

Une nuit a l'opera by FaceplateVTT

Sessions 1 - 1

November 15, 2025 - November 15, 2025

Cast:



Conciliator — Patternseeker



Couronne — Vivants



Carondelet — skel



Giles — loqe



Gene — averagejoe22

Une nuit a l'opera

November 15, 2025

Conciliator: Une nuit à l'opéra

Conciliator: A game about mesmerizing.

Conciliator: The calloused pair of hands work the inky fabric, as if in the service of a higher power. The table is the temple and none shall lay on it unclean.

Conciliator: Chkchkhkchkhkchkhk...

Conciliator: Eventually, it comes to a halt.

Conciliator: The man raises it against the wall, revelling in its beauty.

Conciliator: The work is complete, or at least, the easy part.

Conciliator: November 15, 2022. Derby Line, VT / Stanstead, QC. Haskell Free Library and Opera House.

Conciliator: Carondelet, Couronne. You're inside early.

Conciliator: The guy is nowhere to be seen. You're sitting at the far corner of the empty theatre hall.

Conciliator: Right over there, by the two flags. Each of you is on one side of the border.

Conciliator: What are you thinking?

Couronne: How comfortably the iced caramel macchiato fit in my hand less than an hour ago.

Carondelet: About where he might be and whether he might be onto us. And also that this whole building, which he'd only found out about this morning, is very strange indeed.

Couronne: More importantly, about this place itself. Aren't these working hours?

Conciliator: Couronne, for a brief moment, you realize how different your entire life would have been if it only had been 1922 instead of 2022.

Conciliator: The event is about to start, you can see lines forming in front of the building from here.

Conciliator: It is indeed a strange building, Carondelet. One of it's only example, and it's antique too.

Conciliator: However, up until the sidewalk on the US side, it's still the "Canadian" side. You're well within your jurisdiction. You think.

Conciliator: Giles, Gene. You've just arrived. The two of you stand in front of the American entrance.

Conciliator: A thin crowd of people is coalescing on the US side. The Canadian side is visibly more active from where you stand, they must be more interested in the grand re-opening.

Conciliator: Most of them wear masks but some don't.

Conciliator: What are you thinking?

Gene: I'm thinking I ought to start asking Johnny boy over there some questions.

Gene: "Look, man, since you the brains o' this particular operation, mind explaining this to me one more time..."

Conciliator: You mean Giles? You're just arriving back from a job in New York.

Gene: "How we gonna look for a guy, no ID, no file, no nothin'?"

Gene: "First and last name, that's that. How you picture that?"

Giles: I should be eating ice cream with my daughter right now, not this man. That cone was just another reminder of my failures as a father.

Giles: "By appearance, I suppose..."

Conciliator: Perhaps. Gene, the holy words echo back and forth in your head. "Take care of it." You've been taking "care of it" for decades, and right now, it's not much different.

Gene: "Like what, 'male, mid-30s'? Yeah, fat chance."

Gene: "Figure somethin' out once we're inside, will ya, man?"

Gene: With that, Gene pats his partner on the back. It's banter, really. It's just banter.

Conciliator: The wind is blowing hard. It's not so great up North at this time of year.

Gene: For posterity's sake, are us two fine Delta Green agents complying with NWO mask regulations?

Conciliator: If you want to.

Giles: "Well, yes. I'm hoping to--" he stops himself at the rough pat on the back.

Gene: Gene ain't feel like it's right to be putting youself in a muzzle. So he don't.

Gene: Hope this doesn't stand out too much.

Conciliator: Not much other black folks around here, you realize, Gene.

Conciliator: Here is the overmap of the scene. It will be available for your viewing.

Conciliator: G-cell is right at American entrance, while Bureau-C is in the toasty 2nd floor, overlooking the Church St.

Conciliator: At the "DHS Post" there is a parked car from Homeland Security with an agent inside. He's been eyeing you for a while.

Conciliator: At the "CBSA Post" there is a parked car from Canada Border Services Agency. It's not a permanent fixture, it usually shows up only at large events. Likewise, large events are notified to both countries a week before they take place.

Conciliator: You can't see the agent inside, and he can't see you. But you saw the car there.

Conciliator: Most of the Americans are a walk away at the tiny strip mall over at Caswell Avenue for a hot coffee.

Conciliator: It's right at the edge.

Conciliator: Canadians are lining up at the entrance, around a news anchor.

Conciliator: They don't seem to feel the need to grab a hot coffee. In fact, they don't even look cold, compared to you, G-cell.

Conciliator: Any remarks and questions before moving on?

Gene: What, 'CROSSING FORBIDDEN'? Like crossing that imaginary line while in Haskell is going to slice our legs off or something?

Gene: Fat load of nonsense, Gene thinks

Conciliator: It's not an imaginary line, crossing is literally forbidden from that road at all times.

Conciliator: No cars or pedestrians.

Giles: Have we had a chance to visit the library before the event?

Conciliator: No. First time for all of you. It's not that popular.

Conciliator: Before you go asking about it, the floor plans of the place are NOT publically available.

Conciliator: Trust me.

Conciliator: Bureau C?

Gene: Any idea us G-Cell have of what the event will be, exactly? The schedule by the hours, at the very least.

Conciliator: Viewing of Quellchrist Thatcher's Shadow of the Torturer. Starts in 30 minutes.

Conciliator: First show since late 2019 Covid closings.

Gene: Damn good to know.

Couronne: Not much in my mind as of this very moment, other than the fact that I might've already tried to search for our target's name in Google. I'm guessing the search would've returned a news article, at least?

Couronne: A picture, if lucky.

Conciliator: Roll Computer Science.

Couronne: No dice, 0%. Attribute roll?

Conciliator: Throw at a 20%.

Conciliator: You're not exactly a computer woman.

Couronne: 64

Couronne: Bing Search sucks.

Conciliator: You fail to search for news articles that match with your mans name.

Conciliator: After Giles talks, we are moving on.

Carondelet: Presumably this guy has to be among the incoming crowd and there's no chance that he's hopped the border already.

Giles: I would like to attempt research on our guy as well. Maybe I can make use of my position and specialty to hack into the database of the library too, if it even has one.

Gene: 11

Giles: 11

Couronne: 13

Carondelet: 11

Conciliator: Giles, roll Computer Science. Raw, since you have such an expertise but no specialized equipment, plus, you're on the move and not tapped directly into NSA network.

Giles: Giles rolls Success -> 54 (Rolling Computer Science Target: 60%)

Conciliator: Success. You manage to find an article that describes a thwarted prison escape attempt by your guy including a collaborator, but names and photos are omitted since it did not succeed.

Conciliator: It left a prison guard dead to mysterious circumstances, and that's it.

Conciliator: We're going to do this in turn order, as there are two separate sides.

Conciliator: Can everyone see the screen?

Conciliator: Excellent.

Conciliator: Go ahead, Couronne. You may act. The doors are opening for admission about right now.

Couronne: Which way's each respective entrance?

Conciliator: Canadian "entrance" is actually a walkway from the north down to the south of the building itself, next to the parking lot. American entrance is very obviously right there.

Conciliator: You're on the second floor right now.

Couronne: Right. The stage's to the east?

Conciliator: Yes.

Conciliator: You should be able to reallign your tokens. WASD.

Conciliator: SHIFT+WASD.

Couronne: "Our side's larger, isn't it?" I idly mention to Carondelet as I make my way over closer to the stage.

Couronne: How much can I do in my turn?

Conciliator: The Canadian size makes up 2/3rd of the library.

Conciliator: Go on, act, I'll let you know.

Conciliator: It's not a "few seconds".

Couronne: I'm approaching that staff member.

Couronne: Couronne waves.

Conciliator: That's an audiotech guy. He is working with the giant speakers.

Audiotech Man 1: "Yeah?"

Couronne: Couronne waves... from up close.

Couronne: "I've never been here. How many people're we expecting to show up for the event?"

Audiotech Man 1: He undoes his mask a bit. "Uhh, probably full. So like, 450."

Couronne: "I see. Is there any way to get a clearer view of the whole seat arrangement?"

Couronne: "I'm trying to spot a friend."

Couronne: "...when everyone's come in, I mean."

Audiotech Man 1: Carondelet, you get a better view of the true scale of the stage with Couronne standing right next to it.

Audiotech Man 1: This place is quite small.

Audiotech Man 1: "Uh, I mean. You got the third story."

Audiotech Man 1: He waves at the row of seats above you.

Couronne: "This place's deceptively large, eh?"

Couronne: "Right. Thank you."

Audiotech Man 1: "Uh huh."He goes back to work, really busy.

Gene: Shiiit, man. We're still waiting in line, are we?

Conciliator: Yes.

Gene: "Look, Giles. We mighta want to cut the line here. If you ain't got an idea, I got an idea. But I'm telling you cuz you're not gonna like it."

Conciliator: You can talk freely between eachother.

Giles: "Um, I think it would be better to get a good look at the place before we jump to conclusions."

Gene: "Yeah, man, we gonna do that. Soon as we get in."

Gene: "You seein' a lot from out the back of the line?"

Conciliator: Gene, you're beginning to get an URGENCY to act.

Giles: "We don't want unwanted attention..."

Gene: "Yeah, yeah, sorry man. You got your ticket and everythin'?"

Gene: "Just look really shy for a second." With that, Gene taps the man standing in front of him in line on the shoulder and tries to look appropriately amicable while being Black.

A Man: Yeah?

Gene: "Uh, man? It's kind of a situation here. Look... Me and my partner here. Yeah, my partner... we're tight. Real tight."

Giles: Giles clears his throat, looking at his feet.

Gene: "He's got like a condition, man."

Gene: "He really has to go to the restroom, like, right now."

Gene: "Uh... Say, mind letting us through real fast?"

A Man: "Wait for your line dude."

Gene: "It's really not good man, I mean..." With that, Gene does vaguely urgent but reassuring hand gestures

Gene: To be fair, cutting in front of like four people in line was never going to work out.

Gene: But just maybe...

Conciliator: Carondelet, your turn.

Carondelet: Carondelet's been nurturing a suspicion that their target plans to use this theater for more than simply getting out of the U.S. At any rate there's a small chance the back room of this theater might have audience-facing security cameras or something, and so he's going to try getting into the back room. Anyone stopping him from just waltzing inside?

Conciliator: Roll Search.

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls Failure -> 82 (Rolling Search Target: 50%)

Conciliator: You fail to see any security cameras facing the audience from where the stage would be.

Conciliator: However.

Conciliator: In doing so you notice that they are towards the sides.

Conciliator: It's represented on the battlemap.

Carondelet: No harm seeing if the monitors they're connected to the room in the back, in that case. He's just gonna walk in all nonchalant until someone tries to stop him.

Conciliator: Into where exactly?

Carondelet: The door up in front of him.

Conciliator: Go ahead. You see the image of a stairway going up above the door.

Carondelet: Is the second door a fire escape or something?

Conciliator: The one behind?

Carondelet: Yep.

Conciliator: It's not a fire escape, it connects the little "tower" structure that's adjacent to the back of the building. Let me show you.

Conciliator: You've already seen it from this angle.

Carondelet: That doesn't look like it's anything, really, but no harm in checking. He passes that door too.

