

Unknown Armies

Post-Modern Britain

By Phil Brennán

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Cosmic Wheels Dispatch

“We deliver anything, anywhere, any time.”

Company location: Christchurch Road, Boscombe, Bournemouth, Dorset.



Company Owner: Deborah Pike [GMC]

Radio Operator: Elissa Carey [GMC]

Mechanic: Jeb Pike [GMC]

Dispatch Riders: John Crane [GMC], Ivan Miller [GMC], and Player Characters.

Company History

*"That's why I'm stumbling down the highway on my boots of steel,
I should be rollin' down the sky way on my cosmic wheels..."*
- Donovan.

Cosmic Wheels Dispatch was formed through monies earned by Deborah Pike in the Autumn of 1970. It started with just her and a couple of her hippie friends who happened to also ride motorcycles. For the first ten years they struggled as a company, having a mere five staff and no in house mechanic.

In 1979 Deborah fell pregnant, and for several years she restricted herself to desk duties until 1985, when her son, Jeb, started Primary

School. She was 36 at the time of Jeb's birth, and despite being in full health, she decided that it was best if she took it easy while she was carrying him. Jeb is a Gemini [May 21st], and is now a strapping lad of 23 and a fully qualified motorcycle mechanic.

There are two older dispatch riders and a secretary/radio operative who have been with Cosmic Wheels Dispatch for a long time. The other dispatch riders will be the game PCs.

Deborah Pike

DOB: 03 October 1944

Star Sign: Libra.

Age: 59

Body: 50

Speed: 65

Mind: 70

Soul: 55

Body Skills: General Athletics 30%, Struggle 30%, Drinking 30%.

Speed Skills: Dodge 30%, Driving 40%, Initiative 43%, Multitasking 45%.

Mind Skills: Gen. Education 25%, Sharp Eyes 30%, Conceal 30%, Repair 40%.

Soul Skills: Charm 30%, Tell Fibs 30%, Aura Sight 35% Avatar: The Messenger 55%.

Fear Passion: Letting Others Down [Self].

Rage Passion: Back-chat.

Noble Passion: One For All.

Archetype: The Messenger.

Taboos: She has to acknowledge the truth when confronted with it.

Multitasking: [doing two things at once] This skill is an important skill as through being able to juggle several balls at once she is able to co-ordinate deliveries effectively, which is how she fulfills her archetype [remember messengers traditionally delivered their messages in written form and also were used as couriers].

It was after meeting Mr Craven of Mathmos Ltd. in 1964 that she got tuned into the occult underground. He mentored her in the basics of surviving the Occult Underground and showed her that there were ways of gaining power without killing yourself over it. It was only natural that under his tutelage Deborah would later become an Avatar of the Messenger.

She spent the rest of the Sixties riding around on her Triumph motorcycle doing special deliveries to various occult sites. Often she would do a delivery of mistletoe to the druids that resided near to Stonehenge in late May, or pick up some mystery parcel in Angel Islington and deliver it to a stuffy professor in Cambridge. She made some money out of this, as well as meeting a large number of the savants and fools of the Occult Underground.

In 1970 she settled back in Bournemouth and started Cosmic Wheels Dispatch - a motorcycle dispatch company named after the lyrics of a Donovan song.

Motivations:

Deborah is trying to get a message out – not a hippie “Peace and Love” one, but something that will hit the psyche of Bournemouth. Bournemouth is a large town of contrasts – it has rich areas and poor areas, a large community of pensioners and young vibrant students from across the world. Yet there’s something wrong with the town.

It has become staid and insular. The jobs are temporary and people are not spending money. It needs a psychic kick-start.

Deborah wants to give the town this psychic kick-start without waking the tiger up or coming to the attentions of the Sleepers or The New Inquisition.

She also believes that by facilitating

communications between various factions of the Occult Underground she can start the kick-start off without upsetting the locals or the Sleepers and TNI. Mundane deliveries are also vital to her plans – the arteries of the town must be unblocked, and that includes communications.

Her allies include Mak Attax, various adepts and avatars, and a large proportion of the Occult Mainstream (who are all ignorant of her abilities but think that she has a good thing going for her).

Her enemies are primarily the Sleepers and The New Inquisition, although there is also opposition of sorts within the town council. This is due to the fact that people do not like change. Bournemouth is a Tory [Conservative Party] stronghold. The status quo must be maintained, even at the cost of all else.

Elissa Carey

DOB: 07 March 1960

Star Sign: Capricorn.

Age: 44.

Body: 45

Speed: 45

Mind: 65

Soul: 65

Body Skills: General Athletics 25%, Struggle 25%, Hold Booze 25%

Speed Skills: Dodge 30%, Drive 30%, Initiative 53%

Mind Skills: General Education 25%, Notice 25%, Conceal 25%, Authority 35%

Soul Skills: Charm 25%, Lying 25%, Seduction 45%

Obsession: Pleasure

Fear Passion: Old Age [Self]

Rage Passion: Sexism [both ways]

Noble Passion: Erotic Love

Elissa Carey joined Cosmic Wheels Dispatch in 1979 as a radio operator at the age of nineteen. Her school career previously was ok. She left school at eighteen with two A-Levels and half a dozen C.S.E. Grades.

It wasn't quite enough to get into university with, but it was enough to get a reasonable office job with prospects of promotion.

When she instead joined Cosmic Wheels Dispatch she had found her niche, while her parents despaired at her choice of career – that is, until Deborah Pike paid them a cordial visit and proved to them that motorcycle dispatch wasn't entirely a man's world.

