
Dr. Fyodor Filin

You've always been far too idealistic for your own good. You didn't just desire to help people; you refused to accept disease and even death as an inevitability. You've lost friends because of your unyielding conviction, brash determination and utter distaste for any fatalism. It didn't matter. Social life was a frivolity that got in the way of your mission. You studied hard, climbed to the top and had your own clinical research laboratory at the age of 28. With full control over your own research, you were poised to study and defeat the greatest enemy of humanity: death itself.

If only it were that simple. Science has always been trapped by politics, and as the head of a lab, you began to experience its thorny tangles firsthand. Infeasible. Impractical. Those were the words they threw at you and your ideas. They told you to get your head out of the clouds and focus on something practical. It makes sense, you suppose. Normal people desire "practicality", actions whose results they can see immediately. They desire politeness instead of kindness. They desire comfort instead of good. Still, their brand of practicality was defeat in your eyes. Man would not have made it to the skies if they accepted gravity as an absolute. You will never consider death an absolute, much less a necessity.

In a last ditch attempt to save your lab, you travelled to a backwater town in the steppes, following rumors of a man who could heal any illness. It was a mistake. Possibly the biggest mistake you made in your life.

Truth is your shepherd, but the town and its superstitions severely stretch your definition of truth. The locals seem to believe their elder is magic and that the magic only works when his coffers are full. They believe in spirits, magic powders, sorcerous families and, most disturbingly, human sacrifice. Thankfully, the practice seems to have stopped a few years before you got there, but every now and then, you hear whispers of a bull being sacrificed in the steppes. You're content to let the locals practice their strange ways, as long as they don't turn to humans for sacrifice.

What you're not content with are frauds who play with human lives. The moment you stepped off the train, the townsfolk offered you immune boosters and panaceas that were nothing except mugwort and gravel. It was all in good faith, you presumed, but it infuriated you nonetheless to realize that someone was tricking them. You asked your way around town, attempting to find the source of the fake medicine to no avail. Failing that, you set up your own little temporary practice so the locals would have access to real medicine. No one took your help. In fact, the townsfolk seem even more short-tempered with you than before.

Frustrated, you decided to focus on your mission. You put on your best suit and introduced yourself as politely as you could to the local elder, Grigoriy Kain, only to be ignored. What did the elder have to hide if he was truly a healer? His children were little better at first. The older one, Alexander, is a spitting image of his obstinate father and equally silent about his family's suspicious practices. The younger one, on the other hand, is a different story.

Victoria is a little younger than you, but equally as intelligent and bright-eyed. Sure, she still talks about sorcery and faith healing as absolute truths, but she is anything but close-minded. Victoria appreciates your knowledge of chemistry and cutting-edge medicine, and in turn, you came to appreciate her wisdom, logic and surprising insightfulness. Better yet, through your talks, you realized that you share the same passion, idealism and desire to help others. Victoria is one of the very few people you've met who doesn't regard you as a cold, data-cranking automation. Instead, she sees you for the dreamer you are. You knew you had to go back and that nothing would come out of the odd new love, but you cherished the warmth of it nevertheless.

Again, if only it were that simple.

A week ago, you heard a knock on your door in the middle of the night. No one visited you in your dingy old motel room, especially not at night, but you presumed it was the innkeeper having problems with his heart. Instead, you were greeted by the barrel of a six-shooter, which promptly fired into your chest. You woke up the next morning, dizzy and aching, with Victoria by your bed. Your chest was wrapped in bandages, and the wound underneath them pulsed with its own rhythm. You asked Victoria what happened, but she only kissed your cheek and told you to rest.

The plague started that same day. You don't believe it was a coincidence. The plague is far too virulent and far too sudden in appearance to be natural. Someone just happened to try and kill one of the few legitimate doctors in town before the plague spread. Judging by how quickly Victoria seems to have found you, she too might have been attacked and on alert. You're still not sure how Victoria managed to treat a point-blank ballistic wound with such efficiency, but it's a question for calmer times.

Right now, you need to stop the plague. It has claimed thousands of lives and half the town already. The town has always rejected you, and you never had any true love for it, but hell would freeze before you yielded to your old enemy and let it claim innocent lives. With the town elder's begrudging help, you established a sterile shelter for the few healthy individuals left in town. You personally vetted all the inhabitants of the shelter. The shelter should be thoroughly clean.

Once that was established, you contacted the authorities and received news of an army coming in to level the town. If the shelter remains clean of infection, the army will hopefully allow the healthy survivors to evacuate. But you're more ambitious than that. You don't want to leave behind those who are not dead yet. And perhaps, just perhaps, a new discovery might help save your dying laboratory.

Goals

- Save as many people as possible
- Find a way to cure the plague
- Protect Victoria from harm and convince her to come to the capital with you for more formal studies
- Find the person who tried to kill you. Perhaps they know a thing or two about the plague
- Expose all fraud healers in town
- Research the source of the elder's "magic"

Notes

- You have a belief score. Consult the relevant greensheet for details.

