



PURGATORY

KULT

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The house was empty and silent. A tomb. Selene snapped open her Zippo and scratched the wheel with her thumb, bringing the lighter to flaring yellow life. She lit the candles she had brought, and their light cast menacing, uncertain shadows across the room's bleak walls. The tenebrous illumination revealed little of the Dublin flat's interior, but Selene O'Shea did not mind. She had come here to work, and her work required darkness.

With trembling hands, Selene opened the paint case and began to set out the contents. Each tube, each brush was laid out according to the ritual forms she had devised. Rhianna had given her the tools and knowledge, and Selene had honed them. Now it was time to put them to the test. The case was soon almost empty, the paints she needed laid out, each in their place. She breathed deeply to relax herself, and reached into the case for the last item. The cut-throat razor's blade was honey in the yellow light of the candles. She ran her finger across it with a lover's touch, the stainless steel sweet and cold beneath her finger tip. She stared down at it, seeing her pale face reflected on the polished metal. There were dark circles of tension beneath her eyes, and fear as well as determination burned in their jade depths. She quelled the fear, swallowed it. Fear would make her uncertain, and for tonight, uncertainty meant death... or worse.

PROLOGUE

...as the traditional philosophies of yesteryear decline and fade, we have come more and more to put our faith in personal dogmas and beliefs. Most of us no longer share the same fears and dreams of what may lie beyond death. Our beliefs are now more personalized and it is no longer our gods or religious doctrines that send us into eternal damnation. That responsibility now rests on our shoulders. **Hell, better known as Purgatory, is a place created by our own minds.**

...waiting just below the surface of the Machine created by the Demiurge so long ago are the Death Angels' most loyal servants, the Nepharites. They watch us with greedy eyes and hearts, studying for that fateful day when we will pass into death and their waiting arms. They have the power to look into the hearts and minds of Man. With their carefully tuned senses, they can sense even our most deeply concealed feelings of guilt. They wait and gather information to create a personal hell for us, a hell formed from our greatest fears and regrets. These Purgatories are actual worlds formed through the manipulative skills the Nepharites possess over time and space. Once a soul has passed the gates of their Purgatories, they have total control over it, and it is subject to their brutal whims and tortures. The soul is constantly tormented until agony and fear have washed away its

memories or rendered them incomprehensible.

...it is also possible for Nepharites to drag us to our Hells before death, for they may be summoned by the living through spells and magical objects. Summoners must be very cautious when dealing with these creatures, for they are ruthless and totally without mercy, and desire nothing more than to turn the situation to their advantage and capture the soul of their summoner. Some Nepharites have even been known to take physical form to entice or trick the unwary into selling their souls to them. Their persuasive skills are nearly without peer. Countless unwary souls have been blinded by their peerless persuasive ability and passed willingly into Purgatory. On very rare occasions, when a person's guilt is exceptionally

strong, they will manifest themselves and carry them off to their Purgatory long before their time has come.

...with their strange powers, Nepharites are able to draw parts from our reality to construct the Purgatide's

Purgatory. This location is usually the place where the person died or one they had strong ties to in life. The Nepharites twist this area to fit in with their plan for the soul's torment, transforming places into terrifying mockeries of the safe and familiar. These are very personal Purgatories, closed off and separate from other Hells. Recently group Purgatories, where Purgatides suffering from similar guilt are tormented together, have begun to form again, much to the delight of the Nepharites and their Death Angel masters.

All the locations in these communal Hells are linked, forming one great Purgatory.

...because each Purgatory is linked to the real world places from which it is drawn, it is quite possible for the

unwary or foolish to stumble into them. These areas have an uneasy air to them, and even the unenlightened will feel uncomfortable treading so close to the borders of Hell. Magically sensitive people have been known to catch a glimpse of the Purgatory, and magicians find it much easier to summon creatures and cast spells within these blighted areas. When a Purgatide's emotional link to the real world is very strong, the Illusion has been known to break down around these areas, allowing interaction between the two realms.

She laid the razor aside and began to strip down.

As she laid her folded clothes aside, she felt the cold air raising gooseflesh on her naked skin. Her nakedness meant nothing to the ritual, but the chill gave her focus, sharpened her mind, at a time when a moment's misattention meant her certain failure. Standing, Selene began inscribing the protective circle. It utilized all her lover had taught her, and what she had learned in her solitary studies since Rhianna's disappearance. This was the most crucial part of the ceremony. If the circle failed, even for a second, she would be lost just as Rhianna had been. The candle light danced across her skin as she turned three times leftwards, speaking the opening lines of the invocation with a burning intensity. When she was done the room felt smaller, and somehow... warmer.

Selene sat down and, almost absently, picked up the razor.

Her other hand reached for the paint palette and placed it in front of her. With a quick motion, she slashed the razor's blade across her left wrist. Blood welled from the wound, and she let it fall over the palette in a crimson rain. In the room's silence, the pattering was gunshot loud. When the blood had covered the palette completely, she laid aside the razor and bandaged the cut. She opened the tubes of paint and squeezed their contents out onto the bloodstained palette. Carefully she mixed the pigments with her blood, the ritual blending the immiscible substances until no trace of the blood could be seen in the clean colors of the paint. The room was growing warmer, and Selene's sweat rolled stinging into her eyes.

Borderliners and Nachtkäfer are attracted to these places. On certain nights, stepping from this world into a Purgatide's Hell could be as easy as stepping through a doorway without looking first. With the decline of the Machine, Nepharites now use these weak spots to their

advantage, taking in any that may slip through the cracks.

...souls in Purgatory are usually doomed to the slow and painful destruction of their former selves, but some have been known to escape. Indeed, there are numerous rituals and magical items designed for just this purpose. Typically, escape requires that another soul take the place of the Purgatide in Purgatory, though this is not always the case. After enjoying the tender mercies of the Nepharites, most souls are willing to condemn anyone to their fate for the chance of escape. It is not uncommon for Purgatides, their consciences long since destroyed by the continuing cycle of death and torture, to possess or manipulate their own loved ones into switching places with them. While some souls do escape back into Elysium, most are eventually dragged screaming back into their Purgatory. Some Nepharites have even been known to allow the Purgatides to escape just to gain more souls. They know full well that the Purgatide will be back, and their incredible patience makes any wait seem short. Many souls' escapes are just subtle manipulations by the Nepharite tormenting them. The Purgatide thinks they have escaped only to have their illusions of freedom shatter and reveal that they are still in Hell. Eventually most are so terrified by the thought of escape believing any opportunity is just another trick of their captors, that they refuse to believe

they are free, even when rescued.

...with the growing antagonism between the Death Angels, their desire for more influence in Elysium is growing. Some believe that they can gain a stronger hold in the real world through the Nepharites. This has forced the Nepharites to change their tactics, becoming more and more aggressive in their pursuit of souls. This has caused further weakening of the Illusion as the link between the real world and Purgatories grows stronger. More and more Purgatides are being trained in the service of the Death Angels instead of purged of their memories and reborn. In their Purgatory training centers, Razides and Nepharites are using

rituals to transform Purgatides into new Nepharites and enlarge the ranks of their masters' armies.

...in truth, most of the Nepharites care very little of the current conflicts occurring between the Death Angels and the Demiurge's Archons. They continue to faithfully serve their masters by collecting and purifying souls of their previous memories. As their numbers continue to swell, some are slowly growing envious of the powers above them. These rebels quietly plot and plan their masters' eventual downfall. They no longer wish to bide their time and have to wait to torture and purify human souls. Instead they wish to fulfill their mission unhindered by the Illusion and the regulations of the Machine. These rebellious Nepharites grow bolder by the day as the Death Angels' misdeeds give them the ability to break the laws and oaths that normally bind them. With methodical precision they are amassing influence over Purgatides and Purgatories, carefully concealing that this power is for their own use, and not for their Death Angel. They wait for the Death Angels to weaken themselves enough to be vulnerable to attack from within. Nathan, a Nepharite of the slowly disappearing Nahemoth, waits patiently for the chance to take the declining Death Angel's place. He is not alone in his desire, and many like-minded Nepharites are in constant

contact with him. Each passing days brings the bloody coup for possession of the Inferno closer.

She dipped the first brush into the mixture, and coated the bristles with pigment. There was one brush for each color. No matter how thorough the cleaning, not all the paint could be removed, and even the smallest particle of pigment in the wrong place could render the ward void. Selene's first stroke was broad, forceful, preparing the way for those that followed. The work was long, and as the hours ticked by unceasing, Selene continued her labor. Her fingers ached. Her wrists screamed with pain. Still, she continued to paint. The intricate, arcane, almost organic design grew from the seeds of her labor, and spread across the wall and floor. Part protection circle and part window, the single line of the sigil crossed and recrossed itself with a bewildering intricacy that put the knotwork of her ancestors to shame. Her hands moved of their own volition now as her mind wandered the dark corridors of the ritual trance. Even as the candles failed one by one, her hands continued to paint while her eyes stared, unseeing, into the darkness.

A gray, wet dawn washed the streets of Dublin as Selene's brush brought the ward to completion. The work of blood and pain and pigments covered the wall and the floor around her with a terrible, seamless grace.

The vitality the ritual had lent her dissipated, and muscles no longer driven by the magic's touch failed. Selene's knees buckled, and she slumped nerveless to the floor. Her exhausted body slowly curled into a fetal position as the stresses of the ritual and the bloodletting, until now deferred, laid claim to her. Weak and exhausted, she lay panting for breath in the darkness. The pain and fatigue that clutched at her, left her senses ignorant to the sounds around her. It was her soul that sensed them, not her ears. Soft and distant and somehow terrible in their menace, they crept upon her like a shadow across a reflecting pool. They were sounds of violation and suffering. A deep and pitiless laughter floated beneath and yet somehow dominated the sound of children's screams and whirring, shrieking saws. The smell of sex and blood assaulted her nostrils. Selene pulled her body painfully upright, her muscles weak and useless with fatigue. There was no surprise in her heart at the mounting cacophony.

...prince Elijah is one of the oldest and most powerful Nepharites to stalk the halls of Inferno. He remembers the

ELIJAH

first days of the Captivity of Man, and has purged the memories from millions of souls for his master, Thaumiel, since that time. Within the Death Angel's dark Citadel, his name is feared and respected by all. Even most Razides bow in his presence, for it is rumored that he possesses powers far beyond his kin. He directs the efforts of all other Nepharites under Thaumiel's control, and they will take no action without his approval. Many have challenged him for his position in the Citadel's hierarchy, and all who have done so have failed. Only because of his unquestioned loyalty has Thaumiel not yet destroyed him. Elijah finds this amusing, as his charade of loyalty conceals his leadership of the Nepharite conspiracy to overthrow the Death Angels. He has seen great weakness within his master, and intends to

take his place once he has gained enough power.

...often referred to as "The Teacher", Elijah considers himself a great pedagogue, and the Purgatories are his classrooms. He does not purify as so much as educate the souls under his dominion. His lessons are complex ones, and he takes great pains to give every action or punishment a meaning. Each student is a new experience and puzzle for him, and he learns from them as well as teaching them. He is also responsible for the creation and training of new Nepharites. With the superior insight into the human psyche his age grants him, he is a master at determining the worthiness of each subject to serve in the structure of the Death

Angel's Citadel. He has final say whether or not a human soul is to be transformed into a Nepharite of Thaumiel.

...the teaching skills are Elijah's greatest weapon against his master. A cunning surgeon of the mind, he has discovered a technique to induce certain psychic scars on the souls of those Purgatides within his Purgatories. Even after their rebirth, when their original memories have long been obliterated or rendered useless, these »scars« remain behind. The Nepharite can then use them as a lever to manipulate the human in Elysium. While these manipulations are extremely subtle, over time Elijah can wield great influence over their minds. He uses this influence to drive them down darker and darker paths, so that each time they die they will return under his influence. This process continues over the course of several rebirths. Each rebirth sees the scars grow deeper, and his control over them growing until they are little more than puppets of his will. After centuries of this practice, he has gained great

influence in Elysium without Thaumiel's knowledge.

...elijah shares Astaroth's desire to plunge humanity back into the Dark Ages with an apocalyptic war. He is

disgusted by the continuing decline in the flow of guilty souls into Inferno. He blames the petty conflict of the Archons and Death Angels for this. Elijah cares little for the Demiurge's grand design. He only truly desires to continue his education of guilty souls. It is because of Thaumiel's actions against Astaroth that Elijah has begun planning a coup to overthrow him and the other powers of the Inferno not loyal to Astaroth. He has contacted several other Nepharites of similar mind, and is massing his forces for the day he can overthrow and replace the Death Angel. Cunning and totally ruthless, he just may be able to

succeed at this seemingly impossible task.

| | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| AGL 65 | STR 80 | CON 70 | COM 5 |
| EGO 65 | CHA 50 | PER 60 | EDU 65 |

(Terror Throw Modifier/: +10 ¶ (Length/: 300 cm ¶ (Weight/: 155 kg
(Senses/: See Infrared and Ultraviolet. See people's auras and mental balances.
(Communication/: All languages. Telepathy. ¶ (Movement/: 33 m/Combat Round ¶ (Actions/: 8
(Initiative Bonus/: +53 ¶ (Damage Bonus/: +15 ¶ (Endurance/: 380 ¶ (Natural Armor/: None
(Damage Capacity/: 14 Scratches = 1 Light Wound, 13 Light Wounds = 1 Serious Wound, 11 Serious Wounds = 1 Fatal Wound.
Takes 5 Fatal Wounds before dying.

A sickening blue light began to creep out from behind the mural. The designs seemed to twist, to gain a greater depth than the flat surface of the wall allowed for. Selene stared wordlessly as the Illusion cracked. The walls pulsed with life, bulging in and out as if they were the lungs of some great beast. The surface gained a waxy, protean quality, dripping and running as if the plaster itself were liquid. Thick, stinking droplets fell to the floor; sizzling into fine ash as they struck the protective circle. The melting of the wall under the sigil was a gradual process, but not a long one. In less than a minute the space beyond the blazing arms of the sigil was revealed in full.

The room's floor and roof were made of surgical steel. It was not shining and clean, but old and stained and marred by an eternity of misuses. The walls were living oceans of writhing flesh. Across their surface, human shapes surfaced from the bloody soup, then vanished again, pulled under by some unseen eddy. Selene recognized the members of the sisterhood, their bodies skinless and twisted. She watched in horror as her own face formed in the wall, screaming with silent agony. Then it was gone, swallowed by the substance of the wall.

(Powers/: Telepathy – can read memories and feelings. Distort time and space as a person with a mental balance +/- 300.

Change appearance up to twice or down to half own size. Control all people with a mental balance between -50 to -100.

Commanding Voice. Regeneration.

(Skills/: Automatic Weapons 25, Handgun 25, Heavy Weapons 20, Sneak 30, Dodge 30, Dagger 50, Whips and Chains 50, Unarmed Combat 40, Search 30, Torture 100, Diplomacy 40, Net of Contacts (All) 35, Man of the World 30, Information Retrieval 30.

(The Dark Art/: 35. The Dark Art power is detailed in the Second Edition of the Kult rulebook.

(Magic/: The Lore of Death 65, all spells at 55. The Lore of Dreams 45, all spells at 30.

Possess 30. Gives ability to possess a human body in our world while the caster's own body remains in Inferno or Purgatory.

(Attack Modes/: According to weapon. ¶ (Home/: Inferno or Purgatory. .

