



THE SAINT OF BLADES

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Map

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What is this?

Saint of Blades is the twenty-fourth monthly small release for **KULT: Divinity Lost** — a cult under the influence of Togarini centered around a girl on a path to Awakening.

Art

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Characters, locations and incidents are portrayed from the metaphorical viewpoint of the *KULT: Divinity Lost* setting.



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AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH

The lure of flickering candles, the shadows, the whispers. The crowd sat in the dark with their hands clasped in prayer. The rain outside, the wind, the electricity in the wires. The mold behind the wallpaper, the ache in the teeth, the stench from the air ducts. Everything was touched by the divine that night, for in the apartment of Eden Orchard, the Saint was among them. Her very being radiated an otherworldly sensation, and her eyes stared beyond the veils into dark and foreboding realms. The priest, her father and carer, removed the white stained sheet that covered her body. There was a gasp from the worshipers when they saw her flayed and ruined form. In some places, she had been cut as deep as to the bone. But she was still alive, and her eyes did not reveal anything, they stared into the far distance.

The priest spoke: *"She is both in our world and in the worlds beyond. She walks both the lands of heaven, and the lands of hell. Like our lord, like Christ, she has suffered to give us insight into the divine. She, my daughter, was chosen to be the Saint of Blades."*

The priest was handed a short knife by a blind woman wearing a silver cross around her neck. He kissed the blade, and then gently placed it against his daughter's body. He closed his eyes and started to move the naked steel slowly and dreamlike across her ribs, breasts, stomach and arms. Feeling, sensing, where the cut was destined to land. The crowd, now sitting in silence, held their breaths and watched the blade move. It was as a gleaming mirror in the candlelight. An opening to another world that revealed strange reflection. It stopped, right beneath her left breast. With a precise cut the skin was opened, revealing the red flesh underneath. The fat. The muscles. You could see a quick sensation of pain over the Saint's face, but then it became still again.

The priest cut into the muscle, removed a piece of flesh. Thin as a leaf. He held it red and wet between his fingers as a communion wafer. *"She knows the secrets of time, she knows the mysteries of the human soul, and she may unlock the very gates of death. These insights have been given to her through her suffering."* The priest's gaze fell upon the crowd. *"Daughter, who do you pick?"*

The Saint stood silent. Her eyes stared into the nothingness. A tendril of blood trickled down from her wound. Then, she raised her right arm, and pointed at a man, Sergei, kneeling in the back of the room. *"Sergei,"* announced the priest, *"she has chosen you. Grant her your tribute."*

Sergei crawled forward. He rummaged around in his pockets and picked out a wad of dollar bills, a golden necklace, some rings he had inherited from his mother and a picture of his deceased wife and son. These were placed in a ceramic bowl at the Saint's feet. The priest nodded.

"Open your mouth, Sergei."

"Wider."

"Tongue."

He opened his mouth and the priest placed the red flesh on Sergei's tongue and his eyes rolled back as if he was taking a hit of some powerful drug. He collapsed on the floor and started to spasm and shake. The priest knelt down next to him and put the wooden handle of the knife between his teeth, stopping him from biting his tongue.

"He is with God, the eclipsed sun; he walks among the many temples. He is guided down stairways to the underworld, and he travels far beyond any heavens, to live many lives." A warm wind blew through the room, putting out some of the candles, only for their drifting smoke to twirl upwards in strange patterns. *"There he may again meet his family."* The preacher closed his eyes, silently inviting the crowd to follow along. *"Let us pray for his journey."* The prayers intensified, accompanied by loud sobs and the sound of people falling to their knees in adoration.

BIRTH OF A SAINT

Before she became a Saint, Natalia hated herself. She was taught to do so by her mother. Planned as the miracle that would save her parent's marriage, Natalia was instead the outlet for her mother's frustrations over "a shitty life in a shitty suburb and married to a shitty, no good, husband". Any chance she got she let her frustrations out on her daughter:

"You're such a disappointment, Natalia."

"Boys don't like fat girls. Think about that when you stuff all that candy into your fat little face."

"Giving birth to you destroyed my body, made my breasts sag. Your father hardly looks at me now."

"If it weren't for you, I would have left long ago."

"I pray to God that you get some sense and grow to be like your cousin."

"No wonder you don't have any friends when you sulk in your room all day."

Each word was a sharp cut straight into her soul, until her self-consciousness and soul were nothing but scars and self-hatred.

Her father, Hector, remained uninvolved. He worked long hours as a bus driver and adhered to traditional gender roles, believing it was solely the mother's responsibility to raise a daughter. However, he never uttered harsh words against her and frequently brought her gifts, her favorite being a box of crayons. As a child, Natalia cherished drawing. Initially, she expressed her creativity on paper, creating strange patterns and drawing herself in distress. As her self-hatred intensified, she abandoned the crayons and began drawing on her skin with any sharp object within reach.

The cutting became Natalia's coping mechanism for her mother's abuse. Before long, the pain and the intricate patterns she created became an obsession. The numerous scars and deep gashes formed a labyrinth for her to explore. Driven by compulsion, she delved deeper into her cuts, entering a trance-like state where she touched upon something divine and radiant. A presence comforted her and spoke to her. Natalia's suffering and shattered soul had captured the attention of Amaranthine, a nepharite from the clergy of Togarini. Having been alone for so long, the sudden presence of company unsettled Natalia's soul, but instead of rejecting whatever was that presence, she opened herself to it. From that moment onward, Natalia could see the worlds beyond the Illusion, peer into people's minds and learn all their secrets. She witnessed their dark desires, their perversions, their angers clinging to them like malevolent spirits.

One evening, while her parents were drinking and watching *The Price is Right*, her mother lashed out at Natalia with a throwaway line between sips: *"No boy will ever want a cut-up girl like you."* Natalia could now clearly see the dark spirit inside her mother: the disgust, the anger, the hatred, the sorrow. A dark, screaming face contorted in agony just beneath the woman's skin. Natalia ripped open one of her stitched-up wounds and forcefully inserted her bloody fingers into her mother's mouth. Like extracting a swollen

larva or parasite from a wound, she tore the dark and hateful spirit out of her mother. It materialized as a crooked, naked, screaming woman that crawled up the ceiling like an insect and disappeared into the hallway.

The TV flickered like a stroboscope, and her parents watched in terror as their daughter levitated half a meter above the floor, a dark sun blazing behind her head before she collapsed. The next day, the mother packed a bag and left, leaving Natalia's father to sit by his daughter's bedside, unsure of what to do. He wept, trying to discern if she was possessed or blessed. Natalia needed to make him understand, so she cut a piece of her flesh and placed it in his mouth hoping that it would give him insight into the nature of her suffering and heal his own pain. The presence of the nepharite within her was, however, too strong.