Contacts

- Victoria Kain (Dana Murphy): - Your trusted ally and research partner. You might be developing something more than a working relationship with her
- Grigoriy Kain (Truman Hanks): - The town elder and a fraud most likely. You're not sure how Victoria has someone like him as a father
- Alexander Kain (Geoff Ramseyer): - A superstitious, unlikable man who disapproves of your relationship with Victoria

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you see item (0012) - The Supernatural
- Open if you see item (0013), (0014) or (0015) - Envelope V

Bluesheets

- ### - The Town, the Elders and Their Duty

Greensheets

- Disease Mechanics
- Fighting the Plague (out-of-game notebook)
- Townsfolk
- Belief and Skepticism

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Killing Blow
- Restrain
- First Aid
- Draw Blood

Items

- Scalpel (2626)

- Rubbing Alcohol (8772)

- Plague Mask (8772)
- Blood (8703)(×3)

- Coin (8703)(×3)

Stats

- Combat Rating:

1
- γ:

2

Alexander Kain

You were a disappointment the moment you were born. An elder traditionally bore one child to pass on their powers to and focused the rest of their attention on their duty. Unfortunately, despite your powerful parents, you barely had enough spiritual power to be distinguishable from a patch of cow hide. Father could not pass on his powers to you, and consequently, Victoria had to come into existence.

You liked Victoria when she was a child. She looked up to you and listened to you, and you humored her by playing her odd games or helping with her schoolwork. You miss those simpler times sometimes. All is past, however. Victoria is now an annoying little brat who constantly talks about how morally superior she is to everyone in town, even as she dabbles in blood magic and risks driving your family name to the ground. You told her to scram and left town the moment she had the gall to ask if you would help her. You couldn't bear to deal with your family then. Victoria practiced blood magic and you were still the black sheep somehow. The old petulant jealousy clouded your mind until you couldn't think. You had to leave so you could fill your head with something more productive than anger.

For two years you travelled across the country, apprenticing under feldshers and shamans, and even taking a couple of university classes in Irkustsk. The ability to create cures greater than nature's own excited you, and funnily enough, modern medicine returned your love better than mysticism ever did. You even impressed a chemistry professor enough that she asked you to be an assistant in her lab. You worked there for a month. You escaped your family at least partly because you bristled at the idea of being your sister's lapdog. Without credentials, you would remain a lapdog at the university. That wouldn't do. You had a duty and an inheritance waiting for you at home, regardless of what Father thought.

Your homecoming was unsurprisingly frustrating. Victoria still hadn't forgiven you for walking out on her. Without anyone else to trust, she soon fell in with some big-headed new city doctor. Dr. Filin is every single credentials-obsessed, intellectually insecure pissant you had to deal with in Irkustsk. Still, you wouldn't have minded the relationship too much if Victoria acted her age and knew her duties. Instead, she spends day and night with the outsider doctor, blissfully unaware that the doctor is using her to pry at your family's secrets. That was the entire reason the doctor came to your town. He had been asking around town about your father and your family's magic from the beginning. Did Victoria not notice that? Was she so besotted that she couldn't see past such simple, obvious manipulation?

You worry about Victoria too much nowadays. You've tried talking to her, and when reason failed, you threatened to kill that manipulative little doctor in frustration. Victoria still hasn't forgiven you for that. She is still cold towards you, even when faced with more pressing issues than your old grudges or her ill-advised romance.

Ah, yes, the pressing issues. The plague. You're not sure where it came from. It's unlike anything you've ever studied in the two years you've been away from town. You suspect it is a hemorrhagic fever caused by an errant earth spirit. Father has always been reluctant to offer sacrifices to the earth, and you admire him for that. You've heard that he eradicated an age-old barbaric tradition of human sacrifice by binding the earth's energy somehow. Victoria thinks it's slavery, but that just makes you roll your eyes. What's the comfort of some vague earth creature next to human lives? You've never heard those spirits they talk so often about anyways. As far as you're concerned, they're units of energy, like heat. You don't worry about the plight of your radiator.

The metaphorical radiator is malfunctioning now, and you'll have to fix it. Father seems to have lost control of the earth somehow and is either unwilling or unable to regain it. You're not the one to take any joy in the deaths of thousands, but you have to admit it presents an opportunity to prove yourself. You're still somewhat bitter that Father refuses to trust you with his secrets, preferring to spout off some excuse about sacrifices and burden. You never understood what that was about. You don't want to marry—you never loved anyone with the kind of raging passion that Victoria is capable of—and Father already has a way of making miracles without appeasing the hungry earth. So what was the problem? You could only conclude that Father is embarrassed of you. You were born unworthy and you are still unworthy in your father's eyes.

Yet you're the only responsible one in the family anyway. You don't know why Dr. Filin wanted to use your home as a shelter instead of something smaller but secluded like the Sidorovs' dacha. You thought your father made a mistake in agreeing and you were right. Victoria's research notes and blood-generating Crucible are nowhere to be seen. Father is too busy posturing in front of the refugees and Victoria is too busy moping. Only you worry about finding the forbidden research that might spell your family's doom if it ever reaches your enemies. Such is life. At least they're not *asking* you to clean up their mess. That would have driven you mad.

Of course, you will still try your best to protect your family and the unreliable sods that it consists of. You will recapture the earth and contain the plague. You will save the town. Birthright and gifts are nothing next to hard work and intellect, and your family will see that soon enough.