Jeb Pike

DOB: 21 May 1980

Star Sign: Gemini

Age: 23

Body: 45

Speed: 60

Mind: 65

Soul: 50

Body Skills: General Athletics 25%, Struggle 25%, Work Without Rest 30%

Speed Skills: Dodge 25%, Drive 25%, Initiative 50%

Mind Skills: General Education 25%, Notice 25%, Conceal 20%, Motorcycle Repair 50%

Soul Skills: Charm 25%, Lying 25%, Aura Sight 30%

Obsession: Identity

Fear Passion: Abandonment [Helplessness]

Rage Passion: Errant Fathers

Noble Passion: Father the Fatherless

No one seems to know who his father is, not even his mother [it was just before AIDS and the end of Deborah's "Free Love" days], and Jeb

doesn't pay it much mind. At this present moment in time Jeb has no desire to trace his father, although Deborah would be supportive if he ever decided to do so.

Jeb knows something of Deborah's connection to the Occult Underground due to the strange goings on at the company, and for the purposes of being a GMC, he is considered to be a street level member of the Occult Underground.

He works at Cosmic Wheels Dispatch as their in house mechanic and an occasional dispatch rider. He looks up to Ivan and John as mentors and as 'positive male role models', and is often found hanging out with them during quiet periods at work. Neither of these men are his biological father, as the dispatch rider who got his mother pregnant is long gone.

John Crane

DOB: 04 May 1950

Star Sign: Taurus

Age: 53

Body: 50

Speed: 60

Mind: 60

Soul: 50

Body Skills: General Athletics 35%, Struggle 25%, Hold Booze 30%

Speed Skills: Dodge 30%, Drive 40%, Initiative 45%

Mind Skills: General Education 35%, Notice 35%, Conceal 35%

Soul Skills: Charm 45%, Lying 35%

Obsession: The Open Road

Fear Passion: Wrecking his Bike [Violence]

Rage Passion: Enemy Drivers

Noble Passion: Hard Work

John Crane has been with Cosmic Wheels Dispatch since the company started way back in 1970. He joined as a twenty year old youth who loved motorcycles.

Now he is a grizzled old veteran of the motorcycle dispatch trade, and there isn't a lot that can surprise him about the trade or the clients. He has seen riders come and go, and along with Ivan, he is one of the few who have lasted any great length of time.

Ivan Miller

DOB: 18 July 1966

Star Sign: Cancer

Age: 39

Body: 55

Speed: 65

Mind: 45

Soul: 55

Body Skills: General Athletics 45%, Struggle 40%

Speed Skills: Dodge 29%, Drive 34%, Initiative 50%

Mind Skills: General Education 35%, Notice 30%, Conceal 30%

Soul Skills: Charm 25%, Lying 25%, Dancing 40%

Obsession: Clubbing

Fear Passion: Disablement [Helplessness]

Rage Passion: Road Works

Noble Passion: Loyalty

Ivan Miller joined the company in 1984 at the tender age of eighteen, and was immediately taken under John's wing.

He is a quiet but loyal member of the dispatch team, and his knowledge of the local streets is unsurpassed as he was born and raised in Bournemouth. In his spare time he likes to go clubbing, especially in the Villa in Holdenhurst Road on a Friday night.

Various Plot Ideas

The Chess Game

One of the regular deliveries is a chess game between two bachelors who were once friends. Each has half of a particular chess set, with the owner of the set having the original board. Every week one of them would send a letter through Cosmic Wheels Dispatch to the other guy. Inside there is a slip of paper with just a chess move written on. Occasionally, there would also be a lump in one of the letters. This happens when the other guy makes a move that causes the opponents piece to be taken.

The game started because of an argument between the former friends: One of them accused the second of cheating. The second got mad and up-ended the game, and stormed out after grabbing all the black pieces. About a month later, he sent a new chess move to his former "friend." They've been playing ever since, with the condition that whoever loses has to apologise to the other.

Of course the PCs do not know this, and it will take them awhile to figure it all out...

Twisted Dolls

A small group of Pornomancers got together and bought a RealDoll™ that was made to look like how the Naked Goddess looked before her ascension as an Archetype – same hair, same face, same clothes, and same make-up. They share her, so they ship her around using the courier service.

Rumour has it that the RealDoll™ is a ritual component used for when male Pornomancers want to mimic the last recorded acts of the Naked Goddess – the Pornomancers take on the role of the two men in the video tape with the RealDoll™ in the same position as the Naked Goddess was when she Ascended. No one outside of the group of Pornomancers have witnessed this ritual yet [which is possibly a Good Thing™]...

The Cosmic Chicken

One of the many minor annoyances you can use is the Cosmic Chicken. Every so often a chicken would try to get itself run over by one of the Player Characters – each time this happens they have to make a Drive check – if they fail this roll they then have to make a Violence check on their madness metre as they run over the chicken and kill it.

The Cosmic Chicken is always the same chicken – a White Leghorn – and might not get run over the first time it tries. This might put the PCs on edge, making the moment before it finally gets run over rather dramatic.

The reason why this Cosmic Chicken is trying to get killed is because it wants to 'Cross Over to the Other Side'.

One of Our Dipsomancers is Missing

Hacking Jones, an old friend of Deborah within the Occult Underground and a Dipsomancer, has gone missing. No one has seen him for days – he is not to be found in his usual haunt of the end cubicle in the Gents' toilets beneath Bournemouth Pier, nor have any of the other Dipsomancers that hang around The Crescent in Boscombe seen him for awhile.

Hacking Jones is also getting rather old, older than what his features would usually reveal. Some might say that his powers have enabled him to live far longer than most of his peers, while more unkind members of the Occult Underground would say that he's probably just well preserved.

If the truth was ever to be known, Hacking Jones would be well over 150 years of age. He cheated death in 1897, and has been cheating it ever since. Rumour has it that the Comte de Saint Germaine keeps him alive simply for company. Others say that he is so well pickled that he can't die.

He is also a direct ancestor of Deborah and Jeb Pike, so there are also familial ties to consider, although the PCs will not know this. Deborah is pulling her hair out over Hacking Jones' disappearance, and has told her dispatch riders to keep an eye out for him.

He has either gone on some job for the Comte de Saint Germaine and not told anyone, or someone or something has kidnapped him. Perhaps even The Freak is involved.

