

Catherine Thomas

“Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer
Things fall apart... the centre cannot hold
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world.”
-William Butler Yeats

You’ve done it this time. You’ve really done it. Now, if you can just figure out how to control it....

To start with, you are not Catherine Thomas, seventeen-year old resident of Reverend Hines’ Home For Orphans. Your real name is Greta Hundesbarr, and you are over four hundred years old.

Back in Germany, when you were really a teenager, you studied the arts of the arcane with Ostlander Bern. He was one of the leading lights of thaumaturgical study, and he showed you how to cast magical spells merely through the force of your own will. When you had completed your training, he explained to you that you had a choice. You could take the tough road of Order, fighting for truth, justice, and the common good; or you could take the easy path of Chaos, fighting for personal gain and power, fostering ill will within humanity. The choice was obvious. Personal gain and power have always been two of your favorite things.

Life was good to you for the next three hundred and fifty years. Germany was constantly at war, whether it be the Hundred’s Year War, the Napoleonic Wars, or just general aggression. Governments were constantly forming and collapsing. It was a wonderful place to be, especially from someone who gained power from the chaos around them. The best part about knowing mystical arts is that immortality is a very easy thing to achieve; it takes next to no effort to live forever. The problem is that immortality does not mean eternal youth; your body continues to age. Luckily, there is a spell to counteract that. The Spell of Reformation. It takes a great deal of power to cast, but with the amount of power you were getting, it was never any problem.

But, unfortunately, all good things must come to an end. In the Thirties, you made a very bad mistake. The Weimar Republic was the most chaotic government you had ever seen; anarchist and communist uprisings were everywhere, looting and hyperinflation, oh the glory days. You were approached by an Adeline Siegheil. She was working for the National Socialist Party, looking for mystics and oracles who could help the party maneuver into power. You thought they had no chance for success, and felt that assisting them would only add more chaos into the mix. So, gladly, you joined the Nazi party.

Unfortunately, they succeeded. Beyond your wildest dreams. Soon they controlled Germany. Then they moved into other countries; Czechoslovakia, Austria, Poland, France,

etc. Imposing Order wherever they went. You were trapped in a no-win situation. Stay, and the Order imposed upon Europe would sap your powers into nothingness. Leave, and you would probably be shot or worse. While immortality means you cannot die from natural causes, it doesn't stop bullets. So you stayed, watching your powers drain away from you.

When everything collapsed in 1945, you fled as quickly as you could. Luckily, the war and liberation meant that Chaos had found a new foothold within Europe. You had enough power left to finagle your way into the United States. As a democracy, America was a font of Chaos. It would be a perfect place to live.

However, things did not get better. Firstly, Chaos was prevalent in America. But due to the new Cold War, Order was observed more than it ever had been before, making your powers weaker than they ever had been before Hitler's rise. Secondly, you made a mistake. A very big mistake.

When you arrived in America, you cast the Spell of Reformation. Everyone was looking for Greta Hundesbar as a Nazi war criminal. They were looking for a woman in her late forties. So you changed yourself into a four-year old girl. You knew that your powers were weak enough that it would take you decades to gain what you needed to reform yourself again. By making yourself extremely young, you expected to both ignore your pursuers and live a while untroubled by the press of age.

The first thing you did not expect was that Americans are far too nice to simply let children try to survive on the streets. In Germany, you could have done as you pleased. Here, you were almost immediately grabbed from the streets and sent into orphanages, foster homes, adoptive homes, etc. Places that reeked of kindness, giving, and love. Strongholds of Order. In addition, it was hard to do the research and practice you needed when you were sharing a room with several other girls.

The second thing was something that you should have expected, but that three hundred years without made you forget. Puberty. The amount of hormones running through your system. There is nothing more annoying than working on a major incantation, one that will tremendously increase your power, and just as you are in the middle of willing it to be, you hear someone playing Elvis' "Love Me Tender," and you lose all concentration, ruining the spell.

You resolved to do whatever it would take to increase your power enough that you could cast the Spell of Reformation and become an age where such feelings would be diminished. You didn't have enough power simply to force Chaos upon the town, but you could feel something about San Inguon. There is a force within it, waiting to be unleashed. You studied the past of the town, looking for a clue as to what it was.

Three weeks ago, you found it. Apparently, the ancient Indian Burial grounds nearby are considered the resting place of the Ceraphim, Indian spirits given to mischief.

Perfect. All you needed to do was to roust them up and foist them upon the innocent citizens of San Inguon. The Chaos resulting would be marvelous, and hopefully enough to allow you to cast the Spell of Reformation.

You knew the spell you needed to roust them, but there was a hitch. It was too powerful and too complicated to be cast by a single person. You needed to find a stooge, someone you could dupe into helping you cast the spell. You found it in Tony Turelli.

You ran into Tony at his father's Malt Shop two weeks ago today. It's a wonderful place to hang out; you can just feed off the energy from teen-age angst. Tony was sitting in a corner booth, looking down in the dumps. You went over and asked him what the matter was, and cast a little spell to force him to tell you.

He explained that James Daniels really irked him sometimes. You had always thought James and Tony were the closest of friends, but apparently Tony is very jealous of James. It's to be expected. James is the class valedictorian, captain of the football team and first string quarterback, is dating the head of the cheerleading squad, and always conscientious and polite. If you cared any about the affairs of mere mortals, you'd be jealous of him, too. After Tony regaled you with stories of how James constantly and unintentionally one-upped him, you decided to sound him out on casting the spell. You said that you might have a way to make James look a little foolish while making Tony out to be a hero. Tony perked up and asked you what it was.

