

KULT
◊ DIVINITY LOST ◊

The Faulkeners' Dream Maze

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CONTENT

How it begins

You are on the road to the funeral of a daughter of the family. She died of a drug overdose. Along the night-time woodland road you see a naked man run in front of the car, he's wearing antlers and has a mouth full of razor sharp teeth giving him a nightmarish look. You swerve and crash.

All is dark.



The opening

This scenario has been written from the perspective of me narrating this to you, as if you had been captured in this fevered dream-like purgatory, and the only way for you to escape is by joining the characters as their guide and narrator. My perspective when addressing you is that of your taunting jailer, William Faulkener, who you will be introduced to throughout this scenario.

A central theme through this scenario is that of the loss of a close family member who in your case is referred to as your daughter. If you are running this scenario as part of a larger campaign, you may want to use a new player character or an NPC who has recently lost their daughter.

The themes of this scenario are the loss of a loved one, grief, and reconciliation. Understand that this is purgatory with dream-like elements and should follow that inconsistent and aetherial dream-logic. When playing this scenario, you may find it useful to think beyond the evil of William Faulkener; specifically how the evil the characters bring with them into this scenario can be magnified back towards them, and how the good they have sown they can benefit from in their hour of need. Use the scenes to explore the motivations behind the characters' grief and expose the dark secrets as it relates to their daughter.

Notes and thank yous:

This scenario was originally dreamt, which has been feverishly written down and then crafted into what you are currently holding. Any inconsistencies stem from the dream and gaps in memory. Big thank yous to the many editors who have helped shape this scenario to its never finished, but readily to be picked up again form.

The dream

Welcome to this scenario of otherworldly horror and investigation. This scenario is structured in a way to give you suggestions and inklings with the purpose of you spending your own dream drenched nights crafting an escape from its confines.

The world you are about to experience hovers between Metropolis and Inferno, you are drawn here because of the death of a daughter, one you have perhaps unwittingly participated in. You are to enter this purgatory and like all purgatories this one is meant to keep me and you firmly imprisoned. Thus, when thinking about this scenario, understand the purpose of me, your jailer, is to keep you, my prison striped mice, in this maze.

Based on Graphic

Design by

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of **STASHROOM KARELL**

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Your apartment

You wake up in a 1980s style of apartment. You recognize the others as being part of your family. You were all supposed to attend the funeral and now instead find yourself here. On the table is a funerary program for a husband and wife, William and Marta Faulkener, dated 11 November 1986. As you look around the apartment you find several brusque typewritten notes to you. The fridge is stocked with food you have seen in newspaper articles of the time. The closets have clothes of that vintage in your size. The telephone allows you to reach and speak to other inhabitants in the apartment complex. When calling outside the apartment complex you can hear them, but they cannot hear you as if you were a prank caller. One of the rooms in your apartment is a girl's room and is in the process of destruction or renovation. You find drug paraphernalia, used condoms, empty alcohol bottles, and a used pregnancy test kit under the painter's tarps, and the ominous, taunting typewritten message "Have a little slice of hell from me".

Your daughter

Vanessa was her name. You had a small log cabin up in the forests and you would stay there during the summer. She would often disappear into the nearby fields coming back with garlands. As she grew up, her love for field hockey grew, and she spent her time between field hockey, school and friends. She recently graduated from high-school with an 80% average. At eighteen years old, she was so

looking forward to studying architecture at college. Just a few weeks before she was supposed to leave for college, you found her slumped over on the bathroom floor. You held her hand until it became waxy. You shook with grief as the EMT gently pried your hand from hers, as the loss really began to sink in. Vanessa, so beautiful and full of life and promise had died mere feet away from you, and you could do nothing, but say good-bye after she had departed. When you moved her purse, white pills scattered across the bathroom floor. The police said they were counterfeit painkillers laced with a poison. You never knew who gave her the pills or how long she had been taking them.

Even when you were driving to the funeral, you kept one seat empty, because whatever you do there will always be one missing.

Perhaps now is a good time to ask, what did you truly know about your daughter? What kinds of friends did she have? Where did she get those pills from? What is your relationship to her, your "daughter" if that is even who she truly is? What transgressions are you hiding from yourself and the rest of your family? How did you put those pills in her hand? Was this the first death in the family or perhaps there were others?

What great abysses of shame and regret do you wish to explore? If you do not, I am sure William Faulkener will be happy to oblige.

Example daughters

How much do you truly know about your daughter and what was going on in her life? The examples below are perhaps

some or part of the truth of who your daughter truly was.

