

*The*  
ABYSS

# SHATTERED LIVES

*by Shelby (D.J.) Babb*







# The Abyss

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*Recommened for Mature audiences.*

*[www.kult-rpg.org](http://www.kult-rpg.org)*

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Made for the Kult Roleplaying Game

For Mature Readers

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*(Before reading any further, let me make one point clear: THIS IS SICK STUFF. It deals with child pornography and sexual exploitation. I can not stress enough that I do NOT support or approve of these things, and find them VERY repulsive. However, I also find this to be an interesting topic to explore within Kult, a game where the darkest aspects of humanity are explored.)*

~ writer's note

## *The Epiphany*

(originally printed in a complete version in "The Awakening #2")

### *Background:*

Boasting teens speak of trips to the Epiphany with their classmates. Arrogant college students toss its name around to impress potential dates. Even professionals describe it as one of the greatest places they've ever been to. And yet, despite how many people know the name, only a precious handful have ever truly been there.

The Epiphany is somewhat of an urban legend among the people of Seattle. Some say it's a huge dance-club built inside the bottom of a private yacht that's always moving from country to country. Others say it's a drug-den hidden within a cemetery crypt, run by Jamaicans. The most recent rumors describe it as actually being a sex-parlor hidden inside the offices of nearby Microsoft. However, of all the rumors, only the last comes truly close, and even it is grossly wrong.

The Epiphany IS a sex-club, founded in 1979 by a dark skinned man (believed to be from Iran) named Hareesh. Hareesh started the Epiphany as a "counter-culture" scene, who's location was spread by word of mouth. The rich and trendy would gossip and whisper among their friends, spreading tales of a bar unlike any other.

Women, drugs, and even darker things were all available at the Epiphany. Those who found it became addicted to its nature, plunging ever deeper into the darkness it had to offer. Those who couldn't find the club branded it a place of pornography and child-molestation and a drug den; their lust for what they couldn't have made them retaliate by attacking the club.

Hareesh knew that the arrogance and outrage of those he scorned would drive them to destroy the Epiphany, so Hareesh set the club up as a roving place. It never stayed in any one location for very long, and would move from building to building. Some times, especially when the police were actively hunting for the Epiphany, Hareesh would stop the club and it would disappear. Once things calmed down, the club would re-open. All this changed in 1984, as Hareesh began recruiting the children (from ages 8 to 19) into his club.

He gave the young children marijuana and harder drugs while allowing the older children to sleep with his "entertainers". In many cases the children (young and old) were encouraged to entertain the guests. The young ones were encouraged to hide underneath tables and give oral sex to those who sat down, the children's hands and heads creeping out from under the tablecloth to perform for Hareesh's guests. The older children were kept as prostitutes and encouraged to perform in sexual shows; dozens of teens encouraging the patrons to form "daisy-chains", where long lines of people screwing one another were formed. Some children did even worse things for Hareesh's pleasure.

As the children grew older, they began to become devoted to the Epiphany, and saw it as their only family. All as Hareesh planned. The son of the police commissioner warned Hareesh of the police's knowledge, the mayor's daughter located "safe" areas to open the Epiphany, the children of leading businessmen stole money from their parents to keep the Epiphany going.

Occasionally someone would catch on, and then Hareesh would have the children frame the person with child molestation. A child, occasionally the person's own, would seduce the person threatening Hareesh. As the individual was having intercourse with the child, a second child would record the entire incident on video tape. The tape would then be used to blackmail the person involved. And when blackmail would not work, the children gladly murdered their own



parents to preserve the Epiphany. Currently Hareesh has become somewhat slack in moving the Epiphany from place to place, confident that his circle of loyal followers will keep him informed if anything should be amiss. Instead, Hareesh spends his time focused on the true purpose of the Epiphany, letting the Inner cabal run the club.

#### *Description:*

The Epiphany is always changing. Both in its location, but also in its appearance and what it has to offer. Perhaps it meets in a school gym late one night, holding a drunken orgy. The next it may meet in a mausoleum, the corpses of the dead pulled out to "join in the fun" of a night of necrophilia. The "acts" change from night to night, always following a certain theme. But despite the constant changes the Epiphany undergoes, there are always a few common threads.

An observer will quickly notice the children everywhere. Naked and wiggling on a man's lap, heads bobbing up and down between a woman's legs from underneath a table cloth, and so on. Most people leave at that point, never to return. But some stay. As they grow more and more aroused, as their acceptance of the place begins to increase, they begin to notice who the children perform for. Off in the corner, sodomizing a small boy, the bank president grins as if his face would explode. The Police Commissioner of Seattle stands, peeing in a beautiful girl's mouth. The head editor of the local newspaper cartel laughs as a pair of twelve year olds take turns licking her anus. And as the observer becomes ever more drawn into the Epiphany, he notices more and more the noted people who visit.

#### *Group Organization:*

The power structure of the Epiphany is very simple. Hareesh rules the club and the children with an iron fist, and his followers would do anything for him. Anything.

Immediately beneath Hareesh is the Inner Cabal, 6 boys and 6 girls between the ages of 16 and 19. Chosen for their power in the mundane world (all have ties to high ranking politicians and individuals in the Seattle area), the Inner Cabal are also quite impressive in their mystical potential. Hareesh has trained them in simple magic to be able to aid him in his rites. Besides Hareesh, only the Inner Cabal know of the Epiphany's true purpose.