Conciliator: There's another audiotech guy here, working on the panel embedded into the wall.

Conciliator: He gives you a stare and continues working.

Carondelet: Often times people leave you be if you simply act like you know what you're doing. I'll head into the room I'm facing if I have time this turn.

Conciliator: Before that, you notice the walls of this room. They are covered entirely in scribbles.

Conciliator: It doesn't take the genius to tell that the audiotech guy isn't the one responsible for this.

Carondelet: "Long day at work?" He says with a chuckle, looking at the AV guy then gesturing at the madhouse graffiti.

Audiotech Man 2: "This system's a fucking bitch dude. The wiring's like, ancient."

Audiotech Man 2: "At least the money's good."

Carondelet: He half-laughs and makes his leave.

Conciliator: Giles.

Conciliator: It's loqe. Act.

Giles: We are still waiting in line?

Gene: "I done just embarrassed us, man. What now?"

Conciliator: You tell me.

Conciliator: Both of you are still standing right in front of the building like two... friends.

Giles: Well, I see a line in front of us.

Conciliator: The badges inside your coat pocket tingle, or was that just your intrusive thoughts?

Giles: I don't feel like blowing our cover. I'll take the time to shift a little to the side and pull out my laptop, trying to connect to the library wi-fi if there is one.

Conciliator: You want to hold a laptop in one hand in the middle of a growing crowd and not blow your cover?

Conciliator: You can check it with your phone.

Giles: I'm trying to give off the impression of a workaholic. I want to bypass the library's security if they're even using a database here or just doing everything the old-fashioned way.

Conciliator: There is a wifi. HASKELL_LIBRARY.

Conciliator: As for the "database", are you looking for a certain book you might wish to check out?

Conciliator: In any case, you don't know the password.

Conciliator: Couronne.

Conciliator: LET'S PICK UP THE PACE WITH THE ACTIONS!

Conciliator: Couronne, the crowd begins filling the hall.

Couronne: I... want to look at my watch. When can I expect people to start coming in?

Conciliator: It's... 18:40. The doors opened ten minutes ago.

Couronne: So they're slowly piling in, then. Right.

Couronne: I'm heading over across the room, to the opposing set of doors.

Couronne: Any signage?

Conciliator: As you do, the audiotech guy finishes his stuff and packs up.

Conciliator: No, just a regular crowd of theatregoers entering.

Couronne: I meant to ask whether there're any signs pointing towards where these two doors lead.

Conciliator: That's the backstage.

Couronne: Great. I'm heading in.

Conciliator: You open the door.

Quellchrist Thatcher: "And then you'll go-
MMMMMMMMMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAa-You interrupt his glorious
singing voice with your intrusion.

Couronne: Couronne claps her hands together in a fangirly manner.

Couronne: "Wonderful singing. I've seen you before."

Couronne: "May I..." I'm just walking in without asking.

Quellchrist Thatcher: "Staff only, please-"

Quellchrist Thatcher: Who is he to interrupt you, really. But you are factually being an asshole.

Couronne: Indeed. I'll step inside and close the door behind me, then get within whispering range.

Quellchrist Thatcher: "Um-"

Couronne: "A minute of your time?"

A Woman: "Hey!"

Couronne: Couronne discretely brandishes her badge at the oversized gentleman.

Quellchrist Thatcher: He does notice your plate carrier that says "M-EPIC" on it.

Quellchrist Thatcher: "Sure."

Quellchrist Thatcher: "What's going on?"

Couronne: This is all still at a whispery tone. "We are taking a few moments to inspect the premises-- hazard prevention, you understand. I assume you are the director?"

Quellchrist Thatcher: "Yes."

Couronne: "Before I go on and leave you to it, may I ask you if you've been witness to any suspicious activity this evening?"

Couronne: "Unknown individuals backstage-- barring myself."

Quellchrist Thatcher: "Umm. No. It will be a fantastic play, if you excuse us."

Couronne: "Thank you for your time. Be sure to remain accessible."

Couronne: I'm stepping over across the room.

Conciliator: Is that it?

Couronne: These two doors, signage?

Conciliator: "FIRE EXIT" and "STAGE".

Couronne: Stage northwards, I assume?

Conciliator: Yes.

Couronne: I'm going to help myself to the door and inspect the stage itself. I assume the drapes are still covering it?

Conciliator: Yes. Behind the drapes, it's empty and looks set-up.

Conciliator: You're ruining the magic for yourself.

Couronne: I was never the opera type. Before I turn the handle over, I'd like to head back into the backstage and take a skipping look over the crew and actors. Do any of them seem unusual in any way? Does the room feel out of place?

Couronne: I'm relying on 'vibes' and instinct, if you will.

Conciliator: Throw Search, Blind.

Conciliator: All you see are a handful of actors in various stages of dress and un-dress. However, standing against that crate is a huge and heavy looking sword.

Conciliator: That thing does not look like a prop.

Couronne: Interesting. I'll approach the Director one final time, if you'll let me...

Conciliator: Make it fast.

Couronne: Couronne nods.

Couronne: "Is that going to be used this evening?" She gestures at the blade.

Quellchrist Thatcher: He giggles like a kid and turns to you. "Well. It has no carbon emissions, officer."

Quellchrist Thatcher: He nods towards the exit.

Couronne: "It does constitute a bladed weapon."

Quellchrist Thatcher: "Relax, it's art of the highest kind."

Quellchrist Thatcher: "It was donated to us by a rich gentleman."

Quellchrist Thatcher: As far as you can tell, it's not illegal in Canada.

Couronne: "I am sure it is, and I would urge you to take the utmost care in its handling. In fact, I'd like to inspect it more closely before leaving."

Couronne: "Would you allow me to?"

Quellchrist Thatcher: "With pleasure."

Couronne: How does it look?

Conciliator: Couronne. You lean over the huge sword. It has a blunt, rectangular end and the rest of the blade is a fantastic steel finish with silvery engravings over it.

Conciliator: The base of the spine is hollow, almost as if a cylindrical test tube can fit inside.

Couronne: I'll take it by the hilt and weigh it.

Couronne: Does it feel genuine?

Conciliator: You immediately recognize that it's perfectly balanced and weighs a bit less than a kilogram.

Conciliator: You can't know if it's genuine without trying it out on a person, but you can tell it's beautiful.

Couronne: I see. Is it engraved with a specific pattern or lettering?

Conciliator: "TERMINUS EST, THE WORLD STEERS TOWARDS MISCHIEF AND I EXECUTE JUDGEMENT" The opposite side of the blade has an engraving in a language you don't know, it looks vaguely Germanic but not modern.

Conciliator: Who made this fucking thing? Wow.

Conciliator: Any further remarks?

Couronne: Not for now.

Giles: If we're allowed to take our turns at the same time, I'd like to stick to our previous story and have Gene escort me to the bathroom after I make a scene.

Gene: "Aight. Aight, man. Here's what I'm thinkin'. We're last in line, anyway, so if you're that keen on checkin' out the building you can walk around outside and I'll stay here freezing my ass and hold the spot for you."

Gene: "'s either that or we shove our ID in their faces and walk right in." Admittedly, Gene is well capable of doing that by himself, but strong-arming his partner even more at this point should be avoided.

Conciliator: You can't move or interact, but you can surely keep talking.

Conciliator: Gene. Your action?

Gene: I'd like to hear Giles speak.

Giles: "Fine, I'll just take a quick look around the area... If you want to, you can go in first."

Gene: "Nah. I got this, man. Ring my number when you're done."

Gene: Gene is staying in line. Assuming there's any people behind them, which there AREN'T, mediation that he's taking a spot for a friend who was 'just here a second ago' should be trivial.

Conciliator: The line ends. You're up next.

Conciliator: CARONDELET.

Carondelet: skel is back

Carondelet: Logically it makes no sense for the AV guy to be their target but he is ridiculously fucking suspicious. I want to do a HUMINT check on him to see if he looks like he's gonna shoot the place up or something before I continue to explore.

Conciliator: Hit it.

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls Success -> 40 (Rolling HUMINT Target: 60%)

Conciliator: He looks very genuinely like he wishes to finish up with this dog shit of an audio system and go home to play games or jerk off.

Carondelet: Good enough. In that case he's gonna pass this door in front of him.

Conciliator: It's unlocked from this side. You're in that glass corridor.

Conciliator: You can see the CBC anchor and the crowd around it from here.

Conciliator: It's right up north, but not represented from Z2.

Carondelet: Holy fuck that's a lot of people. Well, time to continue on. This is the tower he's gonna be heading into, right?

Conciliator: "STAFF ONLY"Locked.

Conciliator: You're not sure if the guy will pass through here.

Conciliator: He can just, up and leave.

Carondelet: And obviously it'll be a waste of time social engineering his way in there so whatever. Anywhere I've missed?

Conciliator: You didn't go upstairs.

Conciliator: Walk up to the staircase and click on it.

Carondelet: Ahh yes, that's where he's headed next then.

Conciliator: Here you are.

Carondelet: Is this door open?

Conciliator: South is "STAFF ONLY", the other one is.

Conciliator: You're up at the balcony level.

Conciliator: Move using arrow keys if you're having difficulty with walls.

Carondelet: In that case he may as well people-watch for a while to see if anyone comes in looking like a looney bin escapee. That'll be how I end this turn.

Conciliator: You do have a good view of the stage from here. The angles upon it are perfect, whoever built this place, built it good.

Conciliator: GILES.

Giles: Giles makes an exasperated sigh and puts on his best impression of a man who's painfully constipated. "Oh God..." He grabs his stomach and winces, then begins to walk towards the door, hunched over.

Giles: "Excuse me..."

A Man: "Yo hold on. Canadians are down there." He points at the south entrance.

A Man: "Americans only from this entrance, we got a metal detector."

Gene: "He look like a Canadian to you, man? Mind your biz." This was a stupid thing to say but Gene screens for his partner based on pure Black Vibes.

Giles: We are armed to the teeth, aren't we.

A Man: Gene that's the last stream of consciousness before you start rolling for heart attack.

A Man: Your weapons are currently concealed.

Giles: "I need to use the restroom... really urgently."

A Man: "Right, you got a ticket?"

A Man: "Library is closed off for events so we admit with tickets."

Giles: "It's a medical emergency. Yes-- I would appreciate it if you came with me. When I get these fits, I'm liable to pass out. You might need to call an ambulance."

A Man: He seems very unreceptive to your plea. Roll HUMINT.

Giles: Giles rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 77 (Rolling HUMINT Target: 50%)

A Man: Looks like he just wants to be an asshole tonight.

A Man: "Sorry man, no ticket no entry."

Giles: Are there any other people in our vicinity?

A Man: Yes. Like eight of them immediately next to you and hundreds within earshot.

Giles: Giles pulls out something from his coat with a trembling hand.

Giles: Giles discreetly shows him his badge, whispering "Let me pass before I put you on a watchlist. No metal detectors."

A Man: "Shit man why don't you just say so."

A Man: "I don't fuck with that."

A Man: He steps aside.

A Man: "All bags and items through the x-ray please."

Giles: "Right, of course..." He comes close to show off his badge, blocking the view of the security cameras.

A Man: "Uhhh..."

A Man: "Okay."

