

A Sourcebook for **Kult**TM

#5001

Legions of DarknessTM



We are Approaching the Limit...



WARNING

Kult is a game which explores the dark side of the human soul; some may find this disturbing. Kult is not recommended for players under 16.

Legions of Darkness

We are Approaching the Limit...

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Metropolis Ltd.

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One

Book

Web of Illusions

It succeeded on the third attempt. I let the dagger slip down onto the icy concrete floor. When the ring had faded all was silent at first, except for the slow dripping from the altar, like a water-clock counting the seconds remaining before the end. Then a cold wind swept into the closed chamber, growing stronger and stronger. Steven giggled in a low voice, then more loudly and there was something reminiscent of hysteria in the sound.

"He's coming! Finally, he's coming!" A flash from somewhere suddenly lit the room, and I saw the whole scene: Steven, Deirdre and me in black cloaks, the rough stone altar with... with what was on it, the rills on the icy floor, the red wax candles, one in each corner of the room, the glistening dagger in front of the altar. We were all blinded by the bolt, and the only thing I could hear was Steven's laughter piercing my ears. Then, there was a sweeping sound like metal cutting through the air, and Steven's laugh was drowned by Deirdre's scream—a scream of death. I felt something warm and wet splatter across my face. I closed my eyes instinctively, and when I opened them again, through the glowing afterimages of the flash I saw that Steven's eyes had changed. He was bent over Deirdre's body, staring accusingly at me. He's arrived, the thought echoed through my head.



**"Feels like something pumping through my veins
I got the junk gun fever pumping through my brain
Feels like God in heaven's gone insane"**

—The Jesus and Mary Chain



Introduction

The *Legions of Darkness* is a supplement to **Kult**. It contains more information about the illusion we live in, about the reality which we sometimes catch a glimpse of, and about the creatures and cults which keep us captive. Archons, Angels of Death and Lictors are described in detail, and a number of new cults and

creatures are presented. The *Legions of Darkness* is more than a legendarium. It gives information about approximately twenty cults and organizations, maps of headquarters and meeting places, and descriptions of more than a hundred persons, gods, and monstrous creatures, all inhabiting the world of **Kult**.

The world depicted in the **Kult** rules is only a part of the Game Reality. You get to know about the truth beyond illusions here. Future supplements and campaigns will reveal even more.

The Legions of Darkness

We're captives in an illusion, a false picture of Reality. Reality is so distorted and threatening—and at the same time so tempting—that we turn away from it. We deny and deliberately forget the glimpses of truth which we sometimes catch. Around us are the creatures holding up the Illusion, those who want to destroy Man, and those who are Man's friends. They are amongst us, invisible and often in human shape. They make their plans and conspire against us and each other in an eternal ballet of violence and death. They are our warders, our enemies, and our friends.

They are The Legions of Darkness.

The Great Lie

All that we see around us, all we believe in, and all the knowledge we consider us to have about the world is a lie, created by the Demiurge æons ago, in order to keep us captives. What we did, or didn't do to deserve imprisonment we do not know. The Demiurge has disappeared and cannot be held responsible. We are still his prisoners in a prison falling apart. The Demiurge wove the Web of Illusion, bound Man and his senses to it, and took divinity away from him.

First he created the ten Archons—ten principals giving shape to illusion, deciding how we interpret Reality. Then he created the world itself, and bound his work with seven seals. These seven seals hold the illusion together; if they are broken, our reality will be destroyed and Truth will be revealed. Finally, the Demiurge created the Lictors, servants of the Archons, and our jailers.

The illusion was being upheld by a giant organization. The ten Archons each controlled a tenth of the Earth. The Lictors and their servants manipulated humans through infiltrating

realms and organizations. Astaroth the Prince of Darkness and his Death Angels destroyed human resistance with torture and horror in Hell after death.

With the help of threats, violence, blackmail, magic, and with political and economic influence the servants of the Demiurge spun the nets that still keep Man a prisoner. Razides and Lictors took the shape of successful and powerful humans. Few people suspected they were not what they appeared. They guided Man away from technology and thinking that threatened to crush the Illusion. They started wars, killed free-thinkers, and fought against all changes. Millions of people served them, with or without knowledge of their true nature. They were the greatest power factor on Earth, with unlimited resources.

Until the Demiurge disappeared.

Then chaos entered the stage. Astaroth The Dark One searched for the Demiurge, while the ten Angels of Death made their own plans against their master. The Archons tried to uphold the system, but a fight for power soon broke out, and four of them vanished. No one knows if they were destroyed or if they are just hiding until when—or if—the Demiurge returns. The territories of the vanished Archons were divided between the remaining ones—an unsteady truce being made. At the same time, razides and other servants of Astaroth left Inferno, and Paradise was emptied. Our world was filled with lost demons and angels, searching for the meaning of their existence. Astaroth returned from his search for the Demiurge; he did not speak of what clues he found—if any. He directed his attention to our world and is now working to gain control of it.

Without the Demiurge the great lie is quickly falling apart. Cracks in the illusion appear more often, and the dissatisfaction of the Lictors leads to them not acting quickly enough. More and more humans catch a glimpse of true Reality.

Archons and Death Angels weaken each other with internal fights. Darkness is falling and old enemies seize the opportunity to attack

Humanity.

Below we depict the disintegrating forces of the Demiurge—Archons, Lictors and Death Angels—as they appear today... the Day of Judgment.





Angels of Death

Martinez's forces were fewer than ours, without aircraft support and without adequate equipment. We had helicopters, artillery, and modern protective vests. It didn't help. Our bullets hit them like they were made of

massive rubber, hitting without doing visible damage to them. Slowly, inexorably, they forced us to retreat through the steamy rainforest in the direction of Rio Severo. We'd lost half our force. I was wounded in my left arm and was dizzy from the loss of blood. Our med-

ical orderlies had disappeared. Our helicopters were gone: some had exploded above the tree-tops, and the rest fled.

We reached the river at dawn. They were just behind us. Some threw themselves in the water and tried to swim across, but the caimans got them. The rest of us tried to make a stand at the river bank. A few fell to our bullets as they poured out of the woods, but far too many survived our volley and forded the river. Suddenly they stopped—some of them midstream, oblivious to the caimans—and looked up.

A helicopter came thundering towards

us, silhouetted before the setting sun. It wasn't one of ours... as it drew closer I could make out Martinez's crest emblazoned on the side. It landed behind their lines and shadowy figures streamed out.

Then night fell as huge tattered wings obscured the remaining sunlight. A roaring abyss—a terrifying, hungry darkness—opened on the edge of the forest. Something happened to me then... something snapped inside. I stood and emptied my magazine into the thing that emerged—into the steel-clad creature that had already begun tearing my comrades into pieces."



The ten Angels of Death serve Astaroth, the dark twin of the Demiurge. As the Demiurge created the Archons, Astaroth created the Death Angels. They serve him, although the internal fights are so chronic that Astaroth's generals are constantly in rebellion. Plots and counterplots flourish. Some of them are directed against other Death Angels, others are directed against the Prince of Darkness.

Each of the Death Angels has a principle which he represents. Each embodies a mortal sin. They encourage, plan, and carry out deeds connected with the kind of evil they characterize. They are principles rather than persons in our world. They are incarnated like personifications of the principle that they represent.

The Death Angels work through corruption. They make humans lose hope, become cynical, and then give vent to their anguish through vio-

lence and evil. They do not cause evil; they only

control the darkness which already exists in humans. Some argue that the Death Angels and the Prince of Darkness have been created by Man, that they have been created by us to give shape to our inner darkness.

The Death Angels and Astaroth are as anxious as the Archons to maintain the great lie. The difference lies in the methods employed in doing so. Astaroth wishes to draw our world into Inferno in order to expand his own power and bind humans in an eternal nightmare.

Each of the Angels of Death has a group of Razides under him. They, in their turn, govern their human supporters. Satanists and death conjurers are often servants of the Death Angels. Each Angel of Death has a special envoy, an incarnate or a mighty razide, as his voice in our reality.



Thaumiel

The Unjust Ruler

Thaumiel is the mightiest of the Death Angels, and the distorted shadow of Kether. He served directly under Astaroth as High Commander before he broke relations with his lord. Astaroth tries to crush him, but cannot spare enough of his power to succeed completely. An open conflict will soon become reality.

Thaumiel personifies despotism. He is an unrighteous ruler who, with his bloody hands quells all resistance and removes all competitors. He acts through tyrants, dictators and warlords, with whom he has considerable influence. Half of the armies of the world serve more or less directly under Thaumiel; only the legions of Netzach and Astaroth can threaten him. Thaumiel hates and fears his former lord and is trying to gain power to defeat him. He fears Netzach and is in conflict with Hareb-Serap and Golab. He collaborates with Chagidiel from time to time.

The citadel of Thaumiel is a huge palace thrust into Inferno. His subordinates, razides and other creatures of Inferno, reside in rows of great halls, and they are arrayed in a strict hierarchy, from Princes to slaves. The pecking order is constantly altered through violent and bloody fights. The strongest dominate the weak ones. On the lowest steps of the ladder are the tormented human prisoners in the dungeons of the palace, who are at best servants to the Razides.



Humans coming to the citadel of Thaumiel submit to the power of the Death Angel, obeying blindly all strong enough to subdue them.

At present, Thaumiel is manifesting himself in the Middle East, in Beirut. Adnan Kazour is his incarnate and envoy in the region, and he controls much of the Syrian and other militia forces in Lebanon. Thaumiel also has significant influence in South America, Africa, and Asia, where he has lesser envoys posted.

Thaumiel promotes human dictatorships, despotism, death patrols, and state terrorism. It is only too easy to find willing executioners among the humans.

Thaumiel's envoy, Adnan Kazour, has his own militia in Beirut. When fighting wanes, he augments his influence on the Syrian army. Kazour's own militia is not permanently loyal to any one party, but joins different groups at different occasions. The motive is to prevent any permanent peace in Lebanon.

Kazour is a charismatic leader, able to make anyone totally loyal to him. On the battlefield he is able to lead outnumbered forces to victory. Nothing can stop an army lead by the incarnate, except possibly one of Netzach's envoys, or a human who has awakened. Kazour's desire is to plunge the entire Middle East into war, crush the existing countries and conquer the ruins of them as soon as things have calmed down. Through a nuclear war the power of Inferno in the area can be strengthened, and Netzach will be

hindered from interfering with Thaumiel's plans. The next step will be to force Europe to submit by threatening it with armed forces. Kazour's power is concentrated in the Middle East. He has no real influence on the rest of the world. His forces are arranged in a very loose military structure, with the incarnate as a strong leader. He doesn't like delegating responsibility, which results in reactions to different unexpected events being very slow. This will give Netzach the chance to hinder Thaumiel's plans.

Kazour has 25,000 men and 100,000 legionaries under him. He is at war with Astaroth's loyal troops. Lately, he's begun planning a campaign in South America—something which will lead to conflicts with Hareb-Serap and Golab.

Beirut Hilton

During the eighties Kazour has had his headquarters at Beirut Hilton Hotel. It is one of the few miraculously preserved buildings in central Beirut, a run-down hotel with five floors. It has a large foyer, where the red carpet remains on the floor. The power of the Death Angel has protected the house from grenade attacks and artillery fire. The top floors are decayed, but relatively undamaged. This is where Kazour has his office and where most of his officers stay, along with a few of the soldiers. The largest part of Kazour's headquarters is below the hotel, where Beirut blends into Thaumiel's citadel in Inferno. From the foyer, stairs lead down to the rooms where Kazour normally dwells. Halls filled with Thaumiel's legionaries and other creatures of Inferno surround these rooms.

All who descend into the halls below the Beirut Hilton will be influenced by the Death Angel. An ego throw will be demanded to resist submitting to his will and devoting all strength to gaining a position in the military hierarchy present among his servants.

Adnan Kazour

Thaumiel's incarnate was present in Lebanon even before the civil war broke out. For a long time he tried to establish himself as the undisputed ruler of the Middle East, but his plans were hindered by Netzach and Astaroth. When fighting began to increase, he quickly acquired his own militia in order to be able to control events the way he wanted to. He has occupied a seat in the Lebanon parliament, as representative of the Druse, and at the same time made contact

with groups supported by Syria. Since the end of the war he's been entirely devoted to cooperating with Syria.

Kazour is a large, very dark man with black eyes. He radiates a strong presence which makes most people shudder. Humans who see through the illusions notice that he's much larger, darker, and more distorted than he seems at first. Those who can see him with enhanced awareness will notice how he radiates darkness. In his vicinity all light fades.

Personality: Kazour is Thaumiel. His aim is to gather as many followers as possible under his own power. He rules with an iron hand, not trusting any of his subordinates (except perhaps Sakhil—and only so far). Divide and rule is his motto.

Game mastering hints: Sit straight and look directly at the players with a calm, assured look. Don't address them directly, let your aide address them.

AGL 50	EGO 50
STR 60	CHA 70
CON 50	PER 30
COM 20	EDU 40

Modification of terror throw: +5 (seen through illusions)

Height: 190 cm

Weight: 100 kg

Senses: Sees through illusions. Sees perfectly through complete darkness. Knows how high the mental balance of any human is.

Communication: speech or telepathy

Movement: 25 m/round

Actions: 7

Initiative bonus: +38

Damage bonus: +12

Damage capacity: 11 scratches = 1 light wound

10 light wounds = 1 serious wound

8 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

dies after 3 fatal wounds

Endurance: 280

Natural armor: —

Powers: Commanding voice, Controls everyone with negative balance between -50 and -100. Ego throw to avoid control, See magic and auras, Speak all human languages, Telepathy.

Skills: Projectile weapons: all 50, Sneak 50, Melee and throwing weapons: all 60, Hand-to-hand combat 50, Languages—all human ones, Diplomacy 50, Etiquette 50, Net of Contacts: military 30, Net of Contacts: diplomats 30

Attack mode: according to weapon

Home: Beirut

Leonard Sakhil

Sakhil is Kazour's second in command, a mighty Razide, the leader of a force of 5,000 men and legionaries a few miles south of Beirut. Sakhil is the executioner of the incarnate, carrying out his will, terrorizing the subordinates. He's one of the few whom Kazour trusts. Kazour often sends this Razide on important missions in other parts of the world. In human shape Sakhil is a man in his thirties with dark blond hair and a short-cut dark beard.

Personality: Like all Razides Sakhil takes delight in pain and suffering. He serves his master willingly as long as he can torment humans. His subordinates hate him.

Game mastering hints: Move your hands nervously, speak in an hysterical tone of voice. Laugh without cause, as if you were insane.

AGL 40	EGO 12
STR 50	CHA 4
CON 50	PER 25
COM 14 (1)	EDU 15

Modification of terror throw: +5 (in his real shape)

Height: 180 cm (400 cm)

Weight: 600 kg

Senses: Sharp. Sees infrared and ultraviolet. Has a radar-like organ which allows him to 'feel' magnetic fields

Movement: 20 m/round

Actions: 6

Initiative bonus: +28

Damage bonus: +10

Damage capacity: 11 scratches = 1 light wound

10 light wound = 1 serious wound

8 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

dies after 3 fatal wounds

Endurance: 280

Natural armor: 5

Skills: Projectile weapons: all 30, Dodge 30, Melee and throwing weapons: all 25, Languages: Arabic 18, English 12, French 15, Hebrew 10, Turkish 10, Man of the World 18, Diplomacy 10, Net of Contacts: Lebanese military 15, Net of Contacts: Razides 15, Driving 20

Attack mode: Bite 18 (scr 1-5, lw 6-12, sw 13-22, fw 23+), Claws 18 (scr 1-6, lw 7-14, sw 15-25, fw 26+), otherwise according to weapon

Magic: The Lore of Death 40. All Death spells 30. Possess 30.

Home: Beirut

The Tormented Army

The tormented army consists of women, children, and old people who have been made to serve the Angel of Death. They obey Kazour blindly, but not because they want to do so. They are instead forced to it by a fury awakened inside them by the Death Angel. They advance like a roaring mob, tearing everything in their way into pieces. They are almost invulnerable as long as they are filled with fury. When the grip of the Death Angel loosens, they become ordinary humans again. Kazour uses them to kill civilians and provoke riots. Every member of the tormented army has lost somebody close in fighting and has a fury inside her/him that can be taken advantage of by the Death Angel. The values below represent the tormented army in battle. When fury wanes they have lower values.

Personality: When filled with fury they lack personality.

Game mastering hints: Scream and strike aimlessly at everything that moves.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 1d10 (6)
STR 10+1d10 (16)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON 20+2d10 (31)	PER 1d10 (6)
COM 2d10 (11)	EDU 2d10 (11)

Modification of terror throw: -5

Senses: Extra sharp senses, especially the sense of smell.

Communication: Can neither speak nor hear

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +3

Damage capacity: 8 scratches = 1 light wound

7 light wounds = 1 serious wound

5 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

dies after 2 fatal wounds

Endurance: 185

Mental balance: -10d10 (-55)

Dark secrets: Lost somebody close in battle

Attack mode: Hands 18 (scr 1-8, lw 9-16, sw 17-24, fw 25+)

Equipment: None

Home: Beirut

Number: 5d10 (28)

Chagidiel

The Bloodstained Patriarch

Chagidiel is one of the less powerful Death Angels. He's the dark shadow of Chokmah, the lost patriarch among the Archons. Chagidiel still obeys Astaroth's orders, but plans to revolt against his master. Astaroth is conscious of the danger, and awaits the right occasion to crush Chagidiel once and for all. Chagidiel personifies incest, the assault of fathers on their children. He is the evil patriarch. He acts through directors of orphanages and other institutions who claim to be acting for the well-being of children. His envoys are men with paternal authority who abuse children placed in their care. Chagidiel extinguishes the hope of these children, and distorts their picture of what it means to be human. His influence is limited and his Razides are few. The people who follow him are the more numerous. The inner darkness of humans surpasses Chagidiel's wildest dreams. He channels this inner darkness in order to fit into his own plans. His servants are given the power to crush all hope in the children they torment.

He hates and fears Astaroth and is trying to ally with, above all, Thaumiel and Gamaliel. Without his knowledge he is influenced by Malkuth, who uses his servants in order to get humans to break free of illusions.

Chagidiel's citadel is a prison camp for dead children, where the human servants of the Death Angel and their victims are tortured eternally. The citadel is formed by dark cells along endless corridors, torture chambers, and deep pits filled with prisoners. There are more Nepharites than Razides serving Chagidiel, torturing the imprisoned dead. The screams of the children echo in the citadel. All humans entering Chagidiel's citadel receive the shape of children, and their experiences and feelings are limited to those of a child.

Chagidiel manifests himself in Russia and other areas of the former Soviet Union, where he has caused great troubles to Binah. His primary incarnate and envoy is Anton Teptov, in charge of several orphanages and children's clinics in Eastern Europe.

Chagidiel's Envoy

Anton Teptov is a successful politician in Russia. He owns and runs several orphanages and children's hospitals. He acts mainly in Eastern Europe, although he has contacts all over the world. He opened the first orphanages and clinics shortly after World War II, in a small scale and under the cover of the communist parties of the different countries. At present he devotes himself to kidnapping and selling children and youths.

The incarnate has agents among the most powerful members of society, which means he can continue his work undisturbed. When the children arrive at Teptov's orphanages and clinics they are alternately mistreated and lovingly cared for. After a few weeks the abuse is increased, passing into torture. The treatment is meant to cause maximum pain over as long a period as possible.

Teptov tries to extinguish these children's hopes, and make their life nothing but suffering; it gives him power and satisfaction. He rents and sells children to grown-ups, encouraging them to abuse them. Teptov's organization consists of twenty or so orphanages and eleven children's hospitals in Eastern Europe, four orphanages in Western Europe, and three youth prisons. In total, 3700 humans work for him. Several other creatures from Inferno are fed by the pain he creates. The humans serving him have been twisted by the presence of the incarnate and captured in their own nightmares.

Teptov has influential contacts in many European and central Asian police organizations and has resources to bribe and threaten. Neither

Interpol nor the KGB (yes, it still exists, though it has become a shadowy service) can get at him. Binah's envoy has started a campaign against him, however, and the Lictors fear that the pain and fear will break the bondage of illusion for these children.





Youth Prison 315

Youth Prison 315 is a typical Russian institution where criminal youths are imprisoned. The prison is situated outside Moscow and is surrounded by barbed wire fences. Administration is located in an old brick building in the center of the area. The prisoners are accommodated in barracks. Anton Teptov is the superintendent. All his employees are Razides and other creatures of Inferno. 300 boys and 130 girls between the ages of 12 and 18 are officially prisoners here. In reality there are many more. Under the main building a labyrinth of corridors, cells, and torture chambers is situated. Several thousand children are held captive here. The labyrinth is a part of Chagidiel's citadel in Inferno.

Anton Teptov

The incarnate has existed in Russia since the early twenties. He's been involved in dozens of asylums, orphanages and other institutions. These days Anton Teptov is a fattish, balding man in his fifties, with ill-fitting clothes. If you can see him through the illusions he is grotesquely fat like a Lictor and covered with abscesses and wounds. Teptov lives together with two women, Linda and Irvina, with whom he has ten mentally disturbed, half-human children. The half-human offspring of Teptov are scattered all over Minsk. He devotes most of his time to the children in Youth prison 315.

Personality: Teptov sees all humans as his children, who have to be punished to teach them manners. Children and adults in need of a father figure feel both disgusted and enticed by Teptov.

Game mastering hints: Speak with an authoritative, fatherly voice. Become unreasonably mad without the least provocation.

AGL 40	EGO 50
STR 60	CHA 50
CON 50	PER 30
COM 10	EDU 40

Modification of terror throw: +5 (seen through illusions)

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 120 kg

Senses: Sees through illusions. Sees perfectly through darkness. Knows how high the mental balance of any human is.

Communication: Speech or telepathy

Movement: 20 m/round

Actions: 6

Initiative bonus: +28

Damage bonus: +11

Damage capacity: 11 scratches = 1 light wound

10 light wounds = 1 serious wound

8 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 3 fatal wounds

Endurance: 280

Natural armor: —

Powers: Commanding voice, Controls everyone with negative balance between -50 and -100. Ego throw to avoid control, See magic and auras, Speak all human languages, Telepathy, Telekinesis 100 kg 10 m/s

Skills: Projectile weapons: all 40, Sneak 40, Melee and throwing weapons: all 50, Hand-to-hand combat 50, Languages—all human ones, Torture 50, Diplomacy 50, Seduction 30, Interrogation 50, Net of Contacts: Russian Nomenclatura 30, Net of Contacts: Russian Mafia 30

Attack mode: according to weapon

Home: Minsk

Children of Chagidiel

The offspring of Chagidiel's incarnate are half human. To ordinary people they look like chil-

dren with grave physical and mental handicaps. If you see through illusions they are Purgatides, stung by metal objects, and covered with open wounds. Below we describe the older children, sent out by Teptov to torment other children and harm the enemies of the Death Angel.

Personality: These children are totally lost in the world and don't know how to make contact with other humans. Their only security is the incarnate of the Death Angel, who confirms their existence by torturing them. They'll do anything to please Teptov.

Game mastering hints: Distort your body. Speak monosyllabically. Pretend you have painful spasms.

AGL 2d10 (11)	EGO 1d10 (6)
STR 10+2d10 (21)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON 10+2d10 (21)	PER 2d10 (11)
COM 1d10 (6)	EDU 1d5 (3)

Height: 170 cm

Weight: 80 kg

Senses: Enhanced awareness

Movement: 6 m/round

Actions: 2

Initiative bonus: —

Damage bonus: +3

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 135

Mental balance: -50 -10d10 (-105)

Physical changes: Stigmata, Purgatories, Sexless

Disadvantages: Death wish, Phobias, Mental constriction, Liar, Nightmares, Schizophrenia, Sexual neurosis, Mental compulsions

Skills: Melee weapons 10, Sneak 15, Dodge 10, Daggers 15, Impact weapons 15, Hand-to-hand

combat 15, Hide 15, Search 15, Torture 15, Night combat 15

Attack mode: According to weapon

Equipment: Daggers, Iron bars and other simple weapons

Home: Minsk

Number: 1d10 (6)

Maniphestos

Maniphestos is a parasite created in Chagidiel's inferno. It exists in places where Chagidiel's influence is strong, and is very common in Moscow. Maniphestos are shapeless creatures, a few decimeters thick, equipped with long tentacles. A manifestos will melt into the skin of a human and work its way into the stomach. From there it spreads through the entire body and partly gains control of it. This will result in a sort of possession. Maniphestos makes its victims indulge in sexual assaults. The parasite gradually perverts his host and augments his bad characteristics. If it's not possible to pervert the host, the parasite takes control entirely and performs abominable acts without any possibility for the victim to protest. It takes 1d10 rounds for the parasite to enter a body. It melts through the skin without doing any damage.

Personality: Maniphestos is part of Chagidiel's consciousness, bound in the shape of a parasite.

Movement: 5 m/round

Damage capacity: Can be divided, but not killed. A serious or fatal wound will splinter the parasite and make it helpless during 1d10 rounds.

3 scratches = 1 light wound

2 light wounds = 1 serious wound

2 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound



Sathariel

The Devastating Mother

Sathariel is one of the less powerful Death Angels, although she is far more dangerous than Chagidiel. She obeys Astaroth's orders, but acts in her own interest as often as she can. Astaroth appreciates her services and has sent her several legions.

Sathariel is the horror of the original chaos, the devouring mother who eats her children, creating death and holocaust. She acts through political and religious extremists world. She destroys civilizations and tries to throw us all down into the pit of darkness created within ourselves. She has many servants among razides and monstrous inferno creatures, driven by hatred and hunger. More refined servants like nepharites fear her and avoid contact with the Black Mother.

Humans who follow her are most often not conscious of whom they serve. She encourages destructive impulses, the dissolving of identities, and Chaos. Her human servants carry out meaningless deeds of violence and promote political disturbances. Sathariel's citadel is a decayed maze filled with ancient creatures not existing anywhere else beyond the illusions. Her citadel has the same effect on humans as Gaia (q.v.). Consciousness and culture disappear. Creatures of different species can mate and have offspring. Bestial creatures prowl the rooms and corridors searching for food and sex.

In Tamil-Nadu in southern India she has been incarnated as Kali Durga and is worshipped like a goddess. Here she has created an organization of religious fanatics. Other envoys are sent to Europe and South America. She waits for the day when all the other Death Angels have destroyed each other and Astaroth. Then the time will come to spread Chaos over the entire world.

Sathariel's Envoy

Sathariel has chosen to be incarnated in our reality as a goddess. She manifests herself as Kali Durga, the Black Mother, in Tamil-Nadu in southern India. A huge temple compound has been constructed in the moun-

tains, where she has for long had many supporters. She is being worshipped here as a living deity. The temple has existed for hundreds of years, but was enlarged in the thirties; the cult has grown steadily since then.

The inner temple is an old portal to the citadel of Sathariel. Around it is more recent construction of concrete and of clay, built in the south Indian tradition. Under the inner temple is a well filled with blood and the remains of sacrifices to the Death Angel. In this place the Death Angel shows herself as a body formed by the sacrifices made to the deity and their blood. While she is usually only a mass of blood and putrefied flesh in the well, when she rises she adopts the shape of a swollen, pregnant female body. Kali Durga aims at creating and spreading chaos. The incarnate is semi-conscious, nesting in the well and dreaming of blood and destruction. From the temple area chaos gradually spreads, and will have conquered the whole of India within twenty years. She has 100,000 loyal followers; among them chaos and internal fighting flourishes.

The Temple of Kali Durga

The temple is situated on a tableland in the northern part of Tamil Nadu, surrounded by rough mountains and forests. Originally it consisted of what is now the inner temple, which is several hundred years old. The temple servants of Kali Durga are a kind of nepharites, women who have lived for hundreds of years in the temple and are partly prisoners in Inferno. If they leave the inner temple their bodies will be annihilated. Surrounding the inner temple there are fifty or so recent temple buildings, constructed during the last hundred years. No living plants remain within the area. Dead trees are still visible against the skyline. The water is poisoned. Insects are bloated and sickly. Within the area there are a few thousand of the closest servants of the Death Angel. The central temple area is guarded by Blood Angels and human servants.





The Voice of the Blood

Sathariel's incarnate is not a conscious creature, only a manifestation of the power of the Death Angel. On most occasions the Voice of the Blood is the boiling mess of blood and bones filling the well under Kali Durga's temple. At rare occasions the manifestation rises from the well in the shape of a 30 meter high female body, formed by blood and limbs. It has been seen wandering aimlessly in the jungle near the temple, devouring everything in its way.

Personality: The Voice of the Blood has no consciousness. It is hunger and the instinct of creating chaos.

AGL 25	EGO 40 (<i>w/o consciousness</i>)
STR 70	PER 10
CON Spec	

Modification of terror throw: +10

Height: 30 m

Weight: 30 tons

Senses: Can feel order, instinctively tries to conform it into chaos. Else, no recognizable senses.

Communication: none

Movement: 30 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +13

Damage bonus: +11

Damage capacity: Cannot be killed, only scattered. Reshapes itself within 20d10 rounds.

Endurance: Unlimited

Powers: Lowers the mental balance of humans with negative balance a step per day within a range of a kilometer.

Attack mode: Devour creature 18 (scr 1-5, lw 6-12, sw 13-19, fw 20+). The victim is melted by the damage, which will become worse by one step/round. Ego throw must be higher than the incarnates ego in order to break free. A fatal wound means that the

creature is devoured and becomes part of the incarnate.

Home: The Kali temple of Tamil Nadu

Blood Angels

The Blood Angels are the children of Sathariel, begotten with men who have been devoured by her incarnate, born of the Voice of the Blood. They are humanoids covered by blood and a black body fluid. They live in the temple area, in the forests surrounding the temple, and in the lesser temples of the surrounding villages.

Personality: The Angels of Blood are creatures of higher consciousness than the Voice of the Blood, although they are entirely controlled by the incarnate of Sathariel.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 20+2d10 (26)	CHA 1d5 (3)
CON 20+2d10 (26)	PER 10 +1d10 (16)
COM 1d5 (3)	EDU —

Height: 160 cm

Weight: 60 kg

Senses: Move without impediment in darkness

Communication: Understands a few words

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +5

Damage capacity: 7 scratches = 1 light wound

6 light wound = 1 serious wound

4 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 160

Attack mode: Bite 15 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-24, fw 25+), Claws 18 (scr 1-8, lw 9-16, sw 17-26, fw 27+)

Home: Tamil Nadu

Number: 5+ 1d10 (11)

Temple Servants

The temple servants are women who have served Sathariel in her temple for several hundred years. They have severe physical deformities: open wounds covering their entire bodies, metal pieces in their flesh, claws and sharp teeth, glowing eyes and strange tattoos on their bodies. They wear bloodstained saris.

Personality: The temple servants are gradually becoming a part of the consciousness of the Death Angel. They strive for chaos and destruction. They do not have individual personalities.

Game mastering hints: Empty your eyes. Jerk and twitch your limbs when you move.

AGL 10+2d10 (21)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 10+2d10 (21)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON 10+2d10 (21)	PER 2d10 (11)
COM 1d10 (6)	EDU 1d5 (3)

Height: 160 cm

Weight: 60 kg

Senses: See infrared

Communication: Speaks with a few single words

Movement: 11 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +9

Damage bonus: +5

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 135

Mental balance: -150

Powers: All powers resulting from low mental balance

Disadvantages: Death wish, Fanaticism, Cursed, Nightmares, Schizophrenia

Skills: Sneak 20, Daggers 20, Throttle snare 20, Temple dance 20

Attack mode: Claws 20 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-24, fw 25+) or according to weapon

Equipment: Dressed in bloody saris and armed with daggers and Throttle snare

Home: The Kali Durga Temple

Length of life: 400-500 years

Number: 12

Map of the Temple Area

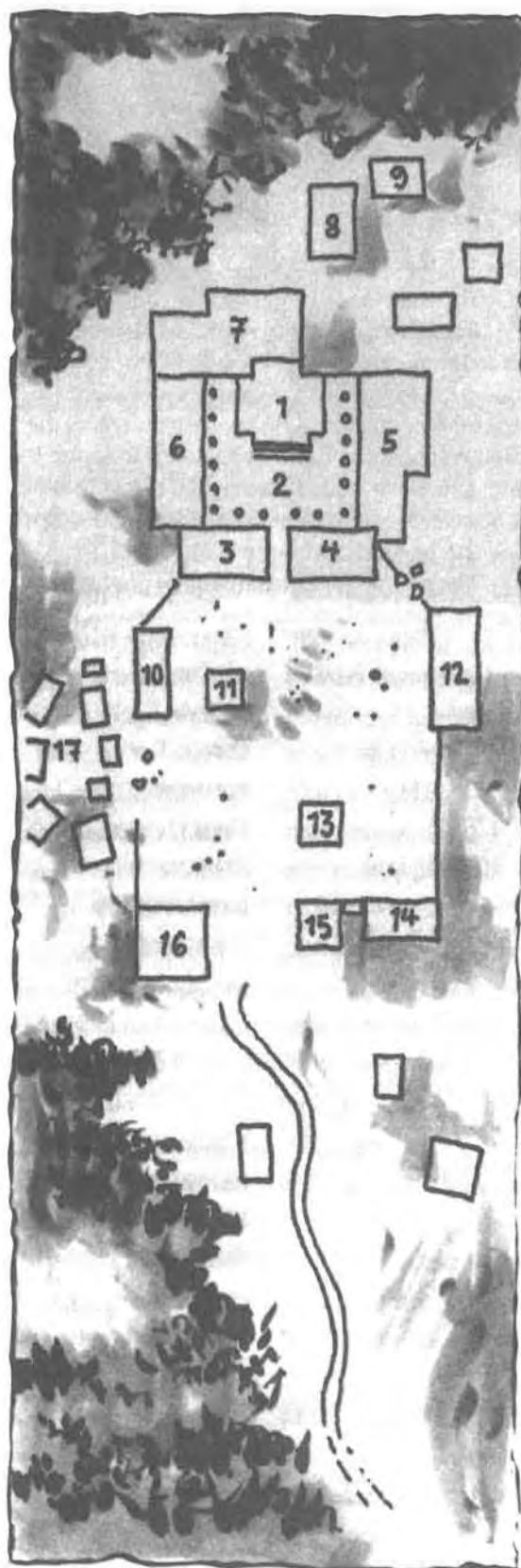
1 The inner sanctuary. The innermost parts of the Kali Durga temple, with the well, were created several thousands of years ago. The temple building is constructed of rough blocks of stone. Whitened statues decorate the front. Everyone who enters the inner room will be intoxicated by the odor from the incarnate, and will have to make an ego throw in order not to be seized by a wish to throw themselves into the well and be united with the deity.

2 The temple yard. A dusty sunlit yard surrounded by a decayed arcade. The most devoted worshippers sit in the yard day and night, singing endless hymns. Worshippers who don't want to enter the temple leave their sacrifices on the stairs. Flowers, grain and dead animals are scattered here, all stained with blood.

3 The house of the angels. Human worshippers and Blood Angels live here. The house has only one floor and is made of dried clay. There's no furniture, not even rugs on the floor. The angels will be seated on the floor, cross-legged apparently meditating.

4 Ceremony house. A small temple where worshippers who can't or won't enter the main temple burn their incense and pray. There's an idealized picture of Kali Durga at the far end of the room, and there are fresco paintings on the walls, exhibiting the goddess combating her enemies.

5-6 The house of the worshippers. Low buildings inhabited by the most devoted worshippers.



7 House of the maidservants. This building is inhabited by young women, hoping to become members of the group of temple servants. Their mental balance is very low and their bodies are gradually changing. They feed on worshippers captured by night and torn to pieces.

8 Storage house. Made of dried clay. Contains victuals being eaten by insects. Some items belonging to the temple are also stored here.

9 The temple of Akesha. Devoted to Sathariel in her incarnation, the Black Angel who devours all light. The temple is pitch black. No light can be lit in this building. A blind temple servant lives here. There's a statue of a Black Angel placed against the further wall.

10 Cow-house. Twelve sacred black cows wander in and out of this building, and around the outer yard. They are very haggard, eating only the flowers and grain being sacrificed on the temple stairs.

11 The temple of the first-begetter. A small, gray building devoted to Lakarna, protector of the stillborn, who is an aspect of Kali Durga. She watches over all stillborn children and women who have had miscarriages. Pregnant women who enter the temple are doomed to have a miscarriage.

12 Cook house. A large oven made of bricks take up half of the building. The worshippers cook their meals here.

13 The temple of Natarja. A temple devoted to Shiva Natarja (one of the forgotten deities), it has existed as long as the temple of Kali Durga. Natarja is said to show himself before the rise of the Voice of the Blood takes place.

14 House of the monks. This simple brick building is inhabited by members of a small order of monks worshipping Kali Durga.

15 Deserted temple. This decayed temple has earlier been devoted to an aspect of Kali Durga.

16 Cleaning house. Worshippers who arrive to the area for the first time will cleanse themselves in dust and ashes before they enter the outer yard. In the center of the house there's a deep well: the only fresh water spring on the area.

17 Dwelling-house. Simple houses made of dried clay inhabited by the worshippers of Kali Durga.

Gamichicoth

The False Rescuer

The distorted image of Chesed, Gamichicoth is not one of the most important Death Angels. Gamichicoth obeys Astaroth out of fear of vengeance. If the rebellion against Astaroth is revealed, he will side with the victor. Until one or more of the Death Angels has defeated the others, he will not choose sides.

Gamichicoth personifies hunger, the hunger which paralyzes and defeats us and makes us unhuman. He acts through aid organizations: the IMF, the UN, and other support programs. He is the exporter of poisoned food and useless technology. This is accomplished by his servants: unscrupulous humans who are aware of whom their employer is. This Death Angel lacks any greater influence. He has very few creatures from Inferno in his service, but many humans. Gamichicoth channels hatred and greed, seeing to it that the result will be famine and starvation. Gamichicoth's citadel is one of the smaller ones in Inferno and consists of endless rooms where heat or cold is unbearable and there never is enough water. No torturers are needed—the dead cause each other to suffer in the struggle for water. Humans entering the citadel will, if they are unable to resist the Death Angels' influence, be seized by insatiable hunger and thirst. They will be prepared to do anything to get their hands on a cup of water and a piece of bread.

Gamichicoth's Envoy

The incarnate and envoy of the Death Angel, Jonathan Hayworth, directs a help organization called Hayworth Emergency Aid (HEA). HEA is a worldwide agency, sending rotten grain, poisoned water, and contagious blankets to people suffering from famines and disasters. HEA has caused innumerable people to die, and deliberately worsened conditions after several catastrophes. Hayworth cooperates with governments and organizations on a world-wide basis, bribing the officials and employees. Large contributions are given to HEA by credulous people and organizations. HEA

actively supports dictators and tries to prevent the rich countries from being generous to the poor ones. The organization secretly sells weapons to arenas of conflict, seeing to it that monetary aid is transferred into weapons instead of food. Hayworth works to spread famine in the third world and augment the number of poor in the West.

HEA has its headquarters in New York, in a black skyscraper in the central part of Manhattan. The top floor contains Hayworth's private apartment. There are more than 150 local offices spreading famine in their immediate surroundings.

More than 30,000 people work for HEA. A hundred at the most are aware of the real task of the organization. Lately a number of journalists who threatened to reveal the organization have been liquidated.

Jonathan Hayworth

Hayworth has existed since the sixties. He founded HEA, starting a campaign to undermine all aid to catastrophe stricken areas. In the U.S. a help program for homeless people has resulted in the spreading of diseases. Hayworth has also enticed homeless people to come to "temporary accommodations" in empty houses, where he has locked them in to starve to death. Hayworth is tall and skinny with gray hair, which has begun to get thinner. He looks about 60 years of age, and gives an energetic impression. He has a way of making people around him feel helpless and dependent. Those who can see through the illusions will see his true nature, a large skeleton-like creature wrapped in rags with hungry jaws and eyes.

Personality: Hayworth enjoys awakening hope in a person, only to be able to put it out again. He plays with his victims and let them believe that rescue is close, before definitely quenching all hope.

Game mastering hints: Speak energetically. Try to make the players think you're a real bureaucrat.





AGL 40	EGO 50
STR 40	CHA 40
CON 50	PER 30
COM 15	EDU 30

Modification of terror throw: +5 (seen through illusions)

Height: 190 cm

Weight: 80 kg

Senses: Sees through illusions. Sees perfectly through darkness.

Communication: speech or telepathy

Movement: 20 m/round

Actions: 6

Initiative bonus: +28

Damage bonus: +9

Damage capacity: 11 scratches = 1 light wound

10 light wounds = 1 serious wound

8 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

dies after 3 fatal wounds

Endurance: 280

Natural armor: —

Powers: Commanding voice, Controls everyone with negative balance between -50 and -100. Ego throw to avoid control, See magic and auras, (Speaks all human languages), Telepathy, Telekinesis 100 kg 10 m/sec.

Skills: Projectile weapons: all 40, Sneak 40, Melee and throwing weapons: all 40, Hand-to-hand combat 40, Languages—all human ones, Diplomacy 50, Etiquette 50, Net of Contacts: help organizations 50, Net of Contacts: diplomats 30

Attack mode: according to weapon

Home: New York

Hunger Spirits

The Hunger Spirits come from Hayworth's citadel and are his closest assistants. They are a sort of Purgatides, humans who have died of starvation and been taken to Inferno. They have skeletal bodies covered with wounds. Hayworth

uses them like soldiers to foment fighting in famine stricken areas. He also keeps a group with him in New York.

Personality: Filled with hunger. They think only of food, water, warmth and rest. They will never be satisfied.

Game mastering hints: Feverishly look for food and water.

AGL 3d10 (16)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 3d10 (16)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON SPEC	PER 2d10 (11)
COM 1d5 (3)	EDU 1d10 (6)

Senses: Human

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +3

Damage capacity: Each part of the body has its own life. Can be divided, but not killed. A serious or fatal wound will result in part of the body being cut off. If they are separated, the limbs will be drawn together and reunited. This will take 1d10 rounds in battle, if nothing stops them. Each large part of the body has half the strength of the spirit and is able to move 1 m/round. If they are burned to ashes the parts of the body will reunite within 24 hours if the ashes are in one place. If the ashes are spread it will take years for the fragments to reunite.

Endurance: Unlimited

Mental balance: -100 -10d10 (-155)

Powers: Insensitive to electricity and radioactivity, powers resulting from low mental balance

Skills: Automatic weapons 15, Rifle and crossbow 15, Hand-gun 15, Daggers 15, Impact weapons 15, Art of survival 20, Driving 10

Attack mode: Bite 15 (scr 1-8, lw 9-16, sw 17-24, fw 25+), or according to weapon

Home: Inferno/Africa

Number: 1d10 (6)

Hauries

Hauries prowl catastrophe areas devouring all edibles. They eat all dead organic tissue. Humans in this area will be affected and start bolting down everything—textiles, leather, bones; all that is organic. In extreme cases humans who are attacked will chop off their own limbs to eat. Hauries look like haggard humans with sharp teeth and strong jaws which dominate the skull. They have sharp claws.

Personality: Hunger is all that hauries know.

Game mastering hints: Gaze hungrily. Grab everything you see that is edible and devour it.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 1d5
STR 10+1d10 (16)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON 20+1d10 (26)	PER 10+1d10 (16)

Modification of terror throw: -5

Senses: Good sense of smell, can locate organic material within a kilometer.

Communication: None

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +3

Damage capacity: 7 scratches = 1 light wound

6 light wounds = 1 serious wound

4 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 160

Powers: Spread hunger—all humans within a kilometer of the hauri will become seized by hunger and start eating everything that is in their way.

Skills: Find food 50

Attack mode: Bite 15 (scr 1-6, lw 7-14, sw 15-22, fw 23+), Claws 18 (scr 1-7, lw 8-15, sw 16-26, fw 27+)

Number: 2d10 (11)

"There is a magical operation of maximum importance: the initiation of a new aeon. When it becomes necessary to utter a word, the whole planet must be bathed in blood."

—Aleister Crowley

Golab

The Torturer

Golab is one of the mightiest Death Angels. Only Thaumiel and Hareb-Serap can measure up to him. He is the opposite of Geburah; he is the torturer, making people suffer to please him, without trying to educate or punish.

Golab was the chief torturer of Astaroth in Inferno and has remained loyal to him. He follows Astaroth in his campaigns and tortures the prisoners being handed over to him. Golab personifies the on-going pain which makes us betray everything we believe in and start to love our torturers. He acts through death patrols, torturers, policemen, and the authorities in countries ruled by dictators. There's no shortage of people who are willing to serve Golab.

Golab has, through all his servants and his being close to Astaroth, a large influence. He is in conflict with Thaumiel, because of Thaumiel's planned treason, and with Hareb-Serap because he competes with him for Astaroth's confidence.

Golab's citadel is a huge torture chamber. Several million people are there being tortured by nepharites and razides. All humans entering the citadel, not being able to resist the influence of the Death Angel, will feel an irresistible desire to inflict and suffer pain.

Golab's Envoy

Golab is incarnated in our world as Doctor Mortimer Blanco, the leader of a group of doctors and torturers in Latin America. His real home and his nationality is not known. Blanco turned up in Mexico City in the spring of 1973 and made good contacts among the military and revolutionaries across Latin America. He gathered around him a group of doctors who had a taste for torture. In 1979 this group was established as torture consultants. They offer their services to the military, the police, and governments in Latin America as well as other parts of the world.

They try out new methods of torture and teach them to torturers from all over the world. They do not take sides in any political conflict: they teach torture to the government as well as the guerrillas in a country, as

long as they are paid. New methods are tried on political prisoners, kidnapped street children, and journalists who are a bit too curious.

Blanco has an extensive influence in Latin America. Governments, the military, and guerrilla groups owe him services. To mess with him is to ask for a painful death. He constantly augments the power of Golab through spreading the knowledge about torture and pain.

Furthermore, he also wants to prevent that Latin America becomes politically stable. He cooperates closely with general Juan Martinez, the incarnate of Hareb-Serap.

More than 100 physicians are members of Dr. Blanco's organization. They are protected by 2,500 elite soldiers from the forces of general Martinez and 10,000 legionaries from Astaroth's forces. They have their base in a secret laboratory in south Venezuela, where there are about 1,000 agents who kidnap and buy their victims for them. Many of these are poor settlers in the jungle.

Los Renunciones

Los Renunciones was originally a missionary station deep in the jungle, near the Orinoco. It was taken over by Dr. Blanco in the early eighties. He's made it into a modern torture establishment. In its vicinity are several single buildings and huts extending into the river. There is also a small airfield behind the buildings.

Astaroth's most dogged enemies are taken here for treatment. Under the main building is an entrance to Golab's citadel in Inferno. Humans entering it must make an ego throw not to become obsessed by the thought of pain and humiliation, their own and others.

Blanco is a modern man. The establishment does not resemble a medieval torture chamber. All is very new, although not very clean. The materials are stainless steel, tile and concrete. The side buildings are inhabited by doctors who are there to be educated, as well as soldiers and servants.

In the jungle behind the main building there are rows of rusty iron





cages where prisoners are being kept awaiting their "treatment." Enemies of the Death Angels and Astaroth are taken directly to the torture chamber. Subjects of experiments not having any value to the Death Angel—kidnapped Indians and settlers, street children who have been bought or kidnapped, and captured guerrillas—are kept in these cages.

Mortimer Blanco

Dr. Blanco is one of the most terrifying incarnates. He has no stable human shape. When he deals with humans he takes on a human shape: a short man with thin hair and thick glasses. As a torturer he takes on different demonic shapes to frighten his victims. He can change his form without hindrance. He often takes pictures of friends and relatives from the memories of his victims and takes on their shape. The values below concern the Mortimer Blanco that deals with humans.

Personality: Blanco is possessed with the thought of suffering. Pain and horror is his nourishment. He can't live without it.

Game mastering hints: Laugh silently and madly. Make threatening insinuations and try to frighten the characters.

AGL 60	EGO 50
STR 60	CHA 30
CON 50	PER 40
COM 8	EDU 40

Modification of terror throw: +5 (seen through illusions)

Height: 160 cm

Weight: 60 kg

Senses: Sees through illusions. Sees perfectly through darkness. Can feel other peoples' horror and pain.

Communication: speech or telepathy

Movement: 30 m/round

Actions: 8

Initiative bonus: +48

Damage bonus: +13

Damage capacity: 11 scratches = 1 light wound

10 light wounds = 1 serious wound

8 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

dies after 3 fatal wounds

Endurance: 280

Natural armor: —

Powers: Commanding voice, Change of form,

Controls everyone with negative balance between -

50 and -100. Ego throw to avoid control, See magic

and auras, (Speaks all human languages), Telepathy.

Skills: Projectile weapons: all 50, Sneak 50, Melee and missile weapons: all 60, Hand-to-hand combat 50, (Languages—all human ones), Torture 70, Diplomacy 50, Net of Contacts: diplomats 30, Net of Contacts: Torturers 50, Medicine 30, Anatomy 50, Pathology 40, Toxicology 40, Natural science 30, Chemistry 30.

Attack mode: according to weapon

Home: Los Renunciones

Excrucies

Excrucies are torturers from Golab's Inferno. They have the same sort of metal skeleton-look as the razides, but are more irregular and less human in shape. They have two or more legs, several arms and heads. Their inner organs and flesh are partly on the outside of the outer skeleton. They are green and black with yellow-white and red parts. Their flesh and inner organs are partly putrefied and have become infested with parasites. They are in our world and don't appear human. Humans with a mental balance close to zero will subconsciously avoid noticing them at all.

Personality: Excrucies are the devoted servants of Golab. They have been bred to torture, which is all they can do.

AGL 20+2d10 (26)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 20+4d10 (31)	CHA 1d5 (3)
CON 20+4d10 (31)	PER 20+2d10 (26)
COM 1d5 (3)	EDU 1d10 (6)

Modification of terror throw: +0

Height: 300 cm

Weight: 400 kg

Senses: Sharp. Sees infrared and ultraviolet.

Movement: 13 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +14

Damage bonus: +7

Damage capacity: 8 scratches = 1 light wound

7 light wounds = 1 serious wound

5 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 2 fatal wounds

Endurance: 185

Natural armor: 3

Skills: Projectile weapons: all 20, Dodge 20, Melee- and missile weapons: all 20, Poisons and drugs 20, Hypnosis 20, Languages: two human ones, Torture 30, Interrogation 30, Medicine 20.

Attack mode: Bite 18 (scr 1-6, lw 7-13, sw 14-22, fw 23+), Claws 18 (scr 1-7, lw 8-15, sw 16-25, fw 26+), or according to weapon

Magic: The Lore of Death 30 (all spells score 15)

Home: Los Renunciones

The Voice of Pain

The Voices of Pain are parasites of about half a meter long who feed on creatures which they eat from within. They attack their victims through the mouth or the anus, then occupy the stomach. They immediately start devouring their victims from within. Through a special

secretion they prevent the person from losing consciousness or dying. The affected person will suffer immense pain for days. In the end there will only remain the brain, the nervous system, and empty skin. The parasite emits a body liquid which causes terrible pain in the entire nervous system. When the body finally disintegrates the parasite will divide into two, breaking free of the body in pursuit of new victims. The Voices of Pain look like whitish yellow worms, moving very fast. It will take them 10+1d10 days to destroy their victim. After 1d5 days the damage to the inner organs will be so great that the victim cannot be saved. Only the magic of the creature will keep the body alive.

AGL 20+1d10 (26)

STR 1d10 (6)

CON 1d10 (6)

Length: 50 cm

Senses: Sharp sense of smell.

Movement: 13 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +14

Damage bonus: —

Damage capacity: 4 scratches = 1 light wound

3 light wounds = 1 serious wound

2 serious wound = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 100

Attack mode: Attacks through the mouth or anus, preferably when the victim is asleep. It can emit a secretion which causes the victim to fall asleep (2d10—falls asleep on half CON or higher) It will

take 1d10 rounds for it to get into its victim. If the victim is conscious he can pull out the parasite.

Number: A few



Togarini

Protector of the Death Magicians

Togarini is the dark shadow of Tiphareth, and one of the least powerful Death Angels. His influence was much greater before the disappearance of the Demiurge, for then he served directly under Astaroth as the coordinator of the Death Angels' organizations.

After the disappearance Togarini tried to rebel, but was easily defeated by his master. He managed to avoid being extinguished and fled to our reality, where he is now incarnated for all time.

If he is killed he will be permanently annihilated, which has made him ally with the powerful Death Magicians of South Europe and the Middle East. Togarini personifies Death; not Death as a liberator, but Death captured in the putrescent flesh.

He is linked to various types of living dead. He channels our anguish in relation to death and makes it a permanent pain. His power will only remain as long as we fear death.

He acts through his net of Death Magicians and other Black Conjurers. He tries to enhance his power through capturing more people in purgatories run by nepharites serving him, or in rotting bodies. Togarini's influence is limited. His razides and servants are few. He hopes to be able to reclaim his place amongst the other Death Angels as soon as Astaroth has been brought down, but the others ignore him for now. Togarini no longer has a citadel. Perhaps it has been destroyed, perhaps Astaroth or he has hidden it so that it can't be found. If it exists, it is directly linked to the incarnate of Togarini—so if he is destroyed, so too will be the citadel.

The Incarnate of Togarini

Luigi Cantorre is the incarnate of Togarini. He was a Death Magician in Italy, before the lictors of the Vatican forced him to flee. He's found a refuge in Djeraba, a small artist colony in the south of Tunisia. Cantorre soon took the whole place over and his disciples flocked around him. The colony has turned into a



place devoted to Death and Black Magic. The artists and villagers who protested against the changes were turned into living dead, tormented souls bound in rotting flesh. They guard the colony against Cantorre's enemies. Djeraba soon became a meeting place for necromancers and other Black Magicians. Cantorre united the divided opinions and has formed an international group with good contacts and wide influence.

Cantorre aims at binding Man in putrescent flesh. His magician disciples are always led into the dark way, never becoming enlightened. His plan is to destroy all living in the Mediterranean, capturing it in rotting flesh. There are 75 experienced necromancers along with about 100 acolytes in Djeraba, protected by an army of undead and Inferno creatures.

It is almost impossible to find Djeraba if you don't know where to look. The place is not on any maps, and the roads are only in usable condition during the summer. In the winter it is surrounded by salt marshes. Nature is dying in the vicinity of Djeraba. Grass, palms, animals: all die and rot. The population of the area has stopped herding camels and sheep in the vicinity of Djeraba. Everybody avoids it and everyone that asks for it.

Djeraba

A circle of death spreads from the village. It extends a meter every month and has already destroyed a neighboring village, and the villagers have been turned into living dead. A group of Berbers who tried to kill the incarnate of the Death Angel were turned into living dead themselves and are now guarding Djeraba, riding on half-breed mounts from Inferno.

Djeraba was originally situated in a small oasis. The buildings were simple clay homes and cave residences, hewn out of the soft rock of the valley which surrounds the village. European artists came to live in the village in the twenties. When Cantorre arrived in the thirties, half of the inhabitants were Europeans. The oasis quickly faded. The springs are still there, but noth-



ing grows any more in Djeraba. Dead palms can still be seen. There are no living creatures there except for Cantorre's disciples. The buildings are the same. The living dead prowl the desert that surrounds the village. Thousands of mummified bodies are buried in the sand and can be made to rise on Cantorre's command. The sand riders, Cantorre's undead servants, capture humans not careful enough and bring them to Djeraba to serve as victims in the necromantic rituals.

Luigi Cantorre

Cantorre is in a way the mightiest incarnate., as all of Togarini 's power is manifested in his body. Anyone who sees him through the illusions will see a mass of rotting bodies and mummified dead, seemingly filling the world. Others see him as a tall, dark man with straight black hair.

He spreads darkness around him in the manner of a mobile citadel. All near him must make an ego throw not to be affected by him and be seized by an irresistible fascination for death and putrefaction. Humans with a negative balance in his proximity lower their balance one step every day, sown to -100.

Personality: Cantorre is an utterly careful man. He's surrounded by spells of protection and bodyguards. He knows that his entire existence, perhaps even the art of Death Conjuring, is related to the existence of his body.

Game mastering hints: Speak with an Arab accent. Sound arrogant! Hold your head high, look upon all around you with open contempt.

AGL 70	EGO 60
STR 80	CHA 40
CON 80	PER 40
COM 20	EDU 50

Modification of terror throw: +10 (seen through illusions)

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 90 kg

Senses: Sees through illusions. Sees perfectly through darkness. Senses the mental balance of humans. Senses magic and auras.

