
Elizabeth Anderson

"Men are taught to apologize for their weaknesses, women for their strengths."

– Lois Wyse

You never should have married that bastard. What an idiot you were! He took everything from you. Your precious daughter, who meant everything to you, and your ground-breaking airship, your crowning achievement, he took them both away from you and claimed them as his own. But you'll have your revenge soon, so very soon.

You were an impressionable young girl, working her way up through the ranks of Her Majesty's Engineering Corps, he was a dashing airship captain, serving in the Steam War... You were brought together by your love of airships. He loved flying them, you loved designing them. His talent in the latter is meager compared to yours. You were working on a design for the the grandest airship of all time. You loved talking to him about it. You let him think he was making useful suggestions, but they were for the most part unworkable. However, you loved him and didn't want to hurt his pride. You called your ship the *Phoenix*. You hoped she could rise up from the remains of the Steam War, a beautiful ship for peaceful times. Your design was too advanced for the technology that was available then, but you were patient. You knew you would make your dream come true, some day.

Your marriage was all right at first, before and during the war. He was off flying, you were at home, furthering your career, pursuing your various scientific passions, and spending your free time with your friends. You had so many different friends then! Friends from your scientific societies, both the women's group and the mixed group, friends from when you were at university, your friends from your political groups, friends from the Corps. You missed your husband, but you never lacked for excellent company. You hosted lively evenings of debate at your home. You talked of the new theories of evolution and all of the astounding new technological advances, debated the war, and planned protests for women's suffrage. You can not help but smile when thinking back on those exciting times.

When the war was over, you were overjoyed. No one likes living in a country at war, and you would have your husband back. You looked forward to hearing his bright, ringing voice debating new airship designs in your parlor with your friends. It was not to be, though. He came back from the war a changed man. His injuries caused him great pain, but his personality was also transformed. He was less kind, less forgiving. More harsh and rough. Less... civilized. You suppose that is what war does to men... or perhaps that is what time does to men. These days, you cannot say you are really a fan of the pig-headed, Neanderthal-like half of the species. There are exceptions of course, and you had mistakenly thought John one of them.

John no longer liked being around groups of people. You, of course, held off on hosting any events at home when he first returned, thinking it might take him a bit of time to readjust. Eventually you cajoled him into allowing you to host a welcome home party for him. You tried to appeal to his pride and made the party much more patriotic than you actually felt. You didn't invite your most radical friends, wanting to keep the party harmonious.

It was a disaster. John started drinking before anyone arrived, and never stopped. At least he wasn't being a loud, belligerent drunk. He sat in the corner, being profoundly anti-social and drinking continually. You tried to cut him off, but it was no use. You did your best to keep up a good front, but everyone could feel the tension in the air. Most of your guests left very early, but you couldn't blame them. You didn't want to be there either. Eventually it was just you, your husband, a few kind souls too polite to leave so early, and a group of your artistic friends who were too busy drinking and singing the praises of the Academie Julian in Paris to notice what anyone else was doing. You were just as happy about the new coeducational art school, and longed to join them in their joy, but you had to keep playing hostess to the remaining guests.

Then Lord Cornelius Blackwell showed up. He was a friend of your husband's from the war. John suddenly lit up, jumped up from his chair, and started chatting almost cheerfully. So, you thought, memories of that war is all that brings him happiness? He didn't want to return to his life in London with you, he wanted to linger in that damn war!

You made yourself a stiff drink and sat down with your friends, smiling and nodding but not really listening to anything they

said. When the last of them staggered away you bade your husband and Lord Blackwell good night and headed to your bed. You could hear them laughing and singing till past sunrise.

You were already growing discontent with your marriage when you discovered you were with child. You left your beloved career to prepare for the birth of your child. John became increasingly reclusive and anti-social. You never had anyone over anymore. He did not like you going out so much, but you needed to escape that depressing house. You hoped the birth of your child would help your marriage, that it would make your husband more like he used to be. This happened to a small extent, in that your darling daughter gave you and your husband something to focus on besides each other and airships. You always had something to talk about, once you had little Mary Elizabeth.

But a child can not really hold a marriage together. You no longer loved him, and there was no denying it. Did you ever really love him, or were you just infatuated? You were so young, so foolish...

You stayed with him for Lizzie's sake, because you had no money of your own, and because it was easy. It was not that you were not still fond of him, but it was a fondness born of years of familiarity, not due to any redeeming qualities of his.

Ironically, it was Lizzie that caused your ultimate falling out. There was never the slightest doubt in your mind that you would raise your daughter as a modern, liberated woman. Your husband knew who you were when he married you; a woman, a scientist, and a suffragette. However, he wanted to raise your daughter as a traditional, stifled, repressed, miserable British woman. It makes you feel both ill and angry when you see what that does to women. They swallow so much pain, and it turns them into bitter, cruel creatures. You do what you can to encourage them to change, to free themselves, but some of them just don't want to! You have no use for women like them, and there was absolutely no way you were going to let that happen to your little girl. The fights you had over the issue were impressive. Lizzie was going to have all the opportunities you could give her, and you didn't care what your ignorant, backward husband had to say about it.

During all of your marriage you had continued your work with your women's movement, but towards the end you had begun to focus your efforts on reforming divorce laws, for obvious reasons. The laws were ridiculous. In the case of divorce, men were given everything: the children and all the assets. It wasn't until 1839 that, thanks to the work of your friend Caroline Norton, women had even a chance of getting any access to their children, and they still had to prove that they were of "unblemished character".

Caroline was a good friend, a talented and famous writer, and a real inspiration to you. She was the granddaughter of a famous playwright and politician, but her family lived in greatly reduced circumstances. She was forced into a loveless marriage by her widowed mother for the financial security it would bring. Their marriage was a disaster: he was a dull, useless, lazy Tory MP while she was a brilliant writer and a Whig devoted to social reform. She refused to pretend to love her husband, and because of it he beat her severely. On several occasions she may have died if the servants had restrained him. She tried to leave him several times, but she always returned for the sake of her little boys.

Her husband, George Norton, made her use her friends to get him a government position after he lost his position in Parliament. Lord Melbourne, then the Home Secretary, got him an overpaid position for Caroline's sake. Caroline and Lord Melbourne became great friends. George was happy to ignore the (false) rumors of his wife having an affair with Lord Melbourne; that is, until the greedy bastard decided he could get more money out of Lord Melbourne by threatening a scandal. It actually became a public scandal as Norton and the Tories tried to blackmail Melbourne and force him out of his position!

Norton's case against Melbourne, for "alienating his wife's affections", was a complete joke. The jury did not even bother to hear Melbourne's defense before finding in his favor.

However, because of the ridiculous laws of the time, George Norton was still able to cut Caroline completely off from her children. Caroline fought tirelessly to see her children again. Her pamphlet, *The Natural Claim of a Mother to the Custody of her Children as affected by the Common Law Rights of the Father*, was the first time a woman openly challenged the discriminatory laws. Finally her efforts lead to the very first piece of feminist legislation in England, which brought some reforms to custody

laws. Her husband sent the children off to Scotland, beyond the hand of the law. It was not until their youngest child died, having not seen his mother since he was two years old, that George allowed the other boys to live with Caroline.

You and your friends continued the work of Caroline and all the other wonderful women who came before you. Eventually women could not only have access to their children in case of divorce, but they could secure separations on grounds of cruelty and claim custody of their children!

You wanted to wait until the laws were more in your favor, but when Lizzie was four, you could wait no longer. You could not stand one more day of that ridiculous situation, one more day watching your wonderful little girl be influenced by the repugnant man who sired her. You took matters into your own hands. You left. You packed up yourself and Lizzie and moved in with an artist friend of yours, planning to stay there until you could find a permanent arrangement. You took a job with the Engineering Corps. You had such great hopes then, for your future with your daughter... but it was all for naught, thanks to that hideous excuse for a human known as your former husband.

He was exceptionally angry when he discovered your letter and your absence. He apparently thought you “had no right” to do such a thing. Had no right? Did he think he *owned* you? Many of your friends reported terrifying visits from him, as he demanded to know where you and Lizzie were. Thankfully, he did not manage to find you... then.

Your divorce case was a profound miscarriage of justice. You underestimated him. He used all his connections, all his old “blokes from the war”, especially that bastard, Lord Blackwell, and his deep pockets. You were so naive! Your husband’s barister called you an unfit mother, accused you of having an affair with the friend you were staying with (utter bollocks), accused you of introducing Lizzie to inappropriate influences, to people of loose character, to rabblers and anarchists and “dangerous elements”. Complete nonsense!

It didn’t matter that none of it was true. The judge was bought and sold before it began. His ruling was worse than you could have imagined. Not only did he grant your ex-husband custody, he denied you any right to even visit her. He also ruled that *your* work, *your* airship designs, belonged entirely to your dirty husband! He said it was “ludicrous to imagine that such work could be the product of a feminine mind, especially such a depraved one”. Those words were etched in your heart that day, and they haunt you still.

You were devastated. You did the only thing that you could do - you took your daughter and ran. There was clearly no justice for you in England. You hid in France with Lizzie for three months. Every day, you wondered if it would be the last day you spent together. You were always afraid, but those days you spent together with Lizzie without John there were the best days of your life.

The last time you saw your little girl still haunts your dreams, causing you to wake in a cold sweat, screaming until the tears take over. Lizzie was screaming, calling out to you as the thugs tore her from your arms. Her face was a mash of abject terror. You barely noticed the pain of being kicked and thrown to the ground against the pain of your heart breaking in twain.

A body shouldn’t be able to continue functioning under so much pain, but somehow you kept living. Well, your lungs continued breathing and your blood continued circulating, but that is hardly living, is it? You refused to talk. What use would it do, when your fate was sealed? Not only did they lock you away, but you were banned from even *writing* to Lizzie as long as she remained a minor. Does your little girl even remember her Mama now? Does she remember how much you love her?

You had nothing when you got out. You had been very publicly shamed and the Engineering Corps wouldn’t take you back. Caroline had died and most of your friends had grown increasingly disenchanted with England and her draconian ways and had emigrated to New York, or Paris, or Munich. Besides, you despised everything about England at that point. The only good thing England had was Lizzie, and you were unable to see her. You knew your old feminist friend Marie had moved to France, and you wrote to her. She was living outside Paris, and she agreed to pay for your journey to France. When you arrived you found she had changed. She was married, with two children and another on the way. She’d put everything that had bound you together behind her. She’d become bourgeois, and flat, and boring. Her husband clearly resented you and wanted you out as soon as

possible. You looked for a way to support yourself, all the while wishing you were dead, but unwilling to carry it out, to let the bastards win by driving you to suicide.

You found a menial position in the engineering department of a French university. You were generally disrespected because of your gender, until you were transferred to work for another Professor, Henri Cavendish. His father was English, but his mother was French and he had been raised in France. He was quite interesting to you because you were interesting to him. Amazingly, he seemed to have not even a hint of the belief that men are superior to women. He was like a breath of fresh air in a world clouded with misery.

Henri and you became fast friends. Perhaps you could have been more than that, if things had gone differently, but... He turned your attention from airships, which had brought you nothing but pain, to much smaller concerns. He was using technology to create, or simulate, life! How many nights did you stay up past the sunrise, excitedly modifying the latest prototype? You felt alive again since the first time since you lost Lizzie, and the more free than you had been since before John came back from the war. Of course, nothing good ever lasts, does it? Henri came down with consumption, and you were terrified by the idea of his death. You moved into his home to care for him. You tried to hide from your fear in work, desperate to move beyond prototypes and create an actual life before Henri died. He smiled at your fervor, your devotion to helping him complete his work. You weren't willing to let him go, but you knew you were watching his own life slip away as you tried to infuse that mysterious force into your joint creation.

You moved both your beds into the workshop, abandoning the rest of the chateau. Henri and your work were all that existed in your waking world, while your dreams still belonged to Lizzie, sweet Lizzie.

Finally, you succeeded. A harsh winter was retreating in the face of spring, the snows receding as the green began to take hold again. You and Henri had created a beautiful little boy. Henri was bedridden by that point, so you brought the child to his bedside. As his eyes blinked for the first time and he looked up at Henri and you, you asked Henri to christen him. "William," he said, "after my father." The sight of his face full of such peace and happiness brought you to tears.

"Don't cry, Elizabeth," he said. "I've lived to see my work complete. It never could have happened without you. Yours is the finest mind I have ever had the singular privilege to know. Always remember that, no matter what any fool may say to you. You are a strong, brilliant woman, and you can go on without me. Teach our son well, mon cherie."

By that time your tears were cascading freely. Henri told you he was tired and needed to sleep. You kissed his forehead and went to the other side of the work room and quietly began instructing William. He was so eager to learn everything you had to tell him. Any other day it would have filled you with profound joy, but not this day.

Henri died the next day. You found yourself trying to explain complicated human emotions to little William far earlier than you had anticipated.

William was your life after that. He wanted to understand everything, and you had so much to teach him! He could easily understand math, and science, but the depths of human emotion were very confusing to him. He was very naive, and you worried about what would happen to him if he were exposed to the outside world. You loved him dearly, as much as any "real" child.

Henri left everything to you. You never left the house. You had food delivered, just as you had before Henri's death. You were so busy with William that you forgot to deal with the legal issues of Henri's death. Apparently there were significant taxes that you failed to pay. All then notices were going to the university, and you never went there.

You tried to hide William from the tax collectors. You kissed him and told him you had to put him away for a little while to keep him safe, told him you loved him, shut him down and hid him in the barn. They dragged you away and seized everything.

You spent months trying to find what happened to William, but it was impossible. They claimed they had found no such thing anywhere on the property, but he was gone when you came back. Two children lost to you! At least you know that Lizzie is being taken care of, but William! Who knows what happened to him? Is he being exploited? Is he locked away in a box still?

Has he been taken apart? Is anyone kind to him? Your poor little boy!

Your thoughts have been turning more and more to your other lost child lately, as her eighteenth birthday approaches. She will be an adult, and no one will be able to keep you from seeing her. You are afraid, though. It has been so long! Does she even remember you? Will she even consent to see you, given all the horrible things she must have heard about you all her life? He must have portrayed you as a hideous monster who wanted to corrupt her and steal her away. You can only hope she will give you the benefit of the doubt. What is she like? Has she fallen into the crushing model of a proper Lady, or does she yearn for more? What are her favorite books, her favorite foods, what is her favorite season? Does she look like you, or like her father? Does she have your beautiful singing voice?