In the center of the room, Rhianna lay upon a bed of fresh yellow bone and glistening sinew, her limbs bound by ropes of living intestine. She

was pregnant, her stomach distended obscenely, nearly transparent. Her face was etched with pain, and she screamed as her water broke with a rushing, bloody gush. Selene stared in terror at the labor pains that wracked Rhianna's body as the child wriggled snakelike from the birth canal. The creature struggled free and fell to the floor in a wet heap. It was a cubist sculpture of an infant, limbs and facial features placed at wrong, impossible angles. It hissed and spat as it righted itself, showing fangs the color of old ivory. Glancing about with yellow cat's eyes, it began cleaning the pus off its body with its tongue. It caught some familiar scent and scuttled into the darker regions of the room. The sounds of feeding and the pain of the dying echoed from the shadows of its departure.

Distracted by the obscenities before her, Selene failed to notice the glowing eyes of the creature that watched her from the darkness. She glimpsed of it out of the corner of her eye and gasped. It noticed her and smiled, showing razored teeth, then winked at her with sly, perverted lust. It sat in repose on a heap of severed tongues, each still twitching with grotesque passion. The creature stood up, flakes of gangrenous tissue falling from its limbs like autumn leaves. Old dry tendons groaned in protest as it levered itself across the room and into the light. It was a spectacle of glass and blood, steel and bone held together only by its appetite for pain. Selene knew his name well from her endless hours of research in the sisterhood's library. Efraim, Peddler of Pain and Pleasure. It had stolen Rhianna from her, and her hatred for it was a consuming fire.

...jonah is an ancient but, compared to Elijah or Cain, rather weak Nepharite. Terrified of his master Chagidiel, Jonah is

JONAH

a faithful and ingratiating sycophant filled with self-loathing. He is pathetically servile in the face of his superior, but cruel and wicked to those beneath him. The suffering he causes souls under his sway is extreme even by the standards of Inferno, for it is by taking out his

frustrations on the defenseless that he gains some semblance of self-respect.

...resembling an enormously bloated, rotting child, Jonah is horrible to behold. He lusts for the souls of young victims of

the most hideous crimes, believing their guilt to be like a sweet wine. Once dragged off to their Purgatory, the Nepharite uses their feelings of humiliation and guilt as a weapon against them. He builds a twisted and terrifying world from their memories of childhood, where the victim is transformed back into a child, and sees and experiences the world as a child. Jonah's skill at building up and then completely destroying any sense of trust the soul may have is masterful. The souls under his sway are forced into a constant state of terror and hopelessness by their surroundings, with the cycle of abuse continuing until the

Purgatide commits suicide or dies from their torture.

...jonah has the power to appear to children, and plays the role of their invisible friend, ironically serving as

a »guardian angel« for the same children he wishes to punish. Because most abusers were abused themselves, he often waits near at hand to wait for the possibility of dragging an abusive parent off to Purgatory at the pleadings of their tortured offspring. When he does this, he always eventually returns to collect the soul of the child's firstborn in compensation for his efforts. He is more than willing to take the new parent instead, so long as he gets a new soul to take out his anger on. He will also subtly manipulate abused children into acts of depravity, cruelty, and patricide. The longer he can continue the cycle

of abuse, the more Purgatides will eventually fall under his sway.

...lusting for more souls and power, Jonah has become more active within Elysium than in Inferno. There he attempts

to manipulate society towards greater »family values«, allowing abusers to shelter behind the façade of discipline and the rights of the parent. Several secret societies active in American politics and devoted to the abuse and degradation of women and children have sprung up because of his influence. These cults provide him with a small but useful power base with which to extend his power in Elysium. Members of these sects are members of conservative political parties and religious organizations, child protection agencies, pornography rings, and orphanages. Through them the Nepharite has been able to crush policies and bills that would give women and children greater rights and power. His power

base is strongest in the American Midwest and South, and in the suburban regions of most American cities.

...because his interests occasionally overlap with theirs, Jonah interacts with the servants of Gamaliel and is

trying to form stronger alliances with them. In his typically servile manner, Jonah has allowed Gamaliel's minions to take advantage of his organization. Gamaliel's servants have planted a large number of their loyal agents within the ranks of his cults, and use them to subtly manipulate them towards their own goals. Malkuth believes that his efforts could assist her in breaking down the Illusion, and has also taken a keen interest in his activities. Many of the successes he believes he has won through his own cunning and

ingenuity have been because of her influence.

| | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| AGL 31 | STR 39 | CON 36 | COM 2 |
| EGO 25 | CHA 13 | PER 13 | EDU 19 |

(Terror Throw Modifier/: +5 ¶ (Length/: 180 cm ¶ (Weight/: 230 kg

(Senses/: Like a human, but can see people's auras and mental balances.

(Communication/: All languages. Telepathy. ¶ (Movement/: 15 m/Combat Round ¶ (Actions/: 5

(Initiative Bonus/: +19 ¶ (Damage Bonus/: +9 ¶ (Endurance/: 210 ¶ (Natural Armor/: None

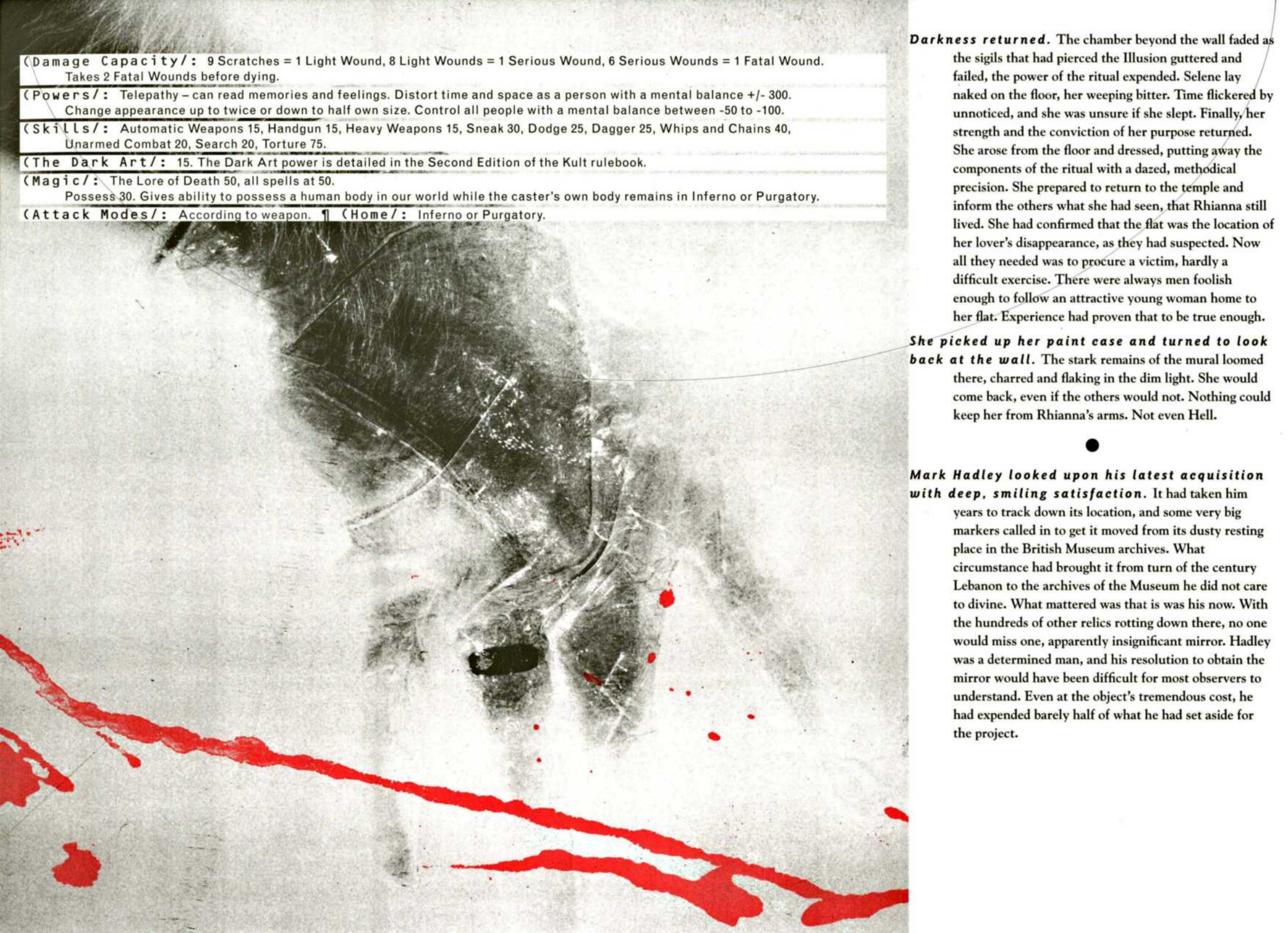
Ignoring Selene, the beast shambled over to

Rhianna. It looked upon the bound form before it, and a liquid laugh slipped from between its mangled lips. With a voice like a sucking wound, it said, »You do well, sinner. That one had its fathers eyes...«, Efraim paused, heaving a mocking sigh of false regret, »but it is still flawed.« Its stainless steel teeth glittered as a joyous, taunting smile split its rotting face. »I suppose we must try again, yes? Perhaps this time you will learn to do it right?«

Rhianna shook her head in a silent, stillborn

protest. No sound emerged from her throat, but the silent, sobbing anguish of the damned wracked her body. The creature's manhood slid from its sheath with a viscous sucking sound. »Do not cry, Sorceress. You have made much progress. Another hundred thousand iterations and you will be ready to move on, yes?«

Selene's mouth opened in a cry of horror. Efraim turned his yellow cat's eyes to her and smiled. The Nepharite's face ran like grease-paint under lights, and a mirror of Selene's own visage emerged from the roil. She watched, transfixed, as the creature with her face drove itself into Rhianna's body. Screams rebounded from the walls. After some time, Selene realized that they were her own.



(Damage Capacity/: 9 Scratches = 1 Light Wound, 8 Light Wounds = 1 Serious Wound, 6 Serious Wounds = 1 Fatal Wound.
Takes 2 Fatal Wounds before dying.

(Powers/: Telepathy – can read memories and feelings. Distort time and space as a person with a mental balance +/- 300.
Change appearance up to twice or down to half own size. Control all people with a mental balance between -50 to -100.

(Skills/: Automatic Weapons 15, Handgun 15, Heavy Weapons 15, Sneak 30, Dodge 25, Dagger 25, Whips and Chains 40,
Unarmed Combat 20, Search 20, Torture 75.

(The Dark Art/: 15. The Dark Art power is detailed in the Second Edition of the Kult rulebook.

(Magic/: The Lore of Death 50, all spells at 50.
Possess 30. Gives ability to possess a human body in our world while the caster's own body remains in Inferno or Purgatory.

(Attack Modes/: According to weapon. ¶ (Home/: Inferno or Purgatory.

Darkness returned. The chamber beyond the wall faded as the sigils that had pierced the Illusion guttered and failed, the power of the ritual expended. Selene lay naked on the floor, her weeping bitter. Time flickered by unnoticed, and she was unsure if she slept. Finally, her strength and the conviction of her purpose returned. She arose from the floor and dressed, putting away the components of the ritual with a dazed, methodical precision. She prepared to return to the temple and inform the others what she had seen, that Rhianna still lived. She had confirmed that the flat was the location of her lover's disappearance, as they had suspected. Now all they needed was to procure a victim, hardly a difficult exercise. There were always men foolish enough to follow an attractive young woman home to her flat. Experience had proven that to be true enough.

She picked up her paint case and turned to look back at the wall. The stark remains of the mural loomed there, charred and flaking in the dim light. She would come back, even if the others would not. Nothing could keep her from Rhianna's arms. Not even Hell.



Mark Hadley looked upon his latest acquisition with deep, smiling satisfaction. It had taken him years to track down its location, and some very big markers called in to get it moved from its dusty resting place in the British Museum archives. What circumstance had brought it from turn of the century Lebanon to the archives of the Museum he did not care to divine. What mattered was that it was his now. With the hundreds of other relics rotting down there, no one would miss one, apparently insignificant mirror. Hadley was a determined man, and his resolution to obtain the mirror would have been difficult for most observers to understand. Even at the object's tremendous cost, he had expended barely half of what he had set aside for the project.

...a young and relatively weak Nepharite, Ishmael has become one of the most feared creatures in the halls of

ISHMAEL

Inferno because of her vicious cunning and religious fervor. She is utterly loyal to her master, Sathariel, and has gained much favor within the eyes of the Death Angel. She has created one of the most powerful Purgatories in Inferno, and it is from this that her greatest power springs. Her traps for capturing the souls are renowned. Perhaps

her cunning springs from the fact that Ishmael was once human.

originally named Rebecca Logan, Ishmael was the daughter of a prominent army officer in India during the 17th

century. She became fascinated with the worship of Kali and the Thuggee cults that were prominent at the time. Despite her white skin and British ancestry, she was able to gain acceptance within the cult by spying on her father for them. Her cunning and ability in finding out British force movements and the names of British agents impressed them sufficiently for them to allow her a place in their ranks. She studied their ways and followed without question. She cut her own father's throat to prove her complete loyalty before her induction as a full member. The next day she was taken to the Temple of Kali Durga in the northern part of Tamil Nadu. There she began her studies into the ways of The Voice of Blood, one of Sathariel's incarnations. One day when they were lying in wait for victims, her group was ambushed by British soldiers. In an act of defiance, Ishmael strangled herself before she could be taken prisoner and questioned. Sathariel was impressed by this act of devotion, and instead of condemning her soul to Purgatory transformed the woman into a

Nepharite. She has been his loyal servant since that time.

...ishmael is fascinated with violent chaos committed in the name of any cause. To this end she is growing more and more

attracted to religious and political fanatics. She believes that her master's influence within Elysium can be expanded by manipulating these terrorist groups into acts of pointless destruction. Like a twisted puppet master, she pulls the strings of the leaders of these groups, driving them into greater acts of senseless violence. Many of the world's extremist groups are part of Ishmael's designs. Playing on their fears or desires about the end of the world, she drives them into a religious craze until they explode. Everything she does is part of her plan, to drive the human race towards a brutal and bloody chaos. She supports many nihilist and apocalyptic groups, and she has seen to it that chemical, biological and nuclear

weapons from the stockpiles of the former Soviet Union make their way into the hands of these terrorists.

...impressed by her ingenuity and cunning, Elijah has recently contacted Ishmael and taken her into his confidence. Like her master, she is loyal to Astaroth and shares his desire to drive the human race back into the Dark Ages of ignorance by force. To this end, she has struck a deal with Elijah and joined forces with him. With the other Nepharites in their group, they plot to eliminate the disloyal Death Angels and undermine humanity. Ishmael, the youngest of the leaders of the Nepharite conspiracy, has little voice in their open council, but she has

been indulging in subtle politics to twist the eventual outcome of events to Sathariel's benefit.

| | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| AGL 35 | STR 39 | CON 37 | COM 20 |
| EGO 36 | CHA 28 | PER 28 | EDU 29 |

(Terror Throw Modifier/: - ¶ (Length/: 180 cm ¶ (Weight/: 80 kg

(Senses/: Like a human, but can see people's auras and mental balances.

(Communication/: All languages. Telepathy. ¶ (Movement/: 17 m/Combat Round ¶ (Actions/: 5

(Initiative Bonus/: +23 ¶ (Damage Bonus/: +9 ¶ (Endurance/: 215 ¶ (Natural Armor/: None

(Damage Capacity/: 9 Scratches = 1 Light Wound, 8 Light Wounds = 1 Serious Wound, 6 Serious Wounds = 1 Fatal Wound.

Takes 2 Fatal Wounds before dying.

(Powers/: Telepathy - can read memories and feelings. Distort time and space as a person with a mental balance +/- 300. Change appearance up to twice or down to half own size. Control all people with a mental balance between -50 to -100. Commanding Voice.