Goals

- Stop the plague
- Recapture the escaped earth spirit before your father does
- Find out how the earth spirit broke free in the first place
- Protect Victoria, especially from that manipulative, snake-eyed doctor. Idiot or not, Victoria is still family.
- Keep your family's magical secrets from being revealed to the outside world
- Be named as your father's successor

Notes

- You have very low tolerance for alcohol. Drinking booze will cause you to lose 1 CR for half an hour. The effect is stackable.

Contacts

- Grigoriy Kain (Truman Hanks): Your father. A tough man to please.
- Victoria Kain (Dana Murphy): Your feckless sister. You do love her, though she makes it very difficult at times
- Dr. Fyodor Filin (Ryan Smith): The snake who has your sister wrapped around his little finger
- Nikolai Saburov (Winston Liao): A childhood friend of yours. You're glad to see him alive, but you wonder what has become of him since you left

Memory/Event Packets

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| - Open if you see item (0012) | - Envelope E |
| - Open if you see item (0013), (0014) or (0015) | - Envelope T |

Bluesheets

- | | |
|--|-------------------|
| - Shabnak-Adyr, or the Spirit of the Earth | - The Kain Family |
| - The Town, the Elders and Their Duty | |

Greensheets

- | | |
|---------------------|---|
| - Disease Mechanics | - Studying the Spirits (out-of-game notebook) |
| - Townsfolk | |

Abilities

- | | |
|----------------|--------------|
| - Knock Out | - Restrain |
| - Wound | - First Aid |
| - Assist | - Draw Blood |
| - Killing Blow | |

Items

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| - Blood (8703)(×3) | - Coin (8703)(×3) |
|--------------------|-------------------|

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2 - γ: 1

Grigoriy Kain

You never had much respect for traditions. Blood for blood. Life for life. Equivalent exchange. All those words reeked of surrender. Such traditions only survived because generations of men and women were too weak and too complacent to challenge them. The previous elder was one such man. He accepted his obligations meekly, choosing to drive his dagger into the hearts of pleading women instead of listening to your ideas. No, come to think of it, it was not just meekness that blocked the elder's ears; it was a matter of caste as well. You belonged to a distant cadet branch of the Startsev family, and while you had decent spiritual power of your own, it was never enough to make you seem anything more than a flea in that proud Startsev man's eyes.

So you took matters into your own hands. You used your years of magical research and your clever contraptions to trap the spirit of earth within an oaken staff. An extraordinary yet loathsome creature. Shivers ran down your spine as you tapped into its power. How much blood had to be spilled on the account of this creature? You only knew one thing for certain: none would be spilled for it ever again.

The townsfolk agreed with you. They worshipped your bloodless miracles and turned against the traditions the moment they saw you cure a smallpox victim with the touch of your hands. Of course, there are always a few obstinate fellows clinging to cruelty simply because it is tradition. Klara, the former elder's daughter, was one of those people. Her father had the wisdom to step down when time came, but the girl never had her turn and she wanted it so terribly. You showed her just how terrible the power she sought was. As much as you disliked sacrifices, you had to know your enemy to defeat it. You killed your first two men—both supporters of the previous elder—the way other elders killed thousands. You hadn't expected the townsfolk to react as violently as they did—you certainly hadn't expected them to kill Klara in an act of frenzied mob justice—but you felt little grief for her death. Let this sacrifice be the cost of your peaceful reign. Let the remaining degenerates see what they are asking to return to.

You've continued to eschew traditions even after your ascension to power. Like many other elders before you, you were supposed to bear a child with a woman approved by the rest of the great families. You had the child as planned, but unlike the others, you fell in love with the woman as well. The first time you sat beside Katerina Koslov with Alexander in your arms, you realized that all you truly wanted was that little family. You asked her to marry you, but she asked you to wait until after the birth of your second child. There was never a need for such lies. Katerina left for the capital the day after Victoria was born, leaving nothing but a note. *I have borne you the child you needed*, it said. *I hope to earth below that she grows to be more compassionate than you*. In the end, the traditions you destroyed avenged themselves. The bitterness of it is almost sublime.

You are so tired nowadays. The steppe winds shake your bones, and you've taken to drinking every now and then to stave off the chill. Your children barely acknowledge you; Alexander even left town without telling you and returned two years later, never once explaining himself. You are starting to realize that anything without a cost is quickly taken for granted. As immense as the earth spirit's powers are, its binds cannot stand too much strain. You decided to limit your services and make some money for a change. You desire some good whiskey in your old age, and your children will need more than a wretched staff and a spellbook if they are to survive in the world. Especially Alexander. The poor child is too spiritually weak to make good use of your powers, regardless of how much he wants it. He doesn't understand the burden, the hard decisions and the false love that come with being an elder. You're not too happy to saddle Victoria with these responsibilities either, but at very least, she has the aptitude for it, if not the temperament.

Dear spirits, that temperament. That temperament was likely the cause of this entire plague business. Victoria did grow up to be what most would call "compassionate." You, on the other hand, would call her delicate and overly idealistic. Victoria detests your pragmatism and wants nothing to do with you. She even asked you to release the earth spirit at one point. And now the earth spirit is free and taking its anger out on the entire town. The first morning of the outbreak, you found your powerless, empty staff lying at your door, spotted with flakes of dried blood. The signs were unmistakable. Someone had attempted a resurrection with

it and lost control of the spirit in process. Only Victoria has enough talent to pull such magnitude of power from your staff, and only she is foolish enough to even try. Her compassion must have gotten the better of her again.

