

# Embraced Fate all-accessible handouts

The following is a descriptive list of each handout for each adventure in the Embraced Fate: Amor Fati 1-4 campaign.

## Amor Fati 1: Taken For Granite handouts

### 1 – Taken For Granite NPC portraits

*Inked portraits showcasing the busts of the six main non-player characters:*

Pastor Albert Ward – A man in his late twenties to early thirties wearing priestly vestments for the Baptist faith. His emotionless face looks like it would usually host an unassuming, almost shy nature, but that has gotten lost somewhere in time and space.

Dr. Artur Herz – Thinning hair rings the balding head of this academic late-forties German man. Glasses perch on the bridge of his nose as he glances down in an almost condescending manner, but it is to examine those around him. In his hand, held close to his chest, is a porcelain teacup containing a dark liquid.

Father Frederick Romano – A larger-than-average man in his early fifties, his shoulder-length hair has already gone gray but it pairs nicely with the Catholic vestments he wears, including the crucifix around his neck. A prominent, broad nose sits in what is usually a kind and wise face.

Hannity Chadwick – A woman in her early forties with short, dark hair, slightly curly, framing a face of quiet charm hiding pure determination.

John Cooper – Easy to smile and charm with flashy teeth and a compliment on his lips, this man in his early forties looks like he could sell a book to a library. Situated comfortably in his grasp is one of his many tomes, but it hides the worry producing wrinkles at the edges of his eyes.

Mick McLeod – A fun-loving, carefree, round, freckled face with frizzy hair sets the mood for every occasion for this twenty-something man.

### 2 – map of Graniteville, VT

*A map of rustic Graniteville, Vermont in 1922 showing the location of the important points on a green pastoral background with small streams, ponds, and the quarry located at the upper top of*

*the horizontally rectangular map. Railway tracks dot the right side of the map. The key sits to the far right and lists the following key locations:*

1. Quarry Warehouse
2. Rock of Ages Quarry
3. Moore Farmstead
4. Dr. Herz's House
5. Drew's House
6. Eclipse Books
7. Catholic Church
8. Anneliese's House
9. The Granite Diner
10. Baptist Church
11. Clinic
12. General Store
13. Constabulary
14. Danny's Dentistry
15. Paolo Profaci's house
16. Postal & Rail Station

### **3 – church flyer**

*A printed flyer on nice paper with a stylish border. In large font, it reads:*

Come experience the wonders of a night baptismal with Father Romano and his special guest to be welcomed by the Congregation. - November 28, 8pm

### **4 – Pastor Ward's journal**

*A very strange rectangular object that appears to be a medium-sized book of some kind but bound in an unidentifiable bluish-black material, smooth, extremely durable, and yet the owner has been able to write upon pages made of the same material as well as impress some kind of symbol on the cover. It looks like a triangle with a long neck atop it and an oval head-like protrusion. Also from the top of the triangle are two pincer hands. Within the hollow triangular body of the object is a ten-pointed star outline.*

## **Taken For Granite – Side Quest NPCs**

*Two inked portrait busts of the main side quest non-player characters in Taken For Granite:*

Danny the Dentist – Showing off a set of his own pearly whites, this early twenties man has high, slicked-back dark hair and a 1920s dentist's smock. The twinkle in his eye could be for conversation, or extracting information.

Don Paolo Profaci – Years of keeping a firm grasp on his mob empire has hardened the face of this late-sixties man. Nearly bald, the severity of his expression and hawk-like features set him up as a force to be reckoned with, in or out of a suit.

### **5a, 5b – Harrigan house flip map (roof overlay with sections to cut, revealed house for bottom layer)**

*A two-part map with the top showing the roof but with pale cut lines noting where the Keeper should cut for investigators to reveal as they explore the one-story home. The main clues are the rotting bodies of Sean and Bridgett clutched in a loving embrace in their bedroom to the upper left and Dr. Herz's journal pages to the upper right in the study.*

### **6a -6d – Dr. Herz's journal pages**

*Dr. Herz journal page 1:*

November 24, 1922

The English language is as vast as their landscape so I endeavor to record my exploits on holiday “automobumming” and practicing the language. I have heard of the Rock of Ages Quarry in Vermont for years. It is time to see this wonder myself during my holiday. Perhaps I can excavate a piece to tide my geological fancy until South Dakota.

*Dr. Herz journal page 2:*

November 25, 1922

I feel I have made a grave error. My night trip to the quarry has left me in a state. I found a sickly bird, but the sickness was unlike any I have witnessed. Tiny black crystals shot forth from

inside it, killing it and striking me. I could not find the shards upon my person and feel most ill with chest pains and weakness. For now, I rest.

*Dr. Herz journal page3:*

November 26, 1922

It is all so clear.

I woke without affliction to a wondrous voice all but indecipherable to the ears of modern man. It is a being within a reality close to our own. It has told me so many wonders. It wants to come here.

I call it the Tone and shall endeavor to do all in my power to bring forth this wonder.

It asks for more hosts for the black conduit material through which it speaks to me -- the "geoseeds". What the Tone asks, I shall provide.

*Dr. Herz journal page 4:*

*An undated drawing with thirteen set points in a circular geometric design and ramblings about how the Tone needs thirteen hosts, that each host must be attuned to geoseeds for proper resonance, and that the timing must be perfect. Some frustration is evident in a side-note written in darker ink yelling at a tonal point which has not achieved attunement with the geoseeds.*

## **7 – So You're A Host**

*A handout to be given to any players of infested investigators:*

You have been touched by a tiny, black rock-like material. Unless you are magically warded, they have burrowed under your skin and are propagating faster than anyone can remove them. They burrow deep and head for your heart, racking you with intense pain. Just when you feel you may burst, the agony subsides. You get only a second of relief before a keening, dissonant, alien sound screeches into your mind, resonating through the conduit now inside you. Roll opposed **POW** and consult the Keeper.

