraction, it could still be considered a blight on the good name of the church and cause the good-luck sacrifice to protest by appearing to wander through the pews as if lost. Perhaps this is some sort of spiritual metaphor (for which such Apparitions are known), meaning that the church, its priest, or the congregation has somehow lost its way.

In the case of private homes, the Kirkevarer only appears after some act of extreme violence, cruelty, or dishonesty is committed by one family member against another. The Kirkevarer, then, is a sign that the family has lost its way. These household Kirkevarer seem to be less dangerous than the Church Ware since what doom it foretells affects only that household, not the entire community.

The appearance of a Church Ware signals the doom of the entire community. The Apparition itself being quite harmless, I have every reason to believe that the doom that is so imminent is in fact caused by the community itself. The Kirkevarer appears only after the community has lost its binding force, and as such, the Kirkevarer appears to be only a spectral side-effect of the disintegration of the community.

What makes the poem previously presented most disturbing is the first two lines of stanza 11: "And when the rain of ice did come/And kill the crops and spread the madness." This describes the apparent presence of a Ccoa. I have discovered evidence that leads me to believe that Kirkevarer and Ccoas have some sort of connection in the Unknown. If this is true, and the appearance of a Kirkevarer somehow attracts a Ccoa to the community, then the appearance of these otherwise harmless Apparitions are cause for tremendous concern.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

I have been able to find only one means of permanently dispelling a Kirkevarer. Unfortunately, it requires very drastic action that will most likely be fervently resisted by the affected community. To dispel the Kirkevarer, the

building (either house or church) must be completely burned to the ground and then rebuilt elsewhere with a new animal sacrifice and renewed effort to maintain its purity.

There are two reasons why the community may resist this. First, the Apparition itself, though disturbing, seems so harmless and nonthreatening that few people find it distasteful enough to be willing to destroy valuable property to get rid of it. Secondly, since the animal sacrifices that must precede the Kirkevarer's appearance have not been practiced in well over 200 years, any building in which a Kirkevarer now appears must be at least that old. Even in towns where structures of such



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age are common, they are certainly considered as some sort of historic site. This is especially true of churches.

I do not envy the SAVE envoy who must persuade a community that a church that has stood at the center of their village for, say, 300 years has to be burned to the ground in order to get rid of a ghost that very few of them actually believe exists in the first place.

Still, this absolutely must be done. Kirkevarer, it seems, do not only appear to residents of a home or the congregation of a church. They can be seen, or their manifestations somehow sensed, by an evil creature of the Unknown known as a Ccoa. These malign creatures are drawn to communities in which a Kirkevarer appears, apparently seeing this as a sign of a weakening community. Easy prey for the Ccoa. The sooner the Kirkevarer is banished from the community, the less likely it is for a Ccoa to arrive.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

Because Kirkevarer are harmless Apparitions incapable of affecting or being affected by the Known world in any way, no *Chill* game stats are provided.

Kirkevarer can appear as any of several small animals. Following is a list that allows you, as CM, to determine the random appearance of a Kirkevarer. This is not meant as an exhaustive list, and you should not feel limited by it in any way. Keep in mind, however, that these animals were once sacrificed by townspeople and were the first animal to wander by, so they must be common to that area. A calf is the largest animal that would have been used for such a purpose.

(2D10)	ANIMAL
2	Rat
3	Rabbit, Squirrel, etc.
4-6	Chicken
7-11	Lamb
12-15	Cat
16-18	Dog
19	Calf
20	Fox

Kirkevarer appear in a very random manner, though only at night and only within the confines of the building they were entombed in. They are completely silent and oblivious to their surroundings in every way. They appear for 1D10 minutes at a time, no more than twice in one night.

A Ccoa can sense the appearance of a Kirkevarer from the Unknown if it makes a successful General Perception Check. It must then travel to the Kirkevarer, which is not an easy task. In order to find the Kirkevarer, the Ccoa must make a successful General Perception Check once per month for three consecutive months. If it succeeds, it enters the community as is normal for its kind and proceeds with its evil plans. If the Ccoa fails to make three consecutive monthly General Perception Checks by the end of one year after first sensing the Kirkevarer, it permanently loses the contact and cannot enter the community. At the end of that year, the Kirkevarer appears less and less frequently, until it finally stops appearing altogether.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP

Type: Independent

Category: Independent Creature of the Unknown

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

It seems to be a disturbingly common practice amongst the more malign residents of the Unknown to try to lure their human victims to a place of danger in hopes that the victim will be killed in what will later appear to be an accident. This is the case with the last type of Apparition we will discuss here. Its inability to touch its victims has caused it to develop this seductive weapon.

Will-o'-the-Wisps appear as lights or flames of various sizes. One or many such lights will appear at any one time, and it seems that Will-o'-the-Wisps are one of the very few creatures of the Unknown to act in groups. These lights are, according to legend, the flames of invisible candles or torches carried by invisible ghosts. Though this seems to be exactly the effect these evil creatures are attempting to create, they are not true ghosts in that they were never living, earthly creatures. Will-o'-the-Wisps come directly from the dark dimension we call the Unknown. Their purpose here seems to be nothing other than to lure innocent human victims to their deaths. They appear only at night, near dense woods, swamps, bogs or similar dark, dangerous places. They



attract their victims with their mysterious lights, which appear to be candles, torches, flashlights, etc. carried by people whom the darkness prevents the victim from seeing. The victim, enticed by these lights, follows them into a naturally dangerous place where the Will-o'-the-Wisp watches him die, no doubt with much delight.

Also known as Jack-o'-Lanterns (the origin of the pumpkin-carving tradition so popular with children around Halloween time), Fox Fires, Elf Lights, and Corpse-Candles, Will-o'-the-Wisps seem to appear throughout the world.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

The following letter is a translation of one given to me by Yugoslavian SAVE envoy Boris Zajec. It was dated February 13, 1906, and was sent by Vladimir Forodoff of Tirgu-Neamt, near the Bukovina-Moldavia border in Rumania, to his brother Mikhail, then living in Brasov. It describes an encounter with a Will-o'-the-Wisp in which Mr. Forodoff proved unusually fortunate in that he lived to write the letter at all.



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My Dear Brother,

I do hope this letter finds you well and enjoying the city life of Brasov. Perhaps after what I have just recently experienced, I will join you there.

You know me as well as anyone in this world and you know that I would not concoct the sort of tale I am about to tell you. Please do not think me mad, as I am quite as sane as when last we spoke. I have had an experience, however, that at first made me doubt my sanity, then caused me to doubt the ideas of the world I once held to be fact. As the Englishman once said, "There are more things in heaven and earth . . ." There are certainly more things on earth than were dreamt of in my philosophy!

I will keep you in suspense no longer, Mikki. This is what I saw.

I was out walking one night just outside the bounds of the village streets. It was only two nights ago so I'm sure you can imagine that it was very cold. The snow was deep and cracked under my feet with its coating of harsh ice. I was well bundled, but the cold was beginning to get to me, and I thought it wise to head back home. As I turned to the village, the wind whipped up, and I started to think it might be better to make instead for the tavern, which as you know is much shorter a walk and, at times, a warmer place than home.

Sensing something behind me, I turned. I expected to see the constable, perhaps himself heading for the tavern. What I saw, a ways in the distance, was what appeared to me to be the light of a single taper. It was bouncing slowly near the edge of the woods, by the river. It was dark and I could not see who was carrying it, so I grew curious. This curiosity was misdirected, I fear, and I certainly would have been well served to forget I saw that candlelight the moment I first laid eyes on it. That candlelight, you see, nearly spelled my demise.

Fearing it may be one of my neighbors in distress, I headed toward the candlelight and soon crossed into the woods. I called out to the bearer of the light, but received no answer. The cold grew ever more bitter as I continued into the woods. The light seemed always just as far away. It was here I believe that something, I do not know what, began to influence my mind. I could not take my eyes off that light. I remember little of this part of the night. All I remember is following the light . . . feeling compelled to follow it anywhere. I had to see who it was who was carrying that candle. I wanted nothing more than to join that person.

Ah, perhaps it was the cold that froze my better judgment. I followed the light to the river's edge. The river was mostly frozen over, it being deep February, but in the middle was a portion—not very wide—where it still ran and the light crossing over it. I remember thinking it was impossible for someone to simply have walked over it. I remember following across the ice. I think I remember hearing it crack.

As it was, I fell through into the river. I believe I fell unconscious immediately upon hitting that burning cold water. I do not remember, though I am told by Doctor Kavalus that it transpired, being pulled from the water by a man from Razboeni who was, as luck would have it, ice-fishing not a quarter mile downstream.

I believe what I saw was an Elf Light. Surely you remember Grandfather's stories? Regardless, some light led me to the river, where I was almost killed. I have lost several toes to frostbite and when next we meet you will notice a limp in my gait because of it. I am still in some discomfort, but when I think that I was so close to the end, I thank God for the pain. It reminds me that I am alive.

My brother, please heed these words. If you ever see a light where there should be no light, endeavor with all your will to remind yourself of this tale. Do not follow it. I beg you. Do not follow it.

Your Loving Brother



MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

I believe that Will-o'-the-Wisps come from the Unknown because they are envious of the living. Lacking the power necessary for physical manifestation, or even that slight power required to appear as a full Apparition, they coerce and seduce the living, hoping that an accident will do their work for them.

Unfortunately, they are most successful in manipulating their victims into these dangerous places. It is quite obvious that they make use of the Evil Way, in one way or another, to aid them in achieving their goal. The fact that Mr. Forodoff described in his letter that he felt that something "had begun to influence (his) mind" only helps to confirm this conclusion.

There has never been a case where a Will-o'-the-Wisp appeared as a full Apparition. This leaves little doubt that the creature is, in fact, a true incorporeal, having so little physical substance it

cannot be seen at all. The lights are most likely formed through use of the Evil Way.

In the case described by Mr. Forodoff in his letter, the Will-o'-the-Wisp led him into a freezing cold, fast-running river.

Found throughout the world, Will-o'-the-Wisps can be quite creative in their choice of dangerous locales. Some prefer to lure their victims into swamps where there may be quicksand or alligators. Some like to see their victims fall from cliffs or even off of tall buildings. Will-o'-the-Wisps have no forced connection with any particular place, and they have been known to move on to new hunting grounds for reasons all their own.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

I have few recommendations in the case of the Will-o'-the-Wisp. I can tell you only that if you see one, do not follow it. When I say this, I do not mean to be facetious. I do believe that there is something in the method of the Will-o'-the-Wisp that actually

requires at least the initial cooperation of its victim. I refer the reader once more to Mr. Forodoff's letter. It was only after he had willingly followed the light into the woods that he felt some outside influence was acting to keep him from turning away.

I have received word from SAVE envoy Christian DeLarre that Mental Shield, a Discipline of the Art, has proven to be effective in blocking the Will-o'-the-Wisp's Evil Way influences.

SAVE envoys should, like Mr. Forodoff's brother, heed the simple warning: "Do not follow it."

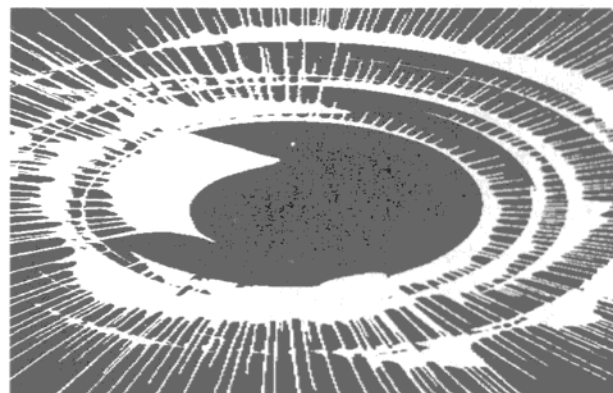
CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

The Will-o'-the-Wisp uses only Disciplines of the Evil Way in its efforts against humanity. It uses Ghostly Lights to form the "walking candles" that lead their victims to their deaths and Hypnotize to make sure they continue to follow, even if the danger becomes quite obvious. Mental Shield keeps these effects at bay.

The CM should consult the following table to determine the number of Will-o'-the-Wisps that, acting in concert, are encountered at any one time.

(1D10)	Number
1-4	one
5-6	two
7	three
8	four
9	five
10	six

In order for the Will-o'-the-Wisp to use its Hypnotize Discipline, its victim must already have followed the Ghostly Lights, willingly, for 10 yards or more.

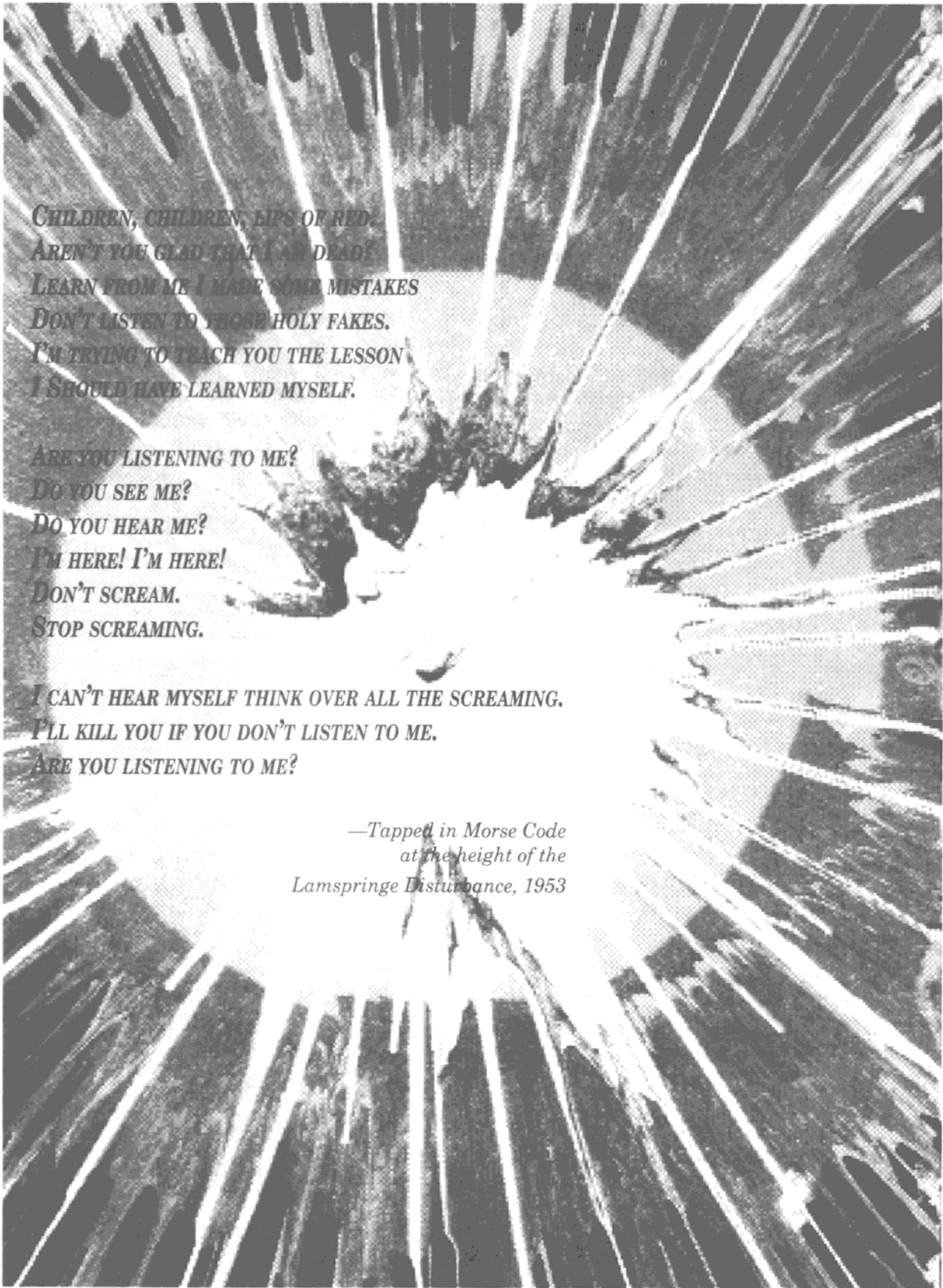


WILL-O'-THE-WISP

AGL: N/A
DEX: N/A
PCN: (65 + 2D10) or 80
PER: N/A
STA: N/A
STR: N/A
WPR: (35 + 2D10) or 50
EWS: (95 + 2D10) or 110
ATT: 1; only uses disciplines
SR: N/A
WB: N/A
Fear: -5
MV: 75' (I)
Type: Independent
Class: I
Category: Independent
Creature of the Unknown
Disciplines:
75/90/110 Ghostly Lights,
Hypnotize



APPARITIONS



CHILDREN, CHILDREN, LIPS OF RED.
AREN'T YOU GLAD THAT I AM DEAD?
LEARN FROM ME I MADE SOME MISTAKES
DON'T LISTEN TO THOSE HOLY FAKES.
I'M TRYING TO TEACH YOU THE LESSON
I SHOULD HAVE LEARNED MYSELF.

ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
DO YOU SEE ME?
DO YOU HEAR ME?
I'M HERE! I'M HERE!
DON'T SCREAM.
STOP SCREAMING.

I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF THINK OVER ALL THE SCREAMING.
I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU DON'T LISTEN TO ME.
ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?

—Tapped in Morse Code
at the height of the
Lamspringe Disturbance, 1953



POLTERGEISTS

SAVE has categorized two types of Poltergeists. These all-too-common manifestations are particularly disturbing in nature. They behave in some ways like mischievous children, but since the source of this mischief is an invisible spirit, their behavior takes on a uniquely terrifying air.

The classic Poltergeist seems either uninterested in causing or unable to cause physical harm to the victim of its hauntings. If the disturbance is permitted to continue, however, the Poltergeist seems to drive itself mad. Such insane Poltergeists are known as Smothering Ghosts, after their preferred method of committing murder.

SAVE envoys have been called to the site of Poltergeist activity on numerous occasions, and there seems to be no shortage of such occurrences all around the world. As such, I caution SAVE envoys to pay particular attention to this section of the report, for there is every possibility that you will encounter a Poltergeist sooner or later.

POLTERGEIST

Type: Independent

Category: Departed Spirit

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

The word Poltergeist is loosely translated from German as racketing spirit or noisy spirit. The Poltergeist is the most active and mischievous of the Departed Spirits, causing considerable trouble and apparently not caring who or how many are witness to its actions. Though the Poltergeist's activities often appear quite violent, there are extremely few deaths associated with such

appearances. Still, witnessing a Poltergeist disturbance is a most unnerving experience. Subtlety, it seems, is completely foreign to them.

SAVE believes that Poltergeists are the ghosts of people who died leaving some sort of unkept promise or unfulfilled obligation to a child or adolescent they knew in life. As such, Poltergeists are attracted to families that have children or teenagers, and the disturbances always seem to center around the younger members of the household.

Considering the Poltergeist's mischievous behavior, this seems particularly appropriate. In fact, at one time Poltergeists were thought to be the spirits of children who suffered from some form of hyperactivity. Subsequent direct contacts with these spirits by mediums such as myself and the late SAVE medium Samantha DuBoise have led us to our current explanation.

Overall, the actions of the Poltergeist seem designed for few other reasons than to attract attention to itself. In fact, the more those associated with the disturbance try to ignore it, the more intense the disturbance becomes. It is as if the Poltergeist is a small child, desperately acting out for attention.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

I am including in this section a series of police reports and an interview concerning a rather extreme Poltergeist disturbance involving the Benson family of New York City from September of 1980 through March of 1982.

I begin with the texts of the three reports filed by New York City Police Department officer Kevin O'Keeffe.



APPARITIONS

September 7, 1980

Responded to report of robbery at 218 Central Park West, 6:14 pm. Complainant was one John Benson of that address.

Mr. Benson reported having returned from work that evening at 5:50 pm. Upon entering the condominium (unit number 2318), Mr. Benson found the interior in disarray. He immediately phoned 911 emergency and claims to have made every effort to leave the apartment as he found it.

Upon entering the apartment myself, I found the living room area in obvious disarray. It was completely ransacked, as if the perpetrators were looking for something in particular. In the bedroom, Mr. Benson discovered several pieces of his wife's jewelry, which he described as "very expensive," lying in her overturned jewelry box. Some other valuables, in plain sight, were also found. No item appeared to be broken, though everything had been disturbed.

I found no sign of forced entry, and the Bensons' 13-year-old daughter's room was completely untouched. This led me to the conclusion that the Bensons' daughter was responsible for the disturbance.

Mr. Benson and I concluded that his daughter had disturbed the apartment, except for her own bedroom, between returning from school and the arrival of her father. No further action is warranted, unless requested by the complainant.

May 19, 1981

Responded to complaint at 218 Central Park West, 9:45 pm. Complainant was one John Benson of the same address.

I met Mr. Benson, whom I had met before (see open file Benson, John 9/7/80), in the lobby. He seemed quite agitated and frightened. He told me that someone had moved all of his belongings to the roof of the building. I accompanied him to this apartment on the 23rd floor. We found the apartment empty of everything not physically attached to the walls, floor, or ceiling of the unit (number 2318). Mr. Benson's bedroom, however, was undisturbed.

I then accompanied Mr. Benson to the roof of the building, where I met Mrs. Evelyn Benson and Stacey Benson, Mr. Benson's wife and daughter. Also on the roof was Milton Scymanski, the building's Chief Superintendent.

On the roof of the building I found several rooms of furniture very carefully arranged. According to Mrs. Benson, the furniture was in the exact position it was when in the Bensons' apartment. Someone had taken everything out of the apartment, brought it up to the roof, and arranged it in the same way. Every detail was, according to the complainant, correct. The stereo equipment was hooked up, as were a personal computer and several kitchen appliances.

The Bensons seemed extremely frightened and appeared to be under a great deal of stress. I advised Mr. Benson of my opinion (that his family was the brunt of a world-class practical joke), but he seemed to disagree. According to Mr. Benson, they had only been gone from the apartment for less than three hours. The superintendent claimed to have been in the stairwells off and on for much of that time and did not admit to seeing anyone moving the Bensons' belongings.

I informed the complainant that a report would be filed. I told him to keep his eyes and ears open, because eventually whoever was responsible for the joke would slip up and admit to it. At that time, action may be taken upon the guilty party, though no action is warranted at this time.

December 25, 1981

Responded to report of a disturbance at 218 Central Park West, 2:05 am. Complainant was one Harriet Mortensen of the same address.

Arrived to find Mrs. Mortensen in the corridor between her apartment (unit number 2317) and the neighboring unit (number 2318). Mrs. Mortensen was pounding on the door to unit number 2318 and yelling. I calmed Mrs. Mortensen down. She was complaining of loud noises and the sound of a scuffle coming from 2318. I heard very loud music coming from the apartment, which was turning on and off. I heard various sounds of breaking glass, loud thuds, etc., coming from inside.

I asked Mrs. Mortensen to return to her apartment, and she complied. I knocked firmly on the door to unit 2318 and identified myself as a police officer. There was no response, but I heard a scream come from within. After calling for backup, I drew my weapon and forced the door.

When I entered the apartment, it was suddenly very quiet. I called out again, identifying myself as a police officer, and again didn't get any response. I remembered the apartment from my first two calls there (see open file Benson, John 5/19/81 and 9/7/80). I went through the apartment and didn't see any signs of a struggle.

When I entered the girl's bedroom, I saw something that I can't explain. All of the furniture was hanging from the ceiling. Things were sitting on tables. There was paper on her desk. There was a glass of water on the girl's nightstand. There was water in it. The water was hanging upside down. I thought it was some kind of trick so I reached up and put my finger in it. It was water. My finger got wet, but the water stayed in the glass.

At that moment I heard a very loud bang, like an explosion, coming from the living room. I ran out to see what it was but, again, there was no sign of any disturbance. I went across the hall and asked Mrs. Mortensen to come with me into the apartment, and she complied. I intended to have her see the upside down room, since my backup had not yet arrived, and I felt that it was very important to have independent confirmation.

When we went back into the girl's room, all of the furniture was back on the floor where it belonged. I looked at the glass of water, and it was empty. I looked up at the ceiling, and there was a large puddle of water on the ceiling right above the water glass. Nothing was dripping from the puddle, it was just sitting there, upside down on the ceiling.

When the backup officers arrived, I left the apartment. I have no intention of going back there for any reason.



The following is an excerpt from an interview conducted on July 11, 1981 by school psychiatrist Herschel Jenkins of Central Park School for Girls, where Stacey Benson was enrolled at the time of the disturbance.

Herschel Jenkins (HJ): Please, Stacey, I can't help you unless you start telling me the truth.

Stacey Benson (SB): I am telling you the truth. Ask my parents. Ask them. My father was hit in the face by a book that just flew off the shelf right at him. I can't believe that anyone would think I could possibly have moved everything out of my whole apartment up six flights and out onto the roof, which is locked, when I was with my parents at the time.

HJ: And your friends had nothing to do with it either? Nothing at all?

SB: No, I told you.

HJ: Then how do you explain it?

SB: I don't, I mean, I can't. I have no idea. I think . . .

HJ: Yes?

SB: Nothing. I think I have a ghost in my house. I've seen things I can't even tell you about. My parents won't even let me tell you about. There's something in my house that moves things and throws things and makes noises. I can't stand it anymore. I think I'm going nuts.

HJ: Now, Stacey, you're not going nuts. You're simply going through a time in your life when . . .

SB: That's not it, that's not it. My hormones can't make a pyramid out of eggs in the middle of the night or switch all of the jackets on all of my father's books. My hormones didn't turn all of my clothes inside out. What about the picture of my mother being stabbed by a man in a ski mask that comes on the TV sometimes? Mr. Jenkins, I don't believe that was because I started getting my period.

HJ: Now, Stacey, you don't really believe these things happened, do you?

MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

These documents from the Benson Disturbance illustrate the Poltergeist's desire for witnesses. Also, we see its connection with the adolescent girl. The Benson's apartment was ransacked or moved, but Stacey Benson's room remained untouched.

The Bensons were eventually able to contact me through my skeptical friend Dr. Jansik of NYU. I conducted a lengthy series of seances with the Bensons and was finally able to make contact with the Poltergeist. When he lived, he was very poor, apparently living in a bad neighborhood in New

York City. His upbringing was very cruel, and he had always promised himself that he would someday have children of his own, and they would not have to stay in the sort of situation he grew up in. This man died, however, before fathering any children.

This man, now long dead, returned as a Poltergeist in a twisted attempt to keep the promise he never actually made to anyone. This is the common thread that binds these chaotic spirits. A Poltergeist needs to fulfill a promise made to or pertaining to a child. The time the spirit spends in the Unknown before returning as a Poltergeist seems to have a radical effect on the deceased personality, making them more childlike and mischievous in death than they ever were in life.

The Poltergeist seems to need to at least try to keep this promise, whatever it may be. Its actions, though they seem to have no sense of consistency whatsoever, are all based on this effort. In the case of the Benson Disturbance, the Poltergeist, who wanted nothing more as a child than to live as far away from his parents as possible, made certain efforts to remove Stacey from her parents' guardianship. Apparently sensing that the Bensons' Central Park condo was the best place for Stacey to live, the Poltergeist put the majority of its effort into removing the parents from the child's home.

What makes Poltergeist disturbances difficult to resolve is the fact that most witnesses to the disturbance feel no need to call for help immediately. The disturbance starts out with small things moving around when no one is looking or other small manipulations. Sometimes, these initial tricks go completely unnoticed. The really dramatic events don't begin for a few days.

The Poltergeist always ends up being powerless to keep its promise. Perhaps it is some cruel joke played on these tortured spirits by some cruel taskmaster of the Unknown. They seem always set up for failure. When this failure becomes obvious, the Poltergeist lashes out in anger and frustration.

I was able to exorcise the Bensons' Poltergeist just before I felt it was going to reach this stage, so this troubled family was spared that deepening of their living nightmare.

Throughout the vast majority of the disturbance, the Poltergeist's pranks are relatively harmless. Even an object apparently thrown a great distance with great force feels as if it were only lightly tossed if it comes into contact with a witness. Most



APPARITIONS

of the disturbance consists of moving objects, pulling off blankets, rearranging things like Mr. Benson's book jackets, etc. Though inconvenient and often disturbing, they're not dangerous.

Only if the Poltergeist is permitted to continue its efforts past its point of frustration and anger is there a chance that someone may be terribly injured or even killed. If a Poltergeist breaks down in that manner, it becomes a Smothering Ghost (see the following).

On a few rare occasions, Poltergeist disturbances have included what we call "Falls." Falls come in almost infinite variety, consisting of objects other than rain or snow (etc.) falling from a clear blue sky. The most common Falls are Stone Falls (in which stones fall from the sky like rain), Fish Falls, and Nail Falls.

Poltergeists never speak, nor do they ever manifest physically or in the form of an apparition. They remain invisible and incorporeal at all times.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

Poltergeist disturbances must be ended swiftly and efficiently. A seance should be conducted immediately, including the child or adolescent that is the Poltergeist's focus. The seance must be diligently repeated until such time as the spirit is contacted.

Once this contact has been made, the identity of the spirit must be determined. From here, the medium should make every possible attempt to determine the precise nature of the Poltergeist's unfulfilled promise.

Once that has been determined, those involved should either present evidence that the Poltergeist's aid is not required (as in the Benson case), or those involved should fulfill the promise. Once one of these two things is accomplished, the Poltergeist activity grows less and less intense and occurs less and less often until it disappears completely.

Though they seem to have a lot in common with traditional Hauntings, Poltergeists are not centered on a place, but on a person. Specifically, they center their efforts on their "adopted" child. Even if the family were to move hundreds of miles away, the Poltergeist would follow. Strangely, it tends to stay with the majority of the family as if it knows that if its adopted child goes away alone, leaving the rest of its family, it intends to return soon enough. The Poltergeist, rather than expending the energy necessary to follow the child, becomes even more agitated, increasing its

mischievous assaults on the remaining family members like a child throwing a temper tantrum.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

Poltergeists are detailed in the *Chill* hardcover, on p. 212.

To determine a specific Poltergeist's disciplines, roll 1D10 for each of the disciplines on the following list. If the roll is 6 or greater, the Poltergeist has that discipline.

78/93/113	Contact the Living
	Swarm
	Write
81/96/116	Create a Feast
	Enormity
	Second Light
	Wound
85/100/120	Change Temperature
	Lightning Call
	Raise Winds
	Shake the Earth
	Wave of Fog
	Darken
	Ghostly Lights
	Purified Shell
	Putrefied Shell
	Total Illusion
	Unique Fall (see Appendix C, p. 92)

SMOTHERING GHOST

Type: Independent

Category: Departed Spirit

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

A Smothering Ghost is an insane Poltergeist. Smothering Ghosts were first encountered in 1874 by SAVE envoy Robert Upton, who was investigating a particularly nasty Poltergeist disturbance in Huntsville, Alabama. Mr. Upton's initial observations, coupled with a great deal of research conducted in intervening years, have brought us to the discovery that a Smothering Ghost is actually a Poltergeist driven mad by its frustrating inability to deliver on its promise.

Smothering Ghosts, as the name implies, are murderous spirits who kill their victims by suffocating them.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

What follows is the pertinent section of Robert Upton's report to SAVE, dated January 23, 1874.



On Friday the disturbance took on a new and rather frightening twist. Upon awakening after a particularly quiet night, I discovered the body of Wendell Greeson lying on his back, in bed, with a pillow sitting lightly over his face. (Wendell Greeson was the eldest son of the six Greeson children. Their parents, Luke and Kate Greeson, owned the house in which the disturbance took place.) He was quite dead, the apparent victim of suffocation.

At first I found it hard to believe that the Greesons' ghost would be capable of murder. So far it had limited the scope of its endeavor to petty mischief and scary theatrics. But here was Wendell Greeson, dead.

Of course I immediately renewed my urgings that Mr. Greeson send his wife and younger children to stay with a relative. Grieving and distraught, Mr. Greeson complied, and by noon we two and his next eldest son, Billy, were alone in the house. We decided to sleep in shifts. I had every reason to believe that the ghost had taken the offensive.

Friday night was unusually active. I will not continue to list the specific manifestations, as they have already grown so numerous I feel they will grow tedious to the reader.

At one point in the hours just before dawn, I would have sworn the house was going to shake itself apart. Or, rather, the ghost was going to shake it apart.

By late Saturday morning, the petty high jinks seemed to calm down. This gave me reason for concern, since it was an unusually quiet period like this one when Wendell was murdered. I cautioned Mr. Greeson and Billy to be even more alert.

It was Mr. Greeson upon whom the next attempt was made. The three of us were sitting in the dining room, trying to concentrate on a game of cards, when Mr. Greeson quietly dozed off. He had had very little sleep, and Billy and I agreed not to disturb him.

Not long after that, while Billy and I continued to play cards, a length of stout cord appeared from behind Mr. Greeson's head and tightened suddenly around his neck. Try as we might, Billy and I could not pull it off. While he gasped for air and we pulled and clawed at the cord, it seemed like Mr. Greeson was dying too fast. I believe the ghost was using some form of the Evil Way to hasten Mr. Greeson's death.

So it was that Mr. Greeson died while his son and I stood powerless over him. Billy was inconsolable. I became resolute.

This was the moment I realized I had no choice but to enter into direct combat with the creature. Requiring as much friendly energy as I could get, I had Billy send for the rest of his family and quickly outlined my plan to him. I would become, through the use of the Art, as incorporeal as the ghost.

Billy volunteered to fight the ghost himself, and I had a devil of a time convincing him that I alone, as an adept of the Art, could serve this role.

So that evening, with what remained of the Greeson family around me, I did what needed to be done, and soon I saw the world from the eyes of a ghost. It was my first actual experience with an incorporeal form, but I will not attempt to describe it here.

Regardless, I met the spirit head on. I could "see" his face for the first time, and I knew then more than ever that this man, in death, was hopelessly mad. The details of the fight that ensued is of little consequence, and my memory of the whole situation even now grows dim. Suffice it to say that I eventually overcame my opponent but in doing so was thrust back into my normal, physical body with painful abruptness. I fell to the floor, dazed, looking around the room at the perplexed looks on the faces of the Greeson family. I felt a rush of wind across my face, and at that moment I felt as if a giant had taken me by the shoulders and lifted me up off the ground.

Looking around quickly, I saw the entire Greeson family suspended in the air around me. All at once we were quite violently shaken, myself so much so that with a resounding pop, my shoulder came out of its socket. Two seconds, no more, and it was over. We all fell to the floor and gasped in surprise and awe.

The Smothering Ghost has not returned to the Greeson home.

MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

These insane Poltergeists apparently have become so aggravated at their inability to keep their promises that they have decided the only way to make amends is to have the child and its family join it in death. The Smothering Ghost turns its Evil Way powers onto a murderous course, manipulating objects through Telekinesis in order to use them to strangle, smother, or otherwise asphyxiate its victim.

A Poltergeist only becomes a Smothering Ghost after several weeks of traditional Poltergeist behavior. Apparently, not all Poltergeists are capable of becoming Smothering Ghosts.



APPARITIONS

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

Following Robert Upton's advice, SAVE envoys are advised to make use, if they can, of the Discipline of the Art known as Incorporeal Attack to come one-on-one against the Smothering Ghost. The seance method used to exorcise a "sane" Poltergeist is ineffective against the maniacal Smothering Ghost.

Some evidence exists to suggest that if the Smothering Ghost cannot kill its victim after two attempts, it willingly returns to the Unknown and abandons its hopeless quest forever.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

The Smothering Ghost is identical to the Poltergeist previously detailed, although only the strongest Poltergeists seem to have the ability (or curse) to become a Smothering Ghost. The *Chill* stats for a Smothering Ghost are exactly identical to the Poltergeist, except for its Evil Way Score (EWS). To determine a Smothering Ghost's EWS, which must be 135 or more, use the following table.

