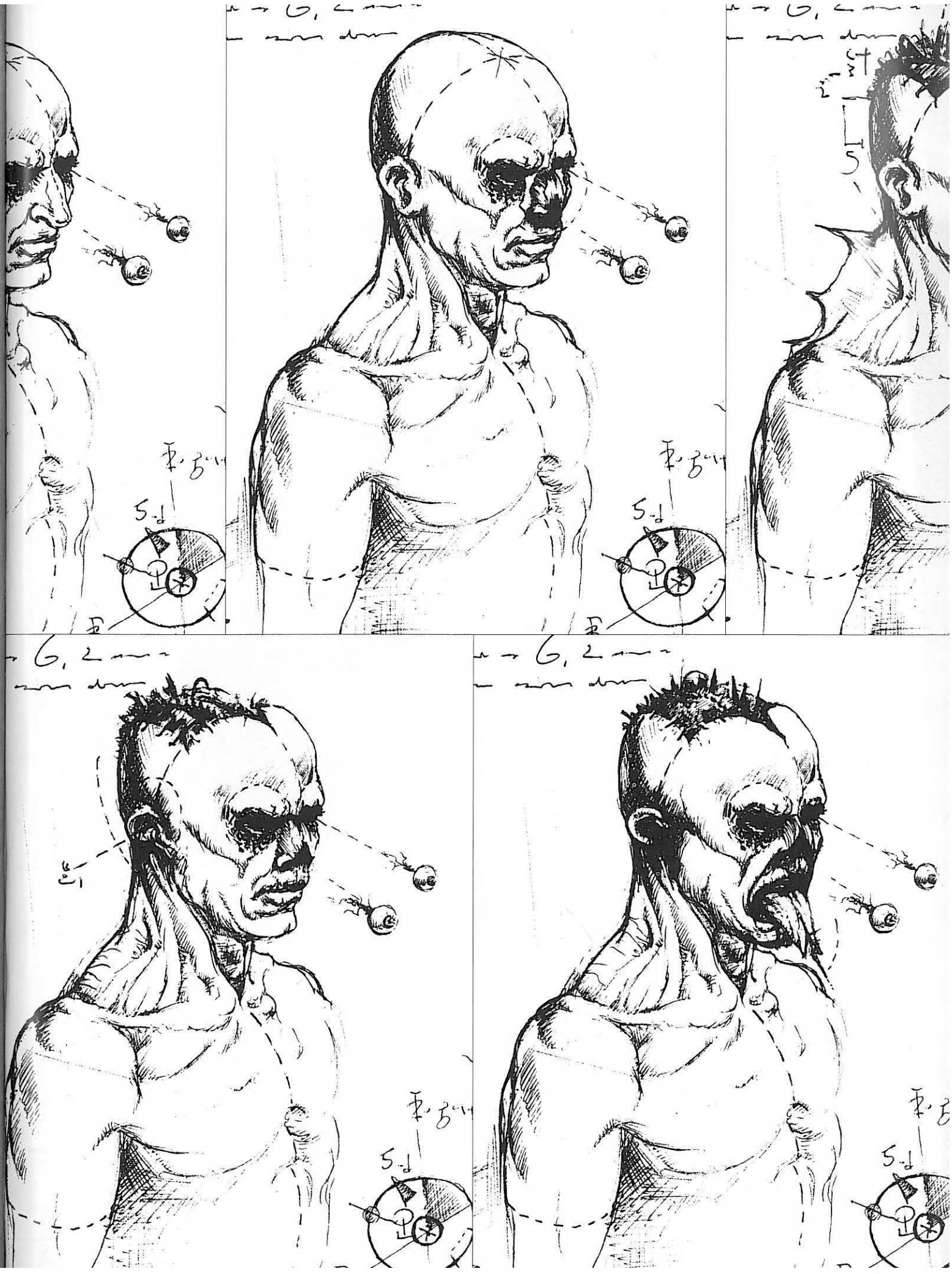
THE JUDAS GRAIL

KULT



Chapter One The Judas Grail

Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty silver pieces to the chief priests and elders.

Matthew 27:3

And the chief priests took the silver pieces, and said, it is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood.

Matthew 27:6

The betrayer staggered back into the inn and found himself surrounded by silence. In his absence, his companions had abandoned him, their empty chairs a stark reminder of his treachery. His eyes scanned the unfinished supper left atop the table. With trembling hands, he reached for a goblet and drank deeply, hoping the wine would wash away the taste of betrayal the kiss had left upon his lips. Bowing his head in silent prayer, tears of shame ran down his cheeks, falling into the goblet clutched in his trembling hands. Within the clay cup, his tears turned to blood.

BACKGROUND

...history, like reality, is a lie. The tales of the past have been twisted, perverted, and rewritten to form a prison of false belief which gives strength to the Illusion.

In the period of history that mankind has named »the Dark Ages,« two primal forces warred against one another. The consequences of their battles have echoed down through time like ripples in a pool. The Dark Ages was a time when the envoys, lictors, and razides, followers of Archons and Death Angels alike, faced each other in open warfare. Chief among the combatants were the envoys of Chagidiel and Chokmah. Each the antithesis of the other, they fought for spiritual control over mankind. Given aid by the envoys and razides of other Death Angels, Chagidiel's envoy, Artos, moved ever closer to becoming the victor in this bloody confrontation. But victory was not without a price—a price neither victor nor vanquished was willing to pay.

BOWING HIS HEAD IN SILENT PRAYER, TEARS OF SHAME RAN DOWN HIS CHEEKS, FALLING INTO THE GOBLET CLUTCHED IN HIS TREMBLING HANDS.

All Our Times Have Come
Here But Now They're Gone
Seasons Don't Fear The Reaper
Nor Do The Wind, The Sun Or
The Rain
We Can Be Like They Are
Come On Baby
Don't Fear The Reaper.

Blue Öyster Cult

As the battles became progressively more brutal, the veil between Illusion and Reality began to tear. Increasing numbers of followers on either side became Awakened. Fearing they would lose control over the eternity of humanity, a pact between the warring forces was made. It was agreed that the Illusion must be maintained at all costs. Thus was one of the biggest Lies forged. All that had been written during that time was sought out and destroyed, years upon years of human history banished to the flame, to be rewritten in such a way that the Illusion would be strengthened. Artos, the envoy of Chagidiel, became Arthur, a heroic king who brought Christianity to the pagan nation of England. So too were the envoys of the other Death Angels reborn through the writings of scribes and bards. With the control of the church came the control of these writings.

The vanquished were not forgotten either. Mordred, the envoy of Chokmah, has managed to keep his name throughout history, but, as is the burden of the fallen, his true nature and purpose were twisted and perverted beyond recognition.

THE PLOT

...delving back into these dark times, when she too was present, an envoy of Malkuth has set into motion a plan to free mankind from his prison. The truth hidden beneath the words of ancient scribes is slowly revealed as the player characters journey closer to seeing the world as it truly is. As she did in the past as Morgana LeFay, the envoy of Malkuth once more manipulates all she comes in contact with to bring about the Awakening of mankind.

It is January, 1995, and the player characters are asked to accompany their close friend, Gabriella Pirelli, on her trip to Madrid where she will attend the reading of her distant uncle's last will and testament. Gabriella is the last living relative of Aguilar Sangre, a gifted theologian and Spain's leading authority on medieval history as well as being one of the world's most renowned researchers of Arthurian mythology. Brutally murdered several weeks before the PCs' arrival in Madrid, Aguilar's legacy to his niece is the catalyst which will entwine the PCs within Malkuth's intricate plot to shatter the Illusion.

Aguilar Sangre was one of the most trusted members of the Hermetic Order of the Pallid Veil. He is now its greatest betrayer. Charged with the guardianship of an ancient artifact known as the Judas Grail, Sangre fell victim to the machinations of Ms. Meagan Lee, an envoy of the Archon Malkuth dedicated to the breaking of the Illusion.

Needing the Grail to bring her plan into being, Lee began seducing Aguilar Sangre. Knowing that neither sex nor coercion would sway the Grail's guardian from his duties, Lee turned towards the one weakness that she could exploit: the glory of the past. Having developed a drug that stimulates the race memories of humans, Lee enhanced it with the blood of a captured envoy of Sathariel. It wasn't long after Aguilar experienced the glories that the drug produces that the scholar became just another drawn junkie begging for his next fix of Crimson Glory.

The visions of his past lives, awakened by the drug, caused Aguilar to become bitter and disillusioned with the lies of history. He abandoned his Order and began to plan a lecture tour to expose the true history that had been hidden from man. To preserve the Illusion, the Order of the Pallid Veil had Aguilar killed in such a way that his death would be interpreted as a warning to others who tried to expose the truth.

...but it was Aguilar who had the last laugh. Rather than allowing the Grail to be returned to the Order, Aguilar left the Grail to the only thing he still had faith in: family; in particular his distant niece, Gabriella Pirelli, an acquaintance of the player characters. This turn of events also thwarted Lee's carefully-laid plans to obtain the Grail.

In his will, Aguilar leaves his niece all that he owns, including a small stone goblet of ancient origin containing his ashes. Through the power inherent in the cup, Aguilar's remains are given a limited form of sentience. Though the PCs are not aware of it during the early stages of the adventure, the goblet which holds Aguilar's remains is the Judas Grail, an artifact able to shatter the illusion surrounding mankind.

...after the reading of the will, Gabriella leaves the attorney's office and is approached by two men who offer her a large sum of money for the goblet. They introduce themselves as representatives of Ms. Lee, an enigmatic Japanese businesswoman who has made her fortune through the restoration and recreation of ancient historical sites. Gabriella refuses to sell, much to the chagrin of Lee's employees. Later that night, an attempt is made to steal the goblet. Though the thieves fail to acquire the goblet, Gabriella is abducted.

Unbeknownst to anyone, Ms. Lee is the present incarnation of Morgana LeFay, the witch-woman of Arthurian myth. She is also an envoy of Malkuth, a role she has fulfilled in over a hundred incarnations since the shaping of the world. Now, she has made a secret pact with the few remaining followers of Chokmah.

She knows that it is the consciousness of the traitorous knight of the Round Table, Mordred, Chokmah's most influential envoy during the Dark Ages, that is imprisoned in the Grail. She embarks upon a plan to free the spirit of him whom history has named as her son from his inorganic prison and have him assume a position of power within the hierarchy of Spain's Catholic church. In return for freeing an envoy of their lost master, the followers of Chokmah agree to aid Lee in Awakening a small part of the world, namely Spain.

Once Mordred reaches this position of authority within the church, a month of celebration and ceremony will be held as the newly ordained envoy travels the country giving communion to the masses from the Judas Grail. This ritual causes all who drink from the Grail to become Awakened.

...essential to this plan is the creation of an appropriate »empty vessel« for the spirit of the freed envoy to occupy. To fulfill this function, Lee calls upon the services of Dr. Malcolm DeWinter, director of the Daedal Institute of Dream Research and a former student of the dream prince, Caren Birchlime. DeWinter has developed techniques which can totally erase a person's sense of self, in essence creating an empty vessel which can be filled with whatever false memories or personalities are desired. Bishop Gavriel Navarre, recently nominated to become the archbishop of Spain and a follower of Chokmah, is chosen to become this vessel.

The ritual to free the trapped spirit from the Judas Grail takes place at an ancient set of standing stones known as the Flame Trees, so called due to the hundreds of trees that were burned there throughout the purgings of the Spanish Inquisition. Preparation of the site has been taking place for many months through Lee's private company, Phoenix Restorations. To empower the ritual, a blood sacrifice is required. Using her magical ability to contort others, Lee fashions the sacrificial victims into manifestations of the five Death Angel envoys who imprisoned Chokmah's envoy within the Grail centuries earlier. Sacrificed, then raised from the dead, these five become the Knights Incarnate, servants and protectors of the reborn Mordred.

After being stalked and captured in the Dreamworlds by ichthyrians under the command of Dr. DeWinter, the PCs have their perceptions altered. This is done to empower the Grail with the Blood of Betrayal, essential for calling upon the properties of the legendary cup. As a result of DeWinter's perception-altering techniques, the PCs see the ritual site and the sacrifice as something altogether different. Manipulated into acting as pawns in Lee's deadly game, they see the sacking of a castle and the slaughter of innocents at the hands of the Inquisition. Thinking that they are saving the innocent, the PCs unwittingly kill the sacrificial victims instead, one of whom is their friend Gabriella, thus empowering the Judas Grail with the Blood of Betrayal.

It Was The Yuletide, That Men Call Christmas Though They Know In Their Hearts It Is Older Than Bethlehem And Babylon, Older Than Memphis And Mankind.

H. P. LOVECRAFT

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After fulfilling their purpose as betrayers, the PCs' role in this complex plot is complete. Now superfluous to Lee's plans, they are discarded without a further thought. Dazed and confused after the scene upon the sacrificial site, the PCs regain consciousness in a back alley of Madrid. Here, the second part of DeWinter's perception alteration takes effect. The PCs begin to lose their sense of self as everything and everyone around them changes. Nothing is as it should be and they soon lose their own memories and witness all traces of their existence slowly fading.

...when all is gone, the PCs join the homeless, wandering the backstreets of Madrid. Through this total emptying of self, the PCs themselves become empty vessels. The deterioration of their self images, their beliefs, their memories, and their indentity goes far beyond that undertaken by Bishop Navarre.

Fading from the world they once walked, the PCs journey to the City of the Dead in Metropolis. Being neither living nor dead, the PCs are sentenced to wander the streets of the City of the Dead as restless, spectral spirits. During their wanderings, they meet with the Dweller at the Threshold, a being who watches over those who belong to neither the domain of the living nor the realm of the dead.

Aided by information given to them by the Dweller, the PCs descend into one of the many cracks of the Abyss. Here they find *Masik Mavdil*, the Cleft of Ashes. After using the Ashes of Failure to regain physical forms, the PCs are told that they also need a soul to fill their empty shells. Their own souls, stolen and unattainable, their only hope lies in taking a soul belonging to someone who has not been tainted. The only place where such untainted souls exist is the Orphanage of the Unborn, home to the children who died before they were given a chance to live. Aside from a duel with their own consciences, the PCs meet little opposition in each taking a soul from one of the Unborn. To complete their rebirth, the PCs need to reforge their links with the world in which they lived. This link, the spirit, made up of one's memories and experiences, is the third element of the Three Principles that make up human existence. Entering the World of Man once more, the PCs seek out the Alabaster Mother, a deity forged of the World's Pain and said to possess the sum of the world's forgotten and stolen knowledge. The Alabaster Mother is also the patron goddess of The Hermetic Order of the Pallid Veil.

...through Juan-Ruiz de la Vega, director of Madrid's National Archaeological Museum and member of the Order, the PCs are taken to the Pale Chapel where the Alabaster Mother stands. Given the blessing of the Mother, the PCs have their place in the world returned to them along with the knowledge they need to thwart Lee's plans.

A hall of the museum is given to the PCs to consecrate as a temple so that the spell given to them by the Alabaster Mother can be performed. This spell neutralizes the influence of the Grail and re-imprisons the spirit of Mordred. For the spell to work, however, the PCs must regain possession of the Grail, which is now on public display within Madrid's main cathedral.

...upon retrieving the Grail, the ritual to trap Mordred's consciousness back into the Grail begins. During the ritual, Chokmah's envoy and the Knights Incarnate arrive, intent on killing the PCs and regaining the Judas Grail for their own purposes. Being a creature of Time and Space, Mordred attempts to shift the battle between his forces and the PCs to his own time, a time where the weapons of the PCs will be useless and the skills of the Knights Incarnate will dominate.

In the aftermath of the battle, should the PCs be successful, all that remains is to destroy the Grail, thus slaying Chokmah's envoy and thwarting Lee's plans. The PCs discover, however, that the stone cup cannot be destroyed. The best that they can accomplish is to pierce it with the sword of Artos, Knight Incarnate of Chagidiel. Though this destroys the physical shell of Mordred, the Grail remains whole. The spirit of Mordred retains its awareness but is recaptured within the Grail. The blade of the sword is embedded in the Grail, entrapping the spirit within.

Chapter Two Ashes to Ashes

The short man tugged at the collar of his coat as he tried in vain to ward himself against the drizzling rain. Waiting in the shadows beneath the leaking overhang of an abandoned warehouse, he listened to the lapping of the sea as it caressed the rotted timbers of the deserted wharves. His tiny eyes squinted against the darkness, searching for some faint sign that he was not alone. Agitated by the interminable waiting, he rocked from foot to foot, cursing the circumstances which brought him to this dark and dreary place filled with the pungent stench of salt and dead fish.

Suddenly a tiny flame penetrated the darkness. With it came the unmistakable aroma of tobacco, a welcome relief from the other smells that infested the docks. The red glow of the stranger's cigarette grew brighter as he approached the warehouse. Drawing one last, long drag from his cigarette, the stranger nonchalantly flicked the butt towards the sea, the burning red end of the discarded cigarette spinning through the air like a tiny pyrotechnic pinwheel. A brief hiss punctuated the sound of the dripping rain as the cigarette hit the surface of the water.

»We are in agreement then?« asked the stranger, »the pact shall be?«

»Yes. You will have our aid.«

»Good. My mistress will be pleased.«

»We offer aid, not obedience,« warned the waiting man.

»That which is lost shall be found and that which is hidden shall be revealed. That is the pact. No more, no less.«

»So it begins.«

»For us it has never ceased. Our struggle is eternal.«

»THAT WHICH IS LOST SHALL BE FOUND AND THAT WHICH IS HIDDEN SHALL BE REVEALED. THAT IS THE PACT. NO MORE, NO LESS.«

Der Mensch
Ist Nicht Geboren,
Frei Zu Sein.

Johann Wolfgang VON GOETHE

Sighing softly the stranger nodded and reached into the pocket of his overcoat. Pulling out a single match he struck it against the wall of the warehouse and brought the flickering flame close to his face. He released his true form from the sanctuary of the night and drank deeply of the fear etched into the features of the waiting man.

»An eye for an eye and a truth for a truth,« whispered the stranger before taking a deep breath to blow out the flame. Darkness once more engulfed the alley. With it returned the lingering odor of salt and rotting fish.

EXCITING NEWS

...the story begins with a phone call from an excited friend of the PCs, Gabriella Pirelli. Choose the PC most likely to be closest to Gabriella and have them receive the first phone call, although all of the PCs should be well acquainted with Gabriella. Ideally, one of them will have had romantic connections to her in the past. It may be advantageous for the GM to introduce Gabriella to the PCs before beginning this adventure.

(Gabriella/: Gabriella is one of those people who lives each day at a time. Seriousness never seems to touch her. Apart from the freedom with which she shares her physical favors, Gabriella is one of those people who will always listen to you whenever you have problems. Though her advice is often of the get drunk or get laid variety, her sheer enthusiasm for life is infectious. She is a loyal friend who will stand by your side through thick and thin.

Unfortunately, Gabriella also has a habit of falling in and out of love with constant regularity. Though she enjoys the sex that comes with a relationship, she is unwilling to share her life with anyone in a permanent arrangement.

(The Call/: Outside the PC's window, the rain falls in thick, gray sheets, shrouding the lights of the city and sending everyone scurrying for shelter. There is nothing on TV except for repeats of old black and white sitcoms. Searching for a new novel to read is akin to searching for the proverbial needle in a haystack. All in all, the dreariness promises to last well into tomorrow.

The suffocating monotony is suddenly broken by the ringing of the phone. Eager to shed the gloom that threatens to engulf them, the PC picks up the phone to hear the excited voice of an old friend, Gabriella Pirelli.

»Hello (Insert PC's name),« says a female voice loudly, barely able to contain its excitement. »it's me, Gabriella. You'll never guess what's happened! I just got a phone call from Madrid. Can you believe it? Madrid! Some lawyer guy just called me to tell me I've inherited an estate over there or something. Seems I've got this long lost uncle and I'm his only living relative. He's sending me an airline ticket and a couple thousand dollars. A couple thousand! I want you to come with me. Please. I'll pay for everything, I promise. I can't bear the thought of traveling alone. Say you'll come. Please, please say you'll come.« Gabriella's speech is delivered rapidly with very little pause. She's very insistent on having her friends accompany her and will not be refused, pleading like a little girl if she must.

(What Gabriella Knows/: The phone call informing Gabriella of her good fortune came via the offices of her late uncle's attorney, Vincente Becquer. She has been told that the name of her deceased uncle is Aguilar Sangre and that he was some kind of professor or lecturer, but knows very little else. Being so excited about the thought of inheriting money causes her to forget to ask about details like her uncle's cause of death and the exact nature of her inheritance. In fact, until this morning, Gabriella knew nothing of having a Spanish heritage, let alone a distant relative. The lawyer did, however, tell her that he was sending a letter with her airline tickets as well as a photo of her deceased uncle.

Never one to let an opportunity for fun and adventure pass, Gabriella grabs at the chance to visit Spain, discover her roots, and claim a large chunk of Spanish wealth. She brushes off any concerns voiced by her friends as nonsense, insisting that they should make the most of the moment. Gabriella is particularly reluctant to communicate with her uncle's lawyer until her feet are well and truly firm on Spanish soil. She does not want anything to jeopardize her free vacation. »With any luck,« she exclaims gaily, »I may even fall in love with a handsome matador!«

SPAIN / MADRID BACKGROUND

...for nearly six hundred years, people have been calling their unattainable dreams, »castles in Spain.« Is it any wonder that this land of castled dreams is one of the places where the Illusion is weakest?

Torn apart by the wars of Moorish conquest and the brutal religious purging of the infamous Inquisition, Spain's history is written in blood, and with each stroke of the quill, the fabric of the Illusion was rent anew. Spanish painters have glimpsed the truth beyond the Illusion and have endeavored to pass on that knowledge to the uninitiated. The twisted flames of El Greco's paintings and the surrealist visions of Dali's works are but two examples of the artist's need to show mankind the truth through their own medium. Even Spain's greatest hero, Don Quixote, rode off to do battle against vision-enemies unseen by the eyes of man. This too is the land that fanned the fires of Don Juan's unquenchable debauchery.

The capital of this land, teetering on the rim of Awakening, is Madrid, a city whose citizens are fond of claiming that the only better place to be is Heaven. Those who have seen beyond the lies know it rests closer to Hell. A city filled with churches and chapels dedicated to a multitude of forgotten saints, Madrid gives one the feeling that it is preparing itself to be the last bastion of mankind come the time of Armageddon.

(The Prado/: The Prado is Madrid's world-famous art museum, being one of the great storehouses not only of Spanish art, but of Flemish and Italian masterpieces as well. Many of the paintings here were created by Spanish surrealists and futurists inspired by Salvador Dali. Downstairs on the ground floor are paintings from Goya's »Black Period,« when he was deaf and living outside the city. The most startling of these being his *Meeting of Witches*. To those approaching Awakening, the Prado is much more than an art museum; it is a place where the windows into Metropolis hang upon white-washed walls.

A short stroll through the Botanical Gardens adjacent to the Prado brings you to the Cuesta Claudio Moyano, the site of a sprawling second-hand book market. Astute browsers can discover many rare treasures among the thousands of books on display at the market. Many of the books here contain strange esoteric and occult knowledge.

(The Rastro/: Another area of Madrid useful for picking up occult knowledge or artifacts is the Rastro, or Flea Market. A haven for pickpockets, the Rastro is a sprawling indoor and outdoor emporium that attracts gypsies and art connoisseurs alike. Though the most active time is Sunday mornings, when the street stalls are open, the better antique shops are open all week.

(Old Madrid/: A few streets down from the Puerta del Sol lies the oldest section of the city, Old Madrid. A warren of narrow streets, silent churches, and small squares, it is the ideal area for those visitors who let whim dictate their steps. Scattered throughout Old Madrid are many small, shadowy chapels dedicated to lesser-known saints and martyrs. Many of these chapels are used by cults and religious orders whose teachings and practices are archaic and brutal.

ARRIVAL IN MADRID

...gabriella and her companions arrive at Barajas Airport in Madrid mid-afternoon on the 19th of January, 1997. According to the letter which arrived from Becquer prior to Gabriella's departure, arrangements have been made for a cab to meet Gabriella and her party at the airport.

After disembarking and collecting their luggage, Gabriella and her friends exit the terminal to find a handsome young man holding a sign with the word »Pirelli« hand-written on it. On seeing the young taxi driver, Gabriella, her insatiable desires coming to the fore once again, turns to one of her companions and announces that this is going to be the greatest adventure ever, especially if all the »meat is as fresh as this one.« Without hesitation, she pinches the young driver on the butt and tosses him a seductive wink which he returns with a broad smile.

The cab takes Gabriella and the PCs to one of Madrid's deluxe hotels, the Melia Castilla. Reservations for the group have been made in advance through the attorney representing the estate of Aguilar Sangre. Upon departing, Gabriella asks for the driver's name and phone number. »In case of emergency,« she insists to her friends, her smile giving no doubt as to her true meaning.

The Spanish cab driver, however, will take Gabriella's flirtatious behavior far too seriously. He will hound Gabriella at every opportunity, showing up at the hotel room with flowers, serenading her on the street, and generally making a nuisance of himself. Gabriella will be of little or no help in this matter. »Oh, he's so cute. I don't want to hurt his feelings.« The PCs may eventually have to pay the cabbie to go away.

The Melia Castilla is situated at 43 Capitan Haya. Built in the gourmet area in the city's north, it also boasts one of Madrid's leading nightspots, the Scala nightclub.

Cover Her Face;
Mine Eyes Dazzle:
She Died Young.

John WEBSTER

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Awaiting Gabriella at the reception desk is a sealed envelope from Vincente Becquer. Inside the envelope is a short, handwritten note expressing condolences about her uncle's demise and details about the reading of the will. The reading is scheduled for the 20th of January at 9:00 a.m. The address of the attorney's office is printed on the letterhead at the top of the note.

THE READING OF THE WILL

...becquer's office is located in Old Madrid. The wood-paneled offices are rather small but steeped in tradition. Portraits of past partners, all family members, line the walls as does a remarkable collection of Toledo swords. Sophia, the firm's secretary, is also Vincente's eldest daughter. She has been expecting Gabriella and ushers her and the PCs into her father's office as soon as they arrive.

Vincente Becquer is in his sixties and filled with Spanish charm. He kisses the hand of Gabriella and any female PCs, his eyes gleaming with mischievous thoughts that his age deny him from putting into practice. He greets the male PCs with a firm handshake and the kind of roguish grin one would expect from the best of friends. It is virtually impossible to dislike this man.

After the introductions, Vincente becomes solemn and serious. He seats himself behind his large desk and carefully breaks the wax seal on the large envelope laying there. Inside the envelope is the handwritten last will and testament of the late Aguilar Sangre. The will is written in archaic Spanish and the terminology is medieval in content. Aguilar has pursued his love of all things Arthurian to the very last. Surprisingly, the language proves no difficulty to Vincente as he translates for the benefit of Gabriella and the PCs.

»Know thee that upon this day,« begins Vincente, his voice a deep, eloquent baritone, »the fourth day of the month of Augustus in the year of the Messiah nineteen hundred and ninety-six, that I, Aguilar Umberto Sangre, being of sound mind and free will, do here so declare my last will and testament. All that is mine to give, I give equally among those of my blood who do follow me, to be shared in equal parts among them if they number more than one. To the eldest of these I crave a boon and bestow a charge. My ashes, which needs be placed in the cup held secure against this event, must be scattered to the winds over the slopes of Glastonbury in the isle of Britain. Upon the giving of my ashes to the four winds of Arthur's Tor, the cup which both holds them now, must be given into the keeping of the eldest of my blood to be warded and guarded until the end of their days, at which time it shall be passed on once more to the eldest of their blood. Signed, Aguilar Sangre, Professor of Theology, (retired), Fourth of August, Nineteen ninety-six.«

After informing Gabriella that she has been left her uncle's townhouse in the city, his personal library and collection of artifacts, as well as bank accounts totaling nearly $1,000,000, Vincente picks up a small box from the floor next to his desk. »I hope you are not easily distressed Señorita, for it is a condition of the inheritance that you agree to perform the scattering of ashes. I take it you are aware of this?«

Gabriella nods enthusiastically, overwhelmed by the extent of her good fortune. She displays no hesitation whatsoever in agreeing to fulfill her uncle's request. Upon gaining her acquiescence, Vincente opens the box and removes a cup carved from stone. A wooden lid sits atop it. Vincente slides it across the desk to Gabriella. Though the cup itself is quite old, the lid is of recent manufacture.

Unable to hold back her curiosity, Gabriella lifts the lid. The dark gray ashes of Aguilar Sangre's remains lie inside. As Gabriella looks into the cup, the contents begin to roil and churn like fine sand. The undulating contours and whorls final coming to rest as they form a distorted face filled with pain and anguish. From the depths of the cup, the ash-shaped face of Aguilar Sangre silently mouths the words »forgive me« to his niece. PCs sitting close to Gabriella also witness this strange occurrence.

Horror struck, Gabriella screams and lets the cup fall through her fingers. It hits the floor spilling ashes across the plush blue carpet. Frantic to restore her uncle's remains to their place of rest, Gabriella falls to her knees and begins scooping the spilt ashes back into the cup. As her hands sift through the scattered mess, she comes across something solid. From amidst the scattered remains she pulls forth a small round medallion made of lead with a strange symbol stamped upon each of its faces. The two symbols are different from one another.

(The Medallion/: The design stamped upon one face is the ancient alchemical sigil of Zagan. It is recognizable to alchemists and members of the Hermetic Order of the Pallid Veil, a secret society which until recently counted Aguilar Sangre among its members. The symbol of the other face is Aguilar's personal seal. Information on the sigil and Zagan can be found in any number of alchemical texts, though at this point in the story the PCs should have no inkling of the sigil's significance. For further information on Zagan and the Equation of Transmutation, see Appendix B at the end of this adventure.

As he has not witnessed the face forming in the ashes, Becquer believes Gabriella's outburst is merely grief over the death of the uncle she never knew. He tries to comfort Gabriella, assuring her that her uncle's ashes will all be replaced so that she can fulfill his last request.

At the lawyer's words, the ashes sprawled across the carpet once more roil and rise, briefly forming the message, »Job 42:6« before returning to nothing more than gray ashes.

Becquer remains unaware of what is taking place around him; only Gabriella and the PCs see the message. The lawyer does have a Bible handy sitting amongst his legal texts. Though confused by their request, he will let the PCs use it if they ask.

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Therefore I despise myself, and repent in dust and
ashes.
Job 42:6
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After this second incident, Becquer is quite eager for the distressed Gabriella and her companions to quit his offices.

(What Becquer knows/: Despite being Aguilar's personal attorney for well over thirty years, Vincente knows nothing of the professor's involvement with the Hermetic Order of the Pallid Veil. The provisos of the will do not strike him as any more unusual than others he has handled in the past. He even mentions a matador he represented once who left all his riches to the bull that killed him.

What Vincente can elaborate on though, is the circumstances of Señor Sangre's demise. »It was in all the papers,« says Vincente, »a terrible, terrible thing it was. It happened seven weeks ago. That is how long it has taken me to track you down, my dear,« referring to Gabriella. »His body was found butchered within one of the chapels of Old Madrid. I can't remember which one. There were all manner of rumors circulating at the time, but nothing the police would elaborate on. The woman that found the body said that the chapel had been desecrated also, but the details of this too were kept hidden. When I tried to discover more, your uncle and I being friends for so long, I met with little success. The police said that they had to keep information back from the public so that they could eliminate all of the false leads and crank calls, yet when I talked to the officer in charge, Detective Vizcaya, he seemed very agitated, as if he felt uncomfortable discussing the case.«

APPROACHED BY STRANGERS

...when Gabriella and the PCs leave Becquer's office, they are approached by two burly Asian men wearing dark sunglasses and long trench coats. The men offer the distressed Gabriella $500,000 for the cup. This is quickly raised to one million when she declines to sell. He even offers to throw in a pure silver chalice to hold her uncle's ashes, explaining that it is only the cup that interests them.

As a sign of their sincerity, one of the men opens the briefcase he carries and shows Gabriella the vast amount of cash contained within. The silver chalice spoken of earlier rests inside the case as well.

After a second refusal, the man casts a brief glance towards the long, black limousine parked across the street. The shadowy figure within raises two fingers. The man reverts his attention to Gabriella and raises the offer to two million dollars. Gabriella still refuses to sell.

»Ms. Lee doesn't like complications.« whispers the man with the briefcase after Gabriella's latest refusal, »and she doesn't take no for an answer. What she wants, she gets...one way or another.« After delivering their thinly-veiled threats, the two men walk to the limousine and get in. It speeds off with little regard for the surrounding traffic or pedestrians.

This will be the first encounter that the PCs have with Lee's henchmen. Lee wants the Grail and her goons will continue to harry the party in an attempt to recover it. Drive-by shootings, threatening phone calls, and cryptic messages should constantly remind the PCs that they are in danger. These random situations should continue into Chapters Three and Four of this adventure.