## **8a – Hannity letter**

*Hannity's letter to Anneliese, handwritten on a sheet of clean paper:*

My dearest child,

If you are reading this letter, I am likely dead. The evils which killed me will come for you. I know you are strong and will get through this, but there is more... Though I raised you to be tough and love you as my own, I did not birth you. Make no mistake that you are special beyond imagining and I knew this day would come. I have protected you for as long as I could and did not foresee what evils have claimed me, but I will not leave you unprotected.

In the shoebox where I keep my gun, you will find some money, as it is likely not safe for you any longer in Vermont. Seek out your father -- also in the shoebox will be things to lead you to him. I know you are clever. I could not tell you about him, my dear, because of my role in keeping you safe. Knowing him, or of him, would have led you too soon down the path of your destiny; but now is the time. Go.

Hannity Chadwick

### **8b – Maddox letter to Hannity**

*A letter on faded paper, handwritten, dated Aug. 2, 1900:*

Hannity,

It is as we feared. The child's mother did not survive the birth. The child will be found if they remain and I cannot provide all that is required.

If your faith is still strong, meet me in Chicago on the 25<sup>th</sup> of August at our favorite place after sundown but before midnight and I will hand the child into your care.

Matthew Maddox

### **8b – Maddox letter to Hannity (Merridie variant)**

*A letter on faded paper, handwritten, dated Aug. 2, 1900:*

Hannity,

It is as we feared. The child's father did not survive the birth. The child will be found if they remain and I cannot provide all that is required.

If your faith is still strong, meet me in Chicago on the 25<sup>th</sup> of August at our favorite place after sundown but before midnight and I will hand the child into your care.

M. Maddox

**8c – Maddox envelope to Hannity**

*A deep, aged manilla colors this postal envelope bearing the recipient's name and address:*

*Ms. Hannity Chadwick  
295 Currant Ct  
Salem, Massachusetts*

*It is stamped SALEM MASS AUG 11 1-PM 1900.*

*The sender's information is the postal department:  
Post Office Department  
Post Office At Salem, Mass  
Official Business*

**8d – Maddox & Ellison, Co. ad**

*A small newspaper clipping of a furniture ad:*

October 1, 1900

**FURNITURE AND CARPETS**

We have purchased the entire stock of Furniture and Carpets of MADDUX, ELLISON & CO., and are now ready to show you what we have. There are many bargains, among them are the following:

Iron beds, we have a few left from the old stock, will sell at Cost. Everything in the Furniture line at reduced prices.

Carpets, Matting, Lace Curtains. For only one week, beginning October 22 and closing Saturday night, the 27th, we will still offer you 20% off as theretofore. Our new stock will then be in and prices will be made as low as they can be sold.

Located at 410 N. Harbor Dr. in Chicago, Ill.

Remember we sell to everybody on Easy Payments.

**REMEMBER THE PACE**

## ELLISON FURNITURE & CARPET COMPANY

Successors to Maddox, Ellison & Co.

### 9a – Lacy Moore’s ring

*A description of Lacy Moore’s ring in her own words:*

It was crafted from a metal that not the Wee’je’gos – nor myself – used, nor could I name. It had swirls of markins all on its outside, a beautiful dull kinda sheen that drew the eye the more you stared. An holding it just felt... good. Safe.

### 9b – Lacy Moore journal excerpt 1

*On slightly yellowed paper, an excerpt from the beginnings of Lacy’s travels, handwritten, from her journal:*

June 1844

I was assaulted by fevered dreams the likes I found hard to describe. Wispy images of random Cree, Huron, Abenakis, an other Indians comin to visit the Wee’je’jo. Images of a terrible cold creature meetin them upon their visit an touchin them, leavin em runnin away an not joinin the tribe. They fled with a devilish hunger that could only be sated by consuming human flesh, of which the remainder of my fever dreams showed me. The name of their god may be Wee’j’go, but I heard rumor of another name under which tainted Indians fell: Wendigo.

Upon wakin in a sweat, I found the land removed of any sign of the prior battle or my Indian friends. Oh, there were furrows where longhouse poles an lodge foundations once dug in, coolin embers of the enormous bonfire, an as I kicked the dirt I found some of the horror beast’s black ichor which had been churned with the soil. It was real. It had happened.

I sat on my wood blanket to contemplate why the whole tribe of Wee’je’gos up an left. Had I done something? Or was that thing a sign that their god’s nemesis had found em an it was time to move on? I believe the latter is true. Makes the most sense.

Well, as I sat I knew I had to get up an move on. I started packin my blanket an such. Liftin it off the ground, a shine caught my eye. My knife but also a ring that, had it been there last night, I woulda seen it. The Wee’je’go maybe left it. A gift, maybe a thank-you.

Simple at first, I picked it up an my opinion changed as night to day. It was crafted from a metal that not the Wee’je’gos – nor myself – used, nor could I name. It had swirls of markins all on its outside, a beautiful dull kinda sheen that drew the eye the more you stared. An holding it just felt... good. Safe.

## **10a -10b– Pastor Ward letter and envelope #1**

### *10a – Pastor Ward letter #1*

*The letter from Pastor Ward has simple letterhead on white paper:*

Pastor Albert Ward  
Graniteville First Baptist  
Graniteville, VT

*Below that is a simple blue cross. The letter reads:*

Greetings to you,

Although the nature of your curiosity is intriguing, I could not entertain conversation at that moment. However, if you are often to seek curiosities as the conduits in Graniteville and learn what becomes of such conduits – John Cooper, Lacy Moore’s small circuit, the book bearing the oak, and many others – we would like your correspondence in relating them and any points of interest on the subject of difficult decisions: disincorporating someone, learning your origins are not what you presumed, and whether to journey to Boston, Chicago, or a closer location of intriguing conduits referred to as the Hart House located at:

51 Linebrook Road  
Ipswich, Massachusetts

Address all correspondence to the following location and your letters will reach me:

Box 114  
Post Office Dept  
Post Office at Boston Mass.  
25 Dorchester Ave.  
Boston, Massachusetts