The majority of the Epiphany's followers comprise the Outer Cabal. Over 60 children (from ages 8 to 19) serve the Epiphany in a manner of ways. Performing sexual services for Hareesh's customers, dealing with those who threaten the club, and so on. All are thoroughly devoted to the Epiphany, Hareesh, and the Inner Cabal and would willingly give their lives (or anything else) for the pleasure of any of them.

The "guests" of Hareesh form another group. The wealthy and the trendy gravitate to the hidden, moving nature of the club, seeking to vent their pent-up urges. While many leave in horror at what they see, a large number become almost hypnotized at the displays of perversion and degradation they see. They come back, rapidly coming to embrace the Epiphany and all it has to offer. Some even send their own children to join the Outer Cabal, while others work to discredit the (accurate) claims of child mole station and sexual abuse from others.

Finally, the Epiphany has the Sea of Joy, the Children of Joy.

#### *The Sea of Joy:*

The true purpose of the Epiphany is even darker than the sexual exploitation of children. The Epiphany is an experiment of sorts, a test conducted by Gamaliel, the Death Angel of Perverted Sexuality. An experiment that may threaten to unravel the entire Illusion.

Hareesh is an incarnate of Gamaliel, conducting a unique experiment revolving around spreading the darkest of carnal desires. Hareesh and his Inner Cabal take those too useless to the Epiphany and those who threaten it, and give them to the Sea. The Sea is a giant swirling pit of flesh, sweat, and sexual fluids, forever swirling with hungered lust. As people are given to the Sea (usually after being drugged and covered in a mixture of semen, vaginal ejaculation, and bodily wastes),

their very bodies are dissolved. Quickly the sensation becomes too much for them, and their minds are dissolved into an oblivion of orgasmic ecstasy as their body and soul merges with the Sea.

Usually people are allowed to completely dissolve into the Sea, but occasionally Hareesh will reward his most devoted followers with a taste. As the Sea conforms to Gamaliel's will, and thus Hareesh's, people can taste the raptures of being dissolved in to the Sea and later reformed intact. Such an experience creates an eternal devotion to Hareesh, in hopes of returning to the bliss of dissolution.

Also, as the Sea grows, it begins to exert its influence over others. Its mere existence corrupts the souls of those nearby, opening their minds to perversions and pleasure beyond human comprehension. But this is done subtly, a person isn't even aware that she suddenly finds the idea of watching a child fuck a dog to be arousing. A person notices only that when she sees the most extreme perversion that she is aroused by it.

As if this wasn't enough, the influence of the Sea is both addictive and expanding. People who visit the Epiphany keep wanting to come back for more, ever lusting for deeper and darker deeds. And, after they leave the Epiphany their desire remains. They go to their wives, their children, to anyone, and relieve themselves. As they do so, the hunger begins spreading to others. Wives begin to enjoy being raped by their husbands, children begin exploring S&M with their parents, and so on. In addition, the very brains of those who come to the Epiphany become altered due to the corruptive influence of the Sea; as they degrade themselves and others, their brains become subtly restructured to allow the Sea to focus its urgings through others. As more people visit the Epiphany and become seduced by it, they allow the Sea to spread its influence over a larger area. Finally, people come to Hareesh, desperate for fulfilment of their ever growing and darkening lusts. And, once they've devolved as far as their souls can devolve, he allows them to join the Sea.

#### *Hareesh:*

Hareesh is a tall attractive Middle Eastern man, with silvery-gray hair. He always dresses as if were the ring master of a circus or a magician, complete with top hat and cane. While those who can see through the Illusions won't notice anything different, they'll "feel" his darkness. However, should a person see Hareesh naked (common during his giving of others to the Sea), they may be able to notice that Hareesh is a hermaphrodite: he has male and female genitals.

Hareesh is actually only a part of a single incarnate of Gamaliel. Hareesh and the Sea of Joy are both aspects of the same incarnate. As such, Hareesh is composed of the very essence of the Sea of Joy. In fact, when the Sea was small, people would have to melt with Hareesh in order to be dissolved into the Sea. But now that the Sea has grown so greatly Hareesh may act with more freedom. While the Sea represents seductiveness of perversion, Hareesh embodies the perverted desires themselves.

While Gamaliel gifted Hareesh with some power, the vast amount has been invested into the Sea of Joy. As such, Hareesh's presence has no effect on those with a negative mental balance or others, however, he can command those who have negative mental balances as stated below.

*Personality:* You give people anything they lust for, always pulling them into the depths of darkness so you can take it all from them in the end.

*Game Mastering Hints:* Wave your hands open wide. Act as if you were part salesman and part entertainer. Talk with a kind and energetic voice, with tones of happiness and concern for others.

*The Sea of Joy:* The Sea of Joy appears as a giant swirling mass of flesh, sweat, and sexual fluids, endlessly churning and swirling. The sound of a hundred moaning voices raises forth, with sounds of indescribable ecstasy. When Hareesh throws a person into the Sea, it seems to dissolve them, adding their flesh and body to its own mass. As they are expelled (or Children of Joy are formed), the Sea shrinks in size.

*Personality:* The Sea has no personality to speak of, but fills those who come near it with images of darkest desire.

*Game Mastering Hints:* You are the embodiment of all that is sexually perverse.

