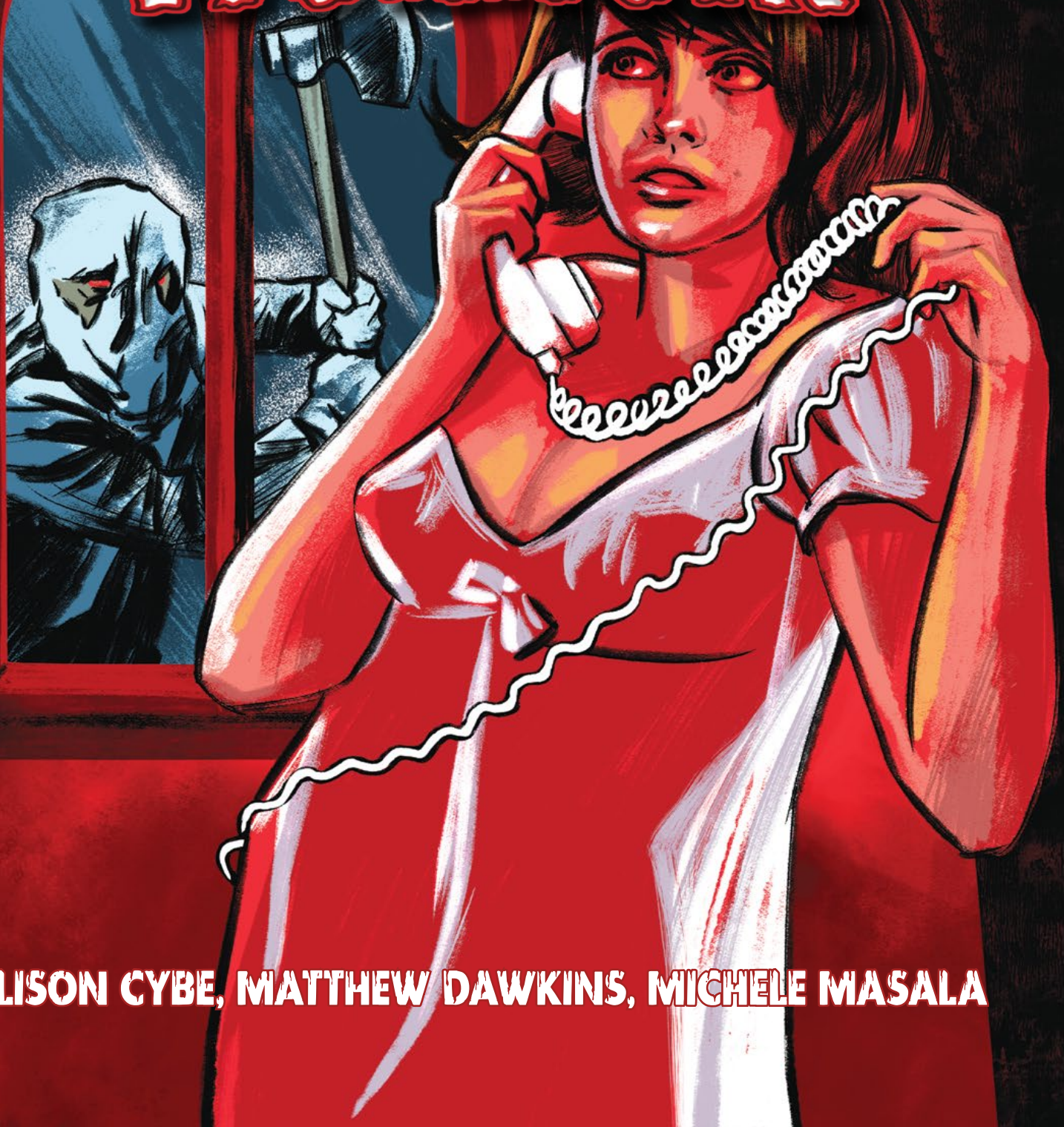


# HEROES IN A WORLD OF HORROR!



A SUPPLEMENT FOR  
**THEY CAME FROM  
BEYOND THE GRAVE!**

# HEROES IN A WORLD OF HORROR!



ALISON CYBE, MATTHEW DAWKINS, MICHELE MASALA

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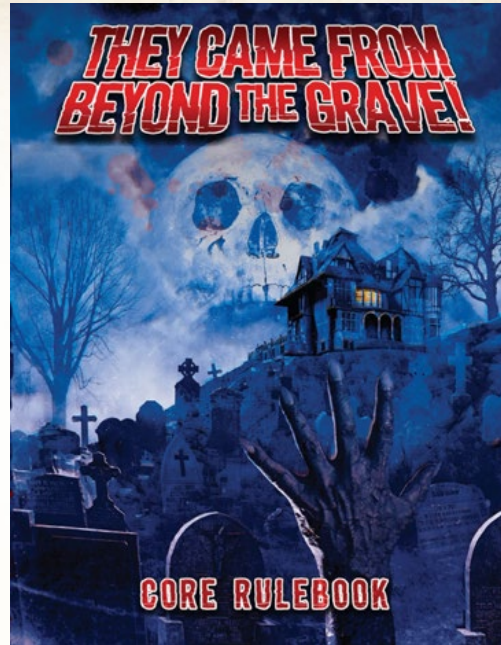
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# HEROES IN A WORLD OF HORROR!

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# THE NIGHT SHIFT

Jonathan pumped the pedal on the Ford Cortina, mumbling a short curse under his breath and wishing he hadn't looked into the hospital's mortuary in the first damn place. He glanced over his shoulder, hoping the figure wasn't still following him. The car's engine refused to start, whining with a hateful stubbornness.

"Come on" he murmured, "come on!"

He quickly scanned his surroundings. The streetlights barely illuminated the outside of the hospital, much less the parking lot. Jonathan slammed his foot against the pedal, tension rising in his fists. He clutched the wheel harder. "Move!" he yelled, his voice rising to a scream.

There — he turned and glanced to his right, body tensing sharply. Nothing there. He exhaled. Not a flicker of movement in the dark.

He slammed his fist against the wheel, desperate now. "Damn it!" he yelled as the car spat back one more resisting whine. As Jonathan did so, his hand skidded across the wheel and flicked the vehicle's foglights on. They blazed to life, illuminating the figure standing in front of the car.

Jonathan let out a single, sharp cry. "No!"

Panic rising, he turned the key for what he was certain would be the final time. The engine whirred, then, as if sharing Jonathan's terror, roared to life.

Putting the stick into reverse, Jonathan accelerated blindly — back, away from the figure receding into the night's darkness. Jonathan blinked tear-stained eyes, trying to force the image out of his mind. He wasn't sure that would be possible, not after the figure had pursued him relentlessly through the maze of hospital hallways. The shape of the person — dressed in a coat so long and restrictive that it fully concealed the wearer's body — lingered before Jonathan's eyes, not quite hidden within the shadows. Then it was gone, and Jonathan gunned the engine as hard as he could.

As he hit the main street, Jonathan rubbed his stubbled cheek, feeling the hardened clench of his jaw beneath his fingertips. He could still smell the hospital's scent on his palms. Disinfectant. Shaking, he tried to ward off that terrible memory, but it surged into his consciousness

like the bile rising in his throat. His awareness flickered back to the morgue, to the sight of the figure hunched over the body at that impossible angle. How could it, he wondered, keep its hat pulled down, obscuring its face while it was....

He slowed the car down, joining a new line of traffic. Carefully, he rested his head back against the seat cushion. "Damn it, Jonny," he said aloud, "it couldn't be what you're thinking. It really couldn't. You're just, like, coming off a twelve-hour shift, probably seeing things or...."

No, he thought. There was no denying what he'd seen. What it had been doing. Slurping. Chewing.

He hit the brake, harder than he had intended, and steered to the curb. Popping the door, he climbed out onto the sidewalk and hastily stumbled to a payphone illuminated by the red glow of a Little Chef. He thumbed a quarter into the slot and jammed in a number. Waited while it rang. Jonathan glanced behind, half expecting to see the figure crouching in every shadow.

After a short eternity, the ringing stopped. "Hello?"

"Doctor Neumann?" he hushed into the receiver. Why did he feel the need to ask?

"Jonathan?" came her reply. Her voice sounded wheezy, faint. "Jesus, it's half past three."

"I know" he said. "I'm sorry for calling but..."

"No," she interrupted. "I didn't mean that. I gave you my personal number for a reason. I'm sorry, I'm just waking up. Are you okay?"

"I—" Jonathan started, then paused, striving to quell the mad terror within. "I think so, but I'm not sure. I was at work and I saw... I mean, I'm not sure what happened."

"Are you having a panic attack?" asked the voice on the other end of the phone. "You remember we discussed how you can tell if you're having one of those, right?"

Jonathan sucked in a breath, counted to three. His eyes darted around the dim street. Neon fluorescents of the Dine-n-Dash hummed abrasively, their glow illuminating two homeless people huddled in a pair of sleeping bags. "I'm not," he spoke through gritted teeth. "Definitely not. I saw someone — *something*. Eating. I was in the morgue and—."

His eyes locked on a woman standing beside his car, her hands scrambling at its window. Jonathan's heart slammed in his chest.

"What do you mean?" Ruth Neumann asked, her voice tinny. "Do you need help?"

"In the morgue," he answered dully, his mind split between the horror he'd witnessed and the strange woman scraping her nails on his car window. "It was eating one of the bodies." Jonathan's gaze lingered on the woman. She didn't look especially disheveled, but her clothes hung loosely from her. And was she barefoot? "Hey!" Jonathan called to her.

"Listen," said Ruth, "You shouldn't be driving. I'll call you a cab, then I'll contact some associates of mine who..."

The woman ignored him, her scratching at the driver's seat window grating his ears. "Damn it," mumbled Jonathan, "I've got some junkie trying to steal my car stereo."

Jonathan placed the handset to one side and marched back to his car. "Hey!" he barked again.

This time, the woman did look at him. Dark eyes met his, framed by a tangled mass of black hair.

"That's my car," he insisted.

Silently she turned away, tapping at the window as though trying to chip her way through.

"No!" he said, grabbing her shoulder. She jerked her head to face him, her unblinking eyes reflecting only emptiness. His fingers felt unusually cold.

Jonathan glanced into the car, wondering what she was so desperate to get at. The front seat was empty. He began to shake even before he saw the pile of clothing discarded in the back seat, just peeking into the corner of his eye: a familiar, crumpled, black leather trenchcoat and hat. His skin bristled. His muscles refused to respond to his mind's panicked screams.

She smiled and opened her thin, dead lips to reveal two glistening incisors.

Across the street, Ruth's voice spoke through the handset, "Jonathan? Are you still there? Hello?"



# INTRODUCTION

“I obey God’s will, my friend, my old friend, my eternal and everlasting friend...”

— Sir Hugo Cunningham, *The Asphyx* (1972)

Anyone who dares resist the encroaching darkness of vampires, werewolves, witches, and demons is a hero by some measure or other, but not all of them live to tell their tales or leave survivors to tell stories about their deeds. So it was in many horror movies of the 1960s and 1970s, as a sense of fatalism crept into horror.

Characters would throw everything they had against the Count — their smartest deductions designed to befuddle and confuse, their holy weapons designed to destroy, even lawyers and camera crews to shed light on truths and myths — until finally realizing they’d need to throw themselves into the inferno to stop their adversary, knowing by doing so they’d meet certain doom. The Count would inevitably return for a sequel.

The heroes in this book are those prepared to sacrifice all to oppose evil. You will find within these pages an array of new Archetypes and characters you can play straight from the book, ready for the first plot the Director unfurls for you.

## THE DARKNESS SWALLOWS US ALL

Here are the delights we have in store for you. As always with **They Came From** games, Players and Directors are encouraged to

adjust, introduce elements from other games and, in this case, take heavy inspiration from horror movies as we have done.

### Fiction

You will find throughout these pages an enthralling array of fiction introducing you to the characters profiled in full later in this book, along with a variety of story ideas and terrifying places in which you can set your tales.

### New Archetypes

In this chapter, prepare to discover three new Archetypes for play in **They Came from Beyond the Grave!**: The Skeptic, the Kid, and the Escap-ee. Each adds something new to the game, in the form of challenges, opportunities, motivations, and, of course, Trademarks, Quips, and Tropes.

### Ready-Made Characters

Eight fully fleshed out characters with biographies for both the 1970s and the 19th century, allowing Players to put them into play in whichever era the Director’s story is set. These characters span the Archetypes from **They Came from Beyond the Grave!** as well as the three new Archetypes introduced in this book, and represent an array of backgrounds, cultures, and aspirations.





# FETISH

Peter cautiously peeked around the door's edge. The room smelled of antiseptic, clean sheets, and tension. A metal bed dominated the room, upon which lay Jonathan.

As Peter slipped in, the squeak of his sneakers interrupted a rhythmic beeping that emanated from a machine in the corner. The sound caught Amy's attention. She lifted her head, turning to quietly look at the young boy. "I thought I told you to stay home?" she said, her voice more a question than a statement.

The machine pinged again. Peter approached the side of the bed, looking at Jonathan's portly figure. The man's chest rose and fell at an agonizingly slow pace. Peter wasn't thinking about going home — he was thinking of Jonathan's amusing magic tricks and truly awful jokes, of his hair being tussled at every hello, of every attempt the man would make to keep the boy distracted from his worries.

"What did the doctors say?"

Amy exhaled sharply, shifting her weight against the thin hospital chair. "That he's lucky," she said, honestly. Then, adding, "He'll be fine. You shouldn't worry."

The boy didn't answer. He touched his hand to Jonathan's arm. The machine beeped again.

"Who brought the fruit?" he asked.

Amy smiled ruefully at the fruit bowl on the bedside stand, piled next to a stack of colorful cards. "Ruth" she answered. "She'll be along later with Lily May. So you would be better off being home where you're meant to be, and—"

Peter scooped a small orange from the bowl. "Think he'd mind?" he started to ask, when a small object seated next to the bedside cabinet caught his eye. A small wooden figure, chalk-lined features etched on its surface, wrapped in a thin piece of fabric. Placing the orange down, Peter scooped up the doll. It sat bulky in his hands, all sharp edges and splinters. "What's this?"

Tilting her head quizzically, Amy shrugged. "Looks like a fetish," she murmured.

"What," asked Peter, "like whips and blindfolds?"

"Where did you learn—" Amy started, then shook her head. "No. Like a ceremonial object. Some cultures used them in rituals."

Peter tilted the curious figurine this way and that. "Like a voodoo doll?" he asked. "They're for healing, aren't they?"

"Yeah," said Amy. "So it's probably Lily May who sent it."

Narrowing his gaze, Peter placed the figurine back beside the fruit bowl.

\*\*\*

He didn't sleep that night. Most nights, Peter didn't sleep. Slipping out through his window, he worked his way carefully to his bicycle and rode it energetically back to the hospital.

It was well after midnight when he arrived. The dim lighting on the patient floors made every hallway appear like the rest. Echoing footfalls in the bowels of the building and muffled groans from unseen figures broke the hum of halogen bulbs.

Peter was certain, by the end of his search to find his way back to Jonathan's room, that he didn't like hospitals. They reminded him of a nightmare half-forgotten, and it wasn't until he found the room again he understood why.

The machine beeped as Peter pushed the door aside. Blinds were drawn; moonlight illuminated the bed in thin slices. He walked over and sat on the chair that Amy had occupied earlier in the evening, then stared at the man who was as close to a father as he knew — the only person in the whole world who could really keep the darkness at bay.

Peter closed his eyes, exhaustion finally catching up with him. For a fleeting moment his heavy eyelids closed, sleep lulling him with the machine's soft beeping.

Another sound caught Peter's senses — tiny, thin. A crackle of wood brushing against wood. He opened his eyes, just in time to see a soft flicker in the shadows across Jonathan's body.

Fear bristled across the young boy. The machine beeped again, the sound now seeming desperate. Another flicker of shadow, this time up by Jonathan's neck.