Example 1:

Vanessa fractured her leg eight months ago when playing field hockey. It took her a month before she started playing again. In the championship she was so concerned that they wouldn't win without her. She played so hard her team won each game all the way to the finals. Each game she pretended it didn't hurt, but she refused to let its healing slow her down. She started taking painkillers for the leg, and when her prescription ran out she switched to counterfeit painkillers. Even after they won, she couldn't live without them, the pain would come back only worse. She wanted to be so strong, so as to never fail you.

Example 2:

She had worked hard to graduate high-school. She could have gotten a 90% average, if it weren't for her failing grades for the last six months of school. You wished her to excel, to become successful as an architect, something you yourself never could become. In the last months before she was supposed to go away, there were arguments, especially about her studying to become an architect. She wanted to postpone her studies, discover herself, but you wouldn't let her. She spent more time out of the house than in, stumbling home drunk or worse. She was so angry with you, if only you had listened.

Example 3:

She had a boyfriend, someone she had met through her friends. He seemed so cool, living on his own, with his own car.

He seemed to have lots of money and wasn't afraid to flash it around and spend it on her. He even bought her the latest handbag. She lost her virginity to him, and four months ago she found out she was pregnant. Then he became cold, distant, even cruel. She said she had injured herself while playing field hockey, but in reality they had had a fight, and in the ensuing violence caused her to have a miscarriage. He went on to date her best friend as if she was nothing. She couldn't bear the loss of him anymore, she was ashamed that your love for her was so misguided that it too could actually mean nothing.

Beyond your apartment

Once you progress out of your apartment and down the stairs, you see outside the gray mist edges around the whole property. There is a path that leads out in front of the brown stone apartment block, and on a memorial plinth is a 12 foot sarcophagus with a face and body in relief.

The sarcophagus

The face on the sarcophagus is of a woman in ageless youth. Her long flowing hair has been stylized to flow and drape across the entirety of the sarcophagus' lid. Her face, while youthful, is cruel and hate filled, the eyes seeming to follow you around the longer you look at them. She clasps an ebon sword, and wears armor over a flowing gown from an age echoing the tomb of a tyrant long-past.

The sarcophagus lid is askew allowing for a child easily to fit through, or a slim

adult with some difficulty. Looking into the gap, you see nothing but inky blackness. Putting your hand or limb inside causes it to be covered by the inkiness. It whispers to all who listen that you have done all sorts of terrible things, bile tickles the back of your throat for some are black truths while others are insidious lies. The ink doesn't wash off and permanently mars skin and clothing unless you enter the mists.

The memorial pavilion

Beyond the sarcophagus is a large lake with its further waters obscured in the impenetrable mist surrounding the property. Attached to the mainland by a vaulted white marbled bridge is a single island upon which a Greek-style circular marbled pavilion stands. Cut into the far side of the island are small steps leading down into the depths of the lake's glassen waters. A white marbled arm bobs in the water as if gesturing to a hapless person to enter. Once bringing the arm out of the water, it turns out to be an actual human arm, severed and cool to the touch, unblemished and unmarked by decay. The arm appears to be from a woman in her early to mid 20s, perhaps reminding you of your daughter.

Below the surface of the water a giant abyss can be seen crowded by ancient submerged buildings. Occasionally lights and what looks like figures can be seen among the city blocks avenues. The water is bone chillingly cold. Anything longer than a minute and your body starts to seize up, the water weighing you down as if to sink you below its mirrored icy surface. No matter how deep you dive, the city seems to never



become any closer.

If you spend time in the water, you will see a ghostly woman in her 20s, drifting through it, her face up turned as if she were laying on top of a sarcophagus, her hair undulating with the submerged currents. The face is similar to the one on the sarcophagus, except there is no hate, only the consternation of one lost in troubled dreaming. As you begin to succumb to the waters, the woman begins to awaken, her eyes drifting to look at you. As you hover at the edge of drowning, with black spots covering your vision, your body awash with pins and needles, you can have a simple conversation. She beseeches you, her arm

outstretched to find her body parts, to pay attention to the handwritten notes she has left among the typewritten ones. She asks you not to touch the sarcophagus.

When you awaken gasping, you find yourself on the white marble steps of the memorial pavilion. The ghost's request to be brought together still echoes through your mind.