In a euphoric vision, Hector saw across the heavens and into strange, dark worlds. He suddenly found himself on his knees in a dark garden, where he met Amaranthine disguised as the Virgin Mary. She told him that she had brought him to Gethsemane, the very garden where Christ, her beloved son, prayed and underwent his agony on the night before his crucifixion. Mary wept and comforted Hector, explaining that his daughter was chosen, just like Christ, to suffer for the world and heal the broken and lost. She revealed that he, as her father, who had been so absent, was to be her voice—a preacher that delivers the sermons and the sacrifices. By swearing to do so, he became the nepharite's puppet. And indeed she needed him, because Natalia's growing power tapped straight into her divine soul, making the child harder and harder to control. But slowly, inch by inch, sacrifice by sacrifice, Amaranthine pulls her, as well as the whole building, closer to Inferno.

Natalia's influence slowly crept up to other tenants in the Eden Orchard, and it was a matter of weeks before she affected the entire apartment complex and surrounding area. People—neighbors within and outside the building—started to dream about Natalia and felt drawn to her like a magnet. Soon, they began visiting the apartment bearing gifts, eager to touch, or get a glimpse of, her. As weeks passed, the place transformed into a temple to her glory, and more and more individuals beheld her divine radiance. Her father became the priest who sacrificed her flesh to the chosen ones, the one who carved her up and bestowed upon her the ability to see beyond the veil, to witness people's sorrows and horrors, and to extract them, just like she did to her mother. These fragmented parts of their souls now haunted the building, lurking in the shadows as the halls of Inferno are brought closer to Elysium. Soon, new floors began to materialize in the Eden Orchard projects, with new doors and stairways leading into the depths of Inferno itself.

EDEN ORCHARD APARTMENTS

The strange events involving the Saint of Blades unfold at Eden Orchard Apartments, an eleven-story complex situated on the outskirts of the city. It stands as a massive structure of concrete and steel constructed in the 1970s as part of a project aimed at providing housing for low-income families. Today, it stands as a neglected colossus, bearing the scars of social despair. Its facade is marred by pollution and acid rain, its walls and corridors adorned with graffiti, and several windows boarded up. Nothing functions as intended; the laundry machines are broken, the elevators frequently malfunction, emitting a pungent odor of urine. The basement level reveals storage rooms that have been vandalized, their doors left unlocked as securing them seems pointless. Ventilation is almost nonexistent, and mold infestation poses significant issues.

The suffering and slow awakening of the Saint has pushed Eden Orchard into the Borderlands between worlds. Even if Inferno may be accessed by walking through odd pathways

and strange doors—something the Saint herself cannot avoid doing—part of the structure is still somehow present in Elysium. However, the pain, grief, anger, sickness, and despair she has liberated from the members of the congregation has been infused into the building itself. From the outside, it is the typical rundown apartment in the strange part of town. Yet from the inside, the rest of the city feels distant, like lights on a faraway shore or a dream that you cannot quite remember but is also unable to you've had.

The Touch of Compulsion

As the building is drawn further into the Borderlands and gates open towards Inferno, the area itself begins to change. Togarini's principle of compulsion becomes stronger, a radiation seeping in from some strange beyond whose details are noticeable for those who can discern them. The addicts, unable to resist the temptation to "push just a bit more," succumb to overdoses and lie forgotten in the gutter or in the shadowed corners of their apartments. Dreams become vivid and horrifying, yet strangely inspirational. The graffiti in the area shifts from normal tags and colorful paintings to strange, labyrinthine patterns that are almost hypnotic to behold. In one apartment, a resident starts cutting out the letter "P" from every newspaper, organizing them according to some unknown principle, or the old lady living in 301 who has recently begun writing disturbing, erotic poetry in black notebooks. Madness and genius intertwine, and people are consumed by their obsessions. Pain becomes something that appears to awaken people's minds. In the bar next door, a woman burns herself with a cigarette and stares longingly into the smoke, a couple starts practicing BDSM and advanced asphyxiation, and the car mechanic begins pulling out his teeth with a pair of pliers.

RULES

If you, as a GM, wish, you can utilize this optional rule if characters spend time in the area. All Disadvantages that can be tied to compulsion, such as **Drug Addict**, **Victim of Passion**, **Greed**, **Jealousy**, or similar., suffer a -2 penalty on all rolls in the area. Conversely, Moves that relate to creative expression receive a +2 bonus. All art created inside Eden Orchard either is or becomes strange, dark, and twisted.

MOVES

The building has a number of moves you may use as a GM. These represent the influence of both the Saint as well as the presence of Inferno and the will of the nepharite: **Ending Up on a Strange Floor**, **Encounter Disfigured Horrors** (a phantom or purgator, as seen in *KULT: Divinity Lost* Core Rules), **Burst of Obsessive Creativity**, **Lights Go Out**, **Vision of Terror**.

A Dark and Disturbed Origin

I have always been fascinated by the concept that the divine can exist right among us: how gods and gateways to other worlds can exist in a run-down apartment complex outside some nameless city, and how Saints and people who have been touched by God may perform miracles, as well as imbue the power of the divine in their flesh and bone.

This text was written in a bout of inspiration during a weekend in January of 2024. It was created in a haze of strong coffee, religious literature, and body horror movies. Suddenly, the concept, some would perhaps call it a vision, appeared to me, and I could see the apartment block, the Saint, the people that lived there, as if they were right in front of me. I just let the text pour out like a torrent of twisted madness into a document. I could almost not sleep. There were always more words and ideas that wanted to come out.

During a train ride back and forth to Stockholm from Umeå, I spent time trying to create some structure, flesh out the ideas, and cut the things that made no sense. This is the result: a broken and horrid form, but hopefully with a touch of some divine inspiration.

For additional inspiration, watch the movies "Martyrs" (2008), "Candyman" (1992) and "REC" (2007), delve into the suffering of Christian Saints, and take long walks in urban environments at night, pausing to contemplate what may be taking place behind the dark facades.

The nepharite Amaranthine, a character I developed for the scenario Gallery of Souls, found a fitting presence here too. Natalia serves as another conduit for her to infiltrate Elysium in the service of Togarini.

Petter Nallo, 2024

Apartment 1109

The saint lives in apartment 1109, situated on the top floor. The door to the apartment is often left unlocked. Outside, there are candles, flowers, and Christian iconography, such as pictures and statuettes of Christ and the Virgin Mary, rosaries and crucifixes, and more. The whole apartment has had all the lamps removed and the electrical sockets have been dismantled or destroyed.

People come and go from the apartment. Word of the Saint's existence has spread throughout the neighborhood, drawing people to the building seeking solace, offering her gifts, and hoping for relief from their pain and suffering or to be granted divine insights. The apartment is often packed with people during the sermons, rare being the case that it is not—often during private sessions. When the congregation isn't gathered, only the Saint, the priest, Sergei, and trusted followers are present. Should a credible threat be made against the Saint or the congregation, more people will show up to guard the Saint with their lives.



[1] Hallway

As soon as the first step is taken into the apartment, a strong smell of incense hits the nostrils. Inside, the air is very hot and hard to breathe. The hallway's once-apricot paint is now peeling. In the evening, candles are lit on a small table. On the wall the fuse box has been ripped open, leaving the wires exposed. A big armchair stands at the end of the hallway. Here, Sergei tends to sit to make sure that the Saint isn't disturbed.

