

FEARFUL



A Sourcebook for
Wrath: The Oblivion™



HAUNTS



by Bill Bridges, Jackie Cassada, Richard Dansky, Harry Heckel, Ian Lemke,
Judith McLaughlin, James A. Moore, and Ehrik Winters







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Mike "What Do You Mean I'm First?!" Tinney, for making an Ash of himself at Nocturnia.

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HAUNTS

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Introduction

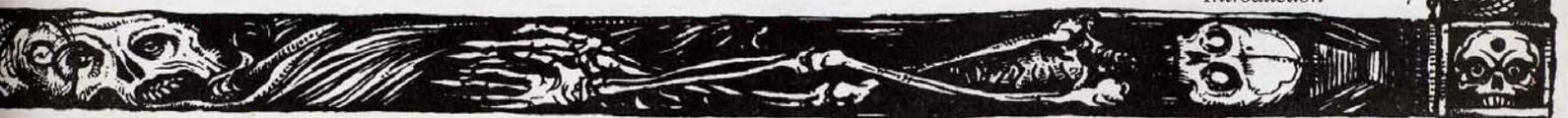
*While that my soul repairs to her devotion,
Here I entomb my flesh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of dust;
To which the blast of death's incessant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at last.*

—George Herbert, “Church Monuments”



Haunts are one place in the World of Darkness where the Gothic part of Gothic-Punk reigns supreme. Among the ruins and crumbling foundations, the ancient stone chapels and towers and the creepy old mansions, there is a sense of history, of lives lived and half-forgotten in the mists of time. They are places where the Living feel distinctly uneasy, knowing that they trespass on ground belonging to someone else from another time. Here, the powers of Death reign supreme, and the Quick are well-advised to leave these places to their ghostly guardians. The resonance of times past echoes out to contemporary passers-by, giving each place an aura of nostalgia, layered over the chill of death that permeates all Haunts.

In a Haunt, the Shroud that forms the barrier between the lands of the Quick and the Dead is thinner, making it easier for wraiths to use Arcanos that effect the Skinlands. As a result, Haunts become places where the Restless Dead congregate, where they feel more at home. Because many Haunts were once the scenes of a great number of deaths, or were once places beloved of many among the Quick, most Haunts generate a certain amount of Memoriam, which may be collected by its Circle as Pathos. This fear or nostalgia generated on the part of the living collects at a Haunt, and as a result can become a sort of emotional power source in its own right.





How to Use This Book

Within are eight Haunts representing the Hierarchy, Heretics, and Renegades, as well as one Haunt that is not claimed by any one faction. Each Haunt includes a complete description of the area as well as statistics for several of the wraiths who frequent the Haunt. These Haunts can be used in a Chronicle which brings the characters to that area for one reason or another or to assist in providing models and ideas for your own Haunt creation. Also included in each section are a number of story ideas generated by the Haunt and further ideas on how to integrate the Haunt into a larger Chronicle.

Each of the Haunts within has its own distinct theme and mood, ranging from a Lovecraftian mansions in Providence, RI, to the desolate remains of a village in Byelorussia. Heretics pursue Transcendence in seedy casinos and bleak sepulcras, as Renegades refuse to give up their fights from the Carolina coast to the streets of Dublin. But in each, there is a sense of foreboding, a feeling that in these places more than others, the Dead may cross the Shroud to once more touch the world of the Living. While these places may seem desolate to mortals, it is in here that wraiths can once more reach the world they left behind, to become, if only for a moment, a part of the Living world long since lost to them. While this sense of a community of the Dead is distinctly unnerving to mortals, wraiths flock to these spots, and they often become meeting-places for others among the Restless with common goals and ideas.

Let these Haunts inspire you to tell stories of tragedy, bitterness and hope, of creatures of passion whose existence is fragile and threatened at every turn by the encroaching possibility of Oblivion. Make these places your own, and let their eerie ambience permeate the Necropoli in which they are set.

Aspects of a Haunt

Haunts appear differently to the Quick and the Dead, with some of them appearing as ruins in the Living world, only to exist as fully formed, if dilapidated, buildings in the Shadowlands. Others stand intact in the Skinlands, while their ghostly counterparts appear fragile and broken-down. Regardless of how they appear, Haunts are strongholds to the Restless, sources of precious Memoriam as well as being places where the Shroud grows thin.

Each Haunt also has a Circle who act as its guardians, who usually make the Haunt their home in the Shadowlands. A wraith would be foolish indeed to not attempt to protect a Haunt in time of strife, for Haunts may provide protection from Maelstroms and sustenance in the form of Memoriam, as well as a place to meet with others of the Restless Dead.

A Note on Capitalization

When referring to a place where the Shroud is weakened, making it correspondingly easier for wraiths to effect the physical world, the word Haunt is capitalized. However, when referring to a place where wraiths just hang out that has a normal Shroud rating, haunt is not capitalized. For more information on what causes a place to change from a haunt to a Haunt, see the Appendix, page 126.







The Marvellous Sunset City: The Tillinghast Mansion, Providence, RI

By Richard Dansky

Haunt Level: 3

Memoriam Level: 3

I am Providence

— epitaph inscribed on the tombstone of H.P. Lovecraft



New England has always been horror's playroom, and Providence its cradle. Men's horrors, and horrors that wear the shapes of men, have stalked the streets from Brown to Federal Hill long before the first Angell Street scribe penned a tale of necrophagous horrors blasphemously infesting his beloved city. But among all of the creatures and beings from Beyond that call Providence home, there survive and thrive ghosts. Brown University knows them, as do the Italian neighborhoods ringing the ruined steeple of a shattered church. More importantly, the ghosts know Providence. It is their city, a domain in which even Kindred durst tread but lightly. Ambrose Tillinghast rules here, with the might of the Hierarchy in his fist and the spirits of his family to work his will, and thus far no wraith has thwarted that will. From their palatial manor on Angell Street, the Tillinghasts reach out and encompass their Necropolis, just as the other ghostly residents of that Necropolis reach out and embrace all of Providence.

Tillinghast Mansion



The Tillinghast Mansion is the center of Hierarchy power in Providence. Located amidst the buildings of Brown University, it is in fact owned by the school and cared for under the conditions of a bequest. The grounds are carefully groomed, and sealed off from the street by an easily scaled iron fence. Several oddly shaped topiaries dot the expanse of lawn; one, called "Yorick" by the students, seems to mimic in verdure the shape of a huge skull. The university Wiccan organization, claiming that "Yorick" was in fact a representation of the Green Man, once attempted to conduct a ritual on the Tillinghast property. This was never attempted again, and the survivors of the original effort have been uniform in their silence concerning what actually occurred.



The house itself, a handsome representation of the Colonial period, is maintained well enough on the outside. Three stories tall, resplendent in white paint, it is often pointed out to campus visitors as a historical landmark and an architectural masterpiece. Immediately afterward, the visitors are told the stories of shifting chalk outlines on the basement floors, beckoning ghosts at windows, and a seaweed-dripping spirit who walks the halls at night shouting, "Sarey!" At this, the visitors usually laugh, and the tour guides do as well, and the other, darker stories are left unmentioned.

The house holds three floors plus a basement, though the top floor is an attic, which no locksmith has ever been able to open. Were the door someday forced (a direct violation of the terms under which the house was deeded to the school), a treasure trove of Colonial artifacts would be found. Rather, would have been found: now most are moldering to dust.

The various rooms of the house are furnished as they were in life, though the furniture itself is collapsing with the weight of years and dry rot. Various bedrooms' original occupants can be surmised from the furnishings: Civil War items must have belonged to the famed Sander, while a broken spyglass could only have been Capt. Ambrose's, and a decayed quilt may even have belonged to Mad Sarey, who died locked up in the attic. The items have never been catalogued properly. Some few items were rescued for the Tillinghast permanent exhibit at the John Hay Library; the rest were left to time and termites. Both have done their worst.

On the first floor are two rooms of note: the ballroom and the library. The former is merely a long hall with a polished wooden floor, but one that is curiously free of dust. Perhaps this is because of the constant whispering breeze that sweeps the room, though the whispers would seem to be more constant than the breezes. The library is immediately adjacent to this room and is remarkable only for the curious gap in the row of decaying Bibles opposite the fireplace. No explanation has yet been made for this oddity.

The basement is where, in the Shadowlands, David Tillinghast trains his troops and barghests. Thus, in the Skinlands it is a disquieting place, full of vague shadows and the sound of claws clicking on stone. There exists no detailed description of what the basement actually looks like, as no researcher has ever been able to stay in the room long enough to sketch it properly. David takes a certain pride in this, and even more in the fact that while his ancestral home certainly has a reputation among the Quick as "haunted," it is not the sort of reputation that requires constant reaffirmation through testing. Rather, it is the sort of reputation that has been well earned, and with which no one dares to trifle.

History

The Tillinghast mansion, as it is known now, was erected in 1762 on the site of an earlier residence. According to Ward's superb *The First Families and Homes of Colonial Providence*, Captain Ambrose Tillinghast purchased the property of one Jason Orne, who had fled mysteriously to Philadelphia and who remained something of a local scandal for years after his departure. Tillinghast had the old building razed on account of, as Ward quotes, "the very Divell and divers of his impes dwelling there." The usually phlegmatic Providence records indicate that as the Orne residence was being dismantled it burst into flame of its own accord, and that "Voices like unto those possessed by Sinners in Hell" were heard *from beneath the ground near the house* as the flames rose. Letters recovered from the period are a trifle more specific; one from the John Hay Library's Corbin collection notes that "Menne and beasts did starte that day, for the howle that cam from the Orne house was one made by no Man's throat, nor no Woman's neither, and which was made with such anguish&pain that some of the Women, not knowing the source of the foul sound, demanded that the Men of the towne free the poor wretch that made it from the gaol." Another letter notes how Rev. Graves of King's Church held a special service that day; his sermon has been lost, but the title, "The Divell Hath Workes Among Us," was duly noted.

But the past had been duly eradicated, and upon the ashes of this shadowed foundation rose the new Tillinghast mansion. Ambrose Tillinghast was a rich man, his fleet second only to neighbor Joseph Corbin's in size, and his ships brought in rum from Jamaica as well as curiously carved golden ornaments from the South Seas. Tillinghast was a man of action, as evidenced by his part in the sinking of the revenue schooner *Josheé*, and he refused to let his tremulous neighbors' fears of what might have once dwelt where his family now resided shake his determination to remain on Angell Street for the rest of his days. It was commonly recorded that he horse-whipped Ammi Weeden up and down Pound Alley, as Weeden had stated that "Orne had left the keys to the Mansion in Hell for Tillinghast to pick up at his leisure," and any talk of monsters that had inhabited the premises was met with a hearty laugh and a claim that he had seen worse monsters in the South Seas than Providence could ever offer. His sailors would agree with this, and sometimes, over rum in the darkest taverns Providence could offer, they would complain that Tillinghast was not content to see monsters, but had to trade with them as well.

Tillinghast may have traded with an unsavory clientele, but he did his duty as a patriot when war with England came. His vessels, outfitted as privateers, did much damage to His Majesty's fleet. His Majesty's fleet did damage to the Tillinghast family, though; the guns of the *Serapis* sent both the *Sarey Tillinghast* and her master to the bottom in 1779. His son, Ezra, assumed the reins of the family's fortunes while his mother,





Sarah Tillinghast, and his sister, Rebecca, remained closeted within the family mansion. By 1792, Sarah was never seen out of doors, and when asked of the matter, Ezra would mumble darkly that Mother Sarey was not quite right in the head. The Tillinghast's neighbors agreed with this assessment, for there is much in the Corbin collection about "daft Sarey T." who "claimes to see her dead Husband, home from the Sea garlanded like Neptune with Weedes." Further elaboration of the myth notes that others did in fact see the weed-festooned form of the late Captain Tillinghast. Particularly susceptible to these manifestations were those who had trucked with Tillinghast in years past, especially those who had bought the weirdly twisted gold ornaments that the Sarey had brought back from the savage isles of the South Seas. While Ward neglects this detail, Corbin mentions one Prudence Mason, who claimed that the ghost tried to strangle her by means of her gold necklace, and that the creature nearly succeeded before she removed the unseemly ornament. Local opinion, though, was that Prudence was known to have dwelt in Salem before marrying into the Masons, and as such could be dismissed as somewhat excitable.

Sarey Tillinghast was a local woman, and thus the news that Ezra had been forced to confine his mother within the house's attic had been met with somewhat less than universal approval. Despite the rumblings of the town, though, Sarey stayed in the attic, growing slowly madder and madder, seen only as a shadowy presence at a curtained window. Her funeral in 1803 came as a surprise; most of her surviving acquaintances had assumed that she'd been quietly buried years earlier.

These years brought joy as well as sorrow to the Tillinghast family, for in 1787 Rebecca married one Gilles du Erlette, a French noble fallen upon hard times. The wedding was celebrated in the mansion itself, and never had it looked so gay. A thousand candles lit the halls, music poured forth over the floors, and (it was rumored) even Capt. Tillinghast himself took part in the festivities. The last was laughed at by all right-thinking souls who attended the wedding, but there remained the question of the curious rings, gold yet with a greenish tinge, left as a present for the happy bride and groom by some unknown guest who bore strongly the scent of the sea. The couple lived happily in the mansion, as Ezra was hardly ever in residence, and they were blessed with two sons, John and Naphthali.

It was not until almost the turn of the century that the first rumors surfaced of precisely why the dashing Baron du Erlette had been forced to flee to Providence well ahead of that tumultuous revolution sparked by our own. Indeed, if the Revolution shook many ripe to be plucked from the tree of state, it can be said that du Erlette had fallen at the kiss of the slightest breeze. He was well liked in Providence, handsome with Gallic ease, and ever considerate to his Rebecca. Nor did he ever want for money, and he was not stinting with his civic spirit when it came to his adopted home. In 1798, Ward records that, when some foul fiend stalked the streets of Providence, waylaying at least a dozen solitary nocturnal travelers,

du Erlette was the leader of the noble band that risked life and limb to find and receive satisfaction from the killer. The fact that the vigilante band never actually caught the murderer must surely be considered irrelevant. After all, the risk was taken and the fiend would seem to have been supernaturally clever; in truth, the killer restricted his activities solely to those nights on which the citizens' band did not march.

As the baron was such a beloved figure, certain disquieting rumors surely spawned by jealous rivals were discounted as being motivated solely by a green-eyed monster with whom even Capt. Tillinghast had not traded. But then came the return of Dexter Wilmarth from the Continent. Motivated by love of freedom, Wilmarth had fought against the rotting monarchy in France, and when he returned to a hero's welcome, he did his best to fill the role by spewing reminiscences as carelessly as a drunken painter slops his wares. One of the most popular stories was also one of the wildest: a tale of sacking a venerable mansion in Rochefort and finding, instead of gold or silver, a veritable sea of bones lapping up against the villa's walls. Once or twice, he even swore as to how some of the bones which he'd glimpsed *could not even be called strictly human*. Rather, he said, they were like unto those of an ape or gorilla, except for the leering, grinning skulls. These, he swore, *looked more like those of a wolf*.

When pressed for a name at whose feet credit for this charnel masterpiece could be laid, at first he demurred. Surely the shock of finding one of the hated French aristocracy toasted and beloved in his own precious Providence, combined with the fact that said aristocrat was renowned for doting on his wife, the sweetheart of Wilmarth's youth, was responsible for the terrible accusation that was later heard to drip from Wilmarth's lips. This was jealousy speaking, not truth, for surely no living man who had stood with du Erlette on the streets of Providence at midnight could credit Wilmarth's sworn word that the arms carved above that benighted door were the same that now hung over the mantle in the Tillinghast mansion. *Loup-garou*, Wilmarth called du Erlette, and as the night took its slow paces toward dreary dawn, the prodigal's tales of du Erlette's atrocities grew wilder. Perhaps it was well that dawn eventually did come, for who knows what Wilmarth might have concocted to discredit his rival had night crawled on interminably?

No sane man could possibly credit Wilmarth's tales, yet it now appeared that Providence had become as some massive asylum, the prisoners free to destroy whatever fetched their ire so long as it stood within the city. Old grudges were dusted off: the mistreatment of Sarey by Ezra, Captain Ambrose's supposedly eldritch trading partners, and others. New complaints were invented: the inordinate amount of meat purchased for the new mansion on Angell Street, the uncanny way in which Naphthali and John could silence any of their playmates with but a stare, the dancing lights supposedly spotted in Ezra's quarters even when he was away at sea, the way in which dogs undeniably shied away from du Erlette on the street.



It was Goody Mason's son Roger who led the mob that descended upon the Angell Street mansion that fateful Roodmass night. The doors they burst asunder, yet they advanced no farther than the atrium. There, lying on the stairs in rag-doll splendor, lay Rebecca and Naphthali du Erlette, drowned. Dr. West, of the Newport Wests, produced some wonderment when he pronounced that both corpses had been submerged in sea water for some hours in order to achieve the state in which they were found. The fact that not one man pointed out the impossibility of this must be laid at the feet of poor record-keeping, and the detail that a strand of seaweed was found wrapped neatly around Rebecca's wedding band was accounted no more than a ghoulish coincidence.

Du Erlette, of course, escaped. Succeeding months produced rumors that he had been sighted in locales ranging from Georgia to Canada. In particular, du Erlette was allegedly spotted a half-dozen times in the vicinity of Philadelphia, the city to which the mysterious Orne of such ill repute had earlier fled. However, he haunted Providence no more.

The same could not be said, though, of the unfortunate Tillinghasts. Ezra, crushed, hired tutors and nannies to see to John's upbringing but himself remained almost constantly at sea. John grew to manhood almost alone in the empty, cavernous splendor of his shadowed home. He was a sickly man, much given to fits, and the news of his uncle's death in Sumatra in 1823 did him much harm. At this point John cast off the ghoulish name that had been his inheritance from his father and took up once again the proud surname "Tillinghast"; that very day the madwoman in the attic was seen for the very first time. Many glimpsed the lovely face and the beckoning, skeletal hand; a few who were of an age to remember could be heard to swear that the ghost was the very image of Sarey Tillinghast.

John, however, continued to dwell in the shadowed mansion. In 1834 he wed, selecting for his bride a fair yet pale and tremulous girl from Attleboro, Massachusetts named Elizabeth Armitage. She bore John a pair of sons, David and Sander, yet perished in childbirth as she brought Sander into this world. John mourned deeply, yet he was a private man and let few see his anguish. Sander and David grew into manhood, and when the Union called them to its colors they did not hesitate to answer. John feared for them, but let them go. David was commissioned a colonel in the 4th Rhode Island; Sander received the rank of lieutenant. Their unit marched with the Army of the Potomac faithfully, and both Tillinghasts served with distinction. General Hooker personally commended David in a letter to General Halleck, and a copy of that missive can be seen in the Tillinghast archives at the John Hay Library to this day. Still, no commendation, no matter how effusive, may serve a man as a shield against the terrible scythe of battle. Serving under Sumner, the 4th Rhode Island was selected to lead the assault on the Confederate position at Fredericksburg.

The attempt was valiant but doomed. The positions on Marye's Heights were impregnable, and the unit lost most of its men in the first hour of combat. Col. David Tillinghast was registered among the dead, while the recently promoted Captain Sander Tillinghast had his knee smashed by a minie ball. The shattered limb was amputated, and Sander returned home to a bitter surprise. John Tillinghast had been given tidings of Fredericksburg well ahead of all other sources of news in the city — none could say how. "My boys," were his last words as a mortal; then he laid himself upon the bed he had left empty since his Elizabeth had died those many years before, and breathed his gentle last.

Sander lived on alone in the mansion until 1904, when ill health finally carried him off to the waiting arms of his family. He never married, and at his death he left the house and the entire Tillinghast fortune to Brown University on the conditions that the house not be sold, the house's exterior be maintained, and the house itself remain empty. The fortune in question was more than sufficient to excuse these eccentricities, and the university accepted the offer with alacrity.

Some of the gold coins from the bequest still sit beneath glass cases in the venerable halls of the archaeology department, though undergraduates have often requested that the coins be covered. Some feel disconcerted by the fish-faced men staring glassily in bas-relief from the gold. The currency itself has never been traced, and the theory currently in vogue among self-styled academics who dabble in such matters is that the golden circles are relics from Ambrose's rumor-darkened trade in the South Seas.

Since 1904, though, the house has sat silent, save for the occasional foolhardy visitor. The library remains intact, the carpets are moldering rather than worn, and most of the furniture could not support so light a touch as gossamer without crumbling. On several occasions, efforts have been made to turn the home into a museum, or alternately to allow Brown to use the mansion as Brown might see fit. These attempts have all come to naught, though, with startling abruptness. And so the house sits, alone with its ghosts, enjoying its well-earned privacy. As for those foolish enough to tempt those spirits whom the walls keep, their fate is their own.

Captain Ambrose Tillinghast

In a nutshell, the Tillinghast family mansion's history can be defined as twisted love at its purest. The mysterious Orne, owner of the terrible location before the Tillinghasts' inhabitation, was in fact a *barabbi* mage of a rather gruesome subset of the Order of Hermes dedicated to methods by which Things from outside even the Nephandi's ken might be raised. So repugnant and dangerous were the actions of this group that by the time Orne was forced to flee to Philadelphia only two others of his particular magical persuasion had not been exterminated by horrified servants of the Traditions.



Captain Ambrose Tillinghast

The flight south to Pennsylvania was made in such haste, though, that the fleeing mage was unable to take with him, or even to destroy, all of his books and other magickal paraphernalia. These remnants Ambrose Tillinghast found, and the captain refused to return them to their original owner when requested to through clandestine channels. Instead, he proved a quick study. Awakened to his new powers by the tomes he had discovered, he longed to test out his newfound powers. Within a number of years, Tillinghast's ships sailed spirit realms and touched at ports washed by seas of dreaming. Furthermore, he taught as much as he could of what he had learned to his son. His wife and daughter Ambrose attempted to shield from the secrets he had learned, but he could not shield himself from Orne's wrath. An oddly carved apple sunk in a tub in Philadelphia was what truly sent the *Sarey Tillinghast* to the bottom, and Captain Tillinghast, as was fitting, went with her.

He went, though, with a mind clouded by foreboding. His son was as yet half-trained, his wife was showing signs of having peeked into books he had thought hidden from her, and his home might yet be destroyed by Orne or whatever other forces the man could raise. Quite aware of the hand behind his demise, he willed himself to a sunless shore while most of his crew perished. There he impressed upon no less a personage than a Ferryman the necessity of his return to Providence. With this remarkable companion, Tillinghast returned to Necropolis Providence, at that time a power vacuum as Hierarchy and Renegade forces jostled for control. After dropping him off, the Ferryman took his leave of Providence, never to be seen again. By dint of his new but burgeoning ghostly pow-



ers, Tillinghast quickly installed himself as virtual monarch of Un-Providence. As his seat of authority he selected, to no one's surprise, his old mansion.

While the Restless of Providence moved to his whim, only one of the living could see Tillinghast with any sort of consistency. That was of course mad Sarey, who had indeed turned more than one forbidden page in the library Ambrose had thought well-hidden. Still desperately in love with her, Ambrose appeared to her often and, in all probability, speeded the unraveling of her mind. Sorrowing, he swore to atone to her once she joined him, in her own time, on the other side of the Shroud. Then came du Erlette.

The Frenchman's plan was fiendish: informed by Orne of Rebecca Tillinghast's existence, he intended to romance and marry her, eliminate Ezra, and, once the mansion fell into his hands, strip it of mundane and magickal goods alike. The children were a lucky accident; there are innumerable uses to which a plump young boy can be put when dealing with those from Outside, and two could only be considered a boon from Gods other than those men normally thanked.

Ambrose learned of the plot too late, making the rescue of his daughter and grandson impossible. He could, however, grant them one gift in atonement for his wrongly bestowed approval of the match. Even as the mob he, through mortal pawns, had instigated stormed toward the Tillinghast gates, and du Erlette muttered the fatal syllables that would have sealed a hellish fate for Rebecca and her two children, Tillinghast summoned all of his powers and gave them the only boon in his power: death, though one tainted in form by the idiom of his experience. Du Erlette, upon seeing his plans thwarted in such a bizarre manner, immediately fled through Orne's old tunnel system. Tillinghast was left to his sorrow, and with infinite care he Reaped his daughter and grandson. John had managed to dodge both du Erlette and Tillinghast, to be found later by his uncle cowering in his grandmother's arms. Content that the danger was past, Ambrose let the boy live.

However, the more he brooded upon the subject and the more his newest subjects appeared at home in their afterlife, the more Tillinghast considered this decision to be a mistake. His family needed protection, protection that he could not provide in his current state. He would need more support than just a Ferryman's word; he would need more servitors and more power. Accordingly, he decided that the only place he could watch over his loved ones thoroughly enough was on the other side of the Shroud, and that his hand could be the only instrument of their demise.

Devout patriot that he was, he was a political realist and hence threw in with the side that appeared strongest, the Hierarchy. In exchange for bringing the notoriously liberal Providence environs strictly under Hierarchy control, he was granted two divisions of Legionnaires to deploy as he saw fit, as well as broad discretionary powers. Both have been used freely in the past few centuries.

The good captain has used the power granted him by the Hierarchy more or less wisely through the years, and certainly his reign has been both more stable and less harsh than those of most of Charon's successors' puppets. Part of this stems from the enormous respect he has gained from the community of the Restless, regardless of political faction, but perhaps a more telling reason is his light touch on the affairs of state. His true concern is with his family and protecting them, even if doing so means killing them first. He manipulated their lives so that none would die the Quiet Death, so that all would become Restless after crossing the Veil. Then, of course, he gently Reaped each and every one, from beloved Sarey to almost unknown David, and took them into his service. In life the Tillinghasts were one of the first families of Providence; in death they are its royalty.

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Judge

Circle: Providence Hierarchy

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 6, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Empathy 1, Intimidation 1, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Etiquette 3, Firearms 3, Leadership 5, Melee 4, Sailing 5

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Law 2, Linguistics 5, Occult 4, Politics 2

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Artifact 4 (Spyglass invested with two dots of projective Pandemonium), Haunt 3, Memoriam 4, Mentor 5, Notoriety 4, Hierarchy Status 5, Wealth 5

Passions: Protect and dominate his family (Love) 3, Maintain order and peace in Providence (Duty) 2, Find and kill du Erlette and Orne (Revenge) 3

Arcanos: Argos 4, Castigate 1, Embody 3, Fatalism 1, Keening 3, Moliate 5, Outrage 5, Pandemonium 2, Phantasm 5, Puppetry 2

Fetters: The house, 5; Sarey's grave, 2

Willpower: 10

Pathos: 10

Shadow: The Monster

Angst: 6

Thorns: Aura of Corruption, Death's Sigil, Tainted Touch

Shadow Passions: Make all Tillinghasts mindlessly subservient to his will (Megalomania) 5, Destroy whatever shreds of sanity Sarey yet possesses (Guilt) 2, Regain *The Book of the Overseer of the Years* (Lust for Power) 2

Image: Dressed in full nautical uniform and garlanded with cables of seaweed, Capt. Tillinghast exudes presence as much as he exudes the scent of the sea. A broad-faced man, he appears to be well over six feet tall and two hundred pounds. He sports a corncob pipe and a black spade beard, though he has abandoned his time's custom of sporting a wig. There is a faint

greenish tinge to his skin, and his footsteps tend to leave water behind regardless of whether he is in the Shadowlands or Skinlands.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a Babelesque tower of ego. Rule your family with an iron fist, trusting to them to rule Providence properly. The safety of your family is your driving concern, mingled with shame at Sarey's fate. By killing your family and bringing them under your protection, you are certain you have protected them from whatever fates worse than death Orne or du Erlette had in store for them. Obsess on finding and punishing both Orne and du Erlette; should news of either of the pair reach Providence, it will reach your ears first. Do your best to run Providence well, but your offspring should be able to oversee the details of that. Yours is the more important responsibility: handling them. Make your manner very bluff and hearty, sprinkling conversation with nautical terms and colorful profanity.

However, should you become displeased, the aforementioned fist is divested of its velvet glove rapidly. You think nothing of torture, enslavement, or flat-out annihilation of wraiths who displease you or who present a threat to your family or city. The most important thing to remember, though, is that you think of yourself (despite any evidence to the contrary) first, last, and always as a good man, a good husband, and a good father. Always act in accordance with this perception.

Sarey Tillinghast

The Colonial mob said no good could come of teaching Sarey Tillinghast more than was right and proper for a woman to know, and irony laughed and agreed. Sarey was a brilliant woman, hamstrung by the mores and customs of her time. She was fortunate enough to wed a man who could see, however dimly, past those customs, and Ambrose encouraged her to follow her interests in whatever direction they took, so long as she did so quietly. Just beginning his dabblings in sorcery, Ambrose Tillinghast had no desire to return home and find that in his absence, his wife had been hanged as a witch.

He did promise her, though, that he would never interfere with her studies; these words he spoke without dreaming that she would find and open the oddly bound tome he'd hidden in a row of Bibles untouched for years. She read its dark pages, and though her mind was strong, its dark pull was stronger, and madness devoured her. Ambrose's death and subsequent return in ghostly form did not aid in her struggle. The hammer blows of his loss and unearthly return smote her wobbling psyche like twin titan thunderbolts, shattering what fragile sanity remained. Much to Ambrose's sorrow, she was relegated to the attic.

One time Ezra returned home to find Sarey with her arms sunk to the elbows in the book itself, screaming that the flesh was being stripped from her bones by devouring gelatinous Things. Ezra helped her pull free, but ever afterward she swore



that her arms were mere skeletal remains. She would hold them up, then, and ask tremulously, "You see them, don't you, Ambrose?" Invisible to all others, the ghost would sadly nod, and Sarey would be happy again.

She died, eventually, mad in an attic, and Ambrose himself came to welcome her into the realm of the Dead, over a little of which, at least, he was suzerain. She would be his queen, and the joy that had been obscured by that horrible coma called living would be obtained now. Alas, it was not to be. When, ever so tenderly, he removed her caul and reached out for her hand, Ambrose found to his horror that the grip of his beloved was cold, skeletal, and weak. She rose to greet him, and he gasped in horror. Her face was still lovely, but her eyes were mad, and her hands...her hands were just as he had told her that they were.

He took her home, then, and returned her to her beloved attic. It was furnished with the finest relics of dead Providence, and then locked. There is but one lock on the door, and but one key to that lock. Ambrose Tillinghast holds that key, and he uses it but rarely. Her children have shown her that the door should be no barrier to her, but she insists that Ambrose's will bars her in her lonely domain. And so Sarey gazes out her window, still mad, waving sometimes to the Quick and other times to the Dead.

Nature: Visionary

Demeanor: Caregiver

Circle: Providence Hierarchy

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3
Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 5, Wits 1
Talents: Alertness 1, Awareness 5, Dodge 2, Empathy 4, Expression 3
Skills: Crafts 5, Etiquette 2, Meditation 3, Stealth 2
Knowledges: Enigmas 5, Linguistics 2, Occult 5
Backgrounds: Artifact 5 (*The Book of the Overseer of the Years*, a grimoire of forbidden knowledge. No one else knows she has it.), Eidolon 1, Haunt 2, Memoriam 4, Notoriety 3, Status 5, Wealth 5
Passions: Make things the way they used to be with Ambrose (Love) 4, Learn more of Ambrose's secrets from the *Book* (Dementia) 2, Shower love on her children (Love) 4
Arcanos: Castigate 1, Embody 5, Fatalism 3, Lifeweb 2, Moliate 2, Outrage 2, Pandemonium 3, Phantasm 1
Fetters: The house, 5; Her rose garden, visible from her window, 2
Willpower: 4
Pathos: 10
Shadow: The Abuser
Angst: 8

Thorns: Death's Sigil, Trick of the Light, Freudian Slip
Shadow Passions: Seek revenge on Ambrose (Vengeance) 4, Twist Rebecca and Ezra's love into hate (Hate) 3, Lure passersby into trouble with Ambrose (Sadism) 1

Image: Her face is still beautiful: violet eyes that shine with their own radiance, high cheekbones, skin like porcelain and hair like jet. The figure is still slim and shapely within the proper black dress of a matron of 18th-century Providence. But the hands, ah, the hands...no gloves will fit these dainty digits. There is naught but bone from fingertip to elbow. This is due less to Sarey's encounter with *The Book of the Overseer of the Years* than to her belief in the results of that encounter, but the results, reinforced by years of Ambrose's encouragement in the delusion, are real enough.

Roleplaying Hints: You are mad, but have learned a great deal of those magicks that so empowered your husband. This knowledge is useless in terms of Spheres of power now, but it still grants a great deal of insight into the nature and circumstances of ghostly existence. When lucid, speak quietly, succinctly and rarely. When raving, however, spew as many horrific adjectives as necessary in the players' direction concerning your "visions." You spend most of your days at the windows of your attic, beckoning to passersby in vain hopes of attracting one or two up for tea and conversation. If the players encounter you here, assume it is for this purpose, and fuss over them in a manner befitting a well-to-do society hostess. Your love for your family is absolute, unconditional, and disturbing in its singleminded intensity. Bring this out as much as possible, and brook no ill word concerning Ambrose.

Ezra Tillinghast

Ambrose's dutiful son and heir, Ezra never learned the half of what his father wished him to learn. It was he who locked Sarey in the attic, yet he would rather have died himself than done the deed. Shattered by the tragedies that overtook his family, he threw himself into his work and kept the hateful visage of the family mansion the length of an ocean or more behind him. When an axe shattered his skull one dark Sumatran night, he was thankful, for he saw his death as a release from the dreams that had haunted him for years: dreams of his mother in the attic, dreams of Rebecca's drowned eyes, and dreams of his stern father, wreathed in kelp and declaring him a failure as a son. Imagine Ezra's horror, then, at awakening on the other side, surrounded by a host of courteous yet very insistent servitors of the Emperor of Jade. It was not his captors who distressed Ezra, but rather the knowledge that things were not yet over, and that he might yet meet his father again.

Ezra was brought back to the Emperor's court during a period of détente with the Hierarchy. He was attached to a diplomatic mission to the Courts of Stygia as a gift from the Emperor to his Western peers. Fortunately, Jan Ziska, one of his father's political patrons, was present at the reception at which Ezra was presented as a token of good faith. Ziska recognized the Tillinghast countenance, obtained custody of the fledgling wraith, and took Ezra into his household. Six months later, well trained in the arts of the Hierarchy, Ezra was sent home to Providence. Fortunately, his love of his mother and his childhood home was so strong that he had retained a connection to his Fetters despite a prolonged period in the Underworld.



Reacting as one might expect, Ambrose demonstrated his love for his son by berating him for all that had gone wrong on Angell Street since the *Sarey* went down. Ezra merely bowed his head and nodded, and Ambrose officially welcomed him into the household. Ezra now serves as Ambrose's chief of staff, doing those jobs which require the prestige of a potent Tillinghast yet which are uncomfortable, embarrassing, or dangerous. It is Ezra who rides out with the Legionnaires against the Renegade gangs, who executes the sentences Ambrose levies on prisoners in his magnificent front parlor, and who sees to it that *Sarey* is well cared for. Ezra is the only other person to whom Ambrose will entrust the attic key. That Ezra sometimes loans it to Rebecca or John is a well-guarded secret.

Nature: Martyr

Demeanor: Conformist

Circle: Providence Hierarchy

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 3, Intimidation 2, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Etiquette 3, Firearms 3, Leadership 3, Melee 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Investigation 2, Law 2, Linguistics 5, Occult 3, Politics 3

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Eidolon 3, Haunt 2, Mentor 4, Memoriam 2, Notoriety 2, Status 5, Wealth 5

Passions: Escape his father (Fear) 5, Ease his guilt over *Sarey* (Guilt) 3, Achieve Transcendence (Hope) 2

Arcanos: Argos 2, Castigate 1, Embody 2, Keening 1, Lifeweb 1, Moliate 4, Outrage 3, Pandemonium 1, Puppetry 1

Fetters: The house, 3; *Sarey's* grave, 3

Willpower: 9

Pathos: 9

Angst: 6

Shadow: The Leech

Thorns: Pact of Doom, Soulgem 4

Shadow Passions: Have Ambrose and/or *Sarey* brutally confirm Ezra's low opinion of himself (Self-Contempt) 4, Kill Ambrose (Hatred) 3

Image: Ezra appears in the clothes of a prosperous businessman of the early 19th century. His hair is brown and curly, his gaze sharp, and his voice quiet. He never deviates from this manner of dress, even when following his grandnephew's pack of leashed barghests up the Pawtuxet in search of a Spectre who has grown too bold. A scar runs down Ezra's brow almost to his left eye: the residue of the blow that killed him.

Roleplaying Hints: A Stoic to the last, you bitterly resent your father, yet crave the slightest shred of approval Ambrose grants you. Perhaps one day Capt. Tillinghast will actually tell you that he is proud of you; on that day you will be free to leave Providence and seek your own destiny. In the mean-

time, remain the dutiful son, watching, waiting, hoping, and hurting. Your devotion to your mother is absolute and obvious. You rarely go to see her, acutely feeling the pain of having aided in reducing her to madness, but you pass the attic key to your sister and nephew often. If anyone calls you on this behavior, quietly attempt to have that one liquidated. Speak softly and fade into the background as much as possible; it's where Ambrose wants you, anyway.

Rebecca du Erlette

Too much the traditionalist for her own good, Rebecca even now cleaves to the surname her fiendish husband draped upon her. This she calls "the proper thing." She harbors no resentment against her father for prematurely ending her earthly existence; this she also refers to as proper. In her first years across the Shroud she led an utterly idle existence, which bored her nearly to insanity. She spent those years watching her mother go madder and madder and listening for tidings of her husband.

When a rumor reached Providence that du Erlette had died, she prepared to join him, as would have been proper for a wife to do. Ambrose, enraged, flatly refused to let her go. Ezra, perhaps the better politician, gave her incentive to stay. He ceded to her a huge portion of his overwhelming responsibilities, and she found that she liked them. Tithes to Stygia that had previously been short were suddenly filled. Reports on enemy movements in the area became accurate. A natural talent for organization awoke within Rebecca, and she rapidly became enmeshed in the machinery of the Hierarchy bureau-



cracy. By the turn of the 20th century, every wraith in the Tillinghast mansion except the other members of her immediate family reported, directly or indirectly, to her. In addition, her efficiency has won her many friends in Stygia, some of whom are extremely powerful.

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Architect

Circle: Providence Hierarchy

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 1, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 5, Dodge 2, Empathy 1, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Crafts 4, Etiquette 2, Meditation 3, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 4, Computer 4, Law 3, Linguistics 2, Occult 1, Politics 5

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Haunt 2, Mentor 3, Memoriam 1, Hierarchy Status 5, Wealth 5

Passions: Achieve personal power (Ambition) 5, Ease her guilt over Sarey (Guilt) 2, Find du Erlette (Love) 3

Arcanos: Castigate 1, Inhabit 3, Lifeweb 2, Outrage 3, Pandemonium 3, Puppetry 4, Usury 2

Fetters: The house, 2; Her wedding band, 3; St. Michael's Church, 2

Willpower: 10

Pathos: 9

Shadow: The Rationalist

Angst: 6

Thorns: Freudian Slip

Shadow Passions: Hunt down du Erlette and make him love her so that she can spurn him (Twisted Love) 3, Find some way to exchange John's soul for Naphthali's (Twisted Love) 3

Image: Though thoroughly reactionary in attitude, Rebecca appears as a modern businesswoman. She most commonly appears in a navy business suit, with her long brown hair tied in a bun and wire-frame spectacles upon her visage. Her eyes are green and piercing, and she wears no makeup. A prominent gold wedding band glints on her finger, and a locket with a picture of her husband and children hangs around her neck.

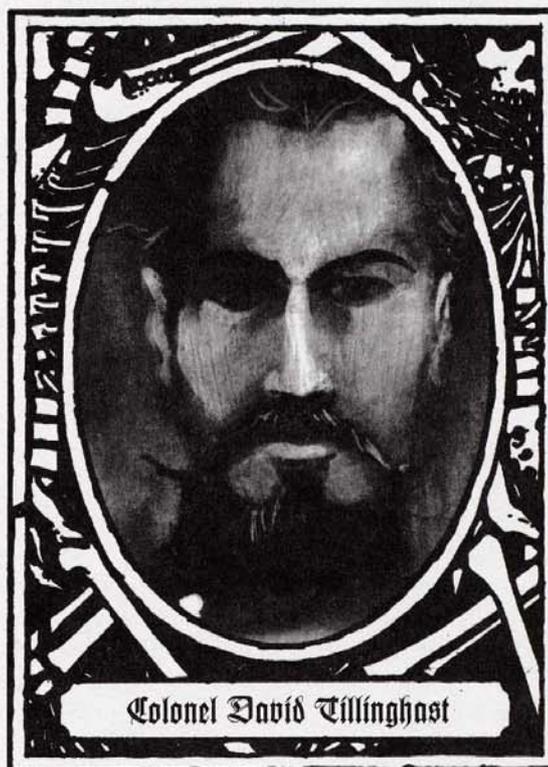
Roleplaying Hints: Be thoroughly competent, extremely dutiful, and only as ambitious as might be thought proper. Refuse to entertain any notion of rising higher in Providence's power structure, but leave no doubts that if you were given the opportunity to have complete authority somewhere else, you would gladly take it. You remain quietly dedicated to your mother and visit her frequently (with Ezra's approval and assistance, and without his sense of shame). Spend as much time as possible in quiet mourning of your son Naphthali, who was lost to a Maelstrom in the mid-1950s. Act noticeably cool toward John, seeing in his successes nothing more than echoes of what the beloved Naphthali might have achieved. There

should be no equivocation about your pride in your station. Play it up almost to the point of being haughty. The only crack in your reserve comes when du Erlette is mentioned. You have never forgiven herself for loving one who would have murdered your children (you conveniently gloss over the fact that he would have murdered you as well), but neither can you cease to love him. Be constantly on the lookout for information about du Erlette, as this is the only matter in which you are willing to thwart Ambrose's will.

Colonel David Tillinghast

A good soldier leading a good unit, Tillinghast won for himself a very minor piece of earthly history by being the first man shot in the charge up the hill at Fredericksburg. Tillinghast's unit was not even supposed to be part of the action, but when the plan for the attack was outlined at General Sumner's staff meeting, the Rhode Island officer had loudly denounced it as suicidal. The price for David's tactical acumen was his unit being chosen to spearhead the attack, and he as its commanding officer was expected to lead his unit. He instructed his men to write their names on pieces of paper and pin those pieces to their uniforms, so that they might be identified if the worst happened, and then he led the charge that Sumner had commanded him to make.

It was glorious; it was beautiful; it was a slaughter. David was picked off by a Confederate sharpshooter almost before the 4th had left Union lines. His troops, led by brother Sander, were decimated. David's last words were a curse on Sumner's





name and a blessing on the Union, and then the Shroud unfolded him. Ezra was there to Reap him, as Ambrose was busy with John, and offered what sympathy he could, but there was little the gentlest of the Tillinghasts could do. Icy hatred of Edwin Vose Sumner is the driving force of David's postmortem existence.

Upon his return to Providence, David's military bearing immediately impressed his great-grandfather. He was given command of one of Ambrose's Legions, and rapidly assumed the command of the other as well. His efficiency at stamping out Renegade uprisings, hunting down Doppelgangers and Nephwracks, and policing the other members of his family is frightening. When not on these tasks or extending his web of contacts for some news of Sumner's ghost, he raises barghests in the mansion's basement. Other than that, David merely sits in his chamber and broods, waiting.

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Circle: Providence Hierarchy

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 1, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 4, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Intimidation 3

Skills: Etiquette 3, Firearms 5, Leadership 4, Melee 4, Ride 4, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Law 1, Linguistics 1, Politics 3

Backgrounds: Artifact 4 (rifled field piece that works), Haunt 2, Mentor 3, Memoriam 3, Hierarchy Status 4, Wealth 4

Passions: Find and torment Sumner (Hate) 4, Protect Providence (Duty) 3, Obey Ambrose (Loyalty) 1, Protect Sander (Fraternal Love) 2

Arcanos: Embody 2, Fatalism 2, Keening 2, Lifeweb 1, Moliate 5, Outrage 2, Pandemonium 2, Puppetry 1, Usury 3

Fetters: The house, 4; The 4th RI training grounds, 1; His officer's saber (in the Brown Tillinghast Collection), 2

Willpower: 9

Pathos: 9

Shadow: The Perfectionist

Angst: 8

Thorns: Dark Allies, Shadow Call, Dark Prestige

Shadow Passions: Humiliate Sander utterly (Sibling Rivalry) 3, Show up Ezra, perhaps even fatally (Lust for Power) 2, Terrify to death any Quick who enter the mansion (Dark Glee) 1

Image: Resplendent in Civil War full dress uniform, David sports full handlebar mustachios and goatee. His hair and beard are a lustrous black, and his blue eyes have a visionary's distance in them. He will often reach in phantom pain for his left side; it was there that he received his fatal wound upon Marye's Heights.