(If The PCs Approach The Car/: The two goons are very protective of their employer. PCs approaching the car find their path blocked by the two men, a meaty palm placed against their chest to emphasize the bodyguard's unwillingness to allow them closer. At the same time, the driver of the limousine pushes the car's accelerator to the floor and pulls out into the passing traffic, causing one car to swerve violently and crash into the front of the townhouse opposite the PCs. The Asian men show no reaction to this occurrence.

If necessary, shots are fired from within the limousine to quell the PCs' curiosity and halt their approach. The bodyguards will fight to defend themselves if pressed and will engage the PCs in combat in order to prevent them from following the limo, but are quite aware that their employer has enough connections to free them from jail without any questions. They assess the situation with this knowledge in mind.

(If The PCs Follow The Limousine/: Simply pulling into traffic to quickly follow the limousine before losing sight of it requires a Drive Vehicle roll with a result of Good or better to avoid colliding with passing vehicles. Once into traffic, a second roll must be made in order to successfully pursue the fleeing limousine.

After a hair-raising pursuit through jam-packed roadways and narrow alleys, overturning crates and demolishing several curb-side stalls, the PCs move closer to the speeding limousine. Suddenly, from out of a side alley, a long truck pulls out in front of the PCs' car, blocking the way.

The PC driving must make another Drive Vehicle roll to avoid crashing into the side of the truck. What follows is a string of abuse, unintelligible, unless one of the PCs speaks Spanish, hurled at the PCs from the truck driver. It becomes quite clear that the driver is spoiling for a fight, and is insistent on beating up the driver of the PCs' car. A crowd starts to gather as the scene grows increasingly ugly. Meanwhile, the black limousine drives off into the distance.

As the PCs may be aware, this incident has been deliberately staged to prevent them from following the limousine. The driver of the truck feigns ignorance of such allegations. The crowd also becomes involved in such circumstances, taking the side of the truck driver rather than that of the foreigners. Under the worst circumstances, the situation will degenerate into a huge street brawl that could land all of the PCs in the hospital or jail.

(What The Bodyguards Know/: The bodyguards will tell the PCs nothing. They are extremely dedicated to Ms. Lee and are able to endure any form of coercion the PCs might throw at them. They are also well connected. If they are taken into custody, one of Ms. Lee's representatives will arrive shortly at the police station to make the necessary arrangements for their release. The police will quietly refuse to speak further on the subject.

AGUILARS TOWNHOUSE

...aguilar Sangre's residence is in the area of the city known as Cuesta Claudio Moyano. Apart from being the location of Aguilar's villa, it is also the site of Madrid's sprawling second-hand book market.

Aguilar's townhouse is a small, two-storey building constructed late in the last century and is situated on the corner of a busy main street. The dwelling is shielded from noise and peering eyes by a tall hedge on its two street sides and a 10-foot-high brick fence at the rear. The left side wall is shared with another residence of similar architecture. The address and keys are in Gabriella's possession, having received them from Becquer during the reading of the will.

The interior of the house is dark, musty, and filled with dust. It has been locked since Aguilar's death weeks ago.

[GROUND FLOOR]

(1 Living Room/: The living room is rather spartan, containing little more than a padded armchair, a well-stocked bookcase, a small coffee table, and an upright reading lamp. Several magazines, all of which contain articles on Arthurian mythology, lie upon the coffee table while the bookcase contains fictional works based around the Arthurian legend as well. Oddments such as souvenir pens, spoons, and postcards rest upon the corner window sills. These too are Arthurian in nature.

(2 Bedroom/: A large bed dominates the center of this room. Hanging in the old wooden wardrobe are several conservative gray suits. A chest of drawers next to the bed contains underwear and socks.

(3 Bathroom/: Scrupulously clean and functional.

(4 Guest Room/: An unmade bed and an empty wardrobe are all that occupy this room.

(5 Stairway/: Leads up to the second storey.

(6 Toilet/: Other than a couple more magazines containing articles on Arthurian mythology, there is nothing else here worth mentioning.

(7 Kitchen/: The pantry is sparsely stocked and a week's worth of dirty dishes lie piled up in the sink.

(8 Laundry/: Inside the covered clothes basket hidden behind the door are several soiled work shirts, one of which has bloodstains on it. The blood is from one of Aguilar's persistent nosebleeds and has no insidious significance.

[UPPER STOREY]

(9 Empty Room/: —

(10 Library/: The wall that used to separate this room from the next one has been removed to form a library. This room contains Spain's finest personal collection of Arthurian texts as well as many books of theological studies. The room is in complete disarray.

The floor-to-ceiling shelves which once lined the walls have been torn down and the books have been flung around the room with careless disregard. Quite a few texts have been ripped apart and their pages burnt inside an open fireplace in the far right hand corner. The ashes in the hearth are cold, as is the brazier.

After having the past revealed to him through the drug Crimson Glory, Aguilar became bitter and disillusioned with the lies of history. He abandoned the Pallid Veil and set about making preparations for a lecture tour in which he would expose the many truths of history that had been deliberately twisted and hidden by the Order and others of their ilk. To preserve their secrecy and the Illusion itself, members of the Order had Aguilar killed and his texts and research notes destroyed.

(11 Study/: Serving as Aguilar's private study, this room contains his most valuable texts and personal research. It has suffered the same fate as the library, not one book remaining intact. Each and every text has been torn to shreds and a small fire has been made of Aguilar's research notes. Written upon the walls and the pages of the texts, repeated over and over, is the Spanish word for lies, mentir.

Curious PCs can discover a small scrap of paper torn from a local newspaper taped to the underside of Aguilar's desk drawer. The scrap of paper comes from the *empleo* (employment) section of the local paper and has two messages written upon it. The first is the phrase, *aqui yace verdad* (here lies truth), the second is »Job 36:8.« The handwriting is identical to that on the walls.

And if they be bound in fetters and be holden in cords of affliction.

Job 36:8

Though obscure, this passage has been left by Aguilar to direct investigations towards the Casa del Cordon (House of Ropes) nightclub. It is also a reference to his own addiction to the drug, Crimson Glory.

INTRUDERS

...to escape the gloom and dire happenings that have plagued her since her arrival in Madrid, Gabriella insists on taking the PCs out for dinner to celebrate her new-found wealth and to thank them for their aid. Dinner is a pleasant affair with Gabriella playing the perfect hostess so as to allay her companions' concerns about her health.

After dinner, she announces her intention to return to her uncle's townhouse. »It's mine now,« she tells the PCs. »I may as well get used to living there.« Gabriella is quite willing to let the PCs stay there as well, though she is unsure whether there is any spare bedding in the house.

Intent on having both the Grail and Gabriella, Lee has sent a group of El Despertado to steal both. The number of El Despertado should be determined by the strength of the opposition the PCs provide. Though they fail to gain the Grail, it is essential that they successfully kidnap Gabriella.

In the early hours of the morning, the El Despertado silently enter the townhouse. Sleeping PCs should make Perception tests to determine if they are alerted to the creatures' presence. Those that fail are soon awakened by Gabriella's piercing screams as she is dragged from her bed.

Following the kidnappers proves an impossible task, as does trying to obtain any relevant information from captured El Despertado. Unable to communicate due to the splicing of their tongues, they remain silent and uncooperative in the face of any interrogation methods the PCs may devise.

During the struggle between the PCs and El Despertado, the Grail is disturbed, scattering ashes across the floor. Footprints of PCs and abductors alike are found in the ashes as is another of Aguilar's cryptic references.

How can you say we are wise, for we have the law of the Lord, when actually the lying pen of the scribes has handled it falsely?

Jeremiah 8:8

Reporting the incident to the police proves to be of little value. »It happens to tourists sometimes,« they inform the PCs. This theory is given even more credence when the two investigating officers assigned to look over the townhouse discover no evidence of a break in.

PCs who manage to capture one or more of the El Despertado and hand them over to the police receive slightly more favorable treatment. However, the police assume the El Despertado to be members of one of Europe's infamous »kidnapping clans« intent on holding Gabriella for ransom and nothing else. They inform the PCs that they will undertake standard procedure for such a case.

FURTHER INQUIRIES

...while at the police station, the PCs are able to gather information on the death of Aguilar Sangre. The homicide department of the Madrid Police Force is housed on the second floor of an older, run-down building with damp walls, creaky floor boards, and dripping plumbing. Fighting their way through clouds of cigarette smoke that engulf the maze-like warren of desks and filing cabinets, the PCs eventually find their way to the translucent glass door that leads to the office of Detective Rafael Vizcaya, the officer in charge of the Aguilar Sangre case. After knocking on the door, a voice from inside tells them to »*entrar.*«

Sitting behind a desk overloaded with manila folders and used polystyrene coffee cups is a thin man dressed in an oversized suit that gives him the appearance of being a little boy dressing up in his father's clothes. Without looking up from the file opened up in front of him, he asks the PCs their business.

When the subject of the Sangre case is mentioned, Vizcaya closes the file in front of him with a loud thump and regards the PCs with a stern glare. Vizcaya is visibly agitated by the mention of the case. »Of what interest is it to you,« he asks the PCs coldly.

The detective is unwilling to discuss the case with anyone without good reason. Upon hearing of Gabriella's abduction, he becomes animated, scribbling notes and often interrupting the PCs to ask questions or clarify details. If one of the PCs is a member of a law enforcement agency or has connections or a net of contacts aligned to one, Vizcaya shares what he knows with them. He sifts through the precarious tower of folders stacked on his desk, threatening to topple them as he moves from one to the other. Upon discovering the one he's searching for, he pulls it from the middle of the stack like a magician pulling off a table cloth. The cardstock tower hardly moves.

»*Ah, here it is,*« *he announces as he opens the file.* The number of dried coffee rings and food stains on the cover of the folder indicate how often the file has been looked through. »Aguilar Sangre. Professor of medieval history and theologian. Murdered November fourteenth, nineteen ninety-six. Cause of death: decapitation, although there had already been severe blood loss. Nasty business. The body was found on the steps of the Chapel of San Juan Nepomuncen in the Old Madrid Quarter by a Señora Consuala Bertolli, a local flower seller who called us. Upon investigating the scene, we found the head on the altar of the church.« Vizcaya swallows deeply and rubs his fingers across his lips. »The lips and eyes of the head were sewn together by twine and the orbs had been removed. There's more. You can read Spanish, yes? Perhaps then, you'd prefer to read it yourselves?«

Assuming he trusts the PCs, Vizcaya hands them the forensic report.

[FORENSIC REPORT]

Madrid Medical Examiner's Office
Saturday, November 14th, 1996
Examination: Pathological anatomy and toxicology
Subject: Aguilar Umberto Sangre (Male Caucasian)
DOB: 23rd May, 1928 (67 years old)

Blood Group: A/RH factor: +

Results of Examination

Death was caused by blood loss, followed by the severing of victim's head from the body with a sharp instrument. A single blow was delivered from left to right in a slightly downward stroke indicating assailant was right handed, most probably a male of great strength and about 5-8 cm taller than the victim. Muscle study shows very little tension at time of death indicating that victim may have been familiar with his killer, or that victim was unconscious. There is also very little splash effect from the blow. This is a most curious anomaly and suggests that killer may have had an accomplice(s) present at time of death to aid in placement of body.

The removal of victim's eyes shows very little damage to optical nerves, leading me to believe that the victim's killer(s) had a higher than average understanding of surgical techniques. Test results on the twine used to seal the mouth and optical cavities reveal the binding to be common household string. Most unusual, however, is the salt traces found in the twine. These I had sent away for study at the Museo Arqueologico Nacional. Their tests reveal the salt traces to be several hundred years old.

The victim also showed indications of substance abuse. Twenty-four injection marks were found on the inside of the victim's left arm. Extent of substance use has been determined to be between 3-4 months. Toxicology tests reveal a high level of hallucinogens, some of which are still to be determined, as well as a high concentration of a secondary blood type which is also yet to be determined.

Dr. Geraldo Romero

(What Else Vizcaya Knows/: Initially believing that the murder was related to organized crime due to the similarities the killing had with the execution of informants, Vizcaya spent a great deal of time interviewing known underworld figures. This turned out to be a dead end, as did his follow up investigation into links with satanic cults. Vizcaya then turned his attention to Sangre's professional career. Apart from discovering that Aguilar was considered to be amongst the most perceptive and knowledgeable scholars of medieval history, there was little else to learn about the man. He lived the life of a recluse, rarely seen in the past ten years except for the occasional lecture tour. Vizcaya is also familiar with Gabriella, having found a self-penned family tree among Sangre's possessions. He even had Becquer postpone contacting Gabriella while Vizcaya made a cursory investigation of her through Interpol, quickly discovering that she not only had nothing to do with her uncle's death, but was entirely unaware of his existence.

Of the drug found in Aguilar's veins, Vizcaya believes it to be Crimson Glory, a new designer drug that hit the streets several months ago. Supposedly, the drug infuses the user with vivid hallucinations that can last several hours. The source of the drug is unknown but it is predominant throughout the more prestigious nightclub area of the city.

The chapel where the body was found seems to hold very little significance. It is one of the many forgotten chapels in Old Madrid that is tended and cleaned by local worshippers. It has no clergy attached to it and is left open for the use of local worshippers. Vizcaya is also unsure as to whether the murder occurred within or without the chapel as there was no trail of blood found between the body and the head.

The other thing that initial investigations did show though, were several similarities to a murder which occurred in Toledo seven months prior to Sangre's. In this case, however, a perpetrator was caught and is still in custody. He is currently being held in a mental institution in Toledo. Vizcaya drove down to interview the prisoner but found him to be nothing more than a nutcase, and, in light of the time from between the two crimes, summarily dismissed any connection between the two other than random coincidence. PCs desiring to visit Toledo can get Vizcaya to call ahead and arrange for the investigating officer in Toledo to cooperate with them. He then gives them his card for them to use as an introduction.

THE MURDER SCENE

THE CHAPEL OF SAN JUAN NEPOMUNCEN

...like many of the small chapels and churches of Madrid, the Chapel of San Juan Nepomuncen has no permanent priest or caretaker, its upkeep left to the good will of its worshippers. By the time the PCs arrive in Madrid, any evidence that a murder happened here has long since been washed away.

I've Seen
The Heart Of Man Fall
I've Seen Him Crawl
Secrets, I Know Where
No One Find Them
Behind The Darkened Door.

Fields Of The Nephilim

The double stained-glass windows at the rear of the chapel depict the two most common renderings of San Juan Nepomuncen. The first is that of a man standing upon a bridge which spans a flowing river. He holds a padlock and has a finger to his lips. An empress is on her knees before him confessing her sins. The second window shows the same man manacled in prison with angels at his side. In a semicircle above his head are seven stars.

As the PCs gaze at this second window, the sun/moon outside the church moves behind a cloud, momentarily causing the angels depicted in the scene to appear deathly pale. This phenomenon lasts for seconds only and is easily dismissed as a trick of the light.

Other than this, there is little of interest in the church. To each side of the doors at the rear of the chapel are statues. One is of Christ, the other depicts the Virgin Mary. Dust-laden pews line the interior of the church and two small confessionals have been built onto the western wall. Opposite the confessionals, on the other side of the church, is a door which leads to a narrow alley. Next to the door is a raised dais for use by a choir. A door at the far end of the church leads to a small vestry which has been unused for some time. Leaflets containing information about this little-known saint lay atop a small table just inside the church's tiny alcove. It is freely available for anyone. The literature names John Nepomuncen as the patron saint of confessors and his name is invoked in prayers against those who would slander another.

(A Similar Murder/: Like Aguilar, the victim in this case was brutally slain inside the chapel of a lesser-known saint. However, a suspect was caught at the scene of the crime and is currently undergoing psychiatric observation within Toledo's major hospital facility. A brief outline of the case is obtained by fax, courtesy of the investigating officer in Toledo, Detective Milagro Ortega.

[FAX]

To: Det. Rafael Vizcaya - Madrid Homicide Dept.
From: Det. Milagro Ortega - Toledo Police Dept.
Date: 20/12/96
RE: Murder of Matina Castellana/Abduction of Francisco Escudo

Murder/abduction occurred May 17th, 1996. Castellana's body found in San Adrian of Nicomedia. Cause of death - drowning. Victim found face down in font of holy water. One hundred and three knife wounds inflicted upon deceased post death. Boyfriend abducted, location unknown. Suspect found within church nursing body of deceased. Currently institutionalized under in psychiatric facility of Toledo General Hospital.

Further information regarding this murder requires the PCs to journey to Toledo. Though only located about 50 kilometers northwest of Madrid, the trip to Toledo takes around two hours by car.

TOLEDO

...toledo is a city whose name rings with the clash of tempered steel. Built chiefly by Moorish hands, Toledo is a city of austerity. Surrounded by lush fruit orchards and broad fields, it is a place that has inspired artists and poets alike. At every corner, there is evidence of skillful workmanship inspired by pride and devout religious beliefs. A maze of cobbled alleys make journeying through the city virtually impossible by any mode of transport short of foot or donkey.

In addition to the information contained in the fax above, Det. Ortega informs the PCs that after murdering Matina, the nameless man they caught at the scene of the crime carried a heavy object out into the street, left it there, and returned inside.

»There were signs of something being dragged across the carpet and signs of a struggle,« says Ortega while spooning heaps of sugar into his cup of steaming coffee. »We know that Castellana was with her boyfriend all day. You see, Matina Castellana was the fiancée of one of Toledo's most eligible bachelors, Francisco Escudo. There were very few places the two of them could go in Toledo without being recognized. At first we thought this was only a case of kidnapping and that Matina was merely in the wrong place at the wrong time, but there has been no ransom note or contact from the kidnappers. Also, the man found at the scene of the murder has not said a word since we brought him in. I even spent an hour alone with him for some questioning with a »personal touch,« but still he would not talk.«

(What Else Ortega Knows/:
Francisco Escudo was one of Toledo's finest swordsmiths before his disappearance, having a private collection worth well in excess of fourteen million dollars. An inventory of his home after the abduction listed the collection intact with the exception of one piece, a medieval broadsword conservatively estimated to be worth three million dollars. The police have interviewed all known fences and black market dealers but no trace of the missing sword has been found and the police are wary about linking the two instances together. Curiously though, Ortega's investigations unearthed the little known fact that San Adrian of Nicomedia is the patron saint of metalworkers. Ortega provides the PCs with photos of Francisco and Matina, as well as an insurance company description of the missing sword.

[INSURANCE COMPANY DESCRIPTION]
Escudo Collection - Item 43

One broadsword from the medieval period known as the Dark Ages, dated between 300-800 A.D. Five feet in length, the hilt features highly stylized, animal-based interlaced patterns inlayed with gold. Scrollwork similar to manuscript illumination (language origin indeterminable) runs along the center of the blade for a third of the sword's length.

Value: $3,000,000

THE SLEEPLESS MAN

...held within the high security wing of Toledo's main hospital is the nameless man found at the scene of Matina's murder. Gaining access to the man will prove difficult unless the PCs have obtained written permission from the local police, something they will be unwilling to provide unless one of the PCs is a fellow law enforcement officer. An alternate method of gaining access to the prisoner is to bribe one of the late night orderlies.

Locked in a small padded cell and bound within a strait jacket for his own protection, the patient prowls the confines of his cell like a caged panther. Though his face is a mass of deep gashes and cuts where he has attempted to hide his features, it is his lidless eyes that are the most eerie.

The cutting off of his own eyelids and his constant pacing are the man's way of warding off sleep, something he has successfully accomplished since his admittance over seven months ago. As he walks continually around his cell, he mumbles in a combination of archaic Spanish and Moorish. His mumblings are actually ancient warding verses against sleeping and dreaming.

Medical reports indicate that the Sleepless Man's blood carries a high concentration of an unknown substance. The doctors have determined that this substance has not only altered the man's basic blood chemistry, but has stimulated the electrical currents of his brain to such a degree that it keeps him in a constant state of wakefulness with few signs of physical deterioration. Comparing the medical reports of the Sleepless Man and Aguilar Sangre reveals that the dead scholar's body contained minute traces of this same substance.

By coming in contact with the Judas Grail, the PCs are able to see past the illusion which shrouds the Sleepless Man. Through an overdose of the drug Crimson Glory, the Sleepless Man has been transformed into an altered version of one of Sathariel's Blood Angels; a Blood Whisperer. Covered in a thick mass of blood and black body fluid, the Blood Whisperer dips its long fingers into the viscous liquid that engulfs its humanoid frame to scrawl upon the walls of its cell. Before his overdose and transformation, the Sleepless Man was merely a nightclub regular named Julio Esposito. He retains no conscious knowledge of his previous life and his face is so disfigured that police have yet to ascertain his identity.

Invisible to all but those who can see through the Illusion, the scrawling on the cell wall maintains a constant pattern. Over and over the same picture is repeated. Drawn as if by a child, a man with black wings flies towards a black sun, escaping the black rain that falls upon the Earth. He is unable to reach the sun though, for he is tied to the Earth by a length of rope which binds his legs.

This picture is a subconscious message made up from the scrambled dream images which haunt the Sleepless Man. Dr. DeWinter, believing Esposito to be merely another of Crimson Glory junkie, chose him as the pawn who would kidnap Francisco and steal the sword, Caliburn. Unfortunately, the doctor did not realize that Julio had not only hoarded several doses of the drug, but he had spiced it with several other substances to heighten the realism of the induced images the drug provides. By enhancing the power of Sathariel's blood, which is used in the creation of Crimson Glory, Julio induced a permanent waking dream state for himself and caused his body to transform itself into a Blood Whisperer. His altered state allows him to fight against DeWinter's control, enabling him to have moments of silent lucidity where he tries to warn the outside world of DeWinter's and Lee's plans through his drawings.

Though cryptic and poorly rendered, Esposito hopes someone will pick up on the clues portrayed in his scrawled pictures. His renderings endeavor to impart the following information; The winged man is Daedalus, father of Icarus. The rain and lightning in the picture represent Malcolm DeWinter, director of the Institute. The rope is representative of the House of Ropes. Though little will come of this information at this point, it may prove to be a handy reference later on in the adventure.

Other than the wall scrawling, the PCs obtain no information of any real value from Julio Esposito. Nonetheless, they should come away with the feeling that something strange is happening around them.

If the PCs are clever enough to obtain a facial reconstruction illustration from the police or one of the hospital staff and then show it to the patrons of the Casa del Cordon, they will discover that some of them recognize Julio Esposito. They will learn that Julio was an experienced junkie who liked to mix his drugs like cocktails. He frequented the club often before his disappearance a month or so before Matina's murder and was experimenting with various methods of enhancing Crimson Glory. No other information is forthcoming. Unbeknownst to the PCs, Julio is indeed responsible for the murder of Matina, the abduction of Francisco, and the theft of the sword. Both Francisco and the sword were delivered into the hands of Ms. Lee several months prior this adventure. Francisco Escudo is to be sacrificed later on in this adventure along with Gabriella and three others. Their deaths will empower the ritual to free Chokmah's envoy and summon forth the spirits of the Knights Incarnate from the distant past. It is their human shells that will house the souls of the Knights Incarnate. Julio Esposito is destined to live out the rest of his days in a waking nightmare from which there is no respite.

NON PLAYER CHARACTERS

GABRIELLA PIRELLI

...a friend of all the PCs, Gabriella is a happy-go-lucky girl in her mid-twenties who believes in living each day at a time. Promiscuous and flirtatious, Gabriella falls in and out of love with outstanding regularity. It is quite possible that she has had past love affairs with one, if not all, of the PCs.

Gabriella is of medium height with long black hair and emerald green eyes. She wears tight fitting clothes that often leave her midriff bare.

AGL 10 **EGO** 16
STR 8 **CHA** 18
CON 9 **PER** 8
COM 19 **EDU** 10

(Personality/: Gabriella takes very little seriously. She wishes to be friends with everyone she meets, using sex to gain what her vivaciousness cannot.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Laugh a lot and lightly tap players on the hand when you talk to them. Be more forward if the opportunity exists.

(Height/: 160 cm

(Weight/: 55 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 2

(Movement/: 8 m/combat round

(Initiative Bonus/: 0

(Damage Bonus/: 0

(Damage Capacity/:
4 scratches = 1 light wound
3 light wounds = 1 serious wound
2 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Mental Balace/: +10

(Advantages/: Empathy, Forgiving.

(Disadvantages/: Sexually tantalizing

(Skills/: Acting 14, Dancing 13, Etiquette 15, Photography 13, Seduction 17.

(Home/: Close to PCs.

VINCENTE BECQUER

...vincente comes from a long line of Spanish lawyers. His office is filled with reminders of both tradition and family, the two most important things in his life. Many of the older families respect Vincente's love of the old ways, preferring to do business with him rather than with newer firms. There are few examples of modern technology to be found with Vincente's offices.

Vincente is a shortish man in his late sixties. He has silver-gray hair and a well-groomed mustache. Vincente is commonly attired in dark gray, pin-stripped suits.

AGL 11 **EGO** 15
STR 10 **CHA** 16
CON 10 **PER** 17
COM 14 **EDU** 18

(Personality/: Vincente is a likable rogue. Warm and charming, he is also chivalrous towards women. It is easy to see how he has built up a lucrative business without any of the modern conveniences.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Smile warmly and enthusiastically. Kiss the hands of woman and give men a firm handshake and a slight wink.

(Height/: 155 cm

(Weight/: 60 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 2

(Movement/: 6 m/combat round

(Initiative Bonus/: 0

(Damage Bonus/: +1

(Damage Capacity/:
4 scratches = 1 light wound
3 light wounds = 1 serious wound
2 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Mental Balance/: +20

(Advantages/: Code of Honor, Good Reputation, Honesty.

(Disadvantages/: Nil

(Skills/: Net of Contacts: Old families of Madrid 16, Diplomacy 16, Etiquette 15, Rhetoric 16, Law 14.

(Home/: Madrid

LEES BODYGUARDS

GOONS

...dressed in dark suits and sunglasses, these muscle-bound goons fulfill every cliché imaginable. Lacking in both subtlety and manners, they are nothing more than robots doing their mistress' bidding.

AGL 16 **EGO** 12
STR 19 **CHA** 6
CON 18 **PER** 13
COM 11 **EDU** 8

(Personality/: Unused to speaking in sentences with lots of words, their speech is short and direct.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Act cold and threatening.

(Height/: 190 cm

(Weight/: 90 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 3

(Movement/: 8 m/combat round

(Initiative Bonus/: +4

(Damage Bonus/: +4

(Damage Capacity/:
5 scratches = 1 light wound
4 light wounds = 1 serious wound
3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Mental Balance/: -30

(Skills/: Automatic weapons 16, Rifle 14, Handgun 16, Sneak 12, Dodge 15, Search 17, Interrogation 15.

(Attack Modes/: UZI SMG

(Equipment/: UZI SMG

TRUCK DRIVER

...dressed in a t-shirt and dirty jeans, this unwashed specimen of manhood has more in common with an ape than the human race. Possessing a foul mouth and a short temper, he abuses the PCs and is eager for a confrontation.

AGL 16 **EGO** 12
STR 19 **CHA** 6
CON 18 **PER** 13
COM 11 **EDU** 8

(Personality/: Aggressive and abusive.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Swear profusely and intimidate the PCs.

(Height/: 180 cm

(Weight/: 90 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 3

(Movement/: 8 m/combat round

(Initiative Binus/: +4

(Damage Bonus/: +4

(Damage Capacity/:
5 scratches = 1 light wound
4 light wounds = 1 serious wound
3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Mental Balance/: -30

(Skills/: Daggers 18, Impact weapons 15, Handgun 16, Sneak 12, Dodge 15, Search 17, Interrogation 15.

(Attack Modes/: Dagger, Steel pipe (Scr 1-8, Lw 9-14, Sw 15-18, Fw 19+).

(Equipment/: Dagger, pipe.

EL DESPERTADO
THE AWAKENED

...created by Lee to act as enforcers when her standard means are not enough. These creatures have undergone each of the Five Minor Deaths outlined in Part Three. Black stones are implanted where their eyes should be and thick steel cords emerge from the base of their necks, extending to the lower end of their spines. Black vapor wafts from their empty nasal cavity.

When attacking, the El Despertado use their elongated tongues. Blades of thin, razor sharp metal have been spliced into the tongue, enabling them to cut through flesh and bone with a single, slobbering lick.

AGL	20	**EGO**	5
STR	26	**CHA**	2
CON	24	**PER**	11
COM	2	**EDU**	2

(Personality/: Silent and deadly. Totally loyal to Meagan Lee.

(Gamemastering hints/: Slobber a lot.

(Height/: 175 cm

(Weight/: 65 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 4

(Movement/: 10 m/combat round

(Iniative Bonus/: +4

(Senses/: Can see into Inferno and in the dark.

(Damage Bonus/: +5

(Damage Capacity/:
6 scratches = 1 light wound
5 light wounds = 1 serious wound
3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Mental Balance/: -60

(Powers/: Resistant to poison, Natural weapons.

(Limitations/: Controlled by external force.

(Skills/: Dodge 16, Whips and chains 19.

(Attack Modes/: Razor tongue 15 (Scr 1-8, Lw 9-14, Sw 15-19, Fw 20+)

DETECTIVE RAFAEL VIZCAYA

...a thin man who dresses in baggy suits four years out of date, Vizcaya is a lazy son-of-a-bitch who is merely biding his time until something better comes along. The Sangre case has shaken him somewhat with its dark implications and he is quite keen to pass the buck onto someone else and wipe his hands of it. Called Rafe by his associates because of his ghostly appearance, Vizcaya is too dense to have worked out the joke yet.

AGL 14 **EGO** 12
STR 10 **CHA** 15
CON 13 **PER** 14
COM 9 **EDU** 7

(Personality/: Nervous and sloppy.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Stutter slightly and act unconvincingly friendly.

(Height/: 170 cm

(Weight/: 60 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 2

(Movement/: 7 m/combat round

(Initiative Bonus/: +2

(Damage Bonus/: +1

(Damage Capacity/:
4 scratches = 1 light wound
3 light wounds = 1 serious wound
3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Mental Balance/: +10

(Advantages/: Cultural flexibility

(Disadvantages/: Touchy

(Skills/: Rifle and crossbow 12, Unarmed combat 12, Administration 8, First aid 13, Written report 10.

JULIO ESPOSITO THE SLEEPLESS MAN

BLOOD WHISPERER

...a regular in the nightclub scene, Julio was once a gifted chemistry student with a penchant for experimentation. A regular drug user by the age of thirteen, Julio used his academic gifts to create his own substances and enhance the potency of others. Upon discovering Crimson Glory, Julio became obsessed with discovering how it was made. After failing to do this, he turned his attentions towards boosting the drug and prolonging its effects. This did not go unnoticed by the drug's creator, Dr. Malcolm DeWinter and, subsequently, Julio was abducted and experimented on by the good doctor. This combination of events resulting in Julio gaining his current state. Julio is now a Blood Whisperer, a weaker version of one of Sathariel's Blood Angels.

AGL 12 **EGO** 6
STR 11 **CHA** 15
CON 17 **PER** 16
COM 14 **EDU** 8

(Personality/: Sentenced to a life of wakefulness where the nightmares of a horrific past are played out over and over again within the prison of his mind, Julio Esposito has lost the ability to communicate with the outside world. Constantly moving and twitching, Julio is a ball of nervous energy. His eyes dart from one place to the other as though expecting some surprise attack.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Move body and eyes constantly. Stare at people with wide-eyed fear.

(Height/: 175 cm

(Weight/: 65 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 2

(Movement/: 6 m/combat round

(Iniative Bonus/: 0

(Senses/: Can move freely through darkness.

(Damage Bonus/: +1

(Damage Capacity/:
5 scratches = 1 light wound
4 light wounds = 1 serious wound
3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Mental Balance/: -40

(Powers/: No need for sleep.

(Disadvantages/: Haunted

(Attack Modes/: Fists 14

AGUILAR SANGRE

...little is known of this reclusive Spanish academic. He is reputed to have one of the most extensive private libraries of Arthurian reference materials and often undertook lecture tours on the subject of Arthurian mythology. A gifted scholar of theology, it is said that there was not one situation where Aguilar did not have a biblical quote ready to strengthen his arguments. Respected throughout the academic community as a great scholar, little is known of Aguilar Sangre's private life. Aguilar led the life of a recluse, rarely appearing in public except for his eagerly-anticipated lecture tours from which he made most of his income. Offers from leading universities throughout the world to take up lecturing positions were politely refused as were the many contracts sent to him from various publishing houses. It was Aguilar's belief that if nothing new was to be said on a subject, then nothing should be said. Despite this lifestyle and philosophy, Aguilar Sangre built a reputation as an astute observer and researcher of medieval history. His most popular works are his individual studies on each of the hundred plus knights rumored to have sat at Arthur's Round Table.

