
Baphomet

You are Baphomet, an archdemon of Hell. And for the past three years, you've been living in a small lead box, imprisoned by William McDermot. A *very* small lead box. A very small and particularly *uncomfortable* lead box.

But now, you are loose in the world once more. You could feel it growing, your power, every day since McDermot managed to push you into the symbol painted on the floor and trap you. The ever-growing portal to your homeworld of Hell, somewhere in this cursed Abbey. It wasn't growing fast. It was merely a crack, and would never be of any use in getting more demons out of Hell, but it was enough to feed you strength and energy until you could explode out of your prison and back into the world. Back into humanity. It's taken you three years, three painful years of pushing and striving and patience. But now you're free.

Humanity is loathsome. You hate it, but even more, you hate to be near it. If it weren't for the fact that you were happy enough to sit in the depths of Hell and brood on how loathsome they are, you would have worked to snuff them out eons ago. Very little can inspire you to actually go into the wretched world of men. However, one of the things that can inspire you to wreak havoc is being imprisoned by a human.

McDermot must pay for his insolence. But, be wary — he's trapped you once before and will obviously attempt to do so again. Be on the lookout for symbols painted (marked off in masking tape) on the ground — they might look like stars or boxes, and, if you go inside such a symbol, you'll be vulnerable to being trapped once again.

You will relish killing him and eating his soul, but it must be done properly. You are not some lowly demon sent into the world to rend flesh and scar minds. You are an archdemon, and you generally scorn physical combat, preferring instead to play with your victims and frighten them. In fact, physical combat is exceedingly unpleasant for you, and even attacks that have no chance of harming you can drive you back a few steps. In general, you would kill by surprise, with a helpless victim. For McDermot, though, you will make an exception. He must die, and by your hands.

As for the others, they can wait. You're still not very strong, still weak from imprisonment. Killing is an effort for you; you couldn't kill more than two people without making yourself extremely weak and vulnerable. So you don't have a lot of leeway in killing people who get in your way, not without sacrificing the chance to kill McDermot. But, by all means scare them. Toss them around like the pitiful mortals they are, and have some fun. Cause havoc. You're an archdemon, havoc and terror and mayhem are your specialties.

Also, be cautious. McDermot isn't the only dangerous thing around here. You can sense an artifact of great power in the convent, which will undoubtedly attract creatures of dark power, and in your weakened state you're no match for even a vampire or a werewolf, let alone a greater demon or an archfiend. So stay on your toes and stay alive – havoc is all well and good, but you're an archdemon, and archdemons plan for the future.

Goals

- Kill William McDermot, the Montglane Groundskeeper
- Don't get caught! Be on the lookout for symbols marked off on the ground
- Otherwise, cause as much havoc, mayhem and terror as possible.

Mechanics of Being Baphomet

- You can't use guns or similar forms of technology. You generally do not even think of technology as dangerous.
- You don't tell people your name. Nearly all ways of having power over a demon require its name (William McDermot knew your name, and used it to capture you before).
- Demons only fear that which is more powerful than them. You're pretty sure the big chess set in game is, or at least could be, more powerful than you. The little girl Alice D'Hemery (played by Elizabeth Smith) seems possessed by a demon that may be only slightly weaker than you. If you see any other demons, they are certainly weaker than you.

- You are immune to Throw and Restrain attacks.
- Knock Out and Wound attacks, of any strength, tend to drive you back a few steps (this has more to do with faith of will than anything else). A barrage of gunfire would do the same.
- Once per minute, you may perform a “Throw 6” attack. Doing this should obviously weaken you, at least enough to not just go around bluffing that you can do it at will.
- Twice during the game, you may kill. When you killing-blow, you leave no obvious marks. (Killing someone does not necessarily require the below mechanic.)
- When you are trying to kill something, you may use “Knock Out 6” to help. Only do this on something you are trying to kill. You have to spend at least 30 seconds being very threatening towards your target (especially trying to scare them) to do this. If they shout you down (or similar) with your name during this time, you have to abort.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
- μ : 0
- Delta: 37

Ethan Beacon

You are Malice.

First things first: you are a very bad person, as well as a vampire. At that, you're also one of the cruelest and most powerful vampires in the past millenium. You grew up as Marcos de Nido, a somewhat size-disadvantaged child in a small Spanish village in the mid 1600s. Unlike most of the other smallish children, though, you couldn't really make up for your lack of physical prowess with particular cleverness. You were thus a de facto outcast from all the social groups you could have been a part of as a child. Lonely and distressed, you soon turned bitter, helplessly angry at the world that had condemned you to this stupid fate...

...when help came in the form of a passing group of Portuguese vampires, fleeing a hunt in their homeland. On their way through your village, they stopped for a quick bite — with you as their victim.

The change was gradual, but marked. Within a month you were no longer the runt of the village, but had become the fastest, strongest and most agile person in your village, and, indeed, in the surrounding region. The other villagers saw just as pronounced a change in your personality: instead of the brooding, angry youngster of yesterday, you were a beaming and utterly charming persona.

Your sudden burst of happiness, of course, came about once you realized the full extent of your vampiric powers. Your newfound superior strength made you much more confident than before, and your vampirically-enhanced charisma (along with a healthy dose of sneaking around, aided by a new talent for partial invisibility) let you in on the world of gossip and the secrets of your enemies in your village.

Unfortunately — predictably, really — your idyll was not to last. After a few months of the dissappearances of household pets and unpopular drifters, the people of the town connected them with your unusual change (as well as with your bad breath and odd discoloration of your teeth). You were driven out of your village, barely staying ahead of a mob with flaming torches and stakes.

Those idiots, though — they never really understood power, especially not your power. You stayed in the hills surrounding your village, and, one by one, you picked off everyone who'd come after you, leaving a series of gruesome and terrifying warnings to those who might oppose your might. The villagers summoned the best vampire hunters in Europe to deal with you, and you destroyed them, playing brutal games in the dark of night, the hunters' dying screams clearly audible to the village below.

This, by the way, is how you earned your vampire name of Malice, and the reputation as being one of the cruelest vampires in European history.

You spent the next three hundred years roaming Europe, drinking blood and causing terror and death wherever you came. But, despite all your debauchery, you were...unsatisfied. Then, one night, sitting on a mountain overlooking a village in Switzerland you'd just torched, it came to you.

A creature of your power — of your obvious superiority — should not be limited. You had always assumed that vampires were essentially immortal, but this proved to be wrong. Even with a steady diet of blood, your life would degrade slowly until you would pass away. This was not right. It became your goal to become truly, and unequivocally, immortal. Nothing, not the passage of time, nor any stake of holly would be able to stop you.

Now, vampires have a certain amount of working experience with death and immortality and such. So your intuition kicked into gear, and you realized the true source of the problem: that, even drinking blood on a regular basis, your body would eventually degrade so far as to be useless as a container for your soul. A solution suggested itself: remove your soul. Put it in a box that *won't* degrade, and you're set — soul is safe forever, you live forever. What happens to your body will no longer matter.

So you started practicing, learning to project your soul into things — it wasn't very hard, it was a lot like drinking blood, but

in reverse. You quickly discovered a problem, though. You could project your soul into any inanimate object... but it wouldn't stay there long. Some containers, you found, were better than others. A rock might hold it for a minute, a doorknob for about four, and so on. Gradually, you got a feel for the kinds of objects that might hold it longer... but nothing ever would hold it long enough. The longest you ever found was six hours, and that was for a really old fork.

Then, last year, while searching the British Museum for any possible clues, a helpful researcher named William Neville dropped some hint about a huge sapphire that'd been floating around Europe for a few hundred years. Nicknamed the Blue Bishop, it had been the prized possession of a bishop who traveled the countryside, using the stone to heal horrific wounds and illnesses. You suddenly realized that this was the item that you really needed, the thing that could store your soul indefinitely — for, if it can heal people on the brink of death, why couldn't it keep you alive forever? You attacked the researcher, interrogated him, and finally turned him into a half-vampire as a little joke of your own.

And, helpful as he was, he'd even told you where to find the crystal. Some abbey named Montglane.

Just as you were about to leave, you decided to spite an old enemy. You had been at odds with the vampire Spite for as long as you had known her — she was a saucy and arrogant sort of vampire, too self-proud and cocky for one who wasn't as powerful as you were. You'd crossed paths before, and you couldn't let this opportunity go without a twist of the knife. She, too, had been looking for some time for a way to maintain herself with resorting to drinking blood. It looked like you would beat her to it. You wrote her a quick note, letting her know that you would be successful, while she would still be striving to drink blood to stay alive, and also that you would be at Montglane. If she did show up, you could toy with her for a while, put her in her place, and then be off, to live forever.

Oh, there were going to be a lot of people there? To see some artifact of unimaginable power?

That sounds interesting, too.

It's good to be a vampire.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- Vampire

Abilities

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------|
| - Knock Out | - Shadowwalk |
| - Wound | - Petrify |
| - Assist | - Impossibly Fast |
| - Bloodsucking | - Killing a Vampire |
| - Throw | - Waylay |

Items

- Knife

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|----|
| - Combat Rating: | 3 | - Delta: | 27 |
| - μ : | 7 | | |

Katarin Belliard

You've wanted to be a pirate since as long as you can remember. When you were young, your father (your mother had died of pneumonia when you were about a year old) was extremely protective of you, and so your imagination was your only friend, your home's gardens and yards your only world. You didn't care, though — it was all you knew. Consequently, you built your own adventures. If it wasn't bravely battling intruders from the stars to save your father's cows, it was standing on the big rock in the fields, surveying the high seas for targets. You climbed trees and dug holes, searching for the remnants of the ancient civilizations you built and destroyed in your head. It was, in short, your own paradise.

Your father disagreed, though, and, frustrated with your failure to become the girl he envisioned — a quiet girl who stayed in the house and studied or read or sewed or got married like any sensible child — he sent you to Montglane Abbey to become a nun.

Being a novice at Montglane did nothing to quell your dreams, though. The only other person your age there, a little girl named Alice with a chip on her shoulder, was not interested at all in playing Pirates or Robbers or any of the other games you'd think up. You studied half-heartedly to become a nun under Sister Mary Michaels, but most of your time not spent doing chores was spent shirking those chores to explore the convent. In sending you to the convent, your father thought you'd settle down... instead, he gave you an ancient building with miles of tunnels and thousands of catacombs and side rooms to explore. Ages have grown, died and been forgotten down there, and you're out to find 'em.

You've already traversed a good many of the tunnels down below, and you keep finding more. You rarely remember where you've been, which is unfortunate in that you can't seem to find a good thing twice, but great in that you never have to worry about getting tired of the same places. But the things you've found down there!!

An old musket, left over from the French Revolution... ancient, but still in smooth working order. A beautiful broadsword, which you've become rather handy with after hours and hours of practice fighting old hat racks in the basements of Montglane.

And, recently, you've made a find that you've realized is really important. You were wandering around in a deep sub-basement, when you stumbled, and and lurched against a rotten door, which splintered — revealing a room with a single, large chest in the middle. You grabbed it to try and move it into the light... when a small chess piece rolled out from behind it. It was a pawn, crafted out of the smoothest, whitest ivory. Realizing its immense worth, you brought it immediately to the Mother Superior.

But instead of the warm reception you'd predicted, the Mother Superior was irked, uncharacteristically bothered by your intrusion. You were about to leave, chastened, when another sister hurried in, carrying another piece. Soon, Sister Agnes found the chessboard itself, wedged inexplicably in an old wine cellar, and the word was out to the world that what was apparently Charlemagne's Chess Service had resurfaced.

All of which held your attention for approximately a minute before you went off in search of more stuff to find.

Within the week, the convent was full of visitors. Dozens of strange men and women, not all particularly kind-looking, filled the few guest rooms, perfectly ruining all of your plans for exploration. That is, until Sister Mary passed down the ruling from the Mother that all chores were to be suspended while the visitors were around. So now you're excited — maybe some of these people will be interesting and will want to play with you. Who knows? Some of them might be interested in the stuff you've found.

It's time to explore, time to delve, and time to find out just what's going on around here.

But, wait. The Mother Superior is calling again. Be right there!

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Montglane Abbey

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- | | |
|-------------|--------------------|
| - Knock Out | - First Aid |
| - Wound | - Skill With Sword |
| - Assist | - Disarm |

Items

- | | |
|--------------|----------|
| - Broadsword | - Musket |
|--------------|----------|

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|---|
| - Combat Rating: | 2 | - Delta: | 6 |
| - μ : | 0 | | |

Profond Bleu

You are Profond Bleu, and you are not of this world. You came to Montglane Abbey from the world of Ib'm, which is both very different and very similar to the world you find yourself in now. But both worlds are in jeopardy.

About a month ago, you were requested to appear before the Council of Penh Taeum, who ruled all of known Ib'm. There was a problem, and you were assigned to fix it.

When the Council of Penh Taeum called you, you were honored. The Council employs many of its own specialists, especially concerning the Ehntels. The mission they gave you, though, was even more intriguing.

A new portal had been found, if that's what it really was. It opened up in a baker's basement, and, unlike regular portals which are invisible and indistinguishable from their surroundings, it glowed a bright solid blue. The Council's experts were unable to discover the cause or origin of the strange rift, as they called it, not properly being a portal, but they did know that the problem originated on the other side, in Humanity. They didn't know the exact cause, but suspected a few things.

One — It could be a lost Ehntel. A few had managed to make it through the rift into humanity. Once there, they still retain much of their power, but in the hands of humans who don't know how to use them are rather useless. They could have, however, managed to set an Ehntel off and cause this rift. The last known Ehntel to make it to Humanity was taken through an unknown portal nearly three thousand years ago. If this is the case, it's a simple enough matter, in theory to close the portal, which you know how to do. Unfortunately, the rest of your training with the Ehntels will probably be useless, since such a long time in Humanity will have likely altered it beyond what you are familiar with. Still, the operation should still be the same, even if the procedures aren't.

Two — It could be a Knack. Knacks are very rare and very special. A Knack is a person who is born with the ability to control the world around them in the same manner an Ehntel does. There have only been four recorded in all of Ib'm history. Knacks are born with varying strengths, and the strongest was able to control things in a range of about half a mile. If a Knack were born in Humanity, it is possible they are using their power, either consciously or not, to cause the rift. Of course, that's assuming a Knack was born into Humanity, which is highly unlikely, and that a Knack in Humanity would even be able to use their powers at all, which is even less likely. The experts attempted to determine if there really was a Knack in Humanity, but the rift apparently destroyed the detector before any results could be gotten from it. If this is the case, then the Knack should be brought back to Ib'm, where he can be controlled.

Three — It could be something else, and no one knows what.

No matter what's causing the rift, the Council's experts believe that rift will not take care of itself. It could remain in a steady state for the rest of time. Of course, it could also destabilize and destroy *all* worlds in the next three minutes. Time is an issue.

You presented to the Council your plan. They unanimously agreed, and were just about to close the meeting when Profond Fritz stood to speak. Profond Fritz could have been very good at the Ehntel if only he had a better intuition for how they worked. Rather than guiding them to get them to do what he wanted, Profond Fritz tried to force them. Many of his solutions to problems with Ehntels were grizzly and involved terrible procedures that at times had even required sacrifices of people! He was, at best, not respected by the Council, and that made him angry and bitter.

"It won't work," he said, "That won't close the portal. It could even destroy the worlds. Rather, I have a much better solution. Let me go to Humanity. I have a procedure that will not only close the rift, but also close the world of Ib'm to humanity. No longer will we have to worry Humanity or electricity invading Ib'm." With that, he presented a counter-proposal to your method of closing the portal. The Council agreed that it could work, but that you had already been chosen to go. While the Council spoke, you examined Profond Fritz's solution. It looked promising, you agreed, but would not work. And then, thinking about his previous work, you realized that it was missing one forbidden thing: the sacrifice of a life. With that alteration, his procedure

would work, maybe. There was also a chance that it could destroy Ib'm and humanity altogether, or merge them, or any of a thousand other bad endings. You didn't bring this up, though, as it would be impolite while the Council was in session, and because you felt that it was better to wait until you returned, since Profond Fritz wouldn't be going at all, to tell the Council your thoughts on his procedures.

When the Council had finally dismissed Fritz and his dangerous, foolish plan, you were sent on your way. You had sympathy for him. He had never taken rejection well, you knew, and this would only serve to make him even angrier and more bitter at the world.

