

The ABYSS



cenotaphium
liber os abysmi vel daath

A vertical decorative bar on the left side of the page, featuring a light-colored, textured background with a series of small, dark, occultic symbols arranged vertically. The symbols include a cross, a crescent moon, a pentagram, a dollar sign, a cross with a circle, a cross with a circle and a cross, a cross with a circle and a cross, a cross with a circle and a cross, and a cross with a circle and a cross.

The Abyss

CENOTAPHIUM

Issue 4 ~ liber os abysmi vel daath

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Reccommended for Mature audiences.

www.kult-rpg.org



All future issues of Cenotaphium are on submission basis through The Abyss site in e-mail to the co-ordinators. Art, poetry, and literature will be featured in coming issues. The Abyss welcomes all submissions. Submission details can be found at The Abyss site

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A Publication from The Abyss
Made for the Kult Roleplaying Game
For Mature Readers

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~ www.kult-rpg.org ~

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My Own Little Lie

PeterAmthor © 2000

Edited by Black Dog

Contained within this section is bits and pieces of the way my Kult setting is portrayed. Little changes here and there. A tweak over there and over here as well. What do I disregard from the published material and what do I disregard from the net material. Each of runs out little part of reality a little different than everyone else. So here's my views and opinions. Now after discussion with Jason Just and looking at the amount of material I have piled up on my hard drive I have decided to make this a monthly article in the Cenotaphium. I have quite a few ideas that do not amount up to enough to make into full source books and also various views that I would like to share with all. Also I have picked up a person who is acting as my editor to go over my untrained writing style (read: screwed up writing style), Black Dog will be credited here for his help. ~ PeterAmthor

This month I shall discuss my takes on the Archons. The main reason is due to the fact that the argument over them starts up every now and then as to what they really are, do they have bodies, etc. Well its my turn to discuss that issue and give my feelings on that issue and my views are a bit different from that of everyone else. I took a different view at it all and this is what I came up with.

What are they? Quite simply they are humans trapped in a different sort of prison. They are those who betrayed the rest of thier race to serve the Demiurge completely. The Demiurge had a plan of trapping humanity in a prison that would lock them away from thier true reality, a prison that they could not touch or see. But he could not do it alone. He recruited the archons to help him create the various aspects needed to contain the prisoners and to help maintain it once it was in place. Then he betrayed them. Their citidels are parts of the machine built just to hold them inside and to use them to help sustain that which they helped create, the illusion. Their level of control in the illusion is judged by the size of thier citidel it is also shows how well they are contained within them. The very control they have is what holds them inside. When they lose control thier citidels/prisons begin to fall apart, the more power they have the larger their citidel grows.



~::Nepharite by Peter Amthor::~~

Some are content over what they have while others are striving for that we all want deeply buried in our subconscious, freedom. Some have awakened from thier prisons and now they stand in ruins, others, such as Chokmah have decided to take control of it themselves. The struggle will continue on without the Demiurge to rebuild the illusions to contain them better, for they hold no love for he who betrayed them.

Chokmah

Where he is was discussed in the last journal.

Chesed

One of those who freed themselves from thier prison. He is, in a sense, awakened. He now wanders in search of others that have awakened with a plan of his own the he wants to bring into action. To be discussed at some other date.

*Yesod*

He is believed to be dead. Although this is unknown by any to be fact. His citidel is in massive decay and there is no one that knows exactly what happened to him.