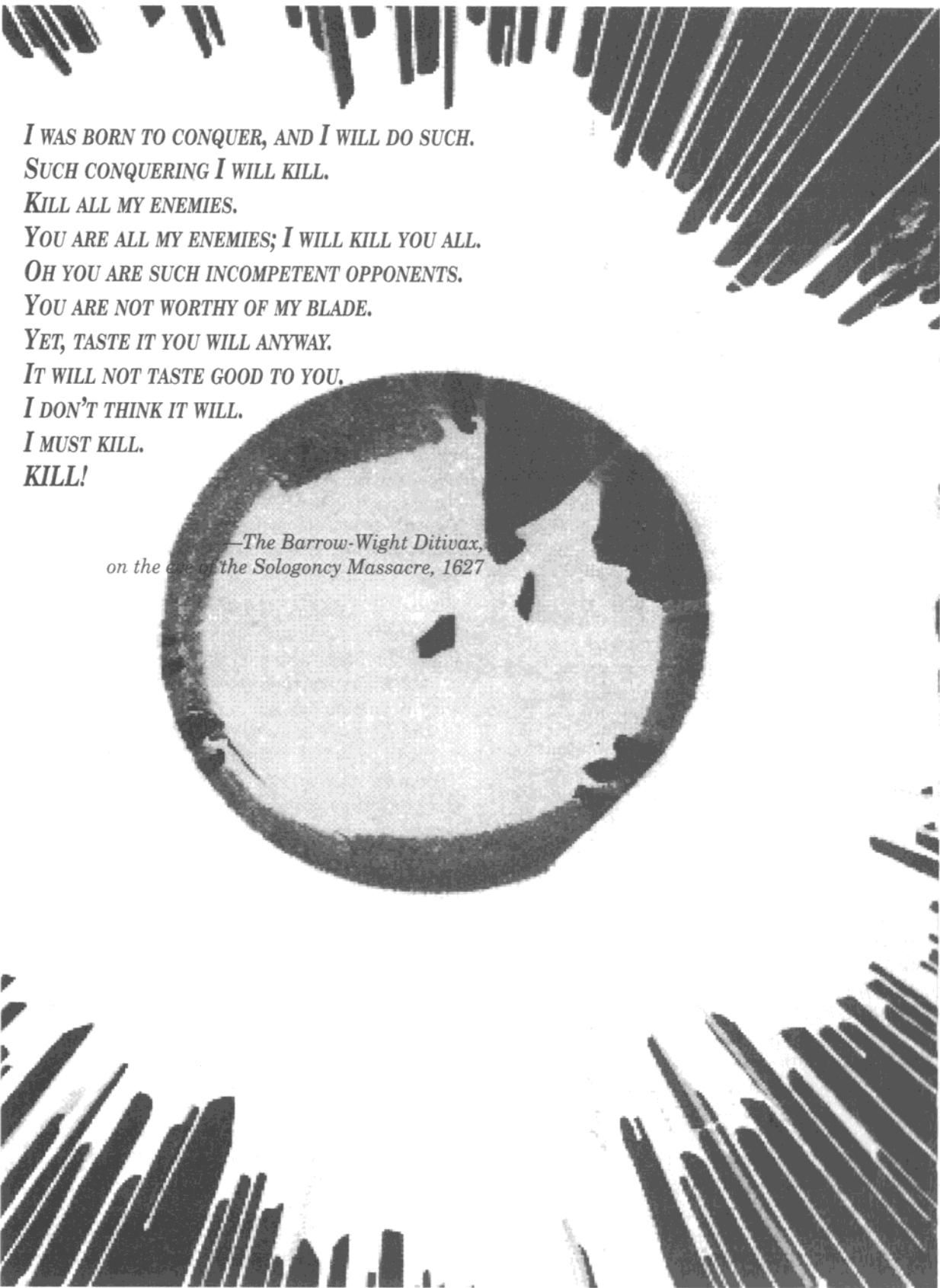
(1D10)	EWS
1	135
2-3	136
4-5	137
6-7	138
8-9	139
10	140

A Smothering Ghost also has the Wound Discipline of the Evil Way, in addition to those automatically usable by normal Poltergeists and those rolled from the list of additional disciplines available to Poltergeists.

Any Poltergeist that begins with an EWS of 135 or greater and that has the Wound Discipline becomes a Smothering Ghost after 1D10 weeks of normal Poltergeist activity. After the designated time has elapsed, it begins to kill everyone in its adopted child's family. It saves the adopted child for last but eventually kills him too.

The Smothering Ghost brings all its Evil Way powers to bear on the family in an attempt to strangle them all. After the first round of strangling, the Smothering Ghost uses its Wound Discipline to weaken its victim further. Once the Smothering Ghost kills the entire family, it moves on to find another. If it fails to kill any single family member after two consecutive attempts, the Smothering Ghost uses its Chill Discipline to banish itself back to the Unknown, where it remains forever.





I WAS BORN TO CONQUER, AND I WILL DO SUCH.
SUCH CONQUERING I WILL KILL.

KILL ALL MY ENEMIES.

YOU ARE ALL MY ENEMIES; I WILL KILL YOU ALL.

OH YOU ARE SUCH INCOMPETENT OPPONENTS.

YOU ARE NOT WORTHY OF MY BLADE.

YET, TASTE IT YOU WILL ANYWAY.

IT WILL NOT TASTE GOOD TO YOU.

I DON'T THINK IT WILL.

I MUST KILL.

KILL!

—The Barrow-Wight Ditivax,
on the eve of the Sologoncy Massacre, 1627



APPARITIONS

REVENANTS

If only the dead would stay in their graves. . . .

This section of my report concerns several creatures, all but one of which have in common the fact that they were once living, breathing human beings. After passing into the next world, these spirits somehow took a wrong turn through the Unknown and have returned to the Known world as bitter, resentful creatures who intend to extract their revenge on a specific victim or even the entire human race.

Revenants are very powerful ghosts capable of great evil. Unlike the mostly harmless Apparitions or the playful Poltergeist, Revenants enjoy a large degree of independent action in the Known world and can bring a great deal of power to bear on their chosen victims.

I have discovered evidence of the existence of six separate Revenants. The Barrow-Wight, the ghost of a particularly evil military leader, is certainly the most violent of the six and often commands a legion of spectral soldiers. The Beisac seeks revenge on humankind, whom it blames for its violent, traumatic death. The Doppelganger has similar goals, maliciously sending an innocent victim to his death for crimes committed by the creature in the guise of its victim. The ghosts of hanged murderers return to the Known world, also looking for revenge, in the form of the Hangman Revenant.

The only creature that can be considered a Revenant but that was not once a living person is the Hate. This vile creature from the Unknown seeks revenge on the behalf of a recently departed spirit of great earthly evil. Finally, the Spectral Lover is the ghost of a man or woman who, when alive, was guilty of some kind of crime of love or passion.

These hateful spirits are to be feared indeed, and SAVE must remain determined to erase their

presence from the Known world. Of all the incorporeals the Unknown has given birth to, Revenants pose the greatest threat to the Known world.

BARROW-WIGHT

Type: Master, Independent

Category: Departed Spirit

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

These extraordinarily evil beings are the ghosts of military officers who died in accidents or of natural causes. These warriors refuse to accept the fact that they didn't die an honorable death on a field of battle. As such, they have returned to the Known world in search of a fight. Their time spent in the Unknown makes them even more violent, and by the time they return, they're hopelessly insane, homicidal maniacs.

Their name comes from the Northern European/Scandinavian word "Barrow," for grave mound. Hideous to see, the Barrow-Wight is a ghost that should be feared, and I pray none of us will ever have to encounter one. They always attack anyone they encounter, and they usually kill.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

The following story was written by German author Gregory Wittman in 1804. It describes an encounter with a Barrow-Wight that he and two companions experienced while riding from Bad Schwartau to Bredstedt. It is translated from Wittman's memoirs.

It appeared right in front of us. I never saw where it came from. It was suddenly just standing there in



the middle of the road. There was dust in the air from our horses, and the sun was caressing the horizon. It was difficult to see in the twilight, but still, I will never forget its face.

Though it looked like a man, I simply cannot bring myself to call it "he." It was terrible. Its face was the face of a rotting corpse. The skin, black and swollen, crawled with maggots. I was maybe 10 feet away from it, and when it raised its sword and screamed, I could smell its breath. The horses panicked, and all three of us were thrown. The scream sent ice down my spine. One of my companions, eyes wide with terror, wretched at the smell of its fetid breath. It was all I could do to hold back my own bile.

We scurried around on the dusty road like frightened crabs, and it walked toward us. Its footfalls sounded heavy on the dusty road, and I thought I could feel the ground beneath me shake with each confident step. It was wearing armor like I've never seen, even in museums. It was ornate and encrusted with blood. Tufts of sparse, rotting hair curled out from beneath its helmet. The three of us crawled away from it, grunting like animals in our fear. It walked straight toward Paul, who screamed like a child after a nightmare. The hopeless fear in Paul's eyes as it grabbed his hair made me actually pray for a quick death, that I would never see a fellow man so tormented. The thing raised its massive broad sword and shouted something to Paul in a language I have never heard. Paul shook his head, spittle draining from his quivering lip. He could not even beg for his life.

The thing grunted, and the sword came down. There was a hideous sound and a splash of hot blood that doused me from head to foot. It still held Paul's head by the hair. It laughed the laugh of a contented demon, and I saw Paul move his lips. He still lived! I watched his eyes roll back and he was dead, but not before he knew that, head cleaved from his shoulders, he was no longer for the world.

I think I may have screamed then. I tried to get to my feet. I looked around for the horses, but they had long since quit this cursed place. My other companion was on his feet and backing away from the still cackling thing. Ignoring me, it approached him, shouting again in that tongue none of us understood. My companion, Rudolfo, could say only, "Please," before the thing began to cut him. I couldn't stand it. It was torturing him to death. It cut him here, there, until Rudolfo, screaming and pleading to

this inhuman abomination to spare his life, was as covered in his own blood as I was in Paul's.

The thing took a long time to kill Rudolfo. I tried to run, but my knees kept giving way. When Rudolfo stopped screaming, I didn't look back. I found the strength to keep myself alive. I ran like I have never run before or since. I could hear it following me, one resounding step at a time. I dared not look back.

Then I heard the gunshots. Stumbling, I fell to the grass at the side of the road and turned to look in the direction of the shots. There, in a field off the road, I saw four farmers carrying muskets. They were hunting when they came upon this scene of horror. I called to them to kill it, but they didn't look at me. Their faces were frozen with fright as they stared at the monster behind me. They fired their muskets again. Two of the four shots hit home, and I could see dust fly at the impact. The creature's armor was pierced, and I wondered if such weapons would do harm to this thing, which was so obviously not of this world.

The farmers did, however, succeed in turning the thing's attention away from me. I stood up again, just as they fired a third volley. The thing roared, sending one of the farmers running wildly in the opposite direction. The others seemed to crouch instinctively, as if they were afraid the scream might hit them.

The thing grabbed at its belt and within a single motion sent a slim dagger flying through the air. It hit one of the farmers full in the face. Blood spraying from the wound, the farmer fell to his knees, clawing at the hilt. His two companions cursed and with courage greater than mine, lifted their muskets to fire again.

I was standing, and I realized this was my opportunity to escape. If these brave men intended to save my life, I felt I should oblige them. I ran even faster this time, and again I did not look back. As I ran I heard several more shots. I heard the unnatural voice of the thing cursing in its cryptic speech. I heard screams of dying men. One scream kept coming and coming, and it made me run ever faster to escape the piteous sound of it. I knew it had finished the others.

I reached Nortoff just before dawn and bathed in the fountain. The single farmer whose courage did not match his friends' confirmed my wild tale when finally we were questioned. They looked for the "man" who committed these grisly crimes, but, thankfully, they never found "him."



MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

Barrow-Wights leave little mystery to their methods or aims. They seem to manifest within 100 miles of their greatest battle or what they thought should have been their greatest battle. There they wait in their natural, incorporeal forms near the side of a road, next to a well, atop a grave mound, or at any other location they decide suits their purposes. When a suitable victim wanders by, the Barrow-Wight materializes and attacks with great brutality.

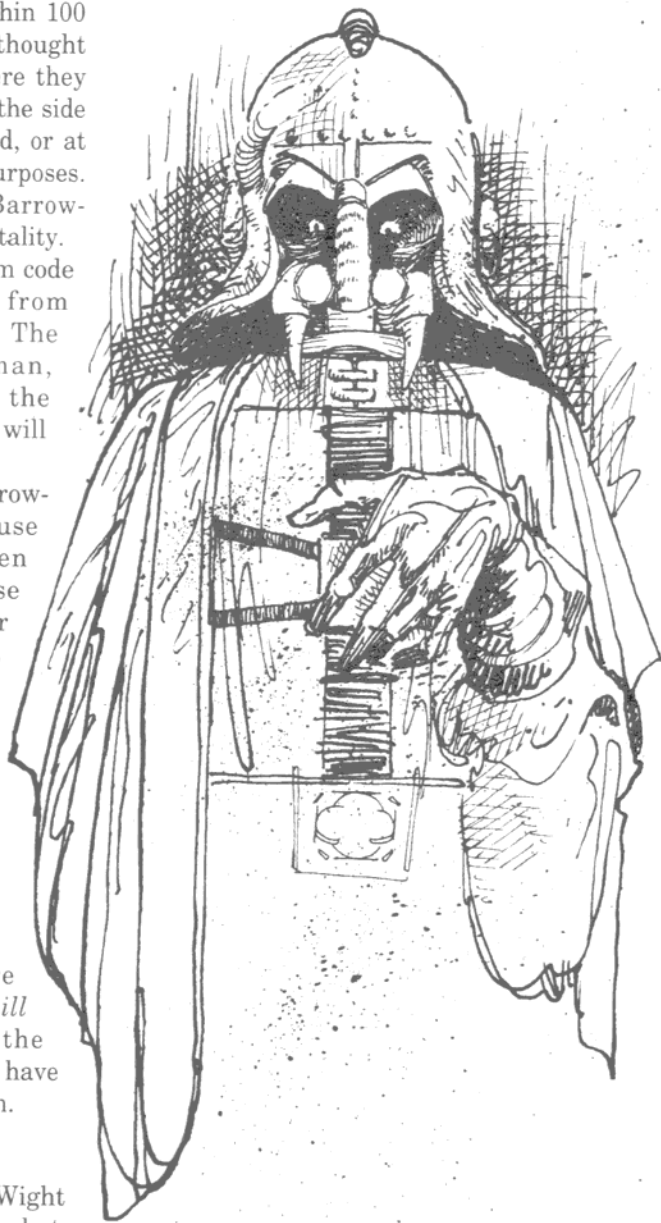
Barrow-Wights seem to abide by some slim code of military honor that prohibits them from attacking women, children, or the aged. The Barrow-Wight sees any able-bodied man, however, as an enemy soldier. Perhaps the Barrow-Wight hopes that each new victim will prove to be a worthy opponent.

It must always be kept in mind that Barrow-Wights return to the Known world because they are disappointed at not having been killed in combat. It is possible that these creatures actually want to be killed by their victims, since this will allow them to pass on in peace.

Barrow-Wights have been known to control groups of spectral soldiers. These men were once under the command of the Barrow-Wight when it was a living officer and swore to follow him into any battle. The Barrow-Wight then drags these poor souls through the Unknown and back to the world of the living to aid it in its hateful quest for bloody combat. These foot soldiers are Battlefield Remnants (see p. 214 in the *Chill* hardcover) and are completely loyal to the Barrow-Wight, what little free will they might have had having been washed away in the Unknown.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

There is only one way to dispel a Barrow-Wight and that is to defeat it in hand-to-hand combat. This, of course, is not an easy thing to do. Barrow-Wights were highly intelligent, experienced veteran officers when they were alive, and they retain all of this knowledge and experience in their supernatural form. Their further experience in the Unknown equips them with still more weapons in the form of Evil Way powers. The Barrow-Wight usually chooses a test of arms first but will not hesitate to bring all of its powers to bear. Remember, the Barrow-Wight may be looking for death, but that death must be honorable.



If the Barrow-Wight is killed, it will instantly revert to its incorporeal form and return to the Unknown forever. If it is commanding Battlefield Remnants at the time of its defeat, they disappear with their master.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

The Barrow-Wight has the ability to summon soldiers. This is not truly a Discipline of the Evil

BARROW-WIGHT

AGL: (55 + 2D10) or 70

DEX: (40 + 2D10) or 55

PCN: (75 + 2D10) or 90

PER: (50 + 2D10) or 65

STA: (85 + 2D10) or 100

STR: (80 + 2D10) or 95

WPR: (95 + 2D10) or 110

EWS: (135 + 2D10) or 150

ATT: 1; (80 + 2D10) or 95

SR: as per weapon

WB: 30

Fear: -45

MV: as its normal self (L), 175' (I)

Type: Master, Independent

Class: I, C

Category: Departed Spirit

Disciplines:

76/91/111 Breath of Pestilence

76/91/111 Feat of Strength

76/91/111 White Heat

115/130/150 Change Self

115/130/150 Inhabit

115/130/150 Raise Wind

115/130/150 Wound

Automatic Corporeal

Manifestation

Automatic Unique Summon

Battlefield Remnant

Way, but a natural ability. If the Barrow-Wight wishes to summon its soldiers, it need only keep still for one round and call through the Unknown to them. Two rounds later, 10D10 Battlefield Remnants appear, completely under the command of the Barrow-Wight.

When fighting, the Barrow-Wight is in corporeal form and is, therefore, subject to normal combat rules. Any weapon affects it. If it is confronted by a woman, a child of less than 12 to 18 years of age (depending on the time period in which the Barrow-Wight lived), or anyone over the age of 60, the Barrow-Wight withdraws into its incorporeal form. It will

not, under any circumstances, fight a woman, child, or elderly person, though it seems to have no problem with fighting in front of them.

BEISAC (BEE-ZAK)

Type: Independent

Category: Departed Spirit

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

This type was first encountered in Cambodia (Kampuchea), but encounters with Beisacs have been reported recently throughout Southeast Asia, and I have reason to believe there is at least one Beisac currently wandering among the homeless population of San Francisco. A Beisac is a vengeance-minded ghost who blames human society in general for its premature, violent death. In the manner of all Revenants, Beisacs are extremely hostile toward humanity in general and prey on the innocent. The creature comes from the Unknown and takes on the appearance of a wounded or desperate person. With this disguise to hide its intent, the Beisac approaches the homes of its innocent victims and appeals to them for aid.

Those who refuse to help suffer the full fury of the creature. Those who grant it its wish seem no more fortunate. The Beisac continues its begging and may even go so far as to illicit the cooperation of other creatures of the Unknown, as if trying to force the victim to refuse.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

Ki Lihn came to the United States from Cambodia in 1968, fleeing the Khmer Rouge. When I had an opportunity to meet with her in 1977, she told me of a threat to her country no less dangerous than the current regime.

"I was only 12 years old when I came here from Cambodia. It was very frightening. I suppose that many things in Cambodia at that time were very frightening. I am glad to be rid of that place, even though it is my home and I love the country.

"It started when a man came to our house early one morning. He was dressed in the uniform of a soldier and had the cloth of a Khmer Rouge around his neck. His head was bleeding, and he staggered around. I could see he was in great pain. When he got closer to our house, my mother gathered us children up and sent us inside. She was very afraid of the Khmer Rouge, like most people were.

"He came to the porch and called into the house. 'Help me! Help me!' he said. There was blood on his face, on his clothes. I remember that I asked my mother why he was so light on the ground. She told me it was because he was not as full of blood as he should be. You see, I saw that he made no footprints in the mud as he walked up. It was like he weighed nothing. My mother, I think, knew it was a Beisac come to call. Evil spirit, demon of Khmer Rouge . . . what was the difference?

"'Sir!' she called to him as he staggered around in front of our house. 'Sir, how can I help you? I am a poor woman. My husband fights for your cause.'

"That was a lie. The Khmer Rouge killed my father because he spoke English.

"'Water,' the man, or whatever it was, answered. 'Give me water, and you will have saved a dying patriot.'

"My mother did not care about his patriotism. She offered him water so he would go away. He told her to place a bowl of water on the porch and so she did. He thanked her but did not take the water. From where I was, I could not see where he went, but when my mother came back, she seemed very frightened and would not speak of the man.



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"The bowl of water was still there where my mother had left it when the man came back that night. This time he brought another wounded soldier with him. They both begged for water and my mother told them to take the same bowl. They would not; they pleaded for fresh water, and then the second man asked for some rice. My mother was very afraid. She put another bowl of water out on the porch and then put out two small bowls of rice. Again, they disappeared without taking the water or rice.

"From then on it was like a nightmare. Every day, sometimes twice or even three times in one day, they would come. Each time there would be one more man, or maybe a child, thin and with smallpox, or an old man with only one leg. They would surround our house and beg and plead for food, water, or medicine. Soon we had nothing for ourselves. When we tried to leave the house, to walk to the village, they would come out of nowhere and drive us back in begging and crying and reaching out their dirty, sometimes mutilated hands to us.

"Then they came in. They walked all through our house. My mother told us not to touch them. They crawled on the floor and begged for more food. When we tried to give it to them, they would not take it. I think they wanted only to torment us.

"My mother was reaching the end. She told them one day, when the house was full of them, that she had no more to give and that they must go and never come back. But they did not listen. They continued to beg and plead and cry. My mother saw the first soldier who had come to our house. She went to him and demanded that he take his people out of our house and warned him not to come back.

"He answered only by asking her for a glass of water to help a dying patriot. My mother had had enough. She slapped him. But . . . and this is how I know this man was

not a man at all, but a Beisac . . . her hand only passed through his face like his head was so much smoke. I remember my mother screamed, and the Beisac laughed. Soon all of the begging people were laughing. My mother screamed and told them to go back to Hell, that she had done nothing to deserve this torment.

"The Beisac looked behind him to where a small knife sat on the floor. He looked at the knife, and it came off the ground as if held in an invisible hand. I saw the knife flash through the air and into my mother's forehead so hard that the end of the handle disappeared inside her head and the tip of the blade poked out the back.

"My brothers and sisters and I ran away. We never went back. We were split up eventually. I ended up in a refugee camp in Thailand.

"Why does my country suffer so? Why is Hell so fond of it? I do not know."

MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

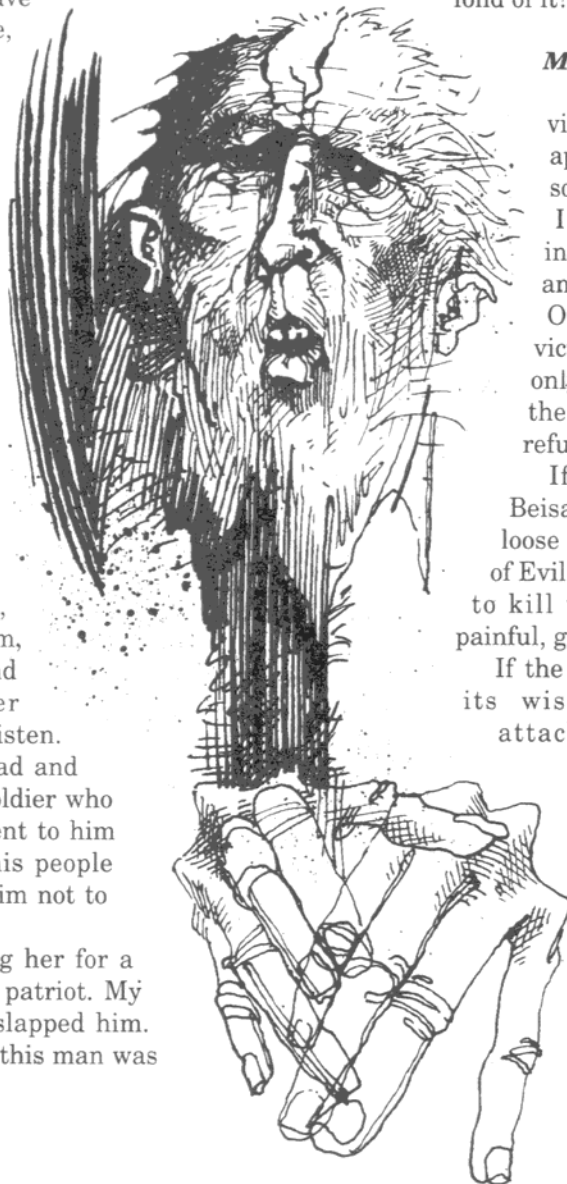
The Beisac appears to its victim as a perfectly formed apparition that is completely solid and real.

In fact, the Beisac is incapable of materialization and is always incorporeal.

Once approached by the victim, the Beisac really has only two choices. He can give the aid requested, or he can refuse it.

If the victim refuses the Beisac's plea, the creature lets loose with its full complement of Evil Way weapons in an effort to kill the victim in the most painful, gruesome way possible.

If the victim grants the Beisac its wish, it leaves without attacking. It will, however, return several hours later with either another Beisac or a Gamin (see the *Chill* hardcover, p. 203). These two then continue begging for help: food, water, a place to sleep, etc. If their requests are



granted once more, they return several hours later with another Beisac or Gamin. This continues, with one more creature being added every time, until the victim gets fed up and refuses. At this time, the first Beisac quickly takes the victim's life. If the victim puts up a struggle, the other creatures help the first Beisac kill the victim.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

Being completely incorporeal, the Beisac cannot be harmed by physical attacks. The only effective means of combating the creature is through careful use of the Art. This makes the Beisac a very dangerous creature because few are adept enough in the ways of the Art as seems necessary to keep the creature at bay, let alone dispel it.

My advice to SAVE envoys who do not have the appropriate knowledge of the Art is to continue to appease the Beisac and its growing army of companions until SAVE can send help. Be very careful not to let on to these intelligent and cruel creatures that you mean them harm. They will not harm you until you refuse them, but it's better not to, as my American friends say, push your luck.

A Sphere of Protection keeps a Beisac at bay but only for as long as the sphere lasts. Once the sphere goes down, the Beisac knows you have some power and will most likely attack immediately.

The only known method for dispelling a Beisac is to raise a Mental Shield over the victim. The victim is the person whom the first Beisac first approached. Be certain you have the right person under your protection. The Beisac will return in 10 hours or less. When it does, you must again successfully raise a Mental Shield over the victim.

If the second Mental Shield fails to take hold, for whatever reason, the Beisac will attack with great passion and conviction. If the second Mental Shield is successful, it will drive away the Beisac. Apparently, the creature has little stomach for direct combat, and it will not stand up to a fight it did not instigate. Once the Beisac is driven away, all other Beisacs and Gamins that accompanied it also disappear. None of them ever returns to the same victim, though they have been known to return to the same locality, village, or even household.

I do not know how Beisacs and Gamins are related or why they act in concert.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

The Beisac is further described in the *Chill* hardcover, on p. 206.

For more information on its Unique Discipline of the Evil Way, Hurl, see p. 93 of this book.

To determine the type of creature that accompanies the Beisac, roll 1D10: 1-7) another Beisac, 8-10) a Gamin.

DOPPELGANGER

Type: Independent

Category: Departed Spirit

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

Doppelgangers, also known as "Doubles" or "Co-Walkers," are the ghosts of people executed for crimes they did not commit. The ghost re-enters the Known world immediately after the execution and begins its campaign for revenge. This revenge takes the form, at first, of malicious taunting designed to frighten the victim. Once the Doppelganger has succeeded in this, the revenge begins to take on a much more sinister face.

By assuming the physical features of the victim, the Doppelganger causes damage to the victim's reputation, business and personal relationships, etc. The victim's friends and associates have no way of knowing that it is not actually the victim himself since the Doppelganger is capable of appearing in corporeal form.

The Doppelganger works its revenge slowly, beginning to eat away at its victim's reputation by making it appear that the victim is becoming increasingly rude. It then exhibits all manner of embarrassing and inappropriate behavior. This attack on the victim's good name eventually leads to the Doppelganger's committing cold-blooded murder in front of a large number of credible eyewitnesses.

In this way, the Doppelganger puts its victim through the same sort of torture it went through itself: to be wrongly accused and convicted of a capital offense.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

The original of the following journal entries were written by Dr. Evan Kurtzman of Houston, Texas, in the weeks leading up to his arrest and subsequent execution for the triple murder of a mother and her two children in a supermarket parking lot. This journal, discovered after the execution, makes it quite clear that Dr. Kurtzman was the victim of a Doppelganger. The Doppelganger's name was Jake Green, an unemployed oil worker who had been executed for a crime he didn't commit. Dr. Kurtzman, then a criminal pathologist for the city of



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Houston, had been a material witness in that case.
I have included here only the relevant entries.

3/16/53

My friend in the mirror was back this morning. It was like looking at a television picture of myself saying: "I'm gonna get you, Doc." That's what it said. Now I really am worried. Why am I hallucinating? Maybe I was exposed to some kind of drug at the lab. It's getting so I'm afraid to look in that old mirror.

Seven years bad luck for me! I put my fist through that old mirror. I don't know what's going on yet. I did a blood test on myself and I'm fine. I don't want to end up at a psychiatrist, but I'm really having some paranoid delusions here. I've honestly never been so scared.

Had to stop writing. I saw my reflection in the desk and it said, "Yeah, we're gonna have some fun, you and me!" Just now, just while I was writing. I'm going to ignore it, that's all.

3/30/53

I keep seeing my reflection talk to me. Now I see it in the glass at the lab, in mirrors in public bathrooms. Yesterday I had sort of an anxiety attack and almost couldn't pull myself together. I have a week's vacation coming. I'm going to use it. I have a ticket to Las Vegas in my hand. I'll be back in six days, and I'm sure it'll be all I need to get this thing out of my head.

4/5/53

Las Vegas was just the ticket. I didn't see anything goofy the whole time . . . unless you count that Jerry Lewis show. . . . Looking forward to getting back to work.

4/6/53

Somebody has something against me. The people at the lab were trying to play some kind of joke on me. I have a receptionist who's been there 33 years who says I was there four days ago and I made some kind of advance on her. First of all, I was in Las Vegas at the time, and secondly she's an 80-year-old woman. Then there was my assistant who supposedly quit while I was gone because he saw me eating parts of a corpse five days ago. I was in Vegas. What kind of story is that to make up about somebody anyway?

It seems like every single person I know, even my own sister, has some kind of crazy tale about

me doing all sorts of offensive things and calling people names, flatulating in public, even exposing myself in a restaurant. Gee, I guess everybody doesn't like the idea of me taking a week to myself in Las Vegas.

I wonder what their aim is.

4/8/53

I can't believe I'm even writing this. I was suspended without pay. I don't even want to write down in here what they said I was doing to a corpse. A corpse, for God's sake! What are these people up to?

4/10/53

My reflection talked to me again today. I had to take the phone off the hook. People are accusing me of saying such terrible things. Everyone I know hates me. I can't leave the house.

My reflection in the television screen told me it was having fun. It said, "I'm having fun! Are you?" I talked back to it. Why not? I told it I wasn't having fun at all. It said, "You ain't seen nothing yet." That I'm crazy, I guess.

4/15/53

I've been alone in my house for five days. I won't go outside. My phone has finally stopped ringing, but I've been getting letters in the mail. Ten people as of yesterday are suing me for things I never did. I was accused of causing a car accident three days ago. I didn't leave my house the whole day.

4/17/53

I saw myself on television. They had a photograph of me, and they said I killed a woman and her two children in the parking lot of the Piggly Wiggly. They said that 20 people saw me do it. They saw my face. They don't know my name yet, but somebody there had a camera and took a picture of me. They showed it on television. It was me — I mean it really looked like me. Am I that crazy? Did I kill three people and not even know it?

Dr. Kurtzman was arrested on April 17, 1953, and charged with three counts of murder in the first degree. He was electrocuted on June 2, 1953, for a crime committed by a creature of the Unknown.

MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

The Doppelganger appears in the form of its victim once every day until it finally commits the

one heinous crime that it hopes will get its victim into the same position it was in.

Dr. Kurtzman's diary describes the torture the Doppelganger puts its victim through. These creatures enact their revenge following a very strict pattern:

1) The Doppelganger makes its first appearance in the victim's mirror or similar reflective surface. This occurs less than a month after the Doppelganger's execution.

2) Several days later, the Doppelganger begins to manifest in the guise of its victim to the victim's friends, family, business associates, etc. The Doppelganger performs various rude, insulting, obnoxious, or degrading acts in an attempt to discredit the victim among his friends.

3) The Doppelganger teases its victim with threats of all the things it plans to do, all the while appearing as a perfect likeness of the victim.

4) Several weeks go by, and the Doppelganger continues to appear once each day, but its obnoxious acts become increasingly disturbing to the victim's friends. The Doppelganger seems capable of anything at this point. Violence, harassment . . . nothing is beneath it.

5) At the end of several weeks, the Doppelganger commits a particularly brutal murder in front of many witnesses. The Doppelganger makes no attempt to hide its face, since its face is the face of its victim. It then flees the scene of the crime, eventually reverting to its normal incorporeal state so as to ensure that the victim, not the Doppelganger's physical manifestation, is apprehended for the crime.

6) If the Doppelganger has reason to believe the victim might not receive the desired punishment (execution), it continues its manifestations, getting the victim in deeper trouble even in jail.

7) The Doppelganger watches with satisfaction as the victim is executed for a crime he didn't commit.

8) When the victim is dead, the Doppelganger moves on to its next victim: another principal involved in the Doppelganger's own murder trial. The Doppelganger continues to carry out its revenge on one victim after another until everyone it thinks was responsible for its wrongful execution receives the same fate.

Though the Doppelganger appears to be a corporeal, physical entity identical in every respect to its victim, it is actually not a corporeal being in the true sense. The physical manifestation is more akin to a golem or robot that the Doppelganger



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controls from the Unknown. This being the case, the Doppelganger is never affected by physical attacks. In order to maintain the illusion, however, the Doppelganger can fake the effects of physical attacks, accidents, bodily functions, etc.

The Doppelganger's physical manifestation is perfectly capable of physical attacks and tends to have the same sort of skills with weapons, etc., that the victim has.

Strangely, the Doppelganger seems incapable of attacking the person who was actually guilty of the crime that brought about the Doppelganger's execution.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

In order to send a Doppelganger back to the Unknown where it belongs, SAVE envoys must first determine the Doppelganger's true identity, then find the actual guilty party.

Finding the identity of the Doppelganger is often a fairly simple task. The victim, especially in recent years when executions are so rare, will most likely only have been involved in one capital murder case that month. The Doppelganger is the man (or woman) who was executed for that crime.

The most difficult part is then to discover the identity of the actual guilty party. This is especially difficult considering the fact that the Doppelganger continues its harassment of the victim throughout the course of what might prove to be a lengthy investigation.

SAVE envoys involved in such investigations should keep the victim in a closed space (a house, a hotel room, a jail cell, etc.) and not permit him to leave until the Doppelganger is dispelled. This way, any time the victim is seen outside the designated area, the envoys know it was the Doppelganger. In this way, the creature can be tracked and, perhaps, prevented from committing the final crime that will condemn the victim.

All the while, the victim still experiences troubling visitations from the Doppelganger and is undoubtedly on the brink of losing his sanity. This is only one more reason why the investigation into the identity of the guilty party from the Doppelganger's case should be handled as quickly as possible.

Once the guilty party is found, he must then be brought to justice, necessitating a new trial and an official reopening of the investigation. SAVE envoys had best come to the authorities extremely well equipped with proper evidence, or they will not

reopen the investigation, or, if they do, it will be such a lengthy and tedious project that the Doppelganger will have finished with its victim by the time the investigation comes to its logical conclusion.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

The Doppelganger (Double) is further described in the *Chill* hardcover, on p. 209.

HANGMAN

Type: Independent

Category: Departed Spirit

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

A Hangman is a cruel Revenant who seeks vengeance on people who help bring murderers to justice and is also the ghost of a murderer who has justly hanged for a crime.

After choosing a victim, the Hangman subjects him to a haunting involving nightmares of hanged men and women. These dreams soon give way to waking contact. The Hangman sends messages, by various unnatural means, that the victim is soon to die. Finally, the Hangman appears before its victim and tries to kill him.

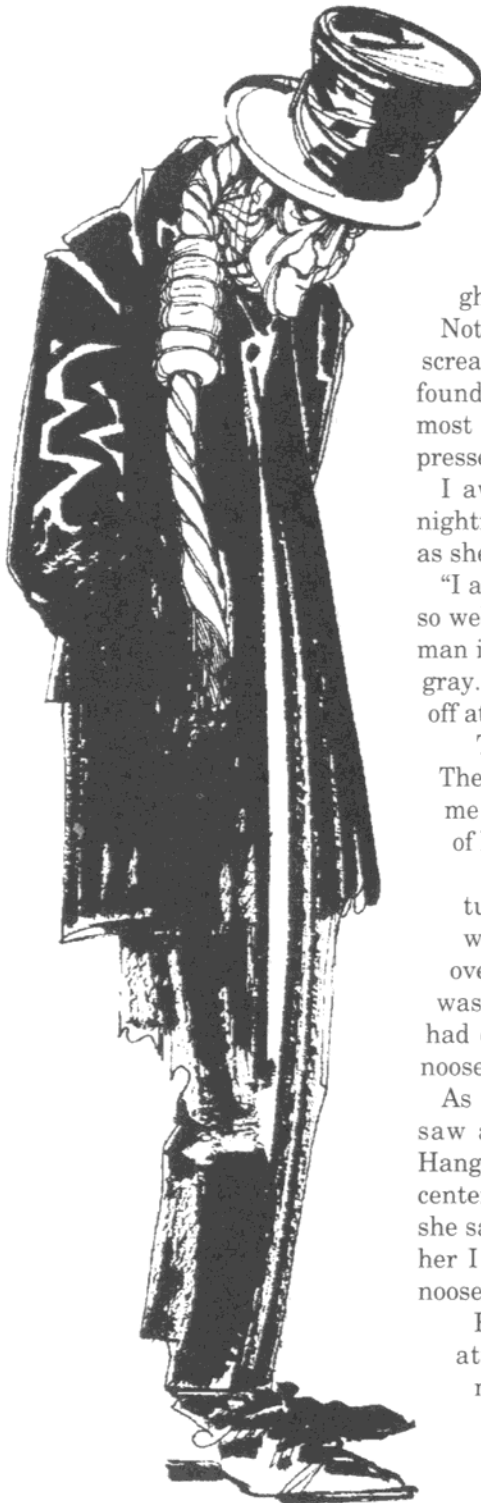
These creatures are one of the rare denizens of the Unknown that work in concert with others of their kind. Two or more Hangman Revenants often attack a single victim simultaneously. They are not the ghosts of the person whom the victim helped to have convicted; they're generally the ghosts of long-dead murderers acting on behalf of the convicted killer, perhaps out of a twisted sort of sympathy.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

In August of 1979, I had an opportunity to do battle with two Hangman Revenants who were haunting a fellow member of SAVE, Camilla Rosa, a very powerful psychic who had just finished helping the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) solve a brutal murder committed in Camilla's hometown of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Canada.