Either way, it is up to the GM to decide what has actually happened to him. If the GM wants to use Hacking Jones' disappearance as a light hearted interlude then he was just wandered off for a bit. If the GM wants to make something more sinister out of it, then The Freak has either kidnapped Hacking Jones or has attempted to bump him off and Hacking Jones is lying low for a bit until the heat dies down.

Avatar: The Rake

Attributes: Some men never settle down, no matter how many partners they have had in the past. No woman is ever the “right one” for them, no matter how much they may profess to love the woman in question. They are forever searching for their one true love but never finding her.

In any case, Rakes go through relationships like most over men go through underwear. They are always dating a new lady in the hope that she would be “the one”, but in reality they know that no woman could ever be all that they could ever desire.

As an Avatar of the Rake, you are always changing partners on a regular basis, hooking up with new women on the rebound from the last failed relationship, or even during the throes of the current relationship - two timing could be seen as your signal to change partners. Sometimes there are long periods of being single, but you are always on the lookout for the next woman to come along who could be “the one”.

Taboos: You must never tie the knot with a woman, or stay with her for longer than a few months. Faithfulness is anathema to Avatars of the Rake, so illicit love affairs and flirtations are the order of the day. Periods of being single are fine, but you must be always looking for your next love affair. Maintaining your own flat while living with a partner is advised just in case you start to become too attached to your current partner.

Symbols: The lipstick on the collar, the mementos of romances [letters, panties, etc.], The Lovers out of the Major Arcana of a Tarot Deck, the Jack of Spades out of a standard deck of cards, and his animal is the rabbit.

Masks: Sir Lancelot (Arthurian)

Suspected Avatars in History: Giacomo Casanova, Don Juan Casanova, Lord Lucan, Hugh Grant, King David, Frank Sinatra, and John F. Kennedy.

Channels:

01-50%: The Rake is able to ascertain what the secret romantic desire is of any single, divorced, or widowed woman at this channel level within his locality [the room, within a few feet, et al] with a successful Avatar: The Rake check. This gives a 10% shift on any seduction checks the Avatar of the Rake makes in order to seduce this woman.

51-70%: At this channel the Rake is able to find out what character traits a given woman desires in a mate and is able to mimic them with a successful Avatar: The Rake check. If the woman in question would like a smooth talking seducer, or if she likes a bit of rough, that is what the Rake will appear to be to her. Obviously, if the woman in question is gay, there is no way he can work around that.

71-90%: Similar to the Flying Woman's ability. Any attempt by a female to restrain the Rake fails on a successful Avatar: The Rake check. Handcuffs or shackles placed by a woman slip off or unlock themselves. Tying him to your bedposts with scarves results in disintegrating wisps of scarf. Any attempts at emotional blackmail to get the Rake to stay where he does not want to be also fails on a successful Avatar check.

91-98%: At this channel the wake will be a testosterone-fuelled sex god to any woman [barring lesbians] that he turns his attentions toward without needing to make an Avatar: The Rake check.

99%: Should the character become the Godwalker of the Rake Archetype, he can create a new channel that is in keeping with the Archetype.

Philomena's Café

Ashley Road, Parkstone

In the basement of Philomena's Café is a shrine to the Naked Goddess, which consists of a mock-up of a film set from one of her many porn movies before her ascension to the Celestial Clergy – it has all the usual paraphernalia found in a porn-movie set, including the “Glory Hole.” It also has full filming studio equipment, as well as a TV and video player [with NTSC playback, natch] for viewing the movies the Naked Goddess made before and during her ascension, as well as those made by Philomena Debar and her friends in the studio-shrine.

The shrine is owned by Philomena Debar, a High Priestess of the Sect of the Naked Goddess – in other words, a Pornomancer. She re-enacts scenes from the Naked Goddess' movies with her followers (with Philomena *always* taking the lead role) in the hope that she too would one day manage to ascend. Of course, she is clueless about what she is aiming to “ascend” to, and the fact that there can only be one Naked Goddess at a time. Also, only Avatars ascend, not Adepts, so she is definitely screaming in the wrong porn movie, so to speak...

Should she ever figure this out, she would probably attempt to find a way of becoming an Avatar of the Naked Goddess, even though this would most definitely drive her mad in the process (third law of Adept Magick comes into play here).

Other Players:

John Smith – Cameraman and orgasm addict. Also has video editing skills.

Dmitri – Actor and well-hung Greek Adonis.

Hugh Erection – Bored black American porn star just past his prime.

Nurse Clit – think Abi Titmuss but far more “graphic”.

Various hangers-on (both sexes).

GM's Material:

Ascending to Godwalker status for Philomena would be even harder to do, should she survive the attempt to become an Avatar of the Naked Goddess. She would have to find a way of unseating the current Naked Goddess in order to ascend in her place. If Philomena succeeds, the former Naked Goddess is thrown down from the Celestial Clergy and enters a special room in the House of Renunciation for “reprogramming”. If she fails, then she ends up in the House of Renunciation herself! There is nothing worse than a puritanical former porn star, whatever happens...

Zara, the Cliomancer

Zara [probably not her real name] was born in 1900 in Armenia to a poor family scratching a living by subsistence farming. She was one of several children born into one of many poor farming families in the region. Zara had a relatively normal childhood up she was 14. Armenia was an annex of the Ottoman Empire during this time, and that year there was a massacre of millions of indigenous Armenians, which was later to be called the forgotten Armenian Genocide of 1914. Her entire family was wiped out, but miraculously, she survived. This much we know from her own insane babbling, no matter how incredulous the tale is [as you will see later].

She fled the country and found herself in Poland by the time she was twenty, and managed to learn Polish, obtain forged identity papers giving her a new name and Polish nationality, and get employed as a nurse in a small regional hospital somewhere just outside of Krakow. For the next nineteen years she had a relatively successful career as a nurse, up until the outbreak of the second world war, when Nazi Germany invaded and occupied Poland.

