

D I R E

THE FIRST CREED OF PANDEMONIUM

dire [dahyuhr]
-adjective, dir·er, dir·est.

1. causing or involving great fear or suffering; dreadful; terrible.
2. indicating trouble, disaster, misfortune, or the like.
3. urgent; desperate.

ENRIQUE CACHAFEIRO DEL VALLE

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FOREWORD

It's a strange and beautiful thing to read someone else's contributions to the *Books of Pandemonium*. The fans have already contributed their ideas to the first issue of *Crux*, and Kobayashi has produced a great deal of magnificent content, but that sense of wonder and excitement never abates. For this reason, I'm extremely happy to present *Dire: The First Creed of Pandemonium* to you.

Enrique Cachafeiro del Valle has created a powerful addition to the *Books*, including grotesque magic, repulsive demons (which invariably reflect our own baser natures), fascinating new enemies, and a well-developed scenario which concludes on a unique battlefield. *Dire* is written in Enrique's voice, and it has sprung from his own twisted imagination, but it meshes with the cadence of *Dread* -- the tough and gritty fiction, the violent and paranoid examples that follow each spell description, and a scenario mired in corruption and brutality.

Enrique's contribution also includes new character classes, which will make for some intriguing new approaches to the structure of the Cabal. The meretricious Misericorde (named after a medieval knife used to deliver the mercy stroke to critically injured knights) are not necessarily as zealous as their Disciple counterparts, and the Meiga have been tainted by the demons that once possessed them, bringing their ultimate allegiance into question. Whose side will the Meiga take? Can the Misericorde be bought off? What is it that the Perfecti seek?

The questions that this book raises can only be answered through gameplay, and I'm really looking forward to learning how things will work out. Ultimately, works like *Dire* serve as the greatest compliment that a game designer can aspire to. I hope that you'll get as much out of Enrique's creation as I have.

Pax vobiscum.

Spaniard out.

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Dedications

To Carol, Maya and Nico
My best, most beloved (and only) fan base

To Rafael, for prodding me enough times with a stick

To Todd, Ed and Jeremy for old times

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The man in the drab-brown trench coat raised one hand to the rim of his fedora and tilted it back far enough to allow a good view of the azure sky. Bleary, crusty eyes squinted against the unwelcome sunshine. The few clouds were fluffy and white, right out of a friggin' storybook. The man lowered his face tipping the fedora back as to cast welcome shadows over the greasy, ratty features. He spat. Bah - he hated days like this. He felt as if they made him stand out more. Give him a gloomy, miserable November rain any day. Nostrils flared as he took a good whiff of himself. He stank - beer and cigarettes that clung to the unwashed musk strong enough for even he to take note. He really needed a bath..but this lead had taken him all over town the last three days and he felt he was getting close.

Let the smiling idiots that moved about on the sidewalk, purposefully not looking at him, go about their inane business. He was trying to protect them so they could go on thinking life was nothing but clear blue skies and sunny days. If only they knew that every day more and more demons harvested them for their pleasures and appetites. The man kept walking down the street and turned at a dry cleaner called, appropriately enough, Clear as Day Dry Cleaning. The Hat, for that was what they called him, walked in slowly.

There was one person sitting on a chair, the only chair occupied out of the half-dozen lined against the walls just before the counter. The man behind the counter looked like a Swede - tall, blond, square-jawed and light-eyed. Hm. Well, this dry cleaner was one of the few things that had linked the victims..this and the fact that they had all been killed by demons that ate their way out of them. He walked to the counter, examining the sitting occupant using peripheral vision - a woman draped in a forest-green burqa. Her eyes were fixed on a magazine she was reading. Hat made it to the counter and didn't even try a smile.

"Walters," he said in a rough croak, offering a slip of paper. He had gotten the name and the receipt for dry cleaning from the last victim. With any luck, the victim had not been that much of a regular where the Swede would know Hat to be an imposter. But everything seemed fine as the man took the slip and disappeared behind a curtain of hung clothes. Hat watched him go, reflexively dropping his left hand to his side, feeling the weight of the weapon in his pocket. The motion was from his days as a detective - now he had a whole different kind of arsenal at his disposal but the familiar gesture was comforting nonetheless.

Something moved to his left. Hat spun, one hand going for his gun, the other raising to unleash one of his own powers at the presumed attacker. He had time for neither as the burqa draped shape moved faster than even Hat's enhanced reflexes could follow, tackling him hard and both falling to the ground. No sooner had they crashed unto the dirty linoleum that the place was filled with the thunderous, deafening sound of heavy gunfire.

On his back, Hat could see the blur of shells as they flew from somewhere beyond the counter, across the space he had previously occupied and through the front of the store. Glass exploded, screams and honks of cars as well as tires squealing could all be heard from the streets beyond. The woman that pinned him down raised her face above his. The burqua had slipped off and he gaped at her bared face. Her skin..she was covered in iridescent blue scales that caught the light and seemed to glisten. She seemed to be entirely devoid of hair but despite the oddities her face was still very much female and somehow more alluring by its exotic nature.

CHAPTER 1: NEW SPELLS

He had only a moment to contemplate this as she turned from him, sending one hand out towards the unseen assailant. The air was filled with the sound of metal sliding on metal, like hundreds of swords being drawn. The shooting stopped, the sounds echoing into silence.

Hat backpedaled until he felt a chair behind him. He raised his hands to the seat of the chair and lifted himself up to sit on it. The woman came to her feet looking beyond the counter. Hat peeled his eyes away from the woman to look where she did - and gaped. The curtain of clothes behind the counter was gone. Behind it all was torn and tattered and shattered between a forest of gleaming blades of different shapes and sizes that seemed to spring from the floor as well as every wall and criss cross. Some were adorned with sliding tears of blood. But no corpse. She spoke, her voice heavy with an accent he did not readily identify.

"It was the Firm -- they were hired to stop you. Come, I can help." She slid out of the shattered remains of the door, pulling her burqa once more around her face. Hat tried to gather his wits. Was she a demon? Was this a trick? Maybe some beer-induced nightmare? And how was he the one being hunted, when he was himself the Hunter? When was the last time he had been on a date? His mind wrestled for answers. Finally he shrugged, stood and followed. Nothing in his life as a Disciple made much sense, so truly this was only par for the course.



1. NEW SPELLS

Actaeon

Duration: Special

Range: Special

When this spell is cast a pack of mangy, drooling, dirty mutts appear and attack your target, tearing him to bloody pieces. The caster pays 1 life per dog in the pack. The dogs seem to appear from just out of sight – one may come out from under a nearby car, another two from a dark alley, and maybe yet another comes out of an adjacent dumpster. The pack has a Combat rating equal to the number of dogs and two life per dog summoned. So if the caster pays four life for a pack with four dogs, it would have Combat 4 and 8 Life. For every two life the pack loses, it loses one combat die. The pack remains until their target is dead or the pack is killed off. If their intended victim escapes them, they will chase him or her down regardless of where she travels. The dogs will not attack a demon. NOTE: Does not affect demons.

Ex. You look around the cavernous warehouse, quickly losing interest. It seems that the tip was false. You feel the shot before you hear it. It spins you but you catch a glimpse of the shooter before you hit the ground. You see him across the warehouse running for the door and cast Actaeon while watching his back, a moment before he leaves. You feel the pack run past you, and then you see the four dogs sprinting hell-bent to reach the door. They smash through it and shortly thereafter you can hear screams and growls from outside. Your nose is bleeding and you feel cold, the toll of the spell, but it was worth it.

Apeshit

Duration: 15 seconds (3 rounds)

Range: Self

When the caster unleashes this spell, he is filled with raw primal rage. The first round the spell is cast the Disciple works himself up into a frenzy as the energy make his blood boil. He will punch walls, slam his head into paper towel dispensers, turn desks over and so on and so forth in a very public, very noisy display of anger. This fills the Disciple's Fury and instills him with violence. For the second round and then the third, the Disciple rolls 1d12 and trades in that many Fury for combat dice. If the Disciple runs out of Fury, the spell takes away from Life. The Disciple must spend both rounds attacking someone.

Ex. You hunker down as the room around you gets ripped apart by gunfire. A file cabinet is eviscerated brutally, guts of folders and papers spilling unto the office floor. The sound fills your world and your bladder screams to release from fear. Your eyes snap open. No, you tell yourself, no this is not how I'm going out. You cast Apeshit and the chill in your spine seems to melt away, then heat, then boil back up your spine. You stand, ignoring the whizzing bullets. The smile on your face is cruel and mirthless. You scream into the gun fire, kick over the desk, rip your shirt open and run through the already ruined door and into the men with machineguns. The gunfire stops for a blink, for a moment as the three men are taken off guard by the maniac running into the gunfire. It is the last mistake they will ever make.

Beso Vivo

Duration: Immediate

Range: 1

The caster swaps his Life with another's Life -- the transfer is an all or nothing, no partial transfers are possible. This is done through a kiss that transfers the life energies. Cut, bruises, burns, even limbs lost through combat are transferred from the one to the other. The victim is allowed to roll her Soul against the caster's Magic to resist the effect. If the spell is used in a beneficial manner by having the caster take wounds from another while giving him his own life, then a roll is not necessary. If the victim does not have enough life to completely heal the Disciple, the victim dies and the Disciple is only healed up to the life that the victim had. NOTE: Does not affect demons.

Ex. The pain you feel is nearly enough to break the rest of your sanity. You can't close your eyes since your lids were burned off and can't help but stare at the blackened, sloughing layers of your burned skin. The

paramedic finally gets the IV in, and is trying to comfort you. You give him your best puppy dog look, and move your lips as if you were trying to whisper something. He leans in and you use the last of your strength to jerk your head up and kiss him. Sorry, you think, nothing personal. You cast Beso Vivo. The man jerks away but already his skin blackens and peels even as yours regenerates. The other EMT looks on, incredulous, disbelieving even as the screams of the man fill the ambulance.

Detritavore

Duration: 1 hour

Range: 1

When the Disciple casts this spell she touches a dead body. Immediately the body blossoms with fungi and mushrooms of every color, shape and variety. Worms and maggots moving at much faster speed than normal criss cross over the body, and black beetles move in and out of crevices. In one hour the entire body is reduced to a pile of black mulch, broken down into fundamental organic matter.



Ex. You slip your black gloves on, wishing you had remembered them earlier. The red welts around the neck of the dead man on the ground will be obvious places for the cops to fingerprint. You decide to sleep soundly tonight, and cast *Detritavore*, poking the dead body on the forehead. The body is immediately blanketed in bugs and mushrooms, and you leave knowing that by the time anyone comes by they will only find a pile of black mulch.

Dispater

Duration: 1 hour (60 rounds)

Range: 1

Prior to the casting of this spell, the Disciple chooses an item to purchase. This can be any item for which the transaction to own can take no longer than the duration of the spell. When *Dispater* is cast the caster will have the funds necessary to make the purchase, be they a Centurion American Express, a wad of bills, diamonds -- whatever form of currency the seller is most willing to take. If the seller checks on the viability of the currency he finds it to be legitimate, and any background or credit checks on the Disciple also check out so as to make the purchase possible. One hour after the casting of the spell, any cash or diamonds melt away and credit companies call revoking the transaction. The Disciple should be weary of abusing this spell since bogus transactions can leave a paper trail.

Ex. You get to the pier too late, and the gang leader's boat is already a good hundred yards away. You look around, and approach the nearest boat. You approach the large man unloading it and ask how much it would be for the boat. He chuckles, saying it is more than you have. You cast *Dispater*, and

bring out a small pouch full of glittering Spanish doubloons. The man's eyes widen and he inspects one. It turns out that he collects sunken treasure and is very much in the market for doubloons. He gives you the keys, satisfied that they are real.

