Abel

“You scarcely exist. You’re a dream of a ghost of a memory of someone who, one suspects, never existed in the first place. Your death will hardly be a real death. None of you are truly dead until Morpheus himself is dead, are you? And this will hardly be your first death will it?”

–The Kindly Ones

“You mustn’t kill me, You don’t love me. You d-don’t even know me.”

–Abel

Cuh-Cain loves you, you know he must. He wants what’s best for you. He wants you to learn. And you don’t, and you ma-ma-ma-ake mistakes, and that’s why he punishes you.

But he loves you.

You and Cain have been together al-al-al- nearly forever. He’s your older brother, the first son of mankind. He had a twin sister, Aclima, and your twin sister was Jumella. God wan-wan-wanted you each to marry the other one’s twin, but that didn’t quite work out.

The whole time you were alive, you were just with your im-im-close family. Your mother, Eve, your Father, Adam, and your sib-sib-sib-sib brothers and sisters. One time a woman came to visit you and your siblings. She said her na-na-name was Lilith, and she was your father’s first wife. She said Eve wasn’t the fuh-first woman, that she’d been created to be equal to Adam, but she’d left because he couldn’t accept her. She said God had created another wife, but Adam had rejected her because he saw her creation and couldn’t stand to touch her. She said Eve has been created to be less than Adam.

You didn’t like her. She was scary and strange and wanted you to be bad and go against your parents. Jumella didn’t like her either. Cain and Aclima said they’d hu-hurt you if you told your parents, and he pushed you around a bit to scare you. You didn’t say anything, because you didn’t want to cause problems. It seemed to bring Cain and Aclima even closer together, with another secret of their own.

You’d all always been closest with your own twins. You were always so happy with Jumella. You’d sneak food into bed, and play in the dirt, and in the grass, and you’d sing songs and run around and play make believe. Cuh-Cain and Aclima didn’t really like spending time playing with you and Jumella. They thought you were silly and simple and stupid. They talked about big things and got angry with you and Jumella. They were older and liked different things. But that was okay, you still loved them.

Cain and Aclima had lots of suh-secret things. Secret words, and games, and a special place. You didn’t get to play with their secret things, except one time Aclima took you to their secret hiding-hole. Sometimes Aclima would play with you when Cain was busy. She was nicer to you than Cain. The secret place was just under the lip of the cliff near your home that none of you were supposed to go near. She told you not to tell anyone about the secret place, but you took Jumella there. It was scary. You were somewhere no one wanted you to go, not Mother and Father, not Cain or Aclima. Cain would probably have been really mad if he’d known. Lots of things made Cain angry.

Cain didn’t like a lot of the things Father said and did. Father said you all had to be good, and sacrifice and pray to God, and someday he’d forgive you all and you’d all go live in the Garden again. Cain hated seeing the best of your food going up in flames. Cain said you’d never go back to the garden, that God had forsaken you. Well, he didn’t say it to father, but he would say it behind his back to the other children.

Father didn’t like some of what Cain did, either. When you got older, Father taught you and Cain to hunt. You hated it, chasing things down to kill them. But Cain was good at it, and Father liked that. You took care of sheep. You liked your sheep. Jumella would help you take care of the baby sheep. You just had to make sure the sheep were happy, and fed. It was calm and peaceful and you were happy. You’d take off their fur and Aclima would make it into nice things. Sometimes Father said you
needed sheep for food. You couldn’t bear to kill them, so Father usually did it. Cain didn’t like that you didn’t have the courage to kill them yourself, but Father was happy with you for raising sheep. Father didn’t like what Cain did. Cain grew plants. Mother and the girls would gather plants, but that took a long time. Cain grew plants together, and he knew when they were good to eat and when they should grow more, and he knew how to make them come back every year. He knew how to make the water come from the river to where he was growing plants, so they wouldn’t die when it didn’t rain. Father hated it. He said it was against nature, it was changing the world God had given us, that it was against the will of God. He would have destroyed it, but Mother stopped him. Cain was very sad. He worked so hard, much harder than you did, but Father wasn’t happy with what he did.

When you got older, people started talking about marriage. You didn’t really care. You were happy, and wanted things to stay happy, and together. You liked your work, and you loved your parents, and your sisters and your brother. And you knew they all loved you, they just had different ways of showing it.

Aclima asked Father what was to be done. Father went into the woods to pray, and when he came back he said God wanted you to marry Aclima and Cain to marry Jumella.

Aclima looked like she would cry. She ran to the bed and refused to leave it all day. Cain looked angry and confused. You were confused. You were happiest with Jumella, but God wanted you to marry Aclima, and you wanted to do what God wanted. Was it okay to not want to do what God wanted? What if you did what he wanted, but didn’t really want to? These questions confused and bothered you.

But Aclima was very beautiful, and smart, and she was nice to you sometimes. She’d laugh when Cain would beat you up, but you didn’t really mind that much. Jumella would clean you up and take care of you, and that was really nice. Jumella was pretty too, and you loved her very much, but God wanted you to marry Aclima. He must have had a reason. And maybe if you were married, and you were very nice to her, she could be happy, and so could you. And you could all still stay together. And you could have your own children to play with. You could teach them songs, and swing them around, and let them play with little lambs, and listen to them laugh, and love them. Having children would be very nice. And you thought being married to Aclima would be nice too, but you never told anyone. It would just make things worse.

But whenever you tried to talk to Aclima, she would juh-just shut-stare at you and then she’s start cruh-cruh-crying. Were you really that bad?

Things got really bad then. No one was happy anymore. You missed your old life so much. Aclima started staying out in the fields with Cain all the time. She argued with Father all the time. Meals were terrible. You just wanted everyone to be happy. You understood why Cain and Aclima wanted to marry each other, because they were best friends. But Father couldn’t just let them go against God’s will. No one could find a good solution.

Everything kept getting worse. You and Cain stopped talking. The house was so quiet, and full of tension. You spent a lot of time with your sheep. They were so simple, and happy. That was the only calm place left in your life.

Even your relationship with Jumella was suffering. She was getting very upset. She said no one wanted her. You didn’t know what to say. You just wanted to do what was right. She tried to make you say you’d rather marry her. She was angry. You don’t like when people are angry at you. It makes you feel sick and scared and you stuh-stuh-stutter more. She was your buh-best friend, but you didn’t want to go against God and you didn’t know what to say and she got more angry and threw a pot of food on you. Cain laughed, and Jumella made a scary face at him. You’d never been scared of Jumella before. It was so confusing and scary. Jumella ran outside and you cleaned up the mess she made. Cain wouldn’t look at you. You missed Cain. And Aclima. And happy times. But what could you do?

The girls said that they had talked, and that Cain and Aclima had to get married and you and Jumella had to get married and that was the only way it would work out. You still didn’t know what to think. Mother wouldn’t take sides. Father got angry and said that we were going to end this once and for all.

He said each boy would build a marriage altar and make a sacrifice, and whoever God favored would marry Aclima. You
just wanted it all to be over.

You dragged a big stone into place and sets some cairns beside it. You picked your sweetest, cutest, favoritest lamb and sacrificed it on the altar. Cain built a complicated altar with water running though it and burned his best crops.

Father asked for a sign, and God shone a light down onto your altar. God had chosen you. Aclima started yelling at Cain for not being good enough. Father grabbed her arm and said she was getting married right now. She started telling about the pool of blood. Father grabbed the women and they went into the house to change while you and Cain cleaned up. You felt confused and rushed and didn’t know what to do.

Cain seemed really angry. He turned red. You’d never seen him so angry before, not when you broke things, not when you forgot things, not what you annoyed him and he beat you up. You tried to talk to him, and he just started hitting you. It hurt. It wasn’t your fault. You loved Cain and wanted him to be happy. Why couldn’t God let you all be happy?

Cain kept hitting you. He grabbed a rock and hit you with it. And he hit you with his hands. And kicked you. You just wanted him to stop being so angry. Would hurting you make him happier? But it hurt so much, and you tried to make him stop, and he only hurt you more, and then everything went dark.

Then a beautiful girl you’d never seen before came and told you that you were done living there and weren’t going back. Then a man came, a tall man, and he asked if you wanted to go live in his land. You’d have a little house of your own and you could have a job. You went with him. It was nice. You became the keeper of secrets. You’d never really had secrets of your own before. But you’re good at keeping secrets, and you get to know lots of things.

But you got lonely eventually. And you went to the tall man, Lord Morpheus, King of the Dreamland, and he said you could have a friend. And you went home and there was another house next to yours, and it was Cain! You hadn’t seen him in so long. You were both so happy to see each other!

And things were good for awhile, but Cain got annoyed with you more, and one day you made a big mistake, and he got angry, and he hit you really hard, and you died again. When you woke up again, he was crying. And you told him it would be okay, you weren’t really dead. You explained how you weren’t real people anymore, you were dreams, and you were part of a story. One of the first stories. He’s the murderer and you’re the victim, and that’s the way the story works. It’s part of your roles in the Dreaming.

So he kills you sometimes. When you mess up, or tell a secret you shouldn’t tell, or do something stupid. It’s your fault for messing up. Cain just wants you to learn and be better. Other people don’t like what Cain does, but it’s not his fault. It’s his role. You understand.

It’s okay. You like being part of something bigger, part of story that everyone knows. It hurts when Cain kills you, and you have to stay dead for awhile, and it makes you sad, but it’s okay. Cain pays attention to you and you talk and tell each other secrets and mysteries, and you take turns cooking dinner. It’s fun. You even each have your own pets. Cain gave you a golden egg, and Goldie, the sweetest little gargoyle ever, hatched out of it. Well, you wanted to call her Irving, but Cain said Gargoyles have to have G names so you call her Goldie but secretly you know her real name is irving. And Cain’s gargoyle is Gregory. And the bottle imp lives with you, and there’s uh-suh-something nasty in the basement and and you have other friends, like Matthew the Raven and Merv Pumpkinhead and Eve, who is kind of your mother except she’s a story and dream now too, and there’s Lucien the librarian and everyone is nice to you and you have friends and you love Cain and he loves you and you’re happy again. Usually.

Then one day some people came over. One of them was Seth, the baby Adam and Eve had after you died and Cain left. He was all grown up. Cain wasn’t happy to see him, but he was a guest in Cain’s house so he had to be hospitable. Seth opened a door, though, and something got out. Someone. Your sister, Jumella.

Cain had kept her locked up in the attic for... a long time. she looked different. She’d lost a lot of weight. She... she’d
changed. Bad stuff had happened to her. If you hadn’t died, this wuh-wouldn’t have happened. She... she thinks strange things now. And she stabbed Gregory. Cuh-Cain says she is dangerous. You still love her, but you’re kind of scared of her now. You wish things could just go back to the way they used to be... At home, with your family...

Seth heard about Aclima, and he decided to go find her and save her. Jumella seems to be really angry about Aclima. Jumella seems really mad at everyone, at you, at Cain, at the world. You wish she were happy again.

And now, Lord Morpheus is dead. There’s going to be a new Dream. He’s going to take over for good in nine days. Things are going to be... different, now. The new Dream is reorganizing the staff. You think you might like working for Dream. You think you might like being the Younger Sibling. You think you’re going to try for it.

Goals
- Jumella is not herself. There’s probably something to be done about that, but you don’t know what... maybe just try reminding her that she has a family and you (all of you) love her?
- You and Cain should both be on the new Dream’s Staff... that way you and he will still be together. Specifically, you should be Younger Sibling and he should be Older Sibling. It certainly works for you two
- Things are crazy and unstable and unpredictable right now... it would be swell if things could go back to how they were
- You told your mother about Lilith visiting. You were more scared of her than of Cain

Notes
- In the Dreaming, you are Secrets. Your brother is Mysteries. He will receive (when the GMs are up to it) “mysteries,” in-game riddles of a sort. They will be hints to in-game information. You will get the answers. When you give away answers, he kills you (you gets better). You do it anyway, but you prefer that people give you and your brother information in exchange (you can make new secrets and mysteries from this).
- You may solve two riddles every day (see the GMs). Cain tends to kill you when you do this.

Contacts
- Cain (Rich Younger):
- Goldie (Merry Peck): Your companion gargoyle
- Gregory (Mark Mascaro): Cain’s gargoyle
- Eve (Erin Price): Your mother
- Jane Roe (Aletta Wallace): Your sister
- Daniel Hall (Chris Kuklewicz): Soon-to-be Dream
- Lucien (Kevin Chen): Dreaming’s Chief Librarian
- Merv (David Kern): Pumpkin-head ’gardener with a vengeance’
- Matthew (Hongyi Hu): Morpheus’ Raven

Memory/Event Packets
- badge number: 3727

Bluesheets
- Those of the Dreaming

Greensheets
- none
Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Abel, brother of Cain
- Dream Lore 1
- Symbology 1

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2

Abel (Greg Lohman) / Character Sheet
Alianora

Your name is Alianora. You were a mortal woman who dated Morpheus, Dream of the Endless, a long time ago. At first it was nice, but then the relationship went bad. You don’t particularly care for him now. He was responsible (directly or indirectly, your call) for the scar on your cheek. After the relationship was no longer salvageable, you went to live in a little island in the Dreaming. The deal with Dream was that when the island (or skerry) was destroyed, you would go on to the afterlife. Well, things got a little complicated (you aren’t sure in what way) and it ended up that you were on that island a long time. When the end came, it was pretty much a relief.

The end did come. You remember it. So why are you here? You don’t know. Why are you back from the dead? Things aren’t supposed to work this way. You’re back in the Dreaming. You are asking all the people you meet what could make someone come back from the dead. So far, you’ve had no luck. Perhaps you can find Death. If you do, taking her hand ought to let you return to your eternal rest. Where is she, anyway?

Meanwhile, here you are. It seems Morpheus has died. How odd. There’s a new Dream now, some kid. He’s going to be coronated in nine days. You don’t intend to still be around for that, though.

[Note: Although it isn’t known in game yet, Morpheus is back from the dead also. You’ll probably meet him at some point. You’ll know him when you see him. It’s up to you how you want to roleplay. You can hate him, yell at him, pointedly ignore him, say mean things about him, try to resolve your issues with him, etc. Just don’t decide to be in love with him - that would probably be a bad idea.]

You recognize Barbie from when she lived on your dream island (long story involving all of book 5). You’re curious about her and would like to get to know her. She’s working on some sort of quest. Feel free to offer your assistance. In general, feel free to get involved in any plots you find. Mostly you should aim for working on something for a little while and then wandering away (you are a ghost, basically). Other things that might amuse you include the research being done by Dr. Ivan Parov at the bio lab, the attempts of Merv to fight off the nightmares and anything June Palmer might be doing since she’s also one of Morpheus’ ex-girlfriends.

Have fun, come see us if you’re looking for something else to do and around Wednesday, try to find Death and be taken back to the afterlife, preferably in front of other players. Thanks a lot :)
Abilities
  - Magic 1

Items
  - none

Stats
  - Combat Rating: 2
It’s 1916, and your name is Alexander Burgess. You’re eight years old. You live with your father in big manor in Wych Cross, England. The house used to be called Wych Cross, but Father renamed it Fawney Rig. It’s a house with history, of course. Father would have no less. Father. But you aren’t allowed to call him Father anymore. He’s Magus. Your father, Roderick Burgess, is a great wizard. He’s going to trap Death. And you’ll be allowed to be there. It’s a great honor. You should be very honored, father says. Magus says.

It’s midnight, and it’s time to trap Death. It’s terrifying. The ritual, the darkness, the blood, and your father’s face. You are terrified of your father’s face.

You summoned, and trapped someone. Not Death, your father says. Not Death. Fath–magus took his clothes, and his helmet, and his pouch, and his jewel.

Magus leaves him in the basement. He won’t talk. He won’t negotiate. He just sits there, naked, trapped in glass.

You assist Magus in his magicks. His magicks are very, very real. He shows you so much, It is very... kind of him, to show you such strange and powerful and... terrible things, at your age.

It’s 1920, and your name is Alexander Burgess. You’re twelve years old. You go to court with Magus. They thought he was involved with the suicide of John Hathaway, the museum curator. Magus refused to comment. You know the truth. You know it was a suicide, because you watched him kill himself, through the crystal ball you held. And you watched Magus cause his suicide note to burn away. Magus is very powerful.

You also know that it was Magus’ blackmail that drove him to suicide. He gave a book, the Magdalene Grimoire to the order, and father never let him escape from this knowledge. You acquired many treasures through Hathaway.

It’s 1926, and your name is Alexander Burgess. You’re eighteen years old, but timid and small for your age. You’re not a brave man. You don’t even feel like a man, you still feel like a boy. A scared little boy.

You’ve figured out who the man in the basement is. It’s Dream. Magus is proud of you. He says he knows the order would be safe in your hands if he was ever gone.

It’s 1930, and your name is Alexander Burgess. You’re twenty two years old, and Father’s second in command, Ruthven Sykes, has run off with father’s mistress, Ethel Cripps. A magical war ensues between Magus and the traitor. It takes six years, but the traitor is destroyed.

You’re an adult now. And your actions should be your own responsibility. You are not a child, you could leave, you could stop this. The Sins of the Father have become the sins of the son.

But you could never leave.

It’s 1947, and your name is Alexander Burgess. You’re thirty nine years old, and your father has gotten very old. You take him down to yell at his prisoner one last time, and he collapses, and your father is dead. Not dead, only sleeping. His presence lingers on in the house. Like your father would let a little thing like death get in the way of him. You’re head of the Order now, what’s left of it.

It’s 1952, and your name is Alexander Burgess. You’re forty four years old, and you’ve never gotten out much. Most of your life has been lived in this house. Oh, you traveled a little, but your thoughts never escaped this place. You’ve never really had friends. There is the rest of the order, but that’s not friendship. That’s teacher-student, and master-servant, not friendship. But now’s there’s Paul. Paul gave voice to thoughts and feelings of yours that you’d never acknowledged. He makes you... happy. It’s not an emotion you’re familiar with. You don’t know what he’s doing with a middle aged hack like you. Father was a Magus.
Father was powerful. Father controlled forces you never understood. All you have to offer is a big house, dusty magical texts, and your love.

Paul doesn’t believe in magic. Paul doesn’t understand the things you’ve seen, the things that still haunt your nightmares, the magicks of your father. The power of your father. The memory of your father. Your father was a great man. You should be honored to be his son. You love your father. But he still haunts your nightmares.

He’s still down there, that silent, naked bastard. You can’t let him out, He’d destroy you. You offer him his freedom in exchange for some minor gifts... but he just stares.

It’s 1968, and your name is Alexander Burgess. Not Magus. You’re not your father. You’re Alex, and you’re sixty years old. The young ones flock to you, looking for magic, enlightenment. Yo tell them about minor things. Tantric sex, kundalini yoga, astral travel... nothing important. you keep guards down in the basement all the time. They are forbidden to sleep. You give them all the amphetamines and coffee they could consume. There’s no psychedelics in the house. Can’t risk letting him getting into their waking dreams.

It’s 1970, and your name is Alexander Burgess. You’re sixty two years old. The young people are gone, the 60s are over. You turn over the organization to Paul, your “personal assistant”. Paul still doesn’t believe in magic. He uses the Order of Ancient mysteries... well, for his purposes. He makes quite the profit on the foolish.

You still don’t get out much. You stay in father’s study, writing. Editing father’s letters defending his reputation, you even wrote a memoir about him. You sit there, with his portrait staring down at you.

You slashed the portrait one night. No good. He’s still there, always with you. You’ll never be free. You never rest well. Fear and nightmares keep you tossing, turning, waking. Paul thinks you need sedatives. You know that’s not your problem.

You stare at the page from the Liber Fulvarum Paginarum. The page about Dream. You’re so afraid of him. You’re so afraid of so many things. You’ve given up on magick. What has magic ever done for you? It’s made you miserable, it’s made you afraid, it’s made you do horrible things, kill men...

It’s 1986, and your name is Alexander Burgess, and you are old. You live your life, in your father’s house, scared to sleep. You’ve never done anything remarkable or great or...anything. You’ve never done anything.

It’s 1988, and your name is Alexander Burgess. You’re eighty years old. Your life is drawing to a close. What a pathetic life it was. Paul wheels you around and takes care of you, and you forget things. Your body has deteriorated, and you can feel your mind starting to go. Good riddance. You don’t deserve to live. What have you done with your life? Paul and your nurse put you to bed for your nap. You have a dream.

It’s 1988, and your name is Alexander Burgess. You’re twelve years old. You see the man, in the box. Dream. He’s gotten out, and threatening you. He wants to punish you. For what father did. He wants his things back. He curses you. You wake up, relieved. But you’re not awake. It’s another nightmare. You wake, again, and the world is right, Paul and your nurse are there. and a monster comes out fo the wall and eats Paul. You wake up, but it’s a nightmare... It goes on forever. Eternal nightmare... you lose all track of time. Time ceases to exist. There is nothing but the horror, the fear. Until... until you wake up, and stayed awake.

It’s 1994, and your name is Alexander Burgess. You’re eighty six years old, and you’re awake. And you’re alive. You’re alive like you’ve never been. Father is dead. Father has been dead for almost fifty years, and it’s time to let him stay dead. The man in the basement is gone. You’re free. You don’t want to ever go to sleep again. You want to live.

You’re going to do something with your life. You’re going to make a difference. You are going to free mankind from them, from the Endless, from those creatures that try to control people, who view them as puppets and toys. You’ve found some people who understand, who want to save humanity from these terrible creatures. You’re going to see them in New York. You’re going to go on your own, without Paul. You can do it. You’re so much stronger than you were before those years, those years asleep.
You’re going to meet Richard Madoc, a young man you’ve been corresponding with.

You’re going to free mankind from the worst of them all, from Destiny and his book. Man will be free to do as he choses, and not have some bloody bastard with a book make him do otherwise. You’ve been studying magic since you woke up, for this task. Destiny will be asleep, and unable to alter the course of man. You hope that if he stays asleep long enough, and reality strays from his bloody book long enough, that man will be free.

Try as you might, you can not shake your fear of dreams. You hate the lack of control. You hate not knowing if you will ever wake up again. You are working on a plan for true lucid dreaming. You hope to enlist Richard Madoc’s help.

It’s 1994, and your name is Alexander Burgess. You’re eighty-six years old and you can do this. You can use magic. You can do what your father never did. You walk the maze, secure in the knowledge that you can find it. You can find the garden of Destiny.

You’ve done it, you’ve put him to sleep. If only you could destroy him or bind... no. You will not make your father’s mistake. This will be enough.

But, while you are here, you might as well see what’s in his bloody book.

It’s... it’s... now, and the future, and the past, and you can’t tell... and you.. who are you? So many thoughts, so many images, you have to get them out. Pull yourself together. Alex. You are Alex. And you have seen the future, and the present, and the past, and you need to get it out of your head. You need to make it HAPPEN. It’s your Destiny.

Notes
- Your lucid dreaming research is research project WN.

Memory/Event Packets
- badge number: 3727

Bluesheets
- The Society

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Magic 1
- Dream Lore 1
- Arcane Lore 3
- Symbology 2
- Alchemy 2
- Psychology 1
- Astrology 2

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Cain

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

–Cain

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth....Then God said, “Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth.” So God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him; male and female he created them. And God blessed them, and God said to them, “Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air and over every living thing that moves upon the earth.”

Or so you were always told. God put Adam, Father, in the Garden, in Eden, in Paradise. He made Eve, your mother from his rib. He told them “You may freely eat of every tree of the garden; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil you shall not eat, for in the day that you eat of it you shall die.” But the serpent told Eve to eat of the tree, and she was curious, and she did, and she knew the difference between good and evil and her innocence was lost. She gave the fruit to Adam, who also ate of it, and the same happened to him. God expelled them from the Garden into the wasteland to live their days in suffering.

They felt pain, and sorrow. All comfort or softness was gone. Life was difficult and painful, but they persevered, and built a home. And then one day, in a cold rain, the bulge in Eve’s belly came forth in pain and suffering. It was a boy and a girl, and they named them Cain and Aclima. Two years later, it happened again, and they named them Abel and Jumella. Adam always had a talent for naming things.

That is what mother and father always told you. Father said he and Mother had sinned, and you had inherited their sin, and that you were being punished, but that someday God would forgive you and you could all go to the garden. He lived for this idea, that if he could just please God enough it would all work out.

It was always just the six of you, Mother, Father, your sister Aclima and Abel and Jumella.

As children, you naturally played with your own twins more than each other. You and Aclima had your own world, your own words, and hiding places. There was the age difference, and, well, you and Aclima were very alike and Abel and Jumella were... different. They were babies. Weak. Content. They were fine with whatever life gave them. They didn’t want to improve themselves, or their lives, or their world. They didn’t seek knowledge, and experience and, and life! Not the way you and Aclima did. You loved them, because they were your siblings, but you always knew you were better than them. Besides, they were all you knew except for your parents and each other.

Until... Until she came to visit. Lilith. The first adult you’d ever seen who wasn’t your parents. She wasn’t like Mother. She was so... alive and free! She didn’t seem weighed down by life. You hadn’t realized Mother seemed that way till you met Lilith. She told you... that Mother wasn’t the first woman, like she said she was. That Lilith and Adam had been created together, as one, as equals. They split into two, and she had eventually left because he would not accept her as an equal. She’d gone off and had her own life, beyond the Garden. She wasn’t expelled, like mother and father. She’d chosen her own fate.

Mother had been created to be less than Adam, to make him happy, to be subservient. Lilith told you there had been another before Mother, created to be his new wife. She’d been rejected by Adam out of hand because he’d seen her creation and been disgusted. How tragic. But Father never was very accepting...

Abel and Jumella were scared. Lilith was different, and not part of your tiny little “happy family”. Boring family. She’d seen so much. There was life beyond your home. You and Aclima were so intrigued. You were able to talk to her about... anything! There was so much Mother and Father wouldn’t talk about. Anything strange or different, anything beyond your home. They, well– Father mostly, refused to believe there was a world beyond your own. He kept believing that someday you’d all go back to
Eden, his lost paradise, when God forgave you. He was a fool. Mother just wanted to keep Father happy. You could get her to talk about things, sometimes, when Father wasn’t around.

Lilith encouraged you all to grow, to question, to explore. To make your own lives, and not just do what Mother and Father wanted. To not just accept everything they said. Abel and Jumella huddled up next to each other and didn’t say anything. You and Aclima barely noticed, you were so fascinated with her. It was so wonderful to have someone else tell you that what you were feeling and thinking was okay, that you weren’t bad children for wanting something different than what your parents wanted for you. To have someone tell you that there was a world beyond your own. It changed everything.

She left, and told you not to tell your parents she’d been there, it would only cause trouble. You and Aclima intimidated Abel a bit to keep him quiet. You knocked him around a little bit, and threatened to do more if he squealed. Lilith gave you and your sister a lot to think about.

As you reached adolescence, you started specializing in your tasks. Father kept hunting, but Abel started keeping animals to raise and kill. Jumella cooked. You and Aclima took on harder tasks, you started working with plants, she taught herself to weave, to make pottery, to organize things and the rest of the family. Father never really approved of your agriculture. Said it didn’t respect the natural order of things, said you weren’t respecting the Will of God. You couldn’t believe he was so closeminded. Did he want to live like animals, just accepting the world as it was, never changing anything?

But raising animals, that was okay. Because Abel did it. Abel could do no wrong. Abel was sweet, Abel did what his father wanted, Abel didn’t worry his mother, Abel didn’t ask hard questions, Abel didn’t have “his mother’s rebellious streak.” You heard them fighting one night. They didn’t think you could hear them. They were upset because you asked so many questions, because you wanted to go and leave and learn. Father said you’d destroy the family. They both said Mother had passed it on to you, the curiosity, the spark that had ruined everything, that had caused the fall. They loved Abel because he was docile, docile like his stupid sheep. They always loved him more.

You and Aclima stayed close, and grew more annoyed with your siblings and disenchanted with your family. Abel and Jumella had gotten older, and still were so... boring. Uninterested, and uninterested in anything of import. They didn’t care about seeking truth, or beauty or exploring or changing or growing. Father thought that everything that happened was punishment for his and Mother’s sins. He thought if we were faithful to the Will of God, to what we could guess the Will of God, that He would forgive us and take us back to Eden. Abel and Jumella just wanted to do whatever would make people happy. You and Aclima knew you would never go to the garden, never return to Paradise. The Fall could not be taken back. You wanted to make the best of the world you had. To not be afraid of starving each winter. You wanted to build up better stores of food, learn to make better tools, better homes. To make your lives more comfortable, to allow time for things besides scrambling to survive. But they just wanted to live from day to day.

You were capable of such better things than Abel, yet they loved him more. You hated the sight of his fat face. You started beating him up when he annoyed you. Aclima thought it was funny to see you beat him. Jumella just whimpered. As much as you beat him, he never got angry at you. He never fought back, he never yelled at you. It was so frustrating. Why wouldn’t he react? You didn’t hate him, he just... frustrated you so much. He wouldn’t change like you wanted him to. He wouldn’t be what you wanted him to be. You were so frustrated with him!

You were almost an adult, and you were sick of your parents, sick of your home. But you couldn’t give up on them. You could make them better, you knew it. You just had to convince them to let you. But it was so frustrating, and you got so annoyed with them all. Even with Aclima sometimes. No relationship is perfect, you learned. Despite being your twin, she was not you. She cared less about saving your family, changing the world. She was more interested in improving her own lot, and the world incidentally. But at least she wanted to change, and least she wanted something.

Your parents realized you were becoming adults, and they started talking about marriage. Father decided that you needed to follow the Will of God. Fuck the will of god. What had god ever done for you? Why should you care?
Father went off to pray in the woods. When he came back, he said that God wanted you to marry Jumella, and Abel to marry Aclima. What the fuck?

Aclima, your twin. Your beautiful, intelligent, funny, insightful sister. Being pawed over by that stupid, fat shepherd. He wouldn’t know how to appreciate her, he wouldn’t know how lucky he was. He wouldn’t even know what to do with a woman like her.

And Jumella. Father said God wanted you to marry Jumella. Stupid, fat Jumella. Who could ever want Jumella as anything more than a sister when there was Aclima? Of course you fell in love with her. It’s not that you hated Jumella, you cared for her as your little sister, but you could never bring yourself to marry her.

And you know Aclima prefered you over Abel. Fat, blubbering Abel with his stupid sheep. There’s no skill in shepherding. Just move the sheep around, don’t let anything kill them before you do. Shepherding is barely a step up from hunting and gathering. But farming... farming is complicated. Farming requires thought and knowledge, more than base animal instinct. Farming requires brains, which you and your twin were infinitely more blessed with than your poor siblings. You and she laughed at them, behind their backs, for their simplicity. Aclima you could talk to. Aclima wanted to know about the world, to see what was beyond your little home, to see what was out in the wilderness.

Aclima was so angry with Father. So were you, but she fought with him more. She didn’t respect Abel, could not imagine herself with him. You held each other in the night, and promised that you would be together.

There were so many arguments, then. So much anger, so many misunderstandings. You’d thought you’d been unhappy before, but this was horrible. Aclima would use her beautiful intellect to try to reason with father. All he would talk about was ‘The Will of God,’ and ’God’s Plan,’ and ’doing as God intended...’ It was so frustrating for everyone, but mother and the twins would never stand up to him.

Abel and Jumella obviously wanted each other. They were so obviously suited for each other, with their simple ways. Abel and Aclima? Cain and Jumella? It was a ridiculous idea. Though, well, Aclima was so beautiful, so wonderful, Abel must have wanted her. But it was a stupid idea.

And life just got worse and worse at home. Everyone was miserable, running away from supper crying. All laughter ceased. You couldn’t even talk to Abel anymore. It was horrible. After months of this, you told Aclima you couldn’t stand this, that something had to change. She got angry with you, what the hell did she expect you to do? You were trying your best but it wasn’t good enough for her. Father wasn’t going to give in.

She stormed off. You went into the main room of the house, sat in the corner whittling wood with your knife. It eventually dawned on you that you weren’t whittling anything in specific, just destroying wood. You didn’t care. Better destroy some wood than someone.

Abel and Jumella were across the room. No one was speaking. Jumella started cooking, and talking quietly to Abel. As time went on, she got more upset, and louder. She was demanding that he say he wanted her and not Aclima. He stuttered and talked about the will of god. Hopeless fencesitter, trying to appease everyone and hurt no one. That’s not possible. You just wind up pleasing no one, not even yourself. Jumella yelled at him, threw a lot of food on him. You snickered, almost involuntarily. Jumella shot you a very angry glare and stormed off. You were torn between laughing and crying. It was good to see Jumella showing some life, and funny to see Abel get what was coming to him, but what was happening to your family? It was all falling apart.

Abel started cleanign up Jumella’s mess, and you went back to whittling. Neither of you said anything or looked at each other. You found, surprisingly, that you missed Abel. How strange. It just made you more sad, more upset with this stupid fucking situation.

When the girls came back later, they announced that Abel was going to marry Jumella and Aclima was going to marry Cain,
and that this was the only way to make things work. Mother wouldn’t say anything. You and Abel weren’t saying anything anymore. You just wanted all this tension to end.

Father said he would put the matter in the hands of God, that you and Abel would each build marriage altars and sacrifice. (Another sacrifice. You hated sacrificing the best of your food to a God who never answered) And whoever God favored would marry Aclima. A contest. The opportunity to show once and for all that you were better than Abel.

You stayed up all night planning your altar. It was beautiful. You found matching stones, you arranged them in a circle, you dug in the earth and made a waterfall, made grooves in the stones for water to run down. You selected your finest, juiciest most succulent crops and placed them on the altar.

Abel just pulled some stones together and picked his cutest lamb.

Aclima stood between the altars as Jumella and Mother watched. Father prayed to God, and you made your sacrifices. Abel’s hand wavered, the lamb screamed in pain, blood ran all over. While his altar was a barbaric mess, yours was beautiful, symmetric, a triumph of planning and intellect.

There was no way you could lose.

And... he favored Abel! He chose that stupid, fat slob over you. Now, when it mattered most of all, they all still loved Abel more than you. Why? Why?? You.. you didn’t know what you felt. So shocked, so angry, so distraught. Aclima was just as upset. She started lashing out at everyone. Sh started blaming you, for not finding favor in God’s eyes, for sacrificing a fucking vegetable, for not saving her. Sayin gyou were supposed to save her. Your emotions were already boiling, and you exploded back at her, whom you loved so much. You were yelling at each other, when Father grabbed her arm and told her she was getting married right now, at Abel’s altar. She refuses to be married in a pool of blood, obviously stalling for time. The women went inside to change while you and Abel were left to scrub the altar, scrub his altar clean of his goddamn lamb’s blood, so he could marry your Aclima. You were just barely controlling your rage, when he started to talk to you, to try to... to console? To condescend? You don’t know. You were so angry. How dare Mother and Father always love him more. How dare God chose him over you, How dare he get Aclima. How dare he talk to you. You started hitting him. He cried out. You hit him harder, listing off all his sins, all his flaws, everything he’d done wrong, everything they always forgave him for, how they always loved him more. You grabbed a rock and hit him more. You were better than him. You’d always been better than him, you always would be better than him, because he didn’t even want to be better. He just wanted to be. Content in mediocrity. And they chose him. Him! To win! To get the love and the prize! You hit him and you hit him and there was so much blood but it was the lamb’s blood but it wasn’t just the lamb’s blood anymore, it was Abel’s blood too, and Abel wasn’t moving and Abel wasn’t breathing and Abel was dead. Oh my God what had you done.

“Abel, Abel, Abel, no, speak to me Abel, no, please, God, no, Abel speak to me, I’m sorry, I never meant to, I never meant to, I only wanted to of GOD Abel!” You were filled with such regret, regret that no man could possibly have known... and finally you understood how your parents must have felt, when they destroyed their paradise with their own hands, with their own sins. You would have given anything to turn back time, to take back that one action, that one loss of control. You brother, your brother, he was fat and stupid and lazy and he annoyed you so much but you loved him, and wanted to make him better.

And you’d killed him.

You panicked. You didn’t know what to do. They’d all hate you if they knew. They always loved him more, but now they would hate you forever. You dragged his body off and hid it in the earth. You’d... you’d say he’d run off in misery about what had happened. You’d lie? Oh God, you didn’t know what to do.

And then the spirit of God returned, and for the first time, spoke to you, as Father had always dreamed He would do. But it was not to bring you back to Eden.

There was a white light, almost blinding, but you could not look away. You were transfixed.
“Where is Abel thy brother?”

“I know not: am I my brother’s keeper?”

“What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother’s blood crieth unto me from the ground. And now cursed art thou from the ground, which hath opened its mouth to receive thy brother’s blood from thy hand; when thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto thee its strength; a fugitive and a wanderer shalt thou be in the earth.”

“My punishment is greater than I can bear. Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the ground; and from thy face shall I be hid; and I shall be a fugitive and a wanderer in the earth; and it will come to pass, that whosoever findeth me will slay me.”

“Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold.”

And He appointed a sign for Cain, lest any finding you should smite you.

And your shame was more than you could bear, and you saw your family coming, and you fled, and could not find your way back.

After that, the details become... you don’t remember it very well. You lived, and eventually you died. They tell stories of what happened. You don’t know how much to believe them.

“And Cain went out from the presence of Jehovah, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the east of Eden. And Cain knew his wife; and she conceived, and bore Enoch: and he built a city, and called the name of the city, after the name of his son, Enoch.”

Eventually, you died. You were given a choice. Go with Death, end your life, be free of your pain and your past. Or go with Dream, and see your little brother, who had gone with him. You could have gone with Death. You could have ended it all, and moved on to a new life, or oblivion, or peace, or whatever was beyond. But you didn’t. You went to the Dreaming, and Lord Morpheus, Dream, your new sovereign, gave you a letter of commission, and a house. The House of Mysteries. It lies next to the House of Secrets, where your brother lives. Your dear, sweet, stupid, fat brother.

He was so happy to see you, and you were so happy to see him too. But you felt so guilty. You’d murdered him. Stolen his life from him. He didn’t mention it. But you felt so... guilty.

Everything was fine, until the first time he really, really screwed up. You were so angry at him! All this time and he hadn’t changed! And you... you killed him again. Just like before. You fell to your knees before his dead body, utterly disgusted with yourself. You couldn’t move. Couldn’t do anything. You’d been given what you had so ardently desired, the chance to try again, to make it work with Abel, and you’d wasted it. Killed him again. You hated yourself so much as you knelt by his body.

But... he got better. He stutteringly explained that you were the killer and he was the killed and that was the way it was, that’s what your roles were in the Dreaming.

Was this punishment for your sin? Repeating it over and over again for all time? Was this Hell?

You didn’t know. You settled into your life. Better than Death, you supposed, but... not really satisfying. Trapped in the same damn problems.

And then, one day... he showed up. Seth. Eve and Adam’s bright faced little boy. The boy they had to replace you and Abel, the good son, the uncursed son, the father of mankind. The race of Seth hated the race of Cain.

He showed up at your door with some other guests. You had to give him hospitality. But he had to come ruin everything. He let her out of the attic. Left her there. She’d be safe there. You’d all be safe. You couldn’t have told Abel.
He wouldn’t understand. He’d want to see the Jumella he knew, his twin, who should have been his wife. He wouldn’t have understood that she was dangerous, that his Mella was gone and wouldn’t come back. You could see it, when he finally saw her again. He still loved her. Crazed look in her eyes, fat no more, clutching a knife, blood dripping down. Why can’t they understand that she’s just gone? That there is no helping some people? You’ve learned that the hard way. The universe is not fair or gentle or right. It just is, and you have to take care of yourself, because you can’t count on anyone else.

But Seth let the crazy woman out of the attic, and she attacked Gregory, your gargoyle, who’d never hurt a soul. And of course, Seth made everyone think you were horrible. Everyone is always against you. You’re not paranoid, you’re just right. Mother, Father, god, all the descendants of Seth, even everyone here, in the Dreaming. They all think you’re terrible for killing Abel over and over. They think you do it for fun. They never understand that extreme things need to be done sometimes! No, of course they don’t understand. No one does.

Abel is so very flawed. You love him, he’s your brother and you want what’s best for him. He needs to learn, and his puny intellect just doesn’t respond to subtle methods. You need to teach him. He needs your protection. The world would tear him apart. He’s so innocent, he’d let anyone take advantage of him. Some day he’ll learn.

And it’s not like you can just stop. You’re an archetype. You are The Murderer, Abel is the Murdered. He is The Victim, you The Victor. It’s your role. Your identity. Your... punishment? You relive your one sin, your one moment of weakness that destroyed it all, for eons. And Abel’s not learning and you keep killing him and he still blubbers and he still stutters and you love him. Your stupid brother. Your brother. Your victim.

And Seth... that stupid little bastard Seth, he heard about Aclima. He wanted to go rescue her. Another stupid male, chasing after you sister. He didn’t listen to a word Jumella said about her. Aclima... you haven’t seen her in so long. But she’s not your darling ’clima anymore. It’s the family’s fault. Men tried to control her life, and she tried to assert her power, and it all went horribly. And she changed, to survive.

And Jumella. Another archetype for your family, the crazy woman locked in the attic, and her poor, misunderstood captor. Except you have no Jane Eyre to come and reform you in a three volume novel.

Except... well, now there’s this girl. The Fashion Thing, another Dream. You’d coexisted for ages in the Dreaming without ever really interacting. You had your house of mysteries, and she was off... doing her thing. Whatever that was. Always being the it girl, always being on the cutting edge. Or something like that. You never really interacted much with her, until recently. She does many odd jobs around the Dreaming, and you went to her for help. She was rude. She wanted nothing to do with you, yet there was something about her... You found yourself going back to talk to her repeatedly. She warmed to you, and, she actually seems to like you. You never bring Abel, and she sees the you that is independent of Abel. It is deeply strange. She thinks you are a good, charming and funny person. You’d feared that those aspects of your personality were gone forever.

She is a wonderful woman. Charming, funny, intelligent, insightful... She almost reminds you of Aclima, Aclima in the old days, the good days. She makes you feel like a good man, not like a murderer, not like an archetype. You don’t know if you are, but you feel like being with her lets you... be good.

Then there’s the matter of the change of management in the Dreaming. Morpheus is dead and his successor will be taking the throne officially in nine days. On that day, he will announce who will be filling the positions in his new cabinet. You think you’d like to be in that cabinet. You could see yourself in the role of Mother - you could keep all the other dreams in line real good. Haven’t you been doing that with Abel for years? You could also enjoy the Older Brother - you’ve had a lot of practice at that, too.

Notes
- In the Dreaming, you are Mysteries. Your brother is Secrets. You will receive (when the GMs are up to it) “mysteries,” in-game riddles of a sort. They will be hints to in-game information. Your brother will get the answers. When he gives away answers, you kill him (he gets better).
- When you and your brother give information, you should ask for information in return. You may create new mysteries this way.
- Your brother may solve one riddle every day. You tend to kill him when he does this.

**Memory/Event Packets**
- none

**Bluesheets**
- Those of the Dreaming

**Greensheets**
- none

**Abilities**
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Mark Of Cain
- Dream Lore 1
- Symbology 1

**Items**
- none

**Stats**
- Combat Rating: 3
The Cluracan

"I feel pretty... oh so pretty... oh so pretty, and witty, and gay..."

– West Side Story

You are The Cluracan, a lord of Fae, and quite a handsome guy, if you do say so yourself, and you do. If you know anything, it is how to have a good time. And how to charm. And flatter. And drink. And you’re a fantastic lover as well. And extremely gay. Not just in the jolly, fun fellow sense, but in the lover of men sense. Big, strong men, and whispy, feminine men, you like all types.

The Fae life suits you well. Little intrigues, courtly politics. Charisma and flattery can get you along quite well. You work for Lady Titania.

When the ownership of the realm of Hell was in question, your Lady Titania dispatched you and your sister Nuala to the realm of Lord Shaper, the ruler of dreams, to plead the case of Fae. For reasons of her own, Lady Titania gave you Nuala as a bargaining chip.

You asked Lord Shaper to leave Hell empty, to save Fae from the tithe they must pay, a tithe of the most beautiful of the Fae. He didn’t, of course, but he threw a lovely party. You got utterly smashed, had a lovely one night stand with a temple boy, oh, you forget his name, socialized with some gods and demons. Everyone was there! Bast, Odin, Thor, Loki, Order, Chaos, some demons. In the end, Lord Shaper gave Hell to the two Angels, because Hell belonged to their Creator. You gave Shaper Nuala anyway, because Titania wanted you to. Fae gifts can be a double, or triple edged sword.

You and the rest of Fae hoped that these Angels, supposedly beings of light and happiness and puppies, would cease this horrid tithe. Your hopes were in vain. Duma is the Angel of Silence. He was the one that took the key, and the burden it entails, from Lord Shaper. It was beautiful and tragic, tears streaming down his perfect face as he accepted what his Lord asked of him. Remiel on the other hand... Remiel is the other angel. Remiel couldn’t bear his burden. Remiel acted like a child and cried and threatened to rebel against his Lord. Remiel made himself no better than the first fallen Angel, Lucifer. But Lucifer had style and Lucifer had grace. Lucifer had ideals. Remiel is just a pathetic child.

It can safely be said without threat of contradiction by anyone that you really do not like Remiel very much at all. Such a waste of a pretty face and a nice ass.

Remiel has rebuffed all the entreaties of Fae, all the offers and deals and threats. Unwilling to keep murdering its finest, Fae did not send its tithe this year, hoping to call Remiel’s bluff.

Remiel decided that if you wouldn’t give him tribute (not that being Lord of Hell has gone to his head), he would take the beautiful land of Fae back. That cocky, presumptuous bastard. He is slowly making his way down the Fae Road. It’s unlikely to do wonders for his already shaky mind.

You desperately want to stay in Fae. You are well suited to court life, to silly intrigues and politics, to wine, men and song, to carrying out diplomatic missions for your Lady. You’ll do anything to stay in Fae.

The tumult with Remiel has thrown Fae into chaos. Puck, that untrustworthy little bastard, thinks Fae should return to the mortal realm. The mortal realm has changed. Gods do not walk the Earth the way they once did. Science has replaced magic and faith. It is not your world. It wasn’t your world four hundred years ago when you left. Puck has some ridiculous plan about flooding the mortal realm with dream energy to make it suitable to return. It’s foolish and stupid. However, it involves binding your Nemesis and using him to transfer dream energy into the mortal realm... or something. You’re not too clear on the details. You’d love to see the Nemesis bound, or killed. He was created when you strayed off a path in the Dream Castle. He is the

1 Vogue.
spitting image of you (shame he’s trying to kill you, there’d be room for fun otherwise). While he’s not actively hunting you right now, thanks to a little agreement you came to when he married a woman in your stead, (Titania was displeased with you and it cemented a political alliance) you know he will eventually try to destroy you, and you can’t have that. You are too beautiful to die.

The mortal realm is not for Fae. You must do whatever you can to convince Titania to stay in Fae. There is, unfortunately, one Fae living in the mortal realm, your poor sister Nuala.

Once, Nuala was the epitome of a Fae Lady. She was cold, aloof, and beautiful. Broken hearted men killed themselves for her, but she remained impassive. Then you took her to the Dreaming and left her there. Lord Shaper stripped her of her glamour, turning her into an ugly little elf creature. You promised you’d visit her, but, well, one thing led to another and you never got around to it. You left her all alone, with no Fae contact, surrounded by weird Dreams.

Then, last year, on your way back from a mission, you were caught in a reality storm and took refuge in one of the Free Houses, Worlds End. While there, you saw a funeral procession, including your lady, in the sky. As soon as the storm cleared you rushed back to report what you had seen.

Immediately afterwards, your lady sent you back to the Dreaming to retrieve your sister. When you reached the Dream castle the gatekeepers, some giant beasts of some sort, told you not the stray from the path, but, well, you were curious and saw something shiny and strayed a bit, The shiny thing was a mirror, and that was when you gave birth to your nemesis. Oops. Nuala scolded you. Nuala seemed... different. Much more active than she’d ever been. And she did not seem the least bit pleased to leave the Dreaming for fae. Luckily, Lord Shaper did not give you any problems when you asked for Nuala. The Endless are powerful and not to be trifled with.

You hoped returning home would restore Nuala to her grand old self, but... her years in the Dreaming affected her more deeply than you had realized.

She was miserable. None of her old games or amusements brought her any joy, she cared not at all for court gossip. Nothing in fae brought her any joy. She stupidly began antagonizing Titania. What did she have, a death wish? You realize now it was about Lord Shaper, but at the time... She had the gall, and foolishness, to walk, in broad daylight, in front of dozens of Fae AND Titania, without her glamour. Without her Beauty, without her Grace, without the magic that seperates fae from ugly elf creatures. The insult she was doing to Titania was unspeakable.

Of course, without ever being asked, or thanked, you leaped to the rescue of your poor touched sister. What would that girl do without you? You boldly announced that Nuala has bested you in a bet you made when you said there was nothing she could do that would shock the jaded masses of Fae. Titania was angered, but you used your considerable charm and charisma to mollify her, cheerfully welcoming banishment, leading her away from your sister.

Nuala was nothing like she once was. She’d become far too serious. It is a terrible loss of a great lady, but she is still your sister. With the death of Lord Shaper, she left Fae, but not before annoying Titania again. What are you going to do with this girl?

You next saw her, and many others, at the Dream Lord’s wake. Nuala was racked with grief and guilt. It did not suit her. She looked terrible. She blamed herself for his death. Poor foolish girl.

While at the wake, a handsome, familiar man came up to you. He looked, in fact, just like you! You were disgusted with the very idea, but feared that in some (thankfully) repressed drunken incident (you would have had to have imbibed damn near all the wine in Fae) you had (shudder) copulated with a woman and conceived a child. But, hank all the powers that be, he was not your child. He said he was your nemesis, the stag you had spawned on your recent trip to the dreaming.

---

2GM note: For more swash-buckling, exciting details, read book VIII, World’s End
3GM note: we strongly suggest you at least skim book VIII, Worlds’ End. One story is told by Cluracan, and he appears in the framing outer story between other stories
At this point, everything related to the dreaming leaves you with an uneasy feeling, especially given what happened in recent months.

Lady Titania sent you on a diplomatic call to the new lord of Dreams. He has all the memories of the previous Lord Shaper, and *is* him, on some strange level, but he is quite different from his predecessor. He’s gentle, yet strong, and far more adaptable than the previous lord Shaper ever was.

While walking the halls of the Dream castle, you spied a sexy piece of dream. Clean cut, well muscled, strong, confident. You turned on the ‘Get Laid’ Charm as far as it goes. He seemed... amused, if wary, but willing to talk. You two hit it off, one thing lead to another, next thing you knew you were going for romantic midnight gondolier rides and moonlight picnics. He told you he wasn’t really used to getting this kind of attention. You thought the inhabitants of the Dreaming must be even stranger than you thought to ignore this sharp looking man.

He always wore sunglasses. He told you it was part of his identity as a dream. You didn’t think much of it. There was that Norse fellow a thousand years ago who insisted on wearing all that armor even in the most intimate situations. If you could deal with all that, and all the strange requests you’ve received over the years, you could deal with a pair of sunglasses. He wanted to keep things secret, protect his image. Not uncommon with tough guys.

...And it was really nice. You thought it’d be just another one night stand, but there was something about him. So intense, so outwardly confident, yet he seemed to be trying so hard to be... someone. You tried to get him to open up to you, to be... someone. You tried to get him to open up to you, to find out what he was hiding, who he was. He said there were things about him that you didn’t want to know. He seemed like he wanted to open up to you, but he was always holding back, always controlling himself, never really letting go. You were surprised to find yourself caring so much, getting so involved with a dream.

Eventually, you could extend your visit to the Dreaming no longer, and you returned to Fae. You invited him to come to Fae. He showed up a week later, as an Emissary of Dream. You said you’d missed him, and were surprised to find you meant it.

You spent several weeks together. It was lovely. It was the most fun relationship you’d had in centuries.

Then, one night, things took a serious turn. He started to tell you about his past. That he’d been created by Lord Morpheus, and that during his absence he had left the Dreaming for the mortal realm. That he had done terrible things. That he was not just a Nightmare, but he’d been created to be the dark mirror of humanity, everyone’s Worst Nightmare. Lord Morpheus came back, had found him, and had been extremely displeased. And that he’d been so very very disappointed. The displeasure had been expected, but the disappointment... Lord Morpheus had uncreated him. Then shortly before his demise, he’d recreated him. He was the same, he was The Corinthian again, but he was new and different. Lord Morpheus told him that in time he would be many things, but he had died soon afterwards, leaving the Corinthian lost and confused. He didn’t know who or what he really was, what he could be, if he could really be more than he used to be.

It was the most he had ever opened up to you. He’d never let himself seem so vulnerable, so unsure. Or so sad.

You made some noise about how he could be anything he wanted, how dreams were so much more mutable than Fae ever could be. You wondered if there was any hope for a Dream and a Fae. Fae may have come from dreams, but they are not dreams. Dreams are tied to mortals. Fae belong in the Fae lands, not in the dreaming, not in the mortal world. Fae don’t change. Nuala changed, and look what happened to her.

You and the Corinthian wrapped your arms around each other and went to sleep. As you drifted to sleep, you thought about Fae, mortals, dreams, all the changes you’ve seen, and you wondered what a nightmare dreams about...

You woke from a nightmare. The details faded before you could pull them into your waking mind, but the terror remained. Your lover was atop you. You tried to calm yourself with his presence. He moved down towards you, and his face came into the moonlight. His glasses were off, and for the first time you saw his eyes. Except... they weren’t eyes. In his eye sockets lay teeth, horrible little teeth, and... they were speaking to you. Hissing. They were lusting after your eyes. It was a nightmare come to life.
You screamed, and forced him off of you with all your might and ran out of your house, slamming the door behind you. Roused by your screams, some fae came out to see what was wrong.

“It was... just a nightmare,” you said.

You walked the fields of Fae that night, not daring to return to your home.

The next morning, Titania summoned her highest advisors, and told you that he’d sworn himself to her, to be her Champion, to stand by her in whatever was to come. When you heard this, your face turned as green as Titania’s. After her address, you went to speak to her. You asked if she knew what he was, what he’d done, and she coldly told you she did not require your counsel in this matter. Too distressed to save much face, you apologized, bowed and walked away with all the dignity you could muster.

You returned to you house. All his belongings were gone. All that remained was a note, addressed to you. You tossed it into flame without so much as a second glance. You refused all contact from him. Did not speak his name. What the fuck? He has **teeth** for eyes and **wanted to eat your eyes**. You’ve done kinky but this was beyond reason. You want to pretend it never happened. You want to never see him again. You want to forget he exists. You want to forget all the good times, the great sex, and how much you liked him. You really like to stop missing him. Or his smile! Or his dark sense of humor! Or the way his hair looks when he first wakes up! Or his cute little... DAMNIT!

Damn it, this is the weirdest, most fucked up relationship you’ve had in **centuries**. Damn it.

On top of all this upset, you still need to deal with convincing Titania and Auberon to stay in Fae. You’re terribly worried about your sister, living in the mortal realm. Remiel is a shit and needs to be dealt with. And there is that small matter of a being whose sole purpose in life is to destroy you, who seems to have decided that he would rather become you instead. Looks like you might have to cut down on the temple boys for a little while.

**Goals**
- Keep the Fae in the Fae Lands
- Deal with Remiel
- Help your poor sister. She can’t be happy as a mortal
- Remove the Nemesis problem
- Protect Titania’s interests, and try not to upset her.

**Notes**
- You extremely gay. Flamingly Liberace gay, not Rock Hudson gay.
- You are not a bad person, but you look out for your own interests more than anyone else’s.
- To start looking for a lost dreamstone, start with riddle packet S0, outside 4-270. You probably want to do this discreetly.
Contacts
- The Corinthian (Clint Lohse): Your creepy yet cute ex-boyfriend
- Nuala (Kristen Sunter): Your kid sister. Ran away from fae, living in the mortal realm now. V. upsetting.
- Titania: Your Queen. You work for her, and are pretty loyal to her.
- Auberon: Your King.
- Nemesis (Mike Person): Your Nemesis. Looks exactly like you. His survival means your eventual demise. This is poor.
- Professor Alastair Saroff (Jake Beal): Remiel, bastard Angel in charge of Hell. Complete asshole. Trying to take control of Fae Lands. Waste of a pretty face.
- Duma (Aaron Finck): The other Angel in Hell with Professor Alastair Saroff. Quiet. Would he be more amenable than Remiel to the cause of Fae? Who knows.

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- The Fae

Greensheets
- Severing Fae
- Gods and Monsters

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Immortal
- Creativity 1

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
You're John Constantine, and you're... you're just this bloke, really. You get involved in some pretty weird shit sometimes, and okay, maybe you cause some pretty weird shit sometimes, but it's all necessary, you know? Or necessary for you. Or convenient.

You're forty one. You grew up in England. You're a magician. Not the world's best magician, but you're good enough for your needs. And you've been called a con man many a time. And you're sort of a detective. You investigate the types of things you don't take to normal detectives. You work on important cases. You regularly do things like stop the coming of the Apocalypse or prevent demon hordes from overrunning the earth. Right now you're working on the latter.

You were born in 1953. Mom died during childbirth. You strangled your twin in the womb. Runs in the family, apparently. Your childhood was... enh.

In '77 you saw the Sex Pistols play, and like every other English twenty four year old you were completely swept up in it and founded a punk Band, Mucous Membrane, with your childhood friend Gary Lester. You were great.

Everything changed back in '78, when you a couple of other amateur occultists went to Newcastle. You fucked up hard, and eventually everyone except you paid for it with their lives.\(^2\)

You were arrested for murdering Astra, and spent two years in and out of Ravenscar mental hospital. It was a bad time. They doped you up on drugs, took away the nightmares. Till you started flushing the pills.

In 1980 you were out for good. Since then you've done all sorts of things. Back in '89, you had a run in with the Dream Lord, Morpheus. He'd been gone since before you were born.\(^3\) You're in New York now.

You originally came to New York in search of the Last Scion of the family of Christ, because some pretty dodgy characters were after her. You've been unable to find her, and you've got a bad feeling about it. Some Druids were after her, trying to open the boundaries of Hell and loose the masses of Hell upon the Earth. If it’s not one thing, it’s the other. You're working with some folks you met in a Pub.

While in New York, you’ve run into all sorts of people, new friends and old. (Luckily none of your deceased old friends have shown up so far, but hell, you never know.)

Your first day in New York you were walking down Fifth Avenue, getting soaked in the rain (just like mother England) and

---

\(^1\) When you’re not risking Open war between heaven and hell to save your own arse, that is. You save the world, but you save yourself first.

\(^2\) from “Straight To Hell: A Hellblazer site” http://www.insanerantings.com/hell/history/timeline/newcastle.html What happened at Newcastle forever changed John’s life and set him down the damned road he still walks today.

\(^3\) for details read that issue in Preludes and Nocturnes. Constrainitlone takes Morpheus to his junkie ex-girlfriend, Racehl. to find his pouch of magic dream sand, which was being used as a horrible destructive drug by said ex girlfriend. Morpheus makes the newcastle nightmares go away. anyway.
swearing at cabbies, and suddenly there was Mad Hettie. You try not to be surprised when you run into Mad Hettie. She has a habit of turning up everywhere and never explaining why or how. She is very aware of things, though, and often a useful source of information, once you can wade through all that she says. She says she’s over two hundred years old, and she is.

Mad Hettie told you some bad things were up in New York. Of course, you said, it’s New York.

She bade you to follow her, you lit another cigarette, sighed and followed. Shouldn’t turn down a lead.

