

Shane will do the casting and handing out character sheets to players.

The three elements:

- The Kabala
- Human Enhancement
- Illuminati

Due to Shane by 1:00 PM.

It is now 12:38

(This edition has been edited for spelling and clarity).

**WARNING: THIS GAME DEALS WITH ADULT THEMES AND SITUATIONS AND MAY NOT BE APPROPRIATE FOR CHILDREN.**

### Tempus Frangit

*Well, we know where we're going  
But we don't know where we've been.  
And we know what we're knowing.  
But we can't say what we've seen.  
And we're not little children.  
And we know what we want.  
And the future is certain.  
Give us time to work it out.  
-- Road to Nowhere, The Talking Heads*

Idea: The illuminati has been working on methods of creating the next generation of humans, in a secret research facility. Some of these experiments have escaped and have wandered into a cabin in the woods near Boulder. The people in the cabin have found a book on the Kabala and cast a spell. They think the escapees are the result of the spell.

The spell has fractured time. The escapees have flashbacks that explain who they are and what they are. Also, something is coming from n-time, a part of time that is orthogonal to our own. The players must figure out how to defeat the creature from n-time using the Kabala, the secret Illuminati knowledge, and the enhanced humans.

If they succeed, then time is realigned so that it all never happened. If they fail, then time is realigned such that they are stuck in a dystopia where the Illuminati rules all with an iron fist.

### Characters:

Mordechi (Morrey) Saltzberg: The son of an Orthodox Jewish rabbi from Denver. He found the book in his father's collection and was curious. He was raised Orthodox, but was disowned when he took a non-jewish lover. He is Pagan curious, but has little experience outside of Judaism.

Felicity Chilton: Morrey's lover. She is a new-age mystic and is into the Kaballah, but hates the way Madonna is cheapening it for everyone. She discovered the Kaballah first. Likes Morrey because he's Jewish and that is soooo spiritual.

Raventooth: A creepy goth who is a dark Pagan. Owns the cabin in the woods, which is why the other hang around him. Always overly dramatic. In love with Candice. (Can be either gender). Randy Thurston.

Candice Brookward: She is a Pagan and has a good head on her shoulders. She is far more pragmatic than the others.

Saul Flockman: He is half Jewish and was raised without religion. He is a conspiracy theorist and has actually had brushes with the Illuminati. He is concerned about the “research facility” a few miles away from the cabin. He is also in love with Candice.

*Notes: The enhanced do not know they have super powers at all. While they are literate and intelligent, they have no real memories before the middle of the experiment process. They wear jumpsuits with the Illuminati logo and the hebrew symbol.*

Aleph א: Enhanced Male. Super Strength and Fortitude. Was a security guard in Denver named Albert Tussard. He has a wife and child and they needed money. He signed up to have the money to afford an operation for his wife.

Bet ב: Enhanced Female. Super Dexterity. She has been trained as a professional assassin and has codewords in her head that would cause her to kill without remorse. She was a drug addict, a prostitute who ran away from home when she was 16. Gayle Ermis. Been at facility for a year.

Gimmel ג: Enhanced Male. Super Speed. However, his metabolism is sped up and he must constantly eat food. He was a basketball player for University of Colorado at Boulder. Taken two months ago. Keith O’Brien.

Daled ד (Dead): Another child, a female.

He ה: Enhanced Child. Sensor. Can sense the emotions of others and dangers. (can be either gender). He was in a halfway house after his/her illegal immigrant parents were deported. However, he/she joined a gang and killed a rival gang member (still as a child, remember). The illuminati representative gave him/her the option to join or go to jail. Hernandez.

Vav ו: Enhanced Female: Failed experiment. Dying. She is Judy from Candice’s character sheet. She has some telepathy and mind control. If she overexerts her powers, she gets headaches or even mini strokes.

### Flashbacks

Well, the flashbacks aren’t really flashbacks. They are fragments of time. Sometimes the players have free will and sometimes they are stuck to an improvised script. If you are given a script, you are free to improvise within the bounds of the script.

How flashbacks work. First, the players experience a bright flash. The next thing they know, they are elsewhere. Sometimes they have new character sheets. If not, they are themselves as they most recently remember them. After the flashbacks, the players involved are returned and they remember everything that happened if they played their same characters. Otherwise, they do not remember.

There are a lot of flashbacks. For some of the smaller ones, if you have a full cast, do two flashbacks at once. If a character is not in the game, do not put the flashbacks in for that character. If a flashback for another character requires a character not in game, substitute with a different character.

Do the flashbacks in order for the characters, that is do not do flashback A2 until you have done flashback A1. but you can do flashback B3 even if you haven’t done A1, as long as you have done B1 and B2.

Note that flashbacks may be repeated if the players involved *just don’t get it* from the first flashback.

Characters must leave any items they have behind when they go on flashbacks.

The rules of combat remain during flashbacks. All other relevant game rules are in effect during flashbacks.

***Before the first flashback starts, have a quick flashback briefing and explain the flashback rules to the players.***

## Misc Notes

The book is gone, lost in time. It can be recovered in a flashback midway through the game. Then they get a puzzle to solve to stop the fractured time.

What happened: the group met Morrey and had lunch. Candice looked at the book and realized that it was a tome of great power. She got in an argument with Morrey about it. Raventooth was nasty and got in an argument with Felicity. They decided to prove that it was ok, by casting a spell. The spell they cast unlocked a gateway into n-space which has caused time to become fractured.

There are two cars in front of the cabins. Felicity and Mordechi's car and one for the other three. Both cars were severely damaged in the time fracture and neither one works.

If the players decide to leave the cabin, have them walk for a bit, put them through a flashback and end them back up at the cabin afterwards.

Setup: Start the normal humans in the game space (a room) and the enhanced humans just outside. Give them a few minutes to interact with each other, then tell the enhanced humans that they see the cabin and there are people inside and they can knock on the door if they wish.

Endgame. After the players get the book and have the flashback where they can – hopefully – rewrite the spell. They can cast the new spell. This will repair time, but will allow a cadre of Illuminati agents to surround the place. If the characters decide to fight it out, have the players playing students be the Illuminati agents. See their sheets below.

