**Jesamine Craine** (hawkish, shrewd) leans back in the booth of the seedy Nightmarket bar, her narrowed eyes studying you intently. She flashes a toothy grin before setting down her cocktail glass. She pushes an envelope across the table with an outstretched finger.

“Ever since I was a little girl, I wanted to be a natural philosopher—one of the greats. When they cast me out of **Charterhall University** for dabbling in ‘witchcraft’ I chose to dedicate my pursuit of knowledge to a new purpose: revenge. Fruits of my studies are to be presented by my former professor in Morlan Hall this coming week. Ensure that the presentation goes awry and I will compensate you accordingly.”

Inside the envelope, you find a tattered photograph of a frazzled, one-eyed professor labeled “Una Farros” and a newspaper clipping from the Duskvol Enquirer detailing the event. The article features a picture of a white hart (stag), with the caption:

Students of Charterhall: Scientific Progress Unveils Brilliant Achievements! Hullcraft Takes on Astonishing New Forms! Witness the Grand Demonstration at Morlan Hall

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| The Grand Demonstration |
| This week, **Una Farros** presents a new form of Hullcraft—the study of mechanical bodies created to house spirits—at Morlan Hall. The circular stone building culminates four stories up in a bell-like dome. Bioluminescent vines climb open arches and ornamental railings on the building’s exterior.  Security is unexpectedly tight and there’s an air of excitement for the upcoming event. |

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| Scenes & Complications |
| |  |  | | --- | --- | | *A group of arrogant students confronts you. “Look at these vagrants, Henry. I guarantee they’ve never even seen* ***Shadow Essence****!”*  ❖ A small crowd gathers, drawing attention  ❖ One of the students spies an item you’re carrying and tries to snatch it away  ❖ A soldier in a felt cap grabs your arm. *“You don’t look like students to me,”* he snarls | *A hush falls over the assembly as Una Farros reveals a glittering crystal sculpture of a hart. In a cage beside it is a human prisoner\*. Before you can react, she cuts the prisoner’s throat!*  ❖ The crystal hart comes to life instantly and charges into the crowd, towards you  ❖ A ghostly wave emanates from the hart, shattering vials and dispersing their contents | | *A group of protestors breaks through the demonstration’s perimeter. “This is an abomination of science!” they yell.*  ❖ A soldier mistakes you for protestors, and runs at you brandishing his club  ❖ A grenade goes off nearby, throwing the crowd into chaos  ❖ A line of soldiers fires a volley of bullets | *The hart bolts for an exit, knocking down soldiers and members of the crowd. Una bellows from the stage: “Stop that experiment! If it escapes, my demonstration will be ruined!”*  ❖ The hart reaches out with a desperate tendril of ghostly energy and claws at your mind  ❖ The hart knocks over a table of spirit bottles, releasing the trapped spirits into the crowd | |

\* Is the prisoner someone close to the party? This is an opportunity to raise the stakes and make the score personal!

Jesamine is gleeful as she taps on a recent newspaper clipping. “You made the news,” she croons, and her grin is somehow even wider than before. Handing you a pouch of coins, she murmers quietly.

“I warned you not to steal my research, Una. Did you listen? No. Couldn’t have a lowly student outshine you. Now you’ll watch me carry on my work without the University!”

On Jesamine’s finger, a crystal ring quivers faintly.