Forcing himself out of the chair, Peter grabbed the bedside lamp and flicked it on, turning the bulb toward

the man. The wooden doll sat there, straddling Jonathan's shoulders, its spindly arms tight around the man's neck. It looked directly at Peter, chalk-white eyes expressionless. The boy stifled a cry.

Turning, the doll scrambled at Peter with inhuman speed, reaching the side of the bed and leaping at the boy. Its serrated, splintered arms caught the fabric of his shirt, ripping through it to scratch at the flesh underneath. Peter let out an unrestrained yell and grabbed the doll, pulling it free from him. It came away only with effort, peeling away the boy's t-shirt, flailing and scratching him madly.

In desperation, Peter hurled the doll to the floor, aiming his foot to stamp the accursed thing. No sooner had it crashed to the tiles, though, when it twisted madly about and vanished out of sight beneath the hospital bed.

Taking harried steps back, Peter patted his fingers against his chest, finding the shirt wet with blood. The room seemed silent once more. In the corner, the machine resumed its beeping.

Moving as silently as he could, Peter leaned down, readying himself to glance beneath the bed. It was dark — too dark for him to see. Sliding down to one knee, he peered. There were shapes under the bed, but none of them were....

A weight landed hard on the back of the boy's neck.

Peter fell against the tiled floor with a thud. The wooden doll was atop him, chalk-white eyes shimmering in the night. It pulled at the boy's hair, scratching deep cuts into his face, its fingers little more than hateful splinters.

Screaming, Peter tried to pull the doll from him, but it held its place tight. Eagerly, the boy's fingers groped in the darkness for something — anything — that he could use to help pry the frantic creature from him.

His fingertips locked on something beneath the bed. An old ceramic chamber pot, hard and round. Peter drove it against the creature with all of his strength.

The devilish creature hit the floor. Peter flipped onto his knees and hurriedly placed the chamber pot down atop the doll. As if in a rage, the doll slammed itself against the chamber pot, causing it to jump.

Catching his breath, Peter stood up, holding the ceramic pot beneath one foot. He looked at Jonathan and sighed. "Amy's never going to believe this," he said between exhausted breaths.



# NEW ARCHETYPES

“Well, gentlemen, we’re looking at the mortal remains of an individualist. For whom modern surgery held no mystery. To the extent that Mr. Holt tried to operate on himself, by applying an electric drill into the head.”

“A do-it-yourself merchant.”

“A rather boring person.”

— Drs. Manders and Harris, *Hammer House of Horror, the Mark of Satan* (1980)

The following Archetypes expand the range of playable options for **They Came from Beyond the Grave!**, giving Players the options of taking the role of the Skeptic, the Kid, or the Escapee. Each Archetype is one with a presence in the horror genre: the Skeptic often being a professional debunker who discovers a horrible truth he cannot fathom; the Kid as the plucky young innocent who outwits the monster through childish savvy; and the Escapee the unlikely hero or tragic character with a deep and intimate familiarity with the monstrous, just wanting to get away from this hell.

As with the Archetypes in **They Came from Beyond the Grave!**, these new options can also be used to expand the selection of playable roles in games of **They Came from Beneath the Sea!** and other books in the **They Came From** line. As always, Players and Directors should discuss their choices ahead of the game’s commencement, thus avoiding any issue in a plot where an Escapee just wouldn’t fit in, such as in a game set at a high society gala (though you never know...), or where a Kid might be inappropriate for a bawdier story.

Players should always feel free to move suggested Skills around and come up with their own Trademarks. These Archetypes are templates, and ultimately, Players can adjust them as they see fit to work in the context of the story ahead.

# THE SKEPTIC

*The sound of her steps echoes through the dark museum hallways. A stealthy approach would have its benefits, but she can't afford this ridiculousness to last any longer. She knew something was amiss since artifacts from the Egyptian wing started to vanish, but suspected the curator sold them to pay his gambling debts like last time. In hindsight, that would have been better. Once she draws closer, it becomes clear noise is the last thing she has to worry about; a loud chant emanates from the hall nearby. A bad attempt at Middle Egyptian, if she is not mistaken. She slides by the door and takes a look inside: Her assistant is there, lying asleep on the museum's replica altar, with a whole crowd of people gathered around him. Nobody seems to have noticed her presence, too enthralled by whatever foolish ritual their leader is guiding them through.*

*"I need you to stop immediately. This crossed into criminal behavior long ago. Free my assistant and leave the premises right now or face the consequences." The chant stops in a heartbeat. Everyone turns toward the Skeptic in perfect synchrony. "Nice, they even rehearsed," she thinks. Silence lasts for a few tense seconds, until the cult priest's mouth widens and sepulchral laughter emerges. "You dare to threaten me, puny maggot?" He points a finger toward her in accusation. "I am the One Who Endures, I am Death Defied, the Opener of Ways! I am—" A loud shot interrupts his rodomontade. The priest stares blankly at the gaping hole in his chest, then at the smoking gun in the Skeptic's hands. He smiles, but then a long-forgotten feeling overcomes him. He kneels down in impossible pain. "You are a weirdo wrapped in toilet paper." The Skeptic reloads. "My trusted Smith & Wesson is all I need to take care of you." Chaos ensues.*

The Skeptic is the voice of reason people need, whether they accept it or not. Where others fall for trickery and assorted absurdities, Skeptics stand their ground and refuse to lose sight of logic and truth. The Skeptic trusts rationality to show the way, a guiding light to dispel the shadows of ignorance that keep humanity shackled. Though Skeptics do not believe in monsters and magic, their hatred of the supernatural often puts the plot in motion. The Skeptic challenges the occult world to prove them wrong, and darkness answers, as if in defiance of the Archetype's unrepentant stubbornness.

Skeptics react with a mixture of anger, ridicule, and fear to those who contest their certainties. This makes it difficult for them to work with Archetypes who take the existence of monsters as a matter of fact. The tensions between a Skeptic and



Hunters and Mystics often lead to inevitable arguments. Skeptics have no better opinion of Professors and Raconteurs, who keep an open mind, and consider even Dupes and Kids misguided nuisances. The presence of the Skeptic keeps a group grounded, but also generates friction, until their refusal to acknowledge the supernatural softens when they feel evidence of the contrary on their own skin.

The Skeptic brings to the table legitimacy and perspective several Archetypes lack. Their reliance on the mundane world and its foundations helps them develop a solid reputation and an aura of dignity the establishment appreciates. Archetypes that might prefer to avoid Skeptics reluctantly admit that they have the means to gather precious information and the brains to capably put it together.

## APPEARANCE

Skeptics are proud of how ordinary they appear. To them, the right appearance is a normal one, which means Skeptics dress according to their profession and the role they embody within a community. Even those who work in more flashy fields like entertainment or sports look and behave as the audience expects them to. Skeptics fit stereotypical styles more often than other Archetypes, but they find comfort in the simple certainty of a rigorous aspect.

Skeptics of the 19th century developed their disdain for the supernatural through privilege, cynicism, or a combination of both. Social status creates a gap among Skeptics of the era, but predilection for formal attire is a common feature. In the 1970s, the advent of modern progress shifts public perception from faith and sorcery toward a world of facts and science, an evolution that makes outward differences among Skeptics less sharp.

The circumstances shaping a Skeptic's doubtful attitude have a radical influence on their behavior. Skeptics sure of their intellectual superiority react to provocations with amused irritation, while those who suffered because of crooks and magical delusions waste no time in displaying their contempt of those they perceive as fraudsters preying on the gullible.

## LIFESTYLE

Skepticism is a lifestyle appreciated by all sorts of people. Skeptics with an academic perspective dismiss the existence of the supernatural as nonsense through their acquired knowledge, but the core elements of the Archetype do not require a formal education, both in the 19th century and, even more so, in the 1970s.

Eager to prove their convictions, Skeptics apply the tenets of their logic to all aspects of daily life. Some take the vocation to dispel superstitions a step further and join professions which allow them to contest the sincerity behind supernatural stories with direct efficiency.

The Skeptic's approach to monsters changes when mortal threats are involved. Devil Worshipers, Slashers, and Stalking Killers are real, factual menaces no Skeptic denies. Worse, they often wrap themselves in occult trappings to justify their heinous crimes. As embodiment of the Skeptic's most hated fears, mortal threats must be stopped with swiftness and seriousness.

## CONNECTIONS

The Skeptic expects their Connections to not let themselves be fooled by illusions and fairy tales. They often enable the Skeptic's point of view or offer respite for the Archetype when things get too absurd. Some Skeptic example Connections include:

- Arrogant College Professor
- Stressed Lawyer
- Retired Cop
- Local Newspaper
- School Debate Club
- Bail Bond Agency
- Eager Art Collector

## SKILLS

Anyone can be a Skeptic, so their Skills vary according to their upbringing and experiences. Skeptics often hone Skills which support their beliefs and offer them tools to rationalize what they see.

A Skeptic might be the frustrated cameraman of a paranormal show, forced to travel around the country and film the empty hallways of one haunted place after another. He takes care of the troupe's equipment with his knowledge of **Technology** and drives everyone around (**Pilot**). The show's pretense of seriousness made him study **Science**, but the host is more interested in local folklore and never shuts up about it (**Culture**). To sneak around and break into guarded places, he developed his **Larceny**.

Another Skeptic might be an insurance detective too tired of liars and frauds to indulge in fantasies. She has the **Empathy** and **Enigmas** to figure out what the truth is, the **Integrity** to not fall for cons and corruption attempts, and enough **Persuasion** to make people talk. Since criminals often get desperate once they are about to get caught, she bought a gun and improved her **Aim** to handle rough situations.

## TRADEMARKS

Skeptic Trademarks are based on their stubborn rationality and the conviction that mysteries endure only because nobody looks into them with proper care. Some Skeptic Trademarks, including example Skills and Attributes they apply to, include:

### There must be a better explanation

**Skill:** Integrity, Science

**Attribute:** Resolve

### Strike here and it'll fall apart

**Skill:** Aim, Command

**Attribute:** Intellect

### I need to see the body

**Skill:** Larceny, Medicine

**Attribute:** Resolve

### It will take more than that to get me

**Skill:** Empathy, Integrity

**Attribute:** Composure

### I said good day!

**Skill:** Command, Integrity

**Attribute:** Presence

### And here's how they made it move

**Skill:** Enigmas, Technology

**Attribute:** Cunning

### That's not even original

**Skill:** Culture, Humanities

**Attribute:** Intellect

### You're looking for this?

**Skill:** Larceny, Close Combat

**Attribute:** Dexterity

## TROPES

All characters start play with three Tropes, with the Skeptic's player choosing two from the Skeptic list, and one from any of the other Archetype lists:

### Not gonna buy that:

Your total refusal to believe in the supernatural shields you from harm. Once per story, you can choose not to gain a Condition caused by the Special Rules of a monstrous threat.

### I'm looking for the strings:

There must be evidence of how they pulled that trick off. Gain +1 Enhancement on all rolls to gather clues in a location where a supernatural event occurred in front of an audience.

### Appeal to reason:

Evidence or not, righteousness is on your side and everyone sees it. Once per story, you can make the audience agree with you on a dispute even if the person you are arguing with provides solid arguments or proofs.

### It's just swamp gas:

Fancy lights and scenic smoke do not faze you. If you manage to come up with a scientific explanation for an otherworldly phenomenon, reduce a Field's Complication value by 1.

### You won this round:

Even when in doubt, you are certain facts will prove you right in the end. Gain 1 additional Rewrite if you are influenced by Director-controlled characters and accept the results.

### Heal from this one:

Toy guns and prop swords are not dangerous, but real weapons are different. You own a trusted weapon. As long as you are absolutely certain nobody has tinkered with it, damage made by that weapon bypasses Special Rules which would prevent or heal it.

### Look at the bite marks:

It is not difficult to discover what you are dealing with, if you know where to look. Gain +1 Enhancement on rolls made to identify a threat based on evidence gathered from a crime scene.

### Everybody lies, no exception:

You know the only person you can trust is yourself. Once per story, you can ask the Director if someone is lying to you and, if so, choose to expose them for the liar they are.

### Of course, officer:

Authorities respect your logic, fair judgment, and trust you will help avoid panic. Once per session, as long as you play along to their convictions, you can shift upwards the attitude of officials towards you and your associates by 1.

### Headstrong:

You know where you stand and refuse to move by an inch. Rolls made to intimidate or sway you from your beliefs take a level 2 Complication.

# PERSPECTIVES

**Dupe:** Often uneducated, but not hopeless. All they need to stop believing in faeries is proper guidance and a dose of reality.

**Escapee:** I'm sure you believe every single word of what you said, but that still does not make it real. I'm afraid a traumatized mind cannot be trusted.

**Hunter:** Hunters of what, if it's not too much to ask? Ridiculous. I don't have any patience for a bunch of dangerous fanatics starving for attention.

**Kid:** It's not unusual for children to believe in the fantastical. There comes an age when it's time to grow up, though.

**Mystic:** You're the reason society has not moved past silly superstitions already.

**Professor:** Oh, finally someone I can have an intelligent conversation with. As long as they're respected members of the scientific community, that is.

**Raconteur:** I like the attitude and the eye for detail, but could you please not waste your energy on every single tall tale you hear?

**Monstrous Threats:** Rubber costumes and fake fangs don't make you more dangerous than anybody else. Less dangerous, perhaps.

**Human Threats:** What keeps me awake at night is spawned by the dark depths of human nature rather than from a bunch of insane stories.

# EXAMPLE CHARACTERS

- The surgeon with a cumbersome surname and an infamous family legacy to deal with.
- The strict city cop relocated to a little country village with a dark secret.
- The chosen one who does not want to have anything to do with that prophecy, thank you.
- The wrestler who never wonders why his opponents are so dedicated to their gimmick.
- The cynical horror writer tired of conspiracies and loony fans.
- The bored undertaker too jaded by his job to notice anything weird.
- The government agent forced to act as counterpart to her colleague's loony theories.



