DARK HARVEST

THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

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AN ALTERNATIVE HISTORY

DEVISED AND WRITTEN BY

IAIN LOWSON

CUBICLE 7 SEVEN

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Iain Lowson: This book is dedicated of course to my long-suffering wife Nici,
to our perfect daughter Jaimee and to our magnificent son Oscar.

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Now, about that comic book version…

And the console games…

And the film…

DARK HARVEST
THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

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FOREWORD

Fiction should fire the imagination. It should take us out of ourselves to new experiences and fresh understanding of this world and our place within it. In these aims, nothing excels like the speculative genre. No wonder. It is the original face of fiction from the first tales at ancient firesides. We can follow the development of fantastic literature, of tales of gods and monsters, from the Epic of Gilgamesh and Homer's heroes, through Virgil's Aeneid to the stories of Beowulf, Sir Gawain, and the Icelandic sagas onwards to the Medieval era, the Song of Roland and the Arthurian Cycle.

This love of dreams and nightmares drove the evolution of the modern novel, inspiring the gothic tales of the 18th and 19th centuries and the burgeoning of mass-market popular fiction, through authors like H Rider Haggard, Edgar Rice Burroughs and HG Wells. Modern science fiction, fantasy and horror writers are inheritors of this millennia-old tradition. Whether we're writing about rayguns and rocketships, swords and sorceries or vampires and werewolves, we're united by the primal story-teller's question – 'what if…?'

What if Napoleon had lost at Austerlitz? What if he won at Waterloo? That same question prompts more than a wealth of stories. It's seen countless lead soldiers and dice deployed on green baize in church halls and universities. The military gaming tradition laid the groundwork for our modern gaming industry that now complements speculative fiction and outstrips film and TV in entertaining and enthralling. No wonder. Just as wargaming offers the chance to engage with history's tipping points, so role-playing games invite us into imagined worlds, to test our ingenuity amid those dreams and nightmares. What rewards if we succeed? What calamities if we err?

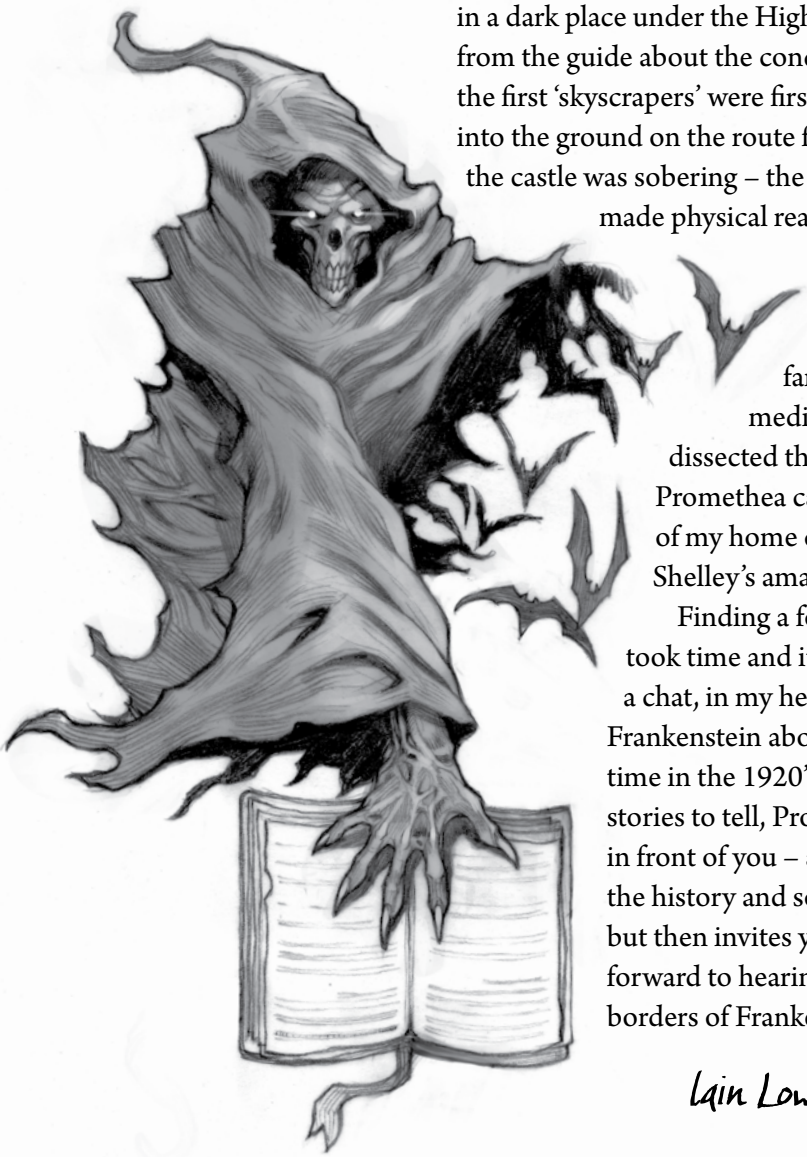
What makes a really good game? Let's start with that shared speculative heritage, drawing on, say, the Frankenstein story and the mythos it spawned. The scenario must also balance apparent contradictions. Let's have a world that's familiar yet unknown, where we have enough knowledge to act yet must always stay alert for uncertainty. Overconfidence will lead to disaster. Let's propose a history of Central Europe taking a different though plausible course in the mid-19th century. We need robust internal logic but that reasoning must also sustain marvels and fiends. Like the scientific wonders of Promethea and the dread use to which Victor Frankenstein's inheritors put that knowledge.

There must be breadth and depth of detail on regions and resources, their differences and deficiencies, to convince us this world's economics and politics would sustain themselves. Then there must also be hints and fables, opportunities that our own creativity exploits like unseen border crossings where foreign agents slip into the enigma of Promethea. Mute insubordination among the downtrodden populace. Rebellion amid the elite conveyed by subtle glances. Underclasses snatching any chance to improve their lot, heedless of the cost to others. The steely resolve of those who enjoy the status quo.

With this foundation to build on, challenge your imagination. I dare you…

Juliet E McKenna

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD



The journey to this point began some considerable time ago, in a dark place under the High Street in Edinburgh. Hearing from the guide about the conditions people lived in when the first 'skyscrapers' were first built up into the air and down into the ground on the route from Holyrood Palace up to the castle was sobering – the societal pyramid diagram made physical reality. Add to this the stories of the body snatchers stealing the corpses of the recently dead, normally from poor families, and selling them to the medical school where rich people dissected them, and you can easily tell that Promethea came as much from elements of my home city's past as it did from Mary Shelley's amazing, disturbing novel.

Finding a form for Promethea to take took time and iteration. The first version was a chat, in my head, between the Creature and Frankenstein aboard a luxury ocean liner some time in the 1920's. In the end, with so many stories to tell, Promethea became what you have in front of you – a gothic fantasy that tells you the history and some of the tales of Promethea, but then invites you to have a go yourself. I look forward to hearing what you find within the borders of Frankenstein's society.

Iain Lowson 2nd of May, 2010

I. INTRODUCTION
WELCOME TO PROMETHEA

Welcome to an alternative history of Europe in 1910, where international politics and the creation of new nation states have been hijacked in the service of one man's ambition. You will see how nationalism, arrogance, greed, fear and ignorance were cunningly manipulated by one brilliant scientist to create a new, wonderful and terrible place – Promethea.

In what was, for a brief and glorious time, the united Romania, you will explore a land under the domination of a new, dark science that defies Nature itself. The people of this land, who saw their dreams of a bright tomorrow snatched from them, groan under the yoke of a new feudal regime. The rulers of this military state dwell in lodges and castles on great estates, their lives an eternity of debauched luxury.

An eternity?

Oh yes. You see, Promethea is the creation of one man; one man who tore down the walls of death...and cast out the Reaper.

Victor Frankenstein

Welcome to his World.

COMO

by Iain Lowson

In the crisp night air a water bird called; its shrill, repeating cry echoing from the forested domes of the hills and the rippled sandy cliffs. The dim lighting in the gracefully decaying room with the empty windows did nothing to obscure the view down to the mirror waters of Lake Como. The lake was lit in silvery blue, confounding the colours of autumn that set the hills aflame by day. In the silence, the water of the lake could just be heard slapping against the four small boats moored at the shore.

Near the opposite shore, a boatman was rowing home, a shadow on the water. The lights of lakeside dwellings glittered and flickered, tiny reminders of the ordinary lives going on elsewhere.

Elsewhere, but not here.

"He is dead. Put him down."

At the words, spoken in oddly accented German, a huge figure, a killer, relaxed his thick-fingered hands, let a limp body fall, and stepped back into the shadows of the room to join the other of its kind. Lamp light and the flames of the guttering fire danced on the cold metal of the sword and pistol it wore at its belt.

The host, who had called this gathering of the rich and dispossessed, stepped forward to the crumpled form on the floor. He ignored, or was unaware of, the vicious stare that the Russian sought to impale him on. The man quickly checked the Russian's dead servant, feeling for a pulse on the abused neck. He examined the corpse carefully before standing and moving back into the darkness of the room.

"Please check the body. You must be satisfied that the man is fully deceased."

The tall Englishman could take no more. He abandoned his faltering German.

"This … This is preposterous!" he blustered. "Look here"

"That was my servant" the Russian growled, his low voice somehow cutting through English outrage. The master of the hulking and murderous shadows grunted dismissively.

"You were told to come alone" he said, this time in Russian. Reverting to German, he continued from the darkness. "Still, it did mean that none of you had to die." The man stepped back into the light, but only just. He was carrying something that glittered in the lamplight.

"You promised us safe passage!" The fat Hungarian sounded scared. "You promised us"

"I promised you all safe passage *if* you obeyed my instructions!" the man said, his voice commanding silence. "I promised him nothing" he said, indicating the body. Now he looked at the Russian, the stare driving the man back a step, "Now. Confirm that he is dead!"

The Russian scowled rebelliously for a moment. Simultaneously, one of the armed men stepped forward, menacingly, and a twig crackled in the dying fire. The Russian and several of his fellow guests jumped. Cursing, the Russian crouched down and, flinching with disgust, checked for signs of life in his former servant.

"He is dead." The Russian straightened, his courage rallying, "What do you intend to do to us?" The young Austrian nodded, looking panicked.

"Indeed! What will you do?"

"I intend to make you all very wealthy. Very wealthy" the man said. "Now, step back! All of you, observe."

The Russian fell back, glancing around at his fellows, seeking some hope in the eyes of the others. Each did the same, most meeting the gaze of their fellow 'guests' for the first time that night. Though a common purpose had brought them there, only now did they appear united – by fear.

The host held up a large metal syringe. It looked incongruous and threatening held in the long, slender fingers of the man with the sharp, knowing eyes, wearing the long winter coat. How old was he? Thirty? Thirty-five? Who was he, and who were the sullen-eyed murderers who had ghosted from nowhere at his command?

"What in the blazes?!" the tall Englishman began.

Their host had crouched down by the body of the Russian's servant. After a moment, he injected half the serum from the syringe into the vein and half into the artery on either side of the neck. He consulted his pocket watch, a remarkably ordinary and functional timepiece. After a short interval, he placed his hands, one atop the other, above the dead man's heart and began pumping down on the corpse's chest.

The bearded Walachian almost laughed, a strangled and guttural sound, so insane did the actions of their host seem to be. The man glanced up, his eyes fiercely burning with intense purpose. He held the eyes of those he could see, snapping his gaze to each one in turn. Once again, there was silence, save for the grisly efforts of the man kneeling on the floor.

The man stopped. He pulled forth his watch again, glancing at it. He looked closely at the corpse, at its ghastly visage; the bulging eyes and projecting tongue. The host then stood, looking cruelly satisfied, and stepped back. Without saying anything, he pointed to the body. Then, he melted into the encroaching darkness.

All eyes were on the dead servant. An eternity passed in a minute, then another. On the floor, the body lay still. The other guests began to shuffle, fearful in their anticipation, utterly unable to comprehend what was happening. Then, the servant's eyes seemed to change. The tongue slipped back into the gaping mouth. Two of the guests, the Russian and the tall Englishman, took a half step forward.

With a shuddering, wailing, gasping cry, the servant's body arched. His hands clawed the bare wooden floor of the decaying mansion, his nails splitting and cracking as he gouged the boards. His head whipped back and forth, his body wracked with spasms. Suddenly he stopped, utterly limp, his breathing ragged.

The Russian who, like every one of the other guests, had tumbled backwards as the servant lurched back to life, now came rushing forward. He was quickly joined by three others, all checking over the rapidly reviving man with the terrible, suggestive bruises flaring on his neck.

All the while, as a babble of amazed discussion broke out in small patch of flickering light in the room, the slender fingered man in the shadows watched. Watched and smiled. No one there heard his quiet, triumphant whisper.

"Promethea…"

"With a shuddering, wailing, gasping cry, the servant's body arched..."

II. OVERVIEW
HISTORY OF PROMETHEA

European history of the mid-1800's is hugely complex morass dominated by the gradual disintegration of the Ottoman Empire and the troubled birth of nation states such as Germany, Italy and, however briefly, Romania. Countries like Great Britain, France, Prussia, Russia and Austria used and abused the other nations, other peoples, dangling independence and recognition like carrots to help in a shifting sea of alliances and treaties.

On the 30th of March 1856, Paris was host to a congress of international luminaries seeking to resolve the issues raised by the Crimean War. Despite technically losing the war, and despite losing all of the territory it had gained from the Ottoman Empire prior to it, Russia came out of the whole affair largely unaffected.

Of greater concern to us is that the states of Walachia and Moldavia were given a large degree of guaranteed autonomy while still being under Ottoman control. This was hardly what those swept up in the growing tide of Romanian nationalism had sought. They had been supported in their desires by the French Emperor, Napoleon III, but the creation of a united Romania was blocked utterly by Britain, Turkey and Austria (who had experienced actual rebellion in 1848 in Hungarian-ruled Transylvania, which wanted to join a united Romania). Russia was content to let the Romanians deal with the situation not wishing, perhaps, to push its luck with the other powers even for a potential allied country.

The nationalist fervour in Romania continued unabated. Pressure grew steadily and the Ottomans reacted by attempting to 'adjust' elections to assemblies in the two countries whose purpose was to discuss unification resulting in a seemingly massive vote against the creation of a united Romania. This time, France, Britain and Russia stepped in to prevent Ottoman interference, and the renewed and emboldened assemblies called for unification of Walachia and Moldavia.

However, in Paris in 1858, the universal cry of the Romanians was ignored. In a botched solution that satisfied no one, the United Principalities of Walachia and Moldavia were created, still technically under Ottoman rule, with the same currency and legal systems, but forbidden from uniting.

The ridiculous situation could not continue. In the end the Romanians themselves dealt with the issue. On the 5th of January in Iaşi, Moldavia, and on the 24th of January in Bucharest, Walachia, the assemblies voted for the same leader, Colonel Alexander Ioan Cuza. Despite resistance from the Austro-Hungarians, the Ottomans gave their approval to his appointment in December 1861. Fortunately for Romania, the attention of the Great Powers was on Italy at the time, and the unification went uncontested. The creation of the country of Romania was formally recognised on the 24th of January 1862, with Cuza leading it from the capital, Bucharest.

Gathering his enlightened advisors close about him, Cuza sought to implement sweeping reforms to the constitution, education, the legal systems, the army and, critically, to land and agriculture. In 1863, the monasteries saw their land taken from them, returning nearly a quarter of agricultural land to the state in one move. The Church retained all of its buildings as well

as what was declared "a sufficiency of agricultural land to retain a just and appropriate degree of provision, and to maintain the historical integrity of ecclesiastical properties for the benefit of the Nation." Cuza was convinced by certain of his advisors not to offer compensation, and the cries of the Eastern Orthodox Church went unheeded by the international community.

In 1864, after some reworking of the constitution to bring it closer to the French model of Napoleon III, Cuza was able to make significant inroads to ending the feudal systems that dominated Romanian agriculture. This led to a degree of political conflict with the land-owning boyars. They had come together as a conservative alliance to reign in Cuza's more liberal tendencies. They found support, if only secretly, from some of the Prince's direct advisors, who tipped the boyars off as to Cuza's future plans to fully confiscate their estates. Whether this was true or not, the Agrarian Law was heavily opposed and resulted in an act that didn't help the peasants but that allowed the boyars to become even wealthier.

The army reforms were initially well received by the military leaders. The close relationship with the French Emperor and Prince Cuza meant that French advisors and experts were very much in evidence. Despite the assistance they offered, the Romanian military chiefs were impatient to take things entirely into their own hands. They heard, through advisors close to Cuza, that there were plans afoot to place French commanders at the head of the army, though no one was clear how long this would be for. Whatever the case, Cuza lost the faith of the army commanders, something that was to prove decisive later.

Despite his best efforts, and despite the clear benefits his rule brought, Cuza found himself bogged down in political, financial and personal difficulties, most based on unfounded rumour. Things came to a head in February 1866, when he was ousted in a mini-revolution. After being forced to abdicate, Cuza went into exile. In his place, the boyar Princes ruled as a council until a new over-all ruler could be found.

The agrarian reform conflict of 1864-5 had seen Cuza lose as Prime Minister his friend and ally Mihail Kogălniceanu, who had resigned. In his place rose other advisors, particularly Austrian-born Karl Baden. Baden, whose family had originated in Austro-Hungarian controlled Transylvania, was a passionate believer in Romanian independence. He used his own independence from the existing politics to act as go-between in all situations, though he was reluctant to take any credit for his brokering.

The coalition of Liberals and Conservatives that had gathered together, along with the military commanders, to overthrow Prince Cuza now turned to Baden. Reluctantly, he became both Prime Minister and Princely Lieutenant, vowing to give up both posts as early as possible. His elevation to Prince had become possible when it was discovered that his family traced itself back to minor royalty of the area around Târgu Mureş in the Carpathian Mountains. Baden was deeply embarrassed by the whole thing, and refused a formal investiture.

During the next ten years, as candidates for the rulership of the country were repeatedly rejected by the boyars and the rest of the council, a frustrated Prince Baden brought in further reforms, principally to education, and began an efficient and organised modernisation of the country. Of primary importance were the continuing improvements to the transport infrastructure, particularly the beginnings of a rail network. Experts and engineers from across the world were brought in to coordinate these projects, as well as to train their eventual replacements.

A great many of these improvements were paid for by unusually shrewd investment from the boyars. Baden's desire for further land reforms saw some slight improvements in the conditions for the peasantry, but only when the State balanced this with concessions

regarding ownership of the newly opened mines that began to appear as hired engineers and surveyors from across Europe started to open up the natural wealth of the country. This wealth was to pay for a round of diplomacy and a quiet military build-up that was to have far reaching effects.

Romanian diplomats continued to be active in France and Russia. This was to be expected. More unexpectedly, Romanian diplomats also became more prominent in Bismarck's newly created Germany. Considering the growing problems between France and Germany, the creation of the Three Emperors' League in 1872, which did nothing to address the Transylvanian issue, and the clear inevitability of another war between Russia and the fragile Ottoman Empire, the position of open neutrality that Romania was taking might have seemed odd, save that it allowed all parties a diplomatic 'delivery boy' from time to time.

In the end, the true reasons for the diplomacy were to become brutally apparent. With the Austro-Hungarian government walking on eggshells to avoid antagonizing Bismarck and the expansionist German Empire (not to mention the German's allies, Russia), a growing crisis in the Balkans saw Bulgarians seeking freedom from the Turks. With the Russians doing what they could to help the Bulgarians, tensions rose further. Revolts all across the Ottoman-held Balkans were cruelly put down and war exploded in the region. After negotiations with Austria-Hungary, Russia entered the war in 1877, moving its troops freely through allied Romania.

Now the Romanians made their move.

All across Hungarian-held Transylvania, the Romanian population moved to open rebellion, assisted by sudden, well organized and supplied partisan attacks. Simultaneously, Romanian troops advanced to assist their brothers and sisters, sweeping across the mountain passes. Slavic nationalists reacted to the growing chaos by staging protests that tied up Austro-Hungarian manpower. The German Empire too had been ready. Bismarck used the 'unexpected situation' to generously move to assist the beleaguered Hapsburgs in 'maintaining order'.

Russia won the war against the Turks, and the Treaty of San Stefano saw Bulgaria, Serbia, Montenegro and Romania declared fully independent. With the rest of the international community up in arms over perceived Russian and German gains, the Hapsburgs had to be content to see the German 'peacekeeper' forces withdrawn. In a Congress in Berlin in July of 1878, Romania saw its borders confirmed as the fully reunified country was recognised by the international community (even by an unhappy Hapsburg delegation).

Russia had absorbed Moldova and Bessarabia, and so the border between Russia and Romania was set along the river Prut down to the Danube delta. This would be the case for many years, until Tsarist Russia fell and, in the ensuing chaos, the territory was regained for what had been Romania. The borders with Bulgaria and Hungary were argued back and forth, with the Hungarian border being thrashed out under the watchful eye of Bismarck in Berlin. Romania had to concede some territory on all sides of its new borders, particularly in the north, but the overall gains were sufficient to offset local complaints. The eventual Treaty of Berlin, signed on the 13th of July, set it all in stone.

Prince Baden suddenly found himself being edged toward being crowned King. He was a hero to the people of Romania, be they boyar or peasant, Conservative or Liberal. Once again, he accepted reluctantly, but only on the condition that there be further political reform. Also, he announced that, in the spirit of the new age, that the united country should have a new name –Promethea.

Such was his popularity that Baden's flight of fancy was passed. His political reforms too were swept through, even the often controversial reorganizing of

the 70 plus administrative counties down to a more manageable 41. They saw a Council of Advisors established, two thirds of whom were elected by the parliament and the rest appointed by the King. The Council would work with parliament to enact the wishes of the King in accordance with the wishes of the voting people, few though they were. The King promised that he would not interfere with the parliament, and indeed took himself off to his ancestral estates at Târgu Mureş. There, he founded a third university in the country, after those of Iasi and Bucharest.

In Promethea, things began to move apace. The King was at pains to promote the country to the world as a politically neutral place devoted to learning and scientific advancement. It would embrace the new industrial age, and would sponsor science and engineering developments and research. Grants were given to successful applicants from across Europe and even from America. Conferences and exhibitions were held, and Promethea became a shining light in a Europe increasingly overshadowed by a worsening political situation.

The King, backed by the Council and by parliament, was forced to increase military spending and development. Promethea had declared itself neutral, but it had to maintain its borders to protect that neutrality and to protect its people. It had to become more self-sufficient. To this end, both agriculture and industry were nationalised in the early years of the 20th Century. Acts of sabotage and espionage sponsored, the King told his astonished, angry people, by foreign radicals and jealous governments with

"Promethea is Frankenstein's triumph and his revenge..."

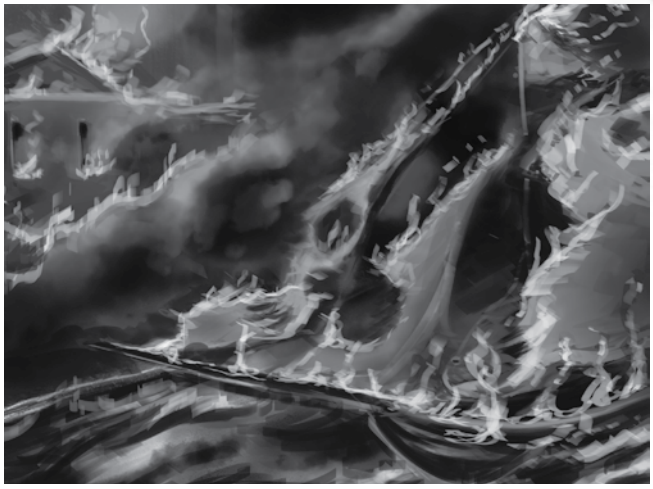
expansionist agendas, caused a tide of Promethean national pride and determination. The military and the Council were voted more powers still. Finally, after a plot that saw an assassination attempt on the King during a session of parliament, the parliament itself was dissolved permanently, with all legislative powers being passed to the Council on the 8th of June 1902.

It was done.

Promethea was now a military state, run by the King and his Council. The rest of Europe couldn't care less, caught up as it was in political crisis after political crisis as the Great Powers moved toward World War. What did they care if the reclusive King of neutral Promethea declared himself not in fact to be Karl Baden, but in fact one Victor Frankenstein? What business of theirs was it if the ordinary people of Promethea had become lowly serfs once more, toiling in the fields and factories owned by their Council and boyar masters? Well, Europe, indeed the world, was to care very greatly indeed

Beginning as rumour within the scientific community, becoming news and then a protected secret, information on Frankenstein's dark legacy began to reach the governments of the world. Whereas previously Bucharest had been host to development conferences, now these were moved to Promethea's de facto capital – the growing town of Târgu Mureş in the Carpathian Mountains. There, under tighter security, the visiting scientists, inventors, engineers, industrialists, politicians and dignitaries attended the usual round of conferences, discussions, exhibitions and parties.

However, gone were the tours of the countryside, the hunting trips, the boat and train rides used to proudly show off the developing country. Now, ingress into Promethea was restricted to the port of Constanta on the Black Sea, the port of Galați on the Danube in the east, the overland route through Hungary to the border crossing at Bors, near Oradea, and the route along the Danube to Orşova, beyond which boats were banned.



"...foreign observers reported seeing the Promethean fishing and merchant fleets burning in their ports..."

Provided transport at the official pick up or transfer points was generally luxurious but regularly windowless.

All other border crossing points became closed military outposts of varying size and regular, efficient, heavily armed patrols prevented anyone getting in or out. The same was true of the ports, where all contact between visiting ships and the local population was suddenly forbidden. This occurred at the same time as foreign observers reported seeing the Promethean fishing and merchant fleets burning in their ports. The whole country was utterly isolated.

Despite this, information and the occasional refugee got out. Generally speaking, the fantastic stories and terrible rumours were publicly dismissed by governments. Privately, those same governments were both concerned and intrigued. Trade and contact with Frankenstein's people brought enormous benefits, and having a reliably neutral country in the otherwise fiery and unstable Balkans was no bad thing, particularly as a check to Russian and German expansionism. However, the treatment of the Promethean people was the cause of some limited consternation amongst certain campaigning groups and was occasionally an embarrassment at a diplomatic level. Of deeper

concern to the world governments were the scientific, military and medical advances that Promethea was rumoured to be withholding.

Some of them were obvious. Promethean soldiers carried fearsome-looking firearms the likes of which were not seen anywhere else. The soldiers themselves, while as disciplined and ordered as any other army, were somehow different. This was particularly the case with Frankenstein's hulking personal guard who, like the king himself, were rarely seen. The trains used by the Prometheans were clearly more advanced than those in the rest of Europe, and there were rumours of flying machines and other exotica.

Soon, espionage and counter-espionage were the order of the day at all events hosted by the Prometheans. Along the borders, infiltrators were sent in, though very few returned. As a result, the borders of Promethea quickly became fenced, walled, moated and entrenched affairs, strung with barbed wire and dotted with watchtowers and military bases. It was as though the Promethean aristocracy had been looking forward to the excuse to shut themselves away even more.

It is now 1910, and Promethea is an utterly closed place. The rest of the world is desperate to discover what goes on there. They are nowhere near as desperate as the people - the proud, hardy Romanians, who want their country back, who want their lives back. Locked in a near-medieval world, what can they do against the might of the Promethean aristocracy, the utterly loyal military, and the terrible creations of Frankenstein's dark science?

The Triumph of Frankenstein

As far as many of the ruling council of Promethea are concerned, the birth of the new nation began in a large, isolated, seemingly abandoned house on the shores of Lake Como. There, one by one, uncomfortable at their isolation and the lack of security, not to mention the surfeit of pomp and circumstance they were used to, a number of men from a variety of nations were brought together. Putting aside previous rivalries, personal and national, they were shown something that night that instilled in them two powerful emotions – hope and utter fear.

From that lonely house on that terrible, wonderful night in the autumn of 1828, the carefully selected handful of people returned to the Russian and Ottoman Empires, to Moldavia and Walachia, to Transylvania and Hungary, to Britain, France and to Prussia and awaited orders. Men used to leading, to being obeyed, waited like guilty children. Waited to be told what to do and when. Waited for Frankenstein.

Victor Frankenstein himself had waited, planning and plotting for a long time before making his first open move – the organisation of the fateful meeting at his old family estate. It had been a frustrating time, particularly after the tragedies and triumphs, setbacks and victories of the late 1700's. Of this time, Frankenstein himself says nothing. Since the founding of Promethea and the revelation of the true identity of its architect, some research has been done and a fractured, ill-detailed history of Victor Frankenstein can be told.

Born in Milan, the son of minor Swiss nobility, Victor was ever the student and, at seventeen, was sent by his family to Ingolstadt where he became the star pupil of the esteemed professors Krempe, who taught natural science, and Waldman, who lectured in chemistry. Frankenstein was a preternaturally quick study by all accounts. After two years, he was working with his professors, particularly Waldman, as an equal. Frankenstein's great leaps of understanding led to improvements in equipment and technique, some of which are still the standard today (everywhere else bar Promethea, that is).

Suddenly, after some three years, Victor disappears from records. It is surmised that it was during this time that Frankenstein made his great discoveries on the nature of life and death. Certainly, it would be two

years before his name appears in the university records again, but under very unhappy circumstances. Victor approached Professor Waldman over some matter. Local authorities' reports say that the two argued after Waldman visited Frankenstein's lodgings. Several days later Waldman died in mysterious circumstances and Victor Frankenstein left Ingolstadt under a cloud of suspicion.

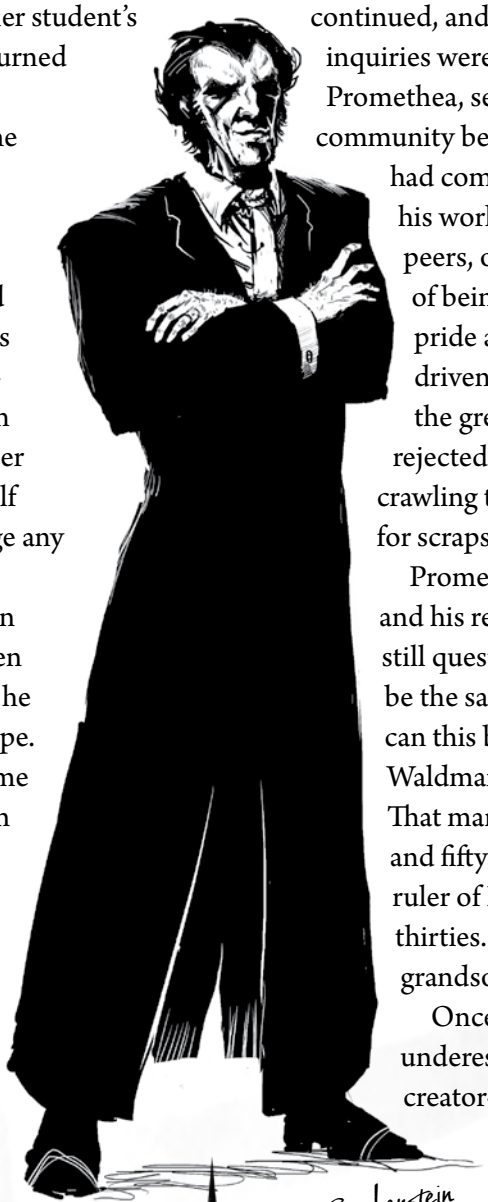
Based on vague comments made by Frankenstein in later years, it seems that Waldman was less than impressed by the direction of his former student's research. Regardless, Frankenstein returned home to Geneva.

He did not linger, however. In fact he remained at the family home for only four months. In that time, something occurred that caused Victor's further isolation. When he left Geneva, he did so having been cut off entirely from his family, including his beloved adopted-cousin Elizabeth to whom he had been betrothed. His father, family and former friend Henry Clerval, who later himself married Elizabeth, would never divulge any details of what had occurred.

From this point, Victor Frankenstein becomes a fugitive from history. For ten years, until the dawning of the 1800's, he is reported popping up all across Europe. Wherever he goes, suspicions over some disaster, some crime seem to drive him onwards. Then, abruptly, he vanishes utterly. When he appears again some twenty-five years later, he seems remarkably preserved and vigorous for a man supposedly in his fifties.

Reading between the lines, Frankenstein would appear to have been a significant if shadowy presence in the chaos of the Balkans in the mid-1800s. Appearing as an agitator, a mentor, a financier and a supplier to individuals and groups, whatever bad luck had dogged him in the past seemed to have been left behind. The master scientist had become a visionary political beast, his single-minded drive now focused on one goal – Promethea.

It is easy enough to imagine why he would seek such a thing, the creation of a place where he would be safe and protected, where his work could be continued, and his genius recognised. As subtle inquiries were made after the founding of Promethea, senior members of the scientific community began to admit that Frankenstein had come to them, offering to reveal his work, seeking recognition from his peers, only to be turned away. Accused of being a charlatan, a fraud, his pride and utter self-belief must have driven Victor Frankenstein to seek the greatest revenge of all. Those who rejected him would be made to come crawling to him, grovelling at his table for scraps.



Promethea is Frankenstein's triumph and his revenge. Yet there are those who still question one key fact. How can this be the same Victor Frankenstein? How can this be the man who studied with Waldman and Krempe? It can't be him! That man would be some one hundred and fifty years old by 1910, and the ruler of Promethea can only be in his thirties. Perhaps it is the original Victor's grandson. Yes - that must be the case.

Once again, the world underestimates Victor Frankenstein, creator-king of Promethea.

III. OVERVIEW
PROMETHEA NOW

Promethea is a beautiful nightmare.

This is a land of towering, snow-capped mountains, fertile, rolling plains, raging rivers and dark, forbidding forests. It has a relatively balmy coastline along the Black Sea, but one that is heavily patrolled and guarded against attempts to escape from Promethea and attempts to gain entry to this benighted, secretive country. No little sea-side jaunts and picnics for the general populace – only for the unfeasibly wealthy who, after all, don't actually want to escape.

As well as being a country of majestic and primal beauty, Promethea is also a country under siege from without and within. As such, it is an armed camp. Every town and city is a fortress. Every border with the rest of Europe is walled, fenced or at the very least patrolled by guards from the many small forts and large castles that proliferate along the edges of Promethea. Even the borders along the Carpathian Mountains or the rivers Prut and Danube aren't left purely to nature to look after.

Economy & Technology

The mineral wealth of the Carpathian Mountains, particularly gold, silver and copper, as well as the full range of other metal ores, allows a healthy trade to continue with the rest of Europe, despite the embargos publicly imposed on the country by some of its immediate neighbours. There are also extensive coal and salt mines, and large oil and gas reserves. Widespread and highly productive forestry and agriculture means the area is, to all intents, utterly self-sufficient. Population growth is held in check through the Harvestand by the daily grind of working in the fields, mines, forests, and factories of Promethea.

The only industry that is largely undeveloped is fishing. Boats of any kind are utterly forbidden throughout Promethea and at all levels of society; even the aristocracy are forbidden from owning them. The king and his elite are fearful that such craft can be too easily used to escape the country. At the high security ports, only international craft are berthed, and only non-Promethean workers can handle goods and approach the ships. The port military are among the most loyal and vigilant of the king's forces. On the rivers only military special units, those soldiers modified by Frankenstein's arts and so totally obedient, are permitted steam-powered patrol craft. The only fishing industry, such as it is, comes from net fishing and through the nascent fish farms on the Danube and along certain coastal areas.

Through the wealth of the country and the designs of Frankenstein, Promethea possesses all the scientific advancements of the age. Indeed, it hosts the most significant scientific gatherings of the time. Many of the world's greatest minds have come to the city of Târgu Mures for conferences and think-tanks. The king is, above all, a scientist. It also appeals to his ego to watch the scientific community eagerly coming to him when before they derided and mocked him.

The great scientific convocations are conducted

under very heavy security. Delegations are heavily guarded by members of their various countries' armed forces. In turn, these delegations are watched over by Frankenstein's forces. The continued secrecy of his work is paramount, and the espionage and counter espionage conducted at the sheltered convocations, not to mention the extraordinary diplomacy, are intense to say the least.

If the king was in any way interested in physical empire building, Promethea would be a force to reckon with. As it is, much of the industrial and scientific development of the West is due in some part to him, however indirectly.

The People and Governance of Promethea

There are four strata of society in Promethea. The elite consist of the king and the original 'investors' in Promethea and their families. There is a ruling council, headed by Frankenstein, which technically includes representatives of the main families. In fact, the majority of them don't bother to attend, as their debauched pleasures are all that matter to them. Instead, the king and his advisors run the show. The advisors are primarily from the second strata of society.

The second stratum consists of the leading military, medical, scientific, agricultural and industrial figures of Promethea. Many of them are invited to sit on the ruling council – invited by the king that is. It must be said that Promethea is run extremely well, despite the horrors it perpetrates on its people. Those of the second level are exempt from the Harvesting.

The third stratum of Promethean society consists, in essence, of the managers and the military. These are the people who keep the workers in line. They are in receipt of basic education, though some who show particular aptitude can rise to the second level of society and perhaps even marry into the top level; assuming they are not Harvested (a rare event) or do not suffer an Augmentation failure (far less rare). Military commanders can come from this level of society, never from the workers.

The workers are the fourth and final stratum of Promethean society. These poor wretches, while enjoying a standard of living higher than their equivalents in other countries, still endure very basic, sometimes appalling conditions. Add to this the depredations of the Harvest and conscription and you have a potentially very miserable existence indeed. That said, the workers find their own ways to make life a little more pleasant. So long as they cause no problems, such 'frivolity' is tolerated.

The Harvest and Augmentation

The term ' Harvest' applies to the removal and storage of organs, limbs and other body parts for use in medical emergencies, Augmentation surgery and transplants. In Promethea, the Harvest is also synonymous with the horrendous emergency powers that give the right to the top two echelons of Promethean society to choose members of the lower castes to 'donate' their body parts to their betters. Though there is a terrible etiquette to the process, it amounts to this – if an elite sees strength or beauty in a 'lesser being', they can demand that person e taken and their desired 'component' ripped from them to be added to the elite through the process of Augmentation.

In Promethean society, thanks to Frankenstein, the rich need neither die nor grow old. Failing parts can simply be replaced or strengthened through Augmentation. The process is not perfect, but the resulting scars and stitches, even bolts and screws, are worn openly and joyously as symbols of the elite. Top surgeons are treated as part medical genius, part fashion guru.

Soldiers are routinely Augmented to better fulfil their obligations and to ensure their absolute loyalty. However, the surgeons who conduct these operations are not as skilful or careful as their wealthier

colleagues. The resulting failures are destroyed, or broken up for parts. There are some who escape to roam the countryside and harass the population, and rumours that others are purposefully created and released to ensure obedience of the curfew.

The Resistance

The king and his elite do not have everything their own way. Among the workers, scar gangs do their best to damage those with physical beauty to spite the rich and save their own from the Harvest. Mothers have been known to scar their sons and daughters and then blame the scar gangs. Anyone caught doing this or being out after curfew, and therefore obviously part of a scar gang, is Eviscerated – a process by which the body is destroyed painfully while being maintained by the king's artifice and then displayed publicly for a set number of weeks or months before the coup-de-grace is administered by burning.

The actual Resistance is led by none other than the Creature – Frankenstein's original creation, long gone to ground. The Creature is obsessed with destroying the king and all his works. He understands that the rest of the world would become like Promethea should the Frankenstein's work ever 'escape' beyond the boundaries of the country. He does not trust agents of those countries, though he will accept their financial backing and their skills.

The Resistance is a growing force in Promethea, and has supporters even amongst the elite families. A confrontation is brewing and, some day, Frankenstein and the Creature will face each other again one final time.

Politics & People

Promethean society is largely feudal in nature. The king, Victor Frankenstein, is the unchallenged ruler. He managed this through skilful manipulation of those around him. Fear, bribery, promised power and wealth all played their part. The promise of practical immortality, clearly demonstrated, achieved a great deal. Needless to say, for fallen grandees like the boyars the promise of a return to the old ways was of even greater significance.

The Elite

The ruling class is made up of some of the Romanian boyar families and other landowners and principal industrialists. There were orginally some foreigners amongst these elite, but they are now all Prometheans together. Interestingly, there are no serving military

in the elite, even in the highest echelons of the Promethean army. However, the Commander in Chief of the military does serve on the advisory council.

All of the elite have seats on the ruling council, which meets in Bucharest once a month. From the moment Promethea was born in 1902, the presence of the elite at meetings of the council has drooped off. They had their own issues to deal with in the consolidation of their personal power, not to mention the beginning of their own life-extending surgeries. This too had been anticipated and was welcomed by Frankenstein.

Although he himself does not attend more then the critical meetings of the council, Frankenstein takes a keen interest in the running of the country. For him, Promethea must run like a well maintained machine. Anything else would be a failure that would be laid at his door by the outside world and that can not be tolerated. Fear of Frankenstein keeps the majority of the elite from interfering in national politics. A few have shown ability however and their judgment is actively sought by both king and council.

The running of the huge estates and businesses the elite control is left largely to them. They understand that they can administer their interests as they desire so long as they do not interfere with the wishes and plans of the king and council. The majority are content to reap the profits and the Harvest, and keep out of Frankenstein's way. They leave the day-to-day organisation in the hands of capable individuals from the second stratum of society. There are very few exceptions.

Every now and then though, one of the ruling elite will get it into their head to 'get involved.' Often, Frankenstein and the council are willing to humour the boor in question or burden them with bureaucracy, until they lose interest and go away. Occasionally, a quiet warning may need to be given. Only once since 1902 has direct action been required, followed by the early ascension of an approved younger relative to head the boyar family in question.

The True Prometheans

If the elite of Promethea represent, largely speaking, the past history of the country, the second stratum of society represent the future. These are the people and the organisations whom Frankenstein himself has a genuine interest in and enthusiasm for. Always one to plan ahead, the king of Promethea is looking for leaders from the scientists, engineers and business men and women, as well as from the new generation of military commanders, whom he gathers around him at Târgu Mures. The time will come when these people will replace the old ruling families. Whether this happens gradually or in a single night of fire and blood remains to be seen.

The second tier of Promethean society is a broad mix of men and women both from old Romania, thanks to the universities, and from the rest of Europe. There are even a few from further afield. All are now naturalised Prometheans, working to make Promethea the most advanced country in Europe. It is their work ethic, their passion for what they do, which separates them from the overwhelming majority of the elite.

While the elite number a little more than a few hundred souls spread over some two dozen families, there are well in excess of a thousand 'true Prometheans.' They are spread across the country, particularly the engineers and those in the military, hard at work supervising new training camps, ambitious building projects, experimental mining operations and numerous other projects. The industrialists draw on many of their skilled brethren to streamline and improve production in factories ensuring that, while it may have had its genesis in Great Britain, the industrial revolution found its home in Promethea.

The Ministries

There are a number of Ministries operating to support the king and the Advisory Council. These are separate from the different branches of the military in Promethea, who will be covered later in this book. The preeminent Ministries are:

The Ministry of Agriculture & Forestry;

The Ministry of Industry;

The Ministry of Transport;

The Ministry of Science & Development;

The Ministry of Heath & Medicine;

The Ministry of Foreign Affairs;

The Ministry of Domestic Affairs & Statistics;

The Ministry of Information.

Of all of these, only the last has any real power of its own. All of the others, including a number of minor Ministries, are there to gather information and offer advice to the members of the Advisory Council. The council votes on relevant measures and it is in the name of the council, not the ministries, that action is taken. The ministries can call for judicial measures to enforce council legislation, but can take no unilateral action.

The Ministry of Information includes the Department of Justice, and has close links to the Domestic Security Forces. It has a great deal of political and legal clout tied up in its deliberately nebulous brief, not to mention military backup when required. Acting as the eyes and ears of the council in general, and Frankenstein in particular, its agents are justifiably feared by all.

Ministry of Surgical Artistry,
Grigory Palace,
Bucharesti

To the Esteemed Chief Minister,

It has long been my belief that I have no place in airing my considerations in Ministry Affairs, but matters are arising to compell me to express a humble and urgent opinion. Forgive me this impulse to communicate and please be assured that I would not be doing so in such a direct manner were I not to deem this situation of the most vital importance.

No doubt you are more than aware that Boyar Perturbari is set to reveal a new addition to his highly regarded Living Tablea of Mythical Beasts. That his Gratina de la legendara bestii is worthy of note is in no doubt here. Indeed, I find it satisfying that as Regional Ambassador of the Surgical Arts to the Neamt Region I was at least partly instrumental in having the surgical artistry of the creatures recognised for its outstanding craftsmanship. Perturbari has continued his promise to further enhance this finest of cultural endeavours. Chief Minister, I regret to suggest that I have extreme misgivings regarding the lengths to which Perturbari has taken his enthusiasm.

Until now the very nature of Perturbari's latest exhibit has been a closely guarded secret and I took this to be no more than a method of garnering ever more enthusiasm. However, I am now somewhat confused as to decide the true meaning of his latest artistic statement. Today, as is my duty, I was present at the final surgical inspection of the latest creation. It is almost without need to mention here that the surgery, craftsmanship, grafting and vitalism of the entity matched every expectation and I have no hesitancy in recommending that all of the surgical team receive the highest honours for their work. But I firmly believe that their endeavours never be seen, not for the object it is - but for the subject.

Esteemed Chief, I regret to inform you that Perturbari's latest addition is nothing short of astonishing in so many ways. Sir, he is poised to unveil a perfect one-third copy of the first creature fashioned by Our King's own hand. I fear to my very core that such an action cannot but cause unparalleled harm to our Ministry. At the least harmful I consider that he is diminishing Our King's Creation to the rank of mythology and ridicule. Other opinion may have it that he, above other affiliates of our Ministry, is raising himself to the equal of Our King. Indeed I contemplate that there are a host of readings to be garnered from this 'attraction', none of which can be considered remotely beneficial. I advised The Boyar, in the strongest terms, to maintain the closed veil upon this matter, but I feel certain that he will proceed regardless.

Whilst I cannot and would not presume to advise the Chief Minister on detailed courses of action I would be completely derelict in my service to the Ministry if I were not to suggest that events be set in place to prevent anyone but those that already know of it discovering this dangerous truth.

Your humble Minister,
Rubesc Nemec.

Scientific endeavour and experimental engineering have their home in the laboratories, machine shops and test yards of the universities of Iasi, Bucharest and Târgu Mures. At these institutes, regular development lectures are given and conferences held. These events are by invitation only, and even the least of them is held under tight security, despite the attendees being pre-vetted.

New information and techniques are quickly disseminated and absorbed, advancing the cause of Promethean development. If these advances occasionally stutter and fail, Frankenstein insures that those brave enough to experiment, to take the risk of trying something new, are fully compensated. Failures are not punished so long as it can be shown beyond a doubt that appropriate method was applied from the initial developmental and experimental stages to the final on-site implementation. Review boards are a fact of life for those on the cutting edge of Promethean life.

There is a degree of rivalry between the elite families, and the same can be said for those in the perceived second level of society. With the elite, particularly bad relations between families or family members can be settled with duels, petitions or the occasional arranged marriage. In the learned community, patents and registered documents cannot prevent occasional theft or sabotage. The Promethean purse is deep but not infinite, and recognition brings both financial and personal security.

The ultimate recognition comes with connection to the ruling council. There are some thirty actual advisors with direct contact to Frankenstein, but they themselves have assistants and researchers, the more junior of who come from the third level of society. Though the upper echelons of the intellectual, military and industrial community like to pretend they are above the petty and divisive politics of the elite families, they simply exist in a more subtle next of vipers.

As regards the Harvest, the second stratum and their families are exempt from 'contributing.' They can also chose to extend this immunity to useful subordinates by council decree, usually administered by a sub-office rather than being something proposed before a council session. The council advisors who work with Frankenstein have the right to Harvest, as do their immediate families (spouse and children). Should they retire from or cease to be regularly called to the council their Harvest rights continue. If they are removed from the council for whatever reason, they lose their Harvest rights but not their immunity, unless they are guilty of a particularly heinous error or crime.

It must be said that those in the second level of Promethean society do not practice their Harvest rights with anything approaching the regularity or persistence of the elite, though there are a few exceptions. Body Augmentation is rare, save after injury or illness. Consciousness transfers, the moving of the entire brain, on the impending death of a host body are more usual.

To Escape the Shadow

The dividing line between the third and the second strata of Promethean society is far less clearly defined than that between the elite and those on the council or between the third level and the lowly workers. Some see the dividing point as being whether an individual has Harvest immunity or not. That said, it is rare for a member of this level to contribute to the Harvest. Most can have this overturned on appeal, unless they are extremely unlucky.

This is the true middle class of Promethea, with the same chances as in the rest of Europe to climb the society ladder or to slip down. The difference in Promethea is that the motivation to succeed is perhaps more acute, more pointed than in other countries.

The principal and often defining quality of the large

middle class of Promethea is education. An education unlocks the possibility of a good job; perhaps a position offering possibilities of promotion and even Harvest exemption. The services of the schools and private tutors of Promethea are much in demand. Their third-stratum graduates fill out the clerical and lower to middle management positions, amongst many others, that proliferate in modern Promethea. These are the station managers, small business owners, craftsmen, book keepers, teachers, musicians, painters, surveyors and so on.

So too, these are backbone of the military. A good education can mean a position above the rank and file, and perhaps entrance into officer training. To the despair and annoyance of the old guard of the army, Promethea rewards demonstrated ability more than simple family connection. A new generation of capable NCOs and graduates of the military schools, all with utter loyalty to Promethea and its creator, are rising through the ranks.

Rivalry within the third stratum of the population is fierce, particularly in the schools and universities where the drive to succeed can be cut-throat. Furthermore, an educated middle class inevitably breeds eloquent dissenters and troublesome free thinkers. As a result, educational establishments, the tutors who teach in them and the students who study there, are all carefully watched.

Human Resources

Amongst some members of the upper classes of the mid to late 1800s there was a genuinely held belief that those at the bottom of the social and economic ladder were somehow a different species, lesser beings to be variously pitied, avoided and guarded against. Of course the workers were also to be exploited. After all, they were happiest when they had something to do, when they were given some simple task to occupy their so-called minds. Working conditions didn't need to be worried about. The workers didn't feel pain as their betters did, and if a few were injured or died it didn't matter, there were always many more to replace them.

In Promethea, this twisted excuse for a philosophy has become the cold rock upon which society is built. For the ordinary Romanians, who saw the glorious birth and sudden death of their nation, this has been a harsh and bitter time. What few freedoms they had clawed back from the Turks, Russians, Hungarians and others have now vanished. The burden of agricultural feudalistic duty has been further weighted by industrial advances, military conscription and the hellish addition of the Harvest.

While it is true that the standard of living for the workers is quite high, with some of the comparatively highest wages and best urban housing in Europe, the quality of life is low. Freedom of movement is very heavily restricted, and workers are forbidden from travelling by rail except when it is related to their work. Identity papers are mandatory and are checked regularly by the omnipresent military. Failure to present appropriate documentation is punishable by immediate imprisonment and a hefty fine.

The urban workforce can only buy goods from selected shops, usually associated with their place of work. It almost goes without saying that this is a way for employers to claw back the wages they pay. In the countryside, workers are forbidden from owning or cultivating their own land. They too must shop in designated places, most usually a weekly market. At least in the countryside there is the chance for a little illicit foraging, even if those doing so risk being fined or imprisoned.

From the countryside to the cities there is a curfew on the general populace, though some workers are exempt from this and carry the papers to prove it. The curfew runs from ten at night until six in the morning. Those breaking the curfew are usually fined in the first and second instance, imprisoned for twenty days and

Education in Promethea

The majority of educational establishments in Promethea, as in many other countries in Europe, are single rooms of varying sizes. Even the three universities hold classes beyond the main campuses in rooms both salubrious and not. Education is not compulsory in Promethea – it's just a matter of survival. With few exceptions it must be paid for, effectively barring the working population from advancement.

Early education for children is loosely structured, but technically starts at about six and runs until early to mid teens, depending on the whims of the individual schoolmasters or mistresses. Basic numeracy and literacy are taught at this stage, along with whatever subjects the teachers choose to insist on – history, language, or whatever. Romanian is the principal language of the country, but English is the accepted scientific language and Latin is still emphasized in medical circles. Either English or Latin is usually taught to children to varying degrees. There are a very few free schools for working class children funded by philanthropic businessmen, but these are very much the exception.

Higher education sees students generally having to move to larger population centres where willing and occasionally able tutors can be found, along with lodgings, libraries and other such resources. It is from this point that the state takes an interest. Tutors are all licensed, students vetted, and classes periodically monitored. Sometimes, students will arrive at a lesson to find their tutor has been spirited away. Sometimes, a class will abruptly be short a student or two. The state need neither apologise nor explain.

While schools and the universities provide certificates of graduation, tutors provide letters of recommendation, stating that the holder has whatever degree of understanding of their subject the tutor is willing to attest to. Tutors with good reputations are much sought after, and command high fees. However, such is the demand for education in Promethea that fees are often considerably lower, comparatively, than they are in Paris, London or elsewhere in Europe.

The schools of theology formerly run by the Romanian Orthodox Church have been effectively closed down by being amalgamated with government-approved centres of education – for security reasons, of course. A few monasteries still teach their monks, but only adults and never children.

fined in the third and fourth, and publicly Eviscerated on the fifth breach.

Every aspect of a workers life, from birth to death, is subject to license. Work, job training (general education is largely beyond a workers' means), housing, marriage, breeding and travel must all be licensed. All licenses can be refused or withdrawn. Births, deaths and professionally treated illness all require numerous documents to be filled out, often requiring the hiring of a licensed scrivener.

When taking a job, the worker signs or marks a contract – one that they will likely be unable to read. These contracts turn the worker into the property of their employer. There is little in the law to prevent the

employer from doing as they will with their 'goods,' even to their destruction. Oddly, this can offer the worker some very small degree of protection from the Harvest, as special permission must be obtained to Harvest the property of another.

If life is hard for the majority of former-Romanians, they do their best to make what they can of their situation. There is a flourishing black market at work throughout the country and many use their skills in illicit 'cottage industries' to turn some extra coin or to barter with neighbours. There is particular demand for the services of healers amongst the workforce and many a scrivener runs a thriving back door business in forged curfew exemptions and other papers.

The general feeling amongst the workers and the lower middle classes is that things will change one day. Promethea will not last forever. Someday the Resistance or a crusading foreign power will come to their rescue, and Romania will rise again. Until then, the darkness must be endured.

The Romanian Orthodox Church in Promethea

Frankenstein has a deep and heartfelt dislike for organised religion and all other kinds of 'superstition.' However, even the King of Promethea knows better than to entirely do away with such a potent institution as the Romanian Orthodox Church. He knows that this would result in a degree of social unrest that could cripple the country. Instead, he hopes that people will over time come to understand that science holds the answers. Frankenstein also knows that, so long as the Harvest is unjustly exploited by the few, the Church remains a near-necessary crutch for those touched by tragedy.

Though Frankenstein chose not to actively persecute the Church in Promethea, certain security issues needed to be addressed. The country formerly held a significant number of schools of theology run by the Orthodox Church. These were quickly identified as a security risk, as their teachings were in direct contradiction to the hierarchy and aims of Promethea. All were absorbed into other institutions – closed, in other words. While theology is officially taught in Promethea, it is presented as something to be disproven. Students are armed with all of the arguments and points of philosophy that they could ever need to talk down even the most dedicated follower of 'Dreapta credință' – the correct belief, as church-goers call it.

In his time as Karl Baden, Frankenstein made several concessions to the Church. He guaranteed the much reduced Church estates, forbidding both interference and further land grabs. Baden promised to look into the matter of the confiscated lands at the first opportunity. However, more weighty matters arose in the meantime, happily distracting Church and people. Baden championed the Church's move to become autocephalous – independent and self-governing – going so far as to negotiate personally, if briefly, on its behalf with the Patriarchate of Constantinople. As a result, in 1879 the Romanian Church was recognised as a Metropolis and then, two years later, as a Patriarchy. This was the last time the Romanian Orthodox Church received direct assistance from Victor Frankenstein.

Though the formerly Romanian Church is autocephalous, it was still very closely linked to all of the other Eastern Orthodox churches, sharing full communion with them. With the sealing of the Promethean border, there is no more official contact between the Church in Promethea and anywhere else. As a result of this, and of all of the other crimes against the former Romania and against God Himself, the Orthodox Church has become a supporter of the Resistance – though not of all of its methods, nor necessarily of the entity that commands it.

Organisation

'Encouraged' to rename itself the Promethean Orthodox Church, the organisation has suffered many indignities in the run up to and since the abrupt demise of Romania. As the country was reorganised, so the Church found itself under pressure to modernise its own organisation. Shortly before the declaration of Promethea, there were five Metropolitantes (Bucharest, Timişoara, Iasi, Sibiu and Cluj Napoca) and 11 archbishoprics (Craiova, Alba Iulia, Târgu Viste, Tomis, Suceava & Radauti, Vad, Feleac & Cluj, Sibiu, Timişoara, Iasi, and Bucharest), and 20 bishoprics.

Spread throughout the country of Promethea, there are some 12,000 churches and 400 monasteries. These religious communities, while having the protection of the king, are not as bright and glorious as they once were. Many great treasures were lost, looted by avaricious nobles during the initial 'land grab' before Karl Baden interceded. Church officials, monks and nuns are exempt from the Harvest. This was not a charitable act. Rather it was a move designed to isolate the Church from the put-upon people, though its effect has not been as polarising as was intended. Because of the Harvest exemptions, becoming a member of the Church is now an official matter, with all applicants at all levels, and therefore all internal advancement, the subject of official scrutiny by the Ministry of Domestic Affairs & Statistics, the Ministry of Information and the DSF. As a result, getting anything done in the Promethean Orthodox Church takes an intended eternity. Even the Holy Synod cannot meet without attending Ministry officials.

The Holy Synod of the Church of Promethea consists of the Archbishops and the Metropolitantes, and is presided over by the Metropolitan of Bucharest. The current Patriarch of all Romania is the elderly Octavian. The shock of the loss of Romania and the rise of Promethea has done little for his health. There is concern in the Synod that the authorities may try to install their own puppet as Patriarch. Such an individual would need to come from beyond the staunchly Romanian Orthodox Church. None there support Frankenstein, with many supporting and even working for the Resistance, occasionally to their cost.

When dealing with Church officials caught working with the Resistance, the authorities of Promethea continue the policy of divide and conquer. No Church official is permitted to be maltreated in any way. In fact, most are very publically forgiven, usually at the end of a public Evisceration of those non-ecclesiastic individuals caught and condemned for their Resistance connections. The worst that can happen is that an individual Church official will be imprisoned and transported from their area, to be held under observation and curfew in another religious community elsewhere in Promethea.

It remains to be seen how the treatment of the Romanian/Promethean Orthodox Church and its people affects attitudes to it in the long term. Victor Frankenstein is content to watch it crumble slowly into obscurity. Whether this will be the case is for the people to decide.

The Military

For any revolution to have a chance of succeeding, it must have the backing of the military. A completely loyal military guarantees security. From the very beginning of the creation of Promethea, Frankenstein courted and manipulated key figures in the military. Those individuals were offered three things to hook them into the Promethea plan – virtual autonomy, increased funding, and the latest technology.

From the official creation of the country in 1878 onwards, the influence of the military grew in Promethea. For its part in the uniting of the country after the 'annexing' of the previously Hungarian-controlled Transylvania, the military had the support

of the people in the beginning. The country had to be protected from jealous, vengeful and expansionist neighbours. A large, strong army was required to guard the borders.

When sometimes deadly acts of sabotage began to be reported, it became clear that existing local security precautions were not enough. The enemies of Promethea were cunning, and the people demanded that measures be taken. Reluctantly, the king expanded the role of the military in domestic security issues.

Local forces, usually volunteers brought in when required by the local mayor or village head man, were initially given extra manpower and resources, with control remaining in local hands. As the internal situation became more fraught, the military were asked to take a more active role. Finally, after the attempted assassination of the king, all internal security was handed over to the military

Organisation

At the top of the military tree in Promethea is the three-man Military Council. They are the Military Secretary to the king's Advisory Council, the Commander in Chief of the Promethean Military Forces (the PMF, or simply the military), and the Head of the Domestic Security Forces (the DSF). The Military Secretary acts as a neutral party in settling potential issues between the domestic and national military commands. As the power of the DSF increases, jurisdictional clashes are becoming more regular. To the increasing annoyance of the military, these issues are resolving in favour of the DFS far more often than not.

