

## Общество Исследователей Малифо

Многие обитаемые районы трущоб откровенно бедны. Даже яркое Маленькое Королевство по соседству, несмотря на очарование востока, существует в тени бедности. Одно достойное упоминания исключение, - большой особняк, стоящий среди брошенных областей в стороне от центральных трущоб. В отличие от куч щебня вокруг, территория особняка содержится в порядке. Высокие стены окружающие владения, были усилены, а железные ворота восстановлены. Если бы не окружающий пейзаж, прохожий мог бы посчитать, что находится перед домом лорда в Лондоне. Любых взломщиков встретят большие охотничьи мастифы, прогуливающиеся по лужайке. Особняк является пристанищем авантюрных душ, что именуют себя Обществом Исследователей Малифо. Основатель Общества, сэр Джастин Купер, провел большую часть детства и юности в Африканских сафари, наслаждаясь привилегиями и удовольствиями, предоставленными его небольшой властью. Пресытившись подобным опытом, Лорд Купер обратил свое внимание на Разлом, на другой мир. По прихоти он организовал сафари в Малифо, убив Бритвоспинного Гремучника на первой охоте. Ощущения освежили его давнюю тягу к приключениям. Очарованный тем, что он назвал «землей вечных приключений» в посланиях своим состоятельным коллегам на Земле, он пригласил их присоединиться к нему в Малифо. Подобно Куперу они прониклись опасными ощущениями охоты и вместе потратили состояние на восстановление особняка и основание Общества. С тех пор группа пополнила свои ряды за счет мелких лордов, пресытившихся купцов и испорченных наследников. Каждый является опытным охотником, что нашел новую возможность, охотится на существ более опасных, чем в родных краях. Исследователи отправляются в карантинную Зону на Полуночное Сафари в поисках добычи достойной их значительных навыков. Гильдия была счастлива, способствовать Обществу и его чудачествам, поскольку оно выполняет разведку, поставляет подробные карты, артефакты и крупные взятки генерал-губернатору в обмен на свободу для исследования. Ходят слухи, что Общество является большим, чем кажется. Если это и так, то Гильдия не озаботилась подробным расследованием. Возможно, слухи правдивы; возможно, это не больше чем байки для развлечения обитателей трущоб. В конце концов, Общество не особо старается облегчить участь своих бедных соседей.

## Geissel Metalworks

The Guild maintains its authority in Malifaux through political might and martial strength. Constructs, great automated beasts like the Peacekeeper, are a pillar of that strength. Machines of steel and brass, automations of cogs and gears, from armored plate to drive axel, almost all of their components are produced by Geissel Metalworks. Since their humble beginnings in the Old World, the Geissels rose from peasant beginnings to become one of the wealthiest and well-regarded manufacturers Earthside. Most ships and trains have Geissel fittings, gears, and rods, all stamped with the familiar cracked anvil logo that has represented the finest in metalwork for well over three centuries. When the Breach reopened, the Geissel board saw an opportunity. The company lost a branch office when the Breach closed a century ago, but logs and accounts still sat in the musty corporate vaults of Glasgow. The company knew well the profits to be made in Malifaux. They

immediately approached Guild representatives for contracts to establish a factory in the City. The Guild conceded to the request, reasoning that should the Breach close for any reason, an established metal crafting factory would be beneficial. The Guild, also heavily dependent on Geissel components for Constructs, knew it would be less expensive and easier to maintain the machines with materials on hand rather than waiting for them to arrive from Earthside. Geissel invested a fortune on the endeavor. Scouting teams under the direction of the Governor General - a close friend of Angus Geissel, the company's patriarch - located a suitable site for a metal working plant in the Industrial Zone. Renovation teams and lifers under Guild guard built the factory to full working condition in less than a year. Further expanded by a second smelting plant and foundry, the complex is the largest in Malifaux. Today, Geissel Metalworks supplies nearly all of the materials needed for Guild Constructs operating in Malifaux. In addition, they supply a myriad of other products. From clock gears to bullet casings, the company has made huge profits supplying the needs of the settlers. Jack Geissel, Angus' nephew, looks out into the City nightly from his offices. In the black smoke and screeching metal of the foundries, he can see the profits roll in and the Geissel coffers fill.

