

**KULT**  
◊ divinity lost ◊

# 100 DARK SCENES



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# WELCOME DEAR READER...

Let me be honest with you all - my first attempt at GMing K:DL was a strange one. I won't go into details, but it was quite far away from a classic, slow-burner tone of the official scenarios, and more into the wild, pulpy, shotgun-brandishing, demon-slaying ride with (almost) a happy ending. Don't get me wrong - I dig and enjoy the tones of creeping horror that fill the Kult universe, but what I wanted from that campaign... was the thing that got me into Kult in the first place: Here the humans - puny, weak, pitiful humans - can not only dream of their divine ancestry, but actually get up there and kick the eldritch horror's ass! By god, my players suffered, but in the end they felt that justified feeling of spitting into the devil's face and waltzing away... And boy, did they love it! The horror, the seemingly unbeatable odds were in fact... beaten! Something that does (sadly) not often happen in our real lives.

When Ryan passed away it was something different. The people who gathered at the Kult: Elysium Discord server (me included) were battling, creating and living the cosmic horrors on a daily basis. We were gleefully

discussing black magic, cannibalism and demon summoning, but none of us was ready for what happened to our friend. Even though I didn't know Ryan too well, the whole shock of seeing his last messages and realizing he won't be coming back is a pure horror. And it reminded us of all the things we were trying to forget with make-believe nightmares and blood-drenched storytelling. So when Auburney asked me about taking part in this memorial project, something moved deep in my heart. It was yet another chance to tell that old hag Death "go to hell!"

Ryan's demise won't break us, it won't make us forget and it won't make us stop dreaming - even if our dreams are shaded in dark colors sometimes. I want you, dear reader, to remember this when you read through all of those "little nightmares" of mine: Real horror always sits just across the room from you, it crawls underneath your house and tugs at your kids' blankets, but in the end, any day you live, breath, write, play, and think is another "fuck you" to this (seemingly) unbeatable monstrosity. And this bullet into its hideous skull...

It's for you, Ryan!



عَيْنَالِي.. مِثْلُ الْبَيْلَةِ الْخَاطِرَةِ  
مَرَاكِبِي غَارِقَةٌ فِيهِمَا .  
يَتَلَابَثِي مَنُوسِيَّةٌ فِيهِمَا .  
فِي الْمَرَايَا مَا لَمْ يَذْكُرْهُ ..



**1** The creature with the writhing tentacles lifts the mask from the pedestal and gently applies its cold ivory surface to the place where the creature imagined itself a face. Bloody tears start running from the eyes of the mask, while the creature becomes someone familiar...

**2** "Those eyes, lips, the silk of your hair... You'll make a fine addition..." He smiles as the glass falls from your numbing hand and onto the soft carpet. "...to my collection," he finishes, just as you follow the glass to the carpeted floor.

**3** You check every shop at the mall before closing for the night. There's just that creepy antique toy store left. Its door is still open but the owner is nowhere to be found. You step in, lighting the way with your trusty flashlight, when all the strange dolls jolt to life, open their eyes and turn your way. Behind you, the store shutters fall down with a clatter, leaving you alone with them.

**4** Bullets don't work, John.  
This village is blessed.  
God protects us!

**5** The space shuttle arrives normally. When the doors open the astronaut steps out, holding the emerald that shines brighter than the sun. Soon after ovations turn to screams. The astronaut can't hear them over the laughter of his new god.

**6** A young girl walks through the WWII memorial alone. She reads the names of fallen veterans with a slight latin accent. When she leaves, the buried dead start to stir.

**7** The train rolls into a sleepy American town late at night. The doors don't open on their own, and when the station workers force them open all they find is death. Among the mutilated corpses sits a single naked man, holding a bloody stump in his clutches. "We were riding on this train for so long... And a man has to eat..."



8

The old hanging tree far out into the wilds was long forgotten. When the chemicals from the nearest factory reached its roots, however, new corpses began to show up, hanging from the tree's branches like in the old days.

9

Naked old hags dance and make love before the abandoned church in the far reaches of rural Russia. When the full moon rises, they fall on their knees before the autistic albino boy bound to Saint Peter's cross.