The mirror looked simple and plain to the

casual eye. It was an uncomplicated creation of silver and glass, notable only that the backing had not deteriorated despite its obvious age. But if this was indeed the mirror he believed it to be, then it was something far, far more than that. It was the Borgia Mirror. Lucretia Borgia had spent much of her family's immense fortune on its creation. First, to commission the finest craftsmen in Europe to create that simple wonder for her, and then more to keep its creation a secret. It was said the craftsmen who made it had been murdered, and the mirror steeped in their heart's blood. Only one had escaped Borgia's murderous grip, and it was from him the rumors had stemmed. He had told stories about the mirror, of black magic and dark powers, before he hung himself. Given the nature of Mark's work, it was only a matter of time before those stories reached his ears. He didn't care if the stories were true or not, only that his clients believed them. Believed enough to pay his asking price.

Mark held up the glass and regarded himself. He admired his tall and lean frame. A dark brown-haired master of all he surveyed. His smile was savage now, but it could change like a chameleon's skin. His eyes burned with a sharp, almost brutal confidence. His client had offered a figure far beyond the realm of sanity for the mirror, easily ten times what he had spent trying to find it. With this little venture over, he could look forward to an early retirement on the Riviera, or perhaps the Cote D'Azure. At the age of 32, that concept had a certain pleasant ring to it.

(Skills/: Automatic Weapons 15, Handgun 15, Heavy Weapons 15, Sneak 25, Dodge 20, Dagger 35, Whips and Chains 40, Unarmed Combat 30, Search 20, Torture 50, Poisons and Drugs 30, Meditation 20, Seduction 28, Rhetoric 25, Occultism 30.

(The Dark Art/: 20. The Dark Art power is detailed in the Second Edition of the Kult rulebook.

(Magic/: The lore of Death 50, all spells at 50. The lore of Madness 40, all spells at 30.

Possess 30. Gives ability to possess a human body in our world while the caster's own body remains in Inferno or Purgatory.

(Attack Modes/: According to weapon. ¶ (Home/: Inferno or Purgatory.

He ran his hand over the sides of the mirror, its surface cool, almost cold to the touch. He

wondered why his client would want to pay so much for something so ordinary. And then his fingers chanced across the pattern. Puzzled, he slid his fingertips across its surface, feeling for the first time the intricate, inlaid pattern that covered the entire frame and handle of the mirror. He peered closely, his eyes just inches from the silver, then produced a large magnifying glass from his center desk drawer. Even peering through the glass he could barely make out the complex intaglio. It must have taken months, perhaps years, for a master jeweler with a mania for minute detail to etch them. Mark suspected that he would not have noticed them, even with the magnifying glass, were it not for the rust-colored stains that defined some of the deeper grooves. Peculiar, that even the curators of the British Museum had been unable to clean them away.

Now that he sensed them, the pattern was

obvious. He let his fingertips glide along the design. As he traced out the pattern he sensed a deep nobility, a reserve of raw power untainted by even the vaguest gauze of morality. Yes, this was the mirror of Lucretia Borgia. His hands now moved with purpose, his right index finger racing back and forth across the lattice, his whole arm humming with the sensation of his actions. Each movement made the next easier, as if the pattern urged him to complete it. His conscious mind was almost dormant, his actions driven by a desire rooted far deeper than thought. He could smell perfume now. Perfume and blood. Roses and hot copper filled his nostrils, their smell more intense than incense in a closed room.



...an old Nepharite, Nathan seems completely immune to his master's crushing aura of apathy and

NATHAN

indifference. Quite possibly the most influential creature within Nahemoth's Citadel, he laboriously strives to draw more and more souls into Inferno. He is partially responsible for Nahemoth's decline into inactivity and intends to shortly destroy and replace him. With control over the majority of Purgatides, and with no Razides to stop him, Nathan should be able to accomplish his overthrow of the Death Angel quite soon. The only real barrier to his plans is Malkuth, whose constant attempts to destroy the citadel have caused him to divert resources to its defense again and again. Nathan hates Malkuth, and will do anything to

stop her from interfering with his current plans.

...like his master, Nathan strives to inflict apathy and fear of change upon humanity. Unlike Nahemoth, he refuses to be

crushed under the oppressive weight of his own beliefs. He promotes both the fear of failure and of success that force humans to give up any new projects before they even begin to strive for their dreams. His influence takes the luster out of everything, making even the most spectacular creation seem dull and lifeless. He sucks in energy like a black hole, stripping all before him of initiative and drive. Imagination and creativity are crushed within Nathan's grey talons of banality. He does not represent the fear of the future, but the undeniable belief that there isn't even a future to begin with. It is no wonder that the

Nepharite's growing power has led to a swelling tide of suicide.

...the young are amongst Nathan's favorite victims. His prime delight lies in tormenting their souls in Purgatory after they have

taken their own lives; giving them an afterlife that makes the fears they experienced in life seem as nothing in comparison. Nathan particularly enjoys the sudden realization of the true hopelessness of their situation, and he spends countless hours preparing each victim for that awakening. Nathan has come to possess a great deal of influence over schools, and through his minions he turns educational centers into pits of despair. Students are taught that everything they learn will eventually lead them nowhere, that it is more important to become involved in the social cliques than to study, that being different is a crime. He makes drugs, crime, unwanted pregnancies, and rejection standard elements of the curriculum. Under these oppressive conditions it is not long

before the weak-willed end their lives, and thence fall into Nathan's clutches.

...artists, writers, musicians, and others too afraid of rejection to use their talents or strive for their

dreams are another favorite of his. Nothing delights him more than watching these innovators falling into depression and self-loathing, wasting their skills because of self doubt. More and more of the entertainment industry has come under his control. Each day, countless hours of banal and inane programming mixed with a healthy dose of joyless and

depressing news show a tomorrow for man much like today, but grayer and leaner and more hopeless than before.

Malkuth steps up her attacks against Nahemoth's Citadel or another outside force severely weakens

Nathan's growing power base, the Nepharite will soon overthrow his master once and for all. If he does, a very depressing future could be in store for humanity. As his power increases upon taking control of the dark Citadel, he could very quickly come to

rival Chagidiel or Gamichicoth.

| | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| AGL 40 | STR 40 | CON 60 | COM 3 |
| EGO 30 | CHA 20 | PER 30 | EDU 30 |

(Terror Throw Modifier/: +5 ¶ (Length/: 225 cm ¶ (Weight/: 110 kg

(Senses/: Like a human, but can see people's auras and mental balances.

(Communication/: All languages. Telepathy. ¶ (Movement/: 20 m/Combat Round ¶ (Actions/: 6

(Initiative Bonus/: +28 ¶ (Damage Bonus/: +9 ¶ (Endurance/: 215 ¶ (Natural Armor/: None

Just as his tracings reached a crescendo, his finger found the center of the mirror's back and stopped. The pattern was complete, and he was left with a

feeling of emptiness, like a bottle that had been drained and tossed aside. The mirror was, again, just a mirror. Cold silver and old glass, dull and lifeless. Mark was stunned by the almost brutally swift end of the experience. He turned the mirror over and stared at himself in it, embarrassed and confused. His skin, drenched in sweat, grew clammy of the chill that had washed across the room. The scent of perfume and copper still lingered like forgotten ghosts in the suddenly arctic air of the room. Mark wondered if the air conditioner had somehow malfunctioned.

Mark had smelled death twice. The first time was when he had strangled his partner and mentor ten years before. The second time was now. Goosebumps covered his skin at the lilting, mocking laughter from behind him. He glanced into the mirror, and saw the woman behind his left shoulder. She was beautiful, but her smile was cruel, and her eyes glowed with the clear white light of true madness. He knew her, oh yes, and he knew the eyes of madness. He had seen them before. That sorcerer, what was his name, that Muller had introduced him to. The one who had died, or perhaps »been torn apart«, was a better way to say it, not long after.

Her voice was like music; dark, sweet, and filled with command. »You have unlocked the mirror, Mr. Hadley, as I wished when I saw that it came into your possession. You have great potential, and I will teach you. With that knowledge you shall grow in the ranks of my master, Thaumiel, and your success will be the success of your tutor also. Turn and face me, student. Look upon the face of your mentor.«

(Damage Capacity/: 12 Scratches = 1 Light Wound, 11 Light Wounds = 1 Serious Wound, 9 Serious Wounds = 1 Fatal Wound.
Takes 2 Fatal Wounds before dying.

(Powers/: Telepathy – can read memories and feelings. Distort time and space as a person with a mental balance +/- 300.
Change appearance up to twice or down to half own size. Control all people with a mental balance between -50 to -100.

(Skills/: Automatic Weapons 15, Handgun 15, Heavy Weapons 15, Sneak 25, Dodge 25, Dagger 35, Whips and Chains 45,
Unarmed Combat 20, Search 20, Torture 80.

(The Dark Art/: 20. The Dark Art power is detailed in the Second Edition of the Kult rulebook.

(Magic/: The Lore of Death 45, all spells at 40.

Possess 30. Gives ability to possess a human body in our world while the caster's own body remains in Inferno or Purgatory.

(Attack Modes/: According to weapon. ¶ (Home/: Inferno or Purgatory.

Mark could not resist her commands, and so he turned and regarded the face of his teacher. The

first glimpse broke his mind. The creature's lips were pulled back in a grotesque parody of a smile, revealing bits of glass and chips of razor blade set into its gums in place of teeth. Its seven-foot bulk was held together with barbed wire and bandages. Its limbs were obviously not its own, taken from some other body to replace its own decaying flesh. Latex tubing served as veins; running in and out of the mass of cobbled together tissue that served as the creature's body. The tubing jerked with the beating of whatever the beast used as a heart, and some sort of reddish-black fluid pulsed through it. Oily blood ran down its torn lips as it spoke, »Come, Mr. Hadley. Your first lesson is about to begin.«



Father Thomas stared at the crucifix. It was a beautifully crafted work. It represented almost a year of his spare evenings. It was a work of his faith, his attempt to symbolize the grace and love and power of the Lord. And it had done nothing. Absolutely nothing.

The tears and sorrow were over. Now there was nothing but doubt. Why had the Lord forsaken his sister when she had confessed her sins to him, and had received forgiveness? Where was God when the Beast had risen from the very floor of His church? The Beast had laughed when he cast holy water on its flayed face, then taken his sister, silencing her screams with glittering claws.

...of all the Nepharites, only Cain is more than a pale shadow compared to the strength of Elijah. Wicked and cruel, he has turned the act of inflicting pain and suffering into an artform. Utterly without remorse or compassion, he has become Golab's most trusted advisor and chief torturer. His lust for inflicting agony is matched only by his master's, and even Razides shy away from his penetrating gaze.

...cain's form is terrible to behold, an unliving statue of metal and flesh standing over nine feet tall. He wears a butcher's apron crusted with the blood of countless souls and his face is a bleached skull. A pale greenish fire burns behind his empty eye sockets and waist-long black hair grows from the bone. His flesh is a patchwork of flayed skin held together by steel staples and hooks. A leather belt holds numerous implements of cutting and flaying. His weapon of choice is a massive boning knife, and he usually holds it ready in his hands, ready to pain a soul or punish an erring subordinate.

...cain believes himself to be a master artist, considering the souls he punishes to be the paint and canvas of his expression. He takes great pleasure in his meticulous work, wringing out the maximum agony from each soul. Because of his artistic beliefs, he tries to give every action he undertakes a poetic or symbolic meaning to it. He is not trying to educate or enlighten Purgatides with his skills, but to show them the pleasurable beauty in pain and suffering. With his careful method, he is able to instill a deep love for agony in the souls as their memories are stripped away by their torment. Like the psychic scarring of Elijah, this brutally acquired taste remains even after they are reborn. In this way the Nepharite is able to extend his influence over the human race and in Elyisum. Cain's power is growing

considerably, as more souls come to lust for his agony. ...one of his great successes in extending his power into our world has been through one of Golab's minions, Marbas; the Lord of Pain. This demon was once one of the Purgatides under Cain's control until Golab found it to be of use to him. Now Marbas has been sent to Elysium to direct the Ordo Fratis Mortis. Marbas hates Golab for this, but knows that he does not tolerate disloyalty in any of his servants, no matter how useful they might be. Cain has taken advantage of this and uses the willing Marbas for his own purposes in Elysium, with false promises of revenge on Golab. If Golab detected even a hint of

rebellion within Marbas, he would crush him and send Cain to direct the cult until a replacement could be found. ...elijah has recently approached Cain to lend his assistance to the Nepharite conspiracy and its supporters. While at first distrustful of his brother because of Golab's continuing conflict with Thaumiel, Cain joined with the Nepharite conspirators out of his loyalty to Astaroth. Like his brothers and sisters, he desires more souls to torture, and little else. He agrees that only an apocalyptic war can force the human race back into subjugation. Because of his position as Golab's advisor, the Nepharite hopes that he can end the Death Angel's current conflict with Herab-Serap, and turn Golab's entire focus towards Thaumiel. Using information leaked to him from Elijah, Cain has set the stage for a full attack. Now the only obstacle that remains is his continuing mistrust of Elijah. Elijah's betrayals are

legend in Inferno and Cain is watchful, lest the whole plot turn out to be some elaborate backstabbing.

| | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| AGL 55 | STR 70 | CON 70 | COM 1 |
| EGO 65 | CHA 40 | PER 40 | EDU 40 |

(Terror Throw Modifier/: +5 ¶ (Length/: 330 cm ¶ (Weight/: 150 kg
(Senses/: Like a human, but can see people's auras and mental balances.
(Communication/: All languages. Telepathy. ¶ (Movement/: 28 m/Combat Round ¶ (Actions/: 6
(Initiative Bonus/: +43 ¶ (Damage Bonus/: +15 ¶ (Endurance/: 350 ¶ (Natural Armor/: None

There were many long nights after that, spent meditating, praying, and struggling with his faith. None of them brought the revelations he so desperately desired. God had failed him, and he had failed his sister. His faith was his life. For twenty years he had been devoted to the church; from serving as an altar boy to his current residency at this New York parish. Now, that life was crumbling around him.

It had begun. It had begun when his sister had come to him a month ago. He had barely recognized her, and her eyes had been windows into a wild and lonely place. She had left the family years ago, before their parents died. Her plans for her future as an artist and their plans for her future in the church had clashed. For a time after she left, he had seen her occasionally. Lunch or dinner every three, six or nine months. He had unsuccessfully tried to convince her to make a reconciliation with their parents. While she might still talk to her older brother, her family was already dead as far as she was concerned. Eventually, he had pressed too hard, and she had broken off contact with him as well. She didn't even attend the funeral, but he sometimes found fresh flowers on their grave when he visited. It had been almost ten years since he had seen her, the night it had begun.

(Damage Capacity/: 19 Scratches = 1 Light Wound, 18 Light Wounds = 1 Serious Wound, 16 Serious Wounds = 1 Fatal Wound.
Takes 4 Fatal Wounds before dying.

(Powers/: Telepathy – can read memories and feelings. Distort time and space as a person with a mental balance +/- 300.
Change appearance up to twice or down to half own size. Control all people with a mental balance between -50 to -100.
Commanding Voice. Endure Pain.

(Skills/: Automatic Weapons 25, Handgun 25, Heavy Weapons 25, Sneak 50, Dodge 40, Dagger 55, Whips and Chains 50,
Unarmed Combat 30, Search 20, Torture 90.

(The Dark Art/: 30. The Dark Art power is detailed in the Second Edition of the Kult rulebook.

(Magic/: The Lore of Death 50, all spells at 50. The Lore of Madness 40, all spells at 30.

Possess 30. Gives ability to possess a human body in our world while the caster's own body remains in Inferno or Purgatory.

(Attack Modes/: According to weapon. ¶ (Home/: Inferno or Purgatory.