Dugovati

Duration: 30 seconds (6 rounds)

Range: 2

This spell has two targets. The first target will think he is owed money. The second target is whom he will think owes him that money. The amount that is felt owed is just more than the second target has on him or her. The Disciple makes a Magic roll against the target's Soul. If successful, the reaction of the first target will differ greatly but most people feel very seriously about being owed money. If it is a paperboy, maybe he will chase the person around in his bike while shouting "Where's my two-fitty!!??". If it is a big Irishman, the question might come in the way of fists. The person that is owed the money will not get himself killed over it, but he is more than happy to make a big scene. After the spell wears off, the individual will start to feel less adamant about that money, and finally just walk away. NOTE: Does not affect demons.

Ex. The two guards by the door mean business. MP5s with tactical armor, it seems that scum spared no expense for protection. You think fast, as you smile when you see a sour-looking older woman walking by. You cast *Dugovati* on her and one of the guards. Suddenly she turns and starts yelling at one of the guards, accusing him for stealing from an old lady, daring him to use that gun on her. The guard's jaw drops. People begin to gather around. You take the opportunity to slip past chuckling as you hear the guard

trying to figure out what the old woman was talking about before giving up and apologizing.

Escondete

Duration: 1 minute (12 rounds)
Range: 1

This spell creates an entrance to a pocket between places, a hole between things -- heaven, hell, here and there. The opening is very small, and only the caster can find it after the spell has been cast. It resembles a sphincter muscle in that it is very small and tight but with pressure it stretches and widens. Once the caster squeezes inside he finds himself in a space about the size of a deer blind; that is one cannot stand fully, two people can sit in it comfortably, and up to four people can cram inside. The space smells like an armpit and has sides that feel like calloused flesh. No signals can come in or leave the space. After one minute the space constricts and ejects any occupants out of the entrance. From outside the space does not exist and the entrance becomes invisible as soon as the occupants are inside.

Ex. You look around the compound quite confused. Not a soul seems to be left, although all clues point to this place as the cultists' headquarters. You round a corner and find something that looks like an altar. On top of it there is an open box. You peer inside to see, crammed between wires and cables and canisters, a timer with a few seconds to go. You realize that your ass is about to be vaporized and cast *Escondete*. You shove an arm into the opening and pull yourself in frantically, finally rolling into the tiny space. You wipe your brow and resolve to count to one hundred before setting foot out there again.

Falcata

Duration: Immediate
Range: 2

This spell summons a dense forest of blades from the ground. The blades range between two to four feet in length, and seem to be from various types of swords like falchions, machetes and others. They cover an area roughly the size of a backyard pool. The surface can be horizontal, vertical or any combination thereof. The Disciple makes an attack roll using his Magic and anyone in the area must make a Defend roll. The damage for the swords is 2. If the spell is cast over an enclosed space such as a tight hallway or a closet, make the highest roll (or rolls if there are multiples) into a 12 as the victim(s) have nowhere to escape the blades coming at them from every side. If the highest number is a 12, make the next highest a 12.

Ex. Even as the footsteps near the corner you just rounded, you slow down. You come to a stop at the end of the hallway as the two thugs come around the corner barreling down towards you with bats. You cast *Falcata* on the hallway and grin as the two get hung in midair like marionettes for the moment, hung in place by the many blades sticking into them.

Ferialis

Duration: 5 seconds (1 round)
Range: 1

Upon the casting of this spell the caster may avoid a gruesome end and cheat death itself. The Disciple makes a Magic check against a difficulty equal to the damage he would otherwise take, which is calculated normally. This roll cannot be re-rolled -- one

time only. If successful, the Disciple ignores the effect altogether, but otherwise none of the damage is mitigated (armor works normally if worn). If the damage sort is persistent, such as being set on fire or covered in acid, only the first round of damage is ignored. Following rounds take their normal toll on the Disciple.

Ex. Window, window sill, carpeted floor, then back to window sill, window, and ceiling and then back down again. You are being swung back and forth by four well dressed men who have you by your extremities. The window has a nice view of the city skyline from the 21st story of the Williams Tower. You wonder how you get yourself in these situations before you are sent through the window and plummeting down hundreds of feet. The street rushes up to catch you and you cast Ferialis at the last second. You smash through the Jetta parked by the sidewalk, exploding all the windows out and caving in the roof. It would have dealt 11 damage, but the dice are kind and you roll three 10s. A moment later you pry yourself off, climb out of the car, and head home to take a shower.

Imp

Duration: 1 hour

Range: Special

The caster of this spell doubles over as his body spasms and his stomach clenches like a fist. He then proceeds to regurgitate a mango-sized bloody fetus-looking object. The regurgitated lump unfolds a pair of wings and stands, displaying a tiny person with bat wings and red skin. This imp will serve the Disciple faithfully, scouting for him using its flying ability or stealing small items (up to 1lb) for the Disciple. The imp remains

until it is destroyed for up to one hour, and an Imp spell cannot be cast again until the previous imp is gone. The Imp can travel up to 100 feet from the caster and speaks in the caster's ear with whispers which only he can understand. It defends with 5 dice, has 1 Life and cannot make attacks. It is very difficult to spot. The Imp has one other reluctant ability. If the caster eats the Imp he can then cast any one spell. This is not limited to spells the caster knows. If the imp gets wind of the caster's intentions it will evade him, hiding within the 100 feet it can travel from him.

Ex. You squat by the door and catch your breath. You anxiously peer down the hallway but the stealthy imp still startles you when it shows up by your head. It lands on your shoulder and whispers -- not good news. The other door was guarded too. The footsteps coming from behind you are getting closer. It's now or never. The imp feels the tension rise and tries to take off but a moment too late as you snatch it from midair. Tiny toothpick arms push feebly against your fist until you bite its head off. It's crunchy, and as you bite into the rest of it you get the impression of gum filled with rice krispies. You cast Sombra, a spell you had heard of but didn't know, and escape as a puff of smoke.

Maw

Duration: Immediate

Range: Self

The caster's jaw widens impossibly and a gargantuan toothy maw expands out from his mouth to bite an opponent. The maw is not only lined with teeth, but dense with row after row of razor-sharp triangular fangs. The attack has a range of 1 and a damage of 4. If the attack does enough damage to kill the intended victim, the poor sap is swallowed whole by the mouth and gulped down leaving nothing behind.

Ex. Twinkles of light fill your vision, and your awareness returns to you in a dizzying spin. You shake your head trying to clear it. You are within a moving vehicle, sitting on the floor..the back of a van? A man garbed in SWAT blacks sits across from you, cradling an MP5. Someone else is to your right. Your hands are bound behind you. Not sure of the destination, or the intentions, you decide that this trip has come to an end. You cast Maw and lean forward to the man in front of you. He fumbles with his MP5 as his eyes widen at the sight of the gargantuan, tunnel-like chasm that gapes open from your face and falls all around him. You bite down, consuming the man as well as the side of the van and you keep leaning forward, falling out of the hole you just bit. You tuck and roll painfully into the grassed shoulder of the road as the van speeds away. You get to your knees, your mouth returned to normal, and spit. That spell always does leave a nasty aftertaste.

Nero

Duration: 30 seconds (6 rounds)

Range: 1

The caster is made harder to spot, apparently by coincidence, for the duration of this spell. If the caster is outside then a cloud will happen to pass at just the right angle to dim the light around the caster. If someone is trying to spot him from across a street a Postal truck will happen to move at a rate that keeps the caster hidden. Within a building the lights seem to dim, flashlights run out of batteries and cameras get blurry. All this contributes to subtract 2 dice from anyone trying to spot the caster.

Ex. You only have 50 yards to get to the gate, but spotlights from the two towers crisscross over the open ground between you and the gate. Also the moon is full and bright. You cast Nero and take off running. The spotlights weave around you but never touch you, and the moon's proud face is marred by passing clouds, hiding you from site.

Nulayuuiniq

Duration: 15 seconds (3 rounds)

Range: 1

The caster turns into a hideous bloated giant infant that smashes everything around him. When the spell is first cast, the Disciple falls to the ground doubled over in pain, and over the course of one round he swells horribly. He loses his hair, bursts out of his clothes and loses a lot of body definition under rolls upon rolls of fat. He attains the size of a two story house and appears as a hugely overweight giant infant with blubbery short arms and legs. A haunting, mewling cry escapes the Disciple in this form from

time to time. The form is very clumsy, and he'll also inadvertently smash items, or people, nearby. He can move very slowly in the fashion of a fat inchworm or maggot. He can attempt to bite with huge crushing gums that will swallow most opponents, roll over opponents or swat at them with flailing arms and legs. He adds 5 to his Combat, is unable to use Fury, and deals Damage 5. Due to his bulk, he can crush most walls and tip vehicles over, even toss compact cars around. During the last round of this spell the Disciple returns to the exact same form and condition he was in prior to casting the spell with the exception of missing his clothes and equipment, which would be rent and crushed. This spell is not subtle. The noise of the infant, his bulk and the sound of the damage he inflicts is noticeable for a good mile around.

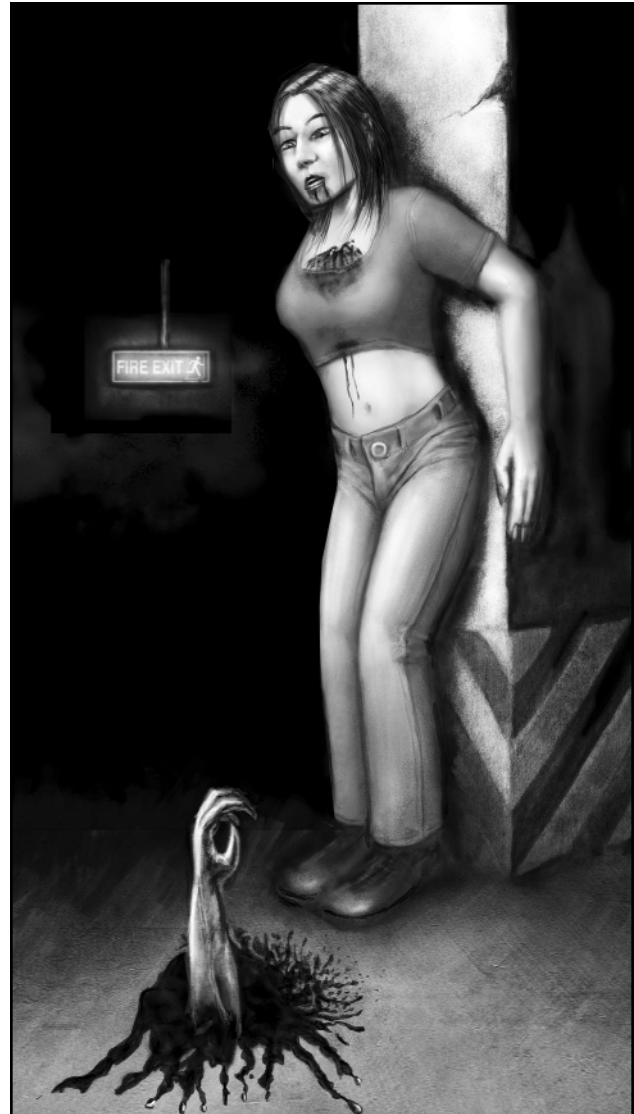
Ex. You're nearly blinded by the spotlights that come on in the warehouse. It seems the empty warehouse is not so empty. Armed men ring catwalks that line the inside of the warehouse, their rifles pointed at you. It seems this is the end. Then you cast Nulayuuiniq and fall to the ground in fetal position, grunting with pain. Then all of the sudden you are looking down at the men on the catwalks. You start smashing the walls with stubby fingers until the entire place comes tumbling down.