Before his disenchantment, Aguilar's duty as a member of the Hermetic Order of the Pallid Veil was the guardianship of the Judas Grail. Resembling a stone cup, this artifact was reported to allow all who drank from it to see through the Illusion. As wardens against the breaking of the Illusion, The Hermetic Order of the Pallid Veil ensured that the Grail did not fall into unsuspecting hands.

Much of Aguilar's work in regard to the Arthurian myths was dedicated towards maintaining the romanticized literary version of the legend, rather than an earnest endeavor to uncover the truth. As a result of his addiction to Crimson Glory, which was orchestrated by Lee, Aguilar became disillusioned with the Order's purpose. Though it was a simple matter to have him betray the Order, Aguilar had the last laugh on both his former sect and Lee herself by leaving guardianship of the Grail to his niece.

THE GRAIL

...according to alchemical lore, there were two Grails: the Lapis Exilius and the Lapis Judaicus. The Lapis of Alchemy is The Philosopher's Stone, a name given to a stone, powder, or substance with the ability to transmute one thing to another.

The Lapis Exilius is the traditional Grail of Arthurian legend, said to be able to heal the ills of the world. The Lapis Judaicus is said to be the talismanic stone, Theolithis, which fell from Lucifer's crown as he was cast from Heaven. The cup in this adventure has been carved from this stone. This information is available to PCs who undertake a thorough search of the remaining texts in Aguilar's private library or those available at Madrid's National Archaeological Museum. The Judas Grail which appears in this adventure resembles a small cup carved from stone. Trapped within the Grail is the consciousness of Mordred, an envoy of Chokmah. Imprisoned within the cup during the Dark Ages, Mordred's consciousness gives anything placed within the cup a form of sentience and life. It is this power that provides Aguilar's ashes a minor form of communication.

By coming in contact with the Grail, the PCs are given the ability to see past parts of the Illusion that engulf mankind. Those PCs who do not already have Magical Intuition have it bestowed upon them through contact with the Grail. Possession of the Grail also gives them insights into the cup's past through dream images. These dreams are outlined in the appendices of this adventure and introduce the PCs to the Knights Incarnate and the truths of the period of history known as the Dark Ages.

Chapter Three Through the Past Darkly

Engrossed in his monologue and the sound of his own voice, the tour guide failed to notice the tall stranger attach himself to the rear of the group.

Trailing behind the small throng of awe-struck tourists, the newcomer fought hard to stifle a yawn. He had seen many of these artifacts before, seen them when they were newly wrought and alive with their maker's soul and passion. Now they were old and dead, tainted by the passing of years and the twisting of truths.

The guide continued to lead them through the exhibits, the lies spilling from his mouth like wine. He described places that had never existed and talked of artisans that had never been. Finally the tour ended and the members of the small group went their separate ways. The guide listened as the departing masses tried to recapture the tour with words of their own making. He sneered at their weak attempts to emulate his prose.

»You lied,« said the stranger as he emerged from the shadows. »You showed them a pantomime and dared to call it truth. They will go and tell others and the procession of fools shall march ever on—the blind leading the blind into death and deceit.«

Seeing his own death reflected in the eyes of the stranger, the guide ran. Disorientated by fear, he ran through the museum with little heed of the displays and exhibits he toppled in his wake. Gasping for breath, he took refuge in the large art gallery at the rear of the vast building.

The stranger waited silently until the guide began to think himself safe. Judging that such a time had arrived, he grasped the guide by the neck and smashed his head against a tasteless piece of modern art that dominated the far wall of the gallery. His hand closed slightly as the bones of the guide's skull shattered.

»THEY WILL GO AND TELL OTHERS AND THE PROCESSION OF FOOLS SHALL MARCH EVER ON—THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND INTO DEATH AND DECEIT.«

And When Night
Darkens The Streets,
Then Wander Forth The Sons
Of Belial, Flown With
Insolence And Wine.

John MILTON

The dead man's blood flowed across the nameplate mounted below the painting which named the pretentious piece, The Doors of Perception. Smiling, the stranger dipped a gloved finger into the pool of crimson liquid forming on the tiled floor. With utmost care, he added a personal touch to the piece. In flowing script reminiscent of a skilled calligrapher, he enscribed upon the piece a single word: CLOSED.

LINES OF INVESTIGATION

...having few clues to go on, the search for the missing Gabriella is a difficult task. Information on the enigmatic Ms. Lee is limited and obtaining an interview with the reclusive tycoon is impossible. Visiting the site of the billionaire archeologist's latest restoration project, however, plunges the PCs further into Lee's complex designs and gives them an insight into exactly who and what they are dealing with.

Gathering information about the mysterious cup holding Aguilar's ashes requires the PCs to visit Madrid's National Archaeological Museum and arrange a meeting with the museum's director, Juan-Ruiz de la Vega, who, like the late Aguilar Sangre, is also a member of the secret society, the Hermetic Order of the Pallid Veil.

Pursuing leads on the drug found in Aguilar's veins leads the PCs to the only place in Spain where the substance is available, the Casa del Cordon nightclub. Here they are given the opportunity to obtain a sample of the drug, and possible learn of its nature.

These three lines of investigation are covered in this chapter.

SEEKING MS LEE

...general information about Ms. Lee can be gained through media sources or publications such as Who's Who or business periodicals. She is described as one of the world's richest and most mysterious business figures and a recluse who shuns all forms of public life. She refuses to grant interviews with anyone and very few photos of her exist anywhere, the ones that do exist being blurred and offering very little detail as to her features. An extract from *Who's Who* provides the following information:

[EXTRACT FROM WHO'S WHO]

Lee: Meagan, (née Mai Ghan - changed by deed poll, 1969). Born in Itsukaichi, Japan - August 6th, 1947.

Family emigrated to England when she was three years old. A brilliant student, Lee was fascinated by the myths and legends of her adopted homeland. Her passion resulted in her being awarded the prestigious R. F. Burton Historical Scholarship in 1965. Combining business acumen with historical expertise, she founded the world's first private archaeological company, Phoenix Restorations. With resources far beyond those available to museums or governmental organizations, Ms. Lee's company was soon being sought to carry out delicate research and restoration projects.

After gaining English citizenship in 1969, Ms. Lee changed her Christian name to the more Anglicized, Meagan. Ms. Lee's permanent residence is Camden Towers in Mayfair. This also doubles as the offices for her company. She has over a dozen holiday residences scattered around the world, and her personal fortune is estimated at over $40,000,000.

Current information on the activities of Ms. Lee informs the PCs that her company, Phoenix Restorations, is currently restoring an old medieval castle located in the province of Andalusia. Overseeing the Andalusian project is Lee herself, who, so the press report, is currently residing in her private villa located in the coastal resort of Malaga.
Accompanying the small article are several blurred images of the enigmatic businesswoman in the company of a handsome elderly man which the ever active paparazzi have managed to capture on film.

THE MALAGA VILLA

...a visit to the Malaga Villa is a perilous undertaking. Upon first contact, the PCs are politely, but firmly, informed by security guards stationed at the front gate that Ms. Lee is unavailable. There are no exceptions to this rule. Subsequent visits are met with increasing hostility from the security guards. PCs who are insistent will eventually try the guards' patience and be met with open aggression.

Attempting to sneak into Lee's villa is an act of foolishness that the most skilled of infiltration experts would balk at. The place is a virtual fortress, employing a small army of private guards and the most sophisticated security technology available. Breaking into the villa is a near impossible task doomed to failure.

To break into the villa first requires a Sneak roll of very good or better quality to avoid the patrols that continually walk the grounds of the estate. Once this has been achieved, a Burglary roll is needed with the same effect in order to bypass the security systems and enter the villa. A very good or better Security Systems roll will shut down the surveillance equipment and allow the PCs access to the villa's interior without hindrance. For the sake of dramatic purposes, Ms. Lee is not present during such an episode.

[GROUND FLOOR]

(1 Main Hall And Living Area/: Opulent furnishings and expensive art pieces dominate this room. Ancient sculptures on pedastals stand on either side of the main entrance and smaller pieces, in both clay and metal, are displayed upon ornate coffee tables. In the far right corner of the room is a spiral stairway leading to the upper level. Opposite the stairway hangs a large painting depicting the sacking of a small village by soldiers of the Inquisition. Located behind the painting is a secret door that leads down into the villa's basement. The seam around the door is practically impossible to detect. Opening it requires a high level of success.

(2 Dining Room/: A dining table dating from Victorian England, complete with a matching set of twelve Chippendale chairs, runs lengthwise down the center of this room. Stored in an oak cabinet against the far wall is a set of silver cutlery and a set of fine Wedgewood china, both of which date back to Victorian times.

(3 Security Command Center/: This room is the control center for the villa's sophisticated security system. An array of monitors view each room of the villa and every corner of the outlying grounds. Four security guards are in attendance at all times maintaining a constant video surveillance.

(4 Staff Bedrooms/: Each bedroom contains three beds and is used by the villa staff and security personnel. A small bathroom, toilet, and walk-in closet is built onto each room.

(5 Hallway/: Apart from a number of original pen-and-ink drawings that line the walls, there is nothing else of interest in this area.

(6 Kitchen/: A well-equipped kitchen that shines with the brilliance of polished chrome. Every conceivable modern accessory can be found in this kitchen which is manned by at least one chef around the clock. To the left of the kitchen is a well-stocked pantry, to the right, an equally well-equipped laundry.

(7 Patio/Swimming Pool/: A tiled patio complete with barbecue, pool, and spa is located here.

[UPPER LEVEL]

(8 Mezzanine/: The spiral stairway from the main hall leads to this small open area where several ancient Ming and Byzantine artifacts are on display.

(9 Private Study/: Housing an extensive library of historical texts and manuscripts, there is nothing here that divulges Ms. Lee's true identity or purposes.

(10 Master Bedroom/: Apart from priceless antiques and a variety of expensive sex toys, there is nothing here out of the ordinary. The large closet to the far side of the room contains both men's and women's clothing. Hanging inside the closet is the well-worn mantle of a Catholic bishop.

(11 Balcony/: A clear view of the front gardens and main gates can be obtained from here.

[LOWER LEVEL]

(12 Lower Hallway/: The stairs hidden behind the painting located at the rear of the main hall (1) lead here.

(13 Holding Cells/: Trespassers caught in the villa's environs are brought here for interrogation. The small, stone-walled rooms are damp and musty smelling. The cells are typical to others of their genre. Lying under the corner of the soiled mattress in the left-most cell is a driver's license belonging to Julio Esposito. The photo on the license contains a startling likeness to the Sleepless Man being held in the psychiatric ward of the Toledo Hospital.

(14 Temple/: To the untrained eye, this room appears to be nothing more than a well-equipped laboratory. It is, in fact, Lee's private temple. PCs with a better than average knowledge of the occult arts can determine the exact nature of this room, recognizing it for what it truly is. Most unusual, however, is the variety of magical implements stored within the room, hinting that the magician who dedicated this temple is adept at several differing lores of magic. Here is where Lee undertakes her own research into the breaking down of a human's defenses against seeing through the Illusion.

[OUTER BUILDINGS]

(15 Garage/: Four cars are parked within, along with several motorcycles. The exact make and model of each vehicle is left to the GM's discretion. Price and availability is no hindrance. (See page 143 of the KULT rulebook for further details).

(16 Kennels/: The grounds are patrolled constantly by four dogs in eight hour shifts, so that there are eight hounds within the kennels at any given time. They can be released via remote control from the security command center. It is common practice to release all the dogs if an intruder's presence is detected.

(17 Garden Shed/: Contains gardening and pool cleaning equipment. Several containers of pesticides and pool chemicals are stored within.

(18 Fountain/: Located in the center of the circular driveway in front of the main entrance to the villa is a stone fountain of unusual design. A masterful working, the fountain depicts in minute detail the rape and pillaging of peasants at the hands of Christian knights. This fountain is one of the links that Lee has forged between herself and the Knights Incarnate.

THE FIVE MINOR DEATHS

...using a hybrid of magic, genetic engineering, and current technology in a technique she has dubbed »the five minor deaths,« Lee performs rituals which alter each of a victim's five senses. Each separate ritual takes a day to perform.

(The 1st Minor Death/: After removing the eyes from their sockets, a bubbling mixture of thick black liquid is poured into the empty sockets. As it cools, the mixture hardens, forming a smooth substance similar to onyx. Though blinded to the world around them, the possessor of the onyx eyes has the ability to see through much of the Illusion that enshrouds humanity.

(The 2nd Minor Death/: The flesh and cartilage of the nose are removed, leaving an empty socket. After preparing a noxious smoking mixture of unknown ingredients, the conjurer inhales deeply. He then places his mouth over the empty nasal socket and exhales, filling the cavity with pungent smoke. This is repeated three times. Once this has been done, small clouds of dark smoke remain permanently within the cavity. Occasionally, thin tendrils of smoke drift out of the wound giving the victim an even stranger appearance.

Victims transformed in this manner do not require air as they no longer breathe. They are also to smell out portals between our world and Metropolis.

(The 3rd Minor Death/: Incisions are made at the base of the skull and at the top of the spine. The cords between the two are severed and replaced with jutting tendrils of steel and tungsten fiber. Though this removes the victim's sense of touch, this ritual gives their hands the ability to shape human flesh as if it were wet clay.

(The 4th Minor Death/: Once the folds of skin of the outer ear are removed, small silver clamps are used to stretch and widen the aural canal. A thin coating of a silver substance is applied to the walls of the exposed canals. Though the hardened coating allows the aural canal to retain its widened form, Lee keeps the silver clamps in place as a form of decoration.

Apart from increasing the victim's hearing abilities to well beyond human limitations, the ritual also gives the victim the ability to detect the truth and falsehood inherent in any given speaker's words.

(The 5th Minor Death/: The severed flesh of his nose and ears is grafted to the victim's tongue in such a way that it increases the tongue's length. The whole is then sliced into four portions of equal width. Between each slice a sliver of dull metal is placed. The portions are then crudely sown back together as a whole. The three slivers of metal transform the tongue into a highly effective weapon. Honed to razor sharpness, the elongated tongue has the ability to cut through wood and bone with ease.

Those who undergo all of the five rituals are the El Despertado of Ms. Lee. They are totally loyal to her and will fulfill any orders given to them. They act as her enforcers.

LEES COMPANION

...accompanying Ms. Lee during her stay at her seaside villa is an elderly companion. Though scores of paparazzi have tried in vain to capture the two on film, all of the images are blurred. PCs with expertise in Photography may be able to succeed where others have failed.

Establishing the identity of the mystery man proves to be a relatively easy task once a clear image of him is obtained. The man is Bishop Gavriel Navarre, recently nominated to take over the position of Archbishop in Spain's Catholic church. Supposedly on sabbatical, Bishop Navarre has been transformed into an »empty vessel« by Lee's associate, Dr. Malcolm DeWinter, director of the Daedal Institute of Dream Research.

Navarre is the flesh into which Lee plans to house the mind of Chokmah's envoy, Mordred, once he has been freed from the Grail. A follower of Chokmah, Navarre offered himself to Lee as a willing subject as an act of faith between the followers of Chokmah and the envoy of Malkuth. Much more than a sacrificial lamb, Bishop Navarre has achieved a position of great authority within the Catholic church, making him the ideal vessel for the success of Lee's plans.

If Bishop Navarre's association with Lee is made public knowledge through the actions of the PCs, nothing really comes of it. Church elders clear Navarre of any wrong doing, stating that he is acting as a religious and historical consultant on Ms. Lee's latest restoration project.

ANDALUSIA
THE RESTORATION SITE

...in the south of Spain lies the province of Andalusia. A fierce land of vast tawny sierras and ancient fortresses, this area echoes with the sounds and images of a wild, pagan past not yet forgotten by those who live here still. It is here that Lee's current project is being undertaken.

Built several miles from the main Andalusian city of Cordoba is one of Spain's oldest examples of medieval architecture, the Castillo de la Culebra. Close to the castle is the site of a group of standing stones known as the Flame Trees. Both the castle and the menhirs have histories bathed in blood and are grim reminders of a unforgotten chapter from Spain's dark past.

Local guide books translate the name of the castle as the Castle of the Dragon. Razed almost to the ground by the Spanish Inquisition, the castle overlooks the shallow valley where the Flame Trees stand. It is estimated that over a hundred heretics died here, chained to the menhirs and set alight after being found guilty of heresy by the holy soldiers of Torquemada. Lee's company, Phoenix Restorations, has been commissioned to restore both the castle and the menhir sight. The nearest town to the current restoration project is Varador. It is also the only source of local accommodation available to PCs who travel here.

During their time off, many of the workers on the project spend their time drinking in the town's solitary inn. It is a simple matter to accost one of the workers and steal their security pass. PCs with Forgery skill will be able to transpose their own photos onto the security pass.

While in Varador, the PCs can also track down tales about the infamous Don Jeesalis. There is no crime or excess not attributed to the dead knight, each tale more brutal and depraved than the last.

Whilst
Yet The Calm Hours Creep,
Dream Thou—And From Thy Sleep
Then Wake To Weep.

Percy Bysshe SHELLEY

The most widely held belief is that the restoration project is only an elaborate scheme to hide overseas interests in the knight's hidden treasure, a treasure which may, or may not, consist of everything from a solid gold replica of Don Jeesalis' favorite mount to a map showing the location of El Dorado. It is even said that he stalked the area in the guise of a wolf, a jackal, a cloven hoofed-leopard, or whatever else the local telling the tale can come up with at the time. The tales of Don Jecsalis are legion, limited only by the imagination and vocabulary of the storyteller. Though interesting to the listener, all of the tales lead nowhere.

CASTILLO DE LA CULEBRA

...battered and beaten by time and the elements, there is little that remains of Castillo de la Culebra save her stone foundations and the empty shell of her outer walls. Abandoned and ignored by the superstitious locals who believe it to be the home of restless spirits, the castle has been left to rot. Even speaking its name causes the local folk to make warding signs against evil.

Being careful not to arouse suspicion, Lee has made sure that most of the restoration project appears exactly as it is supposed to. If PCs gain access to the restoration project, they see nothing out of the ordinary until they reach the main hall of the castle itself. This is a restricted area, sealed off from the rest of the project and under constant security surveillance.

At the bottom of a small stoney valley rise the Flame Trees. Emerging from the earth like the stone fingers of a monstrous grasping hand, the five thin pillars have witnessed over a hundred deaths. Here was the site of one of the Inquisition's greatest purging. The entire population of the castle was dragged across the jagged rocks of the sloping valley to the pillars below. Here were they tied to the stones and set to the flame. Though no written records exist as to why all who dwelt in the castle suffered the wrath of the Inquisition, local legends insist that the lord of the castle, Don Jecsalis, consorted with demons and other creatures of the Abyss. It is said that when the winds blow through the site of the Flame Trees, one can hear the anguished cries of Don Jecsalis as he writhes in the flames. Some say that the sunsets here are redder than in any other province of Spain.

Entry to the castle and the standing stones proves difficult as both have been fenced off for restoration and only authorized employees of Phoenix Restorations are allowed admittance. High fences carrying electrical charges surround the site and heavily armed security guards patrol the perimeter diligently. Several signs have been erected beyond the fence line proclaiming the site to be a rebuilding project being undertaken by Phoenix Restorations—«Rising from the Ashes and Reforging the Past.»

Overcoming the security systems to gain entrance to the inner workings of the castle is extraordinarily difficult, requiring a Very Good effect for success.

(The Inner Hall/: The interior of the hall has been restored to its former glory. Tall stone columns complete with smiling gargoyles line the sides of the great hall and rich tapestries hang decoratively from the walls. Dominating the center of the room is a huge circular table carved from oak. Placed around the table are seven hand-carved chairs with velvet-covered cushioning. Suspended from the ceiling at the rear of each chair is a shield bearing a different coat of arms. Suspended directly above the table, hanging from the ceiling, is a naked man. Five tubes, inserted into his arms, legs, and abdomen dangle in front of five of the chairs; two of the chairs do not have tubes. These last two chairs display the shields of Chokmah and Malkuth.

The suspended figure has no name. He is simply known as the Sundered Man. Until several months ago, he was a patient at the Daedal Institute of Dream Research. While undergoing observation there, it was discovered that the man was an unwitting follower of Sathariel and that his blood contained a form of the Voice of the Blood. Initially using the blood to create the drug Crimson Glory, the institute's director, Dr. Malcolm DeWinter, was approached by Ms. Lee with a plan that would use the blood to help shatter the Illusion. Needless to say, DeWinter agreed.

Lee intends to use the blood of The Sundered Man in a ritual that will create the Knights Incarnate, followers of the Death Angels from times past, who will act as protectors to the spirit she intends to free from the prison of the Grail. In this way she not only achieves her designs, but gains revenge upon those who opposed her in the past as well. If the PCs have the Judas Grail with them while in this room, its contents begin to churn once more, revealing not one, but two biblical references; Job 30:29 and Deuteronomy 32:33.

I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls.

Job 30:29

Their wine is the poison of dragons and the cruel venom of asps.

Deuteronomy 32:33

Five of the coats of arms are the devices of the Knights Incarnate, hung here as a guide for their souls as they journey from the past. The other two shields bear the heraldic emblems of the Malkuth's and Chokmah's envoys. They bear the following motifs:

(Chair 1/: A split shield. On one side is a white eye against a black background, on the other side is a black owl against a white background. This is Lee's device.

(Chair 2/: A gray mailed gauntlet crushes a revered cross in its mighty grip. The bleeding crimson cross is portrayed against a black background. This device belongs to Mordred, envoy of Chokmah.

(Chair 3/: A black raven hovers on a dark blue sky over a bloodstained field. This is Lankor's device, Knight Incarnate in the service of Hareb-Serap.

(Chair 4/: A tri-faceted shield depicting a sheaf of wheat, a sheep, and a fish, all of which appear sickened. They are green against a black background. This is Galicharad's device, Knight Incarnate in the service of Gamichicoth.

(Chair 5/: This shield depicts a black hooded figure carrying a scythe and a book against a crimson background. This is Mhar-L'iin's device, Knight Incarnate in the service of Togarini.

(Chair 6/: A cradle broken in two by a black sword is the sole motif of this shield. The cradle is brown against a red background. This is Artos' device, Knight Incarnate in the service of Chagidiel.

(Chair 7/: A naked human figure, half male, half female, with arms and legs outstretched and exaggerated sexual organs is depicted against a purple background. The figure is white. This is Gwynavva's device, Knight Incarnate in the service of Gamaliel.

There is little the PCs can affect here. The figure suspended above the table is held there by steel cables attached to pins inserted into the high ceiling and the man's flesh and bones. Removing him requires the skills of a surgeon. Communication with the suspended man is impossible as his vocal cords have been severed with the same surgical skill that has been used to suspend him here. Besides which, his mind has been broken beyond all ability to relate information. He can, however, be killed and put out of his misery while in this helpless condition. Gaining a sample of the suspended man's blood and having it analyzed reveals that it is the main component of Crimson Glory.

There should be an overwhelming sense of urgency present while the PCs are here. They should feel that their presence may be detected at any time.

MUSEO ARQUEOLOGICO NACIONAL
NATIONAL ARCHAEOLOGY MUSEUM

...all avenues of investigation in regard to the Judas Grail itself lead the PCs to the Museo Arqueologico Nacional. General consensus will agree that whatever answers can be learned about the artifact will be found there. This is also where the salt traces embedded in the twine binding Aguilar's mouth and eyes were sent for testing.

The National Archaeological Museum adjoins the Biblioteca Nacional (National Library) in the southwest section of the city. The museum boasts a fine collection of Greek vases and Roman artifacts along with priceless treasures from Iberian Spain, among them the famous *Dama de Elche* and the *Dama Oferente del Cerro de Los Santos*. Of particular interest is the replica of the Altimira Caves complete with their primitive cave paintings. Now that viewings of the original are strictly limited, this display has become quite popular among tourists.

Unless the PCs have called ahead to organize a meeting, getting in to see the museum's director involves a wait of an hour or so as he concludes prior appointments. Mention of their connection to Aguilar Sangre will cause the director to cancel his prior engagements and direct his attentions to the PCs.

Juan-Ruiz de la Vega is the director of the museum. He is a short man with a dark complexion and sweaty palms. »You are friends of Señor Sangre?« he asks in disbelief if informed of the PCs connection with the deceased scholar. » Please, come inside. Be seated.« He ushers them into his plush office where he fawns over them with a mixture of enthusiastic friendship and barely disguised suspicion. Ostentatiously decorated, the large room contains many private works assembled for the director's personal viewing.

»I could not believe such a thing to be when I read of it.« Juan-Ruiz bemoans melodramatically. »A fine scholar he was. He did much work for the museum, you know. Many of the items on display in our medieval section came from his personal collection. Please, you will join me in a toast to his memory?«

Life Is A Hideous Thing,
And From The Background Behind
What We Know Of It
Peer Daemoniacal Hints Of
Truth Which Make It Sometimes
A Thousandfold More Hideous.

H. P. LOVECRAFT

Calling for his secretary to fetch a bottle of wine and a jug of fresh water for his guests, Juan-Ruiz continues his feeble attempts at winning the PCs' trust.

The drinks arrive and Juan-Ruiz makes a great fuss about serving his new friends himself. »Please, allow me to serve you. After all, are we not all bonded together by the tragic circumstances of death? Aguilar would turn in his grave if he knew I did not grant you every courtesy it is in my power to give.« After serving the wine, he seats himself. »Now tell me, how can I be of service to you?«

Allow the PCs to explain the reason for the visit. Upon mentioning or showing the Grail to Juan-Ruiz, the man shrugs off his façade of the fawning sycophant and becomes like a man possessed. All concern he has displayed over the death of Aguilar and the abduction of Gabriella is tossed aside like rags.

»Where came you by this?« he demands. »How came the cup into your hands?«

After explaining the circumstances surrounding their possession of the Grail, Juan-Ruiz relaxes slightly and deals with the PCs in a more amiable manner.

»Do you know what it is that you have?« he asks. »What you hold is what men have named the Judas Grail. It is the cup that many believe Judas Iscariot drank from at the Last Supper. The lips that betrayed Christ with a kiss have supped from this cup. Men have called it also the Betrayer's Cup and have claimed it to be the antithesis of the Holy Grail and that it possesses its own mystical powers. Some believe that the Judas Grail is filled with the power of treachery and lies. It can strengthen or shatter the deceptions that surround it, revealing or masking truth according to its holder's desires. One source even claims that the Judas Grail was carved from the stone, Theolithis, which fell from Lucifer's crown when he was cast from Heaven. Ancient alchemists such as Hermes Trismegistius believed the *Lapis Judaicus*, the Judas Grail, to be an alchemical device capable of transforming one substance into another. Being as it is carved from a single stone, there are those that believe that it is actually the Philosopher's Stone alluded to in occult traditions and possessing the ability to turn base metals into gold. Perhaps that is what the knights of Arthur sought rather than the Holy Grail as is written. Man has ever been more interested in the quest for riches rather than the quest for enlightenment. It is a point that Aguilar and I argued over on several occasions. I do so miss our debates. Unfortunately, they became less and less frequent over the past few months. He became quite distant towards the end, you know. He even took to visiting nightclubs,« exclaims Juan-Ruiz, barely able to hide his disbelief, »Imagine, a man of his age frequenting a place as sordid as the Casa del Cordon!«

If asked, Juan-Ruiz tells the PCs that he has no idea of how to empower the Judas Grail, being familiar with its legend only.

As a member of the Order of the Pallid Veil, Juan-Ruiz will be watching the PCs very closely. If judges them to be fools, he may decide to make a grab for the Grail. Or the PCs may decide to threaten Juan-Ruiz to extract more information. In either case, the museum director is more than capable of protecting himself if the need arises. With a movement barely discernible to the human eye, Juan-Ruiz grabs the closest PC by the throat in a grip that could crush bone.

Using one arm only, Juan-Ruiz lifts the PC off the ground with a strength that belies his small stature. Biting hard enough to draw blood from the middle finger of his unoccupied hand, Juan-Ruiz then traces an intricate sigil onto the wall next to the dangling PC. Looking down at the museum director from his suspended position, the dangling PC will notice a medallion around Juan-Ruiz's neck that is identical to the one found in Aguilar's ashes.

Brought to life through the drawing of the sigil, two mannequins displaying traditional Moorish costumes begin to animate. The thin coating of plaster that covers the statues turns to dust and falls to the floor.

Two homunculi, creatures created by alchemical sorcery, now confront the PCs. The shambling monstrosities have been crudely shaped in a mockery of the human form. A thin translucent film covers their gnarled frames, allowing a clear view of the network of nerves and veins which writhe inside their shells. They are intent on protecting their creator from harm. While the PCs are engaged with the homunculi, Juan-Ruiz makes his escape.

After the struggle with the homunculi, yet another cryptic biblical reference will be revealed in the ashes of the Grail. This one reads »Proverbs 1:22.«

How long will you simple ones love your simple ways? How long will mockers delight in mockery and fools hate knowledge?

Proverbs 1:22

CASA DEL CORDON
THE HOUSE OF ROPES

...although there are no direct leads to the Casa del Cordon nightclub save that given to the PCs by Juan-Ruiz de la Vega, it is fairly common knowledge among the street dwellers of Madrid that a new drug that enhances the vividness of one's dreams is available exclusively at this club. Alternately, ingenious PCs may follow up the reference to cords and fetters given to them earlier by the sentient ashes of Aguilar Sangre.

Beyond the Victory Arch lies the University City, a favored haunt of philosophers, artists, and musicians, not to mention the thousands of students that attend the vast educational institute. Here lies the Casa del Cordon, the House of Ropes.

Since Franco's death in 1975, the nightclub scene in Madrid has thrown off all restraint. Eager to overcome the censorship of their past, the clubs of Madrid continually stretch the boundaries of acceptability. In this, the Casa del Cordon leads the way.

A favorite venue for those seeking the unusual and dangerous, long lines are common outside the doors each night and passing traffic crawls slowly by to gawk at the bizarre assortment of people that make up the club's patrons. The club caters to extremes in both dress and fetishes. Nothing is taboo here. The club is also the sole source of Madrid's most recent designer drug, Crimson Glory, a powerful hallucinogen which stimulates those sections of the brain which house one's race memories. Users experience vivid visions of past lives, allowing those who take it to virtually relive their former incarnations.

Unknown to the PCs at this point is the fact that the drug is manufactured at the Daedal Institute of Dream Research, a private clinic built near the village of San Lorenzo de El Escorial, 50 kilometers from Madrid. Further information on the Institute and its purpose can be found in Chapter Five.

(A Dream Junkie/: To gain entry into the nightclub, the PCs must join the long line that extends from its doors. While they wait, a middle-aged woman dressed in rags accosts the waiting patrons, begging for money. »Dinero, Señor? Por favor?« she asks as she moves along the line. A group of leather-clad patrons throw some loose change into the gutter and laugh as the woman scrambles after it.

The woman is Rosita, a former hippie and dream junkie. Her English is fairly good and she is eager to show off her ability to the PCs. After being abandoned by her boyfriend several months ago, Rosita has been living on the streets. Reduced to begging and prostitution in order to feed her habit, she has fallen almost as low as a person can get.

The boyfriend who abandoned Rosita is none other than Julio, the Sleepless Man. This piece of information will remain secret unless the PCs show Rosita either a photo or an artist's impression of her former lover.

»You want dreams, Señor?« asks the woman desperately as she chances to overhear the PCs discussing Crimson Glory or drugs of any kind. »Rosita can buy you dreams. Rosita knows where the red dreams dwell. You give Rosita money and she buy you dreams.«

For $200, the cost of a hit, Rosita will tell the PCs all about the effects of Crimson Glory. She offers to buy some for them as well. Unfortunately, the only source of the drug is inside the club, meaning that the PCs will need to make Rosita more presentable before she is allowed admittance; the large Asian bouncers who guard the club's entrance will refuse her entry in her current state.

(Inside The Club/: A long, narrow corridor stretches down to the reception desk. The club's receptionist wears a nun's habit fashioned of leather and chrome. The entrance fee for the club is $50 per person.

The interior of the club can be loosely described as medieval punk. Replicas of torture devices from the Dark Ages such as racks and iron maidens make up much of the interior decor while the music that roars through the place could only be described as a hybrid of folk and thrash. Hundreds of ropes dangle from the rafters, hanging above the club's central stage. Patrons take to the stage, entwine themselves in the dangling ropes, and join in the bizarre bondage games that are the Casa del Cordon's trademark. An appreciative audience looks on in rapture, loudly encouraging volunteer performers on to more and more perverse antics.

Rosita leads those PCs wanting to purchase Crimson Glory to a tall iron maiden at the rear of the club. Standing next to the torture device is a dark-skinned woman of incredible beauty. Rosita asks the PCs for money, ($200 per hit), and tells them to wait while she organizes the deal with the woman. If any of the PCs are insistent on accompanying her, she will relent, the need for a hit overcoming her usual sense of caution.