Communication: speech or telepathy

Movement: 35 m/round

Actions: 9

Initiative bonus: +58

Damage bonus: +16

Damage capacity: 17 scratches = 1 light wound

16 light wounds = 1 serious wound

14 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

dies after 5 fatal wounds

Endurance: 430

Natural armor: —

Powers: Commanding voice, Controls everyone with negative balance between -50 and -100. Ego throw to avoid control, See magic and auras, Speaks all human languages, Telepathy, Telekinesis 100 kg 10 m/sec.

Skills: Projectile weapons: all 50, Sneak 50, Melee and missile weapons: all 60, Hand-to-hand combat 50, Astrology 40, Hypnosis 30, Numerology 40, Occultism 50, Languages—all human ones, Diplomacy 50, Net of Contacts: Death Conjurers 40, Riding 20, Humanities 40

Attack mode: according to weapon

Magic: Masters all Death conjuring in the mode of a human who has awakened, without skill throw or loss of endurance.

Home: Djeraba

Azaqi

Ázaqi was a lictor in the service of the Tunisian army until 1966, when he was sent to Djeraba to find out what was happening there. His men were slaughtered and he himself was turned into one of the living dead through a

complicated ritual only known by Togarini himself. (Normally it's impossible to create living dead out of lictors.) He's now imprisoned in the rotting body of a lictor, clearly visible to ordinary humans. He is bound to Cantorre, serving as his bodyguard. Deep inside he is filled with rage over what has been done to him.

AGL 25	EGO 10
STR 40	CHA 3
CON spec	PER 30
COM 1	EDU (30)
	<i>poor memory</i>

Modification of terror throw: +0

Height: 250 cm

Weight: 450 kg

Senses: Sees infrared and ultraviolet.

Communication: Can utter a few single words.

Movement: 13 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +13

Damage bonus: +8

Damage capacity: Each part of the body has its own life. Can be divided, but not killed. A serious or fatal wound will result in part of the body being cut off. If they are separated, the limbs will be drawn together and reunited. This will take 1d10 rounds in battle, if nothing stops them. Each large part of the body has strength 20 and is able to move 1 m/round. If a part is burned to ashes it is annihilated.

Endurance: Unlimited

Natural armor: 2

Skills: Automatic weapons 25, Rifle and crossbow 25, Hand-gun 25, Sneak 15, Dodge 20, Daggers 30, Impact weapons 30, Sword 30, Search 30.

Attack mode: Bite 20 (scr 1-6, lw 7-13, sw 14-24, fw 25+), Strike 20, Kick 15, Throw 15, or according to weapon

Equipment: Dagger, which is equivalent to katana and Steyr AUG.

Home: Djeraba.

Sand Riders

The Sand Riders belong to a Berber tribe which was defeated by Cantorre when they tried to destroy his settlement. They have been turned into mummified living dead, wrapped in bluish black coats, riding horses fetched from Inferno by the Death Angel. They guard Djeraba from attacks and carry out raids on villages nearby where the population has threatened the Death Conjurers.

Personality: The Sand Riders no longer have any personality. They are the obedient servants of the Death Angel, who has given eternal suffering in Inferno to

those of the living dead who didn't follow his command.

AGL 2d10 (11)	EGO 1d10 (6)
STR 10+2d10 (21)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON SPEC	PER 2d10 (11)
COM 1d10 (6)	EDU 1d5 (3)

Modification of terror throw: ±0

Senses: No perception of touch. All other senses are human.

Communication: Sign-language. The center of speech in the brain has been destroyed.

Movement: 6 m/round

Actions: 2

Initiative bonus: —

Damage bonus: +3

Damage capacity: Each part of the body has its own life. Can be divided, but not killed. A serious or fatal wound will result in part of the body being cut off. If they are separated, the limbs will be drawn together and reunited. This will take 1d10 rounds in battle, if nothing stops them. Each large part of the body (arm, leg, torso) has half the Sand Riders' strength and is able to move 1 m/round. If a part is burned to ashes it is annihilated.

Endurance: Unlimited

Mental balance: -50 -5d10 (-95)

Powers: Immune to radiation. Doesn't need oxygen, food, or water.

Skills: Automatic weapon 10, Rifle and crossbow 15, Daggers 15, Sword 15, Hide 15, Riding 20, Night combat 15.

Attack mode: According to weapon

Equipment: Sword which is equivalent to broadsword, Shields of dried hides, which can take 10+1d10 of the effect of impact weapons and 5+d10 of projectile weapons, blue cloth which covers the body.

Home: South of Tunis

Number: 5+1d10 (11)

Adjini

Adjini are the horses of the Sand Riders, bred from Berber horses and creatures evoked from Inferno by Cantorre. They look like ordinary horses, although they are longer, have the teeth of a beast of prey, and a chameleon way of blending with the surrounding landscape.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	CON 20+1d10 (26)
STR 20+2d10 (31)	PER 10+2d10 (16)

Length: 3 m

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 500 kg

Senses: See perfectly through darkness.

Load capacity: 150 kg

Movement: 15 m/round

Actions: 2

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +6

Damage capacity: 7 scratches = 1 light wound

6 light wounds = 1 serious wound

4 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 160

Natural armor: 2

Powers: Chameleon—change color and pattern according to the surroundings. All that cannot see infrared has -5 on the chance of hitting them.

Skills: Sneak 20, Dodge 20, Hide 30.

Attack mode: Bite 15 (scr 1-6,

lw 7-14, sw 15-22, fw 23+),

Kick 15 (scr 1-5, lw 6-13, sw 14-20, fw 21+)

Home: Sahara

Map of Djeraba

1 House of the initiated ones. In a well-kept house with five rooms live the four closest disciples of Cantorre: two Tunisians, a Greek, and an American. The house is furnished in the Tunisian style. The servants are living dead.

2 House of the newcomers. Newly arrived disciples are tested before they are incorporated into the community. They live in poverty in a decayed house with four rooms. Up to 10 people can live in the house at the same time.

3 Mahmoud Lefik. Lefik is Cantorre's second in command and trusted assistant. He has furnished one of the houses with valuable carpets and tapestries, furniture of precious wood, and art. No living are let into the house. Lefik is guarded and served by eight private living dead. Under the house is Lefik's private temple.

4 Meeting house. Once this house belonged to the wealthiest man in the village. It has two floors and is built

around an inner yard. Now it is being used for meetings and communal cooking. The guests of Djeraba sleep on the top floor.

5 Sadim's house. Sadim Nassir is the single living villager remaining in Djeraba. He was one of the wealthiest men of the village before the arrival of the Death Conjurers. Cantorre spared his life in exchange for keeping up contacts with neighboring villages. He lives in total poverty in his house, which has become totally decayed. He's locked inside night and day, only emerging when Cantorre calls him.

6 Home of the disciples. Some of the houses of the village have collapsed, but most have been taken

over by necromancers and their disciples. The doors have been painted with black and white signs of protection. Skulls and fragments of hair and skin are placed above the doors and on poles everywhere in the village. The living dead attend the inhabitants. There are more than 500 of them in the village. Most have been mummified by the desert climate, but the stench is nevertheless terrible.

7 Cantorre's dwelling.

Cantorre lives spartanly in one of the old cave dwellings, surrounded by 20 living dead servants and guards. Cantorre's private temple is situated under the cave. He doesn't let any living soul into it. The cave is guarded by spells of protection preventing all living from entering. A living person who enters and fails on his ego/2 throw will drop dead and start changing into a living dead. The change will be completed within 24 hours.

8 Storage caves. The storage caves were already in use by the previous inhabitants. Food is stored here, protected by spells that keep the living dead as well as the flies away.

9 Tamara. Tamara is a living dead who existed in Djeraba before the arrival of



Togarini. She is a Berber woman bound in her mummified flesh long ago, having lived in her dead body for several hundred years. She is senile and quite mad. Cantorre finds her amusing and lets her carry on.

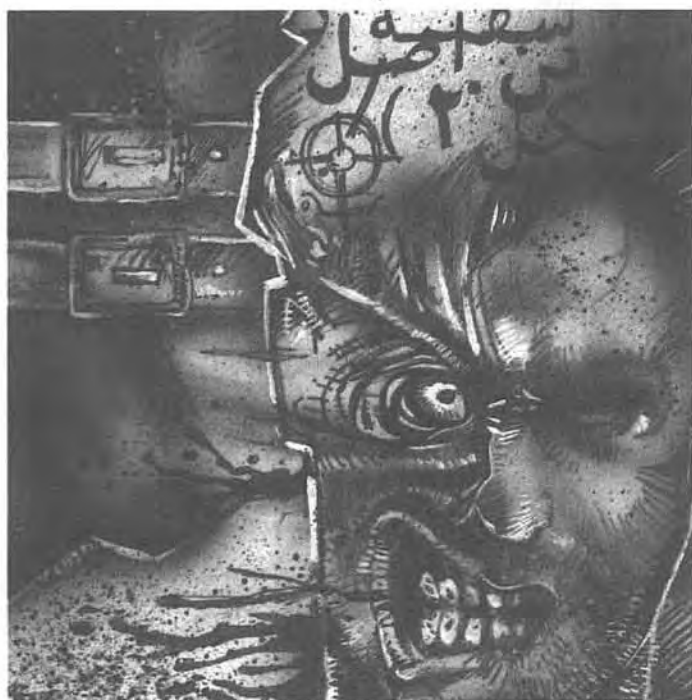
10 The temple caves. On the other side of the Djeraba stream, the necromancers have their temple, devoted to Death and Togarini. Advanced necromantic rituals are carried out here. The temple consists of eight rooms, three at ground level and five below the ground. Only Cantorre is allowed to enter the innermost chambers.

11 Spring of Death. The water of the Djeraba spring has been poisoned since the arrival of Cantorre. Death Conjurers can drink it, but everyone

else risks dying if they touch it. It has strength 3d10 and kills if the effect surmounts the CON value. At lower effect the person affected will become terribly ill.

12 Sand Riders. Sand Riders stay in an old house in the dead date groves. Their horses are kept in a paddock near the house. From here they make their raids, attacking travelers and other villages.

13 Fields of the Dead. A few thousand villagers and others are buried here and have been mummified. At Cantorre's command they will rise and attack enemies approaching Djeraba.



"It is not hands that call us, but desire."

**—Pinhead
Hellraiser II**

Hareb-Serap

The Raven of the Battlefields

Hareb-Serap is one of the three mightiest Death Angels. He is the distorted representation of Netzach: the evil warrior. Hareb-Serap is one of the Death Angels who still serve Astaroth, obeying his master's orders blindly. As the supreme commander of the forces of Darkness, he answers only to the Lord of Darkness himself.

Hareb-Serap personifies the meaningless battle without a victor, where finally all lie dead on the battlefield. He prepares the Legions of Darkness for the apocalypse. He acts through military and para-military organizations, seeking conflict without purpose. Hareb-Serap channels the death wish and destructiveness of humans into fighting and conflicts. He wields considerable power and hopes to take over Thaumiel's position and resources when Astaroth finally destroys the rebellious Death Angel.

Hareb-Serap and Golab are in conflict, and it is escalating, but loyalty towards Astaroth prevents open fighting. The large hordes of razides and doomed legionaries also bide their time. They hate and fear their lord more than other Inferno creatures, since they are constantly being slain on the battlefield. Several razides have united and are planning a rebellion. They are supported by Netzach.

Hareb-Serap's citadel in Inferno is full of chaotic military camps and bloody battlefields, and is inhabited by legionaries and razides in eternal battle with each other. They fight until all are dead, only to be resurrected and start the slaughter once again. Humans entering who are not able to resist the influence of the Death Angel are seized by bloodthirst and attack everyone who seems weak enough to be defeated.

Hareb-Serap's Envoy

General Juan Martinez, a dismissed Cuban soldier, is Hareb-Serap's envoy and incarnate. He has broken off contact with his previous employers and is now working to bring all the human armies in Latin America under his command. With bribes, threats, and magic the incarnate has con-

vinced large forces from various countries to join him. In the last few years a quarter of the Latin American military forces have done so.

Martinez is a brutal master, often leading his men towards a certain death. On the battlefield he abandons his human shape and changes into a razide-like slaughtering creature, driving his own forces toward Death. To him the only purpose of war is the destruction of life. Economic and political motives and prestige are all strange to him.

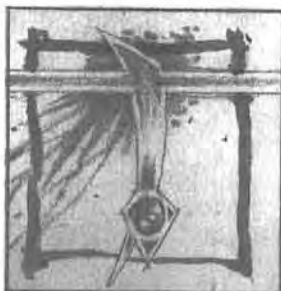
General Martinez also commands 200,000 legionaries of Astaroth's legions. He makes his plans for the final days, the ultimate battle which will fling our reality into Inferno. Everything else lacks importance.

The legionaries gather in bases waiting for the last battle. Martinez himself and 10,000 elite soldiers are in an underground base in Argentina. Martinez' razides and other servants are planning to rebel against their lord. They've seen too many of their own kind being sacrificed on the altar of war to be loyal. They plan to kill the incarnate as soon as an opportunity offers itself.

Hauptquartier Argente

The headquarters of Martinez is situated by a tributary of the Paraguay river, south of Asunción. It's been hewn out of the rocks near the river. It had been under water for 15 years when Martinez took it over. The base was built by fleeing Nazis in the fifties, but was deserted when it flooded in 1961. Martinez drove the water off, but it's still covered by algae and the damages made by water are still visible. If Martinez were killed, the base would be filled with water in less than ten minutes.

There are modern elevators and stairs leading down into the base, which consists of 140 rooms, connected by corridors. Martinez is surrounded by razides, oaxici, and legionaries on the base. Above-ground is a small military camp, officially part of the Argentine border forces. The majority of the men in the





camp are legionaries. A razide is in command of the camp, and it is common knowledge that Martinez often abides in its vicinity. The local population has withdrawn out of fear of the legionaries and the oaxici. There are no farms or villages within 5 kilometers of the camp.

Further north of HQ Argente is one of the largest legionary bases, masked as an Argentine border post. It is situated in the marshes south of the Pilcomayo river and contains 20,000 legionaries from the second legion. The base is in constant conflict with the Paraguayan troops on the other side of the border.

Juan Martinez

Human shape

The human shape of Martinez is a fit, crew-cut man in his forties, always in his battle uniform, chewing a strong Cuban cigarillo. He is very tanned and has piercing brown eyes. If you see through the illusions you discover his demon shape (see below).

To other soldiers he seems objective and very duty conscious. On humans meeting him for the first time he will make a reliable impression. To his own troops he is pushy, exceedingly energetic, and encouraging before the battles. All that come near will have to make an ego throw not to be seized by aggressiveness and fighting spirit.

Personality: Martinez is an excellent actor when he encourages his soldiers and discuss tactics with his officers. Within, he sees every creature as a potential corpse on the battlefield. The greatest possible destruction is his constant ambition.

Game mastering hints: Chew on an imaginary cigar. Keep your back straight. Pierce everyone you meet with your eyes.

AGL 60	EGO 30
STR 60	CHA 50
CON 60	PER 40
COM 15	EDU 30

Height: 190 cm

Weight: 100 kg

Senses: Sees through illusions. Sees perfectly through darkness.

Communication: speech or telepathy

Movement: 30 m/round

Actions: 8

Initiative bonus: +48

Damage bonus: +13 (+23 with commando training)

Damage capacity: 13 scratches = 1 light wound

12 light wound = 1 serious wound

10 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

dies after 3 deadly wounds

Endurance: 330

Natural armor: —

Powers: Commanding voice, Controls everyone with negative balance between -50 and -100. Ego throw to avoid control, See magic and auras, Speak all human languages, Telepathy, Telekinesis 100 kg 10 m/sec.

Skills: Projectile weapons: all 60, Sneak 50, Melee and throwing weapons: all 60, Hand-to-hand combat 60, Languages—all human ones, Military strategy 50, Diplomacy 50, Net of Contacts: military 30, Riding 20, Driving 20, Pilot 20, Commando training, grand master: Strike 30, Kick 30, Throw 30, Grip 30, Block 30, Falling technique 30.

Attack mode: according to weapon

Equipment: Combat uniform, Glock 20, Steyr AUG, Combat knife

Magic: School of Death 40, All Death spells score 20

Home: HQ Argente

Juan Martinez

Demon shape

On the battlefield Martinez takes on another, more frightening shape. He grows, changing into a tallish creature covered by a thorny, black armor, with steel blades instead of hands and alloy teeth in mechanical jaws.

Ragged wings grow out of his shoulders. Blood and body liquids ooze from cracks in the armor. He attacks creatures at random, leaving nothing but Death behind. Around him Inferno and the citadel of Hareb-Serap can be glimpsed, as through a billowing projection of our reality. A dark shadow surrounds him, clouding the sun.

All that are near must make an ego throw not to be seized by aggressiveness and fighting spirit.

Personality: A desire for murder is all that Martinez in his demon shape feels.

AGL 60	EGO 10
STR 60	PER 10
CON 60	

Modification of terror throw: +10

Length: 400 cm

Height: 250 cm

Weight: 3 tons

Senses: Sees through illusions. Sees perfectly through darkness.

Communication: None

Movement: 30 m/round

Actions: 8

Initiative bonus: +48

Damage bonus: +13

Damage capacity: 13 scratches = 1 light wound

12 light wound = 1 serious wound

10 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

dies after 3 fatal wounds

Endurance: 330

Natural armor: 5

Powers: Invulnerable to projectile weapons and bullets

Attack mode: Bite 30 (scr 1-4, lw 5-12, sw 13-16, fw 17+), 8 knife blades 25 (scr 1-6, lw 7-14, sw 15-22, fw 23+)

Home: HQ Argente

Oaxici

Oaxici are the faithful soldiers of Martinez, filled with the same wild desire of fighting as he is himself. Hareb-Serap's incarnate knows that he can't fully trust the razides and legionaries. He surrounds himself with a group of Oaxici that follow him wherever he goes. A spell makes them look human to ordinary people: short and muscular men of Indian descent. Those who see through illusions will see them as a breed of pumas and jaguars. Oaxici means "jaguar man" in the language spoken around Martinez's base.

Personality: Filled with fighting spirit. Are driven by a longing to die in battle, be destroyed, and to take with them as many as possible. Totally lacking all instinct of self-preservation.

Game mastering hints: Keep your face immobile. In a battle situation; distort your face and attack without consideration.

AGL 20+2d10 (31)	EGO 1d10 (6)
STR 10+2d10 (21)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON 10+2d10 (21)	PER 10+2d10 (21)
COM 2d10 (11)	

Modification of terror throw: +5

Height: 160 cm

Weight: 70 kg

Senses: Sees infrared.

Movement: 16 m/round

Actions: 5

Initiative bonus: +19

Damage bonus: +6

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 135

Powers: Berserk—are seized by rage in combat situation, which prevents them from getting their skill scores reduced, no matter how damaged they become. Never try to protect themselves.

Skills: Climbing 25, Automatic weapons 20, Blow pipe 30, Rifle and crossbow 20, Bow 30, Sneak 30, Daggers 20, Impact weapons 20, Hand-to-hand combat 20, Hide 20, Search 20, Poison and drugs 20, Survival 20.

Attack mode: According to weapon

Equipment: Battle uniform, Steyr AUG (in inhabited areas), body painting (+5 hide and sneak), bow and arrows dipped in curare, machete (in the jungle).

Home: HQ Argente

Number: 2d10 (11)

Samael

The Avenger

Samael is one of the most powerful Death Angels. He's a distorted shadow of Hod, the executioner among the Archons. He ignores the conflict between Astaroth and the other Death Angels and concentrates on augmenting his own influence in the world. Samael feels no loyalty to Astaroth, but obeys him in order not to be damaged himself.

The other Death Angels avoid conflicts with Samael. He never forgets an insult, and avenges it on the offender's family, no matter how distant a relation.

Samael personifies blind retaliation, the vendetta which destroys the avenger as well as his victim. He acts through individual avengers and through organizations steered by a vendetta philosophy, e.g., Cosa Nostra and the Mafia. He has a wide influence among humans, but his incarnates are insignificant compared to those of Golab and Hareb-Serap. Samael has few razides and servants from Inferno, but millions of people serve under him.

As always, humans themselves provide Evil. Samael channels it so that his own power grows. He's not in conflict with any of the other Death Angels and the Archons ignore him. Geburah is the only one actively fighting him. There are intense fights between the lictors and Samael's division of the Mafia. Samael's citadel is a penal institution, where all imagined or real crimes are punished over and over again. With the exception of Golab, he is the Death Angel who has the most human prisoners in his citadel. Humans coming there, not being able to resist the influence of the Death Angel, are seized by a violent desire for revenge. They remind themselves of previous injuries, which will have to be paid for in blood and pain.

Samael's Envoy

Samael's incarnate calls himself Michael Cimarro and is an influential Los Angeles lawyer. He is also *capo di tutti capi*, the boss of bosses in the West Coast Mafia. His influence in the underworld is extensive. The world's mightiest criminal organization is

under his command, and its members live in fear of displeasing him.

He took control over the Mafia in 1959 and has ruled it on his own ever since. All competitors are quickly wiped out. Cimarro rules by terror. All that defy him will be punished by being taken to Cimarro's estate, where they are made to watch the murders of their entire family before they are allowed to die themselves. Cimarro lives for revenge. He has no outspoken plans, something which worries the lictors and Malkuth. More than four million humans serve directly under him or under the Mafia in various forms. He has few razides in his service, but that is compensated by his 777 avenging angels.

He controls the underworld in the United States, southern Italy and parts of Russia. His power in Italy has led to violent clashes with the lictors of Geburah, who see Samael as a despicable competitor on the area of justice. The Cimarros have huge properties outside Los Angeles, Chicago, and Naples. His family lives in Los Angeles.

Don Michael Cimarro

Samael's incarnate carries the nature of the Death Angel within. He wants to see everybody as his loyal subject and be feared by everyone. He would like the other Death Angels to become his loyal family, everyone obeying his will, but he has realized this is not going to happen. He would like to destroy the others to annihilate the shame of his imagined failure, but this is not possible. Instead he accumulates as much power over humans as possible. Don Michael is a short, balding, bearded man with dark hair and glasses. He's always surrounded by sturdy bodyguards.

Anyone who sees through the illusions will see him as a dark creature dripping with blood with a distorted face and tattered skin.

Personality: Don Michael is very anxious to preserve his honor. He regards all treacheries, all suspicions of infidelity or betrayal, as terrible threats to his honor. All his subordinates must be totally loyal else he feels offended—and will have to kill them and their entire families.



Game mastering hints: Speak with an Italian accent. Lean back and speak with a calm voice as long as everyone seems respectful. If anyone shows the slightest tendency of defiance you will become violently threatening.

AGL 50	EGO 50
STR 50	CHA 50
CON 40	PER 30
COM 14	EDU 30

Modification of terror throw: +5 (seen through illusions)

Height: 170 cm

Weight: 85 kg

Senses: Sees through illusions. Sees perfectly in darkness.

Communication: speech or telepathy

Movement: 25 m/round

Actions: 7

Initiative bonus: +38

Damage bonus: +11

Damage capacity: 9 scratches = 1 light wound

8 light wound = 1 serious wound

6 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 3 deadly wounds

Endurance: 230

Natural armor: —

Powers: Commanding voice, Controls everyone with negative balance between -50 and -100. Ego throw to avoid control, See magic and auras, Speak all human languages, Telepathy, Telekinesis 100 kg 10 m/sec.

Skills: Projectile weapons: all 50, Sneak 50, Melee and throwing weapons: all 50, Hand-to-hand combat 50, Languages—all human ones, Man of the world 30, Diplomacy 30, Etiquette 50, Net of Contacts: Mafia 40, Rhetoric 30.

Attack mode: according to weapon

Home: Los Angeles

Avenging Angel

The Avenging Angels are the envoys of Cimarro, executioners whom he sends out to punish enemies and servants who are considered to have betrayed him. They torture, mutilate, or kill their victims according to Cimarro's instructions—all quite professionally, without

showing any feeling. The avenging angels look like black angels with torn wings and mangled bodies. They are seraphim from the paradise of the Demiurge who have been captured by Samael and have been distorted by him. They are about as tall as humans, with tangled hair or bald heads covered with scars. They have black eyes and black skin. Their hands have long, sharp claws. The skin is chapped, the cracks filled with dried blood. They are dressed in dirty and bloody rags that were once white. On their backs are huge, tattered wings; on some of them these wings are entirely broken.

Personality: The avenging angels are bound to Samael, but feel anguish over what they are forced to do.

Game mastering hints: Tell the victims that you're sorry, but you have been sent to kill or mutilate them. Explain that you don't want to do what you are going to do, that you are forced to do so.

AGL 10+2d10 (16)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 20+1d10 (26)	CHA 2d10 (11)
CON 10+2d10 (16)	PER 2d10 (11)
COM 1d10 (6)	

Modification of terror throw: -5

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 80 kg

Senses: Human.

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +5

Damage capacity: 5 scratches = 1 light wound

4 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 110

Powers: Automatic weapon 16, Rifle and crossbow 16, Hand-gun 16, Sneak 16, Dodge 16, Daggers 16, Throwing weapon 16, Hide 16, Search 16, Languages—3 human ones, Interrogation 15, Night combat 16

Attack mode: 2 claws 16 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-24, fw 25+), or according to weapon.

Equipment: Projectile weapons and daggers.

Number: 5+1d5 (8)

Gamaliel

The Perverted Sexuality

Gamaliel is one of the less forceful Death Angels. He's the perverted image of Ysod: Sexuality as a destroyer instead of a creator. He ignores the conflict between Astaroth and the Death Angels and does not care much about the conflict between Archons and Death Angels.

Gamaliel has broken off all contact with his former lord. Astaroth has decided to let him be until he has defeated the rebellious ones. Gamaliel personifies all distorted and sadist sexuality within humans. He has not a very large influence, and his razides are few. His human servants are rapists and shrewd businessmen in the sex industry.

Sometimes he cooperates sporadically with Chagidiel. Geburah opposes Gamaliel, as his servants often break the law. His citadel is a torture chamber, inhabited by nepharites and razides specialized in sexual violence. Sex criminals are drawn to his Inferno after death. Humans come there and, lacking the ability of resist his influence, are seized by carnal urges and will sexually assault anyone whom they believe to be able to subdue.

Gamaliel's Envoys

Gamaliel has been incarnated in several shapes in our world. He seldom chooses entirely human shapes. One of the most human is the Hiker (see the **Kult** rulesbook). Another is Le Marquis, traveling the world as a missionary of sexual violence.

Le Marquis

Le Marquis is a short, pale man with white hair. He looks plain and dresses discreetly. Anyone who sees through illusions will see parts of his shape: a large dark-complexioned man with a face which reveals such cruelty that everyone who sees it is automatically shocked—without any terror throw.

He distorts any individual's sexuality. When Le Marquis arrives at a new place, he will begin influencing people with a negative mental balance. He will invite them to play sexual

games which gradually become more violent, only to end in insanity and death. Humans in his vicinity will become aggressive and obsessed with sex. After he has spent a few weeks in a place, the number of rapes will rise drastically. When the situation becomes so bad as to alarm the authorities, Le Marquis will move on. He cannot influence humans with a positive balance; instead he will see to it that they are subjected to some sort of outrage, in hope of them losing their grip on their existence. After a few weeks all that have a positive balance will have fled or drawn into darkness. He prefers small communities where everyone knows each other; the anguish will be stronger there. In recent years he has traveled through all of England and France.

Le Marquis spreads destructive sexuality. Anyone within 5 kilometers who has a negative balance will have to make an ego throw not to be influenced. The score will augment one step for every day that they remain near him. If the throw fails they are overwhelmed by sadistic impulses gradually making them lose control entirely.

Personality: Le Marquis gets his satisfaction from the pain, terror, and shame of others. He will not be pleased until everyone around him is obsessed with destructive sexuality.

Game mastering hints: Touch the players enough to seem pushy. Undress them with your eyes.

AGL 50	EGO 50
STR 40	CHA 50
CON 40	PER 30
COM 15	EDU 40

Modification of terror throw: +5 (seen through illusions)

Height: 170 cm

Weight: 70 kg

Senses: Sees through illusions. Sees perfectly through darkness. Will know the mental balance of any human.

Communication: speech or telepathy

Movement: 25 m/round

Actions: 7

Initiative bonus: +38

Damage bonus: +10





Damage capacity: 9 scratches = 1 light wound

8 light wound = 1 serious wound

6 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

dies after 3 deadly wounds

Endurance: 230

Natural armor: —

Powers: Commanding voice, Controls everyone with negative balance between -50 and -100. Ego throw to avoid control, See magic and auras, Speak all human languages, Telepathy, Telekinesis 100 kg 10 m/sec.

Skills: Projectile weapons: all 20, Sneak 20, Melee and throwing weapons: all 20, Hand-to-hand combat 20, Languages—all human ones, Seduction 20, Diplomacy 30, Etiquette 30, Net of Contacts: porn industry 30, Net of Contacts: jackals 30.

Attack mode: according to weapon

Magic: The lore of Passions as one who has awakened, without the need for any rituals or endurance lost.

Home: No fixed abode.

"Laura... had... *secrets.*"

—Dr Jacobi
Twin Peaks

Nahemoth

The Defiled World

Nahemoth is the least powerful of the Death Angels; this is to a large part his own choice. He has chosen to be devoured by the principle which he personifies, and he has retreated to his own purgatories in Inferno. He has partly ceased to exist and thereby liberated humans from Inferno.

Astaroth and the other Death Angels ignore him. No Archons except for Malkuth care about him. She actively tries to kill him; she will probably succeed. If she does, his citadel and purgatory will be annihilated.

Nahemoth personifies the apathy and indifference which paralyze and blind us. He hardly performs any actions in our world any more. He has no razides or human servants. Very few people know him. When he was active he transformed fear of the future, and of change, into apathy and loss of hope. When the illusions started falling apart he lost his grip on humanity. Malkuth has always actively fought Nahemoth, but it was not until the Demiurge disappeared that she could really concentrate on his destruction.

Nahemoth's citadel is largely deserted—endless corridors and halls are filled with dust and lost memories. A few apathetic servants are seat-



ed here and there staring into the air, not having enough spirit even to budge. Humans entering this citadel without being able to resist the influence of the Death Angel are seized by a paralyzing apathy, and will slip down to the floor and stay there until something carries them away.



The Archons

Ms Nakamura is expecting you on the seventy-second floor." I stepped into the elevator along with ten or so other people. Without a sound it started moving upwards. After the 61st floor I was alone with the elevator boy. The last part felt like eternity. Finally the door was opened.

"Seventieth floor. You will have to change elevators here, sir."

The corridor was empty. The car went down behind me. I stepped over to the other elevator. Corridors stretched unnaturally far in all directions, too long to fit inside the narrow building. This second elevator was of a model from the beginning of the century, with

iron gates instead of a solid door. There was only one button, so I pushed it.

The elevator passed by several floors, all deserted. As the car rose, I began to notice that the hall beyond was laced with fine cobwebs. The further I got, the more cobwebs covered the floors. First I thought it was an illusion, but the webs became more and more solid as the elevator moved upwards. In the end the web found its way into the cab, and covered the walls. When the elevator finally

stopped, I was forced to disentangle myself from the sticky threads to get out.

"This way, sir."

A janitor opened the elevator gate and showed me the way through winding passages covered by cobwebs and dust. At the end of a corridor he opened a door and I looked into a modern air-conditioned office. Nakamura was seated behind her desk. There were no webs here, but behind and through this petite Japanese woman I could see the dark shadow of the spider.

The Archons are not individuals in the human sense. They represent principles and materialize ideas which form the illusion. No one knows if they have an ego or not.

Their entire nature is built into the citadels in Metropolis. What they think, feel, or plan—if they do so—is beyond our comprehension. We depict them as individuals, because humans know them in this form. In reality they have no sex, no age or real personality. We interpret them from our references and give them human shape.

When they are incarnated in our world, only a small part of their entire nature is created. So incarnated, they become personified; such is the nature of the laws of the illusion.

The great lie is upheld by the Archons, which rule the lictors as well as millions of lesser servants of human or inhuman descent. The human servants seldom know whom they are working for. Only a few thousands of them suspect the truth. Many believe that they serve God in person. A handful of humans know the truth, willingly serving the Archons in exchange for power and wealth.



The organization of the Archons is very loosely tied together. Originally, the ten Archons each ruled one part of the world: North America, Latin and South America, Europe, Northern Asia, China, South-east Asia, the Middle East, Africa, India, and Australia/the

Pacific. When four of the Archons disappeared, the remaining six wrestled for control over the deserted areas: the Middle East, Africa, Latin America, and India. Fighting still takes place between them.

Under every Archon there are 50,000 – 75,000 lictors and about 150,000 lesser servants. On the bottom rung of the ladder are the human servants, close to a million of them. There are lictors in every town, region, and country. They are in our midst, but we never know of their existence. They work within political, religious, and military structures, as a secret power behind those in authority. They govern almost all human enterprise, without us knowing it.

The lictors assume human shapes and take positions as politicians, high-ranking soldiers, successful businessmen, lawyers, and high police officials. The Catholic church, the

Freemasons, and some of the higher levels within the Mafia and Japanese Yakuza are dominated by lictors. They stop all tendencies towards thinking and development that threatens the illusion or the power of the lictors. The lictors have their own organization to coordinate the work.

Under every group of lictors are human servants. They too are businessmen, lawyers, soldiers, or politicians. The lictors choose their servants among stable people with conservative ideas, who often are wealthy and influential. They are more numerous than the lictors, and they make dangerous enemies. Some humans know about the true nature of lictors, and can call upon them if they need them. They know about the existence of Archons, even if they have only heard the lies of the lictors of reality as a paradise, or a parallel world. They do not know that our reality is an illusion.

There are almost no human magicians serving the lictors. The lictors are opposed to humans learning such powerful methods. It happens that lictors trace magicians and render them harmless, for there is always a risk that they will suspect the great lie. This doesn't mean that the Archons lack magicians among their servants. Most lictors master one or more schools of magic.

Each of the Archons has his own organization, with his own methods of working. Geburah lets his lictors and servants infiltrate the judicial system and controls it in this way. His lictors and human servants are judges, lawyers, and prosecutors. The organizations of the Archons also work outside their own geographical area, although their control is only total within that region.

Commanding the servants of each Archon is an envoy, a powerful lictor who is appointed to rule lictors and human servants. The envoy stays in the geographical area being controlled by the Archon and reflects the Archon's own "personality." Envoys are as close to an incarnate as an Archon can come in our reality.

The organizations of the Archons have enormous power and immense resources. Their collected assets are much larger than those of Europe or America in any area, be it military, economic, or political. The majority of the world's resources are in their hands. They can call in police or the military against people they oppose, forge evidence or threaten opponents and control media and the flow of information.

All without anyone suspecting that he is being governed by them.

The struggle for power among the Archons has caused open fights between lictors and human servants. Some Archons want to uphold the order through choosing a new Demiurge amongst themselves, but don't agree who is the most suitable candidate.

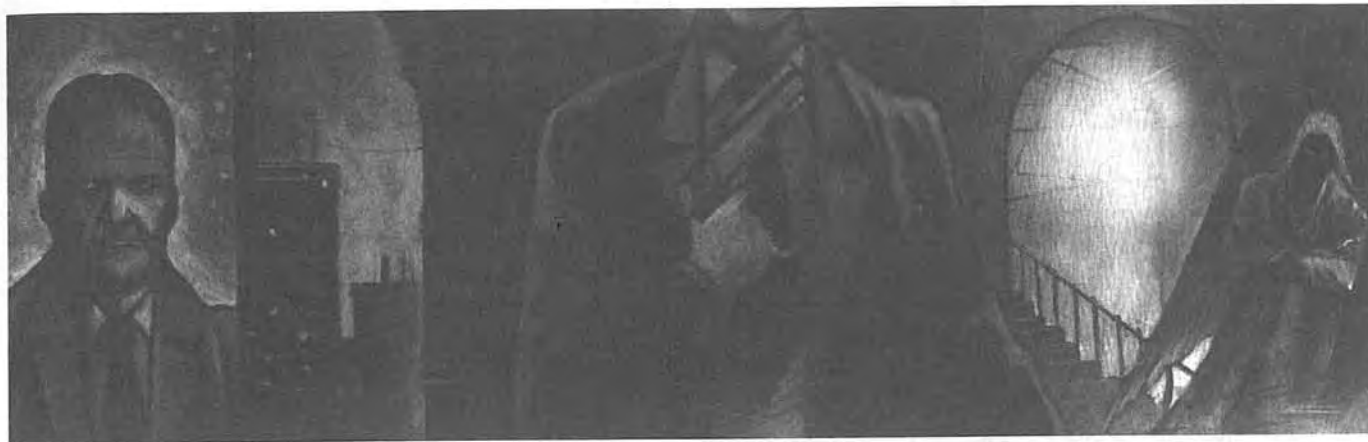
Kether waits for the Demiurge to return. Malkuth, the rebel, has openly declared war on the Demiurge and the five other Archons. She has broken the bonds to the others, siding with the humans. She still has her own lictors, in spite of the conflict with the forces of the other Archons. Malkuth's area is Europe and her servants are trying to liberate humans from their imprisonment.

If the Archons or lictors feel threatened or suspect that a human has attained knowledge of the illusion and of true reality, they will act immediately. First they bring pressure to bear on the person in question, and come with threats in a roundabout way. The lictors can block books or article from being published. They can also confront the person directly and warn him to forget what he has seen or experienced. If this is not enough, the threats will become more concrete: homes are burned, human servants rough up the offender, (the lictors will show themselves in their true shape), false documents are produced in order to have the person placed in a mental hospital. A stubborn human may be accused of a crime. False evidence is presented and credible witnesses will appear. If none of this is effective, the lictors will liquidate the person—with magic if necessary. This is a measure which is only resorted to if all else fails.

This does not mean that it is impossible to explore reality beyond the illusions. Those who are bright enough not to reveal who they are and what they know may escape the surveillance of the lictors. It is those who try to make the lies public for their fellow humans who get into trouble.

Humans with enhanced awareness, magic intuition or schizophrenia can catch a glimpse of true reality. They can see lictors, razides, and other creatures among us. They can see the grotesque shapes of lictors or razides among the ordinary people on a photo. Those who lack this ability can only see human faces.

This kind of human is easily shocked when visiting a police station, a church, a military base, or a board meeting of a large company. If



they are unable to cope with it, they become schizophrenic. Even those who catch a glimpse of the truth are normally blinded.

The great lie has few enemies, but some of the Death Angels forge plans which will disturb the illusion. Malkuth and some of the awakened fight actively against the Illusion, but so far they have had little success. Outside this battle are several strange forces, forgotten deities and

other creatures who are spectators to the events without taking any part in them. Their plans are unknown.

We depict the ten Archons, their envoys, human servants and other slaves, together with the power structure which they have built up in our world.

Kether

The Ruler

Kether is the original Archon. He was created by the Demiurge, who had the captivity of humankind in his mind when he did this. His power is of the same order as the power of the Demiurge. Some claim that Kether—together with Chokmah and Binah—are really parts of the Demiurge, created from his own flesh and thought. Together, they form three parts of the vanished deity.

Kether is totally loyal to the Demiurge. He awaits the return of his master, and refuses to listen to the demands of the other Archons that he replace the Demiurge. The result of this is a schism among the Archons, as well as a violent fight for power. Kether would break any Archon who tried to replace the Demiurge.

His citadel in Metropolis is the highest and mightiest. It seems like a tall pillar, stretching into the dark sky. The vast halls and corridors are filled with servants, an army of loyal serfs. Only a very limited part of the citadel has begun to decay, although the bottom floors are generally emptied and falling apart.

The citadel is covered with corroded copper. The walls are decorated with an endless number of shapeless sculptures of mighty leaders of a reality far away from ours, or from Metropolis. Kether dominates the citadel totally, and his servants can be seen as parts of him. Kether personifies the divine ruler, he who reigns in the name of the gods. He is the ruling principle, and he gave birth to the other Archons from his mere existence. His presence breeds loyalty in all his servants. Through approaching his citadel, or his envoy in the illusion, humans are made to see him as the righteous ruler of their lives. Kether rules through kings and noblemen and their families. His influence is large in countries governed by traditions, and where the royal families have real power. Kether's lictors have infiltrated princely and royal families for thousands of years. Kether's influence was enormous before the industrial revolution, but during the last two hundred years it has gradually diminished. This development has confused him and has harmed his power. He

hates Malkuth intensely, since he regards her as the origin of these changes. He gets along quite well with the rest of the Archons. He's had some conflicts with Binah and Netzach, whom he believes to have augmented their power at his expense, but there has been no open fighting. Geburah and Kether get along well, and their lictors often cooperate.

Kether has his base in China, although his influence is great within all the noble families of our world. The development of the last 30 years in China worries him, but his lictors are still in control. Probably he will force the communists to withdraw from power, in order to reinstate the imperial family on the throne, but at present Kether no longer takes responsibility for the Chinese power structure. This has led to the gradual infiltration of Binah in China. The revolution of 1949 was a result of this; the ruling bureaucrats are still the servants of Kether, though. Kether aims at recreating feudalism all over the world in a modernized version; but still with the basic belief in a divine ruler. This would be a society without the rebel ideas of Malkuth, led by authoritarian rulers without respect for the life and property of their serfs.

Kether's Envoys

Kether has several envoys in our world. The most important ones are prince Rainier Xavier von Habsburg in Europe and prince Huang Li-Pao, who is the successor to the imperial throne of China. Prince Rainier has lost much of the support of the Archon lately. Kether is preparing the downfall of the communist party in China, which makes Li-Pao much more useful to him than prince Rainier. Rainier keeps his control of the nobles of central Europe, hoping for the right occasion to reinstate the Holy Roman Empire.

Li-Pao is an ex-colonel of the Kuomintang, living in exile in Taiwan. He still surrounds himself with a large staff and military forces. Li-Pao is a mighty man in Taiwan, even the government listens to him. He lives in a palace, surrounded by a large estate, where he has installed



his own private empire and is being treated like a living god by his subordinates.

Li-Pao plans to reinstate the empire in China. He tries to make Taiwan attack China, but has hitherto failed. The government of Taiwan wants to avoid another bloody war. Li-Pao has the support of the older officers, though. To his followers and to some journalists he represents an idealized picture of the Empire.

His real ideology is indeed evil. He wants to make the peasants return to serfdom; the intellectuals are to be killed or made to work for the Empire. Ancient principles of loyalty unto death and the divine right of the ruler are to return.

Huang Li-Pao has more than 20,000 soldiers in his private army. On his estate are 5,000 obedient servants and peasants. All are totally loyal and prepared to risk their lives for their master. Li-Pao also has contacts in the military and in the conservative wing of the government. Part of the Taiwan intelligence is under his sway.

During the period 1960-1990 he was given large sums of money by the CIA to start a rebellion in China, and he still has many powerful friends in the CIA. Li-Pao maintains strict personal control over his entire organization; within his little realm he must make all important decisions. The inevitable inefficiency because of the organization's inability to react quickly has led to problems, but Li-Pao will not change.

Directly under Li-Pao are three warlords, who are nominally in charge of his military forces. He has also a group of advisers, who—with the help of modern technology—give Li-Pao access to a vast store of information. (Li-Pao shares Kether's dislike of modern technology, but he realizes its necessity until the rebirth of the Empire.) There is a complicated military hierarchy under the warlords, and within the court of Li-Pao the ceremonies of the late imperial period are kept alive.

The followers of Li-Pao—few women serve him—are most often soldiers or nobles with roots in the imperial period, but who have maintained power and influence in modern Taiwan. They are reactionary by nature, and long for the return of the Empire (which few of them have actually experienced). There are several lictors among them.

Li-Pao is one of the wealthiest men in Taiwan, and he has the power of Kether behind him. His military forces are equipped with modern weapons, even though some of the soldiers despise them.

Huang Li-Pao has only a few loyal servants left in China; Binah prevents him from rebuilding his power structure there. His influence is therefore very weak on the mainland.

The Garden of the White Dragon

Huang Li-Pao's estate is situated on the slopes east of the city Tainem in south Taiwan. The area is called The Garden of the White Dragon and is named after a waterfall which is said to look like a white dragon at rest, seen from the air. The estate covers 500 square kilometers of fields and bamboo and three villages—whose inhabitants are totally loyal to Li-Pao. The palace grounds are surrounded by a three meter high wall, protected by modern security systems and heavily armed guards.

A 200-room main palace and ten other buildings are situated in the compound. All buildings are in the classical Chinese style, with mansard roofs decorated with dragon heads. About a thousand humans and lictors live within these walls.

The inner palace with 30 rooms is surrounded by an inner yard; only the most high-ranking court officials are allowed to enter into this building. Here, in his own estate, Li-Pao is the living god. He controls life and death and is surrounded by extensive rituals. He seldom leaves the inner palace building, where he spends most of his time on a golden dragon throne before his courtiers and servants. Li-Pao's throne hall is an open gate to Kether's citadel in Metropolis. All who enter the room are seized by the same respect for the ruler, as if they had entered the citadel of the Archon. An ego throw is demanded to overcome this feeling.

Huang Li-Pao

Huang Li-Pao's human shape is a short Chinese man in his fifties, his hair grayish and his eyes black. He presents himself to his followers dressed in the uniform of the Kuomintang or in the imperial clothes of past times. When he meets his business contacts or politicians from the West, he dresses in dark, expensive suits.

He speaks with a mild, persuasive voice, and his ability to convince people is considerable. His true shape is a rather short—2 meters tall—lictor. As a lictor his voice is deep, with a slight hiss, and his body language is aggressive.

Personality: Li-Pao is obsessed by the thought of his imperial status. He regards himself as an emperor, not only to the Chinese, but to all humans and lictors, to all living creatures even. He sees Kether as a divine principle which he incarnates. He sees himself as divine.

Game mastering hints: Speak of yourself in the plural. Never speak directly to a person, order a servant to deliver your message. Sit without moving, speak with a voice full of contempt. As a lictor: be less stiff, distort your body, but continue to speak through a servant, and hold on to the contempt and degradation in your voice.

AGL 36	EGO 35
STR 45	CHA 30
CON 45	PER 30
COM 15 (3)	EDU 50

Modification of terror throw: ± 0 (as a lictor)

Height: 170 cm (220 cm)

Weight: 450 kg

Senses: Sees infrared and ultraviolet

Communication: speech or telepathy

Movement: 18 m/round

Actions: 5

Initiative bonus: +24

Damage bonus: +10

Damage capacity: 10 scratches = 1 light wound

9 light wound = 1 serious wound

7 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 3 deadly wounds

Endurance: 255

Natural armor: 2 p?

Powers: Commanding voice, Speak all human languages, Telepathy, Telekinesis 100 kg 10 meters/sec.

Skills: Automatic weapons 50, Rifle and crossbow 30, Hand-gun 30, Heavy weapons 30, Sneak 30, Dodge 30, Pole arms 30, Sword 30, Information retrieval 70, Occultism 50, Languages—all human ones, Man of the World 70, Diplomacy 70, Etiquette 70, Interrogation 50, Net of Contacts: exiled Chinese 30, Net of Contacts: lictors 30, Riding 20, Rhetoric 50, Driving 20, Humanities 20, Medicine 20, Social sciences 30.

Attack mode: Bite 20 (scr 1-6, lw 7-13, sw 14-24, fw 25+), 2 claws 25 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-28, fw 29+), Strike 20, Kick 15, Throw 15, else according to weapon

Equipment: Carries a Glock 17 in shoulder holster. Always has two body guards with him.

Magic: School of madness 50 (all spells to skill score 30), School of passions 40 (all spells to skill score 20)

Home: Taiwan

General Hu

General Hu is the closest assistant of Li-Pao. He is neither a human nor a lictor, but belongs to an ancient race of warriors who live beyond our illusion. His true home is not known even to Li-Pao. Normally, his kind sell their services neither to lictors nor Death angels. No one knows why Hu has left his usual hunting grounds to take service to a lictor.

Humans see Hu as a tall Chinese man in his forties. His hair is cut very short and he is always dressed in a military uniform. If you can see him through the illusions, he is a humanoid with dark uneven skin, with a pattern which serves as camouflage, changing with the background. This camouflage works even when humans don't see his true shape. His head is small with protruding eyes and nostrils that can be closed. The mouth opens both horizontally and vertically and is filled with sharp bone ridges instead of teeth. He has no visible ears and no body hair.

Personality: He is a warrior. He likes to fight. He only appreciates fights with even odds and leaves murder and unskillful slaying to his subordinates. Creatures lacking the instincts and ability to fight do not exist in his consciousness. He pays no more attention to them than to animals or plants. He knows at first sight if a human is a true warrior. Those who lack this ability are treated as if they don't exist.

Game mastering hints: Be economic in your movements. Avoid shaking hands, smiling and all other 'unnecessary' movements. Only speak to characters who are skilled fighters. Let your speech be impersonal and formal.

AGL 30	EGO 20
STR 35	CHA 8
CON 35	PER 28
COM 10 (3)	EDU 7

Modification of terror throw: ± 0 (in his true shape)

Height: 200 cm

Weight: 150 kg

Senses: Sees perfectly through darkness

Communication: speech

Movement: 15 m/round

Actions: 5

Initiative bonus: +18

Damage bonus: +8

Damage capacity: 8 scratches = 1 light wound

7 light wound = 1 serious wound

5 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 2 fatal wounds

Endurance: 205

Natural armor: 4

Powers: Immune to fire and electricity.

Skills: Climb 30, All projectile weapons 50, Sneak 50, Dodge 30, Throw 35, All melee and throwing weapons 50, Hand-to-hand combat 50, Swim 30, Hide 60, Search 30, Acrobatics 30, Falling technique 30, First-aid 30, All weapon maneuvers 30, Poisons and drugs 20, Motor mechanics 20, Languages: English 15, French 10, Japanese 12, Chinese 18, Demolition 20, Security systems 20, Survival 30, Interrogation 15, Net of contacts: Asian militaries 15, Riding 15, Driving 20, Pilot 20.

Attack mode: Bite 20 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-22, fw 23+), 2 claws 22 (scr 1-8, lw 9-15, sw 16-24, fw 25+), or according to weapon

Equipment: Ingram m 10 in the belt, dagger, radio.

Home: Taiwan

O Luong

O luong are creatures under the command of general Hu. They are used for the defense of The Garden of the White Dragon against intruders, and to frighten and intimidate the population of the neighborhood.

O luong look like large, white snakes with biomechanical (a fusion of mechanical parts with flesh and bone) wings and heads. Their teeth are of steel. They can fly and crawl on the ground. Residing coiled in caverns under the stream which flows through The Garden of the White Dragon, they arise at night to prowl the estate, seeing to it that no intruders succeed in getting in.

Personality: O luong are demons that have been fetched from Inferno and bound in service to general Hu. They hate their captivity and would take any chance to flee. They enjoy death and destruction, but are never allowed to roam as they please.

AGL 20+2d10 (31)	EGO 1d10 (5)
STR 30+2d10 (41)	PER 20+2d10 (31)
CON 20+2d10 (31)	

Modification of terror throw: -5

Length: 40 m

Height: 1 m

Weight: 8-10 tons

Senses: See infrared.

Communication: understands simple commands

Movement: 16 m/round

Actions: 5

Initiative bonus: +19

Damage bonus: +9

Damage capacity: 8 scratches = 1 light wound

7 light wound = 1 serious wound

5 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

dies after 2 deadly wounds

Endurance: 185

Natural armor: 3

Attack mode: Bite 18 (scr 1-6, lw 7-13, sw 14-19, fw 20+).

Home: Inferno

Number: 10 O luong are in the Garden of the White Dragon.

"The universe is a projection of ourselves: an image as unreal as that of our faces in the mirror, yet, like that face, the necessary form of expression thereof, not to be altered save as we alter ourselves"

—Aleister Crowley

Binah

The Black Madonna

Binah is the third of the original Archons. Originally she was as mighty as Kether, but the fall of the Soviet Union has weakened her. Binah earlier hoped to be the new Demiurge, but the fall of communism has stripped her of all support.

She has infiltrated China, Latin America, and Africa with success. She has totally failed to gain control over North America and Western Europe. Binah does not believe in the return of the Demiurge, but is prepared to support all attempts to pick a new ruler among the Archons. She fears that without a leader the possibility of withholding the traditional dependence upon kinship will else disappear.

Binah's citadel is almost as large as Kether's, but is more irregularly shaped and lower. It is built of dark stones and petrified wood. Dark vaults are erected over a maze of halls and chambers, bound together by stairs and dwindling pathways. The halls are decorated by paintings, stuccos and statues of old families from places far away from our world.

Humans entering the citadel are soon drawn into the intrigues and given a place in the complicated patterns of different families and groups. It is impossible in the citadel of Binah, to accomplish anything without blood links, without being adopted, getting married or in some way joined with the collective.

The lower parts of the citadel have sunk into eternal darkness. Under Binah's citadel are the most central parts of the maze, which extends under the city.

The servants of Binah are bound to each other and to the Archon with complicated bonds of kinship, which give them their duties and privileges according to ancient regulations. The citadel is tainted by old intrigues and feuds between different lines within families. Rituals and ceremonies are a part of everything that happens.

Binah represents the power of the family, the kin, and the group over the individual. The needs of the group are more important than the needs of the individual.

She earlier worked through noble families and often came into conflict

with Kether. Until recently she used communism as her foremost tool, but as it is failing she plans to let religion replace it. This has created a certain amount of apprehension among her lictors, who have devoted 70 years to building up a communist power structure. She will probably take over Chokmah's role in the illusion.

Binah has a certain dislike for Netzach, although it has faded in recent years. She gets along well with Geburah, but dislikes Malkuth and Tiphareth.

While her primary base is in Russia, her influence is large in all places where the right of the collective is larger than that of the individual. Her lictors are communist leaders, they are in the KGB (yes, it still exists—as a shadowy underground organization) and the Chinese secret police. Her lictors in other countries are often union leaders, politicians and religious leaders.

Binah's Envoys

Binah's envoy is Maria Feodorova, the mother of twelve of the mightiest men in Russia and the leader of a family which controls large parts of the growing Russian Mafia. Feodorova has not always been a lictor. Her mother paid her debt to the Archon by giving to her the life of her unborn child.

The Archon incarnated parts of herself in this child and has run her entire life. Binah saw to it that Feodorova married a powerful member of the Nomenclatura, a KGB officer, and had twelve sons, all successful party members and later Mafia leaders. When her children were born she gradually transformed into a lictor, a metamorphosis that was completed ten years ago. She still carries part of the spirit of the Archon within herself, and is partly lictor, partly incarnate.

Feodorova plans for a religious revival in Russia, with Binah as the deity worshipped. All remnants of the old system are to be swept away, all resistance to be broken. Fidelity to the family, kin and church will replace the communist system. A firm religious dictatorship, placing all emphasis on the rights of the group will be installed.

Feodorova's sons are servants of Binah. They are no longer fully





human, and they control a large part of the Russian underworld. Thousands of Binah's worshippers are their servants. The organization has large resources, partly from its own doings and partly from its close cooperation with the KGB. If there is a need for it, advance equipment and small forces of commando soldiers can be had from the KGB.

The Cathedral

Feodorova has started building a huge cathedral about 20 kilometers northwest of St. Petersburg. Hordes of people are already coming to visit it. The cathedral is built in the Russian Orthodox style, with a few modern details; most of the construction material is black basalt. When the building is completed, Binah plans to be incarnated in the cathedral to expedite her complete control over Russia. The area around the cathedral is owned by the family of Feodorova, who had it awarded to them through their contacts with the KGB. There are several small towns and villages on the land, and the family also has a large estate a few kilometers away. All the people here worship Binah, and a kind of church feudalism mixed with remnants of communist ideology has been introduced.

The natural focal point of the area is the dacha of the Feodorovs in the vicinity of the cathedral. Originally it consisted of a small main building and one other structure; five other houses have since been added. About twenty members of the family and as many servants are always on the estate. Feodorova dwells here permanently.

Maria Feodorova

Maria Feodorova is still human in nature, even if her appearance has changed into that of a licitor, and carries Binah within herself. At first

sight she is a large, fattish woman of indeterminate age.

Her control over her large family (sons and daughters, daughters-in-law, sons-in-law, grandchildren and great grandchildren) is total. She has twelve sons, five daughters and eighty-five grandchildren. Feodorova seldom leaves the dacha. She always keeps parts of her family around her, carefully surveying all their actions.

Personality: Feodorova is her family. All her actions are for the best of her family. She is not primarily Binah's servant: she always acts to augment the power of her own offspring. She regards the Binah cult as a means of giving her sons more power. She is conscious of serving Binah as a licitor, but regards this as irrelevant compared to her own family.

Game mastering hints: Refer constantly to bonds of kinship and friendship. Never speak of a person without mentioning two or three of his friends and relations. Speak with a calm alto voice.