You immediately decided that word will never get out on how the plague started. You must retain your control of the town and guard your family's secrets, especially from that nosy little outsider, Dr. Filin. That little pest is so neurotic and so entrenched in his city science that any true magic will likely make him reach for a torch. Worse still, the pest doesn't know his place. Your reputation in the town has been dropping steadily due to your inability to stop the plague, and Dr. Filin was all too happy to capitalize on it. You agreed to help him establish a shelter in your home for the common good, and soon enough, someone among the rabble that flooded in stole Victoria's notes and belongings. If Alexander is correct, those were notes on blood magic. You're a bit disturbed that Victoria has been practicing blood magic right under your nose, but you have bigger concerns now. You fear that the notes are already in the hands of the Sidorovs, or worse, Dr. Filin. You dread to think of what that paranoid doctor might do if he knows too much and wields too much power. Your worst fear is that the town will find the truth and rally behind the doctor to kill your child like they killed the previous elder's daughter. You will never allow that. If push comes to shove, you are willing to die in Victoria's stead.

However, you don't want to do so when there is a far better option. You know how resurrection works. You've even entertained the thought of trying it before realizing its cost. Resurrection is taxing even for an earth spirit; sustaining one life drains all of earth's restorative powers. Whoever the earth spirit brought to life should now be a nexus of healing powers, with or without their knowledge. The earth spirit will most likely return for that power once you sacrifice whoever was returned and release those powers. Once spirit comes, you will capture it and force it to undo its damage. You dislike sacrifice, but this is not sacrifice as much as collecting a debt. Someone's borrowed time has caused a thousand deaths already. That time will soon be over, as will the spirit's freedom. You will have to approach your task subtly, but once you know whom to sacrifice, you should be able to cook up some palatable explanation for it—an explanation that doesn't involve your family practicing forbidden magic.

You have no other options. Capturing the earth spirit without restoring its healing powers would be a waste; you don't need a staff capable of only causing the plague. The city doctor seems to be trying his own method, but his success would spell the end of your leadership. Considering what the town did after the last change in leadership, you are not at all eager to let that happen. No, it will be you who saves the town and heals the sick. You are their elder. Let no one forget that.

Goals

- Find whoever was resurrected and sacrifice them to restore the earth's healing power
- Protect your children
- Make sure the town listens to you, not the outsider
- Make sure no one finds out about your family's role in the plague
- Recover the items and notes that were stolen from your home
- Choose the right person to inherit your powers

Notes

- Earth's power can only be restored by sacrificing the appropriate target with your ritual sacrifice ability
- Make sure to fill out the will in your room. You don't want to leave your children squabbling over your inheritance in case something happens to you
- In addition to the items on your person, you have a plague mask and a sacrificial bone dagger somewhere in your house

Contacts

- Alexander Kain (Geoff Ramseyer): - your dutiful older child. Has little spiritual power. You wish he would pick up interests other than magic
- Victoria Kain (Dana Murphy): - your reckless, idealistic younger child. For all her mistakes, she is still your blood
- Dr. Fyodor Filin (Ryan Smith): - an outsider who thinks he owns the town. You will let him know who is in charge soon enough

Memory/Event Packets

- Open t + 1 hour into game
- Open 30 minutes before game end. If you are killed beforehand, pass this onto a random PC

Bluesheets

- Shabnak-Adyr, or the Spirit of the Earth
- The Kain Family
- The Town, the Elders and Their Duty

Greensheets

- Disease Mechanics
- Townsfolk

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Ritual Sacrifice
- Wound
- True Sight
- Assist
- Entrapment
- Killing Blow
- Prestidigitation
- Restrain

Items

- Staff (0063)
- Coin (8703)(×5)
- Blood (8703)(×3)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
- γ: 2

Victoria Kain

You never meant for this to happen. You were panicked. You weren't thinking. If only you had known the consequences, you would have thought twice. But what would you have done if you thought twice?

You're the younger child of the town's elder, gifted with a spiritual power greater than that of anyone in your living family. You could hear the voices of the earth since before you could walk. Your father always loved you for your gifts, but you find it difficult to reciprocate that love, for your father is little more than a trickster despite his claims of being a healer. His powers came from an enslaved spirit of the earth whose agony you felt every time you saw his oaken staff. He explained that he had no choice and that the alternative was human sacrifice. You wanted to believe him, but the last bit of your faith shattered when you found him charging his own people for his services. Desperate folks without the penny relied on cheap, fake medicine produced who knows where, yet your father turned a blind eye to their pain.

Infuriated, you began to delve into forbidden blood magic in hopes that you could find a way to heal without human sacrifice or a spirit's suffering. You soon realized just why blood magic is so feared: it could hurt far more easily than it could heal. You created a crucible that could regenerate blood, but that was the extent of the good you could do before you had to take a break. You needed others' help to proceed, and you couldn't exactly tell the world you had been practicing taboo magic. Your family could be killed for that. You needed someone to trust.