At this time she was already a member of the Occult Underground, although at this time she was neither an adept or an avatar. Surviving the events of her childhood was the first trigger event leading her to pursue the OU. At this time she was merely a ritualist who had a hunch that there was something more to life than what she could immediately perceive. Ritual Magick was not her natural forte, as it was time consuming, difficult to enact, and there was no guarantee that any pre-post-modernist ritual would still work, if it ever did. It wasn't until much later that she became a Cliomancer.

Somehow she managed to get out of Poland and over to the United Kingdom just before the German army over ran her small town. For the next five years she worked in military hospitals within the UK, only going abroad to mainland Europe after the war when many nurses were needed in the liberated death camps of Germany, Eastern Europe and Poland.

It was within Belsen B that she first discovered that she could obtain charges from historical sites, and from that moment on she became a Cliomancer, or Cobweb Farmer. Cliomancers in general are an idiosyncratic group, as with most other adept schools, with each and every member having a personal revelation of their chosen school that cannot be shared with any other, even with those from the same school. She found that she could harvest magickal charges from sites of genocides and massacres, and no other.

Afterwards she devoted her life to the testimonies of holocaust survivors, the better to reap charges from the people and places involved. One unknown rabbi saw what she was doing, but also saw the humanity and compassion she still managed to show the survivors. He passed on a Major Ritual that was able to supernaturally extend human life, which she made good use of, both for herself, and for those survivors who needed to live extremely long lives in order to track down former Nazis and bring them to justice.

From the 1950s she began travelling all over the world to sites of other, later massacres, including Korea, Vietnam, and Cambodia. The magick that she wielded not only extended her life, but kept her appearance and physiology to that of someone who couldn't be any older than forty.

Barring accident and disease, she was for all intents and purposes now immortal, assuming that she could still obtain enough major charges to re-enact the ritual every three years. This she had little difficulty in doing.

In the eighties and nineties she was last known to be in eastern Europe and then Africa, chasing after major charges in the former Yugoslavia and Rwanda respectively. Recent rumour has it that she is currently in the Darfur region of the Sudan, and those few who have seen her and realised who she was say that she still doesn't look a day over forty, despite being around a hundred and four years of age.

UK Rumours

So what can you find while you're down the Pier at Bournemouth?

Go to the town centre and find one of those little vending machines that sell maps of the town centre for £1. Buy one. Take a ruler marked off with inches, and put the end on the top of the round roof on the end of the pier on the side of the map that has a big map drawn like you was actually flying over the town in a chopper. Make sure the ruler goes due north. Mark off a line going due north from the centre of that round roof for 9 inches, marking off every three inches. The third mark should wind up over a building on Albert Road. The one with the brown roof with a red roof and a blue roof on either side. Now choose one of the other two buildings - red roof blue roof / red pill blue pill, and go and see what is there.

At the beach end of the Pier is a big games arcade. Below it are toilets. Go into the Gents and see if half of it is blocked off with a metal gate. If it is, and if there is a toilet attendant there, ask to see the old man in the end cubicle. You will be taken through those gates by the attendant and led into a private room hidden behind the end cubicle. Here you will meet Hacking Jones, a Dipsomancer who should have died years ago. 1897 to be precise. He will grant you the answers to three questions. Ask wisely, as even though he will tell the truth, the information he chooses to give might not be what you need to hear.

Remember to ask after his daughter before you leave. It's only polite.

At the end of the Pier is a spot right in the middle that is linked with death. If you stand in the middle on a windy day and listen to the wind blowing towards you, you will hear the voices of all who have ever jumped to their deaths there. You will also hear about the next thing that might possibly kill you, and how to avoid it.

Go to Borders and walk upstairs to the in-store Starbucks. There's a slightly plump blonde that works behind the counter there, a former employee of the Golden Arches and a confirmed Mak-Attak bod. Press a £2 coin into her hand as you ask for an Americano coffee and she'll make sure yours has an extra little kick. Oh yes, don't forget to pay separately for the coffee or you won't get the charge.

Go up the hill on Old Christchurch Road towards Boscombe and before you leave the pedestrian area you will find a little occult book store called Enigma. Most of the staff there are in the Occult Underground, even though the stuff they sell is crap. If you want the good stuff befriend them and they might take you downstairs to their personal wares...

Go further up Old Christchurch Road to the Lansdowne, then go straight across to Christchurch Road and head off towards Boscombe. Find the Crescent and buy a 2 litre bottle of Diamond White from the nearest off license before hanging around there drinking. This is where the Dipsomancers tend to hang out, along with some Narcomancers.

Have fun...

The Inn at the End of the Worlds exists, and I know of a portal to it in Bournemouth, England, but it is only open for 13 minutes from 1am on the morning of the 1st of November each year.

If you go to the Gander on the Green on the Lansdowne in Bournemouth and get to know the lady who owns the pub, you might get an invite to a private patrons' lock-in after hours on Samhain's Eve. Everyone who attends the lock-in is involved with the local occult underground in one form or another, from mere street urchins like us to Adepts and Avatars. Last year some Godwalker was there, but don't ask me who or what she was a Godwalker of. I didn't ask as it was impolite, and she didn't say, neither.

Anyways, if you get in on the lock-in, make sure you get to sit right at the back of the pub on that long seat on the back wall, right next to the fire escape. At 1am it will start glowing an eerie green, and that is when you walk through it and into the Inn at the End of the Worlds. No one else can see it but the person who is sitting in that seat when it happens. Only one person can pass through each year, so you had better keep a hold of that seat.

So what is the Inn at the End of the Worlds? It's where people go to wait out the end of this age when something big will happen and everything changes and becomes new. It's the only sure fire way of being there when it goes down and still be alive afterwards. It is rumoured that it is big enough to hold all who are there and then some, like it doesn't obey the laws of the universe, but rather, its metaphysics resembles that of an Escher painting. Some have been there since before the start of this age...

