

VICTORIAN AGE
WRAITH



An Unofficial Guide for the Recently Deceased

The Wraith Project



A Free Online Supplement for **Wraith: The Oblivion**
Presented At No Cost By **The Wraith Project**

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"Hold up, there, you! What's all this, then?"

This Netbook is nowhere near complete. The bare bones of it are starting to form about you as it makes its way towards the topsoil, and completion. More work shall be done upon it in the months to come, and we welcome additions, comments and criticism.

Additions? Oh yes: in specific, we are looking for:

- Details on what the Underworld of the time was like, either in large swaths or in small studies, especially the major Necropoli.
- Run-downs on what established groups were doing.
- Descriptions of groups would have been unique to this era.
- Art aplenty (period pictures, pictures in the period, illustrations for the major groups, etc.)
- Mechanical matters (such as Thorns, Arts, Artifacts and Relics, etc.)
- Role playing advice.
- Anything else you would care to send.

Please tender such matters for consideration to the webmaster (jl.williams@gmail.com), and in the meantime, enjoy what we have brought to bear thus far.

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INTRODUCTION

"There does exist beyond this a spiritual world - a system whose workings are generally in mercy hidden from us - a system which may be, and which is sometimes, partially and terribly revealed.

"I am sure - I know... that there is a God - a dreadful God - and that retribution follows guilt, in ways the most mysterious and stupendous - by agencies the most inexplicable and terrible."

"The Watcher" - J. S. Le Fanu

Welcome to the era of Queen Victoria. The age of the Empire. A time when the sun never set upon the flag of England, and glorious, Victorian virtues were spread wide across the world. A time of modernization, advancement and discovery. A wonderful time to be alive.

Welcome to the era of Iron. The age of the Machine. A time when human life became only worth as much as it could produce, and the poor were dragged under the wheels of progress to wet its gears with their blood. A time of industrialization, regression and misery. A terrible time to be alive.

And welcome to the Dark Kingdom of Iron. The Post-Tertium Era. A time when the Shroud was thickening to the consistency of steel, and the Deathlords had abandoned the Shadowlands for an endless sojourn on the Isle of Sorrows. A great and awful time to be dead.

Here there are no landed gentry. No ranks and no titles to set some over others. There is either Hierarch or Renegade, master or slave, Enfant or Lemure or Gaunt.

Here there is no progress. No great science to bring your world forward. Here there are the forge, the hammer and the ancient arts of the dead.

Here there is little hope. No church and no charity to aid or guide you. Here there is an endless wait for peace in a land where you are your own worst enemy and no wonders come without their price.

Welcome to the Underworld of the Victorian Age. Welcome to Hell. Welcome to the rest of eternity, or however much of it you can survive. Welcome to your death.

And may you make the most of it...

THE DEATH OF THE DOCTOR OR INNOCENCE AVENGED

A Tale of Instruction in Five Parts

It was in London, perhaps five years ago, that my story must begin. And it must also begin with a number of unpleasant things, just as it must end with a number of other, equally-unpleasant things.

But the reader may take heart in knowing that the story comes to a joyous and well-deserved conclusion: a love is avenged, a killer is given his comeuppance and a lost soul has the peace she desired, though the means to this end might have been a trifle unexpected... but we shall come to that in due course.

For now, I pray your patience and attention, as I relate the facts of this tale.

I.

Her name was Annabelle P-----. She was young, of both good, hearty stock and old, cultured money, and was an exquisitely beautiful woman to behold. Her laughter was like the singing of birds in the early morning, before the sun rose, and her eyes were full of the intelligence that her father had cultivated within her.

But do not think that her intelligence gave her airs above her station: she understood the laws of man, of nature and of God, who alone was sovereign over all, and knew her place between them must rest with the wisdom of the Almighty. She sought only to be happy in His will, and was pleased to have been granted a love match with her Adam, who seemed in every way an excellent pairing with her.

And let us speak of Adam, for he was - much like his namesake - a thing of beauty. He had been blessed with a most pleasing mien, and had both mind and wit to match Annabelle's in all things. Indeed, she was

blessed to have this man, and her father's assent to their marriage was the happiest day of her life.

So she expected nothing but bliss and joy forever more in his arms, and I wish I could now tell the reader of their life together, Annabelle and Adam. I wish I could speak of their bright and joyous wedding day, their honeymoon by the sea, their lovely children, and their swift and dutiful climb up to the station they both deserved. Oh, to have seen them in what would have been a Godly home, tending their hearth and their beloved sons and daughters!

Unfortunately, to tell such would be to lie, for there was no wedding, nor a honeymoon, nor children. And the only climb that Annabelle was party to was that one, last climb that all born of woman must take: the slow, mournful lowering into a grave, there to meet the Almighty at last.

What happened, you may ask? It was a terrible tragedy, to be certain. And it ends with one of them dead, and the other d-----, for it seems that, while

Adam may have been evenly matched with Annabelle in most things, he was more than lacking in the most important thing of all.