You immediately asked for the help of your brother, Alexander, but he refused and left town shortly afterwards. You tried to assume the best intentions. You hoped that Alexander left because he too was disillusioned by your father's greed, but he returned two years later, colder and cagier yet every bit as loyal to your father as he ever was. You'd think Alexander would have opened his mind a little after seeing the world outside town. You had enough trouble forgiving him for abandoning you when you needed him.

All this is perhaps why you were so taken by the town's newest visitor, Dr. Filin. Sure, he is stubborn, tactless and constantly doubting magic that you know to be real. But he is also brave, determined and bursting with ideas on how to defeat suffering and disease. He is the first person you've seen in this wretched town who cares for something other than their greed and endless power struggles. You could listen to him talk about telomeres and immortal cell lines for hours. As you listened and learned, you realized that you didn't have to remain in town and continue that hopeless, dangerous research on blood magic. Modern science interested you as much as magic and traditional medicine. You were careful enough with your answers and clever enough with your questions that Dr. Filin came to regard you more as a partner than a student. At one point, you even hoped you could go to the capital with him to study surgery.

All those hopes were dashed when you found Dr. Filin dead in his room a week ago. You had feared this would happen. Dr. Filin was far too interested in your family secrets. You tried not to reveal too much—as much as you dislike your family, you don't want them torn by an angry mob for abusing the earth or practicing blood magic—but Alexander chastised you daily for your "indiscretions" anyway. At one point, he even threatened to have Dr. Filin killed. You wouldn't have believed your brother capable of murder before, but he is different now and earth only knows what happened when he was away. The night when you found Dr. Filin's body, you had a splitting headache the likes of which you had never experienced. It could have simply been a migraine, but coupled with the threat, you took it for a premonition. And there you were, manically wiping the blood off Dr. Filin's corpse.

You might have gone a little insane then. Why him? Of all people, why the only person who wanted to do good in this town? Was this your family's idea of safety? You didn't agree with reality that moment. You refused to agree. You wrapped Dr. Filin's body in a blanket and wandered home in a daze, with blood still splattered all over your shirt. You stole your father's staff, returned to Dr. Filin and put your massive powers to a good use.

You truly were as powerful as they said you were. Blood oozed anew from dried wound before the flesh sewed shut. The

body took a shuddering breath. All seemed fine for a moment. Unfortunately, as powerful as you were, you were untrained. You had never wielded so much power in your life. In your rush and carelessness, you broke through the restraints that bound the earth spirit to your father's staff. The spirit broke free. The plague started the morning after.

You haven't talked much to anyone since then. It's all your fault, says a voice in your head, perhaps your own, perhaps that of ghosts. The voice grows louder as the death toll climbs. Someone stole your research on blood magic a couple of days ago, but you were so overwhelmed by panic and guilt already that you had little time to worry. For the first time, you're glad that Dr. Filin is a bit emotionally dense. He has recovered fast and is already attempting to find a cure to the plague. You wouldn't have expected anything else from him. He trusts you unconditionally with his research and believes that you simply nursed him to health. You hope he keeps thinking that way. Dr. Filin cares for others. He would never accept you if he found out what you did. Neither will your family.

Despite your guilt, Dr. Filin's energy is infectious and you have just enough will to forge ahead and make amends for your mistakes. Perhaps you will help find the cure that Dr. Filin is so desperately seeking for. Or perhaps there will be an opportunity to pay back in full the damage you've wrought on the earth. The earth requires equivalent exchange. Blood for blood. Life for life. Perhaps your life will pay for the one you refused to give to the earth.

Goals

- Find a way to stop the plague. If it involves your death, so be it
- Protect Dr. Filin from all harm. You don't have a future with him, but you will not let your unwitting sacrifice be in vain
- Protect your family secrets from Dr. Filin. You've already hurt your family enough
- Keep Dr. Filin's resurrection a secret from everyone
- Recover the blood-generating Crucible and your notes on blood magic. They might be useful to you yet. They are definitely dangerous in the wrong hands
- Find out what happened to Alexander when he was away. Try to redeem him if he has gone down a dark path

Notes

- Dr. Filin has a belief score which goes up every time he witnesses a supernatural event. Higher this score is, more likely he is to gain insight to your family secrets. You can prevent him from gaining this score by providing non-supernatural explanations to supernatural phenomena he sees.

Contacts

- Dr. Fyodor Filin (Ryan Smith): - You're a little in love with him
- Grigoriy Kain (Truman Hanks): - Your father. It's often difficult to reciprocate his love and stick to your morals at the same time
- Alexander Kain (Geoff Ramseyer): - Your brother. You love him, yet you fear he was responsible for Dr. Filin's murder

Memory/Event Packets

- Open when you see the character with badge 24873
- Envelope C
- Envelope F
- Open in the last 30 minutes of game

Bluesheets

- Shabnak-Adyr, or the Spirit of the Earth
- The Kain Family
- The Town, the Elders and Their Duty

Greensheets

- Disease Mechanics
- Refining Your Powers (out-of-game notebook)
- Townsfolk

Abilities

- | | |
|----------------|--------------------|
| - Knock Out | - Restrain |
| - Wound | - True Sight |
| - Assist | - Prestidigitation |
| - Killing Blow | - Blood Sorcery |

Items

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| - Blood (8703)(×3) | - Coin (8703)(×3) |
|--------------------|-------------------|

Stats

- | | | | |
|------------------|---|------|---|
| - Combat Rating: | 2 | - γ: | 2 |
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Klara

You were a spirit of the earth once. You were the warmth of soil, the taste of copper, and the scent of thistle and hay. The town nourished you with blood, and you healed its wounds in return. Now your time as a spirit is a distant memory, a painful reminder of what you have lost. Something ripped you away from the earth and trapped you in a sterile chamber nothing like your beloved home. Its cold, dead walls sapped your strength and gave you nothing in return: no wind, no water, and no blood.