When I arrived at Moose Jaw, Camilla was quite upset. She proceeded to describe several nightmares that had been causing her considerable agitation. I taped her describing one of the dreams, but when I played back the tape, it contained a terribly crude recording of a man's voice. I know I had not taped this, nor had anyone else had access to my tape recorder. The voice was unnaturally deep with a heavy, Southern U.S. accent. This is what the voice said:





"I can hear the creakin' of the gallows. The tappin' of the crow atop the mast. Crows are known to eat the eyes out a hangin' man's sockets. A hangin' woman maybe. Do ya hear the creakin'? They say there's only one at a hangin' don't hear the creakin' after the trap is sprung. Do you like to interfere in other people's business? Maybe when you're on top, lookin' down, you won't be so ready to . . ."

At this point the voice fades away.

That night I slept uncomfortably, thinking of the man's voice on the tape. Before retiring for the night, Camilla and I agreed that we would try to perform a seance the following day in hopes of gaining more insight into the ghost's desires.

Not long after I drifted off to sleep I was awakened by Camilla screaming from the bedroom next door. I ran to her bedside and found her asleep but in the clutches of what must have been a most horrific nightmare. She was clutching at her neck and had pressed her fingernails into her neck so hard that she drew blood.

I awakened her immediately and asked her to recount her nightmare. Still visibly shaken, she complied. This time I wrote as she dictated.

"I already can't remember it so well. I usually remember dreams so well. I know I was standing on a gallows. There was a tall, thin man in front of me. His features were very drawn. He was old and gray. There was a noose around his neck, pulled tight, but ripped off at the rope.

There was a noose around my neck. It suddenly pulled tight. Then it got tighter and tighter. The floor didn't give way beneath me like I thought it would. I was being strangled slowly instead of hanged.

The man was laughing at me. I couldn't look at him, so I turned away. When I turned my head, I came face to face with a pale young woman with wild eyes. Her head fell limp over her left shoulder, and it was quite obvious that her neck was broken. There was a dark red burn on it where the rope had dug in. She smiled at me and began to laugh as well. The noose was tightening more and more. That's when you woke me."

As she finished recounting her dream, I looked to my left and saw a strange shadow on the wall. It was the shadow of a Hangman's noose. Camilla screamed and pointed at a spot in the center of the ceiling. I saw nothing there. When I asked her what she saw, she said she saw a noose hanging from the ceiling. I told her I saw only the shadow. When she reached out to touch the noose, it disappeared, taking its impossible shadow with it.

Before we were able to conduct the seance, Camilla was attacked by the woman she saw in her dream. I saw the manifestation as well. The woman simply materialized out of thin air and began to strangle Camilla. The ghost's feet were shrouded in a gentle mist that followed her appearance. I tried to pull the ghost off of Camilla, but my hands passed through it without resistance.

It was then that my shoulder bumped the



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mantelpiece and caused a silver church bell to fall to the ground. The bell rang as it fell, and the ghost suddenly screamed, jerking its hands from Camilla's neck and disappearing as quickly as it had come.

Pooling our resources, Camilla and I did a great deal of research over the next several days. The two ghosts, one male, one female, appeared at least once every day, but the sound of the church bell always seemed to frighten them off.

After further research, we discovered the probable identities of the ghosts. We then traveled to a cemetery in, of all places, Louisiana. There we discovered the graves of the two ghosts and, ringing the bell three times over each grave, dispelled them both.

MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

Hangman Revenants begin their attack with a series of frightening nightmares. These nightmares always concern hangings and usually end up with a noose around the victim's neck. When a male Hangman appears, in dreams and as an apparition, he appears as a corpse, dressed in the clothes he was hanged in, either dangling at the end of a noose or with a noose hanging from his neck, the rope cut roughly off. Female Hangman Revenants appear as women with obviously broken necks and terrible red rope marks.

After a few such nightmares, the ghost walks invisibly through the house, dangling an all-too-visible noose before the victim's horrified eyes. The noose is a recurring visual theme with Hangman Revenants, and they often parade them in front of their victims as the haunting continues.

The next step in the haunting has the Hangman communicating directly with the victim. These communications can take many forms. The voice on my tape recorder is an excellent example. I have heard stories of messages written in blood on walls, of disembodied voices, even contrived television broadcasts. These communications hint at the victim's fate, with the hanging theme always very strong.

Finally, the Hangman appears before its victim and attempts to strangle him. Perhaps the Hangman eventually reaches a point of boredom with the haunting and decides to get it over with. Once the victim falls unconscious, the Hangman attempts to finish the job by breaking the victim's neck.

I have heard of cases where the Hangman was not able to overcome its victim. In these cases, the Hangman appears again 24 hours later and continues to attempt to strangle its victim until it succeeds.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

It is extremely difficult to dispel a Hangman. I discovered the only known means of doing so quite by accident. The sound of a church bell (either a small hand bell like Camilla had or a larger church steeple bell) will frighten the Hangman away. The Hangman will return, however, in a day or so and try again to strangle its victim. The only way SAVE has found to send it back to the Unknown permanently is to ring the bell three times over its grave, as discovered by envoy Zachary Fellows in 1877. This is made even more difficult by the fact that Hangman Revenants seem able to travel as far from their gravesites as they wish. They go where they can find a suitable victim. This being the case, the envoy attempting to dispel the Hangman may need to travel a great distance to find the Revenant's grave, just as Camilla and I were forced to fly from Canada to Louisiana.

I was fortunate to be in the presence of a talented psychic when we had our run-in with the Hangman Revenants. This made the search for the information we required (the names of the Revenants, their gravesites, etc.) considerably easier and less time consuming. I recommend the use of the Clairvoyant/Prescient Dream Discipline of the Art.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

The Hangman Revenant is described in the *Chill* hardcover, on p. 210.

HATE

Type: Master, Independent

Category: Independent Creature of the Unknown

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

Though not a true Revenant because it was never a living person, the Hate has such similar goals and attitudes toward humanity, it seems appropriate to include it here.

When an evil person of some power is killed, a Hate emerges from the Unknown to seek vengeance on the killer. Being completely incorporeal, invisible, and as such unable to act on its own in the Known world, the Hate uses the Evil Way to elicit the unwilling aid of one of its victim's friends. The Hate then uses this person to attack anyone even remotely resembling its intended victim.

A Hate causes great violence when it appears and often must inhabit several bodies before getting to its target. Its name is most appropriate.



The Hate is a creature of raw negative emotion. It exists as hatred, rage, and anger.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

The following story was told to me under the condition that I not reveal any of the names of the participants or even the place where it occurred. It is the most detailed account of an encounter with a Hate I have ever heard, though, so I have agreed to these conditions.

I can say that the encounter took place in a large city in the United States and the man who told it to me has some involvement with organized crime.

"Somethin' came over (name) all of a sudden. I don't know, he just started freakin' out, y'know. I mean, in this business you see it all. I've seen guys get stabbed and shot and this and that. Tempers flare, y'know? But this guy . . . he just went freakin' bonzo on me.

"We was waitin' to do a job for (name) out by some old warehouses. These two good fellas were bringin' a guy around who needed to get cheesed out. They were gonna drive him up, and we were gonna take care of the business. Anyway, so here we were waitin' freezin' our you-know-whats off. So we're bored, right, so we start talkin'. We're talkin' about this and that and whatever subject comes up. So I told him I was in on the (name) hit.

"You probably don't know (name), but he was one of the big ones, right, a don. Anyway, he ratted out the boss, so we got the contract to take it to the guy. To make a long story short, we waste the man, dump him in the river, and get on with the business of gettin' on with the business, y'know?

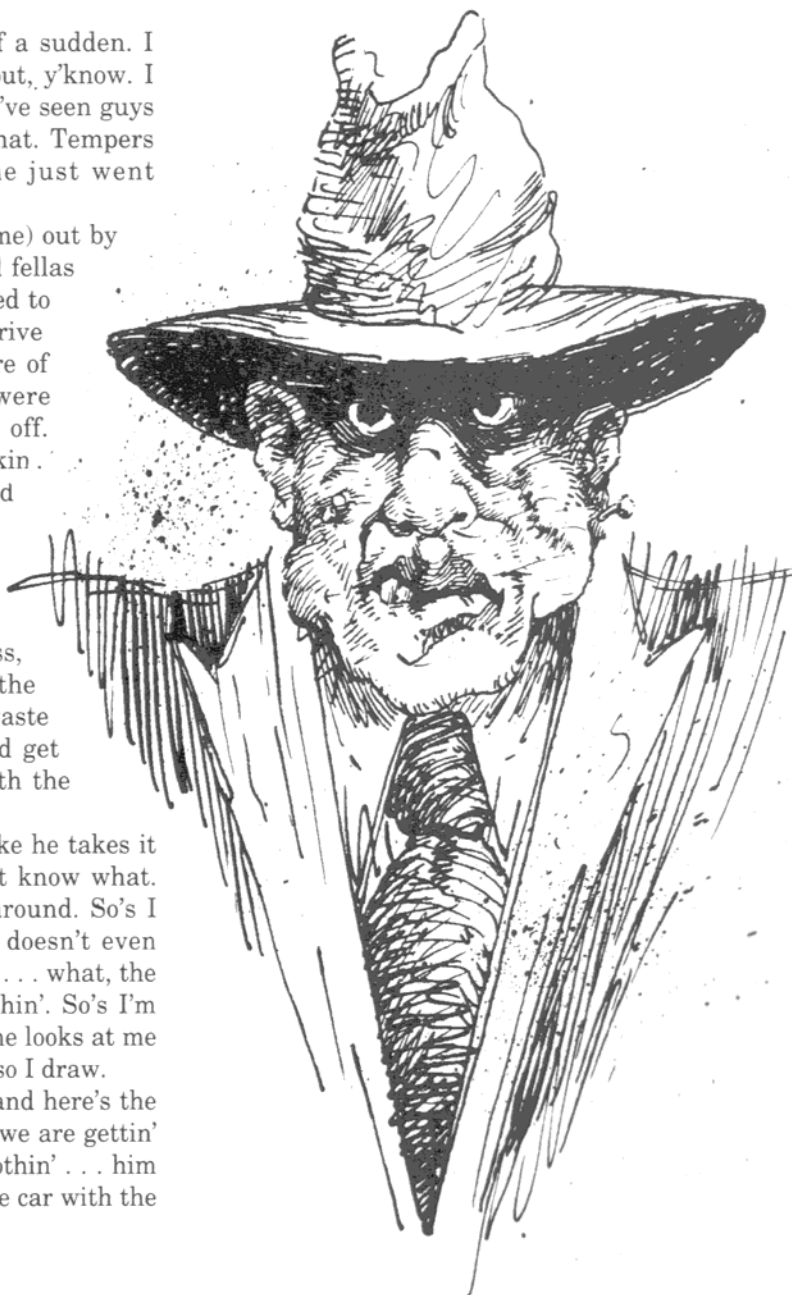
"Anyways, I tell him this, and it's like he takes it personal. Suddenly he gets all I don't know what. He gets all bug-eyed, starts lookin' around. So's I ask him what's his problem, and he doesn't even look at me. He starts talkin' to nothin' . . . what, the thin air. His brain froze up or somethin'. So's I'm tellin' him to snap out of it right, and he looks at me all cold like he's gonna cheese me out, so I draw.

"Okay, just then the limo pulls up, and here's the bunny. We almost blow it cause there we are gettin' ready to pop each other over, what, nothin' . . . him freakin' out. So's our guys get out of the car with the

contract, who's gettin' nervous figurin' he's not meetin' the boss out here like they told him.

"Our guys see I got the gun in my hand and they go to draw when (name) . . . y'know, the guy I was waitin' with . . . starts blastin'.

"Okay, so I go behind some post or somethin'. I'm tryin' to stay out of the way of the bullets, which by now are most absolutely flyin'. The cheese eater gets whacked. The driver gets whacked. Then the guy I'm standin' with gets hit pretty dead center in the chest. I come out figurin' it's all over . . . he's on his knees by then gurglin' away waitin' to become



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fully wasted. He drops his gun so I kick it away and put mine up to his head. He says, chokin' on blood and whatever else, 'Did you hear that?'

"This guy . . . he's gone. He's gone. But he says to me, 'Did you hear that whisper? Did you hear that voice?' I told him I didn't hear nothin' and then I popped him. He was bein' a real jerk to me all week. Ta hell wid 'im.

"So's there's one of our guys there who's not whacked, and I'm thinkin', was (name) nuts or somethin' or was he, most likely this is what he was doin', sellin' us out to (name).

"Anyway, I get in the car with our guy, (name), and we take off. Lots of gunshots, better get on your horse, right? Okay, he's drivin' and so now all of a sudden he starts gettin' goofy on me too. Okay, so I'm already fed up with this 'Do you hear that?' this and 'Did you hear this?' that, and I'm here to tell yas I was ready to take this guy out right away before he starts throwin' bullets all over the place.

"He gets all freaked out. I'm tellin' him to stop the car, and he's goin' faster. Now I have a problem, right? I'm in a very large Caddy goin' about 50 miles an hour. What do I do? Whack the guy out? The car could hit somethin' and dyin' would have ruined a perfectly screwed up day.

"This guy (name) starts talkin' to himself pretty bad now, sayin', 'No, I don't wanna do that,' and 'Don't make me,' and I'm thinkin' there must be somethin' in the air.

"I have my gun on this guy's head now and I'm really lettin' him know that I would really appreciate it if he would stop the car, right now. He starts cryin'.

"Hey, if I'm lyin' I'm dyin'. He starts sobbin' and moanin', 'No, I don't want to get into trouble.' It's like somebody's tellin' him to do somethin'. I ask him nicely if he's wearin' a wire. I always like to ask nicely the first time.

"He starts lookin' at me like he doesn't know what to do. Then he slows down, not too much, but he slows down. Then he tells me to jump. Yeah, right, a \$1,500 suit and I'm gonna jump out of a moving Caddy at 40 miles an hour onto the street after it only just rained and everythin's all cold and wet.

"I get a clue, eventually, and figure this crazy nut's gonna crash the car anyway. So I jumped. Okay, I'm soaked and the Caddy doesn't go five feet until (name) locks up the brakes and spins the rear end around so that the car is facing right at me, and I'm in the middle of the street.

"Sure enough, the guy guns it and comes right for me. I misplaced my gun when I jumped out of the car, so all I could do was hope I'd be able to dive to one side when the thing got up to me.

"I could see (name)'s face, and he was still gettin' all nuts and talkin' to himself. I looked right at him, and he saw me. He was comin' right at me. I had no place to go. So, I start gettin' in as much of the Lord's Prayer as I could remember when (name) pulls the Caddy off to the left and slams into a concrete wall like baBOOM, and the whole thing goes up in flames.

"Okay, religion is for priests, nuns, and your mother, so excuse me if I'm a little ignorant on this one. I saw (name)'s soul come out the top of the car.

"At the time I had probably only wasted, what, 70 or 80 guys. That's a good number, and I ain't ever seen somebody's soul before this. Just before it disappeared, it looked pretty P.O.-ed."

MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

The Hate uses only its single Evil Way ability to cause a great deal of trouble in the Known world. When it finds a suitable body, the incorporeal Hate passes into it and stays there. The creature then proceeds to tell the innocent "body donor" what to do. At first, these commands come as soft whispers in the ear of the body donor.

Anyone so influenced suddenly begins to feel a growing dislike for the victim. The Hate bides its time as the body donor becomes more and more abusive to the victim. At the height of the Hate's control over the donor, the donor plunges into a mad rage and attempts to kill the victim.

The body donor is occasionally lucid, though there are large gaps in his memory probably caused by the incorporeal creature shifting around in his brain. During these lucid moments, the body donor can tell others that he has heard whispers in his ear that tell him to do terrible things.

The Hate keeps with one body until such time as the victim, or the donor body, is killed by someone else. The Hate contacts the donor once a day, usually at night.

Because of its irrational rage, a Hate is never completely sure where its victim is. The Hate forms a fast, unconsidered opinion of the type of person his victim is and then begins to kill everyone who might have had even the minutest involvement with killing the evil person whose death brought out the Hate.



MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

There are four ways known by SAVE to be rid of a Hate.

1) The Hate can fail to Influence the prospective body donor.

2) The Hate can be humored by actually attempting to do what it asks. If the victim is killed, the Hate returns to the Unknown. If the body donor makes a serious attempt to kill the victim, but fails, the Hate leaves it and tries again with a different body.

Though this may be the easiest course of action for the body donor, it puts the actual victim in danger.

3) A no more acceptable conclusion to an encounter with a Hate is the death of the body donor. This frees the donor from the influence of the Hate, but the donor then becomes a Hate himself, undergoing a painful and traumatic mutation stage and joining the ranks of the evil Unknown.

4) Anyone under the influence of a Hate who takes some real risk for another person will drive the Hate out of his body by the completion of a selfless deed.

Obviously, this is SAVE's preferred method of dispelling the Hate.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

The Hate is described in the *Chill* hardcover, on p. 212.

SPECTRAL LOVER

Type: Independent

Category: Departed Spirit

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

Spectral Lovers are malicious Revenants that appear in two distinct manifestations. The first time a Spectral Lover appears, it is as an attractive young man or woman. The second manifestation of the creature is perhaps more true to its nature. This manifestation appears as a withered, monstrous creature, half decayed and reeking of rot and stale perfume or cologne. It comes to the Known world to steal the heart from a happy young person. Using the most seductive means at its disposal, the Spectral Lover Revenant insinuates

itself into a young person's heart, and when that person is at his weakest, the Spectral Lover strikes, quite literally removing the victim's heart from his body.

These Revenants are the ghosts of men or women who are not allowed peace on the other side due to some crime of the heart that they perpetrated while alive. In practical terms, a crime of the heart is the purposeful emotional abuse of a lover or spouse.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

The following letters were auctioned several years ago after having been discovered in the drawer of a very old desk. The letters date from the spring of 1764, and I believe they describe a young man's encounter with a Spectral Lover Remnant.

My Dearest Katherine,

I have thought of nothing but your eyes, your lips, your smile, since we met just this morning. I am a crass and insolent buffoon, I know, but it is your beauty that makes me so. I must tell you that I love you. I must. I love you.

I loved you from the moment my eyes first fell on your perfect face. Perhaps, I've loved you even longer. I believe I was born to love you. I have always loved you.

Please tell me that I will see you again. The memory of your smile is locked forever in my mind.

You must tell me if I am making a fool of myself, even though I do not care. I would gladly be your fool than any other woman's master.

I will write to you every day. I will reveal all of my inner thoughts, my dreams, so that perhaps, someday, you will share yourself with me.

All of my love

Richard

My Dearest Katherine,

I must tell you that, before my life was stilled by your beauty and gentle grace, there was another. She is a part of a history that seems so ancient, surely even the Pharaohs have forgotten her.

And yet I must tell you of her, for I promised to tell you everything. My dreams.

Last night I went to bed so drunk with the sight of your face in my mind I felt like I was sleeping on a bed of rose petals. To have, then, so sinister a dream as I had seems ridiculous.

Still, try as I might, I can't get this dream out of my head. It began with my seeing this other girl, though I have not seen her in many weeks. I remember I was determined to tell her about you, to make sure she knew how in love with you I was, so she would not waste her time waiting for me.



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In my dream I began to speak to her and all at once it was as if she had the arms and legs of some great beetle or insect. They were black, chitinous things, so repulsive I dare not describe them further. She reached out to me with these monster arms, and I do believe I woke up screaming.

Oh Katherine, sweet Katherine, don't you see what your love has done to me? All other women are like grotesque insects compared with your perfection. Even in my nightmares there is a little piece of my love for you.

Dreaming of you.

Richard

Katherine, My Love,

Am I cursed by your love then? I beg you to come to me, to give me some sign that I do not love so deeply in vain. Again, my love for you tempers my dreams.

Last night I dreamt that I was treading water in the middle of a dark lake. It was late at night, and the shore was too far for me to swim to. I was growing tired, my legs heavy. I felt as if I could go down any second.

I called to you in my dream. Called to you to come for me, to rescue me from the deep, dark lake of my obsession.

Instead came that other girl of my acquaintance. Disappointed that it was not you paddling to my rescue, but thankful for any helping hand in my predicament, I reached out for her hand.

When she bent over the side of the boat what greeted my eyes were the same black beetle arms I saw in my previous dream.

You see, even when it means my life, I am repulsed by the touch of any other woman.

I must hasten away to dinner. Adieu, my sweet.

With All That I Am

Richard.

Dearest Katherine,

I do not remember a time when I've ever felt so weak. It is as if the love I feel for you, the love that keeps me alive, is draining away without you here to bolster it.

I had another one of those dreams. This time I was in my bedroom. I had a portrait of you, just the way you were when I first saw you and fell hopelessly in love. In my dream, I lay across my bed, gazing longingly at the portrait of your silent face and begging all the powers of heaven to bring you to me.

And then a knock sounds at my door. It is the girl again. This time she touches me with her grotesque arms and I scream in disgust. She looks at me and at your portrait on the bed behind me. She begins to laugh and no sooner did I regain my composure, but that she was gone. Then it was that it seemed like my own house rose up against me with designs on my life. The ceiling burst into flame and I swear

the walls began to tighten in on me. Knives and other sharp objects flew through the air at me, and nails came up through the floor. All manner of danger descended on me before I awoke.

Every morning I awaken from one of these dreams and I feel weaker. I love you, I love you, I love you, sweet Katherine. Promise me you'll come to me and stop these nightmares. I do not believe I could stand another.

*Your Desperate Love
Richard*

MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

The Spectral Lover is a Revenant that apparently doesn't enjoy wasting time. Where some visitations are drawn out for months on end when other creatures of the Unknown are concerned, Spectral Lovers seem to want to get things over with as quickly as possible.

These creatures always follow the same plan of action.

1) The Meeting

The encounter begins innocently enough. The Spectral Lover assumes its manifestation as an attractive young man or woman waiting in some secluded, romantic spot for the victim to approach. Once seen by the victim, the Revenant gives some sign of recognition designed to spark deeper feelings. This sign is flirtation of the most subtle kind. Once this nugget of recognition is thrown out, the Spectral Lover walks out of sight and vanishes into its true, invisible, incorporeal form to avoid being caught.

2) The Nightmares

That very night, the Spectral Lover uses the Evil Way (Dreamsend) to influence and control the dreams of its victim. Decidedly uncreative creatures, Spectral Lovers always create dreams of a very similar nature. The dreams described by young master Richard in his pining letters are similar, if not identical, to those experienced by other victims of Spectral Lovers. Each Dreamsend attack drains more Willpower from the victim, weakening him for the Spectral Lover's final attack.

The victim has three such nightmares on the three consecutive nights following the first encounter with the Revenant.

3) Manifestation and Murder

On the fourth and final night, the Revenant appears before its victim in its true form: a hideous perversion of its previous beauty. The victim,

weakened by both his own love for the Revenant and the insidious power of the Dreamsend, is overcome by the Spectral Lover's Evil Way attacks. When the victim is dead, the Spectral Lover uses its Unique Wound one last time to rip the victim's heart from his chest. The Revenant returns to the Unknown leaving the victim and his disembodied heart where they lie.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

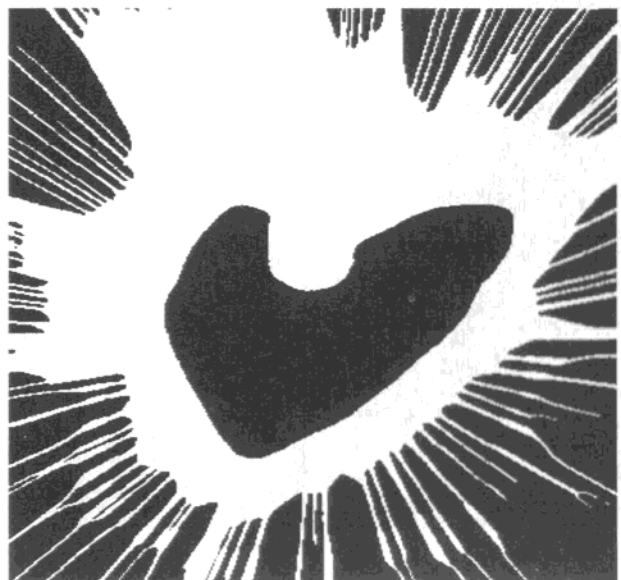
The Spectral Lover is an extraordinarily difficult creature to dispel because it leaves the exorcist very little time to act. The only way to dispel this Revenant is to discover its true identity, then confront it with a portrait or photograph of the lover it spurned in life. This confrontation must be made when the Spectral Lover manifests for its final attack. Since it will not manifest unless its victim is alone, this confrontation must be carried out by the victim himself. The fact that this confrontation must take place only four days after the creature first appears to its victim makes completing the necessary research a difficult proposition.

A Mental Shield is effective in preventing the Willpower loss caused by the creature's Dreamsend. This will help the victim to stand up to the creature better when it makes its final manifestation. Still, it will simply attack over and over again until the victim is dead and his heart is removed from his body or until the creature is confronted with a portrait or photograph of the lover it spurned in life.



CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

Spectral Lovers are detailed in the *Chill* hardcover, on p. 213.



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THE CHILDREN BORN OF THEE ARE SWORD AND FIRE,
RED RUIN, AND THE BREAKING UP OF LAWS.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson
(1809-1892)

MEN FEAR DEATH AS CHILDREN FEAR TO GO IN THE DARK;
AND AS THAT NATURAL FEAR IN CHILDREN IS INCREASED WITH TALES,
SO IS THE OTHER.

—Francis Bacon
(1561-1626)

SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME,
AND FORBID THEM NOT: FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

—Mark 10:14



CHILD SPIRITS



The death of a child is truly a sad occurrence. These innocents, who should represent all that is best in us, are somehow tainted by the idea of death. When children are exposed to the Unknown, that innocence can be twisted and perverted into evil of comparable purity.

This course of research was extremely painful for me to undertake. I never imagined the sort of cruelty the Unknown could force on a child. Until I encountered the two Child Spirits detailed as follows, I thought I had successfully hardened my heart to the Unknown. I thought my contempt would shield me from its often-seductive ways.

Perhaps I was wrong. I cannot help but feel sorry for these two spirits, the Navky and the Utburd, though the evil they commit against the Known world is unforgivable, so are the crimes that caused their spirits such restlessness and denied them, in death, the innocence they possessed in life.

NAVKY (NAHV-KEE)

Type: Independent

Category: Departed Spirit



MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

The Navky is a sad Child Spirit that craves the attention and assistance of the living. This ghost comes into being when a child under the age of 12 either dies without having received a proper baptism or is murdered by its mother. It appears as an infant, uncomfortably nestled in the crook of a dead tree. Passers-by will certainly be attracted to the pitiful sight of a baby, possibly freezing to death, who has apparently been abandoned. In some cases, the ghost appears in a place of some natural danger and is instrumental in causing the passer-by to happen upon an accident. Most often, however, the Navky begs for baptism in a piteous voice that few can refuse.

In some cases, large black birds with eerie calls like the sound of a crying baby surround the appearance of the Navky. It is believed that the ghost has the ability to manifest itself in both forms as it chooses.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

The following story was told to me by Father Stanley Koroscowski of Szcztyno, Poland.

"It was several years ago that this happened. I was in the church when a young woman, a member

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of the congregation, came into the church and approached me, very much in distress. This woman was married and had a young child not even 2 years old. She came to me and asked me to perform a rite of baptism.

NAVKY

AGL: (5 + 2D10) or 90

DEX: N/A

PCN: (75 + 2D10) or 90

PER: (75 + 2D10) or 90

STA: (5 + 2D10) or 20

STR: (5 + 2D10) or 20

WPR: (90 + 2D10) 105

EWS: (120 + 2D10) or 135

ATT: N/A

SR: N/A

WB: N/A

Fear: -15 or -30*

MV: 75' (I)

Type: Independent

Class: I

Category: Departed Spirit

Disciplines:

90/105/125 Contact the Living

90/105/125 Automatic Unique Change Self*

Automatic Unique

Manifestation

*The second score is for the Navky when in the form of a large black bird.

"Of course I was confused. I had already baptized her son. She told me then, and she was very upset, that she had found an abandoned infant and had decided to take it as her own.

"She did not know the child's mother and did not know if it had already received baptism. I asked her to return with the child and that perhaps it ought to go to the orphanage instead. She insisted on raising the child herself, however, and insisted even more strongly that the child be baptized.

"When she left, I couldn't help feeling troubled. Who among my flock would abandon an infant? I thought of all the women I knew to be with child. Of course, it was

one of them. This town was particularly sensitive with babies, I must tell you, after the incident that took place here 12 years before.

"Oh, it was so sad. A young couple had their first child and were very happy. The families congregated here for the baptism. I remember the baby. It had a large birthmark on its chest . . . very unusual. Anyway, the young couple's car fell into the river. It was winter; there was ice. I do not know . . . they skidded into the freezing water. The car sank quickly, and only the couple were saved. Their baby drowned that day . . . on the way to its own baptism. It was a sad day for all of Szczytno.

"Well, and this is where you will find something of interest to your strange quest, when this young woman returned to the church with the baby, it spoke to me. It had the voice of an infant, to be sure, weak and tiny, but it could not have been. The child was too small. I'm sure it was too young to speak. 'Baptize me, Father,' it said, 'Baptize me.'

"I do not know. This is not something an infant

says to you: 'Baptize me.'

"I took the child in my arms, and it was cold. Cold like ice. Its blanket fell away and I saw . . . I still do not know if I believe my own eyes. I saw the birthmark of the baby who drowned in the river.

I believe that this baby had come from beyond the grave. I gave it back to the girl at once. I told her to get it out of my church. I was terrified and disgusted. I prayed for both of them. The innocent young mother was only trying to give a name and a home to what she thought was an abandoned baby, and the baby itself only wanted what it never had: a name, a baptism.

"The next day I heard some tragic news. The young woman who had brought the cursed baby to me had been killed when she apparently slipped and hit her head against the dead tree in which she had discovered the baby.

"Was it this baby that killed her? Could I have prevented this? What if I had given the child what it pleaded for?

"So many questions. Such guilt.

"That is my story."

MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

There are two types of Navkies. The first is the ghost of an unbaptized child that died either of natural causes or in an accident. The second and more evil type of Navky is the ghost of a child murdered by its mother.

If the Navky has returned to the Known world in search of baptism, it will say so. It will beg for baptism and for release. These Navkies do not attempt to lure those who find them to their deaths, unless, it seems, their plea for baptism is refused.

The Navky of a murdered child is considerably more dangerous. This bitter, malicious ghost makes every attempt to lure the passer-by to his untimely death. This type of Navky is beyond redemption and acts purely out of hatred and a lust for vengeance. It is this type of Navky that can manifest as both an infant and a large black bird.

It is possible that because it was so innocent when it was confronted with murder, the child returns to the Known world knowing only murder and cruelty.

When they choose to manifest as infants, Navkies take on corporeal form, and except for feeling cold to the touch, they are indistinguishable in every way from the baby as it was when alive. This corporeal form is simply a tool of the otherwise invisible Navky, so physical attacks do not affect the Navky itself.



MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

If the Navky has returned from the Unknown in search of baptism, a simple ceremony to do just that will send it away. Those performing the ceremony must know the full name the dead child's parents intended for it. In some cases, Navkies haunt a community for decades, making this task a difficult one. None of the child's relatives needs to be there, and the presence of the Navky itself is not required to complete the ceremony.

If the Navky is the ghost of a murdered child, the method of sending the spirit peacefully to the other side is only slightly more difficult. Convincing evidence must be gathered to prove that the child's mother was its murderer. This evidence must then be presented to the community. If the mother is still alive, she must then be brought to justice. Once this is done, the child can rest in peace.

UTBURD (OOT-BIRD)

Type: Independent

Category: Departed Spirit

MEDIUM'S INTRODUCTION

The Utburd is the most terrifying creature I have ever encountered.

Most common in Norway and other parts of Northern Europe and Scandinavia, this hateful creature is the ghost of an aborted fetus. It is a very rare occasion for such a creature to manifest, and the circumstances surrounding its abortion must have been extremely traumatic.

Ordinarily invisible, the Utburd can materialize into corporeal form in order to exact its revenge on its mother and then on humanity in general.

EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

The following is a lesser-known folk tale from 19th Century Norway. Mainly through the influence of the church, the existence of abortions was kept hidden, illegal, and shameful until fairly recently. Since repeating this story was a sort of acceptance that the practice existed at all, it was not looked upon kindly by the church and, therefore, nearly slipped into obscurity. I present the tale here in translation from the way it was written in 1816 for a book of Norwegian folk tales. The church intervened before the book went to press, and this particular tale was not included. This may very well be its first publication.

The Utburd

Once upon a time there was an old couple who hated children. When the village children would run past, they would shout out their windows at the children and sometimes throw stones at them to keep them away. It soon came to pass that although she was older than most to have her first child, the lady became pregnant. With the help of her evil husband, they saw to it that she had a miscarriage.

The old couple seemed to take pleasure in this evil deed and even bragged about it to the villagers. All the people of the village knew they must be monsters. Children stopped playing near their house, and no one said hello to the couple when they came into the village. Then one cold and dark night, a black dog ran alone through the village, howling its defiance to the moon. The villagers closed their shutters and turned their eyes away from the evil hound. The dog ran to the evil old couple's house outside the village, and there it took on its true form. The baby that never was had returned to punish its cruel parents. Becoming nothing more than a curl of smoke, the Utburd went in through the keyhole and found its would-be parents fast asleep.

Then the evil son of evil parents took shape again. This time it became a baby, but with skin like rock-hard ice. Its eyes burned with an evil light as it crept across the floor to the sleeping couple's bed. It



APPARITIONS

climbed with sharp claws up the bedpost and began to crawl, ever so slowly making its way to its mother's face.

When the couple woke up, they saw a horrible sight, a monstrous baby, the embodiment of their every nightmare. The sight of the Utburd paralyzed the couple with fear.

Saying nothing to either of them, the infant reached its mother's face and put its ice-cold claws to her eyes. She screamed as the Utburd clawed her eyes from their sockets. Her husband could only watch helplessly as the monster dug every last piece of his wife's eyes from her head. Blood splashed on his face, but he could not move to wipe it off.

When it was his turn, the Utburd made it quicker, clawing out his neck and severing the vein. The old woman screamed and screamed into the night. She could not see the Utburd return to a curl of smoke and whisk out the keyhole from whence it came.

MEDIUM'S CONCLUSIONS

These horrific creatures are born of violence and hatred, returning to the Known world, which they never really knew, to exact their hideous revenge. The Utburd is capable of corporeal manifestation, as the cold, hard, supernaturally strong infant with glowing eyes described in the folk tale. It is also capable of taking the form of a large black dog or an owl.

The Utburd attacks its mother first, clawing her eyes out while she lays in bed, paralyzed. The creature takes great care not to kill its mother, but only to blind her. This is the sort of cruelty the creature is capable of. It then goes on to destroy the father, then all other members of the family, in hopes of leaving the mother blind and alone, with the last thing she ever saw being the twisted, hideous face of the Utburd crawling to its attack.

Once its revenge on its family is complete, the Utburd wanders the world, freely taking random victims to a gruesome end. It seems that the ghost of someone who never had an opportunity to live is tremendously envious of the living.

MEDIUM'S RECOMMENDATIONS

The Utburd is an evil creature driven mad by its innocent exposure to the worst parts of the Unknown. I believe it is the responsibility of SAVE to hunt down and destroy all such creatures wherever they may appear.

Utburds are afraid of water and of iron, which are the only instruments of their destruction. I do

not know why water and iron are necessary, though it may have something to do with the actual technique of the abortion that brought about its existence. The only way to kill an Utburd is to confront it with these two things which it fears so, thereby robbing it of its ability to frighten and disgust, since it is now the one who is frightened and disgusted.

To destroy an Utburd, it must first be dowsed with water while in one of its three corporeal forms (baby, dog, or owl). This somehow prevents it from reverting back to its normally incorporeal form and escaping into the Unknown. The Utburd must then be impaled on an iron spike. Once the spike goes completely through the Utburd's body, the creature dies, reverting to its incorporeal form and simply dissipating.

This is not a simple task, since the Utburd possesses superhuman strength while in its corporeal form and will certainly put up a terrific fight.

Many SAVE envoys will be reluctant to impale a screaming baby on an iron spike, and I fully understand anyone's objection to this terrible act. I must stress, however, that the Utburd is not a baby, and it never was one. It is a creature of the Unknown that is capable of causing terrible suffering among humanity. It is a monster to be killed as quickly as possible.

The Utburd is not affected by any other form of physical attack.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

If an Utburd finds itself near water, it disappears into its incorporeal form. Also, it never attacks anyone standing in water. Dowsing it with water keeps it from going incorporeal for 1D10 minutes for each dowsing.