[2] The Guest Bathroom

The walls, stained and peeling, reveal patches of exposed plaster. Cracked linoleum tiles cover the floor, emitting creaks with each step. A stained porcelain toilet with a loose seat stands against one wall, while a chipped sink occupies another. The mirror above is grimy and seems a bit darkened, reflecting a distorted image.

[3] The Kitchen

The linoleum floor, once beige, now bears spills and grime. Countertops are cluttered with unwashed dishes and paper or plastic cups. The garbage bins overflow with refuse. The fridge is filled with food boxes gifted by worshippers.

[4] The Chamber of the Priest [Hector's Room]

Thick curtains cover the windows, which have also been painted black from the inside. Without electricity, the room is shrouded in darkness, save for the flickering glow of scattered candles. The bed is often unmade, and he rarely changes the sheets. A flashlight lies on the bedside table. In the drawer, there are condoms and lube. The priest sometimes entertains the company of women here who hope to gain a private session with the Saint or just to try to gain a stronger position within the congregation. On a cluttered altar sits a small painting of Christ, barely visible beneath layers of soot and grime. The father sometimes prays for his daughter here and begs God to take her early, not let her live too long, she is cut so deeply and has suffered so much.

- ◆ *The Photo Album:* Hector has a hidden photo album under the bed with old photos of his daughter and ex-wife. He sometimes looks at the pictures with the help of a flashlight and then he weeps thinking of what could have been if he had protected his daughter. These photos can get Natalia to remember who she is, or rather, who she used to be if she is shown them.

- ◆ *The Presence of Gethsemane:* Inside the room there is a pervasive feeling that a strange, dark forest lies outside its premises. Attentive ears can hear the howling wind and rustling leaves. This is a remnant of the visions the father has of the garden of Gethsemane, where he meets Amaranthine. People that suffer from **Critical Stress** (Anxious or lower) or have the Disadvantage **Involuntary Medium** may, for a time, be possessed by the Nephariite.

[5] The Living Room

The living room is filled with stuff and junk lining the walls. There are marks on the nicotine-stained wallpaper where paintings and framed photos once hung, but they have all been taken down. The low furniture is covered with thick layers of wax from numerous candles. Pillows and worn sofa cushions are scattered across the floor, providing makeshift seating. The carpeting is stained with blood and melted wax. Blankets drape the windows, but sometimes during the day, pale light seeps through. It is here that the congregation gathers to listen to the priest and partake in the Ceremony of Carving. The room is packed during the ceremonies with attendees lining the walls, attentively listening to the priest's speeches. Several candles flicker making the space hot and the air hard to breathe. When there is not a ceremony, one or two devoted individuals hang here, meditating, reading the Bible, or sleeping on a mattress.

◆ *The Circle:* There is a circle of candles on the floor which are only lit during ceremonies. The carpet here is darkened with spilled blood. It is forbidden to enter the circle and people will stop any newcomer who tries to step into it. Simone Brown is sometimes allowed to soak up the blood with a handkerchief and may give it to loyal followers as an important relic.

◆ *The Altar:* Upon a small altar, a modest icon of Christ stands alongside images printed on photo paper featuring saints renowned for their suffering: Saint Sebastian, Saint Lawrence, Saint Agatha, and Saint Joan of Arc. There are also some children's drawings by Alicia and Gabriel (the children of Daniela Lopez) depicting Saint Natalia bleeding from many cuts and with a strange black sun behind her head. Next to some incense, there is a small cup marked with a post-it (Do Not Touch), and inside are three razor blades. They radiate a strange energy, and if touched, the person feels a compulsion to swallow them. A character experiencing **Critical Stress** will need to **Keep it Together** to resist the compulsion. If the razors are not vomited up immediately, they will result in a **Critical Wound** [Razors inside of me]. If vomited up, they will result in a **Serious Wound** [Cut up throat].

◆ *The Chest of Tools:* This small chest is filled to the brim with different tools designed for cutting and piercing. They are stored in various boxes, including metal tea caddies, Tupperware containers, plastic boxes, and sewing kits. Some of the largest knives and hooks do not fit in any box and lie loose. Everything is immaculate, as maintained by Simone Brown, and the tools are sharpened meticulously and perfectly.

[6] The Small Corridor

The door that leads from the hallway to this corridor tends to be watched by Sergei, who sits outside it in an armchair. Here is a small corridor with wardrobes on the southern wall. Two doors are on the northern wall. One leads to the *Room of Offerings* [7] and the other to *Natalia's Room* [8]. On the western wall a door leads to the main bathroom. There are clear marks of dried blood and other fluids that lead between *Natalia's Room* [8] and the *Bathroom* [9]. The wardrobe contains old clothes.

[7] The Room of Offerings

This is the former master bedroom. The big bed has been chopped to splinters, and the mattress is placed against the wall. In a pile on the floor lie all kinds of offerings: dollar bills, rings, paintings, dark feathers, bowls with now-rotting food, bicycles, dresses, cellphones, and even a chopped-off hand. The room stinks, and the pile is crawling with flies and covered in bird droppings. Two or three black birds flap nervously around the room when the door is opened.

◆ *The Hole in the Wall:* There is a hole in the concrete wall, big enough for a grown man to push in an arm. If it followed normal logic, the hole should lead out into the corridor of the building. Instead, it seems to lead into some unknown dark space. Warm, dry wind emanates from it, along with the distant sound of screams. From time to time, a bird squeezes through the hole, flutters around the room, and lays its eggs in the pile of offerings. The hole leads into the Citadel of Togarini and dark labyrinths. Over the last few weeks, it has opened up more and more.

◆ *The Black Eggs:* The black birds have laid eggs in the pile of offerings. If you crack open an egg, you will see something resembling a human fetus inside.

[8] Natalia's Room

This is the room where Natalia is kept. The room is empty, like a cell. The windows have been boarded up from the inside and covered with black plastic bags. Natalia sleeps on the floor underneath a heavy blanket. There is a smell of fresh blood here, and the room is strangely warm. Spending more than a few minutes in it will make your head dizzy. Natalia often lies here curled up in a catatonic, entranced sleep, over a carpet that is soaked in blood and holy oils. The floor is covered in shards of broken glass, sharp spikes, needles, razor blades, and other tools made for cutting. Sometimes she organizes them in a labyrinthine pattern around her.

[9] The Big Bathroom

This place stinks. It looks like it is crumbling in on itself. Tiles are falling off of the bathroom walls, the toilet is permanently clogged by a soggy mess of magazines and toilet paper that can be seen both inside and surrounding the toilet. Besides the ghastly smell, what is immediately noticeable is that the bathroom mirror is black, as if it was made of Obsidian, and there are footprints in front of it. It is clear that Natalia has been standing in front of the mirror for hours on end, likely staring into it.