AGL 30	EGO 40
STR 45	CHA 25
CON 45	PER 30
COM 13 (4)	EDU 25

Modification of terror throw: ± 0 (as a licitor)

Height: 165 cm (220 cm)

Weight: 400 kg

Senses: Sees infrared and ultraviolet

Communication: speech and telepathy

Movement: 15 m/round

Actions: 5

Initiative bonus: +18

Damage bonus: +9

Damage capacity: 10 scratches = 1 light wound

9 light wound = 1 serious wound

7 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 3 deadly wounds

Endurance: 255

Natural armor: 2

Powers: Commanding voice, Speak all human languages, Telepathy, Telekinesis 100 kg 10 meters/sec., immune to fire.

Skills: First-aid 30, Sewing 50, Administration 70, Accounting and bookkeeping 50, Poisons and drugs 30, Information retrieval 50, Cooking 30, Languages: all human, Diplomacy 50, Etiquette 30, Net of contacts: Russian military 30, Net of contacts: Russian orthodox church 30, Net of contacts: nomenclature 30, Net of contacts: family 50, Riding 20, Rhetoric 30

Attack mode: Bite 20 (scr 1-6, lw 7-13, sw 14-24, fw 25+), 2 claws 25 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-28, fw 29+), or according to weapon

Magic: School of passions 50 (All spells to skill score 30)

Home: dacha outside St. Petersburg

The Twelve Sons

Feodorova's twelve sons are not fully human. They have turned into the servants of Binah, and are strictly loyal to their mother and to the Archon. They make no distinction between their mother and the Archon. Four of them control the Russian, White Russian and Ukrainian branches of the old Soviet Mafia. Two have high positions in the Russian Orthodox church. Two of them are in the military and two in the KGB. Four of them are civil servants with high posts within the communist party. All work to transfer the power of the communist party to the Mafia and the church. The youngest is twenty years old and the oldest forty. They all look like ordinary Russians, but anyone who can see through illusions will perceive them as half-human creatures with dark patterns on their skin and red eyes. We here depict one of them.

Valentin Feodorov

Valentin is the oldest son of Maria. He is a general in the Russian air force and has close contacts with the Mafia. His wife and eight children live with his mother on the dacha outside St Petersburg. He's short and dark, has a neat mustache and is always dressed in his uniform.

Personality: Valentin is the most human of Feodorova's sons. He grew up before the mother became totally inhuman. He's filled with loyalty to his family, but is often troubled by the strong bond to the Archon and the physical changes which sooner or later occur in the leading members of the family.

Game mastering hints: Speak in a loud voice, tell a lot of jokes. Hug the players and kiss them on the cheek. Become quiet and thoughtful as soon as any serious subject is discussed.

AGL 22	EGO 17
STR 25	CHA 15
CON 22	PER 18
COM 16	EDU 14

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 90 kg

Senses: Sees perfectly through darkness

Communication: speech

Movement: 11 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +10

Damage bonus: +6

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wound = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 140

Mental balance: 0

Dark secrets: Attached to Binah

Advantages: Enhanced awareness, good reputation, code of honor, influential friends

Disadvantages: Fanaticism, curse (attached to Binah), mental constriction (the

physical changes of his mother and himself)

Skills: Climb 22, Automatic weapons 18, Rifle and crossbow 18, Hand-gun 15, Heavy weapons 15, Sneak 15, Dodge 15, Daggers 18, Sword 15, Hand-to-hand combat 25, Parachuting 20, Falling technique 20, Electronics 15, Motor mechanics 18, Radio communications 15, Languages: English 15, Demolition 12, Survival 15, Net of contacts: Russian military 20, Driving 15, Pilot 18.

Attack mode: according to weapon

Equipment: Makarov in a shoulder holster

Home: St. Petersburg



Geburah

The Judge

Geburah is one of the most powerful of the remaining Archons, and he aims to become the new Demiurge. Netzach and Tiphareth oppose him, mainly because of an intense dislike of his methods. Geburah stands for justice without mercy, discipline without compassion, and laws built on the principle: "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." He has considerable influence globally through his dominance over the judicial systems.

Geburah was strictly loyal to the Demiurge, and he hoped for his return for a long time. Now he has begun to get used to the thought of himself as a worthy successor. If the Demiurge were to return he would probably challenge him for power.

Geburah's citadel is a gloomy place where the possibilities of becoming lost are numerous and the prison cells are many. A labyrinth of corridors, stairs and elevators connect the different parts of the citadel to each other. All is highly organized, and there are controllers and informers seeing to it that the servants do their job. The slightest misdemeanor is punished with torture or death. Geburah's servants must follow thousands of rules. All are constantly terrified of being punished. The lower parts of the citadel consist solely of prison cells and torture chambers.

Humans entering the citadel of Geburah instinctively are terrified of making mistakes, of breaking a rule and being punished. Anyone who stands accused and is found guilty of a crime will feel guilty, and will believe that the punishment—however inhuman—is only fair.

Geburah is the Archon who hates Malkuth most intensely. He also strongly disapproves of Tiphareth, whom he wants to destroy, "before she becomes as blasphemous as Malkuth." The conflict with Netzach is less intense, more like a game which has gone wrong. His foremost base is Australia and the Pacific, but his power is great in the administration of justice of all countries.

Geburah's idea is that the world should return to a more fundamental-

ist form of justice. Every crime should be punished with mutilation or death. Laws have a value in themselves, no matter what they mean to the people who use them. Only through merciless laws can humans be kept prisoners. Geburah's lictors are judges, prosecutors, solicitors, attorneys and barristers. They are famous for their lack of compassion, even among lictors.

Geburah's Envoys

Geburah has several successful envoys; two are mentioned here. They cooperate and together they lead an organization. Cardinal Giorgio Biotti is mentioned in the basic rules. The other envoy is the judge Samuel Herrington. Biotti works in Italy, and has his villa outside Rome as a base. Herrington is based in the United States, in South Carolina.

They attempt to enlarge the influence of the church, confirm a "divine order of justice," and give more power to the judicial system. Biotti and Herrington have divided the work between them. Biotti is responsible for the religious sector. He is now introducing special church police forces, called "deans of justice" in Southern Europe. Herrington's job is to undermine the rights of the accused to have a lawyer and to lessen the standards of evidence.

Together they have a large influence over the justice in Europe, the U.S. and Australia. Thousands of people serve them. They have influence in many police forces. Biotti's "church police" has a very limited sway so far, but it is growing.

The two lictors have criminals kidnapped and taken to secret courts where they are sentenced to mutilation or death. Through kidnapping influential drug dealers, murderers and other notorious criminals they have gained the support of the police. Many policemen are too involved to retreat. A few years back the lictors also started to kidnap unfaithful husbands and wives, thieves and petty criminals of all sorts, and they too are being harshly punished by the courts.





Herrington's Judicial District

Samuel Herrington is based in Springfield, a small town in South Carolina in the United States. The town and surrounding Paris County as a whole are dominated by the principle of merciless justice. There are thousands of laws and regulations which will have to be followed to avoid torture, death, or a long session in jail. Adulterers are stoned and thieves have their hands chopped off. This may seem shocking for the U.S., but many things that cosmopolitan 20th century Americans would find appalling still go on in rural areas of the southeast.

Tourists passing through are also subject to Herrington's jurisdiction. If—or when—they break any of the regulations, they are taken to Herrington and sentenced by him.

Herrington himself lives in a simple room in the town hall. He spends day and night judging and sentencing the criminals brought forward by his ambitious citizens. This building has a link to Geburah's citadel; all who are taken there feel they have sinned, and they will wish to atone for their guilt through a severe punishment. The sentenced people will thank Herrington for condemning them to death or mutilation. An ego throw is demanded not to be completely seized by the need to pay for one's crimes.

The mayor of Springfield, Lionel Freeman, is the helpless puppet of Herrington. The town council is faithful to Herrington, gladly signing all the new laws proposed by him.

The cellar of the town hall has been equipped with prison cells and torture chambers, where the sentenced people are kept, mutilated and

tortured. The cellar has been enlarged, now stretching into large areas under the town.

Lacking local criminals, the townsmen and the sheriffs of Herrington go to towns nearby and there kidnap "criminals" and take them to court. Several "witches" and "sorcerers" have been burned alive in the square of Springfield.

Giorgio Biotti

Cardinal Biotti openly works for a rapprochement between the Church and justice. Secretly he stages trials, sentencing any types of criminals that his servants can lay their hands on. Biotti is a tall, thin man with sparse gray hair, and is always dressed in cardinal's robes and vestments.

Personality: Biotti likes to judge. He sees law as the only high truth. Those who not abide by the law must be punished or destroyed. He dreams of a lawful society, where everything that happens is to his liking.

Game mastering hints: Use biblical quotations in your speech. Admonish the players. Look down on them. Stare fixedly at them.

AGL 30	EGO 35
STR 40	CHA 25
CON 40	PER 30
COM 12 (2)	EDU 45

Modification of terror throw: ± 0 (as a lictor)

Height: 180 cm (250 cm)

Weight: 480 kg

Senses: Sees infrared and ultraviolet

Communication: speech or telepathy

Movement: 15 m/round

Actions: 5

Initiative bonus: +18

Damage bonus: +8

Damage capacity: 9 scratches = 1 light wound
8 light wound = 1 serious wound

6 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

dies after 2 fatal wounds

Endurance: 230

Natural armor: 2

Powers: Commanding voice, Speak all human languages, Telepathy, Telekinesis 100 kg 10 meters/sec., immune to fire.

Skills: Automatic weapons 30, Rifle and crossbow 30, Hand-gun 30, Daggers 30, Impact weapons 30, Sword 50, Whips and chains 50, Axes 50, Information retrieval 30, Written report 30, Languages—all human, Diplomacy 50, Etiquette 50, Interrogation 70, Net of contacts: judicial system 50, Rhetoric 50, Forensics 50, Social sciences 30, Law 80.

Attack mode: Bite 20 (scr 1-6, lw 7-13, sw 14-24, fw 25+), 2 claws 25 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-28, fw 29+), Strike 20, Kick 15, Throw 15, else according to weapon

Magic: School of madness 50 (All spells to skill score 30)

Home: Rome

Samuel Herrington

Samuel Herrington's work is not as obvious as Biotti's. He seldom leaves the town of Springfield in South Carolina. In spite of this he controls Geburah's lictors in the U.S. and Australia. Herrington is a fair skinned, blue-eyed man in his sixties. He inspires confidence for as long as he is in a good mood. When he becomes angry he is distorted and his lictor shape becomes visible.

Personality: Herrington is obsessed by the idea of creating the perfect society, governed by justice, in Springfield, then to extend it into other parts of North America and the rest of the world. He is fanatical in his conviction that humans can be made to obey law blindly.

Game mastering hints: Speak loudly. Admonish the players like you were their upset father. Become furious if anyone protests.

AGL 40	EGO 32
STR 40	CHA 25
CON 40	PER 35
COM 14 (2)	EDU 50

Modification of terror throw: ± 0 (as a lictor)

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 450 kg

Senses: Sees infrared and ultraviolet

Communication: speech or telepathy

Movement: 20 m/round

Actions: 6

Initiative bonus: +28

Damage bonus: +9

Damage capacity: 9 scratches = 1 light wound

8 light wound = 1 serious wound

6 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

dies after 2 fatal wounds

Endurance: 230

Natural armor: 2

Powers: Commanding voice, Speak all human languages, Telepathy, Telekinesis 100 kg 10 meters/sec., immune to fire

Skills: Rifle and crossbow 30, Hand-gun 30, Daggers 30, Sword 50, Axes 50, Information retrieval 70, Written report 30, Languages—all human, Diplomacy 50, Etiquette 50, Interrogation 70, Net of contacts: judicial system 60, Rhetoric 60, Forensics 30, Social sciences 30, Law 80, Political science 50

Attack mode: Bite 20 (scr 1-6, lw 7-13, sw 14-24, fw 25+), 2 claws 25 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-28, fw 29+), Strike 20, Kick 15, Throw 15, else according to weapon

Magic: School of madness 50 (All spells to skill score 30)

Home: Springfield

Executioner

Geburah's envoys do not put their trust in human laymen. They use executioners; creatures who have been brought forward in the citadel after thousands of years of breeding. The executioners are humanoids, shaped from bone and gristle without any flesh on their bodies. They are black or ruby-black and are draped in white veils, which are stained with the blood and gore of their victims. They have no eyes or mouths, only nostrils and ears, which can be sealed if there's a need for it. They perform all sorts of punishment, dutifully and competently. They are only responsible to the servants of Geburah.

Personality: The executioners do not seem to have any feelings. They do not react to the pain and fear of their victims; they only do their job.

Game mastering hints: Close your eyes and keep your face motionless. Move mechanically, do not react to anything the characters say.

AGL 20+1d10 (26)	EGO 1d10 (6)
STR 20+2d10 (31)	CHA 1d5 (3)
CON 20+1d10 (26)	PER 20+1d10 (26)
COM 1d5 (3)	EDU 1d5 (3)

Modification of terror throw: -5

Height: 200 cm

Weight: 120 kg

Senses: Excellent hearing and sense of smell. A radar-like organ is used for orientation. No eyesight.

Communication: Understand human speech. Can communicate with simple signs.

Movement: 13 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +14

Damage bonus: +7

Damage capacity: 7 scratches = 1 light wound

6 light wound = 1 serious wound

4 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 160

Natural armor: 5 p

Skills: Rifle and crossbow 15, Hand-gun 15, Daggers 20, Impact weapons 20, Pole arms 20, Sword 20, Whips and chains 20, Axes 20, Execution technique 30, Torture 20.

Attack mode: 2 Claws 18 (scr 1-8, lw 9-15, sw 16-26, fw 27+).

Equipment: Headsman's ax, sword, or other weapon suitable for execution.

Ushers

The ushers are Geburah's headhunters. They search out criminals of all kinds and take them to court, to be sentenced by the envoys or by other lictors who act as judges. They follow the laws of the country they operate in, or the "unofficial laws" made by the lictors. They never break these laws.

To anyone who sees through the illusions they are really billowing, spineless humanoids. Their flesh is yellowish white and almost transparent, their white and red inner organs visible inside. Usher's heads are large and dominated by a scarlet mouth with small, sharp teeth. Their eyes are small and red.

Personality: The ushers have only one purpose—to find those who break the law. They have no human feelings.

Game mastering hints: Don't move your head. Speak and move somewhat mechanically.

AGL 20+2d10 (31)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 20+2d10 (31)	CHA 1d5 (3)
CON 20+2d10 (31)	PER 20+2d10 (31)
COM 1d5 (3)	EDU 2d10 (11)

Modification of terror throw: ±0

Height: 200 cm

Weight: 100 kg

Senses: Human senses. A well-developed sense of smell, which allows them to sense whether a human is afraid or angry. Telepathy.

Communication: Speech or telepathy.

Movement: 16 m/round

Actions: 5

Initiative bonus: +19

Damage bonus: +8

Damage capacity: 8 scratches = 1 light wound

7 light wound = 1 serious wound

5 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 2 deadly wounds

Endurance: 185

Powers: Telepathy.

Skills: Rifle and crossbow 25, Hand-gun 20, Sneak 25, Daggers 20, Sword 20, Whips and chains 20, Axes 20, Hand-to-hand combat 20, Search 20, Information retrieval 20, Languages—three human, Interrogation 20, Torture 20, Forensics 15, Driving 15, Tail 15, Medicine 10, Forensic medicine 20, Social sciences 10, Law 30.

Attack mode: According to weapon.

Equipment: Projectile weapons and armor.

Number 1d10 (6)

Tiphareth

The Spider in the Net

Tiphareth is one of the more powerful Archons, and she plans to replace the Demiurge. She is opposed by Geburah and Netzach and supported by Malkuth. In spite of her lictors not having very powerful positions, they are very important when it comes to creating and spreading new ideas. They are also more numerous than the lictors of the other Archons.

Tiphareth was secretly pleased by the disappearance of the Demiurge. She always regarded the Demiurge and the three other Archons of great power as an obstacle to her own activities. Since the disappearance she has been developing her network, making contact with the most absurd beings—ranging from Astaroth's generals to forgotten deities and creatures in places so far away from our illusion that they have never heard of humanity.

Tiphareth's citadel is a labyrinth of galleries where items of art and ideas from all places and ages are gathered. In the lower galleries are ancient artifacts from the childhood of humanity; the time before illusion imprisoned us.

The art galleries, recording studios and media centers of our world are all part of Tiphareth's citadel. The servants of the Archon are artists, spreaders of information, creators of contacts and jacks-of-all-trades. The citadel is a center where creatures from different worlds meet.

Tiphareth's task in our world is to coordinate the actions of the Archons. When the Demiurge disappeared she was in a unique position. Her intrigues are complicated and incomprehensible. Everyone is entangled in her net, except perhaps for Malkuth, whom she supports after a fashion. She cooperates with Malkuth in secret, but not even the rebellious Archon fully understands why Tiphareth's support is given her. Tiphareth is in open conflict with Geburah, and her relations with Netzach are becoming more and more strained.

Tiphareth's primary base is Southeast Asia, although she has contacts all around the world. No one knows the aim of her intrigues. There are rumors that she works for the Demiurge, or cooperates with the Awakened, trying to liberate

Humanity. Her lictors are artists, theorists, philosophers, and free-thinkers. Originally her task was to keep human imagination and creativity captured, so that art wouldn't liberate Humanity.

Tiphareth's Envoys

Tiphareth has two envoys, but they do not work together. One of them is well known to other lictors and Archons; the other keeps her activities secret. The other lictors and Archons don't even know of Tiphareth's Japanese envoy. This secret is jealously guarded, so that the other Archons believe Tiphareth to be loyal and harmless.

The known envoy of Tiphareth, Tiphany Reeder, works in the open. Her activity is concentrated in the world of artists. She is regarded as so impotent that her taking to Malkuth's rebellious ideas is tolerated. Reeder is depicted in the basic rules.

Tiphareth's unknown envoy is Yoshiko Nakamura, a Japanese woman who cooperates with Malkuth in tearing down the illusions. Nakamura lives in Tokyo and is one of the most powerful people in Japan. Using dummy corporations she in reality owns 15% of the Japanese capital and a growing number of Asian assets. Nakamura's net of contacts is enormous. Everybody who is anyone on the Pacific Rim owes her services. The Japanese government is dimly aware of her influence, but the last time they tried to quash her agents the prime minister was forced to resign after a scandal.

Nakamura has vast resources, but she acts almost solely through pressure and silent diplomacy. She seldom uses direct action or violence, unless no other routes are open to her.

She is active almost exclusively in Asia and the Pacific Rim, with few agents in Europe and the U.S. She avoids all contact with Reeder to protect her envoy's real identity. Several noble families in Japan and other parts of Asia serve her, as do a few large crime syndicates (Yakuza); she has thousands of loyal servants.

Nakamura owns a skyscraper in central Tokyo, which is officially the





office of Nakamura Trading. Her organization is coordinated from here, and she almost never leaves this building.

The Nakamura Building

The office of Nakamura Trading is situated in central Tokyo, in eastern Ginza. It is an anonymous looking eighty-story postmodern structure of black glass and dark red marble. The red logo-type of Nakamura can be seen on all eight walls. Most of the building contains offices housing the 1,500 people who work here.

The Nakamura building looks like an ordinary office complex to visitors but is really a portal to the citadel of Tiphareth. Visitors and even employees seldom notice anything strange, but in fact the high-rise can change form; the inside of it can grow or shrink. The number of floors may become unlimited (Nakamura's office is often situated hundreds of floors up from the ground level). The top floors are filled with eerie art galleries; in these offices creatures from beyond the illusion do their work. A human with enhanced awareness can see their true shape; most people don't even notice them. Nakamura herself seldom leaves her offices. She's surrounded by hundreds of secretaries and agents who prevent unwanted visitors from disturbing her.

Yoshiko Nakamura

Nakamura is a secret power in Asian economy and politics. She's on a few influential boards and committees, but the greater part of her influence stems from owning strategic shares and estates, and from her wide net of contacts.

Her task is to spread new ideas and a less hierarchical structure in Japanese society—and

throughout Asia. She's gradually changing the structure of companies and she influences the creation of new laws.

Yoshiko Nakamura in her human form is an exceptionally tall Japanese woman. She dresses in European or Japanese clothes according to circumstance. Four bodyguards (all imposing Japanese men in dark suits wearing sunglasses) constantly watch her.

Personality: Nakamura is an unusually freethinking lictor. She regards humans as pawns in a chess-game, but is open to new ideas and appreciates unexpected events. She's even got a sense of humor, an unusual characteristic in a lictor.

Game mastering hints: Speak with a low, diplomatic voice, be flexible when negotiating. Make your movements small, neat, and feminine. As a lictor become more pushy and loud than in your human shape.

AGL 30	EGO 35
STR 45	CHA 30
CON 50	PER 30
COM 17 (2)	EDU 45

Modification of terror throw: ± 0 (as a lictor)

Height: 175 cm (220 cm)

Weight: 450 kg

Senses: Sees infrared and ultraviolet

Communication: speech or telepathy

Movement: 15 m/round

Actions: 5

Initiative bonus: +18

Damage bonus: +9 (+19 with karate)

Damage capacity: 11 scratches = 1 light wound

10 light wound = 1 serious wound

8 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 3 fatal wounds

Endurance: 305

Natural armor: 2 p

Powers: Commanding voice, Speak all human languages, Telepathy, Telekinesis 100 kg 10 meters/sec, Immune to fire

Skills: Automatic weapons 30, Hand-gun 30, Sneak 30, Daggers 45, Pole arms 45, Sword 45, Acrobatics 30, Bookkeeping and accounting 35, Information retrieval 35, Occultism 20, Languages—all human ones, Man of the World 35, Diplomacy 30, Etiquette 30, Seduction 30, Net of Contacts: Asian economy 30, Net of Contacts: academics 30, Rhetoric 30, Humanities 20, Medicine 15, Natural science 15, Social sciences 25, Karate (grand master): strike 45, kick 45 block 30, dodge 30, circle kick 45, flying kick 45, combine 30, knock out 45, tiger paw 45.

Attack mode: Bite 20 (scr 1-6, lw 7-13, sw 14-24, fw 25+), 2 claws 25 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-28, fw 29+), else according to weapon

Magic: School of passion 50 (all spells to skill score 30)

Home: Tokyo

Takeo Oshima

Oshima is the leader of a crime syndicate (also called a 'Yakuza') in Tokyo who answers directly to Nakamura. He's neither lictor, nor human, but is a member of an unusual race and has been fetched by Nakamura from Metropolis. Nakamura's bodyguards as well as some of her more ominous servants are taken from the syndicate of Oshima.

He directs about two thousand criminal and semi-criminal humans and lictors. He controls large shares of the prostitution, drug trade and other organized crime activities of southern Tokyo. In his human form Oshima is a short broad-shouldered Japanese man with crew-cut hair. He dresses in fashionable Italian suits and is always surrounded by six bodyguards. His true shape for those who can see it is a large razide-like creature with an outer metal skeleton and yellowish white inner organs. He has eight legs, but the four middle ones are only rudimentary. He walks on his back legs, balanced by a long tail. The head is short and the jaws can be opened enough to totally dominate his appearance.

Personality: Oshima is a born Mafioso. He's greedy and hungry for power, and he's obsessed by the idea of controlling as much as possible of the Tokyo underworld. Secretly he nourishes plans of getting rid of Nakamura and taking over her organization.

AGL 25	EGO 20
STR 30	CHA 18
CON 30	PER 15
COM 12 (1)	EDU 10

Modification of terror throw: +5 (in his real form)

Height: 160 cm

Weight: 500 kg

Senses: Sees infrared

Movement: 13 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +13

Damage bonus: +7 (+12 with a sword)

Damage capacity: 7 scratches = 1 light wound

6 light wound = 1 serious wound

4 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 180

Natural armor: 4 p

Powers: Immune to fire and electricity, infrared vision.

Skills: Automatic weapons 20, Rifle and crossbow 20, Hand-gun 20, Heavy weapons 20, Impact weapons 15, Hand-to-hand combat 25, Bugging 20, Poisons and drugs 20, Information retrieval 20, Languages: English 15, French 12, Japanese 18, Chinese 12, Security systems 20, Estimate value 20, Man of the world 20, Interrogation 20, Net of contacts: the underworld 20, Burglary 15, Driving 15, Kendo (master): cut 20, thrust 20, block 20, dodge 20, Budo maneuver: break weapon 20, circle cut 15, laido 18, kiai 18

Attack mode: Bite 18 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-22, fw 23+), 2 claws 20 (scr 1-8, lw 9-15, sw 16-24, fw 25+)

Equipment: Beretta 92F in shoulder holster, army katana in his belt.

Home: Tokyo

Factuaries

Factuaries are insect-like, biomechanical creatures who originate from Metropolis. They vary in size, from that of an insect to that of a small dog, and they breed enormously fast if there's a need for it. Tiphareth uses them to collect data—they are experts on information retrieval, and can find a fact which exists only in one book or database in the entire world. The offspring of the factuaries will search for the same kind of information that their parents were ordered to seek when they were conceived.

Personality: Factuaries have no personality. They search for the information they have last been ordered to search for.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 1d10 (6)	PER 20+2d10 (31)
CON 10+2d10 (21)	EDU 20+2d10 (31)

Length: 2-50 cm

Height: 2-25 cm

Weight: 0.1-1.5 kilos

Senses: Human, in addition to this they also see infrared and through illusions.

Communication: Speak a few words of human language.

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +1

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wound = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 135

Natural armor: 2 p

Skills: Information retrieval 50

Attack mode: Claws 12 (scr 1-8, lw 9-16, sw 17-27, fw 28+)

Home: Metropolis

Number: 1d10

Hod

The Bringer of Punishment

Hod was a mighty Archon who worked in close cooperation with Geburah, but disappeared in the fight for power following the disappearance of the Demiurge. Hod represented merciless punishment. He was the executioner of Justice without compassion. Hod acted through the police and the judicial system; Geburah has since taken over most of his organization. Hod disliked Malkuth strongly, and Tiphareth too. He was in conflict with Netzach and Binah, but allied with Chokmah.

Hod's primary base was Latin and South America, although the police and judicial system served him globally. Netzach and Binah have taken great interest in Latin America after his disappearance.

He tried to build a global fascist police state, with the police as judges

as well as executioners. Through punishment he wanted to teach humans that every attempt at Awakening would result in pain. The result was Nazi Germany and the Third Reich. The death camps he created sometimes became windows through the illusion.

His lictors were policemen, jailers, guardians of law and order, and supporters of the death penalty. Almost all of them serve Geburah today. His citadel in Metropolis was a dark regular

structure, filled with prison cells, torture chambers and rooms for execution. A few executioners still prowl the corridors and forgotten prisoners languish in their cells, but the citadel is almost empty. The top floors have collapsed into a great skeletal ruin.



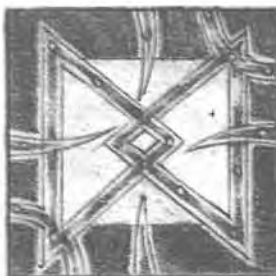
Yesod

The Founder

While Yesod was not a powerful Archon, he gained a certain amount of influence at the rise of capitalism. He was one of the four who vanished in the struggle for power after the disappearance of the Demiurge. Yesod stood for the ruthless exploitation of other people: the corrupt businessmen and politicians. He acted through managers and directors of large companies, politicians and other influential and wealthy people. His place has largely been taken over by the Death Angels Naemoth, Gamichioth, and Sathariel. Malkuth fights the three of them and has managed to force them to retreat somewhat. Binah has from time to

time cooperated with Malkuth in this matter. Yesod denounced the other Archons and was disliked by them—his relationship with Chesod was particularly bad. Yesod's primary base was India, although corrupt politicians and managers of companies served him all over the world. The situation in India quickly deteriorated after he vanished, both through the work of the Death Angels and through the behavior of a corrupt people.

Yesod tried to build a global net of greed and ruthless exploitation. Through it, humans would be kept prisoners forever. Power always corrupts, both in politics and religion. Corrupt people do not Awaken.



Netzach

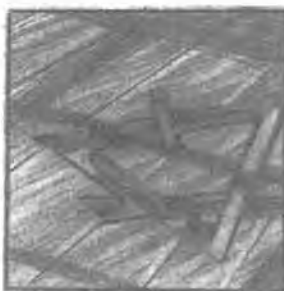
The Victor

Netzach is one of the most powerful Archons, and aims at becoming the new Demiurge. His most important opponents are Geburah and Tiphareth. The conflict with Geburah is not too serious yet, but his relationship with Tiphareth is very strained. Open warfare is very likely to erupt in the near future.

During the age of the Demiurge, Netzach was an obedient general and commanded the divine forces. After the disappearance he at first supported Kether, but has begun to believe that The Ruler is not strong enough to carry the burden of becoming the new Demiurge. Astaroth being a constant threat, Netzach considers it necessary to take responsibility for the creation of the Demiurge himself, otherwise all will fall into pieces. Netzach's citadel is a huge fortress with several layers of walls and towers. All his servants are soldiers and the citadel is run with a strict military discipline. Humans entering it are quickly given their place in the military structure: a rank and a task in the defense of the citadel.

Netzach represents war, conflict, and competition. He encourages warfare on a global scale, acting through militaries, usually officers of high rank. Through them he controls a large part of the armed forces of the world. Netzach openly opposes Astaroth and Malkuth. The relation to Binah and Kether is also problematic, but in these cases he avoids open conflict. Netzach is primarily interested in defeating the legions of Astaroth, and he considers all means of achieving this to be acceptable. He will even consider cooperation with Malkuth or the Death Angels to defeat Astaroth.

Netzach's primary base is North America, but his influence is great within all the military structures of the world. He would turn the world into one large military camp and battlefield in the final battle with Astaroth. While waiting for the right occasion to do battle with Astaroth, his discipline will keep Humanity under control and prevent them from breaking free. Netzach's lieutenants are generals, admirals, and military advisers; all ruthless and efficient.



Netzach's Envoy

Netzach's primary envoy is Lyle P. Crowley, one of the most prominent generals in the Pentagon. Originally he was commander of an armored division but is now a member of the general staff. He has considerable influence in the U.S. military, and also in the armed forces of other countries.

General Crowley is the leader of a cult of soldiers who worship Netzach. They call themselves the sons of Netzach and they plan a military coup in the U.S.A, then to take over Canada and the whole of Latin America. After this, a military dictatorship will be established and the farce of democracy will be abolished.

The sons of Netzach are preparing themselves for the last battle with the legions of Astaroth. They believe that they serve God in his fight against the Devil. The sons of Netzach number more than 100,000. All are fanatically loyal to Netzach and Crowley, who they see as an archangel. They are all soldiers and officers.

Crowley has recruited a large group of young volunteers mostly between 12 and 15 years old—with the special mission of finding traitors within the country. They spy on their own parents, their teachers and friends to find followers of Astaroth or of other Archons.

The sons of Netzach hate and despise Malkuth almost as much as Astaroth, but they do not hesitate to cooperate with other Archons against the main enemy: the Death Angels.

The Reliant

Crowley spends a lot of his time aboard the aircraft-carrier, the *Reliant*, the whole crew of which belongs to the Sons of Netzach. The lower regions of the *Reliant* are an open door to the citadel of Netzach in Metropolis. At need, reinforcements can be fetched through this gate. The ship is much larger on the inside than on the outside—more than 20,000 men are aboard the ship. Crowley can also place the ship on the border of our illusion so that it becomes invisible to human eyes. In recent years, the ship has been moving in the waters off the



coast of Lebanon, in the Persian gulf, and off the coasts of Latin America.

To a visitor, the *Reliant* looks like an ordinary aircraft-carrier. In reality the ship itself is aware of what happens. It is a part of Netzach's citadel and thereby a part of the Archon. The ship senses all activity on board. It can feel when people are moving inside it, and differentiate between them through their weight and way of walking. It knows when someone tries to harm it, and it will physically attack the intruder by closing doors and locking him up inside, letting in water, opening valves etc.

Crowley has strict control over the *Reliant*. He can summon the ship from wherever he is in the world. He knows when intruders are on board and can make the ship attack them.

Lyle P. Crowley

Crowley is one of the mightiest lictors in the world. He has thousands of lesser lictors and humans serving him in his military organization. In his human shape Crowley is a large, middle-aged man with sparse grayish brown hair. He's very fit and is always tanned.

Personality: Crowley is filled with the thought of his tasks of striking back the forces of Astaroth and establish a global military dictatorship. He's very formal with anyone who takes his orders, but he does not tolerate being contradicted.

Game mastering hints: Keep your shoulders straight and speak in short sentences without any unnecessary words. Look impatient constantly.

AGL 40	EGO 30
STR 50	CHA 25
CON 50	PER 35
COM 12 (2)	EDU 40

Modification of terror throw: ± 0 (as a lictor)

Height: 190 cm (250 cm)

Weight: 450 kg

Senses: Sees infrared and ultraviolet

Communication: speech or telepathy

Movement: 20 m/round

Actions: 6

Initiative bonus: +28

Damage bonus: +10

Damage capacity: 11 scratches = 1 light wound

10 light wound = 1 serious wound

8 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 3 fatal wounds

Endurance: 280

Natural armor: 2 p

Powers: Commanding voice, Telepathy, Telekinesis

100 kg 10 meters/sec, Immune to fire

Skills: All projectile weapons 40, Sneak 40, Dodge 40, All melee- and throwing weapons 50, Hand-to-hand combat 50, Acrobatics 40, Falling technique 40, Electronics 30, Military strategy and tactics 50, Motor mechanics 30, Seamanship 30, Security systems 50, Survival 30, Diplomacy 30, Interrogation 30, Net of Contacts: soldiers 30, Driving 35, Piloting 35

Attack mode: Bite 50 (scr 1-6, lw 7-13, sw 14-24, fw 25+), else according to weapon

Magic: School of madness 50 (all spells to skill score 30)

Home: Washington, DC

The Black Guard

Most of the servants of Netzach are humans or lictors, but a troop of 10,000 men constitutes the equivalent of the legionaries of Astaroth. The members of this guard are large humanoids with black, stone-like bodies. They have no personal features. All look the same. They will blindly obey the orders of the Archon.

Personality: The guardsmen have no human feelings. They obey orders.

Game mastering hints: Show the players a stone-face.

AGL 20+1d10 (26)	EGO 1d10 (6)
STR 20+2d10 (31)	CHA —
CON 20+2d10 (31)	PER 20+1d10 (26)
COM 10	EDU —

Modification of terror throw: -5

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 90 kg

Senses: Sees through darkness, Sharp senses

Movement: 13 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +14

Damage bonus: +7 (+12 with commando training)

Damage capacity: 8 scratches = 1 light wound

7 light wound = 1 serious wound

5 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 185

Natural armor: 5 p

Skills: Climb 18, Automatic weapons 18, Rifle and crossbow 18, Hand-gun 18, Heavy weapons 18, Sneak 18, Daggers 20, Impact weapons 20, Pole arms 20, Sword 20, Hide 20, Demolition 20, Driving 20, Piloting 20, Commando training (master): strike 20, kick 20, throw 18, parry 18, falling technique 18

Attack mode: According to weapon

Equipment: Everything that is needed in a fight.

Number: Groups of six.

War Hounds

The war-hounds are humans who have lost their humanity to the horrors of war. They are often idealists, believing that they have done good through fighting in wars. Deep inside, however, they know something is wrong. A hidden sense of guilt continually manifests itself physically. They recreate the places where they once fought; Vietnam, Afghanistan, South Africa or Iraq will be physically manifested around them. The Viet Cong or the Afghan guerrilla will become real and try to kill them in their sleep. Reality breaks down and the past will invade the present.

Netzach has a way of finding these war-hounds and relieving them of their memories—provided they agree to serve him.



They still know something is wrong. They can see scenes from their past sometimes. But they are not attacked by dead enemies or physically thrown into their own past. If they stop serving the Archon the memories will return, and worse than ever before.

Personality: The war-hounds are very faithful to Netzach. He is their chance of escape from their past. They are terrified of being thrown out of his protection.

Game mastering hints: Pretend to be sweating. Look around like you believe that someone is after you, seem upset.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 10+2d10 (21)	CHA 2d10 (11)
CON 10+1d10 (16)	PER 10+1d10 (16)
COM 2d10 (11)	EDU 1d10 (6)

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +4 (+9 with commando training)

Damage capacity: 5 scratches = 1 light wound

4 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 110

Mental balance: -25 -5d10 (-53)

Dark secrets: War veterans

Powers: Manifest the past—when pressed the past will once again come true around them. Old enemies and scenes of battle will return. They can't control this. It happens when they are under stress.

Advantages: Body awareness, enhanced awareness

Disadvantages: Depression, death wish, fanaticism, phobia, touchy, schizophrenia.

Skills: Climb 16, Automatic weapons 16, Rifle and crossbow 16, Heavy weapons 16, Sneak 16, Daggers 20, Impact weapons 20, Sword 20, Hide 20, Demolition 10, Driving 16, Commando training (master): strike 20, kick 20, throw 16, grip 16, parry 16, falling technique 16

Attack mode: according to weapon

Equipment: Combat uniform, M16, combat knife.

Malkuth

The Rebel

Malkuth is one of the most powerful Archons; her power is like that of Kether. She is the mirror image of the Ruler. Malkuth is the rebel, the Archon who sides with the humans against the Demiurge and the other Archons. Malkuth has always been close to the humans. It was she who created the illusion which is our reality.

Malkuth nurtured the thought of rebellion even before the disappearance of the Demiurge. She came to identify more and more with imprisoned Humanity. After the disappearance she entered open conflict with the other Archons.

Her citadel is an irregular structure of steel, glass, and stone full of more or less human technology and magic. Inside it is larger than any of the other citadels, much larger than it is reasonable to believe. It is equipped with extensive magic devices of protection, to repel the forces of the other Archons. There are doors from many places in Europe and North America to her citadel. Most of her servants are humans, above all scientists and magicians, who spend some time in her citadel. It is said that if you get into the heart of the citadel, where Malkuth's soul rests, you will Awaken. No one knows if this is true, for the Awakened do not tell. Originally she represented the prison itself, the imprisonment of our bodies in the illusion. Malkuth's rebellion is a cause of the illusion collapsing.

She acts mainly through human agents, most often magicians and scientists, and the very best of them. Malkuth is at war with Netzach, Geburah, and Kether. She has problems with Binah, but receives some support from Tiphareth. She has cooperated with several Awakened humans.

Malkuth's primary bases are in the U.S. and Europe, although her support from magicians and scientists in other parts of the world is by no means without importance. Her goal is to liberate Humanity from its prison with the help of magic, science, and knowledge of the true nature of the world.

In the great cities of the western world she encourages the creation of slum, as the illusion will easily break in such places. She supports some

suspicious research and has been cooperating with a few of the forgotten gods, above all Nataraja and Coatlicue. Malkuth's lictors have left her to create their own organizations or have joined other Archons. She has a few envoys left: humans who have been made lictors by her. The most important ones are Andrea Bergstrom and Pierre Lombard.

Malkuth's Envoy

Malkuth is unique among the Archons. Her envoy is a human, Andrea Bergstrom. She is in turn supported by Pierre Lombard, a French philosopher and the founder of the school of nihilistic post-structuralism. Lombard is a lictor and has a few contacts with other lictors.

Bergstrom tries to break the illusion that keeps humans prisoner through dubious genetic experiments and research on perception. She gets her "guinea pigs" from among the destitute people of the big cities of the East Coast—mainly New York City. These individuals are often already on their way towards an enhanced awareness. Nobody misses these people when they disappear, but it has come to the attention of the police after a few "more important" people have been mistakenly taken to serve as Bergstrom's unwilling subjects. The police are baffled, however.

The reason for these experiments is the belief that the influence of the Demiurge on our sense of reality is implanted in our genetic code. If the code is altered, the block will cease, and we will experience true reality. All results are carefully documented and disseminated in as many copies as possible. Bergstrom doesn't want the results to die with her, or if the lictors try to destroy them.

Bergstrom's organization is small. She has only a few hundred agents in the U.S., but several of them are almost Awakened. The Archons have reason indeed to fear Malkuth.

Bergstrom has a modern laboratory, The Bergstrom Institute, in upstate New York. It is situated in an isolated area, in a large forest which belongs to the Institute. People are treated





here with drugs, operations, mutated genes, and magic in order to achieve enlightenment. Only a few of them survive this treatment, usually with a drastically lower mental balance.

The Bergstrom Institute

The Bergstrom Institute is contained in a former recreation resort outside the town of Ogdensburg in upstate New York. There are 30 square kilometers of forest around it, a forest that haven't been touched since the twenties. A narrow but well-kept road leads through the forest to the institute. Several new buildings have been added to the old ones during the seventies and eighties and the area now contains 18 buildings, scattered in an area of three square kilometers, around an old mill-pond. The main building contains the institute itself, where most of the experiments are conducted. On the periphery of the area is an enclosure where the objects of unsuccessful experiments are kept prisoners and carefully guarded.

Eighty people live and work here. Andrea Bergstrom is usually on the premises. She has her office in the old main building by the mill-pond.

Andrea Bergstrom

Bergstrom has been the envoy of Malkuth since the mid-fifties, when the envoy of Kether destroyed about twenty of Malkuth's North American lictors. It was then that the Archon started to take on more human servants, and Bergstrom is the most prominent of them. She is the director of The Bergstrom institute and is a member of about twenty medical boards and committees in the U.S. She is in her fifties, short and blond, with gray piercing eyes.

Personality: Bergstrom is filled with her idea of finding what physically binds us to the Illusion. Nothing else matters to her.

Game mastering hints: Speak with a faint German accent. Let your fanaticism show, talk only about the results of your research.

AGL 12	EGO 24
STR 10	CHA 16
CON 21	PER 14
COM 10	EDU 28

Height: 165 cm

Weight: 55 kg

Senses: Enhanced awareness

Movement: 6 m/round

Actions: 2

Initiative bonus: —

Damage bonus: +1

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 135

Mental balance: -100

Dark secrets: Responsible for medical experiments

Advantages: enhanced awareness, magical intuition

Disadvantages: Mortal enemy: Rainier Xavier von Habsburg, Fanaticism, Mental constrictions, Mania, Nightmares, Rationalist.

Skills: Hand-gun 12, First aid 18, Computer science 20, Electronics 18, Hypnosis 15, Information retrieval 18, Languages: English 18, French 12, Latin 15, Russian 12, German 20, Diplomacy 15, Etiquette 15, Net of contacts: chemists 18, Net of contacts: EEC civil servants 15, Net of contacts: physicians 15, Driving 12, Medicine 15, Genetics 20, Psychiatry 20, Natural science 22, Biology 20, Chemistry 20.

Magic: School of madness 30 (all spells to skill score 15)

Home: Ogdensburg, NY

Pierre Lombard

Pierre Lombard is one of Malkuth's few remaining lictors. He's a lone wolf, being very careful in his interactions with other lictors. His contacts are primarily with Malkuth's human servants. In his human form he is a black-haired, short and slim man in his forties.

Personality: Lombard has split feelings for humans.

As do all lictors, he despises humans and wishes to maintain the illusion. At the same time he's faithful to Malkuth, working to tear illusions down. This has led to a feeling of being superior to all other "ignorant" lictors. He identifies with Humanity. Lombard often claims he is "really" a human. He hopes to one day be able to turn into a human.

Game mastering hints: In his human shape Lombard is a witty, jocular philosopher. As a lictor he is disillusioned and irritable.

AGL 32	EGO 35
STR 45	CHA 20
CON 45	PER 30
COM 17 (2)	EDU 50

Modification of terror throw: ± 0 (as a lictor)

Height: 185 cm (250 cm)

Weight: 450 kg

Senses: Sees infrared and ultraviolet

Communication: speech or telepathy

Movement: 16 m/round

Actions: 5

Initiative bonus: +20

Damage bonus: +9

Damage capacity: 10 scratches = 1 light wound

9 light wound = 1 serious wound

7 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

dies after 3 deadly wounds

Endurance: 255

Natural armor: 2 p

Powers: Commanding voice, Speak all human languages, Telepathy, Telekinesis 100 kg 10 meters/sec, Immune to fire

Skills: Automatic weapons 15, Hand-gun 15, Computers 30, Information retrieval 50, Meditation 30, Languages—all human ones, Man of the World 30, Diplomacy 50, Etiquette 50, Net of Contacts: philosophers 30, Net of Contacts: lictors 20, Net of Contacts: biochemists 20, Rhetoric 50, Driving 15, Humanities 50, Philosophy 50, History 30, Art 30, Linguistics 30, Literature 30, Social science 20.

Attack mode: Bite 20 (scr 1-6, lw 7-13, sw 14-24, fw 25+), 2 claws 25 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-28, fw 29+), Strike 20, Kick 15, Throw 15, else according to weapon

Magic: School of madness 50 (all spells to skill score 30)

Home: Paris

Neonates

The Neonates are the result of Bergstrom's attempts to break down our inherited defense towards seeing through the illusions. They are humans, born with a high degree of enhanced awareness which makes them see through the illusions from time to time. They have a few characteristics which belong to the Awakened and to individuals with very high or low mental balance. Unfortunately, they can't cope with what they see. Most develop schizophrenia in their youth. All have very low mental balance, and severe problems in relating to other people. There are neonates in several institutes run by servants of Malkuth. They can sometimes move between our world and Metropolis, but their talents are difficult to control. Most people believe neonates to be ordinary humans. Anyone who sees through illusions will see them as distorted humans, not unlike nepharites or humans with an extremely low mental balance.

Personality: Neonates are egocentric and often suffer from serious mental illness.

Game mastering hints: Move irregularly. Speak abruptly and incoherently. Let your eyes twitch and jump.

AGL 10+2d10 (21)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 10+2d10 (21)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON 10+2d10 (21)	PER 2d10 (11)
COM 2d10 (11)	EDU 1d10 (6)

Modification of terror throw: ± 0 (in their true shape)

Senses: Enhanced awareness

Movement: 12 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +9

Damage bonus: +5

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wound = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 135

Mental balance: -10d10 (-55)

Natural armor: 1d2 p

Dark secrets: Subjected to medical experiments

Advantages: Enhanced awareness, magical intuition

Disadvantages: Irritable, nightmares, addiction, split personality, schizophrenia, sexual neurosis, self-centered.

Skills: Hand-gun 18, Sneak 15, Dagger 15, Hand-to-hand combat 15, First aid 15.

Magic: 20% chance of having a school in skill score 20, and 5 spells on skill score 15.

Home: New York

Nachtkinder

The *Nachtkinder* are the subjects of the least successful experiments Bergstrom has performed. The experiments were made on children of between 5 and 10 years of age. They gained power enough to break free and disappear; now they have banded together and are trying to destroy Bergstrom and ultimately Malkuth. Most have migrated south to New York City, but a few live still in the upstate forests.

The *Nachtkinder* are eternal teenagers. Their appearance is that of a nepharite. They have serious physical changes and scars on their entire bodies. *Nachtkinder* are partly able to control their physical changes and choose their appearance.

Personality: The *Nachtkinder* are proud of what they are and look down on ordinary people. At the same time they hate Bergstrom for having made them into what they are. They are irritable and violent.

Game mastering hints: Act the defiant teenager. Be defensive and stuck-up. Move in a puppy-like way.

AGL 10+2d10 (21)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 10+2d10 (21)	CHA 2d10 (11)
CON 10+2d10 (21)	PER 2d10 (11)
COM 1d10 (6)	EDU 1d5 (3)

Modification of terror throw: -5

Senses: Sees infrared

Movement: 12 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +9

Damage bonus: +5

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wound = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 135

Mental balance: -75 -5d10 (-103)

Powers: Shape-changer—can change shape within certain limits. They cannot change weight or volume and they are always humanoid. The change will take 10+1d10 minutes and is very painful

Dark secrets: Victims of medical experiments

Advantages: Enhanced awareness, body awareness

Disadvantages: Death wish, Mortal enemy, sworn vengeance, fanaticism, phobia, pursued, mental constrictions, intolerant, irritable, schizophrenia

Skills: Hand-gun 12, Sneak 20, Dagger 15, Impact weapons 18, Hand-to-hand combat 15, Falling technique 15, Survival 18.

Attack mode: According to weapon, have natural claws and teeth when needed.

Equipment: Simple weapons, ragged clothes

Home: New York

Number: 5+1d10 (11)

Map of the Bergstrom Institute

1 Main building. An old two-storied wooden villa, to which has been added a more modern extension in the south. There are 3 operation theaters in the cellar, and beds for 20 patients. On the bottom floor there are offices and on the first floor is a suite used for reception and a library. Andrea Bergstrom has her room on the first floor.

2 Living quarters. A wooden house in two stories which contains the rooms of most of the employees of the institute.

3 Living quarters. An old stable has been re-built and is now the living quarters of some of the employees.

4 Chemical laboratory. In a house behind the old stable there is an advanced laboratory. Tests taken on the "guinea-pigs" are analyzed here. New drugs are invented.

5 Guard house/security center. The old guard house has been turned into a security center. Monitors show various views, taken by the numerous video cameras spread in the area. The fence alarms and of all buildings are connected to this house. There are always two guards on duty.

6 Perception laboratory. In a newly built two-storied brick building are laboratories and experimental equipment for all kinds of research on perception. There are sensory deprivation tanks, equipment for the reinforcement of nervous impulses and the screening of senses, and for all other kinds of neuralgic and psychological research concerning perception.

7 Time studies. Four human guinea pigs have been kept in a small brick building for several years in a state of exceptional sensory stimulation. They are by now completely mad. The first evaluation of the experiment will be made after ten years.

8 Human guinea-pigs. In a well guarded two-storied brick building are thirty padded cells. There are always about twenty patients in this building. There's a guard center on the bottom floor, just inside the entrance.

9 Guest house. An old cottage has been renovated and is now used for lodging the guests of the institute. The house has two stories and contains four rooms.

10 Living quarters. A newly built one and a half story brick building, with a terrace facing the pond. The experiment leaders and Bergstrom live here. The building contains five separate living quarters.

11 Living quarters. A simple barracks. The workers who care for the animals live here.

12 The institute mainly deals with humans, but there is some research done with animals. All sorts of animals commonly used in experiments are kept here, together with a few species from beyond the illusion—dingoes from Gaia and different creatures from Metropolis. The aim is to understand how and why certain animals can see and travel through illusions.

13 Animal sheds and breeding places. The animals are bred and kept in a modern barracks, made of corrugated metal and concrete.

14 Magic studies. Magic rituals are recreated and analyzed in order to understand how they work and why they can break through illusions at times. The work has so far progressed very slowly. Rituals don't work well in situations when they can be analyzed.

15 Living quarters. Living quarters for workers in the magic project. On the top floor are guarded rooms for the human guinea-pigs in the project.

16 The renovated mill is used for storage.

17 Guards. Five guards are always watching the human guinea-pigs.

18 Human guinea-pigs. Neonates and persons with an even lower mental balance are kept in this building behind high fences.



Chesed

The Helper

Chesed was from the start one of the least powerful Archons. He became even weaker when Europe colonized Africa, which was his main area of activity. When he disappeared Africa was thrown into Chaos. Chesed represented help and compassion, divine forgiveness. His aim was to make our imprisonment comfortable enough to not make us want to break free of it.

His disappearance has facilitated our Awakening, and certain lictors have speculated about the possibility of Awakened people having caused the disappearance. Chesed's lictors have been liquidated, gone underground, or joined the African forces of Binah. They do not know anything of what happened to Chesed. Chesed's base was primarily Africa, secondarily help organizations, the media and the intellectuals who supported him. His lictors were intellectuals, journalists and African political leaders. Chesed's envoy, a Kenyan leader with pan-African views, disappeared with him. His organization was dissolved.

In Metropolis, Chesed's citadel has been almost completely destroyed and is now more or less a heap of stone and gravel. The lowest levels are still in existence, but empty and abandoned.

Chesed's Envoy

Chesed no longer has an envoy. Maoro Nakemi, the ruler of the ancient realm of Nywere on the African west coast (then a part of French Congo) used to be his servant. Nakemi was educated under an alias in Britain and returned to his country in the twenties. He was extraordinarily powerful, compared to other envoys. He kept Nywere clear of the influence of the colonial powers, with the help of magic and his good contacts within the British administration. The Europeans ignored the small country, after having been driven back with magical means several times.

In 1885 Nywere disappeared from all maps, and was not mentioned in any texts published after 1904.

Nakemi fought to re-conquer Africa from the Europeans and unite the continent under his—and Chesed's—rule. A united Africa would be able to crush Europe and put an eternal end to Malkuth's plans. Only through creating a bearable, comfortable illusion could humans be kept prisoners. No one would want to escape from a paradisaical prison.



Nywere was a small country, and its cultural heritage was related to that of the Yorubas. The capital, Asako, was dominated by the palace of Nakemi, which was surrounded by low buildings made of sun-dried bricks. There were only half a million inhabitants in the country. In 1953 king Nakemi disappeared without a trace. The colonial powers reacted very quickly. In 1954 the realm was bombed back to the Stone Age.

All living creatures were killed with chemical weapons in 1954 and 1955. Today nothing remains, save for the burnt ruins of Asako and a few mass graves, barely discernible. Exactly who was behind this deed is not known, but UN forces were used to commit this genocide.



Chokmah

The Patriarch

Chokmah is one of the Archons who have disappeared. He was earlier one of the three mighty ones—together with Kether and Binah.

He and Binah were the first to be created from the existence of Kether. Chokmah was almost as forceful as Kether himself and he challenged Kether for leadership among the Archons. Scholars claim that this fight was a reflection of the ancient human conflict between the government and the church. Others say that our conflicts are reflections of those of the Archons.

Chokmah was loyal to the Demiurge, but it was his opinion that Kether had too much power. When the Demiurge disappeared this conflict became an open war. Chokmah vanished in the confusion that followed the disappearance of the Demiurge. Whether Kether destroyed him, or if he retired when he got no support from the other Archons is not known. His citadel has decayed. Originally it was one of the tallest and most glorious ones, but it is now in ruins. The rooms, corridors and shafts are covered by ashes and dust. All is dead. There are no servants in the empty hall-ways. The only items left are the statues of gods and religious symbols scattered in the ashes and dust. The painted windows have been smashed. The fresco paintings are peeling. The citadel is gradually devoured by the rock on which it rests.

Chokmah personified religion and the gods' earthly domain, the power of the church over worldly matters. The presence of him and his envoys could make a skeptic believe. His citadel was the essence of all the holy places in the world and also the essence of all our dreams of not having to take responsibility for our lives

and actions. His organization was intertwined with all organized churches and religious sects. Christianity, Judaism, Islam, Buddhism and Hinduism were infiltrated and controlled by the lictors of Chokmah. He exercised powerful influence on the lives and thoughts of humans, but gradually lost his grip before the fall of the Demiurge. In countries where religion is still important, Chokmah's organization still has a lot of power. In other countries it has influence through secular means.

Chokmah's relations with all of the Archons except Kether was good. He disliked Malkuth, but was not an open enemy of hers. His foremost opponents were the Satanists and the Hellers. His lictors tracked down suspected Satanists and heretics for many years.

Chokmah's base in our world was the Middle East, although his influence was also considerable in the rest of the world. When he disappeared chaos became the ruler of this area. War and hatred attracted Hareb-Serap and Samael. Their influence in the area is nowadays great. Netzach and Malkuth have become temporary allies in order to try to stop them. They have not been successful so far. Hatred is too firmly anchored in the humans. The situation is explosive and a major war could throw the whole area down into Inferno.

The lictors and human servants of Chokmah continue with their work of capturing us with the means of religion, now serving no one but themselves. They hope to be able to rule the world and to use it for their own purposes. Chokmah's envoys are dead, but his lictors continue to pose as priests, cardinals and monks. What their plans are is not known.



Two

Book



"Fire is the devil hiding like a coward in the smoke."