You're going to find out soon enough, you hope. Tonight you will be a passenger on the *HMS Dauntless*, better known to you as *Phoenix*. Yes, your pig of an ex-husband has finally built *your* ship. Why have you been invited to the maiden voyage of Britain's new crown jewel of the sky? Why, because you are now head of the Her Majesty's Engineering Corps.

Yes, this is a very unexpected turn of events. You swore you would never work for them again after the way they treated you when your ex-husband destroyed your reputation, but now...

After you lost William, you turned back to airships, your first passion. You returned to Henri's university and began working on airships again. There were several other women in the department, liberated women like yourself. You found the attitudes towards women in the sciences were changing, at least in your department. Unfortunately you still have to deal with chauvinistic, horrible men. You got into a particularly severe shouting match with one bastard at a recent conference, Sidney Davis you think his name was. It had been years since anyone was so openly hostile and vulgar to you. It started out as a technical disagreement, and eventually escalated to nearly a shouting match before his friends dragged him off, muttering about unstable, emotional women. He seemed to be personally offended by your gender. While the field is certainly not integrated fully, you can't have been the first female engineer he'd met. Every time you think the world might be getting better, or your life might be getting better, something like this happens to make you even more bitter! How you want to show him and all the rest of them up! And you will, oh you will!

When her Majesty's Engineering Corps contacted you, you laughed out loud. Go back to them? Were they insane? Even if it was the most prestigious position you had ever been offered, you still hated them. Then you read on and saw their newest "achievement"... Your husband had taken your plans and implemented them. Probably he just handed them to a competent engineer to implement, because he certainly couldn't do it himself. He was calling your ship the *HMS Dauntless*. Well you were going to have none of that! You took the position, to make sure you would be on the maiden voyage, but you made certain... arrangements before you left France. The idea of your ex-husband flying around in your ship, calling it his own, makes you scream with rage. It is your ship, and you know her every weakness, including how to extravagantly disable the ship without endangering the passengers. Yes, yes, how could you leave such a flaw in the plans? Well, you were working to remove it, when your plans were so unceremoniously seized by the courts. You had a friend arrange to hire someone to sabotage the ship on her maiden flight. Your husband, and the Royal Engineering Corps, will be humiliated. It will also provide you a convenient excuse to resign from your position. Since coming on, you have been publicly criticizing the *Dauntless*, saying it will never make it to Paris, and announcing your intention to wear a parachute the entire voyage. No one seems to remember that this was *your* ship. Perhaps they all believed that hideous judge.

The Corps is quite unhappy with your behavior, but what do you care for them? You won't be with them much longer! Tonight should be glorious. You can flaunt your success in front of your ex-husband, watch him and the British Empire be publicly humiliated and... hopefully... be reunited with your daughter. You'll have to approach the situation delicately, of course, and brace yourself in case she is hostile to you, but you must find a way to win her over. She's of an age to attract suitors now, and you can only hope that she won't repeat the mistakes of her mother and fall for some fiend. If only you could find William as well...

Goals

- Reunite with your unjustly-taken daughter.
- Find William.
- Humiliate your ex-husband, and England, by sabotaging the ship.
- Make sure Lizzie's suitors are upstanding young men.
- Show the world what a woman can do!

Contacts

- Captain John Archer (Ryan Smith): Your subhuman ex-husband.
- Reginald Archer (Thomas Chamberlain): Your husband's brother, a minister.
- Lord Cornelius Blackwell (Peter Litwack): The owner of the *Dauntless*, and a horrible human being.

Memory/Event Packets

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| - Open if you see badge #239 | - Open if you see badge #235 |
| - Open if you see badge #134 | - Open if you talk with badge #235 |
| - Open at game start. | - "L Packet" |

Greensheets

- Bringing Down the Hindenberg: Airship Sabotage for the Crafty Operative

Abilities

- | | |
|-------------|--------------------|
| - Assist | - Airship Sabotage |
| - Knock Out | - Singing Lessons |
| - Wound | |

Items

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| - a list of names (in-game document) | - a party invitation (in-game document) |
|--------------------------------------|---|

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2

Captain John Archer

*"I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings."*

— John Magee

You always joked that you had two daughters, and could never decide which was the lovelier. The first, of course, is the *HMS Dauntless*, finest ship is Her Majesty's aerial navy. She boasts a groundbreaking design, a flawless construction, a talented crew, and a fine captain. Back in the Steam War, you flew smaller, lighter, slower craft. A wood and metal chassis really, with a noisy steam engine strapped to the back, and a daredevil pilot in front with nothing but an artillery piece and his training for survival in the brutal skies. You don't dwell on it too long. The Steam War is something you have mixed feelings on. On the one hand, for mere hours a day you could escape the low earth, and soar among the clouds. On the other hand, war is hell. It's not an experience you would wish on your worst enemies. Not even on your former wife. Still, you and your wingman, Lord Cornelius Blackwell, survived somehow, found a little bit of glory up in the skies, and made a lasting and deep friendship.

So you love the *HMS Dauntless* as if it were a child. And it is, to some extent. You conceived of its revolutionary design, found the creditors to finance the project, and brought this dream to life. The ship grew much as your other daughter did, dreamed up by you just a few weeks after she was born on a rainy day just over eighteen years ago. . . . The project was a small one at first, and the first few years were quite stormy. Mary was a rambunctious little girl, always getting herself into one form of trouble or another, usually involving her refusal to respect other people's possessions. You remember fondly, and often retell at dinner parties, a certain comical incident at a candy store. This must have been in '76, when Mary was but five years old. You let her wander around freely while you bought some crushed licorice for an upcoming party. When the two of you turned to leave the store, a single caramel dropped from the inside of Mary's dress. As she reached down to pick it up, a literal torrent of sweets exploded from her clothing, covering the ground. She had a dozen pounds' worth of cheap sugar, all hidden away in her clothing. You tease her about that every once in a while, in a warm fatherly way, and you and Cornelius have had many laughs about that.

She's still yours. Every day you thank God that Mary is. And the *Dauntless* as well. See, your ex-wife (this is how you like to refer to her in polite company), Elizabeth Anderson, wanted to take both of your daughters away. You can't even remember why in the nine circles of Hell you married that woman. That controlling, arrogant, sadistic harpy bitch. You're just glad the law was able to pry her bloody talons from your back. It was idyllic, wonderful at first. You, a pilot and later a war hero, and her, a brilliant engineer with the second highest ranking position in Her Majesty's Engineering Corps. Then things fell apart. You decided to design a revolutionary fleet of airships for the good of the British Empire. Excitedly, the two of you talked about designs and features for weeks, until you came up with what was later to become the *HMS Dauntless*, first of the new D-class of the Her Majesty's Aerial Navy. Of course, the *Dauntless* is a luxury ship, not a military one, but the underlying technology is still the same. But claiming the designs for the ship was not Elizabeth's greatest offense. That is reserved for her treatment of Mary. You love your daughter, and want her to grow up to be a respectable young lady. But your ex-wife had other ideas. She was a part of some "feminist movement", which as far as you can tell is an excuse for women to act like rude men. She wanted to make Mary like some sort of free spirited street woman, like some common whore. You can't fully comprehend it, even. She always tried to get her to wear boys' clothes and play violent games and do other things not suitable for decent young ladies. When you married Elizabeth, you had no idea you were actually sharing wedding rings with the spawn of Lucifer. You wanted her to cook dinner, and teach your lovely daughter how to be a decent lady. But she fell deeper into the bizarre - she wanted to have all sorts of disreputable deviants in your house, and she even took Mary to a suffragette demonstration!

Living became unbearable. You became morose, and more reserved, and took to the bottle. Heavily. How could you bring up such faults in open conversation? If she didn't know her mistakes, you certainly weren't going to tell her. You two argued constantly, and her insistence that she dreamed up the designs to the ship began to grate on your ever-thinning nerves. One day you came home to find her things missing and a terse angrily worded note. Mary was four at the time, and you hope she doesn't

remember her terrible mother. You ransacked London looking for your daughter, and when you couldn't find her, resorted to the courts. You sought a divorce. Hell, the Anglican Church itself is founded on divorce. A bitter custody battle ensued, over your daughter and your designs. Thank heaven you had Lord Blackwell to stand with you in court and your brother help you keep your sanity. Elizabeth raged and lied and called you names unmentionable in a polite setting. But the law prevailed. Mary was yours to raise, and so was the *Dauntless*. You daresay you've done a splendid job with both.

You're not really sure what Elizabeth has done in the interim, but you heard about her recent appointment to the position of President of Her Majesty's Engineering Corps, much to your surprise. It has been almost fifteen years, though, and the men in charge now never knew the harpy in her heyday. Not that Mary should know any of this. Last time she saw her mother, Elizabeth kidnapped her and took her to France. You were insane with worry. Thankfully Lord Blackwell stood by you and went with you to France to track them down. After three months she was found by some locals you had hired. The British courts sent her to prison and banned her from contacting Mary as long as she remained a minor. Mary has been told that her mother passed away, and seems to intuitively know not to ask questions, but you can't help but wonder if she ever thinks about her mother. What a horrible role model she would be. Better off dead in the child's mind, than around to corrupt her. But, like you said, Mary has been blossoming nicely. You hired a new tutor for her a few weeks ago, to continue her voice lessons. Mary sings like an angel, and she's only getting better. You hope this lady, Judy Watson, will teach her how to be a proper lady. You'll be watching to make sure. In fact, Mary is beginning to get suitors. This would be exciting if they didn't seem so Goddamn... lewd. The culture of this country has fallen, you're sure of that, since you were a young man. When you courted Elizabeth - curse the day you ever decided upon that track! - you did all a gentlemen ought to have done. You brought her flowers, called upon her to join you and your family at operas and dinners, asked her parents permission to marry her, and in general conducted yourself in a way that made your heritage, education and bloodline clear to all. In fact, you fear Mary has an eye for Sidney, your foul-mouthed head engineer. That's not right at all. Sidney is a fine strong man who knows the ship better than you do, but he's from a lower class than what is fit for Mary. He could never do. It's times like this you regret that Lord Blackwell didn't have a son.

You felt so honored when the British government decided to publicize the maiden voyage of your ship, although you're sure your war buddy Lord Blackwell had a hand in this. He's a politician, and a powerful one, in the House of Lords. Practically the de facto leader of the Conservative Party. You've been proudly voting the Conservative ticket for two decades now. Lord Major, the prominent leader of the Labour Party, will also be there. What shocked you, though, was that your ex-wife, in her position as President of such an influential and relevant group, decided to come herself. You haven't seen her in almost fourteen years, and will at least try to be civil, even though you hear she has been publicly speaking ill of the ship. The full passenger list is in your pocket now, and you keep thumbing through it. Your brother Reginald happens to be minister to Lord Major's family, and is coming, too. He's a fine man of God, and though he's been travelling all over the world recently, you're glad to have him back. He looks different, though, as of late. You wouldn't say sickly, but something has changed in his demeanor. Perhaps he saw things in the savage lands across the Ocean that civilized men were not supposed to see. Perhaps his heart is heavy from some unspoken burden. You've been meaning to speak with him, and maybe you can find some time off to talk with him. Nonetheless, you're ecstatic to have him on board, and to have had him staying with you lately. He sees Mary so rarely nowadays, and you're sure there is no better influence on a young woman than a caring Anglican priest. He always took care of Mary when she was younger and you had to travel away from home.

But this should be a fun flight. You have an excellent list of distinguished passengers, and a fine crew. Really, the only thing you need to worry about is running the Dedication in the middle of the flight. The ship is to be dedicated to the glory of England and the Queen. And while you're sure Cornelius will give a wonderful speech, you still haven't really thought of an introduction. You're sure Lady Major's display of the Neptune's Tear, and your brother's Convocation will go off splendidly. Oh, about that. Lady Major's security detail locked the Tear in a hard to get into box and given it to her. Half of the locks can be opened by you, and the other half by her. Sort of a dual security system. You're not entirely sure why - it's not like there are thieves on board. Besides, you're really much more interested in Mary's singing than anything else. She has the voice of an angel, you tell anyone who will stand still long enough to hear. A voice somewhat like Elizabeth's, but you don't dwell on that. Your ex-wife

had some strange, “liberated” way of singing, and you wouldn’t want Mary to get any ideas. The current music tutor seems to be fine, though you’re tone deaf and can’t really tell. She’d better be fine. You’re paying a pretty amount of pence for her.

Oh. Your heart grows weak again, and you need to sit down. Back in the Steam War - there was a time when your ship was shot down by enemy fire. Your parachute jammed, and you landed on the coast of France, the twisted jagged metal exploding all around you and impaling your broken body. When you awoke in a military hospital, you learned that it was Lord Blackwell who fought off a half dozen French airships, landed next to you, defeated a few land-based forces with his survival hatchet, clawed and dragged you out of that melted ship, and flew back to Britain just in time to save your life. Your old war wounds overcome you sometimes. You used to take drugs, opium in particular, to dull the numbing pain in your bones while young. You remember the months after the war filled with that unfeeling everpresent black haze, one which it took God to pull you out of, and marry your wife, and raise your daughter. But you’re not young anymore, and some of the old pains have been returning more and more frequently. But this is just a four-hour journey to Paris. Surely you’ll be okay in the meanwhile. Old soldiers never die, Lord Blackwell told you once. They just fade away...

Goals

- Ensure that the maiden voyage of the *HMS Dauntless* is a peaceful, safe success.
- Preside over the Dedication, and make sure those that are a part of it are ready.
- Compose a speech for the Dedication.

Notes

- You are the captain of the ship. Act like it.
- The Dedication is scheduled to take place two and a half hours after takeoff.
- No suitor of Mary’s who can’t prove to you that they are a gentleman can ever have your blessing.