*Powers:* Corrupt (everyone within a 20 mile radius of the Sea slowly becomes more "open" to sexual perversions, and will become rapists and sex criminals within a matter of years), Release Child of Joy (Hareesh or an Inner Cultist can cause the Sea to release up to a total of 3 Children of Joy), Seduce (can seduce any person who comes within 10 meters. All present must make EGO rolls or else enter the Sea and be absorbed. Hareesh and the Inner Cabal are immune).

#### *The Children of Joy:*

The Children of Joy look like attractive teens, who always radiate confidence and contentment. If seen through the Illusions, they appear as swirling figures of flesh, their body constantly melting and reforming.

The Children are created from the very stuff of the Sea of Joy, and granted sentience by Hareesh/Gamaliel. For each Child in existence, the Sea can take one less Fatal Wound, and the range of all of its Powers are reduced by a 1/6. Should the Child reform with the Sea, the Sea regains its strength, but if the Child is destroyed the Sea must gain new additions of flesh from others. As such, Hareesh only allows three to be in existence at any one time, and demands that all requests for a Child be brought before him.

*Personality:* You seek to further the demands of Hareesh, as such you do anything and everything he requests with the utmost of glee.

*Game Mastering Hints:* Always seem as if you're filled with a calm happiness in everything you do. In fact, this is the only emotion you are capable of expressing.

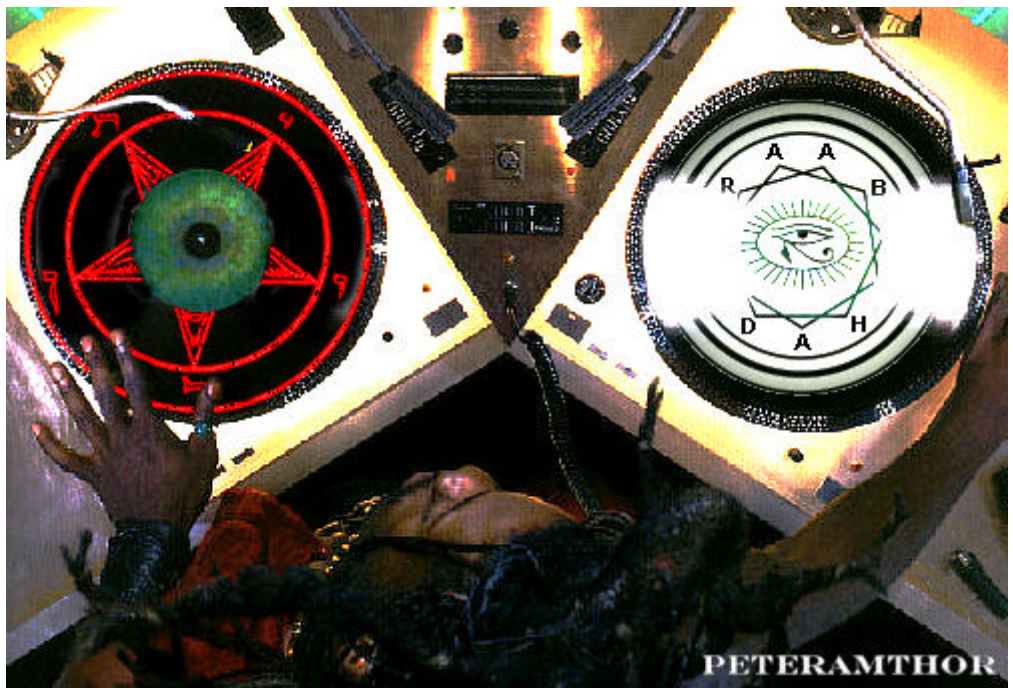
*Powers:* Seduce (can seduce any person who comes within 10 meters. All present must make EGO rolls or else come within contact with the Child and be absorbed. Hareesh and the Inner Cabal are immune)

#### *Club Description*

Hareesh constantly keeps the Epiphany moving. As such, it moves from place to place every other month, occasionally returning to "safe" locations in a rotating cycle. Currently the Epiphany is located in a "safe" place: a small, run-down house about twenty minutes outside of Seattle. From the outside the house is a simple two-story building, surrounded by a fence covered in rusted barb wire.

The house is covered in chipped white paint, covering wooden boards. In a few places it seems as if parts of the building were once set on fire but quickly put-out. The windows of the house are all broken and covered from the inside by metal sheets painted black. On some nights the sounds of music and laughter can be heard from inside, but usually Hareesh and the Inner Cabal uses magic to mask the sounds and appearances of any activity.

The inside of the house is stained with mildew and mould, as well as being covered in numerous burn marks and debris. The first floor is where the



PETERAMTHOR

majority of dancers and music are found, and the entire ceiling is covered with a variety of speakers and light systems. Enigma and Deep Forest are regularly played, allowing patrons to relax to the music as the children perform for (and on) them. Most of the inner walls have been taken out of this floor, and only those around the bathroom and the basic supports remain. Scattered across the area are numerous chairs and covered tables, as well as a few couches and a hammock.

Up a single flight of stairs is the second floor. It is here that the Inner Cabal and Hareesh perform their occult rituals and initiate new children and members into the Epiphany. Unlike the first floor, the second still has almost all of its walls, all owing greater privacy and secrecy. Of the six rooms on this floor, four are empty save for a single stained mattress and a bare light bulb in the ceiling. The remaining two rooms are adjacent, and have the wall between them removed (the only wall on this floor to have been taken out). It is in this double room that the Sea of Joy is kept, moved here by Hareesh's power. The Sea resides in a large, disconnected hot tub. Even the outside of the tub is stained from the overflow of the Sea.

