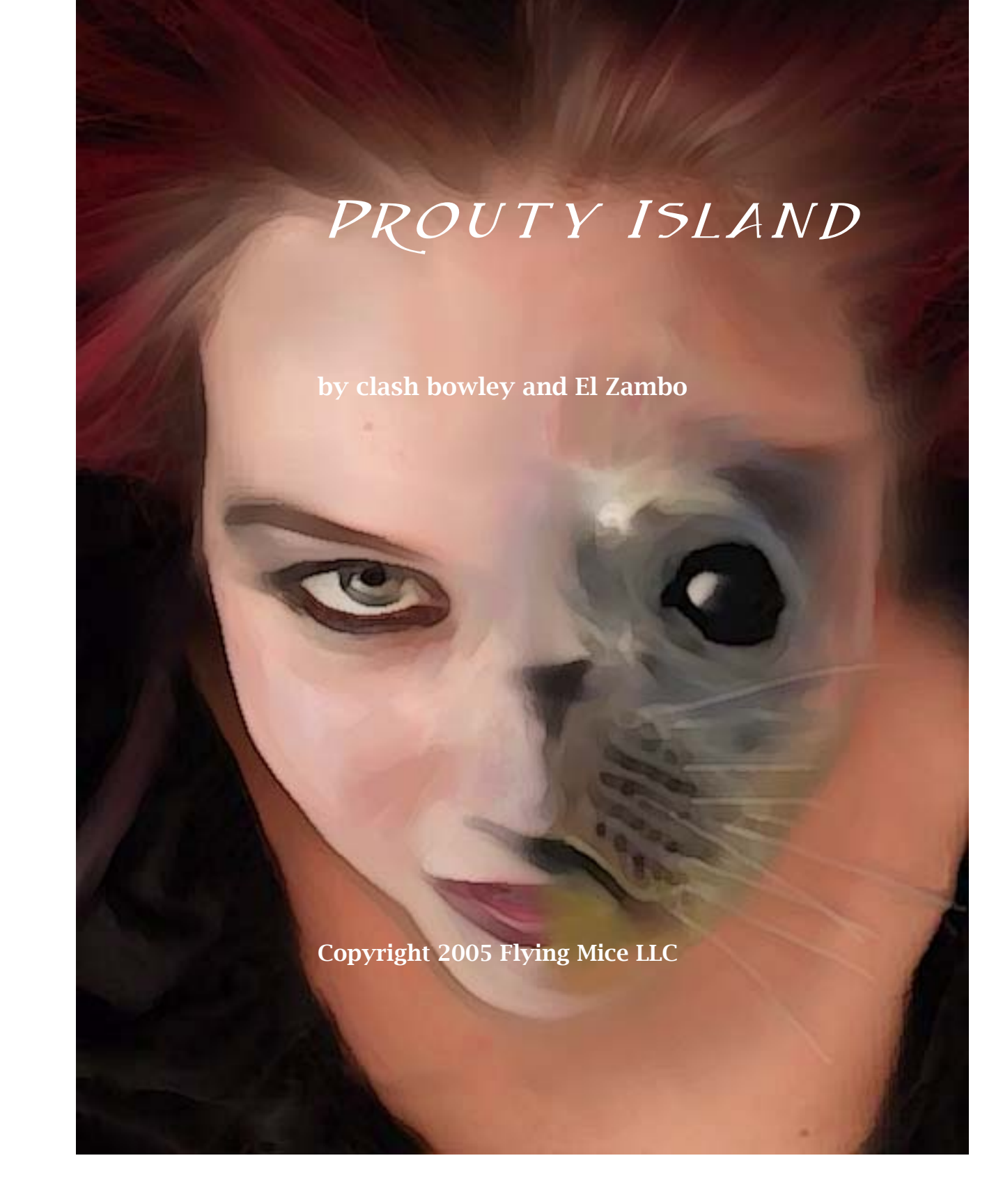


A BLOOD GAMES ADVENTURE

PROUTY



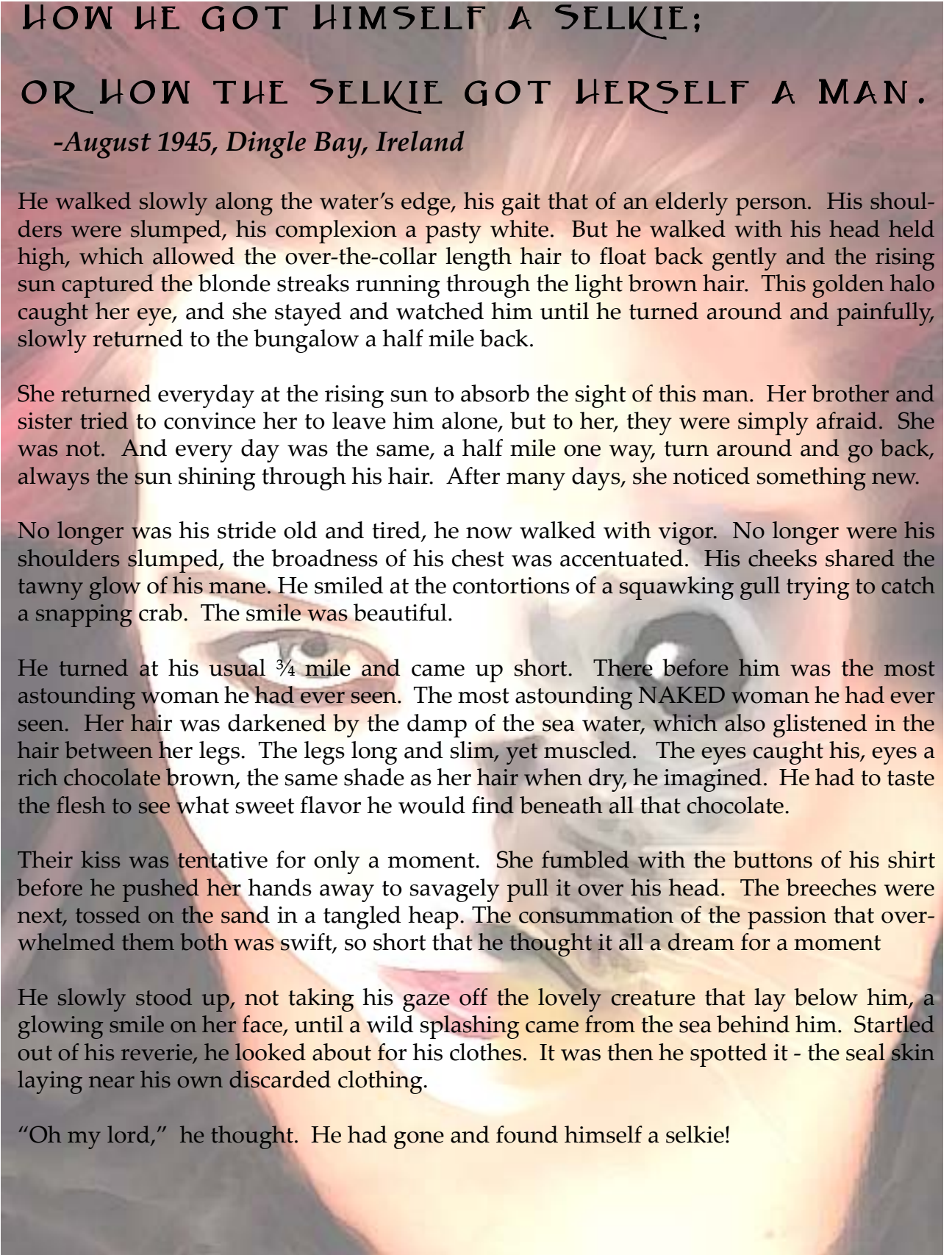
ISLAND



PROUTY ISLAND

by clash bowley and El Zambo

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HOW HE GOT HIMSELF A SELKIE;

OR HOW THE SELKIE GOT HERSELF A MAN.

-August 1945, Dingle Bay, Ireland

He walked slowly along the water's edge, his gait that of an elderly person. His shoulders were slumped, his complexion a pasty white. But he walked with his head held high, which allowed the over-the-collar length hair to float back gently and the rising sun captured the blonde streaks running through the light brown hair. This golden halo caught her eye, and she stayed and watched him until he turned around and painfully, slowly returned to the bungalow a half mile back.

She returned everyday at the rising sun to absorb the sight of this man. Her brother and sister tried to convince her to leave him alone, but to her, they were simply afraid. She was not. And every day was the same, a half mile one way, turn around and go back, always the sun shining through his hair. After many days, she noticed something new.

No longer was his stride old and tired, he now walked with vigor. No longer were his shoulders slumped, the broadness of his chest was accentuated. His cheeks shared the tawny glow of his mane. He smiled at the contortions of a squawking gull trying to catch a snapping crab. The smile was beautiful.

He turned at his usual $\frac{3}{4}$ mile and came up short. There before him was the most astounding woman he had ever seen. The most astounding NAKED woman he had ever seen. Her hair was darkened by the damp of the sea water, which also glistened in the hair between her legs. The legs long and slim, yet muscled. The eyes caught his, eyes a rich chocolate brown, the same shade as her hair when dry, he imagined. He had to taste the flesh to see what sweet flavor he would find beneath all that chocolate.

Their kiss was tentative for only a moment. She fumbled with the buttons of his shirt before he pushed her hands away to savagely pull it over his head. The breeches were next, tossed on the sand in a tangled heap. The consummation of the passion that overwhelmed them both was swift, so short that he thought it all a dream for a moment.

He slowly stood up, not taking his gaze off the lovely creature that lay below him, a glowing smile on her face, until a wild splashing came from the sea behind him. Startled out of his reverie, he looked about for his clothes. It was then he spotted it - the seal skin laying near his own discarded clothing.

"Oh my lord," he thought. He had gone and found himself a selkie!