So you came to Humanity through another portal, that will allow you to return to Ib'm after you finish your job (location: 36-B, under the stairs, be careful, it's invisible, it will be marked by an orange dot; to go through it, place your hands on the wall and incant "I go through this portal one, I go through this portal two, I go through this portal three" and then go out of game), and found the rift in Humanity. You can only use this portal to return to Ib'm once, although you can bring as many people back with you as need be. It was at an obscure location inhabited by women dedicated to a religious order. You've read about them in some of the surveys explorers have brought back. They're nuns, and supposedly very docile. The rift is somewhere in their convent. You must find its source and fix it before something terrible happens.

Goals

- Find the rift in Humanity, and find its cause, if possible.
- Close the rift.

Memory/Event Packets

- badge number 4724
- badge number 3007
- item number 15385

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- Ib'm
- Closing A Portal

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- First Aid

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
- μ : 0
- Delta: 49

Nikolai Borshev

You are Nikolai Borshev, the greatest chess player the world has ever known. You're a credit to Russia and are a prized national treasure. Too bad you're defecting. Or, at least, that's what you want them to think ...

You were born in the poor village of Merkos, a little way outside of Kiev. Your father was a government official who had given up his post to join the revolutionaries, and, though exceedingly poor, was proud to be part of the proletariat in the new Russia he loved so much. You were extremely enthusiastic about school; but never, it seemed, enthusiastic enough for your father's taste. He decided that you were letting down the first generation of New Russians — and your family relations went frosty. You would come home from school and find consolation (or, at least, something to keep you occupied) in the prime entertainment of Merkos: chess.

You took to it. You had a knack for it. Chess was something that was intuitive, like breathing or taking a walk. The strategies of openings, gambits, the careful sacrifice of pawns within the tense dance of bishops and knights, the awesome power of the queen and rooks lurking, with the meek king the only weak point. By age 11, you were the best player in the village, and were looking for more.

The idea of chess as a profession had never, in all honesty, occurred to you. Although it was your passion and talent, you'd always figured that you would eventually just go to work at the factory, or maybe marry someone and help out with a family business or some such. But, then, one day, your father was killed in an explosion at the factory. A few officials of the Communist Party came to his funeral, and talked at you at great length about the great man your father evidently was. Eventually, they asked you what you were doing with yourself, and, after a moment's deliberation, you said the only thing that you could say honestly: "Chess."

As it turned out, the particular Communist official you were talking to was a great chess aficionado, and challenged you to a quick game. You beat him handily, using moves he claimed you'd learned from some people you'd never heard of. He asked to play again, and so you beat him again, this time using moves he said he'd never seen before. Of course, you didn't really know who or what he was talking about — the moves you made just made sense, just fit into the deep structure of the game.

He was excited enough about your performance to invite you to Moscow to sit in on a regional championship between a few people he said were good players. You showed up, had great seats, and were introduced to the players before the match... and, ultimately, you were appalled. Throughout the tournament, you watched people who were supposed to be the best in Russia, some of the best in the world, make idiotic move after idiotic move. You watched champions hammer each other with ugly and inflexible strategies, only occasionally scratching the surface of the game they played. Afterwards, you slipped away and found the man who'd won the tournament, and asked him for a match. He refused.

So you goaded him (you were, after all, still a kid of 13 years, and an expert at being annoying). You called him an amateur, and started insulting his technique with the white bishop in the last game. That got him riled up, so he agreed... and you beat him. Not easily, because even his inflexible book-learned tactics were pretty strong, but, in the end, you mopped the floor with him. Only after the match did you realize you'd attracted a crowd, and, embarrassed, the master challenged you to a set of three more matches.

All of which you won handily. Impressed, the master offered to enter you into the next tournament... and thus your unlikely career started. Within ten years, you were the established chess champion of the world, a revered Russian hero and celebrity, and pretty well off to boot. And that's when things got interesting.

You wanted to go to a tournament in the US, in order to trounce the champions there, spread some Russian power around. You submitted your application for a travel permit... and were told that, given your "special status" as they put it, that you'd have to come down to the local security office. When you arrived, you were ushered into a back room, where a serious-looking man

in a military uniform put forward a proposal.

Become a spy. Serve Mother Russia. Remain as a chessmaster, travel the world – which you can do without exciting suspicion, because you’re a famous champion. You can meet world leaders, go to dinner at palaces and presidential residences, all without so much as a glance. But, he said, we’ll teach you to plant bugs and pilfer documents and report information all the while. You were hooked — a chance to honor the memory of your father *and* be a chess grandmaster *and* be a spy. What an honor. You accepted.

That was a number of years ago. Now, you’re still the reigning champion, as well as one of the most trusted secret agents in the Russian secret service. About a month ago, you received a telegram from your handler instructing you to open communications with a jeweler in London, with the added note that he was an English operative who had been told that you were a disgruntled Russian looking to defect to England, bearing “secret Russian documents” — all faked, of course. You started talking to him, and had worked out a satisfactory deal. You would defect to England and deliver the documents. . . and then become a deep-cover spy in England, feeding vital information back home to Russia. A wonderful plan, and made ever so simple by the eagerness of the English agent.

Then, last week, you received a second telegram, from a friend in the chess world, talking about a legendary chess set appearing somewhere in the French Alps and that you would be fascinated and won’t you go on behalf of the chess world? You said yes, of course, and agreed to go. You then called up your friend, the British jeweler (named Walter Kellington), and told him that you’d meet him at Montglane in a week to make the deal. He seemed a little out of it, though, and sounded confused for a second, but then agreed vigorously. Odd, but, as long as he’s there to make pickup, then no worries. Your superiors gave you the codephrase they had agreed with the British to use. They told you that if anyone asked you “Do you know if there are any good china shops on Fleet Street?” you were to respond with “There aren’t any china shops on Fleet Street. Try Newbury Street, though.”

Oh, and you’re apparently being saddled with an entourage — a scientist (Dmitri Velentine) and a bodyguard (Elenya Sporotski) — to do some study in the convent. You might want to be circumspect around them, as they seem pretty gung-ho about Mother Russia, and, to all appearances, you’re going to be defecting. Of course, that’s not the true story — but, then, they don’t have the security clearance to know about that, do they?

So keep your wits about you — and check out this chess service thing. It does sound really interesting, because, after all, chess is still the love of your life.

Goals

- Make contact with the English agent
- Deliver the faked microfilm without arousing suspicion
- Investigate the Chess Service

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| - Knock Out | - Lockpicking |
| - Wound | - Disarm |
| - Assist | |

Items

- | | |
|------------------|-------------|
| - Revolver | - Microfilm |
| - Box of Bullets | |

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|-----|
| - Combat Rating: | 3 | - Delta: | 213 |
| - μ : | 0 | | |

Sister Perpetua Boudrieau

You are Sister Perpetua, a nun of Montglane Abbey, and a relentless busybody. Though the trade of most nuns is holiness and religion, *your* trade is gossip and rumor. And you're ever so excited about all these new people... but, wait, where to begin?

You were born in a poor village in Spain, the daughter of English immigrants. The village subsisted on all things sheep: sheep's milk, wool, cheese; if you could get it from a sheep, your village sold it. You had, therefore, an extremely unfortunate allergy. You were, of course, terribly allergic to sheep, and so spent most of the first six years of your life broken out in hives. At the age of seven, your mother sent you to a local nunnery to be educated, and it was there that you discovered your love for convents.

This passion for convents, mind you, had nothing to do with religion or nuns or even education. It was entirely about living with many dozens of girls with nothing better to do than to sit around and talk to one another. The gossip was harder, the rumors more biting, the stories and whispered secrets more secret and more whispered than anywhere else you'd ever been. It was delightful, and you found that you could pass hours talking to people and listening to them talk, spilling their secrets (and, frequently, the secrets of others), and basking in the warm glow of knowledge. So you decided, as a young girl of twelve, that you really wanted to be a nun.

So you trained. You traveled to convents, nunneries and abbeys in France, Spain, England and Germany. You traded gossip in many languages, and learned simultaneously to be a matron, an advisor, and a teacher. You traveled the world learning your trade, and, in the end, asked for an assignment to Brookstone Abbey, the largest and most prosperous abbey in Poland, where you would be assured a constant flow of new children and nuns to gossip with. It would be perfect.

You were turned down, and assigned to Montglane Abbey instead. You didn't know much about Montglane, but figured that an Abbey is an Abbey, and nuns are nuns. You packed up your bags, and hopped onto a train to the Alps, where the groundskeeper of Montglane picked you up and drove you to the Abbey.

It was not quite what you had in mind. Although the view was lovely and the chambers gorgeous, there was distinctly something lacking. And this was gossip. Isolated as you were from the rest of civilization by mountains and snow, you recieved little news from the outside world and few visitors, so there was almost nothing to talk or gossip about. No secrets or mischievous children, since there were no children studying at the convent. Nothing but prayer and meditation and chores. It was almost too much for one nun to bear.

And then two students showed up, and life became a little more bearable. One was a young teenage girl named Katarin Belliard, a bubbly and delightful young lady studying to be a nun, whose enthusiasm for chattering was almost as great as her zeal for exploration and imagination. You and she became fast friends, and have spent many hours talking and making up stories about the different nuns of the convent, in lieu of any real gossip. Sister Mary Michaels has been her teacher for her novice training, and that's coming along swimmingly.

The other new addition was slightly more worrying. She was a young girl named Alice D'Hemery, an orphan sent to be educated by her aunt, who had deemed her too troublesome to deal with. Alice was understandably bitter, both for the death of her parents and for what she described as the horrible mistreatment she suffered at the hands of her aunt and uncle (which terrible offenses included, but were not limited to, lack of parties, lack of ponies, lack of indulging her in any way whatsoever). But she failed to adjust even one whit. Even the careful and diligent care of Sister Agnes (a nice and chatty nun, if a little strange) seemed to only make her condition worse. Besides, something terrible must've happened, because for the past few days Alice has been wandering around silent, with a hard look on her face; Agnes has been lost in thought and looking worried. You should find out what happened, and see if you can help. After all, Alice looks like she could be a delightful young lady, and, despite her terrible manners, you're quite fond of her. Take care of her.

And now, with the discovery of Charlemagne's Chess Set, Montglane is finally getting some visitors. Now there'll be dozens of people to talk to and to chat with and to gossip with. Surely you can find some secrets, some juicy rumors, and spread them around and have some fun. Be sure to keep an eye on Alice and Katarin, to make sure that they don't get themselves into any trouble while all the visitors are here.

But, go! There's busyboding to be done.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Montglane Abbey

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| - Knock Out | - Assist |
| - Wound | - First Aid |

Items

- none

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|---|
| - Combat Rating: | 1 | - Delta: | 6 |
| - μ : | 0 | | |

Alice D'Hemery

You are Alice D'Hemery. You are eight years old, you have beautiful, long blonde hair, and you hate the world with all of your heart and soul.

You came to live at Montglane Abbey eight months ago. Before that time, you'd been the happiest girl in the world. Your parents indulged your every wish. You had everything you might want at a word. And then your parents (your father was a banker, probably the richest in Paris, and your mother was just rich) died in a car crash on their way home from a gala for the cream of Parisian society. You were absolutely devastated. You were unconsolable for most of a week, the servants and staff at what was once your parents chateau unable to help you. You went to their funeral, and when you came home, you realized that they weren't coming back. Ever. They had been *stolen* from you by cruel fate. Well, if that's how the universe wanted to play, you could play right back. You refused to be any kind of nice. You rarely spoke, and when you did, you said only harsh things, meant to hurt. You were rude to your elders, refused to do anything you were told, and made people angry with you at one look. Just after the funeral, you were sent to live with your Aunt and Uncle, who were just as rich as your parents, but had no children of their own.

They were wretched to live with. They refused to indulge you in any way whatsoever. No ponies. No parties. Nothing. Not even angry pouting or yelling and stamping your feet got you what you wanted. Your furious disposition grew worse. While nobody was watching, you took to sabotaging the daily workings of your Aunt and Uncle's estate. In two months, your Aunt and Uncle were forced to replace three sets of the finest china (shattered), two storage sheds (burned), 17 books (missing the last two pages), one chandelier (fallen), one antique four poster bed (hatcheted), six sets of silk bedsheets (torn), four of the finest suits in Paris and six of the finest gowns owned by anyone (dyed puce), and one pedigreed poodle (still missing). Early on, you managed to blame the staff for most of your actions. They fired three of the kitchen staff, two groundskeepers, five maids, and a butler before catching on to you. Finally, they could take no more. They told all of their snobby friends that they were sending you away to a convent in the hopes that a life with women of God would reform you. They made it sound as if they almost couldn't bear to send you away from them. But really, they were sending you to Montglane because they knew you'd hate it more than an orphanage (their first idea). Your bags were packed, you were forcibly removed by five staff members from your closet and then your room, and then the house, and you were sent away to Montglane Abbey.

Your attitude did not improve during the trip to Montglane. Nor did it improve over the next few months. You insulted the nuns, were rude and generally a nasty, wretched girl. Which suited you just fine. The nuns have nearly infinite patience, though, and there's little to break in a convent. With no outlet for your anger, you became even more sullen and dark over the months. You have nothing but contempt for the rest of the world. They are unworthy of the air they breath. Unfortunately for you, there was nothing you could do about it.

One day just last week, though, the inability to act was lifted from you. You woke up in the middle of the night and found Sister Agnes whispering and gesturing over you. You didn't understand the words and were about to give the nun a good tongue lashing when you suddenly couldn't move. A great heat built up inside your body until you were sure you would burst into flames. And then, suddenly, the heat and restrictions on your body were gone. But more importantly, everything made sense now. Just what you needed to do to make the wretched masses of humanity suffer. You sat up and looked at Sister Agnes, who stared back in terror for a brief moment, and then ran from the room as fast as she could.

You had been changed. Certainly, you were still Alice D'Hemery, evil little girl, but now, that evil was older, deeper, and more sinister than anyone could have imagined. Armed with a strange new knowledge, abilities that no human should possess, and a terrifyingly evil ambition, you set out to get revenge on the world.

Unbeknownst to anyone else in the convent, another of Sister Agnes' failed tricks had cracked open a gateway to Hell. In general gateways to Hell are usually announced by an army of demons spewing out of them to wreak havoc on the world, but this

gateway was weak, so weak that it's barely in existence and hardly a suitable portal for a single minor demon, let alone an army of them. If the portal to Hell could be opened all the way, then there'd be no limit to the pain you could inflict onto much-deserving humanity. Unfortunately, that's very, very difficult to do. For now, you'll have to settle with being able to extract one or two demons to do your bidding.

Eventually, though, if the armies of Hell could be released willy nilly into the world, it'd no doubt be fun to watch them wreak their havoc. The easiest way to accomplish that, though, requires too much time, and with all these people around, that will be hard to do. So instead, you've decided to yank two controllable demons from Hell, and using them, drive everyone away from the convent.

You think back to the disruptions you had caused previously. Minor upsets for your Aunt and Uncle, and hardly a crack in the nuns' patience or sanity. You're now disgusted at such insignificant actions. Those were the antics of an angry eight-year-old. It's time you let the world know they couldn't cheat you of your happiness.

But with all of these people arriving looking for this foolish chess service of some long dead king, it might be difficult to accomplish your fiendish plan as quickly as you'd hoped. But then, who's going to notice innocent little Alice D'Hemery? Soon, they all will.

Goals

- Find the gateway to Hell.
- Open the gateway just enough to procure a limited number of demons. You're going to have to find specific demons to summon. Perhaps the library would be helpful there. Surely there's a Richard Scary's Big Book of Demons in there somewhere...
- Make sure you can control the demons and the gateway.
- Enjoy punishing humanity, one at a time.
- Maintain the illusion of innocence for as long as it suits you.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Montglane Abbey

Greensheets

- Dealing With Demons
- Summoning Demons

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Assist
- Wound
- You resist any attempt to waylay you

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating: 1
- Delta: 30
- μ : 0

Sister Agnes d'Arten

You are Sister Agnes d'Arten, a nun at Montglane Abbey. For nearly twenty years now, you've been following the simple work-pray schedule of cloistered life as diligently as is possible for a force of evil. Not a very great force, of evil, really. The kind of force applied by a gentle breeze on a mostly nice day where you wish you'd brought your jacket, but are still okay without it. The kind of evil that causes small children to giggle. The kind of evil that causes earthquakes in Argentina, floods in Nigeria, and a rash of food poisoning in Morrocco, but does no real damage. You are the diet Coke of evil. Which suits you just fine, you've decided.

You've enjoyed being evil since you were very young. You would exchange salt for sugar when your mother was baking, put pepper in your nurse's tea, and sawed half-way through your father's shoe strings so they snapped just as he pulled them tight. In school, you had your best friend framed for cheating and expelled, and then cried with her, comforted her (because you really did feel bad that she had been expelled, but not at all bad that you'd been the one to do it), and then you helped get her readmitted. It was great fun. After finishing school, your father decided that you should be a nun, which you didn't really mind, because no one ever suspects that a nun is evil. After becoming a full-fledged sister, you sought out other evil people, hoping to find people after your own heart to be evil with. It didn't take you long to find them, but you didn't really like them. They were weren't only evil, but they were mean and cruel, too. You've never liked having to be mean or cruel or vile or unpleasant like that. You've never even killed anyone.