Hod

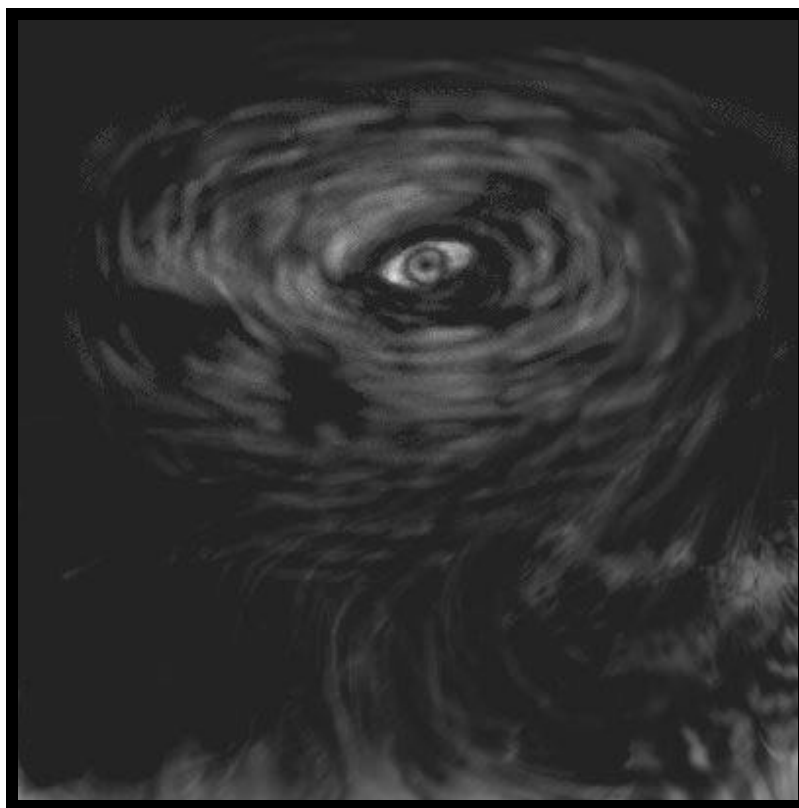
The first to free himself. Despite belief this occurred before the Demiurges disappearance. Rumors circulate that he went after the Demiurge with a desire to bring punishment upon him for what he did to him and the rest of the Archons. Some say this has importance with the disappearance of the Demiurge for neither of them have been seen since.

Malkuth

He is something more. He will be discussed in an upcoming 'My own little lie'.

Now lets discuss the citidels that contain them. They are bolts that help hold the illusion in place in a sense. Each citidel was built to support a certian aspect of the human psyche and each archon was put in charge of propelling that aspect and help to control it. The very nature of the archon housed within permeates the entire citidel. This seeps into everything that is there and changes it. Even those who wander inside. In the very center of the citidel lies the actual body of the Archon. Locked in a suspended state so that there is no decay or harm to it. For the body sustains the mind. If that body were to be destroyed than that archon would die, and go into the loop that the rest of are trapped inside of. Therefore that body is heavily guarded by the sevants of the Archon. The only Archon known to have surpassed the ability to need a body is Chokmah as discussed last time. How he did it is by gaining millions of bodies at once. He exists in all of those who believe what he stands for.

What does all of this mean in relations to the Death Angels, Astaroth, humanity and most importantly the Demiurge. Well that will be discussed in the future.



~::Vortex by Joel Sammallahhti::~~



Alessandro Falcone

Jason Just © 1999

Alessandro began life as a monk, 13th Century A.D in the service of Christ and God. As an orphan he was wrestled away by a priest from his mad mother who had slain her husband, 4 children and was prepared to bash Alessandro, only a babe, on the stone path. No family, the church was obliged to bring him into their walls. There he grew in the arms of doctrine and dogma. Encouraged to follow suit, he wore their mantle and trained as they bid, learned the scriptures from their point of view and generally was a good child. Until he was fifteen, at least.

At that inexperienced age Alessandro (as a child he was known as Emannuelle, but his new body required the name of Alessandro) grew tired of his chores, his silence, his readings. Oh, he was dutiful, yet more mechanical was his actions. However, to flee was not an option. He knew no one, had no money, nor any other skills. Beyond that, he felt that not only the diocese would hunt him, but perhaps soldiers as well at the behest of the bishop. However, the papacy in Rome offered an escape, one Alessandro took without thought or questioning.

Not known for extravagance, not known for being anything particularly noteworthy, Alessandro found it quite easy to secure a position over the those books collected by those in the Church. It began tending to the books, overseeing the catalogue of forbidden entries and the task grew to cleaning them. In those late hours when trust was absolute, he read by candlelight treatises on witchcraft and black magic, paganism, number mysticism, glorified and imprisoned within the frescoed walls. It was quite a release.