Opek

Duration: Immediate

Range: 2

The casting of this spell requires a water body with the circumference to fit the intended target. The actual depth of the water is unimportant -- a puddle of water could work as well as a pool. The target, which can be



a person or a thing, must be no more than an arm's length from the water. Upon the casting of the spell, a column of water erupts and articulates enough to envelop the target. The caster makes an attack using a Magic check against the target's Combat. When the intended target is an inanimate object the Director sets a target number based on the difficulty. If the target succeeds then he pulls himself free, or in the case of an inanimate object, if the caster fails his roll, the item is dropped. If the caster succeeds, the intended target is

pulled by the column into the body of water where the target disappears. This target can try to pull himself free with a Combat roll against difficulty 10. Otherwise he drowns within 3 rounds. The only things left may be a shoe, or an oil slick or some other secondary sign that there was something there. NOTE: Does not affect demons.

Ex. Your back is against the dead end wall of the alley. It seems as if your options are running out as the goon in a trench coat levels his sawed off shotgun at you from less than ten feet away. Then you notice the rain puddle just behind him. You cast Opek, and watch in wonder as a column of water reaches up from the puddle, towering over the man. He's oblivious, saying something that you don't even bother to listen to. The column of water bends over and engulfs him. The shotgun fires wildly before he drops it, and he gurgles out a scream in the water and struggles briefly before the whole thing retracts back into the puddle. The only thing left of the man is the shotgun. Thanks.

Oppida

Duration: 30 seconds (6 rounds)

Range: 1

The caster can turn a book of any sort (Yellow Pages, comic book, etc), into a catalogued inventory of all the information he has gathered in the past few days. The spell draws from the Disciple's own memory so pictures in the book are actually memory snapshots of when he saw a body, a crime scene or the face of a shooter. This allows for a reroll on any attempts to glean further information from the existing evidence. This can only be done once per set of clues.

Ex. You have a nagging feeling that you are not seeing something in the clues you have.

After swinging by the grocery store you pull out a copy of the free Home Listings magazine. You cast Oppida and turn the pages. You see pictures from the fight the previous day, of the dead body you found as well as quotes from the girl you questioned. Then you stop and flip back. One of the shooters from the previous day had a tattoo of a bleeding heart on his forearm. You flip forward to the dead body and the bleeding heart tattoo he had on his arm. That was the connection you were looking for.

Piñata

Duration: 15 seconds (3 rounds)

Range: 2

The victim of this spell is bombarded by blunt attacks striking them from all sides. This attack feels much like being beaten by a gang of thugs wielding baseball bats and pipes. The attack follows the victim for the duration of the spell, so hiding does little good. However, armor still protects from the attacks. The spell has a Combat 3 and is relentless. A second piñata cannot be cast atop an active one.

Ex. You duck behind the crates as another burst of gunfire showers you with splinters. Whoever she was, she had a AK-47 and was very good with it. You take a deep breath and take a quick peek around the crates. There she was, kneeling behind some barrels. You cast Piñata before you duck back out of the way of another barrage of bullets. But the shooting stops and all you hear now are grunts and complaints. She comes out of hiding pretty quickly after that.

Piranha

Duration: 30 seconds (6 rounds)

Range: 2

The target of this spell must be wearing some sort of cover over his lower half, such as pants. At the casting of this spell the victim feels tiny mouths taking bites from his legs, much like what you would expect if you were waist deep in a pool of piranha. The spell actually summons many small, fang-filled jaws on the inside of the victim's pants, skirt, coveralls, wetsuit, whatever is over his legs. The victim makes a Strength check against toughness 11 to ignore the damage each round. If he fails in this check, the victim takes 1 life. This spell is particularly useful in interrogations. Removal of whatever covers the legs effectively ends the spell.

Ex. You tentatively feel your cheek -- you flinch. It's still very puffy and hurts like a bitch. You glare at the burly mercenary responsible for that. He's hanging by handcuffs from a pipe in the ceiling. He looks calm, cool and collected. He's not about to talk. You shrug, cast Piranha and head for the stairs out of the basement. You hear him yelp in pain. By the time you get halfway up the stairs it has turned into screams of mercy. He'll talk.

Pirkusirtuk

Duration: 5 seconds (1 round)

Range: 1

To perform this spell the caster blows her breath into the lungs of a corpse with an intact pulmonary system and working jaw/mouth. The caster then asks one "yes" or "no" question from the corpse. As the breath escapes the lungs of the deceased,

it will form the words "Yes", or "No", answering the question truthfully. If it does not know the answer, it simply exhales.

Ex. You only have moments with the body before the cops burst in asking questions. Quickly you cast Pirkusirtuk and blow a big breath into the lungs of the corpse. The chest rises and you ask it "Did you kill yourself?" The corpse exhales slowly, a dry, prolonged "No".

Pus

Duration: 20 seconds (4 rounds)

Range: Self

The skin of the caster is spotted with black, cancerous blisters that swell to about the size of a walnut. The black blisters glisten wetly and are fluid filled. If the Disciple is successfully struck in close combat it will bust several of the blisters expelling the noxious, yellow pus. The acidic, caustic excretions splatter causes 1 damage to the attacker. Additionally, any armor worn by the attacker loses 1 point of protection and if a weapon was used it needs to roll on a single d12 against a difficulty of 6 or become corroded and rendered useless. The blisters add 1 damage to hand to hand combat.

Ex. You stare, uncomprehending, as a real live ninja stands before you in your bedroom. You want to laugh, or at least chortle. However, the look in those eyes that stare out from the black mask seems to steal away any funny clichés that may have come to mind. You haven't finished processing that last thought when his foot strikes the side of your face, toppling you over the side of the bed. Your head still spinning, you try to get your thoughts together, but then a fist in your gut steals all your breath, and then



something cold and metal slices your back. Instinctively, you cast Pus and cover your face against the onslaught of attacks. The next strike is a kick to the back of your

knee. You buckle and go down but grin as the other man screams. You open your eyes and see him holding his foot, which fizzes as it burns with the pus.

Quilt

Duration: 15 seconds (3 rounds)

Range: 1

The target for this spell is one dead body that has its skin mostly intact. After touching the body and casting this spell the caster pulls the skin from the body, which comes off like a sheet from a bed. He then lays it out on something. When the skin comes to rest on a flat surface it becomes patched, with raised squares across its entire surface like a quilt. The skin thins and the dark capillaries beneath the skin can be seen through it like varicose veins. They twist and bend and make images resembling monotone Van Gogh paintings. Each square is an event in the person's life, going back all the way to childhood and covering all the highlights. The Disciple can then try to glean further information not only about the individual's present life and situation, but also his history and past accomplishments. After the spell is over the skin returns to its normal state but the body remains flayed.

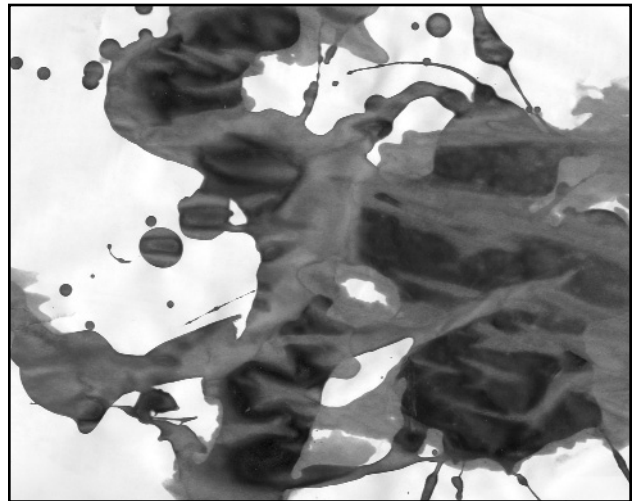
Ex. Panting you drop the body on the grassy knoll, and sit beside it. It had been hell to get her corpse away from them. What's so important about her? You decide you want to find out more about your mystery date and cast Quilt. You grab her skin by the shoulders and whip your arms back, taking all of her skin off smoothly. You lay it down on the nearby picnic table. The images begin to form in the neat little squares. An airport hub, a bathroom conference with a man in a turban, an exchanging of a familiar runed box.

Sangrial

Duration: 15 seconds (3 rounds)

Range: 1

The target of this spell is a pool of blood. At casting the Disciple puts one fingertip in the blood, which immediately reverts to its viscosity when first shed. The surface of the blood reflects the scene surrounding the situation which caused the bloodshed. By making circles in the blood counter clockwise, the caster can rewind the scene up to one day back, tracking the former proprietor of the blood as if watching him in a TV screen, everything in shades of red. By reversing the circles he can fast forward again. The reflection is not clear enough to make out faces, numbers or letters.



Ex. Late, again. You look down at the latest priest you've found dead, dead because you still didn't know who was doing this. Again, no marks on his body but there's a pool of blood on the floor. You look around and smile -- it seems no one has called the cops yet. You have a little time. You cast Sangrial on the pool of blood, and begin to rewind the last moments of the poor man. Yes... it all started to make sense now.

Saudade

Duration: Immediate

Range: 2

The caster fills the victim with melancholy and longing as well as multiplying any feelings of guilt or regret that he has. These overwhelming feelings will have differing magnitudes of effect depending on the mental fortitude of the victim but will usually result in self mutilation or even suicide. The caster makes a Magic check versus a target number decided by the Director depending on the intended victim. An emo would have a target number of 3, while a Marine might have a target number of 10. If unsuccessful, the spell fails to have an effect. If successful, the victim then makes a Soul check versus the Magic check made by the caster. The difference between the two determines how much damage the victim will inflict on himself, anywhere from slashing his own arm for a point of life to dull the pain he feels inside, to jumping in front of a bus in the case of all his life. If the Soul check beats the Magic check then the victim swallows these horrible feelings and will deal with them through booze or drugs later. NOTE: Does not affect demons.

Ex. You watch that greasy low life walk out of the court room, all smiles. He had siphoned several prostitutes to a demon for snacks, and worse. You decide to test if he really feels bad. You cast Saudade as the man heads for the waiting limo. He slows, staggers, and then leans on the limo for support. A moment later he circumvents the limo and runs into oncoming traffic. You guess that answered that question.

Suelto

Duration: Immediate

Range: 2

The Disciple takes a handful of change or other small, hard items and holds it out to a target. The change then blasts out with the force of a shotgun, usually tearing right through the intended victim. The change does Damage 3 and anything small and hard such as gravel, marbles or even nails can be used. There is no recoil from the blast but it makes a sound much like a shotgun.



Ex. How do I get myself in these situations? You think to yourself. The stampede of footsteps coming up the stairs grows closer. You flatten against the wall opposite the door. There was nowhere else to go. Someone jiggles the door handle. You reach into your pocket and pull out all the loose change from eating Micky Dees this morning. You hold your palm up. Somebody on the other side of the door yells for you to open the goddamn door. You cast Suelto and a hole the size of a basketball explodes in the door as the handful of change rips through it taking the man behind it up and over the railing and down the stairs with a resounding BOOM. Well, at least there was one less.

Togoti

Duration: Special

Range: 1

Togoti magically seals a pact with an agreed upon malady. The caster and one other person must come to some verbal contract that carries some penalty such as “Turn yourself in after we leave or lightning strike you. “ “Oh I will.” Then the Disciple makes a Magic check against the target’s Soul with a failure indicating that the spell was not effective, a fact that the caster would not be aware of until after the contract was breeched. Only the caster is aware that the spell is cast. If the roll was successful the spell remains until the contract is fulfilled. If it is not the prescribed event happens. NOTE: Does not affect demons.

Ex. You find yourself in quite the pickle. You have the rat that was responsible for spiking the girls’ drinks at the bar, but the man that actually took them home to feed his pet demon was getting away. You smile, and

cast Togoti. “Promise me you’ll walk straight to the cops and turn yourself in, or boil your eyes if you don’t!” He looks at me funny, then smiles that patronizing smile. “Sure man, sure.” You make sure to shake on it and take off after the other guy. You almost hope that he doesn’t turn himself in.

Versacrum

Duration: Immediate

Range: 1

This spell requires a recent picture of a real place. The picture can be in print form or on a screen, and has to be pretty much the same as the place is presently. The Disciple then makes a Sense check against a difficulty based on the detail of the image, the age and the clarity. If successful, the Disciple finds himself and anyone else touching him standing at this place. If the picture is very old, or of a fictional place, nothing happens.