A Man: "I don't wanna obstruct or anything."

Giles: "This is a matter of life and death. Please do not cause any problems."

A Man: "Goddamn."

A Man: "Guess I'm leaving early today."

Giles: "I need to pass right now."

A Man: "Yeah man, whatever." He frantically looks for his belongings.

Giles: I look around the hall quickly. Is anyone watching me?

A Man: Once he gets his bag, the man begins to exit out the front door.

A Man: "Hey, where the fuck are you going?"

A Man: "Nah man, not today. I got kids."

Conciliator: He leaves.

Conciliator: Continuing. Giles?

Giles: Are the doors labeled?

Conciliator: The door in front of you says "OFFICE."

Giles: Giles tries the door.

Conciliator: You hear a voice from the inside. "It's locked, just use your key."

Conciliator: "I locked it."

Giles: "Sir, may I speak with you for a second?"

Conciliator: "Who are you?"

Giles: "It's a matter of security, I really need to speak with someone who's in charge."

Conciliator: "Yeah, one second."

A Man: A guy gets the door and stares you down.

A Man: "Uh, come inside?"

Giles: "Thank you."

A Man: "What do you need?"

Giles: Giles shows the man his badge.

A Man: "Uh..."

Giles: "I've received a tip-off about possible terrorist activity in this area."

A Man: "Here? In Stanstead?!"

A Man: He sounded a bit too loud.

Conciliator: 46

Giles: "I'd appreciate if you kept quiet."

A Man: "Sir, you're clearly making a mistake here eh."

A Man: "This ain't Iraq this is Canada."

Giles: Did he close the door?

A Man: YOU closed the door on the way in.

Giles: I'm going to make up a story using real life details from my past operations at NSA, something that will sound believable.

A Man: Roll Persuasion.

Giles: Would history be applicable, to name a terrorist organization that's not out of place in this sort of area?

A Man: There are no fucking terrorist organizations in vermont or canada. no.

Giles: Giles rolls Success -> 15 (Rolling Persuade Target: 20%)

A Man: The guy still falls for your bullshit.

A Man: "So, what can we do?"

A Woman: "Hey, I'm still waiting here!"

Conciliator: That was from the ticket booth behind the desk.

Giles: "Allow me to take a look at your security systems, there might not be a need for alarm just yet. When I spot something unusual, I'll notify you and call my partner."

A Man: "It's right over there."

A Man: He points at the setup.

Giles: "Thank you."

Conciliator: His connection dropped, moving onto Couronne.

Couronne: Prior to doing anything else, I'd like to pull out my phone and take a picture of the sword and the engravings. Then I'll do a quick Bing search on "TERMINUS EST, THE WORLD STEERS TOWARDS MISCHIEF AND I EXECUTE JUDGEMENT" just to see if any literature or scholarly articles come up on it.

Conciliator: Shadow of the Torturer by Gene Wolfe. Wow.

Conciliator: Incredible revelation.

Couronne: Anything to do with tonight's play?

Conciliator: It IS tonight's play!!!

Couronne: That's awkward. I'm putting the sword in its rightful place and moving over this way.

Conciliator: You shut the door behind you.

Couronne: Nothing of interest, I presume. I'm heading up stairs.

Conciliator: That would be -down- the stairs, but go on.

Conciliator: Couronne.

Conciliator: As soon as you finish walking down the stairs, you see the Curator of the library, who just let you in, interviewing a streamer.

Conciliator: Roll Stealth.

Conciliator: Public. Roll again, also, at a 20%+ advantage due to your positioning.

Couronne: Couronne rolls Failure -> 72 (Rolling Stealth Target: 30% (10%+20%))

Conciliator: You see the iPhone camera pointing at you for a split second before turning back at the small Asian woman.

IRLChai: "So like, what if I want to become a refugee after I enter this building?"

Jane Demonte: "Uh, you can't do that."

Jane Demonte: "We're exempt from that."

IRLChai: "But like what if I just run for it?"

Jane Demonte: "I guess if you managed to make it past the library grounds then... ahahaha... I shouldn't be saying this."

Couronne: I noticed the phone pointing my way for a moment, but is it realistically anything I should be worried about, given the context?

Conciliator: Continuing.

Conciliator: It's pretty obvious you're from some kind of agency, even to an untrained eye. You are very much "legit", though.

Couronne: Well, I am wearing a plate carrier, after all.

Couronne: I'll go on without interrupting their chat. Westwards-- is that an exit?

Conciliator: That's the theatre entrance.

Couronne: And to the east, past the crowd?

Conciliator: You come across the ticket booth.

Conciliator: East, you mean outside?

Conciliator: Oh, that's signed "RESTROOM."

Couronne: Can't hurt to take a look while they wrap up. They're in the middle of the way.

Conciliator: The crowd splits in half and makes way for you.

Conciliator: This room?

Conciliator: Locked. STAFF ONLY.

Couronne: I see. No reaction at my attempts to open it, I assume?

Conciliator: The door is locked.

Couronne: "What a restroom"

Couronne: "Why's this all locked," I mutter to myself.

Couronne: In fact, why the fuck is it locked? I'm knocking on all these three doors.

Conciliator: The doors are locked so players don't just spamclick and open them and ruin the surprise... they are not actually locked.

Couronne: Are those windows marked as doorways?

Conciliator: They are TOILET STALLS.

Couronne: I mean this one.

Conciliator: That's a toilet stall. That one is unoccupied.

Couronne: I see. Let's simply inspect each at a time.

Conciliator: By the way, I updated your inventory.

Conciliator: The second one is occupied.

Conciliator: You're in the female restroom.

Couronne: "Hello?"

A Woman: "I SAID IT'S FULL!"

Couronne: "I was starting to get worried. Goodbye."

Couronne: Where's the men's?

Conciliator: Right adjacent. The door above you opens to the library.

Conciliator: It's not locked.

Couronne: I want to take a moment to reflect. We didn't get a picture for our man, did we?

Conciliator: Negative.

Conciliator: It's unsurprising given that it's a US national.

Couronne: Well, let's proceed with the inspection.

Couronne: These two occupied?

A Man: "Full."

Conciliator: That one isn't.

Couronne: I've no reason to interrupt this individual in his use of the restroom. I'm heading to the library.

A Man: You open the door.

Conciliator: You're at the south end of the library. You can see the main desk from here, but not the full thing.

Couronne: I'll take a leisurely walk around, simply trying to spot anything or anyone unusual across the bookrows.

Conciliator: There's a man here.

A Man: A Man rolls Failure -> 83 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Conciliator: He doesn't notice you, yet.

Couronne: And I notice him for something in particular, I presume.

Couronne: What's he doing?

Conciliator: Older, balding guy. Knee deep in a book.

Couronne: Can I tell what he's reading?

Conciliator: L'Hombre du Bourreau

Couronne: I keep my distance. "Spoiling the play for yourself, aren't you?"

A Man: "Oh, I already know all the lines. I'm just revising."

Couronne: "All of them?"

Couronne: "Rhetorical question, of course."

A Man: "I've been to the premiere, before the lockdown. It truly is wonderful."

A Man: He adjusts his glasses.

Couronne: "A fan, are you?"

A Man: "Oh, well, no French madame."

Couronne: "I wouldn't happen to have seen you before... in..."

Couronne: Couronne strokes her jaw.

Couronne: "Ohio?"

Couronne: "No, too distant." I'm gauging his reaction.

Conciliator: Roll HUMINT.

Couronne: Couronne rolls Success -> 8 (Rolling HUMINT Target: 10%)

Conciliator: He seems to be a bit too -comfortable- with your intrusion, as if he's getting the wrong signal.

A Man: "Well, we could talk it over coffee after the play."

Couronne: "Perhaps. Are you on Facebook?"

A Man: "Oh no, too much trolls and noise."

A Man: "I'm trying to de-digitalize."

Couronne: "Your name, at least."

Couronne: "I'm Marie-Elie."

A Man: "Nice to meet you Marie. It's Joseph."

Couronne: "Great. Until later." I'm just stepping off after realizing that this is not my guy.

A Man: "Sure."

A Woman: "Ma'am, the library is closed."

Couronne: Couronne looks down at her plate carrier.

Couronne: "So it is."

A Woman: The bright lights off the christmas tree reveal you to the nearest bystander.

Conciliator: Gene.

Gene: "I'm with that guy, man." Gene slides up to the front man and flashes his badge, also. "I know, the hits just keep coming."

Gene: "You have anyone with a list of attendees on hand? Names of people who'd bought tickets for tonight, that sort of thing."

Conciliator: You can walk inside. You got the right of way.

Gene: Yeah, clearly, but I'm bothering the guy out front first.

A Man: "Nah we use like, online verification for that shit." He shows you a phone with some weird app on it.

Gene: "Yeah, whatever, man. I'm going in."

A Man: "I wonder where the hell HIS ass went."

A Man: "Yeah."

A Man: There are still people behind you.

Gene: Let them see.

Conciliator: There's no one interested in running the metal detector. This woman here is viewing the displays.

Gene: None of what is on display is particularly striking, but it's time to apply people skills.

Gene: ANYthing catches Gene's attention in particular aside from this display and the woman?

Conciliator: The family crest on the floor. Scroll down the handout.

Gene: Oh, that.

Gene: This doesn't tell Gene anything. Maybe with like a... History check?

Conciliator: Go on.

Gene: Gene rolls Failure -> 28 (Rolling History Target: 10%)

Conciliator: A plaque nearby reveals that the building was made with the Victorian principles of art and education being the main improvers of humanity by the Haskell family in late 19th century. It was later donated to the city council, and a board of 4 runs it now.

Conciliator: Nothing more you can tell about it.

Gene: That should be enough.

Gene: I think Gene would proceed further down the hall if that's still possible on his turn.

Conciliator: I meant 1890s. Edited.

Conciliator: Go ahead.

Conciliator: Gene. The curator and the streamer are doing their own thing a bit down the double doors. You can't be seen from this angle.

Conciliator: You can see the shelves from here.

Gene: And I don't particularly care either. Primarily on Gene's mind right now is the fact that he's still waiting on a call from Gilles. Or he thinks he is.

Gene: The shelves, however... Quite a selection.

Conciliator: Are you just gonna keep standing there?

Gene: No, moving on. Nice books.

Conciliator: Go ahead.

Conciliator: Roll Stealth, Public.

Gene: What's those double doors in front--

Gene: Gene rolls Failure -> 51 (Rolling Stealth Target: 10%)

Conciliator: You have about 2 seconds to duck somewhere or enter the room adjacent to you before the woman that just saw Couronne turns at you.

Gene: Uh. Here.

Gene: Yeah. Exactly what I wanted.

Conciliator: You close the door behind you.

Conciliator: Roll Alertness.

Gene: Gene rolls Failure -> 78 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Conciliator: It takes you a bit too long to realize that those two are making out here.

Conciliator: This is supposed to be the kids corner of the library.

A Woman: "Uhh..."

A Man: "I- We're sorry. We're leaving now."

Gene: That's fucking great.

Gene: "Uh-- Interrupting something?"

Gene: "Yeah, go on."

Gene: Go on as in LEAVE not continue FRENCH KISSING

Conciliator: You fucked up the vibe, it's destroyed. They are going to leave now.