INTRODUCTION

Prouty Island is an adventure for the Blood Games Occult Horror RPG, and has little or no opportunities for combat. Prouty Island assumes the party is either on vacation, or perhaps on the lam, getting away from the police, possibly for an accidental death while pursuing creatures of Darkness.

A pre-generated party is included with the adventure, but Prouty Island can be integrated into any Blood Games campaign if you wish. You can approach this adventure in many ways - there is no one way to play it out. You may single out one player to go mad, or parcel out the dreams and visions to the whole party. You're the best judge of your group and the way they like things done.

The dreams and visions come from Fiona Morrow, who was buried under the house by her husband Sanford many decades ago. Fiona is not dead, however. As a Selkie, she is immortal and cannot die, but she cannot escape either, nailed into a wooden chest and buried beneath the earth.

She is attempting to contact someone to release her and get her skin, which hangs in the form of a lustrous sealskin coat in the attic of the house. Reunited with her skin, she can turn back into a seal and return to the sea, healed of all harm.

The seals who haunt the beach below the house are her brother and sister, who have heard her cries but cannot locate her. They are not ordinary harbor seals native to the Maine coast, but grey seals from Ireland. They are larger and longer faced than harbor seals, and are rare in these waters. They too can - and occasionally do - shed their skins and walk as naked humans, they fear discovery greatly, due to what happened to Fiona, and will do this only when they feel perfectly safe.

The ghost - or rather spectre - of Sanford Morrow haunts the Light, and can be seen at night walking the rail around the light, or at dawn hanging from the light by a self-fashioned noose. Little is left of his personality besides jealousy, anger, and a desperate and futile longing for Fiona.

Another spectre is that of William Morrow, who drowned in a boating accident in the thirties. He is looking for Sanford, who in his panic when the boat overturned drove William under while scrambling for the overturned sailboat. He may appear as the GM wishes, appearing as a bloated corpse of a boy draped with seaweed.

A true ghost is that of Asa Morrow, who mourns for Sarah, his wife. He wanders the island unseen, but his Fear is palpable and intense.

The spectre of Sarah can occasionally be seen rocking in a chair on the porch, or doing needlework in the sitting room. She is not at all malicious, and is almost kindly, as befits the gentle creature she was.