Contacts

- Mary Elizabeth Archer (Anne-Sophie Bine): Your daughter, whom you love more than life and flight itself. Well, maybe just life. She has just turned eighteen years old.
- Lord Cornelius Blackwell (Peter Litwack): The two of you go a long way back.
- Sidney Davis (Kelsey Risi): A crude, tempestuous young man, but a loyal worker, and one of the best engineers you know.
- Judy Watson (Maddie Bouton): Mary’s music and literature teacher.
- Elizabeth Anderson (Lou Graniou): Your estranged wife. You don’t want her influencing your daughter.
- Reginald Archer (Thomas Chamberlain): Your brother, a good upstanding man.
- William (Gael Colas): A small boy who shovels coal in the back your the ship.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open at game start.
- X Packet
- If you see **item # 35-C** or **item # 152**.

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- First Aid
- Assist
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Disarm
- Restrain
- Bare-Handed Knock Out

Items

- A Ceremonial Sword (67)
- A large well-weathered key. (30)
- a list of names (in-game document)
- a party invitation (in-game document)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 3

Mary Elizabeth Archer

“The restlessness that comes upon girls on summer evenings results in lasting trouble unless it is speedily controlled. The right kind of man does not look for a wife on the streets, and the right kind of girl waits till the man comes to her home for her.”

– Sedalia Times

Daddy always said that young ladies are best when they are seen and not heard. When they are quiet, polite, reserved, and utterly unambitious. “No man will want to marry a female version of himself”, he’s fond of saying. “A man wants to marry a **lady**: one who conducts herself at all times with the utmost of grace, charm, decorum, and civility.” You’ve certainly tried to be your father’s daughter. Every morning you awake to a long day of the three pinnacles of young womanhood: music, history and etiquette lessons to be learned from some fastidious and stern tutor. You enjoy the first of these much more than the last two. You’ve always had this wonderful voice, one capable of stunning crowds of listeners and bringing tears of joy to your instructors. You have amazing range, strength, control and stage presence, and it is something of which you are very proud. So you sing for two hours every morning, and the songbirds outside chirp happily with you, before going on to endure the rest of the day’s lessons. Your voice hath charms to tame the savagest beast, Daddy likes to say, pretending to be pompous. He is a serious man, though, and insists on you knowing your European history as well as the historians of the thick dusty books he has you read. He fought in the Steam War, he constantly reminds you, and understands the value of not letting history repeat itself. Sometimes you worry for him. Daddy has so much on his shoulders nowadays ever since he decided to oversee the construction and maiden voyage of the *HMS Dauntless*. He forgets that his doctor told him to try to live a calm life. He suffers from some internal condition ever since a terrible accident during the War that pierced his body with little bits of metal. You’ve asked him about it, but he says the story is not becoming for a young lady to hear, and you don’t press the issue.

But you know how much this voyage means to Daddy, even if he doesn’t want to admit it. He thinks of this as his greatest project ever, and to be honest, he is so involved with it, he has even started paying less attention to you. This newest tutor that he hired, Miss Watson, she’s decent, but it’s nothing compared to the stellar instruction you have received previously. She is a fine lady, and reasonably intelligent, but it always seems like her mind is elsewhere. The problem is, you’re not sure what she what she is constantly thinking about all the time, if her job is to tutor you. Even her singing is a little strange. She sometimes seems like she’s not entirely sure what she’s doing, but father hired her, so you obediently train under her. A strange lady. One of her actions caught your eye, recently. As she passed by you in the hallway, you could swear that as her skirt moved along the ground, you saw a small stilleto tied to her ankle. You’re sure father would not approve, and you’ve been meaning to ask her about it. Despite this oddity, Miss Watson is just as easy to fool as the others about your nighttime activities. See, very few people know that there is a whole other side to you. While the rest of the house is asleep, you sneak out by climbing down the tree branch outside your window, and go out exploring the night. You can’t quite explain it, but since an early age you’ve had this most strong desire to *take things*. Not necessarily valuable or expensive things, but things you are not supposed to have. You take other people’s things, while they aren’t paying attention. It’s so much easier than you could have imagined, and so fun and liberating. You’ve taught yourself to be a pretty decent pickpocket and lockpick at this point, with no small amount of heists under your belt. You’re not sure what Daddy or Miss Watson would say if they found out that you are a thief come night fall, but you are determined not to let them find out.

It’s been harder and harder to go out at night, because your uncle, the Vicar, has been staying with you. For some reason he has decided that your virtue is his to preserve. You love your uncle. He has helped take care of you ever since you were a small girl, ever since your mother died. His silly antics, like falling asleep outside your door, and requesting a bedroom next to yours, just make you giggle and blush. But then again, he has been looking a little out of sorts lately. Ever since he came back from America, there have been dark shadows under his eyes, which seem to melt away every time he hears you singing. Uncle looks very grave when he talks to you, and goes on at length about how vile and mean the world outside Daddy’s protective environment can be. Little does he realize how much you know about such a world! Well, not about the aspects that have to do

with men, of course! You turn scarlet red at the thought. You may be a thief, but you're still a *lady*, you tell yourself. But Uncle looks paler and more world-weary than usual since he got back from traveling abroad, so you try to be nice to him.

Well, you have met someone. But you're not sure Daddy would approve. His name is Evan Bryce, and he's a businessman of no small import who's been making subtle gestures that he's contemplating asking your hand in marriage. The fact that he is a *nouveua riche*, and not some refined class of noble, might offend Daddy's sensibilities, but you don't much care. He's nice and polite and charming, but almost too much so. You sense something in him, something he is trying to hide, whether he knows it or not. Something exciting and wild like you, but all of your attempts to bring it out have been in vain. You sigh. A very nice man, but certainly not worth marrying. If only he could crack safes or break into banks, then you would swoon in an instant. Instead, you think nothing of the kind could ever come from him. He's too clean, too proper, too bent on impressing your father. Oh, well. He's still got time to lighten up. You're not done trying, and you will never marry a stuffy noble if you can help it. Luckily, he'll be along with you on the voyage, and you can have some fun with him there. You like him so much, you even stole his pocket watch while he wasn't looking! Maybe you can taunt him with it at some point. If father ever found out, he'd toss you off the ship...

Oh, speaking of the voyage! Do you ever have plans for the voyage! First of all, Daddy wants you to perform in a short solo concert for the guests during the Dedication of the maiden voyage. This should be easy, but you've been feeling a little sore in the throat lately, and your pitch is not entirely on. You definitely will need to get Miss Watson or somebody else to rehearse with you at least several times before the performance. Second, and this is has kept you awake giggling at night, several nobles will be on board. One of their wives, Lady Gwendolyn Major, is scheduled to display her world famous necklace, "Neptune's Tear", shortly before your performance. As soon as you saw it in the newspaper, you realized that you had to have it. Absolutely had to. And this is your chance. You know that Lady Major has to remove it at least at once tonight to show to people, and you should plan around that time - and steal it either before or after its presentation.

If Daddy ever caught wind of this, he would probably be very upset, and frown and mumble something about there being too much of your mother in you, then say some words a young lady should never repeat as long as she lives, even in the company of drunk sailors (not that a young lady should ever be in the company of drunk sailors, Uncle warns!). You wonder about her - your mother. What was she like, before she passed away? In private, Uncle has told you that your voice is as beautiful as hers was, that you sing just like her, and that there are other qualities of her in you. You have to admit you're terribly curious, but what girl wouldn't be?

You have some memories of your mother... You remember standing at a parade with her, holding her hand and gazing up at her... she was so beautiful and strong in your eyes, and you thought she could do anything... but she couldn't live to see you grow up. You know it wasn't her fault, but sometimes you almost blame her for leaving you. It's been hard growing up with your only older female role models being distant and stuffy tutors. If only your mother were still alive. Some of your memories of her are confusing... people shouting and fighting, and you sobbing... maybe your parents were fighting? Were people talking in French? You've never been able to ask your father, of course. You can't imagine what she could have done to hurt father so. You can see instantly why she married him, though. The old faded photographs show quite a cutting image of a wartime hero, scruffy, rude and aggressive, with the world before him and laughter all around. You want a man like that. Better yet, you sometimes want to *be* like that. But nobody would ever approve such a thing, and you're ashamed for thinking it. Maybe this is why you like Sidney, one of the engineers who flies the *Dauntless*, so much. He's always cursing and drinking and covered with oil and grime and having a good time. You gave him a kiss once in the boiler room, and he was so shocked that he jumped three feet in the air, hit his head on a pipe, and rolled down a flight of stairs. So from now on you always try to give him a hard time and flirt with him. Just as long as father isn't watching...

Goals

- Train up for your singing performance at the Commemoration.
- Steal the Neptune's Tear!

Notes

- Despite your larcenous activities, everybody still thinks you're a Daddy's girl. You're sort of trying to keep up the appearance.
- There's little you wouldn't do to see Evan loosen up a bit. . .

Contacts

- Captain John Archer (Ryan Smith): Beloved Daddy. You fear for his health almost as much as he fears for your upraising.
- Sidney Davis (Kelsey Risi): A cute engineer who works down in the mechanical section of the ship. He's certainly much more exciting than Evan...
- Judy Watson (Maddie Bouton): Your unimpressive music, history and etiquette tutor.
- Evan Bryce (Bobby Pragad): Marriage material. If only he weren't so boring and proper.
- Lord Cornelius Blackwell (Peter Litwack): One of Daddy's wartime friends who accompanies Daddy almost everywhere.
- Reginald Archer (Thomas Chamberlain): Your Uncle, and a stern righteous man.
- Daniel Cole (Matthew Ventures): A strange man your Uncle brought back from America
- William (Gael Colas): The adorable little boy who works on your father's ship. He's always with Sidney. Not only is Sidney cute, he's also good with children!

Memory/Event Packets

- Open at game start.
- If you see **item # 35-C** or **item # 152**.
- If you see **item # 35-B**.
- **DS Packet**
- "L Packet"
- **SP Packet**. Open when you use your "Singing Performance" ability.

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- Assist
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Pick Lock
- Singing Performance

Items

- Song Book (267)
- A finely crafted pocket watch (46)
- a list of names (in-game document)
- a party invitation (in-game document)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 1
- β : 0
- α : 0
- ϕ : 2

Reginald Archer

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Proverbs 16:32

You have always thought that the Lord sends a person no more suffering or temptation than He knows they can withstand. He does not punish, He tests. In light of the trial you find yourself in, either He has a much higher opinion of you than you do of yourself, or your prized axiom is incorrect, and you have transgressed gravely from the path of the righteous.

You have recently returned to England, your beloved homeland, and are currently staying with your brother, John Archer, and your niece, Mary Elizabeth Archer. The Archer family is a small one, but close-knit by bonds of love. It would have been larger, perhaps, had the bond between John and his former wife Elizabeth, been as strong. She was quite a match for your brother, with a vibrant personality, a brilliant mind, and a voice to bring men to tears, in song or in rage. Sadly, the war and the birth of little Mary Elizabeth engendered enough differences between them that they sought divorce. John was granted custody of Mary Elizabeth, but his former wife wanted the child for herself and ran off with her. They were found a few months later after great effort on the part of your brother and his good friend, Lord Cornelius Blackwell. Elizabeth was sent to prison and banned from contacting the child, which was perhaps a bit overharsh. You've heard nothing of his wife since. Your brother prefers that way, and although you have urged him to thank God for both the happy times in his marriage and the lessons learned from duress, he has never mentioned Elizabeth since then without spite. In fact, he's gone so far as to tell his daughter that Elizabeth is dead.

Your sleep is plagued with horrifying dreams - your family or friends, gutted and shredded, victims of a madman. The nightmares, only troublesome at first, acquired such a persistence and regularity that your temper began to strain. You've always tried to walk the path of a good man, kind, caring, a steady one for others to rest against in their times of need. But now, where you tried to find the good that God has placed in every person and situation, you see little besides sin, or corruption creeping towards innocence.

Mary Elizabeth is a splendid young woman now, nearing marrying age. John has raised her well, and protected her from harm and worry without fail - which is, oddly, a cause of concern for you. Mary Elizabeth is of the age when certain, ah... *concerns* arise, and with John being preoccupied with both the launching of *The Dauntless* and finding a suitable husband for his daughter, you have taken it upon yourself to make sure Mary Elizabeth stays free from any undue influences, any... inappropriate contact. Perhaps you are doting, a little, but you have no children of your own, and are every bit as protective of her as her father.

In fact, you've been nearby for all her life; when John departs on hazardous tours of duty, you're the one who cares for her, so perhaps it is not so foolish to feel more like a second father than merely an uncle. The longest you've been away from Elizabeth was during your recent trip to America.

Several of your friends from seminary now live there, and one of them invited you to visit for a time. You jumped at the prospect, and planned a lengthy trip to visit several of your old friends and assist them with their frontier churches. It was invigorating, discussing theology with old friends and new faces, but also exciting to see a new part of the world, even one as rough and largely uncultured as the American countries are. You were even one bitten by some sort of wild animal, a coyote, it was called, for goodness sake!

One of the new faces you've met is Daniel Cole, who is quite possibly a philosophical genius despite his humble station. He helped you out of a nasty confrontation with some ruffians - he cuts quite an imposing figure, with those clanking metal legs of his - and when his philosophical aptitude came to light in your following conversation, you invited him to come with you to meet the friend you were staying with. You and Daniel became friends quite quickly, and he traveled with you on the later part of your trip through America, serving as guide, guard, and rhetorical sparring partner. Not only does he hold a number of very radical views, but he's also a former Christian - he's said a number of times that he was quite faithful when he was younger. You've dedicated yourself to the cause of returning him to the arms of the Lord.

Unfortunately, you are frustrated in this regard by his recent fascination with the works of Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, chiefly his novel "Ragnarok". It advocates the most bizarre doctrine, exhorting the common man to rise up against those of higher station, and then goes so far as to suggest that this will create a wholesome, peaceful country! It's as if someone had suggested that people could build houses by dashing rocks and trees to pieces upon the ground! But Daniel doesn't see any of that. He sees only the promise of a brighter life for the downtrodden. His eyes light up with an inspired fire when he argues in his defense - a fire you know should be kindled instead by a holy faith in the Lord. Curse that damnable man and his poisonous writings! To prey upon the misfortunate by offering them false hope and appealing to their basest instincts! To cause a straying son to tarry longer from the Flock! You're not prone to such outbursts, but the injustice and raw deception... it makes your blood seethe.