Roleplaying Hints: You appear to be utterly humorless. The Seven Days and Fredericksburg burned all humanity out of you. Show some love for your brother, hold your great-grandfather in reverence, display affection for your mother and great-uncle, and dutifully respect your father. Beyond that, only Sumner exists to you as more than just someone to be dealt with if necessary. Any player characters you encounter should be regarded as traitors to Providence, or potential traitors at best. You still hold Sumner responsible for both your own death and the deaths of most of your command. Whenever a veteran of the 4th Rhode Island appears in Providence, you will make a place for him. Speak in clipped, military style, and ignore the prattlings of others. Your Legionnaires would follow you to the gates of Hell, but even the most loyal admit that they are not enthusiastic about their chances of following you back out of Hell again afterward.

Elizabeth Tillinghast

No facade in Providence is more deceptive than that of Elizabeth Tillinghast. Born to privilege, she became a tireless advocate for the causes of the poor, the slaves, and women's suffrage. Forced into an arranged marriage, she extracted from her husband freedoms astonishing for their breadth, and the love that she eventually gave him was freely bestowed. Upon her death, she was expected to fit neatly into the Tillinghast regime in the Providence of the dead. This she pretended to do, slipping quietly into the background of what is essentially Ambrose's court while biding her time, learning, and planning. Secretly, Elizabeth is a Renegade, and she has nothing but contempt for the patriarch of her husband's clan. She has weaned John from Ambrose's influence and is attempting to do the same to Sander. David she despairs of.

Nature: Rebel

Demeanor: Conformist

Circle: Pawtuxet Renegades

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Dodge 3, Empathy 4, Intimidation 1, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Crafts 4, Etiquette 3, Firearms 4, Melee 2, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 1, Investigation 2, Law 1, Linguistics 1, Politics 2

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Artifact 2 (a long, wickedly serrated knife), Eidolon 1, Haunt 2, Mentor 3, Memoriam 2, Hierarchy Status 2, Wealth 3

Passions: Overthrow Ambrose (Idealism) 4, Reconcile completely with Sander (Love) 2, Free Sarey (Pity) 1, Improve Providence (Idealism) 3

Arcanos: Argos 1, Castigate 1, Embody 1, Fatalism 3, Inhabit 1, Keening 4, Lifeweb 2, Outrage 2, Puppetry 3



Fetters: The house, 1; Her parents' farm in Attleboro, 3; Her wedding band, 3

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 9

Shadow: The Parent

Angst: 6

Thorns: Devil's Dare, Pact of Doom

Shadow Passions: Murder Ambrose (Fear) 3, Ruin David in Ambrose's eyes (Vengeance) 2

Image: Elizabeth appears to be a prim, proper lady in the truest sense of the word. Her red hair is neatly combed and covered in a lace-trimmed bonnet, her gingham dress is flounced perfectly, and her carriage is erect, demure, and entirely proper. To look at her is to see Holly Hobby grown to graceful adulthood.

Roleplaying Hints: No one except your husband knows of your political leanings, and you intend to keep it that way. Always be demure and quiet in public, in accordance with Ambrose's rather limited perception of what freedoms women should be allowed. In private, burn with rage over this treatment, and occasionally say things that, were the eavesdropping chief of security not your son, would land you in a great deal of trouble. Once your trust is won, it is won absolutely, but the player characters will have to work hard to win it. Play the "angel in the house" in front of them until you are absolutely sure of their loyalties. You are desperate to enlist Sander to your cause, and are counting on his estrangement from David to aid you in this task. Of course, the help of others would be welcomed as well.

Captain Sander Tillinghast

Crippled in the same attack that killed his brother, Sander spent a painful and horrifying convalescence in the butcher shop that the War Department had cleverly disguised as a Union military hospital. During this time, he became acquainted with many other wounded veterans, including some from the new colored regiments. Sander had always been his mother's son much more than his father's, and he was deeply impressed by these men. Upon his return home, he swallowed his grief over his father's and brother's demises by working incessantly yet quietly on behalf of those of African descent whom the war had touched with an ungentle hand. Providence knew him as a misanthropic recluse, yet it was his work that eventually allowed veterans who had served in the colored regiments to enter the Grand Army of the Republic, the Civil War veteran's association. He also fought, less successfully, to have full veteran's benefits extended to these men. However, he was careful never to let his name be attached to any of his good works, content to remain a bitter cynic in the eyes of the world.

Eventually this pose of bitterness did harden around him, and Sander became that which he had pretended to be. He brooded endlessly over his lost brother, and how he was cheated of the glory attendant in David's demise. Occasionally he would shock the elders and delight the children of Providence by rigging up a small, specially made cannon to the stump of his leg and firing at various targets on his own property. He never married, yet, at the last, wished for some record in posterity. Hence, the unusual conditions of his will. He knew himself to be the last of the Tillinghasts, and grew determined that the name not die with him. The oddities of the house's being turned over to Brown would excite conversation among students for decades, and thus the name Tillinghast would still be on someone's lips long after he himself had paid tribute to the Conqueror Worm.

Sander's demise was a festive occasion for the rest of the family; they all turned up for his ceremonial Reaping. The fact that his first words post-mortem were, "Oh damn, I've lived with you folks for 70 years and now I have to die with you as well!" instantly endeared him to his mother, infuriated his brother (who had awaited this day with ill-concealed impatience), and amused Ambrose. The last was perhaps the most important. Sander has free rein to do or say almost anything that pleases him, which results in much repressed tooth-grinding rage on David's part. His position in the household is deliberately ill-defined; in truth he is the walking symbol of Ambrose's willingness to brook opposition, and will continue to be so long as he does not become liberal in deed as well as quip.

Nature: Architect
Demeanor: Curmudgeon
Circle: Providence Hierarchy
Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5
Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2
Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3
Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 2, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 3
Skills: Etiquette 1, Firearms 4, Leadership 2, Melee 3, Repair 1, Ride 3, Stealth 1
Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Investigation 2, Linguistics 2, Medicine 1, Politics 2
Backgrounds: Artifact 3 (Civil War officer's revolver), Eidolon 1, Haunt 2, Memoriam 4, Mentor 3 Status 2, Wealth 4
Passions: Humiliate David (Twisted Love) 4, Please Elizabeth (Love) 2, Preserve the family home and name (Desire for Posterity) 4
Arcanos: Argos 1, Embody 3, Lifeweb 1, Moliate 3, Outrage 2, Pandemonium 4, Puppetry 2, Usury 1
Fetters: The house, 5; Wooden leg (on exhibit at the John Hay Library), 2
Willpower: 9
Pathos: 9
Shadow: The Martyr
Angst: 7
Thorns: Tainted Relic 4 (a working rifled field piece that Sander's Shadow has sequestered in the Pawtuxet Valley)

Shadow Passions: Humiliate his brother (Twisted Love) 5, Get revenge on Elizabeth for perceived postmortem favoritism (Freudian Drive) 2

Image: Sander wears a uniform that is the exact opposite of his brother's. It is threadbare and bloodstained, dusty and ragged. His hat is the shapeless black slouch hat so favored by hardened Civil War veterans, and his pistol hangs loose at his hip. He walks with an exaggerated limp (though both of his legs are intact), and his brown beard and mustache are unkempt. His nose is thin and aquiline, and many have remarked on his resemblance to his mother.

Roleplaying Hints: Play a wiseass to the hilt. Deal with despair by retorting with biting humor. You are acutely aware of what your mother is attempting to do with you, and you are quietly sympathetic to her aims. In fact, if you catch wind of Renegade tendencies in the players' Circle, you will subtly direct them to her. On the other hand, play up a younger brother's jealousy of David, and do anything in your power to embarrass the older spirit. Unbeknownst to anyone else in the household, you have been in communication with Sumner, and have been planning, when the moment is right, to invite the general's ghost to visit Providence as an honored guest. You know full well that Ambrose will not allow an invited guest to come to harm, and you also know what seeing Sumner yet not being able to do anything to him will do to David. The thought fills you with ill-contained glee, and occasionally you will be caught chuckling to yourself over it.

Hierarchy Structure

All roads in Providence's Necropolis, or, more accurately, all roads out of it, lead to the Tillinghast mansion. The Necropolis itself is located in the Federal Hill section of the city, while Ambrose Tillinghast maintains his household amid the noble buildings of Brown University. Any wraith seeking to beard the agents of the Hierarchy in Providence, then, must do it on Ambrose's territory and away from her own. The effect of isolated splendor is acute and quite deliberate.

Ambrose rules Providence, yes, but more as a dictator of overall policy than as a hands-on administrator. There has been surprisingly little opposition to his rule, primarily because of the tremendous place he and his family occupy in local legend. Any organized resistance to Tillinghast rule has been centered in the town of the Pawtuxet Valley, and that resistance now is as strong as it has ever been. These Renegades have even begun to mount the occasional guerrilla raid, and have managed to pick off several of David's Legionnaires. Still, their threat is not seen as great.

Though he may not be a hands-on politician, Captain Tillinghast is a politician nonetheless, and he is fond of grandiose gestures to the *hoi polloi*. Captured Renegades are publicly annihilated with all of the grandeur and ceremony of France's Reign of Terror, while on other occasions handfuls of





oboli are strewn among the poor Dead by Ambrose himself. Furthermore, his grasp of broad policy is acute. He merely controls his family and allows them to control Providence for him. Occasionally, Ambrose will consent to try cases for the local Restless, acting as judge, jury, and executioner. To no one's surprise, those cases that offer tremendous potential for self-aggrandizement often land on Ambrose's docket, while those that have to do with the day-to-day workings of Providence can be found on Ezra's.

Rebecca and Ezra share most of the administrative control, though more and more of this is sliding into Rebecca's domain. Her tax collectors, census takers, and other functionaries are supremely efficient and very quiet. She also has on staff a number of intelligence gatherers, independent of David's spy network. Ezra maintains more of a control over policy, but since he is often forced either to attend upon Ambrose or to lead a Legion personally, he is often removed from the real heart of the administration. Ezra's leadership is more lax than Rebecca's, and not quite so efficient.

David is the true commander of the Legions, even though he is technically outranked by Ezra. He has an extensive spy network among the Restless, with multiple infiltrators among Rebecca's staff. Talk against the Tillinghasts is a very rare commodity in Providence these days, as David's ears are everywhere. Those wraiths taken for sedition are usually brought before Ezra, eventually. However, "eventually" can mean as much as 20 years after the fact. The Tillinghast reputation has been stretched hideously to cover this particular indiscretion on the part of one of the clan's scions, and should David continue to add strain, it may well break.

Providence's Legions are stunningly well disciplined and never indulge in the typical soldierly excesses. Those Legionnaires who do must answer to David, an unpleasant option. At any given time, one Legion is on patrol in squads from two to 10, with the largest squad being commanded by either Ezra or David. Military structure is based on that of the Union Army during the Civil War, and promotion is granted solely through merit. Mostly the Legions function essentially as police, though the slightest hint of Renegade activity snaps them back into military mode. Generally the Legions themselves are tolerated and even welcomed by the citizens of Providence; it is David's spies who are hated and feared.

Story Ideas

- The player characters are Pawtuxet Valley Renegades with a message for Elizabeth Tillinghast. They have no idea what it says, or even who is its exact recipient. They must merely make their way inside the mansion until someone gives them the appropriate sign. Unfortunately, David's spying has been superb of late, and he has obtained some Renegade passwords. The story becomes a race against time to see who finds them first.

- The characters are in Angell Street when they see the image of a beautiful female wraith in a window. They determine to find out who she is and to free her if possible. This will bring them into direct conflict with Ambrose, but should their aims become known, they will have the secret sympathies of Ezra. Whether he will aid them in obtaining the attic key is another matter...

- The characters have somehow obtained news of Gilles du Erlette, who is still living in San Francisco, and seek to sell it to the highest bidder. They must infiltrate Providence quietly and discover who is in the market for this information. If word that they have this information reaches Ambrose's servants, however, all will attempt to find the players and wrest the information from them in order to be the one who brings it to Ambrose and thus reaps the rewards of his gratitude. In addition, Rebecca will surreptitiously seek to obtain this news and will use whatever means necessary to take it, while Elizabeth may find it useful as a tool for embarrassing Ambrose. In short, most of the family will want this information for one purpose or another, and it is up to the characters to stay free (or alive) long enough to sell it.

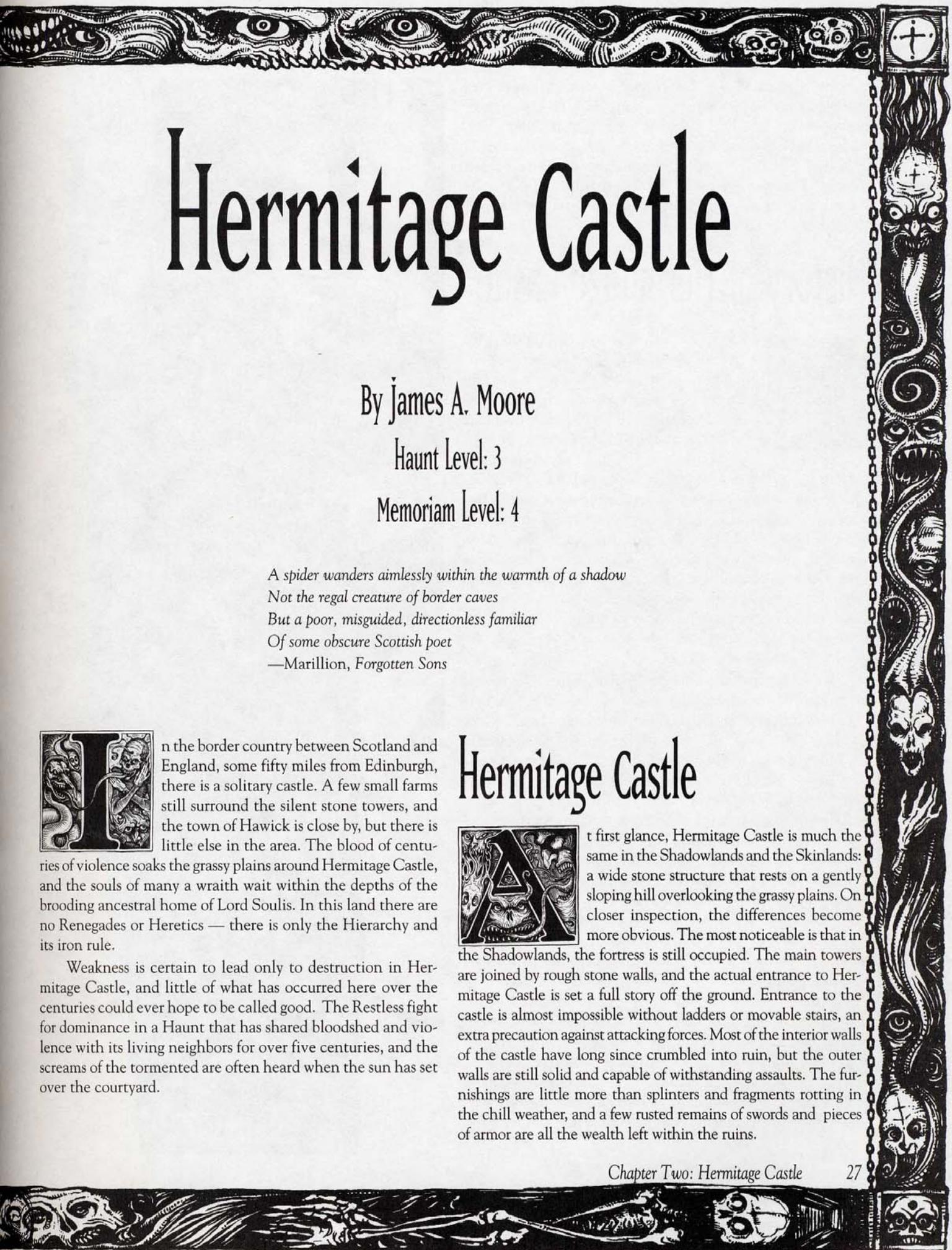
Plus, once the information has been sold, those bidders who lost out may come looking for the players to express their displeasure at being thwarted... Providence is a small city and doesn't offer that many places to hide. If this scenario develops, however, your Circle may have to find them all.

- The player characters arrive in Providence as emissaries of the Riders of the Wheel heresy (see "The Hanging Gardens") in an effort to influence the legalization of gambling in Rhode Island. Elizabeth may be interested in supporting their aims as a weapon against Ambrose's iron control, but only to an extent. However, the characters may be more interested in swaying Ambrose to their point of view, or perhaps they're intent on undermining the whole Hierarchy. Any which way, they're bound to produce some reaction...

- Rebecca, while visiting her mother, peeked through *The Book of The Overseer of the Years* and found a ritual for exchanging one soul for another. The down side to this, of course, is that it requires a soul to exchange. Regardless, Rebecca intends to put this enchantment into effect to retrieve her lost Naphthali. Her intention is to control a human into performing the ritual, swapping John for Naphthali. The characters stumble onto this plot and must decide either to stop it, making an enemy of Rebecca, or aid the process, earning revulsion from other members of the Providence Hierarchy.







Hermitage Castle

By James A. Moore

Haunt Level: 3

Memoriam Level: 4

*A spider wanders aimlessly within the warmth of a shadow
Not the regal creature of border caves
But a poor, misguided, directionless familiar
Of some obscure Scottish poet
—Marillion, Forgotten Sons*



In the border country between Scotland and England, some fifty miles from Edinburgh, there is a solitary castle. A few small farms still surround the silent stone towers, and the town of Hawick is close by, but there is little else in the area. The blood of centuries of violence soaks the grassy plains around Hermitage Castle, and the souls of many a wraith wait within the depths of the brooding ancestral home of Lord Soulis. In this land there are no Renegades or Heretics — there is only the Hierarchy and its iron rule.

Weakness is certain to lead only to destruction in Hermitage Castle, and little of what has occurred here over the centuries could ever hope to be called good. The Restless fight for dominance in a Haunt that has shared bloodshed and violence with its living neighbors for over five centuries, and the screams of the tormented are often heard when the sun has set over the courtyard.

Hermitage Castle



At first glance, Hermitage Castle is much the same in the Shadowlands and the Skinlands: a wide stone structure that rests on a gently sloping hill overlooking the grassy plains. On closer inspection, the differences become more obvious. The most noticeable is that in the Shadowlands, the fortress is still occupied. The main towers are joined by rough stone walls, and the actual entrance to Hermitage Castle is set a full story off the ground. Entrance to the castle is almost impossible without ladders or movable stairs, an extra precaution against attacking forces. Most of the interior walls of the castle have long since crumbled into ruin, but the outer walls are still solid and capable of withstanding assaults. The furnishings are little more than splinters and fragments rotting in the chill weather, and a few rusted remains of swords and pieces of armor are all the wealth left within the ruins.



In the Shadowlands, the furniture is intact, well-polished and well-worn. The swords are sharp, and the armor fairly gleams in the brooding darkness. In the Shadowlands, Hermitage Castle is a thriving home to the Hierarchy and still an important post against the degenerate Heretics and Renegades. The Lords and Ladies Soulis still rule their domain, and the distant villagers still tremble in memory of the hideous atrocities the last Lord Soulis committed.

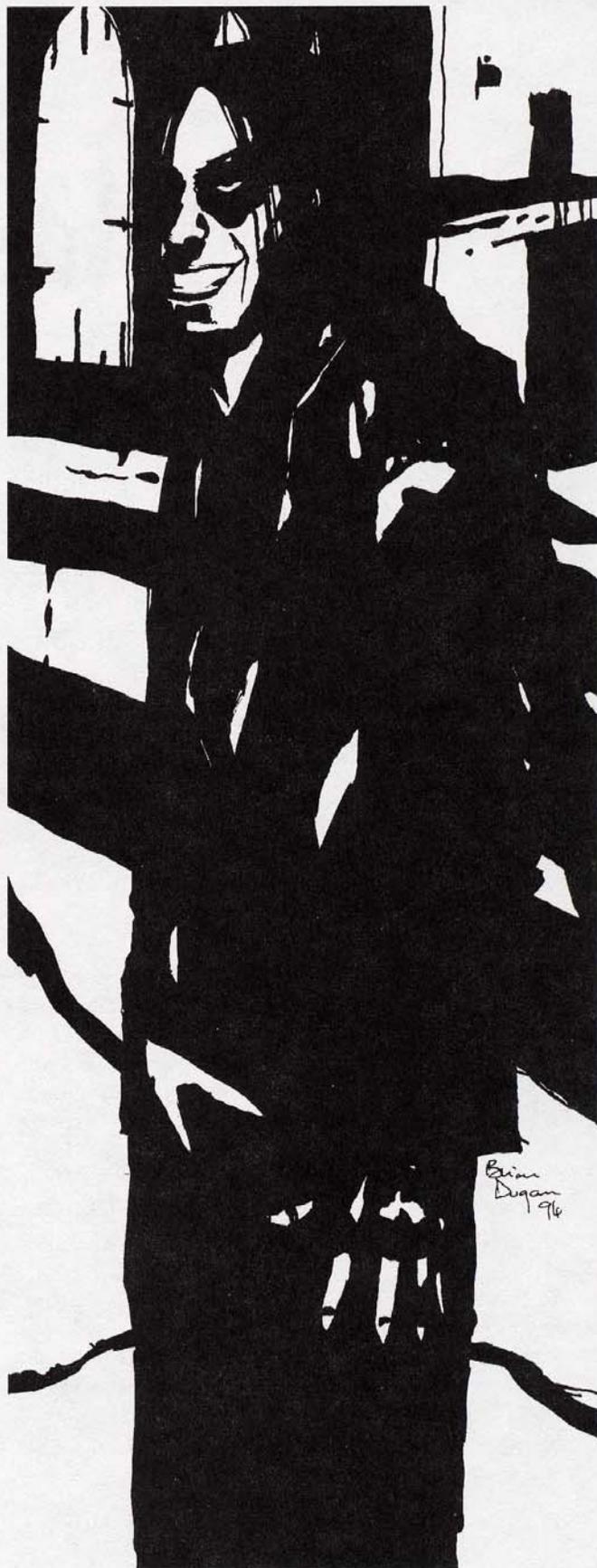
History of Hermitage Castle



Hermitage Castle was built during the 13th century, designed to stop the constant onslaughts by neighboring chieftains and roaming bands of raiders. Perhaps Hermitage Castle was built on bad land, land that no longer could contain anything but the memories of violence, for certainly that is all that has ever occurred within the castle's walls. Even before Hermitage was built in the area, violence and even human sacrifice occurred. Wars were waged, villages in the area were destroyed, and blood was spilled in anger. Nine Stane Rig, a tall hill east of the castle, bears a monument not unlike Stonehenge and was allegedly used for human sacrifices in the distant past. Some in the area even claim that the Unseelie Court called the stone circle home for a time. Whatever the truth of the land's corruption, the answers lie buried in the depths of history, lost to all but a few.

When England and Scotland fought their great battles, Hermitage was often near the epicenter of the troubles. Perhaps the only castle in all of Scotland that has endured greater conflicts is Stirling Castle in Stirling County, the site where the rulers of Scotland had their last great battle for independent sovereignty. Even in times of relative peace, Hermitage Castle was constantly in conflict. The first Lord Soulis was a brutal warrior, and some claimed a sadistic man, but those who lived under his rule considered him fair. He ruled throughout the building of Hermitage and for several years thereafter before dying in still another border skirmish. His son, Arthur Soulis, was much like his father and did what he could to keep his followers safe in times of war and comfortable through the rare times when peace reigned. Unknown to the living, the wraiths were already gathering in Hermitage, starting their own society led by Gavin Soulis, the first ruler of the castle.

The third Lord Soulis was the first of the lot to fall prey to the seductions of magick and started studying the blackest of arts: diabolism. Before he got very far along the path to damnation, he was accused of brigandry, captured by the British, and locked away in a prison camp in Dunbarton. He died there a few years later. For seven years the castle and its surroundings were ruled by his wife, Beatrice, before she abdicated the



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seat to her own son, John, the fourth Lord Soulis. Under John, the violence that had gone before was replaced by intrigue, and the bloody battles were supplanted by poisons and slow tortures.

When the time came for his closest neighbors to send messengers begging for leniency, Soulis had them tossed into a pit at the center of his castle and left them there to rot and die in the darkness. Later still, when the time came for his daughter Ellsbeth to marry, a great feast was called, and the chieftains from virtually all of his neighboring domains came to share in his happiness. The Lord of the castle offered gifts and promises in order to convince as many of his neighbors as he could, and most showed up for the feast. Most no longer trusted Soulis, embittered by his numerous attacks on their homes and families. Soulis was a perfect host, keeping to his previous promises and ensuring that every single guest was happy. During that time, he managed to convince almost all of his peers that he had changed his ways and that the time had come to join forces against their common British enemies. Treaties were drawn up and signed, and for a brief two nights, the castle enjoyed happiness. On the third night, Soulis ordered the banquet food poisoned and watched as his guests writhed in agony, the slow-acting drugs paralyzing them and then killing them one by one. In the end, as agreed in the new treaties, Soulis could claim leadership over three times the area he had ruled before.

His daughter Ellsbeth was spared, given the antidote well in advance of the meal, but only so that she could later serve as his new wife. For 90 years, Lord John Soulis followed in his father's footsteps and ruled through cunning and the use of the dark arts. From time to time he would spread the word that he had grown ill, only to be replaced by his own "son" a few months later.

During his reign, the dungeons below ground grew heavy with the bloated corpses of his enemies and those he sacrificed to satiate his masters. In all the time that Soulis committed ritual sacrifices, there was never any proof that his masters responded, though some claimed they had seen him consorting with the Devil. The more knowledgeable who have looked into the matter tend to believe that Lord Soulis was a mage of some power. Those that could give a truthful answer are not talking. Soulis' plans were delicate, Machiavellian schemes, and slowly they grew towards fruition. Within 150 years, Soulis could well have ruled all of Scotland, and a few feared that he actually would.

Then came the day that the villagers of Hawick, led by Amos Garton, finally decided to put an end to his tyranny. From across his lands, the people came, bringing whatever weapons they had, to overthrow the castle. The loyal guards were killed, and those that tried to flee were captured and placed in the stone circle at Nine Stane Rig. Soulis was forced to watch as his guards were killed and their heads placed in



the center of the circle. Finally, despite the mad Lord's pleas for mercy, Lord Soulis himself was bound in bands of lead — believed to stop the powers of evil wizards — and thrown atop the massive pile of skulls. The townsmen gathered wood and started the fire beneath John Soulis.

In the last minutes before his death, John Soulis begged for the mercy of God above and was abandoned by whatever dark masters he may have served. The powers he could possibly have used to save himself were taken away, and Soulis died burning, much as his own bastard children had died at his hand. Rumors persisted that he did indeed have a son, and that the son had been hidden away, but no evidence was ever found to substantiate the belief.

The reign of the Soulis family was ended, and Hermitage Castle was abandoned, ignored by villagers and royalty alike. But the castle still stands, and with the death of John Soulis, the Hierarchy came to claim the new Haunt as their own. What the Hierarchy was not prepared for was the amazing number of wraiths already inhabiting the area. Hermitage Castle was already occupied by all four of the Soulis Lords and many of their vassals as well. The wraiths of murdered chieftains now stayed with the men that had caused their deaths, and in the battlements around Hermitage, soldiers still fought, trying in vain to destroy their enemies.

There were several battles to take Hermitage as a Hierarchy Haunt, but most were fruitless. Despite his untimely death, John Soulis and his ancestors still knew a great deal about combat and, along with the other wraiths at Hermitage Castle, repelled seven attempts to gain control.

The best generals Stygia could spare led the eighth and final battle, bringing forth their Legions to fight the Lords of Hermitage. With one look at the forces the Hierarchy had gathered, the Soulis' family and their permanent guests immediately surrendered. Rather than forcing the Fettered wraiths away from their Haunt, the Centurion responsible for taking the castle had them instructed in the ways of the Hierarchy and left one of the Lords Soulis in charge of the area. For years, the Soulis family has continued their service to Stygia, fighting against the Spectres and capturing the newly-created Enfants that fell in battles around the area. The Reapers of Soulis are renowned for their abilities and second to none in their savagery.

Today, the remains of Hermitage Castle stand empty in the lands of the Quick. But the Shadowlands are filled with the sounds of conversation and whispered intrigues and the cries of tormented Thralls serving under the fearsome Anacreon of the Victims of Violence, John Soulis.

Politics

Hermitage Castle is still powerfully connected to Stygia, claiming many souls from the surrounding areas and forcing the rules of the Hierarchy on all the Restless for miles around. Renegades are dealt with harshly, locked into Thralldom or Sundered for the necessary fuels they provide. Heretics are bound and shipped directly to Stygia, where they are tried, found guilty and punished as the Deathlords see fit. The followers of the Smiling Lord rule in Hermitage, for so few have ever died on the premises of old age or disease. Most have died violently, save for a few who starved to death.

Little has been forgiven by those wraiths who met their deaths here, and despite a certain fear of the Hierarchy in Stygia, battles are often waged within the castle and throughout the surrounding countryside. The land is known for its violent past, and Memoriam comes easily as a source of sustenance. Fear is still a powerful source of Pathos in the area, increased substantially by the rumors that anyone who stays the night in the ancient ruin never returns in the light of day.

Despite the fall of Charon and his disappearance from Stygia, the wraiths of Hermitage Castle still maintain their vigilance in the ways of the Hierarchy. For most of the wraiths, this is simply out of habit, but for John Soulis, the Hierarchy fits with many of his own personal goals, and the power he holds as the most powerful Anacreon of his ancestral home is enough to make certain that he remains loyal to the Deathlords.

The rulers in Hermitage Castle are not on good terms with one another. Many of the Anacreons are old enemies from centuries back, and have not let simple politics get in the way of their desire for revenge. The Soulis family still holds power, but the others, the ones betrayed, murdered in cold blood or on the battlefield, are working towards a goal of rectifying the situation.

Lord John Soulis

John Soulis was born to a father that dabbled in magick and started his life surrounded by the paraphernalia and notes that his father had left behind. Where his father had honestly planned to end the struggles between the warring factions in Scotland for the simple pursuit of peace, John sought only power. During the years when he ruled, Soulis did indeed raise demons and barter with them, learning more of what was needed to achieve his goals. Along with lessons on the strategies and subtle manipulations his goals would require, the demons also taught John the art of selfishness. As often as not, the "sacrifices" performed by John Soulis were simply for his own pleasure. John fancied himself a warlord and sought to conquer as many of his neighboring fiefdoms as possible, all the while assuring the royalty of Scotland that what he did was in their best interest. Whenever anyone doubted the truth of his words, John offered evidence, usually manufactured, but remarkably convincing.



Lord John Soulis

In order to shorten the length of time needed to achieve his goals, John bargained with the Black Spiral Dancers, a demented tribe of werewolves that had no qualms about being used as soldiers in his war, so long as the price was right. John paid their price happily, delivering healthy men and women for their pleasures and to aid in ensuring the health of their depleted family line. To John Soulis, the distribution of slaves was merely another means to an end and certainly not a sin. There was, in fact, absolutely nothing that John would not do to achieve his goals, regardless of the cost. He murdered long-time rivals, sacrificed children to his masters, tortured anyone he deemed a potential, but unbribable pawn, and even killed his first-born child from each and every mistress and wife he managed to impregnate in order to assure the pleasure of his demonic masters. As time went on, he killed many of his own children, some at birth, some as teens, and some as adults.

John Soulis died in the flames, suffering the same fate he had made so many others endure, and he died at the hands of the people he started out to help, the people who had sworn fealty to him and his family. He has not forgiven this slight. From the time of his death, John Soulis has done all that he can to maintain power in the Shadowlands. Little pleases him anymore, save the pain and suffering of another.

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Judge

Circle: Anacreon for the Smiling Lord

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Intimidation 5, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Archery 3, Craft 1, Melee 3, Stealth 2, Survival 4

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Investigation 2, Linguistics 2, Medicine 2, Occult 4

Backgrounds: Allies (Hierarchy) 3, Artifacts 1 (Stygian Darksteel Sword), Contacts (Servants of the Smiling Lord) 3, Eidolon 3, Haunt 3, Notoriety 2, Hierarchy Status 4, Wealth 4

Passions: Power hungry (Lust) 4, Insatiable need to do violence (Perversion) 5

Fetters: Hermitage Castle, 4; Nine Stane Rig, where he was executed, 3

Arcanos: Argos 3, Fatalism 4, Pandemonium 3, Puppetry 3

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 6

Angst: 3

Shadow: The Monster

Thorns: Aura of Corruption, Dark Allies, Infamy

Shadow Passions: Fears he will one day pay for his actions (Despair) 3, Wishes to destroy any who oppose the Hierarchy (Hate) 2

Image: John Soulis was a good-looking man in life, and he continues to be so in death. He has the ruggedly handsome features of a man native to this equally rugged country. His hair is dark brown, with a beard and mustache a few shades lighter. His eyes are storm grey with an unsettling gaze. While something of a giant in his time, he is now only average in height. Soulis almost never smiles, instead showing a face given to stern contemplation and the rare sardonic smile.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a master of manipulation and spend a great deal of your time ensuring that the other Anacreons are too busy fighting each other to stand in your way. There is nothing you won't do to achieve your ends and little that you haven't done at one point or another. You are also lecherous and enjoy stealing pleasure whenever you can.

Ellsbeth Soulis

Ellsbeth planned to marry Roderick of Heathsrow. She had met him on several occasions and had grown infatuated with him. Her father had other plans and murdered the lad on what would have been their wedding night. Ellsbeth was made to serve her father as concubine and apprentice, learning the dangerous arts of magick and, later, demonology. For 50 years she served him, her beauty preserved by the spells he cast to keep her young and close at hand. During those years she grew to hate everything that her father stood for and desired nothing so much as his death. Finally, when he had forced himself on her one time too many, she attempted to stab him with a poisoned blade, only to have him wrest the weapon away and use it to end her life.

Existence as a wraith was pleasurable at first, as she could spend a great deal of time tormenting her father. But when John Soulis died, the tides were turned again. The old fears came back to haunt Ellsbeth, and her father once more came to dominate her world.

While Ellsbeth works as an Anacreon for the Quiet Lord, she also plans her revenge against her father for his heinous acts. She has been in communication with the Renegades in Glasgow and is working with them as a sleeper agent within the castle. The time will soon be ripe for a coup.

Nature: Loner

Demeanor: Survivor

Circle: Anacreon for the Quiet Lord

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 3, Stamina 1

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Intuition 3, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Craft 3, Leadership 3, Performance 4, Stealth 5, Survival 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 4, Enigmas 3, Investigation 2, Medicine 3, Occult 2, Religion 2, Science 1

Backgrounds: Allies 4 (Renegades in Glasgow), Artifacts 1 (Narcissus' Mask), Contacts 4, Hierarchy Status 2, Wealth 2

Passions: Hatred of her father (Hate) 3, Unrequited Love (Love) 2

Arcanos: Argos 4, Usury 3

Fetters: Hermitage Castle, 2; Jewelry stolen long ago, now in a museum in London, 3



Ellsbeth Soulis

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Abuser

Angst: 3

Thorns: Shadow Call, Tainted Touch

Shadow Passions: Gain power at any cost (Greed) 3, Undermine the Overlord's authority (Hate) 3

Image: Ellsbeth is a delicate woman, lovely and graceful, seemingly without flaw. She has auburn hair and green eyes, and she wears the finest gowns from the 13th century.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a devious woman, but you hide your desires well, and you carry on as if there is nothing wrong at all. Above everything, you hate your father for destroying your one chance at happiness. Never disobey the Overlord in public. Instead, act demure, and pray that he does not notice you. Your time is coming, and there is too much at stake to risk it all now.

Justin Mac Glammary

Justin Mac Glammary was born in the Highlands to the north of Hermitage Castle and lived his life learning the art of the bagpipes. Hardly a coward, Justin walked through the battlefields calmly, certain that no one would assault him as that was the tradition. When the Mac Glammary Clan met the Soulis family in battle, John Soulis proved that tradition alone is not enough for some.

Justin was captured, stripped of his bagpipes and tossed into the dungeons. There he languished amid the rotting flesh of previous prisoners, forced to feed off of their remains in an attempt to survive. He died of food poisoning. Since that time, he has continued to play his pipes every night, watching the Drones go about their endless battles. From time to time, he moves with his family to capture the Drones for Sundering. There are several members of the Mac Glammary Clan in residence within the Haunt, but only Justin holds a seat of power. The rest of his clan wait for the right time, for the right signal, before assaulting their murderer.

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Conformist

Circle: Anacreon for the Emerald Lord

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 2

Skills: Archery 2, Leadership 2, Melee 3, Performance 5, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Knowledges: Enigmas 2, Investigation 1, Linguistics 2, Medicine 1

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Artifacts (Stygian Sword) 1, Contacts 2, Eidolon 2, Haunt 3, Notoriety 1, Status 3, Wealth 2



Passions: Wants revenge against John Soulis (Hate) 3, Promote the interests of his clan within the Hermitage Hierarchy (Pride) 2, Live honorably (Honor) 1

Arcanos: Argos 2, Keening 5, Lifeweb 2, Usury 1

Fetters: Hidden wealth, 1; The dungeons of Hermitage Castle, 2
Willpower: 6

Pathos: 4

Shadow: The Rationalist

Angst: 3

Thorns: Bad Luck, Dark Allies, Pact of Doom

Shadow Passions: Destroy John Soulis and his allies at any cost (Hate) 3, Act without regard to honor — what good has it done you thus far? (Bitterness) 2

Image: Justin Mac Glammary is a tall, lean man. His red hair recedes from his face in a widow's peak. His face is all but hidden behind thick eyebrows and a massive beard and mustache. He still wears the colors and kilt of a man from Clan Mac Glammary. Justin almost never smiles, and while he does his duties well and serves the Hierarchy to the best of his ability, he has never made any secret of his hatred for John Soulis. Justin is only truly happy when he plays his bagpipes, and the music he creates has been known to mesmerize. Even those who hate normally bagpipes will admit that his performances are an exception to the rule.

Roleplaying Hints: You speak with a very thick Scots brogue, and you curse constantly. But nothing gives you pleasure like playing the bagpipes. More often than not, you wander the fields around the castle, rallying the Drones or summoning a hunting party to look for new Enfants.

Thaxton Mac Taggart

Thaxton was raised in an area of Scotland still held as sacred by the Celts, primarily for the powerful Faerie that lived there. He was raised in the presence of the Faerie and learned many of their eccentricities. He was called Thaxton the Mad by many of his neighbors. In his many years as a warrior and chieftain, Thaxton Mac Taggart did his best to end the disputes between the warring clans, hoping to finally help build a stronger Scotland, one strong enough to withstand the British forces constantly attacking the area. In order to aid in the unification process, Thaxton made the mistake of attending the wedding feast for Ellsbeth Soulis. He died of a heart attack brought on by the poisoned food. On discovering that he was dead, Thaxton roared with laughter, apparently pleased that he had lost to cunning instead of strength. He then proceeded to hound John Soulis mercilessly, haunting the man hour after hour, and making certain that the Lord of Hermitage Castle could never get a full night's sleep. To this day, he is the only local wraith that John Soulis fears.

Nature: Jester

Demeanor: Bravo

Circle: Anacreon of the Ashen Lady

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 1, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Expression 2, Intuition 4, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Archery 1, Craft 3, Leadership 5, Melee 3, Performance 2, Stealth 4, Survival 2



Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Faerie Lore 3
Backgrounds: Allies 3, Artifacts (Battle Axe of Stygian Steel) 2, Haunt 3, Hierarchy Status 5, Wealth 2
Passions: Desires control of Hermitage Castle for himself (Envy) 4, Wants Ellsbeth as his own (Lust) 3
Arcanos: Inhabit 3, Moliate 2, Outrage 4, Pandemonium 3
Fetters: The battle fields outside of Hermitage Castle, 2
Willpower: 8
Pathos: 6
Shadow: The Freak
Angst: 3
Thorns: Shadow Call, Shadow Traits
Shadow Passions: Seize Ellsbeth (Lust) 2, Destroy anyone who shows disdain for his ways (Hate) 3

Image: Thaxton Mac Taggart is a stocky man, heavily muscled under a layer of flab. His head and face are surrounded by a cloud of white hair, and his body is encased in rotted leathers. Thaxton is another who makes no secret of how he feels, often passing lewd comments to the women and threatening most men with a swift kiss from his axe. Thaxton's face is creased with wrinkles, and his age is guessed at somewhere in his mid-50s when he died.

Roleplaying Hints: Live death to its fullest. Wallowing in self-pity and shaking with fear is for lesser men. You've faced death before, and you've no doubt that you will again. Oblivion is simply another form of death. When the time comes for Oblivion to take you, you'll go willingly, but you intend to take as many of your enemies with you as you can. Especially John Soulis.

Gavin Soulis

Gavin Soulis built Hermitage Castle to protect those who trusted him from the armies of other chieftains. He rose from a simple mercenary soldier to become one of the greatest warriors of his time, but the title was not won without suffering. As Gavin continued to protect his charges, he was scarred and battered and maimed in life, until, at last, he could no longer fight as well as he once had. Gavin died on the battlefield, his blood feeding the soil. He never regretted anything he did in his life, save for failing to protect his charges as well as he should have.

Nature: Critic
Demeanor: Curmudgeon
Circle: Overlord of Hermitage Castle
Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4
Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1
Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 3
Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Expression 2, Intuition 4, Intimidation 3, Subterfuge 3
Skills: Leadership 4, Melee 3, Performance 1, Stealth 2, Survival 3
Knowledges: Area Knowledge (Hermitage Castle) 2



Backgrounds: Allies 3, Haunt 3, Memoriam 1, Status 3, Wealth 2

Passions: Sense of Duty (Pride) 3, Protect the castle and all that it stand for (Love) 3

Arcanos: Moliate 3, Outrage 2, Pandemonium 2

Fetters: Hermitage Castle, built with his sweat and blood and that of his servants, 3

Willpower: 6

Pathos: 5

Shadow: The Abuser

Angst: 3

Thorns: Doppelganger, Spectre Prestige

Shadow Passions: Destroy the other Lords Soulis who have made enemies, weakening the position of the Hermitage Hierarchy (Hate) 3, Gain power and followers (Greed) 3

Image: Gavin Soulis died a battered and broken man, and so he appears to this day. Gavin is so disfigured from the numerous battles he fought his way through that he is never seen without his mask firmly in place. Unlike so many of his fellow wraiths at Hermitage Castle, he wears the full regalia of his station. Gavin spends most of his time away from the castle, seeking out new Enfants for capture.

Roleplaying Hints: You loathe your great-grandson. He is everything you always tried to fight against, and you know that he must be stopped. Yet you doubt your abilities, your combat skills and even your own motives. Lately, you find yourself awakening from slumber in places that are unfamiliar, and you fear that your mind is going at last.

Ian Hornton

Ian was working on his thesis in Parapsychology for the University of Edinburgh, studying the odd reports of noises and lights at Hermitage Castle. While there on All Hallow's Eve, he discovered that his theory about ghosts being nothing but recorded history played through the right vibrational frequencies applied during certain weather conditions was entirely incorrect. When the Drones outside of Hermitage Castle started battling again to seek a final victor in the endless battles of the past, Ian got walloped upside his studious head with a mace. On any other night he would have been safe, but on All Hallow's Eve, the Drones had substance.

Nature: Traditionalist

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Circle: Anacreon for the Ladies of Fate

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 1, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Intuition 4

Skills: Stealth 3, Survival 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Computers 5, Enigmas 4, Investigation 3, Linguistics (Japanese, Latin, German) 3, Occult 4, Science 3

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Artifacts (IBM Laptop Computer) 3, Contacts (Fianceé, Parapsychology teacher) 2, Eidolon 2, Haunt 3, Status 3, Wealth 1



Passions: Needs to finish his manuscript (Destiny) 4, Wants to return to the living to prove to his fiancée that there is life after death (Love) 2, Wants to learn more about Stygia (Curiosity) 3

Arcanos: Argos 4, Castigate 2, Inhabit 3, Usury 3

Fetters: Unfinished manuscript on the truth about life after death, 3; Fianceé, 3

Willpower: 9

Pathos: 6

Shadow: The Pusher

Angst: 2

Thorns: Bad Luck, Trick of the Light

Shadow Passions: Take any risk for new knowledge (Lust) 3, Forget those he knew in life (Jealousy) 2

Image: Ian has long, black, shaggy hair, unevenly cut over a hawkish face. He is tall and lean and wears a cable-knit sweater and Levi's button-fly jeans. He is never without his laptop computer.

Roleplaying Hints: Well, this is all too interesting as far as you're concerned. All this time you thought you knew what was what, and now you know differently. Your answers are always well thought-out and very direct. Also, you have an annoying tendency of tapping your teeth with your fingertips whenever you are thinking, which is most of the time.