The Domestic Security Forces

Strictly speaking, the Head of the DSF has no actual resources of his own to draw on. All of his forces and equipment are supposed to be drawn from those of the overall Promethean military. However, there are unique royal units that do fall under his organisational control, much to the annoyance and occasional unease of the Chief of the PMF.

The majority of local level DSF troops are simply regular military units, with their own relevant command structure and support staff, whose overall ranking officer reports to and takes orders from a resident DSF coordinator. As the troops cycle on a six month tour rotation, organisational continuity is maintained by the DSF staff. During regular operations, one or more DSF observers will accompany military units in the field to act as advisors.

The basic rule in all local issues is that the DSF have command of domestic operations. Military staff must obey DSF orders so long as those do not excessively jeopardise military personnel and equipment. Furthermore, the military chain of command must not be compromised, nor the integrity of the service. Biased interpretation of these parameters is the principal cause of conflict between the military and the DSF.

The rivalry is not helped by the fact that the Domestic Security Forces are charged with policing the Promethean Military Forces. The theory is that anything which compromises the smooth running of the PMF endangers domestic security, which is the preserve of the DSF. To mollify the military command, an officer of the Promethean Royal Guard is assigned to oversee all internal investigations. However, as the Royal Guard are under the day-to-day command of the Head of the DSF, this measure does not do much to reassure the military.

The DSF is in essence the military wing of the Ministry of Information. Many DSF agents are also Ministry agents. However, there is a political line between the two departments and appearances must be maintained. The position of the Promethean Royal Guard in the Ministry, however, confuses matters.

The Promethean Royal Guard

The Royal Guard are recruited from the ranks of both the PMF and the DSF, and are charged with maintaining the security of the Promethean Royal Family, currently just Frankenstein and his chosen coterie, and the Royal Estates. In matters relating to their charge, the orders of a Guard officer countermand all others regardless of the PMF or DSF rank of the 'opposing' order.

As the DSF investigate internal military issues, so the Guard are the ones called in to deal with investigations of the DSF. This is because the king himself is the commander of the Royal Guard. They are an elite force of supremely loyal, often heavily Augmented, battle-hardened soldiers.

However, members of the Guard also serve in the Ministry of Information. Those who do so operate in a more subtle capacity; as spies within the PMF, the DSF and the population at large. They are the eyes and ears of not only the Ministry, but of Frankenstein himself. As such they are justifiably feared, wielding as they do supreme authority with the subtlety of a scalpel and the force of an artillery barrage.

The Promethean Military Forces

For all its complaints about interference from the DFS and the Guard, the Promethean military have much to celebrate. Beyond a doubt, they are the best equipped military force in Europe. Initial reforms were looked upon somewhat sceptically by many senior officers, particularly those that related to the safety and comfort of the ordinary soldier. However, even the most stubbornly old-fashioned officer couldn't argue with the demonstrated efficiency and operational performance of the reorganised military of Promethea. Of course, those that did object were quickly offered irresistibly comfortable retirement packages or given harmless desk jobs in out-of-the-way postings.

The standard of military organization in Promethea is comparable to the best in Europe. It is, along with all levels of social and political organisation, constantly under structure and efficiency review by the Ministry of Information, assisted by The Ministry of Domestic Affairs & Statistics. Frankenstein is keen to ensure that no opportunity for Promethea's advancement is missed!

Within the ranks of the military, there is a clear gap in comprehension of Frankenstein's aims between the old guard and the rising stars. The old guard are the reason why the DFS has such dominance in the current organisational structure. Once the current generation of young officers have moved up the command structure, and have gained more practical command experience, there will be a purge of the higher ranks. The suddenly empty positions will be filled with a mixture of PMF, DSF and Guard officers deemed suitable by Frankenstein and his agents in the Ministry of Information.

The biggest difference between the Promethean military and those of other countries is, of course, the use of Augmented troops. The Promethean weapons may be better, but it's the troops that make a difference. Even the 'basic' soldier is stronger, faster and tougher than the ordinary soldiers of other countries. However, it's the soldiers with more major Augmentations who make the real difference.

From machineguns to mortars and small artillery pieces, the use of Augmented soldiers makes for a faster and more efficient deployment of troops and resources in the field. By cutting down on the number of horses and other such beasts of burden, the Promethean military have raised the efficiency of their army considerably, even allowing for the occasionally spectacular failure of its weapons.

Promethean military training is steadily becoming more complete as a new generation of military commanders rise through the ranks. This is particularly the case in urban warfare, as the

Cosmin Radol

Those who have been destroyed by Cosmin Radol, one of the most effective Ministry of Information agents operating in Promethea, rarely remember anything about him. His 'talent' has always been to appear utterly ordinary, utterly forgettable. As a child, this trait was his curse. In family life, at school, everywhere, Cosmin was ignored. It wasn't a deliberate thing. He just bored people. As a result, he became a bitter, vicious individual.

Cosmin Radol understood that everyone underestimated him and, in later life, he played on that. He made sure he got as good an education as his petty-bureaucrat father could afford. He also ensured that he never allowed his keen intellect to show. Cosmin ensured he got a good job, but not an exceptional one, in the book-keeping department of the Piteşti town hall. From here, he became one of the most sadistic killers the county has ever known. He started by poisoning his old schoolmaster, before moving on to the kidnapping, torture and meticulous murder of 17 others.

The advent of Promethea lit up Cosmin's world. He saw his chance to officially and legally indulge his twisted passions. He applied to join the local Ministry of Information office, utterly excelling at the entrance exams to the surprise of his superiors. Once there, he quickly proved his worth and, at his own request, applied and was accepted for field agent training and augmentation.

Radol's augmentations have boosted his speed and agility, enhanced his senses, and pushed his strength past the human norm. He is used by the Ministry as a surgical device in the political arena. Cosmin is sent in as the secretary or assistant to a Ministry official. Gathering information, he will root out any problem individuals, usually Resistance sympathisers, and destroy them. His superiors understand his needs, and he is permitted to conduct the interrogation of any individual he uncovers entirely on his own.

abandoned port cities are turned over to the military for training both the common soldier and the military special units. Skirmishes with the Resistance and very occasionally on the borders help maintain the battle experience of the military personnel.

The only real weakness in the Promethean military is in its navy, which is currently non-existent save for river patrol craft. The Prometheans are currently looking to their own security, so an ocean-going navy is less than necessary. Should this ever change, and the Prometheans turn their attention to empire building, then Europe beware!

Augmentation in the Military

As has been said, Augmentation is used widely in the Promethean Military Forces. For conscripted soldiers, drawn from the working classes, it is compulsory to ensure loyalty and to boost strength, agility and speed. For everyone else, it is a matter of personal whim.

The Promethean Royal Guard are proud of their Augmentations, surgeries carried out by the very best of Frankenstein's personally trained surgeons. Guard Augmentations go far beyond those of the common soldiery, creating hulking creatures that can move at obscene speed and perform feats of incredible strength and stamina.

While the senses of a Guard are often tuned to preternatural levels, the top DFS and Ministry of Information agents have an even greater sensory edge. Agents who mingle with the general population have to be more subtly Augmented. They lack the overwhelming brute strength and lasting stamina of their bulkier fellows, but cannot be underestimated by any means.

Augmented troops were first used in limited numbers during the takeover of Hungarian controlled Transylvania. Augment casualties, wounded and dead, were recovered as quickly as possible for fear of them falling into foreign hands. This was a calculated risk, as the abilities of the Augments were required to successfully recover the occupied territories with the minimum of forces and time.

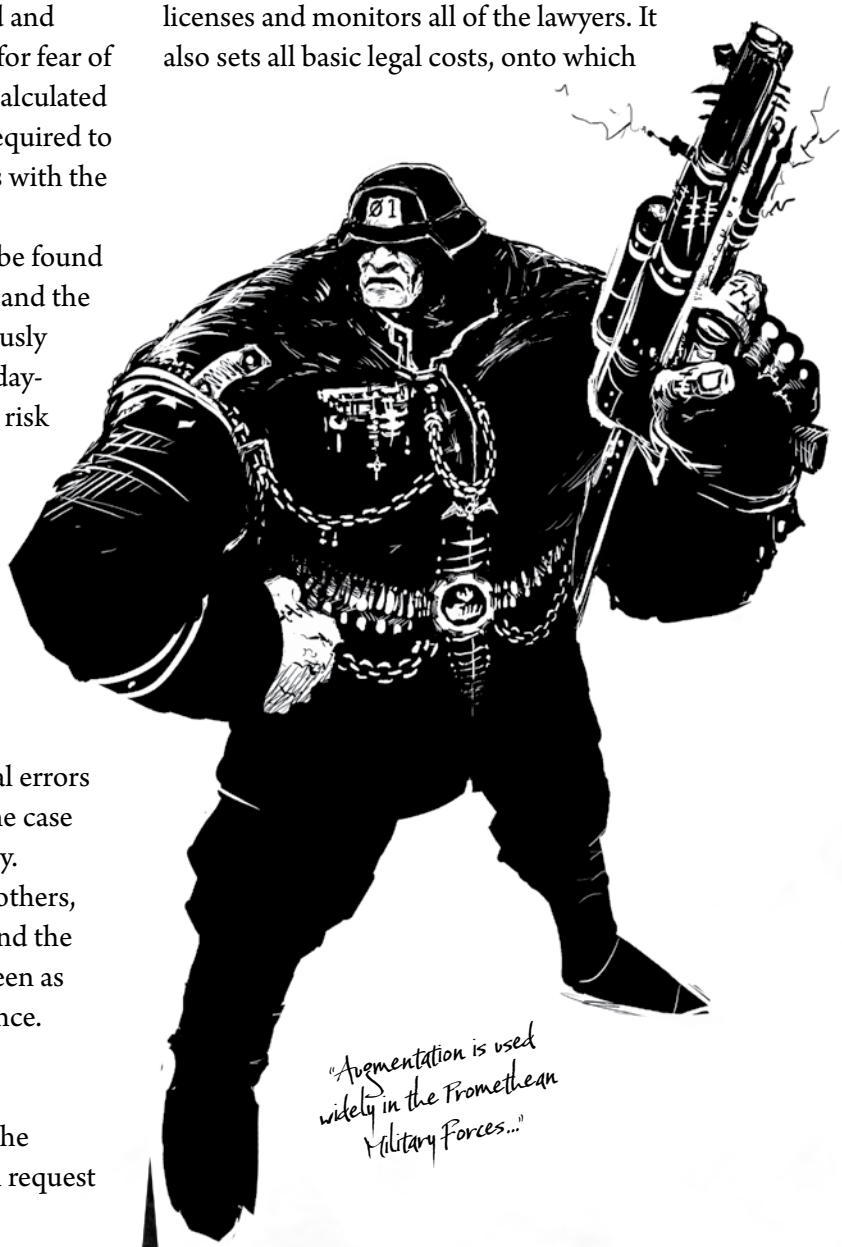
Since that time, Augmented soldiers can be found all across Promethea, including at the ports and the few border crossing points. The more obviously altered troops and agents are never used in day-to-day situations that might expose them to risk of capture by foreign powers. Frankenstein is too afraid of his secrets being discovered through dissection. Of course, if push came to shove, as it may do if Europe ever falls into war again, Frankenstein will field his full military might in the service of defending Promethea.

As with Augmentation in other areas of Promethea's population, there are occasional errors during the procedures. This is more often the case with the adjustment of the common soldiery. In some cases the subject is recoverable. In others, what can be saved for later use is removed and the remains destroyed. Occasional rogues are seen as an unfortunate, but acceptably rare occurrence.

Law & Order in Promethea

All policing in Promethea is carried out by the Domestic Security Forces. DSF officials can request the services of a Ministry Investigator if a case is proving particularly complex or if it is likely to intrude on governmental business. Such investigators can also be assigned to a case by the Ministry without a call from, or sometimes the knowledge of, the DSF, PMF or Royal Guard.

Court justice is served by the Ministry of Information's Justice Department. The Ministry appoints all of the country's judiciary and vets, licenses and monitors all of the lawyers. It also sets all basic legal costs, onto which



"Augmentation is used widely in the Promethean Military Forces..."

lawyers, clerks and judges can add their own fees.

Anyone seeking justice through the courts must employ at least one licensed lawyer and one legal clerk to act on their behalf. The same is true for anyone being summoned to court. Failure to employ a representative is looked upon as an admission of guilt. As you might imagine, this puts court justice all but out of the reach of the poor, and makes it an expensive business for even the middle classes.

There is a form of state legal sponsorship available. A document setting out details of the defendant's case can be submitted to the Justice Department for their consideration, asking that legal fees be waived for the duration of the court proceedings. This document must be signed by the defendant and their chosen lawyer and clerk. Should the Department decide that the defendant's case show significant merit, fees will be waived. The defendant must then hope they win – the loser in any Promethean case is expected to pay all fees and costs, both prosecution and defence, not to mention any fines.

There are local courts in every major town and city in Promethea, housing everything from one courtroom to dozens, each presided over by three judges. The larger courts in each regional capital double as the next level of legal appeal. The highest court in the land is in Bucharest. There the National Court meets, but so too does the Council Court. This latter is a court on which three judges from the upper echelons of the Justice Ministry itself sit.

The chosen language of all court proceedings and documents is Latin. Translators can be hired by defendants from an approved list that is held by the court offices.

At a local level, in the smaller village communities and even some towns, justice is often dealt with through a court of peers. In the presence of a scrivener, the local headman and occasionally a DSF or military officer, both parties state their cases and call their witnesses. Judgment is given by eleven locals with no direct ties to the case being heard, though not necessarily free of ties to those involved. The proceedings and judgment are documented, fees paid by the loser, and the document sent to the relevant local court records department.

Punishments range through the usual European gamut of fines to imprisonment to more abrupt and final solutions. Promethea does not use exile, but it does use forced military service, usually requiring extensive and permanent Augmentation, and the ultimate punishment of all – public Evisceration.

Evisceration

Evisceration is used for only the most serious of crimes, particularly treason. It can be extended not only to the perpetrator of the crime but to all his or her immediate relatives (parents, in-laws, spouse, siblings and children). This tends to only happen in cases where active membership of the Resistance can be proven. In the countries beyond Promethea, rumours of the Evisceration process are passed off as propaganda. Would this were so.

This ultimate penalty is far worse than, say, the hanging, drawing and quartering of old. This is simply because of the application of Frankenstein's gift. In an Evisceration, the victim is first treated with various chemicals, usually the night before. By the morning, they are ready to be brought to the Evisceration apparatus. Strapped down, able to do nothing but scream, the victim is worked on by skilled medical technicians.

By the end of the process, the victim has had their chest area skinned back, their ribs cracked open and spread wide, and their internal organs removed from the body cavity, without being entirely detached, and stretched as far from the body as possible. These organs are then suspended from delicate hooks on the apparatus, so they can be viewed by the victim and the watching crowd.

While mass Eviscerations tend to be little more than

"Thanks to the genius of Frankenstein, the victim can last for a long time..."

basic butchery, competition between true Evisceration technicians manifests itself in particularly grotesque achievements. Some technicians will split the body front and back, altering the frame to accommodate this. Some go for height and depth as well as width. Working like amoral master surgeons, the skilled can separate, stretch and unfurl the spinal cord, fray apart muscles, show the contents of the skull, gently free eyes from their sockets, and perform a dazzling number of 'artistic' abominations.

Thanks to the genius of Frankenstein, the victim can last for a long time, conscious (though not perhaps sane) and in excruciating pain. The Evisceration is ended by fire after a time set by the judge.

The Austrian

The undisputed lord of Evisceration is the Austrian. A tall, slender man, he has a talent that only a skilled anatomist could appreciate. Working with a team of five craftsmen – two carpenters, a former blacksmith, a welder and a painter – the Austrian builds unique Evisceration frames for every execution. He never repeats himself, though his work will echo a theme for each year. He dislikes noise, so his first cut will always be to silence the victim. After that, over a period of days if necessary, he will create images of Hell on Earth. All are documented in sketches and paintings by the Austrian's pet artist – a debauched Englishwoman, now a naturalised Promethean.

Of his greatest works, some whisper of the Amorous Couple he created over five days in Tulcea from the bodies of a Russian spy and his alleged mistress. One of the carpenters, a fat little man from Giurgiu, once said that the Austrian would weep in grateful remembrance of the time he separated and suspended all of the major blood vessels of a man in Brasov, keeping the heart beating throughout, and maintaining the shape of the man's body in the finished result.

The Resistance have the Austrian listed as a priority target.

The Harvest

The Harvest is a horrific reality of Promethean life. It claims victims across the country on a daily basis. The wealthy and powerful use the Harvest to artificially extend and enhance their lives and to 'beautify' themselves according to the twisted standards of physical perfection they celebrate. The forces charged with maintaining the domestic and foreign security of Promethea use the Harvest to ensure the loyalty of their often hideously Augmented troops, or to give their agents an unnatural advantage against their country's enemies, both external and internal.

To his credit, the current form of the Harvest does not sit well with Victor Frankenstein himself. It was originally planned that the bodies of the newly dead and of criminals sentenced to death would be harvested for useable parts. To Frankenstein's disgust, a few of the key individuals whose support he required from the early days of the Promethea plan saw an opportunity to do so much more with Frankenstein's gift to them.

Quickly they gained vocal support and were soon joined by some of the military backers. This was the first, last and only time Frankenstein was forced to amend his plan for Promethea, and it made him even more determined that the old guard he had had to court and raise up should be eventually thrown down and replaced by Frankenstein's own chosen elite. In the meantime, the revoltingly modified Harvest laws would stand.

Beyond Bodysnatching – The Harvest Legislation

Death is not an end to service in Promethea. Frankenstein enshrined in law that the dead be offered up as a resource except under certain circumstances – principally disease, damage or deterioration.

Of course, the divide between rich and poor has an effect when it comes to the imposition of the legislation. It is very unusual for any of the elite to be Harvested after death. Going by paperwork submitted by the medical examiners issuing death certificates to the wealthy of Promethea, being a member of the privileged few seems to be very dangerous – the dead always seem to have suffered from something that renders their corpses useless.

For the poorer majority, death certificates are issued with more ruthless honesty. Those who qualify to be Harvested are taken as quickly as possible to the appropriate government facility. Their bodies are processed, and any unusable remains are returned. It should be mentioned at this point that the processing is efficient and well run. Only rarely are relatives given back the wrong body and most do not notice, not caring to open the sealed boxes to gaze upon their violated loved one.

Harvested body parts are stored in chemical vats as a biological resource to be drawn on by the Promethean state. Usually, this means military Augmentation projects and transplant operations for those who can afford it or who are deemed sufficiently worthy. Processing and storage facilities are present in every city and the vast majority of towns in Promethea, with more being established every year.

Licensed Harvest surgeons operate under very strict monitoring by the Ministry of Information, as they hold many of the secrets Frankenstein wishes to keep in Promethea. They are extremely well paid, with the best becoming minor celebrities in the way certain tailors and dress designers do in London or Paris.

Emergency Measures

While grim and clinical, this processing of the dead as a 'national resource' is positively appreciated in comparison with the oft-abused Harvest emergency measures. By their original intention, a compatible living individual can be Harvested when a medical situation emerges that is a matter of significant importance to the Promethean state. The Harvested individual is to be restored as quickly as possible from the biological resource stores and is to be cared for in the meantime.

In making a Harvest request under the emergency laws, the individual to be Harvested can appeal against the call on the grounds of exemption due to their own importance to Promethea (through their employment, for example, in a vital industry) or for medical reasons (transmissible disease and suchlike). These appeals are dealt with at the same court to which the Harvest request was made.

Under pressure from the sponsors of Promethea, Frankenstein very reluctantly agreed that the application of these emergency powers be administered on a local level, giving key individuals within society emergency Harvest rights. As a result, the rich and powerful have abused the Harvest law ever since its imposition early in the 20th Century. The extension of qualification for emergency Harvest rights to family members, for example, has gone far beyond Frankenstein's original intentions, and what constitutes an 'emergency' can now, it appears, include a desperate need for fashionable body modification ahead of the next social event.

No Guarantee

Even with the best of surgeons there is a risk of failure. This does not refer to the appalling level of 'accidental'

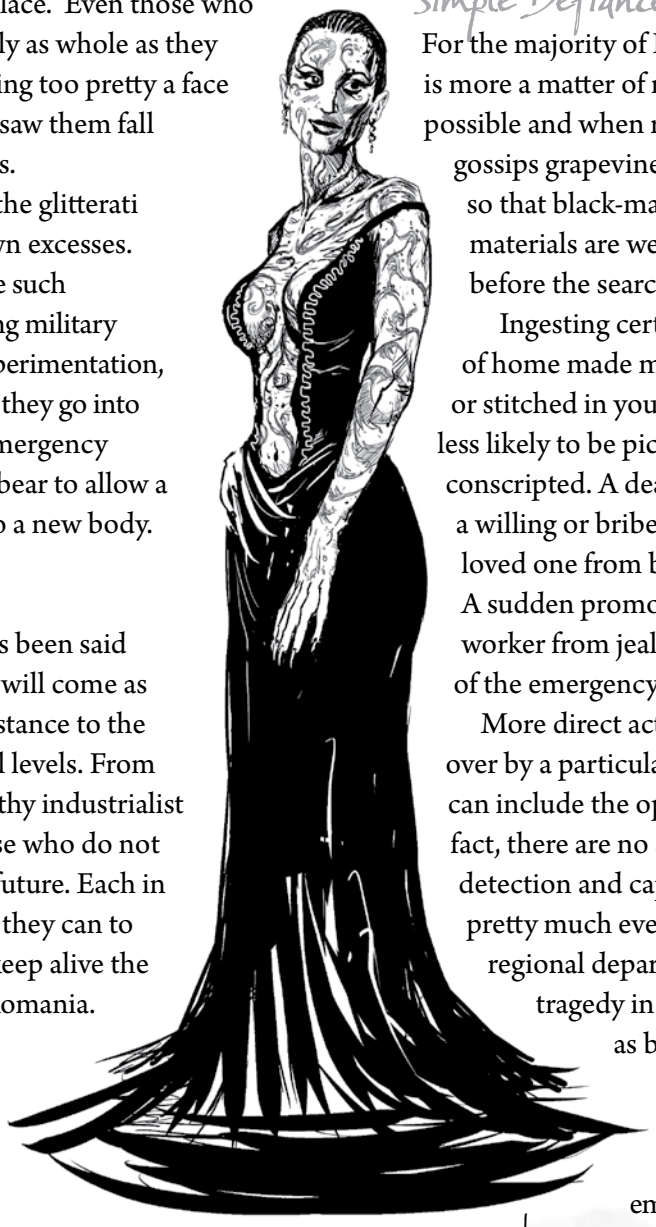
fatalities amongst those Harvested unfortunates. Those few Harvested individuals who are restored in offhand compliance with the law are occasionally subject to the cruel humour of those who demanded their mutilation in the first place. Even those who are not are never even vaguely as whole as they were before the curse of having too pretty a face or too attractive a body part saw them fall beneath the Harvester's skills.

Very occasionally, one of the glitterati becomes a victim of their own excesses. Unlike those who experience such catastrophes while undergoing military Augmentation or surgical experimentation, they rarely go rogue. Instead, they go into hiding for a while until the emergency measures can be brought to bear to allow a full consciousness transfer to a new body.

The Resistance

The Romanian people, as has been said before, are a hardy bunch. It will come as no surprise to learn that resistance to the Promethean evils exists at all levels. From the poor peasant to the wealthy industrialist or land owner, there are those who do not see Promethea as being the future. Each in their own way, they do what they can to push back, to fight back, to keep alive the dream of a free and united Romania.

For all its economic and military strength, Promethea is built on shifting sands. Those with an interest in maintaining the new status-quo know this, so resistance and subversion are quickly crushed wherever they are found. Of course, this brutality simply serves to strengthen the resolve of those who seek Promethea's destruction. Each day, a few more join their ranks.



"...the rich and powerful have abused the Harvest law ever since its imposition early in the 20th century..."

Simple Defiance

For the majority of Prometheans, resistance is more a matter of non-cooperation where possible and when relatively safe. The local gossips grapevine keeps the clever informed, so that black-market goods and other illicit materials are well hidden or moved on long before the searching patrols ever arrive.

Ingesting certain herbs, the application of home made make-up, a stone tucked or stitched in your shoe makes a person less likely to be picked to be Harvested or conscripted. A death registered a day late by a willing or bribed local official prevents a loved one from being Harvested after death. A sudden promotion to a vital job can save a worker from jealous and deadly application of the emergency Harvest laws.

More direct action, generally in areas ruled over by a particularly corrupt local regime, can include the operation of scar gangs. In fact, there are no such groups, despite their detection and capture being a priority for pretty much every Domestic Security Force regional department. There is a proud tragedy in the necessity of such action as blamed on the fictitious scar gangs.

When make-up won't work, where the emergency legislation is abused too regularly, mothers will scar their daughters, fathers will hobble their sons. Bones will be broken, scalps taken, skin burned – a terrible

The Cult of the Dead

The Harvest is a particularly hard thing for the former Romanians to bear, as they have very strict religious practices concerning death and the dead. The so-called 'Cult of the Dead' is particularly strong in the northern counties of Promethea, especially in Maramures and Suceava Counties in the Carpathian Mountains.

The traditions run thus – when someone was dying, the relatives, friends and neighbours gather to be asked forgiveness from and to obey the last wishes of the soon-to-be departed. While the local church rang the bells three times a day, the dead used to lie within their house for three days, and black flags hung outside.

While the women only wailed and poetically lamented, people would pay their respects until, on the third day, a priest would put out a candle in a blessed water bucket before etching a cross on a wall to consecrate the house. The cross would remain for a full year of mourning for the departed, during which time the immediate family, the women clad in black, were forbidden from attending weddings and other entertainments.

Before the funeral, the coffin was carried to the church for absolution by six males. It was preferred that they be relatives, but friends would do. There was great superstition concerning the likes of crossroads, bridges and suchlike, and the cortege would stop at each meeting of the ways for prayers. It was also important that the priest be paid for those stops (particularly important for the priest, one imagines). In the church, small embroidered cloths called şegare were hung over the icons. Where this was not possible, they would be hung over plates in the family home.

At the funeral, everyone threw a handful of earth on the coffin. They, and anyone passing by, were given a small colaci (knotted bread loaf), marked NI KA and with a candle in it, and an egg painted red. If the dead were unmarried and, at more than eight years old, of marrying age, then the funeral would include a Marriage of the Dead. If the dead were male, a bride would be provided and a best man. Both would wear full wedding costumes, while everyone else wore the usual funeral garb. If the deceased were female, only a bridesmaid would be included. To indicate the solemn proceedings, a black flag would be carried before the procession.

After a further three days there was a memorial meal. Nine days later, nine widows were expected to spend one day fasting in prayer around the dead person's shirt. More colaci were handed around. The dead had to be given food, so a meal of absolution was conducted six weeks after the funeral and again six months after the funeral. The period of mourning came to an end on the anniversary of the funeral, and a meal was held to commemorate all the family's departed relatives.The Harvest stamps all over this tradition, to the horror of those who observe it. They believe that any deviation from these ceremonies will result in the creation of a ghost or worse. The authorities try to limit the 'damage' but to little effect.

scorched earth policy to save lives. Once the deed is done, relatives and friends will make it look like the house has been broken into, and the owners beaten and restrained.

Then, someone will burst in on an official, breathless and bleeding, to report that a scar gang has struck. The authorities rush to the rescue, and their subsequent investigation invariably lays the blame at the feet of the Resistance proper.

Striking Back

The true Resistance in Promethea has groups all across the country. There are a number of small groups in isolated, difficult to reach places who have not yet been absorbed, and who may not survive long enough to do so, but in general the greater Resistance are formed of well organised and interconnected activists. The vast majority of successful and, unfortunately, unsuccessful strikes against the authorities of Promethea are carried out by these secretive cells under the over-all command of a mysterious central figure few have met.

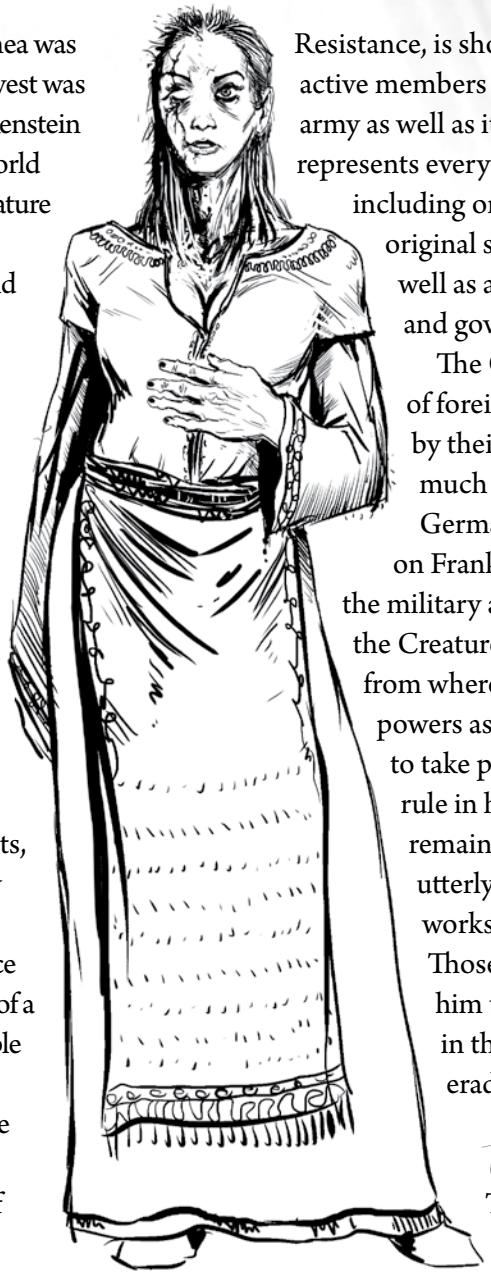
The origins of the Resistance pre-date the creation of Promethea. Only two people in the whole of the world understand quite how far back in time the story goes. They are Victor Frankenstein, King of Promethea, and his nemesis, the Creature. The history of Frankenstein and the Creature is the history of Promethea, and their fate will decide Promethea's future.

The Creature

From his dread birth, the Creature has been at odds with Frankenstein. Since he escaped his creator, the Creature has sought to thwart Victor. Across Europe the damaged genius fled the wrath of his creation. Finally, and for many frustrating years, the Creature lost track of Frankenstein. The chaos of war disguised his passing, though it served also to make it easier for the Creature to travel.

In 1877, the Creature was in Russia. There, he heard rumours relating to the Romanian victory over the Hungarians. Leaving the monastic community he had sheltered with, the Creature made his way to Romania. He discovered that Victor was there but, before he could act, Promethea was born and Frankenstein became all but impossible to reach.

The Creature was horrified. Promethea was everything he had feared. The foul Harvest was everything he had warned Victor Frankenstein against. The eager, greedy eyes of the world focused on Frankenstein's gift. The Creature has always known that if Frankenstein's science spread, the world would descend into a terrible darkness and mankind would devour itself. Promethea marks the last stand for both the Creature and his creator.



"...a proud tragedy..."

The Armed Struggle

The Resistance in Promethea is up against one of the most repressive regimes Europe has ever seen. Legislation forbids all but the armed forces to carry weapons bigger than a long knife. Some individuals working in agriculture or the fur trade are permitted old muskets, pistols and swords, but those are very strictly licensed and monitored, and must be returned to a government office when not in use. Unlicensed possession of a restricted weapon is an offence punishable with a hefty prison sentence or military conscription and Augmentation. Anyone found in possession of military-grade weapons brings the shattering ferocity of Evisceration on themselves and their family.

Strength in Numbers

Against this, and the power of the military, the DSF and the Ministry of Information, the Resistance is nonetheless becoming better equipped and more effective day by day. The black market in Promethea, the principal supply and information source for the Resistance, is shot through on all levels with active members of the Creature's own rag-tag army as well as its supporters. That support represents every level of Promethean society, including one significant family amongst the original sponsors of Frankenstein's plan as well as a number of leading industrialists and government figures.

The Creature is inherently suspicious of foreign agents and any help offered by their governments. He knows how much the Russians, British, French and Germans would like to get their hands on Frankenstein's gift, particularly for the military applications. Having said that, the Creature will take weapons and supplies from wherever he can get them. The foreign powers assume that the Creature wishes to take power from Frankenstein and rule in his place. In fact, the Creature remains true to his original plan – to utterly destroy Frankenstein and all his works, ultimately including himself. Those few who work directly with him understand this, and everyone in the Resistance works toward the eradication of Frankenstein's gift.

The Subtle Knife

The Resistance knows that there will never come a time when they will be able to take the field against the might of the Promethean military. To do so would take too much time and require the direct assistance of foreign powers whose own aims are incompatible with those of the Resistance. Instead, they strike at the physical and organisational infrastructure of the country and their eventual

target is Frankenstein himself. The fact that the king keeps his scientific techniques so close and so secret encourages those who seek his destruction. With Victor gone, his gift will wither.

The Resistance keeps very few cells active at any one time. Instead, cells are brought together for specific purposes, only to be disbanded immediately after. Real names are not used between operatives where possible, though this is often difficult outside of the towns and cities, as most people in the smaller rural communities know each too well.

Cell leaders are sent in to an area to meet with local members to create a cell specific to a job. The cell leader then brings those individuals together, arranging to equip them as well as possible through the local quartermaster, usually a major figure in the local black market. Operatives understand that they must complete their task and then disband the cell without ever meeting all together again. No report on the overall success or otherwise of an operation is made by the cell, simply to avoid any chance of an operative being traced. Most operations tend to have results that are easily observed – a railway is either operative or not, an assassination target alive or dead, factories still standing or burnt-out ruins.

Reprisals

The Promethean authorities react in typically brutal fashion to Resistance activities. Arrests, extended curfews, Eviscerations and other random violence tend to push more people toward the Resistance than away. Interrogation of suspects, even those who are Resistance, rarely brings significant results. The decentralised nature of the organisation prevents this. Most operatives can't give too much away, even if they wanted to, and under Ministry interrogation, many do want to.

Victor Frankenstein is keenly aware that the Resistance is likely to either represent the direct efforts of the Creature or may attract his nemesis to Promethea. The reward for even any concrete news on the Creature is significant, Harvest exemption for entire generations of your family, and information leading to a capture would see an informer raised to near-royal standing, such would be Frankenstein's fevered appreciation.

Instead, as the years progress, Frankenstein is becoming more secretive and more paranoid. Promethea, created as a fortress of safety and innovation, has become a prison full of dangerous shadows.

The Gypsy Curse

There are numerous examples of the brutality of the Promethean regime having the exact opposite effect from what the perpetrators desired. The actions of the DSF regularly deliver propaganda victories to the Resistance. This was particularly the case with the Roma people, the Gypsies.

There used to be a village called Hasdat near the city of Hunedoara in the Transylvanian county, which the city gives its name to. The largely Roma population were discovered to be harbouring Resistance members during the winter of 1906. The following summer, the DSF decided to make an example of them. The entire population, men, women and children, were Eviscerated, left for one month, and then they and the entire village were burned. The result of this is that the relatively small Roma population of the country became united against the Promethean rulers. They are now an important part of the Resistance, moving through the country passing on messages, supplies and escorting agents by little known and rarely watched pathways.

The Outside World

In his progression around Europe, gathering allies to the Promethean cause, Victor Frankenstein made many promises. Some of those he kept, others he did not. Since the rumours of the Harvest and Frankenstein's 'gift' to the elite of Promethea, the countries of Europe have taken a definite interest in all that goes on there.

France

The French authorities took a keen interest in the unification of Romania and were particularly pleased when Transylvania was reclaimed. Anything that balanced the growing power of Germany and put pause to the expansionist ambitions of Russia was no bad thing. As an active supporter of Romanian nationalism, the advent of Promethea, the Harvest and the darker news coming from the new country have made the French government the most vocal supporters of direct action against the new regime. It seems that, out of the major powers, only the French have genuine concern for the fate of the Romanians. However, they're very distracted by the rising power that is Germany, having clashed with them a number of times to their cost, so they're making few active efforts to find out what's going on in Promethea.

French intelligence gathering networks are hugely undeveloped, particularly since 1899 when its Special Service was abolished after fabricating documents in the scandalous Dreyfus Affair. Counterespionage is dealt with now by the Surete Generale as part of the Interior Ministry, and the military now run the Section de Renseignement, but they don't regard it particularly highly.

Great Britain

The perceived danger of Germany continues to dominate British policy abroad, particularly since the 1900 German Navy Law and the accelerated naval building program of 1907. It also influenced matters at home, after a number of panics as regards the German spy network operating in the UK – there wasn't one, but people panicked anyway. Traditionally strong on water, for all Britain's sabre rattling they are not so prepared for a land war in Europe as they would like people to think they are. The government is keen that Germany gains no further advantage over them and their allies. Promethea is both a potentially useful power on Germany's borders and a potential threat should their obviously advanced military give up its secrets to the Germans or to Russia for that matter. British diplomatic missions to Promethea are a regular occurrence, but their espionage attempts are under-developed and haphazard at least for the moment.

The British secret service has undergone quite a revamp by 1910, primarily in response to the German threat. Both the Army and Navy had had intelligence gathering branches, neither very effective, since 1873. British military attachés, attached to embassies throughout Europe, had been instructed not to engage in spying, and many would have refused even had they been asked. Before the First World War, spying was very much regarded as not the done thing – and that was not just the British point of view.

In 1904, the Directorate of Military Operations was created from the former Intelligence Department. MO2, the Foreign Intelligence Section, expanded hugely in manpower and resources. However, there were no British agents operating anywhere in Europe by 1907. No-one seemed quite sure how to proceed with such operations. Various attempts to sort this all out resulted in the formation, in October 1909, of the Secret Service Bureau. Within one month, the military and naval branches had become the home and foreign sections – effectively counterespionage and espionage respectively. In 1910, the two sections became entities in their own right. The Home Office looked after the Home Section, while the Admiralty took over the Foreign Section.

The head of the Foreign Section in 1910 is Commander Mansfield George Smith-Cumming. Fantastically eccentric, he runs the whole shebang from No. 2 Whitehall Court in London – part of which is his own flat. A Navy man, his primary interest is Germany's naval build up, though he's smart enough to know that something is going on in Promethea that needs attention.

Russia

Tsarist Russia, the sleeping giant of Europe, is heading for one of the most significant events of the 20th Century – the Bolshevik Revolution. Seemingly unsure of quite what to do about the increasing problem of revolutionary groups and incidents of domestic terror, and having tried appeasement, the Tsar and his government are now pursuing an aggressive agenda that increasingly distances them from their people.

The Russian government is one of the few who have long pursued an active foreign intelligence gathering network, as well as a very determined and aggressive internal security service, the feared Okhrana. Both have for some time been directed at uncovering the activities of foreign and domestic threats, specifically Bolsheviks and other anti-government groups. The use of agents by Russia has included many provocateurs as well as their own diplomatic attachés – the Russians were in no way squeamish in this regard. Russia also pursues an active agenda of information gathering against all of its perceived enemy governments.

Part of that agenda is a fascination with Promethea. During the last war against the Ottoman Empire, Russian military leaders saw first hand the Promethean military machine, and the power of the Augmented troops. Without any real understanding of what it was they witnessed, the subsequent rumours trickling across the border from their new neighbour piqued the interest of all. Russia is happy to apply diplomatic pressure to Promethea, along with some increasingly thinly veiled threats. The Russian government was of great help to Frankenstein, and they expect some reward for their effort. This they plan to get, one way or another. The Russians are also nervous that so many former citizens, particularly nobles and industrialists, have decamped to the former Romania. Some in the Tsars inner circle are claiming this to be a Bolshevik government in waiting and are demanding action is taken.

Germany

IIn short, Germany is looking to replace Great Britain as the pre-eminent power in the world. So far as their government is concerned, this is not merely an ambition, it is a manifest destiny. Promethea is an interesting puzzle and it is being investigated diplomatically as a potential ally in the inevitable conflict to come. Spies have also been sent into Promethea, though these individuals have been ejected from the country, if of high diplomatic standing, or simply lost. This is vexing the German military greatly. However, German military and naval intelligence gathering must by necessity be focused on their primary opponents – those they would later line up against in the First World War.

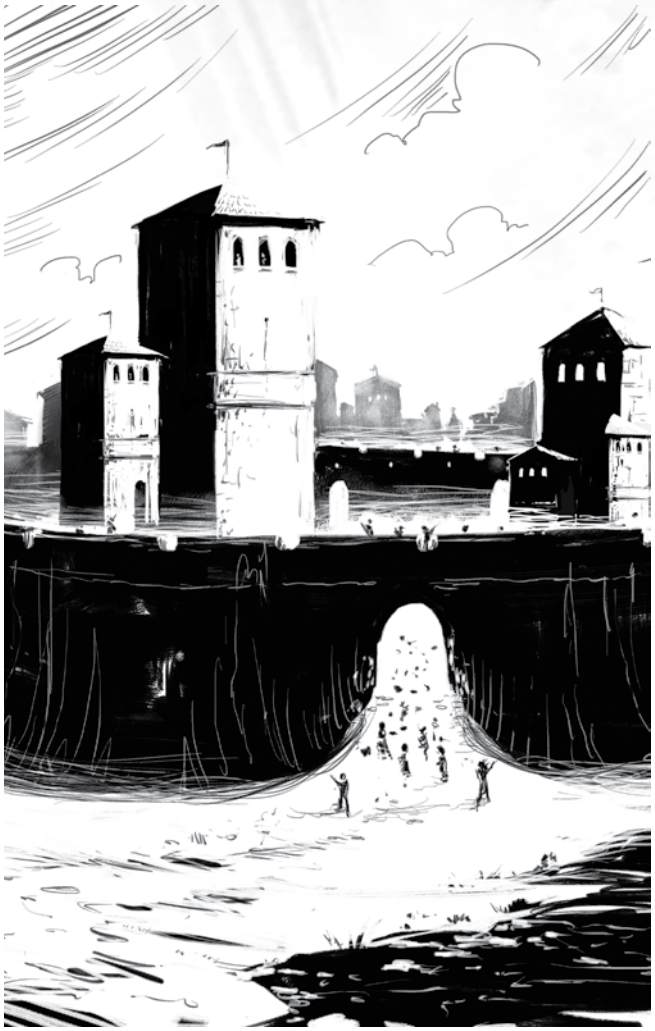
The German intelligence operation in Europe is by far the most advanced and efficient, though not of the size and intricacy that British media paranoia might have one believe. In fact, by comparison with those in Russia and France, the German spy network in England was tiny. Since 1889, the former Intelligence Bureau has been known simply as IIIb, since it was absorbed into the military's IIIrd Oberquartiermeister. Only the Russians spend more money on espionage, though the Germans gain better results, and have agents in every major European country – except Promethea. It is worth noting that the German military and naval attachés, as with those of every

other country save Tsarist Russia, were advised strongly against participating in any illegal intelligence gathering activities.

The Rest of Europe

Much of the rest of Europe is too concerned with local politics and the rising tensions between Britain and Germany to be bothered by what may or may not be going on with Promethea. Most are happy to continue to trade with the former Romania and just keep their heads down. The Bolsheviks are vocal critics of the treatment of the Romanians by the Promethean authorities., but quite what will happen when the first shots of the coming World War sound across Europe is anyone's guess. It is likely though, that Promethea will have cause to wield the military might it has kept so close a secret.

One exception to the general cautiousness is Bulgaria. The Bulgarian authorities are nervous at the reports coming out of Promethea, their dangerous neighbour. In return for as much intelligence as they can gather, the Resistance are allowed safe haven in Bulgaria, and refugees of the former Romania are common. In the ancient city of Vidin, on the River Danube, the 10th Century fortress has been largely given over to the Resistance as a training camp. The Promethean government is furious about this, and makes regular diplomatic complaints. Matters may come to a head in the future, as the DSF is particularly keen to empty that Resistance nest.



"In the ancient city of Vidin, on the River Danube, the 10th Century fortress has been largely given over to the Resistance as a training camp..."

SLOVENIA
Košice
Uzhorod
CARPATHIANS
Miskolc
Nyiregyhaza
Satu Mare
MARAMURES
SATU-MARE
Baia Mare
Debrecen
HUNGARY
BISTRITA-NASAUD
SALAJ
Borș
Oradea
BIHOR
Cluj-Napoca
CLUJ
MURES
Târgu Mures
ARAD
Szeged
Arad
ALBA
PROMETHEA
Muresul
SIBIU
Sibiu
TIMIS
Timișoara
Timisul
HUNEDOARA
VALCEA
ARGES
TRANSYLVANIA
CARAS-SEVERIN
GORJ
Pitești
Zemun
Beograd
MEHEDINTI
Craiova
OLT
YUGOSLAVIA
DOLJ
Jiul
TELEOR

UKRAINE
MOLDOVA
BLACK SEA
BULGARIA
Bălți
Chisinau
Tiraspol
Tighina
Odesa
Iași
IASI
BOTOSANI
NEAMT
BACAU
Bacău
VASLUI
VRANCEA
COVASNA
GALATI
Galati
Brăila
BRAILA
BUZAU
Buzău
Tulcea
TULCEA
PRAHOVA
Ploiesti
Brasov
DAMBOVITA
IALOMITA
ILFOV
Bucharest
CALARASI
Constanța
CONSTANTA
Mangalia
GIURGIU
Giurgiu
Ruse
Dobrič
Moldova
Siretul
Prut
Ialomița
Legend
City
Town
Road
Rail
River
Lake
Mountain
Country Border
Province Border
0
50

IV. PIERCING THE VEIL - LOCATIONS IN PROMETHEA

General Geography

Promethea covers an area of a little over 91,000 square miles. The countryside is amongst some of the most beautiful and dramatic in Europe. Its settlements maintain many of their medieval street plans and buildings, enhancing the clash of ancient and modern that the rare traveller will notice wherever they go. However, changes are happening all over the country as the Promethean revolution takes hold.

Climate

The warmest month of the year is usually July, with average temperatures varying from the mid-60s, degrees Fahrenheit, to the high 70s. The coldest month tends to be January, with average temperatures dropping to the mid-20s to the 'balmy' mid-30s, depending on where you are. Spring and Autumn in Promethea are usually temperate and very pleasant. The Black Sea coastline tends to be warmer than the west of the country by an easy five degrees and about equal to the centre of the country right up until the summer months, when it can be easily ten degrees hotter. Reported local temperatures can vary quite dramatically. A harsh winter can see temperatures dropping on a bad night to as low as -37 degrees Fahrenheit. A blazing midday sun on the Black Sea coast in July can raise the temperature to well over 100 degrees Fahrenheit.

Administrative Counties

After the political restructuring of what had been Romania, there are 41 remaining counties in Promethea, plus Bucharest, which is counted separately. Each is administrated by a principal government branch office in the main city or town of the county. Each government office has representative staff of all of the Ministries. Sometimes there are smaller government or individual Ministry offices in other cities and towns within a given county. This is particularly the case with the DSF.

It is usual for the DSF to also have a staff in each principal branch office, as well as to have their own offices and representatives elsewhere in the counties, particularly in large military bases or sensitive areas.

(The counties have their principal settlements listed and the capitals are marked with *.)

"Yes. Yes, I know, but what can we do?
I have been told in no uncertain terms
that the Cathedral is… Well, sacrosanct.
We have alternatives in either the Princely Palace or the
Batthyaneum. In the meantime, might I suggest we
take our orders very literally indeed? St Michael's is to be
protected and preserved, I am told. Let it be so.
I can think of no better way of keeping it safe
than to have it closed to all."

(Extract from the detailed minutes of a local Ministry of Information meeting, September 2nd 1902)

ALBA

REGION: *Transylvania.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:
Abrud, Aiud, Alba Iulia, Baia de Aries, Blaj, Câmpeni, Cugir, Ocna Mureş, Sebeş, Teiuş, Zlatna*

ALBA

As well as agriculture and forestry, mines in the county produce gold, silver and copper. There is some salt mining around Ocna Mureş as well as quarrying for marble and the like, but the presence of precious metals guarantees a fairly strong military presence. In Alba Iulia in 1903, the impressive Batthyaneum was taken over by the Ministry of Information and the DSF for their regional offices only after local unrest dissuaded them from using St Michael's Cathedral.

A railway links the capital of Alba Iulia with Aiud and Ocna Mureş to the north east and Sebeş to the south, following the course of the River Mureş for much of the time. From Ocna Mureş, the railway heads for Câmpia Turzii in Cluj, and from Sebeş it makes for Sibiu, the capital of the region to which it gives its name.

The Resistance make regular use of the many caves in the Apuseni Mountains, as they do elsewhere in the Transylvanian mountains.

"We will to meet at Şoimoş. You remember? The old guard room? I have what we need near to there. The train will pass through the defile this afternoon. The contact in Deva tells me they have guards moving ahead of it, watching the track, you know? It is a private train and the driver is a city man. Their first visit to Băile Lipova, so they don't know the defile. We will drop the whole mountain on them."

ARAD

REGION: *Crişana.* **PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:**
Arad, Chişineu-Criş, Curtici, Ineu, Lipova, Nădlac, Pâncota, Pecica, Sântana, Sebiş, Zerind*

ARAD

As a border area with Hungary, there is a strong military presence in the west of the county. The main military outposts are at the capital, Arad, and Nădlac, Pecica, Sântana and Zerind.

Industry here is predominantly agricultural but with many new textile factories. There are very good rail links from Arad heading north to Bihor county and south to Timis, as well as east into Hunedoara, along the River Mures to Ilia and onward.

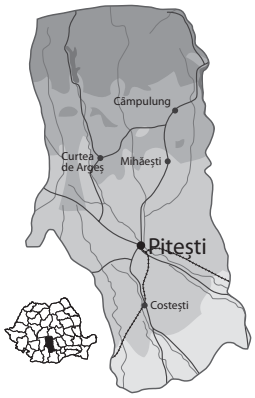
The fortress in Arad saw the fiercest resistance from Hungarian forces to the Romanian liberators. It, and many of the closest buildings, are now wholly taken over by the Promethean military and the DSF. The Administrative Palace in Arad is the principal government office of the area and is where the Ministry of Information is based locally.

Lipova, on the rail link to Hunedoara, has in the nearby countryside a mineral spa that is very popular with the Promethean elite. The pavilion complex of Băile Lipova has, in addition to the usual facilities associated with such high class health spas throughout Europe, a complete medical, surgical and Augmentation facility staffed by some of Promethea's top Augment surgeons. As such, there is a small DSF force permanently stationed there.

"Tell him that, yes, we have once again searched the catacombs. Tell him, yes, we have searched Biserica Domnească itself. Again. Tell him… Ah what is the use?! I say burn the whole damn place down! There are more ways into it, and through it, and around it than we can ever find. They should get the priests into the Ministry. They are smarter than any man there. "No! Don't tell him that. Idiot… "

ARGEŞ

REGION: *Wallachia.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS: *Câmpulung, Costeşti, Curtea de Argeş, Mioveni, Piteşti*, Topoloveni*



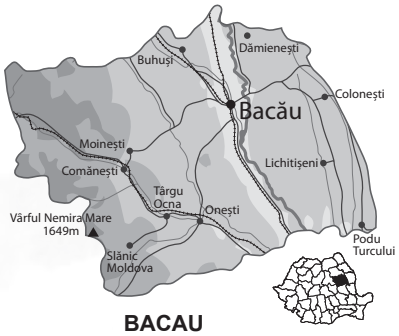
Argeş is a less developed area of Promethea. There is a little viniculture, a little crop growing and some coal mining. However, oil is waiting to be exploited in the south and central parts of the county and this will change the fortunes of the area. Rail links here are few, with Piteşti being the hub of lines coming up from the south before splitting off east and west. The spectacular line north from Piteşti through the Pasul Turnu Rosu links to Sibiu via Curtea de Argeş.

The fortress-like Royal Church of Curtea de Argeş is, unknown to the local DSF officials based in the county capital, a major Resistance centre. This is despite its connections to earlier ruling families – connections, wrongly claimed by the current ruling boyar family. Some 15 miles north of Curtea de Argeş, the dramatic ruins of Poienari castle, near the village of Arefu, hide a supply site for the area. The relatively small ruins appear rather unstable, with a large chunk of the castle now littering the valley floor since it collapsed in 1888.

"I went back yesterday, to the old place. You don't remember it. You were too young when we left. When they made us leave, I should say. The old buildings are gone. No stone is left on another. Nothing that might hide some Resistance man. They have cleared away trees and rocks, flattened and blasted what they could so that nothing comes too close to the railway. I saw a patrol… No, I did! Big bastards! Three of them. Yes, of course I ran. I'm not stupid."

BACĂU

REGION: *Moldavia.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS: *Bacău, Buhuşi, Comănesti, Dărmăneşti, Moineşti, Oneşti, Slănic Moldova, Târgu Ocna*



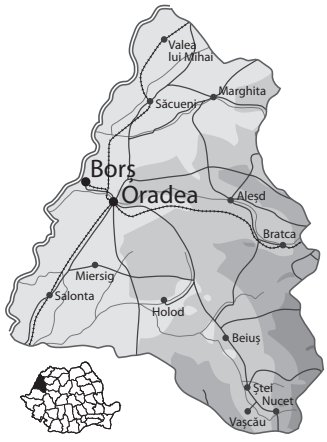
Salt and coal are both mined in Bacău County, around Târgu Ocna, and oil is extracted and refined. Forestry, quarrying and textiles make up the other major industries of this county.

The capital, a major rail link, also has the biggest military and DSF base in eastern Promethea. Resistance activities in this area are few, and tend to concentrate on disrupting rail travel. The vulnerable line heading from Târgu Ocna into Transylvania has been hit so many times that the route is now patrolled regularly.

"If I hear one more person, 'Oh! It's like a cathedral! Oh! It's like a church!' I swear, I will scream until they hear me in Bucharesti itself!"

BIHOR

REGION: *Crişana.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS: *Aleşd, Beiuş, Bors, Marghita, Nucet, Oradea*, Salonta, Ştei, Valea lui Mihai, Vaşcău*



BIHOR

As with other western counties on the border with Hungary, Bihor is something of an armed camp. The principal military camps are located at Salonta and Miersig to the south of the capital, Oradea, and north of the capital at Săcueni and Valea lui Mihai.

The beautiful Baroque city of Oradea has no military base, nor even the usual presence expected of a county capital. This is simply because Bors has one of the largest bases in Promethea as it is one of the only official ingresses into the fortress-country. The facilities at Bors have taken over the town and driven out the entire original population, most of whom were resettled in new suburbs built around the capital. A new rail link skirts around Bors now, and access to the military facility is strictly controlled. There is a major Augment surgery facility, complete with a research and development facility – the third largest in the country after Târgu Mures and Bucharest.

In the rest of the county, coal and bauxite mining supplement the farming and textile industries, and there are reserves of oil. The health spa of Băile Felix is becoming popular with the middle classes as an alternative to the inaccessible Băile Lipova in Arad.

The Resistance, as has already been said, use the mountain caves of the area. There is one cave in particular in Bihor that the DSF would love to learn of. Called the Bear's Cave on account of the gigantic prehistoric bear skeletons found there, Resistance scouts stumbled on the dramatic caves just over fifty miles from Oradea in the Crisul Repede river valley. It is a major staging post now for Resistance activity in the region, and was home to the Creature for over a year (from the autumn of 1879 to the winter of the following year).

"No! Listen! I did not say we cannot attack the depot. I did not say that at all. I said we need to be careful of when *we attack. Listen! Today, there are maybe two hundred workers there. Maybe a few hundred soldiers. Tomorrow, there could be two hundred workers there and two thousand soldiers. There are no timetables. No warnings. One day, a fight we can win. The next day… Huh… It would be as if the Hand of God came down and crushed us."*

BISTRIȚA-NĂSĂUD

REGION: *Transylvania.*

PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:

Beclean, Bistrița, Năsăud, Sângeorz-Băi*

BISTRITA-NASAUD

The mountainous county of Bistrița-Năsăud is a largely sleepy area, save for the fact that the capital is a major junction point for the railways crossing the Transylvanian region. From Bistrița,via the junctions at Beclean, the trains go south to Târgu Mures, east to Suceava, north to Sighetul Marmației and the Russian border, and west to Zălau in Salaj and the city of Cluj in Cluj County, and thence to the other counties on the Hungarian border. There is a large military stockyard and transient barracks on the outskirts of Beclean. The principal industries in the region are forestry and livestock farming.

The three northern and mountainous Transylvanian counties of Bistrița-Năsăud, Maramures and Suceava are troublesome to the Promethean authorities in the fact that the border country there is so difficult to patrol. As much as possible, the valleys are watched but the extreme weather conditions of the winter months in particular make life difficult for the authorities. Travellers can expect more stringent questioning here, even compared to other counties bordering the outside world.

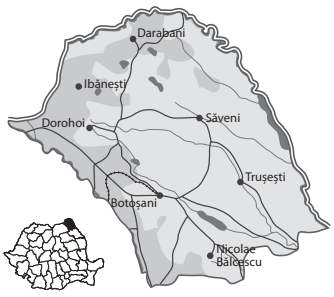
"Is there a difference? To us, no. Russians, Turks, Hungarians, Romanians, now Prometheans. Feh! It does not matter what they call themselves. They call themselves neighbours when they come to our shops and buy from us. They are our lords and masters when they come and take from us what we have justly earned, with their goylem and their guns. Oy veh, listen to me! What a kvetch! We endure."

BOTOŞANI

REGION: *Moldavia.*

PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:

Botoşani, Darabani, Dorohoi, Săveni*



BOTOSANI

The relatively small, flat, agricultural county of Botoşani is bounded on two sides by Russia. As a result, it has a larger military population than it does a civilian population. The principal bases are at Ibăneşti and Darabani in the north, and Săveni and Truşeşti in the east. The principal rail link comes west from the capital of Suceava county into Dorohoi before heading south east through the eastern military bases and on to Iasi. The city of Botoşani itself is served only by a branch line heading west to join the main north-south line that runs from the cities of Suceava to Paşcani and south from there.

"Do you like roses? I do. I like them very much. I have a garden in the courtyard at Râşnov; a rose garden. Not so grand as your gardens, but quite a sun trap. I sit in my office and look out at my roses any time I like, when I feel the weight of the world on

my shoulders. They are well cared for. My roses. I use fresh bone meal to keep them healthy. Some of our guests do not like my roses as much as I do. How much you will like them will depend on how cooperative you are."

BRAŞOV

REGION: *Transylvania.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:
Braşov, Codlea, Făgăraş, Predeal, Râşnov, Rupea, Săcele, Victoria, Zărneşti*

BRASOV

The county of Braşov has always been a fiercely nationalistic Romanian region. An important area for local trade, it is also one of the more industrial areas of Promethea despite its location. Under the excuse of protecting the important rail links and industry the Promethean authorities, particularly the DSF, have a strong presence in the area.

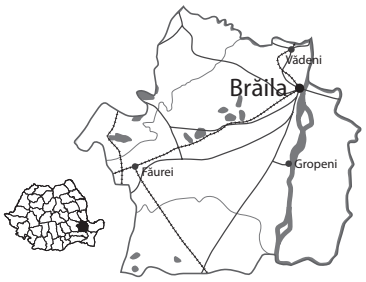
The principal DSF centre in the area is in the fortress at Râşnov, and is served by its own private railway line. There are dark rumours locally of the activities in the ancient fortress. It is the principal Augment facility for the best of the DSF agents, as well as a processing centre for high ranking political prisoners, Resistance leaders and foreign agents.

Rail links come into Braşov from Sfântu Gheorghe in Constanta to the north along the River Mures and on to Târgu Mures, and from the capital of Buzău in the east. The line heading west along the valley carved by the River Olt takes the traveller west to Sibiu, again to Târgu Mures, or south through Arges and eventually to Bucharest again. A more direct route to the Promethean capital follows the route of the Prahova River to Ploiesti in Prahova County.

"Ok, now do you get it? Hmmm… You do. I see it in your eyes. Good. I brought people like you before. I said that. Never believe me until we get here. Said that too. Look at them. What the hell are they? They don't talk, they don't do anything but work. Watch! Watch, watch! Look at that one! See?! Three of my crew could not lift that. Hmmm… I had someone like you once who didn't get it. Even seeing the city. Even seeing them. Went over the side at night. They brought him back in the morning. Took him up there where the crane used to be. One of those took hold of his arm. Pulled it off. Like chicken arm. Took hold his other arm. Pulled it off. Most of it. I think he died then. Pulled his leg off anyway... Then other one. Oh, you look over other side at trees? Hmmm… You wait. See the dogs. Then I take you back."