You thought it was the strain at first, from those terrible dreams, but you know now that this... emotion cannot possibly be natural. It's *always* there, sometimes a slight grating of annoyance at the base of your skull, sometimes temple-pounding rage. Directed at anyone. Everyone. Were it not for your faith in God, your unshakable adherence to the ideals of the Savior, you would have certainly by now taken a knife and sought to kill your brother, or - Heaven forfend - Mary Elizabeth, to rend their corpses until they matched their state in your dreams. And, you fear, the faith that has steered you through your life, through trial after trial, may be slipping.

A few weeks ago, you received a telegram from John, saying that his grand project, *The Dauntless* had finally been completed and the British government was sponsoring its maiden flight to Paris on New Year's Eve. You cut your trip short, knowing how much this event meant to your brother, and invited Daniel to come with you, since he had mentioned a desire to see England. You hope he takes well to your homeland.

You are overjoyed to be reunited with John and Mary Elizabeth. It would seem she has acquired suitors since you left. While you wish for her to know the joys of matrimony and family, it is imperative that she wed only the best. Marriage is forever, and you would not have your darling niece forever chained to a man you have not thoroughly vetted. One of her suitors, Evan Bryce, you have not yet met, though you are told he will be on tonight's voyage. John has expressed his concern that one of the ship's crew, a young man named Sidney Davis, may be pursuing Mary Elizabeth. You do not think his station is equal to hers, but you are willing to give him a chance to prove himself. There is no need for Mary Elizabeth to rush into marriage, and if neither of these men are an appropriate mate, well, there are plenty more.

Another item of minor annoyance has come up. John has recently hired a new music tutor for Mary - Judy Watson, whom you've taken a passive interest in. Not only does she seem to be a lower quality instructor than some of the previous stars John has hired, but something is different about this one. You're not sure what it is that you sense, but you don't like it. She seems... like a dirty girl. Like she could blend into the dirt of the streets if not for her dress and manners and station. You've been trying to be careful about judging, lest ye be judged yourself, but your feeling about this one is unmistakable. She's hiding something. But John has entrusted the raising of his daughter into the hands of this young woman, and that is good enough for you, you think.

Sidney's assistant, William, is a delightful young child, and surprisingly intelligent for a coal-shoveler. Sidney has been aiming to train the lad as an engineer, despite his youth, but you can see even greater potential in him. You're determined to encourage him to take an interest in religion - if he did, you're sure he'd become a pastor of great renown. But you're no longer certain that *you* are fit to teach him. Not with this darkness plaguing your thoughts.

Why, God? Why has He seen fit to visit this curse upon you? What presence dwells inside you that images and impulses of slaughter visit you without end?

What purpose could such a trial serve?

Goals

- Return Daniel to the true path.
- Tend to the religious wellbeing of the passengers of the *Dauntless* as needed.
- Keep ahold of yourself...

- Encourage Billy to explore his faith.
- Help your friend Lady Gwendolyn Major through her difficult times.

Contacts

- Captain John Archer (Ryan Smith): Your brother, captain of the ship. A fine man.
- Mary Elizabeth Archer (Anne-Sophie Bine): Your niece, a proper young woman, whom you feel responsible for. She has just turned eighteen.
- Daniel Cole (Matthew Ventures): A recent traveling companion and friend. You want to reconvert him to Christianity. It seems that he recently damaged his mechanical legs.
- Judy Watson (Maddie Bouton): Mary's music tutor. You don't have a terribly high opinion of her.
- William (Gael Colas): A young boy who works with the ship's engineer. You couldn't bear the thought of any harm coming to a child like him.
- Sidney Davis (Kelsey Risi): The ship's engineer, a loud, brash young man.
- Elizabeth Anderson (Lou Graniou): John's former wife. You're not sure how her presence is going to play out.
- Jean-Baptiste Rousseau (John Schwartz): A horrific man who misuses his talent for writing to delude the misfortunate.
- Lady Gwendolyn Major (Phoebe Oathout): One of your parishoners, a very devout woman, but also very strict - she's had a hard time raising her children, and often came to you for help. Her eldest son was obsessed with his sinful nature, and tragically took his own life. Poor Lady Major was never the same. Her two younger children are no longer living at her home and she refuses to say what happened to them. You wish you could help her more in her trials, though you know her faith in the Almighty will see her through.
- Lord David Lloyd Major (Winfield J. Brown): Lady Major's husband, a prominent politician. He does not seem to be as devout as his wife. Still, you wish to help their family in anyway you can.
- Evan Bryce (Bobby Pragad): A young man seeking Mary Elizabeth's hand in marriage. Only a true gentleman will do for dear Mary.

Memory/Event Packets

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------|
| - Open at game start | - Badge # 539 |
| - W Packet | - "L Packet" |

Greensheets

- Leashing the Beast Within: Grace and Sin

Abilities

- | | |
|-------------|---------------------------|
| - Preach | - Knock Out |
| - First Aid | - Wound |
| - Assist | - Psych Lim: Beast Within |

Items

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| - A Cane (62) | - a list of names (in-game document) |
| - Bible (777) | - a party invitation (in-game document) |

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|---|
| - Combat Rating: | 2 | - Grace: | 0 |
| - Sin: | 0 | | |

Evan Bryce

"You play your cards so close to your chest, that I'm not sure that they're really cards at all."

– Neil Gaiman, American Gods

Your uncle had warned you that this would happen someday. "There comes a time in a man's life where the chance to be something great appears in front of him. The trick is to know when that moment comes and grab hold of it and run," he'd say to you, when you were a young boy sitting on his lap as he worked the books.

You were born in Aberdyfi, Wales, the second son of the village tailor. Your elder brother, Owen, was the one to inherit your father's business, which left you with little options in what to do. So when your Uncle Bran, a merchant, offered to take you under his wing, you jumped at the chance to escape a life in a little sheep-herding village. Your father, knowing that your spirit yearned for the bigger world, gave Bran his blessing in teaching you a merchant's trade, and you left home at the age of ten.

However, what your father didn't know, and you're fairly certain he would never had let you go if he had, was Uncle Bran's connections to a less-than-savory business world. While he did own and operate a rather successful silk and tea shipping fleet to the eastern colonies, his more lucrative business ventures involved the transport of a far more illegal substance: opium. So, at the tender age of ten, you were introduced to the fiscal, political, and territorial battleground known as the international underground. At your uncle's knee, you learned the tricks of the trade, from money laundering and creative accounting to knife fighting to smuggling. You grew up in two worlds, one as the apprentice of a respected cloth merchant and one as the nephew and heir of the boss of one of the largest opium rings in the British Empire.

To complete the image of respectability, Uncle Bran made sure you received the best education money could buy in the form of private tutors (who knew of Bran's ties to the underworld and were trusted members of the organization, of course) in every subject a respectable young man should have a firm grasp in. You learned your lessons well. When you were twelve, some men hired by Bran's rivals cornered you while you were closing up the shop for the day. They wanted to send a message to your uncle in the most brutal way possible, which probably involved your corpse showing up on his doorstep. Unfortunately for them, you had paid attention during your daily lessons in combat just as much as you did during all your other lessons.

You were a very studious child.

Bran found you sitting in the shop when you didn't come home right away, two bodies in a nearby alleyway and your knife, still bloody, laying at your feet. He said nothing, only picked up the knife and cleaned it before holding it out to you. When you didn't take it back, he picked you up and carried you home. You still remember that night, sitting on his lap by the fire, not trying to make light of the fact that you had killed two men, but that it had been necessary for your survival, that he had been only a few years older than you when he had been forced to kill for the first time. It was at that moment you realized why his rivals had tried to attack you to harm him: you were his heir, and more than that, you were like the son he never had. You understood why he had taken you away from Aberdyfi in the first place, because he saw himself in you.

After that, Bran kept you at his side as much as he was able. You went to meetings with smugglers and helped arrange deals on opium prices. You started managing the books of both the cloth and opium enterprises. You still remember Uncle Bran's look of absolute shock when you brought in a plan of how to increase profits by 8% simply by reorganizing the budget and keeping better track of where some of the expenses went. He took one look at it, declared you a genius, and implemented it right away. At the age of sixteen, he placed you in charge of managing local operations. You gained a reputation in circles as someone not to be taken lightly, and earned the respect of those under your uncle who now reported to you despite your age.

That respect proved useful when you were nineteen. Bran had gone out on one of his "business trips", leaving you in charge. When he was two days late with no word as to why, you knew something had gone wrong. The next day, one of the men who had gone with your uncle staggered into the shop, dirty, exhausted, and clutching his left arm, which was flaked with dried blood. The deal had gone sour. Bran had tried to be a reasonable man, but the other men would not see reason. The man standing in your

shop had been ordered by your uncle to get away and bring word to you. The following day, a copper appeared on your doorstep. Bran Bryce had been found floating face-down in a river, with several stab wounds. Following the funeral, you took over both enterprises fully, as Bran had left everything he owned to you. There had been some initial grumbling, but any resistance to your authority was quickly stamped out by yourself and those whose respect you had earned.

Overall, things went smoothly for the next few years, other than the clashes and turf wars between rival rings that had become boringly mundane to you. You knew exactly how to manipulate people for the most favorable outcome for yourself and your businesses, which is why you were so damned good at what you do. In some ways, it was like a game to you. You were one of the most powerful men in the underworld, but the picture of respectability in more legit circles. You can wine and dine all the movers and shakers, maneuver with the best of them, and read all the right books, even ones on the cutting edge. One recent book you've read was the international bestseller by Jean-Baptiste Rousseau. Originally, you picked up for some light reading (and for social conversation), but as you read it, you started seeing what the book was *really* talking about: classes in society. Well. You know all about **that**. But what a novel and interesting way to discuss what really goes on with the lower classes! Why, it goes right under the noses of the nobility. Of course, you, with a foot in both worlds, could work these ideas to your advantage. And did you ever. Despite your humble origins in the Welsh countryside (which some fools still brought up to try to make you look inferior), your money allowed you access to the circles frequented by nobility and a place among them.

It was at one such gathering that you were introduced to a vision of beauty that haunts you still. Her name is Mary Elizabeth Archer, and a finer example of the fairer sex you have never laid eyes upon. Like most of the young women you have met in these circles, she is all that a lady of her social standing should be: refined, graceful, and charming to the utmost degree. But what set Mary apart from the rest was the spark in her eyes, a sense of life and spunk that was missing from all the others. There is something about her that seems to be just lurking beneath the surface, and that something draws you to her like a moth to light.

Except, she's the daughter of John Archer, one of the most respected veterans of the Steam War and a noble to boot. The only way to win her hand is to be exactly the kind of man her intimidating father would want for his only daughter, which means you are using every trick in the book to appear as the most charming, refined, polite, genteel young man any father could ask for. Above all else, for God's sake, he *must not* find out about your opium ring! You have enough trouble with having appeared to have earned your money with the cloth and tea trade; there would be no chance in hell if John found out a crime boss wanted to marry his daughter.

And Emilia Genevieve Bryce is with you. A whore you hired last night who decided to stick around. You put her on the guest list for now, but really you just want her gone so you can concentrate on Mary. You've been passing her off as your sister - even got her on the guest list at the last minute.

In addition to playing a potentially dangerous game in social circles, there might be some trouble brewing in the underworld. You think it might be one of your rivals trying to bring you down, but in any case, you aren't happy about it. It happened a few weeks ago. You were making a routine check of a few warehouses, touching base with your managers and catching up with some of the workers, when out of nowhere you hear this steady clanking, like metal hitting the dock. You turn around and there's this man screaming at you as he charges at you wielding a gun. You've never managed to forget your training, and so on reflex, you pull out your own gun and fire off a few shots at his legs. You didn't want to kill him before you got some answers, so you were aiming to disable him. To your amazement, the shots ricocheted off. You aren't an idiot, so when you saw that your shots did nothing, you ran. (Thankfully, for the sake of your business, your managers and men got the right idea and fled as well) From the accent you caught from the obscenities he yelled at you, you're guessing he's an American. Figures it would be someone so uncultured. But why the hell would an American be sent after you? It doesn't make any sense. Perhaps it might be a good idea to find someone to start training as an apprentice, just in case. Uncle Bran always extolled the virtue of anticipation. If someone's out to get you, make it out alive and make sure that your business doesn't get hurt. There are a lot of good men working for you, and the last thing they deserve is someone ruining their lives because they don't care.

In addition to worrying about some bloody American trying to kill you, you've gotten some intel from some very reliable

sources about a bit of a business opportunity that's cropped up. Someone is attempting to get at the diamonds in South Africa, and this time, they seem to have a plan of how to make it work. If you could get your hands on a claim to it, this could be the biggest thing that happened to your opium ring since the invention of the airship. Just as important is a recent deal you've made with Lord Blackwell: only the biggest, and most dangerous, opium run you've ever done. A shipment of opium from London to Paris, smuggled onboard (courtesy of Lord Blackwell, who'll let you know where it is after takeoff) the luxury airship *HMS Dauntless* on its maiden voyage. Not only is this being done on a high-profile airship, but on the airship captained by John no less!

There are so many things that can possibly go wrong, but you're always up for a challenge. So it's going to take all of your considerable skill and knowledge, not to mention every trick in the book, to pull this off successfully *and* not destroy everything both Bran Bryce and yourself have worked towards. Evan is going to be a name that will be respected throughout the international underworld, and you can think of no finer way to do it than this.

Goals

- Make sure the opium shipment gets to Paris safely, by meeting with Blackwell.
- Try to win Mary's hand and her father, John's approval.
- Secure the deal for the diamond mining operation in South Africa.

Notes

- People think you are a respectable businessman, not an opium dealer.

Contacts

- Mary Elizabeth Archer (Anne-Sophie Bine): The beautiful young woman you are courting. There's just something about her...
- Captain John Archer (Ryan Smith): Mary's father, the captain of the *HMS Dauntless*; an intimidating man whom you're trying your hardest to impress.
- Lord Cornelius Blackwell (Peter Litwack): He's the guy who's paying you to stick your neck out on the biggest opium run you've ever done. He's also the guy who got all the opium onboard, and is supposed to tell you where it is.
- William (Gael Colas): He's the little boy who works on this airship. He reminds you of yourself at that age a bit. You've been mentoring him a bit, the poor child seems somewhat lost.
- Emilia Genevieve Bryce (Kendra Beckler): A lady friend you brought with you today for company.
- Jean-Baptiste Rousseau (John Schwartz): The author of one of the more recent books you've read. He has some interesting ideas.