The owner and rental agent for the Morrow house is Alvin Morrow Peavey, the grandson of Victoria Morrow, who married Holland Peavey after the War and settled in Portland. Alvin prefers to portray the family history in the best possible light, and won't willingly mention the sadder aspects of family history, especially the suicide of his great-uncle Sanford. Any mention of hauntings or the supernatural is laughed off as tourist nonsense.

The Coast Guard Station in Portland does have reports from those stationed on the island prior to its decommissioning, all of which mention ghosts, haunting dreams and visions, and depression. These are chalked up to isolation and imagination, and are not mentioned unless confronted directly.

There are other descendants of Asa and Sarah in the area, but since they all are descended from the girls, none bear the Morrow name and are hard to find. Victoria Morrow Peavey is still alive in her seventies, and living in an assisted living complex in Portland. Captain Nathaniel is also alive in his eighties, and lives in a big house in Provincetown Massachusetts, at the tip of Cape Cod. He never married, and has no descendants. Kevin Linden is a builder of fishing boats in Freetown, a grandson of Lilith. Jeremiah Butler is an insurance agent in Yarmouth - a grandson of Delilah. Kerry Gaultier is a retired nurse in Bath, and the daughter of Sarah.

Sanford kept a diary, which he hid between the covers of an extra copy of Welles' Outline of History Volume One. His writing style is sparse and elliptical, and never mentions the 'killing' of Fiona nor the fact that she was a Selkie, but does document the horrific dreams and despairing love for his murdered wife which eventually drove him to suicide. The diary can be found in the Study, set beside the two volume set of the Outline in one of the bookshelves.

Examination of the shelves will note the wearing of the shelf as this volume was frequently withdrawn and returned to the shelf. Sanford does discuss his role in the death of William, which he knows was accidental, but could never drive the guilt from his heart.

Pictures of all the family from the twenties until Fiona's disappearance in the fifties can be found in the trunks and boxes in the attic. The wardrobes and dressers in the bedrooms are kept clean for guests. In all the pictures, there are none showing anyone in the sealskin coat.

In the attic are hung Fiona's many gowns, as well as Sanford's uniforms, but the most important item is the sealskin coat. This is Fiona's skin, stitched by a tailor in Portland into a beautiful spotted coat. The first person touching this coat will soon begin seeing visions and/or dreams as described in the appropriate chapter. This may eventually result in the character thinking he is going mad. If the GM so desires, this can be spread out to anyone who handles the coat. In any case, the visions and dreams will begin some time after touching the coat.

Contributing to this are the spectres and ghosts who haunt the house. These can appear to anyone in the party under the appropriate circumstances, and may be confused with the visions of the affected party members.

DREAMS

Following are some dreams which could affect the player characters in this adventure. These are dreams, and come while the PC sleeps. The PC should wake at the end of the dreams, so that they are remembered. These dreams are coming from the buried Fiona, and are interpreted by humans in bizarre ways. In all these dreams, Fiona is trying to tell the PCs what happened to her, but the filter of dreams changes this information in strange ways. The PCs should not realize they are dreaming until they wake. These dreams can occur in any order, and the GM is encouraged to create more on these themes.

Dream One - The Grave

The PC dreams that he is buried underground, in the earth. He feels things in the earth wriggling along all around him, and he itches unbearably. If he reaches up to get out, he feels solid wood over him, with a small air pocket. Breaking up into the

pocket, the air smells earthy and close, with no oxygen. Groping around, he can feel a flashlight. If he turns it on, he sees a mirror on the inner side of the wooden lid, with a reflection of his skull in it with bits of skin and hair, and maggots crawling on the bone.

Dream Two - Maggots

The PC dreams she is lying in her bed with a blanket covering her whole body under her chin. Her skin itches terribly, but the covers seem terribly heavy, or perhaps she is weak. If she pulls her hand out from under, she will see the skin bulging and moving in odd ways. If she throws the covers off, she sees that instead of a mattress, she is lying in a bed full of maggots eating their way into her body and bulging and rippling her skin. On awakening, she still sees the maggots and feels them crawling under her skin. This will not go away for some hours, though no-one else can see the maggots.

Dream Three - Grey Matter

The PC dreams he is standing on the top of the Light, looking out to sea. He has a tremendous headache in the back of his skull, making it hard to think. If he reaches his hand back where the pain comes from, he can place his fingers right into his head, feeling the bone chips scrape his fingers and the wet sponginess of his brain. When he wakes, he can see the bone chips and grey matter all over his fingers. they don't fade from his sight until he washes them off, though no-one else can see them.

Dream Four - The Dirt Floor

The PC dreams of standing in a closet with shelves all around. The air is thick and rank with rot. She looks around and sees animal skins stacked everywhere on the shelves. On the back of the door is tacked a flayed human skin. Beetles, ants, and other insects are everywhere. Beneath her feet is a dirt floor. Suddenly a hand bursts upward through the dirt, clawing at the soil. On awakening, the floor of the bedchamber also seems to be dirt for several minutes after waking.

Dream Five - Shaving

The PC dreams of shaving his face. Suddenly he sees that he has been shaving off his own skin, which hangs in bloody ribbons from his face. On awakening, he still feels the skin dangling for hours afterward.

Dream Six - Buried Alive

The PC dreams some loved one is burying her alive. She sees the shovelfuls of dirt cascading down on her, but cannot move. Eventually, the PC's eyes are covered, but she can still feel the growing weight of dirt slowly increasing, and hear her loved one softly weeping. as the shovel crunches into the dirt.

In this chapter are visions which the PC affected - or PCs affected - may see at any time, given the circumstance. Though they are numbered, the visions can occur in any order, and the GM is encouraged to create more visions using these as templates.

Vision One - The Real Skinny

Situation: The PC is sitting quietly, watching television or reading, or maybe looking out to sea, when another PC enters.

The Vision: The affected PC sees the person entering as a flayed body, with no skin or hair. She sees that the skinless body oozes blood, which drips to the floor. The flayed PC leaves bloody footprints behind it, and is - of course - utterly unrecognizable to her. The lipless teeth grin menacingly, and

the eyes bulge and roll wildly in their sockets. The illusion persists for several minutes.

Vision Two - The Fish

Situation: The PC enters the kitchen.

