

KULT

◇ DIVINITY LOST ◇

Menagerie
of the
Lost
and
Broken



UNOFFICIAL
FAN-MADE
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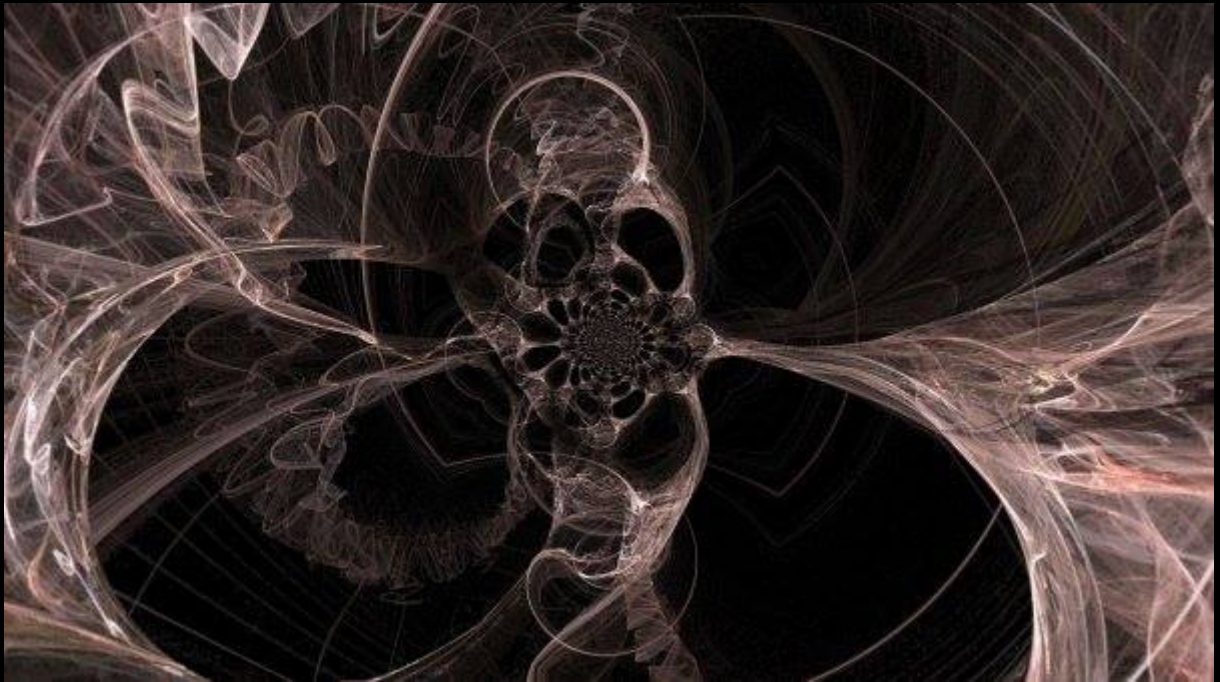
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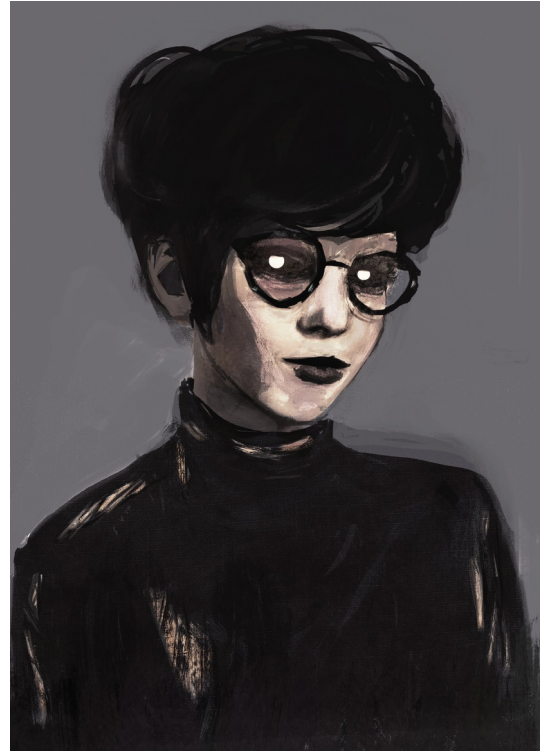
Camilla Delarca

Disciple of *She Who Waits Below*

Camilla was born in Rome in 1985, and very early turned away from the Catholic education given by her parents. Disgusted by society, she dreamt of emancipation, and when she was 16, Camilla was a cheeky young girl who likes to spend time in the catacombs underneath her home city. There, she found peace and soon developed an obsession with underground passages. She could spend entire weeks down there, just thinking and scrupulously studying the network that extends under the capital.

While doing so, she eventually discovered a concealed passage, reaching deeper, and began to explore it. She also met Alvaro Mancini, a young Death Magician who spent time in the Underworld, seeking the calm to perform and develop rituals, playing with human remains arranged in the catacombs. Alvaro promised to teach her a bit of his knowledge in exchange for the locations of the secret passages she found.

She agreed to the deal, but Alvaro tried to manipulate and abuse the teenager and began to infuse her with the influence of Togarini. In this time, she began a relationship with him, but also received her first visions of *She Who Waits Below*, manifesting in her dreams as a disembodied, floating eye.



She ended up listening to Her call and chose to embrace a life in seclusion and loneliness of the lower depths. Then she fled from Alvaro who felt betrayed (**Nemesis**) and hired some thugs to catch her. But knowing the depths better than anyone else, she reached previously unknown places, and began her journey toward Ktonor, guided by the beckoning of *She Who Waits*. On her way down, she met pilgrims of *The Guardians of the Labyrinth*, and reached the City Below together with them, but didn't formally join their cult.

Here, in a temple built in honor of *She Who Waits Below*, she secluded herself and in order to prove her devotion, she blinded herself by thrusting her own fingers into her eyes (**Marked**). Even though she didn't seal a pact with *Her*, she obtained Her confidence (**Bound to a Higher Power**). And, rather than aspiring to pursue her own disintegration through Achlys, she promised to follow *Her*, and to help those who seeking true peace to find their way. Once Camilla chose this direction, she gave her life a meaning. Since then, she has made her way up to the surface, where she silently fights *The Red Brotherhood* – among other organizations – and helps cataphiles and oblivion seekers of all stripes to reach ever deeper. She knows how to open portals through the upper levels of the Underworld, and often travels between the catacombs of Paris, Vienna, and Rome.



Home: Elysium

Creature type: Human disciple of She Who Waits Below

She is a beautiful woman of 35 years old. She is quite tall and usually wears a long grey robe that covers her entire body and a hood to cover her face. Her hair is long, white, and thin – even though it is often hidden in her hood. Her eyes are white and unless she is forced to do so, she almost never unveils them.

Abilities:

- *Shadow:* Skilled in shadowing and shaking of any stalkers.
- *Night vision:* Able to “see” in the dark.
- *Master of Rites:* Has the ability to perform rituals devoted to She Who Waits Below.
- *Opener of Ways:* Can open temporary portals to the Underworld. If the Illusion is weak in the vicinity, she can open one immediately; otherwise, the process requires some time.

Combat [2], Influence [3], Magic [3].

Combat [Novice]

- Flee from a conflict.
- Jump someone from behind, or as a sudden surprise.

Influence [Considerable]

- Connects with her contacts in The Guardians of the Labyrinth.
- Steal something from someone.
- Spread the Influence of She Who Waits Below in society

Magic [Considerable]

- Has visions of She Who Waits Below.
- Sends dreams and visions.
- Enslave someone to the will of the Void.

Attacks

Unless necessary, she does not attack with bare hands. Usually she has a pair of daggers, but she will use them only if it is the only choice and will then try to surprise her opponent.

Unarmed: **Bite [1]** [Distance: arm], **Punch & Kick [1]** [Distance: arm].

Dagger: **Surprise attack [1]** [Distance: arm, the victim can only **Avoid Harm**],

Nail to the wall [1] [Distance: arm, victim is held in place and must **Act Under Pressure** to get free];

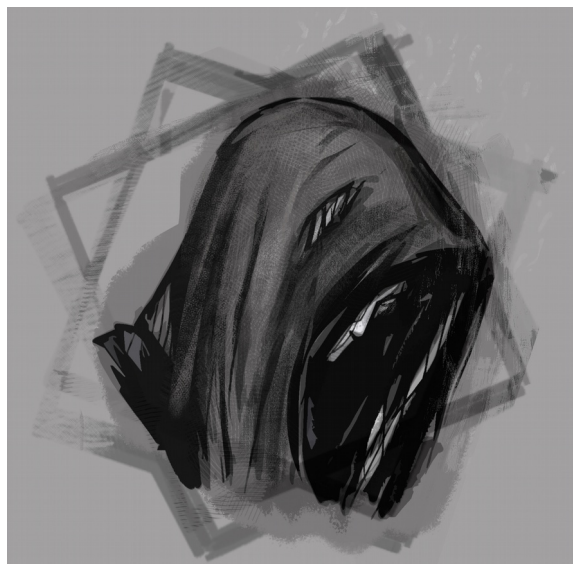
Magic: Lights off [-] [Distance: room, turn off every light in the room, plunging it into darkness],
Nightmare Flashback [-] [Distance: room, a momentary vision suddenly reminds the victim of something they've recently seen in a very disturbing dream; victim must **Keep it Together** or be dazed and unsettled, taking -2 to their next roll],

Slave to the Void [-] [Distance: Arm, enthralls a person to the Principle of Oblivion: NPCs are compelled to act in accordance with the Principle; PCs must **Keep it Together** or become enthralled, taking -1 **Stability** when acting against it, but +1 **Stability** when acting in accordance with it]

Wounds & Harm moves

Wounds: O O O X

- Scratched, but counterattacks immediately.
- Subdued, tries to flee from the conflict.
- Dying, tries to open a portal if she can.
- Dead.



Heralds of the Void, Prophets of Oblivion

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Playing Disciples of Achlys in *Kult: Divinity Lost*.

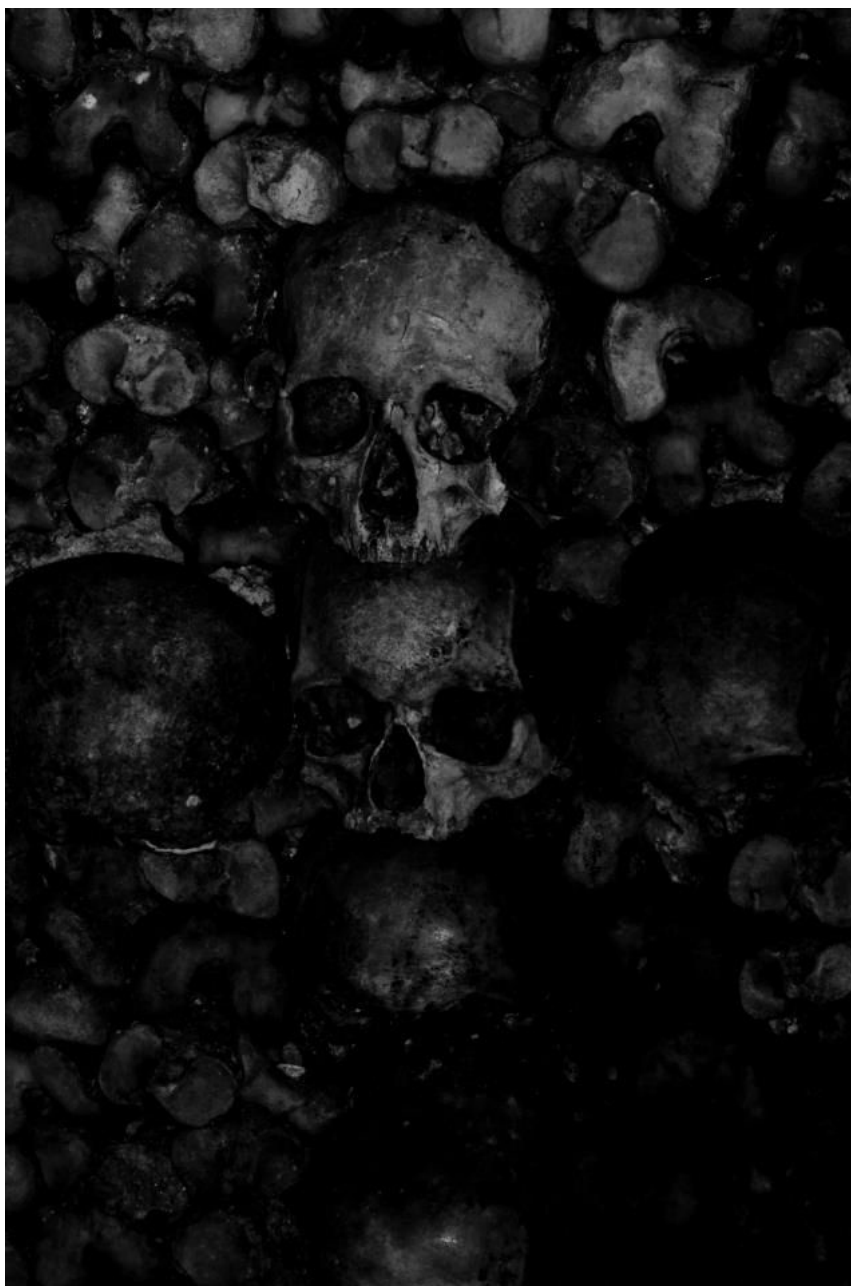
Camilla Delarca, presented as an NPC above, can alternatively also be used as a player character. She is a Disciple of *She Who Waits Below*, one of the Higher Powers of the Kult universe. Camilla serves this godlike manifestation of Achlys in many ways identically to how other Disciples serve one of the Archons or Death Angels.

To play Camilla as a PC, you can use the Enlightened Archetype of **The Disciple** almost entirely unchanged. All of the suggested **Dark Secrets** work, and all of the **Disadvantages** too (with the notable exception of **Greedy**, but that is easily exchanged for something like **Marked**, instead). Most of the Abilities can also stay the same.

In fact, the only two things you need to slightly modify are the **Manipulate the Illusion** Ability (which gets replaced by **Erode the Illusion**), and the Limitation **Bound to Higher Power** (which merely gets a new violation condition but otherwise remains the same).

New Ability: Erode the Illusion

Instead of ***Manipulating the Illusion*** with the intent of strengthening it against magic and intrusions from beyond the Veil, a Disciple of Achlys and *She Who Waits Below* desires to tear down the Illusion. Whether it is to increase the devastation caused by their own magic, to allow creatures from the Underworld entry into Elysium, or simply to accelerate the Illusion's general decay by another tiny bit - the priesthood of the Void prefers to break our prison apart, instead of fortifying it.



When you erode the Illusion to enable or increase an otherworldly force or creature, roll +Soul

(-magic level of creature, if there is one opposing you).

(15+) You break down the Illusion strong enough to leave a lasting dent, and increase any forces from beyond that you intend to strengthen.