So you distanced yourself from the Secret Wicked Organization for Ruin and Demonry (SWORD) and were eventually transferred away from that convent. The new convent you came to was much quieter, being high in the French Alps away from most of civilization. It was called Montglane Abbey, and was supposedly designed and built by the great king Charlemagne himself.

It didn't take you long to get acquainted with your new sisters. The Mother Superior was a good, if stern, woman. There also didn't seem to be any evil societies deep within the order of Montglane nuns, which you found to be a relief after the nastiness of SWORD, which was not at all your cup of evil.

Sifting through the Montglane library, you found several exquisite manuscripts and artifacts that helped facilitate your particular brand of devilry. One thing in particular has been particularly helpful, the *Libellus Clades* (which translates to 'The Little Book of Disasters'). It looks like just what you need, but your Latin has never been that proficient, and the best you've managed to do is to cause everyone in a small Italian village to have a mild headache.

Unfortunately, that's going to have to wait for a few things. First, and most importantly, you've accidentally possessed a small girl living in the convent with a demon. It was an honest mistake that anyone might make. Alice D'Hemery is a bitter, angry little girl who hates everyone and blames the death of her parents on the whole world. She's unruly, mean, and a nuisance, so you decided, for the sake of happiness for not only yourself, but the whole convent, that you would try and charm a little happiness into her. You found the proper spell in a book in the library, prepared everything you needed, and crept into Alice's bedroom. Under the light of the moon, you spoke the words of the spell. Unfortunately, you must have incorrectly conjugated some of the Latin, because suddenly Alice's eyes snapped open, she became suddenly rigid, and you saw a demon enter her. You actually saw it! Even SWORD has never actually conjured an actual demonic apparition! And then you realized just what you'd done. The room was still for a moment. You glanced at Alice's face, which was a rictus of evil, and ran screaming in terror from the room.

This was a Bad Thing. But what's worse, you've just been told that some old chess service has been dug up in the convent and Montglane is about to be descended upon by every treasure hunter and archeologist who wants to get their hands on Charlemagne's lost chess set. It would be worse to have a possessed eight-year-old running around the convent for that, especially if the chess service actually had any power. Fortunately, it shouldn't take much to fix Alice. Just a quick ritual exorcism, probably. Unfortunately, you don't know how to do one, or even which one to do. You'll need to find out just which demon has possessed

her so you can do the right exorcism.

Also, you've heard from some of your SWORD sources that there will be agents from the Eastern Orthodox Church coming to Montglane in order to meet with an agent from the Vatican. Apparently, the Vatican and Patriarchy, which have been at odds for the past several years, are looking to combine their resources in secret to be a greater religious force in the world. SWORD is excited, and supports this merger, because within the Eastern Orthodox Religion resides SABER, the Society for Apocalyptic Bewitchment, Evil, and Retribution. Compared to SABER, SWORD is child's play. SABER is truly, truly evil, and if SABER and SWORD were to join forces, the forces of kind-of-evil, namely you, might get snapped up against your will, or worse, crushed. You must find out who's involved in this meeting and stop them if possible. At the very least, make sure that there's no way SWORD and SABER can join forces.

In all your years being a force of kind-of-evil, you never thought you'd be working so hard to make sure the forces of evil were stopped. Remember that there's a full moon on Sunday, which might be the best time for an exorcism. You certainly can't have a possessed little girl running around in the world, especially if it's your fault, and if at all possible, stop SWORD from getting any closer to SABER.

Goals

- See that Alice gets exorcised, but don't hurt the poor dear!
- Prevent SWORD and SABER from getting any closer to each other.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Montglane Abbey

Greensheets

- Dealing With Demons

Abilities

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| - Knock Out | - Assist |
| - Wound | - First Aid |

Items

- none

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|---|
| - Combat Rating: | 1 | - Delta: | 6 |
| - μ : | 0 | | |

Profond Francois

You are Profond Francois, and you're not supposed to be in Montglane Abbey right now. In fact, as far as your superiors are concerned, you're not even supposed to be in this dimension. You should be home right now, in the parallel world of Ib'm — but you're here, because there's work to be done, work that only you can do.

The rift was discovered a few months ago — an unusually large and stable portal to the world of Humanity (a quaint, if somewhat boring little world), and one that showed a number of interesting properties. As befitting your station as a prodigy in the study of Ehntels at the University of Ceh' Lebron, you were one of many specialists called in to examine the evidence and present your opinions to the Council of Penh Taeum.

Humanity? Bah. A disgusting and primitive world without even the sense to develop the powers of their game of Chess. Not to mention their dangerous addiction to electricity. Far from being cautious of its horrific power, they've incorporated it into their homes and buildings, made it the axis of their "modern" lives. You've always considered humanity to be a threat, too stupid and wild to be allowed to make contact with other worlds, particularly Ib'm. And so you went off to study the rift, to see if you could gather any interesting evidence.

Interesting evidence? Try frightening. According to some calculations you ran, it seems that the portal is not just stable, but incredibly so — it could in fact be easily opened at any time, by anyone with the appropriate knowledge. Moreover, the portal's stability seems to stem from the fact that it's knitted itself into the fabric of reality, posing a terrible threat to the existence of both Ib'm and the Human world if tampered with. It could collapse both universes if it wasn't sealed off in the proper way.

Aghast, you worked day and night to draw up a plan to close the rift, and presented it to the Council: the Rift must be closed, by any means necessary. You told them of the dangers, and then told them your solution — in order to close the portal without any danger to Ib'm, the world of Humanity must suffer. Well, not all of Humanity — but it would require an expenditure of matter from the human world. Organic matter, actually. Some might call it a human sacrifice. And, besides, their world is dangerous and barbaric, obviously, and closing the portal will ensure that they can't hurt Ib'm.

And they threw you out, and destroyed your report — they called it "disgusting" and "vile" and "abominable." And then they proceeded to listen to a weakling: one Profond Bleu, an upstart at the University of Ohess Du, who recommended that they send him through the rift in order to investigate how it might be closed safely. His plan, though, is too weak to sever the rift correctly — he'll probably either fall prey to the humans, or will destroy Ib'm (or even both worlds) trying to do it his way. You *know* your way will work better. . . but he wouldn't listen either. He politely told you to shut up, and have a good day.

But, on the other side, in the human world, he'll see — he'll see what it's like in that world, and why Ib'm must be protected at all costs. But you can't count on him to do it alone. . . so, late at night, you snuck into the bakery, activated the portal, and slipped through, just a few hours before Profond Bleu was scheduled to do so.

It won't be easy. Profond Bleu isn't going to give you the chance to prove him wrong, but you must. He must see how your way worked, how it was superior. He'll try to stop you, but you'll succeed, and then he'll see. Of course, you'll have to procure a human victim, and you'll need to do a little research in the abbey's library to figure out how the process will work in the human world, but those are merely bumps on the road to being right. That pansy will see the truth.

He'll see that you can't do anything right without getting your hands a little dirty.

Closing the Portal the Right Way

- You must have two chess pieces (one black and one white), neither of which can be pawns or kings.
- Using the chessboard mechanic, obtain value 391.
- You must have a "procedural casualty", which is a person from Humanity, who is alive, not wounded, and helpless or willing.
- Go to the site of the rift and bring along a GM, the chess pieces, the procedural casualty.

- Tie the procedural casualty up on the ground before the portal. Place one chess piece at their head and the other at their feet.
- Every minute for ten minutes, walk a circle around the procedural casualty, and announce “This Portal Will Be Closed”

Memory/Event Packets

- badge number 4724

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- Ib'm

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Assist
- Wound

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
- Delta: 54
- μ : 0

Maris Hauberik

You are Maris Hauberik, and your life is dedicated to hunting vampires. You spend your days working as a librarian at Cambridge University, but at night, you fight to rid the world of the undead.

It wasn't always like this, though. There was a time when you had a fairly normal life. You were in college, studying to be a historian. You had just been engaged to Charles Talbard. You loved him. He had proposed to you at dinner. You said yes immediately. You were walking home in the cold winter air, holding each other close. A tall man in a long coat came out of the shadows and asked you for a cigarette. You knew you were in danger, even though all he did was ask for a light. Charles checked his pockets, but didn't have any matches on him. The two of you turned around and started walking down the street, with you pulling on his arm to try and get him to go faster. Suddenly, someone grabbed Charles from behind and pushed you roughly to the ground. You looked up just in time to see the street thug tear your fiancée's neck open. You screamed in terror and flung yourself at the thug, trying to drive him away from your love. He easily flung you against the wall. You hit your head and fell unconscious, sure you were going to die.

When you woke up on the hard pavement, confused and hurting, there was no one around. No Charles. No thug. You ran to the police immediately, who went to work on the case, but after two months they had no leads. You insisted on what you saw, but they could find no evidence at the scene. No blood. No body. No thug. You started wearing the engagement ring Charles had given you on a chain around your neck, as a constant reminder. Finally, the police, exasperated with your constant insistence that they continue to work on the case, told you there was nothing more they could do. You were angry, and upset, and devastated that they'd let that murdering thug get away. You yelled at them, and wrote letters, and did everything to try and get them to keep working. But they did nothing. So you decided to do it yourself.

You had no idea where to start. You took to wandering around the area where it happened late at night, armed with a knife that used to belong to your grandfather and a pistol, looking for the thug. Meanwhile, your life began to fall apart. You barely graduated from college, and got a job as an historical researcher at Cambridge University's library. It was an acceptable arrangement. You stalked around the back alleys and rough streets for three months, but never saw the thug. And then, one warm summer night, there he was. You followed him as stealthily as you could down the street. He turned into an alley. You slowly, carefully crept around the corner. He was striding casually down the street. You raised your pistol and moved your finger to the trigger, when a hand closed itself over your mouth and pulled the gun out of your fingers. Your arms were pinned against your sides. You tried to scream but couldn't.

Someone whispered in your ear, "Don't do anything stupid. It's hard enough to kill vampires with bullets, and I doubt you'd live for very long if you tried to shoot that one." Eventually, he reassured you that he was a friend, and he wasn't going to hurt you, and you calmed down.

The man was a vampire hunter. Through him, you were introduced to the secret world of vampires. Every day, vampires wander amongst the normal people of the world. All the while, they plot to destroy the living, drink their souls down, and bring ruin and strife to the living. It didn't take you long to decide that you wanted to join the man in hunting vampires. He showed you the ropes, and the people to talk to, and you were well on your way to becoming a vampire hunter yourself, if only for the chance to destroy the fiend that killed the love of your life.

Vampires live for about as long as humans do, with some exceptions. There are ways that a vampire can extend its life, but they're usually very painful, require a lot of work, and produce uncertain results at best. Vampire hunters only know of a handful of vampires that might have succeeded in carrying out that ritual that are still alive. Vampires drink blood to maintain their abilities and stay alive. How often a vampire has to drink blood seems to be mostly random, since no one's ever been able to ask a vampire or keep a close enough watch on one to make an observation while still thwarting their plans to drink away the souls of the living. The mythical methods of deterring vampires are mostly ineffective. Vampires don't mind garlic in the least,

aren't bothered by sunlight, and it takes hours for a crucifix to have any real effect on them. They can't turn into bats, and don't have to be invited into a house to come in. They are oftentimes stronger than normal humans. They can become invisible, though, can move faster than normal humans, and have some very limited mental abilities.

You eventually learned that the vampire you had mistaken for a thug was called Malice. He was one of the oldest and most vicious vampires around London. He had killed three other hunters, which frightened you, but didn't deter you at all. They had all come very close to getting him. As you trained, learning more and more that continued to surprise about the world you thought you knew so well, you grew to be one of the better hunters. In just six months, you had dispatched three vampires.

Sometimes it was hard to get over the fact that there was a good deal of magic running around the world. All sorts of artifacts that granted strange powers. Your work as a librarian actually became helpful. Buried between all those dry histories were references to old manuscripts and occult writings that might help you build your skills and abilities in vampire hunting even more.

You were currently searching for the *divine spiritus*. There were a few places where texts mentioned that it could give the ability to 'divine souls', which as you interpreted it, would let you instantaneously know if someone was or was not a vampire (the method you have now takes a long time and can get tedious). But even better, it could let you undo their vampirism completely, returning them to a normal human. It also might just kill them, but if that's the case, you've been doing that for a while now with stakes and whatnot, so it's nothing to feel bad about. Whether or not it will cure their tortured soul, you have no idea.

Up until about a month ago, you weren't even sure what the *divine spiritus* was. It sounded like it was much more a method than an actual object, but you couldn't even be sure of that. It was referenced a good bit in some musty old manuscripts, but only very vaguely and mysteriously. You were down in the basement of Westminster Abbey looking through parchments almost a thousand years old when you found this excerpt:

"The *divine spiritus*, against the physical representations of ether-powers, was rather an endowment of ability within whoever would attain it. It is, though, in practice, lost to the known world, as the ancients who had attained the proper erudition to practice the *divine spiritus* have been lost to the knowledge of this earth. It is known, though, that the *divine spiritus*, according to legend, allowed he who attained it the power to know the soul of another for what it was in its sins and forms, and also, under the proper conditions, to abstract the afflicted soul to its former state of innocence. There, with no doubts, other uses for this, which this hand does not know. It is recorded by the Romans that the *divine spiritus* may allow for the very soul to be accosted from"

And there the page ended, and did not continue in the manuscript.

You kept reading late into the night looking for more clues, but found nothing more than vague pointers that didn't help. You were just about to leave, when you noticed another woman ruffling through some of the same old books you had been. Figuring she must have been a historian like yourself, and since she was looking through the same books you were, maybe she had some useful information, you struck up a conversation. She was very skittish and stand-offish at first. She said her name was Victoria Levensen. You kept probing for more information, trying to get her to tell you what she was looking for. When you mentioned that you were looking for information on ancient religious practices concerning the soul, (you didn't tell her the real reason why you were interested, but simply that you were interested in the history of it all, as a historian), she perked up. She, too, was looking for similar things. Eventually, you decided to trust each other enough to be honest and say at least that you both were looking for the *divine spiritus*, but neither of you mentioned why. Unfortunately, neither of you had anything better than vague pointers on where it might be. You suggested that maybe if you worked together, you could find it. You sat down right there and put your notes together. After pulling out a few old books and an ancient map, you determined that the *divine spiritus* must be a part of the legendary Charlemagne Chess Service. Which didn't help all that much, since the chess service was just as much a legend, but at least you had a better idea of what you were looking for now.

You both agreed that you should go your separate ways, but decided to keep in touch with each other and work together to find the chess service. Victoria's help will be useful, but she seems a little suspicious. You should be careful of her, you think,

until you're more sure of her motives, and of course, she shouldn't know what you want the *divine spiritus* for. Oh well, back to work looking for Charlemagne's Chess Service.

A few days ago, you realized you'd been living this double life for nearly five years. In all that time, your hate for Malice hadn't grown any less, but you were no longer focused solely on his destruction. Your goal had become to rid the world of all vampires, and if that meant destroying Malice, then all the better for you. But he was hard to find, and hard to track, and since two more vampire hunters had died at his hands, hard to kill, too.

It was strange to be sitting there, at the same job, around the people who thought you were just a regular, boring researcher. It was kind of funny really. None of them knew. Your supervisor didn't know. The two secretaries who just walked in didn't know. One of them politely delivered a telegram to your desk.

Word had just gotten out that what could be Charlemagne's Chess Service had been found in a small French convent called Montglane.

You sent a telegram to Victoria and immediately made arrangements to get to the convent. A frazzled middle-aged man wandered by your desk muttering something. All you caught was "...thinks it's in Montglane... Malice wants it... thinks it's in Montglane..." You were shocked as the man wandered off. Could he have been talking about *the* Malice? Maybe you had just misheard... But still. It wouldn't hurt to be prepared.

You would finally get your revenge.

Memory/Event Packets

- badge number 4517
- When you have successfully obtained the *divine spiritus*

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- Vampire

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Vampire Detection
- Killing a Vampire

Items

- Silver Knife
- Revolver
- Box of Bullets

Stats

- Combat Rating: 3
- μ : 0
- Delta: 6

Thomas Islington

Your route to Montglane is pretty strange, but, for an internationally renowned (and wanted) thief, an odd sort of resume is pretty much a given.