Ex. After searching the entire house all you found was some old picture negatives. You scan them over in the light, and notice that they are all from the same place -- some city with narrow streets and two story buildings all side by side. You decide to take the plunge and cast Versacrum. It works, and you find yourself in the picturesque city. Now to find out where here is.



Phillips snuck a peek from behind the huge air-conditioning unit on the roof, craning his neck. Not ten yards off was the small square structure that served as the elevator machine room as well as housed the stairway down from the roof. The single outer door was still closed. Phillips looked across to Fred, the petite blond that crouched behind a large cylindrical vent. Her MP5 was tucked under one arm and she was also peeking around to the door. She was dressed all in a flat black jump suit like his own.

As if on cue, she turned to him. He nodded. She returned the nod. Both reached down to a bandoleer strapped around their thighs and withdrew a black cylinder that looked like lipstick. They pressed the top of it with one thumb and a needle sprang from the opposite end. Then they went back to watching the door. Thus far their employer had been less than forthcoming in the details of their hunt. Addresses, dates and times was all they got. But from his conversations with Fred they had pieced together that this was a Disciple, and that their employer was feeding him clues to set up their little..meetings. They had failed at their previous attempt at the dry cleaners and nearly lost an agent in the process.

Somehow a Meiga had gotten involved - dirty half-breeds. This time there would be no mistakes. This Hat person was an excellent investigator, but apparently had few offensive capabilities and usually only had a pistol as an offensive weapon. There would be no one to help him this day, and no mistakes.

Phillips snapped out of his reverie as the door knob jiggled, and the door to the machine room cracked open, sending a sliver of light into the night. He plunged the needle into his thigh as did Fred. What felt like liquid needles slipped into his veins and his breath caught as the filth invaded his body painfully.

For that's what it was, and he knew it, and still he had to take it. The best medicine tasted the worst, or so he reasoned. There was the momentary numbness... then the bone-tingling rush. He had held no weapons, and now he outstretched his arms, the sleeves rolled up on preparation for what was coming. His forearms swelled grotesquely, reddened, and finally burst open in a spray of blood revealing giant lobster-like claws.

In the meantime Fred bent over, heaving, her back pulsating madly in a reverse pregnancy. There was the rip of fabric and a pair of bat-like wings burst from her back, stretching out and flicking the remains of a mucous membrane to splatter against the vent. She took a moment to catch her breath and then leapt into the night sky and was gone. This Hat person was a few yards from the door, looking about with that pistol in hand. He was crouched, alert, weary at the queer sounds but not aware of the danger yet.

Fred struck from the black night above, a streak of inky blackness that swept through the space between the investigator and the open door of the machine room and was gone again. There was the sound of metal bouncing on concrete as the grenades she had tossed landed within the door. The Hat turned, the bleaching color of his face revealing the recognition of the sound and he leapt for cover. He covered his head with both arms as he landed and then the night was lit up by the eruption of the small room. The Hat squinted against the brightness just in time to see a bizarre, clawed shape pouncing on him.



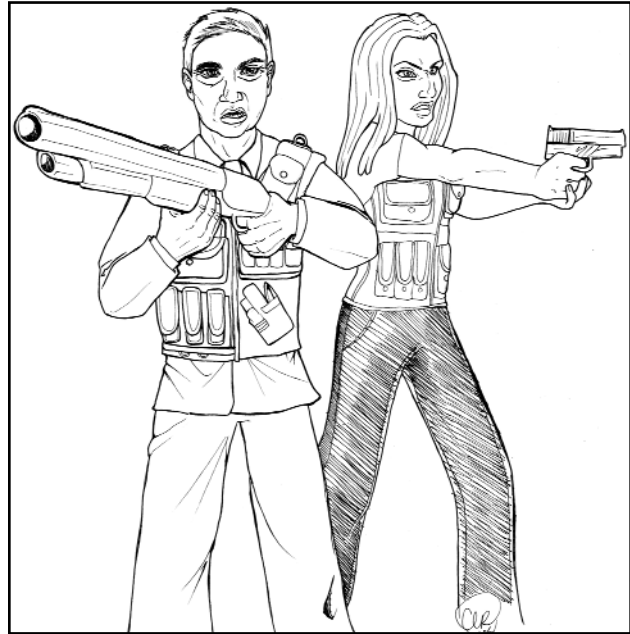
2. THE MISERICORDE

Misericorde, n. A dagger which in medi-aeval warfare was used by the foot soldier to remind an unhorsed knight that he was mortal. (*Ambrose Bierce, The Devil's Dictionary*)

Mercenaries are a staple of warfare. The final fight between good and evil, between heaven and hell, is no different. The Misericorde are individuals who are privy to the detail of not only the exact nature of the Disciples, but of Demons and even Angels. How they came about this information is simple – both sides are ripe with individuals who are too self-centered to sacrifice themselves for the greater cause.

Ex-mentors, informants, occultists, fallen angels and spiritual mediums who were all involved in this struggle prior to taking employment with the Firm are all in the board of trustees that manage the business which employs the Misericorde. The name of the corporations vary, but it is a single group often referred to vaguely as “the Firm” that provides the training, knowledge and know how to the agents known as Misericorde.

The nature of the business is the taking of payment in the form of favors, money, powers, even miracles in exchange for having a particularly thorny member of the fight between good and evil removed from the game board.



Although this is a primary use of the cells of Misericorde loosely dispersed in the world, it is not the only type of service offered by the Firm. They also do clean ups of the site of a large battle, provide legal assistance and other such services found useful for both sides. Since it does not discriminate as to which side to aide, it is allowed to exist.

The Misericorde are human. Ex-cons, military, hunters, and sometimes laymen and women who are found to have the exacting parameters required for the job. These parameters include the mental fortitude to accept the reality of things without going mad, the willpower to undergo the punishing training and use of the *Sombra Vitae*, and the right amount of crazy to go hunt those things that nightmares are made of.

They are trained in the ways of weapons, subterfuge, sabotage and finally, in the exact nature of demons, angels and disciples. Recruitment is mandatory, and membership is life-long. But even armed with such information, and given details on their targets, a normal human or group of humans would still have a hard time taking down even a single Disciple.

The Board evens the odds by administering an injection to their agents which they take prior to going into action, known as Sombra Vitae, or Life's Shadow. This substance appears viscous, black as tar and foul smelling.

Its source is the still-steaming remnants of a slain or exorcised demon, collected and preserved by those with the know-how, it's potent latent power kept intact until administered. This gives the already-dangerous Misericorde agent the edge needed to turn a Disciple into prey. This edge comes in the form of the latent demonic energies in the Sombra Vitae. These grant the user a single spell which had been previously known by the demon. Those that distill and produce the Sombra Vitae can identify the nature of this power and the agents have a veritable arcane buffet of spells to choose from before setting out on a mission.

Making a Misericorde Agent

Misericorde characters are human – they have six points to distribute into their stats, with no greater than 3 allowed in any one. They have 6 Life at least with more veteran agents sometimes having as much as 8. Their Combat is 1 + Strength and they do not have a Magic stat. They do not have Fury, nor do they have spells. They get

twice their Senses in skills however. Also, they have 3 contacts and start with 3 Money. They are well connected and well equipped and usually highly skilled.

Sombra Vitae

The Misericorde are given 3 doses of Sombra Vitae when given a mission. Just before seeing action they will inject themselves with one. The effect of the injection is drastic and immediate: the Misericorde now has powers equivalent to a Disciple's spell, which last as long as the spell normally would. For example, if they chose Anvil they would take on the physical traits as described in Dread. The spells are always combat related and usually transform the body of the Misericorde in some fashion.

If a second dose is administered prior to the first having worn off, the human slowly corrodes from the inside and melts into a pool of black, bubbling goo.



"Caedite eos. Novit enim Dominus qui sunt eius." — *"Kill them all, the Lord will recognise His own."* (Accredited to Arnaud-Amaury, the Cistercian abbot-commander in response to a question on how to tell Cathars from Catholics during the siege of Beziers.)

The Hat walked down the streets quickly, trying to pull what remained of his tattered trench coat around his form. His iconic fedora was gone, crushed beneath giant lobster claws of all things. His trench coat was shredded and blood stained him and his passing. He tried to be inconspicuous, remaining to the alleys. He was being watched, he felt..but from where?

He spun his head this way and that and finally spotted a little girl being led by the hand by apparently her grandmother. She had turned around and was watching him with flat, hate filled eyes that were entirely out of place on that angelic face. He escaped the stare and headed deeper into the alley, but then looked up feeling eyes on him again. He looked around, searching, and finally caught the balding head above. An elderly fellow wearing a thin white shirt was looking out a second story window through huge coke-bottle thick glasses. The glasses made those eyes huge, eyes filled with scorn, hate and spite. Again he tore away from the gaze and headed for the mouth of the alley. He stopped short as a bike courier nearly ran into him. The young man, piercings adorning his brow and lip, turned to look at the Hat as he rode by. Again, those eyes..different, but the same, at least the same hate. What was going on? Why had he almost died two times in as many days? And why did everyone on the street seem to hate him? This..was more than simple paranoia.

The churning of a large engine turned his head and a hulking, aging public bus lumbered down the street to stop haltingly not far from him. Dirty metal doors yawned open and Hat had enough of the glares and the spite from perfect strangers. He climbed the short stairs and chose to remain standing within the bus, holding a metal pole in the middle of the aisle. There were two other occupants, a young black kid near the back, looking out the windows and apparently

lost in whatever his headphones were blaring. The other was a short white woman clutching a pink purse. She was looking right at him..with hate. Hat sighed... this was not his week.

"What?" He barked finally. The hate seemed to melt from her eyes and she jumped a little before looking away startled.

"You don't know when to take a hint, do you?"

Hat's eyes turned to the voice. It was the bus driver, a plump black woman, her short, curly haired crushed beneath the uniform's cap. She was looking at him through the reflection on a large mirror set near the front of the bus for just the purpose. He looked straight at her, at the back of her head anyways as she sat and drove, choosing to avoid that withering gaze in the mirror.

"Yeah... I guess I don't." Not much of a response, but Hat decided that admitting to the fact that he was clueless at what that hint was would not better his case any.

"Suit yerself, then," she responded, and jerked the huge wheel with force using both beefy arms. The bus careened unto two wheels as it suddenly sliced through lanes of traffic. Hat hung on to the metal pole for dear life as the other occupants of the bus were flung against the opposite side. He pulled himself up hard against the G forces, trying to catch a peek through the windows at the topsy-turvy world..and caught their destination.

Fucking-A. Gas station. His eyes widened a second before they plowed into it. The bus driver's cackling laughter was the last thing he heard before the explosion, and remembered how sad it seemed.

3. THE PERFECTI

Catharism was a Catholic sect formed in the 11th century who believed that the purpose of life was to transcend flesh and matter. The human existence was seen as a cruel prison. The Cathars were divided into *Credentes*, the believers that followed the movement, and the *Perfecti* whom supposedly had learned the truth of the teachings. The church did not take kindly to their radical views and called an unpopular crusade against the sect. Thousands of supporters of the sect, Cathar and Catholic alike, were slaughtered. Two hundred *Perfecti* were burned in a huge bonfire at the foot of the last Cathar fortress. The movement largely died after that. The influence of the *Perfecti* however, was then truly ignited.

The *Perfecti* had indeed learned the secrets of transcending flesh. When the crusaders burned their bodies they liberated the spirits of the 200 *Perfecti*. These free-floating spirits had cut ties to both Heaven and Hell, and existed as true spirits on earth -- immortal, everlasting consciousness without the burdens of flesh.

