

Jerome Samsara, Writer and Mystic Explorer. Age 38.

STR	12	DEX	16	INT	18	Idea	90
CON	13	APP	15	POW	17	Luck	85
SIZ	12	SAN	48	EDU	16	Know	95

Damage Bonus: none

Magic Points: 17

Sanity Points: 48

17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

48 47 46 45 44 43 42 41 40
39 38 37 36 35 34 33 32 31 30
29 28 27 26 25 24 23 22 21 20
19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

Hit Points: 13
13 12 11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

Skills:

Astrology	35%	Astronomy	30%	Bargain	50%	Computer Use	40%
Credit Rating	45%	Cthulhu Mythos	25%	Fast Talk	40%	History	40%
Law	55%	Library Use	80%	Listen	60%	Occult	65%
Greek	45%	Arabic	45%	Latin	67%	French	55%
Deep One*	38%	Psychology	34%	Sneak	45%	Spot Hidden	40%
Hypnotise	24%	Dreaming	46%	Dream Lore	23%	Swim	30%
Fencing Foil	50%	Knife	40%	Handgun	55%.	Cat Language**	35%

*Reading only, you are not physically equipped to speak this language.

**Dreamlands only.

Spells:

Elder Sign: Protective symbol. Takes a minimum of 10 minutes to draw the sign, longer if in material resistant to marking or carving. Spend 2 POW permanently to activate. No Sanity loss is incurred.

Create Gate: Create a gate to another location at a cost of 1 POW per 100 miles distance. Each traveller spends 1 Magic Point per 100 miles and 1 Sanity Point to journey through.

Contact Tamash: Patron deity of wizards, who appears when the worshipper is alone. Can only be cast in the Dreamlands.

Background

Jerome Samsara is a writer on the occult, a practising mystic and student of the arcane. An expert in eastern meditation and astral projection, his million pound apartment is filled with the copies of his many books and the glittering awards and commendations his work has earned him. Jerome is also an accomplished Dreamer, and has spent many awed weeks exploring the Dreamlands. He has in his time seen many an amazing being, and a number of otherworldly horrors, but has managed to keep himself together as best he can. He has his dark days, but they are fewer than one might expect. Some dark beings he has gotten closer to than others have – years spent studying Deep Ones left many scars but he has recovered.

Dapper and charming, in a calm and quietly confident way, Jerome cuts a slick figure around London, where he lives; lecturing, attending book signings, gracing the most select evening receptions. Think Giles from Buffy, with a bit more Ripper than usual. Not at the moment of course: unshaven, filthy and naked, freezing to the bone, the dark days fill his mind, muddying the utter confusion borne of not knowing where he is, who these other people are, how he got here or what is happening. His last memory is of entering a meditative state in preparation for an astral trip, probably to the Dreaming. Maybe he's Dreaming now, but he doesn't think so. Can he trust his mind though? It will take all his strength to hold his mind together one more time.

Maria Gannon, Psychic and Medium. Age 26.

STR	11	DEX	14	INT	17	Idea	85
CON	14	APP	17	POW	20	Luck	99
SIZ	10	SAN	55	EDU	18	Know	90

Damage Bonus: none

Magic Points: 20

Sanity Points: 55

55 54 53 52 51 50
49 48 47 46 45 44 43 42 41 40
39 38 37 36 35 34 33 32 31 30
29 28 27 26 25 24 23 22 21 20
19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

20
19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

Hit Points: 12

12 11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

Skills:

Astrology	55%	Astronomy	10%	Dodge	30%	Computer Use	40%
Persuade	65%	Cthulhu Mythos	05%	Fast Talk	60%	Psychoanalysis	40%
First Aid	35%	Library Use	30%	Listen	70%	Occult	25%
German	35%	Spanish	45%	French	67%	Conceal	55%
Art History	38%	Psychology	65%	Sneak	45%	Spot Hidden	50%
Hypnotise	50%	Painting	76%	Handgun	25%	Swim	30%

Psychic Abilities:

Telepathy: Match POW with target on the Resistance table. Margin of success in percentiles indicates amount of information available to be read, in a trade off with depth of probing (*consult with Keeper*). If the roll achieved in the resistance test is half or less of what was needed the target is unaware of your probe; else they can feel your presence in their head.