BRĂILA

REGION: *Wallachia.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:
Brăila, Făurei, Gropeni, Ianca, Însurăței*



BRAILA

A farming county, the capital city of Brăila is one of the very few functioning ports remaining in Promethea, and is completely sealed off. A prize fought over for centuries, the city is now surrounded by fences and walls and its largely empty streets are

heavily patrolled by the DSF and the military. There are no civilians in the once thriving city – they were all resettled, mostly to Gropeni and Buzău. The buildings not used by the authorities are empty and decaying.

The port area on the River Danube, from where all of Promethea's cereal exports are dispatched, is walled and inaccessible save through one gate that serves both road and rail traffic. Brăila city now takes all the goods traffic that used to come through the cities of Giurgiu and Turnu Magurele, all of which comes by rail. The city has a small military boat dock but, as the main 'naval yard' for the east of the country is a short way down stream at Galati, the dock is used only lightly.

The Resistance would love to strike at Brăila city, both openly and covertly, but doing so would be suicide. As with all the ports, only the very best, most loyal and most deadly of Frankenstein's troops are stationed there.

"All right. Are you ready? No. Look me in the eye. Again, are you ready? There's food in there. It won't seem like much for two days, but you know why. We can't afford to have you stink the place up. Water from the pipe, but for God's sake remember to turn it off after you drink! If we hear water we turn it off from above, and you don't want that. You have enough paper for notes, but use the walls if you have to. Wait, wait. Look at me. Again, are you ready for this? Once we let you down you are there two days. We cannot lift you out until they are gone. No noise. Nothing. Or we all go on the racks. All right. God be with you."

BUZĂU

REGION: *Wallachia.*

PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:

Buzău, Nehoiu, Pogoanele, Râmnicu Sărat*

Salt mining, forestry, agriculture, viniculture and glass make up the main industries of Buzău, and there is a growing oil industry. The rail links from the capital of the county head in every useful direction, though floods can do a fair bit of damage to them in bad years. The eternal flames and mud volcanoes of Berca, just north of the capital, and other places in the county are popular tourist spots with the idle rich.

BUZAU

In the county capital, Mayor Nicu Constantinescu oversaw the construction of new government buildings, including the courthouse. The so-called Communal Palace is the main office now for the Ministry of Information, along with a couple of other less significant departments. Unknown to the authorities, Constantinescu is a Resistance sympathiser, and the Palace is riddled with cramped but effective secret listening spaces. Those using them must endure terrible conditions, sometimes for days at a time, to get vital secrets for the local Resistance. Preparing to crawl or be lowered or even walled up into the spaces, volunteers first starve and purge themselves to guarantee, as far as possible, a minimum of faecal waste. They take the smallest amounts of water they can stand during their time in the walls, supplied by thin pipes installed during construction of the building. This minimises the amount of urine they must pass into the thick cloth pads they wear. Even so, there are many displays of heavily-scented flowers around the Palace.

"We are doing what the Romans did, monsieur. Only with steel not wood, hein? Trajan? His engineers would applaud our efforts, non? Only the Resistance is against us. The few who damn the many. We bring progress for the good of all, they bring the… the… explosions and the killing for what?! Non? We will not be stopped. More troops are to come. We go on, not back. On! And when we finish? Oh! Monsieur! You will see! Two tracks, side by side, on a steel frame driven deep into the gorge wall. Covered, like the Romans did, and for the same reasons, hein? Onwards! Allez maintenant!"

CARAŞ-SEVERIN

REGION: *Banat.*

PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:

*Anina, Băile Herculane, Bocşa, Caransebeş, Moldova Nouă, Oţelu Roşu, Oravița, Reşița**

CARAS-SEVERIN

Travel in this mountainous county is not easy, and rail links have been slow in coming. The link along the Danube is still under construction but is regularly targeted by the Resistance. Mining has been the staple industry for the county since before Roman times and the capital, Reşiţa, is a major centre for iron and steel production. Copper, iron and, to a lesser degree, gold are all brought from the many mines that delve into the mountains. Since the abolition of river travel, getting the vital product of these mines out of the county has become incredibly slow and difficult.

"There had been a plan mooted in 1896 to blast a navigable channel through the precipitous gorge..."

The River Danube begins to define the southern edge of Promethea in County Caraş-Severin, though none save the Promethean military are permitted to make landfall until they reach Orşova in Mehedinti. The patrolling military steam launches can dock at the small villages of Pojejena, Pescari and Berzasca, which were emptied of their civilian populations at the turn of the century.

Both Reşiţa, Caransebeş and Moldova Nouă have significant military presences. Currently, the railway has extended into the county from Reşiţa as far as Oravița to the west of the county and Dubova on the Danube in Mehedinti County to the south east. Partisan attacks have halted the progression – for now.

The existing railway link along the eastern border of the county, running from Orşova in Mehedinti through the village of Armeniş and the city of Caransebeş before entering Timis County, is a vital link that is well protected. Caransebeş, with rail links coming in from the cardinal compass points, is an important transfer point and also houses the county's principal DSF offices.

"They try everything. I saw one, tied a dead body to his back. He was using a short tube to breathe through. Would have worked too, only the water was clearer that night, over where the Mostistea washes in. We could see his arms and legs moving. Since then, we shoot the bodies too. Just to be sure. On this stretch, that's a lot of shooting."

CĂLĂRAŞI

REGION: *Wallachia.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS: *Budesti, Călăraşi*, undulea, Lehliu Gară, Oltenița*

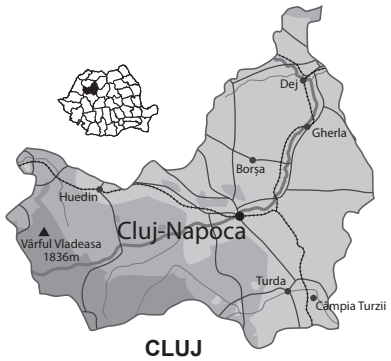
The Danube forms the southern border with Bulgaria in this county. The principal industry is agriculture, and there are fish farms around the large islands formed by the division of the Danube in the east of the county. The principal military base in the area is at Oleniţa. This was an important strategic area during the conflicts between Russia and the Ottoman Empire, and has remained so ever since.

The steam-launch patrols from the major 'naval depot' at Oltenița keep a close watch on the Bulgarian city of Silistra. The river near that city is a popular place for desperate Prometheans to try to make an escape across. Indeed, the marshy lands around the Călăraşi border are difficult to patrol, making them a favourite infiltration route despite the fences, foot patrols, the steam-launches and the Augmented hounds.

"I don't know anymore. Is it worth going out to work? I don't know. I was a Hungarian, but I didn't care. Now, I am Promethean, and I don't care about that. I am a husband and a father. That I care about. I am a woodsman. That I also care about. I used to lead twenty, thirty men out on the morning; horses, everything. That was all. Get up, have food, kiss my wife goodbye, take my tools, my great axe and go. That was all. Now, I have to go and sign out someone else's tools and a little axe, say where I am going, see if any of my fellows are arrested, or taken by the Militia, or just decided it isn't worth it any more. I am just a woodsman. But I am told all the time I should be a proud Hungarian, or should be a proud Promethean. I am just a woodsman. Leave me alone to be that."

CLUJ

REGION: *Transylvania.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:
Câmpia Turzii, Cluj, Dej, Gherla, Huedin, Turda*



Until Frankenstein selected Târgu Mures as his home, the city of Cluj was the most important in Transylvania. During Hungarian rule, it was the capital of the region. After the swift ousting of the Hungarian regime, the capital was left with a significant Hungarian population – around half of the total number of residents. They were offered the chance to either become Prometheans or return to Hungary with only what they could carry. A minority of the Hungarians chose to leave. Those who stayed were treated cruelly until they became as oppressed as everyone else from 1902.

The county is home to one of the few successful resistance groups not under the immediate control

of the Creature. The Huedin Militia, recognisable by their use of three red stripes as a badge and calling card, are mainly Hungarians. They fight to bring about an end to Promethea hoping that, in the resulting confusion, Transylvania will once again return to Hungarian rule.

Along with some coal, salt and iron mining, the regions forestry, agriculture and glass industries are paramount. All of the rail links for the county centre on Cluj but, in the north of the county, Dej is also significant in this regard as it draws together the lines coming from the north of the country.

Gherla, between Cluj and Dej, is the principal DSF centre for the area. The old fortress in the city had been used as a prison since the late 1700s. The DSF took it over, and it is now one of their larger prison institutions in Promethea.

"He came here, you know. After the mess at Târguşor? He came here. Wanted to see what was left. I didn't see him. They said he spent a long time looking at all the carvings and things. Used to be lots more of them then. Don't know what he was looking at them for. Anyway. I didn't see him. Someone said he got some guy with him to draw pictures of the carvings and writing. I don't know about that. Doesn't make any sense to me."

CONSTANȚA

REGION: *Dobruja.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS: *Basarabi, Cernavodă, Constanța*, Hârşova, Negru Vodă, Ovidiu*

There was a plan put forward in the late 1830s to build a canal in Constanța County to shortcut the route down the Danube to the Black Sea at the port city of Constanța, the capital of the county. If the railway link of the 1860s, now much improved, put the plans on hold, the birth of Promethea destroyed the canal

CONSTANTA

project forever, along with the ship building and fishing industry in the area.

Constanța itself is still a port city, the biggest in Promethea, but it is now empty of all but military personnel. They use the place as a training camp and a testing ground for urban combat – a very modern idea encouraged by the war with the Turks and by the struggle against the Resistance.

Up and down the coast from the capital, the now abandoned towns and villages of the Black Sea coast are testament to the rigour with which the Promethean authorities stripped back the ordinary people from their homes. Only the beach resort of Mamaia remains, frequented exclusively by the elite and walled off from the rest of the country. Entry is by the branch railway line only.

The caves near the village of Târguşor, north of the capital, were the site of one of the Resistances worst defeats, when a group of 16 sympathisers and operatives were betrayed, besieged and ultimately forced to kill themselves rather than be taken and interrogated. In the purge that followed, desperate Resistance stragglers stumbled on a medieval cave complex near Basarabi, west of the capital. This intricate complex has become vitally important to Resistance operations in the area.

The county is a heavily agricultural area, with a booming wine industry also. The border with Bulgaria has military bases at the villages of Ostrov on the Danube,which also has a small naval yard, Băneasa and Negru Vodă.

"You want my damned report? Here it is. You are in the Székelyföld now. It's a damned nightmare for us. Seems like every damned hill has some chapel or church on it. Churches… Every one is a damned fortress, or might as well be. Push the people around here, they bend. Try to hit them, they're not there. Treat them well, they ignore us. Close the damned churches, they get used anyway. Pull them down or blow them up, they use one you forgot about. Go after those ones, they build back up the first damned ones. So, best you can hope for is to get ignored. Sir."

COVASNA

REGION: *Transylvania.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS: *Baraolt, Covasna, Întorsura Buzăului, Sfântu Gheorghe*, Târgu Secuiesc*

COVASNA

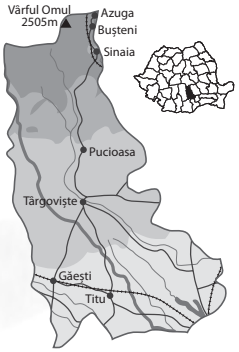
The sleepy region, well served by rail links to Brasov, Bacau and Harghita, has strong forestry and textile industries. The former is focused on the city of Covasna, where a spectacular artificially created slope was created in 1886 to lower rolling stock full of felled trees down over 1200 meters to the rail yards outside the city. Covasna also has a number of health spas, thanks to its excellent mineral water, which attract enough of the new middle classes to ensure that the elite stay away.

Along with neighbouring Harghita County to the north, Covasna County has the largest population of Hungarian speaking peoples – the Székely – in Promethea. Despite their majority in the county, the Székely were a persecuted people because of their Hungarian connections. The Székely remained after the return of Transylvania to the short-lived united Romania. Now, they simply try to do the best they can under the oppression of the Prometheans.

"With respect, Minister, the head stays where it is. I appreciate its importance to the people of the region, Minister. In fact, I would go so far as to say that I appreciate its importance more than you. I receive regular petitions demanding access to the monastery, and I grant a number of them subject to the usual security arrangements. The people know that Michael rests there still. That is enough for them. If the monument is violated, to remove the head, the resulting furore would be… Unfortunate. And let me ask you this, Minister. Do you know for an absolute certainty that the head of Michael the Brave does reside 'neath that bronze crown? If we violated that monument and found nothing, would it ever be believed? No. It would be said that we had destroyed it or stolen it. Why do you think the Resistance has never attempted the sacrilege you are suggesting?"

DÂMBOVITA

REGION: *Wallachia.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS: *Fieni, Găeşti, Moreni, Pucioasa, Târgovişte*, Titu*



DAMBOVITA

Dâmbovița has always been an area that openly and vociferously supported both social change and Romanian nationalism. Along with agriculture, textiles and quarrying, the first oil exploitation in Romania occurred in Moreni over two hundred years ago, and this goes on still. With the production of steel and iron increasing, not to mention the regions proximity to Bucharest, Dâmbovița is being watched carefully.

In the county capital of Târgovişte, the DSF has moved into the Sunset Tower and the Princely Church, whilst the other government offices remain in the town hall. One of the first actions of the DSF after moving in to their very symbolic residence was to close the Dealu Monastery, just north east of the city. There, the head of Michael the Brave, a 16th Century noble who united much of Romania by conquest, is said to rest. The official reason for the closure was to renovate the influential 16th Century monastery. In fact, the head of Michael represents a dangerous rallying point for Romanian nationalists.

"Mmmm… I saw them. I have a license to fish that stretch of river, fifteen or twenty rods at a time. More if my son is with me. I heard the shooting first, then the horses and the two boats. Must've been six or seven horses. One horse had no rider, I remember that. The riders, all of them with cloth over their faces, were shooting at the boats, and the boats were shooting back. I just got down on the ground and prayed as it all went past. Waited in the mud until it was safe, then a while after that. I could hear the shooting and the shouting, then the boats' engines got loud. Then I heard a lot of shooting. Never heard so much in all my life. Then it all went quiet. I could see smoke from upriver, near where the trees come down to the water. The birds all came back. It was that way for a while. One of the boats came by. Floating.
Shot to pieces and smoking. Tangled up two of my rods. I went home. Spoke to a foot patrol on the way.
Saved sending the boy to town."

DOLJ

REGION: *Wallachia.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS: *Băileşti, Calafat, Craiova*, Filiaşi, Segarcea*

DOLJ

The remarkably flat agricultural county of Dolj is bordered to the south by the River Danube. It had two principal ports on the great river, at Calafat in the west and Bechet in the east. Along with Rast (roughly in the middle between the two ports), these are the major military bases in the county. The two ports both have significant steam launch repair and supply yards, but both have been emptied of their civilian populations.

Calafat is particularly fortified and guarded, as it sits just across the border from the Bulgarian city of Vidin. Since the birth of Promethea, the sealing of the border here and the demise of all river traffic save official military craft, the cities ship building past has all but ended – save for the construction and upkeep of the steam launches. The civilians involved in this industry are brought in by train from Băileşti. They work all week and are then returned to the town for one day of rest on the Saturday. The DSF keeps close watch over Băileşti as a result.

The county capital, Craiova, is an industrial city. Many of the small factory-based industries have grown and expanded, and a handful of the most influential middle class industrialists of Promethea come from here. However, the city that, in the mid-1800s, held

meetings of the government that would one day move to Bucharest has suffered for its success, and it is heavily occupied by the military and the DSF.

If the Dealu Monastery is a headache for the DSF and the Promethean authorities, the fact that Craiova was the birthplace of Michael the Brave is a veritable migraine. The people of the county were closely involved in the 19th Century conflicts that saw Romania briefly flare into life. The tradition of mounted guerrilla resistance against outside authority goes back to the Turkish occupations of the early to mid-18th Century, and this continues today.

The Resistance operating in Dolj and Mehedinti, and to a lesser extent in Olt, have been granted use of the 10th Century fortress in Vidin, Baba Vida castle, by the Bulgarian authorities. This is despite intense diplomatic efforts by the Prometheans to have the fortress emptied and its Resistance members turned over to the proper authorities. All the DSF can do is watch the border as carefully as possible and make their plans. It seems inevitable that Baba Vida will be attacked in some way in the future.

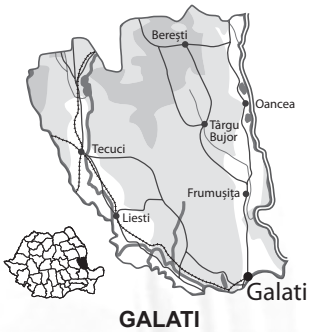
"Somewhere, Cuza weeps for us."

GALAȚI

REGION: *Moldavia.*

PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:

Bereşti, Galați, Târgu Bujor, Tecuci*



GALATI

With the exception of its northern border with Vaslui County, Galați County is bordered by rivers – the Siret to the west; the Prut to the east, forming part of Promethea's border with Bessarabia (Russian-held Moldova); and the Siret and Danube to the south. On the Danube, the county capital Galați had the largest ship building industry in the country and was a port second only to Constanța on the Black Sea. The whole county relied on river transport and the trade and industry they brought.

With the creation of Promethea all that changed, and the once prosperous county is still trying to find its feet. Galați, along with Calafat in Dolj County, is the principal building yard for the steam launches that patrol Promethea's rivers. What sets the port apart from Calafat is the research facility attached to the yard.

Still a major import-export centre in Promethea's trade with the outside world, Galați is a sealed city, same as all the other ports in the country. The port is heavily militarised, partly because it is also one of the few official border crossing points, accepting only official Promethean boats carrying visitors from the Russian-held side of the Danube. Such visitors are picked up at the city of Ismayil and nowhere else.

Both Galați and Tecuci have rail links, with Tecuci taking much of the trade that used to pass through the county capital. Plans to link Târgu Bujor to the railways are still to be implemented. Resentment in the area to the virtual destruction of the local economy is strong, and the Resistance have found many recruits here. The burnt-out remains of the town of Oancea on the River Prut, destroyed by its resettled citizens in protest as they were forced out, houses a small steam launch supply stop-off. The ruins are also a medium-sized Resistance stronghold.

"Hey! Alin! I'll wager your next night watch that they head for the clock tower."

"Hah! No chance. They always head for the tower."
"Ahhh… The tower I don't mind. Just hope they don't dig in at the theatre again. God, it took hours to get them out of there."

GIURGIU

REGION: *Wallachia.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:
Bolintin-Vale, Giurgiu, Mihăileşti*

GIURGIU

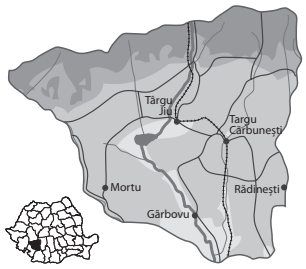
When the borders with Promethea were being sealed, some thought was given to an official border crossing with Bulgaria at the port of Giurgiu. It was decided, in the end, to simply turn the emptied city over to the military as a training ground and review the situation at a later date. The Bulgarian's support for the Resistance has since decided the matter, and the border remains sealed.

The trade that used to head on to the Danube at Giurgiu now leaves by rail for Brăila from elsewhere in the county. Only the steam-launch supply and repair yard remains in use. The majority of the industry in the county is agricultural. Since the closure of Giurgiu city, much of the trade that used to come into the region bypasses it entirely in favour of Bucharest, and this is having a strong negative effect on the county. Because of the county's close proximity to the nation capital, the Resistance are having a hard time capitalising on the ill-will in Giurgiu.

"The new… Uh… Workers. Yes… They do very well, very well. Some of them were a little tall to work at the pit face, but the others… They do well. It's just the others, the normal workers, if you know what I mean. They… Uh… They don't like so much to work with the new… Uh… New people. I think they make the normal workers nervous. They hear things, rumours, about these military ones. You have heard the stories too. These changed ones the army did not want. Sometimes, we hear they go a little… Uh… Well. They get angry."

GORJ

REGION: *Wallachia.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:
Bumbeşti-Jiu, Motru, Novaci, Rovinari, Târgu Cărbuneşti, Târgu Jiu, Ticleni, Tismana*



GORJ

As with many other counties based in the mountains of Promethea, Gorj is a mining county, predominantly coal, with some agriculture and textile industry. Mining equipment and forestry bring in additional revenue, as do brewing and glass making. The principal rail links run north and east out of the capital, Târgu Jiu, and south from Târgu Cărbuneşti, which is to the east of the capital. Anyone heading west must either drop down to the junction at Filiaşi in Craiova County, or head north to Petroşani in Hunedoara County.

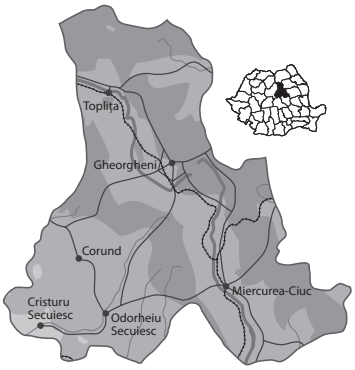
The many monasteries in the county harbour Resistance operatives from time to time. Local fighters call themselves the Lions of Oltenia, Oltenia being a region which merged with others to form Wallachia in Medieval times. However, as the Tismana Monastery west of the county capital was a site of rebellious activities in 1821, the DSF keeps a relatively close eye on the fortified religious establishments.

"It would be funny, yes, if it were not so dangerous. I bring a few cattle down every year, have them slaughtered and sell the meat to the pilgrims. All that faith used to make for hungry people. Now… Pah! Forget about the papers I need. That is nothing. It's the all the questions! I have government agents asking if I have seen this man or that woman. I have this woman or that man asking if there have been any government agents passing by. There are so many people pretending to be pilgrims, each asking me if I have seen the other, that I wonder if there are any real pilgrims here at all. All I tell them is the meat is fresh and the price is good. Anything else gets me killed. Or worse... Recruited!"

HARGHITA

REGION: *Transylvania.*

PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS: *Băile Tuşnad, Bălan, Borsec, Cisturu Secuiesc, Gheorgheni, Miercurea-Ciuc*, Odorheiu Secuiesc, Toplita, Vlăhita*



HARGHITA

Miercurea-Ciuc is having to get used to its relatively new status as a Promethean county capital, as opposed to its former role as a Hungarian county capital, as it only became such after the reorganisation of the former Hungarian territories following the reunification of Romania. The Hungarian-speaking Székely make up the majority of the county population. The vengeful oppression they encountered after the birth of Romania was largely stifled by the rise of Promethea, after which time everyone not in the elite were oppressed.

Mikó Castle, in the centre of Miercurea-Ciuc, became the main DSF and military organisational complex for the county, while the nearby city hall and the new courthouse house the other government departments. Forestry, brewing and food production are the principal industry of the county. It would be otherwise unremarkable but for the ancient Csíksomlyó Saint's Day celebrations that take place in the county capital, in the meadow near the Csíksomlyó Franciscan monastery in Şumuleu Ciuc.

This event, which takes place across Whit Sunday in June, attracts thousands of – mainly Hungarian – Roman Catholic pilgrims from all across Promethea, it used to bring folk from further afield but this is now forbidden, and is a headache for the local DSF who know full well it is used as an information exchange by Resistance operatives from around the country. Requests to have the festival banned have been denied by central DSF officials, who prefer to monitor those attending the event in an effort to discover Resistance members.

The principal rail line in the county runs roughly north-south along the Mures river valley. An entirely separate main line links the city of Odorheiu Secuiesc, on the Târnava Mare River, with Sighişoara in Mures County. The growing town of Gheorgheni, halfway between the capital to the south and Toplita to the north, is an important rail junction, allowing access to the east of Promethea. There is a plan to run an ambitious rail link from the Târnava Mare valley to a new junction just south of Gheorgheni, and initial surveying has begun.

The county is replete with hot springs and their associated spas of varying size and quality. Despite the relative lack of minor rail links, and the fact that the county endures the coldest winters in Promethea, these resorts bring travellers to the county all year round.

The main Resistance in the county is centred on the town of Cisturu Secuiesc, west of Odorheiu Secuiesc. These are Hungarian nationalists, and they are suspicious of everyone, including their Resistance advisors.

"I wish you to arrange for an official review of the operations at Hunyad. Though it is claimed otherwise, events at Hasdat were agreed there. Allow them to postpone the review, but do not make it easy for them. The Guard agent placed there wishes to see what they try to hide before the review staff arrive. Viktor was deeply distressed by the incident at Hasdat. Too many martyrs, particularly Gheorghe. He feels the staff at Hunyad have allowed their surroundings to get the better of their judgement."

HUNEDOARA

REGION: *Transylvania.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS: *Aninoasa, Brad, Călan, Deva*, Geoagiu, Hațeg, Hunedoara, Ilia, Lupeni, Orăştie, Petrila, Petroşani, Simeria, Uricani, Vulcan*

HUNEDOARA

Mining for coal and iron make up the principal industries in this mountainous county. Despite the terrain, the area is well served by rail links, with Hațeg and Deva providing important junction points. In the south, the line comes into the country near Petroşani from Gorj County capital, Târgu Jiu. At Hațeg the line goes north to Deva or west to County Caras-Severin. From Deva, you can travel east to Sibiu County, north into Arad and Bihor, or west to the Arad County capital.

The county capital is Deva, but the main military base is just to the east in the town of Simeria. However, the principal DSF offices are in the impressive Corvin, or Hunyad Castle in Hunedoara city. The ancient convent of Prislop Monastery occasionally acts as a haven for Resistance operatives, but they are not permitted to bring any weapons into the complex.

There used to be a village called Hasdat near the city of Hunedoara. The largely Roma population were discovered to be harbouring Resistance members. The DSF decided to make an example of them in the summer of 1907. The entire population were Eviscerated, left for one month, and then they and the entire village were burned. The result of this is that the Roma population became united against the Promethean rulers. They are now an important part of the Resistance, moving through the country passing on messages, some supplies, and escorting agents by little known and rarely watched pathways.

"We have had a request from the Bulgarian authorities, along with some pointed mentions of the facilities at Vidin. They're concerned about the new railway line running along the border. They point out that certain more significant flood defences along the line coincide with easy crossing points on the Danube. They're quite right, of course. They want to see plans on how we can disrupt any troop movements destined for their borders. Again, they are in the right. We need Baba Vida, and we need to be ready for when it's hit. So, we have to do our part. "Let us talk about the military line south from Slobozia…"

IALOMIȚA

REGION: *Wallachia.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:
Feteşti, Slobozia, Tăndărei, Urziceni*

IALOMITA

This agricultural county is important principally because of the rail links that pass through it. The railway from the port city of Constanța in the south heading to the country's capital, Bucharest, passes through Ialomița. Heading south from the county capital of Slobozia, the rail link joins the new line that allows the military to quickly move along the Danube border with Bulgaria. West of Slobozia, the junctions at and just west of the town of Urziceni, the former county capital, take the lines north east into Buzau, north west into Prahova, and south west to Bucharest.

The railways cross the Danube thrice in Ialomița – at the military town of Feteşti, near the border with Calarasi; south east near the county border town of Cernavoda in Constanța County, the railway from Constanța port comes across here; and north east of Tăndărei near the borders with Tulcea and Braila Counties.

The Resistance have marked the crossings from the Constanța port as excellent targets for sabotage, but those bridges are extremely well guarded. Still, plans are being drawn up and discarded regularly.

"The Russians have new binoculars today.
Better than the telescope."
"No one tell Stefan. He'll only hang his arse
over the side again. Then I will have to put
him on report. It is horrible."
"What if he hangs it out of a porthole?"
"That wouldn't be… Oh, don't tell me…"
"Well, the Russians have put their binoculars down."
"It is like I said. Fane's arse is horrible.
It is not a proper Promethean arse."
"Make sure that goes on the report.
We can put him down for Augmentation."

IAŞI

REGION: *Moldavia.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:
Hârlău, Iaşi, Paşcani, Târgu Frumos*

IASI

Culturally and politically, the city of Iaşi is the most important in Promethean Moldavia and one of the most important in the country as a whole. Always fiercely Romanian, the Promethean leadership have made sure that the university city is the major administrative centre for Moldavia. The Palace of Culture in the city centre has been under construction since 1905, and doesn't look to be heading for completion any time soon. That said, it still holds the basic government offices. Meanwhile, the DSF occupies the recently rebuilt Courtly Church of Saint Nicholas and the adjacent 17th Century Casa Dosoftei.

The military have new facilities around the railway station in Iaşi, but their main regional base is in the western town of Paşcani. As it sits on the River Siret, the town also has a significant steam-launch repair and supply depot. Iaşi borders Russian-held Moldova, with the River Prut as the physical manifestation of the border. Near the small town of Popricani on the River Jijia is a large steam-launch yard which also co-ordinates border patrols along the northern half of the River Prut. They watch the Russians and the Russians

watch the patrols. Currently, it is all very amicable.

The majority of Resistance activity in Iaşi is organised in the western county of Neamt, simply because of the strength of DSF and military activities in Iaşi itself.

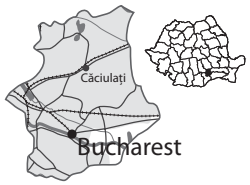
"We are the dumping ground. Not wanted in the city, pushed out here. Now the patrols and the men in big coats look at everyone here as if they are criminals. Everyone is watched, everyone is… Is blamed for not being in Bucharești. They make a wall around the city. A wall of suspicion and fear and hate. It is a big wall, and maybe one day it will fall down on the city."

ILFOV

REGION: *Wallachia.*

PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:

Buftea, Otopeni (and Bucharești)*



ILFOV

Of all the counties in Promethea, Ilfov has seen some of the greatest changes in the administrative reorganisation of the country since the reunification. Formerly, Ilfov was a far larger county but, as it contained the nation's capital, the restructuring of the counties saw much of its territory passed on to other counties to make the administration of the area immediately surrounding Bucharest much easier. This duty was then passed on to the DSF and the military exclusively.

What little is left of Ilfov County is given over to agriculture, forestry and security patrols. The lakes in the area attract many of the city-dwelling elite and middle classes, particularly Snagov Lake and its monastery.

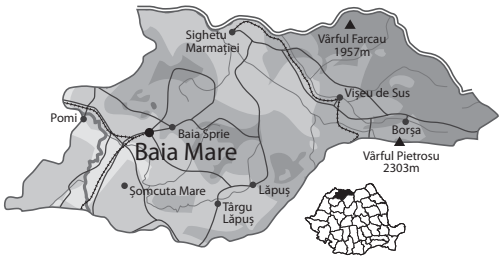
"Did you hear? The Russian and the Promethean patrols were shooting at each other again last night."
"Did I hear about it?! Of course I did. I paid the Russians to be there and had one of my sons tell the DSF the Russians were resistance in disguise. I had goods to bring over…"

MARAMUREŞ

REGION: *Transylvania.*

PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:

Baia Mare, Baia Sprie, Borşa, Cavnic, Seini, Sighetul Marmației, Târgu Lăpuș, Vişeu de Sus*



MARAMURES

As was mentioned in the entry for Bistrița-Năsăud County, this is an area of concern for the Promethean authorities, as the border here with Russia is difficult to patrol. On this eastern side of the Carpathian Mountains, the principal military and DSF facilities for the area as well as the county are at the town of Sighetul Marmației, near the border. This city is linked by rail to Borsa in the east of the county and to the military base at Țarna Mare in Satu Mare County to the west. As far as possible, the rail route follows theTysa River valley.

Things are made more difficult by the long tradition of smuggling in the area, particularly around Sighetul Marmației, called Sighet by locals. The prison at Sighet had a bad reputation even before the arrival of the DSF, who have offices at the 17th Century county hall, Curtea Veche. The northern border of Maramureş along the Tysa River was agreed with the Russians in 1878, even though many of the towns and villages beyond the border were traditionally part

of the county. The connection between these places has never been lost, and much of the smuggling in the area, and the related Resistance support activity, occurs between separated family members.

The capital of the county, Baia Mare, houses the usual government offices, but the DSF and military have only small offices here. The county has a strong agricultural and forestry heritage, as well as salt, gold and other non-ferrous metal mining. Largely untouched by industrialisation so far, it is also a fairly traditional, conservative, some would say superstitious and backward, area.

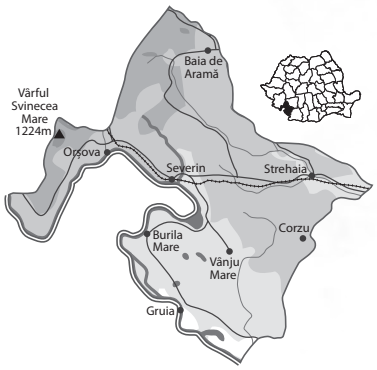
The local religious observances are a fascinating mix of Pagan and Christian beliefs, particularly the strict observance here of the elaborate death and burial rituals, the so-called Cult of the Dead, which is prevalent to varying degrees throughout Promethea. The locals here resist the Harvesting of the dead more than anywhere in Promethea. It also has to be said that their fear of Evisceration is greater than elsewhere in the country. It is not unusual for a strong guard to be posted to watch over those punished in this way, as 'rescue' attempts are frequent.

"How do we get past them? We feed them, what do you think! They might be big bastards, but they're still just dogs. They are stuck out here with just rats to eat and no company. Give them a cow now and then and they're happy to see us. They guard us now, and bark when a patrol comes by. Hah!"

MEHEDINȚI

REGION: *Wallachia.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS: *Baia de Aramă, Turnu Severin*, Orşova, Strehaia, Vânju Mare*

This historic, spectacular county was named Drobetea in Roman times, but called Turnu Severin after the Roman tower that sat atop a hill on the northern bank



MEHEDINTI

of the Danube. The current city of Turnu Severin was begun in 1836 after the expulsion of the Ottoman Empire under the Treaty of Adrianople in 1829. The harbour was started in 1858, but now serves as part of a military base that includes a steam-launch yard.

The city of Orşova, farther up river, is separated from the capital by the Iron Gate gorge – a spectacular natural navigation hazard that does much to deter boat traffic heading east along the Danube. There had been a plan mooted in 1896 to blast a navigable channel through the precipitous gorge, but this was blocked for a number of petty reasons now understood to be reluctance to make the Danube potentially more welcoming. Orşova has become a militarised town, with a strong DSF presence, as this is where foreign visitors arrive in Promethea if they take the Danube route. They are taken off their boats and sent on to their destinations by train.

The county has, in the north, rich deposits of coal and copper. To the south, the hills are ideal for viniculture, the flatland perfect for cereal agriculture. Forestry and textiles industry is also commonplace. There is no railway currently directly between Orşova and Turnu Severin because of the difficult terrain. Orşova is linked to the border railway that roughly follows along the Danube into Caraş-Severin County. At the capital, the new railway links military bases at Burila Mare and Gruia along the border into Dolj County. The rail link from Orşova that carries foreign visitors north into Caraş-

Severin is covered in the entry for that county.

The majority of the Resistance efforts are focused in the Transylvanian Alps. The border with the outside world in the county is too difficult or too well patrolled to make for easy crossings. The island of Ada Kaleh was cleared after bitter fighting. The town was blasted shortly after, though ineffectively. The island is patrolled irregularly, with security mostly taken care of by the packs of Augmented dogs given the run of the island. A local Resistance cell have a small refuge there in ruins accessed from the water.

"Papers, please. All of them."

MUREŞ

REGION: *Transylvania.*

PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS: *Iernut, Luduş, Reghin, Sighişoara, Sovata, Târgu Mureş*, Târnăveni*

MURES

Mureş County is known by some as the real centre of Promethea, and the city of Târgu Mureş as the true nation capital. For whatever reason, Târgu Mureş was selected by Frankenstein as his base of operations. As a result, Mureş County has become something of an armed camp.

Previously, the area was a Hungarian stronghold with an overwhelming Hungarian majority. This changed quickly after the birth of Promethea, and even the relatively large, by their standards, Roma population all but left the area. Mureş has strong forestry and agricultural industries, including viniculture. The famous spas around Bear Lake near Sovata attract many of the elite of Promethean society to the unique heliothermal waters, created by geological rumblings on May 27th 1875.

Resistance activity in the county is virtually nonexistent thanks to the strong military and DSF presences. All road and rail links are guarded and patrolled. Regular checks are carried out, and there are stops outside the county capital at which all trains and road transports are gone over in minute detail.

Târgu Mureş itself will be dealt with in a separate entry at the end of this chapter.

"How many times do I have to say this to you?! You wait until the army boat gets here before you cut loose. I don't understand what you don't understand. It's simple. If you don't wait, if you have no escort and they see you on the river they will shoot you. It doesn't matter that it's trees you're sitting on and not a boat, they will shoot you."

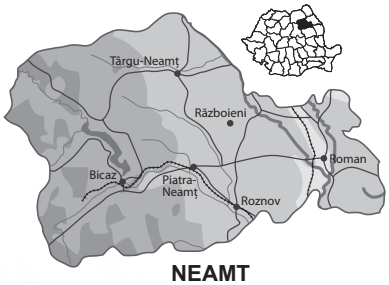
NEAMȚ

REGION: *Moldavia.*

PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:

Bicaz, Piatra Neamț, Roman, Târgu Neamț*

The principal industries in Neamț are forestry and religion – the area has more monasteries than



NEAMT

Green Fingers?

The almost constantly cloud covered expanse of the Ceahlău Massif to the North east of Bicaz was home to more than solitary loggers and herds of foraging sheep. On the orders of Boyar Gheourgiu Perturbari an area of forty acres of fir forest was cleared and landscaped to create his 'Gradina de la legendara bestii'. Perched just below the peak of the Oculaşul Mare this was a favoured place to those whom he invited.

What it had cost to create could only be marvelled at but a team of hand-picked surgeon craftsmen had toiled to populate the park with beasts of high legend running wild in vast enclosures. Visitors were treated to grazing herds of unicorn, packs of griffin, satyrs and callitrices – the list was almost endless. But there was one addition that he had to have and the party for its unveiling was enormous. Frankenstein himself was said to have been invited.

Whether he attended is now a source of debate as also is the fate of Boyar Perturbari. For, shortly after unveiling the perfect one-third scale replica of the living Creature as star attraction in his 'Garden of Legendary Beasts,' Perturbari was never seen again in public. Quite what happened is unresolved but some believe that he lays in one of the many ravines that scar the Ceahlău Massif.

The garden is now a shattered ruin of its former glory, where none but the bravest venture. Cries of the unnatural beasts that roam there can allegedly still be heard; some wild and hungry, some seemingly mourning the loss of their creator.

anywhere else in Promethea. As such, it is an area where Resistance operatives can always find a friendly place to stay over. Most of the religious centres here have a strict no weapons policy though.

The chief rail links into the county come in from the north east, from Iaşi city, before turning south to Piatra Neamț, and from Bacau city to the south east. From the capital, a large and quaint town made up of a mix of modern villas and mountain-style chalets, the railway strikes westward along the Bistrița River gorge to Bicaz and on to Gheorgheni in Harghita County where the line splits north and south.

The western line out of Piatra Neamț is a key link to the likes of Târgu Mureş, so the line is well protected. It is most vulnerable along the Cheile Bicazului, the Bicaz Canyon. As a result, and despite the benefits to the forestry industry it might have brought, there is only a passenger stop at Bicaz. The loggers must still float their vast rafts of felled trees down river to the capital.

Forestry is the principal industry of the county, along with some food and textile production and a little quarrying for construction materials.

"My father was a fisherman. He had all the right paperwork. We were working the reed beds, looking for eggs to barter with in town. We saw some soldiers, normal ones, watching two men working on one of the little islands. One man was looking through something while the other held up a marked stick. Soldiers like to trade for the food we collect. They fill out their rations and we get cash. My father went to them with a bag of eggs, while I sat in the reeds watching for signs of where the birds were nesting.

"I heard him call to the soldiers. Glancing over, I saw them wave back. One of the men saw my father. He went and spoke to the officer. I saw the officer nod. As my father was showing the eager soldiers what was in the bag, the officer drew a pistol and shot my father through the head. The soldiers looked shocked, but were soon brought to order by the officer. I hid in the reeds, to scared to do anything but watch.

"Before they left, I saw one soldier take money from his belt. He dropped it onto the bag my father had carried, all the time watching where I was hiding. He looked sad. I took the money.

I used it to buy the coat that kept me warm while I walked to where I had heard the Resistance might be.
It was three days before they came."

OLT

REGION: *Wallachia.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:
*Balş, Caracal, Corabia, Drăgăneşti-Olt, Piatra Olt, Scorniceşti, Slatina**

OLT

Crisscrossed by rivers and by railways, Olt County is an agricultural county that borders Bulgaria along the River Danube. Along that border, the mainly military railway is forced to take a loop around the ponds and marshes on the western side before heading into Dolj County. This leaves a vulnerable point on the border that is occasionally exploited by the Resistance, despite the proximity of the base at Bechet in Dolj. Olt County's only border base is at the old port town of Corabia, now given over entirely to the military.

Within the county itself, the main military presence is split between the town of Caracal and the village of Platra-Olt, protecting the important rail junctions there, leaving the capital to the DSF. A smaller base in the mountain village of Drăgăşani just inside Vâlcea County organises patrols of the line heading through the mountains to the junction at Râmnicu Vâlcea.

"We need to make more of Prahova. Outside of Târgu Mures, you would be hard-pressed to find a more forward-thinking, pro-Promethean location. The old-guard are almost as inactive as the Resistance. Harvest legislation is barely used and, so far as I am aware, has never once been abused. I know geographical factors are involved, but even the DSF tread lightly in Prahova. We need to make more of its success, and ensure its influence spreads throughout the country. Perhaps some of its leadership might consider positions in Vrancea once… Changes have been made."

PRAHOVA

REGION: *Wallachia.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:
Azuga, Băicoi, Boldeşti, Breaza, Buşteni, Câmpina, Comarnic, Mizil, Ploieşti, Plopeni, Scăeni, Sinaia, Slănic, Urlaţi, Vălenii de Munte*

PRAHOVA

Since the middle of the last century, 1857 to be exact, Prahova has been the centre of the oil industry for the region, with much of it based around the capital Ploieşti. The first oil wells ever sunk in the world were in Ploieşti, as well as the first ever refinery. The oil from these reserves, making up some fifty percent of the total Promethean reserves, goes to such projects as the street lighting in Bucharest and Târgu Mureş, as well as to industry and export. The largest oil refinery in Promethea, and one of the largest in the world, is at Câmpina.

"...Prahova has been the centre of the oil industry for the region..."

As a result of the industry in the Prahovan capital, the DSF has its offices in the town of Sinaia. This purpose-built complex in Sinaia, on the line between Ploieşti and Braşov, sits in parkland reached by an innocent looking path behind the Sinaia Monastery. With the facility at Râşnov in Braşov County given over to other activities, much of the administration for both Braşov and Prahova Counties is carried out here.

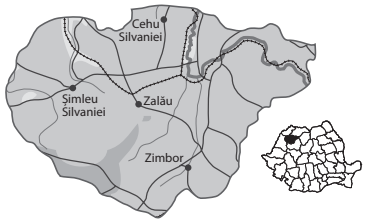
Because of the oil industry in the region, the military presence in the county is considerable and DSF agents are everywhere. The Resistance have a meeting and supply point in the ruins of the aborted Phalanstère near the village of Scăeni. That said, the majority of Resistance activity in the county is planned beyond its borders and is carried out by operatives brought in specially.

Prahova is known for its orchards and viniculture, as well as for the outstanding natural beauty of the hills and mountains of the county. A number of elite families have holiday homes in or around Sinaia, for example, the protection of which further adds to the security forces in the area.

"This is the eighth time I have refused this request of yours for additional manpower, Jenö. I am speaking to you as a friend now. You need simply maintain the security of the railway lines passing through Sălaj. Nothing more. The generals here cannot see the need to launch assaults on crumbling castles.
I suggest a different tactic. Do what is asked of you, but collect a monthly dossier of intelligence on attacks, suspected resistance movements, all of that. I have learned that it is better to let the generals come to the conclusions you and I reached a long time before. It is better if it is their idea for you to act on rather than your idea embarrassing them for not thinking of it sooner."

SĂLAJ

REGION: *Transylvania.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:
*Cehu Silvaniei, Jibou, Şimleu Silvaniei, Zălau**



SALAJ

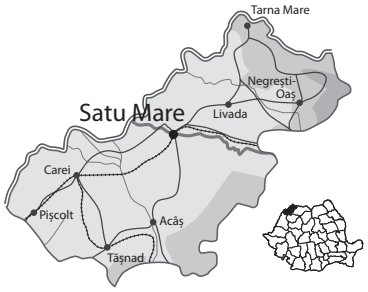
Sălaj is a relatively small, mountainous county that most simply pass through on the railway line between Dej in Cluj-Napoca County to the east, and Săcueni in the west near the border with Hungary. A second line strikes south from the junction at the village of Jibou to join the west-east line from Oradea to Târgu Mureş at Huedin in Cluj-Napoca. The mainly Hungarian population find their principal employment in agriculture, forestry and textiles.

The county capital, Zălau, has a military outpost that mainly looks to protect the railway lines. As a result, the Resistance make much use of the ruined medieval fortresses that dot the county from which to plan, supply and launch operations into neighbouring counties. How much longer this can continue is debatable.

"Carei? What is that name? I do not recognise it.
We, all of us here, do not recognise it. This is Nagykároly!
We do not forget that. You would do well to remember. Carei?!
No such place."

SATU MARE

REGION: *Transylvania.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:
Carei, Negreşti-Oaş, Satu Mare, Tăşnad*



SATU-MARE

Bordering both Russia and Hungary, and responsible for patrolling some of the mountainous border country of neighbouring Maramures County, Satu Mare County has quite a large military presence for its size. The main bases are at Ţarna Mare in the north, the capital, and then Carei in the south. The main DSF facility for the area is at the ancient castle in Carei

The addition of the county to the Romanian spoils in the Treaty of Berlin was very controversial, as a very large proportion of the population of the area were Hungarian Magyars. The military presence in the area keeps a lid on things for now but, if Promethea should fall, the area may quickly revert to Hungarian control.

Apart from the border railway, the main civilian rail link comes in from Maramures in the east and into the county capital. From there it heads south east and eventually to Oradea in Bihor County. The capital, sitting as it does across the River Somes, used to be a trading port but this has now stopped, with all goods passing instead by rail down to Bors. The remaining industries in Satu Mare County are in textiles, food production and forestry.

"Sibiu city has a curfew. The people don't."
(Popular saying in Sibiu)

SIBIU

REGION: *Transylvania.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:
Agnita, Avrig, Cisnădie, Copşa Mică, Dumbrăveni, Mediaş, Ocna Sibiului, Sibiu, Tălmaciu*

SIBIU

Sibiu was a centre of German (Saxon) population from ancient times, though the advent of Promethea has seen the population shift quite a bit. Known for its trading strength and its proven ability to protect itself and its businesses, the fortified capital city of Sibiu provided two of the most prominent business men of the Promethean age.

The capital sits on a vitally important railway junction, feeding the main line from the south of the country to the east and north from its position at the edge of the Transylvanian plateau. There is a very significant military base on the outskirts of the city, and a large DSF administrative centre in the Brukenthal Palace in the centre.

The city is a maze of narrow streets and alleys,

tunnels and hidden pathways, all dating to medieval times. Despite the partial opening up of the four-time walled city late in the 1800s, it remains a place where patrols are regularly evaded by experienced locals in the dark labyrinth and the curfew is difficult to enforce.

The agricultural and forestry based industry of the county is boosted by one of the largest reserves of natural gas in the country, to the north of the county. Out in the countryside, the Saxon penchant for fortifications continues in the villages, churches and defensive structures that dot the county in various states of repair and occupation. As a result, and despite the heavy presence of the authorities in the region, the Resistance have numerous places to operate from.

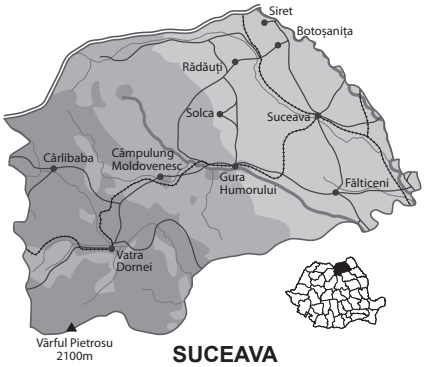
"I can see why the Resistance like this place so much. A thousand fighters could walk in a straight line from Selyatyn to Fălticeni almost without ever leaving the cover of the trees. They could sing the whole time, and we'd never hear them."

SUCEAVA

REGION: *Moldavia.*

PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:

Câmpulung Moldovenesc, Fălticeni, Gura Humorului, Rădăuți, Siret, Solca, Suceava, Vatra Dornei*



As with Maramures County, this is an area with local difficulties for the Promethean authorities thanks to the rather arbitrary border demarcation of 1878. Some effort is made to secure the border with Russia along the line of the Suceava River, but the mountains around the border with Maramures County make for difficult terrain to keep an eye on, and smuggling is rife.

Many smugglers find safe haven in the Bukovinian mountain village of Selyatyn. The DSF has made a number of attempts to infiltrate the very close community there, to no avail and with publicly fatal results for the agents. The village is a nuisance to the authorities, much as Vidin is way to the south. The difference this time is that it is easier to wipe a village off the map than it is a city, and perhaps the Russians won't object too much. Perhaps.

The city of Suceava is an important rail route, as its lines head south and west, as well as north to the military bases on the border, the largest of which is at Siret. The line west has two main military strongholds at the villages of Gura Humorului and Câmpulung Moldovenesc. West of there, the line splits roughly north toward the village of Cârlibaba before crossing into Maramures, and south to Vatra Dornei then west into Bistrita Nasaud County. The line south from Suceava is patrolled from the small base at Fălticeni.

The border between the counties of Suceava and Botoşani runs along the River Siret. There is a steam-launch yard on the Suceava River, a tributary of the Siret, just outside the capital. The capital itself remains an important trading centre between the populations of the mountains and the lowlands. Even the Promethean authorities don't interfere with that, though the markets are watched for known Resistance operatives who use the trading chaos for their own purposes.

Forestry is by far the main industry in the region, with some basic agriculture and textiles. There are a number of monasteries of the Moldovan style here and there, with the best known, and of least use to the Resistance, being around Vatra Dornei.

"Look, just shut up. Shut up. I like being bored.
I like that we don't get shot at here. I like that the only fighters we see are puffed-up corpses floating down river. I like that the farmers don't hide anything except their pretty daughters.
What would you prefer?
If you like, you keep complaining.
Then I'll shoot at you. If my rifle still works."

TELEORMAN

REGION: *Wallachia.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS: *Alexandria*, Roşioro de Vede, Turnu Măgurele, Videle, Zimnicea*

TELEORMAN

Although Alexandria is the capital of the county, Roşioro de Vede has the main railway junction and so the larger military and DSF presence, while the main military base in the county is at the former port town of Turnu Măgurele, which also has a steam-launch repair and supply yard. The rest is an unremarkable agricultural county.

The River Danube is wide and deep along the southern border of Teleorman County, and crossing here is difficult because of the ease with which patrols ply the waterways. Steam launch patrols set out from both Turnu Măgurele and from Zimnicea, which was the headquarters of the Russian forces in the war with the Ottoman Empire in Bulgaria in 1877 to 1878. The border railway provides quick transport between the two places.

The main line running from Bucharest in the east

"The River Danube is wide and deep along the southern border of Teleorman County..."

through Wallachia is pretty much the most interesting thing in the county. It is well protected by patrols from Roşioro de Vede in the west and the villages of Olteni in the centre and Videle in the east.

"What the hell are we doing here, Marius?
I've never seen so many soldiers."
"We are watching, Filip. We are watching."
"Watching what?!"
"The soldiers. What else is there… ?"

TIMIŞ

REGION: *Banat.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS: *Buziaş, Deta, Făget, Jimbolia, Lugoj, Sânnicolau Mare, Timişoara**

TIMIS

Timiş County has the longest stretch of border with Austria-Hungary in Promethea, and therefore one of the largest populations of soldiery in the country. Timişoara itself, already a significant location because of the rail links that pass through it, has one of the largest military bases in Promethea. Railway lines radiate outward from the city to the border, and the Rivers Mures, Bega, Timiş and Birzava are all used to move and supply troops. In the mountains, the base near the city of Lugoj looks after patrolling the vital railway that comes in from the south of the country.

The main industries in the area are in agriculture and textiles, with additional revenue coming from forestry. The population is predominantly Hungarian, which does much to raise tensions in the area. As a result, the DSF offices in Huniade Castle in the county capital are very busy.

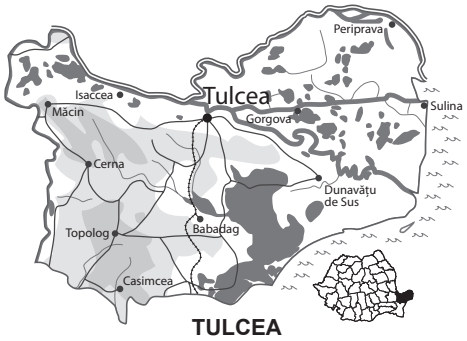
A big headache for the DSF is the continuing popularity of the spa at Buziaş. There is no rail link to the place, as yet, so the rich and powerful must go by road from the village of Topolovățu Mare. This leads to all sorts of security issues that the DSF and its agents could do without.

"...the Danube spills out into the delta – a mass of ponds, marshes, rivers, little villages and hamlets, and lots of ways into and out of Promethea..."

"The major export of Tulcea? Wet Russians."
(DSF humour.)

TULCEA

REGION: *Dobruja.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS:
*Babadag, Isaccea, Măcin, Sulina, Tulcea**



TULCEA

The county of Tulcea is on the border with Russian-held Bessarabia and is a major headache for the Promethean authorities. Only a short stretch of the border, from near to the city of Galati in the county of the same name to just north west of Tulcea city, is easy to patrol. Down river from there, the Danube spills out into the delta – a mass of ponds, marshes, rivers, little villages and hamlets, and lots of ways into and out of Promethea. South of the city, Tulcea's terrain rises and dries out, and the railway between the capital and Constanța allows the Black Sea coast to be more easily watched over.

Tulcea city was once a major Black Sea port. Now, all of the business has been moved to Galati and Constanța, and Tulcea has suffered accordingly. Steam-launches and other official vessels are the only ones to dock at the city now, and the military have all but taken over.

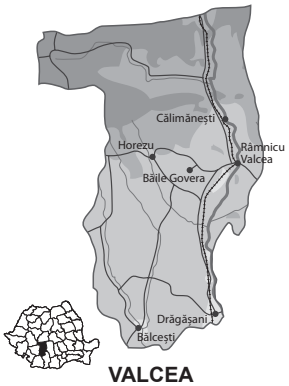
Fishing, by net and line from the banks, or from the new fish farms that are springing up, along with agriculture are the official industries in the county. Smuggling is the principal unofficial industry; smuggling of goods, information and people.

"I like cars. And trucks too. Even the military ones. My deaf grandfather could hear them coming. They are so loud, the soldiers that walk or run beside them cannot hear us too well. No, I like cars and trucks. They are Promethea's gift to us, along with the rich people inside them."

VÂLCEA

REGION: *Wallachia.*

PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS: *Băile Govora, Băile Olăneşti, Brezoi, Călimăneşti-Căciulata, Drăgăşani, Horezu, Ocnele Mari, Râmnicu Vâlcea**



VALCEA

Culturally, Vâlcea is an important part of Wallachia and Romania. It was in this county, at the Govora Abbey near Băile Govora, that the first printing press in the country was built and used to publish the first Romanian laws back in the 17th Century. The first paper mill in the country was in the county capital, Râmnicu Vâlcea.

With coal and salt being mined in the west, orchards and vineyards flourishing in the central area, and cattle and cereal farming in the south, the county is a rich one. The majority of the heavier industry is centred on the capital, where the main line between Bucharest and the centre and west of the country pass. There are branch lines down into Olt County, through Drăgăşani, and one that links the main north-south line across the country to the smaller north-south line through Gorj County.

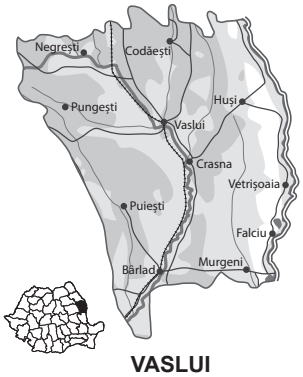
Taking full advantage of its fortunate positioning has made Vâlcea County rich. Taking advantage of the terrain, the monasteries and the relatively high volume of road and rail traffic, there are a number of spas and resorts in the county, has made Resistance operations quite successful in the area. As a result, the DSF have recently taken over the Monastery at Horezu to open a second administrative centre in the county.

"No, this was something bigger, I think. Boat patrols we are used to, single vessels or sometimes pairs. There were five, and in daylight. A two-one-two pattern. I don't know how far upriver they came from, but I know they stopped near to Vetrişoaia, just across from where the Russians are building… Whatever it is they are building. I don't know that it was just a warning to the Russians either. They stayed too long for that. Then there's that troop train that came in to Huşi. No, I think there will soon be another fire in the night on the Russian side."

VASLUI

REGION: *Moldavia.*

PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS: *Bârlad, Huşi, Negreşti, Vaslui**



VASLUI

The county of Vaslui is bordered by the River Prut, which forms the country's frontier with Russia, and is split in two, north to south, by the River Barlad. A number of tributaries to both the Bârlad and Prut Rivers also run through the county. This is a mainly agricultural

county, but with ambitions to be so much more.

The main railway line through the county follows the Bârlad River valley, with a branch at Crasna village, south of the capital, which goes to the famous wine town of Huşi and then to the military line that runs along the border. The main line splits at the town of Bârlad, with the eastern line heading for the border railway and joining it at Murgeni, while the western line continues with the River Bârlad. There is a plan to extend the branch line that currently runs from the capital to the village of Damienesti further west, into Bacău County to join with the main north-south line, probably at Bacău city.

The capital, Vaslui, is rapidly industrialising, while Bârlad remains the maze of medieval streets and secrets that it has always been. The main military base in the county is at Huşi, but there is a steam-launch yard at the capital to patrol the River Bârlad and one at the village of Vetrişoaia on the River Prut.

VRANCEA

REGION: *Moldavia.*
PRINCIPAL SETTLEMENTS: *Adjud, Focşani*, Mărăşeşti, Odobeşti, Panciu*

The principal wine producing county in Promethea, Vrancea is also the most seismically active in the country. The River Siret runs roughly north-south through the county, marking a rather marshy border with Galati County to the east. The main north-south railway line in

Vladimir Ghergiev

One of the elite of Promethea, Ghergiev is the patriarch of one of the Russian boyar families who backed Frankenstein's vision from the first meeting in the autumn of 1828. For his faith, troubles and money, he was repaid with the county of Vrancea. Unfortunately, Vladimir proved to be the very worst of his kind, and a potentially prosperous county has suffered. Things are so bad there that a consortium of businessmen and other local leaders, including county DSF head Beniamin Sorin Stanishev, have petitioned parliament to have the situation in the county reviewed.

Vladimir is a great bear of a man – at least, he is now. Never overburdened with intelligence, the skinny little man was an easy convert to the Promethean cause. All he needed was to be promised money, land and the chance to remodel himself to be as he always imagined he was. One of those who pushed through the abuses of the Harvest, Ghergiev has taken full advantage of the emergency legislation.

Always a passionate hunter, his Augmentations have allowed Vladimir to hunt unarmed even the most ferocious of nature's creatures. With his two sons, Kobokha and Pravsha, and occasionally his wife, Edviga, and their put-upon servants, Vladimir is the terror of the countryside when the bloodlust is upon him. The most decadent of the boyar families in Promethea, even his fellows shy off having dealings with him. This isolation, which Vladimir is yet to notice, may prove fatal.

Mind you, if or when the DSF move in, they had better be heavily armed.

the east of the country also runs through Vrancea.

As well as viniculture, which is focused around Odobeşti and Panciu, coal, iron and copper are mined here at no small risk, considering the number of tremors every year, and there are oil deposits. There are paper mills to take advantage of the forestry industry, and agriculture to feed the people. Vrancea is a resource rich county, well placed to take advantage of its natural wealth.

Unfortunately, it is badly managed and lacking in infrastructure. The only branch line links the town of Mărăşeşti with Tecuci in Galati County. The Resistance, used to planning attacks on trains and the like, have little to do in Vrancea. This may change, as a consortium of local businessmen has petitioned the authorities to be allowed to take over the management of the county. As this group includes the local DSF senior commander, it is likely that the petitions will be well received, and the local boyar family sidelined.