The *Perfecti* have existed since that fateful day, living the centuries sometimes as observers, but more and more as participants. They gained the ability to enter flesh as a pilot enters a plane -- pushing aside weaker minds and taking bodies for their own use. In so doing, they have had an immeasurable but presumably significant hand in world events. They are part of dozens of secret societies, cabinets of most every country, infiltrating every secret. Most recently a threat to their godhood on earth has appeared -- agents of heaven and hell on earth. A more direct intervention of the

divine that scares the *Perfecti* as nothing else can. For this reason they now use their considerable clout to maneuver pawns against the burgeoning presence of these forces on earth.

Although the *Perfecti* number only 200, a single one can pose a dogged adversary to even a group of *Disciples*. The *Disciples* have the singular ability to exorcise a *Perfecti* from a body, expelling it forcibly in one of the only known things that causes pain to the incorporeal *Perfecti*. This renders them unable to enter a host body for days and irritates the entity to no end for they are used to the near-omnipotence they have enjoyed for centuries. The *Perfecti* can hop from body to body freely, but are unable to take the bodies of *Disciples*, *Demons* or *Angels*. They can also read the mind of a host body like the reading of a book. Alternatively they may also enter dreams and in this fashion communicate or even attack their enemies. Such attacks may not do any physical harm, but they may indeed fill their victims with dread. A common tactic is also to misdirect their victims with false omens or fabricated precognitions.

Perfecti have a *Sense* and *Soul* of 6, but no *Strength* stat except for that of whatever host body they may take. They have acquired or stolen a myriad of skills over the centuries and are assumed to have a 5 on any *Skill* they are trying to attempt. Rarely do they make themselves known, most often using minions and resources to go after the *Disciples*.

“Eu non creo nas meigas pero habelas ainas.” (*Galician saying, loosely translated as “I don’t believe in witches but they exist indeed.”*)

The black-clad pair moved silently far below her. Iris observed the two figures while entwined in the lofty rafters of the warehouse. They made their way through the canyons of boxes in precise fashion, one always covering the other. From her vantage point they were easy to track despite the labyrinthine layout of the warehouse’s varied contents. This Hat person had stumbled unto something sensitive and although he was a Disciple, and as a general rule Disciples tended to kill her kind, she had followed and supported the man for some time. It was an anonymous partnership for the most part, the incident at the dry cleaners not withstanding.

Did she hope to earn a place with the more respected hunters of demon kind? Maybe even prove that despite her appearance..the layer of iridescent blue-green scales that covered her lithe body beneath the loose folds of the burqa she wore, that she was still human and on the Disciple’s side. She shook her head lightly and scattered the distracting thoughts. She had a job to do here and that was to stop this ambush before it ever started. She focused on her prey again.

The two of them crouched together behind a forklift, weapons at the ready. They seemed silent from this height but she knew they conversed on headsets in whispering voices. She crawled from rafter to rafter, agile as the reptile she appeared but not do to any relation that which she resembled, but to training and experience. When she was immediately above them, she stopped and turned her head to watch them carefully. They were hunkered down for the moment, apparently planning their next move.

Iris slowed her breathing and at the same time, her heart beat until both were calm and steady. Then, she released her hold on the rafters and let herself freefall towards them. She closed her eyes and extended her mind to theirs. The first felt very rigid, hard, with few cracks to exploit. It would be a hard mind to infiltrate. She switched her focus to the other even as the sense of the quickly approaching terminal landing sent a frosty shiver up her spine. The second mind..was mostly solid, but a big crack of regret and doubt ran across it, obvious to her. She smiled inwardly. She was a few yards above them when she seemed to dissipate into mist, a few cool wisps of it crashing about them ethereal and imperceptible.

Suddenly she was looking out through nightvision goggles. A voice was speaking into her ear. There was another crouching beside her. A gun was comfortably heavy and cool in her hands. The voice in her ear, which she still had not registered, grew more insistent and then a hand tapped her shoulder.

She turned to the man next to her who seemed concerned. Without hesitation she pressed the trigger of her MP5 and let the slugs rip into the surprised man next to her. She almost felt bad that his last image was that of his comrade killing him for apparently no reason. With the other gone, she began to plummet through the mind of the body she now occupied... time to look for clues.

4. THE MEIGA

Meigas are an unique breed of Disciple, one that is rare and often times mistrusted by other Disciples. A Meiga was originally a skell, someone that has been through the horrific experience of demonic possession, and lived.

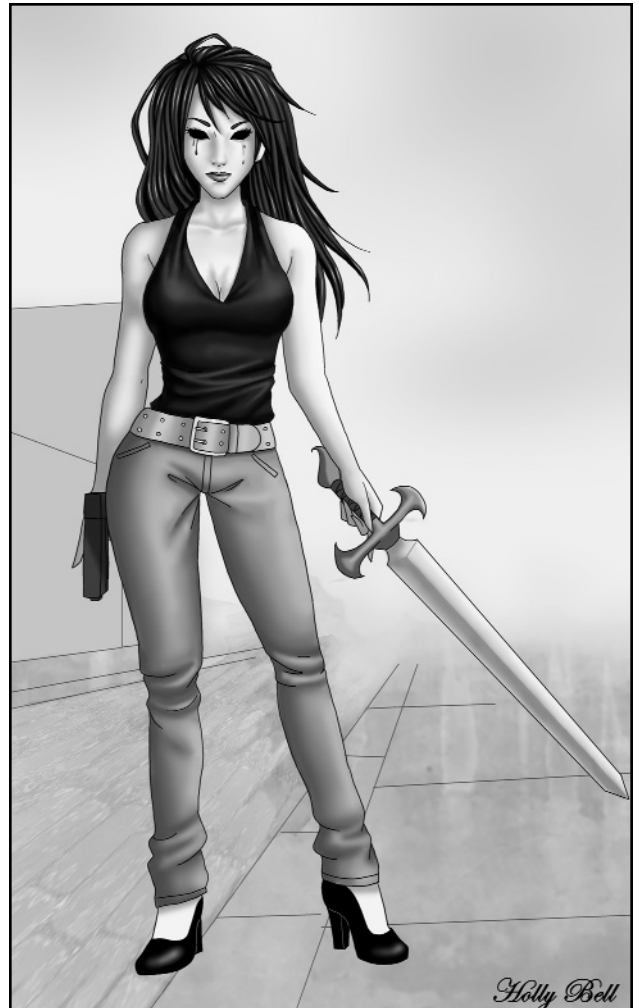
For some remarkable individuals the supernatural presence within them triggers something, something latent and, disturbingly, analogous to the demon. This catalyst begins a cascade of changes in the individual that are much like the changes that a traditional Disciple undergoes while under their Mentor's training. Understand, this is not a mutation but an evolution.

Mentors can sense Meigas even more keenly than those individuals that are candidates to become Disciples. Under the Mentor's tutelage, the Meiga learns to control their powers, to understand their nature and harness it to destroy the demons responsible for their wicked transformation.

If left to their own means Meigas eventually learn to harness their powers, if they don't take their own life first. These wilders are often much closer in nature to the demons they are a hybrid of and sometimes lose their humanity to take up the agenda of their "fathers".

When a Meiga has finished her training she has an array of powers that resemble both demonic abilities and Disciples' powers. One startling difference is their physical appearance. Meigas cannot pass off for human. Although their physical changes are superficial enough to hide beneath the deep

hood of a coat, if anyone takes a good look at their face in the open there will be no mistaking their inhumanity. The abnormalities range widely from weird skin color, weird skin texture, fleshy braids instead of hair, yellow eyes, spiny skin, and even all of these. It seems that no two Meiga look alike. For some great examples of what a typical Meiga might look like a good resource is the movie *Nightbreed*.



Making a Meiga character

Meigas are a type of Disciple, and therefore use the rules for making characters on page 40 of the Dread book. The differences are as follows:

Disciplines; For a Meiga these are Hunter, Stalker and Defiler, and are analogous to Combat, Lore and Exorcism respectively. These new Disciplines are described in detail in the New Disciplines section.

Fury; The Meiga does not have Fury – instead they have Wrath. It can be used to perform the same abilities as Fury. It has additional uses described under the New Disciplines section.

Magic; instruction for a new Meiga is split between traditional Discipline training and controlling the Meiga’s natural abilities. Because of this, the Meiga does not have the same abilities with Magic as Disciples. A Meiga’s Magic score reflects the number of spells a Meiga can cast per day. Also a Meiga knows one less their Magic score in spells, to a minimum of one.

The Hunter

This Meiga has abilities and a disposition resembling Hunter demons. They tend to face problems head on and are always first into combat. The Hunter Discipline gives the Meiga the ability to split their dice into several attacks, just like the Combat Discipline. They have a natural ability to ignore damage reflected by natural armor 3 which never decreases. They also have the ability to burn any number of Wrath to make an additional extra attack that turn with that number of dice.

For example, if a Hunter Meiga was fighting a large number of enemies he might burn 5 Wrath to gain a single attack with 5 dice which can be made in addition to split attacks.



The Stalker

The Meigas that have the Stalker discipline tend to prefer stealth and a devious cunning over brute force. The Stalker Discipline gives the Meiga the ability to burn Wrath to turn invisible. A point of Wrath is burned each round to maintain the ability over multiple rounds. The Stalker's nature also grants this Meiga Lore 1.

The Defiler

The Meiga with this Discipline is much more understanding of demonic possessions, and lack the natural aberration felt by others of a demon taking over a body in that fashion. This is due to either their own experience or the fact that they themselves have that ability.

The Meiga can make a single telekinetic attack by burning any number of Wrath. For example, she could burn 3 Wrath to toss a hammer at someone for a 3 die attack. The source of the attack is not evident as the Meiga doesn't have to do anything to use the ability other than concentrate.

This Meiga can also burn a point of Wrath to try to possess any one human. The Meiga makes a soul check against the target's soul, with a failure indicating the victim too stout to be possessed. If successful, they can extend the possession by burning a point of Wrath each additional turn and may end the possession at any time, the Meiga spilling from the victim as a black goo from which the Meiga emerges. The ability does not work on Disciples.

The Defiler Discipline does not give access to Exorcism spells like the Sorcery discipline. However, Meiga can try to exorcise a skell by trying to possess them herself. The Meiga has a contest of wills with the demon possessing the victim. They both roll their Soul score, with the winner of the contest getting or maintaining possession of the hapless victim. If a demon is exorcised in this manner they exit the victim as normal for an exorcism.

While in control of someone, the Meiga can make a Sense check against a difficulty determined by the Director to glean information that they may know.

Additional Wrath

One way a Meiga can use experience, other than to add to a skill or a stat, is to gain Wrath. One Point will buy another 6 Wrath to add to the Meiga's total.



Demon: Dioxxic

Type: Hunter

Strength 8

Sense 6

Soul 1

Life 24

Wrath 12

Appearance

The Dioxxic appears at first as an oversized bean bag chair, about the size of a car, and made of flesh. It rolls around with apparently little inner support, sometimes stretching out a pseudopod to grab a ledge and lift itself up. It seems slow, and lazy. This amorphous quality also gives it a great range of mobility and it is able to squeeze itself through pipes as small as 6" in diameter. When it attacks however, its most dangerous qualities extrudes in the form of arms -- hundreds of them like spines on an urchin. The arms appear female with long, red manicured nails. They wave about, soft and gentle, reminiscent of the tentacles of a sea anemone waving in a soft current. The heavy scent of cheap perfume lingers in its wake.

Pattern

The Dioxxic is a kleptomaniac. It craves those things that are most needed, covets that which someone else desperately wants. To determine this, the Dioxxic must do quite a bit of surveillance and indeed people watching is how it usually spends its time. Once it has determined what it is someone else really needs, it takes it away. Then it will spend days watching the misery and chaos the action has created.

Finally, in a final display of cruelty it will set the item out before the person, just out of reach, pulling it back like the bait it is until the person is lured into some place secluded where the Dioxxic can feast on them.