◆ *The Black Mirror:* The mirror is a gate into Inferno and a direct line of communication to Amaranthine. As a child, Natalia stood staring at it so many times, hating herself, that the glass darkened. If you stand looking at the mirror for some time, you will start to see shapes moving as if behind many veils. Then there will be a gust of wind, and you may now communicate directly with the Nepharite Amaranthine. The mirror may even widen as a gate straight into Togarini's citadel is opened. The mirror can be a powerful artifact for Death Magicians willing to use it in rituals [+2 to relevant rolls]. It may be taken off the wall with screwdrivers or similar tools.

NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

The Holy Trinity

NATALIA, THE SAINT OF BLADES

After a childhood filled with abuse and a long period of self-harm, Natalia's broken soul touched upon the mind of a servant of Togarini that sensed her suffering and dark thoughts. The nepharite Amaranthine entered her mind and, in doing so, awakened parts of Natalia's slumbering divinity. Natalia now sees through the veils of the Illusion, and she can discern the ruins of Metropolis, the halls of Inferno, and also delve into Limbo. Moreover, she can perceive people's souls, discern what's in their minds, and uncover the darkness they carry.

Natalia now exists in her own world of suffering. She is in a trance, vaguely understanding what is going on around her. Her father has become the priest who watches over her, and she believes that she is a Saint who must suffer with the purpose to help others. However, when she is not part of her father's ceremonies, her soul explores the depths of Inferno. She feels the presence of the nepharite in her mind, and she can see the black sun and the spirit of Togarini, but she does not yet know what this means. She wanders through dark labyrinths that keep her trapped in this realm, slowly realizing the nature of her prison so she can break free.

Her body is currently carved up and badly skinned, yet she willingly shares her flesh with her congregation. Despite the gruesome state of her body, she should after all be dead, but she exists beyond death and cannot fully succumb to it. If given a chance to talk with her alone, she may be snapped out of her trance for a few moments, but will soon sink back into the labyrinths that trap her soul.

She sometimes comes back to reality, to her old self, and vaguely realizes what is happening to her. She feels the pain and panics at the sight of how broken her body is, crawling to her father for comfort. When this happens, he takes her in his arms, hushes and caresses her, and kisses her forehead: "Be strong, my child. Be strong." He holds her until she drifts back into the trance and becomes calm and distant again.

The Saint of Blades



"And a woman spoke, saying, Tell us of Pain. And he said: Your pain is the breaking of the shell that encloses your understanding."

Kahlil Gibran

HECTOR, THE PRIEST

Hector was a distant father. He worked as a bus driver and did what he could to make ends meet and support the family. He knew his daughter felt bad but did not know how he could help her. However, when she showed her divinity and radiated like a Saint he had heard about as a child, he was filled with insight. In a dream, he was pulled into the garden of Gethsemane, where a dark shape told him that his daughter was chosen by Christ and he, her father, was chosen to be her protector. That dark shape was the nepharite Amaranthine, who used him as her servant to control his daughter.

When followers who had sensed his daughter's divinity started to appear at their apartment, he welcomed them and soon took on the role of the priest who led the ceremonies. He felt, for the first time, that he had a mission in life and that he was truly blessed that his daughter was chosen. But he still felt for her and prayed that her suffering wouldn't be too hard and long. At the same time, she was the one who gave him the life of privilege he now lives. He sometimes uses this to seduce women in the congregation and offer them private sessions with Natalia. Hector had held off these urges in the beginning, but Mary, whom he met in Gethsemane, told him to indulge himself.

AMARANTHINE

Amaranthine is a nepharite in the clergy of Togarini and she seeks to gain influence in Elysium. She sensed Natalia's suffering and managed to possess the girl, but her touch affected the girl in a way she did not intend. Shards of Natalia's divinity flared up and Amaranthine was unable to hold her, so instead Amaranthine trapped Natalia's soul in the labyrinths of Inferno and manipulated her father to become her servant.

Amaranthine seeks to pull the whole building and surrounding area closer to Inferno so that she and her servants can gain a foothold in Elysium. Parts of the building are already opening up towards Inferno and the creatures that are manifested from people's sorrows through the Ceremony of Carving slowly tear down the illusion. Once Amaranthine amasses enough power, she will enter the apartment in Eden Orchard and drag Natalia to Inferno and fetter her flaming soul in the bowels of the citadel. Amaranthine is described in depth in the free scenario *Gallery of Souls*.

*"Some girls wander by mistake
into the mess that scalpels make."*

Leonard Cohen - Teachers

Amaranthine

The People of Eden Orchard

Broken, hurt and in search of divinity. Here are some people that either live in the building, have searched their way here or can be met in the area.

SIMONE BROWN, THE BLIND WOMAN

Simone Brown is a faithful worshiper—and highly trusted by Hector—who has been “cured” from congenital blindness by the Saint. Some time ago, Natalia chose Brown to taste the holy flesh, which granted the woman the ability to see people’s auras and discern their thoughts. Brown is an extrovert of unsettling devotion who actively engages with strangers to get a sense of who they are and what they want. She can often be found near bus stops, outside small grocery stores, or in the rundown square holding a holy icon and a laminated cardboard sign with the words “*God will relieve your suffering*”, always sporting a manic wide smile and seeking out those who would be willing to meet the Saint. When she is in her apartment she is devoted to the sharpening of knives and other tools to be used in the ceremonies, something she does with extreme precision and ritualistic and artistic sense. She is highly trusted by Hector.

SERGEI RULOV, THE MOURNING HUSBAND

Sergei lost his wife and son in a car accident and blames himself. He wants to meet them in the afterlife and talk to them. The Saint allowed him to do just that; the man spends time with the dead by eating her flesh. Sergei is a big man with a violent past and he sees himself as the protector of the Saint and her father. Anyone that becomes a threat will be dragged into one of the empty apartments and be beaten half to death.

ANDREW HIGGS, THE FORMER NEW ATHEIST

Higgs is a former atheist who heard rumors about the Saint and went out to make a video for his Youtube channel. However, he became a part of her ceremony and was granted a piece of her flesh. This filled him with strong religious visions and he now serves the Saint and her father. In fact, he hopes to be able to replace her father and be the new priest. His family is looking for him and a video he shot with his phone from a ceremony has gone viral online (see The Video Clip).

MARWAN BIN ABDULAZIZ, THE ESCAPED PRINCE

A lower ranked member of the House of Saud, the ruling family of Saudi Arabia, was on a business trip in America. On a cocaine high he strangled a male prostitute to death in a Las Vegas suite. This act of murder and ecstasy granted him a

vision of the Saint of the Blades. Marwan fled from his bodyguards as well as the police and the diplomatic caretakers that tried to cover up the scandal. When he met the Saint and tasted her flesh he rejected both violence, his family, and Allah. Marwan is always dressed in jeans and a torn T-shirt, making it hard to know his noble heritage and vast fortune. He sleeps in apartment 1109 on a mattress, or in one of the empty apartments in the building. Fueled by the divine insight he sees himself as a new prophet and is writing a new holy book in several notebooks. He then plans to go to Mecca and set himself on fire like a true martyr and leave the text for his “lost” brothers and sisters so they have a chance of finding the true path in their lives. He preaches compassion, kindness and sacrifice.