10

"Okay, the candles are burning, the chalk circle is intact... Blessed salts! Fred, bring in the salts quick! What do you mean, you forgot them?" Behind them, the candle flames and the creature they harbor step out of the circle.

11

"One little prick and you're good to go" says the doctor to her little patient. The needle goes right into the vein and red liquid starts filling the syringe. When the boy leaves, the doctor smiles even brighter and injects the blood into her real client.

12

The man in a butcher's apron throws a hunk of bloody meat on a freezer floor. "Eat up!" he barks. The sound of the closing door is muffled by the loud scratches of frozen nails and clattering of sharp teeth.

13

"What else do you wish, oh my Lord?" asks the woman, dropping onto her knees near her dead children. The angel before her doesn't answer, but directs her to the last bottle of bleach with its many eyes.

14

The knight bows before the angel statue, its chest pierced by the sword. Blood drips from the wound in stone and onto his head. The knight slowly takes off his helmet and fills it with blood. The process is painfully slow, but he can wait...

15

This is exactly why she became a coroner. She saws off the top of the skull and pushes her fingers deep into the dead madman's brains. Sigils carved into his brain tissue light up like a Christmas tree.



16

The mayor drops the bag into the hole dug under one of the construction site corners. The excavator continues its job and soon the hole is no more. "What was it you dropped in there?" You ask, sharing your last cigarette with him. "Oh, isn't it obvious? It was a newborn to guard the building site, of course!" answers the mayor in a cheerful tone.

17

You yell at the guy, hasn't he had enough yet? He's lying in a pool of his own blood, half of his bones are probably broken. So why is he laughing?? Why is his blood... black? Why doesn't he just die?

18

"Daddy, there's a monster under my bed," screams your youngest. "He's got no eyes and only one hand!" I see a slight movement under the bed "He says not to tell you, but I'm scared!" I tell her that she can sleep in our bed tonight and she gleefully runs out of the room. Now, how did this blind one-handed fucker manage to escape the cellar again?

19

You spot an incident along the highway. Two bodies lay atop each other in a pool of blood. The crushed car's lights flicker in the dark. When you stop to help, or at least call an ambulance, one of the victims twitches, stirs, and starts crawling towards you. He hisses as he drags his limbs across the asphalt.

20

Before leaving the bunker, you help your little son with his gas masks. One for his face, another for the neck.

21

As the wretched creature disappears into the forest, you can't help but wonder - what did it mean by "The first thing you see back home"?

22

You realize now that it was a bad idea to steal that idol from the museum. None of the seedy pawn shop owners in the city want to take it from you. When you fall asleep with this damn thing on your nightstand, your dreams take you to a lonely island deep in the Pacific Ocean. The idol is there too - naked people gather on a cliff and throw it into the sea. Shortly after the idol disappears under the waves, one by one they follow it, jumping to their death. You wake up in a cold sweat, and the only question on your mind right now - how to get rid of this damn thing?



She always loved squeezing her pimples. Little guilty pleasure of her. When the doctors forbid it, she found a way to indulge her "hobby". The girl in her basement, the one tied to an old water pipe? Oh, only fast food and coke on her diet now.

23

The ghost wails and howls in rage as workers in yellow jackets tear down her old house and fill the hole where its basement used to be with concrete. She knows that her bones are still there, and she won't stop screaming until somebody finds them.

24

Now listen, ma'am, and listen well. I'm not fond of the idea to stick these coffin nails into your child's palms either. But I'm afraid I've got no other choice if he keeps climbing the walls like that.

25

"This factory was built on the backs of simple laborers, like you and me!" the protest leader cries. Little did he know that it was true - they are still down there, and they are not happy with all this ruckus.

26

We hid from the daylight in a small cave. Me and my good, reliable friend. I blocked the cave's mouth with a huge boulder and went to sleep. The first thing I saw when I woke from my long, comfortable slumber, was my friend's skeleton still clawing desperately at that boulder.

27

I'm a fairy you know! Do you believe in fairies, child? Of course you do! Now invite me in and show me where your parents sleep! We'll play a little prank on them!

28



29

When the ship emerged from the deep fog, there was no one on board. No one, except for one comatose madman, curled up on deck. The circle of salt around him served as protection, the ship's last wax candle in his frozen hand, still alive though flickering in the heavy wind.