BUCHAREST (BUCUREŞTI)

Since the creation of Romania and then Promethea, Bucharest has seen an explosion of development and advancement. The cosmopolitan city is a mix of old buildings and new architecture, gaining it the nickname Micul Paris – Little Paris. The streets are lit by electric lights and there are tram cars, again electric, in the city centre. Motor cars ply the streets alongside horses and hand carts. There are theatres and concert halls, art galleries and museums, and the first cinema opened in 1897.

Industry in the city is kept to the outskirts. Though it sits on the Dâmbovița River, goods come into and go out of the city by rail and road only. There is a steam-launch yard on the southern edge of the city, and patrol craft work throughout Bucharest, as well as north and south as far as the Danube.

There is currently one public railway station in the city, the Gara de Nord, and security concerns mean this is likely to remain the case. There are a number of stock yards and military stops, but the public is kept from using or seeing these where possible. On approach to the capital, trains stop a mile or so out and window shutters on the outside of the trains are used to prevent the inquisitive from seeing what they shouldn't.

"In the city itself, military personnel are very evident and none are considered to be off duty..."

In the city itself, military personnel are very evident and none are considered to be off duty. DSF and Ministry of Information officials try to be less obvious of course, but the 'men in big coats' have become something of a grim joke. Security in the city is tight, but not just because of Resistance activities. There are more than 300,000 people living in Bucharest. The rapid expansion, which includes new boulevard-style streets radiating out from the centre at cost to existing buildings, and new palaces and parks for the elite, has created a marked divide between the rich and poor. Step off a main street in Bucharest and you enter an often savage world that exists very far from the image the Promethean government would like to promote. Not for nothing do trams, taxis and carriages whisk the wealthy quickly from the Gara de Nord to the palaces and hotels of the city centre.

Though the parliament and main government offices for Promethea are here, and although this is where visiting diplomats and other such luminaries are brought, many understand that the real capital of Promethea is north of the increasingly decadent Bucharest, on the Transylvanian plateau at the city Victor Frankenstein calls home.

"This is the heart of Promethea. Or so they say. Many see it as a black heart and, I regret, with some justification. This heart beats slowly, steadily. It has power beyond the expectations of those who presume to tell me what manner of body this heart must drive.

"They have forgotten that it was I who built this body, and it is I who am the heart. The time approaches when I will remind them of that truth, and show them what it is I have wrought. Promethea is greater than they are, and brighter than any darkness they try to cloak it in.

"Promethea is born, and soon Promethea will ascend."

TÂRGU MUREŞ

Formerly the most important city in Transylvania, home of its supreme court of justice, Târgu Mures resembles something of a stately building site by 1910, as the town struggles to gain the administrative, practical and princely buildings it requires to suit its sudden rise to prominence, both national and international.

Quite why Victor Frankenstein chose the town to become his home and base of operations is anybody's guess, but it is likely due to its location – far inland and away from immediate international threat. Târgu Mures is, as near as makes no difference, the physical centre of Promethea, and now it is the beating heart of the regime.

Sitting on the River Mures, the city is reached from the north, south, east and southwest by railways that link it to all of Promethea. Frankenstein has stated that no factories or developments out of keeping with the look of the town are to be built there, so the large military base is across the river. In the flurry of construction work to build new government and DSF offices on the Piaţa Trandafirilor, those services and personnel are spread across abruptly occupied buildings throughout the town, with the DSF and Ministry of Information sharing the military base.

The existing gas lighting in the town is being replaced by electric lighting, and the network is being expanded to include other streets and certain key buildings. The roads are being improved, as well as he water and sewerage systems, and other such key services.

Frankenstein himself took over the 17th Century citadel in Târgu Mureş, and lives in the converted 15th Century church the citadel surrounds. The gatehouse fort is occupied by military security, but the other six surviving wall forts, and all the other buildings in the complex, are given over to Frankenstein's research and his training of his pupils.

The citadel is the main campus of the Târgu Mureş University, though there are plans to expand it with a purpose built facility on the edge of town, near the military base. For now, many of the relatively small number of students reside in the town. Some of the lessons are given there also, under strict security.

Târgu Mures hosts fairly regular conferences and other meetings of scientific and industrial figures from both Promethea and further afield. The main meetings take place in the citadel, during which time security is extremely tight, verging on utterly paranoid. Only a very few guests are permitted to stay within the citadel. The foreign dignitaries are housed in luxurious accommodation adjacent to the military base. The Prometheans stay within the town itself.

For the larger gatherings, a wooden structure extends out from the church in the citadel grounds that is now Frankenstein's home. The two story wooden hall, with its wide viewing gallery, can hold

up to 200 people for dining and dancing thereafter. It is heavily patrolled by the Frankenstein's own Royal Guard, who have one of the forts to themselves and by subtly, but powerfully, augmented DSF agents.

While the Resistance would have to be suicidal to launch any kind of open attack on Târgu Mures, it is a place of high intrigue. Foreign governments are desperate to learn what is being developed in the closely guarded labs so maddeningly nearby during Frankenstein's little soirees. The games played in the citadel at Târgu Mures are more subtle than the Resistance activities elsewhere, but they are no less deadly.

Generic Locations

There are certain locations throughout Promethea that are basically the same. Needless to say, these are predominantly military locations.

International Border

The borders between Promethea and its neighbours are, to all intents and purposes, closed. Usually, when a country makes such a declaration, the official crossings are barred and border patrols stepped up. The Promethean authorities, particularly the military, have decided to go one better and physically close the borders with walls, fences, trenches, and various other unfriendly barriers.

Fortunately for the smugglers, Resistance members, refugees and international spies, the borders of Promethea present some practical difficulties for those seeking to wall the country off. To the west there is lots of nice, flat land. To the south, the border is the River Danube. To the east, the River Prut stands between Frankenstein's creation and the Russians. In the north, the Carpathian Mountains complicate matters.

In the west, running from the foothills of the Carpathians in Satu Mare County to where the slopes of the Transylvanian Alps meet the Danube in Caras-Severin County, the border is largely landlocked. In a huge feat of engineering involving the military, prisoners of war and labourers employed locally, a border barrier was constructed along the whole western edge of Promethea.

The project swung into action, almost as though it had been planned all along, from around the summer of 1880, and even earlier in some areas. The single line border railway went in first, complete with sidings every five miles to allow trains to pass each other. A towering double fence went up at the same time. Between the fences was a packed earth road, wide enough for six men to march side by side. Not long after, a deep trench was dug behind the fence on the Promethean side, its sides lined with concrete, brick or quarried stones where possible.

It took more than five years to build the western border – an amazingly short space of time for such a huge project. Once it was complete, certain sections were revisited. The packed earth road surface was replaced with cobbles, stones or sometimes even asphalt. Around more sensitive areas, the fences were replaced with a wall on the Promethean side. This was particularly the case where a foreign town, village or city lay close to the border. The walled sections included the first watch towers.

By the official border crossing at Bors, both fences were replaced with walls for five miles in each direction. The walls would, by the early 20th Century, meld into those surrounding the town itself, by then little more than a military base.

In the north of the country, from the border between Satu Mare County and Maramures County and the foothills of the Carpathians in Suceava County, the mountains made it difficult to build an effective barrier. Where possible, the border railway was continued, but even that is missing for large stretches. When the weather and the terrain allows,

border patrols do what they can. DSF agents operate in the towns and villages, assuming they are not spotted by the close-knit communities.

The physical border is back for a stretch in the north of Suceava County, and the fenced border is soon bolstered by the River Prut. This then makes for the eastern border with Russia until it meets the River Danube near the city of Galati in the county of the same name.

The River Prut, much like the Danube and the other major rivers in Promethea, is patrolled by steam-launches that set out from repair and supply yards in mostly abandoned villages along the river. The fences become walls near these military stop-offs, and fall back from the river to encompass the edges of the villages. Once again, watchtowers were built on these sections first.

South and then east of Galati, the Danube enters its delta, and a practical physical border is impossible. Prone to flooding, the area is a maze of shifting waterways, ponds, lakes, marshes, and occasional high ground where there are villages and hamlets. The border here is patrolled by boats and steam-launches and by foot patrols.

The Black Sea coast of Tulcea and Constanta Counties is closely watched from the railway line that runs from Tulcea city in the north to the military base in the former town of Mangalia in the south. Further inland, more patrols are there to pick up anyone the boats and steam-launches miss.

The River Danube makes up the entire southern border of Promethea and over one third of the eastern border. The exception is a short section making up the southern border of Constanta County with Bulgaria, where the wall returns.

From south of Călărasi city, opposite the Bulgarian border city of Silistra, and running all the way west to Turnu Severin in Mehedinti County, the Danube border varies. In places, there is a fence and a military road alongside the railway line. However, due to the nature of the Danube, this is not always possible, and regular steam-launch and foot patrols take up the slack

In the mountainous gorges of the Danube's path through Caras-Severin and Mehedinti Counties, efforts continue even now to further the border railway to link up the western and southern patrols. Fortunately for the authorities, crossing the Danube here was often next to impossible before the rise of Promethea.

It took some twelve years before the international borders of Promethea were considered to be at a basically acceptable security level so far as Frankenstein and his people were concerned. They are aware that the border walls, fences and patrols would not prevent the likes of the Russian army from rolling into Promethea. What the barriers do achieve is physical and psychological statement. Individuals and small groups will have considerable difficulty in penetrating the borders of Promethea from either direction. Invading armies will be delayed and detected more quickly, allowing the military to respond. The border now provides a feeling of increased security for the elite of Promethea. For the ordinary people, it is a reminder that there is no easy escape.

Military Bases

Particularly with regard to relations with Russia, the building of the border fence was difficult diplomatically. To the Russians, it was explained as a way of insuring that undesirables from Promethea did not trouble their neighbours. Also, with the reported incidents of sabotage and minor terrorism, the Russians were told privately that the border defences were to make it more difficult for agents, likely from Austria-Hungary, to infiltrate Promethea from Russian territory. In this way, the fences were shown as a favour to the Tsar's government – they didn't have to go through the hassles of upping their security when the Prometheans were doing it for them.

The other countries bordering Promethea were

given no explanations whatsoever. Even the French, when their government expressed concern, were brushed off with a simple domestic security explanation.

If the fences were diplomatically controversial, the military bases along the border were positively inflammatory. This building program began in the mid to late 1880s in conjunction with the process by which the costal, Prut and Danube shipping towns and cities were fortified ahead of being emptied. By 1900 the essential bases were in place, and by the time of the declarations of the 8th of June 1902 the country was ringed by, and dotted with, military bases of all sizes.

The military expansion has continued, even as the border defences are being upgraded. Small outpost patrol bases are enlarged and their facilities improved. Medium sized installations grow to accommodate more troops and resources. Larger bases swallow up whole communities. Promethea is dotted with fortified buildings ranging from tumble-down castle ruins to abandoned monasteries. If appropriate, military bases can be established in these structures, with additional facilities built as required.

Being military, these places follow largely the same pattern across the country, so certain general statements can be made as to their assumed contents.

"Heavily Augmented guard dogs require a special holding pen..."

Small bases can generally be assumed to be able to hold a platoon of around 100 individuals, plus a small support staff, in relative comfort, with a high degree of reliance on rations, foraging and local support. Such bases operate along the borders of Promethea, providing troops for the watchtowers and patrol shifts. Each base controls a given section of the border (usually around five miles, with towers ever mile) and is supported by a medium or large base reasonably nearby (certainly no further than one full day's travel by rail in even the most extreme cases).

Facilities in these small bases are basic and are dependant on local conditions. At the most basic level, there are barrack blocks, a mess hall, administrative and storage buildings and usually a medical block and special Augment holding pen. These are all built around a central drill square. At the very least the small bases are surrounded by a deep trench topped with an earthen rampart and a fence of some kind. Ideally, the base is protected by a barbed wire fence and corner watch towers. The main construction material for small bases is wood. Sometimes, as they deal with Augments, the medical blocks will be half stone or fully of stone or brick.

Occasionally, a small base will be associated with a steam-launch patrol route. In this case, the supply stop for the launch will be in a separate, fenced off area of the base, with a single security gate allowing access.

A medium sized base could reasonably be expected to hold a company of three platoons at the very least, with the largest being able to hold two or three such companies. At times of extreme emergency, a medium sized base is expected to be able to act as a central administration point for an entire regiment, made up of three battalions, each of five companies.

In this instance, the base would hold the command, administration and medical staff, with the troops being billeted under canvas and in holding pens in the surrounding area.

Medium sized bases are the most common in Promethea as of 1910. Along the border, smaller bases are more numerous, but those of medium size are far more prevalent inside the country. The majority of railway patrols, for example, are conducted from these bases. The troops on foot patrol use military buildings along the route for temporary shelter or rest stops before returning to base, usually by rail.

It is usual for medium sized bases to be situated in relatively close proximity to a railway. Occasionally, if the base includes a stockyard, the railway line will pass through the base. If the line is also used by civilian traffic, such trains will stop about a mile outside the base for the external shutters to be fitted, blocking from civilian sight the activities in the base. Sometimes, particularly along the eastern and southern borders, a medium sized base may have a steam-launch repair and supply yard attached. In this case, and if there is a railway stock yard associated with the base, the extra facilities will be fenced off from the rest of the base, and a double gated security zone will allow access to and from the yard.

The basic facilities of the medium sized military base will include the usual barrack blocks, mess halls, and administrative and storage buildings. Needless to say, there will be more of them and they are likely to be bigger. The medical block and associated special Augment holding area will also be bigger and better, as they will likely include basic surgical and Augment facilities. There will be a separate DSF block for their administrative and field staff. In the case of larger medium bases, there may even be a separate DSF medical block. The base will have technical facilities too, including workshops and mechanical repair stations.

The structures in a medium sized base begin in wood but very quickly move to something more sturdy in stone, brick and metal. This is particularly the case with the technical facilities. Many of these structures are brought in by rail or on water in pre-fabricated sections.

At the very least, a medium sized base is protected by a double fenced enclosure with no more than two entrances, excluding rail and river transport access. Normally the inner fence is replaced by a wall reasonably soon into the lifespan of the base. Watchtowers on the inner fence or wall are supplemented by towers within the base itself. The fences and the exterior of significant buildings within the base will be illuminated by gas or oil burners where an independent electricity supply is not available. Where possible, watchtowers will have searchlights.

Medium bases set up inland often make use of existing structures. A number use fortresses and fortified monasteries, some of which have been rebuilt and some of which have been nationalised, with appropriate compensation for the individuals and communities involved. In all cases, this is only done where there is sufficient land nearby to allow for the emergency deployment of larger numbers of troops as detailed earlier.

Some DSF or Ministry of Information facilities will have attached to their operations a small to medium sized military base. Certain civilian facilities, resorts and spas popular with the elite, for example, or valuable mines, will also have a relevant military facility either beside them or very close by. Of course, troublesome or vulnerable areas of the country will often have bases of a size that seem far beyond the requirements for the location, at least at first glance.

Large military facilities, that is those able to easily house a regiment or two, are all associated with specific towns or cities. For example, the border crossing point at Bors, the port of Constanta, or the

town of Sighetul Marmației in Maramures in the Carpathian Mountains – all have large military bases. The facilities of these bases tend to make full use of existing structures. In the case of the port cities, the entire civilian populations have been relocated and the city buildings put to military use. Additional facilities in a large military base will always be built to last, but it is more likely that other former civilian buildings will be occupied for the purpose.

A notable exception to all of this is the town of Târgu Mureş – Frankenstein's home. As he has expressly forbidden that the town be militarized, an entirely new military facility has been constructed on the edge of town. At the moment, this is classable as a medium sized base, but the full facilities will be completed in the next two years to allow for the two full regiments to be permanently stationed there.

It is to be expected that larger military bases will have extensive training and some research and development facilities. They also house DSF and Ministry of Intelligence offices and facilities, as well as a separate area for members of the Promethean Royal Guard. Technical facilities in these bases are of superior standard, and can engineer components and even build entire systems or vehicles, though they cannot process raw materials.

There are relatively few large military bases in Promethea. Frankenstein prefers that the military be spread throughout the country, rather than being held in a few key locations. This is his paranoia speaking again. He is conscious of creating local powerbases for potential rivals. As a result, the Promethean regiments call no one place home, and they move through the country from base to base. The regiments only come together once a year for drills or manoeuvres – the bare minimum required to retain regimental cohesiveness.

Augmentation Facilities

Contrary to popular belief, the Augmentation process is a purely chemical and surgical one and does not require lightning or any other electrical discharge, spectacular or otherwise – this is just as well, for reasons to be explained later. The chemical process can be carried out on living tissue or dead tissue. When using dead tissue, it must first be treated and infused with certain chemical compounds before surgery. The sooner after death the tissue can be treated the better. If decay sets in, the fully rotted tissue must be removed. That said, the chemicals in Frankenstein's process have a remarkably regenerative effect on even the most delicate biological systems. Only the brain and key elements of the central nervous system must be utterly fresh – no more than one full day past death.

With this in mind, it should come as no surprise to learn that chemical and biological storage are key elements in any Augmentation facility, no matter what the size. The remaining element, and the most important, is security. All Augmentation facilities operate under the strictest security. The DSF and military personnel attached to even the smallest such place represent the contingent found in a small military base at the very least.

The junior to middle ranking staff will normally be confined to the facility. Their small homes are not uncomfortable, as even the junior staff generally come from the higher ranks of Promethean society. The senior staff, normally the lead surgeon and chemist, will often live off site in secured and guarded accommodation. Well appointed guest accommodation for elite visiting the facilities are normally present also. Servants' quarters and DSF and military quarters will be in a separate area that resembles a military installation in layout.

The Augmentation facilities themselves will include offices and administration areas – either rooms within one structure or, in the cases of larger facilities, in a separate but linked building. Attached directly to the surgical facility will be rest rooms for the staff, offices

and minimal accommodation for the senior staff, and a preparation suite for elite using the facility.

Within the surgical area will be pre-op rooms and a recovery and monitoring suite. The operation suite is always connected directly to the chemical and biological storage facilities. These are generally large rooms filled with various vats, storage racks and preparation tables.

Military facilities are generally a little more rough and ready, though even these have appropriate rooms in case someone from the elite should ever have need of the military surgeons and chemists. One thing the military sites have that the civilian sites don't are holding pens for the more mindless or dangerous Augments the military occasionally make use of.

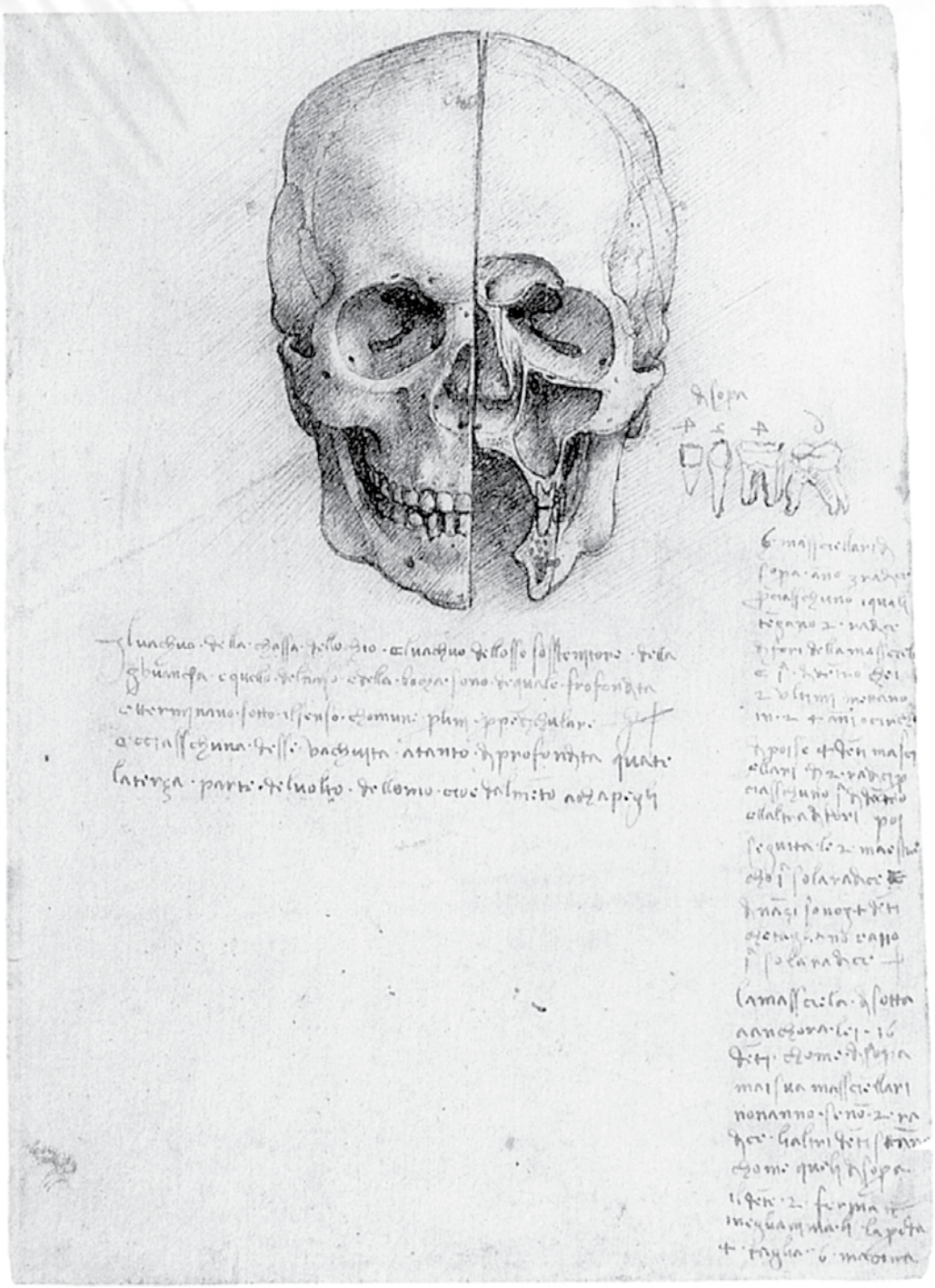
It is not unusual for Augmentation facilities to be based in pre-existing structures. In this instance, all of the same facilities will have to be fitted into the space available. Under these circumstances, to keep the surgical suite adjacent to the chemical and biological stores, it is not uncommon to have a separate surgical building added to the existing property.

Warning: Flammable Liquids

One of the principle internal security concerns raised by the Augmentation process is that some of the chemicals used are massively flammable, their vapour hugely explosive. Storage areas and the laboratories are well ventilated, with extractor systems in the more advanced centres. All lighting is safety lighting, and naked flames are forbidden. Most facilities keep the flammable components separately, often in the armoury in the case of smaller facilities.

Resistance infiltrators will make a habit of attacking the flammable material storage facilities. Even in purpose-built centres, setting fire to the chemicals is enough to raise entire buildings to the ground. There is no slow burn, no time to get away – the chemicals will erupt and explode immediately on contact with a naked flame. The Resistance use timed charges where possible, trails of other flammable materials, or suicide attacks.

Certain of the chemicals resemble petroleum products in that they will cause a flaming rain to fall after the initial explosion. This will inevitably cause additional conflagrations, as well as napalm-like burns to personnel.



V. ANTHOLOGY

HARVEST MOON

by Magz Wiseman

The Harvest had been good this year. The work was done, crops were safely in the barns and for a brief time the tired, weary folk of the village of Parva would enjoy a few days of wild celebration before the cold harsh winter brought new hardships to their doors.

Preparations were well under way for the Harvest Moon Festival, however, the buzz that emanated from the square barely covered the residue of underlying loss that the rugged county of Bistrița-Năsăud had suffered during the past year. Several familiar faces that had taken part in eager anticipation of the previous year's merrymaking were made all the more prominent by their absence twelve months on.

One young man, no more than twenty years, his once strong and muscular arms now reduced to mere stumps, watched on as the other more able-bodied men hoisted large, solid wooden tables and benches onto the village green in readiness for that evening's festivities. He took what small part he could by shouting out directions in his rich, baritone voice. Occasionally he would wonder who now directed his arms. Did they embrace some privileged noble lady or were they instead the destructive tools of some mindless and monstrous soldier, turned against his own people? He fought down the familiar bitterness, concentrating instead on the happier activities around him.

Excited chatter bubbled from a group of young women as they went around the square with armfuls of brightly coloured cloth streamers and ribbons, decorating and transforming the normally drab village square into an almost magical place. As the older girls vaguely directed the younger children to their tasks, they focused their attentions on the young men pretending not to be showing off as they busied themselves with the heavy work. All thoughts were on the coming night, each one wondering and hoping whether a proposed dance would eventually lead to a proposal of a more permanent kind.

"Sorina, I heard tell that Alexandru plans to ask for your hand at the dance tonight, just like my Nikolai did to me last year!" This announcement was met with a gaggle of giggles. Sorina waved off the comment but allowed herself a small smile. Her response instigated a further wave of thrilled laughter.

"Will you accept then?" Elena persisted, beaming with excitement.

"You would be well to keep your mind on your own wedding Elena!" Sorina chided and was satisfied to see the conversation turn immediately to that of her friend's upcoming betrothal.

Alexandru Pavenic stretched the straining muscles of his back and rubbed sweat from his eyes. A cool autumn breeze, carrying a chill from the higher peaks of the Carpathians, flowed through the open doors of the smithy but did little to dissipate the intense heat from the forge. The delightful laughter from the girls in the square were drowned out as he plunged the final piece of worked metal into a cooling barrel, leaning back sharply from the surge of steam that hissed upward.

He inspected the piece carefully. Even the smallest of defects might cause failure or misfire. Stefan Mironescu demanded that only the finest weapons

be issued to his men and Alexandru was determined to make sure that was exactly what he would receive.

Since taking command of the small local Resistance cell three years ago, Mironescu had insisted on the perfection of even the minutest of details not only in his equipment, but in the training of his people and the planning of their attacks. Since then, his tactical genius had resulted in increasingly major victories for the Resistance and his charismatic leadership had drawn more and more of the peasant population in the area to join his ranks or support him in any other way they could.

Alexandru smiled with pride at his own small part in the Resistance. His devotion to the Mironescu was unquestionable. In his mind, as in those of many others, Stefan was already sowing the seeds of Victor Frankenstein's inevitable defeat. One day, Mironescu would lead them all to freedom. Of that, none had any doubt.

Once the metal had cooled sufficiently, he glanced around cautiously checking for prying eyes. He walked to the far side of the smithy and pulled up several loose floorboards. Concealed beneath was a crate, already packed with finely crafted parts ready for shipment to the nearby mountains where they would be assembled and used by the Resistance in their continuing fight against Frankenstein and his accursed regime. Alexandru carefully placed the newly forged item inside and nailed the crate securely closed.

Sorina only half listened to the continuing chatter of the other girls. She watched curiously as two men she had not seen before talked briefly with Alexandru by the smithy door. Between them, they hoisted a crate onto the back of a small cart before climbing up. Their horse snorted as one of them cracked a whip above its twitching ears, driving it to race off down the dusty road which led to the mountainous passes beyond. Alexandru did not stay to watch them depart.

"I bet Alexandru has forgotten to stop and eat again," she said, wiping her hands on her white apron.

"Spoken like a true little wife!" Elena teased. Sorina forced a smile and shrugged.

"The entire village erupted in panic..."

"I'd better go and take him something." She ignored the excited gossiping that sprang up behind her as she left to fetch some bread and cheese.

Alexandru looked up, a smile lighting up his rugged but handsome face as Sorina approached.

"I thought you might be hungry." She smiled as she placed the food, wrapped in a small piece of cloth, upon an upturned barrel. Alexandru took the food appreciatively.

"You are too good to this stupid lump of a blacksmith," he rumbled gently.

"I thought you would be joining in with the preparations?" Sorina sat herself on a nearby box, arranging herself precisely, pleased when she saw the appreciative stare he could not help but direct at her as she adjusted her simple dress to it's best advantage.

"I had some work to finish," he explained between mouthfuls of bread.

"It must have been very important work for you to avoid helping," Sorina grinned, her eyes gazing intently at him. Alexandru nodded. "Was it a special order for the Mayor?" She leaned forward with interest, noting with satisfaction how his eyes dropped to where she had hoped they would. Country lasses may never be able to afford the beautiful low cut silken gowns enjoyed by the affluent ladies of Frankenstein's court. However, they instinctively knew how to cut and sew their own cheap woollen dresses to subtly, or otherwise, display what assets they did possess.

"Even more important than the Mayor," he winked knowingly.

A couple of young boys came into the smithy, leading an obviously agitated horse. Sorina shot them an irritated glance as Alexandru got up and examined its rear hoof.

"No rest for the wicked or the blacksmith," Alexandru smiled over at her. "You go enjoy yourself with your friends while I see to this poor beast."

Sorina nodded reluctantly and made her way back outside to where the sun was already dropping towards the snowy peaks beyond the village.

Music and laughter filled the village square as the swollen orange Harvest Moon which traditionally signified the end of the harvest and the coming of winter, heaved itself sluggishly above the edges of the Carpathians.

The festivities were well under way. The tables groaned with mounds of fruit, freshly baked bread, plates of sweet cakes, pies, large wedges of cheeses and smoked hams as the villagers let down their hair and celebrated.

One merry tune flowed seamlessly into the next as balalaikas, fiddles and flutes played the songs that had been sung in these parts for generations.

The green was filled with singing and dancing as the cups of vodka and beer gave young lads the courage to ask the young women they had had their eye on to take up the dance with them. The older inhabitants were content to sit, gossip and reminisce about how much better the past Festivals of their own youth had been.

Alexandru drained his cup, gathering his nerve to walk over to where Sorina stood at the edge of the green.

He remembered the day, during early spring, when she had first staggered wearily into Parva. A small, pretty girl with raven black hair and the bluest eyes he had ever seen, she had clutched her little bundle of possessions close to her as though they alone could ward off the wary stares of the villagers as they had crowded curiously around the newcomer. Her clothes were little more than rags and as torn as her poor, bleeding feet. She had staggered into the village square, her pale and tear streaked face pleading as she had begged for some cool water and a few crumbs of bread.

These were dangerous times with the shadow of their devilish King and his legions of unholy parodies of men lurking around every corner. However, the

"A well built man with the first twinges of grey in his hair came running forward to meet them, grasping Alexandru's hand in both welcome and relief..."

initial and justified suspicion the villagers held of the newly arrived stranger had quickly vanished as they had tended to the frail, exhausted young girl. Before long, they had taken her into their hearts as one of their own, and none more so than Alexandru who had fallen for her gentle beauty the moment he had set eyes upon her.

"Right, wish me luck!" Alexandru began to move forward, encouraged by friendly whacks on his broad back as his companions cheered him on, his throat suddenly dry with nerves at the possibility of her refusal.

Sorina could barely contain the excitement she felt as her eyes roamed around the happy and frantic activity for the moment she had been waiting for.

As Alexandru approached her, Sorina's eyes lit up.

At that moment, figures seemed to morph out from the surrounding darkness at the edge of the brightly lit village centre. A detachment of soldiers marched into the square, positioning themselves throughout. Even more could just be seen hovering on the edge of the darkness beyond. Music and singing faded to silence until only the crackle from the torches could be heard. Couples stopped in mid step as all eyes turned to the unwelcome intrusion. Immediately, the happy and jovial mood was replaced by a wave of nervous confusion, growing rapidly to a terrible dread at the sight of the clearly heavily Augmented troops that now filled the square. Several men from the village cautiously approached the them, enquiring as to the purpose of their unexpected presence. The soldiers ignored them, standing to attention, their eyes fixed straight ahead.

Alexandru turned from staring at them and spoke urgently. "Sorina! Quickly! We have to get out of here." Before she could reply, he grabbed her arm firmly and began to push her away from the square, ignoring her feeble protests. "We must leave. Now!" he whispered.

A loud and harsh voice broke the uneasy silence and barked out a command. As one, the soldiers snapped into action, firing their weapons while others grabbed flaming torches and set them to the thatched roofs of surrounding houses. The entire village erupted in

panic. People fell, no hope of defending themselves, as screams of horror and terror replaced the earlier sounds of celebration and happiness.

Through the thickening smoke, Sorina could make out swarms of hideously hulking forms as the soldiers swept through the streets quickly and efficiently. Flickering lights from the hungry flames deformed their shadows even more. Pouring through the village, the altered bulks of the Augmented troops contrasted clearly with those of their more normal-looking comrades.

Sorina looked behind her as she allowed herself to be dragged away by Alexandru. Reflections from the growing flames gleamed in her dark eyes as she devoured the scene, taking in every detail as those not gunned down, were herded together as their homes burned. Some would be Harvested, others would be Augmented to join the ranks of Frankenstein's army. The rest – they would be made an example of for the benefit of the Resistance and its sympathisers.

Those who could were trying to flee into the foothills and rocky passes of the Carpathians, whose mountainous shadows had sheltered this small village for hundreds of years. Sorina saw one soldier grab Elena's hair as she passed and jerk her neck backwards. She screamed frantically for her beloved Nikolai as one of the brutish soldiers brought the butt of his gun down upon his head. The sickening crack of his skull breaking open could be heard even at this distance.

The colourful red, yellow and orange streamers that had fluttered so prettily from the trees and tables were now a horrible reflection of the flames that consumed the village.

Tables and benches were easily tipped and thrown aside by the soldiers to feed the flames or make room for far more sinister constructions that were being carried into the square.

"Dear God above!" Alexandru said under his breath.

"Evisceration Racks..." Sorina whispered with awe at the sight of those terrible and fearful wooden frames, designed for that most ultimate of tortures.

One grotesquely burly soldier seemed to look straight at them.

"Quickly! Run!" Alexandru grabbed Sorina and headed for the outskirts of the village.

Alexandru, his large hand gripping Sorina's tightly, ran as fast as Sorina could manage, almost dragging her at times in his desperation to get her away from the horror and madness all around them. He prayed silently that the thickening smoke would help conceal them from their pursuers.

Eventually stopping to catch his breath, Alexandru pulled Sorina into the damp, dense undergrowth of a rocky hillside. The young woman laid her hand on his arm. The sound of the distant barking of tracker dogs echoed through the still air, which on this night carried the smell of death and destruction with it.

"Those ungodly hounds will soon pick up our scent..." he whispered, fearful that even at this distance those beasts, altered and enhanced like their unnatural masters, could still hear his voice.

Sorina looked questioningly at him, her breathing steady. "Where are we to go?" she asked, a tremble in her voice.

"Perhaps one of the villages deeper in the mountains will give us shelter," Alexandru suggested.

Sorina frowned and shook her head. "No, we would be no more safer there than we would back in Parva."

Alexandru seemed to be wrestling with himself, his worried eyes constantly darting around scanning for any sign of movement in the deep shadows.

"I know a place... we could get there by dawn..." Sorina's gaze was intent, afire with hope.

"Where?" She whispered eagerly.

"It would be just as dangerous as staying here though..." he tried to explain, doubtfully.

"Where?!" Sorina's voice had a sudden hard edge to it. "Nowhere is as dangerous as where we are now!" Her voice softened. "Alexandru, if anything happened

to you it would break my poor heart!" She pleaded with him and he found himself drawn, as always, into the clear, deep pools of her eyes.

Alexandru came to a decision and he nodded. "Yes, we shall go there."

Sorina took his hand gently in hers and smiled. "Then come, we must hurry."

As they made their way silently and carefully along hidden, treacherous pathways, Alexandru wished he had a coat to offer his companion to ward off the chill from her smooth, delicate shoulders.

"Not far now..." he smiled, his heart warming as she returned the smile.

Sorina stumbled and reached out to grab a small, scraggy but hardy bush, using it to help her negotiate a particularly slippery patch of rock. Several twigs snapped off in her hand and she threw them down upon the pathway they had just walked, her keen eyes flitting through the shifting moonlight for any hint of pursuit.

Every so often, Alexandru would insist they rest before doubling back on their trail.

"Why do we keep going back on ourselves?!" Sorina asked in exasperation after the third time they had done this. "Would it not make more sense that we make haste to this place of safety?"

"We must be cautious my sweet," the big man whispered softly, reaching out to brush her hair from her eyes.. "It is no ordinary place... if the soldiers were to follow us there, all would be lost," he tried to explained.

Sorina batted his hand away. "Surely we run a higher risk of being caught the longer we remain out in the open?" She grasped his hand to make up for her impatience. "I am sorry my love. It is the fear that speaks." She brushed her lips against his strong but gentle calloused fingers.

Alexandru felt his heart almost stop at her sudden show of emotion and he held her tightly to him. "You are right, as always."

As the vaguest hints of the new day began to lighten the eastern sky, Alexandru suddenly crouched down beside a large outcrop of tumbled rocks pulling Sorina gently but urgently beside him. He put his finger to his lips cautioning silence.

She gazed into the surrounding mountainside, searching for the cause of his apprehension, jerking her attention to where a lone bird call violently broke the silence around them. She felt every muscle tense as a sudden rush of adrenalin coursed through her body.

Alexandru put his hands to his mouth and issued a soft whistle of his own. Sorina glanced at him, her eyes flicking all around in nervous anticipation.

Behind her, she heard the soft fall of a dislodged pebble and quickly turned to see whether Alexandru had heard it also. He gave no sign of having noticed. As a second hoot shrilled from somewhere close by, he smiled grimly and rose up from where they hid.

Apparently from nowhere, two men emerged from the rocks and undergrowth just up ahead of them. Alexandru waved and nodded, gesturing for her to follow him as he silently moved towards the shadowy figures. Without words, the men turned and led them along a barely recognisable path and into a dark crack within the mountainside. They made their way confidently through the near pitch-blackness for an unfathomable amount of time.

Eventually a warm, orange glow began to flicker against the hard rock ahead, throwing sharp, harsh shadows along the tunnel wall. As they turned an abrupt corner, Sorina took a sharp breath as she gazed around the large, bustling space that suddenly opened up around them.

Low moans of grief and pain echoed around the cavern as survivors of the attack on Parva were tended to by men and women, some of whom she recognised from both her own village as well as from several nearby.

Various weapons, piles of crates and supplies of food lay among tent-like dwellings in what appeared to be a large and permanent camp.

"Sasha!" A well built man with the first twinges of grey in his hair came running forward to meet them, grasping Alexandru's hand in both welcome and relief. "We heard what happened to Parva. Some have made it here already." His eyes were filled with genuine sorrow.

"It was brutal Stefan. They came without warning, we stood no chance. I've never seen so many Augmented soldiers! All against a small and defenceless village? It doesn't make any sense!" He shook his head sadly, shaken and horrified.

"Perhaps it was a retaliation, because of us, our raids" Stefan speculated quietly. "Who can say what twisted reasons they had. I swear to you though, we shall avenge them. They may think to crush our spirit, frighten us into submission – however, this atrocity will only make us stronger, more determined." His eyes were alight with passion and hatred as he clasped Alexandru's shoulder tightly. "They will not be forgotten.

Stefan's eyes flickered to Sorina who had stood quietly as the fabled Resistance leader had spoken. Alexandru turned to Sorina, introducing the man standing before them.

"Sorina, this is Stefan Mironescu. A great and good man." Stefan bowed his head in greeting.

"Yes I know." Sorina smiled.

"He has been coordinating the Resistance in these parts for over... you know?" Alexandru broke off, staring at her in puzzlement. Stefan drew back, a look of dread flickering across his face.

"Oh yes. We have been looking for him for a long time," she said softly.

Several shouts were suddenly silenced by the deafening blast of rapid gunfire from the tunnels beyond. All around, panic began to replace shock and disbelief as Sorina stood calmly regarding the man before her. A boy rushed over to where they were standing and thrust rifles at Stefan and Alexandru. "They've found us!" His voice was high with terror. Sorina ignored the lad as he ran off to issue more weapons and ammunition as the camp prepared to defend itself.

"You see we have known for a long time that the Resistance had an active base in this area – we just could not find it... until now. All we needed to do was to flush you out. Why waste time and resources hunting for this place when you could lead us here so willingly?" She glanced at Alexandru.

He stood rooted to the spot, shaking his head, the heartbreak and horror clear in his gentle eyes. Stefan aimed his gun slowly at Sorina, his eyes hardening.

Seeing this, Alexandru stepped protectively in front of the girl.

"Stefan no! This must be a mistake. Sorina isn't responsible for any of this. I know she isn't!"

Sorina, rolled her eyes. "You pathetic dolt! Of course I am! Can you not see?"

"Step away man! Get away from her!" Stefan ordered. Alexandru shook his head, refusing to believe what was happening. He turned to her not seeing the activity in the cavern as anyone able grabbed weapons and set up defensive positions.

"Oh no. No. Not you Sorina. It can't be." His voice was a quiet sob as he regarded his beloved standing triumphantly beside him. More gunfire could be heard as the advancing troops neared the main cave.

Sorina smiled coldly at him, her blue eyes now turned to ice. "Do you really think I would have anything to do with some country fool like you?" She sneered, her face twisting with disgust.

"Why?" Alexandru whispered pitifully. Stefan edged slowly around, easing himself into a better position.

"For Promethea!" She said standing upright with pride. "To rid our noble country from the scum that

would see our glorious leader fall! For my family... and for General Petrescu, my lover. Oh how I have craved his touch these long, dreary months!" Sorina felt a thrill of excitement as she could see how her words stabbed and twisted Alexandru's heart as surely as if she had taken a blade to him herself. "I will take him to see you as you hang from the racks... would you like that? You can watch as we kiss beneath your steaming entrails!"

Sorina had shown outstanding aptitude in infiltrating other pockets of the so-called Resistance and had immediately volunteered for this mission. To bring Mironescu, that incessant nuisance, to his knees would be reward enough. With the additional promise of Augmentation, to be carried out by one of the finest surgeons in Promethea, she had begged for the chance to prove herself. This success would allow her to continue her covert work and raise her family to an even greater position within Frankenstein's court.

As Sorina's attention drifted for those few fleeting seconds of self indulgence, Stefan swiftly brought his gun up. Alexandru instinctively swung his own rifle around and fired.

For a second, Stefan stared, astonishment in his eyes as he slowly sank to his knees, the front of his white shirt staining red. Alexandru could not move as his world collapsed around him. He was dimly aware of laughter. Laughter that still sounded so sweet to his ears.

Sorina watched with satisfaction as the soldiers, who had faultlessly followed the trail she had carefully left from the village, flooded into the cavern. Her heart swelled with pride as they efficiently rounded up or gunned down all those within. She turned her attention once more to Alexandru.

Alexandru now pointed his gun at her, too shocked to shed tears. Sorina's smile once more melted his heart and his arms fell limply to his side.

As the blacksmith was roughly hauled away by two brutish soldiers, Sorina looked around with pleasure at her work. Stefan lay dead at her feet. The Resistance in this part of Promethea was shattered and she was finally rid of that lummox of a blacksmith. It had indeed been a fine Harvest this year and her future looked brighter than ever before.

LORELEY

by Andrew Harman

There is a legend, a myth. Countless years old, drifted down from the higher rivers. From over the German border - Loreley. A woman from beneath the waters of the Rhine emerging naked and dripping, to sun herself on the rocks. More erotic than any young sailor's desperate imaginings, perfect in every detail and utterly intoxicating. Once caught by her lure, hooked as she caresses herself, drawing the unwary ever closer to the tragic rocks waiting perilous below the surface, tragic cold doom was inevitable. They say that legend is born from truth. Absolutely. But what twisted legends will be spawned malformed from this truth I find myself in I can only shudder to consider.

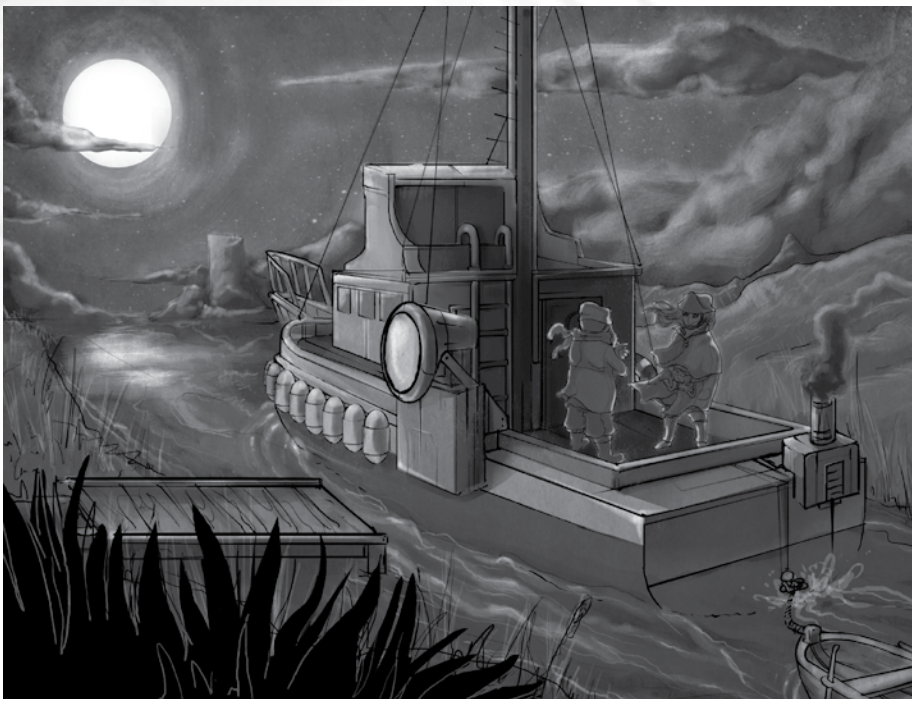
I've lost track of how many times I've been back over it. That one Loreley night, every move, every decision and I couldn't have changed any of it. I was in over my head before I had even met her, hooked and drawn.

It was a normal solo patrol out of Tulcea on a typical cold still night. Egrets chattered, muffled in the reed beds. I was piloting the steam-launch *'Prut'* down stream looking for the usual suspects. Desperates trying their luck with black market goods from over the border. The rewards must be good for them to risk it. And risk it they do. How they make it so far against the currents in such cobbled together boats barely capable of floating I can only guess. I had come across a fresh wreck before evening had grown in. Holed and trapped in the heavy silt of a tidal backwater, before the tide engulfed it, wooden struts sticking above the water like skeleton ribs from the eviscerated. I spotted the leg of one of them, but there was nothing worth Harvesting. Too far gone. I left it for the fish.

Footholes in the bank showed someone had got the cargo out. It's a losing battle. Too few of us in these endless creeks and backwaters to stop them getting through. More boats, more officers, that's vital, can't win without.

It was nearing dusk and the tide was approaching full. Huge heavy equinox tide that crept higher than ever I had seen. I fired up the searchlight. The new electricity powered one. It crackled into life, huge and dazzling in the vast glass housing. Within half an hour I had a target. I picked out a rowing boat tethered to an almost sunken pole thrust in the bank. In moments I was alongside, anchored and over the side, wading over in my waterproofs. I approached with caution, my ears straining for some clue of who was there. Something didn't sit right with me about this. It didn't feel like black marketeers. They wouldn't moor up and head onto land, unless there was something badly wrong with the deal. I was half expecting to come across a group of them, throats cut and bleeding dry after a squabble over profits.

Suddenly she broke through the reeds, moving fast, purposeful. I caught her in my handlight, pale dazzled, shocked, frozen in mid track. That was how we met. The muddy reeds of a tidal creek, water rising all around. She had all the right papers giving her permission to be there. Everything seemingly in order to show she was working on the highest tide of the year. Taking data about tidal levels and back flows and most of it I didn't understand. Out in the dark to check. A tidal defence scheme was nearing



"I guided the 'Prut' up the narrow swollen creek, her boat tethered behind..."

completion for a new military work just downstream of here. It all sounded right. Too right. That and the fact that she answered a little too quickly as if she had to be somewhere very soon. When I started talking about taking her back to check this all out she turned just a little more agitated. She was hiding it well. But I could sense it. She knew the only way I was going to be convinced was to see it for myself.

I guided the *'Prut'* up the narrow swollen creek, her boat tethered behind, rounded a tight bend and there it was. A small but immensely solid gate hung in the water between two stone quaysides. Off cuts of large pipes were piled together with various tools. Inside the quay, I could see signs of building in the searchlight. But I could barely make out any structures, just a heavy looking entrance heading down through the quay itself.

It was a laboratory, she explained almost off hand. I was certain that she shouldn't be telling me and that I shouldn't be listening. But she wanted to talk, as if she hadn't had the chance for days. And I wanted to listen to her. A small flask of vodka appeared from one of her pockets and she handed me a metal cup of it. It was good Russian stuff, I could smell the quality rising off it. I knew it would be smooth and warm and would take the chill off the night. It wasn't poisoned, she joked. And her face lit up as she laughed. She reminded me of my sister before she had been returned from the Harvest. Too innocent not to trust. It tasted how I imagined it would. She poured another and carried on talking.

The laboratory was Professor Buchar's, she said. The name meant nothing to me. Well, it wouldn't. I wasn't privy to such knowledge. Until then. I felt a buzz of power as I filed that fact away. There was a reason that I didn't know about this laboratory. There was a reason almost nobody knew of it. It was self funded. Buchar, she explained, was one of the most sought after surgeons in the region and he was paid very well for his expert cosmetic effects. I shuddered as I thought how he had gathered that money, taking from the beauty-blessed powerless and selling his

"I could barely comprehend it, scarcely imagine what purpose this could possibly have..."

surgical services to the grotesque rich. But money wasn't everything. Buchar wanted power and he had a sure fire in with those right at the top. Something in his lab. My imagination surged with speculation. What could be that important? I was exhilarated and terrified at the same instant. I heard myself ask her, listened in alarm as my voice pressed her in the still tidal night.

She didn't answer directly. She said her explanation wouldn't be enough. I had to see it. How I was convinced to actually moor up outside the gate I still don't know. But I followed her off the *'Prut'* , onto the stone and on towards the door that led to the laboratory. We descended into the darkness, I hardly noticed that the door was unlocked, so desperate was I to find out what was lurking under there. She pulled the wall contact and the lighting crackled into life. I swear my heart paused for a moment as row upon row of tanks were revealed, shocked into view under the cold lights. Each tank was flowing with greenish salt water taken from directly outside, pumped by an elaborate system. At first I thought I was looking at undersea trees as these tanks contained structures that rose in the water, branching and dividing into finer and finer threads and filaments. But I quickly saw how wrong I was. Under the tanks, held in dry cages, suspended from wires were dozens of animals, ranging from mice up to large dogs, their chests split wide, their lungs torn out and instead connected to the arrays in the tanks. My heart sank as she said one word. Human. The arrays were human lungs, submerged in the water and keeping the sorry creatures alive. I could barely comprehend it, scarcely imagine what purpose this could possibly have.

One final trial, she explained, and Buchar would perfect an augmentation that would close the weakest border. It was only a matter of time before men would patrol beneath the surface – perfectly concealed coastal security. I was utterly revolted. We needed security but at what price? I was surrounded by abominations of what had once been human beings, their lungs torn from them and meticulously

unravelled even as the rest of those harvested bodies were pumped with chemicals and sent to augment God knows who. My head was filled with images of my sister. Her eyes, so pale and beautiful before they were torn from her for the sake of vanity and replaced with those of a dog. It's one thing the scar gangs couldn't protect her from. Eyes are useless to everyone once scarred. I thought of the pain she had gone through, the screaming agony these tanks represented. I hated Buchar, loathed a man I had never met, was revolted to the core. I felt the surge of hot vomit choke me as I doubled over, retching acid.

As I steadied myself, palm against the damp wall, every fibre in my body wanted that lab destroyed. But it was an impossible rage. Guards would overrun the place at the first signs of sabotage.

She pointed to a smear on the wall, another on the floor. I had taken it to be some oozing dampness from being below water. On closer inspection I knew it was blood. The guards had been dealt with, perhaps only moments ago. I imagined the close-combat skirmishes as Resistance fighters swarmed in, blades primed for swift attack.

Now that I've had time to relive that night over again, I know she was watching me, my reaction. She read me. Knew what I was feeling. She put down the large wrench she had been holding as insurance. At the time I didn't have the chance to know what it meant, but now, I know. If I hadn't reacted so violently against the monstrosities around me the wrench would have taken me down and I would have been lost down there forever. She slammed a large plan into my hand and pushed me towards a bank of wheel valves in the wall knowing I would join her as she started pulling them open. Below and around I heard the surging of liquid. It powered through pipes behind the walls and swelled into the green tanks. But this was filthy water, silt heavy and dark, choking the tanks. In that moment I realised that I had the power to destroy all that was around me, the hateful unspeakable attrocities that would come. I swung on those valves, elated and horrified as grills oozed up with heavy silt water. In moments it was surging around my ankles. She pushed me to the exit, slipping up the stone steps we hurried into safety along the quay. Below, the heavy nightmare silt surged into the lab, burying, destroying.

Ahead I could see the *'Prut'* idling slowly on the peak of the tide. The vast iron gate was swinging shut, pushed by surging silt backing up behind.

I realised that soon the whole quay would be lost

below the tidal ooze, just another misshapen bulge in the shifting coastline.

On the boat I spun the control valve, powering her away from the quay, cutting the lines. Behind, in the night, the silt surged into the laboratory. I heard tanks smashing under the pressure, heard trembling blasts of gas as trapped air was blown out. As I headed upstream we were suddenly pinned by the lights from two vast launches, one in front, one behind. Our capture was inevitable, hard moments away.

She tried her best to hide her involvement, claiming to be black market who had been caught by me and was being taken back for arrest. I found I admired her for that. She knew she was going to get the severest punishment either way it played out, but this way she got to protect other Resistance fighters. And in a small way, protect me. Whether she planned to get me involved from the start I haven't a clue. Whether I was just some unfortunate unplanned event, I'll never know. But once I caught her on the bank after she had set the whole scheme into action, she knew I was her best chance of completing her mission. I could have had had her tied up in questions for just too long. And escape? She could no longer have outrun the *'Prut'* than it could have outrun those launches. She would have missed that equinox tide and its surging strength, the head of water high enough on that one night to bury that lab in cloying life sucking silt. Even to the end she was giving me information, telling me how she had been involved for months, redesigning the waterflow system to create this act of cold sabotage. Telling me so that if I could leak some of it, just a smallest rumour, then the legendary Resistance would have more power, more strength and another victory.

I didn't get any of it out.

There is a legend of a woman who lures victims to cold deaths in dark waters. There is only one thing wrong with that legend. I am not dead. I float. In a tank? In an open waterway? I know not. If I strain I can see the hausers descending into the cloudy dark. Ahead of me I see her, hair trailing graceful, weightless, pinned and mounted on experimental stakes. Her chest is torn open, spilling her lungs into the water like so much kidney-hued smoke. Sometimes her eyes flick open and she tries to scream, but it is utterly silent. No bubbles. Not a ripple.

They wanted human volunteers, well here we are. Me and the woman known to the Resistance as Loreley.

OPPORTUNITY

by Iain Lowson

Ioan hated cars.

There seemed to be more and more of them on the streets of Bucharesti these days, their blaring horns making him jump like a rabbit, the futtering, clattering motors making him cough. That was bad enough, but the damn cars carried all the best marks right by him, whisking them away before Ioan could lighten their loads.

Ioan didn't live in Bucharesti as such. He stayed in an old farm building on the outskirts, in the little hamlet of Dobroesti. He lived there with anything from two to a dozen other street kids, depending on the sweeps. Things had been hard enough scrabbling for sufficient food to get through another brutal winter when Bucharesti was still a real capital city. Ioan hadn't cared who Frankenstein was, only things got worse when the king told everyone who he really was and shipped out to Târgu Mures.

Then the realities of Promethea had come crashing down. The sweeps had started when the foreign guests began to come to Bucharesti. Beggars, drunks, homeless, all dragged off the streets. In the beginning, they were mostly just dumped out at the edge of the city, or held in warehouses, or barns, or anywhere else big enough until the foreign visitors went home. Home, or on to Târgu Mures. Slowly, after the country sealed its borders, the sweeps took an ugly turn. Hints to not come back into the city became threats. Threats became beatings. Broken bones. People vanished, or worse, they were found by their friends, their families. Then their friends, their families would leave.

Ioan had nowhere else to go. Besides, something in him was stubborn. Proud. Bucharesti was his city. The city had expanded fast, even though it eventually lost so much to Târgu Mures. Ioan was surprised at how much the continued ascension of Frankenstein's chosen home irked him. He had no loyalty, no real sense of civic pride, but Bucharesti was the capital of Romania! The capital! It should be where all the best marks were; not stumbling around some permanently half-frozen village in the god-forsaken mountains looking for a decent restaurant.

So, things were tougher. Dobroesti was now on the edge of the growing suburbs of Bucharesti, and would soon be swallowed up entirely. The farm buildings Ioan stayed in had been abandoned. The family that had lived there were forcibly moved on by some government agency or another. Ioan spat on the dry ground. So many agencies, so many men walking the streets with ugly eyes and the same coats. That was the most ridiculous thing; they all had the same big, black coats. Bulky, hiding things. Sometimes terrible, horrible things.

Men in black coats could go jump in the Dâmbovița.

Ioan learned fast. He adapted. He found a job hawking newspapers in the street, giving him a reason to be there, a reason to look at passers-by, even to look at the black coats. The job itself effectively paid nothing, but it meant opportunities. Sometimes, Ioan could lift a wallet, or pair of gloves, or a watch with one hand while handing over a newspaper with the other. Most of the time, it just let him spot and track a mark. Best of all, the working day could be as long as Ioan liked. He could work the theatre crowds from out in the open, rather than in the dark alleys. There were

always good marks rolling out of the restaurants late at night. And fewer cars too! Maybe there were none in Târgu Mures. No cars. There were no theatres in Targu Mures either. No fancy restaurants. Ioan would stick with Bucharesti a little longer.

It was late at night, maybe even early in the morning, and Ioan was beginning the long walk back to his farm house. He still had some papers with him. They made it easy to get past the guards on the bridges on the way home – a few free papers, a few jokes, sometimes even some rations, and all from the same troops who would have been as happy to sweep him from the streets had he not got smart.

Only that night, Ioan made a rare mistake.

The mark was too good to resist. Clearly rich, clearly drunk, and staggering through a quiet street. Ioan put his papers down under a public bench. He watched the mark as he moved from street lamp to street lamp, from one patch of buzzing electric light to the next. A soft, misty drizzle clouded the pools of light, causing the mark's rich cloak to glisten and shimmer. Ioan drifted closer, his hands in his pockets, eyes flicking left and right, ears straining to hear other footsteps, other sounds that might mean a patrol, or more sober passers-by. Nothing.

Ioan saw the watch chain from quite a distance. Unmistakably gold, heavy and deeply coloured. The mark was leaning against a lamp post, muttering rubbish. Ioan smirked, confident, almost feeling sorry for the mark. He stretched out his hand, gathering himself to spring away once chain and watch were his. The loops of the chain were deliciously heavy, and the watch a real weight. It came free of the pocket, swinging towards its new, temporary owner.

And suddenly Ioan was on his back, the breath driven from him, a great weight crushing him down. His head rang from the blow it took when it hit the cobbles. His vision swam and bile burned the back of his throat. He coughed, choking and spitting. Hot breath, fetid and wine-soaked, warmed his face.

"Get off! Get off me! You dropped your watch!" Ioan spluttered, the old excuses, the old lines falling from his lips by habit as his mind fought back from the impact. "I was just..."

"Stop" said the man thing crouched on Ioan's chest, his accent heavy. "Look. Look at me." Ioan looked. The man was younger than Ioan had assumed, and heavier. The cloak he'd worn had not been so bulky as he'd thought. The thighs, shoulders and arms of the man were distended, as unnatural as the speed the former mark had moved with. His eyes glittered, the pupils wide and weirdly reflective, almost glowing with a sickly green inner light. But his breath still stank of stale wine, and he blinked too often.

Ioan lifted his knee. A skinny, fourteen year-old, bony knee, driven by a desperate desire to get back home, and guided by considerable experience.

The weirdly reflective eyes bugged out, the weight on Ioan shifted a little and, with a wriggle, he was free. A second later, he was running, and another second later he was spun around by a blow to his shoulder as something passed him in a blur.

Something that laughed and smelled of stale wine.

Ioan stumbled and fell heavily. Looking up from the ground, he saw the man thing crouched again a little distance from him, grinning horribly. The man waved childishly with both hands.

"What is wrong, kleine junge? Not enjoying yourself? I am enjoying myself. Very much." The man swept his hands from shoulder to feet, indicting the Augmentations. "You like my >urrrp< my body? It is very expensive and new. We try it a little more."

Ioan gathered himself. He feinted to the right, then drove his leading foot down and pushed off to the left as he saw the man thing bound forward. The slick street caused Ioan to slip, and he fell once again. This time, it saved him, as the man thing passed clean over him. Ioan took full advantage and sprinted for

all he was worth. Behind him, the man thing roared a guttural, drunken roar of frustration and hate. Ioan heard feet and hands scrabble for purchase. The boy pushed himself as hard and fast as he could, hoping to reach a more public place, a more populated street. Behind him he heard his pursuer laugh. Hot breath touched his neck, then the grinning face was before him.

