

## The 13 Colonies

It is said that a Frenchman once observed that the colonies were like a barrel of beer: froth on the top, dregs at the bottom, but clear and sound in the middle. Whether that's true is, of course, a matter of opinion, but the three different sections of the colonies each have a distinctive and unique flavor and character.

### Unlike Today

The Dream's United States boasts a strong federal government and a sense of national-identity across all of her 50 states. In the world of the 13 Colonies this is far less true. Most people feel fidelity to their colony first and foremost and their nation second (although those in the Federal Government, the Continental Congress, see it differently).

### The Big Picture

The overview looks like this: heavy industry in the Middle and North, agriculture in the South. There are railways and highways that run through each of the colonies (and for premium air-travel there are zeppelins). The

colonies are wired for telephone, telegram, and radio: there is no television. However, programs tend to be very regional: programming that teenagers enjoy in the Middle would be banned in the North and considered vulgar in the South. Mass media, with the exception of the New York Times, the Wall Street Journal (for financial matters), and the Philadelphia Herald have yet to really catch on across the states.

The seat of government isn't in Maryland but Pennsylvania and while there is a President of the Continental Congress (also called the Colonial Congress) he (and there's a long way from being a she) isn't exactly the President of the United States.

The Federal Government has an Army, a Navy, and an Air Force (which, even in the 20<sup>th</sup> and 21<sup>st</sup> century is considered fledgling). They collect taxes, conduct diplomatic relations, control the mail and maintain the highways. If a state (or group) tries to leave, a majority of the other states can declare war to prevent succession. On the local level, however, rights and laws are very much a matter of the colonial community that has created them. In the North, a man living with a woman he isn't married to is a crime (which seems nonsensical to those in the Middle ... and, again, low class in the South). While there is a Constitution, its interpretation is up to each state's Supreme Court rather than a federal body. There are lots of other variations on this theme but, considering that Civics takes a whole year to teach in The Dream's world ... and it's even *more* complicated in the 13 Colonies, we won't go into the whole deal here. Instead, let's start with the territory. We'll take it from the top.



## The North

It is often said that there are two New Englands—both within the colonies Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire.

One is the New England of great cities and urban seaports. Boston Harbor and Massachusetts Bay are known the world over. They are centers of trade and commerce and the home of many of the Great Universities. This is the loud, chaotic, affluent New England; the dizzying, capitalistic, cosmopolitan New England that draws merchants, students, and thrill seekers from around the globe.

The other New England is still a land that the Puritans would recognize. Beyond the cities, one finds a sprawling network of small communities where life still centers, as it has for almost four hundred years, on the town parish or church. This is the quiet, insular New England—a place with little use for the excitement of the cities and little trust for strangers; particularly those whose faith is suspect.

To those with too little time (or the inclination) to look closer, this is simply a line between the country and the city, or (more insultingly), the sophisticated and the backward. The truth is rather more complicated.

There are not, in fact two New Englands, but one—with a foundation philosophy that gave rise to both the dizzying affluence of the seaports and the quiet solitude inland.

## Two Worlds

From the beginning, New Englanders understood the importance of commerce. The soil in New England is poor, the land more hilly than flat, and the weather, with its long winters, altogether unfit for most farming. The early settlers were practical people and they made the best of the resources given them—lumber, access to the sea, calm bays that made for good harbors, and vast schools of fish. Over the years these industries and new ones (especially manufacturing) have made the North East affluent and successful.

If they understood the necessity of commerce, they also understood the risks that would come with commercial success—the risk of corruption by outside influences—the risk of destruction of their way of life. These are the risks that all societies face when they interact with the outside world, and to some degree, change is inevitable; new ideas are contagious.

But New England is as much a place as it is a belief. They do not want to be part of the outside world—they want to be apart from it. This challenge—their dependence on trade and their desire for stability—formed the New England society that has met that challenge and survived, little changed in the ways that matter, for four hundred years.

## The Colonial Congregation

The Colonial Congregation is the puritan church—it exists throughout the colonies and, evangelically, throughout the world. It is a set of contradictions:

With four hundred years of evolution it is no longer the splinter group that broke from the English Protestant movement. It is now a mature, powerful organization. Over the decades and centuries it has recognized the following:

1. More rights for women. Although women are still seen as fundamentally different from men, they are granted more status in the church.
2. Assimilation of St. Augustine's views on Calvinism. The theory that one's salvation rests not with the person but with God is a cornerstone of Calvinist thought. Those veins of theology still exist in the Colonial Congregation but instead of clinging to the concept of a small-list of the elite who would hear the call to salvation, it is believed that many, if not most are to be saved and that while the ultimate force of faith '*rests with the Almighty*' one's attitude in life must presume potential salvation rather than doubt it.
3. Other organizations may hear the call of faith differently—but it may be the same call. There is still religious discrimination in the North (particularly against Quakers) but at the higher levels of the Colonial Congregation there are allowances for these other faiths.
4. A sense of humor: it's a very, very slight one—but a faint, almost vanishing vein of humor has found its way into the church. Often invisible to outsiders, a dry, almost laconic appreciation of irony, absurdity, and wit has found a home in the Colonial Congregation.

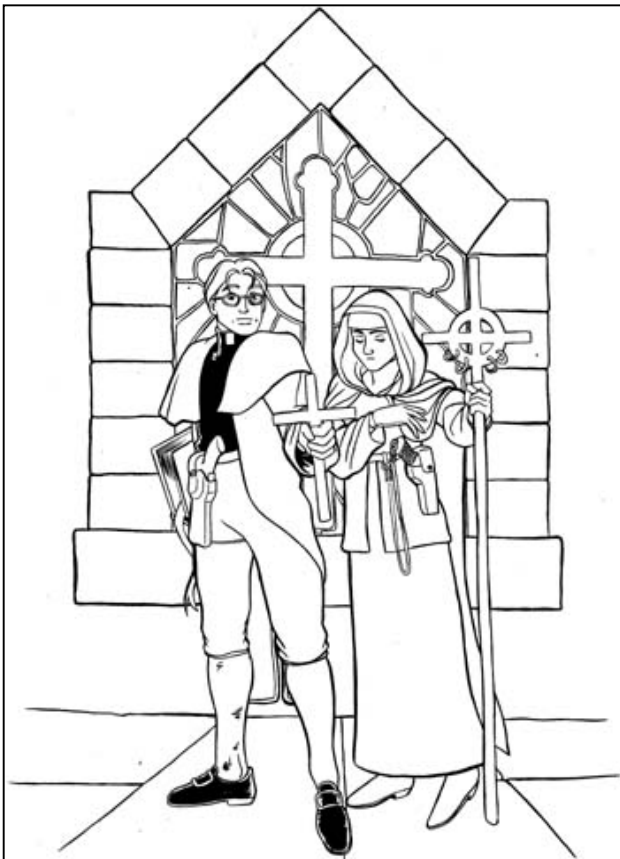
### The Intelligence Arm of the Congregational Church

In the eternal war against darkness, the Colonial Congregation has its own soldiers. These are the Special Agents (called Inquisitors by everyone *but* the church itself—including most northerners) whose job it is to take the battle to the enemy.

Special Agents carry magical weapons (enchanted bullets), are trained in powerful Hex magic (and its defense) and adhere to a code of honor and conduct that even the G-Men of the CBI (Colonial Bureau of Investigation) find stifling.

While the Special Agents have no Federal Authority, and are considered by many (from personal experience, often times) to be arrogant moralists, they often get cooperation across the colonies (and the world) where *no outsiders* might be welcome. The Agents are *not* seen as hypocrites. When they show up for an investigation, it is an indication that 'the worst' may have happened or be about to happen.

weapons—while they need (and have) an impeccable army, their cultural soldiers are teachers, writers, and lawyers.



follows comforting patterns. Weeks are marked by Sunday

The cities, with their free flow of ideas and shaky moral foundations are seen as a necessary concession. Without them—without the power and affluence that they provide—New England would be at the mercy of their world rather than in control of it. If the Patriarchs find Boston, at its worst, soulless and corrupt, they find the idea of their own world at the mercy of the Cosmopolitans and the Capitalists an even darker nightmare.

But they knew that quarantine alone wasn't enough to protect their society. To resist the ideas of the World, their people would have to be properly inoculated—and their inoculation is education.

Far from backward, rural New England has one of the highest literacy rates in the modern world. The curriculum is heavily theological, but also teaches practical skills, and the universities are their greatest accomplishments and their greatest

They are taught that their purity strengthens, rather than limits them. They are taught that self-discipline and humility free the spirit; that license and hedonism are stronger chains than any laws of man. While some (especially outsiders) see this as pure indoctrination (and they might have a point), the modern puritans point out that these ideas and beliefs are not theirs alone, and do not crumble when exposed to the scrutiny, as propaganda would. They admit that the New England life is not for everyone—it requires a strength of character to submit, for the good of all, to the rules of God and man.

### Society

In the country, growing up means coming to terms with the world you have been born into. Transition from adolescence to adulthood means learning to live in harmony and acceptance rather than rebellion. For those who can't or won't, the leaving—self-imposed exile—is often less painful than remaining.

For those that do stay, life

### Mutation

Living with so much magic produces mutations: half-human, half-animals, shape changers, and even more bizarre people. In the North these people are considered 'disabled' and treated with sympathy—they are, however, expected socially to conceal their condition as much as possible. Veils, staying in doors, and heavy cloaks are necessary for the non-humans to be accepted in polite society.

services, community social events, days spent in trade (or, for many, factory work), and evenings spent with families. Seasons are marked with agricultural rituals (sewing and planting, followed by harvest), and celebrations. Years are marked with birthdays, the raising of children, and burying of the dead.

Life is seen as an expression and understanding of a higher purpose. Work is not simply a job, but a profession. Some people find the structure and discipline of the Puritan life stifling, but for a great many, it offers fulfillment and even, perhaps in some small way, enlightenment.

Almost all communities have public schools that teach advanced levels of literacy and arithmetic. At age 14, students can leave to learn a trade or work in the local factory, but those whose families can support it can continue through secondary school (often there are High Schools nearby, but many Secondary Schools are boarding schools), and the most academically gifted children can continue to college. Primary schools are public; secondary schools are private, but there is ample public help for anyone who desires further education, and the same holds true for college tuition.

In New England, young men and women are judged on their character as much as they are judged on their accomplishments. References are necessary for any employment or admittance into educational facilities.

New England is wealthy—its factories and seaports have seen to that—but overt shows of wealth are considered vulgar, and the laws make it perfectly clear that they protect the righteous, not the rich. Humility of a personal nature is valued—there are no aristocrats in New England society and having money is something to grateful for and, perhaps, slightly embarrassed by. Conversely, pride in one's work or trade, or ethic is encouraged and appreciated. Even humble work is honorable if done well. Owning a shipping concern or a mill might make one rich, but teachers and clerics are the most respected.

Religion is a major part of all aspects of life throughout New England, even more so than it

*John Smith is a young man—handsome, and almost disturbingly neat (fresh haircut, shoes shined, I'd guess, within the last hour, no spare threads on his jacket or trousers), and the kind of posture that makes you cringe—in my experience, people who sit up this straight have the personality that goes with having a stick stuck someplace uncomfortable. But Smith has a thin, almost mischievous smile and a dry sense of humor. He clearly finds the idea of being here, and me asking him questions, absurd. I suppose if I think about it, I find it a little absurd too.*

**RS:** Thank you for taking the time to talk to me.

**Special Agent John Smith:** My pleasure.

**RS:** Your title is Special Agent. Can you tell me what that means?

**Smith:** (with a faint smile) It means I work in the service of the Intelligence Arm of the Congregational Church. You're probably wondering if there are just 'regular' agents. I've never met any.

**RS:** So all agents are special agents?

**Smith:** We like to think so.

**RS:** I see. Now... the Intelligence Arm of the Congregational Church... that's a little odd. I don't think of a church as needing an intelligence arm. Sometimes the sermon's about what the neighbors are doing, or about being 'my brother's keeper,' but I've never thought of them actually spying. Something I've been missing?

**Smith:** Of course not. Not every Church, and certainly not every congregation needs an intelligence service. In a sense we exist so that most communities don't need to worry about the things we do.

**RS:** What, exactly, is it that you do?

**Smith:** We gather information about our enemy—what his tactics are. What his objectives are. What methods he uses. Who is with him and who is against him.

**RS:** The Enemy. I'm not sure I understand.

**Smith:** I'm sure you can figure it out.

**RS:** You spy on Satan.

**Smith:** (smiles) Not literally. We keep an eye on his Works (I can hear the capital letter).

**RS:** I see. And this is not... allegorical?

**Smith:** Sadly, no. This is quite literal. And very serious.

**RS:** I'm a Presbyterian... a lot of my friends back in New York are Quakers. I don't think either of our churches have an intelligence service. And when we talk about the Devil, we're talking about evil within us—not... I don't know... little guys with horns and pitch forks dancing around. Do you think that we're all missing something?

**Smith:** We disagree with the Vatican on almost everything, but I think both the Holy See and the Congregation would agree that, yes—you're missing something.

**RS:** The Vatican.

**Smith:** You have to admit—they've been in this game a long time.

is in the rest of the 13 Colonies. Attendance of church, the tithing of wages, and the living of one's life in an open, moral manner are all but mandatory. Travelers who follow other customs might be tolerated, but not for long.

Surprisingly, non-Christians are given special protection by law; they cannot worship in public or speak of their beliefs, but they are far more welcome than those who profess Christianity, but are lapsed or insincere. Even Catholics are more tolerated than the "Luke Warm."

Rural New England is strictly patriarchal. Although women have legal protection and are fully educated in elementary and secondary school, very few women are selected for higher education and there are laws preventing women from purchasing property (they can own it). Women play an important role in social life and are active politically in 'non-official' roles, but from a progressive perspective New England's gender equity perspective is quite backward.

### The Law

There are few laws and few rights. The laws that do exist are broad and give magistrates considerable jurisdiction. Disturbing the Peace, for instance can be used for a variety of purposes, from controlling unruly children to silencing dissent. Only officers and soldiers are permitted to carry weapons, but visitors and travelers can obtain permits if they show a reason.

Punishments tend to fit the crime. Public humiliation is commonly employed for breaches of social mores. Fines are levied against commercial misconduct. More serious or violent acts might be met with floggings or expulsion.

The New England Colonies have a secret police that is, in practice, more of an intra-colony and inter-national intelligence service than a traditional secret police. Agents are selected from a variety of sources, and being called to serve is considered a great honor. Their mission is no less than the eternal battle against evil and corruption. Their enemy, Satan himself.

The belief that Darkness presents a clear and present danger to their world and to all of humanity

**RS:** I've never thought of it that way.

**Smith:** (the faint smile is back) If I do my job right, you'll never have to again.

**RS:** Meaning that you spy so we don't have to?

**Smith:** (Just smiles – then) We all agree that evil exists. You have police in New York to fight it. We see it as being... directed. And that sense of direction makes combating it at the fringes—at the edges—ineffective. We try to fight it at its source.

**RS:** So when we have pirates operating out Canadian waters, they're not being paid off by the French, it's really the Devil?

**Smith:** It's not that literal. And we're not so much concerned with crimes against the flesh as we are with crimes against the spirit.

**RS:** I think there's a whole other article in this line of questioning. Rather than go round and round with the whole Devil/Church thing, let's talk about women. Are there any female special agents?

**Smith:** (Clearly amused by this) Certainly.

**RS:** See—that surprises me. The Church—the Congregational Church—has strong prohibitions against women holding office, but they can be Special Agents?

**Smith:** There's nothing in scripture that specifies the composition of the Intelligence Services. We're free to staff them as necessary.

**RS:** So it's necessary to hire women.

**Smith:** Sure.

**RS:** For what?

**Smith:** We have certain recruitment and employment quotas. We hire qualified applicants of any gender.

**RS:** That sounds awfully progressive. Doesn't the whole 'gentle sex' thing mean that women—even exceptional women—aren't usually qualified applicants?

**Smith:** You're characterizing the Church as taking the position that women are weaker than men. That's not what we believe.

**RS:** It's not? Man—let me tell you something: someone out there is really doing you guys wrong...

**Smith:** It's a misunderstood position. We believe that God made the sexes different. We each have different strengths and weaknesses. There are places, for example, that I cannot go without attracting attention—places a woman could go. In those situations, It's me—men—who are the weaker sex.

**RS:** So are female special agents used for infiltration?

**Smith:** (slow grin) I'd rather not talk about methods.

**RS:** You—all you special agents—you work under cover?

**Smith:** There have been cases where agents have misrepresented themselves. In general, we try to convince those on the other side to repent... and confess.

**RS:** Confess. Talk. Betray their friends?

**Smith:** Our enemies—our targets—don't understand fidelity in a Christian sense.

is not fully understood by those outside of the innermost circles, and in truth, much of their spying is done for simple, practical reasons (to find out what the enemies of their states are up to).

## Magic

The Catholic Church settled the issue of Magic in medieval times with its edict that magic was a natural force with no innate morality. Although modern science supports that view, the Fathers of New England were never so comfortable with either Magic or the Church's authority.

As with Catholicism, certain kinds of Magic (Witchcraft, most Necromancy, the Elder School) are absolutely forbidden. Others are suspect. Summoning and Binding, so essential to the rest of the world's life are viewed with incredible suspicion.

Still, Magic is a natural force—a force that, although exceptional, may be a gift from God as much as light, electricity, and other sources of power are. New Englanders view it with suspicion, but not fear. Public displays of magic or magically powered items are not welcome in rural New England. Magicians are expected to practice behind closed doors, and many publicly hold non-magical jobs, acting as doctors or lawyers in addition to providing magical services.

One side effect of New England's rejection of magic is their adoption of technology. The New England has a solid, modern infrastructure of telegraphs, trains, and factories that surprise many visitors that regard them as backward and rural. New England also fields several small, well-equipped "militia" units that are, in reality, a modern, mechanized army, and one of the strongest in the New World.

New England has been careful to keep its way of life in the face of trade and technology. Factories are quiet, orderly places that pay wages well above those in most industrialized nations.

**RS:** I guess not. But let's talk about that. Your job brings you into contact with these people—these bad guys. Doesn't that put *you* in some jeopardy? I don't mean physically.