Denise Willowby

Denise Willowby loved nothing as much as the studies of the body in motion. She was schooled in gymnastics, Shoto-Kan Karate, and ballet from the time she could walk. Denise Willowby died when her car went out of control and smashed her into the side of an oncoming truck. Her death was painless. No sooner had she stepped away from the wreckage, confused by the bright lights that shone through her caul, then the Reapers of Hermitage Castle dragged her away to their Haunt. Initially they intended to sell her to the highest bidder, but when she pulled off her own caul and demanded explanations, they decided that Sundering her might be a better idea. Denise had other ideas herself, and after spending some 20 minutes knocking various wraiths senseless in unarmed combat, they decided that perhaps she could teach them the deadly battle styles that they still cannot pronounce. Since then, Denise has learned her way around the castle and become something of a teacher to the numerous warrior wraiths. She is smart enough, however, not to teach them all of her tricks.

Nature: Bon Vivant

Demeanor: Jester

Circle: Emerald Legion

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 4, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Expression 2, Intuition 2, Intimidation 1, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Drive 3, Melee 3, Performance 3, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 1, Computers 1, Enigmas 2, Investigation 1

Backgrounds: Eidolon 3, Haunt 3, Memoriam 4, Status 1, Wealth 1

Passions: Accomplished Tournament fighter (Pride) 3, Driven to be the best at whatever she attempts (Honor) 2

Arcanos: Outrage 4, Pandemonium 2, Phantasm 1

Fetters: Family home in Southampton, 2; Trophies and awards as a tournament fighter, 2

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Parent

Angst: 3

Thorns: Bad Luck

Shadow Passions: Abandon hope of a better life than this (Despair) 3, Aid any Renegades in undermining the Hierarchy (Bitterness) 2

Image: Denise is a lean, muscular woman with an athlete's body. Her short blond hair frames a long face, which these days tends to look confused. Denise carries herself with confidence, something that many of the older wraiths have trouble understanding. She is dressed in a light sweater and corduroy pants.

Roleplaying Hints: There are a few things that your captors do not understand, not the least of which is that you are certain you are not dead. You don't know how they do the things they do, or how you do them either, but you cannot believe that life ends with you stuck in a moldy old castle. For the present time, you will teach them a few combat maneuvers, a few throws and blocks, but you are still looking for the way out of this madhouse.

Amos Garton

Amos Garton led his village in the battle against Lord John Soulis. He and the master of Hermitage had been friends at one point, until the ruler decided that Amos' wife, Siobhan, was too lovely to serve as the wife of a mere blacksmith. Soulis sent three of his men to kill Amos, knowing that the weaponsmith would not approve of his desires. The men came in the night and beat Amos to the ground. They thought him dead, but did not double-check their handiwork.

When Amos awoke, he remembered only the glint of steel from weapons he had created and the screams of his wife as she was dragged into the night. Later he learned that Siobhan had thrown herself from the edge of Hermitage Castle after Soulis had finished degrading her. Amos' rage was unholy, and his screams for justice were heard far and wide as he gathered an army of townsfolk and farmers to bring an end to John Soulis' reign over the land.



When the people stormed the castle, they met with little resistance. Most of the guards attempted to flee and were captured for their efforts. Those few that fought against the tide of angry peasants died brutally. Amos Garton was one of the few who died in battle, skewered on the sword of John Soulis as he attempted to capture the lord of Hermitage Castle.

After removing his own caul, Amos wandered the area looking for the spirit of his beloved, unaware that the Spectres had dragged her away into the depths of the Tempest. After almost a decade of fruitless wandering, he returned to Hermitage Castle, hoping to look for his Siobhan there. He was captured almost immediately upon entering the area and was locked into the manacles provided by Stygia. Since then, he has been forced to craft weapons and trinkets for the Lords Soulis and the rest of the Hierarchy at Hermitage Castle.

As time passes, he loses more and more of what he was, becoming simply a gifted Drone. His anger, all that sustains him any longer, is slowly fading, and all memories of his beloved Siobhan are gone, mere echoes that he no longer understands. Unbeknownst to Amos, his Shadow has changed his appearance in an effort to keep anyone from reminding him of what he once was.

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Bravo

Circle: Prisoners of Soulis

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 1, Intimidation 2

Skills: Craft 3, Leadership 2, Melee 1

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Enigmas 1, Investigation 4

Backgrounds: Allies 4

Passions: Desires the fall of John Soulis (Hatred) 4, Longs to find Siobhan (Love) 3

Arcanos: Embody 4, Moliate 4

Fetters: The sword of John Soulis, 2; Siobhan's wedding ring, 4

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 5

Shadow: The Director

Angst: 4

Thorns: Freudian Slip, Pact of Doom

Shadow Passions: Forget Siobhan in the arms of another (Lust) 2, Make more and better weapons to encourage violence (Pride) 3

Image: Amos is a sturdy man in his 50s with white hair and gray eyes. He still wears wool britches and a heavy leather vest, the same clothes he worked in before his death. His hands and face show the scars of his time working at the forges beneath Hermitage Castle, and his wrists and legs are manacled with enough room to allow him to do his job and nothing more.

Roleplaying Hints: You are quiet and bitter. You do not speak unless spoken to, fearing that someone with a whip will strike you again. There is nothing left of the joy you once knew, and now you spend your waking hours crafting the weapons that your masters demand. But from time to time, you hide a weapon away, hoping against hope that someone will come and free you, someone who hates John Soulis as much as you yourself hate him.

Shannon Muldoon

No one knows just what the situation is between Shannon Muldoon and the Lords Soulis. Whatever the case may be, they seem to love, hate and fear her. Whenever Shannon is around, the Lords tend to watch her surreptitiously, save when she is looking towards them. If she looks directly on their faces, they avert their eyes as if afraid of being burned. When she is elsewhere, they will never hesitate to make their hatred of her known, calling her names and swearing that they will someday have their revenge upon her. Despite the venom in their vows, they are always careful to make certain that Shannon cannot hear their promises. No one has ever dared harm Shannon, for fear that the Lords would seek retribution. Whatever is between them, she has power over all the Lords of Castle Hermitage. There is a rumor going around that Shannon has crushed her own Shadow into submission and could remove it from herself entirely if she so desired.

Nature: Caregiver

Demeanor: Judge

Circle: Anacreon to the Beggar Lord

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2



Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Intuition 3

Skills: Craft 2, Performance 5

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Enigmas 5, Investigation 3, Linguistics 2, Medicine 1, Occult 4, Faerie Lore 4

Backgrounds: Allies (The Lords Soulis) 4, Artifacts (Balefire Lantern) 3, Contacts 5, Eidolon 2, Haunt 4, Notoriety 3, Status 5, Wealth 5

Passions: Sense of Duty to the Hierarchy (Pride) 4, Unrequited Love (Love) 3

Arcanos: Argos 2, Castigate 3, Fatalism 5, Keening 5, Pandemonium 3

Fetters: Hermitage Castle, 3; Loch Ness, 4

Willpower: 9

Pathos: 8

Shadow: The Parent

Angst: 2

Thorns: Soul Gem, Spectre Prestige

Shadow Passions: Manipulate those who would love her (Bitterness) 4, Never show weakness (Fear) 2

Image: Shannon Muldoon has fair skin and light hair with cold blue eyes. Her face and figure are attractive, but not overly so. She stands surprisingly tall, 5'11", and she carries herself with the grace of a dancer. Her voice is musical, even when she is angry. She is almost never seen without her mask and manacles in place, and whenever she leaves the Haunt, which is frequently, she carries her Balefire Lantern, lit and held before her.



Roleplaying Hints: You are confident, and you are kind. Even when you run across someone who has caused you harm, you seem forgiving. But not all is as it seems, and you have long since earned the nickname “Bane Sidhe” for your powerful voice and willingness to use Keening as a defense or an offense.

Storyteller Notes: The Balefire Lantern is a roughly hewn lantern with faces carved on each side. Where the mouths of the faces open in apparent agony, a thick glaze preserves the odd green light that burns fiercely within. Spectres cringe away from this light, and wraiths are mesmerized if they stare into its depths for too long (Willpower roll, difficulty 8). Some wraiths speculate that this was the lantern used by Jack O’ Lantern centuries ago to find his way back from Hell. There is also a rumor going around that the lantern actually burns the Shadow out of Spectres and allows their other personalities to gain dominance once again. In one case, the wraiths of Hermitage actually saw this done, and the Spectre of Beatrice Soulis found the peace of Transcendence. Shannon Muldoon has no idea how or why the lantern accomplished this feat. Many mysteries of the Balefire Lantern go unknown, but Shannon is working on understanding them. No one is certain what all the Balefire Lantern is capable of, but whatever the case, it is powerful, and well connected to Shannon Muldoon by her manacles.

Story ideas

- The Lord John Soulis is in more trouble than his arrogance will allow him to believe. The wraiths that inhabit the ancient Haunt are almost all opposed to John Soulis, but the idea that they would do anything about their anger is quite literally beyond comprehension.

Worse still, most of the wraiths believe that no one else would be willing to do anything, and so very little has been accomplished. For the last 100 years or so, the various factions have been appraising the situation and trying to covertly recruit new Enfants to their way of thinking. As a result of this endless, careful maneuvering, the only one who has managed to really start making things happen is Ellsbeth, who has been secreting her forces deep beneath the Haunt, preparing to overthrow her father and watch him Sundered for his actions.

- There is much more to Shannon Muldoon than is apparent at a glance. Since the time she arrived almost two centuries ago, she has been doing as she pleased with no fear of retribution. What is her secret? Where does she go when she leaves the Haunt and wanders across the lands, far from Hermitage Castle? What power does she hold over all of the Lords Soulis, and how can that power be of assistance to any schemes against the present leaders of the Haunt?





• The Renegades of Edinburgh, called by some the Celtic Cross, are readying themselves for war, and they are gathering greater numbers of wraiths than the castle has seen since the first appearance of the Hierarchy on the field of battle. There are very few wraiths less than a 150 years old at the Haunt, and most of them have no idea just what a handgun is. The wraiths at Hermitage Castle are in for serious trouble if they are not warned or given assistance in learning the basics of firearms.

• Adding to the problems at Hermitage Castle, a new illness has started taking control of the Drones on the battle field. The mindless soldiers of the Dead have started developing thoughts of their own, and a few believe that this is the result of the Spectres. Many of the Drones have been left in peace simply because they were Kin once, before the blood of all was spilled. But the time is coming when something will have to be done about the old family members that still fight a long gone war, if for no other reason than to stop the darkening spots of Shadowplague that have started appearing on their flesh.

• From deep within the dungeons below Hermitage Castle, strange sounds have been heard coming from beneath the bones of the dead. There is some fear that a Nihil is forming, but no one has volunteered to explore the matter. No one is certain what is down there but, sooner or later, the changes will have to be examined. Perhaps the greatest concern at Hermitage Castle is that the last two envoys from Stygia have not shown themselves yet. There is a lack of communication between the Haunt and the capital of the Underworld, and even John Soulis is starting to get edgy. Time will tell what the end result of all the waiting is, and time will tell if Hermitage Castle, one of the last pure Hierarchy Haunts left in Great Britain, will fall to the forces that gather in the darkness.





The Richmond Capitol: Home of the New Renaissance Circle

By Judith McLaughlin and Ehrik Winters

Haunt Level: 3

Memoriam Level: 4

The Prince of Wales was born in Richmond — Richmond, England, of course. He didn't have enough ancestors to be born in Richmond, Virginia.

—Will Rogers

Physical Description

Richmond is the heart of the Old Dominion and the capital of the Confederacy, a city rife with its own share of America's history and horror in peace and in war. The American equivalent of Rome, it was built upon seven hills and houses some of the oldest, most aristocratic families in the United States. The main building of the Haunt is the Richmond Capitol, designed by Thomas Jefferson and based upon the designs of the "Temples of Erectheus at Athens, of Balbec, and of the Maison quarree of Nismes." It was constructed upon Shockoe Hill, just off the edge of downtown, in 1788. Like the Acropolis at Athens, it stood alone on its tall hill overlooking the sedate James River and the multitude of homes and churches typical of post-Revolutionary America. It would become the home away from home for some of the greatest statesmen of that time and later.

The present appearance of the Capitol is somewhat different. During constant renovations and additions between 1904 and 1906, the east and west wings were added to the central building. Its view overlooking the James has been obscured through the years by the tall buildings that now surround it. From the outside, the Capitol maintains its attractive governmental appearance, nestled in the middle of one of the few major tracts of greenery in Richmond's downtown, Capitol Square. To the north, it is bounded by the modern courts building, a towering and gothic Old City Hall and the rectangular Virginia State Library, all of which face onto Broad Street, one of Richmond's major thoroughfares. To the east is a mishmash of government buildings, including the governor's mansion and the state finance building. To the south is Bank Street, which is lined by a number of other historical buildings that face onto Main Street. To the west is Ninth Street, as



well as the Supreme Court building, St. James Episcopal Church and a number of other minor state buildings. The driveway entrance to the Capitol at the junction of Ninth and Grace Streets sweeps past a guardhouse into a graceful parking circle. The monument at the center of the parking circle is topped with a statue of George Washington sitting atop a charger and is surrounded by six smaller statues of other famous Virginia statesmen.

The Capitol itself looks somewhat less impressive than its original Grecian concept. The south face of the building is the main entrance, with the requisite long, broad staircase up to the portico, floored with slick marble and surrounded by eight Ionic columns. The east and west wings are faced with four columns on each exposed side. The central doors open into a vestibule between two committee rooms. The halls are all paved with the same black and white checkerboard pattern, and close inspection of some of the black squares can reveal tiny fossils in the limestone. Further ahead is the rotunda, the echoing center of the building. In the center is the most remarkable monument of the Capitol: the only statue of George Washington sculpted with the living man as a model. There is no ceiling here, as it opens upward to the second floor gallery and from there to a painted, skylit dome.

Beyond Washington is the old House of Delegates, an enormous, high-ceilinged chamber with rows of small desks and three large, throne-like chairs against the north wall. A life-size bronze statue of Robert E. Lee stands just inside the doorway, a constant reminder to the South of its defeat. To the east and the west are the Senate and House chambers, semicircular rooms with large desk-like centerpieces.

The second floor is made up of offices, large committee rooms and entrances that lead into the galleries of the Senate and House chambers. Above the rotunda is the gallery, which contains portraits, sculpture and other memorabilia of old Richmond. Scattered liberally throughout the building are sculptures of the prominent of Virginia.

The basement contains little of interest, just more offices, committee rooms and the cafeteria. The sub-basement is for storage, utilities and access to the Capitol tunnel system. From the Capitol, tunnels run to the finance building, the governor's mansion, the state library and on under many buildings of the Medical College of Virginia. The tunnels are dimly lit, hot and smell of mildew and decay. Small creatures scuttle just out of sight into the shadows. The tunnels under the Medical College of Virginia's West and East Hospitals have a particularly creepy feel.

In the Shadowlands

The Capitol in the Shadowlands looks very much like the Capitol in the Lands of the Quick. However, the polished floors are dulled, and the red drapes in many of the rooms look aged, worn and fragile. Spots on the floor seem to move if you stare at them long enough. On closer inspection the tiny fossils that are trapped in the limestone are writhing and squirming slowly, trying to force their way free of the stone, but forever trapped. The

statues show their cracks, faults and repairs more vividly in the Shadowlands, giving a grotesque, corpse-like visage to the immortalized men. The echoes in the chambers sound hollow and answer back with an eerie timbre added to them. The old House of Delegates still contains debris from the Capitol Disaster, and the ceiling looks like it was patched together and still sags in some spots. The red velvet on the chairs appears threadbare, while the Golden Mace, which sits in a glass case in the center of the room, looks plastic, cheap and tawdry. Lee's statue looks severe and has a green patina covering it.

The areas where the east and west wings were added are terribly obvious, as if a line of demarcation between the old and the new had been drawn in sickly neon colors. The basement is dim and echoing, even when no person, living or dead, is moving in it. If one listens to the low murmurings here, one can discern the sounds of laughter, screams, gunshots, explosions and roaring flames. One gets the feeling that all the sounds of horror, terror and death ever to happen in the Commonwealth of Virginia eventually echo in its Capitol, where the tragedies always come home to rest.

The sub-basement is dark and cold. There are constant dripping sounds. On inspection, the walls ooze the blood of Virginia's lost sons and daughters. The tunnel entrance seems to moan periodically, and the light in the tunnels proper flickers and dims at the most inopportune moments. Cobwebs and dust fill the tunnel system.

History



The Capitol building was designed by Thomas Jefferson. In 1788, it replaced the building the delegates had been meeting in, an old tobacco warehouse about five blocks away in an area known as Shockoe Slip. Built upon one of the most visible places in Richmond, it became the center of downtown as Richmond developed in the 19th century.

During the early 1800s, the city was the nexus for the genteel Southern culture that formed around the closest thing America had to an aristocracy. The "noble" families, who were, of course, the wealthiest, produced businessmen, doctors, scholars and statesmen galore. Well-educated white men with names like Cary, Cabell, Randolph, Byrd and Henry and their lovely belles were the centerpieces of gossip and respect throughout the South. Business boomed, the city grew and expanded, and gentle pursuits like Sunday promenades through the local Hollywood Cemetery were commonplace. Ignored amidst this were the ever-present black slaves who lived alongside this delicate fashion parade.

The institution of slavery brought about the downfall of this glorious Southern lifestyle. In 1861, the War Between the States (the Civil War to all Northerners) began with the secession of the Confederate States from the Union. Richmond,



Virginia, was made the capital of the Confederacy and the home of the Confederate President, Jefferson Davis, and the Confederate Congress.

The latter years of the war were bad for Richmond. Some of its best-loved noble sons perished tragically in battle. Most died as officers leading charges or rallying their men. Many of the officers in the army were Richmond natives, with families in the city, and the city mourned as an increasing number of her native sons perished fighting for the glory of the South that they loved. In early 1865, tragedy upon tragedy rocked the city, such as the death of General J.E.B. Stuart. It all finally consummated on April 2nd, when Union General Ulysses S. Grant broke Robert E. Lee's lines at Petersburg. Those citizens of Richmond who could fled the city in a swift exodus on horseback, in carriages, in canal boats or on foot. Confederate soldiers set the torch to the tobacco houses on the banks of the James to keep the Yankees from the stores of one of the South's greatest commodities. A strong wind blew off the river and turned the few fires into a blazing inferno that tore through the town. Those women, children and elderly who remained in the parts of town threatened and eventually consumed by the fire fled to Capitol Square, huddling in blankets with what few belongings they could salvage.

With the desolation of the burned town around it, the Capitol stood firm and untouched, a bastion of hope to the now homeless and defeated Richmonders.

The South was a bleak wasteland of despair during its Reconstruction. Their boys had died fighting the Yankees, but the cause was lost, and the South had fallen. With money loaned by the government, the former Confederacy put itself back together slowly, Richmond included. The gutted buildings in downtown and along the river had to be rebuilt, lives restored, and deaths mourned. Some degree of anarchy continued as duels were fought between gentlemen, and gunfire was a frequent sound in the city streets. Men shot men for petty or imagined slights against them, and arguments, even those in the rotunda of the Capitol itself, were often resolved by gunfire.

Defeated and anarchic, the Commonwealth struggled to rise from the ashes of the war. Virginia's Reconstruction was finally finished in January, 1870. The Union troops stationed in Richmond were withdrawn, and things finally began to look up for the city. Unfortunately, it was not to be.

On April 27, 1870, hundreds of men crammed into the Capitol to hear the decision in a controversial case involving the mayoral election in Richmond. They filled the upper floor committee room and its gallery, which was being used as a temporary courtroom. Just as the judges were about to step into the room, there was a cracking sound and the gallery gave way beneath the weight of the crowd. The people and the structure of the gallery fell to the courtroom floor, which also collapsed, dropping the crowd of hundreds approximately 40 feet to the floor of the House of Delegates below. Somewhere between 60 and 75 people were crushed or suffocated, and upwards of 250 people were injured in the Capitol Disaster.



Despite much public outcry about the state of the building and an almost instantaneous decision to raze the Capitol and rebuild, the Capitol survived. The state authorities decided to repair the damaged building. However, to satisfy the sudden hysteria, City Hall was razed, despite the fact that its timbers were sturdy and showed no sign of decay.

Two of the men killed in the disaster, Henry Clay Daniels and his close friend, Thomas Roberts Smythe, awoke in the Shadowlands. They were borne off to destinations unknown, but each having glimpsed the other as they were carried off to their indefinite servitudes, they were both determined to be together again.

When Daniels returned some years later to the Richmond Necropolis, his heart broke as he toured the beloved city of his birth. He found that the South he loved had never truly recovered from its crushing defeat in the war with the North. Richmond's streets in the Land of the Dead looked as though the rubble of the evacuation fire had never been removed. Wraiths abounded, and mindless Drones virtually swarmed over parts of the city. Hollywood Cemetery, so named for the many holly bushes planted, and the various battlefields in the nearby countryside were meeting places for the recent and newly Dead. Drones regularly reenacted their dooms in these places or simply sat, unliving monuments to the destruction of the South. Wraiths wandered the streets aim-

lessly, and Legionnaires strolled about old familiar buildings, ignoring the Renegade and Heretic garbage that fouled the dark corners of the city. Hate, corruption and despair seemed to ooze from the very pores of the city.

Daniels was assigned as Marshal for the annexed city of Manchester, located south of the James River. It was here he began his long, clawing trek up the ladder of the Hierarchy. It was his personal dream to restore Richmond to its once-glorious status in both the lands of the Quick and the Dead. Having kept track of Daniels through the bureaucratic organizational charts of the Hierarchs, his friend Smythe managed to get himself assigned as a Centurion in Richmond shortly after Daniels had returned. The pair proved to be the formidable team in death that they had wanted to be in life and soon were inseparable. Together they tore into the petty intrigues of the Virginia Citadel and slowly began to dismantle the sloppy, ill-managed patchwork of organization. With the pieces (and sometimes the smelted souls) of the old, they began to rebuild a well-oiled Hierarchy machine.

During one of Daniels "restorations," he encountered Miss Emma Meade, a lovely young wraith from the early 20th century, who worked as a secretary for another Marshal. He recognized Miss Meade's quick mind and devastating shrewdness instantly and pulled strings to get her reassigned to his service.



Miss Meade managed to get unusual amounts of information about the local Hierarchy and was thus instrumental in Daniels' meteoric rise through the ranks. Daniels himself feels that her kindly friendship with Ol' Moses, the old janitor who cared for the Citadel, was key to her acute insights into the activities of the other high-ranking officials.

Meanwhile in the land of the Quick, Richmond was reclaiming some of its dignity, but its grandeur was tarnished and faded. It had passed through the beginning of the 20th century without much protest. The black citizens were experiencing the extreme prejudice that was rife throughout the South at this time, though many of them had also fallen into the dulled splendor of the Virginia aristocracy. By the 1890s, the first families of "Negro Virginia" had evolved into the black high society.

Richmond continued to plod through the 20th century, its existence punctuated by wars and disasters. The charismatic Daniels became one of the seven Anacreons of the Richmond Citadel in record time. Somehow, as he shot up the ladder of the Citadel, his predecessors either ended up in the Tempest or clapped in irons, en route to Stygia to become coinage. He made the Capitol, the site of his demise, into the headquarters for himself and his slowly growing group of followers. He had covert access here, through the then-new tunnel systems, to

the governor's house, the state library, the archives and several other state buildings. In addition, by installing himself in the Capitol, he gave himself the image of complete command, an image that he carried off well. New wraiths often mistake him as the chief executive of Richmond, when comparing his faded but palatial governmental home to the ancient, rundown mass of abandoned warehouses and condemned housing in Shockoe Bottom that is the true Citadel proper.

Daniels' Circle was expanding. During the course of his closely spaced promotions, several new people were added to the little trio. Miss Rebecca Cole, a young belle who was killed by a jilted lover, joined to seduce one of the Richmond Anacreons, a job she performed with cold efficiency. Meredith Babcock, a pioneer and scout from the early 1700s, became the circle's assassin and bodyguard. Dalton McGuire provided canny support for Miss Meade's plots. Zachariah "Zack" Crutchfield, an Artificer of immense skill, was wooed to Daniels' side and service with various gifts and promises. Powhatan Roberts, an attorney also killed in the Capitol Disaster, was happy to side with Daniels, a man he respected in life. Smythe coined the name "New Renaissance" for the circle, since they wanted to bring about a renewal for their home. Daniels liked the sound of it, and the name stuck.



The drug industry provided a number of new wraiths in a city already swarming with the Dead. Unfortunately, these wraiths are swamping the already strained Legionnaires. Random reapers, often Renegades, have been collecting a lot of new souls, and with them comes more power. Daniels is scrambling for manpower, begging Stygia to send forces into the Necropolis, but he seems to be having problems convincing them of Richmond's need.

In 1992, the Richmond Necropolis was swept with an intense local Maelstrom. It is conjectured that it was caused by the terror and death brought with the Newtown Gang's moving into town. After many drug busts and raids, the homicide rate in 1993 went down slightly. However, the random killings of 1994 escalated to such an extent that the entire Richmond Necropolis is on a constant, tense standby for another Maelstrom even more deadly than the last.

Daniels is fortifying the Capitol against this building Maelstrom, afraid that the Citadel proper will be a target for both Spectres and Renegade betrayal during the coming storm. He rarely leaves the Haunt these days, opting instead to send Miss Meade, McGuire and the Circle's newest recruits such as Randy Stewart out to run any errands that he might need done. He spends his time in his office (the office of the Speaker of the House), chatting and talking politics with Powhatan Roberts and Smythe, keeping Babcock close at hand in readiness for any attacks or infiltrations.

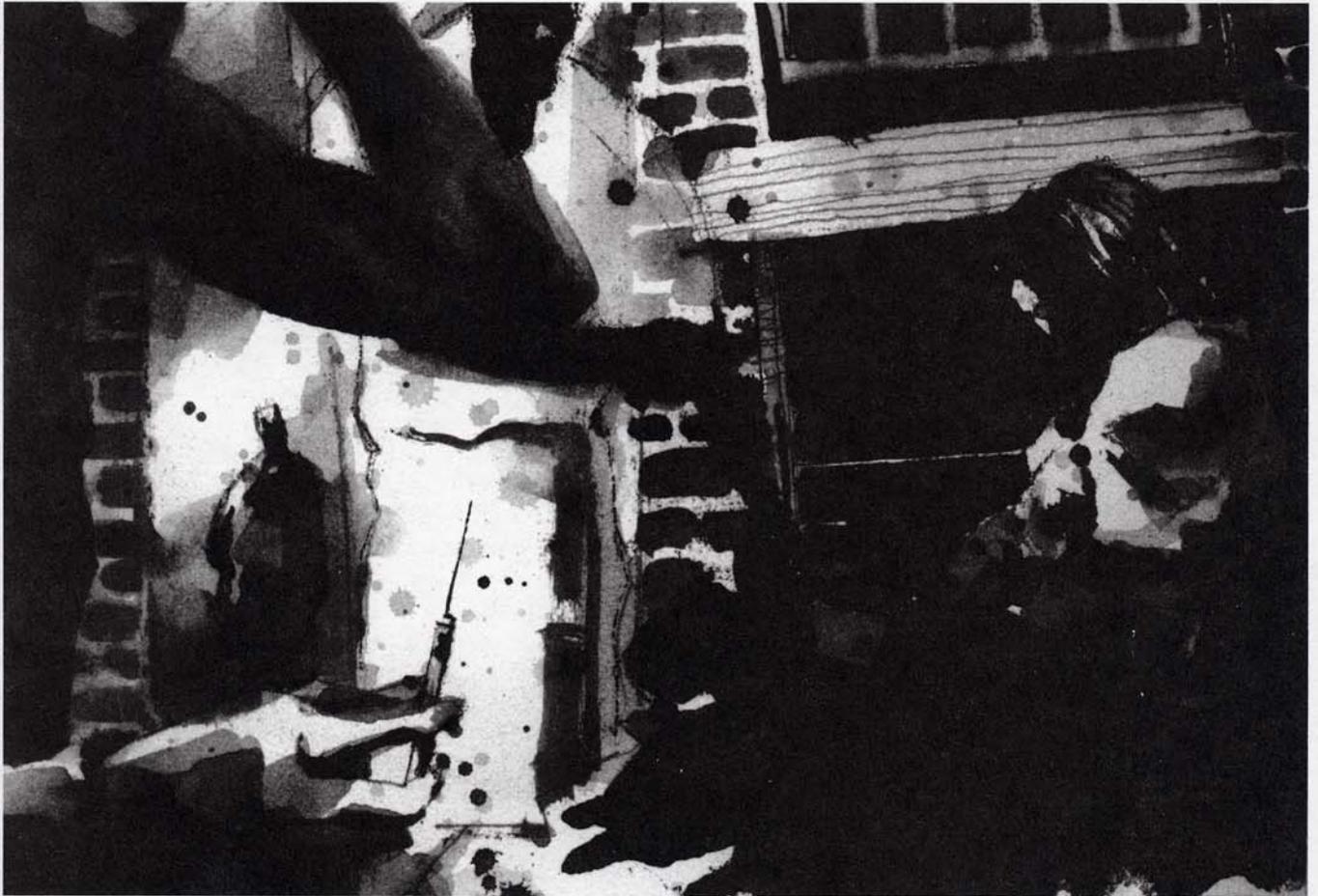
The New Renaissance's troops are usually sent on strategic missions and sting operations masterminded by Miss Meade. Their goals are usually to annihilate large groups of Renegades or Heretics at a time. Miss Meade targets the groups causing the greatest disturbances, and her operatives sometimes spend years infiltrating. Heretics whose course toward Transcendence has lead them close to the New Renaissance's goals of renewal of the South are left strictly alone until they become nuisances.

Outside Relations



The New Renaissance is looked upon with respect and occasional dismay by other Hierarchs, who find them sneaky, underhanded and potentially powerful. However, Virginia is still Virginia, and everyone is polite to everyone else... at least in public.

The Renegades and Heretics dislike the New Renaissance primarily because they are the source of virtually every raid on suspect Haunts and hiding places. Certain Heretic groups are exempt from the Circle's persecutions, but only the ones who are seeking in some way to restore parts of the South to their former glory.



The Richmond vampires are mostly ignored by the New Renaissance. Daniels and Miss Meade are, however, interested in the movements of certain vampires that are linked to the drug industry now swamping Richmond. Miss Meade speaks occasionally to some of the hideous, under-dwelling vampires of the city, trading bits of information she has gleaned from watching the goings-on in the Capitol for anything she might find useful in the future. Garou are impossible to locate in Richmond, as are changelings and mummies. It is likely that there are none of these creatures in the city, though they may pass through periodically.

The Progenitor laboratory in Church Hill churns out drugs at an alarming rate. The New Renaissance wants information on these Technomancers and wants it badly. Daniels and company sees these mages as a major cause of the corruption of the city, and they want them gone. Not knowing much about mages, they lump all of the city's mage population together and are trying to find a way to clear them out completely.

The Quick and the Dead

The Capitol has frequent visitors at all hours of the day, but particularly during the daylight. Delegates regularly come through, and the Capitol police patrol the halls. The wraiths, however, are not perturbed by these intrusions, taking it in stride as part of being in the government.

Emotions can often run high in this building and run the gamut from anger and hatred to lust and envy.

Richmond in the Land of the Quick has not been hit with the renewal that many people have been trying for so desperately in recent years. The city's decay continues at an alarming rate. Unassuming through the middle of the 20th century, it reached new heights (lows?) of renown in 1985 by being the city with the third highest murder rate in the nation. The homicide figures in the first six months of 1994 were 45% above the first six months of 1993, and by early September, the city had achieved its highest homicide rate ever.

An immense drug culture has moved into the city. Attempts at urban renewal have been half-hearted and unsuccessful for the most part. A mall built in the heart of downtown Richmond is a much-mocked feature amid dilapidated buildings that are either vacant or contain some of Richmond's most frightening citizens. Historic Church Hill is one of the homicide centers of the city, as is the former city of Manchester, now labeled Southside. Small areas here and there throughout the city have managed to be renovated and remain so, but they are infrequent at best. Children and young couples have become favorite targets for random murder, rape and other violence.



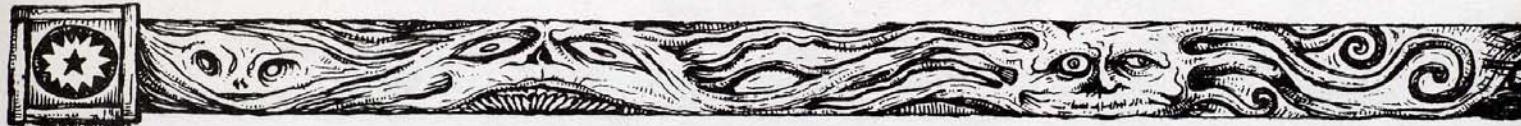
The New Renaissance

Henry Clay Daniels, Richmond Governor

Daniels was an ambitious young man from days in military school. He joined the Confederate Army as an officer and enjoyed leading his men. While he was a good leader, he longed to be as dynamic and inspiring as J.E.B. Stuart and other flamboyant young officers, but it was not to be. He was practical, caring and was popular with his men, but that was all. He met his best friend, Thomas Smythe, during his time in the Army. Both idolized General J.E.B. Stuart, and they schemed together as to how they could achieve similar renown.

When the war ended, he threw himself into Reconstruction, seeking to restore the glory days of his home. He was a natural politician and seemed to have a promising career ahead of him. It was cut short in 1870 when the bottom fell out, literally.

Crushed to death in the Capitol Disaster, he found himself a servant of the Hierarchy. He passed through a long series of owners who traded him like money, but he listened and absorbed the politics of Stygia. Finally, he found someone who listened to his well-reasoned explanations of how useful he could be as something other than a menial Thrall. His foot on the bottom rung of the Hierarchy ladder at last, he began a ruthless climb to the top, determined to return to Richmond.



As a Centurion, he saved his Overlord from assassination by Renegades. The Overlord, in gratitude, had him assigned to Richmond as a Marshal. Daniels was horrified and dismayed by the ill-managed Necropolis. He began organizing the Legion under his command, rallying them to enforce the law of Charon upon the dispirited city. He found Smythe, who became one of his Centurions, and met Miss Emma Meade, who became his secretary. With information gleaned from Miss Meade's acquaintance, Ol' Moses, the trio quickly found a means to accuse the Regent of accepting bribes from Heretics as well as discrediting his longtime cronies, the other Marshals.

As Regent, Daniels still did not have enough power to make the sweeping changes he so desired for his beloved Richmond, so Miss Meade found a tough old pioneer who "witnessed" the "accidental" disappearance of an Overlord into a large local Nihil. Daniels, who had conveniently ingratiated himself with one of the Anacreons, replaced the unfortunate Overlord. When the Anacreon he served disappeared mysteriously not too long afterwards, Daniels quietly took his place behind the Anacreon's mask. By the time anyone had the slightest inkling about what had happened, Daniels had taken hold of the reins of power.

Despite his heroic efforts in recent years, Richmond has continued to decay, both in the Land of the Dead and the Land of the Quick. Renegade groups have swamped the town, and supernatural beings that call themselves vampires are found through all levels of the city. Daniels is desperate to find a means of reversing the trend.

Nature: Conniver

Demeanor: Director

Circle: The New Renaissance

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 3, Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Intimidation 2, Leadership 3, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Etiquette 4, Firearms 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 4, Law 3, Politics 4, Science 1

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 3, Haunt 3, Memoriam 2, Hierarchy Status 2, Wealth 3

Passions: Renewing Richmond (Hope) 4, Renewing the spirit of the South (Hope) 3, Make the Capitol the new Citadel (Greed) 3

Arcanos: Argos 2, Lifeweb 5, Phantasm 3, Puppetry 3

Fetters: The Capitol, 2; His diary, held in the collection at the Valentine Museum, 2

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 7

Shadow: Perfectionist

Angst: 6

Thorns: Shadow Familiar (a small yellow bird)

Shadow Passions: Show the hypocrisy of the Hierarchy (Vengeance) 3, Prove himself to be better than everyone else (Anger) 4

Image: Daniels appears as a man in his mid-30s, with deep-set, intense brown eyes; wavy, brown hair combed and parted impeccably, a carefully clipped mustache and a thick beard trimmed to a length of about an inch and a half. He wears a dark vest, suit coat and trousers, starched white shirt and a bow tie. He stands about 5'8" with an average, but athletic, build.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a calm, charismatic, well-educated 19th century man. While you have not exactly been left behind by the times, you still believe that manners and strict justice can achieve more than screaming and violence. You speak with a deep, measured voice that has been groomed for public speaking.

Thomas Roberts Smythe

Smythe was an unimpressive student and a mediocre soldier. However, he was an officer, and he was popular with his men because of his "live and let live" philosophy with them. His was a quiet passion for life and his patriotic duties. He met Daniels during the War Between the States and was happy to become the friend of this dynamic-seeming young officer. When the war was over, they remained the best of friends, and Smythe became something of a Sancho Panza to Daniels' Don Quixote, watching in amusement and pity as he realized that his friend would never be the amazing statesman he wanted so desperately to be. Daniels frequently tilted with windmills in a metaphoric sense, trying to become the noble, tragic, yet heroic figure that many Confederate officers had evolved into. He seemed determined to be a great politician if he could not be a hero, and Smythe was there to support him.

Smythe's last memory before death was watching the gallery crash down upon his friend's head and inhaling a thick cloud of dust that choked him into unconsciousness. His first memory after death was having his sight suddenly clear and staring into the cruel, gray eyes of a soldier. He heard a familiar yell and looked up to see Daniels being clapped in irons and led away. Smythe himself felt the irons close about his wrists and neck and knew the irony of the enslavement of a former Confederate officer.

After several years of groveling and ingratiating, Smythe had become a Centurion in the ranks of the Emerald Lord. Through his contacts and sources, he found Daniels and started pulling strings to get to him. Since Smythe was known to be dependable and not nearly courageous enough to rebel or assassinate on his own, as well as being familiar with the city, he was transferred to Richmond. He replaced another Centurion who had been branded and busted down to scrub duty for accepting Renegade bribes. Daniels had changed in death into



Thomas Roberts Smythe

the steely-eyed heroic figure he had wanted to be in life. Smythe fell easily back into his role as companion and sidekick, this time with less pity and much more respect.

He supported his friend during his movements up the ranks, helping Miss Meade with her complex machinations. He does not trust her and constantly inspects her actions for implications of her duplicity, but can prove nothing. He periodically makes his feelings known to Daniels, who ignores him completely. Smythe dislikes most of the other members of the Circle that Daniels has gathered, particularly not trusting McGuire and Zack. He likes and respects Powhatan Roberts, the attorney that died with them in the Disaster. His feelings for Miss Cole, however, run very deep, and any who impugn her honor should be ready to duel.

Nature: Conformist

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Circle: The New Renaissance

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Dodge 2, Leadership 2, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Etiquette 3, Firearms 2, Melee 1

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, History 4, Investigation 3, Law 2, Occult 1, Politics 4

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 1, Haunt 3, Memoriam 2

Passions: Protect his descendants (Love) 2, Preserve Richmond's history (Love) 3

Arcanos: Embody 2, Outrage 2, Puppetry 4

Fetters: The Capitol, 2; His family home, 3; His descendants, 2

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 6

Shadow: Parent

Angst: 6

Thorns: Shadow Trait (+2 Wits), Tainted relic (eyeglasses)

Shadow Passions: Destroy lives and families (Anger) 3

Image: Smythe appears to be in his mid-30s, with a sallow complexion, thinning, brown hair, a thick mustache, pale blue eyes and a noticeably weak chin. He wears nondescript clothing in the style of the late 19th century.

Roleplaying Hints: You are more than happy to let the more charismatic Daniels lead, but when he is not there, you will take the burden. Speak softly, but with conviction.

Miss Emma Meade

Emma Meade was the toast of Richmond, the most pursued and acclaimed belle during the first years of the 20th century. She was so lovely that men fell to fisticuffs over who would be the first to dance with her at a ball.

Emma, however, was intelligent enough to resent her position as a damsel who would eventually become nothing more than a piece of property. She spent her time playing the men off each other, toying with their affections, never quite dashing them, but never quite committing to them either. She dreamed of proving herself to them all as she grew older or, better yet, finding a husband who would treat her as an equal.

She never got the chance in life, however, after she fell from a boat during a romantic afternoon on the James, and the capricious currents of the river ripped her under and downstream. Emma awoke in the Shadowlands as gentle hands opened her caul. An elderly lady smiled down at her, then took her to a comfortable, musty home to recover. Her rescuer kindly told her about the politics of the Land of the Dead, that her greatest goal was to uphold the laws of Stygia, and that she was now the lady's servant.

Emma endured the ever-more bizarre demands of her mistress with the patience of a saint. She continued her own education in the politics of the land, until she reached a point where she gave her mistress' teetering sanity the psychological push necessary for her to be consumed by her Shadow. In the ensuing chaos, Emma made her escape and found a position for herself as a secretary. While working for the Marshal, she encountered Ol' Moses. Something about him struck her as odd, and she, with much careful investigation, deduced his secret. She blackmailed him into helping her at first, but they eventually evolved a friendship that verged on the romantic, as it occurred to her that he was the intelligent, learned man who could accept her as his equal.



Daniels noticed her soon after and claimed her for his own secretary. She believed in his desire to restore Richmond and so engineered his ascent. She found the evidence that proved his Regent was accepting bribes and implicated the other Marshals. She found Miss Cole, who wined and dined and seduced one of the Anacreons in the name of Daniels. She found Meredith Babcock, the crusty old pioneer who would do anything for a few oboli, and convinced him to push Daniels' Overlord into a Nihil to be consumed by waiting Spectres. And finally, she and Dalton McGuire arranged disappearance of the Anacreon who commanded Daniels and Daniels' slipping behind the man's mask.

She has become extremely bitter toward Daniels. She remains his secretary, though her services should have rated her a position as an Overlord at least. Emma believes that he has been consumed by ambition and is ignoring the city. She has watched as the drug wars and random killings begin to consume more innocent lives, particularly children, and hates it. She and Moses are in the process of plotting a new angle, one that might involve overthrowing the entire Citadel and starting anew.

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Bon Vivant

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Acting 3, Alertness 3, Empathy 2, Intimidation 3, Leadership 3, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Etiquette 4, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 4, Computer 1, Investigation 4, Politics 4

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 4, Haunt 3

Passions: Be recognized for her contributions (Pride) 3, Protect children (Love) 2

Arcanos: Argos 2, Castigate 2, Fatalism 2, Lifeweb 2, Phantasm 3

Fetters: Her grave in Hollywood Cemetery, 2; A locket with a miniature of her in it, 3; Her favorite gold and emerald necklace, 3

Willpower: 9

Pathos: 7

Shadow: Freak

Angst: 5

Thorns: Shadow Arcanos (+3 Outrage)

Shadow Passions: Make others recognize her contributions (Vengeance) 3, Avenge children (Vengeance) 3

Image: Miss Meade is a stunning blonde woman with classically beautiful features and bright, intelligent blue eyes. She keeps her long, silky hair in an early 20th century, high society coif and favors long dresses with loose sleeves, particularly when she is with Daniels. She has, however, been seen with her hair pulled into a pony tail and dressed in jeans and a T-shirt when she is not on "business".

Roleplaying Hints: Your intelligence and beauty are devastating, and you know it. However, you have been taught to be a lady, and unless someone really deserves your razor sharp wit and vicious tongue, you never show anything but genteel manners. Speak with a light Southern drawl.

Dalton Byrd McGuire

Dalton McGuire was a quadroon, and it ruined his life. By virtue of the fact that one of his grandmothers had been black, he was labeled a black man. It mattered not that he was a direct descendant of the acclaimed first governor of Virginia, William Byrd. Despite his intelligence and his success as a banker, he was an outcast. Too light to be accepted easily by blacks, yet too dark to "pass" as white, he was a bitter, sarcastic soul.

Yet he was a gentleman and particularly polite to the ladies. Several took special note of this, but his one true love was a lady named Lila Bright Handy, a beautiful, but married, belle with skin like porcelain and golden hair. Knowing what problems their adultery could cause, they had infrequent rendezvous under an oak tree next to the James River. Their meetings had a result: a lovely, dark-haired, dark-eyed daughter that Lila only barely convinced her husband was his.

Luck being the fickle mistress that it is, her husband, a large, alcoholic man given to fits of rage, discovered concrete evidence of the affair. He raped his wife in a rage, then strangled her and threw her body into the James. Handy then raised a



hue and cry about McGuire, who was swept up by the local police and hauled off to Libby Prison. Shattered by Lila's death, he went virtually catatonic from despair. Anger boiled inside him, waiting for the pain to fade before manifesting itself. He did not have time for that, as they had a trial at record-breaking speed. Before he knew what was happening, he received last rites and was strapped into a hideous contraption with a helmet. His last living memories were of agony and the smell of charred flesh.