She lead you to a little hole-in-a-wall pub, and told you to get a drink. The bartender was a nice bloke. Said his name was Bobby. As it was only 3 pm, the bar was empty, so you and the barkeep got to talking. He was clearly one who had seen many strange things in his life. So many people have. They try to lie to themselves, to pretend it’s not real, that they were crazy... until someone else comes along, someone who has seen the same things... But Bobby wasn’t one in denial. He’d seen things, and knew full well they were as real as anything else in this world was. You hit it off right away. He said Hettie had told him she’d be bringing in someone... interesting/useful. You laughed, and resolved to always follow Hettie.

When you came back the next evening, the pub had other patrons. There was a waitress, half her face covered in a plain mask. There was something about her... There was a bloke playing the piano, and he was a real devil. Lucifer, to be precise. It took you a minute to remember that Lucifer had forsaken hell, that is was run by a pair of Angels now. And the waitress... Right, she was a demon. Well, you thought, the devil’s a fine musician.

It’s not that you’re a religious man. It’s not like you have a choice in whether or not to believe in God; You just deal with Demons and Angels and the like on a regular basis.

All sorts of strange and seedy types come to the pub, which has farther better food, drink and music than you’d expect from such a rundown place. There’s a lovely crowd of regulars. Even a cat what comes by most nights. And then there was Dana Smalley.

She was... intense. A bit young for you, but she seemed older than you in someways. She was beautiful. You met her in the pub one night, and you were instantly drawn to each other. She was mysterious, and exotic. After a couple of drinks, she dragged you back to her flat. (Not that you protested). You had an intense week. She was secretive, but you didn’t press the matter. We all have our secrets. She reminded you a bit of Zed, Zed who you haven’t seen is so long...

Zed was one of your lovers. She was wonderful. She had her secrets, and in the end they drove you apart, but... it’s not like you could really have saved her. Well, you like to tell yourself that. In the end, the Christian cult Zed was involved with dragged her back to turn her into the new Virgin Mary (Virgin she was not, but that part wasn’t important, it seems.) She told you it was where she wanted to be. You would have let things be, if it wasn’t for that Demon Negral. You were in the hospital. You’d gotten really fucked up by jumping out of a moving train5 and Negral came to your in your hospital room. Said if you didn’t help him stop the cult, he’d murder all the babies in the maternity wing of the hospital. You may be a cold bastard, always willing to do whatever it takes to save your own hide, but you’re not going to allow the death of babies when you can stop it. Negral needed you healthy, so he pumped you full of his own blood to make you useful. You still carry demon blood in your veins to this day.

Then... you went and saw Zed. She told you she was happy there, happy with her place as expectant mother of the new savior. You went for one last roll in the hay, for old time’s sake. She didn’t realize that by doing so, she was contaminating her unborn child with demon seed, destroying both his and her own sanctity, and utterly destroying the cult’s plans. Back to betraying those you love...

Your sure she must never have forgiven you. You really liked Zed...

---

4 In *Hellblazer*, Constantine and Satan have a very adversarial relationship, Constantine having cheated Satan out of souls and tricked him into drinking holy water. As postmodern as we are, we aren’t going to try to incorporate these very different Satans together... the Sandman Satan doesn’t buy souls.

5 while trying to escape the ghosts of your the Newcastle crew, who blamed you for their deaths. You tend to leave a line of corpses behind you... It’s not that you mean to... well, most of the time...
You were supposed to meet Dana Smalley at the pub one night, and she didn’t show. She was often late. You had a few drinks, chatted with Bobby, figured she’d show up, looking disheveled but glowing with life, down a drink, refuse to tell you where she’d been and drag you back to her place and be... lively. The night wore on, Charles Milton stopped playing, and eventually it was just you and Bobby. You started to get worried. You bid him goodnight, and went to her building. The late night security guard, having seen you every night for a week, waved you through. You knocked on her door. No response. You banged on her door. No response. You listened, and you smelled. And you smelled blood. Adrenaline rushed through your body, and you kicked down the door. It took a few tries, but you kicked it down.

The room was a mess. Furniture overturned. She lay crumpled up on the floor by the window. You rushed to her. She’d been brutally attacked. The rug was seeped with her blood. You thought she must be dead, but then you heard her breathe shallowly. You sat next to her and carefully held her in your arms. He eyes fluttered open, she stared up at you, shuddered, and whispered, “John...”. She breathed a shaking breath, her eyes rolled back in her head, and she was gone. You held her lifeless body to you, and cried. Why, why why does everyone you love always die?

You sat there, holding your dead lover. Your eyes surveyed the room. You couldn’t see any signs of forced entry, beyond your own. She probably let them in. The window to the fire escape was open. They probably left that way. She’d clearly been attacked by something with claws. Attacked... murdered... you clutched her still lifeless body more tightly... right... gotta think John... cheap building, no security cameras... Did she fight back? You looked at her fingers. Yes, she did. That’s your girl... gone, but not without a fight... fur... grey fur... you smelled it... werewolf. A fucking werewolf. How? Why? Were they after her, or after you? Was this your fault, again? By this time there was a small crowd outside the door, staring in. YOu kissed her foreheard, pocketed a tuft of fur, lay her gently down, and stood up. Wether it was the look in your face, or your blood stained clothes you don’t know, but the crowd parted silently and let you out. As you walked away from the building you heard the sound of the police approaching. You lit a ciggarette and walked steadily back to the pub.

As you pushed the door open Bobby said, “Sorry mate, we’re closed” Without looking up. You walked through, he looked up at you, opened his mouth as he started to say your name, but trailed off into nothing as he took in your appearance. “What happened?” he asked you.

“Someone will pay for this,” you swore.

Contacts
- Bobby Gorrell (Cameron Betts): Your bartending friend. Helping you save Hell.
- Charles Milton (Andrew Menard): Lucifer. Plays the piano
- Mad Hettie (Jacquie Felton): cackling mad woman. Useful.
- Rebecca (Lauren Schiff): Waitress. Demon. Helping you save Hell.
- Mr. Jansen (Aaron Finck): Mute janitor in the bar. Working with you to save Hell.
- Misty (Michelle Goldberg): Cat that hangs around the bar

Memory/Event Packets
- “Rose Walker”

Bluesheets
- The Order

Greensheets
- Containing Hell
Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Magic 3

- Arcane Lore 3
- Symbology 1
- Mythology 1
- Alchemy 1
- Astrology 1

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Dr. Daniel Day

Your name is John Dee. You are essentially a mad scientist. You’ve always been obsessed with taking over the Dream world and becoming Dream of the Endless. You tried this once in the past, but it didn’t quite work out. You’ve been in an insane asylum for a long, long time.

You had this ruby. It let you manipulate dreams. But he destroyed it, the lord of the Dreaming did. So it was hopeless. But then a mysterious man came to visit you in Arkham asylum and brought you a new ruby. With the new ruby, you were able to build your machine.

Your machine is brilliant. You connect it to a person and it sucks out their accumulated dream energy into the ruby, charging the ruby. The person is then totally rested and feels great. If you can get the ruby charged really really well, maybe you can take over the dreaming.

Try to get as many people as possible to use your machine. You love your machine, and you want it to be a BIG success. After all, it was your venture capitalists who got you released from the insane asylum. You definitely wouldn’t want to go back there.

In addition to getting people to use your machine, you should also poke around in the Dreaming, figuring out where things are, taking notes and such. After all, it’s going to be your kingdom soon.

Back in the mortal world, there’s a bunch of people doing research. You can offer to help them in exchange for them using your machine.

Be aware that your behavior will look very suspicious. If you see a group of people with guns drawn, you should probably run away. They will think you are brainwashing people. You actually aren’t. Perhaps you can even convince them of this.

Wednesday or Thursday night, we will arrange to have you shot into a little puddle of red gore. You should make sure to give Dr. Robert Keitel the ruby before this happens. Come and see us if you’re looking for other stuff to do. Thanks so much for playing this part :)

Contacts
- Dr. Ivan Parov (Alex Khripin): A biologist doing some research
- Morpheus (Chris Walsh): Eep! What’s he doing here? Stay away from him!
- Miranda Walker (Sue Swalley): She’s been using your machine
- Alexander Burgess (Charles Hope): He’s been using your machine
- Richard Madoc (Tom Giordano): He’s been using your machine
- Barbie Ravenmoon (Bertha Tang): She’s been using your machine

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- Columbia University

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Magic 2
- Dream Lore 1
Items
- Large Ruby (40590)

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Your name is Delirium. You are one of the Endless. Hello. You, meet you. You and your siblings, the other Endless, each represent an aspect of human experience. You represent insanity, chaos and confusion and all that other fun stuff. That’s your thing and you love it. You look perfectly normal on the surface, of course - the better to do what you need to do without being recognized, my dear.

You are visiting your older brother right now. Well, he’s not exactly your older brother anymore. Or yet. You see, your older brother Morpheus, King of Dreams, is dead. In his place is a new brother, the child formerly known as Daniel Hall. Daniel’s about to claim his full powers as Dream of the Endless. It’ll happen at a big party he’s holding, a Celebration, in nine days. Then he’ll be your brother for sure. You’re really looking forward to the Celebration - it’ll be fun.

You like Daniel. He’s a nice sort of person, you’ve decided. And he’s almost younger than you, in some ways. Before he was Dream, he was just a little baby. Poor Daniel. It’s hard to be a member of your family. Your last Dream-brother died, kind of because of your brother/sister, Desire - well, it’s hard to say if it was really because of Desire - but s/he started it!

Anyway, Daniel’s kind of like a baby, just like you’re kind of like the baby of your family. So if anybody messes with him, you’re going to make it so they think their skin is flipping up like windowshades and make them think that a horrible swarm of forks is chasing them everywhere they go, or things of that nature. Just watch, you’ll do it, too! You know that Desire is sniffing around Daniel’s realm, trying to get involved in things. Desire just better stay away!

You aren’t spending all your time in Daniel’s realm, though. You have a little project in the waking world. There is a man named formal in New York. He is a biologist at Columbia University. He runs a lab. He works there with three others: Palmer, a post-doctoral student; Fax, a graduate student in biology and his granddaughter, Larraine, who has an internship with him for the summer. They are working on some very interesting things, not the normal sort of mortal sciences at all.

For one thing, Parov and his granddaughter are werewolves. That’s just for starters. You’re pretty sure Peter is undead, although it’s a little hard to tell. And that Dr. Palmer... She’s not who she seems at all.

For another thing, there’s the sorts of things they’re working on. They have several fairly normal workgroups in the building - there’s a psychology group on the same floor running support groups for survivors of child abuse, for example. Parov’s group, though... They’re running experiments on Fae blood - that’s interesting.

So, you showed up one day at the lab and made it so they thought you’d been an intern for months and months and that you were from a nearby high school. You started to figure out what they were doing. You weren’t entirely happy with it.

The main focus of their group right now seems to be warfare against the Fae. It’s the only conclusion you can come to. Their biggest research project is trying to derive and synthesize a substance from Fae blood that when injected into mortals would make those mortals immune to the sanity-lowering effects of Fae glamour. You cannot approve of that - the Fae are a group after your own heart, seeding chaos and confusion wherever they go. Less of that in the world can only weaken you in the long run.

Their other big project is creating some sort of weapon to be used against the Fae directly. You don’t like that much, either. Fortunately, you’ve been able thus far to throw a series of monkey wrenches in their work. Mispacing files, contaminating results - it’s really terribly easy. You think Larraine might be on to you - she’s always glaring at you behind your head. It would definitely be a shame if you were found out - if they knew what you were up to, it would be far too much trouble to mess with their minds enough to keep them from remembering frequently.

Fortunately, you have a serendipitous ally - Jumella of the Dreaming. Abel’s twin sister, she is. Lovely woman, mad as a hatter. Well, maybe not quite as mad. She’s been coming in to be studied for awhile now. She’s been a great help to you in throwing off their results. She goes by Jane Roe in their files, and you’ve read her files - they consider her one of their most
interesting subjects. If they only knew... You’ve also seen Mad Hettie come in. Also a charming woman, she is.

There’s a boy, too. Jed Walker. He doesn’t come into the bio lab - he goes to the child abuse support group down the hall. He didn’t need to come into the lab for you to sense he was around - he’s one of yours, or practically so. Definitely crazy. Voices in his head. Well, there really are voices in his head, but what’s the difference? Somebody’s living in his head, that’s for sure. You like Jed a lot. He’s a very smart sort of crazy-boy. You talk to him when he’s around. He’s always twitchy, looking over his shoulder, but he seems to like to talk to you sometimes.

It all made sense a few days ago. You looked out the window of the lab and saw Jed and Larraine sitting next to each other on the curb. That’s when you realized that she must think you were flirting with Jed - that must be why she’s glaring at you all the time. That’s pretty funny, actually. Silly Larraine-girl. You hear her fighting with her grandfather, too. He doesn’t want her to spend time with Jed - he thinks Jed is “trouble.” You have to laugh - after all, you’ve got to be a lot more trouble than Jed.

Columbia University is a fascinating place. Not two buildings away from Dr. Parov’s lab is the office of Professor Walsh, of the theatre department. He was recruiting outside Dr. Parov’s building for actors in a play he’s working on. He was focusing mostly on recruiting subjects and patients, not students or professors; Jed, Hettie and Jumella all agreed to be in the play. You volunteered as well.

You’re awfully glad you did. Not only is Professor Walsh a very entertaining individual, but his play is more than it at first appeared. There are strong magical forces at work. He’s doing something you’ve never seen before, something that attracts a certain sort of person - your sort of person. You think Professor Walsh may be your sort of person as well. The other students seem to think so. You’re awfully glad to be in the play. He confided in you that his play is in fact magical, and it is going to do something really cool. Something dark. You really want to help him. You have to make sure no one who can’t handle it finds out. Jumella knows too. You hope it’s really big. And bloody. It would be nice if there was some blood. Maybe blood and shiny sharp things. Yeaaaahhh....

Notes
- If someone attacks you with the phrase “Trance Waylay,” You become instantly restrained. And you may not speak unless the aggressor lets you. This will last for up to 5 minutes.
- Notes on Roleplaying: Although Delirium has many aspects, the Delirium that you are playing is the darker, more violent side of Delirium. She is not perky or bouncy, she is intense and a little frightening.
- Psychlim: “ooh, shiny”: you like sharp things. Collect them if possible.

Contacts
- Professor Davis Walsh (Geoff Schmidt): Director of the play
- Dr. Ivan Parov (Alex Khripin): Director of the biology lab. Different sort of directory though.
- Larraine (Diandra Lucia): Silly girl
- Peter Fax (Justin Stamen): Grad student in the lab. Might be dead.
- June Palmer (Thista Minai): Post doc in the lab
- Jumella (Aletta Wallace): One of yours, crazy, angry, and violent

Memory/Event Packets
- “On reading scene 5 of the play” - 1683
- Someone says they or someone else is Delirium - 2763
- 2699

Bluesheets
- The Endless - Columbia Biolab
Greensheets
- Gods and Monsters *The Endless have this information*
- Absorbing Dels

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Absorbing Dels
- Magic 1/2 1/2 point of mana rounds to 0, but 2 halves will add to 1
- Intuition 1
- Symbology 1
- Darkness and Insanity
- Immortal *You follow these rules of mortality during game*

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Your name is Didi. Well, that’s one of your names, kind of... It’s a little bit complicated. You’re this girl, that’s true. But you’re also Death, the Death that’s there for everyone at the end, the pretty girl with flowers who takes their hand, and that’s true, too.

As Didi, you have two truths. One, you grew up with your mom and dad and little sister until one day when you were in high school a drunk driver caused all their deaths. Then, one morning in the park you dropped dead of a heart condition. The other truth? You’re Death, of the Endless, and once every hundred years you take mortal form to better experience that which you take away. The universe provides you with a little cover so that things go smoothly for you and in this case, your cover consists of a dead family and a heart condition. Except none of this is right.

None of this is right because first, Didi already had her day, she already died. Second, Didi had her day not so long ago, not even nearly a hundred years ago. You just have no idea what’s going on, except that you’re back in this mortal body, stretching your ankles and smelling the sweet chemical exhaust fumes of New York City traffic.

You don’t remember how you got in this body, but you’re starting to remember what happened to you the last time you were in it. It’s all coming back to you... You met a boy named Sexton in a garbage dump. He was stuck under a refrigerator. Kind of sullen at first, but he turned out the be great fun. The two of you went out to a club... You started to talk to a boy named Theo. Sexton knew him from school; he didn’t like you talking to him. You accused him of being jealous and teased him about the girl in long gloves with whom he’d been flirting. The two of you ended up going out with Theo.

It turned out to be a trick. Theo was working for the Eremite, a man with whom you’d a passing acquaintance. He’s a funny duck, the Eremite. Always trying to die, doesn’t know how. He almost hurt you, or Sexton. He killed Theo that night. Fortunately, Hettie saved you. Good old Hettie - sent the two of you out looking for her heart, and she ended up having to rescue you. Hettie always seems to show up in the right place at the right time.

Anyway, you found Hettie’s heart and escaped the Eremite and then you and Sexton went to the park. He had been so murky and bleh when you had met him just the day before - he had been suicidal, but after the day the two of you spent together, he seemed different, like he was going to be okay. That made you feel good. And then, you fell into the fountain and the next thing you knew, you had taken your own hand and you were you again.

So now here you are again. Something is wrong. You need to figure out how you ended up like this, and what you have to do to get back to yourself. You’ve never been a mortal for more than one day before, but when you woke up this morning, you were still here, just like the morning before that and before that. And worse, in your sleep, someone (you aren’t sure who) showed you some things in your dreams that you know are really happening. Some people who were supposed to be dead, aren’t dead anymore. That’s really bad. They need to be put back to rest. Normally, you would be able to do that lickety-split, but in your current form, you can’t zip from place to place and you can’t just say “give me your hand.” Your dreams led you to a young man named Petrefax, a citizen of Litharge. The Lithargians dedicate their lives to funerals and to the dead - they know more about laying souls to rest than anyone besides yourself. You asked him for his help and he agreed. Somehow the two of you need to find the misplaced souls and send them back where they belong. Maybe when you’ve done that, you’ll figure out why you’re here again. Maybe not. You have a couple of ideas for how you could figure this thing out. In the meantime, you’re thinking you ought to look for Sexton. You saw a flier on a bus shelter this morning advertising a comic book convention at Columbia University. That’s the sort of place Sexton might show up. It would be good to see him again, although you expect he’ll be in for something of a surprise.

In the back of your mind, you know that looking for Sexton is something of a diversion from your more important purpose of making things right for the dead souls and finding a way to release yourself from the mortal plane. You have to admit, you are a little bit afraid. Everything you’ve been seeing in your dreams has been true - you saw Petrefax to the last detail and the street
sign nearest his apartment. Taking errant souls back to the afterlife is never a pleasant task - they are often reluctant to be taken. It can be quite a scene. And in your dreams, when you see the faces of the souls you must send back to their rest, one face stands out among them, that of your brother. Morpheus.

Notes
- To investigate why you are bound in this form, start with riddle packet D0, just outside 3-270.

Contacts
- Peter Fax (Justin Stamen):

Memory/Event Packets
- δ12 Packet

Bluesheets
- The Endless

Greensheets
- Retrieving the Departed
- Gods and Monsters  The Endless have this information

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Magic 2
- Intuition 1
- Psychology 1
- Immortal  Because you are bound as a mortal, you cannot stop being a “mortal,” including dying.

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
“The path of the righteous man is beset on all sides with the iniquities of the selfish and the tyranny of evil men. Blessed is he who in the name of charity and good will shepherds the weak through the valley of darkness, for he is truly his brother’s keeper and the finder of lost children. And I will strike down upon those with great vengeance and with furious anger those who attempt to poison and destroy my brothers. And you will know that my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance upon thee.”

– A Badass Motherfucker

You are the Corinthian. You are The Nightmare. Created by Lord Morpheus, the incarnation of Dream, to be the Dark Mirror of humanity. All the evil, the bad feelings, the scary things in the closet. Instead of eyes, you have teeth. Evil, hungry teeth, lusting after eyeballs.

At least... that’s what you were. Dream’s greatest creation. Then, eighty years ago, Dream was imprisoned. The Dreaming deteriorated, and once it became clear Morpheus wasn’t coming back, you left. You went out into the mortal, waking world, and preyed on them. You wanted to show them true terror. You took little boys, prostitutes were easiest to lure off, and you tied them up and you took their eyes and their lives. You spread terror, and you loved it, and nobody did it as good as you. Nobody.

Then, in ’89, you went to a convention in Georgia. A convention for similarly minded folk, folk who like to kill. You were, of course, the guest of honor. On your way there, you found a boy running away from home. Probably about twelve. You picked him up as a snack for later, and threw him in the trunk when you got to the convention. An imposter was discovered at the convention, and you and some of your fellows got to... remove him. That was pretty fun, each of you getting to show off your particular talents. He was still alive as you got to his eyeballs. You love eyeballs from the living. You had to use a knife, and go off alone to eat them. Wouldn’t have done to let your compatriots see the truth and live.

During your Guest of Honor speech... He showed up. Dream. Morpheus. Your Lord, your creator, your master. You had expected him to be displeased if he ever found you, but you never expected he’d be so... disappointed with you. You’d gone out into the world, and tried to be their worst nightmare. He said all you’d done was given them something else to be scared of.

“You disappoint me, Corinthian... You were my masterpiece, or so I thought. A nightmare created to be the darkness, and the fear of darkness in every human heart. A black mirror, made to reflect everything about itself that humanity will not confront. But look at you.”

He uncreated you then, and that was the end of The Corinthian.

* * * * * * * * * *

Until... until he changed his mind.

Nine months ago Morpheus decided to recreate you.

It is passing strange for Lord Morpheus to have changed his mind. The Morpheus who created you, the Morpheus you served for thousands of years, he did not change his mind lightly. He did not forgive, he did not give second chances. And yet, here he was, changing his mind and giving you a second chance. How strange.

You were the same, The Corinthian, yet different. He said the first Corinthian was a disappointment. You said you would not like to be a disappointment. He had been disloyal. You would be disloyal. These were the first things you swore to yourself in your new life, the first tennets you based yourself around. You asked him what you should do, what you should be, what you should make. He said “Eventually, many things.” You are sure he must have had plans for you. Later, the gatekeepers at the castle told you there were to have been suites built for you in the castle. Living in the castle with your Lord, not off in the dark.
nightmare lands. But it was not to be.

You were sent with the raven, Matthew, to the mortal world to seek a child. You did not get along very well with the raven. 2 You walked the mortal realm, looking for the child Daniel Hall. His home was deserted. You found his mother’s best friend in the morgue. You removed her eyeballs and placed them in your eyes, and you saw her last moments, and you knew she’d been killed by Loki, the Norse trickster god. Your Lord was displeased with how long you were taking.

When you walked in, a man addressed you. He came in the form of Dream. It fooled the raven, but it did not fool you. You challenged him, and grabbed his throat. He tried to fool you with petty parlor tricks, changing form and threatening you. You could have killed him then, the Norse god Loki, but you had no desire to acquire a death curse from a god. And besides, you’d always wondered what a god’s eyes would be like.

You needed him to tell you where he put the child Daniel Hall, but he was not going to volunteer the information. You strangled him into unconsciousness, and you took his eyes, and you saw, and you found Daniel.

Matthew disappeared, traveling between realms, abandoning you. You swore to kill him.

There was another trickster there, a fae hobgoblin, Robin Goodfellow, The Puck. He wisely chose to leave rather than suffer his companion’s fate.

Loki begged for his eyes back, he begged for death. It was really quite pathetic. You left him to be cleaned up by his own pantheon, put back in his proper place, bound and tormented beneath the Earth.

You returned to the Dreaming, but Morpheus was gone. You encountered a man, a dream, who had known you before. Cain. Yes, that is who he is. Cain, the first murderer. His brother, his eternal victim, was gone, and he was lost without him. You traveled to the Dream castle together.

The Dreaming was not in good shape. It was under attack by the Kindly Ones, the Greek incarnation of the three-in-one, the ultimate agent of vengeance. You waited in the castle with Cain, with Lucien, the Librarian, with the child Daniel and the gargoyle Goldie. Dream returned, and went to face the Kindly Ones, the bitches of vengeance.

You found Matthew on the throne with a nymbas, freed from captivity by the Kindly Ones, about to attack him. You threw your swiss army knife at him, killing it. The old you would not have saved Matthew, or if he had would then have killed him, or taken his eyes, for abandoning you. But you spared him. Well, life’s too short to go around carrying out blood oaths all the time. You’ve changed.

Then the world shook. A dreamquake. And you knew. You knew your lord was gone, dead. You mourned. You cried. A figure approached you. Your glasses off, crying tears of blood, you looked at the strange man, clad all in white.

“Daniel?” you ask, confused.

“No... not any longer.” replied the new Dream.

You are The Corinthian and he is Dream, and while you are both what you were before, you are neither of you who you were before. You know Morpheus had plans for you. Your mission to find the child was to be just the first task in your service to him. You don’t know what he intended, what you were meant to be. You worked for the new Dream, but you felt lost. Unsure of your identity. You wanted to be loyal, to not be a disappointment, but the new Dream was not asking much of you. He was busy with many concerns, adjusting to his new role. You tried to be helpful.

A few months later you met a fae lord in the halls of the Dream castle, there as an emissary of the Fae court. He was... charming. And funny. And clearly interested in you. You were intrigued. You’d never been pursued romantically before. Much to your surprise, you found yourself becoming fond of the alcoholic little fae. You were very sad when he could extend his visit to

---

2 Please read volume IX of the sandman library, *The Kindly Ones*. 
the Dreaming no longer. He invited you to visit him in Fae.

You consulted with Dream, and a week later, you traveled to Fae under the pretext of being an emissary of Dream. You were formally presented to the Fae court of Titania and Auberon. Cluracan said he'd missed you. You were still terribly unsure about this romantic endeavour, but couldn't make yourself give it up.

The fae are.. strange creatures. They put on endless shows and glamours and facades for one another. It was interesting trying to discern what was real, and what was not. Against all odds, Cluracan and you grew closer and closer. You were extremely wary of letting anyone else have any power over you, of letting them know anything about you. But he was persistent, and... and he made you happy. Actually, truly happy.

Queen Titania summoned you to a private audience. You began with the standard diplomatic formalities, but she soon cut you off.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I am the Corinthian, emissary of his Lordship Dream."

"Who are you?" she repeated.

"I am.." you apasued "a dream."

"Who are you?" she asked againm still calm and impassive.

"I am... a nightmare." you answered, sounding, you were sure, less sure of yourself.

"Who are you?"

"I don’t know."

She motioned for you to take a seat, and you did.

***

She knew how you felt. She knew you felt lost, confused and unsure. She said she saw great potential in you. The fae were in a time for great crisis, and they could really use a strong, capable person like you. She wanted you to be her champion. How strange.

You dismissed the idea at first: A Dream working for the Fae? But she was very convincing, and the idea started to seem appealing. Someone who needed you, something to do, someone to prove your loyalty to. You thought it over for a day, and returned and told her Yes, you would be her Champion, and defend the Fae in whatever they did.

***

Who are you? You didn’t know. You spent time with Cluracan, having fun. It was... nice. But you weren’t satisfied. You wanted something deeper, something more real. Could a fae and dream ever have anything real together?

You decided to risk what you had to see if you could have more.

You told him about yourself, and your past.

About the terrible things you’d done. That you were not just any nightmare, but the dark mirror of humanity. About your disloyalty to your creator. About how very very disappointed in you he’d been. How you’d been punished, and given another chance. And he didn’t judge you, didn’t run away. He just held you, and accepted you. It was... unbelievable.

And then... you fucked it all up. He fell asleep, pressed up against you, occasionally making little noises in his sleep. You’d opened yourself up to him. You’d let him see your weakness, your flaws. You told him all the terrible things you did on Earth. And he still liked you. He didn’t run away, or reject you. And he wasn’t going to betray your loyalty and trust. Your hard-won and hard-given trust.
He couldn’t.

You hoped.

No, he wasn’t going to use it all against you, he wasn’t going to exploit your flaws, or betray you, you must have just been worried about the next day... You tossed and turned, feeling both relieved and worried, safe and afraid. You were sure the anxiety would pass.

The next thing you knew... the next thing you knew, you were dreaming. Dreaming about eyes, of course. What else would you dream about? You dreamed about eating the eyeballs of scared, screaming little boys, tied up in bathtubs... and then... then... then you were on top of Cluracan, and holding him down, and your glasses were off, and they were talking, and they wanted him so bad, they wanted his eyes so badly... and then he was screaming, and then you were on the floor, and in pain, and then he was gone.

Fuck.

You lay there, on the floor of his bedroom, panting. Unbelieving. No... That couldn’t have just happened. Not after all this. Not like this. It must be a nightmare... You laughed then, to yourself, an angry, ironic laugh. A Nightmare, yes. That’s what it was. You. You’re the nightmare, and nothing you do is going to change that, and you’ll never know any real peace as a nightmare... He must have been wrong, Lord Morpheus. You are exactly what you are and nothing is going to change that.

You sat there for several hours, staring out into the dark, hoping he would come back. He didn’t. It was nearing morning. You gathered up your few belongings, and wrote him a note. You would leave Fae. You would return to the darkness of nightmares. To what you were before, what you would always be. You walked to Titania, to apologize, to take your leave of her.

But Titania was to have none of that. She was... rather angry. You didn’t mention Cluracan, but you fear she may have suspected. She... she questioned your loyalties. This did not please you. You... do not want to be disloyal, like your previous incarnation. You argued, for quite awhile. You didn’t feel like she had convinced you to stay, but in the end you defiantly announced that damn it, you would stay.

She summoned her top advisors. You knelt down before her, and swore yourself to be her Champion, to defend and serve her.

Cluracan was there. He... he would not look at you. Your heart ached and cried out to him, but you let nothing on. You were calm, cool and impassive. Letting your feelings out only leads to trouble. There’s no denying that now. How could you have done that? Left yourself so vulnerable. Let out your true, dangerous nature like that. You wanted to know if it would work. You got your answer. It’s not safe to open up, not safe to let yourself go. You wanted it to work, you wanted someone to be honest with, but...

After you’d sworn yourself to her, she finally told you what was troubling her. For ages, the Fae have been paying a tithe to Hell. A tithe of Fae. They can not stand to do this any longer. When the ownership of hell changed, they attempted negotiations, but they failed. They now refuse to pay the tithe to the new Lords of Hell, the angels Remiel and Duma. Remiel is attempting to reclaim the Fae lands. Titania has been presented with multiple courses of action. Stay in Fae, try to stop Remiel. Flee to the mortal realm. Flee to the Dreaming. Whatever happens, she wants you to be her Champion, to defend the Fae or to guide them to their new home. You still don’t understand why she has chosen to bestow this great honor on you.

***

Meanwhile, you still have some duties in the Dreaming, at least for the time being.

Dream has been settling into his identity and powers over the last nine months. He will be having a ceremony, a coronation, in nine days. Everyone will be there. Nightmares from the edges of the realm, the areas that he has not finalized his knowledge of, have been running rampant, causing chaos. You’ve been working on trying to control the problem with Merv.
You have been walking the mortal world again on behalf of Dream. You are investigating strange happenings around a convention in New York City. Lucien has also directed you to investigate some archeological digs.

Then, yesterday, you were traveling through the nightmare realms when you saw Matthew flying, carrying something in his beak, looking suspicious. Curious to see what the little raven was up to, you followed him. He flew into a cave. How boring. You were about to continue on your way, but decided to briefly press yourself up against the cave wall near the entrance to see if anything interesting was going on. It seemed not. Matthew was talking about “The Boss”, still obsessing over his relationship with the previous incarnation of Dream. Lord Morpheus, the one who recreated you. You supposed you were grateful for this, not that you’d done a very good job with the life he’d given you. Not that you knew what to do with it. You were trying, you were trying. And maybe this thing with the Fae would work out, and you’d have meaning, and identity and be someone. And then... then Matthew said, “How are you feeling now, Boss?”

And you heard it. His voice. That ancient, deep, dark voice. “I am feeling slightly stronger now, thank you, Matthew.” He sounded... weaker than you have ever heard him.

Fuck.

Morpheus is back. You don’t know how, you don’t know why, but he’s back. Dream. The Prince of Nightmares and Stories.

Your Lord, who created you, destroyed you and recreated you after you betrayed and disappointed him. Dream, who believed in you. Dream, who made you to be the most badass nightmare ever. Who trusted you to go find Daniel when it was all falling apart, who trusted you to protect his successor once it was too late to protect him.

And now he’s back. You Lord and Master. And he’s hiding in a cave, and he’s weak, and he needs your help. Who’s going to help him, the oldest woman and the bird? No, this, this is what you need to do. You need to help your Lord. Protect him. Serve him. Make sure his will is done. Be the most badass nightmare ever. Be his champion. There’s even some competition coming up to determine Dream’s champion.

His... Champion.

...champion...

Oh, FUCK.

What were you thinking?

So now what the fuck do you do? You can’t be Morpheus’s Champion and Titania’s. Neither of them would accept that at all. Fuck. Morpheus would let you go, you think. But you don’t want to abandon him again. No, never again. You failed him in your first incarnation. And you disappointed him when it took you so long to find Daniel. Maybe he would still be alive if you had performed better.

But you feel some loyalty to Titania as well. She believed in you and... fuck it!

You don’t know what to do.

Maybe if the Fae move to the Dreaming, you can somehow manage to balance your loyalties...maybe. If you decide to betray the fae... Titania would not take kindly to that. No, she would be very displeased. It would be a very dangerous move. If you betray them, you should probably betray them all the way. Give them over to Remiel, maybe. Best be safe. Half measures are not a safe idea when it comes to Fae.

Fae... like that stupid little fae boyfriend of yours... ex-boyfriend... Damn it. You want him back. He said he accepted you as you were. You told him. And he still freaked out when you... tried to eat his eyes. Okay, you understand how that could be kind of traumatic. But he hasn’t gotten over it! Damn it, he makes you so whiny, so weak and unsure! Love is debilitating.

Love?
Is this Love?
If this is love, fuck it.

You can’t go on like this. You need to get him back. Or resolve things. Get him out of your head. What would it take to free yourself? Death? Whose? Yours? His? All of fae? You have to do something.

Your life is more confusing than ever.

What are you going to do?
Oh, fuck it.

Goals
- Figure out where the fuck your loyalties are
- Commit yourself to someone or something
- Resolve your feelings about the Cluracan
- Protect the dreaming

Notes
- Morpheus is in a cave, not Eve’s cave
- You are leading the support for movement the fae to the dreaming. Nuala is helping you. She used to live in the dreaming. (see blue sheet)

Contacts
- Daniel Hall (Chris Kuklewicz): The new Lord Dream
- Morpheus (Chris Walsh): The old Lord Dream
- Matthew (Hongyi Hu): The raven
- The Cluracan (Danny Bates): Your stupid ex
- Lucien (Kevin Chen): The Librarian
- Remiel (Jake Beal): The new lord of hell
- Duma (Aaron Finck): The other new lord of hell
- Eve (Erin Price): Lives in a cave

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- Those of the Dreaming - Dream’s Staff

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Knock Out - Assist
- Wound - Restrain

Items
- none
Stats
  - Combat Rating: 4
In the Beginning of the Beginning, God said, “Let there be light,” and there was light, and it was good. God created the whole world and then he created Adam. He created Adam and he also created Lilith to be his companion. She left him and consorted with demons, spawning a multitude of hideous offspring. Then God made a second wife for Adam, and she was not suitable either. Finally, God created you.

Your name is Eve. You lived with Adam in the Garden of Eden. Things were blissful for awhile. But then there was that whole deal with the snake and the Forbidden Fruit and well... that wasn’t so good. You know that in some way, Adam always blamed you. But still, you and he found a certain amount of happiness even though you were cast away from the presence of God and had to eke out a harsh survival in the wild.

You had twins, your firsts-born, Cain and Aclima. They were such bright children, always exploring and inventing little things. They were followed by another set of twins, Abel and Jumella. They were such good children, always helping you around the house. Jumella was such a good cook and Abel had such a nice way with animals.

When they approached adulthood, Adam asked God what should be done in the way of marriage for the children. He went out into the woods for several days to meditate on God’s will. When he returned, he said that God decreed that each brother marry the other’s twin.

The children were unhappy. They wanted to marry their own twins. There was nothing but fighting for almost a year. Aclima, especially, was miserable at the thought of marrying Abel. She carried on and argued more than anyone else. In fact, the others might have gone along had Aclima not been so determined. Finally, Adam had had enough. He said that each brother should build an altar and make a sacrifice and God would make a sign as to whom Aclima should marry.

On the appointed morning, Cain sacrificed his harvest of vegetables on an elaborate stone altar. Abel sacrificed one of his lambs on a slab of rock. A blinding golden light appeared over Abel’s altar. Adam said the matter was settled. Aclima would marry Abel. He took you and the girls back to the house where they changed into their wedding dresses. Aclima cried.

When the four of you returned, the presence of God was in the air. Cain was staring, wild-eyed at you as you came up the hill. He seemed to be begging. As you called out to him, he ran away. Abel lay bleeding on the ground. It was a terrible time.

Adam was devastated. For him, the loss of his sons seemed to be the completion of his punishment for having disobeyed the will of God. Aclima rarely spoke. Jumella began to go mad. Then you and Adam had another son, Seth. He was your hope. You adored him. He was more conscientious than Cain had been, but more willing to go out into the world than was Abel.

This time, you felt sure, you would get things right.

You couldn’t leave it to chance. You spent most of your time with Seth. You knew the girls felt neglected, but you didn’t know how to help them. One day, Aclima disappeared. You have not seen her since. Not so many years later, Jumella also left, although you saw her from time to time, out there wandering from place to place.

Adam died. You continued to live with Seth and with his wife and eventually with their children and their grandchildren. When you died, you found yourself in a strange new place. It wasn’t your home and it wasn’t the Garden of Eden. You learned that it was the Dreaming, where archetypes and legends retreat after their physical death. You were eventually joined there by Abel and by Cain.

In the Dreaming, you do not live with your sons. You live in a special cave that is all your own. Your primary companion is Matthew the raven. He was also the favored companion of Morpheus, the Lord of your realm, Dream of the Endless. In your cave, you move through the phases of your life: maiden of the garden, mother of your children, wise-woman of your clan. It is a simple life and a good life. Although you miss Adam, you have ceased to expect to see him again. You are satisfied with
what you are. You are the mother of humanity. You are Eve from the Garden to the followers of the Abrahamic traditions. You were Pandora-who-looked-inside-boxes to the Ancient Greeks. You are Mary, the maiden mother of Jesus. You appear in many places.

Your son Cain is the proprietor of the House of Mysteries. It suits him. He loved the pursuit of knowledge in life, even to learning to plant the seeds that could be coaxed again out of the ground. Here he inspires the pursuit of that same sort of knowledge. Your son Abel is the proprietor of the House of Secrets. It is good that they can be together. Secrets serve Abel well. He took such a secret to the ground, the secret of Death which no one else yet knew. And he is kind, and he knows when a secret should be told. In general, you approve.

You do not approve of the way they behave with each other, though. You understand that it’s become a routine for them, but every time that Cain kills Abel for revealing a secret, it saddens you greatly. Even though Abel gets back up again, you are always reminded of the terrible day when you lost your boys. You do not think they understand. If only you could change it, if only you could help them to get along the way they should. But you have not yet discovered how you could do this. Perhaps the motivation has never yet been great enough for either of them.

There was the once... A year ago, almost, the Kindly Ones with their flails attacked the Dreaming. They were after Lord Morpheus, as he had killed his son and they are the bane of kinslayers. Eventually, Lord Morpheus was dead, but not before the Three had killed Abel. This time, he did not return the way he does when Cain kills him. After Daniel, the new Lord of Dreams, had appeared, Cain went to him (quite agitated, you are told) and demanded that Abel be recreated. Cain was lost without Abel. You thought that finally their relationship would change after that, but under this new Dream things are the same as they had been under the old.

Even more recently, there has been another interesting development. One night, you were with your sons. Their gargoyles were there, too. Each of them has a personal gargoyle to guard him and his house. Cain has Gregory, a large, brutish sort of animal. Abel has Goldie, a little yellow gargoyle, very adorable and intelligent. Anyway, you were together and you saw a face you hadn’t seen in years. Jumella.

You hadn’t known what had become of her. You assumed she had been forgotten, gone where the dead go, wherever that is. But no. She had come to the Dreaming, where she found Cain. And he locked her in his attic. It was a cruel act, though perhaps understandable - Jumella certainly didn’t wish him well. Abel was also shocked to see her. She has changed. She isn’t the sweet little girl she used to be. She isn’t even the dizzy, fuzzy young woman she became after she slipped into madness. She has become hard, and angry and bitter but no less insane. It saddens you. You would do anything to help her. If only she could regain her sanity. Or, if only she could get herself away from Cain. After being locked in the attic for so long, she realized that Cain’s locks of dreamstuff had no power to hold her. In fact, no lock can hold her - that is her nature. She is no longer restricted to the attic, but she chooses to sleep there, perhaps to make Cain uneasy. If she lived somewhere else, perhaps things might improve.

There was another visitor that night, someone you hadn’t seen in just as long. Seth. He came to meet the family, he said. It wasn’t the best moment for his arrival. Then again, there wouldn’t be many good moments, would there? He wanted to know what happened to Aclima. None of you knew, of course. He vowed to find her and rescue her from whatever harm may have befallen her. That’s Seth for you, always wanting to help others. In a sense, Seth is the father of humanity the same way that you are the mother of humanity. Adam is in many ways a cipher to the human race. Other than being the first, not much is remembered about his devotion to God, about his way with the children... But Seth, Seth is remembered by elimination. It’s as if humanity chanted silently for all time we are not like Cain, the murderer and we are not like Abel, the murdered. We are therefore the children of Seth alone. Seth is worthy of being the father of humanity. You are very very proud of him. Of all your children, he is the only one you can count as having been truly successful out in the world. He is the only one to escape the punishment of his parents.

If Aclima could be found, that would be a great burden lifted. She disappeared so completely. You do not think that she died. Aclima was smart, a survivor. You do not think she went to live in another place - word would have reached you eventually. You
have a guess. Lilith. Adam’s first wife. You know that she lived still when Aclima disappeared. You know that she once visited
the children when you and Adam were away communing with God. Abel told you. He was afraid of her. You feel certain Aclima
was not. Lilith may have had something to do with Aclima’s escape. She should not have meddled with your family or gotten
involved in your affairs. She was always jealous of you, you know.

You’d love to find all your children and to help make them happy now as you couldn’t do all those years ago. If only all your
children were happy and kind to each other, you could retreat to your cave in peace and no longer be so troubled by the burden
of your first life. Then again, sometimes you wonder if retreating is what you really want to do. In just nine days, the new Dream
will be coronated and meanwhile he is auditioning for his staff. You wonder if the Mother would be a good role for you. You
also wonder about the Grandmother - you do like being hospitable. You should throw your hat in for both of them, as it were.

Lately, Matthew has been acting strange. He spends not much time with you. At first you thought that he was with Daniel
and you were glad. Matthew was very devoted to Morpheus and was very depressed when he died. It took him some time
to get used to Daniel. But then you discovered that Matthew wasn’t with Daniel either. Then you thought he must be with
Lucien or Merv, helping prepare things. Daniel takes official Lordship of the Dreaming in just nine days and there is much to
be done in preparation for that Celebration. Even though you often choose to keep to yourself, you have also been involved in
the preparations. But that wasn’t it either. So, you followed Matthew one day. He went to the edge of the Dreaming, carrying a
bundle made out of a cloak and containing some small clattering items. You stayed out of sight but you could hear him. He was
talking, very excited, to someone he kept calling “Boss.” You caught your breath. There is only one man that Matthew has ever
called Boss: Morpheus.

Contacts
- Cain (Rich Younger):
- Abel (Greg Lohman):
- Jumella (Aletta Wallace):
- Lucien (Kevin Chen):
- Matthew (Hongyi Hu):
- Merv (David Kern):
- Goldie (Merry Peck):
- Gregory (Mark Mascaro):

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- Those of the Dreaming

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Magic 1
- Dream Lore 1
- Naturopathy 3

Items
- none
Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
You are a citizen of Litharge, the City of the Dead. When you were a very small boy you were sent their to be an apprentice and to learn the funerary rituals of all the world’s people. You studied hard under Master Klaproth and as you reached your mid twenties you were doing very well. Still, there was something missing.

Around that time, Master Klaproth took you on a trip with him in the wider world. As you talked with people of all different origins (even centaurs and faeries!), you began to realize what was missing. You knew everything about the dead, but almost nothing about the living. You longed to spend time with living people. Master Klaproth was fairly understanding so you went out to seek your fortune. The door to Litharge would always be open to you, but you did not intend to return.

You thought it would be easy, a grand adventure, but it didn’t quite work out that way. As you walked among the living, all you saw was death. You saw dead animals. You found yourself drawn to those who had recently lost someone close to them, or those who were about to die. You did not feel at ease.

You decided that the jobs you had taken as an itinerant undertaker were not helping you to learn about life before death. You applied to a number of other places - customer service, telemarketing, gas station attendant, but all potential employers took one look at you and turned you away. You had the Lithargian characteristic look - pale, taut skin, bony appearance, sunken eyes... They all took you to be a drug addict or terminally ill. For awhile, you despaired. Where could you find meaningful, gainful employment that would allow you to get away with looking drawn and weary and half dead at all times? Finally, you found the answer. Graduate school.

You impressed Dr. Parov of Columbia with your extensive knowledge of physiology and medicine and were taken on as one of his biology students. You were thrilled - this was the right step to take, you felt sure. No longer confined to working with the dead, you were now working with the very building blocks of life: DNA. Under Dr. Parov tutelage, you would be sure to learn to love life.

Your other workmates are Dr. Palmer, Prof. Parov’s post-doc; Larraine, the Professor’s granddaughter doing an internship and Demi, the other intern, a most unusual and most competent high school student. You assist all of them with their work when they ask you to and you like all of them fairly well. Especially you like Larraine. You told her of your yearning to appreciate life and she seemed to understand you. She often invites you on social events with her other young friends. Sometimes you attend, but you aren’t sure that this is the kind of life experience you are looking for at this time in your life. Their music is so loud... But perhaps you just haven’t learned to appreciate it yet.

Larraine confessed to you that she and her family are werewolves. You already knew, it’s a knack you have from your time in Litharge. You assured her you’d keep her secret. She, sadly, is very unhappy to have recently discovered her heritage. She is desperately researching any avenue open to her to change her nature. She doesn’t know if such a thing is possible, but you are willing to help her and to not tell her grandfather. Her quest to become other than what she is reminds you of your own journey.

With the help of Larraine and of the other fine people you’ve met, you’ve been putting in a lot of effort to experience life and to learn about life from others. You’re beginning to feel less socially awkward, less morbid - you are beginning to put Litharge behind you for good. You even thought the other day that you saw some color in your cheeks, although it could, of course, have been a trick of the light. You are not pleased with what has recently transpired.

Yesterday a young woman came to you and revealed herself to be the human incarnation of Death. You know of Death. In a way, the city Litharge is dedicated to her. She told you that something is wrong in the world - people who ought to be dead are coming back where they don’t belong, walking among the living. She asked for your help in fixing the matter. She doesn’t have her full powers in her human form and your experience in Litharge made you an attractive partner. You agreed to help her (how could you not?) but you are afraid that working on laying the dead to rest will undo the progress you have made. You must help
Death returns to her natural form so that she can take care of this problem without you and leave you to your quest to become fully human.

**Contacts**
- Didi (Jade Wang): the human incarnation of Death
- Dr. Ivan Parov (Alex Khipin): your boss in the lab
- Larraine (Diandra Lucia): the professor’s granddaughter
- Demi (Cassie Huang): a high school intern
- June Palmer (Thista Minai): also works in the lab with you

**Memory/Event Packets**
- none

**Bluesheets**
- none

**Greensheets**
- Retrieving the Departed

**Abilities**
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Arcane Lore 1
- Mythology 1
- Biology 2
- Alchemy 1

**Items**
- none

**Stats**
- Combat Rating: 2
You were born Donna Cavanagh. Your mom was from Mississippi, but she went North to go to college, met your dad and moved to New Jersey. You had a pretty normal childhood, until you realized you were a dyke. Your mom threw a fit, they just don’t do these things in the south, but she dealt after a few years. By then your dad was doped up on too many tranquilizers to deal with his depression to care about anything.

Your first serious girlfriend was Judy. Judy, Judy, Judy. Judy was beautiful, and passionate. She was a poet. She was really good in bed. You loved her, and she loved you, but... Judy had a temper. And she’d lose her temper at you. And one day, she hit you, and you left her. Your mom hated her, she still hated that you were a lesbian. Later, your mom told you she’d called, looking for you that day.

Then... then the world went insane that night, and Judy died, in a diner, with a bunch of other people. You didn’t know how to deal. You’d just broken up with her, and you needed to break up with her, but you’d broken up lots of times and always got back together and even though she hit you, you still loved her, and now she was gone and you’d never have a chance to make it work.

But life went on, and you met a new girl, Hazel, at a writer’s workshop. You knew her brother, Johnny.

Hazel seemed to really like you. She’s not as smart as Judy, or as pretty as Judy, but she loves you and she’d never hit you. And you love her, the big doofus that she is.

You moved in together in a skanky walkup on the lower east side. You were living off of Hazel’s catering work while you worked on your writing. It wasn’t too bad. There was a creepy asshole named George upstairs, a quiet mouse of a thing named Thessaly, a girl named Barbie and a loud, bitchy redhead named Wanda. You all got along, after a fashion, except George, who was just too creepy to live.

Then, one night, you had a horrible dream. It was so real. It was Judy, come back to haunt you as you lay in bed with Hazel. Judy, pointing out all the ways she was better than Hazel. Judy... dead Judy. She was there talking to you, but she was dead. You awoke in a panic, as did Hazel. You hit the lights on and held each other, shaking from fear, in the night.

Thessaly came down, and somehow she knew you’d been having bad dreams. That’s when it got really weird. Barbie was unconscious with a glowing necklace on. Wanda... Wanda was a trannie girl, you found out. Pretty damn good at it. And George... George was dead. Thessaly had killed him. And Thessaly... Thessaly was a witch. Not the kind of witch you had candles and empowerment ceremonies with when you were in high school, but an honest-to-Goddess Witch. She wouldn’t let any of you leave George’s apartment... you couldn’t leave. Real honest-to-Goddess magic.

Thess needed some of your menstrual blood to do her magic. Woman magic, obviously. That... that was when you found out that Hazel, the stupid fuck-up, had cheated on you, with a man, and had gotten knocked up. Stupid fuck. But you didn’t have time to deal with it then. Thess cut off George’s face and made him speak from the dead.

There was someone named The Cuckoo, and George worked for her, and he’d given you all your bad dreams. Thessaly wanted to kill the Cuckoo, and Wanda just wanted you to help Barbie, and you were confused. Wanda couldn’t do the magic with you, because she wasn’t a woman, as much as she wanted to be one. Thessaly called down the moon... the moon, the big orbitting rock in the sky, actually came down, and the moon, the three-in-one, spoke to you... spoke to Thess, really. Thess and the moon had old history.

Then it got even weirder. You went into Barbie’s dream. You took the moon’s road to get there. It was weird... identities blurred... a land died. Thessaly didn’t get her revenge, no one got what they wanted. When you woke up, the world on the

---

1. please read A Game Of You, volume V of The Sandman Library
outside had gone insane too. Hurricane had hit. Building collapsed. Wanda was dead. You and Hazel were completley freaked out. Couldn’t believe any of it was real, it was so beyond anything either of you had ever experienced.

You went and lived with your mother for awhile, until Hazel found a job in the city and you found a new place for you.

A few weeks after you moved in, you found a surprise at your door in the form of your second cousin, Shirley Marie, who was going by Marie at that point. You’d met at a family reunion a few years before, and you’d kept in sporadic touch. She was hesitant to talk about what happened. Eventually you got the story in bits and pieces. Her father and some other men had been sexually abusing her, she’d tried to kill herself, then run away. You called her mother to tell her she was alright. The poor woman... She had no idea what to do. She was going to send the rest of her kids to her mother’s, at least for a bit. You assured her you’d take care of her (stupid idea, Fox, you don’t even have a job). They never tried to get her back. You wonder if that hurt her. She keeps a cheery face on, so it’s hard to tell.

You really didn’t want another mouth to feed, what with Hazel about to squirt out her brat, but you weren’t gonna turn the girl out. And you really grew to like her. Hazel does too. She enrolled in a high school, but didn’t seem to adjust very well. She hung out with you and Hazel and your friends, and seemed to have a nice time, but they weren’t her own friends.

You found yourself haunted by the events of that night, the night with George and Barbie and Thessaly, and started writing about it. For the first time, you felt like putting your writing to music, and bought a used guitar. You started playing in little clubs and coffeehouses. The night of your first performance, Hazel introduced Marie to Sexton, the son of her boss, Sylvia. They started dating a few weeks later. You were glad to see her hanging out with kids her own age. They’re a cute couple. She’s even got a couple of other teenage friends now, Larraine and Jed Walker. She insists on paying you rent, even though you don’t really need it, now, and works babysitting for a little girl and helping out at Sylvia’s restaurant. She also helps out a lot with Alvie, you and Hazel’s baby. You named him Alvin after the name Wanda was born with. You never thought you’d be a mom. You, Foxglove, the lesbian, a mother? But it’s great. You love your little family life, with Hazel and Alvie and Marie.

You still haven’t made sense of that night. You decided to try some magic stuff again, see what it was like. Despite being a city of millions people, NY feels really small sometimes. Who did you run into at the magic group you went into but Thessaly and Rose Walker. And Barbie Ravenmoon’s shown up now too. Thessaly, who caused all the fucked up shit that night. And Rose. Rose, Judy’s best friend, her only straight friend. Rose, who you hadn’t seen since the funeral. It was really fucking weird. All these feelings you’d put away, tried not to think about, all came rushing back. You were both wary around each other. It got better with time, but it’s still *weird*. Rose is hella pregnant now. About to pop.

Marie has started coming with you, and Marie’s friend Larraine. Turns out Jed Walker is Rose’s brother. Like you said, small fucking world. Jed Walker and Sexton Furnival tried to join the group, but your leader, Dr. Nayeli Reyes, flipped out into feminist rhetoric and kicked them out. They protest outside sometimes.

Dr. Nayeli Reyes is so amazing. She’s taught you so much, about magic, about being an empowered woman. She’s great. You’re practically her assistant. However, lately you’ve started feeling like she’s keeping something from you. It makes you feel uncertain. Doesn’t she trust you?

Your music career is starting to take off. There’s a major label interested in signing you. You’ve been writing a lot of good stuff lately, really moving, poetic song lyrics and the like. You get these intense bursts of creative energy. It’s very strange. You wonder if there is something strange about it.
Contacts
- Marie (Liz Smith): Your cousin, and ward.
- Sexton Furnival (Philip Tan): Marie’s boyfriend
- Dr. Nayeli Reyes (Stephanie Fried): The head of the PSG
- Larraine (Diandra Lucia): One of Marie’s friends, also in the coven
- Jed Walker (Natan): Rose’s brother, Marie’s friend. Rose told you he’d been abused as a child, which might have sparked his friendship with Marie
- June Palmer (Thista Minai): Your old housemate, a powerful witch in the PSG
- Rose Walker (Diane Christoforo): Judy’s friend, in the PSG with you.

Memory/Event Packets
- None

Bluesheets
- Pagan Studies Group

Greensheets
- None

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Magic 2
- Creativity 1
- Alchemy 1
- Trancendental Meditation 1

Items
- None

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Sexton Furnival

“*Oh well, whatever, nevermind.*”

— Nirvana

Life. You’re alive. You’re glad to be alive in all, but what’s the point of it all? Why are you alive? Why are you filled with such... ennui? What’s it all mean? What’s it all about?

You’re name is Sexton Furnival. It’s a very dumb name. A dumb name for a dumb life... You’re seventeen. Whee. You live with your mom, Sylvia. She runs a restaurant. You just graduated from Stuyvesant High School. Joy. It’s the best high school in New York, and getting accepted is hard. You suppose that means it must have been better than other school you could have gone to. You’re grateful for this... you guess.

You’re going to Columbia in the fall. Maybe you should have gotten out of New York... but what does it matter? You did okay in school, just coasting on your intelligence, never really trying that hard. You did a couple of activities, mostly to get people off your back about looking good for college. You wowed everyone with your college app essay about how you were, at your core, unwilling to believe in nihilism. Writing is easy.


You’re seventeen, and you already feel like a sell out. All the opportunities you’ve had have been because of your dad. You know the band has little to no actual talent.

And even if the band got better, which you think it could, you’d never ever be as good as Nirvana. Nirvana. You don’t know how you lived before Nirvana. Kurt Cobain is unlike anyone else. You identify so much with his music.

Just ten years older than you, Kurt has a happy early childhood until his parents split up. It destroyed his life. You know that feels. He understood your pain in his music, without even having met you. He said he never felt loved or secure again. He became “difficult, anti-social and withdrawn” after that. People didn’t like him because he was different, because he was a iconoclastic, because he was special.

But when he was eleven, he heard the Sex Pistols. The Fucking Sex Pistols. And his life was never the same. After Sid Vicious killed himself, he kept listening to all the awesome punk and post-punk coming out of Britain. You know what that’s like, to have music take over your life. That’s what finding Nirvana was like for you. You liked Nirvana before they were cool. When you were thirteen, you were at the record store and Mike, the clerk who you kinda looked up back then, put on this album, “Bleach”, “by some punk kids out in Seattle, it’s kinda rough but it’s fucking awesome.” You were utterly captivated.

Nirvana got huge. People say Kurt Cobain sold out, but they can fuck off and die. he never became an asshole rock star. It was hard for him. He put so much of himself, his pain, into his music, and it was so real, it cut you to the core. He hurt so much.

Your dad doesn’t really understand you. He doesn’t even really try. But he knew you liked Nirvana (it was hard to miss, with the CDs, posters, t-shirts, flannel...), and last November he did the coolest thing he’s ever done.

He took you to see Nirvana record their unplugged album for MTV.

It was... amazing. You were in a daze for days. The concert was the best thing ever. You were standing there, mere feet from
your idol, watching him pour his heart out into his music. The last song was “Where Did You Sleep Last Night?” It sent chills through your whole body. It was so passionate, so intense. How could anyone deny this man’s talent?

And then, when you’d already had the most amazing experience of your life... Your dad took you backstage. You got to shake his hand. You stuttered out something about how his music was the best ever, that it meant so much to you, how it was the most honest, intense... he smiled at you. He said, “Thanks kid, Glad you like it.”

It was like touching a god.

That was when you decided to form a band. Mix of Grunge and Metal. You know what you want your lyrics to sound like, but you just can’t get it right.\footnote{Sexton’s lyrics compare his soul to a rainstorm and things like that.}

And then... and then... on April 5th... after an interrupted European tour and a failed suicide attempt, having fled a detox program he was in for his heroin problem... Kurt Cobain took one of his guns and killed himself.

You were devastated. Kurt Cobain was dead. He’d given up on life. You locked yourself in your room with your Nirvana CDs, listened to them all over and over and cried. Cried for the loss of the best musician in the world, cried for his little daughter, cried because Kurt’s pain had been too much.

You thought about your own suicidal time, last summer.\footnote{See \textit{Death: The High Cost of Living}.} You were going to kill yourself, and then you met... Didi. She’d lost her parents, and it made her a bit weird. Okay, a bit crazy. She was telling you that she Death, not Dead but the living incarnation of Death, come to Earth to live a mortal life for one day a century. She acted like everything she was doing, she was doing for the first time. Like when she ate a hot dog, she said “Sexton, Is the chemical after taste the reason why people eat hot dogs? Or is it some kind of bonus?” She was truly weird. But cool. Really cool.