**—The Log Lady
Twin Peaks**

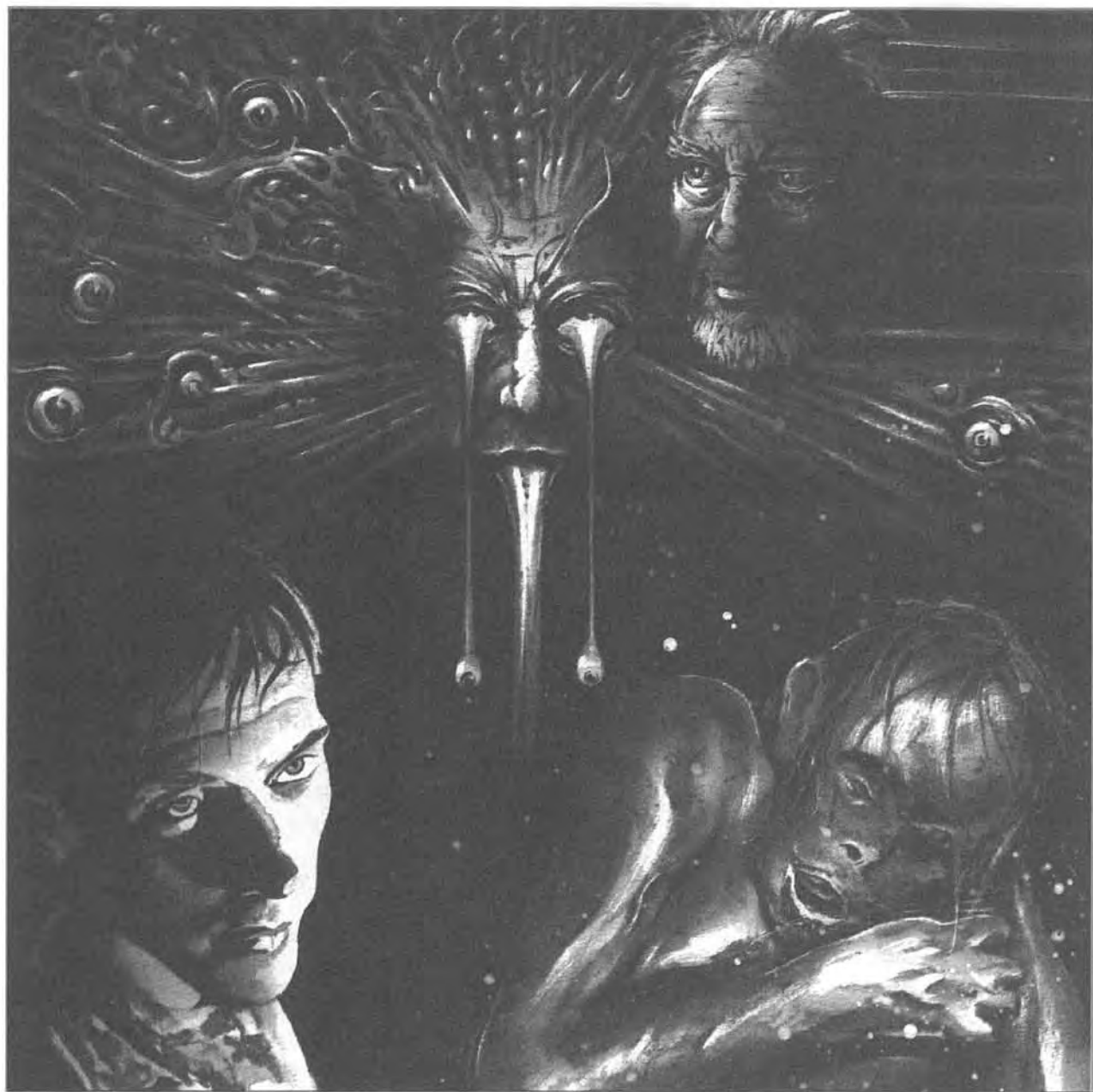
The Power Over Illusions

T*he stupid bastards have locked me into a mental hospital. I've been trying to warn the President about the Dark God for several weeks, and now they put me in a loony bin.*

The first time I saw the signs of His arrival was two months ago when I bumped into a sailor at the port who carried his sign. I first thought I must be mistaken, but when I saw the headlines the following day, about the lunatic who had gone mad and emptied his magazine in a brothel, I understood that I had been right. I asked the cards twice that night, and they said the same each time: He was on His way.

After that, three jumbo jets crashed over Haiti in one week, and these idiots talked about an "improbable coincidence." He was not far away, and I knew where He was heading. When I turned on the radio I could hear the flutes of the Sect faintly between two stations. In my crystal ball I saw nothing but a huge dark shape shadowing everything else. It was then that I called the White House for the first time. The signs became more and more numerous and I called again and again, more and more desperate. Finally, a white car came and brought me here, in a strait jacket. Oh, the fools!

Now I stand here looking out between the bars of my window. At the horizon I see the dark cloud against the sunrise. It's coming this way.



The Lictors

It was my last night in the office. I tore out the pages from the files and threw them in a big black plastic bag. No traces of my studies must remain. Pradwyck would not be given the chance to trace me. I had the plane ticket to New York in my pocket. Once there, I would be able to publish what I had learned about his dirty affairs. He wouldn't be

able to get to me there.

I tore a brochure from a German company off the shelf. It was Pradwyck's company; his face was on the back, together with those of the finance manager and of two of the auditors. The picture was blurred, though... something wrong with it. I looked more carefully. It wasn't Pradwyck's face. A distorted swollen head with watery white eyes

stared at me from the photograph. With a shudder, I threw the brochure away and took a drink from the bottle in the bottom drawer. Then a feeling of dread came over me.

A door opened down the hall—who could it be at this hour? I looked around frantically for someplace to hide—nowhere. Heavy, slow footsteps were getting closer down the corridor:

Unnaturally heavy footsteps. A hulking silhouette behind the frosted glass moved to the door.

"Jeffrey! We've been looking for you." The voice was familiar, but strange: too

coarse, too deep; somehow inhuman. The knob began to turn. Then, from behind me, a heavy moist hand landed on my shoulder. I whirled around and looked up into a swollen, pale face with blind milky-white eyes. A thick, prehensile tongue lolled out of the corner of a purplish, lipless mouth. The head was atop a bloated body, far above my 180 cm.

"You didn't think I would let you get away, did you, Jeffrey? Nobody escapes Anton Pradwyck," the creature said in a coarse voice.

On the surface, lictors are the obedient servants of the Archons, making every possible sacrifice to follow their masters' orders. They seem to be an extension of the Archons' wishes: loyal companions, unselfish in service without a thought for themselves.

Nothing could be more wrong.

Lictors obey out of fear for the power of the Archons. They will take every opportunity to promote their own cause. It is their nature to abase themselves to those more powerful, and at the same time humiliate those weaker than themselves. They despise humans, and they will worsen our cause if given the chance.

For thousands of years they have been hoping and planning for the day when they are able to break free of the Archons, and take power over the Illusion themselves. They will then avenge themselves upon us for their millenia of slavery.

They have slowly and carefully built up their own organization without the knowledge of the Archons. They plan to overthrow their lords and take control of our Reality. They blame their slavery on Humanity and will torment us eternally as revenge. They will change and distort our Reality so that it suits them better: it will be a world where humans are the slaves and the victims of the lictors.

Almost all lictors have joined this conspiracy; less than a 100,000 remain loyal to the Archons. However, the most powerful lictors—those in the highest positions—remain loyal. They suspect that something is going on, but they lack

proof. The rebels are very careful. All attempts by the loyal lictors to discover what is actually going on have failed. The loyal ones refuse to inform the Archons of their inability to control their own subordinates; they'd rather try to deal with the problem themselves than admit their failure.

Rebels are grouped in cells within the organization of every Archon. They have no knowledge of any other cells—only the leaders are in contact with leaders of other cells. Every city, country and continent has a leader of higher level in charge of many cells. The six topmost leaders meet in Brussels every year.

The organization is very secret. Lictors wishing to retire from it extinguish themselves. When they are recreated, their memories are destroyed.

The Archons suspect that something is wrong, but they depend on the lictors to control the Illusion and dare not strike at them. Since the leaders of the loyal lictors have not come forth with their suspicions, they are also suspected traitors.

The rebels are led by six mighty lictors. Each mimics one of the Archons and aims to replace their master after the rebellion; there are four other lictors who will replace the four archons who have disappeared. Foremost among the six leaders is Anton Pradwyck, Kether's lictor in Germany and Eastern Europe. Since the rebels work within and under cover of the organizations of the Archons, all of them are powerful



men and women. They are directors of companies, politicians and military officers.

The rebels control a large part of the lictors' resources. As a normal part of their activities or through false information given to their loyal leaders, they've hidden away resources equivalent to the means of an Archon.

The cells meet secretly, in well-protected places. The leaders meet openly in conferences, and carefully see to it that no loyal leaders or humans are there.

The rebels recognize one another through complicated images sent via telepathy. Infiltration is nearly impossible. Attempts of the loyalists in that direction have so far always been a failure.

The rebels are not violent; that is the last resort. They control large parts of the judicial systems, and can arrange to have virtually anyone accused of any crime and summarily convicted.

Using false information they can trick the Archons strike against their own enemies. If needed, they can liquidate a person, using the police, intelligence organizations, or the military. They may summon creatures from beyond the illusions. These traitorous Lictors use human servants, but they never reveal their plans to humans. In northern Europe they have used the Masters of the Temple—a human sect worshipping lictors as gods—to confuse the loyal servants of the Archons. The rebels will not hesitate to kill any number of humans to avoid exposure; they are also prepared to die for their cause. They have many enemies—the loyal lictors, the Archons, the Death Angels, and the Awakened, who regard them with great suspicion and anxiety.

Anton Pradwyck

Anton Pradwyck is Kether's servant in Germany. He's a successful industrialist and occupies the position of an expert within the industrial department. He is a specialist in the economic problems of eastern Europe and is influential in the politics affecting the economy of eastern Germany. He has an office in Berlin and another in Hamburg.

On the surface Pradwyck is Kether's loyal servant. He is, however, gathering strength in order to replace prince Rainer Xavier von Habsburg at a convenient time. Pradwyck is one of the mightiest lictors of the rebel movement., and his goal is to augment the power of the lictors and confuse the Archons. The Masters of the Temple in Germany are Pradwyck's loyal servants.

In his human shape Pradwyck is a handsome, energetic, blond man about the age of thirty-five. He dresses in fashionable and very expensive clothes and always has his private secretary with him.

Personality: Pradwyck is utterly calculating. All his activities are directed towards gaining as much power as possible over the illusion. He is thoroughly ruthless.

Game mastering hints: Smile amicably, speak in a business-like manner. Shake hands with the players in an energetic way. When you are in lictor shape: become drooling, threatening and grotesque.

AGL 35	EGO 35
STR 60	CHA 18
CON 55	PER 30
COM 2	EDU 50

Modification of terror throw: ± 0 (as a lictor)

Height: 180 cm (250 cm)

Weight: 77 kg (450) kg

Senses: Sees infrared and ultraviolet

Communication: speech or telepathy
Movement: 18 m/round
Actions: 5
Initiative bonus: +23
Damage bonus: +11
Damage capacity: 12 scratches = 1 light wound
 11 light wounds = 1 serious wound
 9 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound
 Dies after 3 fatal wounds
Endurance: 305
Natural armor: 2 p
Powers: Commanding voice, Speak all human languages, Telepathy, Telekinesis 100 kg 10 meters/sec, Insensitive to fire
Skills: Automatic weapons 30, Hand-gun 30, Heavy weapons 30, Impact weapons 50, Sword 50, Whips and chains 50, Administration 50, Book keeping and accounting 60, Computers 30, Information retrieval 50, Languages—all human ones, Man of the World 30, Diplomacy 50, Etiquette 30, Seduction 30, Net of Contacts: German industry 40, Net of Contacts: lictors 50, Social sciences 40, Law 30, Economy 30
Attack mode: Bite 20 (scr 1-6, lw 7-13, sw 14-24, fw 25+), 2 claws 25 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-28, fw 29+), Strike 20, Kick 15, Throw 15, else according to weapon
Magic: Lore of madness 50 (all spells to skill score 30)
Home: Berlin

Servants of the Lictors

The servants of the lictors are not always human. Many other creatures serve them. In spite of the lictors being caught in the Illusion with us, and unable to find their way into True Reality, they can use their position to make the Archons give them servants from other parts of Reality.

When the Demiurge vanished, angels and seraphim from the paradises entered our world. Many of them were enslaved by the lictors and became their servants. Other creatures have been the servants of the lictors since the creation of the Illusion. We here depict a few of the species serving the lictors, and a human organization—The Masters of the Temple—that worships the lictors as divine creatures.

Serviliants

Serviliants are the most devoted—if not the most efficient—of the servants of the lictors. In their true shape they are short and bony with grayish yellow skin and large eyes covered by a yellow film. In our reality they may take on a human shape. They were created by the

Archons to be the servants of the lictors. Serviliants will do anything the lictors tell them to do; they have no instinct for self-preservation whatsoever. Their life is to obey.
Game mastering hints: Act the obedient servant, look down to the floor and give your answers in monosyllabic words.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 1d10 (6)
STR 10+2d10 (21)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON 10+2d10 (21)	PER 10+1d10 (16)
COM 1d5 (3)	EDU —

Modification of terror throw: -10 (in their real shape)

Height: 150 cm

Weight: 60 kg

Senses: See perfectly through darkness, see through illusions

Communication: Speak all human languages

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +4

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound
 5 light wounds = 1 serious wound
 3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 135

Skills: Sneak 16, Dodge 16, Daggers 20, Hand-to-hand combat 20, Hide 16, Search 16

Attack mode: Claws 18 (scr 1-8, lw 9-16, sw 17-25, fw 26+) or according to weapon.

Number: varying

Seraphim

The seraphim are angels who fell to earth when the skies were shattered by the departure of the Demiurge. Now they are ragged, confused creatures, easily fooled and led by the lictors. They are naïve and trusting, characteristics which can easily be turned into aggressiveness and hatred when confronted with cruel reality.

They are about as tall as humans, with long, white hair, pale skin and icy blue eyes. If it were not for their tortured appearance they would be extraordinarily beautiful. Their fingers end in long, sharp claws. Their skin is smooth and white, but on some it has become cracked, and the cracks are filled with oozing blood. When enraged, their eyes have a hellish red glow. They are dressed in lovely white diaphanous tunics, though often these garments are torn and bloody. On their backs are huge feathered white wings, sometimes broken. They fight only with their hands.

AGL 2d10 (11)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 2d10 (11)	CHA 10+1d10 (16)
CON 2d10 (11)	PER 2d10 (11)
COM 10+1d10 (16)	EDU —

Modification of terror throw: -10

Height: 190 cm

Movement: 6 m/round

Actions: 2

Initiative bonus: —

Damage bonus: +1

Damage capacity: 4 scratches = 1 light wound

3 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 85

Skills: Hand-to-hand combat 15, Dodge 10.

Attack mode: 2 Claws 15 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-22, fw 23+)

Number: 1d10

The Knights of Light

The Knights of Light are the private army of the lictors fetched from the broken paradise of the Demiurge—but unlike the Seraphim they are not battered and confused.

The Knights of Light are black angels with a shining, hard skin and spotless wings. They are dressed in flowing white or blue tunics. The lictors use The Knights of Light to punish humans and to control suspects within the lictor organization. All of them are skilled warriors. Originally they were war angels in Paradise, but their fall was not too great when the Demiurge vanished.

Personality: The Knights of Light are lawful, pure-hearted and eager to fight. They fight for what they believe is good and right and are not aware of any mistakes they make. They fight to preserve the Illusion and attend the return of the Demiurge.

Game mastering hints: Hold your head up arrogantly. Speak with bold and clear voice. Use a lot of empty phrases about Right and Good.

AGL 10+2d10 (21)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 10+2d10 (21)	CHA 2d10 (11)
CON 10+2d10 (21)	PER 10+1d10 (16)
COM 10+2d10 (21)	EDU —

Modification of terror throw: -10

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 90 kg

Senses: Sharper than human senses, but very poor sight in darkness.

Communication: Speak all human languages

Movement: 11 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +9

Damage bonus: +5

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 135

Skills: Automatic weapons 16, Rifle and crossbow 16, Hand-gun 16, Heavy weapons 16, Sneak 16, Dodge 16, Daggers 18, Pole arms 18, Sword 20, Acrobatics 18, First aid 15, Languages—all human, Net of contacts: heavenly creatures 20.

Attack mode: 2 Claws 15 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-22, fw 23+) or according to weapon

Home: Heaven

Length of life: eternal

Number: 1d10

The True Animals

Our domestic animals, the birds of the cities, the rats in the sewers—the wild animals in our environment—are all our jailers. They work for the lictors, keeping humans under control.

The one exception is the dog, which has been on our side for thousands of years. Cats and other pets are often neutral, or serve the lictors.

The true shape of the animals varies. They are larger, more grotesque and dangerous than we usually believe them to be. The lictors will on rare occasions make domestic or wild animals attack humans, but they are unwilling to risk a revelation of their true nature. Dogs will normally refuse to attack their owners, but a skillful lictor can set them against humans who are strangers to them.

The Masters of the Temple

This sect has recruited its members among influential men in the western United States; it worships and reveres the lictors, and this has gone so far that their leaders seek to turn themselves into lictors. They are trying to seize a share of the power which lictors have over Humanity. The leaders of the sect have become 'proto-lictors.' On the surface, they honor and adulate the lictors, but they secretly wish to overthrow and replace them.

History of the Sect

The Masters of the Temple have been the human servants of the lictors for hundreds of years. They attained high positions in society through their contacts with the servants of the Archons, and have been keeping an eye on humans serving under them. All the time they

have been the extended arm of the lictors in northern and central Europe, later also in North America. Meanwhile, their leaders have been covertly studying the lictors and their organization.

When the Demiurge vanished, the role of the Masters of the Temple changed. The lictors lost much of their power, and the Masters of the Temple had more freedom to act. The leaders of the sect began to use their knowledge of the lictors to support their own power. They dreamt of turning into lictors themselves.

During the twentieth century the Masters of the Temple have continued to worship the lictors, but have also worked on transforming themselves to lictors. They are on the road to success, after having recruited many doctors and experts in genetics. As the century unfolded the United States grew in power and prominence. The Masters shifted their main headquarters to the west coast of North America. The leader of the sect has captured lictors, interrogated and dissected them in order to understand how they function.

A group of the lictors in the western U.S. has broken with tradition and is now supporting the plans of the Masters of the Temple. They hope to be able to use the human "lictors" against their own colleagues.

Description of the Sect

The Masters of the Temple has around 4,500 members in the U.S. The cult is run from Seattle, Washington (where the main lodge is situated) and led by the Grand Master. There are twelve masters under him, each in charge of a lodge in his own city. The experiments with proto-lictors are undertaken in Seattle.

The Masters of the Temple is a very hierarchical organization: the leader in Seattle tries to keep the other lodges under strict control. All leaders of the sect are proto-lictors. The Grand Master of Seattle, Marcus Blanton, has become a creature reminiscent of an extremely large lictor.

He controls the sect totally, seeing to it that no rumors reach the ears of the lictors of his enemies. He seldom shows himself in public, and avoids confronting lictors directly.

The members are wealthy and influential. A candidate must be recommended by two members to gain entrance. The Masters of the Temple only accepts members who can be useful to them. Only men can become members.

The sect has several competent magicians as members. They master passion and death magic up to a skill score of 20-25. The members have extensive influence on administration and justice in their home countries. Paramilitary equipment is not out of their reach. Outside their home countries resources are much more limited. The main lodge is situated on East Broadway in Seattle, Washington. The twelve subordinated lodges are in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, New Orleans, Washington D.C., New York, Chicago, Miami, Berlin, Warsaw, Prague, and Budapest. Lodges are centrally located in the cities; houses are old buildings, owned by the sect for many years—sometimes generations. Lately, the Masters of the Temple have also bought property in more secluded places, which are not so easily spied upon by the lictors.

In official meetings members wear flowing purple cloaks with hoods designed so that only the eyes are visible. Special handshakes are used as a way of recognizing each other on other occasions. The sect works mainly within the boundaries of law when confronting opponents. They may summon creatures with magic to help them if necessary. Violence is always the last resort, although they do not hesitate to kill if it serves their purposes. The bond to the lictors still exists within the movement. The lictors are worshipped and served by the members, which has prevented them from discovering what the sect is really up to. There are lictors present at every important, open, meeting; they do not see it as a threat that the leaders of the sect are transforming themselves, but rather as a sign of reverence.

On the surface, the Masters of the Temple are involved in charity, social welfare and lobbying activities. The lists of members and the inner activities are kept strictly secret.

The sect has connections with other orders—for example the Lodges—and to the lictors of Kether and Binah (who are using them for different missions). A small group of lictors in Germany—led by the surgeon Victor Krotsch—knows of and supports the plans of the Masters of the Temple, hoping to be able to use the organization for its own purposes.

Proto-lictors

Proto-lictors are humans that have been treated with surgery, drugs and magic to become creatures similar to the lictors. The process is very painful and will take up to ten years (one

patient in three commits suicide before the end of the transformation). The process was developed by Grand Master Marcus Blanton, who has been undergoing treatment himself for twenty years and has been transformed into a very large lictor. He is now planning to create as many proto-lictors as possible to replace the real lictors.

"First and last and always

to the end of the time

First and last and always

mine, mine, mine, mine"

—*The Sisters of Mercy*

The true shape of the proto-lictor cannot normally be seen by ordinary humans. On the surface he looks like an ordinary human, but the illusion has not been perfected to the same degree as of true lictors. In a stressful situation the true shape of the proto-lictor will emerge. Humans with magic intuition, schizophrenia or enhanced awareness will know at once that something is wrong and there is a 25% chance he will see the true shape.

A lictor always knows that a proto-lictor is a converted human. In most cases they do not react negatively, believing that the changes are purely physical. If they have run into proto-lictors before, they are apt to become suspicious. Therefore proto-lictors avoid showing themselves in public. They hide away and use operatives to manage their affairs. They carefully see to it that they are not photographed or filmed. Most proto-lictors are smaller than ordinary lictors and retain some human features, like body hair or genitals.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 20+2d10 (31)	CHA 2d10 (11)
CON 20+2d10 (31)	PER 10+1d10 (16)
COM 1d5 (3)	EDU 10+1d10 (16)

Height: 200 cm

Weight: 200 kg

Senses: Sharp. See infrared

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +6

Damage capacity: 8 scratches = 1 light wound

7 light wounds = 1 serious wound

5 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 2 fatal wounds

Endurance: 185

Mental balance: -100

Natural armor: 1 p

Powers: Commanding voice

Advantages: varies

Disadvantages: varies

Skills: varies

Attack mode: according to weapon

Magic: varies

Grand Master Marcus Blanton

Marcus Blanton has changed himself more thoroughly than other proto-lictors. He's larger than an ordinary lictor. To a human the Grand Master looks like a normal man in his thirties, of average height, blond and slim. He's always dressed in fashionable clothes and wears colorful ties. To other members of the sect he reveals his true shape—similar to a lictor, although larger and with the genitals of a human. Blanton keeps away from public life, so as not to be revealed to lictors who are able to see his true shape. Most of the time he resides in the lodge in Seattle. When he arranges meetings he asks them to come to the book-store of the Masters of the Temple, where he sometimes works.

Personality: Blanton is an utterly ruthless person and very hungry for power. The transformation to a lictor has driven him mad and his mental balance has been much lowered. He believes that when he becomes a perfect lictor he will be able to take power away from the other lictors and become the servant of one of the Archons. He despises humans and is prepared to sacrifice human lives to achieve success.

Game mastering hints: As a human, be arrogant! Look down on the players and speak to them in a patronizing way. If they can see your true shape: lean forwards, drool, make your voice coarse and try to look like you are three meters tall.

AGL 40	EGO 25
STR 50	CHA 15
CON 60	PER 40
COM 12 (2)	EDU 25

Height: 350 cm

Weight: 700 kg

Senses: Sees infrared and ultraviolet. Sharp sense of smell.

Movement: 20 m/round

Actions: 6

Initiative bonus: +28

Damage bonus: +10

Damage capacity: 13 scratches = 1 light wound

12 light wounds = 1 serious wound

10 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 3 fatal wounds

Endurance: 330

Mental balance: -240

Natural armor: 2 p

Powers: Commanding voice, Telepathy, Telekinesis 100 kg 10 meters/sec, insensitive to fire, influences his own conceptions of time and space, speaks all human languages.

Skills: Automatic weapons 20, Hand-gun 20, Sword 25, Astrology 40, Computers 30, Poisons and drugs 20, Occultism 50, Diplomacy 20, Etiquette 20, Net of Contacts: German politicians 20, Rhetoric 20, Medicine 40, Genetics 30

Attack mode: Bite 20 (scr 1-6, lw 7-13, sw 14-24, fw 25+), 2 claws 25 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-28, fw 29+), Strike 15, Kick 15, Grip 15, Throw 15, else according to weapon

Magic: School of passion 50 (all spells to skill score 30), School of death 40 (all spells to skill score 20)

Home: Seattle, Washington

Create Proto-lictor Spell in the School of Passion

This spell cannot in itself create a proto-lictor. It must be combined with surgery and drugs augmenting the person's body size and physical characteristics. The spell gives the proto-lictor the ability to become united with the Illusion we live in and hide his true shape from other humans. It also unbinds the bonds of Death; the proto-lictor will neither grow old nor die—if it isn't killed. If the spell is not combined with medicine and surgery it will cause the immediate death of the victim. When the spell is cast, the changes of the persons body are bound in the illusion, so that all that will happen to the body after the spell will be invisible to other humans. This results in proto-lictors forever remaining the same as they were the day the spell was cast. The magician can cast it on himself.

LR: 45

Endurance cost: 225

Ritual Equipment: The hide of a licitor

Magic tools: The sword

Protective circle: Five hexagrams in a circle lined with the names of the Archons, the ten names of the Demiurge grouped in the center. This prevents the magician from looking into True Reality.

Invocation: The summoning of the ten dead names of the Demiurge and the seven words that were pronounced at the creation of the Illusion we live in.

Gestures: The proto-lictor is dressed in the hide of a licitor and thereafter covered with the seven creative words.

Visualization: The magician sees the proto-lictor in front of him in the shape of a licitor.

Duration: Permanent

Casting time: 24 hours



Forgotten Deities

We were in the first defense line, north of Wafnu. We had taken cover in a sandy trench, and there we were, our backs aching and with infected wounds on our bodies. We had

given up fighting off the sand. It was under our clothes, in the water, in the bread, in our weapons. We smoked our last cigarettes and waited for Death.

It came before dawn, in the shape of black birds against the horizon. Some

tried to fire our artillery, but the sand had destroyed the mechanisms. The bombs were falling and the desert caught fire, and there I saw him for the first time, surrounded by flame and shrapnel. He was dancing over the trenches, over the fields of dying and dead men, through the burning napalm. The sound of the explosions was drowned by the hypnotic, shivering music. He was black and blue, with the supple body of a youth and a piece of cloth tied around his hips. He danced

over the dead, over the broken, burning shelters.

We stood up to see him dance, despite the danger of the bombs still falling. I climbed out of our trench and staggered towards him. Adrian followed me. Our feet were moving to the music. My body forgot how tired it was. I didn't feel the heat any more, or the fear of the explosions. Around us the bunkers were falling apart. The sand moved in mighty whirls with the wind. I followed the dancing god across the burning fields.

The forgotten gods are mighty creatures, not serving the Demiurge or Astaroth. They are not human. They existed before our imprisonment and will go on existing when there are no longer any humans.

Some of them are personifications of cosmic principles, like Coatlicue, mother of entropy. Others are bound to reality, and will help us change it. Nataraja helped to create the illusions which surrounds us, and he can destroy them if he wishes, but no one—not even the Archons—knows if and when he would do that.

These gods are not united. Many of them are not even aware of each other. Others are involved in prolonged fights with one another. They have no common origin or cause, and are creatures powerful enough to not care about the plans of the Demiurge or Astaroth. They manage their own affairs, and sometimes their plans affect Humanity. When they are in our Illusion and reveal themselves to us, they take on a form which is more or less humanoid. Many of them are immortal, others have only a single body and can die. There are uncountable creatures in



Reality whom we would call gods, but only a few of them show themselves to us and take an interest in the destiny of Humanity. They are mentioned in our religious sagas and legends. More have begun to take an interest in us since the Demiurge vanished.

To be able to act among humans, the gods have gathered human sympathizers around them. For a long time they have created religions and sects to tie humans closer to them. A few have had cults for many thousands of years, others have created new ones. The purposes of the forgotten gods are difficult to understand; they are not driven by the same uncomplicated hunger for power as the Archons or the Death Angels. They are often trying to hold a certain balance, and they represent principles incomprehensible to humans. This often makes them more god-like and frightening than Archons or Death Angels.

We here depict three gods who have been in close contact with Humanity for many thousands of years. They are powerful enough not to worry about Archons or Death Angels, and they often visit Humanity.

Baal Reshef

The Lord of Pestilence

Baal Reshef is a cult with its roots in the Middle East, where it was founded long before civilization began. The name refers to the god worshipped by the cult: Reshef, the bringer of pestilence. In his name the members of the cult spread the plague and other epidemic diseases all over the world. Baal Reshef derives his power from disease and fear of disease.

History of the Sect

Baal Reshef first appeared 12,000 years ago, in what is now Lebanon. He looked human, but he was not. Wherever he passed, epidemic diseases—previously unknown—began to flourish. He spread diseases but he was also the only one who could cure disease and prevent epidemics. He became feared, hated... and worshipped.

A few years later he had gathered a small group of humans to follow him on his wanderings. Most succumbed to disease. A small group developed immunity to growing old and dying. They have followed their lord through the millennia, helping him to spread pestilence along the main trade routes. The God of Pestilence and his followers are still with us in the twentieth century: they prowl the famished and devastated countries of the Third World, and they develop new viruses in the laboratories of the West.

Description of the Sect

Baal Reshef has had a few hundred followers since the Stone Age. They are the Heralds of Death, immune to all diseases, half human. When epidemics rage in an area, the god attracts pestilence carriers: infected humans worshipping and obeying him in the hope of being miraculously cured. In rare cases he does heal one, making him or her a Herald.

A few of the Heralds of Death follow him in his wanderings, but most are scattered over the world. Baal Reshef has servants in the chemical industries, in health care, in aid organizations and among food distributors. He has servants among the scientists who create new viruses for him.

The Heralds of Death are the leaders of the other members of the sect. There is no hierarchical system, but the oldest Heralds have the largest influence. All obey the will of Baal Reshef. In Europe, the most important Heralds are Marie Levoisier in Brussels and Robert Brown in London. In the U.S. it is Alexander Benson, a noted immunologist.

The members of the sect are recruited from the diseased who are prepared to help the Lord of Pestilence in exchange for the hope of being cured themselves.

The servants of Baal Reshef have access to powerful resources. The Heralds have been active in the creation of the chemical industries since the nineteenth century. They avoid all publicity. Troublesome enemies are eliminated by diseases which kill quickly.

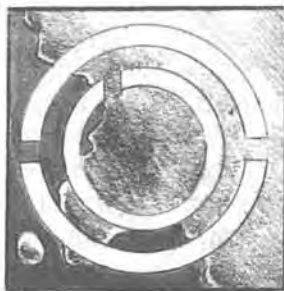
The sect is spread throughout the world, although sympathizers are more numerous in the Third World, where epidemics rage. War is a good time for the sect. In Europe and North America there are small groups of servants suffering from incurable diseases.

There are holy places devoted to Baal Reshef all over the world: magnificent temples along the Ganges and in eastern Kashmir, as well as small chapels in London and Paris. The members by the sect meet in these places, pray to their god, and are instructed by the Heralds.

The servants of the god are recognized by a yellow mark on their forehead and in the fact that they put talc on their hands. When they meet they touch the mark lightly as a greeting.

The sect avoids violence. Enemies are eliminated with the help of diseases. In rare cases bribes or threats are used. Faced by the threat of watching their children die slowly of disease, most enemies of the sect give in.

Baal Reshef is not human: he sees True Reality and can leave the Illusion. He avoids the servants of the Demiurge and they avoid him. He has the power to cast diseases on lictors and razides: it is an open question whether he can actually damage an Archon or Death Angel, but no one dares to take the chance and challenge him.





The sect does not deny its existence, but keeps up a strictly religious façade. The spreading of disease and the existence of Baal Reshef is a well-kept secret. Healthy people are not admitted. Ordinary members almost never find themselves face to face with the god. The servants of Baal Reshef have few contacts with other groups and sects. All that know of them avoid them. They have few enemies; no one would wish taking on the Lord of Pestilence as his enemy.

Diseases

The rules concerning diseases are similar to those concerning poisons and drugs. Contagious diseases have a grade of contamination determined by a roll of dice. If the roll exceeds the characters' endurance, he or she is contaminated. Some diseases can infect a person partially. The flu can, for example, result in a slight cold if the result of the roll exceeds half the endurance, or severe flu if the whole endurance value is exceeded.

Baal Reshef and his servants spread diseases with unnatural ease. Baal Reshef can make a disease ten times as infectious if he wishes, so that the disease strikes everyone whom he touches. His Heralds can augment the chance of infection five times and the carriers of pestilence can double it.

Whether a disease can actually affect the character is regulated by the way the disease contaminates. Venereal diseases can only be transferred through sexual intercourse, no matter how contagious they are. An airborne virus can infect if the character is in the same room.

The course of the disease tells you how long the disease will last, what the symptoms are and whether it will lead to Death or invalidity.

Care and Vaccine tell you if there's a cure for or a vaccine against the disease. Baal Reshef can mutate viruses so that they are no longer susceptible to antibiotics or other vaccines. A few diseases are depicted below. White Plague is a disease spread by the Heralds among the enemies of the god.

AIDS

So far an incurable disease. When it is developed, nothing can alter its course, although it can be held in check for a period of time.

Chance of infection: 2d10

Result above CON/2: HIV infection that will not develop into AIDS

Result above CON: HIV infection that will develop into AIDS

Way of infection: Blood, sperm, and certain other body fluids

Course of disease: 5+1d10 years of incubation before AIDS develops. Thereafter the body's defense against infection declines during 1d5 years. Various infections and finally Death follows.

Vaccine: none

Cure: none

Malaria

A tropical disease which has in the past existed as far north as Italy.

Chance of infection: 2d10

Result above CON/2: the illness will be slight and of short duration

Result above CON: severe illness. The infection will remain in the body and break out in intervals of 1d5 years

Way of infection: Mosquitoes

Course of disease: 10+1d10 days of incubation. After which follow fever attacks of 6-8 hours, followed by intervals of 48 hours between them. The disease ravages for 1d10 weeks and lowers CON temporarily

with 1 p/week. A person with CON below 10 may die of the disease if CON goes down to 0.

Vaccine: exists

Cure: There is a medicine that will prevent the lowering of endurance.

Anthrax

This disease is much feared, above all in the Third World.

Chance of infection: 3d10

Result above CON/2: Slight attack (CON roll to survive)

Result above CON: Severe attack (CON/5 roll to survive)

Way of infection: contact with infectious matter, usually contaminated meat.

Course of disease: 24 hours after being infected the victim's bowels will start bleeding. The infected person will suffer from severe attacks of vomiting and bloody excrement. After 1d5 days the patient will die, if he doesn't succeed with a roll on CON/5.

Vaccine: exists

Cure: Antibiotics may work. They will have the effect that the ill person only has to achieve a result of CON to survive.

Rabies

Hydrophobia—one of the most feared diseases, because of the violent course of disease.

Chance of infection: 2d10

Result above CON/2: no effect

Result above CON: the disease breaks out

Way of infection: Saliva and blood. Bites from infected animals.

Course of disease: 2+1d10 weeks of incubation. Then follows anxiety, melancholy, headache, hypersensitive sight and hearing. Symptoms of paralysis. Difficulty of swallowing. Froth around the mouth. Anguished frenzy. Ultimately: Death

Vaccine: exists

Cure: The infection can be halted before the disease breaks out, after which it will be too late. In rare cases hospital care will save the patient. For this a roll of CON/10 is needed.

Leprosy

Also called the least contagious of all contagious diseases.

Chance of infection: 1d10 (2d10 if the character exposes her/himself to the disease for a year or more)

Result above CON/2: no effect

Result above CON: The disease breaks out

Way of infection: Touching a contagious person or infected matter.

Course of disease: After a incubation period of 10+1d10 months the nerves begin to die, at first in

the fingers and toes of the infected person. This will result in the ill person easily hurting himself and becoming mutilated.

Vaccine: exists

Cure: The disease can be held back so that the nerves never start dying.

White Plague

An unpleasant pestilence of divine origin bringing the infected person a cruel death without any hope of salvation.

Chance of infection: 3d10

Result above CON/2: infected, but the disease will not develop

Result above CON: the disease will develop

Way of infection: The touch of a contagious person or matter

Course of disease: After 1d10 days of incubation the skin of the infected person will grow white and start falling off; an excruciatingly painful process. The flesh will start rotting on his body. The ill person will lose 1 point of CON every day. When CON is down to zero he will die.

Vaccine: none

Cure: none

Baal Reshef

Baal Reshef has the same form today as when he first appeared: a short, compact fortyishman with dark, curly hair and cold black eyes. He still wanders the world accompanied by his most devoted heralds. Pestilence and epidemics spread as they pass. Sometimes Baal Reshef chooses to cure a person with an incurable disease. He carries every disease within him and can cure them by touching the affected person. He himself chooses which diseases to spread and whether to cure or not.

Baal Reshef radiates a feeling which makes most people shrink back from him. They know intuitively that something is wrong with him.

Personality: Baal Reshef is incomprehensible. No one knows why he spreads disease. He doesn't seem to care about us being imprisoned. Awakened people do not interest him more than others. He contaminates humans, animals, lictors, and razides with the same sense of indifference. Those who meet him are very much aware of his divinity, his mastery of life and death. He only notices the body, the flesh of the creatures he meets. To Baal Reshef there are no souls, no identity worthy of preserving.

Game mastering hints: Attach your eyes to something very far away. Keep your face still and move harmoniously in exact movements. Try to act incomprehensible. Give complicated answers with many

meanings to questions posed, or don't answer them at all.

AGL 30	EGO 50
STR 30	CHA 50
CON 200	PER 20
COM 15	EDU 30

Height: 165 cm

Weight: 75 kg

Senses: Sharp sense of smell. Sees through darkness.

Sees through the illusions

Movement: 15 m/round

Actions: 5

Initiative bonus: +18

Damage bonus: +7

Damage capacity: 29 scratches = 1 light wound

28 light wounds = 1 serious wound

26 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 20 fatal wounds

Endurance: unlimited

Powers: Immune to diseases and infections. Endures poisons, regenerate 1 light wound/round. Spreads diseases: can give diseases ten times the grade of contamination they normally have. Mutate virus: mutate virus so that vaccines and cures do not work. Hasten the course of disease: lowers the incubation period to 1/10 of the normal one. Cure diseases: can cure all diseases with a touch. Sees through illusions

Skills: Dodge 30, Daggers 30, Sword 30, Languages—all human ones, Man of the World 20, Survival 30, Medicine 40, Epidemiology 40, Virology 40

Attack mode: Can heighten the body temperature of a human to above 40°C by touching their skin, else according to weapon

Magic: none

Length of life: eternal

The Heralds of Death

The Heralds of Death have followed Baal Reshef through the millennia. They are humans who have defeated Death, but they are not Awakened. They are stuck in the shape they had when they met Baal Reshef. They have some of his ability to spread diseases. They are carriers of all possible infections and they spread them in the same way as an ordinary carrier of disease. The oldest heralds follow Baal Reshef in his wanderings; others are leaders of the sect in various places in the world.

Personality: The Heralds are filled with their cause, to serve Baal Reshef and to spread Pestilence.

Game mastering hints: Act a religious fanatic with a feverish look and very few independent thoughts.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 10+1d10 (16)	CHA 2d10 (11)
CON 20+2d10 (31)	PER 2d10 (11)
COM 2d10 (11)	EDU 10+1d10 (16)

Height: varies

Weight: varies

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +3

Damage capacity: 8 scratches = 1 light wound

7 light wounds = 1 serious wound

5 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 2 fatal wounds

Endurance: 195

Mental balance: -70

Dark secrets: Responsible for medical experiments

Advantages: Resistance to diseases

Powers: Forever young, endure poisons, regenerates.

Spreads diseases: can give diseases five times the grade of contamination they normally have. Mutate virus: vaccines and cures do not work.

Disadvantages: Bad reputation, fanaticism, curse

Limitations: controlled by other power

Skills: Pistol 16, Rifle and crossbow 16, Sneak 16, Daggers 16, Hand-to-hand combat 16, First aid 16, Poisons and drugs 15, Languages—five human, Man of the world 20, Survival 20, Medicine 25, Virology 24, Epidemiology 25

Attack mode: according to weapon

Magic: none

Length of life: eternal

Carriers of Pestilence

The Carriers of Pestilence are the temporary servants of the god, those who are attracted to him hoping to survive their incurable diseases. In certain places—hospitals and colonies of lepers, for example—large groups of Carriers of Pestilence have gathered. Baal Reshef gives them the strength to be active even during the late stages of the diseases, but when the time comes they succumb without any hope of salvation.

Personality: They are filled with thoughts of their incurable disease and their own death. They are prepared to do anything to get well.

Game mastering hints: Act obsessive, feverish and obsessed by your own illness. Stare blindly at people, talk only of your disease, shiver.

AGL 2d10 (11)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 2d10 (11)	CHA 2d10 (11)
CON 2d10 (11)	PER 2d10 (11)
COM 2d10 (11)	EDU 2d10 (11)

Movement: 6 m/round
Actions: 2
Initiative bonus: —
Damage bonus: +1
Damage capacity: 4 scratches = 1 light wound
3 light wounds = 1 serious wound
3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound
Endurance: 85
Mental balance: -50
Advantages: varying
Disadvantages: Fanaticism
Powers: Spreads diseases: can give diseases two times the grade of contamination they normally have.
Skills: Hand-gun 11, Daggers 11, First aid 11, Medicine 15, Virology 10, Epidemiology 10.
Attack mode: according to weapon

Pestilence Spirits

The Pestilence Spirits follow the god on his wanderings. They have no shape, appearing instead like a dark mist. Attracted to humans, they spread contamination, make any disease five times as contagious, and they contaminate all who get in their way. Baal Reshef can send them to look for humans that he wishes to contaminate. They will find that person and infect only him or her. When their task is accomplished they dissolve and vanish into thin air. They cannot be destroyed or damaged by any means, but are unable to pass through solid matter.

Movement: 6 m/round
Powers: Spread diseases five times as fast as normally.



"Through the angel rain through the dust and the gasoline
Through the cruelty of strangers to the neon dream
long distance information
I'll take the same
I got the fuel for the transformation
I'm a naked flame"

—The Sisters of Mercy

Coatlicue

Chaos and Entropy

Coatlicue is the name the Aztecs gave to chaos and entropy—and to the goddess who existed before order entered the world. They knew that she wasn't merely a picture of the past, but an existing threat to themselves. They saw her empty the rich Mayan cities as chaos spread. They saw temple complexes melt down and disappear in a maelstrom which made them vanish as if they had never existed.

When Coatlicue, in the shape of a young woman, led Hernán Cortés towards Tenochtitlán in year 1 (local time) the Aztecs realized that something was happening to them. The realm of the Aztecs fell to Cortés' sword. Some parts of Tenochtitlán dissolved and vanished into chaos. Five hundred years later Coatlicue still walks across the American continents, annihilating parts of reality through the cancellation of form and structure. Few of her worshippers truly care about her or want to be near her; most sacrifices are made with the intention of being left in peace by the Goddess.

Entropy

Entropy is a condition where all structure and movement ceases, even at the level of atomic particles: a vacuum without matter, light, gravitation or any form of energy. Coatlicue creates entropy as she passes.

The first symptom of entropy is the breakdown of time and matter. We can no longer discern objects or spaces around us. All becomes a gray mist where our eyes desperately search for well-known shapes without finding them. Then, light and gravitation disappears. Time ceases to exist. Chaos takes control.

Humans have an inherent defense against entropy. Our minds build structures that prevent the world from falling apart around us. When the Demiurge and his servants created rigid societies and thoughts to keep us captive, they were only taking advantage of a rigidity in our thinking, naturally present in us as a defense against entropy. To create entropy Coatlicue must first make our societies fall apart, then she must make us believe in chaos as a possibility. If she succeeds she will be able to annihilate Reality. Lately, she has attracted modern physicists seeking insight into the deepest secrets of matter.

Humans are not dissolved by entropy. Our bodies are annihilated, but the essence of us remains as a possibility in the emptiness which is entropy. If new matter and energy is created from nothingness, we will be resurrected in the same shape we had.

Historical Background

Coatlicue has existed under different names in legends from all over the world. She has existed since the beginning of the world and will exist until the world has been devoured by emptiness. She has never been much worshipped: humans instinctively fear entropy. Long ago, Coatlicue wandered among humans in the Old World, but there she remains only in stories and legends.

In the last thousand years, she has only appeared in America, mostly in Central America. On these occasions she has taken the shape of a young woman, or a monstrous creature covered by snakes.

The people of the New World tried to pacify her with gifts—she can be appeased by human sacrifices. When the Europeans came to America, they learned to fear her. She was made a saint in the Catholic church and sacrifices were brought to her to induce her to leave cities and churches alone. Statues of St Mary of Tehuaxaca, with snakes around her and a necklace of skulls, are still produced today.

For hundreds of years she accepted the human sacrifices and seemed to leave humanity alone. She was still a threat, but she only destroyed minor parts of Reality. No one knew what she was planning, or if she was only waiting. Since the beginning of the breakdown of illusions she has become more active. She appears more often in her demon shape. More and more villages are dissolved in chaos. Some parts of the slum areas of the cities have been devoured by her. She moves back and forth over the whole of the continent. Some say that they have seen her in Europe and Africa too. Humans have begun sacrificing and building temples to her honor in order to appease her.

A new phenomenon is that humans have begun worshipping her because of entropy



itself, and not out of fear. Modern physicists are searching for her to gain knowledge of entropy and the nature of matter. Many have disappeared into the chaos that they tried to study. Others have made a pact with the Goddess and been allowed to live. They have created the first true cult of the Goddess of Entropy that ever existed.

The Servants of Coatlicue

The servants of Coatlicue is a group that first appeared in the seventies, among North American physicists. They worship her to obtain knowledge of matter on the particle level. The cult was founded by Jason Lacrosse, a Californian physicist with an interest in American Indian mythology. He came to hear about the "goddess of chaos" and visited an old holy place in the Mojave desert. There he met the goddess and faced obliteration. But by sacrificing his two assistants and his driver, he managed to appease Coatlicue and escaped alive. He has written a book about these events: *Seeking the Mother of Entropy*. Through this book he attracted other sympathizers and has founded a cult.

Since then, Coatlicue has more often taken on human shape and appeared in the southern parts of the U.S. She's been seen together with Lacrosse several times in the shape of a young American Indian woman. Lacrosse and his followers have been enticed by her to kill all the inhabitants of a few small rural villages. Those places were then devoured by chaos.

The physicists soon discovered what the Aztecs and their descendants already knew—Coatlicue can only be appeased through the sacrifice of human blood. Many hundreds of illegal immigrants and runaway children have lost their

lives to gain information from the goddess. Several members have also been obliterated: the goddess is not always kind to her servants.

The cult has a few thousand members, most of them in California and the southern parts of the U.S. It has many ties to universities. The largest groups of sympathizers are students at UCLA and the university of Phoenix: Jason Lacrosse holds a chair at Berkeley. All members are physicists specializing in atomic particles. People with an interest in occultism have tried to gain membership, but have been kept out by the board, according to Lacrosse because Coatlicue "wants it so"

The cult has large economic resources. Research projects are used as cover to conceal its real activities. All facts that the worshippers gain from Coatlicue are used in their work. The members are sensitive to negative publicity and do not appear much in public. They have erected temples for their goddess in places devoured by entropy. There are about twenty such temples in the southern U.S. and Mexico; the largest one is in the desert city of Cormayas in Arizona. The members have no particular way of recognizing one another; they are few enough to know all other members. They are suspicious of people outside the cult and investigate all candidates carefully before accepting him or her in the cult.

The Servants of Coatlicue are careful not to endanger their reputation, but they do not hesitate to use criminal methods. They will murder their enemies or allow areas to be devoured by entropy, as long as they can get away with it.

Coatlicue and creatures bound to her are the only non-human creatures with which the cult is in contact. Cult members can call Chaos snakes and Shadow leopards to their assistance.

The cult is very secret. Officially it doesn't exist at all. It has no contacts with other groups. Many physicists have heard of it, but non-members in most cases believe the rumors to be pure fiction.

A few American Indian organizations, still remembering the presence of Coatlicue on the continent, have become aware of the activities of the physicists, but they do not yet know what to do about them.

Cormayas, Arizona

Cormayas is the location of the most important temple of Coatlicue in the U.S. Until the seventies Cormayas was a flourishing city with 100,000 inhabitants, situated in the desert near the Mexican border.

In 1977 Jason Lacrosse came there with Coatlicue in her human shape. Within a year the center of the city had been devoured by entropy and the entire population had fled or been consumed by chaos. Lacrosse erected a pyramid-shaped temple, the goddess took on demon form and settled in it. Since then worshippers have made pilgrimages to the temple with their sacrifices. The center of the city has entered chaos. Within a radius of two kilometers from the temple is nothing. Time and space are distorted near that area. All becomes a thick, fluid mist. Time passes more slowly the nearer you get and stops as you reach the edge of "nothingness," where light fades and gravitation disappears. Through the distortions stretches an immaculate road into entropy. It leads to the temple, which forms an island in nothingness. It looks like a Mayan pyramid in glass and steel, with a set of stairs leading to a small temple at the top. Victims are dragged up and killed on an altar outside the temple. The area surrounding the pyramid is covered with skulls, piled up in pyramid shapes.

The areas around Cormayas are devoured by entropy to an ever increasing extent. Distortions begin ten kilometers outside the city limits, time becoming slower and shivering mirages more common the nearer you get to entropy. Shadow leopards and Chaos snakes prowl the city. The peasants in the vicinity deny that Cormayas has ever existed. The city has disappeared from all public documents.

Coatlicue

Coatlicue is not like any other creature. Her nature is entropy. She's not made of matter or energy. She is emptiness, negation, nothingness. She can take any shape, but most often she chooses to show herself as a young Indian woman, or as a vaguely humanoid creature with snakes coiled around her, covered by bloody feathers.

She radiates emptiness and annihilation. To see her is to stand on the edge of a bottomless pit and be tempted to jump. Humans who have not seen her often must make a terror throw when confronted by her.

Coatlicue has no substance and cannot die. She can destroy matter by touching it. In a circle around her time stands still and all movement—even on the particle level—stops. A human coming too close is frozen in time. Things touching her are destroyed if she so wishes. To annihilate humans Coatlicue must make them believe in entropy and feel attracted by it. Otherwise our natural power of retaining matter in our bodies will dominate. She uses her servants to spread chaos and fear which make humans accept the thought of annihilation as a kind of salvation.

Personality: Nobody knows why Coatlicue spreads entropy. The Aztec priests used to say that she was disturbed by the variation and movement of the world. She wants stillness and "nothingness." She seems to find consolation in the destruction and annihilation of lives. She is known to be pleased by sacrifices of human blood.

Game mastering hints: Act vacant. Talk with an indifferent voice.

Coatlicue in her human shape:

AGL 30	EGO 50
STR 30	CHA 30
CON Spec.	PER 20
COM 15	EDU 30

Modification of terror throw: ± 0

Height: 160 cm

Weight: 60 kg

Senses: Comprehends the world much differently from a human. Sees matter and energy on the particle level. Sees everything or everyone as a movement in stillness, a movement that ought to cease.

Communication: Speaks all human languages

Movement: 15 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +18

Damage bonus: +6

Damage capacity: cannot be damaged

Endurance: unlimited
Powers: Can destroy matter at a distance of up to one kilometer.
Skills: No skills known to humans.
Attack mode: annihilates matter
Home: entropy
Length of life: immortal

Coatlicue in her demon shape:

AGL 50	EGO 50
STR 50	PER 30
CON Spec.	EDU 30

Modification of terror throw: +5

Height: 400 cm

Weight: 250 kg

Senses: Comprehends the world much differently from a human. Sees matter and energy on the particle level. Comprehends everything or everyone as a movement in stillness, a movement that ought to cease.

Communication: Speaks all human languages

Movement: 25 m/round

Actions: 7

Initiative bonus: +38

Damage bonus: +11

Damage capacity: cannot be damaged

Endurance: unlimited

Powers: Can annihilate matter on a distance of up to one kilometer.

Skills: No skills known to humans.

Attack mode: annihilates matter

Home: entropy

Length of life: immortal

Jason Lacrosse

Jason Lacrosse is fascinated by Coatlicue but keeps a distance, which has made it possible for him to survive. He has realized that she can only annihilate him if he becomes attracted by entropy himself so does his utmost to stay in his material body. Lacrosse doesn't know that he has unconsciously been looking for Coatlicue all his life. His parents were destroyed by the goddess during a vacation in Mexico when Jason was five years old. Since then he has been searching for her, although he doesn't remember what happened in Mexico, believing that his parents died in a car accident.

The knowledge of the goddess has made him a star among American physicists, but he has become less and less interested in his research. After erecting the temple in Cormayas he has devoted most of his time to being the leader of the cult and Coatlicue's high priest. He has been seized by a violent thirst for blood.

Lacrosse is forty two years old, tall and slim with blond hair and blue eyes. He dresses casually, in rumpled Oxford shirts and khakis, always keeping up his reputation of a scholarly and well-behaved man. He holds a chair at Berkeley, but he seldom occupies it.

Personality: Lacrosse lost a bit of his sanity when he first met Coatlicue in the Mojave desert, and tore the hearts out of his two assistants and his driver. Since then he has had an unspoken feeling that the goddess is protecting him from the rest of humanity. He's desperately afraid of being tempted by entropy. This would allow Coatlicue to annihilate him.

Game mastering hints: Be nervous and impersonal. Speak with an empty voice. Laugh nervously.

AGL 12	EGO 18
STR 10	CHA 15
CON 11	PER 9
COM 14	EDU 20

Height: 185 cm

Weight: 80 kg

Movement: 6 m/round

Actions: 2

Initiative bonus: —

Damage bonus: +1

Damage capacity: 4 scratches = 1 light wound

3 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 85

Mental balance: -50

Dark secrets: Pact with Coatlicue

Advantages: Influential friends, magic intuition, mathematical talent

Disadvantages: Fanaticism, Fear of Death, Mental constriction (the death of his parents), mania, addict, sexual neurosis, mental compulsion (human sacrifices)

Skills: Automatic weapons 12, Rifle and crossbow 15, Hand-gun 10, Sneak 12, Daggers 10, First aid 12, Computers 15, Information retrieval 12, Meditation 15, Occultism 12, Motor mechanics 12, Languages: English, French 12, Spanish 10, German 10, Net of contacts: Servants of Coatlicue 18, Driving 10, Natural science 12, Physics 20, Particle physics 20, Mathematics 15, Electronics 15

Attack mode: according to weapon

Magic: School of time and space 20 (all spells to skill score 15)

Home: San Francisco and Cormayas

Chaos Snakes

Chaos snakes are creatures existing near Coatlicue. They turn up where material has begun to be devoured by entropy. They are neither matter nor entropy, but something in

between. They swim the air in areas on the verge of breakdown, devour all matter within their reach and turn it into a sort of semi-matter, ceasing to exist.

In Cormayas the snakes swim around the pyramid temple and near the road that leads through the shadows. They are 10-20 meters in length, and of indefinable shape and color. Their jaws are black holes where matter is turned into a semi-material gray mess.

AGL 20+2d10 (31)	EGO 1d5 (3)
STR 20+2d10 (31)	PER 20+1d10 (26)
CON 20+2d10 (31)	

Length: 10-20 meters

Weight: varies

Senses: see matter and energy in the particle level.

Comprehends everything as movements in emptiness

Communication: none

Movement: 16 m/round

Actions: 5

Initiative bonus: +19

Damage bonus: +8

Damage capacity: 8 scratches = 1 light wound

7 light wounds = 1 serious wound

5 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 2 fatal wounds

Endurance: 185

Natural armor: 2 p

Powers: Flying capability, turn matter into semi-matter

Attack mode: Bite 18 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-22, fw 23+)—damage concerns humans. All matter they devour turns into semi-matter, a quasi-material gray mess. They avoid devouring humans, concentrating on 'inanimate' matter.

Home: The borderline between our world and entropy

Number: 10+1d10

Shadow Leopards

Shadow leopards follow Coatlicue wherever she goes. They look like ordinary leopards, but their spots seem to flow and shift, and they 'shimmer' as they move, like mirages or projections. Shadow leopards search for humans who long for annihilation and are ready to enter into entropy. They can distort time and space and travel as far as they want instantly. They are of the same substance as the chaos snakes, something in between matter and entropy. They can turn matter into semi-matter by devouring it.

AGL 20+1d10 (26)	EGO 1d10 (6)
STR 20+1d10 (26)	PER 20+1d10 (26)
CON 20+1d10 (26)	

Modification of terror throw: -5

Length: 150 cm

Height: 100 cm

Weight: 70 kg

Senses: see matter and energy in the particle level.

Comprehends everything as movements in emptiness

Communication: none

Movement: 13 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +14

Damage bonus: +6

Damage capacity: 7 scratches = 1 light wound

6 light wounds = 1 serious wound

4 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 160

Powers: Twist time and space, turn matter into semi-matter

Skills: Climb 26, Sneak 26, Dodge 26, Shadow 26.