His knowledge grew, yet his ignorant façade he maintained, and kept his position with respect and stern acknowledgement. Little did the clergy suspect, nor the clergy's masters. His first foray into practice was again, liberating. But this time, not only was it words, but the result of words in action. The effect was to prove consummate, addictive fulfillment Alessandro had never known. Simply watching others' death was exciting, not in a sexual sense, but in what transpired beyond. Alessandro saw motion, but not the affirmation of his life's teachings. Rather it was a rejection. It was during these early times he felt the presence of suspicion, not directly against him, yet just lingering.

Thinking little of it, and still young he progressed in his studies for the next seven years unnoticed by anyone, all the while building a repertoire of occultism. Yet he knew that he could not stay within the church, for the suspicion was slowly turning to him and his practices could not go undetected, and there was so much he desired to try but could not in the confines and sanctuary. During the last two years of his tenure under the pope during the tumultuous era concluding the Crusades, he ferreted much material out from under the noses of his brothers as well as monies thought cursed.



~::Allesandro Falcone by Peter Amthor::~~

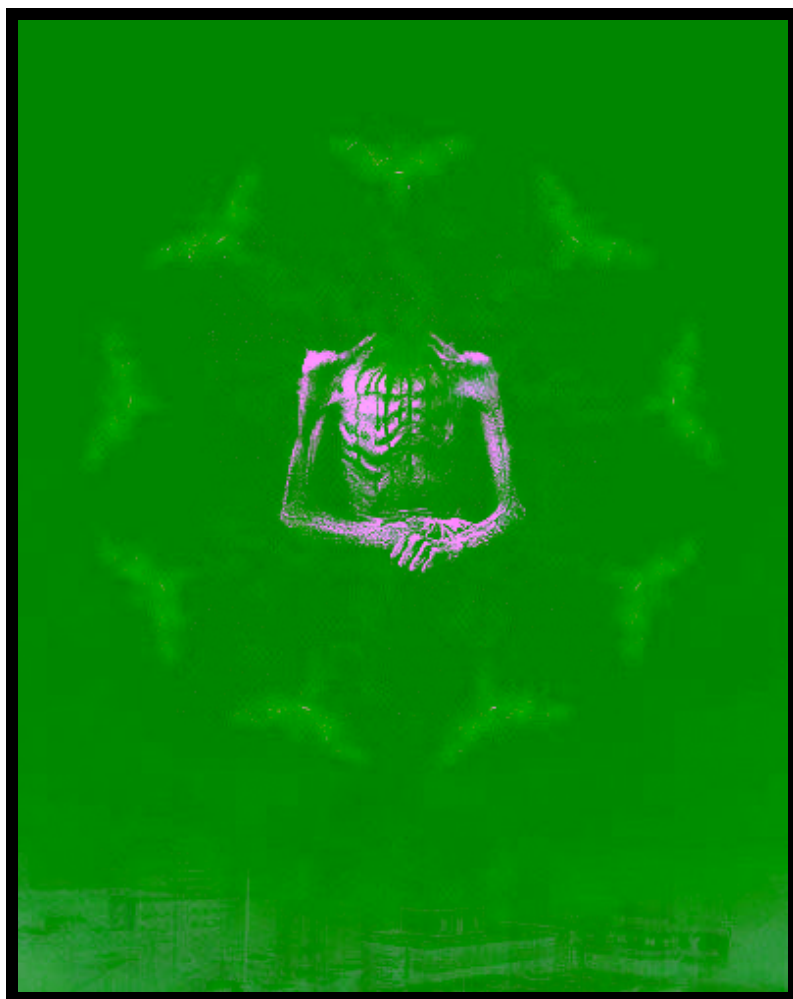


Then Alessandro uncovered the spell of his own death. He launched into the spell without contemplation and discovered not what he expected. To cheat his own death would be to know his end, but his end through the spell's effects was of being hunted, the feeling of being hunted for a long time through an alien landscape... but beyond that there was nothing, except the feeling of weariness followed in afterthoughts of pain. It was this spell that brought his hunters to him... or so he thought. Alessandro fled at night through the long arched hallways, down the marble steps, across the dimly illuminated courtyards and into Rome itself. He barely had time to collect those manuscripts he had pilfered before fleeing into the vineyards and orchards surrounding the city.