Backlash: Match POW with target on the Resistance table. For each 10% under the target number your roll is (*if roll is less than 10% under count as a single success*) you may spend 1 Magic Point to reduce the target's Magic Points by 1D4, causing disorientation and loss of initiative, and with MPs reduced to nil, unconsciousness for 1D10 minutes.

Psychometric Transference: Match POW with target on the Resistance table. For each 10% under the target number your roll is (*if roll is less than 10% under count as a single success*) you may spend 1 Magic Point to remove up to 1 days worth of a person's memory and transfer it into an inanimate object. You may not read the memories in this way. Transference back to the target of a previously stored memory requires no expenditure of Magic Points or matching of POW.

"Scouring"

Background

Maria Gannon is a psychic, and as such a very valuable government resource. Pity they can't find her at the moment. Maria is a psychic on the run, a telepath for hire to anyone who will offer her shelter from her former paymasters and enough money to make the next dash when it comes. She has not been back to her native England for many years and she dearly hopes never to see its green fields ever again. Last thing she remembers she was making her way to Cairo to meet with a private group of investors who wished to make use of her "scouring" (*as she calls it*) abilities. The money was incredible, but they had assured her that once she knew the details of their cause she'd want to help anyway. She indulged their naivete.

Now she dearly regrets that indulgence: naked, filthy, freezing to the bone. In the terror of not knowing where she is, who these other people are, how she got here or what is happening, her usual disciplined sense of total anonymity - her plain, mousy greyness, her modest silences, her ability to fade into the background - seems cruelly lampooned in what must be a trap for the runaway. How did they catch her and what do they want?

Senton Carrow, Archaeologist and Occult Investigator. Age 35

STR	15	DEX	14	INT	17	Idea	85
CON	14	APP	12	POW	15	Luck	75
SIZ	13	SAN	60	EDU	20	Know	99

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Magic Points: 15

Sanity Points: 60

15 14 13 12 11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

60
59 58 57 56 55 54 53 52 51 50
49 48 47 46 45 44 43 42 41 40
39 38 37 36 35 34 33 32 31 30
29 28 27 26 25 24 23 22 21 20
19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

Hit Points: 14
13 12 11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

Skills:

Archaeology	65%	Astronomy	20%	Anthropology	50%	Computer Use	40%
First Aid	65%	Cthulhu Mythos	10%	Geology	40%	History	60%
Hide	35%	Library Use	70%	Listen	30%	Occult	45%
Greek	45%	Arabic	65%	Latin	67%	Coptic (Egyptian)	75%
Hebrew	38%	Navigate	30%	Pilot Plane	45%	Spot Hidden	40%
Photography	44%	Ride	46%	Track	23%	Swim	30%
Rifle	50%	Knife	50%	Handgun	30%		

Spells:

Deflect Harm: Expend 1 magic point and 1 Sanity point to cast, while raising hand. While hand remains raised physical attacks can be deflected at a cost in magic points matching the damage rolled for the attack. If the hand drops the spell is ended, but may be recast immediately.

Background

A modern day Indiana Jones, Dr. Senton Carrow has made an influential career out of studying the darker sides of the very oldest of civilisations. Senior lecturer at Oxford and advisor to the government on issues of antiquity and the occult, he has travelled the length and breadth of the earth seeking the secrets of the ancients. He has seen horrors; he has seen immense power under the command of the very merest of men and learned a trick or two of his own on the way for dealing with seemingly insurmountable danger. He's a confident, outspoken man, not used to having the word turned in his mouth. Some have accused him, to his face, of being a brutish megalomaniac, but then by virtue of being somebody other than Carrow himself, these people are usually profoundly in the wrong. It's not particularly surprising then that Senton Carrow has made an enemy or twelve along the way with this attitude to the forefront. So far, his unshakeable self-confidence has been a perfectly serviceable shield against these lesser mortals.

But tonight he'll need to master all the self-confidence he can to overcome his terrifying predicament: unshaven, filthy and naked, freezing to the bone. Unarmed. Imaginings of ancient threats blend uncomfortably with the utter confusion of not knowing where he is, who these other people are, how he got here or what is happening. It will take all his strength to hold his mind together, and all that legendary confidence to stand up to whomever has had the wits and thirst for vengeance to pull off the elaborate kidnapping of a man such as Carrow.

