



THE HINKLE MANSION

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What is this?

The Hinkle Mansion is the eighth monthly small release. It presents the story of a mansion that can be dropped right into an ongoing campaign or used as a Location Hub during the creation of an Intrigue Map. With almost 60 sights/experiences entries and 5 Horror Starters, it can be used as inspiration to come up with stories outside of the Location as well.



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



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THE HINKLE MANSION

Standing tall and proud at the very center of the city is a physics-defying architectural abomination founded on slavery, opulent detachment, suicidal tendencies, political death drives, secret accords of foul nature, byzantine scheming, gory betrayals, and much more that is yet to be uncovered.

The Lie

Hateful barons once ruled the land with iron grips and abhorrent distaste for the servants forced to fatten their gold stashes unimaginably beyond what unsuspecting individuals could ever dream of. The passage of time tortured the noble land with unmerciful weather, unending conflict, maddening famine and hereditary mental illnesses that brought together — and drove apart — the immense family line that rules this place. Even though the hardships seemed impossible to fight, the cursed soil managed to hold high its most prized structure, the Hinkle Mansion, like a closed fist challenging the heavens above.

The heinous history doesn't end with heirs to the first barons murdering their entire families, rather, it continued to attract violence and death. Ask a dozen denizens what this place was, and collect a dozen different answers; among them an asylum for the emotionally unstable, shelter during the wars, hidden

brothel, bankrupted orphanage, and, more recently, an event venue and hotel where its cursed halls would take the lives of unwary visitors.

As difficult and futile as it may be, the Hinkle Mansion's new manager, Romival, tries to stay seven feet above the land's history as hard as he can, but the genealogical tree has strengthened its roots so much that even now the sole influx of money stems from dark tourism.

The brand new sensation is a museum holding war memorabilia, mesmerizing minerals dug from the city's forest and mountains, old torture chambers, 1920s themed bar, and terrible live acoustic music. The other half of the mansion has been not only made anew inside and out, but is also attached to a seven story building growing upwards just above the main structure and connecting its half to yet another building known as Hinkle's Avenue Hotel. The overall structure is as ugly as it is dizzying, and it is not uncommon for people to get completely lost inside the building.

The Mansion became the first and most important, notable, desired and reverent point of tourism within the city, with long and tall corridors featuring geometric wall panels inwrought with gold and silver linings, hanged classical paintings, legendary red carpets, and an average cost of daily stay peaking at least four times higher than what would be considered attainable for the locals. The infamous history held tight within its walls not only attracts more customers, but ensures they have to spend a little more time — and money — to see a strange ghost or fully enjoy what the structure has to offer.

Things to see and experience:

- ◆ Marble tiling slick with recent polishing has the pleads of tortured souls embedded on its patterns, all of it coming from the Purgatories hidden underneath the floor.
- ◆ Bloodstained plush soft carpets.
- ◆ A lit but almost unsmoked cigar lies forgotten in a crystal ashtray.
- ◆ Smooth mahogany handrails with razors underneath.
- ◆ One of the walls is entirely made of the glass panel of a gigantic aquarium. A dead body sinks within.
- ◆ A scared visitor freezes while staring at you.
- ◆ Exquisite art print slashed with a kitchen knife.
- ◆ Dizzying geometric wall panels projecting optical illusions.
- ◆ Hanger with animal fur coats and a designer purse nesting a loaded snub-nosed revolver.
- ◆ A lemon water fountain bubbles gently by itself.
- ◆ Wasp nest dripping blood just above the bathroom ceiling light.
- ◆ Raging hot human-sized industrial oven welcomes you with an open door.
- ◆ Leather chesterfield sofa with a cum stain in the lounge area.
- ◆ Sharp golden cutlery forgotten near a doll.
- ◆ Something scratches the wall at night.
- ◆ Black envelopes full of hard cash and a ransom letter.
- ◆ Underground garage where luxury sport cars have their tires torn.
- ◆ Empty flower-scented air freshener from the 1970s.
- ◆ Trap door under a rug.
- ◆ Framed portraits of historical people with sewn shut eyes.
- ◆ Loose two-story glass chandelier swings and tinkles.
- ◆ Keys rattling to the rhythm of old ballads.
- ◆ Art nouveau elevator suddenly stops in-between levels.
- ◆ Frantic praying in the dead of night.
- ◆ Someone snaps a picture and lights up the place briefly. When looking around, no one is found.
- ◆ Fake plants twirl around metal poles as incense smoke dances in-and-out of existence.
- ◆ Wall full of framed and autographed long-dead celebrity photos.
- ◆ Wax statue of the town's Mayor follows you with its eyes.
- ◆ Gentle lavender breeze precedes a rotten smell.
- ◆ Guns displayed in velvet cushions.