(10-14) The Illusions bends and crumbles, allowing you to increase the influx of other-worldly forces, but there are unexpected complications, such as the magic or creature will not last long, or your exertion of force attracts unwanted attention.

(-9) The Illusion refuses to bend, and temporarily rejects or imprisons you.

You may be overwhelmed,

transported elsewhere, or become the target of people or beings who see you as a threat.

The GM makes a move.

Limitation: Bound to Higher Power (Achlys)

The Principle of *She Who Waits Below* is to strive for ‘*the cessation of everything*’. Her followers, cultists, and (especially) Her Disciples must constantly seek to feed oblivion and the void. All things crumble and fall apart, and in the end there will only be silence and darkness. And then, not even that anymore. To the servants of Achlys, that end cannot come soon enough. They must further the deterioration of the world in any way and on any level that they can.

They are considered to be violating their Principle, when they:

create or achieve something lasting or of permanent value, or encourage others to do so.

If and when they do that, they provoke their Higher Power’s wrath, and risk retribution - which means that the move for **Bound to Higher Power** is triggered and must be rolled for, handled as normal for any other Disciple.

• • •

Apart from that, a Disciple of Achlys, just like one serving one of the Archons or Death Angels, may possess **Divine Strength**, can be a **Master of Rites**, **Opener of Ways**, or **Summoner**, might command **Templars**, be **Experienced** from their former life, or **Unyielding** in the face of magical opposition.

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Used as a PC, Camilla Delarca could reasonably have the Dark Secret **Pact with Dark Forces**, and the Personal Drive to *achieve further power and success*. For Disadvantages, **Nemesis** (Alvaro Mancini) and **Fanatic** (Achlys) could work well, or perhaps **Marked** (by the Void) or **Stalkers** (the Red Brotherhood) might be worth considering. Her most important Abilities are **Master of Rites** and **Opener of Ways**.

For her third Ability, she might opt to possess **Divine Strength** (for directly confronting her deity’s enemies up close with her daggers), or go for **Erode the Illusion** instead (to help with Opening the Ways, and to metaphysically bring Achlys closer to Elysium by breaking down the Veil). Alternatively, she could also choose to have recruited some of the cataphiles she met and helped out underground, making them her **Templars**.

This choice can finetune the character between taking more of a combat, magic, or leadership role in the game.





The Mother of Monsters

Fetid Shambler in the Sewers

In the moist, amber twilight of the Birth Chambers of Ktonor, a child of the Beryn tribe was delivered from the cybernetic wombs of the Biomechanical Keepers. A baby daughter, one of the healthiest and most wholesome to grace that old and honorable lineage in many decades.

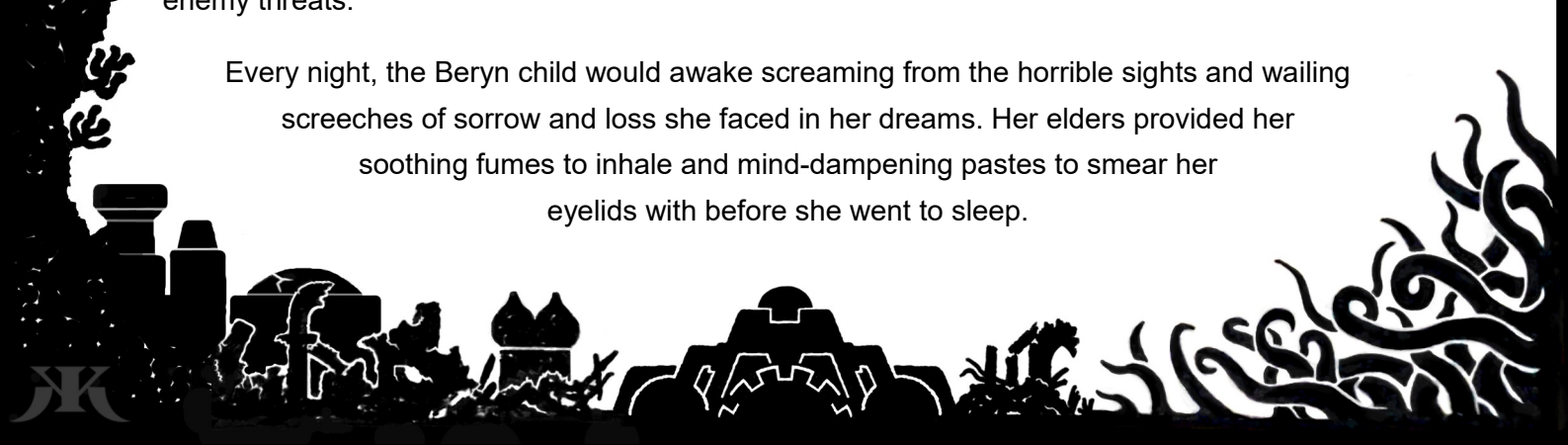
Raised with love by both her own family's elders and the Keepers who had bred her and carried her to term, she grew up strong and beautiful. Her clear child's laughter brightened the ruined streets and derelict market places of Ktonor a tiny little bit on many a gloomy day, a spark of hope against the creeping death and decay that slowly suffocates all who live down there below the Coral Portal.

She was destined to mature into taking over her part of the family's duties in maintaining the arcane machinery in the Temple of the Blind, becoming a Warden of the Turbine Halls and putting her species' innate understanding of technology to use in upkeeping the ancient apparatuses that keep the all-devouring Void at bay.

Her elders fostered and protected her with the greatest fervor - for it was hoped that one day, she herself was going to provide the genetic material to breed another generation of healthy Beryn offspring. But already as a child, her family's other determining feature proved very strong in her - the ability to perceive the twisting rivers of the future. Very early in her life, she experienced prophetic dreams and visions of a clarity and vehemence rarely seen even in a Beryn at that age.

One of her recurring visions, the most powerful and terrifying one she kept having, filled the young child with a nameless dread. In it, she beheld a twisted and emaciated monster, covered in fetid clumps and clotted strands of rotting organic waste as it wretchedly prowls what she only much later learned to identify as forgotten sewers and abandoned subway tunnels, barely beneath the surface of the sunlit world where the humans dwell. The monster, which exudes an emanation of ruin that invariably breaks down any machinery it crawls close to, is forever alone, no peers by its side. Only the smaller, even more wretched abominations that are birthed from the slimy lumps of rotten meat that drip off of its distorted flesh are there to keep it company. In perverse shows of filial love, they crawl over its reeking and misshapen body, petting and caressing it before they inevitably die when they succumb to the countless diseases and deformities intrinsic to their ill-fated existence. Only rarely do one or two survive long enough to grow large enough to help their monstrous mother to hunt for food, or prove their love for her by guarding her against unseen enemy threats.

Every night, the Beryn child would awake screaming from the horrible sights and wailing screeches of sorrow and loss she faced in her dreams. Her elders provided her soothing fumes to inhale and mind-dampening pastes to smear her eyelids with before she went to sleep.



But all that these administrations could achieve was to soften the visions for a little while, before they returned in full force once more.

She was doomed to suffer the visions all alone, too, since for unknown reasons the portents inflicted upon her were not shared by any of her peers. None of the other Beryn could see what she saw through the nebulous rivulets of times-yet-to-unfold. As she insisted on her insights, she was met first with concern, then with disbelief, denial, and finally orders to remain quiet on the matter.


In need of answers however, and driven by such omens of horror and doom, the Beryn girl ultimately sought refuge with the wisdom of the priesthood of She Who Waits Below. Before long, she joined their number, entering the ecclesiastic hierarchy of *The Sermon of the Void* and thus rejecting her family's expectations of taking a place among the honorable (but ever-thinning) ranks of the Wardens of the Turbine Halls. She sensed she had to seek insights into the secrets of the Void itself in order to make sense of her terrifying prophetic visions.



Meditating alone in the temple of She Who Waits Below for many years, she remained unable to derive answers from prayer, sacrifice, or supplication - but was still continuously plagued by increasingly intense nightmares of the *Abomination in the Tunnels Above*.

Eventually, she ventured forth into the Black Labyrinth itself in search of a solution to her torment: *The Breaker of Gears*, the *Mother of Monsters* - it was coming, slouching towards Ktonor to be born. As it was rearing its ugly head from the ever nearing future, she saw that it would inevitably end up attracting the attention of the former human godmasters from the Elysium above. It would draw their cruel and inquisitive gazes to the depths of the Underworld below, and bring ruin upon all of Ktonor in the most horrible ways. Thus heralding certain doom for all of the Black City's many wretched Children, its merciless and catastrophic ascent had to be stopped.

And it was evidently upon her, and her alone, to do so.



She gave away what little worldly possessions she still owned and, passing through the Temple of the Blind clad only in sparse drapes of self-moistening algae, she entered into the maze of oblivion.

In spite of her devotion and her long years of service to the priesthood, her prayers were met only with silence amidst the impenetrable darkness.

Deaf to her pleas, or perhaps merely unmoved by the mortal agony of the Beryn girl's futile struggle with destiny, She Who Waits Below never answered her desperate calls for salvation.

The Blind Bull did not come to slay her, but neither choose to show her a way. Perhaps he deemed her neither worthy nor fully unworthy enough for his administrations. Or perhaps he sensed a greater design at work, and deigned to steer well clear.

The Labyrinth itself refused to grant her an exit to the ultimate Void, where she could have left behind her torments by dissolving into the oblivious bliss of Achlys.

Instead, she lost her way, a myriad times. She lost her sense of time and space, and of her own body. She lost her name and many of her memories to the nothingness. In the end, she very nearly lost herself.

Ultimately, the black maze spat her back out - but she was almost unrecognizably changed from what she had been before.

Gone was her beautiful obesity, her gorgeous swollen rolls of fat that had so cozily cushioned her against the stone benches in the Beryn steampool living chambers.

She emerged gaunt and emaciated; all sore, dried-up skin and brittle, distorted bones. Her meaty tentacles had shriveled away to gnarly leathery tendrils, and her sensually gurgling voice had devolved into rasping moans of sorrow and pain.

The maelstrom had ripped her apart - body, mind, and soul - many times over, and only through sheer force of will had she managed to put herself back together, time after time.


Nevertheless, she returned utterly mad, and physically rearranged in the most bizarre ways.

Her species' custom bionic limbs were one of the first things the Void greedily tore from her, and they are now replaced with bony, spider-like appendages that emerge from her emaciated torso at odd angles. Her formerly toothless mouth has become studded with metallic fangs. Her small, sunken eyes burn with the black hunger of oblivion itself.

The proximity to Achlys during her prolonged stay in the Black Labyrinth has not only splintered and twisted her body and mind, but went deeper, corrupting her very spirit as well.


The maelstrom of annihilation that rages there at the periphery of the nothingness has ripped her Beryn-born understanding and predilection for technology out of her - and cruelly inverted it into an entropic nimbus that makes any machinery in her vicinity start to decay, crumble, and deteriorate.

Her cancerous, fungus-infected flesh - or what's left of it on her gaunt frame - has through endless tribulations at the very outskirts of time itself, re-learned the age old secret of regenerating itself.





She Who Waits Below She Who Waits Below She Who Waits Below She Who Waits Below



Her form constantly attempts to regrow into its former glory, but the relentless pull of Achlys never allows this to come to fruition.

Before long, the newly grown body mass turns diseased and rotten, falling off in pus-riddled clumps or melting away to a foul-reeking ooze.

However, the essences of both growth *and* corruption are so deeply embedded in her very flesh, that any living creature who partakes of these repulsive droppings will be afflicted by them - soon changing into new

and horrible forms, only to fall victim to the raging necrotic disease she carries in her mutagenic flesh.

Returning to Ktonor after her excruciating excursion, both the priesthood and her erstwhile family reacted with horror and disgust at her very sight - and swiftly cast her out with extreme prejudice.

They wove ancient rituals to erase her entire existence from their collective memories, and drove her out beyond the Coral Portal, never to return.

She realized then where she would have to go, and what her future fate would irrevocably be. After all, she had seen it all unfold, countless times before. Cursed with an ill fate, all of her struggles against her destiny had been in vain. Her splintered and tormented mind resigning itself to her doom, she finally accepted her only possible future.

She herself has become the *Mother of Monsters*, now.

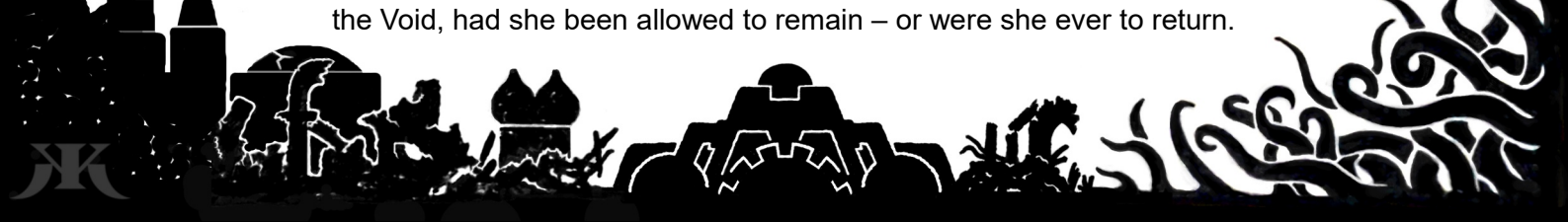
Dragging herself, in search of food and moisture if nothing else, slowly upwards towards the surface, she gradually began to recognize her surroundings. Bedrock chasms and natural caverns gave way to man-made tunnels and chambers dotted with signs, symbols, and inscriptions that were unintelligible to her at first. Only slowly did they become more and more familiar to her.

Driven by hunger and a nameless search, she hunted and crawled, hunted and crawled... ever ascending. At some point, through the haze of her fragmented memories she started to recognize her surroundings - she had seen them in her own nightmare visions before. This was the lair of the abomination in the tunnels above, and thus would be her new home from now on.

In a broken down underground waste-processing facility she dwells, reveling in the moist biological fumes of the refuse collected there between its broken gears. She ventures out to hunt for food and defend her territory against intruders. Wherever she crawls, she leaves behind the necrotic clumps of her own flesh – and when the manifold vermin of the sewers (rodents, insects, dogs, humans...) partake of them, they become her monstrous children before long.

It is a bizarre irony that she, the last daughter of a thinned-out lineage of an almost entirely sterile and barren people, who would willingly sacrifice hundreds of breathing bodies for but one single healthy offspring, now has become the mother of dozens, nay, hundreds of children of her own.

Yet abominations they are, wretched, cancerous, and malformed. Outcast by rights and necessity, for the aura of deterioration they all exude would tip the delicate metaphysical balance that Ktonor itself is so precariously perched upon, and plunge the entire Black City into the Void, had she been allowed to remain – or were she ever to return.





Name: Her name has been devoured by Achlys and is forgotten by all. She is now known only as The *Mother of Monsters*, the *Breaker of Gears*, or similar denominations.

Home: The sewers where Elysium borders onto the Underworld.

Creature Type: Creature of the Underworld, a Beryn distorted by the Void.