You were born as Thomas Islington, a poor kid from a poor family in Chicago. There was never enough of anything in your world — not enough clothes, not enough toys, not enough food. At some point, you decided to rectify this inequity, and you started stealing. “Liberating” you liked to call it. You were pretty good at it, but that didn’t stop you from getting caught — an obviously poor kid wandering through a store tends to attract attention. After a few experiences with the discipline of the juvenile justice system and the discipline of your parents (which was much more effective), you settled down and started living a normal life.

That is, until your parents were killed when the union rally they were taking part in was brutally shut down by a group of goons with guns. Suddenly alone and very angry at a stupid world that made your parents die just to get the money they deserved, you ran off, and slipped through the cracks of the system.

You ended up living on the streets, sponging food and sometimes a bed off of your school friends — but they were no better off than your family had been, and the extra mouth was too much for them to bear. So you told them you’d find a job, and you did. In a sense. You took up stealing again, just in small quantities, and only what you needed. Gradually, you started stealing more freely as you got better.

Unfortunately, you got a little too good. After a string of successes, one of your friends told you about a liquor store uptown that they’d knocked over before, easy and very lucrative. You broke in quietly, after they were closed, and everything was going just peachy until the lights flicked on. It was a trap. Four large, ugly and sinister-looking men surrounded you, carrying various blunt instruments. A short and well-dressed man stepped into the circle, and politely informed you that some of the stores you’d been hitting were owned and operated by what he called his “organization.” *The mob*, you thought. *I’m dead*. But what came next surprised you.

“You’re a damned good thief,” said the well-dressed man. “Tell you what. You didn’t know you were stealing from us, that’s no problem – as long as you do this job for us. You do, we forget about it.” To save your skin, sure thing. You took the job, an easy robbery at some guy’s house in a ritzy part of town. Piece of cake. And then you had a pleasant working relationship with the mafia – and therefore you had both connections and a reputation. You started getting anonymous job offers, for art theft, for jewel theft, for any kind of theft at all. You just had one criterion: no killing. You couldn’t stand the sight of blood, nor the knowledge that you were a killer.

Then, last week, you recieved an anonymous note with your morning coffee (the usual delivery system). Tied to the note was a small tape cassette. When you went home and listened to the tape, the message was very brief and very odd. It told you that you would be going to Montglane Abbey in France, there to find and retrieve a large blue gem named the Blue Bishop. It also instructed you to retrieve at least three different pieces – a rook, a bishop and a pawn – from the chess service that’d appeared at Montglane the day before (this was all over the news, some kind of “magical chess set” that was rumored to have been owned by Charlemagne). It further instructed you that, if you failed, you would live much longer than your natural lifespan – and that all of it would be spent in pain. The tape closed with, “Have a nice day. SABER commands you to carry out your task.” You didn’t know who or what SABER was or why they wanted these things, but you never got notes from anyone but credible employers. Plus, they promised you several million US dollars for the completion of their task. So, all in all, it’s a good deal.

So now you’re at Montglane, posing as a reporter from the New York Times, here to cover the proceedings and to try and get some news about the different visitors and about the chess set. That should be enough to get you in and out with your take and without getting hurt.

Just don't fail.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| - Knock Out | - Pickpocket |
| - Wound | - Waylay |
| - Assist | - Disarm |
| - Lockpicking | |

Items

- | | |
|--------------|---------|
| - Lock Picks | - Knife |
|--------------|---------|

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|---|
| - Combat Rating: | 3 | - Delta: | 6 |
| - μ : | 0 | | |

Vanya Ivanovich

Legends tell of a terrible war in Asia, nearly three thousand years ago. Two mighty kingdoms were locked in a ferocious war, driven by the pride and egos of their rulers. These were Kings far beyond the pale of contemporary monarchs — mighty warriors, brilliant tacticians, as unyielding as granite. Nobody could quite remember what the fighting had started about, but everyone agreed that the only end that would ever come was when one nation or another had been driven into the ground.

The legends make note of a renowned group of priests, sorcerors and mages that lived in one of the kingdoms, known only as the Eight. They witnessed firsthand the devastation wrought upon the two kingdoms by the war, the famine and suffering of the populace. They saw the wrongs perpetuated to salve the vanity the lords called “honor”. Fuming, they hatched a plan to put a stop to the fighting once and for all.

Early one morning, the two kingdoms girded for war. As dawn broke, the two armies stood, silent, facing each other across the valley they’d fought for dozens of times, an almost routine morning. The smell of death was already on the wind... and, as the accounts go, the kings raised their weapons to signal the start to the battle...

... and the battle ended. The legends are a bit confused here. Some say that the armies simply vanished. Others report a flash of light, some talk about cyclones and other improbable events, but they all agree that the two hosts, along with their rulers, were gone.

Of course, you know the real story. Because you were there. You remember the feeling of lifting your weapon, bringing your arm down to signal a start to the battle. You can remember looking across at the other King, your eyes locked in fury. And there... everything goes a bit hazy. You have some vague memories of being a farmer after that, and maybe a merchant or a banker... you don’t really know. You’ve managed to piece together the rough course of your life since the day when the Eight intervened.

What *really* happened is that, just as the battle started, a man in a robe materialized in the middle of the valley, holding a square of polished stone in his hand. He raised the other hand to the sky, shouted a single unintelligible word... and he imprisoned your mighty army in the slab of granite. As small figurines. Your cavalry became small carved horsemen. Your priests became carved caricatures of their distinctive hats, and your siege wagons became intricate figurines of towers... and you were spared, but cursed.

Cursed to never hold power again. It would let you live your life, but, if you ever gained too much personal power, if you ever tried to grab at control, you would be... reset. It wasn’t something that you were conscious of at first, because the curse would simply wipe your memory and move you on to the next town, to start again. This has been your life for three thousand years, with no name and no past and no future... and you’ve finally realized what’s going on. In the meantime, you’ve seen the industrial revolution, the rise and fall of nations... and the spread of a game called Chess — featuring a square board with small carved military figurines. Somewhere, out there in the world, was your might and power, the prison shaped like a game.

But something’s going to change. You woke up about a month ago with a sudden burst of knowledge: the Chess Service, *your* chess service, is indeed in the world, in some place called Montglane Abbey. And your adversary is also still alive. You will meet at Montglane, you will do battle, and one of you will die. And then your souls will be free to live a normal life, grow old and die. Finally, a release.

You’ve come to Montglane with the Russian delegation, consisting of Russia’s greatest chessmaster, and a pair of “escorts” — a fancy name for spies. You’ve managed to forge and lie your way into getting assigned to Montglane as a Russian operative, and the “escorts” should have strict orders from their superiors not to bother you. You have no idea what need there is for spies in a convent, but that hardly concerns you. After all, you’re here to end what began three thousand years ago.

You are the Black King.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- Kings

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Assist
- Wound

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating: 3
- Delta: 256
- μ : 0

Walter Kellington

You are Marcus Steele (at least, that's your real name), and for most of your life, you've been living a quiet life in London, as an occultist. Not one of those foolish hacks running around in purple robes and a turban who'll read your future or tell you who you were in a past life. No, nothing so idiotic as that. Rather, to you, the occult is like a science, and you've found that if you treat it like one, you live longer, and maintain your natural shape longer, for that matter, than other, less cautious dabblers in your dangerous art.

You started out like most occultists do, finding an old book and becoming enamored with the magic you read about. You were careful, though, and still are. You don't do rituals except out of great need, and your smaller store of magic isn't something you use all that often, just to be prudent. Being accused of being an occultist would ruin you, you're sure. You once knew an occultist who made a habit of telling people about, and he was made the laughingstock of all of London for nearly a week. He was so enraged that he tried to cause an earthquake with his ill-used abilities that would sink London under the earth. Fortunately, you and a few others were there to stop him. You don't want that happening to you, so you keep what you can do under wraps, just in case.

And just what do you do? You have fairly reliable evidence that 'something big' is going to happen in about fourteen years. Unfortunately, you don't know what, and that's about all your sources can give you. But you know it's going to be big, of a powerfully magic nature, and it carries the possibility with it to destroy humanity, or the world, or even the universe. Unfortunately, when you told this to other people who could do something about it, they scoffed. Either they wouldn't believe, or they couldn't believe, but either way, they weren't willing to do anything about it. You let the matter drop, and stopped trying to convince people of what you knew after your first attempt to get people to help you. If they were too foolish to figure it, and then even more foolish to not believe you when you showed them, you weren't going to force them into anything, because you knew they probably wouldn't change their minds anyway. You've even conceded the point that you might be wrong, but you trust your sources and did everything you could after they told you this to make sure they were right, and everything points towards that.

So if nobody else was going to help you, you decided, you would do it yourself. Fourteen years is a long time, and you can get a lot done in that time. You still don't know what the event will be, but you've gotten a little bit more information on how you can be ready to deal with it when it gets here. First, you know there are going to be some things you need. You know it's not a complete list, but on it are: sand, lots and lots of sand (you figure you'll probably just be carrying out the ritual in a desert); a King's Bell, that originally hung in the Gardens of Babylon; a rod, five tekeis (whatever kind of measure of length that might be) long, made half out of gold, half out of silver, and half out of bronze (that's what the tome said, you're really not sure how to interpret it); the Blue Bishop, a huge, perfect sapphire (no one knows where it is exactly, but you can follow a medieval paper trail that puts it somewhere in France, likely still with the Catholic Church); One of the Queens from Charlemagne's Chess Service, a Rook and two Pawns as well. The list goes on a long ways from there, but those are the hardest you've come up against so far.

The pieces from the chess service will be hardest, you're sure, since Charlemagne's Chess Service is thought by many to be no more than a legend. There seem to be no clues anywhere to indicate where it might be, and there is no physical evidence to say that it ever existed. The Blue Bishop, you think, might be even harder to get your hands on. A few years ago, you were in France on vacation, during which time, you got wind of a huge ritual taking place in a very out of the way chateau. You felt it your duty to investigate, and see just what was going on. When you came to the conclusion that this group was trying to harness a demon to their control, you raced to the chateau, broke in, burst into the basement, and broke up their ritual. Needless to say, they were very angry, and you raced out of France with them on your heels and likely a fate worse than death if they caught you. After that, they circulated your name and description through the French occultist circles, making up lies and slanders about you, but also ensuring that if any French occultist saw you, you wouldn't be a free man for long. And so, you've essentially been banned from France. And, what with the propensity for occultists to be drawn to places like cathedrals and convents where the Blue Bishop

might be, you'd probably never get into the door before you were caught by a Frenchman eager to turn you over for 'justice', where you would likely just be used as a sacrifice in some other dark ritual.

But you were getting through your list, and it seemed that for every item you found and stockpiled in your basement, two more would end up on the list. You were in a jeweler's shop a few days ago looking for a ruby sphere with a quarter inch diameter (and also hoping to ask if the man knew anything about what a tekeis was), when the jeweler, looking over a telegram, mumbled, just loudly enough for you to hear, "Charlemagne's Chess Service? Rubbish." You couldn't help but bring it up, since you'd been mostly certain that you'd never find it anyway. The jeweler told you that supposedly Charlemagne's lost chess service had been found in an obscure French convent, not that he believed in those legends of course, and that he was going to appraise the value of the pieces as artifacts. You said how interesting that was, and that, of course, the legend was poppycock, but an interesting find nevertheless, and then you changed the subject. On your way out, you made sure to shake the jeweler's hand firmly.

You rushed home! Finding the chess service was amazing, but finding a way to get at it yourself was even better. It only took about six hours of work (which was odd, you always thought, since most of your magic took at least a day's work to set up) to set up the ritual. You carefully made sure of everything, made your incant. . .

. . . and then found yourself standing in the back room of what you knew must be the jeweler's shop. So this is what it felt like to be Walter Kellington. You'd only ever switched bodies with anyone once before. It always took a few hours getting used to it. The mind and soul of the real jeweler were now in your body, down in your basement, but in a form of stasis for the next few days. As long as you could switch bodies with him before the stasis wore off, he'd never know what happened. It's very important that you do that, which means you need to be back in London Tuesday, which means you should leave Montglane by no later than Sunday night.

As you were wandering around the jeweler's shop, getting acquainted with your new body, a man came in, browsed for a bit, and then asked you, "Do you know if there are any good china shops on Fleet street?"

You thought for a moment trying to be helpful and convincing as the jeweler, "There aren't any china shops on Fleet street. Try Newbury street, though."

The man, nodded seriously at you then, said, "Everything is arranged," and then left. You weren't sure what to make of it, but you thought the jeweler was into something bigger than it first appeared. That wasn't really your concern, though.

A few hours later, you recieved a call. A man with a heavy Russian accent told you that he would meet you at the location, and you could proceed from there. You were a little confused, at first, but then, so as to not arouse suspicion, agreed wholeheartedly and hung up. What *was* the jeweler up to? That wasn't really your concern, though.

Soon, you were on your way to Montglane Abbey, and soon you would have the pieces you needed and the Blue Bishop in your posession. You made it across the Channel with no problems, boarded the train with no problems, and would arrive at a small town in a while where you would take a car to Montglane. While you were on the train, catching up on your reading, a man stuck his head through your door, looked around, noticed you, and then left as quickly as he had come. The door snapped smartly behind him, and where he had been standing there was a small, plain envelope. You opened it up, but all it had was a scramble of letters on it. You really didn't know what the jeweler was up to, but maybe it would be worth checking out. The important thing, though, was that you get what you needed from the convent without anyone knowing that you weren't who you said you were.

You arrived at the convent. There were lots of people there already because of Charlemagne's Chess Service. That was a little upsetting, but not unexpected. You'd just have to make sure that none of them got to what you needed before you did.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Assist
- Wound

Items

- Code (in-game document)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
- Delta: 40
- μ : 0

Pierre Ledoix

Legends tell of a terrible war in Asia, nearly three thousand years ago. Two mighty kingdoms were locked in a ferocious war, driven by the pride and egos of their rulers. These were Kings far beyond the pale of contemporary monarchs — mighty warriors, brilliant tacticians, as unyielding as granite. Nobody could quite remember what the fighting had started about, but everyone agreed that the only end that would ever come was when one nation or another had been driven into the ground.

The legends make note of a renowned group of priests, sorcerors and mages that lived in one of the kingdoms, known only as the Eight. They witnessed firsthand the devastation wrought upon the two kingdoms by the war, the famine and suffering of the populace. They saw the wrongs perpetuated to salve the vanity the lords called “honor”. Fuming, they hatched a plan to put a stop to the fighting once and for all.

Early one morning, the two kingdoms girded for war. As dawn broke, the two armies stood, silent, facing each other across the valley they’d fought for dozens of times, an almost routine morning. The smell of death was already on the wind. . . and, as the accounts go, the kings raised their weapons to signal the start to the battle. . .

. . . and the battle ended. The legends are a bit confused here. Some say that the armies simply vanished. Others report a flash of light, some talk about cyclones and other improbable events, but they all agree that the two hosts, along with their rulers, were gone.

Of course, you know the real story. Because you were there. You remember the feeling of lifting your weapon, bringing your arm down to signal a start to the battle. You can remember looking across at the other King, your eyes locked in fury. And there. . . everything goes a bit hazy. You have some vague memories of being a farmer after that, and maybe a merchant or a banker. . . you don’t really know. You’ve managed to piece together the rough course of your life since the day when the Eight intervened.

What *really* happened is that, just as the battle started, a man in a robe materialized in the middle of the valley, holding a square of polished stone in his hand. He raised the other hand to the sky, shouted a single unintelligible word. . . and he imprisoned your mighty army in the slab of granite. As small figurines. Your cavalry became small carved horsemen. Your priests became carved caricatures of their distinctive hats, and your siege wagons became intricate figurines of towers. . . and you were spared, but cursed.

Cursed to never hold power again. It would let you live your life, but, if you ever gained too much personal power, if you ever tried to grab at control, you would be. . . reset. It wasn’t something that you were conscious of at first, because the curse would simply wipe your memory and move you on to the next town, to start again. This has been your life for three thousand years, with no name and no past and no future. . . and you’ve finally realized what’s going on. In the meantime, you’ve seen the industrial revolution, the rise and fall of nations. . . and the spread of a game called Chess — featuring a square board with small carved military figurines. Somewhere, out there in the world, was your might and power, the prison shaped like a game.

But something’s going to change. You woke up about a month ago with a sudden burst of knowledge: the Chess Service, *your* chess service, is indeed in the world, in some place called Montglane Abbey. And your adversary is also still alive. You will meet at Montglane, you will do battle, and one of you will die. And then your souls will be free to live a normal life, grow old and die. Finally, a release.