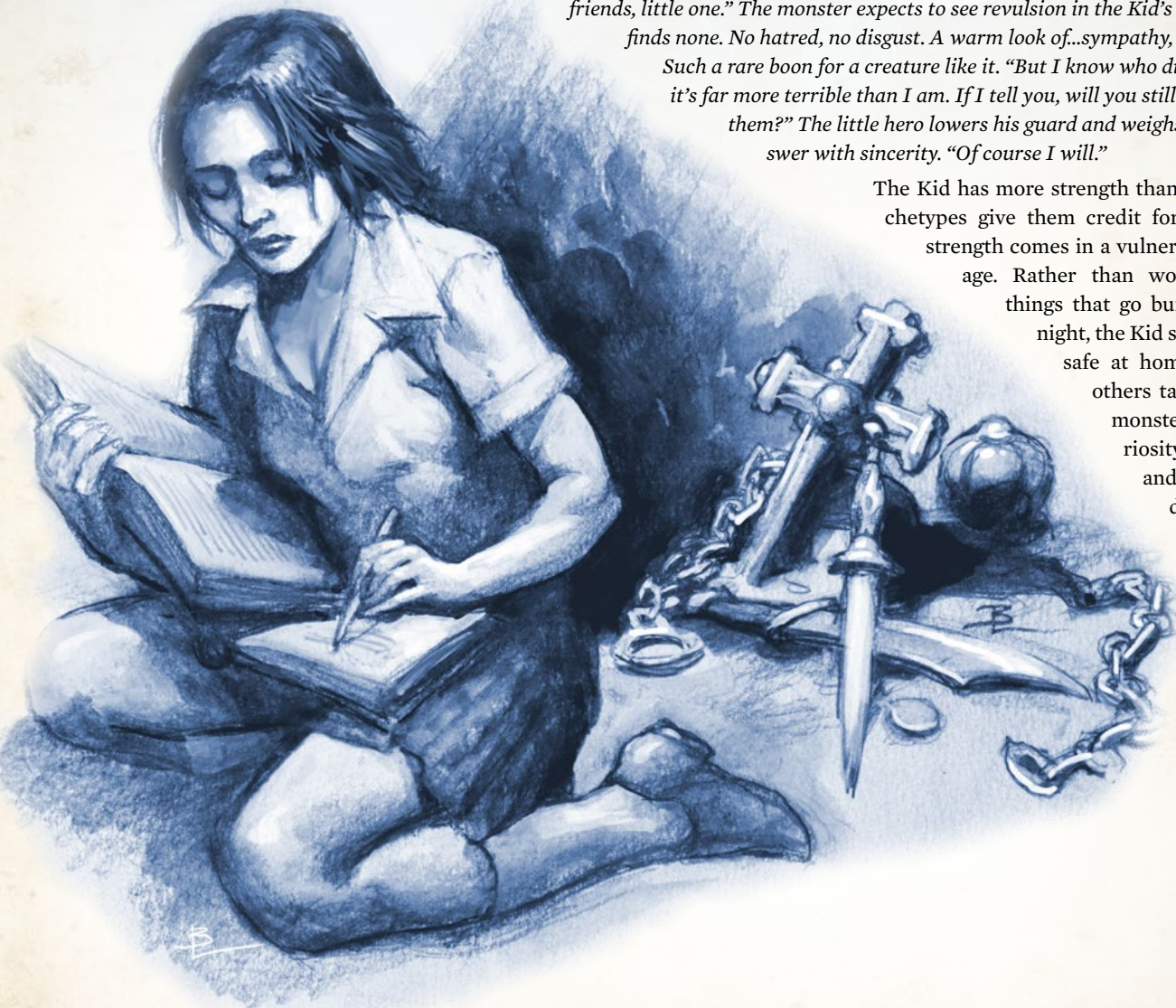
# THE KID

*He should not be here. Dad's words were clear. "The woods are no place for a Kid, now more than ever." It's not like he had a choice, though: Too many children had gone missing in the past few weeks, and everyone refused to believe him. If the Kid has to do this alone, so be it. He opens the wooden door, lifts his shield, and walks inside.*

*The interior of the cabin is empty and silent. Nothing has lived here for decades. Nothing human, that is. Broken furniture lies scattered everywhere, engulfed by layers of dust and cobwebs. The tiny amount of light shining through the grime on the windows makes it even harder to see. Yet, the Kid perseveres.*

*"You should leave," says a voice in the darkness. The Kid's instinct is to turn around and flee, but he swallows his fear. "I won't." The thing chuckles. "You come here with a pot for a helmet and a pan for a shield. Your cape is a blanket, and your sword is made of cardboard. I don't want to scrape you off my shoes; leave me be and don't come back." Terrified and with his pride wounded, the Kid shakes his head. "I need to save my friends first." The creature, a hideous horror covered in scars and stitches, leans forward from the shadows. "I'm not the one who took your friends, little one." The monster expects to see revulsion in the Kid's eyes but finds none. No hatred, no disgust. A warm look of...sympathy, perhaps? Such a rare boon for a creature like it. "But I know who did, and it's far more terrible than I am. If I tell you, will you still go after them?" The little hero lowers his guard and weighs the answer with sincerity. "Of course I will."*

The Kid has more strength than other Archetypes give them credit for, but that strength comes in a vulnerable package. Rather than worry about things that go bump in the night, the Kid should stay safe at home and let others take care of monsters. Curiosity, pluck, and ingenuity drive the



Kid to wander where they should not, often without the chance to regret it. Kids are not protagonist material, and yet the story itself cannot avoid turning them into a catalyst for events. The Kid needs the help of others to survive danger, but sometimes their meddling actions turn out to be the key element that leads to the discovery and downfall of a monstrous villain.

The mere presence of the Kid complicates the plot for anyone involved. For their companions, it can be both a blessing and a curse. Whether a Kid inspires those around them to be their better self or is a lousy brat who annoys everyone, Kids are weak, prone to be taken hostage, and require constant attention. Their fascination with the supernatural and immature worldview make it easier for them to accept monsters as real, but something within Kids makes them susceptible to the influence of the forces of evil.

Kids take what is taught to them at face value, but are also inquisitive and empathetic by nature. The Kid sees things for what they are, with a clear idea of wrong and right, and is not afraid to call out bad actions. Whereas adults are too disillusioned or cynical to deal with ethical conundrums, the Kid's genuine voice can make a true difference.

## APPEARANCE

The Kid's looks are almost never outlandish, but how a Kid appears and behaves depends on factors like the wealth of their family and how those around them treat them. The way a Kid is raised determines which principles they adopt as their own, and those who grow in a loving family do not carry the same trauma as other Kids.

Economic distinctions between Kids appear more evident in the 19th century. Anyone can figure if the Kid is poor or rich by looking at what they wear. Parents who cannot afford to send Kids to school teach them what they know and hope for the best. In the 1970s, most Kids have access to formal education, and differences in wealth tend to not manifest through clothes. A richer Kid wears finer apparel but won't look that different from their more modest peers. Bigger homes, family vacations, and lots of toys set Kids apart more than anything.

Not all Kids have the same opportunities, though all make do with what life offers them.

## LIFESTYLE

A huge divide separates the Kids of different eras. The way society looks at Kids, and the role it assigns them, evolved significantly over the centuries, thanks to radical cultural and social changes.

In the 19th century, Kids are more likely to conform to the plan their family has in mind. Adults often consider Kids an inconvenience until they grow, an attitude further demonstrated by the strict education the Kid endures. Poorer Kids work already or survive through petty theft and grit. In the 1970s, the idea that Kids must be protected and nurtured is considered to be the norm, though theory and practice do not align as often as they should. The Kid's life is structured around school and home, but they have plenty more spare time to practice hobbies or get themselves into trouble.

The Kid is a little child more often than not, though they do not have to be. Immature characters of all sorts fit the Archetype. Lack of growth, vulnerability, and a healthy dose of impulsive recklessness outline Kids more than age. Wisecracking teenagers

and sheltered heirs of vast fortunes who grew up without friends are equally valid options.

## CONNECTIONS

The Kid is bound by its own nature to a smaller, more intimate web of relationships. Its exact nature varies, but their Connections pass through their family, their school, or their limited social circle. Some Kid example Connections include:

- Bratty Babysitter
- Cool Cousin
- Nurturing Teacher
- Kind Lady from Down the Road
- Soccer Team
- Hospital Staff
- Pet Store

## SKILLS

Most Kids have not figured out the sort of person they want to become yet, though the potential to do anything brews within them. Their interests and hobbies, combined with the environment they live in, determines which Skills Kids have.

A Kid might be a little magician who trains every day to become the new Houdini. She would have **Larceny** to do her tricks and the **Persuasion** needed to distract an audience. Her love for magic would grant her **Culture**, while her enthusiastic glee for practical effects would make her learn more about **Technology**. By the time she has the confidence to let the audience get on stage, she would develop her **Empathy** to figure out who is in front of her.

A different Kid might be the son of a huntsman who strives to make his father proud. He trained all his life to learn how to follow tracks (**Survival**) and knows how to handle incidents (**Medicine**), though his **Aim** is far from perfect. A life spent outside helped his **Athletics**, and he thinks of himself as a young hero who will someday perform great deeds (**Integrity**).

## TRADEMARKS

Kid Trademarks are based on their unique perspective on the world and the limitations they have within society. Some Kid Trademarks including example Skills and Attributes they apply to include:

### Wanna have a taste of my ice cream?

**Skill:** Persuasion, Empathy

**Attribute:** Presence

### Oh, I know this story!

**Skill:** Culture, Humanities

**Attribute:** Intellect

### They'll never find me here

**Skill:** Larceny, Survival

**Attribute:** Dexterity

### You know who my father is?

**Skill:** Persuasion, Command

**Attribute:** Manipulation

### This one needs more glue

**Skill:** Technology, Pilot

**Attribute:** Intellect

### Look at me! Hey, look at me!

**Skill:** Athletics, Command

**Attribute:** Presence

### I'm not scared of you!

**Skill:** Integrity, Culture

**Attribute:** Resolve

### Rock fight!

**Skill:** Aim, Athletics

**Attribute:** Dexterity

## TROPES

All characters start play with three Tropes, with the Kid's player choosing two from the Kid list, and one from any of the other Archetype lists:

### Good for the stew:

You have an innate talent to make villains angry, hungry, or both at the same time. Monsters take a level 2 Complication to notice ambushes, traps, or your hidden companions as long as you act as bait.

### A boy and his dog:

Animals like you, either because you treat them with kindness or your family tree reaches a certain bad place down below. Presence and Manipulation rolls towards animals do not require an increase in Difficulty or Complication, and you can spend 2 Rewrites to make beasts appear and protect you from danger.

### Under the bed:

You can find a safe spot in the strangest places, no matter how dangerous the situation is. Once per story, you can hide somewhere, and monsters will forget to check your location.

### You can't hit me!:

Even monsters and ruthless killers lose patience with you. If you provoke and make fun of your opponent, their rolls to hit you take a level 1 Complication. Should they miss, the Complication increases by 1 level for each turn they try to attack you and fail.

### Billy is not here, Father:

Ephemeral entities use you as a conduit to manifest in the world. They enjoy moving your furniture around and do not respect personal space, but have useful knowledge to spare. Once per story, you can let one possess you and ask the Director a question about the events at hand to get an honest answer, though they decide how cryptic it is. For the remainder of the story, you become Haunted and gain the Post-Possession Condition.

### Now watch this, kid:

Adults are eager to impress you. When you are around, characters of other Archetypes use their highest dice pool instead of the smallest when they roll for Mixed Actions.

### Guardian entity:

Something is watching over you. You're ignorant of its exact nature, but it never abandons you. Once per story, the entity prevents any damage or Conditions you would gain from an attack or hazard. Whether it manifests and takes the incoming blow or influences your surroundings with its powers, your guardian succeeds in protecting you from harm.

### Get behind me:

Your friends will not allow you to get hurt. Other characters can decide to let injuries affect them instead of you. Just ask them nicely.

### Let me go!:

You bite, scratch, and land kicks where it hurts. Gain +1 Enhancement on rolls made to escape a grapple.

### Won't somebody please think of the children?:

Your innocent eyes should not witness violence, even if the idea sounds cool to you. Once per story, you can deescalate a conflict with your presence and prevent a fight from breaking out.

# PERSPECTIVES

**Dupe:** I hope I'll turn out more interesting than them when I grow up.

**Escapee:** Please stop, you're scaring me.

**Hunter:** So cool! I just wish they'd let me touch their weapons and stick around when they go after a monster.

**Mystic:** Their books are filled with spooky pictures and awesome spells, but they insist I'm too young to read them.

**Professor:** Booring! I already go to school and do my homework: I don't need more lessons.

**Raconteur:** Oh, tell me just one more story please!

**Skeptic:** Why won't you believe me?! I know what I saw and it's dangerous!

**Monstrous Threats:** I know they exist! One lives inside my closet and comes out at night, but I know what to do to send it back.

**Human Threats:** Never talk to strangers, get back home before it's dark, and always wipe front to back.

# EXAMPLE CHARACTERS

- The curious daughter of a scientist severely forbidden from entering dad's laboratory.
- The compulsive liar who saw his science teacher turn into a werewolf.
- The eldest sister of many who takes care of her younger brothers more than their parents do.
- The thing faeries replaced the family's firstborn with, desperate to preserve its existence.
- The paper boy who knows what lurks within the abandoned house everyone avoids.
- The young idealist who lived at the orphanage all his life and decided to see the world.
- The brave circus acrobat who throws knives with eerie precision.

# THE ESCAPEE



*"You better release me now, if you don't want to regret it." The detective taps his fingers on the table and takes a sip of coffee. The buzzing light above, too bright on purpose, flickers for an instant. "Is that a threat?" The Escapee shrugs. "Just a warning. There will be consequences." A faint smirk appears on her face, as if being detained by the police does not trouble her in the slightest. "I just wanted to eat one warm breakfast, and then I would have left your quiet little town, but I guess that was too much to ask." With a quick gesture, the Escapee picks up the detective's cigarette from the ashtray. He can't decide whether to protest or be impressed. "I get it, I really do. You folks must be nervous." She takes a deep breath of smoke. "Let me guess: People are being aggressive, violent. Strange stories and sightings keep piling up." The man puts down his coffee and stares at the Escapee, any pretense of composure now compromised. "That's why I never stick around in one place for too long."*

*The light flickers again. "You see this right here?" The Escapee pulls her hair over, exposing just enough of her neck for the detective to spot the bright crimson glyph impressed on the flesh, more an open wound than a tattoo. "I've signed a contract. That's where He put his signature." She adjusts her hair and sits straight again. "Bad decision of mine. I figured it out right after it was done, but they don't accept rescission down there and came to collect anyways. Unfair, if you ask me, so I escaped." Somebody outside the room screams. Gunshots follow. The detective stands up in a panic and grabs his pistol. "What the hell is going on?" The light keeps going on and off. "My jailors are coming for me". The Escapee crushes the cigarette with her own hand; ashes fall on the white table. "And I'm the only one around here who can deal with them".*

The Escapee embodies the strength of the human spirit. Their story begins with an act of rebellion, a rush toward freedom that defines their existence. Now on the run, they fight each day to preserve what they fought so hard to obtain.

The confinement from which the Escapee fled can be mundane, supernatural, or something in between. Each Escapee fought their own monsters and lived to tell the tale. Whether from inhuman prison, secret laboratory, or mystical durance, the Escapee rose against their cruel jailors and defied them. The awareness that their torturers are looking for them drives the Escapee to keep moving and never look back.

The Escapee is a varied Archetype. All Escapees rely on the very abilities that allowed them to flee captivity. Some have an eye for detail and a fast mind, some are veritable escape artists, while others have the brawn to break any chain. The one shared trait between them is the will to adapt to almost anything and endure hardships that would break weaker people, all in the name of freedom.

Escapees are a hardy bunch who knows how to move unseen and survive through the worst. They carry a painful burden and are difficult to deal with, but those who earn their trust gain an ally for life. The Escapee is accustomed to risk and always ready to do their part, but their confidence often crosses into recklessness.

## APPEARANCE

The looks of Escapees are diverse, but share commonalities. Most have to scrape up whatever equipment they manage to find while they flee, with the little money they have. Some keep wearing their clothes from captivity, but most prefer to dispose of that garb, both because they make the Escapee stand out and bring up bad memories. Dirt and bloodstains excluded, their clothes are often modest and inconspicuous. Patches and repairs are common, each telling an episode of the Escapee's odyssey.

Escapees wear their struggles on their skin. Burns, needle punctures, manacle bruises: Each testifies to the hardships borne by its owner. All Escapees have scars, some more literal than others, but they conceal them when possible. Escapees with remarkable disfigurements, like victims of terrible incidents or failed experiments on the run, attract attention despite their best efforts.

Most Escapees are wary of letting their defenses down, but not all are antisocial. Some love to celebrate their freedom and enjoy the good things in life, while those haunted by their demons are skittish and prone to anger.

## LIFESTYLE

Escapees cannot afford the luxury of a peaceful lifestyle. Whether they made the wrong choices or were taken by surprise, all Escapees are fugitives. Their freedom is at risk should they ever stop running, and Escapees must weigh risks and rewards for every decision they make. A mistake or a bad luck day are all it takes for an Escapee's past to catch up with them.

Society sees Escapees as outsiders and treats them accordingly, even if they do their best to live an honest life. While a criminal Escapee might return to illegal activities without thinking much about it, others are often left without a choice. An Escapee can keep up a semblance of a normal existence only until someone questions their cover or their former captors come knocking. At that point, they take whatever option they have.

Escapees who suffered at the hand of monsters are caught between a rock and a hard place. With knowledge of what lurks in the darkest corners written on their own flesh, those Escapees strive to find a home in a world which ignores the truth.