## Casting

Level 1: These characters **must** be in the game:

Mordechi Saltzberg	Male. Ideally, the player should know something about Judaism.
Felicity Chilton	Female. Ideally, the player should know something about Wicca.
Saul Flockman	Male. Ideally, the player should know about conspiracy theories and/or be able to quickly extemporize about them.
Aleph א	Male
Vav ו	Female. This character will die during the game.

Level 2: these characters **should** be in the game:

Cast the character in the order below

Candice Brookward	Female. Ideally, the player should be well versed in Paganism.
Raventooth	Either Gender. Ideally, the player should know something about Paganism, Emo, and the Goth scene.
He ה	Either gender. The character is a child.
Bet ב	Female
Gimmel ג	Male

### **Illuminati Agents.**

You are an agent for the Illuminati. You have been slightly enhanced to be able to fight better. Your job is to surround the cabin and capture or eliminate all the inhabitants. You all have submachine guns.

One of you will be chosen as a leader. You must obey that person's orders without question, even if they are downright stupid.

#### **Abilities:**

You are Excellent at Combat.

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This a typical simulated combat adventure style LARP. Don't physically hit other players. Keep all abuse in-game. Yadda yadda yadda.

Most of the mechanics are GM adjudicated, but if you feel your character could do something or would know something, go ahead and do it. We trust you. If an ability *says* that you need a GM to use it, see a GM before trying to use it.

In general, abilities have five levels: Horrible, Below Average, Average, Above Average, and Excellent. You cannot win single combat against someone with a higher level, although if you are Average or higher and the other person is one level more than you, you can get your licks in. Ganging up may change things.

**Combat.** To attack someone, point at that person and say "combat." This will create a combat bubble. The GM will listen to what people want to do and then will explain what happens as a result. There is only one combat "round." After the GM explains what the results of combat are, act out the combat in slow motion, then once the combat is acted out, resume in real time. The bubble is over.

**Contingency envelopes:** You may be given contingency envelopes throughout the game. Do not open them until you are told to. Once you do open them, follow the instructions inside as if told hem by a GM.

**Thunder:** If you hear the thunder special effect, stop what you are doing and freeze in place. Wait for further instructions. This will signal a flashback. If you play your main character in a flashback, you remember what happened when you return from the flashback; otherwise you do not.

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## Mordechi “Morrey” Saltzberg (Age 17)

You never had the good life growing up. Sure your father, Herman Saltzberg, was one of the most respected Rabbis in the Denver Jewish community. And sure, your mother was as caring as she could be with eight children. But your father worked hard and had *responsibilities* and since you were the eldest, it quickly became your job to be the man of the house while your father was away.

It isn't easy keeping control of seven kids, especially when they see you as a sibling and not as an authority figure. Your parents worked hard to instill an Orthodox education in your head. You went to Shul every Shabbat and Sunday morning and you prayed every day. You said your blessings before meals, before you went to bed, and many other times during the day.

On Sundays, after service, you would volunteer in the Mizel Museum, Denver's museum of Jewish culture and history. It was there you discovered the book. It was an old book from Europe about the Kaballah, the secret Jewish mysticism. You had learned a few things about the Kaballah; it was supposedly mostly about numerology and a sort of self-affirming philosophy about how to be better connected to G-d.

But this book was different. It started with the philosophy of Ein Sof, that each and every thing in the universe *is* G-d, but it continued with an explanation that words, *true words* have value and power and if the true name of G-d could be found then true power would follow.

The book went on to explain about the Sepheroth, the Tree of Life, and the different parts of it. It explained that by manipulating the various Sepherot that comprise the Tree and by speaking the true words, you could manipulate various powers. But most interestingly of all, it claimed to have some of those words. With this book, you could learn the secrets of the Kaballah. You borrowed it from the museum. As far as you know, nobody knows that it is missing.

But before you could delve into the book, things went horribly wrong with your family. You had already started to have a crisis of faith. You had just started going to the University of Colorado at Boulder and were planning to major in Philosophy. It was your first real experience outside of the Jewish community (something your father already frowned upon) and it was a real eye opener.

You never realized how conservative your family was. The people here in college are so open, so free. They didn't let centuries old traditions guide their path or way of thinking. And it started you pondering. Maybe these traditions were good back in the old country, but here they are outdated.

And you wanted to blend in, to make new friends. You stopped wearing your yarmulke (except when you went home). You didn't say the Sh'mah when you woke up or went to bed. You even tried a cheeseburger (although you couldn't bring yourself to try bacon or ham). And you started to associate, to flirt with non-Jewish girls.

You met Felicity Chilton in your Philosophy 101 class. She is so cute, and so unlike the Jewish girls your mother tries to set you up with. She is carefree, dresses in fancy wild dresses, her blond hair is tinted pink. She goes to raves. She always wears crystals of some sort, and she even experiments with alternative religions.

Felicity is a Wiccan. Wicca is an ancient pagan religion that Felicity claims is completely misunderstood. Apparently they even burned Wiccans at the stake in the 1600s in New England. Wiccans use magic, but they never use it to hurt people. They are bound by the threefold law which says that anything bad they do will be done back to them three times as bad. She says a lot more, but it is often jumbled and confused, and you are so mesmerized by her beauty.

And Felicity likes you too, a lot. She is especially interested in your Jewish background. She has a set of tarot card which she used to tell your future. She pointed out that the cards have the Hebrew alphabet on them. It's true, but you couldn't see any sort of relationship to the letters and the cards other than the straight one to one relationship of the letter and the number on the card. Then again, that might be part of the numerology part of the Kaballah, but you can't really see why, for example, The Star is number 17.

But you didn't care. You and Felicity were in love. But love blinded you, it caused you to make your critical mistake. You introduced Felicity to your parents. You knew they might not take it well, but you had expected them to be hospitable. But your mother broke down crying and your father yelled at you, "how dare you bring that *shicksa* into this house?" He threw the two of you out of the house and practically disowned you.

You were sick with guilt. How could you do that to them? But that quickly turned into anger! How could *they* do that to *you*? Felicity tried to calm you down, and back in your dorm room, one thing led to another and your anger turned to passion and there in your bed you lost yourself to her. It was incredible.