Memory/Event Packets

- If you see Badge 353
- Open at the start of game
- Open ten minutes into game
- "L Packet"
- PI Packet

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- Assist
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Disarm
- Restrain
- Advanced Knife Proficiency

Items

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| - A Knife (60) | - a list of names (in-game document) |
| - A pinch of opium (666) | - a party invitation (in-game document) |
| - A pinch of opium (666) | - a mysterious letter (in-game document) |

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|------------|---|
| - Combat Rating: | 2 | - ϕ : | 1 |
|------------------|---|------------|---|

Daniel Cole

"In war, a man does not have to be killed or wounded to become a casualty. His life, his sight, or limbs are not the only things he stands to lose."

– Philip Caputo

It was on July 16 that you lost your faith. All your life, you prayed to God like Mom and Pop taught you. Even when you were out on the plains, running supply lines and escorting cargo cross Texas, every Sunday you got down on your knees and prayed like you were in Church listening to the Preacher, just like you did when you were a little boy. No one gave you any trouble for it, either. No, holding onto that faith like you did was a wonder out there. Made you more of a man, someone the younger boys could look up to. They said you'd probably be a preacher if you didn't love the job so much.

Until the Incident, that is.

It was supposed to be a routine transport. The folks down in the CSA wanted some of the new toys the engineers up in the USA had cooked up. So, just like every other time, the imports came down through the way of Texas. Transport with you as the middleman always ended with a pretty penny for you, so of course you took the job. Take the crates across the plains, drop it off in Louisiana, get paid.

Except, of course, that didn't happen. It was getting hot, hotter than it had been in years previous. You were riding close to the transport, hoping to get at least some margin of shade. No one told you that the assholes who ordered the stuff actually ordered explosives. No, they wanted it to be hushed up. The goddamned idiots never told you that you were carrying explosives through a desert during record highs, because they couldn't be bothered to pay the extra it would have cost to do the job safely.

You lost both your legs in the explosion. God wasn't there to save you from the fire, from the shrapnel, from the pain. You had lived your life like how you were told God wanted you to, and where was He when you needed him the most? If He existed, He was off somewhere the hell else, that's for sure. He apparently didn't give a damn about you. And if He couldn't be bothered to give a damn about you, you sure as hell wouldn't be bothered to give a damn about Him either.

You were eighteen years old.

When the engineers who had sold the explosives found out about, they were horrified. Transported your broken self up to their hospitals and did their best to repair the damage. The docs up North gave you mechanical legs devised by one of the engineers to replace the ones you'd lost. They didn't take any money either. Guilt, you guess. In any case, they fixed you up as best they could.

It just wasn't the same, though. Although you could walk, even run, with your new legs, you couldn't ride a horse. And if you couldn't ride a horse, then your days as a transport escort were over. Which effectively meant that what you've depended on for your funds was gone.

But you're not the type of person who'll take this kind of thing lying down, no sir. Since you couldn't work, you decided to figure out who the son of a bitch responsible for ruining your life was. Using what little contacts you had and just plain old fashioned stubbornness, you eventually got a lead on who originally bought those explosives. Turns out that there was an cute little paper trail that led you straight to some Brit named Evan Bryce, who not only meddles in CSA politics, but has some sketchy dealings with the underworld to boot. Having this information, the only thing stopping you from getting your revenge was a rather large body of water known as the Atlantic Ocean.

Luckily, as you were hunting down all this information, you ran into a British clergyman by the name of Reginald Archer, who has apparently made it some kind of mission of his to "bring you back to the Flock". Whatever. He's a good man, in any case, and really doesn't prostylize too much. In fact, you rather enjoy the theological and ethical discussions the two of you get into. He managed to get you a few books from England that have recently become rather popular. Your favorite, by far, is the

translation of “Ragnarok” by Jean-Baptiste Rousseau. There’s a message in there, hidden, that speaks to your sensibilities. You really like his work, in any case, and it makes for great material to fuel your discussions with the good Vicar.

In any case, the good Vicar has decided to return to England and has graciously offered to bring you along. Of course you jumped at the chance. Once in London, you managed to do a little more information gathering and managed to track down this Evan. It was night and you managed to track him to one of his transactions. Apparently, not only does he have sketchy connections to the underworld, but he’s a damned opium dealer to boot. Unfortunately, he heard you coming on your blasted legs. Tried to shoot you in the legs a few times before getting away. At least they’re good for something. Except, the shots got lucky and damaged some parts of your legs. Now they’re not working quite right, and you have no idea where you’re going to get the parts or find someone competent enough to fix them.

You’re currently staying with the Vicar, who, in an effort to cheer you up and take your mind off your problematic legs, has invited you on his brother’s new airship, the HMS Dauntless, for her maiden voyage on New Year’s Eve. You have plans for the flight, you see. Particularly this South African diamonds letter you recently received. You’re not sure if you take it seriously, but if everybody else is, you’re certainly not going to let some London mafioso get his dirty hands on it.

So here you are, on an airship going from London to Paris. You managed to get a copy of the passenger list prior to boarding. To your great joy, Jean-Baptiste Rousseau will be here. You can’t wait to meet him and converse with him. Even better, though is another listed guest: Evan Bryce.

Revenge is the perfect way to ring in a new year, isn’t it?

Goals

- Fix your rusted body.
- Secure the contract for the South African diamond company for America. You’ve got some contacts who’d be mighty interested in that.
- Find evidence that Bryce is a criminal, and then neutralize him.

Notes

- The lower two-fifths of you is made of heavy, lumbering metal. Roleplay accordingly.

Contacts

- Reginald Archer (Thomas Chamberlain): A man of the cloth, who has helped you out on more than one occasion, despite your ideological differences.
- Evan Bryce (Bobby Pragad): Son of bitch is the guy responsible for blowing your legs up. You want revenge, and he’s not getting away this time.
- Jean-Baptiste Rousseau (John Schwartz): A writer. You read his novel “Ragnarok” in translation, and found it absolutely brilliant, especially all the hidden messages.
- Mary Elizabeth Archer (Anne-Sophie Bine): The vicar’s very charming young niece.
- Captain John Archer (Ryan Smith): The vicar’s brother, and Mary’s father.
- Lord Cornelius Blackwell (Peter Litwack): The man you are to meet.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open at game start.
- Open if your χ is 6.
- Open if your χ is -6.
- If you fix your Right Calf
- If you fix your Left Ankle
- If you fix your Left Knee
- “L Packet”

Greensheets

- These Legs Were Made For Walking: Fixing Mechanical Body Parts

Abilities

- Assist
- Knock Out
- Wound
- Psych Lim: Crippled

Items

- a list of names (in-game document)
- a party invitation (in-game document)
- a mysterious letter (in-game document)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 3
- ϕ : 1
- χ : 0

Sidney Davis

"If I cannot swear in heaven, I shall not stay."

Samuel Clemens

You were born Abigail, daughter of Lord and Lady David Lloyd Major. Both your parents are strict traditionalists - probably on account of your family's substantial inherited fortune and lavish titles. Your father is tolerable despite his stodgy ways. Your mother is a raving bitch spawned in the pits of hell. When you were younger - maybe 12 - your eldest brother, Augustine, committed suicide. You didn't get it then. Your mother just told you that Augustine was gone, and refused to speak of him ever again. By the time Thomas left, you understood. She was insane. Religion was her only obsession. Nothing, no-one was free of sin. She forced Thomas to pray for penance for going by "Tom" instead of "Thomas Aquinas" for God's sake! Of course, when Tom was gone, she turned her sights to you and made your life a living hell. Nothing you did pleased the Lord, or her. You were wicked, sinful, disgusting. You didn't respect the sabbath, or properly honor her, or respect your place as a woman, a temple of purity to God Almighty.

What a bitch.

You found a bit of an escape in tinkering. Take a gadget apart, put it back together. Break it, then fix it. Eventually, you bribed your father's mechanic into teaching you what he knew. He was shocked that a *girl* was such a quick study, and so were you, frankly. Before you learned it was best to hide your hobby from your parents, they had made it very, very clear that it Was Not Proper for a woman to want to learn something as impractical as how a contraption worked. As if she would ever need to know that!

But you couldn't help it. Machines were *interesting*. You kept at it, and of course you got caught a few times. Your father eventually gave a little. It was alright for a young lady to have a hobby, as long as she was discreet. And, of course, all this nonsense would go when you were wed. Your mother, though, was something else entirely. She seemed to take the whole bloody thing personally. It wasn't that your interests were unusual, it was that you were trying to subvert the social order in the Major household and all of the endless work she had poured into you and your sibling's upbringing. You weren't just shaming your family, you were shaming *her*, in the eyes of her peers and the Lord. You were sullyng yourself before God. To listen to her rants, every damn time you touched a screwdriver, you were cutting her open and pouring her guts all over the floor.

Faced with all that, you did what you were told, for the most part, all the while a little knot of resentment growing inside you. And then it all 'pinged' right into place. *You keep this up, you're ending up just like your mother*. Bitter, nothing left of your dreams, just the society that squelched them, so you'll cling to that instead. Probably would mother just like her, too. Killing your children inch by insane, ranting inch. That night, you grabbed a traveling bag, filched a few sets of the servants' clothing, cut your hair with a knife from the kitchen, and stole the mechanic's tools before running off with a good chunk of cash. No way in the goddamn hells were you turning into a raging bitch like her. Someone out there had to need a good mechanic.

Someone turned out to be a garage formed by a couple engineers who wanted a third hand around the shop. They were crude, rowdy, foul-mouthed, and drunk half the time, but they respected your talent. They had a wealth of knowledge that they were eager to share, and you count those few years among the best of your (admittedly incomplete) life. Of course, you picked up a few habits along the way. Cursing and drinking like a veteran soldier definitely helped your disguise, but you'd be lying if you said you didn't enjoy it, at least a little. In fact, as time passed, being 'Sid' was less an act, and more ... just you. It wasn't a bad change at all, you decided. You were loud, but at least you got heard, and you could back up your swagger. So what if everyone you knew in the old days would sniff and call your behavior 'vulgar' or 'uncivilized'? You were free, and nobody who mattered now would give a damn.

Well, almost nobody. One minor exception would be Elizabeth Anderson, an official of Her Majesty's Engineering Corps - and publically female to boot. You two butted heads at a conference of sorts, first arguing over theories, but drifting somewhere

in the debate to personal attacks. You're pretty sure she started in on the accusations of being 'a disgusting, violent carouser', 'an example of the worst that men could sink to', and 'an ignorant chauvinist' before you responded with 'shrieking paranoid bitch' and 'dried up hag who thinks she's found the key to a life of virtue, health, and a goddamn spitting pedestal to hawk onto all of us below.' Of course, you realize now that you were projecting not a little of your mother onto her, but given how she tore into you, you wouldn't be surprised if she had a special hated someone of her own. That initial disagreement has evolved into something of a grudge or a rivalry - a few heated exchanges in public, lots of arguing through mutual contacts, some editorial arguments in a trade newsletter. It's a damn shame, really. Perhaps if you'd not been disguised as a man, she'd be a colleague instead of a rival. But there'd still be some of her more crackpot works to contend with then, so perhaps not.

A few weeks after your first shouting match with Elizabeth, a Mr. John Archer dropped by the shop. He turned out to be an ex-soldier too, an airship captain that your mentors had served with. He was looking for an engineer to crew a ship he was building - and although Rich and Mike both swore they'd have nothing to do with airships ever, ever again after the war, the next thing out of their mouths was, "Give us a bit to show Sidney how its done, and you'll have the best damn engineer you could want."

Working on an airship - a *real* airship, innovative in design, made to be the best in the sky, was like discovering machines all over again. You'd sometimes spend days at a time, putting her inner workings together piece by piece, getting to know her better than your own home. You've learnt every rattle and wheeze the engine can throw out in ground testing, what it means, how to fix it.

And hell, not to get too misty-eyed, but you might have found yourself a bit of a family, too. Well, nowhere as strong as blood ties, of course, but people who you know well, a place where you belong. A definite step up from the hellhole your mother still tyrannizes. Billy was hired as an assistant for you early on in the construction - originally he was just for hauling bolts and shoveling coal, but Billy was insatiably curious, and smart enough to take in all the answers you gave him. He's oddly perceptive about somethings - he is the only one who has noticed your true gender. You have told him not to tell anyone. He doesn't seem to understand why you must keep it secret. Such a strange, interesting boy. You're planning to take him on as an apprentice - he certainly enjoys working on the ship and teaching such a bright lad would be a pleasure. He is very naive about the world, and does understand other people very well. He looks up to you quite a lot, and you must confess you enjoy the attention and have found yourself with almost motherly feelings towards him. The daughter of the Captain, Mary, regularly visits the the construction site, with the blessings of her father. Lucky girl. She was refreshing company during your breaks, after a few years of your boisterous peers, but adventurous and lively enough that she wasn't boring. She liked your company, too - perhaps a bit too well, given that she *kissed* you in a stairwell recently. You jumped high enough to hit your head on a pipe, and then tumbled down the stairs while Mary giggled, out of nervousness, or amusement, or insanity: you don't really know. Crazy girl. You're not quite sure what to do about this, besides avoid the subject entirely. Just because you've pretended to be a man for the last few years doesn't mean you've turned into one.

But that's just a little added worry. Tonight is the big night. Now is not the time to fret about your secret identity, about Mary, about your parents, of all people, being on the guest list. Tonight is the start of your life as the best engineer in England on the finest machine devised by man. The maiden flight of *The Dauntless*.

Goals

- Keep your cover intact. Although it's second nature to you now, one little slip could destroy your whole life.
- Keep the ship flying!
- Billy's got a good head for machines - do your best to turn that spark into a fire and make him a great mechanic.
- As much as you hate to admit it: Seeing your parents has made you realize how much you miss them. Well. How much you miss your father, at least. Maybe you could just talk with him discreetly?

Contacts

- Captain John Archer (Ryan Smith): - Captain of the *HMS Dauntless*, and your current employer.