**Smith:** Absolutely.

**RS:** Have you ever been tempted? Approached by... agents of the other side who want you to... go over?

**Smith:** Yes.

**RS:** I'm trying to imagine that... if your enemy is... who you say it is—then he's got to be pretty good at the whole Temptation thing.

**Smith:** Very good.

**RS:** Wow... so... I'm trying to imagine... what was it like? I mean, what did he offer you? Girls?

**Smith:** (Smiles) Lust isn't my particular weakness.

**RS:** Then...

**Smith:** Pride, Sir. Let me ask you something—you have a dream, don't you? Something... unfulfilled... some aspiration. As wonderful as interviewing me is, I'm sure that you have some... ultimate ambition.

**RS:** I do. Two girls at once.

**Smith:** (Laughs). I guess your weakness is Lust.

**RS:** No—I know what you mean. When I graduated from Smith and Mary, I wanted to cover the Continental Congress. Really... important stuff... I wanted to write serious analysis that would be read internationally. Sure. Everyone's got a dream.

**Smith:** That's pride. That desire for notoriety. That craving for recognition, respect—adulation. That is Pride, and that is what I was offered.

**RS:** And did you take it?

**Smith:** I'm here, aren't I?

**RS:** (Silence)

**Smith:** No—No, I did not succumb. By the Grace of the Father, I resisted temptation.

**RS:** (Laughs) That's good.

**Smith:** Thanks.

**RS:** So... you come face to face with the forces of darkness. You offer them... a chance to repent? To make reparations. They offer you... I don't know—your own Deaconship, or something. You work undercover. You go by false names. Do you carry a gun?

**Smith:** (shows me a nickel-plated .45 automatic pistol) The rounds are small gold *golems*. They're specially enchanted to be effective against spirits, demons and the undead. The weapon itself has a limited amount of self-direction—it can find its way to my hand.

**RS:** Cool. Ever had to use it?

**Smith:** On occasion.

**RS:** Okay... one last question. Is John Smith your real name?

**Smith:** (One last smile) That's what it'll say on my tombstone.

## The Colonies

### Basic Puritan Beliefs

1. Total Depravity - through Adam's fall, every human is born sinful - concept of Original Sin.
2. Unconditional Election - God "saves" those he wishes - only a few are selected for salvation - concept of predestination.
3. Limited Atonement - Jesus died for the chosen only, not for everyone.
4. Irresistible Grace - God's grace is freely given, it cannot be earned or denied. Grace is defined as the saving and transfiguring power of God.
5. Perseverance of the "saints" - those elected by God have full power to interpret the will of God, and to live uprightly. If anyone rejects grace after feeling its power in his life, he will be going against the will of God - something impossible in Puritanism.

<http://www.curriculumunits.com/crucible/background/puritan.beliefs.htm>

### Massachusetts

If Virginia is indicative of the South, then Massachusetts is iconic of New England. Massachusetts was settled under the jurisdiction of several *corporate* interests (with the unrealized intention of making money), but the people who came there and lived there were Pilgrims and ten years later, the Puritans.

#### Culture and Politics

From the beginning, the cruel, inhospitable Northeast was the sort of place one would only settle if everywhere else was worse. The men and women who came to Massachusetts came seeking the freedom to practice Christianity as they saw fit.

The histories of those early attempts to gain a toehold on the upper coasts of the New World are repetitive—settlers arrive; winter comes. Almost everyone dies.

Eventually, however, they learned to live with the brutal winters and short summers, and they set about creating the Godly Society they had envisioned.

Puritan life (and it is the Puritan vision that took hold) is simple, austere, and difficult. Work is holy. Puritans work from sun-up to sundown. Attendance of Church is mandatory. There is little or no separation between church and state. Like many theocracies, the

Massachusetts Bay Colonies were extreme and to modern sensibilities, repressive.

Although these beliefs and the

Puritan legacy is still strong in New England (and particularly in Massachusetts), modern day Puritanism is not nearly as dogmatic or autocratic as it was at inception.

Still, when in Puritan Country, there is no mistaking it. Even today, there are echoes everywhere of the Massachusetts' philosophical and theocratic roots.

Those who visit Massachusetts (and leave Boston, which is a different world, entirely) find it a serious place—the Puritans had little use for

### Some Aspects of the Puritan Legacy

- a. The need for moral justification for private, public, and governmental acts.
- b. The Questing for Freedom - personal, political, economic, and social.
- c. The Puritan work ethic.
- d. Elegiac verse - morbid fascination with death.
- e. The city upon the hill - concept of manifest destiny.

<http://www.curriculumunits.com/crucible/background/puritan.beliefs.htm>

### What's the difference between a Puritan and a Pilgrim (this, according to the Pilgrims)?

#### PILGRIMS

Arrived 1620  
 Governors Carver and Bradford  
 Plymouth Colony

Friendly with Indians for 40 years  
 Paid Indians for land  
 Communal living first seven years  
 Democratic, consensus of the governed  
 Separated from the Church of England  
 Not a single prosecution of witchcraft  
 Representation and equal inheritance  
 Forerunner of US Constitution & Declaration of Independence  
 More tolerant than the Church of England

#### PURITANS

Arrived 1630  
 Governor Winthrop

Massachusetts Bay Colony  
 Indian problems from the outset  
 Seized Indian lands  
 Individual profit from the outset  
 Authoritarian

"Purified" the Church from within  
 Prosecuted and executed for witchcraft  
 Nothing to compare

Nothing to compare

Intolerant

<http://www.sail1620.org/m2k/history/pnotp.htm>

play and no use at all for extremes of food and drink.

The Word is everywhere, woven into wall hangings, or carved in plaques, or hung from signs.

But if the Puritans are eager to render unto God what is God's, they're not so ready to give Caesar anything. Virginia might lay claim to the roots of freedom, but in Massachusetts, Revolution blossomed almost from the start.

The Puritans (and the Pilgrims) both believed that communities were formed by covenants of the governed (this democracy did not extend, at first, to interpretation of Biblical edicts), and so, in these Town Meetings, the New World got its first taste of Democracy—and it took hold.

Since the beginning, the free men of Massachusetts did whatever they wanted, including dealing with or warring with the Indians, and annexing their neighbors (they took over Maine, and much of New Hampshire). This included leveling protectionist tariffs and persecuting Anglicans (as well as Quakers and other non-Puritan sects), and that finally caused the British government to revoke their charter and turn Massachusetts into a secular colony under control of a Governor and a General Assembly.

Today, the Congregational Church is still a powerful, but not absolute force in Massachusetts and New England, in general.

Religion is not the only social or political force at work in New England. Massachusetts Bay (and Boston Harbor, in particular) is a major commercial center. Shipbuilding and sea-trade are one of the ways that Massachusetts makes contact with the rest of the colonies and the rest of the world. Massachusetts boatmen are famous for being astute businessmen and fearless, expert sailors.

#### **The Textbook Puritan**

It has been said that a Puritan is a person who lives in fear that somewhere, someone is having a good time. And of course, there is the stereotype of a Puritan as a grim, humorless man standing in judgment of everything he sees. This view is understandable, and often the result of interactions with outsiders (who may well be judged harshly, depending on their conduct).

But careful examination suggests a more nuanced view. A Puritan is serious—about his work. Work is a blessing, and it is expected to be done well. A man does not just have a *job*; he has a *profession*—a duty to perform before God, on this world. Certain activities are to be avoided (drinking, gambling), not (necessarily) because they are inherently evil, but because they are a waste of precious time.

The Puritans did (and do) gladly indulge in social, communal events and parties.

Education is very important and has powerful public support in Massachusetts and throughout the northeast—"Ignorance is the Mother of Heresy." Most Puritans are well versed in logic and are expected to be able to explain their beliefs in logical terms. They also speak simply and directly—a result of both their logical training, and their desire to avoid unnecessarily 'flowery' language.

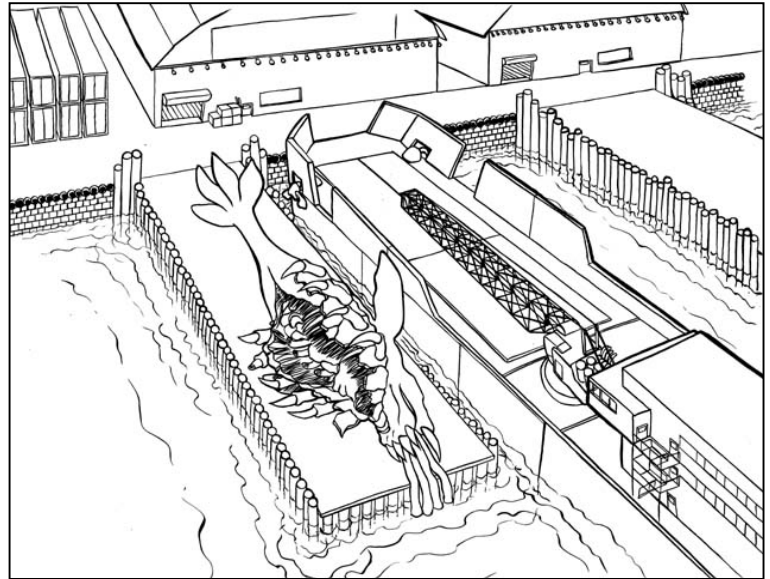




Finally, one salient feature of the devout Puritans, and the foundation of the strength of their faith is their personal belief that they are the agents of God. Some may thunder or preach, but for most Puritans, their faith is quiet and unyielding—a force that is of great comfort to their friends and terrifying to their enemies.

### **Boston**

If there is one place to visit in Massachusetts, it is Boston Harbor. Here, the force of capitalism runs at full throttle, making the Bay Area a place of frenetic activity; and near-anarchy. It is a fluid place where almost anything is possible (some say, half jokingly, that Massachusetts has all of the vice and sin of any other colony, but that it is simply all concentrated in Boston).



### **Harvard University**

The study of magic in the world of the Thirteen Colonies is what the study of Law or Medicine was in the Dream World—a path to wealth and social standing in which ability is (and was) rewarded over breeding or family history. There are other parallels—Law in the Dream World was the stepping-stone to politics and while it is still the most *reliable* way into the halls of power, Magic offers its own advantages.

Harvard University is a world-class school for the study of both Practicing Magic (less formally called Operational Magic, or Magic Which Actually Gets Used) and Theoretical Magic – the study of the nature and implications of magic.

### **Massachusetts Institute of Technology**

MIT manages the intersection between Magic and the Industrial Revolution. They understand and violently push the limits of knowledge. The labs are a place to probe the depths of the physical world.

MIT, itself, is a strange place for the uninitiated. There is a building-sized computer system (one of only two or three in existence) ENIAC IV, but with a sophisticated artificial intelligence—something that was never accomplished in the Dreamworld. There is examination into the Thermodynamic properties of magic (perpetual motion still seems an impossible dream—but magic makes it all the more tempting). Underlying the MIT revolution (brewing in MIT, poised to change the world, perhaps) is the idea that the fusion between Magic and Technology can compensate for limits of technology and *automate* the advantages provided by the existence of magic.

Whether this is, in fact, possible remains controversial, but the campus itself is a test case with laboratories dedicated to the creation of robots, the re-animation of dead tissue, the mass-production of magical artifacts, and so on.

### **Andover Witch Trials**

In the late 1690's witchcraft hysteria swept the New England seaboard, the most tragic (and popularized) examples of these are the Salem trials—but a precursor to the Salem hysteria began with an outbreak of small pox in the tiny Massachusetts town of North Andover.

The pox spread viciously and decimated the town, leaving it isolated and vulnerable before the onslaught of winter. Exactly what happened in the frigid months between January and March is unknown (no reliable records exist), but it is believed that those who survived did so with the quiet, diabolical assistance of an unseen, unnamed force.



That spring, with the fear of pox receding, and the thaw coming, Andover was ready to re-emerge—to all outward appearances, vibrant and alive. She was tainted, though, and when whispers of strange corruptions and obscene rituals begin to filter out, the Higher Courts ordered an investigation. They found disturbing things including desecrated graves, evidence of odd summoning rituals (in a town with no Magicians), and a hand-transcribed copy of the [The Malleus Maleficarum](#).

Quiet, secret trials were held. Many of those who survived the pox and the winter did not live to see then end of Spring. The authorities, clearly concerned about hysteria, sealed the documents and pardoned those who were not beyond redemption with the order that they never speak of what happened that winter.

## Rhode Island

Rhode Island was founded on the radical idea of religious freedom—not just freedom to worship the way the Puritans want you to. Rhode Island is New England without the fire and brimstone (it is also cheerfully welcomes Quakers, Jews, and even more “marginal” religions on principal. Witchcraft, although not a crime, is not considered a *religion* and is not given the absolute protection conferred by the statutory freedom of worship).

It’s free in other ways too—by far the smallest of the colonies, Rhode Island has never quite been able to shake the reputation of being more of a hide-out or hangout, than an actual government. Its aggressive support of ah... privateering doesn’t help matters.

### The Exeter Consumption

Tuberculosis—the Consumption—was one of the early plagues that wracked the colonists (small pox was another), sometimes decimating entire townships. Tuberculosis came to Exeter Rhode Island in the late 1770’s when the Stuvant family’s eldest daughter Sarah fell ill and died.

The disease spread, claiming one family member after another, and then it began to afflict the surrounding townspeople. This would have been simply another story of epidemic (it was not unusual for disease to spread, unchecked, in Colonial America), but the Exeter Consumption had strange symptoms. First, the subject had terrible nightmares—dreams of being visited in the night by terrifying beings, sometimes wearing the faces of the dead. Second, and more tellingly, when the ailing were *moved* away from Exeter they improved, sometimes recovering completely.

The formal investigation records are sealed, but it is known that following an inquiry from Providence officials, a procession, led by a Minister exhumed the Stuvant family cemetery and found them perfectly preserved—even a bit bloated—and full of warm blood.

The cemetery was razed, the bodies burnt and the ashes buried in iron pots, but since that time, there have been reports of strange noises at night and every so often, the odd, Exeter Consumption will reappear in the remote areas, claiming more men and women for the earth.

### **The Odd Correspondences of Author Charles Dexter Pym**

Dr. Charles Pym was a renowned Providence physician in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century. Although reclusive and sickly, he was known for his gentle bedside manner, excellent skills and care, and his voluminous correspondence with a number of notables including local (and not-so-local) political figures, writers, lawyers, and other medical professionals.

Doctor Pym died of intestinal cancer in the early 1930's, and his estate (willed to the Providence City Library) included several volumes of letters he had written and received. While the letters were initially considered important cultural artifacts an examination of them revealed something peculiar.

Charles Pym wrote on many issues—everyday news, political and social commentary, and so forth. With two confidants identified only by their initials (H.L. and E.P.), he discussed something else—insight into an invisible world. These letters describe his interest in the power of dreams to reveal what he thought to be a co-existing alternate universe; one that was at once fanciful and horrifically nightmarish.

His confidants seemed convinced of the reality of this world as well, and their correspondence (covering more than 8 years, at the end of his life), discusses their exploration of the world, the things they learned there, and the dangers they faced.

This rich, fantasy life (Magicians who are familiar with both magic and “possible” worlds have studied the letters, and agree that they seem to be pure imagination, conforming to no known cosmology) would be dismissed as compelling, if eccentric fiction except for one thing:

Charles Pym correctly predicted, to the hour, the time of his own death (He would be leaving, he stated, his current ‘home’ and visiting his friends in the dream world).

Since his death, the discovery and analysis of his letters, and further investigations, his house and the cemetery he is interned in have become tourist attractions of sorts—a meeting ground for those troubled by strange dreams who suspect his rich descriptions of bleak mesas and veiled things on ancient thrones may have been more than mere speculation.

### **Newport Privateers**

Rhode Island has a reputation for being a haven for pirates; this is largely deserved—Rhode Island, as a small and relatively weak state made extensive use of Privateers (mercenary ships) for both military and sometimes economic defense (supposedly targets would be only French and Spanish ships).

Newport, especially, is a rough and transient port that has a reputation for asking few questions about its guests. In fact, the line between fisherman, privateer, and pirate is a blurry one. Many privateers find honest work when the mood strikes them, and many fishermen find particularly lucrative contracts hard to resist in tough times.

Newport is a center for this kind of activity—a tough, dangerous seaport, where secrecy and lenience allow for a variety of shadowy enterprises. It also has a romantic aspect as well—real privateers are honorable; men of principal—they protect the weak instead of preying on them. They fight as a militia navy, and they pay the price of being forever hunted by maritime authorities. There

are very few men who live up to the ideal, but Newport has a reputation for being a place where anything can be found if one looks hard enough.

### **The Old Stone Mill**

The Stone Tower (known locally as the Old Stone Mill), is a mystery—located in Newport off Bellevue Avenue in Touro Park, it is a simple, very old tower some three stories high, with its base, an arrangement of arches held by eight columns. There are windows within the tower, but it, itself, is hollow.

Who built it, and for what purpose (Mill? Watchtower? Temple? – All of these have been suggested) are unknown. Although the earliest settlers make no mention of it in their writings (suggesting that it must have been constructed since then), by the time it is mentioned, it is already a mystery—who built this? Where did it come from?

## **Connecticut**

Connecticut is blessed by geography falling directly between places that everyone wants to live but can't afford (New York and Boston). As such it has enjoyed a largely peaceful and prosperous history. Connecticut is the ideal home for quiet corporations that do not actively engage in trade, manufacture goods, or woo consumers (Hartford in both the Dreamworld and this one is the center of the Insurance universe).

It is also the home for the wealthy of New York and Boston with large families or the desire for great, pastoral estates. Connecticut has several small train-lines and waterway ferries that connect its outback with the world's commerce centers.

Socially Connecticut prides itself on being more progressive than Massachusetts, while still being more conservative than just about any place else.

## **New Hampshire**

New Hampshire is the sixth of the New England states. Trade was important to the survival of early New Hampshire and it acquired a reputation for delivering quality crafts including woodworking and ship building. That tradition is carried on today, with the creation of precision machines including clocks, arms and munitions, and components of steamships and zeppelins.

Socially New Hampshire is not as restrictive as Massachusetts nor as open as Rhode Island. They accept a plurality of Christian faiths (no Catholics or Quakers, please), with the exception of uprisings here and there; they tend to keep their moralizing to themselves.