Anyways, I got me an invite to this year's Samhain lock-in, and when the clock strikes one I will be off through that door. You just wait and see - I ain't missing a chance to see the end of the worlds for anything or anyone.

Wanna come? Then get your own invite for next year, and every year after that till you get through that green door.

Ever wondered what caused the Occult Underground Explosion of the 1960's? It was Mathmos and the Lava Lamp...

You know, ever since my mum got a lava lamp, she and dad have been a little less straight-laced and more inclined to accept that I have a different world view to them. They don't automatically try to give rational explanations to my stories, and are more relaxed about my unconventional lifestyle.

She got me one for my birthday, and one for my sister the Christmas before. She has become more laid back herself, and as kids it was her who was always the goody-two-shoes while I was the hell-raiser. I still am, I guess...

As for me, I love my lava lamp. It's a 3' floor-standing one and it takes about two hours to heat up but it's awesome to watch.

So what is this theory I have about lava lamps?

Well, the original lava lamps were done by an English company called Mathmos. It was named after that lava-like stuff from Barbarella, by the way.

Rumour has it that the founder had some major mojo going for him, and that it is perfectly possible that he found a way of putting a charge into all the Lava Lamps he sold. Maybe it was the actual way it's made that gave it the charge? I dunno...

But anyway, the Lava Lamp scheme was a kind of proto-Mak Attak, only what he did actually worked. It caused a massive number of people to become clued into the Occult Underground. First it was bands like the Beatles and the Doors that got them and made them trendy, then every hip teenager got them, and before you knew it, thousands were dropping out and hooking into the Occult Underground.

The lava lamps came before the acid explosion, remember. Don't believe those 'heads when they tell you different – they've something to sell you that you just don't want. You dig?

Anyway, lava lamps are coming back into vogue and Mathmos Ltd are still going. So we're due for another explosion within the Occult Underground.

But you wanna know what's really cool?

There's loads of other companies making lava lamps, as Mathmos no longer have an exclusive patent, and they all seem to have the same power...

You ever wondered how that Punch and Judy show in Weymouth still attracts the kiddies, even in this day and age? Well, here is what I have heard...

The old guy who used to run the show before his son took over was an avatar of the Harlequin, and he used the puppets in much the same way as other avatars of the Harlequin use masks – a puppet is only a mask once removed, after all. When he channelled that Avatar he caught his young audience in a spell where certain things could be discussed without taboos getting in the way.

Many of his young audience later reported fathers for domestic abuse or family friends for molestation to the police, and I guess that was his mission in life – to give kids space to confront whatever is fucked up about their lives at that moment in time, and change it.

Thing is, he got too old to carry on sometime around the mid-eighties, so he passed his mantle over to his eldest son, and now he runs the Punch and Judy show on Weymouth beach in his father's stead. Kinda like Elijah and Elisha, I guess...

The kiddies still go to see the show because they know it is a safe place for them to be, despite the politically correct councillors who want the show shut down for good. Methinks some in Weymouth Council have guilty consciences, and it is only a matter of time before the mighty fall. They invariably do.

Anyway, the same family who run the Punch and Judy shows on Weymouth beach also do those coloured sand carvings there. You know the ones – giant mermaids and ships in storms coloured with poster paints. Yeah, those ones. Anyway, next time you're down that way drop some pound coins in their tin. Anyone who looks after the kiddies like that deserve all the good stuff that can come their way. Karma, man. You dig? Yeah, I thought you did...

18 months ago a horse was sexually molested by an unknown male. The owners found the horse unharmed, but left in the stables was the perpetrators shoes and a bottle of hand lotion. No trace to this day has been found of the suspect.

Strangely enough, a couple of weeks later the mare involved in the assault started showing signs of pregnancy, even though she had never been put with a stallion. Sure enough, over the coming months it was confirmed that she was pregnant and the owners waited with bated breath for whatever it was she was carrying to be born.

After full term the mare gave birth to what the owners thought at first was a pure horse, but as they approached the front end of the foal they found that it had the upper body, arms, and head of a human where it's own head and neck should have been.

The "foal" was perfectly healthy apart from that, and was soon learning to stand on it's own feet.

Naturally, the mare rejected her foal, and the owners had to raise this strange creature up by hand, hidden from the outside world. Only two other people knew of his existence: The senior stable girl and the local vet.

The "Centaur" grew up to be a healthy, erm, centaur, and soon learnt to live with his condition. The thing is, he kept wishfully talking about others of his kind coming back into the world...

The annual Drumcree March of the Orange Order of Northern Ireland is an actual ritual to prevent a Catholic from ever ascending to the English Throne. The ritual hasn't happened for the past three years and it looks as if Camilla Parker Bowles might be made Queen when Prince Charles finally takes the English Throne.

The real Edinburgh Tattoo was a magickal symbol tattooed to the left buttock of every reigning monarch from James the 1st of Scotland to Charles the 2nd. Charles the 2nd was deposed from the English Throne by Parliament and the Hanoverian House [later Windsor] ascended the throne instead. Prince William, the son of Prince Charles and second in line to the English Throne, has a birthmark on his left buttock that looks rather much like the original tattoo. His late mother, Princess Diana, was a Spencer, which is the English line of the Royal House of Stewart, descended from James the 1st.

It is said that should the Ravens ever leave the Tower of London that the Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland would fall. During the Second World War there were no Ravens in the Tower of London. People think we got away with it, but those in the know point to the European Union and say that the United Kingdom is about to fall.

Welsh Nationalism is a tool of a cabal of Druidic Ritualists who believe that being a part of the United Kingdom is damaging to their form of Magick. Most of the UK is Post-Modern in outlook, and therefore, the Post-Modern forms of Magick are most prevalent. Wales is different. It is still a fairly traditional place. Ritual Magick still works relatively well compared to the rest of the Western World. Therefore, the Druidic Ritualists of Wales want to keep this status quo unchanged, and independence from the rest of the UK would help facilitate this.