### Aircars

As the population spread across the City, the need for quick and safe transport became apparent. To facilitate this, Guild engineers developed "aircars," cable-guided gondolas that transport individuals and supplies in relative safety and comfort across dangerous areas of the Slums and Quarantine Zones. A blend of railcar and Zeppelin's rigid airships, aircars range in size from small cabs approximating a stagecoach to massive aerial beasts pulling several floating stockcars. Aircars are slowly pulled along the lines by steam-driven engines and are well-armed and armored to ensure that this valuable Guild asset remains in Guild hands. The dockmast stations support the thick metallic cable high above the city streets. These heavily-armored dockmasts, beginning with Dockmast One at Guild Headquarters, are the fruit of an ambitious project to incorporate Malifaux's taller buildings into this new transportation system, restoring towers as well as constructing new spires. Different routes have names tying them to terminus, such as Sourbreak, Deadfall, and Riverview. The Guardsmen who man the cars and dockmasts have taken to drawing straws to determine assignments. Manning any of the few dockmasts in the Quarantine Zone can be a death sentence. Despite the dangers for those stationed at certain outposts, the aircars have seen great success in supporting Guild operations by rapidly moving resources. Because the fusion of Zeppelin and armored railcar work well together, suggestions for using Zeppelins for scouting and transportation outside Malifaux have reached the Governor General. His advisors caution patience with such an ambitious project, however. Even within the City's borders, the smaller cable-guided aircars meet with attacks from the ground - and sometimes air. The last controlled flight of an airship outside the City ended in disaster when a group of gremlins opened fire on the ship above the bayou. An errant shot managed to ignite the airship's hydrogen gas, sending it flaming headlong into the swamp. Doctor Viktor Ramos has been consulted and is currently working with Guild engineers on a less combustible form of lighter-than-air gas derived from soulstone. Until the compound is perfected, the Governor General has decided it is simply too dangerous to attempt flights outside the City.

### Final Journal Entry of Constable Brian T. Hamm

Why the hell did I take this job? The Guild sends its Elite Divisions in pursuit of creatures that would drive the sane mad...and maybe the mad, sane. We Constables are left investigating whatever the Elites decide is beneath their concern. It never ceases to amaze me that humanity is all but besieged in this damn City, yet we are still eager to turn on one another, just as we do Earthside. This last string of murders though. Maybe it's time to turn what I've learned over to the Elites and let them handle this. At first it appeared to be the standard murder/suicide. O'Hare family: husband, wife, and children dead in their beds. Doors and windows secured. It happens. Some things here push a man to madness; some things he sees can't be forgotten. But then, Marcia Partridge, butchered in her rooms, doors and windows locked from the inside. Then another, and another, the sealed rooms linking them all together. Now we're at a dozen, and the lunatic is leaving calling cards, written in the blood of its victims. "Sweep, Sweep, Sweep away. With their blood I'll make them pay", and "Catch me, catch me if you can, don't look up, I'm the rooftop man". Little rhymes to taunt us. Or perhaps to draw our attention. The witchhunters ruled out sorcery and necromantic magic, chastising me for wasting their valuable time. Damned Elite Divisions! People are dying, and we are no closer to finding this butcher, and I get a lecture from a self-important school marm? I may be on to a lead. Chimney soot has been found mingled in the bloody notes. Each of the homes had a fireplace, could it be the killer is coming down that way? A killer strong enough to overpower entire families yet able to shimmy down a space too small for a Malifaux Rat to traverse...? Gives me chills. Lately it seems as if somebody is watching me. I feel eyes on my back when I turn away from my own hearth. It's as if the killer knows I am piecing this puzzle together. I must be getting jumpy in my old age, but writing this, I swear I can hear someone on my rooftop. Silly old man...CATCH ME CATCH ME IF YOU CAN...I'M THE ROOFTOP MAN...IN YOUR HOUSE I'LL COME TO PLAY...AND SWEEP, SWEEP, SWEEP YOU ALL AWAY