When you woke the next morning, Felicity was already up, wearing one of your t-shirts. She was leafing through the old book you had found in the museum. "What *is* this?" You explained where you had gotten the book, and then Felicity got very excited.

"I just have to show this to the rest of the coven!" You wouldn't let her take the book, but she made a few calls with her cell phone.

"It's all arranged," she said, "Raventoan can use his parents' cabin. You'll finally get a chance to meet the rest of my friends this weekend."

And that's how you found yourself in a cabin in the middle of nowhere. One of Felicity's friends, a woman named Candice, brought some wine and you were drinking and you brought the book and

## **SOMETHING WENT WRONG**

You *know* that you had to have spent some time in the cabin. You remember drinking some wine and eating lunch. You know you've met these people (other than Felicity) some time today, but you aren't sure when. The whole day is hazy. Didn't you read the book and draw something on the floor? Did you have a fight with Felicity? Candice? You can't remember. Your watch has stopped. Is it broken? Was it raining? You remember a storm, a bright flash of light in any case.

And there is something... something in the woods.

### Skills And Abilities

You are Average in Combat.

You are Very Smart, but you are Naive and could be talked into things easily.

You are very knowledgeable about Judaism.

You can read Hebrew.

## Felicity Chilton (Age 18)

You are a Libra. Like, it explains sooo much about you.

You were born in Marin County, California to aging hippies who moved north from Haight Ashbury to the wine country. They are cool, but a little spacy. On the other hand, they let you get away with stuff most kids don't. Hey, how many other kids would say that the first joint they smoked was with their mom?

Your parents always encouraged exploration and creativity. They were very supportive in helping you find yourself. You're still looking; there's a lot of self possibilities right now. But there are a few things you are certain of. You know there is far more to the world than just your parents' lifestyle. They may not understand your penchant for techno music or why you would want to color your hair with pink highlights, but dad still drove you to raves and mom helped you with the coloring.

The other thing you are positive about is your spirituality. You are Wiccan. You feel a deep, personal connection to Gaia, Mother Earth. You revel in nature (you love to walk barefoot on the grass) and you feel very spiritual about it. Further, you know that in a past life, you were one of the witches that was burned at Salem. You have done a lot of reading about Wicca on the internet and you are certain it is your calling. And again, your parents were supportive. Your father is somewhat anti-religious, but even he agrees with your choice. You love your parents very much.

Your folks were even supportive when you decided to go to college half a continent away. You now go to the University of Colorado in Boulder. You love it here. Boulder is a little island of sanity inside the ultraconservative Midwest. You are majoring in Philosophy and you are learning sooo much.

You've even made a small group of likeminded friend, and have formed a coven. The leader of your coven is Raventooth. Raventooth is a bit creepy, sometimes more goth and sometimes more emo, but you all tolerate Raventooth because of the cabin. 'Tooth's parents own a cabin in the woods halfway up the Rockies. It's far away from anything except a government facility a few miles away, so it's pretty private. You all go up there most weekends to practice the craft and debate the finer points of paganism.

The other two members of the coven are Candice Brookward and Saul Flockman. They are both seniors, which is cool, because they can buy alcohol and always share it up at the cabin. Candice is smart and practical and knows more about the craft than anyone. Which is useful since she usually can mediate it when someone else gets in an argument with Raventooth.

Saul is just weird. He isn't really into the religion; you think he might just have a crush on Candice. Saul is a history major and a conspiracy theorist. He is convinced that the major governments of the world are working to form a New World Order. You don't understand half of what he says, but he brings the booze, so you haven't said anything against him.

But the big news is your new boyfriend, Morrey Saltzberg. Morrey is a Jew. You've always been impressed with the Jewish people; they have such *energy* about them, you know? You met Morrey in your Philosophy 101 class and the two of you hit it off so well, like you were meant for each other. It's weird, though, because you come from such different worlds. You learned that when you met his parents.

What a fiasco. You knew that Morrey's parents were unlike yours, but you never even suspected that people this close minded could have existed in this day and age. When Morrey introduced you to his mother, she broke into tears. His father threw you out of the house.



At first, Morrey was devastated, then he was just angry! You went back to his dorm room and tried to calm him down. And, well, one thing led to another, and you spent the night there. He was pretty good; you never did it with a Jewish boy before. (And, you aren't certain, but you don't think he had done it with anyone ever before).

You woke before Morrey did and, pulling on one of his t-shirts, decided to explore his dorm room. Your eyes alighted on an old, worn tome. You were amazed. You knew that Morrey was interested in your religion, but you didn't know he had an old grimoire. You were leafing through it when Morrey woke up. You couldn't tell a lot about it – it was mostly in Hebrew – but it looked like a spellbook from the Kaballah.

You were so excited. You needed to show the book to the rest of the coven. But Morrey wouldn't let you take the book with you then and there. A few cell phone calls later and it was all arranged. Morrey and the book would be joining the rest of the coven this weekend at Raventooth's cabin.

You all got there this morning. Candice brought wine. You showed off the book and

### **SOMETHING WENT WRONG**

You *know* that you had to have spent some time in the cabin. You remember drinking some wine and eating lunch. You think you had a fight with Raventooth. The whole day is hazy. Didn't Morrey read the book and ask you to chant something? You think you had a circle of protection. Was it broken? You can't remember. Your watch has stopped. Was it raining? You remember a storm, a bright flash of light in any case.

And there is something... something in the woods.

#### Skills And Abilities

You are Below Average in Combat.

You are of average Intelligence, but are not very Knowledgeable.

While you have an Above Average Knowledge in New Age and Pagan religions, there are some things that you are completely wrong about.

You tend to keep your head, even in stressful or bizarre situations.

You can do magic. All spells must be resolved by the GM.

## Raventooth (Age 20 or so)

*Note: This character can be played as male or female. No gender is specified in the other character sheets.*

Life is pain. You first heard that in a movie (The Princess Bride), and you later realized how true it was. As you grew older, you got involved with the local goth and emo scene. You dress in all black, to reflect the dark nature of your soul. You paint your fingernails black and wear your died-black hair in a frollet, covering your left eye. Sure you go to the raves and take the X, but you know that those aren't really your people. You reflect the sadness that is in people's souls.