The Vision: The affected PC sees a big fish, a striped bass, flapping and gasping on the kitchen table. The fish makes him unbelievably hungry. He wants to sink his teeth into the living flesh and rip out gobbets, swallowing them whole. He may make a test of Faith or a Test of Will to resist the hunger, otherwise, he begins eating the fish.

Vision Three - The Attic

Situation: The PC enters the attic.

The Vision: The Affected PC sees the clothing on the racks come alive, reaching for her and grabbing her. If she makes a test of Will or of Faith, she can tear away, sending the clothes rack crashing to the floor. If she fails, she is tangled in the clothing and it slowly strangles her. In any case, enough noise is made so that someone will come quickly.

Vision Four - Puddles

Situation: Most any time the PC is alone

Vision: The PC sees puddles of water in inappropriate places. On the stairs, in a bedroom, or on the porch. If he checks, the

water is salt water. Sometimes, he may see wet bare footprints in the hallway. When the PC brings anyone else in, the water is gone.

Vision Five - The Odd Leather Coat

Situation: When the PC enters the Back Hall alone.

Vision: The PC sees an odd leather jacket hung on a peg in the back hallway. If she investigates, she realizes the coat is tanned human skin, and what she took for gloves are the skin peeled off a pair of woman's hands. When she brings anyone else to see, the coat is gone.

Vision Six - Scratches

Situation: Any time the PC is in the house.

Vision: The PC hears scratching noises. They are faint, but persistent. They go on for hours, sounding like fingernails scrabbling at wood. He can hear them even with his ears stopped or the television blaring. No one else hears this.

Prouty Island lies in Casco Bay, along the south-east coast of Maine. The island is very small but steep, rising thirty feet out of the bay at it's highest point. It is shaped like an inverted vee, with the highest ground where the two ridges that make up the island converge. Waves can wash completely across the island in winter, albeit rarely.

The island lies among many others strung across Casco Bay, many of them inhabited. In a 15 mile radius from Prouty lie the towns of the region; Bath, Forepart, Brunswick, Flemish, and the big city of Portland. It is not very isolated, yet is quite secluded.

In the middle of the island is a big old house, with two stories and an attic. It has a long enclosed porch along the west side, with rockers and wicker chairs inside. It is painted white, of course, and has two chimneys at the northern end. This makes it a very typical New England house, except for the big, squat lighthouse attached to the northern end of the house.

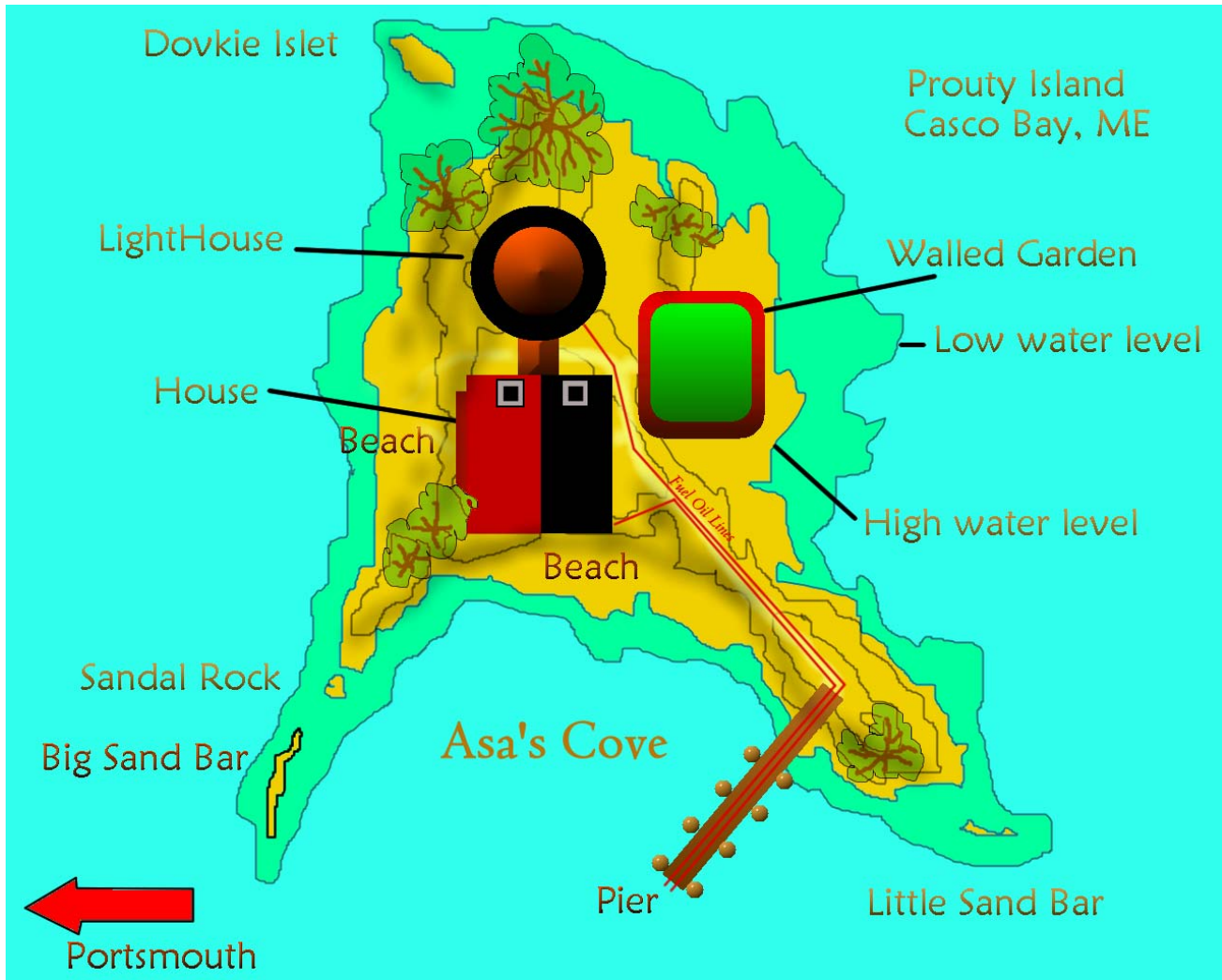
It is the light, Prouty Light, that is the reason for the house. The current arrangement is the second light, and fourth house, on Prouty Island, the first being an old whale-oil burning monstrosity which was demolished in 1936 to make room for the modern Light which now graces the island. The current house was built for the lighthouse keeper, Asa Morrow, and his family. Asa had twelve children, a wife, and a nurse to help care for them, so the keeper's house is far larger than many. The house and Light are connected by a covered, walled walkway, which allowed the keepers to move between in the worst of weather.