Both the basement and the attic contain little of interest but storage items. Rows and rows of boxes, filled with old newspapers and dishes, clutter the room. Also present are a few pieces of furniture. Strangely, no insects or larger animals are present in either area (they have long ago succumbed to the call of the Sea, and been absorbed into it). Hidden in the basement is a small collection of drugs and alcohol, given to those patrons in search of such things.

#### *Adventure/Story Ideas:*

1: The child of a PC or NPC has gone missing. The PCs find the child days later, seemingly unharmed but talking of strange people who played weird music. While the PCs investigate what happened to the child, the child's presence begins corrupting the minds of his parents. Should the PCs threaten the child or the child's parents, the kid will go to the Police and accuse the PCs of sexual assault.

2: Hareesh approaches the Nepharites of Chagidiel, striking an agreement. Chagidiel will provide orphans from orphanages across the country, allowing Hareesh to expand the Epiphany nationwide. In return, Hareesh will increase the physical abuse and violence to children that the Sea spreads, in combination with the Sea's carnal urgings. PCs may be tipped off to this with an anonymous tip (given by a servant of Geburah) about child slave rings and illegal moving and disappearing of children in orphanages. Or perhaps the PCs investigate a series of brutal child rapings, and track the Epiphany down that way.

3: As a twist, instead of having the Epiphany expanding nation-wide, it's growing world-wide. Chagidiel's strength lies in the former Soviet Union, allowing the Death Angel countless children to use. Combine this with recent growths in prostitution and pornography in the region and the stage is set for Chagidiel and Gamaliel to establish quite a power-base.



## Eric Jenns

### Quote

"Pain is the gateway to freedom. It opens one's mind in ways that can not be described. The lash across the back, the nail embedded in the palm, the knife twisting in the optic nerve cluster. Even the pains of the soul can allow one to escape: the sorrow at the loss of a loved one, the fear of endless abuse, the betrayal of the love given in vain. We must understand pain as we understand a musical score: every scream of agony becomes a note of melody, every weep from the soul becomes a triumphant crescendo. Once we have such an understanding, neither the souls of the damned nor the music they bring shall be able to escape."

### Appearance

Eric Jenns has two forms, one mortal and the other of a Nepharite. In his mortal guise, Eric appears as a young, scrawny, oily dark-complexioned Caucasian. His blonde hair is dirty with bodily oils, and his body emits a faint odor of roses. Despite his seemingly poor bodily hygiene, he always dresses impeccably in black three-piece suits. While he looks like a beady-eyed bookie for the Mob as is, Eric also always carries a violin case with him wherever he goes (inside of which is a normal violin). Eric always moves with a slow, calculated manner, expressing a calm sort of pleasure and a smile on his face.

As a Nepharite, Eric looks essentially the same. He's still a short, scrawny man. However, there are numerous differences for those who can see past the Illusions. Eric seems even calmer and more pleased as a Nepharite, and the odor of roses has grown even stronger and is present to even those who have poor senses of smell. His three-piece suit has turned white, covered in a large brown "splatter" of dried blood on the right side. His complexion has turned from a dark, oily color to a ruddy pink and his blonde hair has become almost one solid piece of white. Only Eric's (still present) violin case seems unaffected.

### Background

Eric Jenns was the fifth child of a poor family living in Detroit in the 1950's. His father, a worker at a near-by car factory, was heavily indebted to a local Mafia loan-shark. Eric's father tried to go to the police, but crooked cops stopped the man and brought him back to his house where the Mafioso was waiting. The only thing that saved Eric was his mother shooing him into a closet when the loan-shark and his men first arrived. Eric watched through a crack in the door as his mother and two sisters were raped by the Mafia hoods and crooked police. Eric watched as his father and two brothers were castrated by the intruders. Eric managed to escape as the cops began altering the evidence and starting a fire to further disguise the truth.

Eric was soon found wandering the streets without a home and sent to live in an orphanage.



While there, the trauma he had seen in his house began to drive him mad; he became hostile and violent towards the other children and staff. The staff suggested that he was "undergoing a period of grief", but secretly felt he was nothing more than a mean little shit. Eventually Eric began to calm down, and started becoming a model student and a talented musician, and even earned a college scholarship.

While in college, Eric developed two loves: the violin and Alice Stone. Eric would compose love song after love song on his violin, in the hopes that one would be perfect enough to win her love. He became secretive and hid his music talent hoping to perfect his music before revealing it to Alice. He toiled relentlessly, until the night of April 3, 1967 when he finished his "offering" to Alice. He raced to her dormitory, and began playing his melody outside her window. Lights across the dorm began flickering on as young co-eds were awoken to the sounds of Eric's almost mystical violin. Alice also turned on her light, and Eric's heart glowed as she gazed down upon him. And then Eric saw the other man, the naked, grinning man, standing behind her, stroking her barely covered chest.