Safely out of Italy, Alessandro studied hard, finding a hideaway in an old abandoned farm, living off the land and the animals near death. Slowly he began to unravel more threads within the books, letting his mind broaden. What he saw begged more attention. After five years he moved on, now more in tune with Death, but desiring the physical in order to witness and affect that which he practiced. With the unspent wealth accumulated in Rome he traveled to Germany where he posed as a wealthy merchant seeking a retirement of sorts. Young and wealthy he interacted with nobles, women and cities in general, watching... experiencing. At first it was merely farm girls, taken with him. He built a relationship with them and then murdered them, finding curiosity in their journey beyond death, talking with them, and binding them back into bodies to witness the effect, and the degeneration of the mind.

He summoned specter's, purgatides, legionnaires and twice a Razide. His conviction grew and so too did hubris. When he learned of the Nephrite, Berithyn, he was entranced. Never had he heard of such a creature. Though he found the Razide beyond anything he'd imagined, there was a brutality that did not promote respect, an ugliness. Yet, everything he read of Berithyn within the parchment of the Persian scholar was compelling: a comely woman with wealth beyond imagining, the pleasures offered beyond death indescribable, her manner charming, her status noble. For Alessandro it was the first sign of intelligence beyond death. He followed the ritual, the required sacrifice of two lovers and brought her forward. However, he soon noticed his mistake. He could not bind her, and the ritual was not true, the circle requirements entrapping rather than protective. She devoured him and dragged him screaming to Inferno.

There his torment began. No release. Entrapped in a massive monastery, constantly chased creatures traveling on legs of glass, once caught torn apart. The darkened monastery was nothing but shadows, stairs and empty hallways, devoid of life, devoid of change, devoid of interest. Yet, Alessandro was no novice. He had spoken with purgatide's before and knew their failings, and so was beyond them in that regard.



~::~Demiurge by Joel Sammallahti::~~



He mapped the patterns behind his purgatory and tested the boundaries, yet never breaking them. For what seemed like years and only days he planned and prepared, and then he pushed through and out searching for another to replace him. Grabbing a sleeping soul he exchanged himself, and masked the victim, and closed the doors behind him, and opened his eyes to the year 1993 AD.

Yet here he was someone well known, and within Italy, CEO of a motor-yacht design company, with part-ownership of Serie A football team, Udinese. The new life was one he had to work at. This world was strange, alien. He faked an attack and then amnesia, allowing others to wonder and pity him. At the very least it gave him time to reflect on his surroundings. Television was the great teacher, and being in a state of retirement helped as well. This person he had replaced had much in the way of material wealth, so much wealth and opportunity Alessandro could not understand it.

It proved easy to slip into his wounded role. However, Alessandro's girlfriend, Veronica noticed something was not right, even beyond his amnesia. She proved hard to remove from the household, since it appeared this Alessandro had allowed her to live there, so one night he was driving with her, and he asked her to pull over. He dragged her by the hair to the cliffs and threw her over. The police suspected him for a while, but the doctors assuaged them that he was incapable of doing so. For the next two years Alessandro slipped out of the spotlight, yet his income only grew, for the previous-Alessandro had invested wisely.

In late 1995, Alessandro sold his shares in Udinese, the media attention getting to strong and he secluded himself away, dropping his CEO position. Alessandro studied hard, learning the modern world, and modern ways. Time was of importance. He could already feel that Berithyn would not be fooled forever, so he needed to find a way to keep himself permanent until such a time his knowledge provided a way out of her grasp, or offered power over her. Hunting for his old manuscripts was nearly fruitless. Most were destroyed and he had to settle for second best. Yet knowledge came, but at much cost, so he learned also how to handle money in this world. As he did so, he found himself slipping into desire for physical pleasure, something he knew he should not, but could not help himself at times... so intense was his time in Purgatory he needed it.