There is a large walled garden built for Sarah Morrow, Asa's wife. The ten foot high mortared stone walls keep the salt water out of the garden, but since the Light closed down in the 60's, the garden has become sadly overgrown, the rosebushes reverting to wild forms, and the wild flowers run rampant.

A stout pier runs from the southeastern point of the island into the deeper waters of Asa's Cove. There is a gravel beach between the arms of the southeast and southwest points where seals like to come and lie in the sun. Two fuel oil lines run from the end of the pier, under the gravel path, and into the house and the Light, allowing refueling of the generators in their respective basements.

There are several small islets which are separated from Prouty Island at high tide. Past the pier in the southeast is Little Sand Bar. Past the southwestern point is Sandal Rock, a favorite hangout of gulls, and past it Big Sand Bar, where clams can be found. To the northeast is Dovkie Island, a hump of bare rock which occasionally houses puffins and dovkie. There is a second gravel beach to the west of the house, which is cool in the mornings, but warms up in the afternoon.





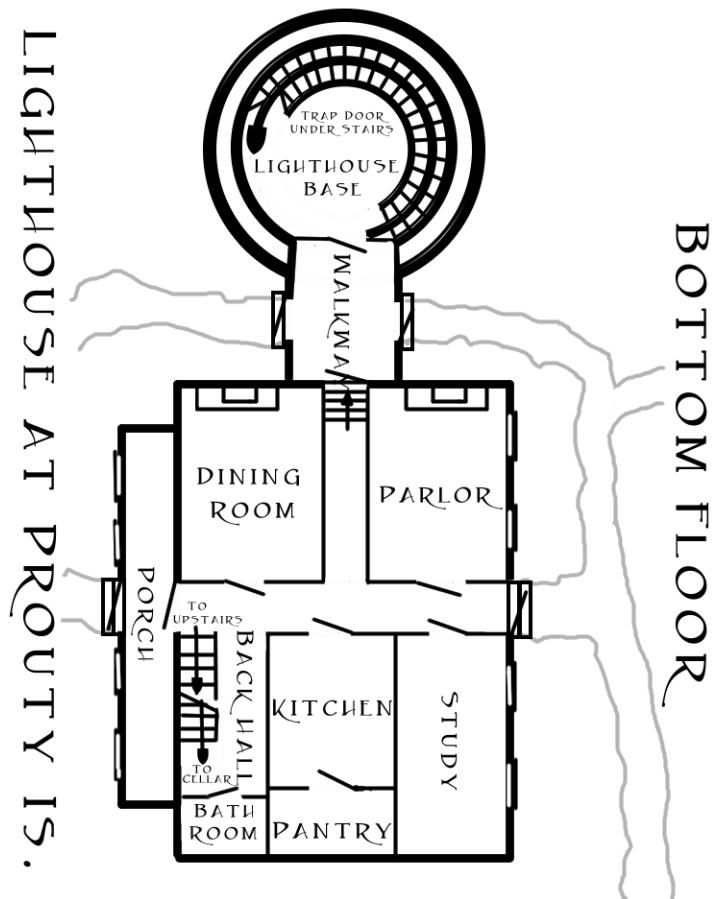
THE HOUSE AND THE LIGHT

The Light is stout and strong, constructed of thick reinforced concrete to withstand the battering of waves in winter storms. It is set 25 feet up from the high tide mark, and rises forty feet to a wrought iron rail and walkway around the lens itself. The lens is protected by wrought iron shutters with glass windows all the way around it. The lens is a Freshen lens, with a 400 watt electric lamp inside. The light flashes 3 times every 15 seconds, and is yellow. The Light was electrified in 1956, and deactivated in 1965. It passed into private hands, and has been rented out as a summer house ever since.

The house is also stoutly built. The foundations are thick stone sheathed in portland cement. There is a half basement which opens onto the gravel beach at the south of the island. There is a large room with a 350 gallon fuel tank for running the electrical generator and hot water heater, and a large 300 gallon water tank for fresh water. Beyond is a wood room, with wood for the fireplaces and kitchen stove stacked along it's walls. From there a stair leads up to the first floor on one side, and

On the first floor are three doors. One onto the covered porch in the west, one out to the garden and pier in the east, and one up a half flight of stairs into the covered walkway to the Light.

To the northeast is the Parlor. it is decorated in early 50's style with overstuffed armchairs and a sofa around a large fireplace. There is an old but still functional television from the 60's in a wooden cabinet here along the outside wall between the windows. Over the mantel is a brass and wood ship's chronometer which should be wound daily.



To the northwest is the Dining Room, with a long oak table with matching chairs and sideboard. There are places for 12 around the table, and a ship's lantern overhead refitted to use electricity. There is a fireplace matching the one in the parlor on the north wall.

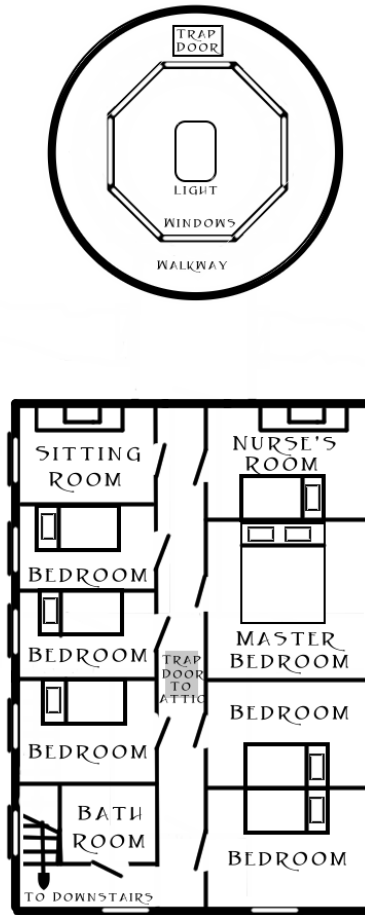
To the southeast is the Study. There is a big oak desk on carved lion's feet, with a blotter and banker's lamp on top. The walls are lined with bookcases, filled with old books, none of them newer than 1966. On the floor is a faded and worn, but still lovely, oriental rug.