## CONNECTIONS

Escapees have few precious connections. They learned not to trust anyone, and the bonds they do manage to forge while on the road matter both despite and because of how fragile they are. Some Escapee example Connections include:

- Gentle Farmer
- Remorseful Lab Assistant
- Addict Who Knows Everyone
- Patient Train Conductor
- Local Homeless Community
- Asylum Patients
- Shady Pub

## SKILLS

Escapee Skills depend both on the life they had before imprisonment and on what they had to learn to avoid capture. Escapees know their future depends on their Skills and dedicate plenty of energy to developing them.

An Escapee might be a sailor with a shady past who took to the sea to avoid capture. Years of hard work made him tough (**Athletics**) and resolute (**Integrity**), both able to handle a ship (**Pilot**) and take care of himself with drunkards or thugs who come looking for trouble (**Close Combat**). He keeps a low profile, but has not forgotten the talents that put a hefty bounty on his head (**Larceny**).

Another Escapee could be a repentant cultist who fled the organization. She studied to become a doctor (**Medicine**) when they recruited her. She read the cult's unholy texts (**Culture**) but started to doubt when they gave her a gun and told her she had to learn how to use it (**Aim**). Her love of camping and nature (**Survival**) allowed her to flee through the woods without looking back. The cult has spies everywhere, so she hides her identity (**Persuasion**) and never stays in one place for too long.

## TRADEMARKS

Escapee Trademarks are based on their ability to flee from threats and keep going despite hazards and hopelessness. Some Escapee Trademarks including example Skills and Attributes they apply to include:

### I know a secret path

**Skill:** Survival, Athletics

**Attribute:** Dexterity

### These handcuffs won't hold me

**Skill:** Athletics, Technology

**Attribute:** Might

### This is where they did it

**Skill:** Science, Medicine

**Attribute:** Intellect

### I got out, I can get back in

**Skill:** Larceny, Athletics

**Attribute:** Dexterity

### **It's just a scratch**

**Skill:** Medicine, Integrity

**Attribute:** Composure

### **I recognize the bad guys when I see them**

**Skill:** Empathy, Culture

**Attribute:** Cunning

### **Follow me if you want to survive the night!**

**Skill:** Empathy, Command

**Attribute:** Presence

### **Eat one of those at your own risk**

**Skill:** Medicine, Survival

**Attribute:** Intellect

## **TROPES**

All characters start play with three Tropes, with the Escapee's player choosing two from the Escapee list, and one from any of the other Archetype lists:

### **Try and catch me:**

A life spent evading pursuers taught you how to deal with them. Gain +1 Enhancement on Larceny rolls made to hide or run away from enemies and authorities.

### **Nobody could survive that:**

You manage to triumph against impossible odds through a mixture of courage and foolish recklessness. Once per story, if an action requires bravado or seems borderline suicidal, you can add a number of dice to your dice pool equal to the total amount of Complications associated with the roll.

### **Feet don't fail me now:**

Speed and reflexes have always been your friends. To sprint while doing something or move further than short-range requires no roll.

### **Slippery meat:**

You know how to break out from straitjackets, handcuffs, and rusty meat hooks in a killer's basement. Gain +1 Enhancement on all rolls to free yourself from restraints of any sort.

### **That's bait:**

You spot a trap from miles away. Once per story, you can ask the Director if an action will trigger a deadly mechanism or lead the character into an ambush and the Director will answer, though the exact nature of the threat remains to be determined.

### **Desperate endurance:**

It takes more than a little poison or nasty weather to give you pause. Gain +1 Enhancement on rolls made to shrug off indirect damage.

### **You would not like me when I'm angry:**

Your captors broke and remade you into something inhuman. Once per story, when angered or threatened, you are considered to be Scale 2 for all rolls from the Physical Arena for the remainder of the scene.

### **Fight or flight:**

When the situation turns bad, you waste no time to act. You roll the highest of Athletics + Cunning or Empathy + Dexterity and gain +1 Enhancement on all Initiative rolls.

### **The pendulum broke:**

Fate hates you but luck seems to be on your side. Once per story, you can ask the Director to survive a lethal mechanical contraption unscathed. It does not matter if rats chewed on the rope at the last second or the spikes had too much space between them: You are ok. Now get out of there.

### **I just don't get sick:**

Nature, syringes, or a curse within your blood gifted you a badass immune system. You are immune to diseases with the Non-Lethal tag and gain +1 Enhancement to shrug off damage from those with the Deadly tag.

# PERSPECTIVES

**Dupe:** Ignorance is a blessing, believe me. They have no idea how lucky they are.

**Hunter:** I wish I had the kind of strength they have when I needed it.

**Kid:** Always keep an eye on them. They must be protected at all costs.

**Mystic:** You're telling me you knew those things are real?! And what exactly have you done to stop them?

**Professor:** I don't trust anyone who looks at me more as a specimen than as a person.

**Raconteur:** Useful idealists. There are stories out there which must become a warning, and their protagonists often don't survive to tell them.

**Skeptic:** Their stubbornness won't save them when the real danger comes.

**Monstrous Threats:** They got me, once. I managed to slip away from their claws and ran away. What they don't imagine is that I'm tired of running.

**Human Threats:** I can't excuse a monster who preys on people, but I at least understand that thing is following its nature. These guys, though? They're far worse.

# EXAMPLE CHARACTERS

- The runaway prisoner haunted by bad luck.
- The tormented soul who disappeared in the forest for decades and did not age a single day.
- The vessel chosen by a cult to resurrect their eldritch master who refuses to let that happen.
- The asylum inmate who never forgot their doctor's experiments.
- The explorer who spent the last few years in the secret hollow world beneath the earth.
- The vengeful experiment who wears a mask and protects the innocents.
- The gentleman thief who managed to escape from an inescapable prison.



# QUIPS

## SKEPTIC QUIPS

I don't have the time to explain why that's impossible.

I would not call that an accurate scientific analysis.

The world is what we can see and measure, nothing more.

It's more likely to get struck by lightning.

No offense, but I don't trust your judgment.

But where is the proof?

Nice special effects, I'll give you that.

Get off my property.

I'm sure that's just a bad allergic reaction.

What could possibly go wrong?

We need to warn the authorities right now!

Shut it off!

He needs a doctor, not a wizard!

The body was right here, I swear!

This cannot be!

But I have known him all my life! Our wives are friends!

Come talk to me once you've come to your senses.

Oh, grow up!

I won't raise a panic for a single isolated incident.

Someone has to be the adult!

We'll spend the night there then.

That was real, but not what you think it was!

See? There's nothing in there.

This prank has gone too far!

That's corn syrup, I think.

## KID QUIPS

I have a special friend, but only I can see him.

Think this leads to a buried treasure?

I have to go to school tomorrow!

My parents will be so mad at me!

Aww, baby's gonna cry?

Stop mimicking me, stop mimicking me.

Don't they all have cooties?

But I want to come!

I'm telling!

I dare you to touch it.

I don't want to get grounded!

They tell me secret things.

It's true! My cousin told me that!

Pinky promise?

I thought we were friends!

Make it go away!

I had to work an entire summer to afford that!

It's time to play!

I am old enough!

Get off my friends!

I said I'm not scared!

I want to go home.

Why won't you believe me?

It's moving on its own!

Now who's laughing?

## ESCAPEE QUIPS

Let's just say the two of us go way back.

I hate needles.

Just close your eyes and jump!

My business does not concern you.

That's going to leave a mark!

Difficult? Yes. Impossible? I don't think so.

Experiment on this!

What would I give for a good night's sleep.

Make a sound and I'll slit your throat.

You'll pay for what you've done to me!

I just don't like enclosed spaces, ok?

A cage that can hold me still does not exist.

Your son has returned, creator.

Death can be a blessing, trust me.

Let me out of here!

Those damn things hunt people for sport.

I'm the real one, not the impostor!

I can hear it through these padded walls!

Get me those things, and I'll find a way out.

We cannot stay any longer!

Freedom is all my heart desires.

Don't look at me! I'm a monster.

The stories about that place are true.

Think I had forgotten about you?

I'm the one who made it out.





# CADAVER

The hospital smelled of formaldehyde and decay.

Lily May clutched her fingers around her torch, squeezing until her knuckles turned white. Gently she nudged the morgue door open.

The flashlight's beam did little, as though the humming buzz of the room's fluorescent bulbs rendered the light mute; even so, the cold room appeared dark. The silent morgue, located in the hospital's basement levels, benefitted from the vast building's temperature controls, leaving Lily May's breath pooling in a thin mist.

Getting into the basement hallway had been challenging, even for someone of Lily May's skill. When she heard about Jonathan's injuries, every sense in her body had pulled, gravitationally, toward the hospital. And when Peter hurriedly handed over a cardboard box stuffed with the crushed fragments of a wooden mannequin, which the youngster had pulverized with a steel baseball bat, that pull had sent her into a nose-dive.

Lily May ran the torch's beam across the floor. Linoleum tiles, long-since yellowed with age, were encrusted with grime and dirt. It didn't surprise her. Six staff had come and gone in

this part of the hospital, each one vanishing without a trace. She wondered if Jonathan would have been a seventh.

Cautiously, she stepped into the room. Her footsteps echoed hollowly. Somewhere in one of the distant hallways, a loose halogen buzzed. Sounded like a damn wasp, Lily May thought.

The hair on the nape of her neck bristled. Years of experience told her what that meant — a curious charge in the air, like loose gas — and she knew that something unnatural had happened here.

The torch beam crossed its way up along a pair of large metal tables. Atop each lay a thin, white mounded sheet. Lily May tried not to think of what lay beneath. Another smell permeated the room, under the chlorine and beneath the grime, something reminiscent of decay.

A sound. In the distance, echoing through the intervening hallways. A door closing. A footstep, quickly followed by another.

Lily May quietly shut the morgue door. Her heart skipped a few beats as the footsteps paced closer. Closer.

The door opened. A man, young, with plump features and glasses entered and turned on the lights. They flickered for a moment, illuminating the pair. He narrowed his eyes at Lily May. "Who the devil are you?" he said, his voice cutting through the buzz of the fluorescent lights.

"Are you the chief pathologist?" Lily May asked, stepping closer to him. It had taken her years to perfect the manners of confidence, striking an assertive posture. "I'm on an investigation. We have important questions. If you can't answer them, I need to speak to someone who can. What's your name?"

The staccato pace caught him off-guard. Blinking, the man said "No. I'm a junior. Walsh."

"Walsh" she repeated. "Where is the chief pathologist?"

"He should be around," muttered Walsh. "I don't know. Is there something I can help you with?"

Lily May let a smile cross her lips. It had been that easy; the man was already compliant. "I need to—"

A sound echoed throughout the room. Wheezing, a choked muffle. She shot a glance at the sound's source — the nearest table.

Walsh followed her eyes. "Don't worry," he said, stepping over to the table. "This cadaver's mid-autopsy. Sometimes they just expel excess air. You get used to it after a while."

Lily May's fingers closed tightly on the torch. "You're sure?"

The junior nodded. "Look." He reached out, grasping the sheet and lowering it to reveal the body. For a moment, Lily May barely recognized the figure beneath the tarp as human; it initially appeared that the body's face was obscured. A neat, straight incision drew the person's features away, folding them back to reveal the skeletal forehead. The frontal segment, bleached off-white, was revealed in an open wedge.

"See?" said Walsh. "We've already removed the brain. This chap's deader than westerns."

Lily May shook her head. "I like westerns," she whispered. "But never mind that. Have there been any unusual activities in here lately?"

The junior folded his arms. "Unusual?" he repeated. "Like what?"

Lily May glanced upwards at the lights, distracted by their ever-present hum. "Missing people" she said, trying to focus. "Orderlies, for a start."

"They always leave," replied Walsh. Reaching for the blanket, he pulled it back up over the cadaver's head once again "Guess they quit. It's not easy work, and—"

Walsh didn't scream when the cadaver rose up, arcing its head up and locking its teeth around the man's arm. He gaped, eyes wide, staring at the cadaver jaws locked around his forearm. Tumbling backward, Walsh pulled his arm back, losing long strands of tissue in the process. Only then did he start to scream.

Lily May rushed forward. Her heart pounded in her ears, every inch of her body alight. The cadaver stumbled forward, lurching in loping strides, tumbling against Walsh. The young man collapsed in pain and terror. The dead body fell into him, teeth ripping. Walsh screamed once, then emitted a wet gurgle as the cadaver pulled the man's throat from his neck.

Frantically, Lily May struck her flashlight against the cadaver and was rewarded with an impactful crunch. The cadaver turned, its features hidden by a trailing flap of skin. Leaving its prey, it stumbled at Lily May, clawing blindly.

Reaching out, she grabbed a table and pulled it into the cadaver's path. The creature doubled over atop it, the flap of facial skin flailing back and forth. Lily May inhaled sharp breaths. Reaching blindly for the door, she stumbled into the hallway, eagerly slamming it shut behind her.

For a moment, Lily May could only hear her heartbeat pounding in her ears; loud, drowning out the ever-present hum of the fluorescents. She stared at the door, watching, waiting, silently praying that it would hold.

The lights continued to hum, singing along like a grim dirge. Then, slowly, another sound intruded upon her respite. Groaning, like expelled air from dead lungs. Lily May glanced this way and that, a shudder passing through her as myriad echoes drifted through the halls. Muffled, half-formed footsteps shuffled closer, present in every corridor around her, drowning the halls with the exhaled groans of the dead.



# Ready-Made Characters

“Doctor Hayes, what an unexpected surprise.”

“Yes, so much so  
that I almost had a massive coronary.”

— Count Yorga to Dr. James Hayes, *Count Yorga, Vampire* (1970)

The selection of characters in this chapter spans every Archetype from **They Came from Beyond the Grave!** and **Heroes in a World of Horror!**, providing a diverse mix of characters from different social backgrounds and cultures, and each possessing their own motivation. Plus, each character has a 1970s and 19th century version, meaning you can play them in either era.

As with the Archetypes in the previous chapter, it only takes minor tweaking to adapt these characters to stories of **They Came from Beneath the Sea!**, so Players and Directors should feel encouraged to adjust them as they see fit to place them up against vampires, Centopus, or any other creature that might come down the pipe.

# AMELIA "AMY" DRUMMOND,

## CRUSADING DEBUNKER

### 1970s

Amy Drummond is the terror of occult scammers all over the country. Through wits, attention to details, and righteous hatred for those who prey on gullible people, this determined woman has exposed dozens of frauds and charlatans.

To interviewers who ask her why she decided to become a professional debunker, Amy Drummond replies that she felt it was an obvious career progression. From the way her parents threw their hard-earned savings at every single pretentious psychic they could find, to how her husband claimed their son Peter to be under some sort of evil, otherworldly influence, Amy had more reasons than others to hate the supernatural. Worried for the safety of her child, one morning Amy loaded everything she could into her old Ford Country Squire, took Peter, and left her house and marriage behind. The decision to help put an end to all those harmful superstitions did not come long after.

Nowadays, Amy Drummond travels from place to place, always on a trail. Her role in famous cases like the infamous Montgomery Haunting made her a minor celebrity of sorts. Talk shows, college lessons, and invitations to fundraising events help the woman provide for her son, but her list of enemies grows alongside her fame. Amy cannot allow her façade of confidence to show any cracks, but in private she worries about Peter's wellbeing, his happiness, and their future as a family. But nothing will stop her until she proves the supernatural is just a giant scam once and for all.