Attack mode: Bite 15 (scr 1-8, lw 9-15, sw 16-24, fw 25+)—damage concerns humans. All matter they devour turns into semi-matter, a quasi-material gray mess. They avoid devouring humans, concentrating on matter.

Number: 1d10

Wandering Shadows

Wandering shadows are what remain when humans have been devoured by entropy. They do not die and are reborn, but are captured in entropy until new matter and energy are created out of emptiness. The wandering shadows are the reflections of captured humans. They drift around like ghosts, trying to tempt other people to let themselves be devoured by chaos. The wandering shadows are black, semi-transparent reflections of the disappeared humans. They can be seen wandering about in places where entropy has devoured a part of reality.

Personality: The wandering shadows are confused and do not understand what has happened to them. They want to drag themselves into existence, but they can't. Having failed to do this, they try to drag living humans into non-existence instead. They have no real consciousness.

Game mastering hints: Wander around with an empty look in your eyes. Act like a zombie or a ghost.

AGL as when alive	EGO 1d5 (3)
STR —	CHA —
CON —	PER as when alive
COM as when alive	EDU —

Modification of terror throw: -5

Senses: see matter and energy at the particle level.

Comprehends everything as movements in emptiness. Sees humans as divergent movements.

Communication: Speak single words

Movement: as when alive

Actions: as when alive

Initiative bonus: as when alive

Damage bonus: none

Damage capacity: cannot be damaged

Endurance: unlimited

Mental balance: -75 -5d10

Attack mode: Try to terrify or tempt humans to come closer to areas filled with entropy. No physical attacks.

Home: The borderline between our world and entropy.

Temple of Coatlicue, Cormayas

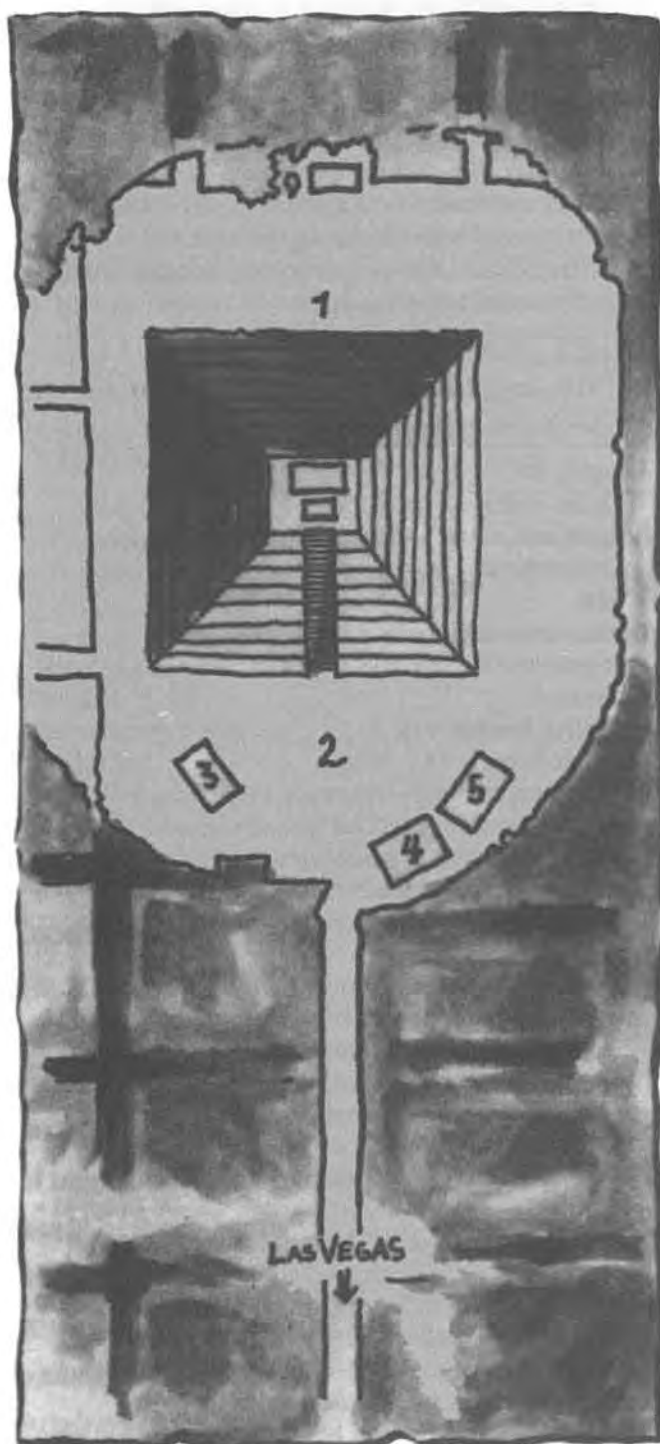
1 The temple pyramid. The pyramid is built in steps like a Mayan pyramid. Thirty steps of two meters each leads to the top of the sixty meter high pyramid. The outside is covered by black glass in irregular steel frames. At the front is a narrow steel staircase. The top is 20 x 20 meters, covered with steel and crystal inlays. On the top is a small temple of black rock and polished steel. Inside is a roaring black hole of entropy. Everything brought into the temple is devoured and annihilated. Coatlicue sometimes materializes in human or other form out of the entropy in the temple. Outside the temple building is an altar of polished rock where victims are killed before they are thrown into the temple.

2 The temple area. Around the temple are bones from the victims. The skull of each sacrifice is saved and added to the huge pyramids of skulls around the temple. At the ceremonies the temple area is filled with cars and members of the cult.

3 Lacrosse's trailer. Jason Lacrosse spends much of his time near the temple in a large trailer-home that is parked here. Coatlicue in human form can often be found here, too.

4 Tool shed

5 Locked trailer. In a locked house trailer without any windows, Lacrosse keeps the victims for the ceremonies.



Shiva Nataraja

Shiva Nataraja is the Death Dancer, he who creates and destroys a world with his dance. He existed before our reality was created and he will remain after it is gone. Nataraja's sympathizers claim that his dance shaped the Illusion from Malkuth's body and that he can destroy it if he wants to, but that he awaits the right moment. Nataraja has not commented on this. He just dances.

Nataraja can take several shapes in several places, but one of his incarnates always remains in the same place. This incarnate is a man with dark skin and four arms who dances in Club Ashram at Reeperbahn in Hamburg. His worshippers claim that the world will cease to exist the moment he stops dancing. Nataraja's dance foretells fall and destruction. Before the First as well as the Second World War he danced through Europe followed by his servants. He foretold the events in Hiroshima and Nagasaki as well as several of the great earthquakes on the American West Coast and in Japan.

He can tear down cities and destroy large areas with his dance. Outside the Illusion Nataraja has danced down parts of Inferno and Metropolis. Large areas are devastated where he has passed.

The cult of the Dancer is an important one in India, where he has been worshipped as a god for many thousands of years. In Europe his cult has existed underground and in secret due to the dominance of Christianity.

The Dance of Nataraja

Shiva Nataraja can create or destroy with his dance. He himself chooses the extent of the destruction. He can make a garden flourish or die through dancing in it. He can make a house fall down through dancing in it. He can destroy a whole city with bombardments, earthquakes or floods through dancing in the streets or at a central point. He can make humans older or younger by dancing for them. All that

can be created, changed and destroyed can be moved through his dance.

Tandava is the name the Nataraja worshippers have given to the apocalypse. When time comes, they say, Nataraja will dance Tandava over the bodies of the Death Angels and Archons. Then, the Illusion will be torn down and we will look into True Reality.

Even the ordinary dance of Nataraja tears at the illusions. Façades around him fall apart and humans look into True Reality. When he destroys a part of our Illusion with his dance, he also destroys a part of Reality beyond the illusions. Many people have doubts about what would happen if Nataraja were to dance Tandava. The Death Dancer doesn't differentiate between Illusion and Reality. To him, all is perishable. He would perhaps dance the whole world into pieces, and we would die. Perhaps the Demiurge would return and stop him. No one knows for certain.

History of the sect

Nataraja has many supporters, though no one knowing what his aims are or how he is going to act. His worshippers can not influence him. He gives them the power to destroy through their dance and they follow him as he proceeds through the world.

In India, Shiva Nataraja is one of the most important deities. In spite of that he has above all been visible in Europe during the last 150 years. His sympathizers believe that he left his temple in Madras after the Sepoy uprising, and danced through Asia and Europe to Germany. He seems to have important ties with the history of Germany. Since the end of the nineteenth century his incarnate has been dancing in Reeperbahn

in Hamburg. Before German reunification he was seen dancing on the Berlin wall.

In Europe his cult became established at the turn of the century, when occultists came back from India, bringing with them temple dancers and rituals. His Indian name became widely known in Europe.





Earlier he had been worshipped under several names by a number of secret societies. The European occultists became aware of his incarnate having danced for several years in Club Ashram, and they started to worship him there. Before the First World War local cults appeared in Hamburg, Paris, Berlin, and New York. The sympathizers at first used the Indian rituals, but soon started to compose their own. The ritual dances have always been the most important element of the Nataraja cult.

In more recent times, the cult has become more and more apocalyptic. The members are waiting for Tandava, the dance which will break down illusions and return us to our true home.

Description of the Sect

The Nataraja cult has many millions of worshippers, if you count all the people who worship Shiva Nataraja as a member of a pantheon. Even if you only count those who worship Nataraja alone, he has hundreds of thousands of worshippers. Most live in India. Europe has 10-15,000 worshippers of Nataraja, about the same number as in North America. In Africa and Latin America he is worshipped under other names and has many tens of thousands of worshippers.

The sect organizations vary with location. Most have some sort of hierarchy, apprentices being tested for a time before they are accepted. The oldest and most experienced members lead the sect, and they are called Death Dancers. Nataraja is not an active leader of his followers. He gives them mystic signs in his dances, signs that are interpreted by the Death Dancers and obeyed by the followers. Outsiders often question whether the dancing god gives any signs at all, and if he does, whether the followers can

interpret them correctly. The Death Dancers are the real leaders of the sect. In Europe the leading Death Dancer is Rao Greidel, who always stands by Nataraja's side in Hamburg.

The members of the sect are fetched from different social and ethnic groups. Nataraja calls those whom he considers worthy. The God gives them visions, and they are enticed to dance themselves almost to death. The Nataraja cults have no large material resources. They despise worldly goods. The Death Dancers have a great knowledge of magic, but they do not control any large sums of money or military equipment.

Nataraja's cults are all over the world, though there are more of them in India. The cults are often not aware of each other. They have different names for the God, and different rituals and teachings. In Europe the worshippers have their principal temple in Club Ashram. The god has been dancing there for the last hundred years. A lot of people believed that he would break the Illusion in 1990, a hundred years since he turned up in Germany, but it did not happen. In the rest of the world there are other temples where he sometimes shows himself. Nataraja worshippers sometimes appear with three horizontal lines on their forehead, but otherwise there are no particular marks of identification. The cults sometimes employ violence to eliminate an enemy, but they prefer using magic or diplomacy whenever possible. Except for Nataraja and the creatures related to him, they have little contact with non-human creatures.

The worshippers of Nataraja form an official cult. They keep their interpretations of the dance of the god secret, and they won't tell about their rituals and temple dances, but they never deny that they are the servants of the Dancing God. Archons and Death Angels gener-

ally leave them alone. Some regard them as harmless. Others fear the power of the Dancing God, and do not wish to confront him. Both Archons and Death Angels are possible enemies of Nataraja, but they prefer to let him be, since they do not know what to do about him.

Club Ashram, Hamburg

In the basement of Club Ashram, on Reeperbahn, Shiva Nataraja dances inside a floating circle of fire. The top floor of Ashram is an ordinary bar with a strip-tease show. Many Indians and Nataraja worshippers hang out in the club. There's a small set of stairs leading down to the basement. A guard keeps all unwanted visitors out—only the followers of Nataraja are let in. The basement is illuminated by a set of lights that are synchronized with the sleepy, melodic music which emanates from the loudspeakers. On a small stage by the bar, lit by neon, the four-armed god dances. The floor is always full of dancing worshippers. The air is thick with the smell of incense and sweat.

There are eight locked doors in the room, leading to corridors which open to different parts of True Reality. A person with enhanced awareness or schizophrenia can feel that this place is a nexus—many worlds meet here. A person with enhanced awareness will see different worlds merging around the god in his dance. The club is owned by Rao Greidel, a man of Indian descent, who inherited the club from his mother. Rao is a Death Dancer. He interprets the dance of the God and gives his interpretations to other dancers.

Shiva Nataraja

Nataraja is one of the mightiest creatures of our past. He holds a cosmic balance by creating and tearing down parts of our reality. Nobody in the illusion has the ability to understand what it is that he controls and what his next move will be. He helped the Demiurge create the Illusion and he has the power to destroy it. He makes no distinction between Reality and Illusion and he can tear down Metropolis and Inferno just as easily as he can destroy our reality. He sometimes destroys parts of our reality along with True Reality.

The Dancing God is not bound by time and space. He can exist in several places at the same time and he can travel in time as he pleases.

Nataraja sometimes appears in the shape of a god, sometimes in the shape of a human. As a god he is two meters tall, with bluish black skin and black eyes. He has four arms and he wears a simple piece of cloth around his hips along with golden adornments. He always appears dancing in a vertical circle of fire. He has the power to make humans watching him fear him. They comprehend some of his power to destroy the world and are seized by a fear of death. All who see him for the first time will have to make a terror throw. His human form is similar to the divine one, though it has two arms and a more humanoid appearance. As a human he is not always dancing, but will sometimes wander among humans. Those who see him in his human form will not have to make any terror throw.

Shiva Nataraja cannot die. If any of his shapes die, the others live on.

Personality: Shiva Nataraja is inscrutable. His plans are beyond human reason. He can be charming, terrible or discreet, depending on his aims, but no human can know anything about his feelings.

Game mastering hints: Smile vaguely, behave arrogantly. Speak with a soft lenient voice. Be impatient when people are obstinate or threatening.

AGL 80	EGO 50
STR 50	CHA 75
CON 50	PER 30
COM 75	EDU 30

Modification of terror throw: +5 (in his divine shape)

Height: 200 cm

Weight: 100 kg

Senses: Sees through darkness, sees backward and forwards in time according to his wish

Communication: speech or telepathy

Movement: 40 m/round or instant movement through the distortion of space

Actions: 9

Initiative bonus: +68

Damage bonus: +14

Damage capacity: 11 scratches = 1 light wound

10 light wounds = 1 serious wound

8 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 3 fatal wounds

Endurance: 280

Powers: Speak all human languages, Telepathy, Distort time and space—can make time stop or progress faster or slower with his dance; Creative and destructive dance—can create, change or destroy according to his will.

Skills: Climb 80, Sneak 80, Dodge 80, All melee and throwing weapons 50, Acrobatics 80, Dance 100, Martial arts: throw 50, grip 50, strike 50 kick 50, block 50, All budo maneuvers 50, Man of the world 50, Seduction 50, Rhetoric 50

Attack mode: according to weapon

Home: Hamburg

Length of life: immortal

Death Dancers

The Death Dancers are the principal followers of the God. They have been given powers similar to the God's but in a lesser degree. They interpret the will of the God through his dance. The Death Dancers follow the incarnates of Nataraja as they travel across the earth. They have a special form of time and space magic where rituals are performed as dances. The Death Dancers are of different ages and of both sexes. They are appointed by the God and remain faithful to him during the rest of their lives. Europe's foremost Death Dancer is Rao Greidel, a short dark man in his forties.

Personality: The Death Dancers are fanatics. They live to serve their God and they don't care about anything else.

AGL 10+2d10 (21)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 10+1d10 (16)	CHA 2d10 (11)
CON 10+1d10 (16)	PER 2d10 (11)
COM 2d10 (11)	EDU 2d10 (11)

Movement: 11 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +9

Damage bonus: +4

Damage capacity: 5 scratches = 1 light wound

4 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 110

Powers: Death dance—through a special dance, time is influenced so that any course of events will result in destruction. If this dance takes place in a house, those who live there will meet with misfortune, and the house will be destroyed as soon as circumstances allow. The death dance works as a sort of curse.

Dancing portal:—they can open doors to True Reality through their dance. The dancer becomes a portal on the borderline between our reality and True Reality. He can choose where he wants to be when he stops dancing. He is not able to bring anyone else with him.

Metal balance: $\pm 2d10 (\pm 11)$

Dark secrets: The meeting with the Dancing God

Advantages: Enhanced awareness, body awareness, Magical intuition.

Disadvantages: Fanaticism, Death wish, Mania

Skills: Climb 21, Hand-gun 21, Sneak 21, Dodge 21, Daggers 16, Acrobatics 21, Dance 21, Martial arts: grip 21, throw 21, block 21, strike 16, kick 16, Budo maneuvers: disarm 15, circle kick 15, flying kick 15, knock out 15, meditation 11, Languages—3 human ones, Net of contacts: Death Dancers 12, Driving 11, Night combat 11

Attack mode: according to weapon

Magic: Lore of space and time (dance magic) 25 (all spells to skill score 15)

Wind Scouts

The wind scouts are the servants of Nataraja from beyond the Illusions. They are semi-material creatures who travel back and forth through time and space. Like the Death Dancers they can change the passing of time and move through Illusion. Nataraja uses them to spy and collect information. He sends them to guard important humans or places. Wind scouts look like pale, twisted humans dressed in thin veils. They dance over the ground or through the air, singing their mournful song. If they are attacked they can defend themselves through twisting time and space: making an enemy older or making him an infant—or freezing time around him.

Humans generally choose not to see the wind scouts. Only those who have enhanced awareness or schizophrenia can see their true shape. Others see them as birds or leaves blowing in the wind.

Personality: The Wind scouts seem light-hearted and absent-minded. They forget things easily and are close to laughter.

Game mastering hints: Smile and move to the music. Seem a little absent-minded, almost as if you were high on something. Laugh a lot.

AGL 10+2d10 (21)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 2d10 (11)	CHA 2d10 (11)
CON 10+1d10 (16)	PER 10+1d10 (16)
COM 1d10 (6)	EDU 1d10 (6)

Modification of terror throw: -5

Height: 180 cm

Weight: —

Senses: See through darkness and backwards/forward in time however far they want.

Communication: Speaks all human languages

Movement: 12 m/round, or instant movement through the twisting of space

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +9

Damage bonus: +3

Damage capacity: 5 scratches = 1 light wound

4 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 110

Powers: Distort time and space. Is able to travel in time, fasten or make slower the pace of time, freeze time and travel an unlimited distance in no time. Can fly and move between illusions and between different worlds. Speak all human languages.

Skills: Dodge 21, Daggers 11, Hand-to-hand combat 15, Hide 16, Dance 21, Information retrieval 11, Languages—all human, Shadow 16

Attack mode: according to weapon or hand-to-hand combat like a human

Home: beyond the Illusion

Length of life: immortal

Marut

The Marut are the wild followers of Nataraja, following in his tracks on his journeys of dancing destruction. They are violent creatures who break everything in their way and tear all that lives to shreds. Humans cannot see their true shape, but see them as storm-winds or wild animals. Anyone who has an enhanced awareness or schizophrenia will see them as pitch-black humans with distorted features and tangled black hair, dressed in armor made of steel and leather. They have teeth like a beast of prey and large claws. They dance after Nataraja and break everything. He can summon them when he wishes and send them out to destroy an area. They move without impediment through Illusions and will destroy True Reality just as easily as the Illusion.

Personality: The Marut want nothing but destruction. They are not conscious of anything but destruction.

Game mastering hints: Strike wildly at everything and roar madly.

AGL 20+2d10 (31)	EGO 1d10 (6)
STR 20+2d10 (31)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON 20+2d10 (31)	PER 10+1d10 (16)
COM 1d10 (6)	EDU —

Modification of terror throw: -5

Height: 200 cm

Weight: 150 kg

Senses: see through darkness and backwards/forwards in time however far they wish

Communication: cannot speak, understand only the orders of Nataraja

Movement: 16 m/round

Actions: 5

Initiative bonus: +19

Damage bonus: +8

Damage capacity: 8 scratches = 1 light wound

7 light wounds = 1 serious wound

5 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 2 fatal wounds

Endurance: 185

Natural armor: 2 p

Powers: Wander through the illusions

Skills: Climb 31, All projectile weapons 31, All melee and throwing weapons 31, Dance 31, Martial arts: grip 31, throw 31, strike 31, kick 31

Attack mode: Bite 20 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-22, fw 23+) 2 claws (scr 1-8, lw 9-15, sw 16-24, fw 25+) or according to weapon

Home: beyond Illusion

Length of life: immortal

Number: 10+1d10 (16)





The Awakened

I wandered through the old quarters of Metropolis, where the façades are clay covered and veiled faces can be seen through thin cracks in the walls. I followed a track through the narrow streets. It was a track of torn bodies and bloody footprints. It ran from the mass graves of Russians, through the icy halls of

Inferno to the oldest parts of Metropolis. I recognized the shape of the bloody prints. They were large and twisted and the paving stones where scratched by steel-clad claws, but I recognized them. Someone I knew wandered through the streets in non-human shape and killed everything that got in her way. A rill of fresh blood came down the narrow

*stairs between the houses. I quickened my steps. On the top of the stairs where a marble minaret had been erected I caught up with her. She had grown to more than five times my height. Her body was black and sinewy, covered by glass and metal and smeared with clot-
ted blood. Her black eyes glistened in the light from my lantern. She was standing with her head bent down over a body which had been torn open. I searched my memory for her name.*

"Apollyon," I said, and stepped forward to touch her head. She shrunk back from me and snapped at my hand. I stood there without moving and looked into her eyes.

She was on the borderline. Just another small step.

"Apollyon, you know me. I am Messiah."

I searched my memory and found a picture of us from the old time. Her mind was roaring chaos, but I concentrated and managed to form the picture as an image in her consciousness. I showed all the pictures I could remember from the old time. Pictures of us, the others, the city before the fall. The eyes changed from black glass to human blue ones. The twisted body shrank to a pale female form, still covered by clotted blood. She looked at me and fainted.



The Awakened are humans that have escaped captivity on their own, through augmenting or lowering their mental balance beyond ± 500 . Nobody knows exactly how many they are. That they could be counted in tens or hundreds is a good guess. Some have been awakened for a long time.

A rare few escaped the plan of the Demiurge and were never captured in the Illusion. Others have just awakened and become conscious of True Reality around them. Most are never seen among us, among imprisoned humans. They wander far beyond the Illusion, rediscovering

their world. Newly awakened disappear for many hundreds of years to explore True Reality.

Those who remain with us have either been awakened for a long time and long for human company, or have just awakened and have accepted the responsibility of awakening the rest of Humanity from its sleep. Imprisoned, mortal humans often believe that the awakened are gods. Sects and religions are created around them. Some find it amusing and practical to have human worshippers as helpers. Others are disgusted by seeing the blind condition of Humanity. We here depict three of the Awakened, and their human worshippers.

The Children of Apollyon

The Children of Apollyon is a sub-culture or sect spread over the entire western world. The members are youths that have run away from home and joined with some group that belongs to the sect. They devote all their energy to lowering their mental balance through performing acts of violence and let themselves become the victims of such acts. They travel Europe and North America without staying long in one place, and they are constantly hunted by the police. The sect is led by Apollyon, an enlightened human who reached divinity through wandering the dark path. She now instructs her young followers how they should behave to follow her on that path. No one has yet succeeded. Those who endure for any length of time become physically distorted and lose all humanity before dying. Most die at an early stage.

History of the Sect

Apollyon wandered the dark path to enlightenment. She was born somewhere in central Europe, during the time before iron became an important object of trade.

A few hundred years BC she was a twisted monster, haunted by her light shadow. She was trapped in chaos sometime around the beginning of our reckoning and through the Roman Imperial period and the early Middle Ages she was a demon wandering through Europe. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries she prowled the battlefields like a vulture.

In the eighteenth century she traveled to Metropolis by magic, and there she met the protector of the Qumran sect: Messiah. The confrontation with Messiah brought her out of chaos and into enlightenment. She regained her full humanity.

Apollyon wandered beyond our Illusion for a long time before returning to her fellow humans. In the beginning of the sixties she saw how the Illusion had begun to fall apart. She wanted to help her fellow humans to enlighten—the only way she herself knew: the dark path. She gathered a circle of children, and hurled them into darkness.

She is constantly recruiting new members, hoping that they will push each other further

into darkness. Apollyon is in no hurry. It took her 2,000 years to wander this path. She hopes to be able to hasten the process for her disciples to be enlightened.

Description of the Sect

The Children of Apollyon consists of 10,000 children and teenagers spread over Europe and North America. They prowl the streets in groups of 10-20, recruiting new members among run-away children. The inner circle, having been members since the start thirty years ago, dwell in burnt-out, decayed houses in the outskirts of Miami. There are about a hundred of them; distorted children of the night, now in their forties.

Scattered groups form the sect; sometimes they swap members. Every group has a strict hierarchy; a leader at the top and at the bottom someone who is always picked on—though this person will seldom survive for very long.

The inner circle consists of five groups that sometimes fight internally. There is no central management, although everyone obeys Apollyon, and all other members stronger than him/herself. The inner circle terrorizes the younger comrades whenever they get the chance. The right of might is unchallenged.

Members are recruited among runaways and other homeless children. Most of them have already led hard lives, and they are grateful for the solidarity within the group. New members are ten years of age or older. Few people over twenty join the sect.

When the truth about the cruelty of the sect finally becomes clear to the newcomers it is already too late—they are either too involved to pull out, or already dead.

The Children of Apollyon lack both resources and coordination. They are armed with simple weapons, or sometimes with projectile weapons in poor working order. The inner circle has more extensive resources, but they are outside society and have no influence outside their own group. Apollyon herself has some power, but she seldom makes use of it.



The center of the sect is Miami, Florida, where the inner circle dwells. It is to them that Apollyon comes when she visits the sect. The largest group of members is in the U.S. A couple of thousand members live in Europe, where Apollyon has appeared to instruct them.

The younger groups are constantly moving, living in houses soon to be demolished, empty factories and warehouses. They seldom stay very long in one place. Some houses and places have become meeting places where several groups meet at night, usually when the moon is full. All large cities have such a meeting place. The Children of Apollyon have a complicated series of rituals for initiation and marks of recognition, which have been decided by the inner circle without the consent of Apollyon. The members have crude tattoos on their chests.

The sect is devoted solely to violence and pain. The members have not understood everything Apollyon preached to them; they only know that the road to liberation is paved with hurt and suffering—their own and that of others. They murder, torture, and rape one another and outsiders whenever they have an opportunity. They constantly harass each other. One new member in two dies within a couple of weeks as the result of bullying. The constant suffering opens their eyes at times, so that they can see through Illusion. The Children of Apollyon attract the *Nachtkäfer* and the Children of the Underworld.

The members are sometimes thrown into Metropolis or Inferno. Experienced groups in the sect are followed by pueries, creatures similar to stunted children with claws, who sometimes help them and sometimes attack them.

The connection with Apollyon has made the lictors take an occasional interest in the sect, but they have never seriously attacked them. The

Children of Apollyon is a sect totally closed to outsiders. Nobody is admitted. Exclusive initiation rites prevent infiltration. Older candidates are regarded with utmost suspicion.

The sect has no ties with other groups. Sometimes they clash with Hellers or other Satanists, but they keep to themselves if they can.

The Silver Wave

In a decayed apartment house in South Beach, Florida, Apollyon's oldest followers dwell. The members of the inner circle are physically disfigured and keep indoors during the day. They live off shop-lifting and petty thefts in the neighborhood; the inhabitants of the area avoid this house.

On the inside, it looks like an ordinary decayed old building, inhabited by squatters who are more dirty and apathetic than squatters usually are. Ten of the oldest inhabitants rule, but it is not a very stable order. Jorge, the leader, is a man in his forties, and his skin is covered with open sores and cancerous tumors. The others constantly try to remove him and install themselves as leader. Removal usually means death.

The members of the inner circle devote most of their time to killing and torturing each other. Other members who come there are slowly killed. Those who have the most severe physical distortions never leave the house, but are hidden in the basement.

Apollyon

Apollyon was enlightened in the eighteenth century, after hundreds of years as a raging demon, in hopeless battle with her light shadow. She has not fully gotten used to being a human.

She often feels disharmonious. She regards the violent children as an experiment, which she is unsure whether she should continue with or not. She devotes a large part of her time to wandering beyond our Illusion.

The darkness which filled her over the hundreds of years has never really left her. She still has the same effect on people around her as a human with low mental balance. Children coming near her become violent and wayward. She hasn't learned to master her power yet.

On the surface, Apollyon is a young woman with reddish blonde hair and blue eyes. She leaves an intense impression which makes people shrink from her. Ordinary humans can only see the part of her which can exist in the Illusion.

Personality: Apollyon is still euphoric about being released from darkness. She follows her instinct and has no premeditated plans. Sometimes she is seized by compassion for "her children" and scatters them, but then becomes depressed by the hopeless situation and lets them go on tormenting each other.

Game mastering hints: Be calm, empathic and happy. Never get angry.

AGL 130	EGO 150
STR 120	CHA 150
CON 110	PER 120
COM 130	EDU 120

Height: 170 cm

Weight: 75 kg

Senses: sees True Reality

Movement: 65 m/round (can manipulate time and space)

Actions: 9

Initiative bonus: +118

Damage bonus: +26

Damage capacity: 19 scratches = 1 light wound

18 light wounds = 1 serious wound

16 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Regenerates 1 scratch/round. Cannot die, only be divided. The different parts of her body will be drawn together if they are separated.

Endurance: unlimited

Powers: manipulates time and space. Influences all children with negative mental balance within ten kilometers. They will act as if they had -75 in mental balance. Juvenile criminality will increase drastically wherever she goes.

Skills: Projectile weapons, all 75, Sneak 30, Dodge 40, Melee and throwing weapons all 50, Swim 20, Dance 30, First aid 40, Information retrieval 20, occultism 30, Languages—all human ones, Man of the World 30, Survival 30, Diplomacy 40, Seduction

30, Net of contacts: the Awakened 20, Rhetoric 30, Driving 20

Attack mode: according to weapon

Magic: Masters all schools and spells like one

Awakened, without using formulae and without loss of endurance. Reality magic to skill score 10.

The Children of Apollyon

The Children of Apollyon are wild teenagers who quickly lower their mental balance through leaving society for a life in terror. The common members of the sect have no, or very limited, physical distortions. They are dirty and covered with badly healed wounds, and they are dressed in tattered rags. The younger ones are armed with knives and simple clubs, the older with projectile weapons, machetes or other more harmful weapons. The youngest are about nine years of age, the oldest somewhat over twenty.

Personality: Most of them were already out of balance when they joined the sect, and have not become more stable and harmonious since then. They are cruel, terrified, egocentric, and totally desperate.

Game mastering hints: Act tough, but let it slip out that you are really very insecure. Speak with a fierce and shrill voice. Make constant attacks, both verbally and physically.

AGL 2d10 (11)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 2d10 (11)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON 2d10 (11)	PER 10+1d10 (16)
COM 1d10 (6)	EDU 1d10 (6)

Height: 100-180 cm

Weight: 40-80 kg

Movement: 6 m/round

Actions: 2

Initiative bonus: —

Damage bonus: +1

Damage capacity: 4 scratches = 1 light wound

3 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 85

Mental balance: -50

Dark secrets: varies

Advantages: varies

Disadvantages: —

Skills: Climb 11, Hand-gun 8, Sneak 11, Dodge 11, Daggers 11, Impact weapons 11, Hand-to-hand combat 11, Swim 11, Hide 11, Search 11, Survival 11

Attack mode: according to weapon

Magic: none

Home: No fixed abode

Number: 10+1d10 (11-20)

The Inner Circle

The inner circle is what remains of the youths whom Apollyon recruited in the sixties. They are now in their forties, with a mental balance of about -100 and severe physical distortions. They have strange scars, extra limbs, swollen and stained bodies and metallic pieces of skeleton coming out of their skin.

Personality: The inner circle consists of people losing their humanity. They are cruel, egocentric, and psychotic.

Game mastering hints: Drool, squint, speak incoherently, threaten the players.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 10+1d10 (16)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON 10+1d10 (16)	PER 10+1d10 (16)
COM 1d10 (6)	EDU 1d10 (6)

Height: 180-220 cm

Weight: 70-150 kg

Senses: sees perfectly through darkness

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +3

Damage capacity: 5 scratches = 1 light wound

4 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 110

Mental balance: -100

Dark secrets: varying

Advantages: varying

Disadvantages: varying

Skills: Climb 16, Automatic weapons 16, Hand-gun 16, Rifle and crossbow 16, Sneak 12, Dodge 12, Daggers 16, Impact weapons 12, Hand-to-hand combat 16, Hide 12, Search 12, Occultism 10, Torture 16, Survival 16, Net of contacts: Children of Apollyon 10, Night combat 16

Attack mode: according to weapon

Magic: none

Home: Marseilles

Number: 10+1d10 (11-20)

Pueries

The pueries are distorted creatures from Metropolis who are attracted by the Children of Apollyon and follow them on their wanderings. They help the children find suitable victims, but they can just as well attack the group and kill one of the children. The pueries are dwarfed humanoid creatures, looking like hairless apes with semi-human features. They have long claws on their hands and feet and large, powerful jaws.

Personality: The pueries are pranksters who delight in causing confusion and pain in humans.

Game mastering hints: Act like a clever ape.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 1d5 (3)
STR 1d10 (6)	PER 10+1d10 (16)
CON 5+1d10 (11)	

Length: 100 cm

Height: 50 cm

Weight: 30 kg

Senses: see perfectly through darkness, see through Illusions

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +1

Damage capacity: 4 scratches = 1 light wound

3 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 85

Skills: Climb 18, Sneak 16, Hide 16.

Attack mode: Bite (scr 1-6, lw 7-15, sw 16-22, fw 23+), 2 claws (scr 1-8, lw 9-17, sw 18-25, fw 26+)

Magic: none

Home: Metropolis

Number 2d10 (2-20)

Aries

Aries is the collective aggressiveness that the children embody, the dark shadow that they have in common. It rushes forth from the most aggressive child of the group when the children become mad enough. Anyone who lets Aries out will become totally mad, attacking everyone around him. Aries attacks all except the children. When Aries does not want to attack physically they can stay in the borderline of our reality, mentally influencing a group of people with negative mental balance, making them attack each other. Aries gradually augments the aggressiveness and irritation of a group until they will tear one another to pieces. An ego throw is demanded to avoid this condition, which will be worsened by one step for every day that Aries is near. In physical shape Aries is a lizard- or alligator-like creature with coarse grayish black skin and metal teeth.

Personality: Aries is nothing but aggressiveness

AGL 30	EGO 25
STR 40	PER 30
CON 40	

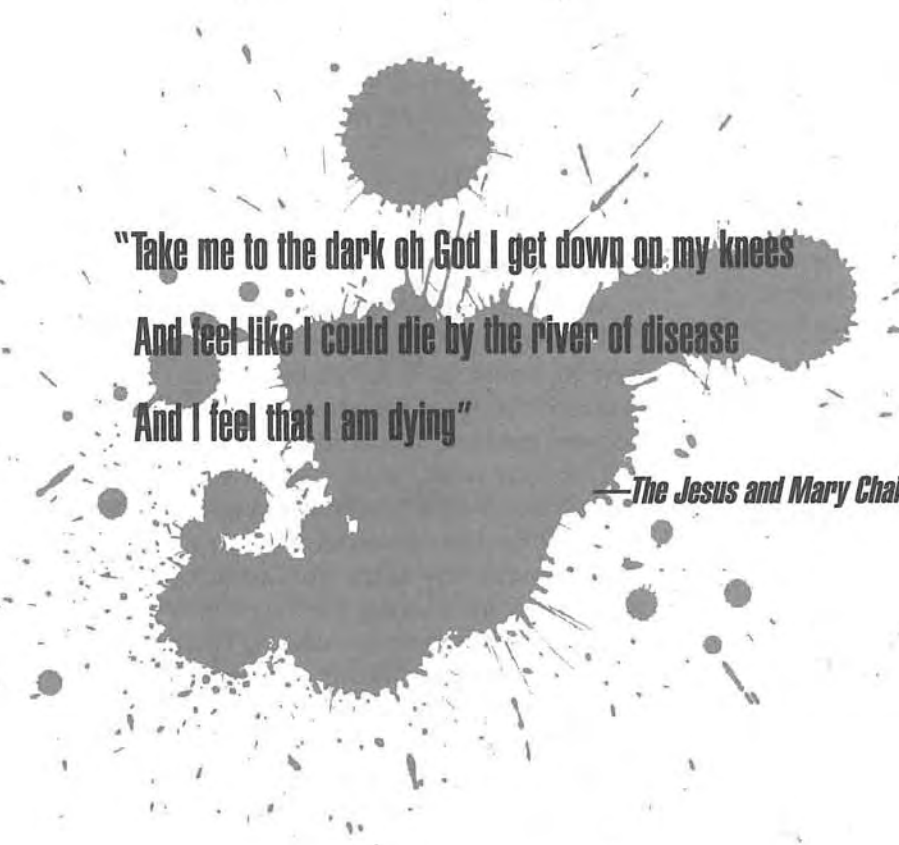
Modification of terror throw: -5

Length: 6 m

Height: 2 m

Weight: 800 kg
Senses: sees infrared
Communication: none
Movement: 15 m/round
Actions: 5
Initiative bonus: +18
Damage bonus: +8
Damage capacity: 9 scratches = 1 light wound
8 light wounds = 1 serious wound
6 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 2 fatal wounds
Endurance: 230
Natural armor: 3 p
Powers: spread aggressiveness: all that are near will
have to make an ego throw not to be influenced
Attack mode: Bite 18 (scr 1-6, lw 7-13, sw 14-20, fw
21+)
Home: The Children of Apollyon
Number: one



**"Take me to the dark oh God I get down on my knees
And feel like I could die by the river of disease
And I feel that I am dying"**

—The Jesus and Mary Chain

Messiah and the Qumran Church

Qumran is a sect with an extensive knowledge about the Illusion, about the Demiurge, about our jailers and about the true nature of humanity. Several of the members of the church have tricked Death, living for hundreds, even thousands of years.

The aim of Qumran is to liberate humanity from its imprisonment, literally tearing down the illusion through the Apocalypse. By destroying all of the Illusion at once the church plans to shock humanity out of its drugged condition. Many fear that we are so deeply caught in our Illusion that we will lose our sanity permanently if we are given such a jolt.

But Qumran is not prepared to offer any warnings. The members of the church are experienced enough to cope with the Apocalypse without losing their minds. The Apocalypse is to be accomplished with the help of Messiah, an Awakened who has been engaged in the church for nearly two thousand years.

History of the Church

The Qumran church was formed a couple of hundred years B.C., in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, in what was then Palestine. At that time, the church was a sect of outcasts looking for the truth in esoteric teachings and interpretations of the Jewish holy scriptures. Gradually, they acquired a knowledge few other Humans had about our imprisonment in the Illusion, about the Demiurge and our jailers.

During the age of Roman occupation a man turned up with the sect, claiming to be the Messiah, who had been sent to rescue Humanity from captivity. He came to Qumran to ask for help to spread his message. The members of the church never really understood whether he was human or another type of creature. He himself claimed that he was human and the son of God. Together with Messiah the Qumran church planned the Apocalypse; a disaster which would end the rule of the Demiurge and destroy the Illusion. But the lictors stopped the plans by making Messiah a martyr for his own cause and turning his preachings into the foundation of a hierarchic church. Messiah disappeared and the Qumran church was forced to go underground.

Apocalypse

The church has lived on for two thousand years and has never given up their hopes for the Apocalypse. One way to start it would be to break the seven seals which the Demiurge sealed our Illusion with when he created it. The seven seals will be broken by Messiah when the time comes.

The Apocalypse will tear down all of our Illusion at once, and we will look upon True Reality. Most Humans are so emotionally involved with the Illusion that they will refuse to accept Reality, and probably they will be mentally unstable for a very long time. A small, well-prepared group will be liberated and enlightened. The problem for Qumran is that Messiah is an unreliable partner. After the failure of 2,000 years ago, he disappeared. Since then he has turned up now and again. He has helped the sect, but then suddenly disappeared without warning. The sect is now seeking him, to instigate the Apocalypse, but they do not know where to look for him.

Description of the Sect

Qumran has 2,000 members living in the Middle East, in Western Europe, and North America. The most important congregation is in an Israeli-occupied area, in a small settlement by the Dead Sea. Israelis and Palestinians avoid the congregation, which has a reputation for being dangerous eccentrics. Qumran is very careful not to get involved with the internal fighting in Israel, not taking anyone's side.

The sect consists of small congregations without any strict ties between them, but keeping in touch with each other. There is no leader and no hierarchy. There are no permanent positions within the church. Different factions often disagree on what is to be done.

The members mainly come from the Middle East and the Mediterranean area, although there are a few English, French and Americans also. Many of them are skilled magicians. Members are from different social strata. Their common denominator is the work they do for the church. Qumran has very limited material resources. The church has no rich and powerful members and it



lacks influential protectors. But resources can be gotten through magic when really needed. The largest congregations are in Al Quatil, south of Kallia, in Istanbul, Beirut, Larnaca, and Cairo. Small groups of two or three members each live in France, Britain and the U.S.

Members live in collectives, often in small towns. Informal meetings are held in these collectives. Visiting members from other congregations are also often lodged in the collectives. The church has no official premises of its own. In connection with the collectives are temples that have been sanctified by the magicians of the church. Only magicians have access to them.

All members carry a sign of baptism, invisible to all outsiders, on their forehead. It's a complicated sign with a snake coiling around twisted geometrical shapes. The sign is visible to all members of the church, and to people with enhanced awareness. No one else can see it. It has been designed to be invisible to lictors and other non-human creatures.

Violence is avoided at any cost. The church has little influence on society and cannot have its enemies imprisoned or otherwise eliminated. The church has only magic and diplomacy, and its activities are so few and seemingly unimportant that no enemy has taken any interest in it.

The church has few contacts with non-human creatures. Whether Messiah is human or not is an open question. The members of the church consider him a divine creature. Other non-human creatures with which the church is in contact are the four riders, four creatures disguised as humans who will throw the world into chaos when the Apocalypse begins. The church is not constantly in contact with them, but can call on them when the time comes. The four riders probably don't know themselves who they

are. They walk about as ordinary humans, unconscious of their destiny.

Qumran is a very secretive sect. It avoids all contact with the world, out of fear of the lictors and their organization.

The lictors, the Death Angels, and all Archons except Malkuth, are eager to eliminate Qumran. It is only thanks to Messiah and its skillful magicians that the sect has survived.

Al Quatil

South of Kallia, in the northern part of the Judean desert, is Qumran's largest congregation. Al Quatil is an old settlement with low yellow stone houses placed on a steep mountain slope. You can't see it until you are close. The road from Bethlehem ends in Al Quatil, and few people have any reason to go there. Visitors are stopped by a roadblock a few kilometers from the settlement.

The nearest neighboring village is ten kilometers away. The neighbors avoid Al Quatil and are unwilling to talk about the sect, which is regarded as very dangerous.

The congregation has 400 members who make their living off their sheep, goats and agriculture. Inside a mountain behind the village is the largest temple of the church. One of the largest libraries on the Apocalypse is also housed here, the scriptures and books being from all different parts of the Mediterranean. The inner space of the temple is a gate to Metropolis.

The Leaders of Qumran

When present, Messiah's position within the church is very strong. Otherwise every congregation is led by the oldest and most experienced member. The congregation outside Kallia is led

by Ioannes, the oldest member of the church. The second most important branch of the church is in Istanbul, and it is led by Samira Özgal.

Messiah

Messiah has strong ties to the Demiurge in a way that is incomprehensible even to the Archons. He claims that he is the son of God, whatever that would mean. He has never admitted it himself, but all signs indicate that he is an Awakened human. Other Awakened humans say that he was never imprisoned by the Demiurge, that he has been free during the entire history of Humanity. Messiah has always had the same body: slim and wiry with brown hair and brown eyes

Personality: Messiah has the same lack of respect and unreliability as many other Awakened, only to a higher extent. Sometimes his helpers and servants think that he is only making fools of them. In spite of this he is utterly considerate and faithful to his true friends. Messiah is obsessed with the thought of liberating Humanity, no matter the cost. The end justifies the means. If his plans are not disturbed, he is mild, understanding, and exceedingly empathic. But he doesn't hesitate to use any measures when it comes to carrying out his plans. To Messiah pain is only a road to liberation, millennia of fear yield only a possibility of insight into one's own ego.

Game mastering hints: Be personable. Lean over the table, look into the eyes of the players. Smile a lot. Speak confidently and in a friendly manner. Try to make contact. Do not become offended by anything they say.

AGL 150	EGO 170
STR 140	CHA 160
CON 110	PER 80
COM 160	EDU 150

Height: 185 cm

Weight: 70 kg

Senses: sees True Reality

Movement: 75 m/round (can manipulate time and space)

Actions: 9

Initiative bonus: +138

Damage bonus: +30

Damage capacity: 20 scratches = 1 light wound

19 light wounds = 1 serious wound

17 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 11 fatal wounds. Will start regenerating after Death and will completely recover after 4 hours.

Endurance: unlimited

Powers: Commanding voice, Empathy, Twists time and space like a person with a mental balance of ± 500 , Insensitive to fire, electricity and radioactivity, Regenerates 1 light wound/round, Speak all human languages, Telepathy, Telekinesis 1 ton 50 meters/sec

Skills: All weapon skills 50, Hide 70, Sneak 60, Dodge 60, Acrobatics 60, Diplomacy 60, Driving 50, Occultism 100, Singing 50, Rhetoric 60

Magic: Masters all schools and spells like one Awakened, without the use of spells or loss of endurance. Reality magic to skill score 50.

Ioannes

Ioannes is the oldest living member of the sect. He was the one that first met with Messiah 2,000 years ago. He had already then studied the possibility of liberating Humanity through the Apocalypse. Ioannes is a skillful magician, specialized in the Lore of Madness. He's been using the same body since his youth: a short and compact, dark-haired and brown-eyed male body with a huge beard.

Personality: Ioannes is a devoted scientist. He has spent more than 2,000 years studying Mankind and our prison. He has been convinced since his youth that only a terrible trauma will liberate us from the Illusions. He is the one who has kept the church together during these past 2,000 years, in spite of external threats and internal differences. He is a calm, stable, and systematic man, quite different from the intuitive and wayward Messiah.

Game mastering hints: Be calm and very patient. Do not answer any question without first reflecting on it. Speak in a low, friendly voice, be relaxed.

AGL 12	EGO 35
STR 14	CHA 18
CON 28	PER 15
COM 9	EDU 40

Height: 160 cm

Weight: 70 kg

Senses: normal

Movement: 6 m/round

Actions: 2

Initiative bonus: —

Damage bonus: +2

Damage capacity: 7 scratches = 1 light wound

6 light wounds = 1 serious wound

4 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 170

Mental balance: +120

Advantages: Empathy, enhanced awareness, forgiving, generous, intuition, body consciousness, magic intuition, resistance to illness, endure hunger/thirst, endure cold/heat, endure pain

Disadvantages: Fanaticism, hunted by the lictors

Skills: Astrology 22, Diplomacy 18, First aid 18, Hypnosis 18, Information retrieval 25, Meditation 20, Numerology 18, Occultism 30, Flute 20, Languages: Arabic 18, Aramaic 18, English 18, French 15, Classical Greek 18, Hebrew 18, Latin 15, Modern Greek 12, Rhetoric 15, Survival 15.

Magic: School of Madness 50 (all spells to skill score 25), School of Time and Space 30 (all spells to skill score 18).

Home: Al Quatil

Adobi

Adobi are spirits of vengeance who have been created through magic out of voluntary members of the sect. They protect Qumran against external enemies. They are created from humans by a particular ritual. Adobi are semi-material, fluorescent creatures who can move through matter and cannot be damaged with weapons. Their task is to find the enemies of Qumran and kill them by tearing them to shreds from the inside-out. They look like twisted, ghostly humans, glowing faintly in the dark. They can fly or walk on the ground. They move without impediment through any matter except lead and copper.

Personality: Adobi are obsessed with their task of protecting the sect. They have no personality.

AGL 10+2d10 (21)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 10+2d10 (21)	PER 10+1d10 (16)
CON 10+2d10 (21)	

Modification of terror throw: -5

Height: 200 cm

Weight: none

Senses: See infrared and ultraviolet, Feel changes in temperature

Movement: 11 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +9

Damage bonus: +5

Damage capacity: Cannot be harmed with material weapons, but are damaged by fire and electricity
6 scratches = 1 light wound
5 light wounds = 1 serious wound
3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: unlimited

Mental balance: -100

Powers: Flying. Can move through all matter except copper and lead.

Attack mode: Penetrate the enemy and tear his body apart from the inside. Skill score 12 (scr 1-3, lw 4-8, sw 9-15, fw 16+)

Number: 1d10



Siddharta

The God

Siddharta belongs to a group of people who have Awakened through wandering the road of light. His awakening went unusually fast: it didn't take more than a lifetime.

He was born the son of a prince of a small kingdom in northern India, a few hundred years BC. Within fifty years he was able to heighten his mental balance to +500 and awoke from captivity. He set out on a journey into true reality.

Meanwhile, a rigorous cult devoted to Siddharta the God took shape. His thoughts became religious dogmas, his awakening became a religious event. But Siddharta did not wish to be the object of a cult. When he came back to the Humans he tried to destroy the cult. He became very irritated at being worshipped as a god, but still he wanted to stay among humans. Restlessly he wandered across the earth, trying to destroy religious beliefs and cults.

Others who had been Awakened believed Siddharta to be far too sensitive and much too serious. They didn't understand how the games of the blinded humans could make him so upset. He was drawn to blinded people, since they shared his serious view of life. At the same time he was so disturbed by their captivity that he couldn't stand them very long. He was one of the few Awakened who were genuinely unhappy.

History of the Sect

Siddharta gathered his disciples around him before his awakening, and for a long time he hoped that his friends would follow him into the awakened condition. They didn't. They remained in captivity, cherishing the memory of Siddharta the God. When he returned a few hundred years later, his cult had spread over a large part of Asia. He became furious and did everything he could to exterminate it, but all in vain.

In the fourteenth century, after hundreds of years of restless wanderings and angry confrontations with other Awakened, Siddharta made an unexpected decision. He accepted his blinded fellows' view of the world and took on the role of a god. He installed himself as a living god in a temple on a mountain in the far primeval forests of Burma. Humans made pilgrimages to see him and to be blessed by him. He healed sick people and made complicated

prophecies about the future. A monastery and a town grew up in the vicinity of the temple.

After six hundred years, Siddharta still stays in Wangaik, the holy city on the borderline between India and Burma. It has grown, and now has many hundred thousands of inhabitants, mainly fugitives from the guerrilla wars in eastern India. Siddharta himself continues to act as a god. Sometimes he leaves the temple and journeys across the earth or beyond the illusions.

Description of the Sect

The inhabitants of Wangaik are devoted followers of Siddharta. There is a group of priests and also an order of monks and nuns, having 20,000 members.

There are also a few hundred thousand followers in the rest of Burma and in India, and a handful in the rest of the world.

The cult is carefully organized, with high priests interpreting the prophecies of Siddharta, and eight degrees of priests attending the god. The priests are recruited from an order of monks, which also has eight degrees.

Ordinary followers of the god are not allowed to see the god with their own eyes and are only allowed into the temple at festivals and such events.

The high priestess in Wangaik, Sita Angon Resawa, makes the ultimate decisions concerning the cult and the interpretations of Siddharta's orders. The eight high priests serve under her.

In the eighties the cult has spread in the U.S. and in Europe, where two other high priests lead Siddharta's followers.

Members are almost exclusively recruited from the local people in Wangaik. Siddharta is a local deity. He protects his people and helps in the negotiations between the government and the different guerrilla groups in the area. The small groups of followers in other parts of the world have been founded by people who have visited the holy city in Burma.

The cult has large military resources within Burma. Siddharta has a large influence on the local guerrilla groups, controlling the rural areas around Wangaik. The high priests have some



knowledge of magic. Outside the borders of Burma the cult has small influence.

The European and American cults are concentrated to San Francisco and London. There are a few thousand followers there. Otherwise the cult is entirely Burmese.

The followers of Siddharta wear saffron robes of the same sort worn by ordinary Buddhists. Monks sometimes, but not always, shave their heads. They have no particular signals of recognition.

The cult is relatively peaceful in spite of the violence that dominates the area around Wangaik. Siddharta doesn't encourage any deeds of violence. He tries to take care of his enemies himself, in order to prevent fights between the blinded humans.

The cult has few contacts with non-human creatures. Siddharta sometimes fetches creatures from beyond the illusions, but only very rarely.

Wangaik is an open city, and the cult openly states that Siddharta is the living god who watches over the city. It is known among the population that he is an Awakened who has chosen to live among his blind fellows in expectation of their enlightenment. Siddharta wants to avoid lies wherever it is possible.

The cult has few ties to other groups. Siddharta sometimes sees other Awakened, but has little contact with their blind followers. The priests cooperate a great deal with Buddhist groups of Burma and eastern India.

Siddharta's foremost enemy is the Burmese government, which regards Wangaik as a hiding place for guerrillas. Supported by lictors from Rangoon they plan a military attack against the city, but it is inaccessible, situated in an area controlled by the guerrillas.

Wangaik

Wangaik has been named after the mountain on which the temple has been erected, which can only be reached through a narrow winding path.

The temple was built in the fourteenth century, but has been altered many times since then. It is covered by gold and precious stones, and is guarded by temple dogs from Metropolis. Surrounding the mountain is a large monastery area, where more than 20,000 monks and nuns live. The monasteries blend with the city of Wangaik, which is situated between the mountain and the river Kowan, a tributary to the Chinduin. Around the city are steep mountains covered with forests.

Siddharta spends most of his time in the temple, the inner temple rooms being furnished as a luxurious dwelling place. He meets his worshippers on a jeweled throne in the outer temple room, filled with statues of gods. When he is not seated on the throne himself, he is replaced by a golden idol.

Siddharta

Siddharta is a short dark man with Indian features. He looks about twenty-five, as most Awakened do, though he can change his appearance at will. He spends almost all of his time locked up in the temple in Wangaik, studying scriptures from near and far, keeping in contact with the rest of the world through telepathy and messengers. He socializes mainly with the high priests and with other Awakened who sometimes visit him.

Sometimes he travels among the humanity for fresh impressions, but he quickly tires and returns to the temple. When he meets his worshippers, he is dressed in a golden robe, reach-

ing down to his feet. Otherwise, he dresses in the ordinary habit of the mountain population: loose fitting pants and a short tunic.

Personality: Siddharta has not become more cheerful as the years have passed; quite the contrary, he is often melancholy and shuts himself up inside his rooms and refuses to see anyone for weeks. He is frustrated by permanent contact with blinded people. He is extremely careful in his dealings with others, out of fear of hurting the blind.

He doesn't believe in the ideas of Messiah of a quick Awakening through tearing down the Illusions. He thinks that the few existing Awakened are cursed by some mistake of the Demiurge, a mistake which has not been made when it comes to other humans. Siddharta fears that we are stuck in the Illusion forever, or at least for a very long time.

Game mastering hints: Look miserable. Speak slowly and thoughtfully. Be very careful not to hurt anybody's feelings or become too personal.

AGL 150	EGO 160
STR 150	CHA 150
CON 110	PER 100
COM 120	EDU 120

Height: 170 cm

Weight: 70 kg

Senses: sees True Reality

Movement: 75 m/round (can manipulate time and space)

Actions: 9

Initiative bonus: +133

Damage bonus: +31

Damage capacity: 20 scratches = 1 light wound

19 light wounds = 1 serious wound

17 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 11 fatal wounds. Will start regenerating after Death and will be completely recovered after 4 hours.

Endurance: unlimited

Powers: Commanding voice, Empathy, Twists time and space like a person with a mental balance of ± 500 , Immune to fire, electricity and radioactivity, Regenerates 1 light wound/round, Speaks all human languages, Telepathy, Telekinesis 1 ton 50 meters/sec

Skills: All weapon skills 40, Hide 50, Swim 30, Sneak 60, Dodge 60, Acrobatics 60, Information retrieval 60, Meditation 50, Diplomacy 60, Net of contacts: Burmese guerrilla 15, Net of contacts: the Awakened 15, Riding 60, Driving 20, Occultism 100, Rhetoric 80.

Magic: Masters all schools and spells like one Awakened, without the use of spells or loss of endurance. Reality magic to skill score 50.