UTBURD

AGL: (55 + 2D10) or 70

DEX: N/A

PCN: (90 + 2D10) or 105

PER: N/A

STA: (100 + 2D10) or 115

STR: (100 + 2D10) or 115

WPR: (90 + 2D10) or 105

EWS: (125 + 2D10) or 140

ATT: 1; (60 + 2D10) or 75

SR: 3

WB: 25

Fear: -55

MV: 200' (L), 225' (I), 5' (W)

Type: Independent

Class: I, C

Category: Departed Spirit

Disciplines:

105/120/140 Paralyzing

Countenance (see Appendix

C, page 93)

105/120/140 Change Self

75/90/110 Chill

75/90/110 Hound

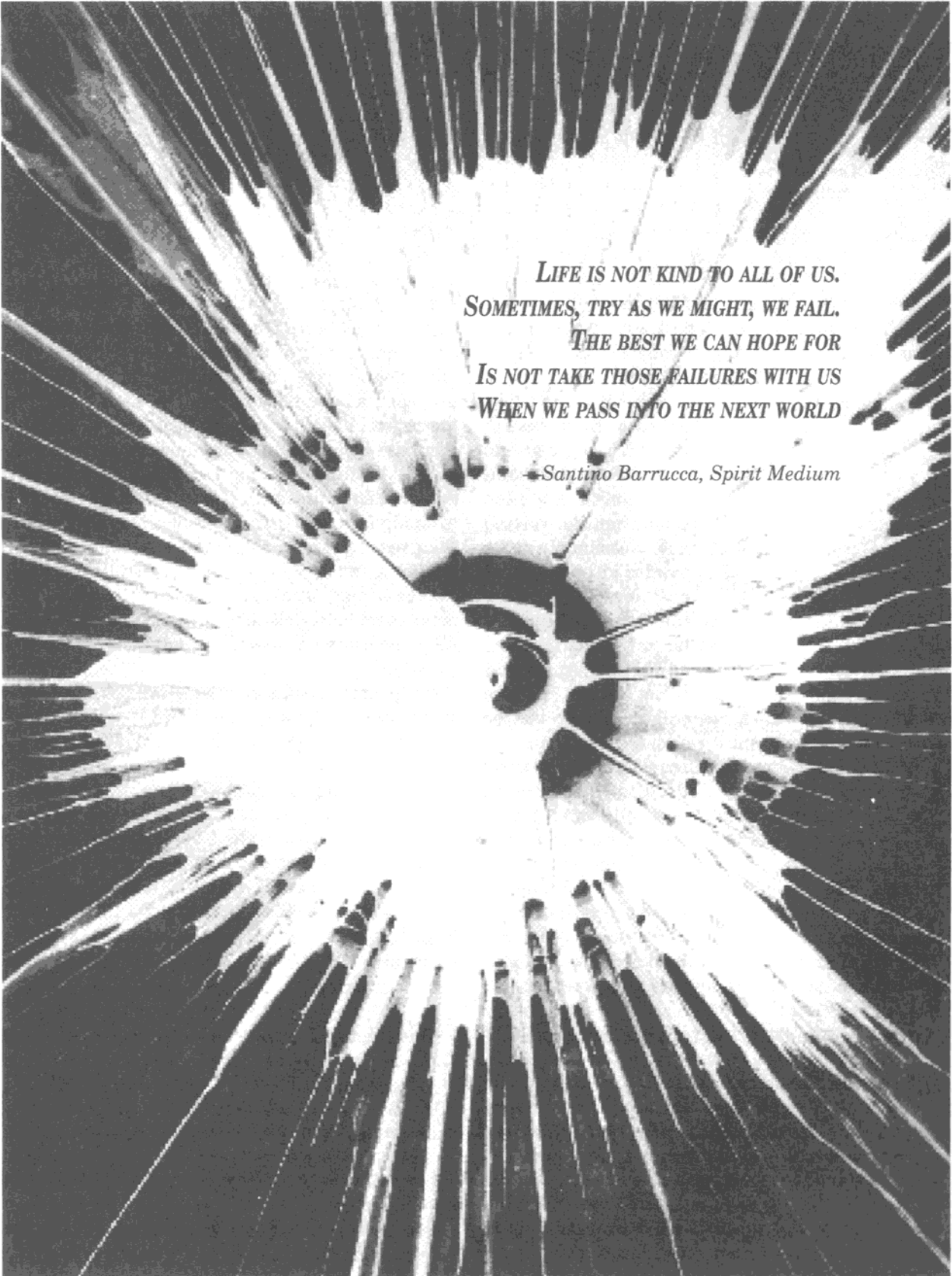
75/90/110 Putrefied Shell

75/90/110 Wave of Fog

Automatic Unique Corporeal

Manifestation





*LIFE IS NOT KIND TO ALL OF US.
SOMETIMES, TRY AS WE MIGHT, WE FAIL.
THE BEST WE CAN HOPE FOR
IS NOT TAKE THOSE FAILURES WITH US
WHEN WE PASS INTO THE NEXT WORLD*

-Santino Barrucca, Spirit Medium



SPECTRAL REMNANTS

If there is a hierarchy among the incorporeals of the Unknown, Spectral Remnants occupy a place somewhere between Apparitions and Revenants.

A NOTE TO CHILL MASTERS

At the end of this section is an expanded section of Chill Master's Notes including all relevant Chill game statistics and ideas for creating your own Spectral Remnants.

More powerful than a simple reflection of the dead but no match for the terrifying evil and power of the Revenant, these ghosts are often somewhat slow-witted and occasionally serve other supernatural entities. At the very least, they haunt a place that once served as the site of a great

failure in their miserable lives. Surely, if there could be such a thing, Spectral Remnants are the poor relations of the spirit world.

To date, SAVE has identified 93 unique Spectral Remnants, and more are added to that list each year. I will not be able to report fully on each type of Spectral Remnant herein. I have chosen, however, three examples of these shades of failures. SAVE envoys should already be familiar with the other three major types: the Battlefield Remnant, the Headless Horseman, and the Theater Remnant (see the *Chill* hardcover, pp. 214-217, for details), since their appearance is frighteningly common.

What all of these pitiful creatures have in common is the simple fact that, in life, they were all hopeless failures. They come out of the Unknown to relive these failures and lash out against the living in their frustration. These creatures are twisted monsters of the Unknown and have certain powers that can make them formidable adversaries. They all have the ability to manifest in corporeal form (though they're naturally incorporeal) and to use certain Disciplines of the Evil Way. Some act

independently, while others serve more powerful entities. No Spectral Remnant, however, is master over another creature of the Unknown.

This section of my report differs in organization from previous entries in order to make sure that the relevant information for each type of Spectral Remnant is presented clearly and concisely. I invite all SAVE envoys to contact me with reports of Spectral Remnants they may encounter in their campaign against the Unknown. I have dropped the presentation of Eyewitness Accounts in this section as well. Believe me, I have collected many stories of Spectral Remnants and expect to hear many more before the Unknown is finally defeated.

For each Spectral Remnant, I discuss four topics:

- Appearance, what the Remnant looks like when it manifests,
- Aim, its reason or reasons for haunting the Known world,
- Abilities, its special powers or ability to use the Evil Way, etc., and
- Exorcism, the means by which the Remnant can be driven away from the Known world.

CANDIDATE

Type: Independent

Category: Departed Spirit

APPEARANCE

This Remnant is the ghost of a failed politician. It appears at the site of major political conventions, rallies, demonstrations, etc. It is apparently attracted by the lies and corruption common at such proceedings. The Remnant appears as it did in life, usually as a slightly overweight, middle-aged white man, often wearing a white suit and festooned with buttons exalting long-forgotten candidates. These ghosts are most common in the southern half of the United States, the city of Chicago, and many parts of Italy.





AIM

These ghosts continue to come back in search of votes, but their constant defeats in life have made them uncharacteristically bitter. While they may have loved a good debate while they were alive, as ghosts they find political disagreements cause for violence and murder. When a Candidate Remnant is encountered, it attempts to sway everyone present to its side of the political fence of a very specific issue, most likely one long-forgotten by anyone currently living. If

anyone does anything but listen attentively and offer a vote "come election day," the ghost grows indignant and attacks.

ABILITIES

The Candidate cannot attack physically but uses its knowledge of the Evil Way to launch an attack on the crowd using Breath of Pestilence. Before this, however, the Candidate attempts to Hypnotize the crowd into voting for it. If the crowd seems enthusiastic, it eventually goes away happy but soon returns to this "friendly territory" to make another speech. If that one is also well received, the ghost returns time and time again.

EXORCISM

The only way to get rid of a Candidate Remnant is to hold a mock election, passing out ballots to as many people who have encountered the Remnant as possible. These people must vote unanimously for the Candidate. When all of the votes are counted, the Candidate has finally experienced the success that eluded it in life and is able to cross over in peace. The Remnant, during this mock election,

uses all of its powers to sway the voters to its position. If the election is not unanimous, but the ghost is still voted in, the Candidate promises to run for re-election. It goes away happy but then reappears to all the same people exactly four years later on a new campaign trail. If the Candidate loses the election, he attacks.

GRANDFATHER

Type: Independent

Category: Departed Spirit

APPEARANCE

A Grandfather Remnant is the ghost of a family patriarch who thinks that his family will surely fall apart when he dies. This being the case, when he does die, he refuses to accept death and simply does not go away.

The Grandfather Remnant appears as it normally did during life, but its physical form continues to decompose at a normal rate until only the most minimal muscle tissue required to hold its bones together remains. Thankfully, the Remnant does not have the capability of re-creating the smell involved in this process. If the Grandfather is exhumed, the body will be found in the grave. The corporeal manifestation that plagues the family is merely a creation of the otherwise incorporeal ghost.

AIM

The Grandfather Remnant simply refuses to leave its family. The ghost speaks with its family quite candidly, telling them it knows they can't live without it and otherwise proceeding through life as if its death never happened. If its children and their families live in different parts of the country, it chooses the one it thinks most needs it and lives there permanently, leaving for extended visits with the other children at whatever time it thinks the visit is appropriate. In other words, whenever it wants to.

I believe that these odd manifestations occur when a family's patriarch dies believing that its family is at risk of breaking up. This sense of failure as a father and authority figure causes the departed spirit to remain restless and refuse to cross over.

CANDIDATE

AGL: (25 + 2D10) or 40

DEX: (40 + 2D10) or 55

PCN: (55 + 2D10) or 70

PER: (85 + 2D10) or 100

STA: (25 + 2D10) or 40

STR: (20 + 2D10) or 35

WPR: (80 + 2D10) or 95

EWS: (105 + 2D10) or 120

ATT: 1; uses only disciplines

SR: N/A

WB: N/A

Fear: -10

MV: as character (L); 100' (I)

Type: Independent

Class: I, C

Category: Departed Spirit

Disciplines:

85/100/120 Breath of Pestilence

85/100/120 Hypnotize

Automatic Unique Manifestation



APPARITIONS

ABILITIES

The Grandfather seems to have few violent tendencies and I've never heard of one that actually attacked its own family. It does pick up some Evil Way Disciplines, however, and uses these to "help" its family. This usually turns out to annoy and inconvenience them, but the Grandfather doesn't care. It knows that Grandfather knows best. For instance, the Remnant uses its ability to Change Temperature to make it either extremely hot or extremely cold in the house, then grows offended at any complaints. The temperature inside should be the opposite of the temperature outside, that is, the house is freezing cold in the summer or boiling hot in winter.

EXORCISM

At first, it is difficult for a family to send away the Grandfather whose death they had just experienced. When the corporeal form of the ghost begins to rot away, leaving large clumps of hair and skin on the floors, furniture, and bath tubs, exorcism begins to look much more attractive.

The Grandfather can be dispelled simply by having the entire family over for a big family dinner. For the entire day, however, no one in the family can say a single negative thing to any other

member of the family. Everyone must get along or at least appear to get along perfectly that day. If this occurs, the Grandfather sees that its family is happy, and it feels comfortable enough to leave. When everyone wakes up the next morning, all trace of the Grandfather Remnant will be gone, and it never returns. If the family is incapable of getting along, the Grandfather stays, and the family has to wait one month before trying the family dinner again.

GRANDFATHER

AGL: (10 + 2D10) or 25

DEX: (15 + 2D10) or 30

PCN: (65 + 2D10) or 80

PER: (40 + 2D10) or 55

STA: (15 + 2D10) or 30

STR: (20 + 2D10) or 35

WPR: (90 + 2D10) or 105

EWS: (70 + 2D10) or 85

ATT: 1; uses only disciplines

SR: N/A

WB: N/A

Fear: -10; -1 per day as rot sets in

MV: as character (L); 125' (I)

Type: Independent

Class: I, C

Category: Departed Spirit

Disciplines:

50/65/85 Change Temperature

50/65/85 Inhabit

Automatic Unique Manifestation

SPECTRAL ORGANIST

Type: Independent, Servitor

Category: Departed Spirit

APPEARANCE

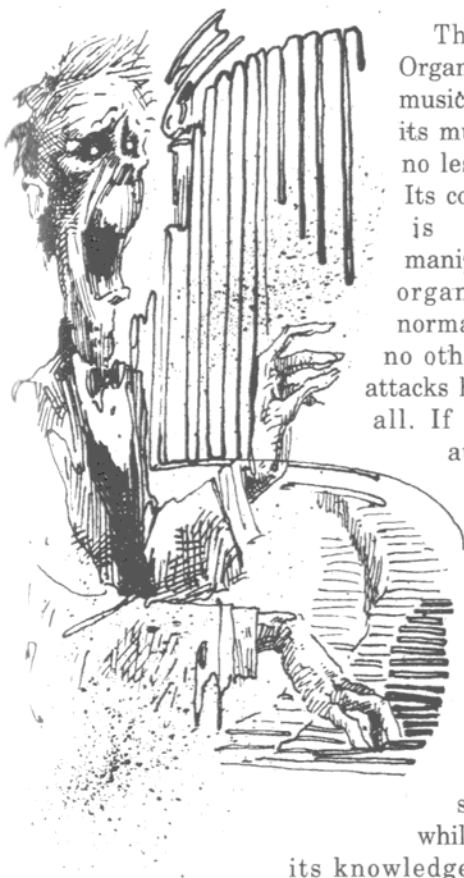
The Spectral Organist is a variation of the Theater Remnant (*Chill* hardcover, p. 216). This ghost of an unknown organist returns to the Known world to continue its futile search for recognition as an artist and performer. Though these ghosts are usually classically trained musicians, several Spectral Organists have appeared, especially in the United States, that were more popular-music oriented, like the Spectral Organist that occasionally played at White Sox night baseball games at Comiskey Park in Chicago in the 1930s.

Spectral Organists normally appear as drawn, sad figures dressed in evening wear. They sit at an organ in a church or concert hall late at night and play, sometimes for hours on end. Typical Spectral Organists seem to share a love of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor.

AIM

These ghosts generally want nothing more than to play their music, undisturbed and unmolested. Sometimes, though rarely, Spectral Organists go in search of an audience for their work, appearing before people in hopes of finally finding a receptive audience. They occasionally serve more powerful creatures of the Unknown as "house musicians."





ABILITIES

The typical Spectral Organist was a failure as a musician while it lived, and its musical ability remains no less mediocre in death. Its corporeal manifestation is required only to manipulate the keys of the organ and serves the normally incorporeal spirit no other purpose. Physical attacks have no effect on it at all. If it senses it has an audience, the Spectral Organist attempts to Hypnotize them with its music. The ghost is most offended by any interruption while it is playing and hurls insults and deprecations at anyone who dares speak or even cough while it is playing. It uses its knowledge of the Evil Way to

plunge the room into unnatural Quiet if the interruptions continue.

EXORCISM

In order to dispel a Spectral Organist, you must force it to listen to a performance of a more skilled and talented organist than itself. Though it was once difficult to persuade the ghost to give up its place at the organ to a new performer, let alone find a world-class organist willing to cooperate in the exorcism, modern technology has made this much easier. The exorcist need only overcome the Spectral Organist's enforced Quiet and play a tape or compact disc of an exceptional organ performance within the ghost's range of hearing. Before the first piece is complete, the Spectral Organist will recognize its shortcomings and go back where it came from.

SPECTRAL ORGANIST

AGL: (50 + 2D10) or 65
 DEX: (60 + 2D10) or 75
 PCN: (60 + 2D10) or 75
 PER: (5 + 2D10) or 20
 STA: (25 + 2D10) or 40
 STR: (20 + 2D10) or 35
 WPR: (85 + 2D10) or 100
 EWS: (110 + 2D10) or 125
 ATT: 1; only uses disciplines
 SR: N/A
 WB: N/A
 Fear: -25
 MV: as character (L); 125' (I)
 Type: Independent, Servitor
 Class: I (m)
 Category: Departed Spirit
 Disciplines:
 95/110/130 Hypnotize
 95/110/130 Quiet
 Automatic Unique Manifestation



DESIGNING SPECTRAL REMNANTS

Designing your own Spectral Remnants is a fairly simple task. Almost any occupation known could have its share of failures who carry this curse on with them after death. Spectral Remnants work well as sort of general-purpose ghosts that can be designed specifically for any conceivable *Chill* scenario.

CMs should follow a few simple guidelines and keep in mind a few general rules to keep a *Chill* campaign consistent and balanced.

Remnants are always capable of the following:

- Automatic Unique (corporeal) Manifestation. They can take solid or semi-solid form or are Class: I (m) or I, C.

- Knowledge of the Evil Way. All Remnants have some degree of ability in the Evil Way and possess at least two disciplines.

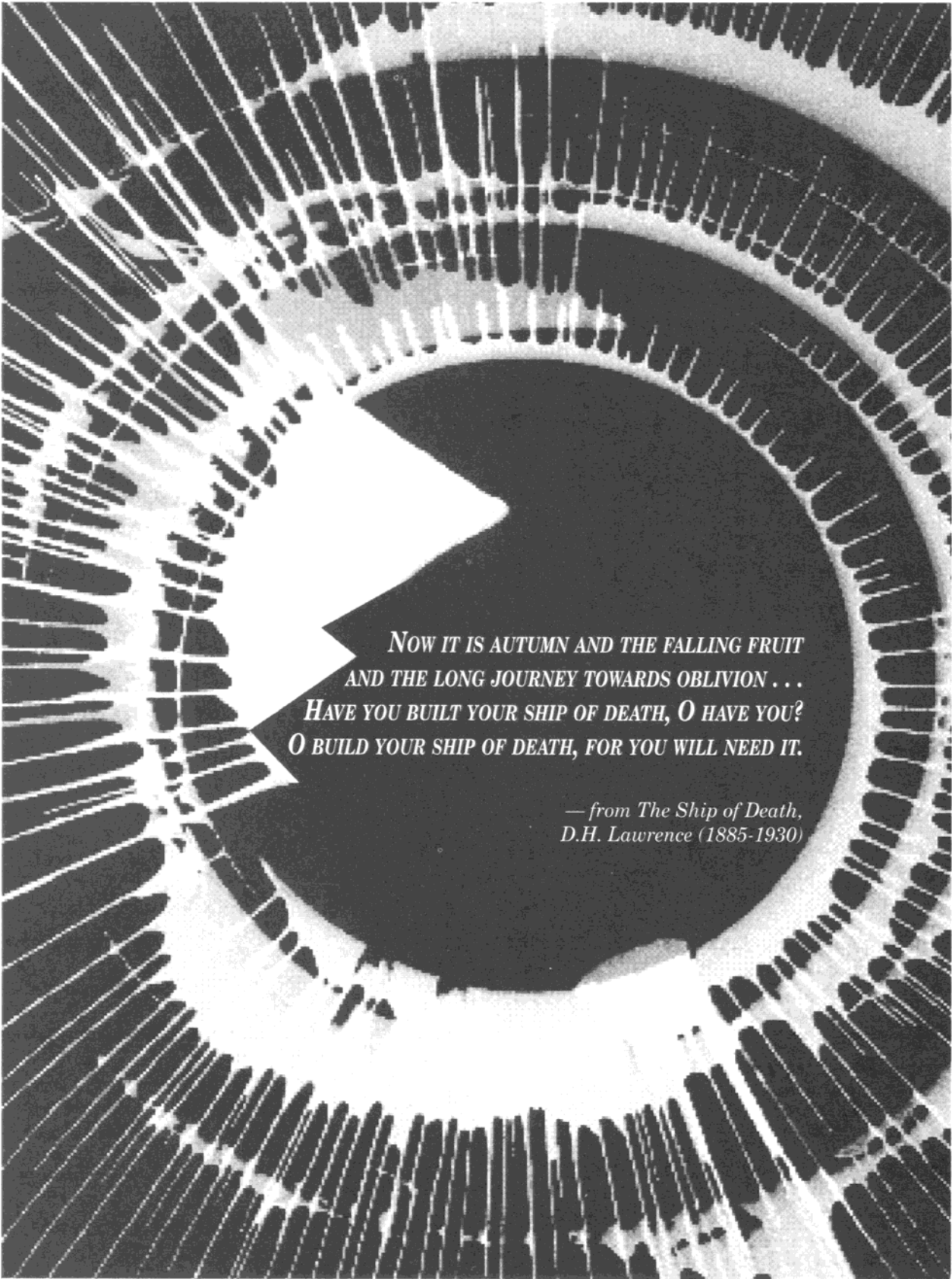
- Murder and Mayhem. With only the rarest of exceptions (like the Grandfather), Remnants are evil creatures from the Unknown with no regard for human life.

- Variety is the spice of life. Remnants come in infinite variety. Wherever there is the potential for failure, there's a potential for a Spectral Remnant of that failure. The Theater Remnant detailed in the *Chill* hardcover, on p. 216, for example, is only one variation of similar creatures. Remnants of this type don't have to be critics inhabiting theater lobbies. They can be sculptors that inhabit certain sculptures, painters that inhabit paintings, galleries, or studios, dancers, singers, bassoonists, dog trainers, anything.

- Always a bridesmaid . . . Spectral Remnants come about by the death of a habitual failure. This is the strongest common link between all of these various creatures. The Candidate can't be the ghost of a successful politician. If he was elected to any office higher than the local level, unless he was somehow absolutely and completely disgraced beyond all redemption, he's too successful to be a Remnant.

Statistics and exorcisms pertaining to Remnants vary greatly depending on the individual type. Use the previously listed Remnants for guidelines when creating such statistics.

APPARITIONS



NOW IT IS AUTUMN AND THE FALLING FRUIT
AND THE LONG JOURNEY TOWARDS OBLIVION . . .
HAVE YOU BUILT YOUR SHIP OF DEATH, O HAVE YOU?
O BUILD YOUR SHIP OF DEATH, FOR YOU WILL NEED IT.

— from *The Ship of Death*,
D.H. Lawrence (1885-1930)



SPECTRAL CONTRIVANCES

Not all Apparitions take on the form of a person or animal. I have discovered that the Spectral Contrivance, or the apparition of a made thing, such as a ship, train, or castle, is considerably more common than first thought. Who among us has not heard the tales or perhaps even seen the tall, ill-kept mast of the infamous Mary Celeste? This “ghost ship” has sailed for countless years . . . why?

The Unknown is a crowded place with room enough for every manner of abomination. In certain instances, a manufactured thing is so strongly linked to some great psychic trauma that it too melds into the hateful Unknown as its time in the Known world passes. By some process I still do not understand (and perhaps never will, for that is the nature of the Unknown), these contrivances, be they ships, carriages, trains, even buildings from modest houses to mighty castles, gain some sort of evil sentience in the stormy pits of the Unknown. Just as the Unknown has its malign effects on the souls of men, it twists the purpose and history of even a presumably inanimate thing into a creature of power and hatred.

Though the process by which they are created may elude us, it is often easy to discover the root cause of such transformations. By virtue of the psychic bond with its crew, its enemies, or others involved way with it, a ship or similar thing takes on aspects of the living.

Don't seamen refer to their vessels as “she”? Certainly we grant our handiwork names, even personalities. When the Unknown becomes involved, these otherwise harmless, even charming personifications can become terribly twisted.

When such a Contrivance is the site or cause of some great tragedy or trauma . . . a ship or train

wreck, a massacre or battle . . . the psychic impressions left by those in distress seem to fester in the workings of the thing as it passes through the Unknown. Unlike Hauntings, these apparitions are not necessarily tied to a specific place, and even ghostly buildings can appear in many different places, depending on the whim of the now-sentient creature or its master. Still, fixed-location hauntings involving Contrivances are common. This is especially true of things which were, in their true “life,” generally fixed to a certain location. A train, for instance, might haunt a certain length of track or a castle appear where it once stood. Ships often haunt the area where they went down, their home ports, or where the trauma occurred.

In practice, Spectral Contrivances bear a close resemblance to Spectral Remnants in the level of power they wield. Like Remnants, these ghosts often serve more-powerful masters.

Following are descriptions of four types of Spectral Contrivances, the Riderless Carriage, the Spectral Castle, the Ghost Ship, and the Ghost Train. Many other such apparitions exist, and SAVE envoys are encouraged to record such visitations in detail for future reports. Tales of spectral houses, boats, even aircraft have been circulated. Some people have even claimed to have seen an apparition of the fated airship Hindenburg silently hovering over the eastern United States.

For purposes of clarity, I will describe Spectral Contrivances in much the same way as I did their relatives, the Spectral Remnants. Each entity's Appearance, Aim, Abilities, and the means by which to achieve Exorcism are discussed in that order. Also, a section called Chill Master's Notes follows, with *Chill* game statistics for each Contrivance.



APPARITIONS

RIDERLESS CARRIAGE

Type: Independent, Servant

Category: Departed Spirit

APPEARANCE

The Riderless Carriage appears as a horse-drawn carriage of the type usually operated by a gentleman of means. The carriage has no driver but appears to be pulled by two or more strong horses. In general, these carriages are known to move along roadways at speeds considerably in excess of what would normally be expected of such vehicles.

RIDERLESS CARRIAGE

AGL: (35 + 2D10) or 50

DEX: (35 + 2D10) or 50

PCN: (60 + 2D10) or 75

PER: (15 + 2D10) or 30

STA: (35 + 2D10) or 50

STR: (80 + 2D10) or 95

WPR: (65 + 2D10) or 80

EWS: (120 + 2D10) or 135

ATT: 1; (75 + 2D10) or 90/

(120 + 2D10) or 135

SR: 6/10

WB: (70 + 2D10) or 85/(110 + 2D10) or 125

Fear: -10

MV: 360°/700' (L), 400' (A), 700' (I)

Type: Independent, Servitor

Class: I (m)

Category: Departed Spirit

Disciplines:

73/88/108 Flight

73/88/108 Wave of Fog

90/105/125 Unique Wound
(Trampling)

Automatic Unique
Manifestation

Riderless Carriages often remain in their incorporeal states, passing harmlessly through any obstacles. In some cases, they haunt a particular stretch of road. If, in intervening years, the road was moved or altered in some way, the Riderless Carriage continues along its original route, passing through trees, houses, shopping malls, etc.

In those rare cases when a rider does appear atop the carriage, that rider is himself a Spectral Remnant. In this case, neither the driver nor the carriage is truly the "master." Most likely both are equally driven to reenact the cause of their mutual damnation.

Like all Spectral Contrivances, Riderless Carriages possess the ability to manifest in corporeal form. Only when they do this do witnesses hear the clacking of the horses' hoofs. When in their true incorporeal form, the carriages are unnaturally silent. The sound they make is tied to their past "life," so that even if a roadway is altered, or removed altogether, they sound as if they are running over cobblestones, gravel, or whatever surface was underfoot before they crossed into the Unknown.

Witnesses have further reported the presence of an eerie mist or fog that precedes the carriage, hiding the point at which it does or does not make physical contact with the ground below it.

AIM

The reasons that Riderless Carriages return to the Known world are varied. Most often, they materialize at the command of some powerful practitioner of the Evil Way and serve as a means of transport for that creature. When they appear on their own, the appearance is usually connected with some sort of accident or deliberate act of evil perpetrated either by the carriage acting on its own (a runaway) or at the command of some negligent or murderous driver. It is possible that in the case of deliberate evil perpetrated by the driver of the carriage, the driver's malignant soul is molded into the workings of the carriage during its time in the Unknown, and the driver must serve out his curse in the guise of his carriage.

Riderless Carriages are usually harmless when operating on their own, though they are capable of taking violent action on either intended victims or innocent passers-by.

ABILITIES

In 1964, SAVE envoy Alyse Dispayin encountered a Riderless Carriage apparently under the command of the (now thankfully destroyed) vampire Shistaad. Miss Dispayin apparently rode the carriage from the small town of Mortestadd to the vampire's castle in the mountains east of Bistrita in the Rumanian province of Transylvania. At one point during the ride, Miss Dispayin reported that the carriage actually took flight, skimming the treetops for several minutes before again coming to rest on the road to Shistaad Castle. (Flight appears to be a universal ability of such manifestations.)

Violence committed by a Riderless Carriage, either through its own free will or by command of its master, usually takes the form of a powerful trampling. Being run over by two or more horses and a heavy, ornamented carriage, coupled with the supernatural powers possessed by this creature, can be quite deadly.

EXORCISM

If the Riderless Carriage was summoned from the Unknown by a conscious act of will (by use of the Contrivance from Beyond Discipline), then only its master or its master's death or banishment from



the Known world will send the thing back from whence it came.

To exorcise a freely manifesting carriage, the exorcist must find out the carriage owner's name. Armed with this knowledge, he must then wait for the carriage to manifest. Shouting the name of the owner causes the carriage to halt in its course. Having halted the carriage, the exorcist must read from a written public record a description of the accident or crime that caused the carriage's curse. At this point, the carriage turns and rides off into the Unknown. SAVE envoys should be cautioned that these creatures have been known to attack an exorcist before he finishes reading the record. This was, in fact, the way SAVE envoy Gregory Purcell was killed. Luckily, his brother Henry was there to finish the exorcism.

SPECTRAL CASTLE

Type: Independent, Servitor

Category: Departed Spirit

APPEARANCE

Spectral Castles appear as huge fortresses and are, in fact, the largest Apparitions so far recorded by SAVE. The Spectral Castle appears solid and usually well-kept, although some have been encountered in a state of ruin. When they manifest in corporeal form, they are as sturdy and impenetrable as they were when first constructed. Often, lights shine from the high towers, trumpeters sound, in some cases, even catapults or similar weapons are launched from the walls.

Strangely, it seems that Spectral Castles are constantly surrounded by bad weather, usually thunderstorms though this varies with the location of the castle. They often manifest on the site of their original construction, though they also seem capable of appearing wherever they, or their masters, decide.

AIM

Sometimes buildings are charged with so much psychic energy from their inhabitants that they cannot help but be forced through the Unknown's terrible transformation. Surely castles, the most important and coveted buildings of their times, are so charged. Their military purposes also set them in line for large-scale psychic traumas, which in some cases come with terrifying regularity.

Spectral Castles are extraordinarily rare and never manifest within sight of human

settlements of any appreciable size (CM discretion). If a castle suddenly appeared on the outskirts of London, the Unknown would not be unknown for long. SAVE envoys have discovered only one freely occurring Spectral Castle. In 1919 a SAVE expedition led by Sir Edmond Farring-Smyth encountered a fortress known to have crumbled in the Crusades. The castle disappeared before they could reach it, and Sir

Edmond was convinced it was only a mirage. An examination of local folklore, however, has led me to believe that this castle has appeared on numerous occasions for nearly three centuries.

Most Spectral Castles are pulled from the Unknown by powerful disciples of the Evil Way to serve as their abodes on Earth. Only the most-powerful practitioner could possibly muster the immense psychic power necessary to manifest such a huge apparition, and any creature capable of such a feat should be approached with the utmost caution. It is rumored that only Rax himself has been able to do this.

ABILITIES

It seems that the very fact that they are capable of this level of manifestation is the Spectral Castle's greatest power. What makes them terrifying, however, is the fact that these huge buildings actually have minds. Certainly it is not a mind in the physical, human sense, but the castle is intelligent and capable of independent action.

Spectral Castles are capable of making contact with living people courageous or foolish enough to enter them. This contact usually takes the form of disembodied voices. The castle is also capable of moving things around inside itself. In a very real sense, anyone who enters a Spectral Castle is constantly at its mercy.

SPECTRAL CASTLE

AGL: N/A; (50 + 2D10) or 65
for discipline use

DEX: N/A

PCN: (75 + 2D10) or 90

PER: (100 + 2D10) or 115

STA: (60 + 2D10) or 75

STR: (185 + 2D10) or 200

WPR: (80 + 2D10) or 95

EWS: (150 + 2D10) or 165

ATT: 1; only uses disciplines

SR: N/A

WB: N/A

Fear: -25

MV: N/A

Type: Independent, Servitor

Class: I (m)

Category: Departed Spirit

Disciplines:

92/107/127 Telekinesis

142/157/177 Change

Weather

142/157/177 Lightning Call

Automatic Unique

Manifestation



APPARITIONS

EXORCISM

As with Riderless Carriages, Spectral Castles that are called up by a disciple of the Evil Way can just as easily be dispelled by the summoner. Unfortunately, there have been so few actual occurrences that I have been unable to discover a means of forced exorcism. I would guess, however, that a seance led by the most-capable medium available, held within the confines of the castle itself (the Belly of the Whale, as it were), might be of some service.

GHOST SHIP

Type: Independent, Servitor

Category: Departed Spirit

APPEARANCE

Ghost Ships can appear in numerous forms. Tall-masted sailing ships, lumbering diesel container vessels, exotic Chinese junks, and luxurious ocean liners have all been encountered. In most cases, the ship appears as if it had been at the bottom of the sea for many years, burned, rusted, gutted, and in a state of hideous disrepair. It is the fact that the ship is obviously not seaworthy that is the most fearsome aspect of these creatures.

The eerie silence with which they cut through the waves and the thick, cold mist that surrounds them adds to the terrifying illusion. Sometimes, the voices and movements of a crew can be heard on the deck, but these crewmen are never seen. The approach of a Ghost Ship is usually preceded by the appearance of unexplained lights both above and below water. Legends claim these lights to be the ghosts of the ship's crew, searching through the sea for a safe harbor. There is no evidence to support this legend, however.

Most disturbing to sailors is the area of dead calm that surrounds these ships regardless of surrounding weather conditions.

AIM

There are numerous reasons for the appearance of Ghost Ships. Some return because they never had a chance to finish an important voyage. Some return because they were the sites of some crimes that have gone unpunished or were victims of some act for which sufficient penance has not been paid. Still others are brought out of the seas of the Unknown by powerful disciples of the Evil Way.

ABILITIES

Ghost Ships often seem to roam the seas at random, paying no heed to the demands of winds or fuel. They seem to have a great inherent ability to terrify sailors, playing on their deepest fears and most prevalent superstitions.

EXORCISM

As with other Spectral Contrivances, if they are summoned for use by a powerful practitioner of the Evil Way, that master can dispel them on command or on his death or banishment from the Known world.

Freely occurring Ghost Ships can be

exorcised by a dangerous process that often requires the participation of an entire crew of capable seamen. The Ghost Ship must first be found (rarely a simple task), then boarded. Once aboard, the exorcist, serving as captain, must direct his crew to take control of the ship. They must do this by completely ignoring the disrepair and supernatural protestations of the ship. If they give in to fear, the ship will not come under their control. Once the ship is under the control of the crew, it must be sailed to its home port and tied to a pier or similar safe berth. At this point, it ceases its defensive attacks and begins to fade back into the Unknown.

GHOST TRAIN

Type: Independent

Category: Departed Spirit

APPEARANCE

Disturbingly common in the Western and Midwestern United States, Ghost Trains are an exception to many of the rules governing Spectral Contrivances.

GHOST SHIP

AGL: (65 + 2D10) or 80

DEX: (45 + 2D10) or 60

PCN: (45 + 2D10) or 60

PER: (10 + 2D10) or 30

STA: N/A

STR: (100 + 2D10) or 115

WPR: (80 + 2D10) or 95

EWS: (125 + 2D10) or 140

ATT: 1; only uses disciplines

SR: N/A

WB: N/A

Fear: -25

MV: as its former self (W), 300' (I)

Type: Independent, Servitor

Class: I (m)

Category: Departed Spirit

Disciplines:

72/87/107 Swarm (rats)

65/80/100 Neptune's Lantern

65/80/100 Putrefied Shell

100/115/135 Calm Winds (as

Raise Winds, reverse effect)

Automatic Unique

Manifestation



Ghost Trains usually appear as steam-driven passenger trains from the early days of the transcontinental railroad. They seldom manifest in corporeal form, apparently preferring to thunder across the landscape following an invisible track. In this form, the train passes harmlessly through any obstruction in its path. It comes accompanied, however, by a terrible racket: whistles, escaping steam, and coal smoke. The clatter of metal wheels on tracks shakes the ground beneath it.

Ghost Trains appear in perfect repair, their engines shiny and polished, their cars new and freshly painted. The interior of the passenger cars are almost invariably lighted, and observers often catch fleeting glimpses of passengers wearing the dress of the train's bygone era.

AIM

Ghost Trains are a unique form of Welcomer. They inhabit a certain area, following old tracks and as such are often highly identified with certain communities.

The train then seems to serve as a sort of supernatural transport to the land beyond death. Often, older people who have made their peace with both their families and their Creator wait patiently for these trains to arrive. When they do, the train stops for them, manifesting in corporeal form to allow them to board. The train then

pulls away, carrying the dying man or woman into oblivion. Most people who have seen Ghost Trains and know of their history see them as old friends and hope to be able to ride such a train when their lives are about to end. This is, apparently, some sort of sign that the passenger has led a long, good life and it is his time to pass on peacefully.

ABILITIES

When the train does manifest in corporeal form, it can rip through the sturdiest building and exhibit all of the properties of an irresistible force. Ghost Trains have been known to plow their own tunnels straight through mountains. They only do this, however, on a night when they are to pick up passengers for transportation to the other side. They do not allow anyone whose time has not yet come to board them, however, and I must say I feel this is a demonstration of their benign intent.