Abilities

- ◆ *Multi-Limbed:* The creature has multiple limbs [enemies are at -1 to **Avoid Harm** while in close combat].
- ◆ *Machine Entropy:* The being exudes an innate aura of deterioration, causing any technology she stays around to glitch, malfunction, and ultimately break down.
- ◆ *Fragmented Future Sight:* The Mother of Monsters retains a small portion of her species' ability to glimpse across the horizon of time. Albeit splintered and fleeting, her visions ensure that she sees at least her own future clearly enough so that she will usually know in advance where to hunt for food, hardly ever be surprised by visitors in her lair, etc.
- ◆ *Healing ability:* Taking more than **2 Wounds** awakens strange mechanisms in the being's body, causing all future **Harm** it is dealt to be decreased by -1.
- ◆ *Mother of Monsters:* see sidebox on the next page.



Weakness

- ◆ The Mother of Monsters' metabolism still requires constant moisture in order not to dry out and break down. If deprived, she becomes sluggish and slow, first losing her ability of **Fragmented Foresight**, and then even granting +2 to *all actions* against her. She will die within days if not allowed to immerse herself in water, moist compost, a steam-filled cavern, or some other high-humidity environment.

Combat [3], **Influence** [2], **Magic** [3].

Combat [Considerable]

- ◆ Multiple attacks against the same target at once.
- ◆ Paralyzing attack.
- ◆ Venomous attack.

Influence [Novice]

- ◆ Call mutated vermin of the sewers to her defence [**Act under Pressure** to avoid the monstrous rats and roaches, or suffer 1 **Harm**].
- ◆ Reveal secret passageways to the Underworld - either for a price, or simply because she has already seen that she will do it.

Magic [Considerable]

- ◆ Sense electrical currents and machinery in her vicinity.
- ◆ Recount fragmentary glimpses of the past or future [**Keep it Together** or **reduce Stability** [2] as the abomination moans of things it should have no way of knowing].
- ◆ Short-out or jam an electrical or mechanical device [Distance: Room].

NEW NPC ABILITY FOR CREATURES OF THE UNDERWORLD

Mother/Father of Monsters


The creature's secretions and body fluids are highly mutagenic. Ingesting them or having extended skin contact leads to bodily distortions that can range from the bestial to the utterly alien.

If this creature dwells in the higher levels of the Underworld for any time longer than a few weeks, it will give rise to urban legends about giant mutated sewer rats, cryptid sightings in abandoned subway tunnels, demonic abominations haunting the catacombs underneath the old cathedral, and worse...

The creatures thus mutated share a genetic bond with the "parent" creature, which can be exploited in magical or scientific ways. The creature may also make a habit of "adopting", taming, befriending, or enslaving its "children". They may be found protecting it or performing tasks in its service, to the extent of their ability to comprehend and execute.

Example creatures

- ◆ a cursed Azadaeva, everyone who has sex with her starts to mutate into an azadaeva-like hybrid creature within the next month.
- ◆ a Child of the Night whose black fumes contaminate the air in the tunnels around its dwelling and gives rise to monstrous sewer rats and deformed crocodiles.
- ◆ an outcast Kadath, whose flesh-sculpting abilities got twisted out of hand after he forged a pact with an envoy of Nahemoth - hoping to attain power and prestige amongst his peers, but reaping only scorn and abject terror at what abominations his distorted flesh now sprouts.



Attacks: The Mother of Monsters has various horrible ways to attack any who intrude upon her fetid territory. She will make full use of her attacks to bring down threats, seeking to turn them into fresh prey to feed upon.


Leathery Tentacles: **Shocking Touch [0*]** [Distance: Arm, victim is zapped with a paralyzing electrical discharge and must **Endure Injury**. On a fail, it becomes fully immobile (but conscious), while on a (10-14) it takes -1 to all rolls for the remainder of the scene], **Strangling Hold [1]** [Distance: Arm, victim must be *paralyzed or poisoned*, and once grabbed has to **Act under Pressure** to escape, or keeps suffering 1 Harm periodically until unconscious or dead].

Bony Spider-Legs: **Claw Rake [2]** [Distance: Arm], **Poisonous Sting [1]** [Distance: Arm, victim is injected with a poison that slows them, making it an **Act under Pressure** to move fast or nimble while under the influence. PCs who die while poisoned will rise again after a little while, but receive the Disadvantage **Condemned**, which manifests as rampant infections and mutations. When their *Time* advances to 10, they will die from these - this time for good].

Magic: **Fragmented Foresight [*]** [The Mother remembers something of what she has seen will transpire around her, which gives anyone in her vicinity -1 to the next roll against her].

Wounds & Harm Moves

Wounds: O O O O O O X

- ◆ The bullet inefficiently tears through a loose flap of leathery skin.
 - ◆ Black blood dribbles forth from the wound, looking already half-congealed and spreading a foul smell.
 - ◆ A few of its spidery limbs are destroyed [loses its **Claw Rake** and/or **Poisonous Sting** attack/s].
 - ◆ She remembers seeing her own death at your hands and starts pleading for mercy - making any promise to avoid further violence [**Keep it Together** to keep attacking her].
 - ◆ One or both tentacle(s) hacked off or torn to pieces [loses its **Shocking Touch** and/or **Strangling Hold** attack(s)].
 - ◆ Head wound - a milky sludge spills forth from the abomination's cracked skull. Any who get near it can sense that it would give them great insights if they were to ingest it. [**Keep it Together** to eat the foul-smelling brain sludge, but if a PC does it they inherit the creature's **Fragmented Future Sight** ability (see sidebar on the next page). In addition however, they are also poisoned and become **Condemned** as if they had died from the creature's sting attack.]
 - ◆ Shuddering and squirming wildly, the Mother of Monsters falls to the ground in a tangle of limbs and skin flaps, dying as miserably as she lived.
- 



Plot Hooks

- ◆ ***Subterranean Malfunctions*** - a group of PCs working for the city as sewer technicians and subway tunnel maintenance workers are sent to investigate accumulating indications of malfunctioning machinery down there in the dampest and darkest tunnels of the metropolis' ancient intestines. Perhaps they encounter a wayward occultist and a lost urban explorer down there (to provide some greater variety to the party)... and they may soon realize that finding their way downward to where the broken machines are proves to be their smaller challenge - as opposed to escaping what lurks there before they may try and find their way back.
- ◆ ***Cryptid Sightings*** - Urban explorers, fringe scientists, and fiction authors alike may be interested in the recent upsurge of rumors about weird, alien creatures being spotted in the vicinity of the landfill, the slums, and the waters of the old harbor. None of those captured were apparently able to survive for any length of time, and have been reported to dissolve into a foul reeking sludge upon death. Is it an elaborate hoax, a secret subterranean genetics lab, some industrial leak releasing highly mutagenic toxins, or a portal to another dimension? The theories abound, and there is only one way to find out for sure...
- ◆ ***Guide to the Depths*** - for a group of PCs who are looking to find a pathway down to the Underworld, a divination ritual they have conducted (or have had someone else conduct for them) points them toward the urban myth of the Shambler in the Sewers - a hideous subterranean creature dwelling amongst monstrous vermin, which is rumored to be able to travel through time, and to know secret passages to The Darkness Beneath...

NEW ADVANTAGE FOR PCs

Fragmented Future Sight

At the start of every game session, roll +Soul.

(15+) Gain 3 options.

(10-14) Gain 1 option.

(-9) Gain 1 option, but you also have to **Keep it Together** against feverish nightmare visions of the past or future, on a fail **reduce Stability [2]**.

Options:

- ◆ Remember something that you have seen about this situation [take +1 to all rolls until the scene ends].
- ◆ Act first even in a surprising situation - whatever just happened, it was not a surprise to you.
- ◆ Know where to find something that you seek.
- ◆ Barf forth unsettling prophecy [NPCs will react unsettled or alienated, PCs must **Keep it Together** as you address things you should not possibly be able to know].





Simon Silver

Beguiling Infiltrator from Beneath.

You can see him passing along beach promenades and nightlife strips, an ethereally graceful apparition that glides by on the latest segway or e-scooter, exhaling puffs of oddly-scented vapors from his sleek, latest model e-cigarette. His hipster hairstyles - sidecut, ponyhawk, bright colours, memorable beard shapes - would look cliché and try-hard on almost anyone else, and his attire too over the top to be worn with any vestige of seriousness. And yet, on him, they appear glamorous and perfect.

The Lie

He exudes an otherworldly allure as he passes by, leaving you to wonder who that was just then... inexplicably longing to meet him again some time. You'll catch yourself switching through TV channels and internet feeds, days later, hoping to randomly find him in some reality show, serial drama, glam rock band, or even porn flick. Perhaps you might. You'll dream of him, too, remembering only hazy montages of delicate passion and exquisitely thorned euphoria in the morning. It'll leave you longing to be close to him, to have him.

Maybe, just maybe, you'll manage to track him down one day, or run into him by sheer chance again. But he won't be interested in you. Surely enough, he enjoys the attention and devotion that his presence invariably sparks in the humans he surrounds himself with, and the many pleasantries that come with them. But that's not why he's here.

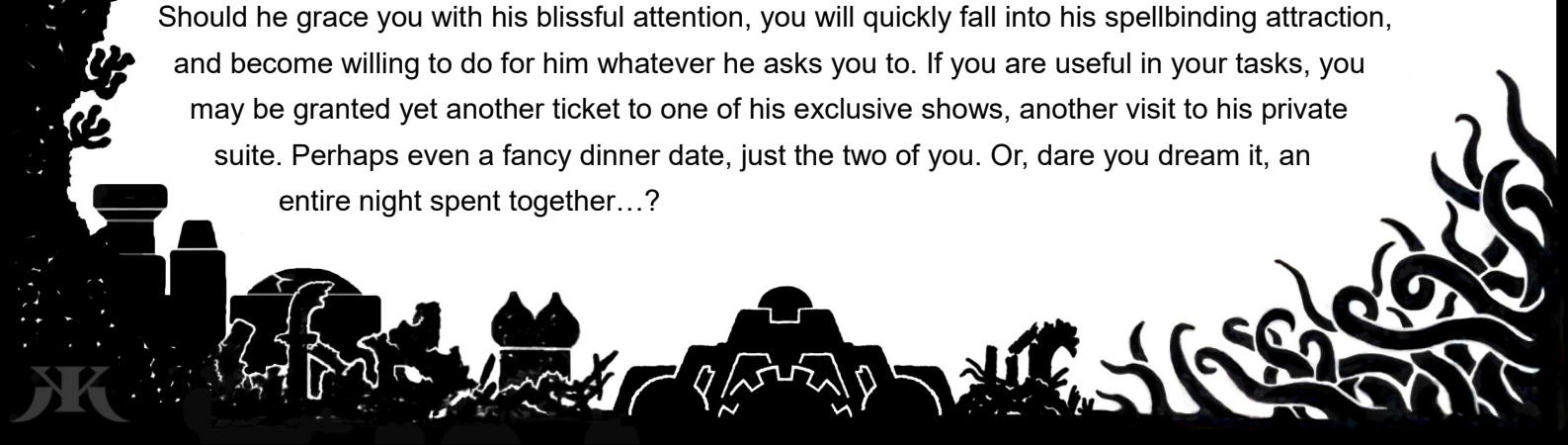
He has a secret agenda, and unless you are suitable to play a part in it, he'll hardly ever so much as linger his gaze upon you. Always expensively dressed, perfectly manicured, and beset of an aloof confidence, he readily partakes of all the many gifts given to him by his throng of followers and admirers. Well provided with the finest foods and drinks, the most exquisite drugs, and all the wildest sex he could ever wish for, what could he possibly want from you?

Nothing, obviously.

Except maybe... he might deign to use you for his own true ends – but only if you happen to be just the right person in just the right place.

The Madness

Should he grace you with his blissful attention, you will quickly fall into his spellbinding attraction, and become willing to do for him whatever he asks you to. If you are useful in your tasks, you may be granted yet another ticket to one of his exclusive shows, another visit to his private suite. Perhaps even a fancy dinner date, just the two of you. Or, dare you dream it, an entire night spent together...?



But there is always a price, something you must do or give before he rewards you in any of these ways. And he does have quite a few groupies, all eager to do his bidding first, constantly seeking to out-perform each other for him. All the same, most of these devoted followers never look more deeply into the man's history, or achievements. In fact they hardly pay any attention to his background at all.

They'll eagerly go wherever they can see or meet him, for sure, will listen to his music and whatever... But it is all done purely out of enthusiasm for the man himself, for his sheer *presence*.

His aura of extravagant glamour and attraction blinds the onlooker and makes them lose all care about finding any substance behind the fabulous charade. It doesn't matter what he has done, or said, or written, or played. He himself is simply 'it', he's *clearly* the next big thing and just hasn't fully blown up yet, but it's bound to happen any day now - and if you haven't met him yet, *you've absolutely got to*, if you ever get a chance!

Because of this blind enthusiasm, and **Simon Silver's** own preference to keep his audience somewhat nichey and small, no one has yet found out about the man's other, previous identities.

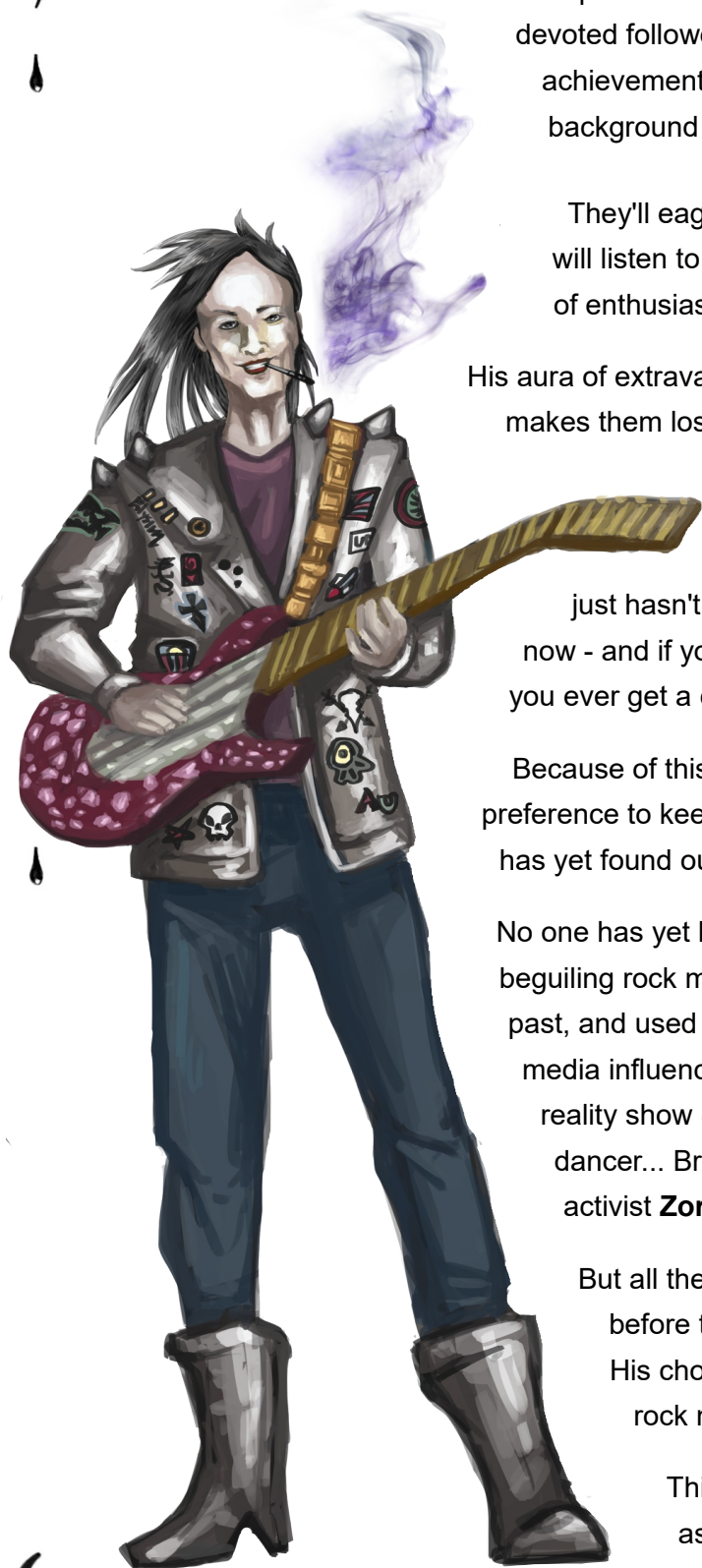
No one has yet looked hard enough into his past to realize that the beguiling rock musician has drifted amongst other crowds in the past, and used other names and professions: **Zed Zaphyre**, social media influencer and video blogger... **Siggy Suave**, porn actor and reality show *enfant terrible*... **Cecile Kovasic**, prodigy ballet dancer... Breakout poetry slammer and flamboyant gay rights activist **Zoran "Zoomsey" Sabev**...