### *10b – Pastor Ward envelope #1*

*A faded ruddy orange-manila correspondence envelope postmarked November 11<sup>th</sup>, 1922, more than a week before the investigators met Pastor Ward. It is postmarked from a Boston post office and addressed to “persons c/o Eclipse Books, 15 Graniteville Rd, Graniteville, Vermont”.*



## **11a-11c – *The Great Beast of Fate* tome, and partial translations<sup>1</sup> and 2**

*11a – The Great Beast of Fate tome –*

*A small, ancient tome bound in old leather. Emblazoned on the cover is a Celtic tree of life – an oak tree – with the traditional three knots or twists in its trunk. The cover is worn but this only makes the tree symbol stand out with a rusted-copper green sheen.*

*11b – The Great Beast of Fate partial translation 1*

*Incomplete handwritten translation of The Great Beast of Fate tome by Mr. John Cooper. This is page 1, written on a random scrap of paper in what appears to be a rushed hand:*

and it raises men high, or drags them to the very depths of their being, and it is all their doing, and their undoing, or [ can't translate this confounded bit here. ]

The Great Beast of Fate is given form through sacrifice of what is [ what was... what will be? Unclear. ] and its power slips through ones fingers if not contained properly [ fastidiously? ] .

Corruption of oneself is imminent. Embrace fate as is ... [ Amor fati? ] or be forever turned to...

*11c – Great Beast of Fate partial translation 2*

*Page 2 of the partial translation of the Great Beast of Fate tome:*

... Beast of Fate was created by the Ones of Old from the Land of the Black Headed People.

[ possibly Sumer, also known as Shinar. Must ask an authority on lost cultures ]

They who worship The Great Beast of Fate do not know it cares not for their whims. Only the truly powerful or the Beast's mistress of ancient times may sway it but beseeching She is [ folly? ] for she rules the Underworld.

## **12 – Boston P.O. box key**

*A simple brass post office box key stamped with the following words:*

*Postage Guaranteed*

*Post Office At Boston*

*1 Post Office Square*

*Boston Mass.*

## **Amor Fati 2: Deep-Seeded Secrets handouts**

### **13 – Deep-Seeded Secrets NPC portraits**

*A set of 6 total inked portraits showcasing the bust of important non-player characters:*

Dehlia – A beautiful thirteen-year-old girl with long, black hair, full lips, and a troubled expression seemingly out of place with her desire to please people.

Francois Dubois – A Hawk-nosed Frenchman with a friendly demeanor, swept-back hair, and an immaculate suit.

Lyda Cross – Short, blonde hair chaotically frames a face as thin and harsh as week-old wash water. This late thirties woman looks to have had the best years rung out of her, yet may still cling to anything she holds dear while keeping a tidy uniform and lacy apron.

Mrs. Martha Murray – Dark and silvering bunned hair piled atop a no-nonsense, full face, this woman wears clothing within her station and a fierce bearing to command her position like the captain of a ship.

Perry Bancroft – Sly grin almost always in place, this thirty-something gentleman is as slick in subversion as his perfect hair.

William Cole – Black, longish hair bearing a streak of white creates a lion's mane appearance about the mustached visage of a weather- and horror-worn face of this ex-sailor, clothed in a wool turtleneck. A slightly haunted expression lurks in each wrinkle.

*An additional hidden non-player character lurks at the top of the set of portraits: A photograph of a cavalry saber in its sheath, bearing the name Hoag Morse.*

### **14a, 14b – Hart House schematic**

*A 2-page schematic of the Hart House's interior: The second floor contains nine rooms, one shared lavatory with a shower, two toilets, and three bathtubs. The ground floor contains the kitchen, reception, entryway, another bathroom, and the ballroom which doubles as a grand*

*dining hall. A large ancient well sits just outside of the Hart House. Its disrepair is hidden by expert landscaping, making it a beautiful historic feature.*

## **15 – map of Ipswich, Mass.**

*A map of Ipswich, Massachusetts but the following has been removed for the player handout: train station, Hart House, Ada K. Damon shipwreck, Wild Geranium Tea House.*

## **16a – Hart House postcard (well)**

*A postcard with a photograph of the Hart House's exterior and a short piece of writing claiming it was built in 1640. A large well sits prominently in the foreground.*

## **16b – Hart House postcard (saber)**

*A postcard with a black and white photograph of the Hart House's main hearth, around which are a rug, table, six chairs, fireplace pokers, and other tools --Keeper's Note: the hearth no longer has a cavalry saber hanging above it when investigators arrive.*

## **16c – Wild Geranium Tea House advertisement**

*Wild Geranium Tea House's ad is printed on peachy-pink paper bordered with woodcut stamp prints of floral banners and borders. The body of the ad reads:*

Wild Geranium Tea House

Dine in luxury at the finest Tea House and Inn in Ipswich.

\*

Delightful delectables served up for Morning Tea, Brunch, and Luncheons.

\*

Wild Geranium Tea House sports three backroom lounges for private parties, weddings, and seances.

\*

Hire a private medium to host your own séance

677 Scottons Ln – Ipswich, Mass.

All are welcome!