The multicolored lights of the club pulsate in time with the music causing the features of the dark-skinned woman to alter slightly with each change of light and shadow. Glints of silver sparkle every now and then, emanating from the rings and fine chains that hang from different piercings across her face. If none of the PCs are with Rosita while she is negotiating the deal, one of them is summoned by the dark-skinned woman.

The woman introduces herself to the player character. Her voice is deep and husky. »My name is Jocasta. You may deal with me directly from now on.« She opens up the iron maiden and removes the requested doses from a removable rack built into the rear wall of the ancient torture device. After completing the deal with the PCs, she warns them not to bring Rosita back into the club again if they wish to continue dealing with her.

(What Jocasta Knows/: Jocasta acts chiefly as Lee's distributor for Crimson Glory. She is aware that the drug is manufactured by Dr. Malcolm DeWinter, a Dream magician who runs a clinic specializing in dream therapy called The Daedal Institute. Jocasta is also aware the Lee and DeWinter have devised some kind of elaborate plan together that will tear down the Illusion, but is not privy to its exact details save that it involves the return of a forgotten Envoy. She is quite angry at being excluded from these plans but is too afraid of Lee to be outwardly rebellious, claiming that Lee is one of the most dangerous and deadly beings she has ever met.

[MAP OF THE CLUB]

(1 Entrance/: A dark passageway leads to a leather-covered reception desk. Holes have been cut into the walls at each side of the passage to allow patrons inside the club to grope new arrivals. A curtained door to each side of the desk leads into the main area of the club.

(2 Stage/: Patrons take to the stage, gyrating and dancing to the loud music that thunders throughout the club. Dangling above the stage are dozens of hanging ropes, chains, and leather bracelets for the patrons to bind themselves with. The stage is surrounded by circular tables and is lit with a myriad of colored lights.

(3 Private Booths/: Jutting out from the wall are a number of narrow booths for patrons to sit at and drink.

(4 The Rack/: A replica of an ancient stretching rack is provided for patron's pleasure. A line for those waiting to experience the joys of the rack is a common sight.

(5 The Iron Maiden/: An oversized model of an iron maiden is provided to give patrons some further enjoyment. Whenever Jocasta is not present and dealing Crimson Glory, the iron maiden is often used by consenting patrons as a means of privacy.

(6 Bar/: Running most of the length of the far wall is a long bar.

(7 Men's Restroom/: —

(8 Women's Restroom/: —

(9 Store Room/: A long, narrow room filled from floor to ceiling with cartons of alcohol. This room is locked at all times.

(10 Office/: The manager of the club, Candida, works here when she is not indulging herself and her patrons on the stage outside. The room contains a desk, a filing cabinet, and a wide couch. The room is untidy and contains nothing of value to the PCs.

(11 Rear Door/: This door leads to a dark alley. A light above the outside doorway constantly flickers on and off.

(12 Employee's Area/: Used mainly as dressing rooms for the club's staff, intimate couples and Crimson Glory users can frequently be found using this room as well.

LIVING IN THE PAST

...crimson Glory has the ability to stimulate the user's race memories and bring to life visions of their past lives. Gamemasters are encouraged to develop past lives for their players which will be in keeping with each particular PC's personality and background.

ANALYZING THE DRUG

...after obtaining a sample of the drug, PCs may wish to have it analyzed. There are several private chemical laboratories in Madrid that can provide such a service. An analysis of the drug reveals that its two main ingredients are a powerful hallucinogen many times more potent than LSD and an unidentifiable blood type. The chemical formula for the hallucinogen is so complex that no private facilities have the equipment or expertise to break it down into its individual components. It is suggested that a government-funded laboratory could provide a breakdown but such a task would take several weeks of painstaking research.

A search through old medical texts and journals reveals an origin for the drug. A medical journal from the early seventies contains an article by Caren Birchlime, a chemical engineer based in London specializing in dream enhancement. Though it doesn't reveal the complete chemical formula for the hallucinogen, its description is close enough for a chemist to decide that the drug named in the article and the non-hematic components of Crimson Glory are one in the same.

Tracking down Caren Birchlime proves impossible as no record of her existence exists after 1978. Her clinic in Manchester is still operative however. Contacting the clinic results in the PCs being told that one of Birchlime's former colleagues, Dr. Malcolm DeWinter was given his former employer's notes, as well as a grant to continue her research. He now operates his own research facility called The Daedal Institute of Dream Research, located in the Spanish province of El Escorial. Coincidentally, the province is about 50 kilometers northwest of Madrid.

NON PLAYER CHARACTERS

THE SUNDERED MAN

...unbeknownst even to himself, the man suspended above the table is a follower of Sathariel. He suffers from Multiple Personality Disorder, with each persona manifesting itself as a sociopathic serial killer. His original identity is lost beyond redemption. Arrested by the police and charged with the seven murders attributed to »the Cobblestone Stalker,« the man came to Dr. DeWinter's attention after one of his associates, Dr. Andrea Ellison, was asked to assess him. After reporting her findings to DeWinter, the institute's director met with the killer and saw him for what he truly was. Through some very strong connections, he had the prisoner transferred to the institute. It was not long after that Ms. Lee became aware of the man's existence. Having DeWinter turn the patient over to her was a simple task, though not before the institute's director siphoned off enough of the Sundered Man's blood to continue the manufacture of Crimson Glory.

Apart from the dissolution of his own identity, the Sundered Man's bond to Sathariel has caused some of the Death Angel's influence to manifest within him. Coursing through his veins, albeit in a greatly-diluted form, is something akin to the Voice of the Blood.

AGL	12	**EGO**	1
STR	11	**CHA**	2
CON	10	**PER**	6
COM	9	**EDU**	3

(Height/: 195 cm

(Weight/: 85 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 2

(Movement/: 6 m/combat round

(Initiative Bonus/: 0

(Damage Bonus/: +1

(Damage Capacity/:

4 scratches = 1 light wound
3 light wounds = 1 serious wound
2 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Mental Balance/: -60

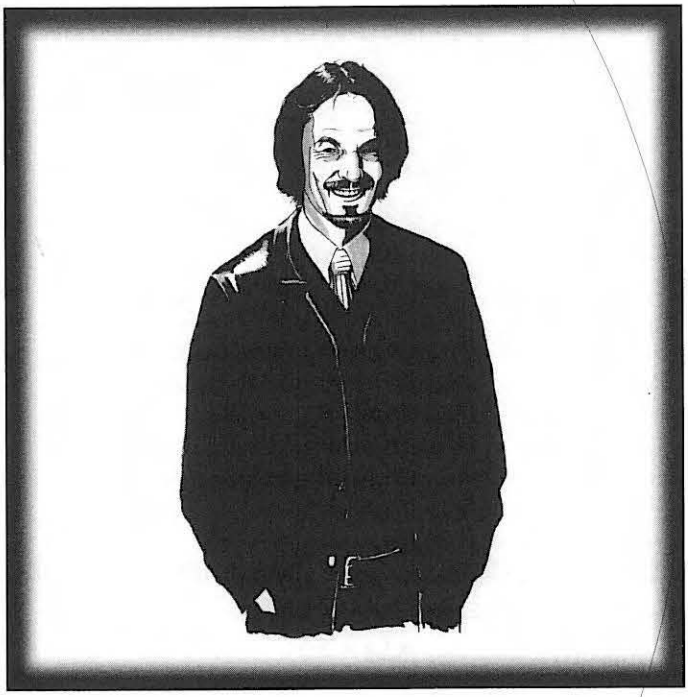
(Physical Changes/: Stigmata - long gashes appear in body as if splitting apart.

(Dark Secrets/: Victim of medical experimentation.

(Disadvantages/: Drug addiction, Forgotten, Unwilling medium.

(Skills/: None, due to captivity.

(Home/: Madrid



JUAN-RUIZ DE LA VEGA

...essentially an accountant, Juan-Ruiz administers the National Archeological Museum as a business rather than a public facility. Being a member of the Hermetic Order of the Pallid Veil, Juan-Ruiz is well aware that much of history is a lie and takes little interest in the artifacts and exhibits of the museum itself.

Though Juan-Ruiz appears short, he is quite robust and possesses exceptional strength. His long, narrow face is weasel-like in appearance, comprising of squinting eyes, a hooked nose and a small mouth. Hardly ever seen without a cigar in his mouth, Juan–Ruiz's teeth are stained brown and his breath and wrinkled, oversized clothes stink of stale tobacco.

AGL	13	**EGO**	14
STR	16	**CHA**	12
CON	10	**PER**	14
COM	9	**EDU**	17

(Personality/: Suspicious of everyone, Juan-Ruiz fawns over strangers with a condescending manner. Though dedicated towards maintaining the Illusion, he is contemptuous of those who are not Awakened, believing them to be nothing more than blind fools. He will attempt to steer the PCs away from discovering the truth about the grail and the lies of history.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Rub hands together during conversation and agree loudly with what everyone says, within reason.

(Height/: 170 cm

(Weight/: 85 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 2

(Movement/: 7 m/combat round

(Initiative Bonus/: +3

(Damage Bonus/: +3

(Damage Capacity/:
4 scratches = 1 light wound
3 light wounds = 1 serious wound
2 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Mental Balance/: +40

(Advantages/: Enhanced awareness, Gift for languages, Influential friends.

(Disadvantages/: Egotist

(Skills/: Dodge 13, Unarmed combat 16, Handguns 12, Swords 17, Cryptology 15, Estimate value 18, Information retrieval 13, Natural science 17.

(Magic/: Lore of Alchemy 30, (Talisman of Warding 15, Tears of Anabiosis 15, Quark salver Oil 13, Blood of Portent 10, Balefire Ash 8).

(Attack Modes/: Sword cane 17 (Scr 1-7, Lw 8-14, Sw 15-18, Fw 19+), American Derringer Semmerling 12, Kick, Punch.

(Equipment/: Sword cane, Derringer.

(Home/: Madrid

HOMUNCULI

...homunculi are artificial men created through alchemical conjuration (see Appendix B). They have translucent skin through which their muscle and skeletal structure can be seen. Homunculi are usually the same size and shape of the person whose essential salts were used in their creation.

AGL	16	**COM**	2
STR	20	**EGO**	5
CON	25	**PER**	15

(Personality/: Mindless

(Height/: 210 cm

(Weight/: 70 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 3

(Movement/: 8 m/combat round

(Iniative Bonus/: +4

(Senses/: Acute sensitivity to heartbeats. Can track the living through the thickest darkness.

(Damage Bonus/: +4

(Damage Capacity/:
6 scratches = 1 light wound
5 light wounds = 1 serious wound
3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound
Dissolve into puddle of gray, viscous fluid upon death.

(Powers/: Invulnerable to lead bullets, Regeneration.

(Limitations/: Sensitive to electricity, Inhuman appearance, Symbol bondage, Weak shell.

(Natural Armor/: Due to weak outer covering, damage done to Homunculi by melee weapons is doubled.

(Attack Modes/: Fists 2-16 (Scr 1-7, Lw 8-12, Sw 13-18, Fw 19+). If hit by both fists, victim makes CON roll, failure indicating that adhesive touch of homunculi tears of strip of skin doing a further Lw of damage.

(Home/: National Archeological Museum, Madrid

ROSITA

...rosita has lived on the streets for most of her life but has never been as low as she is now. After having tried every type of drug imaginable, Rosita finally discovered Crimson Glory. Giving her visions of a past life where she was respected and adored, Rosita became hooked. There is nothing she will not do in order to get enough money to buy her next hit.

Anorexic, a sallow complexion, needle-pocked arms, and matted, unwashed hair sum up Rosita's appearance. Dressed in skirts and tops that are twenty years out of date, Rosita is a pathetic figure most people try to avoid.

AGL	9	**EGO**	4
STR	8	**CHA**	8
CON	9	**PER**	11
COM	10	**EDU**	7

(Personality/: Desperate to dream again, Rosita endures any humiliation as long as there is money to be made. Death is not an option for her as there are no dreams after death. Rosita thinks that if she can get a big enough hit of Crimson Glory, it will allow her to live out her dream existence for the rest of her life.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Beg, weep, and plead with players for money. Act desperate, and mumble a lot. Repeat yourself often when trying to hold a conversation.

(Height/: 164 cm

(Weight/: 55 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 2

(Movement/: 5 m/combat round

(Iniative Bonus/: 0

(Damage Bonus/: 0

(Damage Capacity/:
4 scratches = 1 light wound
3 light wounds = 1 serious wound
2 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Mental Balance/: -20

(Advantages/: Sixth sense

(Disadvantages/: Depression, Drug addiction.

(Skills/: Hide 16, Sneak 13, Acting 15, Burglary 10, Numerology 12, Singing 12

(Home/: Streets of Madrid

JOCASTA

...jocasta is a Lictor in the service of Malkuth. She has worked at the club selling Crimson Glory for a little over eight months. In her human guise, Jocasta appears as a dark-skinned woman of exotic beauty. Apart from her sensual dusky sheen, she has eyes of pale blue and long blue-black hair. Tall and statuesque, Jocasta walks with cat-like grace that is reminiscent of a graceful predator stalking its unwary prey.

In her true form, Jocasta is a Patchwork woman; small pieces of skin cut into geometric shapes cover her body. Held together by a network of fine chains and silver twine, the quilted effect of Jocasta's outer skin still allows the viewer a full glimpse of the throbbing, red muscle that lies beneath.

AGL 30 **EGO** 40
STR 40 **CHA** 25
CON 50 **PER** 35
COM 5 **EDU** 30

(Personality/: In her human guise, Jocasta oozes sensuality. Around the club circuit she has earned the nickname, »the Black Widow.« It is not undeserved. She hates her mistress, Ms. Lee, but is not so foolish as to cross her, knowing just how deadly and vindictive the envoy can be.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Purr your words when you speak. Lick your lips after relevant sentences. Lean close to whomever you speak and run a single finger slowly up their arm or down their leg.

(Height/: 190 cm

(Weight/: 85 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 5

(Movement/: 15 m/combat round

(Senses/: Excellent night vision. Can sense the tainting within a person's blood and can track them by this scent. Is particularly adept at discerning other Lictors by the nature of their blood.

(Iniative bonus/: +18

(Damage Bonus/: +10

(Damage Capacity/:
12 scratches = 1 light wound
11 light wounds = 1 serious wound
9 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound
Requires 3 Fatal wounds to be killed.

(Powers/: Enhanced senses, Protective skin.

(Limitations/: Bloodthirst (tainted blood only), Soul thirst.

(Communication/: All languages in a husky, grating voice.

(Magic/: Lore of Madness 20, (All spells to 20), Lore of Passion 25, (All spells to 25).

(Attack Modes/: Fangs 18 (Scr 1-7, Lw 8-14, Sw 15-22, Fw 23+), 2 Claws 20 (Scr 1-8, Lw 9-15, Sw 16-24, Fw 25+).

(Home/: Madrid

MEAGAN LEE

...ms. Lee has served as Malkuth's servant since the Dark Ages. She is a gifted conjurer, having mastered all five of the magical lores as well as being experienced in the Lore of Reality. Over the centuries, she has adopted many guises, always working towards shattering the Illusion and fulfilling her mistress' wishes.

Lee's attempts to break the Illusion are undertaken through magical and manipulative means. She perceives the battle to break the Illusion as a complex game with thousands of moves and countermoves. It has been suggested among other followers of Malkuth that Lee enjoys the thrill of the hunt and often resorts to plans and designs that are too intricate. This reasoning is used to highlight Lee's inability to fulfill Malkuth's wishes despite her centuries of manipulation.

Surrounding herself with a small, yet loyal team of supporters, Meagan Lee is virtually untouchable. Her personal security is unbreakable and her personal assets and contacts are as convoluted and confusing as the plans she has put into action over the centuries.

Meagan Lee is tall and statuesque with long jet black hair and emerald green eyes. She wears exclusively black and silver with only the tiniest hint of color ever sighted.

AGL	40	**EGO**	50
STR	35	**CHA**	50
CON	40	**PER**	45
COM	45	**EDU**	55

(Personality/: Meagan Lee is haughty and aloof. She is filled with self confidence and possesses no moral conscience whatsoever. She will use whatever means are necessary to achieve her designs whether it be the pleasures of her own body or the most brutal torture methods imaginable...she is adept at both.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Speak in soft tones and treat everyone else as inferiors. Balk at nothing and act in control at all times.

(Height/: 180 cm

(Weight/: 67 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 5

(Movement/: 20 m/combat round

(Initiative Bonus/: +28

(Senses/: Infravision. Has perception of past and future. This intuition makes her aware of opponents' actions prior to their occurrence.

(Damage Bonus/: +10

(Damage Capacity/:
10 scratches = 1 light wound
9 light wounds = 1 serious wound
7 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound
Requires 3 fatal wounds to be killed.

(Powers/: Commanding voice, Enhanced senses, Eternal youth, Sixth sense, Telepathy, Telekinesis 100 kg 10 m/sec.

(Skills/: Climb 20, Dodge 20, Search 17, Machine guns 19, Daggers 20, Acting 20, Diplomacy 15, Disguise 18, Fortune telling 20, Hypnosis 17, Occultism 19, Poisons 20, Rhetoric 18, Seduction 20.

(Attack Modes/: According to weapon.

(Equipment/: Ingram M10, Ceramic dagger.

(Magic/: All lores at 40, all spells to 40.

(Home/: London

PHOENIX RESTORATIONS

...phoenix Restorations was formed by Lee in the mid-seventies, and now has offices throughout the world. Each office is under the control of a follower of Malkuth and is working towards the shattering of the Illusion. Combining actual archeological expertise with a realization of what the world is truly like beyond the veil, Phoenix Restorations has been responsible for rediscovering and recreating aspects of the long-forgotten past that many consider best left untouched.

By confronting mankind with such brutal reminders of their dark past such as the burning of Rome, the blood drenched orgies of Caligula, and the rape and genocide of African culture, Phoenix Restorations manages to constantly create tears in the fabric of the Illusion with each new project undertaken. In this time of reawakened history, they are often seen by scholars and radicals alike as banner bearers for the new truth.

Where many of Malkuth's facilities work towards breaking the Illusion through magic and science, Phoenix Restorations aims to create a more aware enlightenment of the past, shocking people with the sins of history and making them reassess the way they look at the world. The infra-structure of the company is constructed like the mythical hydra—if one head is slain, two more grow back to take its place.

There are rumors of several secret projects being undertaken under the Phoenix Restorations banner, but their exact nature is, as yet, unknown.

A Candy-Colored Clown
They Call The Sandman
Tiptoes To My Room Every Night
Just To Sprinkle Stardust And
To Whisper
»Go To Sleep,
Everything Is Alright.«

Roy ORBISON

Chapter Four Suffer the Children...

THE SILENCE OF THE ALLEY IS BROKEN BY A FLUTTERING OF WHITE WINGS AND THE FINAL SIGH OF LOST INNOCENCE.

A trembling hand reaches out to him, palm upward and covered in grime. »Please sir,« begs the fragile voice, »just a centavo.«

The Stranger looks down at the shivering waif, seeing for the first time the depth of pain and suffering that lay stagnant in her young eyes. The light of innocence has turned to darkness within her, snuffed out like a candle in a howling storm. It is a look that is mirrored in the eyes of a thousand orphans. It is no wonder that some name these cruel streets the Thieves of Dreams.

Reaching into his coat pocket, avoiding the chill touch of cold metal that lies there, the Stranger pulls out a crumpled bill and places it into the waif's upturned hand. Then he walks out of the alley, away from the crumpled cardboard shelters which should be a child's playhouse, not their home.

As he walks away, he recalls the face of the reed-thin waif and the anguish that haunts her young eyes. No. Not young eyes he corrects himself—old eyes. Blank, empty eyes aged beyond their years. Eyes that have seen more than most. Eyes that have witnessed a hundred sorrows and endured the misery of a dozen lifetimes.

Eyes that have been awakened to the Truth.

The Stranger stops and turns. He scans the shadows for signs of the waif. Finding her crouched in the narrow lee of a darkened doorway, he retraces his footsteps, the bitter touch of the metal he grasps turning his hand to ice.

»More, Sir?« asks the waif, surprised and somewhat pleased at his return. »You bring me more?«

The Stranger smiles and nods his head. The white knuckled hand emerges from the deep pocket and reaches out towards her. The silence of the alley is broken by a fluttering of white wings and the final sigh of lost innocence.

As he re-emerges onto the frantic, neon-lit streets of the blinded city, the Stranger remembers the words of a wise woman many years dead. Children notice things that adults miss, she had told him. They can see, but are rarely heard.

She was right on both accounts.

INTRODUCTION

...this chapter is essentially a red herring provided for GMs who wish to add a more depth and action to the adventure. While searching for clues, the PCs come across a small magazine teaser which alludes to an »Unholy Grail« and death cults. Fearing that the coming article may jeopardize her plans, Lee organized for the magazine to be shutdown by one of her many faceless organizations and had the reporter involved with the exposé killed. This is the extent of her involvement in this chapter, however, and it is doubtful that the full scope of her machinations will come to light.

Through sheer coincidence, mainly due to the very nature of their master's name, a gang of ciccatri living in Madrid and serving the razide, Sangreal, attact the PCs' attention.

While it is not necessary to include this chapter in the main storyline it does allow players to come into contact with another aspect of the KULT universe - the Cult of Sangre Negra (see *Legions of Darkness*, page 134–137).

PAPER CHASE

...while searching through the newspapers and local magazines for leads, the PCs come across the following teaser, in a tabloid magazine entitled La Mensajero (The Messenger).

[LA MENSAJERO]

Beginning next week...
The Cup Runneth Over
by Leon de Hanares

A three part exposé of the vicious Sangreal sex and death cult stalking the shadowed streets of Old Madrid.

The teaser is dated 20 December. Investigations through magazine distributors reveal that this was the last issue of the magazine; it ceased publication abruptly with no explanation. An address for the publishers is given on the contents page of the magazine. It is produced by Carreterra Press, 2/53 Avenida del Rio.

(Carreterra Press/: Attempting to discover the reasons behind the magazine's demise requires the PCs to make inquiries through Madrid's business community. By following this track, the PCs discover that the magazine was sold to a company called Enola Holdings on December 21st. The new owners immediately settled all of the publisher's outstanding debts and then promptly dismissed all the staff before closing down the business.

The convoluted trail of phony businesses and franchises stemming from Enola Holdings requires an extraordinary or better success using Information Retrieval for the PCs to discover that Enola Holdings is a subsidiary of Phoenix Restorations.

Unable to track down the new owners, the PCs can visit the offices of the magazine publisher. This too proves difficult as they are located in one of the many narrow alleys found within Madrid's poor district.

The offices are boarded up when the PCs arrive and it appears as though no one has used them for several weeks. Inquiries amongst the locals reveal this assumption to be true.

Entering the shuttered up building requires the PCs to break in. With no electricity connected to the building and all the windows boarded up, the interior is dark and shadowy regardless of the time of day. Upon entering, the PCs hear the sound of movement and notice a hunched figure shambling through the darkened interior.

The figure is actually an old beggar who has decided to make the abandoned building his new home. His stooped posture and ragged dress combined with the heavy shadows of the building's interior should make him appear more threatening than he really is.

Calling himself Rodrigo, the old man can tell the PCs nothing of value. He has been using the building as shelter for only the past ten days, and in that time the PCs are the only ones to visit the place.

Restoring electricity to the building is fairly simple once the PCs are inside. When the interior is illuminated, the place resembles the aftermath of a raging storm. Desks have been smashed and overturned, papers have been scattered everywhere, and filing cabinets have been upended. Even expensive office equipment has been destroyed indicating that nothing seems to have been removed from the building by the new owners. The only things that remain intact are the framed front pages of several of the magazines more infamous issues. Headlines like; »Royals exposed in leather and lesbian video romp« and »Elvis signs love-child pact with sexy alien,« give an indication of the magazine's focus.

After an hour or so of delving through the scattered papers, the PCs find a sheet of paper listing the former editor's home address. With little else to go on, the PCs visit the home of Evora Ayamente.

EVORA AYAMENTE

...upon knocking on the door of Evora's apartment, located close to the former offices of Carreterra Press, the PCs are met by a woman in heavy make-up wearing a loosely tied housecoat that leaves little to the imagination. She holds a half-filled glass of cognac in one hand and a cigarette in the other. Without so much as asking the PCs' names, she invites them inside.

Evora's apartment reeks of cheap perfume and incense and is decorated with tawdry artwork that borders on the pornographic. It is also extremely untidy. Since losing her job, she has done little except lie around her apartment getting drunk and waiting to get laid—a fact she takes no pains to hide from any available PC, male or female.

(What Evora Knows/: Evora is no charity; any information she gives to the PCs must be paid for, either in cash or through services rendered.

»Cavrones!« says Evora drunkenly when conversation turns to the magazine. »Bastards just came and sacked everyone. Didn't even give a reason. Walked in, gave everyone what they owed them and then told us to get lost. Wouldn't even let us clear our offices either. As soon as everyone was out, they trashed the place and boarded it up. Leon wasn't there when the place was shut down. Haven't heard from him since either.«

»Leon de Hanares was a shifty, twisted, little creep who could find the smallest sordid detail in any story and build it up into the crime of the century. God, he was good! Last I heard he was working on a story about some fringe religious Grail cult who spent their time having orgies in abandoned churches. Turns out though that the cult was nothing more than a gang of street kids calling themselves the Chapel Rats. Seems these kids would break into empty churches, screw themselves stupid, and then trash the place before leaving. Still, that's what Leon was good at, building a story out of nothing. Not that I ever got to see his final copy. You could try a couple of the hookers on Calle de la Mariposa. Leon was a frequent customer down there and loved to boast in bed. Believe me, I know.«

Evora can provide the PCs with Leon's address if asked. The place has been trashed in a similar manner to the magazine offices but provides no further leads for the PCs.

CALLE DE LA MARIPOSA
THE STREET OF BUTTERFLIES

...a seedy strip illuminated by flickering street lights and gaudy neon, Calle de la Mariposa houses a number of sex shops and strip clubs. Cars tour the stretch of roadway slowly, drivers and their passengers gawking at the procession of decadence that flows along the Street of Butterflies.

Many of the local prostitutes are familiar with Leon. It is a common reaction for them to shiver as if their graves have been walked over at the mention of the reporter's name. It is no secret that Leon de Hanares was a man of bizzare tastes that were shared by all but a few of the local working girls.

A dark-skinned redhead named Llamear (Flame) claims to have known Leon quite well. »He always said I was his favorite,« she boasts to the PCs, »said I could do things that the others couldn't. Would you like to find out what he meant?« Llamear waits for the PCs' reactions before continuing. »Last time I spoke to him, he said he was on to something big. Said it was going to make him rich. I made him promise to take me out of here once he was rich, then showed him what he'd be missing if he didn't. Even gave it to him for free! Once he got his breath back, he was all mine. Said he'd found a group of street kids living in the old Ivo Kermartin chapel who were supposed to know the location of the Holy Grail. Street kids! Now I'm not real educated but even I know that no group of street kids is going to know the location of any Holy Grail. That was when the bastard slapped me. Cut my lip too. But I got him back. Kicked the creep so hard between his legs that he nearly coughed up his own balls. Jerk kept me from working for a week after he finished beating on me. I hope he's rotting in a sewer somewhere.«

Llamear gives the PCs directions to the Ivo Kermartin chapel. She can also inform them where they can obtain the drug, Crimson Glory. She has tried it herself and is familiar with its effects, but prefers to be in complete control when indulging in her favorite pastime—sex.

THE IVO KERMARTIN CHAPEL

...the patron saint of abandoned children, it is with a certain amount of irony that the street gang known as the Chapel Rats have taken up residence in this abandoned chapel.

Reeking of death and decay even before one enters, the chapel is in a severe state of neglect and is avoided by all but the most courageous, or foolish, of street dwellers. Grafitti and images of death adorn the outer walls of the building. Sitting outside a disused shop front opposite the chapel are two gang members who act as lookouts. Appearing to the unawakened as two pale-skinned teenagers dressed in neo-gothic leather and lace, and adorned with small, finely-rendered tattoos, the two Chapel Rats are actually Ciccatri, as are all the gang members.

When PCs enter the chapel, the two lookouts follow them and close the doors to the building behind them, locking the PCs inside.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CHAPEL

(Main Hall/: On the pews lining each side of the main hall are a number of sacrificial offerings: dead pets, bowls of blood, severed fingers, and the like, left here by worshippers faithful to the razide Sangreal who have learned of the chapel's true nature. A few members of the gang can be found copulating on the pews amidst the gory assortment of leavings. They cease their activities as the PCs enter.

(Altar/: To either side of the altar are large stained-glass windows whose images have been twisted into perverted caricatures of their originals by the addition of finger-painted blood strokes or by tacked on sections of dried skin. Hanging from the ceiling on two long chains is an old portrait of Christ which has also been altered. Painted over the top of it is a rendition of Sangreal. Pieces of jewelry representing death symbols have been attached to the frame and chains. A number of skulls have been piled up around the alter, and the font once used to hold holy water, is filled with blood.

(Pipe Organ/: Filling the interior of the darkened chapel is a horrendous cacophony of sound which is painful to the ears. Sounding like a dirge written for dying cats, the noise emerges from an old pipe organ located at the back of the church being played by a long-haired Chapel Rat. Only about half the original pipes remain, the others being replaced by varying lengths of dried intestine and esophagus.

(Mezzanine/: This semi-circular balcony runs around the rim of the area housing the pipe organ and serves as the main sleeping and feasting area of the ciccatri. It is littered with gnawed bones and gangrenous remains. Two Scaritos can be found here; refer to *Legions of Darkness*, page 137, for more information on Scaritos.

THE CHAPEL RATS

...only seven members of the gang are inside the chapel when the PCs enter. (Nine if the two outside followed the PCs in.) They are confrontational at first, demanding to know what the PCs have brought them in the way of offerings. When it becomes apparent that the PCs have brought nothing, the leader of the gang begins to antagonize them using a mixture of sarcasm and condescension.

»You come into our home without presents for the master? This cannot be. The master is hungry and screams for nourishment. We would be faithless children indeed if we did not heed our master's wishes. Do you not agree? Would you go to a birthday without presents? No, of course not, it would be impolite. Perhaps it is simply that you are lacking in manners. We can teach you. We are well aquatinted with all forms of etiquette. Would you like us to give you a lesson?« He then turns to his fellow gang members and shouts, »School's in!« With those words the Chapel Rats attack.

(What The Chapel Rats Know/: The gang had nothing to do with the murder of Leon and know nothing of Lee or her plots. It is only through sheer coincidence that they become involved with the PCs. It is a situation that they are not happy about, however, and shall inform their master of the goings on in Madrid if the opportunity to do so presents itself. Sangreal's reaction to Lee's plans is outside the scope of this adventure.

NON PLAYER CHARACTERS

EVORA AYAMENTE

...evora Ayamente is a woman in her mid- to late-fifties who believes she is still in her early thirties. A lonely, depressed figure filled with an endless stream of regrets and an obsession with recapturing her lost youth, Ayamente has very little self esteem and is easily manipulated by a kind word or a friendly smile. She is also a woman in desperate need of a man, something she will make quite clear to the most attractive male character.

AGL	12	**EGO**	11
STR	8	**CHA**	13
CON	12	**PER**	7
COM	10	**EDU**	14

(Personality/: Eager to please and always on the lookout for compliments, Evora often comes across as a desperate woman all too willing to demean herself for the smallest scraps of friendship.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Flutter your eyelids unconvincingly and laugh out loud at any witty comment made by the PCs no matter how bad it is. Ask rhetorical questions in relation to your own beauty.

(Height/: 175 cm

(Weight/: 65 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 2

(Movement/: 6 m/combat round

(Iniative Bonus/: 0

(Damage Bonus/: 0

(Damage Capacity/:
4 scratches = 1 light wound
3 light wounds = 1 serious wound
2 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Mental Balance/: -5

(Advantages/: Intuition, Largesse, Pacifism.

(Disadvantages/: Reckless gambler, Mental compulsion (Peter Pan complex - obsessed with appearing young), Depression.

(Skills/: Dodge 10, Accounting 17, Computers 15, Disguise 16, Seduction 12, Written report 14.

(Home/: Madrid

LLAMEAR

...llamear enjoys her job more than her fellow street walkers and takes great pride in her sexuality. She is a sexual predator who is just as likely to offer her services for free if a passing stranger happens to catch her fancy.

AGL	16	**EGO**	15
STR	12	**CHA**	15
CON	11	**PER**	13
COM	14	**EDU**	6

(Personality/: Unshockable and forthright, Llamear speaks plainly about what she likes. There is a good chance she will take a fancy to one of the PCs and attempt to seduce him or her. There is an equally good chance that Llamear is a carrier of any number of sexually-transmitted diseases.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Flirt outrageously with the PCs and leave nothing to the imagination. Llamear is a woman who doesn't mince her words.