- William (Gael Colas): - Your assistant and coal-shoveler. A surprisingly sharp boy.
- Lord David Lloyd Major (Winfield J. Brown): - Your father, who you haven't seen in quite some time.
- Lady Gwendolyn Major (Phoebe Oathout): - Pleasant as a shark with a spike up its ass, but your mother all the same. Unfortunate, that.
- Reginald Archer (Thomas Chamberlain): - Brother of the captain, stern religious type. You've only seen him once or twice.
- Daniel Cole (Matthew Ventures): - His legs are what looks like a Yankee knock-off of the Galatea Mk II prosthesis. Modified a bit, too, if you're not mistaken. A friend of the Vicar's.
- Mary Elizabeth Archer (Anne-Sophie Bine): - Daughter of the captain. The flirting has turned your friendship with her all kinds of awkward ...
- Elizabeth Anderson (Lou Graniou): - What a terrible woman. Don't let her upstage you.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open at game start. - "L Packet"
- Item # 645

Greensheets

- Hear Me Baby, Hold Together: In-Flight Repair for the Cocky Engineer

Abilities

- Disguise - Knock Out
- Repair - Wound
- Assist

Items

- A Lead Pipe (64) - a party invitation (in-game document)
- a list of names (in-game document)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2 - ϕ : 1

Lord David Lloyd Major

“England reigns! England reigns!”

– Edwin Drood

It’s surprising how the state of one’s life can mimic the state of one’s country. In your case, that’s a very fine thing. England prospers, albeit clumsily, and you along with it. For you are Lord David Lloyd Major, head of the powerful Labour party in the House of Lords. You firmly believe that England is at the forefront of an industrial revolution, and that your great nation’s future and continues dominance will be determined not by your soldiers and nobility, but by an endless army of engineers and scientists. A technically savvy corps of fine young men who will remake the world twice over in steam-driven glory!

But, like you said, clumsy. Your opponents in the Conservative part of Parliament have different ideas, for example, and the lesser nations of the world attempt a bite at the jugular of the Lion of Europe. At least the Conservatives only want to bring England back a hundred years or so. It sometimes seems like the desperate and vicious nations of the Earth would rather bring the British Empire back into the Stone Age. Oh, well. “The sun never sets on the British Empire.” That’s probably your favorite phrase, for two reasons. First, the dominions and holdings of this great country are so large that the sun is literally always shining on some part of it. But it’s also a very optimistic statement. The sun always shines - the door of opportunity is always open. There is always time for progress!

In fact, a certain French author, Jean-Baptiste has some interesting ideas about progress. He’s written a book, you see, called “Ragnarok”, that depicts some alternate world wherein the working class overthrow their “enslavers” in the nobility. A rather sensationalistic book, but for some reason it’s been the all the rage among Labour Party ranks. Although its ideas are rather idealistic and sometimes downright strange, the writing is wonderful. You wouldn’t mention it, but Jean-Baptiste seems to be on the guest list for this maiden voyage of the *HMS Dauntless*, so you’re looking forward to chatting with him, as you’re sure much of the ship is, whatever their political bend.

But sometimes your two parties work together for some end. You’ve recently been speaking very plainly with Lord Cornelius Blackwell, the leader of the opposition Conservatives in the House of Lords about the threat of France, and the two of you, in a dark hour, came up with a scheme. France is catching up much too quickly to your country’s mechanical advantage, and needs to be put down. As you debated what could be done, it occurred to both of you simultaneously to flood the French countryside with opium. Lord Blackwell indicated that he knew someone who could deal such a large quantity, which you would then use your connections with the laborers of this nation to import into France. All of this is expensive, of course, and while the members of the Labour Party do not know what they are paying for, you’re sure they’d be happy if you did all you could to keep France down. So you’re here with an envelope of several thousand pounds. When you meet up with Blackwell, he should point you in the direction of the dealer, or just do the exchange for you.

And you’re still not sure what to make sure of this letter that you received that speaks of the diamond trade on the Cape. You’ve researched Mayor Rhodes, and his credentials are solid - Oxford schooling, as he writes, moderately important politician around the Cape. Still, your lieutenants in the party assure you that you have the money and the forces to secure the shares. In fact, you could work it into your politics - send troops to Cape Colony now, before the Dutch lose control of the area! You’ll have to think more about it when you actually speak with Blackwell. If there are others who are also looking to make the deal, you intend to be the first to talk Blackwell into giving you the shares. Even if things turn ugly, you won’t be phased - you have bigger problems, particularly at home.

Your wife... God, how you regret marrying that harpy. She has spent all the years of your marriage trying to suck away any joy you might ever feel. You married her for her money, and her name, and because your father told you to. You expected a normal marriage. She would run the household and raise the children, you would deal with all outside concerns. She seemed very concerned with the correct ordering of things, with proper manners and behavior and religion. That was fine by you! You

thought she would be *quiet* and *obedient* to her husband's will. For one who has so much to say about the proper role of women and men, she certainly does not practice it herself.

Lady Major finds fault with absolutely everything, especially anything you do. You have many times pondered slicing off your own ears to get away from her horrible shrill voice. You could forgive her irritating personality and constant complaints if it were not for what happened to your children, your dear, dear children.

Lady Major gave you three children, Augustine, Thomas Aquinas and Abigail. After she named your two sons after religious figures you demanded the right to name your daughter after your late mother. You adored your children, and doted on them. They brought life and light and joy into your home, things that were sorely lacking when it was just you and Lady Major. They were clever, kind and happy children. As was traditional, you left their religious education to their mother. Truth be told, you yourself do not have much in the way of religious inclination. To all outward appearances, your children were being brought up in the normal way. It was not until they began approaching adulthood that things became... difficult.

Augustine, your eldest, was a normal boy, but he listened to his mother too much. She was convinced her was drenched in sin, and he believed her. By the time you realized how much she had warped his mind, it was too late. They were always praying together, consulting with the vicar, agonizing over the state of his immortal soul. You were more concerned about his growing into a normal boy. You tried to give him some balance in his life, to get him to care about the things normal boys care about, to get out of the house and play with the other children! Your wife accused you of "interfering" in women's work and trying to corrupt your own son! Convenient that she only brings up women's work and men's work when it suits her current needs.

You relented some, hoping Augustine would eventually outgrow this phase, and instead made sure the same thing would not happen to your other son, Thomas Aquinas, or Tom as everyone called him. Well, as everyone called him when not within earshot of his mother. She said Tom was a vulgar name and insisted he be called Thomas Aquinas. Tom tried to be a dutiful son, but as time went on, he had as little use for his mother's mad rantings as you did.

Augustine became increasingly distraught under his mother's influence. His siblings also tried to help him, but no one knew what to do. The Vicar, Reginald Archer, came to your home frequently to consult with your wife and son. You were all completely shocked and devastated when he took his own life. Lady Major was horrified that one of her children could commit such a grievous sin and refused to allow his name to be spoken in her presence after his funeral. You hoped that some of her response was due to guilt over driving your son, your heir, your darling boy, to such an extreme act, but you fear that she really feels no guilt, that she thinks she was helping the boy, not destroying him.

Tom was especially devastated by his brother's death, and openly blamed his mother. While you felt the same way, you tried to keep things civil at home. Tom began rebelling more and more. He saw no reason to pretend to go along with his mother, and you had trouble blaming him. She took to punishing him severely, not at all in line with the actual depth of his offense. When you tried to intercede on his behalf, she transformed into the most hideous creature you have ever encountered. Her entire face turned scarlet, and you swear her hair stood on end. Little Abby cried for a full day afterwards, and she was not even in the same wing of the house. You consented to sending Tom to a reform school in hopes that he would be happier away from his mother. He was back within a few months due to his behavior. You did not know what to do for you son. He told you he understood, that he knew you were just as trapped as he was.

By the time Tom was sixteen, the situation was unbearable for him. After his mother locked him a closet for two days while you were away, Tom came to you and told you he could no longer live under her roof. If you could not provide a good life for your son at home, you were at least going to make sure he could have a good one outside. Tom wanted to explore, to get out of England. You used some connections and set him with a good position in South Africa. You have been sending him money periodically from an account your wife doesn't know about, but he tells you he is doing so well now he no longer needs it. You keep in as frequent contact with him as you can, sending mail from your office instead of your home. You miss your son dearly, but are glad he has found happiness. He tells you he has been courting a young Englishwoman, living in Cape Town with her parents. It hurts you to think of not being at your son's wedding, of not being able to hold your grandchildren. However, your

wife is still a problem.

Just like after Augustine's death, she refused to speak of Tom, though you could see she was hurting. You wanted to pity her, but it was her behavior that drove him away! The loss of both of your sons left you quite melancholy. You took to drinking too much, and locking yourself in your study, away from your hideous wife. With Tom gone, she focused all her attention on poor Abby.

Surrounded by brothers, a mother who proclaimed all the virtues of womanhood while practicing none of them, no other appropriate female role models, it's no surprise the girl turned out the way she did. She was always too interested in masculine pursuits. Wanting to get out of the house and play away from her mother was completely understandable, but she always wanted to play with machines, to build things, to tinker. You hoped she would grow out of it, but Lady Major acted like her hobby was Judgement Day come at last. Your wife tried to repress Abby as much as your other children, and like Tom, she eventually ran away. You wish she had told you what she was going to do, you could have helped her. One morning she was just gone, with only a note left behind.

Dear Mother,

Goodbye. I am leaving to escape your madness. Don't worry about me, I can support myself. Don't blame Father, it is your fault I've been driven to this.

Abby

You miss all of your children. You had not realized how much Abby improved your life until she was gone. You have searched for her, but to no avail. If only she would write to you!

With all of the children gone, you saw little reason to stay at home. Your wife suddenly stopped talking for a year, but you barely noticed. You still ate dinner at home, because she was a complete tart if you didn't. One might think it would be hard to be such a tart while refusing to speak, but only if one didn't know your wife.

You took to gambling. It was a distraction from your horrible home life. You hate your wife, and you would leave her, but the majority of your family's wealth comes from her brother, and if you left her, you would lose that. She is not worth becoming destitute over.

One night, a lovely young woman came into the club you spend most of your time at. She flirted with you. It had been so many years, you had forgotten what it was like to have a beautiful woman pay attention to you. You wound up in bed with her. You didn't care that she was a whore. You hadn't had sex in so many years, you'd forgotten how wonderful it was! Suddenly, there was a new spring to your step, a new light in your eye. Life became suddenly tolerable again! You have enjoyed the company of many lovely young ladies in the past year. They get paid well, and you get your pleasure. It is a fine arrangement.

Around the same time, your wife finally grew tired of her silence and began talking again. You began acting like a normal family again. It was... not so much pleasant as neutral. So you try, now and again, to upkeep the facade that your marriage is neutral. You had your wife bring aboard a most famous piece of jewelry, the Neptune's Tear, to wear at the on-flight ceremony that is scheduled to occur. It's something that was given to you by an African prince in your travels as head of Labour, a unique and priceless artifact, and one that you especially treasure. Its successful exhibition will add that much more bargaining power when you indulge your more primal instincts.

You have spent quite a bit of time with the ladies of the night, but they are not your only companions. While there are certain advantages to the company of experienced ladies, you must admit there is great pleasure in having your way with young ladies who have not been touched by other men.

While you still miss your children terribly, your life is all in all looking up, except for an unfortunate incident last night at one of the many parties associated with the launch of the *Dauntless*. Evan Bryce, one of the other passengers on the ship, introduced

you to a lovely lady, Emilia Genevieve Bryce. You had a good time together, and one thing lead to another, and you seem to have left your wedding ring in a most intimate location. You have to find her as soon as possible and get your ring back, before your wife notices.

This ship is teeming with attractive women. There is Emilia, who you encountered last night, and Judy Watson, one of the women of negotiable virtue you have been seeing. Now, Mary Elizabeth Archer, the Captain's daughter... oh you would love to get your hand on (or in) her. She portrays herself as a prim, proper young virginal daughter, but you know that girls like that can be the most fun once you show how. You see a real spark in her eyes, and you could swear you have seen her out on the streets, streets where no proper young girl should be. Perhaps you are imagining things, but if you are right about her, oh what fun that would be!

Goals

- Deliver the money to Cornelius and his opium supplier.
- Find those Cayman Island charters.
- Get your ring back before your wife notices.
- Make sure your wife displays the Neptune's Tear at the Dedication.

Notes

- You are a very important person in politics. Act like it.

Contacts

- Lady Gwendolyn Major (Phoebe Oathout): Your harpy of a wife.
- Lord Cornelius Blackwell (Peter Litwack): Your opposition in the House, but working together with you today.
- Emilia Genevieve Bryce (Kendra Beckler): A lady you've had a dalliance with. You fear you may have left your wedding ring... with her.
- Judy Watson (Maddie Bouton): Yet another of the ladies of the night whose services you have been making use of. Everyone seems to think she is governess or something odd...
- Mary Elizabeth Archer (Anne-Sophie Bine): The captain's daughter. Very, very tempting
- Reginald Archer (Thomas Chamberlain): Your family's minister, and the brother of the ship's captain. He is recently returned from America.
- Jean-Baptiste Rousseau (John Schwartz): That splendid author. You're looking forward to meeting him.

Memory/Event Packets

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------|
| - Open at the start of game. | - "L Packet" |
| - Open if you see badge #230 | - PI Packet |

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- | | |
|-------------|---------|
| - Assist | - Wound |
| - Knock Out | |

Items

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| - A Ceremonial Sword (67) | - a party invitation (in-game document) |
| - A Sealed Envelope (55) | - a mysterious letter (in-game document) |
| - a list of names (in-game document) | |

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2

Lady Gwendolyn Major

“Whores!”

You are a warrior for God the Almighty. Though the world turns to shit around you, you fight for goodness and decency. You follow the strictest rules of behavior and work to enforce them in all people, especially with your own family. Morality begins at home.

God has, of course, been testing you. But you are a devoted servant, you stand tall under the weight of your misfortune, no Job-like wailings escape your lips. Your trials come to you in the form of your wicked, sinful family. You love them, of course, as God commands you to. You are strict because you love them, because their souls need saving. You grieve for your failures, for your children who shall not join you in heaven.

Your dirty, sinful, horrible children. Dirty, dirty, so dirty! Out to get you, to test you, to destroy all that is good! It makes you *so angry*! You want to lash out, destroy destroy destroy.