In the Shadowlands, he has distinguished himself as a man who will do anything for a certain degree of power and the possibility of bettering "living" conditions. He was instrumental in Miss Meade's plot to make an Anacreon disappear and still carries the whimpering obolus that was the obnoxious politico. He is relatively disdainful of most of the circle, though he likes Randy Stewart, the hapless medical student who was until lately the circle's Thrall. Miss Meade has his respect, but resembles his lost Lila too much for him to comfortably be with her for any length of time.

Nature: Rebel

Demeanor: Curmudgeon

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 2, Alertness 3, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Firearms 4

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Finance 4, Investigation 2, Law 2, Politics 2

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 2, Haunt 3, Notoriety 1

Passions: Free the oppressed (Hope) 4, Fight injustice (Vengeance) 4

Arcanos: Argos 3, Inhabit 3, Pandemonium 3, Usury 2

Fetters: His daughter and her family, 4; The pieces that are left of Libby Prison (the bronze caps from the towers), 2; An oak tree along the James River, 3

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 8

Shadow: Martyr

Angst: 7

Thorns: Shadow life (a Renegade spy called Blackbyrd)

Shadow Passions: Kill police (Vengeance) 3

Image: McGuire is a tall, wiry man in his late 20s with neatly combed, thick, black hair, hazel eyes and a not-quite-cafe-au-lait complexion. His usual clothing of choice includes pinstriped, double-breasted suits with narrow ties and gold cufflinks.

Roleplaying Hints: You are the bitter and cynical voice of reason, more a pessimist than a realist, but you are mildly gratified to note that no matter what they call you, you are usually right. Your service to the Quiet Lord, who oversees victims of Despair, leads you to view the world in a very dark way. You are a perfect gentleman to the ladies, however, and only let a hint of sarcasm surface in their presence.

Ol' Moses (the Reverend Moses Elijah Harris)

Moses was a young black preacher with a college degree and a sunny future when a horse's hoof caved in his skull. In the Shadowlands, he discovered that a literate black man with cohesive and eloquent arguments engendered little trust, respect or action, as in the Land of the Living. He spent several years studying Arcanos and learning skills to help him in the new role he had conceived. Finally, with contacts and allies made, the Reverend Moses Elijah Harris "was swept into the Tempest." Out of the darkness came "Ol' Moses," a slave from the early 1800s, to care for the Citadel since those who usually worked as janitors were thoughtless and left it a disaster.

The Citadel is now kept sparkling (or as much as possible in the Land of the Dead). It is convenient that he can hear private scheming and find notes and papers and such in peoples' offices. Funny how sometimes that information finds its way into the hands of some of the less corrupt Hierarchy officials and, occasionally, to the Renegades or Heretics. He never accepts payment for this information in anything more concrete than favors. As a result, he has many different escape routes and strings to pull if he is ever discovered.



Ol' Moses

Emma Meade discovered him, but something about her intensity and determination let Moses trust her. Their relationship began on their mutual ability to see beyond the other's façade. The strong friendship and romantic tension between them keeps him on his toes, less likely to let something slip about his role than he would have been before. He pities Dalton McGuire and frequently interacts with Zack, the Artificer. Miss Cole sets his teeth on edge, and Daniels worries him. He and Emma are considering instigating radical reforms of the Richmond Citadel.

Nature: Caregiver

Demeanor: Conformist

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Acting 4, Alertness 3, Brawl 2, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Firearms 2, Music 3, Security 3, Stealth 4

Knowledges: Investigation 4, Politics 3

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 3, Eidolon 3, Haunt 3

Passions: Battle corruption wherever it hides (Faith) 3, Fight injustice (Hope) 3, Console the hopeless (Hope) 2

Arcanos: Argos 1, Castigate 3, Keening 2, Moliat 5

Fetters: His church, 3; His birthplace, 3

Willpower: 10

Pathos: 7

Shadow: Leech

Angst: 6

Thorns: Shadow Life (a man of demonic visage calling himself Mephisto)

Shadow Passions: Sow despair and ruin (Hatred) 4, Corrupt others (Hatred) 3

Image: Ol' Moses is an elderly black man with a lined, weathered face, muttonchop sideburns and close-cropped iron gray hair. He looks like he might once have been a tall, vital man, but is now bent and gnarled. He has perhaps half of his original teeth, and those that are left are brown and shrunken. His big hands have a slight tremor, and his eyes are a bit milky.

Roleplaying Hints: Sing or hum religious hymns. You sing and speak in a resonant basso voice. In answering questions, be cryptic in such a way as to make the unwary think you are simply senile.

Other members of the New Renaissance:

Miss Rebecca Cole, a Southern belle from the 1940s whose talents and interests run to seduction and intrigue. Having heard war stories and read many books, she fancies herself something of a Mata Hari figure. In recent years, she has acquired a pair of barghests who act as her personal bodyguards and are useful when she needs to detect Heretics or Renegades quickly.

Powhatan Roberts, a Virginia attorney who died in the Capitol Disaster. He respects Daniels and his accomplishments and enjoys the company of someone he knew in life. He frequently serves as a devil's advocate in the Circle.

Meredith Babcock, a pioneer and scout from the early 1700s, is considered to be not much more than a large slab of plasm that can fight. He has a shrewd mind, however, and often enjoys discourse with Miss Meade.

Zachariah "Zack" Crutchfield, a Negro blacksmith from the Wild West. He is as massive in build as Babcock, but his nearly unmatched skill as an Artificer is his reason for being in the Circle.

Randolph Stewart was an unfortunate third year medical student at the Medical College of Virginia who misjudged a speeding vehicle on Broad Street. Collected by the fortuitously close McGuire, he has only recently moved beyond being a Thrall to using his talents to help Daniels' quest for power.

Story Ideas

- The characters are approached by an acquaintance who informs them that someone is willing to procure their services as spies and potential enforcers. They are sent to Richmond, where they are met by Miss Meade. She wants information on the Tombstone Gang, a group of Renegades based in Church



Hill. She gives them information to leak to the Gang to win their trust, if necessary, but the party realizes that the information is about placement of defenses and soldiers at the Citadel. Do they turn her in and win themselves higher renown and rank in the Hierarchy, or do they help and possibly mark themselves as Renegades?

- One of the characters is charmed by Miss Cole. Smythe takes great umbrage at the character's supposed damaging of Miss Cole's honor and challenges him to a duel. If the characters do not abide by common manners and gentility, the duel could devolve into a free-for-all.

- Miss Meade's plots are finally uncovered, and she is to be transported to Stygia for trial and punishment. She is being accompanied by several members of New Renaissance, some of whom believe in her innocence and some of whom are convinced of her guilt. The characters are contacted by Ol' Moses and offered a substantial payment for her rescue en route to Stygia.

- The characters find a battered and drained wraith, more than half-mad, who claims to have been the Overlord that Babcock pushed into a Nihil. The characters set out to go find out the truth, locate all guilty parties, and execute them, or at least accompany them to a Court of Stygia for judgment.





The Hanging Gardens: Heretical Shrine for the Riders of the Wheel

By Richard Dansky

Haunt Level: 3

Memoriam Level: 2

*Don't awaken the dead as you sleepwalk around.
If you have a dream, brother, hush, not a sound.
Just stand there and rust, die if you must,
And play the game.*
—Richard Thompson, "Can't Win"



Built just before the second wave of casino expansion, The Hanging Gardens Hotel and Casino briefly dominated Atlantic City's skyline in the early 1980s. Since then, however, it has yielded pride of place to larger, newer, and more vital gambling houses. Profits have fallen every year since 1987, and the fickle public is no longer amused by anything so ordinary as mere gardens. The Hanging Gardens is dying, slowly, and all involved with the casino's operation know it.

Even as the casino withers in the land of the Quick, though, it blossoms in the Shadowlands. Here are the greatest pleasures the unlife of a wraith can offer: the thrill of gambling the currency of souls; arenalike Blood Pits with matches fierce

enough to satisfy the most avid bloodlust; freedom from the watchful eyes of the Hierarchy; and, above all, the razor-sharp emotions of the Quick. It is here that the Skinriders come to bloat themselves; here that desperation and ecstasy, sheer carnal sensuality and brutal physical pain exist side by side, often in the same mortal shell.

For the Heretics rule the Hanging Gardens, and they permit these abuses not out of laxity, but out of faith. Chance is their god, Luck their patron, and abandon their worship. Transcendence will come when it will, and it can be found in a throw of the dice or a spin of the wheel, if it chooses to be found at all. And so the wraiths of the Hanging Gardens wait in their Haunt and welcome all comers, for Luck alone knows whose dice it will ride, and when, and to where.



The Hanging Gardens



In the world of the Quick, the Hanging Gardens has shrunk to insignificance on the Atlantic City skyline. A mere 24 stories tall, it is dwarfed by such colossi as Caesar's, the Golden Nugget, and Trump's Taj Mahal. Gray and solid, it would seem more an office building than a casino were

it not for its two extensions: the amusement pier, and the gardens from which it derives its name. The pier, complete with carnival rides and games, extends gaudily into the Atlantic, but its bright lights and brighter colors are at odds with the notoriety it attracts. Seven times in the past year, some unlucky soul has threaded his or her way past the cotton-candy booths and the tilt-a-whirl rides to the low wall at the end of the pier, clambered up its seagull-scarred surface, and plunged into the waters below. Though the New Jersey Parks Commission estimates the depth of the water to be no more than 15 feet, none of the suicides' bodies has ever been recovered, or even seen once the leap has been made. Those with a scientific bent mumble of sharks or strange currents caused by the pier's unusual structure; others have darker theories.

The gardens are what give the hotel its name and its identity, however, and they are truly magnificent. Set off in a massive greenhouse attached to the main building by an elevated walkway, the gardens house exotic flora from around the world. The motif is what some crazed designer imagined Babylonian might have been, and so frescoes of *llamasu* and other ancient Mesopotamian images decorate the vine-covered walls. Lengthy flowerbeds hang suspended from the ceiling by steel cables mocked up to look like twining vines; from these spill profusions of flowers. Squads of gardeners work around the clock to ensure that flowers are constantly in bloom, and one section of the greenhouse roof actually retracts, allowing the gardens to be opened to the sea air during days of good weather. Winding paths wend their way through the lush greenery, and often one can take no more than a dozen steps before being completely isolated amid silent walls of verdure. The plants themselves are as bizarre as money and import laws will allow; it is not uncommon to encounter a giant blossom that stinks of rotting meat side by side with delicately sparkling sundews and peonies nodding under the weights of their own blooms. How the gardeners coax the disparate species to coexist is a mystery, but the effect is spectacular. There is a negative aspect to this lush growth, though; any patron caught damaging a plant is immediately expelled from the premises. No doubt this draconian policy has cost the casino a great deal of business over the years, but it remains firm.





To the Dead, however, the gardens are not so inviting. One might expect them to be sere and withered, but rather, they are vibrant with a growth that can only be described as cancerous. The vines have conquered all; they have pulled down the flowerbeds and choked off the paths, turned the walkway into a living tunnel and strangled the sides of the tower. Even inside the building itself, the threadbare luxuries are shot through with probing, searching tendrils of green. There is literally nowhere in the Hanging Gardens where the gardens themselves do not reach, and while there is a sort of life in these pulsing cables, it is a feverish, desperate life.

The gambling floor itself is kept relatively free of this unwholesome plant life, and here, perhaps, is the truer marvel of this place. It is the *sanctum sanctorum* of Chance's worshippers, and thus it manages to be simultaneously crass and reverential. Rows upon rows of relic slot machines, each beloved of and cursed by thousands of the Quick in its time, stand ready to swallow the oboli of those wraiths who either feel lucky or who simply cannot control their addictions. As each of these machines has been invested with Pathos by an acolyte of the Riders of the Wheel cult, a rare jackpot can be tallied in emotional fodder as well as in brightly ringing oboli.

There are card tables as well, manned by Heretic dealers faithfully working dog-eared decks discarded by their living counterparts. Gorged with Pathos, a beautifully conditioned relic Wurlitzer jukebox sits in one corner; when sated with oboli it plays loudly enough to drown out the moans from within its belly. More Heretic Lemures serve as cashiers, ready to reward Chance's favorites with glistening stacks of coins. Generally, though, Chance favors the house. Very rarely is it intimidated by some unlucky loser that the house has in fact stacked the odds in its favor. This accusation is regarded as pure blasphemy by the true believers of the Hanging Gardens, and if one repeats the comment one is likely to find oneself forged into coin and condemned to the belly of a one-armed bandit.

Where the hotel's management erects stages in the parking lot for the rare boxing match or concert in the realm of the Quick, the Restless find the Blood Pits. Little more than gouges in the sand, these chambers are arenas where wraiths battle for a variety of reasons, including hatred, profit, and entertainment. Combats in the Pits are huge spectator draws, and those watching a match often throw in coins, relics, or even each other. Each Pit is overseen by an acolyte of Chance whose functions are to officiate over the match and to take bets on the action. Cheating would be smiled upon here, except that there are no rules to break. After all, any advantage a combatant might garner is nothing more than a product of Chance. The fact that Chance sometimes disguises itself as a knife tossed into the Pit by an overzealous spectator is of little concern, at least to the acolyte.

The current champion of these Pits is Anders Bjelland, personal bodyguard to the Lord of this Heretic Citadel and a former professional boxer. Whenever it is rumored that "The Norwegian Nightmare" is about to enter the ring, even the gaming tables empty as wraiths rush out to catch the spectacle. The fact that Delf Salhany, Bjelland's liege, inevitably bets heavily against his protégé adds a touch of intrigue to the matches and perhaps swells the crowds.

Above the gambling floor are the chambers that correspond to the rooms of the hotel. Certain of these are occupied by resident wraiths; these rooms have acquired reputations for being "haunted" in the Skinlands, and it is entirely possible that this label has helped to decrease the traffic of the more superstitious Quick over the years. Most of the chambers, though, are generally empty, used for the occasional tryst or Skinride, but generally left to the ever-patient vines.

The amusement pier, on the other hand, appears as a desolate stretch of twisted steel and rusty powder. To the Dead, the tilt-a-whirl is already nothing more than a pile of rusting beams and moldering wooden shells, and the mortal who rides it is no more than a mourner at a particularly perverse wake. At the end of this wasteland surge the dirty gray waters of the sea, occasionally slopping over onto the surface of the pier. A whirlpool bubbles and throbs just offshore; its turbulent surface hides a Nihil that is almost constantly open. What use the Malfeans have for the seawaters pouring through into the Tempest is uncertain, but it is generally accepted that the servants of Oblivion have every idea of what to do with those unfortunate wraiths who are fed to the hungry sea.

The Quick

Humans still come to the Hanging Gardens, of course, but not the big spenders or high rollers that a casino must cultivate as carefully as a gardener tends roses. Rather, the elderly come here, and the desperate — those who have little to lose and focus themselves on the slim chance of gain. Few families come to the Hanging Gardens, and only those honeymooning couples unable to afford the more expensive accommodations offered elsewhere on the Boardwalk. The traffic is steady rather than bustling, and only by keeping the gambling floor open around the clock can the casino remain afloat.

On the whole, a Hanging Gardens patron is far more concerned with how he is going to spend the big score that he knows, *knows* is waiting for him at the next pull of the lever than with how he is going to pay for his room once he has emptied his pockets. The optimism here is forced and fevered, because few of the Quick who walk into the Gardens can afford the luxury of entertaining the possibility of failure. The emotional atmosphere is thick and charged, and Pathos scuds through the halls like cigarette smoke. The Hanging Gardens is no place for reserve, after all, and this holds true whether one is speaking of emotional reserve or financial.

History



He uses cards as a meditation
And those he plays never suspect
He doesn't play for the money he wins
He doesn't play for respect
He deals the cards to find the answer
The sacred geometry of chance
The hidden law of a probable outcome
The numbers lead a dance.

—Sting, “The Shape of Your Heart”

Atlantic City did not attract a massive population of Restless until after gambling was legalized here in 1980. To be certain, there were scores of Enfants and even older Dead wandering the decrepit streets, bound by Fetters of happier times in innocent summers, but the city as a whole was ignored by Hierarch and Heretic alike. If there were Renegades here, well, they were welcome to as much poverty and dirty sand as they wanted.

However, the gambling came. No one is sure whose was the initial impetus for this idea. Some say that vampires with financial interests in the city were responsible, others point to the influence of Technomancers wishing to have a place in which they might attempt to harness large-scale chaos, and a few naive souls postulate that the profit available to mortal state senators was the key. In the end, the question is irrelevant. The gambling came, and with it came the cult of the Riders of the Wheel.

Originally the Riders were an honorable, exceedingly respectable group within the Hierarchy. Devoted to explaining life (and death) in terms of the movements of the archetypal Wheel of Fortune, the cult found its greatest popularity immediately after the time of its inception in the 14th century. The Riders' thinly disguised theory of predestination won favor in Stygia; it was whispered that they had the patronage of the Lady of Fate, and that Charon himself looked kindly on their teachings. But belief in the power of the individual grew, and every cultist who decided that she could do better elsewhere sapped the Riders' strength twice over merely by her belief in the power to *do*. The cult weakened and fell out of favor, and the central idea of the inexorable Wheel of Fate was slowly replaced by an unshakable faith in the notion of blind, fickle Chance controlling all.

The Messianic element, the promise that Transcendence would come through Chance if at all, was added to the core doctrine in 1797 by a Philadelphia moneylender of German-Jewish extraction named Benjamin Levy. He had watched his friend Haym Salomon provide a sizable portion of the financing for George Washington's army through a series of what could only be termed financial miracles. A cautious man, Levy watched in amazement as Salomon conquered seemingly insurmountable odds, and something in his deeply conservative soul was shaken loose. He became convinced that sheer Chance had enabled the rebellious colonies to defeat Britain, sheer Chance was all





that had allowed Salomon to perform his miraculous feats, and that if sheer Chance could pull off these feats, it could accomplish anything. Levy became reckless in business, and his investments foundered. By June of 1787 he was bankrupt; by August he was dead of yellow fever, still cursing the bad luck that had laid him low. Levy's demise did not remove his conviction that Chance ruled the universe; in fact it strengthened and crystallized this belief. Within a decade of his posthumous awakening he was as close to a leader as the Riders had. His belief in the ultimate power of Chance permeated the cult's philosophy, and the Riders became disparagingly known as "Levy's Levies." Even this contempt soon subsided, though. The cult was too small, too weak even to attract proper derision.

It was not until Bugsy Siegel made his fateful trip to the Nevada desert that the Riders sensed the possibility for a rise to prominence. Surely it was blind Fate that had sent a Brooklyn mobster into the western wastes to build a temple to Chance? In any event, when gambling came to Las Vegas, the Riders were ready. The Flamingo was built to Levy's whispered specifications as a temple to his true god, and the games came. The Riders grew prosperous and numerous again, and even if converts gave only lip service to Levy's ideas, the rewards of service were such that said lip service was given with enthusiasm. The towers that pierced the neon night were citadels of Chance to the Dead as well as the Quick, and Levy held as much power as any Anacreon.

Then came stagnation. While Las Vegas was the land of plenty to the Riders, their scope of activity was sadly limited. Only in the Nevada desert was there legal gambling for America's Quick, and Levy's attempts to infiltrate those gambling halls run by Native Americans were unceremoniously rebuffed by potent native spirits whom neither Levy nor the Riders could comprehend. The Riders were powerful in Las Vegas, yes, but they were hemmed in there, and while initially their trumpeted tales of Transcendence amid a slot machine's discharge of coin were listened to eagerly by those ripe to be converted, the tales grew old quickly. The Riders were beginning to rot when, suddenly, Chance intervened again, in the form of the New Jersey Casino Commission. Levy's Levies were not fooled by this disguise, however. They knew their god, even in such humble guise. Only Chance could have offered them this gift, and if Chance had offered it, Chance could take it away again just as quickly. Within hours of the legalization of gambling in Atlantic City, one of Levy's most trusted lieutenants, Delf Salhany, marched east with dozens of followers.

Surprisingly, Salhany did not choose to infest the first casino to open on the Atlantic shores. The atmosphere was too rigid, too controlled, for more than a few of the Dead to receive proper sustenance. Instead, Salhany decreed, they would wait. They would wait for another temple to open, and perhaps another, and eventually a serviceable one would be provided for them. Until then, the streets and slums of Atlantic City would serve as a home, and if any complained of the paucity of spiritual meat here, in the shadow of the temples, he did not do so more than once. Then, in 1981, the Gardens began to rise, and after the third man was killed during its construction, Salhany made his decree: this would be home.



A Note on the Vines

Many have speculated on the nature of the intense, cancerous growth that enfolds the Hanging Gardens. The official Levyite party line is that Chance favors this spot, blessing it alone with growth instead of decay. Understandably, many outsiders (and some insiders) have trouble believing this. The truth of the matter is known only to three souls: Salhany, Bjelland, and the enigmatic soulsmith who lives in the basement (see below). The initial investiture of the Gardens was heavily contested by a pack of Doppelgangers, who boiled up out of the undersea Nihil. These creatures were beaten back, and those wraiths who participated in the initial battles simply assumed that the Corpora of the defeated Spectres was forged into Salhany's own coin. Some were, but most were tormented into mindlessness and then Moliated into vine form by Salhany himself. Thus they serve as an enduring monument to Salhany's personal power. A fair amount of the Pathos generated in the casino is actually fed to the vines, and it is Bjelland's belief that at some point, Salhany wishes to replace the Gardens' building with walls of living, twisted green.

The Dead invested the skeleton of the structure immediately, and the deaths of construction workers continued. All told, 11 men were killed during the building of the Hanging Gardens. Many of these were pressed into thralldom by Salhany's followers, as were the drunks who froze to death on its steps, the hookers murdered in its shadow, and the two union officials ambushed and shot while investigating the unsafe working conditions on the site. The living tower and the dead one rose simultaneously, and on the day the casino opened, Salhany himself Skinrode the first woman to conjure a jackpot from the casino's vaults. It was, he remarked gravely, a religious experience.

For the Riders, the decade since has been marked indelibly by Salhany's presence. He rules here without so much as a shadow of opposition. Except for Bjelland, his bodyguards are Legionnaires who have been seduced into the Levyite heresy, and these men and women have retained their professionalism despite their change in employer. While the Riders have very little formal structure, whatever order there is dictates what role an initiate plays in the running of the temple/casino. Recent converts and harvested Enfants are pressed into menial service, forced to invest

their Pathos in the gambling paraphernalia. Older followers and new converts of remarkable potential are generally assigned to the tables or the casino floor. Only the most trusted and powerful Riders are allowed to judge the combats in the Pits, and above them all looms Salhany. Remarkably, the Riders will free any thrall who converts to their worship, but any attempt at falsifying devotion is inevitably detected and dealt with harshly. As Levy himself remarked during a visit, Salhany has created for himself an "Orthodoxy of Chaos."

As the Gardens grew in power and prestige in the world of the Dead, the Hierarchy turned its sluggish attention to quashing this vibrant Heretic outpost, but the Hierarchy's sole attempt to reduce the casino by force was soundly defeated in 1986. All the mortals of the city knew was that the Philadelphia mob's attempt to exercise control over the gambling trade had failed both miserably and publicly. The Dead knew more, but told the living no tales. To add insult to the Hierarchy's injury, most of the casualties among the living generated by the conflict were Reaped by Salhany's followers and pressed into religious thralldom.

These days, the Hierarchy attempts a more subtle tack, infiltrating the casino with spies who attempt to discredit the house with whispered rumors of marked relic decks and fixed Blood Pit fights. Thus far, these attempts have been unsuccessful, but as even Salhany would admit, who knows what the morrow will bring for the worshippers of Chance?

Relations with Others

The World of Darkness has left Atlantic City mostly to the Restless Dead. Many of the richer hotels are dominated by wealthy vampires, but to them, the Hanging Gardens are beneath notice. It is highly unlikely that any of the Giovanni in Atlantic City have even set foot in the Gardens. While there are Lupines in the Pine Barrens swamps not too far north of Atlantic City, they keep to themselves. Mages can be found in relative abundance here, but both their squabbles and their powers are strictly second-rate. They are merely acting out a skirmish of the real war going on in Las Vegas. The same sides are set up; the guns and armies are merely smaller. Most of the mages have divined that something fishy is occurring at the Hanging Gardens, but their attention is focused on the undersea Nihil. Several Technomancers have disappeared investigating it, and Salhany worries that soon the Technocracy will descend in force.

Delf Salhany

Born in 1794 to a Syrian prostitute and a French sailor (who subsequently deserted mother and child), Salhany was on his own at an early age. His only memento of his father was a dog-eared deck of cards, to which he clung religiously as a symbol of the man who would someday return and rescue him from squalor. Of course, his father never came, and Delf took to supporting himself by demonstrating that the laws of chance do not apply to a good card player. By the time he was 16 he'd acquired enough of a stake to leave Damascus for the gambling dens of Europe, and for 30 years the pots of Marseilles and Monaco tumbled into his lap. Among gamblers he was legendary. When Year 31 came around, however, Salhany suddenly began losing, badly and incessantly. He drifted from the palaces of Europe to the riverboats of the Mississippi, and thence to the corner bars and doorstep craps games of St. Louis and New Orleans. In desperation, he made a clumsy attempt at marking his favorite cards, and was caught. The prospective dupe was not amused and promptly perforated his would-be dupe. Gasping at the unfairness of it all, Delf Salhany expired.

Convinced that by marking his talisman deck he had betrayed his father and the cards, and thus brought his death upon himself, Salhany could not rest peacefully. He had the good fortune, however, to be Reaped by the newly potent Benjamin Levy. Levy, perhaps inaccurately, sensed a kindred spirit in the *Enfant* before him, and within a decade Salhany was Levy's right-hand man and pupil. For a century and a half, the two shaped the destiny of the Riders. Levy's exuberance and Salhany's tactical brilliance were equal factors in the cult's return to prominence. Of late, though, the two have grown somewhat apart; indeed, the Atlantic City colonization experiment was in many ways an attempt by Levy to defuse mounting tensions between him and Salhany.

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Director

Circle: The Riders of the Wheel

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 6

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 6, Appearance 2

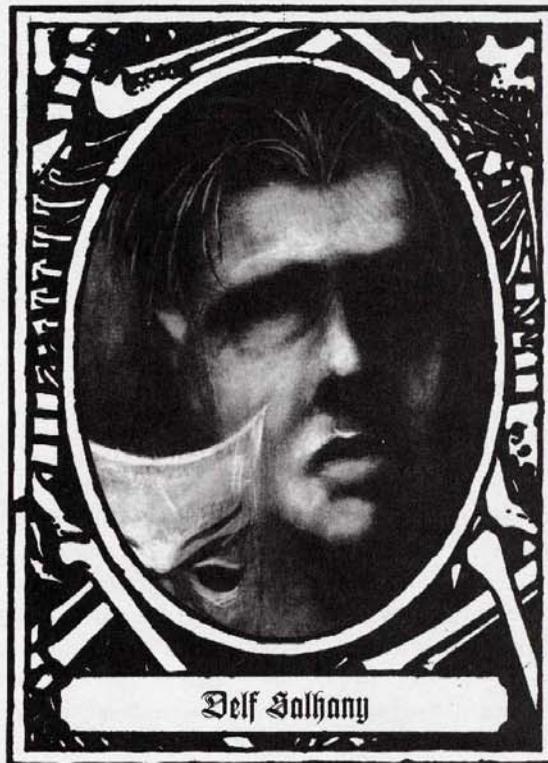
Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 5, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Brawl 2, Dodge 1, Empathy 2, Expression 1, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Etiquette 1, Leadership 5, Meditation 2, Melee 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Enigmas 2, Investigation 1, Linguistics 3, Occult 2, Politics 3

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Artifact 5 (dagger that adds four dice to any Moliate roll when used; 51 cards of the deck his father left him, which automatically grant Luck to the bearer) Haunt 3, Memoriam 2, Mentor 4 (Levy), Status 5, Wealth 5



Passions: Achieve Transcendence through the workings of Chance (Religious Fervor) 5, Order the Hanging Gardens perfectly (Desire for Control) 3, Shepherd others into Transcendence via Rider doctrine (Love) 2

Arcanos: Argos 2, Castigate 4, Fatalism 3, Moliate 4, Puppetry 3, Usury 3

Fetters: The last remaining card from the deck his father left him (Salhany has most of the deck in Artifact form, and only one card survives in the world of the Quick. It is currently part of the permanent "History of Gambling" display in the casino's lobby, and Salhany is fiercely protective of it.), 3; The Hanging Gardens itself, 5

Willpower: 10

Pathos: 9

Shadow: The Perfectionist

Angst: 7

Thorns: Tainted Relic (mask) 2, Trick of the Light, Freudian Slip

Shadow Passions: Annihilate Levy and all that he stands for (Envy) 5, Shatter the faith Bjelland all the rest of the Riders have in Salhany (Hate) 4

Image: Salhany appears as a short, plain-featured man of somewhat dark complexion. His hair is black and short, but his eyes are a dazzling shade of green. He wears loose-fitting trousers and shirts in neutral colors; the flash of his dagger at his hip is the only spot of brightness on his Corpus. Of late, he has occasionally taken to wearing a mask in public; the mask is gray and resembles nothing so much as the iconic mask of tragedy. He always wears black leather gloves.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a plotter and a planner, not an impulsive leader. Miss no detail, and file each away for its inevitable later use. You always travel with either a trio of Legionnaires or Bjelland, not for purposes of protection so much as for intimidation. While you do genuinely follow the faith of the Riders, it is with a startling lack of personal spontaneity, and this lack often leads to a mistrust of those who have that trait. Speak slowly and quietly, so that all must bend their attention to what you say. You are absolutely secure in the knowledge of your eventual Transcendence, and you are no less confident in the continued success of the Hanging Gardens.

Anders "The Norwegian Nightmare" Bjelland

Anders Bjelland had two passions growing up in Oslo: boxing, and trying to figure out exactly how the world worked. The former interest led him to the ring as a student, and eventually as high as #6 in the WBC heavyweight rankings. The latter led him to college, and eventually graduate school, as a student of philosophy. Surprisingly, he was able to balance and even reconcile the two, perhaps because the former made it financially possible to pursue the latter. However, boxing beckoned more brightly, and when Bjelland signed on for a fight at the Hanging Gardens against aging former champion Lester Riddox, his financial future was all but assured. The sports media, desperate for a "Great White Hope," immediately dubbed him "the Norwegian Nightmare" and began promoting him out of all proportion. Horribly embarrassed and not at all comfortable with the label that had been slapped

upon him, Bjelland stepped into the ring on July 4th, 1984, and knocked his opponent to the canvas in under a minute. Riddox never regained consciousness, and died in an Atlantic City hospital a week later.

Deeply introspective at the best of times, Bjelland now withdrew into himself so completely that his personality became a cipher. Horrified by the possibility of killing another opponent, he fought tentatively and never won another bout. Obsessed with the question of his moral responsibility for Riddox's death, he abandoned most of his studies and vegetated in his parents' home in Oslo. By August of 1985 he was a shell of his former self and resolved both to end his misery and to make some sort of symbolic atonement. Accordingly, he spent the last of his savings on three things: a plane ticket from Oslo to New York, a bus ticket from New York to Atlantic City, and a .22 caliber pistol. On the very spot where the fatal stage had been erected a year earlier, Bjelland deliberately placed the pistol in his mouth, angled it, and pulled the trigger.

Of course, this brought him into the afterlife in the middle of Salhany's newly created Blood Pits, specifically one in which a match was under way. Bjelland's caul was ripped from him by the combatants, and the catcalls of the spectators made it very clear that he could expect to be enslaved by the winner. This information being assimilated, Bjelland simply arose and did the logical thing: he defeated both of the squabbling wraiths. Salhany, watching, was impressed, and offered to take Bjelland under his wing. The boxer accepted, and ever since he has served Salhany faithfully for reasons of his own.

Nature: Visionary

Demeanor: Conformist

Circle: The Riders of the Wheel

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 1, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 5, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Empathy 2, Intimidation 3, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Drive 2, Leadership 2, Meditation 2, Melee 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 5, Investigation 2, Linguistics 3, Occult 1, Philosophy 4

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Haunt 3, Memoriam 2, Status 3

Passions: Atone for the death of Lester Riddox in any way possible (Guilt) 4, Protect Salhany (Loyalty) 3, Win the love of Tania Erwin (Love) 2

Arcanos: Argos 1, Moliat 4, Outrage 3, Usury 3

Fetters: The Hanging Gardens parking lot, 3

Willpower: 9

Pathos: 8

Shadow: The Monster

Angst: 8

Thorns: Devil's Dare, Infamy 1



Shadow Passions: Make Bjelland violently lose control and hurt a great many people (Hate) 4, Find Riddox's shade and kill him all over again (Vengeance) 2, Annihilate what remains of Tania Erwin (Envy) 3

Image: Bjelland appears exactly as he did in life: blond, bearded, and gigantic. Somewhat improbably, his thick, black-rimmed glasses have made the transition to the Shadowlands as well, and he wears them even in the arenas. When fighting, Bjelland strips down to a pair of blue-and-red shorts. Otherwise, he tends to prefer looking quietly academic, in tweeds and salvaged relic pipe. He will pay highly for relic tobacco, especially of good quality.

Roleplaying Hints: You have never been a thrall and quite deliberately close your eyes to that aspect of the Riders' existence. You hate the preconceived notion that as a boxer, you must be stupid, and will occasionally be ostentatiously literate in order to demonstrate once and for all how intelligent you really are. Quote esoteric philosophers and obscure poets (or just make up quotes and attach names to them) at the slightest pretext and insert them into the conversation. Deprecation of Salhany in your presence is flat-out foolish, despite the fact that Salhany always bets against you in the arena, and it is one of a very few activities capable of moving you to unpremeditated violence.

Iosif Czenczick

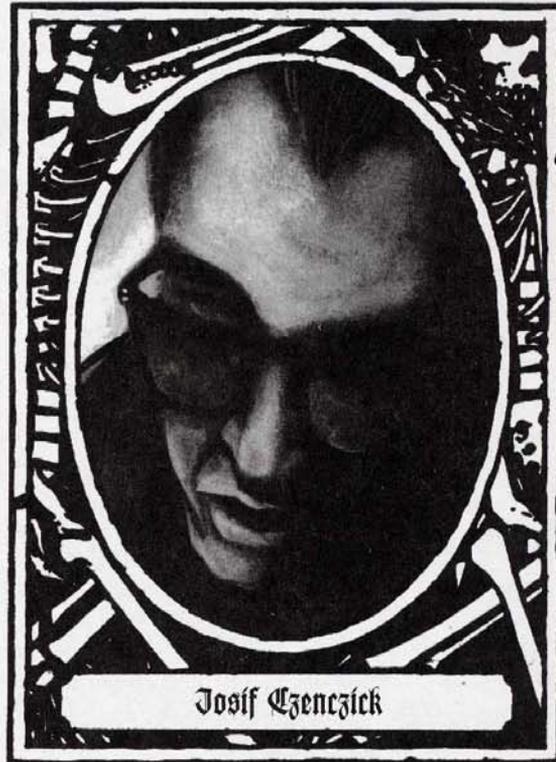
Growing up, Iosif Czenczick wanted to be a spy. In truth, he would have made an excellent one, except for two minor details: he was the child of Polish immigrants, and he reached manhood during the 1950s. At the height of McCarthyist fervor, the chances of an Eastern European being recruited into the American intelligence community were somewhat less than infinitesimal. So, instead he sold lighting fixtures, very successfully, and read all of the Morris West and John Le Carre he could get his hands on. To his dying day, he knew that he would have made a *great* spy.

After the usual preliminaries, the Hierarchy gave him that chance, and immediately assigned him to the infiltration and subversion of the Hanging Gardens. Unfortunately, this was a case of talented amateur versus experienced master, and within a week Iosif had been identified and isolated from any possible Hierarchy support. Salhany, amused by this little man's sheer gumption and dogged determination to be a spy, forestalled the usual practice of smelting him down for coin or feeding him to the Nihil. Instead, Salhany began feeding false information to Iosif through the offices of Helene Rysavy, with whom Czenczick has convinced himself that he is in love. Most members of Salhany's inner circle derive a great deal of amusement from Iosif's antics, particularly when Rysavy is around.

Nature: Traditionalist

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Circle: The Hierarchy



Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Disguise 1, Firearms 4, Melee 3, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Investigation 4, Law 2, Politics 3

Backgrounds: Contacts 1, Memoriam 1, Mentor 2, Wealth 3

Passions: Bring down the Hanging Gardens around Salhany's ears (Hatred) 3, Show what a wonderful spy he is (Lifelong Dream) 2, Find some way to have the Restless equivalent of a 1950s TV sitcom family with Rysavy (Love) 1

Arcanos: Argos 2, Embody 2, Fatalism 4, Usury 2

Fetters: Surviving family in the area, 3; The Boardwalk, 1

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Pusher

Angst: 6

Thorns: Shadow Life, Soul Gem 2

Shadow Passions: Make a very public sexual conquest of Rysavy (Lust) 2, Depress Czenczick enough to have him jump into the Nihil (Envy) 3, Bring Spectres into the Hanging Gardens and wreak havoc therein (Rage) 3

Image: Czenczick does his best to look inconspicuous...and as such stands out almost immediately in a crowd. He wears what he feels spies ought to wear: namely, a fedora, trench coat, and dark sunglasses. Underneath it all, Iosif is a small, pale, mousy

man with sandy hair and a meek expression. His appearance is the subject of much laughter among the Riders, which makes Czenczick very touchy.

Roleplaying Hints: You know that you have been neutralized and are made furious by the fact. However, your belief that you are being underestimated and your fear of failure have kept you from reporting your status back to your superiors. Instead, you send incessant telegrams of braggadocio; if those reports were to be believed, the Hanging Gardens should have fallen to your wit and ingenuity alone nearly a decade ago. As is, you are incredibly frustrated, in terror of both sides. You spend half your time concocting the lies you are going to send back home, and the other half gambling. Any player character who gives you the slightest scrap of real knowledge will have won a friend for life, and, more importantly, a puppy dog for all eternity. Delf is finding you less and less amusing and more and more annoying of late, and this trend will, if not reversed, inevitably lead you to the Nihil.

Tania Erwin

A college student from Ramapo, Tania was the Hanging Gardens' first winner. With one pull of a slot machine handle, she won \$62,000 and a lifelong addiction. Most of the money immediately went back into the slot machines, which she knew, just knew, were going to kiss her with luck again. Occasionally they did, but more often they teased, and taunted, and took. Slowly but surely Tania was sucked dry. She fed the ungrateful monsters her savings, and her tuition money, and every other penny she had, and all they offered her was the

cruelty of the occasional jackpot large enough to get her hopping again. Desperate without being terribly original, she threw herself from the end of the amusement pier one summer night in 1986. Were it not for the fact that the newly Reaped Bjelland was brooding at the pier's end for reasons of his own, her spirit would have immediately been sucked into the Tempest.

Bjelland took Erwin back to the Gardens so that someone else might perform the distasteful task of enthralling her, but before this could be done Salhany recognized her as the woman he'd Skinrode the night the Hanging Gardens opened. He freed her, commanded all of the Riders to treat her with reverence, and extended to her an invitation to remain within the Gardens until the end of days. Confused, Erwin accepted, and soon found herself in the center of a maze of whispers, bows, and awed looks. She remains at the Gardens, a visible symbol of Chance's power, and while she has expressed no interest in joining the Riders, Erwin does enjoy the perks and prestige that come with serving as proof of a deity's existence.

Nature: Conformist

Demeanor: Deviant

Circle: The Riders of the Wheel, though not by choice

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 2

Talents: Acting 2, Alertness 1, Dodge 1, Empathy 3, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Drive 3, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Computer 2, Gambling 3, Law 1, Linguistics 2

Backgrounds: Ally 3, Eidolon 1, Memoriam 3 (large photo in lobby), Status 4

Passions: Maintain her independence from the Riders (Individuality) 4, Beat the odds any way, any how (Addiction) 3, Rutgers University Football (Loyalty) 2

Arcanos: Keening 2, Pandemonium 2, Puppetry 2, Usury 1

Fetters: The Chief (the slot machine from which she won her jackpot), 2; Rutgers University, 1

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 8

Shadow: The Freak

Angst: 6

Thorns: Soul Gem 4, Dark Allies 2

Shadow Passions: Seduce Salhany (Lust) 3, Publicize her seduction of Salhany and thus undermine his authority (Hate) 3, Leave the Hanging Gardens (Fear) 2

Image: Tania is a moderately attractive young woman whose appearance is made odd only by the fact that her blue eyes seem to be slightly too large. This gives her face the expression of perpetual surprise, which can be disconcerting to those who have not known her long. Most often, she is seen in a modest white blouse and jeans, with a heavy crucifix necklace dangling between her breasts.



Roleplaying Hints: You are just beginning to ponder the potentials of your existence; spending eternity as blind luck's poster child may not be your idea of a good time. For the moment, you are happy, though the puppy-dog eyes Bjelland insists on casting in your direction make you distinctly uncomfortable. Swallow this discomfort most of the time, however, as Bjelland stands between you and the frankly terrifying Salhany. You have not yet tested how far you can push your influence as Chance's representative, but are looking in that direction. All of this is done discreetly, of course, and you are not one to shun the fruits of your position. Speak quickly, with a great deal of enthusiasm, and then drop dead silent when you think you might have said too much. After all, you really don't know how much you can get away with....

Helene Rysavy

Helene was blessed with an unshakable belief in her own rightness, which was very useful in her career as a palmist and Tarot card reader along the Atlantic City Boardwalk. Apparently she had a small Gift, for her predictions frequently came true. One that didn't, however, was one she made for herself: a prediction that she would live a long, healthy life and marry a dashing foreigner. In actuality, she was killed in a perfectly mundane auto accident with her boyfriend, Vince, a mechanic from the New Jersey town of Neptune. Helene's personality was much stronger than Vince's. He arrived in the Shadowlands inert, while she was able to tear off her own caul and set off to explore the world of the dead. Rapidly, she found her way to the Hanging Gardens, where she exchanged Vince's lumpen Corpus for enough oboli to stake her at a poker game. She won, of course, and immediately started giving advice on how to play the game to the others around the table. While this annoyed the other players, it intrigued the dealer, "Blackjack" Wedge, who managed to impart a great deal of Levyite philosophy in between hands. Within a week, Rysavy was initiated into the Riders. Within a year, she was the equivalent of a pit boss; her gentle suggestions as to how her subordinates could improve their standings in the eyes of Chance masked a desire to have complete control of all doings in her jurisdiction. Now, Helene often helps struggling newcomers to the Gardens, and this is how she attracted the adoration of Iosif Czenczick. Her acquiescence with Salhany's plans for Czenczick is strictly political. Her involvement dictates that Salhany confer with her as to her next move, and those conferrals, she hopes, are but one step away from conferrals on other, more important matters.

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Caregiver

Circle: Riders of the Wheel

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 4, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 3



Skills: Crafts 2, Leadership 2, Meditation 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 4, Enigmas 1, Occult 5, Politics 3

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 2, Eidolon 1, Memoriam 1, Mentor 2, Wealth 4

Passions: Achieve power within the Hanging Gardens (Desire for Benevolent Control) 4, Protect her family (Love) 2, Protect Carina (Love) 3

Arcanos: Castigate 3, Fatalism 3, Lifeweb 3, Outrage 5

Fetters: Her former shop on the Boardwalk, 3; A cassette tape featuring "Endless Summer Nights" by Richard Marx, 1; Parents still living in the area, 3

Willpower: 10

Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Parent

Angst: 6

Thorns: Doppelganger, Shadow Call

Shadow Passions: Make certain that all of Helene's advice backfires horribly (Hate) 3, Force Helene to fall in love with Czenczick (Sadism) 2, Fix the games (Hate) 3

Image: A crazed fashion designer's idea of a gypsy, Helene is all flounces and colors, and if any have been able to detect the contours of her form underneath her mummifying scarves, they're not discussing the matter. She has gray eyes, high cheekbones, and long brown hair that has been in a perpetual snarl since the day Rysavy sloughed off her mortal coil. Trinkets, mostly silver, dangle from her wrists, ankles, earlobes, neck, and nose.

Roleplaying Hints: You are quite aware of precisely what debts you are owed for your assistance, and you catalogue them neatly for later repayment. Overtly very emotional, you are actually extremely controlled. You have ambitions, but can be ruinously impatient, and you have no tolerance for fools. If the player characters impress you as potentially useful, they will find you a powerful ally. If they strike you as idiots, though, make life difficult for them.

Your one true attachment is to Carina Matuszek, the spirit of a child assaulted and killed on a nearby stretch of the Garden State Parkway. What happened to Matuszek upsets you tremendously. Spoil the child terribly, and every time Carina runs off, you are best given a wide berth.