Gene: Gene watches them leave with an appropriate level of Ick and Disdain.

Conciliator: As they leave, you're led into the center room by the same lady.

Conciliator: Alongside a suspicious Canadian wearing a plate carrier. Move to the center, Couronne.

Gene: Gene's eyes narrow.

Couronne: Here?

Conciliator: Center.

Conciliator: You're facing Gene.

Conciliator: Either of you may act.

Couronne: To make it clear, I'm not letting this bitch manhandle me.

Gene: Fed recognizes fed. Gene has no idea who she is.

Conciliator: M-EPIC. You know that name.

Conciliator: Couronne, it will take an Alertness roll.

Couronne: Couronne rolls Failure -> 95 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Gene: "Excuse me, do I know you?"

Conciliator: Couronne, nothing particular about this gentleman other than the signature fed 3-piece is visible.

Couronne: Couronne looks the man up and down.

Couronne: "I don't think so."

Gene: "What is this about, then?"

Couronne: "Oh, the library is closed, is what this lady's trying to say."

Couronne: "You may go on." She nods towards the streamer.

Conciliator: The streamer ignores you.

Couronne: As in gesturing for Gene to leave that way.

Gene: "That's news to me. Supposing I should be leaving, then?"

Gene: "Not before asking you some questions... if you don't mind?"

Gene: "Just a friendly chat. It's no big thing." Gene's body language says it all.

Couronne: "Eh..." She looks at the staff lady. "Would you give us a minute? I am here on official business, he will be out in no time, yes?"

Conciliator: The crowd outside is getting thinner.

Conciliator: It looks like it's about to start soon.

Couronne: I just want this woman to move over so he can speak to me without her intruding.

Couronne: I'm assuming she's not actively trying to keep us here?

Conciliator: The woman is gone. Her attention is captured by...

Quellchrist Thatcher: "Ladies and gentlemen! I would like to formally invite you in to take your seats, after making this toast."

Quellchrist Thatcher: He raises a glass. Most of the crowd also raises a glass, as food and drink were being served on the carts right over there.

Gene: "You won't care about missing the show, will you, lady?"

Couronne: "It won't be going anywhere. Did you need something?"

Gene: "So... M-EPIC? What are you-- sorry, what are WE doing in this opera house tonight?"

Quellchrist Thatcher: "...And to those scientists who saved us from this god awful disease! Cheers!" Glasses clink.

Couronne: Couronne looks at the Black Man with an estranged expression on her face.

Gene: "I can tell you didn't come here in armor and that... that thing just to watch a performance."

Quellchrist Thatcher: He leads back up. Most of the crowd clears.

Couronne: "I'm surveying the grounds for hazardous emissions. May I assist you?"

IRLChai: "Okay chat, I'll let you know how it was after the show! Bye!!"

Gene: "Yeah? What are you, OSHA?"

Gene: Gene notes the very obvious lack of reaction to him saying 'M-EPIC'

Jane Demonte: "If you need me, give me a call."

IRLChai: "Thanks. Let's go upstairs." She nods to her bodyguard.

Couronne: "Environmental Policy Impact Commission, sir," she says, pointing at her plate carrier insignia. "Not quite OSHA."

Conciliator: As you two talk it out...

Gene: "Yeah. I really wouldn't know."

Conciliator: Carondelet.

Conciliator: The balcony is crowding up.

Conciliator: Carondelet is alone in this.

Carondelet: Meanwhile he's been keeping an eye on the people entering from the American side to see if anyone coming in from the states is A. a white guy in his 30s and B. incredibly suspicious or just kinda nuts-looking. There aren't as many people coming in that way so he figured it was worth the effort.

Conciliator: You're in an art venue, Carondelet. You just described, like 70% of the crowd.

Conciliator: Not that much, but a good less-than-half.

Carondelet: Failing that, is there anything he missed on the way up here? Otherwise he can't think of much to do other than acting like an audience member until someone tries running out into Canada mid-show or something.

Conciliator: No. Exploring the place is YOUR responsibility, and as far as I know, you didn't miss a significant detail in the things you have seen so far.

Conciliator: Those are drapes over there, at that end.

Conciliator: To your west.

Carondelet: May as well check what's on the other side of those.

Conciliator: You undo the drapes. It's two people here, talking to eachother.

Conciliator: They look like they are working.

A Man: "Hey, staff only."

Carondelet: "Oop, my bad. Any of you know a Castaigne?" He slips the name in all casual like to see if either of them freak out and if not, he's back on his way to the bleachers.

A Man: "Castaigne what man?"

Carondelet: "My dumb ass son. Sorry for taking up your time." That doesn't even make sense but whatever. Anything he might notice in here with a search check before leaving?

Conciliator: Roll.

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 77 (Rolling Search Target: 50%)

Conciliator: Camera setup and controls. This has to be the "recording room", from a time when the best camera in the world took 15 minutes to develop one photo.

Conciliator: Most likely was another tea break room back in the day.

Carondelet: Nothing he can make use of, then. Back to warming his seat.

Conciliator: You get a clear view of the stage...

Conciliator: Giles.

Conciliator: You check your clock. You have no more than a few minutes until the play begins.

Conciliator: Roll Computer Science.

Conciliator: (Retroactively, of course)

Giles: Giles rolls Success -> 20 (Rolling Computer Science Target: 60%)

Conciliator: The cameras for the "tower" in the back and the rear fire exit have been dead all day.

Conciliator: Other than that, you notice two Canadians in body armor enter the building from the main entrance.

Conciliator: They search the place, they go up to the second story and wait a while there.

Conciliator: You arrive with Gene. The male one descends the stairs to the third story.

Conciliator: The female one comes back down and enters the restroom. She exits from the other entrance and talks to a guy.

Conciliator: Then, she is led to the center of the library.

Conciliator: She is talking to Gene right now.

Giles: Giles watches their conversation idly.

Giles: "These two cameras here. Are they supposed to be off?"

Conciliator: It doesn't seem to be going anywhere.

A Man: "What? No."

A Man: "I didn't notice that."

Giles: "Don't tell me you didn't-- right."

Giles: "We're going to have to check this right away. I'm going to call my partner. Can I trust you to make sure no one leaves the building while we take care of this?"

A Man: "I, uhh..."

A Man: "Okay."

Giles: "Thank you..."

Giles: Did I spot any other suspicious behavior on the cameras besides the two Canadians?"

A Man: The guy the woman was talking to is not in any of the frames after he left.

Giles: I'm going to call Gene.

A Man: Wouldn't it be faster to just walk 10 steps to him?

Giles: Well...

Giles: Giles clears his throat, approaching the two, visibly tense.

Couronne: Couronne grabs her carrier by the straps.

Gene: "Oh?"

Conciliator: This situation is tense...

Conciliator: The play is about to begin. You have no more time to waste.

Giles: "I don't know what your business here is, but I advise you leave."

Giles: Giles turns to Gene and whispers something to him.

Couronne: "I'll take that under advisement, sir."

Conciliator: Bold, Giles. You're in Canada now. See the line?

Giles: "The cameras near the fire exit and the tower at the back are off. We'll need to check it out."

Giles: She didn't see my credentials, thankfully.

Conciliator: She did hear that.

Gene: 'Maaan... I got it, let's get out of here.'

Gene: I suppose she heard that as well.

Conciliator: Huh, are you looking for the guy outside?

Couronne: I'll just stare at them idly as they chat, still holding onto my carrier.

Gene: "Look, ma'am, one last word of advice, if I may..."

Gene: "I can tell you're not here just to inspect this and that tonight. Perhaps you're actually... looking for someone?"

Couronne: "Who are you?"

Gene: "If so, we may be able to help each other out. You never know."

Conciliator: Indeed, Couronne. Who the fuck are these two pimps?

Giles: "I'll explain everything. If you don't mind, my partner needs to go. Right now."

Gene: "Yeah. I do."

Couronne: Couronne quickly gazes at her watch.

Gene: "Enjoy the play..?" Gene doesn't like how this developed.

Couronne: I want to take half-second to think back about Joseph. Was his book in French?

Conciliator: The play is about to start. 450~ people are inside, and very few bystanders are outside. Most noticably, no one outside seems to be the cause for a -scream- or a gunshot, considering that there are 2 border agents posted right next to the building.

Conciliator: Gene, Giles, Couronne. List your action.

Gene: Sorry to break turn order - would Gene have time enough on his turn to get to the hall where the play just started?

Conciliator: Depends. Roll Athletics.

Gene: Gene rolls Failure -> 72 (Rolling Athletics Target: 30%)

Conciliator: You'll be a little late.

Gene: It's like a fucking mosh pit in here.

Gene: Whatever. Late but I'm hanging around in the vicinity, hoping for at least some visibility on the hall and the stage.

Giles: I'm going to take Couronne aside. "A short while ago, you had a conversation with a bald white male. Are you a colleague of his?"

Conciliator: Couronne, you don't have to entertain this conversation.

Couronne: "I'm still unsure who you are, sir."

Couronne: "You seem to be alarmed."

Giles: "I am investigating a very dangerous man who fits the description of your friend."

Couronne: Again, I wanna think back a few minutes. Was Joseph's book in French?

Conciliator: Gene, you rush out the back. The camera in front of the said tower and fire entrance have their lenses shattered.

Conciliator: Yes, Couronne.

Couronne: I see now.

Couronne: "He does?"

Gene: Shit. And who is that outside?

Couronne: "Who's this individual?"

Gene: The CBC, right.

CBC Anchor: "On CBC tonight we have the grand re-opening of the Haskell Library and Opera House..."

Conciliator: Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

Conciliator: Gene.

Giles: "I don't think we can spare the time for introductions. If you see him again, I only ask to be on your guard."

Conciliator: Roll Search.

Gene: Gene rolls Failure -> 51 (Rolling Search Target: 50%)

Couronne: "Right. I assume you're American law enforcement?"

Conciliator: The lock on this door is jammed shut.

Couronne: "Castaigne Richmond, is that him?"

Giles: "I'm a private investigator. As for the name, I don't recognize it."

Gene: Looks very intentional. Is it a particularly sturdy door?

Conciliator: Not really, but it's jammed GOOD.

Giles: "I suspect he's changed his identity. But nevertheless, he's broken into the building. I've confirmed it with the security here."

Couronne: "I'd rather you called me if you happened to see this man. He's going by a false identity, yes... I've only just realized it."

Couronne: I'm reciting my phone number for him to quickly jot down or memorize.

Couronne: Just a second's matter.

Gene: Gene is getting a feeling. He needs this door open but doing that in front of the crowd outside with cameraman everywhere is not happening any time soon.

Conciliator: He can contact you now.

Conciliator: Gene, this thing needs serious breaking in, a silent entrance is impossible.

Conciliator: Giles, Couronne, times up.

Giles: Giles saves her number. He calls Gene, clearly worried about the prolonged silence.

Conciliator: Are you heading inside?

Gene: Absolutely. So for now, let's call Giles-- Oh, incoming call.

Gene: "Yeah?"

Giles: Do I have time to talk?

Conciliator: A few words.

Giles: "See anything?"

Couronne: I will. Prior to that, I'll reach over for my radio. "McKenzie, how's things on your end?"