Eric's mind shattered at the sight, and yet his music grew even better and more alien as his sorrow fueled the motion of his fingers. Eric bowed at the end of his performance and left to the sounds of applause. Two days later Eric tracked down both Alice and her lover, knocking them unconscious and moving them to an abandoned house outside of Detroit. For days he alternated tortures between the two, both crushing his soul as he brutalized Alice and relishing in the pain he gave to her lover. And somewhere, in between the brandings and the slicings, Eric discovered a new music.

He kept the two prisoners fed, and forced them to drink water so as not to dehydrate, as he began experimenting with the various tortures he implemented and the sounds his victims made. Gone was his grief for Alice and the pleasure for her lover's torment. In it's place was a joy as Eric found a new world of music open up before him.

Alice's lover lasted for 12 days before his will and body just seemed to give up all resistance and died. Alice lasted three days longer, her mind snapping before Eric found her "out of tune" and killed her. He felt remorse only at the loss of his instrument. Eric returned to the women's dorm, seducing them with his new melodies, even more beautiful and haunting than before. After the second disappearance of a student from the women's dorm Eric was questioned by police, and his "theatre" outside of town was soon after discovered.

As the prison clock struck 12 midnight, and the voltage began coursing through his head, Eric Jenns heard a new chorus sing aloud his name. As Eric's body burned and convulsed Eric cried for joy and was embraced by a new art, where he was audience, performer, and maestro.



## *Brave New World*

I activated the sequence of code with a button press, and slid the helmet over my head. For a moment there was nothing but darkness, and my body adjusted to the feel of the bodysuit and the suspension harness. Then the program began kicking in and my mind left reality behind. Before my eyes I saw the computerized sequence I had programmed: a vast stretch of plains, with a lake nearby. I could feel the breeze from the air around, and hear the sounds of insects chirping. I gazed across the lake and watched as golden fish darted back and forth. The realism of the interface was perfect, but I needed to push it, and myself, more.

This virtual reality program was unlike any other. Easily twenty years ahead of its time. The computer power required to run it was almost unimaginable, but I'd managed to get the funding together. But this was more than a simple virtual environment; it was a fully interactive world. I walked to the water, and concentrated on the fish within. Before my eyes the golden fish became silver lizards, darting in zigzags. It was working! The sky overhead was my next target. I filled it with circular tiers of clouds, like a series of terraced balconies. I stood underneath it and stared at the center. I almost wept as my feet left the ground to ascend amongst the clouds above. My excitement built to a fever pitch. Gone was any other world. I was created here, and here was the only place that existed.



The next thing I knew all of reality disintegrated. My mind screamed as it was attacked by the computer sequences I had created. Complex algorithms and infinitely intricate geometric patterns flooded past my senses into my brain. I could touch numbers, hear images, and taste Hebrew letters. As my senses overloaded, I slowly began to reenter the "real" world, my assistant trying to explain why he pulled me out. He said I had been in the harness for at least three days, he said I was suffering severe dehydration and was covered in my own shit, he said many things. I ignored him. I had to go back to my world!

Harold Gui is one of the greatest minds in the world, with doctorate degrees in computer science, neuroscience, psychology, occult studies and theology. It was his broad base of knowledge, combined with his natural genius, that allowed him to develop the Lucid Virtual Reality Interface, or LVRI. The LVRI was a combination of meditative methods, dream control, and computer generated stimuli, all combined to create an artificial environment under Harold's control. However, Harold also added additional aspects to his computers and the programming he used. His suspension harness was in the center of seven super processors (labeled Beth, Gimel, Daleth, Caph, Pe, Resh, and Tau) linked by a circle of silver-coated cables. The LVRI program itself was broken into four parts, labeled MIKL, UREL, GABREL, and RAFAL, which were further broken into ten subroutines structured in the shape of an interlinking tree-like shape.

But none of LVRI worked until Harold added two other, identical, sets of processors, all interlinked. Finally, Harold christened the three interlinked systems, Aleph, Mem, and Shin, and placed his suspension harness in the center of the three, and linked it with them. Harold activated the LVRI program and waited and meditated. After the program came on-line (taking a full twelve minutes), Harold found himself within a bizarre world made of ether, air, and water. These primordial elements just intermixed without shape or form; but as Harold focused his attention onto them they began taking familiar shapes, rearranging themselves into a pleasant field and lake. After a period of adjusting to this new world and the creation of it, Harold began to master his control. While his attention forced it into a recognizable shape, his will made him into a god. But outside of his harness, Harold felt less and less alive. Every waking moment he wanted nothing



more than to return to his creation.

His assistants and friends became alienated from him, and grew concerned for his well being. After one of his assistants found Harold nearly dead from spending three days within his harness non-stop, Harold was committed to a psychiatric clinic to overcome his "psychotic delusions". However, it was all too late. Harold Gui's mind has achieved a new level of awareness. As he dreams, his mind returns to the world he has created. His condition steadily worsens every day in the clinic, as Harold spends more and more time dreaming, sometimes refusing to wake up for days on end. Soon he will enter his new world, leaving his body behind, and truly Awaken.

### *What's Going on Here?*

Harold Gui, in a fevered dream of his youth, reached out and contacted the dream prince, Friedrich Kafel. Kafel was intrigued by this boy, sensing his brilliance and potential. Curious to experiment with human life and foreseeing the coming computer age, Kafel told young Harold how to enter and control the world of dreams. While Harold never consciously knew the secret knowledge Kafel shared, it burned in his hidden memories throughout his life. As he grew older, he became obsessed with the human mind and computers, and how mysticism and the occult could connect the two. The long forgotten teachings of Kafel began to creep back into Harold's mind, piece by piece, allowing Harold the "insight" to build LVRI.