You were born Randy Thurston; how you despise that name. Your parents are rich. They do not understand you. You do not pierce yourself to get their attention; you wish they would leave you alone. You are an adult now, on your own at the University of Colorado at Boulder and you have the right to make your own decisions.

You hate your parents. Not because they are cruel, objectively they aren't. Not because they have no taste in music, which they don't. Not because they don't understand you, although they certainly do not. No, you hate your parents for their banality. They are so plain, so vanilla, so white bread, so, so, boring. You cannot stand the legacy they are providing for you. You hate them.

Still, the wealth comes in handy at times.

For example, your 'rents own a secluded cabin in the woods halfway up the Rockies. They always keep the larder and fridge well stocked, although you bring your own wine. You and the few friends you have go up there most every weekend to hang out, drink, and practice your craft. You are a Pagan, although you follow your own solitary path. You have done research and work to learn what you know, and you are frankly disgusted by some of the neo-Pagans you know.

Take Felicity Chilton, for example. Not a brain in her head. She is convinced that she was burned in Salem in a prior life. You haven't had the heart to tell her that nobody was ever burned at the stake for witchcraft in America. She claims to be a Wiccan, but she doesn't know the details of her path. She walks barefoot through the grass and calls it spiritual.

True spirit, true belief calls for sacrifice, a sacrifice of will and energy. You must spend time honing your craft. You must learn the true nature of what you summon and you must know the true history of the words you speak. Otherwise, you are just a Beltane and Samhain poseur, a wannabe who is just in it for the scene.

The craft is a religion, and requires the duty and seriousness of any true calling. You cannot stand anyone who doesn't have the appropriate commitment to their path. And that is why you cannot stand Felicity. Although, truth be told, she is still better than the majority of people out there, the mundanes who mock and torture you. Life is pain.

You also do not care for Saul Flockman. He is relatively new to Paganism. He was brought up without much religious training and he considers himself an agnostic. You hate agnostics. Their surety that they are not sure rubs you exactly the wrong way. He claims that he is in the process of discovering his own path, but you think he really is in it for Candice.

Ah, Candice. She is so sure, so levelheaded. She is everything you are looking for in a life companion. She knows her stuff. She is dedicated to her path. She is beautiful. And you think she cares for you too. Unfortunately, Saul is also interested in Candice. You need to win her heart, although you will probably lose. Life is pain.

In any case, you received a phone call from Felicity earlier this week. Apparently her boy toy of the month has some sort of “ancient grimoire.” Sure, like you can find powerful books of ancient magicks sitting around in a dorm room. In any case, she asked to bring her friend and his book with her this weekend. You agreed even though you doubt this will come to anything – most likely she found a paperback copy of the fake Necronomicon they sell at science fiction conventions.

You all got there this morning. Candice brought wine. You were introduced to Morrey and

### **SOMETHING WENT WRONG**

You *know* that you had to have spent some time in the cabin. You remember drinking some wine and eating lunch. You think you had a fight with someone. The whole day is hazy. You know you were drawing a symbol of some sort on the floor in chalk. You think you called some ancient power. Did it come? You can’t remember. Your watch has stopped. Was it raining? You remember a storm, a bright flash of light in any case.

And there is something... something in the woods.

#### Skills And Abilities

You are Below Average in Combat.

You are of Above Average Intelligence.

You have an Above Average Knowledge in Pagan religions.

You have an Above Average Knowledge in the Goth and Emo scenes.

You know how to perform hermetic magic. No magick you have ever performed before today has had a direct noticeable physical effect. All spells must be resolved by the GM.

Candice Brookward (age 21)

You are down to earth. Grounded. You are, perhaps, the most practical of your group of friends. Well, that's because sometimes your friends are a group of loons. Not that you blame them, they are the products of their environment. Also, they are *your* loons, and as loons go are pretty cool to hang around.

Except when they argue.

Which is nearly constantly.

You first discovered Paganism in high school. You were a sophomore and your best friend, Judy, was a senior. You met each other in theatre, performing on the school play. You remarked to her about the cool malachite pentacle she wore around her neck. She explained that for her it was a religious symbol, not one of evil, but one of the more ancient gods that were around before Christianity.

Judy taught you a lot about Paganism, its rituals and its beliefs. She taught you how to invoke the four elements, how to protect a room from evil, and how to focus your energy. She explained the main law of her path, "An it harm none, do as thou wilt shall be the whole of the law." It is taken from the words of Aleister Crowley one of the most prominent of the Edwardian occultists.

Judy explained that religion, especially Paganism, is a deeply personal choice, that two people may claim to follow the exact same path, but in their hearts it is wildly different. She explained that you have to be tolerant of all of those around you, celebrate with them, but do not let their idiosyncrasies drag you down. You do your best, but some of your friends can get to you.

Take Felicity Chilton. She is only 17, in many ways still a child. Her spirituality is like a game to her. She goes through the motions without really understanding what they mean. But the actions, the belief give her comfort. She is shallow, yes, but she is happy, and you cannot fault her for that.

At the extreme other end is Raventooth. Religion holds great meaning for Raventooth, to the point that it is a source of arrogance. "I am so different, I am better than you, especially those of you who do not worship as fervently as me." Raventooth wears depression and angst as a badge of honor, dressing in all black, half goth half emo. You know that it is an act, that there is a good, kind person down deep inside, but Raventooth does everything to hide it.

As you may expect, Raventooth and Felicity fight like cats and dogs.

The final person in your current circle of friends is Saul Flockman. You met Saul in college – you are currently a senior at the University of Colorado in Boulder, finishing up a major in comparative religions. Saul is great; he is funny, kind, and curious. He was raised without any sort of religious guidance and is interminably curious about your faith. You find his thirst for knowledge energizing. It really gets you to consider your religious beliefs, you know?

But Saul also has his obsessions. He is what is commonly known as a conspiracy theorist. He believes in secret societies and shadow governments. He will rant endlessly about it if given the chance. It's a real turn off, really destroys the mood. You try hard to be accepting and tolerant, but he really tries your patience.