Everyone knows that there are explosives within the Channel Tunnel to blow it up in an emergency, but the emergency they imagine is not the one that the explosives were planted for. Most believe that they are there to block the Channel Tunnel off in case of invasion from across the channel or in case Islamic Terrorists ever hijack a train and try to drive it into the centre of London packed with explosives. The real reason is that there is something nasty sleeping under ground on the other side of the English Channel, something that is a direct threat to the nation. Should it ever wake up, it would probably use the Channel Tunnel to get into England as it cannot swim. The explosives are there in the Channel Tunnel to prevent this possibility.

The Right Honourable David Blunkett, MP, is channelling the Avatar of the Fool. That is why most of his policies suck.

Prime Minister Tony Blair was channelling the Avatar of the Masterless Man, but all that has gone to pot since the Iraqi invasion and his poodle-like behaviour toward the current American Administration. Some believe he was recently inside one of the rooms of the House of Renunciation for a time. Others just say that he wasn't very good at channelling the Masterless Man in the first place, and now he is aiming to channel the Avatar of the Executioner.

The Freak and Julian Clary are one and the same person. Being a gay TV personality is just his day job.

Ten Downing Street is actually a part of the House of Renunciation. That is why every government in the Twentieth Century were prone to U-Turns.

Sir Cabhán is the Godwalker of the Avatar of the Antisocial Loner.

Recently Wilts & Dorset buses have been fitted with mobile CCTV systems for security. Rumour has it that a Videomancer watches each and every recording taken from the 109 route between Bournemouth and Corfe Mullen. He gets charges from watching the same people doing the same things day after day.

Princess Diana never died in that car crash in Paris. It was a ritual to allow her to ascend to the Statosphere. She was already close in line to becoming Godwalker of the Saintly Woman, but she had to wait until Mother Teresa died, and there was no telling how long that old bird would hang on. So she worked out a ritual whereby she could skip the whole Godwalker bit and get straight to the Celestial Clergy. Meanwhile, the Blessed Virgin Mary was removed from her place in the Celestial Clergy and ended up in the House of Renunciation as there could only ever be one of each Archetype in the Celestial Clergy. Rumour has it that she is now a smack addict working as a hooker in Chatham, Kent.

For some strange reason the Sleepers cannot touch any rogue mages within the confines of central London. No matter how they try to put the big whoop-ass on rogue mages, it always seems to come back at them seven-fold whenever they try their actions there.

It isn't strictly true that Plutomancers cannot use the Euro. Those who became Adepts of this school after the Euro was first floated as an actual currency can use them with no ill effects. This has happened once before, when the British Pound went decimal.

Bob Dylan is actually channelling the Masterless Man and doesn't even realise it. If he did, he probably would ascend...

Those little red thread bangles that followers of the Kabala like Madonna wear do have one use: Astral Parasites cannot latch on to anyone wearing one.

There is a tramp in London who is collecting tears in bottles. He says that since these days God is so rushed off His feet, he was given the franchise by the Archangel Gabriel. No one knows how he gets all those tears into those tiny bottles, or where, in fact, he collects them from, and some are a little afraid to ask...

The Melting Boy/Man [The Cure]

There is a young man of around 19 years of age who looks pale and almost clammy. He lives alone on the furthest room / chalet in the motel. When spoken to he is civil and polite, and his language has many old fashioned terms in it.

If invited to a social gathering he will attend and be a very civil guest - he's an abstainer, so he never gets drunk at parties but

still manages to have a reasonably good time. If the social event ends at a late hour, he will always go home rather than sleep over, no matter how late it is or how cold.

When he gets to his room or chalet he locks the door behind him and stands in the middle of the en suite bathroom floor [tiled] naked, where he promptly melts into a pool of wax until 7am when he reforms.

Then he "wakes up" and gets on with his day as if there was nothing remotely odd about him.

Savants in the know will realise that he is a life-sized voodoo doll who somehow reached sentience, and took over the life of the person he was supposed to represent ritually. Where the original person is or what happened to him no one knows, and some things are best not knowing.

He is not dangerous in the slightest, as he is now a free agent and just wants to live a quiet life.

Romany Lexicon

Abeokuta - (ah-BEH-o-koo-TAH) Literally, “under the rocks”; the name of a city. Also used to indicate the underworld or those things that dwell there.

Abiku – (ah-bee-koo) A ghost or restless spirit, derived from legends about stillborn children who would return repeatedly to plague their parents. Also Mule (MOOH-ley).

Agemo – (ah-GEH-maw) Literally, a chameleon.

Amria – (Ahm-REE-ah) A curse or violent oath.

Angustri – (Angh-GOOS-tree) A ring, often magical in nature.

Arakav tut – Take care; watch out.

Ashen Devlesa – may you remain with God.

Awo – (ah-WO) A secret cult or society, or just a single secret.

Baba – (BAH-ba) Old woman. A term of respect

Bater – (BAH-ter) A term meaning “so be it” used to conclude deals or other arrangements.

BaXt – (bahcht) Good luck.

Beng, o – the Devil.

Bete – (BET-eh) A shape changer, one of the many tribes of beast-people in the world.

Bi kashtesko merel i yag – Without wood the fire would die.

Boshbaro – big fiddle.

Boshengro – Literally, “fellow who plays the fiddle.”

Bostaris – “bastard.”

Bozur – the money-switching game.

Bujo – (BOO-zhoh) An elaborate swindle to gain something, usually money, from a gaje.

Chal – man.

Chao – tea brewed with sugar and served over fruit.

Che chorobia – what vagaries; how odd; how unusual.

Chi – woman.

Czardas – a musical finale; illogical in a musical sense; pure emotion.

Darane swatura – stories told for fun.

Deltumnimos – (del-TOOHM-nee-mos) Literally, “God’s embrace,” a magical potion that expands the abilities of the imbiber’s mind

Devlesa araklam tume – It is with God that we found you.

Devlesa avilan – It is God who brought you.