30

She knocked on the glass and I let her in. The mirror shattered behind her back.

31

It's so dark in here. Why the hell didn't they just cremate me like I told them to?

32

She lost her baby in that car crash, his little body cut from her womb and placed in a waste bin at the morgue. In her dreams something speaks to her. All she needs to bring the baby back is to repeat certain words. She still remembers that strange chant when she wakes up and she just can't help but whisper them.

33

Don't be silly! Of course this movie is not based on real events. They were all dead when I found them!

34

The parasite found its way inside her, when she was swimming in the lake near her vacation cabin. Fresh air and water are good for the baby, they said. The parasite followed her bloodstream and found the child. Something tells me her labour will be a fast one...

35

To their horror he crawled out of the snake pit. He had bites all over, but the snakes must've not liked what they tasted. By the time he made it out, they were all dead.

36

She wanted to dance all night long, and the dealer gave her what she asked for. She knew what she was getting into. That's how it went, too - she kept dancing all night. Her heart may have stopped within the first hour, but that wasn't a problem for her by then.





37

She crawled out of her grave that night. "Come back soon," said the darkness behind her "We'll be waiting..."

38

The only way blood can splatter like this is if the murderer uses a really big knife. Yeah, just like this one you're holding right now. Can I see it?





Come on, baby, go hug your father. I know he stinks, but the embalmer wasn't available this late.

**39**

**40**

She believes that your skin would look better on her. You hate that you agree with her.

**41**

They went into the sewers just as they were ordered. The guard dog was down there, tangled in web. Spider web, they assured the chief, swearing none of them were drunk. There was another web cocoon near the dog too, and that one was much bigger...

**42**

When rioters broke into the El presidente's mansion all they found was the tyrant's shed skin, his bloody footprints leading to a broken mirror and crimson letters written on the wall nearby - "I will be back"

**43**

We drowned the guy in the water collector. Wasn't much of a hassle. Now I sit in the corner of my room, gun in hand and half a bottle of whiskey in my stomach. Still drinking the other half. The kitchen faucet is dripping, and every fucking drop seems to scream "I'm back" in his damn voice.

**44**

**45**

The door closes behind your parents. Your granny hugs you and whispers "Oh! You smell so sweet, child...". Why did your mother look so sad when she left? You're only visiting for the holidays, right?





"Don't worry - the curse will kill everyone on that photo you gave me. I've done it already and it works." The idiot she sold the curse to didn't realize his own reflection, holding the camera, was plainly visible in the mirror.

45

46

The monster says nothing - just smiles and opens its long coat before you. The darkness beneath hides a thousand screaming souls, trapped the same as you will be.



There were no treasures in the chest, just the curled up remains of the previous treasure hunter. That, and his nail markings...

47

48

Dog returned in the morning. A little dirty and a lot more hungry. That was the third time I buried it.

"Answer me, or I will torture the person in the next room," he said. I couldn't help but laugh - I've got no friends, no relatives, no one I care about. What's some stranger's suffering to me? Then came the pain. Overwhelming, sharp pain so horrible I could not even scream. "Looks like the guy in the next room said the same," he replied.

49



50

Late at night driving down an unnamed highway, you decide to rest at the cheap motel. Don't worry - there are no roaches there. The owner feeds them to his possessed daughter, locked up in a cellar.



51

When the sun disappeared we prayed day and night for it to come back. On the fourth day God heard our prayers - the sun appeared on the horizon and quickly climbed to its usual midday place above our little village. The heat was unbearable, but we still celebrated its return. It's been four days now, and it hasn't moved another inch.

"So what exactly do you think drove you mad, my dear friend?" the doctor asks calmly. The patient lifts his head for the first time in months and starts singing his incomprehensible chant. Soon the doctor joins him.

52

53

The book can't be read by mortal eyes, only the blind can see through its pages. The sighted were never meant to understand its mysteries, but, well, they do have a choice...

54

He checked his rifle, polished his military knife and went to sleep, knowing that tomorrow was the day he would finish off that insect worshipping bastard for good. When the police opened his apartment door a week later, none of them could hold their stomach. Who could've known roaches were able to turn a man into this...

The roadside did say "Hell - 100 miles", didn't it? So what did you expect?