The mists

The mist surrounding the brownstone apartment complex and its adjacent lake are near complete. Sometimes it parts enough to reveal that you are surrounded by forest with other brownstone apartment complexes peeking through the foliage. Walking into the mist quickly becomes disorienting. There are creatures in here that gnaw and bite. If you do wander in, your skin takes on a powdery quality as if you were caked in flour. Any inkiness from the sarcophagus screeches and evaporates, burning itself off. When you return, you find that those not covered in the whiteness from the mist have trouble remembering you, and that you don't interact with the world correctly. People stop listening to you and wander away. You can wipe off the effects of the mist by bathing yourself in any water.

The type written messages

Throughout the property you will come across messages addressed to you. They will either mock you, command you to the next clue, or address you brusquely to

do tasks that may seem innocuous on the surface, but are monstrous when completed.

Examples:

"You never bothered to find out who gave Vanessa those pills did you?"

"You were terrible to your daughter. How do I see it? You are useless."

"Get the apartment key from the jumper on the roof. It's mine and he swallowed it."

"Find the message I hid in the doll in the nursery on flat #3."

"Mr. Martinique has locked himself in his apartment with something belonging to my daughter. Retrieve it for me."

"The tenants of apartment #14 have been vandalizing the apartment block. I have already told them that you will make an example of them."

The hand-written messages

The handwritten messages are written in the margins of the type written messages. They are requests or heart-felt suggestions often related to the original typewritten missive.

Examples:

"Please find my heart amongst the refuse of the boiler room."

"Could you go visit the cannibals in #16, and ask them for my hand?"

"In apartment #54, there is a phone which you can make one outside call from. Could you give the parents the final message from their son? It's on the fridge."

"Could you bring a lit candle out to the mists? I can hear a child crying, looking for her way back."

"Gertrude Izbek's husband recently died. Could you visit her and sit with her, even for a little while?"

"The teen mother in apartment #13 has overdosed on pills. Please save her."

The other apartments beyond yours

There are many apartments. Each of the apartments houses someone who tells you a similar story to yours, all of them had lost a young female family member and were on their way to a funeral when a human shaped deer caused them to drive off the side of the road.

Examples of residents

Wyklow and Offierski Residences

Agatha Wyklow is an elderly woman who has filled her house with mostly Christian religious paraphernalia. There is a sickly

cloying smell of dying flowers and funeral incense in the apartment. She offers you coffee or tea and fennel cake. She seems nice enough, if a bit sad for her daughter who died with her boyfriend on the streets. She claims her daughter was a nun. The stories do not add up. Her kindness changes to a mania as she remembers her daughter for who she was and not who she would like her to be.

Agatha's daughter Maria Wyklow was a prostitute who worked the streets. The money she would make, she would send to her mother. Maria eventually found out how her daughter was paying for her bills, and instead of living with this sin, she killed her daughter - upon which her pimp set fire to Agatha's apartment killing her and five of her neighbors.

The Offierskis live across from the Wyklow residence. The man, Jan Panin, wears a large afghan jacket in the house. The mother Agnieszka Offierski is in her 20s. The child's bedroom for a girl of five has been completed. Jan works on it all the time as a way to atone for the fire he set that none of them escaped from. Jan and Agnieszka argue about his cigarette smoking all the time. They may tell you that they are not married. Jan was Maria's pimp and Agnieszka was a single mother living with her five year old daughter, until Jan lit the fire which they did not escape from.

Apartment #6

Apartment #6 has all of its locks on the outside. There is a typewritten message on the door, "Don't let her loose. The demon lies! Nothing but lies! There is no salvation here".

Shalashiel looks like a tormented angel. Her wings have been rent, and she has been tied with heavy hooked chains to a teenager's bed. Blood seeps from her many wounds especially from her nether regions onto the bedding, soaking the mattress and dripping onto the floor. She's incredibly hungry and delirious from a preternatural fever. There is a glass jar filled with pennies by the night stand, a typewritten note stands next to it reading, "Price of admission to Lethe: two coins."

After walking into the apartment, the apartment door eventually locks behind you. How you handle Shalashiel is up to you. Is she truly an angel or is she a demon in disguise? Has she truly been imprisoned by William Faulkener? She claims that he made and stole her baby. If you listen to her, would she become a powerful ally to you?

The Venezia residence

The apartment looks reasonable. The mother is nice. There is a boy of about eight years old and a girl of six years old playing with dolls. The father is even-toned and they talk about how they were on their way here when a man dressed as a deer caused them to drive off the side of the road. They invite you for dinner. There is a roast in the oven.