Your eldest son, Augustine, was full of wickedness. He wanted so to repent, and how long you prayed with him! You beat him, you took him to church every day, you employed the most modern devices for restricting the lust of men. But his wickedness was too great, and he always reverted to his sinful ways. Not paying the utmost attention in church. Looking at the lower limbs of ladies with lust in his eyes. Having sinful thoughts. Not honoring you and his father properly. Wanting more than the good Lord has provided to him. Breaking the sabbath. Knowing he was so far from God, so drenched in sin, drove him to madness, and he committed the worst sin, that of self-slaughter. The boy is in the fiery pits of Hell for all eternity, and you declared that his name would never again be spoken in your home. You would not allow his wickedness to call out from Hell to corrupt the rest of your family.

No, it was your mission to keep them holy and good or die trying. You swore nothing would stop you, not your husband, not your dead son, not the sinner and the whores...

Then there was your second son, Thomas Aquinas. Nasty boy, he brought desecration to his holy name. You always called him by whole, proper name, but he insisted on referring to himself by that vulgar epithet, “Tom” with his rascal friends. At least his brother tried to repent his wicked ways. But Thomas Aquinas has no guilt in his soul. You sent him to the strictest reform schools you could find, you prayed for his soul night and day, you had others pray for him, you locked him in an empty room with only a Bible to read and only visits from yourself and the Vicar.

His father... oh, it makes your blood boil just thinking about it... your husband was lenient. “Boys will be boys!” he said. “He will grow out of it, he is young!” he said. Such a fool you married. But what once was twain, now is one flesh. “What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.” You will be together until the good Lord takes one of you from this Earth, even if you both despise it.

Thomas Aquinas disappeared when he was sixteen. You never heard from him again.

After that it was just you, your husband, and your youngest child, your only daughter. You swore not to make the same mistakes you made with your sons. No one understood you. No one at all, they are all so dirty, so corrupt, so sinful, disgusting, pathetic terrible dirty whores and sinners, whores and sinners all of them... No, you told yourself, it would not be the same with you and Abigail. Your husband had turned melancholy after the loss of his wicked sons, drinking an unconscionable amount of foul liquor and locking himself away in his study. It was clear he grew to hate you. While you stay with your husband because you made an unbreakable covenant before the Almighty, you know he stays with you only for appearances and your wealth. While he is of an old, noble name, his family has been most impoverished in recent generations due to the sinful and wasteful behaviors of his forefathers. He had wasted most of the money you brought to your marriage. You have one surviving sibling, your elder brother, William. William is very strange, but he adores you. He has never taken a wife and leads a very simple,

reclusive life. He has no use of the wealth your parents left to him, and he sends you a very generous stipend. If your husband were to try and divorce you, he would not have access to your brother's money. It is of course horrible that divorce is allowed at all in England, but even if he were to try and divorce you, he would need to prove that you were adulterous, which is beyond absurd.

Your husband was no help to you with Abigail. As he fell to sin, deaf to your protestations, your anger, your prayers, so she fell. What did you do wrong? She was the only child you had left, and you doted on her. No girl could have asked for more love from her mother.

Abigail was interested in the most inappropriate things. She had no conception of the proper place of a lady! A lady is saint. Her body is a temple to God the Almighty, to be kept pure and clean. A lady restricts herself to ladylike pursuits.

Abigail, though... she wanted to... to... "tinker". To take things apart, and put them together. She wanted to study math and science and engineering. Such madness! What was wrong with her? What demon could possess her have such unnatural desires! How could she do such a thing to you, who tried so hard to put her right!

Then one day, she disappeared like her foul brother before her, except she left behind a note. A note that stabbed you in the heart, a poor, broken mother's heart.

Dear Mother,

Goodbye. I am leaving to escape your madness. Don't worry about me, I can support myself. Don't blame Father, it is your fault I've been driven to this.

Abby

"*I can support myself.*" Your own daughter, a whore. You stood there, holding her note in complete shock for... you have no idea how long. You never imagined it could be *this* bad.

You lost all hope there. If even your nearest and dearest, your own flesh and blood, could fall to such darkness, then mankind is more corrupt than you could have fathomed before.

For a long time you shut yourself away. You spoke to no one, directing your servants through signs. You ate your evening meal with your despicable husband. Your silence was broken only to recite the word of God in the holy confines of the church.

Then something happened, almost a year ago, that made you realize how selfish you had been being. Your husband had fallen to the most wicked of ways: drinking, gambling, foul language, staying out late into the night. One night he didn't come home at all. When he came in the next morning, he clothes were askew, he refused to explain where he had been and he had a ridiculous grin plastered on his face.

Of course. How could it be any other way? God was punishing you. You knew what you had to do, and you had shirked your duty, and this was your punishment.

Your own husband, with whom you are of one flesh with, one soul with by the grace of God... turned to *whoring*. Whoring, the downfall of Man, of England, of God's creation. They all go to the whore, the men do. Leave their good, faithful wives praying and crying at home, and go to the dens of whores, bringing back their vile influence and sinful ways and the plagues God has sent down to destroy them in their sin. But there are so few of those good wives left! So few, for the women all turn to whoring. Young, old, pretty, ugly, they sell their bodies to men, those breeders of sin! There is nothing more repugnant on the face of the Earth than whores! Dirty Dirty Dirty Dirty Dirty Whores everywhere everywhere! Surrounded by whore drowning in whores.

You could stand your life no longer. Everything around you had turned to shit. Of course. How could it be any other way? God was punishing you. You knew what you had to do, and you had shirked your duty. You had been so selfish, only caring for

yourself and your family! The world needs you. Only you see the truth, the whole truth. You must cleanse and purify, it is the will of God. You will start with the source of sin, destruction, and filth, the despicable whores of London.

It felt wonderful, to finally give yourself to the will of God. He had been calling to you for so long, but you had made yourself deaf to him! What a sinful creature you were! He made the corruption of the world manifest in your own home so that You would not stand for it, could not stand for it. You would take a stand, for all that is good, and right. You'd purge the world of those foul creatures, one at a time. They are easy enough to find, and if you squeeze their dirty little necks hard enough no one can hear their lovely screams as you send their souls to their well deserved judgment.

You are so happy to be doing the will of God. You must seek out other ways to purify the world and serve your Lord. You know you are doing the will of God, but you don't always remember exactly when or where. You would find yourself walking home, with souvenirs from girls, and then you would read about another death the next day.

They call you Jack now, they do. The Ripper. Ha ha, rip them up you do! Oh, you would chop them all into little bits if you had the time, but you never have the time, no, the sun is always coming and you must to home, and clean off their dirty whore blood, get their impurities off of you.

You plan to continue your crusade aboard this, the maiden voyage of the *HMS Dauntless*. Your husband requires that you wear some trinket he dragged on board to upkeep the fable of your marriage. It's in a locked box in your room, and you think the captain of the vessel has the other key required to open it. Wear it you will - if it will get you closer to eliminating what it is you despise -

Whores!

Goals

- Serve God in any way you can.
- Save the world from sin.
- Destroy any whores you find.
- Keep all around you from coming under the influence of whores.
- Prevent men from consorting with whores.
- Maintain the fiction that you and your husband have a happy marriage.
- Wear the Neptune's Tear at the in-flight ceremony.
- Enforce strict standards of behavior in all those around you.

Notes

- You are unhinged and insane, but act normally unless provoked.
- It is up to you to decide how easily you are provoked.
- Your memory is filled with empty gaps.
- You are moderately dissociative - your sense of self and identity is often awry.

Contacts

- Lord David Lloyd Major (Winfield J. Brown): Your despicable husband.
- Captain John Archer (Ryan Smith): The captain of this ship.
- Mary Elizabeth Archer (Anne-Sophie Bine): The captain's daughter. Young, pretty thing, seducing the men with her feminine wiles. If she is not already a whore, she probably will be soon.
- Judy Watson (Maddie Bouton): Mary's tutor. You think you may have seen her out on the streets with the whores, but you are not sure. You don't like the way your husband looks at her. You know what to do with whores...
- Reginald Archer (Thomas Chamberlain): The good Vicar who tried to help you with your sinful children. He is a great comfort to you in your times of trial, and you are thankful he has returned from America, that sinful, whore-filled place.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open at game start.
- Open if you see badge #230
- Open if you see badge #236
- α
- Open two hours into game.
- “L Packet”

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- Assist
- Wound
- Knock Out
- Whore Slayer

Items

- An Old Knife (66)
- A small silver key (36)
- A small bronze key (37)
- a list of names (in-game document)
- a party invitation (in-game document)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2

Jean-Baptiste Rousseau

“The only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to talk, mad to live, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars and in the middle you can see the blue centerlight pop and everybody goes, ‘Aww.’”

– John Kerouac

They accused you of being a dreamer. That you wanted, wished for things that were impossible to achieve, because of human nature. The accursed “human condition” that would be cited at you time and time again as reasons why your dream for a better world for mankind was just that: a dream.

It wasn’t exactly the slums of Paris that you grew up in, but it was close enough that you saw human suffering every single day. The working class, mostly. Good, honest people who worked their hands to the bone day in and day out in the soot-stained factories that fed the economic and political ambitions of the French empire. People who didn’t even get a taste of the wealth and glory their blood, sweat, and tears ultimately earned.

Despite all of this, your parents did the best they could for you, including spending what precious little extra money they had on second-hand books that you practically devoured. Read nearly everything you could get your hands on. Homer, Virgil, even some Voltaire and Nietzsche, you managed to get yourself an education beyond the state-regulated one on your own. And what you read, you remembered. Not to say that it was easy. Of course not. Who ever heard of a classically-educated boy living in the working-class neighborhoods of Paris, reading philosophy and mythology while drunken louts carried on right outside his window?

Nevertheless, you survived, and despite all odds, in the face of adversary, you thrived. You saw that human suffering for the entirety of your childhood, and as a young man ready to make his mark on the world, you swore that you would fix all that was wrong with the world. You had the intelligence, if not the money, and the drive to do it, and nothing was going to stop you.

Idealistic, that’s what you were. For all your intelligence, you initially underestimated the value of deep pockets. No one would listen to a fresh-faced young man with all his revolutionary ideas. Not only because of your poverty, although you’re sure that had some part in it, but your ideals were a threat to the social order, and as such, a threat to those in power. You were warned by your parents (bless their souls) and friends, that despite how much they supported you in whatever you did, you did have to eat. That and getting thrown into prison for your beliefs would not be good for your parents in any way. Those at the top paid enormous sums to keep the status quo the way it was. They dealt harshly with those whom they saw as a threat to their power. The only way to change the system, you saw, was to enter it and exploit it.

You proved yourself quite adept at that trick. You started manipulating the system with the most powerful tool you had: your mind. All those years of reading paid off. You adapted all the various things you had read into your own works that you wrote, essays and novellas, mostly, that subliminally promoted the ideals you had gleaned to the people who read them. These were fairly well-received, to your surprise. Your crowning achievement as a writer, in your opinion, is your recent and first novel, “Ragnarok” (a name which amuses you still). It is you, your beliefs and ideals, poured out into written form and given to the world in a way that you felt that you could get your message across to the them. It was risky; the public might not be ready for that and you would most definitely be branded as a radical and persecuted as such. But you took that risk and published your book. And the public loved it. Seemingly overnight, you became a successful author. The books you wrote went flying off the shelves almost as fast as the publisher could print them.

It just didn’t seem right, though. People bought and read your works, but with an air of “Oh, how nice. What a wonderful story,” and then went about their lives as if nothing ever happened. It grated on your nerves. You had poured your soul into these words, hoping someone would see the deeper message in them and agree with you, that enough of them would do so to

revolutionize the world. But people were too blind, too complacent. As much as it pained you to admit, they wouldn't change unless they were forced to. They simply didn't see a way out of their existences as it stood.

One day, while you happened to be walking through a bookseller's, you happened upon a new book, freshly translated from German, called "Das Kapital" by a man named Karl Marx. On a whim, you picked it up. That decision changed your life. Marx was on to something. Those in power would continue using the system to their advantage until it couldn't take it anymore, and the working class people, your people, rose up and changed the world. Here was a man who had crystalized all of your thoughts and ideals into a single text; here was a man who agreed with you, and had an idea of how to fix everything that was wrong with the world. Best of all, rather than fighting against human nature, it would be human nature that caused the revolution.

But, as you know all too well, people were a bit too lazy, a bit too complacent with their place. They couldn't, or at least wouldn't, see the big picture or the long term. Any kind of revolution by the proletariat would be a long time in coming. But if you gave them a reason, pointed out what was wrong with the decadence of the upper class in a way that no one would see coming nor forget, it could galvanize the people to start the revolution. After reading Marx's work, you met up with like-minded people who also realized the importance of action to jump-start the proletariat.

A few weeks ago, you received a message from the group. Apparently, the British are eager to show off their latest example of decadence and extravagance: the brand-new airship *HMS Dauntless* is making its maiden voyage from London to Paris on New Year's Eve. Someone has hired your group to sabotage the voyage. There are supposed to be fairly high-ranking members of the British aristocracy onboard, no doubt enjoying lazing around on a vessel the working class broke their backs over to build. What better way to send a message that such decadence should not be tolerated than to blow the ship out of the sky, in front of thousands over the Parisian skyline?

The group picked you to go. As a fairly well-known writer, it was hardly difficult to get yourself on the guest list. So here you are, in London, armed with enough explosives and tools to do the job. Of course, no one has any idea that you are anything but a prolific author, and it's definitely in your best interest for it to stay that way.

Besides, you received this mysterious letter from the Mayor of the Dutch Cape Colony, who wants you to utilize your contacts in France and secure some sort of capital for his diamond trade. You're not sure how they found you, or why they came to you in particular - perhaps the Mayor is confusing you with some French loyalist espionage group. All for the better - you'd love to secure the wealth that shares in an up-and-coming diamond company would yield. You're willing to do whatever it takes to ensure that you talk to Blackwell before any thrice-damned *noble* does.

Oh, yes. You intend to give the people of Paris and the world a fireworks show they'll never forget.

Goals

- Sabotage the ship and escape before it crashes.
- Retrieve the shares of the De Beers Company from Blackwell.
- Assassinate the leaders of the Conservative and Labour Parties, as a last resort.

Notes

- You are undercover. There will probably be opposition to your mission, so try to keep hidden.
- Murder is messy. You want the nobility to die, and you'd much prefer if it were when the airship crashes into the hard ground, but you won't hesitate to doing it by hand.
- What you are doing is highly sketchy. If questioned about what you are doing in a certain part of the ship, lie. Make something up. You're an author; this should be trivial.