55

56

You knew the rumour - a highway slasher, stalking the desolate truck stops. Still, you weren't too worried as you parked your car for a short rest. What were the odds that there were two of you?

Eligos watched bemused as the student continued painting her complex ward. Perhaps her fate would not have been sealed, had she paid more attention in her geometry studies. The pentagram was just crooked enough to let him step through.

57

**58** "Enjoy the stew, darling," said the old lady, swiping what was left on the cutting board into the pot and finally letting her granddaughter's stump go.

**59** "Am I dreaming?" he asks. "No, this time I'm dreaming," the spider-thing answers softly.

**60** "If I die, before I wake - I pray the Lord my soul to take." I heard him say it right before going to sleep. So you see, honorable judge, I only made sure his wish came true.

**61** His therapist had told him to steel himself and stand up to his bullies. Dad's shotgun was the steel.

**62** The crazy goth chick you picked up at the bar had somehow gotten a hold of the keys to the nearby synagogue. She undressed me and tied me to the platform at its center. You had no reason to complain, but neither did the eyes in the darkness.

**64**

What might a man see on the open sea? Stranded on a raft, with no place to look but the endless sky, the infinite deep, and the distant horizon where the two meet, what comes to his mind? His worries of food and drink may pale to the thoughts which pay him visits and keep him company out there. Death comes only when he accepts that he is not alone.

**63**

There was no way Paul would go vegetarian. He loved the thrill of hunting. The calm hours waiting, spotting movement, and tapping into that killer instinct. He loved how they screamed in fear when they saw him.

**65**

That dude gave me 10 grand for a drop of my blood and a fucking signature. I'd be an idiot not to take that deal.



66

Baby witches should be careful which occult books they pick up. While the text may be too laboursome for them to read, the text might not think the same of them.



67

The attic was off limits to guests. Their questions about it remained unanswered. Rohan didn't feel like explaining how his friends had gotten used to his scent, but might not appreciate strangers visiting them.



68

You were told over and over to open your third eye, to see beyond the physical and discover the world's hidden wonders. Now you have seen them all. No one ever taught you how to close your third eye, and you desperately wished they had.

69

I'm so sorry! I know, I know - I left you behind and I shouldn't have. I needed to get home, though. You know my dad would've beat me bloody if I was late. I didn't think you'd just stay down there.

70

It turns out your consciousness lives in your whole body, not just your brain. After a while you lose the ability to scream, struggle, or in fact do anything at all, really, but you still... What do you call it? Live? Survive? Exist in there somewhere. When the worms start feeding on your carcass, what remains of you can savor the experience through every nerve yet devoured.

71

She sings lullabies to me, my dear, dear mother... I put her out of her misery, yet she still sings to me every night.

72

Afraid that your life is like The Truman Show? Get unexpected, get weird - masturbate in public, draw your dog in a bathtub, kill a loved one. Once the ratings drop, they'll be forced to find some other actor to replace you, right? Don't worry about what comes after. Can't be worse than this, right?

73

For years Corey hated that mass murderers were rated only by victim count. He always thought you had to adjust for spree duration. All his attempts at introducing a "victim per minute active" column into the article were blocked by Wikipedia editors. He didn't mind - he had a lot of free time for arguing his point online during his shifts at the nuclear power plant. Besides, he'd been toying with another idea for about as long...



**74** "We found her body here." The detective put a small X on a map. Then he put another X nearby, and another one, and another...

**75** An old lady in Växjö moves from one house to the next, each year a new home. No one knows why, but the families who move in after her might have some stories. She smiles and waves when you pass her, but leaves her old dens cold and unwelcoming.

**76** "Sadly," the boss said without sounding too torn up about it, leaning back into his enormous black leather office chair, "we have only one available position. Since both of you are equally professional and determined... I see no other way..." He motions to the end of the table, where two baseball bats await your decision.

**78** "Prime Minister, sir. Please. There has to be some other way." The secretary's gaze is locked on his finger, hovering over the red button. "Oh, sweet child. We tried other ways - the chipping, the mark of the beast, the 5G psy-waves, even that dreadful virus. Humanity is just too stubborn". Only now, in the blinking red light of the silo, she manages to catch a glimpse of the prime minister's black onyx horns.