(Height/: 185 cm

(Weight/: 65 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 3

(Movement/: 8 m/combat round

(Initiative Bonus/: +4

(Damage Bonus/: +2

(Damage Capacity/:
4 scratches = 1 light wound
3 light wounds = 1 serious wound
3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Mental Balance/: -10

(Advantages/: Body awareness, Resistance to illness.

(Disadvantages/: Drug addiction, Innocently blamed, Sexual neurosis.

(Skills/: Dodge 13, Hide 15, Handguns 10, Daggers 14, Dancing 15, Seduction 17.

(Attack Modes/: S&W CBT Magn. M19, Switchblade.

(Home/: Madrid

THE CHAPEL RATS

...a rebellious chapter of the Sangre Negra Sect, the Chapel Rats maintain their loyalty to Sangreal but prefer to do things in their own way, particularly as most of the gang's members are undergoing the effects of awakening adolescence. Little distinguishes the Chapel Rats from other slum gangs of Madrid in their outward appearance. They dress much the same as other youths of their age, with most members preferring the pale-skinned, black-clad leather and lace *gotico* (gothic) look. Their ritualistic tattooing and mutilation only heightening this appearance. Where they differ from other gangs is in their extreme lack of conscience and thirst for violence and death. They also conduct themselves in a quasi-religious manner, referring to themselves as a brotherhood rather than a gang.

The leader of the Chapel Rats is Plater (Silver) the eldest gang member. Plater has long white hair and extremely pale skin, hence his name. The gang consists of fourteen members, the eldest being twenty, the youngest thirteen. All are Ciccatri.

For more details on Ciccatri, Sangreal, and the Sangre Negra sect, see Legions of Darkness, pages 134-138.

AGL 14	**EGO** 13
STR 12	**CHA** 6
CON 28	**PER** 11
COM 3	**EDU** 4

(Personality/: The Chapel Rats are fanatics faithful only to Sangreal and no others, not even their own kind. They live only to provide their master with the deaths he so desperately seeks.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Act crazed and manic but in a barely-controlled manner, as if a single wrong word could push you over the edge.

(No. Of Actions/: 2

(Movement/: 6 m/round

(Iniative Bonus/: +2

(Senses/: See perfectly well through darkness. Can view the Illusion and Inferno together.

(Damage Bonus/: +1

(Damage Capacity/:
6 scratches = 1 light wound
5 light wound = 1 serious wound
3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Endurance/: 140

(Mental Balance/: -100

(Powers/: See into Inferno. Cannot be shocked.

(Advantages/: Varying

(Disadvantages/: Varying

(Skills/: Climb 15, Handgun 20, Sneak 15, Dodge 12, Daggers 17, Impact weapons 16, Unarmed combat 19, Hide 15, Search 13, Occultism 11, Survival 16, Net of Contacts: Ciccatri 12.

(Magic/: None

(Attack Modes/: Daggers

(Equipment/: Daggers, clothes to cover tattoos.

(Number/: 4 total (Seven in chapel, two on lookout, five prowling through city).

Catholic Schoolgirls
Have Thrown Away Their Mascara
They Chain Themselves
To The Axles Of Big Mac Trucks
The Sky Is Filled With Herds Of
Shivering Angels
The Fat Lady Laughs,
»Gentlemen, Start Your Trucks.«

Blue Öyster Cult

Chapter Five All That We See or Seem...

EVEN THOUGH THE PAIN LANCED THROUGH HIS BRAIN, ONE THOUGHT KEPT COMING BACK TO HIM OVER AND OVER–CAN YOU CRY WITHOUT EYES?

Blood seeping between his fingers, Peter held his hands to the hollow pits where his eyes had been moments earlier. Even though the pain lanced through his brain, one thought kept coming back to him over and over—can you cry without eyes? It was such a ludicrous notion that he began to giggle.

The laughter angered the Stranger standing beside Peter's pain-wracked form. He made a fist and squeezed the two orbs he held within his palm. Curiously, there was no sound as they exploded within the vise of his hand.

»None are so blind as those who will not see,« he remarked before opening his hand and giving it a violent shake. The gelatinous mess struck Peter on the back of his neck with a loud »plop«.

Turning from the giggling figure, the Stranger left the warehouse to walk once more into a world whose reality only he and a handful of others were able to perceive.

After wiping his hands against the side of his coat, he lit a cigarette and smiled, thinking that perhaps he had just granted his friend the greatest gift that he could imagine. If only he had the inner strength to blind himself against the sights that pushed against the fabric of the Illusion. But there was still work to be done and a hundred lifetimes were too few to wipe away the debt of blood and betrayal.

THE DAEDAL INSTITUTE

...essentially a research center, the clinic does little in the way of traditional medicine. Some slight success in the treatment of schizophrenia and paranoia has enhanced the clinic's reputation among the more enlightened of the medical fraternity, but in general, little is known about the Daedal Institute.

While promoting itself as the forefront of dream therapy, the Daedal Institute also serves as a research facility intent on discovering ways of breaking down the Illusion. Its director, Dr. Malcolm DeWinter, a former student of the Dream Prince, Caren Birchlime, and a powerful dream conjurer in his own right, is now a follower of Malkuth working under the direct guidance of Ms. Lee.

Appearing as a privately funded facility, successful computer research or business investigations reveal that the Institute is financed through several of Lee's companies. This allows the Daedal Institute to operate with very little government intervention. PCs may take an interest in the Institute either through the crude drawings of Julio, the Sleepless Man, or by making the connection between the drug Crimson Glory and its creator, Dr. Malcolm DeWinter through the aid of a chemist who can analyze the drug. Alternately, Jocasta may unwittingly point the PCs in this direction should no other means be available.

The Institute is filled with tons of sophisticated surveillance equipment and is guarded around the clock by a squad of security guards. The ground floor consists mainly of administration offices, consulting rooms, and sleeping facilities for volunteer research subjects. Outside of each sleeping facility is a video screen and a medical monitor providing a continuous view of each patient as well as a readout of their brain patterns, and chemical and electrical responses to their dreams. The second floor is set aside for private rooms, reserved for the Institute's paying patients. All of the Institute's legitimate affairs are carried out in these two levels.

The basement of the facility is a restricted area, off limits to outsiders. It is explained that this area, apart from housing the Institute's research facility, also doubles as a high-security block for the observation of the criminally insane and that the Institute has a government contract allowing it to study the dream patterns of convicted criminals. Made up largely of small padded cells and a well-equipped operating theater, it also houses DeWinter's private quarters and temple.

(Meeting DeWinter/: Gaining an appointment with DeWinter is not a difficult task; he is more than willing to show off his genius to the general public. Members of the media are particularly welcome. The good doctor also believes that this outward show of openness will direct attention away from the Institute's secret research. A guided tour of the facility is handled by DeWinter himself. The doctor is a consummate showman, warming to his role as guide with grace, wit, and charm. Simply put, Dr. Malcolm DeWinter loves to hear the sound of his own voice.

»Our main aim,« he explains patiently as if talking to a young child, »is to break down the walls of psychosis and find cures for ailments such as schizophrenia and catatonia. Unfortunately, it's a rather slow process. We first need to monitor each subject's dreams and then interpret the hidden meanings. Despite what a lot of esoteric new age groups would have you believe, there is no consistent symbology to dreams. Each image carries a different meaning for each subject. We ask our subjects to recall their dreams. We then try to match their recollections with our own computer monitoring program. Once we've achieved an approximate match, we undertake therapy and hypnosis sessions with the subject so that we can better understand what each image is trying to say, subconsciously speaking that is.«

»That of course is only the observation and monitoring stage. The actual enhancement, development, manipulation, and stimuli stages are much longer and far more complex.« If questioned about Crimson Glory, DeWinter claims no knowledge of it whatsoever. Admitting, however, that dream-enhancing drugs could be manufactured through the Institute's facilities. If confronted with evidence, he promises to begin an investigation into the activities of his staff.

(What DeWinter Knows/: DeWinter is privy to practically all of Lee's plans, having helped devise them almost from the start. Killing DeWinter, however, accomplishes little as Lee's scheme has advanced so far that she has no real need of the good doctor anymore.

[GROUND LEVEL]

(1 Reception Area/: Dominating the center of this large open area is a semicircular desk. Eight small video screens displaying views of various areas of the Institute are built into the desk, as well as a sophisticated communication and computer console. Sitting behind the desk is Chiara Trieza, receptionist for the Institute. Polite and efficient, Chiara greets visitors with a warm smile and a softly-spoken greeting. All appointments and visitations are made through her. Any attempt to circumvent this results in her calling the Institute's security staff to intervene.

The floor mosaic here depicts a huge, golden sun with rays extending outward. Hanging from the ceiling in the center of the area is a bronze statue of a winged man wearing a Roman toga and a set of WWI aviator goggles. This is meant to be a modernist rendition of the Greek mythological figure Daedalus, father of Icarus and constructor of the wings that enabled his son to fly too close to the fire of the sun.

A set of stairs leading to the second level can be seen to the right of this area. To the left is a metal door bearing the message, »Restricted Area: Authorized Personnel Only.« Access to this area is through the swiping of an identification card and entering a password on the keypad.

(2 Office/: This is Dr. DeWinter's personal office. Framed certificates from various universities hang upon the wood-paneled walls, as does a selection of paintings and drawings depicting various aspects of dream gods and goddesses such as Morpheus; Bes from Egyptian mythology; Jacob, the dreamer of Israel; Hypnos, also from Greek mythology; and Bitahini, dreamer of the Navajo nation. In a sealed glass case lies what appears to be an copy of Artemidorus' *The Interpretation of Dreams*. This book was originally written in the 2nd century A.D.

The office is furnished with built-in bookcases on two of the walls, an antique wooden desk, and a tall, wooden filing cabinet. In one corner of the room, a set of four padded leather chairs have been set in a circular formation around a low coffee table. This office is for show only. Contained in the filing cabinet are records of the institute's legitimate work. There is nothing in here of value to the PCs.

(3 Administration/: Four secretaries work here, each in their own cubical. Apart from the everyday financial business of the Institute, data collected from the Institute's legitimate patients is collated here. In addition to the four work stations, all of which have computer terminals, phones, and fax machines, the administration area also contains a photocopier, paper shredder, and a coffee machine.

(4 Consulting Rooms/: These rooms are painted in somber tones and contain nothing in the way of decoration. Furnished with a pair of comfortable chairs and a long, wide couch, the consulting rooms are used for hypnotherapy and discussion sessions only.

(5 Records/: A narrow passage runs down the center of the room. To each side, wide shelves run from floor to ceiling. Upon the shelves are row upon row of color-coded manila folders containing patient records. Only information concerning the Institute's legitimate patients is stored here.

(6 Staff Lounge/: Essentially a kitchenette and rest area. Contains a small stove, a fridge, and a television. Two or three of the Institute's staff can be found here at any given time.

(7 Bathroom/: Mainly for use by staff. This facility is spotlessly clean and tastefully decorated in pastel hues.

(8 Kitchen/: Meals for the patients are prepared here.

(9 Operating Theater/: Equipped with the latest examples of medical technology, the operating theater of the Institute is the envy of many major hospitals. Much of the equipment is so new and so complex, that its purpose is beyond the understanding of all but the most gifted of medical practitioners. There is no form of surgery or medical procedure that the Institute cannot perform.

(10 Recovery And Observation Room/: Banks of monitoring and surveillance equipment line the far wall of this room. On either side of the room is a bed. Running neatly from the equipment to the beds are dozens of wires, cords and conduits.

[UPPER LEVEL]

(11 Upstairs Hallway/: A plush blue carpet lines the floor and surrealist prints adorn the walls.

(12 Private Rooms/: To make sleeping and dreaming as comfortable as possible, each bedroom area of these rooms is different. Some have a romantic theme, complete with four-poster beds and delicate lighting, while another may be decorated with fur rugs and hunting trophies, dependent upon each patient's needs or wishes.

Apart from the bedroom area, each room contains a separate suite with shower and toilet, and a small living area. The living area contains a small lounge suite and a TV and a video box. The Institute operates an in-house video service catering for a variety of tastes. This allows them to monitor the effect of programmed visual stimuli on a patient's dream state.

Built into the exterior wall of each room is a television monitor and computer screen. The TV monitor gives a constant view of each sleeping patient and the computer screen provides a continuous readout of their various body functions such as brain waves and body chemistry changes.

(13 Storage Area/: Contains furnishings and decorations catering to a wide variety of tastes as the private rooms are constantly being altered to suit each new patient.

(14 Monitoring Station/: Two members of the Institute staff maintain a 24-hour vigil over the monitoring equipment housed here. Data obtained from patients is passed directly to the administration area.

(15 Equipment Storage/: Redundant medical equipment is stacked in this room.

[LOWER LEVEL]

(16 Security Gate/: This is a high-security steel gate. Access through this gate is with a magnetic card, password, and voice print. It will take an exceptional roll for Security Systems to get through this gate.

(17 Cells/: These small padded cells contain nothing but a sleeping pallet. Used for the observation of the psychically disturbed, these cells are empty at the moment.

(18 Pharmacy/: Filled with an array of complex chemical distillation equipment, this is where the drug Crimson Glory is manufactured. In a refrigerator at the rear of the room are several bottles of blood taken from The Sundered Man. Four trays of the drug are stacked near the door. The street value of each tray is around $550,000.

(19 DeWinter's Private Office/: Access to the office is via voice print and access card. Though sophisticated, PCs with a better than average understanding of security systems should be able to bypass it.

The office houses a large desk complete with a top-of-the-line computer setup. A small cot and kitchenette have also been built into the office. A locked filing cabinet stands in one corner. A door to one side of the office leads to DeWinter's temple. It can only be opened by pressing the correct access code.

Inside the filing cabinet are thick volumes of research notes written by DeWinter's former employer and mentor, Caren Birchlime. Also here are notes on illegal operations performed by the clinic, particularly the creation of the drug Crimson Glory. Added to Birchlime's notes are pages of DeWinter's own research, explaining how the drug is manufactured and where the source of the potent blood originated. No reference to the current location of the Sundered Man is made.

Of further interest to the PCs is a thick file entitled, »The Pendragon Project.« Contained in the file are DeWinter's notes of Perception Alteration, a fax from Ms. Lee to DeWinter, and the comprehensive medical files of five people, one of whom is Gabriella Pirelli.

[EXCERPTS FROM RESEARCH NOTES]

Perception Alteration enables a subject to »be« that which they believe themselves to be. The key is the belief, not the actuality. Who or what a person is matters naught when compared to their perceptions of self. It is essential, however, that there is an anchor present for these implanted perceptions to take hold.

It is my view that there is nothing that cannot be created through the enhanced belief process pioneered by this facility. The Pendragon research carried out for Lee has proven this time after time.

Coupled with Lee's ability to contort the flesh, there is nothing or no one we cannot recreate. Belief and being are the keys to actuality. All else can be taught.

This theory of Perception Actuality may hold true for inanimate objects as well. If enough belief is attached to an object, then that object should, in theory, begin to transform and conform to the strength of the held beliefs. I am particularly interested to discover whether the personality contained within the cup has been altered with the passing of years. With so many myths being attached to it and its purported powers, will these manifest themselves in the host once release is attained?

Under instruction from Lee, I have undertaken research into a further aspect of this process. Through careful manipulation of a subject's perceptions, their complete sense of self can be eradicated. By emptying them of all knowledge, memories, and personality, it is possible to infuse them with whatever stimuli one desires. I am interested in exploring the effects this eradication of the identity will have on those subjects allowed to wander freely without the benefit of impregnated stimuli.

[FAX]

To: DeWinter
From: Lee

It is essential that your work be carried out within the seasonal parameters. Suitable subjects have already been selected and will be delivered to you at the appropriate time. Your task is to ensure that their instilled perceptions are unbreakable. There must be no weakness in their beliefs. The slightest hint of doubt will result in failure. In addition to the reshaping process, I have ensured that we will have possession of the cup. Enhancing the Perception Actuality with the power of the Grail will ensure that our subjects think and act exactly as those they believe themselves to be.

[MEDICAL FILES]

Comprehensive files detailing the lives and backgrounds of five subjects, Lorenzo D'Armin, Kristin Aschenbrenner, Brian Stanton, Francisco Escudo, and Gabriella Pirelli. Attached to the front of the files is a note written in DeWinter's own hand.

These are the vessels to be used. Each has aspects which will allow the spirit transference to take place should the Grail provide us with enough power to breach the barriers of space and time. Once their shells are emptied of life and spirit, the Knights can be summoned forth. Their heraldic devices should act as appropriate beacons for their journey and their human hosts should prove acceptable for their needs.

LORENZO DARMIN Italian male, aged 63. No serious illnesses. The report indicates that D'Armin should be into his eighth year of a twenty-five year sentence for murder. He is also under suspicion for several other organized hits.

KRISTIN ASCHENBRENNER German female, 23 years old. Suffering from anorexia nervosa and infected with the AIDS virus. Current location lists her as a patient of Bonn Hospital.

BRIAN STANTON In addition to a medical record that lists Stanton as a healthy English male of 42, the files also contain an extensive military record. After being discharged from the Royal Marines where he served in the elite SAS, Stanton became a high-priced mercenary. His current whereabouts are listed as unknown.

FRANCISCO ESCUDO This is the Toledo swordsmith who disappeared several months ago from a small chapel in Toledo. Francisco is listed as being 32 years old and in perfect health. A short handwritten note on the file states that, »Escudo's sword may actually be Caliburn. Obtain it as well to enhance summoning.«

GABRIELLA PIRELLI There is nothing contained in the file that the PCs do not already know about Gabriella.

(20 Research Facility/: Located behind DeWinter's office is an operating theater even more sophisticated than the one above. In addition to its medical facilities, a number of torture devices have been built into the theater as well. Though based on traditional designs, each of the torture devices is of modern manufacture.

Against the northern wall is a long, flat device similar to the medieval torture device known as the rack. Utilizing the same principles, this rack has been built from stainless steel and has a number of dials and gauges attached to it so that an accurate record of each limb's tearing and stress limits can be ascertained.

(21 Temple/: The only access to DeWinter's private temple is through the double doors at the back of the research facility. A thick black carpet lines the floor of this room. Several protective circles and warding devices have been hand-stitched into the carpet with silver and gold thread. The walls and ceiling of the room are made of mirrors. A high-backed chair with armrests and electronic positioning controls is the room's sole piece of furniture. From here DeWinter can observe the dream realms in complete luxury.

CAUGHT

...there is nothing that goes on in the Institute that DeWinter does not know, as much of the Institute is made from the fabric of his own dreams. In the lower levels of the Institute, glimpses of DeWinter's dream world confront the PCs. Varying little from the reality that surrounds them, DeWinter's dream world contains operating theaters and research stations similar to those found within the Institute. In DeWinter's dream world, however, the procedures being undertaken in these rooms are brutal, bloody, and depraved. Here is where DeWinter relieves much of the sexual tensions that inflict him on a daily basis.

Content to let the PCs learn what they will and leave, DeWinter bides his time until he can attack them in their sleeping state. The next time the PCs sleep, they are confronted by a pack of Ichthyrians under the control of DeWinter. Rather than attacking and devouring the PCs, the summoned Ichthyrians are under orders to capture the PCs and the Judas Grail. Wrapping their victims in cocoons of sticky ichorous webbing, the spider-like creatures present both their captives and the Grail as gifts to their master.

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

...the PCs awaken inside DeWinter's private research room. They find themselves strapped to flat beds by strands of sticky webbing with dozens of electrodes pushed through the webbing shells to pierce various parts of their naked bodies. As their eyes clear, they see Dr. DeWinter standing over them, a large syringe in his hand.

»You're awake. Good. I wanted to make sure you were aware of what is going to happen to you before I put you back to sleep. We have a vast selection of nightmares on file here. No one truly appreciates them so I thought I'd share them with you. Now I bet you're thinking to yourself, they're only dreams, they can't hurt me. Sorry, you are so wrong! Here at the Daedal Institute, we've made remarkable progress in the area of Physical Somnantic Realization, which is really just a fancy way of saying that we can cause whatever happens to you in your nightmares to manifest itself in reality. But I guess after that encounter with my pets, you can attest to that fact already.«

DeWinter giggles uncontrollably as he plunges the needle of the syringe into the PC's arm. »Sweet dreams,« he chuckles as darkness once more overcomes them.

(Altered Perception/: To make sure that her plans do not fail, Lee is intent on creating guardians for Chokmah's envoy, Mordred, once his consciousness is freed from the Grail. To kill two birds with one stone, as well as seeking revenge for past wrongs, Lee plans to recreate the five knights who battled against her in the past. These five were envoys of the Death Angels, now known to the world as the principle players in the Arthurian sagas. The bodies these Knights Incarnate will inhabit belong to the five sacrificial victims whose blood will empower the ritual to free Mordred's spirit held prisoner within the Judas Grail.

The ritual requires that the sacrificial victims be slain through a form of betrayal. To ensure that this happens, Lee has arranged for DeWinter to alter the PCs' perceptions so that they perform the sacrifices, believing that they are actually saving the victims. What they are about to experience are not the dreams of one of DeWinter's patients, but a twisted version of reality that is taking place around them. By telling the PCs they are experiencing a dream, DeWinter believes that they will do exactly what he and Lee desire of them without questioning their own actions.

THE JUDAS DREAM

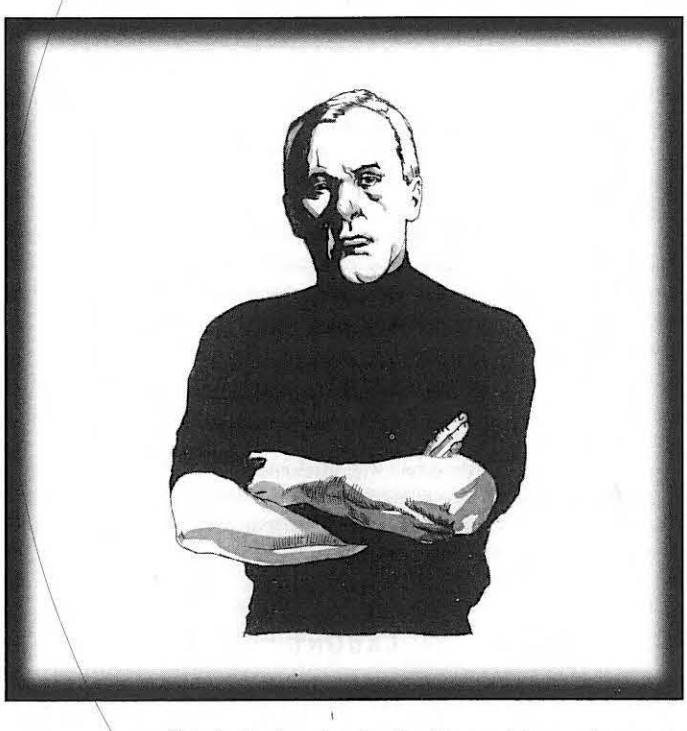
...the first thing the PCs notice as their senses return is the acrid smell of ashes and burning flesh. Before them stand the high stone walls of Castillo de Culebra. Through the writhing bands of heat generated by the pyres that surround the castle, the PCs witness the sacking of the castle. Screaming their innocence, women and children are dragged from the castle across and down the slope to the stones below. Pulled mercilessly across the jagged rocks of the descending slope, many arrive at the standing stones with their bones shattered and their flesh torn. The fires are a small comfort against the agony that they have already endured.

There are many who have been abandoned upon the slopes, dying before their journey to the fires is complete. After having the sign of the cross cut into their foreheads, these abandoned ones are set alight by the burning brands carried by the knights of the Inquisition. The air is thick with ash and tastes like cold iron. It clings to flesh and the throat, causing all who walk here to gag upon the remains of the dead.

Reaching out of the earth like a withered Hand of Glory, the skeletal fingers of stone seem to move in the firelight, each one a crooked finger beckoning for more and more victims. Like tall stone vampires, the five pillars suck the life and vitality out of all who near them. Even the soldiers of God who toss the unclean upon the fires burning at the base of each stone appear ravaged.

Seeking refuge behind a small bush is a frail old man. He holds a finger to his lips as the PCs notice him. His eyes beg them for silence. He scoops the cracked ladle he holds into a muddied puddle and offers it to the PCs. Gesturing silently, he motions for the PCs to drink, attempting to tell them through his actions that drinking will wash away the taste of dead flesh that clings to their throats. Though the water tastes bad, it seems to ward the PCs against the draining effects of the standing stones.

Mounted on great black chargers before each of the stone parasites is a hooded priest of the Inquisition. As each new heretic is placed upon the flames before them, the priests begin to change. Growing larger, the priests begin to sprout black bat-like wings. The fingers of their hands elongate into long talons with which they tear out the throats of their mounts so that they may drink their blood.



»With the last burning, the ritual is complete.« gurgles one of the priests through blood-stained lips. »Bring forth Don Jecsalis. With his death, all shall soon be ours.«

Walking proud and upright, a man dressed in ceremonial armor strides from the castle and down the slope towards the blazing pillars. Accompanying him are his family, two women and two men. Through the flickering of the firelight, the PCs see that the woman walking at Don Jecsalis' side like a loving wife is none other than Gabriella. If they have seen a photo of Francisco Escudo, they also notice that he and Don Jecsalis are one and the same.

It is hoped that the PCs will attempt to rescue the prisoners before they are put to the flame. Luckily for them, they have been transported to this dream world with all of their clothes and weapons intact. If the PCs do not act to kill the priests of the Inquisition, then a contingent of knights charging into down the valley from the castle will.

Strangely, the priests offer little, if any, resistance to the attacks, nor does Don Jecsalis make any attempt to enter the fray. As the last of the priests dies, the black smoke of the pyre begins to coalesce into a dark cloud. A tearing sound thunders through the square as the cloud is rent in two. A jagged gash appears in the sky revealing an endless pit of darkness flowing into eternity. The interior of the rent begins to churn and heave as if trying to turn itself inside out and forcing reality to fold back upon itself. The valley erupts in a blast of shadow, blotting out all that it touches. The false faces placed upon those pretending to be Don Jecsalis and his family slip away, revealing five people who the PCs have never seen before. Then, rising from the ashes like a phoenix, the five priests stand and pull back their cowls. Here stand the real sacrificial victims, Gabriella, Francisco, Lorenzo, Kristen, and Brian. There is no look of recognition upon Gabriella's face, but rather, a look of unquenchable lust and hatred. PCs who have seen the Knight Incarnate, Gwynavva in their dreams recognize this visage in an instant. Seconds after they realize what they have wrought, the PCs fall into a state of deep unconsciousness.

All of what takes place here occurs within a section of Metropolis specially prepared by Lee for this purpose. After tricking the PCs into drinking from the ladle, which is, in reality, the Judas Grail, Lee manipulates them into killing the five priests who are really the sacrificial victims needed to empower her spell. Slain by those who sought to save them, their deaths carry the Blood of Betrayal, a necessary part of Lee's ritual.

With the completion of the ritual, the spirit of Chokmah's envoy is freed from the Grail, the Knights Incarnate are born and the first stage of Lee's plan is complete. After serving their purpose, the PCs are returned to their own world and abandoned in a small alley in Madrid's poor quarter. They should have a little inkling of what they have brought to pass.

NON PLAYER CHARACTERS

MALCOLM DEWINTER

...after studying with Caren Birchlime for seven years, DeWinter became obsessed with unveiling the mysteries of the dream realms as his mentor had done. This quest for knowledge soon became a quest for power as DeWinter's research began to look for ways to subjugate the dream princes to his will.

Making no progress in his own avenues of research, DeWinter began to search elsewhere for inspiration. It was during this stage of his life that he discovered the work being undertaken by facilities such as the Bergström Institute. Learning that these facilities were working towards Malkuth's goals did not deter DeWinter, rather, it made him a follower.

AGL	14	**EGO**	17
STR	14	**CHA**	10
CON	13	**PER**	15
COM	12	**EDU**	18

(Personality/: Outwardly, DeWinter appears to be a dedicated scientist working for the betterment of mankind. In truth, he is a man obsessed with proving himself to be one of the most gifted minds of our time. He is without conscience or morals, undertaking anything that is required to further his own research.

Malcolm DeWinter is a handsome, charismatic man with a dark complexion. He enjoys the rush that undertaking dangerous and illegal research gives him. Oft times reckless in his escapades, DeWinter loves nothing better than gaining the attention of those seeking to thwart him and proving himself their intellectual superior. He takes criticism badly, actively seeking vengeance on those who slander him, no matter how small the slight.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Be outwardly friendly. Flash players a wide smile but allow your anger free reign should they doubt your discoveries.

(Height/: 200 cm

(Weight/: 85 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 2

(Movement/: 7 m/combat round

(Iniatiative Bonus/: +2

(Damage Bonus/: +2

(Damage Capacity/:
4 scratches = 1 light wound
3 light wounds = 1 serious wound
3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Mental Balance/: -35

(Disadvantages/: Egotism, Fanaticism, Manic-depressive.

(Dark Secrets/: Pact with dark powers, Responsible for medical experimentation.

(Skills/: Handguns 15, Electronics 14, First aid 19, Forensics 16, Hypnosis 18, Interrogation 17, Occultism 19, Parapsychology 16, Medicine 20.

(Magic/: Lore of Madness 30 (All spells to 25), Lore of Dreams 40 (All spells to 40).

(Attack Modes/: Walther PPK

(Home/: Andalusia

INSTITUTE STAFF AND PATIENTS

...no statistics are given for these NPCs as they are considered very minor players in the story.

CHIARA TRIEZA Receptionist for the Institute. Coolly efficient, Chiara prides herself on her ability to remain calm during even the most trying circumstances. Forty years old with light brown hair held together in a tight bun, Chiara is very prim and proper.

BRIANNA FALCHON Technician. Responsible for the overall monitoring and computer system of the Institute. Despite her young age, she is a master of her craft. A strong feminist, Brianna takes offense easily at what she considers condescending remarks. Brianna is twenty-three years old, has shoulder-length blonde hair, and wears jeans and checked shirts.

LAWRENCE WEITZMAN Technical assistant. Years of working as Brianna's assistant have cost Lawrence his self esteem and personal skills. Shy to the point of rudeness, he prefers the company of his computers to humans. Pale and skinny, Lawrence speaks with a pronounced stutter.

JOSE RAMIL Orderly. A bear of a man, Jose is often called upon whenever something happens that security can't solve without excessive force. Dark skinned with a shaved head, Jose speaks only when spoken to and then it is often only in single word replies.

ISADORE HERNANDEZ Chief nurse. A squat, homely woman who runs the Institute as if it was her private domain. Her junior staff are terrified of her and her eye for detail. Isadore does not suffer fools or those who waste her time.

ELIZA NORTHFIELD Patient. Eliza has come to the clinic from London. Her husband, a policeman, was killed while on duty over a year ago. She is here to try to stop the nightmares she endures associated with his death.

BIANCA KALTES Patient. A rising actress with a penchant for scandalous public antics. Bianca has been booked into the clinic by her agent. He hopes that DeWinter can modify the actresses' dreams and thus lower her sex drive and wild desires.

MARTIN GREIG Patient. An advertising executive who is suffering writer's block. In a desperate attempt to revive his failing career, Martin is hoping that dream therapy will unlock his creativeness.

ARRABELLA INTEGRO AND FERNANDO SANCHEZ Patients. These two are university students who are being paid by the institute as research subjects.

ICHTHYRIANS

...these creatures have twenty spider-like legs and long, jointed bodies covered with thick shells. Two red eyes and rows of sharp black teeth can been seen on their heads. For further details on ichthyrians, see the KULT rulebook.

AGL 12 **EGO** 1
STR 5 **PER** 11
CON 10

(Height/: 100 cm

(Weight/: 20 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 2

(Movement/: 5 m/combat round

(Iniatiative Bonus/: 0

(Senses/: Can track dreamers through the dream worlds.

(Damage Bonus/: 0

(Damage Capacity/:
4 scratches = 1 light wound
3 light wounds = 1 serious wound
3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Endurance/: 90

(Attack Modes/: Bite 15 (Scr 1-7, Lw 8-13, Sw 14-22, Fw 23+)

(Home/: The Dream Worlds

(No. Encountered/: 4+1D10 per PC

THE KNIGHTS INCARNATE

...the five priests are really the five sacrificial victims whose medical records are contained in DeWinter's files. They offer no resistance to their deaths. Once slain, they are each reborn as one of the Knights Incarnate.

Their spirits brought across time and installed within the bodies of the five victims, the Knights Incarnate possess all of the skills and knowledge that they had at the time they were pulled forward into this world. By using the Judas Grail to empower the ritual, Lee is able to turn the spirits of the Death Angel envoys against their purpose and have them work in league with the plans of an Archon. Try as they might, the Knights Incarnate cannot free themselves from Lee's control. They are as much pawns in her plans as are the PCs.

Though unable to wrest control of their lives back from Meagan Lee, the Knights Incarnate wage an endless battle against the prisons of flesh in which they are held. Twisting and contorting the flesh so that they may walk in their own images, the Knights Incarnate flicker between their true image and that of their hosts.