Ah well, back to Judy. You really miss her. She was your wisest friend. She's dead now, been dead for nearly four years. You do a small ritual for her every Samhain. She was killed by a drunk driver as she was coming home from rehearsal. She hung on for nearly a week. You tried to visit her in the hospital, but her injuries were so bad that you weren't allowed entry.

For nearly a month afterwards you were inconsolable. You could not believe that the Fates would allow such a thing to happen to such a good person. You loved her, you really did. She was your strength, your backbone. You gave up your faith. You vowed never to drink and to stop all around you from drinking. You were a tyrant and a rage and impossible to be around.

But then one day your mother asked you, “look at how you are behaving. Is that what Judy would have wanted?” It was a slap to the face. You woke up, then, as if out a trace. You realized that no. Judy would have wanted you to get on with your life, to mourn her and miss her surely, but not at the expense of your world. She would not want you to give up on your path. She would not want you to be so intolerant toward alcohol.

Chastened, you renewed your faith and ceased your crusade. And eventually, you even came to enjoy the odd glass of wine now and then. But you will never ever forgive those who drive drunk and you will never ever allow those you are with to do so either. The man responsible for Judy’s death had his license revoked, and went to prison for 3 years. You console yourself that even though he is out of jail, his sentence could have been much lighter.

In any case, you have continued on with your life, learning what you can, and helping who you can. You have never allowed anyone to get as close to you as Judy, not even Saul. Earlier this week you received a phone call from Felicity. You lead a sort of coven-like retreat into the woods most weekends at Raventooth’s parent’s cabin and Felicity wanted to bring her new boyfriend and a book she had found.

Intrigued, you naturally accepted. You try to welcome anyone who wishes to come to your retreats. You all got there this morning. You brought some wine since people would be sleeping over. You were introduced to Morrey and

## **SOMETHING WENT WRONG**

You *know* that you had to have spent some time in the cabin. You remember drinking a glass of wine and eating lunch. You think you had a fight with someone about the book. The whole day is hazy. You know the others were doing a ritual while you watched. You can’t remember exactly. Your watch has stopped. Was it raining? You remember a storm, a bright flash of light in any case.

And there is something... something in the woods.

### Skills And Abilities

You are Below Average in Combat.

You are of Above Average Intelligence.

You have an Excellent Knowledge of most religions.

You tend to keep your head in times of crisis.

You know how to perform assorted magicks. All spells must be resolved by the GM.

You can puzzle out Hebrew, Latin, and Greek.

## Saul Flockman (Age 21)

You have two interests of equal fascination: religion and politics. The former you can blame on your parents. The latter, well... more on that in a bit.

You were born and raised in Boston, Massachusetts. Your parents are fairly upper class folks, white collar professionals. Your father is a lapsed Jew who comes from a very Reformed family. Your mother comes from Episcopalian stock. You were raised without any religious guidance at all. Oh, you got Christmas presents from your Mom's family and Chanukah presents from Dad's, but the significance of those holidays was never really explained to you. You never even set foot in a house of worship until you turned 13 and one of your friends was bar-mitzvoted.

You find religion fascinating because you come from it from a completely objective position. You've seen how blind faith can warp a person causing them to hate for no apparent reason. But you have also seen the positive side of religion, how it can create communities and give people the strength to go on when they have nothing but faith to sustain them.

Yes, religion has been responsible for more bloodshed than any other reason known to man, but it also has been responsible for some of the greatest creations, some of the more touching works of art and literature in the world. It's a double sided coin with a razor's edge. And while you have no faith of your own, you find the subject completely absorbing.

You weren't even aware of the multitude of religions until you got to college (you are currently a senior at the University of Colorado in Denver). Before you arrived at college, you were aware of Christianity, Judaism, and of the Muslim faith in an abstract sense. But it wasn't until you started matriculating that you learned of Buddhism, Hinduism, and that there are people who still practice faiths you thought were long dead.

And that is how a good agnostic like you found yourself in a coven of Pagans. You are still trying to understand their faiths. Unlike the more structured religions, Pagans have a multitude of

different paths; you have yet to find two who believe exactly the same thing, even if they claim that they do. You wonder if that is true of the organized religions, if the deeply held beliefs of the individual practitioners of the same congregation differ to the same degree of those of Pagans.

In any case, you like to pester your friends with questions about the faith. Your closest friend, Candice, enjoys your questions. She finds them challenging and a reaffirmation of her faith. You like Candice a lot; she is practical and trusting. However, she has never really welcomed your romantic advances. Pity.

Your other two friends, Felicity and Raventooth, do not like your questions quite so much. Felicity just isn't that deep; she doesn't question why she believes what she believes. She just believes because it feels right to her. And Raventooth is absolutely convinced that there is only one correct path and any questions about it are a direct challenge to Raventooth's right to exist. Still, it is fun to send a probing question once in a while to see which way Raventooth jumps.

Your other obsession is with unconventional politics, specifically conspiracy theories. You love reading about faked moon landings, rehashing of who shot JFK, and about the secret cabals of power around the globe. Sometimes, you think the theories are crazy, and then other times you have to wonder, say, why is the government *really* implanting RFID chips in elementary school students? Did the trilateral commission *really* disband? Why is there a blatant illuminati symbol – the eye in the pyramid – on the back of the one dollar bill? Who *really* rules America?

You like to regale your friends with your theories, some of which you believe, some you think are laughable, and some you are just testing to see how they'll react.

The current theory is that the Amero-European cabals are ramping up their attempt to forge a new world order. They fear the globalization that is turning India into a major power, the Chinese and Russian mafias that are rising to international power

since the fall of the Soviet Union, and the small but growing threat of South American street gangs.

That's the real reason why the US invaded Iraq. Not because of WMDs, not to oust Saddam for his crimes, not even because a cowboy president felt he had to finish what his father started. No, it was to gain a second foothold of power in the only small battleground left: the mideast. (Well, there is no strong secret society controlling most of Africa, but that is because Africa has no resources that the big boys care about).