EXORCISM

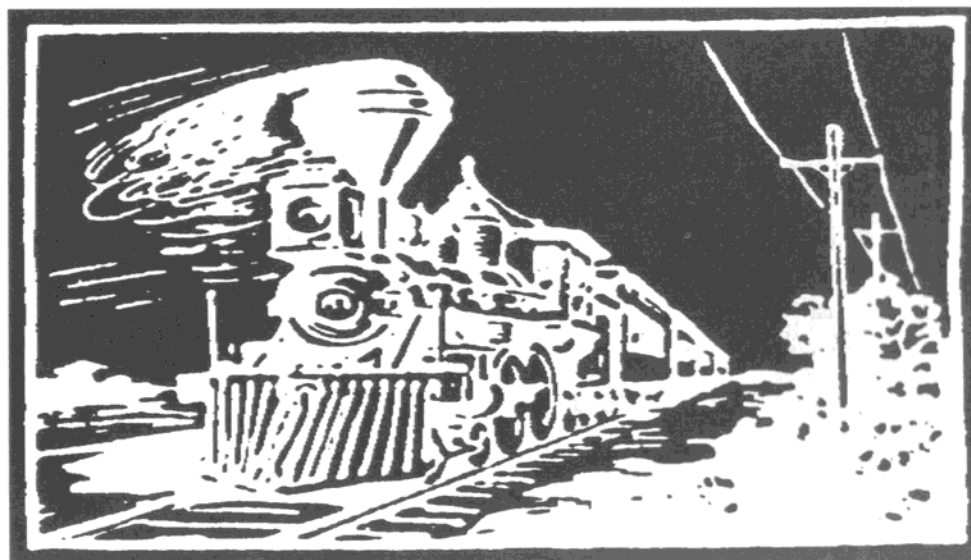
SAVE envoys should be cautioned that most members of the community where a Ghost Train is regularly encountered are reluctant to see it exorcised. I realize that this opinion may be contrary to SAVE policy, but I must admit a certain awe and admiration for these noble entities from beyond. It is a good idea, however, for SAVE envoys to research these trains when encountered. If the location of the old tracks is known, the community can be warned to keep from building on or near them.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

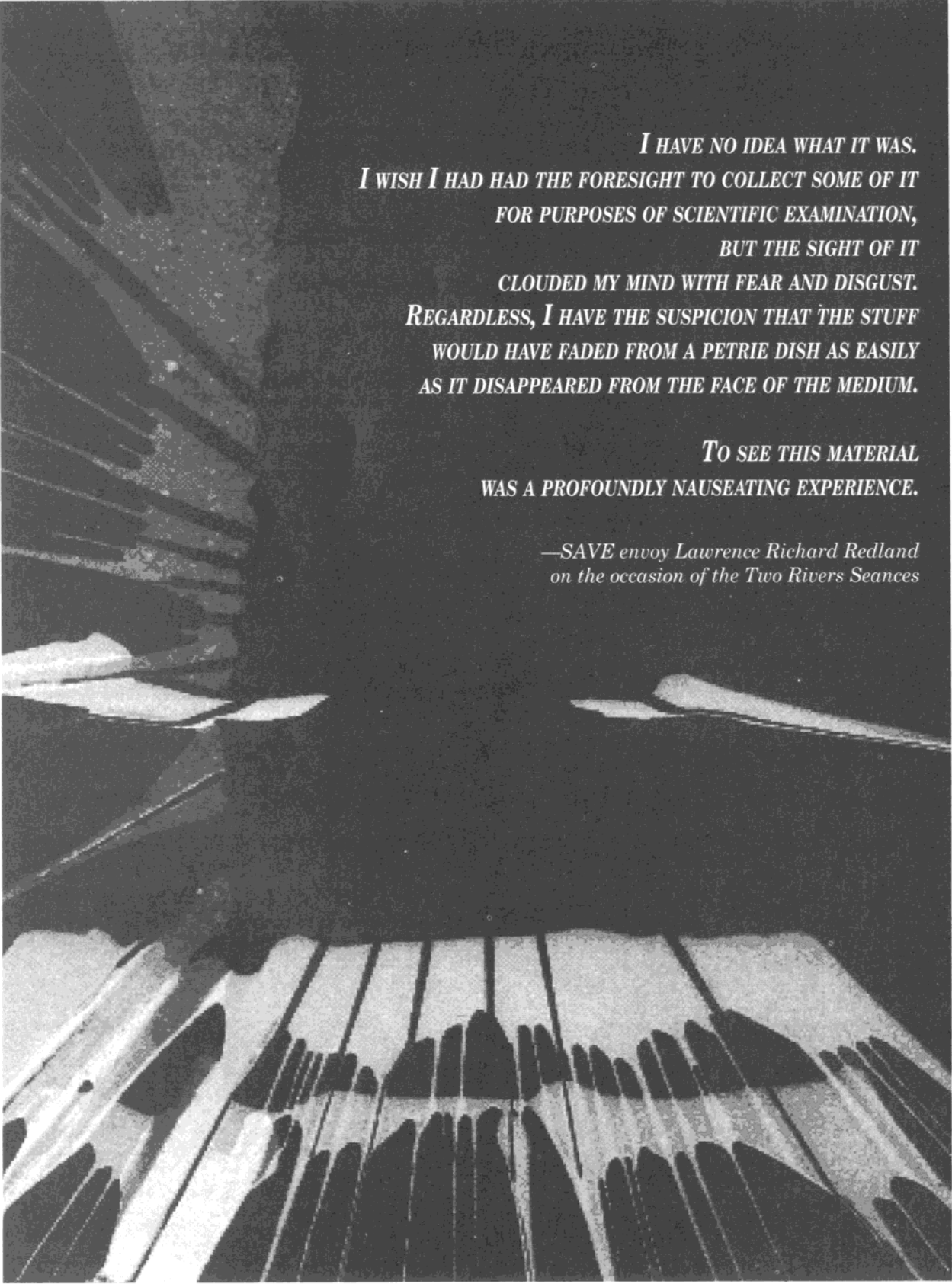
CM's can use these Contrivances as springboards from which to create their own ghostly vehicles or buildings.

GHOST TRAIN

AGL: N/A
DEX: N/A
PCN: (65 + 2D10) or 80
PER: (50 + 2D10) or 65
STA: N/A; (75 + 2D10) or 90 for discipline use
STR: (150 + 2D10) or 165
WPR: (75 + 2D10) or 90
EWS: (120 + 2D10) or 135
ATT: N/A
SR: N/A
WB: N/A
Fear: -5
MV: 320' (I)
Type: Independent
Class: I (m)
Category: Departed Spirit
Disciplines:
87/102/122 Purified Shell
90/105/125 Inhabit
115/130/150 Feat of Strength
115/130/150 Shake the Earth
Automatic Unique
Manifestation



APPARITIONS



*I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT IT WAS.
I WISH I HAD HAD THE FORESIGHT TO COLLECT SOME OF IT
FOR PURPOSES OF SCIENTIFIC EXAMINATION,
BUT THE SIGHT OF IT
CLOUDED MY MIND WITH FEAR AND DISGUST.
REGARDLESS, I HAVE THE SUSPICION THAT THE STUFF
WOULD HAVE FADED FROM A PETRIE DISH AS EASILY
AS IT DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACE OF THE MEDIUM.*

*TO SEE THIS MATERIAL
WAS A PROFOUNDLY NAUSEATING EXPERIENCE.*

*—SAVE envoy Lawrence Richard Redland
on the occasion of the Two Rivers Seances*



ECTOPLASM

Surely there is no more intimate a link between the Known and Unknown worlds as that of Ectoplasm. This bizarre and inexplicable matter bridges the two worlds through the very physical form of the medium. If I myself had not, on several occasions, manifested rather large samples of the stuff in the midst of a spiritual trance, I probably would not believe in it at all. It is difficult to see or create ectoplasmic occurrences without feeling profoundly soiled by the experience. To give over one's own body to the world of the dead so that it might be transformed into something so outside our normal experience is not for the faint of heart.

The word Ectoplasm was originated by Professor Charles Richet, a famous parapsychological researcher. From the Greek roots *ektos* and *plasma*, Ectoplasm literally means "exteriorized substance."

This substance often streams out of the body of mediums while they are in the trance-state necessary for the successful completion of a seance. I have reason to believe that this substance is further used by otherwise incorporeal creatures of the Unknown to create their own corporeal manifestations. This process, described as Ideoplasmic Manipulation, is at the root of the incorporeals' ability to form and maintain a solid physical presence.

A variation of Ectoplasm is known as Psychoplasm. This substance is identical in composition and purpose to Ectoplasm but occurs at a distance from the medium.

In its pure state, Ectoplasm is an invisible, incorporeal substance that assumes a vaporous, liquid, or solid condition by the application of spiritual energies. It appears as luminous vapor, liquid, semi-liquid, or solid masses of matter and smells harshly of ozone. This substance exudes from one or more orifices of the medium's body. It

first takes the form of web-like strands or threads of semi-liquid that often cover the medium or appear to blow across him by unnatural winds. The threads soon change into a thin, luminous vapor that surrounds the medium, slowly falling to the floor around him. This would imply that the Ectoplasm itself is heavier than air.

This vapor swirls around the medium's feet for several minutes as the trance continues. After this, the Ectoplasm reaches its final stage of development, a solid mass of slimy, gelatinous matter. The ectoplasmic matter feels extremely cold to the touch, and witnesses have reported being able to feel the cold from some distance away.

Whether or not Ectoplasm has some sort of life of its own has been a matter of much scholarly debate. I do not believe it does. Though it is not itself alive, Ectoplasm can be used as a vessel for intelligence, such as when incorporeal Apparitions use the stuff to form their physical bodies. The fact that the substance seems to be sensitive to light, from which it tends to shy away, was the main argument for "living ectoplasm."

Ectoplasm is often seen creating a physical link between a medium and an Apparition summoned by him from the beyond. Through the use of the Art, it is possible for a medium to use Ectoplasm to give physical form to such a phantom, though this can be a most dangerous endeavor for many reasons.

Ectoplasm has been described as an "externalization of the medium." This is one of its most disturbing properties. Ectoplasmic matter seems to be created by converting the body mass of the medium himself, on a one-to-one basis. So, for instance, if the medium is seen to exude 10 pounds of ectoplasm, the medium's own body weight decreases by 10 pounds. This is the crucial danger of forming solid beings from summoned Apparitions. In



APPARITIONS

order for the medium to create a solid man in the place of a phantom, he would have to re-create the man's body using equal volumes of ectoplasm. So, to re-create a 150-pound man, the medium would have to convert 150 pounds of his own body weight into Ectoplasm. Although Ectoplasm is always reabsorbed by the medium upon the termination of contact, the stresses placed on the medium's body by this loss of essential matter can lead to serious injury, even death.

There have been records of mediums' visibly shrinking in size after releasing large amounts of ectoplasmic matter. Even limbs can shrivel and disappear as their substance is converted into Ectoplasm. As an experienced medium, I must caution all SAVE envoys not to expend this terrific amount of Ectoplasm under any but the most critical of circumstances. Though it is mysterious and (if the initial natural revulsion to it can be overcome) a source of great curiosity to many, Ectoplasm is a dangerous aspect of our calling that should not, under any circumstances, be trifled with.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

Any time a medium or anyone else uses the Seance Discipline to contact the Unknown, there is a 50% chance of an ectoplasmic occurrence. In normal cases, the medium has no control over the amount or form of the Ectoplasm released, nor is he in control of the orifice from which it seeps. If the medium is familiar with the Disciplines of the Art known as Ideoplasmic Manipulation or Psychoplasmic Sending, then he can gain control of the Ectoplasm once it appears. He cannot, however, force the initial occurrence. It either shows up or it doesn't. When Ectoplasm does appear, it comes out of one or all of the medium's orifices (CM discretion).

Ectoplasm always forms at the rate of one pound every four minutes. It forms only when the medium is in the seance trance. It immediately reabsorbs into the medium's body the instant the trance state is broken.

The first stage of Ectoplasm is as threads. Once all of the Ectoplasm is exteriorized, it forms into its vapor state. This process of transformation takes approximately one minute. The vapor then swirls around the medium's feet for 3D10 minutes before becoming solid. Only solid Ectoplasm can be used by an entity of the Unknown to affect the Known world physically.

If the medium expends one-quarter of his total

body weight in Ectoplasm, the stress on his body becomes dangerous to him. Once this point is passed, the medium loses 1 point of Current Stamina for each additional pound of Ectoplasm emitted. If the medium's Current Stamina reaches zero, he dies. The Ectoplasm then spontaneously reabsorbs into the medium's dead body.

If the medium has sufficient Stamina to lose his entire body weight to the ectoplasmic transformation, the medium ceases to exist and becomes trapped forever in the Unknown. If the Ectoplasm is being used to form a physical body for a departed spirit, that spirit returns to the world of the living just as he was when he died, effectively changing places with the doomed medium.

Ectoplasm comes from a dimension between the Known and Unknown, called the Third Universe, where it is the primary substance of all matter.

INCORPOREAL

(PCN + STA)+3

IDEOPLASMIC MANIPULATION

Cost: 1D10 WPR/use

Roll Required: G

Range: Touch

Area: Unlimited

This discipline allows your character to control the Ectoplasm that flows from him while in the seance trance state. To use this discipline, your character must spend 1D10 Current Willpower to gain control of the Ectoplasm. Your character maintains control as long as he remains unmolested and in the trance state. Control of the Ectoplasm allows your character to decide exactly how much Ectoplasm to emit and which orifice to use. Once the Ectoplasm achieves its solid state, your character may then proceed to mold it as if it were clay into any likeness desired. This process requires physical contact with the ectoplasmic matter, so if your character is bound or otherwise unable to use his hands, the Ectoplasm remains amorphous.

If your character is in control of the Ectoplasm, he may reabsorb some or all of it at any time.

PSYCHOPLASMIC SENDING

Cost: 2D10 WPR/use

Roll Required: G

Range: 5'/Sight/One Mile

Area: Unlimited

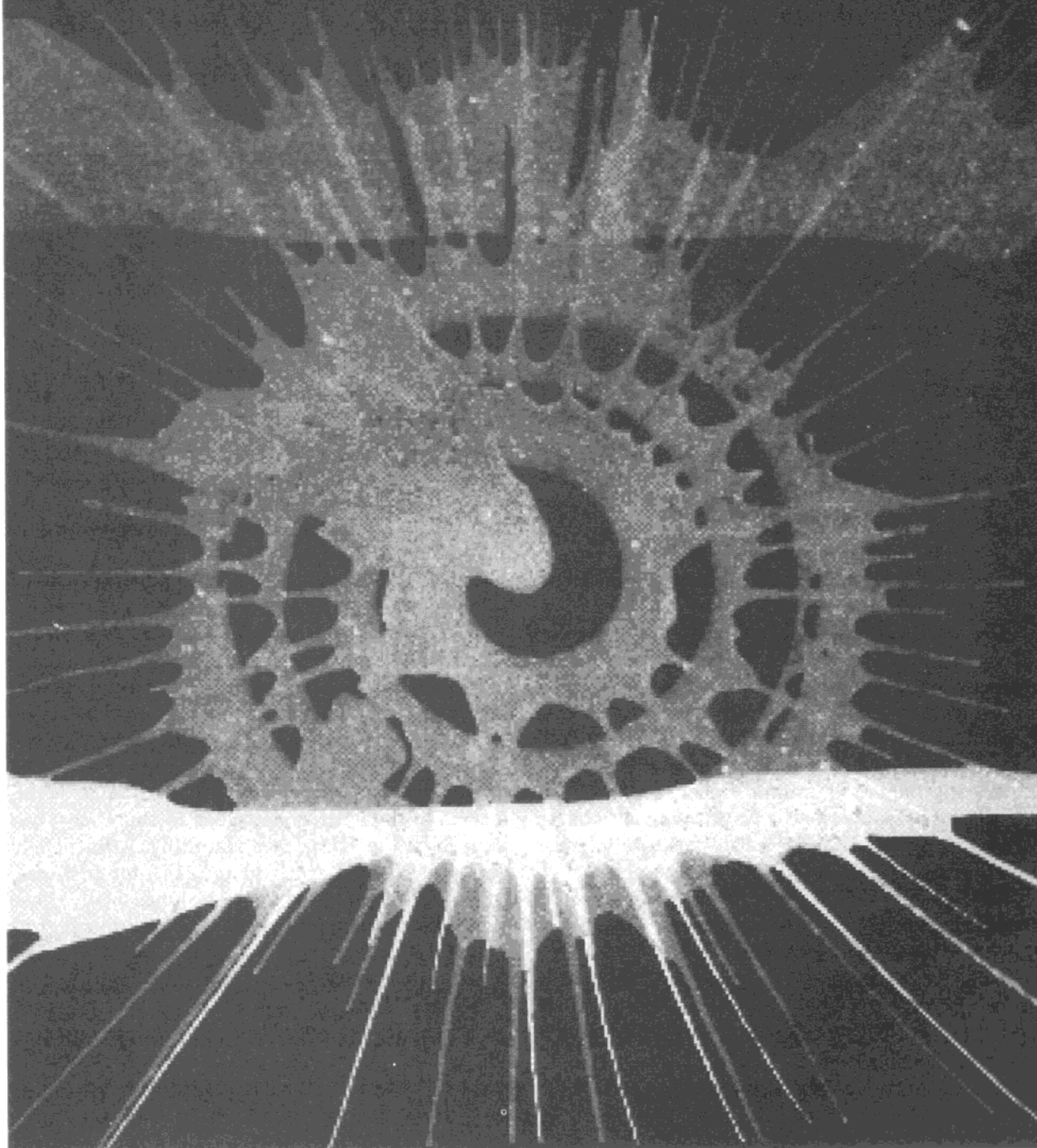
By use of this discipline, your character can send ectoplasmic matter to a distant point and cause it to continue to form there. It may also be manipulated from a distance. The particulars of control and manipulation are identical to the Ideoplasmic Manipulation Discipline mentioned previously.

Your character must still wait for the Ectoplasm to begin to form before sending it away. The ranges given above are for disciples of Student, Teacher, and Master Levels.



"WE CARRY TO ANIMA MUNDI OUR MEMORY,
AND THAT MEMORY IS FOR A TIME OUR EXTERNAL WORLD;
AND ALL PASSIONATE MOMENTS RECUR AGAIN AND AGAIN,
FOR PASSION DESIRES ITS OWN RECURRENCE MORE THAN ANY EVENT."

—W.B. Yeats, *Per Amica Silentia Lunae*



APPARITIONS

HAUNTINGS

Hauntings are unique because they only occur at fixed locations, like houses, castles, cemeteries, etc., and always involve the earthbound spirits of the dead. These spirits are inseparably linked to the location of the Haunting and are incapable of leaving the general vicinity of the site.

The location of the Haunting, whether a building, a plot of ground, or a vehicle of some kind, serves a dual purpose. First, it is the power focus for the restless spirit. It is possible that there is some sort of physical relationship between the corporeal structure and the incorporeal spirit similar to the ecto/ideoplasm relationship that allows certain Apparitions a corporeal manifestation. So far, however, we have been able to verify the existence of Ectoplasm only in conjunction with living beings.

Second is the simple fact that the physical focus serves as a sort of link between the present and the past. Since Hauntings are always the result of a departed spirit's return to the Known world, it is assumed that the site of the Haunting plays a major role in both the spirit's motivation or compunction to return and its ability to do so.

Still, a Haunting cannot occur without some motivating factor. The mere presence of a house and a dead person doesn't always combine to bring about a Haunting. If this were so, most every house in existence would be filled with restless spirits.

Throughout the spectrum of apparition disturbances, there is a common thread, the psychic trauma. If a man dies peacefully in his sleep, there is little reason to believe he still remains in the house after his body dies. If that same man were violently murdered by someone close to him and his murderer never brought to justice, there is little reason to believe he will leave.

Hauntings can take many forms, from harmless noises to full-force, violent manifestations of

creatures from the Unknown. Likewise, the site of a Haunting is unpredictable. In general, the older the building, place, or thing, the more likely it will serve as the home of a ghost. Still, a relatively new building that was recently the site of some massive psychic trauma or was built on a site of such a trauma can end up being haunted.

Rarely if ever do the ghosts of the perpetrators of the trauma become a part of the Haunting. It is almost invariably the victim of the crime who remains stuck to the essence of the place, somewhere between this world and the next.

Hauntings should be treated as unique incorporeal creatures. SAVE envoys should approach every possible Haunting on an individual basis. There are few hard and fast rules when dealing with Hauntings and the spirits involved with them. Often, more than one entity is involved in a Haunting. Occasionally, the ghosts are harmless or even benign in intent. Hauntings can sometimes be the departed spirit's means of seeking justice or repentance for the trauma that bonds its spirit to the location. More often, however, the spirit returns to seek its own justice in the form of revenge or even premeditated murder.

Some of the entities described in this report can seem to be the source of a Haunting. A Battlefield Remnant (*Chill* hardcover, p. 214), for instance, often haunts its final battleground. Still, these creatures are capable of moving on even if they choose not to exercise that ability. In that sense, these occurrences are not true Hauntings.

In true Hauntings, the entity never takes corporeal form and only rarely appears as an Apparition. Most Hauntings seem to manifest themselves as intelligently guided Evil Way attacks on the people or sensibilities of the location's current residents.



Exorcising a Haunting is simultaneously difficult and simple. It is simple in that a basic seance is almost always sufficient. The process becomes more difficult, however, when the medium or his comrades are confronted by the need for facts regarding both the identity of the spirit and its reason for not crossing over in peace. Usually, if the medium relates both these facts during the seance, the Haunting spirits will disappear.

Keep in mind that the only rule to Hauntings is that there are no rules. Consider the Epiphany Valley Occurrences, in which an entire town in New Mexico was built on Indian burial grounds and eventually became the site of a massive multiple Haunting. In this case, several seances were attempted. All of them failed, two resulting in the hideous deaths of the mediums at the hands of some invisible beast. These particular occurrences eventually led to the desertion of the entire community. To this day, no one lives in Epiphany Valley.

CHILL MASTER'S NOTES

The Chill Master should devise Hauntings to fit his scenario or campaign. This section provides rules for the random generation of Hauntings and tips for the CM interested in trying one out.

First of all, there is no list of locations since absolutely any place has at least some potential as the site of a Haunting. As long as there is some justification for the Haunting to exist, the location is almost irrelevant. A major psychic trauma in the location's past or some event in the present that disturbs the peace of the location (like building on an Indian burial ground) provides justification for the Haunting.

Hauntings can be described in *Chill* terms just like any other creature. They are always incorporeal and can instantaneously "move" throughout the location at will but can never leave it. It's up to the CM to determine the boundaries of the Haunting.

Though usually only one entity is involved, there may be two ghosts in the house or as many as a dozen . . . even more if the CM so desires. Create these entities separately, and give each of them a name and at least a sketchy history that includes its motivations for not crossing over in peace.

Each entity has the following *Chill* stats. These stats remain the same regardless of the location of the Haunting, but, as always, CMs are encouraged to stretch these rules to their own liking.

The entity's Disciplines of the Evil Way should be rolled randomly in order to simulate the wild

nature of Hauntings. All Hauntings possess six basic disciplines: Change Temperature, Contact the Living, Haywire, Hallucinate, Inhabit, and Shriek, all at Master Level.

Roll 1D10 to determine the number of times to roll on the following chart, then roll 2D10 to determine the specific discipline usable by the entity. Each discipline starts at Student Level. If the same discipline is rolled a second time, the entity can then use it at Teacher Level. If the same discipline is rolled three times, the entity gets that discipline at Master Level. After the third time, subsequent rolls should be rerolled.

2D10	Discipline of the Evil Way
2	Spirit and Image
3	Shake the Earth
4	Wave of Fog
5	Write
6	Fall (See p. 92 of this volume.)
7	Change Weather
8	Breath of Pestilence
9-10	Swarm
11-12	Telekinesis
13-14	Ghostly Lights
15-16	Putrefied Shell
17	Darken
18	Deadly Dreams
19	Fleshcrawl
20	Influence

Hauntings require a great deal of effort and (most of all) creativity on the part of the Chill Master. With care and patience, however, Hauntings can be some of the most exciting and unique encounters your players can come upon. The fact that each one is different from the last will keep your players guessing.

HAUNTING

AGL: N/A; (30 + 2D10) or 45*

DEX: N/A

PCN: (75 + 2D10) or 90

PER: (75 + 2D10) or 90

STA: N/A; (45 + 2D10) or 60

for discipline use only

STR: N/A; (50 + 2D10) or 65

for discipline use only

WPR: (90 + 2D10) or 105

EWS: (120 + 2D10) or 135

ATT: 1; only uses disciplines

SR: N/A

WB: N/A

MV: N/A

Type: Independent

Class: I

Category: Departed Spirit

*for discipline use only





*"THERE ARE THINGS KNOWN
AND THERE ARE THINGS UNKNOWN
AND IN BETWEEN ARE THE DOORS."*

—Jim Morrison

GATEKEEPERS OF THE UNKNOWN

As long as there has been knowledge of the Unknown, and perhaps even longer, there have been men who seek that knowledge, even some who dare use it.

Most of the time, the Unknown makes its presence known in the form of brutal, insidious, malignant attacks on humanity and the Known world. These attacks are launched from the Unknown by creatures either born of that plane or created there. In these cases, humanity can do nothing but defend itself, fending off these attacks in the best way possible.

Some of us, however, dare to make the connection with the Unknown ourselves. Some of us prefer to take the battle to the enemy, rather than wait for him to attack. In my travels, I have encountered three such men. In fact, I myself am an example of one of them.

Spirit Mediums contact the “spirit world” in search of information about both worlds.

Exorcists stand as our foot soldiers against the Unknown, driving its forces back wherever and whenever possible.

Necromancers are sell-outs, human monsters in league with the Unknown in an attempt to further their own selfish desires.

The Spirit Medium and Exorcist each has a profession template. The Necromancer does not have a profession template because SAVE envoys would never become a Necromancer voluntarily.

SPIRIT MEDIUM

Spirit Mediums are adept at contacting the “spirit world,” the region of the Unknown inhabited by Apparitions.

Some Spirit Mediums are nothing more than scam artists, trading in on what little they might know of the Art for easy money. These people prey on the grieving loved ones of the recently departed, clinging to the hope that they’ll be able to speak to their dead relatives.

Legitimate mediums are, however, a most valuable addition to the ranks of SAVE. The most famous SAVE Spirit Medium is certainly William Daniel Trevalaine, who wrote this report.

Skills:	Student	Teacher	Master
Familiarity (Incorporeals)	M	M	M
History	S	T	T
Legend/Lore	T	M	M
Psychiatry	S	T	M
Information Sources	0	1	2
Cost:	10	18	22
Salary:	S	C	W
Time Commitment:	M	M	L

RESOURCES: Spirit Mediums’ resources vary depending on the medium’s abilities, desire for wealth or fame, sense of showmanship, etc. Generally speaking, true mediums have no use for silly trappings such as Ouija boards or crystal balls.

All Spirit Mediums must be familiar with the Seance Discipline. They must have the Incorporeal Attack Discipline to achieve Master Level. Other useful disciplines include Ideoplasmic Manipulation (p. 91) and Send Apparition (p. 92).

For campaigns or scenarios using the broad skill system introduced in the Chill Companion, use the following template.



APPARITIONS

Skills:	Student	Teacher	Master
Familiarity (Incorporeals)	M	M	M
Psychiatry	S	T	M
Scholar	S	T	M
Information Sources	0	1	2
Cost:	12	26	54
Salary:	S	C	W
Time Commitment:	M	M	L

EXORCIST

Exorcists fight the Unknown head on, specializing in banishing creatures to the Unknown, where they belong. These people often come from the ranks of the clergy or Spirit Mediums.

SAVE employs a number of professional Exorcists who have lent their expertise to the cause. In general, Exorcists combat incorporeal creatures such as Hauntings, Poltergeists, Doppelgangers, and so on. They are also employed in cases of possession.

Skills:	Student	Teacher	Master
Familiarity (The Unknown)	M	M	M
Familiarity (Exorcism)	S	T	M
Investigation	S	T	T
Language (Ancient)	S	T	M
Legend/Lore	T	T	M
Information Sources:	0	0	1
Cost:	11	16	28
Salary:	S	S	C
Time Commitment:	M	L	L

RESOURCES: Since Exorcists occasionally come from other walks of life, their available resources are somewhat dependent on that. Clergyman Exorcists, for instance, have somewhat more access to religious items and artifacts than do lay people. Disciplines of the Art: Exorcists must possess some level of ability in the Incorporeal Attack Discipline. They can become Master-level Exorcists only after achieving Master Level in this discipline.

For campaigns or scenarios using the broad skill system introduced in the Chill Companion, use the following template.

Skills:	Student	Teacher	Master
Familiarity (The Unknown)	M	M	M
Familiarity (Exorcism)	S	T	M
Investigation	S	T	T
Scholar	S	T	M
Information Sources:	0	0	1
Cost:	13	28	56
Salary:	S	S	C
Time Commitment:	M	L	L

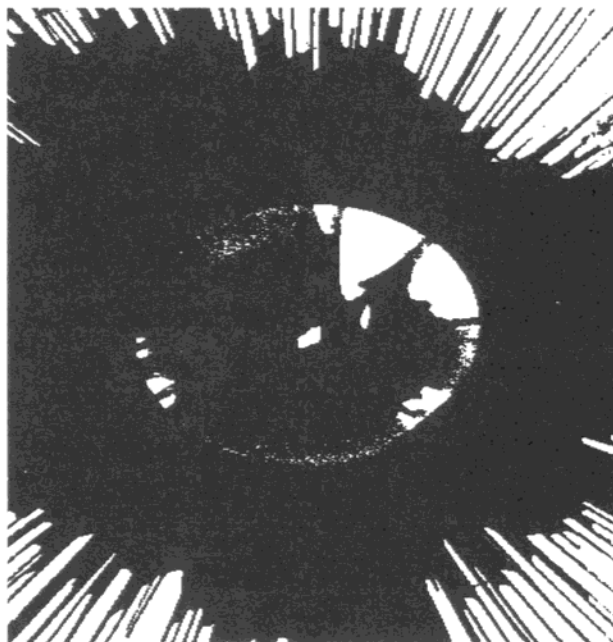
NECROMANCER

Necromancers are evil humans in league with the Unknown. As such, they should be strictly used as NPCs.

The goals and methods of Necromancers can vary greatly, but all have a connection with the Unknown. In general, Necromancers use the Unknown and its inhabitants to further their own dreams of power. They have no respect for either the living or the dead.

Necromancers are often the leaders of various cults and secret societies, dedicated to the advancement of either the Necromancer's twisted ambitions or the evil desires of any number of creatures of the Unknown. Though most fancy themselves the master, these unfortunate men most often act as the servants of the creatures they summon.

For more information about Necromancers, see the Living Dead sourcebook.



EPILOGUE

I have told you everything I know about the Apparitions of the Unknown. I have given you all of my advice. I hope you heed it well, and I hope it puts you in good stead.

We are, perhaps, the last hope for humankind. The Unknown has never been more powerful, and still most of our fellow men refuse to accept the hideous fact of its existence.

To all of you, my fellow members of SAVE, this report is dedicated. May the light of righteousness forever shine on you, and may you turn back the hordes of the Unknown and close its gates forever.

— William Daniel Trevalaine
London, 1991



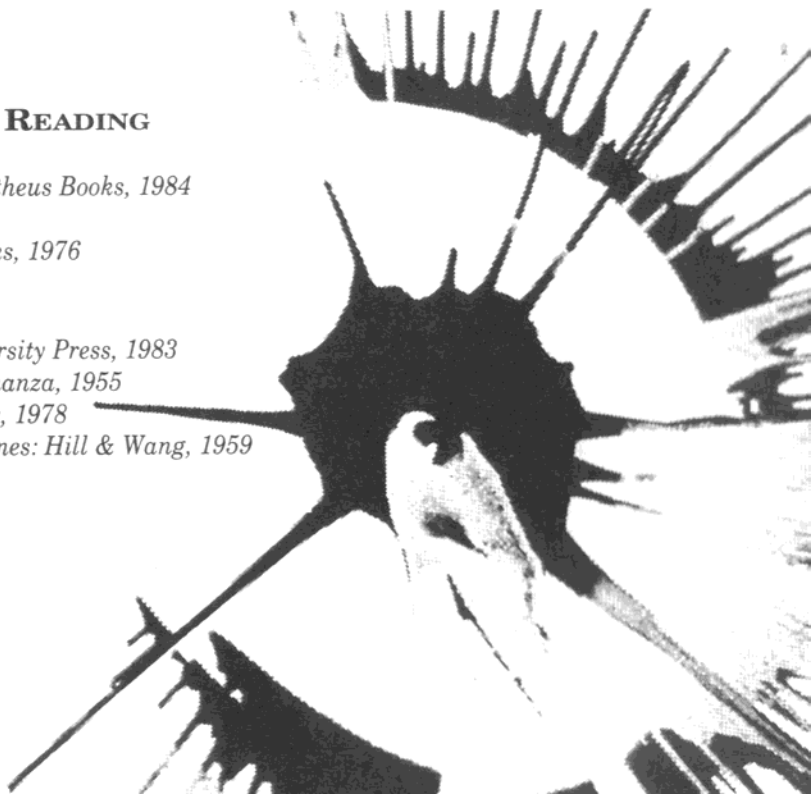
BIBLIOGRAPHY & SUGGESTED READING

REFERENCES:

Appearances of the Dead, R.C. Finucane: Prometheus Books, 1984
The Enchanted World: Ghosts, Time-Life, 1984
Ghosts & Poltergeists, Frank Smyth: Aldus Books, 1976

SUGGESTED READING:

Apparitions & Precognition, Aniela Jaffe: University Press, 1983
Ghosts in American Houses, Jane Reynolds: Bonanza, 1955
Ghosts in Photographs, Fred Gettings: Harmony, 1978
Things That Go Bump in the Night, Louis C. Jones: Hill & Wang, 1959



How to Use This Book

The rules of *Chill* are like a language. The ideas that follow will teach key words and phrases to those whose characters journey to a place where fear and terror are customary.

STANDARD TERMS

An **action** is what a PC or NPC does during a round of combat. PCs and NPCs can have more than one action per round.

The **Art** is the ability to perceive or use the energies/forces of the Unknown, and includes the Evil Way. All forms of the Art are known as Disciplines.

Attacks (ATT) only apply to creatures and animals. This is the number of attacks an animal or creature can make in one round.

Basic Abilities represent PC, NPC, animal, and creature characteristics. The Basic Abilities are: Agility (AGL), Dexterity (DEX), Luck (LCK), Perception (PCN), Personality (PER), Stamina (STA), Strength (STR) and Willpower (WPR). Neither creatures nor animals have a LCK Score, animals have no PER Score, and some creatures and animals have no DEX Score.

A **Called Shot** allows an individual to specify an exact target in exchange for cutting his Target Number in half.

Character Insight Points (CIPs) are what characters gain after successfully completing SAVE missions.

The **Chill Master (CM)** is the person who runs the game. The CM tells the players what's happening in the scenario and acts as the eyes, ears, and other senses of the PCs. He plays the part of all NPCs and creatures, and serves as the referee.

The **dice** used in *Chill* are ten-sided dice (D10). The abbreviation D means die or dice. 1D10 means roll one ten-sided die, 2D10 means rolls two ten-sided dice, etc. A roll of "0" on a ten-sided die is read as "10."

The **notation D%** indicates that a percent roll is to be made using 2D10; one die represents the tens digit, and the other die represents the ones (two "0s" are read as "100"). Which die represents which digit is decided by the person rolling the dice before the beginning of the game. For example: a player is making a percent roll using one red ten-sided die and one blue ten-sided die. Before the scenario begins, he declares that the blue die would be his tens die. He rolls a "2" on the blue die, and a "5" on the red die, which results in a roll of "25."

Disciplines are forms of the Art, including the Evil Way. Characters use Art Disciplines, and creatures use Evil Way Disciplines.

Edges and Drawbacks are personal advantages and disadvantages which characters may possess.

The **Evil Way** is a branch of the Art that creatures use.

An **Evil Way Score (EWS)** applies to creatures only, and is used to figure the base chance of success when using Evil Way Disciplines.

Fear is the modifier used when a character comes into contact with a creature or animal. The Fear modifier is applied to the character's Current Willpower when making a Fear Check.

A **Fear Check** is a Specific Check required of any character that meets or senses creatures of the Unknown. In some cases, characters must also make a Fear Check when they meet animals. Fear Checks are always rolled against a character's Current Willpower Score. A Fear Check is made at the instant it is required, regardless of the sequence of play.

A **General Check** is the act of rolling a percent and comparing the number rolled to the Target Number. As with all checks, a player (or the CM) is only successful if the number rolled is equal to or less than the Target Number.

Movement (MV) is how far an individual can move in one round. Rates are given for movement on land (L), in the air (A), and in water (W). Some creatures move incorporeally (I). This means the creature has no physical form, and can therefore move anywhere—on land, in the air, or under water—at the rate shown.

Sensing the Unknown is the Score a character uses to find out if someone or something from the Unknown is nearby.

Skills represent specific proficiencies that characters may learn. Players use characters' skills at specific levels as follows:

Student (S), Teacher (T), and Master (M).

Societas Argenti Viae Eternitata (SAVE) is a secret organization dedicated to protecting the Known world from creatures of the Unknown.

A **Specific Check** is the act of rolling a percent and comparing the number rolled to the Target Number. A Specific Check is made when a specific result is needed (for instance, determining the amount of damage the creature took from a gunshot). As with all checks, a player (or the CM) is only successful if the number rolled is equal to or less than the Target Number.

A **Strike Rank (SR)** determines the range of damage a particular weapon is capable of.

A **Surprise Check** is a General Check used to determine whether a character can respond immediately to an unexpected attack or situation.

The **Target Number (Target# or T#)** is the number which is ultimately rolled against in a given check.

The **Unknown** is the "dimension" where creatures come from, and pertains to that which cannot be explained in terms of the everyday world.

Wound Boxes (WB) are used to determine the amount of damage an individual can take before dying.