## **The Middle**

The Middle Colonies are, perhaps, the ones that a visitor from The Dream would find the most familiar. Wealth is concentrated in the cities; cars line the streets (although many are powered by Spirit Engines), and telephone and telegraph systems provide instant communication to even the suburban areas. Men dress in suits and ties to go to work. Women, when they work (for most, even in the progressive,



cosmopolitan 'middle,' are employed as homemakers) wear dresses and blouses.

Across the Middle Colonies (as in the north—but less so by the south) education is mandatory for children. Literacy rates are high and the average citizen prides himself on knowledge of the political and philosophical issues of the day. Newspapers (the New York Times, for example) have a global perspective and tend to shy away from colloquial and regional reporting. The major cities (New York, and Philadelphia) employ mass-transit systems unseen outside of Atlanta's Marta and heavy industry provides a significant portion of the Middle's economy.

The Middle is the home of the Continental Congress, the federal governing body of the 13 Colonies (and the home of the President). Throughout the colonies the institution of public debate has carried own and the Middle (as well as the South) expects much of its leaders.

### **Life in the Middle Colonies**

Day-to-day life in the Middle Colonies is a lot like life in The Dream's America in the 50's. The day begins with a ringing alarm clock and usually arrives early at the office (often an office building) or a factory. Radio shows provide mass entertainment across the middle (and are less popular—or even seen as offensive—in the North and South). The standard element of work on the desktop is the typewriter and many families (especially in suburbia) own a single car (dual car families are rare).

There is a sense of gender inequity (women tend towards traditional as do men) but it isn't as socially rigid as it might be. Women can and do work in the police forces, serve in diplomatic roles, and even work in the Colonial Armed Forces (which are based out of Philadelphia).

In the Suburban areas magical mutations are rare (and shunned). The communities outside of the gothic New York or progressive, sparkling Philadelphia tend towards WASPish, human communities and half-breeds are not welcome.

The creation of the true Suburban Class is native to the middle: in the North there are cities (which have heavy industries) and rural communities. In the Middle the suburbs are a place where the working class enjoys leisure (there is no middle class in the South and in the North leisure is seen as a dereliction of duty by many).

<b>Job</b>	<b>Salary</b>	<b>Notes</b>
<b>Stock Broker</b>	<b>45,000/yr</b>	<b>The big firms use precognition (to little effect). The smaller ones sometimes (illegally and unhealthily) enter into dark contracts.</b>
<b>Secretary</b>	<b>15,000/yr</b>	<b>A senior secretary can earn 4x that much. Jobs involve typing letters, making coffee, and filing.</b>
<b>Junior Office Worker</b>	<b>25,000/yr</b>	<b>A vast variety of jobs are encompassed in this. All of them require a 2 or 4 year degree.</b>
<b>Office Worker</b>	<b>50,000/yr</b>	<b>Mid-level office workers are the staple of the suburban middle class.</b>
<b>Union Labor</b>	<b>50,000/yr</b>	<b>In the cities where there's heavy industry, the unions ensure that even basic laborers make a living (and a good) wage.</b>

## **The Colonies**

### **New York**

While New York City began life as a Dutch colony, and New York is a middle state, it is really like nowhere else. The center of the financial world—worldwide—lies in New York. The home of the metropolis, however, has an 'upstate' that owes more to the North than the Middle. Sleepy hamlets and small towns dot the countryside. What makes Upstate New York different from New England is the diversity—throughout New York there is a higher degree of later immigrants than almost anywhere else (especially the Irish). These people have a cultural identity that wasn't forged four-hundred years ago based on theological differences with the Church of England.

#### **New York, New York (aka Gotham aka New Amsterdam)**

Manhattan got its start in 1626 when Dutch colonist Peter Minuit purchased it from the Angoliquin Indians for about \$24.00 (and that was a formality: there was already a fort on the island and the Indians were in little position to argue). It was a corporate colony under the Dutch West India Company and there were monetary incentives to bring colonists (cows paid for, groups of 50 or more got special compensation, etc.) It supposed to produce agricultural goods for export—but that wasn't quite how it turned out.

New York (then, of course, New Amsterdam) grew from a major port to a major city—and then to a true metropolis: becoming the icon of Western Progress. It boasts the Empire State Building, the tallest building in the world. At the mouth of the bay stands the Statue of Liberty (almost identical in size to the Colossus of Rhodes—110ft for the Colossus, 111' 1" from heel to head for lady liberty). It is renowned for its soaring art deco skyscrapers, for streets and avenues adorned with gothic monsters, for its intestinal subway system so twisted that some lines have been lost for over a century, and for its barrios and ethnic 'towns' each alive with the spirits of another place.

It is a city that remembers its origins: a sometimes-dark place with crumbling artifacts as a testament to human pride. It is a city that is looking to the future with one of the largest collections of progressive intellectuals anywhere (especially in the north). It is a place with groundbreaking plays, the largest and most experienced metropolitan police force on the planet, and the nexus of international economic blood-flow.

#### **The Empire State Building**

Iconic in stature, the so-called 8<sup>th</sup> Wonder of the World was begun March 1930 and completed a lightning-fast 14 months later. It is massive in proportion: over 10,000 square feet of imported marble make the lobby below its 1454-foot height. With 102 stories, weighing 365 thousand tons, it has 73 elevators, 1860 steps from the street to the top, and 70 miles of water-pipes (over 400 miles of electrical wire!). It is an art deco masterpiece and at its top is the mooring spire for dirigibles (the *Jules Verns Express* runs nightly zeppelin tours from the roof, over the city for \$300.00)

Towering over the city known to some inhabitants as Gotham for its dark architecture and brooding atmosphere, the Empire State Building has been considered haunted since a single button push ignited her lights. There is a sense of watchfulness both within and around the building—as its shadow cuts across the city, those within it say they can *feel* the hour—the presence of the building—without looking at a clock. Unlike normal haunting, the Empire State Building is inhabited, some say, by the colonies' Zeitgeist. Workers who have serviced the structure for decades swear they speak to the building and that it answers in the groans of the foundation or the knocking of the pipes.

It is said that a coin dropped from the top would imbed itself in the cement—but that won't happen: the airflows around the building would sweep it into one of the many crevices and channels worked into its outer skin. Some have postulated that the building might do the same for a person—but it has never been proven.

### **Monsters in the Architecture**

Where the city isn't art deco it's gothic. Whether it's imps at Gramercy Park, seahorses, mermaids, and gargoyles on Wall Street, or lions and eagles on Madison Avenue the city is adorned with monsters. There is some evidence that the presence of these on the outside keep spirits away from the interior—however it is very certain that such stone shapes can become *inhabited*. The NYPD has a division devoted to tracking and controlling animations: architecture come alive (and often hungry). While not 'common' it is sufficiently dangerous that on some nights of the year people shy away from the buildings where evil looking things leer down from overhead and grotesques adorn the rooftops.

### **A Vampire at 142 Bond Street?**

The 142 Bond Street Salon is run by Mlle. Evelyn Claudine de Saint-Évremond, the daughter of a famous courtier and once-favorite of Marie Antoinette. She is known for her wit, style, and flair. She is well over 200 years old. Her house is a private club: a place for elegant dining, high-stakes gambling, witty banter, and ... ladies. Despite over seventy charges for prostitution, nothing she has continued to run a house where beauties from Paris and London (often fresh off the boats) are available as escorts to the gentlemen patrons. Many have even secured wealthy husbands there. The true secret of her seeming immortality is unknown. She travels in refined circles and with protection. Her enigmatic smile is the only official answer to such questions.

### **Lost Subways**

There is no more extensive subway system in the world than in New York. Contending with choked streets since the 1800's, miles and miles of underground railway systems have been built—and lost. The Port Authority is responsible for keeping them clean and as they run deep underground, this is no easy feat. Albino Frog-like mutations live in the depths, multi-colored serpents slide along corridors where the trains don't run and some lines (like the infamous Long Island Railroad running under Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn Heights) have been lost for over 100 years!

The deep subways, out of sight of New York's inhabitants, and often eerily vacant and abandoned, have become a conduit for the flow of the Deeps. Some theorize that whatever veins carry the flow of magic to the world run as underground rivers that spill invisible essence into the catacomb like tunnels below New York. Above ground alleys don't open into chambers inhabited by dragons—but underneath the city they may. It is said that on Halloween the dead hold parades and drums and processions are heard (sometimes they are heard by the unfortunate passengers on broken down trains trapped in the dark). Other rumors tell of special trains made to carry gold from bank-vault to bank-vault that have vanished in the twisted corridors).

### **The New York Public Library**

New York Public Library: with 85 branch libraries and 4 research facilities is the largest of its kind. Combined the Lenox private collection (including the first Gutenberg Bible brought to the states) and the Astor library (created by John Astor, the then wealthiest man in America). The main branch has over 75 miles of stacks both above and below ground.

#### ***Lord Astor and Lady Lenox (Patience and Fortitude)***

Two majestic marble lions stand at the Beaux-Arts building of The New York Public Library at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street in Manhattan. Named after the founders (given the names of virtues during tough economic times) these are two Daylight Automatons. Patience guards the south side and Fortitude the north entrance. They were long suspected of being animate during the night—but on March 15<sup>th</sup> 1940 they moved, in public, for the first time. They are not aggressive (and they do not threaten guests so long as they are well behaved) but their massive, elegant marble bodies can be seen sprawled on the steps, padding back and forth (silent for their multi-ton weight) or greeting travelers with an

inquisitive sniff. While they are overwhelming for first-time visitors, New Yorkers have come to live with them and pass by without so much as a second glance.

***Division's 1200 Incunabula***

The closed stacks (not available to the public) of the rare books collection includes De Bry prints, notable collections of Shakespeare, Isaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*, Whitney collection of early English cookbooks, and other rare books. However, it is said that deep underground in one of the labyrinthine chambers is the 1200 Incunabula Collection. It is a series of books and artifacts that should not exist: forbidden texts on magic. Books printed only in The Dream (or other realities with most definitely should not exist!), books penned by the greats *after* their recorded deaths, and so on. It is certain that when the proper authorities (the Continental Congress, parts of the NYPD, etc.) ask, the librarians have great resources available and many unusual (and dangerous) collections.

***Charles K. Dillard's Death Lights***

In 1951 the vanity press collection of Charles K. Dillard was donated by his will to the New York Public Library. Dillard had been a little known writer whose works were never published in the mass market but had a following amongst North East Intellectuals. He was known as an angry, often-violent man with a gift for subtle and disturbing prose. His final work, *Death Lights* came to the library in with his collection and promptly vanished. It has been reported at various locations in the library moving (it seems) from stack to stack and even branch office to branch office. It is the specter of death: those running across it (usually library personnel, who fear its rumored existence) are believed to be in mortal peril in the next two days. Its presence is said to coincide with cold spaces, creeping feelings of being watched, and glimpsed movement of black-cloaked things that surround it like pallbearers. When reports of it surface the library is known to make quiet, discrete arrangements for ghost hunters to come and deal with it.



### The Manors

After acquiring New Amsterdam from the Dutch, the English governors carved up the territory into large tracts of land into manors—almost medieval fiefdoms in which the landlord had near total control over those who lived there.

This set the stage for the New York dynasties—the rich, powerful families that controlled, and to this day control the bulk of New York’s commerce, resources, and political stance. The Livingstons, Schuylers, De Lanceys, and Van Cortlandts are still recognized, respected, and extraordinarily powerful.

In the medieval world, the Lord of the Manor had more than just money and authority—his power came from the medieval ideology and that is where America (in general) and New York (in specific) diverge. In the world of the 13 colonies, the Revolution never came, but that doesn’t mean that the forces that brought it about don’t exist.

A long history of Anti-rent Riots (often more structured rebellion than riot) and other acts of civil or even uncivil disobedience temper the landlord’s authority. The people of New York have never quite cast off their chains and expelled the loyalists they way they did in the Dream World, but neither have they been crushed and dominated.

Today, the tenants may have very little official power, but their Landlords ignore the town-meetings and representatives of the tenant-farmer groups at their own peril. The system is not perfect, but it maintains a delicate balance that is in many ways an operational democracy even if it is not a theoretical one.

### The Catskills

Another factor, perhaps, that limits the Landlord’s power is that they very clearly do not *control* their land. There is a saying that in New York, even the Shallows are Deep, and by that they mean that the wilderness and the bizarre madness that follows it comes on fast in the Empire State.

The Catskills are just such an example—a strange balance between relaxing summer homes for the urban rich and the ‘locals’—understated men and women who live year-round in the sparse, seasonal retreats. Although these great tracts are officially the property of one family or another, they are virtually wild, and rumors of displaced witch-cults from the Northeast and even stranger things abound.

Travelers are advised to enjoy the slow, laidback hospitality of the small towns and summer inns, but not to stray or pry—they’re warned to leave stones unturned.

### The Invisible World

Although it is not generally known (and even more rarely talked about) upstate New York is large a domain of the

### The Revolution Revisited By Dr. Arnold Frakes

From what we know of The Dream, the American Revolution was the major societal turning point that led to the separation from England and the eventual realization of Manifest Destiny and the creation of a North American superpower.

*In The Dream this was allowed to happen due to certain sympathies to the colonists in Parliament, the difficulty of waging a war across the Atlantic Ocean, the dedication of the colonial troops, and a few good and lucky decisions by General George Washington. While the exact causes (and the veracity of the above) are difficult for us to divine, we have records (read in dreams, salvaged from the Deeps, and granted by the Zeitgeists)*

*In our world the conflict was far less simple: the colonies sit on the artery of magic—for a colony, even an English colony, to hold such a position was acceptable.*

*For a nation, it was not. The Independence War proved to the world that the Colonies could resist any single nation's attempt to completely control them—while we found ourselves, in title mostly, under Britain's rule we had proved to the world that the colonies could be independent.*

*That was all it took. In the early stages of our Independence War France became involved (this was due to strategic diplomatic pressure exercised by the colonies Benjamin Franklin). The result was instant: England realized that they could not allow France to become the owner of the colonies (as did Spain, the Empire, and other European powers).*

*Poised on the brink of total war, The Great Compromise was struck: the colonies remained under the flag of England but the harsh controls were eased.*

*Fey*—fairies, pixies, and other ancient spirits. By and large, they live beyond the sight and notice of mankind, but there are remote places that they guard jealously and once in a very long time, an elf or sprite, or other strange spirit will come upon humankind with a grievance or a request.

Although these creatures are not evil in direct spiritual sense, they lack a conventional morality and can have terrifyingly cruel or even psychotic sense of humor. Those who know them find the disturbing at best, terrifying at worst, and best avoided in almost all cases.

### **Niagara**

Upstate, far from the coast and the city, New York borders the Great Lakes and the Niagara Falls. These are firmly within the shallows, and they are well under the influence of magic. The Falls and the Lakes are nexuses of magical energy, each with its own retinue of spirits. The Falls are oracles; the lakes, portals.

### **Delaware**

Just as Maryland is about as far north as you can go and still be in the South, Delaware is as far south as you can go and still be in the Middle: Delaware is not New England. And in much the same way that Maryland is a mix of both North and South sensibilities, so Delaware is a combination of the middle-colonies' progressive outlook and the Southern colonies' rural economy.

Delaware has also embraced the industrial revolution, and is the home of some of the most innovative and important chemical industries including Dupont.

### **New Jersey**

New Jersey, much like Connecticut, profits from location. In this case, its proximity to both New York and Pennsylvania make it a key location those with the means to do business in both places, but the desire to live in neither.

Jersey has its own industry and its own advance economy (supporting a variety of agricultural, industrial, and financial concerns, but it is also a successful vacation resort town—the mirror image of the Catskills, with beautiful coastal resorts and quiet beachfront communities that come alive in the summer and hibernate from fall to spring.

### **The Jersey Devil**

New Jersey, being a narrow, costal colony is about as sane as any colony is likely to be. The forces of magic are generally tame there; under control. But not always. In 1735, a woman named Leeds gave birth to her thirteenth child—and instead of a human, it was a hideous creature.

Descriptions vary, but it has the head of an animal, bat's wings, and cloven hooves. Some say it has a reptilian or rat-like tail. Other say it has hooks for hands.

There are a few facts that *can* be agreed upon—it is incredibly tough; difficult enough to hurt (even with shotguns) and almost impossible to kill. It is also cyclic, awakening and coming forth to devour children and young women of marriageable age. Once awake, it will continue to terrorize the community (South Jersey) until it is wounded badly enough that it is driven back. It usually stays away 100 years or so before it returns.

Over they years and decades and centuries, several expeditions have been launched to find the Devil and *capture* it, ending its reign of terror once and for all. Most have found

nothing—a few have disappeared. There is a documented account of one case in which the creature was captured while it was rampaging—caught in powerful metal-cable nets.

The details are unknown because none of the capturing party survived, but it is clear that while the Devil, itself, was contained, something even *more* powerful came in the night, freeing the Jersey Devil and consuming its captors.

### **Atlantic City**

Just off the New Jersey Turnpike is Atlantic City—the largest gambling emporium in the New World and the second largest world wide (Monte Carlo beats it barely). It boasts a dazzling array of casinos down its strip: brilliant lights, showgirls, magic shows, and casinos. It also has the dubious honor of being the premier vice den of the 13 Colonies.

Every one of the seven sins can be indulged in Atlantic City: wrath in underground arenas, lust in the neon-lined bordellos, gluttony in the buffets, greed and envy in the glittering gambling parlors, and so on. It is a major target for the northern church and a constant strain on the police forces that must control it. There is dark magic under the surface in Atlantic City (paradoxically one of the brightest lit metropolises in the world) and nothing signifies this like the Soul Bet.

### **The Soul Bet**

Gambling is a disease, and when it runs its course in Atlantic City the victim is often left without even shards of self-control. When a man is down on his luck, plunged into debt, and chasing the dream of winning, that's when the *Operators* come into play. They might appear as other gamblers, seductive women, or even employees of legitimate casinos. They know what its like to lose—they can sympathies. They can also hook you up with one of the hole-in-the-wall illegal loan houses—one of the sinkholes in the moral fabric of the world. Exactly how it works varies—and who is behind it is a source of much debate—but the sucker is given a contract, and glittering stacks of money, for a marker against his soul.