Examples of such activities include a winning lottery ticket. It would observe the happiness on the face of the desperate mother that thinks she just won her way out of homelessness. Then it would steal the ticket and watch the woman search frantically, pray for its return, cry, bash the walls and so on, for days. Finally, when she is broken and spent it would set it out before her one night, drawing it back as she followed until it got her in the attic. There it would fall upon her, the arms coming out to rip the woman apart, consuming her totally. The medicine needed to treat a loved one is another example as is a written confession that would clear your name in some crime.

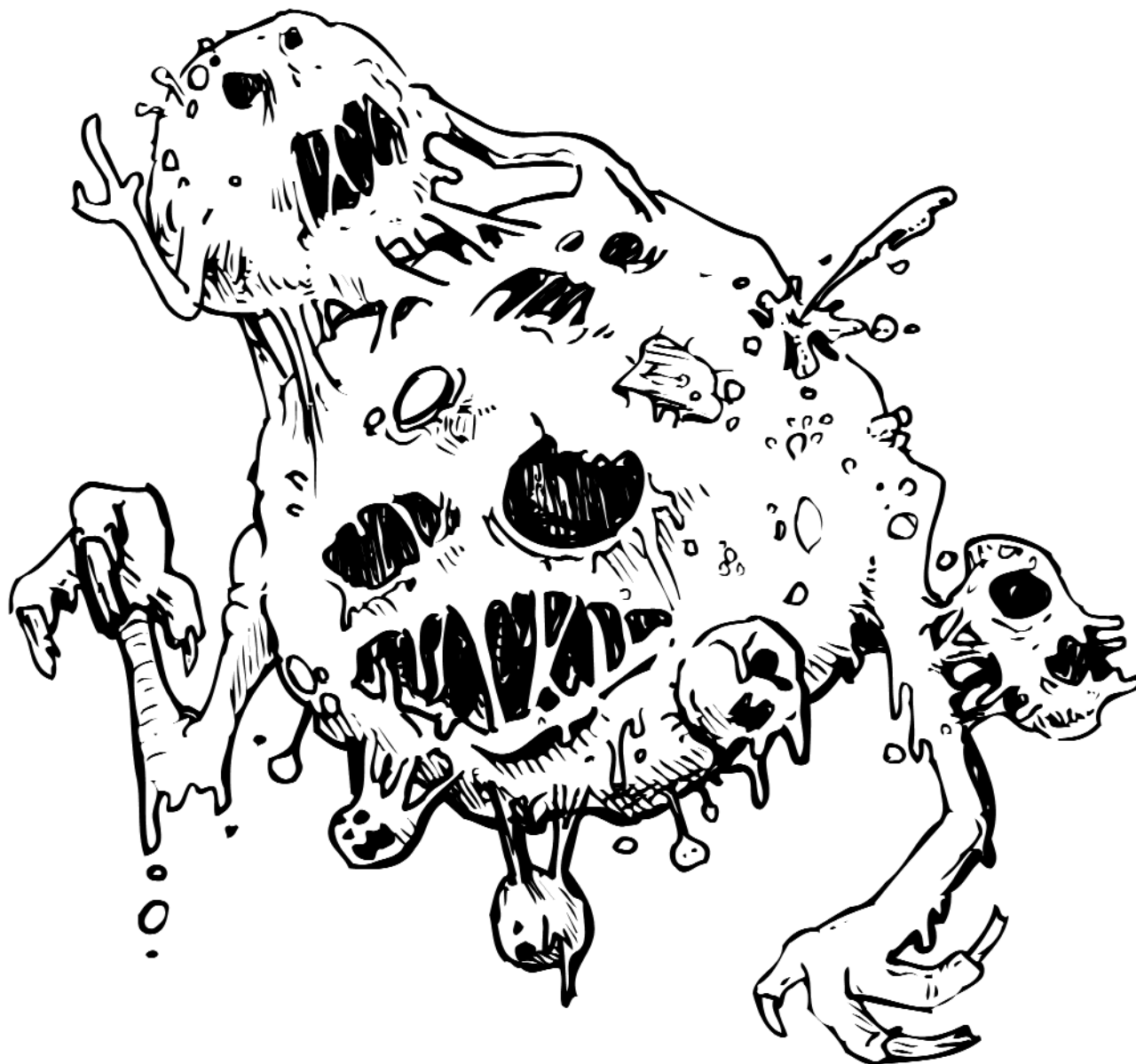
Takedown

The manner of a Dioxxic's final kill is brutal and leaves a room covered in blood in a way that few things can do. This is one of the indications of its presence as well as the odd tracks it leaves in blood when it exits the scene. Also friends of the victims will all tell of the item that was lost and the grief it caused, and how cruel life would be to have it all happen at a time when it seemed the person would get a break. The story repeats again and again pointing at the demon.

When the Disciples finally track the demon they may be hard pressed to face it. The Dioxxic will first try to get away, using its fluid nature to escape down some small aperture where it cannot be followed. If forced into a fight, it will attack relentlessly

with all its arms. A Dioxxic can burn Wrath to attack adjacent opponents with its full Strength. That is, if there are three opponents fighting the Dioxxic up close, it could spend two Wrath to attack each with a Strength 8 attack.

Also it may pick up any and all discarded weapons, including firearms, and use them as its hands are very dexterous. In such an event, when the weapons it picked up are long range, it may use its multiple attack ability on anyone within range.



Demon: Maghenna

Type: Stalker

Strength: 2

Sense: 7

Soul: 6

Life 20

Wrath 19

Appearance

The Maghenna prefers to disguise itself as man's best friend. A young Rottweiler, a friendly Labrador, and a droopy-eared Basset Hound are all familiar forms of the Maghenna. It is in this form that it finds its way into the hearts of the victims. When it is forced out of this form, its true shape is far from comforting. It is skeletal, and has thin bones that appear frail.

The Maghenna also has overlong, legs like stilts, and arms that are yards long. From the skinny rib cage, instead of a head, blossoms a bouquet of heads, varied and impossibly alive. They are all together like barnacles on top of each other with no visible necks, and peek out in every direction nervously with wide eyes and silent, gaping mouths. The rib cage seems equally agitated, the long skinny rib bones in constant motion like the scuttling legs of a crab held aloft.

When attacking, the Maghenna gets on all fours, its main body far above its victim on its long limbs. It crashes down from above, the sharp ribs striking out to try to impale the victim.

Pattern

The Maghenna will wander for a long time as a stray looking for a home with the right situation to promote the festering hate the demon likes to spread. This is usually a residence with some degree of anxiety or discontent due to some recent, uncomfortable event. A husband losing a job, a daughter that has gotten pregnant, an in-law with Alzheimer's that just moved in - all situations that work to breed a continuing discontent in a family.

The Maghenna appears mostly to whomever in the family is cast out or alienated by the recent events, the one seeking comfort. And for this reason it is always accepted. Sometimes the death of a previous pet is necessary to wriggle into the family. The demon then spends some time being the perfect companion, slowly usurping more and more of the target's time, luring them away from finding that new job or finding a home for that in-law or trying to reach out to the pregnant daughter and so on.

This breeds more discontent within the household and provides further disenchantment and disenfranchisement from the rest of the family. Some of these attitudes are genuine, but the demon heightens the negative emotions. In a final cruel twist, the demon then turns from that individual, to whom it had become an anchor, snapping, going to the other family members. This invariably results in a bloody retaliation as that disfranchised individual turns on the rest of the family with violence. The demon keeps its shape as it jumps in to make sure there are no survivors before turning back to the life of a stray.

Takedown

Before the Maghenna can whip a family up to the point of murder, there will be a string of domestic violence incidents that will help clue in the Disciples. Further plots between family members can make the situation even murkier for the investigators. If they come in at the tail end of the demon's wake, then reports of a family pet that seems missing from the scene, as well as dog bites in some of the victims will be the only clues as to the Maghenna's involvement.

If the Disciples try to face the Maghenna while in the presence of the human it has bonded with, they will find themselves in a unique situation. The human will not allow any harm to come to their "pet", and will defend it with their lives. However, these humans are not possessed or coerced into doing so, they are doing it out of their own volition and the Disciples should be tactful on how to treat such an innocent.



Sample Misericorde

Agent Phillips

Strength 3
Sense 2
Soul 1
Life 6
Combat 4
Armor: 9 (SWAT)

Skills: Military 2, Crime 1, Hunter 1
Equipment: Ear Comm, GPS, Nightvision goggles, SMG (3/3/3), grenade

Sombra Vitae:
2 Cancer
1 Nephilim



Sample Perfecti

Armand de Narbounne (Presently in the body of a District Attorney)

Strength 2*
Sense 6
Soul 6
Life 3*
Skills: 5

Equipment: Laptop, Cell Phone

*Strength and Life are of the possessed body



Sample Meiga

Name: Iris
 Drive: Acceptance
 Discipline: Defiler

Strength: 2
 Sense: 2
 Soul: 5
 Combat: 2
 Magic: 5
 Armor: None

Wrath: 12
 Life: 12
 Cash: 1

Weapons:
 Knife 1/1

Gear:
 Burqa
 Cell Phone
 Bag of nuts and bolts

Meiga Abilities:
 Telekinetic Attack
 Possession
 Appearance -- Iris' skin is covered in blue scales. She lacks any type of body hair.

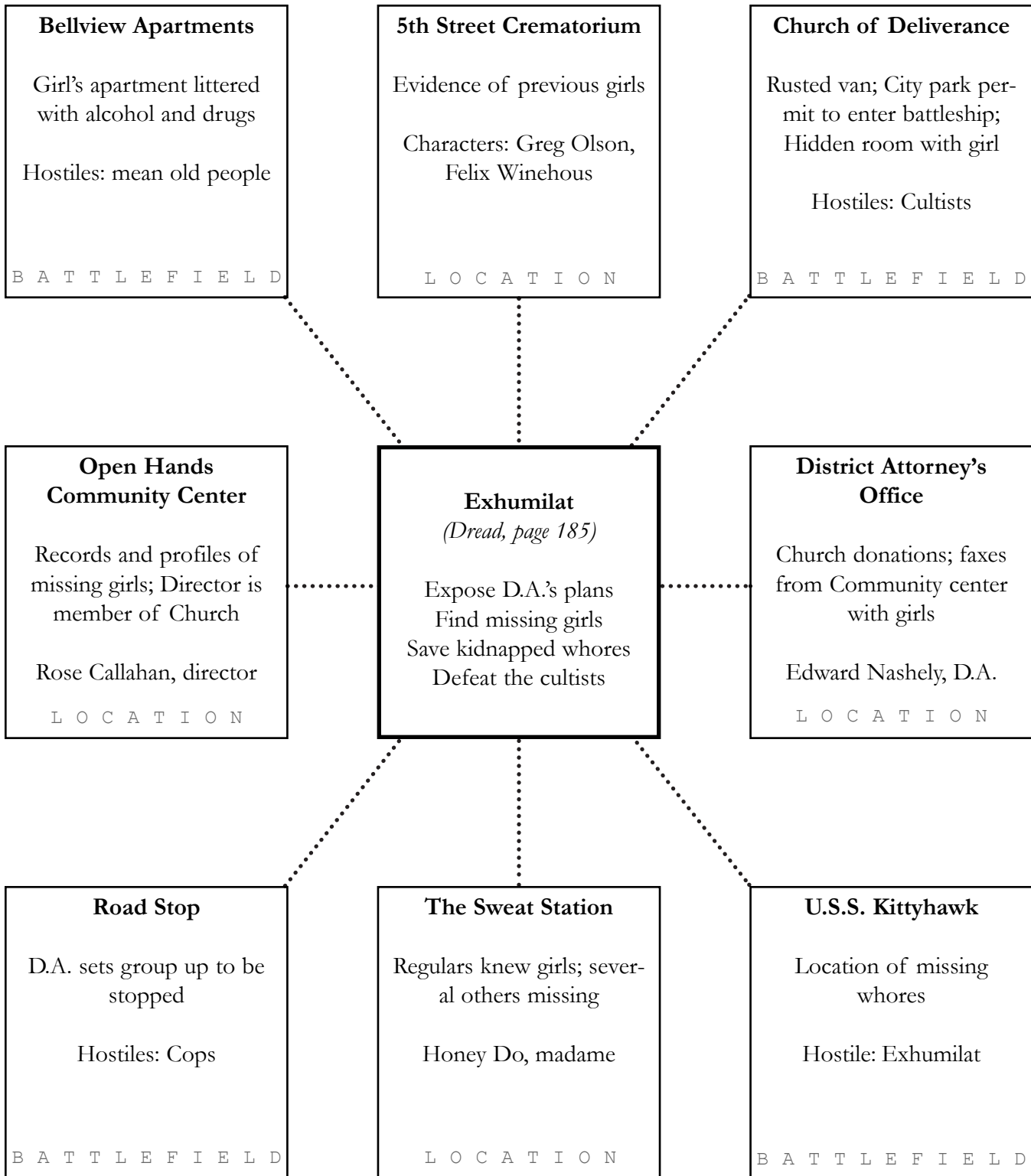
Spells: 5/day
 Mute
 Suelto
 Imp
 Nero

Biography: Iris was originally possessed by a defiler on the run from a group of Disciples. Iris was the victim of a wrong place at the wrong time situation. The Defiler's efforts to hide in the young girl within the guarded mosque did not pay off however and the disciples were able to infiltrate the building and exorcise the demon. They left without knowing that at that moment a Meiga had been born.