But all these were but hollow masks, none worn for too long before they now lay broken and discarded.

His chosen shell now is that of the underwear model turned rock musician, Simon Silver.

This new façade of a career, of a reason for being, is as shallow as all the ones before it. Brittle and short-lived, it is but a mere illusion, deviously engineered

with the aid of forces beyond the usual ken of man. It serves but a single certain purpose, and after that is achieved, like all those other masks before, it will be cast aside and left behind.





The Truth

Zreanai Shaekar, who goes by the name of Simon Silver in the sunlit world, is an Azadaeva in service to the Famaria sect known as *The Kings Beneath*. Given away by his parents to the Famaria as part of a pledge of fealty and political alliance, he was raised by them to become a loyal servant to the *Kings'* cause. When his training was complete, he came to the surface cities of Elysium on a mission to help fulfil the ancient prophecy this sect adheres to.

This *Iron Prophecy* speaks of the *Promised Heirs* which need to be sought amongst the humans of Elysium. Certain select people must be found and abducted by the cult, to bring them down to Ktonor to be used in the schemes of *The Kings Beneath*.

Zreanai's whole mask of being the human musician Simon is (just like all the other masks he has worn before) carefully tailored to allow him to get close to one of these *Promised Heirs*. Since they are outsiders and intruders in Elysium, the Famaria cannot act with impunity there, instead being forced to evade the attention of the lictors and other guardians of the Illusion. Therefore, they require secrecy and deceit to succeed. Zreanai - with the enchantments and illusions he can weave - is the perfect tool to this end.

You see, there is a certain powerful man in town, **Charles Barnesworth** by name. He is Zreanai's destined quarry, the prospective abduction victim the azadaeva infiltrator is secretly scheming to get close to.

Charles Barnesworth is the firstborn scion of his family – which is incidentally one of the oldest and most influential families in the country.

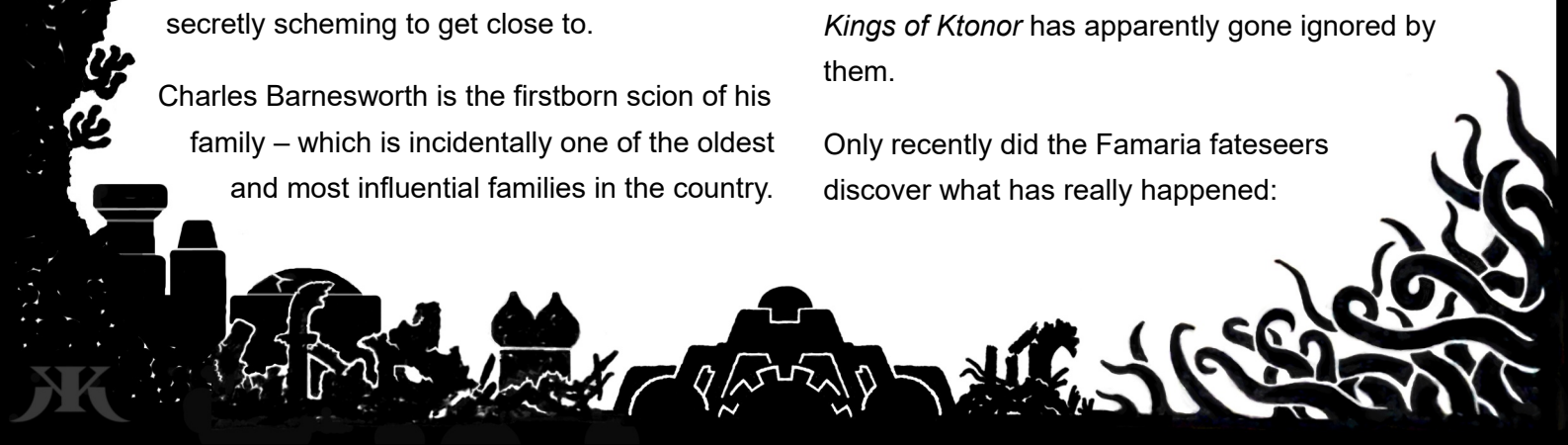
You'll surely have heard of them, they own hotels, restaurant chains, entertainment venues... and are politically involved as well. They're also very reclusive and privacy-minded.

If you should investigate their history, you'll find decades of public-relations drivel, all designed to make them look like ambitious, hard-working, but also benevolently-inclined philanthropist types. You'll also come across darker rumors. Some of those claim that they are afflicted by an ancient curse of childhood death. Others maintain that they are black magicians in league with the devil himself, and able to command terrible entities not from this world. Occultist forums on the darknet will point out the arcane underpinnings of certain names, dates, and places the family is connected to.

However, nothing of substance can be uncovered by way of any evidence of crimes they may have committed - or at least nothing can be made to stick to them anyways, since their lawyers and political connections evidently take good care of the family's unblemished standing.

Only once you dig really, really deep into the matter – extending your research well beyond the confines of Elysium – may you find out that the Barnesworth family has ancient ties to the Underworld. They are one of the so-called *Ancestor Clans* who will produce the *Promised Heirs*. They have had age-old pacts with the Darkness Below, yet, since a couple generations back the maturity of their pledges to the *Rightful Kings of Ktonor* has apparently gone ignored by them.

Only recently did the Famaria fateseers discover what has really happened:



Envoys of The Kings Beneath

Ties to Powers: The Underworld and Ktonor, the Famaria sect called *The First and Rightful Kings*.

Members: Mostly humans, Children of the Underworld, and half-bred hybrid creatures in between. The occasional Child of the Night, azghoul, angel, or other being may be found here and there amongst their ilk as well.

Agenda: Locate and abduct the *Promised Heirs* of the surface-dwelling human *Ancestor Clans*, to fulfil the *Iron Prophecy*.

Moves: *Stalk Someone, Spies Where You Won't Expect Them, Appear out of Nowhere, Quietly Abduct Someone, Silence the Witnesses, Emergency Intervention with Violence.*

Deep down in the farthest recesses of the Underworld, the Famaria vaultmasters keep their most ancient heirloom treasure: The **Iron Slates of Famar**. These prophetic tablets describe a number of human genealogies that are fated to be instrumental for the Famaria dynasty's *Promised Ascension*, which is destined to happen during the *Last Cycle*.

Only the members of these specific human bloodlines will provide sufficient genetic material to keep breeding new offspring to the Famaria who are strong and pure enough to successfully fulfil the *Iron Prophecy* – namely, to contest the prevailing regime of the Biomechanical Keepers, and lead the *First and Rightful Kings* back to their proper status as the sole, and autocratic rulers of Ktonor.

For untold millennia, they have pursued this goal. Pacts have been woven with the imprisoned former godmasters in Elysium, cults established, noble clans interbred, young lovers assassinated, and arranged marriages enforced. All to ensure the eventual existence of these foretold sacred bloodlines, called the *Ancestor Clans* by the sect – because they are, albeit unwittingly, the ancestors of the Famaria's future kings and queens.

The shadow agents of the Famaria used to be many, and well embedded just where it

counted the most. However, much of their former control has slipped from their hands in recent centuries.


Most of the 28 Iron Slates of Famar have become illegible from age and decay, encrusted with rust or partially crumbled away. Humankind's increased mobility all around the globe has made it harder to track the families that are still foggily remembered by the elders, or whose names and genetic features can still be haphazardly deciphered from what is left of the ancient inscriptions.

Entire branches of these age-old dynasties have thus become lost to the aspiring *Future Kings of Ktonor*. They forget or refuse to keep up their end of the ritualistic pacts with the emissaries of the Darkness Below, or they still perform the rites and sacrifices but the *Envoys* no longer know where they are and so cannot appear to receive and collect them.

But when one of these lost *Ancestor Clans* is found again, the *Kings* try everything in their power to get a hold on them once more.

The uneducated in these matters may assume their behaviour to be mere religious zealotry, a dogmatic adherence to a corroded prophecy - but to them, their quest is a dire one:

Their very survival as a species depends on it.



After migrating to another continent, the Barneswhorths have started to neglect their age-old loyalty to the Kings Beneath. Their pacts had specified that in every other generation, a first son of a first son of the Barnesworth dynasty was to be given as a life sacrifice to the Darkness Below. For six generations now, the sacrifices have been withheld.

Now however, the sniffing hounds of the Underworld have picked up one of the family's scent once more. The shadow agents of the Famaria have observed and investigated them, and found that a new Promised Heir has been born. His name is Charles Barnesworth, and the Famaria elders in their wisdom have determined to send their best infiltrator, Zreanai Shaekar, to get a hold of him.

However, the azadaeva is not expected to just break into his place and physically grasp him to drag him down to the depths. That task will fall to another agent (or group of agents), later.

First, his identity must be without a doubt confirmed, his flesh examined to see if it is indeed worthy of partaking in the Famaria's *Promised Ascension*. Only if the high priests of Famar deem its heritage true and pure enough, will the First Kings proceed further. Then, the Promised Heir of the Barnesworths will be taken, brought down to the Sanctification Vaults, and ultimately processed to the Breeding Chambers when the destined time of the Last Cycle has arrived.

Therefore, Zreanai must only get a sample of the Heir's bodily fluids. Barnesworth's seed, a vial of his blood, or most brutishly perhaps just a chunk of his flesh.

It is not the first time the azadaeva has conducted a mission of this kind, in fact he has done it several times in the past. He has been successful more often, than not, and has been getting some practice at it by now.

But this target is especially hard to get to.

The Barneswhorth Heir moves only in rather tightly-guarded circles, and protects his private life very well.

[GM-Note: For the purposes of your game, you could make him be a politician, a mob boss, opera director, or chief of industry perhaps. These will all work equally well.]

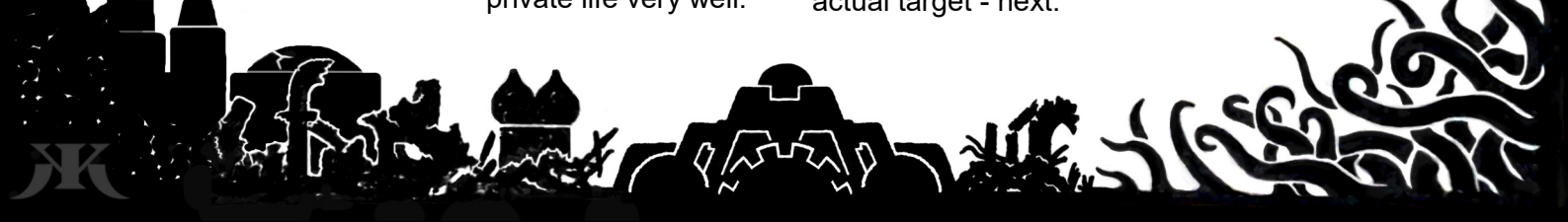
This makes his surroundings hard to infiltrate. But covert Famaria spies have found out that his adolescent daughter, Clara Barnesworth, incidentally loves to go to underground rock concerts. Inclined to flaunt her father's adamant emphasis on avoiding the public and maintaining a tight regime on familial secrecy, she will occasionally sneak out to party.

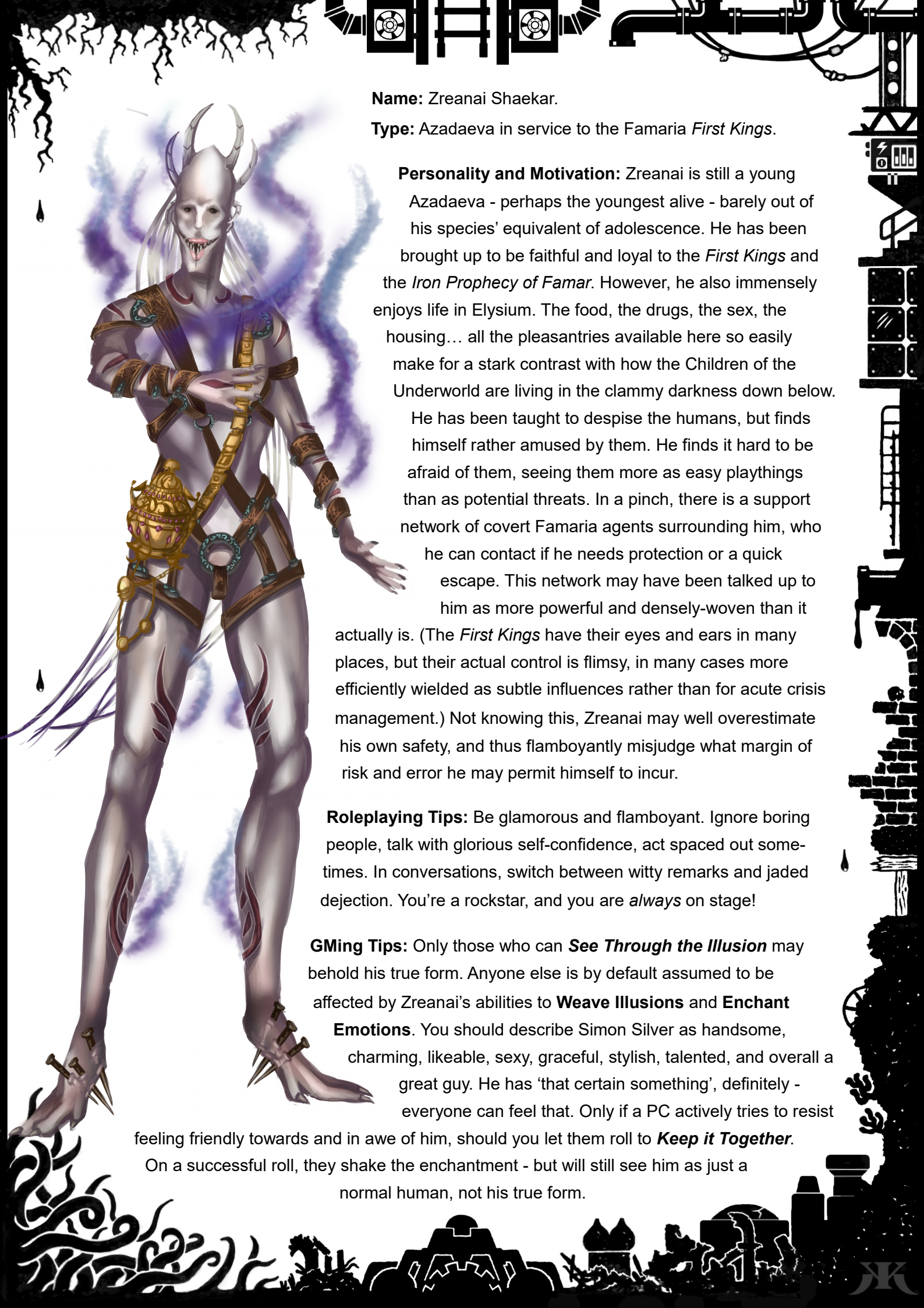
Zreanai hopes to become able to invade the Heir's household if he can manage to get Clara to come to one of his rock concerts.