There are sciences for extracting the essence of a person—for bottling his soul (this is sometimes done as a sort of twisted "life insurance policy" by criminals). These leave a shallow husk of a person—an intellect with no great drive or passion ... and often a resonant streak of evil or cruelty in its place. The Soul Houses don't take the soul right away—they put a lien on it. The person is said to feel a tug in his very heart, a hook in his chest and thread that leads elsewhere. The mark has until dawn to pay off his marker—or he dies. A soul goes for about \$4,000.00 usually, but its all up to what the mark is willing to pay. *The Operators* and their men in the soul houses (invariably closed and empty if the mark returns with the police) will pay much greater sums for rich men's souls.

### **The Fun House**

A hotel-casino that was built by organized crime and is rumored to have a whole graveyard of victims buried in its foundations. It has a carnival theme and a bad history. Suicides are swept under the rug, staff tend to quit after a few years of the graveyard shift, people check in and don't check out. Its gambling floors are twisted halls—what looks like a blind corridor has slot machines glimmering in the darkness. Behind a staff door is a private Black Jack room. The sub-basement—the last button on the elevator is a members only private poker house where the suits on the cards are each a small picture of some form of debauchery.

The Fun House's front is friendly and normal enough: it has a reputation for having big pay-outs (and these are somewhat deserved). The tales that circulate, however, are that the secret rooms and hidden machines in its belly are where the major action is. It could only exist in Atlantic City: a massive human Venus flytrap for humans. The police will tell you (truthfully) that there are no more verified disappearances in The Fun House than anywhere else. Jersey Gambling Commissions have never found anything amiss. In fact, the Fun House Management actually hire *fewer* ghost hunters or investigators than other comparably sized hotels.

But the locals don't believe that—they'll tell you about the couple that stayed there for their honeymoon ... and left ... but they left empty-eyed and shambling and were found soon after, their car pulled to the side, their bodies lifeless. They'll tell you about the friend of a friend who, invited to an *"important"* card game went in, searching the lower levels, called from a house phone to say he had found it, and never returned. They'll tell you about the 13<sup>th</sup> floor where the elevator doesn't stop—and who stays there.

## Pennsylvania

Founded by the Penn family heir (who had converted to Quakerism) it was to be a place of religious freedom that even the other colonies didn't enjoy (the Quakers, who rejected even the Puritan's reliance on ritual were prosecuted in the early colonial era). It is a gorgeous expanse of land and the birthplace of Western Democracy.

At the present time of the 13 Colonies it is the home of Philadelphia and one of the most populous and prosperous colonies in the New World.

### Philadelphia PA

The home of government both in The Dream and in the 13 Colonies, Philadelphia is the seat of government for the Continental Congress. It is, to an observer, a very modern city: glass high-rises soar overhead. The colonies only working monorail winds through town (a gift from The World of Tomorrow). Where New York (the colonial seat of commerce) is an ancient gothic metropolis, Philadelphia has been built and rebuilt in the name of progress.

### The Continental Congress (1774)

In Carpenter's Hall, on October 5<sup>th</sup>, delegates from 12 of the 13 colonies (all but Georgia) met to discuss grievances with the crown. At the time, the idea of succession was rejected as overly radical (although import and export restrictions against England were agreed upon). As within The Dream, this was a preliminary meeting—a sense of things to come.

In April of 1775, after skirmishes at Lexington and Concord, the second Congress convened. It was here that the Colonial Army was created (under General George Washington). It would be the next year (1776) that the Declaration of Independence was adopted.

The Congress began as a loose, weak government. In The Dream, after the Revolutionary War with things starting to spin out of control its members realized that they had a chance to create a state—a great experiment—that would forge a new nation founded on the principles of self-determination, liberty, and justice.

In the world of the 13 Colonies, this did not happen the same way although the spirit was, and still is, the same—the colonies; in the year 2000 are every bit as dedicated to those fundamental principles as their founding fathers were.

### Colonial Marshals

Within the Colonies the CBI has the general responsibility for cross-boarder investigation. Outside the colonies appointed Colonial Marshals are the law (especially in the Shallows). Marshals are either full time members of the Secret Service (the personal protectors of the Colonial Congress) or appointed from a variety of posts (military police or even long-standing local police).

A Marshal, once given a writ has the full support of the federal government. Unlike the CBI, when a Marshal is assigned to a case, he can compel cooperation from the state's authorities. Marshals can also authorize surveillance and otherwise bend rules.

An activated Marshal means that someone in the colonial government thought that the situation warranted the "big guns."

### **The Declaration of Independence**

*"When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation."* Thus begins one of the most important documents in both worlds. In *The Dream* it was the match that ignited the war with England. In the world of the 13 Colonies it sparked a war—but of smaller scale.

### **The Independence War**

Unlike *The Dream*, when the colonies went to war with England, the result was a few quick battles followed by a standoff. The prevailing theory in both Europe and America was that, while the colonies could be *taken* by England, they could not be *kept*. The European powers realized that the land would become the focal point for a world war (The Great War happened almost 200 years later—but the clear vision of the Independence War represented was enough to stay their hand in 1776). After a few unexpected victories on each side the war was over: the French Fleet was turned back by the British Navy, and the colonies won the right of self-rule while still paying homage to the English Flag.

### **The Colonial Bureau of Investigation**

In a large, but non-descript building in downtown Philadelphia is the CBI building. The CBI is the federal police force that operates across colonial boundaries. Its agents are known for their training and their solemn, sometimes arrogant demeanor.

**Local Force Liaison:** CBI Agents often get assigned to work for a period of time with a colonial police force—this is to promote cross training and (hopefully) improve relations between the forces. Usually it's tense at first.

**Special Agents:** The staple of the CBI, Special Agents are well trained and usually armed with high tech weapons (SMG's, pump shotguns, etc.) Many have special magical training.

**Jurisdiction:** The CBI can't just "come in and take over." They get writs of Jurisdiction from the colonies governors on a case-by-case basis. They have almost complete authority in the Middle but in the North and South it's much touchier.

### **Today**

Today, the British influence on the Colonies is nominal. The Colonies are technically considered part of the United Kingdom, but in practice virtually all decisions are made locally and the Colonies are expected to provide for their own protection.

London's rule is felt mainly in the form of taxes and tariffs and her navy's control of international waters. The weight of distant taxation (with limited representation) remains a sticking point; an issue to which there has never been a satisfactory resolution.

The Colonies rely on England for protection from the other European powers; if the Revolution came today, it is generally agreed that they would be successful in throwing off the yolk of British rule. Afterward, though, they would be vulnerable to other foreign conquest.

### **Sights to see in Philadelphia**

The seat of power, Philadelphia PA is the site of The Mall (a collection of governing bodies) as well as other historic sights related to the formation of the Colonial Government. The Historical District (where the Congress meets) has been maintained: a swath of low brick buildings on rolling green lawns. Surrounding the District, however, are the economic symbols of might that have become the symbol of the Middle States: glass walled skyscrapers, gleaming plazas, sparking fountains, and boulevards and avenues with white statues of the great thinkers that drove the engines of the colonies' governments.

### **Pennsylvania Street Hospital**

Founded in 1751 by Dr. Thomas Bond and Benjamin Franklin, it is a sprawling brick complex on Pine Street with a high wall around it. While it was created both for the

treatment of the sick poor and the care of "lunaticks" it became, in the years, primarily known for the latter. Down below street level in the extensive dungeons the Asylum levels became dedicated to the study of insanity. The cavern-like levels under the street stretch out like roots of a strange tree. There are wards where the people interned see into other world's futures. There are chambers for the containment of mad magicians. There have been several scandals and some of the underground wings have been sealed due to "treacherous vapors" said to have escaped from "unorthodox treatment." Today it is a far more sane organization (and a very reputable hospital) but its dark past remains, sealed, under the surface.

### **The Water Works**

William Penn envisioned the creation of Pennsylvania as a city with a great deal of greenery. The pump building was created to dispense water from the local rivers to hydrants and lawns of subscribers. The pump mechanisms proved unreliable and the Fraternal Order of the Arcane were brought in to see if it could be augmented. It worked—but the results were unexpected. The building is said to house a mystifying system of puzzle-like pumps and water gates. Maintenance is tricky: the twisted interior has catwalks that take the workers underground to the main pump-systems but to get up to the tower requires moving through paths that are less well known. The Fraternal Order of the Arcane maintains maps and notes—but has often been reluctant to give them to outsiders.



### **The Mall**

The Mall is an expanse of green lawn surrounded by observatories. The observatories don't examine the sky but instead are trained on alternate realities. There is one "observatory" for each of the realities listed (besides the degenerate ones). The Zeitgeists reside within them—and can sometimes walk outside.

## The South

Heading south towards the Tropic of Capricorn the line of demarcation that separates the Middle Colonies from the southern ones is the Mason Dixon line: a 233 mile artificial boundary line marked off in 1768 by Royal British Astronomers Mason and Dixon. It separates the boarder of Delaware and Pennsylvania from Maryland and Virginia.

The stones that mark the line are not only a legal border but mark a change in the society that lies on both parts of the line. In *The Dream*, the Mason Dixon line was the point where slavery ended—here it is where the Southern way of life begins (and has endured for over 400 years).

### Life in the Southern Colonies

The Southern Colonies, Virginia, Maryland, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, are still, as they have always been—predominantly rural and agricultural. They are the breadbasket of the 13 Colonies, supplying food to New England and the Middle, and still exporting massive amounts of produce.

To have any power in Southern Governments one must own land, but it doesn't require much. Independent farms have it tough, but making good use of even an acre is enough to qualify for the status of gentleman.

### The Great Houses

In the South political and economic might is intractably connected to the land. Unlike the middle where wealth is concentrated in the cities and the more economically egalitarian north where wealth is spread more or less evenly throughout, the money and power in the south exists on the plantations. The Great Houses own most of the best land, running vast farms and exporting tons of grain and cotton. If any of the New World can be said to have an aristocracy, the South is the home of dynastic aristocrats.

But even here, where family and history are paramount, the power is not all in the hands of the Families. Popular assemblies give the small farmers and independent businessmen a voice in government. There are also subtle complexities to the economic structure that make it difficult for even the most powerful families to control everything—The South's dependence on summonsed labor places power in the hands of the Magicians—a group notoriously difficult to control. This uneasy balance of power, where the Landlords hold almost all of the cards has lasted and is now accepted.

### On Mason and Dixon

Noted historian Thomas Pynchon has given us the definitive account of Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon's exploits while surveying the line. A fascinating and accurate read in its own right, here are some of the highlights:

1. The Mason-Dixon line was designed to settle a land dispute between the Penn and Calvert families (between which there is still little love lost today). The stones bear both seals.
2. In the years since its construction, the line has become the only artificial ley-line in existence. Buildings that have crossed its boarders have become severely haunted, unlucky, or unstable, whereas forest areas that grow around it have become treacherous and tangled. Major roads and railways cross it without difficulty, however.
3. Mason (a laconic and morose astronomer) was a perfect counterpart to Dixon (an experienced land surveyor) who was evicted by his hometown Quakers for "drinking to excess."
4. During their travels they were mistaken for necromancers and sorcerers. This was a misconception. Mason had a background in Astrology while Dixon was, at best, an amateur summonser. The work was done with five instruments - two transits and two reflecting telescopes and, most important, a zenith sector, a relatively new device designed for astronomical observation.

## The Aristocratic Life

### A Young Ladies Finishing Academy

A concept which does not apply much in the north, Finishing Schools (*"where you go to get finished"*) are a staple of southern life for young women (men, of course, have strong rules of etiquette as well!)

#### Rules for Conduct

1. *Be Humble*
2. *Be Courteous*
3. *Behave yourself*
4. *Be friendly*

#### Dos and Don'ts

1. Always ask (never tell—the asking is a covert demand!)
2. Please and Thank you are a must
3. Ladies don't eat large amounts in public or call men on the phone
4. Never wear white shoes or carry a white handbag before Easter or after Labor Day

proud.

Tutors, often imported from The Continent, handle education for the upper classes and the curriculum is heavily tilted toward the classics, often emphasizing ancient languages and world history. The Families maintain expensive connections with the European gentry as much as possible struggling to keep up with styles and fashions from across the ocean.

### Labor

The great plantations would not be possible without cheap labor. Some of this comes from prisoners—in fact, the South is the home of many work-farms and penal colonies that cheerfully accept imports from the other colonies and around the world. But that alone would not be enough without the Help.

The Help refers to summonsed creatures—beasts of burden called by magicians and bound to tirelessly till the fields. In another world, they would have been slaves, but in this one, they are the children of magic. Even so, there are tensions. The Help must be intelligent—they cannot merely be machines—and they are immensely powerful. Because of this, even bound, there is always the threat that they may go rogue—rebel, or 'malfunction.'

This has happened, and the results, when it occurs, can be disastrous. Thus security—often private and many times, magical—is a great business in the Aristocratic South. Most plantations have their own private police forces. Many have small armies or even private intelligence services. Successful detective services are some of the highest profile businesses in the urban hubs like Charleston, South Carolina and Atlanta Georgia.

The massive wealth on the southern plantations (where work is predominately done by the poor and by magic) has created a vast culture of leisure and luxury. Men pride themselves on being perfect gentlemen while women work to become "southern ladies" with perfect manners.

Life in the Aristocratic South is a strange mixture of rural farming life, with its cycles and the humility of being close to and dependent on the land, and an almost European understanding of class and manners. The idea of a "right" to rule has been intellectually discredited, but one doesn't have to look very deep to find that the southern aristocratic classes still have it.

And like the Europeans, they accept responsibility along with those rights—a responsibility to the people they employ and govern and a responsibility to the Colony they live in. Many Southerners are fiercely loyal to their land; fiercely loyal, and fiercely



## The Poor

Even with the help, there is still a great need for low cost manual labor, and between the economic turmoil of the Middle, the strict conditions of the North, and the constant influx of immigrants, there is always a surplus of men and women with no skill to trade on and no dignity to lose by toiling in the fields. The South has a place for them and offers a subsistence life in long houses adjacent to the endless sea of leafy fields.



Here, discipline (imposed by the Plantation Bosses) and work are what matters. Education, where it exists, is minimal and life is hard. The Poor are not generally mistreated (troublemakers, especially unionizers may be made examples of) but there are no misconceptions about what is expected.

Education, where it exists, is minimal and life is hard. The Poor are not generally mistreated (troublemakers, especially unionizers may be made examples of) but there are no misconceptions about what is expected.

Laborers on independent farms have it easier—their landlords and employers have less leverage and so they have more power. For these people, yeoman farmers, a middle-class life is not out of reach so long as the farm does well, and the markets hold. This collective spirit keeps idea of democracy and freedom alive in the South.

## Magic

Magic—the summoning of help—is an integral part of Southern Life. Most families hire magicians and rely on them for a steady supply of labor. Even with the “family wizard,” most houses are forced to supplement their labor force during harvest with creatures summonsed by the Corporations run out of the Southern urban hubs.

This creates a shadow aristocracy of magic users that exists behind and below the gentry class. There is an ongoing dance of dependence and resentment between the family heads and the skilled, magical employees. The Corporations represent unions of magicians, while the practice of hiring and exclusively using a “family wizard” is an attempt to break the union’s hold.

The extensive use of magic also adds an element of instability. Powerful—physically powerful—magical creatures are necessary but dangerous. The threat of uncontrolled Help is as frightening to the aristocrats as the threat of a slave revolt was in the Dream World’s Old South.

Finally, Magicians and sensitives are required to interpret the needs and demands of the Land, itself. In the Southern Colonies, the Land is alive and intelligent, and for men to coexist with it, they must understand its needs. Because this is so valuable and integral, most families cultivate this skill within themselves, often in their daughters (who would not be chosen to run other parts of the business).

## The Land

Without Magic, the Land itself would be a blessing—it is practically endless, incredibly fertile, and all but flat, with plentiful irrigation and steady, mild weather. The addition of Magic does not change these things, but it adds another dimension—the Land, itself, has a memory and a perspective.

The nature of the Magic in the Land is debatable. Some scholars believe that what we refer to as 'The Land' is actually a network of spirits—spirits of this tree or that field, or that river, and so on, all acting in concert and 'speaking' (The Land communicates obliquely—it does not actually ever 'speak') as one.

Others see a more unified intelligence. They see the land as a sentient organism—made of many parts, but all of the same cloth.

From a practical standpoint, it doesn't matter—The Land, whatever it is, is a silent, subtle, but undeniable force in the Southern Colonies. It has expectations and ways of expressing its displeasure when they are not met.

Its first expectation is that it must be treated properly. Major construction, the development of farmlands, the damming of rivers, and other actions with significant environmental impacts are all investigate thoroughly and do not proceed with out the approval of the Land.

The second is that some of what it gives must be given back. This 'tithe' or 'sacrifice' is given as a burnt offering and is usually done in secret, remote places. It is an act of gratitude and humility—something that the Families are often loath to display.

Finally, the Land has an interest of sorts in the affairs of humans. This is poorly understood and difficult to interpret, but from time to time the Land will make requests or ask questions of its human interpreters that have no relationship to the agricultural work.

The Land speaks subtly. Only the most sensitive or well trained can hear it, and interpreting what it requires is as much a skill as a science. To hear it, one must be quiet and close to it and receptive, and then perceive. As the listener looks and feels, he or she will begin to notice patterns in nature around them—the behavior of animals, the tilt of tall grasses, the shadows of trees.

These things will not have changed suddenly—rather, they will always have been there, it is simply that they are being noticed. But as the listener notices and asks questions ('Land, may we dam this river?' or 'Land, may we clear this field?') the answers will subtly become apparent. Complicated answers are particularly difficult to interpret and some listeners may require days if the Land's response is more than a simple Yes or No.

There are also times when the Land will make demands—signaling its desire for contact with an abrupt or violent action, and then describing what it wants in its subtle, invisible language.

The presence of the Land is a constant factor in life in the South. It is one that is rarely discussed (never with strangers or in polite company), but integral, non-the-less.

## The Colonies

### Virginia

Virginia was the first and one of the greatest of the colonies. The South and Southern culture begins and is most perfectly realized in Virginia – what is true of Virginia is true to one extent or another of most of the Southern Colonies; like all of the Southern states Virginia is an agricultural land and like many, her cash crop is Tobacco.