She had pleaded with him for forgiveness as she wept in his arms. It had been difficult to understand her,

but he had finally pieced together what had happened to her. Her interest in radical politics had increased as her art career foundered. After her first, and only show had failed miserably, she had become involved with a group of radicals, the Righteous Harmonious Fist. From what Father Thomas could divine, their philosophy seemed to combine Maoism and Taoist mysticism. They had given her a place to stay, and nursed her wounded pride back to health. They provided her with a focus to combat her self-loathing and pity. She joined them in protests and marches. She had also helped them plan brutal acts of violence against the exploiters of humanity, as they called them. Slumlords. Drug dealers. Pimps.

And she helped them plan the bombing of a bank. They had constructed and planted the incendiary

device, and then something had gone wrong. They didn't want to really hurt anyone, they told her, just burn the place out as a message to the capitalists of the city. The bomb had been meant to go off after the bank was evacuated, but the line had gone dead as they called in the threat. It had been the lunch hour rush, and dozens had been burnt alive or trampled when the device exploded.

Delilah had been unable to face the deaths of so many of the innocent people she had hoped to warn and protect. She had gone into a deep depression,

and only the careful eye of her friends prevented her from taking her own life. She felt haunted by the people she had killed, and nightmares of burnt meat plagued her sleep. After she had stopped sleeping, she had begun to see them out of the corner of her eye. Now and again she would see a woman with a burnt face watching her from the alleyway near her home, or trampled bodies riding the bus with her. She had come to Thomas to beg forgiveness for her actions. And after listening to her words, he had given it to her.

...efraim, like his master Gamaliel, is one of the least influential voices of Inferno. Yet while Efraim may lack for

EFRAIM

might, he makes up for it through sheer underhanded villainy. He does not have the bizarre code of honor shared by his fellow Nepharites, and he will use any and every advantage he can to obtain the upper hand. Only his seemingly unquenchable desire to inflict sexual pain

and torment drives him, and his every action is undertaken toward that end.

...efraim is disinterested in the machinations of his fellow Nepharites, and cares little for the conflict between

the Death Angels and Astaroth. Currently, Efraim's only relations with the other leading Nepharites are to manipulate Jonah when their interests coincide. He has wrapped the other Nepharite around his little finger, using him to further his own goals without having to invest his time or effort into the endeavor. Jonah is aware of his manipulations, but is too afraid to speak up. The one thing that is certain is that Efraim will use the

Nepharite up completely if he is given the chance.

...efraim is very interested in expanding his influence into Elysium, and has many contacts with sex criminals,

white slavers, and pornography rings. Through them, he attempts to nudge humanity towards a more and more depraved sexuality. He wishes to wash the caring and tenderness from passion and twist it into something ugly and devoid of meaning. Those people he can touch he fills with uncontrollable desires only slackened through the violation of the innocent. Woman and children are his prime targets, though anyone can be on the receiving end of his attacks. Efraim also has considerable influence over various Passion mages world-wide. He provides them with insights into the Lore of Passion, usually

in exchange for some unspeakable service.

...filled with uncontrollable lusts himself, Efraim has fashioned the Purgatories under his control into private

brothels to fulfill his perverse appetites. Those who fall into his grasp are subjected to unimaginable violations to their bodies and minds. Flesh is a clay Efraim molds and shapes to his fancy, and those in his Purgatories are often transformed into mockeries of their former selves. Entire Purgatories of Efraim are like seas of molten flesh that writhe and twist with abhorrent sensuality, the forms of the victims or loved ones of those within them emerging from the surface, only to submerge again. Efraim especially enjoys molding the people in his Purgatories into the victims of their desires. Nothing is sacred or taboo here, and anything is horrifically possible. This constant cycle of torment and violation strips away the Purgatide's personality until they are so much meat to be

played with by Efraim and his creations.

| | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| AGL 33 | STR 36 | CON 41 | COM 1 |
| EGO 21 | CHA 15 | PER 12 | EDU 13 |

(Terror Throw Modifier/: +5 ¶ (Length/: 200 cm ¶ (Weight/: 100 kg

(Senses/: Like a human, but can see people's auras and mental balances.

(Communication/: All languages. Telepathy. ¶ (Movement/: 16 m/Combat Round ¶ (Actions/: 5

(Initiative Bonus/: +11 ¶ (Damage Bonus/: +8 ¶ (Endurance/: 245 ¶ (Natural Armor/: None

(Damage Capacity/: 10 Scratches = 1 Light Wound, 9 Light Wounds = 1 Serious Wound, 7 Serious Wounds = 1 Fatal Wound.

Takes 2 Fatal Wounds before dying.

(Powers/: Telepathy - can read memories and feelings. Distort time and space as a person with a mental balance +/- 300.

Change appearance up to twice or down to half own size. Control all people with a mental balance between -50 to -100.

(Skills/: Automatic Weapons 15, Handgun 15, Heavy Weapons 15, Sneak 20, Dodge 15, Dagger 25, Whips and Chains 45, Unarmed Combat 20, Search 20, Torture 75, Poisons and Drugs 20, Net of Contacts (Sex Industry) 20.

(The Dark Art/: 20. The Dark Art power is detailed in the Second Edition of the Kult rulebook.

It had done her no good. Even as the absolution had rolled off his tongue, It had come for his sister, wearing the form of a victim of the firebomb. Its flesh had been a patchwork of wire and suppuration, covered in burnt and melted clothing. Thomas had stood between them, thrusting his crucifix into the creature's face. It smiled at him, showing the burnt teeth behind its blistered smile, and laughed full in the face of his faith. It had swatted him aside and hooked its long red nails into his sister's throat. It gave a pull, and his sister's neck had snapped with a wet and gristly sound. Nodding at Thomas from above the crimson fountain of his sister's neck, it had pulled the still twitching form of his sister into the night. And he could do nothing to stop it.

Her screams were still fresh in his ears when he tried to sleep, and after he finally drifted off they followed him into his dreams. He would see her burning, torn apart, trampled or gunned down by policemen in riot gear. She would die screaming his name, heaping curses on him and the church with her dying breath. He knew she blamed him and his God for abandoning her to Hell. Each night the dreams returned to him, filling his dreams with torture and strife. He would watch her struggle, and knew that her hatred for him drove her on. He was her brother, and he had failed to protect her.

He did not blame her for her hatred. He knew he had failed her, that his faith had been too weak to stop the Thing in the church from taking her. If anything, he shared her hatred of himself. Guilt was his bread, disgust his wine. He would have given anything for another chance to save Delilah, the only woman he had ever really loved.

...gabriel serves Togarini, and suffered greatly when his master was nearly destroyed during his revolt against

GABRIEL

Astaroth. Now, like the Death Angel, Gabriel is forced to walk in Elysium collecting the souls of those foolish enough to deal with him. His Purgatories are few and far between, and his influence has become quite limited. Because of this he hoards his control over the Purgatides under his sway, because his Purgatories are the only place he can retreat to from physical attack. Though resentful of his master, he continues to serve Togarini faithfully and to the best of his ability. While Gabriel is extremely weak in comparison to

the other elder Nepharites, he still is the most powerful Nepharite in Togarini's army of undead. ...operating from his Purgatories, Gabriel possesses humans and travels in these borrowed bodies. He does not under

any circumstance manifest physically, as he could then be destroyed. Though his sole purpose is to create the fear of death amongst the humans, Gabriel has become fearful of the concept himself. Frightened beyond words at the thought of his own dissolution, he will not put himself into a situation where his destruction is a possibility. This fear does not prevent him from pulling people into Purgatory to be punished for the same thing he is aghast of. Gabriel copes with his growing paranoia by torturing the humans that fall prey to his machinations, punishing them for the self-loathing he feels for his own fear. From this fear and resentment grow a greater and greater resentment of his master, for Gabriel one

day hopes to return to the safety of Purgatory without punishment for Togarini's crimes. ...drawn by those fearing death or desiring reunion with lost loved ones, Gabriel approaches his victims like a

dark messiah. Always wearing the bodies of beautiful people and exquisitely dressed, he resembles an angel and plays the part to the hilt. He promises his victims immortality or a chance to be reunited with the dead. Anything they may want is at his disposal. His powers over death are considerable, and he can fulfill any promise he happens to make. The price however, is almost always higher than the person making the deal realizes at the time of their pact. Those who want eternal life usually have to pay the blood of an innocent once per year, and those who desire the return of a loved one must usually offer up the loved ones of seven others. Even at these steep prices, the person making the pact is likely to find that there are certain way that such agreements can be twisted. Those wishing immortality are permanently bound to their bodies, but those bodies are not protected from aging and death. Loved ones brought to life are often brought back in their current decayed state, or taken, raving and mad, from some Purgatory. Other times, those who wish to be reunited with their loved ones are dragged into that person's Purgatory, to be with them through

an eternity of exquisite torment. ...recently, Gabriel has grown increasingly hateful of his master, and is contemplating treachery against Togarini. He has thought of freeing Azaqi, an undead Lictor, from the Death Angel's control. Together he believes they may be able to kill their master once and for all.

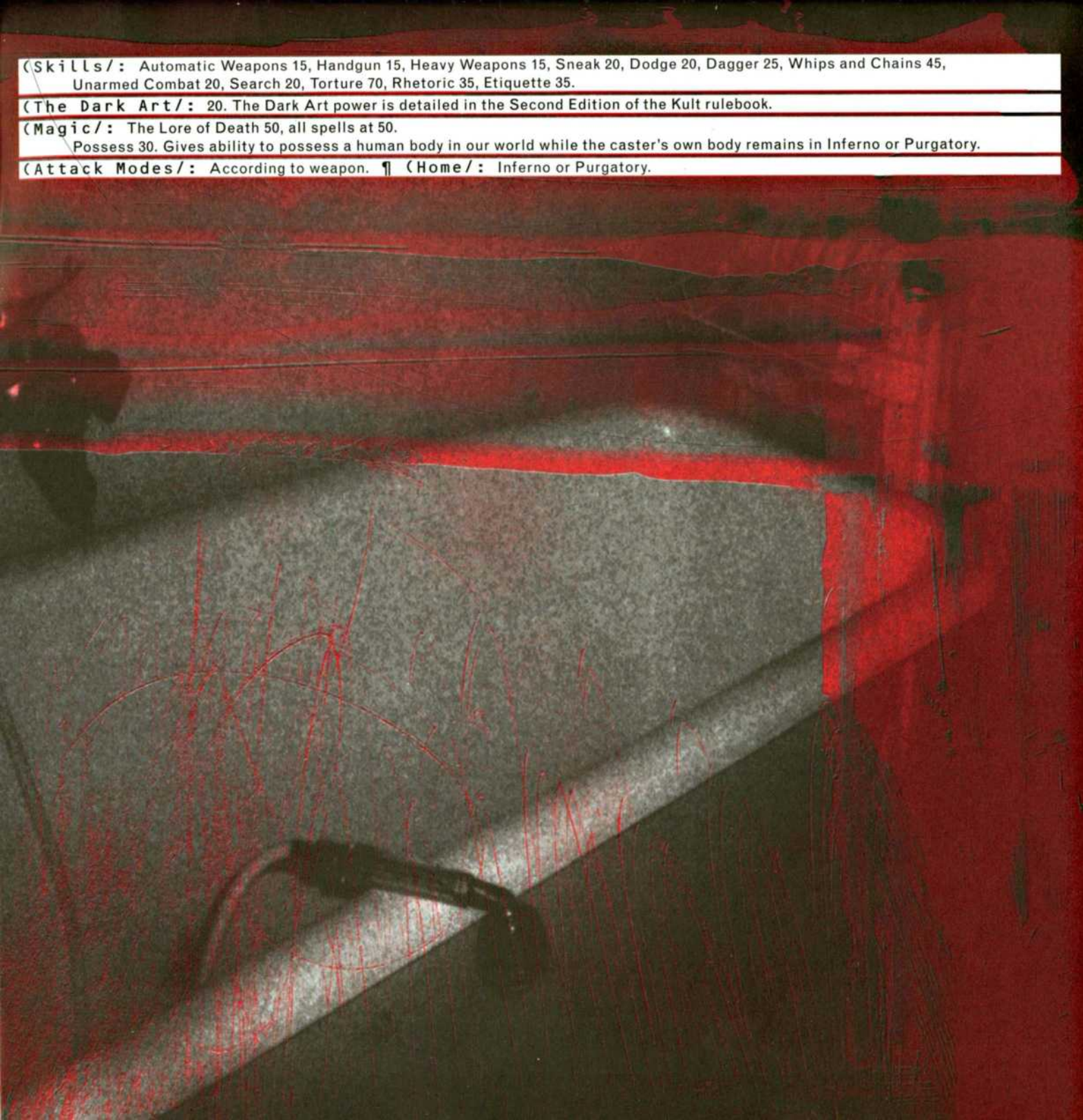
| | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| AGL 35 | STR 40 | CON 37 | COM 3 |
| EGO 35 | CHA 30 | PER 17 | EDU 25 |

- (Terror Throw Modifier/: +5 ¶ (Length/: 200 cm ¶ (Weight/: 100 kg
- (Senses/: Like a human, but can see people's auras and mental balances.
- (Communication/: All languages. Telepathy. ¶ (Movement/: 17 m/Combat Round ¶ (Actions/: 5
- (Initiative Bonus/: +23 ¶ (Damage Bonus/: +9 ¶ (Endurance/: 215 ¶ (Natural Armor/: None
- (Damage Capacity/: 9 Scratches = 1 Light Wound, 8 Light Wounds = 1 Serious Wound, 6 Serious Wounds = 1 Fatal Wound. Takes 2 Fatal Wounds before dying.
- (Powers/: Telepathy - can read memories and feelings. Distort time and space as a person with a mental balance +/- 300. Change appearance up to twice or down to half own size. Control all people with a mental balance between -50 to -100.

He looked upon Delilah for a time, and she waited patiently for him, smiling coyly, arms outstretched. Finally, he nodded and approached her. In her arms he knew he would find the answers he sought, the faith he had lost. She took him in her bloodied arms and hugged him tightly. He cried as he rested his face against her shoulder. Her hair, thick with drying blood, clung to his cheek, and for the first time in weeks he found the power to smile. He may have failed her, but he had been forgiven. He knew that she would help him now, and was thankful. His crying subsided and he kissed her lightly on the lips. When she drove the blade through his back, transfixing both of them on the steel, he smiled. »At last«, he thought, »at last we are truly together.«

Boyd watched Cicely slowly undress, revealing her pale skin and perfect breasts. She was sensuous and methodical about it, knowing he enjoyed the show. Her hips moved seductively; offering themselves to him in all their glory. He licked his lips; passion filling his being. Memories of her straddling him raced through his head. They had been sleeping together for the past six months, and had learned the majority of each other's fetishes. Voyeurism was his. Exhibitionism was hers. It was the perfect relationship.

He was already naked; lying on the couch before the television. »Are you going to put it in,« she asked, »Or are you just going to sit there uselessly.« He smiled coyly and rose from his place. He strode over to the television, and picked up the video cassette case. Its simple, plastic surface was cool in his hand. He smiled knowing full well that the contents were far from simple and plain. This was the »real thing« gained through sleight-of-hand and masterful deception. Cicely hadn't minded one bit that he had slept with the Drama Major student to get it. She had even been the one to encourage the seduction. She wanted the tape, and Boyd knew better than to deny Cicely anything she wanted.



(Skills/: Automatic Weapons 15, Handgun 15, Heavy Weapons 15, Sneak 20, Dodge 20, Dagger 25, Whips and Chains 45, Unarmed Combat 20, Search 20, Torture 70, Rhetoric 35, Etiquette 35.

(The Dark Art/: 20. The Dark Art power is detailed in the Second Edition of the Kult rulebook.