You’ve come to Montglane under the auspices of your dayjob as an archaeologist. You’ve technically been sent to study the chess set, and see if you can puzzle out its history — an assignment you nearly laughed at. In other words, this line of work hardly concerns you — you’ve got bigger fish to fry. After all, you’re really here to finish what started three thousand years ago.

You are the White King.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- Kings

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Assist
- Wound

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating: 3
- Delta: 256
- μ : 0

Jaque LeRoche

You are Jaque LeRoche, a spy for the French government, and one of the most unlikely spies

You were born in a rough suburb of Marseilles. You never knew your parents, since they left you at an orphanage when you were 2. You hated it there. The nuns who ran the orphanage were doing their best to keep it in running order, but they were terribly officious and strict, and the various Protestant orphan centers in the city were no better – you should know, you tried them all. You finally fled your last orphanage as soon as you could fend for yourself, at age 7, and never looked back, and made a life for yourself of the streets. It was hard, it was cold, and it was dangerous. A seven-year-old has a lot of trouble staying healthy and alive in a place like that – you took to carrying shards of broken glass around for self-defense, and developed a tough reputation by beating on anyone you could find who you could beat. You did what you had to, though, and you carved a niche for yourself, led a small gang of orphanage runaways, and owned your part of the street with muscle and blood and will.

Obviously, theft was a way of life — few of your number knew any useful skills or had any sort of education, so most jobs were beyond you. Besides, jobs were for suckers — anything you needed you could get off the shelves at local markets, free of charge, as long as you had a light touch and a nonchalant air. So you stole, and stole, as much as you could, rarely from the same places twice, roving and gathering. It was a good life, easy and exciting. But that was before the War.

When the Germans came, you were furious. The way you saw it, they were just like any other bunch of idiots trying to grab at your turf, only they weren't even French, they didn't even belong here. So you did what any other proud Frenchman would do, and joined the army. Or at least tried to. They turned you down. They said you were too slow, too brutal and too unpredictable to join the army. But they made an alternative suggestion, and referred you to a man down the hall. He was sitting in his office wearing a nondescript grey suit. He gave you some forms to fill out, and asked you some questions about your parents, close friends and relatives, and spouses. Replying that you had none of any of those, the man smiled, stood up and extended his hand.

“Welcome to the French Secret Service.” You were pretty surprised, but you eventually realized that it was the place for you. You weren't a high-level operative, not particularly smart or suave, but you had two advantages over most any other agent: first, you were doggedly persistent and disliked leaving any job incomplete; and, second, you could beat the snot out of anyone who tried to stand in your way (and frequently did). Your annual reports labeled this as “unconventional approach to problem-solving,” and you were commended. You were moved out of espionage and put full-time into solving security problems.

So when the Red Knight project came into your lap, you knew just what to do with it. The Red Knight had been developed after the war as a devastating personal weapon to be used against any potential invader in the future. It was a gem, a large red crystal, absolutely pure and intricately carved. It had the peculiar property that shining light on one face of the crystal would cause a beam of massive destructive power to emerge from the other side. You recognized instantly that this was the kind of weapon that under no circumstances could anyone other than the French possess. Therefore, security being as naturally difficult as it is, the Red Knight should be hidden in a place nobody else would think to look.

So you picked the most unlikely location you could think of, and sent it off to Sister Mary Michaels (a nun and fellow French operative) at Montglane Abbey in the middle of the French Alps, with instructions for her to keep it secret and keep it safe. Pretty secure.

At least until recently. Suddenly, there's a massive hubbub, and Montglane is suddenly in the spotlight for some kind of magical chess set. You really have no idea what it is, but you do know one thing: that dozens of people will be arriving to study the chess set, and that clearly creates a non-optimal environment for hiding an extremely destructive weapon. So you and one other operative were dispatched to Montglane to recover the Red Knight from Sister Mary Michaels. This is extremely important, as your job, and the future security of France, are on the line.

You also have another job to do. A man approached you on the street yesterday, and asked you for a word. You went to a

diner to get some coffee, where he revealed that he was a member of the Church of England, with a mission for you. You were about to leave and tell him that your loyalties were taken, when he produced a lovely envelope full of crisp money. You payed attention.

Apparently, the Vatican and the Patriarchy were starting negotiations to heal the breach between the Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox churches. This, he explained, was worrying to the Church of England, as it would imply a more organized opposition to Protestantism. The negotiations on a final contract, then, would take place at Montglane during the three days allotted for visitors to occupy the abbey. Your job is to find the negotiations, and either disrupt them (preferably estranging the two negotiators), or, if they succeed, to attain a copy of the contract from one or the other of the negotiators. You were prepared to take the money and screw the mission, when he added that there would be more money upon successful completion of the mission, and that any attempt to cheat the Church of England would result in your untimely demise.

And, if you needed any more motivation, you'll get the chance to at least keep an eye on negotiations between the two branches of the Catholic Church. You still shudder at the thought of those wretched orphanages, and so you'd like to keep tabs on what the Churches are up to.

You took the job, so you're going to have to figure out who's negotiating and how to stop them. And there's still the matter of recovering the Red Knight. But it's nothing some brains, some muscles and your sidearm can't handle.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- | | |
|---------------|------------|
| - Knock Out | - Waylay |
| - Wound | - Restrain |
| - Assist | - Disarm |
| - Lockpicking | |

Items

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| - Revolver | - Lock Picks |
| - Box of Bullets | |

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|---|
| - Combat Rating: | 3 | - Delta: | 6 |
| - μ : | 0 | | |

Victoria Levensen

You are the Vampire Spite. Originally, you were the daughter of a wealthy British merchant, but all of that was some four hundred years ago, and hardly matters now. In the underground world of Vampires, you are known as one of the hardest and cruelest still alive. Or, rather, undead... You're also one of the cleverest. Few know what your plan is before the jaws of the trap you set spring closed on them. There are few who equal you among your kind, and fewer who are above you.

But like any vampire, you must still drink the blood of the living. Doing so opens a small tap and allows you to catch the barest amount of life from their soul, which in turn rejuvenates your soul, which would wither and fade to nothing, leaving you dead. Immortality's bitter and inconvenient price. But there may be a way around that.

You were in the basement of a London cathedral on the trail of a tome that supposedly referenced a way to bind a vampire's will to one's word. This, of course, would be most useful to you. You could bind any vampire who came against you to be your slave, and perhaps even find a way to make it so you could never be bound. But you never found the tome. Instead, you found part of the copy of an account of a society of wizards or scientists from a few thousand years ago. It described how they used what seemed to be a magical chess service to execute their rituals. This might have been of only passing interest to you, but one of the old philosophers had written extensively on the soul, and, much more importantly, how to use their device to manipulate the soul. It was all rather vague and general, but one thing that was clear was that this old wizard had pondered out a way to steal people's souls without them even knowing. You were sure of it!

You were in some musty basement, trying to figure out what you needed to complete this ritual. You had decided to give up, since all you had found were vague hints and cryptic clues that meant nothing to you, when a young woman walked by, which was rather odd for that time of day in that musty old, unused basement. You hesitated to just bite her and kill her, since that could raise a lot of questions. She was very chatty, but you cautiously answered her questions. Her name was Maris Hauberk. As it turned out, she was looking for the same ritual you were. You were certainly glad now that you hadn't just killed her. You compared notes, since it was a mutually beneficial thing to do, and she eventually concluded that what you wanted to accomplish could be done with the legendary Charlemagne's Chess Service. That was helpful, but not much, since Charlemagne's Chess Service was, if not completely legend, at least a lost legend. You considered this together for a while, and then agreed to join forces. You both would do your own research, and if either of you made progress you would let the other know. With that, you parted ways. As far as you were concerned, she could send you all the information she had. You would use it, and let Maris do with her own information without any help from you. You were further ahead, and as long as Maris was being useful, you would go along with keeping her alive.

A few days later, you received a letter from an old enemy. The vampire Malice. You had always hated each other, and neither of you missed a chance to one-up each other. His letter was simple. He had found a way to maintain his soul without drinking blood, something you had both been working towards for a very long time now. He arrogantly pronounced that his discovery was at Montglane Abbey. You hated Malice, and would have taken the opportunity to meet him there if only to ambush him and make him beg for his life before you maimed him and left him to wander the world as a cripple, waiting for the first vampire hunter to come across him and kill him. But Montglane was distant and hard to reach. You let your rage pass, knowing that your chance to spite Malice would come eventually.

A few days after that, you received a telegram from Maris. She had found the location of Charlemagne's Chess Service! It was Montglane Abbey, and she asked you to meet her there in two days. You smiled. You would meet Maris there, and let her do the work. Once she had found how to do the ritual, you would help her with it, and then, just before she finished, take the rewards for yourself. In the meantime, you would have plenty of time to corner Malice and make him suffer like you've wanted to do for a very long time.

You made your way quickly to Montglane. Soon, you would be free from drinking blood and reveling over Malice's crippled

form.

Memory/Event Packets

- When you have attained the *divine spiritus*

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- Vampire

Abilities

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------|
| - Knock Out | - Shadowwalk |
| - Wound | - Petrify |
| - Assist | - Impossibly Fast |
| - Bloodsucking | - Killing a Vampire |
| - Throw | - Waylay |

Items

- Knife

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|----|
| - Combat Rating: | 3 | - Delta: | 25 |
| - μ : | 7 | | |

William McDermot

You are William McDermot, the groundskeeper for Montglane Abbey. Let's see... You've been doing this for about 30 years now. It's good work, and you enjoy it. The Sisters are nice, and make for good company, even if they aren't that chatty.

You're originally from Scotland, and came to France to be an actor just before you were twenty. That didn't work out at all, and you thought that you'd make a good priest, so you set on the path to join the Jesuits. You studied for a few years, and became very interested in demons and demonology, but when you tried to pursue that, your superiors said you weren't ready. When you asked when you would be ready, they looked away, changed the subject and set you on different studies that left you no time for your ancient tomes. So you dropped out of Seminary, wandered around France for a while, and then found Montglane Abbey.

You fell in love with it immediately. It was quiet and secluded. Away from the world, yet still close to God. The library was amazing, as well. The academic in you was delighted. The job seemed made for you. You loved gardening, you had plenty of time to peruse the library, and it made you happy. You took up as the groundskeeper there so you could stay. You spend your time quietly cutting the grass, trimming the hedges, contemplating the world, and generally being content. And hunting demons.

You hate demons. Minions of hell that terrorize the good people of the world. You'd studied them so much in seminary, it seemed foolish to let all that good training and knowledge go to waste. It's strange, you've decided, that there tend to be so many here at the Abbey. It seems counter-intuitive, but according to Mestocrinus, one of the first to really study demons, these damned creatures were actually drawn to holy places. Where ever demons go, they leave chaos and discord, catastrophe and destruction. And crab grass. Some of the most stubborn, stunted, flower-strangling crab grass you've ever seen. Crab grass with the power of hell in it. As it turns out, your gardening skills have more than once alerted you to the presence of a demon at Montglane.

Most demons are small, barely imps. Those are easier to deal with. They can be sent straight back to hell without a problem once they're caught. The real problems come when you get an arch-demon. You've only come across one in all your life, and you hope with all your heart and soul to never come across another. That was three years ago. Its name was Baphomet. You have a scar on the back of your hand and a strip of silver-white in your bright red, Scottish hair above your left ear. But it was worth it, and you managed to trap the demon in a lead box.

A few weeks ago, Katarin Belliard, a delightful and free-spirited novice at the convent, found some artifacts. The Sisters think it could be Charlemagne's Chess Service, which would be quite a find indeed. Authorities and interested parties from all over the world were on their way to the convent to examine the pieces.

You were very excited yourself when you found a piece of the chess service in the garden. A king made of extremely smooth and polished ivory. You were just about to run off and show it to the Mother Superior when you realized that, no, you should keep this secret. Very secret. No one but you should know about the King. It became imperative to you that no one discover that you had one of the chess pieces. What was even more strange is that you knew this piece belonged to someone who needed it very, very badly. You could almost feel them coming to the Abbey. It was of utmost importance that they get it as soon as possible, without anyone else knowing that you had the piece. That was going to be hard, but it had to be done. You stashed the king in a lockbox in your office (8-205), where no one would find it.

Except for that, it might have been an interesting few days with all the people around. But when you came back to your room in the convent, you found a terrible sign that things were about to get much, much worse. The lead box you had caught the demon Baphomet in had exploded. Shards of lead were scattered about your room. Shrapnel stuck out of the wooden chairs and table. You became very frightened.

Baphomet would need a few days to recover his strength before he can take any kind of shape again, but when he does he will be very dangerous. And with all these people here, it would be catastrophe. It's important to keep the people of the convent safe, especially since one will be the person who owns the White King. Baphomet will certainly be after you. A demon doesn't

forget or forgive, especially being trapped.

Get out the holy water. Things are about to get rough.

Goals

- Make sure the White King is gotten to its rightful owner, and provide assistance to them if they need it, but remember that you have an entire convent to watch out for.
- Capture Baphomet. Once he's captured, you can find a better way to either send him back to hell or keep him trapped more effectively.
- Watch out for the Sisters and Katarin. Some of the new arrivals look a little suspicious.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Montglane Abbey

Greensheets

- Dealing With Demons
- Capturing A Demon

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Assist
- Wound

Items

- White King Chesspiece
- Lead Box
- Key (opens lock 35567)
- Knife
- Ritual Paint

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
- Delta: 6
- μ : 0

Sister Mary Michaels

You are Sister Mary Michaels, a devout and rather nondescript nun at Montglane Abbey; and it's a good thing, too, because Montglane is pretty much the last place that anyone would look for a special operative of the French Intelligence Agency.

You have a pretty good recollection of the toll that the Great World War took on your homeland of France: so many dead or wounded, a nation strained to its breaking point, the pride of the French citizenry shattered. That's why you became a French spy in the first place — to try and keep such a terrible thing from ever happening again. Just after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, the French Government came to one very important conclusion: they were not, nor would they be, ready for any kind of military action for quite some time. A visionary researcher for the French Military came up with a solution, something to defend the French Homeland, something devastatingly powerful, something really, *really* cool.

It was a crystal — a large, intricately carved blood-red crystal. And it had the unusual property that, if you shined a light on one face of the crystal, the opposite face would emit a perfectly parallel, perfectly coherent beam of light of unimaginable destructive force. At first, they dubbed it an L.E.D. (Light Emitting Destructor), decided that was a stupid name, and re-christened it the Red Knight.

Knowing that French security was imperfect, the French Government entrusted the Red Knight to you, their second-best secret agent, to prevent knowledge of this weapon from falling into the hands of the enemy. Your orders were to go undercover to Montglane Abbey as a transfer nun, stash the Red Knight somewhere secret and secure, and wait for further instructions.

So you popped off to Montglane with a large Red Crystal stuffed in your tote bag, and settled in. You became a more-or-less normal nun, teaching classes to the novices, and taking care of various chores. A few weeks later, with some knowledge of the under-passages of the abbey gained by following an adventurous novice named Katarin Belliard around, you nipped off to stash the Red Knight. You'd just managed to hide it in a rather remote room full of things nobody would ever need again, and were busily locking the door behind you, when Sister Agnes came bustling down the hall, full of gossip and news and an order from the Mother Superior that Everyone Had Better Get Their Habbits in Gear Down to Her Study or Face Kitchen Duty For A Week. You hastily shut the door, locked it, shoved the keys in your pocket, and beat it down to the Mother Superior's study.

Her news was not good. Katarin had apparently discovered a few rather ornate chess pieces in some basement sub-level a week or so ago... and more were turning up. More troubling was the sudden appearance of a large chessboard in the middle of the wine cellar a few floors down. Yet more troubling was that word of the chess set — rumored to be Charlemagne's Chess Service, an artifact of unimaginable power — had leaked to the outside world, and that a flood of visitors would be arriving in a few days. Including a Russian Grandmaster and his entourage.

This is really, really, bad — your superiors have told you that the Russian Secret Service have gotten a lead on the Red Knight. They don't know what it is or what it does, or even who has it, but they do know that it's at Montglane.

Fortuitously, mail call came just as you were starting to panic — and it included a letter from your superior that, in light of the influx of visitors, they were arranging pickup of the Red Knight to move it to safety, and that they would slip in with the crowd and make contact. You won't know who they are, according to note, but they'll know you and they'll find you.

You were about to sigh with relief when you realized something very, very bad.

The keys were no longer in your pocket. You must have dropped them.

And, in your hurry to avoid Sister Agnes's questions, you forgot where you put the Red Knight.

And, while you're at it, you are still a nun, and this is still your convent, and there are still dozens of strangers tromping all over it. Try to help the Mother Superior keep things in order. Also, you've got your novice, Katarin and that orphan Alice D'Hemery to watch out for. They're too young to be mixing with all these strangers: see to it that they stay out of trouble.