Gene: "The cameras are smashed, man."

Conciliator: Again, a few words.

Carondelet: "I've got nothing. You?"

Couronne: "Mid-forties, eyeglasses, black jacket. Identified himself as 'Joseph'. Last seen in the library, lost track of him."

Giles: "The lady will assist us." He forwards her number.

Gene: "There's a few things. Who the hell was that redskin? You alright in the library?"

Couronne: "There's something else, too. Where are you?"

Gene: "We need to meet up inside, man."

Carondelet: "Y'sure it's him? I'm on the third floor."

Conciliator: The lights are dimming. Describe which seat you are taking.

Giles: I'm going to head inside now.

Couronne: "Think so. I'll meet you there, eyes open."

Conciliator: LOADING...

Gene: As do I. Front seats? Probably not available?

Couronne: I want to head over to McKenzie's spot at the third floor, and I do want to drag these two dudes with me so that we can better coordinate. I expect we'll not even want to sit down after that.

Couronne: If they'll come, that is. US LEOs can be helpful at the very least.

Carondelet: skel is back

Conciliator: You take your desired seats...

Conciliator: An announcement plays...

Conciliator: Welcome to the 2022 Covid re-opening show of the Haskell Free Library and Opera House, please turn off all mobile devices for the best experience...

Conciliator: The same announcement is repeated in French.

Couronne: We're not turning ours off.

Gene: Putting mine on silent, but only that.

Conciliator: The audience light dims. The play is starting.

Conciliator: ACT I, The Apprentice of Mercy

Conciliator: The choir lines up before the stage.

Conciliator: Lights rise. A black line divides it, one half lit by cold white, the other by a dying amber sun. The Chorus of the Last Sun stands before the two worlds.

The Choir of the Last Sun: Behold Urth in her falling grace, The ray burns cold upon her face. Her towers line teeth, the jaws of time, Her rivers flow dust and crime. Two suns hang mute over ashen skies, Pity sleeps and mercy dies. All things end, the sun is done- yet memory sings, there is but one.

Conciliator: A bell tolls. A boy kneels beside a shackled woman.

SEVERIAN: I bring you water from the well. They said no word, so I can not tell.

PELERINE: smiling weakly, Water in a house of knives, you carry hope where none survives.

SEVERIAN: If they see me, I am undone.

PELERINE: Then mercy makes you the chosen one.

Couronne: Have I heard Severian's voice before?

SEVERIAN: Not in this tone.

SEVERIAN: I serve The Law, I am no king.

PELERINE: Service and crown are one and same. She drinks. There is a city beyond the mirror, lit by a sun that burns no dearer. When its shadow falls on you, awake! Remember its name for memory's sake. She traces three curving lines in air. Forget you saw it, and bear regret!

Conciliator: Two guards drag her away. Her cry fades.

The Choir of the Last Sun: Water spilled in a hall of pain, the seed of kings is sown again. Law condemns, but mercy frees, thus begins rebellion on bended knees.

Conciliator: The rear of the stage lights up. Torches flare. Three hooded Masters of the Torturer's Guild sit behind the iron rail.

MASTER GURLOES: Severian, child of shadow and sin, you gave drink to the condemned within.

MASTER PALAEMON: Mercy breeds pride, pride is decay, what say you now before we weigh?

MASTER EISEK: Upholds the law, the Art's might, a heart not blind, open is he to blight.

SEVERIAN: I gave her water. I meant no crime. Should she perish, we stray out of line.

MASTER GURLOES: Thought is guilt before its time.

MASTER PALAEMON: Thus had the enforcer committed the crime.

MASTER EISEK: To kill the boy is waste of art, let exile teach his wavering heart.

MASTER PALAEMON: Mercy we show to you, ingrate.

MASTER EISEK: So be it. At dawn depart our gate.

MASTER GURLOES: Look not behind, or meet your fate!

The Choir of the Last Sun: Mercy is treason, pity a crime, yet mercy returns in her own time. The Law forgets what memory keeps, beneath the mask, the dreamer weeps.

Conciliator: Severian walks past rows of hoods and blades. A robe of fuligin hangs behind glass.

SEVERIAN: This cloth, darker than the night. No flame can find it, none bring light. He touches the glass, a whisper: Remember me.

The Choir of the Last Sun: The cloak dreams in silken tomb, waiting for its rightful gloom. The color that swallows every ray, knows who shall wear it - and when the day.

MASTER GURLOES: pointing towards the river Gyll, Cross, and you belong no more.

SEVERIAN: I'll cross. I swear one day I'll restore.

MASTER GURLOES: Then learn what lies beyond our law., the world is vast, her teeth raw.

The Choir of the Last Sun: Exile is mercy, mercy is pain, what is cast out shall rise again. The sun descends, its ashes fly, memory walks, but cannot die.

PELERINE: Night. A ghostly light, the Pelerine appears.

PELERINE: You gave me water, now take my dream, the mirror city waits in between. Its gates are threaded gold and fire, within it sleeps your lost desire.

SEVERIAN: What color marks his domain?

PELERINE: Fuligin dark and crowned with pain. Upon its back the dreaded spun, seen by none and feared by everyone.

The Choir of the Last Sun: He dreams of cloth no light can see, A shadow born of destiny. The city calls, it will shine, The Law undone by its own design.

PELERINE: Look and learn the face you wear, The world reflects what none declare.

SEVERIAN: Who is this I see inside?

PELERINE: Memory's child, where truth must hide.

The Choir of the Last Sun: What once was boy is almost king, the mirror sings, the mirrors sting. The path is drawn, the thread begun, all things end, save only one.

SEVERIAN: Before his departure, Severian ceremoniously dons the beautiful sword.

The Choir of the Last Sun: Exile walks between two suns, counting wrongs and unpaid sums. The Guild forgets, but echoes call, the shadow waits to crown them all. In ashes born, in mercy tried, The boy will wear the night as his pride. Upon his back a dread shall burn, none behold it and return. All things end, the sun is done- yet memory sings, there is but one.

Conciliator: End of Act I. Curtains.

Conciliator: A short ovation from the crowd roars the hall as doors are opened for a break.

Conciliator: LOADING.

Conciliator: The lights come on. You have ONE turn before the next act.

Giles: Do I see our guy in the crowd?

Conciliator: Roll Alertness at a -40%.

Giles: That puts me at -10%.

Conciliator: Autofail. Then, you do not.

Couronne: I really don't think he's here. I'm heading backstage I don't give a shit.

Conciliator: Couronne. The backstage doors are locked from up front.

Gene: Should get Giles to come outside and take a look at these cameras. Smashed, and by whom and for what?

Couronne: Dangit. I'll try that Alertness roll.

Couronne: -40% from here too?

Conciliator: Yes.

Couronne: Couronne rolls Failure -> 79 (Rolling Alertness Target: 10% (50%-40%))

Couronne: Can I climb up a floor and take a seat there for the next act?

Conciliator: Sure, follow Carondelet's path.

Carondelet: He was a little spooked by how the audio room he passed looks like a crack den so he's gonna head down there again to see if everything's alright.

Giles: I'm going to go back to the office and take my chances at camera footage.

Couronne: Couronne waves.

Gene: I'm going to assume Gene doesn't get the Alertness check, possibly for the reason that he sat in front.

Couronne: I'm speaking at a whispered tone. "Anything on your end?"

Carondelet: "No."

Conciliator: You hear a huge commotion in the 2nd story corridor.

Couronne: Which way's that from where we're at?

Conciliator: Second story, right down south.

Couronne: We're goin'.

Couronne: This IS the second story, is it not?

Conciliator: Feel free to move.

Conciliator: THE STAGE Z LEVEL IS THE SECOND STORY!

Carondelet: No it's the third

Conciliator: Giles, you just walked past.

Conciliator: You can ignore it, it's free will.

Gene: Yeah we're going.

Conciliator: WELL SHUT THE FUCK UP AND GET OVER HERE!

Couronne: I'm just sprinting at this point.

Conciliator: There's a woman on the floor, unconscious. Old.

Conciliator: Roll Alertness.

Couronne: Any blood about?

Couronne: Couronne rolls Success -> 20 (Rolling Alertness Target: 50%)

Giles: Giles rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 66 (Rolling Alertness Target: 30%)

Gene: Are all four of us in the room right now?

Conciliator: There's no blood. Just a cracked plate a bit beside her.

Conciliator: "It's a seizure."

Conciliator: "Call 911!"

Conciliator: All four of you are on the scene, now. Any CPR or whatnot?

Couronne: Shit, might as well. I'll do First Aid first to see what she needs.

Conciliator: A guy, much younger than the one Couronne talked to, runs past you.

A Man: "Mom!"

Couronne: CPR right off the bat isn't gonna be a good move.

Giles: Giles immediately goes for the nearest door, looking for anyone getting away from the scene.

Conciliator: Everyone seems to be watching the woman have a seizure on the floor.

Gene: "Uh, kid---" Gene should probably actually dial 911 at this point if no one else did.

Conciliator: Giles.

Conciliator: Roll Alertness.

Giles: Giles rolls Failure -> 69 (Rolling Alertness Target: 30%)

Couronne: CAN I ROLL to see whether CPR is an appropriate thing to do here?

Conciliator: You step on a bunch of caviar.

Conciliator: A CPR is the appropriate thing to do.

Couronne: Couronne rolls Failure -> 85 (Rolling First Aid Target: 50%)

Conciliator: She doesn't seem to be breathing properly.

Conciliator: Couronne.

Conciliator: You do some compressions but it's not working.

Couronne: If she doesn't seem to be breathing properly, CPR might not be the appropriate thing to do. I'm going to look in her airways and see if there're any obstructions.

Conciliator: Before you do that...

Conciliator: She wakes up and gets on her feet.

A Woman: "Oh my..."

Couronne: Couronne staggers back.

A Woman: "Huh, what happened?"

Couronne: "You were just..."

A Man: "Mom, it's the seizures again."

Gene: "Ma'am... You alright?"

A Man: "We gotta get you to the emergency room."

Couronne: "Are you epileptic?"

A Man: "The doctor said to get you there if it happens again."

A Woman: "But you..."

Giles: Giles takes a close look at the woman. Is there anything unusual about her?

A Man: "Yeah screw it, let's go."

Conciliator: Giles. Roll Alertness.

Giles: Giles rolls Failure -> 42 (Rolling Alertness Target: 30%)

Conciliator: You don't notice anything unusual about the woman, but that is an alarming amount of makeup for a man. Even a gay man.

Gene: That guy calling the old woman 'mom', about how old does he appear to be?

Conciliator: He's not old. Mid 20s.

Conciliator: I made that clear.

Conciliator: It's not the man that Couronne talked to.

Couronne: Have I seen this dude before-- okay.

Couronne: I want to put my hand over her shoulder and turn her towards me so she'll pay attention.

Couronne: "Ma'am, are you epileptic?"

A Man: "Hey get your goddamn paws off of her!"

A Man: He brushes you off and begins to leave.

Giles: Giles walks past Gene, whispering "Keep an eye on that man."

A Man: Alongside her.

Couronne: "HEY!" I'm physically stopping them.

Gene: Gene whispers back "I am."

A Woman: They are interrupted. What now?