#### Culture and Politics

Tobacco money underlies her political and social structures and although her cities are the centers of impressive commercial and political activity those who know Virginia know that the true power and real leadership flows from the Plantations. The South, in general and Virginia in specific has her aristocracy. To say that someone is a Southern Gentleman is to say that they have been bred and schooled to elite European standards. A Southern Gentleman comes from money and it has been years (Generations, they say) since he has had to work for it.

In the South it is important to know one's place—both for those who are born there and for those who visit. Protocol and manners are expected—even Northerners ought to know enough to hold a door for a lady. Improper English is embarrassing—vulgar language is unacceptable.

While many Europeans (especially the French) find America's absence of aristocracy fascinating and laudable, they often feel most at home in the lazy, gilded, ordered world the South.

A crude generalization of Southern Culture (one that is popular in many Northern states) holds that it is comparable the medieval world—Men and Summoned Spirits work the vast tracks of land like serfs of an earlier age, while their Lords look down from great, named manor houses (Mt. Vernon, Monticello). Meanwhile merchants and artisans labor in the cities—free men, certainly, but always aware of the debt they owe their betters.

There is some truth in this, but not complete truth. Virginia is not Medieval Europe and to think it was would not only be unfair—it would be wrong. Virginia, for all of her retrograde ways (cultivating the land is an ancient and demanding art—if it is done a certain way, under a certain structure, that is because it is the most efficient way to do it), is also the birthplace of freedom.

Public government began in Hampton Virginia, and some of its strongest advocates were the aristocratic statesmen who were utterly aware of the 'leveling affect' that education would have on the men of Virginia. Virginia is a land that jealously guards and greatly respects her personal freedoms. The strict social and religious rules of the Northeast are alien to them. So long as one does what one does *quietly* and without creating *offense* then it is nobody else's business.

Virginia expects a lot from her leaders—wealth comes with privilege, of course, but it also comes with obligation. Some of the greatest statesmen of all time have come from Virginia and they have made their mark on the state, the Colonies, and the world.

#### On Being a Proper Gentleman

1. Proper English, please – a man is judged by how well he is spoken. Manners can be feigned, but true breeding always comes through in one's tongue. A Gentleman will never allow a vulgar or foul word to pass his lips.
2. Proper Dress. Matching, Clean, and Pressed are a minimum. Hats off within buildings, please. And a Gentleman attends the details—nothing betrays poor breeding like scuffed shoes or an unmatched belt. Accessories should be minimized, but a Proper Gentleman is never without a pen, a lighter, and a monogrammed handkerchief.
3. Proper Treatment of a Lady. A Gentleman recognizes her presence by standing when she arrives or is excused. A gentleman always walks between a lady and the Street. A gentleman is generous and patient and when calling on her at home, pays respect first to her mother and then to her.

### Norfolk and Virginia Beach

Norfolk and Virginia Beach are important shipping and vacation sites, especially during the summer. Richmond, the capital, is quiet and reflective—some have described the city as a museum and even for the world of the Thirteen Colonies, there is a pervasive sense of history there.

### The Great Dismal Swamp

Inconveniently close to Hampton Roads (a major metropolitan area), forest becomes wetlands and then swamp. From the first, settlers resented such an obvious waste of valuable real estate, and in fact, two syndicates—the *Dismal Swamp Land Company* and the *Adventurers for Draining the Great Dismal Swamp* was formed for the purpose of turning into timber and farm land by none-other than George Washington, himself.

This began a battle that, 400 years later, is still not over. The Swamp has swallowed bridges, buildings, hundreds of men, and millions of dollars. Its boundaries have been marked by drainage ditches and by sandbags, and the men who live at its edge have formed an uneasy truce with it. The Swamp is ancient and strange. It is not just spirits or ghosts, or oddly shaped trees—men who have been deep into it and returned talk about find *masts* of ships... abandoned, rotting hulks, and other *anachronisms* that shouldn't exist this close to civilization.

### Ghosts

These are civilized lands (the Swamp aside). There are few monsters as such in Virginia, but there are many Ghosts. What's a grand old plantation house without its ghost (Re: Belle Grove or Chatham)? In most cases the idea of Ghosts add color—and for houses with long and complicated histories, some ghosts are inevitable, but in the deep countryside, things can get out of hand and sometimes the ghosts become real problems. Ghosts are the children of scandal and trauma—the *expression* of family secrets that ought to stay buried. And when they are created by truly depraved events they can be terrifyingly powerful, dragging the others after them.

As one explores the Deep Virginia countryside, one finds rotting mansions, abandoned to the spirits and secrets that haunt them. As one explores the city directories in small, prosperous towns like Lynchburg and Arlington, one finds small, professional Ghost Hunters who specialize in both troublesome spirits and absolute *discretion*.

#### Colonial Riddle:

Tittimus, tittimus, ti, toe, tee, Tie  
two tubs to two tall trees. How  
ma[n]y t's in that?

Answer: Two - in the word 'that!.'

### Roanoke

The first two attempts at colonizing Virginia were failures—the second is also a mystery. The disappearance of the colonist from Roanoke Island remains unsolved in any world. In the world of the thirteen colonies, the mystery has more sinister undertones. Roanoke island, itself remains sealed to the public. In the world of the thirteen colonies, the missing settlers left some trace of what happened—their desperation in the face of abandonment by the Crown and the onset of winter. They made a pact with the Windego, and in the end, they killed themselves, rather than face the reality of what they did. The details are still locked away, the island itself, an eerie, empty tomb site.

## Georgia

Georgia is the place they're talking about when they say the Deep South. Remote and disconnected from New England, and even the Middle colonies, Georgia is more a part of the Spanish world than it is of the English one. Those who live in Georgia understand the existence of

the more northward colonies, but they see them as being “over there” and not nearly as relevant as what goes on “over here.”

As the Spanish presence has all but disappeared from the New World, Georgia has become a peaceful place—wild in many parts, but the land and the men who live upon it generally live in harmony.

### **Atlanta**

Atlanta is the South's answer to New York: one of the most metropolitan urban centers that isn't marked by being a port town (like Norfolk and Charleston). Atlanta is a city of skyscrapers and mass transit (the MARTA runs just as it did in *The Dream*) but the 13 Colonies city of Atlanta is far different.

### **The Bank of Georgia**

The largest international bank, the Bank of Georgia is responsible for 14% of the money-changing between the South and Europe. It is a massive 200 year-old institution which has its own private fraud investigation team that works throughout the 13 Colonies under special contract with the government of Georgia (it doesn't have jurisdiction outside of Georgia but its agents often get cooperation).

### **The Atlanta Herald and Atlanta Examiner**

There is no more vicious newspaper rivalry in the colonies (or the world) than that between the Herald and the Examiner. Both have massive readerships throughout the colonies and through the south there are places where allegiance to one paper means readers of the other aren't welcome. Oddly, both cater to the southern aristocracy, hold similar views on economics, politics, and religion, and otherwise share a similar (to outsiders) editorial voice. Both papers have their homes in Atlanta and boast giant clock towers (the Herald's tower is 12 yards higher but the Examiner's has a broader face by 2.3 yards and is visible a further mile off). Both clocks famously keep time at 1.3 minutes slower (Herald) and faster (the Examiner) than the official Greenwich time. Adherents can often be told by their watches being off-set by their paper of choice.

### **The Old Morgue**

The Morgue contains the Lower Mausoleum that is the only "medical" research center for the undead in the world. Held in tight (and very modern) security, the multi-chambered 'morgue' is staffed by scientists, scholars, necromancers, and doctors. It is said to house vampires, skeletons, bottled ghosts, and things never seen outside of its magically reinforced concrete walls.

## **Maryland**

Maryland sits on the boarder between the cosmopolitan Middle and the Aristocratic South, both physically and culturally. Just south of Mason-Dixon, it technically qualifies as a Southern Colony, complete with a tobacco/agrarian economy, but also embracing the industrial strength of the north.

Maryland (particularly Baltimore) is also a railway and telegraph hub giving it a reputation as a state that's on everyone's agenda, but is no one's final destination.

## **North Carolina and South Carolina**

The Carolinas began as land grants to the men who became know as the *Lords Proprietors*. Unlike New York, where the land was given by the governor, the Carolinas were bequeathed by the King. Over time, the Carolina's connection to the throne has waned. These are regal states with their own aristocracy, but they are American states, and their aristocrats are Americans (people of the American lands—they are still, of course, technically under British rule).





The Mare Ibrum Express

## The West (The Frontier, The Shallows, and the Deeps)

The colonies, even the people who live there might admit, can be strange. With secret societies, debates about the structure of the universe, and a federal government presiding over three very different societies it can seem a place of social chaos—a place where it's impossible to know *everything* that's going on—a place filled with the bizarre.

Think of magic like an ocean: it is invisible but very real—it is the flow of Aether—energy, a force, only those attuned to can

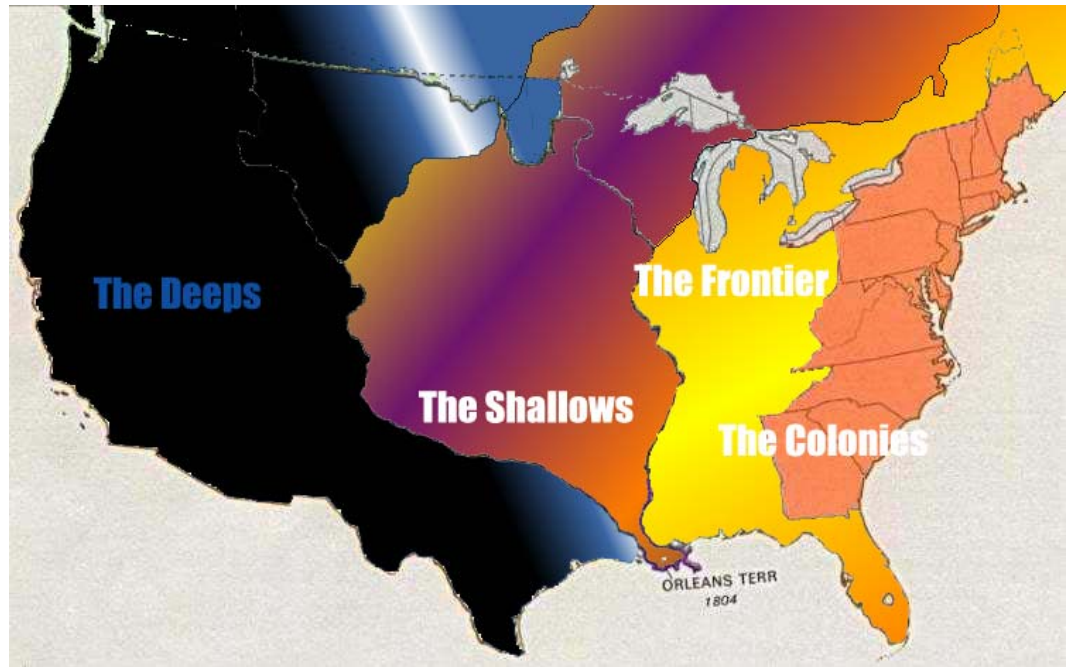
detect. It flows from its source in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in South America and then spreads, spilling over, down across the North American plains. As you approach that invisible source of chaos and power things change—reality itself warps. The colonies are on the shores of reality. To head inland, westward from humanities toehold is to venture into the unknowns: the Frontier, the Shallows, and then the Deeps. It is the essence of magic and it is inimical to technology and mass production. Heading westward into the Frontier is wading deeper into this invisible sea. When you reach the Shallows you're officially over your head. Further west into the artery of magic that runs up the central continent and you drown.

### Aether

Aether is the invisible force—the carrier wave—the essence of magic. As said above, it can neither be seen nor felt by normal senses (although a human brain can be attuned to detect it) but it is very real. It is the Aether that makes the world strange: it reacts with the human mind and human perception having affects gross and subtle (and local as well as distant) on the reality it permeates.

### Aether Storms

The boundaries are not stable—they can shift (like weather patterns). For the colonies this is inconvenient: a shift could knock out power or radio temporarily. For the frontiersmen this is dangerous: a shift to the shallows means monsters, weapon malfunctions (get the muskets!), more strangeness than they're used to. For the sparse settlements in the Shallows (mining towns, mostly) this can be disaster—a village can cease to exist or the people can change dramatically.



### Aether Flow

The amount of Aether is described as a "Flow in Liters per Second" (for some reason the Convocation of Sorcerers has chosen to use the European volumetric standard).

The measure is of the amount of "magic" that flows through a liter of volume in a given place.

**0 – 100:** Normalcy. At 0 Magic will not function but above it there are subtle effects. Europe exists at about 50 to 93.

**101 – 250:** Colonial. Magic is prevalent—Events (statues coming to life, for example) are possible and even common.

**251 – 500:** Flux. The Frontier exists around 350. Undead are more common, mutation (Anamid children, grotesques) become an all-too-common occurrence. Technology and mass-production malfunctions commonly.

**501 – 999:** Awakened. The Shallows are 'awakened.' Intelligence and will exist commonly in in-animates. Only hand-made machines function.

**1000+ Chaos.** The Deeps exists at 1000 Liters per Second. Reality becomes 'fluid' cause and effect become shaky.



## The Frontier

Where the colonies end, the Frontier begins: a stretch of several hundred miles (over 400 at its widest) of westward sparsely colonized land that runs out to (near) the Mississippi river. Much of the Frontier land was officially purchased from France in the Louisiana Purchase and it is controlled by the Continental Congress—not by any state in particular (similarly the territories don't have representation in congress or their own government).

The frontier is blessed with a relative normalcy: there are mutations, true—and the New Tribes—and monsters—but there is a logic to these things. Technology and the fruits of mass production are unreliable on the Frontier but the limits on what will and will not work are well understood. People come to the Frontier looking for freedom, a chance to homestead their own land (and, to a degree, live by their own laws) and to explore—for even out on the frontier these things change as the tides of magic ebb and flow and there are things that no one has ever seen before.

Out in the Shallows life becomes harder: the New Tribes are a serious threat here, technology has regressed to the state it was in when the New World was discovered—even Army Tripods and Zeppelins are less effective here. Monsters are larger—the world is hungrier. The world is far stranger too. Spirits of the trees, rivers, and rocks get up and walk around. Clouds speak, tornados can chase you down howling your name, and settlements vanish without a trace over a winter. In the Shallows there are relics of the Dream World (although more-so in The Deeps). Artifacts of a world that both was and never was can be found—rarely are they functional. There is gold (the relationship between magic and gold has never been fully understood). There are great risks and great treasures in The Shallows.

Past the Shallows human lands effectively end: the Deeps are neither claimed nor colonized by man. They are ventured into, at times, but they are not lands that are civilized—or rational.

### Magic on the Frontier

Magic works normally across the frontier and into the Deeps. In fact, it's the only reliable method of defense beyond swords and (maybe) muskets as you go further west. The only thing that *doesn't* work well from the west boarder of the colonies on towards the sunset is summoned spirits. Out in the frontiers loyalty binding breaks down, the spirits in the air and water come to free the trapped spirits and even "well controlled" spirits near the boarders can behave in eerie ways. As a result the colonization of the Frontier and the Shallows was done without summoned labor or the use of spirit engines. It was done with steam and muscle power—just like in the Dreamworld.

#### Travel Into The Frontier

*--From the notebook of Clarence Briggs, reporter for the Pennsylvania Independent. 1928*

*The stagecoach driver showed us a makeshift graveyard with some 20 graves—the work of the New Tribes and the end of a group of Settlers caught without protection. Our group is nervous: none of us planned to see such evidence of our potential mortality so close to Vanceburg. I asked if such things still happened and the driver lifted his cap, apprising me and told me, laconically, the graves were less than three months old.*

*Vanceburg is a ramshackle affair where the citizens wear their firearms at their hips and the tradesmen sling their rifles across their backs. There are horses (and flies and dung) but no engines at all—the town is silent of the noise of modern life.*

*Even clothes tend to be in simple fabrics or leather—native materials. I can hear mechanical music from calliopes and the tunes of an all-too-human (and none-too-good) piano player from the two saloons that book-end main street.*

*The first thing I'm struck by, when entering the town, are the grotesques. I'd heard about frontier mutation but some of these poor creatures are barely humanoid—much less human. I see a horse—a stately black stallion—marred with two heads from its powerful neck. In the bar (along side two filthy but human prospectors) is a grotesque with a single eye amid its wrinkled green skin. It holds its dirty glass with three-fingered hands. I am later amazed and appalled to find that the very thing is, in fact, this poor town's doctor ...*

## A Brief History of the West

**1500+** Spanish Exploration: The Spanish explored much of the terrain (find the Mississippi and trafficking across much of the US in search for El Dorado—see The Deeps). They found many bizarre things; however what they mostly found was death.

**1755** The French-Indian War: The French and English (mutually unhappy with each other after many decades of warfare) enlisted the aid of the New Tribes. Fighting along a series of forts both entangled the New Tribes in the affairs of nations and involved action by a young General George Washington.

**1803** The Louisiana Purchase: France, having difficulty controlling its territories (save for the New Orleans port) sells the land to the colonies after a period of warfare.

**1804** Lewis and Clark: Colonial President Thomas Jefferson dispatched Captains Meriweather Lewis and William Clark (with 31 other people including Elder Tribeswoman Sacagawea) as the "Corps of Discovery." They were to explore as far west as they could go. They did—and they returned with impossible tales. They had encountered moss-covered cities of glass, machines that spoke and walked, towers full of blue-glowing spheres of light that talked in thunder-voices. Both were right-handed when they left and returned left-handed. The rest of the party (save their guide) didn't make it.

**1849** The Vein: In The Shallows (but at the edge of The Deeps) in the territory known as Kansas, prospectors found caves with unbelievably rich veins of gold. With help from the Colonial Army, the hunt was on.

**1851** The Mare Imbrium Express: To get prospectors, miners, and others out to The Vein, the Mare Imbrium Express, an iron train-line was built and track was laid. It used (and uses) an experimental steam engine that seems to be resistant to the effects of the Aether. It is, today, the only reliable train line that runs out into the Shallows and is the subject of much Frontier mythology.