Al Drum

Al was one of the first blackjack dealers hired at the Hanging Gardens and was notorious as the unluckiest house dealer in the city. Initially his superiors suspected him of throwing hands and then sharing the profits with the “winner,” but two months of observation (coinciding with two months of regular losses from Al’s table) revealed that he was scrupulously honest. Al was just unlucky — so unlucky that word of his lack of prowess spread and customers started streaming in just to play against Al. Of course, there wasn’t enough room at Al’s table (and his hours were drastically reduced), so most of these fortune-seekers ended up playing at other tables, or against other dealers, and losing heavily. Al’s ineptitude was a profit leader for the casino, and eventually his face made its

way onto billboards from New York to Washington. “Al’s Your Pal!” they said, but no one was Al’s pal. Al’s self-esteem, never high, was struck a mortal blow by this celebration of his propensity for failure. He began to drink heavily, and a combination of alcohol and stress laid him low by age 37.

When he reached the other side of the Shroud, he was enthralled by the Riders. Offered his freedom in exchange for conversion, Al took it and initially took to Levy’s teachings like a duck to water. However, things continued to go wrong for Al, his losing streak continued unabated, and he is on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Nature: Martyr

Demeanor: Fanatic

Circle: Riders of the Wheel

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Brawl 1, Dodge 5, Empathy 3, Streetwise 3

Skills: Firearms 2, Melee 1, Repair 2

Knowledges: Gambling 5, Law 2

Backgrounds: Haunt 3, Memoriam 2, Mentor 1, Notoriety 1

Passions: Hide from the Universe’s personally directed malevolence (Abject Terror) 4, Find someone who actually likes him (Loneliness) 3, Win something, even once (Need for Feeling of Self-Worth) 3

Arcanos: Pandemonium 2, Outrage 2

Fetters: The Hanging Gardens, 2; His old home, 2; The liquor store he used to frequent, 1; His old table in the casino, 3

Willpower: 4

Pathos: 8

Shadow: The Leech

Angst: 5

Thorns: Pact of Doom, Tainted Touch, Bad Luck

Shadow Passions: Humiliate Al even further (Hate) 3, Accrue as many oboli as possible (Greed) 3, Embarrass Salhany (Envy) 1

Image: Even in death, Al looks harried. His eyes are wild, his graying hair is a wild tangle, and his clothes are disheveled. He is short, slightly pudgy, and had his nose permanently misaligned at some point in his past. His wardrobe tends to the button-down shirt and Dockers look, though on important days for the cult he appears in more formal disheveled clothing.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a failed Levyite, in way over your head. Deep down, you honestly believe that the Universe is out to get you, personally, with intelligence, forethought, and malevolence. Never mind Chance; you’re doomed with a capital DOOM. Subconsciously you realize this, and as such try doubly hard to be a good Rider. You are self-consciously careless of your few possessions, and will vociferously defend Levy’s doctrine to anyone who dares question it. While this sort of behavior has gained you some commendations (which you dis-



play prominently) from higher-ups in the order, your peers regard you with some suspicion, certain that you're a spy. Spout Levvite religious platitudes whenever you think someone's watching, but when you think there's nobody there, just mutter, "Oh God, how did I get into this?" a lot. If the player characters confront you with evidence of your lapsarian status, deny it fiercely for about 30 seconds, then fold completely.

Carina Matuszek

For years now, the stories have poured in. Stories, that is, of travelers on the Garden State Parkway who picked up a young female hitchhiker who somehow vanished by the time she was to be let off. This is Carina, raped and shotgunned at age 14 on the side of the highway. Amazingly, she was able to make her way past all of the afterlife's obstacles to plant herself on the Hanging Gardens' doorstep and announce, "I'm here." When informed of the dominant faith at the Gardens, she responded, "No kidding, life sucks, now shut up and let me in. Please?" Her odd combination of brutalized world-weariness and childlike trust has endeared her to the population of the Gardens. If any harm were to come to Carina, the results would be explosive.

Nature: Child

Demeanor: Rebel

Circle: Riders of the Wheel (more or less)

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 1, Dodge 4, Expression 2, Empathy 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 4, Crafts 1, Firearms 2

Knowledges: Area Knowledge 4, Enigmas 2, Investigation 2, Police Procedure 2

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Eidolon 3, Memoriam 2, Mentor 2

Passions: Find Tommy (another runaway, presumed killed by the same people who raped and killed her) (Sororal Devotion) 3, Make Rysavy happy — but not too happy (Love) 2, Find the men who killed her and make them pay (Vengeance) 4

Arcanos: Embody 5, Outrage 3, Phantasm 2

Fetters: Mile 34 of the Garden State Parkway, 3; Nemo's Lair Arcade on the Boardwalk, 2; Big brother Tommy, 3

Willpower: 9

Pathos: 8

Shadow: The Leech

Angst: 6

Thorns: Tainted Relic (darksteel switchblade), Bad Luck

Shadow Passions: Run away and never come back (Confusion) 2, Make an ass out of Rysavy (Hate) 2, Get everyone she knows to obey her every whim (Greed) 2, Get the Hanging



Gardens to play some better in-house music (Selfishness) 1, Scare the bejeezus out of as many people who stop for her on the Garden State Parkway as possible (Malice) 2

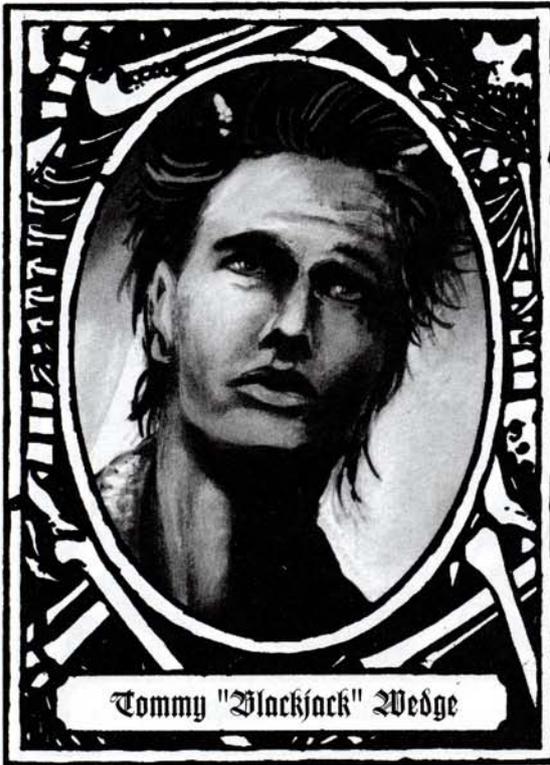
Image: Carina appears as a young teenage girl in flannel, jeans, and Doc Martens. A backpack is always slung over her shoulder; it contains whatever relics she can find. Methedrine-thin, Carina radiates a waifish helplessness that melts even the coldest heart. She is well aware of this fact.

Roleplaying Hints: Ooze innocence, at least when you're not getting fed up with people and telling them off with explosive profanity. These outbursts are usually punctuated with unplanned trips up the Garden State Parkway, but you always return home, very careful to see how much you were missed. Home in this case means Helene, the one person genuinely immune to your charms but who cares about you anyway.

Tommy "Blackjack" Wedge

"Blackjack" Wedge was almost everything a cop should be. He was dedicated, loyal, intelligent, a local product, and extremely fast. Unfortunately, he wasn't bulletproof, and a routine domestic disturbance call ended in tragedy. On December 12, 1984, with all due pomp and ceremony, Officer Thomas Wedge was buried.

His luck on the other side of the Shroud was initially no better than it had been in life; he was Reaped by a band of Legionnaires who had served the Confederacy under John B. Hood while alive, and whose attitudes toward African-Americans had not noticeably improved in the century or so since



Tommy "Blackjack" Wedge

their deaths. Fortunately for Wedge, this party was ambushed by a band of Riders, who took him back to the casino. There he would have been enthralled as well, had not an incredibly aged wraith plucked him from his chains. The elder, who never gave his name, offered a deal to both Salhany (who had come down because of the disturbance) and Wedge: Wedge was to be freed and to serve as Salhany saw fit six days a week. On the seventh, he was to be the elder's.

Salhany, surprisingly, capitulated immediately. Wedge resisted the arrangement until the elder whispered to him that he'd learn the secrets of soulfire if he agreed. Now, six days a week, Wedge patrols the paths of the Hanging Gardens as a sort of one-man police force, and occasionally deals in the casino. On the seventh, he belongs to the elder, and all that is known of the arrangement is that Blackjack is working souls down there with the old man. Blackjack himself has never actually admitted it, but more than a few Restless have been disquieted by his frankly appraising gaze.

Most of his time is spent policing, and he is very, very good at what he does. In an emergency, he can call on up to half of the Haunt's 20 Legionnaires to back him up. There is a friendly rivalry between Wedge and Bjelland, but so far any suggestions that they meet in a Pit to find out who is stronger have been laughed off.

Nature: Gallant

Demeanor: Jester

Circle: Riders of the Wheel

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Melee 4, Firearms 4, Repair 3, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Investigation 3, Law 3, Police Procedure 5

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Artifact 3, Haunt 3, Memoriam 2, Mentor 3, Wealth 1

Passions: Keep order in the Gardens (Duty) 4, Learn as much of soulforging as possible (Curiosity) 3, Cement his position in the Gardens' social order (Ambition) 2, Bust Czenczick (Personal Loathing) 1

Arcanos: Castigate 2, Inhabit 3, Moliate 3

Fetters: Officer William Stanton (former partner), 3; Old squad car, 2; Badge, 1

Willpower: 9

Pathos: 8

Shadow: The Martyr

Angst: 6

Thorns: Death's Sigil (horns), Pact of Doom

Shadow Passions: Learn how to trap as many souls in Artifact form as possible (Malice) 3, Obliterate everyone in the slightest way responsible for Wedge's death (Revenge) 3, Burn as much of the city to the ground as possible (Rage) 3

Image: Blackjack's form is long and thin, all angles and planes. His eyes are merry, though, and his clothing is always bright. He has been marked by his work with soulfire, but his visage has yet to deteriorate from "weathered" to "seared." Carefully tucked away in his hair are two small goat's horns. Wedge takes great care to ensure that as few people as possible know of these protuberances, but they keep popping out at the most embarrassing times. At these moments, Wedge becomes highly irritable, and most wraiths find it extremely uncomfortable to be around him.

Roleplaying Hints: You love being the center of attention. This was probably your biggest failure as a policeman, and may have been what got you killed. In your role as watchman over the realm of the Riders, however, it serves you well. Make sure that everyone around you knows that you're there and ready for action, whether you're dealing on the gambling floor, observing the crowd at a Blood Pit match, or strolling the Gardens themselves. You have somehow acquired a working police revolver, which you flaunt every chance you get. You have a special loathing for Czenczick; you would gladly Skinmask the spy if you could get the chance.

This is hardly the entire population of the Hanging Gardens, of course. There are acolytes, gardeners, soldiers of the Wheel, regular visitors, hangers-on, and Wedge's mysterious Mentor deep in the basement. Most of the permanent residents of the Hanging Gardens are firmly committed to the Levyite faith,

and are quite inflexible upon this point. A growing number are turning to Salhany's "Orthodoxy of Chaos," but the majority can be relied upon to be somewhat unpredictable in their worship and reactions. Just remember, as Salhany does: violence is bad for business, unless of course the customer pays for the violence.

Story Ideas

- A body is seen in the waters off the end of the pier. The players rescue the unfortunate, only to discover that it is a Doppelganger, risen up through the ocean Nihil for some unclean purpose. In actuality, Helene's Shadow has called it here, and the players must discover both this link and what it foreshadows.

- Entering the Hanging Gardens, the player characters are nearly trampled by a furious Carina on her way out. They follow her to protect her from harm, and are accused by Helene of kidnapping. Meanwhile, Carina has an agenda of her own in the Garden State....

- Czenczick identifies the player characters as likely allies and fills their ears with propagandistic distortions of the Riders' faith. They are then approached by Wedge, who has already determined that they are Hierarchy spies, and whose behavior would seem to verify all that Iosif had said....

- Erwin approaches the player characters and offers them a ridiculous number of oboli in exchange for smuggling her out of the Gardens. The Riders catch wind of the plan, however, and do not take kindly to the notion of her removal.

- The Hierarchy, moving on false information from Czenczick, mounts an attack while the player characters are inside the casino. Their side in the combat has been chosen for them, yet is it one they truly are comfortable with?

- The characters are at a Blood Pit match and hear that Salhany has just bet heavily against Bjelland. Intrigued, they attempt to find out why....







The Sepulcra of Tenebrus, Algarve, Portugal

By Harry Heckel

Haunt Level: 2

Memoriam Level: 3



In a hidden church in the Shadowlands, an enclave of Heretics known as the Cult of Bones collects the souls and former bodies of fellow wraiths in preparation for the Day of Resurrection. The cult's members believe that all souls will return to life on that day, so long as they can locate their mortal remains to animate. These Heretics await the

coming of the Final and Greatest Maelstrom, which their sacred book, the *Tome of Os*, prophesies will be the last event before Doomsday. The Cult of Bones espouses the dogma that every passing day brings them closer to the Resurrection and life. The cult has hidden enclaves of followers scattered throughout the Shadowlands. Spectres have strong ties to the Shadows of many of these Heretics, which the cult members strengthen by daring the Tempest in search of omens predicting the End.

The Sepulcra of Tenebrus



The Sepulcra of Tenebrus lies beneath the Chapel of St. John the Divine, in Algarve, Portugal. An unassuming locked door in the rear of the chapel protects the stairway leading down to the Sepulcra.

The Chapel

In the living world, the Chapel of St. John the Divine stands alone atop a high hill overlooking the Mediterranean. A few trees dot the hilltop, and a gravel road winds up the side of the hill. On days of worship, bicycles are as common outside the church as cars, and more than a few worshippers walk from the nearby fishing village of Salerna.





A large wall, perhaps seven feet high, surrounds the grounds, and a wrought-iron gate seals the drive. The chapel itself is bleached white and has a brown clay roof. Vines snake up the sides of the chapel and cover the aforementioned wall, but the rest of the area is well maintained. Over the large wooden doors leading inside, a dedication to St. John the Divine, author of the Book of Revelations, is written in Latin. The chapel's bell tower is the tallest structure in the nearby countryside. About 30 feet behind the back wall of the chapel, a cliff drops 70 feet to the sea below.

The site has a bleak, Gothic beauty, especially as the setting sun casts shadows down from the hill. The smell of salt hangs thickly in the air, and the sounds of gulls and crashing waves echo around the hill.

The interior of the chapel is decorated in a Baroque motif. Angels, cherubs, devils, and scenes from the Gospels and Acts adorn the walls and ceiling. A great bronze bell hangs in the tower, although it is rarely rung. Some of the locals claim that the bell only rings when a person dies at night. The pews are solid hardwood and uncomfortable. Embroidered scenes from the Bible cover the prayer stools; these are splendidly detailed and colored, although many are threadbare and faded. The wooden altar is likewise old, and covered in scratches. The inscription "In Memoria" is barely legible on the front. Behind the altar hangs an ancient cross with an emaciated Christ-figure crucified on it. The floor is made of fitted stone, causing footsteps to echo inside the chapel. A small apse to the side of the worship chamber leads to a narrow stairway into the bell tower. Another door back behind the altar leads to the private chambers of the priest, currently Father Manuel.

Among the chapel's most prized possessions is the chalice used for Mass. It is made of silver; crucifixes surround the rim, and biblical quotes are etched into the sides. According to the official history of the chapel, the chalice was used for a Mass for Portuguese knights in 1492 before they helped the Spanish expel the Moors from Iberia.

The entrance to the Sepulcra leads to a stone stairway that sinks steeply down into the earth. There are no sconces for torches (much less electrical wiring) along the sides of the stairs, so all visitors must bring their own light sources. At the end of the 40-foot descent, a huge, ivory-white worship chamber opens before the visitors. Bones compose every part of this church. Filling the arches between the ceiling columns are stacks of skulls, all staring with empty sockets toward the center of the room. A cross of yellowed femurs hangs over the altar. A faint layer of gray dust covers everything. The stone floor is always icy cold, but footsteps don't echo in this chamber. In fact, the room has strange acoustics. A word whispered at one end may echo loudly, while a normal speaking voice can be hard to hear from other parts of the chamber. Sometimes the sound of rushing wind comes from just beyond the bone walls, suggesting that the Sepulcra was once much larger. Two iron braziers stand beside the altar. There are no pews.

In the Shadowlands, the Chapel of St. John looms on its hill, casting long shadows over the land. Dry, brown, brittle grass covers the landscape. Cracks race over the bleached and stained sides of the building, and the bell is apparently rusted into place. The Shadowlands counterparts of the vines running over the walls are black and twisted. They noticeably writhe across the sides of the church when the wind blows. Large, black, vine-covered stones mark where the outside wall stands across the Shroud.

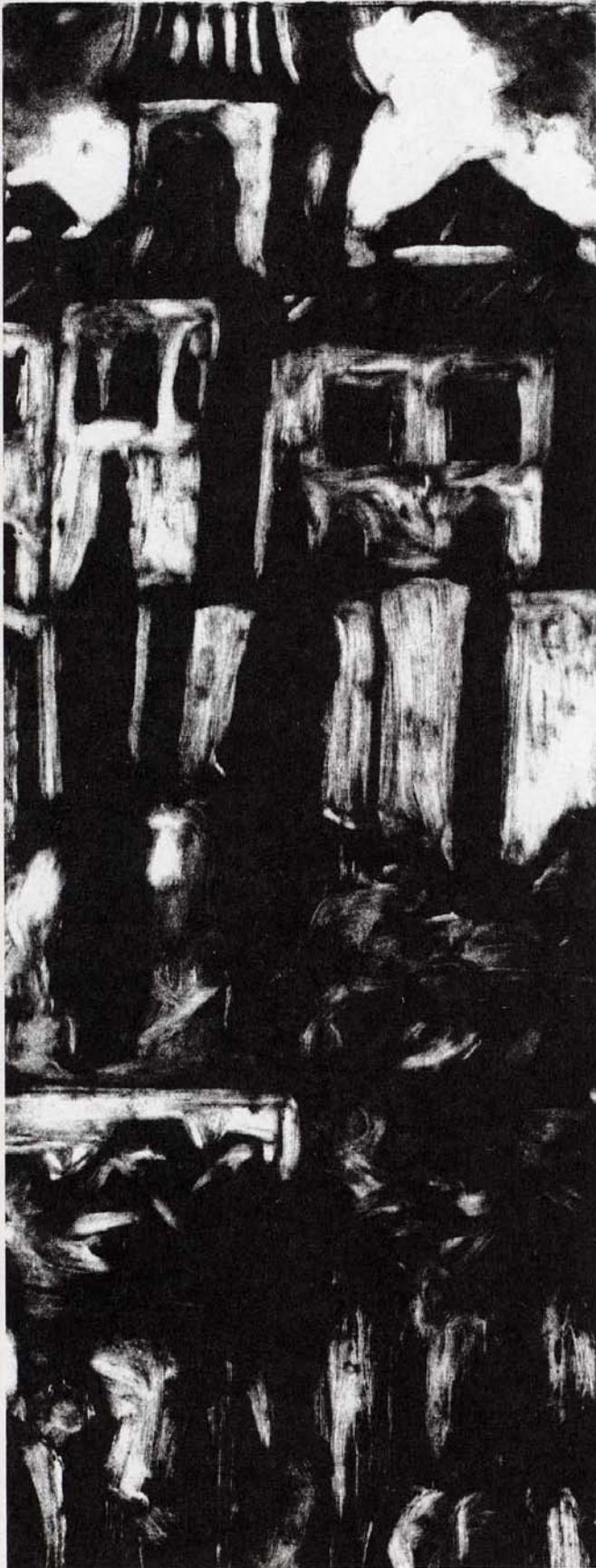
The main doors to the Chapel of St. John the Divine lie askew off their hinges, rotting beside the entrance. A charred crucifix hangs above the altar, held in place by rusted nails. Small bits of ash occasionally flake from the Christ to drift slowly down onto the altar like tears. The altar is rotten and brittle, breaking into bits of sawdust at a touch, and a small pile of ashes rests beneath the crucifix. The ornate carvings on the walls and ceilings are scoured and featureless. Instead, they resemble a mass of faceless, amorphous beings struggling to escape the walls. In the shadows, they seem to move. Holes gape in the vaulted ceiling. When the wind blows down through the chapel, whispering voices chanting in Latin or Portuguese echo through the worship chamber. Sometimes these voices sound like people screaming or crying. The pews, so solid in the world of the Quick, are cracked and broken.

In the Shadowlands, the rear door leading to the Sepulcra stands out against the cracked walls of the chapel. It is made of polished Stygian steel, and those who approach may see themselves reflected in the door. No keyhole or handle shows on the outside of the door. A wraith may only open it from inside. When members of the Cult of Bones approach the door, they use a special rapping knock to request entry. A trusted member of the cult (usually a member of the Children of the Flesh) stands inside the doorway. The handle on the inside of the door is plain, but the interior side of the door is adorned with a beautifully etched picture of the Day of Resurrection.

Soulfire torches illuminate the stairway down into the earth, flickering with green-white light. Whitened bones compose most of the Sepulcra of Tenebrus, but, unlike their counterparts in the world of the Quick, many of the bones still have chunks of flesh clinging to them. The iron braziers beside the altar are lit, glowing with the fires of recent sacrifices. There are always wraiths here, lounging on the floor before the altar, whispering to one another, or meditating. The clothing of the Heretics varies, depending on when they died. All of them have a mark in the shape of an inverted skull burned into their Corpus.

History of the Sepulcra of Tenebrus

A Heretic called Tenebrus, the Dark One, founded the Sepulcra following the fall of Rome in A.D. 476. According to legend, Tenebrus traveled throughout the Sunless Sea, across Stygia and the Shadowlands, and even dared the Tempest. He



also spoke to the Fishers, yet saw no Heaven or Hell, and finally decided that there was no truth to the promises of salvation offered at the Far Shores. After the Maelstrom that accompanied the collapse of Rome, Tenebrus had a divine revelation: the most substantial place of all was the home of life, the Earth. He suddenly knew that the physical world was the secret to salvation.

Tenebrus traveled across the Shadowlands for a millennium years until he came to Algarve. Here, away from the Hierarchy, he decided to found his stronghold: a church, or Sepulcra, that would remain until Doomsday. Tenebrus had another vision, in which it was revealed to him that only those who had a physical body awaiting them would rise for the life eternal on that Final Day.

Tenebrus started gathering converts. He possessed a mortal man, Father Domingos, and through Domingos established the Chapel of St. John the Divine and created a counterpart for the Sepulcra in the physical world. When Father Domingos died, he became Tenebrus's servant and aided him in the collection of skeletons and converts through the centuries. Father Domingos was obviously never named a *santo* by the church; rather, it is a title he gave himself posthumously.

As decades passed, Tenebrus's heresy grew strong. He gained many converts from Stygia and even the distant Far Shores. He swore his membership to secrecy and told them to hide their faces with masks as the Hierarchy did. He preached that on the Final Day, Doomsday, a great Maelstrom would come. The Final Maelstrom would reach into the physical world and destroy all life on Earth. After the Final Maelstrom, God would appear to the survivors in the Shadowlands. These chosen few would experience the resurrection of their bodies and live on the new Earth in eternal paradise.

Tenebrus anointed his first converts, dubbing them his Prophets of Darkness. After the Reconquista and the discovery of the New World, Tenebrus sent his prophets out to establish churches in the New World. Tenebrus named his expanded faith the Cult of Bones. As European colonization increased, he sent missionaries south to Africa and east to the Shadowlands of the Jade Kingdom. In 1578, Tenebrus declared that he would visit the New World to guide his churches. He traveled to Spain and, according to the *Tome of Os*, Skinrode across the Atlantic with all but one of his prophets. His first servant, Father Domingos, was left to care for the Sepulcra of Tenebrus and finish building the Chapel of St. John the Divine.

Father Domingos originally kept the Sepulcra small, selectively collecting bodies and wraiths to convert. Those who would not convert were cast out into the Tempest through the Nihil that sometimes appeared just off the coast. Domingos spoke to his flock and told them that they must help Oblivion grow, thereby raising the Final Storm and heralding the era of eternal peace.



The number of converts grew, and with the swollen membership, Domingos's ego swelled. When word came from the other churches that Tenebrus had vanished, Domingos saw a divine hand in things. He took the title of "Santo" and started to assume greater authority in the cult. He wrote a "sacred" text, the *Tome of Os*, which he claimed contained secrets of the world to come, revealed to him in a vision. He distinguished himself from the other Prophets of Darkness, and many of them accepted the *Tome of Os* as doctrine.

Santo Domingos founded the Children of the Flesh, a Circle of wraiths devoted to claiming and preserving bodies for the Day of Resurrection. Most Children miss the pleasures of physical existence, and they refuse to accept death as eternal. To them, neither the Far Shores nor the Void offers salvation. The world is all that matters. The Children of the Flesh have served the Sepulcra well through the years, and their fine workmanship shows in the walls of the chapel. They are fond of the Embody and Puppetry Arcanos.

For years, Santo Domingos ruled over the Sepulcra without question, blessing the Children of the Flesh and instructing them on their gathering of the Quick. Then came Mouna and her Seekers of the Dawn, with a prophecy of the Fourth Storm as a sign of their devotion. The Sepulcra had drawn them to the Heretics.

Although Santo Domingos recognized the threat posed by the Seekers of the Dawn, Mouna and her visions of the future easily impressed the Children of the Flesh. Her new revelations and interpretations of the *Tome of Os* strengthened the Sepulcra and the Cult of Bones, although they weakened Santo Domingos's near-absolute authority. Both Mouna and Domingos are aware of the precarious balance of power between them, and both know that whoever controls the hearts and minds of the Children of the Flesh rules the Haunt.



The Tome of Os

The *Tome of Os* (or the *Book of Bone*) remains the centerpiece of Santo Domingos's power over the worldwide Cult of Bones. Every church of the cult contains a copy of this text. Despite Santo Domingos's lack of the Fatalism Arcanos, the *Tome of Os* contains many predictions about the future, including a section in the Chapter of Fate foretelling the disappearance of Charon. A few members of other Heretical movements who have encountered copies or fragments of this text suspect that Domingos had little if anything to do with the *Tome*. Rumors abound of Heretic cults based around different interpretations of the *Tome of Os*.





As the power games between Santo Domingos and Mouna continued, the Children of the Flesh began to suspect their ability to influence events. A few of them became more decadent, Skinriding the living for pleasure and choosing those who should be brought to the Haunt on the basis of physical beauty or talents. Currently, two lovers, Ailinn and Nicolau, lead the Children of the Flesh and cautiously play Domingos and Mouna against one another. This newfound attitude among the Children of the Flesh has driven Mouna and the other Seekers of the Dawn into a frenzy of recruitment in order to strengthen their own Circle, and Domingos to a quest for greater influence and power outside Algarve and the Shadowlands.

The newest faction to develop at the Sepulcra is one whose members call themselves the Warriors of Doomsday. These fanatics were founded by Mateus, an ex-drug runner selected by the Children of the Flesh for his attractiveness. Now they terrify all of the other groups at the Haunt. The Warriors of Doomsday dedicate themselves to the wholesale slaughter of humanity. They wish to bring about the Doomsday, so that the time of light following the Day of Resurrection comes sooner. Conventional morality means very little to the Warriors of Doomsday. Their favorite victims are women and small children, the "breeders" and the future of life on earth.

Despite attempts at questioning their methods, neither Domingos nor Mouna has the ability to stop the driven Warriors of Doomsday. Domingos has started to fall in line with them, seeing Mateus and his legions as a possible weapon to ensure his power over not only the Sepulcra of Tenebrus, but the entire scattered Cult of Bones.

All members of the Cult of Bones display the symbol of the upside-down skull. Some of them carry amulets; others sport outright tattoos or other markings.

Outside Relations

The Sepulcra of Tenebrus is part of a vast Heretic movement comprising hordes of wraiths scattered throughout the Shadowlands. The Sepulcra maintains contact with other strongholds of the Cult of Bones across the globe. Until recently, this cult had a very disorganized structure and little contact among its scattered churches. Now, a unification movement has begun. Many cultists believe that a violent attack against the Hierarchy will bring about the Final Storm. Santo Domingos seeks to cement his authority over the other Prophets of Darkness and has decided to go to any lengths to solidify his power, even to the extent of reporting other rivals to the Hierarchy or unleashing the Warriors of Doomsday against these unbelievers.

According to the *Tome of Os*, mages work against the Day of Resurrection, for they seek to do away with the things of the world or to undermine the fabric of reality. Some wizards even work to destroy all spirits of the unliving. No sorcerers, except those who cloak themselves in darkness and seek death themselves, may be suffered to live. The Cult of Bones and its factions make the eradication of mages a priority.

According to the same lore, the creatures known as werewolves strive to stop the Day of Resurrection from coming. These beasts show their evil in the transformation of their bodies. They have sinned against the flesh by breeding with animals. For the good of all creatures, these monsters must not survive Doomsday.

The vampires, those that feed off the life in the blood of the Quick, are the chosen servants of the darkness. They are proof of the coming Resurrection, for although these unbelievers are dead, do they not retain their bodies? But their unlife is a false one, for they do not have true feelings. They are servants and guides, such as the angels were said to be. On the Final Day, those who are worthy among them shall participate in the Resurrection, and all of the others shall feel the embrace of Oblivion.

All members of the Hierarchy are enemies of the Cult of Bones. Whenever a Hierarch is found, the Warriors of Doomsday are informed, and Santo Domingos gives orders to destroy. If all members of the Cult agree on anything, it is that the Hierarchy must be destroyed before the Resurrection can come.

Renegades are tolerated, and sometimes a few disaffected members may become recruits. The Children of the Flesh have some ties to Renegade groups in Algarve and Lisbon, but these are few and far between. As a general rule, contact with Renegades is avoided if possible.

The Cult of Bones sees other Heretic groups as confused, hapless souls. Santo Domingos tries to help convert these heathens, usually by granting a copy of the *Tome of Os* to their leader. Once the other Heretics learn the truth, they will ally themselves with the Cult of Bones — at least, in Domingos' mind.

Currently, Domingos wants to establish better links with other churches of the Cult of Bones. He has sent many Heretics to summon the leaders of these other churches to a massive gathering at the Sepulcra of Tenebrus, where the future of the Cult of Bones will be discussed.

The residents of Algarve have never encountered a mummy or changeling. Their reactions would depend on the nature of the encounter. Either species could be praised or condemned by the Cult.

The Quick

The fisherfolk of neighboring villages form the congregation of the church. They travel from small towns to attend Mass every Sunday. They pray for safety and salvation for themselves and their children in the church. Many of these people are consorts of members of the Cult of Bones. These poor people eke out what living they can from fishing, supplementing their income with money from the tourist trade. For many, tourism is more lucrative than fishing. The way of life that these people have followed for generations is vanishing. Many Heretics go to the Chapel of St. John to dine on the anger, sadness, and faith of the congregation.



A growing number of European tourists, who consider Algarve the last “undiscovered” set of beaches in Europe, pour into the area from early spring to early autumn. Since Algarve has a reputation as an undiscovered holiday spot, it is no longer undiscovered. Booming tourist businesses flourish just a few short miles from the quiet fishing villages. New hotels loom alongside tourist traps. Masses of sun-worshippers cover the once-empty Algarve beaches.

Some tourists who wish to take in a bit of the local culture stumble across the Chapel of St. John the Divine. They come for many reasons. A few simply admire the scenic beauty of the old church. Others visit the fishing villages and ask questions. If the villagers get annoyed, they tell the tourists about the legend of the Chapel of Bones beneath St. John the Divine. They also tell stories about the bronze bell in the tower and how it only rings when someone dies. Some of them make up similar stories just to convince the tourists to leave them alone. The chalice is also a favorite subject of tall tales.

Father Manuel lives at the Chapel of St. John the Divine, along with Pablo the groundskeeper, a longtime ward of the church raised here from his youth. If asked, Father Manuel admits that a skeletal church exists beneath the Chapel of St. John the Divine, but he tries halfheartedly to dissuade visitors from seeing it. If they insist, he offers to take them if they are willing to make a sizable donation. Under no conditions will he allow visitors who seem like scholars or who wish to take scientific equipment with them. He tells those who visit that they may only visit the lower church once, unless they wish to worship there during the trip.

If Father Manuel likes the tourists, which he determines largely by how much respect they seem to have for the chapel, he takes them down below during the day. He lets their emotions (either of awe and wonder or of horror) fill the darkened church. Father Manuel realizes that the Sepulcra changes all those who visit it, and he enjoys watching the reactions of visitors. He will suggest that the people pray during their visit. Sometimes the Heretics will play with these visitors, giving them a sense of “divine inspiration.” Under no circumstances will the Heretics or Father Manuel tolerate anyone disturbing the bones, not even small children. If this happens, the visit is over, and, at the surface, Father Manuel calls for Pablo to escort the visitors off the church grounds. They are no longer welcome. If people in the Sepulcra refuse to leave after disturbing the remains or cause more trouble, the wraiths act swiftly and harshly to remove these threats to their Haunt. The few times that the Heretics have taken such measures, none of the living except Father Manuel have survived.

If the Father does not like the tourists, then he insists that they only visit the church below at the time of Midnight Mass. He asks his visitors to return that night. He waits for them to leave, then descends into the Sepulcra himself to inform the “angels and blessed spirits.” That night, the Father leads them below. Pablo brings up the rear. Upon entering the church,





Father Manuel lets them walk around for a moment while he quietly bows his head and says the Last Rites in Latin. When he finishes, the wraiths extinguish the torches, and Pablo draws his hand-held scythe. Pablo listens for their breathing and quickly decapitates the strangers. When all of the visitors are dead, he and Father Manuel head back up the stairs, leaving the rest to the Heretics.

On rare occasions, some of the villagers capture tourists whom they don't like or who have committed crimes in their villages and bring them to the chapel, pleading with Father Manuel for justice. Father Manuel will act slightly aghast (mob actions bother him a bit), and will offer to take these prisoners into the chapel, so that God may judge them for their sins. Then he, along with Pablo, will guide the prisoners down into the Sepulcra, all the while reassuring the prisoners that God will do them justice and their visit will appease the townspeople.

Whenever Father Manuel comes down unexpectedly at night, the members of the Cult of Bones invoke their powers to resemble the wrath of God just in case a local fisherman insists on joining Pablo and Father Manuel. This involves creative use of the Pandemonium, Phantasm, Keening, and Embody Arcanos to cause flames to flicker, bones to clatter, hooded figures to appear, and visitors to feel strange emotions. What happens next depends on how useful the wraiths find the new humans. Sometimes, the Cult members try to possess the visitors. If one of the Children of the Flesh admires the appearance of one of the tourists, or if Santo Domingos feels that one of these people will make a good addition to the Cult, the torches spontaneously extinguish. Pablo recognizes this as a sign from God and kills all the strangers.

When the newly killed appear in the Haunt, members of the Children of the Flesh or the Warriors of Doomsday grab the Enfants and restrain them next to their bodies. Mouna, the leader of the Seekers of the Dawn, calls upon her Fatalism Arcanos to read the possible futures of the new ones. Santo Domingos looms over the new ones. "You are dead. Now is the time of your first judgment," he pronounces. "Do you believe in the resurrection of the body? Do you believe in the Final Judgment? Do you wish to live again?"

If the answers to all these questions are yes, then Santo Domingos has the new wraiths chained to the altar. "You will remain here for three days. On the third day, if you still believe, you will become one of us."

If no potential new cult members are among the recent dead, then the cult members who once belonged to the Artificers' Guild transform the entire mass into parts of the Sepulcra. They use the fires in the braziers to perform their task. Many of the Heretics have troubles with this, and often leave to wander the countryside during this process.





Father Manuel

Santo Domingos first appeared to Father Manuel after the Chapel of St. John took in the young orphan. From those early years, Domingos indoctrinated Father Manuel, serving as God and parent. Father Manuel believes wholeheartedly that Santo Domingos is an angel sent by God to guide him through the impending Revelation.

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Caregiver

Circle: None. Manuel is a mortal.

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Empathy 3, Expression 2, Intimidation 1, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Crafts 1, Drive 1, Etiquette 1, Leadership 2, Meditation 4, Melee 1, Repair 1, Stealth 1

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Enigmas 3, Investigation 1, Law 1, Linguistics 3, Occult 4, Religion 3

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Status 1

Willpower: 7

Corpus: None. He has seven Health Levels.

Image: The Father is an old, kindly-looking man with soft, inquisitive brown eyes. His hair is white and thinning. In his robes he has a presence that belies his thin frame and stature

of 5'2". Father Manuel always has a smile and a kind word, although those with high Empathy can sense something behind this gentle demeanor.

Roleplaying Hints: Father Manuel seems friendly enough at first glance. He honestly believes that what he does for the Cult of Bones is in accordance with the will of God. He possesses a strong faith, although as he watches how twisted Pablo has become following his sacrifices for the Lord, he grows fearful. Father Manuel hates the growing tourist trade and what it has done to Algarve.

Pablo

Pablo's head was hurt when he fell off a fishing boat and got tangled in a net. Since then, he hasn't thought as well as most people. But Pablo loves the Father with a nearly religious devotion. God speaks to Pablo, and God tells Pablo to kill the pretty people with his scythe. God wants the people. God needs their bodies for his real church, the one beneath the chapel. Pablo hopes that when he dies he gets to join the ghosts and become an angel like them.

Nature: Child

Demeanor: Conformist

Circle: None. He is mortal.

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 1, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 1, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Intimidation 2



Skills: Animal Ken 1, Crafts 3, Gardening 3, Melee 3, Repair 2, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Enigmas 1, Linguistics 1, Medicine 1, Occult 3

Backgrounds: Allies 1

Willpower: 4

Corpus: None. He has seven Health Levels.

Image: Pablo is a tall, dark man with long, stringy black hair. He wears a black sash across his eyes. The odor of sweat and soil clings to him. He has long, corded muscles and a gangly appearance with swollen veins bulging over his forearms. He always wears dirty clothes and a wide-brimmed hat. He grunts more than speaks.

Roleplaying Hints: Pablo only stares in the general direction of strangers, or tilts his head to listen to them. He says very little, and he spends his time working on the grounds. The Children of the Flesh like to Skinride Pablo, and they've committed a few murders in Algarve recently.

The Cult of Bones

Santo Domingos

Domingos was born in A.D. 1460. He aided Queen Isabella in her Reconquista, first as a soldier, then as a priest. When she called for her own Inquisition, he helped track down infidels and unbelievers and put them to the torch. He always had a strong, almost overpowering belief in God. Finally, he had an encounter with Tenebrus, who spoke to him of the Afterlife and revealed to him the true plan of God. He felt the power of Tenebrus imbue him with divine grace, and he knew that he was meant to found the Sepulcra of Tenebrus.

After his death, he remained with his church and became the first Prophet of Darkness, emigrating to Portugal. Tenebrus left to find other Prophets, rescuing them from the clutches of the Hierarchy or converting them from the ranks of the Renegades. Domingos grew jealous of these new Prophets, but he knew that Tenebrus had selected him first, even choosing him in life to look over the Church and its growth. When Tenebrus left to help the Church in the New World grow, Domingos was left in charge of the Sepulcra of Tenebrus, his first stronghold.

Many centuries have passed, but the Church has endured. Domingos knows of many other churches and other Prophets, but he fears that Tenebrus has fallen to Oblivion. Domingos now sees himself as the true founder of the Church. He is the ultimate leader of the Cult of Bones. Although there are other churches, and other Prophets who may wield greater personal power, he was first. He must guide the others down the path to salvation, or else all will suffer.



Nature: Director

Demeanor: Architect

Circle: The Prophets of Darkness

Physical: Strength 4, Stamina 3, Dexterity 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 1, Dodge 1, Empathy 4, Expression 3, Intimidation 5, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Etiquette 1, Leadership 3, Meditation 3, Melee 3, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Enigmas 4, Linguistics 4, Medicine 1, Occult 5, Politics 3

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Artifacts 3, Contacts 2, Haunt 5, Memoriam 2, Notoriety 2, Status 5

Passions: Control the Cult of Bones (Greed) 4, Destroy the Hierarchy (Anger) 3, Convert others to your beliefs (Faith) 3

Arcanos: Castigate 3, Embody 4, Keening 4, Moliate 2, Phantasm 3, Puppetry 4, Usury 5

Fetters: Sepulcra of Tenebrus, 1; Skeleton, 1

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Abuser

Angst: 5

Thorns: Devil's Dare

Shadow Passions: Weaken the Seekers of the Dawn (Anger) 3

Image: Domingos is an imposing, gaunt figure whose hollow eyesockets burn with a soft crimson glow. His skin is pale, and he wears a deep crimson cloak that appears almost black. When he smiles, which is rarely, his teeth are perfect and white. He always carries a staff with him, mounted with an upside-down skull.

Roleplaying Hints: Santo Domingos is one of the leaders of the Sepulcra of Tenebrus. Everything in his domain must submit to his control. He constantly spouts biblical quotes and always interviews potential converts. He is especially interested in events in the New World. He sends missions of followers to the New World to try to maintain contact with the other churches.

Mouna

During the war between the Christians and the Moors, Mouna was slain. She doesn't remember how, except that it had something to do with saving her children. Her body was collected by Father Domingos and added to the Sepulcra. For a time, she felt lost and betrayed by her God, and she wandered across the Shadowlands into the Ivory Kingdom. No one knows what happened to her there. Even she has few memories of the time, but she remembers learning the art of Fatalism there. After a revelation, she returned to the Sepulcra with a small number of fellow Circle members, the Seekers of the Dawn. Santo Domingos was going to have her cast out, but she prophesied the Fourth Storm as a sign of her value to the cult. Now, Mouna has gained a small following. Because of her gift for Fatalism, Domingos fears to move against her.

Nature: Conniver

Demeanor: Visionary

Circle: Seekers of the Dawn

Physical: Strength 2, Stamina 4, Dexterity 3

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Empathy 4, Expression 3, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Etiquette 1, Leadership 2, Meditation 4, Melee 1, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 1, Enigmas 5, Investigation 2, Law 1, Linguistics 2, Occult 5, Politics 2

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 3, Eidolon 4, Haunt 2, Memoriam 1, Status 5

Passions: Protect her Circle (Love) 5, Take over the Cult of Bones (Greed) 3, Convert others to her beliefs (Faith) 3

Arcanos: Argos 3, Castigate 3, Fatalism 5, Lifeweb 2, Phantasm 3

Fetters: Skeleton 3

Willpower: 5

Pathos: 6



Shadow: The Parent

Angst: 3

Thorns: Trick of the Light, Dark Allies 4

Shadow Passions: Avoid Santo Domingos (Fear) 3

Image: Mouna is a beautiful Moorish woman who dresses in white, flowing gowns. She has an almost regal bearing about her. Long black hair billows down to her waist.

Roleplaying Hints: Mouna tries to play the part of the inspired visionary and spends much of her time attempting to convert new followers. She tries to ensure that their ultimate loyalty is to her rather than to the cult. She will always protect small children from members of the Heretics.

Ailinn

As a young girl, Ailinn was always beautiful. People fawned over her, and she enjoyed the attention. When she got older, she learned that there were many ways a young girl living near a tourist trap could make money. She enticed many rich tourists to sample her gifts, but soon became more interested in the passions and sensations of her lifestyle than in the money. When an enraged customer murdered her, her remains went to the Sepulcra, and she followed them. She gladly joined the Heretics.

Nature: Bon Vivant

Demeanor: Conniver

Circle: Children of the Flesh

Physical: Strength 2, Stamina 4, Dexterity 3

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 5



Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 4
Talents: Alertness 1, Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Empathy 3, Expression 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 3
Skills: Animal Ken 1, Crafts 1, Drive 1, Etiquette 1
Knowledges: Law 2, Linguistics 4, Medicine 1, Occult 1, Politics 2
Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 5, Eidolon 1, Haunt 2, Memoriam 3, Status 5
Passions: Seek out bodily pleasures (Lust) 4, Serve the Cult of Bones (Loyalty) 3
Arcanos: Embody 3, Inhabit 1, Lifeweb 2, Puppetry 4
Fetters: Skeletal remains, 1; Heart-shaped locket, 3; World Cup beach towel, 1
Willpower: 5
Pathos: 8
Shadow: The Leech
Angst: 3
Thorns: Shadow Life, Doppelganger
Shadow Passions: Seek out bodily pain and suffering (Anger) 5
Image: Ailinn is a tall, bronze-skinned woman with long, dark hair. There is always a predatory gleam in Ailinn's eyes. She moves with sensuality and passion, and exudes confidence.
Roleplaying Hints: You are one of the most influential people in the Haunt, but long for the freedom to do your own thing. You miss life — the smells, the touches, the sounds — and you take every opportunity you can to experience it again. You know about your Shadow's Thorns, but you refuse to admit any problems.