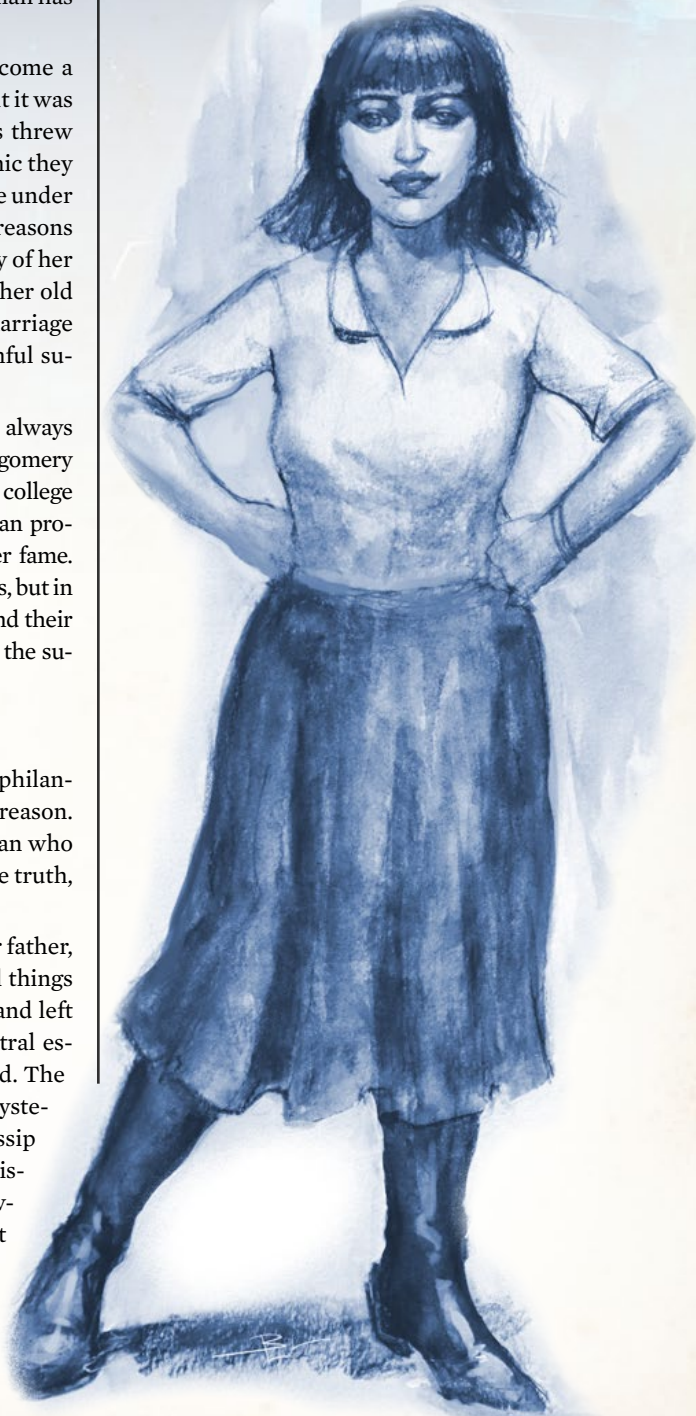
### 19th Century

Lady Amelia Drummond. Some would describe her as philanthropist, patron of the sciences, and beacon of dignity and reason. Others as a walking scandal, murderer, and stubborn woman who enjoys the company of all sorts of unsavory individuals. The truth, as it often happens, can be found in the middle.

Amelia is the only heir of a noble family in decline. Her father, Lord Drummond, a famous explorer with a passion for all things occult, got himself killed in one of his absurd adventures and left her little to survive with, except a small sum, their ancestral estate, and an arranged marriage with a man Amelia despised. The latter did not last long either: Her husband died under mysterious circumstances soon after the birth of their child. Gossip has it the man dabbled in the dark arts and that Amelia disposed of him when she discovered the depths of his depravity. Lady Amelia refuses to address those sordid rumors, but what is certain is that she dropped her husband's surname and cut any contacts with his side of the family, opting to raise her child alone.

In an era where spiritualism is fashionable and rampant, Lady Amelia stands against it all. She witnessed firsthand the damage such nonsense can cause and is hellbent

on using her influence and privilege to put an end to it. No matter what her collaborators believe, the strange events that keep coming their way are nothing more than proof of the importance of their undertaking.



# THEY CAME FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!

**NAME:** Amelia "Amy" Drummond

**PLAYER:** \_\_\_\_\_

**CONCEPT:** Crusading Debunker

**ARCHETYPE:** Skeptic

## SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> <b>AIM:</b> _____	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>INTEGRITY:</b> A _____	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>ATHLETICS:</b> _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>LARCENY:</b> _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>CLOSE COMBAT:</b> _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>MEDICINE:</b> A _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>COMMAND:</b> 0 _____	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>PERSUASION:</b> 0 _____	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>CULTURE:</b> 0 _____	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>PILOT:</b> 0 _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>EMPATHY:</b> 0 _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>SCIENCE:</b> A _____	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>ENIGMAS:</b> 0 _____	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>SURVIVAL:</b> 0 _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>HUMANITIES:</b> 0 _____	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>TECHNOLOGY:</b> A _____	○○○○○

## ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input type="checkbox"/> <b>FORCE</b>	<b>INTELLECT</b>	●●●○○	<b>MIGHT</b>	●●○○○	<b>PRESENCE</b>	●●●○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>FINESSE</b>	<b>CUNNING</b>	●●●●○	<b>DEXTERITY</b>	●●●○○	<b>MANIPULATION</b>	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>RESILIENCE</b>	<b>RESOLVE</b>	●●●○○	<b>STAMINA</b>	●●○○○	<b>COMPOSURE</b>	●●○○○

## PATHS

**ARCHETYPE:** Skeptic ●○○○○

**ORIGIN:** Proper Lady ●○○○○

**DARK AGENDA:** Parenthood at any cost ●○○○○

## ASPIRATIONS

**SHORT:** Prove to the public a famous medium is a fraud

**SHORT:** Pay off debts

**LONG:** Discover what is wrong with my son and make sure it ends

## CONNECTIONS

Department of Forensic Pathology (access to autopsy records)

Blue Jay Fundraising Association (charity organization)

Nancy Green (trusted nanny)

## TRADEMARKS

**Command:** Don't make me ask it twice

**Integrity:** It will take more than that to get me

**Persuasion:** I expect you won't inconvenience us further

**Science:** There must be a better explanation

## QUIPS

I can already see it's fake, I'm not going to touch it.

---

I'm sorry, but I have to stop this now. Actually, no: I'm not sorry at all.

---

Lay a finger on me or my son and you won't have time to regret it.

## TROPES

Of course, officer

---

Headstrong

---

Talk to the hand

## FAVORED STUNTS

<input type="checkbox"/> <b>Just a Flesh Wound</b>	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>That'll Leave a Scar</b>	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>Last Ditch Effort</b>	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>Don't Forget Me</b>	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>Death Scene</b>		

**RELATIONSHIPS:** Peter (Maternal Love) 3, Bhavesh (Contempt) 2, Jonathan (Trust) 1, Ruth (Gratitude) 1, Faysal (Concern) 1, Lily May (Annoyance) 2, Valerie (Respect) 2

**EQUIPMENT:** \_\_\_\_\_

**GROUP REWRITE POOL:** \_\_\_\_\_

**EXPERIENCE:** \_\_\_\_\_



# PETER DRUMMOND, UNWITTING PAWN OF EVIL

1970s

Many children dream of being special, but Peter wishes he was not. His ordeal began with subtle omens, like animals acting weird around him or the strange shapes his breath took on cold winter days. Then nightmares followed, cryptic visions of doom and monsters. Soon enough, the kid noticed strange movements in the shadows wherever he went, accompanied by the constant sensation of being observed. Peter was too smart to not realize something terrible was going on.

Peter blames himself for his parents' breakup, since the discussion which led to his mother leaving happened after a flock of birds attacked a kid with whom Peter had been arguing. He tries to talk with his mother, Amy, about what troubles him, but the woman dismisses his fears as childish fantasies. While he loves her, Peter grows tired of being left alone so she can go on TV to argue that ghosts are not real. Without her support, he does his best to find answers by himself, but all his brilliance cannot change the fact that Peter is just a terrified little kid.

Peter is afraid to hurt other children again, so he has no real friends. Yet he craves for any genuine sign of affection: People who want to help him, such as the pair of concerned doctors and the nice orderly who always tells him jokes, have earned the kid's absolute adoration. Peter opens up with them, with the hope they can help him deal with a situation no child should ever face alone.



19th Century

Those who meet Peter Drummond notice that the kid has an almost supernatural ability to test people's patience. Accustomed to having all his whims immediately satisfied, the little lord grew up spoiled and rude. Thanks to the benefit of an aristocratic education, Peter's intellectual aptitude developed earlier and fed his arrogance even further. Peter is not a bad child at the core, but nobody can deny he is an unbearable brat.

When the curse within him started to manifest, Peter's insufferable behavior did not make it easy to reach out for help. Well aware of his mother's disdain for all things supernatural, and way too confident in his own skills, Peter thinks he can figure out the truth about the magic within him with ease.

The kid is more scared and out of his league than he would ever admit, but he can count on the help of the group of adventurers who often visit his estate. Through them, Peter started to reconsider his attitude and actions. Some of them seem wary of him, while others do not hesitate to call him out on his shenanigans, but they all have formative influence over the young man. Despite his capricious tantrums, Peter provides assistance to the group with his quick wits and innate connection with the occult. There is still hope for the kid, though only time will tell what kind of man he will grow up to be. Provided he ends up becoming a man, and not something else, of course.

# THEY CAME FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!

**NAME:** Peter Drummond

**PLAYER:** \_\_\_\_\_

**CONCEPT:** Unwitting Pawn of Evil

**ARCHETYPE:** Kid

## SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: A	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY:	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: A	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: D	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT:	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: D	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: 0	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: A	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: 0	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT:	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY:	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: 0	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: D	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: D	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: 0	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: A	○○○○○

## ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT	●●●○○	MIGHT	●○○○○	PRESENCE	●●●●○
<input type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING	●●○○○	DEXTERITY	●●●○○	MANIPULATION	●●●●○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE	●●●●○	STAMINA	●●○○○	COMPOSURE	●●○○○

## PATHS

**ARCHETYPE:** Kid ●○○○○

**ORIGIN:** Young Prodigy ●○○○○

**DARK AGENDA:** Answers ●○○○○

## ASPIRATIONS

**SHORT:** Learn the truth about my condition

**SHORT:** Scare the school bully

**LONG:** Sneak out after curfew

## CONNECTIONS

Billy Samson (troublemaking schoolmate)

Clyde Jefferson (science teacher)

Little Explorers' Club (surveillance network)

## TRADEMARKS

Aim: Rock fight!

Culture: I saw that in a dream

Enigmas: That's what a monster would do

Persuasion: I'm not too young!

## QUIPS

I know more stuff than anyone imagines

---

Stop making fun of me! You must hear these voices too!

---

Go away! But don't forget to leave the lights on please.

## TROPES

A boy and his dog

---

Billy is not here, Father

---

Sense of malice

## FAVORED STUNTS

**RELATIONSHIPS:** Amelia (Affection) 3, Bhavesh (Make Him Proud) 2, Jonathan (Substitute Paternal Figure) 2, Ruth (Trust) 1, Faysal (Pity) 1, Lily May (Awe) 2, Valerie (Curiosity) 1

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

**EQUIPMENT:** \_\_\_\_\_

**GROUP REWRITE POOL:** \_\_\_\_\_

**EXPERIENCE:** \_\_\_\_\_

# BHAVESH NARAYAN, STERN MASTER OF THE ARCANES

## 1970s

Medicine and arcane knowledge are two sides of the same coin for Doctor Bhavesh Narayan. Both are tools one can wield to change the world and ensure mankind's safety; both can do great harm and must not be left in the hands of the wicked. It took a lifetime of hard work and discipline to master them, but in the process Bhavesh became the bulwark against the forces of darkness he always aspired to be. To chase such a noble ideal left him without any family, friends, or other kind of meaningful relationship, however — a price Bhavesh sometimes regrets having paid.

Doctor Narayan leads a double life. He knows his professional reputation would suffer if word of his occult inclinations got out, but the man uses all the tools available to help his patients. When their issues are obviously mystical in nature, Doctor Narayan's mask slips more often. This is a source of problems and arguments, like with the skeptic mother of a cursed child Bhavesh swore to help, but the man accepts those inconveniences as necessary steps on the path to a better future.

Despite his dedication, all the years spent fighting evil in all its guises have taken a toll on Doctor Narayan. He is growing old and has seen too much horror to believe in a benevolent higher power or peaceful afterlife. Bhavesh cannot help but wonder if he made the right choices in life and if there is still enough fight in him to make a real difference.

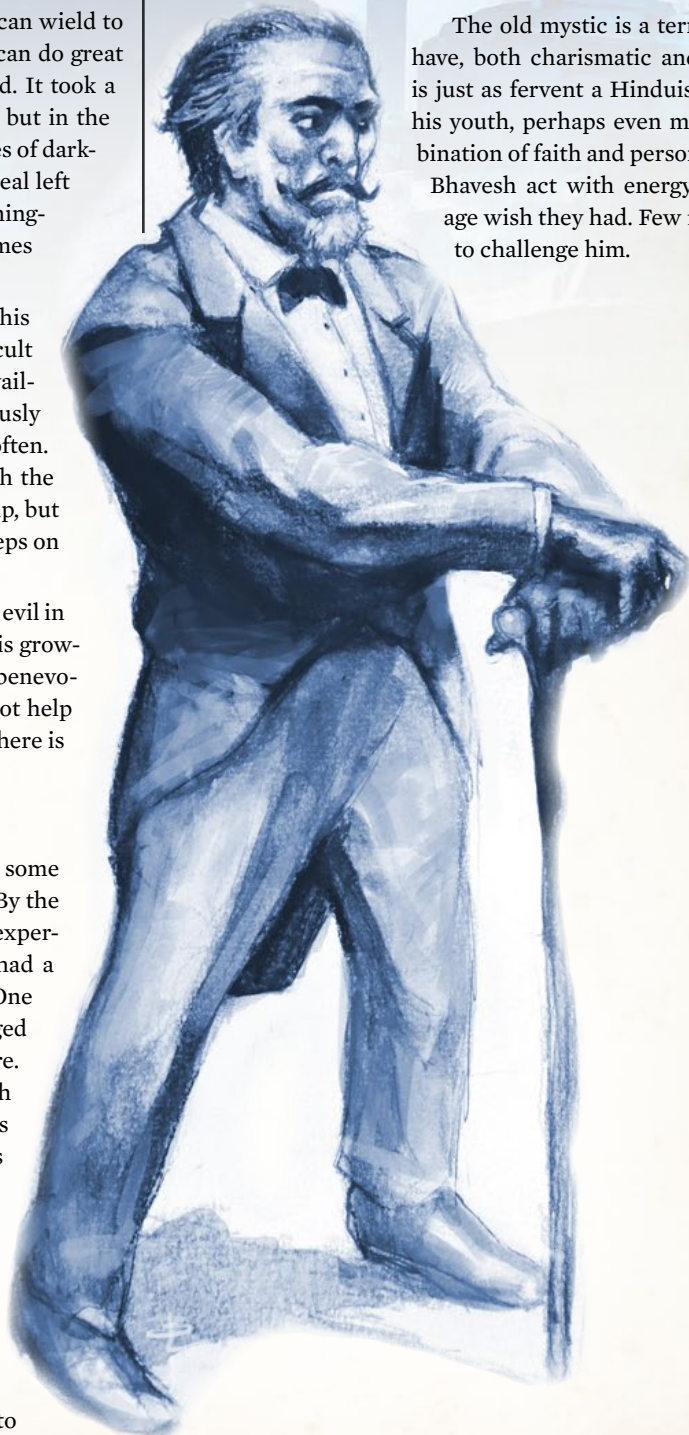
## 19th Century

As a young man, Bhavesh Narayan studied under some of the wisest swami, yogis, and holy men of all India. By the time Lord George Drummond sought out his occult expertise to hunt down a shapeshifting demon, Bhavesh had a career as one of most skilled exorcists of the country. One hunt followed another and, with time, the fire-forged friendship between them became something more. When Lord Drummond returned to England, Bhavesh joined him. The couple never ceased to fight creatures of darkness, until one took Lord Drummond's life years later. To his surprise, on that day Bhavesh inherited most of the nobleman's fortunes. A minor scandal ensued, but the man always cared little for what people thought of him.