In life, the Venezias were never good people. Prolonged life in what they call hell has turned it into their own twisted version of heaven. The meal is sumptuous, the meat exquisite. During dinner they will tell you that they need to invite their other daughter to the table. A teenage girl made up of stitched pieces of dead and decaying flesh is wheeled in on

a wheelchair. "Oh dear, we will need to replace her arm again." The mother says looking at you hungrily for a suitable replacement.

The boy and the daughter are not theirs, and instead are the surviving children of two other families who were killed and eaten by the Venezia family. Maybe they have still living family members here in the apartment block? Is the supposed daughter actually a daughter?

Who is the teenage daughter? Is she just a pastiche corpse, or is she still alive somehow? Was she a teenage mother herself who lost her own infant daughter and was thus drawn into this realm? Or is she truly just decaying pieces of meat stitched together from various girls and women into a grisly puppet, kept fresh only by the needs of the parents? Perhaps some of Valeria is stitched into her?

Other apartments

It doesn't have to be a literal daughter who was lost every time. It can be a beloved granddaughter, a niece that was taken in and cared for like a daughter, or even a younger friend or house-mate who was nurtured in her sickness or fostered and protected due to her inexperience.

Don't stray too far from the theme, but feel free to provide some variety.

The Faulkener residence

Apartment #1 is the Faulkener residence. It's the apartment referred to in the funeral program for William and Marta Faulkener which you found in your own apartment and can also be found in all

other apartments here. The Faulkener residence is a multi-story apartment with tall windows, white walls and brown wood accents. The apartment has a showroom appearance with nothing out of place. William Faulkener was an architect who kept copious typewritten notes of everything. There are numerous displays of his designs, including of the complex and the apartments you visited. Some have innocuous names, while others are far more sinister, implying the nature and function of the residents there.

Dominic Koko is in the daughter's bedroom. He wears a rosary around his neck, and has a long knife in his hand that he took from the kitchen. He has a small notebook taken from William's table, which is filled with little typewritten notes. He has a few clues, himself having only arrived there shortly. He understands the Faulkeners had a daughter who was driven off the side of the road by a deer - maybe. Faulkener became obsessed that there was a way to bring her back from beyond the veil. This place was meant to imprison either his daughter or a demon to do his bidding, and it's not perfect yet, which is why all those other residents have been drawn here to sustain it.

The daughter's room is white with no personality. There is a picture of the daughter, the only reference to her. The entire world becomes hostile if this image or the room it is in are damaged or changed in any way. The way in which the world turns hostile is by having smoke pour into the apartment, followed by fire, or doors end in deep pits, sharp blades snap from the walls, steps go missing and so on. Once satisfied that it

has harmed you enough, the world will revert, resetting as if the damage you did and the damage it caused never happened. Sometimes your wounds go with it, but most of the time it likes physically reminding you that you can die while it cannot.

You will find a typewritten note addressed to you in the apartment or in the daughter's room, tasking you to complete some innocuously written yet malignant task.

Valeria Faulkener

The daughter of William and Marta Faulkener. William was a controlling man whose world was made up of architecture and the cold pristine lines of interior design. His wife used drugs to maintain her sanity. Valeria would run away as a teen, and William would hunt her down himself or task someone else to find her and bring her back. He tried to make her his, using all the modern techniques of the time, asylums, rehabilitation and pharmacological therapy. Yet, in spite of all this, she never became the dutiful daughter he could marry off to one of his proteges.

Eventually Valeria couldn't take it anymore and walked herself off the ice of the lake in the early spring. Learning of her death, William simply refused to allow her to pass on, so he immediately sought to have her body revived. His mind, already touching other realms and hearing the whispers of otherworldly creatures, extended even further beyond the Veil - and there he found something that gave him the clues to put together a place, a cage where they could live in an abject utopia of his own making.

Valeria's body

Valeria's body parts have been distributed and hidden around the property. If you cut one of her limbs into parts it will remain so. However, upon bringing parts close together, they start to stitch up into a whole body. It will remain dead until you decide to re-animate her.

Valeria's soul

Valeria's soul reposes in the lake. If you go swimming in it, you can see it and while you can try to reach it, you can never do so. Only when you hover near death, can you talk to her. Even then you have to understand that it costs her greatly in effort, as she becomes ever more translucent - for her father's mania holds her here, but the demonic entity residing in the sarcophagus seeks to erase her. She asks you to follow her handwritten requests.

Valeria's re-animation

There are two ways you can re-animate Valeria's body.