A Woman: They aren't looking for a fight, not in this situation.

Giles: Giles is going to jog to the security room.

Gene: Gene goes to stand in their way. "We're just trying to help."

Couronne: "I asked her a question. Let her answer it."

Couronne: "Ma'am?"

A Woman: "What?"

A Woman: "I need to go to the doctor."

Couronne: "This man IS your son, is he?"

A Woman: "What kind of a question is that? Michael!"

A Man: "Whatever mom, let's go."

Couronne: Couronne narrows her eyes.

Couronne: Not stopping them. They can leave.

Couronne: I'm looking back at the crowd.

Gene: Whatever. They leave.

Couronne: Nothing of note?

Conciliator: Couronne. To your un-surprise, they got it on camera.

Conciliator: It is 2022 after all.

Couronne: That's whatever.

Conciliator: You should try calming these people down.

Couronne: I mean... should I.

Couronne: "Alright everyone!" She claps loudly a few times.

Giles: I'm going to check with the security guy, if he's not seen anything I'm taking a look at the footage.

Couronne: "Situation's dealt with! Return to your seats!"

Conciliator: A few disgruntled murmurs lead to the crowd dispersing.

Conciliator: The situation looks all but handled.

Couronne: Yeah, that was pretty weird. At least they weren't rowdy Americans.

Conciliator: The next act is about to begin.

Couronne: I want to look at the plate on the floor.

Couronne: Anything odd about it?

Conciliator: It's shattered to a few pieces with some mashed caviar on it.

Conciliator: Black caviar, served on a big plate on that cart.

Couronne: Mmmm...

Couronne: "I haven't seen our man."

Couronne: "Any ideas?"

Gene: Gene disperses out of the hallway to not be in the way.

Carondelet: He dabs his finger into the caviar and has a taste. "No idea. We're pretty much at his mercy until he does something."

Gene: ANy possibility of an Alertness check here to look for our man?

Couronne: "Are you insane? Don't eat that."

Conciliator: That's gross.

Couronne: "It could be the reason she had the seizure."

Carondelet: "Never tried it before."

Conciliator: No, not really. Just some women over there and everyone is back inside.

Carondelet: "Alright, let's go."

Couronne: "That's... yes."

Conciliator: Giles. You're running the footage back inside the office.

Couronne: I'd like not to sit down, and instead stand somewhere dark where I can look over the crowd.

Conciliator: Position yourselves.

Gene: Where'd Giles run off to? Will call him after the Second Act ends.

Conciliator: Right. Carondelet, seat.

Couronne: Couronne reaches over for her radio. "Kenz, get a good spot upstairs, wide view. I've got the stage story handled."

Carondelet: In which case he sits on the first floor this time.

Conciliator: Free will, and all.

Conciliator: Giles.

Couronne: That's literally the opposite of what I said. I'm gonna go ahead and do it myself.

Conciliator: The computer is noticeably laggier this time around.

Conciliator: Everyone is seated, except you.

Conciliator: You rewind the footage of the woman collapsing over and over again, but you can hardly believe your eyes.

Conciliator: Eventually, it makes sense.

Conciliator: LOADING.

Conciliator: A couple minutes' break.

Conciliator: The lights dim.

Conciliator: ACT II, The Fuligin Mantle

Conciliator: Lights rise on the Hall of Swords. The fuligin robe is laid upon a kneeling stand. The Chorus hums a low, circular chant.

The Choir of the Last Sun: The world's a wheel that grinds the bone,Turning through night, unmoved, alone.Mercy dies where duty feeds,The Law remains, its sons are deeds.From dust he crawled, from chaos he came,the nameless child who earned his name.The blade shall bless, the crown shall scar,The Law endures, so still we are.All things end, the sun is done- yet memory sings, there is but one.

The Choir of the Last Sun: A bell tolls.

SEVERIAN: He enters, dressed in rags, mirror wrapped in cloth.

MASTER GURLOES: Outcast, so soon returned?What have you hastily learned?

SEVERIAN: That nothing lives, which will not burn.

SEVERIAN: He caresses the cutting edge of his sword, revealing the blood of many victims of lawful justice.

MASTER GURLOES: Then kneel, and claim the hue of night.

Conciliator: The other masters arrive for the ceremony.

MASTER EISEK: The color deeper than all light.

MASTER PALAEMON: They unveil the robe, torches dim.

The Choir of the Last Sun: Fuligin dark, devouring gleam,the cloth of death, the end of dream.Shadow drinks what suns provide,the robe remembers all who died.

MASTER PALAEMON: Swear till stars forget their flame,to bind all pity, bear no shame.

SEVERIAN: I swear by ash, by blood, by cry.

MASTER GURLOES: Then rise, your shadow shall not die.

MASTER GURLOES: They place the robe upon him, with a mirror in front of him to adjust, the light collapses inward.

The Choir of the Last Sun: Night unfolds, the torches drown,darkness weaves a thorny crown.Hear the whisper, cold and near:"The King shall come, the path is clear!"

Conciliator: EVERYONE, ROLL BLIND ALERTNESS.

Conciliator: Giles. The air hums. Somewhere, glass trembles. Even from the office downstairs.

Conciliator: You rewind the footage for one last time. You're quite clear in what you are seeing.

Conciliator: The man who spoke to Couronne gives a plate to the old woman with a little bit of caviar on it. She stares at it for a bit, and then collapses into a seizure. He then re-enters the hall through the north entrance and disappears from camera view.

Conciliator: This was minutes ago. You don't know where he is now.

SEVERIAN: It speaks! It knows my name again,the one you took, it speaks in plain!

MASTER PALAEMON: and Eisek in union, Cloth cannot talk!

Giles: Here's hoping Gene did as I said and followed him.

MASTER GURLOES: Enough, refrain!

MASTER GURLOES: The mirror begins to gleam faintly yellow.

SEVERIAN: Every man should know his face,the world gives place...

SEVERIAN: Severian quickly dons the fuligin cloak, turns his back in full and throws the hood over his head...

SEVERIAN: REVEALING...

MASTER GURLOES: EVERYONE, BLIND 1D10 SANITY.

Conciliator: ALL OF YOU ARE FROZEN IN PLACE! THE SHOW MUST GO ON!

MASTER GURLOES: What symbol burns upon that hide?

MASTER EISEK: None we have blessed! None codified!

MASTER PALAEMON: Cover it, or we!!-

Conciliator: YELLOW LIGHT FLOODS THE HALL.

Conciliator: THE US-CANADA BORDER BEGINS TO GLOW GOLDEN.

The Choir of CARCOSA: THE SIGN! THE SIGN! THE EYE UNMADE!THE THOUGHT THAT BURNS! THE TRUTH DISPLAYED!Who looks shall fall, who kneels shall sing!Behold! BEHOLD! THE COMING KING!

Conciliator: The crowd begins screaming. Those who can't, watch intently. Like yourselves.

SEVERIAN: Casts away the mask, revealing Castaigne.

THE HEIR: You cast me out, but I return.Your knives were my crown, in pain did I learn.

THE HEIR: The crowd calms down at his words.

MASTER GURLOES: Mercy!—

THE HEIR: Mercy is treason. The creed you taught!

THE HEIR: 19

THE HEIR: He cuts the throat of Master Palaemon. REAL blood gushes out.

THE HEIR: He then walks over to a stunned Eisek.

THE HEIR: 14

Conciliator: Without any resistance...

The Choir of CARCOSA: Gold on black, the heavens weep,law and dream exchange their keep!Shadows bloom where meaning dies,The King ascends, the suns disguise!

Conciliator: The border line of the stage glows, cracks, black water seeps through.

The Choir of CARCOSA: THE WHEEL IS BROKEN! THE PLAY BEGUN!TWO SUNS FALL AND BECOME ONE!THE MIRROR CITY WAKES BELOW-THE DROWNED REMEMBER WHAT WE KNOW!

THE HEIR: I hear your call across the deep,In yellow halls the dreamers sleep.Their crowns are mine, their thrones my due,The mask awaits; I step into you!

THE HEIR: He is beginning to cross the line into the yellowed Mirror.

Giles: Am I stuck in place as well, even watching this from the monitoring system?

Couronne: Are we still frozen?

THE HEIR: YOU CAN TRY TO NOT BE SO!

Couronne: I'd like to.

THE HEIR: SAN CHECK, PUBLIC

Couronne: Couronne rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 11 (Rolling SAN Target: 65%)

THE HEIR: You have ONE SHOT from Medium range at a -30%.

Couronne: "CASTAIGNE!" I raise my BROWNING HI-POWER.

Couronne: Couronne rolls Success -> 28 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40% (60%-20%))

Carondelet: I want to GET THE FUCK OFF MY SEAT as well.

THE HEIR: A 28 OUT OF 30, SUCCESS!

THE HEIR: Roll for RANDOM BODY PART.

Couronne: Couronne rolls 1d10 -> 8 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

THE HEIR: DAMAGE.

Couronne: 5

THE HEIR: THE HEIR rolls 1d6 -> 6 (Draws a result from the Arm Serious Wounds (5,6,7 Dmg) table)

THE HEIR: "CURSES!"

THE HEIR: He is going to RETALIATE before disappearing into the other side.

A Man: At a 40%...

A Man: A Man rolls Success -> 3 (Rolling Firearms Target: 20%)

A Man: He pulls out his SAWN-OFF DOUBLE BARREL SHOTGUN and FIRES at you.

A Man: at a 3d6 from range.

A Man: 12

A Man: A Man rolls 1d10 -> 8 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

A Man: A Man rolls 1d6 -> 2 (Draws a result from the Arm Critical Wounds (8+ Dmg) table)

A Man: He got you right back!

Couronne: I grunt and drop the Fuck down. Am I to roll CON?

A Man: Couronne, you're on the floor with 1hp and HEAVY BLEEDING.

A Man: Remember, you didn't get to cover.

A Man: With one last adieu...

Conciliator: He passes into his Promised Land.

The Choir of CARCOSA: Curtain falls, yet the play remains, Actors bleed through mirrored panes. The crown of thorns, the robe of shade, a King reborn, a world unmade. In the city by the blackened sea, the moons are masks, they smile at thee. Time forgets, but memory knows- The yellow path where madness goes. So ends the law, so ends the line, The Sun is ash, the throne divine. All things end, save memory's rhyme- The King shall reign beyond all time. All things end, the sun is done- yet memory sings, there is but one.

MASTER GURLOES: "CASTAIGNE! YOU MOTHERFUCKER! YOU LEFT ME! FUCK!"

MASTER GURLOES: This man is...

A Man: Digby Korenchkin.

Gene: Gene was entirely mortified as THE MASKED ONE performed his acts on stage, but he snaps out of it sudden and hard, and it's bad.

A Man: He has his GLOCK with a switch out, wearing a heavy cast-iron helmet and suit of armor.

A Man: He is going to suppress the ENTIRE CROWD.

A Man: A Man rolls Failure -> 59 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

A Man: Bullets fly. Gene, Carondelet, POWx5.

Gene: Gene rolls Success -> 5 (Rolling POW Target: 55%)

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls Failure -> 57 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Do start rolling public... Carondelet, you're on the floor.