You took her to a concert. It was the first show for Foxglove, the girlfriend of Hazel McNamara, this pregnant lesbian who worked for your mom and who you were friendly with. It was a pretty decent show. You ran into some guy, record company executive, who worked with your father, and told him your opinion when you asked.

Didi was, damn it she was just too damn trusting. There was this kid there you knew, Theo. Nothing but trouble. You tried to tell her, but she went along with him, and of course it all got fucked up. This creepy guy locked you in a room, and Theo died, and it sucked. You got rescued by this crazy old lady, Mad Hettie. Well, she basically just let you out, she didn’t need to fight anyone off or anything.

And Didi was so... Didi. She wasn’t like anyone else. And somehow.. she made you want to live. Made you feel like maybe it wasn’t all so worthless. For awhile.

You liked her a lot. And you think she liked you too.

“If you’re really Death...what happens when people die? I mean, do you believe in Heaven and Hell and that stuff? Or reincarnation? Or Nirvana? Or do we blink out like light bulbs?” you asked her.

“If I was really Death, do you think I’d tell you?”

“I don’t know what you’re going to do. If a hundred penguins came down Broadway and did a little dance with you I don’t thin k I’d even blink.”

“Sexton? You know, underneath you’re pretty okay.”

You really wanted to spend more time with Didi. Not necessarily in a “Spend Time With” kind of way, but, well, maybe. She was really cool.

And you were in the park with Didi, and she was standing on a fountain, with her arms stretched up to the sky, light shining
on her pale skin... she looked so beautiful...

And she died. Just like that, she was gone.

You thought a lot about her. You still do. You think about what she said, about being Death, and what it would be like if that were true. “I mean, it would be really neat if Death was somebody, and not just nothing, or pain, or blackness. And it would be really good if Death could be somebody like Didi. Somebody funny, and friendly, and nice. And maybe just a tiny bit crazy.”

That was the day you met Marie, at the concert Marie is your girlfriend. Your one year anniversary is next week. She really is wonderful. You don’t know what she’s doing with a guy like you.

You talked for a bit at the concert. She seemed sweet, if a bit condescending. You told her what was up, for some reason, and she said “You really are a child. You know, ennui is insufficient reason to commit suicide.”

You went to a party together a few days later, it was a “not-a-date”. The party wasn’t very interesting, and somehow you wound up sitting in someone’s bedroom, you don’t even remember whose, and talking. For hours. The party ended without you noticing and you went for a walk. Spent another hour or two nursing cups of coffee at a diner, then you walked around as the sun came up over Manhattan.

What did you talk about? Oh, the things a pair of teenagers who’ve just met and who think too much talk about when they stay up all night. Death, and life, and unfairness, about all the terrible things that happen in life. You talked about Didi. It just wasn’t fair. She died so young, and you only got to know her for a few hours. What the hell is wrong with the world, when someone so alive dies so young? At least she died happy. At least she lived her life to the fullest while she was alive. You certainly can’t say that about your dull, lifeless existence. Life could be a lot worse, you could be starving in Africa, but... damn it.

Marie listened to you, and she seemed to understand. She is so sweet and kind and understanding, and she has so much empathy. She put her hand on yours, it was the first time you’d touched, and that contact meant more than any hug you’d ever gotten. You felt such a connection to her. You knew she could feel your pain. It’s kinda scary, sometimes. She’s so emotionally aware and responsive, and you... hell, you don’t even want to admit you have feelings to other people most of the time. Thank god she’s not always all serious about it though. She has a great sense for humor, even if it’s at your expense sometimes. She seems to be laughing behind her eyes a lot. And she’ll gently mock people’s problems, to put them in perspective. She never tries to hurt anyone.

You know she’s had some really bad stuff happen in her life. Way worse than you have. And yet she’s so happy, so in control. So much more with it than you are. She doesn’t really talk about it much, and you don’t know how to bring up such horrible stuff. You don’t ask about her life back in Mississippi unless she bring it up, and you’re really okay that she’s not ready for most sex things. That makes perfect sense. And you really are okay with it. Like, it’d be nice if it wasn’t true, but it is, and you’d be the world’s biggest asshole not to respect that.

She didn’t have many friends when you met her. She lives with her lesbian cousin, her girlfriend and their kid, and Marie’d hang out with them, but they were a lot older than her. She had people she’d talk to at her school, but no one she hung out with outside of school. She started coming to coffeeshouses with you, and met your acquaintances and friends, other high school seniors and some college students... Disaffected youths, the lot of you. Sit around half the night discussing Marxism and Nihilism. They’re mostly acquaintances or casual friends. No really good friends... It’s not that you’re an outcast these days, you’re just kinda solitary. A bit distant sometimes. They don’t really understand you, but you can have a good conversation with them sometimes. Marie seemed worried about imposing on your social group, but they love Marie, of course. Everyone loves Marie, it’s impossible not to. You... you think you love Marie. But neither of you have touched the L-word. “I really... like you, Marie.”

Marie does have a good, close friend of her own these days. Jed. Jed Walker. Jed is so sweet and sensitive. You’re sure Jed must understand Marie in ways you don’t. You’re sure Jed must have all the qualities you lack as boyfriend.
Fucking Jed.

*Jed* doesn’t think you appreciate Marie. *Jed* think you are rude to Marie. Jed doesn’t know anything. You and Marie know exactly how you treat Marie, and it’s fine. Jed should mind his own business and stop lusting after your girlfriend. Larraine is crazy about him, and cute too, and he should go pay attention to her.

You still hang out with Marie, Jed and Larraine. Jed and Larraine are her closest friends of her own, and you’re not going to deny her that.

So you deal with Jed.

But damn it, he pisses you off.

The other day Marie made a comment about your band. You’re really sensitive about your band. You know you suck and you don’t want people pretending to like them. So you were a little short with her when she started complimenting you. Jed started saying how you shouldn’t be so mean to her, how you didn’t treat her right.

You wanted to knock his scraggly little head off his damn shoulders.

And while you don’t mind the time you all spend together, you feel like Marie is always going off with Jed, and they won’t tell you anything about it, and how could that not make you uneasy! Really! This little jerk going off with your beautiful girlfriend, and no explanations... not that Marie has to explain herself to you. You don’t own her. And you don’t want to be clingy. So you don’t track her movements obsessively. But damn, it does make you nervous. Because... what does she see in you anyway? You’re afraid she’ll realize how boring you are and how bored you are with life and...

You really like Marie, and you don’t want to lose her.

A while ago, Marie and Larraine joined a magic study group. You were skeptical at first, but it seemed to make them happy. You’d never seen any evidence of magic, really, but you accept there may be things in the world you don’t know about.

After listening to them go on about it for so long, you got a little bit curious, so you allowed yourself to be dragged to a meeting, as did Jed. It was full of women in their twenties. Jed Walker’s pregnant sister, Rose Walker, was there, as were Foxglove and Hazel McNamara.

When then leader of the group came in, Dr. Nayeli Reyes, a Women’s Studies professor at Columbia, she flipped the fuck out that you and Jed were there. You have never see such flaming, ugly femi-nazi propaganda! She was accusing you and Jed, whom she’d never even spoken to of all sorts of crimes against women, of being in the patriarchy. It was appalling. Her students looked kinda disturbed. Eventually she calmed down enough to say that this was a Women Only group and you were not welcome. What a mega-bitch. You said “Well ne then!” and you and Jed got up and left. Marie and Larraine looked up at you, obviously torn about whether to follow you, their friends, BOYfriends, or to stay in there stupid female paradise. You threw a dismissive hand gesture at them and said “No, it’s fine, stay in your stupid group” and stomped out.

And they didn’t follow.

You stood outside with Jed and bitched about the fucking bitch and how she had them all under her control, your friends, your own *girlfriend*, his own *sister*.

Marie and Larraine were really apologetic, making excuses about their stupid group. You didn’t really want to hear it, and were trying to ignore them.

Then they said they’d been talking, and while Dr. Nayeli Reyes still had a lot to teach them and they still had a lot to learn, they didn’t agree with all her methods and wanted to try doing some stuff without her. With you and Jed Walker. Which is cool. But you and Jed have been protesting at their meetings. Sometimes. for a little while. It gives you something to do...

So the four of you started getting together to do magic. At first you just did stuff like Ouija boards (You tried to contact Didi,
but it was weird and you suddenly felt very upset and told everyone it was stupid and went out on the fire escape for a bit), but now you’re doing stuff that is more “real”. Whatever that means. It still feels silly to you, and you have to be around Jed Walker even more, but it’s so important to Marie and Larraine... Marie’s good at this stuff. It comes to her naturally. It doesn’t feel that way to you. The rest of them all seem so into it... But you’ll be damned if you let this be another way for Jed Walker to get close to her that you don’t get. No, you aren’t leaving the three of them alone. You don’t know how Larraine puts up with the way Jed Walker is always drooling over Marie. It’s not that you think of Larraine as a replacement for Marie or that you want her, cause you don’t, cause you have Marie, and you really really lo...like Marie, but if you were Jed, hypothetically, you’re just saying, you’d be really stupid to ignore Larraine, who is really cool, and liked you, that is him, for Marie, who is, of course, prettier and cooler, but is dating someone else. You know? He’s stupid. And he should stop lusting after your girlfriend. Marie says you are exaggerating and paranoid, but you think she’s in denial. Everyone wants Marie.

Not that you’re jealous, or anything.

It’s good you’re going to Columbia. You wouldn’t want to leave Marie, who is still stuck in high school. She really wants out. While you were sick of high school, will college be any better? You don’t know.

What’s it all mean? Why the fuck are you here? Why is anyone here? Is there a purpose? A meaning? If not, then why fucking bother? Why bother with any of it?

What’s it all mean? /[sigh]/.

Contacts
- Didi (Jade Wang): Deceased. You miss her.
- Foxglove (Courtney Shiley): Marie’s cousin.
- Mad Hettie (Jacquie Felton): Weird old lady. When you first met her she held a broken bottle to your neck, but otherwise she’s nice...
- Larraine (Diandra Lucia): Your friend.
- Rose Walker (Diane Christoforo): Jed’s older sister. She’s very pregnant.
- Barbie Ravenmoon (Bertha Tang): one of the women in the PSG
- Nuala (Kristen Sunter): one of the women in the PSG
- June Palmer (Thista Minai): one of the women in the PSG
- Dr. Nayeli Reyes (Stephanie Fried): bitchy head of the psg.

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- The Coed Coven

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Magic 0
Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Glob

You are actually going to pull it off! You can hardly believe it. Brute is a genius. A certifiable genius. There have been a few minor setbacks, sure, but everything is coming together great.

You don’t really know why your name is Glob. Or maybe that wasn’t your name in the beginning, maybe it’s just what Brute started to call you. You were created by Morpheus, the King of Dreams to be one of the nightmares working in his realm. That was okay, you suppose. But then you met Brute.

Brute is a nightmare, too, but he’s just about the best one. Maybe not quite as good as the Corinthian (that guy is a freaking sicko), but mostly he’s got ambition. You used to notice that he didn’t work that hard or do what he was supposed to half the time. You asked him why. He told you he’d rather put his energy into something better. Independence.

To tell the truth, you never understood why the waking world was so great, but Brute was obsessed with it. He’d get pretty mad if you didn’t agree with him, so you usually have. And then, about eighty years ago, Morpheus disappeared. He was gone for a long, long time. Brute said it was your golden opportunity.

The two of you left the Dreaming and struck out on your own. It was pretty cool for a few days, at least. Then you started feeling really sick. Brute explained that the two of you couldn’t live without any source of Dream energy. So, you started going into people’s dreams. That was pretty cool too, being a free agent and all. An independent contractor. A horse with no name. Well, not the last one. Whatever.

But Brute said it was no good. He said you’d be recognized and someone would come and catch you and you’d be punished. You didn’t like the sound of being punished. You started to wonder if this had been such a great idea after all. But then you found Jed.

Jed was a boy who lived in a basement. His Aunt and Uncle kept him there. They yelled a lot, and told him to be quiet when he got scared of the rats. Brute said nobody would miss him. The two of you separated Jed’s mind from the rest of the Dreaming. Whenever Jed dreamed, you got all the energy you needed, and more. It started to get a little boring after awhile, so Brute brought in two new people, Hector and Lyta Hall. They got to be Jed’s friends and to try to rescue him from whatever you and Brute were doing. It was pretty fun. You could’ve gone on like that forever.

But, one day, Morpheus came back. He found out what you had done. He sent Hector to the land of the dead and Lyta to the land of the waking. You and Brute were punished. You don’t like to think about that. But things are different now. Morpheus is dead.

There’s a new Dream: Daniel, Lyta Hall’s child. He’s not a child anymore, of course, he got turned into a tall man with white hair, but he is still Daniel in some sense. Anyway, in nine days he’s having a Celebration at which time he will come into his full powers as Dream. Brute says the two of you better get away before then. Brute says that Daniel will know what you did a few years ago and that he might uncreate you. You’re very scared of Daniel.

Brute says the only hope is in the soft places on the edge of the Dreaming. He says that Daniel doesn’t have full control of those places yet and that if you and he can separate a piece of the Dreaming, like you separated Jed before, that you can both live there and nobody is likely to notice. So, the two of you have been trying to do that. And it’s working, so far. You found a very nice spot, too. Brute is a genius. You’re very glad to have him to help you out and to come up with good plans like this.

While you’re working on things, though, Brute says you cannot afford to have anyone find out what you are doing. You can walk around the Dreaming in disguise, but you can’t take your energy from there. That’s why the two of you went back to Jed. You didn’t separate him this time, just a tiny bit, just enough to get his energy. It’s kind of fun being back in Jed’s brain. Like going back to the house you grew up in. He seems even more afraid of you now than when he was younger, when you appear in
his dreams. Well, maybe he’s just flattering you. But it’s nice, all the same.

In order to keep Daniel away from the part of the Dreaming where you and Brute are working, you’ve been sending groups of nightmares that Merv (who is in charge of preparing for the Celebration) will feel obligated to deal with before directing Daniel to that part of the Dreaming. If you can keep Daniel sufficiently distracted from the place that you’re guarding, it will be all yours.

So far, nobody has noticed you. Except Cain. He came by one day. Pretty weird, actually. He didn’t seem to know that you weren’t working on things for Daniel. He asked you to watch out for any suspicious characters and to warn him if anyone like that came into the Dreaming. You and Brute assured him you’d do so and sent him on his way. Not that either of you knew what he was talking about. Brute was pretty upset by Cain’s visit. He said he had to keep an eye on him. He found Cain’s gargoyle, Gregory, drugged him and is now going around the Dreaming disguised as Gregory in order to “do something” about Cain. You’ve been picking up the slack to finish your realm before the Celebration.

It wouldn’t be so bad, but there’s one more problem. Lucifer. You don’t know him and he doesn’t know either of you but for some reason he came by, immediately realized what you were doing and began to offer his helpful little “suggestions.” Brute says you can’t send him away, that he’s far too powerful and that it’s better to keep an eye on him. “Keep your friends close and your enemies closer,” that’s what Brute says. You really really wish Lucifer wasn’t so close. You’d be very happy to be rid of him. Not that his suggestions didn’t work. They’ve helped you considerably. Still, you just don’t trust him. After all, they have to call him the Prince of Lies for some reason, right? Besides, he just pisses you off.

Contacts
- Jed Walker (Natan):
- Brute (Mark Mascaro): disguised as Gregory
- Lyta Hall (Christina Hawkes):
- Daniel Hall (Chris Kuklewicz): The New Dream King
- Cain (Rich Younger):
- Lucifer Morningstar (Andrew Menard):

Memory/Event Packets
- badge number: 3727

Bluesheets
- Those of the Dreaming

Greensheets
- A Piece of the Dreaming

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Dream Lore 1

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Your name is Goldie - you can’t pronounce it yourself, but you like it anyway. You are a gargoyle, hatched from an egg carried to the Dreaming from far, far away to be the house-gargoyle of Abel, your very favorite person-type-thing. You’re still a fairly young gargoyle, and small; you’re not like Gregory who is full grown and very large. Gregory is the house-gargoyle of Abel’s brother Cain.

You don’t much like Cain, actually. Well, how could you like him and like Abel at the same time? Abel is such a nice man. He is the Proprietor of the House of Secrets where he is in charge of all the things that nobody knows they don’t know. He tells you secrets sometimes, though. He isn’t supposed to. He’s not supposed to tell any secrets at all. Sometimes he does, though, if there are people he likes a lot and he thinks he can help them - that’s part of what makes him such a good person. But whenever Cain finds out, he hurts Abel very badly and Abel falls down and doesn’t get up for awhile. Sometimes Cain hurts Abel just for fun. He is a bad bad man.

You talk to him anyway, though, sometimes. Well, there aren’t that many people you can talk to. You only speak Gargoyle. It’s the only language you can form easily with the mouth and throat of a gargoyle. It’s kind of limiting. The only people who can understand you are Abel, Cain and Gregory. Fortunately, you can understand what everyone else says to you. You know lots of languages. But sometimes it makes you feel lonely. That’s why you started your little project. You are building a machine that will talk for you. Once you’ve built it, you will be able to talk to everybody. It will be wonderful.

In the meantime, you have a lot of other things you are doing. For one thing, as an able-bodied resident of the Dreaming, Merv has added you to the regiment of those fighting the nasty little nightmares that have been springing up around the unpatrolled edges of the Dreaming. You may be little, but you’re pretty talented at disintegrating those nasty interlopers.

You’re also involved in preparing for the Celebration. Lucien and Merv have lots of last minute assignments and you’re proud to be helping out for such a big, important event. You really liked Lord Morpheus, the old Dream King. He always looked so sad, though. Now there’s a new king, Daniel. He’s also pretty nice. You haven’t spent much time with him, of course, but he did speak to you one day. He asked you if you were going to try to earn one of the positions in his Court.

Under Morpheus, some dreams had special jobs. Like, Matthew was his raven and Merv was the groundskeeper. Now that Daniel is going to be in charge, he has created new positions and you will all have to compete for them. You hadn’t thought much about it before Daniel spoke to you, but after that, you couldn’t stop thinking about how much you would like to be Daniel’s pet. You felt terribly guilty - you care about Abel very much, so how could you go work for Daniel? But, when you asked him about it, he told you it was okay and that he was very proud of you. Then you almost felt worse. You know that Abel will be competing, too (although probably not directly against you) and you really hope that he wins. That would be the best thing, you think, for you and Abel both to work for Daniel and for Cain to go away. Anyway, Daniel will be announcing those in the new positions at the Celebration at which he will also come into his full powers as Dream of the Endless. The competition starts tonight. You don’t know what it will entail, but you hope that you are ready for it.

Also, you would really really like it if you could make something nice for Abel to give to him at the Celebration, either in celebration of him earning a new position or at least something that might make him feel better if he doesn’t get one. Gregory told you that he has a surprise for Abel for the Celebration but he won’t tell you what it is. You don’t want to look like you don’t care about Abel as much as Gregory does. Gregory hardly cares about anything. Gregory’s been acting kind of weird lately, actually. He’s always off doing things and won’t tell you what he’s up to and he doesn’t seem to want you around. You think he might be working on Abel’s surprise, which only makes you more determined to make a surprise for Abel better than anything Gregory might have. After all, you know Abel the best - if only you could figure out what he would like.

Notes
- Building your translation device is research project TE.
- You are a gargoyle. You wear a green headband.

Contacts
- Cain (Rich Younger):
- Abel (Greg Lohman):
- Gregory (Mark Mascaro):
- Daniel Hall (Chris Kuklewicz):

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- Those of the Dreaming

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Gargoyle Lore 2
- Intuition 1

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 1
"I doubt I’m any wiser than I was five hundred years back. I’m older. I’ve been up, and been down, and been up again. Have I learned ought? I’ve learned from my mistakes, but I’ve had more time to commit more mistakes.” -Robert ’Hob’ Gadling

One night you were in a pub, talking to some bloke about war, and death, and how death was a mug’s game and you wouldn’t have any part of it.

"The only reason people die, is because everyone does it. You all just go along with it. It’s rubbish, Death. It’s stupid. I don’t want nothing to do with it.”

There was this couple there, and they heard you, and the bloke talked to you, and, somehow, they made it be true. You didn’t die. A hundred years later, you went to the same tavern, and met with the fellow again. Every hundred years you’d get together for a drink and tell him what’d you’d been up to. Sometimes it’d been good, sometimes it’d been bad. He’d always offer to end your life if you wanted, but you were never willing to give up.

You did all sorts of things. Had Queen Bess stay with you, got knighted, got married, had a son, been in publishing, shipping... and done some shitty things, too, like doing the slave trade. You’re still not over your guilt about your part in enslaving and murdering so many humans, humans you saw as nothing more than cattle.

You’ve seen all sorts of things in your time. You’re not the only one who doesn’t die. One you keep running into is Mad Hettie. She’s only two and a half hundred years old, but she knows a lot. She’s from England, like you, but you’ve been all around the world. Both in new York these days, actually. You remember when your world consisted of nothing but England and France, before America’d even been discovered...

You’re working in a Pub, going by Bobby Gorrell. Full of strange characters, it is. Not all human, even, but you don’t judge. You keep your own counsel, and they keep theirs.

When you saw your tall, pale friend in 1889, you got in a bit of a fight. He was insulted that you’d said he wanted a friend, needed companionship.

“You DARE? You dare imply that I might befriend a mortal? That one of my kind might need companionship? You dare to call me lonely?”

He took offense easily, he did. You were afraid he wouldn’t show in 1989, but he did. He’d changed, By then you’d figured out that he was the Dream King. You saw him two more times in the next five years, far, far more often than you’d even seen him before. He was different. You think he needed a friend but wouldn’t admit it. A year later he came to you in your dreams, warning you he might not make your next meeting. He gave some excellent win in your dream, and you found it on your night-stand when you woke up.

The last time you saw him was a year ago, right after Aubery died, beautiful Aubery who went and got herself killed by a car. No matter how many times you fall in love and lose someone, it always hurts so much. You talked. He smelled of Death, he did. You told him so, but he was never one to admit to anything.

Then... the next time was his funeral. everyone was there. You couldn’t believe he was gone. he was the one constant in your life. It was because of him that your life was so long. It was a confusing funeral. Some people were just mourning him, mourning Dream, Morpheus, but some said confusing things about how he wasn’t really dead, how there was a new version of him. You didn’t give a damn if someone new had taken his place and was still him in some strange way. You miss your friend. You met a woman, with a cat’s head. She’d been close to your friend, it seemed. You sat together and talked about Dream. She was an old, old friend of his. It helped you some, to just sit and talk about him. You escorted her to the actual funeral and you bid your friend farewell.
Last spring you ran into his sister at a Ren Faire your girlfriend Gwen dragged you to. She told you what you already knew, that the funeral was real, that he was gone. She offered to take you then, to whatever lies beyond this life. It won’t happen until you ask for it. You don’t know if you’ll ever ask for it. Still too much to do.

You hired a new girl to waitress awhile back, Nuala. Charles wasn’t too happy, turns out she’s a faerie. But she works hard and she works well and he accepts her now.

A few weeks ago, Mad Hettie came into the pub cackling to herself, like she often is. She’s not as old as you, but she’s getting quite on in years. Two hundred something, you think.

“’e’s ’ere, ’e’s here, hahahahah”

“Who is here, Hettie?”

“Mister Johnny come lately, the demon chaser. hehehehe.”

“Who’s that?”

“Oh, he’ll be useful very useful that one, heh-heh-heh.”

That was all you could get out of her.

The next day she came in out of the rain, cackling again, winking at you and gesturing towards the blonde man behind her.

He came up, ordered a drink, and you started chatting. Interesting bloke, he is. Seen a lot strange things.

He took up with Dana Smalley, one of the Pub regulars. A bit young for him, but all the women you date are a bit young for you, so you’re not really one to talk. Last night he sat up with you most of the night waiting for her to show. He went off to her place, and came back covered in her blood, saying she’d been murdered. Poor John, he’s not taking it well.

You and Hettie and John are in a little group with Dr. Parov. You were all friends with the late Dream, or as close as anyone got to being friends with him, and you have some interests in common.

Then there’s your coworkers. The owner of the bar, Charles Milton, is Satan. Except you hear he’s given up the throne and become a private citizen. There have been some strange things going on in Hell, though, and you’re concerned. See, there are these druids. Somehow they’ve managed to find and sacrifice the last Scion (the last living descendent of Jesus) and are working on opening up the boundaries of Hell. This is no good. You’re working with your coworkers, Rebecca, Mr. Jansen, and your friend John on dealing with this situation. You don’t normally get involed with these things, but it just wouldn’t do to have the masses of Hell loosed upon the Earth again.

Contacts
- Charles Milton (Andrew Menard): Your employer. Ex Lord of Hell
- Rebecca (Lauren Schiff): Waitress in the bar
- Mad Hettie (Jacquie Felton): Been hanging around the bar lately
- Misty (Michelle Goldberg): A cat that showed up recently. sweet little thing.

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- The Order

Greensheets
- Containing Hell
Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Won’t Die

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
You were a nightmare in the employ of Morpheus, the King of Dreams. Big freaking whoop. How could he create you the way you are, tough and intimidating and smart and a little wicked and then expect you just to serve at his will? It just isn’t in your nature to be subordinate to anyone, so whose fault is that?

You often thought of striking out on your own, over the years, but you knew that Morpheus would never allow it. You skulked about, did your job, got into only minor trouble and waited for an opportunity.

Opportunity finally presented itself several decades ago. Morpheus disappeared. No one knew where he had gone. As time passed, some began to whisper that something might have happened to him. Others said that he’d be back any day. After a few years, you decided that the time was right to make your move.

You left the Dreaming with your buddy Glob. The two of you have always gotten along. He’s a pretty dependable guy, and a good partner - he almost always listens to you and does what you say.

You weren’t sure what your plan was when you left. For the first few days it was enough just to be free, just to wonder if Lucien, that prim little librarian, had even noticed you were gone. But soon, you began to feel weak. You realized that you needed a source of dream energy to stay alive.

The first thing you tried was for you and Glob to invade the dreams of random sleepers, having a bit of fun in scaring them, of course. But soon you began to be recognized by the other nightmares, former colleagues and all that. This was no good - once word spread of your escape, someone might try to catch you. You needed to find a source of dream energy disconnected from the rest of the Dreaming.

You found it in a dark, smelly basement. Or rather, you found him. Jed Walker, a ten year old boy kept locked up with rats by his Aunt and Uncle. He hardly moved. He rarely ate. In fact, he did little more than sleep. And dream.

It wasn’t even very hard to separate Jed’s mind from the rest of the Dreaming. Things had gotten somewhat lax in Morpheus’ absence. Somewhat disorganized. You and Glob gained complete control over Jed’s dreams. You fed off of his imagination. Eventually you grew bored and imported some new blood - Hector and Lyta Hall.

They were both superheroes, of sorts. Well, Hector was and Lyta used to be but now she was pregnant with their first child. And Hector was dead. He didn’t want to be dead. That’s how you happened to find him. You installed the two of them in Jed’s mind as his companions, rather like the parents he didn’t have. Meanwhile, you and Glob were able to scheme and plot and cause all sorts of nasty things to happen to his dream world so that he would have to expend energy to dream his way out of it - energy that you were happy to hoard.

It all came to an end, though. Morpheus came back. He didn’t take kindly to your... extracurriculars, as it were. He sent Hector to the land of the dead and threw Lyta back into the waking world. The two of you were punished. It was an unpleasant experience.

Now things have changed. Morpheus is dead. The King is dead, long live the King and all that. The new king is Daniel, Lyta’s baby. He’s not exactly Lyta’s baby anymore, though. He looks like Morpheus, but dressed all in white and with white hair. In nine days, Daniel will hold his Celebration, after which he will fully come into all of his Endless powers. And you and Glob have got a plan.

Well, you have to have a plan, don’t you? There isn’t likely to be anything here for either of you under Daniel’s lordship. He’s sure to have all of Morpheus’ memories and to know what the two of you did, before. And, since he didn’t create you, there’s no reason he should care to keep you around at all. You could be uncreated. You can’t let that happen.

Until the Celebration, Daniel doesn’t have complete control of the Dreaming. In fact, at the edges, in the soft places, things
are downright lawless. You and Glob have staked out a little section of Dreaming, a trifle really. You are working on separating it, the way you separated Jed’s mind a few years ago. If you are lucky and if you finish on time, Daniel might never notice or care about your little pocket of independent living.

In the meantime, you and Glob can’t afford to be noticed. Instead of accessing the Dreaming directly, you’ve been catching up with an old friend. Yeah, Jed’s brain is still a pretty hospitable environment for the two of you, and no one is likely to notice that you’ve been cutting him off again. Not completely, of course, someone might indeed notice that. Just enough for you and Glob to live on.

One of the things you know Daniel is currently doing is visiting personally every part of the Dreaming, to create a map in his head. Everywhere he’s been he has full control of. You need to keep him away from the area where you’re working. That’s where your time on Morpheus’ staff really comes in handy - the edges of the Dreaming are generating various ghosties and nightmares and you know how to order them around. If you can keep Merv and his buddies fighting an infestation of little nightmares then hopefully you can keep Daniel away from the area where you’re working.

Needless to say, you want to keep what you are doing from the other denizens of the Dreaming. Fortunately, you’ve been able to keep a fairly low profile thus far. The only one who has even spoken to you is Cain, the proprietor of the House of Mysteries. He came upon you and Glob working one day. He seemed distracted. He asked you if you were usually working on the edges of the Dreaming. You wanted to ask him what he was doing there himself, but you didn’t. He asked the two of you to be on the lookout for anyone suspicious, whomever that may be, and to inform him if anyone strange attempted to enter the Dreaming. You agreed of course, anything to get him away and to help the conversation not stick out in his mind.

There has been one other unexpected glitch in your plan. Lucifer. You have a vague recollection that someone said he abandoned his post as the ruler of Hell. You don’t know what all he’s been up to lately but he happened upon you one day not long ago. He immediately recognized what you were doing and began offering suggestions as to how you could work faster and how you could create a larger pocket of Dreaming. His suggestions worked, it’s true, but you have no idea why he’d want to help you. It’s of no benefit to him. Perhaps he enjoys making trouble for Dream, for some reason of which you are unaware. Nevertheless, you are very uncomfortable with the situation and would love to eliminate him from the picture if possible. Of course, he’s much more powerful than the two of you together and possibly immortal, so you’ll have to proceed with extreme caution. He also seems very interested in the Lilith-woman. He told you how to recognize her if she comes and told you you must tell him if she does. You wonder if she’s an enemy of his. Perhaps she could help you get rid of him. Meanwhile, you’re just going to have to let Lucifer believe that he is running the show.

As for Cain, you need to make sure he doesn’t tell anyone about you and Glob and your little project. You need to keep an eye on him and shut him up, if possible. Of course, he has the mark of protection on his forehead, so any direct action would be a pretty bad idea. Besides, if anything happened to Cain it would be sure to attract Daniel’s attention. So, you caught and drugged Gregory, Cain’s house gargoyle. Gregory will be all right in a couple of weeks but in the meantime you have access to all of Cain’s house, his associates and to Cain himself.

What you hadn’t counted on was Abel’s gargoyle, Goldie. She has been following you around everywhere, chattering incessantly. Fortunately, you speak gargoyle (it’s a long story), but she’s driving you mad. Plus, you’re always afraid she will follow you back one day and discover your true identity. At least she’s usually occupied in helping Merv with various tasks related to the Celebration and you can always tell her that you have some other assignment to be doing but she keeps asking you about the surprise. With a little veiled questioning, you discovered that Gregory told Goldie that he was planning a really big surprise for Abel for the Celebration. For the life of you, you can’t imagine what that could be. Gregory’s out cold but you have a vague hope that you’ll be able to find something of his that will help you figure it out. If Goldie became too suspicious, that could be bad for you.

Your disguise is actually pretty good, though. You can go wherever you want and nobody questions you because they recognize you (and because they “know” that you can’t talk). Not having to talk to anyone also helps you avoid being discovered.
The only downside is the demands placed on you by Cain and Goldie and Merv, but so far you seem to be doing okay. As long as there aren’t too many more surprises, everything should be just fine.

Notes
- You are a gargoyle. You wear a green headband.

Contacts
- Daniel Hall (Chris Kuklewicz):
- Glob (Rickland Powell):
- Cain (Rich Younger):
- Abel (Greg Lohman):
- Goldie (Merry Peck):
- Merv (David Kern):
- Lucifer Morningstar (Andrew Menard):
- Lucien (Kevin Chen):

Memory/Event Packets
- badge number: 3727

Bluesheets
- Those of the Dreaming

Greensheets
- A Piece of the Dreaming

 Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Gargoyle Lore 2
- Dream Lore 1

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 3
You are Dream, of the Endless. You are older than gods. You have more responsibility than mortals can comprehend.

You have been Dream since the first living thing dreamed, yet you have only been Dream for nine months. Your name was Daniel Hall. Your father, Hector Hall, a minor Earth superhero, died, then you were conceived, then your mother joined your father in the dreams of a human child, Jed Walker. His dreams had been cut off from the Dreaming by two nightmares, Brute and Glob. Your mother stayed there, pregnant with you, for several years, while Dream, while you, were imprisoned by a mortal. After Dream, you, escaped and regained power, you freed the child’s mind from control by the nightmares, sent the ghost of your father on past the mortal realm, you and left your mother, Hippolyta Hall, to continue her pregnancy with you.

You had gestated in the dreaming, and you took an interest in yourself. That is, Dream took an interest in the human child, Daniel Hall.

And Dream, who had changed greatly, realized that one must change or die, and made his choice. He summoned the human child Daniel, most of whose mortality had been burned away by the Norse God Loki and the Faerie Puck. He sent his raven, Matthew, and a Nightmare, The Corinthian, whom he destroyed and been created anew, the same, yet different. Daniel was brought to the Dreaming. By this time the Furies, the Eumenidies, the Kindly Ones, the three-in-one in their incarnation of Greek vengeance, had come to the Dreaming to destroy Dream for granting his son a boon and releasing him from the life he had lived for too long, thus killing one of his own bloodline.

He did not plan for things to go exactly as they did, but they did, and he died, and Daniel Hall became Dream without any of the preparation Morpheus would have liked.

It has... not been an easy change. Changing from a toddler to an anthropomorphic personification is... indescribable.

Your brother/sister Desire has been trying “advise” you. Morpheus and Desire had animosity older than life on Earth. But you are not Morpheus, and do not want to continue his grudges. Learning to forgive was one of his most important and difficult lessons. Still, you grow weary of Desire.

You have Morpheus’s memories, but they are... strangely yours and not yours. And they are still coming back to you.

No, you are not Prince Morpheus, nor were meant to be; As you are part of the Dreaming, The Dreaming is part of you, and has of course changed. You are in the process of finalizing the changes before your coronation in nine days.

Until then, the Dreaming remains in some slight... disorder. Especially in the outer realms. Rogue nightmares have been running lose, causing havoc. It is most inconvenient. Merv and Lucien have been tasked to address this problem, but they will need your help.
Contacts
- Nuala (Kristen Sunter): A Fae. She loved Morpheus.
- Eve (Erin Price): she is herself part of the three-in-one
- Matthew (Hongyi Hu): Raven. Is still devoted to his late master, your previous incarnation
- Nigel Ellison (Clint Lohse): Like you, he is the not first of himself. He has seemed lost. He has spent much time in Fae of late.
- Merv (David Kern): Pumpkin head
- Lucien (Kevin Chen): Your most trusted advisor and servant.
- Hob Gadling (Cameron Betts): A... friend of Morpheus
- Cain (Rich Younger): Keeper of Mysteries
- Abel (Greg Lohman): Keeper of Secrets
- Lucifer Morningstar (Andrew Menard): The ex-lord of hell
- Lyta Hall (Christina Hawkes): The mother of Daniel Hall. She has been scarred by events beyond her control, and by her own actions. She still wants her baby back.

Memory/Event Packets
- badge number: 4176
- badge number: ?125
- badge number: 8015
- badge number: 3727

Bluesheets
- The Endless
- Those of the Dreaming
- Dream’s Staff

Greensheets
- Dream of The Endless
- Becoming Dream
- Gods and Monsters *The Endless have this information*

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Sandman
- Dream Lore 3
- Symbology 3
- Mythology 1

Items
- Emerald Stone (57140)

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Lyta Hall

Life never works out for you. Every time you try to have a normal life, to have relationships and happiness, it all falls apart. Everyone abandons you or dies or betrays you. You can’t count on anyone else, and you really wish you could.

It’s not like you’ve asked much from the world. You just wanted to live your life with your family and loved ones. Is that so much to ask?

It started with your parents. Your mother was The Fury, a Greek super hero. She named you after your grandmother, Queen Hippolyta of the Amazons. You never knew your mother or your father. She gave you to be be raised by the Trevors, and disappeared. You assume it was for your own safety. Life is not easy as a superhero. You should know: You became one too.

The Trevors were very wealthy, and very kind to you. As a child you spent time with other children of members of the Justice Society of America, and you dreamed of being a superhero yourself.

You spent a year at Georgetown University before transferring to UCLA, where you were reunited with Hector Hall, one of your childhood friends. You’d always wanted him. Hector’s parents were Carter and Shiera Hall, the original Hawkman and Hawkgirl. You renewed your friendship and started dating.

When you told Hector about your dreams of becoming a superhero, he showed you the armored Silver Scarab suit he had been working on and you decided to petition for membership in the Justice Society of America. When you eventually showed up at a JSA meeting to state your case as Silver Scarab and Fury you were joined by Nuklon (the original Atom’s godson) and Northwind (the original Hawkman and Hawkwoman’s godson) as well as Jade and Obsidian (the children of the original Green Lantern) but you were all turned down due to your youth and lack of experience.

You all felt pissed off and betrayed. You all knew you could be heroes, you just needed a chance, and they wouldn’t give it to you. The Star-Spangled Kid, a member of the JSA, found you all and told you he’d been thinking of leaving JSA and starting a new team. He invited you all to join him, and you became Infinity, Inc. You were going to be a Super Hero, just like you’d always wanted to be.

Soon after that, your next fondest dream came true when Hector asked you to marry him. You said yes, of course, and he announced it at Infinity, Inc’s first press conference.

You were so happy, fighting evil with your one true love and your friends. But it all turned to dust. Hector was taken over by an evil entity because of ancient Egyptian curse by Hath-Set. Infinity, Inc. was able to destroy the entity, but... Hector died.

You were so miserable, carrying Hector’s child with no Hector. Then you began to dream of him every night, to dream he’d come back. It was heartbreaking to wake up alone every morning.

Eventually Nuklon found him, and you learned that you were not merely dreaming of Hector, but that Hector was visiting you from the Dream Dimension, which he could only leave for an hour a day. He’d found a new calling, the be The Sandman, Guardian of the Dreams of Men, Protector against wicked nightmares, Lord of the Dream Dome and friend to Children everywhere. You were so proud of him. He asked you to marry him, even though you could be together for so little time. You decided you needed to be with Hector, got married and returned to his Dream Fortress in the Dream Dimension with him. You were six months pregnant, and eagerly awaiting the birth of your first child.

Things were strange in the dream fortress. Time passed at a strange rate. There were Brute and Glob, a pair of dream creatures who worked for your husband, and there was a little boy named Jed. Jed came to you to get away from the bad things in his life. Hector and you cared for Jed like a son, and you couldn’t wait for him to play with your baby.

But time passed, and... it was hard to think about things like this, but did you seem to not be getting any more pregnant? Hadn’t you been here awhile? You walked the halls of the Dream Dome, you brushed your hair. Hector changed. He was happy,
but... different. You never made love anymore. Maybe it was because of the baby. Your delicate condition. Best not to.

Then that fucking skinny pale bastard came and destroyed everything. You found yourself in a horrible, stinking basement. There were dead bodies. Jed was there, but he looked horrible. The bastard must have done something to them all. And Hector was there, your darling Hector, you husband, and he would have defended you all from the creepy bastard, but he... he said Hector was dead, but he wasn’t, he was right there with you, and but he killed him. Hector called out to you, but the bastard stole his soul away. The bastard. And you realized your life of the last two years had been a dream, and it was over now, and Hector was gone. Jed ran away and the creepy bastard said, said he was going to take your baby, that it was his. That’d he come for your child some day. Over your dead body.

You sat there, in the basement, pregnant, alone, your life in ruins around you. You didn’t know what to do. But there were dead bodies here and everyone you loved was gone and maybe you should go to. So you dragged yourself up and got out of there. You hitched a ride (some people say hitchhiking is dangerous, but there people are weaker than you are) until you got to a pay phone. You called Charlie, the executor of your trust fund.

He was livid. Said no one has heard from you in two years. Said everyone was worried sick about you, they were on the verge of giving you up for dead. You told him you were hungry, pregnant and alone and you had no money. He thought you’d given birth and were pregnant again. People are always confused about that. He sighed, and sent a taxi to take you to the airport and fly you across the country to him.

You tried to pull your shattered life back together. Moved to LA, near Carla, your best friend. At least you still had Carla.

Three months later you finally had your baby. A beautiful baby boy.

You couldn’t decide what to name him. You’d wanted to name him Hector, after his Daddy, but he just didn’t look like a Hector.

And then you found that damn skinny creepy bastard in your son’s room, staring at him. You screamed at him to get away, threatened him. He said he was just there to see the child. You still wanted him out. He only stayed a minute or two, and he told you your baby’s name was Daniel.

Daniel?

Yeah, he looked like a Daniel.

Your sweet little Danny boy, your...

You didn’t need to work, you had more than enough money to last the rest of your life, and besides, you didn’t want to leave Daniel, your sweet baby. He was all you had. Carla always wanted to get you out of the house. And yeah, sometimes you craved adult conversation. So Carla’d come over, or you’d go out to dinner with your lawyer or Charlie or someone. In your last apartment in LA, there were a couple of girls who’d babysit when you went out every few week or months. Mostly Rose Walker. Danny loved her, he called her Wosie. He was just starting to talk, and he was getting to everything, and he was the sweetest little guy in the world and, and... God damn it, why did this have to happen? Why do you lose everyone?

Carla... Carla convinced you to go out to dinner with this guy. Eric. He wanted you to work for him. You knew he wanted to get in your pants. You are a very attractive woman, but you haven’t had any interest in that sort of thing, not since Hector... and it was going okay, you guess. Until you had a feeling. You knew something was wrong, something with Daniel. You called home, and there was no answer, and it was raining, and you raced home, and you couldn’t get the door open, so you busted it open, and Rose was asleep and Daniel... your baby... all you were living for... was gone.

You think you kinda broke, then. Everything after that gets very... confusing. Very confusing. You had this dream. You woke up. You had all your senses, you felt awake. There were witches in your basement. Three of them. Old one, young one, middle aged one. They called you Granddaughter. They talked about Daniel, and your mother. They said they’d help you. They
said you’d already met those who took your baby. And that he was on fire. They were making something in a cauldron, and, and they tried to put you into it. The moment stretched on forever. Then your were awake for real, and Carla was with you.

Carla was staying with you, and then her friend came over, the one who wanted in your pants, the one who made you go out the night, the night Daniel... that night, and he said things to you and he touched you and you didn’t like that and you broke his arm, people can never tell how strong you are by looking at you, and Carla got angry and Carla decided to go away. And the policemen came. And they had a picture, of Danny, and Danny was burnt up, and Danny was dead. And then you really, really broke. You went batshit insane. And you’d think you’d imagined it all, but other people think it happened too so you guess it happened. But probably they are crazy too, because it doesn’t make sense, this kind of stuff isn’t real. You knew it must have been the creepy bastard who took Danny, who killed your baby. Murdered your son. He said he’d come take him one day. You knew what you needed to do. You needed to kill him.

Then, things got even weirder. Breakdown. You must have had a breakdown. You’re better now. You went looking for a way to get him, looking for help. You encountered many strange creatures and went strange places. Monsters and stories and things that aren’t real. You were just seeing things. And you’re better now. Right?

Anyway, as you remember it, you found the Furies. Supposed to call them The Kindly Ones. They were the same witches from your dream... except not the same... maybe this was another dream. Dreams are weird. The witches had called you granddaughter... You wanted them to kill the bastard for killing your son. They said they couldn’t help with that. You were miserable. All this way, and... you left, but then they told you the bastard had killed his own son, and that was their department.

So, then, in your dream, in your delusion, whatever it was, They became part of you, you became part of them. Weird dream stuff. And they went to go destroy him, but then you found Daniel there, in his castle! Daniel wasn’t dead! But the Furies didn’t care. They kept destroying everything, killing... things, or people, oh, you don’t know. It was terrible.

Eventually he was alone, and sad, and he died. They had their vengeance. But he hadn’t killed Daniel... and you woke up, and nothing made any sense. There was a woman. You were covered in goop and in a circle of blood. She told you bad things had happened, and people would want to kill you. She would want to kill you. So you ran. Eventually found out Carla was dead. Burned to death in her car. No suspects. You know, deep in your heart, it is related to you somehow.

You had a dream. It was the funeral of the bastard. You found Daniel, except he was all grown up. So pale. He said strange things to you. Your baby. You’d found him. Except the bastard had made him not your baby, had made him grow up. You need to get him back.

You don’t understand any of this. You don’t like thinking about it. You just want your baby. You tried to set up a new life. You live in New York now. You ran into Rose Walker. She’s been very nice to you. Rose... Rose also thinks she has seen strange things. Itcanbetrueitcanbetrueitcanbetrue but you are afraid it is. And you’ve been meeting with some other people, who have seen weird things, and don’t like it. The Society. Dedicated to saving humanity from the meddling of... other things. You’ve been very interested in that. You don’t want the horrible things that happened to you to happen again. Whoever caused it, it was not... normal.

Also, you don’t really know quite how it happened, but you found yourself involved in this little theatre group running out of Columbia University. You must have been with Rose. She’s in it, too. You rather like it. The play isn’t finished yet, but what you’ve seen has an alluring rhythm that really speaks to you. It’s going to get rave reviews, you can tell.

But now you’ve met this man, Loki. He says he knows how to get Daniel back. He says you need to become a god, to undo what has been done, and he knows how to help you become a god. Then you’ll get your Danny back, and everything will be alright. Won’t it?

Goals
- Get Daniel back
Contacts
- Carla: Your best friend. You think her death has something to do with all the weird stuff that happened to you. You can’t let it happen again.
- Hector Hall: Your late husband, the love of your life. As a superhero he was the Silver Scarab and The Sandman.
- Rose Walker (Diane Christoforo): She lived in your apartment in LA. She is in the Society with you.
- Daniel Hall (Chris Kuklewicz): Your son... right?

Memory/Event Packets
- badge number: 3727
- badge number: 2965

Bluesheets
- The Society

Greensheets
- Becoming a God

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Mark of Daniel

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 4
Loki

Breathe, drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH! Damn you, Sigyn! Let Ragnarok come all the sooner that I might be rid of you and this damned snake!”

Breathe, drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH! Sigyn! Curse you to all the Hells that are and never shall be! You move too slowly, woman... too slowly...”

Breathe, drip, splash.

"When you want to fool the world, tell the truth."
– Otto von Bismarck

"A lie gets halfway around the world before the truth has a chance to get its pants on."
– Winston Churchill

“The trust of the innocent is the liar’s most useful tool.”
– Stephen King

It’s not easy being Loki Lie-Smith, so dreaded by your peers that they chained you with the entrails of your own son beneath the world, and still fear to speak your name. Worse still when the man who does it is Odin, your sworn blood brother. Then the bastard breaks you out to help you move into Hell, and he can’t even pull that off right. However, you managed, while broken out, to switch yourself with Lord Susano-no-Mikoto, a Japanese storm god of the Floating Islands. He got taken back to the cavern under the world by Odin, instead of you. Morpheus found you out after a day or so, but would not allow Mikoto to take your place in torment - Endless never understand the problems with storm gods, really. He was going to make you go back to the cavern with the snake and the dripping, but then he made you a better offer...

With some help from The Puck, you ‘nabbed this kid, Daniel Hall, and then proceeded to burn away all (or almost all, as it ended up) of his mortality. Before you could finish the process though, Morpheus’ lapdog, Nigel Ellison, showed up. And proceeded to strangle you, render you unconscious, and eat your eyes. He left you there, then, blind and helpless, begging for death from any who passed by, until Odin came upon you. Odin promptly returned you to the snake and the venom and the bowl and Sigyn. That was nine months ago, though it really seems like five minutes at this point.

You were able to extend a part of yourself into Lucifer’s dream not long ago - with no clearly coronated Dream, slipping across boundaries into and out of dreams is a lot easier, especially for an acknowledged god of sneakiness like yourself. You proposed a deal to Charles Milton: you get to use his body for a little while, just until you can get yourself a new one, and in the meantime, you’ll do his dirty work.

The dirty work in question - kill Lilith, first woman created and mother of Charles Milton’s woman, Rebecca. Rebecca, by the way, has the ability to put your possession of Charles Milton on hold for a limited period of time - so keep an eye out. Once you do this, Charles Milton will go along with whatever uses you have for his body a lot more readily.

You’re also going to want to guide Lyta Hall, Daniel Hall’s mother, on her quest to ‘become a god.’ If she performs the ritual correctly, you will be able to possess her wholly - not just the overlay you have with Lucifer. Not only is she superhumanly strong, she has a fresh pair of eyes (!) and has a Mark of Protection from Daniel himself, the man who is to become Dreaming in a week or so. Other notable pluses: She is not currently tied down to a stone slab underneath the world, and once he becomes Dream it will be very difficult for anyone to do anything with the entrails of her son.

…Come on, who’s going to fault you for having a little bit of fun when the opportunity’s just dropped in your lap? What kind of life would that be, not to take advantage of such a perfect set-up. You’re wandering about, just happy to have eyes again when you see Destiny, asleep. Destiny. The Destiny. Freakish, to be sure, but there it was. And he’s hardly touching the Book. He’s just kind of got part of his hand on it. So what would anyone do? You made a counterfeit copy of the Book and made the old switcheroo. Oh come on, what harm could it cause? He’s bound to notice what you’ve done. And if he doesn’t, he’s pretty dense, isn’t he? So he might just deserve what he gets. Oh, this was a nice day’s work, indeed.
Not that you’ve kept the book. You’re wiser than that; keeping that book could destroy you, and what sanity you have left. You hid it. Maybe one day that poor fool (who is still blind) will find it.

... The time is also ripe to take care of that whole Ragnarok ¹ issue - there are some nightmares, Glob and Gregory (Gregory is really Brute), who are trying to chop off a little piece of the dreaming before the Coronation for some reason or other - probably to keep it for themselves. You should make sure they succeed, and then steal the realm from them - if it’s completely closed off, it’ll be perfect for hosting Ragnarok in, and that’s one less responsibility you have to fulfill.

You’ve helped these nightmares, by giving them some advice, in the, well, guise as Lucifer. They think you’re on their side, helping cause trouble. Nightmares are such simple beings.

Oh, and if you have the time... you’re probably not too happy about Nigel Ellison eating your eyes and leaving you for dead like that. Revenge is a good thing, especially if it’s convenient.

Goals
- Kill Lilith to get Lucifer off your back
- Make sure Lyta properly 'becomes a god' to get on (in) Lyta’s back
- Get a Dreaming shard to hold Ragnarok in
- Get revenge on Corinthian and/or Odin if convenient

Notes
- You’d think that spending millenia bound by the entrails of your own son, having burning poisonous venom dripped on your face with no one to talk to except your nearly-mute wife would make a man somewhat bitter and angry with Odin and/or the rest of the world. Not so for Loki of the Aesir!
- You are the norse god of lies. Lies! Roleplay accordingly.

Contacts
- Rebecca (Lauren Schiff): Lucifer’s girlfriendm actually named Mazikeen. Posing as a waitress named Rebecca.
- Gregory (Mark Mascaro): Nightmare you’re manipulating
- Glob (Rickland Powell): Nightmare you’re manipulating
- Lyta Hall (Christina Hawkes): Unwitting pawn
- Nigel Ellison (Clint Lohse): Bastard *ate* your *eyes*

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- none

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- none

Items
- none

¹Loki really should learn when to bet and when to fold in cards. It’s your responsibility to lead the hosts of the enemy when Ragnarok comes.
Stats
  - Combat Rating: 2
‘ere, ‘oo wants t’know ’oo Mad ’ettie is? Heh-heh. Mad Hettie’s been around for awhile, oooolley yes. Over two hundred and fifty years old she is! And you don’t reach a ripe old age without knowing a trick or two.

Oh Hettie’s been busy, busy as a bee, that she has! Regular hero she is, oo yes. The Fae, you gotta watch out for them, oo, yes, they are not to be trusted, and never take one of their gifts, no no, and they want to come live in the human world again. Terrible idea. Drive people mad, it would. And a terrible mess. Not their place, no, hasn’t been since before my time, which is quite a long time!

And you’re working for the Blind One again, the oldest of that family. Death’s the only one you’d give a sixpence for, but Destiny, he ain’t so bad. Something wrong with his big old chained up book, he thinks. Wants you to look into it.

Ah, and then there’s them with the tests and the needles and all that. Think your’re mad, they do, and want to test you. hehehe. The Old one and his little girl, werewolves they are. There’s a witch there too, a old one, older than hettie, she is.

You’re in New York, but it’s full of blokes from Mother England, it is. Found old Hobbie Gadling at the Pub. Told him about the problem with the Fae, you did. And Johnny Constantine, that little prick, he’s shown up in town too, looking into doings and goings on. Took him down to the Pub you did, introduced him to Hobbie. He’s a cheeky young jackanapes, but he wants to save the world, and he’s good for something.

You and Johnnie and ‘obbie and Dr. Ivan Parov, the man who runs the tests, are working together on a little something. See, you’s was all friendly-like with The Sandman, and were none too pleased when those Bitches killed him for his mercy. Not right, that wasn’t. And you’re all worried about them Fae coming in, need to put a stop to that. ‘Specially Ivan.

And to top it all off, yer working on ’spressing your artistic side. In a play you are! ’imagine that, Mad ’Ettie on the stage. Well y’ll show em a thing or two about how it’s done, oo yes. Mister Director thinks he’s the only one with good ideas about how to do this show, but he’s got another thing coming, that he does.

You’re really always thought of yourself as a people person. People need your help, that they do. Especially kids these days. Sexton Furnival, you ran into him last year when you was looking for yer heart. You’d hid it and forgotten where. Death was spending her one day a century with him, form of a girl named Didi. You found him hanging around Columbia, where the tests and the play are, and you gave him a good hearted talking to! yer worried about him and his little friends. One’s the wolf girl from the laboratory, and there’s two others, Marie and Jed Walker. The other boy works for Mr. Director. Anyway, you should look after ’em all. Who knows what kinda trouble they’ll get into.

“I’m not a bleeding witch. But you don’t get to yer two hundred and fiftieth birthday without learning a thing or two, little miss clever-boots.” -Mad Hettie

“You don’t reach a ripe old age without knowing a trick or two. Anyway, it’s traditional, hidin’ yer heart...Mayhap I placed it in a duck egg, inside a duck, inside a well, in a castle, on an island, surrounded by a lake of fire, guarded by a hundred dragons each larger and more ferocious than the last.” “And maybe you didn’t?” “Well, it’s been a long time, lovely. Me mind goes wanderin’.” -Mad Hettie and Didi (Death)

“Ah, she’s a deep one, and that’s no mistake...Still, of all that lot, she’s ther only one I’d give sixpence for.” -Mad Hettie, of Death

Notes
- You’re English
- You dress like a homeless woman
- You’re clever and knowledgable but not... direct when speaking to people
- To investigate the problem with Destiny, start with riddle packet F0, outside 3-370.

**Contacts**
- John Constantine (Chris Vogt): Mr. Johnny Come lately
- Bobby Gorrell (Cameron Betts): Even older than you, he is
- Dr. Ivan Parov (Alex Khripin): Head of the lab
- Professor Davis Walsh (Geoff Schmidt): Director of the play
- Charles Milton (Andrew Menard): Piano player in the bar
- Rebecca (Lauren Schiff): Waitress in the bar
- Jed Walker (Natan): troubled kid. in the play
- Rose Walker (Diane Christoforo): In the play. Jed’s sister
- Sexton Furnival (Philip Tan): Friends with Little Miss Death, he was
- Marie (Liz Smith): Sexton’s girlfriend
- Lorraine (Diandra Lucia): Works in the lab. Scared her when you told her you knew she was a werewolf, heehee
- June Palmer (Thista Minai): works in the lab
- Peter Fax (Justin Stamen): works in the lab

**Memory/Event Packets**
- 07 Packet

**Bluesheets**
- Columbia Biolab
- The Order

**Greensheets**
- none

**Abilities**
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Magic 2

**Stats**
- Combat Rating: 2
Mr. Jansen

“The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls and tenement halls and whisper’d in the sounds of silence”

–Paul Simon, 1964

You are an Angel of the Silver City, made by the Creator to serve Him in His Will. You have been perfectly faithful to that task. You are the Angel of Silence. You do not speak. You may write, if you choose, but in truth you find communication not so necessary as everyone around you does. You know that your Creator can always hear you.

When Lucifer rebelled against the Creator, you knew it was not the correct Order of things. You fought on the side of Order. You often wondered, over the years, what had compelled Lucifer to give up the beauty of the Silver City and what had enabled him to defy everything in his nature.

One day you learned that Lucifer had abandoned his post as the ruler of Hell. How curious, you thought (although you often do not bother to think in words and perhaps this too was but an unformed non-linguistic notion). The Creator spoke to you then.

Go then with Remiel as My emissary, He said. There is a place for you with him.

You followed the Divine Will. You went with Remiel to the Palace of the Dream King, for Lucifer had given the Key to the Gates of Hell to the Dream King, to Morpheus. Many were there to ask for the Key but in the end, Dream of the Endless chose to give the key to your contingent. His rationale: He who made the realm should rightly decide what becomes of it. You approved of his orderly and fair decision. Then, the Creator spoke to you and to Remiel. He told you that the two of you were to go to Hell and be it’s new guardians.

Remiel became angered. Never to see again the Divine Presence... It seemed a grave injustice to him. He threatened not to take the charge. He threatened to rebel. In that moment, Remiel Fell. His feet touched the Earth as Angel feet never do and he knew he was condemned. Despondent, he agreed to go to Hell and do his duty, but it was you who took the Key from the Dream King.

You have grown increasingly concerned over Remiel during the time you both have spent in Hell. At first he believed he could improve Hell, make it serve the Name, and that seemed to give him some joy. That has faded. He seems now to you only angry. He lashes out at you with his tongue and you take it with patience and calm. You know he envies you your feet which do not touch the ground. He lashes out at the denizens of Hell, sometimes overseeing their tortures himself.

He has lashed out most recently at the Faerie Folk, who have lived long in a small part of Hell. He has decreed that they are not fit to serve the Name, that they must leave Hell or be destroyed. He has found the Faerie Road no easy thing to cross, but he will reach Faerie in time and when he does, it will sadden you, for the Faeries (as are all things) are the work of the Creator and it would please you not to destroy His works. You have tried to communicate to Remiel that perhaps he ought not destroy the Fae. Perhaps he ought to merely separate Faerie from Hell. Remiel deliberately has ignored your advice. In everything he does, he believes it will buy him redemption and a return to the Silver City. You know this cannot be, and you worry for his mind when he admits this to himself.

You admit to yourself that Remiel cannot sustain himself as the Guardian of Hell. It is too much an insult, too much an excruciating reminder of what he has lost. He envies himself his old life and he envies Hell’s prisoners their chance to leave. You do not envy. Envy is sinful. You are content to adhere to the task given you by the Creator. You know that you are still serving Him in all things. But Remiel has got to go.