Contacts

- Captain John Archer (Ryan Smith): The captain of the ship, and the only person here you're even remotely familiar with.
- Lord Cornelius Blackwell (Peter Litwack): The man you're to talk to about the diamond company. You can recognize him from the picture you saw in an English newspaper.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open at the start of game.
- “L Packet”

Greensheets

- Bringing Down the Hindenberg: Airship Sabotage for the Crafty Operative

Abilities

- Debate
- Advanced Sabotage
- Airship Sabotage
- Assist
- Knock Out
- Wound

Items

- A Knife (60)
- A parachute (234)
- a list of names (in-game document)
- a party invitation (in-game document)
- a mysterious letter (in-game document)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
- ϕ : 1

Judy Watson

“A detective sees death in all the various forms at least five times a week.”

– Evan Hunter

A dark alley rises into prominence out of the streets of London before you. Hanging ladders, rotting refuse and the filth of human living cloud and attack the senses. You walk, briskly, holding your purse close, and careful not to trip over your long and full pleated dress. Steam, the ruler of the age, rises from a pothole in the ground, and shines a vivid yellow from the moon that stares at it from above, between buildings. You turn a corner - and find him, looking like you've always imagined him. Beady eyes set alongside tight and menacing cheekbones. A lithe body matted with dirty clothes and wild hair. An ugly nose protruding from a face too engorged in its actions to notice. On the ground before him is a mockery of humanity, a young woman that has been gutted and carved into pieces by the rusty, rusty knife of her attacker. Jack the Ripper turns to you slowly, blade raised and colored deep scarlet. He drops his prey and proceeds, evenstepped, towards you. . .

And with a rush of primal fear and a scream of terror, you wake from the nightmare. It seems like you've been having that dream more and more often now. The other agents at the Yard tell you that this is the price of your obsession with such a high-profile criminal. That this is why you're not allowed to investigate the case, and are usually given much more nuanced assignment. Let the gumshoes scour the streets of London, and have their epic battle with The Ripper when he finds them, they say. You disagree. Jack the Ripper is the nickname that the Scotland Yard and half of London have ascribed to a theoretical serial killer who has taken half a dozen lives in the last year. There's method in his madness, however, as all the victims seem to be loose prostitutes, and many of the murders are done late at night, in an ally or warehouse or under a bridge. A knife is always used. The results are catastrophic. Multiple stab wounds all over the body with an emphasis on disfigurement and destruction. Half the victims the Yard examines just don't look human anymore. Of course, there's nothing to say that this has to be the same person, but your detective's intuition tells you so.

The other agents downplay this series of slayings, and joke that maybe Jack will return some virtue to the city. The whores are asking for it by not quitting their base profession, they claim, but you feel a more idealistic calling. Human life is a precious thing, even if it is marred in sin, and Jack the Ripper deserves to be brought in. Some of the girls out in the dirty streets of the city are a day's pay away from starvation. The terror they must feel each night trounces your cautious reverential fear of the murderer. Ever since you saw his first victim's corpse, you vowed to get revenge. As one of the few female detectives with the Scotland Yard, you felt that this case was somehow yours from the beginning, yours before you knew it, and yours, certainly, no matter what the rest of the Yard has to say about it. So you've tried to catch him. As part of your infiltration of the streets of London, you apprenticed yourself to a lady of the night and learned how to strut, what to wear, the secret language of lecherous and drunk men. You pass splendidly for a whore, and you've often wandered the city streets at night, looking for trouble. This is a part you can play very well. A whore on the outside, avenging detective behind closed doors. It's served you well for the past few years, and even some of the other agents have begun to affectionately nickname you "The Whore". But Jack has not yet come for you, so you try harder, and feel like a fly walking into the web of a very unpleasant spider. . .

But you should try and get that off your mind. You are here, about to board the *HMS Dauntless* for more important reasons. The *Dauntless* is a new breed of airship, and its fearless commander, Captain John Archer, is looking to dazzle all of Europe by taking the thing out for a test flight. Some pretty influential people will be on board, among them Lord Blackwell and Lord Major, two of the Empire's most powerful politicians. Like all statesmen, these boys aren't clean. You're sure at least one of them has had a hand in the opium craze that's swept the city and is in constant danger of undermining, or ever overthrowing, the law. Their purpose is unknown, but very shaky, confidential sources report that there is to be something of an opium deal tonight, with lots of money and lots of substance just dying to trade hands. You are to find out who is involved, what the proposed deal is, collect evidence to back you up in the notoriously unfair court trial that the politicians will receive, confiscate the cash and the goods, and arrest the conspirators. In short, you've been tasked with breaking whatever diabolical scheme is going on wide open.

But that is not your only criminal-related business at the moment.

See, the *Dauntless* is a symbol of British pride. If it were to fail to make the journey, or never arrived at its destination, the reputation of Her Majesty's Engineering Corp would be in tatters, and the international economy would take a hit. Normally, such world-wide matters are not the concern of Scotland Yard, but there are British civilians on board, particularly said politicians, and they must be protected. So you are also to ensure the security and stability of the ship. There is no reliable intelligence as to what dark forces are working to ground the *Dauntless*, but they cannot be allowed to succeed. Find out if there are any saboteurs and terrorists among your ranks, and arrest them before they can damage the ship. But be forewarned: the Yard is currently combatting rumors of being very eager to arrest and interrogate anyone who so much as blinks an eye. If one of the politicians were wrongfully arrested, and the charges did not stand in court, the repercussions could be dire. Let's just say that Scotland Yard's budget could get very small in Parliament very quickly. Thus it is important that you gather evidence to support your beliefs.

This Lord Cornelius Blackwell person? Rotten to the bone. The money he must have shafted his Conservative Party to fund his own personal expenditures is beyond your estimation. A mole close to Blackwell reports that the pig has something planned tonight, some sort of opium deal. It's a well established fact that the backbone of Blackwell's operation is cutting deals between rightist groups and the London mob, but this is too much. An exchange of dark powder on an occasion such as this? Nothing is sacred anymore.

And so you walk a fine line with the nobility. They must be protected at all costs. If even one of them does not make it back from the flight, and the press found out that a Scotland Yard member was on board, the fallout would be very bad. If two or more voting members of Parliament came back in body bags, it could be catastrophic. Their lives are a high priority. Sure you suspect them of being corrupt and trafficking in opium. But that is something for which you will quietly arrest them, and with proof. Which brings you to your travel arrangements. Your cover aboard this flight is particularly ingenious. You needed some reason to be very close to the Captain, in case anything goes wrong. The Yard overstretched itself, but for a good cause, to get you to be hired as the Captain's young daughter's music teacher. A nice girl, Mary Archer, but you sense something a bit wild in her sometimes. The Captain of course expects your tutelage to be far more than simple music lessons with a bit of history about composers. You are also expected to raise her to be a proper young woman, polite and courteous and charming. That is the dual nature of such a position, and the way things are done. You're willing to devote yourself to this, until duty calls, that is. Because you're not supposed to drop your old cover. You're pretending to be a whore pretending to be a personal music tutor. If the Captain ever "discovered" your "real identity" as a lady of the night, he would no doubt be furious, but it's crucial. Whores get around in this society, whether one accepts it or not. Men tell you things, give you things, assume that you are stupid, say too much too easily. It's a wonderful information-gathering technique, and you are certain that some of the men aboard the *Dauntless* would like nothing more than to be seduced by a young woman such as yourself.

There is also the fact that, though you don't want to admit it to yourself, you hate not pretending to be a whore. Only for a few hours of the day are you not dressed and acting like a prostitute. Because if you are not a fly when you happen upon the spider's nest, he will not attack you. And then you will have passed up a chance at finally stopping Jack the Ripper. . .

Goals

- Catch Jack the Ripper.
- Stop any attempt to sabotage the *Dauntless*.
- Stop Blackwell's opium deal, and bring him to justice.

Notes

- Your real name is Emily Knight, like it says on your Scotland Yard badge. "Judy Watson" is the cover name you were hired under.
- Be careful not to blow your cover unless absolutely necessary - you have a role to fulfill. Some people think you are Mary's tutor.

- The way to Jack is by pretending to be a whore. The more people who think you are a whore, the better your chance of drawing a confrontation. But be careful out there.

Contacts

- Captain John Archer (Ryan Smith): Your employer. Doesn't seem to suspect your true identity.
- Mary Elizabeth Archer (Anne-Sophie Bine): The young girl you barely have time to teach how to be a proper young woman.
- Reginald Archer (Thomas Chamberlain): Her uncle.
- Lord Cornelius Blackwell (Peter Litwack): A snake. Hopefully you can drag him home in chains when all this is over.
- Lord David Lloyd Major (Winfield J. Brown): A politician you have been having sex with to gather information.
- Lady Gwendolyn Major (Phoebe Oathout): His wife, whom you have not actually met
- Sidney Davis (Kelsey Risi): An attractive young man who works on the ship.
- William (Gael Colas): A little boy who works with Sidney.
- Jean-Baptiste Rousseau (John Schwartz): A famous French writer.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open at game start.
- "L Packet"

Greensheets

- none

Abilities

- | | |
|-------------|-------------------------|
| - First Aid | - Disarm |
| - Assist | - Restrain |
| - Knock Out | - Bare-Handed Knock Out |
| - Wound | - Singing Lessons |

Items

- | | |
|-----------------------|---|
| - A Knife (60) | - a list of names (in-game document) |
| - A small badge (215) | - a party invitation (in-game document) |

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|------------|---|
| - Combat Rating: | 3 | - ϕ : | 1 |
|------------------|---|------------|---|

William

"Life is pleasant. Death is peaceful. It's the transition that's troublesome."

– Isaac Asimov

You remember everything that has happened to you. Your first memory is of darkness. You didn't know what it was then. You heard the sound of steam escaping, though you didn't know what that was either, a smell you would later realize was a combination of the smells of warm metal and human illness.

The first thing you did, upon taking in this data, was to open what are known as eyelids. You were greeted with so much data! It was ever so much more interesting than darkness. You saw two faces: your mother and father. At the time, they were no more interesting than all the other new things you saw. They named you William and mother leaked water from her eyes.

Mother was always wonderful to you. She taught you so very many things. Father stopped moving not long after you first woke up. Mother told you he had died, and that that was how humans shut down forever. She leaked lots of water from her eyes. She told you that was crying. She said it was because she was sad.

You know what things happen around you, what humans do, but you never understand why. You ask, and then they tell you, and sometimes you understand, but when you think you understand something new, you are often wrong.

One day you stopped being with Mother. You don't know why. It was nice with Mother, and you did not want to stop being with her. Mother told you she loved you and she had to put you away for awhile to keep you safe. She kissed you and turned you off. When you were turned on again strange people were looking at you. They gasped and one of them shrieked, someone yelled "It's ali-" and you were turned off again. Next time you woke up your limbs were being restrained. You sat up, accidentally breaking the restraints. You heard gasps again, and something large grabbed you from behind and everything went dark yet again. It was all very confusing.

Things like that kept happening to you until finally a man told you that he had bought you. He told you his name was Lord Cornelius Blackwell and that you were going to work on an airship. Your mother used to make airships before she made you. She was very, very good at it.

He took you to his ship, which is run by John Archer. He is nice but you think he seems sad. It is hard to tell what people feel.

Now you spend most of your time now with Sidney Davis. She teaches you many things. Everyone else thinks she is a boy, and she told you can not tell anyone that she is actually a girl. You really do not understand, but she says it is important. When Sidney is not teaching you things, you shovel coal and do whatever the crew tells you to do.

There are other people around the ship. You are trying so hard to understand them! Emilia Genevieve Bryce is very nice to you. She is here with a man, Evan Bryce. He is also your friend and tells you about the world! You like having so many friends. Emilia gave you a very pretty ring to play with. You keep it with you all the time and play with it. You even wrote her a nice letter and put it in her room.

Mary Elizabeth Archer is the Captain's daughter and she is also nice. She comes down to see Sidney a lot. You hope she likes you. Her uncle is uncle. He's a vicar and he talks to you about religion and God. You really don't understand that. It is even more confusing than people, but he really likes to talk to you about it, so you stand and listen. You are good at this.

You feel like you are different from the other people somehow. You want to be like them. You bought a book several hundred hours ago, and you will read it soon. It is called "Miss Manners' Guide to Raising a Well-Mannered Young Gentleman". Maybe if you read it, you can be a well-mannered young gentleman. You are not entirely clear what a well-mannered young gentleman is, but it sounds like a good thing. Maybe some of your friends can help you learn what it is. They all have so many different ideas, though, and you don't know who is right. You'll have to listen to them carefully.

Goals

- Be nice.
- Help Cid keep the ship running.
- Read the book and become a well-mannered young gentleman.

Notes

- You are a clockwork metallic automaton who looks like a real boy. You do not bleed, although you look identical to a small blond boy. Everyone around you expects you to be what you look like, and generally have no clue about your true nature.

Contacts

- William (Gael Colas): This is you. You have met you. You try to be nice and fix things.
- Sidney Davis (Kelsey Risi): A nice girl. She tells you to do things.
- Captain John Archer (Ryan Smith): A nice man. He captains the ship you work on.
- Lord Cornelius Blackwell (Peter Litwack): A nice man.
- Evan Bryce (Bobby Pragad): A nice man.
- Emilia Genevieve Bryce (Kendra Beckler): A nice lady.
- Reginald Archer (Thomas Chamberlain): A nice priest man.
- Mary Elizabeth Archer (Anne-Sophie Bine): A nice girl. She comes to see Sid.
- Daniel Cole (Matthew Ventures): A nice man.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open at the start of game. - V-Packet
- Open if you see badge #532 - C-Packet
- "L Packet" - S-Packet
- B-Packet

Greensheets

- Hear Me Baby, Hold Together: In-Flight Repair for the Cocky Engineer - Ms. Manners' Tips for Well-Mannered Young Adults

Abilities

- Robotic Body - Knock Out
- Repair - Wound
- Assist

Items

- A Wedding Ring (38) - a list of names (in-game document)
- Toolkit (14) - a party invitation (in-game document)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 1 - ϕ : 2