ABBREVIATIONS

A	Air
AGL	Agility
ATT	Attack(s)
CIP(s)	Character Insight Point(s)
CM	Chill Master
C	Corporeal
D%	Percent roll
D10	Ten-sided die
DEX	Dexterity
EWS	Evil Way Score
G	Gaseous
I	Incorporeal
L	Land
LCK	Luck
M	Master
MV	Movement
NPC(s)	Non-player character(s)
PCN	Perception
PER	Personality
PC(s)	Player character(s)
rnd	Round
SAVE	Societas Argenti Viae Eternitata
STA	Stamina
STR	Strength
SR	Strike Rank
S	Student
T#, Target#	Target Number
T	Teacher
W	Water
WPR	Willpower
WB(s)	Wound Box(es)
Wnd(s)	Wound(s)

SPECIFIC CHECK RESULTS

L	Low result
M	Medium result
H	High result
C	Colossal result
K	Knockdown result



APPENDICES

A. CREATURES

Name	AGL	DEX	PCN	PER	STA	STR	WPR	EWS	ATT	SR	WB	Fear	MV	Type	Class	Page
Bane	N/A	N/A	105	N/A	N/A	N/A	75	135	1; *	N/A	N/A	-35	100' (I)	I	I	24
Bansidhe	N/A	N/A	135	N/A	N/A	N/A	135	105	1; *	N/A	N/A	-50	100' (I)	I	I	9
Barghest	70	N/A	75	N/A	120	120	40	100	1; 95	3	30	-40	225' (L)	S, I	I, C	28
Barrow-Wight	70	55	90	65	100	95	110	150	1; 95	Weapon	30	-45	175' (I)	M, I	I, C	48
Bean-Nighe	N/A	N/A	18	N/A	N/A	N/A	80	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	-20	100' (I)	S	I	14
Beisac	N/A	N/A	75	N/A	N/A	N/A	125	130	1; *	N/A	N/A	-30	105' (I)	I	I	51
Candidate	40	55	70	100	40	35	95	120	1; *	N/A	N/A	-10	100' (I)	I	I, C	71
Ccoa	N/A	N/A	90	N/A	N/A	N/A	75	120	1; *	N/A	N/A	-30	75' (I)	M, I, S	I, C	31
Crisis Apparition	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	S	I	22
Doppelganger	N/A	N/A	60	75	N/A	N/A	60	120	*	*	N/A	-50	75' (I)	I	I	53
Fetch	N/A	N/A	105	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	0	N/A	N/A	-50	75' (I)	S, I	I	25
Ghost Ship	80	60	60	30	N/A	115	95	140	1; *	N/A	N/A	-25	300' (I)	I, S	I	80
Ghost Train	N/A	N/A	80	65	90	165	90	135	N/A	N/A	N/A	-5	320' (I)	I	I	81
Grandfather	25	30	80	55	30	35	105	85	1; *	N/A	N/A	-10*	125' (I)	I	I, C	73
Hangman	N/A	N/A	75	N/A	N/A	N/A	60	100	1; 100	1	N/A	-30	75' (I)	I	I	56
Hate	N/A	N/A	135	N/A	N/A	N/A	90	135	1; *	N/A	N/A	-40	75' (I)	M, I	I	58
Haunting	45	N/A	90	90	60	65	105	135	1; *	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	I	I	86
Kirkevarer	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	I	I	33
Navky	20	N/A	90	90	20	20	105	135	N/A	N/A	N/A	-15/-30	75' (I)	I	I	65
Phantom Hitchhiker	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A	I	I	27
Poltergeist	N/A	N/A	75	N/A	N/A	N/A	90	135	1; *	N/A	N/A	-25	225' (I)	I	I	41
Riderless Carriage	50	50	75	30	50	95	80	135	1; 90*	6/10	85/125	-10	700' (I)	I, S	I	78
Screaming Skull	N/A	N/A	25	N/A	N/A	N/A	100	70	N/A	N/A	N/A	-30	Special	I	I	17
Smothering Ghost	N/A	N/A	75	N/A	N/A	N/A	90	Varies	1; *	N/A	N/A	-25	225' (I)	I	I	44
Spectral Castle	65	N/A	90	115	75	200	95	165	1; *	N/A	N/A	-25	N/A	I, S	I	79
Spectral Lover	N/A	N/A	135	90	N/A	N/A	135	85	1; *	N/A	N/A	-25	150' (I)	I	I	61
Spectral Organist	65	75	75	20	40	35	100	125	1; *	N/A	N/A	-25	125' (I)	I, S	I	74
Utburd	70	N/A	105	N/A	115	115	105	140	1; 75	3	25	-55	225' (I)	I	I, C	67
Will-O'-the-Wisp	N/A	N/A	80	N/A	N/A	N/A	50	110	1; *	N/A	N/A	-5	75' (I)	I	I	36



B. DISCIPLINES OF THE ART

Following are three new Disciplines of the Art. These appear elsewhere in Apparitions but are repeated here for convenience.

INCORPOREAL (PCN + STA)÷3

IDEOPLASMIC MANIPULATION

Cost: 1D10 WPR/use

Roll Required: G

Range: Touch

Area: Unlimited

This discipline allows your character to control the Ectoplasm that flows from him while in the seance trance state. To use this discipline, your character must spend 1D10 Current Willpower to gain control of the Ectoplasm. Your character maintains control as long as he remains unmolested

APPARITIONS

and in the trance state. Control of the Ectoplasm allows your character to decide exactly how much Ectoplasm to emit and which orifice to use. Once the Ectoplasm achieves its solid state, your character may then proceed to mold it as if it were clay into any likeness desired. This process requires physical contact with the ectoplasmic matter, so if your character is bound or otherwise unable to use his hands, the Ectoplasm remains amorphous.

If your character is in control of the Ectoplasm, he may reabsorb some or all of it at any time.

PSYCHOPLASMIC SENDING

Cost: 2D10 WPR/use Roll Required: G
Range: 5'/Sight/One Mile Area: Unlimited

By use of this discipline, your character can send ectoplasmic matter to a distant point and cause it to continue to form there. It may also be manipulated from a distance. The particulars of control and manipulation are identical to the Ideoplasmic Manipulation Discipline mentioned previously.

Your character must still wait for the Ectoplasm to begin to form before sending it away. The ranges given above are for disciples of Student, Teacher, and Master Levels.

SEND APPARITION

Cost: 2D10 WPR/use Roll Required: G
Range: Unlimited Area: 1 manifestation

This discipline allows your character to send a Crisis Apparition to anyone your character personally knows. The Crisis Apparition naturally takes the form of the sender. The Apparition appears before the target person in the form of a fully visualized, though incorporeal form. It mimics the sender's current actions for 19-37 rounds (2D10 +17).

C. DISCIPLINES OF THE EVIL WAY

Below are nine new Disciplines of the Evil Way.

BIND BARGHEST (Mental)

Cost: 7 WPR/command Roll Required: S/O
Range: Sight, Unlimited Area: 1 Barghest
EWS: 100+

"All I could do was hope the beast would listen to reason. If it was a dog . . . who was its master?"

This discipline is used on a Barghest after it has been summoned using the Summon Barghest Discipline, described later.

It is harder to control a Barghest than it is to summon one. These evil, unruly beasts only grudgingly take orders from even the most powerful masters.

While bound, the Barghest follows any order that it feels will not result in its demise, though it will enter into combat or similarly dangerous situations at the command of its master.

The duration of this binding depends on the success of the discipline use. The roll is opposed by the Barghest's Current Willpower. If the Barghest's potential master rolls less than the Barghest, the Barghest immediately attacks and tries to kill its summoner. If the rolls are equal, it simply growls menacingly and disappears back into the Unknown. If the summoner's roll is greater than the Barghest's, the creature is bound for a number of days (from midnight to midnight) equal to the difference in results. For example, if the summoner rolls a result 3 levels higher than the Barghest, the Barghest is bound to the summoner for 3 days.

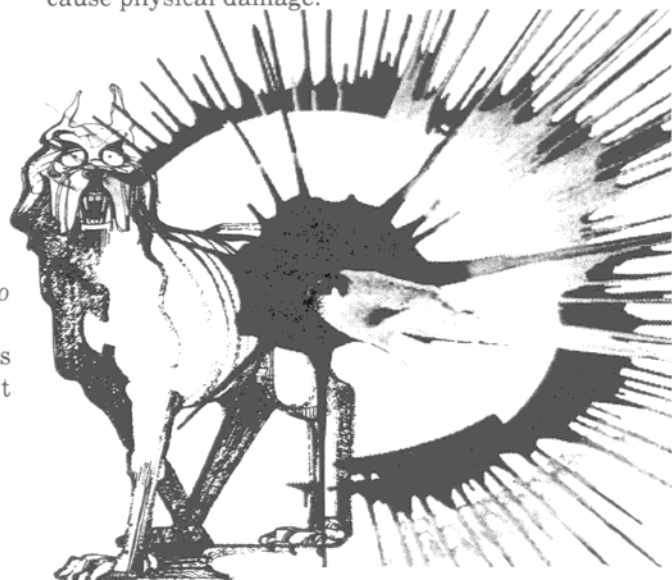
At the end of this time, the summoner is allowed another Opposed Check to see if he can continue controlling the beast. If he doesn't wish to maintain control, the beast fades away at the end of the normal duration.

FALL (Elemental)

Cost: 15 WPR/round Roll Required: H
Range: Sight Area: 1D10 x 10' radius
EWS: 130+

"I can't describe the pain involved in being hit on the head by a stone that has fallen for hundreds of feet. It is a miracle I'm alive to try at all."

This discipline is very similar to the Rain Discipline (*Chill* hardcover, p. 163) except that the objects that Fall from the sky can, and usually do, cause physical damage.



Falls include, but are not limited to, the following objects:

(1D10)	OBJECT
1	Stones
2	Acid
3	Nails
4	Chains
5	Fire
6	Bones
7	Skulls
8	Teeth
9	Molten lead
10	Glass chips

No living things can be part of a Fall. It is possible to mix any number of small objects like the ones above into one Fall.

Specific damage caused by the Fall varies depending on the number and type of objects falling and should be determined by the CM.

The number of objects that fall are as follows.

First round. 1D5 objects land on each character, up to a maximum of 2D10 objects total.

Second round. 1D10 objects land on each character, up to a maximum of 10 + 2D10 objects total. (Maximum effect for Student Level.)

Third round. 3D10 objects land on each character, up to a maximum of 20 + D% objects total.

Fourth and successive rounds. 2D10 objects land on each character, up to a maximum of 20 + 4D10 objects total.

HAIL (Elemental)

Cost: 10 WPR/minute Roll Required: H
Range: Sight Area: 1 mile radius
EWS: 105+

"The sky was blue, I swear it was. I don't know much about the weather, but I just don't think it's right . . . hail falling out a clear blue sky. It was like freezing rain in July!"

This discipline, similar to the Rain Discipline, causes a terrible hailstorm to appear from a clear blue sky.

Though the Hail is mostly intended to cause damage to crops (it will kill one acre of fertile crop land per minute), any character caught in such a storm is considered to be dodging the huge hailstones the entire time and must pass a General Agility Check each round if he wants to do anything but try to run for cover.

HURL (Psychokinetic)

Cost: 30 WPR/round Roll Required: S
Range: Room Area: Room
EWS: 110+

"When I find out who threw that paperweight at me, I'll . . ."

This discipline allows an incorporeal creature to throw up to 10 objects, each weighing less than two pounds, at a specific target. Each item hurled is treated as a separate missile attack, requiring a successful Specific EWS Check to hit. Damage is at Strike Rank 1.

PARALYZING COUNTEenance (Sensory)

Cost: 5 WPR/minute Roll Required: S/O
Range: Sight Area: Room
EWS: 125+

"I couldn't move. I wanted to run away from it so badly, but I couldn't. I never thought a baby could look like that. I can see it all the time. The sight of it . . . it . . . it . . . I couldn't move. . ."

Use of this discipline allows the Utburd to paralyze its victim just by looking at him.

The victim is rendered immobile as long as he is looking at the creature's face. The Utburd must roll an Opposed EWS Check against the victim's Willpower Check. The paralysis lasts for one minute for each result level the Utburd scores higher than its victim. Shielding the victim's eyes allows the paralysis to wear off in 1D10 rounds. Mental Shield does not protect against this discipline.

RESIST TRAVEL (Psychokinetic)

Cost: 10 WPR/use Roll Required: G
Range: ancestral property Area: ancestral property
EWS: 50+

"Th' car, sir . . . she's stuck in a great pool o' mud, she is. Sir . . . canna ya stop tha' infernal screamin'?"

This discipline allows a Screaming Skull to avoid being taken from its ancestral home. It uses this



APPARITIONS

discipline any time it is taken outside of its home for any reason. The discipline does any number of harmless, but frustrating, things. Carts become mired in mud, car engines fail to start, people trip unexpectedly, the skull slips out of hands, falls out of baskets, etc.

These specifics are left up to the imagination of the CM.

STEAL HEAD (Distortive)

Cost: 15 WPR/use Roll Required: As Thrown Weapon
Range: Sight (within 30') Area: 1 Victim
EWS: 120+

This discipline allows the user to attack a victim physically in hopes of decapitating him.

The creature must make a successful Thrown Weapon attack for the discipline to be effective. The discipline requires a focus for the thrown attack. This focus can be any inanimate object approximately the size and shape of a human head. It is this focus that the user throws at its victim.

This attack causes a set of invisible jaws to manifest around the victim's head. When the jaws clamp shut, they cause SR: 3 damage. If the victim is killed, his head is severed. The discipline further causes the head to appear in the crook of the user's arm or armlike appendage.

STEAL LIFE-FORCE (Mental)

Cost: 50 WPR/use Roll Required: S/O
Range: Sight Area: 1 victim
EWS: 90+

"I could feel the soul sucked out of my body, my soul . . . all my energy . . . everything that was me . . . went into the cold, cruel hands of the raving Bansidhe. . ."

This discipline is usually linked to the keening wail of the Bansidhe. It is listed here in case CMs want to create other creatures with this ability or use it as a weapon in the hands of an existing creature with varying abilities with the Evil Way.

To administer an attack by a Bansidhe, make an Opposed Steal Life-Force Check for the Bansidhe against an Opposed Current WPR Check by the victim. If the victim rolls a higher result level than the Bansidhe, the creature's attack is unsuccessful (this time).

If both results are equal, the victim loses 2D10 Current Willpower and begins to experience terrible nightmares, which prevent regeneration of Willpower, for three consecutive nights.

If the Bansidhe's result level is higher, consult the following chart.

Difference	Consequence
1	In 2D10 hours, the victim falls into a death-like trance and appears in every way to be dead. The victim is then struggling with the Bansidhe for control of his life-force. The victim inevitably prevails, regaining consciousness in 3D10 hours, suffering a Willpower loss of 2D10 and experiencing nightmares for three consecutive nights that prevent regeneration of Willpower.
2	Same as 1, but it takes 2D10 x 2 hours for the victim to revive.
3	Same as previous two results, but victim is also hopelessly mad for 1D10 hours after reviving. The victim, in this state, screams incoherently and attacks any person or animal in sight unless restrained.
4	The victim loses the struggle and the Bansidhe takes his life-force to the Unknown.

When using this chart, the Difference column indicates the Bansidhe's number of result levels higher than the victim's. The Consequences column indicates the specific consequences of that level of success attained by the Bansidhe.

SUMMON BARGHEST (Communicative)

Cost: 15 WPR/use Roll Required: H
Range: Self Area: N/A
EWS: 75+

"Come to me, oh Hound of the Moors. . . Come to me, and feast on the flesh and fear of the living. . . Come to me. I command thee. . ."

This discipline allows the user to summon one or more Barghests.

If successful, the Barghests simply appear before the summoner. The summoner must then succeed in using the Bind Barghest Discipline or else the creature attacks the commoner, kills him, then returns to the Unknown.

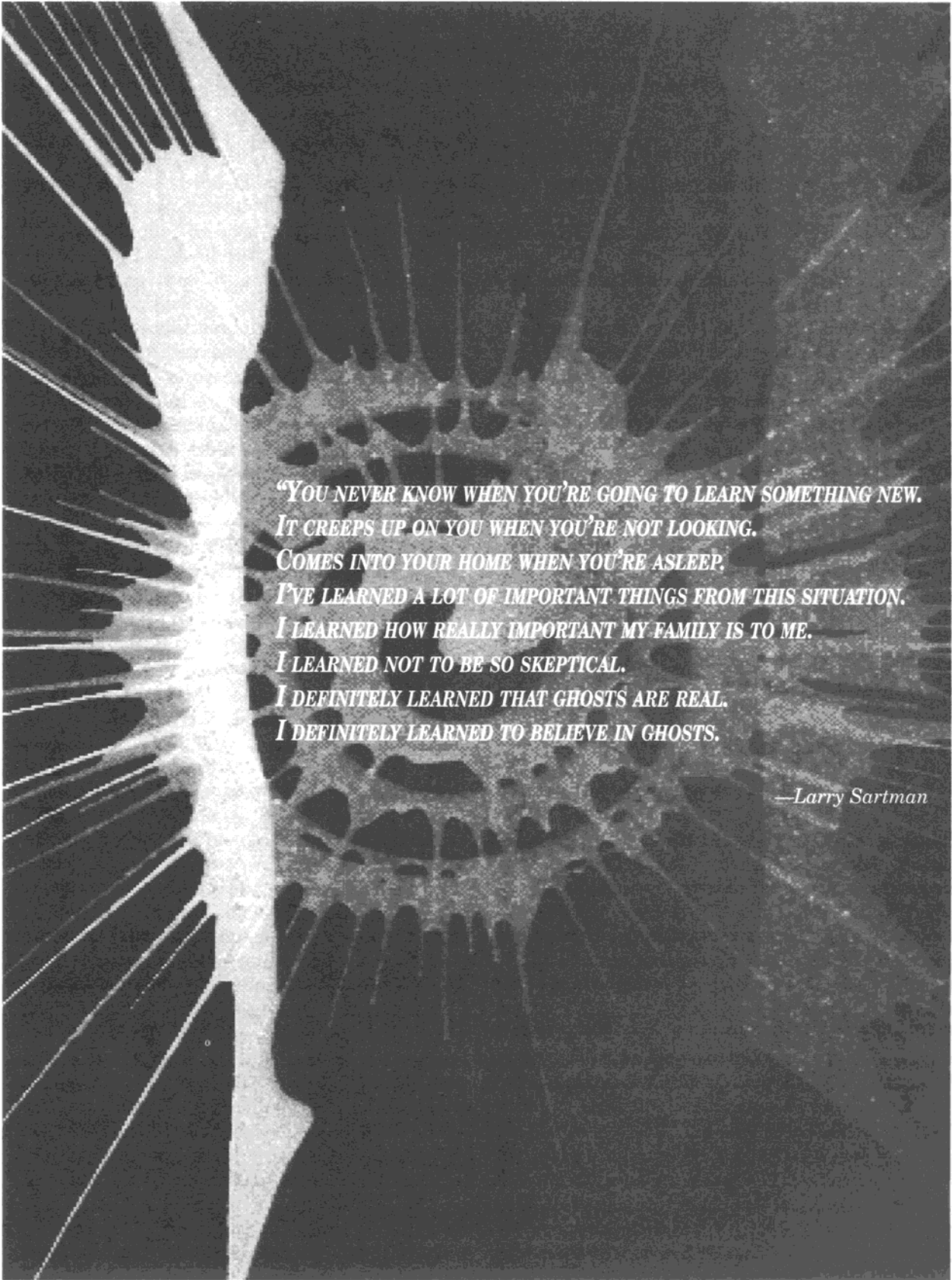
At Student Level, only one Barghest may be summoned per attempt.

At Teacher Level, two Barghests appear.

At Master Level, four Barghests appear.

Perform a separate Bind Barghest for each creature. The user is able to summon less than the maximums stated above if he so desires.





*"YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN SOMETHING NEW.
IT CREEPS UP ON YOU WHEN YOU'RE NOT LOOKING.
COMES INTO YOUR HOME WHEN YOU'RE ASLEEP.
I'VE LEARNED A LOT OF IMPORTANT THINGS FROM THIS SITUATION.
I LEARNED HOW REALLY IMPORTANT MY FAMILY IS TO ME.
I LEARNED NOT TO BE SO SKEPTICAL.
I DEFINITELY LEARNED THAT GHOSTS ARE REAL.
I DEFINITELY LEARNED TO BELIEVE IN GHOSTS.*

—Larry Sartman



THE VISITATION: A CHILL SCENARIO

CM'S INTRODUCTION

The Visitation is a Chill scenario for almost any number of player characters (6 to 8 is best). The CM should read this scenario completely before attempting to run it. A thorough examination of the Poltergeist section of this sourcebook (see pp. 41-46)

is also in order, since this scenario involves a group of SAVE envoys (the player characters) confronting a pesky Poltergeist in a quiet suburban neighborhood. This scenario follows the last nine days of the haunting.

Remember, the only way to exorcise a poltergeist is to find out its true name and what promise it left unkept, then either see that the promise is fulfilled or present evidence that the child focus of the current

haunting is happy and being cared for correctly.

CMs should keep in mind the fact that players are almost never cooperative enough to stick to the script and the only idea they're likely to get is the one not thought of beforehand. Don't let this throw you, even if you're not an experienced CM. If the players go off on a tangent, you always have NPCs (in this case the Sartman family) to fall back on. These NPCs are described on pp. 98-100 of this scenario. Keep in mind that you're role-playing too. Make these NPCs your personal characters. Do they think the PCs are on the right track? Are they afraid time is being wasted? Would they blindly follow wherever the PCs lead, trusting in their alleged expertise? The more you think about this scenario before you run it, the easier it will be to run. Also, don't forget Old Bob Turner, the Poltergeist. He's no more or less an NPC than the

Sartmans. He's capable of reacting to the decisions and actions of the PCs. Make sure you have him do so, but remember that creatures often have their own unbendable rules to work around. Old Bob will, for instance, not be able to prevent himself from going insane on the ninth day, but if the PCs are really taking shots in the dark, you might have Old Bob give them some hints that he's not been feeling himself lately.

At the beginning of each encounter section and spaced throughout the text where necessary are italicized blocks of text. This italicized text is to be read aloud to the players.

Another important part of the scenario is the sidebars. These boxes of text contain essential information, like a key to the house map, game statistics for Old Bob, and details on the Sartman family.

Similar to sidebars, but intended for the players, are the various handouts. You should either cut these out or photocopy them before beginning play. Give the players these handouts only when called for in the text. If the PCs do not do certain things, they will not receive certain handouts. This is okay. The players should gain only the information their characters have found or earned.

Throughout the course of the scenario, the CM should roll for miscellaneous manifestations, random encounters caused by Old Bob that are not strictly related to the storyline but add a little spice to the scenario and keep the players on their toes. When rolling for these manifestations, use the Miscellaneous Manifestations Table on p. 117.

The Timeline should be used from the start of this scenario and should be a handy reference guide as the scenario progresses. There are spaces on the timeline for noting when any special occurrences take place and for jotting down the length of time manifestations last. For example, if

CHILL MASTERS ONLY:

The following Chill scenario is intended solely for the eyes of the CM. If you plan to use it as a player, stop reading now! You will not enjoy this scenario if you know what's lurking around every corner.



a manifestation occurs at 7 p.m. on Sunday and lasts for 2 hours, you would note down this information on the timeline. This allows you to keep track of all events throughout the scenario without having to rely on just your memory.

Eight local player characters are provided to get your players started right away. However, you should feel free to incorporate this scenario into your ongoing campaign and use any existing PCs.

The setting for *The Visitation* is a five-bedroom house at 132 Laureltree Terrace in the quiet Chicago suburb of Nelson, Illinois. For what it's worth, Nelson (a fictional community) can be in Texas, California, or Alaska; whichever is most convenient for your particular playing group. Wherever it is, Nelson is a quiet, reserved, upscale community where the houses are big and expensive, the police are bored and petty, and the neighbors are apathetic.

For a detailed description of the house, see 132 Laureltree Terrace (p. 107).

Give the players Handout #1 (see p. 119), the letter from Mrs. Sartman, let them read it, and then read them the Players' Background section.

PLAYERS' BACKGROUND

The letter you're holding was FAXed to SAVE's Chicago bureau this morning. Ben Woodlawn, a professor of psychology at a local community college, is known at the SAVE offices as an open-minded academic who has had a few encounters with the Unknown. Although he has declined membership in SAVE, he has, on occasion, referred people to the Society who he believes may be experiencing a legitimate encounter with the Unknown.

After speaking with Mrs. Sartman on the telephone, you quickly become convinced that the Sartmans are in the midst of a particularly nasty Poltergeist disturbance. In talking with Mrs. Sartman, you learn the following information.

The Unknown activity began 22 days ago the way these things always begin, with a few things moved around when the Sartmans were out of the house. After a week, things began to move while the Sartmans' backs were turned. Of course, they blamed each other at first, and quarrels broke out almost constantly. Mrs. Sartman accused her son, Danny, or her daughter, Kathy, of moving things around when she wasn't looking, Danny accused Kathy of snooping around in his bedroom, and Kathy accused Danny of the same thing.

Then one Saturday, 10 days into the disturbance,

Mr. Sartman was at the hardware store and the children were in the car waiting for Mrs. Sartman to leave on her morning errands. Mrs. Sartman walked through her living room to get her keys, which were hanging on a hook in the kitchen. She spent no more than a few seconds in the kitchen, just grabbing her keys and coming back. When she came out of the kitchen, she immediately froze as a wave of terror washed over her. All of the furniture in the living room was standing on end. The loveseat was balanced atop the sofa, forming a "T" in the middle of the room. The rest of the furniture was neatly piled in a corner. And the stereo components were set up on end across the floor in a perfect line, like dominoes ready to fall. The moment she thought this, like dominoes, they fell, one against another until they sat atop each other on the floor.

Mrs. Sartman stood there in awe and in fear for so long her children came in looking for her. She grabbed them both and pulled them out of the house.

Mrs. Sartman drove to a nearby convenience store and began calling her own number over and over, hoping to find her husband there. She knew something was terribly wrong, something she couldn't explain.

The fifth time she tried her number, the answering machine came on just like the previous four times, but this time Mrs. Sartman decided to leave a message. The outgoing message was usually: "Hi, you've reached the Sartman residence. We can't come to the phone right now, but if you leave a message after the beep, we'll get back to you." This time, however, the message was different. It was still her husband's voice, but this time it said, "Hi, you've reached Old Bob's house, I can't come to the phone right now because the house is all upside down." The beep sounded, and she hung up the phone.

She drove home trying to convince herself it was Larry who had moved the furniture, probably with the help of Ed Dertz, the neighbor from across the street.

She tried to get angry at her husband for pulling such a prank, but she couldn't. She just couldn't convince herself that her husband had done it.

When she got home, Larry was back from the hardware store and was obviously in a bad mood. Before she even got out of the mini-van, he said, "What happened to all my tools? They're missing! This is starting to get ridiculous."

As not to disturb the children, they went into the house to discuss the day's events.



APPARITIONS

Mr. Sartman said he didn't move the furniture in the living room. When he came home, everything was where it usually was. Everything was fine, in fact, except for his missing tools. Mr. Sartman insisted that the phone never rang once while he was there. There were no incoming messages on the machine, and the outgoing message was the one they always had.

Just then Danny came in from playing in the back yard with a screwdriver in his hand. When his father asked him where he got it, Danny replied, "In the back yard. They're all over the place."

Mr. and Mrs. Sartman went into the back yard and found the tools sticking out of the grass, all lined up in six rows of ten tools each. The rows looked to be perfectly symmetrical. Danny could not have lined them up that straight, especially not in the three minutes he was in the back yard.

It was at this point that Mr. and Mrs. Sartman of 132 Laureltree Terrace started believing in ghosts.

The days that followed were like a carnival of bizarre occurrences. They began to see things move through the air, as if whatever was doing it was gradually revealing its power. Danny was frightened and was sent to stay with his aunt in Roselle.

The next day, his aunt dropped Danny back home, complaining that he simply would not stop rearranging her furniture.

Next, the Sartmans checked into a hotel, but every time they touched the bed, it shook violently, and every time they attempted to turn the television on, it made a loud growling sound.

They went back home, but when the cars started to move in and out of the garage by themselves, the whole family went to stay with Mrs. Sartman's sister in Roselle.

Whatever it was followed them there too. The first night there, they all woke up in different beds, just as if they all got up in the middle of the night and changed places. None of them remembered getting up during the night.

Finally, they went home. Mrs. Sartman, beginning to feel like she was losing her mind, called her old psychology professor, Dr. Woodlawn. He recommended SAVE, and the rest is history.

Immediately following your first conversation, Mrs. Sartman called you back and begged you to come and help her family. Knowing that exorcisms can sometimes be time consuming affairs, you warned her about the possibility of a long stay. Relieved for any outside intervention, Mrs. Sartman said you could stay for as long as you'd like.

You were each picked up in an unmarked van, bound for 132 Laureltree Terrace.

ENCOUNTER 1: THE FIRST NIGHT

Begin play now by reading the following to the players.

It's about 7 p.m., and the sun is creeping toward the horizon. You're almost overwhelmed by the mixture of fear, doubt, excitement, and uncertainty as you pull up to the innocent-looking suburban house. From the outside you'd never think anything strange could be happening at 132 Laureltree Terrace. The flicker in the window could be a TV.

The outside of this large, two-story brick house is adorned with brass fixtures and a huge bay window. It sits on a nearly bare grass lot dotted with the occasional, tiny tree. It has a warm, inviting look that belies the chaos occurring within.

You approach the door and hesitate before knocking. You rap once on the door. You only have to wait a few seconds before the door is slowly opened. Inside, a pale man with short brown hair and bloodshot brown eyes invites you inside. He looks at you with desperate hope and says, "I'm Larry Sartman. I hope you're the people from SAVE. I may not believe in ghosts or monsters, and I may not take you all too seriously, but at this point I'm willing to try anything. Enough with my opinions. Now, I'd like you to meet my family."

Once the PCs are inside the house, they meet each of the four Sartmans while standing in the ruined foyer. Read the descriptions under the heading **The Sartmans** to the players as their characters meet each member of the family.

THE SARTMANS

The following are complete descriptions of the four members of the Sartman family as they are when they first meet the PCs.

LARRY SARTMAN (LAWYER)

Larry Sartman is an ordinary-looking man, with short brown hair and soft brown eyes. He looks pale and drawn, like he hasn't had much sleep, and is continually rubbing his bloodshot eyes. He is dressed in a wrinkled polo shirt and blue jeans and has a faint musky smell to him, like he's been covering up for not bathing with liberal splashes of cologne. He is wearing a gold watch on his left wrist.



Larry Sartman prides himself on having made a better than average life for his family. A graduate of Harvard Law School, he is a successful attorney specializing in insurance defense.

LARRY SARTMAN

AGL: 45

DEX: 43

LCK: 53

PCN: 59

PER: 43

STA: 35

STR: 78

WPR: 55

Skills:

Accounting/T 87

Driving/T 81

Law*/M 74

Drawbacks:

Phobia: Acrophobia

*Law (LCK + PCN + PER +

WPR) + 4 (see the Chill

Companion for details.)

He treats his daughter very well and is the most patient with her temperamental moods of anyone in the family. He sees her bad behavior as a stage that she'll soon get over.

He always considered himself a practical man who did not believe in ghosts. He is having a difficult time coping with the recent events transpiring in his house and continues to look for a logical explanation.

Though he welcomes the SAVE envoys with open arms, he freely

expresses doubts about the organization.

Larry is doing an excellent job of hiding the fear that has had him on the brink of panic for two weeks. He is determined to stay strong, especially for his son Danny, who, being so young, is terribly frightened.

He is perfectly willing to lay down his life for his wife and children but is not rash enough to do so unless it's truly necessary.

MARY SARTMAN (REAL ESTATE AGENT)

Mary is a pretty woman in her late 30s. One glance at her says she normally keeps herself more together than she looks now. Though you've never seen her before, you know she doesn't look nearly as good now as she did on a bad day before the disturbance.

She greets you with obvious desperation and is quite reluctant to bring you into the house. She apologizes repeatedly for your having to "come all this way."

Mary is normally an extraordinarily charming and gracious woman, with a highly charismatic aura around people she doesn't know. The strain of the disturbance has taken its toll on her, however, and even though she struggles to retain her composure, she occasionally breaks down and cries, cursing the day she ever bought this house.

Mary's resilient personality and trained interpersonal skills allow her to accept the disturbance as evidence of a supernatural entity. She will question the SAVE envoys constantly, hoping that if she comes to understand this creature she might be a little less terrified of it.

She is very protective of Danny now but seems unable to connect with Kathy in any way. Deep down she resents Larry for his patience with Kathy.

DANNY SARTMAN (CHILD)

Danny Sartman is one scared little boy. At the age of 6, he is sucking his thumb. His mother seems to have given up trying to make him stop. If it helps him get through the disturbance, it's probably not a bad idea. Still, though almost catatonic with fright, there's something about the boy that makes you suspect he's really quite bright under normal circumstances. He definitely gets his looks from his mother.

The disturbance has destroyed Danny's concept of reality. He has come to the decision that it's better to hide from the kind of world that has ghosts in it, even though his parents told him that there were no such things as monsters or ghosts.

Danny's young mind is completely overstimulated and overtaxed. He wonders if his parents knew there were such things as ghosts and purposely lied to him or if they didn't think ghosts exist but were wrong. For a 6-year-old boy, the concept that his parents might have been wrong or somehow misguided is almost as traumatic as if they had lied to him.

MARY SARTMAN

AGL: 55

DEX: 60

LCK: 35

PCN: 41

PER: 82

STA: 37

STR: 38

WPR: 63

Skills:

Computer/T 102

Driving/S 65

Familiarity (Real Estate

Sales)/T 76

Psychiatry/S 70



DANNY SARTMAN

AGL: 60

DEX: 35

LCK: 84

PCN: 23

PER: 74

STA: 11

STR: 9

WPR: 7

Skills:

Familiarity (GI-Joe

Trivia)/M 88

Filching/S 62

APPARITIONS

KATHY SARTMAN (TEENAGER)

Kathy is a teenager who seems the most resilient of the family. Her face is set in a dour, permanent grimace of fake cynicism, and her arms seem glued across her chest. She seems more upset at the inconvenience caused by the disturbance than by the disturbance itself.

Kathy Sartman is your typical bad teenage girl in the making. What she lacks in intelligence, self-respect, and personal dignity, she more than makes up for in harshness and raw attitude. She will treat the SAVE envoys with showy disrespect, and nearly anything her mother says to her receives only a click of her tongue as a response.

She is somewhat solicitous of her father, whom she refers to as "Daddy," while Mary is shunned with the formal "Mother."

If any of the PCs show any sort of kindness to her, she'll snub them in a very blunt and rude manner. If treated as an equal (i.e. a young lady much older than she actually is), she puts on her "tough chick act,"

bumming cigarettes and using off-color language.

She is legitimately frightened by the Poltergeist but doesn't have the presence of mind necessary to imagine what life would be like if her family were torn apart. At this point, she just wants her regular routine back.

THE HOUSE

The Sartmans will take the characters on a tour of their ruined home. Describe the inside of the house by using the descriptions in the sidebar 132 Laureltree Terrace (see p. 107). It is important that you, as CM, not reveal too much information to the players when their characters first tour the Sartman home. Make sure to read only the italicized text to the players.

This is a good opportunity for the PCs to ask the Sartmans any questions they may have. As CM, you should keep in mind everything you've read under **The Sartmans** and **132 Laureltree Terrace**, and do everything you can to keep the Sartmans in character. This is especially true at the beginning of the scenario, since the PCs are now getting their first impressions of the Sartmans.

Try to make it obvious to the players as their characters go through the house that the Sartmans are extremely upset at its current condition.

Now, roll for a couple random manifestations on the Miscellaneous Manifestation Table on p. 117 to throw the player characters into the thick of things right away.

There are three rooms in the house the Sartmans will not enter—the Garage (9), the Guest Room (14), and the Attic (11). If the PCs want to enter any of these rooms, the Sartmans will try to talk them out of it. If the PCs are insistent and go into any of these rooms, skip to **132 Laureltree Terrace**, and consult the appropriate listing.

When the PCs have seen the house, give them a copy of the Players' Map and read the following text aloud.

"Now that you've had the grand tour and had a taste of the weird goings on," Mr. Sartman says, "what do you plan to do now?"

If the PCs have no plan of action, they immediately lose a great deal of the Sartmans' confidence. If they do have a plan, let them begin to enact it now.

Regardless of what they decide to do, roll with it. The players should be allowed to move the action along by the actions of their characters. If they feel like they're being directed by the CM, they'll quickly lose interest, and rightly so.

The players will probably want their characters to talk with the Sartmans. This will give you, as CM, an opportunity to start practicing your own role-playing talents. Be careful what the Sartmans do and say here because this behavior will most likely come back to haunt you throughout the scenario.

The Sartmans section should give you enough background material on each of the members of the family, as well as role-playing hints for each, for you to get started. Don't get too caught up in having to play the Sartmans "right." There is no right or wrong way, and it's up to you as CM to make sure you bring some of yourself into the game through these NPCs.

Let the PCs do whatever they want until 10:30 p.m. When it gets to be 10:30 p.m. in game time, read the following to the players.

"We should all turn in now," Mrs. Sartman says. "We can camp out on the floor of the master

KATHY SARTMAN

AGL 32

DEX: 28

LCK: 17

PCN: 20

PER: 12

STA: 46

STR: 19

WPR: 10

Skills:

Acrobatics/S 47



bedroom. At least there we'll be able to sleep semi-comfortably. For some reason, the activity there is less intense than in the rest of the house. We could sleep in Kathy's room, the sanest room in the house, but she refuses to sleep there because of the strange growling and whining noises that come from her closet."