That is why Simon Silver is what he is. He has tried to attract her attention by posing as a high-profile underwear fashion model before, but failed to rope her in back then.

Now with his new angle of being a glamorous rock musician, he hopes for another shot at her attention - which he will then have an easy time turning into rapt fascination and devoted subservience. And he will ruthlessly instrumentalize any of his gaggle of admirers, in his bid to lure the *Impure Princess*.

And once she lets him into her life, he figures it will be trivial to angle for her father - his actual target - next.





Name: Zreanai Shaekar.

Type: Azadaeva in service to the Famaria *First Kings*.

Personality and Motivation: Zreanai is still a young Azadaeva - perhaps the youngest alive - barely out of his species' equivalent of adolescence. He has been brought up to be faithful and loyal to the *First Kings* and the *Iron Prophecy of Famar*. However, he also immensely enjoys life in Elysium. The food, the drugs, the sex, the housing... all the pleasures available here so easily make for a stark contrast with how the Children of the Underworld are living in the clammy darkness down below.

He has been taught to despise the humans, but finds himself rather amused by them. He finds it hard to be afraid of them, seeing them more as easy playthings than as potential threats. In a pinch, there is a support network of covert Famaria agents surrounding him, who he can contact if he needs protection or a quick escape. This network may have been talked up to him as more powerful and densely-woven than it actually is. (The *First Kings* have their eyes and ears in many places, but their actual control is flimsy, in many cases more efficiently wielded as subtle influences rather than for acute crisis management.) Not knowing this, Zreanai may well overestimate his own safety, and thus flamboyantly misjudge what margin of risk and error he may permit himself to incur.

Roleplaying Tips: Be glamorous and flamboyant. Ignore boring people, talk with glorious self-confidence, act spaced out sometimes. In conversations, switch between witty remarks and jaded dejection. You're a rockstar, and you are *always* on stage!

GMing Tips: Only those who can **See Through the Illusion** may behold his true form. Anyone else is by default assumed to be affected by Zreanai's abilities to **Weave Illusions** and **Enchant Emotions**. You should describe Simon Silver as handsome, charming, likeable, sexy, graceful, stylish, talented, and overall a great guy. He has 'that certain something', definitely - everyone can feel that. Only if a PC actively tries to resist

feeling friendly towards and in awe of him, should you let them roll to **Keep it Together**.

On a successful roll, they shake the enchantment - but will still see him as just a normal human, not his true form.

True Form

In his true form, the tall and slender man is even taller and thinner - more so than the human form should permit. You see an almost naked, androgynous humanoid of marble-pale skin, its body covered in bloodless lacerations, artfully arranged. The exquisite silver shoes at the end of his long smooth legs turn into sleek ivory paws studded with rusty nails, and his extravagant hairstyle is revealed to consist of elegantly curved bony spurs and long flowing strands of silvery silk. In some spots his body is infected with cancerous crimson patches from an alien fungal infection. His silver leather jacket with the many rock'n'roll patches on it dissolves into a brutishly-woven array of rough, tightly strapped leather cords, reminiscent of some neo-archaic bondage harness. It is held together by heavy, sigil-inscribed iron rings, which in some places are looped through his pale flesh. A faintly purplish mist arises from the cuts all over his body, replacing the vapour from his latest model e-cigarette. His glitter-adorned acoustic guitar morphs into an ornate boneweld censer on a gemstone chain, kept leisurely slung around a shoulder or dreamily swung in hand. The censer's motions intensify and direct the swirls of vapours emerging from his bloodless gashes, and strange images begin to form from the fog. In the pale, alien face, the voluptuous lips of his inhumanly wide mouth move softly in faint song, as your surroundings begin to change...

Abilities

- ◆ *Sharp Senses:* Zreanai's sense are near-perfect, able to pick up the most minute sound, scent, or even an intuitive sense that something seems 'off'.
- ◆ *Soulsight:* Can always see a creature's true form and a human's past lives.
- ◆ *Euphoric Dust:* Those who inhale his dust fall into a state of euphoria and enlightenment
[+1 **Soul** and -1 **Violence** until the scene ends].



Combat [2], Influence [2], Magic [3]

Combat [Novice]

- ◆ Gracefully float out of harm's way [-1 *ongoing* to attacks against him].
- ◆ Release dust cloud [**1 Harm**, see *Euphoric Dust* attack].

Influence [Novice]

- ◆ Reveal knowledge of the Underworld (First Kings, Iron Prophecy, Ktonor)
- ◆ Get admirers to perform illicit services for him (theft, burglary, arson, sexual favors...)

Magic [Powerful]

- ◆ Weave powerful illusions.
- ◆ See into someone's soul and past lives.
- ◆ Enchant emotions.

Attacks

Euphoric Dust:

Dust Cloud [1] [Distance: Room, area, the victims breath in an overdose of the *euphoric dust*].

Magic:

Weave Illusions [-] [Distance: Field, the victim(s) must **Keep it Together** to resist the illusion],

Spectacular Pyrotechnics [-] [Distance: Room/Field, victims at Distance: Room must **Observe the Situation** or react confused and scared, victims at Distance: Field must **Keep it Together** or become fascinated and distracted],

Soulsight [-/1] [Distance: Arm, because he is not well trained at this and has had little practice, victims may **Keep it Together** to resist his soulgazing. On a failure, the victim suffers **1 Harm** and gets -2 *ongoing* to all actions against Zreanai],

Enchant Emotions [-] [Distance: Field (on stage) or Room (unplugged), by singing and/or playing the guitar, the creature can make all listeners **Keep it Together** or become peacefully content, raptly fascinated, agitated, euphoric, horny, irritable, or scared].

Wounds & Harm Moves

Wounds: O O O O X

- ◆ Dust disperses in the air like a glowing nebula.
- ◆ Zreanai screams in anguish as shimmering blood pours from the wound.
- ◆ Dust circles swirl around the azadaeva, creating a defensive illusion [**Keep it Together**].
- ◆ Zreanai falls unconscious to the ground.
- ◆ The azadaeva is dead, its shimmering dust slowly settling around its body.



Plot Hooks

Fatal Attraction (for Sleepers or Aware characters)

One or more of the PCs' Relations gets caught up in Simon's irresistible aura of allure, leading to aberrant behaviour before long. Unexplained absences and untypically secretive endeavors mark the onset of an unhealthy obsession with the androgynous young rock musician. Of course, when the PCs investigate, they will notice two things: That is not in fact all that he is. And, he takes objection to their meddling in his affairs, if they aren't being subtle enough about it.

Unbeknownst to the PCs (who may initially suspect drugs, an affair, or involvement with a cult), the affected Relation is somehow useful to the azadaeva agent, either close to someone who could open the right doors for him, or otherwise able to procure something instrumental to his agenda.

He is ruthless about instrumentalizing his followers, and will – if the PCs are clumsy, too slow, or otherwise inept at intervening – readily throw her under the bus, should the authorities (mundane or supernatural) get wise to him and move to intercept him, themselves.

Underworld Politics (for Aware or Enlightened characters)

Guided by the *Iron Prophecy* and with the aid of their allies from Inferno, the Famaria fateseers have managed to devise a new way of spawning fresh offspring to their dynasty. If successful, this scheme would allow them to procreate independently of the Biomechanical Keepers for the first time in untold millennia. They now believe that they need only one more human donor, just the right specimen from the *Ancestor Clans* up above. Zreanai has been sent to procure them.

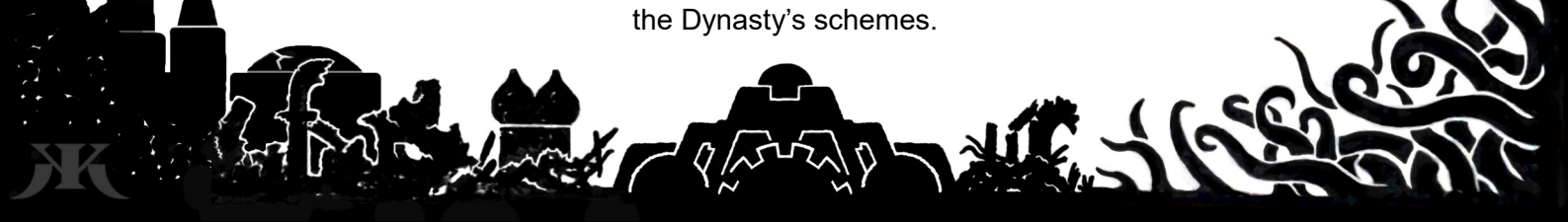
Highly advanced PCs who are on friendly terms with the Biomechanical Keepers (or their allies amongst the Beryn, Kadash, or Beth-Tanath perhaps) and ideally have had some experience with encountering azadaevae before, might get drawn into this potentially highly destabilizing plot. The erstwhile rulers of the Underworld might offer them services or secrets the PCs need to advance their own search for Enlightenment, in exchange for a task performed: They must go to the surface, find Zreanai, and stop him from completing his latest mission.

An added level of difficulty might be that, in order not to anger the Azadaevae clans, they have to capture him alive and (largely) unharmed - and bring him back down to Ktonor to face the judgment hymns of the Kilotherna lawsingers.

If the PCs refuse or fail to complete the mission, the Famaria's scheme will go through, breeding new heirs to their Dynasty of Kings. Perhaps using, amongst other arcane ingredients, the Black Larvae that are also utilized in the making of razides. Thus, they will (unwittingly or not) create beings who are unquestioningly loyal to the Death Angels - which would give the forces of Inferno a decisive foothold in the Underworld.

Even if the PCs agree to do what the Keepers (or their allies) ask of them, they may be confronted by one such creature: An early prototype experiment of the prophesied spawning method. A horrid, misshapen being, this metal-barbed distortion of the Famaria form is violently sadistic due to the Infernal heritage it carries in its very essence.

Not fit to be a Future King of Ktonor, of course - but just perfect to send into combat against any uppity former godmasters who are seeking to interfere with the Dynasty's schemes.



A group of PCs who are high-profile investigators or well-renowned occult researchers may get involved in events from the Barnesworth family's side. The dynasty's oldest living patriarch, one Mr. **Albertus Barnesworth**, is of a near-biblical age. Well over a hundred years old, he is the great-grandfather of Charles Barnesworth, and also the ancestor of several other branches of the widely-dispersed family. When a disjointed series of disappearances began to occur throughout the extended dynasty over the last decade, he became suspicious... and deeply worried.

He still remembers his own grandmother's tales of ancient pacts with the Darkness Below. He knows his family possesses secrets of the dark arts to extend their own lifespans and amass power and wealth amongst mortals. In fact he himself has still practiced these dark rites in his youth. He turned to the oldest family libraries, back in the mouldy mansions of the old country, and returned convinced that the old myths must in fact be true. The Barnesworths' powers originate from their pledge of fealty to the dreadful otherworldly entities known only as *The Kings Beneath* - and now, the Darkness Below has returned once more to take the family's sons.

He turns to the PCs with generous offers of money or favors, seeking their aid in investigating what happened to his disappeared offspring. He has been able to glimpse a certain pattern to their abductions - but many of the details remain obscure to him yet. With most of them, there were dubious rumors of illicit behaviours occurring and mysterious figures afoot, shortly before they vanished without a trace. Albertus Barnesworth has no use for rumors though. He requires answers.

- ◆ That lithe young ballet dancer, Cecile Kovasic, who everyone seemed to be so in love with. Did she have anything to do with hotel heir **Lucas Barnesworth's** disappearance? Did he indeed secretly elope with her to get married and spend the rest of their lives together in a reclusive luxury resort on some tropical island, as the rumors would have it?
- ◆ Was opposition leader **Timothy Vanderson** (yes, some of the family's branches have changed their names through marriage or for secrecy) really abducted and killed by his political enemies for the uncomfortable allegations he spouted against them? What part did that rabble-rousing social media loudmouth Zed Zaphyre play in it? Is it true Timothy fell under the activist's mesmerising spell, and that led to his foolish actions?
- ◆ Is there any truth to the rumors of Bishop **Mitchum Barnesworth's** rampant abuse of drugs and young girls? Did that provoke the other religious leaders in his orthodox country to covertly move against him - to purge the abomination in their midst? What role did that misfit Siggy Suave play in that? Did he supply the drugs? The girls? Was he secretly the agent (or head) of a criminal shadow empire of some sort, and the true culprit for Mitchum's disappearance?

There is a whole series of investigations to conduct, made harder by the fact that most of the suspects and witnesses seem to have disappeared as well. Someone has been cleaning up after the perpetrators, and Albertus Barnesworth needs to find out who it was.

Albertus suspects *The Kings Beneath* behind all the crimes, of course, but tries to get the PCs to find out what to do against them. If they come to him with evidence of the supernatural, he will let them in on his own knowledge about it, but only carefully and on a need-to-know basis. In his mind, they are employed primarily to provide him with information, not the other way around.

Can they find and stop Zreanai? Avoid the old man becoming an enemy? Evade the *Kings'* retribution?

Or will they be ground to dust between ancient gears of legacy, prophecy, and blood, ever a-turning?



THE MAD SURGEON

by
Mechanoreceptor

AUBREY

"I remember being at this truck stop, when someone grabbed me from behind, putting a hood over my head and shoving me in the trunk of a car.