Carondelet: 11

THE SECOND STORY MAN: 11

Gene: 11

Giles: 11

Conciliator: Spend a WP to cancel your suppression, or don't.

Carondelet: I do that!

Giles: Giles, watching all this with solemn horror, opens his laptop bag and carefully takes out an SMG, making sure it's loaded.

Conciliator: Hit POWx5.

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls Success -> 26 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

Conciliator: Giles, you're at the second story, but not inside the hall.

Conciliator: You spend your turn locking and loading.

Giles: He squeezes the hand resting in his pocket.

Conciliator: You clear your suppression, you can act. Remember that if you don't seek cover, you might risk innocent lives.

Conciliator: Giles, do make your way upstairs.

Conciliator: You're right about there.

Conciliator: CARONDELET ACTION IN 10 SECONDS OR SKIP.

Carondelet: I try and sprint my way to that room on Digby's right.

Conciliator: Athletics.

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls Failure -> 61 (Rolling Athletics Target: 45%)

Conciliator: You sprint up to the door, but not inside.

Conciliator: You're in cover from him, at least.

Conciliator: He's going to run and gun.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: At a -20%, he is aiming at Gene.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls Failure -> 45 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Fail, GENE, POWx5.

Gene: Gene rolls Failure -> 72 (Rolling POW Target: 55%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 11 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You take cover behind civilians like a coward. A few people in front of you get hit, but you're not suppressed.

Gene: Motherfucker.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: A guy in front of you bleeds out of his neck like a faucet.

Giles: 11

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Giles, act.

Giles: Is he in throwing distance?

THE SECOND STORY MAN: What are you throwing?

Giles: A severed hand.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Eh... no you can't throw your hand at him if its not a 1 out of 100.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: That's far out. BUT THE P90!!!

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He's in partial cover against you.

Giles: If I shoot, will I risk killing him?

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Yes.

Giles: I'll try to aim at his legs, running towards the stage. I'll stop and take cover right beneath it if possible.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: No aim action, you're aiming for legs at a -20%. Roll, after saying your fire type (single, burst, long burst)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: His legs are in partial cover against you by the way.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: The hands and the head is exposed.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You can still try penetrating it.

Giles: The hands then. Short burst.

Giles: Giles rolls Success -> 15 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: -20%. Your integrated sight-

THE SECOND STORY MAN: That's a hit.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Roll Damage, since he's behind cover.

Giles: 10

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Pff...

THE SECOND STORY MAN: With a 6 against brick construction, your damage comes down to 4 to arms.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls 1d6 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Arm Minor Wounds (3,4 Dmg) table)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: It grazes his shoulder blade, hard.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls Success -> 28 (Rolling CON Target: 65%)

Giles: Am I able to take cover beneath the stage as I shoot?

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He resists the stun. However, since his weapon is onehanded, he will just use his good arm to shoot back.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You can.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Also, he's bleeding.

Conciliator: Gene.

Gene: "He's fucking-- getting away!" Gene is still suppressed, is he?

Conciliator: No, you can act.

Conciliator: The guy in front of you is so fucking dead, though.

Gene: Alright. Gene jumps out of his living cover like a maniac and just starts run-and-gunning in the general direction of his target to try and get him suppressed.

Gene: About how far do I make it to the SECOND STORY MAN while still letting off shots with the Glocky?

Conciliator: You can't do both with a semi-auto pistol.

Conciliator: Your GLOCK19 MOS is only single fire.

Gene: That's... sensible.

Conciliator: One or the other.

Gene: Then Gene just SPRINTS out and hops the stage, getting as close as possible.

Conciliator: ATHLETICS!

Gene: This will pay off and lead to nothing bad whatsoever

Gene: Gene rolls Success -> 25 (Rolling Athletics Target: 30%)

Conciliator: Move where you will.

Gene: Here?

Gene: Hopping the stage should be an option.

Gene: There.

Conciliator: Carondelet.

Carondelet: From here would I be able to run at our guy AND try tackling him?

Conciliator: You have two doors between you.

Carondelet: Then I pass the first door and wait at the second.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: No roll.

Carondelet: Wait.

Carondelet: If I aim here will I be able to get the initiative opening this next door?

Conciliator: You may.

Carondelet: Then that's what I do.

Conciliator: Before this, Couronne.

Conciliator: You fall backwards and hit the floor with a massive thud, right before blacking out. The pain is too much to process, and your heart stops.

Conciliator: CONx5.

Couronne: Sorry, back.

Couronne: Couronne rolls Success -> 69 (Rolling CON Target: 70%)

Conciliator: You have your CON times 2 for the chance of a succesful rescucitation.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: As for the second story man...

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He has a clean Lethality shot against you, Gene.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Was that idea so great?

Gene: I am very well aware.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls Failure -> 82 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He's sloppy with his aim. He misses, but you're suppressed.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He's still behind partial cover against Giles.

Conciliator: Giles.

Giles: Can I continue to fire at his remaining arm, then try and throw the hand at him?

Conciliator: Shit, why not. Without an Aim action, a called shot will be at a -20%.

Giles: Giles rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 88 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Conciliator: MISFIRE! Spend the turn clearing your weapon.

Giles: (at -20, so no critical failure?)

Conciliator: That means that you need a 20% or less for a success.

Giles: got it

Conciliator: Gene, you will clear your suppression on a critical success, you maniac.

Gene: Alright, get rid of the suppression, first things first.

Gene: POWx5?

Conciliator: Throw.

Gene: Gene rolls Success -> 30 (Rolling POW Target: 55%)

Conciliator: All you manage to do is jump behind one of the dead actors and duck there.

Conciliator: Carondelet.

Carondelet: The guy was in plate armor, right?

Conciliator: Yes.

Conciliator: Just for the show, but still a heavy chunk of iron.

Carondelet: I'll open the door and shoot at an arm.

Conciliator: Not looking good. -20% without an Aim, though at this range and situation your pistol might be able to prove enough advantage.

Conciliator: Consider that a gift. Roll.

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls Success -> 39 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

Conciliator: Your target was a 30%. Off by 9%.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Even if suppressed, this man has nowhere to actually duck to.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: The guy is brimming with adrenaline and HATRED at this betrayal.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He's rolling pow at a +20%.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls Success -> 30 (Rolling POW Target: 65%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Even without the bonus, he would have cleared it. He acts.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Carondelet...

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You're more pressing of an issue to him right now than Gene or his friend. Plus, you're standing in his way.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: This will be a lethality roll.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls Failure -> 56 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He's getting really swayed.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You feel two bumps against your plate carrier, but you're otherwise fine.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Barring the suppression.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You're Suppressed and have nowhere to run. Critical success will clear it.

Conciliator: Giles.

Giles: Am I able to guess how much ammo he has left in his magazine?

Conciliator: It's a Kriss Vector extendo. He has more to go.

Giles: Is he currently looking at me?

Conciliator: No, distracted by Carondelet.

Giles: I'm going to go ahead with the hand plan now.

Conciliator: Throwing is an Athletics roll. It's not exactly an "aerodynamic object", but since you're so bonded with it, roll at raw.

Giles: Giles rolls Failure -> 89 (Rolling Athletics Target: 30%)

Conciliator: Your hand pathetically flops over to the stage.

Conciliator: It doesn't do much, as it can't exactly SEE or feel any flesh to grapple on.

Conciliator: It looks like you misunderstood the assignment...

Conciliator: Gene:

Gene: This should have been asked at an earlier point - is paying WP to get rid of Gene's suppression an option at this point?

Conciliator: Yes.

Gene: Do exactly that.

Conciliator: POWx5.

Gene: Gene rolls Success -> 52 (Rolling POW Target: 55%)

Conciliator: You're cleared.

Gene: Alright, got him where we wanted him. Gene tries to cover what little distance remains to THE SECOND STORY MAN and then puts him in the fucking ground, Unarmed judo style.

Conciliator: You're getting up from cover and rushing at him for a tackledown... at your skill rating of 70%, that would add up to a -40% for such an elaborate movement.

Gene: I am taking it.

Conciliator: Throw.

Gene: Gene rolls Success -> 63 (Rolling Unarmed Combat Target: 70%)

Conciliator: You were looking at a 30%. Fail.

Gene: Which leaves me, how?

Conciliator: You clear enough distance that you can hit him in the next turn with no extra actions.

Conciliator: IF YOU CAN!

Conciliator: Carondelet. Your suppression clears on a Crit Success.

Carondelet: Can I clear my suppression with a WP?

Conciliator: You spend a WP and then roll a crit success.

Conciliator: Otherwise, wait for next turn.

Carondelet: Right.

Conciliator: You'll likely live given that Gene is charging at him like a tard.

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls CRITICAL FAILURE! -> 66 (Rolling CON Target: 65%)

Conciliator: You clear the suppression, but you stumble backwards and fall on your ass.

Conciliator: Gene, gene. You're point blank and the guy has a laser switch.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He will roll at 60%. If he magically doesn't connect, you'll be suppressed crazy style yet again.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: If he does, you'll eat a lethality.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls Failure -> 73 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He lets out a burst at your torso, but your CONCEALED PLATE CARRIER handles it.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Delete your ESAPI plate. You're suppressed.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: "STAY DOWN YOU CRAZY MOTHERFUCKER!"

Gene: It's gone.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He bleeds...

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Giles

Giles: This is going to be the one... Shooting his arm out again.

Giles: Giles rolls Failure -> 87 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Conciliator: -20% no aim buddy

Conciliator: You said arm, no?

Giles: Yes

Conciliator: What's your fire type?

Giles: Short burst

Conciliator: ... You're shooting full auto with Gene in front of him. No aiming, no nothing.

Giles: I thought Gene was on the floor...

Conciliator: 1: Gene2: DigbyLethality roll.

Conciliator: HE'S CHARGING AT HIM!

Conciliator: 2

Conciliator: Roll damage against cover.

Giles: 1

Conciliator: Your hail of bullets does precisely nothing.

Gene: If Gene gets SUPPRESSED any more he's actually going to wee in his pants and die.

Conciliator: Well, what now?

Conciliator: You're in fact seconds away from death.

Gene: Probably abandon this nonsensical course of action and flop onto the fucking deck.

Gene: Please get me out of here.

Conciliator: You can move a bit, if you want.

Gene: And do nothing else?

Conciliator: No.

Gene: Just try and get myself unsupressed. By a miracle.

Conciliator: Go ahead.

Gene: Gene rolls Success -> 5 (Rolling POW Target: 55%)

Conciliator: Baw waw. Not a crit.

Conciliator: Carondelet.

Conciliator: You're suppressed + on the floor.

Carondelet: I'm still suppressed?

Conciliator: Yes, your attempt to clear it was a critical failure.

Carondelet: Then I try again!

Conciliator: Send it.

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls Failure -> 90 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

Conciliator: Negative.

Conciliator: It will clear on the next turn.

Conciliator: He will continue escaping.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He rounds the corner to a door, and then lets out a hail of fire towards Carondelet's direction. You have no cover, but he is shooting at a sprint, so he's looking at a 20%.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: It would be pretty funny if you died to this.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls Failure -> 85 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Bullets fly over you. You keep that suppression for another turn, but you can clear this one out normally.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Giles.

