



Oliver Godwin

All great truths begin as blasphemies.

George Bernard Shaw

Of all the bits and pieces of Catholic dogma, there's one that's head and shoulders above the others. Not salvation — that's just a bribe to get people to be good to each other. Not prayer, which always struck you as a glorified sort of meditative psychotherapy. No, the thing that the Catholics were brilliant to invent: *infallibility*. Truth, absolute, undoubtable and pure, without any of the hard work. Such a clever idea, but *such* a cheat.

Because for all of the rest of you, truth is *hard*. Truth requires dedication and construction and creativity, either to find out, or to create.

Well, of course, *create*. You don't think truth just lies around on the ground for people to dig up like buried treasure, do you? From scientific theories to artists' rules of thumb, truth is constructed, bit by bit, from evidence and suggestion and sheer force of persuasion. Until, with enough weight of fact and reckoning behind it, something passes from speculation to postulation to assumption to Truth.

You've seen it over and over. In politics, the attention span of the citizen is mercifully short. "What I tell you three times is true" is all most demagogues need to convince the masses of an enemy. Movie distributors release their films to reviewers on the day before, so they can tell their readers what to think. Which actors are praiseworthy and which are shallow hacks. The Mona Lisa is great art because it's the one that everyone has seen pictures of, a hundred times before they reach puberty. It's all truth, but it's the truth that a great many people have spent a great deal of effort to enact.

Now, finally, you're in a position to start creating some of your *own* truth, in more ways than one. First, there's the Consorty prize. Fifty years ago, people might have been impressed by the Pulitzer, but all the important news is international now, and the U.S. has been sinking into a faith-based reality for decades. The Consorty is the real prestige and the real money at this point. And this year, with the papal election *and* the Reconciliation in Rome, there's no one willing to bet on anyone other than one of the beat reporters here getting it.

So it's going to be you. Gene Kimble is a hack and a muckraker; Wendy Darling is a big-haired tabloid bunny. You wouldn't be able to *live* with yourself if you let either of them win.

But you've also got a few other agenda items to push, while you're here. The newspaper is a powerful tool for creating the truth, and with the notables in town, *the Word* is going to have particularly strong leverage.

Of course, Rome in the middle of the biggest religious circus that anyone's ever seen is not the most receptive of places to try and stage an anti-religion Truth. It'll be hard — but if it wasn't hard, it wouldn't be worth *doing*. Since *you* don't have an Infallibility cheat. The thing you realized, though, is that there's no point in building it out of evidence that there *is* no God, or no miracles — the way to build this particular truth is with reverse psychology. Play up the religion aspect. Play up the signs up the apocalypse. Whip the readers into a fervor — and then let them down flat, when the world *doesn't* end. Which is, in the end, what they will have expected all along.

And finally, there is the great Secret Truth that you have been helping to construct. Not one to be revealed now, nor to be dashed

— but a truth to be hinted at, suggested and then avoided again. A true *mystery*, in fact. The truth of the Bavarian Illuminati has begun to be regarded as mere *fiction* — and so it is time to lay a few more mysterious footprints, plant a few more cryptic symbols in surprising places, until the Secret Conspiracy is again a known, but not an *understood*, truth.

Contacts

- Gene Kimble (David Sheets) and Wendy Darling (Rachel Bainbridge) are the other two *Word* reporters.
- Noam Shenkar (Dexter Chan) is the other Stager of the Apocalypse
- Father Tito Stradivarius (Ariel Segall) and Desirae Van Kirk (Erin Price) are the other two members of the Illuminati in Rome right now.

Guilt

- Lose G points towards the Consorty prize.

Note: You are aware of a sewer entrance located at 56-1 (west back alcove) and know how to use the dot there to enter the sewers. If you spend five minutes searching that are for the dot and can't find it, assume you find it and let the GMs know it's missing the next chance you get.

Bluesheets

- Bringing About the Signs of the Apocalypse
- The Bavarian Illuminati: New World Order

Greensheets

- Strike Teams
- The Signs of the Apocalypse
- The Hidden Seal of the Illuminati
- The Associated Press
- The Vatican Archives
- On Choosing the Heir to St. Peter's Throne
- Reputation and Damage Thereto
- On the Formation of the Greater Christian Faith

Abilities

- Art History Specialty
- First Aid
- Illuminati Propaganda
- Nose for Trouble
- Quick
- Particular Vice: Envy
- Virtuous against Sloth
- Standard Temptation Attacks
- Temptation: Gluttony
- Temptation: Sloth
- Temptation: Lust
- Temptation: Avarice
- Temptation: Wrath
- Temptation: Pride
- Temptation: Envy
- Sin is Just a Concept

Psychological Limitations

- News is Real

Items

- Briefcase
- Video Camera
- Automatic Lockpicking Gun
- Video Tape (several; they're also freely available)
- Painting: "Hands Resist Him" *This is the "Haunted Ebay Painting" – you picked it up in the hopes of a story, a few months back*

Whitesheets

- Library Notes *(Swiss Guard)*

Memory Packets

- 60798
- 73066
- V01
- V01
- V02
- V02
- V03

Stats:

- Virtue (Virtue): 4
- Vice (Vice): 4
- Signature (Sig.): 1482
- Sin (Sin): 0
- Sigma (Sigma): 0
- Gamma (Gamma): 0
- ST (ST): 2
- FT (FT): HXIFBF
- Q numbers (Q): 323, 900
- MHC (MHC): SVV
- Phi (Phi): 4
- Lambda (Lambda): 0