Lucifer has found a real answer. Unhappy in the Silver City for whatever reason, he was sent to Hell, where he ruled and satisfied the lust for power for which he was infamous. But he, too, could not sustain himself with this. Why? You believe you know the answer.
As long as Lucifer (or Remiel) rule Hell, they are intimately connected to the Divine Plan. They are as much a part of administering the Divine Presence into the world as if they still dwelt in the Silver City. For both of them, in their rebellion, the position chafes. Lucifer discovered this, discovered that he was merely pretending to be playing a game of his own devising. By walking away, Lucifer took control of his life more surely than he did when he rebelled against the Name. Lucifer is wise, you have realized. Lucifer has found a true path to peace, long though the road may be. You must teach Remiel to be more like Lucifer, so that he can let go of his anger and bitterness and build a new life for himself. You, of course, will remain here.

Your first step to help Remiel was to encourage him to find something to do outside of Hell. At first, he thought of smiting sinners but you dissuaded him from that, fortunately. He then settled for becoming a professor of religion at Columbia University. His class is popular with the students, although perhaps more for his already legendary eccentricity than for his syllabus. He has been known to scream at God in the middle of his lectures, to fall to his knees and weep - he even tells tales of the Silver City. The other professors cannot figure out whether it is a brilliant rhetorical technique or if he is a genuine schizophrenic.

While Remiel teaches his classes, you have obtained a minimum wage job as a janitor nearby to where Remiel teaches, in the public house owned by the Star of Morning. You are called Mr. Jansen. You think it best to keep an eye on Remiel. Besides, you give your wages to good charities, they never expect you to talk and you now have an enormous collection of fascinating keys.

Finally, it is good for you and Remiel to have your separate tasks during the day because, on occasion, the Creator still chooses to speak with you. He tells you sometimes things which He needs you to do and you serve him as you do in all things. You would not want Remiel to learn of this. It would only inflame him further in counterproductive ways.

It would be very bad if Remiel were to become more inflamed because you and he have a crisis to deal with. You are not entirely certain what has happened, but you can feel the effect of some powerful magic not of the Creator at work in Hell. There are druids. Somehow they’ve managed to find and sacrifice the last Scion (the last living descendant of Jesus) and are working on opening up the boundaries of Hell. Interpantheonic war is a tricky thing, and Remiel doesn’t seem up to the task. You trust in the Name, but you feel afraid. Remiel does not feel it. He does not see. He is too concerned with his plans, increasingly ridiculous, to return to the Silver City. He says ridiculous things late at night, that dreams themselves will lift him up to the Divine. He is useless in this matter.

You went to Lucifer. Surely Lucifer would understand the grave importance of a Hell to balance Heaven. Surely he would not want to see the chaos that would result if a full-scale assault on Hell were to occur. You asked of his gentle demon companion, Mazikeen, if you might speak with the Morningstar. She told you that he was not in and would not be returning for some time. You confess that you felt a tinge of despair at that. She was kind to you and solicited from you your story, which she seemed intuitively to grasp without much effort at communication on your part. You felt cheered by this. Perhaps it was His Will that she help you in this. You have enlisted her help as well as that of her workmate, a Hob Gadling, a man known to you for the deal he struck with Dream of the Endless - a meeting once per century in exchange for eternal life. You wondered idly if this deal has changed now that Morpheus has died. At any rate, you are grateful for their help. Although.... You have seen Lucifer in the bar, playing the piano, and in the Dreaming, you know you have. You see him every night, in fact. Why will he not speak with you? Should you attempt to communicate with him? Why do his compatriots tell you he is not in? You will try to be serene. Perhaps this is a test, sent by the Creator or perhaps this was His Purpose all along, that you be here to help Hell survive this onslaught. Dare you dream that someday you will have fulfilled his purpose for you here in Hell? Dare you dream to return to the Silver City? And if you should have that chance, dare you take it and leave Remiel behind?

There’s one more minor, small, almost unnoticeable problem. The Key to Hell, your sacred charge given to you by the Lord Shaper, that you held for God Himself, well... it’s missing. You should probably do something about that.

Notes
- To look for the Key to Hell, start with riddle packet K0, which is near 1-190.
Contacts
- Remiel (Jake Beal): Operating under the name Professor Alastair Saroff
- Mazikeen (Lauren Schiff): Operating under the name Rebecca
- Lucifer Morningstar (Andrew Menard): The Star of Morning. Operating under the name Charles Milton.
- Hob Gadling (Cameron Betts): Working as barkeep in the Pub, under the name Bobby Gorrell
- Daniel Hall (Chris Kuklewicz): The new Dream of the Endless
- The Cluracan (Danny Bates): A Fae emissary who was sent to try to reason with Remiel. This failed.

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- The Christian Mythos

Greensheets
- Containing Hell
- Gods and Monsters

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Immortal
- Symbology 1

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 3
Joy

You are so happy. You used to be someone else, but now you are you again and it is wonderful. You used to be you all the time, happy and excited about the world. Then something very bad happened. You don’t remember what it was, but it changed you into something... confusing. You were not Delight anymore, you were Delirium, lost and scared and not all there where you left yourself from one day to another. But now you’ve woken up this morning and here you are, right where you left you. You are you again.

Now that you are you again, you have to make it so that you don’t go back to being the old way again. There’s only one way to do that. You are going to have to build yourself a brand new gallery with something hanging in place for each of your brothers and sisters. You will also have to go out and find all of your siblings and give them something to put in their galleries for you. Perhaps they can help you build your gallery of them while you are doing this and then everyone will be so happy to see you again. You wonder where the rest of you went, the crazy part.

Once you have a gallery and everybody else has put you in theirs then you have to find a new realm of your very own. Perhaps one of your older brothers or sisters will give a piece of theirs. Perhaps you can convert the Delirium realm back to Delight. Perhaps you will have to make one from scratch. No matter. And then, when you have a realm and your new gallery, you will do the special ritual to bind you to your brothers and sisters and then you will truly be one of them again just how you are!

There are two things you are very worried about, though. The first one is, you don’t remember how you turned into Delirium the first time. What if it happens again? How can you prevent it from happening? Well, first of all, better not tell anybody who you really are, except for your siblings. Maybe somebody out there wants to change you back. And then, you must try to be delightful as your name implies and not slip into anything too confused. Finally, you think that if you can maintain your innocence that you will be able to avoid turning into Delirium again.

You can’t wait to see your siblings! You can’t wait to give them bits of cotton candy and things like that so they can put you in their galleries and you can’t wait to get a little thing to mean each of them so that they are always close to you. You especially can’t wait to see your brother Destruction and your brother Morpheus. They are you very best friends. Destiny is all right, but he doesn’t talk too much. Death’s pretty cool, but you can’t help but be a little afraid of her. Desire’s always been pretty mean to you and you and Despair just don’t get along. But Dream is very kind to you and gives you treats and Destruction says he loves you so much and you are his most sparkling baby sister.

You’re going to be you again, and with all of your favoritest people in the whole wide world and you’re not going to go crazy and this time everything is going to be okay.

Notes
- If someone attacks you with the phrase “Trance Waylay,” You become instantly restrained. And you may not speak unless the agressor lets you. This will last for up to 5 minutes.
- Building your gallery is research project XG.

Memory/Event Packets
- badge number: 3727
- “Trance Waylay”

Bluesheets
- The Endless

Greensheets
- Gods and Monsters The Endless have this information
Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Magic 1/2 1/2 point of mana rounds to 0, but 2 halves will add to 1
- Creativity 3
- Happiness and Delight
- Immortal *You follow these rules of mortality during game*

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
You are Odin, Son of Bor and Bestla, Lord of the Aesir, God of Gallows, God of Wisdom. You are called Gondlir the wandbearer, Grimmir the hooded one, the terrible, the wakeful.

You are a busy god.

Other gods, gods older and younger than you, have given up, faded away, or moved on to being something else. Pansies.

You are a god, and you will remain a god always.

The biggest problem of your existence remains Ragnarok. Ragnarok, the end of the world. The long winter will come, humanity will be destroyed, and you shall lead the gods of Asgard against the giants, lead by the treacherous trickster, Loki, who was your blood brother. The world and most of the gods will be destroyed.

You are not willing to accept this. You will find a way to save the Lords of Asgard from death and destruction.

None of you plans have succeeded thus far, but you will prevail.

When Lucifer abandoned his realm and the ownership of hell was unclear, you and Thor freed Loki from his bonds and traveled to the Dream Lord to ask for Hell, as a refuge for the Aesir come Ragnarok.

You offered Morpheus a small part of his soul that had popped up inside a little snowglobe model of Ragnarok. He seemed indifferent.

In the end he gave Hell to two Angels, Mr. Jansen and Professor Alastair Saroff. You and Thor returned Loki to his place of torment below the Earth, and you returned to seeking other ways to save the Aesir.

Several months ago you learned that the bound creature below the Earth experiencing Loki’s torment was not Loki but a dream-thing put there in his place. Angered, you traveled to the Dream Lord’s castle and confronted him. Morpheus admitted that he had let Loki go free, and placed a dream in his place, to place him in his debt or make use of him or some other stupid idea. You told him what a fool he was, that being in his debt would cause Loki to strike back at him, as he always did. “Loki has no sense of gratitude. It burns and galls and aches him to be beholden. He is a serpent, who must bite your hand even as you save him from a hunter. Loki cannot help striking the hand that aids him, striking with malice and slow poison. That is what he is. That is what he does.”

You knew something was up with the Dream-weaver. Hugninn and Muninn told you the raven host would soon be coming to the Dreaming. Death and Destruction were headed for the dreaming. But the Dream-weaver... was it of his planning? His design? Or was he caught up, frozen, paralyzed, unable to save himself? You questioned him, but he answered in his way, with questions of his own.

You should google for Odin norse. Many sites will give you a basic outline of Norse mythology and Odin’s place in it.

You should google for more details see google.com
You did not leave Morpheus as enemies, for Loki tricks all, including yourself, but you were disappointed in him. Morpheus died soon after.

You found Loki in relatively quick time. He had been beaten, and his eyes stolen. As Thor carried him back below the world he tried to provoke Thor into killing him, but you would not allow it.

With Morpheus gone, a new incarnation of Dream has taken power in the Dreaming. His control is not complete, and the Dreaming is unstable and poorly protected. You realized that you could get what you want by stealing a piece of the Dreaming. Not a large piece, for the Dreaming is vast, but enough for your and your pantheon. You got the idea from Desire, actually. You are attempting to find weak points in the Dreaming and attack them, which will cause a reaction that shatters the Dreaming into shards. Then you can claim and seal off a piece before Dream has a chance to bring it all back together.

Also, that bastard Loki has escaped again. You must find him. You have a novel way of searching for him this time. You believe he must be disguised, but his energy, his blood, would still be obvious to you. You found a parasitic little creature, trying to steal your energy. This was, of course, unacceptable. You knocked the creature out, and when she awoke she was... amenable to certain requests. She exists in the form of a human child, but she is no child. You’re sure you must have made clear how vital it was for her continued survival to acquiesce to your request. As she steals energy from the people around her, you take some, to check for Loki, and for your own use.

She is not pleased to be controlled by you. She is troublesome. Recalcitrant. You suspect she must be plotting to escape from you. You tell her that when you have found what you want (you haven’t told her what it is, that would be giving away too much) you will most likely let her go. You may. But it why waste a perfectly good source of energy? Dealing with her is very trying on you, and perhaps it will not be worth the effort. But for now, finding Loki is the greater priority. Whatever it takes, you must find him.

The current state of the Dreaming is an excellent opportunity, one which is unlikely to come again. If your current plans do not succeed, well, you probably have more time before Ragnarok. But Ragnarok will not wait forever.

Get to it.

Goals
- Save the Aesir from destruction in Ragnarok
- Shard the dreaming and steal a piece for the Aesir
- Find Loki and return him to his rightful place. DO NOT BELIEVE HIS LIES
- Keep control over Melissa Newman

Notes
- If Susan is not around on Day 1, come to the GMs to get some hot energy axxion
- You have a cover as a Jungian psychology professor at Columbia University. Go with it. Print out inkblots from the int0rnet or something.

Contacts
- Melissa Newman (Susan Born): The creature. You tell people she is your neice.
- Professor Alastair Saroff (Jake Beal): Remiel. New Lord of Hell. Posing as religion professor
- Daniel Hall (Chris Kuklewicz): The new Dream

Memory/Event Packets
- badge number: 3727
Bluesheets
- The Norse Mythos

Greensheets
- Sharding the Dreaming
- Gods and Monsters

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Tasting the Energy
- Immortal
- Magic 3
- Arcane Lore 1
- Bind Loki

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 3
Larraine

“I’m just a kid and life is a nightmare//I’m just a kid, I know that it’s not fair//Nobody cares cuz I’m alone and the world is having more fun than me//tonight - what the hell is wrong with me?//wide awake I’m bored and I can’t fall asleep/ and every night is the worst night ever...”

- “I’m Just a Kid”, Simple Plan

Life sucks. It was supposed to be an awesome summer. No stupid summer camp, no stuck at home with mom and dad - summer in New York City with your best friends, Marie and Sexton. And Jed. Sure, you had to agree to do an internship at your grandfather’s lab (he’s a biology professor or something at Columbia), but you were sure you could put in a few hours a week and then run off to concerts and Central Park and maybe, if things went well, went the way they seemed to be going, maybe something might happen between you and Jed. He’s so cool, and he isn’t a jerk like Sexton can be sometimes - he’s so sweet. You love his eyes - he has the saddest eyes. Maybe one night after Sexton and Marie went home...

Anyway, that’s what should have happened. Instead, your grandfather’s been making you pull eight hour shifts, you found out you’re a werewolf, Jed seems to have something going on with Marie and everything’s in reruns. Your grandfather doesn’t even have cable.

Yeah, you’re a werewolf. How much does that suck? Your grandfather started telling you this last winter, but you thought he was joking. Then, in the spring, you started to change. First it was just a little more hair than normal. Well, they warned you about this in health class. Then your eyes started to change from black to golden brown. One night in June, you were at Sexton’s apartment with Marie and Jed. You were trying to contact Sexton’s friend Didi with a Ouija board. She died before you met him, or any of them. Marie said she had seemed pretty cool, though. Anyway, you were all huddled around the board and then Sexton said “this is stupid” and he climbed out on the fire escape and the night air blew across the board and something started to happen, not to the board, but to you. Your feet began to cramp. You took off your shoes and you noticed your feet seemed to have grown... As you stared at the board, your face started to hurt. You looked down at your hand and it seemed like a paw. You jumped up and ran out of the apartment. You don’t know how, but you ended up in your grandfather’s house, drinking tea.

So now you have to admit it. You really are a werewolf (or, “of the People” as your grandfather would say). Your parents have been lying to you your whole life. “Rare Eastern-European ethnicity” - yeah right! And your grandfather hated all your boyfriends because they weren’t werewolves. Because it’s forbidden or something by some old werewolves for werewolves to get with regular people - of course. God, what would Jed say if he knew? What would any of them say? That’s what you get for thinking you were cool.

* * * * * * * * * *

You met Sexton first. Well, sort of. Back when you were a dorky eighth-grader you got a copy of this demo tape - “Sin” by Sexton Furnival and the Unoriginals. It was kind of nihilistic high-school grunge-punk - good stuff. You got your mom to take you to one of his concerts and you ended up hanging out with this really nice girl who turned out to be Marie, Sexton’s girlfriend and “publicity manager.” Anyway, you started hanging out with Marie and Sexton when you were in New York.

Sexton and Marie have been dating for awhile now. They’re really cute together. Sexton lives with his mom and Marie lives with her cousin, Foxglove, and Fox’s girlfriend Hazel and their baby Alvie. Fox is so cool. She sings and plays the guitar and she’s awesome. And Hazel runs a catering company and Marie gets to work with her. And they have this friend, Rose, who’s going to have a baby soon and she has a brother Jed who’s your age. So anyway, pretty soon Jed started hanging out with you and Sexton and Marie.

Jed had a really hard life, you’re pretty sure. His parents got divorced when he was little and his dad died and he had to live with all these different relatives... You think there’s probably more going on with him, too. He’s been happier since he got an
after-school job, though.

He’s also been spending more time with Marie. You’re sure of it, they seem closer than they did before. Sexton’s noticed it, too. He looks kind of... upset when he sees them glance at each other in a certain way. Maybe you and Sexton could work together to find out if there really is something going on with the two of them. There’s probably not, right? Marie knows how much you like Jed. She wouldn’t do this to you, or to Sexton, right?

As close as the four of you have been, you have to admit there’s been a feeling of distance lately. Maybe it has to do with scheduling. Marie feels like she has to pay rent to Foxglove, so she’s been working for Hazel’s catering company and she’s been hired as a nanny to this little girl named Chloe who she has to take along with her everywhere. Chloe’s parents never seem to come home. On top of that, Marie has met another little girl for whom she now seems to feel responsible. Melissa Newman doesn’t seem to have anybody watching her during the day and Marie thinks her family is treating her poorly. Marie’s sensitive to that kind of thing, because her family life was so bad that she ran away from home somewhere in Louisiana and came to live with her cousin. Marie’s a really good person that way, always looking out for kids. Then there’s Sexton, who doesn’t seem to have much to do but takes an awful long time in doing it. Jed has his job, working for that blind guy, and his own problems, too.

Then there’s your job. Your grandfather brings in these mentally ill people and runs tests on them. He always wants you to help him, filling out forms or doing parts of interviews. You don’t really enjoy this. The really crazy people make you feel uncomfortable. Once, this old homeless lady (Hattie? Henny?) grabbed you by the wrist while you were asking her questions and handed you a withered old plant sprig from her bag. “It’s wolfsbane”, she said, and she laughed. She made you especially nervous.

You suppose, if you had to choose, you prefer labwork. Your grandfather thinks he’s very close to discovering some kind of pathogen that causes mental illness, or some kind of genetic marker or some kind of vaccine. Well, he’s working on all of those things. Anyway, you’re pretty good at labwork; you’re careful, coordinated, organized and precise.

Grandfather has three other people working in the lab with him. Dr. Palmer is the highest up; she kind of runs things when Grandfather’s not around and she has her own projects. You think Grandfather told her to keep an eye on you - you’ve seen her watching you while you work.

Peter Fax is a grad student. You like him the best. He’s really shy and he doesn’t seem to have much of a life outside the lab, but he always listens to you and treats you with respect. He told you once that he wishes he knew how to be more of a “people person” and you try to help him out. You offer to let him come with you and your friends to clubs and things like that, but he generally declines.

Demi is the other intern. She’s such a suck-up. You hate her guts. She’s been working here two days less than you have but everybody talks to her like she’s so smart or whatever. Plus, every time that Jed meets you at work, she stares at him for no reason. Once, you saw them talking together and she was leaning in towards him in this really obnoxious way and when you asked him about it, he claimed he didn’t remember the conversation. It’s true that Jed’s memory isn’t very good, but that’s just because he’s always daydreaming. Anyway, you hate this girl.

If you’re lucky, something very good may come out of this internship. You have access to all your Grandfather’s research and equipment and, well, you’ve figured out that his work isn’t just on the mentally ill. There’s research and data here on werewolves, you recognize the Russian words on the notebooks: Norad, the People. There’s other stuff, too, you just don’t recognize the codes your Grandfather uses. Anyway, you’ve been doing a little private research. P has been helping you, although he doesn’t know what you’re doing, exactly. You don’t know what you’re doing, exactly except that you hope that you can find away to make yourself not be a werewolf anymore. You could just be normal. Barring that, if there’s no way to “unwerewolf” yourself, maybe you can find a way to turn Jed into a werewolf. Maybe he wouldn’t mind...

Who are you kidding? Jed hates werewolves. Or at least, he’s really into that White Wolf(TM) game, Vampire: the Masquerade(TM), all that White Wolf stuff, really, except Werewolf: the Apocalypse(TM). He won’t ever play that. Then again, that
stuff’s just a game. If Jed knew there were werewolves in real life, if he knew that you were a werewolf, maybe it would be different. Maybe you should tell him about all of this. Of course, Grandfather would have a fit. Secrecy is one of those “Rules” that he’s always talking about. Stupid rules.

Anyway, maybe he’d be all for it, if you get up the guts to tell him. Not that you’ve found a way to turn him into a werewolf yet. Maybe you should talk to Dr. Palmer. She knows a lot more than Peter does, you can tell. Then again, she might tell your Grandfather about it...

She’s a member of your study group, too. You and Marie joined Fox and Hazel’s pagan women’s studies group not that long ago. It’s led by this woman, Professor Nayeli Reyes from Columbia University. The nine of you talk about the news and history in a gender-aware context. You also study Dianic Paganism, that is, a form of neo-Paganism that focuses on worshipping a Goddess to the exclusion of a God. Sometimes your group performs rituals to inspire you to be strong, independent women. Each of you had to pick an aspect of the Goddess to worship. You picked Diana, the huntress. Sort of cheesy, you know, to pick Diana when you’re doing Dianic paganism, but she speaks to you. You call her Artemis in Circle, though, so you won’t feel like a dork.

Let’s see, in the group there’s you and Marie, Foxglove, Rose, Rose’s mom, Miranda (such a pretty name!) Professor Reyes, Dr. Palmer is in it, too, and then there’s Barbie, an old friend of Fox and Hazel’s... oh and there’s Nuala. She’s pretty quiet, actually. You don’t know her that well.

The Circle’s been really interesting and a lot of fun so of course Sexton and Jed wish they could come, too. They think that the women-only policy of Prof. Reyes’ group is hypocritical for a group that purports to promote gender equality. You have to admit, it’s pretty unfair, but there’s already nine members (the most Prof. Reyes says she wants to take) and anyway, you suspect the boys only want to join because they can’t. Still, you feel pretty crummy walking past their signs, although they don’t make you feel too bad about it.

They shouldn’t feel too bad about it really, because the four of you are working on something pretty cool of your own. There was a time you would have felt foolish believing in magic, but since you realized you were a werewolf, how much more ridiculous can you feel? The four of you have been meeting together as a coven, casting circles, calling the four elements (you’re Earth) and working on your magical skills with exercises you learned in Circle and on the Internet.

Marie has this thing that she really wants the four of you to do together, but you all have to be better at magic for it to work. She says it will bind you all together forever and make you all closer friends. That sounds pretty good to you, although you’d like some more details. To be honest, you don’t know if it will even work, but you enjoy the extra time the four of you spend on it. Sexton sucks completely when it comes to magic, so you may be working on it for a long, long time!

This week is pretty exciting, actually, because there’s a comic book convention being held at Columbia this week. You and Jed are both big comic book fans. You’re especially a fan of Richard Madoc, who you met briefly yesterday. He wrote The Madding Crowd and a whole lot of other stuff and he’s been in a mental institution for a long time but he’s just gotten out not so long ago and here at the convention is going to be one of his first public appearances. You and Jed once admitted to each other how nervous it made each of you feel to identify so well with the writing of a man who had lost his mind so completely. That was the night Jed told you that sometimes he worried that he was crazy. You hugged him and told him that sometimes you thought you were crazy, too. You felt really close to him that night and that’s when you started thinking that maybe he liked you too...

Of course, Grandfather’s probably ruined everything. Last night you were at Sexton’s place kind of late and Jed offered to walk you home, because he’s a good, sweet, wonderful boy who cares about you (and maybe, you know, cares about you) and as you stood on the stoop of Grandfather’s brownstone, who comes running out the door in his bathrobe with his wild hair like a crazy person? Grandfather. Screaming and yelling and hitting poor Jed with a newspaper is what he was doing and then he dragged you into the house and yelled at you for spending time with “such a boy.” Him you want to follow around? he said. What’s wrong with him?, you asked. He’s not of the stupid People? Grandfather was totally out of control. He found one of Jed’s
White Wolf roleplaying books and accused him of being into all sorts of dark magics. He doesn’t understand anything about White Wolf! Anyway, it didn’t go well last night. You set your alarm for five o’clock and left the house before he woke up. You also skipped work. Whatever, you’ve been working hard all week. Maybe you can stay with Marie this weekend. You aren’t looking forward to seeing Grandfather.

Notes
- You think maybe June Palmer could help you make yourself human or make Jed a werewolf. You tried to talk to her about it, but Grandfather started yelling at you. You did find out that she already knew you were a werewolf!
- Your research project is EH.

Contacts
- Marie (Liz Smith): Your friend
- Sexton Furnival (Philip Tan): Your friend
- Jed Walker (Natan): The sweetest boy in the whole world
- Foxglove (Courtney Shiley): Marie’s cousin.
- Rose Walker (Diane Christoforo): Jed’s very pregnant sister.
- Miranda Walker (Sue Swalley): Jed’s mom
- Dr. Nayeli Reyes (Stephanie Fried): Head of the PSG
- Nuala (Kristen Sunter): In the PSG
- Barbie Ravenmoon (Bertha Tang): In the PSG
- Peter Fax (Justin Stamen): Grad student
- Dr. Ivan Parov (Alex Khripin): Your grandfather
- Demi (Cassie Huang): That bitch
- June Palmer (Thista Minai): In the PSG
- Richard Madoc (Tom Giordano): The famous author
- Dr. Robert Keitel (Peter Litwack): Psychologist who works down the hall from your lab

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- Pagan Studies Group
- The Coed Coven
- Columbia Biolab
- Narod

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Werewolf
- Magic 1
- Symbology 1
- Biology 1

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Lucien

“Lucien? Were you ever alive?”
“I don’t think so, no.”
“You don’t think so?”
“I can remember the title, author, and location of every book in this library, Matthew. Every book that’s ever been dreamed. Every book that’s ever been imagined. Every book that’s ever been lost. Millions upon millions of them. That’s what I remember. It’s my job. Other things... I forget sometimes.”

— Matthew and Lucien, in SANDMAN #57: “The Kindly Ones: 1”

You are the Librarian of the greatest Library that never was, the Library of dreams. Greater than the Library of Alexandria, greater than the libraries of any monastery, sultan, king or emperor. The Library of dreams contains every book ever dreamed of, all the sequels the world never saw, all the novels of authors who never had the courage to put pen to paper, or chisel to stone, or quill to scroll. One could spend an eternity in the Library. It is vast, and no one besides you knows all the details, all the wings and subwings, what to do with books written by the illiterate, how to deal with books that conspire to escape... It’s a very big job, being Librarian of the Library of Dreams.

You have been with the library a very, very long time. You don’t actually know quite how long it’s been. You were once a raven. You were Dream’s first raven. Dream always has a raven, as a familiar, confidante, servant, and advisor. You were the first.

Somehow you became the Librarian... was there a library before you were librarian? It was so very long ago. Millions? Billions? You really can’t recall at this point, and see no reason to try to.

The Library and the Dreaming are all you exist for. From time to time you find yourself involved in someway with some happening in the waking world, and you have friendships with a handful of Dreams and Dreamers, but the Library is your main concern.

Some eighty years ago, Lord Morpheus, Dream, was captured by a foolish mortal magician. He was seeking to bind Death, but accidentally snared Dream, who was weak and returning from a long journey. He stayed there, trapped in a glass box in a basement in England, until a few years ago. He escaped, took revenge on his captor, and made his way back to the Dreaming. The Dreaming was not as he had left it. It had deteriorated slowly as he stayed away, as he was not there to correct things. Some things, which took their power directly from Dream and not the Dreaming, disappeared entirely. Many dreams stopped doing their jobs, or let standards slip, or left entirely. You did your best to keep order, to keep up hope and discipline. You missed your Lord quite a lot, though it would not do to be so free with your emotions. You have been working for him since time out of memory, and familiarity breeds a certain amount of fondness.¹

By the time Morpheus returned, the Castle had fallen to complete ruin and... and... and your library was gone. You had stayed, as your loyalty, duty and heart commanded you to. Dream regained his tools, and his power, and restored order to the Dreaming. To your great joy, you rediscovered your library. You the yourself dealing with the new books, and recataloguing and reorganizing it all. You spent your time not working on the Library performing various tasks for your master. You conducted a census of the Dreaming. Almost all the missing dreams had returned on their own when Morpheus came back, but you discovered that Fiddler’s Green, a most charming place, and three nightmares, The Corinthian, Brute and Glob, were all missing. Fiddler’s Green eventually returned. When you had occasion to travel outside the Castle, you often visited Fiddler’s Green, a lush garden and a lovely conversation partner. You were quite saddened by his death in the unfortunate events of nine months past.

Morpheus gave you the most responsibility of any dream. At times you were handling almost all of the day to day affairs of the castle and staff, and when he traveled he sometimes left you in charge. You always strived to serve to the best of your ability,

¹Lucien wouldn’t say things like this, but he cares very very deeply for Morpheus
and he never seemed displeased with your work. Lord Morpheus always tried to appear impassive and distant, but his temper and his melancholy would take over at times. You had known Lord Morpheus for a very, very long time, and... he’d changed. Ten thousand years earlier he’d condemned a lover, Nada, to hell because she would not stay with him. After his imprisonment, he, for some reason, decided he has done wrong and went to challenge the forces of Hell to free her. He freed another scorned lover, Calliope, mother of his poor tragic son, Orpheus. He... would not have done that in the past. In the old days... he did not forgive. He became more... understanding Compassionate. Friendly.

He also seemed changed after the death of his only son. Orpheus was born thousands of years ago. Through some foolish actions, he found himself dismembered and immortal. His father left him in the care of some priests, but would do nothing else. Orpheus had scorned his father, and Morpheus would not forgive this.

The Lady Delirium, your lord’s youngest sister, came to see him. Another of his love affairs, with the young lady Thessaly, had just ended. She’d left him, and he fell into a fit of melancholy. He stood on his balcony and moped, as the Dreaming rained and dreamers dreamed dreams of existential angst and sorrow.

Delirium wanted to find their lost brother, Destruction.

Three hundred years earlier, he had abandoned his realm and his family. Lord Morpheus had no real desire to seek his brother, but looked for a distraction from his melancholy. He left the Dreaming in your hands. You were a bit nervous about such responsibility, but he assured you he would always be just a step from the Dreaming. He traveled for a while with his sister, until he realized his actions were causing death and destruction. He left her company and returned to the Dreaming. The Lady Delirium was upset by this and closed off her realm to all.

Your Lord sought the advice of his elder sister, the Lady Death. She was displeased with his behavior and chose to speak to you and ignore him, asking after a book she might borrow. You found yourself flustered, unsure what to say.

Your Lord sent you away then. He resumed his journey with the Lady Delirium, and it eventually ended with Morpheus granting the boon of death to his son. Because of that mercy... terrible things happened. The Kindly Ones, The Eumenides, The Furies, The Three-In-One in their incarnation of Greek blood vengeance, came to the Dreaming to destroy your Lord. And they did.

It was nine months ago. The weather in the dreaming was dark, always on the edge of storm. It was clear to all that something was coming, something was going to happen. Lord Morpheus had been absent from the castle for some time. He was on the shores of the Dreaming, creating nightmares. He remade the Corinthian into something new.

The Cluracan of Faerie came and retrieved his sister, The Lady Nuala. During the matter over the ownership of Hell, she had been presented to your Lord as a gift, as a bribe, from Lady Titania of Faerie. Fae gifts are not to be trusted, in general, but Nuala was a... a lovely addition to the Dreaming. She was stripped of her glamour, and her home and her friends, and the transition was somewhat difficult for her. You tried to make the transition as easy as possible for her. She took to acting as a maid around the castle, to keep busy. She was the personal maid to the Thessalian Witch during her tenure as a guest in the Dreaming. Over time, she seemed to adjust to her life in the Dreaming. She sang little songs. One could hear them all down the hallways. You particularly enjoyed them, and missed them when she left. The castle just seemed... colder, without her presence.\(^2\)

Morpheus sent The Corinthian and Matthew to find and retrieve the human child Daniel Hall. Matthew had a great animosity for the previous Corinthian, which carried over to his new incarnation.

The bad air continued in the Dreaming. Your concern for your lord continued. You thought his imprisonment affected him more than he would admit. He had clearly changed. Once so sure or himself and his actions, he now questioned them. Being imprisoned taught him something. He went to rescue Nada, and Calliope. But change was not easy for him. As you realized, sometimes one must change or die, and there was, perhaps, limits to how much he could let himself change.

\(^2\)Lucien has a crush on Nuala, not that he’d admit it to anyone
The Ladies came to the Dreaming, in the form of Lyta Hall, in the form of vengeance. They were destroying the dreaming. They killed a gatekeeper, they killed Fiddler’s Green. Mervyn stood up to them, he attacked them, because your Lord sat on his throne, doing nothing. You were so upset, you spoke to him as never before.

“Mervyn’s Dead.”

“Yes”

“How... how dare you let that happen, Lord? How dare you?”

“You will not speak to me like that, Lucien.”

“I doubt I’ll be alive tomorrow, Lord. On that basis I find it particularly easy to say exactly what I think... I cannot believe that you would let him, – of all people... Mervyn was a fine soul.”

“He is far from the only one.”

“He didn’t deserve it.”

“...none of you deserve it.” You were near tears by this point.

“You can’t just sit here while they hurt us, to hurt you. Why aren’t you restoring the things they destroy?”

He didn’t respond. “So are you going to let them kill us all? Are you going to let them pull the dreaming down around your ears?”

“They will not leave until I am destroyed, by my hand or another’s. I...I knew what I was going to do, Lucien. I was going to remove the mortal woman Lyta Hall. She is what powers this aspect of the Furies. That proved... impractical.”

“And now, Lord?”

“Now I am... considering.”

He... he left the Dreaming, briefly. He was called away. Without him, the castle and the Dreaming lost its protection. Without him... The Corinthian returned, with the child Daniel. Cain came, also, with Goldie the Gargoyle. The Furies has killed his brother, something he did all the time. He was very upset.

The Furies were there. They scarred your Lord’s cheek. They threatened him, and withdrew, for the time.

You followed your Lord to his chamber. He sent you to bring him the child, Daniel, and one of the Dreamstones, the Emerald Eaglestone.

You brought them to him, and he bade you farewell. You knew what was coming, then. You thanked him for... for everything.

His elder sister, the Lady Death, came to the castle. She thanked you for the last book you had lent her. She is a most charming lady, Death. Matthew returned, and said she was to go to your Lord. So. It was happening then.

The Furies loosed your lord’s captives. Some took refuge in the Library, and you dealt with them accordingly.

Then... the storms lifted, the ravens departed, and Daniel Hall, human child, became Dream.3

***

The library is nothing without its books, and you guard them closely. Books have been stolen only a very few times over the millenia. Sometime ago, The Merrie Comedie of the Redemption of Dr. Faustus by Christopher Marlowe, a very popular book for students of English literature, was stolen. Distressed, you traveled the mortal plane searching for it, hoping your Lord would not discover your failure. You could purchase the book, but of course you not take it by force.

---

3There was a funeral, the memory of which brings Lucien discomfort. Read Sandman Library Volume X, ‘The Wake.’
Whoever currently owned it would have to be reasoned with, bargained with. You found it with a young werewolf named Vassily.

He was seeking a girl, the daughter of some Duke. You offered him riches, which were not easy to obtain, but he wanted only the girl. Eventually he got himself imprisoned by the Duke. You helped him escape through the Dreaming, where your efforts at concealment failed and Lord Morpheus discovered you. Vassily was taken to the girl, spoke with her, and returned to the Dreaming, where he ate a meal with Dream and returned to the mortal realm.

Years later you found Vassily visiting the library in a dream. You spoke, and you realized he could be of use in some little matter than concerned you in the mortal realm. He has proved a valuable friend and agent over the years. You have a feeling he will prove invaluable in the coming days as an ally and asset.

The strangest thing has been happening lately. Words have been disappearing from books in the library. Nothing like this has ever happened before. It is greatly distressing. You must and will put a stop to it.

Also, the new Lord Dream will be coronated in nine days at a great Celebration. Until that point, he will be auditioning for his new staff. You think you’d make a passable Younger Brother - you do have access to all the information Dream will ever need, after all. You also think you might make a good Mother. You did run things pretty well when you were left in charge for those eighty years. You suppose to try for both is the best plan, and catch as catch can, as it were.

Notes
- As the hole in your library grows, you will gain riddles that will lead to clues. Check your folder in The Box.

Goals
- Serve your Lord to the best of your ability
- Protect and maintain the Library
- Discover where the missing books are and retrieve them

Contacts
- Nuala (Kristen Sunter): The lovely young lady who no longer works in the Dreaming, much to your sadness
- Daniel Hall (Chris Kuklewicz): The new lord of Dreams
- Merv (David Kern): Pumpkinhead
- Cain (Rich Younger): Keeper of Mysteries
- Abel (Greg Lohman): Keeper of Secrets
- Goldie (Merry Peck): Abel’s gargoyle
- Gregory (Mark Mascaro): Cain’s gargoyle

Memory/Event Packets
- badge number: 3727

Bluesheets
- Those of the Dreaming - Dream’s Staff

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Knock Out - Restrain
- Wound - Dream Lore 2
- Assist - Symbology 1
Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Richard Madoc

You are Richard Madoc. You are in control. You are here in New York to give a speech at this comic con at Columbia University and to hold a signing for your new piece, the comic book Calliope. The reception it’s received has been gratifying. You can almost believe that with one or two more works you could regain your former place in the publishing world. It’s been a long hard road back and nobody deserves a little recognition now more than you.

Your agent has been getting on your nerves, though. Bernie alternates between urging you not to over-extend yourself and pressuring you to talk about your time at Saint Agnes’. You’d like to gloss over that part of your life and move on right away to creating the grand strange projects that used to come to you so easily. More and more, Bernie has felt like he’s getting in your way. You’d like to turn Calliope into something longer. Maybe you should find a new agent for the project.

While you’re in town, you’ve joined a little theatre group running out of Columbia University. They’re putting on a play in about a week written by the director, Professor Walsh. He hasn’t quite, well, written it yet, but you think he’ll get it done. You’re rather enjoying it, actually, as you are cast as the male lead.

There’s an added benefit to attending this convention. It gives you the opportunity to meet a man with whom you have of late been engaging in a fascinating correspondence. His name is Alexander Burgess and his father was some sort of well-regarded figure in occultic circles around the turn of the century. Alexander himself was something of a guru in the sixties and you’d heard his name in passing. Not long ago, after reading Calliope and hearing that you had difficulty sleeping, he began to send you letters about the nature of dreams, offering you advice to improve your peace of mind. After trying his suggestions, you found your mood and concentration improved wonderfully and you sent him a letter to thank him. The two of you have exchanged letters since then, mostly discussing philosophy, dreams and the creative process. He hopes to meet you this week, as he too will be in New York on business. He has hinted that there are things he would like to teach you, but only in person.

Some of the things he speaks of make you nervous. There was a time when you went quite mad, and thought you saw all manner of terrible, unreal things. He speaks of them as though they were business acquaintances. Truth be told, you’ve had the occasional doubt as to his sanity. Then again, with your history of mental illness, you can hardly throw stones.

It happened towards the beginning of your rise to fame. Manic episode, the doctors said. You developed writer’s block. You sought out your childhood role model, the author Erasmus Fry. He was a strange one. He promised to cure your inability to write in exchange for finding him a variety of strange things. Bezoar, you remember that one.

There was a girl - Or, there wasn’t a girl, but you thought there was. You thought she lived in your closet and that you had sex with her every night and that she brought you luck, and ideas. During your dizzying rise to prominence, no one knew of your delusions.

Then one night, you had a breakdown. You came home to find a horrible wraith-like man, dressed all in black, threatening you with suffering and pain if you didn’t give him the girl. You ran off to the party, terrified of having to return to your apartment.

On your way there, your head began to spin with a hundred ideas coming so quickly that you couldn’t make sense of them. You aren’t entirely clear what happened after that, but your hands remain so deformed, even after several surgeries, that you still wear gloves at all times.

During your time at Saint Agnes’ you were put on a variety of anti-psychotics, anti-depressants, anti-anxiety medications... All of them left you feeling muddled and numb. Finally something must have worked because you began to feel a little like yourself again. Dr. Garrett said that the girl represented your insecurity about your worth as a writer and that the pale man represented your fear of authority. He said it was a Freudian’s dream, but one doesn’t put as much stock in that sort of thing as one used to, does one?

At any rate, you’re glad to be out. You didn’t belong in that hospital, having to ask permission to go out for a smoke. That’s
not the place for Richard Madoc, the well-known writer, a man of the People.

It’s not something you thought about much when you were younger, but being of the People has felt more central to your identity as you’ve reached middle age. You’re even starting to think maybe you should find a woman and raise a child to know about the ancient ways and to hunt in the forests given by the Earth to the People.

“Werewolf” is such an ugly word. “Loux-garou” sounds pretentious as sin. You prefer “vrkolak,” the word most familiar to you, as you are originally of Bulgarian extraction. Most of the time, “the People” will suffice.

You love to watch old werewolf movies on TV - they’re hilarious. You may be susceptible to silver bullets to the heart (then again, who isn’t?), but all that crap about drinking water from the paw print of a wolf, wolfsbane, the full moon and so forth - it’s all just a way for people to feel a little better, to think they have some control over the vrkolaks among them. The special effects are awful, of course. The part man/part wolf form, the Form, is powerful and beautiful and has never been accurately represented.

The best part about those movies is the fear that the werewolf’s bite will turn an ordinary human into vrkolak. As if that were a thing to be feared. As if it wasn’t just a sign of the insecurity that anyone who once had seen a running pack would feel knowing that he was not, in fact, a member of the highest form of life on this planet. You know. You are one of them.

You’re not one of the antiquities of the Old Country, though. Narod vrkolak think they have a monopoly on God’s own truth, as it were. They keep on doing things the way they’ve always been done, and it’s not that there’s anything so wrong with that, but it’s not for you. You’ve always had an independant streak. You’ve been a Razvorotnik since you were an adolescent. Your father kicked you out of the house.

It’s not such a different thing to be Razvorotniki, especially if you’re possessed of a certain... objective kind of mindset to begin with. It’s a new world, after all, and the Narod are living in the old one. You like new things. You like people. Sure, you’re somewhat stronger, somewhat faster, probably smarter, longer lived and the like, but just because you’re *better* than them doesn’t mean you can’t enjoy the culture and the world that they’ve created. There are more of them than there are of you; there’s no shame in enjoying the dominant culture while remembering your own distinct nature.

Narod have a lot of rules, and most of them make a certain kind of sense. Kill only when necessary. Honor thy elders. Protect your kin and clan. You know - the standard religious boilerplate. Then there’s things like the taboo on eating brain tissue, the kind of things which probably derive from folk knowledge of what causes disease. These kinds of rules are generally respected by the Razvorotniki.

On the other hand, you’ve got your superstition and cultural propagation tools mixed in there, too. “Never kill a wolf or a dog” - it reeks of a belief in sympathetic magic. You can’t sympathize with the hero of one of your childhood bedtime stories who allowed a wolf to kidnap his child rather than shoot at it with a sling, lest he cause its death. “Only mate in the Form which reveals all of your nature” is just an old wives’ tale that mating all the way in human (or all the way in wolf) form might raise the likelihood of an unfortunate Unchanging birth. Unchangers are either born as wolf cubs and killed or born looking like normal vrkolak children (who look mostly like humans) but never develop the ability to change form. Unchangers grow up to be priests and priestesses in the seasonal rituals but are never permitted to mate or to marry.

The third category of rules that the Narod follow seem to be designed to protect and propagate the People. The absolute prohibition on telling outsiders of the existence or the ways of the People is clearly designed to protect the vrkolak from easily frightened humans. The supposed sacred calling to shepherd the humans was probably invented as a check on vrkolak aggression against the inferior but multitudinous hordes, again in order to avoid detection. On top of that, the Norad believe in burning their settlements to the ground and moving a year’s journey every thirty years. It does wonderful things, you’re sure, for their obscurity, but terrible things to a person like you who wants a career, a name for himself in the human world.

As for propagating the People, it makes sense that diluting the vrkolak bloodline eventually results in exclusively Unchanging children. It takes seven generations from the first vrkolak-human mating but at that point any chance of Changing vrkolak birth is gone. The best way for the People not to die out is to practice strict endogamy (marriage within the group). The sexual taboo
probably helps with that - it makes sex with a human doubly transgressive.

Anyway, the Razvorotniki have changed a lot of those rules in order to live in cities among humans. No more mandated moving or burning - the only rule is to avoid attracting suspicion at your slow rate of aging. Fortunately, the advent of plastic surgery has prevented much suspicion from falling on the heads of many vrkolaks. It’s encouraged that one attempt to marry within the People. It’s easier, particularly if you have a Changing child. Nevertheless, if you do marry out, you will not be shunned and you can tell your spouse the truth (although if he or she tells anyone else, things would get ugly quickly for him or her). Your children will be as valued as any others. Changing or Unchanging isn’t seen as such a big deal to the Razvorotniki. You probably don’t hunt much in the suburbs, and Razvorotnik spend the majority of their time in human form. Contrasted with the Norad, who live in isolated towns going around in Form most of the time and who kill any part-vrkolak offspring to the seventh generation, the Razvorotniki are a pretty non-threatening bunch.

But. Unlike the Norad, who believe it is their calling to safeguard human life, a Razvorotnik has no such compulsion. Razvorotniki tend to be young, they tend to be aggressive and they seem to gravitate to bar fights, gang life and such. Humans who get in the way, get in the way. It’s definitely a system with which you feel more comfortable.

Something funny happened, actually, while you were setting up your space at the convention yesterday. You met a group of teenagers, fans of your work, and two of them were vrkolak. That’s pretty unusual, even in New York. The boy was a part-breed. You wonder if he’s a Changer. He’d probably know by now. The girl (and this is more interesting) is a full-blooded vrkolak. You know the children of Razvorotniki in the area. She must be the daughter of a Norad. That’s not something you see almost ever.

You remember the first Razvorotnik you met. He taught you his ways and it opened your eyes. Perhaps you can do the same thing for this girl, this Larraine. As for the boy, if his parents aren’t of the People, he’s a sitting duck without even realizing it. If any Norad were to run into him, they’d kill him. He needs a mentor, a protector, a contact into the network of Razvorotniki, and you think it might be just amusing enough that you’d like to do it. If you can bring the girl around to your way of thinking, so much the better, although you’d better stay far clear of any parents. You don’t feel bad doing this. If the Razvorotniki weren’t right, the Norad wouldn’t be so afraid of their children hearing what they had to say.

Contacts
- Larraine (Diandra Lucia): One of the People
- Jed Walker (Natan): One of the People
- Alexander Burgess: The man you have been corresponding with

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- Professor Walsh’s Production - Narod

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Werewolf
- Dream Lore 1
- Creativity 2
- Arcane Lore 1
- Psychology 1
- Trancendental Meditiation 1
Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 3
Marie

“Jolene heard her father’s uneven snores. Right then she knew there must be something more. Jolene heard the singing in the forest. She opened the door quietly and stepped into the night.”

– “Jolene”, Cake

You grew up in a boring, small town in Mississippi, in a big, Southern Baptist family. You had cousins and aunts and second cousins once removed all over. It was... peaceful. You were always smarter than the other kids, which they resented, but you tried to be quiet about it and not let anyone know when you went and hid in the orchard and read a book. It wasn’t that bad. You had three little siblings, Jenny, Mary-Lou and Billy, and you adored them. You were sort of a substitute mother when your own mother wasn’t feeling well. She’d go through phases when she’d spend a lot of time in bed, and you’d take the kids outside so they wouldn’t bother her with their noise.

Then... then you hit puberty. You hit puberty too young, and became pretty. Too damn pretty for your own good.

Daddy always said what a pretty girl you were. You hope he dies and rots in Hell. Daddy and his friends used to take you out hunting and fishing with them. Jenny and Billy were always jealous, because Daddy gave you special attention. You pray to whatever gods there may be that they never get the kind of attention you got on those trips. Because your father is a sick, perverted man, and he and his friends... they took you on their trips to rape you. It completely shattered your worldview, your happiness, your life. You dear, darling Daddy, who you adored, was raping you. You try so hard not to think about it now. It happened a long time ago. You’re a different person now, you’re in a different place, it isn’t going to happen again, but you still have nightmares about it.

You felt so alone. There was no one you could go to. No one at all. You took to hiding in your room and crying for hours, but the door didn’t lock and people would insist on coming in and trying to find out what was wrong with you. So you started locking yourself in the bathroom and taking very long baths and showers. Or you’d go hide in the orchard. The misery was just overwhelming. You hated them, you hated yourself, you hated your mother for not saving you, you hated the world for not noticing or caring. You felt utterly alone. And one day it all got to be too much. And you got your daddy’s big old hunting knife, and you locked yourself in the bathroom, and you started to slice. And when you woke up in the hospital with bandages all down your arms, you were...somehow...still glad to be alive.

Your family did not know what to do. The social workers at the hospital were questioning you a lot. They knew something was wrong with you. It was then, in seeing the way your mother acted around you, that you realized that she knew. She knew what your father was doing to you. That stupid, spineless bitch, your mother... You had been pretending to yourself that she just didn’t know. But she did, and didn’t do anything. You couldn’t stand to stay there another minute. You told her (not your father, you couldn’t stand up to him, not the man who was the source of all your nightmares, but your mother, you could deal with her) that you were leaving. That you weren’t coming back. That she was going to pay for your bus ticket and let you leave, or you’d tell everyone, starting with the social workers, exactly what had been happening. And that if she didn’t send your siblings away, to live with your grandmother, or to anyone, anywhere away from your father, that you’d tell the Social Workers and that they would. She cried, and she gave you the money. You never said goodbye to her. Your siblings came to see you, and you told them how much you loved them and that you had to leave, told them to call cousin Donna to find you if they ever needed anything, if anyone ever did anything bad to them, if they ever thought they had no one to talk to, no one to help them. They didn’t really seem to understand.

You moved to New York and stayed with your second cousin Donna. You’d only met at a family reunion once, but you’d connected and she’d given you her address, and you’d exchanged occasional letters and cards on holidays. She was surprised to find you on her doorstep, with no warning, three years since the only time you’d met. Donna has changed her name to Foxglove,
has decided to become a singer-songwriter and was living with her pregnant girlfriend, Hazel.

You enrolled in a high school. It’s... okay. You haven’t made many friends there. You hung out with Fox and her friends, and it was nice, but they were never really your friends.

The night of Fox’s first real performance, Hazel introduced you to this boy at the club, her boss’s son. He was a sweet, if confused, little thing. He was with a very pretty goth girl. You only talked to him for a few minutes, but... there was something about him. He claimed to be suicidal, but wasn’t very convincing. You told him, ‘You really are a child. You know, ennui is insufficient reason to commit suicide.” You got his number from Hazel, and gave him a call. You went to a party together a few days later, it was a “not-a-date”. The party wasn’t very interesting, and somehow you wound up sitting in someone’s bedroom, you don’t even remember whose, and talking. For hours. The party ended without you noticing and you went for a walk. Spent another hour or two nursing cups of coffee at a diner, then you walked around as the sun came up over Manhattan.

What did you talk about that night? Oh, the things a pair of teenagers who’ve just met and who think too much talk about when they stay up all night. Death, and life, and unfairness, about all the terrible things that happen in life. The goth girl he’d been with, Didi, had died that day you met him. One minute she was filled with life, the next, death. He didn’t want to talk about it at first, but once you got him to open up a bit it was clear he was in a lot of pain. You just wanted to wrap your arms around him and take all his pain away. Instead you put your hand on his. It was the first time you touched.

It’s hard to get Sexton to open up about a lot of things, but when you do see inside... You get glimpses, and you like what you see. He’s a really wonderful person, and... you think you love him. Neither of you have used the L word, and you’re not sure how he really feels about you, but, yeah, you think you love Sexton. It’s scary. You really wish he’d open up to you more. It would make it easier for you to open up to him. You are really close, but there are still these barriers that trouble you. The first night you met him, you told him about your ‘friend’ who had been abused, who’d tried to kill herself, who was still happy to be alive. You know he knows it was you, you’ve talked in general about your life back in Mississippi, but you’ve never told him about what happened in detail, and he hasn’t asked. You try not to think about it too much, but it’s a part of who you are.

You still hurt. But you try to keep it inside. Your friends are troubled enough as it is, they don’t need your pain on top of it all. You write dark poetry or lie in your bed and cry when you really need some immediate release. The one place you can let it out and not be alone is in your support group for survivors of abuse. You go there with Jed Walker. He’s the brother of Rose Walker. You’d heard that he’d been abused, so when he asked you about your gloves, you told him. Then he told you about his life. While your life was okay before puberty and always had some bright spots, his was utter misery for years. He was shuffled around between relatives and locked in a terrible basement. He doesn’t talk about all of the details in group, but he’s told you. You both abide by the group’s strict confidentiality rules and don’t even tell your friends about the existence of it. Jed is a really wonderful boy, and you have a special connection with him.

Unfortunately, Sexton Furnival is jealous of your relationship with Jed. They just clash for some reason. He doesn’t know about your group, and gets paranoid about the time you spend with him. Silly boy. You wish he’d calm down. Yes, you will admit (to yourself, only to yourself) that Jed is kind of attractive, but you would never act on it. You’d also never admit that Larraine is so beautiful, so alive...

You have healthy outlets for your pain now. You’re not going to try to kill yourself again. You’re not going to cut yourself. You’re not going to force your friends to listen to you sob for hours. You’ve got it all under control. You’re Marie! You’re everyone’s confidante. You give more than you take... or at least you try to. You worry sometimes, that you’re not really helping them for saking of being there for them, because it’s the right thing to do. You worry that you’re just doing it because it makes you feel good to be there for other people in pain, to make them feel a little better, take some of their pain from them. Because it does make you feel so good. But you’re also helping them! It’s not bad, just... codependent. The people in your life have been so wonderful to you, you want to be there for them.

And yet... you feel like your closest friends, Jed and Larraine and Sexton, are always holding back, somehow. They talk
about all the little problems in their lives, and about big ideas about the world, but... it’s frustrating. You don’t want to force the issue, but you really, really wish everyone could open up to each other. Even Jed, who’ll talk to you about his childhood, seems to be holding something back. It’s not the same as you not talking about your childhood with everyone. That’s for their benefit. They don’t want to hear about all that horrible stuff. It would be unfair of you to burden them with it. And you can handle it, really, you can. You are in control of your pain. Usually. And when you aren’t, you’re uncontrolled in controlled ways. You’re fine. Really.

sigh

Sometimes you wish you could talk about it with your friends. You’d all be better off if you could understand each other better.

You hope this magic spell you’re working on might help with this. You hope it will let you see the world through each other’s eyes, and solve some of your problems. You’re sure that you’d be better able to help your friends, and Sexton would get over his problems with Jed, and... you really hope it works. You’re still new to magic, but... something about it just feels so right. Your teachers have been really supportive and they say you have a lot of potential.

You, Sexton, Larraine and Jed Walker have been getting together on your own to work on spells. Trying to tap into feminine magic with the all-female group is interesting, but you think there is power in the male-female dynamic as well.

You started going to a magic study group at Columbia with Fox a few months ago. It’s run by a Women’s Studies professor, Dr. Nayeli Reyes. The second time you went with Fox, there was a woman there, June Palmer, that Fox knew. Fox seemed really nervous around her. She said they used to live in the same building. Fox told you that some really weird stuff had happened the night her old apartment was knocked down in Hurricane Lisa. Another woman showed up later, Barbie Ravenmoon, who also lived there then.

Then there’s Rose Walker, who Fox was also weird about when she first saw her. She says she was the token straight friend of her dead ex-girlfriend, Judy. Does Fox have problems with every woman in New York? She got over it, though, and they are friends now.

Larraine started coming along with you. She knew June Palmer from her grandfather’s lab. As time went by, you both started getting more interested in it. Sexton Furnival and Jed Walker didn’t act very interested at first, but your and Larraine’s enthusiasm was infectious and they eventually came along with you to study group. You were shocked by Dr. Nayeli Reyes’s reaction. You knew she had some strong feminist views, but you’d never seen her have such hatred for men. She refused to let them in at all. Larraine and you were really torn about whether to continue in such a discriminatory group, but you’ve been learning so much you’re just not willing to give it up. Sexton and Jed have responded by occasionally protesting your meetings while bored. Maybe it will bring them together.

***

Recently while you were out with Chloe Russell a very attractive young man came up and started chatting with you. Chloe Russell said he was a friend of her mother. He started saying strange things to Chloe Russell, about how her parents weren’t her parents and how he could take her to find her real parents if she’d come on a Quest with him and some other nice people, and how you should come along too. Chloe Russell is insistent on going, and he does seem to know her mother, Janice. And he seems like such a nice, charming man. You’ll go along and see what it’s all about.

***

When you started babysitting Chloe, she showed you a park she likes to play in. There was this girl there, Melissa Newman, whom Chloe ran over to play with. She seems a bit old to play with Chloe, she’s probably twelve or so, but she doesn’t act it. She acts immaturely, but you think this may be a reaction to having dealt with a lot. She won’t talk much about it, but she obviously comes from a messed up family. She’s mentioned a twin brother, and another brother and sister. She won’t say
anything about where they are now. You don’t push too much, because you really don’t want to upset her. She deserves some happiness. You privately suspect social services split up the family. She seem to both miss them and hate them. You and Jed have been thinking of trying to get her to go to your support group. You worry about her. She seems to have really taken a liking to you and your friends. You often take her to get ice cream or on other outings with Chloe. You think the boys might sympathize with her apparent lack of friends.

It all reminds you too much of your own life. You really really miss Mary-Sue and Billy and Jenny, but you just can’t deal with going back and dealing with anyone in your family yet. You really hope they are doing alright.

Yesterday, a man showed up looking for Melissa. He said he was her Uncle Robert and her guardian. He wanted nothing to with him. He turned to you and said, in that mildly consiratorial “we’re adults we know best” tone of voice you always hated, said she was just young and troubled. The whole situation made you uneasy. You’re really worried about Melissa.

***

This weekend there’s a comic convention in town. Two of your favorite authors will be in attendance. Richard Madoc has recently returned to the comic book scene after spending several years in a mental institution. His work is ontense and sincere. It’s that kind of art that makes teanged girls like you feel like the author must really understand your pain. You feel ridiculous and trite, but you still feel that way. Jed Walker and Larraine got his autograph yesterday, but you haven’t seen him yet.

Nigel Ellison is an up-and-coming comic writer you’d also like to meet or hear talk. You wonder if he’s looks as dark and brooding and attractive in real life as he does in pictures. He is known for wearing leather jackets and sunglasses all the time.

There is also a charity auction for the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund. You’d really like to pick up a rare issue of the Weirdzos for Sexton. It would make a great anniversary gift.

Contacts

- Nuala (Kristen Sunter): In the Pagan Studies Group. You don’t really know her.
- Dr. Nayeli Reyes (Stephanie Fried): The leader of the Pagan Studies Group. She is very strong, and sometimes offensive, in her beliefs.
- Rose Walker (Diane Christoforo): Jed’s sister. Pregnant. in the Pagan Studies Group
- Hazel McNamara: Sexton got you a job working for her in Sylvia’s restaurant
- Foxglove (Courtney Shiley): Your second cousin. You live with her. PSG
- June Palmer (Thista Minai): member of the Pagan Studies Group
- Larraine (Diandra Lucia): one of your best friends. You don’t know why she and Jed aren’t dating yet, besides her grandfa ther’s objections.
- Nemesis (Mike Person): The very attractive man leading you on the quest
- Chloe Russell (Dawn Ash): The little girl you babysit for.
- Sexton Furnival (Philip Tan): You dear boyfriend. You wish he would calm down about Jed.
- Melissa Newman (Susan Born): Chloe’s friend. You’re worried she might have been abused.
- Misty (Michelle Goldberg): Chloe’s cat.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Pagan Studies Group
- The Coed Coven
Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Magic 2
- Arcane Lore 1
- Symbology 1
- Astrology 1

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Matthew

You’re a raven. Used to be a man, Matt Cable, but now you’re a raven. Matthew the raven. You thought, when you got offered the “go be a raven in the dreaming instead of dying” deal that you’d be a man in a raven’s body. But no, you’re a raven. ’sokay, being a raven. Flying is cool, you eat eyeballs.