To the south is the Kitchen and Pantry. The Kitchen has a large wood-burning stove with six burners along the east wall, and a small round kitchen table with ladder-backed chairs for six, all of them broken and mended at some time in the remote past. There is an old refrigerator, a classic curved-front Frigidaire with a tiny freezer, on the west wall. The Pantry is fitted floor to ceiling with shelving, on which are the various kitchen gadgets - percolator, waffle iron, pots, pans, and other ancient kitchen paraphernalia. There is lots of space for dry goods as well.

Along the southwest corner of the house is the Back Hall, with stairs up to the second floor and down to the basement, a row of pegs along its eastern wall for hanging coats, and in the southern end a bathroom with a toilet - the kind with the elevated tank and chain-pull flush - a tiny porcelain bathtub with ornate feet, and a small sink.

Along the western side of the house is an enclosed porch. The windows are screens in the summer, which can be covered by removable shutters in the winter. The porch contains various pieces of wicker furniture and a battered transistor radio.

TOP FLOOR
LIGHTHOUSE AT PROUTY IS.



The second floor is laid out along a north-south corridor reaching from side to side of the house. In the northeast is the old nurse's room, with a fireplace and a small bed. This is the room allotted to the Morrow's nurse, who cared for the children. Just south of this is the Master Bedroom, with a big double bed and two windows opening to the east.

South of these are two smaller bedrooms with single beds for the older children. Across the hallway is the other bathroom, furnished in the same manner as the one downstairs, as well as the stairs down to the first floor.

North of the bathroom are three smaller bedrooms with bunk beds, designed for the younger Morrow children. In the north-west corner is Mrs. Morrow's sitting room, with a fireplace and two armchairs, lighter than the furniture downstairs. the floor is covered in an oval hooked rug, and there is a fireplace on the north wall. Mrs. Morrow used this room for her needlework and reading.

In the center of the long hallway is a trap door in the ceiling. By pulling on a cord, a counterweighted stair can be pulled down leading up to the attic. All of the bedrooms contain a pine wardrobe instead of a closet for hanging clothing, as well as a chest of drawers for folding clothing, and a small table with a wash basin and pitcher.

The Attic stretches north to south along the width of the house, but due to the highly pitched roof, only half the breadth. With typical Yankee frugality, nothing was ever thrown away, just moved up to the attic or down to the cellar. Along the north-east, there are three large wooden chests containing all sorts of brick-a-brac from almost a century of habitation. There are children's clothes decades out of date, toys, photos in frames and loose in shoeboxes, and all sorts of schoolbooks.

All along the south and west walls are boxes in stacks, with more of the same sort of junk, though generally of later date than in the chests. In the northern center are two long horizontal poles carrying special clothing on hangers. Tuxedos, gowns, a set of uniforms for a Coast Guard Lieutenant, and a beautiful seal coat hang here, among other things.

THE MORROW FAMILY

The house was built for Asa Bainbridge Morrow, a wealthy and eccentric lighthouse keeper, in 1920. Asa Morrow had no need to work for a living, due to his fathers interests in railroads and shipbuilding, but enjoyed the solitude of the lighthouse keeper's life. Asa was a robust, healthy individual who enjoyed fishing and sailing. He was tall, at well over six feet, and prematurely white haired while still in his thirties. He sported a magnificent set of moustaches which curved up into his sideburns.

His wife, Sarah Kitteridge Morrow, was a tiny woman who nevertheless bore Asa a dozen children over thirty years. The children were Donovan, born in 1910, William, in 1912, Sarah, born in 1913, Anna, in 1915, Asa Jr. in 1918, Sanford, born in 1920, Lilith, born in 1921, Nathaniel, in 1923, John Joseph, born in 1925, the twins Delilah and Deborah in 1928, and the baby Victoria in 1930. Sarah was the child of wealthy parents, and was always sheltered and pampered, with the best of every-

thing. She loved dancing and balls, and often went to the mainland for entertainment.

The nurse was Gerta Ludwig, a German immigrant from Friesland. She was a clean and orderly soul, stout, and an active disciplinarian. The children feared rather than loved her, reserving that for their gentle mother. Gerta would often beat the children with a wooden spoon if they strayed from the path of cleanliness and order.

The family thrived during the twenties and thirties, punctuated by the loss of William, who drowned while sailing in the bay in 1933. Every Sunday, the family would sail to the whitewashed Congregational Church in Falmouth for Sunday School and services, and Asa would teach school every day until the boys left for Bowdoin College, where all were excellent students.

After Pearl Harbor, the older boys up to Sanford enlisted in the military, Donovan in the Navy, Asa Jr. in the Army, and Sanford in the Coast Guard. All were away on duty when their mother Sarah died in a tragic fall from the Light in 1942. Nathaniel enlisted in the Navy after their mother died, while the girls married men from the surrounding towns.

Asa died in Italy, at the battle of Monte Cassino, in early 1944, while Donovan was lost in the Princeton in Leyte Gulf in October of the same year. Nathaniel stayed in the Navy, eventually retiring with the rank of Captain to Provincetown MA. Sanford survived many Atlantic convoys, and returned with his foreign bride Fiona to Prouty Island in 1945, in time to see his father die of pneumonia that winter. Sanford took over his father's duties as Lighthouse keeper and brought up his younger sisters until they too married off.