Now, that crystal has to be around here somewhere ...

Goals

- Find the Red Knight
- Keep it safe from Russian agents
- Take care of Alice and Katarin and keep the convent in running order.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Montglane Abbey

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| - Knock Out | - First Aid |
| - Wound | - Lockpicking |
| - Assist | - Waylay |
| - Disarm | |

Items

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| - Revolver | - Lock Picks |
| - Box of Bullets | |

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|---|
| - Combat Rating: | 3 | - Delta: | 6 |
| - μ : | 0 | | |

William Neville

You are William Neville. And your life has taken a terrible turn for the worse. But that's okay, you'll soon set things right.

It all starts with your line of work. You're a historian for the British Museum, a studious man interested in tracking artifacts of great value. In particular, your hobby is to trace artifacts that were extremely important in the past that have today been forgotten. Your work has taken you all around the world and into every culture imaginable. The only thing that could ever interrupt your happiness was remembering that there was one project you still couldn't finish: the search for the Blue Bishop.

Back in 15th century Europe, when famine, disease and war were a way of life for the peasantry, a Catholic Bishop and famous healer named Frances Madrigal wandered the countryside, aiding downtrodden townsfolk wherever he could. He performed miraculous medical feats, saved countless lives. The legends tell that he owned nothing, save the clothes on his back, a cloak, and a small bag containing his prized possession. It was a perfect sapphire, pure and azure and intricately cut. He claimed it aided him in his healing, that is was a focus for his energies and for the healing power of God.

You're not certain about that. What you are certain about is: 1) that it would be immensely valuable, and 2) that it would garner you a lot of academic prestige to track it down. This has been your obsession for the past four years, and so far you've only managed to narrow its location to "somewhere in France", which obviously doesn't help you in any dramatic fashion. So your work was stymied, and you were extremely unhappy.

That is, until a colleague sent you a document, a carefully preserved page from the recovered journal of Madrigal. You grabbed the parchment, ran down to the library, and set about transcribing and translating it. And your excitement started to grow, as you read. It went something like this:

"...and so I responded to the call for help from (this is blurry) ey, and aided the nuns there in heal (something) their sick. A lovely place, v. holy and with a fantastic view of the mountains. I should rather like to take my final rest here..."

And suddenly you knew. There was only one convent old enough to fit the bill, only one in the French Alps that could possibly be right: Montglane Abbey. You started to get very excited, when you noticed a tall, pale and sharply-dressed fellow reading over your shoulder. He was handsome, although he bore a very strange look in his eye.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said. "You just seemed rather excited over your reading, and I was wondering what's all the wonder?" You eagerly spilled your research (academics are always enthusiastic about anyone interested in their work), told him all about the Blue Bishop and your work, and the man seemed infected with your sense of wonder and excitement. A very odd, delighted look came over his face, and...and that's about the last thing you remember before being woken up by the night watchman at 3:00 AM. You staggered out of the library with a stiff neck and a pounding headache. You caught a cab home, and collapsed on your bed and slept for the next day and a half.

And that's when your life started to take a turn for the worse. When you finally woke up, you jumped out of bed in a surprisingly agile and conizant fashion, particularly considering you'd just slept for 36 hours. Not to mention, now that you thought of it, you weren't the least bit groggy. Not even very hungry. You shrugged, walked downstairs and...and, great scott, was it ever a bright day outside. You squinted, and ran outside to get the paper. You'd already decided that this was a really odd day. And it just got worse over the next few weeks. You stopped sleeping regularly, took to walking the streets at night. You stopped eating almost altogether, occasionally getting the craving for red meat. Even more odd, you started dressing in fashionable black clothing, and you for some reason kept catching the museum secretaries looking at you in a strange way, giving you winks and nods and smiles throughout the day. And you were every day stronger and more dextrous.

The only reason that this was a bad thing (and also the only real clue to what had happened) was because of your periodic cravings for blood. Until one has been turned into a half-vampire, you decided (for that is indeed what had happened), one is not equipped to understand how much blood-drinking affects one's social life. At parties and even around the office, people decided

you were creepy (except for the secretaries), for you had an obsession with necks and the such.

You were pissed, mostly that your dreams of being strong and attractive to women were being tainted with having to be a vampire. But, luckily, you realized quickly where to find the vampire who did it. And you even knew his name – Malice. The Vampire Malice. It's a little-known trait of vampires that their 'children' know precisely who turned them into a vampire. This is done on purpose, so that vampires can build up a reputation with other, newly converted vampires.

So you asked for an assignment to Montglane to study this "magical chess service" that'd just been discovered, and, naturally, you got approval. But that's not really any concern of yours. You're out to right the wrongs, to find this vampire bastard who got you, and to make him pay. And, after all, you do know one thing: he's after the Blue Bishop. So spite him. Keep the Blue Bishop out of his hands.

And, while you're at it, see if you can reverse your recent vampirism. It's a convent, and an ancient one at that. Their library should contain something of use.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- Vampire

Abilities

- | | |
|----------------|---------------------|
| - Knock Out | - Shadowwalk |
| - Wound | - Impossibly Fast |
| - Assist | - Killing a Vampire |
| - Bloodsucking | |

Items

- | | |
|------------|------------------|
| - Revolver | - Box of Bullets |
|------------|------------------|

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|----|
| - Combat Rating: | 1 | - Delta: | 21 |
| - μ : | 4 | | |

Sister Claire Pardot

You are Sister Claire Pardot. You've been a nun at Montglane for the past four years, and a member of the Sisters of Ignatius for six years, ever since you joined the Holy Orders in Rome. You've been living a quiet life at Montglane those four years, as a nun should, keeping quiet and not attracting any attention to yourself. Occasionally, you receive orders from the Vatican and are sent on a mission for the Sisters of Ignatius, which is nicely covered up for your sisters at Montglane, and they never find your actions amiss.

The Sisters of Ignatius are often considered by the few who know of them to be the sister organization of the Jesuits. Essentially, the Sisters of Ignatius is the Vatican's organization of secret agent nuns. You are highly trained in espionage, more so than most national government agents. Only the highest in Rome know of your existence, although, no doubt, there are many who suspect. Your missions range from recovering stolen Vatican material, gathering intelligence on governments and other religious factions, and safeguard the secrets of the Church. Your missions are often dangerous, and agents are absolved before they go out of sins they may commit for good of the Church. Your orders often come from the Pope himself.

In recent years, the Eastern Orthodox Church and the Catholic Church have been at odds while trying to maintain the outward appearance of cooperation. Whenever one could take a political swipe at the other without the both of them losing face, they did. But it never really got either Rome or the Orthodox Church very far, as the Catholics still kept a strong grip on the western half of Europe and the Orthodox Church kept a string hold on Eastern Europe. The Sisters of Ignatius were often called on missions of this type.

But now Lenin and the Bolsheviks have suppressed the Eastern Church, and they in turn have relented and asked for help from Rome to strengthen them again for the good of both the Churches. Rome, seeing a perfect way to indebt the Patriarchy, agreed. Of course, these negotiations had to be kept as secret as possible. It wouldn't do to start a political row over religious matters.

About this time, a novice in the Convent, Katarin Belliard, found some pieces of an old chess service, which they say is Charlemagne's from legend. You immediately informed your superiors at the Vatican of the find, and shortly after, word reached the rest of the world. Yesterday, you received a secret communique from Rome on two matters. Firstly, an agent from the Eastern Orthodox Church would be part of a delegation to the convent from Russia who wish to examine the Chess Service. You are to identify and rendezvous with this agent and negotiate an agreement and contract between the Roman Catholic Church and the Eastern Orthodox Church specifying just how Rome is to provide help and support and also how Kiev will compensate Rome. Rome requests that the contract fulfill the following points:

1. The Patriarchy is to publicly announce, to Rome's satisfaction, the positive influence the Roman Catholic Church has had in the world, and particularly in regions of contention between the two churches, namely Yugoslavia, Romania, and Serbia. Good publicity for the Church is always a positive thing.
2. The Patriarchy is to remove the relics of Saint Helena, Saint Alexander, and Saint Julian to Catholic churches in the same region. There are many people who hold these Romanian saints in very high regard, and their remains in the Catholic Church would help draw the faithful to your pews.
3. After the Patriarchy is returned to its former power, it must agree to not interfere with the establishment of Catholic churches or missions, or with Roman personnel.
4. The Patriarchy must agree to remove its presence in Yugoslavia, Romania, and Serbia. That way, Rome can build its strength there without competition.

Your superiors have given you 500,000 lire, as well as political influence in Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Greece to offer to the Patriarchy. The monetary factor is flexible, of course, but you should not let yourself be swindled.

In this matter, you represent the whole Church. What you sign, they are bound to. If you mess this up, your superiors in Rome will likely have you expelled from the Sisters of Ignatius and wishing you had never heard of them in the first place.

Secondly, you are to investigate the nature of this supposedly magical chess service. Whether or not it's a heresy can be decided later, but it's important no matter what that it stays in the possession of the Church. You'll want to be able to report with as much information as possible on the chess service. Don't interfere with it unless it becomes dangerous, but at all times be observant. This could gain you much advancement in your order if you are successful.

Remember, you are the hand of the Church in these matters. Go with God.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Montglane Abbey

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| - Knock Out | - First Aid |
| - Wound | - Lockpicking |
| - Assist | - Waylay |
| - Restrain | |

Items

- | | |
|---------|--------------|
| - Knife | - Lock Picks |
|---------|--------------|

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|---|
| - Combat Rating: | 3 | - Delta: | 6 |
| - μ : | 0 | | |

Dr. Jonas Pell

You are Dr. Jonas Pell, the widely recognized archaeologist. Unfortunately, you are also Dr. Jonas Pell, the widely ridiculed archaeologist. But they don't understand, none of them do. And they'll listen to you, once you find proof. . .

You've been an archaeologist ever since you got your Ph.D. about thirty years ago (so that's Dr. Pell to everyone else), and most everything was normal — you worked mostly on finding the remnants of destroyed and lost civilizations, your secret passion. You used to collect old pottery and arrowheads and anything else that you could label as “really old” back when you were a kid. You would, much to your mother's dismay, conduct archaeological digs in her prize rose bed; you couldn't understand why she wasn't thrilled that you'd found a piece of pottery probably 3,000 years old under her silly flowers. She was just one of a long line of people who wouldn't value your work.

Things started to go wrong about fifteen years ago, when a kid at one of your speeches asked you about Atlantis. . . and, though you and your colleagues laughed off the question, you began to wonder. What if it actually did exist? You scooped up some funding, and started scraping together evidence from old texts. Somewhere in the Mediterranean or Aegean, maybe. . . an old volcano? A meteor strike? The books piled up, and the funding started to waste away, then vanished entirely when a hideously expensive deep-sea recovery expedition not only failed to find the fabled city, but found nothing but tube worms and an undersea volcano. Hardly exciting, and the volcano nearly destroyed a lot of expensive equipment. Your funding was summarily pulled.

You tried your best to keep looking for the Lost City, but were forced to give up, your career tarnished by the fervor with which you pursued it. And, in time, you realized that Atlantis probably didn't exist, nor had it ever. But, about that time, something new, something more outlandish but with far more support, crossed your path.

Parallel dimensions are typically a topic out of the scope of archaeology, but this one — a world called Ib'm — seemed to have affected human civilization several times before. Tales particularly seemed to crop up around Eastern Asia and France. The oldest tales, from Asia, tell of a chess set that appeared mysteriously in the wake of a terrible war. . . something with terrible power locked away. The odd thing is, some of the more cryptic and ancient texts say that it's not of this world at all, but is, in fact, an artifact from this other land of Ib'm.

Intrigued, you started looking for more evidence of the chess set or of Ib'm. . . and, everywhere you looked, the two things stuck together, stories about chess and about Ib'm — the connection was too lasting and concrete to be anything but true. You started tracing the chessboard with a passion, trying to find out where it'd gone. . . and one day, your secretary ducked into your office, and handed you a telegram. It was from the British Museum, telling you that your services were required at Montglane Abbey (somewhere in the Alps), that a chess service belonging to Charlemagne had appeared, and could you please go take a look at it?

You packed your bags and were on a train within the hour. . . all the while thinking that, at long last, here was some concrete evidence that Ib'm exists — a chessboard which is connected to that land. You arrived at the convent and began poking around immediately. You'd only just stuck your head into a basement room when you saw something shiny lying on the floor. It was a device of some sort, clearly with a handle and a business end, and some strange markings. You recognized the script instantly from various accounts and legends. You recognized one set of letters on the device, a sequence “Pj'f” that had come up often in your readings — a sequence that stands for “Ib'm”!! Or, at least, you think it is. This might even be one of their “Knack detectors” used to probe different people. You've encountered studies of things like this, and have deduced that a reading between 1 and 20 denotes a normal human; a value between 40 and 60 implies that the being is from another dimension (perhaps Ib'm!); a value between 20 and 30 is human, but with significant abnormalities; 30 and 40 is something else altogether (the literature is unclear on this, except that values in this range denote very strange beings), and that a value over 100 is unheard of and would be called a “Knack” in Ib'm — one with abilities to control the world around them.

And if it *is* from Ib'm, then there's some way between this world and that, and you're out to find it. You'll show them. You'll show them all that Dr. Jonas Pell is not to be mocked.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Assist
- Wound

Items

- Strange Device (15385)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
- Delta: 6
- μ : 0

Sister Josephine Peters

You are Sister Josephine Peters, just another nun like any other at Montglane Abbey. Just like the others, that is, except in the respect that you're a fugitive from another dimension — the parallel world of Ib'm.

You were born in Ib'm, in the city of Ohess Du, as Imper d'Oeil, the daughter of one Jacques d'Oeil. Your father, an upstanding citizen, was a magistrate in the local government. A well-respected and honorable man, it came as a complete surprise to everyone in the area when he was implicated in a failed attempt on the governor's life. You knew, of course, that he had nothing to do with it, but his enemies in government — those jealous of the power and loyalty he commanded — seized on this, and hounded him relentlessly in the following investigation. They faked evidence linking him to the crime, bribed witnesses, and, altogether, ruined your father. Your family went into hiding to avoid the media, and sank into poverty.

You bent your whole life towards revenge, learning martial arts, demolitions... a little bit of everything to become a one-woman disaster. You sabotaged government facilities, broke into offices, and slowly tracked down and ruined the people who'd gone after your father. Within a few years, all of his enemies were either behind bars, in hiding, or dead. But you weren't satisfied. You began building up a set of connections, strings to pull, and, for two years, you were the most feared and powerful person in Ohess Du.

And then, one day, a young man was referred to you, saying that he had information about someone who brought your father down. You agreed to meet with him at a local bar, whereupon the trap was sprung. It was a sting. A group of enforcers appeared, surrounded the bar, and subdued you. On the way out of the bar, you feigned dizziness, and, when the guards stepped back to give you some room, you disabled the two officers holding you and bolted for the nearest alley. You dodged and darted, turned random corners, then, to evade, ducked into the open basement of a bakery, hit your head on a rafter, and fell unconscious.

You woke up again the following morning, in a completely different place. A place that was *not* Ohess Du. You walked out of the basement, and started wandering around... and realized that you were no longer in Ib'm. Judging from the electric lights, in fact, you had somehow found your way into a portal to the world of Humanity. You didn't know much about this world, only what they'd taught in school: that it was a lot like Ib'm, except without the Ehntels, and with lots of electricity instead. You were in a large stone building, up in the mountains somewhere. You weren't quite sure what to do, and you were wandering aimlessly through a basement room when you suddenly felt very dizzy and...

And you woke up some time later with an old lady sitting next to you. You were in a bed, in what was clearly a sick ward. The old lady gave you a look as you woke up, and she pointed to a black-and-white hooded garment. "Put that on," she said. "Until I figure out what's going on, you'll be known as Sister Josephine Peters, our new nun. Don't ask questions, just do it."

So you did, and, gradually, you started to learn about how to be a nun at Montglane Abbey (which is where you had ended up). You were constantly worried, and fearful of being discovered, since you knew almost nothing about Humanity and made a number of embarrassing faux pas as a result. You'd just started to settle in when the Mother Superior — the old lady who found you — called you into her office, fixed you with a piercing stare, and said, "You're not from this world, are you?"

And then, under that gaze, the whole story came out: well, *almost* the whole story. You covered the political parts, but, when it came down to it, you told her that your family was forced to flee, and that a group of thugs set upon you and drove you into the basement where you somehow ended up here. You decided that she didn't need to know about the more distasteful elements of your past, that it might not make her inclined to help you get home. But she believed you, and pledged to help you make it back to Ib'm.