Sita Angon Resewa

Sita Angon has been the leader of the cult for 250 years. Before that she was a disciple of Siddharta, whom she has known since the fifteenth century. She was born in India in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and she met Siddharta in Persia in her youth. She has been the official leader of the cult since the eighteenth century, although most of the practical work is performed by the director of the monasteries, Kwon Hwaidan. Sita travels often as Siddharta's envoy. She has very dark skin and she is short and sturdy with the look of a south Indian woman. Her hair reaches down to her feet. She is dressed in the yellow cloak of the sect, and she looks about twenty.

Personality: Sita was one of Siddharta's most promising disciples, but she was never able to let go of her interest for other people and for life. She has resigned herself and accepted that she will not awaken as long as the Illusion remains.

She doesn't regard Siddharta as a god, but she still looks up to him as an indisputable authority. For about fifty years she has been followed by her dark shadow. It prowls the forests of Kwangaik when she is there.

Game mastering hints: As an self-sacrificing Indian woman. Speak with a mild voice. Do not look into peoples eyes. Greet people the Indian way, bow very often.

AGL 18	EGO 20
STR 15	CHA 17
CON 21	PER 10
COM 14	EDU 30

Height: 155 cm

Weight: 50 kg

Movement: 9 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +6

Damage bonus: +4

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 185

Mental balance: +180

Advantages: Empathy, enhanced awareness, forgiving, generous, good reputation, body control, cultural flexibility, magic intuition, unselfish, pacifism, luck, honesty.

Powers: Can influence her notion of time and space, enchants humans with a positive balance between +40 and +100, forever young

Skills: Climb 18, Sneak 18, Dodge 18, Hand-to-hand combat 15, Dance 16, First aid 18, Information retrieval 20, Meditation 22, Occultism 18, Languages: Burmese 18, English 16, Hindi 16, Persian 14, Thai 13

Magic: School of Time and Space 30 (all spells to skill score 15).

Home: Wangaik

Temple Dogs

The temple dogs are creatures fetched by Siddharta from Metropolis in order to guard the temple of Wangaik. They hunt intruders through the illusions and are able to follow a trail however far it stretches. To ordinary humans they look like Asian temple dogs—large and yellow with flat noses, small ears and docked tails. They look a little like very large Pekinese dogs. Anyone who can see through the illusions will see them as spider-like creatures with eight legs, hairy bodies and the jaws of a beast of prey. There are 40 temple dogs near Wangaik.

Personality: The dogs are very devoted to Siddharta and the high priests. They behave very much like ordinary dogs.

Game mastering hints: Drool, growl, show your teeth

AGL 20+2d10 (31)

EGO 1d5 (3)

STR 20+2d10 (31)

PER 20+2d10 (31)

CON 20+2d10 (31)

Modification of terror throw: -5 (in their real shape)

Length: 150 cm

Height: 120 cm

Weight: 80 kg

Senses: See through illusions. See through darkness

Communication: Responds to very simple commands

Movement: 16 m/round

Actions: 5

Initiative bonus: +19

Damage bonus: +8

Damage capacity: 8 scratches = 1 light wound

7 light wounds = 1 serious wound

5 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 2 fatal wounds.

Endurance: 185

Natural armor: 2 p

Powers: Once they got the scent of a creature they can follow it wherever it goes.

Skills: Hunt 20, Climb 20, Swim 20, Track 20, Dodge 20

Attack mode: Bite 18 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-22, fw +23) 4 Claws 15 (scr 1-8, lw 9-15, sw 16-24, fw +25)

Home: Metropolis/Wangaik

Number: 40

Three

Book

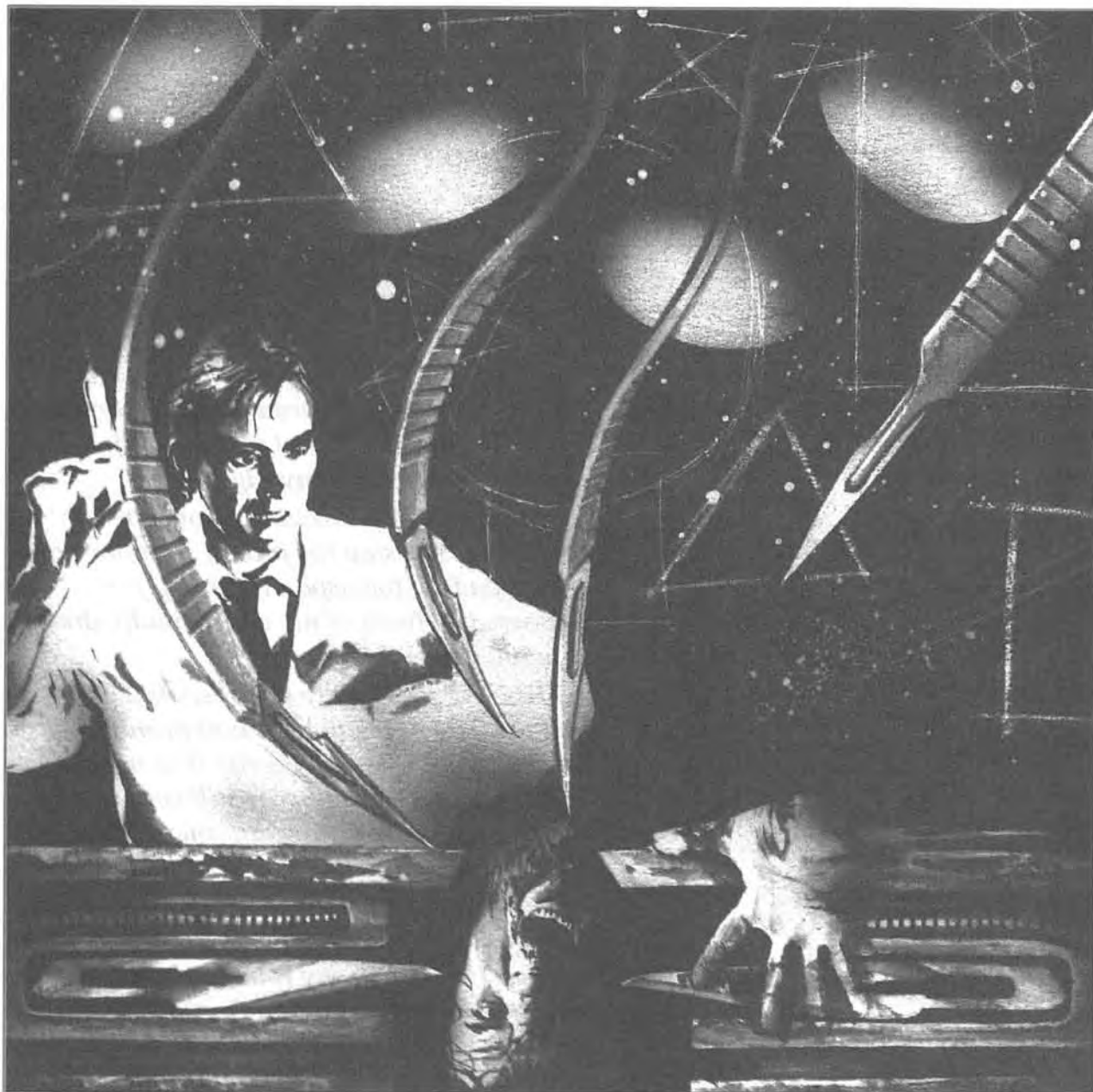
Cracks in the Illusion

I awoke suddenly from my restless sleep, cold sweat running down my face. I had seen his face again... this time in my nightmares.

I couldn't stop thinking about the car accident. I still saw the face of the poor devil lying dead on the asphalt. He had just appeared in front of my car, formally dressed in white tie and tails.

His face was partly smashed, but it was still possible to see that he had been good-looking. And it seemed eerily that he was smiling when I hit him; he still smiled even when he was dead. For a moment I had thought that his smile had widened, as the blood coagulated in his eye-sockets.

I got up to have a smoke, to calm my nerves. I pulled on my robe and slipped out onto the balcony. It was a freezing cold night outside; I bet it was 30° below zero. I leaned over the rail and looked down into the street. Some poor bastard was standing down there under a lamp-post. He looked up and smiled a broad smile, visible even to me. I stiffened, and at the same time I could hear the door of the balcony shut behind me. I turned around, but I suddenly had no strength left. I tried to scream, but my voice became a hoarse croak. Everything went black as I slowly slid down to the balcony floor, and I scratched my fingers bloody in my attempts to stay upright, but to no use. It all faded away.



Black Magic

It's a simple surgery," the nurse said and stuck the needle in my arm. All became dizzy and grey, but the world shortly regained its contours. They wheeled me into the operating theater... the white light hurt my eyes... I couldn't move... my body felt like it was made of concrete. Only

my eyes obeyed my impulses and wandered across the room.

I was awake. There they were, ready to cut me up, and I was awake. I tried to scream, but my mouth wouldn't open. The thin rattle of items made of stainless steel being put down on a table and the droning hum of fans filled the room. There was also another sound, as

if the floor was vibrating faintly under me. Shapes in green clothes gathered around the operating table. The doctor took up a scalpel. I could have sworn that it moved—that it bent in my direction. The doctor raised his hands over his head as if he were summoning someone, and said something I couldn't bear. A rhythmic mumble, like an oriental mantra, filled the room. The table shivered under me, and burned my back. He lowered the scalpel towards my exposed flesh. Then the pain began—an

unnatural pain which cut through every nerve as soon as the scalpel touched my body. I could feel a pattern of thin lines being carved in my skin—circles, triangles, squares and star-like shapes. The chanting became stronger. The first deep cut hit my belly. Then the second one. Everything went black in a moment of unendurable pain. I tried to scream and move, but in vain. It went on and on, until I heard a voice chanting again far away. I faded into the darkness and left the pain behind me.

The Lore of Death is the largest branch of Magic. People bound up to Astaroth, the Death Angels and the Razides, learn Death magic. Those who study magic in order to gain power over others often begin with Death magic. It is, paradoxically, the least frightening lore to many. It distinguishes clearly between executioner and victim, and tempts with power over Life and Death.



Death magicians are well organized. In Southern Europe they are held together under the incarnated Death Angel Togarini. In the rest of Europe and North America there is a net of larger and smaller groups who alternately cooperate and fight amongst themselves. In Asia and Africa there are still sects which are hundreds of years old—though the Modern Age is now beginning to break them up.

The sects may be completely devoted to studying magic, without worshipping any higher powers or creatures from the other side. But it is more common that they are connected to a Death Angel, a razide or another creature of Inferno. Razides and incarnated Death Angels are quite willing to teach their human followers Death magic.

Death magicians organize themselves in hierarchies with strong leaders at the top and blind obedience among the lower members. Magic is a means to gain power and influence. The most skilled magicians use their knowledge to improve their positions. That means that the sects are often split by internal strife when two equally strong leaders fight over the power.

Magic in the Lore of Death is by its very nature asocial. It requires bloody sacrifices and contempt for the lives of others. Death magicians in the upper circles have low mental balances, often so low that they are changed physically and unable to meet with other people. That is a contributing factor to the difficulty in keeping the cults together. The longest life expectancy is found in sects that are ruled by creatures of Inferno.

We describe three groups of Death magicians—a sophisticated cult of medical doctors in North Europe, a group of cannibalistic magicians, and a violent cult connected to a razide in Mexico. We also describe a sect led by a Madness magician, The Subjectionist Church. Thousands of other sects are spread all over the world, more or less tied up with each other.

Ordo Fratris Mortis

Ordo Fratris Mortis is an association of physicians, above all surgeons, who worship Marbas, Lord of Pain. They sacrifice to him on the operating tables and in the hospital wards. They have developed a school within the Lore of Death, which they have woven into the exercise of their profession.

The Brethren are dispersed all over hospitals in Northern Europe. Most of them are in Austria, Switzerland and Germany, where the sect first appeared. They form secret brotherhoods, completely closed to the outside world. The Death magic gives them the means to gain wealth, power and even eternal life.

The members are bound to Marbas, Lord of Pain, when they enter the Order. They must sacrifice to the demon in order not to be killed themselves and cast into Inferno. In exchange they receive power and riches.

History of the Sect

Ordo Fratris Mortis was founded by the Austrian physician and Death magician Anselm Höder in 1894. The order has its roots in occult amalgamations of barber-surgeons who have existed in Europe and Near Asia since the 18th century. Höder himself has participated in the Franco-Prussian war, and then spent ten years in the German colonies in Africa, where he developed his skills in Death magic by performing experiments on the native population. There he started to invoke a creature calling itself Marbas, Lord of Pain. Höder tried to bind Marbas to be his own guardian spirit, but failed.

Name Azwesti, a magician in German Southwest Africa (present-day Namibia), confronted Höder and succeeded in twisting one of his rituals so that Höder himself was bound to Marbas. In order not to perish from pain himself, he has to sacrifice to Marbas and to serve him forever.

Höder escaped back to Europe, but Marbas pursued him. Höder got a job in a German hospital, and continued to practise his magical skills. He began to sacrifice his patients on the

operating-table to the Lord of Pain. Marbas grew in power and could demand more and more of his servants. Höder realized that he needed accessories to be able to feed the demon with all the blood it demanded.

In 1894, Höder gathered some colleagues and founded Ordo Fratris Mortis. The name was taken from an older order that was supposed to have existed among barber-surgeons in the Napoleonic campaigns. The brethren were bound to Marbas and had to sacrifice to him in order not to be killed themselves. The order slowly increased in size during the following years. New members were recruited among older military surgeons with backgrounds similar to that of the founders. During the Great War the number of members was doubled. In the twenties the order had seven lodges in Germany, Austria and Switzerland. During the Second World War, Fratr Mortis co-operated with Nazi Ice and Fire magicians, and several new rituals were researched. After the war the order acquired new members among former Nazi physicians.

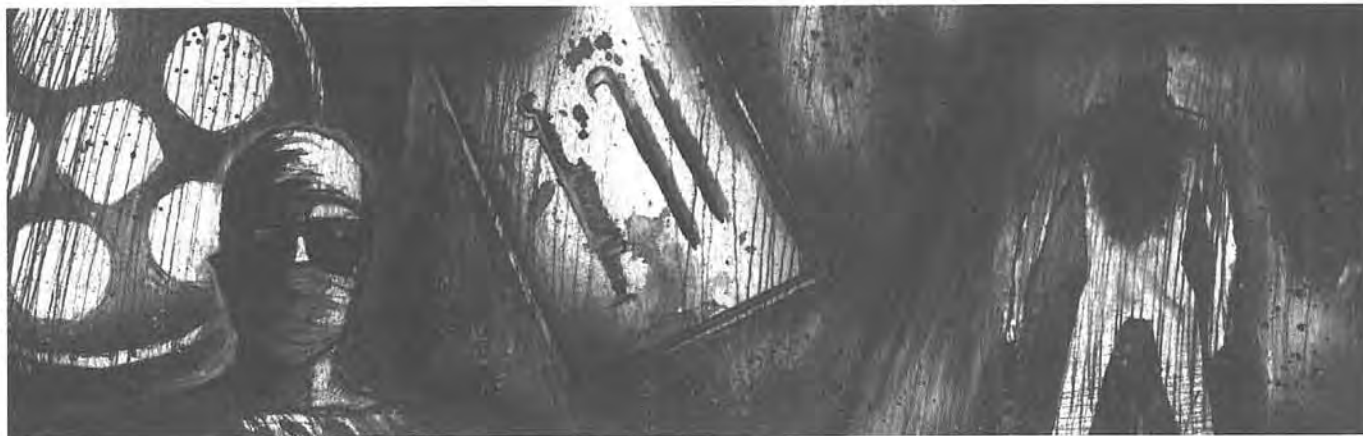
During the post-war period, the order has grown slowly but incessantly, and has become more sophisticated in its methods. Today there are 21 lodges in Germany, Austria, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Poland, Hungary, and Switzerland. The members are often in high places, like heads of clinical departments and chief physicians.

Description of the Sect

The order has 1,200 members distributed among 21 lodges in eight countries. The largest lodge is in Zurich, with 300 members. Second largest are the lodges in Hamburg and Salzburg.

Each lodge is autonomous, but sworn to obey the common statutes of the order. Within the lodge there is a strict hierarchy with 13 grades. The highest, Magus Mortualis, is held by the foremost magician in the lodge. The power of the Magus Mortualis





over the affairs of the lodge is great, but not infinite. The entire order is governed from the Zurich lodge, which is led by the now 150 year old Anselm Höder. Beneath him he has the 20 leaders of the other lodges. The 21 Magi Mortualii meet four times a year to discuss the affairs of the order.

All members are physicians. The order is anxious to enlist prominent professionals with good reputations. That is the best way to minimize the spreading of rumors and suspicion. The members are promised aid and support for their careers from their fellow brethren.

The order is in possession of large financial resources and has connections with those in power on different levels.

The rituals are performed when working, during surgery or post-surgical treatment. Moreover, the order has rooms for meetings and administration, often old houses in the central parts of town.

Certain hand-shakes and greeting phrases are used to identify brethren and to ascertain their grade.

The order prefers to be discreet when possible. The members have good connections among the top layers of society, and can have troublesome people harassed and framed for fictional crimes. If that doesn't work, they will hire discreet assassins or use their own magic to eliminate enemies. They avoid revealing their own interference at all costs.

Fratris Mortis worship Marbas as the Lord of Pain and respect Togarini as the Protector of Death magicians, but have very little direct contact with the Death Angel. The order is in touch with several razides and creatures of Inferno.

The members acknowledge the existence of an order, but refuse to reveal anything about their doings. Brethren whose tongues slip face a painful death.

The order has a little contact with the servants of Togarini in Southern Europe, and with the Satanic lodges in North Europe. It tries to stay friendly with both and does not take sides in the conflict between Astaroth and Togarini.

Surgical Death Magic

Ordo Fratrís Mortis has its roots in associations of barber-surgeons who gathered power from the suffering patients on the battle-fields. They developed a new school within the lore of Death, that uses illness and surgery for its rituals. That tradition has been further developed by Anselm Höder and his followers. They can cast Body snatching, Prolong life, Putrefy other's body, and several other spells disguised as surgery. Surgical Death magic does not use magical equipment, unlike most other rituals otherwise used by Death magicians.

At the major rituals, only Brethren and specially initiated accomplices participate, but lesser rituals are performed as ordinary surgery, and do not attract any attention.

Illness transfer

Spell in the Lore of Death

The magician transfers an illness or a damage from his own body to the victim. The spell does not require surgery. The magician paints identical sets of signs on his own body and on the body of the victim during three nights, and anoints the victim with an ointment fabricated from the bodies of people who have died from

incurable diseases (nowadays victims of AIDS are often used).

LR: 12

Loss of endurance: 45

Equipment: Soot and zinc oxide to paint symbols. Oil fabricated from the corpse of someone dead from an incurable disease.

Magical implements: none

Circle of protection: not required

Invocation: Invocation of Marbas and his twelve spirits of illness.

Gestures: Sweeping gestures over the victim.

Visualization: The magician views the illness or damage as a black fog leaking out of his own body, and being absorbed by the body of the victim.

Duration: Permanent

Time to throw: A quarter of an hour around midnight, three nights in a row.

Create Pain

Spell in the Lore of Death

The magician creates a chronic pain which will accompany the victim for the rest of his life. The pain can be concentrated in a part of the body, or be distributed all over the body. The victim will be gradually disabled and will die within 1d20 years, after having suffered excruciating agony.

The magician casts the spell during surgery, by creating certain symbols with incisions in the parts of the body and entrails where the pain shall arise.

LR: 13

Loss of endurance: 50

Equipment: Surgery tools possessed by the servants of Marbas. Consecrated clothes and a consecrated operating-table, or other possessed tools.

Magical implements: None

Circle of protection: Not required

Invocation: Invocation of Marbas in short shouts, but no other invocation.

Gestures: The magician touches the part of the victim's body which is to be afflicted with the pain.

Visualization: The magician sees the pain as a black shadow descending upon the body of the victim.

Duration: Permanent

Time to throw: 1 hour

Sacrifice to the Lord of Pain

Spell in the Lore of Death

In this ritual the pain of the victim is transformed into power which strengthens Marbas. With slight adjustments the ritual can be used to sacrifice to other creatures of Inferno. The magician uses "living" surgery tools, possessed by

beings that are connected to the Lord of Pain. They double the pain of the victim and remove all effects of anesthetics. The victim is unable to move or to scream, but is fully awake and can feel what is happening. The conjurer draws a pattern of triangles and circles on the body of the victim, and then cuts along it. The surgery is performed as usual. The major rituals always end with the death of the victim, at which the life-force is transferred to Marbas. In lesser rituals the victim survives, and pain is the only offering.

LR: 18

Loss of endurance: 70

Equipment: Surgery tools possessed by spirits of Inferno.

Magical implements: None

Circle of protection: There is a circle inlaid in the operating-table, to stop Inferno from materializing during the operation.

Invocation: Invocation of Marbas in short shouts, but no other invocation.

Gestures: Sweeping gestures over the victim.

Visualization: The conjurer sees a pillar of red light streaming down from the body of the victim, through the floor and down into the ground.

Duration: Immediate

Time to throw: 2 hours

Bernauer Krankenhaus

The Bernauer Hospital is situated a few miles outside of Zurich. Anselm Höder has been chief physician of Transplantation Ward Two for 15 years. Several of the hospital's junior physicians are members of the *Fratris Mortis*. Some rituals in the Bernauer are not performed on the operating-table; In the basement underneath the hospital the order has a temple for ordinary Death magic and worship of Marbas. Surgical rituals are performed there that are so spectacular that they cannot be performed upstairs in the hospital.

The hospital is a sprawling 19th century building, constructed around a large courtyard. 22 out of 31 physicians are members of the *Fratris Mortis*. The hospital management makes sure they only hire people who can be enlisted or trusted to keep quiet. The main entrance leads into a reception hall which features a survey map of the hospital. Elevators go up to and down from the reception hall. There is one ward in every direction from the elevator on each floor.

At night the main entrance is closed, and only the emergency entrance, a descent ramp on one

side of the building, is open. From there a culvert leads to the reception hall, where the elevators to the basement are situated. In the basement under the hospital the Fratrīs Mortis have one of their sanctuaries and meeting-places.

Anselm Höder

Anselm Höder is a skilled Death conjurer who must devote all his energy to provide Marbas with sacrifices. He seems to be ruthless and prosperous, but he is tormented by the fear of not being able to fulfill his undertaking towards the demon and having to pay with his own life. But Marbas needs Höder. It is with him that he has formed a pact. If Höder disappears, Marbas will have to return to Inferno until someone invokes him once more. Marbas would be prepared to defend Höder with all means possible, but that is not something he lets the conjurer know.

For 15 years Höder has worked at the Bernauer hospital in Zurich, where he is head of the transplant ward. Höder looks like he is around fifty, a short and stocky man with sparse, graying hair and old-fashioned clothes.

Personality: Höder is obsessed with his ties to Marbas and does not care about anything else. He has no feelings for his human acquaintances.

Gamemastering hints: Act icy and patronizing. Speak in an old-fashioned way that hints at your being a lot older than you look.

AGL 15	EGO 20
STR 12	CHA 12
CON 21	PER 10
COM 8	EDU 20

Height: 170 cm

Weight: 70 kg

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 2

Initiative bonus: +3

Damage bonus: +2

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 135

Mental balance: -60

Dark secrets: Pact with demonic power

Advantages: Influential friends, Magical intuition

Disadvantages: Fanaticism, Curse, Mental constriction of murder, Manic-depressive, Egotist

Skills: Rifle and crossbow 15, Hand-gun 15, Sword 12, Unarmed combat 12, First Aid 20, Astrology 25, Occultism 18, Languages: English 13, French 15, Latin 12, German 20, Etiquette 15, Net of contacts:

Physicians 15, Politicians 12, Satanists 15, Motoring 12, Medicine 20, Surgery 20, Pathology 20.

Magic: Lore of Death 40 (All spells at score 20)

Home: Zurich

The Slaves of Pain

The slaves of pain are people who think that they are cleansed of sin if they subject themselves to pain. They seek out the Brethren in Ordo Fratrīs Mortis and ask for pain to cleanse from sin. The Brethren use them to perform simple tasks within the cult and sacrifice their pain to Marbas if no better sacrifices are available. The slaves are of all ages, often ill and certain that the illness is a punishment for sins which can be absolved with pain.

Personality: Obsessed with their own sins and the need for cleansing. They obey the Brethren and let themselves be subjected to anything without protest.

Gamemastering hints: Try to look suffering, pleading and slightly out of your mind. Accuse yourself of all sorts of crimes all the time.

AGL 2d10 (11)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 2d10 (11)	CHA 2d10 (11)
CON 2d10 (11)	PER 2d10 (11)
COM 2d10 (11)	EDU 2d10 (11)

Movement: 6 m/round

Actions: 2

Initiative bonus: —

Damage bonus: +1

Damage capacity: 4 scratches = 1 light wound

3 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 85

Mental balance: -50

Dark secrets: Guilty of crime

Advantages: Varies

Disadvantages: Fanaticism, Neurotic obsession with pain

Skills: Hand-gun 12, Sneak 12, Daggers 12, Unarmed combat 12, First Aid 12

Attack mode: According to weapon

Marbas—Lord of Pain

Marbas was begot in Inferno by the Death Angel Golab. He was invoked by Anselm Höder, who tried to bind him as a guardian spirit, a spiritus familiaris. It failed as another magician intervened and destroyed Höder's protective circle. Marbas broke loose and demanded a tribute from Höder. Now he is associated with the Ordo

Fratris Mortis and draws power from sacrifices dedicated to him. If necessary he can materialize in our world and help the order and Höder if they are jeopardized.

In our reality Marbas looks like a tall, broad-shouldered, pale man, bald and with no facial hair. He can also take non-human shape, as a many-legged arachnid with pale skin and large eyes. His characteristics are the same in both shapes.

Personality: Marbas is a demon. He is obsessed with power-greed, and hunger for other creatures' pain and submission.

Gamemastering hints: Smile madly and let your eyes roll. Speak in a soft, threatening voice and act as if you were completely mad.

AGL 30	EGO 20
STR 40	CHA 15
CON 35	PER 15
COM 5	EDU 10

Modification to ego throw: -5 (as a non-human)

Height: 200 cm

Weight: 120 kg

Senses: Can see through darkness

Movement: 15 m/round

Actions: 5

Initiative bonus: +18

Damage bonus: +8

Damage capacity: 8 scratches = 1 light wound

7 light wounds = 1 serious wound

5 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 2 fatal wounds

Endurance: 205

Natural armor: 2 p

Powers: Commanding voice, Cause pain: causes the victim an unbearable shock of pain as long as Marbas looks at him. CON-throw to avoid collapsing. All skills and abilities lowered to 1/4 as long as the pain lasts, if the CON-throw succeeds. When Marbas releases the victim with his eyes, the pains disappears. If he keeps his eyes on the victim a longer while, the victim takes one light wound every hour, and will eventually die.

Skills: Automatic weapons 20, Rifle and crossbow 20, Hand-gun 20, Daggers 25, Whips and chains 25, Sword 30, Unarmed combat 30

Attack mode: Bite 18 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-22, fw 23+), 2 claws (scr 1-8, lw 9-15, sw 16-24, fw 25+) or according to weapon

Magic: Lore of Death 50 (All spells to score 25)

Home: Inferno

Mercach

Mercach are the children of Marbas. They live in the hospital basements, in symbiosis with the brethren of the Fratriss Mortis. Younger Mercach are vaguely humanoid, white-gray creatures with almost featureless heads and small, black eyes. The move about in the culverts under the hospitals, devouring pain. They have Marbas's ability to cause pain with their eyes. As the years go by they grow and will fill up the corridors beneath the hospital. Lesser Mercach will coalesce into one single large one, which will fill up air-shelters and culverts under the hospital. They send their tentacles up through the elevator and ventilation shafts to gather pain. The brethren send them sacrifices and pain.

The characteristics below are for lesser Mercach, who are able to move about. The fully grown specimen is an enormous body of white meat, filling up several rooms, which cannot be harmed by anything short of a major explosion.

Personality: Mercach have no consciousness. They hunger for pain and can never have enough.

Gamemastering hints: Stare intensively and erase all facial expressions.

AGL 2d10 (11)	EGO 2
STR 10+2d10 (21)	COM 3
CON 10+2d10 (21)	PER 2d10 (11)

Modification to ego throw: ±0

Height: 200 cm

Weight: 200 kg

Senses: Feel pain. Have no other senses.

Communication: None

Movement: 6 m/round

Actions: 2

Initiative bonus: —

Damage bonus: +3

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 135

Natural armor: 3 p

Powers: Cause pain: causes the victim an unbearable shock of pain as long as Mercach looks at him. CON-throw to avoid collapsing. All skills and abilities lowered to 1/4 as long as the pain lasts, if the CON-throw succeeds, otherwise the victim is powerless. When it releases the victim with its eyes, the pain disappears. The victim takes one light wound every hour. If possible, Mercach will keep the victim prisoner till it dies.

Skills: Sneak 15, Dodge 15, Unarmed combat 12, Hide 15

Attack mode: Cause pain or with its hands

Home: Beneath hospitals

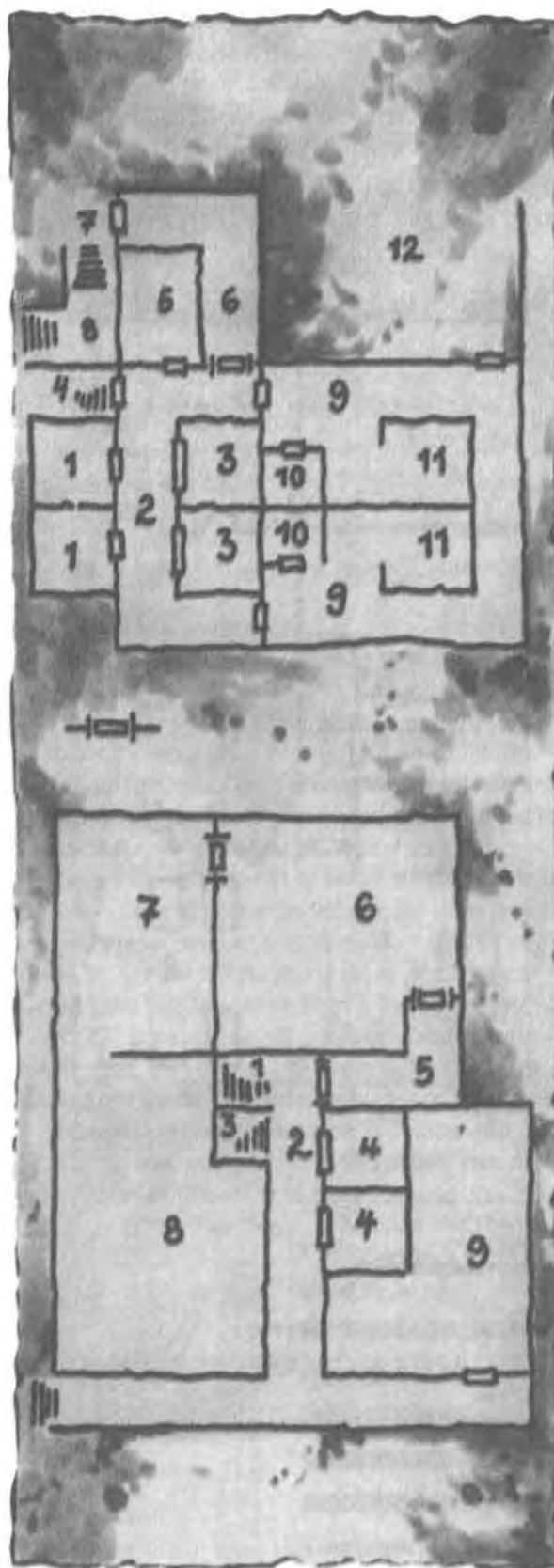
Life expectancy: Infinite

Number: 1d5

Hospital Floorplans

Basement floor one—Exercise room

- 1** Elevator going up. The elevators from the reception hall reach basement floor one. They are hospital elevators with room for two beds.
- 2** Hallway. These premises are apparently meant to be used as air-raid shelters when necessary. The walls are white concrete. The doors are steel and quite sturdy. The floor is of stone.
- 3** Elevators going down. Two elevators lead down to the lower floors. It is obvious that they have not been used as often as the elevators going up. There are not so many scratches on them and the paint looks more fresh. A key is needed to use these cars. The night watchman and the nurses possess keys.
- 4** Stairs leading down. A narrow spiral staircase leads down to the floor below. The distance between the floors is remarkably great, almost ten meters. The door leading to the landing is locked with a chain and a padlock.
- 5** Service Room. The electricity, heating, and ventilation for half of the building are controlled from here, including the bottom floors of the cellar. The door is steel and will absorb 150 points in damage. The lock demands a lock-pick to open; the night watchman and the caretakers have the keys to this door.
- 6** Corridor leading to the shelter. One door leads to this corridor of whitened concrete.
- 7** Another door leads from here to a shelter which is full of rubbish.
- 8** Stairs leading up. A set of stairs leads to the night reception. It ends behind the reception, in a smoking room for the hospital staff.
- 9** Dressing rooms. The ladies' dressing room is to the left and the gentlemen's to the right. They are used before noon and in the evenings until 11 PM, by the employees who exercise here.
- 10** Toilets. Rather decayed and not very clean.
- 11** Showers. The showers are dirty. Cockroaches pass over the broken tiles.
- 12** Gym. One of the shelters is used as a gym. Training equipment is placed against the walls. The floor is empty. The walls are covered with mirrors. There are benches placed here and there.



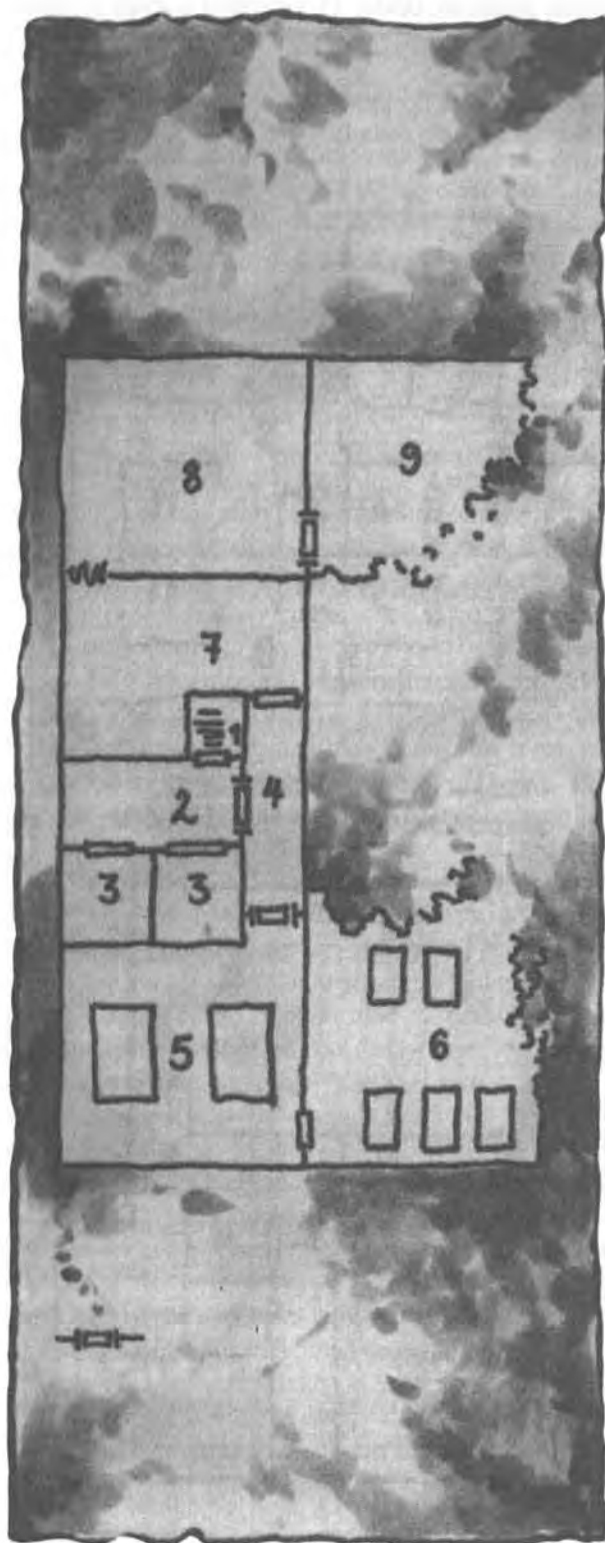
Close to the door a schedule is pinned on the wall, where the staff can write their names if they want to use the gym. The last people leave the place around 11 PM, and the first arrive at 6:30 am. At midday the room is generally empty.

Basement floor 2— morgue and post-mortem room.

- 1** Stairs leading up. The spiral stairs from floor one.
- 2** Pathway. The floor, walls and ceiling are of whitened concrete. It leads to a division where the right corridor leads to a set of stairs leading to the reception hall and the other corridor leads to a door to an empty shelter.
- 3** Stairs going down. A spiral staircase leads down to floor three. There's a door to the landing, but it isn't locked.
- 4** Elevators. The elevators reach floors one and three.
- 5** A steel door secured with a chain and padlock leads to a bent pathway of whitened concrete. The padlock is open.
- 6** Post-mortem room. An old and worn out room used for post-mortems. A pathologist's table of stainless steel crouches in the middle of the room; benches and wash-basins are placed against one of the walls. Coffins are placed on stands on the walls. An old pathologist who is aware of the activities of the order (although he's not a member) works here.
- 7** Morgue. An old-fashioned morgue where the bodies are kept on biers against the walls.
- 8** Meeting-room. A room for socializing with furniture in black leather and stainless steel. The art on the walls is non-figurative and gives a cold impression. The contrast to the other, decayed parts of the cellar makes the room look strangely luxurious. There's a well-stocked bar in one of the corners, along with a stereo. The brethren meet here for a drink after work or before their meetings.
- 9** Empty shelter.

Basement floor three

- 1** Stairs leading up. The spiral stair leads to floor two.
- 2** Pathway. Only one door leads out to the premises.
- 3** Elevators going up.
- 4** Pathway. A security door leads to this pathway. The door is locked with a chain and padlock. A red octagon with a triangle inside it is painted on the door. The pathway ends with another security door. The doors aren't locked.



5 Emergency wells. The room has a high ceiling. In the middle of the room are two deep wells surrounded by rusty railings; there are broken old winches along the walls. An unmistakable smell of bodies that have been rotting in water fills the room. If you try to find out what's actually down there you will have a very nasty surprise.

6 Generator room/Mercach. Once there were generators in this room. It is now filled with an overgrown Mercach, a swollen, grayish white mass, which sends its long tentacles into the rest of the premises and upwards through the ventilation system.

7 Ante-room. The walls have been painted black and are decorated with geometrical patterns in silver and gold. The floor is covered with a yellow and red mosaic. Along the walls are glass bowls with conserved human organs. Against one of the walls is a very large glass container with a preserved female body in it, yellow with age.

8 Temple. The temple room is furnished as a operating-theater with an operating-table and modern

equipment. The walls have been painted with magical signs and anyone who looks closely will see that there are signs on the operating-table also. Thin threads hang from the ceiling which are attracted to anyone who comes in and looking for pain. They hang on to any human who is in pain. They augment the pain and live on it. Rituals that cannot be performed in the hospitals' ordinary operating theaters take place here.

9 The innermost parts. Behind the temple is the innermost sanctum, to which only the inner circle of the order has access. This temple lacks every refinement. A character with magical intuition will see a black arm extend from the room itself. The threads of the Mercach hanging from the ceiling are many and they are wet from contact with the floor. A very realistic painting of Marbas hangs on the furthestmost wall. This is really a portal where the Lord of Pain can manifest himself during a ritual. A concrete altar covered with a sheet of stainless steel is also there. The room is covered with gore.

Ordo Voraginis

Ordo Voraginis is a refined cannibal sect, whose members are of the highest social class. They find strength in killing and eating human flesh or the flesh of other creatures with special powers or skills. The rituals are taken from an Egyptian lore within death magic. Members are death magicians who have used the life force of their victims to be able to live for hundreds of years themselves.

History of the Sect

Ordo Voraginis was founded in Rome in the second century A.D. The founder, Silia Terentia, is still the leader of the sect. As a young woman she traveled in Asia Minor, studying with a disciple of Anub-Hetep, an Egyptian death magician in Heliopolis. She learned from him how the force of a human's fear of death can be stored in her flesh and transferred to anyone who eats it. Silia went back to Rome and founded Ordo Voraginis. She gathered other magicians around her, and together they gathered much of today's knowledge of death magic.

The foundations of the *Necronomicon* and other famous books of magic are to be found in the first years of studies of this sect. When Christianity gained its victory and after the decline of the Roman Empire, the sect was frowned upon and its members went underground. During the next thousand years it barely survived.

In the sixteenth century, when the sect dared to enter the scene again, some of its leaders were imprisoned and executed as witches. It didn't recover until the middle of the nineteenth century. Since 1880, Ordo Voraginis has recruited new members and grown in power. Today the sect exists in New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Dallas, Rome, Milan, Naples, Paris, Amsterdam, and Istanbul.

Description of the Sect

Ordo Voraginis has grown during the last twenty years. The twelve temples have together 14,000 members. The *Templum Primum Romanum* in Rome is the largest branch with 2,600 members, together with the *Templum Secundum Novum Eboracum* in New York, 3,100. Half of the members are death magicians. 1,800 of them have been members of the sect since the Middle Ages or longer.

The twelve temples are autonomous. Each temple is led by a high priest who is chosen by the other magicians of the temple. Magicians have higher rank than others, but the goal is to teach magic to as many of the members as possible. The Rome temple is more important than the others, but it has no formal right to decide for the others in any matters.

The leader of the temple in Rome is Cecilia Terrento, the founder of the order. She is regarded as the foremost of the twelve high priests. The New York leader, Alan Klein, also is highly influential. The twelve high priests meet four times a year in Rome for private rituals and conferences.

A candidate for membership must be recommended by two members who have belonged to the sect for at least five years and have a basic knowledge of death magic. Candidates are tested for six months before they are allowed to take part in any rituals. No one resigns from the order and lives. Candidates who are deemed unsuitable often end up as sacrifices in the rituals of the order. Members are without exception respectable, wealthy citizens with an ability to avoid rumors and destroy any evidence against them.

The conjurers of the order together have knowledge enough to resist mighty enemies. They can putrefy bodies, awaken the dead, send





razides after their enemies or throw them into Inferno. Usually, however, they use false accusations, threats or blackmail to silence their enemies. At need they can get together large sums of money. The members of the order don't always live in the city where the temple is located; they are spread all over the western world. The temples are centrally placed in well-kept houses; for instance, the New York temple is situated in a rebuilt stone house on Fifth Avenue, near Central Park. The Rome temple lies in a newly built office building near central Rome.

There are no simple signs of identification within the order. Members who do not know each other well carefully protect their identities.

Death magicians within the order have contacts with razides, Death Angels and other creatures of Inferno. Many of the magicians of the order are members of other sects tied to the Death Angels or Astaroth.

Ordo Voraginis keeps its activities totally secret. Officially the houses of the order are owned by some respected member of the order. The temples are protected by magic and new members are carefully screened before being let into them. The conjurers are often members of more than one sect in order to augment their influence. The names of the foremost death conjurers turn up in many sects if you look carefully enough. The lictors and some of the Death Angels' organizations and Astaroth's minions oppose Ordo Voraginis.

Necromantia Anthropophagia

Anthropophagian death magic is a lore that works with cannibalistic rituals. The conjurer binds some of his victim's life force in his flesh and consumes it when he consumes the flesh

after the death of the victim. Some schools demand that the victim is eaten alive, so that the force doesn't vanish when he dies. In all schools peculiar curved copper knives—rectum knives—are used to kill and cut up the victim.

A simple form of spell is the cannibalistic variant of the death spell "Prolongation of life." Through binding the life force of the victim in some part of the body, usually the heart, and then eating it, the magician can suspend his own aging for ten years. In advanced rituals the magician can fetch characteristics and skills from his victim, or for a time fully adopt his physical shape, and his skills. Anthropophagian magicians can adopt not only the shape of other humans, but also the shape of lictors, razides, or other creatures from beyond the Illusions. The condition is of course that they are able to bind them and perform a ritual.

We here describe a few common spells within Necromantia Anthropophagia. Experienced members of Ordo Voraginis master more spells.

Borrowed Force

The conjurer temporarily borrows force from the victim's fear of death and force of life. The force is concentrated to the heart or liver during a ritual which is terminated with the slow death of the victim, the magician eating the still-living organs. In another, more time-consuming ritual, the force is concentrated to parts of the body which are then burned and stored for six weeks. Then the ashes are consumed. The result will be the same. The conjurer uses the force to heighten an ability 10 points during 48 hours.

LR: 12

Loss of Endurance: 42

Equipment: victim, rectum knife, ashes and ochre to paint the body of the victim with. Bowl of oil to pour over the victim. Black candles

Magical implements: the sword and the chalice
 Circle of protection: is not necessary
 Invocation: summoning of the ten Death Angels with nine names each. A few verses in Latin to concentrate the life force of the victim.
 Gestures: The magician touches the body of the victim in order to concentrate the life force.
 Visualization: Visualization of the life force of the victim as a red flame in one specific part of the body.
 Duration: 48 hours
 Time to throw: 3 hours

Borrowed knowledge

The conjurer binds a certain power, characteristic or skill of the victim in a part of his body, kills the victim and then eats that certain part of his body. The ability can be a certain knowledge, (e.g., magical knowledge), a power, (e.g., eternal youth or invulnerability), or a characteristic like great strength or agility. To succeed the magician must know exactly what he wants from his victim. He must know how the ability of his victim works. If the spell succeeds he has gained the ability of the victim permanently.

This spell can be dangerous to cast on another magician. Someone with magical intuition might understand what is happening and steer some of his less pleasant abilities or characteristics to the part of the body which is meant to be eaten. A successful ego throw is demanded to be able to do this. Death magicians who know the spell can—with an ego throw—move their own consciousness to that particular part of the body and then occupy his killers' body and mind.

LR: 35

Loss of Endurance: 150

Equipment: victim, resectum knife, a bowl of oil to pour over the victim, a burning oil-lamp

Magical implements: the sword

Circle of protection: is not necessary

Invocation: summoning of Osiris and Anubis. The name and abilities of the victim are tied together with a few words in Latin and Egyptian.

Gestures: The magician moves his hands over the body of the victim to steer the wanted ability to a certain organ, usually the heart or the liver

Visualization: Visualization of the wanted ability as a red flame in the wanted organ

Duration: permanent

Time to throw: 24 hours

Magical Twin

Through killing the victim and eating his brain and some of the marrow in his spine, the magician is able to become his victim in all but

his own will. The body of the magician is changed during the ritual and becomes similar to that of the victim. He gains the memories, powers and characteristics of his victim. The only thing that will remain of his old ego is scattered pieces of memories and his will. His personality will adjust to the victim's so that the two are inseparable. After 48 hours the conjurer regains his own shape and the victim is set free. The victim cannot be used in death magic any more. (He is, of course, dead.)

LR: 20

Loss of Endurance: 80

Equipment: victim, resectum knife, a lamp with burning oil, some color to paint the body of the victim with

Magical implements: the sword

Circle of protection: is not necessary

Invocation: summoning of Anubis. Some Latin spells to make the soul of the victim remain in his body after death.

Gestures: The victim is painted with signs which are meant to capture his soul in the body and steer his life force to certain organs in his body—normally the heart and the liver—which are mortal, in red on his skin. The magician sanctifies the knife and shows it to his victim, who must be made to understand the whole meaning of the ritual

Visualization: The conjurer moves his hands over the body of the victim and over his own. He sees the life force of the victim manifest itself in certain parts of his flesh.

Duration: 48 hours

Time to throw: 6 hours

Templum Primum Romanum

Until twenty years ago the roman temple of the order was situated in a small renaissance palace near the Piazza Barberini. As the cult grew the temple became too small, and the risk of being exposed became too great. The temple was moved to a newly built office area near central Rome.

It lies on an "island" between two highways, in a large office area, where 40 or 50 companies reside. The order owns outright a skyscraper of black glass. Officially the house is a conference center owned by a real estate company. The front doors of the building are always locked, and can only be opened with a code or an electronic key. On the first floor is a reception hall where visitors are carefully examined before they are let in. On the two topmost floors are

the temple, meditation rooms, prison cells and a morgue. On the lower floors are meeting rooms and guest rooms, where the members of the order sleep when they are here. Cecilia Terrento along with some 20 other members always dwell here.

Cecilia Terrento

Silia Terentia founded her order almost 1,800 years ago in Rome. She gathered the most skillful death magicians of her time around her and put together much of the magical knowledge of the Mediterranean area, which had previously not been accessible to any single human. She put together handbooks, contacted razides and Death Angels and opened doors to Inferno. A hundred years later, she was forced underground.

Since then she has been obsessed with the thought of gathering all knowledge of death magic, in order to finally defeat Death, along with the Death Angels and the Prince of Darkness. The order is her way of doing this. She is passionately interested in the human body and especially in death and the part of us which disappears when we die.

Cecilia Terrento looks about thirty-five and is short and dark with brown eyes. She has some special abilities which she has collected from her victims.

Personality: Terrento had already lost much of her sanity already in her youth in Egypt, and has not regained it since. She is ruthless, cold, and calculating. It is impossible to know what she really thinks and feels.

Gamemastering hints: Stare coldly at the players. Don't show any emotions. Speak with a chilly voice. Smoke slowly and look cool.

AGL 26	EGO 28
STR 22	CHA 20
CON 35	PER 12
COM 17	EDU 24

Height: 160 cm

Weight: 65 kg

Movement: 13 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +14

Damage bonus: +6

Damage capacity: 8 scratches = 1 light wound

7 light wounds = 1 serious wound

5 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 2 fatal wounds

Endurance: unlimited

Mental balance: -70

Dark secrets: Committed a ritual murder of her mother at the age of thirteen.

Advantages: Magical intuition.

Disadvantages: Fanaticism, Fear of Death, Hunted by Death Angels and lictors, Neurotic obsession with death, Selfish

Powers: Regenerates, unlimited endurance

Skills: Automatic weapons 20, Rifle and crossbow 18, Hand-gun 18, Sneak 16, Dodge 16, Daggers 18, Sword 18, Unarmed combat 20, First aid 18, Astrology 20, Poisons and drugs 18, Hypnosis 20, Information retrieval 22, Cryptography 12, Meditation 16, Numerology 18, Occultism 22, Languages: Arabic 14, English 18, Old Egyptian 13, French 15, Old Greek 18, Modern Greek 12, Italian 20, Latin 20, Spanish 12, German 15, Net of contacts: death magicians 18, Riding 16, Rhetoric 18, Driving 10, Humanities 18, Medicine 22, Pathology 10, Surgery 18

Attack mode: according to weapon

Magic: Lore of death—Necromantia Anthropophagia 60 (all spells in the basic rules and above-mentioned spells to skill score 30)

Home: Rome

Blutkäfer

The blutkäfer look like red cockroaches, and can be found near cannibalistic cults. They eat what remains after the sacrifices. They have a limited, collective consciousness, and they obey members of the sect.

They are barely tolerated, in the manner that one tolerates vermin, by the members of the sect. They never touch a living person that belongs to the sect. If any stranger would interfere during a ritual or at any other important occasion, hundreds of blutkäfer would attack him. They crawl onto their victim until they cover him totally. If they are not disturbed they can devour a human until nothing but the bones remain.

Movement: 6 m/round

Damage capacity: Single individuals die of a light wound, In crowds they can only be damaged by fire or poison. Blutkäfer which are exposed to these are paralyzed or die.

Endurance: 100

Attack mode: Bite (scr 1-10, lw 11-18, sw 19-29, fw 30+). Paralyzing poison with the strength of 2d10. Paralysis if CON is defeated. The effect is that of a whole swarm. The insects do damage every round they enclose their victim.

Famea

The famea is a parasite that can be found in the human flesh of cannibals. It attacks their organs and their nervous system so that the inflicted person is struck by an irresistible need for human flesh. The need becomes stronger and stronger, until the inflicted cannot eat anything else and is forced to let go of all ambitions except finding and killing other humans in order to eat them.

The victims of the famea develop the limitation cannibalism. They have to eat human flesh not to lose constitution points and finally die. Members of Ordo Voraginis call the compulsory cannibals bacchor, and they kill them or try to use them for their own purposes.

Famea do not survive heat, and are nonexistent in cooked meat. Anyone who eats raw human flesh suffers a risk of 1/100 of being infected. An infected person can still avoid the disease through an ego roll of EGO/2 or less.

The process is not only physical. A person who is inflicted must nourish an unconscious need for human flesh for the disease to be able to develop. If the ego roll fails, cannibalism develops gradually over six weeks.

Only habitual cannibals suffer any great risk of being infected. Skillful magicians are seldom infected. Their ego is too high for the parasite to succeed in its attacks.

Bacchor

The bacchor are the compulsory cannibals that the famea creates. They must have human flesh to survive. Their constitution is lowered by 1 step for every 24 hours they lack this food. When they can eat human flesh again their constitution goes back to normal. Bacchor who have been infected for less than a year can eat dead meat. Bacchor who have lived longer must have living meat.

The bacchor are very ragged and always wandering. If they stay more than a few days in a place the police might catch them. They choose their victims among lonely or maladjusted people who will not be missed by anyone.

Ordo Voraginis use the bacchor to terrify or kill their enemies, or for other kinds of simple missions. The promise of easy prey can make a bacchor do anything.

Personality: The bacchor are filled by their craving for meat and their fear of the weakness that hits them if they don't get any meat. They

are selfish and desperate. Bacchor with another kind of personality accept death at an early stage, and never become compulsory cannibals.

Gamemastering hints: Let your hunger be noticed.

Glance at the player's bodies. Speak in a slightly hysterical tone.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 10+1d10 (16)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON 10+1d10 (16)	PER 10+1d10 (16)
COM 2d10 (11)	EDU 2d10 (11)

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 80 kg

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +3

Damage capacity: 5 scratches = 1 light wound

4 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 110

Physical changes: Claws and teeth of a carnivorous animal, mechanical body parts, stigmata, putrefying flesh

Mental balance: -75

Dark secrets: Cannibalism

Advantages: Endurance, resistance to diseases

Disadvantages: Death wish, Fanaticism, Mental constrictions, Hunted, Selfish

Skills: Automatic weapons 16, Rifle and crossbow 12, Hand-gun 16, Sneak 16, Dodge 16, Daggers 16, Throwing weapons 16, Impact weapons 16, Unarmed combat 16, Hide 16, Search 16, Driving 16, Tailing 16, Night combat 16

Attack mode: Bite 12 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-22, fw 23+), 2 claws 15 (scr 1-8, lw 9-15, sw 16-24, fw 25+) or according to weapons

Equipment: Dressed in rags, often clothes suited for army use or hiking. Armed with pistols or knives, or heavy weapons like machine-guns.

Home: No fixed abode

Number: 1d10

Voracies

The Voracies are creatures who are closely bound to Ordo Voraginis. They have been created by Cecilia Terrento to protect the houses of the order and to watch new members. They live half in our world, half in Inferno, where they drag the bodies after the sacrifices. The Voracies are small and razor-like with an outer skeleton of steel which surrounds their half rotten inner organs. They devour their victims in large chunks. Half digested parts of human bodies are embedded in yellow membranes in their flesh.

Personality: The Voracies are always hungry. They want to eat all meat they see. They turn to Cecilia Terrento for protection, and obey her faithfully.

Gamemastering hints: Stare at all meat you see around you and go for it.

AGL 20+1d10 (26)	EGO 1d10 (6)
STR 20+1d10 (26)	PER 10+1d10 (11)
CON 20+1d10 (26)	

Modification of terror throw: —

Length: 150 cm

Height: 120 cm

Weight: 120 kg

Senses: see infrared

Movement: 13 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +14

Damage bonus: +6

Damage capacity: 7 scratches = 1 light wound

6 light wounds = 1 serious wound

4 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 160

Natural armor: 3 p

Powers: Wander freely between our world and Inferno.

Skills: Climb 26, Automatic weapons 20, Rifle and crossbow 20, Daggers 22, Whips and chains 22, Sneak 20, Dodge 20

Attack mode: Bite 16 (scr 1-5, lw 6-12, sw 13-22, fw 23+), 2 claws 18 (scr 1-6, lw 7-14, sw 15-25, fw 26+)

Home: Inferno/Earth

Number: 2d10

Dinychos

The Dinychos are creatures that hunt the magicians of Ordo Voraginis. Practitioners of cannibalistic death magic store a particular form of strength within them which is felt by Dinychos. They devour the conjurer, and so gain part of the force from the victims of all the rituals in which he has taken part.