If any of the PCs want to sleep somewhere else, they will experience 4 miscellaneous random manifestations (from the Miscellaneous Manifestation Table), while those sleeping in the Sartmans' bedroom will experience only 2 manifestations that night.

As CM, it's incumbent on you to make each of the manifestations as frightening as possible. Many players will insist on having their characters thoroughly investigate each of these random encounters. This is fine. If you can think on your feet and remember not to give out too much information, these little unconnected manifestations can provide a great deal of depth to the scenario. Also, if the PCs take physical evidence (blood, green slime, etc.) from the manifestations for further examination, it disappears in 1D10 minutes.

When it reaches 10:30 p.m. on Sunday, go to **Encounter 2: The Second Night**. Otherwise, let the PCs do what they want and go where they wish (if it is possible).

ENCOUNTER 2: THE SECOND NIGHT

This encounter occurs when the Sartmans are ready for bed (10:30 p.m.) on Sunday.

At first it looked like a shadow moving across the floor. From where you're lying, you can see that the shadow has depth. It comes just a little closer, and you can see that the shadow has legs.

The word bursts into your head like an explosion of fear and disgust: SPIDERS!

Old Bob (See the Old Bob sidebar on p. 111.) is using his Swarm Discipline so he can "separate the men from the boys." The Swarm appears in every room containing one or more PCs, and everyone subjected to the Swarm must make a Fear Check. Those most affected by the Swarm (CM discretion) will become the brunt of further psychological attacks from Old Bob.

Old Bob was, in life, one who went with his own strengths. As a Poltergeist, he goes for other

people's weaknesses. If it seems easier to scare one person than another, he'll go for the one who scares most easily.

The Swarm Discipline is detailed in the *Chill* hardcover, p. 154. Old Bob has the discipline at Master Level (113) and causes as many spiders to appear as he can.

SPIDER SWARM

Spiders will do their best to get under their victims' clothes. The spiders cannot bite through clothes but can automatically bite if on bare skin. None of the spiders is poisonous.

Furthermore, the spiders add to the disgustingness of the affair by instinctively seeking refuge in dark places (mouth, nostrils, ears, etc.).

The spiders come from under the door, so the players should get some sense that their characters are trapped. Anyone standing outside the door won't see anything because the spiders are actually materializing from the Unknown through a gate under the bottom of the door.

If Kathy Sartman is subjected to the Swarm, the spiders mass around her feet but do not touch her. Kathy automatically fails her Fear Check and stands screaming until the Swarm disappears.

Sometime during the encounter, Mr. Sartman (if he's in a Swarm-affected room) gets a really bad idea. He decides that fire will easily scare or kill large masses of spiders. He's right on the last count but has overlooked the fact that he'll most likely start his house on fire in the process.

If not stopped, Mr. Sartman makes a makeshift torch out of a pillow case and lights it with a disposable lighter from the nightstand. He then starts several small fires throughout the room, which quickly fill the room with smoke. When the spiders fade away, the characters may find themselves in an even more dangerous position. (See the *Chill* hardcover, p. 102, for fire damage.)



SPIDER SWARM

AGL: 15
DEX: N/A
PCN: 57
STA: *see below
STR: 1
WPR: 5
ATT: 1; 25
SR: -3
WB: 1
Fear: -25
MV: 1' (L)

*Stamina is basically irrelevant because spiders this size (1/4" to 1" in diameter) can be killed by any blow.

APPARITIONS

ENCOUNTER 3: THE THIRD DAY A MAILMAN IN THE CLOSET

This encounter occurs at 7 a.m., Monday morning.

You wake up to the sound of tapping and pounding noises coming from somewhere upstairs.

If the PCs want to investigate the noise, read the following text aloud.

You go upstairs and discover that the noise is coming from the hall closet.

If the PCs open the closet doors, read the following aloud.

You open the closet doors and see a young man in a United States Postal Service uniform, curled up tightly in the fetal position, on the closet floor. Next to him is a large brown bag stuffed with mail. The young man is breathing heavily and is quite pale. He is trembling and jumps with a whimper as the doors open. He looks up at you pleadingly but seems unable to speak.

The smell of human waste is quite strong.

The Sartmans immediately recognize this young man as their regular mailman, Tom Lorello.

As you finally coax the mailman out of the closet, you notice he's malnourished and quite dehydrated. Once he calms down, he tells you his story.

"I was delivering my route like I do every day. It was Thursday . . . a totally normal day. I got here. I remember that for sure. That was my last address. I went up to the door to put the mail in the box. I put the mail in the box, and then the door swung open. It was dark inside and I heard a woman scream. She screamed so loud I went in. I know I'm not supposed to. I heard her scream, I mean, I thought it was probably nothing—probably just someone cut herself or saw a mouse, y'know?"

"I called out, but that's when I was hit . . . I think somebody knocked me down from behind. I don't know what happened. I got all dizzy. My head was spinning. I could feel myself being carried up a flight of stairs on a stretcher.

"The next thing I knew, I was sitting on the floor in a closet. I tried to get out, but I couldn't. I couldn't open the doors.

"I was in there so long. It was terrible. I heard so many sounds. One time there was something outside the closet door. Something . . . huge . . . like a bear. It was breathing hard and sniffing. It didn't notice

me because I got real quiet. I held my breath until I thought I was going to pass out. A little while later, there were a hundred spiders in there with me. So many spiders . . . I've never seen so many spiders!"

At this point, he becomes completely hysterical and begins to foam at the mouth. He slowly gets up and, as if possessed, dashes to the front door and bursts out, disappearing down the street.

The PCs cannot keep up with or find Tom Lorello once he leaves the house. The scenario should now continue with the PCs doing what they want, with miscellaneous manifestations occurring as usual.

ENCOUNTER 4: THE FOURTH NIGHT

This encounter occurs at 6 p.m. Tuesday.

Mrs. Sartman walks into the the dining room and lets out a blood-curdling scream.

If the PCs go to Mrs. Sartman's aid, read the following aloud.

You run into the dining room, following Mrs. Sartman's terrified screams. Almost crashing into the table, you stop when you see what she's screaming at.

Give the players Handout #2 (see p. 119), and continue reading the following aloud.

Mrs. Sartman clutches her bloodshot eyes and turns, walking shakily into the kitchen. Her husband goes with her; he is swallowing hard, as if trying not to vomit. Danny is there, staring at the wall, lips moving as he slowly reads the message scrawled in dripping blood. The scent of iron tingles your nose. Mrs. Sartman sobs loudly in the kitchen and says, "Old Bob."

The message fades in three hours of game time, so everyone should have a chance to read it at least once. If they don't think to copy the message down, let them have access to Handout #2 for three hours of game time, then take it away and let them depend on their memories.

If anyone tries to wipe the blood off the wall, not only does it not come off, but the wall appears to feel physical pain at the touch of the cloth, screaming in agony and writhing under the character's hands.



The message is Old Bob's way of revealing what's going on. At this point in the haunting, Old Bob is beginning to get frustrated and has begun to do things that "normal" Poltergeists are either incapable of doing or unwilling to do (like capturing the mailman and opening the gate to the Third Universe [see The Garage #9]). His basic good nature, however, occasionally shines through. What he's doing here is warning the Sartmans that if they don't take steps to control their daughter immediately, he will "take" her. Old Bob doesn't want to kill her, but he's beginning to think of it as an option. By the ninth night of the haunting, he'll decide it's his only option.

This message furnishes the players with two major clues:

- The Poltergeist has "adopted" Kathy. This seems to be because they are "letting her go to hell" or are unable to prevent Kathy from acting out her "tough chick" role.

- The Poltergeist's name is (or was) Old Bob. The player characters should use this bit of information to try to discover the identity of the Poltergeist.

The name Old Bob isn't a lot to go on, but it's something. The fact that Old Bob Turner was a relatively famous, wealthy individual who didn't live too long ago definitely helps. Also, if the players are smart, they can use some of the clues their characters have gained from the miscellaneous manifestations to help their investigation.

If the PCs wish to find out more about Old Bob, proceed to **Encounter 5: Who's Old Bob?**

If the PCs decide to interview Kathy Sartman a little more in-depth so as to determine a possible reason for Old Bob's spectral adoption, proceed to **Encounter 6: A Conversation with Kathy.**

ENCOUNTER 5: WHO'S OLD BOB?

This encounter concerns the players' search for information on Old Bob. At this point, player characters can finish any further research into Poltergeist activity.

If the PCs leave the Sartmans' house to do their research, alter the following text accordingly.

Something seems very wrong with sitting at a portable computer, reviewing old newspaper clippings, and accessing various SAVE information files while things are flying through the air, something in the attic is screaming, and a whole family is on the verge of total disintegration. That's something SAVE envoys have always had to wrestle with. Research is action . . . isn't it?

Any character with History or relevant Familiarity Skills (Texas, American Folk Heroes, Oil Industry, etc.) can begin to do research starting with the name Old Bob.

Though the front door may or may not be locked, the characters can come and go, and so they can use libraries and other sources of information. The Sartmans will be extremely upset, however, if they're left alone, and it will be a major blow to the PCs' credibility if all the envoys leave at the same time.

Research into the name Old Bob has the following results:

L result No relevant information is found.

M result Old Bob was a popular nickname in Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico in the 1940s and '50s.

H result The researcher discovers the information under the M result listing and an old Who's Who in American Oil from 1935 that contains a listing for Old Bob Turner. Give the player Handout #3. If the players persevere and find the 1940 edition of the book, they discover that Turner isn't listed, presumably because he has died in the meantime.

C result The researcher discovers the information under the M and H results and a book Wildcats of the 30s: The Men Who Texas Made Rich by T. Emmett Rich, 1955. This book has an entire chapter on Old Bob Turner. Give the player Handouts #3 and #4. This is all the information on Old Bob that is available anywhere.



The players have to determine on their own that Old Bob has come back to adopt Kathy.

This research will take 18 hours, or 12 hours at a suitable library. The closest research library to the Sartmans' house is at Grierson Community College, about a ten-minute drive away.

ENCOUNTER 6: A CONVERSATION WITH KATHY

Use this encounter when the PCs decide to question Kathy Sartman about her dealings with Old Bob.

"Like, I don't get it," Kathy Sartman mumbles. "What does he mean 'your daughter'? Is he talking about me? How does he know who I am?"

APPARITIONS

If played with suitable malice and immaturity, Kathy can be just as frightening as the Poltergeist.

To make this interview/conversation with Kathy more enjoyable, try to do your best “valley girl” voice. Suck on a Tootsie Pop, if possible, slurring your words the way Kathy would. Part of being a CM is acting. Have fun with Kathy, and your players’ characters will be more likely to identify with her. If they identify with her, they’ll care more about saving her from Old Bob.

At this point in the haunting, Kathy sees the whole thing as an annoyance. This makes Kathy that much more difficult to reach.

How the PCs approach Kathy is of utmost importance. If they approach her in an angry, aggressive, or violent manner, she’ll become intimidated almost instantly. Her basic defense mechanism is to shut up completely and try to get away from the situation as quickly as possible. If she feels physically threatened, she’ll run to her father for protection and, depending on the circumstances, enlist his aid in helping her avoid the PCs.

If the PCs approach her in a condescending manner, she’ll become insulted and switch to her “tough girl” act. At this point, her only responses will be to insult the PCs and treat them as peons who are not worthy of her attention.

If the PCs make Kathy feel at ease, read the following aloud.

“I got a Ouija board from my friend Ashley. It was for my birthday. Me, Ashley, and four of my friends started playing with it, like almost immediately—I like this boy and, like, I wanted to see if he likes me. Anyway, when I asked the spirit who liked me, it spelled out O-L-D-B-O-B. I thought it meant Bob Lundquist’s father; yuck, like he’s got a wife and is like as old as my dad!”

“I thought my friend Ashley was being a major pain and making the board say that. Anyway, I went along with Ashley’s lame game and asked the board more about Old Bob. Like all I remember is that he told me a few really weird things. After that, I didn’t want to play that lame game. I thought that Ashley was being a real bitch!”

“Oh yeah, Old Bob knows a lot about me.”

The following is what Old Bob told Kathy. Read the following aloud.

- His name is Old Bob.
- He is dead.

•He knows my name.

•He knows I sneak cigarettes, and he says I have to stop it.

•He wants me to be in by 8:00 every night.

•He thinks my parents are doing a bad job raising me.

If any of the PCs ask to see Kathy’s Ouija board, she tells them it’s in the garage. This could lead the PCs into the garage (see **132 Laureltree Terrace**, for details).

If the PCs find the Ouija board, bring it back out, and ask Kathy to try to call on Old Bob with the board, Old Bob won’t respond. (He is beyond the Ouija-answering stage.)

ENCOUNTER 7: THE EXORCISM

This encounter occurs when the PCs have assembled all the information they have about Old Bob and are ready to discuss their options.

There was a while there when you thought you’d never get to this point. This mission has been difficult in too many ways. There are people involved here. Victims.

You are keenly aware of your one single duty: to send the Poltergeist back to the Unknown or whatever hell spawned it.

You can hear chains rattling in the attic again as a chair tips over in the kitchen. You’ve been here long enough; it’s time to make a game plan.

Though it is possible for a character with the Incorporeal Attack Discipline to go “one-on-one” with Old Bob, this is really not a good idea. Old Bob is a particularly powerful Poltergeist teetering on the edge of insanity. If you have a player character with the Incorporeal Attack Discipline who wishes to give it a try, let him. Run this encounter in accordance with the rules for Incorporeal Combat found on p. 97 of the *Chill* hardcover.

The PCs will most likely choose exorcism as a means of dispelling Old Bob. In order to do this, they must conduct a seance.

This seance must include a character with the Seance Discipline, Kathy Sartman, and at least two other characters. The exorcism will not be successful if these terms are not met. The first dilemma in organizing the seance is that Kathy refuses to cooperate. However, she may be talked into it depending on her disposition toward the player characters. It’s up to the players how to do this.



As CM, you are going to have to decide if you think the PCs have persuaded Kathy. Be tough with them; Kathy would be.

Once Kathy has agreed to cooperate, the PCs must come up with a way to persuade Old Bob that he doesn't need to keep his promise to Kathy. Old Bob must be convinced that Kathy is not growing up too fast and that the Sartmans are good parents.

The PCs should try to force a confrontation between Kathy and her mother. They must resolve the animosity they feel toward each other before the family can be whole again. Since this is an interchange between two NPCs, it will be most difficult to play out. Therefore, if the players are absolutely brilliant (in the CM's opinion) in their characters' approach with Kathy, the PCs may be able to persuade her that her mother doesn't hate her and that she should try to build a good relationship with her mother.

Mary Sartman will be completely receptive to any positive move Kathy makes toward her. She has been wanting a better relationship with her daughter for a long time, and the experience of the Poltergeist disturbance has shown her how close a family can come to disintegration. Mrs. Sartman knows that a close family is a strong family, but she needs a SAVE envoy to tell her that the Sartmans must be particularly strong and united in order to rid their home of the Poltergeist.

If the players can find some way to bring the Sartmans together, they'll be able to convince Old Bob that he isn't needed.

If the seance is unsuccessful, it can be repeated again the next night and every night thereafter until it works or until Old Bob goes insane and kills everyone in the house.

Conduct the seance according to the rules in the *Chill* hardcover (p. 39). Once Old Bob is contacted, the medium has the duration of the discipline's power to present his case, with "testimony" from Kathy and the other Sartmans, before contact is broken and Old Bob disappears. If the envoys present a convincing case that Kathy has changed her attitude and the Sartmans are good parents, Old Bob will cease his haunting and disappear back into the Unknown forever. If, however, the envoys conduct a seance prematurely (without having worked out all of the information and Old Bob's motivation, or if Kathy is not involved in the seance), the seance solves nothing and in fact angers Old Bob further. In this case, he will wait until he decides it's time to return and show the characters the error of their ways.

ENCOUNTER 8: THE EIGHTH NIGHT

This encounter occurs at 7 p.m. Saturday.

Old Bob is on the final step to insanity and has decided that everyone in the house has to be scared off, so he has used his Enormity Discipline to change a common house spider into a very formidable and frightening creature.

The sound of footsteps . . . if that's what it is . . . is getting closer. It sounds like a crab of some kind. Like more than four feet scuttling across the floor. It's moving pretty fast. This is just another trick, you hope, just another hallucination. This is just a harmless sound. Holy s . . . it's a 3-foot-long spider!

The spider comes from nowhere, very quickly and with no warning, and it attacks immediately.

The spider, extremely confused by the sudden change in its surroundings and its own body, is a little crazed. In fact, it's quite frightened and takes out its fear on anything that moves.

The CM should conduct this encounter as a combat with a hostile animal.

ENORMOUS SPIDER

This enlarged spider's bite is accompanied by an injection of strength-150 poison. Also, spiders are cunning and experienced hunters and know instinctively how to fight.

This spider is three feet in diameter. It stays this size for 1 hour, after which time it returns to its normal size. Because of the spider's new size and weight, it is unable to swing on its webbing or walk on vertical surfaces.

For more information on the Enormity Discipline, see the *Chill* hardcover, p. 159.

ENCOUNTER 9: THE LAST DAY

This encounter occurs at 5 a.m. Sunday.

On the morning of the ninth day, Old Bob begins to attack everyone in the Sartman house one by one until all of them are dead. He attacks Mrs. Sartman first, then Danny, then Mr. Sartman, then each of the PCs (in a random order determined by the CM), leaving Kathy Sartman for last.

Old Bob has completed his transformation into the hideous Smothering Ghost.

ENORMOUS SPIDER

AGL: 25

DEX: N/A

PCN: 8 [T: 58]

STA: 60

STR: 20

WPR: 3

ATT: 1, 50 + poison

SR: 3

WB: 30

Fear: -45

MV: 20' (L)



APPARITIONS

The sheet tightens around Mrs. Sartman's neck as she tries once again to scream. You join Mr. Sartman in trying to pull the sheet off of her. It's being held out on both sides as if by an invisible man, but there is nothing but empty air behind her. You tug on every part of the sheet but it just won't come off. Mrs. Sartman's lips are turning a dark, ominous purple. Her eyes are rolling back in her head, and Mr. Sartman is screaming her name over and over again in panic and desperation.

"Mary! Mary! Mary!"

She's dying right there in front of you.

If any of the PCs leave the house, Old Bob forgets they ever existed. He will, however, follow the Sartmans wherever they go. Even if the family splits up, he still attacks in the same order as previously mentioned and continues attacking until everyone is dead.

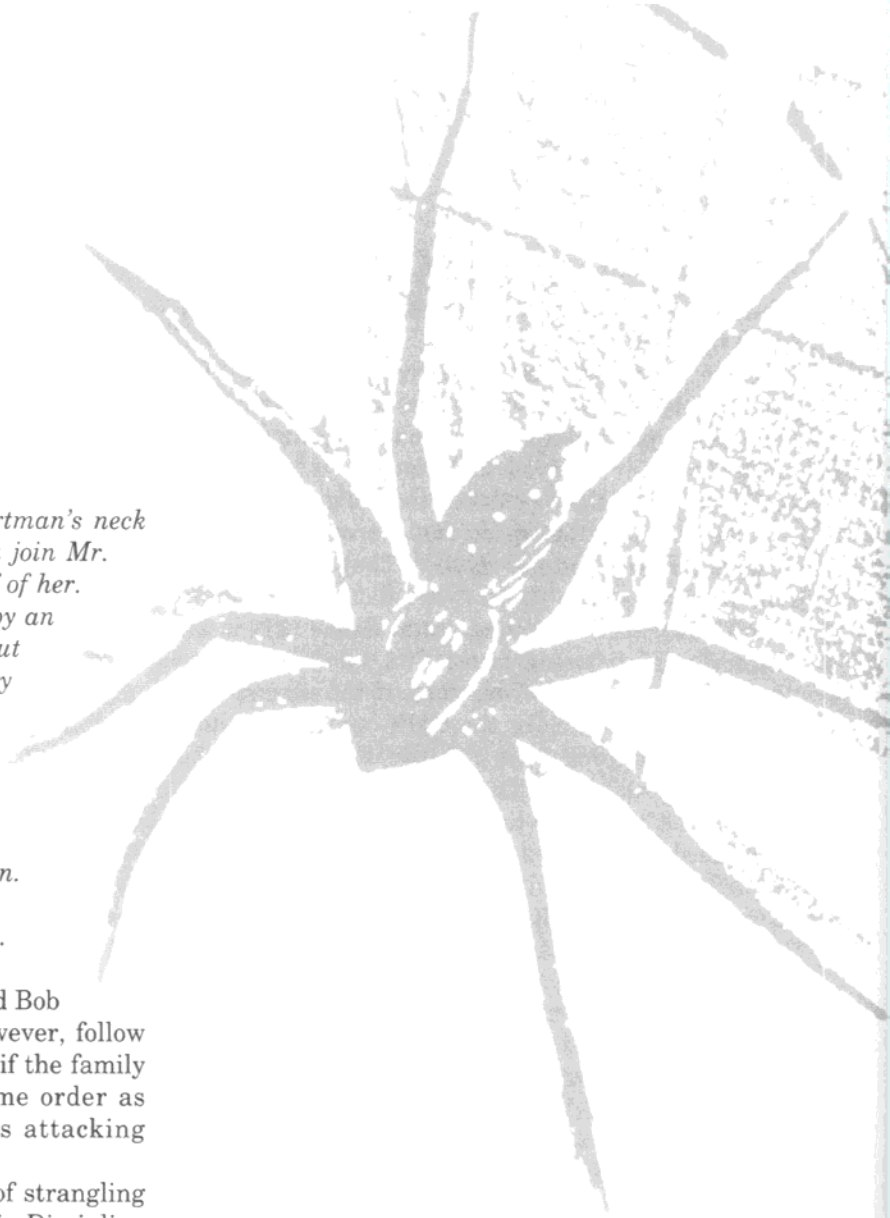
These attacks all come in the form of strangling or smothering. He uses his Telekinesis Discipline to animate various household items such as sheets, pillows, lengths of rope or string, and so forth to use as weapons.

In order to hurry things along, Old Bob uses his Wound Discipline on his victims, making his attacks extraordinarily deadly.

The CM should be familiar with the rules on Wrestling and Strangling (*Chill* hardcover, pp. 14 and 99) to administer these attacks.

If Old Bob fails to kill any single character after two consecutive attempts, he resorts to using his Chill Discipline (see *Chill* hardcover, p. 153) on everyone still alive.

It may be a good idea to have Old Bob's first attack on Mrs. Sartman succeed. This will show everyone that Old Bob really means business. Furthermore, Mrs. Sartman's death will come as a terrible shock to the Kathy. When she realizes her mother is dead, she'll begin to get some idea of how precious a family can be. She will now be ready to assist the PCs in the exorcism necessary to dispel Old Bob.



ENDGAME

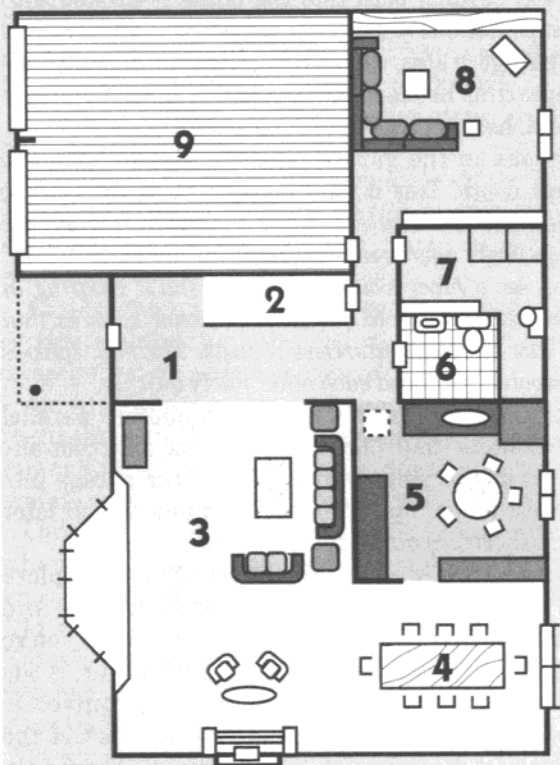
The scenario could end simply with a successful first-attempt seance or with Old Bob chasing the Sartmans around the world for years, with SAVE envoys constantly trying to protect them. Or it could end with any result between these two extremes. As CM, feel free to expand on this basic scenario as much or as little as you want.

AWARDING CHARACTER INSIGHT POINTS (CIPs)

The CM should award from 0 to 4 CIPs per character based on the specific actions of each player.

If the Sartman family is completely wiped out, the PCs should receive 0 CIPs. If three of the Sartmans are killed, the maximum CIP award should be 1. If two Sartmans are killed, the maximum CIP award is 2, and so on.





0 5 10 15 20
FEET



132 LAURELTREE TERRACE

1. Foyer. The carpeting has been removed from the foyer and hallway, revealing a terribly scratched wood floor.

The front door locks and unlocks only at the whim of the Poltergeist.

2. Stairway. This stairway goes to the second floor. The carpeting is curled and musty from water damage.

3. Living Room. This large room has a 13'-high ceiling. The walls and carpet are stained with all manner of things from blood to fruit juice. On the south wall is a large fireplace. The walls all around it are charred black as if the fire got too big for the fireplace on more than one occasion. The bay windows once offered terrific natural lighting, but the Sartmans' are keeping the blinds closed these days.

APPARITIONS

4. Dining Room. *The window in this room is boarded up, having been shattered over a week ago during a particularly bad occurrence. A long table and six matching chairs are badly scratched and scarred.*

5. Kitchen. *This was once Mrs. Sartman's favorite room in the house. Now, like the other rooms, it's a complete shambles.*

6. Powder Room. *The toilet here is shattered.*

The lid was stuck down for 10 straight days, making it impossible for anyone to use it. Mr. Sartman, in utter frustration, finally took a sledgehammer to it.

7. Utility Room. *This room, containing the house's furnace, water heater, washer and dryer, etc., seems relatively untouched.*

8. Family Room. *This was once the place where the family got together to watch TV or just hang out and talk. Now, it is an overturned shambles. There are two ficus trees in large pots here that writhe and twist with eerie, independent motion. A 29" TV, and the rest of the furniture here are food-covered and shabby-looking.*

The trees haven't stopped moving for six days.

9. Garage. *The door opens easily, revealing a large, completely empty garage. The concrete floor is spotless, and the walls and ceiling are clean, unpainted drywall. Though the Sartmans call the garage "a dirty, cluttered mess," it appears to you that the garage was never used.*

The air is absolutely freezing. Just standing in the doorway you can see your breath. There is no light in the garage, contributing to its cavernous appearance.

None of the Sartmans will enter the garage for any reason. Furthermore, if any of the PCs decide to go into the garage, the Sartmans attempt to talk them out of it. They simply don't like the prospect of disappearing to wherever their possessions and car went. As it turns out, the Sartmans' instincts couldn't be more right.

Old Bob is going mad and, in the case of the garage, is exhibiting powers never dreamed of by anyone from SAVE, including William Daniel Trevalaine.

The garage has become a gate to another dimension. This dimension lies parallel to both the Known world and the Unknown. Old Bob has no idea he created this gate, nor could he close it or create it again elsewhere.

If anyone steps into the garage, he suddenly sees all of the Sartmans' possessions, including their BMW, reappear instantly. The temperature returns to a normal, comfortable level, and the

space becomes lighted by two garage door openers on the ceiling.

Characters standing in the doorway see the character who steps in disappear as soon as he puts both feet on the garage floor.

From inside, the character who stepped in sees the doorway, but cannot see anyone on the other side. The doorway leading back into the house is flooded with an impenetrable yellow-white light. If a character in the garage walks through the lighted doorway, he reappears as he steps into the house. If he then turns around, he'll see an empty garage once again.

Anyone in the garage may attempt to open the garage doors. This is easy enough, since the electric garage door openers are working normally. When the garage doors open, read the following aloud.

You see a black void dotted with stars. Floating in the center of the void are four immense spheres that look like smooth, featureless planets. The four spheres are revolving around each other fairly quickly.

For CMs who don't want to add another parallel dimension to their *Chill* campaign, assume that any character who steps off the edge of the garage into the void wakes up in his own bed one month later and is therefore out of this scenario.

CMs can, however, allow their PCs to explore this parallel dimension of strange worlds and alternate physical laws. If that's the case, you're going to have to take it from here. However, if the characters decide to explore this new universe, they'll have to abandon their investigation of the Sartmans' Poltergeist disturbance, inevitably leaving the family to the mercy of Old Bob. Since the gate to the Third Universe will close the moment Old Bob is dispelled, any character currently inside that universe will be cut off from the Known world.

If the characters plan to take care of Old Bob, then explore this new universe, they'll find the gate closed, and they cannot open it back up. If they don't pursue Old Bob, the gate will still close up at the end of nine days, after Old Bob has killed Kathy Sartman and fled with her spirit back into the Unknown.

If a character enters the garage through the garage doors from the outside, he enters a full garage, and, if he turns around, he will see that the door he just walked through is now a gate to the Third Universe. Merely looking in from outside, the character sees an empty garage.

10. Main Bathroom. *This is the only functioning bathroom in the house.*



11. Attic. *The sounds of rattling chains and screaming come from the attic. The attic door is a rectangular hatch in the ceiling of the upstairs hallway.*

Mr. Sartman says, "If you pull down on the piece of rope in the door, a folding ladder accordions out and, if you're not ready for it, it hits you in the face. Anyway, that's what happened to me the first time I opened it.

"The attic contains all the old, semi-useless stuff Mary insists on keeping," Mr. Sartman says.

If the PCs open the door to the attic, read the following aloud.

After getting a flash light, you walk up the sturdy ladder and peer into the dust-filled attic. To your surprise and despite what Mr. Sartman told you, everything up here looks brand new.

As you enter the attic, the rattling chains and screaming stop, and you feel a slight, cool breeze coming from an unknown source.

As with the garage and the guest room, the Sartman family will not enter the attic. The screaming and rattling chains, which are random manifestations, keep the family away.

Old Bob has inhabited the attic because this is where Kathy and her friends smoked cigarettes and read romance novels to each other. As such, Old Bob has recognized this as a key place in Kathy's personal downfall. As a symbol of this, Old Bob has used his Purified Shell Discipline to make everything in the attic appear to be brand new.

In an effort to blow away the cigarette smoke that has become a signal of Kathy's desire to "grow up too fast," Old Bob uses his Raise Winds Discipline to try to "change the air" in the attic; he'll only do this when someone enters the attic.

The winds begin as soon as any character enters the attic. Starting off as a cool breeze, the Raise Winds Discipline increases in strength gradually. (see the *Chill* hardcover, page 164).

If any character stays in the attic long enough for the winds to reach hurricane force (Roll 4), the roof of the Sartman's house will literally rip off and any characters in the attic will be thrown several hundred feet off the top of the house and into a neighbor's yard.

The winds stop as soon as everyone has left the attic. This occurs any and every time anyone enters the attic for any reason until Old Bob is dispelled.

If the Sartman's roof is ripped off and thrown around the neighborhood, obviously people outside the house will notice it. This will attract all manner

of police, fire trucks, ambulances, curious neighbors, maybe even TV news teams. Hopefully, no PC will be silly enough to stay in the attic until the winds get this intense, especially since there really isn't anything else of interest going on up there.

As CM, you'll have to think on your feet if the roof actually does fly off. Actually, it might be kind of interesting to have the players interviewed about the disturbance on live TV while Old Bob is juggling furniture in the background. This one's up to you. . . .

12. Kathy's Bedroom. *The walls of this room are completely covered in Poison posters. This room seems virtually untouched by the Poltergeist.*

Kathy refuses to sleep in the room anymore because of the screaming and whimpering that comes from her closet at night.

13. Hall Closet. *This closet is held shut.*

The closet door has been held shut since the disturbance started.

14. Guest Room. *You don't think you've ever heard such a racket in your life. The closer you get to the door, the worse it gets. There's something in the guest room. Something that sounds hideous. None of the Sartmans has entered this room since the disturbance began.*

As you go to open the door, something huge flings itself against the door. You can't believe the door is still standing. The terrible wet thud reverberates in your ears as you reach for the knob again. As you attempt to open the door, you notice it is held fast.

Old Bob has the door firmly shut. Anyone trying to break the door down must make a Specific Strength Check. Only a C result will open the door, but an H result will loosen it enough so that on the next attempt, an H or C result will open it. If, on this second attempt, the character attempting to break down the door gets only an M result, on the third attempt an M, H, or C result is necessary to break open the door. If the character still fails, he cannot open the door.

Use of an appropriate blunt instrument, such as a club or sledgehammer, adds 10 points to the character's Strength per Strike Rank of the weapon. Using a gun to shoot out the lock is ineffective because the door isn't locked; it's being held by a spiritual force. Anyone using the Feat of Strength Discipline will be able to knock the door in with a simple kick.

If the PCs gain access to this room, read the following aloud.



APPARITIONS

When you finally gain access to this room, you are barraged by a number of objects.

Old Bob, in his general confusion, correctly identified this room as the guest room and took up residence here. He considers any intrusion into "his room" to be an invasion of his privacy.

Therefore, Old Bob attacks anyone (except Kathy Sartman) who enters with his Hurl Discipline. Each person who enters is the target of 1D10 projectiles weighing less than two pounds each. Determine the specific items by rolling on the following table or by simply choosing them.

(2D10)	Item Hurlled
2	Sandstone paperweight
3	Stapler
4	Empty milk crate
5	Wooden knob from the bedpost
6	Photo of Mr. and Mrs. Sartman in a frame, with glass
7	Hardcover book
8	Brass statuette of a whale
9	Porcelain doll
10	Curtain rod
11	Desk lamp
12	Portable radio
13	Glass candy dish
14	Large 8-sided die that says: "Las Vegas High Roller" on it
15	Brass statuette of a bear
16	Thin crystal vase
17	Two silk, yellow roses tied together
18	Pair of scissors
19	Danny's Gumby doll
20	Wooden coat hanger

Old Bob's chance to hit is 139 (his EWS), and the damage done by each successful hit is at Strike Rank 1. Each attack costs 30 WPR, from Old Bob's total of 94, so he'll attack three different characters before breaking off the attack and withdrawing to recover his lost Willpower. If anyone is still in the guest room, Old Bob returns and attacks again when he has recovered all of his Willpower. He continues to attack until everyone leaves the room and closes the door. He will not attack anyone outside the room, but if a character remains in the doorway, Old Bob will attack through the door until it is closed.

TROUBLESHOOTING

Clever players may see this as a way to weaken Old Bob or to keep him busy while their characters prepare to exorcise him. Old Bob is not stupid, though, and unless the PCs attempt to keep their efforts hidden, Old Bob will break off the attacks.

For more information on the Hurl Discipline, see Appendix C: New Disciplines of the Evil Way (p. 93).

15. Danny's Bedroom. *This room is now occupied by dozens of animated toys.*

Danny has not slept in this room since the disturbance began. It has become the sole province of his toys, many of which have taken on lives of their own.

16. Home Office. *There is a permanent whirlpool of papers spinning like a miniature hurricane in the middle of the room.*

This whirlpool can cause several hundred tiny, but painful paper cuts to anyone touching it, a fact Mr. Sartman found out the hard way.

17. Master Bedroom. *This room is in minor disarray. There is bedding on the floor, and the Sartmans' most-prized items are scattered about. This is where all of the Sartmans sleep now.*

This is one of the few sane rooms left in the house. The entire family sleeps here. When the PCs arrive, the Sartmans advise them to sleep here with them. There have been some strange sounds like something is trapped in the closet, and the dresser drawers open by themselves, etc., but it's better than most of the house.



OLD BOB TURNER, POLTERGEIST

AGL: N/A; 91 for discipline use

DEX: N/A

PCN: 73

PER: N/A; 54 for discipline use

STA: N/A; 65 for discipline use

STR: N/A; 72 for discipline use

WPR: 90

EWS: 135

ATT: 1; only uses disciplines

SR: N/A

WB: N/A

Fear: -25

MV: 225' (I)

Type: Independent

Class: I

Category: Departed Spirit

Disciplines:

185 Chill

113 Contact the Living, Swarm, Write

116 Enormity, Wound

149 Change Temperature, Haywire, Lightning

Call, Raise Winds

125 Unique Hurl, Telekinesis

119 Darken, Ghostly Lights, Purified Shell,

Putrefied Shell, Total Illusion

Automatic Unique Manifestation

WHO WAS OLD BOB?

Old Bob Turner was a wealthy independent oilman who made his fortune in the first wave of the Texas oil boom of the 1930s. Though he never had more than a fifth grade education, Old Bob Turner (his actual Christian name) learned everything he needed to know among the roughneck crews of the wide-open oil fields.

With a \$250 loan from his brother-in-law, a corset salesman from New Mexico, Old Bob invested in his first oil well. With one rig going up almost on top of the next one and leases going cheap from the locals who had no idea how much money was being made all around them, it wasn't long before Old Bob controlled several oil wells.

At the height of the boom, when the rest of the country was suffering under the grim burden of the Great Depression, Old Bob Turner found it almost impossible to keep from making money.

Born to poor parents who rarely put together a decent night's meal, let alone provide luxuries like a radio or an education, Old Bob spent his money almost as fast as he could make it. Old Bob was generous almost to a fault, and there wasn't a wildcatter in Texas who didn't respect him.

In 1930, his daughter, Katherine Red Turner, was born. Katherine Red inherited her father's natural independence, but none of his generosity or kindness. Even as a little girl, she was moody and insolent. Her father, already in his 50s, simply couldn't bring himself to clamp down on his only child. When her mother died in 1934, it got worse.

