

Atheruj Vishamij aka “Mr. Memorum”

“Fanaticism consists of redoubling your efforts when you have forgotten your aim.”
-George Santayana

In the beginning, there were the Two. Teravmish, the Creator; and Angevud, the Destroyer. From Teravmish came the light that opened this universe, from him came the Earth and the Sun and the Stars; from Angevud came the darkness that swallowed, from her came the blackness between the stars, the night, the demons.

But the Children of the Two fought amongst themselves, coveting the domains and powers of the others; and so, the Two realized that the only way to keep the Gods from destroying themselves was to create a race of men, men who would believe and worship the Gods, who would give the Gods power, and whom the Gods could direct their fights through.

And so men worshipped the Gods. Many worshipped Teravmish; only a handful worshipped Angevud. And when the Hindus came from the south, bringing with them war and destruction and gods such as Shiva, Kali, and others, the worshippers of Angevud were thought to be extinct.

They were not. They were merely in hiding, praying to Angevud for revenge. Unfortunately, revenge never came. The Hindus settled here, claiming the land as their own, and Angevud looked down upon the destruction and refused to intervene, even for her worshippers. Sometimes, you have to admit, she can be awfully shortsighted.

You are Atheruj Vishamij, the current High Priest of the Cult of Angevud. Admittedly, with only a couple dozen worshippers remaining in all of Northern India, it's not a hard job to get. But still, with that job comes a responsibility to Angevud. A responsibility to worship her, to destroy for her, and to avenge her. And while there's not much your little cult can do, it's the thought that counts, right?

To be quite honest, things have not been going well for the cult of Angevud. There were many who still worshipped her in secret after the invasion, but when no divine retribution appeared, many of the faithful simply lost their faith and joined the Hindus. And it's hard to go out recruiting for a religion that emphasizes death and destruction, especially a religion that has been outlawed for over six hundred years.

Still, you've tried to do your best. You even organized a bake sale last year, in order to raise money to help repair some minor damage taken to the ancient shrine after a small earthquake. Unfortunately, those who did not know the cult felt no reason to purchase anything, and those who did worried that you had poisoned the cookies. Which

was utter nonsense. Why poison someone willing to help out Angevud? Besides, given how destitute the cult is, you couldn't even afford to poison the cookies.

Then, six months ago, came the intruder. You had received word from friends in the local villages that a Caucasian woman was coming through, asking a lot of questions about your cult. Fearing that the authorities had stumbled onto your presence, you and your followers fled deep into the mountains until she had left.

That was a tactical mistake. For she was not looking for the temple in order to destroy it, or to exorcise it. She was looking to loot it. Back when the Cult of Angevud had been stronger and richer, the great High Priest Gisadijav had made a great idol of Angevud, complete with two giant rubies set into her eyes to represent the stones of Theravoost, God of the Earth, who gave them to Angevud to see through after Mishavij, The Prankster, had ripped them out. They were the pride of the cult. And she stole them, along with several pieces of furniture. The stones, you understand. They're worth a lot. Stone furniture, on the other hand, confuses you. Why would anyone steal that? These Caucasians are inscrutable.

In any case, the temple was defiled. You learned that the defiler was Dr. Angela Bailey, who fancied herself an archaeologist, whatever that means. You knew what had to be done. You called upon the Secret Ancient Death Cult of Angevud to track her down and kill her.

Unfortunately, the Secret Ancient Death Cult of Angevud had only three remaining members, two of whom were over sixty-five, and the third of whom broke his leg on the trip to the temple to get the assignment. One of the two elderly ones had a heart attack trying to bring the young one to town, so your Death Cult turned out to be a single guy, well into his seventies, whose knowledge of death techniques were limited to "hitting them over the head again and again with a rock."

If you want anything done, you've got to do it yourself.

So you sent the lone Death Cultist back home and resolved to personally catch this Dr. Bailey and make her pay. Unfortunately, that was easier said than done. First, you had to get yourself into shape with your Kuvish knives; then you practiced the ancient art of blowgunning. Finally, you were ready to catch up with her.

At least, you would have been if there had been any money in the Cult coffers. All that was there was a few rupees from the latest membership drive. Pathetic. It wouldn't even take you to New Dehli.

So, you used your mystical powers of hypnosis and mental control in the incredible degrading experience of being a traveling magician. As "Mr. Memorum," you traveled the countryside, showing off your powers in exchange for enough rupees to get you closer to Dr. Bailey. Mile by mile, you traveled in a dilapidated old bus that you had found being

“unused” in a village. Sure, the driver had only stepped out to get lunch, but he wasn’t using it then, now was he? Finder’s keepers.

Finally, you reached Bombay, cursing your fate and counting the ways you would kill Dr. Bailey. Only to find that she had returned to America to begin an expedition there. So you went on tour again, desperately trying to raise the money you needed to get yourself and your bus transported to America.

You wanted the bus with you because you needed a cover. In addition, the way things had been working out so far, you wouldn’t have been surprised if some disaster hit you in America and you would need to do your act for another couple of months to get the money you needed to find Dr. Bailey. You were right; passage cost a great deal more than your thought, and trying to explain your custom blowdart guns to the custom officials was not a pleasant experience.

But in any case, here you are in San Inguon, Arizona, the site of Dr. Bailey’s latest dig. You have set up your bus in town and promised to do a show or two. You probably should; you’ll need money to get back home. But in any case, what is most important right now is that you kill Dr. Angela Bailey. Then you can recover the stones, and go back to...

Wait. What if she’s hidden the stones? Or sold them? Hmm. Alright, so first, you’ll need to talk to her and find out where the stones are. Then you’ll have to get them back. Then you’ll kill Dr. Bailey. And then, you should probably kill whomever owns the stones right now, if that isn’t Dr. Bailey.

Then, you can return the stones safely to the shrine and bask in the glory of your service to Angevud. And maybe you’ll even pick up a few new cultists.

Standard quote: “You are getting sleepy... very sleepy...”

Mannerisms: Mr. Memorum acts like the quintessential English gentleman (he did receive his masters in Ancient Religions at Oxford, after all), but with an extremely determined stare. Seemingly aloof and uncaring, he is devoted to Angevud and will stop at nothing to recover the jewels.

People You Know:

Dr. Angela Bailey: Desecrator of the temple of Angevud. Filthy American pig-dog Christian jewel-stealing thug. Destroy her. Slowly. Painfully.

Goals:

1. Recover the jewels. Even if you kill Dr. Bailey, it means nothing if you have to return home empty-handed. Find out where the two Stones of Theravost are, and steal them back.

2. Kill Dr. Bailey. After you get the stones, that is. Make sure she knows exactly why she is going to be killed as well.

3. Kill whoever owned the jewels. If someone stole them or bought them from Dr. Bailey, they need to be killed as well.