All cannibalistic conjurers try to protect themselves from Dinychos with magical means, but it is difficult. A place can be protected against Dinychos: all temples are protected; but individuals find it hard to defend themselves. Dinychos are reptilian creatures with six legs and long bodies with small wedge-shaped heads. Their tongues are long and sharp and full of a paralyzing poison. They are gray or grayish black and covered with a glittering slime. They hunt in packs, leaving slimy, odorous trails in their wake.

AGL 10+2d10 (21)	EGO 1d10 (6)
STR 10+2d10 (21)	PER 10+2d10 (21)
CON 10+2d10 (21)	

Modification of terror throw: -5

Length: 250 cm

Height: 140 cm

Weight: 300 kg

Senses: see infrared

Communication: communicates with signals

between them, understand a few words of human speech, but cannot speak themselves.

Movement: 11 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +9

Damage bonus: +5

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 135

Natural armor: 2 p

Powers: Find life force—makes them able to trace cannibalistic death magician within one kilometer.

Skills: Climb 10, Sneak 15, Dodge 15, Hide 15

Attack mode: Bite 20 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-22, fw 23+), Tongue 15 (scr 1-10, lw 11-19, sw 20-29, fw 30+). Paralyzing poison with 3d10 strength in their tongue, paralyses on half or more of constitution value. The paralysis will last for 10+1d10 minutes.

Home: Beyond the Illusions

Number: 5+1d10

Sangre Negra

The Sangre Negra is a sect which exists mainly in the countries around the Mediterranean and in Latin America. It has close ties with Inferno and it worships Death and razides. The center of the sect is in a slum area outside Mexico City. A temple is erected there where a razide is worshipped with rites learned from the Death cult of the Aztecs. The worshipped razide, Sangreal, hopes to be able to challenge one of the Death Angels for his position with the help of his human followers. Human death conjurers have gathered around him.

History of the Sect

In the autumn of 1922, the Italian death conjurer Amine Maccio was in Mexico to study the remains of the Aztec culture. She became a member of a cult which existed in San Peridio, south of Mexico City. The cult had opened doors to Inferno and was living half in our world, half in Inferno. Razides strolled about freely in our reality and accepted sacrifices made to them by humans.

Amine Maccio entered Inferno and became the prisoner of one of the mightiest razides—Sangreal—who also became her teacher of death magic. The razide refused to let Maccio return to our world, until she managed to convince him that he should follow her back and establish a cult around himself.

Since then the church in San Peridor, which has now become a part of Mexico City, is an open door to Inferno. Amine Maccio keeps the cult alive while she is trying to find a way to dissolve her bonds to the razide. If the sect disappears and Sangreal decides to close the door she will be drawn into Inferno.

Description of the Sect

Sangre Negra is a widespread cult, even though most of its members only take part in some rituals. The core of the cult consists of death magicians and ciccatri—fanatic tattooed worshippers who are never

seen in public. There are between 15,000 and 20,000 members, two thirds of them in Mexico and Central America, the rest in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and southern France. There are small groups in Europe and Central America which are autonomous, and have their own leaders. In Mexico and Central America, "ordinary" humans take part in the rituals of the cult, without being members.

The headquarters of the sect is in San Peridor, and the highest leaders dwell there along with 2000 or so ciccatri. People who live in the area visit the temple and remain on good terms with the sect. The different groups gather in Mexico City at important festivities and generally keep in contact, but in other ways they are wholly autonomous. The inner circle of ciccatri—tattooed sect members—have sworn an oath to Sangreal and sometimes oppose their own leaders on his command. As a result, the sect is shaken by intrigues and internal conflict.

The ruler of the sect is Sangreal. Amine Maccio (who summoned the razide and started the cult in the early twenties) stands beside him and together they lead the Mexican group. There are about ten leaders in Europe fighting each other for power. The most important ones are Hugo Barrio in Barcelona and Emmanuel Marocci in Milan.

The ciccatri were originally poor people, sometimes children living in the streets. They have magical tattoos which make their skin appear scarred and in some way rotten. There are also other members who are recruited from the highest social strata to learn death magic. Ciccatri are skillful assassins, but they do not use modern weaponry, preferring instead more primitive weapons like ropes and daggers.

The Sangre Negra has some of the world's most skillful death magicians as its members. Sangreal can summon lesser razides and other Inferno creatures to its defense. The sect has some political influence in Mexico and Guatemala, but in Europe it works entirely underground.





In addition to the large temple in the capital there are several smaller ones in Mexico; all operate quite openly. In France, Spain, and Italy rites are performed in secret places. There are large groups tied to Sangre Negra in Marseilles, Narbonne, Barcelona, Valencia, Madrid, Cadiz, Lisbon, Oporto, Milan, Rome, Naples, Palermo, Mexico City, Vera Cruz, Oaxaca, Guatemala City, and Puerto Barrios.

The temple in Mexico City is located in an abandoned church in a decayed slum area. Lesser sanctities exist in ordinary houses around Mexico and Guatemala. In Europe the temples are secret, hidden in private apartments or in houses outside the big cities. The ciccatri have their own meeting places in the slums.

Ciccatri are easily recognized by their magical tattoos. At first sight their skin looks rotten and peeling off. A closer look reveals that it is scarred and covered with very skillfully made tattoos.

Other members of the sect carry no particular signs. In rituals members wear red, black or white loincloths.

Sangre Negra is a cult which worships Death and Suffering. The methods of the sect are extremely violent. All resistance is put down with bloody terror, all conflicts are solved with violence. From time to time, the sect is decimated by internal fights.

The tie to Sangreal means that the sect has a close association with Inferno. The magicians of Sangre Negra can summon creatures from and open gates to Inferno. Some lesser temples are devoted to other razides or Death Angels.

In Latin America the sect appears like an odd, but accepted form of Catholicism. The bloody rituals are not spoken of, even though they are

widely known. In Europe the cult works only in secret.

Sangre Negra has connections with other death cults in Latin America and southern Europe. Some of Astaroth's worshippers cooperate with the sect, while the Archons, lictors and some Death Angels oppose it.

San Peridio

The heart of Sangre Negra is the temple in San Peridio. It is situated in a decayed church and surrounded by slum areas which the police dare not patrol. The inhabitants in the houses around the church make sacrifices to Sangrael and try to be on good terms with the cult.

The church was built in the middle of the nineteenth century; its façade is now very decayed. It was originally covered with pictures of saints and symbols of death. The walls are overgrown with vines that use the numerous cracks to gain purchase. All windows have been broken and nailed shut with plywood boards. Inside it is pitch black. No candles or other lights can break the darkness; they burn but give almost no light. Flashlights provide only the dimmest glimmer. It is filled with a terrible, sickening stench.

Worshippers avoid entering the temple; they leave their sacrifices on the stairs and vanish quickly. Those who dare enter will become sacrifices themselves if there are no other suitable victims. Ciccatri and other cult members live close to the temple, but humans without ties to the sect avoid the area.

Sangreal

Sangreal is one of the mightiest razides in Inferno, larger than ordinary members of his kind. His head is twice as big, almost two meters

long, atop a swollen form of metal and flesh covering several cubic meters. Sangreal is usually seated on a low platform inside the church in San Peridor, but when he stands he is seven meters tall.

His worshippers can see glimpses of his true shape, mixed with a Christ-like figure that is his human form. His servants sacrifice humans on the altar in front of him and place the still-beating hearts at his feet. Around him are piles of human skulls, some with flesh still on them. The floor is crowded with rats and swarms of flies constantly flying about in the church.

Personality: Sangrael is a sophisticated razide. He enjoys the fear and pain surrounding him, but he has also the awareness to use the situation to enlarge his own power. He constantly grows, gathering force from the sacrifices made to him. He hopes to be able to challenge the Death Angels for control of Mexico.

Gamemastering hints: In his human shape Sangrael is an absent minded young man with a perfect, athletic body. He speaks with an impersonal voice and has piercing blue eyes. If in his razide shape you should describe him rather than trying to personify him yourself.

AGL 40	EGO 25
STR 80	CHA 2
CON 60	PER 30
COM 1	EDU 30

Height: 700 cm

Weight: 2,500 kg

Senses: see infrared and ultraviolet. Has a radar-like organ which senses magnetic fields.

Movement: 20 m/round

Actions: 6

Initiative bonus: +28

Damage bonus: +13

Damage capacity: 13 scratches = 1 light wound

12 light wounds = 1 serious wound

10 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 3 fatal wounds

Endurance: 330

Natural armor: 5

Powers: Commanding voice, distorts time and space like a human with mental balance ± 300

Skills: All projectile weapons 25, Melee and throwing weapons, all 40, Information retrieval 30, Occultism 25, Languages: all human, Rhetoric 15.

Attack mode: Bite 15 (scr 1-5, lw 6-12, sw 13-22, fw 23+), Claws 15 (scr 1-6, lw 7-14, sw 15-25, fw 26+)

Magic: Lore of death 50 (all spells to skill score 40)

Home: San Peridio, Mexico

Amine Maccio

Amine Maccio looks about thirty, is short and dark with dark hair that reaches down to her waist and eyes that are almost black. She is tied to Sangrael and can never leave the church in San Peridor, where Inferno meets our reality. It is she who keeps Sangrael here. She has the power to close the gate, but this would cast her into Inferno as well, together with Sangrael, as his captive. She has confronted the razide a couple of times in attempts to break free, but both times she was defeated.

Maccio retains her youth through a ritual in which she drinks large quantities of human blood. She is desperately afraid to grow old and die, since she is doomed to go to Inferno after her death.

Personality: Maccio is ruthless and has become more and more desperate as the years have flown by. She takes her revenge on the victims brought to the church and on the members of the cult.

Gamemastering hints: Look fanatic. Stare at the players. Smile madly and speak with a cold, absent voice.

AGL 16	EGO 25
STR 12	CHA 18
CON 30	PER 10
COM 15	EDU 22

Height: 155 cm

Weight: 60 kg

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +2

Damage capacity: 7 scratches = 1 light wound

6 light wounds = 1 serious wound

4 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 2 fatal wounds

Endurance: 180

Mental balance: -180

Dark secrets: Pact with a razide.

Disadvantages: Death wish (wants to die, but does not want to go to Inferno), Mental constriction (her entire life before 1922), Hunted by enemies of the sect, Neurotic fixation with Death, Sadistic

Limitations: Blood-thirst (maintains her youth), Controlled by other power.

Skills: Hand-gun 16, Sneak 12, Daggers 16, Poisons and drugs 18, Information retrieval 20, Occultism 20, Languages: Arabic 20, English 18, Old Greek 15, Italian 18, Latin 15, Spanish 20.

Attack mode: according to weapon

Equipment: Amine always carries a dagger designed for sacrifices; forged in Inferno, it does extra damage (scr 1-4, lw 5-9, sw 10-14, dw 15+)
Magic: Lore of death 50 (all spells to skill score 30), Lore of passion 35 (all spells to skill score 20)
Home: San Peridio

Ciccatri

The ciccatri constitute the inner circle of Sangre Negra. They are really humans who have gone through a ritual similar to that used to create living dead. They are immortal, captives on the borderline between life and death. Ciccatri can look into Inferno as if they were humans with an extremely enhanced awareness. They have lost their human emotions and live only to cause terror and pain. They are not captives in their dead bodies—they are still alive, but their senses are on the borderline. In the ritual which creates the ciccatri, their bodies are tattooed magically so that they seem to be half rotten. They mutilate themselves ritually at auspicious occasions: castrate themselves, chop off ears, nose, nipples and fingers and pluck out their own eyes.

The ciccatri regard themselves as a secret brotherhood whose purpose is to find victims for the sacrifices and hunt down the enemies of Sangreal. They keep hidden and live together in slums or on the periphery of the great cities.

Personality: The ciccatri are fanatically faithful to Sangreal, obeying all orders without question. They believe themselves to be more important than other members of the sect, and sometimes attack other members. The educated magicians of the sect are wary in their dealings with the ciccatri.

Gamemastering hints: Act crazed and manic. Perform strange gestures with your hands, pretend to cut off an ear or two and stare at the players.

AGL 2d10 (11)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 2d10 (11)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON 4d10 (22)	PER 2d10 (11)
COM 1d5 (3)	EDU 1d10 (6)

Senses: See our world together with Inferno. See perfectly through darkness.

Movement: 6 m/round

Actions: 2

Initiative bonus: —

Damage bonus: +1

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound
 5 light wounds = 1 serious wound
 3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 140

Mental balance: -100

Powers: See into Inferno. Cannot be shocked.

Advantages: varying

Disadvantages: varying

Skills: Climb 12, Hand-gun 22, Sneak 15, Dodge 12, Daggers 15, Impact weapons 15, Unarmed combat 15, Hide 12, Search 12, Occultism 10, Survival 15, Net of contacts: ciccatri 15.

Attack mode: according to weapon

Equipment: Daggers and simple impact weapons, sometimes hand-guns. Clothes and headgear to cover their tattoos.

Magic: none

Number: 2d10 (2-20)

Scarito

The scaritos are creatures bred by Sangreal and given birth by ciccatri of both sexes. They prowl the slums, dragging home sacrifices to the temple or killing the enemies of the sect. They are small, like children or midgets. Sharp scars constitute a relief pattern on their skins. Their eyes are round and black, their mouths large and filled with sharp teeth.

Their jaws open both vertically and horizontally. Their hands are equipped with claws. They walk on all fours, or on their hind legs with the occasional support of their forelimbs. They hunt in packs.

Personality: The scaritos are cruel children, ignorant and bloodthirsty. They mostly obey ciccatri, but also despise them and will kill their parents if they can get away with it. They envy Sangreal and most of all want to be close to him.

Gamemastering hints: Speak with a childish voice, use a childish body language.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 1d10 (6)
STR 2d10 (11)	CHA 1d5 (3)
CON 10+1d10 (16)	PER 2d10 (11)
COM 1d5 (3)	EDU 1

Modification of terror throw: -5

Height: 100 cm

Weight: 40 kg

Senses: See through darkness.

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +2

Damage capacity: 5 scratches = 1 light wound
 4 light wounds = 1 serious wound
 3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 110

Natural armor: 1 p

Skills: Climb 16, Automatic weapons 16, Hand-gun 16, Sneak 16, Dodge 16, Daggers 11, Impact weapons 11, Unarmed combat 11, Hide 16, Search 16.

Attack mode: Bite 15 (scr 1-6, lw 7-14, sw 15-22, fw 23+) 2 claws 15 (scr 1-7, lw 8-15, sw 16-24, fw 25+)
Home: Mexico City
Number: 5+1d10

Mechoro

The mechoros are creatures from Inferno, created by Sangrael in order to help him in his fights against other razides and in the confrontations with Amine Maccio. They look like small razides, but are purely biological, with an outer skeleton that surrounds partly putrefied muscles. The head is oblong with double rows of teeth like the razides, but of bone and flesh. There are about twenty mechoros in the church in San Peridio, guarding Sangrael and prowling in the streets.

Personality: They obey their creator and do not think much beyond that. They have no human emotions.

Gamemastering hints: Behave like a wild animal, snap at the players hands etc.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 1d10 (6)
STR 10+2d10 (21)	PER 10+2d10 (21)
CON 10+2d10 (21)	

Height: 200 cm

Weight: 250 kg

Senses: see through darkness

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +4

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 135

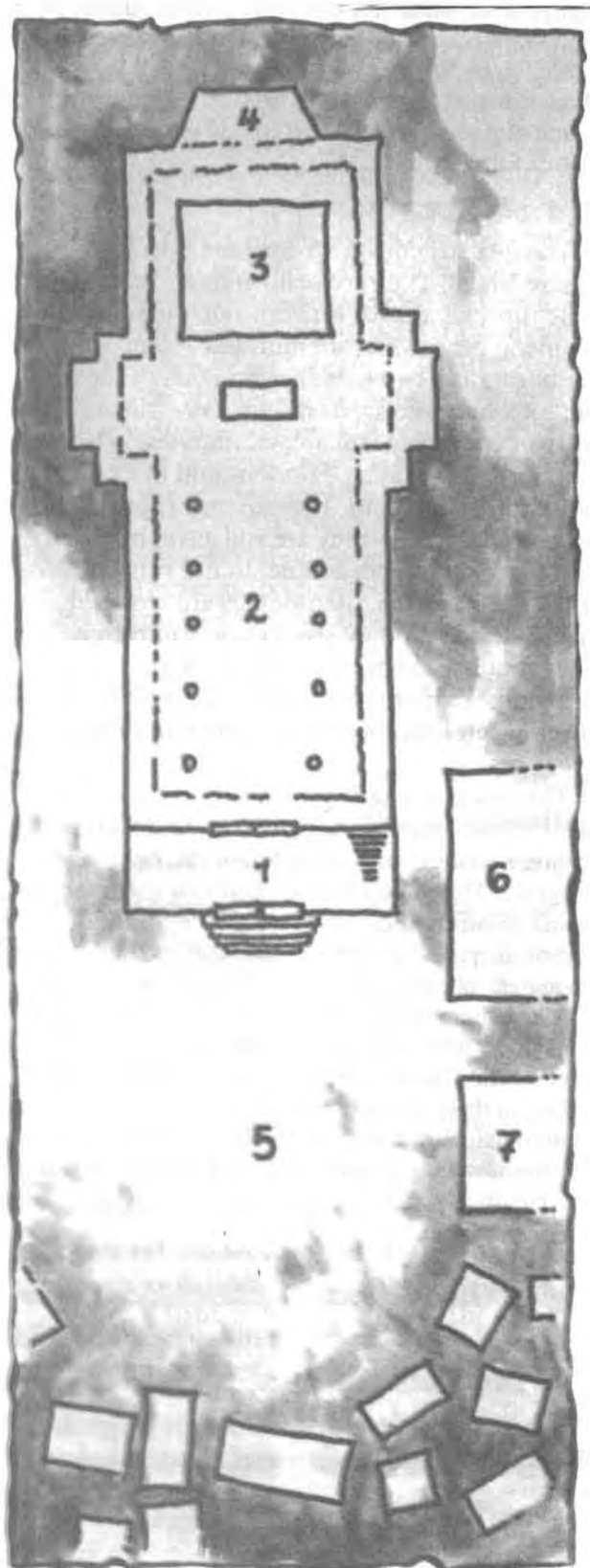
Natural armor: 2 p

Skills: Hide 12, Search 15, Track 15, Dodge 12.

Attack mode: Bite 15 (scr 1-5, lw 6-12, sw 13-22, fw 23+), 2 claws 18 (scr 1-6, lw 7-14, sw 15-25, fw 26+).

Magic: none

Number: 2d10 (2-20)



Map of San Peridio

1 Anteroom. The bravest worshippers come here with their sacrifices. Dead roosters, flowers, bread and pools of dried blood are some of the sacrifices or traces of them. To the right is a shaky set of stairs which lead to a gallery that stretches all around the church. Scaritos wait in the gallery and come down to steal from the sacrifices outside.

2 The Main Hall. Sangreal sits behind the altar, in front of a picture of Christ on the cross, surrounded by death symbols. It is impossible to see anything without the ability to see through darkness, but anyone who enters will feel the presence and form of Sangreal, the altar and other important persons or objects. Amine Maccio is always there, usually close by Sangreal. She sacrifices humans brought to the altar. Maccio drinks their blood and uses their life force to keep Sangreal in our reality. Skulls are piled up around the razide, like a spell of protection. Against the walls are mechoros, standing like statues without moving. If something threatens Sangreal or Amine Maccio they instantly attack.

3 Choir gallery. The choir gallery behind the altar is in constant and violent decay. The wooden parts are rotten, and the remains of the meals of the razide are everywhere. Amine Maccio comes here when she's not with the razide. The front of the choir gallery is hers, she has cleaned it of all bones and rubbish. No ciccatri or scaritos are allowed there. The ciccatri stay in the back of the choir gallery.

4 Sepulchral chapel. In the back of the sepulchral chapel is a way down to the crypt. Scaritos remain there. Maccio sometimes goes there when she wants to get away from the razide.

5 Plaza San Peridio. The Plaza San Peridio is a deserted place. There are no salesmen, no beggars or occasional passers-by. A group of ciccatri is often seated on the stairs of the church. Frightened worshippers come with sacrifices. All else is terrifying stillness.

6 Casa Cobrando. One of the few standing buildings near the church, Casa Cobrando has belonged to the family Cobrando for generations. When Sangrael first moved into the church the family protested and tried to get rid of the Inferno creature. It failed and the father of the family, Juan Cobrando, was turned into a living dead by the razide. The rest of the family accepted their fate and now are the most faithful followers of Sangrael. The house is run down, but you can still see that the people who lived there were once rich. It has an inner yard, nowadays full of bones and rubbish.

7 Zapanas. The Zapanas is a bar, and apart from Casa Cobrando one of the few proper buildings near the church. The house is owned by a ciccatro and is a meeting place for servants of the razide from other parts of the city. From Zapanas there's a good view of what happens in front of the church.

The Subjectionist Church

Subjectionism is a teaching which claims that our physique and our psychological status depends on our view of ourselves. With positive thinking we can become bigger, stronger, smarter, and on the whole, better. This far it is similar to many other philosophies. The difference is that Subjectionism works. With magical means it teaches its followers to change through regarding themselves in a new way. But this change will not always be as expected. The leaders of the sect make its members change themselves into distorted animals, serving their purposes without the power to protest.

History of the Sect

Subjectionism was invented in 1973 by Dr. Jeffrey Caruso, psychologist and successful conjurer of madness from Boston. Caruso had observed how humans with visualization could be made to change their own bodies as if the spell "Deform human body" had been cast. The change can in the beginning be controlled, so that the person can make himself stronger, faster, or more intelligent. After a while though, he or she will lose control over the visualization and be deformed... transformed into a monster.

In the last phases of the visualization the person is not at all able to control what happens to her/him. With the help of drugs and hypnosis Caruso can make him/her take on a certain form and personality, and be totally loyal to the sect. Caruso claimed that visualization is a sensational method of abetting human capacity. Many successful people believed in this and became members. After having gone through the last phase of visualization they have become the obedient servants of Caruso. They have no possibility of going back into society and have been indoctrinated to believe that they are superior to other people. Caruso early noticed that humans who have deformed themselves by their own

will are not able to admit to themselves what they have done. They deny that they have turned into monsters and tell themselves that they have become better humans.

The Teachings

Subjectionism teaches that a destructive society limits our personalities. Through visualization we can free our hidden potentials and become bigger, mightier, and better. When we visualize we bring forth our true personality and become ourselves. Caruso uses his teaching to divide his members into different groups. The most easily influenced individuals are made into only slightly deformed humans. They are then told that it is their superior brains which make them more human than others, who have turned into more or less humanoid monsters.

The former group is called "the enlightened" and they take care of all the public affairs of the sect and have total control over "the aspirants": candidates to membership who are more distorted, being forced to take more and more expensive courses to regain their human appearance. The deformities are explained by an "unclean mind" having steered the visualization. If the mind is cleansed, the deformities are said to disappear. Leaving the sect equals accepting ones unclean mind and learning to live with the deformations.

Description of the Sect

The Subjectionist church has 70,000 members in the eastern part of the U.S. In the last few years it has opened branches in Europe and Asia. The leaders of an average sect number about one hundred, all obedient servants of Caruso. The church is run entirely from Boston, where Caruso and the other leaders reside. All of the leaders of the sect have gone through visualization and are controlled by Caruso.





The local offices are run by loyal members. New members, who have not gone through all of their visualization are never placed in high positions and do not have insight into all of the activities of the church. Members are often wealthy and successful people who hope to be able to develop themselves through courses the sect sells; these courses are expensive enough to demand a high income. Members who have gone through the entire program donate all of their assets to the sect. In some cases Caruso has offered cheaper courses where the participants have lost control entirely over the visualization, turning themselves into monsters. Jeffrey Caruso is the only competent magician in the sect, He carefully sees to it that other members do not learn magic. The sect has large economic resources and its members occupy high positions in society. It is thus easy for the church to dispose of its enemies.

Subjectionism was founded in Boston and spread during the seventies over all of the United States. It has also existed in England, France, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Thailand, South Korea, and Japan for about ten years.

The sect occupies newly-built houses in the suburbs. New members are taken to rooms in the center of the buildings and are not allowed to see the remaining parts of the house (deformed members are kept hidden). All public contacts are handled by members who look acceptable to other people.

The sect has no particular signals for recognition. When members are seen, they are dressed in white coveralls, something which makes them easily identifiable.

The Subjectionist Church does not want to arouse too much attention through the use of violence. Bad publicity is stopped with bribes

and pressure, and only if absolutely necessary with threats or blackmail. In very difficult cases Caruso will call for magical help and summon a creature of madness.

The sect has no non-human connections. Caruso has some contacts with non-human creatures, but they have no influence over the church. Subjectionism does not discuss its techniques and goals with non-members, but it does not deny dealing with developing the personality. New participants are routinely, but not very carefully, checked.

The sect has had some problems with angry relatives of members, but usually has been able to buy their silence. The sect has no ties with other groups. Caruso has friends among the magicians in the U.S., but no one would raise a finger to help him if he got into trouble. The church has lingering enemies among the relatives of people who have become deformed or disappeared.

Caruso has also been hunted by lunatics from the underworld, who believe his deformations of people are "unnatural." A conjurer from the realm of lunatics in the New York underworld has done research on the activities of the sect.

Jeffrey Caruso

Doctor Caruso has changed his own body with the help of visualization, but without the disastrous effects which strike an amateur testing the technique. He is remarkably strong and fast, with a very powerful intellect and a photographic memory. He appears fortyish, short and dark with a small mustache and piercing eyes underneath very bushy eyebrows.

Personality: Caruso is somewhat mad. He sees Subjectionism partly as an experiment, partly as a way of making influential people helpless so he can

gain power over them. He is completely self-obsessed.

Gamemastering hints: Act a little strange, make nervous moves with your hands.

AGL 20	EGO 20
STR 22	CHA 14
CON 16	PER 10
COM 12	EDU 18

Height: 170 cm

Weight: 70 kg

Movement: 10 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +6

Damage bonus: +5

Damage capacity: 5 scratches = 1 light wound

4 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 110

Mental balance: -40

Dark secrets: Responsible for medical experiments.

Advantages: Magical intuition

Disadvantages: Bad reputation, Fanaticism, Paranoia, Greed, Intolerance, Selfish.

Skills: Hand-gun 16, Sneak 16, Dodge 15, Daggers 18, Astrology 20, Computers 16, Electronics 15, Poisons and drugs 15, Hypnosis 20, Information retrieval 18, Occultism 20, Languages: Arabic 12, English 20, French 16, Classical Greek 12, Latin 16, German 12, Driving 16, Medicine 18, Humanities 15, Psychology 18

Attack mode: according to weapon

Magic: Lore of madness 50 (all spells to skill score 30)

Home: Boston, Massachusetts

The Enlightened

The enlightened are the public side of Subjectionism. They have small physical deformations and are a bit strange, but not enough for a stranger to notice it. They believe that their small deformations are the remains of an unclean mind, which they will eventually get rid of. With clothes on they look perfectly normal.

Personality: The obedient servants of Caruso. They worship him like a god and are prepared to die for him.

Gamemastering hints: Act the absent-minded religious fanatic with your eyes looking to the horizon and a stiff little smile on your lips.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 10+1d10 (16)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON 10+1d10 (16)	PER 2d10 (11)
COM 2d10 (11)	EDU 2d10 (11)

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +3

Damage capacity: 5 scratches = 1 light wound

4 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 110

Mental balance: -25

Dark secrets: varying

Advantages: varying

Disadvantages: varying

Skills: Hand-gun 16, Unarmed combat 16, Daggers 16,

Net of contacts: Subjectionists 15

Attack mode: according to weapon

Magic: none

Aspirants

The aspirants are the results of Dr. Caruso's attempt to create furies, warped humans with low mental balance. They have physical deformations of all kinds—swollen bodies, strangely colored skin, extra limbs, abnormal growth of body hairs etc. With their clothes on, they look almost ordinary, but observers will still think they seem somewhat 'unnatural.'

Personality: The mind of an aspirant has regressed to that of a child. They obey Caruso and the other leaders.

Gamemastering hints: Speak in single words, stare at people.

AGL 10+2d10 (21)	EGO 1d10 (6)
STR 10+2d10 (21)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON 10+2d10 (21)	PER 2d10 (11)
COM 1d10 (6)	EDU 2d10 (11)

Movement: 12 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +7

Damage bonus: +5

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 135

Mental balance: -80

Dark secrets: varying

Advantages: varying

Disadvantages: varying

Powers: Infrared vision, natural weapons: teeth and claws

Limitations: Hunting instinct, non-human appearance

Skills: Sneak 21, Daggers 21, Impact weapons 21, Unarmed combat 21.

Attack mode: Bite 15 (scr 1-6, lw 7-13, sw 14-22, fw 23+), 2 claws 15 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-25, fw 26+) or according to weapon

Grotesques

Grotesques are humans who have totally lost control over their bodies. They are constantly changed by any strong emotion that befalls them; their bodies are battlefields for their urges. When grotesques become aggressive their strength is raised, and their limbs grow larger. When they are terrified or sad they shrink, become small and vulnerable. These changes cannot be controlled and are seldom of any help for the grotesque. Grotesques have usually fled from the sect and try to survive in society as best they can. The noted values show how much the characteristics of the grotesque can change. They are never lowered below one, whatever the dice may state.

Personality: Terrified of strong feelings. All feelings can result in unwanted changes, so the grotesque tries to avoid them at all costs.

Gamemastering hints: Try to look motionless.

AGL 2d10±1d10

STR 2d10±1d10

CON 2d10±1d10

COM 2d10±1d10

EGO 2d10±1d10

CHA 2d10±1d10

PER 2d10±1d10

EDU 2d10

Modification of terror throw: -5 (seen when they change)

Height: Average height ± 10d10 cm

Weight: Average weight ± 10d10 kg

Movement: varying

Actions: varying

Initiative bonus: varying

Damage bonus: varying

Damage capacity: varying

Endurance: varying

Mental balance: -25 -5d10 (-53)

Dark secrets: victims of uncontrolled changes

Disadvantages: Depression, Death wish, phobia of feelings

Skills: varying



"The killer awoke before dawn, he put his boots on,
He took a face from the ancient gallery,
And he walked down the hall"

—The Doors



On the Borderland of Humanity

I was well into the industrial area when I noticed that the car's engine temperature suddenly had become too high. I slowed down and stopped, but I had barely shut off the engine when the anti-freeze, spurted out in a cloud of steam. There wasn't a drop of it left—I couldn't understand it. Taking a can from the back I walked down the road to look for water. Surely there must be water somewhere, or a phone.

It was late on Saturday night, and the area seemed deserted. A rare street-light lit the fronts of aging corrugated-metal warehouses and high fences. Behind one building I could see a flickering light. I went in that direction, across a parking lot, through a hole in the fence which surrounded it. It was the light from an open fire. Must be tramps, I thought, judging from the dirty and ragged clothes of the men sitting around the fire. I stopped a few meters away from them. Some of the men lifted their heads, as if they were

There are humans who do not fit into society and who eventually end up on the borderlands, creating their own way of life. The children of the night are such people, distorted humans who do not fit in anywhere. The jackals are another group, nomadic mass-murderers with their own culture. The Nosferatu of Paris and the lunatics in the underworld also belong to this category.

Groups on the periphery of society are always closed families with their own leaders, their own laws, and their own view of the world. They keep away from the rest of society if they can. To infiltrate such a group you must belong to it. It is hardly possible to deceive the members and make them believe you are one of them if you aren't. A new cultural pattern, perhaps a new language, will have to be learned.

Groups sometimes have contacts with other underworld clans. Nosferatu and leeches are rather similar and they have a similar culture,

trying to catch a smell in the air.

I could see more fires further away, A nasty stench came to me with the wind. One of the men put out his cigarette and stood up. He turned around and looked at me... his eyes were black and reflecting, like those of a nocturnal animal. I shrank back as he smiled, and showed me his sharp, metallic teeth. I turned and ran. From the fire there came a mad laughter, as from hundreds of throats. I ran for my life towards the road. They were everywhere, ragged shapes with glittering eyes. I tripped on something, heard the sound of their breathing close behind me, got up and ran again, through a grove and out on an open field. When I had come this far I suddenly realized that they were only playing a game. I wasn't going to get away.

They came from all directions. An ocean of bodies in tattered coats closed in on me. Strong fingers and sharp teeth dug deep into my flesh and broke my bones. Merciful oblivion came finally.

The lunatics and the Children of the Night have some things in common. Some groups are unable to cooperate with others, The nomadic mass-murderers are so anti-social that they hardly work as a group. They have no contacts with other groups, The most anti-social members of the Children of the Night don't have any contacts either.

Underground-cultures can be a part of society or totally outside. Mass-murderers and lunatics, for instance, are so strange that they live apart from other people, in the underworld or in otherwise deserted areas. The Nosferatu and the Lorelei are a part of the night life of the cities. They meet "ordinary" humans every night; these "ordinary" people are necessary for their very survival.

We here depict two groups who live on the fringes of society—the Lorelei who constitute an element in the night life of London, and the jackals who are part of no other human community.

Lorelei

The Lorelei are humans who live off the life-force of others. They have the limitation Soul Thirst, which forces them to consume other peoples' life force in order to avoid old age and death. The first Lorelei lived in London in the twenties. They are still common in London, where they constitute a subculture of their own. The name Lorelei was applied to these beings in the twenties and is used to describe both sexes, although the term traditionally refers to a female temptress or siren.

Lorelei steal life force from their lovers. During an orgasm the resistance of the body is lowered, a tremendous release of raw energy occurs, and it is possible for them to steal some of the force of their partners. This results in the values of the characteristics being lowered. Agility, strength, and constitution are reduced by 1d5 each. This life force is permanently gone; a person who is robbed by a Lorelei must use experience points to regain ability points. If one of the abilities comes down to zero the victim will die. The Lorelei generally avoids killing his/her lovers, especially if fond of them, but they can easily do it by mistake.

The Lorelei must rebuild his own ability points every month. Those who have high ability scores must fetch more life force than others. If the Lorelei doesn't succeed in rebuilding his values within the time allowed they are permanently lowered.

The source of the strength and weakness of a Lorelei is a parasite which lives in the body and feeds on some of the stolen life force. The familiar is a kind of virus, which invades and changes the cells of its host. It heightens the strength and constitution of its host in order to better its chances of survival. A human infected by the virus is a new kind of creature, even hereditary dispositions will change, even though he or she will still look like an ordinary human.

New Lorelei can only be created by a special type of fertile parasite. This parasite can breed and populate a new human body which its carrier comes into close contact with. The carrier can control it and decide whom to infect.

After 1d5 days the parasitic virus has begun to take over the cells of the new Lorelei. Symptoms are a high fever, dizziness, and pain in the entire body. The cells begin changing and within 1d10 weeks the body has changed into a Lorelei. One in five is unable to survive the transformation and dies. One in five survives without becoming a Lorelei. Three in five become new Lorelei. Roll 1d5 to determine the result.

History of the Sect

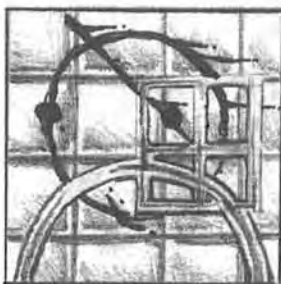
The first Lorelei turned up in England in the 1910's. He was William Harcourt, fair and blue-eyed, with blond hair and a magnetic charm. The son of an Earl, he went to the best public schools, and later Cambridge. There were several mysterious deaths there during Harcourt's attendance. His close friends knew that they had all been lovers of Harcourts, and he—characteristic of his dark humor—began to call himself a Lorelei, a term for a seductress who led her lovers to doom.

Harcourt's father died when he was at Cambridge, and the youth inherited the title and family properties. He soon became famous for his eccentric habits, his many lovers of both sexes, and his brilliant parties—both at his London house and his sprawling estate in the country. He had the ability to create new Lorelei, and left behind him equal shares of weakened or dead lovers and new Lorelei. He also travelled throughout Europe: to Italy, France, Germany, Switzerland, leaving a legacy of death there as well.

In the thirties the Church of England became aware of Harcourt. He was imprisoned and held captive for so long that he withered away and finally died. The lictors of London began hunting the Lorelei, but only managed to exterminate a small number of them before upheavals of World War II, which put an end to their operations.

By the end of the war the Lorelei numbered around 600, but they gradually diminished until the sixties, when there were only about a hundred remaining.

It was then that the Lorelei Michael Thompson began to research the past of Harcourt. In 1972 he went





to Argentina and stayed there for four years. When he came back he had the ability to create new Lorelei. Since then the number of Lorelei has risen to above a thousand, mostly in the U.S. and England. During the eighties small groups of Lorelei moved to Paris and Rome, but most of them still live in London.

Description of the Sect

By the early eighties there were 1,200 Lorelei in London, and about 1,500 in Los Angeles. Outside the city there were a couple of hundred scattered in small groups. Almost all of them were created during the eighties. Their number is no longer growing fast. The lictors have become less wary but Michael Thompson still wants to avoid attracting their attention.

The Lorelei are not a proper sect, but rather like a subculture. The first born—the group which have existed since the twenties, nearly all English aristocrats, still looking like young men—have set the examples for the younger ones. This practice has begun to change as the number of Lorelei has increased. The younger ones have begun to keep to themselves and ignore the first born. This is one of the reasons for Thompson choosing to keep down the number of new Lorelei. Especially in the U.S., where some Lorelei are involved with LA and New York gangs.

The group has no formal leaders, but Michael Thompson occupies a special position, due to his supposedly unique ability to create new Lorelei. However, he is often at odds with his contemporaries who remain in England. The first born would like to control the leaders of the younger ones, but have lost much of their support.

Harcourt used to fetch his companions from among the bored and cynical youths of the English landed aristocracy. Michael Thompson has not made this distinction between the classes. Today, there are Lorelei from all social classes, even though most of them are still of middle-to-upper class origin. Many of them in the U.S. are not anglos. There are more than twice as many men as women, a result of Thompson's sexual preferences.

The first born have become wealthy and powerful during the last eighty years, though of course they must disguise their nature: appearing to age, then presenting themselves as an heir. Some of the first born also have magical knowledge, which is very helpful in maintaining this charade.

While London and Los Angeles remain the outstanding (and competing) centers of the Lorelei, there are smaller groups in Rome, Paris, Zurich and Athens.

Several bars each in London and Los Angeles are common meeting places for Lorelei. One men's club in London—the Tantalus Club—is where many of the first born gather, mostly to discuss what to do with the 'damn Americans.'

Young Lorelei dress rather provocatively, and have their own habits and way of expressing themselves, but have no particular signs of recognition. All Lorelei in London recognize each other.

Lorelei are very anxious to remain a natural ingredient in the night life of the city, and therefore want to avoid being hunted underground. They don't attract attention by using violent methods against their enemies. They will use other methods: faking an accident, or falsely accusing an enemy of a crime.

Lorelei seldom take life force away from their enemies as they can only feed on people they are attracted to.

Both William Harcourt and Michael Thompson have hinted about the non-human origin of Lorelei, but they refused to reveal how they received their particular powers. Today's Lorelei have more knowledge of non-human creatures than other humans, but are not in contact with any such creatures.

On the surface, Lorelei are pleasure-seeking humans, who often ruin themselves in their pursuit of fun and pleasures. They are very careful to hide their ability to drain other people of their life force. All Lorelei know of this ability, but no one talks about it.

The Lorelei have contacts with the Nosferatu of Paris, but the two groups do not get along well. The lictors of London are constantly trying to get at the Lorelei, but so far their local influence has stopped all such attempts.

Paragon Club, Los Angeles

During the late eighties and early nineties the Paragon Club in Hollywood has been the most popular meeting place of the young Lorelei. It is primarily a gay dance club, but there is an adjacent private club, to which almost only Lorelei have access. "Ordinary" humans can become members if they are recommended by more than one Lorelei. Membership of the club is highly coveted among non-Lorelei who take part in the night life of the city. It is not unusual that humans who have come there disappear for good. (Lorelei say that those who come to the Paragon Club do it at their own risk.)

Paragon is owned and run by Jason Knight, one of the liberal Lorelei of the eighties. He is in open rebellion against the first born, but they have not attacked him openly.

Michael Thompson

Michael was one of the first Lorelei to be created by William Harcourt. He was born to a wealthy family in southeastern England and attended school with Harcourt; they were lovers when both were in their teens (both were born in 1900) before Thompson was sent to Oxford,

Harcourt to Cambridge.

They saw little of each other after that. When the apparent numbers of Lorelei grew in the twenties he kept a low profile and avoided the purge in the thirties. He later became an important leader for the Lorelei.

The majority of the Harcourt assets went in different ways to Michael Thompson after his death. As a result he had financial resources and contacts to steer clear of the watchful authorities. In the sixties he began to

worry about the declining numbers of the Lorelei. After discovering that Harcourt had travelled to Argentina as a boy and been lost in the wilderness there for several days, he went there and was gone for a few years in the early seventies. When he came back he had the ability to create new Lorelei. He remains the only one who can do this, an ability has made him even more important to the Lorelei.

Michael looks about twenty, but there is something in him which makes it hard to be sure of his age. He is tall and slim, with brown hair and hazel eyes. He has a yellowish tint in his skin, which is typical for Lorelei. He has higher values to his abilities than most other humans, but has no other supernatural abilities than Soul Thirst. Michael lives in Beverly Hills, but sometimes returns to London where he maintains Harcourt's old town house.

Personality: Michael is the center of the Los Angeles Lorelei and is prepared to defend them at all costs. After his journey to South America he has become more secretive and introverted than he was earlier. He has for a long time felt disharmonious, fearing his own nature, something which has manifested itself



as a sexual neurosis, but he still needs to steal life force from other people to survive. To strangers he seems like a friendly, somewhat reserved young man. He still has a very slight aristocratic British accent, but can switch to pure 'LA speak' at will.

Gamemastering hints: Speak in a soft voice. Smile an inscrutable smile. Be somewhat arrogant.

AGL 28	EGO 22
STR 27	CHA 17
CON 25	PER 14
COM 16	EDU 18

Height: 185 cm

Weight: 80 kg

Movement: 16 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +14

Damage bonus: +6

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 150

Mental balance: -70

Powers: Create Lorelei

Limitations: soul thirst

Dark secrets: Feeds on other peoples' life force.

Advantages: Influential friends, good reputation.

Disadvantages: Death wish, curse, mental constrictions, nightmares, sexual neurosis

Skills: Hand-gun 18, Sneak 18, Dodge 16, Daggers 20, Unarmed combat 16, Hide 16, Poisons and drugs 18, Information retrieval 16, Occultism 15, Languages: English 18, French 16, Italian 14, Catalan 20, Spanish 12, Man of the world 15, Etiquette 16, Seduction 20, Disguise 16, Net of contacts: Lorelei 18, Net of contacts: high society in London 13, Net of contacts: youth culture in LA 17, Riding 16, Singing 16, Rhetoric 16, Driving 12, Humanities 15.

Attack mode: according to weapon

Home: Los Angeles, U.S.

Lorelei

Most of the Lorelei of Los Angeles have been created during the eighties. They are young, and look like they are between fifteen and twenty-five; at least half are gay or bisexual men. They are also more extreme than the older Lorelei traditionally have been. The culture of the younger ones is similar to that of other young people in LA, and do not constitute as closed a group as

they earlier did. They are attractive, vain, and cherish their good looks.

Personality: It's a shock when you feel the familiar change your body, and to realize that you must steal the life force of others to survive. Young Lorelei tend to be cold, arrogant, even cruel in their attempts to cope with the new situation.

Gamemastering hints: Act young and arrogant, wear dark sunglasses and pretend to be indifferent to what happens around you.

AGL 2d10 (11)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 10+1d10 (16)	CHA 10+1d10 (16)
CON 10+1d10 (16)	PER 2d10 (11)
COM 10+1d10 (16)	EDU 2d10 (11)

Movement: 6 m/round

Actions: 2

Initiative bonus: —

Damage bonus: +2

Damage capacity: 5 scratches = 1 light wound

4 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 110

Mental balance: -50

Limitations: Soul twist

Dark secrets: Feed on other peoples life force

Advantages: Varying

Disadvantages: Varying

Skills: Net of contacts: Lorelei 15, Net of contacts: night life of Los Angeles 15, Seduction 15, + various other skills.

Attack mode: according to weapon

Parasite

The parasite is the virus which causes the special ability of the Lorelei. It invades all cells of the body and changes their structure. The parasite changes the body so that it is impossible for the person to get his nourishment out of food. The 'host' is also immune to all disease and illness, and as long as it gets 'fed,' the host will not age. It instead gives the person the ability to feed on other peoples life force. The virus itself is an individual, although with very limited intelligence. It has telepathic contact with its carrier, and will suggest suitable victims to him or her.

Map of the Paragon Club

1 Wardrobe. Non-members are turned away.
1 Ordinary humans can possibly get in accompanied by known Lorelei. The first born and their sympathizers are regarded with suspicion, but they are still let in.

2 Outer bar. The youngest Lorelei, who have been created during the last two or three years, meet here. It is a very noisy place. The music is loud and fast, and there are lots of drugs, especially the most fashionable ones, going round. TV monitors hang from the ceiling showing the latest videos. Older Lorelei do not stay long in this room.

3 Inner bar. The group around Jason Knight hangs out here. It's not as noisy as in the outer bar. Hollywood celebrities have been spotted here.

4 Kitchen. The kitchen is a remnant of the club that resided here before the Paragon. The Lorelei do not need it, but it is still kept up. Some synthetic drugs are produced here.

5 Store room. Victims of the Lorelei's bad judgment are kept here, in attendance of an occasion to get rid of them.

6 Toilets. Gentlemen to the left, ladies (of which there are few) to the right.

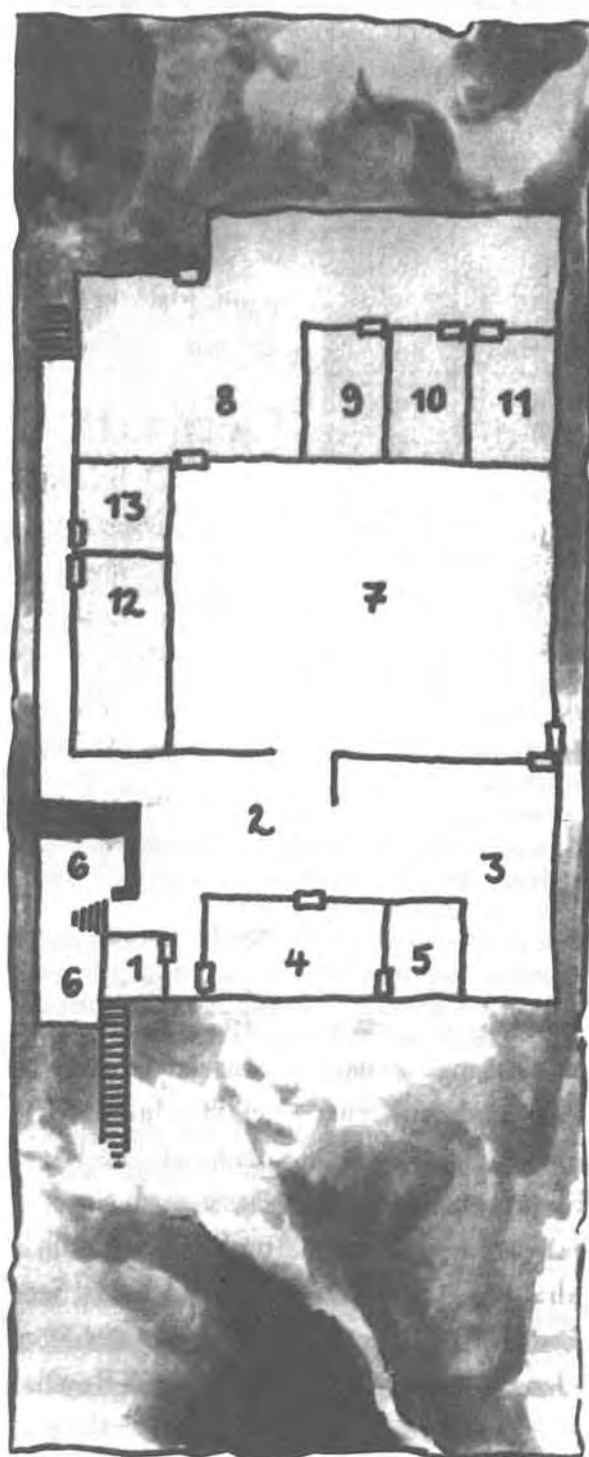
7 Dance floor. Dancing begins in earnest after 11 pm. The music will be similar to that played in other bars and discotheques in LA. Knight is known as a trend-setter, so other dance club owners come here for inspiration. By midnight the floor is packed with gyrating young bodies sweating under the flashing lights.

8 Back Room. A few pool tables and comfortable lounge chairs are scattered about.

9-11 Private rooms. Used for private meetings... and liaisons.

12 Knight's Office. A room furnished with elegant art-deco fittings. The glass topped desk is strewn with papers.

13 Bill Chambers' Office. The club's accountant is no Lorelei. His office is neat and unremarkable.



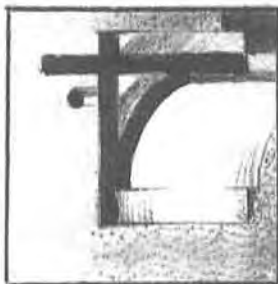
Jackals

The Jackals is a cover name for groups of mass-murderers who prowl the large main roads of Europe and the U.S., killing people whom they happen to meet. They operate alone, but have a loose organization: some meeting places and a net of contacts. The jackals meet at their particular places on particular days. Afterwards you can recognize these places from the many disappearances and murders that have taken place.

History of the Sect

Wandering mass-murderers are not a new phenomenon; they have existed since the bronze age. They hunt large areas, murdering tens, hundreds, sometimes even thousands of victims. Europe is infamous for its mass-murderers, though in Asia and Africa they are curiously rare. The network of the jackals first formed in the Middle Ages. Astrological observations determine the time for their meetings; the planets Mars, Saturn and the Moon and their positions are particularly important. The mad dogs, ferocious jackals who are said to be in contact with infernal powers, decide the time and place of the next meeting.

The meeting places will be old crossroads. In Europe it can be places where roads met thousands of years ago, and which are now fields or forests. In America the meeting places have emerged during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. After the police having paid more and more attention to the jackals, the American groups have started to change their meeting places from year to year. After World War II, jackals have become more numerous, particularly in the U.S. Before, there were a couple of hundred each in Europe and the U.S. Now there are thousands of them, and their numbers are constantly rising. The older jackals are afraid of a collapse of their culture resulting from this increase. In the eighties there have been mass-murders of new jackals: directed to false meeting places, they are slaughtered by older jackals who want to control the jackal population (this has not as yet succeeded). In the U.S., new jackals appear every day.



Description of the Sect

There are between two and three thousand jackals in Europe. 1,500 of them attend the mass meetings held once a year. In the U.S. there are twice as many, between four and five thousand. They are divided into four groups, each with its own meetings. South America also has around four or five thousand jackals, divided into six groups. There is a minor group in India which is growing fast, and will soon have about a thousand jackals.

Jackals are lone wolves; they do not organize themselves. Their mass meetings have no leader and no agenda.

Following old traditions, new jackals learn from older ones. Their networks are a way to spread information about actions of the police, new hunting grounds, spectacular deeds and the like.

The jackals have no leaders and no hierarchy. They seldom meet outside their meeting places. New meeting places are decided by the Mad Dogs, who look for them in the stars. The Mad Dogs have no other influence.

Mass-murderers are people who are mentally deranged, often insane enough to continue their murdering in the life after death, and in the life after that. Some say that they could not cope with being trapped in the Illusion, and can't be cured unless they are set free. Others think that they have been damaged during their childhood, not necessarily before the creation of our reality. Jackals come from all social classes and countries—although there are more Europeans than people from other continents. Almost all of them are male. Every jackal trusts his own cleverness and strength to help him get away from pursuers. There are no material resources in the group; their only common interest is the networks.

Jackals live outside society, in the wilderness or in uninhabited houses. They have no homes of their own and seldom remain for long in one place.

They have a special scent which can be recognized by other jackals;



they can smell an intruder at a distance of ten meters or so.

Murders—often ritual murders—are the only way of life for a jackal. He yearns for the power over another person's life and for the fear that this person will feel.

The jackals in the U.S. have contacts with The Servants of the Beast, mass-murderers who worship an incarnate of Astaroth. Many American jackals worship the Beast. Incarnates of Death Angels or razides are also known to be worshipped by the jackals, but they are not devoted followers, being too intent on their insatiable desire to kill.

Their subculture is closed to strangers, who are immediately slain if they approach. No other sects or creatures, except for Astaroth and the Death Angels, will have anything to do with them. The jackals can terrify even a Death Angel. They exhibit characteristics that cannot be understood or tamed by Astaroth. All human societies, including the organizations controlled by lictors, are trying to destroy the jackals.

Mass Meetings

The largest mass meetings are held when Mars and Saturn are opposed to each other and the moon is on the wane. Traditional meeting places are old crossroads outside inhabited areas. In recent years new meeting places have been created on the periphery of the great cities and in deserted factories. In the U.S. they have held conventions in motels, near their traditional crossroads. The jackals come to the meeting place during the days preceding the day of the meeting. During a week before the meeting they don't kill anyone and they do not eat. The night before the meeting they light fires and go downtown to get food and liquor. In areas where the

local population knows about the meeting place, they often leave animals or food outside their houses to keep the visitors satisfied. They lock all doors and keep inside their houses.

The day of the meeting is spent eating and drinking and talking. When midnight approaches, Coyote arrives. Coyote is a jackal with low mental balance and inhuman appearance. When he appears, the Mad Dogs go crazy, and leave the place to go hunting. The rest of the jackals follow them after a while. After midnight the camp will be empty. The mass meeting will be the one night in the year when the jackals hunt together. They do not hide the bodies of their victims, they just tear everyone they meet to pieces. If no humans are out, they break into homes and farms, slaughtering everyone they can find. At dawn they disperse and leave the area as quickly as possible. The remains of the party and a few torn bodies are all that is left.

Jackals

Jackals are men between twenty and fifty years of age. They are worn, bearded, dressed in rags. A few jackals are women, teenagers or old people, but it is uncommon. Such jackals risk being killed when they meet other jackals. They remind other jackals of their victims.

Personality: Jackals are humans, but have distorted personalities. They lack empathy. They cannot relate to other human beings. When they meet they are a group of many strangers, locked into themselves. They become anguished when a person who could become close is near them. That is why they can't socialize within the group. Jackals who do not fit in therefore risk being killed by their own people. When the jackal murders, he does this to say something to himself. He never experiences his victim as another person. He has no knowledge of other humans. In his beastly murders he tries to find out

about himself, and find a way to express himself. But the easing of his pain will not last long. He will have to kill again and again.

Gamemastering hints: Act closed, cold, unreachable, with empty eyes and a cold voice.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 10+1d10 (16)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON 10+1d10 (16)	PER 10+1d10 (16)
COM 1d10 (6)	EDU 1d10 (6)

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 90 kg

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +3

Damage capacity: 5 scratches = 1 light wound

4 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 110

Mental balance: -75

Dark secrets: Criminal, victim of crime

Advantages: Endure hunger/thirst, endure pain

Disadvantages: Bad reputation, Death wish,

Constrictions, Wanted, Mania, Egoist, Mental compulsions

Skills: Automatic weapons 16, Rifle and crossbow 16,

Hand-gun 16, Sneak 16, Dodge 16, Daggers 16,

Throwing weapons 16, Impact weapons 16,

Unarmed combat 16, Hide 16, Survival 12, Net of contacts: jackals 12, Burglary 12, Driving 12, Tailing 16, Night combat 16

Attack mode: according to weapon

Equipment: Large knives, axes, camping gear

Mad Dogs

The mad dogs are the furies of the jackals. They have gone over the edge and are no longer accepted by society, not even by itinerant lunatics. They look like a mixture of humans and jackals. They hide in day-time and hunt at night. They often live as beasts of prey, eating their victims. They do not have any conscious thoughts, but have an ability to understand the language of the stars and planets. They are the ones who decide the next meeting place of the jackals. Magicians who have studied them believe that they have a unique ability of predicting the future. Their sense of time has been lost. They experience yesterday, today and tomorrow as the same.

Personality: The mad dogs are insane. They cannot talk or communicate with other people at all.

Gamemastering hints: Scream madly with an empty look in your eyes, Act insane.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 1d10 (6)
STR 10+2d10 (21)	CHA 1d5 (3)
CON 10+1d10 (16)	PER 10+1d10 (16)
COM 1d10 (6)	EDU 1d5 (3)

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 90 kg

Communication: Understand simpler words. Cannot speak themselves.