**1853** The Eight Forts: The Colonial army built, in the Kansas Territories, eight forts: Fort Leavenworth, Fort Scott, Fort Riley, Fort Larned, Fort Hays, Fort Dodge, Fort Harker, and Fort Wallace. These were built as defense against The New Tribes (partially to protect settlers and partially to protect some of the veins of gold that had been discovered)

**1853** The Winchester Rifle: The most common gun (and the most reliable out to the Shallows) is the Winchester repeating rifle. It was considered a necessary and effective weapon against the Tribes. Winchester, based in New Haven Ct., is one of the best-known names in Frontier weaponry.

**1910** The Tribes War: Under warlord Marrow-Eater, the New Tribes attacked en mass on New Years Eve. Fort Hays and Harker were destroyed. Entire colonies were wiped out. Riding a "wave" of Aether flow from The Deeps that shut down the Colonial Armies war machines, they pressed East. There were several brave and doomed stands, which managed to delay them until the army could regroup and defend the western Pennsylvania state boarder. Riding parties came within 4 miles of it before being turned back.

## Life on the Frontier

Life on the frontier is hard compared to the colonies but far freer. If you live fairly distant from the Shallows your life may even be fairly 'normal.' These are some of the realities of Frontier life.

## No Radio—No Mail

After about 50 miles from the colonial boarder radios stop working. Telegraphs go about 200 miles after that and then they cut out (and they're spotty even at that distance). If you live out on the Frontier you get your news from travelers, old newspapers, and The Pony Express.

## Monsters

Settlements have to contend with monsters—usually there is a posse that is responsible for hunting and trapping any beast that decides to feed on humans or their livestock. Some colonies are blessed with having very little to fear—others build walls of sharpened sticks and watch towers around their towns. Graveyards are also of concern: the undead are not necessarily more dangerous than a given monster—but many find them far scarier. In cases where the beast seems immune to conventional weapons the Continental Army will be called upon.

## No Electricity (well, Very Little)

Most homes are lit with oil lamps. Some towns have generators (especially for emergency) but, again, these are unreliable. It might take hours to get one started. Water and Wind power is used where it can be but mostly it's 1800's technology.

## Frontier Justice

The Territories are 'Federal land' meaning they fall under the Continental Congress' code of laws. However, out there, there it's all up to who wants to enforce them. Hangings, mob justice, and range-wars are part of the territory for anyone who ventures away from a major trail or railway.

## Mutation

The presence of the Aether flow means that mutations are a way of life on the frontier. Anamids, people born with animal characteristics, are a reality near the Shallows. There is a stigma in that these people resemble the New Tribesmen—the enemies of man. Most towns get by with these mutations (and the Frontier is certainly more understanding, in its way, than the colonies)—but life for the Anamids isn't easy—even here. Worse are the 'Grotesques' who are mutations—but aren't even remotely human looking.

### A Frontier Town

A visitor from the Dreamlands would still recognize it—most of the Frontier isn't as dusty as the American Midwest was but the standard of life is still the same:

1. A post office. Any town of over 100 people will have a post office (sometimes part of the mayor's office or sheriff's office).
2. Saloons. The 'main street' of a frontier town will usually have one or two saloons or inns. These may also feature dance shows (or, in some places, bordellos).
3. Laundry and Barbers.
4. Carpentry shops, leather shops, clothing shops, and farmers markets.
5. A general store (or two).
6. A chapel and a morgue.
7. A doctor—and, possibly, a lawyer.
8. A town hall (where meetings and elections are held)
9. A town paper.
10. A school.
11. Magician's shop.

## Frontier Morality

It is said that Undead are the children of scandals. Whether this is true or not, it does seem that colonies where evil is done may have a higher incidence of ... backlash. Witches are feared, hated, and sometimes killed. A person who commits evil and hides it with his rank and privilege is believed to bring tragedy to a town. It is said that the dead who are killed unjustly are the most restless. This extends to things like gender roles, church attendance, and respecting ones elders. While the Frontier can be a place of extreme personal freedom, many colonies are just the opposite: they believe (and may be correct) that lapses in moral character come back immediately to haunt the townsfolk who allow them!

### An Unusual Encounter

—Continued From the notebook of  
Clarence Briggs, reporter for the  
Pennsylvania Independent. 1928

The Excavation site of the giant statues (from the Dreamland?) is some twenty-seven miles north of town in a dense forest. The instructions from my editor have been to secure a guide and journey to the location to complete the story. I cannot wait to get out of here!

My camera man had taken it upon himself to secure our guide (and protection) while I waited in our room at the Inn. When he returned and I went to meet with his hirelings I was appalled.

It seemed, to me, when we took our seats, that he had found himself a prostitute and a dwarf guide. I was, however, astounded to discover that my assistant had taken the *woman* as a guide—and the dwarf (a man no larger than a tall child) as a *guard*.

I set about berating him on the spot since such behavior must be immediately and emphatically corrected in one's subordinates. Through some part of my tirade I said something which, it seems, offended the honor of our chosen guide in the dwarf's opinion.

Although I cannot say exactly how this happened, I found myself suddenly supine on the floor, my head ringing and the dwarf (a most disagreeable fellow) perched atop me, driving his knee into my spine at the base of my neck. He held me such (and he was strong for his size) that any attempt to move caused me immeasurable agony. Furthermore, he demanded that I *apologize* to the woman who was, he said, of some noble heritage. I had little choice.

## The New Tribes

The New Tribes are a constant threat (and the closer to the Shallows, the more threatening). Signs of Tribal activity are often cause for panic on the Frontier and the Shallows.

## Explorers, Adventurers, Prospectors And Fools

For the brave (and foolish?) there are many jobs to be had out on the Frontier. These are, it is said, not boring and one had better believe it when one is told that excitement is the brother of danger.

## Surveyors

Map-making, Cartography, and Exploration will often get one a grant from Rand McNalley or the National Geographic Society. Surveying is hard work—and difficult (and often dangerous). Navigation L3, Astronomy L2

## Pony Express

The Pony Express still rides on the Frontier—there's no other way. The Mare Imbrium Express brings bushels of mail out with it—but it still has to be moved north and south off the line. Brave riders work tirelessly to bring messages and parcels to settlers and frontiersmen.

## Prospectors

It's unclear as to what, exactly, the relationship of magic to gold is—but there's little doubt that there is one. Streams are panned, mines are explored, and so on. In the Frontier proper most of the veins seem to have been found—but in the Shallows (especially along the far boarder) it is believed there are motherloads yet to be found ... and then there's always El Dorado.

## Guides

There's always room for a guide out on the Frontier. If one has magical blood in them of any sort a relationship with the land can be turned into a solid career. Close to the Deeps,

not getting lost is worth every penny to anyone who values their lives and sanity.

## Gambler

Although not the most productive (or welcome) profession, a good gambler can find action all along the frontier. Cards and dice are a common way to pass the time.

## Bounty Hunter

Bounties may not be the principle form of securing justice along the frontier but they are a popular one and some people make a living off collecting them. This is touchy since the big bucks usually go to live rather than dead.

## Price Lists and Gear

Any expedition out to the Frontier (much less the Shallows) will need to be properly equipped. While this is not a *comprehensive* list of what gear might be needed for such an expedition, it is a sample of what one might wish to purchase.

## Weapons

The Colt and Winchester weapons listed in JAGS Small Arms (special thanks to William Miller for compiling the list) are standard. Choose any weapon listed as entering service in the 1800's. These are common in the hands of civilians as well as the military (see the 1874 Gatling gun). They are plenty deadly and quite reliable.

## Gear

The General Store will have items almost identical to the standard gear listed in JAGS Fantasy. Instead of using crowns, multiply by 5 and convert to dollars.

## The Pony Express

One of the most honored institutions on the Frontier (and romanticized in the colonies) is the Pony Express. The mail-delivery system, its riders are seen as more than a parcel and letter transportation system: the Pony Express is seen by those on the edge of civilization as a lifeline that connects them to the rest of the world.

Pony Express riders use horses but there are cases where some applicants have a special relationship with an unusual beast. These are unsanctioned (the Colonial Mail system doesn't technically allow its packages and envelopes to be

### An Unusual Encounter

*--Continued From the notebook of Clarence Briggs, reporter for the Pennsylvania Independent. 1928*

The night before leaving I ventured down to the local saloon—the Aces and Eights—for the horrid 'slice of life' piece my editor had insisted upon. The establishment was a filthy affair; the type of place that put gunpowder in the alcohol.

I was not surprised to see several games of cards at the tables (and the attendant magical detection coins that spin on their sides when a spell is in effect). I was, however, disappointed to see both the head deputy and the town Barrister engaged in such activity.

When I enquired as to how two of the towns foundations of morality could engage in gambling in plain sight, I was told (abruptly) that in town everyone gambles—and that, it was said—you gambled with your life so only fools were squeamish with the cards. I slept particularly poorly that night (only in part due to the bed's stiff mattress).

Our party set out early and at the first ridge I had a chance to actually see the legendary Mare Imbrium Express. It was (I was told) Engine 3 and it was on time. We were at a distance but I could feel a sense of power—of presence—that I've never felt from a train.

In the colonies the trains have become modern and sleek (and powerful) but the black iron of the Mare Imbrium (and its bizarre telescope-car) steaming across a high curved bridge, belching fire had an elemental presence the trains in the colonies don't match.

I've heard it said that even the New Tribes don't attack The Mare Imbrium and I believe it. We could hear its horn—like a foghorn—rolling across the forest towards us. I felt like it could see us as tiny horse-mounted figures down below. It was an uneasy feeling, like a rodent might feel under the shadow of a hawk.

sent by anything other than a standard carrier). In practice, however, if a kid has a winged steed, the frontier branch of the express would have to be foolish to turn him down.

### **The Mare Imbrium Express**

Steam driven trains are mostly reliable in the Frontier—but in the Shallows they fail. All but the Mare Imbrium Express, that is. The Mare Imbrium was commissioned when prospectors discovered a massive vein of gold in the Shallows. Beyond the reach of conventional trains, the Colonial government commissioned a standard line to build a train that would reach the Shallows. It had to have an engine that wouldn't fail under a heavy Aether flow.

The job was given to Dr. Edward Eugene Everett, a mechanical genius (twenty patents to his name) and somewhat trained magician. He worked for eight months to design the Everett Engine—there are four in existence, these trains comprising the Mare Imbrium Express—the only train line to run into the Shallows (and some say, even the Deeps). The Express is a strange beast: over the years (and it has run for 150 of them) it has been modified (slightly) examined (to no effect—no one knows why it works the way it does), and used extensively. The engineers that make the run to The Vein (not the original find—the supply of gold keeps going westward and is now at the very edge of the Deeps) are members of a closed society that is very specific about who is accepted (usually requiring at least 10 years of work on another train line).

#### **Rangers**

Some of the most respected fighting men in the world are Colonial Rangers. The peace-keeping force out on the Frontier and in the Shallows, the Colonial Rangers are part boarder patrol, part police force, part special forces troop.

Rangers usually go out on lengthy deployments (often mounted on horseback, usually in very small groups or even alone). They travel a pre-defined route, looking for trouble, rescuing those in danger, and bringing society to the Frontier.

### **Legends of the Mare Imbrium Express**

The run into the Shallows is not a safe one—the terrain is not completely fixed (although the properties of the rail do seem to leave the routes intact). It is said (although investigations have never proven this) that on some runs—on some nights—the train travels across vast gray expanses of crater covered rock—that it runs over chasms that are filled with stars instead of rocks—that above it, in the sky, are a whole string of moons like pearls. People have returned claiming that stops have been made in towns that seemed to exist in The Dreamworld. At least once the train has arrived empty—and departed, only to arrive in its home station with double the number of passengers (half of whom seem to have missing time).

### **The Telescope Car**

Adding to the mystery of the Mare Imbrium is the telescope car. Early on (some say the first journey—but records show that it was after the first year of operation) Dr. Everett made some basic changes to the engine and added the Telescope car. This car mounts a large astrological telescope of revolutionary design. The car (which comes behind the engine) is filled with maps both of the terrain and the sky. It also contains nautical navigational instruments. During the Mare Imbrium's run out to the Shallows the crew of the train take measurements from the telescope (which is mounted on gyroscopes to keep it steady). These are given to the universities and have proven interesting (the sky does appear different in subtle ways as one goes west). However, there are those who say that the train runs without tracks on some nights and the car is used to allow the crew to find their way home.

### **The Continental Army**

A common (and welcome) sight out on the Frontier is the Continental Army. The Continental Army exists at odds with the rest of the colonies: it is a federal fighting force amidst a set of fractured regional states. It exists because while each colony is responsible for its own defense, it became

clear (in 1775, at least) that against a powerful enemy (then Britain, later The New Tribes) it would take a combined effort. Note: there is also a Continental Navy (with each coastal state having its own militarized coastguard) but we aren't covering that here.

The army has adopted the British system of command: Officers and Enlisted men. Officers are usually men of privilege. They come from the upper classes (in Britain this meant certain families—in the colonies it usually means money pure and simple). The Enlisted men are the backbone—the guys who do the dirty work (most of the fighting and dying and a lot of the tactical decision making too).

## Officers

Officers primary contributions to the force are money (they do fundraising for the Colonial Army) and high-level leadership. They are studied and trained in the logistics necessary for war. The best of them are excellent strategic level decision makers.

## Enlisted

Enlisted men are volunteers (sometimes prison sentences involve a stint in the Colonial Army as well). They handle the work of going out and slaughtering the enemy.

## Divisions

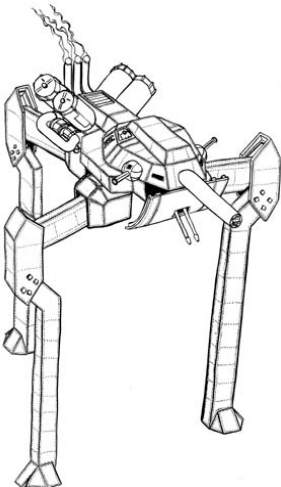
The Colonial Army's high command is located in Philadelphia (it has regional headquarters in each state). It has two divisions: the Regiments (24) of fighting men and the Ordinance Division (responsible for the manufacture of bullets, uniforms, and logistical support). In the field, the army works like this:

- Conventional Weapons. Springfield Carbines, Colt revolvers (for the officers), Cavalry sabers.
- Cavalry. In the Shallows and even in the frontier, horse mounted troops are common and efficient. Many prospectors in a tough spot (and even more in the pulp novels printed back in the Colonies) have crested a hill, pursuers close behind them to find a division of Colonial Calvary on maneuvers!
- Artillery: Cannons (Mortars and Long Guns).
- Unusual Weapons:

## Wells Machines

Armor usually means armored cars with 6-10 men onboard and a .30 caliber machinegun on top. These are highly useful within about 50 miles of the boarder and start having breakdowns further in. For heavy-grade operations near or even in The Shallows, MIT came up with something else: Tripods.

The Tripods come in different flavors—some are small and industrial looking. Others are very tall with spindly legs. Some have a "Dry Flame Thrower" as a primary



### The Uniform

The Uniform of the Continental Army is often far from uniform—funds being what they are (or, more often, aren't), standardized clothing is sometimes a luxury that's difficult to afford. In the two hundred and some odd years since the Continental Army was founded, the uniform has changed little--

The uniform consist of 'appropriate boots suitable for all weather' brown or other dark-coloured trousers, white shirts, coats, and (for most ranks above the lowest enlisted), hats with cockades.

Insignia is displayed on the coat and follows the following order—a function of its serviceability and the respect for tradition.

Non-commissioned officers (Corporals, Sergeants) and lower ranking officers (Subalterns, and Captains) wear a single epaulette (a decoration with fringe) on the shoulder varying in color and location (left or right shoulder) with rank.

Commissioned officers (Major, Lt. Colonel, and Colonel) wear epaulettes on both shoulders and. All commissioned officers wear either a sword or a 'genteel' bayonet as part of their dress uniform.

The highest levels (Brigadier and Major Generals) wear blue coats with buff linings, epaulettes on both shoulders, and silver stars indicating rank.

There are further protocols for the display of ribbons, medals, and other awards, as well as decorations that vary by regiment.

<http://www.walika.com/sr/uniforms/uniforms.htm>

weapon, others rely on gatling guns and mounted cannons. They have gas and steam engines and work semi-reliably even in the Shallows.

## **Specter Zeppelins**

Take a hard bodied blimp and fill the gondola with gatling guns and ammo and you get a Specter Zeppelin. Some have small artillery guns mounted as well. These can hover above a battlefield and rain death on their targets. The New Tribes hate and fear them—they are one of the most terrifying weapons in the Colonial Army's operation (and they are valuable—almost never seen on the far frontier).

## **Mole Machines**

These are highly magical devices but you wouldn't know it to look at them. They look like train-engines with huge blades on the front. They dig—using subtle magics and a lot of precision (but hand-made) mechanics they can move underground at almost 30 miles/hour. They carry up to 20 troops and give, as evidence of their passing, a faint rumble above the surface. They are used for surprise attacks and assaults against entrenched targets.

## **Gothic Cannons**

Magical artillery pieces, these cannons have a mind of their own. They can't move but they can fire (if absolutely necessary) by themselves and they have incredible aim. They don't speak (at least not conventionally) but the gun crews swear they can talk to them. Often the Gothic Cannons may know more about the state of an engagement than the officers. They are said to have 'frightening' personalities.



### An Unusual Encounter

--Continued From the notebook of Clarence Briggs, reporter for the Pennsylvania Independent. 1928

We reached the site by late afternoon—our guide (who claimed she was a half-daughter of the Elder Tribes ... something I find both unlikely and overrated) became nervous. I surmised that she might have some 'history' with the men conducting the dig (since the laborers were prospectors and we know what *their* morals were like). Our 'guard' however, was very disturbed by her vague statements of unease.

I demanded we press on and was gratified when we found the excavation underway with no sign of disturbance. Dr. Halford of the National Geographic Society who was working with Harvard on the dig greeted us. I will be more descriptive in my final piece but I will say here that the site was disturbing.

The 'giant stone men' are definitely statues—they are not petrified giants—and they appear to have been buried. When we were informed that these pieces were both un-dateable (that is, probably originating in The Dreamworld) and non-magical (and therefore not animate) it became an interesting story.