The World Zionist Conspiracy has been in the pocket of the Bavarian Illuminati since the First World War when England signed the Balfort Declaration. The Illuminati all but controls Israel via the Elders of Zion, but the rest of the middle east was starting to become organized under a new Muslim conspiracy bringing in funding from oil rich countries like Saudi Arabia and countries like India which are bringing in great strides in technological prowess. The invasion of Iraq was a show of force by the Illuminati. If they can use their Halliburton operatives to control the area, they could be well on their way to a true foothold in complete world domination. They'll at least have enough power and resources to hold off the Triads, the Russian Mafia, and MS-13, should they all decide to gang up together.

But that isn't all. You are certain that the European cabals are working on other secret unethical projects: mind control, genetic engineering, computer hacking, germ warfare and worse. You aren't certain if anything can be done to stop them should they decide to show their hand instead of working from the shadows. The thought has caused you many sleepless nights. But as long as they remind in power behind the scenes, you'll just see the gradual decline of your civil liberties until they swoop in and take over.

Ahem. In any case, you find the whole topic fascination and you cannot understand why your friends don't want to hear about your latest find or supposition. That doesn't stop you from regaling them with theories, though.

That's why you were so surprised to get a phone call from Felicity earlier this week. Felicity wanted

to bring her new boyfriend and a book she had found to the coven this weekend. Since you feel more like a guest than an actual member, you agreed. The coven gatherings are held at Raventooth's parents' cabin deep in the heart of the woods, about halfway up the Rockies. The closest buildings are a government complex a few miles away. Candice brought some wine and you all had lunch. You were introduced to Felicity's boyfriend and

## **SOMETHING WENT WRONG**

You *know* that you had to have spent some time in the cabin. You remember drinking some wine and eating lunch. You think there were several yelling matches about the book. The whole day is hazy. You know the others were doing a ritual while you watched. You can't remember exactly. Your watch has stopped. Was it raining? You remember a storm, a bright flash of light in any case.

And there is something... something in the woods.

### Skills And Abilities

You are Average in Combat.

You are of Above Average Intelligence.

You have an Excellent Knowledge of conspiracy theory.

You have Above Average Knowledge of how to operate a computer.

N (Male, Mid 30s)

You remember nothing before you came to the institution. No, that isn't true. You can understand (and read and write) English. You know that you are in America, that it is the current year, and are up on current events, circa about a month ago. But you remember none of your personal life before you came to the facility.

Your earliest memories are of pain, of being awake inside a tank of some sort. You were undergoing injections, operations, tests. You know that, but you do not know why, or who was doing them on you. You feel ... different. No, you don't feel inhuman, just odd. You haven't had a chance yet to look at yourself in a mirror, but you can see the other four and they look like normal people.

Well, even that you aren't sure about. Whoever did what they were doing in the facility might have altered your perceptions like they altered your memory. You aren't sure what is real and what isn't any more.

What you are fairly sure of, what your senses and memory tell you is that you were at the facility and aware for about a week. You may have been there longer, but you were only awake for the past week. You were being fed and given injections. You were, essentially, a prisoner. You weren't allowed news about the outside world, but then again, it never occurred to you to ask.

There were men there and women in lab coats, and you were – and are – dressed in jumpsuits, giving you the impression that you were in a hospital of sorts or a research lab, not a prison. There were armed guards, but you never saw them until the escape earlier today.

You had a regular regimen of meals, injections, exercise, and tests. There were a number of tests, mental, physical, and psychological, and some that you just didn't understand at all. At the time you didn't think anything odd about it; it was life, the way things should be. But then came the blackout and the fire.

About an hour ago, a huge storm tore over the mountains – the facility is about halfway up a large mountain, part of a chain. It knocked out power to the facility, although the backup generators came on less than a minute later. But then, with a crash, there was a huge lightning strike directly on one of the outside walls, which crumbled and started to burn.

The fire was spreading quickly, and something told you to use the opportunity to slip outside. After a bit of stumbling around, you met up with the others. There are five of you all told.

- Q is a slender female, also in seemingly perfect shape, although not overtly muscular. She seems to flow with the grace of a ballet dancer rather than simply move.
- L is a tall man, even taller than you. But the majority of his height is his long, muscular legs.
- T is a young child of perhaps 11 or 12 with big piercing brown eyes. T doesn't say much.
- I is a female in her mid 20s. She is rake thin, and moves with pain. She also does not talk much, but you get the feeling that she has other ways of communication.

The five of you haven't had much time to talk. Soon after you met up, a group of armed guards arrived and started shooting. You ran, but you got winged in the arm. The shots missed L and Q. You carried I and the other two took turns carrying T until you were out of harm's way.



After about an hour of stumbling around in the woods, you came across a cabin in the woods. There are two cars out front, but you can tell they are damaged beyond repair. You can hear voices inside. You'd like to go in – your arm stings to hell – but you are concerned about your safety. You should consult the others and make a decision.

### Skills And Abilities

You don't know how good you are in Combat. Have a GM adjudicate your combats.

You are of Average Intelligence.

You may have other abilities, of which you are unaware. The GM will be keeping an eye on you, but if you think you're going to attempt something that based on what you have figured out you would be especially good at, you may want to talk to a GM. In general, going to a GM asking "can I do this," is not recommended.

Your right arm is injured. You have been shot and are in some pain (not debilitating; it stings). You should get a medical professional to look at it.

2 (Female, Early 20s)

You remember nothing before you came to the institution. No, that isn't true. You can understand (and read and write) English. You know that you are in America, that it is the current year, and are up on current events, circa about a year ago. But you remember none of your personal life before you came to the facility.

Your earliest memories are of pain, of being attached to a machine with electrodes all over your body, burning your muscles. You were undergoing injections, operations, tests. You know that, but you do not know why, or who was doing them on you. You feel ... different. No, you don't feel inhuman, just odd. You haven't had a chance yet to look at yourself in a mirror, but you can see the other four and they look like normal people.

Well, even that you aren't sure about. Whoever did what they were doing in the facility might have altered your perceptions like they altered your memory. You aren't sure what is real and what isn't any more.

What you are fairly sure of, what your senses and memory tell you is that you were at the facility and aware for nearly half a year. You may have been there longer, but you were only awake for the past six or so months. You were being fed and given injections. You were, essentially, a prisoner. You weren't allowed news about the outside world, but then again, it never occurred to you to ask.