Personality

Alessandro is an intelligent and cunning man. Wealth, prosperity are his trades in life yet he follows a miserly way, and offers no help to others, disbelieves in charity and cares only for himself. Material gain is his prime goal, at least so it is seen by the media and those few public who take interest in the wealthy. However, it is far from the truth. He follows the tenets of the rich and uses their ways to stay that way, with his eggs in many baskets too numerous to mention. Yet, what drives him to this, in part inherited, wealth is a hunger for desire and physical pleasure. Strange for one of his nature, it is the flaw in his character, and he knows it. His desire drove him to trouble in the first place with the Nepharite, a lesson he has since tried to recover from. Though he enjoys the good things in life, he distrusts them as he knows it breaks his concentration and plans.

Patient and persevering, Alessandro is the model of a leader, yet he refuses to lead. He guides his corporations he owns, but only in financial matters. Mankind is nothing to him. Relationships are meaningless unless in providing gain of some kind. Alessandro is bold in his actions, yet at the bottom of his heart the cold knowledge of his past remains, a past which wants to catch up to his future and wipe it out forever.

Alessandro has noticed he finds himself in the mode of the former persona that inhabited the body he stole sometimes, but he pays it little mind, attributing it to the previous owner's impression upon the flesh.



Appearance

Dressed in Paul Stuart suits, in Westgate cut of the finest in black material, underlain with black silk shirts and wine-coloured ties, Alessandro cuts a fine impression. Strong cheekbones embolden his appearance and position, success can be felt like a Midas touch about him. He has all the looks of what you'd expect from an old Italian noble. Mid-thirties Alessandro is a powerful and notable figure, who makes quite an impression on those near him. Gifted with a physique enviable by most men at his age, he is the penultimate image of success.

Other Information

Alessandro's wealth is constantly growing and he rarely runs out of funds because he spreads his money and has many options. He drives a blood red Alfa Romeo GTV and the new 166, as well as a yellow Maserati. He owns an ninety-foot motor yacht with its own crew and a 30'000 sq.ft home overlooking the Mediterranean.

Ideas for Use

Alessandro is through a series of events under the thumb of Togarini. The Nepharite Berithyn was once in the service of Togarini, but the actions that expelled the Death Angel into the Illusion severed the link between them. Now Berithyn is a rogue Nepharite who is secretly using Alessandro to reach Togarini. Togarini, too is using Alessandro, but for a different purpose... more as a liaison with the outside world, someone who can divert attention away from the small damned village of the Death Angel.



~::~Dreamstalker by Peter Amthor::~~



Adventure Preview

PeterAmthor © 2000

Here is an small excerpt from an adventure that I am working on for Kult for beginning players. It is still in the rough stages of development and the writing is far from finished even in this section. I also have not gone over it with a spell checker or had my friendly neighborhood editor, Black Dog, go over it either. There is no planned date for this to be finished by yet, but as soon as I begin to reach the end it will be announced in the Human Ashes newsletter. ~ PeterAmthor

Scene 2: The 13th floor

The hallway is a cluttered mess. Medicine and cleaning carts are turned over and their contents scattered about the floor. Some of the ceiling tile have fallen and only about half of the lights work, some of them are hanging by the wires and sway giving a sensation of perpetual motion. Other various debris lays in piles here and there, clothing, a mattress or two, etc. There are doors to rooms all along the hallway some are opened, other closed, some are missing doors altogether. One major thing that stands out is the scrawlings along the walls on both sides of the Hallway, with a tribal type design it is made using what appears to by a mix of crayons, blood and marker. The elevator doors do not close and anyone looking at the floor number on the wall they will see that they are on Floor 13.