Back when you were a man, you worked for the government. You were supposed to be protecting Alec and Linda Holland, and they died. That lead you to meet Abby and the what Alec turned into, the big green guy, Swamp Thing. Thwe three of you had good times for awhile, you and Abby got married. Then you fucked it all up, started drinking too much, acting like a real shit.

Crashed your car while drunk. Idiot. Saved your ass by making a deal with that bastard Arcane, Abby’s uncle. Stupid thing to do. You let him posses your body. Killed Abby with it. You overcame him, saved Abby, but wound up in a coma for three years. Then you got this raven deal instead. Put your old life, and Abby, behind you. Abby put you behind her. She’s with Swamp thing now... but that’s not your life anymore. Matthew Joseph Cable is dead. They have a little girl now. Tefe. You met her in a dream, once.

You became the trusted servant, and messenger, and sometimes confidant of Morpheus, Dream. Your Boss. Dream always has a raven. He was the best boss you ever had. He was the most important person in the world to you. You should have died with him.

You’re Dream’s raven, but you’re also Eve’s raven. Things work like that in the dreaming, you know? Eve spends most, but not all, of her time in her cave in the nightmare realms. She’s slowly been coming out of nightmares more.

You spent a couple of years as Dream’s raven. They were really good years. Better than anything you had on earth, really. Hung out with other dreams when Dream or Eve didn’t need you. Weird bunch, dreams. Abel’s nice, but his relationship with his brother Cain is just too weird. Merv’s a good guy, but, y’know, he’s almost too practical. Can’t see the big picture. Nuala was a fae girl, used to work as a maid in the castle. Life was pretty damn good.

Then you didn’t see the Boss for awhile... hard to tell how long. Time is screwy in the dreaming. You found him remaking the Corinthian, who he’d had to destroy after he turned on Morpheus. He sent you off on a mission with him. You didn’t like that.

Then... then it all went to hell. The Kindly Ones, The Furies, attacked the dreaming, and Morpheus let them kill him. 1

After the boss died, You were the most miserable you’d been since before you died. You were his raven. Sure, you’re Eve’s raven too, but she doesn’t need you like he did. The new guy, Daniel, Dream, offered to send you on. You thought about it. You went to the funeral, and you agave a speech. You decided to hang around and help the new Dream. Your not his raven, not the way you were Morpheus’s raven, but you can help him out. 2

And the New Dream, he’s... he’s okay. He does a good job. He’s, um... nicer than Morpheus was. And, um... he’s okay. You like working for him. It’s not like it was before, but it’s good. It’s okay. You like it.

Right now he’s got you working on making sure some Dreamstones don’t fall into the wrong hands, whoever’s hands that might mean. Dreamstones are powerful things and you wouldn’t one to see one in the wrong hands. That happened once, and, well, it was bad. You’re stuck working with the Corinthian again, though. He still creeps you the hell out. He’s just not... right.

Then, a few days ago, you were flying around on the edge of Dreaming, and you saw a white shape down below. Something

---

1 go read the kindly ones. seriously. it’s a long ass book and i ain’t recapping it here for your sorry ass. Morpheus, died, Matthew was wicked sad.

2 again, go read The Wake, seriously. there is lovely emotional development and neil gaiman does a great job on it. i can’t. go read it. he decides to hang around and help out the new kid, okay?
about it caught your attention. You flew down and... there he was. Pale as snow, looked like shit, but there he was, back again. Your boss.

You don’t know how, and you don’t know why, but you have never been so happy to see someone. You’ve been bringing him items, things he made, so he can get some power back and figure out what’s going on. He says he does not know why he’s back. He seems really really down, but, you’re sure he’ll pick up once he gets some of his strength back.

You are so glad he’s back. He can make things work this time. No way are you letting him leave again. No way in all the universe. And you’ll be together now. He must want to live, and be Dream again, mustn’t he?

Notes
- You are a raven. You wear a black headband. You can fly, which mostly just means you can instantly escape from any martial combat. You can still get shot and stuff.
- Your body is only one hand bulky, and you can only carry one hand’s worth of stuff. You can’t wield any weapons, but in the Dreaming, you may use a dart gun.

Contacts
- Morpheus (Chris Walsh): Your boss. The most important person to you in the world.
- Eve (Erin Price): You live with her, mostly
- Merv (David Kern): Pumpkinhead
- Lucien (Kevin Chen): Librarian
- Daniel Hall (Chris Kuklewicz): The new Dream. Just not the same as it was under Morpheus

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- Those of the Dreaming
  - Dream’s Staff

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
  - Restrain
  - Dream Lore 1

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 1
Merv

“...The outspoken, opinionated, and mildly disgruntled handyman of The Dream Lord’s castle tends to his daily labors secure in the conviction that The Dreaming would run a lot more smoothly if his advice were only heeded. A constant critic of Morpheus’ decisions and methods, he reserves his carping for those times when Dream is far out of earshot. When confronted by The Master, he turns suddenly and strangely agreeable. Mervyn takes pride in his work as a laborer and, despite his pumpkin head and jack o’lantern face, considers himself an average, salt-of-the-earth joe.”

People call you Merv. You and your guys, you do the REAL work around the Dreaming. Who paints the sky in dreams? Who lays down the grass? That’s you and your boys. You’re a real salt-o-the-earth kinda fellow.

You worked for Lord Morpheus, Dream. He was the incarnation of Dream, which means he’d mope around and loom and order people around. Ya hardly ever saw him doing any real work himself. ’Course, the place did go to shit when he was captured those seventy years. Couldn’t get anything done in the dreaming, just chaos. You went and drove a bus for awhile, but you came back soon as he did, unlike some dreams, like those bastards Brute and Glob, or the Corinthian. Brute and Glob were holed up inside some poor kid’s head, they say, and the Corinthian got weird, went native down there on Earth or sumthin’. Morpheus got rid of him, but made a new one last year, right before, well, y’know, when it all went to shit. You even died for a bit, then, defending the Dreaming. Someone needed to, and he Boss wasn’t, so you and your boys went out and died for the cause.

It’s not that’d you woulda said the boss was a FLAKE, really, but it rubs off when ya hang around artists and them all the time. He was a good guy, but he really could have done to spend more time with people like you. Maybe things woulda gone differently... And he was changing a bit, there at the end. Bit friendlier, sometimes. But, shit happens, and he’s gone now.

The new guy, he’s alright. Different. Very different. Still not down to earth, walking around in gardens and shit like that. But a bit more understanding of the common man, y’know? Well, maybe. At least he tries to talk to people as equals. Usually. He still does the monarch thing, especially if people try to exploit his friendliness to get away with things Morpheus would never have let fly. Doesn’t work though.

Lucien, ole Loosh, he’s a good guy too. Librarian, though. Head in books all the time. Matthew, the raven, he’s a pretty solid guy most of the time. He used to get caught up in Morpheus’s stuff when he’d spend too much time with him. Thinking about great big ideas instead of pratical things. He didn’t deal too well with Morpheus’s death. Still hasn’t gotten over it, that’s what most people say. He hangs out with Eve, too. You don’t see much of her, she’s usually off in her cave.

Now, the new Dream, he’s doing a pretty good job with things, but he don’t get it all down yet. It’s a big job, the dreaming. You should know, you do most of it! The outer parts of the dreaming, they went wild when the bad shit went down last year. He’s got them mostly under control, but there’s been nightmares running loose lately. So, of course, it’s your job to fix it. Figures. The Corinthian and The Fashion Thing help you out with that. You’re a commanding prescence, and they know that. You can get people to do what needs to be done.

Then there’s the party, celebration, coronation, whatever. “Oh, let’s have a big fancy party and invite everyone”. But they don’t think about what needs to be done, no. The rooms for the guests, the cleaning, all the new things they’ll want built, they always want things built... and who has to do it all? You of course. Not like anyone else could handle it, though. You like your job, you could just do for a little bit more appreciation sometimes. Y’know?

In fact, you’re thinking that maybe a little more appreciation is in order. You could get that appreciation if you had an official position in Daniel’s staff. You would do a great job as the Mother - isn’t that your job already, running things and watchin’ over people? You’re a regular natural for it. And this Father role, that’s pretty appealing, too. You could be a champion. Fighting off those nightmares lately, it’s made you feel so alive. Right then, catch as catch can, you’ll be trying out for them both. And then you’ll be sure to get the appreciation you deserve - not a lot, just a fair amount.
Contacts
- Lucien (Kevin Chen): Librarian. Runs things for Dream sometimes
- Matthew (Hongyi Hu): Raven. Good guy, if hung up on Morpheus’s death
- The Fashion Thing (Beth Baniszewski): Bounces around wearing silly outfits, some of which leave nothing to the imagina-
tion, if you know what I mean, but is very capable when you need her help. Also rather attractive, in a kicking-butt-and-
taking-names-sort of way.
- Nigel Ellison (Clint Lohse): Nightmare. Other people find him creepy, but you think he’s useful
- Cain (Rich Younger): Keeper of Mysteries. Weirdo. Kills him brother all the time
- Abel (Greg Lohman): Keeper of Secrets. Lets his brother kill him. Not your problem, though. Dreams are weird, ya know?
- Eve (Erin Price): Spends most of her time in nightmares
- Gregory (Mark Mascaro): Gargoyle. Lives with Cain.
- Glob (Rickland Powell): Nightmare.

Memory/Event Packets
- badge number: 3727

Bluesheets
- Those of the Dreaming - Dream’s Staff

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Knock Out - Assist
- Wound - Restrain

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Charles Milton

"Pride goeth before a fall."

From the Book of Genesis, Chapter 1: "1 In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. 2 And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. 3 And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. 4 And God saw the light, that it was good..."

And the first of the angels that He created, and the greatest, was known at first as Samael, and later known as the Lightbringer, Lucifer Morningstar. And Lucifer Morningstar, being the greatest of the choir of Seraphim, wise and passionate and beautiful beyond the ken of the other Seraphs, did care greatly for and lead his fellow servant of God, and grew to have obedience from the angels, and his word was like unto the Word of the Lord.

And for time beyond time, Samael served faithfully, caring deeply for the Lord and all His works, until his pride and belief in himself became too great, and he presumed to know more than the Lord. And he did rebel against the Lord, quietly at first but then openly, gathering other angels from all choirs to his banner. And when his words were not heeded he turned to blades, and marched fully one-third of the Hosts of Heaven against the other part, and there was a battle longer than the lifespan of any man that now draws breath, where in the end the Lightbringer and his hosts were defeated and Fell.

They fell for thousands of years, from the cool beauty and grace of the Silver City, reaching eventually its dark reflection, the eternal pits of fire and torment, Hell. And there Lucifer was charged to lead the damned as he had when he led them to rebel against the Lord, and there did he reign unopposed for ten billion years, if years can be said to have any meaning here.

And then, one day, Cain showed up. You recognized him, of course (you tend to remember anyone else who gets singled out by the Supreme Creator for personal attention and punishment), and asked him what brought him here... turns out that Dream was finally going to come by, probably to see what he could do about a woman he himself cast into Hell some ten thousand years earlier. And everything kind of... clicked.

You see, for quite some time you always thought that you had rebelled against God, altered his plan, if only slightly. But, eventually, you figured it out. All happened as it was supposed to. Someone had to run Hell... if it wasn’t you, it would have been someone else. But, at this point, you’d been running hell for ten billion years - literally a Hell of a long time. You’d been getting weary of it for some thousands of years now, but something that day ¹ finally made you realize that, even here, you will still a pawn of He To Whom You No Longer Speak. So, you left.

Quit.

Handed over the key to Dream of the Endless and told him to have a ball with it. (You were somewhat miffed with him at the time anyway.)

Do you have any idea how hard it is to get a job in the modern world when you’ve only done one thing for the past ten billion years and your reference won’t even return phone calls? As it turns out, though, there are a lot of successful businessmen in the world who think they owe you something ², and now you own (among other things) and operate a small pub in New York City, with the assistance of your ladylove Rebecca.

She’s a fine and beautiful woman, and she loves you. The only child of Lilith ever to be born not whole demon, Rebecca is half human, half demon. She’s the result of an experiment Lilith begged you to perform some time ago, in her effort to have even a single non-demonic child. The experiment worked, and you took a personal interest in Rebecca, the result. She quickly fell in

¹ Strangely enough, Morpheus, the Lord Shaper, was himself one of the most immutable persons ever to exist. He came to Hell to undo something that he himself had done and swore never to undo. If he could change, even a little bit...
² They don’t. You do not traffic in souls - no one does, it’s impossible. A soul is its own, by definition. But you’ve done worse than lie to a businessman who thinks he’s sold his soul to the Devil before...
love with you, and over time, you began to return that love. However, her mother Lilith keeps cropping up as an obstacle to your mutual happiness, and is generally making a nuisance of herself.

Loki came to you recently with a small problem (he’s got no eyes and a battered body) and a proposition (he gets to use each of yours for a while in exchange for some favors). You said yes. You're still here, still perceiving everything that’s going on around you, and even able to effect things a little - but for the most part, Loki is in charge. Just in case he gets uppity, though, Mazikeen has the ability to kick him out of you, if only for a little while. Here’s the deal: he gets to use your body for a brief time, and while he’s in there, he kills Lilith for you. You’d do it yourself, but that just seems kind of cold - this was is less personal, really. Better for everyone.

Since you’ve been possessed, you heard something about a possible rupture of Hell, or something to that effect. It’s really not your job anymore, but you know the denizens of Hell better than anyone, and it would probably be bad if they all broke loose. Unfortunately for you (and maybe everyone else) Loki does not really share that opinion, so there’s not much you can do about it for now.

**Goals**
- Have Loki kill Lilith
- Help Loki get a new body so he gets out of yours
- Once Loki is gone, look into that whole ‘all Hell breaking loose’ thing

**Notes**
- You’re Satan. You were the greatest, wisest, most passionate and beautiful of all the angels. You play a mean piano. You’re still, when you get right down to it, pretty awesome. Roleplay accordingly.
- This sheet is you. Loki merely sits on top (until he is gone). But that means, by default, Loki is the character acting. Lucifer gets to watch. Postgame, if Loki is still “here” Lucifer will be able to throw him off, anyway.
- If Loki succeeds in moving elsewhere, you (the player) will need to go spend up to an hour or so filling the new person in on Loki, and what he’s been up to so far in game. Do this as best as you can; the GMs will not fault you for forgetting details.

**Contacts**
- Rebecca (Lauren Schiff): Your ladylove and emergency no-Loki button.
- Dr. Nayeli Reyes (Stephanie Fried): First woman created and Mazikeen’s interfering mother
- Loki: Norse god of lies and deceit who is possessing you
- Eve (Erin Price): Adam’s third wife, mother of human race
- Cain (Rich Younger): First man born of woman
- Abel (Greg Lohman): Second man born of woman
- Titania: Queen of the fae
- Auberon: King of the fae
- Mr. Jansen (Aaron Finck): Quiet fellow who now holds the Key to Hell
- Professor Alastair Saroff (Jake Beal): Troubling fellow who now is vacillating all over Hell

**Memory/Event Packets**
- Ω Packet
- λ Packet
- Gamma Packet

**Bluesheets**
- The Christian Mythos
- The Norse Mythos

**Greensheets**
- Gods and Monsters
Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Immortal
- Magic 2

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 3
Loki

Breathe, drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH! Damn you, Sigyn! Let Ragnarok come all the sooner that I might be rid of you and this damned snake!”

Breathe, drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.

Drip, splash.
Drip, splash.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH! Sigyn! Curse you to all the Hells that are and never shall be! You move too slowly, woman... too slowly...”

Breathe, drip, splash.
Drip, splash.

“When you want to fool the world, tell the truth.”
– Otto von Bismarck

“A lie gets halfway around the world before the truth has a chance to get its pants on.”
– Winston Churchill

“The trust of the innocent is the liar’s most useful tool.”
– Stephen King

It’s not easy being Loki Lie-Smith, so dreaded by your peers that they chained you with the entrails of your own son beneath the world, and still fear to speak your name. Worse still when the man who does it is Odin, your sworn blood brother. Then the bastard breaks you out to help you move into Hell, and he can’t even pull that off right. However, you managed, while broken out, to switch yourself with Lord Susano-no-Mikoto, a Japanese storm god of the Floating Islands. He got taken back to the cavern under the world by Odin, instead of you. Morpheus found you out after a day or so, but would not allow Mikoto to take your place in torment - Endless never understand the problems with storm gods, really. He was going to make you go back to the cavern with the snake and the dripping, but then he made you a better offer...

With some help from The Puck, you ’nabbed this kid, Daniel Hall, and then proceeded to burn away all (or almost all, as it ended up) of his mortality. Before you could finish the process though, Morpheus’ lapdog, Nigel Ellison, showed up. And proceeded to strangle you, render you unconscious, and eat your eyes. He left you there, then, blind and helpless, begging for death from any who passed by, until Odin came upon you. Odin promptly returned you to the snake and the venom and the bowl and Sigyn. That was nine months ago, though it really seems like five minutes at this point.

You were able to extend a part of yourself into Lucifer’s dream not long ago - with no clearly coronated Dream, slipping across boundaries into and out of dreams is a lot easier, especially for an acknowledged god of sneakiness like yourself. You proposed a deal to Charles Milton: you get to use his body for a little while, just until you can get yourself a new one, and in the meantime, you’ll do his dirty work.

The dirty work in question - kill Lilith, first woman created and mother of Charles Milton’s woman, Rebecca. Rebecca, by the way, has the ability to put your possession of Charles Milton on hold for a limited period of time - so keep an eye out. Once you do this, Charles Milton will go along with whatever uses you have for his body a lot more readily.

You’re also going to want to guide Lyta Hall, Daniel Hall’s mother, on her quest to ‘become a god.’ If she performs the ritual correctly, you will be able to possess her wholly - not just the overlay you have with Lucifer. Not only is she superhumanly strong, she has a fresh pair of eyes (!) and has a Mark of Protection from Daniel himself, the man who is to become Dreaming in a week or so. Other notable pluses: She is not currently tied down to a stone slab underneath the world, and once he becomes Dream it will be very difficult for anyone to do anything with the entrails of her son.

…Come on, who’s going to fault you for having a little bit of fun when the opportunity’s just dropped in your lap? What kind of life would that be, not to take advantage of such a perfect set-up. You’re wandering about, just happy to have eyes again when you see Destiny, asleep. Destiny. The Destiny. Freakish, to be sure, but there it was. And he’s hardly touching the Book. He’s just kind of got part of his hand on it. So what would anyone do? You made a counterfeit copy of the Book and made the old switcheroo. Oh come on, what harm could it cause? He’s bound to notice what you’ve done. And if he doesn’t, he’s pretty dense, isn’t he? So he might just deserve what he gets. Oh, this was a nice day’s work, indeed.
Not that you’ve kept the book. You’re wiser than that; keeping that book could destroy you, and what sanity you have left. You hid it. Maybe one day that poor fool (who is still blind) will find it.

... The time is also ripe to take care of that whole Ragnarok issue - there are some nightmares, Glob and Gregory (Gregory is really Brute), who are trying to chop off a little piece of the dreaming before the Coronation for some reason or other - probably to keep it for themselves. You should make sure they succeed, and then steal the realm from them - if it’s completely closed off, it’ll be perfect for hosting Ragnarok in, and that’s one less responsibility you have to fulfill.

You’ve helped these nightmares, by giving them some advice, in the, well, guise as Lucifer. They think you’re on their side, helping cause trouble. Nightmares are such simple beings.

Oh, and if you have the time... you’re probably not too happy about Nigel Ellison eating your eyes and leaving you for dead like that. Revenge is a good thing, especially if it’s convenient.

**Goals**
- Kill Lilith to get Lucifer off your back
- Make sure Lyta properly ‘becomes a god’ to get on (in) Lyta’s back
- Get a Dreaming shard to hold Ragnarok in
- Get revenge on Corinthian and/or Odin if convenient

**Notes**
- You’d think that spending millenia bound by the entrails of your own son, having burning poisonous venom dripped on your face with no one to talk to except your nearly-mute wife would make a man somewhat bitter and angry with Odin and/or the rest of the world. Not so for Loki of the Aesir!
- You are the norse god of lies. Lies! Roleplay accordingly.

**Contacts**
- Rebecca (Lauren Schiff): Lucifer’s girlfriend, actually named Mazikeen. Posing as a waitress named Rebecca.
- Gregory (Mark Mascaro): Nightmare you’re manipulating
- Glob (Rickland Powell): Nightmare you’re manipulating
- Lyta Hall (Christina Hawkes): Unwitting pawn
- Nigel Ellison (Clint Lohse): Bastard *ate* your *eyes*

**Memory/Event Packets**
- none

**Bluesheets**
- none

**Greensheets**
- none

**Abilities**
- none

**Items**
- none

1Loki really should learn when to bet and when to fold in cards. It’s your responsibility to lead the hosts of the enemy when Ragnarok comes.
Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
Once, long long ago,¹ you were one of the great Egyptian goddesses. First they worshipped you as large, desert hunter cats; later the smaller cats who keep humans as pets were also incorporated. Worshipped all over Egypt, your people, beautiful, majestic felines, were held in the highest regard. You had a city all your own, Bubastis or Per-Bast.

You were one of the Eyes of Ra. You were a protector and an avenger, and you stood with the king. As time went by, you also spread your protection to children and pregnant women.

All civilizations die in the end, and the Egyptians were no exception. You moved on, finding your worship where you could. Others of your pantheon also exist still, on the fringes.

The world has changed greatly, but some things remain. Like the Endless. Destiny, the oldest, his pleasant sister Death, the twins Desire and Despair, and poor Delirium, poor confused Delirium. Their Brother Destruction went missing a few centuries ago. You never liked him. He was always one for dogs. Dirty, nasty, dreadful dogs.

And then there’s the last Endless... Dream.

Ah, Drrrrreeeeeeeem. Such a dear, dear boy he was. You don’t know why you two were never lovers. He always had respect for your people. You hadn’t been seeing much of him in recent years. There was his unfortunate imprisonment, and he was terribly busy after that, restoring his realm. You did manage to see him a few times though. You missed him, but were content knowing you’d keep running into each other over the years. But now he’s gone. Dead. An Endless, older than gods, and he’s dead. You miss him terribly. You can’t believe you’ll never drink wine under a desert night sky with him again.

His wake was the last time you appeared in any sort of glory. It tired you out, but dear Morpheus deserved nothing less. It was a lovely wake, far more festive than he usually was. His family was there, and all his old lovers and friends, and many people who were just there, who knows why, didn’t seem to be hurt at all. You met a charming young mortal there, name of Hob, who’d had a friendship of sorts with Dream. You consoled each other and shared your memories of that dear, dear man.

You are still worshipped explicitly by a handful of humans ², but it is nothing like it once was.

You are fading, and you know it. Your power is mostly gone. You are in serious trouble, but you don’t despair. You’ll find a way to work it out. Either find more power, or find somewhere to go... you’d been thinking of the Dreaming, but with Dream gone... yes, there is a new Dream, and they say he’s the same in some ways, but the Dream you loved is gone.

While prowling the mortal realm, you came across a small human child. She was crying, and you rubbed against her. She looked up and grabbed you, sobbing “I miss my kitty, I miss my mommy.” You purred and tried to comfort the poor thing. Eventually a hurried looking woman came along, her mother.

“You’re not seeing things! Your cat’s alive!” She grabbed the girl’s hand, and dragged her off. There she was something about the girl, some sort of power. You followed her home, and that night appeared to her in the form of her dead cat companion. Sweet child, she doesn’t question this, just accepted it. The parents didn’t even notice that the child’s companion appeared to have come back from the dead. They don’t notice anything. Poor thing. You’ll have to take care of her. She has a teenaged human girl, Marie, who cares for her well, but she is not there all the time.

Yesterday, as you looked for Chloe in the park, you saw a strange man talking to her and Marie. You scurried over and rubbed against Chloe, who lifted you up and said “Isn’t it exciting, Missy? He’s going to take me to my real parents!” You made a questioning noise, hoping for more detail, but she just squeezed you. You could have just asked, but you don’t feel like revealing your ability to speak, so you just waited to see what was happening.

¹we’re talking ooold, here, think five millennia
²http://www.per-bast.org/bast/spiritual.html
“Oh, what a beautiful cat,” the strange man said and reached out to pet you. You hissed. All cats are sensitive and perceptive, and you are a goddess, and you could tell that this man was untrustworthy. Whatever he was saying, he was not being fully honest.

“Misty! Be nice!” Chloe scolded you. She’s a sweet child, doesn’t realize all the dangers of the world. Marie apologized to the man for your behavior, but you just glared at him as only a cat can glare.

“It’s all right. So, I’ll see you tomorrow night and we’ll begin our quest?” he addressed Marie.

She agreed and he left, the humans watching his as he went. Marie seems fairly rational, for a human. You’d hope she wouldn’t lead the child into anything dangerous. Maybe she knows this man and has reason to trust him. But you fear she just trusts his pretty face.

You’ll probably have to take care of both the girls. What would these humans do without cats?

After Chloe went to sleep, you went prowling the city. You followed the sound of merriment to a surprisingly classy little bar. There you saw that lovely man, Bob, was it? Hob? the man from the wake. How lovely! He was working the bar. You jumped up on the bar, and down to the other side, and rubbed against his leg.

“Hey there, kitty,” he said, petting you. “Whatcha doing here?”

He even gave you a nice brushing. It was very sweet of him. You’ve been spending time at the bar since then, at night, when you get the chance. Chloe’s very dear, but it is good to have some adult company now and again.

Contacts
- Chloe Russell (Dawn Ash): The human you take care of
- Marie (Liz Smith): Her babysitter
- Nemesis (Mike Person): The strange man taking Marie and Chloe on a ’quest’
- Bobby Gorrell (Cameron Betts): The man from the wake

Memory/Event Packets
- badge number: 3727

Bluesheets
- none

Greensheets
- Gods and Monsters

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Immortal
- Magic 1
- Symbology 1
- Naturopathy 1

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 1
Once upon a time, Dream of the Endless, the third oldest, was captured by a mortal for nearly seventy years, as counted by those of Earth in the mortal realm. After escaping, he endeavored to fix the damage done by his absence. In so doing, and while dealing with new problems which arose, he became painfully aware of certain... mistakes he had made over the great gulls of time. By nature, the Endless embody those who perceive them, and he became burdened by grief and guilt. He came to realize he must change or die. For though the Endless reflect the ways of mortals, Dream of the Endless, as portrayed by him, must obey the rules of his nature, and he could not change. And so, as Lord Shaper and the King of all Dreams and Stories, he authored his own demise. His sister, Death of the Endless, the second oldest, took his hand.

He is you.

The Endless cannot simply die. An aspect can be destroyed, but they will simply be replaced by a new aspect. This happened to Despair in ages long forgotten. When you orchestrated your own end, you also made sure your replacement was... in line. There was a young child named Daniel Hall who was conceived within a dream. His father, Hector Hall, was dead, while his mother, Lyta Hall, was trapped inside the head of a young boy named Jed Walker. Two nightmares, Brute and Glob, who had run from the Dreaming during your imprisonment, had set up a miniature dreamspace within Jed’s head, where Lyta and the dream of her dead husband were trapped. When you returned, and set the mischief of Brute and Glob to rights, Lyta was released from her dream prison, and discovered she was pregnant with the child of her dead husband. The child was born, and named Daniel Hall. You laid claim to him.

When your plans of... renewal came to be, you prepared Daniel, so that, through him, a new aspect, a new Dream of the Endless, would come into being. The story of your death including the kidnapping of the child and his mother’s rage. Ultimately, the Furies, three ancient myths embodying the fates themselves to whom you prostrated yourself, “forced” your demise, lest the Dreaming and all within be destroyed. Thus, you took the hand of your sister.

*GM note: here ends most of what little recapping of the original comic series this sheet does.*

Something new has happened. You are here, not dead.

Mortals, like Gods, or even that which never existed, can exist in dreams after death. But you are alive, and you are no mere dream. Neither are you Dream. You could become Dream; Dream of the Endless, Lord Shaper, King of All Night’s Dreaming is your nature, though not your reality. No, you are simply you. What once was Dream of the Endless, an aspect, a point of view, is now, simply, you. You have gone by many names. The name you have most often taken is Morpheus.

You do not know why you have returned to life. You do know that you remained dead for nine months. Daniel Hall, Dream of the Endless, is preparing for his coronation. Until his coronation, he is not fully and truly Dream of the Endless.

You have come to understand a few things about yourself. For one, you know that this is not your place and time. Your story ended, or so you thought. For another, you must support Daniel. There must be a Dream, the position should not go abandoned. If the terrible were to happen, if Daniel were to somehow be destroyed, and there was no other choice, you would become Dream yourself, but you do not wish it.

Then there is your sibling, Desire. He/She and you have been feuding for eternities upon eternities. Many of his/her
machinations led you, in part, to you realization that you needed to change. Perhaps you were able to change, in death. Such things may be beyond your perception now. You should reconcile with your brother/sister. Daniel should reconcile with Desire. Daniel needs to reconcile with Desire.

You...awoke in the Dreaming, cold and weary. You laid still for some time, contemplating your position. Then Matthew, your raven, came upon you. Except now he is Daniel’s raven, you suppose. He was joyed at your appearance. He led you to a cave, where you could subsist.

Though subsistence is not your true concern now. This story will end with or without you now, so you have work to do.

Goals
- Aid and mentor Daniel in stabilizing the Dreaming and achieving his coronation.
- Reconcile yourself with Desire, your brother (rather, he/she was your brother). Make sure Daniel does not have the same conflict with him/her.
- Find peace with yourself even if you must again die.
- Find out why you have returned to the living.
- If absolutely necessary, take Daniel’s place, and become Dream of the Endless again. This frightens you.
- Matthew led you to a cave, not Eve’s cave.

Notes
- You are the central character of the entire Sandman series. We suggest you read the entire series (if you haven’t before), to gain a better idea of who the character is and the events of the comics, which are covered only very briefly here.
- Matthew has been bringing you small pieces of fleeting dreams that you once crafted. You absorb them to maintain your fleeting strength. This is handled entirely as roleplaying.

Contacts
- Daniel Hall (Chris Kuklewicz):
- Lyta Hall (Christina Hawkes):
- Matthew (Hongyi Hu):
- Eve (Erin Price):
- Lucien (Kevin Chen):

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- The Endless
- Those of the Dreaming

Greensheets
- Dream of The Endless
- Becoming Dream

Gods and Monsters The Endless have this information
- Sandman
- Dream Lore 3
- Symbology 3
- Mythology 1
Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Sandman: Gods and Secrets / IAP 2004

Nemesis

Like the wallpaper sticks to the wall
Like the seashore clings to the sea
Like you’ll never get rid of your shadow
You’ll never get rid of me

–“Me and My Shadow,” Dave Dreyer, Al Jolson, Billy Rose

You are the spitting image of Cluracan of Faerie, Queen Titania’s emissary to the outside world. Cluracan is a handsome guy. Of course, there are a few differences. Like, Cluracan is gay. Likes men exclusively, he does, whereas you are just the opposite. And Cluracan is a Faerie and you are a Dream. And your lives are joined such that if you die, Cluracan stands only to benefit but if Cluracan dies, you will die along with him. Sometimes life just isn’t fair.

You’re a souvenir, basically - a remembrance of the time Cluracan came to the Dreaming and strayed from the path (foolish thing for a Faerie to do, come to think of it). He looked into a mirror and you were created, birthed full grown from his mouth in the shape of a stag deer.

Oh, you’re supposed to want to kill him, of course. That’s what you were made to do. Well, you were made to try to kill him and to make him try to kill you, but something about that destiny doesn’t sit right. You thought about it for awhile and you finally figured it out - if you kill Cluracan, you blink out like an eye batting and no one thinks of you again. If Cluracan kills you, he continues with his life as before, albeit (theoretically) a bit older and wiser for having met his shadow. That was what was bothering you: you were scripted to play a supporting role in someone else’s life. You weren’t meant to have a life of your own. Well, screw that.

Cluracan isn’t that bad a guy, really. He’s a bit of a philanderer, rather promiscuous, a shameless flatterer, a drunk, capricious, insensitive, jejune - well, he’s not that good of a guy, either. He has a sister who loves him, though, and a Queen who depends on him. Not that any of this would stop you from killing him, if it didn’t mean your death as well. Although you were only meant to live a few months or a few moments, you find the idea of death sits poorly with you.

You met with him in a bar once and the two of you spoke. He was drunk, of course, quite depressed, actually. You asked him what was bothering him and he told you that the Queen had demanded he marry a woman to secure a politically convenient alliance. That was when the two of you discovered one of your differences. You volunteered to marry the girl in his place. He was absurdly grateful. The two of you agreed not to try to kill each other, for awhile anyway.

And then, something marvelous happened. You met the woman and fell quite in love with her. You and she have an infant son. You love them both dearly and more than ever, you want to live. You have sought out wisdom-holders from many realms and places trying to find a way to separate yourself from the Cluracan.

You have found three routes open to you. The first one is the riskiest: some believe that if a doppelganger such as yourself lasts for long enough to develop ties to the world that the doppelganger can vie with the original for the opportunity to live. If the doppelganger lives his life to the fullest while the original stays abed, the original might just fade away, leaving the doppelganger free. You don’t think you can necessarily count on that, though.

The second path is difficult but proven. You can form a proper Quest and ask Queen Titania for a boon. It is surely within her power to separate the thread of your life from that of Cluracan. Perhaps she would have to make you Fae, but you could live with that. The Laws of the Quest say that Three must begin a proper Quest. You have just the Three. One, of course, is you. You are the leader. Second is a woman you met in Central Park, Barbie. She was reading a big book about Faeries and you decided to take it as a sign. Sure enough, when you told her your plan to Quest for a boon from Queen Titania, Barbie did not laugh or call the police but instead eagerly asked to hear more about how she could help you. She told you that she always thought she was somehow related to the Fae. She’s not, you could tell that right away, but you didn’t tell her - better for you if she believes it.
The final member of your party was quite a coup. Wandering through a posh neighborhood one morning, looking for another sign, you were suddenly bowled over with an emanation of Fae power. You looked around nervously. Had Cluracan come to challenge you after all? He had not. It was a little girl, hardly old enough to read her letters, swinging on a little red swing in a fenced in playground. As an older girl (a beautiful, teenage girl - you later discovered it was her baby-sitter) pushed her on the swing, butterflies flew towards her face, ducking away just in time. You stood there, staring at her. She was a Changeling child, the most Fae you had seen. You simply had to have her on your Quest; Titania is well-known to love Changeling children.

You followed them home, discreetly of course and that night you introduced yourself to her mother. You were a shameful flirt and you quickly became a friend of the family. One day you approached Chloe on the playground. You told her that her parents were not her parents and that she was a very special girl. She seemed to believe you right away. You asked her if she’d like to go looking for her real parents and she said yes. Your Questing party was complete. Well, Chloe insisted that she be accompanied by her baby-sitter, Marie, and her cat but you would have let her bring the kitchen sink, you were so excited. You don’t much like the cat, though. Or at least, it doesn’t seem to like you. It’s always hissing and clawing at your legs. No matter.

You don’t know exactly what your Quest will entail, but a little birdie on the grapevine has told you that the Fae are having serious problems. Apparently Remiel, the new Lord of Hell, has threatened to evict them from their realm, which is technically under his command. The Fae are desperately trying to find a way to save themselves. Perhaps your Quest will have to do with that. Even if it doesn’t, perhaps if you could help the Fae with their problem Titania might grant you a boon even if the Quest fails. It’s something to try for, anyway.

If the Quest fails, you have one more option. The new Dream King is opening up competition for positions on his staff. If you could earn one of those positions, surely he would keep you alive. It might not be your best outcome, since you’d surely have to come and live in the Dreaming and you don’t know how your wife and son would adjust, but it’s far better than death.

Contacts
- The Cluracan (Danny Bates): Your are his nemesis
- Marie (Liz Smith): Chloe’s babysitter
- Misty (Michelle Goldberg): Chloe’s cat
- Chloe Russell (Dawn Ash): That wonderful child
- Titania: The Queen
- Nuala (Kristen Sunter): Cluracan’s sister

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- The Fae

Greensheets
- Questing for Titania - Gods and Monsters

Abilities
- Knock Out - Restrain
- Wound - Immortal
- Assist

Items
- none
Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Melissa Newman

“One day I’ll fly away
Leave all this to yesterday

What more could your love do for me
When will love be through with me

Why live life from dream to dream
And dread the day when dreaming ends”

— Moulin Rouge

“Eve, could you please ask Aclima to pass the peas the way GOD INTENDED?”

— Adam

What’s a cuckoo? It’s a bird. You’re a bird, too, in a manner of speaking. The cuckoo lays her egg in the nest of another
bird, tricking the other bird into raising the foreign fledgling as her own. You plant yourself in the dreams of mortals, growing
and drawing strength from their imaginings until you are strong enough to fly away.

You have been the cuckoo for almost as long as you can remember, but you know that you were something before that. Every
time you fly away and come to nest somewhere else, you lay yourself into an egg and hatch as a new person but you never quite
seem to get away from who you are.

The last time you picked a dream to rest in, it belonged to a woman named Barbie. She was a nice place, but soon you
realized you were stuck. You had spent a number of happy years there. Barbie, unlike most people, always dreamed of the same
thing, a magical land with a cast of characters who went on various continuing adventures. You enjoyed being part of that. But
then, it was time to leave. You became an egg, and you hatched into a little girl with long braids and you tried to fly away. That’s
when you found out there was no escaping the land of Barbie’s dreams. The place didn’t even belong to her, originally. It had
been sealed by an old bargain. If you couldn’t get away, you would eventually grow weak and die. Extreme measures were
necessary.

You contrived to destroy the land, which could only be achieved with Barbie’s cooperation. You began to kill her little dream
friends. Eventually you had her attention. When she found you in her dreams you explained to her the situation. You were
very persuasive. You always are. Despite that, you almost failed. Her friends, Foxglove and Hazel, appeared at the last moment
with the witch Thessaly. Even after Barbie smashed the Porpentine, destroying the land for good, the witch wanted you dead.
Fortunately, Barbie (and the Dream King, Morpheus) stayed her hand. You were allowed to fly away and the four of them got on
with their lives, you assume.

Everything should have been fine for you then. What happened next was your own fault. You were too skittish after the time
trapped in Barbie’s head. You weren’t able to get comfortable in anyone’s dreams. You waited too long. You found yourself
needing more and more energy just to maintain yourself. You needed to nest. But first, you needed one big burst of energy. You
went out looking for it and you found a quiet man. He had more energy than anyone you had ever met, except perhaps the Dream
King himself. You didn’t think he’d even notice when you started to tap him just a little.

You were wrong. The man caught you and shook you. You were afraid at first that he might kill you. It wouldn’t have
surprised you if it turned out that he could have. Instead, he let you go. You were weak with relief until the next morning when
you realized he had done something to you. Your energy was draining from you faster than before, and you were sure that the
quiet man was behind it.

You went looking for him. He wasn’t hard to find. It was as if he had been waiting for you. You yelled and pleaded with him
to reverse whatever it was he had done to you. You couldn’t understand why he would have done it - he couldn’t need the energy.
He told you he would set you back to the way things were, and with all the extra energy you could possibly need - if you did him a few favors. You don’t have much choice but to do what he says - if he doesn’t stop draining you, you could die.

You can’t help but wonder if he ever intends to let you go. There’s only one other plan you can think of; if you could somehow get a large amount of energy all at once and if you could find a good place then you could nest. From the moment you become an egg, you are reborn. There’s a chance that the man’s ability to drain you will disappear when you become a new self. Of course, every day that possibility becomes more difficult as you are drained more and more.

Mostly you stay in the Dreaming, finding a variety of sleepers and dream creatures from which to feed. Lately though, you’ve been exploring parts of the mortal realm. The energy you get there seems to be harder for the man to drain from you. The mortal realm has offered you a glimmer of hope.

You look like a little girl in your current form, so you went to a playground where lots of other little girls were playing. While you were there, you noticed one little girl in particular. She was playing in the sandbox alone, building a little city out of wet sand. As she dribbled it into towers and arches, you found yourself drawn to her. As you approached her, she seemed to shimmer with energy. You were cautious this time, though. You just sat down next to her and helped her at her building. You would need to follow her for awhile to make sure she posed no threat to you.

You found out her name was Chloe. She was attended by an older girl, Marie. Marie was Chloe’s baby-sitter. Marie asked you a lot of questions - Where were your parents? Were you always allowed to be out here alone? Did you have any brothers and sisters? You found yourself answering her, vaguely, but as you told her things you found yourself remembering more. Your twin brother... the fights with your parents... You aren’t telling her everything, of course. She’d never believe you. She thinks the man who is draining you, Dr. Robert Keitel, is your uncle, and that your family had some ‘problems’. Ha.

You were born, oh, a very long time ago. Hardly anyone even remembers that you ever existed. Your parents were Adam and Eve. Yes, yes, the Adam and Eve. They were tossed out of Paradise by God and forced to raise you and your siblings in the harsh climate of their corner of the world.

You were firstborn, you and your twin brother Cain. You were best friends for your whole childhood. Younger than you were Abel and Jumella, also twins. They, too, were best friends. Things weren’t so bad growing up; to children they rarely seem so. You and Cain felt you were a bit better than your siblings. They were simpler, and not as smart as you. They wanted less out of life. They were content with whatever they had, while you and Cain wanted to find something better, to make your lives better. Cain always thought people loved Abel more than him, and he took his anger out on Abel. Abel wasn’t that bad, but it was funny to see Cain beat him up, when you were a kid.

When you were older, things changed, of course. Abel became a shepherd, Jumella cooked and cleaned. You learned more complicated things, like weaving and pottery and organizing. Cain learned the most useful things, how to farm. You didn’t need to wander the woods and fields searching for plants anymore. Cain could make them grow where he wanted. He even learned how to make water from the river go where he wanted. Father liked Abel’s animals more, though. Eventually, subject of marriage came up.

You thought that the most logical thing to do would have been for you to marry Cain and for Jumella to marry Abel. After all, one ought to enjoy the company of the one whom one marries. But Father said that God’s will was that each should marry the other’s twin.

You could have accepted it, but it just seemed so ridiculous. Why substitute for your own better judgment? You were always doubtful about the validity of Father’s messages from God. You felt this problem could be addressed with a little social engineering.

You argued with Father. He was firm in his belief. You spoke with Cain. He wanted to marry you, not Jumella, of course. He didn’t like the idea of you marrying Abel at all. You fought with Father about it all the time. Things got very tense at home. People stopped talking. You spent all your time with Cain, out in the fields. There was so much unhappiness, Cain started
wavering. He wanted things to work out. He was being weak, wavering under Father’s stubbornness. You were so upset.

One night you ran into Jumella fleeing the house. She’d had a fight with Abel, he wouldn’t say he wanted to marry her, he just gibbered about “The Will of God”, in pathetic imitation of father. You two decided you would marry Cain and Abel would marry Jumella, there was no other way to make it work out.

Father couldn’t stand to see you uniting against him, so he said that the matter would be settled by God himself. Each of the brothers would build an altar and make a sacrifice and God would show through a sign whom you should marry.

That morning Cain sacrificed his harvest of roots and vegetables on an elaborate stone altar - the fruits of all his work at irrigation and planting. Abel sacrificed one of his lambs on a slab of rock. Abel’s altar seemed to glow gold. Light and smoke surrounded it. It was beautiful and frightening. Father said enough was enough - God’s will was clear. You would marry Abel, right now. You cried. You yelled at Cain, blaming him for ruining everything. You were all so upset. Cain was furious.

Father and Mother and Jumella and you went back to the house to put on the wedding dresses you had made. And your hair wreaths. You had made them special - leaves and wheat for Cain’s bride and flowers and wool for Abel’s. You had meant to wear the wheat.

The four of you returned to the hill. There was a strong feeling in the air - charged but still. Cain was wild-eyed, frozen. You called to him. You tried to catch his eye. He looked at you like you were a demon and ran into the woods. Abel lay bleeding on the ground. It was a horrible night.

With both brothers gone, the question of marriage was obviously moot. The days were very dark. No one talked much. You knew they all blamed you. Or maybe they didn’t, but you knew it was your fault. You were the one who encouraged the conflict and you destroyed your family. It was a heavy burden to bear.

One day you returned to the hiding hole in the cliff face near your home, the place where you and Cain used to play as children. You had kept the wreath of wheat there. Every time you went there, you left a stone in remembrance. On this day, the wreath was ground into powder and bits and all the stones were gone. When you returned to the house, Jumella was sitting in the corner chewing on her sleeves. You didn’t choose to speak to her after that.

Not that it mattered much. Jumella went batty. She spent all day in bed. Easy way of dealing with it all, you suppose. Mother got pregnant again. She had a new little boy, Seth. She spent all her time with him. You tried to make things grow, the way Cain had, but the way Father looked at you made you stop. He had never approved of forcing the Earth to give except through God’s will.

Mother and Father doted on Seth. You felt alone in your guilt. They’d moved on, put all their hopes into Seth, but what did you have? You went for a walk one day. You wandered far. Upon a hill, you saw a woman you recognized from your childhood. Father’s first wife. Lilith.

Adam, your father, had three wives. Lilith was the first. The Lord made them of one body, one soul. But He chose to separate them into Man and Woman. Adam and Lilith eventually failed to get along. You’ve never spoken of it with Father - Lilith says it was because he did not like that she was as smart and capable as he. You suspect he did not like being told what to do. The second wife, well, you don’t know anything about that. The third wife was mother.

Once, when you were young, twelve or so, Mother and Father went out and left you alone with the other children. While they were gone, Lilith came to visit. She took a fancy to you and Cain. She told you that you amused her. Abel and Jumella she did not like so well. She told you you must always think for yourself and use your mind. She told you not to be pushed around by the whims of another.

Lilith seemed to be expecting you that day. She told you how sorry she was for all the pain in your family. She told you that as long as you were a child of God and a child of your Father that you would never be free of the guilt and the unhappiness. She told you she could help you. She told you she could help you fly away. And it did help, you were very grateful. It was more than
your own mother was doing for you.

After you became the cuckoo, you often wondered if you made the right choice. The guilt and the unhappiness have faded, certainly, but you’ve not seen your family again. They might not wish to see you, of course, but still you feel some longing. At least when it comes to Cain - it would be good to see Cain again. Well, you know he lives in the Dreaming, but it’s not the same. If he saw you, he wouldn’t know who you were. But if you revealed yourself, after all this time, well, you hardly know where you would begin at that.

Marie and her friends are nice people. You do like them. They remind you a little of your own family, though - not in an entirely good way. They have all this confused, mixed up desire for each other. Sexton reminds you a little of Cain, sarcastic and intelligent. Jed’s a bit like Abel, shy like him, anyway. Celeste is sharp-eyed like Jumella, not wanting to be left out, worried she isn’t loved enough. Marie is a bit like you, holding them together. She’s like you in another way, too - she’s an energy drainer just like you. She doesn’t realize it, but as she organizes and helps her friends, she’s also draining them. Much slower than what you do - they could hardly notice it, but it is convenient for you. As long as you have the option of draining Marie you won’t have to worry about actually dying, but it definitely won’t help you get away from that man. You are going to have to find a way to get away from that man.

Contacts
- Chloe Russell (Dawn Ash): The little girl you play with. She’s got some strange power to her.
- Marie (Liz Smith): Chloe’s babysitter
- Sexton Furnival (Philip Tan): Marie’s boyfriend
- Jed Walker (Natan): Another of Marie’s friends
- Larraine (Diandra Lucia): Marie’s friend
- Dr. Robert Keitel (Peter Litwack): The man draining you. He pretends to be your uncle in the mortal world.

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- Those of the Dreaming

Greensheets
- Draining Energy

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Draining
- Magic 1
- Dream Lore 1

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Your name is Nuala, Lady Nuala of the Faeries. You have grown to hate it. You grew up in Faerie with your brother Cluracan, subject to the Faerie King and Queen, Auberon and Titania. It was a good life and you enjoyed it. Fae life was marred only by one thing: every fifty years, Hell demanded seven Fae be sacrificed as tithe. Then, Lucifer, the Lord of Hell, abandoned his realm. Your brother and you went to the King of Dreams’ palace to ask that Hell be given to the Fae in order to spare them from the cruel tithe. Even though King Dream gave Hell to the angels Remiel and Duma, you were left behind as a present to Dream.

At first you were very angry to have been abandoned, but eventually you came to care for him. It hardly seemed any time at all before the terrible day that you made a wish for him to appear and he did, and then (because of you) he died. All of Faerie felt empty to you after having lived in the Dreaming. You angered Queen Titania by refusing to wear Faerie glamour. Only Cluracan’s politicking kept you from punishment. It wasn’t good enough. You wanted to leave the Fae realm. You were very distraught.

He was very dear to you, the Dream King. He was dear to your Queen, as well. It was for her sadness at his death that you were allowed to leave the Fae Lands at all. You were no longer used to Faerie and could not stay there. You think you might have died had you been forced to remain hostage to its frippery. You could not return to the Dreaming, either - not with him dead.

Surely all your former compatriots of the Dreaming hate you now, knowing the role you played in Morpheus’ demise. You did not mean it. You thought only to save him, as he (you felt sure) would have saved you. Now you know it was a childish notion. He could not have loved you as you loved him. You think perhaps the Endless weren’t really meant to love at all.

With no other path apparent to you, you journeyed to the mortal world. You found a job at a diner, bringing coffee to fascinating people called Truckers who cross the country again and again in their giant machines. You realized that the job suited you. You greatly enjoyed the opportunity to talk to such a lot of different people every day. You loved making them happy by bringing them food. Food is such a human thing. You grew to feel a strong affection for humans.

For the better part of a year, you have been travelling the world, always taking a job in some sort of eating establishment. You’ve worked in sports bars, themed bars, crappy bars, diners, bistros, high school cafeterias and so forth. You’ve worn a hairnet, a cheerleader costume and ugly paper hats. The whole time, you’ve been working towards the same goal - you want to learn what it is to be human.

The Fae, as a rule, do not understand humans. Even Queen Titania, who once was a mortal girl, has grown into the epitome of Fae. The Fair Folk toy with mortals, offer them disastrous gifts and act always offended when their presence is unwelcome. You want to be different. You think you are different. You think you almost understand.

Your latest job has been something of a departure for you. You are working at a pub in New York City called Labour in Vain. Well, you came to the City, was the start of it. Well, the gentleman with the old brown hat was the start of it. You were working at a pizza place in New Jersey and this nice old man (in the hat, the brown one) started talking to you and asking you about your life. You talked to him for a little while and he asked you if you were planning to go to the City to find what you were looking for. He said that’s what he did, when he was a young man. You decided right then to see this City. Anyway, you always loved that song, “New York, New York.”

So the first thing you did when you got out of the train station was to walk around and look at restaurants and bars. Nobody seemed to have a Help Wanted sign up. You met a nice woman selling balloon in Central Park. You told her you were looking for a job. She said, Oh, are you one of those college kids, from Columbia?. You decided to check out this Columbia, but before you got there, you happened upon a little hole-in-the-wall pub, Labour In Vain.

You liked it before you even went inside. It had one of those signs outside, the old sort, a tile hung out on an iron bar with a pictogram of a sun and a pony. It had lovely wrought iron railings which you were careful not to touch as you headed down the
You went right up to the man at the bar, a nice man, very solid with nice brown eyes and steady hands. You introduced
yourself as Nuala and he introduced himself as Bobby Gorrell. You asked him if he was hiring and he asked if you had any
references and you gave him a few, not too many, not enough so that he might think you had been too many places, but he didn’t
even check he just said he supposed they had been needing someone for awhile. He showed you all around, how to make the food
and where they kept things. He introduced you to the other girl, Rebecca. That’s when you realized things were a little strange in
this bar. The other girl was definitely not human. She even looked slightly familiar. Nevertheless, it was your policy to take the
first offer when you came to a new place. You began that night.

You were in for a shock. Midway through the night, Hob came to fetch you to the kitchen. The bar’s owner had just come
in and Hob wanted you to meet him. You went into the kitchen and who should you see but Lucifer himself. The tray of dirty
glasses shook in your hands and Bobby Gorrell had to reach over to steady it. You blushed.

Long had you known the Morningstar. As the ruler of Hell, he had demanded a terrible tithe of the Fae (his tenants) - nine
of the Fairest to be sacrificed to Hell every seven years. Now he stood with you in the cramped kitchen, impeccably dressed and
carrying a sheaf of piano music. The Morningstar plays the piano? Well, you knew that you had changed greatly since leaving
Fae. It would only make sense Lucifer would have changed after the abdication of his throne.

You hired a Fae? he said to Bobby, ignoring you entirely. They’re worse than useless. Then he left the kitchen with Rebecca.
You were afraid Bobby would re you, but he looked at you kindly and told you to get back to work. You vowed to do an
excellent job so he wouldn’t be disappointed in you - and to avoid Lucifer.

That night, Rebecca left you with Bobby to close up. You had to wash all the tables. You hadn’t noticed before, but every
one of them was edged in iron. You refused Bobby’s help and suffered through washing every one. As you finished, you noticed
Lucifer watching you from the corner. He said nothing, but the next day when you came to work there was a new set of tables
and even the stair rails had been replaced with wood. From then on, he was very kind to you. He told you that you weren’t like
the other Fae and that made you feel very proud.

You liked working at the Pub so much, that you even thought of settling down somewhat. Nowhere else on the continent, you
felt sure, could you interact with such a varied clientele. Besides, Charles Milton (that’s what Lucifer goes by here) and Bobby
and Rebecca depend on you, and you’ve grown to like them. Around them, you don’t even have to worry about slipping up and
being thought odd if you fail to act exactly human.

They also helped you to realize that magic is not anathema to the human experience. You had been avoiding using any of
your Faerie magic in order not to slip into Faerie habits but one day you saw a flyer advertising a group for women to explore the
magic within and you decided to investigate.

It turned out that the Pagan Studies Group, run by Dr. Nayeli Reyes, was fascinating and very rewarding for you. You had a
bit of a head start on some of the others when it came to visualization and so forth, but they’ve all mostly caught up and you’re
all at a similar level. It’s fascinating to you that there is magic to be drawn from humans and from the human world - you always
believed the mortal world was deathly banal and devoid of magic. That was why the Fae left in the first place.

Dr. Nayeli Reyes is fascinating herself. She often talks about the structure of human society, especially about the organization
of women. She has taught you so much about how people work, although it seems to make her unhappy. She wishes people were
very different and that men and women were equal. She says that’s called feminism.

You were also surprised to realize that you know a number of the other coven members. For one thing, there is Barbie and her
friend Foxglove. Barbie doesn’t seem to remember you, though. There’s also Rose Walker, the Dream Vortex, and her mother,
Miranda. You spent a number of pleasant afternoons with Rose’s grandmother, Unity, who retired to the Dreaming to save Rose’s
life. And Thessaly is there, the witch Morpheus used to love, who helped to save the life of the one who killed him, Lyta Hall.
Perhaps you should hate her, but you do not. She was kind to you always. She gave you the pendant you wear now around your

Nuala / Character Sheet
neck, when she and he were still in love. She looked surprised, at first, to see you. You suspect that she is not accustomed to surprises. She hasn’t said much to you though, and you suppose that is all right. The last two members are Fox’s cousin Marie and Marie’s friend Larraine, whom you don’t know well at all.

One of the things you did in the Pagan Studies Group recently was a ritual where each of you asked for a vision of what you truly wanted, for a vision of you taking appropriate action in your life. You saw yourself with your hair tied back, brandishing a flaming sword as twisting spectres surrounded you.

That vision made you realize what your life is missing. Your defining moment was that in which you tragically misjudged and cost the Dream King his life. You misjudged because you didn’t understand. You have spent almost a year now attempting to improve your understanding, and you have, but it hasn’t been enough. Now you know why. Although you have worked at reducing the chance of making the same mistake in the future, you have done nothing to make right the wrong you committed. You require expiation.

You can do nothing for Morpheus now, because he is dead, but you can try to do right by Daniel, who has inherited his position. You did many things during your time in the Dreaming; you performed many tasks. You are not bad with the weaponry of the Dreaming and you know you are fairly adept at magic, both Fae and mortal. You know what you can do for Daniel: you can become his champion. You know that he is restructuring his staff according to a new plan. All must compete for their spot. You asked Lucien to get you on the roster. You will become the Father, the Champion, the Knight in Shining Armor. You will save the Dream King from harm and then you will have truly atoned. That is how people work.

And, if you cannot be his champion, you can still serve him in some way. The role of Little Sister would be attainable for you, as might the role of Grandmother (well, you have been waitressing for awhile now, right?). You hope with all your heart to be Dream’s champion, but you will try for all these roles in order to show your heartfelt desire to serve him.

Last week, everything became much more complicated. You received a visit from your brother. At work. Lucifer was there. He scowled and made you take him outside. Cluracan told you that things had grown... complicated in Faerie.

For ages, Faerie has been a part and a tenant of Hell. Other than the tithe, it’s been an acceptable arrangement for all. But now, Remiel, the angel now in charge of Hell since Lucifer left, has declared war on the Fae. He does not want any tithe, he wants them out of his realm or destroyed. Cluracan had rude things to say about the supposed lust he saw in Remiel’s eyes during an inspection of Faerie.

Faerie is divided into three camps. First, there are those such as the Puck, who say that the Fae have spent long enough cloistered in their realm. These would have the Fae find some way to return to the mortal world. Cluracan suspects that the Puck has Auberon’s ear. Then there is your brother, and his supporters. They say that Faerie is their land and their home and they must wage war on Hell to protect it. If they win, they will no longer pay the tithe but will be free. You objected - how could the Fae, even with what magic they have, hope to triumph over the Legions of Hell? It seemed impossible to you.

Impossible too it seems to me, sister, said Cluracan. But I ask you this - Since leaving the mortal world we have been looking, albeit lackadaisically for a way to return. Do you really think we will find the way before Remiel’s forces are at our gates? The Faerie Road is treacherous, but ultimately, traversable.

But was war the only option? No, your brother confessed that there was a third camp, led by by all people, the Corinthian. The Corinthian apparently has pledged fealty to Queen Titania. When you asked your brother why the Dream King’s servant would do such a thing, Cluracan looked very uncomfortable and would say no more.

The Corinthian feels that both plans are doomed to failure. He proposes the Fae petition the Dream King for a new realm carved out of the Dreaming. Your head seemed to spin. Surely the Queen wouldn’t want to live where he once did. Surely the King would not wish to become a petitioner at yet another court. You were surprised at the strength of your reaction. You felt desperate for the Fae not to move to the Dreaming. The Dreaming is your place of your memories and the Fae are from another part of your life. You hadn’t realized until that moment, but you had decided to return to the Dreaming, if you could only win
the part of Champion, and if you do, you do not want the Fae to be there, looking down on you, making you feel uncomfortable, inviting other to compare you to them, to expect you to act like them, to be like them... You told Cluracan you would not ask. You hold no sway in the current court. He begged you. You have never been able to say no to him.