Giles: I'm going to run after him, but pick up the hand on my way there.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Athletics.

Giles: Giles rolls Failure -> 37 (Rolling Athletics Target: 30%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You're vaulting up the stage.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You get far enough to grab the hand.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Gene. Clear it normally.

Gene: No actions. Just a resounding "FUUUUUCKKK" as he gets himself unsuppressed.

Gene: Gene rolls Success -> 8 (Rolling POW Target: 55%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You may act.

Gene: Gene probably has very little idea of what's happening, but chasing right after the guy who just went through the door is point of order number one.

Gene: How far do I make to where he is?

THE SECOND STORY MAN: About as much as the next door.

Gene: Any possibility of getting a shot off? Accuracy notwithstanding.

Conciliator: You can not see the man what shot.

Gene: FAIR.

Gene: I just move as close as possible and watch him escape

Conciliator: Carondelet.

Carondelet: Do I still need to break suppression

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Yes.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: A hail of bullets just went over you.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Maybe falling on your ass wasn't so bad.

Carondelet: Then I do that.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Send it.

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls Success -> 48 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You may act.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You're still prone though.

Carondelet: I get up.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Athletics, if you want to go from prone to standing instantly.

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls Success -> 19 (Rolling Athletics Target: 45%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Shit, you do. You got one more short move left.

Carondelet: That door closed?

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Yes.

Carondelet: I run up to cover on its side and open it.

Conciliator: You don't see anything, but you can hear the distinct sound of a hollow magazine hitting the floor.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls Failure -> 95 (Rolling First Aid Target: 30%)

Conciliator: "Learned this shit in supermax, you little fuck..."

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He racks the gun and aims towards...

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Actually, 1 giles 2 carondelet

THE SECOND STORY MAN: 1

THE SECOND STORY MAN: I meant gene.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Anyway.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls Success -> 4 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

Gene: This is the one.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: His next shot at Gene will ignore armor and roll at a 60%.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Giles.

Giles: I'll move to Gene's side first.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: It's pretty crowded here. Then what?

Giles: Am I able to look at him from here?

THE SECOND STORY MAN: No.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You'd have to expose yourself.

Giles: I'm going to make a dive, hoping this isn't going to ruin my hip more than it already is. And try the hand throw again, aiming for his center mass.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: His center of mass is covered by a brick wall, partial cover.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Reconsider, or go on anyways.

Giles: Alright, I guess I'll try to shoot at his arm again... I really do not want to kill him.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You're moving all the way up to cover and shooting at a called bodypart without aiming again. 10% and less for a success..

Giles: Giles rolls Failure -> 90 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Fire rate?

Giles: Short burst

THE SECOND STORY MAN: The construction of the tower is much more robust than the rest of the building. The wall he's taking cover behind is 8 armor points. Roll damage.

Giles: 1

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Your 5.7 bullets do nothing to the man.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Gene if you jump in front of his fucking gun again he will roll at a 80%.

Gene: Whatever arm he has currently holding the Gloxxmonster I want it gone and with expedience.

Gene: Called shot, no aiming

THE SECOND STORY MAN: -20%. Your HOLO bonus no longer applies because you almost died twice.

Gene: Just to be clear, his arm is not in cover, is it?

THE SECOND STORY MAN: No.

Gene: Acceptable odds.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Throw.

Gene: Gene rolls Failure -> 79 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You miss completely. Roll Damage.

Gene: 9

THE SECOND STORY MAN: A piece of concrete grazes his face.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Carondelet.

Carondelet: I aim at his free arm.

Carondelet: I mean the one we can see sorry.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You're aiming.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Is that it? No AP?

THE SECOND STORY MAN: I guess not.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Digby is rolling for a 40%+10% from his underbarrel laser at Gene's head.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: I was talking about the ignore armor throw.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls Failure -> 58 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He misses. EVERYONE in the doorway rolls Suppression.

Gene: Gene rolls Success -> 14 (Rolling POW Target: 55%)

Giles: Giles rolls Failure -> 78 (Rolling POW Target: 70%)

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls Failure -> 52 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

Conciliator: Giles, Carondelet, you're staying where you are. Gene, you hear the creaking of the fire escape door as you peek your head out.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Giles.

Giles: Am I able to act?

Conciliator: You're suppressed.

Giles: I'm going to resist I guess

Giles: Giles rolls Failure -> 78 (Rolling POW Target: 70%)

Conciliator: You'll act on your next turn.

Conciliator: Gene.

Gene: Not suppressed?

Gene: Oh.

Conciliator: You hear shots popping, but it's not towards your direction.

Conciliator: They are down below.

Conciliator: You can act.

Gene: What in the fucking world-- Okay, doesn't even matter now. Is our mark escaping?

Conciliator: what do you think

Gene: YEAH I DO THINK THAT

Gene: Allow me to rephrase

Gene: Does Gene see him yet if he peeks his head out of cover?

Conciliator: Outside, you see trailing blood.

Conciliator: Nothing else.

Conciliator: The staff only metal door is closed.

Gene: Then after him like Usain Bolt.

Conciliator: By all means.

Conciliator: There's only the way down.

Conciliator: Roll Athletics.

Conciliator: Keep going.

Conciliator: I meant "keep going"

Conciliator: not roll again

Conciliator: MOVE

Gene: TRYING TO

Gene: Do I make it down the evil fucking spiral staircase?

Conciliator: Yes.

Conciliator: There's a dead man here. The canadian border agent.

Gene: Figures.

Conciliator: His brains are blown out.

Conciliator: What do you do?

Gene: Take cover in the doorway, peek my head out to the RIGHT if possible.

Conciliator: As you do so...

Conciliator: You notice the other presence in the room way too late.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He is rolling Melee Weapons at a 50%+20%.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls Success -> 37 (Rolling
Melee Weapons Target: 40%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He's aiming for your HEAD, as a part of the surprise attack.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: 3

THE SECOND STORY MAN: That's double damage from the naked head weapon hit, and another double damage from the surprise attack for an 8.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls 1d6 -> 3 (Draws a result from the Head Critical Wounds (8+ Dmg) table)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Roll CONx5.

Gene: Gene rolls Success -> 57 (Rolling CON Target: 60%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: The large knife tears into your upper spine and everything goes black. You're in a coma.

Conciliator: Carondelet.

Carondelet: Break suppression

Conciliator: POWx5.

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls Failure -> 91 (Rolling POW Target: 50%)

Conciliator: Actually, I forgot, you were already suppressed and the guy is gone. Go ahead and act.

Carondelet: I follow where Gene went in that case.

Conciliator: Down the stairs.

Conciliator: You heard nothing.

Conciliator: Right. To make it downstairs fast enough, athletics.

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls Success -> 31 (Rolling Athletics Target: 45%)

Conciliator: You see a man keeled over Gene's body, un-stucking a knife from his neck.

Conciliator: CONTESTING DEX ROLL.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls Success -> 65 (Rolling DEX Target: 65%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Throw DEX.

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls CRITICAL SUCCESS! -> 22 (Rolling DEX Target: 55%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You can get a shot on him, not aimed, though.

Carondelet: I do just that.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Roll.

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls Success -> 6 (Rolling Firearms Target: 50%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Bodypart, damage.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: bodypart is in the rollable tables tab, damage is in your charsheet

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls 1d10 -> 5 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

Carondelet: 6

Conciliator: You deal 3 damage to the mans torso.

Conciliator: Conciliator rolls 1d6 -> 5 (Draws a result from the Torso Minor Wounds (3, 4 Dmg) table)

Conciliator: Your bullet barely lodges into the cast iron. Should have brought a real gun.

Conciliator: It's his turn now.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls Success -> 7 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He raises the machine pistol at you. You feel your life reeling before your eyes.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls Failure -> 50 (15 Damage) (Rolling LETHALITY For GLOCK 19 +SWITCH +LSR Target: 10)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You take 15 damage to your...

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls 1d10 -> 2 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls 1d6 -> 2 (Draws a result from the Leg Critical Wounds (8+ Dmg) table)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: The gun draws a line going up from your right thigh up to your torso. You black out immediately and faceplant on the stairwell.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You're in shock. Roll CONx5.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: thats pow

Carondelet: Carondelet rolls Success -> 20 (Rolling CON Target: 65%)

Conciliator: Maybe the paramedics could save you in your CONx2 minutes. Until then, sweet blackness.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He walks over the dead bodies and points his gun at the crowd.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Screams erupt. A couple people drop.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Giles. You're the last one.

Giles: I'm running after him.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Athletics, at a 20%+.

Giles: Giles rolls Failure -> 59 (Rolling Athletics Target: 50% (30%+20%))

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He just made the corner to right.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You can't clear the distance fast enough.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Sirens are getting closer from both sides.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He is going out to the garden. He will escape in 2 turns.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Giles.

Giles: How high is this window?

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Ground level.

Giles: I'll shoot it and try to dive through.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: No firearms, but either Athletics for a sauté through the frame or a CONx5 to not take damage from the shards.

Giles: Giles rolls Failure -> 91 (Rolling CON Target: 60%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: You stumble past the frame, coming up right next to him.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He is, well...

THE SECOND STORY MAN: ALERTED.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: from your machine gun burst.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Giles. How far exactly do you go past the frame?

Giles: I'm trying to rush him.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: So you're literally running at him?

Giles: No, I want to bash him with the SMG.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: ..

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He turns around...

THE SECOND STORY MAN: At this range, he gains a +20%, just like he did when Gene tried to do the same.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls Success -> 19 (Rolling Firearms Target: 40%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls Failure -> 81 (9 Damage) (Rolling LETHALITY For GLOCK 19 +SWITCH +LSR Target: 10)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He waves you down casually for 9 damage in the...

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls 1d10 -> 6 (Draws a result from the Random Hit table)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Torso.

Conciliator: You're wearing soft kevlar, which takes it down to 6.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls 1d6 -> 1 (Draws a result from the Torso Serious Wounds (5, 6, 7 Dmg) table)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Roll CONx5.

Giles: Giles rolls Failure -> 86 (Rolling CON Target: 60%)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: That's fortunate. You go brain-dead before you hit the floor. Otherwise, you would have to witness him blowing your brains out.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: Everything you held dear is all over the place, Giles. You're dead.

Conciliator: He looks at you once more.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: "Fuckin' amateurs."

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He waves his Glock around in disappointment and lights a cigarette before-

DHS Agent: "STOP RIGHT THERE!"

THE SECOND STORY MAN: THE SECOND STORY MAN rolls Failure -> 86 (14 Damage) (Rolling LETHALITY For GLOCK 19 +SWITCH +LSR Target: 10)

THE SECOND STORY MAN: The fat "agent" hits the ground like a sack of potatoes, neck bleeding like a faucet.

THE SECOND STORY MAN: He slowly begins walking towards Canada, free from the horrors of the mental ward.

Conciliator: The sirens arrive way, way too late in this cute little town.

Conciliator: Une nuit à l'opéra

Conciliator: 2019 by mellonbread and William Roy, written as an entry to the 2019 Delta Green Shotgun Scenario Contest.

Conciliator: Reimagined by Patternseeker

Conciliator: A game about mesmerizing.

Conciliator: Thank you for playing!