Having drunk from the Grail, the PCs perceive the Knights Incarnate in all their glory, seeing them as they are without the Illusion. Those without the ability to see beyond the Illusion see the Knights in the guise of their human hosts.

GWYNAVVA

KNIGHT INCARNATE IN THE SERVICE OF GAMALIEL

...inside the body of Gabriella Pirelli dwells the spirit of Gwynavva, the Whore of Blood. During the wars of the Dark Ages, Gwynavva would sate her dark lust by not only lying with the leaders of the armies, but with the dying bodies of her foes of well. A skilled warrior, Gwynavva would maim her foes so that they hung helpless on the brink of death. She would then couple with them as their dying breaths left their still warm flesh.

AGL 50 **EGO** 50
STR 35 **CHA** 60
CON 20 **PER** 35
COM 30 **EDU** 25

(Personality/: Cold and ruthless, Gwynavva probably coined the phrase, »fuck you to death.« She has long tresses of rich, red hair, ice-gray eyes and long, pointed nails, often painted red with the blood of her victims. Gwynavva wears flowing veils of silk, so sheer that they resemble little more than sheets of soft, flowing glass.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Act predatory. Lick your lips suggestively and make them feel that a single night with you would be worth the price of their soul.

(Height/: 175 cm

(Weight/: 75 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 6

(Movement/: 25 m/combat round

(Iniatiative Bonus/: +38

(Senses/: Can see into Inferno and through illusions. Senses aura of Passion magicians and followers of Gamaliel.

(Damage Bonus/: +10

(Damage Capacity/:
5 scratches = 1 light wound
4 light wounds = 1 serious wound
3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound
Death occurs after 2 fatal wounds.

(Endurance/: 130

(Powers/: Commanding voice, Eternal Youth, Speak all human languages.

(Limitations/: Soul thirst

(Skills/: Melee weapons; all 20, Hand to hand combat 20, Seduction 20.

(Magic/: The Lore of Passion (all spells), without the loss of endurance or need of rituals.

(Attack Modes/: Sword

(Home/: The Dark Ages

ARTOS

KNIGHT INCARNATE IN THE SERVICE OF CHAGIDIEL

...inhabiting the body of Francisco Escudo, the Toledo swordsmith, is the spirit of Artos, envoy of Chagidiel. He also carries Francisco's stolen sword, Caliburn.

It was Artos who escalated the war against the followers of Chokmah to such an extent that it threatened the very fabric of the Illusion. In a desperate bid which would enable his master to assert his power and rise to a position of authority in the Death Angel hierarchy, Artos undertook the ritual slaying of every child not born of his loins. What many believed to be nothing more than an act of folly soon became reality. The blood of infants stained the countryside, temporarily empowering the envoy of the Bloodstained Patriarch with powers beyond those held by other envoys. This temporary assumption of power allowed Artos to become the leader of the Blood Angel's forces. It was during this time that he also sought to consolidate his master's alliance with Gamaliel by becoming the consort of Gamaliel's envoy, the whore Gwynavva.

Beyond the Illusion, Artos is a fat man with straggly blond hair and thick patches of body hair. He stinks of sweat and soiled clothing.

AGL	40	**EGO**	50
STR	65	**CHA**	40
CON	35	**PER**	35
COM	20	**EDU**	40

(Personality/: Summoned from a time when he was in command, Artos considers himself above his fellow Knights Incarnate, going so far as to name himself their ruler. A handsome man with blonde shoulder-length hair and a well-trimmed beard, it is Artos' striking good looks which are his greatest weapon. He sees humanity as his subjects and his children, needing his guiding hand and firm discipline if they are to grow and progress.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Speak in a deep, authoritative voice. Become enraged whenever someone disputes you and loudly proclaim your right to decide their opinions for them.

(Height/: 200 cm

(Weight/: 100 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 6

(Movement/: 20 m/combat round

(Iniatiative Bonus/: +28

(Senses/: Sees through illusions and darkness. Senses magic and auras.

(Damage Bonus/: +11

(Damage Capacity/:
8 scratches = 1 light wound
7 light wounds = 1 serious wound
5 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound
Dies after 2 Fatal wounds.

(Endurance/: 205

(Powers/: Commanding voice, Speak all human languages, Telepathy, Telekinesis 100 kg 10 m/s.

(Skills/: Melee skills; all at 30, Hand to hand combat 30, Interrogation 30.

(Attack Modes/: Sword (Caliburn)

(Home/: The Dark Ages

MHARLIIN

KNIGHT INCARNATE IN THE SERVICE OF TOGARINI

...within the human shell of Lorenzo D'Armin resides the death magician, Mhar-L'iin, envoy of the Death Angel, Togarini. During the war between the followers of Archons and Death Angels, many believed that Artos was a puppet leader who was working under the influence of another. In this they were correct for it was the clawed hands of Mhar-L'iin that held tight rein upon the puppet ruler's strings. Orchestrating the war from his place at Artos' side, Mhar-L'iin basked silently in the tapestry of death he was creating around himself.

AGL 25 **EGO** 35
STR 20 **CHA** 50
CON SPEC **PER** 50
COM 15 **EDU** 45

(Personality/: Preferring to let others work for him, Mhar-L'iin has honed his diplomatic skills to such a degree that those manipulated by his words seldom realize they have been used. Mhar-L'iin takes great joy in turning friends against each other and watching the result. A tall, thin man with a whispered voice and soft blue eyes, Mhar-L'iin is more deadly than many realize

Beyond the Illusion Mhar-L'iin is a stooped hunchback who walks with a pronounced limp. The hunch on his back is translucent. Those that look upon it see the curled shape of a withered black embryo resting within. If noticed, the curled black shape grants its viewer a malicious smile which reveals its long needle like teeth.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Agree with everything the players say, muttering »Yes, yes. So true, so true« over and over again. Slyly make remarks about their friends and latch onto anything negative they may say about another person. Encourage disunity.

(Height/: 150 cm

(Weight/: 60 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 4

(Movement/: 13 m/combat round

(Iniatiative Bonus/: +13

(Senses/: Can see through illusions and darkness. Senses magic, auras, and the undead.

(Damage Bonus/: +5

(Damage Capacity/: Each part of Mhar-L'iin's body has its own life. Can be divided, but not killed. A serious or fatal wound will result in part of the body being cut off. If they are separated, the limbs will be drawn together and reunited. This will take 1D10 rounds in battle, if nothing stops them. Each large part of the body has strength 20 and is able to move 1m/round. If part is burnt to ashes, it is annihilated.

(Powers/: Commanding voice, Possession - Foes slain by Mhar-L'iin make an EGO roll upon dying. If this roll is failed, their unliving flesh becomes slave to Togarini's knight incarnate.

(Skills/: Polearms 25, Torture 30, Interrogate 30.

(Magic/: All death magic at 50, without the loss of endurance or need of rituals

(Attack Modes/: Staff (Scr 1-8, Lw 9-12, Sw 13-15, Fw 16+). When a Serious wound is inflicted, the victim makes a CON roll. Failure indicates that the limb struck withers and becomes desiccated.

(Equipment/: Bone staff containing Mhar-L'iin's life essence. If broken, the Knight Incarnate dies. The staff has strength 50.

(Home/: The Dark Ages

GALICHARAD

KNIGHT INCARNATE IN THE SERVICE OF GAMICHICOTH

...within the frail body of Kristen Aschenbrenner is the spirit of Gamichicoth's envoy, Galicharad. During the war between Death Angels and Archons, Galicharad fought for both sides. His very nature makes him easy prey to the influence of the Judas Grail. Raising the hope of his followers with inspiring speeches and seemingly brilliant military maneuvers, he promised victory but delivered failure and death. Despite the abandonment and betrayal of his followers time and time again, his fame as a strategist without equal grew. Thousands flocked to his banner, intent on joining the army of the greatest knight of the age, only to be led to treachery, defeat, and death.

AGL 40 **EGO** 40
STR 40 **CHA** 30
CON 35 **PER** 30
COM 20 **EDU** 35

(Personality/: Frustrated by his inability to throw off the control of Lee and the Grail, Galicharad looks for any opportunity to betray those who come in contact with him. Unfortunately, he is unable to put a wrench in the works of Meagan Lee. Galicharad has a commanding presence and is easily likable.

It is difficult for Galicharad to fulfill his desires while he inhabits the body of Kristen Aschenbrenner. Kristin is not only anorexic, but her body is infected with AIDS. Skeletal thin and sickly in appearance, Galicharad takes great joy in abusing his host body. Hoping that his own image will become dominant once the diseased husk he inhabits finally dies and rots away.

When seeing Galicharad beyond the Illusion, one sees a robust figure covered in dark black welts and lumps. Many of the lumps have burst and thin rivulets of yellow pus run down the envoy's solid frame. Though he appears diseased, Galicharad is quite strong and healthy.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Be outwardly friendly with those you talk to and promise them anything. Use lots of body contact to display your friendliness. In their darkest hour, abandon them to their fate and laugh aloud.

(Height/: 190 cm

(Weight/: 90 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 6

(Movement/: 20 m/combat round

(Iniative Bonus/: +28

(Senses/: Can see through illusions and darkness. Senses magic and auras.

(Damage Bonus/: +9

(Damage Capacity/:
8 scratches = 1 light wound
7 light wounds = 1 serious wound
5 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound
Dies after 2 fatal wounds.

(Endurance/: 205

(Powers/: Commanding voice, Speaks all human languages, Telepathy, Telekinesis 100 kg 10 m/s. Inflict hunger or apathy. Creatures within 100 meters of the Knight Incarnate make EGO rolls to avoid becoming obsessed with eating anything that they can get their hands on, or becoming totally apathetic to what is taking place around them that they simply sit down and give up, believing that their endeavors are pointless and will accomplish nothing.

(Skills/: Axes 30, Diplomacy 25, Poisons 40.

(Attack Modes/: According to weapon.

(Equipment/: Battleaxe (Scr 1-4, Lw 5-11, Sw 12-15, Fw 16+)

(Home/: The Dark Ages

LANKOR

KNIGHT INCARNATE IN THE SERVICE OF HAREB SERAP

...the deadly presence of Lankor rages inside the body of the mercenary, Brian Stanton. Lankor is the deadliest of the envoys for there is no subtlety to him, only rage, loathing, and a passion for battle. He is like a rabid beast that, once unleashed, must sate its desires lest it turn upon the hand that feeds it. During the war of the Dark Ages, Lankor razed entire cities and slew whole races. Only Gwynavva's lust for sex and death could match his lust for battle. For a short time, the two were allies, allowing their twin passions to feed upon the blood of nations.

AGL	60	**EGO**	50
STR	60	**CHA**	25
CON	45	**PER**	30
COM	40	**EDU**	20

(Personality/: Lankor strains at the leash to give his rage full freedom. He cares not that he is controlled by one who serves the Archons; all he knows is that there is war and death to be had.

Although he is angered by his imprisonment inside another's flesh, Stanton's body suits him well. Well muscled with lightning reflexes, Stanton also possesses the skills and instincts of the warrior-born. Lankor has allowed parts of Stanton's consciousness to remain alert so that he may learn about modern weaponry and warfare.

Beyond the Illusion, Lankor is seen as a gigantic man wearing crudely constructed plates of iron where his skin has been torn off. Where bones have been broken, thick tree branches, bound to the flesh by lengths of tarred rope, have been used to compensate.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Speak in a low menacing voice and treat every word said to you as a personal insult. Take deep breaths and exhale between gritted teeth.

(Height/: 220 cm

(Weight/: 110 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 8

(Movement/: 30 m/combat round

(Iniatiative Bonus/: +48

(Senses/: Sees through illusions and darkness.

(Damage Bonus/: +13 (+23 when charging with lance)

(Damage Capacity/:
10 scratches = 1 light wound
9 light wounds = 1 serious wound
7 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound
Dies after 3 fatal wounds.

(Endurance/: 245

(Powers/: Commanding voice, Speaks all languages, Battle fury - skill scores are never reduced no matter how much damage is inflicted. Invulnerable to projectile weapons of a modern nature. Bows, slings, etc. still do normal damage.

(Skills/: Bows 35, Melee skills 40, Weapon maneuvers 40, Unarmed combat 30.

(Attack Modes/: Lance if mounted, otherwise sword.

(Equipment/: Sword, lance, mount - Adjini (See *Legions of Darkness*, page 31).

(Home/: The Dark Ages

BISHOP NAVARRE
MORDRED
ENVOY OF CHOKMAH

...possessing a voice that can practically influence the seasons themselves, Mordred has the ability to manipulate even the strongest-willed men. An orator of consummate skill, he uses his words as a warrior would use his blade. There are those that believe Mordred's words are twice as deadly as his blade and confer upon their victims a much slower and more painful death than steel could hope to cause.

AGL 40 **EGO** 60
STR 30 **CHA** 60
CON 25 **PER** 30
COM 40 **EDU** 30

(Personality/: Embodying much of his master's views, Mordred carries within him the last traces of Chokmah's power upon this world. To this end, he believes he can rise to be Chokmah reborn. An expert in all forms of religion, Mordred is quite aware of the power and influence that organized religion can wield. As soon as he has established his powerbase, he intends to break the pact with Lee and go his own way.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Speak slowly, deeply and with authority. Remember that words are power and use them accordingly.

(Height/: 200 cm

(Weight/: 90 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 5

(Movement/: 20 m/combat round

(Iniatiative Bonus/: +28

(Senses/: Can see through illusions and darkness. Senses magic and auras.

(Damage Bonus/: +9

(Damage Capacity/:
6 scratches = 1 light wound
5 light wounds = 1 serious wound
3 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Endurance/: 155

(Powers/: Commanding voice, Speaks all languages, Telepathy, Telekinesis, Detects all lies spoken to him. Is perceived and treated as a religious symbol (all cultures) even by creatures with an aversion to religious symbols.

(Skills/: Melee skills 30, Diplomacy 40, Hypnosis 30, Rhetoric 40.

(Magic/: Lore of Time and Space 40

(Attack Modes/: According to weapon.

(Equipment/: Broadsword

(Home/: The Dark Ages

Chapter Six Fighting Windmills

With the last of his energy, the weeping man collapsed upon the step. Tucking his bleeding fingers under his arm, he forced himself to stand and look back at the house. Battered and bruised from his attempts to gain entry, but not beaten, the door stared back at him mockingly.

»It is my home,« whispered the man to himself. »It is. It is.«

A brief glint of light caught his eye as the curtain in the front window moved. From behind the sanctuary of the glass, the woman he had called his wife for nearly twenty years looked at him as if he was a stranger.

»I suppose I must be,« he thought to himself as his wife's words just moments before returned to haunt him. She had denied knowing him—denied any knowledge of him. She was like all the rest, insisting that he wasn't who he claimed to be. Everyone he spoke to looked back at him through the eyes of strangers. No one remembered him, not even the son he had kissed goodnight last evening.

From the shadows, the Stranger watched as the man vainly tried to hold onto the last fragments of his unraveling identity. He followed in silence for hours, smiling as each part of the man was slowly stripped away. Neither knowing nor caring who he was nor where he walked, the fading man shambled through the city streets, growing paler with each step.

No longer able to hold onto his identity, the fading man simply ceased to be. Lighting a cigarette and stepping out from his hiding place, the Stranger approached the ghostly form of the fading man.

SHE HAD DENIED KNOWING HIM—DENIED ANY KNOWLEDGE OF HIM. SHE WAS LIKE ALL THE REST, INSISTING THAT HE WASN'T WHO HE CLAIMED TO BE.

Do Not Go Gentle
Into That Good Night,
Old Age Should Burn And Rave
At Close Of Day;
Rage,
Rage,
Against The Dying Of The Light

Dylan THOMAS

Smiling, the Stranger took a long drag of his cigarette and exhaled loudly. He watched the silver-gray smoke join briefly with the lingering wisps of the unraveling spirit before tearing it apart with the strength of his breath. What little remained of the man that nobody knew was dispersed like dust upon the wind.

GHOSTS OF THE CITIES

...the PCs awake with pounding headaches and a sense of overwhelming disorientation. They find themselves in a rubbish-strewn alleyway located somewhere in Madrid's poorer district. A street light flickers overhead, causing the shadows of the buildings to dance eerily in the moonlight. It is while observing this that the PCs discover that they cast no shadows.

Lee has used her magic to add an extra dimension to the Perception Alteration techniques of DeWinter. Apart from not being able to perceive their own shadows, whenever the PCs visit a place or person they knew from a time before the spell was cast, they see it as something entirely different. Nothing is as they remember it, nor does anyone from their past remember them. It is as though everything they ever knew or were had never existed. The office belonging to Vincente Becquer could appear to be nothing more than a bakery.

After the PCs have experienced this alteration of once-familiar people and places, they begin to lose sight of themselves as people as well. Credit cards become blank, photos of themselves on passports begin to fade. Memories of their own past become hazy as well.

Whenever a PC experiences an event which affects their perceptions of the world, have them make EGO rolls. Each time they fail, lower their EGO by 1D5. When their EGO reaches 0, they have no memories of their lives whatsoever.

(Empty Vessels/: The more they fight to catch hold of their fading lives, the quicker the PCs' sense of self slips through their fingers. They walk through the streets of Madrid not knowing where they are nor how they got there. As they walk through the alleys, only a handful of bedraggled beggars seem to acknowledge their presence. These beggars are like them, the hidden, unseen folk of the city, thrust into dark corners and forgotten. They are the people others walk past and ignore, their very existence disappearing with each fading sunset.

Though they have much in common, the PCs are unlike the homeless beggars who live in the dank alleys of Madrid. The PCs are the true living specters of the concrete jungle, destined to a life made of faded dreams and wafting mist. Not only are the memories of their former lives fading away, they begin to lose the knowledge of how to perform even the simplest of tasks as well. Even the search for food becomes a challenge. As if sensing the PCs plight, the homeless begin to care for the PCs, bringing them scraps of food and rags for warmth. In the end, the PCs will forget each other, wandering off in different directions.

Just when they believe that things can get no worse, the PCs begin to see themselves becoming more and more transparent. Their physical presence fades away as the sum of their lives already has. With nothing more to link them to this world, the PCs become like specters, doomed to waft ghostlike through the streets of Madrid until the end of time. The PCs eventually make the acquaintance of Callado, the Gatherer of Spirits. When their EGO score reaches 0, Callado comes for them and leads them to the City of the Dead.

Callado is a large mute who guides restless spirits to the City of the Dead in Metropolis. Not only can Callado see the PCs, he can touch them. He places a thin silver belt around the waist of each spectral PC. Where the belt covers the PC's naval, a thin chain is attached. This chain is held by Callado as he drags the restless spirits through the darkened alleys of Madrid to a black marbled staircase leading downwards into primordial darkness. After a journey of incalculable time, the PC's spirit form is led into Metropolis. Upon entering Metropolis, they are dragged to the City of the Dead where they are freed to wander the streets as restless spirits.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD

...the City of the Dead is one vast graveyard. Encircling the slopes of a wide-based hill, the graveyard extends beyond the PCs' ability to comprehend. Mausoleums and sepulchers rise high into a shadowed sky dominated by the death veils and mourning flags that flutter from tall spires like raven wings. The sheer magnitude of the monuments' numbers create a maze of black stone virtually impossible to traverse by all but the most gifted navigators.

Within many of the structures can be heard the sounds of movement, whether it be scuttling or whispered prayers, it is apparent that those that rest within the sealed chambers may be dead, but they are not yet still. Through the silver tendrils of mist that snake through the alleys of the graveyard can be heard the wails and weeping of the unburied dead.

Until they are together again, the spirits of the PCs walk the shadowed, maze-like streets of the dead city. They are not alone here. Other restless souls also wander through the narrow lanes. Some appear familiar, but none of the PCs know why. Without memories of their pasts, how can they know which spirits are which?

Once all of the PCs have been taken to Metropolis, Callado gathers them together. The familiar spirits that each of them saw while wandering the streets are met again as the PCs are gathered together by the mute. Though they do not know each other, there is a feeling of bonding between the gathered spirits. With the spectral forms of the PCs in tow, Callado winds his way towards the summit of the hill where stands the Empty Chapel. A white building boasting architecture from every age and none, the Empty Chapel is where legend claims the Demiurge shall rest after the end of the world.

Standing vigilant at the doors of the Empty Chapel is a humanoid creature with dried, black skin and jeweled black eyes. Adorned with ragged veils of white samite and armed with a shimmering white sword, the Guardian allows no one over the threshold of the Empty Chapel.

Upon approaching the Guardian, Callado falls to his knees, his head bowed in reverence. Though given no direction to follow suit, the PCs have the feeling that they should follow the giant mute's lead. »Rise, Callado, you are forgiven« says the Guardian in a deep voice accustomed to commanding. »Go and seek the true dead.«

As the silent giant winds his way back down the hill to the cemetery, the Guardian turns his attentions to the PCs. »This is not your place,« he tells them. »Your place is among the lost who wander the streets below. The houses of the dead are closed to you. Pass not beyond their threshold for it is decreed that the unquiet shall endure without rest. Though you are not of the truly dead, without essence and substance, you are their kin.«

To leave the City of the Dead, the PCs must agree to sacrifice a life to replace each of their own. The Guardian directs them to the place where they can begin the quest to regain their bodies and their lives.

»*At the base of this hill lies the Abyss.*« *he tells them.* »On the southern ridge of the Abyss is a narrow chasm that juts into the city itself. This chasm is Masik Mavdil, known also as the Cleft of Ashes. He who watches over the chasm is known only as the Dweller. Seek him out for he possesses the knowledge you desire.« The Guardian provides no further assistance to the PCs, meeting all further queries with patient silence.

The journey to the Cleft of Ashes requires the PCs to walk through the helter-skelter streets of the graveyard. Accosted by the intangible caresses of specters and assaulted by the piercing wails of the restless dead, the journey proves to be a harrowing experience. There is a good chance that the PCs will meet with specters from their own pasts or futures, as time has little meaning in this place.

Allow them to see the wrathful, accusing face of Gabriella whom they killed, or the vengeful visage of Aguilar Sangre, whom they never met but who judges them just the same. Other faces such as the other sacrificial victims can be met as well. Though the PCs should have no idea who these accusing faces belong to, their looks alone should be enough to make their blood run cold...if they had any.

With only the rising of the black sun to signal the passing of time, the PCs have no way of estimating how much time passes as they make their way to Masik Mavdil.

(The Dweller At The Threshold/: The buildings of the Metropolis stretch right up to the rim of the Abyss, several plummeting into the stygian darkness of the endless rift as the PCs watch. From where they stand, the PCs can see that the Abyss is constantly moving and growing. There is even the feeling that the endless void of the Abyss is a living entity, capable of vengeance and loathing. Walking around the rim of the Abyss as they search for Masik Mavdil requires AGL tests for each of the PCs. Though their forms may be similar to that of a specters, they are still capable of being swallowed up by the darkness of the Abyss.

After wandering along the rim, they come across a narrow seam extending from the Abyss that looks more like a crack than a chasm. Following the seam they eventually meet up with a stooped man carrying a hooded lantern. Inside the lantern burns a flickering black flame.

The man is the Dweller at the Threshold. When approached, he raises his head to acknowledge the PCs. Before they can introduce themselves or explain their dilemma, the Dweller begins speaking.

»*Life is formed of three parts named the Three Principles.* These parts being the flesh, the spirit, and the soul. Though sundered from each other, the Three Principles that make up your being can be redeemed. Below lies the Cleft of Ashes, known also as the Place of Failures. Here is swept the ashes of the first three worlds and an eternity of broken humanity. You must first descend into the chasm and sup upon a handful of ashes, for they are made of flesh. This will return your bodies to you. When you return here clothed in flesh, I shall tell you where next you must journey.«

THE CLEFT OF ASHES

...though not a difficult descent, Climbing rolls are required for each player who journeys into Masik Mavdil. PCs who fail this roll begin to slip into the Abyss. Their companions may make AGL rolls to see if they catch them before they plummet into the Abyss for all eternity.

Engulfed as they are in darkness, the PCs nonetheless have little problem in finding hand and foot holds to aid their descent. It is only after their sight becomes accustomed to the inky blackness that they discover that the handholds are actually the anguished faces of thousands of tortured souls trapped within the walls of the chasm. As they continue their journey, a swarm of Crustacz crawl by, ascending into the city to greet the rising of the black moon. Three of the creatures cease their upward journey, preferring to turn their attention to the PCs. After dealing with the Crustacz, the PCs can continue downward.

Eventually their feet come in contact with what feels like fine dust. They have reached the Well of Ash. The well is several miles deep. Going much further would mean that the PCs would find themselves drowning in ash. Grasping hold of the side of the chasm with one hand, they must scoop up a handful of ash with the other. After swallowing the ash, the PCs begin to feel more solid. This is soon followed by the return of other human functions such as hunger and thirst. Each of the PCs must make this journey as they must each regain their physical form through their own handful of ashes.

(The Orphanage Of The Unborn/: Rising from the Cleft of Ashes in their physical forms, the PCs find the Dweller awaiting them. »Adorned in coats of flesh, the first of the triumvirate is returned. But the flesh is an empty shell waiting to be filled with the soul. Where ashes are the flesh, the blood is the soul. But a soul once fled must be searched for and found. No easy task. Better to take hold of a soul unneeded and unused. There is a place where such a thing exists. On the outskirts of the city is a boarded building with stairs leading to two worlds. Below lies the place you must first seek, for there live the Unborn, children taken by death before they knew anything of the world. In their blood run untouched souls. Drink of their blood and the shell of flesh shall be filled. After supping upon the blood of the Never-born, you may ascend to the World of Lies once more. Here you will still walk as ghosts, unknown to all save those who have been awakened to the truth that lies beyond the veil. In the World of Lies, you must find the link between flesh and the soul, that which we name the last of the Three Principles, the spirit. The spirit resides in the world where it was formed. It is the salt from which we are all shaped and is marked thus....« Drawing upon the ground with a long, bony finger, the Dweller etches the sigil of Zagan, the same sigil found upon the medallions worn by Aguilar Sangre and Juan-Ruiz de la Vega.

Following the Dweller's directions, the PCs arrive at a large black building surrounded by a tumbled-down wrought iron fence. Though no breeze fills the air, a child's swing erected at the side of the building swings back and forth. A mournful wail is heard with each passing. The windows and doors of the building are boarded up. Whether this is to prevent entry or exit is left to the PCs' imaginations.

The interior of the building is dark. As promised, a set of stairs dominates its center. A child's laughter filters up from below. The joy inherent in the sound strikes a discordant chord as the PCs survey the grim surroundings.

At the bottom of the stairs lies a nursery. The shattered timbers of broken cradles lie scattered throughout the room, as do broken toys. The head of a small doll rolls from side to side upon the blood stained floor, its glass eyes gazing intently upward at the PC standing over it.

More peals of children's laughter are heard coming from further inward, caught up in the games of those that live here. The PCs have little choice but to follow the sounds of laughter to their source.

As the PCs follow the mocking laughter, it always seems to be just around the next corner—close, but never within reach. Brief glimpses of scurrying children are seen out of the corner of one's eye, but they will be unsure as to whether something was actually seen or it was merely a trick of the light.

After leading the PCs on a merry chase and a game of Hide and Seek through the lower levels of the orphanage, a small group of the children finally allow themselves to be found. There are eight of the Unborn in this group, none of whom appear older than six. Except for the piece of dried skin that covers their faces like masks, they all appear healthy. Their skin is smooth and unblemished, without any kind of marking or even fingerprints.

The Unborn are helpless against whatever the PCs choose to do. They can neither see nor speak, and have no knowledge of the world beyond the orphanage. For the PCs to gain a soul they must completely drain one of the Unborn of their blood. Once this is achieved, a thin silver tendril begins to spiral out of the still form of the lifeless Unborn. The PCs need to grasp this silver thread and tie it to themselves in some manner. Once tied to a PC, the silver thread seeps through the flesh into the body of the PC.

RETURNING TO MADRID

...the upward stairs of the building ascend to a small room. The interior of the room is dark. Heavy black curtains hang before broken windows. In the dim light, jagged shards of glass from the shattered panes can be seen amidst the filth and rubbish on the floor. Also among the trash are several discarded syringes and quite a few rusted surgical instruments of cheap manufacture. Hastily erected benches coated with layers of dust and cobwebs have been attached to two of the walls. Pushed against a third wall is a wide couch in which a family of rats has made its home.

The room the PCs have entered is an abandoned clinic within Madrid's poor district that used to perform operations for unwed mothers several years ago. After its discovery, it was closed by the authorities and never reopened. By its very nature, it acts as a portal to the Orphanage of the Unborn. It is located quite close to the Ivo Kermartin Chapel, the home of the Chapel Rats.

Several months have passed since the PCs left Madrid. Despite the passage of time, little has changed. Places are still not what or where they should be and former acquaintances have no recollection of the PCs whatsoever. The exception is Juan-Ruiz de la Vega at the National Archaeological Museum. The museum is where it should be and Juan-Ruiz recognizes and remembers the PCs. Being highly aware of the Illusion and what lies beyond it, Juan-Ruiz maintains the ability to remember the PCs and is willing to aid them in regaining their memories and experiences if they will aid him in opposing Lee's plan to shatter the Illusion.

Upon gaining his confidence, the museum director proves to be a fountain of knowledge, answering many of the questions that are probably plaguing the PCs in regards to the Illusion and Lee's plan. «You have seen things that most are blinded to. You have gazed into the darkness beyond the veil. My brothers and myself have also seen beyond the veil and we have dedicated ourselves to shielding others from gazing upon the horror that lies just beyond our consciousness. There are those who work towards the tearing down the veil, those who would submit all of mankind to the tapestry of madness that stalks the shadows a heartbeat beyond our sight. It is into the plans of one of these that you have stumbled.»

Come Into The Garden, Maud,
For The Black Bat, Night,
Has Flown,
Come Into The Garden, Maud,
I Am Here At The Gate Alone.

Alfred LORD TENNYSON

»The Alabaster Mother has shown me that Meagan Lee intends to shatter the Illusion using not only the power of the Judas Grail, but the Catholic Church as well. He who was once Bishop Navarre is now filled with the consciousness you helped free from the Grail. He who the world once knew as Mordred was imprisoned in the Grail. Now freed, he has the ability to influence the church in ways you cannot comprehend. He is a vampire that feeds upon faith, twisting and turning it to his own ends.«

»In three days time, Lee's vessel, Navarre, will be ordained as Archbishop of the Spanish Catholic church. I have sat vigil seeking guidance from the Alabaster Mother but have been met only with silence. Several of my brothers attempted to take matters into their own hands and kill Navarre before the ordination. They are all dead, ruthlessly slain by the five Navarre refers to as his Blood Cardinals. I do not know where Lee found such efficient killers but they have not moved from Navarre's side since joining him several months ago. You know,« says Juan-Ruiz as the idea dawns upon him, »they showed up just after your disappearance.«

(What Else Juan-Ruiz Knows/: If asked about the Order's deity, Juan-Ruiz tells the PCs of the Alabaster Mother. »She is our pillar of wisdom, the seeker of knowledge punished for her curiosity. When the True Reality was revealed at the time of the first tearing of the Illusion, all averted their gaze except She. For Her crime, She was changed to salt and Her name erased for all time. She resides now in the Pale Chapel, home of the Order. Reduced to the purest essence, the essential salt of the body, She holds all knowledge. With a grain of her being upon your tongue, the lives you have lost will be returned to you.«

Eager to prove his theory, Juan-Ruiz leads the PCs to the Pale Chapel hidden in the catacombs which worm their way beneath the city of Madrid. The museum director can also give a vague description of the five Cardinals. The PCs will recognize one of those described as Gabriella.

THE PALE CHAPEL

...the Pale Chapel is a wide chamber with walls of chalk-like rock which glow with a pearly sheen. The only sound in the chamber is that of the wind that whistles through the cracks of the chamber walls. Rising from the center of the enclosure is a tall stalactite made entirely of salt. Juan-Ruiz gazes upon it reverently. After paying his respects, he motions for the PCs to approach the pillar, telling them to partake of the Alabaster Mother's essence.

As the salt hits their tongues, the PCs have the memories of their pasts returned to them, their links to the world forged anew. In addition to this, they gain the knowledge of how to thwart Lee's plan.

They must entrap the consciousness of the envoy within the Grail once more and then destroy it. With the destruction of the Grail, all of the lies it has empowered will begin to unravel. The knowledge of how to create the formulae of entrapment is granted them as well.

FORMULAE

TO TRANSMUTE SPIRIT INTO STONE

...this formulae is beyond the scope and knowledge of traditional hermetists. It is a formulae used to imprison the consciousness, or soul, of a creature from beyond time and space into either a human being or an inanimate object. To succeed, the hermetist must make an EGO roll with a higher effect than the creature he is trying to entrap as he inscribes the appropriate sigil. Once entrapped, the creature may be slain permanently by either killing the human host or destroying the inanimate object.