Bhavesh is a severe man, burdened by knowledge, regrets, and the loss of the love of his life. Nevertheless, he knows his duty demands to keep the hunt going, so he invested significant resources to create a network of capable people to summon whenever

the minions of evil manifest. Bhavesh considers the family Lord Drummond left behind, Amelia and Peter, as his own and does his best to ensure their safety and wellbeing.

The old mystic is a terrible enemy to have, both charismatic and ruthless. He is just as fervent a Hinduist as he was in his youth, perhaps even more. The combination of faith and personal drive make Bhavesh act with energy men half his age wish they had. Few fools ever dare to challenge him.



# THEY CAME FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE

**NAME:** Bhavesh Narayan

**PLAYER:** \_\_\_\_\_

**CONCEPT:** Stern Master of the Arcane Arts

**ARCHETYPE:** Mystic

## SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM:	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: A	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS:	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: 0	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: D	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: 0	●●●●○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: D	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: D	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: A	●●●●●	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT:	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: A	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE:	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: A	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: 0	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: D	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: 0	○○○○○

## ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT ●●●●○	MIGHT ●●○○○	PRESENCE ●●●●○
<input type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING ●●●○○	DEXTERITY ●●○○○	MANIPULATION ●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE ●●●●○	STAMINA ●●○○○	COMPOSURE ●●○○○

## PATHS

**ARCHETYPE:** Mystic ●○○○○○

**ORIGIN:** Non-Conformist Kid ●○○○○○

**DARK AGENDA:** Occult Supremacy ●○○○○○

## ASPIRATIONS

**SHORT:** Add a rare tome to my collection

**SHORT:** Show Amelia proof of the supernatural

**LONG:** Wrestle the control of the occult underworld away from the enemies of mankind

## CONNECTIONS

Agathion (ring-bound spirit)

Fisher Gentlemen's Club (access to people in power)

Talbot (devoted butler)

## TRADEMARKS

Command: According to the scripture

Culture: Let me ask the cards

Medicine: Death will have to wait

Persuasion: I'm your best hope

## QUIPS

- You're afraid of your master? It's your master who should be afraid of me!

- Want me to explain to you how to stab a man, or can you handle it yourself?

- Leave that thing to me.

## TROPES

Sacred Texts

I have just the thing

A wreath of garlic

## FAVORED STUNTS

**RELATIONSHIPS:** Amelia (Frustration) 2, Peter (Care) 3, Jonathan (Usefulness) 1, Ruth (Interesting) 2, Faysal (Suspect) 2, Lily May (Irritation) 1, Valerie (Amusement) 1

**EQUIPMENT:** \_\_\_\_\_

**GROUP REWRITE POOL:** \_\_\_\_\_

**EXPERIENCE:** \_\_\_\_\_

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

# JONATHAN BARONE, LOVABLE EVERYMAN

1970s

Jonathan Barone is an extraordinary man, except nobody would ever guess it at first sight. He is not fashion magazine material, smarter than many but not a genius either, and his goals in life do not go further than a peaceful evening spent with friends, eating good food and telling jokes. The man's secret is that he has no secret at all; Jonathan is just genuine. He believes in people, and nothing makes him happier than to bring a bit of joy into their existence. It takes only a few minutes with Jonathan to feel as if he is the best friend one could ever hope to meet.

The eldest son of a family of Welsh and Italian immigrants, Jonathan worked all his life. He has been a butcher, a driver, a sailor, and many more professions besides. He believes work does not define an individual, and what really matters is to make enough good memories to not have regrets when the journey comes to an end. His latest job as the orderly of a local hospital is one more chapter of a life well spent.

Given his eventful life, Jonathan had the chance to cross the path of several nightmarish creatures. He is well aware of the world of hidden horrors lurking in the shadows but sees no reason to make a fuss over it. While peaceful and kind, Jonathan draws a line at injustice and oppression: Everyone, human or monster, is good in his book until they step on others.

## 19th Century

The team assembled by Lady Drummond and Mister Narayan to investigate supernatural events boasts all sorts of extraordinary people within its ranks. Geniuses, vampire killers, expert witch hunters, charismatic investigators: a true league of heroes straight out of those thrilling novels people can buy for a penny or two. Then, there is Jonathan. Everyone agrees the group would fall apart without him.



On paper, Jonathan is the Drummond estate keeper. He handles all sorts of tasks required to keep the place running in optimal state. In practice, Jonathan balances all the disagreements, idiosyncrasies, and conflicting ideals of those who hang around the house and keeps them glued together. Amelia and Bhavesh are alright folks, but there was no way for them to recruit the sort of people needed to handle the rough part of the job. It fell to Jonathan to make the distinction between rascals who would slit a throat for a few pounds and individuals to actually trust with your life. Luckily for his employers, it did not take long for Jonathan to get in touch with the perfect candidates.

Before he could figure out why he needed to build a group like that, Jonathan was enlisted into it. The man became a confidante for all, an authentic friend for some, and a father figure for the Drummond kid. God knows the boy needs

someone to steer him the right way. To Jonathan, the part of his life which involves monsters is little more than a fraction of an eventful whole.

# THEY CAME FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!

**NAME:** Jonathan Barone

**PLAYER:** \_\_\_\_\_

**CONCEPT:** Lovable Everyman

**ARCHETYPE:** Dupe

## SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> <b>AIM:</b> _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>INTEGRITY:</b> 0	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>ATHLETICS:</b> 0	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>LARCENY:</b> D	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>CLOSE COMBAT:</b> D	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>MEDICINE:</b> 0	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>COMMAND:</b> D	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>PERSUASION:</b> A	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>CULTURE:</b> D	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>PILOT:</b> 0	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>EMPATHY:</b> A	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>SCIENCE:</b> _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>ENIGMAS:</b> _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>SURVIVAL:</b> A	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>HUMANITIES:</b> _____	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> <b>TECHNOLOGY:</b> A	●●○○○

## ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input type="checkbox"/> <b>FORCE</b>	<b>INTELLECT</b>	●●○○○	<b>MIGHT</b>	●●●○○	<b>PRESENCE</b>	●●●●○
<input type="checkbox"/> <b>FINESSE</b>	<b>CUNNING</b>	●●○○○	<b>DEXTERITY</b>	●●○○○	<b>MANIPULATION</b>	●●○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> <b>RESILIENCE</b>	<b>RESOLVE</b>	●●●○○	<b>STAMINA</b>	●●●○○	<b>COMPOSURE</b>	●●●●○

## PATHS

**ARCHETYPE:** Dupe ●○○○○

**ORIGIN:** Working Class ●○○○○

**DARK AGENDA:** A Life of Increasing Pleasures ●○○○○

## ASPIRATIONS

**SHORT:** Show someone my latest magic trick

**SHORT:** Go drink with a friend

**LONG:** Earn enough to go visit a country I've never been to

## CONNECTIONS

Giovanni Barone (beloved father)

David's Place (mechanic workshop)

Three Hogs Pub (gossip)

## TRADEMARKS

Close Combat: A good friendly brawl

Empathy: Had a bad day?

Persuasion: Not to worry

Pilot: I drove one of these for years

## QUIPS

Just let me make a few calls, mate.

Next round is on me.

Now this is something people back home will want to hear about!

## TROPES

Tougher than I look

Good thing I brought this

Infectious smile

## FAVORED STUNTS

**RELATIONSHIPS:** Amelia (Sympathy) 2, Peter (Protectiveness) 3, Bhavesh (Defiant Respect) 1, Ruth (Gratitude) 1, Faysal (Companionship) 2, Lily May (Trust) 2, Valerie (Admiration) 1

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

**EQUIPMENT:** \_\_\_\_\_

**GROUP REWRITE POOL:** \_\_\_\_\_

**EXPERIENCE:** \_\_\_\_\_

# RUTH NEUMANN, SCHOLAR OF THE MIND

## 1970s

Ruth always had a clear idea of the kind of evil men can do and the everlasting effects it has on those who endure it. Nobody had to explain it to her; she could see it in her father's eyes every time he glanced at the numbers tattooed on his arm. That awareness set Ruth on the path to become a psychiatrist, so she could help people heal from trauma and handle mental illnesses better.

Many people owe their peace of mind to Doctor Neumann, and she is both respected and admired. Patients and colleagues do not suspect Ruth's involvement in cases where the distinction between mundane and supernatural becomes blurred.

Ruth dismisses stories about ghosts, vampires, and demons as nothing more than superstitions, entertaining from a Jungian point of view at best and true signs of the horrors a mind in pain can generate at worst, but she considers human threats like slashers and cultists to fall under her purview. Ruth often collaborates with the authorities to catch these damaged individuals. While she does it to stop them from hurting innocent people first and foremost, Ruth never loses confidence that she can rehabilitate them.

Two recent patients have caught Ruth's attention: a child plagued by terrible nightmares and hallucinations, and a man with clear signs of PTSD who replaced his lost memories with an elaborate conspiracy theory. She hopes to help them with the aid of another doctor she consulted, but they are proving to be difficult cases so far.

## 19th Century

Psychoanalysis was a young discipline in the 19th century. The general attitude towards the people who suffered from mental illnesses back then focused on locking them up and throwing away the key, the better to spare society their presence. Alienists like Ruth Neumann were part of the movement that turned the study of the mind into an actual science and helped it progress into the future.

Ruth possesses extensive knowledge of all the fields related to psychoanalysis and is considered a genius by many of her peers. Her penchant for mixing science and occult in her studies, combined with a sharply antisocial nature, though, stopped her reputation from growing any further. For her part, she does not mind; she has too much work to do. Success will follow once the strength of her theories becomes clear for everyone to see.

A pioneer of her science, Ruth is also a scientist of her era. While the general wellbeing of her patients matters to her, she treats them more as subjects than people and does not allow ethical conundrums to slow her down if she thinks a discovery is at hand. Her belief that magic, monsters, and folklore are hidden secrets for the light of science to unveil leads Ruth into dire pre-

dicaments her associates have to save her from on a regular basis. It takes little for the alienist to get distracted but, if motivated to focus on the matter at hand, Ruth is a force even the powers of darkness dare not underestimate.



# THEY CAME FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE

**NAME:** Ruth Neumann

**PLAYER:** \_\_\_\_\_

**CONCEPT:** Scholar of the Mind

**ARCHETYPE:** Professor

## SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM:	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: D	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: D	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: 0	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT:	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: A	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: D	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: D	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: 0	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT:	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: A	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: A	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: 0	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL:	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: A	●●●●●	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: 0	○○○○○

## ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT ●●●●●	MIGHT ●○○○○	PRESENCE ●●○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING ●●●○○	DEXTERITY ●●●○○	MANIPULATION ●●●●●
<input type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE ●●○○○	STAMINA ●●○○○	COMPOSURE ●●○○○

## PATHS

**ARCHETYPE:** Professor ●○○○○

**ORIGIN:** Self-Made Woman ●○○○○

**DARK AGENDA:** Professional Recognition ●○○○○

## ASPIRATIONS

**SHORT:** Go visit a killer I helped to catch

**SHORT:** Speak at a conference

**LONG:** Bring a slasher back from the abyss through therapy

## CONNECTIONS

Doctor Weiss (mentor)

Hiram Prentzler (childhood friend turned criminal)

National Journal of Cognitive Studies & Wellness (reports)

## TRADEMARKS

Culture: Cultural anthropology is legitimate!

Humanities: Let me look it up

Integrity: I have a reputation to defend

Medicine: A perfect specimen

## QUIPS

- I'll spare you the Freudian interpretation of it all.

- In a sewer hunting slimy things today, in Stockholm for the Nobel next year.

- Have you considered trying to have a chat with the monster?

## TROPES

Don't be fooled

Unless my notes deceive me

I have them figured out

## FAVORED STUNTS

**RELATIONSHIPS:** Amelia (Friendship) 3, Peter (Mystery to solve) 2, Bhavesh (Admiration) 2, Jonathan (Desire to Help) 1, Faysal (Important Patient) 2, Lily May (Nuisance) 1, Valerie (Gratitude) 1

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

**EQUIPMENT:** \_\_\_\_\_

**GROUP REWRITE POOL:** \_\_\_\_\_

**EXPERIENCE:** \_\_\_\_\_



# FAYSAL AHMADI, PRISONER OF HIS OWN PAST

## 1970s

Specimen 7's memories are fractured, but he strives to put the pieces back together. Decades of conditioning and artificial sleep made him forget almost everything, but not his real name: Faysal Ahmadi. When, in the middle of a stormy night, a power outage hit the laboratory, Specimen 7 found within that name the strength to escape from his cage.

The escaped experiment's main goal is to understand his real identity and become a man once again. His mind is a recollection of conflicting images: a field covered in bodies, a castle, a kind woman's voice, a carriage under the rain, an immense mansion with a luscious garden outside. Friends. All shards of a past long gone that seemed impossible to figure out until the police took Faysal to the local hospital. Several people who hang around the place remind Faysal of lost acquaintances and companions. The man knows not to trust his brain, but their presence eases the chaos within his mind, and he cannot help but to wonder if there is a deep connection between them all.

Faysal does not know where the doctor went. He remembers the man talked about how Faysal's improved biology held the key to immortality, and he remembers when the doctor called him a total failure years later, but he is not sure whether the man died or just abandoned him. Faysal would be glad to kill the scientist if given the chance, though he cannot silence the idea other specimens like him are still buried somewhere.

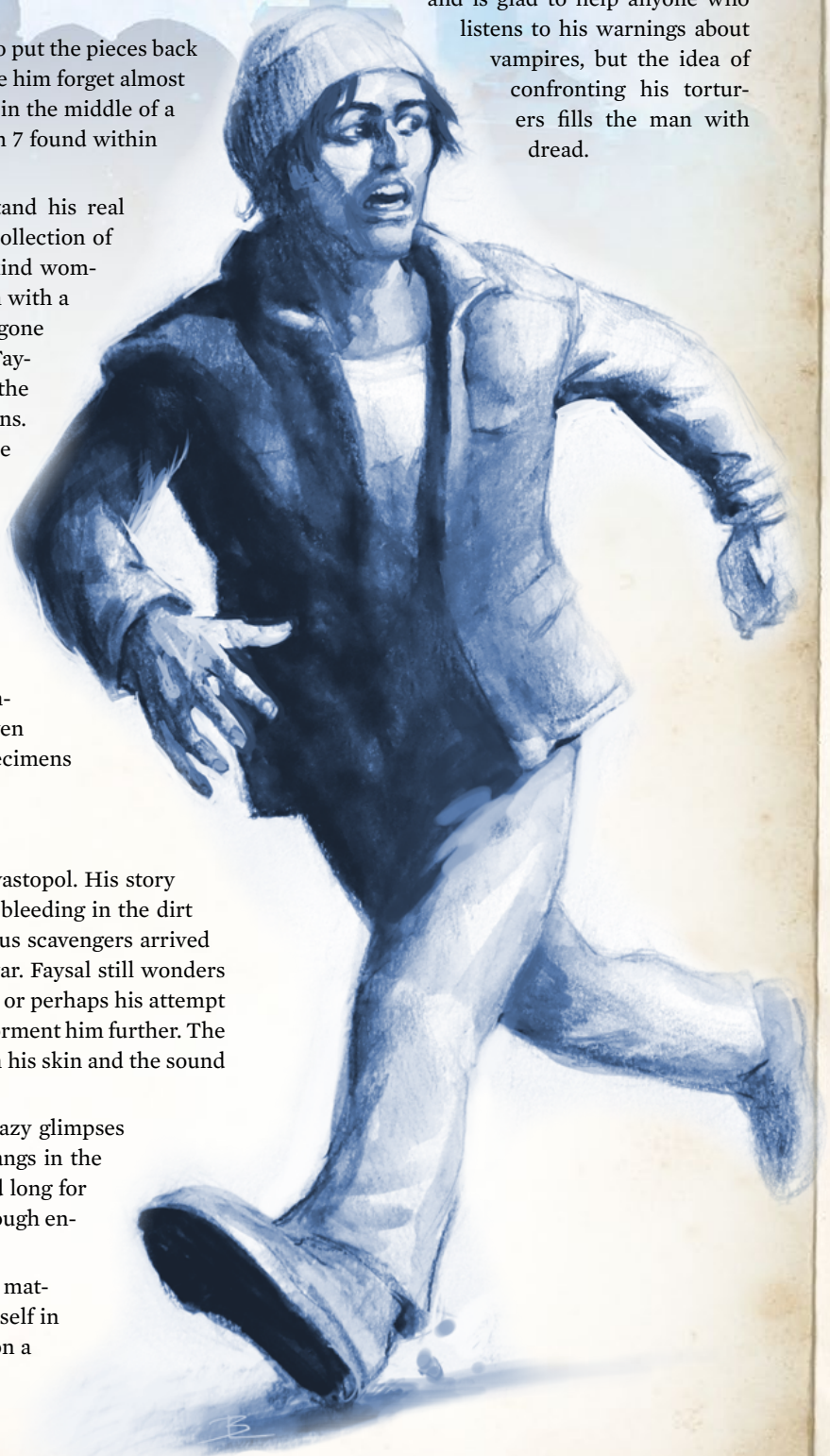
## 19th Century

To the world, Faysal Ahmadi died at the siege of Sevastopol. His story did not end there, though. While the Turkish soldier lay bleeding in the dirt after a failed assault upon the Russian trenches, monstrous scavengers arrived on the battlefield, eager to feed on the cold banquet of war. Faysal still wonders why the vampires did not kill him there. Bad luck, maybe, or perhaps his attempt to resist them amused the creatures, and they decided to torment him further. The last thing Faysal remembers of that night is the cold air on his skin and the sound of flapping wings.

