“The study of **Spirits** has never been an easy task, you understand. Even the gentle ones can turn on you, becoming feral ghosts. It’s in the city’s interest to limit dangerous haunts and a reliable solution to our ghost problem is sure to earn its inventor a fortune.”

**Alister Crowley** *(parapsychologist, dapper)* lazily spins a large key around his finger. His personal office is filled with books and manuscripts of all sorts, ranging from recent pamphlets to weathered tomes.

“I’ll cut to the chase: this key opens an abandoned library in the Deathlands. It contains a particular grimoire that I need for my research. I’m willing to pay you thrice the going scavenger rate to get it for me. Be warned, though–the library has long stood empty. I don’t know what perils lurk within.”

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| Approach & Obstacles |
| **Approach:** Crowley provides you with safe transportation out of Duskvol, to the perimeter of the Lost District where the ancient library has sunk into the ground. Scavengers tell of an endless maze of bookshelves and an ancient terror that wanders among them. The collapsed glass pyramid that served as the atrium roof still protrudes from the ground like fragments of a buried geode.   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | **Atrium: This wide space with large, mosaic tiles once welcomed eager academics.**  ❖ An unpowered electro-plasmic elevator  ❖ Hidden blades in the floor  ❖ A curled up black cat | **The Stacks:** The deeper you go, the higher the bookshelves seem to grow.  ❖ The **Ghost** of a librarian  ❖ Books arranged by smell  ❖ Dead scavengers covered with writing (ink from books) | **Scriptorium: Q**uill-stained desks heaped with scrolls line walls covered in occult writing.  ❖ Skeletons piled at the door  ❖ A **Black Gem** on a pedestal over a summoning circle  ❖ The grimoire is in a glass case |   **Note:** Reading any book in the library does *Harm* to the reader, and a permanent tattoo of the writing appears somewhere on the reader’s skin; the entity in the black gem has transformed the library into a trap to lure unwitting scavengers and consume their life essence. |

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| Scenes & Complications |
| |  |  | | --- | --- | | *As you step on the tile, it sinks ever so slightly into the floor with a low grating sound.*  ❖ Suddenly, spikes spring up from the floor and pierce both you and one of your party members  ❖ The ground beneath you crumbles and you fall into the Stacks below  ❖ Platea dictumst vestibulum rhoncus | *Tristique et egestas quis ipsum* ***suspendisse*** *ultrices. Elementum nisi quis.*  ❖ Habitant morbi tristique senectus et netus  ❖ Eget velit aliquet sagittis id consectetur purus ut faucibus pulvinar  ❖ Platea dictumst vestibulum rhoncus | | *Tristique et egestas quis ipsum* ***suspendisse*** *ultrices. Elementum nisi quis.*  ❖ Habitant morbi tristique senectus et netus  ❖ Eget velit aliquet sagittis id consectetur purus ut faucibus pulvinar  ❖ Platea dictumst vestibulum rhoncus | *Tristique et egestas quis ipsum* ***suspendisse*** *ultrices. Elementum nisi quis.*  ❖ Habitant morbi tristique senectus et netus  ❖ Eget velit aliquet sagittis id consectetur purus ut faucibus pulvinar  ❖ Platea dictumst vestibulum rhoncus | |

**Lord Rowan** *(perceptive, shrewd) is a shrewd businessman.*