
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 bring people from the dead. 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, Vera, is a spitting image of his/her obstinate father and equally silent about his/her 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, he/she still talks about sorcery and faith healing as absolute truths, but he/she is anything but close-minded. Victoria appreciates your knowledge of chemistry and cutting-edge medicine, and in turn, you came to appreciate his/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, he/she see 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 he/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, he/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've 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 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 him/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

- Your belief score increases by 1 every time you witness a supernatural phenomenon or accept a supernatural explanation without challenging it. You may choose not to increase your belief score if someone else provides a plausible scientific explanation for the phenomenon you witnessed
- You very much prefer to be called by your title and last name. You didn't get a degree so you could be called *Fedya*

Contacts

- Victoria Kaina: - Your trusted ally and research partner. You might be developing something more than a working relationship with him/her
- Grigoriy Kain: - The town elder and a fraud most likely. You're not sure how Victoria has someone like him as a father
- Vera Kaina: - A superstitious, unlikable man/woman who disapproves of your relationship with Victoria

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you see item (0012) - Belief and Skepticism
- Open if you see item (0013), (0014) or (0015)

Bluesheets

- The Town, the Elders and Their Duty

Greensheets

- Disease Mechanics - Fighting the Plague (in-game notebook)
- Townsfolk

Abilities

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

Items

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| - Scalpel (2626) | - Blood (8703)(×3) |
| - Rubbing Alcohol (8772) | - Coins (8703)(×3) |
| - Plague Mask (8772) | |

Stats

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|------------------|---|------|---|
| - Combat Rating: | 1 | - γ: | 2 |
|------------------|---|------|---|

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 woman. She accepted her obligations meekly, choosing to drive her 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 elder's 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 the elder'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 son/daughter, was one of those people. His/Her mother had the wisdom to step down when time came, but the boy/girl never had his/her turn and he/she wanted it so terribly. You showed him/her just how terrible the power he/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 his/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 Koslova with Vera 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 he/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. 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 Vera. The poor child is too spiritually weak to make good use of your powers, regardless of how much he/she wants it. He/She 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, he/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 him/her delicate and overly idealistic. Victoria detests your pragmatism and wants nothing to do with you. He/She even asked you to release the earth spirit at one point. And now the earth spirit is free. 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 power to pull such magnitude of power from your staff, and only he/she is foolish

enough to even try. His/Her compassion must have gotten the better of him/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/her city science that any true magic will likely make him/her reach for a torch. Worse still, the pest doesn't know his/her 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/her establish the shelter in your home for the common good, but that is all the power you are willing to concede to an outsider. You dread to think of what the paranoid doctor might do if he/she wields too much power. Your worst fear is that the town will find the truth and rally behind him/her to kill your child like they killed the previous elder's son/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. Whoever the earth spirit brought to life should now be a nexus of healing powers. They cannot tap into it unless they are versed in local magic, but you can if you release that energy. The earth spirit will return for their lost powers, and that will be your chance to capture it again. 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 have no other options. Capturing the earth spirit without restoring its healing powers first would be a waste; you don't need a staff capable of only causing the plague. Letting it go and relying on its goodwill means a return to the barbaric traditions you worked so hard to erase. The city doctor seems to be trying his/her own method, but his/her 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
- Recapture the earth spirit once it has healing powers
- Protect your children
- Make sure the town listens to you, not the outsider
- Protect your family secrets from Dr. Filin
- Make sure to have a worthy successor in case something happens

Notes

- Earth's power can only be restored through 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

- Vera Kaina: - your dutiful older child. Has little spiritual power. You wish he/she would pick up interests other than magic
- Victoria Kaina: - your reckless, idealistic younger child. For all his/her mistakes, he/she is still your blood
- Dr. Fyodor Filin: - an outsider who thinks he/she owns the town. You will let him/her know who is in charge soon enough

Memory/Event Packets

- Open t + 1 hour into game
- Open t + 2 hours into game. If you are killed beforehand, pass this onto a random PC

Bluesheets

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

Greensheets

- Disease Mechanics

- Townsfolk

Abilities

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

- Ritual Sacrifice
- True Sight
- Entrapment
- Prestidigitation

Items

- Staff (0063)
- Blood (8703)(×3)

- Coins (8703)(×5)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2

- γ: 2

Vera Kaina

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. Your father could not pass on his powers to you, and consequently, Victoria had to come into existence.