That changed one night when an unfamiliar entity broke into your prison. It grabbed your heart and took more of it than anyone ever attempted to take, so much that you thought you would expire from the strain. You did not. Instead, the walls of your prison shattered from the force of the pull. You lost half of your strength, but you were free.

You sought nourishment immediately. You dug into the wind and water. You crawled inside a thousand bulls, horses, mice and men, coursing up their veins and drinking their blood. They called you plague, pestilence and death itself, but you called it equivalent exchange. So many of them live thanks to your pain and your sacrifice. They had forgotten to thank you in blood, and you needed to remind them.

Still, regardless of how much you drank, the earth that had been your home remained cold and unwelcoming. You regained bits of your powers, but you could only harm instead of heal, devour instead of nourish. You thought yourself broken and had resigned yourself to an aimless existence apart from earth before you met Vitaliy, a human man who knew the old ways. He offered you a braid of thistle and sang songs that reminded you of your younger days. His voice calmed your anger and restored your mind.

Vitaliy explained to you the events from a human's point of view. You were trapped and abused by the town's elder, Grigoriy Kain, for decades. Nearly all your healing power was drained away by your captor. Random, senseless deaths are not enough to restore this power. Instead, the townsfolk must offer a spiritually powerful individual to you as they did in older times. You decided immediately that this was the best course of action. You even felt a pang of remorse for all the innocent lives you have taken. For all your belief in equivalent exchange, you might have taken more than what you gave. Once the sacrifice is made and your powers are restored, you can repair the damages and give back what you took. Vitaliy says the town does not deserve your mercy, however. Had they hurt him too? Did the town truly deserve what you did to them? You will have to find out.

To help you with your mission, Vitaliy took you in and fashioned you a new body from clay, which you named Klara. You liked the sound of that name. It came to you easily, as if it belonged to someone you knew. Vitaliy seemed taken aback, but he did not comment on it. You've known him for only a few days, but you see him almost as a father of sorts. The human body is giving you a human mind.

You have a plan now. A number of powerful individuals are gathered in a shelter at the elder's home, thinking themselves safe from the plague. It will be a perfect opportunity to test them and see if the town is deserving of your mercy. If the town is filled with wretched and evil people like the elder, you will feel no remorse in letting them remain in suffering. You've already infected three of the townsfolk clandestinely to see how the others would react. It will be an interesting demonstration to say the least. While the townsfolk are being tested, you will help Vitaliy complete the ritual sacrifice before the powerful sacrifice you need can escape with the incoming army.

There are a few notable individuals in the shelter to keep an eye out for. Most worrying is the elder who imprisoned you for so many years. You don't know what tricks he and his children might have in store. They might even imprison you again if you're not careful.

Most curiously, however, you feel familiar energy welled inside one of the shelter's other inhabitants, a pompous outsider doctor by the name of Dr. Filin. He doesn't seem to be too fond of the elder, which is a good sign, yet something about him is wrong. Is he a fellow spirit? Or is it your own power that you feel?

Goals

- Regain your full power
- Determine if the town is worth saving
- Avoid being recaptured at all costs
- Make Vitaliy happy
- Find the true nature of the outsider doctor

Notes

- You are safe from enslavement as long as you remain bound to a body
- Your body is made of clay, but gives all appearance of a flesh body. You have no blood to give.

Contacts

- Vitaliy Malinov (Justin Lai): One who knows the old ways. He is so kind to you, yet he seems so sad
- Grigoriy Kain (Truman Hanks): Your former captor. A cruel, evil man, best to avoid him and his kin.

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if ritual sacrifice is completed and its target had gamma score of 2
- Open if ritual sacrifice is completed and its target had gamma score of 1
- Open if ritual sacrifice is completed and its target had gamma score of 3

Bluesheets

- Shabnak-Adyr, or the Spirit of the Earth

Greensheets

- Disease Mechanics
- Townsfolk
- Judgement and Mercy

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Wound
- Assist
- Killing Blow
- Restrain
- Spread Plague
- Immunity
- Prestidigitation
- Immortal Spirit

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating: 1

Vitaliy Malinov

Oh, how joyous it is to watch them pay.

You were the town's elder once, a scion of the powerful but ever dwindling Startsev lineage. You were not allowed to wed, for you were tainted with the blood of the earth. The one child you bore would inherit your powers and remain your only family. You accepted that. In exchange, you heard the spirits of the land and spoke to them as if they were living people. The locals came to hear your advice and receive your cures. Your cures came with their own price, however—a price that all elders knew how to pay. Blood for blood. Life for life. As cold as it sounded, the blood of a bull and a human tasted the same to the earth, so you collected livestock and other offerings in exchange for saving human lives.