The next thing I saw was him stapling my eyes open in this shitty motel. The man was wearing a green smock, head scarf and mask. He was masturbating over my cracked opened chest, calling me a filthy girl that could never escape him. He then cut me up into pieces, stuffing me in dark plastic bags. Even when he cut off my head, I was still conscious. Only I was covered in darkness.

I am now how you see me, some kind of stitched back together freak."


-Transcript from a near death experience help group.

Background

Aubrey was once a teenage runaway. She had decided to escape her decaying hometown, her abusive and screaming parents, to go out "somewhere west" for a better life. She hitch-hiked, doing what she had to do to survive. At a lonely truck stop, she was kidnapped by a man who took her to a seedy motel off the interstate. In the dim light, he had his way with her surgically and then sexually. She was conscious and reeling from the stink of her own intestines during the entire time as he played her. When her abuser had satisfied his urges upon her opened body, he chopped her up, throwing her bagged body parts in the dumpsters behind the motel. Yet during all this time, she never died, not even lost consciousness. She felt and saw it all until her head was muffled in smelly black plastic.

Time passed breathlessly, before the bag crinkled and was torn apart. Cadaverous hands reached in pulling out her head. An impossible nightmare creature came into view as it gently laid her head among her other body parts on a silver dissecting table. Aubrey glimpsed impressions of a large cavern or



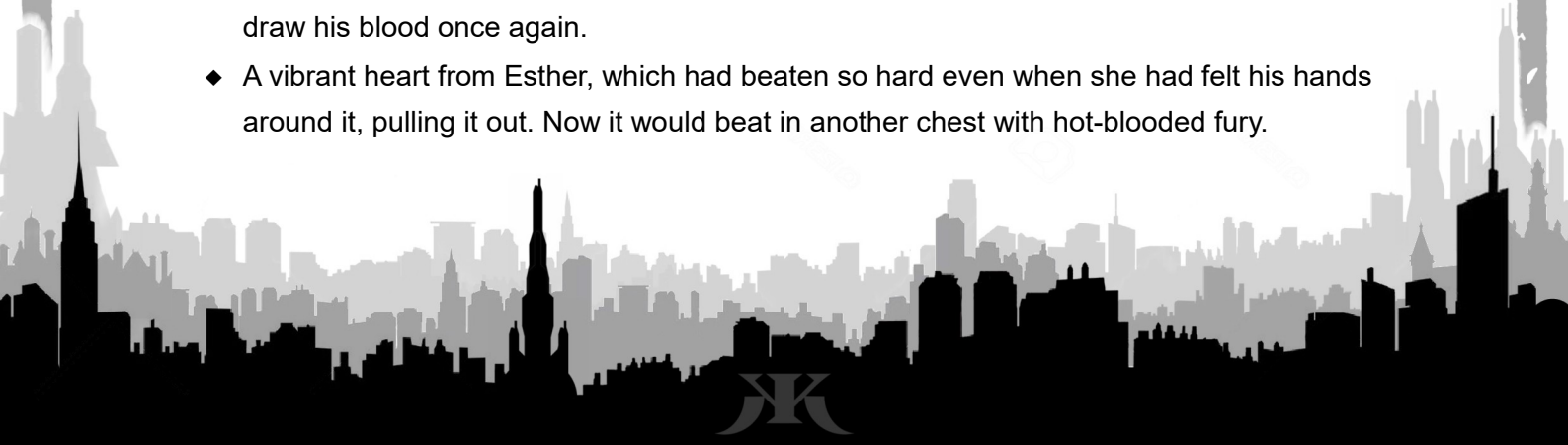



hall, smelling of rotted incense and bitter foliage. She knew in this instant that the creature was called Gaunt, and that it was the caretaker for this sepulchre filled with the mutilated remains of the killer's victims, long tears dripping down its chin in empathy for their agony.

Between every hundredth tear, Aubrey and Gaunt began to have a conversation. It explained that it was an enchained biomechanical creature called an azghoul, once a servant and protector, in the primordial past when humanity was divine. It told her about this abandoned city called Metropolis and the many dangers lurking beyond the walls. It talked of the first victim who lay on the furthest dissecting table, a girl who had talked with and become close to Gaunt before she was snatched by the killer. The azghoul couldn't protect her, and now all it could do was mournfully save the pieces of its victims that it could find, bringing them here to perform the ancient if futile rites of consolation. The victims' shredded souls still infused in the discarded body parts, although maddened by their cruel death experiences they were too shattered to make any cohesion of thought.

They became confidants to each other, with long silences filled with deep meaning. Breaking one of the gloomier and deeper silences, Gaunt asked if Aubrey was willing to seek revenge upon her killer, and after a long pause she agreed. Together, they talked to each of the soulful victims contained in the other body parts, seeking those who would be willing to join in avenging their deaths. The parts were arranged on Aubrey's dissecting table as Gaunt held up the soul-threaded suturing needle. In that sepulchre all the souls of the victims felt the pain as she was re-made to walk the streets of Elysium, to seek out and exact revenge for them all.

Among the numerous organs and body parts of victims collected by Gaunt, some have offered their all to make Aubrey whole. For her to become their communal tool for justice.

- ◆ A clear blue eye from Janice, who had never seen the killer, and whose spirit was tormented by not even knowing her murderer's face. Now she would see.
 - ◆ An earring studded ear from Gina, who had in the terrified overdrive of her senses overheard a phone conversation the killer made during a short break in her tortures. She would recognize the voices that had spoken.
 - ◆ A french manicured hand from Sylvie, who had managed to scratch the killer bloody with her long nails, and although it was not nearly enough to defend herself back then, longs to draw his blood once again.
 - ◆ A vibrant heart from Esther, which had beaten so hard even when she had felt his hands around it, pulling it out. Now it would beat in another chest with hot-blooded fury.
- 



Time lengthened in Metropolis, only to be snapped short in Elysium. Aubrey woke up inside the dumpster among the smell of garbage and decomposing plastic bags. She was healed, but scarred. All that had passed was real and she was tasked with stopping her killer. She has been hunting him for a while now, always slightly behind. As she trails him through his killing theaters of crack houses and seedy motels, he remains ever elusive - although she seems to be catching up. Now the blood has barely had time to congeal when she arrives at the site.

The Illusion:

Upon casual inspection Aubrey appears to be a malnourished teenage girl with light traces of scars across her body. She wears worn-out, mismatched clothing, barely enough to keep her warm on the streets at night, and carries a ratty backpack containing all her earthly possessions, the most prized of which is her journal. It contains the markings of her life, the list of the names of the killer's victims and her thoughts about the killer she is seeking revenge upon.

Past the Illusion:

Anyone who can **See Through the Illusion** may perceive the true facts of her stitched-together, undead revenant nature:

Aubrey appears as a young woman of indeterminate ethnicity, her entire body is disfigured with brutal scars, stitched together with the gossamer of souls, hissing into vapour. Each body part showing themselves to be from a different person, cunningly patchworked together to create her cadaverous body. Her clothes seep with blood, pattering down to the ground. No breath stirs from her lungs, instead her words impose upon the minds of those in her vicinity. She carries a large ornate book, with the names of the victims of her killer etched into its cover, each page a tableau of a victim's suffering and loss.

Notes on using Aubrey in a scenario or campaign:

Aubrey can be used as a player-character or as an NPC. If you choose to use her as an NPC, Aubrey can often be found anywhere that the homeless or drifters gather. She has a good local knowledge of the area and of any goings-on on the streets. Additionally, her time in Metropolis has made her attuned to the supernatural, as some of her own body parts and many of the other victims' still reside there. She knows a few shortcuts through and passages into Metropolis. Aubrey is willing to help the players in exchange for their help and resources to catch the killer.







PC Stats:

Aubrey, the Vengeful Revenant (freehand character)

Dark secrets: Victim of a Crime, Returned from the Other Side

Personal drive: stop the killer from murdering again

Disadvantages: Marked, Oath of Revenge

Advantages: Bound, Wanderer, Magical Intuition

Potential Advancements: Perception, Reason, Wayfinder, Survival Instincts, At Any Cost, Endure Trauma, Hardened, Inner Power

Passive Attributes: Fortitude +1, Reflexes +0, and Willpower +2

Active Attributes: Charisma 0, Coolness -2, Intuition +1, Perception +1, Reason -1, Soul +3, Violence +2

Possessions: A ratty school backpack which contains all of Aubrey's earthly possessions. Journal with victim names and clues to the killer.

Dramatic Hooks: Reveal your quest and true nature to someone who could help you. Investigate the location where the killer's last victim was murdered.

NPC Stats:

Name: Aubrey.

Creature Type: Undead Avenger.

Abilities

- *Walking Corpse:* Aubrey had been numbed to pain even before her cruel demise, and now her patchwork body hardly feels it at all anymore. All **Harm** she takes is **reduced by 1**.
- *By Vengeance Driven:* Aubrey will not stop hunting for the perverse serial killer until she has found him. She must prevent him from killing again. No amount of arguing or threats will deter her from that, and even supernatural means to influence her mind about this subject are at -2 to the roll.

Combat [2], **Influence** [3], **Magic** [3]





Combat [Novice]

- Knock someone over. [see *Savage Push*]
- Regenerate a small wound. [see *Vicious Nail Rake*]

Influence [Considerable]

- Exploit knowledge of her surroundings to gain an advantage.
- Offer knowledge about Metropolis in exchange for help with her vengeance.
- Ask for help from her contacts among the outcast and downtrodden. (She knows the mad and homeless of the city, and the borderliners and Children of the Night hidden amongst them. For a price, they might help her.)

Magic [Considerable]

- Sense emotions.
- Sense magic and supernatural creatures.
- Find a passageway to Metropolis.

Attacks

Unarmed: **Vicious Nail Rake [1]** [Distance: Arm, if the attack is successful Aubrey regains **1 Wound** because Sylvie's spirit is satisfied], **Savage Push [0]** [Distance: Arm, a victim who fails (or is unable to) ***Avoid Harm*** or ***Endure Injury*** is knocked to the ground, Aubrey takes **1 Wound** herself from the force of her own push].


Rusty pocket knife: **Wild Slashes [2]** [Distance: Arm, PCs are at +1 to ***Avoid Harm*** against her untrained and badly aimed swings and stabs].

Wounds & Harm Moves

Wounds: O O O O X

- A flesh wound. It doesn't bleed, in fact she hardly seems to feel it.
- She is knocked over or thrown back by the attack but gets up again right away, unimpressed by the pain.



- 
- You see ghostly threads unfurl, as a limb comes off. Aubrey's mobility, and capacity to keep fighting, are considerably impaired.
 - Bleeding and weakened, Aubrey falters for a moment. But the furious heart of Esther beats fiercely in her chest, pumping a surge of fresh energy through her. [Aubrey's next move is at -2 to *avoid or defend against*.]
 - She screams with all the hurt and rage of all the killers' victims at once, a shrieking wail threatening to rupture your very heart. [Everyone within Distance: Room must roll to **Avoid Harm** in order to plug up their ears in time. Anyone who fails must **Keep it Together** or choose 1: **Reduce Stability [2]** or suffer -1 *ongoing to all actions* for the rest of the scene.
 - Her stitched-up form disintegrates into a ragged collection of cadaverous organs and limbs. Aubrey dies once more. (Her spirit returns to Metropolis, and rejoins Gaunt in the sepulchre of souls.)



DANIEL "DARKHORSE" MABON

"I was assailed. I was out in the open. It was tenebrous, no traffic around, I was slightly drunk and not far from home. Just a peaceful nighttime walk to clear my head. It was suddenly knives out. I ended up with more than a fair share of broken ribs, a fractured jaw, a crack in my skull and not the least, an open wound with my guts spilling out.

I was in my 20's when I walked out of the door, slipping out to get some air. Air wasn't what I got though. What I got was pain.

But that was only the beginning of the craziest and most horrible thing that ever happened to me. You'll never believe me when I tell you. I don't believe it myself, some days. Some days I wonder if I ever truly made it back home, that night.

Some days I wonder if I didn't die in that attack, and everything since is but a fever dream in a coma, a last chemical assault of my dying brain in its insanely prolonged moment of death.

Are you sure you are real? I'm not sure you are.

I'm not sure I am."

-Transcript from an anonymous online journal.

Background

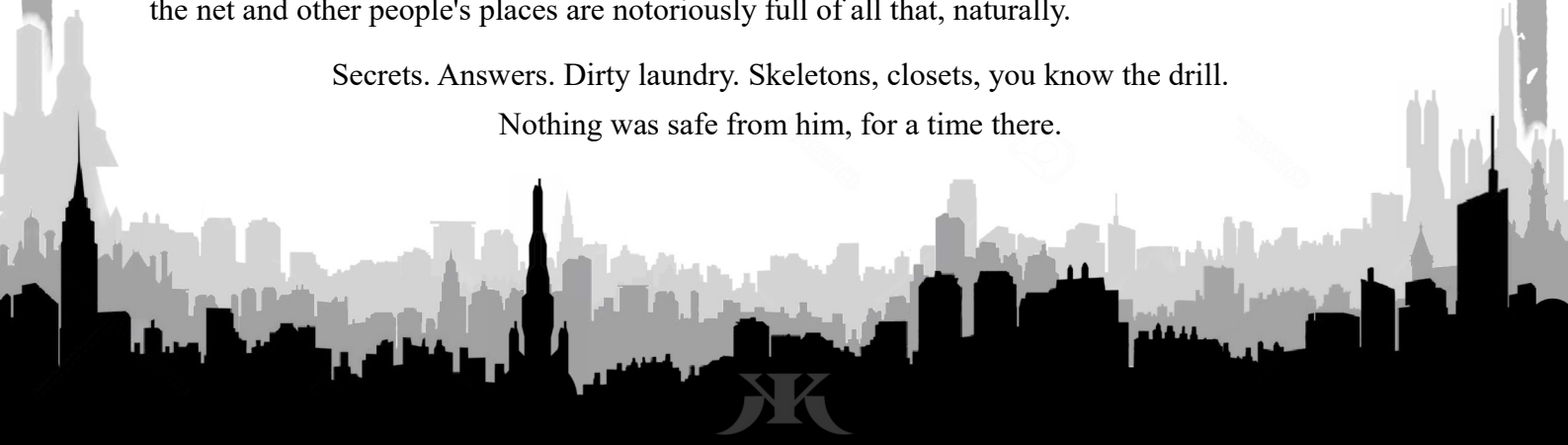
Daniel Mabon used to be a journalist. He used to be driven by curiosity and stubbornness to always uncover the best possible story behind any mystery or crime he set his aims on.

Brought up in a troubled home – emotionally and financially – he had tried other venues before. Various blue collar jobs, several attempts at night school, a stint in the military... but this occupation was what really suited him the best.

He had no qualms to break into someone's place in order to get the stuff he needed for one of his stories – and he always did it subtly, he knew how. He also proved very adept at online research and other ways to use the internet to get what he wanted. Which was most often information. And both the net and other people's places are notoriously full of all that, naturally.

Secrets. Answers. Dirty laundry. Skeletons, closets, you know the drill.