(LR/: Special (Granted to all PCs by the Alabaster Mother)

(Endurance Cost/: 62

(Equipment/: Two leather thongs; one inscribed with the sigil of Paimon, the second inscribed with the name of the creature to be entrapped. Black ink and a quill from a falcon. Also required is the body or object into which the creature is to be held.

(Magical Implements/: The chalice and the sword

(Sigil/: Zagan

(Protective Circle/: Not normally needed.

(Evocation/: Summoning the creature by name, alternately cajoling it to enter its prison willingly and commanding it. Names of any who may wish vengeance upon the creature are woven into the incantation as well.

(Gestures/: Braiding of the leather thongs which, when completed, is tied around the being or object which is to be the prison. Once the creature is imprisoned, the sword is used to kill/destroy the prison.

(Visualization/: The hermetist imagines the creature trapped within the person or object to be used as a prison.

(Duration/: –

(Casting Time/: 48 hours

Though having knowledge of the formulae, the PCs do not have a temple in which to perform this ritual. Because they need a properly consecrated temple, Juan-Ruiz offers them the use of one of the museum's exhibition halls which is temporarily closed for refurbishment. It is quite fitting that the PCs should use this hall, he insists, as it is the home of the museum's extensive medieval collection. While at least one of the PCs stays behind to consecrate the temple, the remainder must attempt to steal the Grail from Lee.

REGAINING THE GRAIL

...as if taunting them, images of the Grail can be seen whenever the PCs read a paper or switch on a TV. The ordination of Bishop Navarre is mere days away and preparations for this holy event are front page news. Set to take place in Madrid's main cathedral, every aspect of the upcoming event is reported in minute detail.

With little effort, the PCs can obtain the following information. After receiving the blessing of the Pope, Bishop Navarre will host Communion for the masses. Rather than drinking the ceremonial wine from silver chalices, Bishop Navarre will offer it to the faithful from a simple stone cup said to date back to the time of Christ. Photos and news reports show the cup on public display sitting upon the main altar of the cathedral.

MADRID CATHEDRAL

...dominated by a tower over 90 meters high, the cathedral encompasses much of what makes Spain unique. Moorish influence and Gothic architecture combine to create a truly awesome structure. Though radiating an aura of gloom and vastness, the cathedral is also filled with the strains of medieval romance. Adding to its feeling of immense size are sweeping flying buttresses, great rosette windows, and huge doors. Winged guardians carved of stone sit silently upon its high ledges overlooking the streets below. The cathedral is a hive of activity throughout the day. Masses of the faithful battle with journalists and news crews for the best views of the preparations, while priests try to maintain order and dignity. It is impossible to get near the Grail during the day without a hundred eyes upon you. The PCs best option is to break into the cathedral at night and steal it then.

[MADRID CATHEDRAL]

(1 The Capilla Mayor (Sanctuary)/: Raised upon a wide stone platform is a stone altar with the life of Christ carved into its base. Here also stands a tall oaken pulpit. It too is etched with scenes from the life of Christ. The entire area is dominated by ornate iron candelabra. The Judas Grail sits in the center of the altar. A squad of six armed security guards stand watch over the cathedral during the night.

(2 Coro (Choir)/: This semicircular area is sunken into the floor of the main cathedral. Consisting of four narrow ledges on which the choir members can either sit or stand, the Coro has been modified so that it can be raised or lowered.

(3 The Sacristy/: Behind the stone balustrade stand twenty-four ornate wooden chairs in three rows of eight. Each row stands on a raised section, the one behind several inches higher than the one before it. The sacristy is where the elders of the church sit during services.

(4 The Tesoro (Treasury)/: Small and claustrophobic, this tiny room was once used as a secure area in which the church coffers were counted and held. All that is inside now are several pieces of statuary depicting various angels.

(5 Reading Room/: Essentially a small room used for private contemplation, this room is now home to several ancient religious texts which are on display to the public. All of the texts are kept within airtight glass cabinets.

(6 The Capilla De Aleman/: A wonderful example of Gothic flamboyance, the Chapel of Aleman houses several ancient tombs of former cardinals and bishops.

(7 The Capilla De Los Parbabal/: There is little to distinguish this chapel from the one built by Rodrigo Aleman described above (6) except that the names upon the tombs differ.

(8 The Vestry/: Carved wardrobes filled with religious garb line one wall of this room. Also contained here is a tall mirror in a gilded frame, a wash basin and stand, and a small sleeping pallet.

BREAKING THE GRAIL

...after regaining the Grail, the PCs have only one thing left to do—return to the museum and perform the ritual.

All is in readiness when they return. Juan-Ruiz has emptied the museum of prying eyes, ensuring the PCs' privacy as they perform the ritual. Coming to the conclusion that Juan-Ruiz and the Order of the Pallid Veil have made one last desperate attempt to thwart her plans by stealing the Grail, Lee orders Navarre and the Knights Incarnate to kill the museum director, slay any members of the Order they can find, destroy the museum, and steal back the Grail. She is unaware that the PCs have regained their bodies and their memories.

Midway through the ritual, the PCs are interrupted by the arrival of Bishop Navarre and the Knights Incarnate. Lee does not take an active part in anything that will reveal her hand to the world, preferring to manipulate proceedings from a safe distance.

Battling against the fate the PCs have planned for him, the envoy of Chokmah possessing Navarre causes time to twist and bend, alternating between the present and his own past. The displays in the exhibition hall becomes more realistic, filled the hall with not only the sights of a medieval past, but the aromas and sounds as well. Between one heartbeat and the next, the area surrounding the PCs and their foes switches from an empty exhibition hall displaying a romantic reminder of medieval times to a dirty, dung-filled chamber filled with the stench of wood smoke and unwashed bodies. Leering figures, unkempt and wild, stare out of the darkness, reveling in the battle taking place before them. At this moment, when the PCs have been cast back to the Dark Ages, the presence of the Alabaster Mother will make her self felt.

Before each combat round, two die rolls are made: one for Bishop Navarre and one for the goddess, signifying their struggle to control time and space. If Bishop Navarre's effect is higher, the PCs remain in the medieval time frame where their modern weapons are useless; they will be forced to use medieval arms from the surrounding exhibits. If the Alabaster Mother's effect is higher, time switches back to the present where firearms will function normally.

This should be a very tough battle, especially if Navarre can maintain control of time and space. As the GM, you may wish to increase Juan-Ruiz's role if you judge the party to be too small or weak to face the mighty wrath of the Knights Incarnate. For example, Juan-Ruiz, as a hermetist, could inscribe Marchiosias, the equation of tutelary, on each of the PCs, causing all damage effects on the characters to be halved. Juan-Ruiz is also quite proficient with swords and other medieval weapons and may decide to put his life on the line for the good of the Order. He might call upon his two homunculi, also inscribed with Marchiosias, to defend the PCs as well. If the characters have rifle skills, Juan-Ruiz could direct them to the crossbows rather than swords and axes, providing the group with a better »stand-off« fighting capability.

When the fighting concludes, the PCs will remain in whatever time period is currently in effect. PCs trapped in the past can be summoned forward by a conjurer of time and space. What happens to the PCs during this time, as well as the necessary means to contact an appropriate conjurer, are beyond the scope of this adventure.

If the Knights Incarnate are defeated, all that remains for the PCs to do is imprison the consciousness of the envoy Mordred within the Grail. It is quite possible that the human body of Bishop Navarre may be slain before the ritual is completed. This is not important, however, as the consciousness still lives.

The ritual only works if the envoy's name is inscribed on the leather thong used in the spell. Under no circumstances will the envoy give up his name; it is up to the PCs to work out what it is through the dreams given to them by the Judas Grail while it was in their possession. Alternately, the GM may decide that this information was given to the PCs by the Alabaster Mother at the same time they learned the formulae of entrapment. The envoy's name, of course, is Mordred.

Once imprisoned within the Grail, the consciousness of the envoy can only be slain with the destruction of the Grail itself. Due to its nature however, the Grail cannot be destroyed by anything forged of man. The best that the PCs can do is strike it with one of the swords of the Knights Incarnate, preferably Artos' sword, Caliburn. Rather than shattering the Grail, the sword passes through the stone cup and is stuck fast. As the steel of the sword's blade enters the grail, a piercing scream is heard from the cup. Though the envoy is dead, the Grail and the sword are joined as one and cannot be pulled apart.

NON PLAYER CHARACTERS

CALLADO

...a tall mute of gypsy origin, Callado is a collector of wandering souls who cannot find their way to their appropriate resting place. Serving no one master, Callado works by instinct traveling between the different cemeteries and resting places of the dead with ease.

AGL	16	**EGO**	25
STR	22	**CHA**	20
CON	50	**PER**	75
COM	20	**EDU**	12

(Personality/: An imposing figure, Callado stands well over 6 feet. He has deeply-tanned skin, blue eyes, and a nose that was once broken and never set aright. His hands are large and callused, yet strangely gentle and soothing. Callado dresses in traditional gypsy garb and radiates an aura of tranquillity.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Look deeply into the eyes of the players and slowly offer them your hand. Use sign language to explain yourself.

(Height/: 240 cm

(Weight/: 115 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 3

(Movement/: 8 m/combat round

(Iniatiative Bonus/: +4

(Senses/: Sees through illusions and darkness. Can sense auras and restless spirits.

(Damage Bonus/: -

(Damage Capacity/:
10 scratches = 1 light wound
9 light wounds = 1 serious wound
8 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound
Upon death, Callado is reborn in the City of the Dead and continues his duties as if nothing happened.

(Powers/: Can detect restless souls and guide them to the City of the Dead.

(Attack Modes/: Callado is a total pacifist; he neither attacks nor retaliates.

(Home/: The City of the Dead

THE GUARDIAN

...a humanoid figure with dried, black skin and black eyes. His body is covered in white veils and he bears a white sword. He allows no one to enter the Empty Chapel.

AGL 50 **EGO** 20
STR 100 **CHA** 20
CON 50 **PER** 50
COM 3

(Personality/: An being of immense power, the Guardian is not approached lightly. He radiates a sense of invulnerability.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Look into the eyes of the players only when speaking to them, otherwise pretend that they do not exist. Say your words deliberately and without emotion. Never repeat yourself or allow the characters to engage you in conversation.

(Height/: 210 cm

(Weight/: 80 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 7

(Movement/: 25 m/combat round

(Iniatiative Bonus/: +38

(Senses/: Notices anyone who approaches.

(Damage Bonus/: +16

(Damage Capacity/:
11 scratches = 1 light wound
10 light wounds = 1 serious wound
8 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound
Goes down after a fatal wound and rises again in 3 combat rounds. Can take any number of fatal wounds.

(Endurance/: Unlimited

(Powers/: Telepathy, Invulnerable to fire, electricity, radioactivity. Cannot be affected by magic. Invulnerable to all mental influences.

(Communication/: Speaks all languages.

(Skills/: Sword 75, Evasion 50, ,Mental influence 50.

(Natural Armor/: 2

(Attack Modes/: Sword. The Guardian's sword automatically kills all characters with negative mental balance that it touches. Otherwise, it does damage like a katana.

(Home/: The City of the Dead

THE DWELLER AT THE THRESHOLD

...a wizened old man dressed in a gray cassock and holding aloft a lantern which burns with a black flame, the Dweller acts as a guide for all those who walk the paths between life and death. He is judge and jury, deciding which restless spirits shall receive the gift of death, which shall be given the chance to rise again, and which shall be forced to endure their unquiet wanderings.

AGL 80 **EGO** 50
STR 50 **CHA** 20
CON 70 **PER** 70
COM 20 **EDU** 40

(Personality/: Self assured and wise beyond comprehension, the dweller has no time to answer questions or listen to passionate entreaties from unquiet ghosts and specters. He knows what they need to be told before they ask. He delivers such information as he deems appropriate—no more, no less, and never repeats himself.

(Gamemastering Hints/: Tell the players what they need to know without acknowledging their presence. Silence any interruptions with a wave of your hand and a stern gaze.

(Height/: 180 cm

(Weight/: 80 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 9

(Movement/: 40 m/combat round

(Iniatiative Bonus/: +68

(Senses/: Can read thoughts, feelings, and emotions.

(Damage Bonus/: +19

(Damage Capacity/:
19 scratches = 1 light wound
18 light wounds = 1 serious wound
16 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound
Dies after 10 fatal wounds.

(Skills/: Sickle 50, Dodge 60.

(Attack Modes/: Sickle (Scr 1-4, Lw 5-9, Sw 10-16, Fw 17+)

(Home/: The Cleft of Ashes

THE UNBORN

...these barely-formed children have little to distinguish themselves from one another. They possess neither knowledge nor identity, existing in a world of darkness and silence. The flap of skin which covers the area where their face should be prevents them from assuming facial features and individuality. Removing the mask-like piece of skin reveals a gaping wound in proportion to the size of their face.

AGL	10	**EGO**	1
STR	4	**CHA**	1
CON	2	**PER**	2
COM	3	**EDU**	0

(Personality/: None

(Gamemastering hints/: Giggle as you lead players on a merry chase. Apart from that, do nothing.

(Height/: 40 cm

(Weight/: 5-10 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 0

(Movement/: 5 m/combat round

(Iniatiative Bonus/: 0

(Damage Bonus/: -1

(Damage Capacity/:
3 scratches = 1 light wound
2 light wounds = 1 serious wound
2 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Home/: The Orphanage of the Unborn

CRUSTACZ

...these creatures exist within the darkness of the Abyss, ascending only when the black moon rises in the sky. Looking similar to large black flies, Crustacz have eleven legs which protrude from a body about a meter in length. Two yellowish, semi-transparent wings hang off their backs and drag in the dirt. Crustacz are flightless creatures. The head consists of a proboscis-like organ, large jaws, and yellow-faceted eyes. Crustacz inject a paralyzing poison into their victims and attempt to drag them down into the Abyss where they are never heard from again.

AGL	41	**EGO**	5
STR	20	**PER**	15
CON	15		

(Height/: 100 cm

(Weight/: 100 kg

(No. Of Actions/: 6

(Movement/: 20 m/combat round

(Iniatiative Bonus/: +29

(Senses/: Night vision, Radar, Good perception of touch. No sense of smelling or hearing.

(Damage Bonus/: +8

(Damage Capacity/:
4 scratches = 1 light wound
3 light wounds = 1 serious wound
2 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Endurance/: 105

(Natural Armor/: 5

(Attack Modes/: Seize (with legs) 10 (Scr 1-6, Lw 7-13, Sw 14-22, Fw 23+), Bite 15 (Scr 1-6, Lw 7-12, Sw 13-22, Fw 23+), paralyzing poison causing 2D10 loss of CON. Effect: When victim has lost 1/3 or less of CON: None, 1/2 of CON: Cramps, 2/3 of CON: Paralyzation.

(Home/: The Abyss

(No. Encountered/: 3

Appendix A The Hermetic Order of the Pallid Veil

BRIEF NOTES

...the Hermetic Order of the Pallid Veil is a secret society of hermetists dedicated to preserving the Illusion. Consisting mainly of academics who are acutely aware of the Illusion surrounding humanity, the Order seeks to protect mankind through a regime of enforced ignorance. Having seen the horror that lurks beyond the Illusion, they work towards shielding mankind from these sights.

The members of the Order espouse an esoteric concept known as the Three Principles. Essentially an alchemical doctrine, the Three Principles represent the spiritual triad of Mercury, Sulphur, and Salt. Only the aspect of spiritual salt is manifested in physical form, the deity known as the Alabaster Mother, an aspect of Lot's nameless wife. The symbology of the triad also encompasses the origins of the Order, which was formed from three separate factions, all of whom shared a common goal.

Beginning as an alliance between academics, alchemists, and the knights of the church, the Order has existed since the Dark Ages, a period of history when the Illusion was at its weakest. As the centuries passed, each aspect of the Order began to merge together. In the present day, there are no separate branches within the Order, its members absorbing aspects of each of the original three branches. Members of the order now take the generic title of Hermetist.

Members of the Order have infiltrated a wide range of academic positions where they can influence the course of human history. Apart from Aguilar Sangre, two of its most influential members are Vilenko Karschkov and Lillian Meyers.

VILENKO KARSHKOV

...prior to becoming an officer in the Russian army, Vilenko Karschkov was one of his country's most gifted lawyers. He became Awakened during the horrors of the Holocaust and was quickly inducted into the order. After surviving the war and witnessing the true horrors that lay beyond the guard towers and barbed wire of the Nazi concentration camps, Vilenko became a vocal crusader for justice and restitution.

Late in 1945, as the ashes of the war began to settle, Vilenko Karschkov was named as Russia's representative prosecutor in the Nürnberg War Crimes Trials. It came as no surprise that his fellow prosecutors, representatives from the UK, the USA, and France, were also members of the Order. Through the actions of these four men, not only were the guilty judged and executed for their crimes against humanity, but the Illusion was maintained since the true extent of their acts remained hidden from the eyes of the world. Vilenko continues his role to this day, hunting down and prosecuting Nazi war criminals so that the real truth of the Holocaust is never exposed.

LILLIAN MEYERS

...meyer's Casting and Consultancy is among Hollywood's most successful agencies. Not only does it provide casting services for Hollywood's most ambitious movie projects, it also provides Tinsel Town with a sophisticated research facility unmatched by other agencies.

When movies began to portray truth over a good storyline, Lillian Meyers seemed to be in the right place at the right time. A Harvard trained historian, Lillian gathered together a small group of fellow academics and set up business in Hollywood. Through her agency, she provides movie studios with researchers to authenticate the historical accuracy of their current projects.

Substituting one lie for another, Lillian Meyers has managed to manipulate historical accuracy through the medium of film. In projects such as Schindler's List and Joan of Arc, movie producers came very close to breaking through the illusion and Awakening mankind. By giving the world a second lie more horrific than the first, Meyer's has managed to fulfill her Order's charter of misinformation and ignorance.

While the Order tends to move through subtle manipulations, there are times when more direct methods are necessary. When the puppets no longer dance at the pull of the strings, the Order has no qualms about more direct and bloody methods of maintaining the silence of ignorance.

Tears,
Such As Angels Weep,
Burst Forth.

John MILTON

Appendix B The Hermetist and Alchemical Magic

...alchemy is the bridge between magic and science and has its roots in the distant past. Seen by many as only the magic of transmutation, alchemy is, in reality, the ability to manipulate natural science. Though much of its origin is accredited to the ancient Egyptian magician, Hermes Trismegistius, whence the title hermetist is derived, the true elements of alchemy lie in the discoveries and wisdom of Solomon.

Rather than rely upon spells which cause unnatural events and occurrences, alchemy requires the creation of a tangible object, be it a salve, potion, or talisman. This is achieved through complex formulae which manipulate natural science. Essential to each of these formulae is the inscribing of an intricate sigil onto the completed object. These sigils, sometimes referred to as the Keys of Solomon, are intricate equations which combine occult writings with mathematical concepts far beyond the understanding of normal humans. Originally discovered in the grimoire known as *the Lemegeton*, all but a handful of Solomon's seventy-two equations have been understood, solved, and their secrets revealed.

B

THE HERMETIST
ARCHTYPE

»We do not dabble in hocus-pocus. We use the forces of nature and the exactness of science to achieve our ends. All things can be understood and achieved given time and research. We are seekers, striving to unlock the mysteries of the world and tame mankind's most ferocious beast, the elements themselves.«

...early in life, you began to seek knowledge and reason. After studying a multitude of scientific theories, you came to the conclusion that there was much that logic and science could not explain. Obsessed with the desire to unlock those mysteries and make them conform to the exactness of science, you began your own research. Late nights in secret laboratories and forbidden experimentation were merely the start of your introduction into the world of alchemy. Natural remedies and archaic equations began to merge together with chemical formulae to create a new branch of science where the impossible became possible. Not only had you discovered the bridge between science and the occult, you had crossed over into the world of darkness and magic.

A hermetist need not begin life as a research scientist, nor need they be obsessed with a particular base of knowledge. Many village herbalists and university mathematicians have discovered the connections between science and the occult that form the branch of magic known as alchemy.

In addition to the advantage of Magic Intuition, the hermetist needs to have Mathematical Talent in order to unravel the esoteric equations represented as magical sigils in alchemical lore. It is also advisable for hermetists to develop their own personal sigils which are in keeping with the tone of the Solomon sigils.

(Personality/: You are a seeker, looking for ways to bridge the gap between magic and science. There must be ways to make the unknown conform with the laws of natural science; all you have to do is discover them.

(Advantages/: Artistic talent, Code of honor, Enhanced awareness, Gift for languages, Magical intuition, Mathematical talent, Sixth sense.

(Disadvantages/: Curse, Egotist, Fanaticism, Intolerance, Mania, Persecuted, Unwilling medium.

(Dark Secrets/: Forbidden knowledge, Occult experience, Responsible for medical experiments, Supernatural experience.

(Profession/: Scientist, lecturer, healer, student.

(Living Standard/: 5-7

(Skills/: Cryptography, First aid, Herbalism, Medicine, Natural sciences, Numerology, Occultism, Parapsychology, Archaic languages, Poisons.

THE SIGILS

...only eight of the seventy-two sigils written down by Solomon have been translated and solved. Each of the sigils is named and certain rituals must be followed during inscribing. These rituals are in addition to the methodology followed during the creation of each formulae. In addition to their name, the sigils have been given a title describing the complex mathematical equation which they represent.

By inscribing a sigil quickly from memory, a hermetist may empower a person or object with temporary abilities without undergoing the longer process of creating a formulae. This quick rendering of a sigil can only be accomplished once per day however.

ZAGAN
THE EQUATION OF TRANSMUTATION

...though this was the first sigil to display magical properties, the remaining secrets of this equation have only been partially unlocked. When it was first inscribed upon a cup, it turned water into wine. Apart from this, it has led to no other discoveries, though many hermetists believe it is the sigil which must be used to transmute base metals into gold. The sigil of Zagan has been adopted by the Hermetic Order of the Pallid Veil as its symbol.

MARCHIOSIAS
THE EQUATION OF TUTELARY

...in ancient times, Marchiosias was represented as a fire-breathing wolf. Whenever this sigil is inscribed, the hermetist must howl towards the moon three times. A quick rendering of this sigil upon a person or object grants them temporary protection, halving all damage inflicted upon them for a number of combat rounds equal to the hermetist's Lore rating.

OSE
THE EQUATION OF PERCEPTION

...the inscribing of Ose's sigil can often bring madness. To protect themselves against this occurrence, hermetists must repeat their name backwards over and over again while inscribing the sigil. A quick rendering of the sigil grants the hermetist the ability to see through illusions or detect lies for a number of rounds equal to his Lore rating.

PAIMON
THE EQUATION OF DOMINATION

...while inscribing Paimon's sigil, the hermetist's hearing becomes highly sensitive. To ensure that he does not become deaf, the hermetist must inscribe the sigil in complete silence as any noise is liable to harm him. By inscribing the sigil onto an object belonging to another person and successfully making an EGO roll higher than the person he is trying to affect, the hermetist can control the actions of that person for a number of rounds equal to his Lore rating.

AINI
THE EQUATION OF DIVINATION

...there are no special requirements for the inscribing of this sigil. When inscribed quickly, it gives the hermetist an intuitive feeling about events soon to unfold around him for a number of minutes equal to his Lore rating. These are only vague feelings, however, and do not bestow exact knowledge.

HAGENTI
THE EQUATION OF MELDING

...the Equation of Melding is used whenever the hermetist wishes to combine two or more elements together to create a new element or effect. The science of melding and its related effects are very close to the science of transmutation. It is believed that when the secrets of this equation are fully unlocked, a better understanding of the Zagan sigil will soon follow. Whenever this sigil is inscribed during the creation of a formulae, the hermetist must first prepare the area to be inscribed upon by cleansing it with mercury, sulphur, and salt. Failure to do so results in the sigil fading moments after it is inscribed. A quick rendition of the sigil causes the area upon which it is inscribed to transmute to a substance roughly its opposite in texture and strength for a number of minutes equal to the Lore rating of the hermetist. The area effected by this is only one square foot with the sigil being the center of the area.

ASMODAY
THE EQUATION OF OBSCURITY

...asmoday's sigil must be inscribed in darkness and the hermetist must have his head covered during its rendering. A quick rendition of the sigil allows the hermetist to pass unnoticed before the eyes of humans for a number of minutes equal to his Lore rating. This ability does not affect animals however.

DANTALION
THE EQUATION OF ENTRAPMENT

...arguably the most powerful of the sigils, the Equation of Entrapment can only be written in the hermetist's own blood. If the sigil is not written accurately, the inscriber is entrapped instead of the intended victim. Each time the sigil is inscribed, the hermetist must roll his PER against the STR of the victim. Failure indicates that the sigil is written incorrectly and the hermetist is caught in his own prison. Inscribing the sigil quickly allows the hermetist to hold in thrall one victim for a number of minutes equal to his Lore rating. As with the creation of the formulae, this also requires a PER vs STR roll for success.

THE FORMULAE

...alchemical formulae are written in much the same way as other KULT spells. The format for formulae is as follows:

(Description/: Tells what the created object is and what it can do.

(Lore Rating (LR)/: The lowest Lore rating possible to attempt the formulae.

(Endurance Cost/: The number of Endurance points lost when undertaking the formulae, modified by your skill score for the formulae.

(Base Elements/: The ingredients needed to create the formulae.

(Magic Implements/: Special objects needed.

(Sigil/: The Equation to be inscribed upon the completed formulae.

(Evocation/: Words spoken during the creation of the formulae and how long they are spoken. Evocations occur rarely in alchemical magic.

(Methodology/: The steps required in making the formulae.

(Duration/: How long the formulae works.

(Creation Time/: How long it takes to make the formulae.

FORMULAES

NAME	LORE RATING
Talisman Of Warding	5
Tears Of Anabiosis	7
Quark Salver Oil	10
Blood Of Portent	14
Balefire Ash	18
Hybrid Salve	23
Tallow Shard	29
Die Krall	0

TALISMAN OF WARDING

...the hermetist creates a circular talisman bearing his own personal sigil and that of Marchosias, the Equation of Tutelary. The talisman protects the hermetist against attacks by alchemical creations and alchemical magicks by halving the effect they would have upon him.

(LR/: 5

(Endurance Cost/: 20

(Base Elements/: Unforged iron and five drops of the hermetist's blood.

(Magical Implements/: Hammer and anvil, both inscribed with the sigil of Marchosias. Scribing rod.

(Sigil/: Marchosias and the hermetist's personal sigil.

(Evocation/: With each blow of the hammer as the medallion is formed, the phrase »Marchosias shield me,« is uttered aloud.

(Methodology/: Using traditional blacksmithing skills, the hermetist forges his own medallion, cooling it in water containing five drops of his own blood. Once the medallion is formed, the appropriate sigils are inscribed upon it.

(Duration/: Permanent

(Creation Time/: No less than three days.

THE TEARS OF ANABIOSIS

...this formulae enables the hermetist to form tears which can function in the same way as the following spells:

THE TEARS OF ANABIOSIS

SPELL	TEAR	ADDED ELEMENT
Unshroud Illusion	Clear	Mirror Shards
See Through Time And Space	Pearly White	Milk
See Through Dreams	Blue	Sand
See Through Death	Black	Ashes
See Through Passion	Red	Blood

(LR/: 7

(Endurance Cost/: 30

(Base Element/: Frozen teardrops, crushed eyebright herb.

(Magical Implements/: Clay bowl and pestle.

(Sigil/: Ose

(Evocation/: None required.

(Methodology/: Over a slow fire, melt the frozen teardrops, grinding in the crushed eyebright leaves as the tears melt. Ensure that the clay pot is inscribed with the appropriate sigil. Add the necessary special element during this process as well. Place three drops of the formulae in each eye.

(Duration/: 10 minutes

(Creation Time/: One hour

QUARK SALVER OIL

...words written upon paper soaked in this oil are believed wholly and utterly by those to whom they are addressed. It does not matter how far-fetched the words upon the paper are; they will be the indisputable truth as far as the recipient is concerned.

(LR/: 10

(Endurance Cost/: 40

(Base Elements/: Mercury, rose oil, high-grade paper (preferably hand made).

(Magical Implements/: Quill

(Sigil/: Paimon

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(Evocation/: None required.

(Methodology/: After soaking the paper in the mixture of mercury and rose oil for two days, a watermark depicting the appropriate sigil is placed onto the paper. Once the paper is dry, it is ready for use.

(Duration/: The ink upon the parchment fades after 10 days. The effects of reading the written words last for a week.

(Creation Time/: Three days

BLOOD OF PORTENT

...this formulae allows the hermetist to discover the deepest secrets and intentions of a person or creature. The hermetist must have at least ten drops of blood from the person or creature for the formulae to work.

(LR/: 14

(Endurance Cost/: 45

(Base Elements/: Blood, black candle wax.

(Magical Implements/: Silver chalice

(Sigil/: Aini

(Evocation/: The name of the person/creature to be learned about is chanted over and over again.

(Methodology/: The name of the creature/person who the hermetist seeks knowledge about is inscribed upon a lump of black candle wax which is slowly melted over the top of the chalice containing drops of the creature/person's blood. The chalice is inscribed with the appropriate sigil.

Once the wax has melted, scenes begin to form within the chalice that tell of the creature/person's innermost secrets and desires. The depicted scenes are quite detailed and often extremely graphic and descriptive. (NB: A form of this formulae affects the Judas Grail and the remains of Aguilar Sangre.)

(Duration/: 30 minutes

(Creation Time/: 45 minutes

BALEFIRE ASH

...balefire ash ignites upon contact with flesh, only burning away the top layers of skin and exposing the victim's muscle and skeletal structure. The ash also enables the unfortunate victim to live for up to six months in this hideous state.

(LR/: 18

(Endurance Cost/: 60

(Base Elements/: Human ashes, royal jelly, mercury, and sulphur.

(Magical Implements/: Iron cauldron

(Sigil/: Marchosias

(Evocation/: A chant, not unlike that of the witches in MacBeth, is repeated over and over again. The chant contains descriptions of writhing, burning bodies. The hermetist rocks back and forth during the chanting.

(Methodology/: All of the elements are brought to a slow boil in a cauldron inscribed with the appropriate sigil. Upon completion of the formulae, a small quantity of pale paste is formed. This can be applied to any surface and ignited when it comes in contact with skin.

(Duration/: –

(Creation Time/: Nine hours

HYBRID SALVE

...hybrid salve is a form of glue used to bind together living tissue. Originally intended to restore severed limbs, experimentation has revealed that limbs and appendages of separate species can be joined together using Hybrid salve.

These experiments have only proven successful when combining no more than three separate species; beyond that, the creatures die. There are rumors of a menagerie run by followers of Malkuth that specialize in the application and uses of Hybrid salve.

(LR/: 23

(Endurance Cost/: 75

(Base Elements/: Tree sap, salt, chalk, and chamomile leaves.

(Magical Implements/: Bowl and pestle.

(Sigil/: Hagenti

(Evocation/: The names of the creatures being bound together are chanted one after another, over and over. The chanting becomes faster and more frenzied as the names merge into one. This name is then repeated until the formulae is completed.

(Methodology/: The base elements are ground together in a pestle inscribed with the sigil of Hagenti. Once the paste is formed, it is applied to the severed areas of both body parts. They are then joined together. The salve knits bones, nerve, and flesh without scarring.

(Duration/: –

(Creation Time/: 36 hours of continual grinding are required for the salve to function.

TALLOW SHARD

...this thick coating of silvery fat bends light away from the wearer making them almost invisible. Creatures that use senses other than sight are not affected by the fatty substance. Neither are those with Magical Intuition, as they can perceive Kirlian Auras.

(LR/: 29

(Endurance Cost/: 85

(Base Elements/: Ground mirror shards, chameleon animal fat, and quicksilver.

(Magical Implements/: Iron cauldron

(Sigil/: Asmoday

(Evocation/: None required.

(Methodology/: The elements are combined in a cauldron and mixed together until they form a thick mass of silvery fat. After cooling, the fat is applied to the entire body. Upon each separate limb, the sigil of Hagenti is etched into the coating of fat.

(Duration/: 7 hours

(Creation Time/: 16 hours

DIE KRALL

...this formulae creates an invisible ink that transmutes even the simplest non-organic object into a prison for the soul. Many objects perceived as being possessed are, in reality, Die Krall created by the Order of the Pallid Veil.

(LR/: 40

(Endurance Cost/: 150

(Base Elements/: Object to be used as prison, blood and hair of person/creature to be imprisoned, iron shards, and quicksilver.

(Magical Implements/: Chalice

(Sigil/: Dantalion

(Methodology/: The iron shards, quicksilver, and blood are mixed together in a chalice engraved with the sigil of Dantalion. Initially forming a black, ink-like liquid, the mixture is left to stand for twenty-four hours as it slowly becomes clear. Using the hair of the creature or person to be imprisoned as a quill, their name is inscribed upon the object to be used as their prison. The success of imprisoning the intended creature/person is determined by the hermetist making a EGO roll with higher effect than the intended prisoner.