## 17 – photograph of Hoag Morse in Union uniform with cavalry saber

*A customary small decorative late 1800s frame, tarnished with a bit of green copper oxidation, containing the single portrait of a young man with curly hair in a Union soldier uniform. He confidently holds a cavalry saber while posing for the old photograph. The back of the portrait has a handwritten message – My dearest Cara. Love eternal, Hoag Morse.*

## 18 – Hart House menu

*The brunch menu for the Hart House, printed on pale turquoise paper and bordered with floral woodprint stamps:*

Tea

Earl Grey      English      Coffee      Cocoa

—

Tea Biscuit      Plain Toast      Milk Toast      Graham Bread      Red Raspberries

—

Cold Meats

Roast Beef      Boiled Ham      Corned Beef      Pickled Lamb's Tongue      Potato  
Salad

—

Fish

Pickled Salmon      Steamed Mussels      Sardines  
Creamed Salmon on Toast      Oysters a la Creole

—

Consomme

Veal Cutlets, Tomato Sauce      Eggs Triano  
Lamb Chops, Spiced Turnips      Baked Beans  
Fricassee of Chicken Wings, Rice

—

Fresh Strawberry Meringue      Boston Cream Pie      Chocolate Rice Pudding      Plombier  
Sundaes

—

## HOURS FOR MEALS

Breakfast 6:30 to 9    Dinner 12:15 to 2    Supper 6 to 8

All drinking water is filtered by Jordan and Co. Exact

Processing, and Cooled by Hygienic Ice

### **19 – Ada K. Damon photograph**

*Barely an outline of the skeletal timbers remain of what was once a medium-sized ship, currently jutting out of beach sand with the inland sea grass a stark contrast in the background.*

### **20 – Deep One sketch**

*Covered in wet, mottled green-gray skin is a monstrous fish-like creature. A fanned crest flares out from the top of its piscine head and trails down its back. Bearing gills and bulbous fish eyes, the head sports a gaping mouth lined with needle-thin teeth. Large webbed hands end in sharp claws as it stands on two legs, crouched and poised to both jump down from the well it is emerging from and to grab its quarry.*

### **21 – Colonial Era Exhibit map**

*The Colonial Era display with Hart House artifacts looks exactly like the postcard (**Handout 16b**) because it is a photograph of the display but from a bird's eye view. It has been reproduced as a map for the encounter.*

### **9c – Lacy Moore journal excerpt 2**

*On darkened, burnished paper lay the following handwritten journal entry:*

October 8, 1871

Smoulderin in a small patch of hay lay a smokin black rock. Saw a glow in the cracks of it, as if it had embers from a campfire within. An then a little pop came from it, like when pine pitch bursts, an a tiny speck of light came away from the rock. No bigger than a spark, it didn't fall but seemed to float up a bit an then hover. A second little pop. A second tiny mote of bright firelight

floated up, a little higher than the first. But these two motes were not dyin out like brief sparks should.

Whatever they were, my movement triggered them to great motion. They zipped back an forth, up an down. Wherever they felt like goin, they went, an no pattern nor obstacle directed nor corrected them. They went through the walls, the floor, the roof, an also two unlucky cows – all of that in one breath as I gasped. For, wherever the little sparks went through, they started a fire.

Maybe a little foolish, but they were hurtin the livestock an startin trouble an they just looked like little motes of fire, so I chased after one. Passed right through my hat, an caught it on fire. As I was puttin that out, the tiny livin spark paused midair an came at me! It tagged me in the shoulder. Where it touched, my clothes started to burn so I pattin it out while dashin to the livestock trough. The second fire mote paused like the first, an it came for me, too! Came at me a’fore I made it to the trough. On instinct, I swatted at it. Felt like fire all through my hand!

Needin to regroup an not sure what else to do, I ran outta the barn. Upon inspection, my hand wasn’t bleedin. Had a hole burned through one side an out the other the size of a pea an it hurt bad. Same, near as I could figure, after grazin my shoulder. The heat the sparks put out was so strong, it cauterized the wounds as they melted right through flesh an bone.

The party still roarin with laughter an music, so did the wind an no one the wiser that the barn was startin to burn. The nearest water to the barn was the animal trough inside. I was sure to get burned up if I went back in. Those little sparks seemed... ornery. Never seen nor heard of anythin like ‘em a’fore, an I hope to never again.

### **11d – *The Great Beast of Fate* partial translation 3**

*The final partial translation from Mr. John Cooper on a torn scrap of paper:*

...never be woke from its tomb in Ur, nor the stones of protection removed, lest ye release the Great Beast of Fate.

Embrace fate [ Amor fati? ] and do not tempt fate’s change. Do not venture toward the [ demigod? demon? ] in its tomb, for even in slumber does it twist the fate of all.

[ This is all useless drivel! Would the de Lorraines even want this book back? Is it worth risking my neck to ask how much they’d pay to have it returned? ]

## **Amor Fati 3: Mail-Order Bribe handouts**

### **22 – *Mail-Order Bribe* NPC portraits**

*A pair of inked portraits showcasing the bust of important non-player characters:*

Brant Greyland – A dashing, well-dressed, twenty-ish young man with slick, dark hair and a penchant for gambling and thrills. His dreamy gaze cuts across the air while he fans out a hand of playing cards, always ready for the next game.

Miss Clara Beauregard – A perfectly pleasant twenty-year-old Southern Belle of auburn hair and delicate appearance, her body gloved in a lacy dress, hat, parasol, and fair human skin.

## **23 – map of Boston**

*A map of the immediate area in Boston, Mass. around the post office, encompassing the train station on the left, the Parker House Hotel near the center, and the post office located at 1 Post Office Square to the right. The nearest toy shop is to the north and the Boston Commons are southwest.*

## **24 – Boston post office photograph**

*A black and white photograph of the Boston post office, midday in the early 1900s. It is a four-story building with many windows and stacked columns with a central rhombus tower adding two more floors to its height. Horse-drawn carriages set the state to the open plaza where a handful of people wander to their destinations.*

## **10c, 10d – Pastor Ward letter and envelope #2**

*10c – Pastor Ward letter #2*

*The same paper as before with the same letterhead and simple blue cross at the top, however it says a completely different location: Pastor Albert Ward, Lewiston First Baptist, Lewiston, Vermont”. The letter is again typed and reads:*

Greetings to you,

You have not responded to the first letter but perhaps you have not had time.

You have not yet opened the box to your next life choices but that time is very soon.

Do you feel regret or guilt that you took something that did not belong to you? Do you feel honor-bound to carry out a mission to locate John Cooper? His own choices have ended his need for more. We hope you prove to be more resilient of mind and body. We would like you to respond with answers relating to the dilemma of good and evil. What are these to you? Are there

more in Graniteville, Ipswich, Boston, or Chicago? We are curious. Cite relevant points of data.