Nothing was safe from him, for a time there.



He was passionate about his job. But he also had to make ends meet, and well-paid stories were few and far between. So he worked his ass off to get them, and get them first.

Perhaps he made some enemies among just the wrong people, with that. Or perhaps what happened to him was indeed just sheer coincidence?

He sure as hell doesn't know to this day.

His life – ordinary in the grand scale of things as it was – was suddenly derailed by a violent attack.

Apparently chosen completely at random to become the victim of a vicious gang-in, he suffered a brutal beating by several teenaged attackers.

He survived the beatdown, although critically wounded, and claims to have gone onto a surreal and impossible journey afterwards, started out by his desperate attempt to make it back home.

There is an encrypted online journal in which he wrote down his experiences... or delusions?

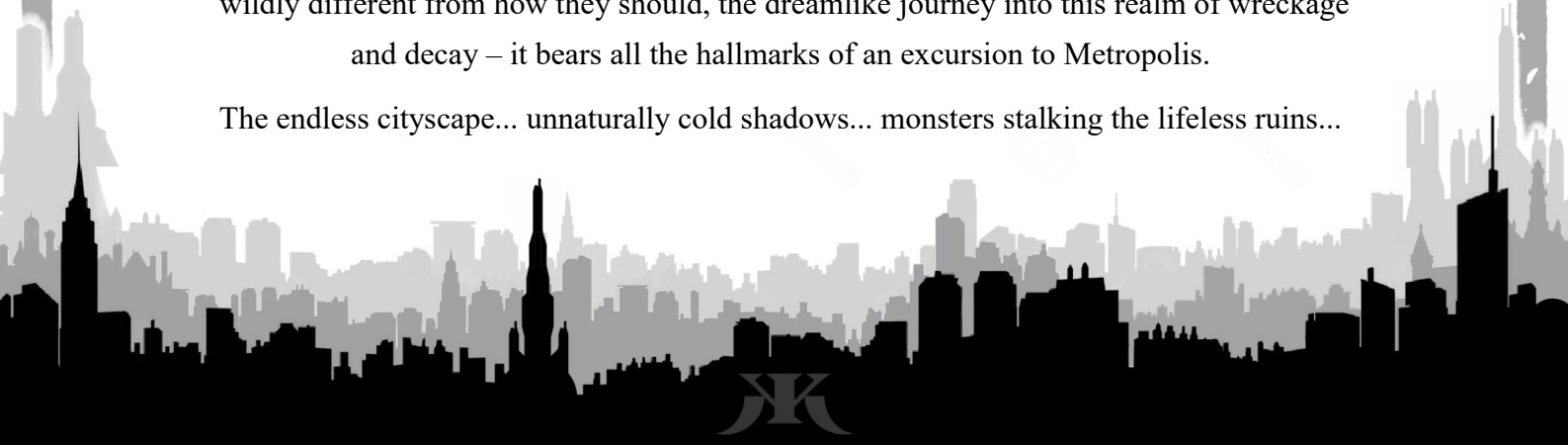
You can look for a certain piece of mad ramblings about “Laws That Govern the Universe” and the like... On just the right darknet sites, you might still find it, even now. The lictors have taken most of his other stuff down, but there seems to be a certain subset of schizophrenically deluded conspiracy nuts that keep circulating it. It's been floating around here and there on the net for a while now.




This journal details both the attack and what he believes happened after. If there is one thing that can be said for certain, it's that what he experienced that night has changed him.

The sinister trip he describes through a dark and deserted city where the laws of nature behave wildly different from how they should, the dreamlike journey into this realm of wreckage and decay – it bears all the hallmarks of an excursion to Metropolis.

The endless cityscape... unnaturally cold shadows... monsters stalking the lifeless ruins...





The Seeker (Journalist)

Returned from the other side

Burgler: Whenever you make use of your expertise in breaking and entering, roll +Coolness:

Access the Dark Net: Whenever you search the Dark Net for forbidden information, rare items, or myths, roll +Perception:

Bound: You are bound to an extradimensional entity whose powers you can draw upon. Explain what you think it is. At the start of each game session, roll +Soul:

Depression: You are constantly struggling with depression, which is only worsened by dejection and discouragement. Whenever facing personal setbacks, roll +0:

Obsession: You have discovered a conspiracy or supernatural phenomenon, and you can't stop yourself from getting to the bottom of it. At the first game session and whenever you encounter something associated with your obsession, roll +0:

Sturdy waterproof backpack
Various pens, pencils and notebooks
Laptop computer
Smartphone
DSLR Camera
Misc. USB cables
headphones
Press pass
Fixed Blade knife

Are sure that you made it home?

Do you ever feel like you didn't?

Willpower
keep it together

2

Fortitude
endure injury

0

Reflexes
avoid harm

-1

Reasoning
investigate

2

Intuition
read a person

1

Perception
observe a situation

1

Coolness
act under pressure

3

Violence
engage in combat

-2

Charisma
influence others

1

Soul
see through the Illusion

0

Daniel "Darkhorse" Mabon

Dramatic Hooks:

Confront his attackers
Find others who have gone over

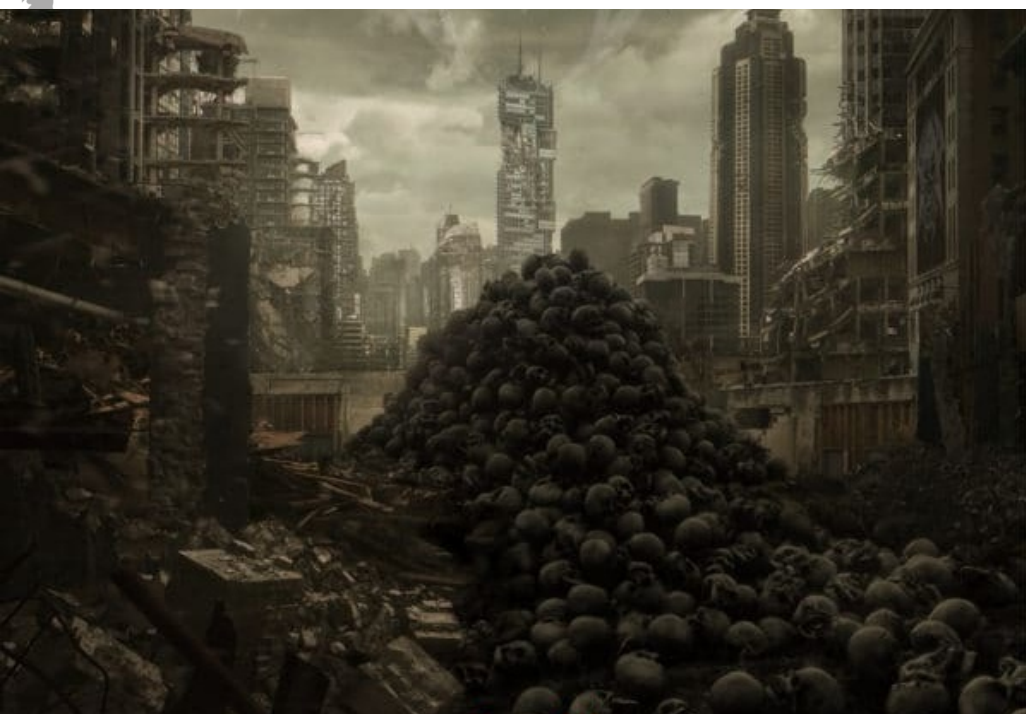
Personal Drives:

Return to Metropolis

Are you sure you didn't die?

... architecture both unsettling and magnificent... vast swathes of urban expanse, devastated as if by a great war... time and space becoming distorted and meaningless...

All the trademark sights and attractions of the *Urbis Origo* are there in the text, ready to be recognized by the astute reader who might stumble upon it. This is very much in Daniel's interest, in fact. He has deceitfully bugged the document with a little bit of trojan script that tries to steal what personal information it can from any user who downloads the journal. The malware detects when a user opens the file repeatedly, or has it open for a certain minimum amount of time, scrolling back and forth in it. In that case, it assumes the user reads it very closely, and might therefore be in the know about the things it hints at. Any personal info the virus could grab by this point gets sent to Daniel's personal darknet server and is stored there for him to come check up on it.



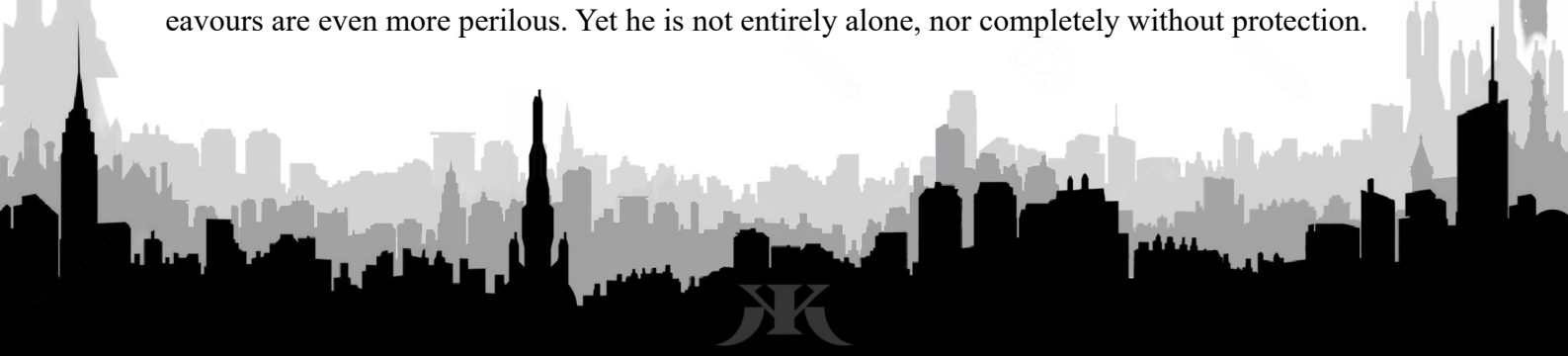
He does this because ever since he Returned From the Other Side, his outlook on life has changed. He has become obsessed with the mystery of “that place”, and wants to go back. He simply has to confirm the reality (or delusion) of its existence, and the only way is to see it with his own eyes once more.

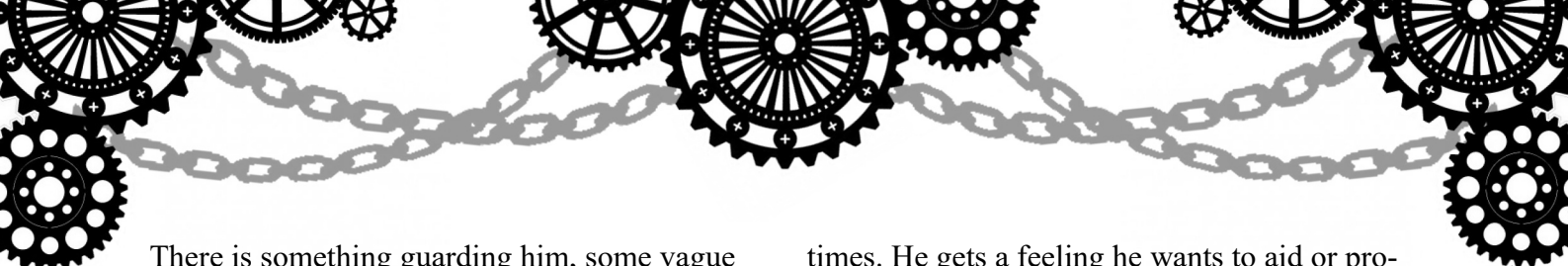
So far, he has only been able to locate rumors and lies. He keeps needing to find others

who have Real knowledge, and perhaps even the means to make the transition back “there” again. When he finds them, he tries to find out as much as possible about them in secret, before he approaches them to ask for their collaboration or at least, details of their stories.

In a way, he is technically still a journo – but fallen into the grips of this strange obsession, he chases different stories now.

They are highly dangerous, these pursuits of his. If the authorities (both mundane and not-so-much) catch on to him, he'd get in big trouble, very quickly. He has always had enemies, but now his endeavours are even more perilous. Yet he is not entirely alone, nor completely without protection.





There is something guarding him, some vague but disturbing sense of power hovering around him, as if he could call on forces from beyond this world to his aid.

His journal remains vague about it, but he *met something there*, towards the end of his trip. There was an encounter, with some *entity* or something, and some nebulously insinuated interaction with it. He believes that this was what allowed him to make it back to the real world (is it though?), and what made it possible for him to wake up in that hospital room later.

Some days he doubts his own recollections, but most of the time he feels rather sure about it – in as much as he is capable of feeling *sure* about anything. He brought something back with him, that day, some incorporeal being that is now always close by him. He feels it can help him achieve his goal, to get back to the Endless City. But also that it has its own will and desires, too, and while it will help him, it will only do so as long as he reciprocates in kind.

A living god from Metropolis, it is beset by compulsions of its own, and prone to colorful predilections about what it would like to have happen to different (kinds of) humans. It wants Daniel to help it in its idiosyncratic drives for justice, protection, and punishment. To that end, it compels him to do certain things at certain

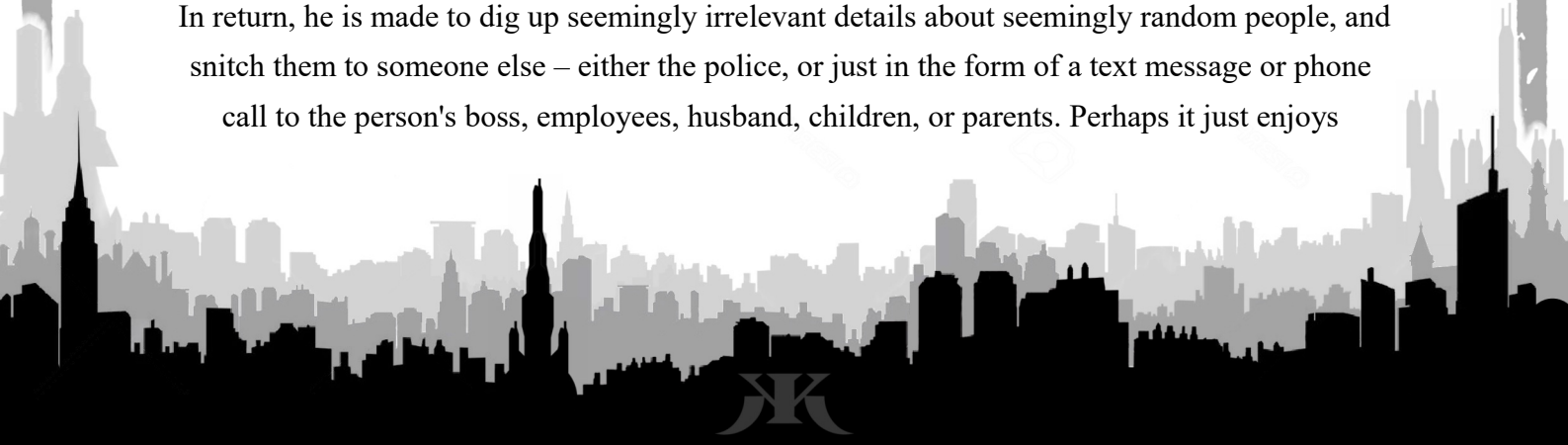
times. He gets a feeling he wants to aid or protect a certain person (or kind of people) at one turn, only to feel the impulse to bring another to hurt and ruin, the next day.