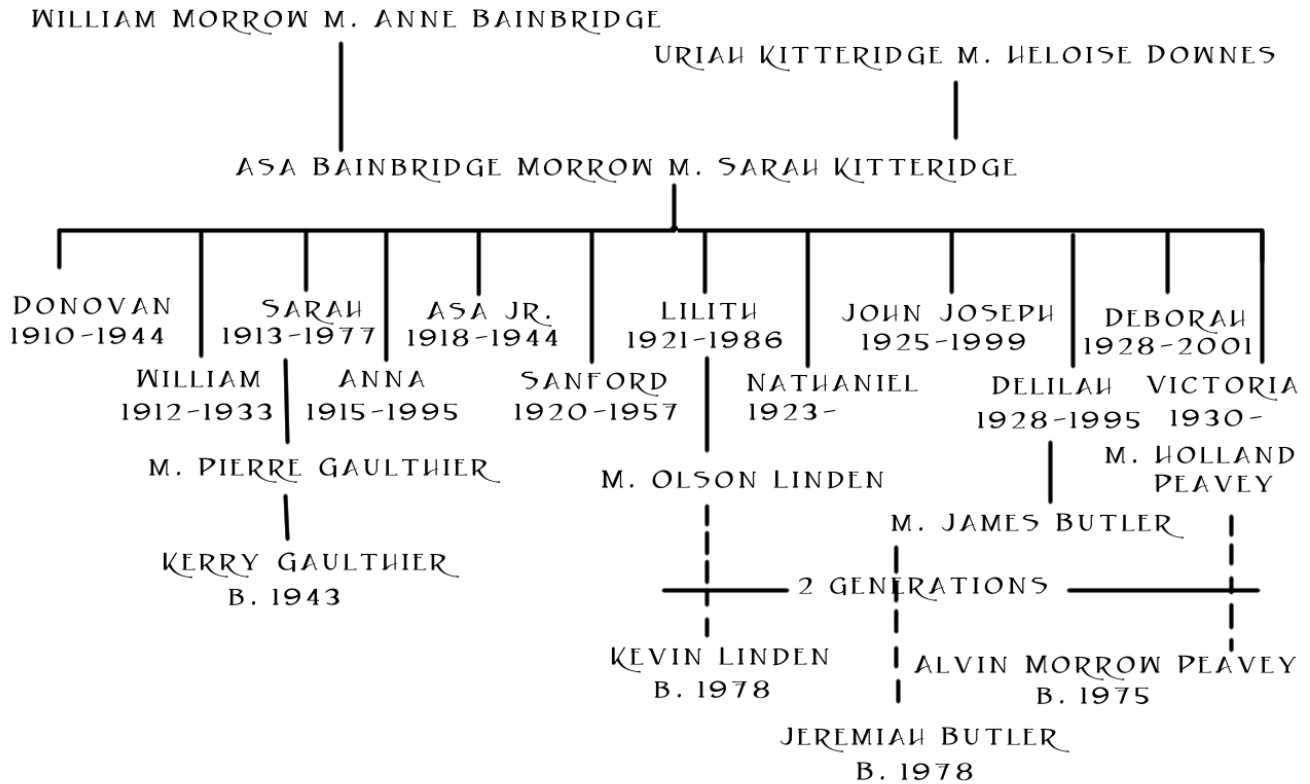
Sanford was a strapping lad, six-foot three and 200 pounds, taking after his rugged father. He was sandy of hair and ruddy of complexion until his hair went white early, again like his father. He was smart and well educated, and of a choleric and jealous temperament. He kept his commission in the Coast Guard, which operated all the US lighthouses, and always dressed in uniform.

Fiona was a lovely, red-headed lass whom Sanford brought home after the war. She was even smaller than Sanford's mother Sarah, a size 4 petit. Everyone assumed she was from Ireland, but no one ever actually asked. She was actually a Selkie, whom Sanford discovered on a beach in Ireland stepping out of her skin. He kept the skin and forced her to marry him, and brought her home after the War.

At first, there was real love between them, even though Fiona always yearned for her freedom, but her flirtatious nature enraged Sanford too often, and things grew bitter between them. Fiona, being immortal, aged not at all, while Sanford began showing his age. He began drinking, and talking to his brother Will when he drank. In May of 1957, he caught her in the garden and smashed her skull in with a shovel. He buried her in the floor of the Root Cellar, and told his friends that she had left him to return to Europe. The next day he had her skin made up into a coat, which he wept over.

Over the next year, Sanford began to look haggard and drawn, confessing to his friends that he missed Fiona and couldn't sleep without dreaming of her. In December of 1957, he hung himself from the Light railing, twisting in the wind for a week before a passing boat noticed him and cut him down. After that a succession of Coast Guardsmen tended the light, but all claimed the house was haunted, and none lasted long before asking for transfer.

MORROW FAMILY TREE



CREATURES

These are the creatures The PCs may face in this adventure. These creatures may be faced in any order, or not at all as the GM wishes.

Asa Morrow - Ghost

PSI: 5 IQ: 120

Spirit Constitution: 70

Resistance to Domination: 30%

Asa is invisible in the normal world, and cannot be harmed in that world. He lashes out by frightening people with his Fear attack, which he uses at 65% and affects everyone at short range. He is felt as a brooding painful presence.

William Morrow - Spectre

PSI: 5 IQ: 120

Spirit Constitution: 70

Resistance to Domination: 30%

William is visible in the normal world as a translucent blue drowned boy, covered with seaweed, and cannot be harmed in that world. He uses his Fear attack and his ability to contort his body and visage in monstrous ways to cause Fear at 80%, affecting everyone at short range. He is vengeful and malicious.

Sanford Morrow - Spectre

PSI: 5 IQ: 120

Spirit Constitution: 70

Resistance to Domination: 30%

Sanford is visible in the normal world as a translucent blue hanged man, with a noose around his neck, and cannot be harmed in that world. He uses his Fear attack and his ability to distort himself terrifyingly to cause Fear at 80%, affecting everyone at short range. He is guilty and remorseful, but wants everyone to be as bitter and depressed as he is.