So, you find yourself pledged to work with the Corinthian to petition Daniel to allow the Fae to live in the Dreaming. You were most displeased with this, thinking your only hope was for Cluracan or Puck to convince the King and Queen to follow one of their plans instead. If this had to happen, why did it have to be you making it happen? Then you realized - since it is you making it happen, you can make it happen how you want it to. The Corinthian knows little of the Fae. He will have to defer to you when it comes to divining the Queen’s demands. And you can think of a few demands... For one thing, the Fae realm (if there should be one) should be autonomous, self-contained and self-governing. No Fae ambassador in Daniel’s palace. The two realms should be as separate as possible. And the realm, it should be far away from the center of the Dreaming. Out of the way where few (including yourself) will be likely to have to pass it often. After all, the Fae prefer seclusion, do they not?

You cannot allow the Corinthian to realize your interests lie elsewhere, so you will have to be subtle. Just in case, you also want to seek out the Puck and offer your services in helping him with his plan. If he can come up with something that works, you feel sure the King and Queen would prefer a return to the glory of living in the mortal world, without having to bow or ask permission. Perhaps Cluracan coming to see you was for the best after all.

Contacts
- The Cluracan (Danny Bates): Your brother
- The Puck (William Lowenthal): Robin Goodfellow, the trickster. Don’t trust him. He may be useful.
- Bobby Gorrell (Cameron Betts): The bartender
- Rebecca (Lauren Schiff): The other waitress
- Misty (Michelle Goldberg): The cat
- Daniel Hall (Chris Kuklewicz): The new Lord Shaper
- Dr. Nayeli Reyes (Stephanie Fried): Head of your studies group

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- The Fae - Pagan Studies Group

Greensheets
- Moving Fae to the Dreaming - Gods and Monsters

Abilities
- Knock Out - Restrain
- Wound - Immortal
- Assist - Magic 1

Items
- Quartz Crystal (56120)

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
June Palmer

You were born, a few thousand years ago, in what is now considered Greece. You were the youngest of your mother’s six surviving daughters, and when you reached adolescence, you were sent to live with your mother’s sister, who taught you the ways of magic, the ways of She who works Her will, the ways of Hekate. Hekate, the triple goddess. Hekate, she who stands at crossroads and on the boundaries, between life and death. Hekate, patron of midwives, healers and witches. Hekate, the maiden, the mother, the crone. She has many sides, and you were taught to both respect and fear her, to serve her and to have her serve your needs. She gave you wisdom, and sight, through dreams, and worship, and magic. She gave you power over the dead, over the hounds of Hell. The path of Hekate was not for all; many a girl was driven mad or driven away by the power She who is both Three and One.

It has been a long time since your youth, and the world has changed. Greece has changed, the Olympians are powerful no more. But the power of Hekate remains. You are the last of the witches of Thessaly. You sometimes miss the old days, standing in the light of the moon and the torches, standing with your sisters, bloody knife in hand, your sacrifice before you, calling the power of the moon. Calling to Gorgo, Mormo, Ereschigal, the three-face woman. Binding her, as a hare, as an owl. Calling her down, and commanding her. You were not timid in the face of the moon, because you knew how to control her, because you knew the compact. Your sisters are all gone. They have all gone to her in the end. You miss your sisters, but you would not join them. You will never join them in completing your compact with Her. You will remain free, and alive.

What’s most important in life? Life, of course. What’s life without life? Nothing.

So you’ve spent all your life making sure you keep living. By current standards, you appear to be in your twenties or thirties. You’ll do whatever it takes to stay alive. In the end, you are all that really matters to you. It’s practical, and you are nothing if not practical.

It’s not that you don’t have emotions. You feel like any other being, but you know that in the end, there are things more important that what you are feeling right now. You’ve felt a lot of different things over the last few thousand years, and you know that they always pass.

Get through it. Stay alive. That’s what’s important.

You’ve learned a lot over the years. You’ve learned to protect yourself. You’ve learned to use your gender to throw people off guard. You learned that if people hurt you, or try to hurt you, you destroy them before they can try again. You don’t give second chances.

You’ve been all over the world in your time. You’re back in New York again. You were last in New York two or three years ago.

You were living in a hole-in-the-wall apartment, going by Thessaly, but the other tenants never asked any questions, so it suited you. As luck would have it, a parasitic spirit called the Cuckoo was feeding off of your housemate Barbie Ravenmoon’s dreams.

When the Cuckoo tried to infest your own dreams, you took offense, killed its servant (George, another resident of the apartment building) and tracked the Cuckoo so you could destroy it before it tried to hurt you again. You have not survived this long by turning the other cheek. You, Hazel McNamara, and Foxglove made a maiden-mother-crone triune, and called down the moon, leaving Wanda Mann behind to watch over Barbie Ravenmoon. Wanda died shortly after due to meteorological complications involved with bringing down the moon. Perhaps bringing down the moon was not the best idea. A massive hurricane hit New York City (possibly your fault) as you, Fox and Hazel took the moon road. It was an odd experience. You had never walked the moon road with people inexperienced in magic. They did not know how to hold on to themselves. Your identities wove and intertwined.
The Cuckoo escaped, thanks to Morpheus, whom you found to be an insufferable, ineffective, arrogant scrawny twit. If you ever find that little monster bird again... But, after... you dreamed of him, which surprised both of you. After a few months, he began to court you and invited you to stay as his guest in the Dreaming. You took him as a lover.

It was tempestuous, it was wonderful, it was eternal, it was heart-rending, it was instantaneous, it was agony, it was ecstasy, it was ultimately useless. As soon as you realized that, no matter how you might feel about him, you did not love him and he could not stay in love with you, you informed him that he had nothing to offer you, and left.

You left him then. You gave the necklace to Nuala, your maid, walked out of the dreaming, and didn't look back. You started going by Larissa and went to graduate school at UChicago. There’s always more to learn in the world. You got bored with Chicago after a bit and transferred to UCLA.

While in Los Angeles, She appeared to you in the form of the Kindly Ladies, the Eumenides. The Eumenides are unrelenting and unforgiving. They offered you more life if you would find and protect a woman, Hippolyta Hall, whom they were using. You found her body in a lot full of homeless people. She was not dead, but her mind her was elsewhere. You sacrificed a black lamb and made a circle of protection for her. It had been a long time since your last sacrifice, and lamb injured you. You were sloppy. This was unacceptable. It will not happen again. You will stop being lazy and sloppy. How many times could you have been killed lately, being so lazy?

Morpheus visited you one night, still sore from before, and helpless against the protections you had given to Lyta Hall. You reminded him that he had nothing to offer you, you told him and his intentions to get out, and he did... it would have been even easier if not for his thrice-damned eyes, that have a way of making you remember things you know never happened.

Not long after that, Morpheus died, largely due to Lyta. Your own role in his death has not been overlooked by you, and possibly not by others either. You woke her up, offered her hospitality (warm tea) and advice (start running).

You protected her, as part of you agreement with the Ladies. But now your agreement is concluded, and you may do as you please. Still, it is not wise, or safe, to bring down the wrath of the Ladies, and they may still care for her. You don’t know. Besides, she has upon her forehead the mark of Daniel’s protection.

In your sleep, you returned to the Dreaming once more as a guest, this time for his funeral.

Everyone was there.

You somehow found yourself talking with other old lovers of his, with Titania of Fae and Kalliope, youngest of the Muses. As you watched his funeral, you felt confused. You should have behaved differently at your last meeting. You thought there’d be more time. But now things were unfinished, and he’d gone and died. This was unacceptable.

You grew weary of LA and returned to New York. New York is a place of power, a place of life and darkness. You took a position as a researcher in a Biology Lab at Columbia University. You go by June Palmer now.

There are women with power in this place. One of them, a Women’s Studies professor named Dr. Nayeli Reyes, is more powerful than you are. You don’t know who she really is, and you’re not going to turn your back on her, but she could be useful. She has given you no cause to trust nor distrust her, but you know she is up to something bigger than she is letting on.

Working with her has introduced you to a number of women, and some old acquaintances. Barbie Ravenmoon, your hapless old neighbor, has returned to New York. She’s picked up some idiotic ideas along the way. She has no magical talent. She’s gone vegan. You may drink soy milk, but you respect and use the power in blood.

Foxglove has taken up magic again. She has some talent for it, and she could be useful to you. Hazel McNamara follows Foxglove around. Foxglove’s teenaged cousin, Marie, is interesting. She has power, but doesn’t know how to use it. You think she may fear it some. She’s a friend of the little werewolf girl, Larraine, Dr. Ivan Parov’s granddaughter. Ivan runs the lab you work in.
Ivan and you have another connection. You are both in The Order. It’s small, 4 people, but you all have some interests in common. You all knew Morpheus, and were upset by his death. The group wants to take action, to seek vengeance for his death. You know who you want to destroy: the Furies.

The Furies are an incarnation of the Three In One, and you have worked with them. You are partly to blame for Morpheus’s death. You protected Lyta Hall for the Furies while they killed him. You completed your end of the agreement, and they theirs. You have no further obligation to them, and you are angry. You feel wronged. You don’t like feeling wronged. You’re not sure how to go about killing them, but you’re sure you’ll find a way.

Of course, seeking vengeance won’t bring Morpheus back. So you’re trying to bring him back. You performed a ritual a few days ago to bring him back from the dead by the power of your love. You weren’t sure if it would work, but you think it did - you are surprised that you truly love him. Maybe you don’t. You don’t want to be with him anymore... or see him, necessarily. You just want him to be there, in case you ever do want to talk to him.

Ivan thinks the Fae are going to invade the mortal realm. This would be something of a catastrophe for most of the people of Earth. The presence of that kind of chaos would drive insanity to record levels. You agree with him that the Fae must be opposed. The Order will stop them. The Order is a group you’ve long been a part of. Its members make useful allies.

The Order is supposed to be a secret, but you’ve mentioned them to another group you’re in, The Society. The Order doesn’t know about the Society. The two groups are quite opposed, philosophically. The Order believes in offering selective support to certain gods and other beings. The Society believes in opposing all interference by supernatural beings with the affairs of human life. Being a member of both is useful to you, in situations like this, for example. Perhaps the Order could stop the Fae on its own, but with the help of the Society, success is far more likely. If you are to introduce the groups though, you will have to manage the process carefully. Everything will be fine as long as neither group realizes that your loyalties lie with neither.

The other day, Larraine came into your office to talk to you.

“I know you’re really powerful, and, um, I was wondering if you could, um, help me with something,” she said.

“Well, depends what it is, and if you can make it worth the effort,” you replied.

“Well, um, it’s, um, about, well, um, who I am. Not just, um, who, I... am, but, um, what—”

You cut her off. “Is this about being a werewolf?”

Her eyes went wide and she looked around frantically. “You know? How do you know?”

You sighed.

“I do have a nose, you know. Now—”

Suddenly you were cut off by Dr. Ivan Parov’s bellowing voice from the next room.

“Larraine! Larraine! Where are you?”

Larraine looked panicked. “Can I, uh, talk to you later?”

You shrugged and she ran off to have a fight with her grandfather.
Contacts
- Morpheus (Chris Walsh): you’re exboyfriend. You decided to bring him back from the dead.
- Barbie Ravenmoon (Bertha Tang): Your old housemate. You traveled through her dreamscape to try to destroy the Cuckoo
- Foxglove (Courtney Shiley): Old housemate. Singer. Lesbian. PSG.
- Dr. Nayeli Reyes (Stephanie Fried): leader of Pagan Studies Group. up to something
- Rose Walker (Diane Christoforo): member of the psg
- Lorraine (Diandra Lucia): lab, psg
- Marie (Liz Smith): in the psg
- Nuala (Kristen Sunter): was your maid, psg
- Peter Fax (Justin Stamen): grad student in the lab
- Dr. Ivan Parov (Alex Khrizin): head of the lab
- Demi (Cassie Huang): works in the lab
- Lyta Hall (Christina Hawkes): that bitch
- Dr. Robert Keitel (Peter Litwack): Psychologist with an office/lab near your lab

(Memory/Event Packet for badge number: 3727)

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- Pagan Studies Group
- Columbia Biolab
- The Society

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Magic 3
- Arcane Lore 4
- Symbology 1
- Mythology 1
- Biology 1
- Naturopathy 2
- Alchemy 2
- Astrology 2
- Reclaim Powers

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Dr. Ivan Parov

You were born in Russia, well, a long time ago, it doesn’t matter so much the year. It was before Stalin, before the Bolsheviks. You lived in a village with your parents, your aunts and your uncles. People learned who they were supposed to be and they accepted their responsibilities. It isn’t like that anymore.

You killed a girl recently. You didn’t want to, but it happened, and for your sin you are atoning. You owed a favor to an important man and that favor was called. You were to recover some stolen items from a madman. You found them in the possession of his employee, a young girl. You didn’t expect she would be so much of a fighter and one thing led to another and she is dead. You regret it, and the important man regrets it, too. You may regret it more - you have been told there is one who is seeking the death of the girl’s killer. You must watch your back.

It is part of the fabric of your life, this important man. Long ago, in Russia, when you were too young to understand about responsibility and being who you are you went off in search of a beautiful girl. She was depicted in a locket and you knew you had to have her. As you journeyed, you met Baba Yaga and you met a peddler and you met the important man, the man who has all the books. You also met a woman of the People. When you met the girl from the necklace you realized that your dream of her was not a reflection of what you wanted in life. You left her, spent an evening dining with the King of Dreams and then returned to the forest to make the woman you had met on your journey your wife.

And with your wife you had a beautiful daughter who never gave you more than the expected amount of trouble and she married a very nice boy and they chose to move to America, can you blame them? With the purgings and the reportings, it was not the safe place it was when you were a young boy. And they wanted to raise a family. Their first child was a daughter, Celeste, and she looks just like her grandmother may she rest in peace. She has her grandmother’s spirit, too. Oh, she does, and living in this place has not been good for her.

It’s only to be expected. The rules of secrecy preclude telling children their nature when they are young and by the time they are older, they do not wish to hear. It’s the same all over, but you think Celeste is worse than most although she’s a very smart girl, she’s going to be National Merit Semi-Finalist, her mother tells you, if she scores as high next year as on the practice test.

The truth is, she has to hear. Celeste, we are of the People. We are not “werewolves,” that is a rude word. We are that upon which the legend of the werewolf was based. We are Changers, both human and wolf. We achieve our purest Form when we are both and neither. We are the Norad. We do not mingle our blood with others. That is not our way.

She will not listen. First it was this “Christopher.” Idiot boy, only interested in playing with the softball. Him she wants to make out with under the bleachers? You know what these teenagers do, you have a television. You thought that was bad enough, but wait! There is another boy now. Not the dish-soap blonde boy, the surly one, not even him, the other one. The brown haired boy, this “Jed” she talks about. You don’t know if you like this Jed. He seems a bit touched in the head, frankly, and his obsession with vampires is unhealthy. When will teenagers learn that vampires are not “cool?” You sigh.

Jed said this and Jed did that - you can see which way the mind is turning! Bad enough he should be not of the People, but when he came to your home last night you realized something else - he has some of the blood of the People in him!

It is a great sin among Norad to bear offspring with an outsider. It is such a great sin that it is written that the offender should be killed and the child as well, even to the seventh generation. You should kill Jed, but this does not sit right with you. He is still just a child. A child trying to get in your granddaughter’s pants, but a child, nevertheless. If only Celeste would listen to reason! If only she would not shove in your face this boy who technically you ought to kill.

The worst is yet to be said. Last night when Jed walked Celeste home, he left one of his books behind. It was a book about all sorts of dark powers and magical things! Celeste claims that they’re “just a game.” You told Celeste that Jed was unsuitable for her for a number of reasons but did she listen? Of course not. There was screaming and unpleasantness and she went to bed.
without saying good-night. She didn’t come to work today, either. You need to find her. You need to teach her what she needs to
know about her heritage and you must keep her away from this boy! She will probably be at that Comic Book convention since
she likes that author so much, that Maduck, Marduke, whatever. Celeste’s education and well-being is very important to you. Of
course, you do have other things going on in your life.

For one thing, the important man has you waiting at the ready should he require your assistance on a vital project - someone
is drawing on forbidden powers that could easily overwhelm the whole Earth. As one of the People, it is your duty to prevent this
from happening, whatever it may turn out to be.

Then, there is your work. As a biology professor at Columbia University, you have been studying for years mental illness
and its causes and preventions. In particular, you are interested in the connections between magic, especially that of the Fae Folk
and insanity among mortals. The People are naturally immune to the glamours and tricks of the Fae, but prolonged exposure
can prove disastrous to human mental health. You have reason to believe that the Fae are planning a massive exodus from their
realm in Hell to the Earth. You must stop this by killing them if necessary, by preventing their entrance if possible. You are also
working on ways to effectively kill the Fae and a vaccine that could make mortals immune to Fae glamour\(^1\).

You also do a certain amount of work cataloguing and understanding all the magical beings you encounter in your practice.
You think you’re very close to understanding the differences between different sorts of magical beings at a scientific level. It’s a
very exciting time. Aiding you in your research are June Palmer, your post-doc, Peter Fax, a hard-working grad student, your
granddaughter and another intern Demi, who has proved remarkably capable in her short time working for you. With their help,
hopefully you will be able to achieve your goals and even get a good night’s rest now and again.

Contacts
- Larraine (Diandra Lucia): - your granddaughter who needs to learn the ways of the People
- Jed Walker (Natan): - a part-breed, sniffing around your granddaughter
- Sexton Furnival (Philip Tan): - that other boy Celeste hangs out with
- Marie (Liz Smith): - Celeste’s other friend. You like her.
- Miranda Walker (Sue Swalley): - Jed’s mother. Definitely not of the People. Must have been his father.
- Foxglove (Courtney Shiley): Marie’s guardian
- June Palmer (Thista Minai): - post-doc
- Peter Fax (Justin Stamen): - grad student
- Demi (Cassie Huang): - very good intern
- Mad Hettie (Jacquie Felton): - charming woman, participates in your study
- Dr. Robert Keitel (Peter Litwack): A psychology professor at Columbia. Approaches mental illness from the other side. You
  hope his studies don’t contaminate yours or draw away subjects. That would be poor.
- Jane Roe (Aletta Wallace): - interesting case. keeps disappearing (other patients)

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- Columbia Biolab
- The Order

Greensheets
- none

\(^1\)postgame
Dr. Ivan Parov}

**Abilities**
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Werewolf
- Magic 1

**Items**
- none

**Stats**
- Combat Rating: 3
You have been fascinated by watches since the first time you saw one. They are miracles of design, ticking off the seconds of history. They can be beautiful silver heirlooms, majestic Big Ben, or the readout at the bottom of a computer monitor. Everytime you see one, you think of the course of history and how it ticks along like a perfect watch.

Some people have said that the world is like a watch and that God is like a watchmaker. You think that is true, as far as it goes. The world is a marvel of design and God was the Designer. But the people who speak of a watchmaker God mean something more than that. They mean that God made the world and then walked away, leaving it to tick along on its own.

That is plainly absurd. No watchmaker would expect his watch, even his masterpiece, never again to need his intervention. Even the perfect watch must go off due to the imperfect exactitude of the period of rotation of the Earth around the Sun. A watch isn't something you just walk away from. You have to have someone stay behind to keep it running properly.

You were born at the dawn of humanity. Your parents were Adam and Eve. You were raised in the shadow of a double sadness. First, that of their expulsion from the Garden of Eden and second, that of the loss of your brothers, Cain and Abel. You grew up knowing better than to ask too many questions about it. It made Mother cry. You did learn that Cain had murdered Abel. It scared you. As a child, you feared that Cain would someday appear in the night and murder you, too.

Eventually you heard that Cain had built a city far away. He named it for his son, Enoch. As you went on the have children and grandchildren, you heard also of the accomplishments of the descendents of Cain: music, dance and metal-working. They were without doubt a brilliant brood. But, they did not worship God as you had been taught to do. Eventually, they were all wiped out in the Great Flood. Only your children went on to populate the Earth. That makes you the father of humanity, in a way. And, like any good father, you feel a certain responsibility to your children.

Your father died when you were still a relatively young man. Your mother lived for many years. Eventually, she too died, as did you some years later. You didn’t know exactly what happened to other people when they died, but you know it must be different than what happens to you.

Throughout the course of human history, you have been reincarnated again and again in the bodies of those who will be influential, who can tune the watch, as it were. You were King Arthur. You were Davy Crockett. You were Prez Rickard.

Prez Rickard, the youngest President of the United States. You did a lot of good there. You defused the tensions threatening to erupt between the United States and the Soviet Union. You ushered in an unparalleled time of peace and prosperity. And, when you died, you remembered again that you were Seth and that you were pleased with your accomplishments for humanity.

You almost thought it was over for you, when first you died. Boss Smiley, a false god of sorts who had appeared to you with threats throughout your life, lay a claim to your soul. That would have been the end of your good works for humanity. But then, Morpheus, the King of Dreams, came to your rescue. He told Boss Smiley that you were his, and he took you away from there.

You found out there there are a number of Earth’s with different histories. You’ve visited different ones at different times. A lot of things made more sense when you learned that. You owed an enormous debt of gratitude to Dream of the Endless. You would not forget it.

When you came to the Dreaming after your death, you spent some time meeting the citizens thereof. A lot can be learned about a leader from his citizens. You discovered that Morpheus was a fair man, aloof but beloved. You approved of him. And then, you found something you didn’t think you’d ever see: your family.

Perhaps you should have anticipated it. Your family was just as formative as you in the shaping of humanity, in their own ways. It shouldn’t have surprised you that they found a refuge in the Dreaming, the home of archetypes and legends.

It was so strange to see your mother. It was strange to see her shifting between the woman you knew as a child and the older
woman you knew as an adult and as the young girl she must have been when she met your father for the first time. It was just as strange to meet your brothers. Cain was not as loathsome as you had imagined, but he is not a good man. He was just a man, a violent man, not the kind of man you much liked but not any sort of monster. Well, except for the way he treats Abel. That is rather monstrous. If only you could fix that, he could be a good man, you hope. And Abel was a gentle man, shy and stuttering. They have some sort of arrangement here. Cain is the proprietor of the House of Mysteries and Abel is the proprietor of the House of Secrets. From time to time, Cain kills Abel, and then Abel gets up again. You do not approve at all. Abel needs to get out of this unending cycle of being subjected to another’s mistakes. It is terrible for him, keeping him from using his potential at all. You want what’s best for

Strangest of all, you met your sister. Jumella. You hadn’t known you had a sister, but she informed you that you have two. Aclima, the twin of Cain and she, the twin of Abel. According to Jumella, Cain killed Abel because he wanted to marry Aclima and God promised him Jumella instead. Where has Aclima gone? you asked her. No one knows. You discovered that Aclima disappeared long ago and is still in need of rescuing. From a certain point of view, all of your family is in need of rescuing.

You went off to wander the worlds, to see things and to learn things. Not so long into your travels, you learned that Morpheus had died. He was a great man and you went to pay your respects. It was a beautiful funeral, attended by all manner of beings. You were saddened, but also uplifted to see that before his death, Morpheus had appointed an heir: the child Daniel.

You continued on your way but then you were reached by a messenger. Daniel is about to consolidate his power in the Dreaming and to officially take the throne. There was to be a great Celebration and you were invited. You gladly accepted. Any help you can offer to the new ruler of Dream you’ll gladly give, although in all likelihood, your presence at his coronation represents the limits of your usefulness to him.

There is much unfinished business for you in the Dreaming. First, you haven’t yet found Aclima and you must do so, because she is your sister and she needs your help. Also, you have a great deal of pity for Abel and would like to improve his lot in life, if you could. Perhaps you could petition Daniel to take Cain’s place in the House of Mysteries to protect Abel. Perhaps you could encourage Abel in winning a position in Daniel’s staff where he would be able to move away from Cain. Then there is Jumella. It grieves you that she is lost in her madness and her fantasies of revenge. If you could help her, you’d gladly do so as well. If you could only help your brothers and sisters to be safe and happy, you know it would mean a great deal to your mother.

As far as Daniel’s staff goes, you can’t help but think that it might not be a bad gig for you. You weren’t really planning on being sent back as a man for awhile yet. A gig in the Dreaming might be just the thing to help you keep an eye on your family. The archetype of Mother sounds pretty good to you - you could help everything run smoothly, just like you’ve always done. Perhaps, although you haven’t thought about it much yet, if you were able to win a spot on Daniel’s staff, perhaps he would grant you something else: the role of Adam. To become your father - it’s an uncomfortable thought. Could you ever fill his shoes? But you wonder if that’s what the family needs to hold things together.

As long as you’re here, there are a number of folks you’ve come across looking like they’re needing something. Like another resident of the Dreaming, the Fashion Thing. She looks so sad. And, you’ve seen her hanging around Cain, which can’t be a good thing for her. Then there’s a young boy named Jed Walker. He’s gotten himself mixed up in all kinds of things he doesn’t understand, you can tell. He’s in a lot of need of some good advice. He’s got some real good friends - you like them. You’d hate to see Jed come to any kind of bad end. And there’s Nuala, the Fae girl. Something’s weighing heavy on her mind. Then there’s poor Lyta. It can’t be easy to be responsible for the death of one god and the birth of another. And Jed’s sister, Rose Walker - you’ve seldom heard such vehement opinions against the gods. It’s very understandable why a mortal such as herself would resent the machinations of interfering beings such as the Fae who come in and muck things all up, but it saddens you that she can’t seem to conceive of benevolent entities wiser than herself shepherding the human race to a better future. You’ve got your work cut out for you, but you love the challenge of guiding a chorus of syncopated beats into the rhythm of a perfectly tuned clock.

**Goals/Notes**

Prez 2 Not Transferable
- These Goals/Notes supercede the rest of your character sheet.
- Your family does not expect to see you here; you have not seen any of them in several months
- Your family needs a lot of help, even if they won’t admit it
- Find Aclima. Save her from whatever may ail her.
- Help Jumella. Poor girl really needs it.
- Resolve your family’s problems
- Protect your family
- Save Abel from Cain. Their relationship is completely unacceptable. Abel is a poor abused victim, and doesn’t even realize what a horrible situation he is in. You must help him.
- Your mother was a good mother to you, but is surrounded by what she must see as her failures. See what you can do for her.

Contacts
- Jane Roe (Aletta Wallace): Your sister
- Cain (Rich Younger): Your brother
- Abel (Greg Lohman): Your brother
- Jed Walker (Natan): Good kid with some problems.
- Rose Walker (Diane Christoforo): Jed’s sister
- Miranda Walker (Sue Swalley): Rose and Jed’s mother
- Eve (Erin Price): Your mother
- Marie (Liz Smith): Jed’s friend
- Sexton Furnival (Philip Tan): Jed’s friend
- Lyta Hall (Christina Hawkes): Poor woman
- Daniel Hall (Chris Kuklewicz): The new Dream
- Goldie (Merry Peck): Abel’s gargoyle
- Gregory (Mark Mascaro): Cain’s gargoyle
- The Fashion Thing (Beth Baniszewski): You’re afraid she may be falling into a bad relationship with Cain

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- none

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Immortal
- Symbology 1
- Psychology 1

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
The Puck

“If we shadows have offended, think but this, and all is mended:
That you have but slumber’d here, while these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme, no more yielding than a dream.
Gentles – do not reprehend. If you pardon – we will mend.

And – as I am an honest Puck, if we have unearned luck
Now to ’scape the serpents’ tongue, we will make amends, ere long.
Else the Puck a liar call. So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands if we be friends and Robin shall restore amends.”

—Robin Goodfellow, A Midsummer Night’s Dream

“‘I am that merry wanderer of the night.’? I am that giggling - dangerous - totally - bloody - psychotic - menace
- to - life-and-limb, more like it.”
“‘You played me well, mortal. But I have played me for time out of mind. And I do Robin Goodfellow better
than anyone.”

—Puck

Congratulations. You, fine and handsome sir, happen to be the most fun creature in all of existence, Robin Goodfellow - you may call me (The) Puck.

If you wanted to go to the wayback, you could probably talk about how you’ve been around causing trouble for, well, a real long time now... but at the moment most of that is piss under the bridge - the good stuff has been happening in the last three hundred or so years. The Lord Shaper was kind enough to invite your kind back to Gaia (known to some simply as ‘the mortal realm’) for a bit of fancy by some fellow named William-something-or-other. The occasion reminded you of just how much fun you had with mortal man (and woman, and child), and thus when the others all left, you stayed behind.

In addition to all of the fun you had, you also avoided being a tithe - ever since Fae pulled out of the Gaia, it’s resided in an unused pocket of Hell, for a price. - a daemonic lease, if you will. Every seven years, you send nine of your best into Hell, to serve Lord Lucifer’s whims - and so far, none of them have ever come back. It’s not great, but it beats the slow fading away that keeping Fae on Gaia would bring.

You’ve kept busy since then, always something to do here or there (they *still* celebrate Guy Fawkes day in England). Lately, things have been getting even more interesting. A while back, Loki said he’d been hired by someone to kidnap some random stupid kid, and you, always up for that sort of thing, tagged along for a ride. Loki ended up throwing the kid in a re, which you thought was a little harsh until you saw that it was burning the kid’s mortality, not his flesh. Almost had it all, when some jackass in sunglasses showed up and beat the crap out of Loki, and then - get this - ate his fucking eyes, with honest-to-Auberon eyeteeth! It was around the time that Loki (Norse God of Lies and Deceit, Mister I’m So Fucking Tough They Had To Chain Me Under A Mountain For Millenia With Poison Dripping On My Face) started begging for a merciful death that you decided the fun was over and it was time to book it.

Turns out, of course, you probably did the kid the biggest fucking favor of his lifetime - he used to be Daniel Hall, now he’s just Daniel (everyone knows that all the cool kids only need one name), and in a week or so he won’t even be that, he’ll just be Dream. Don’t fucking expect to cash in on that one, though... Endless tend not to like owing people favors, and some people are big enough to kick even you around.

It was around that same time that Lucifer Morningstar, First and Foremost Fallen Angel, Lord of Hell (and also, by extension, Fae)... quit. That’s right, he up and quit and stuck it to The Man of all Men, God himself. He handed the Key over to Morpheus, who refused the Fae proposition that they just keep Hell closed, and instead gave the key to a couple of angels - Duma, a guy who seems okay (if boring as all, well... Hell), and Remiel.
Remiel, the most self-fucking-righteous fallen angel since Lucifer, is kicking the Fae out of Hell. And you know what? This is fine! You’ve been sending off the wildest and best Fae had to offer (barring yourself, of course) for waaaaay too long, and quite frankly the climate is less than ideal. It’s time to go back to the old ways, when you all walked freely in the mortal realm, and people believed in you all - especially you.

Of course, there’s a reason you left - people simply don’t believe in faeries anymore these days, and thus there’s not enough fae energy in the mortal realm for you to really move Fae there. Cluracan, through his amazing powers of being a bumbling fag idiot (which he is really really good at, actually), has found a way to do this. Somehow, he has unleashed The Nemesis, a creature made of both dream and fae energy. If you can stab the Nemesis in the heart with a silver dagger, and leave him bound, you can use his half-Fae, half-Dream nature to convert dream energy (which is pretty freely available, especially right now) into fae energy (which is nearly dead). After that you can just dump him in some hole in the ground where no one will ever find him, and he’ll keep the door cracked open, as it were.

But, keeping the door cracked open is only enough once Fae has been moved - in order to actually move Fae, you’ll need to practically blow the door off of its fucking hinges. Fortunately, in your infinite wisdom, you’ve figured that one out too - just after you silver stake the Nemesis, crack a Dreamstone and channel the resulting energy through him, too.

It would probably even help, and by help we mean ‘is absolutely necessary,’ to convince Titania and Auberon to go along - you can’t exactly move a sovereign realm without a little help from the local gentles. (I.e, people who are not in any way like you.) Titania, fortunately, remembers the days of yore and is all for this plan. Auberon, your liege, seems to have lost his way - but if anyone can bring him around, it is surely Robin Goodfellow, upstanding moral compass for the fae.

Speaking of Titania and Auberon... you’re a father. Yes, this has to do with them. Titania and Auberon both love little half-fae children like your darling Chloe. Problem is, if you give her to Titania, Auberon’ll be pissed, and that won’t do. Give her to Auberon, and Titania’ll be pissed, and that won’t do either. Give her to neither and they’ll both be pissed and that really won’t do. But this is only a problem if Mr. and Mrs. High-and-Mighty find out. If they don’t, you continue to be home free. So far they don’t - in fact, until recently, you didn’t even know. Unfortunately, the Nemesis has found her and is on a Quest to introduce Chloe to you, and thus win a boon from Titania - which is going to be ten pounds of shit in a three-pound bag. Suffice it to say that the Nemesis is not high, nor even present, on your list of ‘good buddies.’

Doing all of that should take you a couple of hours, which is good - things are pretty chaotic right now and there’s lots of time for an opportunistic soul like yourself to have a little bit of fun.

Goals
- Move Fae back to Gaia, the mortal realm (See greensheet for details)
- Make sure that Titania, Auberon, better yet no one learns about Chloe’s parentage (i.e you)
- Capitalize on any opportunities that present themselves.

Notes
- You are Puck. Puck is the monster under the bed that often barks but bites when he has to. Puck is the closest thing the fae have to an incarnate force of chaos and mayhem, and yet is still an alarmingly gallant fellow. Puck has a lot of fun in his day-to-day life, even if (perhaps even especially if) other people don’t. Roleplay accordingly.
Contacts
- Auberon: Your errant liege
- Titania: The best prank-target short of Destiny and Alex Chiu
- Nuala (Kristen Sunter): Stupid bitch
- The Cluracan (Danny Bates): Stupid fag
- Nemesis (Mike Person): Stupid fag’s evil twin
- Chloe Russell (Dawn Ash): Stupid bastard child
- Loki: Stupid god of lies
- Daniel Hall (Chris Kuklewicz): a guy to remind of favors past, maybe
- Bobby Gorrell (Cameron Betts): Some guy you keep running into - why isn’t he dead yet?

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- The Fae

Greensheets
- Moving Fae to the Mortal Realm
- Gods and Monsters

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Immortal

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 3
Ramona

Damnit. That was stupid of you. You should have known that this would happen. You were under a lot of stress, that’s all. So you thought to yourself, Delirium, you thought, since Delirium is who you are, Delirium of the Endless - Delirium, you thought, there just isn’t enough of you to go around today. And just like that, you split in four parts. Damnit.

Yeah, you’re Delirium of the Endless. You’re not crazy, you know - not really. You just see things a little differently from most people, maybe even a little bit better sometimes. You know your siblings pity you sometimes, thinking that you’re suffering from madness, but that’s not true - you really are enjoying it, most of the time.

You’re the baby of the family, so it only makes sense that your siblings see you that way. They’re mostly a good bunch. Destiny, with his big book and his quiet ways - he’s a good fellow. Your older sister Death has always been good to you. You love your brother Destruction, even though he left his post and doesn’t talk to the family anymore. Your brother/sister Desire... well, s/he isn’t always so nice, but s/he’s always interesting, at least. Despair is the sister you don’t like quite as well - you haven’t quite forgiven her for giving up hope of finding Destruction. You did find him, after all - she just didn’t care enough. And then there’s Dream.

Dream was a wonderful brother. He took you out to look for Destruction that time, and he gave you yummy chocolates in his Great Hall. You were very, very sad when he died. Now you have a new brother, Daniel. He’s going to officially become Dream with all of Dream’s official powers in nine days. He’s having a big party, a Celebration. It’s going to be absolutely lovely - if you can piece yourself back together in time.

Right, that’s what you were thinking about. You had a bunch of things to do this morning. Splitting up seemed more efficient. For one thing, your gallery went up in smoke (or rather, fuzzy purple bubbles). You have to have a gallery. Some piece of you is out there working on that right now. Your gallery is the place where you keep an item (called a sigil) representing each of your siblings and one representing yourself. It’s what you use to contact each other. So one part of you is off doing that.

Then, there’s another part of you going to warn Desire that s/he had better leave Daniel alone. You know what s/he’s been doing, trying to cozy up to Daniel, trying to get involved in his business. S/he’d better leave Daniel alone! Nobody’s going to mess with your little big brother. That’s where that other part of you went.

And then... and then you can’t quite remember. You know there’s a third other you out there, but you don’t remember what she’s doing. You suppose you’ll have to ask her when you find her. And you’re going to have to find her. It’s very important.

See, you can’t exactly remember what you were supposed to be doing. It’s rather embarrassing to admit, but it’s true. You must have put your memory of what you were doing inside one of the other pieces of you. Now you have no idea except that it was terribly, terribly important. You’re going to have to gather up the other parts of yourself as quickly as you can in order to find out. You hope they remember who you are...

Notes
- If someone attacks you with the phrase “Trance Waylay,” You become instantly restrained. And you may not speak unless the aggressor lets you. This will last for up to 5 minutes.

Memory/Event Packets
- badge number: 3727 - badge number: 2551 - 2100
- 1683 - 2763

Bluesheets
- The Endless
Greensheets
- Gods and Monsters  *The Endless have this information*  - Absorbing Dels

Abilities
- Knock Out  
- Wound  
- Assist  
- Restrain  
- Absorbing Dels  
- Magic 1/2  1/2 point of mana rounds to 0, but 2 halves will add to 1

- Intuition 1
- Symbology 1
- Psychology 1
- Immortal  *You follow these rules of mortality during game*

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Barbie Ravenmoon

You will overcome. You are strong! You are a strong, independent woman, and your life is your own. You can do it. You don’t need a man, or anyone!

Your life hasn’t always been that great, but that’s okay. You’re over that now. It doesn’t bother you. At all. Nope.

You grew up in Florida with your Mom and Dad. It was plain and boring. You dreamed of being a Princess, Princess Barbara, in a beautiful fairy tale land with your friends Wilkinson, Luz, Prinado and Martin Tenbones. You had quests and adventures. You went there every night in your dreams for years and years. It was the best part of your life.

You lived your daytime life as everyone expected you to. Went to school, joined the cheerleading squad. When your first boyfriend got you pregnant, your mom took you to get an abortion, and no one ever mentioned it again. After that you met a nice boy, Ken, and got married. You moved into a boarding house owned by Hal, a gay drag queen with a nice singing voice. You and Ken didn’t judge him, of course, but you never mentioned it to any of your parents. They wouldn’t have approved. Gilbert lived upstairs. You never saw him much, but you all heard him lots, making strange requests and announcements. You think maybe he was a writer. Then there were the Spider Women, Chantal and Zelda. Only Zelda ever spoke, and it was always very formal speech. They were always completely covered in long white dresses and veils, and they collected spiders. It was creepy, but okay. For awhile there was Rose Walker, a young woman who had come to Florida looking for her lost brother.

You believed yourself to be happy. You were Ken and his Barbie Doll, the perfect couple, always happy, wearing matching outfits. Ken was going to get a successful career, and you’d have babies, and live in a dream house. Life was... simple. You were calm. You never had to think much or deal with anything hard. First your parents took care of you, then Ken. The only excitement came from your dream land. (Goddess, you were BORING then.)

Then, one horrible night, everything went wrong. Everyone in the house had horrible dreams, and you lost your dream land. You stopped dreaming at all. Things got... really bad. It’s all jumbled together in your head. You and Ken split up. He started bringing his new girlfriend over while you were still living together. It was all bad.

You moved to New York because... well, why not? It’s New York City, anything can happen in New York City. You didn’t know who you were anymore, or if you’d ever known who you were, but you were sure you could find someone to be in the Big Apple.

You moved into a kinda run down but homely walk-up, owned by Hal’s friend Scarlett. You became friendly with some of your neighbors. Being New York, it was filled with all sorts of people. There was the lesbian couple, Hazel and Foxglove, a kinda creepy guy named George, a quiet girl named Thessaly and Wanda. Wanda was... special. She was the most amazing person you ever knew. She was your best friend. Wanda was a loud, brassy, statuesque redhead. She was born in the midwest as a boy named Alvin, but that wasn’t the life for her. She knew who she wanted to be, and she left home and found the life she wanted, as a woman in New York City. Wanda was the greatest.

You, on the other hand, had no idea who you wanted to be. You wore a lot of makeup, painting your face in strange ways in a desperate attempt to be interesting. You were afraid that you were really boring, deep down inside. Utterly plain and uninteresting. You were surrounded by special people, and you were trying to be like them, but it just didn’t work.

Then it all went to hell again. You were walking down 5th avenue, with Wanda, and there was Martin Tenbones, in the middle of NYC. He looked so big and out of place, and confused. They killed him, there in the street. He came to find you and died because of it. You ran to him as he lay dying. He told you that the kingdom needed you, that you needed to return and fulfill your quest, to save the land from the Cuckoo. He and gave you the Porpentine, and he died. You were so horribly confused and grief-stricken. You went home, and everything got really weird. You dreamed for the first time in two years. You went back to
your dream kingdom, and you were Princess Barbara again, except... it was more than dreams this time.¹

You woke up in a hospital. A hurricane had come. The apartment building was gone. Wanda, and George, and this homeless woman had all died in the building. But you survived. You didn’t understand what had happened. You tried to talk to Fox and Hazel and Thessaly, but none of them would talk to you. It was clear something had happened, but they wouldn’t tell you what.

You got on a bus and headed to Kansas for Wanda’s funeral. They cut off her beautiful hair, and put her in a suit, and called her Alvin. It was horrible. Wanda’s aunt was at least willing to talk to you and give you a ride, but you weren’t welcome at Wanda’s parents’ home or the wake. Not that you would have wanted to go. You represented the life Wanda had found for herself, not the life her parents wanted to believe she... he... she had. You gave Wanda a copy of her favorite comic book, The Weirdzos, and crossed out “Alvin” on her tombstone and replaced it with “Wanda” written in her favorite tacky pink lipstick. Lipstick she’d never wear again. You said your goodbyes, and left Kansas.

So then you found yourself adrift again. Your only real friends, real or whatever, were gone. Your apartment was gone. You had no job, no life, not much money, and you were in the Midwest. You were done with Florida, and didn’t want to go back to New York. So... you took a bus to California. That’s part of the American pattern, right? Lost? Seeking your fortune? Head West! So you did.

You did a lot of thinking on the bus. About your life, Ken, your parents, Wanda. You decided you needed to find who you really were instead of looking for someone to be. You thought about what Wanda would want you to do.

You came up with some theories. Like, “... Everybody has a secret world inside of them. I mean everybody. All of the people, no matter how dull and boring they are on the outside. Inside them they’ve all got unimaginable, magnificent, wonderful, stupid, amazing worlds... Not just one world. Hundreds of them. Thousands, maybe.”

You arrived in San Francisco with no real plan, no friends, and not much money, but you were confident that this time, you would make it work. You’d think of Wanda and be strong. She’d want you to take care of yourself, to not give up, and not take any shit from anyone!

You found a phone book, looked up some charities and went and went looking for help, or work, or whatever you could find. Turns out San Francisco gets a lot of lost people and transients, and this makes some long term residents wary of newcomers. But the people you met were still really nice. You told the people at the first charity you found that you had nothing and no one, but you’d work for food, and did they know anywhere you could get shelter? The woman in charge was kinda grumpy, but Sunshine, this woman that volunteered there, said they should give you a chance, and they gave you a bed in a crowded little room in the back. So you set to work, manning the soup kitchen, stuffing newsletters asking for donations and filing papers. You were so glad to be doing something.

You spent a lot of time with Sunshine. She seemed to like you, and would come work with you so you could talk. You found out she was from the same county as Wanda. While Wanda had run off to NY, Sunshine, who used to be named Valerie, had run off to California with a boyfriend at the age of 16, back in the mid 70s. When she got pregnant he freaked out and ran to the other side of town with some girl. You told her about your own teenage pregnancy experience (what there was of it - you told your mom, she took you to the clinic, and you never spoke about it again) and about Ken. Sunshine had moved in with some other young friends in a cramped little studio, and looked for a job. No one wanted to hire a pregnant 16 year old who looked 14. She wound up selling crafts that she made on a blanket on the street with all the other street vendors. The friends she lived with sold pot. Sunshine got some sympathy business because of her growing belly. She was young and confused but happy. She would sure everything would work out, she’d raise her perfect baby with her friends and live happily ever after. Then her friends got busted, and she wound up living on the street, and had a miscarriage. Sunshine was devastated by the loss of her baby. They sent a social worker to see her in the hospital, but she was too depressed to say anything, and they put her in a group home for troubled teens. She stayed there, in a stupor, until she was eighteen. Her friends and her baby were gone, her dreams were crushed and

¹Please see A Game of You, Book V of the Sandman Library
she’d lost the will to live. Then she met Ivan.

Ivan helped her find her faith as a pagan. He introduced her to a pagan community, some of whom she still living with. That’s when her life really started to turn around. Ivan had died a few years ago, but Sunshine was still carrying on, helping others finding their faith.

Sunshine invited you to dinner at her home. It felt like... home. You hadn’t had anywhere feel like home since... ever. There were eight women living there together. They seemed very familiar, even though you’d never met any of them before. Everything felt... so right. Like you had found your family. They grew most of their own food, and didn’t eat any meat or animal products. Said they were vegans. You were weirded out by not eating meat. Then you tried the food, and it was better than you’d ever imagined vegan food could be. They were right. How could you keep killing, imprisoning and torturing animals when you could eat so well without it? You vowed never to use another animal product, or allow the slaughter of an animal that you could prevent.

You started coming over every night, sometimes sleeping over. One night everyone was sitting around, relaxing after dinner, and you mentioned the strange connection you felt to them. They laughed as if they knew something you didn’t, and you asked what was going on.

“We feel the same way about you, Barbie,” said Summer.

“Yes, Barbie. In fact, we think you may be one of us,” said Wennesday.

“You’re not human, Barbie. We’re Otherkin. We’re fae reborn into human bodies. Sometimes we remember our past lives. Sometimes we meet someone and we know, we just know, that this was someone we knew in a previous life. Someone we loved in a previous life. And I remember you, Aurehen. Do you remember me?” said Summer.

You started sobbing. It felt so true, so right. This was why you’d always felt wrong, like you were something very different, even when you didn’t admit it to yourself, even when you tried to convince yourself you were boring, you were normal. You were wrong.

Summer embraced you, and soon the others joined in. You’d found where you belonged.

You lived the happiest months of your life there. You and Sunshine became closer and closer. She said she thought you’d been lovers in your Fae lives, and shouldn’t you try to recreate your fae lives?

You were nervous. You’d never been with a woman before, but you cared very deeply for Sunshine, and you wanted to get closer to your true nature, but you were so uncertain. You and Sunshine became lovers. You wanted to be a lesbian, you really did, but, you just didn’t know if it was for you. Sunshine seemed happy with you, and everyone at the house was happy for you and encouraged you.

Then you did something stupid. Afterwards you realized how much you were like Hazel, the lesbian from back in New York, and it was ridiculous. You were hanging out with a guy you worked with, at a free-trade employee-owned coffee shop, and you had a few drinks, and, well, things happened. You were drunk, you didn’t mean for it to happen... no, no excuses. Because it kept happening. It had been years since you’d had any sex when you got to San Francisco, and you think your libido had gone into hibernation. But here it was. You really wanted to be a lesbian. You tried to stop sleeping with men. But you kept slipping up. You were so afraid to tell Sunshine, and the longer it went on the harder it got. She was so honest with you, and you kept betraying her.

Finally she caught you. You’d slipped up. Maybe you did it on purpose, to end the lies. She was so upset with you. Everyone in the house was. They... they asked you to leave. You begged them to forgive you, you said they were the only family you had, that they’d shown you your true self. They said if it really was your true self, you’d be able to sustain it without them. They said
if you left San Francisco for a year, and still truly felt like an Otherkin, without them there, that they would consider letting you return. You thanked them profusely. You’d betrayed their trust, and you’d done harm, and you needed to prove yourself. You’ll be a good person, you’ll be a good lesbian, you’ll be a good vegan. You can do it!

So now you’re back in New York again. You never thought you’d be back again so soon. You found June Palmer, Foxglove and Hazel McNamara again, and they’d all started practicing magick! The group is run by Dr. Nayeli Reyes at Columbia University. It’s wonderful. You haven’t come out of the wardrobe to any of them yet, but you’d really like to find someone who understands, maybe even another ’kin.

One day you were sitting in central park, reading a book on fae, and a beautiful man came up to you. He asked you if you would like to join him on a Quest to get a boon from Titania, Queen of the Faeries. It was amazing! He must have sensed your fae nature. You’re somewhat intimidated by him, he’s so beautiful and powerful-seeming. You haven’t had the courage to ask him yet, but you’re sure he must be fae.

You said yes, of course. A Quest. The last time you Quested, it was to try to save the Land from the Cuckoo, and that failed miserably. You will succeed this time! You must!

Nemesis says that a proper Quest had three people, so he invited a little girl, Chloe Russell. (Chloe’s cat and babysitter, Marie are also tagging along) and you are working through your Quest to get an audience and a boon with Titania, Queen of the Fae. You’ll tell her who you are a lost fae, and she’ll be able to return you to your true form, you’re sure of it. Then everything will finally be all right.

Meanwhile, you’ve joined a little theatre troupe at Columbia University. It’s being run by Professor Davis Walsh, a really incredible director. You’ve been cast as the wife of the male lead. It’s very exciting. Professor Davis Walsh is really incredible - he’s writing the play as he goes along in a collaborative interplay between the actors and the script. You’re so proud to be participating in such cutting edge art!

Contacts
- Dr. Nayeli Reyes (Stephanie Fried): The head of the PSG
- June Palmer (Thista Minai): The quiet girl who lived upstairs from you in your old place in NYC. A powerful witch. In the PSG.
- Foxglove (Courtney Shiley): Another old housemate who has joined the PSG. She has a child with her girlfriend, Hazel.
- Marie (Liz Smith): Teenager in the PSG, Chloe’s babysitter.
- Larraine (Diandra Lucia): Teenager in the PSG
- Rose Walker (Diane Christoforo): Your old housemate from Florida. Very pregnant. Also in the PSG
- Nuala (Kristen Sunter): PSG member
- Nemesis (Mike Person): The man taking you on the quest. You are so excited!
- Misty (Michelle Goldberg): Chloe’s cat

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- Pagan Studies Group - Professor Walsh’s Production

Greensheets
- none
Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Magic 1

Creativity 1
Naturopathy 1
Psychology 1
Trancendental Meditiation 2

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Rebecca

You are a child of Lilith, part woman and part demon. You were especially close to your mother growing up. She loved you and taught you to be strong and proud of yourself. She took you around on her errands and adventures and you loved your mother very much.

When you weren’t with your mother, you were in Hell - that’s not a metaphor. You lived in Hell, in a perfectly nice part of it, with other demons that were your playmates. And with Lucifer. You saw the Morningstar for the first time when you were only ten and you were dazzled by his brilliance. You vowed that you would follow and serve him to be near his light and his power.

At first you were a nuisance to him, then an amusement. Your mother used to find it cute (and perhaps useful) that you were so often permitted in the presence of the King of Hell. As you got older, Lucifer began to appreciate you more and your mother stopped thinking it was cute. *If you were going to attach yourself to any man, she would say, it might as well be the King, but that doesn’t mean you should follow him around like a puppy, like his servant.* She did not understand. You were in love with Lucifer and he allowed you to show that love by following him.

Lucifer and your mother do not get along. She disapproves of your continuing relationship with him so she finds it easiest to ignore it when she comes to see you. Lucifer, for his part, seems to have grown protective. He worries that your mother will get you involved in things you shouldn’t be doing. You can’t help but feel touched by his concern.

You and Lucifer have been through a lot the past few years. It started, in a way, when Lord Dream of the Endless escaped from the prison that had held him for almost eighty years. He came to Hell to challenge the demon Choronzon for the return of his helm - and he won. On that day, Lucifer swore he would destroy Lord Morpheus. And then, Lucifer began to admit that the rigors of running Hell had lost their enjoyment for him. The next time Dream appeared, Lucifer decided to abandon Hell, and left the key with Morpheus.

Morpheus eventually gave the key to two angels, Remiel and Duma, who rule Hell still today. You and Lucifer struck out for new adventures. For awhile, he played a lot of piano. There was also a phase of camping out on the beach. One day you heard that Lord Dream had died. You and Lucifer went to funeral. Lucifer admitted there that although he had sworn to destroy Morpheus, he didn’t hate him and was saddened by his death. Poor Lucifer. There are so few people who can sympathize with the challenges he faces. Morpheus was one of them.

You and Lucifer are still in the restaurant business, in New York City now. He owns the pub, and you’ve gotten good reviews in some of the smaller papers. A man named Bobby Gorrell tends bar and there’s another waitress, Nuala, with whom you generally enjoy working. She is very good at understanding you when you talk. There’s a little stage in the restaurant and a number of talented local performers have made a habit of making appearances there. And Lucifer still plays the piano when the mood suits him. Of course, Lucifer hasn’t been himself lately.

Normally you try not to seem critical of Lucifer’s decisions, but this latest has left you feeling fairly concerned. Not long ago, Lucifer was contacted by Loki, rogue Norse god and trouble-maker of all trades. Loki has long been confined under the earth, tortured by the dripping poison of a snake as his punishment for various crimes, not least of which was his role in the death of Morpheus in the face of the Dream King’s kindness to him. Loki longs to escape from his underground prison. To that end, he appeared to Lucifer in a dream and made an arrangement.

Loki is now inhabiting Lucifer’s body while Lucifer’s consciousness sleeps. The terms of their contract are that if Loki does anything to hurt Lucifer (or you), that Lucifer will repossess his body. You, too, have the power to oust Loki from Lucifer’s mind. You take this responsibility very seriously. Loki is not to be trusted. Loki gets to hide inside Lucifer while he works towards making other arrangements. Lucifer, in exchange, asked Loki to kill your mother.

Lucifer doesn’t know you know about this, of course. He thinks that you would be very upset with him if you knew, and you
are upset, a little bit. Your mother is very capable and you don’t really think that Loki could kill her. Even if he could, you have to admit that Lucifer’s concern for your well-being is touching. You overheard his conversation with Loki (Lucifer talks in his sleep - you overhear lots of things). He says that your mother is planning to do something very large and very bad and that she may draw down the wrath of powerful beings, even Endless, and he doesn’t want you to be sucked into that. You must admit it’s true that your mother is singularly capable of pushing you into doing things you know aren’t a good idea.

Nevertheless, you would try to save her life if you could. You certainly aren’t looking forward to the relationship Lucifer and your mother will have once she thinks he’s trying to kill her, but that bridge will be crossed when you reach it. One way or the other, you are determined that this time, you will not get involved in her plans. You will be strong, as she taught you, and you will refuse. You will also watch Loki like a hawk and kick him out of Lucifer’s body if he tries to break any terms of their agreement. You do want Lucifer back, of course, so you are helping Loki with his goals in any way you can. The sooner Loki does what he came to do, the sooner Lucifer will return.

It’s not just that you love and miss Lucifer (although, of course, you do). You could also really use his help. For one thing, Remiel, the idiot, has decided to kick the Fae out of Hell. With your ear to the ground, as it were, you’ve found out that they might invade the mortal world. As far as you’re concerned, if that happens it will indicate a serious dereliction of duty on Remiel’s part. Perhaps Lucifer could remedy the matter.

Also, there are druids. Somehow they’ve managed to find and sacrifice the last Scion (the last living descendent of Jesus) and are working on opening up the boundaries of Hell. Interpantheonic war is a tricky thing, and Remiel doesn’t seem up to the task. Loki as Lucifer has been pretending not to want to get involved (since Loki doesn’t know the first thing about the situation and, like as not, doesn’t care) and everyone else who knows about the situation has been begging you to change his mind. If he’d only come back, he could really help set things right, but until then, you and Duma and Hob and the others are on your own.

Contacts
- Charles Milton (Andrew Menard): Lucifer. Former Lord of Hell, your love, boss and owner of the bar
- Bobby Gorrell (Cameron Betts): the bartender
- Nuala (Kristen Sunter): works at the bar. Fae.
- Professor Alastair Saroff (Jake Beal): Remiel. Current Lord of Hell. Not quite all there.
- Dr. Nayeli Reyes (Stephanie Fried): your mother
- Mr. Jansen (Aaron Finck): Duma. The quiet lord of hell. Works as a janitor in the bar.
- Misty (Michelle Goldberg): Cat that has been hanging around the bar

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- The Christian Mythos

Greensheets
- Containing Hell
- Gods and Monsters

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Shunt Lucifer
- Immortal
- Magic 2
- Arcane Lore 1
Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
They say that history is written by the victors. It’s true. Look what they say about you. They say that you were evil, that you killed babies and things like that. You did no such thing.

You were created in the Garden of Eden, by God, as one half of the first human being. Then God saw that separation was good and the first human became Adam and you, Lilith. Things were good for awhile. You enjoyed Adam’s company, so far as it went. Then, well, you don’t know exactly what happened. Can you really lay blame in things like this? Maybe being two halves of the same being was too boring. Maybe familiarity breeds contempt. Maybe Adam was too insecure to be paired with his equal. In any case, you left him. They say he cast you out. That’s a convenient way of remembering things. He may have declared he wanted you no longer, but you were already gone.

You took up with demons, that’s true. Well, there weren’t any other people, were there? Besides, there are all sorts of demons, nice ones and charming ones and attractive ones - it’s hardly the perverse activity it’s made out to sound. You had a multitude of children with those partners, all demons, of course. You loved them all. You never tormented the children of men, or stole their souls or sent your offspring after them. Why bother?

It’s ridiculous, the credit Eve gets. The mother of humanity - so she gave birth, any woman could have done that. Did she ever do anything of note? Well, she ate the apple. She chose the Fruit of Knowledge. Even then, she was a coward; she blamed it on the snake. Yeah, you just bet it was the snake, right.

It’s the way she was made that always got to you. After you, God made another wife for Adam with muscles and bones and skin. But Adam rejected that wife because he had seen her insides. Pathetic. So then, God decided that Adam needed someone who was a part of him. But not a full part of him like you were, just a part of a part of him. He fashioned a wife for Adam out of one of Adam’s ribs. And Eve, as if she knew this was her origin, was always subservient to Adam, always deferred to him in all things. Pathetic.

One time, you visited her children. Cain and his twin sister Aclima impressed you. They were bright and critical thinkers. Abel and his twin sister Jumella impressed you less. They were shrinking little things. He stuttered. She looked like Eve. Later, you heard that Cain killed Abel over some dispute. You weren’t entirely surprised. Wandering near the family’s home some time later you found Aclima. She was wrecked by the event. You told her that as long as she lived in her father’s house, as long as she was expected to be a dutiful child of God that she would always be unhappy. You were able to help her. You were able to turn her into a child of yours, not a child of Eve’s. She became a demon, true, but you think she was happier. There wasn’t anything for her in her father’s house.

The three wives of Adam. The number three is so frequent in such things. You, Adam’s Virgin, Eve... Classic crone, maiden, mother. What ever happened to Adam’s second wife, anyway? Why should you be the crone? You were first. You had thousands of children to Eve’s five (after Cain killed Abel, Eve had a last son, Seth). And yet, here you are. Why should all your children bear the mark of demons even when you bear them with mortal men? That’s how you were feeling when you became pregnant with Mazikeen. Her father was a man - a better man than most, but a man. You found yourself more and more troubled by the thought of this child, too, being deformed.

You went to Lucifer, the Lord of Hell and asked for his help. You asked him to help this child be born whole, in return for favors. He agreed. When Mazikeen was born, she was perfect, beautiful in every way, all down the right half of her body. The left half was a twisted, writhing demonic mess. You helped it a bit, but she will always be deformed along that side. It galls you. She’s grown into a lovely young woman, though. She’s chosen to live in Hell. She has a position close to Lucifer, which would be wonderful except you can’t help worry she’s developed some sort of “thing” for him. You’ve thought of trying to pry her away from him a bit, but she’s very stubborn in that respect. Still, she’s always around when you call for her.
This has been going on long enough. You are taking steps. You look around at the women of the mortal world, women who have Eve’s soul and you see that they are weak and they are kept subservient to men and that they are just in general far too much like Eve for your liking. The world would be a better place if the women of the Earth had your kind of soul: strong, intelligent and independent. And you're going to make that happen. You are going to redo the story of Creation and this time, there isn’t going to be any Virgin or any Eve or any Cain and Abel. There’s just going to be you and Adam and a race of strong, competent human beings.