First, you can place Valeria's whole body into the sarcophagus or cover it with the inkiness from it. It may look human, but what demonic creature resides in the sarcophagus, is now in possession of this physical shell. It will happily lead you out of the maze and back to a wakeful reality.

Second, if you place her body in the water of the lake, she will come alive, swimming back to the island and ascending the steps. A boat will arrive from the mists with a ferryman to lead you away from this place. Valeria tells you she will stay here to lead those residents who wish to return back to the

realm of the living. Perhaps she may even eventually face her father and destroy this place. Although she fears that the demonic creature still imprisoned here along with everyone else will also be freed if she does so...

The evil/good divide

It's up to you how you wish to proceed. If you follow William's typewritten missives you will eventually put Valeria together at a monstrous price. If you follow Valeria's handwritten requests it will be a harder process and will lead her soul back to her body.

My suggestion is you use white and black markers to track these. Whenever a good deed is done or you follow Valeria's instructions you remove a black mark or receive a white mark. Whenever you do something harmful or evil or follow William's instructions you remove a white mark or give yourself a black mark. These markers are to tell how residents in this world behave to you. The more black marks you have, the more likely monstrous inhabitants, roaming this property are to leave you unmolested. While more white markers will cause them to turn hostile to you more easily. You can have more than one white and black mark. In the end they will also tell you how things finally resolve themselves, for the blackness and the whiteness of your deeds will remain as a permanent reminder of your time in the Faulkeners' Dream Maze.

A suggestion as this purgatory lives between Metropolis and Inferno is that as more white marks are collected, the more this realm starts to merge with Metropolis.

The buildings before seen seem to become more real, integrating this realm further into barren components of Metropolis. While black marks indicate that this realm is venturing ever closer to Inferno with the mist turning from white to ash black, the smell of insane industry and the hubbub of Inferno taking root in the property.

Should you meet William Faulkener?

Maybe. William Faulkener is the architect of this place. His handiwork is visible in the people he has imprisoned, their wretchedness his legacy. If you have trouble with interfacing with the world and need a face to impersonate it: please use William. Please also understand that he is only a manifestation of this place, its purpose is to rebirth and contain his daughter and those he can torment. He may even allow you to kill him as a stratagem to drive you ever closer to his arms.

Who is the demon?

The demon may have once been our enslaved plaything or willing servant when humanity was divine. Tossed into Inferno after the Fall, it hungers to revel in the joys of conquest and tyranny once again. Its kind was close to us, and its inclinations left such a mark that even now it brings a tingling of fear, but also thrills, from times forgotten to the forefront of our veil-clouded minds.

This purgatory on the border between Elysium and Inferno is a vague echo of the worlds beyond our own the demon was banished to, and here it festers in the darkness, seeping through the corrupted

mind of William Faulkener, representing the inkiness behind the supposedly orderly white shell. It waits for restitution. It hungers for the tremulations and sorrows of humanity.

William Faulkener is its tool to return to power, but a flawed one. The demon gnashes over William's distractions with creating the perfect realm, and the subjugation and tormenting of its inhabitants. It wishes to do all these things, for William Faulkener and the demon are very much alike, but it has no wish to stay in this prison and play the role of dutiful daughter forever. Perhaps a new architect should replace William Faulkener and become its cat's paw in his place?

Who is Shalashiel?

Shalashiel was once a BeneHa'elohim loyal to the fallen Archon Hod. Overcome with love for human women, Shalashiel chose to join Gamaliel's clergy as a fallen angel to become a woman in all aspects. The love for the aspects of womanhood and its divinity was counter to the excesses of Gamaliel causing her to leave the faithful of Gamaliel acrimoniously. She wandered between realms of Elysium, Metropolis and Inferno bereft of purpose.

Shalashiel was one of the first kidnapped by William Faulkener. His original plan was to have his daughter's soul possess her body. The experiment failed and William has tortured her in every way possible ever since, for even in her trapped state she reminds him he is no god, but fallible and full of doubt.

Shalashiel is a creature that can be used for both great destruction or as an ally. The purpose of her being there is to help you when things are too hard by giving out suggestions or advice or to become a great foe, especially if there is a chance she can escape in some way. William's whispers are powerful and can slowly poison anyone's mind - even Shalashiel's.

Shalashiel also represents a potential Third Way to escape. However, it comes at a terrible price. To understand the price, you will have to ask Shalashiel herself.