Fiona Morrow - Selkie

STR 8 COOR 11 AGY 11 END 7

IQ 110 PSI 4 CHAR 14

Constitution: 370

Fiona's Brother - Selkie

STR 10 COOR 9 AGY 9 END 9

IQ 105 PSI 2 CHAR 12

Constitution: 370

Fiona's Sister - Selkie

STR 7 COOR 12 AGY 11 END 7

IQ 108 PSI 1 CHAR 14

Constitution: 370

Fiona and her siblings are Selkies, immortal beings who look much like seals, but who can strip off their skin to reveal a human body inside. Fiona has been trapped in her human body for over 6 decades now. Not only that, but for the last 45 years, she has been buried alive under the house. Her siblings know she is there somewhere in the house, and want to help her, but they are fearful of humans - especially after what happened to Fiona.

THE PARTY

Following is a pre-generated Player Character party. It contains 4 people, two path characters and 2 normal people. You may prefer to run this adventure with your existing party, or create a different one, but that's fine, go ahead. This party is there only for your convenience. This particular party is used to working together, and have faced the supernatural before. A party of true neophytes - say college kids on a vacation - would be a great change of pace for this adventure.



Gina Marsocci

Gina has been into the Martial Arts since she was a child, spending as much time there as with her studies in school. She worked for a couple of years as a security guard to raise enough money to open a Dojo, and is now a full time instructor.

STR 7	COOR 12	AGY 9	END 7
IQ 121	PSI 0	CHAR 8	Constitution 350

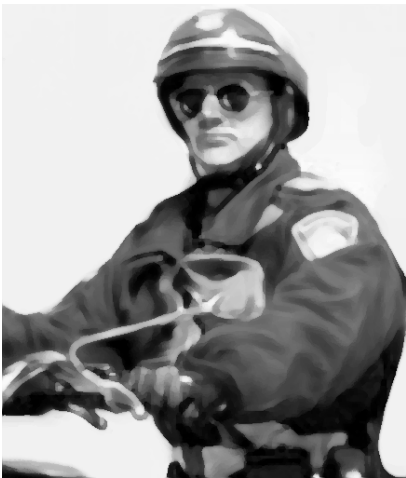
Skills:

Gymnastics+1	50%
Meditation+3	55%
Focus+1	45%
Melee+1	45%
Alertness+2	50%
Drugs+1	46%
Research+2	50%
Writing+2	50%
Computers+1	46%
Electronics+1	46%
Martial Arts+5 (Master)	65%

Gina can attack twice with Martial Arts skill, and can do +40 damage per hit.

Gina is 27 years old.

Security Guard/2/1 Martial Artist/3/1



Pete Younger

Pete always wanted to be a cop, like his father and grandfather before him. He eventually became one, but his partner was killed by a Nosferatu two years ago. He eventually accepted the supernatural, but developed an ability as a Spirit Medium through his contact with the Creatures of Darkness.

STR 12 COOR 9 AGY 7 END 8
IQ 100 PSI 0 CHAR 7 Constitution 360

Skills:

Evaluate+1
Picking+1 50%
Negotiation+1 45%
Psychology+2 50%
Law+2 50%
Firearms+4 65%
React+1 45%
Overdo+2 50%
Alertness+1 45%
Blade+2 60%

Pete would have his service revolver with him.

Pete is 25 years old.

Police/4/1



Father Edmund Hebert

Edmund is a Roman Catholic Priest, a Jesuit, educated at St. John's in Newton, MA. On Ordination, he became a Magus of Azreal, the Angel of Death, who has power over Illusion, Fear, and Truth. An intense and moody man, he drinks too much because of what he sees in the night.

STR 6	COOR 12	AGY 10	END 10
IQ 100	PSI 6	CHAR 8	Constitution 380

Skills:

Intimidation+1	45%
Psychology+3	55%
Streetwise+2	50%
Leadership+1	45%
History+1	45%
Meditation+2	50%
Instruct+2	50%
Focus+1	45%
Observe+2	50%
Engrace+1	50%
Chemistry+1	45%
Mathematics1	45%

Father Hebert is 28 years old

Parish Priest/6/2



Anna Vosky

Anna has always been into the occult. Shy and bookish, she never went to College, preferring to delve into her own studies. She works at an occult bookstore in Davis Square, Cambridge, MA. She's a bit gothy, but not too pretentious.

STR 7	COOR 6	AGY 6	END 6
IQ 111	PSI 7	CHAR 10	Constitution 250

Skills:

Ritual+3	55%
Perform+3	55%
Link+2	55%
Bind+2	55%
Computer+1	45%
Astronomy+2	50%
Mathematics+3	55%
Research+2	50%
Writing+1	50%

Anna has picked up several Grimoires in the past few years, and now has the following simulacra:

Minor Telekinesis, Minor Seeming - Sight, Mage Sense - Sight, Charm Terra, Leprechaun's Boon

Anna as 26 years old.

Esotericist/8/3

SHE

-May 5, 1957, Prouty Island, Maine, USA

"She's a bitch. She's a whore!" The voice whispered into his ear.

He took another swig of whiskey from the bottle that was more than half empty.

"Shut up!" He screamed into the ocean air.

He looked around desperately for his brother, but, as usual, there was no sign of him.

She was on the pier of the island, chatting to a virile young man when he steered the boat to the docking space. "The bitch, smellin' new prey," whispered the voice into his ear as he secured the rig and clambered up the ladder to the pier.

"Get yourself up to the house, woman!" He shouted at her. He whirled around to face the young man. "Get off'n this island! Don't evah come back heah, or you'll be sorry!"

He didn't wait to see whether or not the man obeyed, and he didn't see the bucket of clams that stood on the side of the pier, even as it crashed over the edge from his kick.

His expression was menacing when he crashed through the door to face her, the whiskey bottle hanging from his hand.

"I've had enough of your cuckoldin' me, wife," he sneered.

"Ah, the poor lad was only selling me some fresh clams! Your favorite, I might add. Now, I have some gardening to do - go sleep off the whiskey." She turned away from him and went to her garden and, hopefully, some peace.

"Cuckold," whispered the voice.

"Ayuh," he answered, "My body may be gettin' old, but my eyes is jes' fine! I saw her kissin' that rake."

Taking another swig of the liquor, he followed his wife to the garden.

"No more lies!" He picked up the closest thing to hand, a shovel, and swung it at the back of her head before she even had a chance to turn around. Her body slumped to the dirt in a heap.

"Hurry," whispered the voice. "You gotta bury her now, quick!"