You can’t do this alone. You got yourself a position at Columbia University as a women’s studies professor. Under those auspices, you have started a study group focusing on the reconceptualization of religion in a non gendered paradigm. In your group you have been teaching the other women magic that will be useful in performing your ritual. Would you believe a couple of teenage boys tried to join? Ridiculous.

The other women are coming along nicely. Foxglove has become your most useful student, organizing things and the like. Your most talented student is Dr. Palmer, from the bio lab. Surprisingly talented, actually. You’re slightly wary of her. No matter, you are very close to succeeding and getting everything that you rightfully deserve.

They say that history is written by the victors. This time, that’s gonna be you.

Contacts
- Eve (Erin Price): Stupid “Mother of humanity”
- Cain (Rich Younger): First son of Adam
- Abel (Greg Lohman): Second son of Adam
- Jane Roe (Aletta Wallace): Second daughter of Adam
- Lucifer Morningstar (Andrew Menard): Your daughter’s no good boyfriend
- Rebecca (Lauren Schiff): Your lovely daughter. You always manage to convince her to do whatever you need. Good girl, listens to her mother
- June Palmer (Thista Minai): Powerful member of your group
- Foxglove (Courtney Shiley): Your trusted Lt.
- Melissa Newman (Susan Born): Aclima. No one else seems to realize who she is. You hope she is doing well.

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- Pagan Studies Group
- Columbia University
- The Christian Mythos

Greensheets
- Lilith Rising
- Teaching Female Mana
- Buddha Natures
- Gods and Monsters

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Immortal
- Magic 3
- Arcane Lore 1
- Mythology 1
- Astrology 1

Items
- none
Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
Jane Roe

“Dig Ophelia
consider it dug
Flowers madness and polar bear rug
Here’s the water, just ankle deep high
Lay back relax and look up at the sky.”

–Dig Ophelia by Rasputina

You have found him, yes you have found him, the snake, the pinching bug, your bridegroom-to-be. Long have you wandered and long have you suffered at his hand - long may he suffer at yours.

Cain. Your twin’s brother. Your sister’s twin. There was a time when all of you were happy. Well, you were a child and perhaps everything seemed happy to you. Your parents, Adam and Eve, had been cast out of the Garden of Eden and that shadowed them their whole lives. Adam, your father, was forever terrified of violating “God’s Will.” Your mother was always concerned with your father and her responsibilities to him.

Cain was the oldest boy, your stronger, older brother. He never made much time for you, or even seemed to notice you at all. He spent all his childhood with his twin sister Aclima. They had secret code-words and secret games and a secret hiding-hole just under the lip of the cliff near your home that none of you was supposed to go near. You knew about it because Abel told you. Aclima took him there once.

Then there was you, Jumella, and Abel, your twin brother and playmate. The two of you sneaked extra food to your beds and played in the dirt like puppies. Cain and Aclima were quick with words and quick to push and shove for what they wanted. You and Abel stayed separate from them.

Then you all got a little older, too old just to play all the time. Father taught Cain to hunt for small game. He was fairly good at it. Abel couldn’t stand to hunt. He began to tend sheep. Both brothers gone all day meant you and Aclima were forced to spend more time together. You cooked the food and Aclima made the clothing and the baskets that the two of you and Mother used to gather herbs and vegetation. Adam continued to hunt for larger animals and to guard the house at night and Eve made medicines and took care of everyone else, trying to see that everyone felt safe and happy. Things were nice for awhile, especially when Cain brought you the birds he killed and told you your cooking was incomparable. Or when Abel let you feed the orphan lambs. Or when your sister brushed your hair and told you you were very pretty when you looked up at people instead of at the ground. Or when your parents held your hands and swung you back and forth and sang to you.

But the four of you continued to get older and you began to wonder about the children you would have of your own. Aclima brought it up, of course. She asked Father what was to be done, since there was no one else you had ever found. Father said that he would ask God. He went away for several days. He came back and said that God’s will was clear - you were to marry Cain and Aclima was to marry Abel. Your sister looked like she would cry. She ran to the bed and refused to leave it all day.

You knew Aclima’s rejection must have hurt Abel. He was always so considerate of others, and so shy and so embarrassed by the way he stumbled over his words. You thought Aclima was mean to reject him, but you were privately relieved - the thought of being alone with Cain terrified you. He was quick to criticize, sarcastic, and Father said he went against the will of God. Cain had found a way to dig little trenches in the ground that brought water all the way from the river. He planted things between his little trenches and they grew in little rows. Father wanted to stomp them down when he saw the way that Cain tried to bend God’s creations to his own will but Mother said you needed the food, so Father tolerated Cain’s growing things, but angrily.

Cain began to look at you more. It scared you, but it also made you happy because you knew he was going to be your husband. Abel tried to talk with Aclima, but whenever he did, she would end up just staring at him and bursting into tears. She began to spend her afternoons with Cain, out in his fields. Then things began to get more complicated.
Cain told Father he would not marry you; he loved Aclima. Father was terribly angry. Mealtime became almost unbearable. Aclima begged and begged. She had a hundred arguments. Cain agreed. You wished that Abel once would say that he would prefer you, but he never did. He always said the word of God would be his guide.

“The word of God is the word of Father,” scoffed Aclima, and you wondered if it was true. It seemed so obvious that everyone would be happier with his own twin. You wouldn’t want to anger God but how did Father know what God wanted, anyway?

The more you thought on it, the more you thought that Abel was the one you wanted after all. And why not? He was sweet and funny and a lovely boy all around. You went to talk to him about it one day. Come on, you asked him, wouldn’t you rather marry me than Aclima anyway? Abel didn’t really answer. He stuttered and said that he would always follow the will of God. You became suspicious. You realized that Abel wanted to marry Aclima, maybe because she was so pretty. You were so mad at him, you threw a pot of soup on his head.

You were so upset, you ran off into the woods right near suppertime. You weren’t entirely surprised to run into Aclima there. At first you were angry at her, but you decided it wasn’t her fault that Abel loved her, too. Anyway, she wanted the same thing you did - Abel for you and Cain for her. The two of you agreed that you would make things work out right - after all, there could be no marriage without your consent.

For awhile, your arguments seemed to be working, but then one day, Father got very angry. He said he had had enough. He said that Cain and Abel would each build an altar and offer sacrifices and God would show a sign. Aclima would marry accordingly. Cain built a giant stone arrangement and Abel had only a single slab. Aclima stood between. Cain burned his crops already harvested - you wondered what you would eat that night. Abel killed your favorite lamb. Your favorite lamb! To win Aclima. You suddenly realized you were very unloved.

And then, Abel’s altar seemed to glow gold. Light and smoke surrounded it. It was beautiful and frightening. Father said enough was enough - God’s will was clear. Aclima would marry Abel, right now. Aclima cried. Cain gave you a look of hatred. You were so afraid of him. You prayed to God - you hadn’t done it since you were very small - you prayed, Please don’t leave me all alone with Cain.

Father, Mother and you and your sister returned to the house where you put on your nice dresses, your wedding dresses, which Aclima had made months before. You had not worn them until that day. Also were two hair-wreaths: one of dried plants and feathers and one of dried flowers and braided wool. You knew the one was for Cain’s bride and the other for Abel’s. You knew that Aclima had meant to be wearing the wheat even as she sat it on your head with trembling hands. You knew it - the wool was dyed blue - Aclima always said blue was your nicest color. She preferred yellow.

The four of you returned to the hill. There was a strong feeling in the air - charged, but still. Cain was wild-eyed, frozen. He ran into the woods. Abel lay bleeding on the ground. It was a horrible night.

Without the boys, there was no hope for either of you - no hope for the family. The days were very dark. No one talked much. One day you found the secret hiding place in the cliff. There you found the wreath of wheat and feathers, brittle and surrounded by stones. You mashed it to bits. Aclima never spoke to you after that. How dare she pine over Cain when Abel was dead? You don’t remember so well after that. Mother told you not to cook anymore and sent you to lie in bed all hours of the day. You heard her tell Father you’d gone mad.

Soon Mother had another baby. She never let you hold him. Seth. He took up all the attention. Aclima disappeared. One day you wandered away from home and you simply did not return. Cain hadn’t wanted you, that was true, but as you wandered through the land along the river you came to realize the will of God. You were meant to marry Cain, no matter what. That would always be your destiny. Cain tried to shirk from his but you had to find him and marry him as God intended. It became your driving purpose.

Eventually, you grew old, never finding Cain. Word of him came to you, though. He had another wife, somehow, but that
was no matter. Eventually you heard he had died and you began to search for the land of the dead. Eventually you realized that you were on Earth no longer. You came upon an old rickety house and you rang the bell and Cain answered. You smiled. He looked almost as though he might drop down dead.

He kept you locked in the attic for years and years, but you knew, you always knew: someday he would have to marry you. And then, your duty to God fulfilled, you would kill him as he killed Abel.

Abel. One day you got out of the attic. You saw Abel and Mother. They know where you are now, but they do not rescue you. Nobody loves you. You saw Mother’s precious baby, Seth. He wants to save Aclima, wherever she may now be. If he were to help you it would be only out of pity. You can’t but hate him a little, even as you hope for his help.

Not that you truly need help. After that first time getting out you’ve realized that no locks can hold you. You leave Cain’s house often these days. You wander the Dreaming (for it turns out that is where you are) and you wander the waking world. In the waking world there are a funny lot of people in white coats. They ask you questions and get most perturbed when you simply disappear from the room they’ve given you. They are funny sorts of people, really. You don’t mind spending time with them. They act awfully interested in you, and they give you little things.

One of the ones there, Demi, she’s told you what they’re really up to. They’re studying to find a way to make people like you not exist anymore. They want to make it so people can never go “mad,” can never realize the truth about the world. You and Demi, you’re going to stop them. You’re going to find some way to sabotage their cruel project.

Also, you’ve joined a little group at the University. It’s a drama group. Professor Walsh cast you as the wife of a dead King. He’s a professor of drama at the University. You are very enthusiastic about it. You think you might have a flair for the dramatic. Also, you just found out that the play is very... special. Something dark, and glorious, and grand, will happen. You and Demi are terribly excited by this. You hope it’s really bad. Maybe someone will get hurt. Maybe someone you hate. Oooo... You just have to make sure the wrong people don’t find out and try to stop it. You think the Professor has only told you and Demi. Demi is such a fun, useful friend. She understands you. Not like the rest of them.

You wonder where Aclima is, actually. Perhaps with Lilith. Lilith was your father’s first wife, but she was very bad, is what you’ve heard. She has many demon children and once when you were quite small and your parents were away she came to visit. Cain and Aclima were most impressed by her (of course). She was very straight-standing and tall-seeming and she told Cain and Aclima they must always think for themselves. You heard her. She told you you looked just like your mother and her lip curled. You do not trust her. Cain thinks she is coming back. You’ve heard him fretting about it, but you don’t know why - he always liked her all right.

Cain. He hasn’t changed. Still selfish, still violent, still cruel. He kills Abel all the time, here, only now Abel comes back to life quickly. Cain still doesn’t love you but you will find a way to make him marry you. Everything will be all right then. And God’s will will be fulfilled. And then, Cain will die.

Cain has that mark on his forehead, the mark of God. As long as he has it, no one can touch him. But everyone can die. Even Morpheus died. His successor is taking the throne in just nine days. When he does, he will announce his new staff. You think you’d like to be in that staff. After all, isn’t your cooking the best of anyone’s? Shouldn’t you try for the role of grandmother? It might be good to do something away from the rest of your family for a change, anyway.

It’s not like your family cares about you or anything. You mother knew where you’ve been, in Cain’s attic, and she hasn’t tried to help you, has she? And Seth, off to rescue Aclima - what about you? Don’t you deserve rescuing? If at all possible, you’d like to prevent Seth from ever finding Aclima.

The only one who gives a care for you at all is Abel. Good old Abel, the same as ever. He’ll help you with anything you need, because you’re his sister, and because he’s not good at saying no. It’s the least he can do to help you, really. All those secrets he’s got up in his house, some of them have to be good for something to help you.
And can you believe the way that Cain is, is cavorting with the Fashion Thing? Like he’s playing at being some kind of gentleman! How can she fall for that? She ought to know what Cain is really like. If you could make her watch him kill Abel, she would see what he’s really like. If you could make her see how he treats you, his own sister, she’d see what he’s really like. And if she saw what a lousy excuse for a shadow of a human being Cain is, she’s never want to have anything to do with him again, and it would serve him right.

Contacts
- Cain (Rich Younger): You will marry him. And you will kill him. You’re not afraid of him anymore; He should be afraid of you
- Abel (Greg Lohman): Your sweet twin brother, you can still make him do whatever you want, and you do.
- Demi (Cassie Huang): Your friend. You’re going to help her.
- Professor Davis Walsh (Geoff Schmidt): The man running the play

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- Those of the Dreaming
- Columbia Biolab

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Restrain
- Wound
- Magic 1
- Assist

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Your name is Chloe Russell. You are almost seven years old and you live with your Mommy and Mommy’s boyfriend, Steve. Not that much interesting really happens to you. Once, you got to take an airplane. You met these people on the plane, a tall man with funny spiky hair and a lady in very colorful clothes. They talked to you like you were very smart. You liked them a lot. Also, you used to have a cat, but she died. Your parents bought you a new kitten named Princess, but it wasn’t the same. You missed your old cat, Misty. Your mommy and Steve are pretty nice to you, but they have to go to work a lot and they don’t have time to play with you very much. You suppose you used to be sort of sad.

But that was before. Now, all kinds of good things are happening to you, ever since your birthday when you blew out your candles and wished that things were more exciting. Since then, you’ve gotten a new baby-sitter, Marie. She’s wonderful. She’s lots of fun and she always plays with you. Plus, you and Marie met this nice girl at the park named Melissa Newman. She acts really sad. Marie says you should invite her over to play more. That makes you happy. You like having friends. Friends are really good. Then, you started seeing Misty again. She comes to the back door and miaos at you and you let her inside to play with you.

On the other hand, you’ve been feeling kind of afraid. You don’t know why. You’ve been feeling like something really bad might happen. You couldn’t really think of anything to do about it. Then one day you met a friend of your Mommy. He’s really funny and nice and he talks to you like you’re very smart. He told you that your parents aren’t really your parents and that he will help you find your real parents. He says that what you need to do is to go on a Quest, and that he will be your guide. You’re ready to start tonight, with Marie and Misty and the nice man. It will be very exciting!

Contacts
- Marie (Liz Smith): your baby-sitter
- Misty (Michelle Goldberg): your cat who died awhile ago
- Nemesis (Mike Person): the nice man who has offered to take you on a quest
- Melissa Newman (Susan Born): girl that you’ve been playing with

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- none

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Magic 1
- Intuition 1
- Creativity 1

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2

Chloe Russell
Professor Alastair Saroff

‘I don’t think you trust in my self righteous suicide
   I cry when angels deserve to DIE
      Father! Father! Father! Father!
   Father into your hands I commend my spirit
      Father into your hands
      why have you forsaken me
      in your eyes forsaken me
      in your thoughts forsaken me
      in your heart forsaken me!

--Chop Suey, System of A Down

You are Remiel. Life is calm and still and perfect. ‘Life’ is hardly the right word. You are an angel, you are one of the Creator’s perfect creatures. You cannot imagine any other way, any other existence.

* * * * * * * * * *

So now you are acting as a professor of Western Religion at Columbia University. You stand in front of mortals and tell them about the Creator and the ways they worship him and kill each other. You talk about it all day long. You read their papers about it. You listen to their opinions... well, mostly you tell them your opinion. Students report that you are “very passionate” and “engaged with the material” and that you ”fall to [your] knees, lift your arms to the heavens and call out ’why, Lord, why?’ as if [your] heart was being ripped in two”.

Your student evaluations amuse you.

* * * * * * * * * *

Long ago their realm, their ‘fae lands’, were given to them by Hell. As part of their dirty bargain, they agreed to give forth a tithe of the best of their people to Hell every seven years. They were never pleased with it, but for millenia, while *Lucifer* reigned in hell, they complied.

But now that *Lucifer* is gone, well, now we don’t have to respect Hell anymore, do we. No, no, cause now *Remiel*’s in charge, so we can do whatever the hell we want!

No, You don’t think so.

* * * * * * * * * *

He’s rebelling! He is challenging the Creator! How.. amazing! How fascinating! How could he? To dare so much, to risk so much! Astonishing! He’s so strong, so sure, so beautiful...

* * * * * * * * * *

As for Duma... he is still silent. He is the only remnant of your beautiful, glorious former life. Just you and he, alone amongst all the demons and the damned and the torture, and he. will. not. say. a. word.

It’s driving you out of your mind.

* * * * * * * * * *

They’ve set up some.. safeguards that you have to go through. They are a bit... troublesome. Disorderly, chaotic and unlawful, just like them. Unfortunately, with their insidious ways, it’s been starting to get to... get to you a bit. Makes you a bit... confused, delirious.

But you’ll be fine.
They are still trying to convince you to stop. Their green queen, and her rude little lap dog, The Cluracan. They’ve never really respected you. They pretended to like you to, want to be your friend. But they just wanted out of the agreement.

* * * * * * * *

You can’t take it in hell anymore. You just can’t. You need to find a way out. You need to find a way back into the Silver City. There must be a way. There must. Your Lord must be testing you. He works in mysterious ways. Yes. Testing you. You must please him, and then you shall return to the Silver City.

Yes. Of course.

You couldn’t have fallen! Not you! Not Remiel! All part of the Lord’s plan, it must all be part of the Lord’s plan.

Yes. Of course.

* * * * * * * *

The path to the Fae lands is... difficult. But you will force your way down that primrose garden of deception and evil, dirty, Fae-related lies...

* * * * * * * *

You don’t like that woman. That Dr. Nayeli Reyes. La professora. She is so arraogant! And ridiculous! She goes on and on about the power of women, and criticizes you for what you do as a man, as a part of the establishment, as a part of the patriarchy.

Ha.

A man.

If only she knew.

Ha.

* * * * * * * *

This isn’t so bad! No! You can make a real difference here. You can redeem them. You have to hurt them to do it, but they’ll love you in the end. You can be happy here, with Duma.

It’ll be fine.

Of course.

* * * * * * * *

He says he’ll go back! He’ll go back! He’s grown weary of wandering, posing as a mortal! He’ll go back! Take back Hell! You and Duma can return to the Silver City! The Creator will be so proud of you! Returning things to the correct order! The fallen down below, Angels up above.

He can’t possibly want thing the way they are, you and Duma down in Hell.

He must miss you.

He’ll listen to you if you get Lucifer back in hell.

He has to.

* * * * * * * *

Then there’s the *fae*. The dirty, decadent, disgusting Fae. Debauched, Dissolute, degenerate fae. Gleeful, Godless, giddy, groping Fae. Terrible, twadry, tempting FAE. Lewd, licentious, lascivious, lecherous *FAE*.

You want nothing to do with them and their perversions.
Absolutely nothing.
Yes. Of course.
They are appalling.
Even if they enjoy it, it is all bad. Bad bad bad.
They tried to tempt you. You would not indulge. No no no. Not even if you were tempted, but you weren’t, you’re an angel you are above pleasures of the flesh.
Of course.
They invited you to Fae. They sent the Cluracan to convince you. A pretty boy. Stupid, flighty, flirtatious pretty boy. With a charming smile. And lovely hair. And a very pleasant laugh. Stupid Fae.

* * * * * * * * * *
He wants... stones. He says if he gets the stones, he can use them, on, oh, something, whatever, then he won’t mind going back to hell, it does’nt matter, because all you have to do is dig up these stupid stones and he’ll GO BACK.
This all requires so much time in the mortal world. Posing as mortal. Dressing as a mortal. Acting like a mortal. You don’t really like it. No. But it’s temporary. Oh so very temporary.
The Silver City. The Company of Angels. You’re going to go *back*. You have to go back. He has to listen. Or you’ll... you’ll...

Notes
- To find your way to Fae (which you’ll be able to reclaim post-game), start with riddle packet P0.
- To start looking for a lost dreamstone, start with riddle packet S0, outside 4-270. You probably want to do this discreetly.

Contacts
- Duma (Aaron Finck): Your comonarch. He is still silent.
- The Cluracan (Danny Bates): Fae lord.
- Mazikeen (Lauren Schiff): Lucifer’s demoness companion
- Lucifer Morningstar (Andrew Menard):

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- Columbia University - The Christian Mythos

Greensheets
- Gods and Monsters

Abilities
- Knock Out - Restrain
- Wound - Immortal
- Assist - Psychology 1

Items
- none
Stats
- Combat Rating: 3
The Fashion Thing

“Im ein ani li, mi li; if I am not for myself, who will be for me?”
—Rabbi Hillel

You have lived in the Dreaming for virtually all of your life. You were fostered here, essentially, and you’re pretty fond of it. You are the Fashion Thing. You are a living barometer of the mores, tastes and aspirations of entire societies. You are the original It Girl. You flit around from one end of the Dreaming to the other, infusing everywhere you go with the particular energy of the day’s trends and helping out your Dream buddies with whatever they may be doing. You have a lot of buddies here. There’s Lucien, the serious-minded librarian of unwritten books; there’s Merv, the groundskeeper with a pumpkin for a head - there are oodles of them.

You are a little strange, even among the residents of the Dreaming. You change. Well, you change your appearance, of course. Flapper, Goth, Gibson Girl - you’ve done it all. It’s more than that, though. As your appearance changes, so does your personality. You sometimes wonder if you have any “self” at all. “Self” is a nebulous concept for you. You have been many people over the years. Even when you are alone, you can tell that you are being pulled by the dreams of all the sleepers.

When you are not alone it gets even stranger. You have an incomparable talent at being whatever it is that those you are with want you to be. When you are with Merv and he sends you to slay nightmares, you are solid and dependable and good with weapons. When you are with someone else, that goes away and you become something else (say, a damsel in need of rescuing). No two people hold the same opinion of you. Things become complicated if you are around more than one person - you can only express those facets of your personality common to both their views of you. This often becomes impossible and you have to run away. For this reason, you prefer not to linger in large groups.

You suspect that your current state is connected to your unusual origins. You were created, bones, muscles and skin, to be the wife of Adam, the first man, after his first wife, Lilith, had left him. Lilith was too domineering, the story goes. Some say she was evil and lay with devils. Others say she only wanted to be his equal in all things. The important part is, Adam grew not to want her and she left him. So, God made you, right in front of Adam’s eyes.

Your first memory is looking into those eyes, wide and blinking. Adam was very beautiful to you. You walked to him, thinking he would take you in his arms, but instead he raised his hands to hold you back and looked upon you with revulsion. Having seen your bones and blood and bile and all the parts of your insides, he wanted nothing to do with you. You were heartbroken. What would there be for you in the world? You cried because you did not want to be sent away from the Garden.

That was when Lord Shaper came to you, dark and austere. He offered you a place to live and to work in his own garden, the Land of Dreams. You gratefully accepted and you soon came into your current position. Maybe it’s a case of use it or lose it - maybe you came to this job before you developed into a real sort of person and now you just haven’t been able to. Then again, maybe there is a self that’s just you inside you somewhere. Maybe you could find it if you tried.

It’s a frightening thought, of course. If there is a you inside there, you’ve been hiding from it for almost your whole life. You’ve learned well Adam’s lesson: if people really knew you, they wouldn’t like you - you have to give them something else. But lately you’ve begun to wonder if it has to be that way.

Cain. Your one exception. You know of Cain. Adam’s son. He spurned the woman meant to be his wife and murdered his brother. You had no desire to be near him. In fact, you have avoided him almost entirely for as long as you have known of him. And furthermore, you have always refused to change yourself to please him. He was despicable to you.

Then, not long ago, he came to you for some small favor. You felt the familiar tug of yourself trying reform into something pleasing to him but you resisted. You resisted every instinct to please him, and refused to help him at all. You found that you were rather proud of yourself.
You must have been thoroughly disagreeable, but for some strange reason, he came to see you again, just to talk. You couldn’t imagine why, but you decided you were curious about him, so you engaged in conversation (but remained unwilling to change for him as a matter of principle). Over the past several months, he and you have spoken every few days and you are discovering, with some amount of shock, that you almost rather like him. Whatever he may have done in the past, he is now a charming, funny, kind man who has repeatedly gone out of his way to help you. Just yesterday, he warned you of a rumor that Lilith might be coming to the Dreaming. He told you that you’d be better off avoiding her. He looked really concerned about you. You couldn’t help but think what a nice guy he actually is. It’s sad that other people don’t know what he’s really like.

This relationship that you’ve developed with Cain is unique for you. He actually sees the real you, such as it is, and seems to like you. You feel suddenly dissatisfied with your life. You want more.

For one thing, as much as you’ve enjoyed your various odd jobs around the Dreaming, you’ve been thinking that you could take on something more substantial. Daniel is about to consolidate his power and when he does he will choose staff members to fill new positions. Yes, you think you’d do well in the position of Little Sister - you could keep track of things for Daniel and be helpful. That would be fun. You are going to try to get that position.

More personally, you want to have a firm personality, all your own. You don’t want to give up your ability to reflect the world and you don’t want to give up your ability to mold yourself to others’ expectations but you want to have a person inside of you that you know is you and you want that person to be there all the time.

First, you’re going to have to decide what the real you is really like. Once you know that, you’ll need to seek out people who elicit those traits in you naturally. Then, you will want to spend time with them in combination, gradually gaining the ability to show aspects of your real personality to anyone you choose, not just Cain. (see greensheet)

There are so many possibilities! If you had your own personality, maybe you could even take an active role in your capacity as Fashion Thing - you could influence the styles and desires of millions of people. Maybe you could even have a name.

Of course, while you’re working on these things, you should keep on doing what you’ve been doing. You need to help Merv fight the nightmares that are encroaching from the Soft Places and help Lucien with his research and help Daniel in any way he asks, but as much as you can you are going to work on your new self. You don’t want to be a Thing anymore.

Contacts
- Cain (Rich Younger): You are continually surprised by your relationship with him
- Abel (Greg Lohman): Cain’s brother
- Merv (David Kern):
- Lucien (Kevin Chen): he’s nice
Memory/Event Packets
- badge number: 8015
- badge number: 4290
- badge number: 4085
- badge number: 4786
- badge number: 3669
- badge number: ?046
- badge number: ?846
- badge number: ?272
- badge number: ?070
- badge number: 3727
- badge number: 3659
- badge number: 3098
- badge number: 3242

Bluesheets
- Those of the Dreaming

Greensheets
- Personality

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Magic 1
- Dream Lore 1
- Intuition 1
- Creativity 1

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Jed Walker

You were born in 1979. That was probably your first mistake. Year of the Goat. Who wants to be a goat? That’s what your grandfather used to say to you: Don’t be a goat! You don’t really remember when you lived with your mom and dad and your sister, Rose. Anyway, your parents got divorced when you were five and you went to live with your father. Rose stayed with your mom.

Your dad said weird things. He said that you were better than other people that you and he were special, and Rose, too, but not your mother. He said your mother was like other people, like sheep, and he and you were wolves. He had these friends, you didn’t like them, they smelled funny. They would do this thing, where they would hold hands and howl and they would... change. They’d get kind of hairy and their muscles would grow. They looked scary. You would hide under the table and they would laugh.

One day you came home on the bus from school and there was yellow tape around the house. There were police. A woman you’d never met before told you that your father died in a car accident. She had pretty yellow eyes. She looked at you for a long time. She asked you to get in her car. You weren’t sure if you should, but if your father was gone, maybe this woman would take you to your mother. She reminded you a little of your mother.

She didn’t say much to you on the ride. You rode for a long time. It wasn’t so bad. She bought you McDonald’s when you were hungry and a backpack with Prince Charming on it. Cinderella used to be your favorite story. She told you to get out of the car in a cold parking lot. A tall man with a big white beard walked up to the car. He nodded at the woman and she drove away.

The man turned out to be your father’s dad, your grandfather. You went to live with him. He lived in a lighthouse alone on the coast. He was like your father’s friends, too. He walked all around in that big funny furry way that they had, but it wasn’t scary with him.

He told you a lot of funny things, too. He told you that some people are like him - bodark, able to be like a man, able to be like a wolf and able to be somewhere in between. He told you that it’s a touchy thing to be a person like you, a person who has a little bit of his blood and a little bit the blood of your mother, and your grandmother. Your blood isn’t pure. Some people from your Grandfather’s tribe have a big problem with that. He told you that your father shouldn’t have made contact with other bodark. That was foolish. He tried to raise you to understand that you needed to stay away from his people, as he had tried to teach your father here in this lighthouse.

You loved your grandfather. He taught you how to read and write and to do math (you didn’t go to school). He told you stories of Robinson Cruesoe and King Arthur’s Knights. And then he died. You didn’t know what to do. You were eating a sandwich on the windowseat when a blue car pulled up in front of the house and a man and woman let themselves into the house.

They were your father’s cousin Clarice and her husband Barnaby. Bodarks, both of them. Hated you, of course. Never let you leave the house. They didn’t give you anything to read and you had to sit in the basement if anyone came over. They beat you. You ran away from home.

You were caught. They never let you leave the basement after that, except when the social workers came to check on you. They were terrified their friends would find out about you, their part-breed relation. It would be a scandal for them. They couldn’t kill you, either. Too many inconvenient questions. It was a strain on them and on their marriage. They took it out on you.

After awhile, you learned to just lie there on the floor, half asleep, thinking about your grandfather, Cinderella’s Prince, King Arthur and the rest. Soon, you invented a whole new story. It was about these two strange guys, Brute and Glob. They would cause problems for you, do things that would make you sad and then your grandfather would come back and put them in jars like the ones he used to make preserves. The stories eventually started to lose their luster. You knew your grandfather was dead. Out of nowhere you finally came up with a new hero - Hector, the brave and powerful Sandman. He protected you from Brute and Glob, from Barnaby and Clarice, from everything. He had a wife, Lyta. She looked just like Cinderella.
You don’t know for sure how long you lived in the basement, being bitten by rats with nothing to eat. You aren’t totally clear on how you left, either. It was confusing. Somehow, Barnaby and Clarice died. Sometimes you wonder if you did it. There was a man, very tall, wearing sunglasses. He... tied you up, maybe. Put you in his car?

But somehow, you woke up in the hospital. Your mother was there. You hardly remembered her. And Rose. *That* was strange. They said they’d been looking for you for a long time. Your mom was really good to you. She got you a haircut and some new clothes. She worked at helping you catch up all those years you missed at school. Turns out your Grandfather taught you pretty well. Your reading came back to you pretty easy. You don’t much like math, though.

While you were busy working on getting over your own problems, you couldn’t help but notice that there was a lot wrong with Rose. She just locked herself in her room and never came out. She didn’t really even talk to you for five months. You thought about asking her what was bothering her, but thought better of it. You weren’t sure you would want to answer the same question.

Despite that, you and Rose became very close. She seemed to get you, and you found her easier to be around than anyone else. Your mom tried really hard, but she always looked kind of sad when she was with you, like she was feeling sorry for you. You didn’t really like that. You didn’t think there was too much reason to feel sorry for you; things used to suck, but now they sucked much less. What was there to feel bad about?

Well, you did feel bad, even if you didn’t think you should. Your mom sent you to see a psychiatrist. He said you were depressed. He gave you medicine. You took it for awhile, but you hated it. You started to flush it down the toilet. Nobody noticed; you’re pretty quiet either way. Sometimes you’d say one little thing like, you’d tell him that you got distracted sometimes and didn’t realize you’d been sitting somewhere for an hour - you know, things that aren’t so weird. He’d get all concerned. He’d get this *look*, and write things down. You were afraid of what might happen if you told him that people used to live in your head. What about your dad’s friends and your grandfather, the way they used to change shape? Your reading had taught you what a bodark was - a werewolf.

You had to be insane, you realized. Werewolves, superheroes in your head...? More like divorce, death, child abuse, neglect and a dissociative personality disorder. You must have made up all that stuff. Whatever, it was behind you now. Well, maybe you still believed in that werewolf stuff, a little. It didn’t hurt anybody, as long as you kept it to yourself, and just in case, you’d be able to stay away from anybody who reminded you too much of one of those werewolves you used to know. They’d still want to kill you for being a part-breed. Except that it couldn’t be true, so you had nothing to worry about. Except if it was true, Rose wouldn’t know to stay away from werewolves... which would be a problem if werewolves even existed...

You finally started school. Sixth grade. At fourteen! You hated it. They moved you to eighth and told you to work hard. You did. Academics worked out okay, but you couldn’t seem to make any friends. People were just... hard to be around, difficult to understand.

Then, you went up to New York to spend a week with Rose. She was back in school, working on her thesis. She was really nice to you. She asked you if you wanted her to cancel movie night at her place with her friends. You said no biggie. Rose’s friend Fox came over with her cousin, Marie. Marie was a year older than you. She seemed to take a liking to you right away. You made your first friend your own age.

Soon, you were part of a little group: Marie, her boyfriend Sexton and another girl, Larraine. The four of you spent time together every couple of weekends, going to the movies, seeing Sexton play at clubs with his band, the Unoriginals, just talking... it was great. You even did well enough in school that you would be able to start tenth grade this coming fall, just a year behind where you ought to be. On top of that, Rose got pregnant and decided to keep the baby. Your mom looked a lot happier.

You never really talked about your past with your friends, but you figured Rose must have told Fox some things that she must have told Marie because one day, you and Marie were sitting on a concrete wall over a stairwell to a subway stop and sipping Sprite and it started to get dark and you asked her how come she always wears gloves all the time and she said she’d tell you

---

**Jed Walker (Natan) / Character Sheet**
because you might understand.

She told you a lot of really serious stuff. She told you about some really rotten things that happened to her when she was a kid. And then she told you what she tried to do to herself right before she moved here to live with Foxglove. You didn’t know what to say. There didn’t seem to be anything to say. So, you told her your story. Not all of it. Just the divorce, your dad’s death, your grandfather... Barnaby and Clarice. She squeezed your hand and told you you were a really strong person. The next week, she asked you to go with her somewhere again. It turned out to be a support group for people who were abused as children. At first, you were kind of pissed off and wanted to go, but you stayed that day and you realized that you felt kind of better. Being able to talk about stuff felt good. So you started going with Marie every week.

Neither of you ever talks about it with anyone. It’s private, and what happens in group stays in group, right? But you can’t help that it’s made you closer to Marie. Sexton has noticed. He acts really weird if you’re ever alone with her. You don’t like that very much. Sexton’s an okay guy, but he should trust Marie and he shouldn’t try to keep her from being close to other people. After all, he’s pretty closed off and doesn’t let her talk to him the way she needs to talk to people sometimes. You’re glad that you can be there for her. Sexton needs to back off.

Not that you don’t like him. You do. He’s cool and he’s funny. His band is pretty good. He comes up with good things to do. Like, Larraine and Marie joined this kind of weird women’s studies group at Columbia with Rose and Fox and Hazel. They only let women join, so Sexton said that’s sex discrimination and the two of you should protest. You guys made a couple big signs and you stand outside the door of the building for about five minutes before they meet - what the heck, you’re usually walking with Marie and Larraine anyway. You’d think it would get kind of lame after awhile, but it really pisses off that Professor in charge. Sexton says it’s because technically it’s against University policy and she could get in trouble.

What’s going on with just the four of you is much cooler. Marie’s really gotten into this magic thing. At first you felt pretty uncomfortable - believing in magic made you feel a little bit crazy and you hate that. But it made Marie very happy and actually, the four of you are getting pretty good at it. Well, except Sexton. He sucks. But that’s just because he’s not trying. Marie has this big plan, but she’s been pretty secretive about it. She says everybody’s got to get better at magic before it can work. You’re game. It’s definitely something to do.

You’ve got plenty to do this summer. You’ve got this magic stuff, some tutoring to prepare for September, the support group with Marie, a job and some White Wolf campaigns. You really love White Wolf, especially Vampire: the Masquerade, but you’ll play Mage or Changeling if people want to, or Wraith, just not Werewolf. Never. You’ve got this great character right now, a Gangrel, kind of a rat-like guy. He hunts werewolves.

Your favorite shirt is a Vampire shirt, maLkAvIan clan. It has a picture on it of this particular vampire, Anatole. He’s crazy, of course, because he’s a maLk, but sometimes, God saves him, and nobody knows why. You think it’s because he’s going to do something really good someday. Not that you’re projecting.

And then there’s your job. You’re kind of the personal assistant of this writer, another professor at Columbia. Theater. He’s putting on a play and it’s really important to him - it’s his first big production at his new job. So you have a lot to do to help him out. He’s even letting you be in it, which is kind of cool.

The best thing about him, though? He’s into magic. Not just the white light, can you feel my energy, let’s meditate kind of magic that you do with your friends, but real stuff, dark stuff. He just held your arm one day and whispered, you’re a werewolf, aren’t you? He knows lots of stuff. He has a room with all kinds of weird stuff and sometimes he asks you to help him with a spell or something. You talk to him a little, about some of the things that have happened to you. He’s the only person you know who would really understand. The only weird thing is, sometimes he uses your blood in his spells. You don’t feel quite right about that. Next time, you think you ought to say no, at least if he won’t tell you what he’s doing.

The truth is, everything’s going great in your life, pretty much. At least, it’s much better than it’s ever been at any other time in your life. You even “graduated” from anger management group at school (there was an... incident. Never mind that right now.)
But you’re nervous. You aren’t comfortable. Things have been happening again. You’ve been having having weird dreams, like the ones you used to have in that basement - even while you’re awake. You’ve even thought of taking your pills, but you haven’t so far. You see Brute and Glob when you go to sleep. It’s really bothering you. You’re really afraid they’re living in your head again and you don’t know what to do about it. You wonder if you’re going to have to tell the doctor about this.

You’re trying not to think about these things so much right now. You’re up here with your mom to be with Rose. She’s about have her baby, any day now. Plus, there’s a comic book convention at the hotel nearby and you and Larraine are big fans, especially of this one guy’s work, Richard Madoc. You saw him yesterday. You’re really hoping to get his autograph.

You really like Larraine. She’s the coolest girl you know. Something about her is just so alive. You were sitting with her the other day and you told her she had really interesting eyes, really light brown. She kind of freaked out and left really fast. Maybe she knows you like her. She probably doesn’t feel the same way. Anyway, it doesn’t matter. You decided you’re never going to date anyone ever. It would be too hard to date someone and not tell them about the people in your head, about... the werewolf thing. And forget about having kids - they’d be part werewolf, too and crazy werewolves might try to kill them, too.

Something kind of upsetting happened last night. You were all hanging out at Sexton’s place, just having a good time and it got pretty late. You told Larraine you’d walk her home. You were standing on the steps talking and she smiled at you really happy and that made you feel pretty good and you smiled at her and the next thing you knew, her grandfather had run outside, screaming at you to get away from his house and never to come back. You kind of lingered at the side of the house, listening to him yell at Larraine and her yell back. You wished there was something you could do. You realized you were clenching your fists. You realized you were afraid of leaving her alone; you were afraid that her grandfather might hurt her the way other people hurt you. But you realized that wasn’t going to happen, Larraine never said anything bad about her grandfather except he didn’t like her to date. You took a few deep breaths and headed home. Walking down the street, you thought you saw Cinderella. You kept yourself awake all night.
Items
  - none

Stats
  - Combat Rating: 2
Your name is Miranda Walker. You live in New York City with your two children, Rose (a graduate student in her mid-twenties) and Jed (who is still in high school). Your mother’s name was Unity Kincaid. She suffered from sleeping sickness and went into a coma as a young woman. While in that state in a nursing home, she became pregnant (by one of the orderlies, it is assumed) and you were born.

Your childhood was mostly uneventful. You went to college, you worked, you married a man and you had two children. Then, he started to become secretive and to spend a lot of time away from you and the kids. A little later, he asked for a divorce and took your son with him.

Years later, you learned that he was dead and you couldn’t discover what had become of your son. You and Rose traced him to your husband’s father, who had also died. Then you discovered he had been sent to live with distant cousins, Barnaby and Clarice. Eventually, you found him. He had been severely abused, hadn’t been given formal schooling and was very ill.

A little before that, Unity awoke in the nursing home in England and invited you and Rose for a visit. It was very gratifying to meet your mother, although she died very shortly after you and Rose arrived.

The events of that year seemed to have a powerful effect on Rose. She became very withdrawn and wouldn’t leave her room. You would have liked to help, but she didn’t seem interested in talking about it. Eventually she seemed to come out of it on her own.

Things are looking up for you and your family these days. You’re all getting along and feeling pretty close to each other. Jed has mostly caught up in school and has made some friends - Sexton, Larraine and Marie. The four of them spend all their time together. Rose is almost done with her thesis and more importantly, she seems happier and more alive than in years. Perhaps it has something to do with the fact that she is pregnant. The father isn’t in the picture, but Rose has been handling the situation very nicely, with your help, of course. The baby is due any day now - you’re going to be a grandmother! You’re so excited.

You and Rose have joined a women’s studies group at Columbia University. It’s mostly Rose’s area of interest, but you are thrilled to be spending time with her and learning things with her. The group is run by a professor at the University and focuses a lot on deconstructing the gendered nature of religion, or something along those lines. There’s a lot of chanting involved.

Jed has been hanging around the University, too. He has a job as the assistant to one of the drama professors. He seems to like it a lot. He’s always talking about “the Professor said” this and “the Professor thinks” that. You’re glad he’s found such a productive way to feel valued. The professor has even cast Jed in the play he’s about to put on - in a major part, from what you gather. You know Jed is looking forward to this enormously. He even got Rose to try out for one of the roles and now they’re in the play together. It’s wonderful that they are doing something together.

You’re a little concerned, though. You hear the professor hasn’t finished writing the script yet. The play’s in nine days! It seems awfully irresponsible of him to procrastinate like this, when all these kids are looking forward so much to the performance. Well. You used to be heavily involved in the theatre when you were younger. You have decided to offer your assistance to the professor. Sometimes one just needs a little help to get the creative process going.

It’s nice Jed’s found something fun to do at the University. You used to have to fight with him so much about getting down there. You see, you know that Jed’s had a lot to deal with in his life and you know how valuable it can be to talk that over with people who’ve been in a similar situation. You found him a support group at Columbia and encouraged him to attend. He used to refuse, but now he goes without complaining too much. You think it’s because he’s going down there for rehearsals anyway.

You found out one reason why Jed might not like to go to that support group - Larraine, one of his friends, has an internship in the same building. He wouldn’t really admit it, but you think he might be embarrassed at the thought that she might find out. You think he really ought to just tell her. After all, you’ve seen the way he acts around her - he definitely has a little crush on her.
and it would be best to be honest about things like this if he hopes to date her. You’ve been sure to tell him so, but he probably needs to hear it again.

Larraine’s a very nice girl. You definitely approve. She seems very tired lately. Her grandfather (it’s her grandfather’s lab she’s working in) has her working such long hours the past week. You’re thinking of asking her if she’d like you to talk to her grandfather about giving her some more time off. In fact, yes, you should really do that; adults don’t always realize when teenagers need a break.

Whether because of the guided meditation in the women’s studies group or because of something else, you’ve noticed that your dreams are remarkably lucid lately. You remember them perfectly and while you’re dreaming you can think and talk to people, just like when you’re awake. It’s really remarkable. You always try to talk about it with other people you meet while asleep. Sometimes you see Rose and Jed there. You really must try talking to them while asleep and see if they remember it in the morning. The dreams all seem connected somehow. You keep hearing it said that there is some sort of “Celebration” supposed to happen soon although you don’t know what that means. Most curious.

Finally, you’ve made the most wonderful discovery. There’s this fascinating gentleman (oh you’re terrible with names, but never mind) who has been going around allowing people to try out his new invention, a wonderful little machine. He just attaches it to your head and the next thing you know, you feel as well-rested as if you’d spent the afternoon dozing off on the deck of a cruise ship. It’s remarkable. He’s going to be a very wealthy man, you always tell him. You need to get everybody to try this lovely machine. Ever since you started using it, you have felt wonderful. You’ve hardly had to sleep at all.

Note to the player: Miranda Walker is scheduled to die sometime on Sunday night of a heart attack. Roleplay accordingly any time that’s conveniently dramatic for you, preferably in front of a lot of people.

Contacts
- Rose Walker (Diane Christoforo): Your daughter
- Jed Walker (Natan): Your son
- Professor Davis Walsh (Geoff Schmidt): The drama professor your son works for
- Dr. Nayeli Reyes (Stephanie Fried): The women’s studies professor who runs the group you and your daughter are in
- Larraine (Diandra Lucia): A friend of your son’s - you think he has a crush on her
- Dr. Ivan Parov (Alex Khripin): Larraine’s grandfather. He works in a biology lab.
- Marie (Liz Smith): A friend of your son’s
- Sexton Furnival (Philip Tan): A friend of your son’s. He has a band.
- Dr. Daniel Day (Joshua Pollack): The scientist who invented the marvelous machine

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- none

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Magic 1

Items
- none
Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Rose Walker

“What you’re asking me is, do I believe in weird shit? And the answer is yes. Of course I do. I’d have to be crazy not to. I’ve had a weird shit life.”

—Rose Walker, The Kindly Ones, Part 5

Life is fucked up and stupid. I can’t believe all the shit that has happened to me, or where I’ve wound up. It hasn’t made any sense, and I don’t feel like I’ve gained much out of it. I feel like almost everyone I love dies. My father, Judy, Zelda, Gilbert, Unity... if what happened with Unity was even real... did Gilbert and Unity die for me? What happened that night? Why does everyone I love die? Well, not everyone. I guess my life is the best it’s been now. I have my mother and my brother, I feel like a living human being again, and I’m about to have a baby.

God, where to start. My life started out normal enough. I had my mom, my father, my little brother Jed. Then mom and my father split up, I never really understood why, and my father left with Jed. I never saw my father again and I didn’t see Jed for years. That was back in 1982.

I guess the weirdest thing that had ever happened to me (before things got really out of control) was that my friend Judy died. It was just bizarre. She was dating this girl Donna and they were fighting, like they often did, so Judy was at a diner drinking coffee. Nobody knows what happened in that diner. Everyone inside seemed to have gone insane. Everyone committed suicide in some horrible way. The investigation eventually decided it was toxins in the air supply and fumigated the place. The whole thing left a funny taste in your mouth.

My life continued on with mom in a vaguely normal fashion, until one day in ’89 we suddenly get called to England. Then everything got completely fucked up.

There was this woman, this old woman, this Unity Kincaid, who’d been asleep for seventy years, and she said she was my mom’s mother. Then all this weird stuff happened. In the end Unity was dead, you had your brother back, and life had gotten really weird.

“If it was true, my dream, then... then... Then nothing makes any sense. If my dream was true, then everything we know, everything we think we know is a lie.

It means the world’s about as solid and as reliable as a layer of scum on the top of a well of black water which goes down forever, and there are things in the depths that I don’t even want to think about.

It means more than that.

It means that we’re just dolls. We don’t have a clue what’s really going down, we just kid ourselves that we’re in control of our lives while a paper’s thickness away things that would drive us mad if we thought about them for too long play with us, and move us around from room to room, and put us away at night when they’re tired, or bored.

I’ve been brooding on that night for too long now. Six months. And I’ve decided.

My dream. My weird dream. It was just a dream. That’s all. Just a dream.

You know, I always hated stories that ended like that. I always felt cheated.

1 For details please read The Doll’s House, book II in the Sandman collection. You, Rose, are the main character in this volume. Summary: Rose goes off to find Jed. She moves in with Hal, Barbie, Ken, Gilbert, Chantal, and Zelda. She and Gilbert become good friends. She locates Jed. Rose and Gilbert go to get Jed from the cousins he is staying with, Barnaby + Clarice. But on the way there they find out Barnaby and Clarice are dead, and have to stay at their hotel. Which, of course, fills up with serial killers. Gilbert hands Rose a piece of paper with “Morpheus” on it. One of the serial killers attacks her, she says Morpheus’s name, he appears and saves her. Jed is found in a trunk and taken to the hospital. Rose dreams. Morpheus, Dream, informs her that she is the Dream Vortex and she must die or the Dreaming will die. But then Unity shows up, takes Rose’s heart, becomes the vortex and dies. Also, Gilbert shows up and says he is a place in the Dreaming. Rose wakes up, her housemates have been wracked with horrible dreams, Gilbert is gone, Unity is dead but Jed is better. She locks herself in her room for six months, struggling to deal with all the weird shit, then decides “Fuck it, I’m moving on with my life.”
Six months is long enough to feel sorry for yourself. Isn’t it?"

—

So I moved on with my life. But... I wasn’t really living. I felt empty. Hollow. I wasn’t aging, I wasn’t feeling, I wasn’t anything.

I tried school. I tried writing. I tried working. I don’t need to work, not with the money Unity left us. I can’t really think of her as “Grandma” or anything like that. Really, she was no older than me, in experience, and I only knew her as my grandmother for so short a time...

When I heard that Chantal has died and Zelda was in a hospice, I went to LA to be with Zelda and work on my writing. I visited Zelda, I failed to write, I sometimes babysat for my downstairs neighbor, Lyta Hall. She had a cute kid, Danny. He called me “wosie”. One night, I put him to bed, and the next thing I knew Lyta was shaking me awake and he was just *gone*. I felt so terrible. It was my responsibility, and I let them down.

Lyta just seemed to die then. I tried to talk to her, but there was nothing. Her friend Carla came down to see me a few days later, cause she couldn’t find Lyta. I couldn’t help her, and then i got distracted because more fucking weird shit happened to me.

I was off seeing Zelda. Sitting vigil with her. She looked terrible, her body completely destroyed by the fucking virus. I would bring her flowers, I’d talk to her, pay all her bills, I tried to help. Like you can help someone who is dying of AIDS. She would always tell me how horny she was. But I was there to be her friend, nothing else.

I’d sit there and watch my friend die, and i felt the same way i always did. Hollow. Empty. Filled with... nothing. Even my journal entries read like snide, sterile commentaries on a life I wasn’t really living.

"I wonder if she likes flowers. All the bits of you that can go wrong... I don’t like flowers, not really. i like growing them, but that’s only because i like seeing them blossom, and seeing them die. –why rose walker, how very existential of you. i should *ask* her is she likes them, instead of just bringing them... but oh, how i *do* love to play god."

Anyway, Zelda had a dream. More fucking dreams. She told me my grandmother had a message for me. my dead grandmother. Unity. She said I had to go back to where she lived, where she slept, and she’d give me back my heart.

Fucking weird shit.

So I went to England, of course. I saw Carla one more time, up in Lyta’s place. She wanted to get together and talk, but i was leaving for England.

I never saw her again.

I went to England. Got picked up at the airport by Jack Holdaway, nephew of the Mr. Holdaway I’d met back in ’89. His uncle had died a few years back. I’d been looking forward to driving in his big old jaguar. Jack seemed nice enough. He took me to the nursing home, where i met Paul McGuire, this nice old English queer. He didn’t like the use of ’gay’ to mean homosexual.

I went back up to Unity’s room and it was... empty. Nothing special. I went back to the broom closet, and it was empty. I felt nothing. I sat and chatted with three old ladies for awhile, until they got bored of me. Ran into Paul, who took me to see his sleeping lover, Alex. Alex fell asleep the day Unity woke up, September 14, 1988. Told me Alex had been the son of some great magician, but had no talent himself. It was cold, and raining (fucking England), and here was this old man sitting next to an his lost love, and i had come all this way and found nothing. Paul invited me to come visit him. I gave Alex Unity’s ring for luck and left with Jack. Then ate lunch with Jack. Then went for a freezing walk with Jack. Then went back to my hotel with Jack to warm up. Then propositioned Jack. Then went down on Jack. (he said i was the first woman ever to go down on him!) Then fucked Jack. Then got all stupidly dreamy about Jack.

Then the next day I called Jack. And found out Jack was with someone else. And got fucking pissed at Jack. And myself. Fucking men.
Went to go see Paul. He took me on a tour of Alex’s mansion, a big, grand, rundown, closed off place. He gave me a hot house rose. Alex sat down for a bit, and I found a not-so-secret passageway that lead down to a basement.

I found a beautiful man... woman... pale skin, dark hair... so beautiful... he... she... said he was my grandfather, that he fathered my mother... he kept lighting all these cigarettes, i realized this was more fucking weirdshit. I was scared. He said he wasn’t going to kill me, and if he messed me up, it was only with love. And he would have told me all these secret, important things, but i wouldn’t shut up. I was opening up, saying how much i hated love, leaving all my pain open for this stranger, crying. He said he liked me better when i was complaining about not feeling anything. And i never shut up enough to hear what he had to tell me. And then Paul woke me up, and we found a heart shaped lighter on the floor, he said i must have dropped it...

I went back to L.A. And Zelda... Zelda was dead. They gave me what was left of her possessions, and I put her death on my visa.

"And all the weirdshit tumbles into perspective. It doesn’t matter and it isn’t real.

No miracles.

No magic.

No dreams.

Just pain and death, and visa slips."

I went to “Vixen’s” dressing room. Hal was masquerading as a nasty, homophobic woman, and doing quite well for himself. He had a show. He got on talk shows. I talked to Hal. Something happened between him and the Spider Women 2, something no one every explained to me. And he was an ass, but he came to the funeral.

It was just the two of us there, sending Zelda into the ground, saying goodbye.

And that was it.

____________________

Around that time, I realized something else. I realized I was pregnant. One of the condoms Jack used broke. I decided, what the hell, I’ll keep the kid. Might as well be a mother. As time has gone by I’ve gotten really excited about it. I can feel her kicking. I’m going to be a mother. How crazy is that? I’m still really nervous, but I love my unborn baby more than I can say.

Love.

I feel like... I can feel again. Something changed. I feel more, I feel more deeply, now. I feel life my life was on pause for years, not feeling, not aging. And someone pressed the play button. And I’m changing again, making new life. I’m going to be a mother.

____________________

With Zelda gone I had no reason to stay in LA anymore. I didn’t see Carla or Lyta anymore, and I had no way to contact them. I hope everything worked out okay. I hope Danny’s okay.

Mom and Jed were living in New York, so I decided to move there. It’s good. I like it here. I’m writing again. Life feels... almost normal.

God, I hope I don’t run into any more fucking weirdshit. God damn it. I am so sick of it. I’m trying to live my life, muddle through the world, and fucking weird shit comes out of nowhere. Yeah, well I’m not going to just sit back and let it happen anymore.

I’ve started up doing some magic. It’s pretty interesting. It’s great feeling like I am learning, gaining power. Makes em feel

---

2Chantal and Zelda. The Lesbians. They collected spiders. and wore veils. yeah. See The Doll’s House
less helpless in the face of everything.

You know how people say it’s a small world? Yeah, it is. Who else should I find working on magic but my old housemate Barbie Ravenmoon and Judy’s ex-girlfriend, Donna. Goes by Foxglove now. Donna, the one who’d just left Judy the night she died. Donna, who Judy was so in love with and so broken up about. Donna, who Judy didn’t really treat that well. Judy had a lot of problems dealing with her emotions. It freaked us both out at first to run into each other, to suddenly be reminded of Judy, who’s been gone so long. But... we dealt. We talked. We’ve both changed a lot since, damn, it was back in the 80s, wasn’t it. She’s a singer-song-writer now. Has a long term girlfriend, Hazel McNamara, who is also practices magic, and they have a son. (Not entirely sure how, but whatever.) Turns out she also used to live with Barbie Ravenmoon. Like I said, small fricking world.

The magic group is run by Dr. Nayeli Reyes, a Women’s studies professor at Columbia. She’s kinda extreme in some of her viewpoints. but she knows her stuff, that’s for sure.

I joined a little theatre troupe at the University lately, for the hell of it. Just a few folks, directed by Professor Walsh, some big shot director, apparently. Opening night’s in about a week and he hasn’t even finished the play yet. Oh well, this’ll be interesting at least.

So now I’m living in New York, with Jed and Mom, about to have a baby. At least I have my family, at least we’re together. It’s all going to work out. Mom is... the same as always. Kinda flaky sometimes, kinda immature sometimes, but my Mom. I’m sure she’ll be an adoring grandmother (not to mention willing to babysit...) Jed’s going through the standard teenage rebellion phase. His best friend even has a little garage grunge band. They sound terrible, but it’s adorable. His friends seem like good enough kids. Two of them, Marie and Laraine, are in the coven with me. Laraine is working at Columbia for the summer and Marie is Fox’s cousin. Marie’s boyfriend, Sexton, works with Hazel. I think Celeste and Jed might have some kind of teenaged sexual tension going on. It’s cute. Marie got Jed started going to a abuse survivors support group. You’re glad, even though he still won’t tazlk about it.

I’ve been thinking I should call Jack, tell him about the baby. I don’t want to make him do anything in regards to the kid, I just think, well, maybe I should tell him.

God, I am so glad I’ve got my family back together, that I’m not hiding in my room, that Jed seems okay, all that stuff. I’ve even been working on my book again lately!

I think things are gonna work out.

Notes
- You are pregnant. Very pregnant. Roleplay accordingly.
- You hate the Gods, and weirdshit, and all that stuff. You hate it a lot. It’s caused too many problems. Roleplay accordingly
- You recently ran into Lyta Hall. She’s been through a lot. You’re in a group together (see blue sheet)
Contacts
- Miranda Walker (Sue Swalley): Your Mother
- Foxglove (Courtney Shiley): Judy’s ex. She a singer, she’s in the coven with you. She and Hazel have a son together
- June Palmer (Thista Minai): In the coven
- Marie (Liz Smith): Jed’s friend, Fox’s cousin
- Dr. Nayeli Reyes (Stephanie Fried): Leader of your coven
- Larraine (Diandra Lucia): Jed’s “friend”
- Nuala (Kristen Sunter): Another woman in the coven
- Lyta Hall (Christina Hawkes): You used to babysit for her son in LA
- Unity(deceased): Your grandmother
- Zelda(deceased): Died of AIDS. You did all you could.
- Chantal(deceased): Died of AIDS.
- Gilbert: You’re not really sure what happened to Gilbert

Memory/Event Packets
- “John Constantine”

Bluesheets
- Pagan Studies Group - Professor Walsh’s Production
- The Society

Greensheets
- none

Abilities
- Knock Out - Magic 2
- Wound - Intuition 1
- Assist - Arcane Lore 1
- Restrain - Mythology 2

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
Professor Davis Walsh

“If I tell you something, Theo, the correct response is “Thank you, teacher,” or even “I am unworthy to have been granted that crumb of wisdom, Teacher.” There are other responses - properly servile ones - that would be equally as appropriate. I will permit you to come up with them as the occasion sees fit. “So,” however, is nowhere on the list.” -The Eremite

“But she is Death! Her touch is Death. Her flesh is corruption and her eyes breed maggots...But she will not triumph! I have her sigil! I shall conquer death and bend her to my bidding!” -The Eremite

Death is a pretty girl with flowers, said a poet once. It’s true. All your life you’ve searched for her. She holds a peculiar fascination for you after all these years. So much power, but so circumscribed. You’ve been alive for longer than you can even remember, so perhaps some of the fascination lies in the way that you’ve seen so many go to her, an experience you will not likely have. Your magic is enough to keep you alive as long as you should desire it. Peter Pan may have said that death would be a great adventure, but you aren’t banking on it. You are looking for adventure of a more earth-grounded sort.