Occasionally, the earth was wounded. Poisons and cold iron claws dug into the earth to extract its treasures, injuring it in process. Those injuries required more than blood to heal; they required a powerful soul. You never took joy in performing those sacrifices. No matter how brave they were, how wise, and how willing, you could see the fear in their eyes before you drove the knife between their ribs. Such was the burden of an elder.

Grigoriy Kain wanted your power but refused to bear the burden. Now the earth suffers and his people die in pain. For the first time, you are eager to feed the earth and plunge your knife into the beating heart of another.

You should have fled the moment you fed the bull's blood to the earth and heard no reply. For what he lacked in power, Grigoriy made through cunning and will. Grigoriy promised life without death and health without harm. His feats were undeniable and his words held the town captive. The town turned against you the moment they witnessed Grigoriy's new miracles. You tried to explain how profane the "miracles" were, and how much it would hurt the earth, but they refused to listen.

You lost your respect for the town quickly. You would have been content to retire from authority and let Grigoriy win if not for your daughter. Your poor Klara had always been too curious, too questioning, and too rebellious. She studied the new magic and quickly determined that Grigoriy had taken the spirit from the earth and bound it to his will. The discovery came at a steep price. Two new ritual sacrifices were performed on the outskirts of town barely a day later. The wounds, the locations and the state of the bodies were unmistakable; it was the work of someone who knew the rites. Your daughter took the blame for you. You pleaded and cried, but once again, the townsfolk turned away from you—you who healed their sick and tended their crops, you who bore the weight of death in your heart so they may sleep in peace, you who had nothing left except for your child. And they hanged your Klara at dawn.

You survived only because you had the good sense to escape this time. You were old enough by then. You would never have another family or another home. All you could have was revenge. For years, you waited in the steppes, searching for other spirits to aid you in your mission. You needn't have bothered. Word reached you a week ago that the town on Gorkhon was being ravaged by a plague. Judging by the speed and ferocity of it, the plague was likely the work of the poor captured earth spirit. As much as the news pleased you, it wasn't enough. The wretched elder and his children were still alive. You set out to capture the earth spirit and enact a more directed revenge of your own.

You weren't surprised to find the earth spirit broken and lost. You were surprised, however, by your own tenderness. You couldn't hurt the earth child again, not after what it had gone through. Not after it remembered the name of your daughter and took it as its own. You don't know why it did so. The name must have been familiar; the earth remembers those who sang to it. You're certain the earth child is too innocent to know and use your feelings. It is too innocent in general. It wishes to heal the townsfolk and undo its righteous vengeance. You'll have to dissuade it from such silliness. Perhaps it will rethink its mercy if it sees enough cruelty at the shelter.

You thought it would be humiliating to take shelter in the home of your old enemy, but the opportunity turned out to be quite rewarding. Someone in the family has been studying blood magic—forbidden magic that will assuredly destroy the Kains'

reputation among the other spiritually powerful families. Whoever studied it had good ideas—they even managed to create a handy blood-generating device which is now on your person—but they obviously lacked the intuition and experience you possess. The notes taught you as much as they could, and now all you need to do is make sure they end up in the right hands—hands that you can use to destroy the Kain family.

Of course, Grigoriy's reputation isn't all you want to destroy. You're more ambitious than that. The earth child needs the sacrifice of a powerful soul to regain its powers and return to the earth. Grigoriy is obviously a candidate for sacrifice, but where is the fun in that? No, there are greater pains in the world than death, and Grigoriy will know them firsthand. Grigoriy's elder child is spiritually indistinguishable from a common bull. He wouldn't restore the earth's power, but no one needs to know that before you try. The younger child, however, is as powerful as your Klara had been. Life for life, indeed.

Goals

- Enact your vengeance by killing Grigoriy's children, preferably as sacrifices
- Protect the innocent earth spirit from those who would enslave it again
- Prevent the earth spirit from undoing its damage. The town deserves to suffer
- Help interested parties uncover dirt on Grigoriy's family
- Give the Kains' research notes to someone who will publish them or sell them to the Kains' rivals

Notes

- The earth spirit is unkillable, but can be enslaved if it is without a body. If the earth spirit's body is destroyed, you have the ability to build it a new body
- It has been decades since you were in town. You doubt many will recognize you.
- Vitaliy is not your real name. It's the name of Grigoriy Kain's wife. It amused you to take that name.

Contacts

- Klara (Oishi Banerjee): The earth spirit, a shabnak-adyr. A powerful but innocent creature instrumental to your plans
- Grigoriy Kain (Truman Hanks): The man who took everything from you.
- Alexander Kain (Geoff Ramseyer): The useless son of the elder.
- Victoria Kain (Dana Murphy): The elder's more precious child. Plain murder is too crude. You will see her sacrificed instead. You'll see the agony on Grigoriy's face and rejoice in his helplessness.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Shabnak-Adyr, or the Spirit of the Earth
- The Town, the Elders and Their Duty

Greensheets

- Disease Mechanics
- Townsfolk

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Faith Healing
- Wound
- Ritual Sacrifice
- Assist
- True Sight
- Killing Blow
- Craft Body
- Restrain
- Blood Sorcery

Items

- Blood (8703)(×3)
- Coin (8703)(×3)
- Bone Dagger (0579)
- Crucible (0000)
- Research Notes on Blood Magic (0000)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 1
- γ : 3

Nikolai Saburov

So this is what the end of the world looks like.