There were men there and women in lab coats, and you were – and are – dressed in jumpsuits, giving you the impression that you were in a hospital of sorts or a research lab, not a prison. There were armed guards, but you never saw them until the escape earlier today.

You had a regular regimen of meals, injections, exercise, and tests. There were a number of tests, mental, physical, and psychological, and some that you just didn't understand at all. At the time you didn't think anything odd about it; it was life, the way things should be. But then came the blackout and the fire.

About an hour ago, a huge storm tore over the mountains – the facility is about halfway up a large mountain, part of a chain. It knocked out power to the facility, although the backup generators came on less than a minute later. But then, with a crash, there was a huge lightning strike directly on one of the outside walls, which crumbled and started to burn.

The fire was spreading quickly, and something told you to use the opportunity to slip outside. After a bit of stumbling around, you met up with the others. There are five of you all told.

- ⚡ is a large man in his early 30s, perhaps six and a half feet tall, and not an ounce of fat on him. He has the physique of a bodybuilder.
- ⚡ is a tall man, even taller than ⚡. But the majority of his height is his long, muscular legs.
- ⚡ is a young child of perhaps 11 or 12 with big piercing brown eyes. ⚡ doesn't say much.
- ⚡ is a female in her mid 20s. She is rake thin, and moves with pain. She also does not talk much, but you get the feeling that she has other ways of communication.

The five of you haven't had much time to talk. Soon after you met up, a group of armed guards arrived and started shooting. ⚡ got winged in the arm. You ran; it was funny, but you know how time seems to slow when you are under stress... You could almost swear that you were dodging the bullets, but that is crazy talk. ⚡ carried ⚡ and you and ⚡ took turns carrying ⚡ until you were out of harm's way.

After about an hour of stumbling around in the woods, you came across a cabin in the woods. There are two cars out front, but you can tell they are damaged beyond repair. You can hear voices inside. You aren't sure. This could be an outpost of the facility. You know you are in America, but you aren't sure how long you've been the facility. It probably has only been a week or two, but it might have been years. You should consult the others and make a decision.

### Skills And Abilities

You don't know how good you are in Combat. Have a GM adjudicate your combats.

You are of Average Intelligence.

You may have other abilities, of which you are unaware. The GM will be keeping an eye on you, but if you think you're going to attempt something that based on what you have figured out you would be especially good at, you may want to talk to a GM. In general, going to a GM asking "can I do this," is not recommended.

⌚ (Male, Early 20s)

You remember nothing before you came to the institution. No, that isn't true. You can understand (and read and write) English. You know that you are in America, that it is the current year, and are up on current events, circa about two months ago. But you remember none of your personal life before you came to the facility.

Your earliest memories are of running a treadmill. You ran that treadmill for what seemed to be hours at a time. You were undergoing injections, operations, tests. You know that, but you do not know why, or who was doing them on you. You feel ... different. No, you don't feel inhuman, just odd. You haven't had a chance yet to look at yourself in a mirror, but you can see the other four and they look like normal people.

Well, even that you aren't sure about. Whoever did what they were doing in the facility might have altered your perceptions like they altered your memory. You aren't sure what is real and what isn't any more.

What you are fairly sure of, what your senses and memory tell you is that you were at the facility and aware for about a month. You may have been there longer, but you were only awake for the past month or so. You were being fed and given injections. You were, essentially, a prisoner. You weren't allowed news about the outside world, but then again, it never occurred to you to ask.

There were men there and women in lab coats, and you were – and are – dressed in jumpsuits, giving you the impression that you were in a hospital of sorts or a research lab, not a prison. There were armed guards, but you never saw them until the escape earlier today.

You had a regular regimen of meals, injections, exercise, and tests. There were a number of tests, mental, physical, and psychological, and some that you just didn't understand at all. At the time you didn't think anything odd about it; it was life, the way things should be. But then came the blackout and the fire.

About an hour ago, a huge storm tore over the mountains – the facility is about halfway up a large mountain, part of a chain. It knocked out power to the facility, although the backup generators came on less than a minute later. But then, with a crash, there was a huge lightning strike directly on one of the outside walls, which crumbled and started to burn.

The fire was spreading quickly, and something told you to use the opportunity to slip outside. After a bit of stumbling around, you met up with the others. There are five of you all told.

- ⌘ is a large man in his early 30s, perhaps six and a half feet tall, and not an ounce of fat on him. He has the physique of a bodybuilder.
- ♀ is a slender female, also in seemingly perfect shape, although not overtly muscular. She seems to flow with the grace of a ballet dancer rather than simply move.
- ♂ is a young child of perhaps 11 or 12 with big piercing brown eyes. ♂ doesn't say much.
- ♀ is a female in her mid 20s. She is rake thin, and moves with pain. She also does not talk much, but you get the feeling that she has other ways of communication.

The five of you haven't had much time to talk. Soon after you met up, a group of armed guards arrived and started shooting. ⌘ got winged in the arm. You ran; it was funny, but you were constantly outdistancing the others. ⌘ carried ♀ and you and ♀ took turns carrying ♂ until you were out of harm's way.

After about an hour of stumbling around in the woods, you came across a cabin in the woods. There are two cars out front, but you can tell they are damaged beyond repair. You can hear voices inside. You need to go inside. You are fatigued and very hungry. You should consult the others and make a decision, but you want in.

### Skills And Abilities

You don't know how good you are in Combat. Have a GM adjudicate your combats.

You are of Average Intelligence.

You may have other abilities, of which you are unaware. The GM will be keeping an eye on you, but if you think you're going to attempt something that based on what you have figured out you would be especially good at, you may want to talk to a GM. In general, going to a GM asking "can I do this," is not recommended.

You are tired and very hungry. If you do not eat something within the next hour, you will start to take damage. Note that the cabin is fully stocked with food.

1 (11 years old; can be played by either gender)

You remember nothing before you came to the institution. No, that isn't true. You can understand (but not read or write) English. You know that you are in America, that it is the current year, and are up on current events, circa about three months ago, inasmuch as an 11 year old might care about current events. But you remember none of your personal life before you came to the facility.