I understand there are other imminent leads for you to follow so I will not provide more at this time. Contact me at the following address:

Box 24  
Post Office Dept  
Post Office of Chicago.  
433 W Van Buren St  
Chicago, Illinois

P.S. Do not give her the Doll.

*10d – Pastor Ward envelope #2*

*Addressed to the keyholder of P. O. Box 399, 1 Post Office Square, Boston Post office, Boston, Massachusetts on a pale vanilla-colored envelope, it was delivered via air post from Chicago and stamped October 2, 1922.*

## **25 – the Doll**

*A photograph of a wooden doll with a woman's thoughtful face and an ivory dress with moss green floral accents, from the 1700s. The doll's expression is serenely blank, framed by long, auburn, and presumably real human hair.*

## **26 – Parker House Hotel photograph**

*A black and white photograph of the Parker House Hotel from the 1900s. It is a square 14-story building in bustling Boston originally built in 1855.*

## **27 – All Dolled Up**

*Give the following handout to any player whose investigator's soul has been sucked into the doll:*

*You find yourself in a void, unable to see or touch, but shivers of fright course through your very being as the presence of some... thing... stands out in all of the blank around you. It is dark,*



*alien, and you can taste its hunger. It approaches. You can't run. You can't move. You no longer have a body. Whatever it is that makes you "you" – your essence, soul, what-have-you – is now stuck in the dark with this alien presence. It licks you, tasting your soul with a delight that blankets you like the cloying aroma of rancid banana peels. The fact that it just took a tiny bit of you away and ate it does not go unnoticed, nor unfelt. Utter weariness briefly pools you like melted butter. A scream volcanoes up from within when you finally pull yourself together, denied eruption because you have no mouth. Instead, your very being shrieks in terror. Lose 2 permanent **POW** and roll **SAN** (-1D3/-1D6).*

What can you do?

- If you lose 5 or more **Sanity** in a single instance, gain a bout of madness (see Bouts of Madness Tables). Suggested bouts of madness are cleithrophobia, pediophobia, or scopophobia.
- Roll **Idea (INT)**. If you succeed, the Keeper tells you why **POW** was rolled earlier.
- You can hear the world outside as if you are in a box. If other souls are trapped in here with you, you sense them and can talk to them as if across a room. Help them calm down or work out ideas or plans.
- Trying to talk to the entity that trapped you proves unproductive. You aren't sure if it can't understand you or just views you as a piece of food. You definitely know it wants to consume you but appears to be taking its time. If you threaten it or get angry at it, roll opposed **POW** or **Stealth** as it tries to take another bite out of your soul. A success wards it off for now. A failure leaves you feeling drained, unable to do more for 15 minutes, and you lose 2 permanent **POW**.
- The entity will try and feed off each soul every half hour. Evade with a successful opposed **POW** or **Stealth** roll.
- If anyone tries to move your wooden prison too far away from your body, it racks your soul with pain. You think you heard sounds coming from the doll so you must be able to talk, too. Succeed on a **POW** roll to concentrate and project your voice through the wooden body. A Hard success is needed but only once to learn and use the *Communicate* spell but each use requires spending 2 MP. Whoever has the highest **POW** always speaks first.
- An Extreme opposed **POW** roll or better allows any trapped soul to escape the wooden prison. This can be attempted once every two hours but, with every failure, you lose 1D3 permanent **POW** as you try to stand up to the thing actively feeding on your soul.

*Communicate* – Spend 2 MP to talk through the wooden body. Up to 10 words can resonate through the wooden conduit with each casting. Any trapped soul in the doll body can use this skill with an initial Hard **POW** and spending 2 MP. Only one thing can speak at a time – whoever has the highest **POW**. The entity can always speak first if it wants. This spell is only usable in the doll, as it requires that conduit.

*A handwritten list on a piece of paper, detailing the items needed for the marriage bind ceremony:*

Veil (for the doll) - preferably gauze, hemp, canvas, or silk but any veil will do.

Wedding Dress (for the doll) - gauze, hemp, canvas, or silk preferably but a table napkin'd work just as good.

Flowers (bouquet & boutonniere) - preferably chrysanthemum, lily, foxglove, ivy, chamomile

Rings (one for every individual in the marriage bind) - NO SILVER OR IRON but anything ring-shaped will do.

Suit or Dress (one for every person in the marriage bind) - anything will do.

Officiant - a person to conduct the ceremony. No need to be anyone of consequence. Just say, "Do you?" to everyone and call it good.

### **9d-9f – Lacy Moore journal excerpts 3-5**

*9d – Lacy Moore journal excerpt 3:*

*Handwritten on faded, burned, and blood-stained paper is the following journal entry:*

December 8, 1871

I took two steps, cautious, not hearin a thing but my own breathin. Left I swung my right hand an got not a thing. To the right an the ring zapped me with a regular electric pulse. So, to the right I ventured.

I saw it straight ahead an knew it was the one. Clear as day, how out of place it sat. The sarcophagus looked rather plain. No decoration, inscription, nor writin lay upon the box, but what made it stand out was the material: wood. Solid, I pushed at it an it did not budge or groan, nor were there cracks to peer through. Didn't need to see in but would have preferred to. No matter. My ring told me all I needed to know.

I slung my pack off my shoulder carefully an quietly. It was full of weaponry an items. Pulled out a hammer and placed my candle near to look at the nails of the box. Huh. There weren't any. So I inspected the lack of overhang, dare run my hand along the smooth, old wood, an realized the whole sarcophagus was a kind of wooden puzzle, with wrist-thick joints that started one way but locked into another section of the base on which the lid sat. When I thought I had it reasoned out, I pushed from the northwest corner t'ard the southeast, counterclockwise, an the lid rotated.

My efforts did not make for a silent task. I tried to move slow, an only a little. Some undead were roused by sound or motion or a warm body. I was all of it combined, so I took a real slow look inside with my candle.