It was much later when a mentor picked her up. She had managed to get on with her life to some degree before that thanks to the anonymity given to women in Muslim culture. However, she wrestled with her powers and was plagued by nightmarish demonic visions. Her transformation led her to believe that she was becoming a demon. She always remembered the Disciples from that day however, and admired how they had banished the evil.

When the mentor approached her she was more than willing to leave her life behind to undertake the training, and much relieved to learn she was not becoming a demon herself. It was with much frustration that she learned that the Disciple community would never truly accept her as one of their own. Despite the similarities in abilities, they were seemingly human while she appeared more like the demons they hunted. She was as much an outsider with them in her scaled skin as she was when she walked around in her burqa at Wal-Mart.

SCENARIO: WHORES AND BATTLESHIPS



OBJECTIVES

Expose the DA's plans.
Find what happened to the missing people.
Rescue the missing whores.
Defeat the cultists and uncover their plot.

TRIGGER

The Disciples can pick up on what's going on from several sources. Any contacts that are on the street can call in fear of being the next missing person. The Mentor might leave the calling card from a hooker in their headquarters and through investigation the team might find out that she has been missing for a couple of days. Also, if any of the Disciples frequent the seedier parts of town they might pick up on the rumors of missing persons that seem to be ignored by the authorities.

SITUATION

Young attorney Edward Nashely made a strong campaign to become District Attorney by pledging to clean up the streets. His wholesome ads featured children playing in the streets and downtown walls devoid of graffiti. This promise carried him to the office of DA and he was good to his word, thinning out the number of vagrants, hookers, dealers and other undesirables that dotted the slums of the city. No one is caring to ask how he has achieved this.

Edward Nashely is a member of the Church of Deliverance, a fire and brimstone establishment that teaches zero tolerance for vice and no mercy for those that have strayed from the path. The minister of the church, Allen Cartwright, is an elderly man with a little secret: he knows an Exhumilat demon.

Having driven his own daughter to addiction and finally, near suicide, Reverend Cartwright had unwittingly groomed her for the appetites of an Exhumilat demon that was vigilant for possible prey. He walked in on her final throes of ecstasy and mutilation. The demon cooed the Reverend and convinced him of her salvation. The demon knew Cartwright, had observed him even as he stalked his daughter. The Reverend believed him, saw the creature as angelic, a force for salvation. This partnership was the beginning of a number of events.

Cartwright identified the young and energetic Nashely from his congregation. He swayed the man, fed into the ambitions of the young attorney and the two came up with the idea of the Open Hands Community Center to both help get some of the more decayed members of society off the streets, and to get Nashely noticed. Through the church's funds they were able to open the facility. They used it to screen possible victims for the Exhumilat. Nashely did not know the exact details other than some of these undesirables were made to disappear altogether. With this as the basis of his campaign, and the popularity of the Open Hands Community Center, he won the race for District Attorney.

With the power he inherited once he reached office, young Nashely was able to implement the full plan of Reverend Cartwright. The USS Kittyhawk, a long-term project that involved the restoration of the vessel into a maritime museum, was mothballed as unnecessary over head. This was given over to the Exhumilat, a safehouse for the demon's work. Nashely gave the Church of Deliverance access to the project, as well as hefty donations all coming

out of the Clean the Streets campaign. The Open Hands Community Center was expanded. An apartment building housing the cruel older members of the Church was bought by the city, under the DA, and made as a halfway house for the less privileged. Finally, arrangements were made with a crematorium to clean up the Exhumilat's leavings and keep the entire operation evidence-free.

The process was simple -- the DA ramped up patrols of downtown to put pressure on vagrants, hookers, dealers and others to go to the Open Hands Community Center to clean them up. At the Center they were screened, the true addicts separated from the chaff. These were then carted off to Bellview Apartments, a safe place for them. At Bellview, the residents laced the apartments of these poor souls with all manner of drugs, alcohol, tobacco -- constantly tempting them, enticing them to fall back into the habit, pick up new ones. They belittled them at the same time, nagging old men and women that drove the guests to the brink. Once they were driven to the edge they were ready for the Exhumilat -- the guests were picked up by a church van and taken to the church to await the Exhumilat's needs. Deeply addicted at this point, they were denied access to their drugs of choice while in the secret room underneath the church.

Once a week the Church of Deliverance would, very appropriately, deliver the wretched young people

to the USS Kittyhawk where they were released to the Exhumilat within the labyrinthine recesses of the ship. After the demon was through taking his pleasures, it would lay his leavings to be picked up by the Church van during the next drop off, to be taken to the crematorium. People would simply disappear without a trace, "saved" by the demon.



CHARACTERS**Allen Cartwright, Reverend**

A twisted old man, Cartwright has organized all this for his own holy purpose. His soul is black as coal, and will take no mercy on any that stand in the way of his work. He has absolute sway with his congregation even though, as of recent, Edward Nashely has been pulling at the reins thanks to his new found authority. Cartwright is quite mad of course, and has no fear of death making any interrogations of the man futile. Even though the man is only in his fifties, he seems older, crooked, bent and wrinkled, and seems to be in his seventies.

Edward Nashely, District Attorney

A crooked attorney turned righteous DA, Nashely is often referred to as the Crusader on the news and by peers for his commitment to rid the city of evil. A long time member of the Church of Deliverance he believes his own bull for the most part. Like the Reverend, he will not let man's law get in the way of holy work and will bend it as he needs to punish the unclean. He is energetic and shifty, a good liar and hard to pin down. An accomplished politician, he is fluent in double speak and half-truths.

Honey Do, Madame

The owner of the Sweat Station and pimp to its girls, Miss Do has seen it all and done most of it. When several of her girls and best costumers both went missing she started to worry and look around for help but quickly she noticed that the authorities were turning a blind eye. She has made it this long in the industry by sensing danger and

to worry and look around for help but quickly she noticed that the authorities were turning a blind eye. She will aid the Disciples however she can, putting them in touch with possible witnesses and informants.

Rose Callahan, Director

A tough Irish woman and among Reverend Cartwright's flock, Rose is the taskmaster at the Open Hands Community Center. She is a no nonsense kind of person, with rigid morals that spare no room for compassion or mercy. She treats the girls going through the Community Center with indifference and sometimes disgust. She will not listen to the team's wild allegations for long, but will not be forthwith about her affiliations to the church since the Reverend does not want to reveal the connections of the church to the other parts of their plot. Rose is not a good liar and will try to end any interview quickly, not hesitating to call on the security guards.

Greg Olson, Senior Crematory Worker

Greg is a forty-something simple man that has lived long enough to appreciate the value of easy money. Without ever asking too many questions he takes the late Saturday night deliveries from the Church van and disposes of them. He is really not a bad man, just an opportunistic one. What he might be involved with sometimes worries him, but a mortgage and kids keep those worries shut tight.

Felix Winehaus, Crematory Worker

Greg's young, not-too-bright assistant helps Greg in the monotonous work of the crematorium. Although he too is unaware of what exactly goes on, he steps a little beyond conformity and has taken to stealing from the victim's possessions while Greg takes care of other matters. He is particularly fond of jewelry and his locker has several pretty baubles he got from past victims. Greg would never agree to such so he keeps it quiet and will become very agitated if questioned as he is very afraid of being found out.

Mrs. Shaw, Receptionist

Mrs. Shaw is a bleach-blond southern gal that chews gum and talks on the phone incessantly while filing her nails behind the glass that separates the receptionist's office of the crematorium from the waiting area. She seems to not pay anyone much mind, absorbed in her conversations. In reality she is a member of the Church of Deliverance and will alert them of the Disciples if they visit the Crematorium. Her usual tool for avoiding ugly conversations is simply ignoring the speakers.

LOCATIONS**The Sweat Station**

This seedy downtown club doesn't even open until 8pm, but stays open until 6am. The outside is dilapidated, and the inside not much better. Usually a fog of smoke and dank sweat permeates the gloomy interior, and the music from the Club rattles glass for a block around. The Club serves as a hub for many working girls as well as other

streetwalkers. There are greasy, worn stairs that lead to rooms on the second and third floor of the building where customers may be served. Several girls at the club are willing to talk about the disappearance of Spicy Panties and Crazy Legs, two girls that recently went missing. They will also complain about how the police won't even file a missing persons report on them or many of the other regulars that have gone missing. The girls will recall how those two were looking to get out of the business and may have gone to the Open Hands Center where many go who look to find help. The Disciples should be careful about getting too rough in the club as overzealous bouncers and short-tempered gang members abound.

Open Hands Community Center

The Open Hands Center is open 24 hours a day, as stated in a glowing neon sign outside the squat brick building. Two cops always guard the door. Inside there is a waiting area where skinny legged underage girls and smelly drunken vagrants often wait for their turn at a hand out. There are booths inside that see each in turn, running them past a number of questions, unwittingly screening them for candidacy at becoming demon toys. The director, Rose, will be very short and brief with anyone making inquiries. Her office contains religious paraphernalia including the very unique cross of the Church of Deliverance which resembles an anchor. Her wall also has a copy of the grants awarded from the city, even a picture of Nashely cutting the ribbon to open the Center. In a locked file cabinet she has profiles of all the people that have been processed, including folders for the missing girls. Those folders are empty, but other

folders have files that are stamped either “Candidate” or “Rejected” on them. In her desk drawer there are keys labeled Bellview Apartments, each key with a room number.

The DA’s Office

The District Attorney’s office is on the fifth floor of the First Precinct building downtown. Needless to say, it is a highly secure area filled with armed officers. If the Disciple’s manage an audience they will find the DA nothing but cordial, open and attentive to their plight. The DA will craft an intricate explanation for the girl’s disappearance depending on the clues gathered by the Disciples before sending them on their way. In his office there are several clues, if the Disciples can find them. In a closet there is a priest’s robe from the Church of Deliverance. There is a large picture of the USS Kittyhawk on the wall. In the computer, in his office, are records of a completion date for the USS Kittyhawk project just a month after it was snowballed. Also there are folders for the Community Center and the Church of Deliverance showing steady donations and contributions. There are also a number of contributions to one 5th Street Crematorium that match the times of the other contributions. In his file cabinet is a deed to Bellview Apartments, apparently owned by the State now and under the DA’s use as part of the Clean the Streets Campaign.