The Madness

The Hinkle Mansion is haunted by forces beyond human comprehension. Many owners have tapped many, many times from its eternal source of lavish profits and marketable tragedies. Not a single one of them passed the crown before suffering with the touch of an ancient evil that nests inside its walls.

Celebrities have chosen the hotel rooms to die, unwitting visitors claim to have heard demonic whispering, or worse, been possessed. Long forgotten headlines imply that among the first people to live in the mansion were occultists, and some of the most prominent figures show up on official records claiming to have birthed multi-limbed monsters with black pearls for eyes. The signs of ritualistic deaths appear throughout history as well, given that its walls have sheltered not only ice-cold murderers, but also lunatics seeking redemption through bloodshed, and mad scientists known to perform horrific procedures.

Today, dark tourism brings most of the hotel's revenue as youngsters want to catch ghosts with modern technology. There are even the ones inclined to believe that the hotel is the first and most relevant place of power of the city, so much so that they visit the place to perform rites in the name of higher powers.

Horror Starters

- ◆ The collapsed half-empty swimming pool tore open towards the sewers and the hot water is now mixing up with the guest's urine and feces, culminating in a heavy pungent rotten stench for the Children of the Underworld to follow.
- ◆ A pale, looking just like a living wax doll, dead-eyed bartender serves drinks to sorrowful loners wishing to drown their sadness in alcohol, quietly egging them to spill forth secrets and distasteful commentary towards one another. Although they don't seem to notice the bartender's weird visage, PCs clearly see something wrong. The bartender notices them staring. He stares back before going back to serving his customers the wretched liquor.
- ◆ The corridor stretches itself onwards, piercing the darkness and leading lost tourists into the nightmares of those who have killed themselves inside the hotel. The intricately interwoven hive of dreamworlds constantly bleeds sick ideas inside the tormented minds of emotionally unstable individuals, claiming more and more victims as the years go by. The Dream Prince ruling the place is a chimera of suffering, latching the dream onto whoever it can to avoid straying further towards the Vortex.
- ◆ The mythical and desired presidential suite 27 has seen its fair share of murders, gambling, sex and drugs. Countless tourists report hearing the gunshot that killed a legendary criminal who used to rule the city back in the day. One of them made the news late summer this last year. She told in detail how the mobster tried to kill her, and it appears that other victims share similar details.
- ◆ Unobserved children in the playground area will share stories of terror and abuse as Inferno extends its claws towards the weak and innocent. Some of them are unconsciously and slowly drifting further down the ball pit and will notice only when it's too late to have any meaningful reaction.
- ◆ Lobby boy curses you under his breath.
- ◆ A voice coming from the shower drain answers your thoughts.
- ◆ Someone suffocates in a traditional wooden sauna.
- ◆ Ceiling mirror with barely visible hypnotic ornamental engravings.
- ◆ Human trafficking victim pleading for help in the neighboring room.
- ◆ Velvet beanbag with a suicide letter peeking between its wrinkles.
- ◆ Automatic escalators lead into the hotel, never out.
- ◆ Elevator stops at a ghost floor.
- ◆ A tourist creeps in and stares at you.
- ◆ A Sunday bag full of golf bars left leaning untended in the corner.
- ◆ Discrete service corridors and elevators for employees to use.
- ◆ Badly covered marks of multiple suicide hangings.
- ◆ A slow romantic 80s music plays as someone overdoses.
- ◆ Fake mirrors and paintings made for spying.
- ◆ Hidden armory behind a small bookshelf.
- ◆ Electrocuted corpse lying in the bathtub of room 1408.
- ◆ Sobbing blank-eyed child inside of a cabinet.
- ◆ Demonic whispering in live videos and calls.
- ◆ A waitress walks by offering H-shaped biscuits.
- ◆ Slightly bent mirror reflecting distorted bodies behind everyone.
- ◆ Salt cellar with poisoned caviar.
- ◆ Knife used to jugulate victims stashed beneath a fluffy rug.
- ◆ Human teeth nailed into a wall.
- ◆ Threatening message written on a steamed mirror.
- ◆ Rusty barbed-wire crown lies still on a fancy white pillow.
- ◆ Clipped nails inside a wallet.
- ◆ Runic bedbug bites.
- ◆ A celebrity sobs looking at his phone, contemplating pictures of yesterday.
- ◆ The remains of a slashed credit card float on dirty toilet water.