However, Kafel greatly underestimated the potential power that LVRI and Harold held. Unknown to all except and Harold, LVRI could theoretically allow anyone to achieve mastery over the world of dreams. Within a matter of weeks Harold has almost reached a level of mastery that normally takes centuries to gain. Now, Harold rots in a mental asylum, desperately trying to enter his dream world forever. His constant efforts have attracted the attentions of not only the other dream princes, but also the Lictors, who see Harold as a great threat to the Illusion. Kafel, fearing Harold's role in the future, currently has his agents keep the genius hidden as best as possible, but any moment something must give...

*The New Game:* The PCs are hired by a mysterious client (actually a Lictor in disguise) to track down the creator of LVRI. As the PCs delve deeper and deeper into the life (and location) of Harold Gui, renegade Lictors (who want the Illusion to crumble) move to stop the PCs from bringing Harold to the still loyal Lictor.

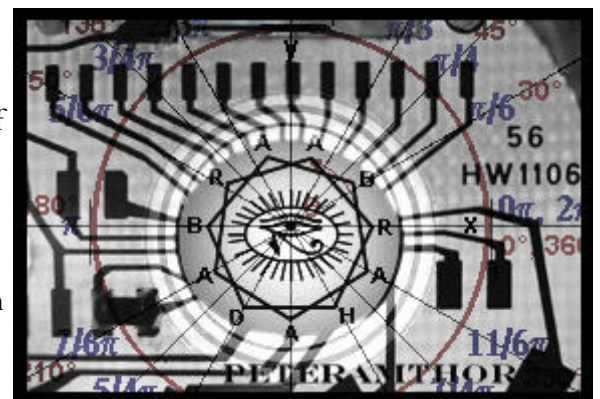
*Mad House:* Harold's dreams and struggles to leave the waking world attract the attention of psyphagi (or worse), who see the asylum inmates as free rides into the world of the awake. They befriend Harold, and try to return the LVRI systems to him, to hasten his mastery of dreams (and further weaken the boundaries between worlds). Perhaps the PCs get involved when a friend at the asylum (perhaps a PC!) begins acting strangely (due to psyphagus possession).

*Long Live the King:* Harold finally enters his dream world, becoming the newest of the dream princes. However, not merely content to live in his world, Harold seeks to offer his "gift" to others (namely the PCs) by entering their dreams to teach what he knows. Kafel, realizing that this has gone on long enough, sends his agents to kill Harold and those he's taught.

### *Harold Gui*

*Personality:* You want nothing more than to sleep and dream. Soon you know your spirit will escape your bodily prison, and be free in the world of your dreams.

*Game Mastering Hints:* Act aggravated whenever someone wakes you up, unless they ask you about your dreams, in which case become extremely excited and tell them everything in very complicated terms. In the dream realm, act in a constant state of peaceful euphoria.



## Keep Moving

As the sun beat onto the city a man shambled down the sidewalk, barely able to stand. The man's eyes were bloodshot and never seemed to stop moving. He put his hand against a wall to support himself as he staggered, and looked to the sky. "Stop watching me," he screamed at the clouds. "Fuckers! I don't know your secrets!" He shook his fist at the birds above. "Tell them all! I don't know! I'm never going to be free. NEVER!!" Then he mumbled gibberish under his breath, as he glared at the people on the street.

A nearby street punk, his hair dyed pink and pictures of Betty Boop tattooed on both cheeks, snickered at the man. "YOU," the man bellowed. "You know why they won't stop!" The punk kept laughing, until the man started running. The kid turned to run, but the man tackled him to the ground, holding him down with sheer body weight. "Little bastard," the man rubbed his face, "why don't they stop. I know you have their secret." The kid began to struggle, and tried to break free of the man's hold. The man reached in the punk's jeans and pulled the kid's wallet out; the man stashed the wallet in his own faded pants. "I don't know shit man. You better let me go," the kid threatened. The man grabbed the back of the kid's pink hair, slamming his face into the pavement below. Onlookers watched, but did nothing. The man continued, "I know (the punk's face was slammed into the ground again) they told you (slam). So, unless you want me to bash your little nose off, I (slam) suggest (slam) you (slam) tell me." With the last word, the man got up and kicked the kid in the ribs.

The kid got off the ground, his face shredded from impacts with the sidewalk, Betty Boops reduced to red tatters. A steady flow of blood fell from the punk's face, his nose and eyebrows horribly mauled. "I'm sorry man, I don't know nothing. Just let me go," the kid tried to say between sobs and blood filling his mouth. The man seemed to understand, and smiled. "Then let me tell you their secret," the man said before he whispered something into the kid's ear.

After finishing, the man continued to stagger off in the distance. The punk wiped the blood from his nose, still numb from adrenaline and pain, and looked up into the sky. The sun stared back at him, filling him with its heat. The punk held his face together and walked away.

No one knows his name, where he comes from, if he has any family. He wanders the city streets incessantly, shouting at the sky to let him stop. He screams that he doesn't know anything, he is innocent. No one has ever seen him do anything but stagger and scream, or drink coffee and pop speed. Occasionally however, the man will see someone watching him. When this happens he'll brutally mug the onlooker, demanding to know why "they" won't let him stop. Inevitably, whatever answer the person gives is not good enough, and the man will continue to beat them. Finally, when he is done he'll stop attacking and whisper the secret into the person's ear.