Nicolau

Nicolau never did anything worthwhile with his existence. For years, he preyed off lonely tourist women and spent his time growing more tan on the beaches. When he died in a motorcycle accident, his family missed him a great deal, but no one else did. His father had always wanted him to take over the family fishing business, and his mother comes to pray for his soul every Sunday at the chapel.

Nature: Conniver
Demeanor: Bon Vivant
Circle: Children of the Flesh
Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4
Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 4
Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 3
Talents: Acting 3, Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 1
Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 1, Leadership 3, Meditation 1, Melee 1
Knowledges: Enigmas 1, Investigation 2, Law 1, Linguistics 3, Medicine 1, Occult 2, Politics 1
Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 2, Eidolon 1, Haunt 5, Memoriam 2, Status 3
Passions: Protect Ailinn (Love) 2, Serve Santo Domingos (Faith) 2, Protect living family members (Love) 3
Arcanos: Embody 2, Outrage 3, Puppetry 3
Fetters: Skeleton, 1; Motorcycle, 2; Mother, 3; Father, 4
Willpower: 6



Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Pusher

Angst: 5

Thorns: Pact of Doom, Shadow Traits (+1 Strength, +1 Dexterity)

Shadow Passions: Destroy Ailinn (Hate) 2

Image: A suave young Portuguese man, about 18 or 19. Nicolau stands about six feet tall. He rarely wears a shirt, and when he does, he leaves it unbuttoned, showing off his muscular chest. His favorite form of clothing is a pair of blue jeans. He looks like a male fashion model waiting to pose for his next commercial.

Roleplaying Hints: You care about Ailinn, despite yourself. She's absolutely irresistible, wild and full of life. Part of you hates the Cult of Bones, and you believe Father Domingos is a frightening skeleton like all the others in the Sepulcra. Sometimes you wish you had done more with your life; then the feeling passes. Sometimes you wish others would do more for you, and that feeling usually stays.

Mateus

Mateus Salvadore was a drug runner and a thug. His parents died when he was young, and he made his living selling drugs to the tourists and helping the local crimelords deal with problems. Finally, he started doing drugs himself. He tried everything. Soon, he was wallowing in depression and loneliness. He realized what a meaningless waste his life was. In a hallucinogenic haze, he went to the Chapel of St. John the Divine, hoping to discover some meaning.

Father Manuel took one look at him and led the young man down to the Sepulcra for Santo Domingos to help. After Pablo slit Mateus's throat, Santo Domingos and the other members of the Cult of Bones grabbed him. Mateus finally had a purpose. With a vengeance, he threw himself into the Cult, creating the Warriors of Doomsday and providing the Cult with the force to do as it pleased. He has five other wraiths in his circle: Leonardo, Raquel, and Tomas from his drug connections; Konrad, a German soldier who was an obnoxious tourist; and Sorcha, a former fund-raiser for the IRA who ran afoul of the wraiths.

Nature: Deviant

Demeanor: Fanatic

Circle: Warriors of Doomsday

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Intimidation 4, Streetwise 3

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 4, Leadership 3, Melee 3, Repair 1, Stealth 3



Knowledges: Enigmas 2, Investigation 2, Linguistics 2, Medicine 3, Occult 2, Science 1

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Artifacts 3, Haunt 2, Memoriam 4, Notoriety 1, Heretic Status 1

Passions: Bring Doomsday (Faith) 5, Destroy Unbelievers (Anger) 5

Arcanos: Argos 4, Outrage 3

Fetters: Skeleton, 2; Pistol, 3

Willpower: 9

Pathos: 9

Shadow: The Martyr

Angst: 8

Thorns: Spectre Prestige 4, Shadow Call, Dark Allies 3

Shadow Passions: Kill mortals (Hate) 4

Image: Mateus has a fanatical gleam in his eyes. He seeks to feed Oblivion and bring about the end, so that the faithful will be reborn.

Roleplaying Hints: Mateus is willing to go to any ends to bring about the end of life on Earth. He talks in a soft whisper and always stares directly at the person with whom he converses. He has no sense of normal morality. Mateus constantly searches for new recruits for the Warriors of Doomsday. The other members of his Circle follow his lead with terrifying fanaticism.



Story Ideas

- The Cult of Bones has established missions and churches around the world. Their servants begin raiding graves to build their own churches near the players' Necropolis. As these churches are built, the cult members start to grab wraiths from the Necropolis and use their essences to strengthen the church. This could start a long-term chronicle where the players battle the members of this Heresy.

- Followers of the Cult of Bones could have or make contact with a player character. A young Circle of wraiths would be seen as prime converts, and possibly bold enough to strike against the Hierarchy. Attempts to manipulate the characters into attacking the leadership of a nearby Necropolis or joining the cult might link the players to the Haunt.

- Members of the Hierarchy or the Renegades could send the characters to the Sepulcra to investigate the site and report back what they see. This task could serve as a punishment or as an initiation rite. Perhaps an ancient Guildmaster asks that the group recover her skeleton from the site before she teaches them Arcanos. This mission could also occur during the gathering of cult leaders.

- The Storyteller easily transplant this Haunt, denizens and all, to some other site; only a few names and the history would require change. The Sepulcra can easily provide a number of subplot opportunities for an ongoing chronicle.

- The chalice could be stolen from the Chapel of St. John the Divine and taken to the characters' home city. If this happens, the Warriors of Doomsday will arrive to try to retrieve it. Once inside the Necropolis, these Heretics may wreak some havoc before attending to their mission.

- The Cult of Bones could easily serve as a crossover vehicle between **Wraith: The Oblivion** and any of the other Storyteller games. Members of the cult might steal the body of a vampire in torpor. They might run afoul of Euthanatos mages, or strike a deal with them. If the Garou ever learned about the Chapel of St. John, they would certainly consider it Wyrmtainted. Giovanni or Tremere vampires might wish to find ways to animate the wraiths' bodies, earning their undying loyalty and allowing them to manipulate the Cult of Bones.

- A full-scale war for control of the Haunt could erupt between Domingos and Mouna. Both sides would seek recruits from the Quick and the Dead in order to achieve victory. Tales of such a battle and its repercussions might quickly spread through the Shadowlands. Even more frightening, Mateus and his Warriors of Doomsday could take over the Cult of Bones, thereby making it much more militant.





Blackbeard's Cove: Teach's Hole, Ocracoke Island, North Carolina

By Bill Bridges

Haunt Level: 2

Memoriam Level: 5

*Why should we here our time delay
In London void of pleasure?
Let's haste away to Biscay Bay
And ransack there for treasure.
Here we must creep and play bo-peep
To shun the damned press-masters;
We live in strife, even die in life,
Confined by catchpole bastards.*
— "A New Song on the Blandford Privateer" (trad.)

The Headless Ghost



Blackbeard wants his head back.

It is said by the Quick that he still haunts the waters and shores of Ocracoke Island, ever searching for his head, lopped off in his final battle and taken back to Virginia for display. It is said by the Restless that until he gets his head back, no Haunt, Citadel or Necropolis is safe from his wrath. Indeed, Blackbeard the Pirate is as feared among the dead as he was among the living centuries ago.

The place of his death, now called Teach's Hole, in Ocracoke Inlet at the southern tip of the shoreward side of North Carolina's Outer Banks, has become his Haunt. The Quick have seen him at times, a headless corpse with a lantern wandering the shores. Sometimes he is seen swimming the waters where his body was dumped, glowing eerily, searching and searching. They say that he made a deal with the Devil long ago, and that he does not wish to meet his benefactor in Hell without his head.



There is a grain of truth to this Fog-clouded tale. Blackbeard's rage at his defeat will not die until he has regained his head. It is a Fetter, keeping him bound to the world of the living, even though he does not know where it is. It is not his only Fetter, but he keeps secret the location of his others. Namely, his buried treasures. He continues to sit on his treasure and guard it like a greedy dragon of European legend, despite that he no longer needs it in death. Blackbeard is trapped into living a role in death which he only played in life: that of the marauding pirate.

Ocracoke Island

In the Skinlands: A Quiet Place



Ocracoke Island lies at the southern tip of North Carolina's Outer Banks, sitting across an inlet from Hatteras Island. Ocracoke is 16 miles in length and ranges from one and a half to two miles in width. It is reached only by private plane, boat or state-operated ferryboat. The ferries leave from North Carolina mainland ports on Cedar Island and Swan Quarter several times a day (Two and a half hour journey). Hourly boats leave from the tip of Hatteras Island (45 minute journey).

Ocracoke Village has a year-round population of less than a thousand, although spring and summer tourists cause it to swell to nearly two thousand. The village is located around Silver Lake harbor at the southern end of the island. Most of the northern part of the island is owned by the National Park Service as part of the Cape Hatteras National Seashore.

The island's name evolved into its current form from the Native American word "Wokokan," meaning "fort." The island used to be connected to Hatteras until a hurricane in 1846 cut open Hatteras Inlet.

The first official settlement in 1715 was created by seafaring pilots to guide shipping vessels through Ocracoke Inlet, a very treacherous area of hidden, shallow shoals. An unofficial settler at the time was Blackbeard, along with other pirates, who would pretend to be pilots and lead ships aground, where they could then loot them.

The Hatteras stretch of the Outer Banks is also known as the "Graveyard of the Atlantic," for the number of shipwrecks which have occurred over the years. The area hides many shoals, and fierce winds can slam ships into the island without warning. In addition, the area is hard-hit by hurricanes when they come up from the south. It is because of these fierce storms that no ship was able to return to search for the Lost Colony of Roanoke Island in the late 16th century.

Legends of many "ghost ships" have sprung up about these wrecks. One such was the *Carroll A. Deering*, a five-masted schooner spotted by the lookout at the Cape Hatteras Coast Guard Station in 1931. When she was boarded, the search party found her to be completely deserted, perhaps recently abandoned. The tables were set with fresh food, and the lifeboats were missing. Nothing was ever heard from the crew.

However, many crew members of the *Carroll A. Deering* still exist, although on the other side of the Shroud. They are thus prevented from telling the tales of their deaths to the living. Other shipwreck survivors also haunt the lonely isle, clinging to the old ships sunk in Davy Jones' locker.

Today, fishing attracts many anglers to the island. To accommodate the tourists, the island's rich history is built up in local sites. The island is especially proud of its former resident, Blackbeard. A store, "Teach's Hole," has a Blackbeard exhibit and calls itself a Pirate Specialty Shop. One of the largest buildings on the isle was renamed Blackbeard's Lodge.

All these landmarks, in addition to those spread between Charleston, South Carolina, and Bath Town, North Carolina, add greatly to Blackbeard's Memoriam.

Pathos: Various different emotions are experienced by the many tourists who come here in the vacation season. Some of the most common: frustration (the vacation isn't going well), greed (hunger for things like knick-knacks and souvenirs), anger (the big one got away at the fishing hole; a flat tire really screwed expenses), love (a vacation getaway for two; the island is so beautiful you don't want to leave), faith (the sunsets here really make you believe again; the sense of community here proves people can work together) and many others.

Among the year-round residents, the following emotions may be common: love (teaching fishing craft to the young fellers who come every year), greed (there's a lot of money to be made off the tourists), anger (Damn tourists — get outta my yard! Think they own the island!), hope (this year is going to be really good, with a lot of money coming in), fear or sorrow (the island gets more commercial every year; my paradise is dying) and many more besides.

The Shadowlands: Lonely, Storm-wracked Shores

Past the Shroud, beyond the barrier of death, an entirely different environment of Ocracoke is seen. The isle is constantly shrouded under gray skies. Storms brew on the horizon and often move in to lash the island. A feeling of oppressive loneliness and emptiness descends on many who spend time here, and the feeling is increasingly harder to shrug off the longer one stays.





The Outer Banks are under the magical sway of the last great rite performed by the now-dead Croatan tribe of werewolves. This rite, a dying curse of sorts, ensures that the area is constantly besieged by the forces of the Wyld. For Storytellers familiar with **Werewolf: The Apocalypse**, it shouldn't be hard to come up with interesting effects for this. However, for those who are not familiar with werewolf cosmology, use the following guidelines:

The Wyld (or so the werewolves believe) is the primordial force of creation and chaos. It is entirely unpredictable. Its worst effects appear in the Spirit World (inaccessible to most wraiths), but its power bleeds over into the real world (as violent storms) and the Shadowlands (as incredibly violent and dangerous storms).

As a result of the area's lashing by Wyld energy, the very land itself constantly shifts, never staying put for too many years. The storms and hurricanes which thunder over the area are filled with this energy of Change. Oblivion cannot find root here for long. But this does not make the place a desired ground for many wraiths. Travel to and from the island is incredibly risky. Storms well up instantly and blow in every direction at once, tearing ships to pieces or driving them against suddenly appearing shoals. Only the most bold — or foolhardy — journey to this island.

But Blackbeard has an edge, a power to traverse the lost byways of the Tempest that allows him to escape the storms by leaving the Shadowlands on secret paths. He thus also eludes his Hierarchy enemies. This has greatly increased his legend, as his ship appears seemingly from out of the Tempest to assault a Hierarchy vessel, loot it and disappear again into the roiling storm. Only one ship successfully followed him, but it was discovered later drifting back to Stygia, its moaning captain welded into the beams as a grim warning to anyone who would dare follow Blackbeard. (See "Secret Byways of the Tempest", below.)

Here are some effects the Storyteller can use to emphasize the dangerous energy surrounding the isle: beautiful, serene weather which gives way — in mere minutes — to wicked, lashing wind and torrential downpours; constantly shifting shoals and shores, making it hard to predict which parts of the island may exist from one day to another; lightning which seems to seek out Stygian steel (even on a sunny day!); dark fogs which so totally obscure the moon (or sun) that nothing can be seen, and light penetrates only a few feet from its source; and anything else the inventive Storyteller can think of.

The one boon in all this is that the immediate area of the Haunt — Blackbeard's encampment — is immune to these storms. Thus, even the shipwreck victims gather here and form part of the pirate community. Blackbeard's ships can rest safely just off shore, as long as they remain in the area of calm. (Blackbeard knows the shoals well and has never yet lost a ship to the storms.)



Due to the magical effects of this Wyld energy, many buildings and other human-made sites in the Skinlands do not appear in the Shadowlands. Buildings, all technology of any sort, seems as if it is unwelcome here. However, a few landmarks do appear, such as the Coast Guard Station and the Howard-Wahab Graveyard and British Cemetery. The guard station is half-submerged in the sea, the apparent fate which awaits it in a number of years. The graveyard appears much as it does in the living world, with all tombstones and markers intact.

The island itself is empty of any wraith or other form of Shadowland life, except at Teach's Hole, Blackbeard's Haunt. This Haunt is a gathering place for Blackbeard's fellow Renegades, an extended gang of Shadowland pirates who call themselves the Brethren of the Tempest.

The beaches about Teach's Hole are full of tents and fires, and here the pirates sprawl out in their partying, safe in the knowledge that the Hierarchy would not dare to attack them here.

"That Knott of Robbers"

Death it was our commander's name;
from London with good heart we came,
And put to sea with a pleasant gale
Over our enemies to prevail.
— "A Sea Song" (trad.)

Along the shores of Teach's Hole Channel, the pirates' many tents are pitched. Some of these are quite large and elaborate with many hangings and knick-knacks culled from all over the Shadowlands and the Far Shores on pirate raids. In these tents are various relics, from simple puff pillows to Oriental rugs and hanging cutlasses. Blackbeard's tent is by far the largest affair here and has the most relics strewn about. The poles are made of Stygian steel, making it able withstand the worst of the storms.

There are 25 to 40 pirates living here at any given time. Other members of the Brethren are often out on ships, patrolling for good booty from Hierarchy vessels or other Haunts.

In addition, 10 to 20 shipwrecked ghosts wander here, as they still hold their sunken ships as Fetters. Many of these ghosts are American soldiers from World War II. Their ships were sunk by German U-boats during the war, giving the area the temporary nickname of "Torpedo Alley." It is in fact the shipwrecks which have created this Haunt, since so many have been dragged to watery graves here. Blackbeard has simply seized the area as his own, although he does not bother the shipwreck victims and even invites them into his community.





Blackbeard's Ghost

I tread a lurching, timber world; a reeking salt-caked hell; and yet, perhaps, no worse a world than yours, where bishops stroll through charnal yards with pomanders to smell, where vile men thrive and love crawls on all fours.

— Alan Moore, "The Shanty of Edward Teach"

Blackbeard is one of the most renowned of Renegades, and his piracy of the Hierarchy's Stygian steel, relics and artifacts has made him one of the most hunted of the Hierarchy's enemies. However, no barghest has successfully taken a bite out of this prey, for he is an elusive, cunning and powerful brute, living up to in death all the legends concerning him in life.

But all is not as it seems. Unknown to many who tell tales of Blackbeard around the fires (whether the crackling flames of the Quick or the eerie barrow-flames of the Restless), Blackbeard was a gentleman as comfortable at the dinner parties of the colonial gentry as among the rum-fed feasts of the Brethren of the Coast. His real name was Edward Teach, and the legend he built about his fierceness and rage was a clever ploy — although a well-supported ploy.

Teach was a damned good actor of sorts, who played the part of the rogue and devil well. However, this was through no real skill. He had the remarkable ability in life to give reign to his dark side (his Shadow) while maintaining complete control. He used his dark side to build a pirate legend about himself, one which caused many ships to surrender at the very sight of him, thus saving him from a bloody battle, costing the lives of his men and his prey's crew. Although his behavior often got out of hand, he never killed or maimed as many as his legend states. Indeed, when selling off his loot at Bath Town, North Carolina, he was the toast of the town's elite, charming all at the local dinner parties.

His Death

Here was the end of that courageous brute, who might have passed in the world for a hero had he been employed in a good cause.

— Captain Charles Johnson, *A General History of the Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious Pirates*

His final battle came on November 22, 1718, after he had set himself up on Ocracoke in semi-retirement from piracy. British Lieutenant Robert Maynard, at the behest of Governor Spotswood of Virginia, arrived on that morning to take down the notorious pirate. However, Maynard did not know the shoals as well as Teach and was soon run aground, while Teach was still maneuverable in his ship, the *Adventure*.

Teach threw grenades onto Maynard's ship, and when the smoke cleared, he saw that the ship was empty of her crew but for the few that survived the blasts. He stormed on board with his small crew, only to find that Maynard's men were hiding below decks. They charged on deck, and one of the bloodiest battles at sea began.

Pistols fired on both sides, and cutlasses swung left and right, cleaving pirate and soldier alike. But no matter the number of slices delivered into Blackbeard, he would not go down. Multiple gun shots were fired into him, but still he kept going. Finally, as he raised his cutlass above Maynard to deliver a killing blow, the weight of his wounds overcame him, and he crumpled to the deck.

The most notorious pirate of all time was dead.

Maynard had Teach's head chopped off as a trophy and his body flung overboard into the deep. But the soldiers gasped in fear as the sound of sloshing water rose up from below. Looking over the rails, they could see Teach's body swimming circles around the ship, searching for its head. As the terrified soldiers watched, the body slowly sunk away out of sight.

After His Death

Little is known about Teach's fate in the years following his death and entry into the Shadowlands. No one knows who his Reaper was, and many legends state that Teach ripped his own caul off as he stormed in rage through the waters of the sound. Other legends whisper that he was captured by the Hierarchy and brought in chains to the Necropolis of Charleston, South Carolina, where the once-governor of that city during Blackbeard's blockade of the harbor was now an Anacreon. This unnamed Hierarch is said to have sentenced Teach to Thralldom, forced to hang in Stygian chains at the mouth of the harbor as was the custom with dead pirates.

No one knows how many years Teach hung there (if the tale is true), but somehow he escaped. Soon after, he is said to have appeared in the harbor again, this time as the master of a stolen Hierarchy black iron ship crewed by Renegades. The slaughter Teach is said to have delivered to the Legionnaires there is whispered about often among young Legionnaires.

What is known for sure is that Teach did indeed appear in the Shadowlands captaining a stolen black iron ship. There has never been an accounting of her previous crew, and they are believed to have been sent to Oblivion on the deep seas of the Shadowlands.

For many years, Teach raided Hierarchy outposts and travelers, successfully stealing much Stygian iron. This iron, originally bound for various Citadels, soon showed up in Renegade hands all over and put the Legionnaires of the now short-supplied Citadels to task.

Then, Teach disappeared. His marauding ceased, and nothing was heard from him for nearly on a century. He was believed to be gone for good, swallowed up perhaps by the Tempest or gone to Oblivion.

But only a decade ago, he reappeared, attacking a Hierarchy ship traveling the River of Death. The crew was spared, but all iron and relics aboard were taken. Since then, over the years, more pirates began to appear, among them famous pirates of old such as Calico Jack. They had one thing in com-

mon: they all bore the same standard, a modified Jolly Roger with burning hemp ropes stuck under a pirate cap — the sign of Blackbeard. The Brethren of the Tempest had formed together under the banner of Blackbeard to the great consternation of the Hierarchy.

A Comrade to All Renegades

Teach is well known and respected (sometimes feared) among Renegade Circles. All Renegades know that when all else fails, they can always run away and join Teach's gang of pirates. They will be relatively safe from Hierarchy foes, but not from Spectres or their own Shadows.

There is a high Oblivion rate among the Brethren of the Tempest. Teach has been able to convince other Renegades — and even his own Circle — that it comes from the "on the edge" lifestyle they lead. But a few have suspected that something darker is to blame. None yet have discovered just what the secret is.

For now, Teach's success at gathering Hierarchy booty and distributing and trading it at Renegade Haunts has made him a popular man, and few would risk insulting him to his ghostly face by raising the question of foul doings aboard his ship.

Edward Teach, "Blackbeard"

Note: Blackbeard is one tough customer. He is even tougher after 276 years of death than he was in life, and he was acknowledged as a powerhouse of a figure while he lived. He is *not* someone player characters should plan on physically attacking — he is a combat monster! Instead, he should provide an interesting encounter and a nexus of many political or adventuresome plots. If players want to beat up on pirates, they are better off taking on one of Blackbeard's Circle.

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Bravo

Circle: Brethren of the Tempest

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 5, Awareness 3, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Expression 2, Intimidation 5, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Etiquette 3, Firearms 5, Leadership 4, Melee (Cutlass) 5, Performance 3, Pilot Ship 5, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Investigation 3, Occult 4, Politics 2

Backgrounds: Allies (Renegades) 5, Artifact (Blackbeard's Cutlass) 4, Contacts 3, Haunt 2, Memoriam 5, Notoriety 5, Renegade Status 4, Wealth 5

Passions: Gain others' respect (Pride) 3, Provide shelter for the oppressed (Hope) 2, Fight the Hierarchy (Revenge) 5

Arcanos: Argos 5*, Castigate 5, Fatalism 2, Keening 1, Lifeweb 1, Moliate 4, Outrage 2, Usury 4

* **Forbidden Paths (Argos ●●●●●)** — Teach has learned how to navigate some of the hidden byways through the Tempest, those now claimed by Spectres. To do this, he rolls Wits + Argos, difficulty 7. Only one success is required. However, this costs 2 Pathos, and Teach gains 1 Angst everytime he uses this Arcanos. His crew also gain 1 Angst (see "Secret Byways of the Tempest," below).

Fetters: Severed Head, 3; Buried Treasure, 4

Willpower: 9

Corpus: 9 (he will regain 10 if he ever finds his head)

Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Abuser

Angst: 8

Thorns: Spectre Prestige 4, Dark Allies 3, Infamy 2, Death's Sigil 2 (burning tapers under hat), Pact of Doom 3 (see "Secret Byways of the Tempest," below)

Shadow Passions: Revenge self against Law and Order (Revenge) 5, Amass more treasure (Greed) 2, Become universally reviled (Fear) 3

Artifacts: Blackbeard's Cutlass (Level 4). Teach's feared cutlass passed over with him as a relic, but he lost it when he was taken in chains to the Charleston Necropolis. The Hierarchy found that such a feared weapon possessed powers of its own, and their Artificers added to it greatly. When Blackbeard returned to Charleston, he personally snatched it from the Anacreon's hands before sending him to Oblivion.

The cutlass does Strength +5 damage. In addition, it can sever Fetters (as Sever Strand, Lifeweb 4). But its most amazing



ability is its legend itself: when drawn in battle, Teach's foes must make resisted Willpower rolls against Teach's Manipulation + Intimidation (both rolls difficulty 6); if they fail, they will fight in fear (-2 to all Dice Pools).

Image: Blackbeard is a huge, broadly built man, made even more intimidating by the fact that his head, unlike the rest of his body, is ghostly and translucent, floating above his shoulders and often scowling. Whenever he is in the grip of his Shadow, burning brands of hemp appear under his cap, wreathing his head in smoke and greatly enhancing the terror of his image. He wears his pirate outfit of old: tri-cornered cap, jacket, sash, huge cutlass at his side and six pistols tucked into his shirt and sash.

Roleplaying Hints: You are mean and surly, except when you have returned to your Haunt with booty. Then you revel in partying with your fellows, often belting out dirty shanties and sea songs with a booming voice. You are bitter because you have no "cultured" friends with which to discuss high-minded matters such as philosophy or society. If you find such a friend, you will defend them at the cost of your own soul.

Israel Hands

Israel died of starvation in London, England. This was after he had managed to avoid the hangman's noose for aiding and abetting a pirate (Blackbeard) for all those years. He was Blackbeard's main mate and captained some of his fleet when they terrorized the coast of America at the turn of the eighteenth century.

Israel both reveres Teach (as a father figure) and hates him (as a father figure). Teach could be a magnanimous and hearty friend in life, but his dark urges often caught up with him. Such was the case one night when he shot Israel in the leg for the fun of it. It crippled Israel for life and even now bothers him in death. Something dark in Israel wants revenge, but Teach is unaware of this.

Nature: Loner

Demeanor: Conniver

Circle: Brethren of the Tempest

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 2, Awareness 1, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Expression 1, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 5, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Firearms 4, Leadership 2, Melee (Cutlass) 3, Pilot Ship 5, Repair 1, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Investigation 1, Law 2, Medicine 2

Backgrounds: Allies (Renegades) 3, Contacts 3, Haunt 3, Memoriam 2, Notoriety 2, Renegade Status 3, Wealth 3



Passions: Become famous (Hope) 4, Become wealthy (Greed) 2, Follow Blackbeard (Fear) 3

Arcanos: Argos 4, Fatalism 1, Inhabit 4, Keening 1, Lifeweb 1, Moliate 3, Usury 2

Fetters: Back alley in London (place of his death), 2; Buried Treasure (hidden with Blackbeard's), 4

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 6

Shadow: The Pusher

Angst: 6

Thorns: Shadow Traits (Leadership), Bad Luck, Freudian Slip
Shadow Passions: Destroy Blackbeard (Revenge) 2, Rule over other men (Hate) 4

Image: Israel is a skinny, almost emaciated elder man (in his 50s), but has a wiry agility. He limps wherever he goes, the result of his knee injury in life. He wears a golden earring and carries a brace of pistols with him at all times.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a grouchy one, but know how to do your job well. When the loot comes in, though, you know how to party with the best of them.

Captain Jack Rackham, "Calico Jack"

Jack Rackham was an acquaintance of Blackbeard's in life, a fellow member of the Brethren of the Coast. He once served under the pirate Captain Vane, but ousted him by popular vote from his own ship and went on to win much booty for himself and his men. Among his crew were Anne Bonny and Mary Read, his girlfriends, who dressed as men and served as pirates on board his ship.

Jack was finally captured and put on trial, and was executed on November 18th, 1720. He was "hung on Gibbets in Chains, for a publick Example, and to terrify others from such-like evil practices."

When he arrived in the Shadowlands, his caul was removed by a Hierarchy Reaper with a brace of barghests. Jack became this wraith's manservant for a time until he could take it no more. He spurred a Thrall revolt with aid from a local Renegade Circle and made his escape into the Shadowlands, moving to and from Necropoli up and down the coast, aiding Renegade dissent.

When he heard of Blackbeard's return, he struck out on a ship of his own to find his old acquaintance and join up. He has not been happier since before his death.

Nature: Bon Vivant

Demeanor: Bravo

Circle: Brethren of the Tempest

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3



Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 4, Athletics 3, Brawl 5, Dodge 4, Empathy 2, Expression 3, Intimidation 4, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Etiquette 2, Firearms 4, Leadership 3, Melee (Cutlass) 4, Pilot Ship 4, Stealth 1

Knowledges: Investigation 1, Law 1, Medicine 1, Occult 1, Politics 1

Backgrounds: Allies (Renegades) 4, Contacts 3, Haunt 2, Memoriam 2, Notoriety 3, Status (Renegades) 3, Wealth 3

Passions: Humiliate the Hierarchy (Revenge) 3, Become as renowned as Blackbeard (Envy) 2, Be liked by all (Hope) 3

Arcanos: Argos 4, Embody 4, Keening 2, Lifeweb 1, Outrage 2, Pandemonium 3, Usury 1

Fetters: Buried Treasure (in the Caribbean), 4; His descendants (progeny of various bastards he left behind), 3

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Director

Angst: 5

Thorns: Trick of the Light, Doppelganger

Shadow Passions: Hurt Blackbeard's reputation (Envy) 3, Amass treasure (Greed) 2

Image: Calico Jack dresses like he did in life, in clothes all of calico. He is of average height and build, with a well-groomed mustache and goatee. He looks about 35 years old.

Roleplaying Hints: Jack is a showy type, the kind of pirate Errol Flynn would have liked to have played. He tries to live up to the swashbuckling legend of piracy and always has a laugh for a mate.

Mary Read

Mary ran away from an abusive home and joined the Brethren of the Coast in the West Indies as a camp follower. She soon came to the eye of Calico Jack, and they both fell in love with each other. For Jack, it was a fling. For Mary, it was true love — and still is sometimes.

She couldn't stand to be away from her Jack, so she dressed up as a pirate and sneaked on board when he next set sail. When the rest of the crew found out, they tried to have their way with her, but she wasn't having any of that. She knocked two overboard and shot one in the gut till Jack stopped the fight. She stayed in his cabin after that, and no one on the crew dared to say anything about it.

The problem was, Jack liked what she had done so much that he invited his next fling on board disguised also. So, Mary shared Jack's affections with Anne Bonny for a time. She didn't think she deserved anything better.

When Jack was captured, Mary and Anne were also put on trial, but since they were both heavy with Jack's children, they were spared. But while Anne went on to live a long life, Mary caught a bad fever and died in her prison cell, awaiting the magistrate's decision concerning her fate.



Mary Head

When she arrived in the Shadowlands, she came under the iron rule of the Hierarchy, as did Blackbeard and Calico Jack. Not everyone, of course, has such bad luck with the Hierarchy, but it seemed fate was against these pirates. However, unlike Teach or Jack, she played along with them for a while, rising slowly in their ranks. But when she heard Calico Jack was in the Shadowlands, she threw away all she had worked for and fled to Ocracoke to join him. He was happy to see her, but his love for her was long cold. She intends to re-ignite it.

Nature: Rebel
Demeanor: Bon Vivant
Circle: Brethren of the Tempest
Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3
Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3
Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4
Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Awareness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 3, Empathy 2, Expression 3, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2
Skills: Etiquette 4, Firearms 4, Leadership 3, Melee (Cutlass) 4, Pilot Ship 3, Stealth 3
Knowledges: Enigmas 1, Investigation 1, Medicine 2, Occult 3
Backgrounds: Allies (Renegades) 3, Contacts 2, Haunt 2, Memoriam 1, Notoriety 2, Status (Renegades) 3, Wealth 2
Passions: Make everyone fear you (Revenge) 3, Love Calico Jack (Love) 2, Destroy the Hierarchy (Hate) 3
Arcanos: Argos 3, Castigate 3, Embody 3, Keening 3, Lifeweb 1, Phantasm 3, Usury 1

Fetters: Grave in Jamaica, 3; Buried Treasure (buried with Calico Jack's), 2

Willpower: 6

Pathos: 6

Shadow: The Martyr

Angst: 4

Thorns: Shadow Life

Shadow Passions: Hurt anyone who gets too close to Calico Jack (Envy) 3, Make the Hierarchy pay (Revenge) 2

Image: Mary is a pretty young woman with an athletic build, well-tanned from marching pirate decks in life. She dresses in flamboyant pirate style.

Roleplaying Hints: You are mocking and cruel to those who seem weak, and your wit has a razor edge. You were raised as a servant in a house that punished those who were vulgar or improper, especially young ladies. You have to make up for all those years of keeping silent.

The Brethren of the Tempest

Most of the Brethren of the Coast were once Thralls of the Hierarchy. Many of them owe their freedom to Blackbeard and thus serve him loyally. Others are just along for the revenge trip.

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Bravo

Circle: Brethren of the Tempest

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3



Brethren of the Tempest

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1
Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 1, Wits 2
Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 3
Skills: Firearms 2, Melee (Cutlass) 1, Pilot Ship 1, Stealth 2
Knowledges: Medicine 1
Backgrounds: Allies (Renegades) 1
Passions: Get rich (Greed) 3, Hurt the Hierarchy (Hate) 3, Get revenge against some wrong committed in life (Revenge) 2
Arcanos: Argos 1, Keening 1, Outrage 1
Fetters: Grave site (usually unmarked), 3; Object from life (usually money), 2
Willpower: 5
Pathos: 5
Angst: 3
Shadow: The Pusher
Thorns: Shadow Traits (usually Brawl)
Shadow Passions: Spend wealth faster than it can be gained (Greed) 3, Destroy friendships (Hate) 3
Image: The typical pirate — all the Brethren of the Tempest revel in their identity, like boys playing in a fort.
Roleplaying Hints: Say, "Arrr, matey!" and "Yo, ho, ho and a bottle of rum!" a lot.

Hierarchy: The 11th Legion

The Hierarchy is not sitting still while Blackbeard terrorizes its citizens on land and sea. In response to his assaults, they have released the 11th Legion, the Doom Sharks, to capture him. This Legion is a naval troop with a dreadnought of Stygian iron and sails sewn of souls. When the Underworld wind hits the sails, the moaning of the trapped souls can sometimes be heard, although the crew prefers to think it is the whistling of the wind.

The Legion travels from Necropolis to Necropolis searching for news of Blackbeard and his fleet. While Captain Spotswood suspects that Blackbeard is holed up at Ocracoke, he doesn't dare go there. Only as a last resort will he try to assault that storm-wracked island.

Captain Alexander Spotswood

Virginia Governor Spotswood needed a trophy with which he could silence his political enemies. Blackbeard was the best candidate. Spotswood set about to destroy Blackbeard by fabricating requests from North Carolina residents to save them from the pirate, putting a price on Blackbeard's head (which Spotswood intended to collect) and financing Maynard's expedition to Ocracoke. Maynard was the one to deliver the death blows, but it was really Spotswood who killed Blackbeard by creating a campaign against him.

The political power of Blackbeard's death helped for a while, but Spotswood couldn't keep his enemies silent for too long, and he eventually lost his governor's seat.

After his death, Spotswood became a model Hierarchy citizen, quickly rising in the ranks. His political skills of backstabbing and outmaneuvering his foes served him well in the Richmond Necropolis.

But then Blackbeard came back.

Spotswood was charged with the duty of bringing the pirate and his Brethren in for punishment. He was given command of the 11th Legion and sent to travel the River of Death and its byways in search of the pirate. It was made very clear to him that, since he took the pirate down in life, he must do so in death. Or else lose all his position and status.

Spotswood curses his fate and hates Blackbeard with all the passion he can muster. He has recently taken terrible risks in the Tempest to try and catch the pirate, and his crew hates him for it.

Nature: Traditionalist

Demeanor: Director

Circle: The Eleventh Legion (Naval)

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3

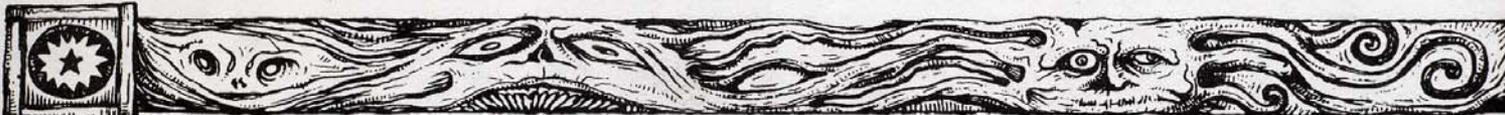
Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Awareness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Expression 4, Intimidation 2, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Etiquette 5, Firearms 3, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 5, Investigation 4, Law 4, Politics 4





Backgrounds: Allies (Hierarchy) 4, Haunt 3, Memoriam 1, Notoriety 3, Status (Hierarchy) 4, Wealth 4

Passions: Destroy Blackbeard (Hate) 5, Rise in power (Envy) 4

Arcanos: Argos 4, Castigate 3, Fatalism 4, Lifeweb 2, Usury 5

Fetters: Governor's mansion in Virginia, 3; Home in Spotsylvania county (named after him), 2

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Leech

Angst: 5

Thorns: Spectre Prestige 2, Dark Allies 1, Aura of Corruption, Devil's Dare

Shadow Passions: Aid Blackbeard (Hate) 5, Embarrass Spotswood before superiors (Envy) 3

Image: Impeccably dressed, early-18th century Virginia gentleman. He appears to be in his 50s. His face bears a constant look of disdain.

Roleplaying Hints: Everyone about you is scum of the earth and disgusting filth. Except your Hierarchy lords, of course, whose boots you'd lick even if they were covered in Spectre slime. The disdain you hold for the uncivilized drips in every sentence you utter.

Secret Byways of the Tempest

Late one night he crossed the river by himself
The waters searched and reached for him through the night
And the storm raged on and on
and on and on and on and on

— Brian Setzer, "The Haunted River"

Blackbeard has made a deal with the Devil — his own Shadow. When he was lost in the Tempest long ago, he underwent a torturous experience which he will not reveal to anyone. To escape his plight, he made a deal with his darker half and the Spectres it communicated with. In return for the eventual delivery of his soul to his Shadow, Teach was shown many secret byways through the Tempest, some of them unknown to even the Ferrymen.

But these are dangerous rivers, with Spectres lurking on every side. No ship can safely pass them without some token of passage: Blackbeard's flag.

Unknown to his Brethren, Blackbeard has sold out his fellow pirates' souls. Anyone who travels the secret byways under Blackbeard's flag is allowed to pass, but their Shadows gain secret power over them (+1 Angst temporary with each passage).

Blackbeard has not done this out of sheer evil. He did it to escape. He is constantly searching for some method to elude the pact he made, to break the Spectres' hold over him and all who travel with him. (See "Break the Devil's Pact," below.)

The reasons Blackbeard has not yet been swallowed by his Shadow are many. For one, his high levels in the Castigate Arcanos allow him to defy his Shadow at times. For another,

96 *Haunts*

he makes it a point to always have a Pardoner among his crew, although, oddly, these Pardoners don't seem to last very long, usually disappearing while in the Tempest when Blackbeard feels they know too much about his secrets.

Yet another reason is that the Spectres have need of him as he is. If he were consumed too quickly, their power over his crew would disappear. Thus, many Spectres have ganged up on Blackbeard's own Shadow to prevent it from acting too quickly or obviously.

The Ships

Delirious, I saw that hell-bound ship's black sails against the yellow Indies sky, and knew again the stench of powder, men's brains, and war.

— Alan Moore, "Tales of the Black Freighter"

Blackbeard has three ships in his fleet. The smallest and most maneuverable is his own, which he has dubbed the *Adventurer* after his old ship. Calico Jack captains the largest, dubbed the *Tempest Wolf*, used to assault the most daunting of Hierarchy fleets, and Israel Hands captains the third, a sloop named *The Sly*, used for small rivers. All were once Hierarchy ships and are made of Stygian iron.

His main foe, the 11th Legion, hunts for him in their black iron dreadnought, called the *Renegade's Bane*.

Story Ideas

The following ideas can be used to involve Blackbeard and his Brethren in a **Wraith** story:

- Joining the Brethren

The lure of the pirate's life tugs at each red-blooded American boy — and perhaps still at his wraithly Psyche. Player characters may want to join Blackbeard's band of pirates to get their own form of revenge against the Hierarchy, to gather lots of loot or simply for the adventure of it all.

There's fun to be had, but danger also. The Hierarchy is not kind to those it captures at piracy. The punishment is almost always a sentence to be melted down in the forges of Stygia. Thralldom waits at the very least.

Another danger, although one even Blackbeard's crew is unaware of, is that to sail with Teach is to give the Devil his due. Player characters who travel the secret byways of the Tempest on one of Teach's vessels will have their Shadows fed.

However, the benefits are increased Status among the Renegades, potential access to Artifacts (for those who dare take them) and a chance to explore the weird places awaiting outside the Shadowlands.

- Fetch Blackbeard's Head

Whoever has Blackbeard's head has power over him. But no one appears to have it. Not even Blackbeard can find it, even after threatening and bribing the greatest Monitors. How-





ever, he knows — feels it in his plasmic bones — that it still exists. What has become of it? Why is it hidden from him? Blackbeard would greatly reward whoever finds his head, and damn the soul who uses it against him!

What is known is that Teach's head was taken back as a trophy to Virginia, where it was displayed in Williamsburg for a time. It eventually became used as a silver-sided punchbowl at the Raleigh Tavern there. However, it has not been seen for some time.

If the player characters do find it, do they give it to Teach? Do they bribe him? What if they give it to the Hierarchy?

- Find the Treasure

All of Blackbeard's captains possess buried treasure in the Skinlands, although in locations only they know — and they aren't telling. When asked about where his treasure was buried, Blackbeard said, "nobody, but himself and the Devil knew where it was, and the longest liver take all."

There was a quaint custom among pirates when burying treasure: they killed one of the diggers so that his ghost would guard it. If the player characters find the location of any of these pirates' treasures, they may be confronted by wretched wraiths set to their task long ago, still guarding in fear of Blackbeard's anger.

However, the risk may be worth it, for there are surely relics and even Artifacts in those troves which might exist in the Shadowlands. In addition, it is rumored that Blackbeard has also cached some of his Hierarchy loot. Where is it? What is it?

- Aid Blackbeard to Find Transcendence

A Herculean task, but one which might gain the player characters some strength and faith against their own Shadows, is to help Blackbeard find Transcendence. He does want it, although he doesn't realize it himself. Stripped of his rage, he so desperately wants to rest, to give up the whole game of being a terror to civilization.

But he must first resolve his Fetters, which means finding his head and convincing him to give up his treasure. He also must escape his Devil's Pact, not only for his sake, but that of his crew also.

- Break the Devil's Pact

The most important and lasting effect the player characters can have is to aid Teach in breaking the pact he made with his Shadow and the Spectres of the Tempest. But how to do this and not get swallowed by Oblivion in the process?

If the player characters have traveled with Teach for a while, breaking the pact is imperative. If it could be broken, all the Angst their Shadows gained from it would be lost.

But even discovering the pact is tough in the first place — Teach is not revealing his secrets. Nobody's Shadow will want to tell either, because they all gain from the secrecy.

Once found out, Teach will do anything to shut the nosy wraiths up. If they agree to silence and to help him break the

Storytelling Ship Combat

Rules for ship combat could take up an entire chapter. Instead, we recommend you run such combats very loose and easy, emphasizing Storytelling rather than dice rolls. Use the following tactical hints to run such naval affairs:

Blackbeard's Tactics: Blackbeard prefers to assault small vessels or those whose crew will surrender quickly at the sight of him. He will not directly fight a dreadnought.

Blackbeard will fire his guns at a target ship and pull up alongside her, then try to board her. It is man-to-man combat on the planks that Blackbeard's crew excels at, although his captains are all expert navigators and tacticians. For story purposes, get Blackbeard's crew on board a target ship as fast as possible, and then the dice rolling can begin.

The 11th Legion: It is Spotswood's aim to directly assault Blackbeard with the dreadnought's guns. He wants to cripple the pirate's ship so she can't flee, and then board her and capture her crew. He is forbidden by his superiors from slaughtering the crew — they should not feed Oblivion. However, Spotswood thinks he can get away with breaking this rule. Spotswood, if angry enough, will attempt to follow Blackbeard through the secret byways — perhaps to his own crew's doom.

pact, he will accept them as boon allies in his attempt to escape fate. But if they threaten to blow the whistle on him, he will go into a rage and try to slaughter them all, and be damned if it feeds Oblivion in the process.

Thus, this story requires some sense of diplomacy. The player characters must carefully work their way through the social politics of the Brethren. If they accuse Blackbeard without proof, his blindly loyal pirates will keelhaul them all. Even with proof, Blackbeard will try to turn it around on them and make it look like the pact was theirs.

In the end, the only way to really break the pact may be to sacrifice Blackbeard, either by convincing him to give up to fate or by throwing him into a Nihil. But this doesn't wash away the taint on the crew. Only by dealing face to face with Teach's Shadow can the pact be dissolved.

Just how this is done is up to the Storyteller. It depends on what type of story she wants to run: one where Transcendence and sacrifice are essential ingredients, or one where justice and the overthrow of a tyrant are more central to the theme.