MATEO, THE GRAFFITI ARTIST

A teenage boy with his hands and clothes covered in spray paint. He left the gang after meeting the Saint and now spends all his time painting strange labyrinthine graffiti art both inside the building and around the block. The paintings he does are part of the strange ceremony that weakens the veil towards Inferno. Anyone with **Enhanced Awareness** or **Magical Intuition** can sense that there is a strange magical pattern into his works of art. Mateo always asks for money from strangers so that he can buy some cans of spray paint.

CAMILLE AND PIG, THE BDSM COUPLE

Camille is a professional dominatrix and Pig, a man, is her slave. It was he who heard the Saints calling and brought Camille to the ceremonies. Camille is fascinated by the atmosphere but it is Pig who is entranced by the whole situation. He is “topping from the bottom” and tries to make Camille be more and more sadistic towards him. He has for a long time begged to be castrated and have a full nipple removal, but Camille resists these compulsions. She feels that things are going too far and that her lover is disappearing into his own sexual obsessions.

MRS. ROSANNA SANCHES, THE DOUBTER

Mrs Sanches is an old woman that lives in the apartment complex. She however believes the Saint to be a being of darkness. Clearly the devil has touched the building and people’s souls. She can tell people about what happened here. That some have disappeared and never come back. She is also worried about her former friend, Daniela and her children that live in apartment 702. They were part of the “cult” but have been pushed out.



HENRY TATE, THE MAN WITH THE REALDOLLS

Henry Tate was a lonely man. A sex addict that spent his money on a harem of RealDolls in his apartment. When meeting the Saint and tasting her flesh he begged her to end his loneliness and when he came home he found that the dolls were talking with him, and amongst each other. They are immobile and sit around his apartment dressed in minimal underwear. He can be seen in the area with one of the RealDolls, dressed with a blanket, in a wheelchair since he wants them all to be able to see the outside. He is happy and praises the Saint and that the area was touched by God. Most other members of the congregation see him as weird, but they accept him. A person with **Enhanced Awareness** or **Magical Intuition** may see that the dolls have some sort of presence residing inside of them. Henry Tate is doomed to kill himself, opening himself up and pulling out his own entrails to please his RealDoll girlfriends.

DANIELA LÓPEZ, THE STIGMATA VICTIM

Daniela is a woman with two children (Alicia and Gabriel) that lives in apartment 702. When she discovered the Saint she seduced her father to gain special favors. She was invited to private prayers where she got to taste more of the Saint's flesh and then she and Hector had sex. The over-consumption of flesh gave her terrible stigmata—wounds that opened up and never healed. Soon, Hector did not want to see her again and he forbade her to come to the ceremonies leaving Daniela to be consumed by madness and dark visions of Inferno. She wraps her body in bandages to stop the bleeding from the many open wounds. Her children, Alicia and Gabriel, are locked in their room and she gives them sharp objects and tells them to hurt themselves. She tells them they are a good boy and girl and rewards both with food and sweets when they follow her requests. She hopes that they will turn into Saints themselves just like Natalia and they will grant her their heavenly flesh.

THE JOHNSONS, THE NEWLY ARRIVED FAMILY

A family consisting of the pregnant mother (Sharon), father (Mark), teenage son (Paul), the young daughter (Abigail) as well as the grandfather (Ed) has just arrived in the area in their silver Volkswagen van. They have driven across the country since their daughter has heard the call of the Saint. The visions she has had have convinced them that there is some truth to her story. The Johnsons stand out from the other people that reside in the area. They often argue loudly, but still keep together. They have very little cash left and are desperate to find this Saint that Abigail is dreaming of. Their daughter Abigail is dying of liver cancer and they hope that her vision may lead her to someone that can save her.

THE CEREMONY OF CARVING

The Mass begins with people gathering in the small apartment. Some bring small gifts, such as a plate of home-cooked food for Father Hector, a thermos with coffee, or some candles. They sit on sofa pillows, chairs, or mattresses in the living room, while others stand along the walls. Everyone is welcome, including newcomers. It is evident that the congregation is becoming too numerous for this confined space.

Everywhere, there are flickering candles since there is no electricity in the apartment. A circle of candles illuminates the middle of the living room floor, and when people have gathered and the door is closed, Father Hector steps into the circle with a Bible in his hand. He reads a passage from the Old or New Testament such as Romans

5:3-5 or 1 Peter 5:10, occasionally accompanied by the singing or recitation of a psalm in response to the reading. Father Hector then speaks about Saints and how their suffering brings them closer to God. He tells the tale of how his daughter was chosen. Just like Christ and many Saints before her, she possesses the ability to heal both body and soul and communicate directly with the divine.

He then summons his daughter, who, in a trance, walks into the room. She is wrapped in white sheets stained with blood, and her face has a distant look. An immediate change in atmosphere occurs, and the candles seem to dim in her presence. She radiates a powerful aura, capturing the congregation's attention in awe. She steps into the circle of light, and her father places his hands on her shoulders. He talks about how Saints are conduits of the divine, explaining how the heavenly realm may flow through them and radiate into the material world. It is well known that relics, such as the bone and skin of Saints, hold potent power, and the most powerful relic is the blood of Christ. He also preaches how suffering brings the spirit of a Saint in connection with the divine, and that it is an offering to give others wisdom and allow others to touch said. He then removes the white sheets that cover Natalia's body.

The Saint's body elicits both horror and amazement. Large portions of her have been skinned, with pieces of flesh cut away. Crude needles have pierced her, and in some areas she has been cut down to the bone, such as the ribcage, where the movement of the lungs inside is visible. Miraculously, she is alive despite the extensive damage to her body. Her muscles are damp with a thin layer of blood, and her skin is moist with holy oils.



Her father, who has become a macabre artist in cutting, is handed a sharp knife by Simone Brown. He starts to mumble unknown prayers and moves around the Saint who stands within the circle of lights. He lets the knife wander over her body in almost erotic and caressing patterns. His preaching becomes a strange, drawn-out chant, and he seems to be drawn into a trance himself. The atmosphere intensifies and the air is thick with incense and heat from the candles. People are sweating and staring with shining eyes against the circle of light. The congregation is spellbound, and some are filled with a strange arousal. It is an atmosphere of both fear, terror, and excitement. The Saint now sometimes speaks of her visions, or she moans and weeps from the caress of the blade. Sometimes the priest uses long nails or needles to push into her skin to drive her deeper into religious ecstasy. Then, sometimes during the ritual, she raises one of her arms and points to one of the members of the congregation. This is the one who is chosen to receive her blessing.

That person is demanded to step forward and kneel on a stained pillow by the Saint's feet. They are expected to leave an offering. It can be money or items of personal value. Regardless of what it is, the person will never be rejected. The chosen may ask the Saint a question or request a blessing and to partake of her flesh. The Saint will speak with a distant and monotone voice, as if she is lost in a dream. Many times, the words only have meaning for the chosen listener. But sometimes, she will utter things that will have meaning for other listeners in the congregation.