Crying out, Ioan was lifted and flung. He twisted and spun in the air, his fall completely uncontrolled. He saw the hard ground coming up to meet him, but he didn't hit it. Instead, he was grabbed again, thrown again, skidding along the cobbles, tumbling, tumbling, sliding, coming to a slow halt.

Pain threatened to overcome Ioan. He was battered and bruised, cut and torn, his clothes too. One shoe was gone. His foot was cold. Gasping, sobbing, Ioan looked up. He saw the man thing, crouched again, the mocking grin taunting him. Rage flared in Ioan, the kind of prideful rage that only teenagers can draw on. He would not die snivelling on the ground. He staggered up, aching. He glared darkly at the man thing squatting in the shadows.

It laughed.

"I like you. It is good you do not just... stop. The others just stop. Or they cry. Or they beg." The man thing clapped, again childish, insulting. "Yes. I like you. But. But, but, but... I still kill you."

The man thing leapt, and Ioan flinched.

Something heavy struck the street with a wet, thick sound.

Screams!

Frantic, pained screams that suddenly choked off.

Ioan opened his eyes. The man thing was twisting and writhing on the ground, lit from above by one of the harsh new electric lights. Ioan watched, eyes wide, mouth open, as the man thing came apart. He could actually hear tendons tear loose as the far-too-powerful Augmented muscles of the man thing's thighs and shoulders bunched and flexed uncontrollably. Ioan heard the snap-pop of the creature's right arm as it broke, the shattered tips pushing clear through muscle and ripping through overstretched skin. The man thing's head flopped and flailed with the rest of him, his screams done, reduced to whimpering moans and gurgled, wet incoherence.

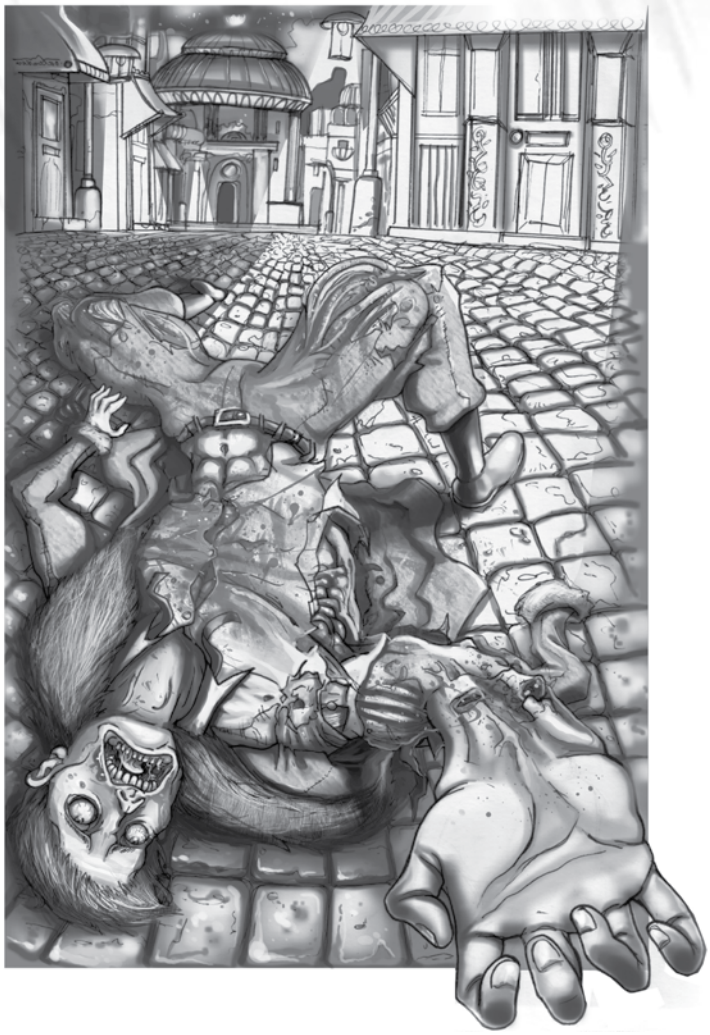
In moments, it was over. Ioan listened to the laboured breathing of the man thing. The sound grew fainter, overwritten by the electric buzz of the light overhead. The glittering eyes, now clouded and bloodshot, rolled in their sockets. They focused on Ioan. The red-spittle flecked lips moved, but no sound came.

Ioan slowly walked forward. He saw blood, smelled piss and shit in the growing pool under the body of the man thing. He saw something glitter. Ioan smirked. He bent down, picking up the watch. It was heavy. Deliciously heavy. And only slightly wet. Ioan put it in his pocket and turned to walk away. Then he stopped. He looked back, locking eyes with the dying man thing.

Ioan motioned at the broken body, pointing at some of the still twitching muscles. "Your body? Not expensive enough, I think. But the watch? The watch is very good."

Turning away, Ioan saw his lost shoe a little way off. He smirked again.

"Lucky" he said out loud, but only to himself.



"Something heavy struck the street with a wet, thick sound..."

MAGDJA'S RUNNER

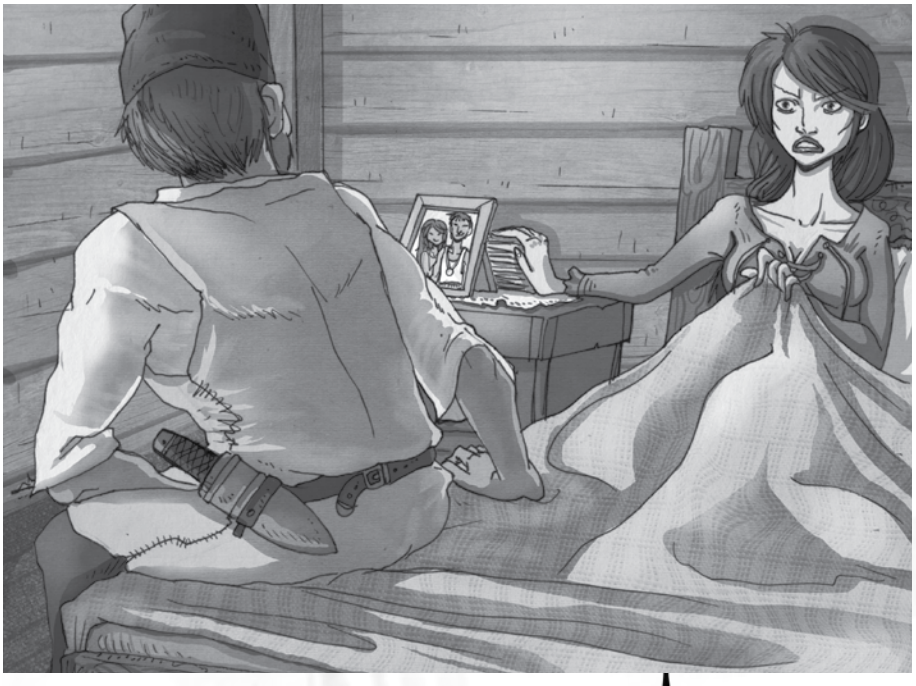
by Andrew Harman

I was jolted awake with a hand clamped tight across my mouth. The weight of a lean man pressed down hard on my shoulders, stopping me moving in my bed. His forearm pressed the buttons of my nightgown hard between my breasts. Adrenaline surged inside, rising on a tide of apprehension.

"You will say nothing, yes?" whispered the silhouette in the dark. I tried to nod but he held me still. My heart was racing, fight or flight, I felt sure I could clamp my teeth onto his palm, bite into his flesh. And I would have but I felt the pressure on my chest ease as he cautiously released me. He looked away, sat up on the edge of my bed, head in hands, lost in his thoughts. The silence of the last moments before a cold dawn pressed in around us both.

"Take what you will," I whispered, "but I have nothing."

He shook his head slowly, a man hearing an achingly tragic truth. "I'm no thief," he said, his words heavy as he placed a small cloth parcel onto the bed. "Open it," he whispered after a pause that seemed to last an eternity. Unsure, my fingers worked at the parcel, teasing it open. Something hard and metallic dropped out of the folded material, shining thinly in the dawn light. It was a medal, a sports gold medal, red ribbon looped through it, uniquely inscribed. I recognised it immediately. "Where did you get this?" It could only have come from one place, from the man who had held it high in victory.



"'You will say nothing, yes?' whispered the silhouette in the dark..."

My head filled with images of The Finals, the small wooden podium, an exhausted man glowing with the flush of sheer achievement. My Piotr had given all of himself to be first across the line and he was being rewarded for it. "I saw him win this, saw him on the podium. It was the proudest day."

"Yes - you supported him well."

I wasn't sure why I suddenly felt defensive. "That was his marathon to win. He was clean. No drugs, no enhancements." I saw his shoulders tense, clenching his entire body as I spat out the last word.

"Maybe it would have been better if he had dabbled. Impure he might have had a quicker end." I didn't know what to make of that, or the silence that followed. It felt as if he was steeling himself to say something of great importance and even greater difficulty. He breathed in, what came next took me by surprise. "He loved you, you do know that, don't you?"

Loved? The past tense jarred, set my teeth and my heart to steel. "Loves," I hissed back. "We are engaged for marriage. Once he finds accommodation I will join him, we will be together."

"He spoke of you, even to the end."

The words hung hollow, ominous. "What is this? What are you not saying?" My mind was leaping ahead, filling in the leering gaps. "He has a good job on the Boyar's Estate, chasing up the pheasants for the hunt and when he has saved enough for us, for us both...." His heavy unresponsive silence was too much. I ran out of words.

"Is that what they told you? His marathon training would help keep him strong and raise many birds into the sky? Inventive."

"Truth," I insisted, but I felt a growing doubt.

"No." And once again he let the silence flood in, drenching his words in dread.

It was suddenly too much, I leapt at him. "Tell me, damn you." I clawed at his arm, nails digging into muscle.

He struggled to push me away, contain my nails and force them to the bed. "He was right. You are as strong as he was. Magdja, forgive me." His voice sounded suddenly thin, paper fragile. "You must still remain proud of him, know that he was the strongest." He released my hands.

Every fibre in my body wanted to tear information from him, rip it from his trembling throat but there was something about the way he fought to find the right words that made me pause, leave my nails where they were. This was important to him and he knew it was vital that I know.

"You have to know that he ran well. Better yet than any." His voice, when it came, was grave and yet flooded with admiration. "Remember that cold still dawn two days ago? That was his glory day. I knew it as soon as the light hit him. He was ready for it, brimming with energy. And so was the Boyar. He called the hounds to him. Gods, I thought I hated them then, but now... " I heard his knuckles crack as his fists tightened unconsciously. "Sorry. You have to know this, he said you would want to."

Not really understanding what was coming I nodded. He took a breath and continued.

"They brought hounds out, silent, onto the grass before the Manor. They must have sensed something, never seen them salivating so much. Your Piotr joined them, proud before their black hides, knowing that it was his first day out, his first run to impress. I know that even then he still believed the lie that he was to chase the birds from their cover, fling them into the sky for the dogs and the guns to take them down. And he was honoured for it. The Boyar in his crimson coat and those impossible shoulders, handed your Betten a drink of spirit."

My heart surged as he used that word. Only a few villages used Betten in favour of other terms of endearment. His words took on an even heavier ring of truth.

"There was a short blast of the horns and it began. The speed he launched off away from the Manor was amazing. A cheer went up as everyone realised that today was going to be a special one. With a champion athlete at the head it would make a proud day's hunting. The hounds started snarling. The Boyar had them, leashes straining in one hand holding them back. I could almost smell their impatience as they clawed at the ground, muscles rippling under their scarred skin. But they were going nowhere until he was ready. Then he really shocked me. Never seen him do this before. He grabbed his coat at the neck and tore it off, hurling it to the floor. It was like he was one of them, watching as their prey ran across the fields."

The bed felt like it shifted under me as I realised what I was hearing.

"Believe me, Magdja, he ran well. He must have know they were chasing him, must have sensed it early, he raced for the deep undergrowth. I'd seen others try this, attempt to snarl the dogs in the dense brush, hope it would catch their fur – but it always failed. In minutes the hounds would be on them and shredding flesh. But not that day. I saw him crashing through the branches like he knew his life hung on it. He broke across the moors, powering his way through the deep heather that has snapped so many ankles and on to the oak forest. Occasionally I caught snatches of the Boyar in my binoculars as he blasted through undergrowth hard on his hounds and I could see the wild delight in every muscle as he raced to deliver the last reward."

"How long did ...?" I heard my voice, disembodied as if it was someone else, someone who understood what I didn't want to. He looked at me, trying to read me.

"Some fall within the hour and are left fleshless and without honour to the hounds. Others go to ground like vermin. But your Piotr – Magdja, he made you proud, he outran four of the Boyar's best augmented hounds. I collected them later. Their hearts were ruptured with the effort of the chase. Never seen that. He kept them off for three hours but it was too much. I'm not sure what happened, he just suddenly collapsed, a tendon snapped almost certainly. But that was it, all over bar the waiting. Wasn't long before the Boyar himself caught him, slamming him into a tree on the edge of open ground. If I hadn't been on the horse I wouldn't have seen it, wouldn't have witnessed the sheer pleasure on the Boyar's face. I've seen him run others down and he has simply taken them and twisted their spines out in disgust, leaving them like crushed rags. But this was the closest I had seen to admiration and respect. Your Piotr had run well, given

a good chase. He picked him up, clutched him to his sweat-run chest and held him for a moment before he drew his knife and ran it across his throat."

"What is this? What sick delight are you getting from telling me this? Get out!"

He turned to me, genuinely surprised at my reaction. "Don't you see, it is good news? Such a killing can mean only one thing."

He looked at me as if I should understand, as if it should make some sense.

"His flesh is clean," he said. "His best efforts have been honoured. His body has been spared for augmentation."

For a moment I though this intruder had come to ready me for the shock of seeing what they had done to him. I strained my eyes past the door, waiting for a glimpse of him, preparing myself to fight back what I thought of his appearance and know that he was still the same man underneath. But everything inside me knew this was a false hope. My head reeled as I heard myself say it. "What have they taken?"

"Legs, lungs and heart," he whispered. "The runner's strength. The Boyar had to have it all."

I felt like my heart had stopped, my world had ground to a shuddering halt.

"Be proud my dear," said the intruder as he stood and backed towards the door. "Know that what remains alive will be cared for."

"Why? God, why?"

"He ran the Boyar's best hound until its heart collapsed, its leg had snapped and the lungs were worn ragged. His couldn't lose his favourite."

The door closed almost silently and I was left alone with my heavy pounding heart and the medal. That medal he had worked so hard to take. I stared at it, loving it and despising it. It had betrayed him, showed him to be stronger than all the rest, more worthy of notice from those interested in a different twisted sort of running. The red ribbon seemed to taunt me. I saw it around his neck as deadly as a noose, tightening, squeezing out his life. And I felt sick to my soul. I had helped him win, fed his hunger for victory and, in so doing, betrayed him utterly. The heart he had put into his dreams, the heart he promised to me, that heart lived on yes, but it was enslaved. Parts of my Piotr would run on for years now, soulless anatomy driving an abomination, powering a pack-leader death hound at the head of the baying hunt. What remained of him would be cared for, fed, groomed but I wanted to know none of it.

WITNESS

by Iain Lowson

The black-garbed priest closed the door to his small, lamplit room. He stood for a moment, his back to the door, as though gathering himself for some great physical effort. He was not an old man, nor a corpulent man, but the steps he took into the room required more effort than any he had taken in his life before. The Herculean task led him to a table. He lowered himself down into his chair. Folding his hands in his lap, he just sat there. If he noted the time that passed, he gave no sign. No great sigh passed his lips. He did not move. Only his slow, regular breathing showed he lived. During the long minutes, his eyes never left the pale, well-travelled writing box that sat on the plain wooden table.

The priest finally reached out one hand to the box. The hand rested on the lid for a moment, longer yet, before opening it and removing paper, pen, ink and a blotter. These were laid out methodically, precisely. Once this was done, the priest sat back again. His eyes flicked between the items on his table. Abruptly, his hand went to his chest, where it grasped the ornate cross that hung there. For a moment, the priest looked shocked, as though the icon had suddenly appeared. He quickly removed it and was about to put it on the table when he stopped.

Drawing back his hand, the priest cradled the cross. He let the wooden beads on its string trickle down through his fingers, to hang loosely there, some in each hand, some dangling. He drew the beads back through his fingers, clicking, their smooth surfaces reflecting the lamp light, his face, the table, bed, chair, floor, ceiling, walls. Each bead became the moment, became everything that was left. Slowly, the priest drew the cross to his lips, kissing it once. Then, without looking, he laid it down on the table in a gentle rattle of wood, as far from him as he could reach without the ignominy of casting it away.

Rubbing his hands together once, twice, the priest reached smoothly for the pen. He flipped open the lid of the ink pot, dipped, tapped and, drawing the paper to him slightly, he began to write.

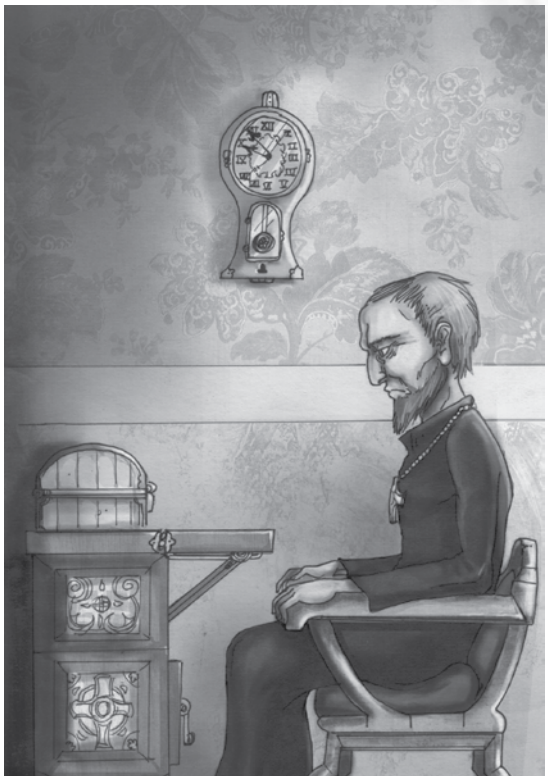
"I am Father Mihai Gheorghe Popescu."

The priest stopped writing, placing the pen to one side. He looked for a long time at the page, at the name that stared back at him. He glanced over to where the cross rested. He stood, pushing the chair back and picking up the piece of paper he had written on. Tearing it up, slowly and methodically, he dropped the pieces to the floor and walked from the room.

Some minutes later, he returned. The priest turned the chair around and sat facing the door. His wait was a short one, as a young man entered wearing the slightly crumpled robes of an initiate. He smiled at the older priest, who had stood now and was waiting by the chair.

"Ah, of course" the young man said. He scuttled to the chair, almost bowing to Gheorghe as he went. For his part, Gheorghe was expressionless. The newcomer rearranged the writing materials to his satisfaction, before turning and smiling to the older priest.

"Can I just say, I am deeply…" The young man stopped when Gheorghe moved a little away, seeming to have not heard. Embarrassed, the man at the table looked back to the blank paper, muttering apologies.



"He did not move. Only his slow, regular breathing showed he lived..."

He took up the pen, dipped it in the ink, scraped it on the rim of the inkwell, and was poised to begin. There were a few seconds of silence, uncomfortable ones for the man at the table. Should he look round again? To his relief, the seldom-heard voice of Father Gheorghe now filled the room with its quiet authority.

"I am Mihai Gheorghe Popescu. I was Father Gheorghe. Once. No more. Father Gheorghe died two and a half years ago in the village of Hasdat."

At the mention of the village by name, the young scrivener hesitated. Even in the lamplight, he could be seen to pale. He quickly resumed writing, but his eyes flicked to the door from time to time, as though he hoped for some kind of rescue. Gheorghe's deep, mellow voice continued, relentlessly recounting his story. The emotion in his voice built slowly. The skills of the old orator remained, the young priest marvelled, even if he was not himself.

"It was no distance, really, from Hunedoara. South a little from the city, then East. The road was good enough most times of the year. Even in winter. You came along the valley floor for a time, then the road left the little river and climbed up onto the plateau Hasdat sheltered on. The village was well placed on the roads leading to and fro, but it took no real benefits from being there. Too close to the city, probably.

"I liked stopping there. It was friendly. From the valley, you could follow the main road up, and come in at the Southern end of the village. But I liked the little path that led off to the left even as the main road struck off to the right. The little path was harder, but it led you through the trees and brought you straight to the heart of the village, the open area in front of the church, right to where the people always were. Good people. Roma, mostly. I loved them.

"I remember that the children were always so strong-looking. Always so happy. The men were tough, like leather beaten by the sun and the weather, but the

women were tougher. And louder. Ai! Louder! The women would call to me, the children run to or from me, but the men would just nod. I worked hard for such acknowledgements. These were not people who let strangers in easily, and they never let me in fully, I know. I was not Roma. Now they ask this last thing of me.

"I wonder if they called for me then. Often, I wonder that. I do not know. I was summoned in the night to the local DSF offices in the city. I did not go in. Rather, I was met in the street. Not openly, of course. They waited until I was almost at the entrance before two of them appeared beside me and manhandled me towards a car. The DSF like to do that. They could have asked me, but they prefer to keep you off guard, scared. I was scared. In the rattling, noisy car, I was scared. Too scared to appreciate the rich surroundings. The fat officer in there already said nothing. He sneered a lot, but I do not think he was capable of anything else. He sneered at my questions, sneered at the driver, sneered at the scenery the moon picked out that night. Sneered in his sleep. I did not sleep.

"I soon guessed where we were going. My heart sank. I did what I could to ready myself. I was going to Hasdat, I knew. The previous winter, a number of Resistance people had been caught during a search of the village. Then, the DSF had done nothing. Not to the villagers. The Resistance people had been taken away and terrible things had been done to them for a long time. The people of Hasdat were left alone to imagine they had been forgiven, or forgotten. They were left long enough to hope. That was the most cruel thing of all. Through the winter, their fear turned to hope. In the spring, the hope grew, so by the summer it was strong, like the children. Strong and naïve.

"The car stopped short of the village, near to the start of my favourite path. Hours had passed since we had left Hunedoara. My dread had made the hours seem longer. The promise of dawn was turning the night sky behind village a pale, ghostly blue. When the car stopped, I heard voices and saw the silhouettes of soldiers and men and... others. Seeing so many men, I feared the worst. The worst that I could fear then. Naïve fool.

"The door to the car was thrown open and I was ordered to get out. DSF officers stood to either side of me, not looking at me. Behind me, the car was pushed off safely to the side of the road. I did not see where the sneering officer went. I realised that, though I had heard voices, few of those around me were talking. All looked tired, and...

"My blood ran cold when I realised that almost all of the people around me were scared. Lamps, braziers, torches all revealed haunted faces, darting eyes, even some tears had streaked the grime on the faces of some of the men around me. I think I would have run then, had I control of my limbs. Rather, I stood, quaking with a deep, all-consuming dread. These men who had seen terrible horrors, perpetrated obscenities whispered about but never mentioned aloud; these men had been shaken to their core.
What had happened to Hasdat?!

"I wish I had run. I wish I could have been shot down that night. Then. Before."

Gheorghe stopped talking, as though his voice had betrayed him. All of this time, he had been standing in the middle of the room. He had barely moved. Only his quiet voice had borne a shred of the emotions he felt, the emotions that had been caged inside the silent priest for so long.

At the desk, the young priest was staring at the words that had tumbled from the pen in his hand. They seemed alien to him. It was as though Gheorghe's voice had manifested itself in scratched ink without the scrivener being involved. He carefully blotted the sheet and laid it to one side with the other complete pages. Behind him, he heard Gheorghe take a breath, ready to speak again. Taking a fresh sheet, the young witness began to write.

Gheorghe's words sounded as though they came from some unfathomable distance away, yet he was as clear as before. The words were emotive, but there was little emotion now in his voice.

"There were signs all around me that some great endeavour had been completed. As my eyes adjusted to the cold light of pre-dawn, I saw where wood had been stacked and worked. Pale pools of sawdust were left behind, partly trodden into the mud that seemed to be everywhere. Tents were being taken down, carts were being stacked. There were some motor trucks being loaded with tools, generators and portable lights. So much was being done with so little talk. No one would meet my eyes. My dread increased so, I felt my heart should stop.

"To one side of the road, a large motor truck sat on fat wheels. At the back it looked like one of the Roma caravans, only square and ugly. Very like Promethea to make such 'advances'. There were lights on inside. I had been standing for a little time when a door at the back of the truck that I could not see opened, spilling light. Someone stepped down. I saw their shadow move against the ground. The door was closed, and a tall, thin man came from behind the truck and walked quickly towards me. He had a heavy black coat draped over his shoulders. His hands were jammed into his pockets, his shoulders shrugging up. His movements were sharp and quick, his eyes wide and challenging.

"He walked right past me, stopped, then walked backwards a few steps to stand before me. Glancing sideways, he smiled. I did not like the smile. He looked at the sky, inhaling deeply, then nodded his head toward the track leading to Hasdat. "Come with me" he said. He spoke Hungarian, but the accent was Austrian. He walked off, towards the track. One of the DSF officers pushed my shoulder, so I followed. Glancing back, I saw that the officers were waiting. In that moment, I stumbled into the tall man and he chuckled as I recoiled. He laid an arm across my shoulder, pointing back at the DSF officers.

""They will follow, but not yet. I do not wish that they intrude on our time together. You must be focused, Father Gheorghe. Do not worry about anything." He turned me, then let me go and I followed him along the track. His hands were in his pockets again. He looked like some great insect, stalking across the rutted ground. After a little while, as we neared the trees, he spoke again. His hands came out of his pockets and he gestured expansively.

""I was told that this is your favourite way into the village. I had found this path as I explored. I like to… to wander. I like to let the environment, this canvas that I work, speak to me." He stopped and turned on me suddenly, smiling warmly. His eyes were blazing with energy. "I had already decided on my theme and on the route through my creation when someone told me that this was your chosen path each time you visited." He walked up to me and put his hand on my shoulder. His smile was so sincere, so warm, that I found myself returning it on reflex.

""It was then that I demanded that you be struck from the list. I knew I had to share this with you." His hand snaked around until he had his arm around my shoulder. He led me on along the path, now into the trees. "I may not be able to work again this season, you know. This is the beginning and end of this phase of my work, I feel. Now, I will be silent. It is better for me, so I can absorb your reactions. But I am with you" he hugged me in once, "in case you have questions. You know?" He released me, and we walked on.

"It was the smell that came to me first. I could see the dark outlines of the houses, and see flickering torchlight, but the smell was the first detail. A tang of copper that I could taste in the air. As a young priest I had once been asked to administer last rights to a group of Hungarian soldiers, prisoners who were to be executed. It was during the liberation, before Romania was born. They were slaughtered with sword slashes to

the head and neck. It was brutal and bloody. The smell then was the same. Hot blood on cold ground.

"By now, I had passed beyond fear. The numb incomprehension that has smothered me for so long began then. I was nothing and no one as I walked. Just a pair of eyes to witness what had been wrought there at Hasdat."

Gheorghe paused. It was an instant that almost allowed the scrivener to flee but Gheorghe continued, unable now to hold back the weight of emotion from his voice. The despair and pain of his words held the young priest to his seat though he shook with terror.

"It began at the first house. The family there had tended the orchard we had just walked through. The husband was standing at the path, frozen in the act of dramatically motioning for his wife and young son to follow him. They were emerging from the house, rushing to him. All three naked bodies were suspended from wooden frames by wires cruelly run through their flesh. Their throats had been cut a little, I guessed to silence them. Their faces had been cut and stitched, much as their bodies so that they showed the desired expressions of urgency; eyes ever open, mouths too. As I walked mechanically past, their eyes followed me, their ruined throats and mouths twitching as they fought to speak, to scream, to beg. This was the first house.

"There were more than thirty houses in Hasdat."

"At the next, the rushing family were dragging their old grandmother. The weight of her pulled at them, splitting their arms, tearing the flesh and hauling their bones free. Tendons strained as they craned their heads, straining forward, their desire to reach their goal physically stretching them onward even as the old woman pulled them back. Their eyes followed me, save for the old woman's. Hers were glazed and grey, yet flickered still. This was the second house.

"From there on, we wound our way around the frames, around the naked, meticulously surgically idealised bodies all straining to out run their physical forms as they hurled themselves up the path. I passed those I had known for so long, enduring the scalding touch of their eyes as I went by them. I was weeping silent tears I think, but what I saw was driving me deeper and deeper into myself, crushing me, wiping out who I was before that time and leaving nothing in its place. This was just the beginning.

"The first angel nearly broke me. My companion sighed with satisfaction as I saw it. It staggered me, literally. I fell back from it, and only my companion's arm at my back stopped me from falling. I stared, not knowing, not feeling, just staring.

"She hung over the path, looking down to the villagers rushing by, beckoning to them with one arm while the other pointed urgently up the path. Her wings glowed in the light of the torches. The skin and muscle from her back had been so finely unfolded and so cunningly refashioned that the crimson feather fronds they made appeared delicate and fragile and precise. And, God help me, beautiful. She was beautiful, and her beautiful eyes stared down at me, burning me, burning me. I remembered that her name had been Rahela, and that she had been so happy to be with child, and that she had wanted a little girl; the little unborn girl that from her mother's exposed womb beckoned also to the villagers to hurry on up the path, her own little wings so small. And I walked on.

"We came at last to the church, and to the open place before it. The villagers thronged here, and there were other angels. The most handsome and beautiful of the men and women had been lifted as angels. The little children, the babies were as cherubs, flittering around the scene. The church tower had been cast down by some force, and suspended in the act of falling. Angels sought to halt the fall even as villagers rushed to the tower's base, some carrying great tree trunks to shore up their precious house of worship. All suspended in a single, dynamic moment, illuminated by the glory of the golden light of dawn.

"I knew all their names. All of them looked to me. All of them. They poured out their souls from their eyes. The weight of those souls have been with me ever since. In the terrible silence that should have been rent with the fury of God's own vengeance, I could walk no further. I fell to my knees in the mud. Behind me, my companion exhaled slowly.

"After a moment, I realised that I heard scratching. Turning, I saw a darkly clothed woman sketching furiously on paper held on a board. Her eyes stared fiercely, darting between me and the page before her. I understood then. I was the last element of this tableau. I was as trapped here in this moment as the poor souls suspended on the frames around me. Horrified, I scrambled up and ran at the woman. She smiled. The smile was revolting in its genuine joy at my reaction. Arms went around me, dragging me back as I clawed at the board. I heard the Austrian shouting at the people who held me, but I was beyond reason then. I think I screamed and shouted. Finally, as I was carried back down the path, I must have fainted.

"I knew nothing until I was returned to my brothers in Hunedoara. I was broken, lost in darkness. I could not speak, not at all. Doctors were sent, I know by whom, to ensure I lived. I was very well cared for. However, Father Gheorghe was dead and gone, trapped and held forever at Hasdat. They tell me that it was burned, and that the fires lasted for days and left nothing. I know that somewhere it still lives. On paper. Perhaps on canvas as some great memorial painting. Those pieces of paper, that canvas hold all that remains of Father Gheorghe. His soul is there."

The young man suddenly stood up, dropping the pen onto the table. He turned to Gheorghe, tears flooding down his face. He looked Gheorghe in the eye. Seeing the terrible emptiness there, the young man took a step toward the door. His mouth worked, but he said nothing. He ran from the room.

Gheorghe closed the door after him, locked it, then returned to the table. He took a moment to glance through the pages. He numbered them, then neatly arranged the stack before taking a fresh page. He wrote the last words himself.

"It is time that I left this world, so I do so this night. I was to be the living witness to Hasdat as well as the last part of the work done there. At least I can deny them that. This document must be kept to record what happened so that some future justice may be done. I doubt any justice on this earth could erase what I saw at Hasdat. I do not know that there is any other justice to appeal for. Father Gheorghe believed there was. He would say that this night I will go to hell for what I am to do. I believe he is already in hell.

"And if I do go to hell, it will be as nothing compared to that which I leave behind me."

The priest numbered the last page and added it to the rest. He cleaned his pen and returned the writing materials to the box they had come from. Before he closed that box, he removed a letter opener. Closing the box, he pushed it to the back of the table. Standing, the priest tucked his chair back. The stack of papers he put on the neatly made bed. Then he went to the middle of the room and stood facing the door. He had shown no emotion up to this point, and somehow showed no pain as he dug the letter opener into the side of his throat. Blood spurted into the room. He dragged the near-dull blade through the flesh of his neck, right around. Breath whistled and gargled through his punctured windpipe. The priest's hand nearly faltered, his eyes closing tightly, as he raggedly drew the blade around to the vein on the other side of his neck. Blood was flooding down his clothes and onto the floor as his hand dropped to his side, the letter opener falling from his darkly stained fingers. Breath bubbling, the priest stood shaking for a few moments. Abruptly, he collapsed.

VI. DARK HARVEST: LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN – THE ROLEPLAYING GAME

by Walt Ciechanowski, Steve Ironside, Iain Lowson,
Andrew Peregrine & Neil Wiseman

Rules and Character Creation

Introduction

We hope that by now you have been inspired by the world of Dark Harvest: Legacy of Frankenstein, and that you now want to create stories about Promethea yourself. This section of the book details a set of role-playing rules that will help you and your friends imagine characters of your own and adjudicate the vagaries of fate as you adventure and explore in the lands of Frankenstein's twisted vision.

If you have already experienced role-playing games before, you can dive right into the rules we present below. They are a slightly adapted version of Cubicle 7 Entertainment's Heresy game engine as used in the second edition of 'Victoriana'. However, everything here is fully compatible with the standard edition of Victoriana.

If you are new to role-playing it is difficult to explain, although once you actually begin play a lot of things will make sense very easily. Running a role-playing game is a little like reading a play script together. Everyone has their own character, except for one person (who we call the Gamemaster) who reads the descriptions of the scenes and plays some of the smaller, cameo roles. The difference in a role-playing game is that there isn't an actual script; the dialogue is improvised by the players in response to the scenes that are described to them by the Gamemaster. The Gamemaster may not have a script, but he does know how the story is meant to progress if the players follow the right clues. He brings the world to life, and is the final arbiter of the rules, but it is up to the group as a whole to tell the story. So role-playing is like watching a play, but writing and starring in it at the same time. That might sound complicated, but you have the back up of the rules we detail here to help you figure out what might happen, and the creativity of a whole group of people to draw from. You don't need any expansion packs, batteries or subscription charges to play Dark Harvest, just your friends, some imagination and maybe a few munchies. So welcome to the land of Promethea, the time to watch has past, now is the time to act, and quickly, because the dark is creeping ever closer.

"...some day, Frankenstein and the Creature will face each other again one final time..."

Victoriana & Dark Harvest

For Dark Harvest we use essentially the same game rules as are found in Victoriana 2nd edition. However we've made some changes for Dark Harvest. The Victoriana rules are designed to adapt to the level of complexity you want in your game, whereas with Dark Harvest, we didn't want the rules to get in the way of your exploration of Promethea. In many ways, this version isn't actually any different – where it can, it just uses the simpler rules options available in the Core Victoriana Rulebook. In some places we have gone a step further, to make it as simple as possible for you to get started! If you want to develop your game of Dark Harvest beyond this book you may find the expanded options available in the Victoriana Core Rulebook and its supplements useful, but they are not essential. If you are already familiar with Victoriana, in this book you'll find a wealth of new and strange abilities and traits to add to your game of Victoriana, as well as the vivid setting of Dark Harvest.

For character creation we have linked Rank and Reputation, and done away with the various races (which means that humans require no special abilities to balance them with the others). Dark Harvest has no magic, making those details from Victoriana redundant, so they have been removed. We have also reduced the number of skills and traits, but Dark Harvest players will still find a wealth of ideas to expand their character's options. Augmentations, for example, are new – the miracle surgeries of Frankenstein which allow characters to overcome their limitations in often terrifying ways..

Interested Victoriana Gamemasters can easily adapt Promethea and the Dark Harvest setting to their own Victoriana campaigns. As Victoriana's history does not match our own (nor Dark Harvest's), the Dark Harvest timeline would need to be adjusted so that the Promethea of 1910 in Dark Harvest can become the Promethea of 1867 in Victoriana.

This is easier than one may think. In Victoriana, the Napoleonic Wars did not end as cleanly in 1815. Napoleon continued to fight Russia well into 1820. It's possible that the effect of the war in Eastern Europe enabled the Wallachian uprising of 1821 to succeed, creating an independent Romania. Russia would likely lend support as a counter to Ottoman influence in the Balkans. Victor Frankenstein spends better part of the next four decades putting his plan into place, taking total control in 1861 and renaming the country Promethea.

In Victoriana, however, magic and science work hand in hand and it's possible that Frankenstein (however unwittingly) has mixed science and sorcery to make his surgeries more successful. This would almost certainly be classified as dark magic by the Aluminat Church and the Guild, but both Russia and the Ottoman Empire, neither being under Aluminat influence, would check Aluminat interference in Promethea. That is, until the rumours begin trickling out as to what's really going on inside Promethea …

System Overview

When you are running games in the world of Dark Harvest, it is not always necessary to resort to rules and dice rolls. There are plenty of things the characters might do where the results of their actions will be painfully clear from the outset. The Gamemaster is well within her rights to declare a character dead when they get shot in the head or jump off a cliff. The rules provided here are for those times the results might be unclear.

Each character in Dark Harvest has a selection of skills (such as Riding or lock picking) and Attributes (such Strength or Dexterity). When they want to perform an action they gather an amount of dice equal to the sum of one attribute and one skill to create a dice pool. The dice are six sided ones, and while many games use dice with anything from 4 to 20 sides, in Dark Harvest we only use six sided ones or D6's.

Our example adventurer Boris Popescue needs to jump across a small ravine to escape the Augmented guards chasing him across the wilds of Promethea. He has a Dexterity of 2 and an athletics skill of 4 so he has a dice pool of 6.

The player rolls their dice pool and every dice that comes up a 1 or a 6 is considered a 'success'. If any of the dice roll a 6 you may roll that die again and see if they generate another success. You can keep doing this as often as you roll a 6. You only need to score 1 success to basically achieve what you are trying to do, but the more successes you get the better you have achieved what you set out to do.

Boris's player rolls his 6 dice and gets the following result, 1,1,2,2,4,6. This gives him 3 successes, but he rolled a 6 so he can roll that dice again. It comes up a 1 adding another success for a total of 4 successes.

Degree of Success

While you only need 1 success to succeed in your task it really requires 3 successes for a good solid result. If you manage to get more than 6 successes you have done exceptionally well. This can be better described by looking at the following table:

SUCCESSES GAINED	DEGREE OF SUCCESS
1	Partial Success – Just about managed it
2	Success – Task completed methodically
3	Good Success – Completed with some flair
6	Impressive Success – A demonstration of mastery
10	Virtuoso Success – An amazing performance
15	Awe-inspiring Success – People will talk about this for years
20+	God-like Success – You must have beaten the world record

PARTIAL SUCCESS: You very nearly manage to achieve what you set out to do. If you are picking a lock, it is open, but you have broken your lock pick and damaged the lock. If jumping a stream, you are across, but land on your face with your legs in the water.

SUCCESS: You just about manage to get the job done. No more, no less.

GOOD SUCCESS: At this level, you have succeeded and may gain a small bonus. For instance, you did the job a little faster or more precisely.

IMPRESSIVE SUCCESS: With an impressive success, you did it with style. Not only did you make the task look easy, you have completed it in three quarters of

the time. So, you might jump the stream, but also land in a good position to attack your opponents when you land.

VIRTUOSO SUCCESS: Now you are just showing off. You complete the action in half the time you needed, and hardly break a sweat doing so.

AWE-INSPIRING SUCCESS: Only an expert can pull off this sort of result. You complete the action in a quarter of the time and look very good doing it. The Gamemaster should give you a bonus of +3 to your dice pool on further actions that relate to your success. For instance, an Awe Inspiring success at dancing with a paramour might gain you a bonus to Charm them later on. When you jump the stream, you draw your sword in the process and land behind your target ready to attack.

GOD-LIKE SUCCESS: The effects of this sort of result are left to the Gamemaster. Only an expert having a very lucky day can hope to pull this off. Whatever happens, anyone watching will be talking about it for years, no matter how mundane it might be. You have almost certainly broken some sort of record. The Gamemaster may well award you a reputation bonus for the fame such a result might accrue.

Boris's player managed 4 successes so he clears the ravine easily and lands well, continuing to run from his pursuers. If he had rolled only 1 success he would have cleared the ravine, but barely. He needs to haul himself up the last part, ruining his clothes and losing valuable time. Had he managed 6 successes, he would have barely noticed the ravine and left very little evidence of his crossing, which might help him lose his pursuers.

Of course, some tasks are inherently more difficult than others, and sometimes other conditions or factors work against you or in your favour. Three additional game mechanics, Black Dice, Pool Modifiers, and Opposed Rolls, allow different tasks and situations to be dealt with:

Black Dice

If the task you are attempting is pretty easy, or just the usual sort of difficulty you would expect it to be, you make a roll as described above. However, if the odds are stacked against you a little you will need to roll a few Black Dice.

Black Dice are rolled by the player, at the same time as he rolls his regular dice, and represent the forces acting against him. They don't need to actually be black, so long as they are distinct in appearance from the player's regular dice. For each "1" or "6" that comes up on the Black Dice, you must remove one success from those rolled by the player. Unlike the dice in your dice pool, Black Dice do not roll again on a "6".

The Gamemaster decides how many Black Dice she should give the player, although it should generally be between 1 and 8. If the task is likely to offer more Black Dice it is probably something the player had better just give up on as the odds against them are too stacked. Sometimes the Gamemaster might hand out a ridiculous amount of Black Dice to emphasise this point to a player who insists on making a roll!

Continuing his escape, Boris Popescue comes across another obstacle, this time it's a high fence he needs to climb. The Gamemaster decides it will once again require a Dexterity + Athletics roll to climb over it. However the wood is slick after a recent rainfall, and it has few handholds, so she makes Boris's player roll 3 Black Dice.

Boris rolls his dice pool and gets 1,1,2,3,4,6, and rerolling the 6 gets a 2 for a total of 3 successes. Unfortunately the Black Dice roll 1, 2, 6, so he reduces his success total by 2 for a final result of 1 success. Boris manages to climb the

fence, but it takes him two tries and he loses valuable time. If the result of the Black Dice leaves the player with no successes he has simply failed in the task due to the opposing factors. However, if the Black Dice force a negative result (for instance you roll 1 success but get 2 Black Dice successes) you have suffered a Foul Failure and the Gamemaster can impose additional consequences for your truly remarkable failure

Degree of Difficulty

Here is a suggestion as to how you should set a difficulty for a task, depending on how complicated you think it is:

DIFFICULTY RATING	SUGGESTED BLACK DICE
VERY EASY	Automatic Success; no need to roll
EASY	No black dice; +5 to dice pool
AVERAGE TASK	No Black Dice
DIFFICULT	3 Black Dice
VERY DIFFICULT	6 Black Dice
EXTREMELY DIFFICULT	12 Black Dice
RIDICULOUSLY DIFFICULT	20 Black Dice
IMPOSSIBLE	40 Black Dice

Pool Modifiers

Other situational modifiers that do not relate to the inherent difficulty of the task may also apply. These are calculated as "pool modifiers," adding to either the number of dice in the dice pool, or the number of Black Dice being rolled against the character, depending on whether these situational factors would make the character's task easier or harder. Once all pool modfiers have been applied, the dice are rolled, successes are counted up, and the black dice reduce successes accordingly. Depending on the task, pool modifiers may be necessary for situations such as: the character is wounded; the character is affected by a drug or poison; lighting or another environmental condition is particularly conducive, or not conducive, to the task; the character does not have the right tools, or has particularly effective tools; etc. In general, pool modifiers apply when the character is less fit to attempt the task, rather than the task itself being harder. If the task is harder you add to the Black Dice, but the Gamemaster may choose to just add to Black Dice rather than assign a different difficulty level.

'Make me an offer'

What the Gamemaster can do when a player tells them what they would like to achieve, is simply say 'make me an offer'. The player then looks at their range of skills and attributes and suggests what they think is most appropriate (or has the highest dice pool!). The Gamemaster might accept the offer, or tell the player (often with a sigh) to make a different or more reasonable offer. This encourages players to be more inventive in their use of skill and attribute combinations; which helps them invent more interesting and heroic solutions to adventure situations. In some cases the Gamemaster might allow a similar but not entirely suitable skill to be used (such as using Swordplay to fight with a club). In such cases the Gamemaster might make the difficulty higher, reduce the dice pool or demand more successes for the attempt to succeed.

Opposition and Failure Numbers

When another person or creature is working directly against the character's attempt, the character needs to overcome them instead of the faceless forces of fate. Both opponents make a roll and the one with the most successes will achieve their desired end. Each opponent might not roll the same combination of skill and attribute, depending on what they are trying to do. An arm wrestling match might have both opponents rolling Strength + Brawling. However if one was trying to hurl a piece of heavy equipment at an enemy who is dodging out of the way the rolls might be Strength + Throwing versus Dexterity + Dodge.

When two agents are making opposed rolls the success for the winner is not simply how many successes they rolled. The loser subtracts their total successes from the winner's result for the final amount of successes the winner can claim.

Sadly the fence has slowed Boris down and one of the guards catches up with him and attempts to wrestle him to the ground. The guard rolls his Strength + Brawl dice pool and gets 3 successes. Boris rolls Dexterity + Dodge and is glad to achieve 4 successes. Boris wins, barely but with only 1 success. He loses his shoes to the cursing guard and blunders on in desperation as the guard picks himself up and gives chase.

Black Dice are rolled against both characters as normal, to represent situational difficulties and the inherent difficulty of the task. Often the same factors might affect both opponents, such as fighting in a collapsing laboratory. However, one opponent might be on bad terrain where the other is not leading to different Black Dice penalties for each opponent.

"...he is permitted to conduct the interrogation of any individual he uncovers entirely on his own..."

Fighting and Combat

When things get physical, things can get a little tricky. Combat can be complicated because there are so many variables but, in the Heresy Engine game system, we keep things as simple as we can to keep the action flowing.

Initiative

The first thing you need to know is who is going to take the initiative. If you have crept up on a target and they don't know you are there, the answer is pretty obvious! However, when everyone involved knows what is coming you need to make an initiative check. Initiative checks do not strictly decide the order the combatants will be acting (as seasoned gamers may expect) but instead decide who has taken the initiative in the fight and gained the advantage.

To make an initiative check, simply roll a number of dice equal to your character's initiative, and count how many are successes. The person with the highest result has taken the initiative instead of their opponent. The person with the highest Initiative gets to decide who they will be attacking this round, and the others follow in initiative order. You can only actually attack someone who is near enough to you. If you are selected as the target of someone with a higher initiative, you have no option but to defend yourself. If you choose to engage a different target, you are opting not to defend yourself, and become a very easy target. So if you want to run without offering your opponent an easy attack you need to beat their initiative roll.

Making an Attack

Unlike many other games, in Victoriana combat does not revolve around resolving each blow. We assume that each combatant is making a flurry of parries, attacks and dodges during a round, so we only need to see which fighter manages to land a blow. Real combat doesn't allow people to take turns trying to attack each other.

To hurt someone you must be ready with a weapon, be it a Sword, Cosh, Rifle or just your fists. The use of each weapon is governed by a particular skill. Each opponent makes a combat roll using Dexterity + Weapon Skill, and whoever scores the most successes does damage that round. The more successes they get beyond whatever their opponent scored, the more damage they do. If your initiative score was better than your opponent's, you also gain +2 dice to your dice pool for your roll, representing your skill in taking the offensive. However, while Initiative grants an advantage, speed does not equate to skill and the faster fighter can still lose combat.

If the combat pools are tied, the person with the highest initiative roll is considered the winner. They can do damage as long as they scored at least 1 success on their roll, but gain no extra damage from their successes. If both the combat pools and initiative are tied, then no one managed to land a blow that round.

If your opponent is unaware of your impending attack, you can make a 'surprise attack'. If in this case they don't get to make a roll themselves, so all you need to do is score a single success. What your Gamemaster allows as a surprise attack may depend on many things. Someone involved in combat may be wary of other potential opponents, but could just as easily be concentrating so much they can't see their new adversary. A cad might be slapped in the face by an offended lady but, should he make a successful empathy roll beforehand, he may realise what she is about to do.

Ranged Weapons

Firearms are a little easier to deal with. You need only aim and fire, not try to dodge and parry your opponent's attacks. However, your opponent can still defend against your attack using the skill Dodge. So you make an attack using Dexterity + Ranged Weapon skill, and they use their Dexterity + Dodge dice pool. If the defender manages to beat the attacker, they don't get to do any damage; at that distance, they can only hope to evade the bullet or arrow.

It is also significantly harder to dodge bullets and arrows, even those from unreliable Victorian weapons. If the ranged weapon is fired from close range (usually about 6-10 feet away), the defender is only allowed to add half their dodge skill to their dexterity for their Dice Pool. If the weapon is fired at point blank range, the defender can only use their Dexterity to evade it.

If the wielder of a ranger ranged weapon is in close combat the encounter should be resolved as a close combat situation. It is tricky to miss at that range but the opponent is close enough to interfere with the attack. So it comes down to the highest roll from Dexterity + Weapon skill as above.

Damage

Getting smacked with a weapon hurts rather a lot. Each weapon has a damage rating, which is the number of dice you get to roll to see how much damage you do to your opponent. When you've rolled those dice, you add up the successes you score and that number is the amount of health pips your opponent must knock off their character sheet.

You can improve your damage roll in a few ways. Firstly, in a Melee attack you can add your Strength dice to the damage dice before you roll. So make a point of avoiding any Augmented soldiers wielding melee weapons. Secondly, the total number of successes you score (after those of your opponent have been deducted) directly adds to your damage successes.

There are 2 pips to each Health Die and, for each full dice worth (i.e. every 2 pips) of damage your opponent takes, he suffers a penalty of 1 additional Black Dice to all actions until the end of the round. So, if you get hurt first in combat, the shock of the attack might make you miss on your turn.

So, putting that together, we get something like this:

With her friend Boris still being chased across the countryside, Lady Zorana is forced to battle an Augmented Promethean soldier alone. Ion the soldier is trying to abduct Lady Zorana, but she refuses to be kidnapped so easily, although unfortunately, she is no fighter. With only 1 die in Dexterity and 2 points in Fisticuffs, she has a dice pool of a mere 3. She rolls 3,4,6, rerolling the 6 to get a 1, so scores 2 successes. Ion is unimpressed. With a Dexterity of 2 and a Fisticuffs skill of 4 he rolls 6 dice and scores 1,1,2,3,5,6 with a 1 on the reroll, a total of 4 successes. He bats aside her best shot and lands a blow with 2 clear successes.

Ion rolls his damage dice, which for a fist is 3, but his strength is 7 for a total of 10 dice. He scores 6 successes on his roll, and adds the 2 successes from his attack for a total of 8 damage. Lady Zorana has only 2 Health Dice, so taking 4 Health dice of damage places her squarely on the -6 shaded dice. This may be more than enough to knock her unconscious.

Multiple Opponents

Rolling against a single target is all very well, and makes sense, but combat is rarely so organised. Often you will find yourself facing multiple opponents. In such a case, you still work out who is fighting who. In a crowded melee, most people will pick a single target. So, if 3 people are fighting 2 people, the combat consists of one group of 1 against 1 and another group of 2 against 1. With less room to move, fighting in

large groups offers fewer chances to hit. If two (or more) people gang up on 1 person, everyone makes a combat roll as usual. Whoever gets the highest roll does damage to one of their opponents as usual. The winner of initiative gets the +2 bonus as before, but whoever is outnumbered suffers an additional 3 Black Dice penalty for every additional person they are fighting.

As there is more opportunity for attacks to be made, whoever in the group scored the second highest combat roll gets to count damage on their opponent, if they managed to beat their roll as well. So an excellent swordsman outnumbered by 2 opponents might manage to land a blow despite being struck by one opponent. However, it is also possible both opponents might manage to skewer our hero!

Luckily for Zorana, at the sounds of her distress, her bodyguards Alfred and Charles burst into the room, swords at the ready. Zorana is unconscious, but now Ion now faces 2 opponents. Luckily, Ion wins initiative, followed by Alfred and then Charles. He adds 2 to his dice pool of 6 for 8 dice in total. He scores 4 successes. Alfred and Charles both have a dice pool from Dex and Swordplay of 8, but Alfred scores 3 successes and Charles only 2. Although Ion would like to take advantage of Charles' low roll, he specified he was attacking Alfred when he won initiative, so he rolls damage with 1 clear success rather than 2 and does 4 Health points of damage to Alfred. As this fight has multiple fighters, Alfred, who scored the second highest roll, can do damage, but his roll doesn't beat anyone else's and so other damage is scored.

The next round goes less well for Ion, Alfred beats his initiative, but Charles does not. Alfred is now rolling 10 dice, and scores 6 successes. Ion rolls his 6 dice for 4 successes and Charles, dogged by bad luck, manages only 2 successes with his 8 dice. Alfred does damage on his foe Ion; with 4 clear successes, the damage is nasty. However, Ion scored the second best roll. He cannot beat Alfred, but his roll did beat Charles. He does damage to Charles with 2 clear successes.

The round begins again with everyone rather battered. Things go well, but then badly for Ion. He wins initiative, but his combat roll is appalling, with only 1 success. Alfred scores 3 successes, but Charles does very well with 6. Charles does the damage to Ion, with 5 clear successes. As Alfred is the second best fighter this round, and his roll beat his opponent, he can also damage Ion, with 2 clear successes. The damage to Ion is devastating and he expires under the gentlemen's blades.

Multiple Actions

If you get into a lot of trouble, just one action won't be enough. Each character can make one attack action in any given combat round. If they decide to make more than one action in a round they must halve their dice pool for each action. If two actions aren't enough they can make three actions, but each dice pool is reduced to a third, and so on. However, they cannot make any more additional actions than they have Dexterity bonus Dice (so, the limit is Dexterity + their one basic action for the round). In this case we'll allow those with a negative Dexterity to count their Dexterity as 0. Remember also that, even though your dice pool may reduce, you roll just as many Black Dice as you usually would for each roll! You should also remember that there are plenty of actions that will take a whole round no matter how many times you can divide your Dice Pool. If you are going to pick a lock, you can't do much else that round!

In combat, taking an additional action allows you to roll as if you were 2 separate people (albeit with lower dice pools). You can choose 2 opponents (or the same one twice as if you were a multiple opponent on your own!) and get to make 2 combat rolls rather than 1.

SOURCE	INTENSITY	RECURS	DURATION	RESISTANCE
ARM ON FIRE	4d	Every turn (3 secs)	Until extinguished	Resolve + Fortitude
MILD POISON	3d	Every Hour	Until treated	Resolve + Fortitude
3 STOREY FALL	6d	-	-	Resolve + Fortitude
PNEUMONIA	4d	Every Day	Until Treated	Resolve + Fortitude

Antoine, a master swordsman with a combat pool of 10 dice is fighting 2 thugs. He decides to make an additional action, halving his dice pool. He is now considered to be 2 people, each with a dice pool of 5. The thugs each have dice pools of 4 so Antoine's chances are good. He can roll to fight each thug individually. If he dispatches one, he can keep splitting his pool and attack the remaining poor thug in the same way as Alfred and Charles attacked Ion.
However, no matter how many times you divide your dice pool, you are still actually only 1 person. You make 1 initiative roll and, after that, you declare whether you are splitting your dice pool or not. If you win initiative, the bonus dice are added to your dice pool before you split your actions, not after! You obviously only have one set of Health points, and making 2 combat rolls can mean you get hurt twice instead, so beware!

Firing into Melee

You might choose to really pick on someone in a fight and shoot at them from a distance while they are engaged in melee combat. The Gamemaster might rule you do not have a clear shot, and that is the end of that. However, if your attack is possible and your target is unaware of your attack, you can roll as if you had surprise. On the other hand, you suffer an additional 3 Black Dice penalty to your roll for each other person they are fighting. They are likely to get in the way of your shot and, even if you don't care if you hit them, they are not what you are aiming at.

If you target is aware of you, they can make a dodge roll against your attack as with any other ranged weapon, but using only half their dice pool. However, this attack is resolved separately to any other melee attacks and doesn't affect them. On the other hand, the Gamemaster might insist on a Black Dice penalty due to your attention being in two places.

Armour

If you are wearing something that might offer you protection, it has an Armour Value. The Armour Value reduces the amount of damage you take from any blow, on a point for point basis. So, for an attack that does 4 points of damage to someone protected with an Armour value of 2, the attack does only 2 points of damage.

Other Kinds of Damage

In addition to getting hit by the sharp end of a sword in combat, there are lots of other ways to get hurt in Dark Harvest. Any time that you take damage from something other than combat, you only need to worry about four things – the Intensity of the damage, how often the damage Recurs, the Duration of the damage, and how you try to Resist it. Rather than try and detail every possible source of damage, here are some examples – your Gamemaster can use them to work out the rest.

When you initially take damage, the Gamemaster will make a roll using the Intensity value of the attack – your character resists the damage using the roll listed in the Resistance column. If the Gamemaster rolls more successes than you, then the amount of damage you take, in health pips, is equal to the number of successes you were beaten by.

If you are lucky, then the damage will be a one-time event. If not, then it may be that it'll happen again. The Recurs column tells you how long it will be before you have to make that same roll again; the Duration column tells you when (or how) the damage will stop.

Death and Dying

When you run out of shaded reserve dice, you are really in trouble. Your character passes out no matter what you roll; their body has had enough and just shuts down. However, they are more than just unconscious, they are dying. When a character reaches zero health, he has maybe a few rounds in which prompt medical attention can bring him back from the brink. The dying character has his Resolve + Fortitude dice in rounds, in which time he must receive some sort of medical attention. Anyone may attend to the character and roll Wits + Medicine to attempt to keep them alive. If the attending character doesn't have the Medicine skill, they may still roll their Wits. They cannot actually heal the character, but they can stop death claiming them. As many characters as you like can attempt to heal a dying character within those precious final rounds after they lose their health. However, only one person each round can make the attempt. If no one can stop the character dying during the allotted (Resolve + Fortitude in rounds) time, the character expires.

However, if the dying character or one of their attendants can spend a Scripting Dice, a quirk of fate can save them at the last moment. Maybe his sodden shirt staunched the wound, or the lady's corset gave her the support she needed to keep breathing. Perhaps the wound was just not as bad as it first appeared. The character still needs immediate medical attention but, barring further injury, they will live.

Death & Back Again - Recovery

Once out of the stress of combat, healing is a little easier; however, it is a slow process. When you have been wounded, you may seek medical attention. If someone with Medicine skill is at hand, they can easily provide this. They make a Wits + Medicine roll (if the patient is in no danger of death) and each success they get restores 1 health pip to the patient. If this doesn't replenish their reserve Health dice, they remain unconscious. However, after a good night's sleep, they awaken with all the reserve dice plus 1 Health pip restored.

For this roll, the tools and resources available to the physician affect the difficulty level of the test If the injured character is brought to a hospital, the level of the test should be Average or, depending on the resources of the hospital, perhaps even Easy. However, a doctor tearing bandages from an injured man's shirt in the street with none of his medical instruments may find the task Difficult at the very least.

Once a wound has had medical attention, the rest must be left to nature. If a character rests under a doctor's supervision, he regains 1 Health pip every 2 days. If the character remains too active or ignores medical advice, the Gamemaster is free to reduce this amount to 1 pip a week or even none at all. In fact, the Gamemaster can take away healed Health pips if she feels an injured character is overexerting themselves and reopening the old wound. The Gamemaster may allow characters with a high Fortitude (at least 4 or above) to heal a little more quickly, gaining an extra health pip for each week of rest.

Character Generation

To enter the world of Dark Harvest you will need to create a character of your own. This character will probably have a humble beginning, but as the adventures progress they might rise to become a great hero or even a dark villain.

Character creation can be a long process, and with good reason. You are making a whole person, someone you are going to travel the world of Dark Harvest with for (hopefully) some time. So it makes sense to spend some time getting things right. However, it need not be a laborious process. Discuss your options with the other players and even improvise scenes from your character's background to see if that gives you any other ideas about who this person is and what makes them who they are.