Saw a finely-tailored deep-blue velvet sleeve encrusted with beads of gemstone glintin in my candlelight. The sleeve led to a dress of the same color an finery, an there was a hand layin at rest on the chest of the one wearing the dress, neither sunk in nor wrinkled. Transfixed by the calm, that Wee'je'go ring kept zingin me, not lettin me sit idle when the thing inside the wooden box was surely the vampiress I sought.

9e – Lacy Moore journal excerpt 4:

*One of the last pages in Lacy Moore's journal, it is tarnished, burned, and the bottom is slightly torn. The paper is badly abused in the upper middle, where someone has carefully drawn the logo of a business called the Paisley Foundation from what was probably a typed letter on letterhead but it has been hand written in its entirety here:*

September 30, 1907

Now, I was curious – no doubt about that – but the fact that I even received a letter bore recognizing the need of caution. Upon examination, it was addressed by a very neat hand and not machine typed. No return address lay on the exterior. Opening the flap, the following typed message lay.

*Mrs. Lacy Moore,*

*I am in need of services only you can provide.*

*There is no one else I know with your particular skill set, nor do I make this request lightly. I am aware you are not currently active in pursuing evil, nor do individuals contact you regarding your true specialty, but our need is great.*

*I and my group have been the target of a particular sect of cultists called the Followers of Fate. They are relentless and numerous and I seek to employ your services to hunt these human evils and end their murderous rampage.*

*Local police are in the pocket of some powerful people bent on protecting these cultists. I would not ask for your assistance if I had other options. I would not ask you to come if my need were not dire.*

*If you choose to answer my request, please send a telegram with your date of arrival as soon as prudent to the code above. If you do not, I understand you wish to remain retired and live out your days with your family.*

*Maddox*

I did not know anyone by that name, nor had I ever heard of the Paisley Foundation prominently displayed at the top of the letter. What I had heard of were the Followers of Fate. Those were the bastards that tried to have me killed on Gorgona Island. They still believed me dead, too. At least, I hope they do. Probably would've sent their assassins after me long before now if they suspected I was still alive.

On the contents of the letter itself, I am intrigued, and wary. How would anyone know where to find me, and know I have family?

Whoever this person is, they must know a hell of a lot about me to ask for help against the same

evil cult which targeted me. That cannot be a coincidence. This letter writer knows too much on any account.

*9f – Lacy Moore journal excerpt 5:*

*The last Lacy Moore journal page is dark, torn at the bottom, and tarnished with more than age. The remainder of the pages have been ripped out and this is the final entry:*

October 5, 1907

I didn't tell the family much. Just that the letter asked me to come out to Chicago and I'd go see what that was about. I hugged them all and Randall insisted he drive me into town to the train station.

Once in his vehicle, he looked at me hard and said, "Why're you doin this, Ma? You shouldn't be travelin so far at your age."

I smirked. "Yes, I'm old, but I didn't earn this age by sittin on my rear. Someone has asked to see me and I'm going and there isn't more to be said about it."

"But... What if...?"

"What if I don't come back? Life is no guarantee, son, so I live it. You should know, if nothing else, that I am a proficient and fierce combatant. Maybe not as proficient in this old body, but I still got the skills."

He frowned mightily and said, "You... tried to teach me some fighting skills once. Didn't you?"

"I tried. Your dad didn't take to that."

"Did he know? Whatever it is you don't tell people?"

A slow nod. "He used to do it, too, for a time. I know you're still curious, but my statement stands firm. Knowing won't do anything but harm. If it makes you feel better, consider me an outlaw. Lord knows I've broken a hell of a lot of laws in my day, and a few of the Commandments. Best take me as I am and leave the rest to dust."

He growled out a sigh but started up the loud auto. "Fine. You gonna at least tell me who the letter is from?"

"Don't know 'em. But they know me and what I used to do and that's enough to get me goin."

Randall did not ask further. Just drove me to the train station. Good boy. He had learned it was wise not to look too deep into my past.

So, now I sit, dressed in woman's clothes, as the train car pulls away. The letter writer addressed me as Mrs. and surely knows I am a woman. Haven't worn men's clothes in some time. Hadn't a need. Perhaps that will change on this trip, or not. I also wear my Wee'je'go ring once more. Maybe it'll give some oomph to this old body. Sure is keeping me alert to all around me as I head into the unknown, or perhaps it is just the rush of bein on a hunt after so very long. I do feel a kind of energy and am eager to get started. Here is to finishing whatever business awaits and returning to my family once more.

## **Amor Fati 4: Ebon Roots handouts**

### **29a – Ebon Roots 1922 NPC portraits**

*A set of four inked portraits showcasing the bust of important non-player characters for 1922:*

Detective Martin Schwartz – Aged, retired detective with a stern, silver mustache and kind eyes.

Mr. Smith – Clean-shaven, perfectly dressed, wavy-haired, blonde young man of about eighteen years with crystal green eyes containing more wisdom and experience than most people gain in a lifetime.

Mr. Jonathan Raine – This man in his thirties is confident, fit, and bearing a mischievous smile bordered by mutton chops.

Mr. Marshall Doud – Of average stature, this thirty-something dark-haired man wears a suit, glasses, and an intense stare with his eyes showing exactly how much business he means to have with you.

### **29b – Ebon Roots 1907 NPC portraits**

*A set of seven inked portraits showcasing the bust of important non-player characters for 1907:*

Mr. Smith – The exact same clean-shaven, perfectly dressed, wavy-haired, blonde young man as in 1922. Still looks about eighteen years old with crystal green eyes containing more wisdom and experience than most people gain in a lifetime.

Mr. Vince Young – Blonde hair slicked back to show off the handsome face of this twenty-something, he walks with confidence bordering on arrogance, often with a smile, always in a suit.

Mr. Marshall Doud – Of average stature, this twenty-one-year-old, dark-haired young man wears a suit, glasses, and an intense stare with his eyes showing exactly how much business he means to have with you.

Carla Radonovic – A wary gaze, dark hair in a bun, and dark eyes mark this thirty-something Russian woman as a force to be reckoned with, despite her simple dress.