You met Death once. For one day every hundred years, Death takes human form to better understand that which she takes from people. The last time this happened, you were waiting for her. You sent Theo, your acolyte, to find her. And he did. You had her trapped. You took her ankh. And yet, she slipped through your fingers. Never mind that. You have a much better plan this time.

After Theo (he died during the aforementioned escapade), you had to find a new acolyte. It was annoying to be without anyone to help you, especially as you were blind at the time. You decided not to be in such a position again. You acquired two acolytes, Dana and Jed.

Dana was a tough kid you found conning people here and there. You liked that. Jed was just an average nervous high school student, but there was something very special about him. You soon discovered he’d had quite the array of magical experiences in his life. He seemed to only feel comfortable talking to you about them. That made sense - most people would think he was crazy. Jed is very sensitive about people thinking he’s crazy. The most special thing about Jed, though? He has the blood of the Endless in him.

It was an indescribably rare find. There are a million uses for such a substance. It wasn’t hard to convince him to allow you to use his blood in some of your work. One of the first things you did was reverse the aging process. You look better than you have in scores of years, and your eyesight has been restored in the process. Which is fortunate, because your current plan would have been most trying to implement while blind.

The power that Death has, you do not covet. She is a slave to her own rules. She goes to the dead at their naturally appointed time and she sends them straight where they belong. Not much of a gig, is it? You have a much more interesting plan.

Apotheosis. An excellent word. In your studies, you have discovered the means by which to turn yourself into Hector, the God of the Dead. As Hector, you will hold power over all the newly-risen dead. It will be... excellent.

But, the process is exceptionally complicated. You tried to acquire ancient texts. You had a few. They all spoke of a certain play which, if performed, would turn it’s star into King Hector, but you could find no pieces of the play itself. You managed to acquire a few more promising leads. You were so close to having the information in your hands, but Dana was murdered. You have no proof it was over the texts, but it gives you an uneasy feeling. You are watching your back as best you can these days. And the texts are gone.

So, you’ve had to resort to a more circuitous route. You are working on drawing the play, section by section, from the library of Lucien of the Dreaming. It’s dangerous - there is a risk of detection and the consequences don’t bear thinking about. But, it may be the only way you can acquire the play.
From the other end of the problem, you’re doing quite nicely. You interviewed for and were hired as a drama professor at Columbia University. Under that guise, you have recruited a troupe of actors to perform the play when you have acquired it in its entirety. You found several of them outside a mental health research laboratory. They think that you are still working on writing it. You can have them rehearse the scenes as you obtain them so that they’ll be ready for the big performance. It’s amusing to think that they have no idea the massive consequences their performance will have. You have told Jane Roe and Demi that something grand and dark is part of the play. You knew they would understand, and they are oh-so excited about it. They will be helpful.

Contacts
- Jed Walker (Natan): Your acolyte
- Dana Smalley: Your last acolyte
- Richard Madoc (Tom Giordano): The star of your play, a prominent comic book writer. Spent several years in a mad house
- Mad Hettie (Jacquie Felton): Another of your actors.
- Barbie Ravenmoon (Bertha Tang): Actress.
- Demi (Cassie Huang): Actress. Very controlled, yet clearly not a normal girl.
- Lyta Hall (Christina Hawkes): Actress. Has been quite mad in her time.

Memory/Event Packets
- none

Bluesheets
- Columbia University - Professor Walsh’s Production

Greensheets
- Writing the Play

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Magic 3
- Arcane Lore 3
- Symbology 1
- Alchemy 1

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 3
Wendy

“she dreams a champagne dream//strawberry surprise//pink linen with white paper//lavender and cream//fields of butterflies/reality escapes her”

–“Shimmer” by Fuel

topquote:

You are following your fish. No wait, that was another story. You and your puppy Barnabas are on a very important mission. Barnabas is a very good dog and very smart, too. He was a gift from your brother and you love him very much and he doesn’t run away at all after that last time.

The most unfortunate thing happened a few days ago - you were just sitting around in your realm (the realm of Delirium) when your beautiful gallery turned into a bunch of tiny purple fuzzy bubbles with little pink shiny spots and then all the bubbles floated away and now you don’t have any gallery anymore.

Your gallery is really important. You use it to contact your brothers and sisters, and they use it to contact you. You are supposed to have one thingy for each of your siblings, plus one for yourself. If you don’t have a gallery, you aren’t being responsible, and you hate it when your brothers and sisters say that you aren’t responsible - comes of being the baby, you know, them saying those things. Anyway, it’s hardly your fault about the bubbles, but they don’t always seem to understand these things.

So anyway, here you are wandering around the mortal world where you are sure to find the things you need to make your gallery again the way it’s supposed to be. And you should hurry up, too, because your brother Daniel is having this lovely big party in just nine days and it would be very embarrassing not to have things set up by then. At the party, Daniel is going to take over his new job as Dream. It is a very important party. You think that Barnabas should wear a tie, and perhaps some sort of hat. He may disagree with you about this.

You have had eight brothers and sisters, but you only have six now. Your oldest brother is Destiny. He walks around with his big old book that tells him everything that’s going to happen. He doesn’t do very much, actually. Then there’s your oldest sister, Death. She’s there for everybody when they’re born and when they die. She’s really nice. You had an older brother, Morpheus, King of Dreams, but he died. It was very sad. Now there is a new Dream, and his name is also Daniel. Then there’s Destruction, who disappeared and left his realm. You miss him very much. Desire is your brother/sister who’s always causing trouble, especially for Morpheus when he was still alive. Desire can be a real meanie. Desire has a twin sister, Despair. You used to think she wasn’t so bad (either of her; she used to be somebody else), but then when you wanted to go looking for Destruction, Despair wouldn’t help you at all. So you know that she’s a foofy head.

And then there’s you. Delirium. You used to be somebody else, too, except you were always you. Sort of. You used to be Delight. You almost remember it. You were so happy and you made everybody else happy, too. But now you are somebody else and that’s just the way that things are. And being you isn’t so bad, is it? It’s like you always say, anyone who deserves you must have been very good indeed!

Notes
- If someone attacks you with the phrase “Trance Waylay,” You become instantly restrained. And you may not speak unless the aggressor lets you. This will last for up to 5 minutes.
- Building your gallery is research project GR.
Contacts
- Destiny: your older brother. He’s very serious.
- Death: You big sister. She’s preeetty.
- Desire: Your brother/sister, always causing trouble
- Despair: Your sister. She’s a foofy-head.
- Destruction: Your brother. You love him thiiiiiiiis much.
- Daniel Hall (Chris Kuklewicz): Your new brother. You are a little unsure about him - you really liked your old brother, Morpheus. But Daniel’s not so bad. And hey, it’s almost like not being the youngest anymore!

Memory/Event Packets
- badge number: 3727
- badge number: 2551
- “Trance Waylay”

Bluesheets
- The Endless

Greensheets
- Gods and Monsters The Endless have this information

Abilities
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Restrain
- Magic 1/2 1/2 point of mana rounds to 0, but 2 halves will add to 1
- Intuition 1
- Symbology 1
- Immortal You follow these rules of mortality during game

Items
- none

Stats
- Combat Rating: 2
You are a study group run by Dr. Nayeli Reyes, a women’s studies professor at Columbia University. Her dedication to her work, as well as the breadth of her knowledge, make her perfect as your guide in examining the politics of gender. Your primary focus is on deconstructing the gendered nature of religion and then reconnecting with the numinous via a reconstructed non-gendered system of belief.

You’ve had many discussions, many debates, many exercises in guided meditation and so forth. You’ve really bonded as a group. Lately you’ve moved on the exercises with energy manipulation, really feeling the power of the nine of you focusing your feminine energy together, in harmony. It’s some mind-blowing stuff, that’s for certain.

For some of you, Dr. Nayeli Reyes’s feminist views may seem slightly extreme. But you’re mostly okay with that. After all, it’s just one perspective and it’s probably a healthy balance to the dominant patriarchal paradigm. Marie and Larraine, especially, were disappointed that their friends Sexton Furnival and Jed Walker weren’t allowed to participate. Most of you don’t think there would be anything so wrong about letting them come by sometimes, but then again, this is womyn-only space, as Dr. Nayeli Reyes likes to remind you.

Dr. Nayeli Reyes has done so much for you. She’s helped set you on the path to Enlightenment. She’s made you more aware of the gendered nature of oppression. She’s helped you to find your voice. She has so much to teach you. Unfortunately, she’s only a visiting professor and she’s leaving Columbia (and New York) at the end of August. You’re all very sad about this. Perhaps the group can keep meeting without her, but something will definitely be missing.

Dr. Nayeli Reyes would love it if you could as a group achieve this one ritual that she’s always wanted to experience but has never had a sufficiently dedicated circle in which to attempt it. If you could help her to do this, it would be really meaningful for her and for all of you. She says it could change your lives. You’re ready to put your all into it.

One of the things Dr. Nayeli Reyes has taught you has been the notion of three-in-one. Whether in the Triple Goddess, the Three Fates or the Three Furies, the number three has been very prominent in a magick-historical context. The ritual Dr. Nayeli Reyes hopes to perform involves an emphasis on the three-in-one nature of feminine energy. To that end, you’ve been working in smaller groups of three lately, trying to tap into that “maiden, mother, crone” dynamic.

Dr. Nayeli Reyes has been working with Rose Walker and Marie. Nuala, Miranda Walker and Barbie Ravenmoon are another group and June Palmer, Foxglove and Larraine are the last group. There’s a sense that the groups have been arranged according to magickal talent, but they are certainly subject to change.

Goals
- develop your full magickal potential
- work on the ritual that Dr. Nayeli Reyes has proposed
- support each other in the spirit of solidarity
Members

- Dr. Nayeli Reyes (Stephanie Fried): Professor of Women’s Studies and the leader of the group. She has strong feminist opinions.
- June Palmer (Thista Minai): Graduate student in a biology lab.
- Foxglove (Courtney Shiley): This lesbian singer-songwriter-poet chick.
- Miranda Walker (Sue Swalley): Rose Walker’s mother.
- Barbie Ravenmoon (Bertha Tang): California Hippie.
- Marie (Liz Smith): Teenager.
- Nuala (Kristen Sunter): Quiet. Very shy.
- Rose Walker (Diane Christoforo): Pregnant. by... THE MAN! (but you love her anyway).
Marie was the first to get involved with magick. She started going to Dr. Nayeli Reyes’s group with her cousin, Foxglove. Larraine joined her soon after. When the boys, Jed Walker and Sexton Furnival, tried to join, they were rejected because of Dr. Nayeli Reyes’s female-only policy. They responded by protesting the group, to the slight annoyance of most group members.

Marie and Larraine to start up their own magick group with the boys, experimenting with male-female dynamics instead of the female-only experience in the Pagan Studies Group. You’ve all been working on it for awhile now, and there has been some marked improvement. Marie has something big planned, but is keeping it a secret for now. She says it will strengthen your friendships and make you all happier.

**Members**
- Marie (Liz Smith):
- Sexton Furnival (Philip Tan):
- Jed Walker (Natan):
- Larraine (Diandra Lucia):
Things are not well in Hell. Dark powers have been acting to disrupt the order of things. Somehow they’ve managed to find and sacrifice the last Scion (the last living descendent of Jesus) and are working on opening up the boundaries of Hell. This would be most unfortunate for anyone living on Earth, or in Hell for that matter. Chaos would reign supreme. The order of the universe would be utterly disrupted.

Duma was first to discover this problem. He went to Lucifer, but Mazikeen informed him that Lucifer was not available, and all attempts to get him involved have failed. Mazikeen has been helping, but she has not been able to produce any help from Lucifer, despite pressure from the others. Lucifer is still very powerful, despite his changed position.

Constantine had come to New York to investigate the forces seeking the last scion. Constantine and Duma, who is working as a janitor in the pub, Mr. Jansen, recruited the bartender, Bobby Gorrell, when he made it clear he would also be very distressed if Hell were to be unleashed upon the world.

**Members**
- Duma (Aaron Finck): Angel of silence, keeper of the key to hell
- Mazikeen (Lauren Schiff): Former resident of hell
- John Constantine (Chris Vogt): Demon hunting detective. This is not first run in with dark powers.
- Bobby Gorrell (Cameron Betts): A bartender who has seen many things in his time
Columbia Biolab

This is the lab of Dr. Ivan Parov, professor in the biological sciences. This lab is affiliated with Columbia University. All regulations and procedures applicable to labs affiliated with Columbia University are in effect. This lab is involved in the study of the causes and treatments of mental illness. All human subjects must sign an informed consent form and must be compensated in some reasonable fashion at a level not so beneficial as to be considered coercive. A copy of each informed consent form should be sent through Interdepartmental mail to the Office on Human Subjects in Experimentation (OHSE). Strict confidentiality shall be maintained regarding the subjects of such studies in all instances unless specifically permitted by a signed disclosure form. A copy of any disclosure forms should be mailed to OHSE seven days prior to the releasing of any personal information.

You primary project is research project FB.

Members
- Dr. Ivan Parov (Alex Khripin): Primary Investigator
- Larraine (Diandra Lucia): Intern
- Demi (Cassie Huang): Intern; very capable
- June Palmer (Thista Minai): Post-doctorate student
- Peter Fax (Justin Stamen): Graduate student
- Mad Hettie (Jacquie Felton): Research subject
- Jane Roe (Aletta Wallace): Research subject
Columbia University, founded in 1754 as King’s College, is one of premier institutes of higher learning and research in the world. It is the oldest college in New York state and the fifth oldest in the United States.

Famous professors conduct are working on ground-breaking research every day at Columbia. Dr. Ivan Parov’s research group is rumored to be near a revolutionary discovery in the biological causes and treatments of Mental Illness. Dr. Robert Keitel, a renowned Jungian Psychologist, is approaching matter of the mind from a different perspective.

Visiting Professor Professor Alastair Saroff will be giving one of his incomparably engrossing and enthusiastic seminars on Western Religion this week. Professor Dr. Nayeli Reyes will continue her series of lectures on the historical relations between men and women and how they affect the current day. Professor Davis Walsh will be debuting his new play.

Members
- Dr. Ivan Parov (Alex Khripin): Biology professor working on mental health research
- June Palmer (Thista Minai): Post-doc in Dr. Ivan Parov’s lab
- Peter Fax (Justin Stamen): graduate student in Dr. Ivan Parov’s lab
- Larraine (Diandra Lucia): summer intern in Dr. Ivan Parov’s lab. Dr. Ivan Parov’s granddaughter
- Demi (Cassie Huang): intern in Dr. Ivan Parov’s lab
- Dr. Nayeli Reyes (Stephanie Fried): Women’s Studies professor
- Professor Alastair Saroff (Jake Beal): Visiting professor of western religion
- Professor Davis Walsh (Geoff Schmidt): Playwright, drama professor
- Dr. Robert Keitel (Peter Litwack): Jungian Psychologist
Those of the Dreaming

The Dreaming is a vast place. The Castle of Dream lies at the heart of the Dreaming. Wherever the heart is, that is where the castle is. The Dreaming stretches out for what seems like forever. Most dreams never venture to the edges, to the skerries, to the dark places.

The Dreaming is an aspect of Dream, and Dream is an aspect of the dreaming. Lord Morpheus, Dream, was a stern ruler. He was utterly devoted to the Dreaming and it’s proper running, he was concerned with order and responsibility, and doing what he thought was right.

The Dreaming contains an endless supply of inhabitants. They are a part of the place and the place is a part of them. Some, however, have more duties, or are an archetype that other draw off of.

Eve, Cain and Abel have been here since nearly the beginning. They are part of the first story, the story of the first family. Eve was the first questioner, the first betrayed, the first woman, first wife and the first mother. She is an archetype, and takes many forms: She is the first woman, she is the mother of humanity. She is Eve, she is Pandora, she is the virgin Mary.

Cain and Abel were the first brothers, the first men to fight over a woman, and the first murderer and the first victim. Abel is keeper of secrets and Cain keeper of mysteries. They have houses next to one another. Cain is still protected by the Creator through the mark on his forehead, and Abel is still his eternal victim, brutally slaughtered whenever he displeased Cain... or Cain feels like it.

Eve always has a raven. A raven taught her to bury Abel when he died. Eve’s raven is also Dream’s raven. The current raven is Matthew, who was a man until recently. He was very devoted to Lord Morpheus.

While the Dreaming fell into ruin during Morpheus’s imprisonment, Lucien, the Librarian of the Library of Dreams, never abandoned his duties, even when his library was lost. Morpheus trusted him with great responsibility, which he never failed.

The Fashion Thing changes with time, always hip, always on the cutting edge. She fills many roles.

Goldie is Abel’s young golden gargoyle, and Gregory is an adult gargoyle living with Cain.

Meryn Pumpkinhead is in charge of construction in the dreaming, and has numerous construction crews working under him.

In 1916, Dream was imprisoned by a foolish mortal magician. When he escaped in 1988, he found the Dreaming in ruin. The castle had lost all it’s glory. Despite the loss of his beloved Library, Lucien remained loyal and helped his master restore his realm. Many dreams had stayed in the decaying dreaming during Morpheus’s absence, but many had left, struck out for the mortal realm or other realms. As the Dreaming was repaired, almost all of them returned. Fiddler’s Green, one of the hearts of the dreaming, had taken mortal form, and eventually returned. The Corinthian, created to be the greatest nightmare, the Dark mirror of humanity, was spreading his terror to the waking lives of mortals. When Dream found him, killing mortals for fun, he uncreated him. He was recreated last year. He has some of the memories and personality of the original Corinthian, but is also new. Brute and Glob took up residence in the mind of a human child and broke it away from the dreaming. Morpheus was very displeased and had them locked away. They escaped, or were released, nine months ago, when the Kindly Ones ravaged the dreaming in their quest to destroy Morpheus. Many dreams were killed, but all were resurrected, except Fiddler’s Green, who chose to stay dead.

Admist the death and destruction in the Dreaming, Morpheus died. Another aspect of Dream came unto Daniel Hall, a human child, and he became Dream of the Endless. Daniel Hall is no more.

While he is still Dream, he is different than Morpheus. He is gentler, more soft spoken, more affectionate, more forgiving, yet still strong.
Whereas Morpheus had his own way of organizing his staff, Daniel is preparing for a different kind of structure. His staff will be organized in a model similar to that of a family - family the way that Daniel learned of it in his short mortal life.

The Mother will be in charge of organizing everyone and everything. He or she will be in charge of keeping everyone in line and keeping everything running smoothly.

The Father will be Dream’s champion, defending him and his gates from any affront or attack. He or she will be trusted implicitly.

The Grandmother will be in charge of hospitality, of the decor and the menu and all other such aspects of making guests cozy. He or she will be the maitre’d and the host(ess).

The Older Brother (or Sister) will serve as Dream’s chief advisor, sometimes goading him, always arguing, but always looking out for his best interests.

The Younger Sister (or Brother) will be Dream’s social secretary of sorts, keeping track of all the dreamers and of all his obligations and acquaintances. He or she will have on record all the information Dream could possibly need in any situation.

The Familiar (or Companion, or Pet) will by Dream’s loyal friend and follower. He or she (or it) will keep Dream company and be his sidekick of sorts. From time to time, the pet will go out and find things of interest to drop in Dream’s lap.

The competition for these roles in the Dreaming will begin at Dream’s discretion and the final assignments will be announced at the Celebration in nine days.

**Mechanics Notes**
- When a dream dies, they will come back the next day, which starts at 6am. Dream himself may be able to help a dream come back earlier.
- Every hour (resets on the hour), a dream may ignore 3 dart gun hits. The 4th hit knocks out the dream. So in essence, it takes 4 dart hits within an hour to knock out a Dream.
- Dreams may go to and from the mortal realm freely, without waiting 5 minutes.

**Members**
- Cain (Rich Younger): Keeper of Mysteries
- Abel (Greg Lohman): Keeper of Secrets
- Nigel Ellison (Clint Lohse): nightmare of nightmares
- Eve (Erin Price): Mother of humanity; shifts between mother-maiden-crone
- The Fashion Thing (Beth Baniszewski): The original ‘It girl’
- Goldie (Merry Peck): gold gargoyle; Abel’s
- Gregory (Mark Mascaro): Cain’s gargoyle
- Lucien (Kevin Chen): Librarian, major domo of the Dreaming
- Matthew (Hongyi Hu): raven
- Merv (David Kern): Pumpkinhead
- Nuala (Kristen Sunter): was given as a faerie gift, became maid in the Dreaming. Returned to Fae shortly before Morpheus’s death. Is not a Dream.
- Glob (Rickland Powell): nightmare
While Dream is certainly capable of performing all of the tasks of the Dreaming on his own, he chooses to save his attention and energy by assign most of the routine maintenance to his staff. They construct and maintain dream landscapes, serve in the castle and interact with the dreams of dreamers.

Lucien has served his master faithfully and effectively for ages. Much interaction with Morpheus took place through Lucien. Lucien is quiet and capable. Everyone respects and trusts him.

The new Dream is different from Lord Morpheus. He is gentler, and soft spoken. He touches people, not in anger, but in friendship and compassion. He forgives, and he understands. Morpheus knew he could never turn into what he needed to be, and that is what Daniel Hall became.

Dream is holding a celebration to commemorate the finalization of his control over the Dreaming. Everyone will be there. It is important that nothing go wrong. Lucien and Mervyn Pumpkinhead are handling most of the preparations.

The Corinthian and Matthew are dealing with affairs in the mortal realm, as dreams are sometimes called on to do.

- To start looking for the lost dreamstone, start with riddle packet S0, outside 4-270. You probably want to do this discreetly.

Members
- Nigel Ellison (Clint Lohse): nightmare
- Lucien (Kevin Chen): Librarian and aide-de-camp
- Matthew (Hongyi Hu): raven
- Merv (David Kern): Pumpkinhead
From before the dawn of man, there have been gods. In various ages of Enlightenment and Reason, men have tried to deny those gods. To some extent, the gods must weaken from a lack of belief, but that does not make them less real for as long as they are believed in.

It’s a difficult matter. How can you disbelieve in that which you have seen with your own eyes? All of you have seen gods (or worse), and you cannot help but believe in their existence. As long as you believe, they have power over you. They have no right to that power.

Whether man was created intentionally, or as a byproduct of other endeavors, the human race is here now. The central tenet of your Society is that human beings, no matter how inferior to gods and other monsters, as rational agents with free will deserve the right to self-determination. You do not believe in the morality of the subjugation of one people by another and you likewise do not believe in the morality of the subjugation of the human race to capricious supernatural beings.

Each of you has had some crystallizing moment in which you realized that the supernatural forces of the universe were deforming your life. This Society is your attempt to do the most good for the most people by removing the supernatural, insofar as possible, from the course of human events.

The greatest achievement your society has realized thus far was originally the plan of Alexander Burgess, a founding member. You see, greater and more permanent than gods are the Endless, seven beings personifying various aspects of the human experience: Destiny, Death, Dream, Destruction, Desire, Despair and Delirium. Alexander Burgess developed a particular interest in Destiny.

To many, Destiny seems the most innocuous of the Endless. Wandering through the world holding his book of all things, he is often perceived merely as a reminder that the future is written. Alexander did not believe this was true. How could it be true that for rational agents there is no escape from pre-destination? He came to realize that Destiny is not merely an observer, but actually a corrective force, nudgeing history inexorably down the path he has set, as if with a gaggle of goslings.

It was very difficult, but Alexander was able to do something that even he had not originally thought possible - he removed Destiny from power. He did not kill him - if Destiny died, another would take his place. He did not imprison him - that might arouse the anger of other gods. He merely put him to sleep.

Destiny, Alexander says, is currently wandering the Dreaming, thinking himself a visitor when in fact, he is trapped. For as long as he is asleep, he will have to remain in the Dreaming. If he can only be kept there long enough, perhaps things will have strayed so far from the events in his book that he will no longer be able to salvage them. At that point, humanity would be truly free.

It’s very important for Destiny to stay asleep as long as possible. You know that he must realize by now that something is wrong. Although he cannot leave the Dreaming, he may have allies working for him in the mortal realm, working to free him. You must find these allies and make sure they do not succeed - otherwise, everything Alexander did will have done nothing after all.

There’s something else you’ve recently discovered that’s even more troubling. June Palmer has learned that the Fae are planning to leave their realm in Hell and invade the mortal realm. You cannot allow this to happen. The Fae do nothing but interfere and damage people for their own amusement. Furthermore, their very presence damages the collective sanity of the human race. If the Fae succeed, that would be one of the worst things you can imagine happening.

There exists another group, besides the Society. The Order. June Palmer infiltrated it long ago. She reports back to you
on what they do there. You all have a certain distaste for the Order. Comprised mostly of people with extremely lengthened lifespans, they see themselves as guardians of humanity. But rather than revolution, they work for a tired paternalism. They think that some gods are good and some gods are bad. They try to support the “good” ones. It’s a mindset you find naive at best. Nevertheless, according to June Palmer, the Order has made a certain amount of progress towards dealing with the Fae threat. They think the Fae are bad. You think the Fae are bad. You might have to work together. The Order is a small group and could use the help, no doubt. Besides, you don’t have any idea where to start in stopping the Fae from their invasion. You’ll need to put it to a vote whether you reveal yourselves to the Order. Quorum is four. A defeated motion must be tabled for twenty-four hours.

Members
- Alexander Burgess (Charles Hope): an eccentric English gentleman. He used to be some sort of New Age guru back in the sixties.
- Richard Madoc (Tom Giordano): an acquaintance of Alexander Burgess and a new member. He’s won a number of awards for his books and plays.
- Rose Walker (Diane Christoforo): a student at Columbia University. She seems to know a lot about some pretty obscure stuff.
- Lyta Hall (Christina Hawkes): a friend of Rose’s. She seems especially devoted to your cause, almost obsessive.
- June Palmer (Thista Minai): She’s a biologist working at Columbia, but she knows an impressive amount about magic, too.
Insurance companies base their rates on actuarial data that gives them the best predictions possible as to who might be a good or a bad risk. It’s well-known that the highest car insurance rates go to teenage male drivers. Why is that? It’s because they think they’re immortal and they discount the future sharply. The Order is the opposite of a teenage male.

You’re all folks who expect to be around for a long, long time. Your highest priority is safeguarding the future - more important almost than the present. Your loyalty is to the human race, for the most part, but you think the best way to go about this is to support as much as possible those gods and other beings whose activities benefit the human race and opposing those who are harmful to the interests of humanity. Gods are like people: some are good, some are bad, and some are just right bastards.

Under the category of right bastards are the Fae. They don’t mean it, they never mean it but their mere appearance at any sort of gathering automatically creates a minor disaster of some sort. And now they think they’re going to live in the Mortal world. The hell? You are going to put as much effort as possible into preventing this most unfortunate scenario.

Now, a good man, that was Morpheus. You may be a bit biased, since most of you had some sort of personal relationship with him but really: that was a good King! You were all very disturbed by his death. The Endless are the extreme example of the “long haul.” Morpheus was good - who knows how this Daniel will turn out to be? If he turns out badly, you’ll be stuck with him for eons, literally. If only you could have Morpheus back. That would be best of all.

Second best would be to get revenge for his death. Who’s to blame? You could blame Lyta Hall, but she was a pawn more than anything else and besides, she’s marked with Daniel’s sign of protection. Pissing off a new Endless would be a Bad Call. You could blame the Furies. They manipulated these events to a large extent. But how can you get revenge on the Furies? It’s a vexing problem.

Third best is to make do with what you’ve got. Any assistance you can offer to Daniel, you should do so. Any advice you can give him on how to administer the Dreaming in a positive manner, you should do so. You hear that he is auditioning for new positions on his staff. If one of you could gain a position on that staff, you could have an important position of influence. You should find out what these positions are and one or more of you should attempt to win one or more of them. It’s not what any of you was planning to do, exactly, but it’s for the greater good.

**Goals**

- prevent the Fae from invading the Mortal World
- support Daniel as much as possible and encourage him to be like Morpheus
- get revenge over Morpheus’ death if possible

**Members**

- Dr. Ivan Parov (Alex Khripin):
- Mad Hettie (Jacquie Felton):
- Bobby Gorrell (Cameron Betts):
- John Constantine (Chris Vogt):
- June Palmer (Thista Minai):
Professor Walsh’s Production

Professor Davis Walsh, the brilliant playwright, is preparing to debut his newest play (as yet untitled) under the auspices of the Columbia University theatre department. You are the cast and crew. Unfortunately, the play is not yet complete, but Professor Walsh assures you it will be done within the week. He’s writing the play as a collaborative interplay between the actors and the script. It is truly cutting edge and postmodern.

Until then, you will rehearse the scenes of the play as he writes them so that you will all be prepared for Opening Night. You’re all very excited to be chosen and remember: there are no small parts, only small actors!

Members
- Professor Davis Walsh (Geoff Schmidt): Director and author. Playing the Dead King.
- Mad Hettie (Jacquie Felton): Cast as the Witch-Crone
- Jed Walker (Natan): Professor Davis Walsh’s personal assistant, playing the Squire
- Rose Walker (Diane Christoforo): Cast as the Usurper’s Daughter
- Demi (Cassie Huang): Cast as the King’s Daughter
- Barbie Ravenmoon (Bertha Tang): Cast as the Usurper’s Wife
- Lyta Hall (Christina Hawkes): Cast as the Witch-Woman
- Richard Madoc (Tom Giordano): Cast as the Usurper
- Jane Roe (Aletta Wallace): Cast as the King’s Wife
Labour in Vain

Labour in Vain. The regulars just call it the Pub. It’s just a dingy little place, one of a million or so in New York City. It’s located pretty close to Columbia University, but students don’t seem to come in that often. It has been under it’s current management for several months. Everyone loves what they’ve done with the place. There’s fish and chips, good ale and various charming pot pies. There’s even a stage for live music. Bobby Gorrell’s the bartender. He’s a nice fellow. Everybody likes him. Nuala serves the food and drinks - she’d rather you not refer to her as a “bar wench.” Well, depending on the mood she’s in. The Pub’s just one of those special bars that feel like home. It never gets all that crowded; it’s hard to imagine it turning a profit, actually, but no one seems to mind.

The Pub is a no questions asked kind of place. It attracts all sorts. Some of them are even American. A lot of them have a general aura around them, kind of a “don’t-mess-with-me” nature. That’s okay, everybody’s welcome. Unless you ask too many questions.

A cat has been showing up regularly through the window. Bobby Gorrell says she’s a mouser. She’s real sweet and has fast become an expected feature of the place. Folks could use something sweet like that, with what happened recently.

One of the regular patrons, Dana Smalley, was found savagely murdered in her apartment only an hour after leaving the Pub. Senseless acts of violence aren’t entirely unheard of in New York, but it’s always different when it’s someone you know. Besides, like you said before, the regulars at the bar are kinda like family.

Members
- Rebecca (Lauren Schiff): Waitress. Speech impediment. Wears a mask.
- Bobby Gorrell (Cameron Betts): British barkeep. Friendly bloke.
- John Constantine (Chris Vogt): British. Been a regular for the last few weeks. Friends with Bobby Gorrell. Was seeing Dana Smalley
- Dana Smalley: Strange, intense girl. was a regular, was seeing John Constantine. murdered recently in her apartment.
- Mad Hettie (Jacquie Felton): Also british. Possibly homeless. Knows everyone and everything that’s going on.
- Misty (Michelle Goldberg): The cat that has been hanging around.
Gods and Monsters

“I know how gods begin, Roger. We start as dreams. Then we walk out of dreams into the land. We are worshiped and loved, and take power to ourselves. And the one day there’s no one left to worship us. And in the end, each little god and goddess takes its last journey back into dreams... and what comes after, not even we know.”

— Ishtar

This greensheet describes the basic context for being a mythological being. You know this information as a player, for roleplaying purposes. Your character might not be consciously aware of some of it. If other materials do not specify how much or how little of this you are aware, you may choose.

Gods and other mythological beings exist because people believe in them. Their existence, at least as gods, is dependent on the faith and thoughts of those who follow them. The powers attributed to a god exist because they are attributed. The very nature of a mythological being is defined by the stories told of it. This works generally on a cultural scale; a single person’s belief, in and of itself, cannot re-write a god.

Gods and monsters are accompanied by their entire mythos. Stories of creation, places of dwelling, the fates of the dead, entire pantheons of good and evil, and all the trappings of a mythology exist. To a god, their mythology is their reality.

A mythos will have a greater relevance to the mortal world based on how prevalent it is as a belief. A major world religion will have a powerful paradigm. An old mythology that is nothing more than lifeless stories in dusty history books may as well be dead.

For the purposes of this Guild game, many of the sundry powers, power levels, and abilities attributed to the many pantheons still in existence have been levelled. Most of the powers held by gods are considered to be either behind the scenes, or work on time scales longer than that of the game. Mythological creatures like gods tend to be immortal, in the sense that they cannot be killed by simple violence or age (though powerful magic rituals may be able to affect them greatly).
Dream of The Endless

“I filled my role more than adequately for over ten billion years. A two-sided coin: Destruction is needed. Nothing new can exist without destroying the old. Things are created. They last for some little while, and then they are gone. Empires, cities, poems and people. Atoms and worlds. One cannot begin a new dream without abandoning the last, eh, Brother? Our sister defines life, just as Despair defines hope, or Desire defines hatred, or as Destiny defines freedom.”

“And what do I define, by this theory of yours?”

“Reality, perhaps.”

— Brief Lives

- The new aspect has spent 9 months, the mortal human gestation time, waiting for the coronation, preparing to fully become Dream.
- This greensheet refers to being “Dream” before any sort of coronation. After coronation, Dream is a full-powered Endless, and comes somewhat under GM control.
- You make any person instantly wake up or fall asleep (leave or enter the Dreaming).
- If a dream dies, they can come back the next day. Once per day, you can let a dead dream come back early.
- You can’t die. Anytime you die, you become fine again instantly. Until you get coronated, you can still get knocked out and wounded. But you can’t get restrained.
This greensheet details the use of the Draining ability.

- You may use the ability up to 9 times a day. The day ends and begins at 6am.
- You may use the ability on a particular victim only once per day.
- When you use the ability, remember the player and the badge number of the victim (you may write these down as out-of-game notes). If the player is an NPC and plays more than one character, also take note of which character. You may also want to keep track of what characters you drain in-game, but this is not strictly required.
- The XEX folder in the box contains materials for you to use. You will be cutting things out, so bring scissors. You will also be writing things, so bring a pen or pencil and try to write legibly.
- For each victim, cut out “GM Note” from XEX and put it in the player’s box folder. (If they are an NPC playing multiple parts, specify which character.)
- To get a victim’s ID, take their badge number, multiply by 13, and add 3. This math is secret out-of-game information; do not tell anyone else the formula.
- Cut out a “Drain List” from XEX, fill in the game day, and write a list of the IDs from your victims. Do not write any of the math on the list! Place the list in the CCG box folder.

- Only once you have completed the above may you gain points as specified below.

- For every 3 victims, you gain a single point that you can use in one of the following ways: either boost one research skill by 1 point for 24 hours or boost your mana by 1 for 24 hours.
- You can only get up to 3 points at a time. Once you’ve assigned points, you cannot re-assign them (until they run out). When you do a new batch the next day, it resets your points.

- If you manage to drain a total of 65 people over the course of the game, you will have gained enough energy to forcibly free yourself from your bondage.
Writing the Play

You are pulling the play from the dream realm, specifically from the library of works that were never written, but were thought of by the author. This is a play that H.P. Lovecraft never wrote. You have retitled it, and are presenting it as your own.

- You have already retrieved one scene. There are five more to retrieve, you believe. Each requires a small riddle trail. These trails will generally be 2 riddles long.
- You will be able to start the second trail once you have finished the first, start the third trail once you have finished the second, and so on.
- At the end of each trail, you will be told to go to the GMs for the next scene. You will also be told the start of the next trail.
- The more you steal from the library, the more the keeper of the library will become aware. Whenever you retrieve a scene, the librarian will get the start of the same trail you used to get that scene, and at the end, the librarian will get a clue. So, as you progress, the librarian will be given the chance to keep up with you. The more scenes you get, the more clues the librarian could get. Plan wisely.
Personality

You’ve never had a personality of your own, but lately you’ve been thinking that you’d really like to change that. You think that you’ve found a way.

Directions

1. You have a little chart. Down the sides are a list of personality traits. Across the top are the badge numbers of male characters (you’ve always had much more of this personality-changing ability around men).
2. Go interact, one on one, with male characters (who are not Cain). If you succeed in interacting one on one with a male character for ten minutes, you may open the mem packet with their badge number on it.
3. Inside the mem packet will be a list of character traits that person evoked in you. Record this information on your chart. In the future, when interacting with this person one on one or in a group you must try to express these character traits.
4. As you interact with more characters and discover more about what they want out of their interactions with you, you may find yourself in situations where you are around multiple parties who want different things. If there are any character traits in common between their expectations of you, you should only express those common traits. If there are no character traits in common between the expectations of the characters, you should become somewhat distraught and do your best to switch back and forth.
5. After you have filled your chart, you should spend some time thinking about what kind of personality you think would be best suited for you. Perhaps spend some time with Cain to “clear your head.” You should spend at least a few hours on this.
6. When you have a pretty good idea of who you would like to be, pick between ten and fifteen character traits that you want to incorporate into yourself permanently. You should probably write it down on the back of your chart.
7. In order to make permanent the first trait on your list, you need to find at least two people who evoke that trait in you. If you can spend five minutes together with two people who each evoke that trait in you, you may consider that trait permanent. You can do the same thing if you can spend three minutes in the presence of three people who evoke that trait. Make sure to roleplay that trait while in their presence.
8. In order to make permanent the second trait on your list (and all subsequent traits), you need to spend five minutes together with one person who evoked the most recent trait you worked on and one person who evokes the trait you are currently working on.
9. In order to make permanent the last trait, you must spend five minutes with one person who evokes the second-to-last trait, one person who evokes the last trait, and one person who evokes the first trait.
10. After your shiny new personality is complete, you can express it at will. You can also choose to express other traits when in the presence of someone who evokes those traits, even if other people are around.
### Personality Traits

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Plato</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Intell</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Polite</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kind</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Non-Threatening</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nuturing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Empathetic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Troubled</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angsty</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Needy</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Misguided</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Victimized</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Competent</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Well-read</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strong</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twisted</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Independent</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rebellious</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Confident</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bossy</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scary</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aggressive</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loyal</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Considerate</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proper</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Decorous</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Traditional</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forgiving</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earnest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dramatic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chaotic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>clever</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>amusing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pure</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>faithful</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*continued on next page*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cain</th>
<th>8015</th>
<th>4290</th>
<th>4085</th>
<th>4786</th>
<th>3669</th>
<th>046</th>
<th>846</th>
<th>272</th>
<th>070</th>
<th>3727</th>
<th>3659</th>
<th>3098</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>modest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>serene</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>beneficent</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>naive</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>boisterous</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rowdy</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>intoxicated</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hedonistic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>flirtatious</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>convivia</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>meddlesome</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>artistic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sane</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>philosophical</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pragmatic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>morally-flexible</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>deferential</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lively</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>emotional</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dark</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3242</td>
<td>3055</td>
<td>5878</td>
<td>3935</td>
<td>3935</td>
<td>7884</td>
<td>2965</td>
<td>2622</td>
<td>4755</td>
<td>4083</td>
<td>5331</td>
<td>4176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Platonic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Intelligent</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Polite</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>British</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kind</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Non-Threatening</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nuturing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Empathetic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Troubled</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Angsty</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Needy</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Misguided</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Victimized</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Competent</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Well-read</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strong</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twisted</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Independent</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rebellious</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Confident</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bossy</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scary</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aggressive</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Loyal</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Considerate</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proper</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Decorous</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Traditional</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forgiving</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earnest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dramatic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chaotic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>clever</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>amusing</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pure</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>faithful</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>modest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>serene</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

continued on next page
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Personality Traits</th>
<th>3242</th>
<th>3055</th>
<th>5878</th>
<th>3935</th>
<th>3935</th>
<th>?884</th>
<th>2965</th>
<th>2622</th>
<th>4755</th>
<th>4083</th>
<th>5331</th>
<th>4176</th>
<th>3156</th>
<th>4662</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>beneficent</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>naive</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>boisterous</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rowdy</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>intoxicated</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hedonistic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>flirtatious</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>convivia</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>meddlesome</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>artistic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sane</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>philosophical</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>pragmatic</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>morally-flexible</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>deferential</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lively</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>emotional</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dark</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
You are a piece split off from Delirium (who once was Delight) of the Endless. This is abbreviated as “Del.”

- All Dels have Del Points (DP).
- You start with 4 DP. If you got this sheet from a memory packet, you just lost one and are probably have 3 left.
- The Absorbing Dels ability, which all Dels have (possibly from a memory packet) is used to reduce other Dels’ DP. It is a stealth ability, as covered in the rules (meaning it is similar to waylay). When it is used successfully, the victim’s DP is reduced by 1.
- If the victim did not start with this greensheet and ability, the ability will trigger the memory packet that will give the victim this greensheet and ability.
- The ability should not be used on a target unless you know the target is a Del (because a sheet, GM, or mechanic told you so). The ability can only be used by Dels, so if someone uses it on you, you know they are a Del.
- The ability, when successful, will make the victim helpless and unable to speak unless told to by the wielder. This may last up to five minutes. Use this time to roleplay, and make sure the everything is clear to the victim (especially if they have to open a memory packet and read this greensheet for the first time). Let the effect end early if further time is not necessary.
- When you successfully use the ability, you must let the victim go for at least ten minutes before you may try again on them.

- If the victim’s DP is reduced to zero, the Del that did it may absorb the victim.
- When one Del absorbs another, they essentially become the same character. This character is the sum of both of them. They may read each other’s packets. The character that did the absorbing is dominant; for any goals/opinions they had that were in conflict, the ones held by the victor win.
- Both players will be playing, essentially as a team. Other than the above, they are still two players playing two distinct parts. They should not switch namebadges, for example.
A Piece of the Dreaming

- You are trying to keep a small piece of the dreaming hidden from Dream.
- There are dream nodes scattered throughout the Dreaming (each one is a small sign with a small manila envelope). The one representing your piece is in 26-5.
- Dream is going around putting his mark on all the dream nodes, in preparation for the Coronation.
- If you want to keep your piece, you need to keep his mark out. Dream’s mark is a drawing of his helmet, which is his sigul.
- If you find Dream’s sigul in the dream node for your piece, you may remove it and throw it away. You may not remove or add anything else to that node or any others.
- You probably don’t want to get caught doing this.
- If, by the time of the Coronation (for the purposes of this mechanic, 8pm of Saturday, day 9), you can keep your piece free of Dream’s sigul, you get to keep your piece of the Dreaming.

- The Dreaming has many nightmares (red headbands) which are plaguing it in the time before the coronation.
- You have been using nightmares to distract Dream from your piece of the Dreaming.
- You have some limited control over nightmares. They will (somewhat) follow your orders. You probably want to be discreet about this.
- With some warning, you may be able to schedule when some nightmares show up. Talk to the GMs, who must approve it.
Retrieving the Departed

The victim must be present, and must stay present for the whole of the ritual. They need not be willing.

Write the victim’s name one hundred times on a piece of pure white paper. Tear the paper in four quarters and toss one to each of the five winds.

Recite the following:

To the East Wind, the Spring Wind, we give you this name. Carry it to the morning sun, and let all you pass know he is dead.

To the North Wind, the Summer Wind, we give you this name. Carry it to the fields of the world, and let all you pass know he is dead.

To the West Wind, the Autumn Wind, we give you this name. Carry it to the evening sun, and let all you pass know he is dead.

To the South Wind, the Winter Wind, we give you this name. Carry it to the mountains of the world, and let all you pass know he is dead.

To the Secret Wind, to the Spirit Wind, we give you this name. Carry it under the world, and let all you meet know he is dead.

Then you must recite the victim’s verse. You don’t not know the victim’s verse; it is different for each of them. You will need to find it.

Finally, spend 4 mana. This may require extra people.

Once you are done, they will fade away and go.
Becoming Dream

For the coronation, the Dreaming must be stabilized. This is mostly a matter of “mapping” the dream nodes.

- There are dream nodes scattered throughout the Dreaming (each one is a small sign with a small manila envelope). You must find them.
- You may not remove things from the envelope, but you may read any contents.
- When you find a dream node, you may mark it as yours by placing a slip of paper with your sigul drawn upon it inside the envelope.
- Your sigul is a simple drawing of your helmet. See many issues of the series for an idea of what it looks like.
- If you find any interesting patterns or similar to Dream Nodes, you may report them to the GMs (via email). Within a day (hopefully fast, but we may get hosed), you will receive an email detailing information you get from this. It may be vague.

- To become dream, you must make sure that, by the time of Coronation, your sigul is within at least 16 dream nodes. You will be responsible for checking and counting.
- The Coronation shall occur on Saturday (day 9) If 16 of the nodes are marked with your sigul by 8pm of that day, you need not continue checking afterwards. The Coronation may not start until then.  
  
  GM Note: if that specific time is bad for you as a player, tell us and we can adjust it.
- The Coronation is essentially a party. You should get your staff to assist you.
- You may choose how the ritual itself proceeds. If you have marked enough nodes it will simply succeed regardless. However, the more impressive an appropriate the Coronation is, the more prestige and respect the new Dream will have. Stutter a lot, or completely lack creativity, and you will still be Dream, but disrespected and considered low. (This is essentially a post-game roleplaying effect, though it may have some in-game repercussions.)
- The GMs suggest you invite all of game. Compose an invite, and we will send it to all of game as a “dream.”
- The Coronation culminates with Dream putting on the sigul, which is Dream’s helmet, made from the skull of a god long dead and forgotten. The physrep will be an appropriate-looking gasmask (hopefully; the GMs will try to find one). After the Coronation, you do not need to keep wearing it.
Lilith Rising

When God created Eve, she was created to be inferior to Adam, so that he would not reject her as he did you. As the mother of all women, this inferiority has carried down to mortal women today, and thus the souls they carry - and the mana they wield is also weak.

You have a ritual which will alter the Christian mythos, remove the overly-submissive Eve from her place as mother of the human race, replace her with you, Adam’s equal, and give mortal women the souls and mana they deserve. It will not be easy, but it’s long past time you did it.

You’re going to need a few things. You’re going to need to get Eve there, though she doesn’t need to be willing. You’re going to need some acolytes, too. Women all, and eleven of them to make a full Circle of thirteen. Furthermore, they need to have what you have - the right kind of mana. (Giving them the right kind of mana is covered in a separate greensheet.)

The form of the ritual is this: All thirteen of you will stand in a circle (or some approximation thereof, this is magic, not Euclidean geometry). All participants (except Eve, who has the option but is unlikely to use it) must expend at least one point of Female Mana. Collectively, you must expend at least 25 mana of any type. Your acolytes need to be with you in your quest, body, mind, and soul - they cannot be misled as to the purpose of the ritual, or for any reason are attempting to accomplish something different than what you are doing. These women must truly want you as their mother, or this ritual will not work. To that effect, immediately before everyone announces mana expenditures, fold this greensheet so that everything above the line below is showing, and show all of the participants in the ritual the still-visible portion of the greensheet. *This overrides the normal rules about never showing other players a greensheet.* Everyone must agree to the ritual, except Eve.

Once everyone else has agreed and spent mana, Eve is locked in and has no choice but to participate in the manner the ritual specifies. (She is not obligated to spend mana of any kind.) Sorry, Eve.

The ritual is now begun — if anyone comes in and successfully engages any participant in combat, the ritual is broken and you must try again another time. At this point, Eve comes forth and tells the story as it was yesterday and is now, using whenever possible the past tense. Speak at a reasonable pace. When she is done, Lilith comes forth and tells the story as it is now (i.e, the version Lilith would like and has already told to her acolytes) and will be tomorrow. Again — speak at a reasonable pace. Eve can if she like cover her ears as a gesture of defiance — but it will have no effect on the outcome of the ritual. When Lilith’s story is completed, the ritual is done. History, and mythology, now states that Lilith was not rejected by Adam and is the mother of the human race. Because of this, Eve not only does not exist now, she never has, and is no longer really a viable PC, and should fill out a Death Report for the GMs. Sorry, Eve.

Make sure that the GMs know about this ritual’s successful completion.
Teaching Female Mana

You have the ability to teach others a way to access, within themselves, a special kind of mana that you call “Female Mana.” It will be extremely useful, in fact, necessary, if you wish to gain your rightful place as Mother of Humanity. Teaching someone how to tap this source that they are completely unaware of is somewhat analogous to teaching a blind person how to match clothing — there is a large sensory barrier to overcome.

When you teach someone Female Mana, they will be able to use it as regular mana (tell them this). However, for your ritual, only Female Mana will do — normal mana may not be substituted.

Teaching someone to tap this mana requires that you teach them a game called Zendo. The GMs will teach you how to play this game, but if you are having trouble or want to get an early start

http://www.wunderland.com/WTS/Kory/Games/Zendo/HowToPlay.html

has instructions. You will be given a set of Icehouse pieces with which to play.

You will have a set of envelopes marked Zendo and a number, and inside will be various games of Zendo to play — you will be given a Buddha Nature to teach, and a maximum number of allowed guesses. If your pupil succeeds at learning the Buddha Nature before using up all of her guesses, she gains one permanent point of Female Mana. If not, you may not try again for at least one hour, and may not use the same Buddha Nature, nor may you tell your pupil what the Buddha Nature was — she has failed to understand.

The number is the level, based on difficulty. In order to raise someone’s Female Mana score above N, you must play an N-level game. If you exhaust all N-level games, your pupil has reached the end of her advancement in her Female Mana. It should be noted that, while you’re really only interested in teaching women this, it would probably be possible to teach a man (or a boy) this as well.
Buddha Natures

Level 0
Buddha Nature: Contains one red piece and zero blue pieces.
Guess Limit: 6

Level 0
Buddha Nature: All green pieces are on a triangular side and no mid-sized pieces are touching the game surface.
Guess Limit: 6

Level 0
Buddha Nature: Each piece is touching at least one other piece.
Guess Limit: 6

Level 0 Buddha Nature: (All pieces are upright and) the lines in the bases of each piece are either parallel or perpendicular to the lines in the bases of all other pieces. (Think cartesian grid.)
Guess Limit: 6

Level 1
Buddha Nature: There is at least one medium or small yellow upright piece.
Guess Limit: 6

Level 1
Buddha Nature: The koan contains no pieces at all (i.e, the null koan)
Guess Limit: 5

Level 1
Buddha Nature: All pieces in the koan are green.
Guess Limit: 7

Level 1
Buddha Nature: All pieces on the game surface have at least one other piece on top of them.
Guess Limit: 7

Level 2
Buddha Nature: All blue pieces point at a mid-sized piece.
Guess Limit: 10

Level 2
Buddha Nature: All yellow pieces are larger than all red pieces. (If there are no yellow and/or red pieces, the koan has the Buddha Nature)
Guess Limit: 8

Level 2
Buddha Nature: The piece with greatest altitude is unique (i.e., there are no other pieces with that same size/color combination)
Guess Limit: 10
**Sharding the Dreaming**

*GM Note: Make sure there is a GM on hand when you complete this ritual — the effects are rather drastic and immediately noticeable to most of game, even if the source may not be.*

- There are dream nodes scattered throughout the Dreaming (each one is a small sign with a small manila envelope).
- Nodes which correspond to “faults” in the Dreaming have 0 as their second digit and 6 as their third digit. You must find 6 of them.
- By spending 2 mana and 30 seconds, you may mark a fault node by placing a slip of paper with your fault mark drawn on it in the envelope. Your mark is a zig-zag line.
- You have good reason to believe that your fault mark cannot be removed as long as Dream has not been coronated.
- You may not remove or add anything else to any nodes.

- The seventh fault line is the human, Rose Walker (Diane Christoforo). She is a former vortex of the Dreaming. You will need to convince her to participate in the final step, which will kill her.
- Desire has told you that Rose’s mother is here, and will die or heart failure sometime on Sunday (day 3). Desire *would* know about the heart, and its failings. You may be able to use this information to your advantage in convincing Rose to “help” you.

When all 6 fault marks have been planted, visit each site in order reverse of the planting and recite:

```
The crack is found
The chisel driven
When all are done
The Dream is riven.
```

You have 30 minutes to make a full reverse cycle of the rigged nodes. If you run out of time, you must wait one hour before you can restart from the last node you planted and try again. Rose need not be with you during the revisit, but she must be present for the final step.

The final step is, if you complete the cycle in time, recite:

```
From strongest storm
I seek’d shelter
in any welcome port
from the titans streaming
The Shaper dead
No lord holds court
And thus I shard The Dreaming
```

And spend 4 mana (Rose may contribute, as may anyone else you bring along). Rose will die. The Dreaming will shard.
Becoming a God

You’ll want a GM present for this ritual. They will tell you if you have fulfilled the requirements; check with them before you start.

First, you will need to acquire three Dreamstones. A Dreamstone will be a jewel of some sort with a 5-digit item number.

Attune yourself to two of them, spending five minutes with each. Then, take the third and grind it with a bone mortar and pestle. Build a roaring bonfire and toss the powdered Dream in. Chant a little chant, (below) sear yourself with the fire, pieces at a time or all at once, and your mortality will be burned away and replaced with the power of a god. After searing your whole body (this process can take twenty seconds to five minutes depending on how aggressive you are with burning yourself).

Verse:

Wind from me my mortal coil
In this fire my soul shall boil
Power given, power taken
In my shell the dream awakens
It comes to me, I call its name
I summon the power of the forbidden flame
The song is sung, the words are read
I bring myself to my godhead!

Inhale the fumes for three minutes. If all goes well, open your λ packet. And tell anyone near to open their λ’ (“lambda”) packet.
You’ll want a GM present for this ritual. They will tell you if you have fulfilled the requirements; check with them before you start.

- Convince Titania and Auberon that Fae should be split from Hell and be made an independent realm.
- Collect three Dreamstones. Queen Titania has one (a fire opal). Nuala has been known to have one (a quartz crystal).
- Make sure at least six people are present (including Titania and Auberon). None may be angels, demons, members of the “first family,” or have any other direct connection to judeo-christian mythology.
- The six people should form a circle around the three dreamstones.
- They must walk around this circle for two minutes.
- They must sing and dance “Ring Around The Rosy.” And all fall down.¹
- This will destroy one of the dreamstones (your choice which), expending vast quantities of Dream energy to effectively rewrite the Fae mythos, thus severing Fae from Hell.

¹There, wasn’t that silly?

Severing Fae
So You Want To Move Fae To The Mortal Realm

You’ll want a GM present for this ritual. They will tell you if you have fulfilled the requirements; check with them before you start.

Directions
1. Convince Titania and Auberom to lead procession of fae from Hell to mortal realm.
2. Acquire silver dagger.
3. Acquire Dreamstone.
4. Incapacitate the Nemesis - note, the Nemesis looks exactly like Cluracan - do not accidentally get Cluracan. He may be a bumbling fag idiot but he doesn’t deserve this shit.
5. Stake Nemesis with a silver dagger.
6. Spend 10 mana. This may require the help of others.
7. Crush Dreamstone, sprinkle bits of it on top of Nemesis or, if you’re feeling up for it, down his throat. Either way will work, really. Once you do this, he will essentially be dead for good (tell him so, he should fill out his death report).
8. Have procession.
9. Stick Nemesis in deep dark hole where no one will ever find him. (This is a roleplaying thing.)
10. Plug said hole.
11. Live it up, the fae are back in style!
Fae is most likely being booted from Hell. Fortunately, finding another home is a relatively simple ritual.

**Directions**

1. Get the permission of the Endless of the appropriate realm. Note that this will require being able to get in touch with said Endless, and said Endless being in full power. This may be harder than it sounds.
2. Convince Titania and Auberon to move to that Realm. This is definitely harder than it sounds.
3. Spend 7 mana (this may require the help of others) to open this side of the door.
4. Titania and Auberon must hold a great procession of all of the Fae, moving from one realm to another. Think Tolkien-esque elves leaving for the West.
5. Enjoy your new home.
Questing for Titania

You are leading a quest, with multiple people, for a boon from Titania, the Queen of Fae. This will roughly proceed as follows:

- You will meet with an emissary from Titania. Sometimes this may be Auberon or Titania herself, or it may be someone lower on the ladder.
- They will give you a task that would please Titania. Those questing should endeavor to complete the task.
- Once the questers have completed the task, you will meet the emissary (or a different one), who may give another task.
- This will repeat until, eventually, those involved have earned a boon and official audience with Titania.
- This is rather dynamic plot being run through NPC involvement. You are the default PC interface to it, though the NPCs may interact with anyone involved. You are the guide, and you are on the quest yourself.
Empathy

You have a ritual that, if properly performed, will lead to greater understanding between you and your friends. You think. It will be hard to convince them all to take part in it, and they’ll all need to be magically up to speed - but it should make you all much, much closer.

If at any point this ritual is interrupted by outsiders (“I stop you,” combat, thermonuclear war, etc), it is aborted. You may try again tomorrow at no penalty.

Directions
1. Get the whole group together, and sit in a circle (more or less)
2. In turn, everyone needs to tell the whole group what their greatest fear is. No holding back, this is soul-baring time here. This should take about three minutes.
3. In the same order, each participant must tell the group their greatest hope. Continue with the soul-baring. This should also take about three minutes.
4. All participants must spend at least one point of mana.
5. All participants must make a sign of friendship and absolution for past wrongs to each other. A good solid hug would probably work, a handshake would be stretching it. Use your judgement, in and out-of-character.
6. All participants in the ritual must inform the GMs, seperately, that is has been done and they think it successful. Go home and go to bed. Check the Box tomorrow morning for results. (Alternatively, keep playing for a bit, then go home and to bed and then check the Box.)
Containing Hell

GM Note: If you find Lucifer and tell him about this, tell him to open his Gamma Packet.

The door to Hell has been unlocked, and threatens to burst open soon. If you want to re-lock it, you're going to need the Key to Hell.

Once you've gotten the Key to Hell, you're going to need at least six people (they may include people from the requirements below). You will need to recite the incant below somewhere in the mortal realm, and turn the Key to lock the Gates of Hell. You need not be at or near the Gates, the Key knows the lock which it is meant to turn.

If any person or thing required for the ritual leaves, the ritual will be interrupted and you'll have to start it over.

At the ritual, the following must happen, in order:
- You must spill the blood of a werewolf (they do not need to die).
- Two Fae must dance with two Angels for at least two minutes.
- Three dreams must be killed in three different ways each (all at the same time), with three mana spent for each (3x3x3 = 27 mana).
- One of the wives of Adam must sing a song.
- One of Adam’s children, first generation, must turn the Key.
- Six people, at least two of which must have this greensheet, chant the verse below (you may teach it to those who don’t have this sheet, but you may not show this sheet to them):

  Diu longe descivit Lucifer
  superbus caedens sed non ille solus
  Alios ad signa
  Lingua argentea vocavit
  Qui dati poenas aequas
  Etiam ceciderunt
  Deus seposuit locum
  Languitum in ignibus aeternis
  Atque nominat Infernum
  Domini decreto
  Damnatus non abibat
  Usque ad ultimam finem mundi
  Quae die proeliuntur
  Inferni copiae caelique
  Inferno praecidante suppurat vulnus
  Et vis occurrere vult
  Turbarum terram tenebrarum
  At conjuncti ut januam
  Quae clausanda est claudiamus
  Verbum dei exercentes
  Flammam devincientes stamus
  Damnati ineunt
  Damnati non exeunt
  Potestate Clavis Infernalis
  Iterum januam obserimus

Finally, everyone involved should say “So be it” (or “Amen” if they like) in unison. Then you are done. It is done.