Your earliest memories are of floating around outside of your body. There were people talking about tests and control factors. They were claiming that the wipe had taken effect and that they were enhancing esper talents. You still aren't sure what an esper talent is. You eventually woken up and haven't had any floaty episodes since. You feel ... different. No, you don't feel inhuman, just odd. You haven't had a chance yet to look at yourself in a mirror, but you can see the other four and they look like normal people.

What you are fairly sure of is that you were at the facility and aware for about a month. You may have been there longer, but you were only awake for the past month or so. You were being fed and given injections. You were, essentially, a prisoner. You weren't allowed news about the outside world, but then again, it never occurred to you to ask.

There were men there and women in lab coats, and you were – and are – dressed in jumpsuits, giving you the impression that you were in a hospital of sorts or a research lab, not a prison. There were armed guards, but you never saw them until the escape earlier today.

You had a regular regimen of meals, injections, exercise, and tests. There were a number of tests, mental, physical, and psychological, and some that you just didn't understand at all. At the time you didn't think anything odd about it; it was life, the way things should be. But then came the blackout and the fire.

About an hour ago, a huge storm tore over the mountains – the facility is about halfway up a large mountain, part of a chain. It knocked out power to the facility, although the backup generators came on less than a minute later. But then, with a crash, there was a huge lightning strike directly on one of the outside walls, which crumbled and started to burn.

The fire was spreading quickly, and you felt a presence in your mind. It was a woman named 1. 1 told you to use the opportunity to slip outside. You could sense that there were other people like you in the facility, so you reached out with your mind to relay 1's message. After a bit of stumbling around, you met up with as many of the others as could escape. There are five of you all told, although there are still dozens more locked up in the facility. You could feel them at the time.

- 8 is a large man in his early 30s, perhaps six and a half feet tall, and not an ounce of fat on him. He has the physique of a bodybuilder. He is very strong, and you can trust him.
- 2 is a slender female, also in seemingly perfect shape, although not overtly muscular. She seems to flow with the grace of a ballet dancer rather than simply move. She may be trustworthy, but she would not hesitate to kill if given the order.
- 3 is a tall man, even taller than 8. But the majority of his height is his long, muscular legs. He is fast, but is being eaten up by his insides.
- 1 is a female in her mid 20s. She is rake thin, and moves with pain. She communicates with you in your mind. She is dying and will be dead within a few hours.

The five of you haven't had much time to talk. Soon after you met up, a group of armed guards arrived and started shooting. ⚡ got winged in the arm. The rest of you ran, but you couldn't keep up with ⚡ ⚡ and ⚡. ⚡ and ⚡ took turns carrying you until you were out of harm's way.

After about an hour of stumbling around in the woods, you came across a cabin in the woods. There are two cars out front, but you can tell they are damaged beyond repair. There are five people inside, and you are far safer inside the cabin than without. You should go in.

### Skills And Abilities

You don't know how good you are in Combat. Have a GM adjudicate your combats.

You have Excellent Intelligence.

You may have other abilities, of which you are unaware. The GM will be keeping an eye on you, but if you think you're going to attempt something that based on what you have figured out you would be especially good at, you may want to talk to a GM. In general, going to a GM asking "can I do this," is not recommended.

You may communicate telepathically with ⚡. You can simulate this by passing out of game notes or by using a set of radios.

1 (Female, Mid 20s)

You remember nothing before you came to the institution. No, that isn't true. You can understand (and read and write) English. You know that you are in America, that it is the current year, and are up on current events, circa about four years ago. But you remember none of your personal life before you came to the facility.

Your earliest memories are of pain, of being awake inside a tank of some sort. You know that, but you do not know why, or who was doing them on you. You feel ... different. No, you don't feel inhuman, just odd. You haven't had a chance yet to look at yourself in a mirror, but you can see the other four and they look like normal people.

Well, even that you aren't sure about. Whoever did what they were doing in the facility might have altered your perceptions like they altered your memory. You aren't sure what is real and what isn't any more.

You were only awake for, what, a week? Then you were put back to sleep again, and you slept for quite a while. You are in pain and can barely move. But then came the blackout and the fire.

About an hour ago, a huge storm tore over the mountains – the facility is about halfway up a large mountain, part of a chain. It knocked out power to the facility, although the backup generators came on less than a minute later. But then, with a crash, there was a huge lightning strike directly on one of the outside walls, which crumbled and started to burn.

Either the fire or the blackout knocked out power to whatever was keeping you asleep. There were some guards in your room and you looked at them and they fell unconscious although you had a splitting headache for a minute afterwards.

The fire was spreading quickly, and you used the opportunity to slip outside. You could ...feel... that there was someone in there who could hear your thoughts. You called out to that person, and you felt that person echo your call to many others within the facility. After a bit of waiting, you met up with the others. There are five of you all told.

- ⚡ is a large man in his early 30s, perhaps six and a half feet tall, and not an ounce of fat on him. He has the physique of a bodybuilder.
- ♀ is a slender female, also in seemingly perfect shape, although not overtly muscular. She seems to flow with the grace of a ballet dancer rather than simply move.
- ♂ is a tall man, even taller than ⚡. But the majority of his height are his long, muscular legs.
- ♂ is a young child of perhaps 11 or 12 with big piercing brown eyes. ♂ doesn't say much, but was the one who answered your call.

The five of you haven't had much time to talk. Soon after you met up, a group of armed guards arrived and started shooting. ⚡ got winged in the arm. You couldn't run. ⚡ carried you and ♂ and ♀ took turns carrying ♂ until you were all out of harm's way.

After about an hour of stumbling around in the woods, you came across a cabin in the woods. There are two cars out front. There are five confused people inside. You should probably go in, but you aren't sure if it is safe.



## Skills And Abilities

You are Horrible at combat.

You are of Excellent Intelligence.

You may have other abilities, of which you are unaware. The GM will be keeping an eye on you, but if you think you're going to attempt something that based on what you have figured out you would be especially good at, you may want to talk to a GM. In general, going to a GM asking "can I do this," is not recommended.

You may communicate telepathically with π. You can simulate this by passing out of game notes or by using a set of radios.

You are in great pain. You need hospital quality medical treatment, although there is nothing overtly physically wrong with you.