Mr. Harold Midsommer – Tall with sandy brown hair and a goatee, this mid-thirties gentleman holds a quiet demeanor behind eyes that have seen much, and all covered by a nice suit.

Mrs. Tricia Cunningham – Eternal worry hangs on the brow of this early-thirties woman. Her shoulder-length dark hair could be used to hide from the horrors of the world, but her eyes and mouth remain determined to face it. A simple dress hides physical scars but not emotional ones.

Warren Horne – Receding hairline, thin dark mustache, and a politician’s smile grace the face of this late-thirties man of charisma in a suit.

### **30 – Dearborn Train Station photograph (for 1922 and 1907)**

*A black and white photograph of Dearborn Train Station, also known as Polk Station, the interstate thoroughfare in the 1900s, connecting many out of state people to Chicago. Its most distinctive feature is a clock tower several stories tall.*

### **31 – map of Chicago**

*A map of South Loop area Chicago in 1907 for the Keeper’s reference, with the following points marked by a key situated to the right of the map:*

Chicago, ILL.

1 - 47 W Polk St (Dearborn Train Station)

2 - 520 S Michigan (Congress Hotel)

3 - 133 N Clark St (City Hall/Library)

4 - 410 N Harbor Dr (Ellison Furniture)

5 - 259 W Washington St (Paisley Foundation)

6 - 13th & Michigan Ave (Alda Meats)

7 - 181 S Wabash Ave (Lead n Ore)

### **32 – Murder Castle flyer**

*A flyer attracting people to tour H. H. Holmes’ Murder Castle, printed on cheap paper with smudgy ink. The bulk of the flyer is a schematic of the Murder Castle layout as well as inked drawings of the exterior and interior. The flyer reads:*

H.H. Holmes  
Murder Castle  
TOUR the LAIR of HORRORS of America's most DESPICABLE MURDERER

63<sup>rd</sup> & Wallace – 25 cents – 2 to 7 PM

### **33 – newspaper article – *Woman Exsanguinated!***

*A section of a newspaper centered on a single article titled WOMAN EXSANGUINATED! Chicago's Finest Baffled. Dated October 13, 1907, the article states:*

Yesterday morning while changing the bedsheets, the staff of the Congress Hotel stumbled upon a dead woman in Room 1214. The matter was swiftly taken in hand by Detective Martin Schwartz of the Fifth Precinct. The unknown woman was found drained of all blood. While odd events are common at the Congress Hotel, staff report that this woman's exsanguination - the draining of blood - is a first. They also assure that the hotel has never been safer with Det. Schwartz leading the investigation. Neither staff nor Det. Schwartz have been able to identify the woman at this time. Det. Schwartz had no comment to add.

### **34 – Congress Hotel photograph**

*A black and white photograph of the Congress Hotel in 1922 Chicago, its two main cube-like towers connected by a lower structure which has several floors of its own. Its structure and unique shape are similar in present day as it was in 1907 and 1922.*

### **35a – Paisely Foundation wards**

*Unusual paisley patterns etched into wood: wards around the Paisley Foundation's front doors. They appear to be an odd design combining beak-like paisley, strange curling leaves with circles and half-moons cut out of it, and various combinations of these elements in a dark green ink etched into the woodgrain surface.*

### **35b, 35c – Paisely Foundation pamphlet, 1922**

*A trifold pamphlet on the Paisley Foundation. The exterior bears the organization's logo, address, a photograph of the five-story Paisley Foundation building's eastern corner, and four photos and information on each Corner (those who run the Paisley Foundation). The current roster is President Marshall Doud, Vice President Jonathan Raine, Secretary Nora Palm, and Treasurer Ira Cunningham. A fifth photo shows the deceased founder, Mr. Arthur Arctus Paisley, the dates of April 13, 1820 – Sept 12, 1893 (birth and death dates), and a quote:*

“Society has a need – sometimes great, sometimes small. If I can help alleviate that need; to provide comfort and ease of mind to my fellow man, and educate and sustain him as needed in the process; it would be a great endeavor indeed.”

- A. A. Paisley

*The interior has the following information, one for each of the folds:*

#### History

Founded in 1888 by Arthur Paisley and his wife, Maisey, the Paisley Foundation began its efforts right away by providing both funds and blueprints to rebuild the Dearborn Observatory in conjunction with Northwestern University and the Chicago Astronomical Society. A year later, Hull House came to fruition due to Mr. Paisley's generous donations. His alma mater, Miskatonic University, also receives a yearly donation in Mr. Paisley's name.

#### Mission Statement

The Paisley Foundation strives to aid mankind locally and globally, to ensure the public is seen to and the private remains secure, to aid those who follow these same principles, and to be a fruitful and sturdy presence to weather any storm.

The Paisley Foundation is committed to helping people of influence and the poor alike. Influencing, outfluencing, and evaluating a vast causeway of information in an ever-evolving world allows the allocation of Mr. Paisley's fortune to whomever truly needs it. To enquire what the Paisley Foundation can do for you or your group, see the front desk.

### **36 – reweaver beetle**

*These beetles are thumbnail-sized, translucent, and resemble large backswimmer beetles but with more legs and prickly hairs.*

### **37 – Lenny sees Maddox**

*To be handed to Lenny's player when Lenny first sees Maddox:*



You look at the target, Maddox, and stop in your tracks. You are inexplicably overcome with so many emotions. You feel you know this individual on a deep and personal level, though you have never met. You know without a doubt that it is impossible for you to attack this person. In fact, despite years of being under the heel of others, something about this person stirs so much more inside of you. Mainly, a great need to protect them. It's as if you care about them... but how can that be? You have never seen this person before in your life, and yet... That is exactly how you feel. A deep connection to them beyond anything you have ever known or felt for your wife. It isn't to be questioned. It just feels right.