Sundering the curtain

After a long enough stay here, and no doubt at the cost of a good portion of your sanity, you may know as much as this: This is a twilight realm between the living and dead, bordering on dreams and madness, and suffused with grief and torment. You and everyone else here on this property have been pulled into this world while on the way to a funeral, vehicles swerving off the road with the sudden appearance of an antlered apparition on the nightly forest road. The place is incomplete for it needs two things: Those who can put William's daughter together again, and the anguish and sorrow of those it feeds off. All of the people living in this 1980s brownstone apartment block of indeterminate height and width have all lost a daughter. Some will steal the daughters of others, others will create facsimiles. Some think they are already in Inferno - who are we to say to them otherwise?

William Faulkener, father to Valeria Faulkener was a brilliant if unsuccessful

architect. He designed apartment blocks for low rent housing. He always wished he could build the soaring and majestic spaces of the more highly renowned architects, drawing accolades from his peers. His drive for fame pushed his daughter away and dragged his wife down with him. Finally his daughter couldn't take it anymore and committed suicide by drowning herself in an icy lake.

William's mind turned from the desire of making her a vessel for his success, to bringing her back as a demonstration of his mastery over life and death. In the dark witching hours of fever filled typing and drafting, something - perhaps some otherworldly force, perhaps his own dormant divinity - took hold, bringing the Faulkener family here. His mind lost any kindness replaced with his deep-seated mania of this being his world and he its god. This place is him. To stab a wall, is to stab him. To burn an apartment is to stub out a cigarette upon his skin. He can manifest, but why should he when his bones are the pillars, his eyes the windows, and his mind is the snapping typewriter leaving brusque staccato missives for those who arrive here?

He hungers to reassemble his daughter, to slip her into the sarcophagus and release the creature that was banished from the wakeful reality to walk again. If you help this come to pass, the demon will smile and accompany you back, for it will need mortal minions to do its horrific bidding.

As for his daughter? She, too, is trapped in this place. Her soul resides in the deep waters of the pool by the Greek memorial pavilion. Her wish is to come alive. Not

for living, but for the sake of the other souls trapped here. She wishes to help them free themselves and return to the world, or perhaps to give them the graceful repose of a final death. She usurps her father's writing to leave pleading, impassioned hand-written requests to those who might listen. However, the longer they remain here, the less they listen to her, causing her to sink further into despair.

The nature of this property

You can die here, but you cannot grow old. You can eat, but you know no hunger. You can laugh and cry for these are allowed as they are preludes to sorrow.

The space is dreamlike, with a constant crypt-like cold that will not go away even with the hottest of fires. Clocks move in a circular fashion, but the days are constantly overcast, showing no passage of time. You could be here for centuries with only your mad scratches on the walls as your marker. Apartments that are vacated will reset or disappear entirely, to be replaced by new ones. Each apartment contains a clue and a mocking reminder to the reason why their daughter died.

Distances are all relative. If the property wishes to, it can expand and contract both space and time, a room can turn into a cavernous corridor while you are stuck between seconds, or time will rush past. A room thoroughly trashed may right itself while briefly looked away from, returning to its pristine state within

moments. A fire that is started can swiftly turn the place into a towering inferno, and just as suddenly die down to nothing but rapidly cooling flakes of ashes drifting through the air. Objects and people once ignored may turn into mist and disappear.

The mists surrounding the property are a disorienting space filled with dead silence. Even if you were to traverse the mists in a straight line, you would end up coming out at a different point, always circling back to the apartment block. If you purposefully wander further into the mists you may come across other dwellers driven mad by this place who now hunt its inhabitants. The mist itself is ashen powder, causing your body to become covered with it. Unless washed away, it makes those who know you start to forget about you, until eventually you may even forget yourself.

A creature with antlers hunts those in here for sport. Sometimes killing, other times herding them back. There are whispers that it is forced to serve the demonic creature in this function due to an ancient pact, which the demon refuses to relinquish. When you saw it originally it had the visage of a partially fur-covered man with antlers upon his head and a row of needle sharp teeth sprouting from his equine muzzle. Here among the mists, it takes the shape of a great elk, large enough to fell trees. Across its neck and hooves heavy barbed chains hang, cutting deep weeping wounds into its flanks. It has lived so long in the mist that it has taken on some of its power, disappearing among the powdery mist only to unexpectedly emerge from a different direction, ready to gore and bite at those who dare hunt it.

What happens next?

You awaken on the side of the road, your car untouched. What do you think happens when you escape a place such as this? Will you be able to ever live in the somnolent world of the living? Who else is in the car with you? She says she's your daughter. There is a note crinkling in your pocket.