Faysal does not recall much of his imprisonment. Hazy glimpses of blood, fear, pain mixed with pleasure, and gleaming fangs in the darkness, but nothing more. Faysal could only endure and long for death, until one day a spark of willpower gave him just enough energy to escape. He has been running ever since.

The crucible Faysal went through still haunts him, no matter how much he tries to forget. He cannot recognize himself in the mirror anymore, and horrible memories assault him on a regular basis. Worse, Faysal fears his captors turned him into a monster. He knows he did not age as much as he should have, and he is capable of unnatural feats of strength when under stress. Faysal craves retribution

and is glad to help anyone who listens to his warnings about vampires, but the idea of confronting his torturers fills the man with dread.



# THEY CAME FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE

**NAME:** Faysal Ahmadi

**PLAYER:** \_\_\_\_\_

**CONCEPT:** Prisoner of His Own Past

**ARCHETYPE:** Escapée

## SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: 0	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: A	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: A	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: A	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: 0	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: 0	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: 0	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: 0	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE:	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: 0	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: 0	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE:	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS:	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: A	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: 0	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY:	○○○○○

## ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT	●●○○○	MIGHT	●●●○○	PRESENCE	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING	●●○○○	DEXTERITY	●●○○○	MANIPULATION	●●○○○
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE	●●●●○	STAMINA	●●●●●	COMPOSURE	●●○○○

## PATHS

**ARCHETYPE:** Escapée ●○○○○

**ORIGIN:** Soldier ●○○○○

**DARK AGENDA:** Peace at any price ●○○○○

## ASPIRATIONS

**SHORT:** Get a proper night of sleep

**SHORT:** Stay calm during a stressful situation

**LONG:** Make peace with the past and find closure

## CONNECTIONS

Captain Duvall (boat owner)

Veteran's Aid League (food & shelter)

Tariq Nahyan (spiritual guide)

## TRADEMARKS

**Aim:** I was trained to use this

**Empathy:** I know it hurts, trust me

**Larceny:** I got out, I can get back in

**Survival:** I know a secret path

## QUIPS

Heh. I've been through worse.

There's no such thing as too much dynamite, trust me.

I'm not scared of death: I'm scared of going back.

## TROPES

You would not like me when angry

I just don't get sick

I'll do it for you, pal

## FAVORED STUNTS

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

**RELATIONSHIPS:** Amelia (Irritation) 1, Peter (Fear) 1, Bhavesh (Hatred) 1, Jonathan (Companionship) 2, Ruth (Unconfessed Love) 3, Lily May (Utmost Respect) 2, Valerie (Trust) 2

**EQUIPMENT:** \_\_\_\_\_

**GROUP REWRITE POOL:** \_\_\_\_\_

**EXPERIENCE:** \_\_\_\_\_

# LILY MAY WILLIAMS, WANDERING WITCHFINDER

## 1970s

Lily Williams comes from an ancient lineage of witchfinders. Her family prepared the girl all her life for the job. Years of grueling physical and mental training turned her into a perfect weapon, which is why Lily will never forgive her relatives.

If asked whether she hates her family or monsters more, Lily goes for the latter but does not bother to hide how close the call is. While she knows the importance of the hunt and witnessed firsthand the suffering caused by devils and witches, Lily regrets how her family robbed her of the freedom to choose her own path. Duty and uncertainty kept her bound, but a fiery confrontation with a powerful warlock gave Lily the opportunity she prayed for. The young huntress looked at the blackened stump where her right arm once was, at the inferno which consumed the sorcerer's lair, and made the decision to fake her death and escape as far from her family as she could.

Lily now goes by her second name, May. She travels around the country, helps people in need, and listens to what they have to say. Buried under a lifetime of trauma, May discovered an attitude toward storytelling she thought long gone and takes pleasure from the amusement of her audiences. She is still a hunter at heart, though. Should she notice signs of witchcraft or devil-worshipping while on the road, May does not hesitate to jump into the fray and do what she does best with fearsome efficiency.

## 19th Century

All folks of the Appalachians have heard songs about Lily May Williams. Details vary from place to place, but stories agree Lily May was a girl too curious for her own good, and her boldness made her sneak into a witch's house. When the hag spotted the little girl and cut off her arm to enrich the stew, Lily May grabbed a wooden ladle from the table and beat the witch to death with it. She then took the silver the witch had collected from the corpses of miners over the years, melted it, and forged herself a shining new arm.

Tales have embellished the truth, but Lily May exists, and so does her silver arm: anathema to devils, goblins, and haunts alike. People who meet her describe Lily May as cheerful and headstrong, always ready to share a story around a warm fire and have a drink with fellow travelers. Though she does not love to brag, Lily May is a hero whose legend travels faster than she does. Stories like her fight with the were-bobcats of Crag Hollow or the woodcutting competition with the Devil make her look more like a force of nature than a person, but reality is not far behind.

When a cruel witch fled the woods after Lily May destroyed her coven, the huntress did not hesitate to cross the Atlantic to finish the job. It did not take long for her to get noticed by people who could use her kind of talents and experience.



# THEY CAME FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!

**NAME:** Lily May Williams

**PLAYER:** \_\_\_\_\_

**CONCEPT:** Wandering Witchfinder

**ARCHETYPE:** Hunter

## SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM:	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: A	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: A	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY:	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: A	●●●●○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: 0	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND:	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: 0	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: A	●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: 0	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: 0	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE:	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: 0	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: 0	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: 0	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: 0	○○○○○

## ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT ●●○○○	MIGHT ●●●●●	PRESENCE ●●●●○
<input type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING ●●○○○	DEXTERITY ●●○○○	MANIPULATION ●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE ●●●○○	STAMINA ●●●○○	COMPOSURE ●●○○○

## PATHS

**ARCHETYPE:** Hunter ●○○○○○  
**ORIGIN:** Hometown Hero ●○○○○○  
**DARK AGENDA:** Tell a Great Story ●○○○○○

## ASPIRATIONS

**SHORT:** Find some good booze  
**SHORT:** Trade an interesting tale with someone  
**LONG:** Root out any sign of devil-worshipping from the community

## CONNECTIONS

"Aunt" Emmie (occult advice)  
 Father McCarthy (old priest)  
 Georgina Wings & the Pullman Brothers (bluegrass band)

## TRADEMARKS

Athletics: Into the fire  
 Close Combat: Right between the eyes!  
 Culture: I know witchcraft when I see it  
 Empathy: This story lacks a piece

## QUIPS

- I know no infernal language, but my fist is going to get the message across just fine.  
 - You're dumber than a bucket of nails filled with grave dirt!  
 - I have the right story to improve this cold evening.

## TROPES

Preferred prey  
 Say that to my face  
 Only human

## FAVORED STUNTS

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

**RELATIONSHIPS:** Amelia (Mockery) 2, Peter (Still Can Be Saved) 1, Bhavesh (Suspect) 2, Jonathan (Trust) 2, Ruth (Playful Banter) 1, Faysal (Empathy) 1, Valerie (Crush) 3

**EQUIPMENT:** \_\_\_\_\_

**GROUP REWRITE POOL:** \_\_\_\_\_

**EXPERIENCE:** \_\_\_\_\_

# VALERIE MARSHALL, UNSTOPPABLE CELEBRITY

1970s

Valerie Marshall started her acting career as the supporting protagonist on a cheap film titled *Don't Waste My Bullets*. Valerie ad-libbed enough personality in an otherwise forgettable role to get noticed by the industry. Her combination of charisma, talent, and attitude did the rest. The star of action movies and creature features, Valerie is one of the biggest names in low-budget Hollywood, and her fame grows each day. People from all over the industry love her, and she is considered to be an icon of style and grit.

A childhood spent in the orphanage and the hardships required to make it into movies turned Valerie into a tough woman unafraid of fighting for what's right. When she discovered that some Hollywood monsters were more literal than others, Valerie knew what to do. Using her money and connections, the actress takes note of every possible clue of supernatural activity she can spot and works to unveil the truth behind them, ready to deal with the culprit herself should the situation require it.

Valerie's life as a movie star is not an obstacle to her other activities. She enjoys acting, and fame allows her to promote ideals or causes she believes in to the public, but protecting people from the forces of evil is no less important to her. The actress does wonders to balance the two sides of her life and, to her amusement, several horror directors got inspiration for their monster movies after a chat with her.

## 19th Century

Marcus Braithwaite seems like the platonic ideal of fearless writer made flesh. He has done it all: scandal-breaking articles, satirical pamphlets, allegories that ridiculed untouchable individuals, and most of what one can print to show everyone the dirt those in power try to hide. Hero of activists and rebels all over the world, nobody has ever met the man in person. Fans think he took measures to hide in order to protect himself from enemies, but none suspect that Marcus Braithwaite does not exist, while the young woman who works for him, Valerie Marshall, is the real hand behind all his work.

Valerie publishes work with her real name as well, but to write under the pseudonym of a man allows the tireless author to reach an audience which would otherwise ignore her. After a career of investigative journalism, her work on a series of grisly murders led Valerie to learn about the existence of monsters. Rather than fear, the discovery filled her with renewed drive. People need to know what is really going on out there, and Valerie is the one who will tell them.

Valerie uses the name of Braithwaite with care. The fake journalist has plenty of reach, but the kind of reputation Valerie built for him does not allow her to denounce the supernatural as much as she would like. Torn between what Braithwaite's fame allows her to do and her own principles, Valerie often finds it difficult to juggle the two lives together and is growing tired of the whole charade.



# THEY CAME FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE

**NAME:** Valerie Marshall

**PLAYER:** \_\_\_\_\_

**CONCEPT:** Unstoppable Celebrity

**ARCHETYPE:** Raconteur

## SKILLS

<input type="checkbox"/> AIM: <u>D</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: <u>D</u>	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: <u>A</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: <u>0</u>	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: <u>D</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: <u>0</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: <u>D</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: <u>A</u>	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: <u>A</u>	○○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: <u>0</u>	●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: _____	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: <u>A</u>	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: <u>0</u>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: _____	●○○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: _____	○○○○○

## ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT	●●○○○	MIGHT	●●○○○	PRESENCE	●●●●●
<input type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING	●●●○○	DEXTERITY	●●○○○	MANIPULATION	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE	●●●●○	STAMINA	●●○○○	COMPOSURE	●●●○○

## PATHS

**ARCHETYPE:** Raconteur ●○○○○

**ORIGIN:** Orphan ●○○○○

**DARK AGENDA:** Agent of Change ●○○○○

## ASPIRATIONS

**SHORT:** Gather proof to demonstrate that the supernatural exists

**SHORT:** Interrogate a monster

**LONG:** Organize a widespread network of monster hunters across the country

## CONNECTIONS

Alan Tuttle (famous patron)

St. Agnes's Church (orphanage)

Louis Nelson (political activist)

## TRADEMARKS

Command: You're staying right here

Integrity: The people must know!

Larceny: Breaking and entering

Persuasion: Dressed to impress

## QUIPS

- Look me in the eyes and answer.

- I don't expect you to understand, but don't you dare interrupt.

- I'm not doing this for money or fame.

## TROPES

Please, tell me more

Famous contacts

Not today, creep!

## FAVORED STUNTS

<input type="checkbox"/> Just a Flesh Wound	○○○	+1 Archetype Die
<input type="checkbox"/> That'll Leave a Scar	○○○	+2 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Last Ditch Effort	○○○	+2/+3 Archetype Dice
<input type="checkbox"/> Don't Forget Me	○	+3 Any Dice Pool
<input type="checkbox"/> Death Scene		

**RELATIONSHIPS:** Amelia (Frustration) 1, Peter (Concern) 1, Bhavesh (Mistrust) 1, Jonathan (Unlikely Friendship) 2, Ruth (Professional Respect) 1, Faysal (Dismissal) 1, Lily May (Cheerful Support) 3

**EQUIPMENT:** \_\_\_\_\_

**GROUP REWRITE POOL:** \_\_\_\_\_

**EXPERIENCE:** \_\_\_\_\_



# EMBERS & BONES

The world bled, slowly creeping into the boundaries of Ruth's awareness.

Reality felt muffled, her head wrapped under layers of cotton. Ruth peeled her eyelids open; inch by inch, a faint glimmer of illumination filtered through her sensory cobwebs. A light, or at least some hazy replica of one, shimmered nearby.

All the while, she tasted a sweet chemical aftertaste in her mouth and through her head. Ruth rolled her tongue against her jaw. A sound pushed against her ears, muffled, indistinct — a voice? A shape eclipsed the light momentarily. The sound came again, drum-like. Chanting. Gradually, the light formed into a flickering fire, the shape before it growing more distinct. Multiple forms — human shapes. People? She tried to move, only to find that she was laying on a hard surface, her limbs resisting her commands. She felt the taste again — chloroform?

Memories flooded back. A knock at her apartment door. Two men — she was certain she knew one of them. Black leather gloves. A tissue pressed to her face.

Ruth tensed her arms, finding them bound at the wrists. The world around her calcified into shape. The forms around her seemed inhuman at first, but as they grew sharper, she recognized them as wearing dark crimson robes. The drumming sound congealed into a rhythmic droning chant.

Panic closed in on her; this was no dream. Ruth inhaled slowly, trying to steady her breath, quelling her fear.

With each tremulous chant, Ruth heard the voices echo against damp rock walls. She came to realize that she was in a subterranean chamber; a stone-hewn ceiling high above glistened with damp. A flicker of familiarity caught her attention. Glancing to her left, she saw Lily May with her wrists likewise bound, slung upon a surface Ruth understood as a stone altar. Ruth looked to her right and found Jonathan, bound in the same manner. Ruth realized that she must be somewhere near, or even beneath, the hospital.

A shadow crossed a vast light at the head of the tunnel. Ruth narrowed her eyes, trying to feign unconsciousness. At the border of her perception, she could see another shape, a person wearing a robe shades lighter than the others and edged with gold. Her movements were light and silent, ethereal. Ruth had no doubt that this woman, who carried herself with such confidence, was the leader of the cult.

Cult. The word sat weighty in the professor's mind. She strained to catch sight of the figures beneath their robes, only to recognize a few. An older woman, head of pediatrics. A young man, Ruth was certain that she had seen as a nurse. Another, an orderly. An entire cult, surviving under the guise of hospital staff, all for the whims of...who?