You led Tony to the little alcove in a mesa where you do your major spell-casting. You told him that when your grandmother had passed away, she left you a book of spells. Tony got really edgy at that point, and it took a lot of pushing (magically and physically) to get him to join you. You calmed him down by saying that if it didn't work, who would know? What could it hurt? And so he agreed to help you cast the spell.

The two of you sat down and began doing the incantations, chanting the sacred names of the ceraphim and luring them out from their sleep. Your chanting grew louder, and Tony began making the gestures that would pull the ceraphim out and send them into the world. Faster and faster the chanting went, raising itself into a cacophony of sounds, an almost unintelligible wail of power.

And then you felt it. A wave of Chaos came upon you, a wave larger and harder than anything you had felt before. You were floating in the absolute *power* of it all. And when it subsided, you opened your eyes. Tony was gone. You looked out the opening of the cave and saw him running back to town. You know that he felt it, too. You don't think that he'll tell anyone. After all, nobody will believe him. And if someone does, well, it'll make him look bad. And James might end up being the hero again. You'll have to remind him of this, just in case. But you think he'll keep the secret safe.

Since then, you have felt the levels of Chaos increasing every day. The power is there and yours, and you draw it up as quickly as you can. Sometimes it scares you, how

much Chaos has been unleashed. In the first place, the amount around is far too large for just you and an untrained boy to have unleashed. The amount of Chaos is wonderful, but it's far too high. It's not right. Even Chaos has laws of nature it must follow. The gate you opened was not large enough to let all of this in. Is there someone else out there letting Chaos in? The second problem is that Chaos is, well, chaotic, and there is no guarantee that it will not strike out at you by accident. Perhaps things are getting too dangerous. Perhaps you should try to quell it.

But not now. Not until you are sure you have enough power to cast the Spell of Reformation afterwards. You wish to be done with this form, done with this quiet little town. And you will have the world to conquer.

Standard quote: "Oh, come on. Cheer up. Things will get better!"

Mannerisms: Catherine comes across as just a nice, average, perky teenager with no real goals or desires. Of course, if someone gets in her way, they'll probably see a completely different side of her...

People You Know:

J.D. Koln: Rebel without a cause. Leader of the local juvenile delinquents. A very chaotic person by nature, so you like him a lot. He's been even more violent recently. You think the ceraphim have gotten into him.

Robert Sherman: Another of the juvenile delinquents. Actually a pretty boring middle-class kid, but he's got a big thing for danger.

Nick Kerensky: The biggest guy in class. Big and dumb. An easy person to manipulate.

James Daniels: An upright, all-American kid. Perfect in every way. Absolutely reeks of order. You despise him, but don't show it.

Timmy Carroll: Class geek. Incredibly intelligent and devoted to science. Needless to say, you really don't care much about science, so Timmy really just bores you.

Tony Turelli: Your partner in crime. You'd better keep an eye on him and make sure he doesn't try to spoil your plans.

Mark Sturvin: The rich kid in class. Kind of cute. Urk. You'll be so glad when you cast that spell and get those kind of thoughts out of your head.

Mary Jenkins: Another of the girls at Hines' Orphanage. Caring, nurturing and kind. She really gets on your nerves. Even worse, she's going out with J.D. She might end up calming him down. Maybe you can do something to break them up...

Theresa Kerensky: Nick's young sister. A nice person, but she's been acting very weird lately. You think the ceraphim have gotten into her, but she's so bland that it doesn't really show.

Margaret Smith: The class airhead. Perky and cute. You think the airhead bit is all just an act- you've seen her act intelligent when she doesn't think anyone's around.

Laura Fetner: Head of the cheerleading squad, most popular girl at Edwood High, etc. The female version of James Daniels. Needless to say, they're going out with each other.

Wendy Mitchell: A not-too-annoying girl. She's a reporter for the Edwood High Sentinell, and takes it far too seriously.

Adele Sigelski: Principal of Edwood High. Needless to say, you recognized her as Adeline Siegheil right away. You haven't done anything about it, yet. After all, who would believe you? And how would you explain that you knew? Still, it's nice to know that there's something you can use on someone.

Reverend Samuel Hines: Runs the Orphanage. He just reeks Order. The whole place reeks Order. You'll be so happy when you can get the hell out of there.

Darla Hotchkins: School nurse. She reeks of Chaos. You'll have to get to know her better.

Dr. Angela Nailey: Archaeologist. She's doing an investigation of the Indian Burial Ground near town. You'd better keep an eye on her; she might do something by accident that could upset the ceraphim. Or discover that they've been unleashed.

Goals:

1. Cause Chaos. Prevent Order. Basically, do whatever you can to keep things falling apart. Wreak havoc. Forment disaster. Make sure people trying to impose Order upon things are brought down.

2. Gather enough power to cast the Spell of Reformation. So long as there's enough Chaos in the air, that shouldn't be a problem.

3. Find a date to the Sock Hop. NO! No! You don't care about such things! You don't care if no one asks you to the Sock Hop! Especially J.D. Koln, who's really kind of cute and dangerous. No! No! God, you can't wait until you can cast that spell....

Mana: 7324. You'll get loads more as the game goes on from the spell you've cast. Needless to say, we're not actually going to give you seven thousand tokens. You'll only get twenty-four. But if you need more, you can always go up to a gamemaster and get some from your reserve.