(Magic/: The Lore of Death 50, all spells at 50.

Possess 30. Gives ability to possess a human body in our world while the caster's own body remains in Inferno or Purgatory.

(Attack Modes/: According to weapon. ¶ (Home/: Inferno or Purgatory.

So he liquored the boy up and slept with

him. When the guy had passed out from the drugs that

»accidentally« found their way into his drink, Boyd had crept into the guy's movie library and removed the cassette tape. He pocketed it, and left the chump sleeping off the best night of his life. Cicely was eager to reward him afterwards for a job well done. Her rewards were worth any price, and he was quite willing to pay it. While »love« was beyond their understanding, the two shared a close bond. Their desire for cruelty equally matched its maliciousness.

Boyd took the cassette from its case, and put it into the VCR. The snowy screen turned blue as the film

began to play. He returned to the couch. Cicely smiled and laid down beside him. She ran her nails across his chest, leaving red welts behind. He hissed with pleasure, and returned the favor by twisting her left nipple roughly. She purred with delight, and snuggled closer to him; her flesh already burning with deep passion. As one they turned to the screen, and anxiously waited for the movie to really begin.

Both thought there was something truly erotic about watching a banned film; especially a

Dario Fabricei production. The director's depraved tastes and imagination matched their own. After having watched »Demon Might« and »Torn Flesh« they grew to admire the man's vicious eye for detail. It was rumored that his films were actually snuff flicks; the scenes of torture and death being quite real. Audiences were horrified of the man's works, and every one of his three movies was declared illegal in the States. Cicely was quite lucky to have run into the student that had a pirated copy in his collection.



She liked to have sex while watching

violence. She said being so close to death was like an aphrodisiac to her, and Boyd wasn't exactly complaining. Something about screams filled him with desire as well. The more real it was, the greater their pleasure. The two broke the futon in three places with their passion while watching »Torn Flesh«. »Night of the Burning« promised to be Fabrici's greatest triumph yet, so Cicely had been eager to acquire it for herself, especially having found someone like Boyd to enjoy it with.

The credits began to scroll lazily across the screen; images of a woman's face slowly and

horribly being consumed by flame behind
them. Her flesh crisped, and her eyes sizzled loudly. Boyd immediately felt a animal desire grow within him. He began to kiss Cicely's neck and the kisses soon turned into bites. They pressed against each other, writhing in obscene pleasure as screams and sounds of dentist drills floated out of the TV like romantic music to their unnatural libidos.

With a surgeon's skills, the movie continued to
explore the true limits of depravity and cruelty
that could be preformed upon the human

body. It was more like an anatomy lesson than a plot-driven film; visceral and ruthless in its portrayal. Boyd and Cicely's carnal thrashing grew in greater intensity; the two totally lost in each other and the movie. Cries of lust mixed with screams of pain and fear; forming into a cacophony of brutality and appetite. On and on it went, pushing them beyond limits even they had feared to cross. Blood and sweat ran freely; their flesh meddling into one. The room around them was washed away in the blinding light of pleasure until only their moans and flesh and the sounds from the television remained.

...though not as powerful as Elijah or Cain, Moses is still one of the mightiest Nepharites in Inferno. Even Elijah

MOSES

does not wish to anger this servant of Samael, knowing he would take any slight as an act of war, not stopping his retaliation until one of them had been utterly destroyed. As the Death Angels and Archons avoid his master, so the Nepharite Moses is universally shunned. Moses prefers this, as it allows him to extend his influence into our world without interruption by the machinations of his peers. This influence is considerable, and he holds sovereignty over countless Purgatories. Samael considers him an excellent servant, and

rewards him constantly out of respect for his unquestionable loyalty.

...moses helps punish those who have committed atrocities in the name of revenge. In their Purgatories, he tortures them

relentlessly by creating worlds where the person's loved ones are murdered and abused, driving the Purgatide into a revenge-driven frenzy. No matter how they try to avenge the wrongs committed against their loved ones, they cannot gain satisfaction, usually dying before they can achieve it. The cycle then begins again, each time growing more frustrating. By the time the Nepharite has completed his program, the person's personality has been eradicated except for a lingering hunger for vengeance. This is carried into the Purgatide's

next life, where they will advance the cause of Samael without any effort on the Death Angel's part.

...recently Moses' desire for power has begun to grow stronger. The current trickle of Purgatides into Inferno barely slakes his

thirst for bloodshed. He has become increasingly more forceful in his attempts to expand his influence into Elysium. One of his greatest achievements of late has been having many people he has tormented reborn into low income households in the cities of the world. Since the middle of the 19th century, these reincarnates have been more and more willing to murder each other over differences as small as a different color of clothing. The slightest insult can result in entire families being gunned down in retaliation. Stabbings, shootings, and torture have become commonplace. As these youth gangs grow in force, it has become increasingly difficult for other youths to avoid being dragged into their lethal feuds and vendettas. This continuous cycle of murder and revenge can only escalate further. Moses also finds it useful that these conflicts so often spill over into the lives of the innocent,

because for each person who takes revenge for a gangland killing, his power increases.

| | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| AGL 40 | STR 50 | CON 50 | COM 5 |
| EGO 30 | CHA 35 | PER 25 | EDU 25 |

(Terror Throw Modifier/: +5 ¶ (Length/: 225 cm ¶ (Weight/: 120 kg

(Senses/: Like a human, but can see people's auras and mental balances.

(Communication/: All languages. Telepathy. ¶ (Movement/: 20 m/Combat Round ¶ (Actions/: 6

(Initiative Bonus/: +28 ¶ (Damage Bonus/: +10 ¶ (Endurance/: 280 ¶ (Natural Armor/: None

(Damage Capacity/: 10 Scratches = 1 Light Wound, 9 Light Wounds = 1 Serious Wound, 7 Serious Wounds = 1 Fatal Wound.

Takes 2 Fatal Wounds before dying.

(Powers/: Telepathy – can read memories and feelings. Distort time and space as a person with a mental balance +/- 300. Change appearance up to twice or down to half own size. Control all people with a mental balance between -50 to -100. Infinite Endurance.

(Skills/: Automatic Weapons 25, Handgun 25, Heavy Weapons 25, Sneak 20, Dodge 15, Dagger 25, Whips and Chains 50, Unarmed Combat 30, Search 30, Torture 80.

(The Dark Art/: 20. The Dark Art power is detailed in the Second Edition of the Kult rulebook.

(Magic/: The Lore of Death 50, all spells at 50.

Possess 30. Gives ability to possess a human body in our world while the caster's own body remains in Inferno or Purgatory.

(Attack Modes/: According to weapon. ¶ (Home/: Inferno or Purgatory.

They climaxed together; their screams of release deafening. Boyd lay atop Cicely, panting for breath;

completely exhausted. He could feel her heart pounding in her chest beneath him. She looked up at him through lust-filled eyes, and gave him a evil smile. She kissed him hard; biting his lips hard enough to draw blood. He licked it away, and returned the wicked grin. »We've gotta watch this one more often « he said coyly, »I think it brings out the best in us.« She nodded in agreement, then leaned back to view the screen. The smirk on her face faded instantly. Boyd winced in pain, and began to look up. »What the hell is the matter with the...« His words faded as his tongue fell dead in his mouth.

The movie was still playing, but the scene had changed; drastically. It showed Boyd's apartment in

perfect clarity. The camera focused on the couple on the beaten couch. As if sensing Boyd's terror, the camera's shot tightened in closer until his entire face filled the TV screen. His mouth kept opening and closing uselessly; like a beached fish gasping for air. Boyd just stared at himself on the screen, confused and frightened beyond words.

The screen suddenly went black as if the camera had been shut off. Cicely had begun to gibber

uncontrollably beneath him. When Boyd looked up to survey the rest of the room, his apartment was replaced by a movie set. Cameras of all shapes and sizes surrounded them. Their operators seemed to be actual parts of the cameras' design, their flesh melting into the plastic and steel. The shadows were deep but revealed other »people« standing around watching the couple with eyes filled with unwholesome desires. The woman from the opening scene stood in one corner. Her face black and gnarled, burnt to the bone. She gave Boyd a lipless smile, and a knowing nod.

...ibrahim is among those Nepharites who were once human and were transformed by a Death Angel in reward for

IBRAHIM

service or devotion during life. Ibrahim was a leader in the Albigensian Crusade, and was promoted to the service of Hareb-Serap for the carnage he and his warriors wrought during his life. Unable to cope with his new existence, his mind has snapped, and he sees himself as a personal servant of God on a glorious crusade against the wicked. In truth, Hareb-Serap has warped him into a killing machine driven only by a desire for bloodshed and slaughter. He now serves the Death Angel as one of his most powerful generals, training the damned for the day they will follow Astaroth into Elysium and turn it

into a blood-soaked battleground.

...in 1209, under the direction of Pope Innocent III, an army of approximately 30,000 men descended upon the population of Provence in southern France. There they committed unspeakable violence in the name of the Albigensian Crusade, called by the Pope to destroy the heretical Catharii. Amongst their leaders was Ibrahim, a loyal and pious knight. In the name of the Pope, he put to death hundreds of men, women, and children, many of them possessing no ties whatsoever to the Catharii. His taste for blood grew, and by end of the crusade he had already attracted the attention of Hareb-Serap. When Ibrahim was killed in

battle, the Death Angel carried him in his arms to his Citadel and clothed him in the shape of a Nepharite.

...numerous senseless battles and wars throughout history have been started by Ibrahim's machinations in our world. The battles he enjoys best are those with a religious angle to them, because the zeal of the combatants makes them more careless of who it is they kill. The souls of those slain during these conflicts come under his control, and he continues to drive them into battle even after death. In his gigantic Purgatories, Ibrahim stages further skirmishes to

train the Purgatides for their eventual servitude in the Legions of the Damned.

...ibrahim's fanaticism keeps him utterly loyal to Hareb-Serap and the mighty Astaroth. His armies of the damned are well-trained, and he eagerly awaits the day when he shall be able to loose his dogs of war. Because of his close ties to Ishmael, he has been offered membership into the Nepharite conspiracy. The conspirators hope that Ibrahim can use his substantial influence to help end the current conflict between Hareb-Serap and Golab. Eager for the battles that Astaroth's apocalypse will bring, Ibrahim agreed. His agreement included the provision that the other Nepharites will aid him and his Death Angel if the Razides of Hareb-Serap finally

gain the courage to revolt.

| | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| AGL 33 | STR 44 | CON 44 | COM 1 |
| EGO 24 | CHA 18 | PER 13 | EDU 16 |

- (Terror Throw Modifier/: +5 ¶ (Length/: 210 cm ¶ (Weight/: 105 kg
- (Senses/: Like a human, but can see people's auras and mental balances.
- (Communication/: All languages. Telepathy. ¶ (Movement/: 17 m/Combat Round ¶ (Actions/: 5
- (Initiative Bonus/: +21 ¶ (Damage Bonus/: +9 ¶ (Endurance/: 250 ¶ (Natural Armor/: None
- (Damage Capacity/: 10 Scratches = 1 Light Wound, 9 Light Wounds = 1 Serious Wound, 7 Serious Wounds = 1 Fatal Wound.
Takes 3 Fatal Wounds before dying.
- (Powers/: Telepathy - can read memories and feelings. Distort time and space as a person with a mental balance +/- 300.
Change appearance up to twice or down to half own size. Control all people with a mental balance between -50 to -100.
Protective Skin. Invulnerable to Firearms.
- (Skills/: Automatic Weapons 25, Handgun 20, Heavy Weapons 25, Sneak 20, Dodge 30, Sword 75, Whips and Chains 50, Dagger 25, Unarmed Combat 30, Search 20, Torture 75.
- (The Dark Art/: 15. The Dark Art power is detailed in the Second Edition of the Kult rulebook.

»No... no, no, no... that will not do,« someone suddenly shouted from the shadows, »That will not do at all.« Boyd looked towards the voice, and saw a tall, fat man shaking his head. His skin was leprous, and tauntly drawn over his frame. »Not enough emotion in it,« he continued. »Let's try it again with feeling...« He returned to his seat marked »Director« and motioned to the multilimbed stagehands.

Boyd was roughly pulled off of Cicely; his wrist snapping like a dry twig in the process. Through pain-hazed eyes, he watched as Cicely was nailed to his couch by the set designer. She screamed as the nine-inch nail impaled her limbs. He was released, as the Director smiled and nodded. »Good, that's more like it... she kept moving too much for the camera.« The man turned to him, and smiled. »Mr. Boyd, could you please stick to the script this time please?« A stage hand offered him a wire garotte, and gave him a toothy grin. »ACTION!«

(**Magic**/: The Lore of Death 50, all spells at 50.

Possess 30. Gives ability to possess a human body in our world while the caster's own body remains in Inferno or Purgatory.

(**Attack Modes**/: According to weapon. ¶ (**Home**/: Inferno or Purgatory.

Meyer Theodoric's Purgatory

Meyer Theodoric was gunned down in front of his Cape Town bungalow in 1992. His assassin was a black man whose wife had died during her incarceration at Meyer's police station several years before. She had been arrested for shop-lifting, and taken into custody. The supposedly stolen handbag was her own. According to the records Meyer and his fellow officers filled out, the woman had repeatedly fallen and hit her head against a chair while attempting to escape. Even as the bullets tore through Meyer, now a successful conservative politician, he had no idea why he was killed or who did it. Nor did he have any idea what awaited him after his death.

While alive, Meyer had become a feared part of the ultraconservative movement in the South African government. His policies for dealing with what he referred to as the »Black Menace« that threatened his nation were brutal verging on genocidal. His bigoted and brutal views attracted like-minded individuals, and his voice soon drew a loyal following. Because of his popularity with the reactionary parts of the populace, his calls for extended police powers to deal with black discontent met with some success.

During his years commanding a suburban police station, Meyer murdered and tortured dozens of black men and women. A sadist from birth, Meyer found justification for his urges in the bigoted policies of the apartheid system. His personal charisma helped him form private death squads that would go into the nearby townships and »clean up the trash«, usually political activists, but anyone would do in a pinch. Murders were blamed on rivals, and the perpetrators of the crimes were brought in for questioning. Most died or were permanently crippled »while trying to escape«. Meyer and his men became legendary in the townships, and the eye of the Inferno was not long in falling on him.



Elijah became very interested in seeing Meyer continue his ideas on a greater scale. Through subtle manipulations, the Nepharite opened his way into politics. Through Elijah's influence, Meyer's popularity in the political arena, and thus Thaumiel's influence in South Africa, slowly grew. If not for his untimely demise, he might have become a nucleus around which reactionary elements could have sustained South Africa's brutal social system through decades of further repression.

Meyer's cruelty also attracted the attention of Golab. Night after night Golab sent him dreams of new ways to carry out his private crusade against the blacks. After Meyer entered politics, he became more interested in power than torture. Golab, angered by losing a useful pawn to Thaumiel, removed Meyer from play completely by influencing one of his former victims to take vengeance on him.

Frustrated at the loss of such a useful tool, Elijah attempted to salvage what it could and dragged Meyer into Purgatory to be re-educated into something its master could perhaps find a later use for. Now Meyer is trapped within a hell of his own creation where the tables have been reversed. He is now a prisoner within his old police station, with the blacks he hated and feared so much in total control of his beloved nation. Not only are they in control, but they are pursuing a course not far from the one he would have, had he been given the chance.

...one of the weakest elder Nepharites Meshul faithfully serves his master Gamichicoth to the best of his

MESHUL

ability. In truth, he is one of the few torturers in the Death Angel's entire Citadel. He walks the endless halls like a twisted warden, making sure that every trapped soul suffers horribly. He is unaffected by the Citadel's aura of hunger and thirst, and easily bears the drastic temperature fluctuations from one area to another. He has little influence in the real world, and little power in Inferno as well. He has few servants to assist him and many

outside the Citadel don't even realize he exists.