Dhartime – (DAHR-ti-mey) A Gypsy touched by, or “claimed” by the element of earth.

Diklo – (DEEK-loh) A heavy scarf often weighted and used as a weapon.

Dilo – (DEE-loh) A fool or imbecile.

Dook – (Dook) Abbreviation of Dukkerin; means variously The Luck, the Sight or The Magic.

Draba – (DRAH-bah) Amulets and other items of magical power; properly, medicine or magic.

Drabarni – (drah-BAR-nee - m. *drabarno*; pl. *drabarne*) Gypsy magi skilled at creating draba; one who works with medicine or magic.

Droyboy tune Romale – traditional Romany greeting.

Dukkerin – (DOOK-er-in) The art of fortune telling or the use of the Sight.

Engai – (n-GUY) A sentient chimera, or chimerical beast.

Feri ando payi sitshople le nayuas – It was in the water that one learned to swim.

Gaje – (GAH-zhey) Any non-Gypsy.

Gaje si dilo – The non-Gypsy is a fool.

Giorgio – (JOOR-gee-oh) Another term for a non-Gypsy

Griot – (GREE-oh) A storyteller and oral historian responsible for remembering the lore of a tribe and passing it on to the next generation.

Hay kiro? – And yours?

Ijapa – (ee-jah-PAH) Literally a tortoise; the animal trickster hero of Yoruba legend.

Iku – (ee-koo) Death and darkness.

Ile-Igbo – (ee-lay-EE-GBO) Literally, “a jungle place”; sometimes called a *hounfour* (hon-four).

Ilesha – (ee-LAY-ee-shah) Translates to the House of God; a paradise.

Iroko – (ee-ro-ko) A variety of oak tree.

Jastima – (ZSHAH-tsee-mah) A Gypsy touched by, or “claimed” by the element of water.

Jhanaki – (ZSHAH-NAH-kee) A Gypsy touched by, or “claimed” by the element of air.

Kehinde – (KO-EEN-day) Last born of twins.

Kesali – forest faeries.

Khanamilk – father of groom or bride.

Kris – group of Elders; collected will of the Rom.

Kumpania – (KOOM-pah-ne-yah) A group of Gypsies who live and travel together, often, but not always, an extended family.

Kumpaniyi – (KOOM-pah-ne-ye) Plural of **Kumpania**.

Kurav tu ando mul – I defile your mouth.

Kuyan – (KOO-yahn) A Gypsy touched by, or “claimed” by the element of fire.

Marhime – (MAH-ree-mey) Unclean or impure. Any who have defiled their Blood. The opposite of *wuzho*.

Martiya – the night spirit; the Angel of Death.

Mek len te ham muro kar – Let them eat my penis.

Misto kedast tute – you did well.

Mobile – vehicle; car.

Moshto – The God of Life; He has three sons.

Mulengi dori – dead man’s strings.

Mulengro – (mooh-leen-GROH) A very nasty unclean spirit, dangerous to meet and often fatal. In Romany legend, it is a vengeful spirit who tracks down and kills Rom who have become *Marhime*.

Mule-vi – (MOOH-ley-vee) A medium or an item capable of reaching the world of the dead.

Mulo – (MOOH-lee; f. *muli*; pl. *mule*) A ghost or spirit of a dead Rom. Never used to refer to the spirit of a dead Gaje.

Na may kharunde kai tshi khal tut – Not to scratch where it did not itch.

Nano – uncle.

Natsia (pl. *natsiyi*) – tribe.

Nivasi – water faeries.

Oba – (AW-bah) A ruler or king.

Ojo – (aw-jaw) Daylight and life.

Olokun – (O-LO-koon) Aquatic Faerie.

Olorun – (aw-LAW-roon) The supreme ruler of the sky; roughly equivalent to the Western notion of God.

Opa – (aw-PAH) A staff, the favoured weapon of many Eastern Rom.

Orisha – (o-ree-shah) A god or demigod, often a deified ancestor. Viewed as “patron saints” of their particular realms of control, they are offered prayers and sacrifices in return for their favour. Also *loa* (low-ah).

Orisha-Nla – (o-ree-shah-nLAH) Literally, the “Huge Orisha,” it is another name for Obatala, maker of the earth. It is also used to refer to a number of lesser orishas created from pieces of Obatala’s body, to watch over the elements.

Orisha-Okò (o-ree-shah O-KO) The orisha of agriculture and the hearth. Sometimes shortened to *oko*.

Orunmila – (aw-ROON-mee-lah) Eldest son of Olorun, and the orisha of divination.

Oshosi – (aw-shaw-see) The orisha of hunting.

Paramitsha – (pah-rah-MEESH-tah) Gypsy fairy tales.

Patrin – information symbol.

Patteran – (PAH-tehr-an) An important symbol or other piece of information. Traditionally the signs the Rom leave behind for other Rom that might take the same trail.

Pen – (PEEN; also *pena*) Sister.

Perdal l paya – beyond the waters (European Rom expression meaning North America).

Phral – (Frahl) A full-Blooded Gypsy, or true Rom.

Phuri Dae – (FOO-ree Dah-EE) Any wise woman or woman with magical powers.

Phuvus – underground faeries.

Pivli – a widow.

Pliashka – bridal brandy offered as a gift to the bride’s father.

Pomana – wake (as in post or pre-funeral gathering).

Posta – (POH-sta) A sacrifice, usually ritual in nature.

Prala – (PRAH-lah) Brother.

Prikaza – (PREEK-ka-za) Bad luck; misfortune.

Rom – (Rohm) Conventionally known as Gypsies. They speak Romany.

Romani – (ROH-mah-ni) Pertaining to, or belonging to the Rom. Not to be confused with Romany, below.

Romany – (ROH-mah-nee) The Gypsy language, in all its dialects.

Rom baro – (f. *rom bari*; pl. *rom bare*) the leader of a *kumpania*; literally “big Gypsy” or “important Gypsy.”

Rommeville – Rom name for New York City.