Oran Dwyer.



Uprising in Dublin: The Renegades of the Flying Column

By Jackie Cassada

Haunt Level: 3

Memoriam Level: 3

*Nothing can stay my glance
Until that glance run in the world's despite
To where the damned have howled away their hearts,
And where the blessed dance...*
— W. B. Yeats, "All Souls' Night"

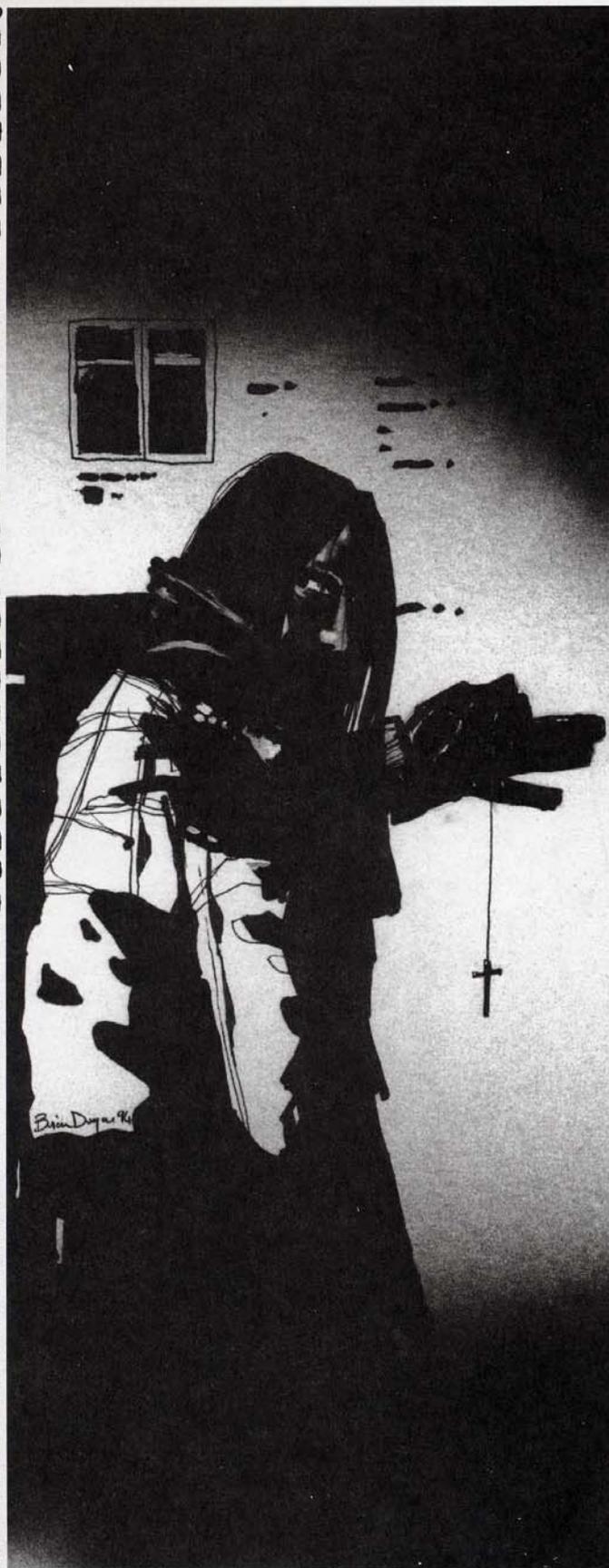
A Tradition of Insurrection



revolution never truly dies, especially a doomed one. On Easter Monday, April 24, 1916, a group of Irish patriots led by a poet, a labor leader and a teacher captured the Dublin General Post Office (GPO). From this symbol of British authority, they proclaimed the birth of the Irish Republic and independence from the British Empire. Five days later, battered by artillery from the British troops, demoralized by lack of popular support, and appalled by the unforeseen consequences of their actions, the rebels surrendered.

The British authorities executed the leaders of the rebellion, and in doing so, gave them the status of martyrs. Within a handful of years, the seeds planted in the blood of the Easter Rising had resulted in the formation of an Irish state and established a pattern of bitter enmity and escalating violence that still endures.

Although the "troubles" of Ireland have moved northward, the weight of history hangs heavily over the site of the nation's seminal uprising. In the Shadowlands, where the voices of the past are more than echoes, the building that for five days served as headquarters for a rebellion and heartstone of a dream has



become the focus for a similar revolution. In the midst of Hierarchy-controlled lands, a small group of Renegades calling themselves "The Flying Column" has established a stronghold from which they hope one day to liberate the Necropolis of Dublin.

They are, of course, doomed to fail. The Hierarchy bides its time, waiting for the rebel wraiths to make their move, certain that their own superior forces will prevail over a ragtag gang of idealists and malcontents. For the present, they are content to allow the Renegades their territorial claim to the GPO and its surroundings. It places the local dissidents underneath their watchful eyes and allows them to monitor the comings and goings of the Haunt's inhabitants. Sooner or later, the Hierarchy reasons, the hopeless fools will run out of steam. Either the rebels will find they lack the means to maintain the Haunt's defenses, or they will grow bored with their minimal activity within the Necropolis and mount a full-scale attack upon Hierarchy troops, engaging in a battle they cannot hope to win. All the Legions need do is wait for the inevitable.

They have been waiting for more than a decade.

A sense of stalemate and escalating tensions surrounds this Haunt. The Flying Column, which claims the GPO as their "turf," has stranded itself in enemy territory. Contacts with other Renegades are few and far between, and forays outside the confines of their domain must be conducted with great stealth in order to avoid notice by Hierarchy agents. The price these Renegades have to pay is steep, and a few members of the Column are beginning to wonder if holding on to a symbol, however potent, is worth the trouble. Internal conflicts between advocates of a concerted effort to expand their holdings and proponents of a strategic withdrawal (cutting their losses) grow more frequent and threaten to dissolve the united front needed by the group to survive. Only the vision of their dynamic leader and his fragmented body of supporters keeps the Flying Column more or less intact.

The pressure is mounting steadily. The cauldron of seething hopes and dreams is on the verge of boiling over. What will happen next is anybody's guess.

Dublin in the Skinlands

The River Liffey flows along an east-west path through the city of Dublin, Ireland. South of the river stands Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin Castle, the Bank of Ireland and Trinity College. North of the river, crowded shops and once-fine houses occupy a network of small streets in what was once the heart of Dublin's shopping district. Crossing the Liffey, a number of wide bridges connect the two halves of the city.

At the north end of the O'Connell Bridge, where O'Connell Street (formerly known as Sackville Street) carves its way northward through the city, stands a monument to Daniel O'Connell, known as "The Liberator." Another monument, to Irish statesman Charles Stewart Parnell, marks the northern terminus of O'Connell Street. Between those two memorials to Ireland's history — and towering over them both — once stood Nelson's Pillar, a tribute to one of England's most famous admirals. Until it was destroyed by an explosion in 1966, this symbol of British authority and dominance loomed over the heart of Dublin and cast its proud shadow over the birthplace of Irish independence.

Almost directly across from the former site of Nelson's Pillar, the Dublin General Post Office occupies an entire block of O'Connell Street, the principal north-south thoroughfare of Ireland's capital. Restored to its original design after its destruction during the events of 1916, this massive three-story edifice, fronted by eight Ionic columns, endows Dublin's commercial district with a classical grace that belies its magnitude. Large windows on each level overlook the streets which border the building. From atop the portico of the GPO, statues of Hibernia, Mercury and Fidelity gaze placidly down upon all who pass.

The ground floor contains a large main room which boasts a bronze statue of the legendary Irish hero Cuchulainn as well as a long counter where postal workers conduct their duties. A wide staircase leads to the upper floors, which hold rooms of varying sizes used as offices, storage rooms, meeting areas or file rooms. A smaller set of stairs on the main floor leads to the basement.

During the hours in which the GPO is open for business, the building bustles with activity. Oblivious to the shadow world which surrounds them, the Quick come and go about their daily duties. Postal clerks, mail carriers and customers — as well as tourists viewing the site made famous in 1916 — fill the main concourse and offices with noise and vigor.

A steady diet of Passion collects in this center of communication. Occasionally, spectacular outbursts of joy or grief charge the atmosphere of the GPO as someone hastily opens a long-awaited letter or package and reacts with visible feeling to its contents. The anxieties of postal workers over salaries, working conditions or personal worries contribute to the emotional ambience. Heated discussions of politics or social issues often erupt among Dubliners waiting their turn at the business counters.

Perhaps the strongest continuous current of energy comes from the building itself, where time has imbued it with the historic pride and defiance of the martyrs of the Easter Rising. Guided tours of the building tend to awaken these particularly potent emotions.



Dublin in the Shadowlands

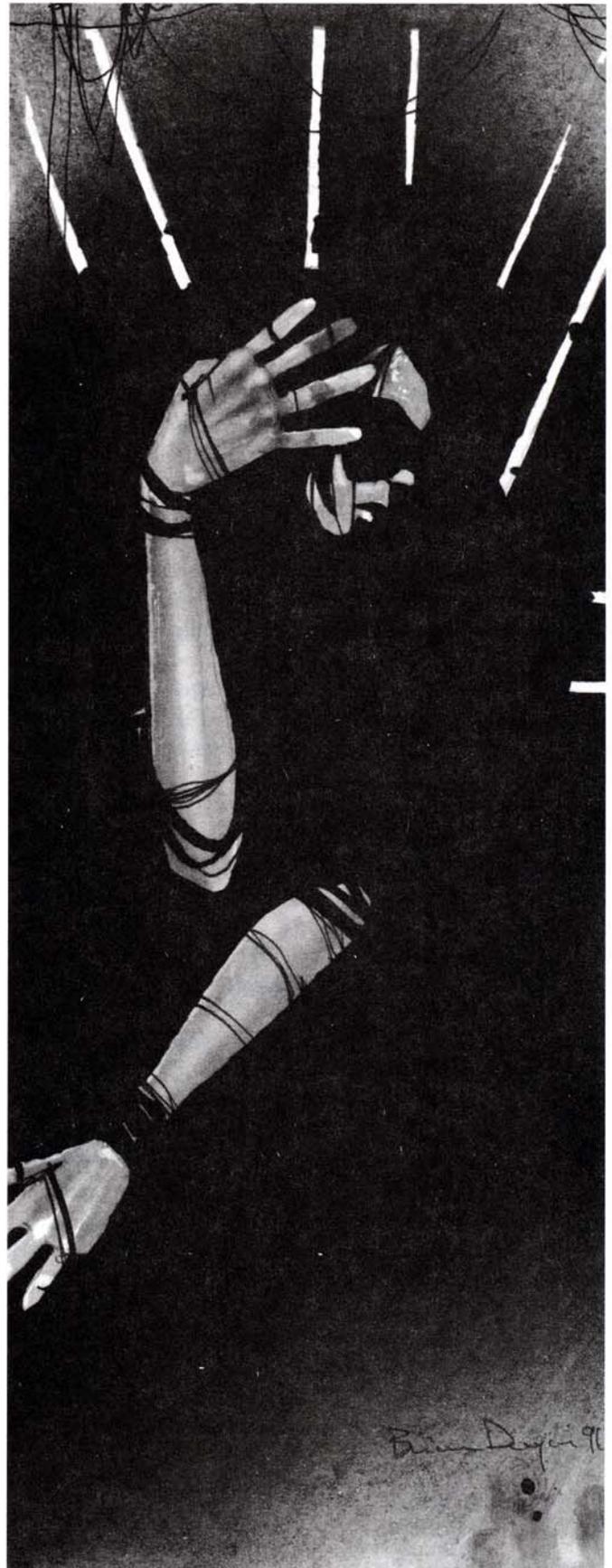
We've heard the legends
Of the men who dealt the blow
Against the tyrants
At the Dublin GPO
Is that all over? Is their noble spirit dead?
Can you forget the cause for which they fought and bled?
—Celtic Thunder, "Streets of Belfast"

When the building shuts down its daily operations, however, it stands empty and silent in the world of the Quick. Occasionally the footsteps of the night watchman making his rounds through the darkened rooms and halls breaks the stillness, but apart from that the GPO lies dormant and unoccupied.

In the Shadowlands, however, a grimmer structure superimposes its battered form over the reconstructed post office. Still bearing the scars of its occupation and destruction, this ghostly building — a truer shrine to the martyrs and patriots of the Easter Rising — writhes in perpetual death throes in the heart of enemy territory.

Dark scorch marks from the fires ignited by British artillery fire stain the outer and inner walls of this ghostly GPO. Heaps of fallen masonry and rubble fill the interior of the building. Shards of glass litter the floor around windows that bear evidence of the sandbagging and loopholing efforts of the original occupiers. The acrid stench of smoke and gunpowder as well as sulfur from the homemade bombs used by the GPO's defenders permeates the Haunt itself and extends for several blocks outside the building's perimeter. Although the gutted shell of the GPO appears unable to withstand even the most casual assault by Hierarchy forces, the collective amassing of nationalistic fervor and glorious madness which marked the building's final days has fortified the remains of the structure, creating a fortress that is nearly impermeable to attackers.

The British bombardment of the GPO leveled an area of several blocks around the building, and the ghostly shells of former jewelry and silver shops, toy and clothing stores and other small businesses now act as a buffer for the Renegades of the Flying Column. Spectral barricades of twisted junk and merchandise, including bicycles and a motorcar belonging to one of the original rebels of 1916, still block O'Connell Street's southern end — forming an impediment to wraiths seeking to approach the area from the O'Connell Bridge.





History of the Haunt: The Past Repeats Itself



write it out in a verse -
MacDonagh and MacBride
And Connolly and Pearse
Now and in time to be,
Wherever green is worn,
Are changed, changed utterly:
A terrible beauty is born.
—W. B. Yeats, "Easter, 1916"

The first of the Restless Dead who claimed the GPO as their Haunt were the spirits of the leaders of the hapless Easter Rising. Within two weeks of their surrender, scholar Padraic Pearse, poet Joseph Mary Plunkett, Marxist labor leader James Connolly and eleven other insurgents faced court martial and death by firing squad in the courtyard of Dublin's Kilmainham Jail. Drawn by their unfinished desire for Ireland's freedom to the site of their moment of glory, these heirs to Ireland's bloody legacy formed the core of the first Renegade Circle to claim the GPO as their Haunt.

The bloody Irish Civil War of the 1920s fueled the Haunt with the agony of a nation's growing pains, but as the center of struggle for independence moved from Dublin to Ulster, the founders of the Haunt followed the pull of their passions northward. During the period of the GPO's reconstruction, the Haunt stood abandoned and waiting for renewal.

After the creation of the Irish Free State in 1938, a sort of order descended upon Dublin. In the Shadowlands, the Hierarchy consolidated its position in the city's Necropolis. From their Citadel and strongholds south of the Liffey, they fed on the waves of tradition and conservative Catholicism that prevailed in southern Ireland, growing complacent in their power.

With the outbreak of World War II, however, Irish nationalists, discontented with a divided country, once again began to agitate, hoping that an alliance with England's enemies could win them a united Ireland. More moderate factions prevailed, and Ireland joined the small group of nations who declared neutrality for the war's duration. This did not stop efforts by die-hard proponents of Irish unity from courting the Germans, nor did the Nazis fail to see the benefits from inserting their agents into England through Ireland's back door. Most of these plans failed, and the Irish government clamped down hard on attempts to subvert its neutrality in either direction.

During this period of uneasy neutrality in Ireland and devastating war across the rest of Europe, a second group of Renegades seized their opportunity to reclaim territory in Necropolis Dublin. Using the ready-made Haunt of the GPO as their headquarters, they mounted a campaign intended to erode the authority of the Hierarchy. In part, they succeeded, and the results of their actions were mirrored in the world of the Quick by the formation of the Irish Republic in 1948. The Hierarchy in Dublin found themselves cut off from the support of their colleagues in England by this action.

The impetus for change faltered somewhat in the early 1950s, as less violent but more pressing social problems occupied the attention of the Irish Republic. Once again, the Hierarchy of Necropolis Dublin waited out the harassments of the local Renegades and, in fact, achieved something resembling coexistence with them. In 1956, however, the Renegades again made a move to unite the Renegade factions in all of Ireland, including their beleaguered comrades in Ulster. The six-year conflict known as the Border War in the Skinlands of Ireland drained Renegade resources and allowed the Hierarchy to successfully besiege the GPO. The Renegades who escaped the Hierarchy blockade fled to the North and increased the ranks of the revolutionary factions in Belfast and Londonderry, Northern Ireland.

The GPO Haunt remained unclaimed during the period known as the "Troubles" of Northern Ireland, which began in the late 1960s and continued through most of the next decade. Renegades from all over Europe and even America flocked instead to Ulster to take advantage of the escalating emotions and outright bloodshed. The Hierarchy of Dublin's Necropolis saw to it that any Renegades using Dublin as a transit point spent as little time in the city as possible.

A few Renegades managed to hide from the Hierarchy, concealing themselves in outposts along the fringe of Dublin and gradually building up the strength to make a foray into Hierarchy lands within the city. The assassination in 1976 of the British ambassador in Dublin alerted the Hierarchy to the continued influence of Renegade agitators, but this action seemed to be directed towards the continuing conflict in Northern Ireland. Concerted efforts of the Renegades to oust the Hierarchy failed to materialize.

Instead, the clandestine Renegades in Dublin chose to encourage the growing political unrest in the Irish Republic. In the early 1980s, using the emotionally charged atmosphere caused by the deaths of IRA hunger strikers in Belfast's Longkesh Prison to camouflage their activities, a newly formed Circle of Renegades surreptitiously slipped into Dublin and claimed the waiting GPO as their Haunt. Determined to learn from the mistakes of the past, the Renegades who call themselves the Flying Column have embarked on a course of subtle erosion of the Hierarchy's power. The increasing modernization and liberalization of the Irish Republic is evidence of their activities.

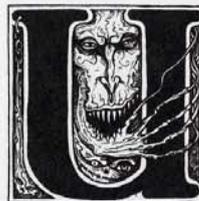


Though aware of the existence of the Flying Column and the reoccupation of the GPO, the Hierarchy has decided to maintain a position of watchful inaction until the Renegades make a decisive move.

In 1990, Mary Robinson, a woman sympathetic to the overlooked plight of Irish women, rose to the office of President, using this figurehead position to publicize the need for feminist reform. A few of Necropolis Dublin's Hierarchy took note of this development as an indication that the winds of change were once more threatening to blow through their domain. The destabilization of the Irish government and the ousting of Taoiseach (Prime Minister) Charles Haughey in 1992 finally alerted the Hierarchy to the seriousness of the Renegade presence camped on their doorstep.

Currently the Hierarchy is divided on whether or not to move against the Flying Column. A few hard-liners feel a preemptive strike on the GPO is the only solution to rid Dublin's Necropolis of its subversive element. The majority of Hierarchy supporters, however, prefer to employ subtler squeeze tactics to gradually isolate the Renegades from any who might aid their efforts. To this end, the Hierarchy has begun to bolster its own strongholds and keep watch on the byways leading to the GPO, hoping to control and monitor traffic to and from the Renegade stronghold.

External Relations



Unlike the headquarters of many other Renegade groups throughout the Underworld, the Flying Column's Haunt is relatively open in Necropolis Dublin. The occupation of the GPO symbolizes defiance in the face of the Hierarchy's authority. Although the Cohorts and Legions of Dublin seem to turn a blind eye to the Haunt's existence, the Spooks and Harbingers (whose business is information) predict that the patience of Dublin's Anacreon will soon be exhausted, and that sooner or later, the Legions of Necropolis Dublin will attack in force and capture or drive out the members of the Flying Column.

The Column has generated a lot of sympathy from other Renegade groups, some of whom have only heard of them by reputation. Though some factions consider the Flying Column foolish for their suicidal bravado, others admire their courage and draw inspiration from the Column's example to fuel their own struggles with the Hierarchy. It is not unheard of for Renegades in Boston or Berlin to send envoys to Dublin with messages of solidarity for Rory and his comrades. Communications between Renegades in Ulster and their southern colleagues are frequent despite the Hierarchy's active attempt to shut down that particular information pathway.



The various Heretic Cults in Necropolis Dublin recognize the Flying Column as a determining factor in local politics. Some Cults watch the Column closely, figuring that any official move on the Renegades by the Hierarchy will signal their own impending persecution. Occasionally a Cult member will attempt to proselytize among the men and women of the Flying Column, but so far no one has been able to dissuade these Renegades from their purpose, even for a higher calling.

Relations between the Flying Column and individual members of the Hierarchy run the gamut from belligerent name-calling to casual camaraderie. So long as they are not acting in an official capacity, many Legionnaires demonstrate a covert tolerance of the rebels in their midst, going so far as to greet them or joke casually with them in passing. This state of affairs, of course, is subject to change without notice.

The Quick and The Dead

Vampires

For the most part, the Kindred of Dublin are unaware of the existence of wraith society, although vampires native to Ireland seem to accept the fact that "ghosts" exist. After all, vampires exist, and superstitions often have their basis in more than fancy. The rantings of an occasional Malkavian Anarch or a Toreador "sensitive" to emanations from the world beyond have so far been dismissed by the elders of Dublin's Camarilla. Although the GPO would, under normal circumstances, probably form part of Dublin's Elysium (due to its historic value), the few times that Kindred have attempted to make use of the building, they have experienced distinct feelings of unease.

The Flying Column knows of the existence of vampires, but they are reluctant to attempt contact with any of these "unnatural" creatures. Limited exposure to Dublin's Kindred has all but convinced the wraiths that dealing with vampires can only lead to embroilment in yet another level of politics, one in which they wish to have no part.

Werewolves

The countryside around Dublin shelters a number of Garou, predominantly Fianna. Typically, most werewolves avoid the city itself. The few Bone Gnawers and Glass Walkers who reside in Dublin are preoccupied with their concern for the living world. One notable exception to the Garou's indifference to the presence of wraiths is the Fianna Theurge Dierdre ni Breanainn (BREH-noon). As a member of the Grandchildren of Fionn, her interest in Irish history has brought her time and again to the site of the Easter Rising. Her Theurge Gifts have allowed her to make tentative contact with one of the spirits who inhabit the GPO and who appears to embody the form of Ireland Herself, Cathleen ni Houlihan (see Maeread Shaughnessy). Dierdre has begun to





formulate a plan that involves enlisting the aid of "Cathleen" and her companions to strike a blow for Ireland and for Gaia. She is hoping to find someone who can guide her into the Dark Umbra in which these spirits seem to dwell so that she can speak more fully with them. She has also considered attempting to bind one of these manifestations, but her innate dislike of any form of servitude (particularly when she knows the servant) has led her to quickly discount that idea. She has not yet informed her sept or pack members of her discovery, preferring to keep the knowledge to herself until she has something concrete to offer.

Mages

Dublin has its fair share of Tradition and Convention mages. Tracing their genesis to Ireland's mythic past, at least one coven of Verbena makes its home on the fringes of the city. The abiding religious faith of the city's largely Catholic population guarantees that the Celestial Chorus has a token presence in Dublin, while the Theosophist revival of the late 19th century (a movement which counted William Butler Yeats as one of its members) provides a basis of support for the Order of Hermes. Representatives of the Technocracy stem mostly from the ranks of the Progenitors who see Ireland as a fertile testing ground for experimental research before exporting the results of their tests to England and Europe.

The wraiths of Necropolis Dublin studiously avoid initiating contact with known mages, although if the Flying Column should decide that allying themselves with one of the Tradition cabals would further their cause, they might consider revealing themselves to a likely group.

Changelings

Ancient Ireland was once the domain of the Sidhe, and even now a number of Changelings linger near the sites of old Faerie courts. Because of their timeless connection to the magical emanations of the land, Changelings in the Dublin area may in fact be sensitive to the presence of the city's Restless Dead. The Hierarchy officially opposes contact with Changelings (or any other denizens of the Skinlands). The Renegades and Heretics of Dublin ignore the dictates of the Hierarchy, but they do so at their own risk. Members of the Flying Column have debated the merits of attempting to enlist the aid of Changelings in their struggle. So far, they have not reached a consensus due to their fear of the quixotic nature of these potential allies.

Mortals

Most mortals pass through the GPO oblivious to the presence of its ghostly inhabitants. If they sense anything at all, it is an overall feeling of turbulence easily explained by the building's historic import. A rare few, however, come closer than most people to penetrating the Shroud that masks the Shadowlands from mortal sensibilities. Veteran postal clerk Padraig Mundy, "Paddy" to his

friends, comes from a family endowed with "second sight." A solitary individual who enjoys taking his lunch in one of the empty upstairs rooms of the GPO and who often works after hours, Paddy has glimpsed flickers of movement out of the corner of his eye and occasionally heard muffled voices coming from an otherwise empty space. A powerful sense of the building's past nearly always overwhelms him when he first arrives at work. Paddy is in his early 60s and nearing retirement after 40 years of service, a condition he both regrets and fears.

Father Kieran Nolan, a young priest fresh from the seminary at Maynooth, 15 miles outside of Dublin, has also sensed the presence of "restless spirits" whenever he visits the GPO. A passionate scholar of Irish history, Father Nolan believes that the ghosts of the Rising still haunt their final battleground. Like a number of Irish priests who see no conflict in mixing their religious vocation with a strong dose of Irish nationalism, Father Nolan walks a fine line between the tenets of his faith and his personal desire to see Ireland united. He is torn between informing his bishop of his suspicions regarding the presence of ghosts in the GPO and pursuing contact himself. So far, his prayers for guidance have not been answered.

The Inquisition has a strong presence in Dublin. Though not officially recognized by the Catholic Church, the Society of Leopold's local chapter flourishes due to the strong religious traditions that permeate Irish society. Although wraiths are not the primary focus of their research, members of this fanatic organization would value acquiring definitive proof of the existence of the Shadowlands.

The "Flying Column" Renegades



Come all ye young rebels and list while I sing
For the love of one's country is a terrible thing
It banishes fear like the speed of a flame
And makes us all part of the patriot game
—Brendan Behan, "The Patriot Game"

Named for the mobile attack units of the Irish Republican Army which harried the British in the early 1920s and led to the separation of southern Ireland from Britain, the Flying Column consists of a variable number of Renegade wraiths united by their desire to oust the Hierarchy from Necropolis Dublin. Although Ireland is their battleground and the portal through which these Renegades draw their subsistence, their focus is primarily aimed at changing the balance of power within the confines of their Underworld domain. Under the guidance of their charismatic leader and his trio of advisors, the members of the Flying Column wage a

continual battle to undermine the authority of the Hierarchy, one that veers away from open defiance and concentrates instead on more subversive tactics. Emissaries to the Dublin Hierarchy from other cities find themselves diverted to other destinations, caravans of Thralls intended for Hierarchy citadels fall prey to hijackers, and routine Hierarchy activities are frequently disrupted by sabotage.

Despite their noble purpose, the Flying Column also has a baser side. Acting on petty impulses, the Renegade leader keeps a liberated Thrall who happens to be British and takes a perverse pleasure in taunting the luckless wretch, whom he has imprisoned in the little-used basement area of the GPO.

The group is also cursed by the bane of Ireland's revolutionary history: the presence of a traitor within the advisory council. Renegades are not always able to carefully screen their followers and too often embrace those who would betray them. The Flying Column may collapse from within long before they are attacked by the Hierarchy forces.

Rory Flynn

Descended from one of the participants in the Easter Rising, Rory grew up in a family atmosphere steeped in Irish patriot lore. As a student at Trinity College in the 1970s, he was active in various movements sympathetic to the cause of union with Northern Ireland and the expulsion of British troops from Ulster. Recruited both because of his revolutionary zeal and because he was affluent enough to own his own car, Rory became involved in running guns, plastique and other supplies across the border be-



tween Northern Ireland and the Republic. In 1975, during a particularly bloody bombing campaign, Rory's career as an Irish freedom fighter ended when British patrols picked up his car as it crossed the border into Ulster. Despite the pervasive Irish mists that hampered his visibility, Rory succeeded in escaping capture but fell instead into the arms of Death as his car plunged off a slippery bridge and into the River Bann.

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Gallant

Circle: The Flying Column

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Empathy 3, Expression 3

Skills: Drive 4, Firearms 2, Leadership 4, Melee 2

Knowledges: Law 1, Linguistics (Irish Gaelic) 1, History (Irish) 3, Politics 2

Backgrounds: Haunt 3, Notoriety 2, Renegade Status 3

Passions: Desire for freedom from tyranny (Desire) 3, Defy symbols of authority, British authority in particular (Hatred) 3, Regret for parents who lost their future when their only son died (Pity) 2

Arcanos: Argos 2, Outrage 3, Puppetry 2

Fetters: A postcard depicting the final stand at the GPO, 3; Keys to automobile used for gunrunning, 2; Death site near the border between County Armagh in Ulster and the Irish Republic, 2

Willpower: 8

Pathos: 7

Shadow: Director

Angst: 6

Thorns: Tainted relic (a fragmentation grenade, formerly destined for Northern Ireland), Shadow Trait (Intimidation + 1)

Shadow Passions: Become a hero, regardless of the cost (Pride) 3, Despise anyone who is not totally committed, even if they are family (Contempt) 2, Acquire influence and power over others to achieve (Ambition) 2

Image: Rory is a young man in his early 20s with green eyes and reddish blond hair that falls in unkempt curls past his collar. Although his overall appearance is only marginally good looking, there is an intangible and infectious zeal in his attitude which makes him memorable to those who remain in his presence for any length of time. He wears faded jeans and brogans, a T-shirt with a silk-screened British flag over which he has painted a black "X" and a heavy black leather bomber's jacket. Occasionally he dons a black beret or a pair of leather driving gloves.

Roleplaying Hints: Your grasp of Ireland's history has somehow brought you to this hallowed ground where the Irish Republic had its birth in the 20th century. Here in the world of the Dead, another group of oppressors occupies Dublin, and you have embraced your holy duty to bring about a greater

liberation. Your mortal life was merely a rehearsal for this. Your comrades look to you for leadership and inspiration, so you try your best to provide it for them. Quote Irish patriot songs and cite examples of heroism in the face of insurmountable odds (Irish history is full of appropriate incidents). Never let even your closest companions see you falter. You are compelled to emulate the gallantry and ardor of the martyrs of the Rising and the other older patriots who lived and died for Ireland with a song on their lips and the fire of liberation aflame in their hearts. If anyone challenges your right to maintain a Thrall in an outpost of freedom, rail at them about "just desserts."

Maeread Shaughnessy

An aspiring musician born to a poor Catholic family in Belfast, Northern Ireland, Maeread continually battled not only religious prejudice but sexual inequality as well. Her outspoken political and social opinions drew the attention of many who admired her modern protest music as well as a group of street toughs who decided to teach the upstart "girlie" a lesson in a dark alley outside one of Belfast's many pubs. The funeral that followed her brutal rape and murder sparked a minor riot between Protestants and Catholics and earned her the tragic aura of martyrdom.

Nature: Martyr

Demeanor: Confidante

Circle: The Flying Column

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Acting 2, Alertness 2, Dodge 1, Empathy 3, Expression (music) 2,

Skills: Meditation 2, Melee 1

Knowledges: Enigmas 2, Linguistics 2 (Irish Gaelic, French), Occult 2, Politics 2

Backgrounds: Haunt 3, Memoriam 2, Artifact (guitar, +1 to Keening when using it) 1

Passions: Bring down the system that perpetrates injustice against women and minorities (Anger) 2, Become an example for others to follow (Pride) 2, Prove that she didn't deserve what happened to her (Guilt) 3

Arcanos: Argos 1, Embodiment 4, Keening 3

Fetters: Rosary (a gift from the parish priest), 1; book of Irish patriot ballads, 3; commemorative stamp picturing the Easter Rising, 2

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 8

Shadow: Martyr

Angst: 7

Thorns: Dark Allies (the Spectres of other martyrs speak to her), Tainted Touch



Shadow Passions: Become a martyr for the Flying Column (Despair) 3, Kill any who would betray the Flying Column to the Hierarchy (Terror) 4

Image: In her late teens, Maeread is strikingly lovely, with long black hair, alabaster skin and piercing blue eyes. She wears a black leotard and a filmy black overskirt (her performing clothes) and sometimes wears a dark purple lace shawl over her shoulders. In her "Goth" form of Embodiment, she has learned to appear as "Cathleen ni Houlihan," the legendary spirit of Ireland, a flaming-haired beauty that has inspired centuries of Irish poets, heroes and martyrs.

Roleplaying Hints: You believe in the goals of the Flying Column and in its leader, who seems to be free of the typical Irish "machismo" that too often prevails in male-dominated revolutionary movements. You died once for your convictions, and the experience has taught you the inherent worth of a martyr's death. Whether or not you and your compatriots can achieve your goal is less important than the example you set for others who will hear of The Flying Column's gallant efforts. You are the heart and soul of your Circle, often finding yourself cast in the role of "mother confessor." You don't mind this, since it not only gives you a powerful voice in group affairs, but it also allows you to temper the sometimes rash impulses of your companions. Encourage others to confide in you. Remind the "boyos" of the Column that women belong in the front lines as much as men.

Alan Travers

A native of Boston, Travers studied journalism at Columbia in New York and subsequently embarked on a career as a freelance reporter. Early on, he discovered that it was just as easy to “make” newsworthy events as to simply observe and report on them, so he began a policy of inciting trouble in the cities he visited. When a scandal was exposed due to his tinkering, or an influential person brought down through judicious planting of incriminating (sometimes falsified) evidence, Travers was right there to cover the news. In 1966, he was in Dublin, intending to cover the 50th anniversary activities of the Rising. The blast that leveled Nelson’s pillar was no surprise to him, but the faulty valve in his heart was, and he suffered a coronary on the steps of the GPO. As a wraith, he first fell into the hands of the Hierarchy, who soon realized his potential usefulness to them. He “escaped” their clutches in 1983 and fled for sanctuary to the GPO and into the welcoming arms of the Flying Column.

Nature: Conniver

Demeanor: Fanatic

Circle: The Flying Column

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 1

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 1, Expression 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 2, Firearms 1, Repair 2, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Enigmas 2, Investigation 3, Journalism 3, Politics 2



Backgrounds: Artifact 2 (working camera, requires relic film), Contact 1 (Hierarchy), Haunt 3

Passions: Knowledge is power— get as much of it as possible (Greed) 3, Feel sorry for anyone not in the know (Pity) 1, Get back at everyone who underestimates him (Revenge) 2

Arcanos: Argos 3, Moiliate 5

Fetters: Press pass, 4; Keys to the Gresham Hotel in Dublin, 1; Death site (the GPO), 2

Willpower: 6

Pathos: 5

Shadow: Rationalist

Angst: 6

Thorns: Shadow Familiar (appropriately, a rat)

Shadow Passions: Bed as many women as possible (Lust) 2, Undermine the position of anyone more handsome or well-liked (Envy) 3, Keep his real purpose from being discovered at any cost (Fear) 1

Image: Undistinguished, somewhat disheveled in appearance, Alan wears rumpled khaki trousers, a black turtleneck and a photographer’s vest. In his mid-30s, he has dark brown hair worn in a conservative cut. Green-tinted contact lenses give his watery brown eyes a hazel cast. His medium build belies his rather frail (even in death) constitution, and he still favors his left side when involved in strenuous activities. Though it is not always obvious, he is never without his camera.

Roleplaying Hints: Act as though you are the quintessential rebel— after all, you’ve covered enough “hot spots” to get the patter down as if you believed it. Your Hierarchy bosses have given you considerable leeway in order to protect your cover, but you are still nervous whenever you have to attempt to make contact with them. You’ve seen what they can do, and you have no desire to make them recall you. You envy the leader of this Renegade outfit because he has everything you never did— looks, respect and the girl. You’ve made it clear (or as clear as you dare) to your Hierarchy superiors that you want Maeread as your payment for doing the best dirty work you can. You have worked your way into a position of some influence in the Flying Column. Now you just have to start misadvising them a little at a time until they finally make the wrong move. If you think you’re about to be exposed, blow the whistle on someone else. Become everybody’s best friend, and get as many people as possible in your debt so you can call in favors when you need them.

Duffy “Whitehorse” Coogan

Raised in the slums of Dublin, Duffy’s only hope of avoiding joining his four older brothers in the unemployment line was to get more education than he could afford, become a rock star or soccer pro or hook up with the city’s criminal underground. For a few years he worked as a runner for drugs, but couldn’t avoid the temptation of sampling his wares. By the time he was 19, he was running drugs for free just to afford his habit. Duffy’s primary contact, a runty little pusher and pimp called Squint, started to play

games with him, plumbing the depths of Duffy's desperation. When Duffy found himself on the verge of delivering his 13 year-old sister Finola into Squint's "stable," something in him finally snapped. When his memory cleared, he was crouched in the corner of a bathroom stall in the GPO with blood on his clothes, Squint's drugs and a syringe in his hands. It was his final fix.

Nature: Conformist

Demeanor: Deviant

Circle: The Flying Column

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 1, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 1, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 3

Skills: Firearms 2, Melee (knife) 4, Stealth 4

Knowledges: City Knowledge (Necropolis Dublin) 2, Law 1, Medicine 2, Occult 2

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Haunt 3, Memoriam 3

Passions: Keep in touch with his family, especially Finola (Love) 2, Make life miserable for the city's drug dealers (Revenge) 3, Become indispensable to the Renegade movement in Dublin (Pride) 2

Arcanos: Argos 1, Pandemonium 3, Usury 2

Fetters: Crucifix necklace, 1; Death site (the public men's room of the GPO), 2; Syringe, 3; Family photograph, 2

Willpower: 6

Pathos: 8

Shadow: Freak



Duffy Coogan

Angst: 5

Thorns: Tainted Relic (the knife that killed Squint), Death's Sigil (blood stains)

Shadow Passions: Destroy those of wealth and privilege he never had (Hate) 3, Wallow in self-pity (Despair) 3, Blame others, including family, for your wasted life (Contempt) 2

Image: A tall, pockmarked young man in his late teens, Duffy has white-blond shagged hair and muddy-colored eyes. He dresses in a dirty black t-shirt and denim jacket. His jeans are torn, and the laces of his running shoes are on the verge of breaking. His body shows no signs of his once-heavy drug usage, but his face is drawn and now and then his hands tremble uncontrollably. He wears a silver cross on a chain around his neck.

Roleplaying Hints: You were a street punk in life, and that hasn't changed in death. You owe the Flying Column a big one for rescuing you from bounty hunters when you first "crossed over," or whatever it's called, but you're never going to let them rule you. Make a show of being tough. Question orders frequently, but go along with them in the end. Hide your true feelings, and suspect anyone who tries to get too friendly with you. Don't make the same mistakes in death that you made in life. Protect yourself.

Corporal Gregory Foster

Born to a London working-class family, Foster intended to make the military his career, a decision he made after dead-ending in a series of other jobs. He was engaged to his childhood sweetheart, and they planned a wedding and honeymoon in Dublin. Struck by a car on his way to meet Edith for a pre-nuptial party, he died en route to the hospital. He had just begun to make his way around the Shadowlands when he was snatched by a bounty hunter and sold to a Dublin Centurion as a Thrall. A daring raid on the Centurion's Haunt by a group of Renegades resulted only in a change in masters. Now the basement of the GPO is his home, where Rory Flynn uses him as a "collection pool" to keep the Haunt's energy level constant.

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Traditionalist

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Intimidation 1

Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 1, Firearms 3, Leadership 1, Melee 2, Repair 1, Stealth 1

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 2, Investigation 1, Law 2, Medicine 1, Tactics 2

Backgrounds: Allies 1, Eidolon 2, Memoriam 4 (army unit)

Passions: Comfort Edith (Love) 3, Serve his country (Pride) 2, Make those who abuse their authority suffer (Revenge) 2, Don't give up hope (Faith) 1

Arcanos: Castigate 2, Embody 1, Lifeweb 2

Fetters: Corporal's insignia, 2; Letter from fiancée Edith, 3; Plane ticket to Dublin, 1; Good luck piece (a four-leaf clover encased in plastic and mounted on a key ring), 1



Willpower: 7

Pathos: 9

Shadow: Perfectionist

Angst: 6

Thorns: Bad Luck

Shadow Passions: Make Edith miserable for being alive (Guilt) 2,
Undermine all authority (Hate) 2

Image: In his early 30s, Foster looks like a soldier on leave. His dark brown hair is cut short to military specifications. His eyes are dark brown with heavy lashes, enhancing an otherwise ordinary appearance. He wears the military dress uniform of a corporal in the British army.

Roleplaying Hints: Try to keep your hopes up, despite the abuse you take from the bloke who runs this Haunt. You had hostage training in the army, so you know you can survive if you keep your wits about you. Losing control to your Shadow is inevitable, and berating yourself for its actions is useless. Keep trying to convince your captors to let you go. Try to contact somebody — anybody — who can help you.

Story Ideas

The number of wraiths who belong to the Flying Column has been left deliberately vague so that wraith characters may choose to start out as members of the group. If this is the case, the following story ideas (which assume the player characters are outsiders) may be adjusted accordingly.

- Since they have chosen to make their stand in the midst of Hierarchy controlled territory, the Circle is relatively isolated from other Renegade factions in the area. Nevertheless, they manage to keep tentative lines of communication open between themselves and others who oppose the Hierarchy, whether Renegades or Heretics. The player characters may be called upon by one of these groups to act as a liaison with the Circle. This will involve traveling into the heart of Hierarchy territory — perhaps from some distance — and establishing friendly contact with the Circle.

- The awful truth has come home to Rory Flynn that his group harbors a spy for the Hierarchy. Since the player characters are relatively new arrivals to the area, they are the least likely candidates and the best possible investigators. Unknown to the other Flying Column members, Rory requests that the characters ferret out the traitor. This will involve a great deal of subtlety and stealthy maneuvering around the Haunt and its environs and may even take the characters into Hierarchy territory as they track down their quarry.

- Concurrent with the characters' arrival in Necropolis Dublin, the Flying Column receives a warning that the Hierarchy is sending out a group of spies to infiltrate the Renegades under the guise of joining them. The player characters may, in fact, wish to bolster the ranks of the Flying Column, or they may simply be "passing through." In either case, the burden will be on them to prove their innocence. (Alternatively, the player characters may actually BE members of the Hierarchy and may find themselves walking into a trap.) Who set them up? Who blew their cover? If they provoke the Renegades wrath, can they find shelter with the Hierarchy or one of the local Heretic cults?

- The player characters are on the run from Hierarchy Legions, bounty hunters or a sudden Maelstrom. They arrive precipitously in Necropolis Dublin and seek shelter in the nearest available building — the GPO. Perhaps they have come on the eve of the long-awaited confrontation between the Flying Column and the Hierarchy troops. Will they join the Renegades? Will they try to dissuade them? How will the Renegades perceive the characters?

- One of the members of the Flying Column breaks under the constant pressure and expresses her desire to leave the group. The Column's leaders have agreed to allow the defector safe passage from the Haunt provided she takes up residence in another city altogether. The player characters are requested to escort the defecting wraith and oversee her relocation, including the destruction of any Fetters which might tie her to the GPO, thus enabling her return. This story involves some prior association with the Flying Column or requires that the wraith characters have some sort of reputation as reliable neutrals. The characters and their charge may run the risk of being stopped by the Hierarchy as they attempt to leave.

- The Hierarchy has stepped up their siege of the GPO, cutting off normal lines of communication with other groups. The wraith characters are asked to run the Hierarchy blockade to deliver a valuable artifact or relic to assist the Renegades in holding out.



ЖЕ ВОВОДИТОВ
СМ. БУДЕНЬЮ

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ПОШ КУРО
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НАЧАЛО ВЕКИ
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The Khatyn Mir: Khatyn, Byelorussia

By Harry Heckel

Haunt Level: 5

Memoriam Level: 5

Good people, remember: we loved life and our Motherland, and you, dear people. We burned alive in flames. Our appeal is for everyone: let grief and sorrow turn into your bravery and strength, so that you might secure peace and quiet forever on the earth. So that from now on, life might never and nowhere become extinct in the vortex of fire!

— a translation of the address from the dead to the living on Memory Crown, Khatyn



uring World War II, at least 2,230,000 people living in Byelorussia (almost a quarter of the then-Soviet republic's population) died. No one knows the true death toll, and even today mass graves and destroyed villages are still discovered. The

Nazis razed at least 209 towns and 9,200 villages. The people who lived in Byelorussia — all those who believed in the Soviet state, all those who hoped that Hitler would save them from the terrors of Stalin's reign, and all those who didn't care about politics and just wanted to carry on with their lives in peace — were equally slaughtered.



Some thoughts...

Take a moment away from reading this book and think about Khatyn. Close your eyes and imagine you are there. Soldiers herd you into a barn, along with 150 other people, half of them crying and screaming children. You feel the person next to you breathing, and you smell the sweat of the person behind you. Suddenly, you hear a command barked out in German. You drop to the ground, instinctively throwing your body over that of your son. Bullets tear through the barn walls, and then through your neighbors. People scream and blood flies.