By the time Katherine Red was 15, she was already spending little time at home. Old Bob tried to tell her that it wasn't fitting for a young girl her age to be caught up in things like nightclubs.

Katherine Red Turner was far beyond this kind of fatherly advice. She was growing up fast as a young, street-smart girl in the wild postwar years. Old Bob, afraid she might move out of his house if he tried to get too stern with her, continued his attempts to offer even-handed fatherly advice. This advice went in one ear and out the other.

As it so often happens when you live fast, you die young. Katherine Red Turner never lived to see her 17th birthday. Old Bob blamed himself for her death, though the police had already captured the man who actually wielded the knife that killed her. Inside he knew he had been too lenient. On the day of his daughter's funeral, Old Bob fell to his knees and made a very serious promise. He vowed to do everything he could to see to it that his next child would not grow up too quickly.

Old Bob, lonely and growing tired of the increasingly civilized business wildcat oil was already becoming, decided to sell his interest in his company. He died before the ink was dry on the contract. Old Bob never got a chance to enjoy his retirement or to adopt a child, which was his ultimate goal.



WHY IS OLD BOB BACK?

Like other Poltergeists, Old Bob Turner came back to the Known world to deliver on the promise he made so many years before. He has chosen to adopt Kathy Sartman as his own.

Old Bob then took steps to make sure he wasn't lenient with Kathy like he had been with his real daughter. What Old Bob wants most is to persuade Kathy that her "tough girl act" and other aspects of her all-too-grown-up behavior will be waiting for her after the days of toads and rope jumping, marbles and baseball. Old Bob wants nothing more than to keep Kathy from suffering by growing up too fast, amid the often-twisted games of adults.

Taking a wrong turn through the Unknown, Old Bob's admirable ideas of innocence and childhood got a little twisted around. By the time he actually got to Kathy, Old Bob figured that what she needed was entertainment. And what could possibly be more entertaining than slime oozing from the sink or furniture constructs to climb around on. He hopes that by giving her a little good old-fashioned scare, he'll bring her closer to her parents. It was this sort of closeness that he always craved with Katherine Red.

The final tragedy of this whole manifestation is the fact that, since Old Bob was a fairly powerful man when he was alive, he is more powerful than the average spirit. This power is dangerous when at the command of a chaotic creature such as the Poltergeist. As it happens, nine days after the PCs arrive at the Sartmans' house, Old Bob will go completely insane, losing "himself" to the power and seduction of chaos. Once this happens, Old Bob comes to a most terrible conclusion. He decides that the only way to protect Kathy from the poor choices she seems destined to make is to have her join him in the Unknown, where sex, drugs, and rock and roll couldn't be less relevant. He will start by killing everyone in the house one by one, saving Kathy for last.



TIMELINE

The Timeline should be used as the scenario progresses. The spaces after the times are for noting when any special occurrences take place and for jotting down the length of time manifestations last.

DAY 1 • SATURDAY

7 p.m. Arrive at 132 Laureltree Terrace/Encounter 1

7:30 p.m.

8 p.m.

8:30 p.m. *writing in pen in backwards* 12:30 p.m.

9 p.m.

9:30 p.m.

10 p.m.

10:30 p.m. Sartmans' bedtime

11 p.m.

11:30 p.m.

12 p.m.

DAY 2 • SUNDAY

12:30 a.m.

1 a.m.

1:30 a.m.

2 a.m.

2:30 a.m.

3 a.m.

3:30 a.m. *kitchen full of spiderwebs*

4 a.m.

4:30 a.m.

5 a.m.

5:30 a.m.

6 a.m.

6:30 a.m.

7 a.m.

7:30 a.m.

8 a.m.

8:30 a.m.

9 a.m.

9:30 a.m.

10 a.m.

10:30 a.m.

11 a.m.

11:30 a.m.

12 a.m.

12:30 p.m.

1 p.m.

1:30 p.m.

2 p.m.

2:30 p.m.

3 p.m.

3:30 p.m.

4 p.m.

4:30 p.m.

5 p.m.

5:30 p.m.

6 p.m.

6:30 p.m.

7 p.m.

7:30 p.m.

8 p.m.

8:30 p.m.

9 p.m.

9:30 p.m.

10 p.m.

10:30 p.m. Sartmans' bedtime/Encounter 2

11 p.m.

11:30 p.m.

12 p.m.

12:30 p.m.

DAY 3 • MONDAY

12:30 a.m.

1 a.m.

1:30 a.m.

2 a.m.

2:30 a.m.

3 a.m.

3:30 a.m.

4 a.m.

4:30 a.m.

5 a.m.

5:30 a.m.

6 a.m.

6:30 a.m.

7 a.m. Encounter 3

7:30 a.m.

8 a.m.

8:30 a.m.

9 a.m.

9:30 a.m.

10 a.m.

10:30 a.m.

11 a.m.

11:30 a.m.

12 a.m.

12:30 p.m.

1 p.m.

1:30 p.m.

2 p.m.

2:30 p.m.

3 p.m.

3:30 p.m.

4 p.m.

4:30 p.m.

5 p.m.

5:30 p.m.



APPARITIONS

6 p.m.
 6:30 p.m.
 7 p.m.
 7:30 p.m.
 8 p.m.
 8:30 p.m.
 9 p.m.
 9:30 p.m.
 10 p.m.
 10:30 p.m.
 11 p.m.
 11:30 p.m.
 12 p.m.

DAY 4 • TUESDAY

12:30 a.m.
 1 a.m.
 1:30 a.m.
 2 a.m.
 2:30 a.m.
 3 a.m.
 3:30 a.m.
 4 a.m.
 4:30 a.m.
 5 a.m.
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 10:30 a.m.
 11 a.m.
 11:30 a.m.
 12 a.m.
 12:30 p.m.
 1 p.m.
 1:30 p.m.
 2 p.m.
 2:30 p.m.

3 p.m.
 3:30 p.m.
 4 p.m.
 4:30 p.m.
 5 p.m.
 5:30 p.m.
 6 p.m. *Encounter 4/ Handout #2*
 6:30 p.m.
 7 p.m.
 7:30 p.m.
 8 p.m.
 8:30 p.m.
 9 p.m. *The message in blood fades away (see Handout #2).*
 9:30 p.m.
 10 p.m.
 10:30 p.m. *Sartmans' bedtime*
 11 p.m.
 11:30 p.m.
 12 p.m.

DAY 5 • WEDNESDAY

12:30 a.m.
 1 a.m.
 1:30 a.m.
 2 a.m.
 2:30 a.m.
 3 a.m.
 3:30 a.m.
 4 a.m.
 4:30 a.m.
 5 a.m.
 5:30 a.m.
 6 a.m.
 6:30 a.m.
 7 a.m.
 7:30 a.m.
 8 a.m.
 8:30 a.m.
 9 a.m.
 9:30 a.m.
 10 a.m.
 10:30 a.m.

11 a.m.
 11:30 a.m.
 12 a.m.
 12:30 p.m.
 1 p.m.
 1:30 p.m.
 2 p.m.
 2:30 p.m.
 3 p.m.
 3:30 p.m.
 4 p.m.
 4:30 p.m.
 5 p.m.
 5:30 p.m.
 6 p.m.
 6:30 p.m.
 7 p.m.
 7:30 p.m.
 8 p.m.
 8:30 p.m.
 9 p.m.
 9:30 p.m.
 10 p.m.
 10:30 p.m. *Sartmans' bedtime*
 11 p.m.
 11:30 p.m.
 12 p.m.

DAY 6 • THURSDAY

12:30 a.m.
 1 a.m.
 1:30 a.m.
 2 a.m.
 2:30 a.m.
 3 a.m.
 3:30 a.m.
 4 a.m.
 4:30 a.m.
 5 a.m.
 5:30 a.m.
 6 a.m.
 6:30 a.m.
 7 a.m.
 7:30 a.m.



APPARITIONS

11:30 a.m.

12 a.m.

12:30 p.m.

1 p.m.

1:30 p.m.

2 p.m.

2:30 p.m.

3 p.m.

3:30 p.m.

4 p.m.

4:30 p.m.

5 p.m.

5:30 p.m.

6 p.m.

6:30 p.m.

7 p.m.

7:30 p.m.

8 p.m.

8:30 p.m.

9 p.m.

9:30 p.m.

10 p.m.

10:30 p.m. *Sartmans' bedtime*

11 p.m.

11:30 p.m.

12 p.m.

DAY 8 • SATURDAY

12:30 a.m.

1 a.m.

1:30 a.m.

2 a.m.

2:30 a.m.

3 a.m.

3:30 a.m.

4 a.m.

4:30 a.m.

5 a.m.

5:30 a.m.

6 a.m.

6:30 a.m.

7 a.m.

7:30 a.m.

8 a.m.

8:30 a.m.

9 a.m.

9:30 a.m.

10 a.m.

10:30 a.m.

11 a.m.

11:30 a.m.

12 a.m.

12:30 p.m.

1 p.m.

1:30 p.m.

2 p.m.

2:30 p.m.

3 p.m.

3:30 p.m.

4 p.m.

4:30 p.m.

5 p.m.

5:30 p.m.

6 p.m.

6:30 p.m.

7 p.m. *Encounter 8*

7:30 p.m.

8 p.m. *Spider is no longer under the effects of the Enormity Discipline.*

8:30 p.m.

9 p.m.

9:30 p.m.

10 p.m.

10:30 p.m. *Sartmans' bedtime*

11 p.m.

11:30 p.m.

12 p.m.

DAY 9 • SUNDAY

12:30 a.m.

1 a.m.

1:30 a.m.

2 a.m.

2:30 a.m.

3 a.m.

3:30 a.m.

4 a.m.

4:30 a.m.

5 a.m. *Encounter 9*

5:30 a.m.

6 a.m.

6:30 a.m.

7 a.m.

7:30 a.m.

8 a.m.

8:30 a.m.

9 a.m.

9:30 a.m.

10 a.m.

10:30 a.m.

11 a.m.

11:30 a.m.

12 a.m.

12:30 p.m.

1 p.m.

1:30 p.m.

2 p.m.

2:30 p.m.

3 p.m.

3:30 p.m.

4 p.m.

4:30 p.m.

5 p.m.

5:30 p.m.

6 p.m.

6:30 p.m.

7 p.m.

7:30 p.m.

8 p.m.

8:30 p.m.

9 p.m.

9:30 p.m.

10 p.m.

10:30 p.m. *No sleep tonight!*

11 p.m.

11:30 p.m.

12 p.m.



MISCELLANEOUS MANIFESTATIONS

The following table lists possible manifestations that can be rolled for at any time during the scenario (at CM discretion). If the players are doing too well, roll for a manifestation every 10 minutes or so of game time. If the players are having a hard time in this scenario, roll for a manifestation once every 30 minutes or so of game time.

Roll D% and consult the following area/room listing that pertains to the area of the house where the PCs are. If the PCs are in the Living Room, go to the Living Room listing and roll the dice to determine the manifestation.

If the duration for a manifestation is not given, it lasts for one round.

Lastly, all parenthetical text is for the CM only.

WHOLE HOUSE

- 01-02) The sound of rattling chains comes from the attic. (This lasts for 1D10 hours.)
- 03-04) Blood drips from a hole in the ceiling. (This lasts until the end of the scenario.)
- 05-06) A folding chair "walks" across the room.
- 07-08) A loud rumbling sound comes from the garage.
- 09-10) A mysterious greenish-yellow slime oozes out of the floorboards.
- 11-12) The letters O-L-D-B-O-B appear on the ceiling in water spots.
- 13-14) The song, "The Yellow Rose of Texas" blares from everywhere. (This lasts for 10 minutes.)
- 15-16) All of the clocks and watches in the house begin to run backward. (Time itself is unaffected.)
- 17-18) The doorbell rings. (This lasts for 2D10 hours.)
- 19-20) Danny's toy Gumby runs across the room.
- 21-22) A PC hiccups bubbles. (This lasts for 1D10 minutes.)
- 23-24) The floorboards in the room curl and straighten out. (This occurs 1D10 times.)
- 25-26) The sound of a howling dog comes from the attic.
- 27-28) A woman's scream comes from the guest room.
- 29-30) Mr. Sartman's CD player starts playing a 1930s record even though there's no CD and the player isn't plugged in.
- 31-32) All the power in the house shuts off. (This lasts for 30 minutes.)
- 33-34) Tiny fires, no larger than a centimeter in diameter, randomly appear. (3D10 fires appear, burning for 3D10 seconds, then completely extinguishing.)
- 35-36) A small oil well appears in the middle of the room and gushes oil. (The gushing continues for 1D10 rounds.)
- 37-38) The outline of Texas is burned into the wall.
- 39-40) One character begins to vomit. (The character vomits for 2D10 minutes.)
- 41-42) The attic door rattles. (This lasts for 2D10 minutes.)
- 43-44) 100 \$1 bills appear out of thin air and flutter to the ground. (The bills date from the 1930s.)
- 45-46) Everyone hears a small, giggling child running through the house.
- 47-48) A wave of cold air spreads through the house, momentarily chilling whomever it touches.
- 49-50) A yellow rose grows out of the center of a table.
- 51-52) The stench of burning flesh hangs in the air. (The stench lasts for 1D10 minutes.)
- 53-54) An alarm clock goes off somewhere in the house. (The alarm sounds for 1D10 rounds. No one can find the clock.)
- 55-56) The phone rings. (It rings for 2 days, even if the receiver is picked up or if the phone is disconnected.)
- 57-58) A small fire erupts in the room. Before anyone can react, a toy fire engine comes and puts the fire out.
- 59-60) All of the food in the house is overgrown with mold. (An hour later, the food is fine.)
- 61-62) The vacuum cleaner operates by itself, but it is blowing the dirt out, not sucking it in. (It can be shut off normally.)
- 63-64) A fully trimmed Christmas tree appears in the corner of the room. (If this manifestation is rolled again, the tree disappears and reappears in another corner of the room.)
- 65-66) A random character has something stolen from his person (CM discretion).
- 67-68) An old pair of girls' shoes walks by themselves. (A successful General Antiques Check reveals the shoes are from the 1930s.)
- 69-70) A boiling teapot continues to whistle loudly. (The teapot cannot be found. It whistles for 16 hours.)
- 71-72) A ball rolls into the room and bounces to the ceiling. It remains on the ceiling. (It stays on the ceiling until removed.)
- 73-74) A straight razor hovers menacingly over a character's head. (When the PC notices the razor, it disappears.)
- 75-76) The fly on every character's pants zips open.
- 77-78) A convoy of toy trucks drives through the house. (The convoy stops after it has gone through the house once.)
- 79-80) All of the furniture in the house is suddenly hanging from the ceiling. (The furniture stays like this for 2 hours, then falls off.)
- 81-82) All of one character's hair falls out. (It grows back normally).



APPARITIONS

- 83-84) An alarm on a character's wristwatch goes off for 24 hours. (The watch cannot be removed while the alarm is sounding.)
- 85-86) Large nails stab through the walls.
- 87-88) Several characters see a pair of red glowing eyes staring in a window.
- 89-90) All of the interior doors open and slam. (The doors stick this way for one hour.)
- 91-92) The house fills with smoke as if it were on fire. (The smoke disappears abruptly in 30 seconds.)
- 93-94) A maggot-infested skull floats into the middle of the room and then disappears. A pile of wiggling maggots remains in the center of the room.
- 95-96) The sound of breaking glass comes from the attic.
- 97-98) Everyone in the house hears a baby cry. (The crying lasts for 2D10 minutes and cannot be located.)
- 99-00) One character awakens in the morning with stark white hair. (This is permanent unless dyed.)

KITCHEN

- 01-05) The refrigerator door opens and shuts. (This occurs 1D10 times.)
- 06-10) The writing on all of the food packages in the pantry appears backwards.
- 11-15) The kitchen chairs are upside down on the ceiling. (The chairs remain there for 1D10 minutes.)
- 16-20) The inside of the refrigerator heats to above boiling. (None of the food is affected.)
- 21-25) A loaf of bread appears from nowhere and begins to devour itself. (The bread devours itself in 3 rounds and in doing so, disappears.)
- 26-30) A hand comes out of the drain in the kitchen sink.
- 31-35) All of the dinner plates are split perfectly in half.
- 36-40) Everything in the kitchen cabinets flies out.
- 41-45) The kitchen is suddenly full of spider webs.
- 46-50) The kitchen floor is suddenly coated with a thick layer of slippery Jell-O. (The Jell-O disappears in 3D10 minutes.)
- 51-55) All the garbage thrown out in the last week suddenly reappears in the kitchen cabinets.
- 56-60) Every bottle of wine pops its cork and sprays its contents completely out.
- 61-65) A greenish-yellow slime oozes from the kitchen faucet. (The slime continues to ooze until the faucet's handles are tightened.)
- 66-70) The kitchen table hops up and down. (This lasts for 2D10 minutes.)
- 71-75) All of the knives and forks fly out of the drawers and stick into the counter tops.
- 76-80) Pots and pans leap out of the cupboards and bang together. (This lasts for 2D10 minutes.)
- 81-85) The stove turns itself on and freezes anything on or in it. (This lasts for 2D10 minutes.)
- 86-90) The microwave starts by itself. (This lasts for 2D10 minutes, after which there is a TV dinner inside.)
- 91-95) Fruit and vegetables jump out of the refrigerator and fight each other. (The battle lasts for 1D10 minutes. The vegetables win and eat the fruit. The vegetables then return to the refrigerator.)
- 96-00) Milk pours out of the refrigerator and turns into cheese. (The transformation into cheese takes 2 minutes. The cheese is perfectly edible.)

LIVING AND DINING ROOMS

- 01-10) The living room furniture is arranged into a pyramid.
- 11-20) A bottle of catsup floats across the room at a height of 8' and spills its contents out onto the floor.

- 21-30) A huge ball of flame explodes from the fireplace and is gone in an instant.
- 31-40) A painting on the wall spins.
- 41-50) The paint on one wall ages 100 years in 30 seconds, yellowing then flaking off.
- 51-60) The blinds covering the front bay window flutter sporadically. (The fluttering lasts for 1D10 rounds.)
- 61-70) A recliner in the living room opens and shuts.
- 71-80) The heavy dining room table slides 10 feet into the living room.
- 81-90) The dining room table is turned over on its top, with the centerpiece sitting on one leg.
- 91-00) The front door opens and sticks. (It remains stuck for 1D10 hours.)

FAMILY ROOM

- 01-10) Books fly off the shelves and fall harmlessly onto a character in the room.
- 11-20) The television turns on and shows extremely graphic disembowelings. (This "show" lasts for 2D10 minutes.)
- 21-30) The computer starts printing the letters OLDBOBOLDBOBOLDBOB over and over. (This lasts for 1D10 hours.)
- 31-40) A book flies off a shelf. Every page in the book has the letters OLDBOBOLDBOBOLDBOB repeated on it. (All of the books are like this until the haunting is over.)
- 41-50) The cushions on the couch catapult off and onto the floor. (Any character on the couch is thrown off for SR 1 damage.)
- 51-60) All of the video cassettes leap from the shelf and unravel on the floor. (There are 77 tapes in all. If this manifestation is rolled again, the tapes rewind themselves and leap back onto the shelf.)
- 61-70) The ficus trees hop—pots and all—toward the television. (The plants hop for 5' and then stop.)
- 71-80) The television shows the goings on in the family room. (This occurs if the TV is off or on.)
- 81-90) The room drops in temperature. (The temperature drops to 30° for 2D10 minutes.)
- 91-00) A rattlesnake appears, gets ready to strike, and disappears. (The snake will not attack.)

BATHROOM

- 01-10) Water shoots out of the toilet, followed by human excrement.
- 11-20) A tube of toothpaste squirts out onto the bathroom floor. It spells out the words "Kathy Red."
- 21-30) The faucet is dripping crude oil. (This continues for 1D10 rounds.)
- 31-40) The towels animate and start snapping anyone in the bathroom. (This lasts until all characters leave the bathroom. The snapping does no damage.)
- 41-50) The vanity's drawers open and close by themselves. (This lasts for 3D10 minutes.)
- 51-60) The door slams shut and is held fast. (The door remains stuck for 1D10 hours. Anyone inside is trapped inside until the door is broken down.)
- 61-70) The toilet paper unrolls itself and screams while doing so. (The unrolling and screaming last for 12 rounds [1 minute].)
- 71-80) The electric hair dryer turns itself on. (It remains on for 6 rounds, even if unplugged.)
- 81-90) A message written in soap appears on the mirror. It says, "Go Wildcats."
- 91-00) The medicine cabinet opens up and shoots out hundreds of capsules and pills.



HANDOUT #1

Mr. & Mrs. Larry Sartman
132 Laureltree Terrace
Nelson, IL 60173
(708) 555-1700

SAVE
FAX# 708/647-0939

Dear SAVE,

I was given your FAX number by Ben Woodlawn at Grierson Community College. He told me your organization believes in ghosts and that you help people with things like this.

My family is being forced out of our home by a ghost. Actually, I don't know what it is, but it seems like a ghost. Anyway, it is scaring us terribly.

Even while I'm typing this, there are things floating through the air. Help me, if you can, I think I'm going to lose my mind.

I hope Dr. Woodlawn was right and you don't just think I'm some kind of nut. Whatever this thing is that's living in my house, it's very real and I have no one else to turn to.

Please contact me!

Sincerely,

Mary Sartman



FOLD

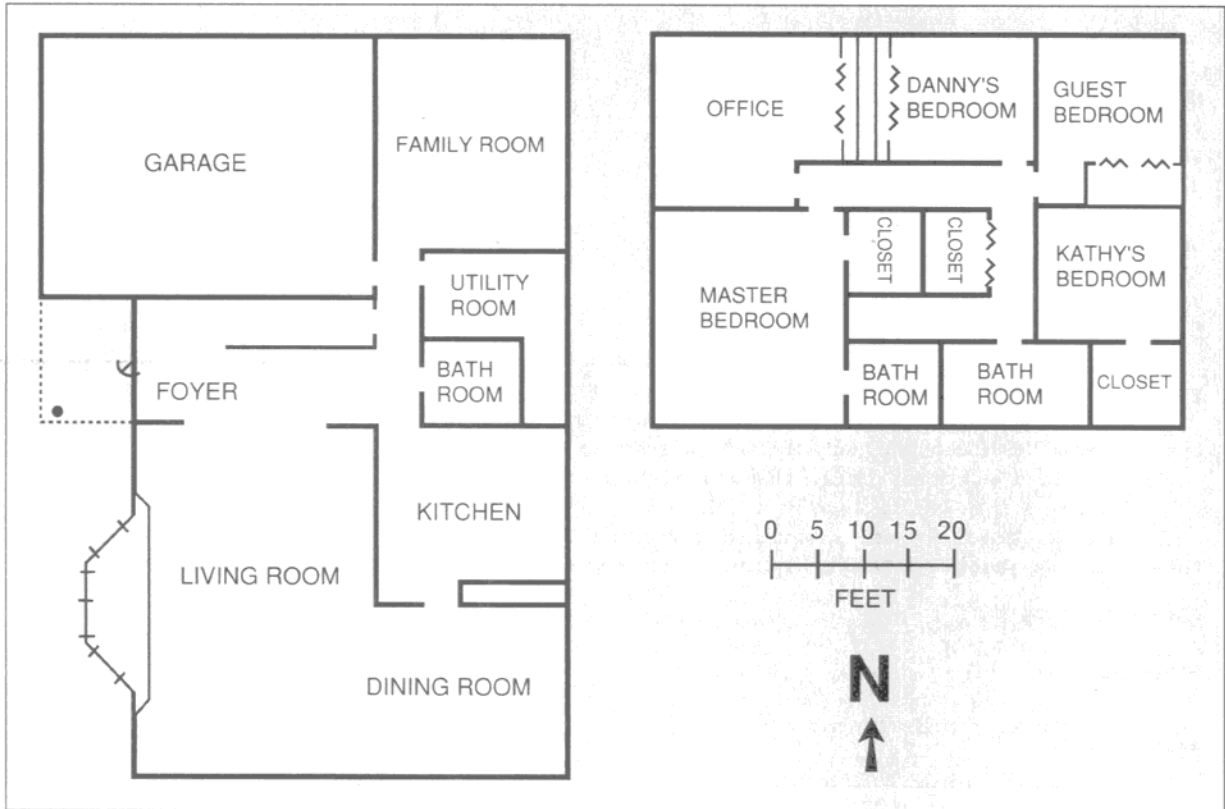
MY NAME IS OLD BOB
I WILL TAKE YOUR DAUGHTER
YOU ARE LETTING HER GO TO HELL
AND I KNOW SHE WON'T LIKE IT HERE

HANDOUT #2

FOLD

HANDOUT #3

Turner, Old Bob — A well-respected independent oilman responsible for nine major discoveries between 1928 and 1933. Old Bob (his actual Christian name) was well known for his generosity and honesty, both rare commodities in the oil industry. He had a wife (Elizabeth Spaulding Turner) and one daughter (Katherine Red Turner), both of whom have died.



FOLD

HANDOUT #4

OLD BOB TURNER?

Born to poor parents who could rarely put together a decent night's meal, Old Bob Turner (his actual Christian name) made his fortune in the first wave of the Texas oil boom of the 1930s. Though he never had more than a fifth grade education, Old Bob learned everything he needed to know among the roughneck crews of the wide-open oil fields.

Being generous almost to a fault, Old Bob Turner spent his money almost as fast as he could make it, and there wasn't a wildcatter in Texas who didn't have respect for Old Bob.

With a \$250 loan from his brother-in-law, a corset salesman from New Mexico, Old Bob invested in his first oil well. With one rig going up almost on top of the next, it wasn't long before Old Bob was in control of several oil wells.

At the height of the boom, when the rest of the country was suffering under the grim burden of the Great Depression, Old Bob found it almost impossible to keep from making money.

In 1930, his daughter, Katherine Red Turner, was born. As she grew, Katherine Red inherited her father's natural independence but none of his generosity or kindness.

At the age of 16, Katherine Red was killed. Old Bob blamed himself for her death. On the day of his daughter's funeral, Old Bob fell to his knees and made a serious promise; he vowed to do everything he could to see to it that his next child would be brought up correctly.

That day, Old Bob decided to sell his interest in his own company. He died before the ink was dry on the contract. Old Bob never got a chance to enjoy his retirement, nor to adopt a child, which was his ultimate goal.

Basic Abilities	
AGL	82
DEX	67
LOCK	34
PCN	40
PER	72
STA	88
STR	71
WPR	69

Skills/Level		Base	Score
Driving/T		53	83
Familiarity (Chicago)/M		47	97
Forensics/T		54	84
Medicine/M		66	116
Running/T		CURRENT STA	+30
Swimming/T		CURRENT STA	+30

WOUNDS

[illegible]

MOVEMENT 49'

SPRINTING 132'

UNSKILLED MELEE 38

SENSING THE UNKNOWN 6

INITIATIVE 8 + 1D10

EQUIPMENT

Medic Bag

EDGES & DRAWBACKS

Disease Resistance

Improved STA Recovery

Entomophobia

NOTES

WILLPOWER



CHARLES "CHAS" FERGUSON, JR.

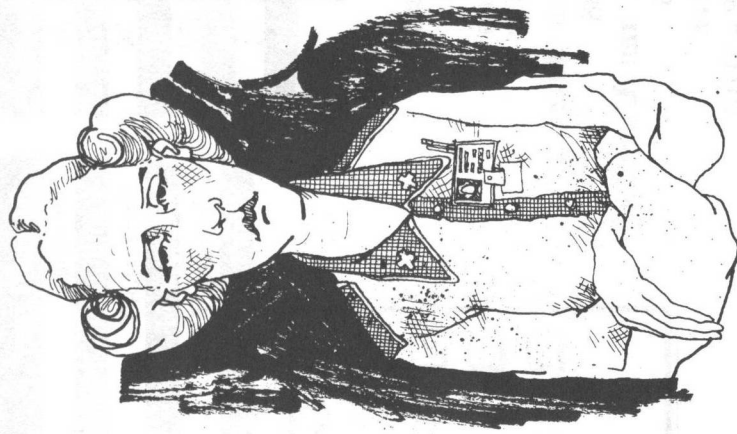
• **COMPUTER PROGRAMMER** •

AMERICAN, AGE: 37, 6', 170#, RED HAIR, BLUE EYES

Chas has been a computer programmer for most of his working life. His vast knowledge in this field has made him a very valuable member of SAVE. He has been subjected to so many cases where the Evil Way Discipline Haywire was used that fixing computers is also one of his specialties.

When Chas was in his early teens, his house was "frequented" by a ghost. His father contacted a local newspaper concerning the occurrence. SAVE saw the "Midwest Ghost" article and contacted Charles Sr.

After a long and exhausting dispelling, the Fergusons became a SAVE family. Since Chas was subjected to the ghost at the age of 13, he figures that it's about time for his son Sparky to learn the truth about the Unknown.



JANET "TOO TALL" JONES

• **PARAMEDIC** •

AMERICAN (GERMAN), AGE: 30, 6' 1", 165#, BLOND HAIR, BROWN EYES

Janet has been teased about her height since she was in fourth grade. The teasing doesn't bother her because her mother always told her that her height made her special.

In high school, she excelled in basketball, baseball, and track and has always been popular because of her athletic prowess. She is still in excellent physical condition, and she is still active in running, swimming, and weight training.

One evening while jogging through Lincoln Park, Janet saw a Hook Thaggis taking the form of a human it had just killed. Janet sprayed Mace in the creature's face and pushed it into the canal. As the thaggis went under for the third time, two police officers came to the scene. As Janet started to explain the situation, the officers introduced themselves as members of SAVE. Janet has been a member ever since.

Basic Abilities		Skills/Level	Base	Score
AGL	67	Computer/M	58	108
DEX	33	Engineering/M	58	108
LCK	30	Familiarity (Horror)/M	45	95
PCN	82	History (American)/T	58	88
PER	32			
STA	78			
STR	19			
WPR	24			

MOVEMENT
42'

SPRINTING
117'

UNSKILLED MELEE
21

SENSING THE UNKNOWN
16

INITIATIVE
6 + 1D10

EQUIPMENT
Notebook

EDGES
Eidetic Memory
Age
Arachnophobia
Won't Kill

NOTES

WOUNDS									
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CURRENT	
STAMINA	
CURRENT	
WILLPOWER	

Basic Abilities		Skills/Level	Base	Score
AGL	78	Chinese/M	62	112
DEX	69	English/T	62	92
LCK	34	Martial Arts/M	69	119
PCN	63	Acrobatics/M	49	99
PER	51	Climbing/T	73	103
STA	82	History (Chinese)/T	62	92
STR	70	Running/S		
WPR	61			

MOVEMENT
46'

SPRINTING
128'

UNSKILLED MELEE
37

SENSING THE UNKNOWN
12

INITIATIVE
7 + 1D10

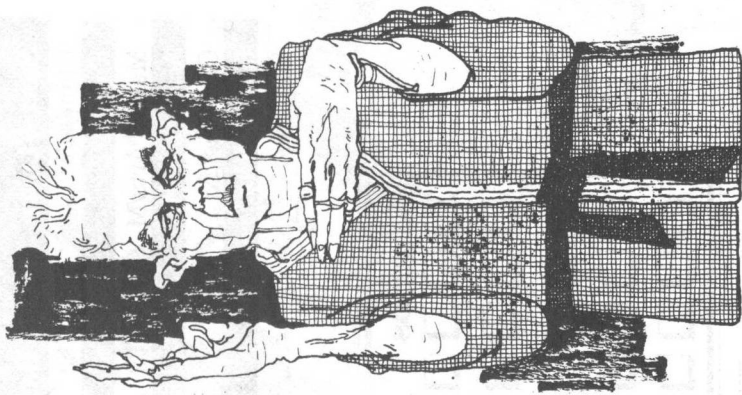
EQUIPMENT
Walking Stick

EDGES & DRAWBACKS
Ambidexterity
Concentration
Dependent (Gordon)
Hunted (by vampire)

NOTES

WOUNDS									
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CURRENT	
STAMINA	
CURRENT	
WILLPOWER	



LI LIU

• MARTIAL ARTS INSTRUCTOR •

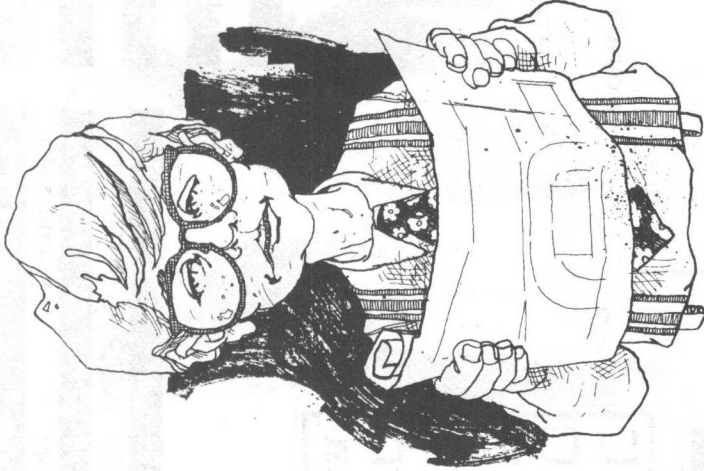
CHINESE, AGE: 62, 5' 5", 122#, BLACK HAIR, BROWN EYES

Li was born in Sian, a town in the Kunlun Mountains of central China. In 1953, his wife became pregnant. Wanting to give his family a better lifestyle than could be furnished in China, Li and his wife, Ling, moved to Seattle Washington. Two months later, his son Gordon was born.

Twelve years after coming to the States, Ling was killed by an oriental vampire.

Li and Gordon have hunted the vampire ever since. They have spent a great deal of time and money on this hunting endeavor, an easy thing, seeing that Li owns his own Kung Fu/Tai Chi school.

Li and his son, Gordon, now members of SAVE, still hunt the vampire, which knows and hates them as well.



CHARLES "SPARKY" FERGUSON III

• KID GENIUS •

AMERICAN (ENGLISH), AGE: 12, 4' 5", 87#, RED HAIR, BLUE EYES

Charles, Sparky to those who know him, is a child prodigy. In January of 1991, as he just turned 12, Sparky got his master's degree in Architectural Engineering.

Since then, Sparky has designed two malls. With the money he has earned on these projects, he has been able to take some time off.

Seeing how his father is on this mission, Sparky was able to "tag along." This may seem a bit hazardous, but seeing that there are kids already involved with this mission, it was thought that a youth involved with SAVE may come in handy.

Sparky's favorite pastime is horror movies, books, etc. He claims he has seen every horror movie at least once and has a collection of well over 200 horror videos.

This is Sparky's first SAVE mission.



GORDON LIU

• **WRITER** •

AMERICAN (CHINESE). **AGE: 37, 5' 4", 200#, BLACK HAIR, BROWN EYES**

Gordon was born in Seattle, Wash., and was raised by his immigrant parents, who always provided him with a rich oral tradition of Chinese folklore. He had a happy childhood and always seemed to have a talent for communicating with the written word.

When Gordon was 12, his mother disappeared. Her body turned up several days later, completely drained of blood.

Over the next five years, Gordon and his father, Li Liu searched for the truth about his mother's death and finally encountered the vampire that had killed her.

Even though Gordon's father is a master of Kung Fu and Tai Chi, Gordon has never had the wish to learn such arts.

Gordon and his father, now members of SAVE, still hunt the vampire, who knows and hates them as well.



Ed "LUCKY" RICCARDO

• **PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR** •

AMERICAN (ITALIAN). **AGE: 65, 6' 1", 223#, GRAY HAIR, BROWN EYES**

Ed has had the nickname Lucky for as long as he can remember. He has spent the last 40 years of his life as a \$50-a-day PI in Chicago.

Ed's life has always been on the edge of ruin. His cases were low class, just like his clients.

Then, his luck came into play; he discovered a gang of zombies and was contacted by SAVE. The Society needed muscle, and Lucky needed money.

Ed has been an envoy for the past four years.



LISA FIELDMAN

• **SPIRIT MEDIUM** •

AMERICAN (JEWISH), AGE: 22, 5' 6", 119#, BLOND HAIR, BLUE EYES

Since Lisa reached puberty, she has exhibited a great talent in contacting the Unknown. Despite her psychic abilities, Lisa had a fairly normal upbringing, attending public schools and maintaining a high level of popularity that has fostered her extreme self-confidence.

When she started college, she was attracted to the mystique of the Parapsychology Department. Here, she first encountered SAVE and has since matured into a first-class Spirit Medium.

This is Lisa's first "field trip," though, and so far all of her contacts with the Unknown have been in controlled environments.



GANI BOTISWELA

• **PSYCHOLOGY STUDENT** •

AFRICAN, AGE: 20, 5' 10", 165#, BLACK HAIR, BROWN EYES

Gani is from Nigeria and has come to the United States to study psychology. He never bargained for a new life as a SAVE envoy.

When Gani first came to the States, he just happened to check into a haunted hotel in New York City. While the other guests fled in panic at the actions of four Hangmen, Gani managed to keep his head . . . and his curiosity. SAVE was contacted, and Gani stuck around to see the outcome of the "confrontation."

His curiosity has since led him to parapsychology as his major field of study and to SAVE.

"IN DECEASEMENT,

THE MAN
EGO
SERVES THE
DESIGN
OF THE
UNKNOWN
IN MORE
WHILES
THAN ONE."
—RAX

This 128-page sourcebook/scenario is the Chill Master's definitive guide to haunts and hauntings. It presents a variety of new creatures based on people and places—both real and fictitious—and examines how these ominous entities appear, interact with the Known world and then disappear. New disciplines and profession templates are also included.

The scenario, entitled *The Visitation*, features loads of ectoplasmic fun.



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