(Duration/: Special - Often ritualistic requirements are needed to free those imprisoned within inorganic objects. While an exorcism is usually successful, other, more elaborate measures may be needed.

(Creation Time/: 72 hours

HOMUNCULI AND GOLEMS

...these two forms of false men were created by the Order as protectors and enforcers. The creation of both is a feat which only the most gifted and dedicated of hermetists can perform. The number of homunculi in existence number about four hundred, whereas there are only a dozen or so of the powerful Golems currently animated. The creation of a Golem is a complex task requiring a great deal of personal sacrifice. As a result, only the most powerful and influential members of the Order have access to a Golem.

To make a Homunculi, the hermetist must gather together the essential salts of a recently dead creature and mix them with several drops of his own blood and semen. This mixture is then shut in a glass vial etched with the sigil of Hagenti, the Equation of Creation. The mixture is then left to incubate in horse dung for a period of forty days. At the end of that time, something resembling a foetus, but transparent and without definite body is found. Fed on a paste made up of blood, breast milk, salt, and sulphur for a further forty weeks, the creature assumes adult proportions.

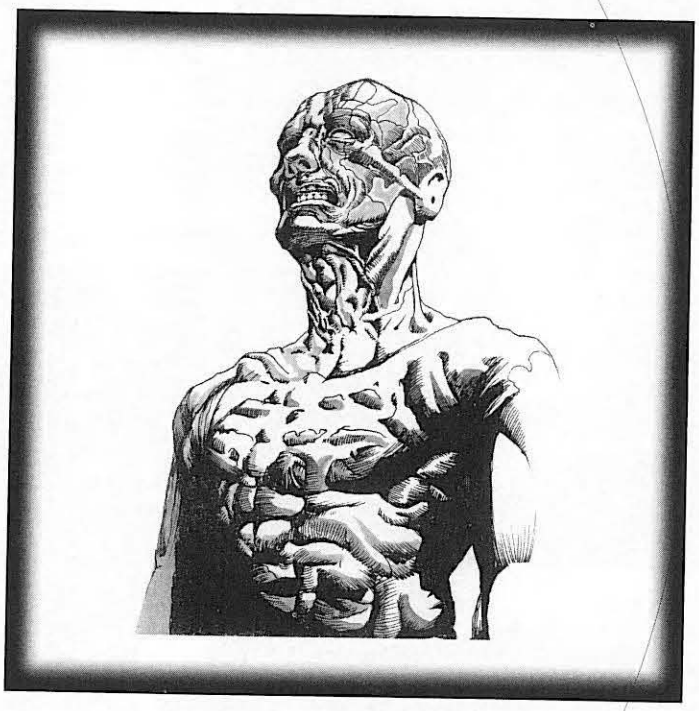
Though weak, homunculi are exceptionally resilient and feel no pain, allowing them to continue battling well beyond the limits of human endurance. They are also totally loyal to their creators.

B

The Knee-Caps!
For Christ's Sake, Jacob!
Aim At The Bloody Knee-Caps!

Ezra MONROE

The creation of a Golem is one of great personal sacrifice, one which many members of the Order balk at performing despite the end result—having a powerful guardian creature. The initial body of the Golem is shaped from pure clay and smoothed with holy water. Once the correct shape has been achieved, a cavity is hollowed out in the center of the Golem's chest. After the cavity is lined with strips of flesh, a still-warm human heart is placed inside. The cavity is then filled with blood before sealing it with clay. The flesh, heart, and blood placed within the Golem signify the aspects of the Three Principles. To prove their dedication to the task, it is essential that the hermetist use the flesh, heart, and blood of a loved one.



Before animation of the Golem is achieved, a piece of parchment soaked in Quark salver Oil is placed beneath the creature's tongue. Inscribed upon the parchment is the hermetist's personal sigil as well as the sigil of Paimon, Equation of Domination.

GOLEM

AGL	6	**EGO**	4
STR	50	**CHA**	2
CON	50	**PER**	AS PER CREATOR
COM	5	**EDU**	0

(Height/: Varies

(Weight/: Varies

(No. Of Actions/: 2

(Movement/: 3 m/combat round

(Iniatiative Bonus/: 0

(Senses/: Can see in darkness.

(Damage Bonus/: +7

(Damage Capacity/:
11 scratches = 1 light wound
10 light wounds = 1 serious wound
9 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

(Powers/: Resistant to poison, Invulnerable to radioactivity, Invulnerable to lead bullets, Regeneration, Infinite endurance.

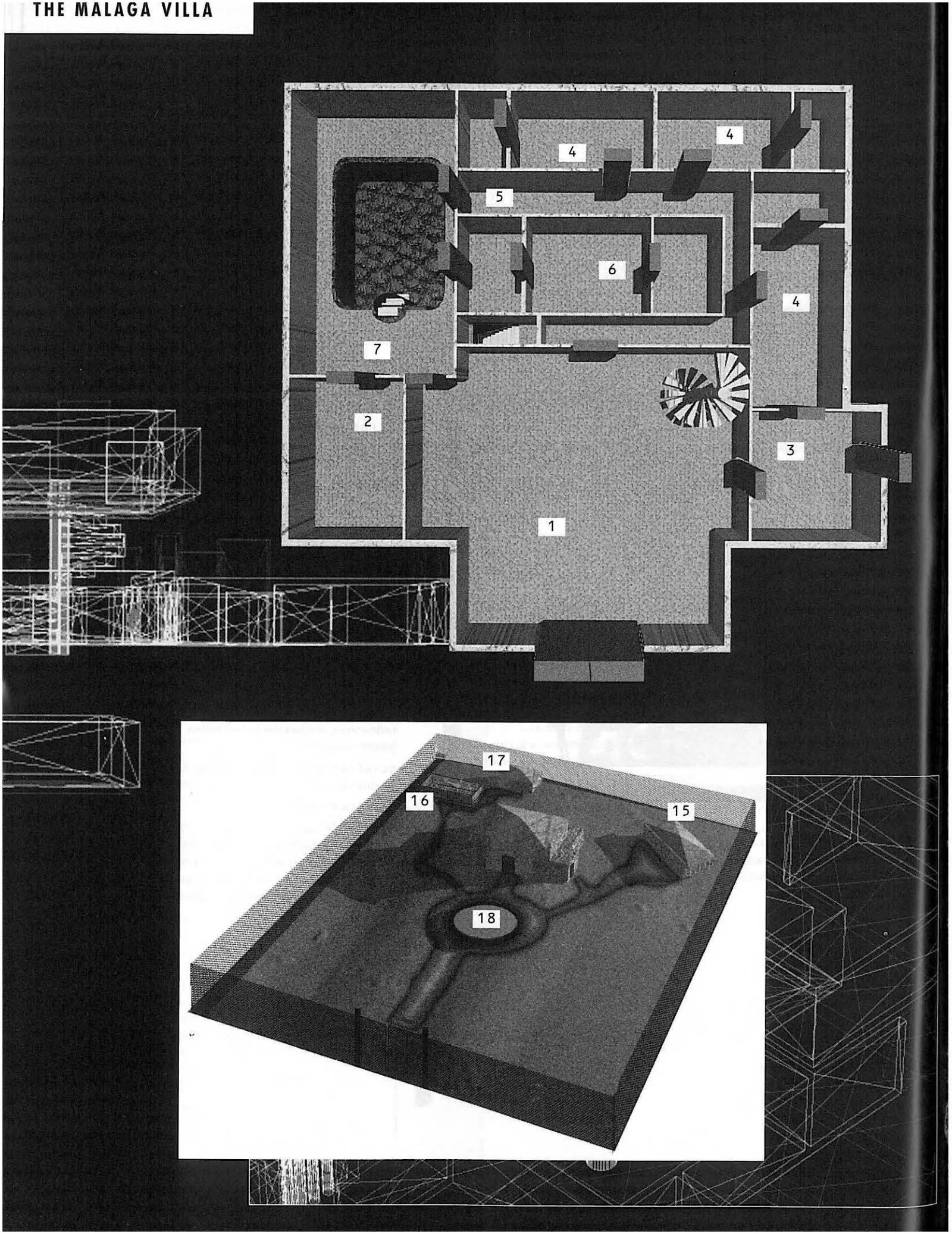
(Limitations/: Symbol bondage, Sensitive to fire, Sensitive to acid.

(Skills/: Unarmed combat 20

(Attack Modes/: 2 Fists (Scr 1-10, Lw 11-20, Sw 21-24, Fw 25+). If both fists inflict serious wounds, the golem's foe is grasped and is pulled into the creature's mud-like form. To avoid suffocating and being engulfed by the creature, the victim must make a successful STR roll.

(Home/: As per creator.

B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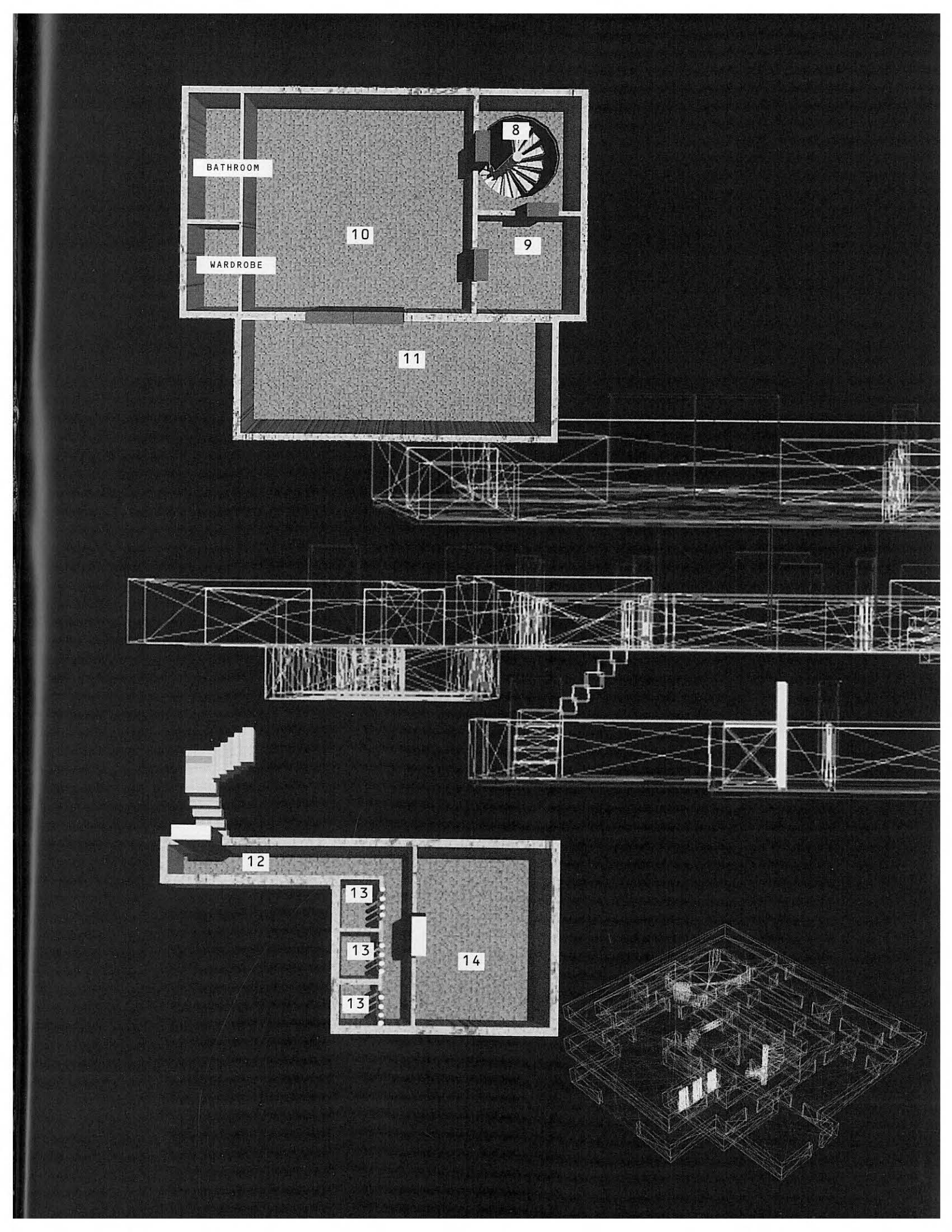
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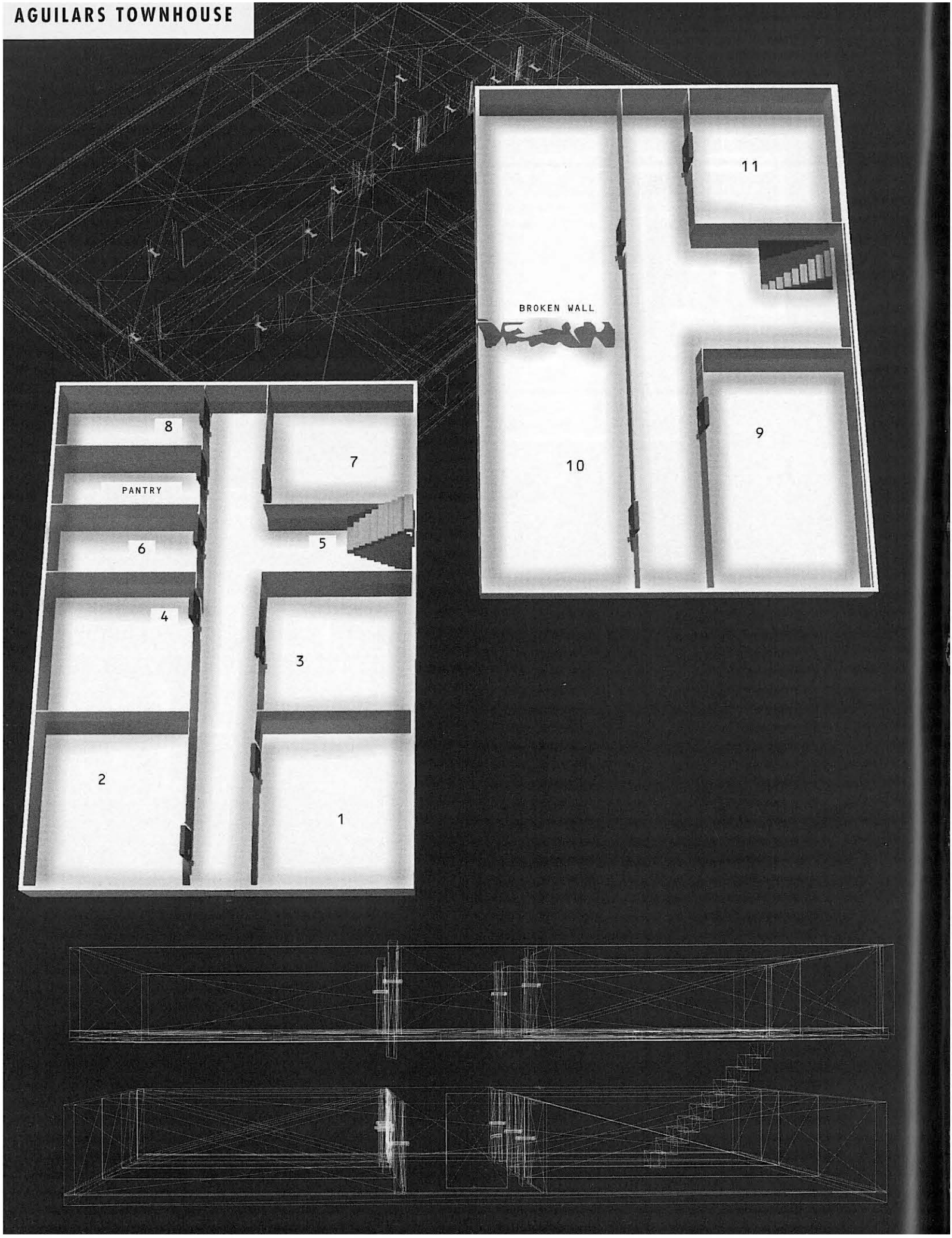

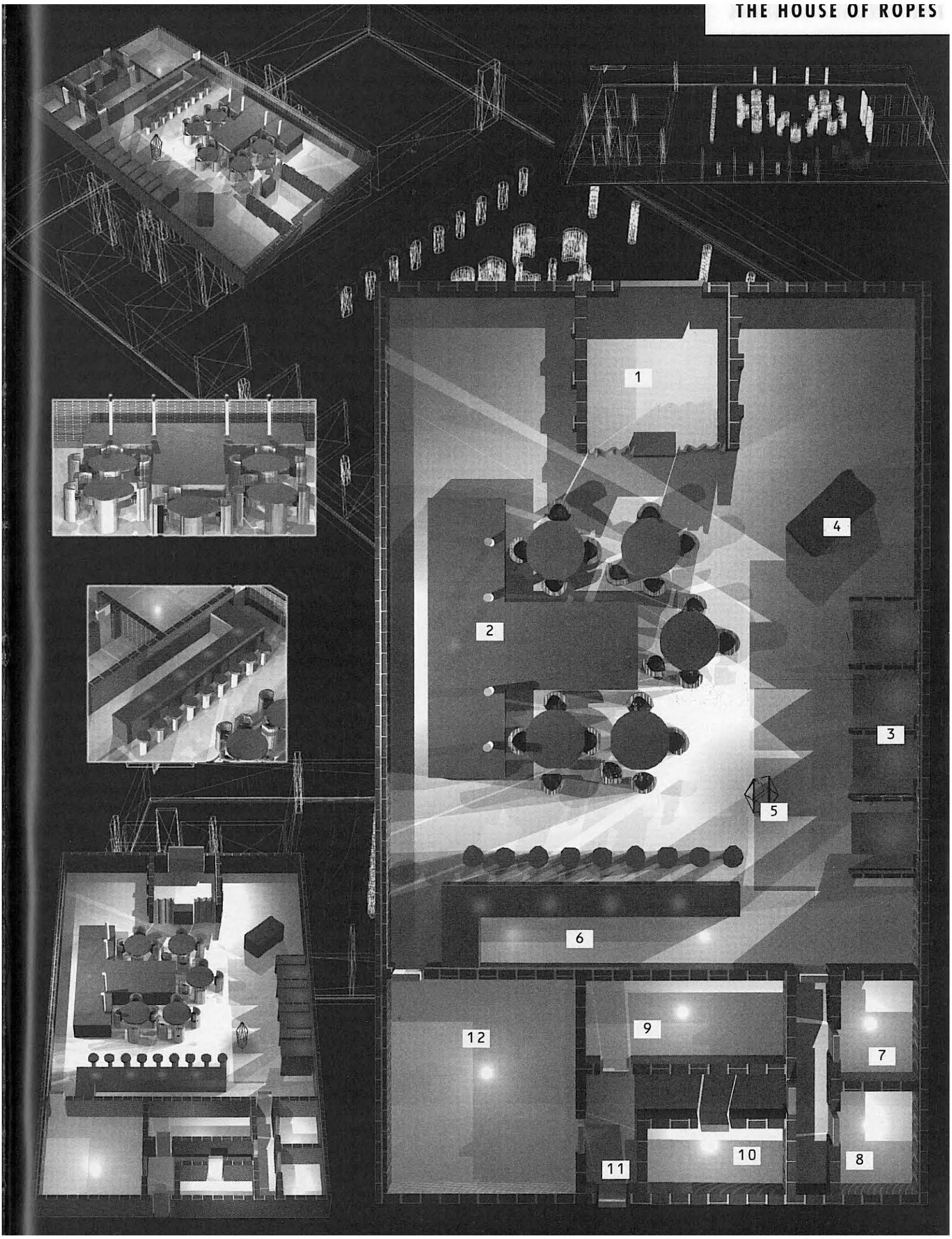
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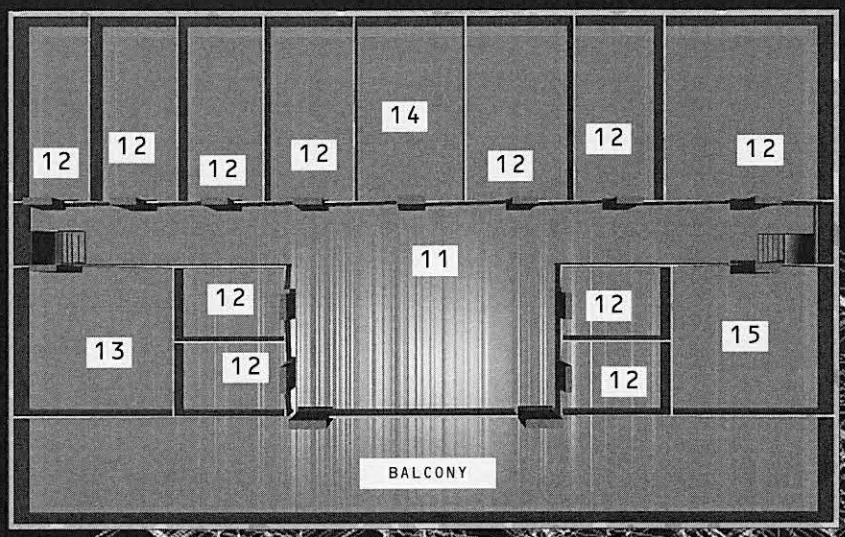
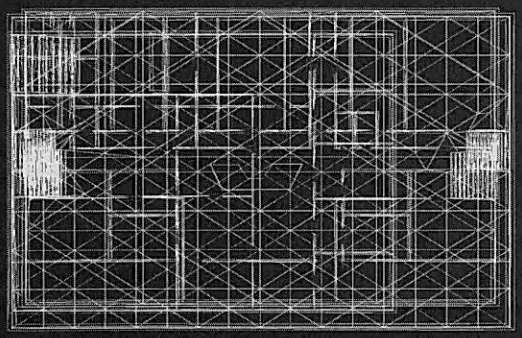
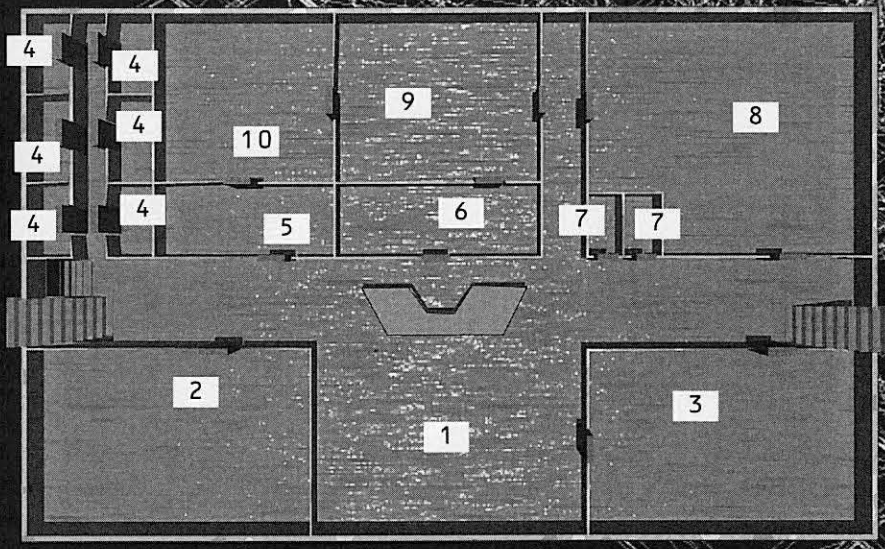
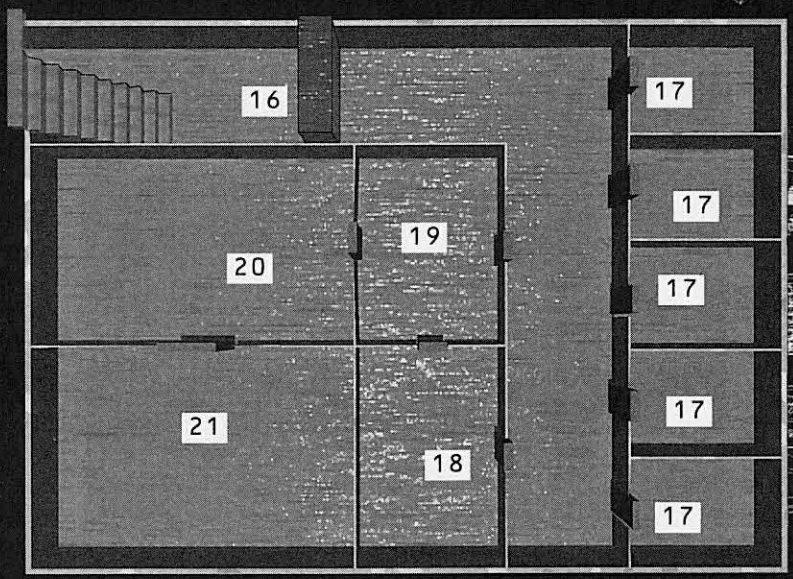
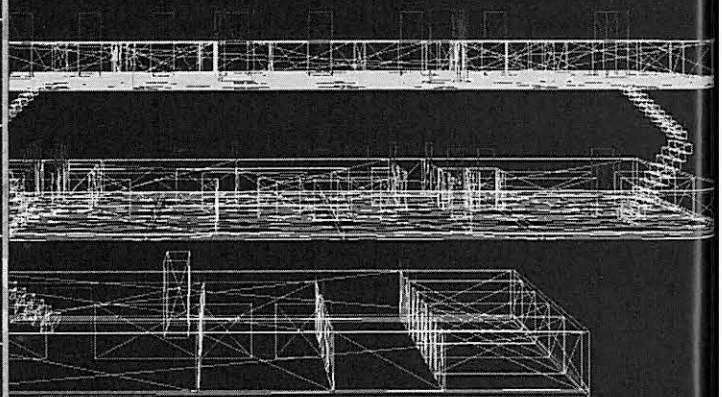
THE DAEDAL INSTITUTE

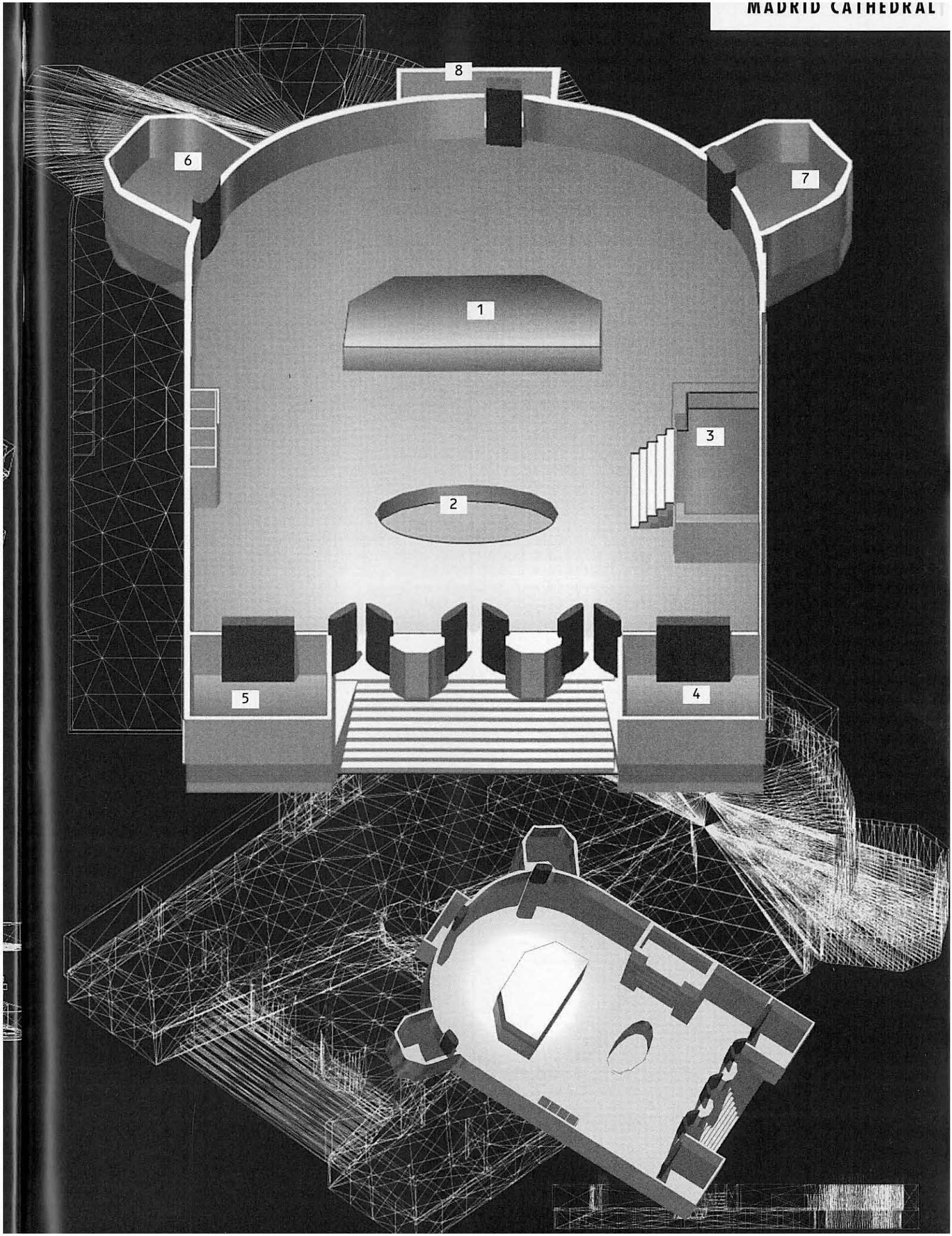








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Playtest Notes

Here are some helpful tips that we discovered during playtesting.

(1): Because of the battle prowess of the Knights Incarnate, your group of PCs needs to be either stronger or larger than usual if they are to survive the final confrontation; every strike from one of the Death Angel envoys is likely to be fatal, so PCs will have precious little time before they are all killed. For game balance, a party of six characters with a base of 150 skill points each should work. Give fewer skill points to each PC in larger groups (e.g., 100 points each for a group of nine PCs), and more points to each PC for smaller groups. It becomes a careful balance for the GM in deciding how many people Gabriella could logically invite to Spain (since she is paying for everything) and how heroic the characters should be (how extraordinary are the types of people Gabriella associates with). For larger groups, it will be necessary to increase the initial amount of money that Becquer sends to Gabriella for traveling expenses.

(2): One of the characters needs to have Net of Contacts: Law enforcement. There are extremely few leads in this game. Without a character connected to a law enforcement agency, there will be too few clues to solve the adventure without railroading the party or giving things away.

(3): One of the characters needs to have Security systems as an ability. All of the really solid clues are hidden behind high-tech security systems. Unless one of the PCs can get around these, the group will miss a lot.

(4): One of the characters should be able to speak and read Spanish. This isn't absolutely necessary, but most of the legal documents, and nearly all the research materials in the National Library and the newspaper archives are in Spanish.

As he walks away, he recalls the face of the reed-thin waif and the anguish that haunts her young eyes.

NO.

Not young eyes he corrects himself-old eyes.
Blank, empty eyes aged beyond their years. Eyes that have seen more than most. Eyes that have witnessed a hundred sorrows and endured the misery of a dozen lifetimes.

EYES THAT HAVE BEEN AWAKENED TO THE TRUTH.

The Stranger stops and turns.
He scans the shadows for signs of the waif. Finding her crouched in the narrow lee of a darkened doorway, he retraces his footsteps, the bitter touch of the metal he grasps turning his hand to ice.

»More, Sir?« asks the waif, surprised and somewhat pleased at his return.

»YOU BRING ME MORE?«

The Stranger smiles and nods his head. The white knuckled hand emerges from the deep pocket and reaches out towards her.

THE SILENCE OF THE ALLEY IS BROKEN BY A FLUTTERING OF WHITE WINGS
AND THE FINAL SIGH OF LOST INNOCENCE.

As he re-emerges onto the frantic, neon-lit streets of the blinded city, the Stranger remembers the words of a wise woman many years dead. Children notice things that adults miss, she had told him. They can see, but are rarely heard.

SHE WAS RIGHT ON BOTH ACCOUNTS.

The Judas Grail

is a series of linked adventures that carry the characters from Madrid, to Metropolis, and finally to the Abyss in an attempt to recover their broken existence.

A powerful envoy of Malkuth is plotting the Awakening of Spain. Tapping into the True History of Arthurian Legend and gathering the lost followers of Chokmah, she binds a host of reluctant allies to her purpose. One thing remains to bring her plans into action—recovering an ancient relic whose subtle powers have affected history throughout the centuries.

Mere pawns caught in an Illusion-shattering conflict, the characters must lose everything, and find it again, before they can return to the World of Lies and redress the betrayal they have caused.

Warning:
For Mature Players Only

TARGET GAMES

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