Character Concept

Before you begin assigning numbers to things, you should take a moment to think who and what your character is. By now something will have inspired or intrigued you about the world of Dark Harvest. Consider how that might be a character, and ask yourself a few basic questions. What social class do they come from? How has their past shaped their views? Are they a lover, a fighter, even a coward? You need not have a solid idea at this point as you can shape the character as you move through the creation process. However, the better idea you have of who you want to play the simpler the choices you make will be.

Example: Martin is a bout to play Dark Harvest and the Gamemaster tells him the game will involve trying to infiltrate the land of Promethea. Martin decides he wants to play a spy for the English crown called Milo Pepperton.

Character Creation Checklist

Before we go into details, the following shows the stages of creating a character.

1. Consider your character's concept
2. Choose Social class (Upper, Middle, or Working)
3. Assign attribute points (6) remembering all attributes begin at 0, and calculate derived values. No Attribute may start higher than +3.
4. Spend your 50 Character Points
   Buy Skills (usually around 30 points' worth is a fairly sensible amount to purchase).
   No skill may start higher than 4.
   Buy Talents (select no more than 4), Privileges, Contacts and Assets
   Buy Augmentations
5. Realise you need lots more Character Points and select up to 3 Complications (the first gains you 5 Character Points, the second gains you 3 and the third adds a further 2)
6. Put the finishing touches to your character, such as name, appearance and personality.
7. Calculate your beginning resources and decide on any equipment (5 picks) you need to begin your adventuring career.

Social Class

Promethean society is generally split into three levels: upper, middle, and working classes. In Promethea, the upper class is generally divided between the Elite and the True Prometheans. While class distinctions are deteriorating in the rest of Europe they are still quite strong in Promethea, especially in terms of the Harvest. Each social class has its own ethics, ideals and etiquette, as well as advantages and disadvantages.

Your choice of social class will affect some of the options you have during character creation.

When deciding on your social class, remember that middle class characters have the most advantages on balance. They can also connect to most levels of society, able to both speak to the aristocracy and visit the local public house. While it may seem as if the lower class have the shortest end of the stick (and in many ways they do), they have more freedoms than the privileged upper classes – so long as their paperwork is in order. Birth into the upper classes is a gilded cage of reputation and duty for most, where their position depends entirely on towing the family line.

It is perfectly all right to pick a lower class or upper class background, but you should be aware that your adventures might lead you towards places you'll find it difficult to visit. Few nobles are welcome in the rookeries, and the lower orders never get invited to balls. Those who insist on breaking the conventions of society rarely get anywhere, and usually destroy any hope the rest of the group have in finding out what they wanted to know. The regulars at a pub might stop talking as soon as a noblewoman enters, and are unlikely to say much to her companions. In the same way, anyone churlish enough to bring the lower orders to a society function will probably be asked to leave with them, no matter who they are. These differences are even more pronounced in Promethea where some in the nobility Harvest the peasantry for their Augmentations.

For all the imbalances, you should remember that each member of society is proud to be born into the class they are. Certainly, everyone wishes they had a better standard of living, but breeding and virtue are something that any Promethean man or woman believes they have, regardless of their income. The upper class believe they are the natural leaders of society; it is up to them to set an example and guide the lower orders. After all, the middle class are unrefined and the lower class are scarcely more than beasts. The middle class see themselves as the builders of the nation, true Prometheans, and their entrepreneurial spirit its vitality. Such things cannot be left to the indolent upper classes or the mindless and lazy lower class. The lower class may have little, but they know the country only functions because they turn its wheels. They work harder than anybody else to see that the country they are building remains the envy of the world. As far as they are concerned, the soft upper classes can waste their time at balls all they like. The middle classes (who are no better than the lower class, just luckier) might think they are running the country, but would never dirty their hands with a real day's work. In such a way, everyone believes they are the backbone of Promethea and, while they'd all like to be better off (or in some cases just able to eat), they see virtue in remaining where they are.

Example: Martin decides that Milo has worked his way up rather than been born to privilege. However, a lower class character might never get the education required to join the intelligence service so he elects to play a middle class character.

Attributes

While a character's skills represent his knowledge and abilities, attributes reflect a character's aptitude, areas of excellence, or tragic flaws. There are six attributes, three physical (Strength, Dexterity and Fortitude) and three mental (Presence, Wits and Resolve). Think of each of these sets of three as either physical or mental power, agility and resistance (in the order listed above). While they don't rise as high as skills, they are far more useful, given that they show a broad aptitude in an area. Each Attribute is expressed as either a positive or negative rating in points. If your attribute is above zero, it adds to your dice pool when you attempt

a task. If it is negative, it adds to the Black Dice you must roll for the task. The details of each attribute are explained below.

Strength

As you may guess, Strength defines a character's raw physical power (or lack thereof). A strength bonus is clearly useful in hand to hand combat, as brute force can increase the damage done by most weapons. Strength is also useful in many feats of athleticism, and can provide a bonus to intimidation attempts under certain circumstances. A high Strength bonus could indicate bulging muscles, but could just as easily be described by steel-like sinews, or simply a 'hidden reserve.' A negative Strength bonus could represent infirmity, physical immaturity, decrepitude, or disablement.

Dexterity

Your overall physical agility, as pertains to balancing, leaping, jumping, and general hand-eye coordination. A gymnast or ballerina would have a high number of Dexterity dice, but Dexterity dice could also indicate excellent co-ordination in the case of a marksman or stage magician. A negative number of Dexterity dice could represent tremors, poor hand/eye co-ordination or even obesity.

Fortitude

Fortitude reflects a character's physical resistance, their toughness and constitution. Fortitude helps a character resist diseases and poisons (intentional and accidental). Fortitude dice also affect the amount of physical abuse a character can take before being adversely effected by their wounds. A character with a high number of Fortitude dice frequently radiates good health, while negative Fortitude dice might denote decrepitude, impairment from illness, or just reflects the susceptibility of a 'sickly child.' A character in the Upper class suffers a -1 penalty to their Fortitude to represent the fact that they are closeted away from the harsh realities of life, while a Lower class character gains a +1 bonus to their Fortitude, reflecting their toughness.

Presence

Your ability to impress and influence people through your character and charisma; how well you get along with others; how you interact in social situations. It is a measure of your mental power and force of personality. A high Presence bonus can indicate physical attractiveness, pleasant character, or a mixture of both. Characters with high Presence can command the attention of a room without uttering a word. A negative Presence denotes an unpleasant personality, or perhaps physical ugliness or disfigurement.

Wits

How generally bright and observant a character is: your mental agility. This covers more than sheer intelligence, also including cleverness, awareness, perception, and the ability to learn. A negative Wits denotes a mental or perceptual difficulty or a lack of 'common sense'. Poor education is not reflected by negative Wits, but by low skills.

Resolve

This represents force of will, mental resistance and determination, the ability to face danger or stress with courage. Resolve dice are especially useful to magic users, as wielding the raw forces of magic require a great deal of willpower. Negative Resolve dice can reflect a great many traits – cowardice, impulsiveness, a submissive nature, or just a simple lack of willpower.

A positive attribute level represents how many bonus dice are added to the dice that characters roll when performing skill tests. A negative attribute does not reduce the character's dice pool; instead, it adds its value to the Black Dice that oppose the

task. In this way, attributes increase or decrease the chance of success in the areas in which the character is exceptionally gifted or cursed.

Attribute Levels

With all this talk of dice and bonuses, it might be tricky to understand exactly what each level of attribute really means. So, consider the list below as a guide for what the numbers denote in physical or mental terms.

-3	Crippled
-2	Feeble
-1	Weak
0	Average
1	High Average
2	Talented
3	Impressive
4-5	Gifted
6-8	Superior
9+	Incredible

It is important to note that a high attribute need not directly impact on the appearance of the character. As attribute levels improve for a character, they learn how to use the attribute more effectively. So, if you improve your strength you are not necessarily getting more muscular, just able to apply your strength better.

All characters begin with a rating of 0 in all the attributes, they are average at everything. However these characters are to be heroes so you may add another 6 points to their attributes in ay way you like. If you need more points you might reduce up to two attributes by 1 point to gain an additional point for each reduction.

Example: As a spy. Milo will need a broad range of abilities so Martin spends his points broadly. He adds 1 point to Dexterity, 1 to Resolve, 2 to Wits and 2 to Presence. Martin really wants to improve Milo's Fortitude as well but has no points left. He chooses to reduce Strength to -1 to gain the extra point for Fortitude

Derived Attributes

Derived attributes are calculated from your other attributes. You can't directly increase derived attributes with experience points. Instead, they improve as the attributes they are derived from improve, although some traits may increase
derived attributes directly.

INITIATIVE:
[DEXTERITY + WITS + PERCEPTION SKILL]: this characteristic measures a character's reactions in combat. Initiative is used to determine when you move during the course of a combat turn.

HEALTH: [FORTITUDE +2]: this represents how much damage you can take before you are battered into unconsciousness or killed. On the character sheet, health is recorded as dice with 2 pips each. Every character has a base of 2 'dice' of health plus the bonus dice from their Fortitude. When characters receive combat wounds or other damage during play, the pips of these dice are ticked off. When a character runs out of these dice, he starts to mark points off the 4 shaded dice on the character sheet. At this point, he starts to take penalties to actions to represent the pain and shock of the wounds taken. The penalty is noted on each of the three dice (-2, -4, -8, -16) and applies to all the character's dice pools. When all of a character's health pips have been crossed out, the character is dead, or very nearly so. If a character has a negative Fortitude, they subtract the attribute value from the base 2 Health dice. So, a character with -2

Fortitude has no Health dice and marks off the shaded dice as soon as they are wounded. A character with -3 Fortitude suffers a constant penalty to all actions (even in perfect health), due to their decrepitude.

Example: Milo's Initiative will be 2 (Dexterity 1+ Wits 2 = 3) plus whatever he puts into his perception skill. His Health will be a base 2 dice + 1 for Fortitude, giving him a respectable 3 dice/6 pips of Health.

Character Points

Now you have your Social Class and Attributes out of the way, you also have 50 Character Points to spend. These can be spent on skills and additional traits for your characters. Additional traits are divided into Talents (special abilities), Privileges (mundane abilities and advantages), Contacts (friends and allies or just people who owe you favours) and Assets (resources and property). Which traits are available for your character depends on your character's Social class. In general, the upper classes have some of the best options, but are also very limited. The middle class have the most variety, and the lower classes have learned to expect very little from life.

You are free to spend your 50 Character Points on any combination of Traits and Skills that you like, but you must spend at least 30 points on Skills. While the cost of Traits varies, Skills cost 1 Character Point for each level. So, to buy Perception Skill at level 4 costs 4 Character Points. So, your best plan is to spend 30 Character Points on Skills, then choose the Traits you want. If you then have any remaining points, you can spend those on additional Skills. If your Gamemaster allows, you may buy additional attribute points for 10 character points. However, you may not buy more than 2 extra points and may not use this method to improve any attribute higher than 1. You can also 'sell' attribute points, gaining 5 Character points for ever attribute you lower by 1. However, you cannot lower any Attribute below –2. You must also get your Gamemaster's permission to gain more than 15 Character points in this way.

Competence

So, how many skill dice does your character need, if you want to be reasonably competent with a particular skill? As a guideline, consider the total dice pool (Skill + Attribute) to be an indication of your character's competence, as follows:

Dice Pool	
0-4	Novice; beginner
5-10	Experienced character; time-served apprentice; gifted amateur
11-15	Expert in the field; noted craftsman
16+	Master in the field; renowned character.

Skills

Where characteristics define what your character's strengths and weaknesses are, skills define what he knows. Like attributes, skills are defined, recorded and rated by their 'dice' – namely the number of dice that are rolled in play.

For example: Swordplay 4 means that the character rolls 4 dice to hit with his sword.

Your character's skills represent his acquired knowledge, the summation of childhood experience, career skills, knowledge picked up from hobbies,

and knowledge of the world around him. As your character develops through role-playing, you may increase and expand upon his starting skills by spending experience points, reflecting the growth of his knowledge and experience.

SKILLS COME IN TWO TYPES: Common skills and Specialties, although both work in much the same way. Common skills are the sort on things everyone has at least some sort of experience with. Either that or you need little or no training to use them. Even if you have no points in a common skill, you can still attempt a task involving that skill, using just your attribute dice. A Specialty is a skill that requires at least some training to perform. If you don't have a particular Specialty, you simply cannot even attempt tasks based on that skill. We have offered a selection of example specialities later on in the skills descriptions. Players should be free to create their own or pick from that list as they choose. However the Gamemaster can (as always) disallow any specialities she feels are too broad or that duplicate other skills.

Character Traits

There is a lot more to any character than just their Attributes and skills. Traits represent the special abilities and advantages your character has. They come in three types, Talents, Privileges and Assets, although we also count Contacts and Complications as traits. You will find a listing of the various traits in each section below, but we've put the descriptions of the individual traits at the end of this chapter so they don't get in the way.

Talents

Talents represent innate abilities, knacks and the flair that separates a virtuoso from the crowd. The list of talents below is a general one; Gamemasters may be creative in adding more to the list.

Skills Listing - Common Skills

ACT	Presence
ATHLETICS	Dexterity
BLUNT WEAPONS	Dexterity
BULL	Presence
CHARM	Presence
CONCEAL	Wits
CONCENTRATION	Resolve
DANCE*	Dexterity
DODGE	Dexterity
DRIVE AUTOMOBILE	Dexterity
DRIVE CARRIAGE	Wits
EMPATHY	Presence
ETIQUETTE*	Wits
FIREARMS	Dexterity
FISTICUFFS	Dexterity
GAMBLING	Wits
GENERAL KNOWLEDGE	Wits
HIDE & SNEAK	Dexterity
HORSE RIDING	Dexterity
IMPROVISED WEAPON	Dexterity
INTIMIDATE	Presence
MIGHT	Strength
NAVIGATION	Wits
PERCEPTION	Wits
STREETWISE*	Presence
SWORDPLAY	Dexterity
THROWING	Dexterity

*social class modifier usually applies

Talents Listing

* denotes a Talent that may be taken several times
[a] denotes a Talent that may be taken as an Augmentation instead

ACUTE SENSE*[a]
AMBIDEXTERITY (4 points) [a]
AGILITY [a]
BACKSTABBER* [a]
BEAUTIFUL / HANDSOME* [a]
BLIND FIGHTING [a]
COMBAT SENSE* [a]
CONTORTIONIST* [a]
DEADLY SHOT*
DEDUCTION* (2 points)
DIRECTION SENSE
DRINK LIKE A FISH* [a]
FEIGN DEATH
GAMBLER*
GLIB*
HAGGLER
INSPIRATION* (4 points)
IRON WILL*
JUGGERNAUT [a]
LIGHT SLEEPER
MERE FLESH WOUNDS* [a] (4 points)
NATURAL CHARISMA (5 points)
PERFECT PITCH*
POLYGLOT*
PUGILIST* [a]
QUICK DRAW*
RAPID HEALER (5 points) [a]
SPEED READER
TIME SENSE
WEAPON MASTER*

Exotic Augmentations

AQUATIC (3 points)
ARBOREAL (3 points)
ARMOUR (3* points)
AUGMENTED BEAUTY (2 points)
BITE (3 or 5 points)
CHARGE (3 points)
CLAWS (3 points)
CONSTRICT (3 points)
ELONGATED NECK (3 points)
ENHANCED ATTRIBUTE (5* points)
FLAWLESS (2* points)
GILLS (3 or 5 points)
GLIDER (3 points)
HORNS OR TUSKS (3 points)
LONG LEGS (3 points)
NIGHT VISION (3 points)
PREHENSILE TAIL (5 points)
WEBBED DIGITS (3 points)

Privileges

These traits are a little more mundane than Talents, but no less useful. They represent useful things a character possesses in social terms. They might grant authority, or offer position in social circles. As with any character trait, they are purchased with Character Points, but the cost can vary depending on just how useful the Privilege is. Unlike Talents, your social class limits the Privileges you have available to you. Some Privileges are available to more than one social class, or even all classes, but you can only buy those that are allowed for your social class.

BLACKGUARD (any, 3)
EAR OF THE STREET (lower 3/middle 5/upper 8)
FRIEND OF THE LIBRARY (middle/upper, 5, 8)
GANG MEMBER (lower 3)
HERO (any, 5)
MILITARY COMMISSION (upper, 3)
MUSEUM TRUSTEE (upper, 5)
PRIVATE CLUB MEMBERSHIP (upper/middle, 3)
PUB REGULAR (lower, 3)
SOCIETY FRIENDS (lower 5, middle 4, upper 3)
STREET INFORMANT (lower, 3)
THEATRICAL PATRON (upper/middle, 3)
UNION MEMBER (middle/lower, 3)

Assets

In this section you can buy some of the larger trappings of an adventurer's life, such as property, transport, or livestock. Such items are often well beyond the starting funds available to most characters, so they are the things you have saved and worked for (or stolen!).

BOLT-HOLE (any, 2)
ENHANCED WEAPON (middle, upper, 2, 4, 8)
LABORATORY (middle, upper, 3)
LIBRARY (middle, upper, 3, 5, 8)
LOYAL SERVANT (middle, upper, 5, 8)
SHOP (middle, 2)
TRAINED PET (any, 1 +2 points per trick)
WARDROBE (middle, upper, 3)
ADVENTURER REPUTATION (any,15)
DAREDEVIL REPUTATION (any,15)
HERO REPUTATION (any,15)
LEGENDARY REPUTATION (any,15)

Talents are bought by spending Character Points from your starting quota. The costs vary a little depending on how powerful, rare or useful it may be. Many Talents can be bought multiple times, increasing the bonus they offer in some way. However, there is a cap to the number of Talents you can have at Rank 1. Buying a Talent twice counts as having two Talents when considering the Talent cap. However, you can acquire more Talents with experience points (see the later section **Experience & Advancement** toward the end of this chapter) and it is easier to improve ones you already have than develop new ones.

Some Talents may be taken as either a Natural Talent, paying full cost, or as an Augmentation for a reduced cost (and as something which does not count towards your maximum number of Talents!). There's no such thing as something for nothing though, and if you choose the Augmentation route, then you must make a roll on the Augmentation Surgery table to determine what (if any) side-effects you can expect. Check the section on Augmentations for details.

Complications

Running out of Character Points? That's a real shame, but you might be pleased to know that there's a way to get more: Complications. However, don't expect to get something for nothing. Complications can set you up for a whole heap of trouble, but then, trouble is why you became an adventurer in the first place, isn't it?

Just as with any other trait, you should think about how your character came by these quirks, problems, or situations, and spend some time to link them in to your character's history.

You may only take 3 Complications; and only one may be a mental complication. Your first Complication gives you an extra 5 Character Points, the second gives you an extra 3 Character Points, and the third complication gives you 2 Character Points.

Complications Listing

*denotes a mental complication
[a] described in the "Augmentation & Surgery" section

ABSENT MINDED*
AGGRAVATING LANDLORD
ADDICTION*
AMNESIA*
ANNOYING HOUSE MATE
BAD HUMOURS*
BAD REPUTATION
BLACKMAILED
BLACK SHEEP
BON VIVANT*
CODE OF HONOUR*
CRIMINAL
CURSED
DEPENDENTS
DISINHERITED
DISTINCTIVE FEATURES
DRUDGE'S SCARS [a]
ENEMY
EVIL TWIN
FAMILY FEUD
FOREIGNER
GLASS JAW
ILLITERATE
INSUFFICIENT INCOME
IRKSOME NEIGHBOURS
JEALOUSY*
KLEPTOMANIA*
KLUTZY
LATE STARTER
LAZY
LECHEROUS*
MISSING LIMB
MISUNDERSTOOD FINANCES
MUTE
NARCISSIST*
ODIOUS PERSONAL HABITS
PAWS
PERSONALITY FLAW*
PHOBIA*
POLICE HARASSMENT
POLICY OF TRUTH*
PROPER SENSIBILITIES*
PUBLIC FIGURE
RAGE*
RESPONSIBILITIES
SHY*
STUBBORN*
SURGICAL SCARRING [a]
SWELL'S FITTINGS [a]
VOW
WATCHED

Contacts

Everybody has at least some friends, and the same is true in Dark Harvest. Contacts are friends, colleagues or social acquaintances that you can turn to for information or aid when stuck. A contact might lend you small amounts of money, give you shelter, or share information that will aid you. Aid from a contact is a two-way thing: they are people with agendas, priorities and a living to make as well and they might just as easily call in favours from you. When choosing contacts, think about how your character met them, and what makes them friends.

Every character starts the game with a number of contacts equal to 1 plus their Presence bonus. If you have a negative bonus then yes, you start the game with no friends! However, additional contacts can be bought with Character Points. Due to the lack of social mobility in Victorian-era Promethean society, the contacts you can choose are dictated by social class. Choosing contacts from your own class costs one point per contact, but the cost of contacts in different social layers is doubled to 2 points per contact. Contacts obtained from your Presence can be from any class, but the Gamemaster may veto any he feels are inappropriate, or unbalanced. Also, the further removed from your own class, the less chance your contact can be relied upon as a friend.

Favours are a cheaper alternative to full contacts, but favours are a 'one shot' option; you can make use of the contact only once, but they must do what you ask (as long as it's appropriate). You should think about what renders this person indebted to you – did you save their life? Or are you blackmailing them? If you choose to take a contact as owing you a favour only, the cost for the contact is halved.

You should define who your contacts are at the start of the game. However, the Gamemaster may allow you to decide who they are as the adventure goes on. So, when you need a favour you know you can find the right person. A few examples of contacts are: Barmaid, Beggar, Cabby, Charity Worker, Costermonger, Detective, Dockhand, Factory Worker, Footpad, Gutter Quack, Gypsy, Industrialist, Investor, Labourer, Lawyer, Mudlark, Shopkeeper, Smuggler, Squire, Physician, Police Sergeant, Priest, Professor, Prostitute, Pub Landlord, Reclusive Inventor, Revolutionary, Sailor, Servant, Socialite, Soldier, Street Urchin and Woodsman.

Example: Middle class Milo has a couple of contacts. Lazlo is a labourer, hired from time to time by Milo's family to do some work around the house and who befriended Milo as he grew. Though Lazlo is getting on a bit now, he's still able to pass on his wisdom and the occasional bit of useful information. Milo also knows Theodore, son of a wealthy local landowner. The Gamemaster was slightly reticent about this choice so beyond Milo's class until the Player explained that Milo saved Theodore when the young man got drunk one night while 'slumming it' in a working class area. Lazlo stopped his own sons from pounding on Theodore, and fetched Milo to get the drunk home. Theodore was instructed by his grateful father to befriend Milo so he might one day pay back his benefactor. As a contact, Theodore is borderline – he may or may not be reliable in a pinch.

Fate Pool & Scripting Dice

All characters are heroes, and (sometimes regrettably) often push luck to its limits. This ability to succeed though heroic destiny or dumb luck is represented by a Fate Pool. A character's Fate Pool is made up of Scripting Dice, which each have 6 Fate Points. Fate Points can be added to any dice roll to add one definite (or 'automatic') success to the result. However, this additional success can still be cancelled by Black Dice like any other success, and only a maximum of three can be spent on any single dice roll.

If a character has a full set of 6 Fate Points, they can spend them instead as one Scripting Die. When a Scripting Die is spent, fate intervenes in a big way, saving a character from death or averting personal catastrophe. Information on how to gain and spend Scripting Dice and Fate Points are found later on in the Fate Pool and Scripting Dice section.

All characters start play with a Fate Pool of 8, meaning they start with 1 full Scripting Die and 2 spare Fate Points.

What stuff do I get to start with?

Even without Assets, each character begins the game with a certain amount of funds. What they have depends on their social class:

UPPER CLASS: If you are unmarried you live in the family estate or possibly the family townhouse. Your every need is catered for and you never go hungry. You can afford to eat in the best restaurants and afford to buy pretty much anything you need. However, all this money belongs to the family, not you and the Gamemaster may deny you any purchases she likes if she thinks the family may not approve. You begin each adventure with 2 lei in your pocket.

MIDDLE CLASS: You have a rented room in a reputable boarding house in a reasonable part of the city. It isn't great, but you aren't very likely to get robbed. You have no actual servants, but the landlady does some of those duties for an affordable rate. Your clothes are probably a little threadbare, but you can look presentable in most places. You have to do some form of work to make ends meet, but what you own is yours. You also begin each adventure with 10 ban in your pocket.

LOWER CLASS: You get nothing, nada, zip. It might be that you sleep on the streets or, on a good day, pay for space in a hostel or tied to a pew in an overcrowded church overnight. Under these circumstances, you live in constant fear of the authorities. Still, it's marginally better than being tied to a single village, or factory, and worked like a slave. At least, that's what you tell yourself. Your clothes are rags and what little cash you earn from begging goes on barely edible food or possibly gin.

"The most decadent of the boyar families in Promethea, even his fellows shy off having dealings with him..."

Personal Equipment

Although you have the basics taken care of, your character may need additional pieces of equipment to begin their adventuring career. They may want to carry a reliable revolver or a study walking cane. In addition to their Assets, each character can pick up to 5 additional pieces of personal equipment to begin the game with. However, none of these picks can duplicate an Asset. What actually counts as 1 equipment 'pick' is up to the Gamemaster. For instance, making each bullet count as one pick is a little unfair, but so is the player simply writing down 'ammo' and expecting an inexhaustible supply. In the case of such items, 'a box of' is appropriate, be it bullets, climbing pitons or pencils. How many items are in each 'box' is up to the Gamemaster.

However, equipment picks should not be limited to weapons. In fact, each player should only choose 1 weapon for each weapon skill they put points in during character creation. For the remaining picks, consider what the character might value – their Grandfather's pocket watch or an old photograph of a lost lover. Your equipment need not be directly related to adventuring, use it to describe your character. You are not tooling up to go down a dungeon, but rounding out your character description.

Finishing Touches

Characters are more than scores on a piece of paper; this is why they are called characters, and not counters or playing pieces. Who is your character? Why does he seek adventure? What was he before he started to adventure? You should now think about your character's past experiences, starting assets, contacts, and any complications you have chosen, then think about what he is doing now. If your character was a mud-lark who ran off to join the army, is he still in the army? Is he on leave – did he leave or was he discharged? You should also consider the following things:

Name

If you haven't done so already, choose a name that you find appealing. In the middle and upper class there is a trend toward long-winded "authoritative" Christian names, but this is not at all the majority. Apart from that note, all the classes of England, for example, use many names that would be given to a child today. There is a certain amount of class division between names. This isn't conscious, or a rule, it is just that certain names are popular with different classes. So, you see few lower class people called Theodore or Levinia and few upper class people called Amos or Nora. Generally, the grander sounding names are reserved for the upper classes, because the lower classes feel a bit odd giving grand names to their children.

While we are on the subject of names, we should point out that people addressed each other far more formally in the Victorian era. You had to really know someone well to use their first name, even if it was just the two of you together. At dinner parties and other formal occasions (for any class), people are referred to as Mr, Mrs or Miss, as over-familiarity is considered inappropriate. You need to gain both trust and permission to be allowed to use someone's first name. "Miss Carlton, or may I call you Elizabeth?" or "Please, Lady Preston, call me Jonathan." Note that you'd never ask to refer to someone by a nickname, such things are for children, and only old childhood friends might use such things in private to denote a shared history. Children are spoken to using their first name and, when they are gradually addressed as Mr or Miss, it is a sign of their growing up. So, when you have picked a first name for your character, make sure you have a surname as well. You'll probably use it far more often.

A few popular Promethean given names are:

NAMES FOR MEN

Alexandru, Alin, Andrin, Antal, Antoine, Arpad, Atalik, Avram, Bela, Benedek, Boris, Catalin, Catarino, Claudiu, Corneliu, Cosmin, Cristian, Dimitrie, Dragos, Emil, Eugen, Fadri, Flurin, Gheorghe, Grigore, Horia, Ignat, Imre, Imrus, Ince, Ion, Iuliu, Ivan, Jancsi, Jani, Janos, Koloman, Kristof, Lascar, Lazlo, Liviu, Lorand, Maks, Marcel, Mattia, Maurus, Mihail, Miklos, Milo, Mircea, Mugur, Nicolae, Octavian, Petre, Petrica, Radu, Rapoto, Sabin, Salaman, Sergiu, Silviu, Stefan, Tavian, Theodor, Tivadar, Traian, Uorsin, Valentin, Vasile, Victorin, Vilja, Virgiliu, Viturin, Vlad, Zoltan, Zoran

NAMES FOR WOMEN

Adrienn, Alin, Anamaria, Anca, Boglarka, Brigita, Camelia, Catalena, Cici, Crina, Doina, Ecaterina, Elena, Eniko, Elisabeta, Erzebet, Hajna, Ildiko, Joana, Jolan, Kato, Kinga, Kingusia, Kinia, Krisztiana, Krisztina, Kunegunda, Luminita, Madlaina, Malika, Mara, Mareska, Margarta, Maria, Mariska, Monica, Ottavia, Rebeka, Rez, Rozsa, Silvia, Stephane, Tullia, Tzigana, Vica, Viva, Zorana, Zsa zsa

Surnames

Most Promethean names end in –escu or -ascu, which means "belonging to the people."
For example, "Belascu" would mean "son of Bela."

Appearance

What does the character look like? Does he have any distinctive features or mannerisms? What clothes does he wear?

Fashion and clothing is a booming business. For those with the money to spare on such extravagance, fashion changes with each season; for those with no money, hand-me-down rags are readily available. Society places great store in presentation, and those who can afford the latest wardrobe and styles are universally well regarded. The poor cannot afford fashion, and dress in a ramshackle variety of rags and used clothes, bleached of colour and distorted in shape. Underclothes and changes of clothes are luxuries the lower classes are unlikely to afford. Of course, fashion in Promethea has taken a rather macabre turn.

Age

The character's age is largely at the player's discretion. In Dark Harvest, a male is not considered adult or able to vote until 21, yet the age of sexual consent is only 13! Women are expected to marry at 14-16 and considered old maids at 21. An abundance of children as young as 6 work full time in the mills and factories, a typical example of society's dual values.

Typical lifespan varies with class. The upper classes, who can afford hygiene and medical care, can expect to see their 7th decade before death comes. The lower classes are placed in conditions of such squalor that they rarely last beyond 50 before dying of chronic illness, exposure or exhaustion.

That's it!

Now your character is ready to enter the world of Dark Harvest. Take a moment to look over your character sheet and make sure you have everything you need. After all, your character concept may have changed as you worked your way though the lists. It isn't too late to swap a few things about and reorganise things.

Finally, you may want to talk to the other players about how your character fits into the group. You should have been discussing this a little as you created your character to make sure everyone fits together properly. You need not tell each other all your secrets, but you should discuss how you might meet for your first adventure (unless the Gamemaster already

has something in mind). Maybe you are all part of the same social club, as members or even servants. You might be related, either as brothers or sisters, or even husband and wife. A female character off on adventures with her husband is a little less scandalous. You might all be members of a society dedicated to a scientific or charitable cause. There may be some interest they all share, such as Revolutionary theory, Religion or Philosophy, which they have corresponded about on occasion. Some characters might be employed by others, or work together, perhaps having served in the military together (perhaps not the Promethean military, though …).

When you are happy with your character choices and you have established your player character group, you are ready to begin. The world of Dark Harvest awaits.

Using Skills - Class Modifiers

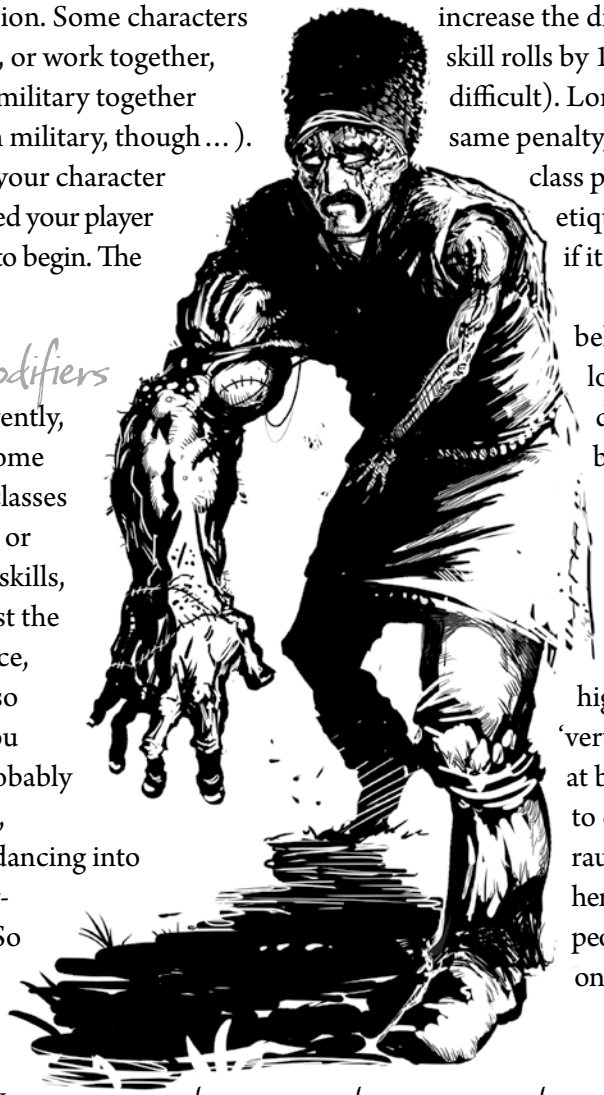
Some skills work a little differently, depending on the class you come from. For instance, different classes have different styles of dance, or rules of etiquette. With these skills, certain basic principles are just the same. After all, if you can dance, you can dance. You won't be so comfortable doing a dance you don't know, but you could probably pick it up. Making lower class, middle class and upper class dancing into 3 different skills is rather over-complicated and unrealistic. So we keep the skill the same, but apply a class modifier.

A class modifier applies only to certain skills, and only when the character is in an unusual environment. Officially, few skills (such as Business, Conversation, Dance, Etiquette and Streetwise) have a class modifier, but the Gamemaster is free to apply it to any skill where he deems it appropriate.

The modifier itself is an increase of 1 level of difficulty for every class step the character is removed from their environment. So, when Arthur Wescott (a middle class detective) takes tea with Lord Markham (an Upper class dilettante), he must increase the difficulty level of his etiquette skill rolls by 1 (so average tasks become difficult). Lord Markham suffers the same penalty, as he is talking to a middle class person, although his lapses in etiquette might be less problematic if it is his house.

When Rose goes to a party below decks, with her secret lover Jack, she tries to join in the dancing. She is a good dancer, but upper class, whereas her lover and his friends are all lower class. As Rose is two class steps removed from the gathering, her difficulty level to dance is 2 steps higher, making 'average' tasks 'very difficult'. She is experienced at ballroom dancing, but has to concentrate hard to join the raucous knees-up going on around her. As the gathering is all lower class people doing lower class dances, no one but Rose suffers the penalty.

Resistance spy Eniko is passing herself off as daughter of an upper class lady to infiltrate a large dinner party.



"There are some who escape to roam the countryside and harass the population..."

When Lady Maria, complete with her latest and very fashionable Augmentation scars, corners her for a chat, her difficulty level for getting out of the conversation without causing offence is 2 steps up – Eniko comes from humble farming stock.

It is up to the Gamemaster to decide when and how a class modifier applies. While the modifier is a set amount (1 difficulty level for each class step), how and when it is used is judged by the Gamemaster. It is worth noting that middle class characters have a definite advantage here, only ever being removed by 1 class from anyone else.

Characters that become familiar with the ways and differences of other classes may eventually shake off the class modifier. After all, adventurers tend to mix more freely with their betters and inferiors. However, just because you have spent time with a few members of a particular class, it doesn't mean you have learned everything about them. Characters should only reduce the modifier when they try using a skill where it applies. Even then, it will gradually reduce over time rather than suddenly no longer apply.

Automatic Successes

When your characters become more advanced, they will improve their skills and attributes, making their dice pools larger. That can mean a lot of dice. So, characters can trade in dice to grant them automatic successes on their roll. This gives them a more definite chance of succeeding in the task, and reduces the number of actual dice they have to roll.

For every 3 dice a character trades in, they can add 1 automatic success to their skill roll result. Traded dice are not rolled with the dice pool, but the trading only counts for that one roll. So, the next time you attempt a task, you can decide to trade or not trade as much as you like.

Obviously, you cannot trade more dice than you have in your dice pool. It is useless to trade in less than 3, or anything but a multiple of three. If you have a dice pool of 5, you can only trade in 3 dice to get 1 automatic success. Remember that 2 successes are usually enough to complete any task competently.

While, on average, probability states that you will get 1 success for every 3 dice you roll, trading dice is still a gamble. The dice you trade could all have succeeded and some may have rolled a 6 and granted even more success. However they could just as easily all have rolled failures. Taking automatic successes is for when you need to just get the job done. Truly heroic actions and great works of art cannot be attained by such 'playing safe'. You should also remember that your automatic successes can still be cancelled by Black Dice. So if you trade in too much of your dice pool, you may have no protection from a nasty Black Dice roll.

Languages

While characters are assumed to be able to speak their native language perfectly, other languages are not so simple. The Talent 'Polyglot' allows a character to speak another language fluently, but that cannot

be taken for every language. For every other use of language, the appropriate skill will apply, which require a little clarification.

Languages skills work the same way as any other group skill, each different language being another separate group specialisation. When a character wants to communicate in a language they have skill with, they tell the Gamemaster what they want to say. The Gamemaster decides how complicated what they are trying to communicate is, and assigns a difficulty. So 'where is the toilet' might be average, but explaining the rules of cricket is very difficult (or harder). The same happens when a character tries to understand something being said to him. The Gamemaster tells them what difficulty they need to beat on a language roll to understand what is being said. This applies to each exchange in a conversation, rather than the whole conversation. So, if your language skills are not especially good, you may understand some parts of the conversation and not others, and communicate your side of the conversation well or incomprehensibly. There is nothing stopping each person repeating what they have said to offer another chance for the other party to understand but, if you roll badly, you may not realise they are repeating themselves.

Foul Failure during a language check can be very dangerous. You are most likely to understand or communicate something offensive or threatening and that can provoke a nasty response.

Reading works in just the same way, but is a more one sided conversation. Reading and writing, as well as speaking, are covered by each language skill. While some languages share a script (Roman, Russian, Arabian, Oriental etc), if you don't know the actual language, being able to read the words is pointless. The Gamemaster decides how difficult a roll to understand each section of the book will be (and how long each 'section' of the text is) and the player rolls the dice. There is nothing stopping them trying to read a volume several times, but Foul Failure may lead to confusion as above. In Victoriana and in Dark Harvest, while not everyone is literate, we assume that all player characters (even the lower class ones) can read and write their native language (unless they choose the 'illiterate' complication).

It is possible to attempt to communicate without the right language skill. Everyone can make an attempt using their Wits alone to use sign language. However, the person you are talking to can only use their Wits to understand you, and anything complicated will make the difficulty level too high to yield any success

Languages in Promethea

Almost everyone in Promethea speaks Romanian, which is heavily derived from Latin. Other major languages include German, Hungarian, Russian and Romani (the language of the Roma). Many educated Romanians speak French as a second language, although English is also becoming popular. This is particularly true of the scientific elite – most of the international scientific conferences end up using English as the 'base language'.

Skill Descriptions

Skills marked with * show where a social class modifier usually applies

Common Skills Listing

Act (Presence)

Like any actor, this skill grants the ability to appear to be something you are not. Acting is useful for impressing a paying crowd or impersonating a third party in an attempt at trickery. Someone who is skilled in this can fake moods or emotions convincingly. You can change your gait and posture to appear to be older or younger, and affect a selection of accents. You are also skilled in copying and creating the various mannerisms of the character you are assuming. If you also have the Disguise skill, you can accurately imitate costume and appearance as well.

Athletics (Dexterity)

For the sporting types, this skill is a must. It is used when trying to play any form of team ball game, as well as running, jumping and climbing. Extremely useful for adventurers who lead active lives.

Blunt Weapons (Dexterity)

To use any blunt weapon effectively in combat, you need this ability. It helps you land a telling blow with a cosh, truncheon or even a handy piece of 2-by-4.

Bull (Presence)

When you haven't got the time to charm your opponent, you can try to use Bull. This mixture of fast talking, lies, verbal deceit and aggressive manner is used to browbeat your opponent into doing as you ask. If they think about what you say to them, it will be obvious you are talking rubbish. For example, Bull might be used to persuade police that the knife in the corpse is not yours, despite the monogrammed hilt. The art of Bull does not come from proficiency with character acting, only with glib mistruth.

Charm (Presence)

When working the long con or just trying to attract the company of a young lady, Charm is essential. This skill allows you to cajole, seduce, flatter and impress people with impunity. It won't make people follow your orders (unless you do very well indeed), but it can make them behave very favourably towards you. It is very useful against an individual in a romantic setting, but can also be used to sway crowds to particular moods and actions. A successful oration to a crowd certainly convinces those in attendance for days but, with a high degree of success, it could even be months or years before the shadow of doubt falls. A foul failure causes the crowd to mock or throw rotten garbage at the character.

Conceal (Wits)

If you have something to hide, this is the skill for you. Conceal is used for covering up, secreting, or masking an object or objects, perhaps with debris, cloth, or other intervening (or illusion promoting) materials. You might even make a secret panel or false compartment. If you want to keep a concealed weapon on you, or hide what you have just stolen, you'll need a high rating in this skill. If someone wants to find what you've concealed, they need to get more successes on a Perception roll that you get with your Conceal roll.

Concentration (Resolve)

It is hard to keep your concentration when there is noise or even combat going on around you. This

ability is essential to keep your mind on a task in stressful situations. It includes the abilities of focus and mental control, which would encompass feats of memory and recall. However, late night academics use this skill to keep reading and researching into the small hours.

Dance* (Dexterity)

It will be a few years before dancing ceases to involve formal steps. So, this skill covers various dances, from the Waltz to the Tango. It also covers the ability to perform dance (such as Ballet), as well as improvise steps to music. Each class tends to have their own style of dancing, from the formal ballroom steps of the upper classes to the knees up free-for-alls of a harvest festival.

Dodge (Dexterity)

This is essentially the basic skill of getting out of the way of someone who is trying to hit you. This skill is used when you are actively trying to avoid being hit in ranged or melee combat. It is also useful when avoiding anything being thrown in your direction, from bowling balls and frying pans to tables and chairs.

Drive Carriage (Wits)

With this skill, you can drive carriages, coaches, carts, traps, dog carts and sleds. If it has wheels, skis or runners you can pilot it using this generic skill. Training in this skill also teaches you how to maintain and prepare carriages and whatever is pulling them.

Empathy (Presence)

Is the guy with the blunderbuss aimed at your groin bluffing, or is he for real? Using Empathy skill allows a character to perceive the emotional state and/or intentions of those around him by observing body language and behaviour. You can also use it to gauge the mood of a crowd and if someone might be lying to you.

Etiquette* (Wits)

You know the dos and don'ts that European society depends upon. Knowing the rules of etiquette helps you get though a social event without embarrassing yourself and offending others. Each class has a distinct set of customs designed to flummox class interlopers – this skill does not only apply to upper class functions. You need to know the proper way to address a crime lord in the Rookeries as much as you might a Duke at a ball.

Firearms (Dexterity)

You are familiar with shooting, maintaining and judging modern day firearms of all kinds. While they are quite different in real life, this skill covers both pistols and rifles. Knowing your weapons in is essential, not only because of their use in defending your person, but due to their variety and occasional unreliability!

Fisticuffs (Dexterity)

When you have no weapon, you need to use your fists. Whatever your fighting style, Fisticuffs governs any attempt at unarmed combat. It also covers a lady's attempt to slap the face of inappropriately behaving gentlemen. Using weapons like knuckle-dusters and claws are covered by this skill, as such devices simply add to the damage you can do.

General Knowledge (Wits)

There are some things that you just can't help picking up. Your General Knowledge skill represents your basic level of education, although an education is not something that everyone in Promethea gets. General Knowledge covers the basics of things like mathematics, history, science, trivia, current events, customs and races. Essentially, it covers anything you might reasonably have learned at school, whether it was boarding school or the school of hard knocks. It cannot be used to answer the big questions, but it might offer you clues.

Hide & Sneak (Dexterity)

Sooner or later, you will probably try to do something sneaky and, for that, you need Hide & Sneak, otherwise known as the art of moving quietly. Using this skill, you know how to stay in the shadows, or even hide in plain sight. You can shadow a suspect or hide from the police. This is a pretty essential skill for those working in the shadows, both literally and figuratively.

Horse Riding (Dexterity)

The ability to know one end of a horse from another, get on the right way round, make jumps and do trick riding. Horses are a primary means of getting around for many, so it pays to get used to them.

Improvised Weapon (Dexterity)

You won't always enter a combat with a ready weapon. Using this skill, any domestic item can become a melee or missile weapon. It covers the use of frying pans, broken bottles, pots, plates, cutlery, chair legs, tables (as shields, unless your character is seriously Augmented) and so on as weapons. This skill holds an amazing degree of versatility compared to other weapon skills. As such, there is a stipulation on its use: the improvised weapon must be found at the combat scene and not carried with the character as a typical weapon might. Some improvised weapons might already be covered by the 'Blunt Weapons' skill. In which case the Gamemaster is the final arbiter of which skill should be used. You can also use this skill when you use tools as weapons, such as hammers and axes. However, the Gamemaster might rule that such weapons are counted as 'Specialty Weapons' and require a new skill.

Intimidate (Presence)

Sometimes you need to get someone talking, or just get them to back off. Using Intimidate, you can make somebody do what you want by inspiring fear through the threat of terrible violence. Often, the Gamemaster might allow a character to use Strength instead of Presence to intimidate a subject. It should be noted that the odious pursuit of physical torture is a separate specialty (covered by Interrogation). Even without torture, intimidation is a brutish way to go about things, whether it is done by grabbing someone around the throat, or telling them what horrors may be forced on them while speaking quietly over a cup of tea.

Might (Strength)

There is a skill to lifting and carrying, and it is called Might. You can add your Might skill into any feat of strength you attempt you make. It is also pretty handy for kicking down doors.

Perception (Wits)

It pays to keep your wits about you. Perception is the skill of observing your environment. Using this skill, you can notice an ambush or search a room. It is extremely useful for noticing things going on around you, but also for detecting hidden or false items, concealed weapons and forged papers.

Streetwise* (Presence)

Knowing the streets can be essential for an investigator. Streetwise is used to keep face and make successful communications in a diverse street culture, such as the seamy side of most European cities. With this skill, you know how to find the black market, talk to thugs, gain information, and so on. This skill may also be used as an abstracted information gathering skill, allowing a character to gain information from his contacts (lowlifes and the more respectable ones). Streetwise applies when you are trying to find something in an urban environment. So it is equally useful when shopping for the perfect gown for the spring ball as it is when hiring someone to break legs.

Swordplay (Dexterity)

Skill with a blade is often the mark of a gentleman. This skill applies to bladed weapons, from swords and sabres to knives and stilettos. Some Gamemasters may insist that knives and swords should be separate skills, but we decided not to be so mean.

Throwing (Dexterity)

You understand the art of lobbing aerodynamically shaped objects (such as throwing knives and manufactured bombs) and less aerodynamic objects (such as bricks and Molotov cocktails). If you intend to turn any object into an improvised missile, you use this skill. So, throwing a knife uses Throwing skill, not Swordplay. Contrary to popular belief, female characters do not suffer a penalty to use this skill.

Specialties Listing

The specialities we've listed here are not the be-all-and-end-all of all the possible skills your characters might acquire. So it is up to the players and Gamemaster to define the specifics of the skills in their game and how broad they might be. Some of the skills listed here are 'group skills' which are not skills in their own right but areas of expertise that have something in common with a wide range of skills. Within each group skill are a selection of specialisations that should be taken as separate skills. To have one specialisation might allow the character to know something of other specialisations in that group. For instance, Science covers such a wide range it is actually a selection of skills, however, someone well versed in one science may have a passing knowledge of some of the others.

Accounting (Wits)

The character with this skill is expert at figures, cost efficiency and exploiting loopholes. While this skill might seem boring to some, you can make a killing in the financial markets with it, and no business can run without it.

Ad Hoc Repair (Wits)

Machines have a tendency to break down. Ad Hoc Repair is used to make hasty repair to a device or construction with the materials at hand. Repairing a steam engine with rubber bands and paper is a staggering example of an Ad Hoc Repair. The difficulty depends on the severity of the break down and the resources you have at hand to repair it.

Animal Handling (Wits)

Animals aren't like people, and require a special touch. This skill deals not only with caring for animals, but also knowing a little about their moods and instincts. You can use this skill to try to calm the savage beast, as well as knowing what to feed it, and when to avoid it.

Appraisal (Wits)

A successful Appraisal grants a good estimate of an item's worth, whether it's cut emerald, looted tribal artefacts or the depreciated worth of a steam train. With success, the character understands the value and significance of an item. With a failure, the character pays too much, sells too low, or otherwise misinterprets evidence of worth.

Art (Group Skill) (Presence)

This group skill covers the incredible array of artistic skills, one for each art in fact. As with all group skills, each of these is a separate art skill. However, acting and playing an instrument are separate skills and not classed as art. Whatever specialisation you choose, you should give thought to the style of art your character practices. For instance, if they are a painter, what do they paint, and in what style: Romantic, Realism, Neo-Classical, Impressionist?

SPECIALISATIONS INCLUDE: Musical Composition, Painting, Playwright, Sculpture, Singing, Writing

Augmentation (Wits)

This skill covers the unique surgical techniques involved in any and all forms of Augmentation surgery – from replacing a lost finger to upgrading a weak-bodied recruit to the mass of muscle that is a member of the Promethean Royal Guard. It also the skill used by Evisceration technicians to artfully and painfully destroy an individual. An Augmentation surgeon or an Evisceration technician must also possess the skill Frankenstein's Gift in order to correctly prepare and apply the necessary chemicals. As a pre-requisite to taking this skill, a character must have equal skill in Frankenstein's Gift (that is, before a character can take Augmentation 1, they must first possess Frankenstein's Gift 1; likewise for Augmentation 2, and so on).

Boating (Dexterity)

Unless you are running a sea-borne campaign, one skill suits the myriad different sea craft skills. Boating skill grants you knowledge of running and crewing any sea going vessel from a Tea Clipper to a Schooner to a Steam Ship.

Bribery (Presence)

Offering people money isn't quite as easy as it sounds. Knowing how much to offer so you won't insult your new friend is very important, as important as not offering too much and making them think you are a mark. Using this skill, you can also gauge whether a bribe will be appropriate to a certain situation. Not everyone will take a bribe, and the few honest people you meet may find the mere offer offensive, or even reportable.

Business* (Wits)

This skill displays an understanding of the way the bureaucratic machine works and the ability to manipulate others with red tape. It also governs a character's knowledge of the business world in general.

Conversation* (Presence)

This subtle ability allows you to extract information from people with careful conversation. It is a form of gentle interrogation. The use of this skill takes time and, if the roll is missed, the subject realises he is being pumped for information. You can also use this skill to fill time with small talk or impress dinner guests with cleverness and wit.

Craft (Group Skill) (Strength / Wits)

With the various forms of craft under this group skill the character knows how to build, maintain and repair some form of useful creation. Craft skills often use Wits to design items and finish them, but require strength to form and create the items in the first place.

SPECIALISATIONS INCLUDE: Armourer, Blacksmith, Brewer, Butcher, Cabinetmaker, Carpenter, Chandler, Cobbler, Confectioner, Cook, Embalmer, Glass Blower, Gunsmith, Hatter, Jeweller, Miller, Seamstress, Tailor, Weaver.

Criminology (Wits)

You know how to look for clues, examine evidence, examine records, search through files for incriminating connections and facts, and so on.

Cryptography (Wits)

The world is full of patterns and puzzles. With Cryptography, you have learned the ability to see these patterns and can use them to solve simple ciphers and encrypt or decode messages. It is also rather useful for doing the crossword in the newspaper.

Culture (Group Skill) (Wits)

This group skill covers the various traditions, history,

practices and etiquette of a particular culture. As with languages, the Gamemaster is free to be more specific with the range of cultures if they are important in the campaign. Players are assumed to be familiar with their own culture.

SPECIALISATIONS INCLUDE: (by culture) African, Arabian, Chinese, Indian, Russian, etc

Demolition (Wits)

If you like fire, you'll love this skill. Demolition skill grants a basic knowledge of how to treat explosives, detonators and fuse wires. In short, how to build (and disarm!) bombs, mines, and mining charges.

Disguise (Wits)

A master of Disguise can change posture and costume to look like someone else, or just look different. The difficulty increases the more dramatic the change, and for factors like gender, age, size or ethnic origin. Perception skill might lead an observer to suspect something amiss. If the Disguise roll fails, onlookers notice uncharacteristic behaviour. A Foul Failure at Disguise is bad news, as the characters moustache falls off into his coffee at the most inopportune time. To mimic personal habits and speech, as well as make a convincing performance, you must also use the Acting skill.

Engineer (Group Skill) (Wits)

This group skill is a little more specific than most, containing only 5 specialisations. These skills form the basis of knowledge for any inventor wishing to create devices and constructions of their own.

ENGINEER (CIVIL) is used to design and oversee the construction of houses, bridges, dams, aqueducts and other non-military construction. The extra structural integrity required for an engine of war is achieved with the Engineer (Military) skill.

ENGINEER (CLOCKWORK) is used to construct precise clockwork devices on any scale. It might be as small as a pocket watch, or a great clockwork cannon or automaton.

ENGINEER (ELECTRICAL) is used to construct electricity-generating devices and control the flow of power. What you use that power for is up to you; be it to light a house, power a machine, or electrify a fence.

ENGINEER (MECHANICAL) is used for devices with moving parts not quite so complicated as clockwork. It can involve anything from steam driven turbines to engines.

ENGINEER (MILITARY) is used for the manufacture and maintenance of military fortifications such as sand bag defences and digging defensive trenches. May also be used to maintain engines of war such as cannons and other horrors of the age.

SPECIALISATIONS INCLUDE: Civil, Clockwork, Electrical, Mechanical, Military

Fashion (Presence)

Society requires a grasp of fashion, wardrobe, and personal grooming. The ability to look devastating, all of the time, is essential. A character with this skill knows how to show off clothes and look his or her best. It is also used to predict the next wave of fashions from the continent and start the trend, rather than follow it. Characters may wish to make Presence + Fashion rolls before a social event to see who is the best dressed at the function. It can also be used to identify the work of fashionable Augment surgeons.

Forgery (Wits)

Should you wish to create false documents, identification, currency, and so forth to negotiate the occasionally deadly bureaucratic world of Promethea, you'll need to know the forgery skill. If you are 'copying' art, you should also have skill in the

appropriate artistic medium (painting or sculpture, etc). You can also use this skill to detect other people's forgeries.

Frankenstein's Gift (Wits)

This is the skill used in the creation and application of the chemical serums used in Augmentation surgery, organ harvesting & preservation, Evisceration, and some medical treatments (the treatment of major injuries, for example, where actual Augmentation is refused or unnecessary). An Augmentation surgeon or an Evisceration technician must have this skill, though a skilled worker at an organ storage facility would not necessarily have the Augmentation surgery skill. As a pre-requisite to taking this skill, a character must already possess equal skill in both Medicine AND Science(Chemistry) (that is, before a character can take Frankenstein's Gift 1, they must first possess both Medicine 1 AND Science(Chemistry) 1; likewise for Frankenstein's Gift 2, and so on).

Gambling* (Wits)

You are familiar with the rules of card games, such as Blackjack, Poker, and even Bridge. However, you are also familiar with how to bet at the races and the casino. You also know how to play the odds, knowing when to bet high and when to bet low for the maximum return.

High Society* (Wits)

Useful mainly to the upper classes and their servants, this skill covers knowledge of upper class culture. You understand what clothes to wear, what are considered sophisticated drinks, and how to mingle with royalty and other VIPs. You also know the history, family trees and estates of the various families and perhaps a few of their scandals. It doesn't replace etiquette, but it can bolster your ability to impress in polite society. In Promethea, this will also grant knowledge of the latest trends in Augmentation surgery, who is in or out at Court and, perhaps, even a smattering of knowledge of society circles beyond the bounds of Promethea.

History (Wits)

While the General Knowledge skill covers a little history, with this skill you have studied it in depth. You know the details of dates and events, as well as what they meant in the bigger picture. Coupled with the Culture skill, History can give you a truly worldwide perspective.

Instrument (Group Skill) (Dexterity)

While musical composition is covered by the Art skill, actually playing an instrument is covered here.

SPECIALISATIONS INCLUDE: Banjo, Cello, Concertina, Drum, Fife (Whistle), Flute, Guitar, Harmonica, Oboe, Piano, Viola, Violin

Interrogation (Presence)

When intimidation and conversation fail, you may need to resort to forcibly extracting information. Its use is neither subtle nor honourable, but it sometimes gets the job done. However, it is not a truth detector. Just because you break the subject, does not mean they are telling the truth, just what they think you want to hear.

Language (Group Skill) (Wits)

This skill covers a multitude of different languages. See the earlier section for how this skill works. The languages it covers depend on how specific the Gamemaster wants to be. He may allow you to choose 'Indian' as a language, or may be more specific and insist on 'Hindi' or 'Urdu' as separate languages. However, unless the campaign is going to heavily involve a particular culture, we suggest you allow languages to be more generic.

SPECIALISATIONS INCLUDE: by language i.e.

Chinese, Indian, Russian – or even more specifically Cantonese, Mandarin (Chinese), Hindi, Urdu (Indian)

Legal Matters (Wits)

Knowing the law can be important for those who run in the periphery of society, like adventurers. You may have learned what you know from studying at a prestigious academy, or from dodging the law itself on the streets. Legal Matters skill represents a character's chance of knowing a pertinent law, precedent, legal manoeuvre, or court procedure. Legal Matters also covers Harvest legislation, though this is bound by social class. Members of the upper classes are more likely to know how to impose it or how to ensure a valued member of staff is given a degree of immunity. Working class people are more likely to know the sharp end of the legislation including, for example, their responsibilities regarding the registering of their dead. Both working class and middle class people with this skill will be keenly aware of opportunities and jobs that will offer some degree of protection from the Harvest, and the precise legal requirements and documentation involved.

Lip Reading (Wits)

This rare but highly useful skill enables the character to read someone's lips in order to tell what he is saying. The character must be able to see his target's mouth clearly. The less clearly someone speaks, the harder it is to read their lips. Facial hair doesn't help either.

Medicine (Wits)

Only a fool sets off adventuring without knowing where to find a doctor. Using medicine, a character can diagnose medical problems and their subsequent treatment, including any necessary surgery. They can also practice first aid, which enables the character to stop bleeding, repair damage, and generally keep someone alive. While most people can stop bleeding without any training, few people without medical training know anything more. If you begin the game with a level of 5 in this skill and a Wits score of at least 2, you qualify as a doctor of medicine. Anyone else will have to take the appropriate exams as part of the campaign. Medicine can also be useful in the new (and controversial) science of forensic medicine, allowing you to establish a time of death or possibly the type of murder weapon from the wounds. Note that a degree of medical competency is required before a character can begin to be involved in the science of Augmentation and other aspects of Frankenstein's gift to Promethea. See the separate sections on Augmentation & Frankenstein's Gift.

Navigation (Wits)

While this is most useful aboard a ship, it can also apply to finding your way around on land, in the city or in the country.

Photography (Wits)

Photography is relatively new art even in the 1900's, but photographs are no longer a privilege of the wealthy. This skill is used not just to take pictures but develop them properly as well.

Politics (Wits)

You are aware of how politics works in the real world, as well as the various ideas and systems that compete in the political arena. So you can see patterns and the moves that might be made and formulate counter plans. However, this skill is not restricted to the hall of government; it can be equally useful on a smaller scale in an upper class gathering in the drawing room.

Pick Locks (Wits)

A locked door can be bothersome, but with a little application it need not be an obstacle. Using Pick Locks, you can foul up other people's locks and

break in to places you do not have official access to. However, you need a very good degree of success if you don't want it to be apparent that the lock in question has been defeated.

Pick Pockets (Dexterity)

Using this skill can allow you to spot a potential target and also to clear their pocket of valuables without them noticing. They are allowed a Perception roll to detect you, so hope you score more successes than they do. If they nearly beat you, the target may check their pocket moments after your theft and give chase.

Pilot Heavier-than-Air (Dexterity)

You have learnt how to fly winged machines, such as aeroplanes and ornithopters. Such machines are rare and difficult to find and require a certain knowledge of aerodynamics to get them into the air.