### **38a, 38b – Paisley Foundation pamphlet, 1907**

*A trifold pamphlet on the Paisley Foundation. The exterior bears the organization's logo, address, a photograph of the five-story Paisley Foundation building's eastern corner, and four photos and information on each Corner (those who run the Paisley Foundation). The current roster is comprised of President Vince Young, Vice President Marshall Doud, Secretary Harold Midsommer, Treasurer Tricia Cunningham. A fifth photo shows the deceased founder, Mr. Arthur Arctus Paisley, the dates of April 13, 1820 – Sept 12, 1893 (birth and death dates), and a quote:*

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### **39 – clay cuneiform mark**

*A palm-sized, rounded rectangle of fired, orange-yellow clay impressed with Sumerian cuneiform which spells out Namtar's name. Sumerian cuneiform resembles assortments and arrangements of little toothpicks with hollow triangle tops. Namtar's name begins with the Sumerian word for God or Goddess, a series of four intersecting triangle-topped toothpicks arrayed like the spokes of a wagon wheel.*

### **40 – Paisley Foundation, 4<sup>th</sup> floor map**

*The 4<sup>th</sup> floor is divided in half by a hallway. To the left are the five guest rooms which have no windows but are otherwise set up similar to a small hotel room with a bed, basin and water pitcher, coat rack, and a small dresser with a lamp on it. The right side of the 4<sup>th</sup> floor has two conference room with glass windows, long polished wood tables, and approximately sixteen office chairs in each of them. There is a restroom on this floor at the end of the hall near the last guest room, but investigators have been told not to open the door at the very end of the hall. It leads to the kitchen and the cook, Victor, is very picky about who enters his domain.*

### **41 – Sam's mystery note**

*A mysterious hand-written note, ink on a bar napkin, folded in half:*

To the gorgeous, young lady at the end of the day,

You seem to be a gal with her eyes on the prize. What if I told you the Paisley Foundation had a LOT more hidden behind their iron curtain than even you suspect? If you want to know more, meet me on October 13 at midnight at the *Satin Fountain*.

### **41 – Sam's mystery note, (alternate gender "Samuel")**

*A mysterious hand-written note, ink on a bar napkin, folded in half:*

To the striking young man at the end of the day,

You seem to be a guy with her eyes on the prize. What if I told you the Paisley Foundation had a LOT more hidden behind their iron curtain than even you suspect? If you want to know more,

meet me on October 13 at midnight at the *Satin Fountain*.

#### **42 – Lead n Ore basement map**

*Inside the two-story Lead n Ore permit building, following a short flight of steps below street level, investigators find a dank, warm, basement lit by candles whose wax has spilled down the sides of slim stone columns. The entire basement is made of stone, the walls and floor decorated in blood-written magic symbols, as is a stone altar in the center of the room.*

#### **43 – Plague-leg**

*A drawing of a large, spindly, horrific grayish insectoid creature with six leg covered in sickly-green pustules, a triangular head with sharp mandibles, and a trio of claws on the end of each leg.*

#### **44a – Maddox sees the problem**

*A note to be handed to Maddox's player directly after the fight with the Plague-leg, if Maddox and Lacy have both survived:*

After the fight with the Plague-leg, Lacy is wounded. It is a fatal wound. You know that, just as you know there is now a contagion in her blood that must be dealt with. None of the others are knowledgeable enough to contain it, so you must separate Lacy from the others. Tell them you will help her back to the hotel and stay with her, using your expertise to help. They should not be with you to see what you must do.

Lacy may not realize she is dying. She feels feverish, weak. It might be easier on her if you help her to the hotel and to her room, #1214, and then inform her of her fate...

#### **44b – Lacy's end**

*A helpful sheet of information for Maddox's player when Maddox and Lacy are alone:*

Lacy will have questions. Maddox may do her the kindness of answering:

- *What was that thing?* A disease harbinger, a servitor of Namtar.
- *Have you ever seen/fought one?* No, but I know they exist. That type is called a Plague-leg.
- *Am I dying?* Yes.
- *Is there a cure?* No.
- *What is happening to me?* The disease it carries was transferred to your blood. It is slowly killing you. Your blood will then become a disease transmitter. It will be painful. I can make your end quick, if you wish.
- *What are you doing?* I will stay with you until you pass, then drain your blood so that the disease inside you will not spread, and our enemies will not be able to use it against us. Contain the blood and the contagion is stopped.
- *If I am dying, will you send my ring and journal to my family?* ... Yes. (He will, but will remove mention of him first).
- *Are you a member of an Order so secret, no one even knows its name (referring to the unnamed Order she met in Rome in the 1870s who helped her defeat a vampiress she accidentally released)?* My in-laws were impressed with you at every turn and kept an eye on your comings and goings until their demise. It then became the passion of my wife, and finally it fell to me. You were always someone to be admired and not just a cautionary tale. It was I who decided you were an asset, but by that time, you had sought retirement. Thank you for coming to our aid when we needed it. The Cone Order does not lose track of potential assets, nor do we let them fall into enemy hands.

#### **45 – Dearborn in flames photograph**

*A black and white photo from December 21, 1922, Dearborn's high clock tower engulfed in flames while huge jets of water try to douse the fire.*

#### **11e – Great Beast of Fate French translated notes on Paisley Foundation stationary**

*On Paisley Foundation pale turquoise letterhead bearing their logo and address with faded paisley print in the background is a translation of French writing found written into the margins of The Great Beast of Fate tome. The missive reads:*

“The mad druid spoke truth. Praise Namtar, our new God.” - translation 1

“He slumbers, chained low in the earth, but Enri and I are reluctant to free Him. We communed with only a fraction of His power and He thinks us perhaps a dream. If He remains so, what more may we gain from this alliance of God and man?” - translation 2

“Our commitment to Namtar is proven and absolute and His gifts are mighty. They shall be well spent. The banner of House de Lorraine shall remain as hidden as our God but continue to unfurl high in shadow, ever stretching.” - translation 3

Mr. Doud, this seems to corroborate the origin of the de Lorraine family and their connection to Namtar. How do you wish to proceed?

- Mr. Cunningham