For that's what you wanted to do. Persecuted and pursued as you were in Ib'm, it was still home, more home than this electricity-ridden dirt ball ever would be. But, for the meantime, there was nothing to do but be a nun and hope that the portal that'd taken you here would resurface and take you back.

That was nearly three years ago, and you'd just about resigned yourself to a life of nunnery in the world of Humanity when a young novice named Katarin Belliard found a beautifully ornate chess piece in the basement. Soon, another piece was found, and another, and then the chessboard. All the nuns were called down to have a look at it ... and when you got there, you gasped in amazement.

It was an Ehntel — the greatest artifacts of Ib'm, the tools that could control weather, animals and even people. A powerful tool of Ib'm, and one was here, in this abbey. Finally, a way home — for, if anything could reopen the portal and take you home, it would be an Ehntel. The only problem is that you're not sure how to use it. The other problem is the sudden influx of visitors, all here to look at the chessboard and try to make it do something for them. You know that if you can get the Ehntel in the right arrangement (to a board value of 313) then it will locate for you the nearest portal back to Ib'm.

Finally, you're going home ...

Memory/Event Packets

- badge number 3835
- badge number 3007

Bluesheets

- Montglane Abbey

Greensheets

- Ib'm

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Assist
- Wound
- First Aid

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
- Delta: 53
- μ : 0

Rau'l Poulin

You are Rau'l Poulin, and you never really thought you'd end up in an abbey in the Alps, but, when you're a loyal operative for the French Secret Service, you go where you're told. Besides, this is important, with French national security at stake.

You were born in the heart of Nice, where your father was a traveling salesman; so, though you were born in Nice, you didn't stay there often, instead traveling to Germany and Russia and England and Spain and Italy and... you were busy, and never bored. You saw the wonders of the world at an age when most children were busy learning long division and longing for the chance to play at lunch break, and so you were absolutely delirious with excitement. The only problem was that you'd never known your mother, and your father wouldn't answer your questions about her. He'd just shake his head with a hard look on his face and tell you that he didn't want to talk about it.

So your life was wonderful and magical, until one cold November night in Frankfurt. The phone rang in your hotel room, and your father answered it — that was the way it always was, it was a family rule, even, that your father always answered the phone. He nodded, hung up, grabbed his jacket, and, on his way out the door, called back to you, "Stay here and put on the radio, I'm just going to run out and check on something." And he ran out of the room and into the sleet and howling wind.

Naturally, you were curious — you were eleven years old, and this was your father doing strange things in the middle of the night. You scrambled down the steps after him, careful to stay out of his sight. You shadowed him quietly through the streets, until he looked furtively around and ducked into a dark warehouse. You knew you couldn't go in the door after him (too obvious), so you looked around until you found a broken window and crawled inside and hid behind a large crate. You could hear two other people in the room besides your father, and they were discussing something animatedly. It went something like this:

Father: "Why are you wasting my time like this? We've known that for years."

Guy #1: "Because it's the answer to your question. That's what you asked for, that's what we gave."

Father (scoffing): "We asked for something new. He's not the one, and you and I both know it. I'm leaving."

Guy #2 (with the sound of cloth): "No, not until we get our payment."

And then there was gunfire. You cried out, started screaming, and the next thing you knew you were on the ground, with your father, sweaty and wide-eyed, pointing a gun at you. He shook himself, released you, and sat back. You peered around the crate and saw the other two people lying dead. One of them had a gun in his hand. And then your father hugged you, and started talking.

He wasn't a traveling salesman, he was an operative for the French Secret Service, tracking down counterfeit money and traitors to France. He'd been sent here to negotiate for information about a French judge who'd taken foreign bribes and fled to Germany. He was sorry for deceiving you, and for putting you in danger and for lying to you and for continuing in a line of work which'd gotten your mother killed by angry Romanian terrorists.

You were grinning like a lunatic. Your father, a *spy*? That was just about the coolest thing possible for a kid of your age. You hugged him, and from then on you wanted him to tell you everything. He didn't, of course — that would be a security breach and would put you in danger of kidnapping and torture (which you thought was a pretty neat idea, but he wasn't so keen on it). But he'd try and give you general details, and sometimes he'd just make things up altogether and let you try and sort out the fact from the fiction. It was lovely.

When you turned 20, you applied for your own position in the French Secret Service, and were accepted. You worked hard in your training, and were the most passionate person in your class. The idea of being a spy was still the coolest thing you could think of, and, besides — France had watched out for your dad, had taken care of you (however indirectly) through your father, and you figured that they deserved some service out of you. By the time the Red Knight issue came across your desk, you were

already 28 and a talented young spy, but this case had trouble written all over it. Literally, in red ink.

Turns out that, after the Great World War, the French government was unhappy with how easily its military had been manhandled by the Germans and Austrians. This is why it funded the Maginot Line project, to ensure that noone could breach its borders. But, just in case that ever happened (as inconcievable as that would be), they also funded a second project, to develop a devastating personal weapon for the French military, a weapon powerful enough to demoralize and destroy entire battalions of enemy troops while simultaneously being wieldable by one man.

The end result, after years of R&D, was called the Red Knight. It was a grapefruit-sized ruby-red crystal of the purest and most perfect composition, intricately carved to achieve its deadly purpose. It also had the unusual (useful) property that shining light on one of its facets would cause a beam of destructive energy to emerge from the other side. You didn't really understand the science, something about coherent light and emission and such. But that's not important.

After it was developed, the French government, knowing what a boon this would be to enemy spies who found it, decided to hide it until it was needed. They entrusted it to one of their operatives named Mary Michaels, and sent her into hiding at an obscure convent in the Alps named Montglane Abbey.

But that was then, and this is now. A report just came in that some kind of "magical chess service" that apparently belonged to Charlemagne surfaced at Montglane. According to the report, dozens of random strangers from across the world will be arriving there within a few days. Obviously, this is a non-optimal place to hide an artifact as important as the Red Knight.

So you and another French operative are on your way to Montglane to recover the Red Knight. Find it, keep it safe, and get it out. And, also, be wary — French counterintelligence indicates that the Russians and the British are on the move. You must not let the Red Knight fall into their hands.

Also, keep an eye on this Chessboard. Whether or not it's magical, it's clearly of interest to others, and that makes it a French National Treasure — and those fall under the jurisdiction of the Secret Service. Also, if it *is* as powerfully magical as the reports say it is, then it'd be dangerous to let it fall into the wrong hands (i.e. non-French hands). Others can look at it, can play with it, but, in the end, keep it safe and keep it in France.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| - Knock Out | - First Aid |
| - Wound | - Waylay |
| - Assist | - Disarm |

Items

- | | |
|------------|------------------|
| - Knife | - Box of Bullets |
| - Revolver | |

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|---|
| - Combat Rating: | 3 | - Delta: | 6 |
| - μ : | 0 | | |

Mother Superior Claudette Sardis

You are Mother Superior Claudette Sardis, the Mother Superior of Montglane Abbey. You've lived nearly sixty years as a Bride of Christ, and never regretted it for a moment. This life of quiet contemplation, obedience, humility, prayer, and work is the only thing you would ever want. You were honored when you were chosen to be the new mother superior nearly twenty years ago, after your predecessor passed away, and you felt a new sense of duty to your lifestyle. You've always been a stern and serious woman who insists on responsibility and discipline, but of even greater importance to you is caring and justice. A sister who breaks the rules of Montglane will have to accept all of the consequences, you make sure of that, but you also make sure that once they have made up for their transgressions, all is truly forgiven and forgotten.

Being the mother superior is harder work than you first imagined. Often, you thought fondly of the days as an ordinary nun when you didn't have to deal with Church politics, the French government, or the thousand other irksome jobs you had to attend to. But, nevertheless, you stayed true to your duty and continued to humbly serve in your position. You've often heard some of the other sisters praise you for your stern demeanor, citing your tough mettle for keeping Montglane open when the French government tried to close your beloved abbey down. Maybe have you become more stern over the years, but there really wasn't much else to do. Shepherding a group of sisters down their narrow path isn't easy, but you hope you've done it well. So, for the past many years, you have enjoyed the consistency and simplicity of your life as a woman of God.

Of course, not everything has been quite so quiet, or, for that matter, quite so simple. You still remember the day Sister Josephine Peters came to the convent. That's what you called her now, anyway. Only you know her real name: Imper d'Oeil. Imper is not from this world. That took you a long time to get over, especially since there was no evidence of how she had gotten here from wherever it is she came from. You found her in one of the basement rooms, unconscious and strangely dressed. You took her to the infirmary and stayed with her until she woke up. You dressed her in a habit, feeling for the moment that secrecy was best, and told the sisters that a new nun had joined them. You never like to lie, but sometimes, you know, it is in the best interest of safety and prudence to do so. You spent as much time with 'Sister Josephine Peters' (Josephine Peters was your aunt's name, once) as you could, trying to reason her story out. How *had* she gotten into the convent? It was also rather disturbing how little she seemed to know about the world she lived in. Eventually, you confronted her on her story, and using your most stern and piercing look, she confessed.

Here is what she told you:

Her name was Imper d'Oeil, and she was from a place she called Ib'm. Her father had been an important man in politics, and their family had been well-to-do, but they had made them many enemies, both political and otherwise. (You thought politics in this Ib'm sounded very dangerous, and much like medieval politics). They were constantly trying to avoid assassins and kidnappings. When her father was framed for the murder of another statesman, though, their enemies had enough leverage to force her father out of office, and then take their angry revenge on him. Even though he was cleared of the murder charge, Imper's family was forced into poverty and became desperate to ward off the attacks that were being sent against them most unjustly. Their enemies had made it impossible for them to get help, and eventually, they had to flee. Just as they were setting out, though, a group of thugs with clubs set on them. They ran and tried to escape. Imper got separated and ducked into a basement. She finally gave way to stress and exhaustion and fainted. When she woke up, she found herself here, and wasn't sure how.

From there, you took her in. Imper didn't talk much about her own world, but managed to show you some evidence that it was real from a few items she had on her that could do unexplainable things. You decided that it would be best if she stayed here in this world, thus escaping her persecution in Ib'm. She agreed, but only for a time, she said. She was insistent that as soon as a way could be found, she should go back to her own world. You couldn't hold someone against her will, and agreed that if she found a way to get back to her own world, you would help her.

That was nearly three years ago. Sister Josephine, as you've come to call her, still often wanders the basements and catacombs

of the convent alone, perhaps looking for the way she came to this world.

Actually, you yourself spend a good time wandering the deeper places of the convent by yourself as well. Not looking for anything in particular, but you like the time alone to be contemplative. You were walking about a few weeks ago when you chanced to find a large, ornate chess piece. It was very beautiful. You picked the obsidian piece up, it was a king, you saw, and then a thought struck you: could this be a piece from Charlemagne's Chess Service? *The* Charlemagne's Chess Service of legend? You rushed back to your office to send a letter to the University of Paris to get them to send someone who could confirm this, but just as you started the letter, you put the pen down and looked at the King. No, you decided. No, you shouldn't tell anyone about this. This was no ordinary chess set, and this was no ordinary chess king. This one piece, you realized, had the power to potentially ruin all of humanity in the wrong hands, and you had to keep it safe and keep it secret until someone else, who knew what to do with it could take it. Then it would be safe. You locked the King in a drawer and burned the letter, determined to keep it secret.

A few hours later, though, Katarin, a very... enthusiastic novice at the convent, with two other sisters in tow, brought two more pieces to you. She had been wandering around the grounds and found a white Rook and a black Pawn by chance. You were very annoyed and a little angry, fearing that it might have endangered your secret, but there was nothing you could do. You composed a letter to the University of Paris and sent it.

Before you knew it, news of Charlemagne's Chess Service had gotten out in the world and people were hurriedly making their way towards your beloved convent. What's more, you knew that the person who owned the King you had was on his way and that you should give him the piece when he arrived and help if, if possible, all the while keeping the piece as secret as possible. The fate of the world, you felt, might depend on it. What's more, from talking with Sister Josephine, there might be a way to get her home with the Chess Service. And to make matters even more complicated, you're the Mother Superior. It's your responsibility to make sure that convent remains running smoothly, and that none of the pieces go missing until the set can be taken as a whole into responsible hands. With that in mind, and the new arrivals in the door, you've locked the doors of Montglane Abbey for three days.

Go with God. May He have mercy on your soul.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Montglane Abbey

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Assist
- Wound
- First Aid

Items

- Key (opens lock 35567)
- Black King Chesspiece

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
- Delta: 6
- μ : 0

Elenya Sporotski

You are Elenya Sporotski. All your life, you've been a devout member of the Russian Orthodox Church, but you never imagined that it would bring you to this.

You were 20 when the Revolution happened. With the suppression of religion under the new communist government, it was hard to maintain your religion. You had been thinking about becoming a nun, but, of course, that had been made impossible. Nevertheless, you continued to uphold as much of your religious practices as you could. You attended services in secret and kept a close relationship with the priests in hiding. They came to depend on you, and you did your best to help them. Your name began to travel through the ranks of the church, quietly, of course, so as to not endanger you.

One day, you were asked if you would like to serve the Patriarchy in a more... proactive way. The church hoped, through careful placement of its members in key government positions, to regain some of its former strength and independence that it had lost with the rise of communism. They told you that they could get you into the government, where your goal would be to covertly influence decision in favor of the Patriarchy, according to the Patriarch's master plan. You would receive orders concerning upcoming decisions, and then work to either garner or block support. Since you fervently hoped for the day when you could once again practice your religion freely, you agreed to their plan. It took a few months, but finally, the Patriarchy agents whom you had spoken with told you that they had secured you a job as a secretary in the Kremlin.

Or at least they thought they had. When you arrived for work your first day, you were shown to a room and asked to take a seat until you were called. There were several other women in the room, some of whom got up and left only to be replaced by new people. As the hours went by, you became concerned and frightened. Had they found out about your agreement with the church? Were they going to interrogate you? Just as you were deciding whether or not it would be safe to try and just leave, they called your name.

You were shown to a small spiral staircase and escorted down to an office where a man in a suit waited for you. Terrified, but managing to keep control of yourself, you answered all of his questions about your name and where you grew up and who your parents were. Finally, he sat back in his chair and looked at you.

"We don't have many female agents," he said, "And this is terribly unorthodox procedure, but my superiors have made their decisions. Congratulations, I should say, as our newest agent." It didn't take you long to figure out that you had been drafted into Russia's secret service!

Which was fine, really. Your loyalty to Mother Russia was never a question, and you decided that being a spy for the government would probably be a better job than the secretarial work you were doing now, as well as a good position to help out the church. Your contacts in the Patriarchy, while a little shocked at first, agreed that this was a very good thing to have happened, and encouraged you to keep with it.

The training, of course, was hard, but you made it through, and did better than quite a few people. And then you were a Russian spy. It felt good to be serving your country like this, and the more you worked at it, the more you enjoyed it. The thrills of infiltrating foreign dinners and parties, sneaking up the back stairs, rifling through files until you find what you're looking for, and then getting out, with only the help of your partner and your gun was thrilling and exciting and scary and everything else. You enjoyed the thrill, but were also glad that your superiors didn't send you on anything terribly dangerous, leaving that for the more experienced agents. But you couldn't think of anything more exciting than being dressed in a ball gown and on your way to a reception with a gun.

And, thankfully, your role as the Patriarchy's operative never came into conflict. You kept your role with the church secret, just to make things simpler for the government, and it never came into question. The government and the church were still on the same side, Russia's side, and if there were internal conflicts, then you didn't see why they should affect how you did either

job. When your contacts with the church gave you suggestions, you took them, and they were mostly successful, but really, there wasn't much for you to influence where you were for the Patriarchy.

A few days ago, you received orders from both your church contacts and your superiors in the government. You hated when that happened, fearing that they would be contradictory orders, but thankfully, these weren't. In fact, they were very similar orders. You were to go to a small, out of the way French convent. Supposedly, some strange historical artifact had just been found, but that interested neither the Patriarchy nor the government.

Apparently, the French, after the Great War, had been trying to develop advanced new weaponry for defensive purposes. Of course, being French (research was never their strong suit), they weren't very successful. Except in one case: code-named the Red Knight, the French had developed *something*, your agents in France weren't sure what, exactly, and only knew that it was an elusively simple thing, but of devastating power. More than that, they didn't know. The Red Knight had vanished from your agents' views for some time, until recently, when they managed to trace it to Montglane Abbey, where it was presumably in the care of a French agent. Your assignment was to go to Montglane and retrieve the Red Knight, and anything associated with it, before the French could get it themselves. Moscow had set up an envoy for Russia's (and the world's, for that matter) premier chess player, Nikolai Borschev. You and another agent, Dmitri Velentine, were to escort Russia's champion chess player to Montglane, where he had some interest himself, apparently, and while there, find and take the Red Knight as secretly as possible. Your partner, a scientist as well as a spy, has a method to make finding the Red Knight easier.