Then, a light suddenly shines through the cracks in the bullet-ridden wooden walls, as intense heat sucks the oxygen out of the already hot air. You desperately clutch your son to your chest. The few people left alive start panicking. More gunfire. Your son is crying, burying his face against you. Dry rafters collapse, falling down on you and your comrades. You choke, your mouth dry and your eyes stinging. Every breath is agony. Then your neighbor's clothing catches fire from a falling spark. You can't hear over all the screams, cries, and gunfire; you can't see through the smoke; and all you can smell is the odor of cooking flesh.

You slam your body against the side of the barn as the inferno intensifies. Flaming bodies flail

against you. Your son cries out in anguish as his clothes ignite. Your muscles automatically contract as the fire sears your flesh. You feel the flames at your back. You're on your knees now, gasping for air. You don't remember when you stopped standing. You're going to die. Then the barn completely collapses. Timbers and boards rain down on you.

You desperately search for a way out. Clutching the bundle of your son, you crawl toward the outside. Barely able to breathe, you know that unless you keep going, both you and your son will die. You pray that you're moving in the right direction.

Somehow you stumble out into clean air. You drop to your knees and try to cry as you beat out the fire on your boy's body. He coughs and his bloodshot eyes gaze up at you. He mouths something. Then, before your eyes, he dies. You are alone with your pain. No one else is there to help you. Nothing remains of your village: no trees, no lilac bushes, no houses, no voices of your friends and neighbors. The only sound is the popping of human marrow and wood as the flames rage skyward behind you.

That isn't horror from the Gothic-Punk World of Darkness; that's real-world horror. It happened. Soldiers still practice genocide in conflicts all over our world today. Just spend a minute and think about it.

Khatyn was one of the many Soviet villages destroyed by German soldiers, but unlike the others, Khatyn had a survivor, Josef Kaminsky, who lived to tell its tale. The German troops assembled the villagers into a barn in the center of town, locked them inside, sprayed the barn with bullets, and then set the entire structure aflame. Josef Kaminsky managed, somehow, to escape that raging inferno, carrying his son, Adas, still alive, in his arms. Nothing but ash was left of his village, and all Josef could do was hold his son and watch young Adas die from the burns covering his body.

In 1969, the government of the republic of Byelorussia and the government of the Soviet Union dedicated a memorial to the citizens of Khatyn. Not only are the ashes of the people of Khatyn buried here, but Khatyn contains the world's only cemetery of villages. Those who could find them gathered sand and cinders from the remains of 186 other villages and placed them in urns. The remains of thousands rest at the memorial.

The wraiths of Khatyn live in the ghost village, their Mir, a word that means town, community, world, and peace. All wraiths are welcome, regardless of political affiliation. The permanent wraith population at the Mir numbers around 50, but due to the large number of transient wraiths that pass through the village from time to time, there may be 100 or more wraiths present at Khatyn. All of them have sworn to ensure that no one suffers again as the people of the Soviet Union did during World War II.

The memorial receives an incredibly large amount of Patos each day. Visitors come to remember fallen loved ones. The people still mourn their dead relatives, and they grieve for the innocents who died in the name of the Soviet Union.

Physical Description



his must not be repeated.

— translation of the inscription on the back of a Khatyn Memorial coin

The Memorial

The first sight of visitors to the Khatyn Memorial in the world of the Quick is a large bronze statue of Josef Kaminsky. Kaminsky mournfully stands on a slab of black marble, holding the body of his dead son in his arms. The statue's blank stare is a cross between sorrow, rage, and utter helplessness. Flowers perpetually cover the black marble slab beneath it.

Beyond this statue lies the village of Khatyn. Gray concrete sidewalks lead along the former village paths. The foundations of the 26 houses that made up the village have been rebuilt in gray concrete. Above each foundation, a bell tower rises. Each bell tower has a bronze plaque on it inscribed with

the name of the family that lived in the house before March 22, 1943. When the wind blows, the bells softly toll for the dead. Khatyn's wells were also redug, and a plaque stands in front of each well.

The only real structure in Khatyn is a huge black marble barn, which stands over the site of the massacre. It provides a sharp contrast to the rest of the memorial. No doors lead into the huge monument.

Beyond the barn, a path leads to a set of steps. Here, visitors can descend to an immense black marble mourning pedestal. White birch trees grow from three corners of the slab. In the fourth corner, where a tree should stand, is a large eternal flame. The flame represents the one in four people in Byelorussia who died during World War II. The trees represent the surviving population. Visitors constantly leave flowers near the flame.

Behind the mourning pedestal is the Wall of Memory. Numerous quotes and names are inscribed in bronze or carved directly in the wall's concrete. Crowds cluster in bunches along the wall, straining to read the fading inscriptions and carvings.





Along another path is the Cemetery of Villages, the only one of its kind in the world. A large sculpture inscribed with the number 186 looms in front of the cemetery, designating the number of villages destroyed and not rebuilt. Each village has its own memorial. A black marble box stands in a square next to a black marble carving of the village name. From the path, a person can look down upon rows of boxes inscribed with the names of villages such as Lubcha, Zakrinichye, Murogi, Rallya, Korenevo, Ustye, and Veselovo. Each of the boxes holds a clear urn with dirt or ashes from the village. All of the former inhabitants of these villages were burned alive, just as those of Khatyn (except Josef Kaminsky) were.

On a hill above the rest of Khatyn is the white marble Memory Crown, which stands over the mortal remains of the peasants of Khatyn. The Memory Crown bears a message from the dead to the living, which almost all of the visitors go to read. Josef Kaminsky, who died in 1973, was buried near the Memory Crown.

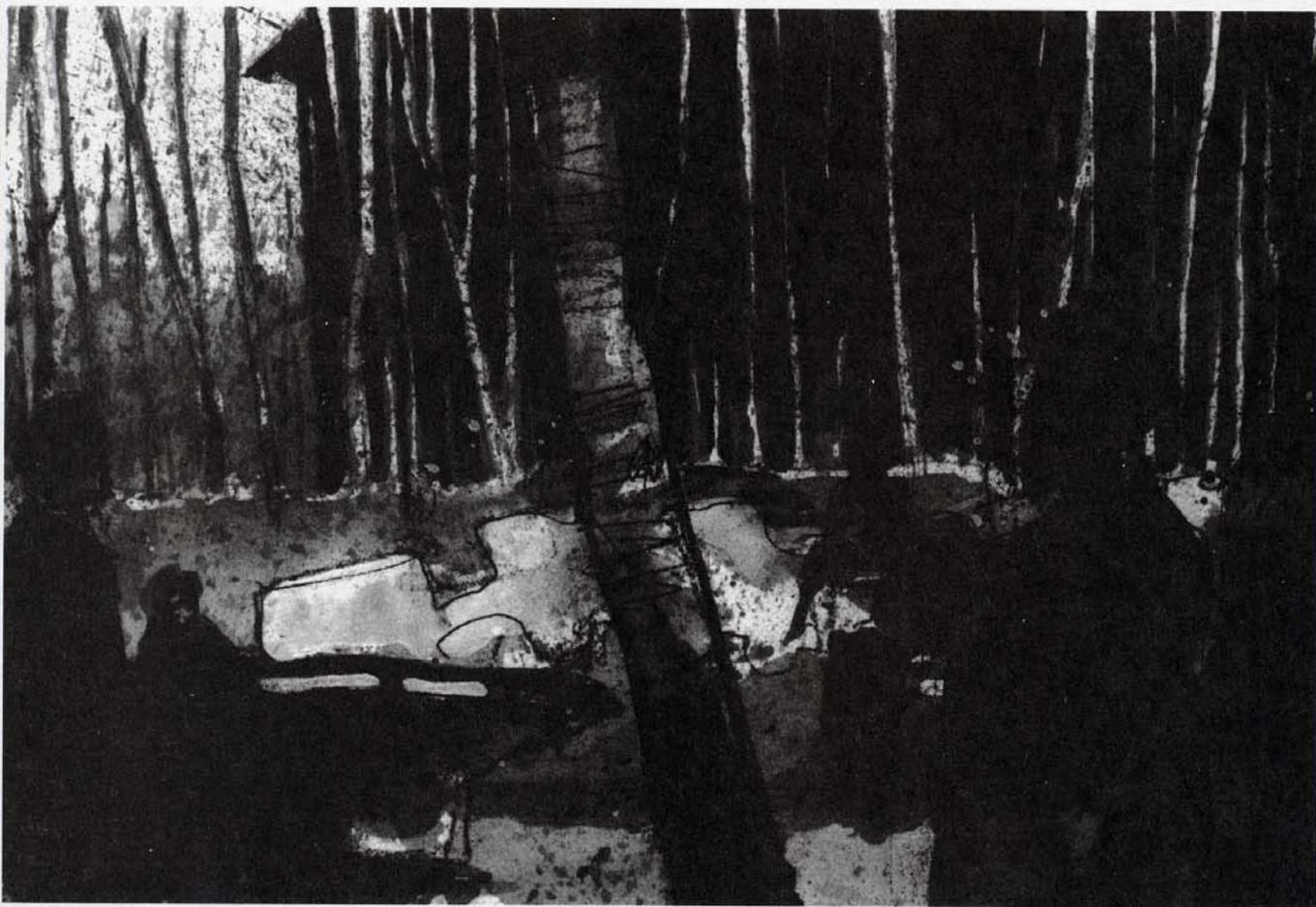
Every day, thousands of the Quick visit the Khatyn Memorial. The only sounds at the site are the quiet footsteps of visitors, the gentle tolling of the bells, soft voices and sobbing. The number of tears shed at this memorial, even 50 years later, is a testament to the pain suffered by the Soviet people during the Second World War.

The Village

In the Shadowlands, an actual village stands at Khatyn, just as it did before March 22, 1943. The 26 houses are simple peasant structures. They have furnished interiors, although many Stygian items have replaced the simple peasant trinkets. Dirt trails replace the concrete walkways of the living world. Ghostly white birch trees and pines surround Khatyn. A low fog constantly fills the village. Some wraiths complain about the odor of smoke in the air.

Ironically, the Wall of Memory appears stronger and better maintained in the Shadowlands than it does in the Skinlands. The names are easily legible, and Pathos from the visitors accumulates all along it. The wraith residents of Khatyn often walk along the Wall at night. A few spirits have the wall as a Fetter.

The expression on the statue of Josef Kaminsky is more distraught and lifelike in the Shadowlands. Some verdigris and a few cracks cover the bronze. Because of the emotions that well up in the visitors who see the statue, powerful Pathos builds up around it — so much that a wraith who approaches can feel it almost instantly. Pain, anguish, anger and love all well up continually around the statue.





The black marble barn dominates the landscape of Khatyn in the Shadowlands. Inside the structure, a Nihil extends from one end of the barn to the other. This is one of the largest gateways to the Tempest known in the Shadowlands. Wraith guardians, often dressed in military uniforms, stand vigilantly around the edges of the barn, ready to fight if something emerges from the Tempest to endanger the Mir. Most of them are members of the Circles called the Crimson Hands or Fallen Soldiers. The rest of the wraiths of the Mir try to avoid the barn.

On the mourning slab, the three white birch trees appear a bit withered and decayed. Their branches droop, giving them a mournful appearance.

The Cemetery of Villages almost glows with Pathos, but the wraiths of Khatyn do not tap it; indeed, most avoid the Cemetery of Villages, fearful of the numbers of souls that the Cemetery represents and wary of causing or gaining additional Angst. Most wraiths of the Mir consider the Cemetery taboo and refuse to enter. Stories abound in Khatyn about foolish wraiths who entered the Cemetery of Villages, only to go mad or never return at all.

The white marble Memory Crown is riddled with cracks, and some parts of it have crumbled in the Shadowlands. The members of the Mir rarely travel up to the hill. Sometimes, the Circle called the Voices holds meetings up at Memory Crown, which always begin with a reading of the inscription. These meetings are private, solemn affairs. Adas Kaminsky, one of the members of the Circle, usually does the reading.

History of the Haunt



On March 22, 1943, a detachment of Nazi soldiers led by Colonel Oscar Dirlewagner came to Khatyn. They herded the 150 Khatyn residents, including 75 children, into the large barn at the center of the village. They burned down the houses and filled the wells. Then they riddled the barn

with bullets and set it afire. Josef Kaminsky managed to break out of the barn and survive. Although the Nazis had destroyed his village, he kept the memory of Khatyn alive. In the following years, he struggled to lay the groundwork for the Khatyn Memorial.

The massacre of the peasants released enough energy to create a Haunt. When the peasants died, many of them became wraiths. The Pathos produced by the dying populace was immense. While Josef Kaminsky worked to keep Khatyn alive in the Skinlands, his son Adas did everything he could to keep Khatyn alive in the Shadowlands. He searched the Shadowlands and gathered other wraiths: former peasants, former soldiers, and even some fallen Germans. Adas told them his story and the story of Khatyn.

He spoke of his father's courage and asked the other wraiths to return with him and help him rebuild the village. Many of them, touched by his story, followed Adas back to Khatyn. The most important among them were Volodya, a veteran of the fighting in Stalingrad; and Sasha, a deceased black marketer from Leningrad. Word quickly spread about Khatyn and the boy wraith who was assembling a city of the dead.

As plans for the Khatyn Memorial were enacted in the Skinlands, the wraith population slowly grew. Volodya, fearful lest the Hierarchy seize Adas's village, called a meeting of the wraiths at the Haunt. That night the residents of the Haunt formed the Khatyn Mir, based on the traditional informal governments of Slavic peasant villages. The Mir organized its defenses and created a charter.

According to the charter of the Khatyn Mir, all wraiths are welcome at Khatyn, so long as they don't harm another member of the Mir. If anyone attacks the Mir or a citizen of the Mir, everyone else in the Mir will aid the one so attacked. The Mir makes decisions by a calling a town meeting and gathering at the eternal flame. A simple majority vote decides issues. Residents of the Mir may stay in one of the 26 houses of Khatyn. Involvement with mortal visitors to the memorial is forbidden, and all visitors are reminded that the Pathos produced at the Haunt belongs to all the wraiths of the Mir.

On July 5, 1969, the Khatyn Memorial was inaugurated and opened to visitors. After word spread through the Shadowlands of the incredible amount of Pathos to be harvested at Khatyn, the wraith population of the Mir swelled. Many wandering ghosts came, hoping to batten on the emotional banquet at Khatyn. Life for the wraiths who founded Khatyn grew strained at times. Town meetings became more and more political. Spectres attacked from the barn and had to be repelled. Many merchants from Stygia and elsewhere started to visit and use the Haunt as a neutral meeting place. The Pathos provided by the Haunt served many uses, and the residents of the Mir grew wealthy in the Shadowlands. Sasha started overseeing the economic development of the village. Under his guidance, the Mir, which keeps funds in a collective, became quite rich.

Eventually, members of the Renegades started to negotiate truces with the Hierarchy at Khatyn. Heretics sought sanctuary at the Mir. Wraiths from across the Soviet Union came to Khatyn and tried to join the Mir to share in its wealth. These incidents became a nightmare to the longtime residents of Khatyn. Finally, the inhabitants of the Mir ruled that they would accept no new members unless the prospective residents were willing to remain at the Mir for 75 days, one day for each of the children killed at Khatyn.

Today, Khatyn has become more important than ever to the wraiths in the Shadowlands of the former Soviet Union. With the rise of the ancient undead witch Baba Yaga of Russian folklore (see **Rage Across Russia**), many Nihilis are rumored to have opened in the Shadowlands. A few wraiths with the Fatalism Arcanos predicted that the Shroud between Stygia and the



Shadowlands would close when Baba Yaga reappeared, though this has not yet happened. Still, the Hierarchy has become more active in the area, attempting to secure its rule over these Shadowlands. Some Hierarchs fear the power of Baba Yaga, while others simply want to take advantage of her appearance to gain more influence. Members of the Hierarchy have strongly suggested that the residents of the Khatyn Mir declare their loyalty to Stygia. Instead, many of the residents of the Mir believe that they must act to prevent the Hierarchy from enslaving the wraiths of Byelorussia and the other Slavic states. Some members of the Mir believe that Khatyn should serve as the capital of a nation of wraiths in the Shadowlands. Debates rage nightly at the Haunt, in the light of the eternal flame.

Outside Relations

The members of the Khatyn Mir tolerate most supernatural creatures. Vampires, however, are notable exceptions. The Fallen Soldiers and the Crimson Hands believe that vampires are evil creatures who will destroy the land. Accordingly, they go out of their way to destroy them. If a vampire meets one of the Sisters of Hope or a member of the Voices, such as Adas, she may find sympathy for her tragic existence. A vampire who enjoys her unlife will soon lose it if she ventures into the Mir.

Werewolves are known to the wraiths of Khatyn, but they are not liked. Too many of the dead were raised with superstitions and bedtime stories about shapechangers. If one of these beasts ventures into the Haunt, the wraiths will attempt to scare it away. A sept of Silver Fangs has noticed the amount of spiritual energy surrounding the Khatyn Memorial, so some sort of conflict may be inevitable.

Mages are not trusted at the Khatyn Mir; several have attempted to steal the Pathos of the Haunt. One, a Nephandus, even attempted to open the black marble barn. Many wraiths hate and resent mages, feeling that these sorcerers should have used their abilities to stop the slaughter of the Great Patriotic War (World War II). A special hatred is reserved for Technomancers. Most of the wraiths lived through the Stalin era, where they watched Stalin's disregard for safe working conditions and pollution destroy the lives of people and contaminate the land.

The true concern of the Mir is Baba Yaga. Even the wraiths of Khatyn have heard her name on the wind. They know what types of horrors she has awakened. The residents of Khatyn have resolved to fight her, to do whatever they can to prevent more suffering. However, they are paralyzed with indecision. Some suggest allying with werewolves or even vampires to struggle against this fiend. A few suggest taking direct action



themselves, but neither the Fallen Soldiers nor the Crimson Hands believes its members have the abilities to stop her (for more information on Baba Yaga, see **Rage Across Russia**). However, the wraiths desperately want to find a solution to this menace. A few are looking for a savior.

Heretics are distrusted at Khatyn, but a small Heretical faction has emerged at Khatyn. Despite its efforts to remain secretive, more than a few wraiths know of its existence. This group worships the village itself. They believe that it is the center of the Shadowlands, and thus the universe. A few of their number claim that the secrets of salvation lie hidden in the village itself, which is why the Nazis destroyed it. Other Heretics are tolerated if they are friendly and do not violate any of the rules of the Mir.

Renegades love the Mir, and the residents of the Mir respect many of them. A few Circles of Renegades have a tendency to abuse the sanctuary of Khatyn, using it as a base to strike against the Hierarchy, but residents strongly discourage these actions. Many different groups of Renegades use Khatyn as a site for trading and exchanging information, including secret knowledge of Arcanos. If Khatyn were ever seriously threatened, large numbers of Renegades would come from across the Shadowlands to its defense.

The Hierarchy and the Mir have a difficult relationship. Khatyn accepts members of the Hierarchy as long as they obey Khatyn's rules. Many hardened Hierarchs who come to the Mir have a difficult time accepting the open atmosphere of the Mir. The Mir recognizes that the Hierarchy would love to control the Haunt, and its residents remain ever vigilant against attacks.

Circles

We're part of a fire that is burning,
And from the ashes we can build another day.
But I'm frightened for your children,
That the life that we are living is in vain,
And the sunshine we've been waiting for will turn to rain.
—The Moody Blues, "The Story in Your Eyes"

All of the wraiths at the Haunt, regardless of Circle, belong to the Khatyn Mir. All have some desire to see human suffering end, and all of them try to obey the charter of the Mir. The members of the Haunt are more understanding about problems with one's Shadow than most. Many powerful Circles use Khatyn as a stronghold; some of these are active throughout the former Soviet Union. All the residents of the Khatyn Mir have the Background of Haunt at Level 5. This is automatic and is not listed in the individual descriptions.



Adas Kaminsky

Adas Kaminsky is the son of Josef Kaminsky. He traveled the countryside and gathered together the citizens of the Khatyn Mir. Although he appears as a small child, his innocent appeals touch the hearts of many. He has access to the most Pathos at the Mir, and many former Soviet citizens know his name. Almost all Byelorussians do.

After initially organizing the Mir, Adas's influence over it waned. Most of the wraiths look at him as a small boy, and he wants to take a more tangible role in leading the group. Adas is one of the leaders of the Voices, a circle that tries to make peace by vocalizing the pain of suffering.

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Child

Circle: The Voices

Physical: Strength 1, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Awareness 3, Empathy 5, Expression 3, Subterfuge 1

Skills: Crafts 1, Leadership 2, Meditation 1, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Enigmas 4, Occult 2, Politics 1

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Eidolon 3, Memoriam 5, Status 5, Wealth 2

Passions: Grieve for the village as it used to be (Sorrow) 5, Prevent suffering (Hope) 4, Be as brave as his father (Love) 4

Arcanos: Castigate 3, Phantasm 3

Fetters: The bronze statue, 3; Memory Crown, 3; The Kaminsky bell tower, 4

Willpower: 10

Pathos: 10

Shadow: The Perfectionist

Angst: 6

Thorns: Death's Sigil (the smell of ash), Bad Luck

Shadow Passions: Destroy self (Pain) 3, Lead Mir (Frustration) 2

Image: A young, dark-haired boy with sad brown eyes. He dresses in out-of-date peasant clothes.

Roleplaying Hints: You feel incredible guilt and pain about your death. You know how much it hurt your father when you died. You wanted to live. Your father was your hero, and you've inherited some of his courage. Despite your experience, you are an idealist. You believe that people are good, and you believe that if everyone works together for peace, then the world will be a better place. Although you still play the role of a child, your father's death changed you. You now feel more like an adult, and someday you'll find a Master of Moliate to age you. You hate it when others call you "boy" or speak down to you. Your Shadow constantly points out all of these failings.

Volodya

Volodya led barefoot men on forced marches through blizzards, and he fought battles holding an unloaded gun. He suffered through days of starvation while the Germans pinned his unit. Somewhere along the way back to Berlin, he was shot in the stomach. It took Volodya more than 12 hours to die. Vaguely, he recalls walking through the Shadowlands back to Byelorussia to search for his village. When he arrived, all that was left of Murogi was a burnt clearing in the forest. He mourned for days.

He encountered Adas Kaminsky in his travels. Touched by the boy's story, Volodya returned with him to the Khatyn Mir. Other Red Army veterans who had gathered there elected him as leader. Now, he commands the Fallen Soldiers, a Circle of veterans who died to protect the Motherland. He sees the protection of the Mir as his first duty.

He also knows a secret about the Haunt. A few years ago, a group of Hierarchy soldiers tried to attack Khatyn. A strange wall of light appeared among the ghostly birch trees surrounding the Shadowland village and held them off. Volodya believes that there is something more to the Haunt than he understands. He wonders what so much intense Pathos does to a place, and why the Nihil inside the barn is so large.

Nature: Judge

Demeanor: Caregiver

Circle: The Fallen Soldiers

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 5

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 5



Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 3, Awareness 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 4, Empathy 2, Expression 1, Intimidation 4

Skills: Drive 2, Firearms 5, Leadership 5, Meditation 2, Melee 3, Repair 2, Stealth 4

Knowledges: Enigmas 2, Investigation 2, Law 2, Linguistics 1, Medicine 2, Occult 2, Politics 2

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Status 5, Wealth 2

Passions: Protect the Mir (Love) 4, Honor the dead (sorrow) 5

Arcanos: Embody 3, Moliate 3, Outrage 4, Usury 2

Fetters: Ashes of Murogi (his home village) 4

Willpower: 10

Pathos: 7

Shadow: The Rationalist

Angst: 5

Thorns: Tainted Relic (rifle with bayonet) 3, Trick of the Light

Shadow Passions: Kill all enemies of the Mir (Hate) 4

Image: Volodya is a tall, intense man who carries himself with an air of command. He wears his Red Army uniform, and he looks like an archetypal Soviet officer. He has dark eyes, cropped brown hair, and a thick mustache and beard that offset his pale complexion.

Roleplaying Hints: After years of war, you've become fairly easy-going. You prefer Volodya to your real name, Vladimir, and you gave up going by anything else a long time ago. You enjoy the sense of community at the Khatyn Mir and don't look kindly upon anyone who tries to break it. As leader of the Mir's defenders, you usually assume authority when conflicts arise.

Sasha Gregoriev

Sasha died trying to sneak food past enemy lines into Leningrad during the height of the siege there. He was shot near the famous Hermitage Museum. He has vivid memories of the cannibalism and starvation during the siege, and feels that, although the people of Khatyn were massacred, it was better than a slow death by starvation in Leningrad.

He leads a number of Khatyn "merchants," all of whom were members of the black market. To Sasha, the black market serves the people and gets them what the state cannot, hence his name for the Circle, "The Providers." He firmly believes that many would have died in the former Soviet Union without the black market. Sasha looks after the economic health of Khatyn and hopes to accumulate a great deal of wealth in the Underworld. He believes that with the tremendous Pathos of the Mir at his disposal, he can buy some of the dreams that other Circles try to actualize with rhetoric alone. He is one of the most well-known members of the Mir in the Shadowlands. Despite his status as a merchant, he's earned the trust of both Hierarchs and Renegades. Recently, he's had to do more than his share of work as a go-between.

Sasha's also concerned about the current politics of the Skinlands. He fears the breakup of the Soviet Union may lead to large-scale disasters. He also knows about the rise of Baba Yaga. Despite his cynicism, he has grown increasingly afraid of the ancient legend and her supernatural grip over Russia.

Sasha has one major character flaw, which he readily admits to: he is particularly susceptible to the charms of beautiful women. He wants to fall in love, something he never had a chance to do in life.



Nature: Caregiver
Demeanor: Conniver
Circle: The Providers
Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2
Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3
Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 4
Talents: Alertness 4, Awareness 2, Brawl 1, Dodge 3, Empathy 4, Expression 4, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 4, Subterfuge 5
Skills: Crafts 2, Drive 3, Etiquette 2, Firearms 2, Leadership 4, Melee 1, Performance 2, Repair 3, Stealth 5
Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Enigmas 1, Investigation 3, Law 2, Linguistics 2, Medicine 1, Occult 2, Politics 3
Backgrounds: Allies 5, Status (Hierarchy) 1, Status (Mir) 4, Status (Renegade) 3, Wealth 5
Passions: Gain possessions (Greed) 4, Provide for the needy (Hope) 5, Seek love (Love) 3
Arcanos: Argos 4, Pandemonium 2, Usury 2
Fetters: German pocket watch in St. Petersburg, 3; the Hermitage, 1
Willpower: 6
Pathos: 7
Shadow: The Pusher
Angst: 5

Thorns: Spectre Prestige 4, Dark Allies 2, Pact of Doom
Shadow Passions: Make enemies of the Mir suffer as their victims do (Sorrow) 3, Possess women (Lust) 3
Image: A good-looking, blond-haired, blue-eyed man in his early 20s. He wears Western-style blue jeans, a London Hard Rock cafe T-shirt, and an authentic British bomber jacket.
Roleplaying Hints: You are a friendly, outgoing person, and you know a great deal about the Shadowlands and the Tempest. You're always looking to make a deal, especially with tourists. Since the rise of Baba Yaga, you've grown worried, especially since Khatyn has seen two Maelstroms in the last few years. You are careful to avoid the barn, unless you're planning to enter the Tempest.

Krispin Ziegler

Krispin knows the truth about the atrocities committed during World War II. He unmercifully slaughtered innocent civilians in the name of his country. Now he has come to Khatyn in search of absolution from his guilt. He is not alone, and he and the others who have joined him in this search for redemption call themselves the Crimson Hands, signifying the blood they can never remove. All the members of his circle committed atrocities, either for the Nazis, for Stalin, or for later dictators. Most members of the Circle are fanatics or martyrs, willing to suffer Oblivion for their crimes. Whenever anything that might be a suicide mission comes up at the Mir, the Crimson Hands volunteer. They believe that protecting other wraiths, especially the victims at the Mir, is the only way to pay for the blood they've spilled.



Nature: Martyr
Demeanor: Survivor
Circle: The Crimson Hands
Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4
Social: Charisma 5, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4
Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 4
Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 4, Awareness 1, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Intimidation 4, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 2
Skills: Drive 2, Etiquette 1, Firearms 5, Leadership 4, Melee 4, Repair 1, Stealth 3
Knowledges: Enigmas 1, Investigation 2, Law 2, Linguistics 2, Medicine 2, Occult 1
Backgrounds: Notoriety 2, Status 1
Passions: Suffer for your victims (Sorrow) 5
Arcanos: Castigate 2, Embody 3, Outrage 4
Fetters: Personal Luger, 3
Willpower: 8
Pathos: 6
Shadow: The Monster
Angst: 7
Thorns: Tainted Touch, Freudian Slip, Shadow Trait (Strength +1)
Shadow Passions: Hurt all who show you kindness (Self-Hate) 4
Image: A tall, blond, blue-eyed Aryan male dressed in the clothes of a Russian peasant. His eyes smolder with a quiet intensity and he smiles rarely. He spends a lot of time staring at his hands and talking to himself.

Roleplaying Hints: You are quiet and moody. You want a chance to prove yourself to the wraiths of Khatyn. Sometimes you wander through the memorial and read over the quotes until you can't take the pain any longer. You wish you had never obeyed orders. Hopefully, you will do some good before you fall into the terrifying grasp of well-deserved Oblivion.

Irisa Stepanova

Irisa Stepanova was born in Minsk, where her superlative gymnastic talents were quickly noted by the Soviet sports machine. She was taken from her home and family and trained. She made many friends, one of whom made plans to defect during the World Championships in 1961. The KGB caught Irisa's friend as she tried to defect, and decided that Irisa should be detained for a few years as well, just as a precaution. Like many Soviet citizens arrested by the KGB, she was sent to an asylum. Her athletic career was over. At the asylum, a kind doctor from Byelorussia gave her an opportunity to disappear from the records when Brezhnev came to power. She took her chance. After her escape, she wandered through the vast countryside, trying to get home to Minsk. Many people helped her on the way. However, she got caught alone in a blizzard. Within days, Irisa contracted pneumonia and died. Once she became a wraith, the Sisters of Hope, a large Circle of women who had lost loved ones or suffered some tragedy, invited her to join them. She dedicated herself to their cause of spreading light and optimism throughout the Shadowlands. She thinks of herself as an angel.

Nature: Architect

Demeanor: Caregiver



Circle: Sisters of Hope

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 2

Talents: Athletics 5, Awareness 1, Empathy 5, Expression 3

Skills: Drive 1, Etiquette 2, Meditation 3, Performance 4, Stealth 1

Knowledges: Investigation 1, Law 1, Linguistics 4, Medicine 3

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Eidolon 2, Memoriam 1

Passions: Inspire confidence in others (Love) 2, Strongly believe in God (Faith) 4, Sympathize with others' pain (Empathy) 3

Arcanos: Argos 3, Castigate 4, Usury 4

Fetters: Minsk gymnastics medal, 2; Locket with her family picture, 1

Willpower: 7

Pathos: 6

Shadow: The Parent

Angst: 2

Thorns: Pact of Doom, Shadow Familiar (Siamese cat)

Shadow Passions: Make others realize their faults (Anger) 4

Image: This 5'1", brown-haired beauty appears remarkably fit, and she always has a soft smile and a hug for anyone. Most members of the Haunt consider Irisa one of the few bright spots in the Shadowlands. She appears to be in her late teens or early 20s.

Roleplaying Hints: You smile when you can. So many here suffer terribly. You try to help others overcome their Shadows and enjoy their life after death. Khatyn inspires you. The camaraderie at the Mir makes up for all the monsters in the world. Your job is to protect the souls of the others who suffer here; that's why He made you an angel. You'll have wings someday if you can overcome your own Shadow.

Ivan Karelev

Ivan helped found the Khatyn Memorial. He spent years working to make sure that everything looked right, and personally oversaw all aspects of the construction. When the memorial opened, it was a proud day for him.

Ivan had a problem, though. He enjoyed his vodka a bit too much. One evening, after he had drunk more than his fill, his car spun off the road, sending him into a clump of trees and to his death. However, even after death, he felt tied to Khatyn. Then he discovered its true nature in the Shadowlands.

He didn't know how to accept it. The beauty of the memorial was tarnished by the numbers of wraiths living in the village. How could they? Didn't they realize how sacred Khatyn was?

Ivan formulated a plan and began organizing and recruiting members for his cause. He leads a secret Circle of Heretics who worship within the Haunt. Soon, the time will come when they will take over Khatyn and restore the village in the Shadowlands to its former bleak majesty.



Ivan Karelev

Nature: Deviant
Demeanor: Loner
Circle: The True Mir
Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2
Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2
Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 4
Talents: Alertness 2, Awareness 4, Empathy 2, Expression 3, Intimidation 3, Subterfuge 5
Skills: Crafts 3, Leadership 2, Meditation 2, Melee 1, Stealth 3
Knowledges: Bureaucracy 1, Linguistics 1, Occult 4, Politics 3
Backgrounds: Allies 3
Passions: Worship the Khatyn Mir (Faith) 5, Protect the Mir (Love) 3, Destroy threats to the Mir (Anger) 3
Arcanos: Argos 3, Lifeweb 4, Moliate 2, Usury 2
Fetters: The black marble barn, 3; Memory Wall, 2
Willpower: 7
Pathos: 7
Shadow: The Director
Angst: 7
Thorns: Aura of Corruption, Pact of Doom
Shadow Passions: Control the Mir (Greed) 3
Image: Ivan is a tall, burly man in his late 30s, with a thick black beard and mustache. He stands about 6'4" and has dark gray eyes. He likes to stare at people. His clothes are 1960s Soviet suits.
Roleplaying Hints: You are quiet and do your best to remain unnoticed. When you and your followers meet, you do so in the Cemetery of Villages. You know of a few Nihils in the Cemetery

that the other wraiths of Khatyn haven't found. You intend to recruit Spectres to aid you in your power play. You fear only one wraith at the Haunt: Adas, the son of Josef Kaminsky. If you can remove him, then you feel nothing can stop you.

Katarina Mikhailova

Katarina was her father's little girl. He worked for the Red Army and died in a training accident. At his funeral, she swore to carry on his work. She excelled in her classes and showed promise in the Communist Party. Eventually, the KGB recruited Katarina. She was trained as a "honey trap" for Western spies. She would seduce them, then betray them. She was very good at her job; then she met a man named Garrett, who was supposedly a British diplomat. Her superiors weren't so sure, however, and she discovered that he was indeed a spy. Unfortunately, she also fell in love with him. He was different from the others, more honest somehow; at least, she thought so. Unfortunately, he didn't share her feelings. Garrett completed his mission, then framed her as a double agent. The KGB sent her to Siberia to work unprotected in the radiation mines. Her body fell apart in a few short years, and she died of cancer.

When she became a wraith, the Hierarchy captured her almost immediately. She found herself free of one espionage service and in servitude to another. Now, she serves as Stygia's representative in Khatyn. The Mir residents know her identity and her purpose, but many of them still treat her kindly. Katarina finds comfort in her old duties, but a part of her longs to meet a true Garrett. The Mir can be lonely and miserable sometimes.

Nature: Critic
Demeanor: Curmudgeon
Circle: The Shadow Watchers
Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4
Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 4
Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 3
Talents: Alertness 3, Awareness 4, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Expression 3, Intimidation 2, Subterfuge 3
Skills: Crafts 1, Drive 3, Etiquette 3, Firearms 1, Leadership 1, Melee 3, Performance 2, Stealth 2
Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3, Computer 1, Enigmas 1, Investigation 3, Law 3, Linguistics 4, Occult 2
Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Status 3
Passions: Spying (Excitement) 4, Romantic dreams (Love) 3
Arcanos: Argos 4, Keening 1, Lifeweb 3, Moliate 4, Outrage 2, Usury 3
Fetters: KGB HQ, Moscow, 3; Father's grave in Minsk, 2; Radiation Mine, Eastern Siberia, 2
Willpower: 7
Pathos: 6
Shadow: The Rationalist
Angst: 5



Katarina Mikalova

Thorns: Bad Luck, Dark Allies 2

Shadow Passions: Bring disloyalty to the attention of the Hierarchy (Insecurity) 3

Image: Katarina stands about 5'8". She has long platinum-blond hair that falls below her shoulder blades, and a pale complexion. She walks with grace and confidence.

Roleplaying Hints: You are cold to most Mir residents, but not unfriendly. You dislike the sense of community and friendship at the Mir; it scares you. When the Hierarchy takes over, the Shadowlands will be much improved, you think. You trust no one, sometimes not even yourself. You consider anything that you can learn to be worthwhile information and try diligently to pass it along.

Circle Interaction

There is a great deal of interaction among the various Circles of Khatyn. However, almost all of the Mir's wraiths consider their loyalty to the Mir a close second to their loyalty to an individual Circle. The only major Circle that doesn't interact with the others is the True Mir. The True Mir remains unknown to most wraiths in Khatyn. If its existence became public knowledge, things at the Haunt would take a very dark turn. Neither the Fallen Soldiers nor the Crimson Hands would fail to act.

As a note, the Circle interaction is not meant to limit Storytellers, just to provide guidelines. Not everyone at Khatyn follows the status quo.

Story Ideas

- Khatyn has a problem. The Cemetery of Villages does contain something. The Angst and suffering of the dead have manifested into Shades, which grow stronger by the night. Treat these as Shadows without wraiths. The Mir sends out a call to any who would help them destroy these beasts. Membership in the Mir is offered as a reward.

- During a major conflict in a regular chronicle, members of the Voices arrive in an attempt to bring peace. Adas Kaminsky is among them, and members of the Hierarchy seize the opportunity to capture him in order to gain a hold over the Mir.

- Khatyn serves as neutral ground for members of the Hierarchy, Heretics, and Renegades. It makes an excellent location for a group of wraiths to seek sanctuary, or for secret negotiation between members of a Legion of the Hierarchy and a cult of Heretics. The amount of politics and espionage that can occur within the Haunt could provide a nearly endless amount of story ideas.

- Khatyn can be used as a Haunt template for any destroyed village or town in the world. Obviously, most of them don't have the visitors or memorials that Khatyn does, so they won't have nearly so much Pathos. In the United States, many European colonial and frontier settlements were destroyed by American Indians, and even more American Indian villages were destroyed by European settlers. Wherever there has been strife, ghost towns can be found. For an interesting crossover with **Werewolf: The Apocalypse**, a creative Storyteller might want to use the Lost Colony of Roanoke, where the Croatan Garou tribe died.

- A former resident of Khatyn needs help in the current chronicle setting. She sends out a message across the Shadowlands and summons the Crimson Hands to protect her. These militant warriors seeking redemption should be more than enough to cause problems for the local powers. The characters may end up as either allies or foes of the Crimson Hands. In either event, they could learn of Khatyn and be invited to join the Haunt.

- The True Mir makes its move and stages a coup at Khatyn. News of such an event would race across the Shadowlands. Many Renegades would rise up to protect the town. As Renegades mustered, Hierarchs could see the incident as an opportunity to seize more control over the Shadowlands, or they could decide to save Khatyn from the Spectres themselves. The struggle against the True Mir could lead to the formation of an uneasy alliance.

- The Sisters of Hope might try to spread their missionary work elsewhere. How the characters react to these angels of mercy and how the sisters react to them could be very interesting. If the group is violent, they may make a new enemy. More peaceful Circles may discover one of the few groups to offer a bit of light in the dark world of Wraith.

- For a very different chronicle, the Storyteller might want to start the characters in Khatyn during the destruction of the village. Then, they would have to watch Josef's grief and take care of a distraught Adas. If a few years passed quickly during the early stories of the chronicle, the buildup of the Mir could provide some great roleplaying opportunities.



Appendix: Haunt Creation



What is a Haunt?

If the people we love are stolen from us, the way to have them live on is to never stop loving them.

—The Crow

Just what is it that causes a Haunt to come into being? Violent and traumatic deaths, excruciatingly powerful emotions, earth-shattering passions or perhaps all of these combined? No one really knows. Haunts are formed for a variety of reasons, and because of this, each Haunt is unique. The type of Haunt we are discussing here is not the small room or building haunted by a single, lonely wraith. Rather, we are speaking of a building or place where once a great tragedy took place, a tragedy so great that it has torn the Shroud asunder to allow wraiths to pierce the Shroud more easily in this place.

Exactly how a Haunt comes into being is something of a mystery. If every place on Earth where great suffering and tragic deaths took place became a Haunt, they would be extremely common, when in fact they are not. There are certain specific elements which most Haunts have in common. Since it would prove to be nearly impossible to provide hard and fast rules on how to create a Haunt, the following are some guidelines on how a Haunt is created and how it functions.

In the Beginning

There are certain factors which make an area suitable to become a Haunt. None of these are definitive, however, making each Haunt unique.

- The most common reason for a Haunt to come into existence is the tragic death of a large number of individuals in a single location. Scenes of natural disasters, mass murder, battlefields or fires are prime locations to become Haunts.
- Any location which has become a Fetter for a great number of wraiths, for whatever reason, usually becomes a Haunt. Often this is not the place where these wraiths died, but rather a place that was of common importance to them during life.
- Some Haunts are created by a few wraiths who are intent upon making the Haunt their own by driving out all mortals. This is usually done by using Pandemonium or any other Shroud-rending Arcanos to great excess. This is usually done only by extremely powerful (and usually insane) wraiths as the risk it entails usually far outweighs the gain. If such activity doesn't attract the attention of the Hierarchy, then it will almost certainly attract the attention of unwanted and possibly dangerous mortal organizations.



In order to create a Haunt in this fashion, the wraiths involved must have some sort of connection with it. It must be a Fetter or Haunt of at least one of the characters in the Circle. The characters must then invest a great deal of Pathos using Arcanos which pierce the Shroud, over several months, at which point a level one Haunt is established. The amount of Pathos spent should be at least 10 times the current Shroud rating. The time required is approximately one month for each level of Shroud the site possesses. In order to raise the rating of the Haunt the whole process must be repeated, only spending twice as much Pathos and taking twice as long; this raises the site to level two. Level three requires three times the Pathos expenditure, and so on. This example is assuming the Haunt is to be a medium size house. Anything larger can require more Pathos and longer time. Assume double the size would be double the size and cost.

- The final factor which is often involved in the formation of a Haunt is a strong emotional attachment by both mortals and the Dead. Battlefields or sites of mass murder are likely locations for this type of Haunt. These places not only retain the lingering Passions of the past departed, but often evoke strong Passions within the living who visit them. Such locations often have a level of Memoriam of their own which can be gathered in the form of Pathos by those wraiths who frequent the Haunt.

Memoriam

Some Haunts are so well-remembered and invoke such passion in the mortals visiting them that they become infused with Pathos on a daily basis. Such places tend to be battlefield monuments or the homes of serial killers and the like, places where people come daily to pay their respects or just out of curiosity. The Pathos gained from this Memoriam is available to all wraiths who frequent the Haunt. This Pathos may be gained simply by touching the place in which the Pathos gathers. This is usually a monument or other object of great importance.

All Haunts have a Memoriam rating of zero through five. The number of Pathos available is equal to the Haunt's Memoriam level times 10. Therefore a Haunt with a four Memoriam rating has 40 Pathos available on any given day, while a Haunt with a zero Memoriam has none.

Functions of a Haunt

Though each Haunt is a unique place as is any place on Earth, there are certain factors which are the same for all. The Haunt's rating is a measure of how powerful it is and how much the Shroud is torn in that particular area. Each level of the Haunt lowers the Shroud rating of the area by one. The higher the Haunt rating, the easier life is for the inhabiting wraiths. There are drawbacks to having a particularly powerful Haunt, though. Obviously the more powerful the Haunt, the more attention that will be drawn from other wraiths who might possibly covet such a powerful location.

The other, less-known risk is that of creating a Nihil. Haunts have the same weakening effect on the barrier between Shadowlands and the Skinlands as they do on the Shroud. This creates a far greater probability for a Nihil to be formed in the area. Though some foolish wraiths may desire such easy access to the Tempest in their Haunt, the wise would fear it for what might emerge from it. If a Nihil does emerge in a Haunt it is generally placed under 24 hour guard, watching for Spectres or worse to emerge.



Shrouded from Mortal Eyes...

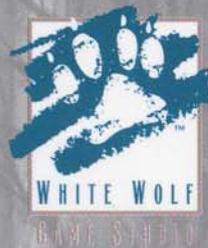
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Haunts is a sourcebook for Wraith: the Oblivion detailing the strongholds of the Restless.

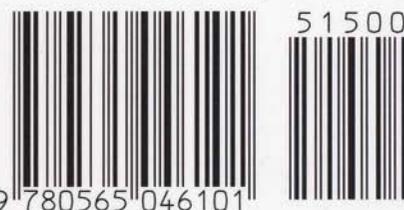
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