Royal Town – Rom name for London, England.

San tu Rom? – Are you a Gypsy?

Sarishan – How do you do; traditional Rom greeting.

Satarma – (sah-TAHR-ma) Star. Also a Gypsy touched by, or “claimed” by the element of the spirit.

Shanglo – (f. *shangli*; pl. *shangle*) – police. Also *gavvers* (European).

Shilmulo – (SHEEL-moo-loh) A vampire. One of the “cold dead.”

Sonponno – (shawn-pawn-naw) The orisha of disease, especially those that produce sores or lesions.

Swato – (pl. *swatura*) stories told to chronicle the history of the Rom and keep it alive.

Taiyewo – (TAH-yah-wo) Eldest of twins.

Talith – (TAH-leth) A Romani weapon consisting of a heavy scarf (*diklo*) weighted and barbed along each end, or the art of using one of these weapons.

Te aves yertime mander tai te yertil tu o Del – I forgive you and may God forgive you.

Te merav – I may die if...

Te xal o rako lengo gortiano – May the crabs (cancer) eat their gullets.

Tsera – tent; household.

Tshatshimo Romano – The truth is expressed in Romany.

Tu prala? – Your brother?

Uhuru – (oo-hoo-roo) Literally, “freedom.”

Urme – faeries or evil spirits believed to be responsible for the fates of men.

Urmen – A Rom with strong ancestral ties to the Fae.

Uva – yes.

Vadni ratsa – the wild goose of Rom legend.

Vardo – (VAR-doh) A Romani wagon, camper, RV, etc.

Vurdon – variant of *var-do*.

World’s Fair Worker – corruption of “Welfare Worker” (Social Worker).

Wuzho – (WOO-zhoh) Pure, untainted; the opposite of *marhime*.

Yekka buliasa nashti beshes pe done grastende – With one behind you cannot sit on two horses.

Zapaderin – (zah-PAH-der-in) A unique, hypnotizing Romani dance form.

Character Generation Crib Sheet

Record Obsession

Your Obsession is how your player character links into the Occult Underground. He or she could be obsessed with anything, although Adepts are automatically obsessed with the world view that powers their Magick. Avatars do not necessarily have an obsession, although they can take one if appropriate.

Record Passions

Fear Passion: Choose a Fear Passion and link it to a stress track on your madness meter: Violence, Helplessness, The Unnatural, Isolation, and Self. This is the thing that you fear the most. Record it in the appropriate place.

Examples: Fire [Helplessness], Foreigners [Isolation], Temptation [Self], Possession [The Unnatural], Dogs [Violence], Victimization [Violence].

Rage Passion: Choose a Rage Passion and record it in the appropriate place. This is the thing that pisses you off the most.

Examples: Back Chat, Enemy Drivers, Laziness, Sleaze, Stuck-up Assholes, Those Fat Cats in Washington / London.

Noble Passion: Choose a Noble Passion and record it in the appropriate place. This is the thing that brings the best out of you and makes you do noble things.

Examples: Entertainment, Historical Preservation, Land Mine Removal, One for All, Pedagog, Protect the Elderly / Children.

Your Personality

Choose a word or a phrase that best describes your underlying personality. Examples are found on page 34-35 of Unknown Armies 2nd Edition.

Nuts and Bolts

Spend the points assigned among the following four statistics: Body, Speed, Mind, Soul. The points the PC gets at Character Generation are as follows, depending upon the type of campaign that the GM is running:

Street Level: 220 points

Global Level: 240 points

Cosmic Level: 260 points

The average ability for each of the four statistics is 50 points. Those who choose to be Adepts or Avatars should consider putting more points into Soul.

Skills

Skills are divided between the four main statistics. Each of the four statistics determine how many points you have available to spend among skills in that group on a one for one basis: if you have 65 points in Mind, you have 65 points to spend on skills within the Mind group.

You are also given bonus points to spend in any of the four Skill groups:

Street Level: 15

Global Level: 70

Cosmic Level: 125

There are also an upper ceiling to how high you can have your Skills at Character Generation:

Street Level: 55%

Global Level: 70%

Cosmic Level: 85%

You also get some free skills in each of the four Skill Groups:

Body: General Athletics [15%], Struggle [15%]

Speed: Dodge [15%], Driving [15%], Initiative [Speed ÷ 2]

Mind: General Education [15%], Notice [15%], Conceal [15%]

Soul: Charm [15%], Lying [15%]

These can each be raised during Character Generation with points as per usual. Unknown Armies does not provide a definitive list of possible skills, but it does provide *Example* and *Do It Yourself Skills*.

Example / DIY Skills

Body: *Distracting Physique, Hold Your Breath, Hold Your Liquor, Large And Hard To Move, Climbing, Boxing, Weight Lifting, Work Without Rest, Marathon Running, Football / Soccer, Basketball, Judo, Swimming, Enduring Torture.*

Speed: *Do Two Things At Once, Fast Draw, Snatch, Squirrelly Reflexes, Billiards, Ping Pong, Firearms, Darts, Sleight Of Hand, Pick Pockets, Moving Silently, Sprinting, Tennis, Juggling, Horseback Riding.*

Mind: *Authority, Doublethink, Hypnotherapy, Photographic Memory, Automotive Repair, Biology, Locksmithing, Medicine, Strategy, Physics, Psychotherapy, Occult.*

Soul: *A Friend In The Family, Aura Sight, Commanding Presence, Good Old What's His Name, Hunches, Play Dumb, Vocal Imitation, Sing The Blues, Persuasion, Acting, Getting Sympathy, Painting, Intimidation, Seduction, Cadging Drinks, Getting Bank Loans, Dancing, Social Worker.*

Needed Soul Skills:

Adepts are to have the Soul Skill **Magick** while Avatars are to have the Soul Skill **Avatar**: **<insert name of archetype here>**. These are the only compulsory skills taken at Character Generation, but only for those that start out as Adepts or Avatars.