A scream broke her frantic nerves. Ruth's muscles tensed sharply against her bindings, pulling at them fiercely. Nearby, two more robed figures struggled to hold down a fourth captive. With a chill, Ruth recognized it as Amelia. Her friend rammed her elbow into one of the robed men's waists, trying with all her might to fight her way out of their grasp.

Amelia lashed out again, this time knocking one of the braziers which lit the chamber to its side. It scattered, spilling coals in a shower of embers. Two more cultists hurried over to her, grabbing at her arms.

The woman stepped — almost glided — toward Amelia, drawing a thin, razor-sharp blade from the folds of her robes.

Ruth, blood pounding in her ears, threw her legs up, swinging to kick the priestess. Knocking her off-balance, she stumbled; for only a moment, the attention of the cultists was drawn to her. Seizing the opportunity, Amelia wrenched herself free from the old man in the robe and struck back at him, knocking him roughly to the floor.

Without a moment's hesitation, Amelia rushed forward, hurling herself at the head of the cult. The woman threw back her hood, lips peeled back in a rage-filled snarl. For a moment, Ruth was certain that she could see elongated, dagger-like teeth gleaming in the priestess' mouth. Then, her body moving on instinct, she swung her legs around and stood, charging the woman.

The force of her impact was enough to send the woman tumbling, bright crimson robes flailing. In a moment, Amelia was upon her, scooping up the razor-sharp knife. Ruth exhaled heavily, sputtering a weak, "Thank goodness you got here in time," as Amelia cut swiftly through her bound hands with the blade.

"I won't lie" replied Amelia, turning to hold the edge of the dagger, threateningly, at the eager cultists, "I had no idea you were here. Figured you were still home, and if I got caught, you'd come and rescue me. What the hell is this?"

From behind a veil of ebony hair, the high priestess spat a loathsome glare at the duo. Ruth hurried to scoop up the overturned brazier, standing side by side with Amelia, weapons outheld. Each robed figure circled, eyes on the pair, ready to strike. One of the older cultists moved first, grabbing onto the brazier to wrestle it from Ruth. With a grunt, she shoved the bulky object against his grasp, spilling coals across the damp cavern floor.

As the two scuffled, the priestess gave a hiss, needle-sharp teeth glinting. Ruth stifled a cry, an image of her own death floating up in front of her, robed in crimson and jaws agape. Ruth thought of Jonathan, of Lily May, both younger and more than capable of handling themselves in a scuffle like this — both helpless now, utterly reliant on her. The scream broke from her lips as she squeezed her eyes shut and swung blindly, wildly, with the brazier.

But death did not come.

Ruth opened her eyes. The handle of Amelia's knife protruded from the priestess' chest, hilt wedged deep. The woman took a trembling step back, fingers closing at the blade.

The cultists fell silent, watching as the priestess stumbled. As she did, the years piled onto her face: Wrinkles formed, then deepened to cracks, and her eye sockets hollowed into skeletal pits. As she struck the ground, there was little left but tattered robes and ashen bones.

Ruth grasped Amelia's shoulders, her knees wavering. Quickly, in hurried movements, cultist after cultist fled the chamber. Ruth didn't care; let them run. They could pursue them later; first, she turned her attention to their two colleagues.

Lily May rose groggily to awareness, nursing a heavy bruise. Jonathan did not, and Ruth slung one of his arms across her shoulder, dragging him with Amelia's aid. The drumming in the chamber was silent as the four made their way out, sore and injured but alive, mercifully alive...

"You killed my wife" ushered a soft voice.

Ruth looked around, trying to find the source of the voice. She glanced upward.

Descending from the roof of the chamber, striding on the air itself, emerged a man. His features were as sharp as a feline, his clothing precise and elegant. Unblemished by the damp or the smoke, the man seemed at odds with the chamber — and the era — around him.

The Count smiled, his fangs glistening in the firelight. The shadows around him seemed enormous, giant wings in the dark.

Ruth sighed. It didn't seem like the night was going to end any time soon.



# THEY CAME FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_  
 PLAYER: \_\_\_\_\_  
 CONCEPT: \_\_\_\_\_  
 ARCHETYPE: \_\_\_\_\_

## SKILLS

- |  |       |  |       |
|--|-------|--|-------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> AIM: _____          | ○○○○○ | <input type="checkbox"/> INTEGRITY: _____  | ○○○○○ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ATHLETICS: _____    | ○○○○○ | <input type="checkbox"/> LARCENY: _____    | ○○○○○ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CLOSE COMBAT: _____ | ○○○○○ | <input type="checkbox"/> MEDICINE: _____   | ○○○○○ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> COMMAND: _____      | ○○○○○ | <input type="checkbox"/> PERSUASION: _____ | ○○○○○ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CULTURE: _____      | ○○○○○ | <input type="checkbox"/> PILOT: _____      | ○○○○○ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> EMPATHY: _____      | ○○○○○ | <input type="checkbox"/> SCIENCE: _____    | ○○○○○ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ENIGMAS: _____      | ○○○○○ | <input type="checkbox"/> SURVIVAL: _____   | ○○○○○ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> HUMANITIES: _____   | ○○○○○ | <input type="checkbox"/> TECHNOLOGY: _____ | ○○○○○ |

## ATTRIBUTES

FAVORED APPROACH

<input type="checkbox"/> FORCE	INTELLECT ●○○○○	MIGHT ●○○○○	PRESENCE ●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> FINESSE	CUNNING ●○○○○	DEXTERITY ●○○○○	MANIPULATION ●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> RESILIENCE	RESOLVE ●○○○○	STAMINA ●○○○○	COMPOSURE ●○○○○

## PATHS

ARCHETYPE: \_\_\_\_\_ ○○○○○  
 ORIGIN: \_\_\_\_\_ ○○○○○  
 DARK AGENDA: \_\_\_\_\_ ○○○○○

## ASPIRATIONS

SHORT: \_\_\_\_\_  
 SHORT: \_\_\_\_\_  
 LONG: \_\_\_\_\_

## CONNECTIONS

\_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

## TRADEMARKS

\_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

## QUIPS

\_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

## TROPES

\_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

## FAVORED STUNTS

\_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_

- Just a Flesh Wound ○○○○ +1 Archetype Die
- That'll Leave a Scar ○○○○ +2 Archetype Dice
- Last Ditch Effort ○○○○ +2/+3 Archetype Dice
- Don't Forget Me ○ +3 Any Dice Pool
- Death Scene

RELATIONSHIPS: \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 EQUIPMENT: \_\_\_\_\_  
 GROUP REWRITE POOL: \_\_\_\_\_  
 EXPERIENCE: \_\_\_\_\_



I don't have the  
time to explain  
why that's  
impossible.

Skeptic Quip

I would not call  
that an  
accurate scientific  
analysis.

Skeptic Quip

The world is what  
we can see and  
measure,  
nothing more.

Skeptic Quip

It's more likely  
to get struck by  
lightning.

Skeptic Quip

No offense,  
but I don't trust  
your judgment.

Skeptic Quip

But where is  
the proof?

Skeptic Quip

Nice  
special effects,  
I'll give you  
that.

Skeptic Quip

Get  
off  
my  
property.

Skeptic Quip

I'm sure  
that's just a  
bad allergic  
reaction.

Skeptic Quip



What could  
possibly  
go wrong?

Skeptic Quip

We need  
to warn  
the authorities  
right now!

Skeptic Quip

Shut it off!

Skeptic Quip

He needs  
a doctor, not a  
wizard!

Skeptic Quip

The body  
was right here,  
I swear!

Skeptic Quip

This cannot be!

Skeptic Quip

But I have  
known him  
all my life!  
Our wives are  
friends!

Skeptic Quip

Come talk  
to me once  
you've come to  
your senses.

Skeptic Quip

Oh, grow up!

Skeptic Quip



I won't  
raise a panic  
for a single  
isolated incident.

Skeptic Quip

Someone  
has to be the  
adult!

Skeptic Quip

We'll spend  
the night there  
then.

Skeptic Quip

That was real,  
but not  
what you  
think it was!

Skeptic Quip

See?  
There's nothing  
in there.

Skeptic Quip

This prank  
has gone  
too far!

Skeptic Quip

I have a  
special friend,  
but only I can  
see him.

Kid Quip

Think this  
leads to  
a buried  
treasure?

Kid Quip

I have to  
go to school  
tomorrow!

Kid Quip





My parents  
will be so  
mad at me!

Kid Quip

Aww, baby's  
gonna cry?

Kid Quip

Stop  
mimicking me,  
stop  
mimicking me.

Kid Quip

Don't they  
all have  
cooties?

Kid Quip

But I  
want to  
come!

Kid Quip

I'm telling!

Kid Quip

I dare you to  
touch it.

Kid Quip

I don't want  
to get  
grounded!

Kid Quip

They tell me  
secret things.

Kid Quip



It's true!  
My cousin  
told me that!

Kid Quip

Pinky  
promise?

Kid Quip

I thought  
we were  
friends!

Kid Quip

Make it  
go away!

Kid Quip

I had to work  
an entire  
summer to  
afford that!

Kid Quip

It's time to  
play!

Kid Quip

I am  
old enough!

Kid Quip

Get off my  
friends!

Kid Quip

I said  
I'm not  
scared!

Kid Quip



I want to  
go home.

Kid Quip

Why  
won't you  
believe me?

Kid Quip

It's moving  
on its own!

Kid Quip

Now  
who's  
laughing?

Kid Quip

Let's just say  
the two  
of us go  
way back.

Escapee Quip

I hate  
needles.

Escapee Quip

Just close  
your eyes and  
jump!

Escapee Quip

My business  
does not  
concern you.

Escapee Quip

That's  
going to leave  
a mark!

Escapee Quip



**Difficult?  
Yes.  
Impossible?  
I don't  
think so.**

Escapee Quip

**Experiment  
on this!**

Escapee Quip

**What would  
I give for a  
good night's  
sleep.**

Escapee Quip

**Make a sound  
and I'll slit  
your throat.**

Escapee Quip

**You'll pay  
for what  
you've done  
to me!**

Escapee Quip

**I just  
don't like  
enclosed  
spaces, ok?**

Escapee Quip

**A cage  
that can hold  
me still does  
not exist.**

Escapee Quip

**Your son  
has returned,  
creator.**

Escapee Quip

**Death can be  
a blessing,  
trust me.**

Escapee Quip





**Let me  
out of here!**

Escapee Quip

**Those damn  
things hunt  
people for  
sport.**

Escapee Quip

**I'm the  
real one,  
not the  
impostor!**

Escapee Quip

**I can  
hear it  
through  
these padded  
walls!**

Escapee Quip

**Get me  
those things,  
and I'll find a  
way out.**

Escapee Quip

**We cannot  
stay any  
longer!**

Escapee Quip

**Freedom  
is all  
my heart  
desires.**

Escapee Quip

**Don't look  
at me!  
I'm a  
monster.**

Escapee Quip

**The stories  
about  
that place  
are true.**

Escapee Quip



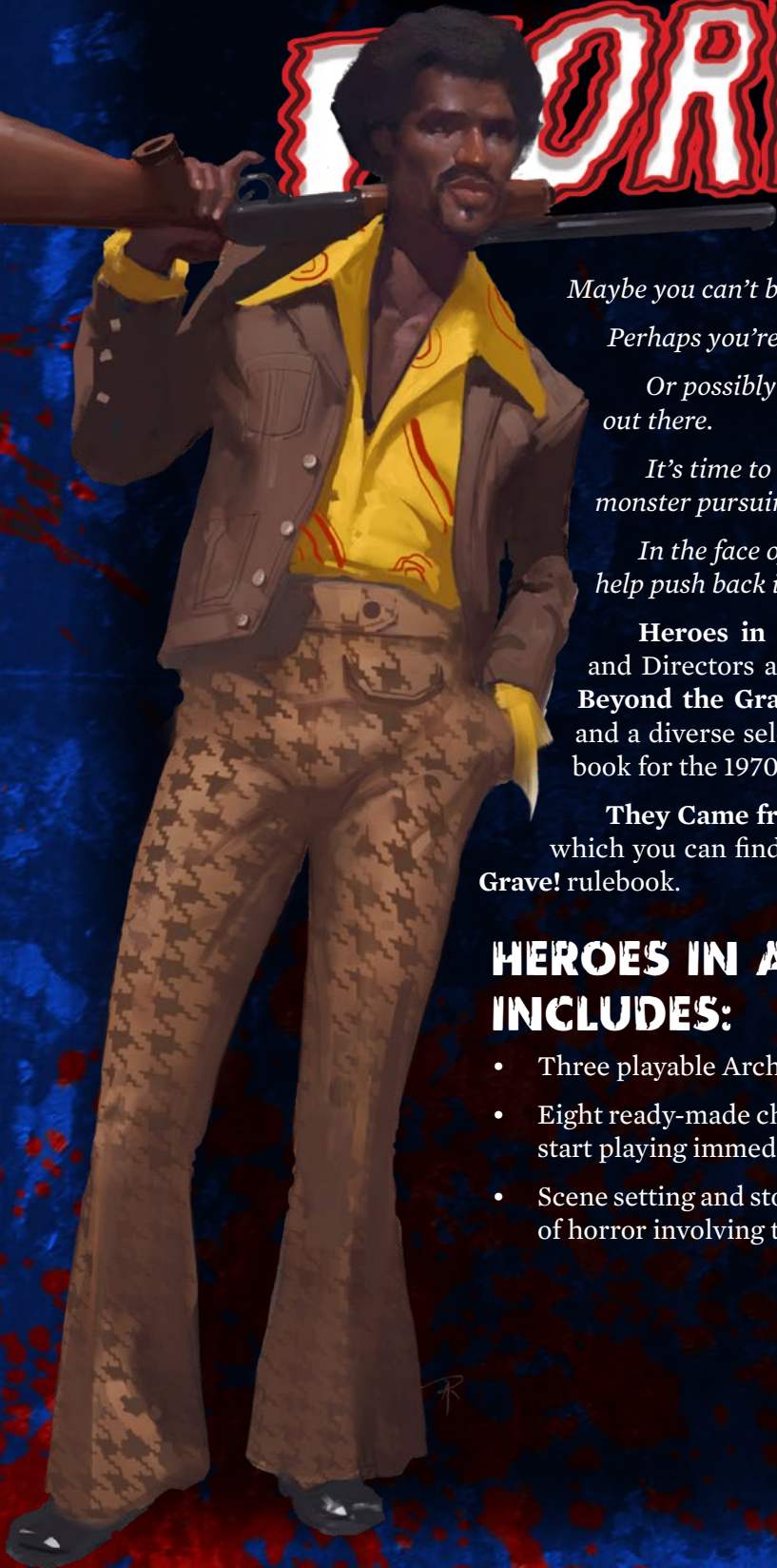
Think I had  
forgotten  
about  
you?

Escapee Quip

I'm  
the one  
who made it  
out.

Escapee Quip

# HEROES IN A WORLD OF HORROR!



*Maybe you can't bring yourself to believe the horrid truth.*

*Perhaps you're too innocent to face reality.*

*Or possibly you're trying to run away from what you know is out there.*

*It's time to wake up, open your eyes, and turn to face the monster pursuing you.*

*In the face of the swallowing darkness, all those who can must help push back its encroaching evil.*

**Heroes in a World of Horror!** is a sourcebook for Players and Directors about to embark upon a story of **They Came from Beyond the Grave!**, providing you with new playable Archetypes and a diverse selection of characters you can play straight from the book for the 1970s era and the 19th century era of the game!

**They Came from Beyond the Grave!** uses the Storypath System, which you can find in the pages of the **They Came from Beyond the Grave!** rulebook.

## **HEROES IN A WORLD OF HORROR! INCLUDES:**

- Three playable Archetypes — the Skeptic, the Kid, and the Escapee.
- Eight ready-made characters complete with character sheets so you can start playing immediately!
- Scene setting and story-provoking fiction to immerse yourself in a world of horror involving the characters between these pages.

THEY009