You liked Victoria when he/she was a child. He/She looked up to you and listened to you, and you humored him/her by playing his/her odd games or helping with his/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 he/she is to everyone in town. No wonder he/she gets along so well with the big-headed new city doctor. You wouldn't have minded the relationship too much if Victoria acted his/her age and knew his/her duties. Instead, he/she spends day and night with the outsider doctor, blissfully unaware that the doctor is using him/her to pry at your family's secrets. That was the entire reason the doctor came to your town. He/She had been asking around town about your father and your family's magic from the beginning. Did Victoria not notice that? Was he/she so besotted that he/she couldn't see past such simple, obvious manipulation?

You worry about Victoria too much nowadays. You've tried talking to him/her, and when reason failed, you threatened to kill that manipulative little doctor in frustration. Victoria never quite forgave you for that. He/She is still cold towards you, even when faced with more pressing issues than his/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.

Of course, 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.

It matters little now. You will find a way to recapture the earth and contain the plague. You will replicate your father's research and show him that birthright and gifts are nothing next to hard work and intellect. Your father never taught you much himself, but you've travelled the world on your own, studying mysticism, medicine and even a little synthetic chemistry. The ability to create cures greater than nature's own excited you, and unlike the spirit world, synthetic chemistry returned your love in ample amounts. But alas, you have a legacy to bear and you just can't leave it at the hands of your irresponsible brother/sister.

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: Your father. A tough man to please.
- Victoria Kaina: Your feckless brother/sister. You do love him/her, though he/she makes it very difficult at times
- Dr. Fyodor Filin: The snake who has your brother/sister wrapped around his/her little finger
- Nadya Saburova: A childhood friend of yours. You're glad to see him/her alive, but you wonder what has become of him/her since you left

Memory/Event Packets

- Open if you see item (0012)
- Open if you see item (0013), (0014) or (0015)

Bluesheets

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

Greensheets

- Disease Mechanics
- Studying the Spirits (in-game notebook)
- Townsfolk

Abilities

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

Items

- Blood (8703)(×3)
- Coins (8703)(×3)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
- γ: 1

Victoria Kaina

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. Still, you fear you would have thought twice and done it anyway.

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 come from an enslaved spirit of the earth whose agony you feel every time you see 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.

Your brother/sister, Vera, had left town shortly before your discovery. You assumed that he/she too had been disillusioned by your father's greed, but he/she returned two years later and remained just as loyal to your father as he/she ever was. In fact, he/she seems to have become more hostile to you than before. You'd think Vera would have opened his/her mind a little after seeing the world outside town.

All this is perhaps why you were so taken by the town's newest visitor, Dr. Fyodor Filin. Sure, he/she is stubborn, tactless and constantly criticizing magic that you know to be real. But he/she is also brave, determined and passionate. He/She 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/her talk about his/her science for hours. As you listened, you realized that you didn't have to remain in town and continue the legacy of slavery and deceit. Modern science interests you as much as traditional medicine. You hoped that you could study it more formally one day.

All those hopes were dashed when you found Dr. Filin dead in his/her 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 or put in jail—but Vera chastised you daily for your "indiscretions" anyway. At one point, he/she even threatened to have Dr. Filin killed. The night when you found Dr. Filin's body, you had a splitting headache the likes of which you had never experienced before. It could have simply been a migraine, but coupled with recent events, you took it for a premonition. And there you were, holding Dr. Filin's broken body in your arms.