I had expected iconic depictions of people but instead they appeared ... grotesque: the figures (partially buried) were contorted. Hands were thrown up as though warding off some terrible sight, limbs were in some cases twisted as though broken. Heads were thrown back—but the hint of a face was not cast in a triumphant yell—more of a howl of agony.

The men had strung up lights and the Dr. had gotten a generator working (out here that's quite a feat—he told me he had brought seven generators—all predisposed to work this far out—and only one had started). The effect, as the sun went down, was eerie.

### Gambling

Card games and gambling are a big part of the life on the Frontier. Here are rules for running a game of poker. These rules assume that everyone has Gambling Skill. If a player doesn't have it, he may roll against his RES at -2.

1. The cards are dealt. Each character gets a straight 10-roll for the cards he gets. The more it is made by, the better.
2. Each character rolls his Gambling Skill. The amount made or missed by is added to the total.
3. The characters bet.
4. The rest of the cards are dealt and each character gets a *secret* roll. The player is told the outcome but doesn't see the dice. Betting then proceeds as it does in normal poker.
5. The character with the highest total wins.

### Bluffing

A character with a weak score may choose to bluff. If that is the case, he makes a Gambling roll against the other player's Gambling Skills: at -1 for each point of skill they have above 10. The player won't know what those numbers are (remember: Level 3 gambling ignores -3 points of modifier. Level 4 Gambling ignores -6). The success of a Bluff is as follows:

- Missed by -3 or more the players know his exact score.
- Missed by 0 to -2: players know his exact score +/- 1-3pts (roll 2 dice: 1-3 add, 4-6 subtract. For the other die, 1-2 is 1, 3-4 is 2, and 5-6 is 3)
- Made by 1 to 4: Add +2 to the Bluffer's score.
- Made by 5-9: Add +4 to be Bluffer's score.
- 10+: Add +6 to the Bluffer's score.

Each successive Bluff in a game is at -1.

### Reading Other Players

The reverse of a bluff, you may try to read another player. This is a Gambling Skill vs. Gambling Skill roll. A player may try this once at Level 2, twice at Level 3, or 4 times at Level 4 per hand (only once against one target). If made by the following:

- Missed by 3 or more: The GM gives an inflated or deflated view of the character's cards (as the target would want).
- Missed by 0 to 2: No read.
- Made by 1 to 4: Get the original hand.
- Made by 5 to 9: Get the original hand and first roll.
- Made by 10+: Knows the exact score.

## Cheating

Of course, players will try to cheat. Here are some rules for cheating.

- Card Mechanics: A player with Sleight of Hand can try to either replace his cards with a better hand or deal cards of a certain type to a target.
  - A card mechanics roll is made vs. the PER roll of the players (however, usually only make it against the player with the *highest* PER roll +1 rather than all of them).
  - At Level 3, PER rolls are at -2. At Level 4 PER rolls are at -4.
  - Success will add +1 at L1, +3 at L2, +6 at L3, and +12 at L4.
- Characters with perfect memory will get a bonus in some games.
  - Normally the character gets +1 to his Gambling skill rolls.
  - In some games the character will get +3
- Characters with excellent mathematical skills can get an edge calculating the odds (especially in complicated games).
  - Mathematics at L2 will give a +1 if made by 3+, at L3 it will give a +2 if the roll is made. At L4 it will give a +4 if the roll is made.
- Characters may employ marked cards, mirrors, or other methods of cheating.
  - Cheating machines act as Sleight of Hand 13-. The character must have a Level 2 Trivial Skill with them and make his roll (his roll isn't used—then the 13- is rolled). If the character has L3 skill with them the Sleight of Hand is 14-.
  - If the character has the right conditions to see someone's cards (or a properly marked deck) they can see what the other character's are holding.

## Politics and Morality On The Frontier

People come to the Frontier for a variety of reasons. Some come to escape criminal prosecution (few questions are asked out there). Many come for religious freedom (while the middle states have protections, those seeking seclusion—or preaching corruption of the more popular religions find the Frontier a place where one can practice with no interference). Lots of people come to *homestead* (build on land, file a claim, and work it). Then there are the occupations of trappers, prospectors, and adventurers. Finally, where there are mines, there are miners (and the attendant doctors, prostitutes, innkeepers, bartenders, and others who support them).

People on the Frontier tend to be independent and self-reliant. Most ranches contain their own small forges for minor work. Almost everyone owns a gun—and women are

### An Unusual Encounter

*--Continued From the notebook of Clarence Briggs, reporter for the Pennsylvania Independent. 1928*

There has been a accident on the dig site. The workers say they discovered a chamber beneath the statues (perhaps connected to a platform on which they are mounted?) My photographer is nervous and I admit that I am beginning to feel ill at ease myself.

Back in the town I had a chance to witness frontier medicine: In Pennsylvania the modern science of anesthetics is used when a wound is deep—before we left I observed the 'doctor' using almost pure alcohol both to 'anesthetize' the patient and to clean the wound (generous helpings of each and the man screamed).

Out here, the worker who had found what he described as a metal plate in white marble (with inscriptions? He didn't describe any and we aren't allowed down) has a hand that looks like a desiccated tree-branch. I've never seen a wound like it—it is most definitely magic.

Our guide has been spooked. She explained to us that she would be leaving within the hour. My photographer has told me he will leave with her (as is our bodyguard—something that does not surprise me).

Dr. Halford, however, assures us that the dig is safe—there is a lower than normal incidence of magic and no detected activity of any summoned spirits. He says that opening the chamber behind the metal plate will be a discovery that will be recorded in the Society's Ledger of Important Finds. So I will stay on. Let the malcontents and superstitious frontiersmen return.

*--Fragment 238. Last notation found at the vanished site of NGS 31101 Excavation. No survivors.*

routinely taught to shoot. Politics tend to be something of a spectacle but because communities are so small, often the position of mayor simply means being "the first person to get blamed" rather than "the person in charge."

## **Magic**

Magic is seen as an honest tool on the Frontier. In the Colonies magic has the trappings of arcane history—on the Frontier a magician is expected to wear a suit and tie like a doctor or lawyer—and to keep his trade "grounded" and "down to earth." Disturbing aspects of magic are expected to be kept behind closed doors.

## **Religion**

Church attendance is strictly optional—but just about everyone shows up now and again (usually when things get rough). Some colonies have very strict rules—and they're respected. The run of the mill Frontier town, however, has a very tolerant minister and a very varied congregation.

## **Women**

The Frontier is a practical place but it maintains a veneer of "conventional" morality. Women who are capable can (and will) do anything that's necessary. The only catch is that a woman who breaks the illusion of propriety will find herself in an awkward social situation. So long as a woman dresses properly (long dresses), defers to the men socially, and isn't set out to be the leader the frontiers people will likely ignore (but take advantage of) the fact that she can out-ride and out-shoot them. When a woman starts drinking in saloons and beating up her male counter-parts she'll find social problems similar to the rest of the C-13 society. Note: these are hardly insurmountable—a talented person of any gender or race is welcome most places—but nasty looks, social snubs, and rejection from the more proper ladies is the price for being socially odd.

## **Mutation**

In the North grotesques are considered pitiable (diseased) and treated with sympathy (and they're expected to cover up and not flaunt their inhuman appearance). In the South grotesques are considered vulgar and are relegated to servant positions if allowed in polite society at all (there are exceptions of course—but they're ... exceptional). In the Middle colonies grotesques are generally accepted (although many people mistrust them). On the Frontier, however, grotesques are seen as "just like anyone else—just maybe a little uglier."

## The Shallows

Heading west eventually brings one to the edge of the frontier. When one moves into the Shallows they will note that the change is subtle but often unmistakable. There is a feeling of being watched (and, indeed, as many 'inanimate' objects have awakened animate spirits in the Shallows the person could well be watched). The night sky looks different—clearer—there are more stars and dim, distant constellations.

Out in the Shallows all but the most well made pocket watches fail to keep accurate time (some travelers carry watches or other devices designed to determine when the border is actually crossed). Out in the Shallows (and the line moves from year to year—and sometimes shifts dramatically as though with 'Aether Storms') superstition is closer to physics than mythology. Technology is a risky, often losing, game and magic is powerful but can have unpredictable consequences.

### Who Lives Out There?

If you have to be hard to make it on the Frontier you have to be crazy to homestead in the Shallows. Communities are either military bases (and serving duty out there is *surreal*) religious colonies (some of the most oppressive puritanical patriarchs have moved west—all the way west—to create very secretive and very closed islands of humanity out in the Shallows), or mining towns.

### What Happens There?

What is life like in the Shallows? If you decide to make camp out in the shallows, here are just a few of the things you might encounter:

Dragons: There are ancient dragons that lair in the Shallows. These are powerful enough beasts that even modern firearms are insufficient to deal with them. They have been described as preying nightly on wagon-trains that venture too far, taking horses, people, and even whole wagons themselves.

In 1897 Camp Legis, a small forward military outpost, was found abandoned and empty by the relief troops. There was no sign of attack and the doors of the command center were locked and barred from the inside. After sending word back of their findings, again, contact was lost. A second group was sent. They never returned (although a scout met with them a day before reaching the camp). A detail of Rangers was sent—they entered, swept the camp, and left before nightfall. They reported that everything was perfectly in order (the soldier's gear was stowed—from both units). The only sign of distress was a letter that consisted of a name (the name of the Lieutenant in charge of the force) and a series of numbers: a Fibonacci Sequence that ended in the high thousands. The line of writing simply trailed off down the page in mid-number.

In 1922 an 'automobile graveyard' was discovered consisting of machines that belonged to the Dreamworld. One was in functional condition: a 1958 Edsel Corsair. It is still functional and running in the capitol.

In 1723 the ruins of a western city were found (it is believed to have been St. Louis). The buildings were covered with thick layers of moss and over-growth and the area was infested with carnivorous worms—however the section was explored and several relics were brought out. Less than a year later, in a massive lightning storm, the city vanished. The tract of land has been explored but shows no sign of the Dreamland city.

In 1983 a group of travelers called "The Quiet Ones" came to a settlement. They were not undead but the animals were scared of them. They traded unusual trinkets with the townspeople and treated them as though they were 'backwards' or 'simple.' There was a conflagration wherein it was discovered that the Quiet Ones were some sort of humanoid machines and were essentially immune to gunfire or other standard weapons. The settlement was all but lost in the ensuing battle (the causes of which are unclear).

## Why Go?

The most sensible reason to go to the Shallow is following The Vein. It is known that in the Dreamworld there was a great deal of gold in California—in the world of the Colonies there is gold east of the Mississippi and even more in what would be the Midwest. Mining towns are very tense places: people come en mass (usually building an extension to the Mare Imbrium Line if possible). People, moving in groups, with guards tend to have a better time of it—and when the group first arrives the Shallows often seem deceptively normal. Of course someone has to find those mines and that's where small teams of prospectors brave the dangers heading in.

## The New Mining Towns

Spread out like multiple fingers from a hand at the very end of the Mare Imbrium Express are the New Mining Towns. There are mines (many) on the Frontier and they are rough and tumble places where it isn't polite to ask too many questions and a man better watch his back and know how to handle himself. Out in the Shallows are the New Towns. Here the clock (as determined by technology) is turned back almost a century. The veins are richer and the life is crazier. Madness, mutations more severe (and sometimes men go down human and come up ... something else). These towns are at the westward edge of reality. A traveler might find:

- The Undead. Sure, the undead are everywhere—out in the Shallows a shop—you know the one way outside of town—where the fur traders go—that one—the dark one—the odd one—might be *run* by undead. Sure, if the locals could prove it, they might burn it down (no good can come of it)—but it happens. Ol' Ed will be sick—and then come back to work for a few days before people realize he's rotting.
- Sky Cities. The deserts have their mirages and the Shallows have their Sky Cities. Glimpsed in clouds are turrets and towers of stone—vast medieval castles on miles big Cumulous clouds. In a world where the 'impossible' *can* happen, these are still regarded as myth—no true reliable accounts have been claimed.
- Himself. There are tales of gunmen shooting masked strangers dead only to remove the bandana and see his own cold visage staring back. These tales end with the gunslinger dead by morning.

## Spirits of the Shallows

As in the South, the land in the Shallows is alive. In the South there's a sense of presence to the fields and the forests—in the Shallows these things can get up and walk around. Elementals are common but in the Shallows entire *places* can have spirits instead of 'merely' their component parts. These things can feel one way or another about the humans who come into contact with them.

- Spirit of the Netharwar Valley: Discovered in 1723 by the French (and a French/English colony remains there today), the spirit of the narrow valley is one of the few that is friendly to man's presence. The ground between two high ridges is fertile and green. It is fed with rivers from deep within the rock (and the caves boast hot springs). The spirit is powerful: Tribe attacks have ended with the earth swallowing them up, during the depths of winter game animals have come wandering into town, and politicians that have tried to exploit the resources have been killed in sudden cave-ins.
- The Velang River: The river has a spirit that is *not* friendly to man. Anyone even remotely sensitive will start having nightmares anywhere near it. The river (running for a fifty mile stretch along the boarder to the Canadian territories) is filled with things that eat people—but that isn't enough: the river can change its shape, slithering like a snake to swamp parties that venture close. Bridges fail with people on them, suddenly collapsing, and after a rain the river will stretch towards the nearby colony trying to reach it with deadly intent.
- Storm Spirits: Out in the Frontier storms can 'take it personal.' In the Shallows, storms can talk. Malevolent storm clouds can have personalities and roaring, thunderous voices.

## Cities in the Shallows and Frontier

There are two settlements in the Shallows and the Frontier that are large enough to deserve special mention. They are New Orleans and St. Augustine. While they will not be *detailed* here (for they're too complex to go into thoroughly) they will be mentioned.

## New Orleans

New Orleans is a city that was founded—and has flourished—in the Shallows (they sweep forward in the south and the delta of the Mississippi is flooded with Aether as well as water). New Orleans is a dark city—it has secrets *just* under its skin. The Mississippi is the most valuable shipping lane in the Western Hemisphere and arguably the most valuable in the world. The port at the mouth of the river is simply too valuable *not* to exist: Shallows or no. When a traveler arrives, it even seems to be part of the colonies (or better yet, part of the Old Country—New Orleans' French roots are plainly visible upon arrival).

But if one stays there for any period of time, they will quickly become aware that it really only a *façade* of a city—it is neither normal ... nor sane.

### The Celebrations

The existence of New Orleans itself is a dance. Located in the Shallows, the city of brick and cobblestone (and worked iron gates and stone crypts and statues and fountains and ...) is more like a sandcastle built before a rising tide. It exists—and continues to exist—because of very subtle manipulation of the Shallows: the Celebrations.

Bringing Catholicism from Spain, the city's outward religion is patterned after and most resembles that of the Roman Catholic Church (and indeed, most of the population might claim to adhere, at least somewhat, to that religion). However—it isn't that clear-cut.

Special nights (Saint's Nights) are celebrated in New Orleans. These celebrations (which are described as street filling chaos and debauchery by some visitors) are not simply revelry. They are part of the mechanics that allows New Orleans to exist in the Shallows. The Saints may have some form or relevance to the Catholic Saints—but there are other spirits at work as well in the Big Easy. These celebrations are like hurricanes of emotion—tempests of order and chaos—that allow at least the illusion of a structured city (and a lucrative trade port) to exist intact over the decades. For travelers unaware of the customs and expectations these can seem absurd, debased, and dangerous. New Orleans, on one of the Saint's Nights (and there are many, usually one or two a month) is not a place for a foreigner to be caught out alone.

### The Ruling Class

On paper New Orleans is a self-governing province under the Colonial rule (it was founded by the Spanish, sold to the French, and finally wound up in the hands of the Colonial government). In practice there are poorly understood organizations that rule the city. There are spirits that dwell there, and there is an *underground* population that some say is larger than the day-light citizens.

The *Krewes*: The krewes are semi-secret fraternal organizations of the wealthy (and in New Orleans that means magic and mutation and a lot of other things). They are a shadow government—a network of secret societies that oversees the city's day-to-day operations. They are the upper crust and they control the celebrate in ornate Mardi Gras Celebrations with floats and Parades. On the night of Mardi Gras, the array of poverty and plenty is played out symbolically across the city. Candy, coins, and beads are thrown to men who pretend to beg and women who pretend to offer *services*. During this celebration (as well as others in New Orleans) the dead walk the street (in disguises), odd beings known as The Saints (which are dangerous to ones mind to encounter sober) materialize to take part, and street performers and black magicians parade their works in public.

*The Dead:* All cities in the New World (and less obviously in Europe) are plagued by the Undead. In New Orleans they're part of society. Vampires live in ornate estates in New Orleans. The Necropolis graveyards (built because with the water-table caused by a rising Mississippi underground bodies tended to become above ground floaters) are vast cities of the dead. They are beautiful, silent places during the day. They can be terribly dangerous at night. Few living people have learned the tightrope-walking dance that is required to mingle in the vast stretches of tombs that exists outside the cities.

### **The Under Class**

In New Orleans there are leprosy stricken beggars (and many with magical diseases that might appear similar but do different things). There are textile plants and factories where the less privileged work—but the poor serve another purpose in New Orleans: they are their master's subjects. Corruption is taken for granted—the society is driven by power. The common people from the poor shopkeepers and street sweepers to the gutter people and beggars are pieces in an intricate game of social chess. Some are prey for the Vampires. Some are protected as worshipers by the churches (and Catholicism isn't the *only* religion practiced in New Orleans—Witchcraft and Southern religions are alive and well just under the surface). There is a King of the Beggars (usually dressed in motley and attended by harlequin clothed courtiers)—he is as much royalty (and as dangerous to cross) as the lords and ladies in their estates.

### **St. Augustine**

Down south in Florida is the oldest remaining New World Settlement and fort: St. Augustine. Owned by the Spanish, it sits in what is technically the Frontier—but Florida is full of wild, carnivorous jungle and it's far more like the Shallows than the comparatively sane and orderly towns of the North American west.

St. Augustine is an active port—there is a moderately large settlement there and the fort that makes it a good place to run from storms or pirates. For the short-term visitor it is a place with a truly ancient history by New World standards and a beautiful place (historical homes, narrow cobblestone streets, and the fort and port make it destination for many rich couples on honeymoons).