The exact secret changes from person to person. Sometimes it's the U.S. government after him, other times it the Soviets, occasionally it's city's rat population. Whoever it is, they always think the man knows their secret, and the man knows



many secrets. Sometimes it's how the U.S. is secretly controlled by the spirits of the dead president's, trying to possess the bodies of the living. Other times it's the pinko Reds, busily plotting to kill all men to impregnate American women. Lately he's been convinced that it's really the rats, every day working to poison the world's food supply to eradicate all of humanity.

Ultimately however, all of Them (whoever they happen to be at the moment) are using the same method to eliminate him. They are using orbital spy satellites equipped with invisible microwave beams to fry him. He knows that the beam will fry him from the inside out, making it look like spontaneous combustion. The police and fire departments are already utterly infiltrated by Them (due to mind controlling waves sent through TVs and radios), so once he's dead Their secrets will be safe again. However, he knows how to escape their satellites; he must keep moving. The microwave beams need a stationary target to lock onto, so as long as he doesn't stop moving he is safe. Therefore he must continuously take coffee and speed to stay awake.

#### *What's Really Going On?*

The exact details of this man's case have been left vague to allow the GM to better incorporate this character into their games. However, included below are three different possible explanations for what's really going on with this man.

*It's All True:* Sort of. The man's delusions are real. There really is a satellite aiming an invisible heat ray at his head, under orders from the rats. However, unknown to the man, is that there is even more going on. In the past, as the man slid into madness, he entered the Machine City of Metropolis. While there, he was attacked by Techrones after learning about their experiments with cybernetic rats. Managing to escape (if only barely), the man returned to the Illusion, his mind trying to understand what had happened. The Techrones, wanting to protect their secrets, sent a special satellite and batch of cyber rats through the Illusion to destroy the man (this was also to prove as a field test for the rats). Now the man flees from rats, never knowing which ones are real, and which are in control of the lethal satellite above.

*Guinea Pig:* The man is an experiment of some force from beyond the Illusion. This force (Lictors of Malkuth? Techrones again? Something even worse?) opened the man's mind, accidentally gifting him with pyrokinetic abilities. However, it also utterly unhinged the man's psyche (already weakened due to the abduction and experimentation). Now, the man believes that bizarre groups are after him because he knows things he shouldn't. In fact, the man's subconscious mind is destroying people who know the secret (the man assumes that it's really "Them" killing the people he talks to). However, the man is totally safe for the moment, as his (subconscious) mind is not yet degraded enough for him to destroy himself.

*It's All False:* This is best used for groups that are already paranoid and have read all the Kult books. The man is a nut, plain and simple. No satellite, no secret conspiracies, nothing. However, in order to keep suspense up, a GM should have weird things happen. Maybe after hearing the man's "Truth", tell players they feel warm whenever they stand still. Have them wake in the night covered in sweat and feeling like they're on fire. If the player's figure out that what they're feeling is really just psychosomatic, then hit them with a whammy. Have the man talk to another NPC about the secret, then have that NPC suffer spontaneous human combustion. Such a connection seems to great to be a coincidence, but that's all it is. What the player's do next is up to them, but the wild goose chases they undertake are inevitably more dangerous than the lunatic's psychotic delusions.

#### *The Paranoid Man*

*Personality:* You've got to warn everyone before They can stop you. You've got to make everyone see the Truth. You've got to save yourself, so drink coffee.

*Game Mastering Hints:* Always dart your eyes back and forth, but occasionally seem to slow down. When using body language constantly switch speeds; slow and sluggish one second, trembling another, and lightning fast a third.