Pilot Lighter-than-Air (Wits)

This skill covers aircraft that use gas or balloons to create lift, such as zeppelins and air balloons. Getting such craft into the air isn't quite so difficult but keeping it up there often is. Lighter than air pilots also have to learn how to think ahead as such craft are often very slow to respond in flight.

Research (Wits)

While libraries may not seem the best place for adventure, they are still very useful. People with this skill know their way around the systems that organise documents in libraries and public records offices. It can be used to follow a paper trail and uncover vital information or clues from obscure or uncommon sources. It is also useful to scientists looking to investigate their fields of expertise for answers to the problems of their work.

Science (Group Skill) (Wits)

This, the largest of all the group skills, includes all knowledge of the intricate theories represented by the schools of scientific thought. The exact borders of science are limitless, so they contain all manner of occult and hokum that has yet to be expelled from the community. The skill of constructing useful devices based on scientific skills is covered by the Engineer skill. Note that a degree of Chemistry skill is required before a character can begin training in Frankenstein's Gift – the creation and application of the chemicals required in Augmentation surgery, Evisceration, organ harvesting & preservation, and so on. See the separate sections on Augmentation & Frankenstein's Gift.

SPECIALISATIONS INCLUDE: Archaeology, Astrology, Biology, Botany, Chemistry, Electricity, Mathematics, Natural History, Pharmacy, Philosophy, Phrenology, Physics, Psychology

Sleight of Hand (Dexterity)

Like any stage magician, you are familiar with a wide range of conjurer's tricks. The secrets of complex card tricks, illusions with mirrors, palming coins and other small objects, are all familiar to you. Real magicians scorn your practice, but you've seen the wonder on people's faces when you perform.

Specialist Weapon (Group Skill) (Dexterity)

There are some weapons that don't quite fit in with any of the previously discussed weapons skills. In such cases they usually also require some sort of training or experience to use. These weapons are often strange, exotic and foreign, and include things like Whips, Nets and martial arts weapons. This skill is a group skill, but there is little chance that knowing one specialisation will be any help knowing the other weapons skills.

SPECIALISATIONS INCLUDE: Axe (or improvised weapon), Boomerang, Chains, Chakram, Katar (Indian punch dagger), Mongwanga (African knife), Nets, Nunchaku, Sai, Shruiken, Spear, Staff (or blunt weapon), Tonfa, Whips.

Survival (Wits)

It can be tough in the country. With Survival skill, the character can live off the land, find food and water, identify dangerous plants and animals, and so on. It is rare for urban characters to know, but essential for anyone living in the country or lost in a foreign land, far from their unit.

Tracking (Wits)

When your quarry escapes, you need to know how to follow it. Tracking covers a comprehensive database of tracking techniques, allowing the character to follow tracks that are possibly quite old and to recognise creatures from their prints and spoors. You can also apply these skills to the urban environment, following a trail across the fog-shrouded streets. The difficulty to track anyone is modified by how old the trail is and how many signs of their passage (such as foot prints) they might have left. The skill can also be used to hide your own trail to make it difficult for someone to follow you.

Traits Listing

Unless otherwise noted, all Talents cost 3 character points.
* means it can be taken more than once
[a] means that the Talent can be taken as an Augmentation at a cost which is 1 point less than the Natural Talent cost; however, you must make an Augmentation Surgery test and apply the results to your character – see the Augmentation & Surgery section for details.

Acute Sense* [a]

One of your five senses (sight, sound, smell, touch, taste) is extremely acute. You can add 2 dice to your pool if the Gamemaster can be convinced that this sense is the most important one you are using for that task.

Ambidexterity (4 points) [a]

You can use tools and weapons with either hand. You suffer no penalty for using your 'off-hand'. Normally this penalty is an increase of 2 Black Dice.

Agility [a]

You have astounding balance and hand-eye coordination. You can add +2 Pool modifier to any actions involving acrobatics, stealth, running or climbing. The Gamemaster may allow this bonus to apply for other Dexterity related actions at her discretion.

Backstabber* [a]

You are skilled in stealthy violence. When launching a surprise attack from cover or from behind your target, you may add your Dexterity to your attack roll twice. This talent may be taken twice; on the second choice you also add your Dexterity as well as your Strength to your attack damage.

Beautiful / Handsome* [a]

You are extremely good-looking. People stop and stare when you pass, and you are surrounded by admirers. In addition, you automatically have a +1 Dice Pool bonus to rolls for social interactions where your beauty might be appreciated. You may take this talent as many as 5 times, each time gaining a further +1 bonus.

Blind Fighting [a]

You have trained your senses to compensate for lack of vision; you may ignore the penalties for poor lighting in a combat situation. However, you cannot actually see in the dark.

Combat Sense* 3

Your reflexes are keyed for danger and you react faster than most people. You can add 1 to your initiative derived attribute. This talent can be taken as many times as you have Bonus dice points in Dexterity.

Contortionist 3

You have the ability to manipulate your body to get out of ropes and similar bonds. It may be a gift of your birth, or something you have trained to be able to do. You may also contort your body to fit into generally inaccessible places or spaces. You may remove 2 Black dice from any attempt to escape bonds or squeeze through small spaces.

Deadly Shot*

Through practice or intuition, you know how to make your shots count. This talent adds one die to damage in ranged combat. You must decide if this bonus applies to Firearms, Thrown weapons or Archery. This talent can be taken multiple times (and for each different skill) but cannot be taken more times than you have points in the appropriate skill.

Deduction* (2 points)

This is the art of taking inconclusive evidence and leaping to a non-obvious yet logical (if improbable) conclusion. You gain +1 to your dice pool to any Perception, Research or Science rolls made during the course of investigating a crime or crime scene. You may take this Talent multiple times, gaining a further +1 each time you do. The Gamemaster is the final judge of where or how this bonus can be applied. However, she may also allow you a Wits + Deduction roll to discover a new clue in your investigation.

Direction Sense

You are rarely lost. You always know where north is and can orient yourself easily without any external cues.

Drink like a Fish* 3

Either though building up a tolerance or a quirk of biology, you can drink far more alcohol than most people your size can. It still has an effect, but about half as much as it does for anyone else. You may double your Fortitude bonus dice when determining the effects of alcohol. You may take this Talent a second time, which triples your Fortitude dice instead.

Feign Death

You can lower your heart rate and breathing to such a low level that it is extremely difficult to tell whether you are dead or not unless you have a Medicine skill of at least 3.

Gambler*

Whether through luck or through extraordinary skill, you excel at gambling. Every time you join a new gambling game of any form you gain 2 Fate Points to spend on rolls you make during the game. When you leave the table these bonus dice are lost, until the next time… You can take this Talent as many as 3 times, gaining 2 additional Fate Points each time. On RARE occasions, the Gamemaster may allow you to use the additional Fate Points on rolls that do not relate to the game as long (such as perception rolls or drawing a weapon) as you are at least playing, reflecting your command of the table.

Glib*

You are a glib liar, and receive an additional +1 dice in social interactions where you are deceiving others. This talent can be taken as many as 5 times.

Haggler

When you're poor, or just miserly, you learn to get things for the cheapest possible price. A character with a talent for haggling can lower the cost of one item per shopping trip by 25% if he spends 30 minutes haggling

with the storekeeper. The player is encouraged to role-play at least a part of the haggling.

Inspiration* (4 points)

Something or someone inspires you to exceed your limitations. Having an inspiration means that an object, a certain personal ritual or even the attentions of a certain someone grants you a +3 bonus to a chosen skill in a single scene (or a single action). *Remembering your sweet, forbidden love's gentle kiss on your cheeks two hours prior to battle makes your heart race and gives you that extra edge as you let your sword dance through the air.* This talent can be bought several times for different inspiration and skill combinations, but not to improve the bonus. The GM should always approve your choice, and will limit its usage (probably to once per game session). And, of course, you'll have to role-play your moment of inspiration in order to get the bonus.

Iron Will*

This talent confers an additional die in attempts to resist any form of mind-control, and attempts at coercion or torture. This talent can be taken multiple times, but cannot be taken more times than you have Resolve dice.

Juggernaut

Some characters are able to continue despite the most ferocious assaults and wounds. This talent represents that by yielding you an additional health die. This talent may be taken multiple times, but cannot be taken more times than you have Fortitude dice.

Light Sleeper

You wake instantly from even the lightest touch or smallest sound (no Perception roll required).

Mere Flesh Wounds* (4 points)

This talent gives your character an incredible resistance to pain. You may reduce all dice pool and Black Dice penalties from wounds by 1 point. This talent may be taken a maximum of 3 times.

Natural Charisma* (4 points)

You radiate a subtle presence which makes dealing with others easier. Your social interaction rolls suffer 2 fewer Black Dice than usual. You can take this ability a second time to reduce the difficulty of social rolls by 1 level rather than reduce the Black Dice.

Perfect Pitch*

You always know if something's in tune, and automatically gain a + 1 bonus to any musically related task (singing, playing instruments, etc). This talent can be taken twice.

Polyglot*

You are naturally adept at foreign tongues. You may speak, read, and write an additional language as well as your native language. You can take this talent again to speak another language. This ability may be taken a maximum of 3 times.

Pugilist*

You gain +1 die to damage for any punching Brawl attacks you make. You may select this talent more than once, but not more than you have Strength dice.

Quick Draw*

You are able to draw, ready and use a weapon in the same action with far less of a penalty. You can only use this ability with a certain type of weapon (sword, knife, pistol, rifle, whip, etc) but may take this talent several times for more weapon options. You have no penalty to your combat roll when you do this, but you have a -2 penalty to Initiative. You may take this Talent a second time for each weapon to ignore the –2 Initiative penalty.

Rapid Healer 2 (5 points)
You heal extremely fast, recovering lost health at double the normal rate.

Speed Reader
You can read one page of any normal text that you are familiar with in three seconds (you can read a 200 page book in 10 minutes).

Time Sense
You always know what time it is, and always know how much time has elapsed between the present and the last time you checked.

Weapon Master*
You are particularly adept with a specific weapon type. You should choose a weapon from the weapons list that this talent will apply to. Each time you take this talent adds 1 die to any combat dice pool with the chosen weapon. This talent can be taken multiple times, but cannot be higher than the chosen weapon's governing skill divided by 2 (rounded down).

Augments Listing

All-Around Vision (5 points)
You literally have eyes in the back of your head. It is impossible for people to sneak up on you. If noticed, -1 Dice Pool penalty in social interactions.

Aquatic (3 points)
You are at home in the water, able to hold your breath twice as long as your attributes normally allow.

Arboreal (3 points)
You are an excellent climber. You perform athletics skill checks at one difficulty less when climbing and jumping.

Armour (3* points)
Your skin has been partially replaced with tough animal hide, scales, or even bony plates (the more armour you have, the more obvious your Augmentation, even if the additions are subcutaneous). -1 Dice Pool penalty in social interactions. You receive 1 point of armour each time you take this Augmentation.

Augmented Beauty (2* points)
You have used skin grafts and body sculpting to enhance your appearance. You automatically have a +1 Dice Pool bonus to rolls for social interactions where Augmented beauty is appreciated. Unfortunately, the lower classes find Augmented beauty quite repulsive and interactions with them are at a -1 Dice Pool penalty. Furthermore, because your beauty is due to social convention rather than actual attractiveness, it does not apply when using Charm to seduce someone.

Bite (3 or 5 points)
You can bite a grappled opponent, adding 2 dice to your damage check. For 3 points, your fangs are obvious. -1 Dice Pool penalty in social interactions. For 5 points, they are retractable and concealed when not in use.

Charge (3 points)
Thanks to bone grafts, some additional muscle, and work on your hips, knees, shoulders and neck, you can charge your opponents, adding +4 to your damage roll by taking a -2 penalty on your attack roll.

Claws (3 points)
You have cat-like retractable claws in your hands. You can choose to spring them and do an extra 2 dice of damage in melee combat. All the damage you do is considered 'normal' and not 'Bruise damage' when your claws are out. You use your Fisticuffs skill in combat as usual.

Constrict (3 points)

Hideously, one (or more) of your arms is the body of a large serpent or the tentacle of an oversized octopus or squid, which you can use to coil around your opponent and squeeze the life out of him. When you attack, you may choose to constrict rather than do damage. Each round thereafter, your opponent needs to make a Strength + Fisticuffs check against your Strength + Fisticuff check in order to break free. If he does not, then you automatically do 3+ Strength dice damage each round he is constricted.

If you choose, you don't need to do the automatic damage. In either case, your opponent can make no other actions while you are wrapped around him other than to try and break free.

-2 Dice Pool penalty in social interactions.

Elongated Neck (3 points)

Your neck can expand and constrict, effectively making it a two-three foot long prehensile limb. An elongated neck enables you to make bite attacks as if you were attacking someone with a weapon. This animal trait is effectively useless in combat without the animal trait bite. You may also use your elongated neck to look around corners or through hatches. When retracted, it gives your neck skin a wrinkled, slightly concertina-like appearance that you must conceal or suffer a -1 Dice Pool penalty in social interactions.

Enhanced Attribute (5* points)

Due to surgical implantation of bone and muscle, you can increase one of your physical attributes by one. This is the most common type of Augmentation, especially amongst the military. Characters with enhanced attributes have obvious scars and a misshapen appearance. Every 3 levels of enhanced attributes add one black die to Disguise rolls.

Enhanced Sense (3 points)

One of your senses is more advanced than usual, in the same way as the Talent 'Acute Sense.'

Flawless (2* points)

Your Augmentations have left only discreet marks on your body; you can pass for an unmodified human (+5 against Perception checks). This Augmentation must be purchased for each Augmentation you wish to make flawless. If you have several levels of a particular Augmentation (e.g. Enhanced Attribute) then you must purchase this Augmentation for each level in order for it to apply.

Generally, you can only buy this Augmentation for up to 3 levels in an additional Augmentation. Beyond this an Augmentation gets too monstrous to blend in.

Gills (3 or 5 points)

You have gills and can breathe underwater. For 3 points, you suffocate outside of the water (as if you were drowning). For 5 points, you are a true amphibian and can breathe both air and water normally. You must conceal the gills or suffer a -1 Dice Pool penalty in social interactions.

Glider (3 points)

You have large membranes attached to your arms and body which enable you to glide. If your arms are unadorned you may glide through the air, losing one yard of height for every ten yards that you glide. You use your Leaping speed to determine distance travelled in a single combat round. However, tight clothing is impossible for you to wear, and the over-sized, loose clothes you have to use mean you suffer a -1 Dice Pool penalty in social interactions.

Horns or Tusks (3 points)

You have horns or tusks that you may use as weapons.

These do +2 dice damage. You may also charge with them for +5 dice damage, but this incurs a -3 penalty to the attack. Unconcealed or unconcealable horns mean you suffer a -1 Dice Pool penalty in social interactions.

Long Legs (3 points)

You can multiply your movement score by 1.5. Your legs are obviously longer than normal which can be distracting for others. -1 Dice Pool penalty in social interactions.

Night Vision (3 points)

You see perfectly well in the dark, not quite as well as if it daylight, but well enough to see without any penalties. Your pupils are slit like those of a cat. -1 Dice Pool penalty in social interactions.

Prehensile Tail (5 points)

You have a long tail that aids you in climbing and hanging. When climbing, you keep the use of both hands. You may also hold objects with your tail, although you may not use it to attack or defend. -1 Dice Pool penalty in social interactions.

Spurs (3 points)

You have bony ridges along your arms and/or legs that enable you to parry bladed attacks as if you were armed. Like claws, spurs can also cause +2 Dice damage when used in combat but suffer a -2 Dice penalty to attack since they aren't optimally placed. -1 Dice Pool penalty in social interactions if seen.

Webbed Digits (3 points)

You have long flaps of skin between your fingers. You make Athletics checks at one difficulty level lower when swimming. You cannot wear gloves with fingers, even mittens with a separate thumb. -1 Dice Pool penalty in social interactions if seen.

Privileges Listing

Blackguard (any, 3)

You have been recognised as flaunting society's conventions, and polite society is appalled by your actions – but you and the stories around you nonetheless fascinate many. People may recognise your name, and your reputation will affect their opinions of you. In the case of rebels, criminals or revolutionaries the reputation is favourable.

Ear of the Street (lower 3 / middle 5 / upper 8)

The streets do not welcome everyone, especially those of the upper echelons of society. Some people, or some pieces of information, might be unavailable to you. Thankfully you know people who are privy to what's what, and at times you may call on them. This ability doesn't grant you an extra contact; rather it involves knowing the right places to ask. It also doesn't grant you any secret information but will tell you the general rumours and gossip going around.

Friend of the Library (middle / upper, 5, 8)

You have friends and connections at a large and useful library, where you are allowed to search through their rare books at your leisure. The custodians of the library trust you implicitly, and may even call on you and your vast knowledge for aid, whether it is deciphering a strange text, determining a book's authenticity, or acquiring rare tomes. Using the library grants a +1 bonus to *any* subject that the Gamemaster decides is covered in the collection (see Library under Properties and assets). For 8 points this bonus is increased to +2, to signify the increased size of the library and its resources

Gang Member (lower 3)

You are part of a gang of street thugs, organised criminals or smuggler gang. You can call on the help

of your gang for muscle and a little brutality when you need them. The gang might also have a hideout that you can use as a safe house. However, you will be expected to reciprocate as and when the gang requires.

Hero (any, 5)
You have been recognised for courage and bravery, either in military action, or in response to a disaster of some kind. People may recognise your name, and your reputation will therefore affect their opinions of you.

Military Commission (upper, 3)
Your family has bought a commission for you, making you an officer in one of the military forces. You have military rank determined by the GM (usually Lieutenant, and not higher than Captain) granting you command over men and resources in the armed forces. You don't have carte blanche, and the position comes with responsibilities, but you at least have the loyalty of a selection of well-armed and trained men at your disposal. Middle class characters may buy this Privilege for 5 points (if, of course, they have the right sort of character and good family).

Museum Trustee (upper, 5)
You are counted among the trustees or curators of a museum. This not only gives you a place to conduct research, but also a source of funding and legitimacy should you need to undertake an adventure and can convince the other trustees of the museum that the mission has a valid, scientific basis.

Private Club Membership (upper / middle, 3)
You are a member of a gentleman's club. You have the right to utilise the club's bar, smoking and games rooms, saunas, overnight rooms and, most importantly, you have access to the opinions and advice of other club members. Clubs are fiercely proud of their reputations and standing, and will not tolerate members who might lower that reputation.

Pub Regular (lower, 3)
You are a regular habitué of a public house or tavern. Your face is familiar to the staff and other patrons. When needed you can get limited credit for your drinking, and might find your familiarity makes other patrons more conducive to talk or deal with you.

Society Friends (lower 5, middle 4, upper 3)
Whether it is because you are invited to the right parties or you know the right servants, you usually know the goings on in the salons of the rich and powerful. You can be assumed to know the latest gossip and news, especially about fashion. The difficulties of Fashion and High Society rolls may also be 1 Black Dice less when the Gamemaster eems it appropriate.

Street Informant (lower, 3)
DSF Officers and/or Ministry agents sometimes rely upon you to know what's going on in the streets, in the dark rookeries where the law is not always welcome. In return for your services they might turn a blind eye to some of your own business, or they might even help you out when you're in dire need. Be careful not to stretch it though, they see you as a necessary evil.

Theatrical Patron (upper / middle, 3)
Not only are you a renowned theatre goer, but you also donate large sums to your favourite companies. They are obviously keen to remain in your good graces. So you are allowed backstage to meet the performers, and you are often invited to any theatrical soirees. You can usually get a good seat for any performances you want to see as well.

Assets Listing

Adventurous Reputation (15 points)

Cannot be taken during Character Generation.
You have spent some time adventuring, and so have got the hang of surviving in Promethea. As a benefit you receive: 10 Dice which can be used to raise your Common Skills (though you cannot allocate dice to a Skill you do not have), 1 bonus Health Die and 5 Reputation Dice. In addition, you may now raise Skills to a maximum of 5 dice instead of 4, and may have 5 Talents.

Bolt-hole (any, 2)

You know a secret place where, by trespassing, you can shelter from harm; it might be an abandoned warehouse, or a dry section of sewer, or a secret entrance into the loft or basement of a large building such as a theatre. Regardless of the location, the space is both free and hidden – but the longer you spend there, the more likely your refuge is detected.

Daredevil Reputation (any,15 points)

You must have the Adventurous Reputation Asset before purchasing this Asset.Your ability to survive what Promethea can throw at you continues to increase. This Talent gives you an additional 10 Skill Dice for Common Skills (you can only allocate these dice to Skills you already have). You gain an additional Health Die, 5 more Reputation Dice, and can now raise Attributes to a maximum of +4, Skills to a maximum of 6, and you may have 7 Talents.

Enhanced Weapon (middle, upper, 2, 4, 8)

You have a favourite weapon that is just that little better than usual. It may be finely made or somehow tricked out with adaptations. For 2 points the weapon either does +1 damage or adds 1 to your combat dice pool while using it. For 4 points it does both and for 8 points the bonus is +2 for both.

Heroic Reputation (any, 15 points)

Must have the Daredevil Reputation Asset before purchasing this Asset.
Your ability to survive Promethea is no longer in question. You receive a further 10 Skill Dice which can be spent to increase Common Skills which you already possess, a further Health Die, and an additional 5 Reputation Dice. You may now raise Attributes to a maximum of +5, Skills to a maximum of 8, and may have 9 Talents.

Laboratory (middle, upper, 3)

You have access to a small scientific lab designed for working in a specific scientific area, such as Chemistry or Clockwork. Any use of a skill related to the lab is considered 1 difficulty level easier for having the right tools to hand. You can enhance your lab, making its bonus apply in different disciplines, by buying this Asset again. Labs need not be actual laboratories – for instance, a Surgery is effectively a Lab with a bonus for medicine rolls. Characters can have magical labs, but they cost 6 points and do not grant a bonus for casting spells. The Gamemaster can rule that there isn't room for a lab that gets too large, or that certain disciplines cannot be part of the same lab.

Legendary Reputation (any, 15 points)

You must have the Heroic Reputation Asset before purchasing this Asset. Your adventures have become the stuff of myth and epic stories – few do not know your name. You receive an additional 10 Skill Dice to spend on Common Skills which you already possess, an additional Health Die, and 5 further Reputation Dice. You may now raise your Attributes to a maximum of +6, Skills to a maximum of 10, and can take 12 Talents.

Library (middle, upper, 3, 5, 8)

You have an extensive private collection of books on

a particular subject. You have to choose which subject when paying for this asset. When an appropriate amount of time is spent studying the (usually Perception-based) subject, the Gamemaster might allow you a bonus to a skill roll concerning this subject. For 3 points (a small collection of books) you get a +1 bonus, for 5 points (an actual library, filling the shelves of a room) you get +2, and you get +3 for 8 points (A collection spanning possibly more than one room or floors, requiring ladders to reach the top shelves). Possible subjects for the library could be education, etiquette, deduction, photography, research, teaching or occult lore. More specific rare tomes should be purchased separately, and are not included in the library. If the Gamemaster allows, you can add a single named tome to your library at its creation at the cost of 2 points per tome. If you wish to add more subjects to your library this will have to be paid for separately.

Loyal Servant (middle, upper, 5, 8)

You have a loyal servant in your employ; a paid sidekick, if you will, that has bonded with you as a friend and ally. This servant should have a well defined personality and background, and even personal goals of his or her own. The servant has one or two fields of expertise where he or she is particularly useful, and might even be indispensable. Most commonly this servant will supply interesting information and insights, but they could instead be a bodyguard. For 8 points this servant is possibly from some foreign and exotic land and naturally has access to strange and exotic (possibly esoteric) knowledge. Your Loyal Servant must be approved by the Gamemaster.

Shop (middle, 2)

You own and run a shop. How much money it makes is already determined by your income. However it does earn enough to keep itself going. You probably have lodgings above the shop itself and owning it makes you a local figure. People may bring all manner of news and gossip to the place. You may also find the stock of your shop is useful in adventures, perhaps your book shop has just the right book to answer a question, or your butcher's shop has the right knife to hand when the bad guys attack. However, if you 'borrow' too much stock you will seriously dent your income. You should decide on the type of shop you run before play, but it need not be so mundane as a butchers or bakers. Just remember that receiving foreign stock in Promethea can be hard, and will be monitored. Again, the Gamemaster has the final say over what your character can have.

Trained Pet (any, 1 +2 points per trick)

You own a pet that can do a few tricks. It may be a dog, cat, parrot or even a monkey. The pet costs you 1 point, for which you have its loyalty (as long as you treat it well). For each additional 2 points you spend it has been trained to do a simple trick such as bark to order, play dead or fetch. The Gamemaster might allow you more exotic or Augmented pets at a higher base cost. However, she'd be a fool to let you wander Promethea with a trained pet Tiger or hugely Augmented dog at little cost.

Wardrobe (middle 6, upper, 3)

No matter your income you manage to always cloth yourself in the appropriate fashion. It may be you are adept at adjusting your clothes or just have such style people don't notice the details you miss. If money is no object you simply buy the latest fashions, if you are poor, maybe it is for the same reason! Whatever the reason, your clothes are usually immaculate and fashionable and you are always well groomed and turned out. You gain a bonus of +4 dice pool to any Fashion rolls to determine how good you look.

Complications Listing

*denotes a mental complication

Absent-Minded*

You have strange lapses of memory; you sometimes forget important things, even things that have only just happened. Once each story, the Gamemaster can state you have forgotten something, forcing you to get at least one success on a Resolve roll to remember it.

Aggravating Landlord

Your landlord hates you; he is looking for any excuse to get you out of his property and is always complaining about something.

Addiction*

You have a problem, whether its cheap ale or expensive wines that you overindulge in, overindulgence is the key. You may be after something a little stronger, both Absinthe and Opium are readily available if you know where to look. Every time you are under mental or emotional stress you must get at least one success on a Resolve roll or feel a powerful need to satisfy your addiction. If you do nothing to try to curtail your addiction, the Gamemaster may rule it is getting worse…

Amnesia*

You have long-term amnesia. You can't remember anything from the distant past, but can recall anything that happened recently. In game terms, you remember everything since character creation. You still have the past occupation and experiences that were decided upon in character creation, but have no earthly idea why you know how to do what you do.
As far as you're concerned, it's all instinct.

Annoying House Mate

You share your property with a house mate, or an unwanted family guest. They constantly have their nose in your business, criticise, borrow thing without asking, don't pay their way – the list of the annoyances could be endless, but for some reason you're stuck with them – why?

Bad Humours*

You are beset by nausea when in stressful situations. When beginning combat, or any other stressful situation, such as encountering an angry nobleman or trying to lie to get past guards, you must get at least one success on a Fortitude roll or suffer from fits of retching and vomiting for 4 rounds. When under an attack of bad humours, all rolls you make are at a -2 Pool Modifier.

Bad Reputation

People "know" about you. At least, everyone in the area has heard a story or two, even if untrue. When you are mentioned or seen, you are frequently recognised as a traitor or untrustworthy criminal of the direst kind.

Blackmailed

Someone knows something about you that could threaten your position or even get you killed. They may know of some social indiscretion, or how it was you that cheated the local crime lord. Either way, things would be bad if they got out, and this person wants money to stay quiet. The blackmailer can crop up on the whim of the Gamemaster and demand more money. Decide on the secret they know (or think they know) and then you can decide whether they deserve any more money.

Black Sheep

You are a black sheep among your family, profession, or even village. There has been some argument, some perceived slight or dishonour around you – real or

imagined. Your family watches you closely and will disown you if you embarrass them again.

Bon Vivant*

You cannot resist a party. There is something about you that ensures you always do everything to excess. While you are not addicted to anything, you find it hard to stop doing anything you enjoy, such as drinking and gambling. You are usually the life and soul of any party, but your behaviour will be considered shocking, no matter what your class.

Code of Honour*

These are the personal rules you will not break, no matter what. A code of honour might be a code against killing, never attacking from behind, or never suffering an insult without an answer in blood.

Criminal

Rightly or wrongly you have been tried as a criminal. Maybe you owed a merchant some money, or have been accused of murder or rape. Whatever the crime, whether guilty or not, you are hounded by servants of justice and bounty hunters alike.

Cursed

You are afflicted by a terrible curse. This curse could be directed at you personally, or be something you have inherited from an ancestor or one or both of your parents. The nature of the curse is up to you to choose, but it should be something that inhibits you frequently, and probably inflicts a -2 or greater Pool Modifier to one or more skills. It could even be far less statistical, with the Gamemaster targeting random acts of fate at the character on a whim. A personal curse is something you have gained because of who you are and what you have done. Perhaps you insulted the wrong person, or perhaps you are destined to do great good deeds, and evil forces seek to plague you for it. The alignment of the stars themselves might have cursed you at the moment of inception or at birth, a curse that will be very hard to counter. Maybe you are cursed because of your forefathers and what they did, and revoking the curse will redeem your entire family (which should be an epic undertaking). Curses grow stronger, yet more subtle, for each generation that passes. A good curse will include a well defined reason, a restriction or a condition for the curse to manifest itself and some challenging way of countering the curse and freeing the character.

Of course, as there's no actual magic in Dark Harvest, the curse can be entirely in the head of your character. Every stroke of bad luck – it's the curse! Real or imagined, a curse can cause you to second-guess every action, every intention, and everyone you meet.

Dependents

These are those who need your protection and help. They could include children, family, or friends.

Disinherited (Upper class only)

Though you were once a noble son, your family name has been cast down in shame. This could be due to the actions of a family member, or perhaps a nefarious plot against you. The only possessions you have are starting equipment and your family signet ring.

Distinctive features

You stand out and are noticed in any crowd. Attempts to disguise your striking or stunning features add 2 Black Dice to the attempt. While this is usually a social complication, Distinctive Features can also be the physical result of Augmentation. Examples include:

ANIMAL FEET: Rather than humanoid feet, your legs end in hooves, paws or some other type of animal foot. This has the same effect as the Distinctive Features complication, but it also applies to Tracking checks against you.

FERAL APPEARANCE: Your Augments retain their animal characteristics. You might have large furry arms, a pronounced muzzle, or even floppy ears.

INHUMANLY LARGE: Your Augments have inflated your muscular structure. You are seven-eight feet tall and a mountain of muscle. This has the same effect as the Distinctive features complication.

PATCHWORK: You've had so many Augmentations that your skin is covered in elaborate stitch patterns.

Enemy

There is someone out there who just plain doesn't like you. It may be an old rival, or perhaps someone you crossed as part of your job. They may even have taken a dislike to you without your knowledge, and secretly masquerade as your friend! It may be they loathe you for doing the right thing, but perhaps they seek revenge for a mistake you made. Even though you said sorry, that wasn't good enough for the pain you caused them. It is up to the Gamemaster to determine this enemy, how hungry they are for your downfall, and whether or not you know who they are. However, you might offer suggestions from your background as to who it might be.

Evil Twin

Separated at birth, the twins took two different paths. One became twisted and evil, robbing banks, murdering innocents and beating up nuns. This causes all sorts of headaches for you, as you're accused of these crimes, and must constantly work to disentangle yourself from the legal morass caused by the twin you may not even know exists.

Family Feud

Your family is locked in a dire feud. Perhaps they are noble families fighting over territory, or maybe farming families fighting over land. Whatever the background you must further the feud at all costs or be disinherited - they started it but you'll finish it.

Foreigner

You're not European, and stand out like a sore thumb, attracting attention both unwelcome and possibly dangerous. No matter what your social class, you will be looked down on as an outsider.

Glass Jaw

When in combat you get knocked out easily. When rolling to see if you are knocked out from a blow you suffer a -3 penalty to your dice pool.

Illiterate

While we assume the heroes in Dark Harvest can all read, even just a little, you cannot. This is not a rare flaw, as many people (especially in the lower classes) never learn. However, for a hero it can be a burden. Maybe you never learnt to, or you just found it difficult and managed to avoid it.

Insufficient Income

You actually don't earn enough to meet your lifestyle, and have amassed a sizable debt. These might be bar tabs, and gambling debts accrued from your spendthrift lifestyle or just loans from unscrupulous people you took out to feed your family. As you always have a line of debts to pay, 20% of all the cash you gain in the game or from your income goes straight to paying off your debts. If you refuse to pay this tithe you can expect a visit from your creditors, who may break more than just a few of your possessions.

Irksome Neighbours

Your neighbours dislike you; there are constant complaints about the noise or smells coming from your home. Also your activities are the subject of incessant observation and gossip.

Jealousy*
You are jealous to the extreme. Obsessive and watchful of the one you "love". Whenever you observe them socialising you must get at least one success on a Resolve roll not to invent and assume the worst.

Kleptomania*
You steal things compulsively. You can't help it; whenever you are close to property that you can lift, you must get at least one success on a Resolve roll to resist.

Klutzy
A true butter fingers, you have trouble walking, holding on to things and sometimes even standing. Whenever you are in combat, trying to run, or trying to do any detailed, delicate work, the Gamemaster can rule that you need to get at least one success on a Dexterity roll to not drop your gun, fall on your face, or smash your test tube.

Late Starter
You are a lot older than the other character, having begun your adventuring career a lot later. Instead of being a teenager or in your twenties, you are in your thirties or even forties. Maybe you are a bored widow or perhaps now the children are older you have decided to see more of the world. You are not decrepit by any means, but you aren't as young as you were either, and other people may well see your behaviour as a little more scandalous as, being older, you should be wiser!

Lazy*
If you had your way, you'd only be awake a few hours a day. You treat all skill checks as one difficulty higher for every four hours you've been awake. The only exception to this is combat, when your survival instinct kicks in.

Lecherous*
You can't resist grabbing or pawing someone you find attractive, or at least making lewd comments. You must get at least one success on a Resolve roll to resist these base urges.

Missing Limb
You have lost a reasonably vital body part, either to injury or illness. It is most likely a leg, which simply reduces movement rates by a half and makes things like climbing a lot harder. However, you may have lost a hand or arm, which would be even more problematic. Your Gamemaster can assign penalties as and when they seem appropriate to her. Example:

MISSING HAND: One of your arms ends in an animal foot or is otherwise useless as a hand. You take 3 black dice (or more) when performing any action or wielding a weapon that normally requires two hands. Your Gamemaster may also insist that certain actions simply aren't possible using only one hand.

Misunderstood Finances
Regardless of how much money you have in the bank, the banks won't let you access it for some reason. When you attempt to withdraw money, you're put through all sorts of embarrassing interrogations, and when you're finally able to withdraw the money, it's always less than you wanted.

Mute
For whatever reason (birth defect, injury, Augmentation gone wrong) you are unable to speak. You understand languages, but you must communicate through gestures, sign language, or written communication.

Narcissist*
You are obsessed with your good looks, and the steady creep of age and decay. You must get at least one success on a Resolve roll to resist flattery.

Odious Personal Habits
People just can't stand you. Maybe it's the bad breath or the nose picking, but they frequently find you annoying.

Paws
Your hands retain their animalistic character. While you can still manipulate objects, any skills (including weapon skills) that use manual dexterity are considered one difficulty level harder. At the Gamemaster's discretion, you may purchase items made for your paws at an increased cost.

Phobia*
You have a phobia; an unreasoning fear of some common thing, such as dogs, heights, confined spaces, sounds or colour. When faced with your phobia, you become irrational and must attempt to end the exposure as soon as possible.

DSF / Ministry Harassment
The local DSF and/or Ministry agents frequently taunt and harass you over trivia, and blame you for things that are obviously nothing to do with you.

Policy of Truth*
You are honest to a fault. Whenever you should lie you must get at least one success on a Resolve roll or the truth comes flooding out.

Proper Sensibilities*
You are so genteel that any mention of uncouth activities such as gambling, theft, fighting or murder sets you all a flutter. If you are involved in a conversation where subjects of such a base matter are being discussed, you must get at least one success on a Resolve roll or be too embarrassed to offer more than occasional stammering and murmurs to the conversation.

Public Figure
You are newsworthy and your activities rate an article if a reporter is nearby, no matter how unwelcome their intrusion.

Rage*
You're just irritable, all the time. When your temper flares you must get at least one success on a Resolve roll or lose all perspective and burst into a violent outburst.

Responsibilities
Either due to your job or position, you have certain responsibilities that might get in the way of adventuring. You might be a local DSF law enforcement officer who has to go on a beat, or a servant who must run errands for their master. However, you might have society functions you have to attend or dine with important nobles to maintain your business interests.

Shy*
You hate dealing with others and will need to get at least one success on a Resolve roll to overcome your nature in intense social situations.

Stubborn*
You just hate to give in to anyone, and when someone disagrees with you must get at least one success on a Resolve roll or go to amazing extremes to prove you're right (especially when you know you are wrong!).

Vow
This is a promise you must keep, no matter what. It could be to protect someone, follow an ideal, or just get that stupid ring into that distant volcano.

Watched
There is a group that is keeping an eye on you. It might be the police or the government, who suspect you are up to something criminal. It could even be a criminal gang who believe you owe them a favour or might be working for the authorities. Whoever it is, they believe you are guilty of something but don't have enough evidence.

"The Promethean Royal Guard are proud of their Augmentations..."

Augmentation & Surgery

Whenever a surgical operation is performed there is a risk – even Frankenstein's Gift hasn't been able to overcome that truth. The surgeon must make a test against the difficulty of the operation being performed. The results of the surgery depend on the degree of success of this test, as follows:-

FOUL FAILURE	The surgery went catastrophically wrong; not only does the patient receive no benefit from the surgery, but a Major Medical Complication (see below) develops as well.
FAILURE	Surgery did not go as planned. The patient gains no bonus from the surgery, but does gain the "Surgical Scarring" Complication.
PARTIAL SUCCESS	Surgery completed as expected, but there is a Minor Medical Complication
GOOD SUCCESS	Surgery completed as expected.
IMPRESSIVE SUCCESS	Surgery completed, with minimal scarring. The patient gains the "Flawless" Trait for no cost from this surgery.
VIRTUOSO SUCCESS	Not only was the surgery completed, it went better than the surgeon could have hoped. If the Augmentation can be acquired multiple times, then it may be taken twice instead of once. If the Augmentation can only be taken once, then it will never fail as the result of an Augmentation Stress test.
AWE-INSPIRING SUCCESS	The surgery was a masterwork of its type. If the Augmentation can be acquired multiple times, then it may be taken twice instead of once. If the Augmentation can only be taken once, then it will never fail as the result of an Augmentation Stress test. Additionally, the minimal scarring means that the patient gains the "Flawless" Trait for no cost on the subject of this surgery.
GOD-LIKE SUCCESS	Only Victor Frankenstein is rumoured to have achieved this level of success. The patient shows no signs of Augmentation at all, indeed, there are no outward signs of the surgery. If the Augmentation can be acquired multiple times, then it may be taken three times instead of once. Regardless of type, the Augmentation will never fail as the result of an Augmentation Stress test.

Factors affecting Surgery Tests

The success of a surgery is dependent on a number of factors – the skill of the surgeon, the nature of the Augmentation being performed, and the conditions under which it is carried out.

During character generation, use the Class of the character to determine the skill of the surgeon (see table), otherwise use the actual skill of the surgeon carrying out the work.

SOCIAL CLASS	SURGEON DICE POOL
LOWER	6
MIDDLE	10
UPPER	14

An Augmentation Surgery will always have at least one Black Die for difficulty. Some more complicated surgeries may add more – use the ready reckoner below to work out how many:

CONDITION	BLACK DICE TO ADD
EXOTIC AUGMENTATION	+2
AUGMENTATION AFFECTS SENSES	+1

Finally, you may gain or lose Black Dice depending on the clinic where the work is done:

CLINIC TYPE	BLACK DICE
BACKSTREET CLINIC	+2
PRIVATE PRACTICE	-1
ENLISTED MILITARY CLINIC	+2
COMMISSIONED MILITARY CLINIC	+1
EXCLUSIVE PRACTICE	-2

An Exclusive Practice has surgeons who trained, at least in part, under the supervision of Frankenstein himself or those whom he personally trained. In general, only members of the Promethean Royal Guard and Ministry special agents have access. The normal soldiery receive their Augmentations at Enlisted Military Clinics, whilst their officers and regular Ministry agents are permitted access to Commissioned Military facilities.

The Curse of Frankenstein's Gift

After surgery, the serums of Frankenstein's Gift take some time to clear the patient's system. During this time, the patient is susceptible to the effects of fire – any attempt to resist damage from flames during the first week after surgery must have 3 Black Dice added to the roll. The following week, 1 Black Die should be added. After this two week period, the serum has been totally purged from the patient's body, unless there's been some form of complication with the surgery.

Medical Complications

If something has gone wrong with a surgery, then a Medical Complication develops – this may be something minor, or something more serious. Discuss options with your Gamemaster – make sure that the Complication makes sense depending on the Augmentation that has been taken.

DRUG DEPENDENCY – As a result of the surgery, you now require regular treatments with a particular drug. This may be due to a persistent infection that was missed in the new body parts that were attached, or an illness you picked up during your recovery which, was transformed by Frankenstein's Gift and is now with you forever. You must receive a monthly dose of your treatment, or every day you must make a Damage roll – as a Minor Complication use 3 dice, as a Major Complication use 5 dice. The result is the number of pips you must cross off on your Health track.

TREMORS – The surgery left you with nerve damage, affecting your ability to finely control your Augmentation. Any time that you attempt a detailed, careful or selective task with your Augmentation, you must add a Black Die if this is a Minor Complication, or 3 Black Dice if this is a Major Complication.

INAPPROPRIATE MATERIALS – Either the necessary parts weren't available, or the surgeon forgot to check, but the parts with which you were Augmented aren't quite what you expected. As a Minor Complication, this may be something like a recognisable tattoo, or the completely wrong skin colour. The Gamemaster should use this as an opportunity to use this as a jumping off point for awkward situations, or even complete stories. Taken as a Major Complication, this could get you into situations where you may find yourself attacked on sight, or certainly find yourself at risk. When someone's mother realises you're the bearer of her dead son's arm, a previously friendly atmosphere can… sour somewhat.

PERMANENT FLAMMABILITY – Your body has retained quantities of Frankenstein's Gift, and as a result, your body is now permanently flammable. As a Minor Complication, when making a roll to resist Fire based damage, you must add three Black Dice to the roll. As a Major Complication, you are treated as having a Fortitude of zero when resisting Fire damage.

CROSSED SIGNALS – When the nerves were attached to your Augmentation, they were also ended up spliced to something else. As a result, when you use your Augmentation there is a secondary action that is taken completely involuntarily. Discuss options with the Gamemaster. This may not be taken as a Major Complication.

POORLY ANCHORED – The Augmentation was poorly bedded in when the surgery was performed. Whenever you make a Stress test for your Augmentation, you must add an additional Black Die to the dice pool if this is taken as a Minor Augmentation, or 3 Black Dice if this is taken as a Major Augmentation.

GHOST SENSATIONS – The muscle and nerve memories of the Augmentation survive in a limited fashion. If this is taken as a Minor Complication, then you will occasionally receive odd sensations from the Augmentation, distracting you from a task. If this is taken as a Major Complication, then the muscles are still "hardwired" to perform a task, and will carry it out on their own. In both cases, this behaviour will trigger when you score no natural successes on a dice roll, ignoring any Black Dice that have been rolled, where what you were doing didn't involve the use of the Augmentation.

OVERSENSITIVE – The new Augmentation is more sensitive to pain than the rest of your body. When taking damage to the Augmented part of the body, or when taking damage as the result of a Stress Roll, then roll an additional Damage die for a Minor Complication, or an additional three Damage dice for a Major Complication.

SLOW HEALING – Your new body parts have affected your body's ability to recognise the need to heal. Ignore the first point of healing gained after each new injury. This may not be taken as a Minor Complication, and can only be taken once.

Social Complications

As well as the physical effects of surgery, you can also experience other complications – primarily social ones. In Promethean society, the kind of Augmentation you have generally depends on your Class. Lower class citizens have Augmentations forced on them, either to make them more productive workers, or in order to replace body parts that have been Harvested for more deserving citizens. Upper class citizens choose Augmentations that are frivolous, flighty and fashionable. Those caught in the middle try to mix the two, but it's difficult to balance necessity against fashion.

Dark Harvest uses two Complications to help you to gauge the social reaction to an Augmentation. Drudge's Scars apply to Augmentations that have been fitted for menial reasons, while Swell's Fittings apply to surgery which was carried out for frivolous or fashionable reasons. It is down to you and the Gamemaster to decide whether either of these Complications apply, but if an Augmentation is Flawless, then neither Complication applies – if an Augmentation can't be seen, then it has no social impact.

Another Complication, "Surgical Scarring", also can affect your social standing – despite all the wonders of Frankenstein's Gift, obvious and terrible scarring can be a reminder that it doesn't always go to plan, and you may be pitied or reviled as a result.

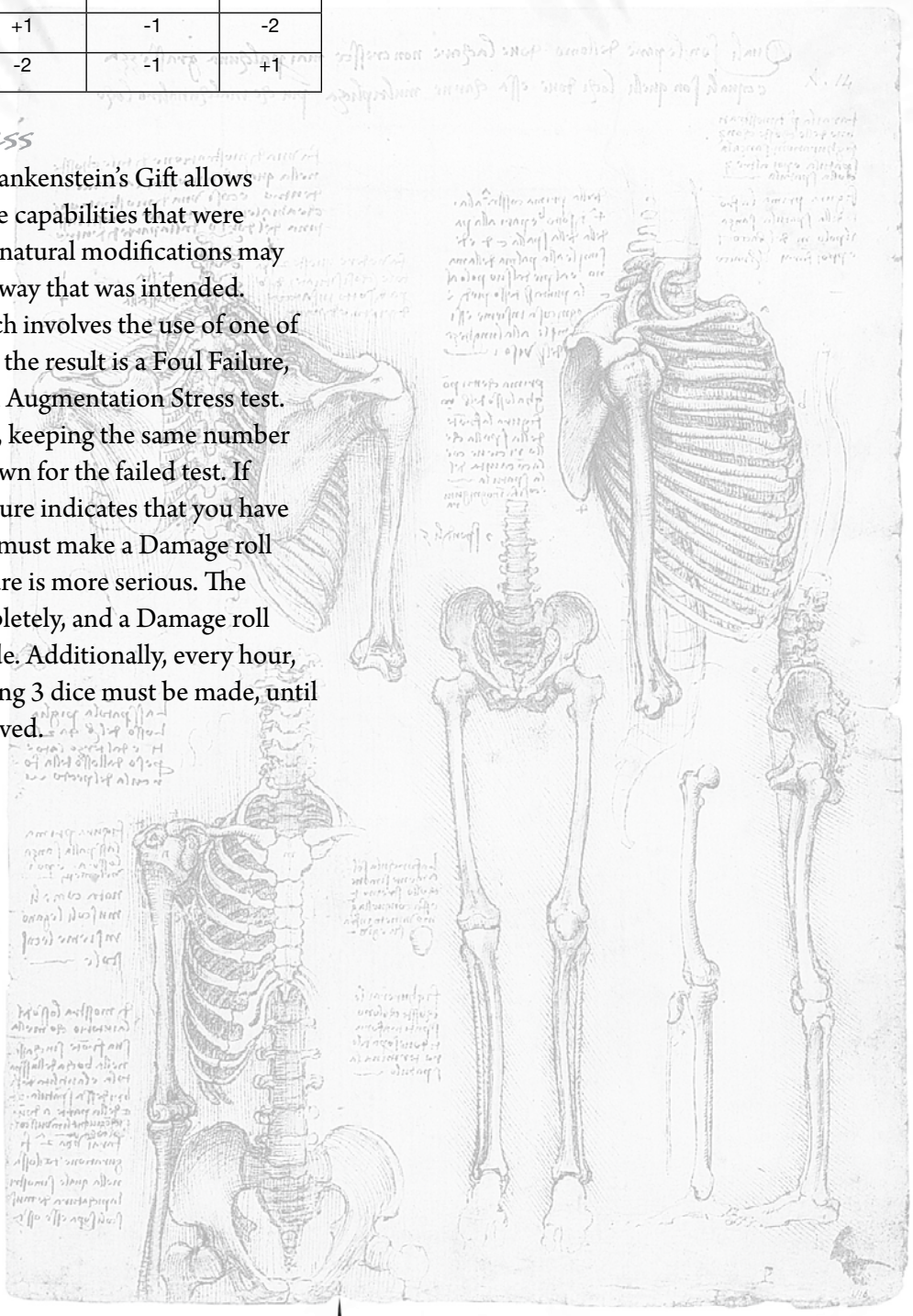
To gauge the reaction of different social classes to your Augmentation, use the following ready-reckoner, which shows how many dice you should adjust your dice pool by when making social tests related to making a first impression, or where your appearance is a factor:

COMPLICATION	LOWER CLASS	MIDDLE CLASS	UPPER CLASS
DRUDGE'S SCARS	0	0	-1
SURGICAL SCARRING	+1	-1	-2
SWELL'S FITTINGS	-2	-1	+1

Augmentation Stress

There is no doubt that Frankenstein's Gift allows mankind to far exceed the capabilities that were designed in, but these unnatural modifications may not always behave in the way that was intended.

If you make a test which involves the use of one of your Augmentations and the result is a Foul Failure, then you should make an Augmentation Stress test. Roll Resolve + Fortitude, keeping the same number of Black Dice as was thrown for the failed test. If you pass, all is well. A failure indicates that you have strained something, and must make a Damage roll using 3 dice. A Foul Failure is more serious. The Augmentation fails completely, and a Damage roll using 5 dice must be made. Additionally, every hour, a further Damage roll using 3 dice must be made, until medical attention is received.



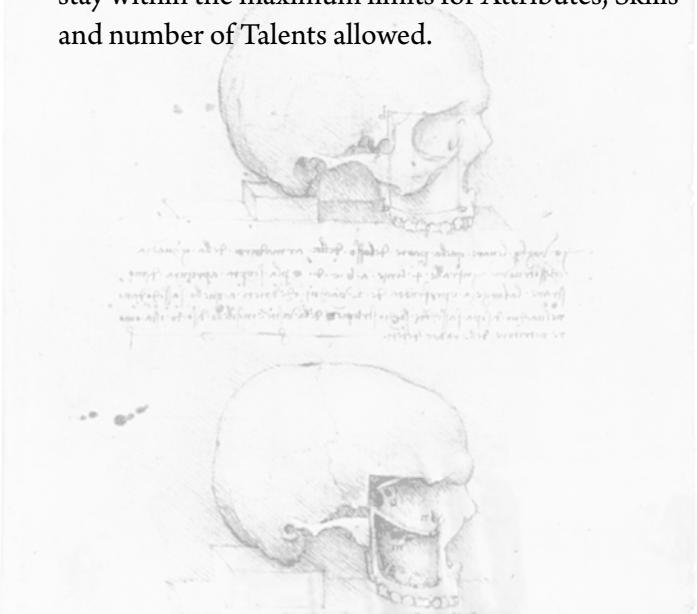
Experience & Advancement

As your character explores the world of Dark Harvest, it is only natural that they become better at what they do – more skilled at swordplay, a better shot, more adept at research and so on. For every game session in which your character participates, you will receive Experience Points which can be spent to improve Skills and Attributes, as well as gaining more Talents, Assets, etc.

In each adventure, you will receive between 1 and 3 Experience Points (as determined by the Gamemaster, based on your achievements) at the end of each game session. A few extra Experience Points may be awarded for finishing an adventure as well.

Before or after any game session, you may trade in any accumulated Experience Points to improve your character's individual traits and abilities.

Experience Points can be applied to one of your existing Skills, Talents, Attributes, Assets, etc. or can be used to acquire an entirely new one, but the Gamemaster always has the right to veto your decision, and you must stay within the maximum limits for Attributes, Skills and number of Talents allowed.



Experience Point Costs Table

CHARACTERISTIC OR TRAIT	EXPERIENCE POINT COST EQUAL TO:
ATTRIBUTE	Four times the new level*
SKILL (COMMON OR SPECIALTY)	The new level of skill
NEW SPECIALITY	4 points - for a level of 0
TALENT OR AUGMENTATION	Twice the Talent's Character Point cost
PRIVILEGE OR ASSET (AND POSSIBLY A LARGE AMOUNT OF MONEY TOO)	The Character Point cost
BUY OFF A COMPLICATION	10 points for each Complication

*a negative level or zero counts as 2 points

Fate Pool & Scripting Dice

There are many times when skill and courage will not be enough for the characters to win the day. However, fate usually chooses to reward the bold and the reckless (usually an adequate description of most characters) and often lends a hand at a critical moment. This ability to cheat fate (or ask pleadingly for its assistance) is represented by your character's fate pool. This pool of points can be used in a number of ways to add to dice rolls and reduce the penalties a character might suffer for their misadventures.

Fate is a harsh mistress and there are limitations on how Fate points can be used. Firstly, no more than 3 Fate points can be spent in one turn (unless you opt to spend a Scripting Die). Secondly, Fate points can only be spent on the same type of action in each round. So you cannot spend 2 to add to a dice roll

and then use another to reduce the damage you suffer. Although you could use 2 points to add successes to one action, and 1 more to add a success to another. We have already briefl y detailed some of the uses of Fate points, but here is a more complete listing of how they can be used.

Fate Points can be added to any dice roll to add one definite (or 'automatic') success to the result. However, this additional success can still be cancelled by Black Dice like any other success, and (as usual) only a maximum of three can be spent on any single dice roll.

You can use Fate points to reduce the damage you take from an attack. For every point you

spend the attack (somehow) did 1 less point of damage. However, you cannot reduce the

damage to zero; a successful attack will always hurt at least a little. You may want to explain this twist of fate by a well placed cigarette case or suchlike.

A Fate point can also be spent to grant a success on the Fortitude + Resolve roll required to stay conscious/alive when you have taken severe damage. If you spend the Fate point you need not make the roll.

Fate can extend the time you have to live. When you have run out of Health pips, spending a Fate point grants you an extra round (in addition to your Resolve + Fortitude) before you expire.

It is also possible for character to use Fate points on each others' rolls. However, it costs

twice as many points to do so as it otherwise would. The character spending the points must

be in the same place as the benefactor, and you should decide how they helped. Maybe they

noticed something about the lock that helped the character open it, or the lady kneeling near the wounded man accidentally staunched his wounds with the folds of her skirts. As the costs of spending Fate points on another's behalf are double, you can spend up to 6 in a turn.

However, using them on someone else means you cannot use them for anything else that turn either.

Scripting Dice

When you are really in trouble, and you need a miracle, you can spend a Scripting Die. If you spend 6 Fate points at once, it is called a Scripting Die and you can do so at any time, as the normal rules governing Fate points do not apply to Scripting Dice. Spending a Scripting Die is a major invocation of fate, and it has a powerful effect. Only heroes or great villains can appeal to fate in this way.

Players can spend a Scripting Die for major adjustments to the story and their dice rolls. Essentially, the only limit to what you can do with a Scripting Die is the discretion of

the Gamemaster. However, to be on the safe side, and to protect the Gamemaster from the pleas of her players, it is only fair we offer you some guidelines:

A Scripting Die may be spent to reroll an action or effect roll. The player must decide to reroll the dice before the effects of the dice roll in question are applied (in other words, immediately). If the new dice roll is worse, the player can choose to keep the original roll. However, you cannot spend another Scripting Die to have a third roll.

By using Scripting Dice in this manner, a hero (or villain) can optimise his chances of success when it counts the most.

When a character dies, a Scripting Die can be spent to save them from their fate. The character does not suddenly leap up from their death bed or miraculously heal their wounds. Instead, what was thought to have destroyed them turns out not to be so dreadful. A mortal wound turns out to have been not as bad as fi rst thought, simply knocking the character unconscious. If they suffer a deadly fall, they may land on something soft enough to survive, or land on a precipice, injured but alive. A character lost at sea

might return, days later, with little memory of their accident. The character doesn't get any Health back (beyond being stabilised), but they are alive.

In a similar way, Scripting Dice can be used to grant the player a power over the story much

like the Gamemaster has. They can be used to grant the characters luck and coincidence that

might help them defeat the villains. For instance, if a book is stolen from a character as she sleeps on the train, her player might spend a Scripting Die for the most important page to slip from the loose book and be hidden under her skirts.

During a carriage chase, a Scripting Die might be spent for the horse's harness to wear out and snap, stopping the villain's coach. When seeking an address, the players might spend a Scripting Die to locate where they are looking for after getting hopelessly lost.

There are three very important rules with using Scripting Dice like this. Firstly, the Gamemaster may veto any use of a Scripting Die they feel is too potent or disruptive to the story. Secondly, the player must use their imagination to explain how the Scripting Die helps. They cannot just say 'I spend a Scripting Die to stop that happening'.

If they cannot explain how and why they get a break, it doesn't happen. It is not the Gamemaster's job to invent reasons for the players. Thirdly a Scripting Die cannot change what has already happened. It can adjust and amend what is unclear, but not what has definitely occurred. So you cannot use a Scripting Die to make a guard fail to see you sneak past when they succeeded their roll. However, you can use one to ensure a ruffian falls drunk out of a nearby tavern and brawls with him to allow you to escape.

Gaining Fate Points

When it is used, Fate Pool is permanently spent. At the end of an adventure, the Gamemaster will award you between 1 and 3 Fate Points, depending on what your character achieved as part of the team during the story.

Additionally, if the Gamemaster considers that your character has achieved some personal goal (perhaps a personal quest, developing your character's back-story, or merely saving the world – again), you may be gifted a Fate Point.

A character who sits back, lets others do the work and does not try to achieve anything, gains nothing.

Reputation

As you adventure about the world of Dark Harvest, you are going to gather a certain reputation.

Sooner or later, all those people whose lives you save are going to start talking about you.

Conversely, every time you end up in prison or destroy property (for whatever reason), tongues will wag again.

In Dark Harvest, we assume that, as your character advances, your reputation gradually grows. We use Reputation Assets to show how much of an advantage your reputation gives you. Each Asset gives you a number of Reputation Dice. There are a few Talents and Privileges which will add to your reputation in certain circumstances. These simply grant you a larger dice pool, so the explanations that come with each particular trait should already suffice.

Reputation comes into play when you are required to make a reputation roll.

This works in just the same way as a skill roll, using your reputation dice instead of an Attribute + a skill. When you make a reputation roll, you are checking to see how many people know you and your reputation. If you roll well, a few people nearby will recognise you, and the better you do, the more they will know of your exploits (for good or ill). It is up to the Gamemaster to determine when a reputation roll is called for. It is possible to just use someone's name, perhaps to inspire fear, "I'm here on behalf of Mr Lector". It is also possible to make a roll when everyone knows who you

SUCCESSES GAINED	REPUTATION EFFECT	PERCENTAGE WHO KNOW YOU
1	Someone thinks they recognise you, but can't figure out who you are	10%
2	Someone recognises you, and knows if your reputation is good or bad	30%
3	Someone recognises you and has a good idea of what you do	50%
6	Whoever knows you can remember the last newsworthy thing you did	80%
10	Those who recognise you know your name, and a little of your background	100%
15	Everyone who recognises you knows a handful of stories about you	150%
20+	Not only do people know you, you are a celebrity. They will either throw a street party for you or quail in fear at the mention of your name	200%

are, such as when you are introduced at a social event.

People may know your name, but do they know what you've been up to? As with any skill roll, the degree of success makes a difference.

The number of people who know of you depends on how big the gathering you have entered is and how many people you are talking to. The more successes you get on the roll, the more people in the 'group' have recognised you. What actually constitutes a group will depend on what you are doing. When walking into a local pub or a social soiree, the 'group' will be everyone in attendance.However, if you are hidden in a corner talking to a gang, the 'group' might only be the ruffi ans you are talking to.

As usual, the Gamemaster gets to decide how wide and diverse the 'group' is. You will notice that the last few entries allow more than 100% of the group to recognise you. This doesn't mean they notice you more. Instead, you are so renowned that people sneak out to get their friends and bring them over. "Ere, Kate, you'll never guess who just walked into the local, you gotta see this."

This doesn't happen instantly, but it is quite quick and depends on the potential number of people that could be drawn in. Obviously, at an upper class ball, you are not going to come without an invitation. However, the servants might all begin to cluster around doorways to get a look at the celebrity. You should also bear in mind that if you have a bad reputation, people won't be coming to shake your hand but possibly to lynch you!

Reputation Difficulty

Just like any skill roll, you assign a difficulty level to a reputation roll. This is usually average, but is modified as the Gamemaster sees fit. A few general suggestions are:

+2 difficulty for each class step removed from audience
+ the degree of success for disguise roll (in Black Dice) if in disguise
+2 difficulty if you have never visited the area
+3 difficulty if you are not present, someone is just using your name to get a reaction.
-1 if you are known to people in the area
-1 if you live in the area
-1 to -3 if you have recently been reported by name in the papers
-1 if you have distinctive features

Weapons

Rather than offer an exhaustive list of weapons of all descriptions, we offer a few broad categories to equip your players with firearms and melee weapons. If you require more detail the Victoriana Core Rulebook and the supplement Faulkner's Millinery and Miscellanea cover a wide range of additional equipment the Gamemaster might add into her campaign.