Fr. Lucien Kilmaine, Catholic Priest. Exorcist. Theological Academic. Age 27.

STR	11	DEX	13	INT	18	Idea	90
CON	12	APP	15	POW	15	Luck	75
SIZ	12	SAN	70	EDU	18	Know	90

Damage Bonus: none

Magic Points: 15

Sanity Points: 70

15 14 13 12 11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

70
69 68 67 66 65 64 63 62 61 60
59 58 57 56 55 54 53 52 51 50
49 48 47 46 45 44 43 42 41 40
39 38 37 36 35 34 33 32 31 30
29 28 27 26 25 24 23 22 21 20
19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

Hit Points: 12
12 11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

Skills:

Archaeology	25%	Art History	50%	Theology	70%	Computer Use	40%
Astrology	35%	Cthulhu Mythos	05%	Persuade	60%	History	60%
Psychology	75%	Library Use	50%	Listen	60%	Occult	35%
Greek	55%	Russian	65%	Latin	70%	French	35%
Fist Punch	65%	Swim	40%	Sneak	15%	Spot Hidden	30%

Background

Young Fr. Kilmaine left Dublin at the age of 21 as a seminarian to complete his studies in the Vatican. A bright and enthusiastic researcher he has remained there ever since, but in a role that brought him more often to the face of Satan than it has to the face of the Lord. He is one of the librarians of the Black Library, the hidden occult texts of the Roman Catholic Church, and one of the Pope's personal exorcists - the pontiff being a regular victim of demonic attack.

A true gentleman, Fr. Kilmaine balances his researches into the abominations of the other world with an outlook on life in this one that is dominated by boundless optimism and faith in the inherent good in human nature. He works to remain upbeat in the face of a dark world, and is a talented negotiator and facilitator. His knowledge of the bible and demonology is almost encyclopaedic, but not without the odd blank space.

Of course his whole world is a bit of a blank space at the moment: lying naked, unshaven, filthy and freezing on a stone floor. He doesn't know where he is or why, who these others with him are, how he got here or what is happening. He can see some sort of pentacle on the floor, vaguely through the darkness. As a sliver of half-light comes in through a boarded window above him, he must face the question of who might have brought the Pope's defender to a place such as this, and why? What Black secrets do they think he possesses? What beasts might he have sent back to hell? Who might they be looking to get revenge for?

Faith and optimism will give way to fear and distrust if Fr. Kilmaine cannot get some answers.

Xu Chen, Personal Defence Expert. Former Triad Assassin. Age 30.

STR	17	DEX	17	INT	15	Idea	75
CON	16	APP	12	POW	13	Luck	65
SIZ	12	SAN	60	EDU	12	Know	60

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Magic Points: 13

Sanity Points: 60

13 12 11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

60
59 58 57 56 55 54 53 52 51 50
49 48 47 46 45 44 43 42 41 40
39 38 37 36 35 34 33 32 31 30
29 28 27 26 25 24 23 22 21 20
19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

Hit Points: 14
14 13 12 11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

Skills:

Bargain	46%	Calligraphy	35%	Climb	56%	Conceal	45%
Drive Auto	45%	Electronic Security	50%	Fast Talk	47%	First Aid	35%
Hide	67%	Jump	65%	Locksmith	56%	Kung Fu	65%
Mandarin	76%	Cantonese	73%	French	45%	Surveillance	65%
Sneak	65%	Spot Hidden	56%	Swim	50%	Throw	48%
Track	56%	Sword	78%	Handgun	65%	Rifle	59%
Knife	56%	Disguise	45%	Garrotte	35%	Fist/Punch	60%
Kick	60%	Grapple	45%	Archery	35%		

Background

Xu Chen has a colourful background. Born into the Triad gangland of Hong Kong, he lived the life of the modern day criminal until he was one of the most feared assassins on the island. As chief assassin of the White Tiger gang, his reputation ran that *"Even when you though you were looking right at the Tiger, he was most surely behind you all along."* He tired of it, as many had before, but unlike them he was able to make good his escape. He fled to France, changed his name a few times, and worked as an advisor against the very people he used to serve. His proficiency brought ever more prestigious and secretive clients. This suited Xu well: behind the walls they used to hide themselves, Xu too was hidden.