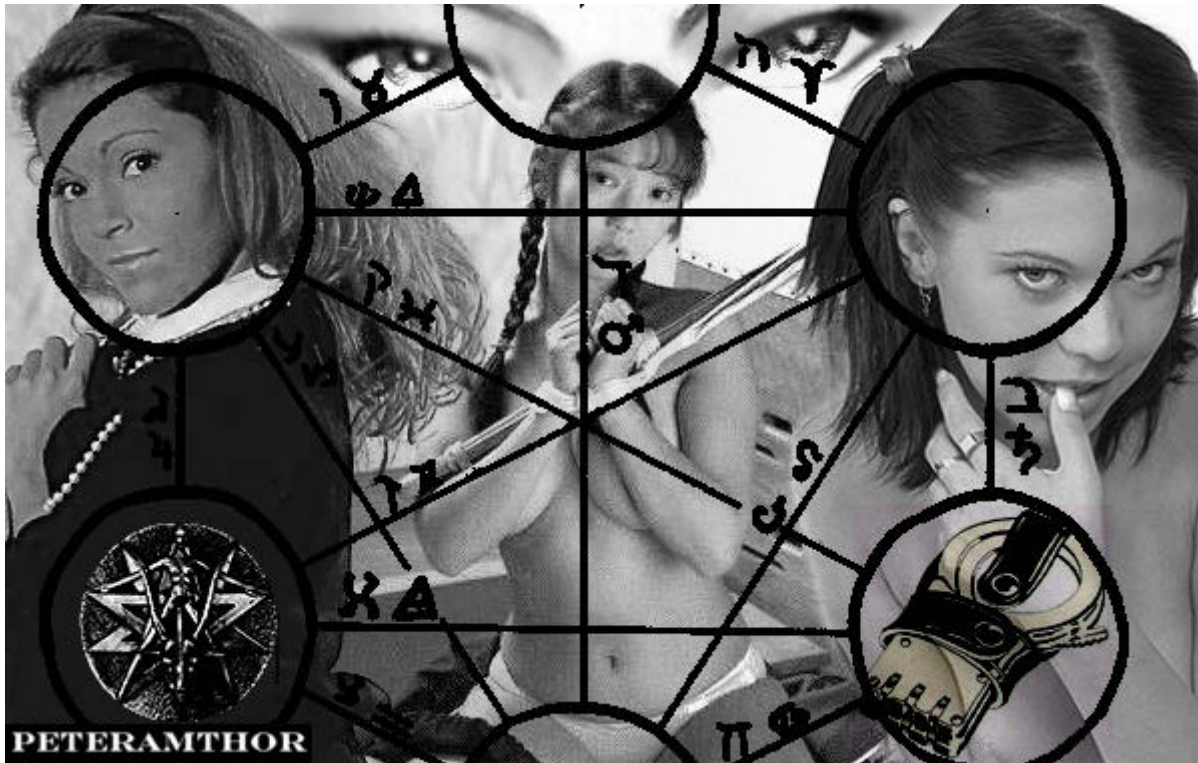
## *The Purgatory of Jeanette Beuvois*

### *Background*

The purgatory of Jeanette Beuvois has its origins in the short, brutal, perverse life of a young Avignon slave of the sex-industry.

Born in 1973, Jeanette was raised in a highly aggressive and confrontational home. But while Jeanette's mother treated her with the utmost contempt, her father felt nothing but love for the young girl. As the years passed and her parents fought more and more, Janette's father found himself drawn to the only woman who loved him: his daughter. A love which Jeanette returned.

Their incestuous life-style progressed, Jeanette's mother discovered and threatened to go to the police with charges of sexual abuse and incest. Jeanette and her father, without any discussion, both united to kill Jeanette's mother. Jeanette was 16. While her and her father were never questioned for the disappearance of Mrs. Beuvois, the girl and her father began to grow distant as her father became paranoid. When Jeanette turned 17, her father killed himself, leaving a note saying "may my sacrifice set your soul free."



Instead, Jeanette found herself sinking into a pit of despair and heavy drug abuse as an attempt to escape her loss and confusion. Her supplier, noticing her youthful good looks, sold her to an unscrupulous (hard-core) porn-film maker. Bestiality, five-on-one shots, even golden showers became her way of life. Jeanette found herself doing anything and everything for another fix of drugs. As her looks faded from constantly being used by everything with a dick and her ever increasing intake of cocaine and heroin, she did one final picture. A snuff-porn flick. As she was being penetrated by two men below, a thrid man smothered her with a pillow. She almost didn't mind. The nepharites came soon after...

### *Purgatory Description*

Jeanette's purgatory is a monstrous reflection of her life. Just as Jeanette's life shrunk to little more than sex and drugs, so to did her purgatory. It consists of just one room with a single mattress. The walls are covered in scenes of Jeanette's

incestuous acts in the form of posters, snapshots, even television screens.

The entire floor of the room (both above and below the surface) consists of a sea of used needles (with traces of heroin still present), silver spoons, mirrors, and other cocaine and heroin paraphernalia. Anyone who tries to cross the floor will have their feet lacerated and punctured a million times over as their body slowly begins to sink into the torturous collection. Only the Fathers are immune to this sinking effect.

The Fathers are an infinite multitude of men of all shapes and colors, and occasionally even dogs and horses. The only things they share in common is that each and every one has the smiling face of Jeanette's father (despite the color or shape of the man or animal who bears it, the face is exactly identical to Mr. Beuvois'). Also, the penis of each one is embedded with nails, razors, and even the moving teeth of a chainsaw. Finally, none of the Fathers ever make any noise, they only smile with affection as they run their penises along Jeanette's body (tearing her skin open) and brutally rape every opening of her.

Jeanette herself is close to the edge of utter madness. Jeanette roams freely across the surface of her extra-large bed, unwilling to cross the sea of needles and cocaine "straws" (filed to a perfect cutting edge). The woman is an abomination, her skin has scars on top of scars, her scalp so badly damaged her hair is unable to grow back. Her body is covered in human (and animal) waste.

Her mouth has been cut from her head, and even opening in a bleeding, shredded mess. Only her eyes seem untouched, and even they show an eternity of anguish and pain. But no matter how horribly she is wounded, she will not die and the wounds will heal.

In the distance, Mrs. Beuvois sits in a director's chair, telling the Fathers to enter and giving them orders to fulfill. To her left is bright light from a camera, recording Jeanette's degradations. As the Fathers begin to perform, Mrs. Beuvois will batter her daughter with all manner of insults and threats. With the camera light shining so brightly, Mrs. Beuvois looks like a member of the angelic host or a spectral manifestation.

There is a way for Jeanette's nightmare to end. Should Jeanette ever leave the bed, tolerate the sea of discarded junkie paraphernalia, and ignore the demands of her mother to return to the set, Jeanette will have transcended her past and be ready for re-birth, her previous life forgotten and discarded.