You might have gone a little insane that moment. Why him/her? Of all people, why Dr. Filin, the only person who wanted to do good in this town? Just for your family's blood-soaked secrets as well. You might have hated your family a little bit. You definitely stopped thinking about them. Either way, you wrapped Dr. Filin's body in a blanket and marched home with the 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. For the first time, you're glad that Dr. Filin is a bit emotionally dense. He/She has recovered fast and is already attempting to find a cure to the plague. You wouldn't have expected anything else from him/her. He/She trusts you unconditionally with his/her research and believes that you simply nursed him/her to health. You hope he/she keeps thinking that way. Dr. Filin cares for others. He/She would never accept you if he/she 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/her, 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
- Convince Vera to make peace with Dr. Filin, or at least stop trying to kill people

Notes

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

Contacts

- Dr. Fyodor Filin: - You're a little in love with him/her
- Grigoriy Kain: - Your father. Loves you dearly, but is far too morally compromised for your comfort
- Vera Kaina: - Your brother/sister. You love him/her well enough, yet you fear he/she was responsible for Dr. Filin's murder

Memory/Event Packets

- Open when you see the Apprentice

Bluesheets

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

Greensheets

- Disease Mechanics
- Refining Your Powers (in-game notebook)
- Townsfolk

Abilities

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

Items

- Blood (8703)(×3)
- Coins (8703)(×3)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
- γ: 2

Katerina

Oh, how joyous it is to watch them pay.

You were the town's elder once. 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 metal 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 son/daughter. Your poor Klara had always been too curious, too questioning, and too rebellious. He/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 prize. 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 son/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 son/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 still desire some directed revenge, of course, but you could easily enact it by giving the spirit what it wants. The spirit 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/She 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
- Help interested parties uncover dirt on Grigoriy's family
- Prevent the earth spirit from undoing its damage. The town deserves to suffer

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
- Katerina is not your real name. It's the name of Grigoriy Kain's wife. It amused you to take that name.

Contacts

- Klara: The earth spirit, a shabnak-adyr. A powerful but innocent creature instrumental to your plans
- Grigoriy Kain: The man who took everything from you.
- Vera Kaina: The useless son/daughter of the elder.
- Victoria Kaina: The elder's more precious child. Plain murder is too crude. You will see him/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
- Wound
- Assist
- Killing Blow
- Restrain
- Faith Healing
- Ritual Sacrifice
- True Sight
- Craft Body
- Blood Sorcery

Items

- Blood (8703)(×3)
- Coins (8703)(×3)
- Bone Dagger (0579)

Stats

- Combat Rating: 1
- γ: 3

Klara

You woke in a field of autumn grass, starved and injured. The earth that had once been your home refuses to accept you. You are too changed to call yourself shabnak-adyr. You are a human now.

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 remained as cold and unwelcoming as ever. 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 Katerina, a human woman who knew the old ways. She offered you a braid of thistle and sang songs that reminded you of your younger days. Her voice calmed your anger and restored your mind.

Katerina 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. Katerina says the town does not deserve your mercy, however. Had they hurt her too? Did the town truly deserve what you did to them? You will have to find out.

To help you with your mission, Katerina 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. Katerina seemed taken aback, but she did not comment on it. You've known her for only a few days, but you see her almost as a mother 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 old church, 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 Katerina 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/She doesn't seem to be too fond of the elder, which is a good sign, yet something about him/her is wrong. Is he/she a fellow spirit? Or is it your own power that you feel?

Goals

- Regain your full power
- Determine if the town is worth saving
- Make Katerina 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

- Katerina: One who knows the old ways. She is so kind to you, yet she seems so sad
- Grigoriy Kain: 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

Abilities

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

Items

- none

Stats

- Combat Rating: 1

Nadya Saburova

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/daughter 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/her original deal was, but he/she decided to poke his/her 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/she knows everything...you would have wanted to kill him/her even if he/she hadn't started interfering with your business. The rumor that he/she 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/woman didn't think twice about opening the door to a stranger in the middle of the night. You shot him/her before he/she 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/her 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/she was, barking orders and being his/her usual pompous self in the shelter. You wouldn't have been too surprised if he/she 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 bring 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/she is going to tell the army when it comes for all of you. Not to mention how he/she 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.

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

Notes

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

Contacts

- Dr. Fyodor Filin: A nosy man/woman who may need to be silenced. However, you're not keen on acting rashly until you're sure he/she won't crawl out of the grave again. And he/she does seem to know his/her chemistry...
- Vera Kaina: 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

Items

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

Stats

- Combat Rating: 2
- γ: 1