**77** We thought it was radiation burns. Entire squads died, and way too fast. They collapsed on the road around us, stuttered and gargled across radio comms, and shot themselves to escape the agony. We were safe inside the tank, could drive away, flee the base and get somewhere else, anywhere else. That was days ago. We still haven't left the tank. More bodies show up every day. Some are still moving, but I don't think they're alive.

**79** It was difficult explaining to the little boy why he was with them. They were hunting some dangerous beast, he knew that. Once they reached the black oak, his uncle sat him down and tried to put it simply. The creature they hunted loved the scent of virgins. The boy was told not to complain about the ropes which bound him - they wouldn't hurt for very long.

**80** The fire finally reaches the magician's tied-up body. He doesn't scream or flinch - he simply opens his mouth wide as dozens of black butterflies emerge from the darkness inside him. Finally free.





**81** Something isn't right!  
The fetus shouldn't  
have teeth! It  
shouldn't chew on its  
umbilical cord!

**82** Please, bleed on the  
screen to complete  
the registration  
process.

**83** There's a place where  
all murdered children  
go. Not heaven nor  
hell - a cage, to  
keep their wrath  
sealed away from the  
living.

**84** Future sight is a mixed  
blessing. It's an  
uncomfortable feeling,  
watching a man get elected  
who will be directly  
responsible for the deaths  
of thousands, hundreds of  
thousands. At least you  
know when he'll be alone  
next, and where. You know  
how to get there.

**85** Each night new scratches appear on the windowsill of  
the lonely cottage in the woods. The old man draws a  
new pentagram on the wall, but he doesn't have much  
more blood to give. He hopes, prays, that he'll die  
before the forest makes its way inside.

**86** I know you want the parasites, as you call them, out  
of your body. Yes, I hear you, you have a lot of  
money, I don't doubt you can pay me. You can't match  
the payment from the Great Conclave of Grave Worms.  
They want the parasites to stay in.

**87** "It's so lonely in here, dear..." My voice was  
trembling, but I managed to hold back the  
tears, just for a little while. "Stop calling  
me, granny, you're dead!". Silence... Her voice  
comes through again. "I just wanted to give  
you directions, dear. I heard you'll be coming  
over tomorrow night."



Drink your juice, honey. The police  
will be here soon, and we don't  
want to leave you behind when the  
mothership takes us.

88

"Stop it!" I cry as she starts  
unzipping my pants. "It's  
unnatural!" "Maybe," she  
whispers, "but then again, so  
was digging me up..."

89

"Three nuggets of wisdom for you, kiddo. First  
- there is an afterlife, after all. Heaven is  
real! That was the second one. The third?  
Well." Your uncle's grin widens, skin cracking  
at the seams. "You're not in heaven."

90

If you just unlock the door honey, I  
promise to forgive you. The fire isn't  
near hot enough to burn me alive, anyway.  
Open the door, and I'll show you how to  
do it properly!

91

"But daddy... you said  
that... that thing can't  
hurt us. Why are you  
crying?" "I didn't say  
it CAN'T hurt us, but  
usually our tears are  
enough to satisfy it. So  
get on your knees and  
start fucking crying!"

92

I smiled to myself in  
a mirror. A moment  
later, the reflection  
smiled back.

93

I got used to being  
the last man alive.  
Put my guard down.  
That's what they had  
been waiting for...

94

The creature screamed as it disappeared into the  
darkness, clutching in its claws the limp, bloody  
infant. "That's it? We won?" asked the woman. "I think  
so." The man answered, exhausted. "But we'll need to  
find three more to give it before the next full moon."

95



96

Initiation into his cult was byzantine, to say the least. Read the Bible aloud backwards, prostrate before the wax figure of Barack Obama at midnight, and kiss the Fremont Troll. No one knows from where he got the idea, but judging by his giggling and raving, it really did work.

97

Finally! Your parents are asleep! Now turn on the gas and we'll be best friends forever!

98

Relax. It doesn't want to hurt you. Suffering spoils the meat.

99

"Let me go! I won't tell anyone about this! Not even my parents!" The robed and masked woman smiled down at the child she held before her. "Who do you think brought you here?"

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# 100

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