They'd call you a fraud, a snake, and a murderer, but you are simply a nihilist. The plague has destroyed half the town in a week. You've seen the blood and pus oozing from every inch of their bodies. You've seen their pink eyes, swollen tongues and twisted joints. It's a divine punishment, not a challenge despite what those other doctors seem to think. Doesn't mean you specifically have to get punished. Oh, on the contrary, you're getting rich. You can't be hurting anyone by selling them hope, especially when there is little real hope.

You've always thought the town's elders to be frauds. Even the elder's son couldn't explain to you how on Earth all this magic worked. The recent plague makes you wonder if there truly is some special force in the universe, but it's too late for soul-searching now. You grew up in a town of frauds, saw it profitable and decided to make your living as a fraud. It has been working quite well until recently. You have your own little pharmaceutical industry now. The townsfolk eat up your special cures without questions. Some even report feeling better; placebo is the biggest cure, after all. Your distributors are trustworthy. Your pyramid is so tall no one could hope to find you at the top.

That was until the big city doctor traipsed into town. You don't know what his original deal was, but he decided to poke his snooty little nose into your business anyway. You have a bit of fondness for the townsfolk; you had grown up with many of them and some even offered you shelter when you were struggling. But this pretentious little shit gallivanting around town thinking he knows everything...you would have wanted to kill him even if he hadn't started interfering with your business. The rumor that he could notify the authorities and bring in law enforcement from outside was the very last straw.

You paid the doctor a visit a week ago with your trusty revolver. Poor naive man didn't think twice about opening the door to a stranger in the middle of the night. You shot him before he could see past your bandana. You expected the act to be quick and painless, but the shock of it paralyzed you for a good second. You hadn't exactly spent your whole life killing people. In your panic, you didn't check if the job had been done properly. That might have been your biggest mistake.

To be fair, you didn't expect the doctor to survive. You were quite sure you shot him in the heart. The blood on the floor could have filled a bucket by the time you managed to find your legs. Yet, there he was, barking orders and being his usual pompous self in the shelter. You wouldn't have been too surprised if he was bedridden or at least a little bit paler than usual. It was a tough night; perhaps you overrated your aim or misremembered the amount of blood. But no amount of human healing could have brought the doctor so quickly from death's door.

The situation is inconvenient to say the least. The doctor thankfully seems too focused on the plague to look deeper into your pharmaceutical empire, but earth only knows what he is going to tell the army when it comes for all of you. Not to mention how he might affect your new lucrative new business model...

Like any good dealer, you have eyes and ears everywhere. One set of eyes and ears brought to your attention a potion concocted by a desperate plague victim, consisting of herbs, crushed pills and who knows what else. The man consumed his potion, and miraculously enough, he survived and arrived at the shelter. Only the uninfected could enter the shelter, so whatever he made had worked—well enough to fool the doctors, at least. Unfortunately, by the time you found him, he was too delirious from pain to give you any answers about what he made. Either the plague, the potion or both had wreaked havoc upon his body, and he died soon afterwards.

It wasn't a total loss, however. You managed to procure two doses of this mysterious potion from the man's body. One dose might be good for testing—not on yourself, of course, there's nothing in the world you trust so much. If the test works, the other can be given to a talented chemist to be replicated. If your partner is profit-minded, it could be the start of a beautiful friendship. If not, well, more profit for you.

There is yet another opportunity for profit if your other plans fail and you are willing to betray your childhood friend. You and Alexander Kain used to play together as children, which in retrospect was as close as one could be to the stolid, bookish Alexander. The wealthy Sidorovs had been paying attention. They are offering you a handy sum if you manage to uncover the sordid secrets of the Kain family so that the Sidorovs can usurp the elder's position once the plague is over. You have to admire the Sidorovs for thinking that there would be a town to rule over after the plague. Still, money is money. You hope Alexander won't take it too personally. You do like him in your own way.

Goals

- Get out of town alive
- Sell your cures and make as much money as possible
- Prevent your business from being exposed
- Find out what foiled your assassination attempt last week
- Find secrets about the Kains that might sink their reputation

Notes

- Item 0012 is the only potion you have that might have curative properties. The rest are your typical ware

Contacts

- Dr. Fyodor Filin (Ryan Smith): A nosy man who may need to be silenced. However, you're not keen on acting rashly until you're sure he won't crawl out of the grave again. And he does seem to know his chemistry...
- Alexander Kain (Geoff Ramseyer): An old friend of yours before you were pulled to your respective careers. Has a surprisingly big brain on those stubborn shoulders. You wonder if the big brain holds any knowledge you may need.

Memory/Event Packets

- none

Bluesheets

- Shabnak-Adyr, or the Spirit of the Earth
- The Town, the Elders and Their Duty

Greensheets

- Disease Mechanics
- Townsfolk

Abilities

- Knock Out
- Killing Blow
- Wound
- Restrain
- Assist
- Bribery

Items

- Dagger (7742)
- Mysterious Potion (0014)
- Revolver (0579)
- Mysterious Potion (0015)
- Mysterious Potion (0012)(×2)
- Blood (8703)(×3)
- Mysterious Potion (0013)
- Coin (8703)(×2)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
- γ: 1