...though weak, Meshul is a wickedly cunning creature, and his current plans may expand Gamichicoth's influence

greatly. While staying true to the Death Angel's core beliefs, he has changed the approach drastically. Rather than waiting for hunger to come to people, Meshul encourages people to bring hunger to themselves. He works as he can to give weight to ideas that make the world make itself a hungrier place. Teachers under his sway tell students that hunger is due to lack of food, rather than efficient food distribution. Lobbyists and political activists under his command work to discontinue United Nations programs providing birth control to women in undeveloped nations as infringing on women's rights, and to make birth control and abortions illegal in more developed countries. Meshul's pawns in the fashion and food industry encourage both self-imposed starvation in one part of the population while another set of pawns encourages gluttony and the conspicuous waste of food. While he and

his master are still weak, each day sees them grow a bit stronger.

...most recently, Meshul has become envious of the power of his brethren and decided to form alliances of his

own. He feels his master's approach is as out-of-date, and lusts for the Purgatories full of swollen stomachs and living skeletons that an apocalyptic war in Elysium would bring. He has made contact with Nathan, and plans to assist the Nepharite with his current endeavor of overthrowing Nahemoth. He believes that together they can expand their influence into Elysium, and gain more power for themselves. He hopes that should he assist his brother

Nepharite, Nathan will return the favor and back him when he eventually turns against his own master.

| | | | |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| AGI 34 | STR 43 | CON 40 | COM 5 |
| EGO 22 | CHA 16 | PER 15 | EDU 11 |

(Terror Throw Modifier/: +5 ¶ (Length/: 200 cm ¶ (Weight/: 90 kg

(Senses/: Like a human, but can see people's auras and mental balances.

(Communication/: All languages. Telepathy. ¶ (Movement/: 17 m/Combat Round ¶ (Actions/: 5

(Initiative Bonus/: +22 ¶ (Damage Bonus/: +9 ¶ (Endurance/: 215 ¶ (Natural Armor/: None

(Damage Capacity/: 10 Scratches = 1 Light Wound, 9 Light Wounds = 1 Serious Wound, 7 Serious Wounds = 1 Fatal Wound.

Takes 2 Fatal Wounds before dying.

(Powers/: Telepathy – can read memories and feelings. Distort time and space as a person with a mental balance +/- 300.

Change appearance up to twice or down to half own size. Control all people with a mental balance between -50 to -100.

(Skills/: Automatic Weapons 15, Handgun 15, Heavy Weapons 15, Sneak 20, Dodge 30, Dagger 25, Whips and Chains 45, Unarmed Combat 20, Search 25, Torture 90.

(The Dark Art/: 15. The Dark Art power is detailed in the Second Edition of the Kult rulebook.

(Magic/: The Lore of Death 50, all spells at 50.

Possess 30. Gives ability to possess a human body in our world while the caster's own body remains in Inferno or Purgatory.

(Attack Modes/: According to weapon. ¶ (Home/: Inferno or Purgatory.

Every day, he watches hundreds of whites shipped off to death sentences in the South African gold mines, while the sickly and weak are shot and dumped into mass graves that surround the police station. The stench of rotting and

burning flesh fills the air of the Purgatory like a sickly fog. Ashes from the eternally burning incinerators fall like chalky snow. Each day, Meyer awakens in the concentration camp-like townships where the few remaining white live; walking corpses cutting each other's throats for scraps of food. Here he walks through streets where living skeletons lie in the sun, their faces crawling with flies, too weak to avoid the dogs and armored vehicles of the security police.

Each day Meyer is caught and dragged

screaming to his police station. Blood and filth caked the floors and walls, and severed limbs lie rotting in the corners. Meyer's screams mix with the sounds of drills and bone saws that come echoing down the endless corridors. The lights flicker constantly from the drain of the electrical devices used in torturing the prisoners. Interrogations continue endlessly, and he is tortured and beaten until he confesses to crimes he never committed. When he does confess, Elijah and his following of guards drag him into the basement of the station, and he is shot in the back of the head or strangled with piano wire. His still-aware corpse is then left to rot in the sun, or incinerated and the nitrates and phosphates in his ashes used for fertilizer. Once the body is gone, the process starts over again. And again. Now the only thing that Meyer can remember is his hatred, and it grows with each death.

Meyer's old police station has been abandoned, but during certain times of the year the illusions weaken and it opens up a portal to his Purgatory. Even at other times the Illusion is weakened, and

Borderliners and Nachtkäfer are becoming common. It is the Nepharite's intentions to transform the human into a servant of Thaumiel, and to use him as an administrator of Elysium when Astaroth's apocalypse comes. Elijah sometimes allows Meyer to »escape« and hunt the nearby townships for victims. Recently, Meyer's Purgatory has opened into several other places of torture around the world, and Elijah hopes to use this to his advantage.

GROUP PURGATORIES

...as the Illusion wears thin and the Machine winds down, many have become depressed enough that they never find
THE WRETCHED
their way back to the light. Not unbalanced enough to become part of the society of madmen or a borderliner, they wear their pain and despair like a cloak and use it to shield themselves from the harsh blows of reality. Crippled by the sight of the world's decay, each day holds nothing for them but another twenty-four hours of bodily functions. Their existence is darkness and pain, and they can only see the suffering and pain that makes up the dark side of life. Eventually most of them simply drift into the welcoming arms of death
or take their own lives to end their misery.

...suicide seems like a release for these people, the thought of death drawing them with its promise for release from the pain of life. Some think it is nobler to die than to struggle fruitlessly
against outrageous fortune only to be crushed by the uncaring world.

...Nathan, a Nepharite of Nahemoth, resides over this large and ever-growing Purgatory. It is here that he brings these wretched souls to suffer endless humiliation and pain. In truth, he does little to make these Purgatides suffer, for they do an excellent job of tormenting themselves without his assistance. Nathan makes their fear of failure a reality and lets their agony play out before the eyes of their most respected peers, where no amount of hiding will protect them from eternal scorn. Nothing they do can change the inevitable, and death once again seems like
the only release from their broken self-esteem. It is from this that Nathan gains his greatest pleasure.

...the Nepharite has made it impossible for the Purgatides to kill themselves in this Purgatory. Any wounds, no matter how grievous, will heal within minutes of being inflicted. Death and release tease the wretched, then fade away like a beautiful dream. These scars will never heal, and the Wretched must wear them as symbols of their weakness. Any that see the scars ridicule
them that they are even too pathetic to simply kill themselves.

...the Purgatory resembles an endless cityscape of dark and dismal design, like Metropolis, but without Metropolis' dark and soaring glory, for men like gods have never walked these streets. Off in the distance shine the spires and skyscrapers of the city's heart, yet no matter how hard the Purgatides try to get there, they always fail. The cruel and the unfeeling walk the streets, hurling insults at the people suffering there. The laws of real life apply here, and unless the Wretched wishes to live in the street and starve for all eternity, they must find some form of income. The only kind available to them is meaningless and monotonous labor where they are continuously belated and pushed around by their Nepharite superiors and their twisted fellow employees. Every task they undertake is utterly demeaning and devoid of any sort of emotional reward. If they fail or complain, they are
mocked and jeered at by their peers and superiors until they admit their failure is caused by their own worthlessness.

...the only accommodations available to the people in this Purgatory are roach-infested tenements. The toilets rarely work and are clogged with filth. Hot water is a commodity, and rats and other less identifiable vermin play in the heaps of rotting garbage that fill the tight corridors. Blaring music plays day and night, mixed with the screams of domestic violence and constant ringing alarms. Fights between tenants in the hallways are common, and the Purgatides are sometimes dragged into them to be left beaten and bloodied on the urine-stained carpets.
Their apartments are broken into regularly, and all that they have worked for is destroyed.

...recently the numbers of Purgatides being drawn here is increasing. Teens trying to escape what they perceive as lives devoid of meaning or hope are his special favorite. These are the people he takes the greatest joy in torturing. They exist in cramped cubicles and filthy conditions that make their lives look like a thing of bliss in retrospect. Never growing older, they are forced into gigantic prison-like schools to suffer every sort of humiliation at the hands of their »peers«.

Rhianna O'Shea's Purgatory

People do not have to die to be drawn into Purgatory. Rhianna O'Shea is an example of this. She was the leader of a cult, and skilled in the Lore of Passion. Wishing to gain greater mastery of this Lore, she attempted to summon Efram and force him to teach her. She made a mistake in the ritual and he was able to drag her off into Purgatory.

Rhianna was born in Dublin, Ireland, and her parents died in a car accident not long after her birth. She was put in the care of her uncle by the authorities. They were unaware that the man was a dangerous abuser, and she was subject to severe psychological and physical abuse. After running away from home at the age of thirteen, she drifted into prostitution. It was here that she first learned of the Lore of Passion. While in London she came into contact with Christopher Walden, a mighty Passion mage. He took her as an apprentice, and she proved an apt student of magic.

Rhianna left him once she felt she had gained the knowledge she needed. Returning to Ireland, she drew together a group of women who had views similar to hers; that men were inherently bestial and that the only society worth living in was one without them. Their search for a way to become truly independent from men soon ran into a stone wall. Walden, now dead, had only taught Rhianna the basics of the Lore of Passion before she left and she needed to know the ritual of Parthenogenesis. After several years of failed research, she became desperate and attempted to summon Efram. Unfortunately, her wards were tailored to contain creatures of Passion. Efram easily stepped through the protective circle and dragged her off to Purgatory.

against them by their peers.

...eventually the Purgatory's personality is disintegrated by the world around them. The unending cycle of punishment

and suffering drives them into a near catatonic state where they no longer even try to fight against their surroundings. They accept anguish and degradation against their persons as if it were a bodily function. They sit and wait to be tortured and insulted, because flight has no meaning when the story of the entire world is written by Kafka. Eventually they drift into a mindless apathy, repeating the same actions over and over until every memory of who they

were has been purged from their being.

...nathan hopes that he can use the increasing number of souls within this Purgatory to give him the power to overthrow his master. Those who have some spark of resistance are retained and transformed into the bestial thugs, bullies and authority figures who make this Purgatory the Hell it is. Soon, he hopes to have an army of these animals strong enough to ward off the

attacks of Malkuth and seize control of Nahemoth's citadel at the same time.

...the first and greatest casualty of war is innocence, and none can understand this better than the men and women

VETERANS OF WAR

that have fought and died in the many battles that serve as the mile markers for the history of the Machine. Terrible atrocities and crimes are committed and then rationalized in the name of men's ideals. More often than not, it is innocent civilians that suffer in wartime, their lives snuffed out or ruined in order to save them. Most men who fight in wars have a chance to gaze on the face of the monster that lives within them. Most who survive are in some way scarred, disgusted with themselves and in many ways horrified at the beast that lies dormant inside them. Some bury the guilt away in the dark underside of their mind and never deal with it except in nightmares. Others embrace their darker side entirely, becoming monsters with little regard for the world beyond their tight circle of brothers. Others go mad with grief for what they have done. No

matter which way they go when death is upon them, it is Ibrahim that is waiting to welcome them to their Purgatory.

...the nightmare is not over for these soldiers. It is just beginning. At the moment of death, they are pulled by their conscience

into one of the largest Purgatories in existence. There, under Ibrahim, a Nephrite serving Hareb-Serap, they are placed in the harness of war once more. It is a war with no purpose, sides, or allies, a war where they must unceasingly fight and kill to survive. The battlefields are all familiar ones, drawn from the memories of those condemned here. There seems to be no rhyme or reason to the landscape. The bloodsoaked jungles of French Indochina meld into the wheat fields and rolling farm land of World War II France. Scorching deserts from the memories of the Romans who fought against the Pamyrean Empire border on the frozen hell that can only be Stalingrad. As the soldiers that fight here come from all times and all wars, the level of technologies varies as much as the nationality of the troops. Mongols stand beside Vietnam veterans as they fight against Crusaders and the Wehrmacht. The armies are ragtag collections of men who fight more to gain weapons and supplies than to take property. Indeed, there rarely seems to be any »front« for this conflict, and battles bleed into one another day and night, the war grinds on ceaselessly with no possible conclusion. Mortar shells and artillery bombardments rain randomly from the skies, tearing apart friend and foe alike. Tracer fire and flares light up the night, casting flickering orange and white glows across the landscape. Strike aircraft lay napalm strikes on troop concentrations while helicopters and biplanes lock in endless dog-fights.

Trapped in Purgatory, Rhianna has been transformed into a breeding machine. She is

perpetually pregnant with Efraim's offspring. These creatures are vicious parodies of humanity that quite literally tear their way out of their mother. Rhianna's wounds quickly heal, but Efraim impregnates her again before her labor pains stop. It usually appears as her uncle, but just as often wears the mask of a former female lover. With each cycle, her ability to differentiate fact from Efraim's brutality slowly wears away, unraveling her personality and making her less and less willing to escape.

The Purgatory is a horrifying, Gigeresque

nightmare. Empty hallways run in every direction, looping and twisting like the digestive system of some great beast. The walls are formed of writhing flesh, blood, and bone. Anything too close to the walls is snatched by skinless hands and dragged in to feed the dozens of screaming mouths that form in the viscid soup. The victims of the walls become part of the protean mass, forever locked within the sea of muscles and sinew. Rhianna's more vicious spawn hunt each other here until they fall victim to another of her offspring of the unholy hungers of the surroundings.

Unlike most taken to a Purgatory during their life, Rhianna still has some hope of

rescue. Members of her cult, including her wife Selene, are planning an attempt to rescue her. They have been deeply engaged in researching the Lore of Death, and have found a possible ritual to return her. Selene has visited the Dublin flat where Rhianna disappeared and used her skills to look into her Purgatory. Horrified by what she saw there, she has taken leadership of the group and stepped up their efforts to retrieve her wife. They plan to do this by transposing her soul and that of an unwilling victim. By effecting this exchange of souls, the group hopes to appease Efraim so that he does not seek revenge against them.

smell of persistent chemical weapons.

...fighting and dying by the thousands, the soldiers are soon to find themselves resurrected and ready to fight

again. Burned, shot, stabbed, bludgeoned, crushed, and torn limb from limb, they come back in perfect health. This process of rebirth is startlingly quick, taking from mere moments to a few minutes, depending on the severity of wounds sustained. This means that it becomes almost impossible to stop any attack as the fallen bodies of the attackers slowly pull themselves back together to advance once again. Defenders are constantly overrun by the troops they have just slaughtered. Likewise, attackers find the ground they have fought so hard to acquire to come to life with the corpses of their defeated enemies. Strategy has little to do with these conflicts, only tactics, and they turn into endless running battles. Some leaders have given orders to their troops to dismember all their fallen enemies to allow them enough time to actually advance before the dead rise once more. Others use charisma to bring their slain enemies into the fold, and join under their banner. Huge armies

have been formed in this manner, and have just as quickly fallen apart from the frantic pace of battle.

...ibrahim enjoys these military exercises. He believes that this is the perfect training ground for the troops Hareb-Serap and

Astaroth will use to annihilate the human race. The souls of these soldiers are twisted into remorseless berserks, totally loyal to their commanders. If let loose upon humanity with modern weapons, these warriors of the last day will cut through the innocent soldiers of our

world like a scythe through wheat.