To make things complicated, though, the day before you were supposed to leave, you received word that the chess master could be trying to defect. There wasn't any more information they could give you, and their sources weren't even sure about that, but you should watch the chess master very closely while you're at Montglane.

Your church assignment was a little easier. The Patriarchy and the Catholic Church in Rome have been at odds since the Great Eastern Schism, and were always trying to undercut each other's influence. The Patriarchy, though, now fallen on hard times, has decided to ask for Rome's help, in the mutual interest of religion. You are to go to Montglane, contact the Vatican agent there, and negotiate the points of the contract between Rome and the Patriarchy. Unfortunately, the Patriarchy only knows that the Vatican contact is a nun, which makes your mission more difficult, but not impossible. They'll be looking for you as hard as you're looking for them.

The Patriarchy would like you to accomplish these things in a contract, which you have been given authorization to sign on behalf of the Russian Orthodox Church:

1. Get Rome to agree to support the Patriarchy coffers with 1,000,000 rubles (which are equal to lira).
2. Get the Vatican to agree to use its political influence in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Greece, and Lithuania to convince Russia's government to give the Patriarchy more leeway.
3. Have the Vatican canonize Mikhail of Kiev. This martyr's relics, who many people already consider a saint, will help draw even more people to the Patriarchy.
4. Get the Vatican to withdraw its presence in Romania. If possible, have them remove themselves from Yugoslavia as well, but Romania is the most important.

You know that Rome is going to be pushing for the Patriarchy to withdraw its influence from several regions. It's very important that you keep a hold on Romania. Rome has been clever in the past, as well, and asked for little things that don't seem important, but really are. The Vatican thinks it has the Patriarch over a barrel, but that's only true if the Patriarchy lets itself be cowed. You should work to strengthen the church, which means not letting go of territory, even if that means strengthening Rome, but be careful not to put yourselves into the Vatican's hands. If that happens, the Patriarchy will make sure that you regret it for a long, long time.

So, disguised as a member of the chess master's entourage, you've made your way to Montglane. Get the Red Knight, get the contract, and get out. Your country and your church are depending on you.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| - Knock Out | - Lockpicking |
| - Wound | - Waylay |
| - Assist | - Restrain |

Items

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| - Revolver | - Lock Picks |
| - Box of Bullets | |

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|---|
| - Combat Rating: | 3 | - Delta: | 6 |
| - μ : | 0 | | |

Dmitri Velentine

You are Dmitri Velentine, an agent for Russian Intelligence. But, unfortunately, you are not a field agent. You work for research and development. Your lab does research both for practical applications for agents in the field and also for more general-purpose military use. You build smaller and smaller cameras, telephone-bugs, and listening devices, as well as more exotic devices that are kept top secret. Unfortunately, most of the more exotic devices have never functioned, and the ones that did never proved very useful to the spy business.

What you've really wanted to do, though, since you began work at intelligence headquarters, was to be a field agent. Going undercover deep in enemy territory. Doing all the exciting things that 'real' spies get to do. But whenever you bring it up, your supervisor changes the subject, and there's nothing you can do but go back to work.

A few months ago, Russian Intelligence learned that the dratted French had developed a very secret and very powerful weapon. Russia's agents in France couldn't learn very much about it though, as France was doing a very good job of keeping it hidden, no doubt in order to surprise whoever planned on invading them next (since everyone knows that France is easier to get into than a Siberian work camp). Your agents did send back some useful information, though, which your lab quickly began attempting to duplicate it. Apparently, France had developed a new crystal structure that focused light so perfectly that it caused the light to focus so perfectly that it would quickly destroy anything it was pointed at. Your lab wasn't making any progress at all, which didn't surprise you at all, since the information you received gave no details on how to make it, only what it was. So while everyone was busy trying to copy the French, you set out on your own experiments. You began work on a way in which to detect the kinds of crystals the French were producing. Eventually you produced a Crystal Resonance Structure Signature detector. The CRSS detector would be able to pinpoint the exact direction of a crystal's location from scanner. By taking multiple readings, it's a simple matter to find the exact location of the crystal. The major drawback is that various crystals could resonate on a range of frequencies, and if the scanner isn't scanning on exactly the same frequency, the results aren't quite as accurate. But it was effective nonetheless.

One major drawback, though, is that if the crystal is moved, you probably won't know. The resonate frequencies depend a lot on the materials around the crystal having been exposed for some time (a matter of weeks should do it). What this means is that the scanner isn't pointing to where the crystal is, but rather to where it's been. However, if they do get the Red Knight before you do, you can just shoot them probably. That's what the other spy is along for, right? You suppose that's how it works being in the field.

Russian Intel tracked the crystal's movement as best they could, and eventually determined that the crystal, called by the French the Red Knight, was at an obscure convent in the French Alps called Montglane. It would be difficult at best to send agents there without being seen, since there were undoubtedly French agents among the nuns guarding it. But then you got a break. The nuns at Montglane had discovered some old artifact that had people from everywhere swarming towards the convent. It would be the perfect cover to send agents in to retrieve the Red Knight.

And even better! They decided to send you and your CRSS detector along in order find the crystal faster. You were going to be a field agent! You and the other agent, Elenya Sporotski, who's actually your superior, are going as 'escorts' for the eminent Russian Chess Grandmaster Nikolai Borshev, who had a personal interest in the artifact. He doesn't know that his 'escorts' are really Russian Intelligence, and that should be kept that way.

You are to go to Montglane and obtain the Red Knight. The higher-ups didn't mention it, but you're sure there's a research journal that should go with the crystal. It would be good to find that, too, which might have more information on the research behind the crystal. All the while, you are to masquerade as the Grandmaster's assistants and entourage. Unfortunately, that means that you have to behave as if he's your superior in his presence. But you can deal with that. You're going to be a field agent.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- none

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| - Knock Out | - First Aid |
| - Wound | - Disarm |
| - Assist | |

Items

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| - Console | - Revolver |
| - Node($\times 2$) | - Box of Bullets |

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|---|
| - Combat Rating: | 2 | - Delta: | 6 |
| - μ : | 0 | | |

Montglane Abbey

You are the residents of Montglane Abbey, a small, obscure convent in the French Alps. As the legend goes, the great king Charlemagne himself founded Montglane to protect a mythical and magical chess service that was thought to have strange powers. Of course, that's just a legend.

Or so you thought. A few weeks ago, Katarin, the novice, found an ornate chess piece while wandering through the many corridors of the Abbey. More and more began popping up, seemingly randomly, and though you tried to collect them all in one place, for safekeeping, they always managed to disappear from the room, only to reappear elsewhere just as strangely. The board was found in wine cellar (34-302), and hasn't been moved, mostly because the board is very heavy, and it's just as convenient to put keep there.

And, of course, with the finding of Charlemagne's Chess Service, people began to make their way to the convent. The first group has just arrived a few hours ago. It was probably inevitable, but that doesn't mean you're happy about it. Archaeologists, historians, scientists, foreign and French entourages all want access to the find, and there was little you could do to stop them. But, to be prudent, the Mother Superior has locked the front doors, so no one can get out until it's been made sure they aren't trying to smuggle a piece out.

So, for the next days, you're stuck with these strange people. While they're here, though, you want to make sure they don't pillage the treasures of your home. Keep an eye out to make sure that nothing funny is going on, and don't let anyone wander off with the convent's property. It's going to be a long three days.

May God have mercy on your souls.

A Few Places of Interest

- The Chapel (2-103)
- The Belfry (24-402)
- Mother Superior's Study (2-255)
- Nuns' Chambers (24-1)
- The Groundskeeper's Office (8-205)
- The Garden (4-153)
- The Main Hall (24-121)
- The Library (8-302)
- Entrance to the Cellars (8-0): the cellars are quite large, encompassing buildings 26, 36, 34, and 38.

The Residents of Montglane

- Mother Superior Claudette Sardis (Ariel Segall): The stern and strong-willed Mother Superior.
- Sister Josephine Peters (Alya Asarina): One of Montglane's newer sisters. She's been here three years. Some consider her eccentric.
- Sister Claire Pardot (Janet Leung): A quiet and compentant nun, she often keeps to herself.
- Sister Mary Michaels (Michelle Goldberg): The very kind, if sometimes absent-minded, teacher of the novice Katarin.
- Sister Agnes d'Arten (Jamie Morris): A cheerful and caring nun.
- Sister Perpetua Boudrieau (Laura the purple): A busybody who's very interested in everyone else's affairs.
- Katarin Belliard (Grace Kenney): A free-spirited, teenaged novice.
- Alice D'Hemery (Elizabeth Smith): A troubled little girl with long, blonde hair. An orphan, she has been here for eight months. Sent here by her Aunt for education.
- William McDermot (Dave Kern): The groundskeeper. This Scottish man tends the grass.

Ib'm

There are many, many worlds occupying the same space in the universe. You've known this for some time. It's a common fact in Ib'm, the world where you are from. Of course, that doesn't mean that it's easy to get from one to another.

Ib'm, as far as you're concerned is the pinnacle of civilization and technology, so far. The Council of Penh Taeum rules justly. There is very little crime, and what crime there is is tried and punished very effectively and very quickly. The cities are clean and prosperous, and your technology is continually improving.

Technology in Ib'm is based around the Ehntel, which is merely a harness for the energy of the universe. There are 33 parts to an Ehntel. The base is a grid of squares, with eight squares to a side, alternating between what are called the positive states and the negative states. There are also 32 control keys, sixteen of which are positive, while the other sixteen are negative. The Ehntel is all about balance. Nearly every household has an Ehntel for household purposes, and each city has several to take care of city-wide needs, and so on. Each Ehntel has a range befitting its need. The great Ehntels at Ce' Lebron and Penh Taeum can reach all the way across the main continent! The control keys are placed on the grid in various combinations to achieve the desired effect. This has applications from producing energy for heat and light to controlling the weather to countless other effects. The theory behind using the Ehntels is the sole purpose for the three largest universities in Ib'm, where students are trained to use Ehntels in greater depth and where new uses for the Ehntels are found.

There are, undoubtedly, many universes and many worlds, all existing in the same space, but only rarely interacting with each other. The only time two worlds might connect is when a place in both worlds is so very similar on nearly every level that it might as well be the same place. When this happens, a portal between the worlds opens, and inhabitants of either place may travel freely between it as long as it remains open. For whatever reason, it seems that portals between Ib'm and Humanity are much, much more common than portals between Ib'm and other worlds. Portals between Ib'm and Humanity are found nearly every decade, and stay open for up to a few months, whereas known portals to other worlds are found only every two hundred years or so, and may only stay open for a matter of days or hours. This has never been a problem for Ib'm. The Humans, though seemingly identical to the inhabitants of Ib'm, are not quite so advanced in matters such as these, and rarely find or use portals.

The Humans are very quaint, almost child-like in their simplicity. None of the Ib'm, of course, are interested in going into the world of Humanity. Others had gone and made surveys and reported that Humanity, as far as the Ib'm were concerned, was mostly harmless. Except that they used electricity. No one could get over that. Didn't they know how terrifyingly dangerous electricity was? While the humans had begun using it for more and more every day purposes, the Ib'm would not willingly come within ten metres of anything known to use electricity! The only source of electricity in Ib'm is the Tehs Lah, and the land around it is uninhabited for hundreds of miles in any direction. The only time it is ever used to is to restart a dead Ehntel.

Ib'm Psychological Limit: You are terrified of electricity and will avoid it if at all possible. Your fear of electricity and anything that employs it is completely irrational.

Dealing With Demons

When dealing with a demon or other evil spirit in almost any fashion, it is best to know its name. Not knowing a demon's name will at best make you ineffective. At worst, it will make you a light snack. Actually, that's not the worst thing that could happen, but it's probably the worst *speakable* thing that could happen.

When in the material realm, demons are best put in lead boxes. Not that this is easy. Demons are very dangerous, and will not go willingly into a small box, especially one made of lead.

Normal human means of violence tend to have no effect on a demon other than driving them back somewhat. This is sometimes useful in getting a demon to go where you want it to go. Also, demons tend to be afraid of anything more powerful than they are. Demons cannot use technology, and rarely recognize its power (there are exceptions to this).

Contrary to the popular beliefs of laymen, a demon cannot simply possess anyone it pleases. Such a thing usually requires a great deal effort, most often a ritual performed by human practice.

Summoning Demons

To summon two minor demon's to your side, you must do a few simple things.

1. You must know the names of the demons you wish to summon.
2. Obtain a religious artifact (such an item will be obvious by sight).
3. Go to a portal to Hell (bring a GM).
4. Cut yourself, so that you may spread your blood over the artifact.
5. Throw the blood-covered artifact into Hell, commanding (in a loud and commanding voice) the demons by name to come to you.

Once you have completed this, you will become helpless for five minutes while the demon within, tied to your soul, fetches the demons you summon. Then you will have demons to aid you.

Capturing A Demon

What You Need

- The name of the demon.
- A lead box.
- Special Ritual Paint (physrep'ed by masking tape).

What You Must Do

1. Paint an eight-pointed star (it may be any size you want, though it must be able to contain a person).
2. Somehow get the demon inside the symbol.
3. Call out the demon's name in a loud, commanding voice. Then incant "you are helpless for one minute."
4. From within arm's reach of the helpless demon, using the lead box, incant "I put you in the box one, I put you in the box two, I put you in the box three." Anyone can stop you during the count.

Closing A Portal

Closing a portal is a rather simple process. With Charlemagne's Chess Service handy, that is.

You need access to the chessboard and its pieces. With these, you arrange the board correctly (a board value of 409), which will be explained by the chessboard).

Once you have achieved the correct result, you must take two pieces from the board. One must be black, the other must be white. Neither may be a pawn or king. Both must have been used in the correct orientation. Take both of these pieces to the portal you wish to close, touch them to the portal, incant "I close this portal one, I close this portal two, I close this portal three" at a clear pace in a loud voice (anyone can stop you during this incant). Then the portal will be closed.

You must bring a GM along for this work.

If you wish to close more than one portal, you must repeat this entire process. You may only do one at a time.

Vampire

Vampires have a mostly normal life span, though they can extend this drastically through various rituals consisting of carnage and the arcane.

Vampires are not harmed by sunlight, though they tend to be nocturnal (the hunting is better at night). They have no problem with garlic, and even a crucifix would takes days to truly harm a vampire. Of course, vampires cannot enter a church or chapel.

Vampires are, by and large, nasty people.

Vampiric Abilities

Any vampire can take “vampire form” by spending at least five seconds putting on a red headband. They can leave vampire form by spending at least five seconds taking off the headband.

Besides being frightening, vampire form is required for some vampiric abilities.

A Vampire has a μ stat. Points of μ are expended to use vampiric abilities.

An ability all vampires have is the ability to not die. By spending two points of μ , a vampire may arise five minutes after being “killed” by normal means (they may wait longer than five minutes, if they wish, feigning death). If a vampire is “killed” by normal means without enough μ to arise, they will wake up at the beginning of the next day with zero μ .

A vampire will only be truly destroyed by proper application of a silver knife. Only some people know how to do this. If a vampire is killed by killing-blow with a silver knife, followed by the incant “I knife your heart one, I knife your heart two, I knife your heart three” (also with the silver knife), then the vampire is truly dead.

Kings

The two Kings of Old, one Black and one White, wish to fight to the final End. This takes some doing.

A King cannot die normally, now that the Chess Service is so near. Anything that would kill you (for example, a killing blow, or bleeding to death) causes you to say “resist” and become Knocked Out (you will wake up in 5 minutes).

Each King has five **Hit Points (HP)**. They can only die by reaching zero HP and *then* being killed as normal. Otherwise, anything that would normally be death to a mortal causes the loss of a single HP.

The battle between the Kings cannot be fought with armies now. It can only be fought with the raw power of the Chess Service. Using the Chess Service, each King can achieve a mystical “ring gun.” Such a thing is not a physical item, but a concealable extension of the King’s will. If a King is struck by a “koosh ring,” they lose a single HP.

To attain the mystical “ring gun,” a King must complete the correct orientation of the Chess Service (by obtaining a chessboard value of 188, which will be explained by the chessboard).

Each King has a piece. A Black King for the Black King, a White King for the White King. Each King wishes to find their piece. Find your piece, and you will have ten HP (even if you have lost HP, you will now have exactly 10).

Both Kings, White and Black, wish to end the Long Fight, once and for all. Winning is merely secondary. Attain the Piece, complete the correct orientation, find each other, to finish.