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +4

Damage capacity: 5 scratches = 1 light wound

4 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 110

Mental balance: -120

Physical changes: Extreme growth of body hair, change of shape, claws and teeth of a beast of prey, steel claws and teeth, purgatories, tail, stigmata

Dark secrets: Guilty of crime, victim of crime

Disadvantages: Bad reputation, Death wish,

Constrictions, Wanted, Mania, Mental compulsions

Skills: Automatic weapons 16, Rifle and crossbow 16,

Hand-gun 16, Sneak 16, Dodge 16, Daggers 21,

Throwing weapons 21, Impact weapons 21,

Unarmed combat 21, Hide 16, Astrology 20, Survival 12, Net of contacts: jackals 12, Tailing 16, Night combat 16

Attack mode: Bite 12 (scr 1-7, lw 8-16, sw 17-23, fw 24+) or according to weapon

Equipment: Knife or other simple weapon

Umbrada

The umbradas are the souls of dead jackals, who remain in this world and continue their killing by possessing a living person. The umbrada force this person to kill other people as it did itself when it was alive. They always start with killing those who are closest to the person whom they have possessed. The possessed person is conscious of what is happening, but cannot do anything about it. He (or she) will lose his mind after a few murders and if the umbrada leaves he will kill himself. Umbradas often come to the meetings of the jackals in their possessed bodies. If the body dies it is necessary for them

to be warned 1d10 minutes beforehand, in order to be able to run away so they can then possess another body. Umbradas always warn their future hosts before possessing them, through showing themselves in the shape they had before they died. They can only possess desperate, aggressive people with negative mental balance.

Personality: Umbradas have lost much of the humanity they had when they were alive. They are more cruel than living jackals.

EGO 10+1d10 (16)

CHA 1d10 (6)

EDU 1d10 (6)

All other characteristics are taken from the possessed persons body.

Senses: like their host

Communication: like their host

Secondary abilities: like their host

Skills: skills that are connected with agility, strength, constitution, comeliness and perception remain intact in the possessed person, skills connected with ego, charisma and education are the same as with a living jackal.

Attack mode: according to weapon

Magic: Natural ability of possessing another person.

Must have ego value than his victim to succeed.

Length of life: Lives until reborn or goes to Inferno.

Coyote

Coyote is the patron saint of the jackals. He is a human with low mental balance who comes to the mass meetings and hunts with the other jackals. His arrival is a signal that the hunt begins.

Of human size with black skin, black eyes and bony outgrowths all over his body, he never wears clothes. His hands have thick claws and his teeth are like razor-blades.

Personality: Coyote is nothing but hunger and a need to kill.

Gamemastering hints: Empty your eyes and roar.

Hold your limbs as though you were an animal.

AGL 26

STR 30

CON 30

COM 3

EGO 12

CHA 6

PER 22

EDU 2

Modification of terror throw: +5

Height: 190 cm

Weight: 120 kg

Senses: Infrared vision

Movement: 13 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +14

Damage bonus: +7

Damage capacity: 7 scratches = 1 light wound

6 light wounds = 1 serious wound

4 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 2 fatal wounds

Endurance: 280

Mental balance: -250

Natural armor: 2

Limitations: controlled by the stars—follows them on his wanderings

Powers: Bewitches everyone with a negative balance between -40 and -100. Can influence his sense of time and space. Temporarily lowers the mental balance of people who already have a negative balance with 50.

Disadvantages: Death wish, phobia of daylight, constrictions, hunted, compulsory killer, schizophrenia.

Skills: Sneak 26, Dodge 26, Daggers 30, Throwing weapons 30, Impact weapons 30, Unarmed combat 30, Hide 22, Survival 20, Net of contacts: jackals 12, Tailing 16, Night combat 16.

Attack mode: Bite 16 (scr 1-6, lw 7-14, sw 15-22, fw 23+) 2 Claws 18 (scr 1-7, lw 8-15, sw 16-24, fw 25+)

The Light Shadow of Coyote

Coyote is in conflict with his light shadow—his positive side which has assumed a physical shape. The shadow is never further away than a kilometer. It tries—in vain—to stop him from hurting anyone. The shadow has retained much of Coyote's original, human, shape: that of a slim, young black man with sad eyes and dreadlocks. If the shadow is killed it will be recreated. As long as Coyote exists it will exist.

Personality: The shadow is a patient, sad, and thoughtful creature. Its sole purpose is to convert its dark twin. All else is unimportant to it. It will never, under any circumstances, turn to violence.

Gamemastering hints: Speak calmly and friendly, be a bit absent-minded.

AGL 26	EGO 12
STR 30	CHA 6
CON 30	PER 22
COM 3	EDU 2

Height: 190 cm

Weight: 120 kg

Senses: Infrared vision

Movement: 13 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +14

Damage bonus: +7

Damage capacity: 7 scratches = 1 light wound

6 light wounds = 1 serious wound

4 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 2 fatal wounds

Endurance: 180

Mental balance: +250

Natural armor: 2 p

Limitations: must follow his dark twin

Powers: Bewitches everyone with a negative balance between -40 and -100. Can influence his sense of time and space. Temporarily heightens the mental balance of people who already have a positive mental balance with 50.

Skills: Sneak 26, Dodge 26, Daggers 30, Throwing weapons 30, Impact weapons 30, Unarmed combat 30, Hide 22, Survival 20, Net of contacts: jackals 12, Tailing 16, Night combat 16.



Gaia

The Living Earth

The sand is treacherous in Al-Massour. We got stuck in a wadi filled with drifting sand, between high cliffs. The air was vibrating with the heat. It's always a nightmare to free the cross-country vehicles; they only sank deeper when we tried. And we were not alone.

The first rocket came roaring from the edge of the cliff. A car exploded and the air became filled with fire, metal pieces and torn bodies. We sought refuge under the cliffs just as the second rocket homed in; the explosion enfolded Luc and Nicole. Automatic fire rained down from all sides, a hit on my body made

me fall. The shooting waned. I could hear their jeeps drive off.

I was able to rise, although it hurt. Smoke came from the wrecked cars, but through my pain I realized something else. The cliffs seemed higher, more regular. Something moved in the shadows. Glittering eyes regarded me. The sand ground under my feet, softly billowing

as though it was living. I could feel that I was sinking. There was no use fighting it... the sand pulled me down with its strong hands. My uniform was torn into rags, my skin burned. The sand came into every opening in my body. I was in a pulsating body of sands which slowly, slowly polished my skin, my body, down to the naked bones.

Metropolis is not the only place which is invisible to us, hidden by illusions. When we look into the real world, outside cities and populated areas, we meet other dimensions than those of the city.

One of them is Gaia, the living earth. Our woods and steppes are fragments of the large wilderness, where the only law is to eat or be eaten. Gaia is the merciless life force, life as its own purpose in the shape of a flourishing wilderness. Before we were imprisoned by the Demiurge, Gaia was the garden of Eden of our legends. We then had the power to play amongst the dangers of the wilderness. No one feared death. Now, we have become so weak that a meeting with the living earth almost always ends in disaster.

Doors to Gaia

All tears in the Illusion which open in the wilderness are portals to Gaia. In the beginning of our captivity many roads led to the living earth. Now, wilderness has become something unusual which only exists in the most distant mountain lands, forests and in the polar areas. Doors to Gaia look like distortions of nature—a change in vegetation, climate or strange weather conditions. The changed area has opened towards Gaia. A creature who moves in the direction of the center of the area risks losing himself in the living earth, never finding his way out.

Different types of nature exist in Gaia. There are icy plateaus and rain forests, shallow gulfs and deep lakes, strange coral woods and animals different from those which have developed in our world. Areas which are doors to Gaia consist

of the same kind of nature as the part of the living earth towards which they are a door. There are doors to the forests of Gaia in the Amazon between the rivers Tefé and Tapauá, in Sarawak in Borneo, in the Carpathians lying in the borderland between the Ukraine and Romania, in the north of Canada and in central Tanzania.

Doors to desert areas are in central Sahara, in Takla Makan in Asia, Rub'al Khali in Arabia and in Great Victoria desert in Australia. Doors in the Himalayas, Tianzhen, the Andes and the north part of the Rocky Mountains lead to the mountain areas of Gaia. In Antarctica and in central Greenland, doors open to the endless ice plains of Gaia.

Humans living close to permanent doors have learned to cope with the force from Gaia so that they are not, by mistake, drawn into it. They have amulets and simple spells which help them avoid these areas, or get out again if they should happen to come into Gaia.

On rare occasions the living earth has spread into our reality. Parts of our forests have gained the characteristics of Gaia. The land and the stones have gained souls. Humans living in the area become savages. The savages of Lapland are one of the latest examples. These humans became savages in only a few months when the living earth spread over northern Finland.

Wanderers Through the Illusions

Some wild animals have the ability to see the living earth. They can lead a human with them through the Illusions. Wolves and coyotes, some birds, bears and wild deer are known to be able

to do this. In Gaia there are many creatures who have found their way into our mythology: fauns and dryads, satyrs and unicorns. All belong in the great wilderness and are able to lead a human into it. There are also many large beasts of prey there which sometimes come into our world to look for something to eat, preferably humans or domestic animals.

Dingo

Dingos are the strongest link between humanity and Gaia. Before the imprisonment the dingos were our hunting fellows in the living earth. Now they wander in large packs between Gaia and our reality. They can lead humans to Gaia. The dingos look like dogs, but are larger and more sinewy. Our domesticated dogs are descendants of dingos.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 1d10 (6)
STR 2d10 (11)	PER 3d10 (17)
CON 10+1d10 (16)	

Length: 1 m

Height: 125 cm

Weight: 60 kg

Senses: Sharp sense of smell. Sees movements with great clarity

Movement: 7 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +2

Damage capacity: 5 scratches = 1 light wound

4 light wounds = 1 serious wound

2 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 110

Natural armor: 2 p

Skills: Hide 16, Track 17, Dodge 16.

Attack mode: Bite 16 (scr 1-4, lw 5-9, sw 10-15, fw 16+)

Home: Gaia

Number: 5d10

Magical Doors

Conjurers, especially conjurers of passion, can open new doors towards the living earth with the help of a few rituals. They need something that looks like wilderness to cast their spell, but it doesn't have to be the real areas of wilderness where doors normally exist. A deserted building lot or a small copse where trees are more than a hundred years old will be enough. The magician sanctifies a temporal temple in this place and the ritual thereafter can take place.

Door to Gaia

Spell within the lore of passions

The magician looks towards Gaia. A door is opened in the shape of a distortion of the nature surrounding the magician. Creatures in Gaia will become aware of this and will be able to get into our reality through this door. If the spell is cast in Gaia a door towards our world will come into existence.

LR: 15

Loss of Endurance: 65

Equipment: a living organism belonging to the sphere of life with which the magician wants to create contact, e.g., a scorpion for a desert area, a mountain flower for the alpine areas, etc.

Magical implements: the chalice

Circle of protection: Simple circle made in the ground, sealed with the blood of the magician. Protects him from creatures coming from Gaia and also from the force of the living earth.

Invocation: A rhythmic rattling of bays of rice, corn or other seeds. An inarticulate mourning song.

Gestures: a slow rhythmic dance around the inner edge of the circle.

Visualization: The conjurer gradually gets rid of his abstract thoughts and concentrates on direct impressions. No visualization.

Duration: 24 hours

Time to cast: 1 hour

The Living Earth

The living earth has not been named so without a reason. In Gaia everything is alive. The ground, the trees, and the stones are alive and conscious. Everything in Gaia is driven by a will to eat, to grow, to multiply and to survive. The ground and the stones can devour incautious wanderers. The trees reach for all living creatures. The beasts of prey are terrifying. All ages of the earth are contained in Gaia. All of the creatures and plants of the earth, from amphibians to dinosaurs and mammoths are here.

Different types of nature are present and mix with each other. New species are constantly being generated. The change is so quick that a forest can be turned into a desert in a few years. Mutations are more common in Gaia than in our reality. One newborn creature in ten has extensive mutations.

Every creature can mate with every other creature. It is like if the spell "cross-breeding" was in constant use. (As a matter of fact, this spell was fetched from Gaia. When it is cast, a temporal tie between Gaia and our world is forged.) Cross-breeding between plants and animals is common, as are virgin births.

Spontaneous division of eggs exist also in hermaphrodites. Every week that a woman spends in Gaia means one chance in twenty of a clone of her being developed in her womb.

Gaia is not a planet, in spite of it having a horizon where the sun rises and sets, just like in our world. A person who travels in one direction will never get back to where he started. A person who flies over Gaia will just see a never-ending landscape which seems to twist into itself, but never shrinks. Some magicians claim that Gaia contains all of our universe, and is an alternative way of viewing the world, parallel to Inferno, Metropolis, and our own Illusion.

Living Ground

All land in Gaia lives and eats. It mainly feeds on dead animals and plants, but parts of it can attack living creatures. These areas are recognized in that they are not covered with plants. All plants have already been eaten. Animals which come into such areas sink. The ground opens under it, seizes it and slowly drags it down.

An agility roll can save a person who is drawn down into the ground. After one unsuccessful round, -2 is added to the roll, after another round -4 etc., until the creature has been devoured after 5+1d10 rounds.

A person who is being dragged down cannot get out himself; he must have help. The rescuer will have to make a strength roll with higher effect than the roll of the gamemaster for the living ground. The ground has a strength of 20+2d10. Several people can add the effects of their strength rolls if they are able to grip the sinking person.

When it has devoured its victim the living ground starts grinding the body to absorb nutrition. The skin will be worn down first, one scratch being suffered every round. When the victim receives his first serious wound much of the outer skin will have disappeared and the muscles laid bare. The inflicted person will have to receive medical care immediately not to bleed to death or get serious infections.

Regression

Humans entering into the living earth return to their origin. They lose all culture and become more and more like animals. To eat, survive and breed will gradually become the only important things. This change comes slowly, but after a few months they will be turned into very intelligent chimpanzees.

This doesn't make them unpleasant or uninterested in other people. They will still be social and like playing, but more like puppies or kittens who practice fighting techniques and learn to hunt. The language becomes uninteresting, and only necessary to convey the simplest of messages. The education value will sink with one step for every week until it's down to zero. The scores of all skills except climb, sneak, dodge, throw, melee and throwing weapons, hand-to-hand combat, swim, hide, search, and survival will also sink with one step each week until down to zero.

The effects of advantages and disadvantages will wane. They only give half of previous modification in terror situations.

The language changes. During the first ten weeks in Gaia the vocabulary gradually shrinks to a few hundred words. During the following ten weeks all but about ten words disappears from our minds. Complete sentences are no longer possible. Humans who have entered into Gaia are thus quickly turned into savages. Such people sometimes find their way back into our reality, being the origin of tales about ape-men and wolf-children. It will take months, perhaps years for them to regain civilized behavior. The German boy Kaspar Hauser is one of the most famous examples of a person who has returned from Gaia.

A person who stays long in Gaia continues his regression, but more slowly. After the disappearance of the civilized veneer a visitor can go on being a primitive for 1d10 years. After that he will become smaller and grow more hair on his body. After another 1d10 years he will lose all remaining vocabulary and shrink to half his original size. Later he will start walking on all four legs. After another 1d10 years he will have lost his social instincts and meet other creatures just for mating.

During another 5d10 years he will regress to a fish, a rat-like creature, or an amphibian, only to finally be dissolved into different kinds of protein. When this cycle has been completed he evolves back to a human during 7d10 years, then starts regressing again. A person who never escapes Gaia will go on changing back and forth. He never stops being himself, although memories disappear as they regress, in the same way memory is lost when we die.

Other creatures are effected in the same way when they visit Gaia. No one will ever gain con-

trol over Gaia. All lose their motivation as they return to their origin.

The Decay

All that has been forged by human hands is quickly destroyed in Gaia. Buildings start rotting and will be destroyed in less than a year. A wanderer will only be there for a few days before the clothes will start falling off his body. Metal will be destroyed in a week.

Roll 1d10 for every item the characters bring with them into Gaia. If the result is 10, the item is destroyed. Continue to roll 1d10 for every day they pass in Gaia. The risk of an item being destroyed will grow by 1 point per day, but will never be higher than 9 out of 10. As long as 1 is the result, the item will continue to exist even after the tenth day. A character with good luck can, if the gamemaster allows it, always succeed with his roll. An unlucky person fails on day one.

Guardians of the Earth

The Guardians of the Earth are a group of humans and other creatures who try to open the doors to Gaia and to the Ancient Sea, wanting our reality to be incorporated into them. The members of the sect have various motives for their way of acting.

Some see it as the quickest, simplest way of destroying the Illusion and waking humans from their dream-world. Some are old enemies of Humanity, wishing to imprison humans in Gaia forever. Some conjurers of passion of the sect believe themselves to be able to control Gaia—a dangerous mistake. Some romantic fools simply want to “return to their origin.”

The sect uses magic to tear down our Illusions and make Gaia and the Ancient Sea invade the earth. They work in unexploited nature and have managed to open large doors.

History of the Sect

The Guardians of the Earth emerged in the early sixties; it was then that a door to Gaia was opened in the Nevada desert. The peace movement claims that it was opened by atomic bomb testing in the fifties. Others say that it was opened because humans with enhanced awareness came looking for it. A few hundred people disappeared into Gaia before the military erected fences and posted permanent guards to keep people out.

Magicians of passion were attracted to the area to study this door. Some of them went through it by mistake; a few returned in more or less human shape. Creatures from Gaia have entered our reality; some of them took human shape, others hid in the desert, keeping their original shape. The military psychologist Scott Deproy came to the place when the military became aware of what was happening. Together with a small specially trained force he spent some time in Gaia. He also arranged to be the person who interrogated all who came out of Gaia. He developed a fascination for it.

He looked up passion conjurers who knew more about Gaia, and in 1964 he formed the Guardians of the Earth. The organization had different types of members from the start, but their common interest was widening the door, extending the power of Gaia in our world. They began looking for—and found—other doors and places where doors could be opened. They located a similar phenomenon in the depths of the oceans, which they named “the ancient sea.” Still, after thirty years of research they haven’t found a way to create large, permanent doors into our world.

Description of the Sect

The Guardians of the Earth has 20,000 members of which 15,000 live in the U.S. Most of the remaining members are Europeans. The group from Nevada has remained near the original door; board meetings are held in Parcanay, Nevada. There are local groups in many of the big cities, and they have great freedom of action, but the overall policy is determined by the board. The organization is formally democratic, its board elected by the members each year, but in practice the same people have run it since the start. Scott Deproy is the chairman. Other important leaders are Elliot Wainright and Merideth Schoenour, also belonging to the Nevada group, and Ariane Sciropo in Australia.

Members are recruited primarily from among humans who have had their own experience with Gaia. During the nineties some new members have been recruited from among environmentalists, but the organization resists accepting members who have no experience in Gaia.

The Guardians of the Earth is a wealthy organization. Deproy is good at raising money. He’s been given money from the American military budget and also from various funds and foundations. Several of the individual members are also wealthy. Military resources are available at need. There are loose ties between the organization and the Pentagon.



The base of the movement is the U.S., especially Nevada and Louisiana, where the largest groups are. England and France are the home countries of many members. The movement doesn't exist at all in Africa and hardly in South America and Asia.

The Guardians have areas under observation in several unexploited regions in the Pacific, in Australia, in the Amazon, in Siberia and the polar areas. These observation points are formally research stations. The Guardians of the Earth is not really a sect; there are no secret signals, but members are carefully checked before they get to know anything about the real goals of the organization.

Enemies are confronted openly and verbally. Statements concerning their goals sound ridiculous in most peoples' ears. Enemies threatening the organization physically will be fought by violence. The organization is usually very discreet, but if necessary they can call on help from the U. S. Army.

Several of the members are creatures who have come to our reality from Gaia. The movement has no contacts with other non-human creatures.

Officially, The Guardians of the Earth is an environmental organization. The attempts to open doors to Gaia and extending the living earth in our world are utterly secret. Only a thousand or so of the members know of this.

The organization cooperates with several environmental organizations and research foundations. It has close ties to a few extreme groups of social Darwinists in the U.S.

There are humans and lictors who have gotten some notion of the plans of the organization, but there is not enough evidence to fight it openly.

Parcanay, Nevada

Parcanay is situated in the Nevada desert, about 150 kilometers north east of Las Vegas. The place was named after a deserted mine nearby. In 1962 a door towards Gaia was opened near Parcanay; the military blocked an area of ten square miles. Five years later the Pentagon withdrew financial support for observation of inexplicable phenomena, and the Parcanay base was deserted. The Guardians of the Earth quickly moved in.

The base consists of ten military barracks and an underground pillbox. All of the buildings are

modern, and have air-conditioning systems. In the pillbox is a very advanced computer bought from the Pentagon by Deproy; the activities of the Guardians are archived in this computer.

Near the base is a small airfield. A primitive road leads to the main road, fifty kilometers away. There is a roadblock with permanent guards to keep strangers away.

The door stretches through close to ten kilometers of the desert. It has expanded a few kilometers since the sixties. From the air the door looks like a permanent mirage. Near it are swirls of sand which prevent you from seeing what is actually there. The living earth has spread from the door and there are patches of living ground in several places near the base. The Guardians try to map out where the dangerous areas are, but they keep moving. Wanderers who are not careful enough will disappear.

Scott Deproy and his closest associates—about fifty people—live on the base. They make expeditions through the door. Close to the base is a greenhouse with jungle plants which is really a door to the forests of Gaia. Several agoura and dingos are in the base. They are used to find the way to the portals.

Scott Deproy

Scott Deproy is a large white-haired man about fifty-five years old. He's dressed in the combat uniform of the U. S. army and smokes cigarettes. He seldom leaves the base, where he makes experiments on the influence of magnetic fields on the doors to Gaia.

Personality: Deproy is obsessed with Gaia. In his eyes the living earth is the garden of Eden, a paradise, which is to be given to humanity. He regards human culture as a failure and a flight from Gaia and the truth about ourselves.

Gamemastering hints: Seem thoughtful and reasonable. Think before you answer any question. Gradually exhibit your fanaticism through twisting all answers so that they fit into the ideology of the Guardians. Refuse to change your views.

AGL 12	EGO 19
STR 14	CHA 17
CON 11	PER 15
COM 9	EDU 20

Height: 170 cm

Weight: 75 kg

Movement: 6 m/round

Actions: 2

Initiative bonus: —

Damage bonus: +2

Damage capacity: 4 scratches = 1 light wound

2 light wounds = 1 serious wound

2 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 85

Mental balance: -20

Dark secrets: responsible for experiments which have become lethal

Advantages: Animal friendship, enhanced awareness, magical intuition

Disadvantages: Fanaticism, technophobia, mental constrictions concerning events in Gaia, nightmares, drug addiction, mental compulsions: tries to behave "normal", in accordance with his instincts

Skills: Automatic weapons 12, Rifle and crossbow 12, Bow 12, Hand-gun 12, Dodge 12, Daggers 14, Unarmed combat 14, Hide 15, Search 15, Parachuting 12, First aid 12, Computers 15, Electronics 15, Information retrieval 18, Occultism 15, Radio communication 12, Languages: English 20, French, 15, Spanish 14, German 12, Survival 20, Net of contacts: military 15, Net of contacts: environmental movement 15, Driving 15, Humanities 15, Psychology 18, Natural science 12, Biology 15, Mathematics 10, Physics 12

Attack mode: according to weapon

Equipment: combat uniform, cigarettes, combat knife, water bottle, compass and some other small items

Magic: Lore of passions 30 (all spells to skill score 18)

Home: Parcanay, Nevada

Elliot Wainright

Wainright looks like a man in his thirties, with dark hair and brown eyes. In reality he is a creature who was once trapped in Gaia by human agents and has now fled through the Nevada portal. In his real shape he is a chameleon-like, 5 meter-long creature. He is able to return to his true shape at will.

Wainright helps Scott Deploy to spread the living earth and at the same time he looks for the humans who once trapped him. They have gone through several rebirths and do not remember this particular event any more, but Wainright has made up his mind to trap them and throw them into Gaia. He has not found anyone yet, but he is on the tracks of some of them.

Wainright despises humans in general, but is fond of Deploy and some of the other guardians. He is not going to stay in our Illusion if, or when, it disappears into Gaia. He can't imagine anything worse than going back there. Deploy and the other Guardians do not know anything about this. They believe Wainright to be a true idealist.

Personality: Wainright is obsessed by the thought of revenge on Humanity through letting our Illusion be devoured by the living earth. He sometimes has difficulty acting like a human.

Gamemastering hints: Look intensely at the person you are talking to, without meeting his eyes. Be too close and at the same time too distant, as though you have problems with being a man.

AGL 20	EGO 22
STR 30	CHA 5
CON 25	PER 18
COM 13	EDU 10

Modification of terror throw: -5 (in his lizard shape)

Height: 160 cm

Weight: 55 kg

Senses: Infrared vision

Movement: 10 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +8

Damage bonus: +6

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wounds = 1 serious wound

2 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 155

Natural armor: 2 p

Powers: Chameleon: can become invisible, blend with the background, change shape

Skills: Climb 20, Automatic weapons 15, Rifle and crossbow 15, Bow 20, Sneak 20, Dodge 20, Daggers 20, Unarmed combat 20, Hide 30, First aid 15, Computers 12, Information retrieval 15, Languages: English 18, Spanish 14, Survival 25

Attack mode: according to weapon

Equipment: Dressed in uniform trousers and t-shirt.

Always barefoot, carries a knife and a gun.

Magic: Lore of passions 30 (all spells to skill score 15)

Home: Parcanay, Nevada

Length of life: unlimited

Guardians of the Earth

The most devoted members are conjurers and officers who were in Nevada when the door was first opened. All of them have been to Gaia several times, and several of them have regressed and laboriously regained their lost knowledge. They are between forty and seventy years old. The values reflect an average representative of them—they all have individually specific abilities.

Personality: All of them are fanatics obsessed with the thought of spreading Gaia over the world. They regard physical abilities as important.

AGL 2d10+5 (16)	EGO 2d10 (11)
STR 2d10+5 (16)	CHA 2d10 (11)
CON 2d10+5 (16)	PER 2d10+5 (16)
COM 2d10 (11)	EDU 2d10 (11)

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +3

Damage capacity: 5 scratches = 1 light wound

4 light wounds = 1 serious wound

2 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 110

Mental balance: -20

Skills: Climb 16, Automatic weapons 16, Rifle and crossbow 16, Bow 16, Sneak 16, Dodge 16, Daggers 16, Unarmed combat 16, Swim 16, Hide 16, Search 16, First aid 12, Survival 15, Natural science 10, Biology 15.

Attack mode: according to weapon

Equipment: usually combat uniform, a lot of them carry a rifle.

Magic: Lore of Passions 20 (all spells to skill score 15)

Home: Parcanay, Nevada

Sand-eaters

The sand-eater is a desert creature from Gaia which has spread from the door in Nevada and lives near the base of the Guardians. They look like large centipedes and move under the sand hunting for insects and small mammals. They hunt in groups by lying under the sand in a ring-formation, attacking when an animal moves into the ring.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	CON 10+2d10 (21)
STR 10+1d5 (13)	PER 10+1d10 (16)

Length: 200 cm

Height: 50 cm

Weight: 80 kg

Senses: feel movements through the sand

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +3

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wounds = 1 serious wound

3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 135

Natural armor: 4

Attack mode: Bite 15 (scr 1-6, lw 7-14, sw 15-22, fw 23+) Paralyzing poison with a strength of 2d10.

Paralyzes on roll equal or exceeding constitution, otherwise no effect.

Home: Gaia

Number 5+1d10

Agoura

The agoura is the American Indian name of creatures who enter our reality when doors are opened in the deserts of Gaia. They are of human size and have grayish yellow skin with rings and rectangular areas of a darker color. They can walk on their hind legs or on all fours. The head is dominated by large jaws and by five black faceted eyes. They are sentient and sometimes cooperate with the Guardians of the Earth, but are not a part of the organization. They stay close to the doors to Gaia and many return after a period in our world.

Personality: The agoura are hungry and incomprehensible. They eat everything in their path. They can easily learn human languages but do not regard humans as very interesting.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 20+1d10 (26)
STR 10+1d10 (16)	PER 10+1d10 (16)
CON 20+1d10 (26)	

Height: 200 cm

Weight: 100 kg

Senses: sharp hearing and sense of smell., otherwise as humans

Communication: Speak between them with clapping, scraping sounds (can learn to speak human languages)

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +5

Damage capacity: 7 scratches = 1 light wound

6 light wounds = 1 serious wound

5 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 160

Natural armor: 3

Powers: Always find the nearest door to Gaia

Skills: Sneak 16, Dodge 16, Hide 26, Search 26

Attack mode: Bite 18 (scr 1-7, lw 8-14, sw 15-22, fw 23+) 2 claws (scr 1-8, lw 9-15, sw 16-24, fw 25+)

Home: Gaia

Number: 1d10 (6)

Pazuzu

Pazuzu is the collective consciousness of all insect-, worm-, and spider-like animals. Single insects, worms and spiders are unintelligent, instinctive creatures, but together they form a threatening intellect that watches over humanity and makes its own plans against the divided Archons.

Pazuzu was placed in our reality by the Demiurge, as a jailer apart from the Archons and the lictors. Like the lictors, it is a captive in the Illusion with us. Before we were imprisoned, Pazuzu's body was gathered in a society, a city of worms, insects and spiders in Gaia. Today it is divided in billions of animals living and dying on Earth. It detests humans, but is forced to obey the Archons and guard us without revealing itself. Since the Demiurge vanished it has started to act on its own against humanity. The animals that form Pazuzu keep in contact over large distances with couriers, fast insects that fly over large areas to spread information. Within insect societies they communicate with signals and chemical substances. All the insects of our world are in constant contact with each other. If a large insect society is destroyed or cut off from the rest of the insects in the world, Pazuzu is confused until it can re-route the channels of information. It can change its own "brain structure" by breeding new species, and change the behavior of old species.

If it concentrates, Pazuzu can control every single individual within its consciousness. In most cases it controls whole groups through single, dominating individuals, like the queens amongst the bees or ants, or whole species.

Pazuzu plans to open a huge door and connect our reality to Gaia. It is one of the few creatures that keeps its mental capacity on the living earth, probably because it is formed by independent, simple individuals. Many believe that Pazuzu was originally created on Gaia and was brought into our reality by the Demiurge. Pazuzu can take on physical form to communicate with other creatures, like a humanoid body formed by thousands of insects and worms. But usually it makes humans part of its own intellect, so that it can

communicate through them with other humans. It also materializes as Lords of the Insects, unusually large specimens of each species that synthesize information from all the individuals of that species. It can give signs to its servants by letting insects fly in patterns, form signs together or spray secretions in significant patterns.

The Servants of Pazuzu

The servants of Pazuzu are humans that dream of being fragments of the larger awareness and become parts of Pazuzu. They have been contacted by Pazuzu or have discovered its existence on their own and became fascinated with it. Some of them get their wishes fulfilled and become parts of Pazuzu's intellect. Others serve the Prince of Insects during their entire life without getting more than an inkling of what its like being a small part of the large consciousness.

History of the Sect

Pazuzu has had human servants since the beginning of our captivity. They have formed cults and made sacrifices to their god under many names. Sign readers have interpreted the movements and signals of the insects in the temples. Some cults have concentrated on one species of insect. In Africa there have been bee-cults and termite-cults, in Europe ant-cults, bee-cults and wasp-cults. They have always been in contact with each other all over the world, through Pazuzu's closest servants who are part of the collective consciousness.

During the twentieth century Pazuzu started to be more active by incorporating more humans in its consciousness. In Europe and North America, thousands of people have been seduced by the Prince of Insects and been swallowed by him.

In the Third World and among aborigines the old Pazuzu-cults still exist. In the western world the cults keep a low profile to avoid being regarded as 'cults.' The European Pazuzu-cultists are closely tied to a foundation for insect research in France.



Description of the Sect

In Europe the Pazuzu cult has four or five thousand supporters, of whom a few hundred are a part of the collective consciousness. In the U.S. and Latin America there are about the same number of followers. In Africa there is a strong tradition and thirty to forty thousand followers divided in several smaller cults. In Asia there are four of five thousand, in Australia about a thousand and in the Pacific region a couple of thousand.

The different branches of the cult seldom communicate except through Pazuzu. They have no formal common meetings, and no cooperation other than through Pazuzu. The traditional insect-cults are arranged as "societies" with workers and warriors under "the elevated", who are a part of Pazuzu. The modern cults in the U.S. and Europe is also strictly organized by functions, but are not as ritualistic. The traditional cults are often led by a single "queen." Amongst the modern Pazuzu worshippers there can be several leaders in a group. The European Pazuzu followers are governed by a group of eight people in France. The formal head of them is Helen Baudou.

The members come from all levels of society. What is common for them all is that they have been contacted by Pazuzu or in some other way came in contact with the insects' consciousness. Pazuzu principally attracts hierarchical and rigid people.

The servants of Pazuzu have large economic resources in Europe and the U.S. In some places in Africa they have political influence. They can get hold of heavy weapons, but have no access to purely military equipment.

Pazuzu spreads his servants all over the world. In recent years it has concentrated on the western world where the new cults are, but the traditional Pazuzu-cults still exists all over the world.

In the traditional cults there are temples built like termite- or wasp-nests, filled with holy insects. The servants of Pazuzu in Europe and the U.S. use ordinary houses, usually some distance from the nearest town or village. There are always many insects around the servants of Pazuzu. Inside the premises there are thousands of insects. Dead insects and secretion covers the floors. The air is thick with flies, wasps, and bees.

The elevated, who are part of Pazuzu's consciousness, recognize each other by smell and

body-language. Other followers use signals, copied from the insects, for greetings.

Pazuzu prefers to eliminate all enemies itself. It sends out swarms of poisonous insects to kill humans that can be a threat. The servants of Pazuzu defends themselves against enemies, but prefers to use Pazuzu to eliminate people.

The sect has no connections to other creatures than Pazuzu. They can summon insect-like creatures from Gaia, who are parts of Pazuzu's consciousness.

The servants of Pazuzu stick to themselves and never reveals anything about the collective consciousness or their own plans. Certain Pazuzu-cults have contacts with Guardians of the Earth and similar groups. The traditional Pazuzu-cults are sometimes connected to other traditional religions.

Lictors and Archons are suspicious of Pazuzu, but do not fight it actively.

The Elevated

The elevated have become parts of Pazuzu's consciousness. They have suppressed their own identity so that they are not aware that it has been destroyed. They live in constant contact with the worms, insects and spiders of the world, as a part of Pazuzu. The elevated have no free will and never think a single thought for themselves. They are as shards of Pazuzu's consciousness. When they speak, it is Pazuzu speaking. They see to it that they always have insects around them to make the communication with the rest of the consciousness easier. Their sweat can be interpreted by insects and gives signals that insects recognize.

In traditional Pazuzu-cults the elevated are holy incarnations of the god. They are kept isolated in the inner chambers of the hive-like temple, surrounded by insects. Only the highest acolytes can visit them.

Among the modern servants of Pazuzu, the elevated are the leaders of the cult, a pattern for others to follow. They are kept isolated from the rest of the world, since they can't move freely in society without drawing attention to themselves. They attract insects and find it difficult to communicate with humans. In Europe there are eight elevated whom Pazuzu uses as mouth-pieces to lead its human servants. Three of them can be found in the headquarters of the cult in Nantes, France. The five others are scattered over Europe and America—Pazuzu doesn't want to risk losing all its front figures at the same

time. The other elevated are lower servants or warriors. Pazuzu hasn't made any effort to make them into models for other humans, and doesn't care if some of them die.

It takes several years to become elevated. The candidate must be willing to become a part of Pazuzu's consciousness and be prepared to let go of his/her own personality. He or she fasts and meditates to diminish the defenses against dissolving the ego. The candidate is haunted by insects at all hours for months. They crawl over the body and communicate in secretions that the body slowly learns to understand and answer. After one or two years the candidate has become a part of, Pazuzu or died in the process.

Later we describe one of the elevated, Helen Baudou. The values can vary a bit for other elevated, but their consciousness is always Pazuzu's. When they are together they can touch one another and exchange insects, but otherwise it is as if they don't notice each other.

The Lords of the Insects

The Lords of the Insects are huge specimens of each species, up to twenty meters long. They carry parts of Pazuzu's intelligence and collect impressions from all the members of their species. The Lords of the Insects have contact with the human servants of Pazuzu and sometimes help them. Human temples are often erected close to the dwellings of an Insect Lord.

Every species and subspecies has its lord, which makes it's dwelling someplace on earth where its species is common. The European Pazuzu temple in Ligoure has been place over the caves where one of the Lords of the Spiders reside.

The Temple in Ligoure

Outside of Nantes in France a temple has been installed in the old mansion of Ligoure, which was bought by the cult in the mid-seventies. Here lives Helen Baudou, Jacques Derron and Ciou Martinique, three of the elevated leaders.

The mansion is situated three kilometers from the nearest village, Pont Dessac. Even in the village, insects and worms are strangely numerous. The forests around Maison de Ligoure are infested with insects and spiders. Large swarms of gnats and mosquitoes fill the air. Flying insects

are always going to and coming from the temple carrying information from other parts of Pazuzu.

The main building has been restored and a new wing has been added. The windows are always open so that the swarms have a free passage in and out; the walls are partly covered by a brownish gray secretion that looks like porous clay. The house is filled by insects and spiders, covering walls, floors and people. The three leaders live on the upper floor, guarded by human warriors and swarms of insects.

Only the elevated are allowed into the inner parts of the temple, where the three leaders spend most of their time. The inner rooms have been formed by termite secretions and spiderwebs. Walls, floor and ceiling is covered by brownish gray secretions that form vaults and hide all sharp angles. Thin and sticky veils hang from the ceiling. It is impossible to see more than a meter in any direction because of all the insects flying about.

Under the building is a system of caves, where Arahnec, the Lord of the Spiders, dwells. It was the vicinity of Arahnec's cave that decided the location of the temple. There are unusual number of spiders in and around the mansion. Arachnides, human children of Arahnec, live at the mansion.

In the wing, improved spiders and insects are bred. Humans who are not elevated work there, living in an annex beside the main building

Map of the Pazuzu Temple

First floor

1 Entrance hall. A chandelier covered by spiderwebs hangs from the ceiling. To the right there is a stair to the second floor. Insects and larvae crawl on broken cocoons on the floor.

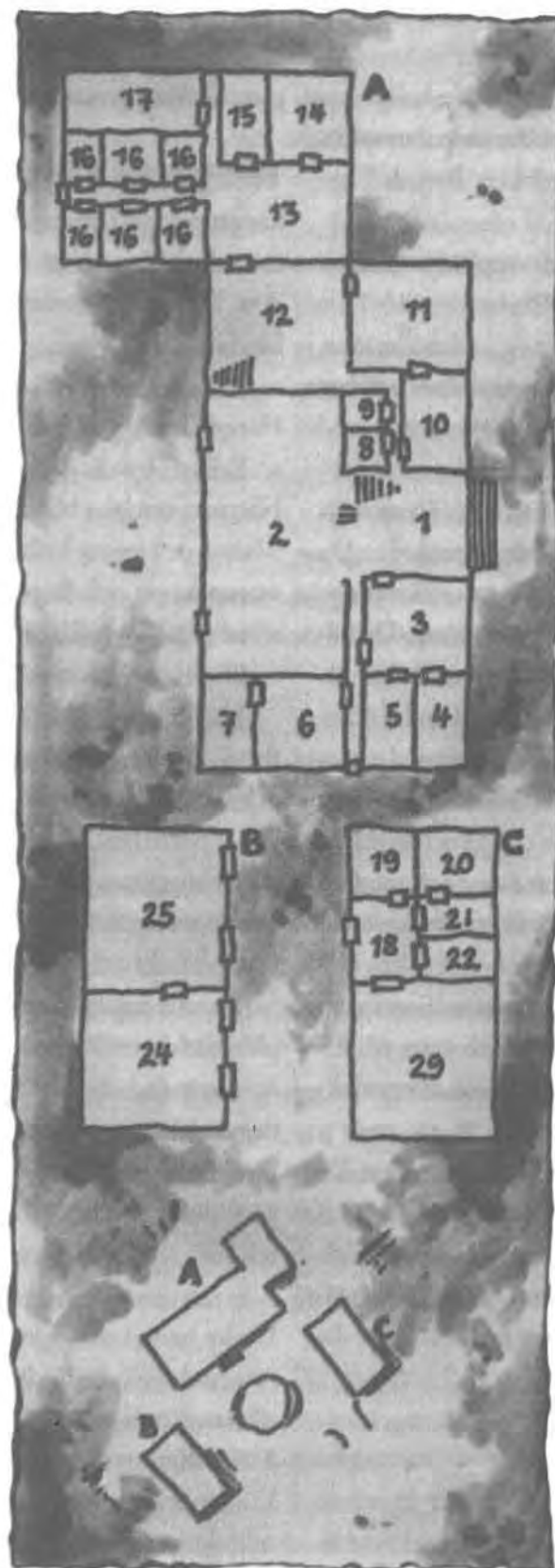
2 Lower hall. The old ballroom is covered by spiderwebs. Some of Pazuzu's warriors are usually here. They sit completely still or move slowly and communicate with smells and simple signs.

3 The hall of moths. An old sitting room. The windows are covered by heavy curtains. Clusters of moths and cocoons hang in the ceiling, on bookshelves and curtains and the old furniture that is left in the room.

4 The Moth. A woman totally devoted to moths, who soon will be elevated through her communication with them, lives here. A narrow bed stands against one of the walls. The curtains are drawn, The room is filled with moths and cocoons.

- 5 Store room. Old furniture and rubbish covered by spider-webs and larvae.
- 6 Library. Books of the previous owner are still on the shelves, partly devoured by insects. The floor is rotten and will soon fall down to the cellar.
- 7 Store room. A giant wasps' nest takes up most of the room. There is a constant buzzing from wasps flying in and out through the broken windows.
- 8 Store room for linen. An old stock of linen infected by moths and larvae.
- 9 Store room for china. The shelves have been destroyed by insects and fallen to the floor.
- 10 Sitting room. The room is covered with spider-webs. A young man learning to communicate with spiders spends most of his time here, stuck in the webs.
- 11 Smaller dining room. The table is untouched by insects and there is china in the cupboards along the walls. The people who live on the bottom floor and in the annex eat here.
- 12 Kitchen. An old-fashioned kitchen that never has been brought up to modern standards. There's a stair leading down to the cellar. An old cook works here.
- 13 Laboratory. A modern laboratory has been installed in the added wing; no insects are allowed in here. It has all the equipment needed for serious entomological study.
- 14 Store room. A store room for the laboratory.
- 15 Cold storage. Frozen eggs, larvae and insects are stored in plastic containers. Some serum and other preparations are also stored here.
- 16 Offices. The six offices are identical, with desks and computers. Ten people work here to breed improved insects.
- 17 Laboratory. A chemical laboratory.
- 18 Entrance hall of the annex. The annex is the dwelling of many of the non-elevated who live in Ligoure. Some of the staff of the laboratory live here. The room is bare, except for the ever-present spider-webs.
- 19 Bedroom. Two of the laboratory assistants live here.
- 20 Bedroom. Two chemists live here.
- 21 Bedroom. A biologist lives here.
- 22 Bedroom. A biologist lives here.
- 23 Common room. Simply furnished with sofas, chairs, TV and a fireplace.

- 24 Garage. A truck and a dismantled Citroën are in the garage.
- 25 Stable. The stable hasn't been used for years. It is occupied by a large termite nest that



almost fills the whole building.

Second Floor

1 Gallery. A narrow pathway leads around the entrance hall and out on the balcony. There are a lot of spider webs and secretions on the walls.

2 Upper hall. The hall is covered by spider-web hanging from the roof. On the floor are heaps of old cocoons and dead insects and larvae. Everywhere there are crawling and buzzing sounds. The elevated are in here.

3 Sitting room. Four arachnids live in the old sitting room. Some of the furniture is left, rotten and broken. Mighty spider-webs cover the room from floor to ceiling. The arachnids rest in the middle of the room, wrapped in the webs.

4 Library. A modern library, spotless and untouched by insects. Helen Baudou spends a lot of time here.

5 Pupae. A store of pupae waiting to evolve. They hang from the ceiling, from the walls and the mighty spider-webs.

6 Store room. An old store room invaded by larvae and beetles.

7 Store room. A more modern store room with clothes and furniture untouched by insects.

8 Sitting room. Six of Pazuzu's warriors live here. There is no furniture and the room is wrapped in thick spider-webs.

9 Bedroom. Jacques Derron lives here. The room is filled with butterflies, larvae and pupae. The furniture is simple, but untouched by the insects.

10 Store room. Untouched store room with linen and clothes.

11 Untouched store room with weapons and other equipment for the warriors.

12 Bedroom. Ciou Martinique lives here. Simple furniture and insects everywhere.

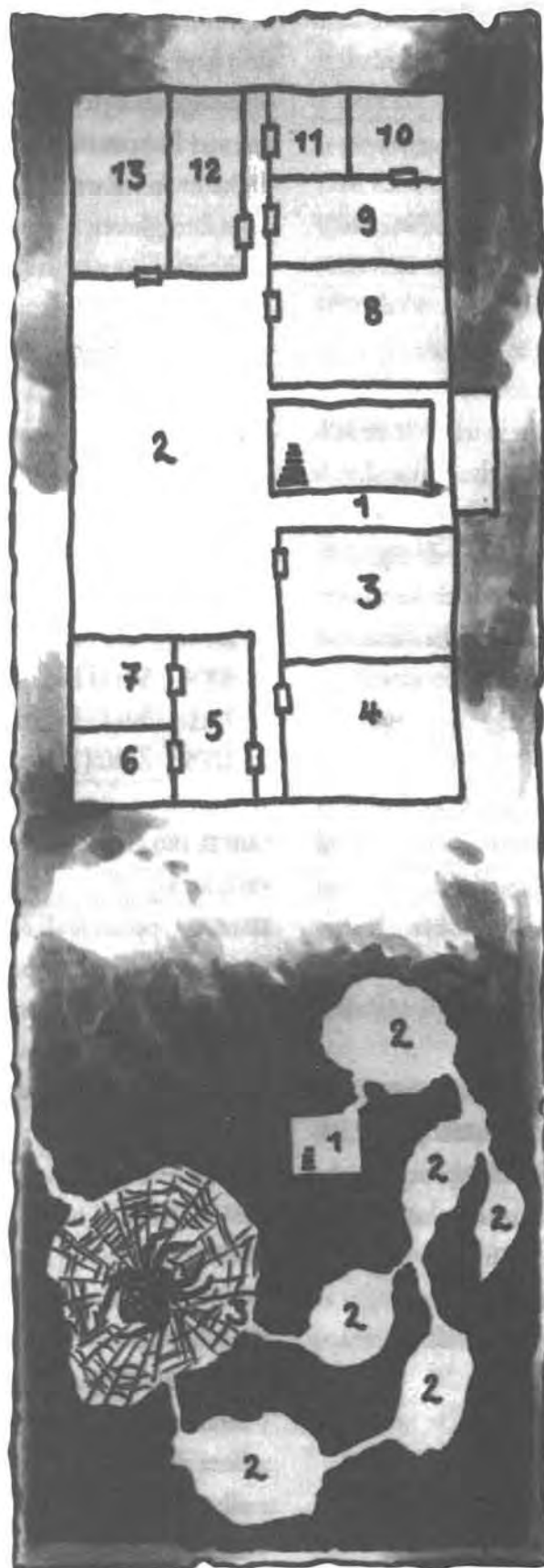
13 Bedroom. Helen Baudou lives here.

The Caves Under Ligoure

1 The cellar. From the kitchen in the main building a stair leads down to the basement, an ordinary cellar filled with insects and larvae. No food is stored here. One of the walls has a wide crack leading to a large cave.

2 Smaller caves. In the smaller caves are arachnids and thousands of spiders. You can't see further than a meter because of all the spider-webs. There are spiders everywhere. When the elevated are not on the second floor of the mansion they are usually here.

3 The cave of Arahne. The king of spiders rests in a cocoon in the middle of a large (100 x 100 meter) cave. On the floor of the cave is a small brook. Everything is covered with thick, sticky threads.



Helen Badou/Pazuzu

Helen Badou was contacted by Pazuzu when she was nine. She had been locked in her room for a year by her mentally disturbed parents and became a part of the collective consciousness a year later. Her parents were devoured by grasshoppers and she left her home to seek out other elevated. Now she dwells in the headquarters of the cult outside Nantes. Baudou is in her fifties, with black, gray-streaked hair and dark eyes. She is short and fragile, dressed in shorts and a top when she is amongst humans. Insects constantly crawl over her.

Personality: Helen Baudou ceased to exist at the age of ten. She is Pazuzu. Her own identity is so deeply buried that it can only arise again after her death.

Gamemastering hints: Speak with an impersonal voice. Move your hands as if you are letting insects crawl over them. Stare in the distance.

AGL 12	EGO 50
STR 13	CHA 7
CON 16	PER 12
COM 10	EDU 30

Height: 155 cm

Weight: 50 kg

Senses: Comprehends all sensory impressions from insects all over the world as soon as they are communicated to her. Uses her own senses on an unconscious level and only focuses on her surroundings when there is a reason.

Communication: Speaks all human languages and can communicate with all species of all the Annelida and Arthropod animals, via chemical substances and signals.

Movement: 6 m/round

Actions: 2

Initiative bonus: —

Damage bonus: +2

Damage capacity: 5 scratches = 1 light wound

4 light wounds = 1 serious wound

2 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 110

Skills: Automatic weapons 15, Hand-gun 15, Sneak 15, Daggers 13, Unarmed combat 13, Computers 20, Electronics 25, Poisons and drugs 25, Information retrieval 25, Motor mechanics 20, Occultism 20, Languages: all human, Demolition 20, Net of contacts: servants of Pazuzu 20, Humanities 20: specializations 15, Medicine 20: specializations 15, Natural science 20: specializations 15, Social science 20: specializations 20

Attack mode: according to weapon

Magic: Lore of passions 30 (all spells to skill score 20)

Home: Ligoure outside Nantes

The Warriors/Pazuzu

The warriors are elevated who have not received the same status as the leaders of the servants of Pazuzu. They are part of the collective consciousness, but are only used for simple missions and to defend the cult—not to lead and communicate with other people. Since Pazuzu never bothers to speak through the warriors they seem unintelligent and mute. They seldom speak to anyone and only do what Pazuzu wants them to do. They have skills different from the leaders, since their bodies are physically well-trained.

The warriors are almost always able men between twenty and forty years of age—though there are some exceptions. They defend the headquarters and are sometimes sent out to dispose of Pazuzu's enemies.

Personality: The warriors no longer exist as individuals. They are Pazuzu.

Gamemastering hints: Act introvert, almost unreachable. Never look anyone in the eyes.

AGL 10+1d10 (16)	EGO 50
STR 10+1d10 (16)	CHA 1d5
CON 10+1d10 (16)	PER 10+1d10 (16)
COM 2d10 (11)	EDU 30

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 80 kg

Senses: Assimilates all sensory impressions from insects all over the world as soon as they are communicated to them. Uses their own senses in an unconscious level and only focuses on their surroundings when there is a reason.

Communication: Speaks all human languages and can communicate with all species of all the Annelida and Arthropod animals, via chemical substances and signals.

Movement: 8 m/round

Actions: 3

Initiative bonus: +4

Damage bonus: +3

Damage capacity: 5 scratches = 1 light wound

4 light wounds = 1 serious wound

2 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 110

Skills: Automatic weapons 16, Rifle and crossbow 16, Hand-gun 16, Sneak 16, Daggers 16, Unarmed combat 16, Computers 20, Electronics 25, Poisons and drugs 25, Information retrieval 25, Motor mechanics 20, Occultism 20, Languages: all human, Demolition 20, Net of contacts: servants of Pazuzu 20,

Humanities 20: specializations 15, Medicine 20: specializations 15, Natural science 20: specializations 15, Social science 20: specializations 20

Attack mode: according to weapon

Equipment: Submachinegun or automatic rifle.

Magic: Lore of passions 30 (all spells to skill score 20)

Arahnec

Lord of the Spiders/Pazuzu

The Pazuzu cult in France chose Maison de Ligoure for its temple, because one of the Lords of the Spiders had its dwellings under the mansion. Arahnec has rested in the caves under Ligoure for many thousands of years. She gathers information from spiders that come and go through the caves at all hours, and passes it on to other parts of Pazuzu. Arahnec is twenty meters long, black with hairy legs and red signs on the back. She rests in a cocoon in the middle of a large cave under the forest of Ligoure. The system of caves around her nest is filled with spiders of different species.

Personality: Arahnec is Pazuzu.

AGL 50	EGO 50
STR 40	PER 30
CON 40	EDU 30

Modification of terror throw: ± 0

Length: 20 m

Height: 10 m

Weight: 15 tons

Senses: Sharp sense of smell and sensory perception.

Comprehend all sensory impressions from insects all over the world as soon as they are communicated to it. Uses its own senses in an unconscious level and only focuses on its surroundings when there is a reason.

Communication: Can communicate with all species of all the Annelida and Arthropod animals, with chemical substances and signals.

Movement: 25 m/round

Actions: 7

Initiative bonus: +38

Damage bonus: +10

Damage capacity: 9 scratches = 1 light wound

8 light wounds = 1 serious wound

6 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Dies after 2 fatal wounds

Endurance: 230

Natural armor: 5 p

Powers: Make webs—makes 10 meter/round and can trap an enemy or hang itself from the roof in a thread. Can walk on vertical surfaces and hang upside down from the roof

Attack mode: Bite 18 (scr 1-6, lw 7-14, sw 15-22, fw 23+), lethal poison with the strength of 3d10. Kills on the whole CON, paralyzes for 1d10 combat rounds on half CON

Home: Ligoure

Arachtides/Pazuzu

The arachtides are semi-human children of Arahnec and elevated humans, born in the caves under the forest of Ligoure and raised by human servants of Pazuzu. They look fully human, as four of the eight legs are so regressed that they aren't visible under clothes. They have eight eyes, but six of them are so small that they are hard to notice. Their metabolism is totally inhuman and if dissected it is fully clear that they are not human. Pazuzu has bred them as humanoid creatures that are born part of the collective consciousness.

Personality: The arachtides are Pazuzu

Gamemastering hints: Wander with your eyes and move your face in a slightly inhuman way. Change your bodily movements so that they don't quite seem human.

AGL 10+2d10 (21)	EGO 50
STR 10+1d10 (16)	CHA 1d10 (6)
CON 10+2d10 (21)	PER 10+1d10 (16)
COM 1d10 (6)	EDU 30

Height: 180 cm

Weight: 90 kg

Senses: Comprehend all sensory impressions from insects all over the world as soon as they are communicated to them. Uses their own senses in an unconscious level and only focus on their surroundings when there is a reason.

Communication: Speaks all human languages and can communicate with all species of all the Annelida and Arthropod animals, with chemical substances and signals.

Movement: 11 m/round

Actions: 4

Initiative bonus: +9

Damage bonus: +4

Damage capacity: 6 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wounds = 1 serious wound

2 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 135

Skills: Climb 25, Hand-gun 21, Sneak 21, Dodge 21, Daggers 16, Impact weapons 16, Unarmed combat 16, Hide 16.

Attack mode: Bite 12 (scr 1-8, lw 9-16, sw 17-25, fw 26+) paralyzing poison with strength 2d10. Paralyzes on the whole CON

Home: Ligoure



NOTE: In order to be able to play **Legions of Darkness**, you must have access to the role playing game **Kult**.

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It started as we were leaving the mall. Tom had seemed tense all evening, and walking to the car he kept looking over his shoulder.

Then, as we were driving across the dark parking lot, I saw three men in dark suits run for another car.

"Let's get out of here!" He yelled as he pulled a huge gun out of his jacket and leaned out the window.

"Where did you get that?" I demanded. But soon I had something more important to worry about. One of the men ran into the path of the car. I slammed on the brakes but it was too late—the impact sent him up onto the windshield. Then I saw his face. Blind milk-white eyes seemed to stare at me out of a face that was part metal, part rotting flesh. He open his mouth, exposing rows of gleaming steel teeth and a long blue tongue. Then he smashed his fist through the windshield and reached for my throat. Tom fired

Legions of Darkness is a background supplement to the roleplaying game **Kult**. It contains more information about the illusion we inhabit, the reality we can sometimes glimpse, and the creatures and dark organizations which keep humanity captive. Archons, Angels of Death and Lictors are described in great detail, and a number of new cults and creatures are introduced.

The Legions of Darkness gives you information about some twenty cults and organizations, maps of their headquarters and meeting places, and descriptions of more than a hundred people, gods and monstrous creatures who inhabit the world of **Kult**.

*Our Reality Will Be Destroyed
and the Truth Revealed.*



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