...cain, a Nephrite of Golab, has created a group Purgatory of infinite wickedness for those who abuse those they

ABUSERS

Love. Because abuse is a twisted expression of caring for most abusers, Cain twists their perceptions the moment they come here. Their senses are heightened and manipulated so that the first time they experience pain, it so great that they reach the meeting point where pain and pleasure are indistinguishable. The person who is hurt achieves a state of wondrous euphoria unknown to them. The result is an immediately psychological addiction to the feelings strong enough that those imprisoned here will do anything to regain the sensation. Accompanying this euphoria is a dulling of all other sensation, partly by comparison, partly courtesy of Cain's manipulation of the person's perceptions. And

therein lies the trap, because the first time is always the best.

...after the first experience, those within this Purgatory will find they never completely reach that state again,

each time just coming a hair's breadth from feeling it. After each time they try, they discover that they require more and more pain and stimulation to achieve even those near-euphoric levels again. As time goes on, their senses continue to degrade further and further, until only the most hideous and agonizing torture techniques will give them any form of satisfaction. Hungry for pleasure, they are left begging others to commit acts of

unspeakable brutality upon them.

...like some gigantic torture chamber, this world consists of endless corridors and rooms for those who wander

here, searching desperately for sensation. Devices for every sort of torture lie ready for use beside pits of hot coals. The walls are lined with sharp points and cutting edges for any that wish to commit an act of self-mutilation without troubling themselves by looking for a knife. People lounge around the edges of swimming pools filled with boiling oil just waiting for them to take a leisurely swim. Blades and axes of all shapes and sizes lie around like scattered leaves within easy reach for impulse amputations and mutilations. As one goes deeper into the Purgatory, the devices are more and more common, each more able than the last to inflict greater and greater damage to flesh and bone.

Selene realizes their time is short, as Rhianna's personality may already be irreperably damaged, and certainly cannot remain whole much longer. What she does not know is that her viewing of Rhianna's Purgatory has weakened the Illusion in the Dublin flat. Some of Efram's children have slipped through the cracks, and are currently stalking the streets to sate their hunger for food and other, less pleasant desires.

Ellen Kirkwood's Purgatory

A police officer in the city of Los Angeles, Ellen Kirkwood was a woman whose hatred and sadism attracted the attentions of the Nephrite Moses like a candle's flame attracts a moth. She personified his master Samael's beliefs in every respect, waging a one-woman vigilante campaign against the street gangs of Los Angeles. Not all of the people she killed had anything to do with gangs, but Ellen didn't care; all were guilty in her eyes.

In truth, Ellen started out as a very good police officer, trying to help fight the rising tide of youth crime in L.A. In the end, it was Ellen who was worn down. Each day she had to confront the sheer magnitude of the job she had undertaken and see that her efforts made little or no impact on the situation. She grew more and more callous, and every day she left a little bit of her human compassion behind her when she returned from the streets. She was a talented young officer headed straight for early burn-out when she met Felix Hawkins, an aspiring actor trying to make it into the movies. They fell in love, and by the end of six months they married. He gave her the strength and love she so desperately needed. He gave her everything she lacked, and more.

The devices that inflict great pain must, of course, be operated by someone else. This forces the people in this Purgatory to seek out others to commit atrocities upon their person. The people in this Purgatory form love affairs of sorts, and the ability to inflict pain becomes a far more important asset than looks or personality. Some form into a vile sort of marriage, with each Purgatide committing acts of incredible torment on the other because of their love for them. Others engage in orgies of a sort, where many of the inhabitants of the Purgatory gather together and work as a group towards a collective state of ecstasy through agony.

...by the time they can no longer experience any form of pain, the minds of those in this Purgatory have long been destroyed. Their memories of their former selves are erased by the incredible brutality of their existence in the land of molten lead and agony induction loops that lies at the heart of this Purgatory. The only thing that remains is their desire for suffering, and this deep-rooted longing survives into their next life. Cain can use this as a lever to manipulate them as he wishes, usually forcing them down the same road that brought them to Purgatory in the first place. But each one through brings one or two or ten more with them to Cain's hell. As the cycle of abuse continues, the Nepharite gains more and more influence within Elysium. This method of gaining influence actually assists Malkuth in her desires to weaken the Illusion. Cain does not care about this, only desiring to further his goals within our world. Regardless of if he cares or not, he shortsightedly works to undermine his very existence. On that fateful day when the machinery of the Illusion breaks and the human race remembers its divine state, the lot of those who helped to jail the face of Man will be an ill-omened one, to say the least.

...in a world of political and religious turmoil, it is not uncommon for zealous individuals to turn to violence

TERRORISTS

in an attempt to force their beliefs on a society that is largely unconcerned with their opinion. Using bombs and guns instead of rational discussion, and kidnapping and hijacking instead of peaceful demonstration, they attempt to force people to recognize the issues they support and strike blows against the social and political structures they dislike. It is their intention to kill the innocent, and to strike terror into the uninvolved and unconcerned. The results from this bloodsoaked chaos attracts

Ishmael, a Nepharite of Sathariel.

...Ishmael has a place for these firebrands. Built from the memories of those who inhabit it, the Purgatory resembles a mishmash of several cities and countries, all of them war-torn and controlled by faceless oppressors. Those imprisoned here must struggle against the relentless domination of the government with the only means they know. Soldiers and police comb the streets with ruthless efficiency. Should they be captured, those confined to this Purgatory are dragged into the enormous political prisons and reeducation camps that dominate the landscape. There they are tortured until they confess their political or religious beliefs, then brutally executed. They are not alone here, and the anguished screams of friends and family members undergoing torture ring endlessly down the grey hallways of the political prisons. Those imprisoned are forced to watch their friends and family suffer for their guilt by association. Once the guards have become bored with them, they are murdered while the prisoner watches. Once they are themselves killed, the people who inhabit this Purgatory reawaken

elsewhere, in the streets, their minds still filled with the torments of their loved ones.

...the fight of those who suffer here is endless and futile. Their bombs malfunction or explode as they are assembled. Those that do go off kill women and children instead of soldiers. The faceless soldiers of the government burn entire villages and city blocks, then execute their inhabitants, for any act of resistance. Murdered officials are quickly replaced by successively crueler villains. Ever more drastic steps are required to accomplish any form of action against the government, and each attack kills progressively more innocents.

And he would have made her the perfect husband. One day, as Eelix was out jogging, he and several others were caught in a crossfire between rival gangs. His chest was literally torn apart by the blast of a shotgun. Ellen was one of the officers who responded to the call. By the time she and her fellow officers arrived, there was nothing she could do. The perpetrators had fled, leaving three dead and twelve wounded. Not one of the dead or injured had been an actual member of the two gangs. As she knelt on the hot asphalt thoughtlessly trying to push close the gaping holes in her fiancée's chest, Ellen swore vengeance. Since then, she has dedicated her life to avenging her husband's death.

Using her badge as a weapon, Ellen began stopping suspicious youths and arresting them for whatever nuisance charge she felt like using. Rather than actually taking them in, she would drive them out into the worst sections of L.A. and murder them execution style, making the killing look like just another gangland hit. She was careful, and always used a weapon other than her own in her killings. Her work with the youth crime prevention unit allowed her to keep tabs on gang-related homicide investigations currently underway. Few serial killers have the privilege of watching the investigations into their crimes, but Ellen did. Whenever people began to wonder about the upsurge in execution style murders, she backed off from her vendetta until the normal bloody tide of L.A. life had buried the killings under a mountain of other homicide files.

Eventually, the minds of the people imprisoned here become so filled with the desire to fight back that they ignore the screams of the civilians murdered in the process. In their minds, none are innocent; those who do not support their efforts are automatically the enemy. When they kill or maim their own people, it just the price to pay for their furthering their ideology. In truth, they no longer seek victory in their efforts, but simply violence. ...ishmael uses this Purgatory to train and create her own army of fanatical warriors. With no regard for human life and an uncontrollable desire to murder and destroy, these Purgatides will serve Satharriel loyally when Astaroth unleashes his war against humanity.

APPENDIX A / SPELLS

THERE ARE SEVERAL SPELLS THAT CAN BE USED TO INTERACT WITH PURGATORY AND NEPHARITES, ALL OF WHICH FALL UNDER THE LORE OF DEATH. THIS SECTION INCLUDES THOSE SPELLS USED TO ESCAPE OR RESCUE A SOUL FROM IT'S PURGATORY.

...this spell is similar to the Gate to the Underworld ritual, but is more specific in nature. It allows the conjurer to **VIEW PURGATORY**

look into a Purgatide's Purgatory and view the events that are occurring there through a temporary window in the Illusion. This scrying can be done without the fear of interference by the Nepharite in control of the Purgatory in question, as it includes a protective circle within it. As long as the conjurer remains within the circle, they are safe from the Nepharite's powers. This does not mean the Nepharite is unaware of the magician's presence, only that they are powerless to harm them. If the conjurer leaves the circle for any reason, they lose this immunity, and are quite likely to be dragged off to a distinctly unpleasant fate. The caster must be in the location of the Purgatide's Purgatory for this ritual to work. Unlike the See Through Death spell, this spell does not allow the caster to travel to Elysium if cast in a Purgatory.

(LR/: 5 ¶ (Endurance Cost/: 25 ¶ (Magical Equipment/: The Sword
(Equipment/: Some kind of drawing utensil (chalk, pencil, paints, etc.), black candles, some of the caster's blood.
(Protective Circle/: The conjurer must imagine or draw a three-layered circle around themselves using the Sword in both cases.
(Invocation/: The name of the Purgatide sought is repeated again and again, either out loud or in the magician's mind, during the process of drawing the diagrams needed for the spell.
(Gestures/: The caster ritually draws their own blood and uses it to paint an intricate design on the flat surface. This drawing becomes a window to the Purgatide's Purgatory on the completion of the ritual.
(Visualization/: The conjurer imagines the person whose Purgatory they wish to see into.
(Duration/: 30 minutes ¶ (Casting Time/: 15 minutes

...this is a specialized version of the Summon Creature of Death spell, and far easier. It is also far more dangerous.

SUMMON NEPHARITE

This spell is all too easy to find in occult libraries, because Nepharites and their human minions release copies into the occult community. The caster does not need to know the name of the Nepharite they are summoning, because there are different versions of this spell for different Nepharites. This spell is used as little more than a trap, used by Nepharites to catch the foolish, and by magicians to protect their knowledge. Any form of protective circles or wards the caster utilizes fail when used with this ritual. This usually results in the magician either being dragged off or becoming a pawn of the summoned Nepharite.

Ellen acquired a taste for blood, and her killings began to be more than just random hits. She studied the files on gang-related activity in L.A., becoming familiar with the major players. Using that knowledge, she began to use her murders to set up clashes between rival gangs. She would kill key members of the gangs and leave behind evidence framing their rivals. She laughed as gangs began to wipe out each other in vengeance for wrongs that the victims had never committed. Her anger was growing like a cancer within her, and she began to stalk low income neighborhoods without her uniform, looking for victims. Soon simple murder lost its appeal, and she began torturing her victims as well. The killings and torture provided Ellen with a rush, and what had been an act of anger became an act of satisfaction. After six years of her serial killings, she had personally murdered and tortured over two hundred teenagers in the metropolitan Los Angeles area, a growing number of whom had no link to gang activity. To Ellen, being young and poor in L.A. was a crime punishable by death.

Ellen's vendetta could have continued for years unnoticed, hidden under the sea of actual gang murders. It was bad luck, and not Internal Affairs, that caught up with Ellen. She was injured fatally, struck by a stray bullet during a botched liquor store robbery. Even as her life faded away, she laid curses on the youth of Los Angeles, offering her eternal soul to whoever would help her make her curse come true. Moses who had been watching her for a time, took the opportunity and her soul. As Ellen's life faded away, her Purgatory came into better focus around her.

In either case, the summoned creature will use the situation to its advantage, but is still bound by the strange code of the Nepharites, that it honor any deals it makes. People with a Lore of Death rating higher than 10 who examine this ritual will clearly see it for the trap it is, as will anyone who knows the **Summon Creature spell for another magical Lore.**

(LR/: 5 ¶ (Endurance Cost/: 45 ¶ (Magical Equipment/: The Staff and the Chalice
(Equipment/: A bowl of animal heads (rats, gulls, pigeons, mice, or any other sort of vermin), charcoal, incense, red and black candles.
(Protective Circle/: Any used will fail.
(Invocation/: Varies. Usually a chant in honor of the Nepharite, asking for its wisdom and knowledge.
(Gestures/: The conjurer uses the charcoal to burn the incense and severed heads, then molds and shapes the smoke with their hands.
(Visualization/: Visualizes their hands forming the Nepharite from the smoke, it gaining more and more detail as the ritual progresses.
(Duration/: All too long. ¶ (Casting Time/: 6 hours

...this ritual allows the caster to misdirect the attentions of any Nepharite that may be watching them to

TRANSFER SIN

another person. Thus, when they die they will not enter Purgatory. It can also be used when a conjurer is being actively pursued by a Nepharite. One way or another, the creature is compelled to take the target of the spell rather than the caster upon the caster's death. This spell only diverts the attentions of Nepharites currently observing the magician. If the caster is near Inferno or travels there, the time before they come to the attention of other Nepharites might be very short indeed. As a

result, this spell is quite often the last act a magician performs before their death.

(LR/: 20 ¶ (Endurance Cost/: 75 ¶ (Equipment/: the Sword and the Chalice
(Equipment/: Blood from both the magician and the target, two skulls, a black candle and one white candle, five red candles.
(Protective Circle/: A pentacle within three circles drawn with blood, ochre, and mercury. The five red candles mark the five points of the pentacle.
(Invocation/: The victim's and the caster's name are combined in an ever-quickenning chant until they combine as one word.
(Gestures/: The magician writes the name of the target in their own blood on the forehead of one skull, and their own name on the forehead of the other skull using the target's blood. The skulls are smashed to powder and the dust is mixed together and scattered to the four winds.
(Visualization/: The magician pictures the black candle as their own soul, and the white candle as the victim's. As they burn, the magician pictures them becoming grayer and grayer until the victim's candle is black and their own is white.
(Duration/: Variable. ¶ (Casting Time/: 7 hours

...this ritual is usually performed as an act of hatred or revenge. It attracts a Nepharite of the caster's choice to the

CONDEMN

ritual's victim, and marks them as the creature's victim. The Nepharite then stalks the victim, either hunting them or making their life a living hell of hallucinations and mental delusions, depending on the tastes of the Nepharite. Unless the victim knows the ritual of Condemn or is otherwise familiar with the Lore of Death, they will not understand what is happening to him. Nothing except the death of the conjurer or the Nepharite will stop its hunt.

Ellen now lives in a dark and twisted Purgatory of L.A., and each day she struggles for her life and sanity. The sky is black, red and veiled in the smoke of burning buildings. Gangs rule. Looters run the streets like hungry jackals, and the sky at night is lit by tracer fire. The rotting corpses of her victims stalk the streets, tearing apart everything in their path. Alone against this undead army, Ellen tries to keep the peace and protect the innocent. Alone, with only her service pistol, there is nothing she can do to prevent these inhuman mobs from killing and torturing the innocents that struggle to survive in this apocalyptic landscape. Even those that remain hidden in their homes and businesses are dragged into the streets and murdered. Every one of them looks like a friend or loved one that she knew before her death, most often her fiancée. Eventually she too is killed, torn to rags by the walking corpses of the youths she killed in life. Nothing she does makes a difference here, there is only the choice to run and die later, or to stand and die immediately.

But Moses did hear her curse, and has given her the power she requires to fulfill it. From three days before until three days after the new moon, he lets Ellen's spirit out of her Purgatory to stalk the streets of L.A. once again. She possesses members of the homeless or criminal communities and uses their bodies as vehicles of her vengeance. Nearly mindless from her burning desire for revenge, she hunts down and brutally murders any youths she comes across, punishing them for the crime of being young. No one who crosses her path is safe from her, and she is nearly impossible to stop. Even if the body she is using is killed, her hatred and willpower continue to animate the body. She continues her killing spree until her body is completely destroyed or her time in Elysium runs out and Moses returns her to Inferno.