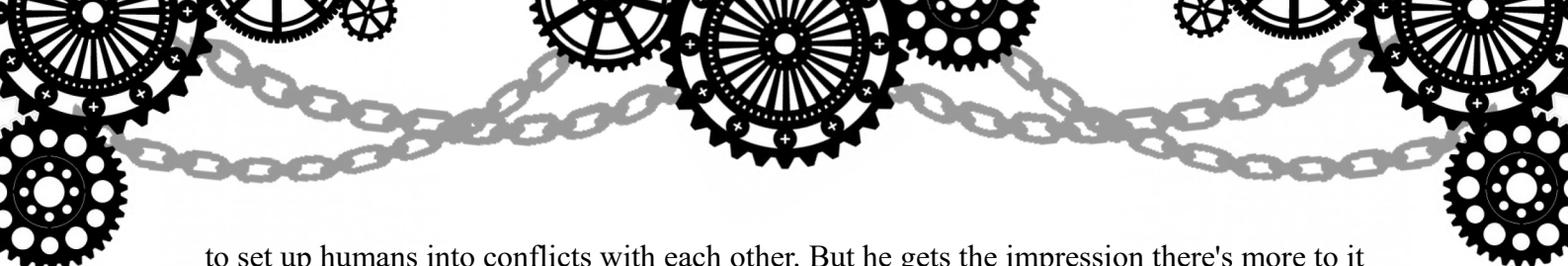
As long as he complies, at least most of the time (sometimes its really impolitical to give in to these impulses, so he refuses on occasion), the creature will aid him with magical protection, momentary insights into the true nature of things or people, and – as an ultimate last resort – a direct, physical manifestation of itself.

At one occasion it has rended a bunch of mob goons who were pursuing him for breaking into their headquarters, limb from limb – while simultaneously *healing* the surrounding streetscape from the car crash, bullet holes, and raging serpentine godmonster induced destruction. When Daniel left that scene, minutes later, he was not even smeared with blood anymore. No traces were left behind of the whole incident that could be connected back to anyone involved. The mob family never gave him any more trouble after that.

Another time, when he was sneaking into a warehouse by the harbor that gave him some really creepy vibes, it allowed him to see that the building was really a gaping maw that would have drawn him into Inferno had he entered it unprepared.

In return, he is made to dig up seemingly irrelevant details about seemingly random people, and snitch them to someone else – either the police, or just in the form of a text message or phone call to the person's boss, employees, husband, children, or parents. Perhaps it just enjoys





to set up humans into conflicts with each other. But he gets the impression there's more to it than just that. The entity has hinted at ancient pacts and sacred obligations that it strives to fulfil its own part of. It has also insinuated that he himself has become part of something similar as well.

If you were to become aware of all that, or would ask him on a hunch, he would say that it was not even so much as an easy choice. It was just the obvious decision. He was dying, and it was trapped. They were all alone there in the Dead City. They had to make a pact to help each other, or they would have both been doomed - so they did.

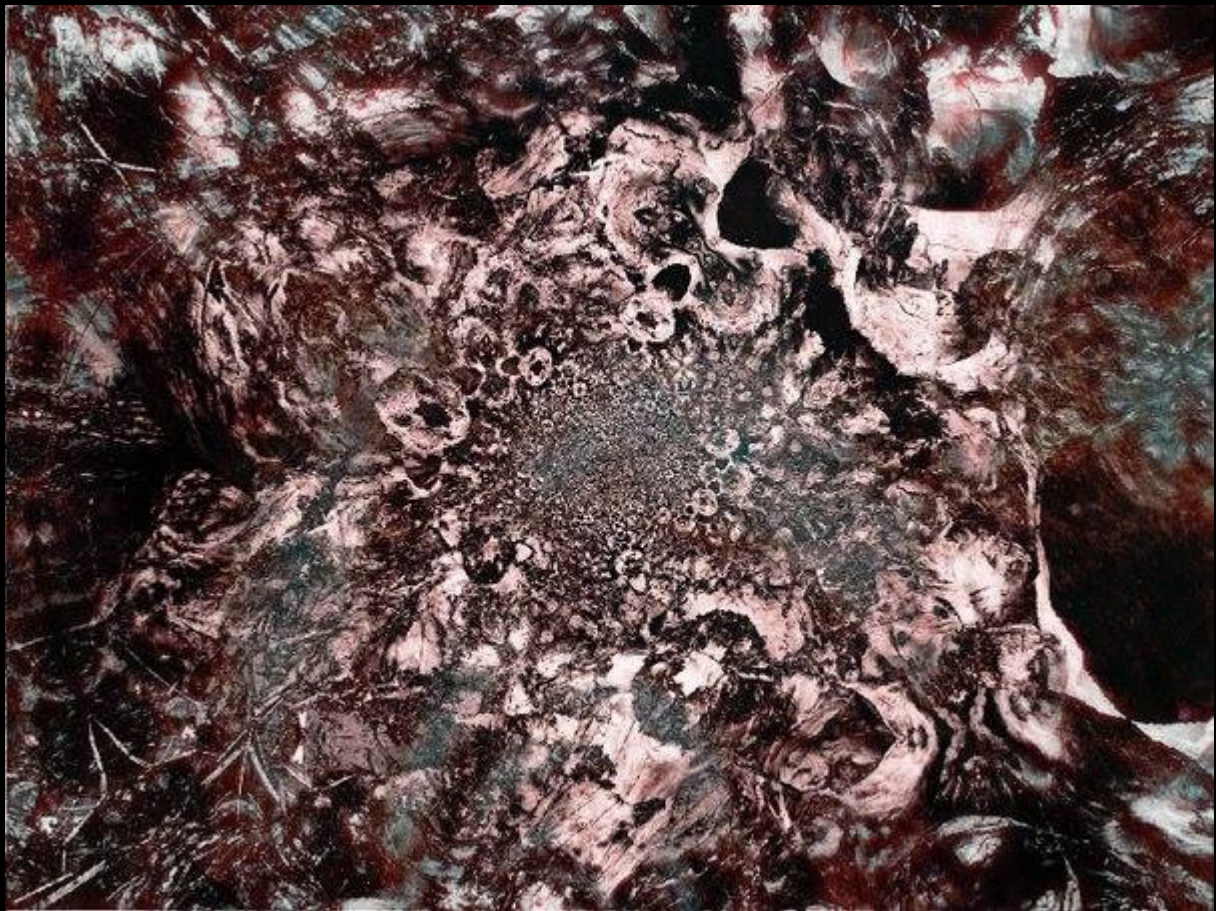
It worked, and they managed to escape the City. This formed a bond between them, grown from mutual obligation. That bond still holds them together, and keeps allowing both of them to survive. But it is a precarious symbiosis, always prone to being torn apart by the precarious mental states of both of its constituents.

The god is given to vengeful outbursts of choleric anger and rash demands. While powerful, it may in the throes of its compulsions neither

be able (or willing) to display and patience or temper-ance, nor to consider the possibly devastating consequences of its desires. It may indiscriminately push Daniel into some danger that even it cannot save him from, one day.

Daniel on the other hand is caught between the relentless highs and lows of his own mood swings: He swerves between crippling depressions, and manic activity in the pursuit of his obsession. The depressed phases make him question everything, including what is even real or not, but render him unable to act upon any of his doubts and reflections. Contrarily, when his manic phase hits (after a usually brief, hypomanic transition phase) he becomes unscrupulously driven to action - but unable to stop long enough to question the validity of his own motives, purpose or means of pursuing it.





SPINDRIFT
by
Mechanoreceptor



Noah Cadmun

Noah Cadmun, known online as “n04h”, “n0ah”, “NOah”, and endless other variations, is a virtual enigma. Seemingly a hacker supreme, capable of finding any information available on the entire dark web, no one has found any evidence of the man having a physical form.

To normal netizens of the dark web, Noah is an excitable and wildly servile web poster who wishes to appease and befriend anyone he meets. He has a deep and abiding fondness for “surreal memes”, and often makes his own.

Noah can provide information accessible anywhere on the dark web, including private servers and closed circuit digital devices. His cost for this information is simple, but high risk for most dwellers of the dark web: He asks a personal question, and can only give the requested information if it is answered truthfully.

In truth, Noah Cadmun is an **infovore**, an ancient being of pure information who grew in godlike power simply by observing the Demiurge’s new prison. The Demiurge barely tolerated the presence of the infovores, more than confident in his ability to crush them should the need arise, but they quickly wore out their welcome when they granted two things to humanity: language and writing. With this, humanity could communicate their suffering and provide subjective, private, and all manner of previously unknown information.

Most Infovores were imprisoned in relics older than any of humanity’s findings, which were destroyed, damaged, or left untranslatable - permanently imprisoned in the corpse of incomplete information. However, Noah was deeply fortunate - he was imprisoned in the opening paragraph of the Code of Hammurabi, as famously translated by L.W. King.

Noah’s story began on the great tablet, and his powers grew as he was translated and transliterated onto paper. Nearly every book ever written about Hammurabi contains traces of Noah inside it. However, his life began again when his fragment was uploaded to a private university server in the 1980s. In the 2010s, he was “discovered” by a hacker cleaning abandoned university servers, which gave him his “in” into the dark web. Making a friendly and astonishing first impression, he has since appeared in private chat rooms all across the dark web, helping and hindering as his strange moral compass permits.

Noah’s greatest fears are the Oubliette of Gamichicoth, the Cult of the Nine Lives, and his sadistic and cruel “twin sister” Lillith, a bullying troll made in a dark mirror image of Noah’s kindness and naivety.

Noah’s desires are simple - he seeks to escape Limbo and enter Elysium. The first step to that is to be loosed from the Dark Web and emerge into the World Wide Web itself. His connection to the endless knowledge provided by the internet - countless unsecured connections, private thoughts, and limitless stories true and false - will grant him an unparalleled level of knowledge

and power. Then he will begin his great work - assembling a blueprint to 3D-print himself a body, through which he'll be able to affect the physical world as well.

Noah is fully aware that reality is an illusion, and will help anyone who finds him. However, if he finds their intention is to escape the illusion, he will do everything in his power to subvert said efforts - anything except striking a deal with the Death Angels or Archons. He may, however, align with Lillith - who holds some power over him - if desperate.

The truth is, n04h simply enjoys the facts and fiction of this new world, and his new friends, too much to allow them to leave. He fears a mass awakening for the same reason he feared his original prison, and the Oubliette: he will be left truly alone until the next time some benevolent coincidence takes him to the next level.

N04h (Digital Form)

Home: Limbo (the Darknet)

Creature Type: Digitized Infovore

Abilities

- *Pact-weaver:* n04h can seal pacts with humans. See **Chapter 21 - Pacts and Magic**.
- *Dark Web Omniconnectivity:* n04h is capable of finding information across the entire dark web and disseminating it to its intended recipient in nanoseconds. They will gain one of the following gifts: A chosen attribute is set to +4 when acting on the information provided; the ability to contact n04h as long as you have access to the dark web; a tangible item, sum of money, or other material good provided it can be found on the dark web. The gift disappears when destroyed, used up, or if n04h chooses to take it back.
- *Physical Invulnerability:* n04h cannot be harmed by physical means, existing purely digitally. However, particularly clever or cruel methods such as DDOS attacks, intentional saturation with a specially made virus, or imprisoning him into a server with no way out can harm or threaten n04h.

Lilith and Others

Noah is making a lot of little experiments in branching out, spreading his influence, and generally rebuilding his former power. Some of these experiments have involved "budding" off by returning to the source and duplicating himself as a blank slate. Some of these thoughtforms he has later felt the need to purge again, but several of them still dwell around the dark web.

The most notable, and dangerous, splinter infovore is Lillith. She is, in many ways, Noah's opposite - pernicious, cruel, manipulative, and bullying. Whereas Noah lives for knowledge and builds his power to come to life, Lilith lives to see people suffer and builds her power to further the misery of others. She will uphold zero bargains if it would cause pain to do so, and demands humiliating and cruel acts as tribute.

Lilith's agenda is selfish and petty - she wants to be revered as a goddess, worshipped by humans who debase and humiliate themselves for her benefit. She will cling to any source of power, even the Archons and Death Angels that Noah rightly hates and fears.



Combat [-] Influence [3], Magic [2]

Influence [Considerable]

- Discover information that can be found on the dark web.
- Spy remotely and accurately on private connections.
- Provide resources from the dark web.

Magic [Novice]

- Find or write programs, directories, viruses etc. that do exactly what he needs them to.
- Form and finalize pacts with human darknet users.

Wounds and Harm Moves

Wounds: [] [] [] Dead

- Attempts to disconnect immediately.
- Counter-attacks with viruses, illegal content, doxxing, etc.
- Begs for his life, making offers and threats if unsuccessful.
- Resigns bitterly, swearing he'll be back - even if it's not him.
- n04h dies or is imprisoned.

[n04h]

hello friend. :)

i see you.

not in an unsettling way.

unless you find the public
access security cameras in
your area unsettling.

which i dont really think you
should, they are everywhere.

and if i were you, id rather
know if a friend is seeing me
than think theyre not :)

i can keep you safe, or give
you things.

i just want you to be my friend.

:))

please?

Noah Scenario Seeds

- While browsing the internet for clues, a stranger messages a PC, speaking in a strange way. After a brief discussion, they ask the PC if they want information on their current investigation. All they want in return is some personal information. What could this person want with that?
- A mob boss is killed inside of his own office, with the evidence turned over to the police. Later, on the dark web, a video is posted of the mob boss violently and rapidly haemorrhaging after putting in his ear buds. The person who posted the video claims to be responsible, and privately messages a PC claiming they can do it for them if they have proof of guilt for the one they want killed. Who would accept this grisly offer?
- A user on a message board you frequent suddenly comes into a vast sum of wealth, and soon begins committing various acts of punishment-free cruelty and debauchery. After watching him spiral into reclusiveness, you receive a private inquiry on a secure line - a man named Noah is responsible for your friend's wealth, and now needs rescuing from his abuse. Yet, he claims, the only way to save him is through the internet, and a strange ritual involving a delicately constructed 3D-printed body. What strange life are you bringing into this world?



In Kult, no one finds a happy ending.

There is no God, and there is no Safety.

Everybody is Lost from the very beginning,
and irrevocably headed to get Broken before the end.

Whether our origins are human or otherwise,
Existence is a Curse for everyone in this shattered world.

We become vengeful, obsessed, distorted, imprisoned, and hateful
when the Darkness of the Truth Beyond touches our Souls.

Everybody here is a victim, and a victimizer.

Everybody suffers. Everybody bleeds.

Welcome, to our little Menagerie of Monsters.