DSF Stun Sabre

The oversized grip of this sabre makes it unwieldy, but it holds hidden secrets. Inside the handle are three galvanic piles, which can be charged by cumbersome equipment usually left to reside in a DSF office. When a target is struck, a cell can be discharged for additional damage on the target. Safety mechanisms exist to prevent multiple cells being discharged at once, and also to prevent the operator from accidentally shocking himself.

DSF Jet Pistol

The jet pistol uses a specially shaped bullet, which has a plug of gelatin and other chemicals fitted into the end. When the round is fired, the plug vaporises, and as the bullet travels down the barrel, a second spark ignites the vapour. This gives the bullet an extra shot of speed, increasing the range and damage considerably, as well as producing a distinctive flame jet and whooshing noise from the pistol.

This is not without risk, however – in the event of a Foul Failure, the pistol will explode, and will set off the remaining ammunition that is loaded. The result is that it goes off like an incendiary grenade, dealing 8 damage to everything within 3 yards of the explosion (this should be treated as fire damage).

WEAPON	DAMAGE DICE	SKILL REQUIRED	COST
KNIFE	5	Swordplay	4d
MILITARY SWORD	7	Swordplay	£1
SWORD CANE	5	Swordplay	£2
CLUB	4	Blunt Weapons	1s
BRASS KNUCKLES	+2 to base	Fisticuffs	5s
DSF STUN SABRE	7/10	Swordplay (-1 penalty)	£5

GUN	DAMAGE DICE	RATE OF FIRE	SHOTS	RELOAD TIME	RANGE	COST
DERRINGER	4	1	2	3	15 yds	£4
SMALL PISTOL	6	2	6	4	20 yds	£5
LARGE PISTOL*	8	1	6	5	25 yds	£6
RIFLE	10	2	8	5	200 yds	£8
SHOTGUN	12	2	2	5	50 yds	£6
DSF JET PISTOL	12	2	8	4	50 yds	£10

*suffers a -2 accuracy rating for anyone with less than 2 Strength.

Supporting Cast

Now you have assembled a player group you need an array of enemies to pit their skills against. While you can create the other inhabitants of your campaign in the same way as the player characters, that does take quite a long time. So we present a cut down system to allow you to create quick and simple non-player characters (NPCs).

Competences

There are 3 types of NPC, Generalist, Focussed and Specialist. You should pick one of these to tailor the competences of the NPC, but Generalist is a good default. The competences are printed below. Just find the 2 numbers in the table defined by the NPC's Reputation Level and type (both of which are up to you as the Gamemaster). The numbers can be either Mental or Physical competence, depending on which you think the NPC will favour more. However, you need not be too constrained by the table. If you think the NPC needs more or less of one or the other, then adjust them as you see fit. Common things to modify such competences are the age of the character as well as their class.

Initiative

To calculate the Initiative of an NPC, take the Initiative Bonus from the NPC stat table above, and add the NPC's Perception, if it has been added as a Signature Skill.

Health

This stat is worked out from the competences you assign, so make sure you have those the way you want them first. Remember that Health dice have 2 pips.

Health is a base of 2 dice, plus 1 for each 2 levels of Physical Competence (round down). Then add in the Health Bonus from the NPC stat table. So a Heroic character with a Physical Competence of 5 has 8 Health dice, worth 16 pips.

Signature Skills

This part is very simple, just pick a few skills the NPC is especially good or bad at and note them down. Avoid assigning higher than +4 as these add to the competences and need not be high. Feel free to assign negative skills to things the NPC would be bad at.

Traits

Traits are designed for character building and really take the place of assets and privileges etc. You can pick talents and traits from the book, but then you'll have to check up what they do to figure out how to apply them to the NPC. Instead, you can use traits to grant

REPUTATION ASSET	COMPETENCES (GENERALIST)	COMPETENCES (FOCUSSED)	COMPETENCES (SPECIALIST)	INITIATIVE BONUS	HEALTH BONUS
NONE	+2/+2	+3/+1	+3/+1	+3	+0
ADVENTUROUS	+4/+4	+5/+3	+7/+1	+4	+1
DAREDEVIL	+7/+6	+8/+5	+10/+3	+6	+2
HEROIC	+9/+9	+11/+7	+14/+4	+8	+3

a bonus to something the NPC might do and give them a bit of character background. So a character who is 'Wealthy +4' is very rich indeed, more so than a character who is 'Wealthy +1'. Having the trait also means wealth is important to the character, it is something that defines them, so don't start giving each character a Wealth trait just because everyone has some form of resource. Just add up to four traits that can describe the character of the NPC as well as a bonus for any special abilities they might have.

Special Abilities

This section helps you keep a note of anything weird and non-standard the NPC might be able to do. Mostly this is a list of any Augmentations or weird science devices the character might have.

Combat Abilities

Under combat abilities list the weapons they are especially skilled with. Combat is the time you want an easy list to help things flow, so add the NPCs Physical Competence to their appropriate weapon skill for a rating for each weapon they might use. Not everyone needs to be a fighter though, so don't feel you need combat notes for NPCs who won't fight. Damage is a simple listing of the weapon damage with any bonuses for strength or the like.

So, with that detail out of the way, we present a rogues gallery of allies and enemies for your player characters. Each is offered with a general description and a set of statistics for an example of that type of NPC. We finish off each description with a short adventure seed you might use to being that character into your campaign. Note that there are additional adventure ideas later in the Appendices.

Arranger

He acquires Harvestable material for his noble clients. While he is licensed to go to the morgues and funerals of the recently dead to look for Augment material for his clients, the arranger also looks for prospects among the living and arranges for convenient "accidents" to make the material available. Some arrangers have even formed a network to buy and sell recent acquisitions.

REPUTATION: Daredevil (Focused)
INITIATIVE: +9
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +8
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +5
HEALTH: 5 Dice (10 pips)
SIGNATURE SKILLS: Appraisal +3, Bull +2, Business +4, Perception +3, Streetwise +2
TRAITS: Silver Tongue +2, Cold Hearted +3
COMBAT ABILITIES: skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon X Dice

Parvu Torescu runs a lucrative business. He is quickly gaining a reputation amongst the boyars in the region as an arranger that can fill requests quickly and satisfactorily. The reason that Parvu is so successful is that he doesn't limit himself to the morgue; he has gathered a team that looks for the appropriate qualities in living people and arranging "accidents" for them. He is smart enough to be at least two degrees away from any murders and his team often employs "freelancers" to carry out the deed.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *Parvu notes that one of the characters (obviously one that is a member of the lower classes) has a trait that makes him suitable for Harvesting. His team hires local thugs to arrange a mugging gone wrong. Assuming the character survives this fate, he and his allies must put an end to Parvu's operation before he can achieve his goal.*

Boyar

He is a wealthy landowner of a large estate. While he has a seat on the ruling council, he rarely makes the

monthly meetings. Instead, he acts as the master of his domain, running his fief as he sees fit while not attracting the King's attention. He enjoys the fruits of the Harvest and often tours the homes of his workers and their families with an eye for harvesting opportunities.

REPUTATION: Hero (Generalist)
INITIATIVE: +8
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +9
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +9
HEALTH: 8 Dice (16 pips)
SIGNATURE SKILLS: Etiquette +2, Fisticuffs +3, High Society +2, Swordplay +2
TRAITS: Arrogant +3, Selfish +2
AUGMENTATIONS: Handsome (Flawless)
COMBAT ABILITIES: skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon X Dice

Boyar Andrin Rusu is a man with expensive tastes, especially with his own body. His peasants live in fear, as a number of them have suspiciously disappeared soon after the Boyar toured their village, only to have the boyar appear with a new Augmentation. He has taken a wife from his peasantry and spends time "improving" her as well. Andrin does not approve of Frankenstein's rule although he won't voice it.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *Boyar Andrin went too far when he "gifted" his wife Eleana with the legs of her childhood friend. Eleana hires the characters to kill her husband in a way that draws no suspicion on her. Unfortunately, Andrin has gotten wind of this plot and hired assassins of his own…*

DSF Patrolman

He was a tall but scrawny man unsuited to a life of labour. Unfortunately, he was a member of the working class and his options were limited. With little intellect in which to impress upon a professional to take him as an apprentice into the middle class, he joined the military. After several surgeries, he is now a powerful brute who patrols the city streets. He enjoys his new Augments and revels in inflicting them on others.

REPUTATION: None (Generalist)
INITIATIVE: +6
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +4
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +2
HEALTH: 5 Dice (10 pips)
SIGNATURE SKILLS: Firearms +2, Interrogation +3, Perception +3
TRAITS: Authority Figure +3, Sadist +3
AUGMENTATIONS: Pugilist, Juggernaut
COMPLICATIONS: Inappropriate Materials (distinctive "Mum" tattoo on arm)
COMBAT ABILITIES: skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon X Dice

Sergeant Emil Nemescu grew up a coward. It wasn't intentional, but after several beatings by young bullies the tall and scrawny Emil learned that his only physical asset was his long legs, which he used to run away. After leaving slower friends to savage fates, Emil dreamed of another way. He was easily talked into joining the DSF and soon found himself with a strong, powerful body. He now enjoys inflicting himself on others, seeing the bullies of his youth in the potential criminals of today.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *Several working class men are being beaten to death in the night. Their only connection is that they'd assaulted a girl when they were youths. This girl was a close friend (and possibly more) of the scrawny Emil. Is he taking lethal revenge for a previous crime, or is there another suspect and/or motive afoot?*

Feral

He joined the military in order to improve his social class. Instead, he was turned into an outcast. His new limbs worked fine at first, increasing his strength and speed, but the scientists didn't stop there. They altered his teeth and stretched the bones of his fingers into claws. They also used cutting edge psychological techniques to make him more ferocious. Unfortunately something snapped and the Feral killed the technicians beside him and made his escape. Now he hunts in the moonlight, looking for lone travellers to feed his hunger.

REPUTATION: Adventurous (Specialist)
INITIATIVE: +7
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +6
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +2
HEALTH: 6 Dice (12 pips)
SIGNATURE SKILLS: Athletics +2, Fisticuffs +2, Perception +3, Survival +4
TRAITS: Berserk Rage +3, Taste for Human Flesh +3
AUGMENTATIONS: Cosmetic Alteration (fur), Claws
COMBAT ABILITIES: skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon X Dice

Oskar Muresanu was an orphan who joined the military in the hope of a better life. Instead, he was Augmented beyond recognition. His surgeon considered himself an artiste and turned Oskar into a creature that resembled an over-muscled werewolf. Oskar was then treated to a number of psychological tests, or tortures, to increase his savagery and animal instincts. It worked too well and the creature formerly known as Oskar ripped his technicians in half and fled to the countryside, where he terrorizes small villages.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *While the government encourages leaving ferals alone to control the population, occasionally a feral becomes too troublesome. Such is the case with Oskar, whose violent temper has urged him to break into peasant homes and slaughter whole families. Surviving villagers have fled, and the boyar in charge wants to put an end to it. He's hired the characters to track down and destroy Oskar before the boyar no longer has peasants under his thumb.*

Judge

He is a middle class judge that enjoys a lavish lifestyle thanks to the nobles in his district. Unfortunately, their attentions come at a price. The judge is the final arbiter on Harvesting, and he generally sees fit to side with the nobility when Harvesting cases come before him. This would make him extremely unpopular with the lower classes, but he ensures that he dissents in enough rulings to make him seem fairer (a deal struck with the other two judges in his court).

REPUTATION: Daredevil (Specialist)
INITIATIVE: +6
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +3
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +10
HEALTH: 4 Dice (8 pips)
SIGNATURE SKILLS: Interrogation +2, Legal Matters +4, Research +3
TRAITS: Authoritorial +2, Noble bias +3
AUGMENTATIONS: Enhanced Sense (Hearing)
COMPLICATIONS: Crossed Signals (eyes close when listening intently), Surgical Scars
COMBAT ABILITIES: skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon X Dice

Judge Vasile Goma has a comfortable profession. Sitting on an urban court with two other judges, he ensures that the nobles and upper middle class professionals that are lining his pockets get "justice" while maintaining an air of impartiality (helped by the fact that the court's decisions are usually 2-1. Although the voting is secret, Vasile always "admits" that he was

the dissenting vote when convenient). Vasile is well-known for ruling in favour of the harvester in Harvest disputes, a fact bolstered by the many Augmentation procedures that he's undergone. Working class and middle class plaintiffs and defendants understand that they are likely to lose when "Old Scar Face" is sitting on the bench.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *Lately Old Scar Face has been singing a different tune; his court has consistently ruled against rich patrons in the last few sessions when another judge's opinion is known and Vasile's decision is the deciding vote. One of Vasile's patrons, with a case scheduled soon, hires the characters to investigate and determine if there is an outside influence on Vasile. If so, then the characters are expected to deal with it.*

Lawyer

In a society that preys on the lower class dead and has secrets to keep from the rest of the world, the role of the lawyer is very important. While all lawyers pledge allegiance to the King, many seek justice for the peasantry. Others, perhaps securing their own positions, ensure that secrets are kept and Augmentation continues. When a character needs a lawyer, he has to be sure that he's hiring one that will truly advocate in his favour.

REPUTATION: Adventurous (Specialist)
INITIATIVE: +4
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +2
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +7
HEALTH: 3 Dice (6 pips)
SIGNATURE SKILLS: Criminology +2, Interrogation +2, Legal Matters +3, Research +2
TRAITS: Honorable +2, Seeks Justice +3, Wits +1
COMBAT ABILITIES: skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon X Dice

Eugen Stanlov became a lawyer to ensure that the rights of poor Romanians were protected; this has become increasingly difficult when Romanians became Prometheans and the Harvest was unleashed. Now Eugen spends his time trying to aid working class clients that have found themselves marked for Harvesting. Most of his clients can't afford to pay, forcing Eugen to work for free or find other ways for his clients to pay him.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *Eugen comes to the characters in fear for his life and that of his family. He's received a threatening letter warning him to throw his next three cases or else his family will suffer. Eugen is unsure which client is important to his tormentor, but he believes that all of them are innocent. He needs the characters to eliminate the threat before he is forced, for his family's sake, to allow three innocent clients to be slaughtered.*

Peasant

She works on the farm that her family rents from the local boyar. She does her best to stay out of sight or look disheveled when nobles happen by for fear that they may take a liking to her features. She is not beautiful, but her features are pleasant enough for an aging noble that is looking for a less-scarred face. She keeps to herself for fear that any new "friends" may cause her more harm than good.

REPUTATION: None (Generalist)
INITIATIVE: +3
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +2
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +2
HEALTH: 3 Dice (6 pips)
SIGNATURE SKILLS: Craft (appropriate ones) +3, Might +2, Survival +2
TRAITS
COMBAT ABILITIES: skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon X Dice

Doina Donescu does her best not to stand out.

She wears frumpy clothes, her face is usually covered in grime, and she speaks little to anyone outside of her family. She makes sure that her boyar and other nobles don't get more than a brief glimpse of her when they pass through. Unfortunately, she is naturally beautiful and no amount of grime will hide that for long.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *Doina's beauty has finally caught the eye of a travelling merchant who is also secretly an arranger. The Arranger has a client and he kidnaps Doina during the night. Doina's father expects the worst and hires the characters to find her. He's also decided to protect her further by making her a "victim" of a scar gang if the characters safely return her, something his daughter does not wish to face.*

Priest

He truly feels that he is preaching in Hell on Earth. The nobles and the soldiers are all warped parodies of their previous selves, and he knows that many peasants were Harvested before their time to make it so. He used to be a teacher before the government closed his school. Still, he tends to his flock as best he can, hoping beyond all hope for change.

REPUTATION: Daredevil (Focused)
INITIATIVE: +6
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +5
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +8
HEALTH: 7 Dice (14 pips)
SIGNATURE SKILLS: Conversation +3, Empathy +3, Science (philosophy) +2
TRAITS: Kind +3, Eastern Orthodox Religion +5, Perseverance +4
COMBAT ABILITIES: skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon X Dice

Father Mircea Bacovia is an old man. At 68 years old, he remembers when Promethea was under Ottoman rule and still considers himself "Romanian." He'd joined the Eastern Orthodox priesthood to help his fellow Romanians find Divine guidance and has stuck with it even through the infernal changes taking place in his homeland. Father Mircea believes that the proper actions are prayer and perseverance; while he does not actively aid the Resistance, he'll offer sanctuary to members when necessary.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *Fr. Mircea offers sanctuary to a Resistance member fleeing from an attack gone wrong. If the characters are friendly to the Resistance, Fr. Mircea asks them to help misdirect the DSF forces coming after the member and to spirit her away. If the characters are friendly to the DSF, then they're ordered to penetrate the sympathetic village and find the Resistance member with as few casualties as possible. That order does not extend to anyone actively helping the Resistance, and in addition the sympathizer's property is to be burned to the ground.*

Resistance Member

He could be anyone; a disaffected boyar's son, a local bureaucrat, or a peasant farmer. His occupation isn't important, as his specialty is revolution. He has been called an anarchist, an assassin, a bombardier, a terrorist, a freedom fighter, a patriot. When the call comes, he organizes a cell, places his bombs, and targets prominent people for assassination. He hopes that his actions help bring about change in Promethea. Unfortunately, they more often simply bring the full brunt of the DSF against him, leaving many more victims in their wake.

REPUTATION: Daredevil (Generalist)
INITIATIVE: +6
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +6
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +7
HEALTH: 7 Dice (14 pips)
SIGNATURE SKILLS: Demolitions +4, Firearms +4, Politics +3

TRAITS: Raging Communist +4, Stubborn +2
COMBAT ABILITIES: skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon X Dice

Octavian Preda is a communist. He hides and reads a well-thumbed copy of the banned *Communist Manifesto* and some of the works of Mikhail Bakunin. He firmly believes that the only thing that can save the workers of Promethea is a violent overthrow of the government and the slaughter of all nobles and Augmented Prometheans. He is a master terrorist and assassin.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *A Boyar's son has caught the eye of Octavian and he's preparing to assassinate him. The Boyar's father is gravely ill and he stands to inherit a border fief. Octavian hopes that the son's assassination will throw the fief into chaos and enable him to creating a "worker's nation," protected by the neighbouring country. Unfortunately, the Boyar's son is, unknown to Octavian, a prominent member of the Resistance. Can the characters stop Octavian in time before he unwittingly deals a powerful blow against his allies?*

Servant

She is invisible, the house servant of a local boyar's family. She pleases them as best she can; servants that don't please their masters often disappear, and she's sure that the boyar's son now sports the legs of one of them. She is a font of information for the Resistance; or would be, if she did not fear for her life and position.

REPUTATION: None (Generalist)
INITIATIVE: +6
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +2
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +2
HEALTH: 5 Dice (10 pips)
SIGNATURE SKILLS: Charm +2, Craft (select one) +2, High Society +3, Perception +3
TRAITS: Attentive to Master's Needs +2, Blend into Background +3, Stoic +2
COMBAT ABILITIES: skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon X Dice

Tora Monteanu is shy and timid, but an excellent housemaid for a prominent banker who has strong feelings for her in spite of being married. She secretly joined the Resistance after her master's wife tried to have her killed out of jealousy. The wife met with a violent end instead, and the Resistance ensured that Tora's hands were clean. She now gives them information on the finances and social interactions of upper middle class and noble clients and acquaintances of her master.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *The Resistance needs Tora's assistance to help them infiltrate a party and kidnap two prominent Augment specialists, one of whom is her master's brother. Unfortunately, Tora has become her master's lover and the Resistance is unsure of her loyalty. This opportunity is too strong to pass up, so the Resistance asks the characters to carry out the mission. Can they trust Tora, or will she work against them?*

Scientist

He is a true believer in Frankenstein's vision of a Promethea run by scientists. While he is fascinated by the advancements in human Augmentation, the scientist has a different specialty. He is constantly looking for new ways to improve Promethea's scientific advancement and keep it ahead of the other civilized nations.

REPUTATION: Daredevil (Specialist)
INITIATIVE: +6
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +3
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +10

HEALTH: 6 Dice (12 pips)
SIGNATURE SKILLS: Ad Hoc Repair +2, Concentration +2, Frankenstein's Gift +2, Science (as appropriate) +3
TRAITS: Scientific Method +2, Turn Blind Eye to Ethics and Morality +3
COMBAT ABILITIES: skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon X Dice

Living an almost hermit-like existence in a remote laboratory, Doctor Sabin Gheorghiu has been trying to solve one of Promethea's largest military problems; namely, how to ensure that fallen Augmented humans don't end up in foreign hands. Dr. Gheorghiu has been working with a number of acids, bacteria, and diseases to come up with a way to decompose a body quickly and thoroughly. The government approves of his work and even provides him with "subjects" upon which to experiment.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *A Resistance member has sprung a number of victims free from Dr. Gheorghiu's dungeon. Unfortunately, one or more of them carried what was thought to be failed experiments, only for the entire group to succumb and partially dissolve by the time they got to the nearest town. The dissolving virus soon spreads throughout the town. Can the characters quarantine the plague long enough for Dr. Gheorghiu to find a solution?*

Shopkeeper

On the surface, the shopkeeper is the ideal middle or working class Promethean. She gets up early, sweeps the front of her shop, and offers products or services to her community for a fair price. Secretly, she works for the Resistance, using her business as a cover to support their activities.

REPUTATION: Adventurous (Generalist)
INITIATIVE: +4
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +4
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +4
HEALTH: 5 Dice (10 pips)
SIGNATURE SKILLS: Business +2, Charm +2, Craft (select one) +3
TRAITS: Nose for Trouble +2, Sneaky +3
COMBAT ABILITIES: skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon X Dice

Violeta Albin is a middle-aged baker; she makes breads and pastries for working class families that don't have the time to make them. Recently her desserts have become popular with the middle class as well, and Violeta has been given the sobriquet of "Baklava Queen." She is always cheery and greets every customer as if they were family, offering free samples and a few minutes of pleasant conversation. No matter what the topic, Violeta always seems to have a relative or acquaintance connected to it.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *The Baklava Queen is starting to become too popular amongst the privileged, and her high profile is making it difficult for her to continue helping the Resistance. This comes to a head when, in an effort to keep a noble's curiosity from interrogating one of her usual Resistance customers, Violeta accidentally gave the noble pastries with Resistance messages inside. She implores the characters to switch the pastries before she inadvertently exposes herself and key members of the local Resistance.*

Soldier

He is a grunt, a frontline soldier in the Promethean Military. His Augmentations are small but effective; he is faster, stronger, and hardier than any foreign soldier. Still, he rarely gets a chance to flex his enhanced muscles, as the Promethean commanders are loathe to risk any of their Augmented soldiers being captured or examined by foreign scientists. Thus the soldier lives and dies by the motto "alive, or dead, never leave your

fellow soldiers behind."

REPUTATION: Adventurous (Focused)
INITIATIVE: +6
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +5
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +3
HEALTH: 6 Dice (12 pips)
SIGNATURE SKILLS: Athletics +2, Firearms +2, Fisticuffs +2, Survival +2, Perception +1
TRAITS: Fearless +3, Loyal +2
AUGMENTATIONS: Rapid Healer, Combat Sense
COMPLICATIONS: Drug Dependency (Minor)
COMBAT ABILITIES: skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon X Dice

Corporal Francisc Diaconu joined the army 8 years ago to protect Promethea's borders. Unfortunately, while the army has Augmented Francisc so that he can better perform his duty, the King's concern over losing soldiers to foreign powers has left Francisc guarding a border for most of his career. In addition, the increased lifespan of soldiers has meant that Fransisc hasn't been able to move quickly up the ranks. He is now an embittered corporal, itching to use the fighting skills he's honed.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *A small army unit got some exercise when a feral (failed Augment) went across the border into a neighbouring country. The feral caused some havoc before the unit was able to kill him and bring back the body, including alerting the foreign authorities. When the soldiers returned, Francisc was missing. The characters must now cross into foreign territory and elude the local authorities to retrieve Francisc, dead or alive.*

Spy

She lives a dangerous life. She might be the paramour of an important boyar or government official, she might be a nurse in a prominent surgeon's office, she might be a peasant girl hawking apples in the street. In all cases, she is foreign-born. She is an agent of a foreign power, gathering intelligence for her government while giving aid to the local Resistance.

REPUTATION: Daredevil (Focused)
INITIATIVE: +8
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +5
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +8
HEALTH: 7 Dice (14 pips)
SIGNATURE SKILLS: Bull +2, Conversation +3, Hide and Sneak +3, Perception +2
TRAITS: Deceptive +3, Seductive +3
COMBAT ABILITIES: skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon X Dice

Nadia Sabau (actually Natasha Ilyova) is a Russian spy, chosen for her ability to blend in with the local population. Nadia has used her training to secure a position in a surgeon's office. Needless to say, she's shocked at what she's learned. Unfortunately, her occupation makes it difficult for her to slip away, as the King keeps tight security around his surgeons. Nadia is trying to find the local Resistance to offer Russian aid.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *An intelligence leak has led to Nadia's identity being compromised. Fortunately, the Resistance has discovered this before the Promethean DSF has identified and captured her. The characters need to bypass security and escort Nadia to the Ukrainian border.*

Socialite

She is a young noblewoman from a low-ranking boyar family that spends her time making and taking social calls and being invited to fancy balls. All of her Augmentations are cosmetic and she ensures that each new scar becomes a fashion statement for the next social season. While she doesn't know exactly how her arrangers acquire new material for her next Augment, she doesn't care to find out.

REPUTATION: Adventurous (Focused)
INITIATIVE: +4
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +3
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +5
HEALTH: 5 Dice (10 pips)
SIGNATURE SKILLS: Charm +2, Etiquette +2, Fashion +2, High Society +3, Politics +2
TRAITS: Gossip +4, Refined +3
COMBAT ABILITIES: skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon X Dice

Lady Steliana Pescariu is a trendsetter. Her Augment scars are admired and carefully copied by the ladies in her social circle. Artists and photographers clamour to capture her "beauty." She wears only the finest fashions, sending agents to exotic locales to bring back the latest styles. It is said that her personal surgeon is so talented that he can peel the skin off a young corpse and carefully apply it to Steliana, giving her young, glowing skin without losing her original features.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *Lady Steliana is so insecure about aging that she needs a new "skin" every four months. Her surgeon requires precise measurements as well as a living body (the skin must be fresh), so Lady Steliana has agents in clothiers and tailor shops. She pays well for a new acquisition and her agents aren't above granting a prospect a job, only to make her disappear. The characters are hired by a concerned victim's father. Can they find her in time before the flesh is peeled from her.*

Surgeon

He is either a healer or a monster, depending upon whom you ask. Grafting and rejuvenating dead body parts are gruesome tasks, one for which most clients are grateful. He is also an artist, using his eye for detail to cut and sculpt dead body parts to better fit their living hosts. The best surgeons are in high demand among the True Prometheans, the worst get by on middle class clients that can only afford the cheapest Augmentation services.

REPUTATION: Daredevil (Specialist)
INITIATIVE: +9
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +3
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +10
HEALTH: 6 Dice (12 pips)
SIGNATURE SKILLS: Art (body sculpting) +2, Augmentation Surgery +2, Frankenstein's Gift +2, Medicine +3, Perception +3, Research +3
TRAITS: Artistic Detail +2, Dedicated +2
COMBAT ABILITIES: skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon X Dice

Doctor Grigore Prunariu is a true master in his field, a surgeon that specializes in Augmenting humans with animal parts. He enjoys a good challenge and many of the most fearsome soldiers (and ferals) are the result of his work. He is always looking for new animals with which to experiment, and pays big game hunters good money to bring him exotic animals from around the world. His estate more resembles an exotic zoological garden than a wealthy residence.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *Doctor Prunariu has gone too far. He has created a "bat-man" with which he'd hoped to create a unit for the army, even in defiance of the King's wishes. Dr. Prunariu was certain that, once the King saw the results, he'd win him over. Unfortunately, one of his test subjects has gone feral and escaped. Dr. Prunariu hires the characters to find the feral bat-man before he's arrested or the creature causes too much havoc.*

Tracker

He may be a military scout or bounty hunter. His Augmentations are designed to track and find targets, whether they be foreign agents, failed Augments, Resistance members, or criminals. His Augmentations

are suited to his purpose; most trackers have perceptive eyes, a strong sense of smell and move with remarkable speed. Unfortunately, perhaps because of the high amount of animal Augmentations to his form, a Tracker has a high probability of going feral.

REPUTATION: Daredevil (Generalist)
INITIATIVE: +6
P**HYSICAL COMPETENCE:** +7
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +6
HEALTH: 8 Dice (16 pips)
SIGNATURE SKILLS: Athletics +2, Firearms +2, Survival +3, Tracking +4
TRAITS: Deadly Shot 2, Dexterity +2, Enhanced Senses (hearing, smell) +1
AUGMENTATIONS: Night Vision
COMBAT ABILITIES: skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon X Dice

Emanoil Bejanescu received his Augments in the PMF, but he's since gone freelance. Tagged "the monster hunter," Emanoil hires himself out to communities that have a feral problem. This often puts Emanoil in the sights of the DSF, but Emanoil usually cuts them a part of his fee to ensure their compliance.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *After meeting Emanoil on one of his hunts, the characters meet one of Emanoil's old friends. The friend fears that Emanoil is himself going feral, and that some of the victims during Emanoil's hunts are actually killed by him. The characters must discover if this is true and, if so, can they defeat Emanoil before he acts against them?*

Creatures of Promethea

The remarkable chemicals that make up Frankenstein's Gift will not be contained. Rain sluicing off an Evisceration gantry finds its way into the drains, where it enters the water cycle, and therefore the food chain. Currently, the effects aren't showing in anything other than smaller mammals, but breeds of more fierce, more capable pack-hunting critters can be found around the edges of towns and cities.

Also, larger creatures have gone under the knife, being used as early test subjects for the work of the Promethean scientific elite. Those not destroyed have escaped, or were turned loose by absent-minded, careless or simply malicious scientists. These creatures are now feral and Augmented, and find humanity extremely easy prey (and tasty to boot).

Since animals have no career aspirations, they don't have statistics in the same way that other characters do. So, the attributes listed here are for a fully grown example of each species. Animals don't often have skills as such either. For a creature's combat ability, use their Physical Competence, and apply the damage from their attack noted in the table as usual. For tasks using tracking or perception, use their Mental Competence. You can reduce the competences for younger versions of each creature. The odder varieties of creature are described below.

Some creatures can be taught to do tricks, such as coming when called, playing dead or fetching items. For each 4 points of Mental Competence, an animal can learn 1 trick. However, training them takes time and effort. Pets which can do tricks can be bought as an Asset in character creation.

Promethean Dire Wolf

The Promethean Dire Wolf (canis lupus adaugeo) is around twice the bulk of its European counterpart, and displays high levels of intelligence. They live and hunt in packs, led by an alpha pair. It is unknown whether the first generation of dire wolves were Augmented or have been altered by the chemical cocktail in Frankenstein's Gift, but it has been observed that they breed true in the wild. The DSF have started offering a bounty on these creatures, but only a few grizzled hunters have been able to make a successful living chasing them.

Augmented Bear

Bears were reasonably plentiful and easy to trap in the forests of Promethea, so as a result, they were used as early experimental subjects. It was said that Frankenstein's Gift was used to take two bears, and make them into one animal, and the truth is not too far from that description. These animals were turned into living tanks, with enhanced strength and fortitude. It was during these tests that the flammability of Augmented tissue was discovered, and due to the nature of the Augmentation carried out on these bears, not only are they terrified of fire, they are extremely easily injured by it (double the normal amount of damage dealt by fire). Many of these animals have escaped from the facilities they were created in, since their sheer strength was completely unexpected. Augmented bears do not produce Augmented offspring.

Promethean Pine Marten

These creatures have been starting to pop up on the edge of towns and cities. Swarms of twenty or so have been scavenging, finding what they can in rubbish heaps. Some of them have been getting bolder, carrying off babies that have been left unattended. A regular swarm will be between 10 to 15 animals;

for every additional 5, add 1 to the Physical Competence of the swarm. These animals have a 50/50 chance of breeding true.

Augmented Guard Dog

The DSF have authorised the production of Augmented dogs to assist with their work. Some are used as guard dogs, some as search dogs and some as pure attack animals – their chilling level of intelligence means that they are easily trained to carry out a number of tasks. When trained as a search or attack animal, a DSF dog is assigned to a single handler. No agent is allocated a dog unless they are Augmented to handle the physical demands of looking after their charge. No agent has thus far been considered capable of handling more than two. All DSF dogs are neutered.

BEAST	PHYSICAL	MENTAL	HEALTH (PIPS)	ARMOUR	DAMAGE
APE	10	3	6(12)	2	Brawl (5d)
BEAR	10	3	8(16)	4	Brawl (6d)
CATTLE	8	2	4(8)	2	Charge (4d)
DEER	6	5	4(8)	0	
DOG, HUNTING	5	8	4(8)	0	Bite (3d)
DOG, TOSHER	5	8	4(8)	0	Bite (3d)
HAWK	3	10	4(8)	0	Rake (2d)
HORSE	7	2	4(8)	2	Kick (5d)
MONKEY	2	8	3(6)	0	Brawl (2d)
RAT SWARM	6	5	5(10)	0	Flurry of tiny rodent bites (3d)
WOLF	6	5	5(10)	1	Bite (4d)
PROMETHEAN DIRE WOLF	7	7	8(16)	2	Bite (5d). Rake (3d)
AUGMENTED BEAR	14	5	11(22)	4	Brawl (8d), Charge (5d)
PROMETHEAN PINE MARTEN	9	5	7(14)	1	Scratching & Biting (4d)
AUGMENTED DSF DOGS	6	10	5(10)	1	Bite (4d)

Appendices

VII. APPENDICES

Half-Told Tales

Here are just a few of our ideas for possible adventures in Promethea. Almost all can be played from either side of the divide – Resistance or Promethean. Equally, with a little imagination, foreign agents could easily be involved.

Turncoat?

Andreea Emil is a twenty six year old clerk in the offices of the DSF in the town of Aiud in Alba County. One of the rising middle class, she is well educated and likely to go far. The lover of Iulian Lucian, the local DSF Area Supply Secretary, she was a firm and passionate believer in Promethea.

Her elder brother, Sandu, was a mine foreman in the gold trade. He was the only other surviving member of her family, and had brought her up when he was a teenager. Strong and handsome, he was her rock.

During an unplanned tour of the mine, Sandu was spotted by an arrogant boyar and was selected for Harvesting. Andreea asked Iulian to intercede and have her brother moved to an essential service post within the DSF operations in monitoring the mining sector in the area. A promise was made, only to be overruled from on high.

Sandu has one more week before he is taken for Harvesting, and Andreea is desperate. She somehow managed to obtain information on Resistance operations in the area and made contact. The young woman is offering valuable information on DSF and Ministry of Information agents operating in central Promethea if she and her brother can be rescued and smuggled out of the country.

This is so obviously a trap that it just might be genuine. Is Andreea an agent, or is she just being used by one? Is the situation genuine, partially true, or entirely a fabrication? The Resistance command in the area have decided to put together a cell to remove the siblings and take them out of the country. If nothing else, it could expose Promethean agents in the field if Andreea or Sandu try to make contact. Of course, the assignment is insanely dangerous, so guess who's been selected…

Boat Trip

With the Resistance making overland travel difficult, the local authorities have decided to move a relatively large gold shipment from Mehadia in Caras-Severin County to Orşova by river. Needless to say, the Resistance would like to get their hands on the funds or at the very least prevent them from reaching the Promethean authorities.

Significant protection has been placed on the shipment, including two members of the Promethean Royal Guard. It's going to be a long, violent trip.

The Chase

There is a rumour that an agent of the German government has successfully stolen documents pertaining to Augment technology. The authorities are blocking the Austria-Hungarian border, but the Resistance has obtained information that the agent is heading for the Russian border; but where?

The agent's last contact was made in the busy city of Braşov. The Resistance know who the contact was, and it's up to the local operatives to track down where the German agent is heading for next and to intercept him, recover the documents and return them to a Resistance contact.

Oh, and they'll be working with a Ministry of Information agent who thinks that the documents will be being returned to him once recovered.

Family Loyalty

As members of the noble Romanian Traian family (and its staff and servants), you are part of an ancient Walachian dynasty that considers itself Romanian to the core. Though openly supporting Frankenstein

and Promethea, key members of your family work to supply information to the Resistance.

Now, with the latest six day party at Frankenstein's home in Târgu Mureş looming ever closer, a plan is afoot to plant incriminating evidence on one of the loyal boyar families, linking them to the Resistance and dooming them to the harsh fate that awaits you and yours if you are caught.

High politics and low skulduggery are the order of the day, along with dancing, eating, drinking, and finding out which key member of your family is the traitor that this whole mission has been put on to expose.

Messing About on the River

The steam-launches that patrol the rivers and lakes of Promethea are a big enough nuisance, but word has leaked out that a military research compound near Turnu Măgurele in Teleorman County has developed a lighter, faster watercraft that uses a powerful petrol engine.

The Resistance has an obvious purpose in infiltrating and destroying the base, the prototypes and key personnel at Turnu Măgurele. The threat posed by the new craft is considerable, particularly along the Danube. Cutting the project down before the new engine is rolled out to mass production is vital.

Complicating matters is the fact that a foreign power has bribed a Resistance operative, offering escape from Promethea in return for the engine plans. That agent will stop at nothing to ensure the success of their own mission, and that includes handing their comrades over to the DSF.

Just Testing

When the snatch came, the captured Resistance fighters did what they could to prepare for the inevitable – public Evisceration. Instead, after a week of incarceration, the entire group were bundled into a cattle wagon and shipped… Where?

The journey took days. At its end, the group were released into a holding facility with more than two dozen other Resistance fighters from all over Promethea. From the sight of so many gulls, somewhere near the coast was likely. The revelation was not slow in coming. The gates to the walled compound slowly pull back to reveal the decaying, empty streets of the former port city of Brăila. In the middle of the street, some two hundred yards away from the gate, a cluster of wooden crates sits suggestively.

Striding out across the wall, a DSF and a military commander take turns in explaining to the captives that they are to form part of a test. The crates contain food, clothing and weapons. The captives have one day to make themselves comfortable before a military group carrying experimental weapons and using new tactics will be sent in after them.

The officers leave after informing the captives that anyone remaining in the holding facility when the gates are closed will be Harvested. Then the captives are left alone. No mention has been made of what will happen if they survive the test. No mention of reward; no mention of release; but no smug statement about escape being impossible either.

What to do? No time to think! The gates are already beginning to slowly close…

Baba Vida

Just across the Danube from the former port city of Calafat is the Bulgarian city of Vidin. On the banks of the river itself is the 10th Century fortress of Baba Vida, gifted to the Promethean Resistance by the Bulgarian authorities (who call it Babini Vidini Kuli). On the explicit orders of the Creature, the citadel is cut off from the rest of Bulgaria. This is to prevent any infection of Augmentation reaching the rest of the world. The Resistance use Baba Vida as a meeting place, training camp and a supply depot. It is a slap in

the face for the Promethean authorities, and they will endure it no longer.

As loyal DSF and Military agents, you have been instructed to infiltrate the fortress. At the very least, you must return with full schematics of the installation. However, if the opportunity arises to do serious and lasting damage to the Resistance and its operation at Baba Vida, then such an opportunity takes precedence. However, the security of Promethea and its secrets remains paramount. No items of superior Promethean technology, plans, or examples of Frankenstein's gift to Promethea are permitted to survive to fall into the hands of outside agencies or governments.

As loyal members of the Resistance newly arrived at Baba Vida, you have been tipped off that the fortress has been infiltrated by highly trained DSF and/or Military agents. These individuals must be hunted down and destroyed for the sake of the world, and not just the Resistance. However, you have no idea how badly the fortress has been infiltrated, nor how high up the corruption has spread. Furthermore, you yourselves are under suspicion since you have only just arrived.

Organisation of the Promethean Military

The Promethean military are organised along the same lines as the German military; at the time the most efficient military force in Europe.
Full details of the German army organisation can be found at the following very complete site:

http://www.worldwar1.com/sfgarmy.htm

Principal Holidays

These are the national holidays still permitted by the authorities (there are some local festivals that are still observed). The Eastern Orthodox churches of Promethea still operate, as do the Roman Catholic churches and the Jewish temples, but the clergy are exclusively Promethean and are not permitted to contact their mother churches. The same can be said of all other organised religions in the country.

January 7th	Saint John
January 24th	Romania Day recognised secretly
Varies	Orthodox Easter (Sometime March to early May)
April 23rd	Saint George
June 8th	National Day (or Promethea Day)
June 29th	Saint Peter & Saint Paul
August 15th	Saint Mary
September 1st	King's Birthday (official)
November 8th	Saint Michael
December 6th	Saint Nicholas
December 25th/26th	Christmas

Bibliography & Useful Websites

Apologies for any dead links.
Time and the Internet do not mix well.
The website for Dark Harvest: Legacy of Frankenstein will have a slowly growing file of more specific RPG goodies, including stats and other such raw gaming data. The forum is open to anyone looking to post ideas, start discussions, or pass on stories of their own adventures in Promethea. The website can be found here:http://www.wix.com/DarkHarvest/LegacyOfFrankenstein

The Rough Guide to Romania
(4th Edition, October 2004), published by Rough Guides, distributed by The Penguin Group, ISBN 1-84353-326-X

Reader's Digest Illustrated Atlas of the World, ISBN 0-276-42289-9

Frankenstein, by Mary Shelley, http://www.literature.org/authors/shelley-mary/frankenstein/index.html

Herbert West - Reanimator, by H.P. Lovecraft, from Dagon and Other Macabre Tales No.2 (April 1985), published by Panther Books, ISBN 0586063242

The pre-eminent source for all things Romanian:
http://countrystudies.us/romania/54.htm

History Sites

These sites cover Romanian and European history of the time dealt with in this sourcebook (mid 1800s to 1910 and beyond)

http://www.factmonster.com/ce6/history/A0807198.html

http://www.ici.ro/romania/en/cultura/cultural_aspects.html

http://victorian.fortunecity.com/wooton/34/halecki/18.htm#

http://domino.kappa.ro/guvern/istoria-e.html

http://www.fordham.edu/halsall/mod/modsbook25.html

http://countrystudies.us/romania/

http://www.east-west-wg.org/cst/cst-mold/19thww2.html

http://www.unet.com.mk/mian/berlin.htm

http://www.serbianunity.net/culture/history/berlin78/index.html

An excellent article on the spy networks of Europe at the turn of the 19th to 20th Century, actually the first chapter of a book called "A Century of Spies" by Jeffrey T. Richelson, can be found at the Washington Post's website

http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-srv/style/longterm/books/chap1/a_centur.htm

Locations, Maps, etc

These sites will be of particular use in finding locations, railways, natural resources and the like, as well as providing a flavour of Romania/Promethea past and present

http://www.geocities.com/WallStreet/Floor/7569/13.html

http://www.fordham.edu/halsall/mod/1854moldavia.html

http://www.multimap.com/map/home.cgi?client=public&lang=&advanced=&db=RO

http://countrystudies.us/romania/54.htm

Names

Finally, to assist in the naming of Romanian/Promethean characters:

http://www.behindthename.com/nmc/rmn.php

The Monetary System

1 leu = 100 ban
1 leu = 1 French franc
25 lei = 1 British pound

Full Credits

Iain Lowson

Concept and everything not done by someone else

Iain has been writing full-time for something like 15 years. No small amount of that time has been spent writing for various licensed Star Wars publications, including two huge and successful internationally published partworks projects for De Agostini. In recent years, he has been writing for the videogames industry, including stints at Midway, Ubisoft and Relentless Software. The latter saw Iain work on the very popular Blue Toad Murder Files.

The whole Dark Harvest, Promethea thing has been nagging at Iain for many years now. It first popped into his head in the early 1990s as a chat between Frankenstein and the Creature on the deck of an ocean liner in the 1920s. Much later, it was to be published as an RPG sourcebook called Promethea for the late, great Silven Publishing sometime in 2005/2006. After a long discussion with the most excellent Gregor Hutton at Conflagration in Glasgow one year, Iain decided to go it alone. In fact, he went it alone with many of his terribly talented friends and the result is Dark Harvest: Legacy of Frankenstein. All of which just goes to show… Something.

Iain's professional credits can be found at:
http://uk.linkedin.com/in/iainlowson

He also Twitters (as EmbraAgain) but, as with most Twitterings, can't promise it's in any way informative, entertaining or spelled correctly.

Andrew Harman

Short fiction: Loreley and Magdja's Runner; and Ministry of Surgical Artistry letter, "Green Fingers?" for Neamt county.

Andrew started writing because he had to. It's just one of those things that happens to some people. An idea appears in your head, takes a liking to the place, moves furniture in and just will not go away until it is ripped out of there and slammed onto a page. The first idea that came to stay started as a short story and grew until it was a full novel size. That ended up being 'The Sorcerer's Appendix'. It was replaced by it's cousin and several others which led to more comedy fantasies including 'The Frogs of War', 'A Midsummer Night's Gene' and his head has been a nagging shelter for lost ideas ever since. Curiously lots of other people seemed to like the ideas and they ended up being published and read in quite a few countries. Now he's developing his ideas into screenplays for movie and TV and working on an urban horror novel of a rather sinister nature.

WORKS

Firkin series
* The Sorcerer's Appendix (1993)
* The Frogs of War (1994)
* The Tome Tunnel (1994)
* Fahrenheit 666 (1995)
* One Hundred And One Damnations (1995)

Standalone novels
* The Scrying Game (1996)
* The Deity Dozen (1996)
* A Midsummer Night's Gene (1997)
* It Came from On High (1998)
* The Suburban Salamander Incident (1999)
* Talonspotting (2000)

Magz Wiseman

Short fiction: *Harvest Moon*.

Two years ago, Magz woke up one morning and decided she wanted to be a writer. Since then, she's dabbled away at writing various scripts and short stories and will do anything to avoid getting a 'proper'

job. Magz and Iain met years before Promethea arrived, at various games events around the country, including UK GenCon and Conpulsion. Magz was delighted to get the opportunity to write a small piece of fiction for Dark Harvest. Since then she has been writing treatments for authors who would like to see their work on the big screen and is currently working on several exciting screenplay projects.
Magz's website can be found at:
http://www.wix.com/MagzWiseman/MagzWorld

Kim Roberts

Pages 13, 17, 79, 90, 92, 98, 99, 105, 106, 111
For the three years before Dark Harvest came along, Kim was a level designer/integrator and 2D artist in the games industry. She's dabbled in freelance illustration and colouring, rather successfully it must be said, and has a long term ambition to illustrate children's books.

Free time activities include Taiko drumming with a group in London every weekend. You may also have caught some of Kim's hauntingly beautiful acapella music ditties on YouTube. Her claims that she sings badly are shouted down by her fans there. Kim also likes cats, cakes, bannanas and serious ducks. Only the serious ones, mind. More of Kim's work can be found at: http://www.flickr.com/photos/yunni/ and http://www.redbubble.com/people/Kimbot1984 , while her professional credits can be seen at http://uk.linkedin.com/in/kimroberts1984

Corlen Kruger

Cover (front & back), Logos, Pages 9, 25, 37, 42
South African-born, award-winning Corlen Kruger has a deserved reputation as a concept artist of considerable flair and talent. Educated at the University of Pretoria, Corlen worked for I-Imagine Interactive, becoming Lead Artist, before moving to the UK to work with Digi-Guys. He eventually moved north from London to work as a concept artist for Midway's Newcastle Studio. When Midway folded, Corlen joined other artists from the studio at Atomhawk Design, a company that is already making a hugely positive impact on the industry.

Corlen's work has graced magazines and DVD covers, and his website is a treasure trove of the weird and wonderful (and the distinctly, divinely NSFW). It features shots of old horror and weird fiction magazines he's uncovered, as well as old 8mm film reels. Corlen wears his love of crazy 'exploitation' and schlock-horror cinema on his sleeve, and its influence on his sumptuous work is clear. His skateboard designs are a joy to behold… Corlen's site carries images of the cover for Dark Harvest at various stages in its creation – well worth a look.

Corlen's personal website is at:
http://www.corlenkruger.com/

More of his work can be seen on the Atomhawk Design site: http://www.atomhawk.com/index.html

Scott Purdy

Pages 20, 23, 35, 40, 43, 47, 83, 117, 122, 138, 141, 167, 187
Scott Purdy has been a full-time professional artist since 2000. His client list reads like a Who's Who of the games industry and includes Paizo, Black Industries, AEG, Mongoose Publishing and Green Ronin. Though Scott's work for games is all-encompassing, he has also worked with children's educational publishers, as well as designing t-shirts and even figurines. May of 2010 sees the publication of Scott's second book "How to Draw and Paint Vampires" for Impact Books. His first, "How to Draw and Paint Goblinoids" is available on both the UK and US Amazon stores.

Scott's commercial website can be found at:
http://www.scottpurdy.net

You will also find there links to his galleries and to his fantastic 'live sketches' on YouTube.

Rowena Aitken

Pages 6, 18, 57, 72, 75, 76

Rowena is a fantasy illustrator from Edinburgh, Scotland and enjoys the finer things in life; coffee, drawing, first person shooters and nature documentaries. She longs to combine all 4 activities but fears the outcome could be messy. She loves working in Photoshop with her trusty, well-loved Wacom Intuos 4 XL but also enjoys the pleasure of traditional art activities. Examples of her work can be found at www.rowenaaitken.com

Linkedin http://uk.linkedin.com/in/rowenaaitken
Deviantart http://wanwan.deviantart.com/
Facebook http://www.facebook.com/rowenaaitken
Facebook fan page
http://www.facebook.com/pages/Rowena-Aitken-Illustrator/119581564765226
Twitter http://twitter.com/rowenaaitken
cghub http://rowenaaitken.cghub.com/

Robert DM Coles

Inside Front & Back cover, 48 & 49, all small maps on pages 50 to 78

Robert DM Coles is an avid roleplayer and professional Artworker. Often tied to a computer of some description Robert's daytime duties involve making things look pretty, aligning and sorting the chaotic and generally making complex information and graphics presentable and visually stimulating. This task often means hiding away in an office clutching only seconds of daylight and thoroughly enjoying tweaking tables, photo-retouching images of inanimate objects and organising the layout of a variety of documents within the commercial business sector.

When the opportunity arose to become a part of the project, Robert couldn't resist. So, in between his daytime activities and the occasional romp around a game (of various descriptions) Robert found a new obsession – the Promethea map.

In his sparse spare time Robert enjoys shooting archery, recently venturing into the realm of the English Warbow (http://www.englishwarbowsociety.com/), playing the bodhrán at local music sessions, using his dog Isaac as a summon-able pillow given the opportunity, and of course gaming. Robert also enjoys building with Lego (especially on the lounge floor at Christmas).

Should Robert ever surface from his hermit-like existence, his interests may drift toward showing off his ware's on a website of his own. Until then, he remains the clandestine artworker of Promethea...

Matt Gibbs

Editing

Matt is a comics and games writer, working on spec. scripts for film and TV. Originally an archaeologist, he spent several years grubbing about in holes before turning to writing as a career. Before going freelance, he worked in marketing and new media as a writer and producer in the games industry.
http://mattgibbs.net/

Juliet E McKenna

Foreword

Juliet E McKenna has always been fascinated by myth and history, other worlds and other peoples. While studying classical history and literature at St Hilda's, Oxford, wargaming and rpgs expanded her imaginative landscape beyond her established love

of reading - definitely a good thing for an aspiring author. After university, she worked in personnel management before a career change to combine book-selling and motherhood. Her first novel, *The Thief's Gamble* was published in 1999. That series, the *Tales of Einarinn* was followed by *The Aldabreshin Compass* sequence and her current trilogy, *The Chronicles of the Lescari Revolution*, explores divided states, personal conflict and the rights and responsibilities of power. She is now working on a new trilogy and a few other projects. As well as writing short fiction, articles and reviews for online and print magazines, she is one of the leading lights of The Write Fantastic, an authors' initiative promoting fantasy fiction. Living in Oxfordshire, England with her sons and husband, she fits her writing around her family and vice versa.
www.julietemckenna.com
www.thewritefantastic.com

Andrew Peregrine

RPG Chapter

Andrew got his first writing break working on the 7th Sea and the Buffy rpgs, mainly as he loved the games and kept sending work to AEG and Eden. Since then he has been incredibly lucky, having worked on the Serenity and Doctor Who rpgs and recently Leverage and Eclipse Phase among others. He is the lead writer for the second edition of Victoriana, although he keeps getting distracted by other Cubicle 7 projects he wants to work on. Andrew also writes games under his own label 'Corone Design', such as Hellcats and Hockeysticks and the slightly notorious 'Pie Shop'. For a real job he works as a lighting technician at the Theatre Royal Haymarket in the West End of London. He lives in north London with his partner Claire, but owns no cats.
Corone Design: http://www.corone.co.uk/
Podcast interview for Cubicle 7 'The Peregrine's Claw': http://cubicle7.podbean.com/

Walt Ciechanowski

RPG Chapter

Walt Ciechanowski has been a freelance writer in the RPG industry since he wrote his first article for ***Signs & Portents*** in 2004. Since then he's authored and co-authored several products for various game systems, including ***Victoriana*** and ***Doctor Who*** for Cubicle 7, ***DC Adventures, Mutants & Masterminds, Dragon Age,*** and ***True 20 Freeport*** for Green Ronin, ***Witch Hunter*** for Paradigm Concepts, Inc., ***All for One*** for Triple Ace Games, and ***Thrilling Tales, The Imperial Age, MARS, ICONS,*** and several other products for Adamant Entertainment (all of these can be found in pdf form on RPGNow.com). Walt is also a co-author of the award-winning Gamemaster advice website **Gnome Stew** (http://www.gnomestew.com/)**,** and has co-authored **Eureka** (http://www.enginepublishing.com/eureka-501-adventure-plots-to-inspire-game-masters) with his fellow Gnomies.

Steve Ironside

RPG chapter

Steve Ironside accidentally fell into roleplaying 23 years ago, and he hasn't been able to kick the habit since. To try and prove to himself that it's all too much hard work, over the years he has organised massive live-action games, run conventions clubs and societies, helped playtest numerous games, and has found time to evangelise the hobby to concerned parent, intrigued teenager and corporate director alike. Nothing has yet worked.

Introduced to the world of Promethea whilst running a convention, he instantly fell in love with the place and pledged to help where he could, putting aside his secret identity as an IT administrator and programmer (where he organises testing, proposes and invents solutions to novel problems, and critiques documentation). As a result, he has been involved in playtesting, making general suggestions and helping

mould the rules chapter, thereby avoiding the use of any of his professional skills. Having now been bitten by the writing bug, Steve intends to have one last go at proving that it's all too much by writing his own game, set in the dark urban fantasy genre. It might end up being quite good - if dark and gritty is your thing (and if you're reading this, it's a good bet) you can keep up with its progress at http://modernart.knightsoftrinity.net/

Neil Wiseman

RPG Chapter

As a lifelong gamer, Neil has built up a great deal of gaming knowledge; from boardgames and wargames, to console, PC, & browser games, with a festering chunk of (mostly fantasy) role-playing games thrown in for good measure. There are very few game system rule books which Neil is not at least aware of. He has dabbled in game design and photography, and for a brief time was a magician's apprentice. Neil's current day job revolves mostly around working at laboratories in geographically hostile environments. He's been told he looks like a cross between King Charles II and Hagrid. On a good day. Mostly by his wife, Magz.

James King

Layout Designer

James King is a designer and photographer with a passion for adventure. Over the years he has travelled the world, from roughing it in the Borneo rainforest to exploring the 'lost' Incan city of Machu Picchu. He has flown over the Nazca Lines, gazed in awe at the Forbidden City, crossed the Great Wall of China, walked across fire and negotiated the notoriously perilous underground journey from Liverpool Street Station to Tottenham Court Road on the Central Line (at rush hour) more times than any man alive.

Life has led James in many directions and he has been lucky enough to set foot on Skywalker Ranch and visit that 'Galaxy, far, far away...' while working as Art Editor on *The Official Star Wars Fact File*. He has also travelled in time with *Doctor Who - Battles in Time* magazine. He is presently head first in the sewers of New York designing a highly successful Teenage Mutant Hero Turtle trading card magazine for the Russian markets.

http://uk.linkedin.com/pub/james-king/9/302/4b2
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DARK HARVEST
THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

Character

NAME: **CHILDHOOD:**

PLAYER: **AGE/GENDER:** **VOCATION:**

SOCIAL CLASS: **BUILD:** **PERSONALITY:**

NATIONALITY: **HAIR/EYES:** **SOCIAL ETHICS:**

Characteristics

STRENGTH **PRESENCE**

DEXTERITY **WITS**

FORTITUDE **RESOLVE**

Derived Attributes

INITIATIVE DEX + WITS + PER

MOVEMENT 5 + DEX IN YDS/ROUND
SNEAK (5+DEX) /2 [ ]
RUN (5+DEX) X3 [ ]
SWIM (5+DEX) [ ]
LEAP HORIZONTAL (1+DEX) [ ]
JUMP VERTICAL (0.5 X H.LEAP) [ ]

Health

Common Skills

ACT	(PRESENCE)	[ ]	FIREARMS	(DEXTERITY)	[ ]
ATHLETICS	(DEXTERITY)	[ ]	FISTICUFFS	(DEXTERITY)	[ ]
BLUNT WEAPONS	(DEXTERITY)	[ ]	GENERAL KNOWLEDGE	(WITS)	[ ]
BULL	(PRESENCE)	[ ]	HIDE & SNEAK	(DEXTERITY)	[ ]
CHARM	(PRESENCE)	[ ]	HORSE RIDING	(DEXTERITY)	[ ]
CONCEAL	(WITS)	[ ]	IMPROVISED WEAPON	(DEXTERITY)	[ ]
CONCENTRATION	(RESOLVE)	[ ]	INTIMIDATE	(PRESENCE)	[ ]
DANCE*	(DEXTERITY)	[ ]	MIGHT	(STRENGTH)	[ ]
DODGE	(DEXTERITY)	[ ]	PERCEPTION	(WITS)	[ ]
DRIVE CARRIAGE	(WITS)	[ ]	STREETWISE*	(PRESENCE)	[ ]
EMPATHY	(PRESENCE)	[ ]	SWORDPLAY	(DEXTERITY)	[ ]
ETIQUETTE*	(WITS)	[ ]	THROWING	(DEXTERITY)	[ ]

*SOCIAL CLASS MODIFI ER USUALLY APPLIES

Specialties

.....	( )	[ ]	.....	( )	[ ]
.....	( )	[ ]	.....	( )	[ ]
.....	( )	[ ]	.....	( )	[ ]
.....	( )	[ ]	.....	( )	[ ]
.....	( )	[ ]	.....	( )	[ ]
.....	( )	[ ]	.....	( )	[ ]
.....	( )	[ ]	.....	( )	[ ]
.....	( )	[ ]	.....	( )	[ ]
.....	( )	[ ]	.....	( )	[ ]
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.....	( )	[ ]	.....	( )	[ ]

*SOCIAL CLASS MODIFI ER USUALLY APPLIES

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DARK HARVEST
THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

Character

Equipment & Notes

Personal Fortune & Income

	INCOME	SAVINGS
LEU (PLRL. LEI)		
BAN		

Experience, Reputation & Fate

EXPERIENCE POINTS ○ RANKING POINTS ○

REPUTATION NAMES:

FATE POOL ○○○○○ TOTAL ○

Augmentations

Complications

Talents, Privileges & Assets

Contacts

Weapons

WEAPON	SKILL	DMG DICE	ROF	SHOTS	RELOAD	RANGE	NOTES

Armour

TOTAL ○

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...challenge your imagination. I dare you...
(From the foreword by Juliet E McKenna)

What if Frankenstein had got it right?

Welcome to Promethea; a country carved from the chaotic politics of the Balkans in the mid 19th Century by Victor Frankenstein. Imagined as a bright focus for the industrial and scientific revolutions changing the world for the better, the reality is a dark, brutally feudal regime where all but the elite must fear the Harvest.

Part short fiction anthology, part alternative history sourcebook, *Dark Harvest: The Legacy of Frankenstein* is a dark gothic fantasy with disturbing echoes of our modern world.