When appropriate, and after the Saint has spoken, the priest searches his daughter's body with both fingers and knife like a blind seer until he finds just the right part. Then, he takes the knife and cuts off a thin piece of muscle, fat, or skin, and places it on the tongue of the chosen one. The person is beset with strong visions and often powerful spasms, taken away from the room and then, if the ceremony continues, the Saint chooses another person.

Sooner or later, her divine radiance fades, leaving her small and tired, needing support from her father to stand up. He wraps her in the white sheet and allows Simone Brown to lead her away to her chamber. The members stay afterward to converse with those who had the visions, as well as with each other. Soon, the meeting breaks up, and people return to their own lives and homes, filled with an intoxicating feeling of having touched the divine.

In the Presence of the Saint

When a character is in the presence of the Saint, they feel oddly at peace. Their worries feel distant, and they notice their mind thinking in different ways. A person's stability is considered to be two steps higher while in the presence of the Saint.

PRESENT AN OFFERING

The one chosen by the Saint is expected to make an offering. It could be material possessions, such as money and jewelry, or something of

emotional significance, such as tears and photographs. What counts is how valuable it is to the person offering it, not the value others believe it has. When a suitable tribute is brought to the Saint, she may grant them Prophecies or her Flesh.

PROPHECIES FROM BEYOND AND WITHIN

The Saint may see beyond the Illusion, beyond Time and Space and into other worlds, but also into people's minds and souls. She may answer questions and grant vague directions and answers. It is clear when she is speaking that she knows things she couldn't possibly know. She may reveal where to find a person or object, bring out memories that have been lost or stolen, give the steps that are needed to break a curse, indicate where to find a gate to another world, and so on.

A TASTE OF THE DIVINE

Not everyone granted to kneel in her presence is allowed to taste her flesh. She may, however, suggest it as the only way to help them, or act upon their request to taste it. The priest selects and cuts away a piece of flesh to be consumed by the person, who, after consuming it, collapses to the ground as their mind is filled with powerful visions. The visions are unique to each individual, revealing parts of their own life and their own darkness. If they harbor darkness or suffering within, such as addiction, grief, anger, or haunting, they will end up At the Crossroads at the conclusion of these visions. Otherwise, they will awaken later in the arms of members of the congregation with new insights and a strange euphoria. If a player character has tasted the Saint's flesh, give them the modifiers from Embracing the Saint.

At the Crossroads

The Crossroads exist in a dark withered land covered in a thin layer of white ash. A pale light comes from the moon that floats cracked and broken into shards in the sky. The person finds herself on the ground completely naked and covered in the ash. It is biting cold and each breath produces a cloud of smoke. She is lying on a field made out of thick, sharp, gravel that cuts into flesh like broken glass. The landscape around her disappears into a misty darkness.

There are only two ways to go. To the left is a golden glow and there in the distance at the center of the light stands the Saint. She is whole and radiant, her body is untouched by any blade, and she raises her

"For Christ also suffered once for sins, the righteous for the unrighteous, to bring you to God. He was put to death in the body but made alive in the Spirit.

After being made alive, he went and made proclamation to the imprisoned spirits."

1 Peter 3:18-19

arms as a gesture for the person to come to her. To the right where the white ash swirls from an unseen wind a part of the person's Darkness has manifested in a physical form: Alcoholism might manifest as an aggressive father, grief as the mangled child, terminal cancer as a pale woman without eyes. Whatever the form, it radiates horror and cold.

The person has only two real choices: Embracing the Saint or Facing the Darkness. The third choice is to walk into the nothingness or staying in on the spot, which leads to the person waking up in the apartment with dreamlike and vague memories of this dark world and without any insights from either the *Embrace* nor the *Darkness*. *Embracing the Saint* is an escape from suffering. Each step towards it eases the pain and is like placing a balm over their wounds. *Facing the Darkness* is far more painful and dangerous as the person embraces suffering, but it may also grant a far greater reward as the person has a chance of conquering the darkness forever and might be granted a Divine Insight. *[GM note: The Darkness at the Crossroads is the manifestation of a single Disadvantage—one that has come up time and again during play and affects the character the most. Disadvantages unrelated to internal suffering, such as Wanted or Stalker that have to do with "real world enemies", won't manifest here.]*

EMBRACING THE SAINT:

To start walking towards the Saint is painful since the gravels are sharp and the cold is unforgiving, but each step towards the Saint relieves some of the pain. The air is gradually getting warmer. Feelings of safety, belonging, and love rise from within. She welcomes the person with a warm embrace. In the arms of the Saint the horrors of the world feel distant and all the pain subsides. The person will wake up in the apartment and her skin will still be warm from the Saint's touch.

- ◆ If the Relation with the Saint is not yet vital to the character, increase it by one step **(+1)**.
- ◆ Regain **Stability (+2)**.
- ◆ Stabilize Serious and **Critical Wounds**. At the game-master discretion, these might be completely healed or appear as scars.
- ◆ Rolls to handle the Darkness (Disadvantage) gain a +2 bonus. This, however, is only a temporary thing. A GM Move or enough passing time may remove it.
- ◆ Other blessings could be that cancer temporarily stops growing, chronic pain that is relieved for a time, inspiration and creativity surges, or the person develops a strange ability. These blessings will fade with time.
- ◆ The Darkness that has been left behind will now manifest in (and haunt) the Eden Orchard apartment complex.

"Pain, breaks the rhythm, breaks the rhythm, breaks the rhythm."

Boy Harsher - Pain

FACING THE DARKNESS

To walk towards the darkness causes intense suffering, for each step the gravel cuts deeper. Soon, the feet are bleeding profoundly, leaving a red trail behind. The Darkness radiates a grim cold and the person's skin cracks and starts to bleed at places. Each step closer makes the Darkness more excited, it howls and growls and tries to claw towards the character but cannot move from its spot. During this walk towards the darkness you as a GM tell the player character: "The cold and the pain is so intense, you don't know if you can do it. Do you really want to push on? You can still feel some distant warmth from the Saint." If the character pushes on it will face the Darkness and when it is within arms reach the pain will be so intense that the person will fall to its knees and the Darkness will throw itself over her, triggering the **Darkness at the Crossroads** Move.

• The Darkness at the Crossroads

When you confront your inner Darkness to gain control over it, **roll +Soul**.

- (15+)** You face your Darkness, and defeat it. You pull it into you, and it no longer has a hold. It is there, as a part of you, but you can now control it. If the Darkness was a Disadvantage, remove it. You gain a Divine Insight.
- (10-14)** You face your darkness, and even if you realize it will always have a hold on you, you may exert some control over it. You have +2 on all future rolls when you face your darkness. You gain a Divine Insight.
- (-9)** You wrestle with your darkness but it gets hold of you. You are traumatized by the event and lose **Stability (-4)**. If it is a Disadvantage, you suffer a -1 penalty on all future rolls to resist it.