5th Street Crematorium

The 5th Street Crematorium is a nondescript operation in the basement of a Mediterranean deli. It has street access through a garage door in an adjacent underground street parking deck for an apartment

building. Inside the crematorium, the Disciples will be stone walled by the secretary, Mrs. Shaw. She will be quick to alert the DA through whispered cell phone calls. If they get past the obstinate Mrs. Shaw and the thick glass and steel door that separate her and the rest of the crematorium from the waiting area, the Disciples find Greg and Felix hard at work. Greg is straightforward about getting bodies at odd hours but insists that the paperwork is all in order and that he knows nothing else -- which is true. Felix tries to stay away during the interviews. If talked to directly, he gets nervous quick and will try to flee. A check of his locker finds items from several of the victims.

BATTLEFIELDS

Remote Road Stop

If the Disciples tip their hand to Mrs. Shaw, Callahan or the DA, they will find themselves pulled over by DA special agents. These agents are handpicked by Nashely, as most trusted, for they are members of the Church of Deliverance. Under trumped up allegations of drug smuggling they will make the Disciples get out of the car, then search the car before blowing out the tires and engine and leaving them stranded with a warning about sticking their nose where it does not belong. If the Disciples fight back the agents will respond with lethal force. There will be three unmarked vehicles, each with four agents wearing vests. One agent in each car will have a shotgun, the rest will have handguns.

Bellview Apartments

The halfway house for those processed at the Open Hands Center, the Disciples will

find the landlady, an older, smiling, kind soul that seems to be faultless. She even lets them see some of the rooms, assuring them that nothing out of the ordinary went on. The kind lady will repeatedly offer homemade sweet tea which is laced with a powerful narcotic. A search of the rooms finds drugs in drawers, liquor under the bed, other drug paraphernalia strewn all about. If it gets to that, the Disciples will be accosted by a host of elderly men attacking with baseball bats, wrenches, walkers and canes, women attacking with cleavers, bedpans and other odds and ends. They are all part of the Church and will attack fearlessly, sure that they are doing god's work and this is their path to salvation.

First Church of Deliverance

This massive church sits at the corner of a downtown block. The sanctuary is lush with new pews, deep red carpeting and a golden cross. The only entrances are the double doors at the front and a side door into the basement area that is at the bottom of some steps near the back. This back door is metal and both are locked. The church is under camera surveillance and breaking in sets alarms that warn the Reverend. In the basement, there is a conference and meeting facility, as well as a large office and a kitchen area. The office belongs to the Reverend. In his computer files there are records of donations from the church to residents of Bellview Apartments, including food drives for them. There are keys to the van parked outside the church. The van seems well used and an inspection of the van reveals advanced rusting over the undercarriage. This is due to the frequent trips to the piers where the USS Kittyhawk rests. The ocean air corrodes. A file cabinet

holds a special permit to visit the USS Kittyhawk and a special donations folder is marked "5th St. Cr".

A close inspection of the kitchen might reveal a walk-in fridge. Inside the fridge there are marks on the floor where a large box of rotten fruit has been slid back and forth. Beneath the box is a trap door. If they find the trap door and go beneath they will find Spicy Panties, near catatonic, very pale and showing numerous needle marks at her joints. She is going through withdrawal and does little other than drool.

The Disciples will find several cultists, including the Reverend, waiting for them outside the church. Some have guns but most do not. They will fight like fanatics.

The U.S.S. Kittyhawk

The Exhumilat has a nice, cozy layer in the bowels of the Kittyhawk. Most of the ship is pitch black and has been booby trapped by the demon. Once the Disciples make it to the ship they will find themselves in room after room, hall after hall that looks identical.

To maneuver through the ship, the Disciples roll 1d12 each time they move into a new room. On a 10-12 they have chosen wisely and are one step closer to reaching the demon's layer. If they manage to do so three times, they have arrived. HOWEVER, on a roll of 1-6 they walk into one of the many rooms booby trapped by the demon. Whoever is first in line makes a Senses check, or uses an appropriate skill, to detect the trap against a difficulty of 9. Failure to do so results in a Strength 5 attack against the Disciple. If during their search of rooms the Disciples roll a 7-9, then they neither

advance nor set off a trap, but simply go the wrong way.

When the Disciples reach the Demon's layer they first walk into a long row of quarters which look like they have been recently used. Smelly sheets and vomit decorates the bunk beds in the small rooms. Classical music reverberates from further down. If the disciples keep going, eventually they will find an auditorium. Upon the stage is Crazy Legs. She is crying hard, shaking even under the heat of the spotlight that is on her. A voice streams from the speakers in the large room -- a soothing voice that promises salvation if she can carve the evil from her.

The demon will keep the Disciples away from the girl so she can continue to mutilate herself. If the Disciples cannot reach her within five rounds, she will bleed out and die.

HOSTILES

Cops

Strength 2
Sense 1
Soul 1
Life 5
Crime 2
Pistol (r: 2, d: 1, a: 2)
Riot club (r: 1, d: 1, a: 0)

Cultists

Strength 2
Sense 1
Soul 2
Life 5
Pistol (r: 2, d: 1, a: 2)
Club (r: 1, d: 1, a: 0)

Agents

Strength 2
Sense 2
Soul 2
Life 6
Pistol (r: 2, d: 1, a: 2)
Shotgun (r: 2, d: 2, a: 2)
Vest (armor 5)

Old People

Strength 1
Sense 1
Soul 2
Life 4
Club (r: 1, d: 1, a: 0)
Knife (r: 1, d: 1, a: 0)

Bouncers

Strength 2
Sense 1
Soul 1
Life 5
Crime 2
Revolver (r: 2, d: 1, a: 1)

CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

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Enrique is a life-long gamer with over two decades of experience with the hobby. Originally drawn into the world of role-playing through D&D Follow Your Adventure books written in his native tongue of Spanish, Enrique has since branched out to a plethora of other games including the fine offerings from White Wolf, Palladium, FASA, Green Ronin, Steve Jackson, Fantasy Flight Games, Games Workshop, Guardians of the Order, AEG and others. He has an incurable love for purchasing role-playing games that some would call an addiction. He has written an article for Polymancer magazine that is unpublished at the time of this supplement. DIRE is his first attempt at producing gaming material through the Pandora Peeks Press name.

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Holly Bell is a young French freelance artist who plans on making career in the illustration and design area. She works on commissions as various as character designs, tattoo designs, character sheets and portraits, and produces illustrations for the artists and writers association Absylia. Illustrations: pages 27, 29.

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Adam was born and raised in the seaside town of Torquay, England. He had an interest in drawing and fantasy art right from an early age, and it's something that's stayed with him and been a driving force in his life. So it's fantastic to now have a career that allows him to indulge in both. He graduated from Plymouth University in Graphic Design in 2001 and since then he's been slowly building a freelance illustration career with an aim of making it a full-time job. Chowles has also recently been involved in Raging Psycho Comics' Night Warrior online comic project as an Art Director and it's already enjoying success, with a print issue released and a PSP UMD release scheduled for release next year. He has high hopes for Dread: The First Book of Pandemonium, and with any luck, it will see the beginning of his career as a freelance fantasy artist. Illustrations: pages 12, 21.

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Charlene, better known to friends and family as Char, was born in 1984 in Austin, TX. She grew up with a passion for art and was always encouraged to develop the talent from early on. She currently resides in North Carolina and enjoys creating artwork in many mediums, including pencil work, watercolors, colored pencils, acrylic and digitally. Illustrations: pages 5, 22, 28, 38.

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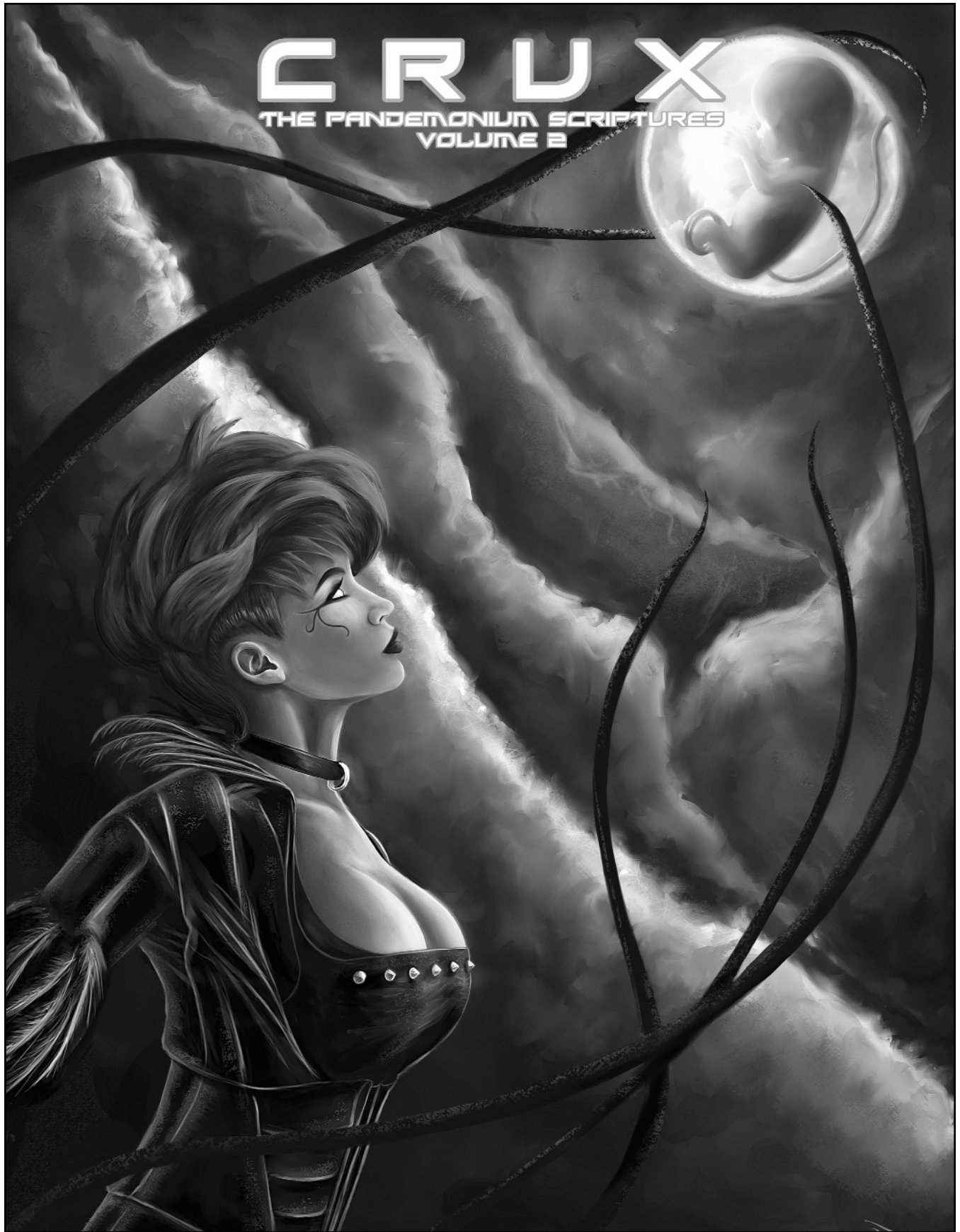
Chandler is a freelance video game writer. His titles include Cipher Complex, MAG (Massive Action Game), SOCOM: Confrontation, Ghost Recon: Advanced Warfighter, Rainbow Six: Lockdown, Ghost Recon 2, and various unannounced projects. He's also the creator of The Books of Pandemonium, including Dread, Pent, and Spite. Illustrations: pages 7, 17, 19, 33.

CULL

THE SECOND GOSPEL OF PANDEMONIUM



distress signal emanates from research station orbiting jupiter and you are sent because you are expendable and no one will miss you so you lace your boots in zero gravity with a gluon rifle tumbling slowly past you and you know deep down that one way or another this is your last mission and the hatch dilates as you swim through it and the severed limbs floating towards you confirm your deepest fears and you laugh because somehow this feels like coming home
(spring 2009)



Submit spells, demons, scenarios, fiction, artwork, and anything else you can think of to:

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SCORNOGRAPHY



Rafael Chandler

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