The Conjurer must overcome the Ego of the victim with their ritual effect, or the Nepharite is attracted to the conjurer instead. Obviously, this spell cannot be cast if the caster does not know the name and appearance of at least one Nepharite.

(LR/: 22 ¶ (Endurance Cost/: 100 ¶ (Magical Equipment/: the Sword, the Chalice, and the Staff
(Equipment/: A Hand of Glory (the severed hand of a condemned and executed murderer); the skull of a jackal, incense, a brazier, nine red candles, and hair, blood, or nail clippings from the victim.
(Protective Circle/: Two concentric circles with nine small pentacles, evenly spaced, between them. It is drawn with a mixture of ash, blood, and saliva. The red candles are placed in the center of these pentacles.
(Invocation/: A long series of curses and accusations against the victim, followed by a basic summoning chant.
(Gestures/: The Hand of Glory is made to grasp the hair or nail clippings, or else the blood is used to write the victim's name on the back of the hand. The Hand is placed in the jackal's skull, and then both are placed in the brazier to burn until they are reduced to ash.
(Visualization/: The caster visualizes the target of the spell suffering the agonies favored by the Nepharite chosen to hunt them.
(Duration/: Permanent ¶ (Casting Time/: 13 hours

...this is one of the ways that people can be rescued from Purgatory, but it requires the assistance of someone in

EXCHANGE SOUL

Elysium. The conjurer, usually a family member or lover of the person in Purgatory, casts the ritual to draw the soul of the Purgatide out of Purgatory and replace it with the soul of an innocent. The person released then takes permanent control of the victim's body, and may continue their existence without fear of the Nepharite that controlled their Purgatory. The temple must be made up to look as similar as possible to the Purgatory, and the victim must be present in order for the spell to work. If the victim makes an Ego throw with a higher effect than the conjurer's throw for the spell, the magic fails. If this happens, the

Nepharite is instantly alerted to the conjurer's presence, and may take action against them.

(LR/: 26 ¶ (Endurance Cost/: 115 ¶ (Magical equipment/: The Chalice and the Staff
(Equipment/: A living victim, the clothing and personal items of the person to be rescued, a silver arthname.
(Protective Circle/: A circle inscribed with nine pentagrams. The basic design is to be drawn with an arthname and embellished with charcoal or chalk. Oil lamps mark the nine pentagrams.
(Invocation/: Extensive formulas mixed with the name of the Purgatide and the victim.
(Gestures/: The caster slowly dresses the prone victim in the Purgatide's clothing, then marks them with a mixture of their blood and the ashes of the Purgatide's burnt personal items. At the end of the ritual, the arthname used to draw the diagram is driven through the victim's heart.
(Visualization/: As the candles burn down, and the dressing and marking goes on, the conjurer visualizes the victim growing into a copy of the Purgatide.
(Duration/: Permanent ¶ (Casting Time/: 3 days

APPENDIX B/ARTIFACTS

...this simple-looking mirror has a terrifyingly violent history. Lucretia Borgia, following a magical ritual she

BORGIA'S MIRROR

discovered during her researches into the occult, commissioned this mirror's construction. Master craftsmen from all over Europe were secretly commissioned to assist in its production, and traveled in secrecy to Venice to work on it. This quality of craftsmanship defies casual examination. Only under close examination, as with a jeweler's glass or exceptionally sensitive fingertips, can the immense amount of labor invested in this artifact be detected. Almost a hundred feet of nearly invisible grooves and carvings are cut into the silver frame and handle of the mirror.

Ellen has become a dark legend of the ghetto.

While the press hasn't noticed, many gang members have begun to try to hunt down the phantom woman who comes and kills them, and many parents have started to keep their children indoors during the dark of the moon. Because of the terror and fear she inspires, the Illusion has begun to weaken in Los Angeles' slums and ghettos. With each killing or crime committed, Inferno grows closer to the surface. It is not unheard of for rival gangs to be actually drawn into Ellen's Purgatory during their conflicts. As the violence grows, the Machine has begun to break down further, and Ellen waits just on the other side to extract punishment upon the innocent and the guilty alike.

Brendon Shepard's Purgatory

Brendon Shepard devoted his life towards preventing his greatest fear from ever coming true. A self-made man at the age of thirty, Brendon was rich and terrified of death. The wealthy industrialist spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in an effort to avoid dying. He exercised religiously, tried every known method of life extension, and had an army of well-trained doctors surrounding him at all times. Even with all this effort put towards eternal youth, Brendon continued to grow older and older. He grew increasingly desperate as the years flew by, trying more and more radical methods to preserve himself forever. None worked. Finally, as he was about to give up hope, a man who called himself Mr. Gabriels came to him and offered him immortality. Not some breathing technique or youth drug, but actual immortality.

executed her plans, and had the mirror to be bathed in their blood.

...the mirror gave her the power to see into the Purgatories and walk through the various lands of death. It also

transformed her into a Nepharite upon her death, and she settled into her new Purgatory, which travels with the mirror wherever it goes. She has the ability to direct its fate to some extent, and causes it to fall into the hands of those who make a living of deceit and betrayal. She manipulates them into activating the mirror, and then takes them in, to educate them in her own school of deception. Those who prove apt students become Nepharites like her,

while those who fail are cast into nearby Purgatories to suffer.

...the mirror has had many owners. It has been passed as an inheritance, bought, stolen, given as a gift and as payment for tutelage in

the various lore of magic. While most of the people who own it find it to be an interesting but otherwise normal mirror, some owners mysteriously disappear. It is said that those who are true masters of the Lore of Death can use the mirror as Lucretia did, as a mean of viewing Purgatories and traveling to the lands of the dead without magical spells. If this is

the case, then none who have been able to do so have left behind any sign of their ability.

...any player wishing to activate the mirror must run their fingers along the arcane network of groves in a

certain pattern, starting at the end of the handle and leading in a series of arcs towards the center of the mirror's silver back. Those trying to use the mirror must make an Ego throw with at least a Good Effect. Lucretia can add or subtract

up to five from their effect depending on if she wishes for them to succeed in making the Ego throw or not.

...those wishing to master the mirror must make a Lore of Death throw with at least Exceptional Effect against

Lucretia's Ego throw. Lucretia's Ego score is left up to the GM to determine. Failure in an attempt to master the mirror probably means an exceptionally long and far from enjoyable stay in Lucretia's Purgatory. Those who have mastered the mirror can use it to cast the spells See Through Death, View Purgatory and Hades Walk at half Endurance Cost. When cast via the mirror, the spells take fifteen minutes to complete and do not require a temple or any of the regular visualizations, chants and other props of magic. Those who have mastered the mirror also masters Lucretia, and she must obey their

commands as though bound by the spell Bind Creature of Death, but without any set duration.

...there are nine of these candles currently in existence, and they are eagerly sought by Death magicians across

CANDLES OF DAMNATION

the world. Formed from the fat of human sacrifices, they were prepared by a powerful master of the Lore of Death centuries ago. The conjurer did not reveal the ritual he used to construct them, but left the nine candles he made during his life to his apprentices with instructions on how to use and maintain them. The apprentices are long since dust, but the

candles remain, tossed like centuries-old driftwood on the sea of the occult community.

...when burned in the vicinity of a Purgatory the candles open up a window through the Illusion. This window allows

the conjurer to view the other side without any fear of detection. The Nepharites and Purgatides in the Purgatory cannot detect the magician's observation, even if the conjurer uses the window to assist them in the use of magic. The effect begins immediately upon lighting the candle, and the window lasts as long as the candle continues to burn. The candles also make the use of magic from the Lore of Death easier for magicians bathed in the emanations of a Purgatory, cutting the Endurance Costs of any ritual of Death in half while the window remains open. This power has made the candles the center of death and intrigue for centuries, as jealous

apprentices and fellow practitioners helped themselves to the candles at the expense of the current owner.

Sceptical at first, Brendon required absolute proof of the man's ability to provide him with what he had promised. The man readily agreed to have

his methods tested as Brendon saw fit. At his direction, a vagrant was kidnapped and brought to Brendon's private estate. There, in a very modern hospital room, the helpless man was tied down and injected with the serum that the man had promised would provide immortality. The man's throat was cut and he was drained completely of blood. Even after his heart had stopped beating, the man lived on. He was shot, stabbed, and beaten and yet he remained living. On Brendon's orders the vagabond was cremated and his ashes were thrown out in the next day's trash.

Brendon was more than impressed, and offered anything for the serum. Even his immortal soul.

Ironically, that was exactly the price the man required of Brendon. Desperate and certain that his immortality meant he would never have to pay, he readily agreed to the price. Brendon took the treatment immediately, and committed suicide to prevent himself from aging any further than he already had. Oddly enough, this was also exactly what Mr. Gabrels had wanted him to do.

Gabriel, a Nepharite under the control of Togarini, is a master at collecting »materials« for his master. He already knew what Brendon very

quickly realized. While the serum prevented death, it in no way inhibited the process of putrefaction. In some ways, it made it even faster, suppressing the effects of embalming fluid and necromantic magics designed to preserve the flesh. Unable to really die, Brendon was trapped with the rapidly decaying flesh of his own body. The Nepharite waited until the man's living corpse disintegrated into nothing. Then it was time for him to collect his payment.

...the candles burn away slowly during use, but can be replenished through a simple ritual. This ritual requires that one unborn baby is rendered down for each inch of length to be remade. The candles are thirteen inches long, and burn at the rate of one inch every two hours. If the candle burns down all the way, it cannot be replenished, but so far, none of the candles have been completely expended.

...forged by the Order of the Knights of the Brazen Head, these blades can literally cut through the

THE SWORDS OF THE FORGOTTEN

Illusion. There were twenty-one of these blades forged from the iron skeletons of Razides, but less than a dozen still survive; most of them in the possession of Incarnates of the Archons and Death Angels. Razides and Lictors comb the world for the remaining swords. So far, the blades have remained out of their clutches, hidden away or used for

various purposes by secret societies uncontrolled by the powers behind the Machine.

...each of these blades is beautifully designed and emanates a deep power immediately obvious to anyone with

Enhanced Awareness or Magical Intuition. They are treated as a Katana for damage purposes, but when wielded against a creature of Inferno or their Incarnate, the wound level of any damage they cause is automatically increased by one stage, and their blows ignore any armor the creature may possess. This power is only secondary, however. When in the presence of any Purgatory they begin to vibrate softly in the owner's hand. The bearer may then concentrate on the blade (getting a Normal Effect on an Ego throw) and use it to cut through the Illusion, opening a temporary window into the Purgatory, as per the spell See Through Death. If they wish, they can step through this window and enter the Purgatory. To exit the Purgatory, all the wielder has to do is repeat the process, again getting a Normal Effect on an Ego throw to breach the Illusions and create a window back to Elysium. The Knights of the Brazen Head used these weapons to rescue the souls of members trapped

within the Inferno, and to carry out their holy war against the Razides.

...named after the Nepharite that created it, this jigsaw puzzle has become an urban legend. Stories circulate about it

THE ISHMAEL PUZZLE

at camps and sleepovers. Frightened children wisely tell the tale of the unfortunate man or

woman who found the puzzle and were eaten by some horrible creature because of it.

...as the story goes, the typical victim usually locates the puzzle lurking in the back corner or bargain bin of

an old book store or toy shop. Their curiosity piqued by the strange designs on the box, the person buys the puzzle and takes it home. As they begin to assemble it, the shape of someone sitting at a table slowly takes shape. This process takes some time due to the intricacy of the actual puzzle, but the longer the person works on it in one sitting the easier it seems to get. It is not long before the victim recognizes that the person sitting at the table is working on a jigsaw puzzle and bears a strong resemblance to them. At this point, they must make a Ego throw with a Good Effect to not continue working on the puzzle out of

curiosity. The victim may forgo the roll if they wish to see the remainder of the puzzle.

...one way or another, if they continue the puzzle clearly depicts the person putting together a jigsaw puzzle in

the room they are currently in. As the puzzle is nearly completed, the shape of something lurking behind the victim takes form. The last face of this creature is always the last piece. The person putting together the puzzle must now make another Ego throw and get a Very Good Effect to not put the last piece in place. If they put the last piece into place, Ishmael's face is revealed. She waits behind the victim, just as depicted in the

now-complete jigsaw puzzle, drinking in their fear until they turn around to face her.

...after the victim is dragged off, the puzzle slowly fades from existence. It will reappear in another book store or toy shop, waiting for the next victim to come along.

Now trapped in his Purgatory, Brendon is continuously going through the cycle of death and rebirth each day. He grows from a child into an old

withered man in a matter of hours. When he dies he is forced to remain within his slowly rotting body until it is dust once again. All around him are his friends and family, and he must watch them die as well. Everywhere he looks he finds death and decay. No matter how far he runs in the Purgatory that so closely resembles his old estate, he cannot escape the stink of rot and old age. Gabriel also enjoys torturing Brendon now and again, speeding up his demise by playing brutal games of cat-and-mouse with him. Even if he can evade Gabriel for a time, the onset of old age make it impossible for him to play long. In the end, Brendon experiences every second of his horrifically slow decomposition.

Unknown to Gabriel is the fact that Brendon prepared himself in the last days of his unlife.

A man with Brendon's resources could move quickly indeed, and Brendon had already had contacts within the necromantic community. He hired a magician to perform a ritual on one of his servants, programming the man to begin reconstructing his body. The man now hunts people for limbs and organs every full moon. Each piece must come from a different victim, so the process is a long and tedious one. The organs and limbs are preserved with ancient magics, and placed like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle on and in the skeleton Brendon left behind when he was drawn into his Purgatory. Once his new body is completed, Brendon hopes to escape from his current fate into by transporting himself into it through certain powerful necromantic rituals he prepared before his demise.

THIS IS NOT

A STATEMENT ABOUT OUR OWN BELIEFS,
NOR A CREED WHICH WE IN ANY WAY
DESIRE TO IMPART TO THE READER.

IT IS

THE SETTING OF THIS ROLEPLAYING GAME.

I STARED AT MY LACERATED FACE in the broken mirror of the gas station bathroom. Tiny pieces of glass were still stuck in my cheeks and forehead from when I had thrown myself through the bay window of my house trying to get away from the cloaked woman.

WHEN MY RUSH OF ADRENALINE finally wore off I'd be in some serious pain, as well as having some serious shakes. Before then, I had to get myself cleaned up. Using the tweezers from the first aid kit, I began pulling the winking bits of glass from my skin.

I WATCHED IN THE MIRROR as the door of the stall behind me swung open with a dreadful slowness and the rusty groan of unoiled metal. I could see the grinning form of the cloaked woman inside, beautiful despite her charred features. She offered me her ash-covered hand.

MY PAST HAD FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH ME, and this time there was nowhere to run.

No matter how far you run from your Sins,

They will follow.

No matter how deeply you hide your Guilt,

They can smell it.

They know your darkest Secrets and Desires.

They wait just beyond the Wall of Death,

hungry and anxious to relieve you of your guilty Conscience:

...and your Soul.

PURGATORY

A BACKGROUND SUPPLEMENT FOR KULT THE ROLEPLAYING GAME

PURGATORY contains information to help Gamemasters gain a better understanding of the creatures better known as Nepharites, and what awaits us after death. Inside you will find new Magic for the Lore of Death; new Artifacts relating to Purgatory; and as-yet unrevealed details of machinations of the Creatures that lord over these Purgatories; and the Conspiracy that may shake the foundations of Inferno itself.

FOR MATURE PLAYERS

YOU MUST HAVE ACCESS TO THE KULT RPG IN ORDER TO USE THIS BOOK.

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