Divine Insight

After succeeding the confrontation against their inner darkness, the player character gains a divine insight in her imprisonment in the machinery of the Illusion. The gamemaster either rolls 1d10 or picks the one that feels most fitting. Each result increases one attribute, and the Kether, Chokmah, Binah and Malkuth also have an additional effect.

This kind of insight should have a profound effect on the characters' life and personality. Here are some questions you may ask to get the player to think about a new direction for her character.

- ◆ How does the insight change your view on [other people, the world, your life, ...]?
- ◆ What is the biggest effect it will have on your day to day life?
- ◆ What will this insight make you struggle with?

It is possible to shake off the insight, try to go back to a normal life and let the Illusion trap the character again. This will then remove any attribute bonus and other effects gained from the Insight.

- [1] **The Prison of Time (Kether):** You realize that time is something that binds and distracts us. It keeps us stressed and under constant pressure, and we always seem to lack enough of it. Simultaneously, you now see how illusory time is. We perceive things as constant when, in reality, everything is temporary. No hierarchy, no throne, lasts forever; it becomes corrupted, falls, and then undergoes reform. The world is transforming and

changing before your eyes, yet people seem oblivious to it. They habitually accept the present as the norm. You feel compelled to rethink how time binds and forces you into predetermined patterns and also to break free of its restraints. [Increase **Willpower** with +1. Once per session you may reroll one of your dice rolls, as you unknowingly manipulate time. You have to keep the second roll.]

- [2] **Prison of Stories (Chokmah):** You realize that the world is built on lies, upon lies, upon lies, and that these lies are presented as colorful stories that people share amongst themselves. These stories encompass our political ideologies, our old and new religions, the ancient wisdom of gurus, and the modern hype brought by overly confident self-help influencers. Conservatism, liberalism, feminism, socialism, racism, capitalism, and the culture wars are all colorful lies. They are shared and spread as if they were truths to create division and things to fight over. And you realize how you are part of these stories, how you have built your life influenced by them, and how you spread them yourself. They create so much chaos, noise, and emotion that they drown out all that is true and real. You need to do your best to break free and resist them. They distract you from something greater. [Increase **Fortitude** with +1. You get a +2 on all rolls to resist Influences, both supernatural and mundane.]
- [3] **The Prison of Bonds (Binah):** You realize that your relationships distract you from what may lead you toward higher insights. The need for friendship, companionship, and even love is something that actually pulls you down. In solitude, and with a focus on introspection, you may start discovering who you really are—your true self. It is no wonder why monks and spiritual leaders isolate themselves. In fact, you can see how relationships seem to be a piece of a pattern that keeps mankind imprisoned with lies we spread to each other. We grab hold of each other and pull each other down, feeling a strange safety in living in a common lie. It is time for you to cut those bonds. [Increase **Reflexes** with +1. You may regain +1 **Stability** by spending time on your own. It is harder for you to establish and hold on to relationships. All your relationships now follow this formula: **Neutral +0, Meaningful +0, Vital +1.**]
- [4] **The Prison of Comfort (Chesed):** You realize that our need for comfort and safety makes us blind to the truth. We cling desperately to whatever semblance of security we can find: Our nation, our language, our leaders, our culture, the familiarity of our family homes, the warm embrace of childhood nostalgia, the structured beliefs of our religions, the numbing distraction of social media, the promises of self-help books, and the hollow solace of meaningless relationships. Even as adults, we are nothing more than children seeking someone to hold us, comfort us, and tell us that everything will be all right. You understand now that your search for safety and comfort is like drugging yourself until you are nothing more than a zombie. You have to let go of it. Leave the safety of your old life, trust in yourself, explore the unknown, and grow your spirit. [Increase **Intuition** with +1.]

"Suffering seems to belong to man's transcendence: It is one of those points in which man is in a certain sense 'destined' to go beyond himself, and he is called to this in a mysterious way."

Pope John Paul II — Salvifici Doloris

- [5] **The Prison of Thoughts (Geburah):** The world is filled with laws and rules. It is a construct of regulations that stretches from the unwritten cultural laws to the well defined laws of the justice system. But you now realize that your very mind is a prison. Your values, your knowledge, your thoughts are like gray slabs of concrete that have grown into a labyrinth of the mind. You are trapped within yourself with predetermined paths that you are forced to follow. The very language you speak is nothing but laws and limitations. How can you express yourself when words determine what you can say? You feel like a blind person who has been told what colors are but has never truly seen them. You realize that true freedom lies not in obedience to constructed norms and laws, but in the defiance of them. [Increase **Reason** with +1.]
- [6] **The Prison of Sensations (Tiphareth):** You realize how little control you have when it comes to your thoughts and feelings. The world around you bombards you with information, constantly manipulating you. You are trained to act on impulses you don't even realize you are imbued with. Everything from commercials, slogans, politics, medicine, to hormones—every little aspect in the world around you is like a hook in your flesh, pulling you around like a puppet. You fly high on digital dopamine fixes, are pushed to your knees by propaganda, infected by viral memes, and allured by sex and the dreams of a successful life. Who is the real you in all of this? You now see much more clearly the allure, the messages, the lies that try to push opinions down your throat. You need to cut away all these external distractions and seek the real truth. [Increase **Perception** with +1.]
- [7] **The Prison of Expectations (Netzach):** You realize that you are a slave to the expectations of others. Society has handed you a ladder and expects you to climb it tirelessly. You are supposed to devote all your time and energy to ascending higher and higher, striving to meet their endless expectations: have a successful career, stay fit, eat healthily, get married, raise kids, follow fashion, earn bonuses, start a company, be smarter, be stronger, be prettier, be better. You are applauded and celebrated as you ascend, but if you pause or glance around, people frown with disappointment and turn their backs on you. You now realize that the ladder never truly ends. You are chasing illusions and goals that lead to nothing. Now that you see the ladders clearly and hear the false chants, you realize there are other, greater insights waiting to be discovered by following your own path, and nothing will stand in your way. [Increase **Violence** with +1.]

The Video Clip

A film shot on a phone. It seems to be taken in an apartment lit by candles. Most of it is in shadows and the image quality is poor. There are people sitting on the floor with solemn and serious faces, many of them have their hands clasped in prayer. They have their focus on a man that stands in the middle of the room. The man, older and ordinary looking, in a white shirt speaks with a strong eastern european accent.

"A true Saint meets God in suffering. It is the suffering that allows the chosen to transcend, to reach the heavenly realm. For most of us suffering is just pain, but for those that can embrace it, they touch upon something greater. All throughout history we have heard about them, and they are revered.

Saint Sebastian, the roman soldier, was tied to a tree and pierced by many arrows.

Saint Joan of Arc met God when she was consumed by the flames on a great pyre.

Saint Maximilian Kolbe took another prisoner's place and died in a starvation cell in the Auschwitz concentration camp.