Once or twice they have found him, his former Triad paymasters, and showed their displeasure in terrifying ways. There are such powers as man could not imagine in his modern world, but that still live and breathe and feast on the living. More than once Xu has spied their shadows bearing down on him and managed to escape before they struck home. But he still feels their sulphurous breath in his sleep; burning his back, searing his spine.

A master of Kung Fu, Xu Chen is a man of unshakeable discipline; calm under pressure, careful and watchful, slow to anger, deadly when roused. Average height, superior build, nothing bulky, just perfectly defined. Think Bruce Lee. Stuff that, think Jet Li. And under all this discipline is a man on the edge; passionate, doubting, guilty in his own eyes. Filthy in his soul.

More than in soul at the moment: he wakes, naked, unshaven, filthy in body and frozen to the bone on a stone floor, body huddled amidst a crowd of others. He knows not where he is, who the others are, how he got here or what is happening, but he can guess who might be behind this, who might want him trapped in a locked and boarded up room, reduced to crawling in the dust. He can easily imagine who might be behind this. Already he can see they have removed the tattoos that marked him as theirs while he was a boy. What connection that would give him to those trapped with him he cannot be sure - are they prisoners like he, or his oppressors in disguise? Might they band with him in the face of danger, or give him up to save themselves? Can he trust even one of them? Could he trust any of them?

Major Harvey Cooper, Strategic Defence Expert. Former SAS. Age 48.

STR	17	DEX	15	INT	17	Idea	85
CON	14	APP	13	POW	11	Luck	55
SIZ	16	SAN	50	EDU	15	Know	75

Damage Bonus: +1d6

Magic Points: 11
11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

Sanity Points: 50
50
49 48 47 46 45 44 43 42 41 40
39 38 37 36 35 34 33 32 31 30
29 28 27 26 25 24 23 22 21 20
19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

Hit Points: 15
15 14 13 12 11 10
09 08 07 06 05 04 03 02 01 00

Skills:

Pilot Helicopter	55%	Navigate	55%	Climb	45%	Credit Rating	50%
Drive Auto	56%	Mechanics	50%	Persuade	30%	First Aid	45%
Hide	35%	Jump	35%	Swim	50%	Boxing	50%
Arabic	50%	Spot Hidden	65%	Handgun	70%	Ride	50%
Sneak	40%	Tactics	68%	Club	50%	Throw	45%
Track	50%	Shotgun	60%	Kick	38%	Rifle	50%
Knife	65%	Grapple	65%	Artillery	25%	Fist/Punch	60%
Cthulhu Mythos	2%	Pilot Boat	65%				

Background

Formerly a major in the SAS, Major Cooper now advises Her Majesty's allies on their strategic defence in times of land based conflict and also in the quick and painless resolution of hostage scenarios. Sometimes the not so painless kind as well. Although approaching 50 he is still an incredibly fit man; tall, broad-chested, strong and fast. His skin still swarthy with health, his hair still black and where is should be. He is still more than a match for any young dogs who fancy their chances. He makes this point to people - a lot.

Harvey is a very proud man and not one to face down from a challenge. Of course he's also the kind of man who sees a challenge often when there isn't one there, and many a bar room brawl has seemed to come out of nowhere to everyone but Major Cooper. Quick to temper, this is a man who is secretly threatened by his advancing age, and handles it by threatening back to anyone in his way. But he's a good tactician, and has often showed how a good offence is the best defence.

This, then, would be a good time to start getting offensive and he certainly can certainly feel one of those brawls coming on as he lies here; naked, unshaven and filthy, frozen to the bone and furious on a stone floor in the night. Bodies lie about him, across him, all in a similar state, but that doesn't make them friends. A quick scan of his own body for damage shows that his regimental and other tattoos are missing: nothing on his body to identify him or his past. Whom might it offend here, one wonders?

He doesn't know where he is, who these people are, how he got here or what is going on, but Major Harvey Cooper better get some answers very soon, or everyone here will be in no doubt as to just how offensive he can be.