Under the surface, and outside the town limits, however it is far from normal. The Florida jungles and New Tribes are vicious and hungry. The fort—despite appearing somewhat idyllic is staffed with committed soldiers who have to mount a serious defense against Tribes and monsters—and the jungle itself. Carnivorous plants (many of which appear quite beautiful), swarms of man-eating insects, jungle diseases considered fates worse than death, and the ancient spirits of old ghosts are all part of the hidden character of the New World's oldest city.

### **The Fountain of Youth**

When Ponce de Leon came to the New World under orders of the King of Spain, St. Augustine was where he put his base of operations. He was searching for the fabled Fountain of Youth. Although it is recorded that he died having failed, the warm waters of the Caribbean are filled with small settlements and tales of a pale-skinned Spanish pirate who has worked with his crew, massing tremendous wealth over centuries of plunder.

### **The Stone Estates**

Several very wealthy people have attempted to tame the Florida coast—only St. Augustine has remained but up and down the coast are failed, jungle filled relics of the attempts. These haunted abandoned mansions are hideouts for pirates, targets of treasure hunters, and mysteries to be solved.

## The Deeps

The further west you go the stranger things get. The Frontier is the bright line between lands men have tamed and now own (this ownership is often in question—the Frontier shifts with attack and counter attack, seasons of growth and seasons of wane). Beyond the Frontier are the Shallows, where magic becomes more powerful than reason.

But there are lands stranger still. Beyond the Shallows, where the earth becomes dry and barren, there are the Deeps. The Deeps are *unknowable*. They change constantly, growing and evolving, and then collapsing back upon themselves. The Shallows, at least, there is a foundation—the lands of the mid-west—but in the Deeps there may be no foundation—just a veneer of sanity over a bottomless, schizophrenic reality.

## The Deeps, Geographically

The exact boundaries of the Deeps change as the Aether flows. They are definitely west, but how far west? A Geography provides specifics, but the National Reconnaissance Office has been dedicated to aerial mappings of the Aether flow since the early 20<sup>th</sup> century. Most maps show the Deeps beginning at the deserts of Western North America.

On a map of the Dream World, the Deeps would start in northern Texas, and sweep up, through Colorado, and Idaho. They would include the entirety of North America, all the way to the Pacific Ocean.

## The Deeps, Technically

There is a technical definition of the Deeps—the term refers to an area in which the Aether Flow (measured in cubic liters per second) is greater than 1000. The ambient magical energy is such a place is so strong that reality becomes porous and flexible. Hundreds of thousands of tiny (microscopic) magical events take place every second. Radical change with no apparent precursor becomes possible. Causality breaks down.

In such a place, forces that manipulate *magic* (ideas, emotions—especially strong emotions such as fear—and so forth) have a pronounced physical effect. Further, the formation of intelligences—the spontaneous creation of spirits—becomes commonplace.

When a thinking creature enters the Deeps, he affects it and it reacts to him. State of mind can become external reality.

## The Deeps, Psychologically

The Deeps occupy an odd space in the psyche of the Western world. As a practical matter, they are a source of considerable danger—even a thousand miles away is too close. But the Deeps are *meaningful*—in ways that make the attractive to certain sorts of people.

### *Journeys into Danger*

Parties that enter the deeps do so at their own peril. It is possible to encounter massive monsters (many of the beasts found there are immune to normal weapons as well). Losing one's way is commonplace: compasses spin ... or lead the characters into danger. The ground itself seems to move to cut off escape sometimes.

There are people there—hermits who may seem strangely untouched or alternately perversely mutated by their time in the Shallows.

Towns caught in a boarder shift have become ghost towns, villages filled with glass statues of their former inhabitants, and otherwise mutated overnight.

### *Seeking The Ruins*

A fast run through the Deeps isn't necessarily so bad though: stay away from heavy weather (things tend to change more) and don't spend the night if you can at all help it (there can be strange and unpleasant surprises in the morning). Teams with native guides (who can intuitively feel the Aether flow and sense danger) should be able to make 'hit and run raids' against structures that could contain wondrous treasure.

This does happen—but it isn't safe. Firstly monsters in the Deeps may not hunt out in the Shallows—but they can follow you out there.

Secondly, the location is often far from safe: New Tribes have nightmarish enclaves just inside the Shallows. An abandoned building from the Dreamworld might rise above a primordial forest beckoning treasure hunters—but time could flow slowly inside (you could come back years later)—or it could suddenly seal up and sink into the ground ... or it could be inhabited by toxic snakes that have all of your memories and murderous intentions for you. The Deeps can be a boring trek across the badlands and then suddenly turn into a Dali-esque nightmare.



### ***Legends of the Deeps***

There are as many legends as there are travelers willing to tell tall tales. Famous outlaws have vanished into the Deeps. Explorers have returned from them possessing extraordinary powers. There have been tales of hideously cursed artifacts that the Deeps have taunted men with like poisoned lures on some cosmic fishhook. These are some of the legends.

### ***The Ghost Riders***

Travelers along the border of the Shallows to the Deeps have reported that when traveling at night they have heard the sound of large horses nearby—it sounds as though there are many, many riders—and sometimes shouts or the language of army men can be heard. Nothing is seen and in the morning there is no evidence of their passing. Some believe the riders are General Custer's regiment that vanished in a massive, historic battle with the New Tribes. They were caught in an Aether Storm and bodies were recovered. Some believe the souls of the men still travel the Deeps trying to find their way home.

### ***The Light Houses***

Like Will o' The Wisps, travelers in and near the Deeps have reported seeing tall towers with powerful lights that track them as they move. In many cases, lost travelers have headed towards the tall stone tower that seems to be only a few miles off. No one has ever reached it and often members that did not follow its light further into the Deeps have reported that their fellows were never seen again. Native guides fear the image of the Light Houses as an evil omen.

Magic, at high concentration levels makes the imaginary real. People who are concerned with introspection and self-discovery (Poets, Romantics, and so on) find them intriguing (in theory—actually traveling through monster-infested wilderness isn't something most Romantics would find appealing).

The Deeps also represent mankind's destiny. They are frightening; and to those who want a stable, safe existence, abhorrent. Mankind was not made to live in a world with Deeps. So their presence (even at a distance) is a call for change. It's 'soft' enough that it can be ignored for awhile (generations. Centuries, even), but those who have studied the *danger* that the Deeps pose agree—eventually, they must be done away with. Men must take charge of their world and usher in a place that, while possibly magic, is not *rent* by mystical forces.

### **The Deeps as a Practical Matter**

The Deeps are highly magical terrain. Within them, land shifts and flows sometimes (not constantly). Maps more than a year old are often wrong. More than a decade—useless. The only reliable navigation relies upon the stars.

Magic is a strange force—while it works in fairly primal ways it seems to be *aware* of mankind. Thus, natural magical occurrences (the shifting of the landscape, for instance) can happen at times and in ways to mischievous (or even malicious) to be pure coincidence. When the Deeps react to a person, they spawn memories—phantasms from within him—based on his experiences, fears, and so forth. These can be troublesome or deceptive.

The greatest *immediate* danger that the Deeps pose to the Colonies is the spawning of monsters. While monsters might breed in the Shallows or even on the Frontier, the creatures from the Deeps can be truly nightmarish and horrifically powerful. Beasts that have wandered all the way to civilization are often more than a match for lightly armed humans.

The greatest *long term* danger that the Deeps pose is that they will, by their existence, destabilize the Colonial civilization. Strange things may be found in the Deeps—relics from the dream world, for instance—powerful things that might, given the chance, radically change everything.

### **What One Might Find There**

The first answer is *nothing*—the lands are barren—badlands and desert. This is partly a matter of natural meteorology, but also the nature of highly magical areas—they tend to appear to be empty slates. The Aether flow is strong enough to be visible at a distance. At night, the sky is lit softly by “curtains” of magical energy (they appear somewhat like Aurora Borealis). There are also magical events in the upper atmosphere that cause physical affects—the Deeps hum with the faint sounds of distant thunder.

The land is warped. There are strange rock formation—towers, loops, giant boulders balanced on their ends. There are also natural obelisks, perfect spheres. The terrain seems to coyly hint at a watchmaker. Those who have traveled extensively in the Deeps (There are few—and fewer who will talk) have this to say: what you find there is a twisted combination of what you expect—and what you don't.

## Ruins

Almost no one lives in the Deeps—certainly no one built great cities there long enough ago that now they are all but swallowed by sand. And yet the cities are there. And not just cities. There are ghost towns, scattered throughout the Deeps.

Some suggest that the ruins are actually echoes of the Dream World. The fact that a ruin much like Los Angeles can (reports say) be found about where Los Angeles would be seems to support this. But other Ruins suggest a different origin—many of the structures and people within the Deeps are memories or ideas; structures that exist only within the minds of travelers.

## El Dorado

El Dorado—the City of Gold. Reports disagree on exactly where it lies—high in the Rocky Mountains, certainly, but different accounts give different precise locations. Very likely, it *moves*—but how this might be possible is unexplained.

The City of Gold not only lives up to its name it typically surpasses even the wildest expectations. Even the most conservative stories report that gold is everywhere. Gold leaf decorates the most humble of structures. The grandest have great gold-plated facades. Ordinary metal objects (forks, flagons, latches) are forged from gold alloys. Jewelry (and both the men and women of El Dorado adorn themselves) is magnificent in both its craftsmanship and its composition. The abundance of riches in El Dorado is only matched by the reverence its inhabitants have for their metal.

For in El Dorado, Gold is sacred. There are two temples in the city, both of which address the properties of Gold that make it special—the Temple of Beauty, and the Temple of Eternity, for in the precious metal, El Dorado finds the essence of splendor and agelessness.

Beyond these facts, reports and accounts vary widely. The truth about El Dorado may, itself, be elusive—there is some evidence that El Dorado, like so much of the Deeps, is something of a *mirror*, reflecting back at the visitor what he holds in his heart. In some tales, El Dorado is a place of beauty and enlightenment. In others, it is a sinister place—its magnificence hides a core of corruption, perversion, and death.

### The People of El Dorado

El Dorado is inhabited by lithe, dark-skinned people who speak common tongues fluently but with a strange accent. They are slight in stature but have an odd grace to them and refined manners. Many visitors find them gracious hosts (provided the rules and proper decorum are observed), but some reports portray them as reserved, jealously guarding their dark secrets.

Most agree that they are not quite human. Perhaps they were at some point, but they *practice* strange rituals (including, reportedly, the intravenous injection of gold solutions) that has changed them. They do not fall ill, they do not grow old, and although faintly alien, they are pleasing to the eye, just like their precious metal.

### **The Temples**

Most accounts mention the Temples. There are two, both paying homage to aspects of the Sacred Metal—name its beauty and its incorruptible nature. They are closed to all but the most trusted outsiders, but those who have been inside (either invited or not) report that the magnificence within transcends anything outside.

In the Temple of Beauty, the tales say, there are three idols—the Woman, who wears a golden mask polished to a mirror shine. During the day, slots in the ceiling bring in the light and she is so resplendent and bright as to actually be painful to look upon. Then there is the Miser—a corpulent man, kneeling about stacks of riches (coins, chalices, etc.) And finally, the Hooded One. The Tales do not explain the Third Aspect, except to say that those who have peeked have seen the grinning jawbone of an exposed skull.

The Temple of Eternity lies by the South Gate to the city. There is a well within it and a magnificent pump system (with gold pipes and a pipe-organ-like control) that draws the water up to make a series of waterfalls and fountains. Here, water—the “Ultimate Solvent” flows over gold—the eternal metal. Thus the unstoppable force meets the immovable object. It is here, that the people of El Dorado partake of their monthly ablutions in the gold-water that the tales say keep their youth to them.

### **The Historians**

There is, of course, the obvious reason to seek El Dorado—the riches that one might acquire. There is another, more honorable reason. The men of El Dorado are historians. Although they never leave their city (or, perhaps they do rarely), they are deeply interested in the outside world and will purchase objects of great cultural significance. They have, through trade and the careful transcriptions of stories, created a living museum of art, history and culture.

In some cases, scholars have sought El Dorado for its *intellectual* riches, and been gratified in a way that all of its Gold could not match.

### **Security, Magic, and the Curse**

Over the centuries, most men who have sought the City of Gold have not done so, seeking knowledge. They come to trade (at best) or steal, or plunder. And so, over the years there have been many stories about how El Dorado guards its riches.

First, there are the sentries—there are four gates to the City (South, North, North East, and North West). These are only reachable by narrow, treacherous passes, and they are guarded by towers that seem inaccessible. Anyone on foot must enter or leave the city by these passes, and as they do so, they are vulnerable to attack from the towers. The Sentries attack with simple but effective weapons—poisoned blow-darts, metal-tipped arrows, pikes, and javelin.

Within the city itself, the natives keep a careful eye on foreigners. They are well aware of the value of Gold in the outer world, and they have a long history of thieves. What they *do* with those caught stealing is a matter of legend. There are tales of hideous tortures and macabre, extravagant executions, but these may be nothing but tales: the few who have successfully stolen from the City of Gold and escaped did not face these fates and for those who failed their mission... there are no tales to tell.

El Dorado uses magic as well. Its ancient Counsel of Elders has many accomplished magicians and they keep horrific creatures on call to meet invaders or visitors too powerful for the Sentries to face.

And finally, there is the Curse. It is said the even if one steals and escapes, there is one last hurdle to face. The Gold is cursed, and before the third sunrise, the curse will bring the

thief's life into peril. The nature of this peril is usually not specified (although it might involve being stalked by flying, invisible demons), but it is certainly fearsome and often overwhelming. Those who escape, however and beat the curse can often retire. Even a small "score" from the City of Gold is the proverbial King's Ransom.

## Xanadu

In the South, perhaps where Richardson Texas lies in the Dream, there are tales of domes that glitter like diamonds in the dusty planes. As one draws closer, they appear stranger still—perfect things whose sleek curves make them seem more biological than artificial. The valve-like portals that grant entrance and egress do little to dispel this assessment.

The Domes of Xanadu strike those with a medical or scientific background as a culture of the strangest cells. There are between eighteen and twenty-three domes, and they are surrounded by lush farmland (in an otherwise arid, almost desert landscape). The land is worked by farmers who have lived there for generations and have never questioned or entered the domes. They are content to accept their bounty (every few hours mineral rich water gushes from the great pipes at the Dome's base, fertilizing and irrigating the land).

It is visitors who ask questions and enter—some of them never leave. Within the domes is paradise. There are hanging gardens, pools of fresh, crystal-clear water. There are flocks of songbirds and orchestras of self-playing musical instruments.

Men who have been to Xanadu talk of strange beasts that exist to be eaten (walking headless creatures that taste exactly of roast pork, and virtually fall into slices and the slightest provocation). There are stories of other temptations—narcotic and hallucinogenic delicacies, for example, and even a dome that contains a harem of beautiful and magnificent "ladies."

There are far more questions than answers about Xanadu. Those who have come seeking explanations have been referred to the Committee—a group that stays within the Center (the innermost chambers of the Domes that are off-limits to visitors). The Domes are run by Assistants who explain and enforce the rules (there are almost none), and will convey any request for a meeting to the Committee Members. These requests have invariably been met with an apologetic denial—"The Committee is previous occupied and cannot grant you an audience today. Perhaps tomorrow, Sir?"

The Domes are not dangerous in an overt sense. Those who enter are not kept—although they can be very confusing and finding one's way out is often difficult. There are also numerous available pleasures that are *habit* forming. Tales of visiting Xanadu and becoming addicted to the strange nectars are not rare.

If there is a sinister threat, it seems to come from the temptation of the place. Within the Domes of Xanadu, all the pleasures of the senses are satisfied.

## The Black Mountain

There is a single, strange mountain in the middle of the desert. From a distance it appears to be a column of black rock that rises from an otherwise empty plain. As one grows closer it becomes clear that the mountain is not rock at all, but a waterfall of Void.

Void—the essence of *nothing* pours out of thin air some 600 feet above the ground and disappears into a fissure in the earth. It is a magnificent and terrifying site—a huge, turbulent pillar of motion and destruction that is utterly *silent*. In fact, nearby it, no noise is possible. The Black Mountain *mutes* the plain.

## **The Labyrinth**

Within the land that would be Arizona (specifically the Grand Canyon) in the Dreamworld the ground opens and extends (as far as the eye can see) in a valley that is a titanic maze. It is a wonder to behold: it seems at first to be a natural formation—as though carved by water (and a stream does flow through it)—but upon further inspection there are arches and stairs, forks and spirals and definite *paths*. Dragons journey to the Labyrinth to mate ... and to die (there are reports of massive Dragon graveyards within the maze).

Despite the evidence of intelligent design, the Labyrinth has a tremendous natural beauty. It is dangerous to traverse (there are narrow bridges, winding paths along steep cliffs, and even monsters). Those who have entered and returned, however, have done so and been changed. As though the act of navigating the Labyrinth is somehow a physical analogue of a spiritual journey, those survivors have reported that the days spent in the winding recesses of the Labyrinth awakened them. Some tell of 'meetings with themselves—possible versions of themselves—and journeying with alternate personas' others tell of questions being answered in mental whispers or even speaking rocks. Some, those especially troubled, have reported seeing The Minotaur, the name for a giant—a 12-story tall dark monstrosity that is said to inhabit the Labyrinth and devour prey that it can catch.

## **The Mesa of Thunderbirds**

In the deep desert there is said to be a mesa where the Thunderbirds dwell. Larger than dragons, the birds appear as mammoth eagles (each weighing more than a Blue Whale and with a wingspan larger than a football field). Seeing one overhead invokes a primal fear in humans (and just about anything else). Seeing a flock of the usually rare, always solitary Thunderbirds perched on a massive mesa in the desert is a religious experience. It has been said by the Elders of the Nations that pilgrimage to the Mesa is the ultimate rite of passage for a young warrior or a would-be wise man.

## **The Airplane Boneyard**

Out in the north is a structure with a high tower and long flat roads surrounding it. Strange machines are parked here (some decaying others in quite new condition). Pictures from those who have returned show, clearly that the vehicles are Dreamworld aircraft from many, many different eras. Some are huge some are small. Many are warplanes. Entire flights are here consisting of multiple planes of the same type. There is no indication as to what happened to the crews although the boneyard is haunted: after dark, parties that have stayed have vanished. There have been unverified and unreliable reports of giant invisible monsters stalking the grounds.