Christ himself, the son of God, was whipped, stabbed, pierced and then crucified. Those that stood beneath the cross when he died knew they had witnessed a miracle. That they had been in the presence of something from beyond this world. They gathered his blood in a cup, the grail, then they drank it..."

He looks over the crowd, raises his hand.

"They drank the very essence of God.

Who do you know that has experienced this? Truly experienced this? Not some vague vision or prayer that seems to have been answered. Who has met a living Saint? Met a human of flesh and blood, but with a direct connection to the divine?"

He looks around at the people gathered there, and with a low voice he says: "We have. Isn't it so?"

The crowd responds with an Amen and even louder he says: "We have. Isn't it so?"

The crowd responds with a louder amen.

"My daughter was chosen. My beloved girl. Did I wish it to be so? No. For I knew like all Saints she would suffer. But God put his hand over her and who am I to argue with God. She suffers for all of you. For all of us. A true Saint.

If Joan suffered by fire and Sebastian by arrows, my Natalia suffers through the blade. Through the bite of the knife, the razor and the needle she ascends. In pure rapture she is filled with the spirit. The very spirit that impregnated Mary, and it has marinated her flesh. And when we taste, when we eat of the flesh of God directly, no mere wafer. No, warm, wet flesh. Then we are also blessed, we are also touched. Just like the followers that drank the blood of Christ from the grail itself. Steaming from the heat, as the spirit of God hissed from his wound.

Let us call on her. Let us bring God inside this circle."

He turns his focus outside of the picture, and the camera moves towards a dark archway. We hear his voice offscreen.

"Natalia, come. We await you."

There is a chanting from the crowd; a strange, unnerving, melody that sounds similar to some ancient language. Something is moving in the darkness beyond the arches. The image is pixelated. It is hard to see what it is but it looks like a woman wrapped in a white, red stained, sheer.

"Saint of the blades."

She slowly lets the white sheer fall from her shoulders. Her body is covered with dark stains or patches and missing skin. The film ends abruptly.

[8] The Prison of Reputation (Hod):

You realize that we are kept imprisoned by our own self-importance and the need for people to view us in the right light. We aspire to lead or fit in among our own personal tribes. We constantly worry about what people in our tribes will think of us—whether we said the right thing, acted the right way, or if we were seen as stupid or weak, or if we made a faux pas. We obsess about others' opinions of us and become entangled in thoughts of vengeance, shame, and other petty conflicts. But you now know that all this is meaningless. It is just a way to keep you distracted. By rising above the fear and shame of others' perceptions of you, you will have the chance to gain true insight into yourself. You no longer care about what anyone thinks about the way you act, say, look or think. [Increase **Coolness** with +1.]

[9] The Prison of Material Possessions (Yesod):

You realize how material possessions don't carry any real worth. They are chains that tie you down and distractions that keep you occupied. If you concentrate, you can even hear the whispers in the dollar bills, in the jewelry, and gold: "Come, come own me, take me, chase me." You are a bee gathering infertile nectar for the hive. You are a primate fighting over glass pearls against other primates. You now truly see how hollow it all is, and it actually disgusts you. [Increase **Charisma** with +1.]

[10] The Prison of the Flesh (Malkuth):

You realize that you are not your body. You are something far greater just inhabiting it for now. This flesh is nothing more than a prison, and you are sure that you have had other lives before. You are a soul bound to a biological machine of flesh, bone, and blood. [Increase **Soul** with +1. You feel strength in truly knowing that death is just a step on a very long journey and have +2 on all rolls to **Keep it Together** where you risk bodily harm.]

HOW TO USE THIS MATERIAL

If using this as foundation for a scenario some easy options are that the PCs live in the area, are drawn to it in their dreams, asked to bring an artifact (such as the black mirror or a piece of the saints flesh) to a strange employer, or are sent to find a person that has gone missing. Below are detailed suggestions that you can use as a foundation for a scenario.

As a Standalone scenario

A Mother's Last Wish: Natalia's mother, Ana, fled the apartment, leaving her husband and child. But the guilt and things she did see now haunt her. She has had a mental breakdown and either ended up in a mental hospital or back home with her relatives. She begs people around her (the PCs) to please return to the apartment building and save her daughter. She may have found the Video Clip (see *The Video Clip*) and shows it to the PCs. She wants them to bring Natalia to her, so that she can apologize for the things she did and save her daughter from the madness.

God, Spare the Children: The player characters are members of social services, which may include accompanying police officers, local politicians, nurses, or teachers, sent to investigate a family where the children have not attended school for a month. The investigation could focus on the well-being of the children of Daniella Lopez, Matteo, or Natalia. Soon, they realize that something strange and disturbing is happening in the building.

A Hoard of Memories: The PCs all have a distant relative, friend, or ex partner that lived at Eden Orchard. He was a loner, did not get along with anyone, and disappeared under mysterious circumstances. The apartment is filled to the brim with stuff since he was a hoarder and it will be emptied and thrown away by a cleaning company. The player characters have decided to take a weekend to go through it, deciding what to keep and what to throw away. While spending time there they will encounter inhabitants in the building and experience strange phenomena. It is clear that their relative was part of the cult and perhaps he is still alive somewhere in the building on the floors that border Inferno.

The Death of Henry Tate: Henry Tate is discovered dead in his apartment with his entrails pulled out of his gutted stomach. He is surrounded by scantily clad RealDolls. The brutality of the deed makes it look like a murder case but more detailed examinations reveal it to be a grotesque

suicide. His apartment has an unsettling atmosphere with the RealDolls that seem to move and watch, and there are emails and written diaries that talk about the Saint in apartment 1109. The dolls, who are now infused by the power of Togarini, seek another owner to entertain and please them. Either a character feels compelled to bring one of them home, or it suddenly appears there.

The Lost Prince: Marwan bin Abdulaziz, a prince from Saudi Arabia murdered a man in Las Vegas and disappeared into the night. Both the police, FBI as well as his family are looking for him. Now, someone similar to him has appeared on video clip from a strange ceremony in a run down apartment (see *The Video Clip*). And people (The Police, FBI Agents or perhaps members of the Saudi Security forces) have been sent there to find him.

As Part of a Longer Story

If you have an ongoing KULT story or campaign you can still use the Saint in various ways. This can be a foundation for some scenes that show more about the dark and terrifying KULT setting. Below are some ideas:

Information: The Saint has knowledge about the worlds beyond, and what exists in people's hearts and minds. To join a congregation may be a way to get the information the characters need to continue a story. It can be the location of a gateway to some strange realm, a message from a person that is dead, the location of an artifact or similar.

Finding a missing person: A person that a character cares about or needs to find has been tangled up in the congregation and is now a fanatic follower of the Saint.

Break a curse or heal an illness: The character suffers from a terrible curse. The Saint may reveal a way to be free of it or remove it.

Saint as Payment: Someone wants the Saint and either as a payment or as a threat it forces the PCs to kidnap it and bring it to their "employer."

Flesh in a Ritual: A ritual or ceremony that needs to be performed needs a piece of flesh from the Saint.