Description

The Scrawlings: Stretching along the entire length of the hallway walls on both sides is a intricate design. It first looks like something a child would do, but there is a pattern evident. Looking like a cross between tribal designs used by african natives and egyptian hieroglyphs it fills the middle section of the wall completely. The media used in one section appears to be crayons, another section looks like dried blood and right beside it is a section done in black marker. This gives you the feeling that it was not all done at the same time.

The rooms along this area are of varying states of disorder and chaos, some are even in perfect order (these are usually ones with the door closed). Its up to the individual GM to decide how much gore or dark imagery they want to throw in here. Below are a few ideas and suggestions, although some like to heep on the blood and death others like to give the feeling of the surreal and unknown.

- The room is layered in dust and cobwebs. The light from the ceiling is barely showing through enough for anyone to see by. On the bed is the dried remains of the rooms occupant, long white hair typical hospital gowns give the idea that it was once an older female. Underneath her folded arms is a copy of the Bible and a small cross. The tiles crack underneath the characters feet and every sound seems to create an subtle echo.
- The room is completely empty save for a mirror above where the sink used to be. There is no dirt or dust buildup anywhere in the room. Once someone enters the room they can here a faint childlike voice saying "Help me... please.. will someone help me. I'm lost." The sound is coming from the mirror. In the reflection on the mirror the room is entirely furnished and the person looking into it does not cast an image into it. Standing on the bed is a young dark headed girl clutching a teddy bear and crying. Every now and then she will repeat her message for help. Viewing this is usually a call for an Ego check. Trying to move the mirror will cause the image to vanish and the mirror will then function normally. Breaking it causes a loud ear aching noise and the glass shards will turn black. However you can still hear the girl calling for help.
- Several carts of life support machines and IV units clutter the room, most of them with blood stains and dysfunctional controls. Amid the heap on a bed is a lone elderly man connected to them all by tubes, wires and hoses. The bed sheets are soaked with crusted blood and bodily fluids. As the characters get closer his eyes will turn and focus on them. He reaches to his mouth with one tired shaking hand, pulling on the tubes connected to it. He reaches to pull the oxygen mask down from his mouth. When he has it out of his way he speaks in a slow dry tired voice "please... help me...." his eyes begin to well up tears "kill me... stop my suffering... I beg of you...". The individual players will have to decide on the



next course of action here.

- The room is brightly lit with everything in pristine order. The bed is made perfectly, the floors are clean, there is absolutely no collection of dust or dirt of any sort. It seems as if the room has been maintained in pristine condition all this time.
- All the contents, the bed, chairs, IV racks, everything have been piled into the center of the floor. All along the walls are the same scrawlings seen in the hallway. Again they seem to have been made with whatever was handy. A light draft of cold air can be felt by anyone standing still in here.

The nurses stations

There are several along this floor. Some have a security station in them with television screens showing various sections of the floor. The only problem is the screens are showing a normally operating hospital floor. Nurses, patients, doctors and visitors all going about normal everyday business. Everything looking like its supposed to. The computers at these stations no longer function properly and display a hazy green blur and are off an older model than those found at most modern facilities (Roll vs computers to determine that they are a mid 80's model). Paperwork lies in piles, equipment seems to be moved into corners to keep it out of the way. It at these locations that the players are most likely to encounter a Guard or Nurse.

The Guards

Wandering through out the floor are what may have been the original hospital security for this floor. They are still wearing their uniforms although they have become torn in places and have quite a bit of soiling along the legs and arms. Their skin has become dried and cracked with dark blackish blood dripping from the wounds in a few places. The eyes are a blank off white with absolutely no glare or show of life, just looking off into the openness. They are capable of speech and possess walkies to contact other security guards in the area. Also in their possession is a light revolver (GMs descretion here), a nightstick, handcuffs, flashlight and log book for keeping track of their rounds. If they spot the characters they will usually respond with verbal orders first "Back to you room please sir", "Visitation hours are over, please return to the lobby" and other such things as that. If they are not obeyed or threatened they will call for more help and within a few minutes more guards will show up.



~::Birthing Chambers by Peter Amthor::~~