It seems that, some time before the arrangements for the marriage were to be finalized, Adam fell under the sway of some mysterious stranger - a doctor, in fact - who introduced him to decadent pleasures and sinister ideas. And Adam, though he should have been wary of this Satanic entrapment, went along with it eagerly. Before long he was bound by the doctor's evil wiles, and gleefully carried on his back through the hideous, dark corners of the London night.

By the time the Doctor was done with Adam, he was no longer the man he once was. Where once there had been an upright and decent man, there was now an opium-soaked, absinthe-addled catamite, and where once had beat a good, kindly heart, there was now only the drumming of a hideous lust. His mind, too, was broken under the wheel of noxious goings-on and forbidden pleasures. And this change from Godly to Godless took but three days to occur!

Annabelle knew nothing of this transformation, at least until it was too late. One fateful night her brother and she came to her love, to demand answers for his recent behavior, and he broke the marriage off, but was unable to say exactly why. And that would be the night that she saw the satanic Doctor, and heard his silver tongue within her ear, urging her love - now his love - to dismiss the lot of them.

Poor, wretched Adam! Had he had faith the size of a mere seed of mustard in our Lord and Savior, then he would have been spared from the fate that befell him. But he was weak, in the heart and in the head, and the Devil had his way with both with contemptuous ease. And so he did as he was bade, and sent her and her brother from his home, and they left at once, never expecting to see Adam again.

But they were wrong, for the Doctor came for her, that night, and took her from her home. He then collected her Adam, and together they performed deeds upon her that were so vile and unseemly that it would do little good to repeat them here, save to say that their ending saw her dead, and dead by the hand of the man she had once planned to wed, but a few months from then. And that hand guided in this murder by the

Doctor, who eagerly facilitated Adam's change of vision, whereby he saw his former love as nothing more than a moment's distraction, and indeed broke her as casually as a child might break a toy once he had taken what he truly ever wanted from her.

Following that mockery of a marital act, she was dispatched like a wounded dog, and left dead, dressed like a whore in an alley frequented by whores, to be buried in a pauper's grave. And Adam and his dark mentor left her behind, having used her death as a final goodbye to his worthy, but now-past life

But Annabelle P----- did not meet the Almighty in that grave, or any other. Annabelle was held behind by the strength of this world, and the wickedness of the deed done to her. That very night - before the police found her body and placed it upon a cart with the other dead of London's squalid streets - she had risen again, wrapped in the flesh of a ghost and calling the name of her love.

And this is how she came to meet me, and how I come to know of her tale of woe, and what happened because of it. As I spoke at the start, the end of the tale is both what you might expect, and yet not, but know this - whatever the outcome and whatever the cost, I helped her to save her soul.

And while the work may have been holy, piety has never been an inexpensive thing.

II.

Not long after her death, Annabelle came to be counted amongst the Legion of Mystery. She might well have been with a certain other group, one perhaps more suited to the exact circumstances of her actual demise. But as there were so many unknowns in her mind concerning that awful night, her Corpus told a different story, and the ones who gathered her from her Caul, mewling and in shock, acted accordingly.

Now, as I have previously mentioned, Annabelle was an intelligent and dutiful young lady. She sought not to offend, nor to disobey, but to be as well-poised between manners, gentility and humility as the condition of man - in its many imperfections - allows. Being killed by her lover, now a monster in human shape, and denied the rest and peace that should have been given a child of God did not in any way abrogate her

responsibilities in that regard.

So when the Hierarchy came upon her, and told her of the nature of her condition, she listened when spoken to and considered it to be true and right. When they told her of what she must now do, both for them and for the race of ghosts - of which she was now an inexorable part - she agreed that it was the right and duty of all to do so, and did as she was bade. And when they warned her of the Iron Law, and showed her the fate of those who broke it, she found herself sore afraid, and did not think to trespass against it.

Thus ended her instruction, or so far as they were concerned. But in truth they had but given her the most basic of lessons. There were other things out there, in this world of the dead, that she would encounter and be forced to deal with. And chief amongst these things was her complete lack of memory regarding the specifics of her death.

Brought within the iron arms of the Hierarchy, and put to work for the good of it, Legionnaire Annabelle P----- learned much. She did as she was told, obediently, and soon she came to know much of this dark world, or at least as much as the darkness of the Adversary would show her. She did not advance, for hers was a small Legion, and she would have to do much within it to prove herself, but she proved herself worthy at least of her rank, and what small tokens of gratitude they could give her.

But for all her pleasantries and obedience, there were still moments of sharp anger that rose within her, though she did not know the reasons why. For example, when she did see dead whores trundled out of the alleys and sidestreets and sewers, with their skins as white as milk and their bodies all but drained of blood, she became enraged. And when she did see those foul aliens which stalk the city at night, slaving for blood and innocence, she became all but furious.

And she became yet angrier still when she learned, through increased observation, that these fiends had an entire world all to themselves. They labored within a dark, twilight world, where blood was currency, godliness a pretense, duty a pagan ritual and innocence a joke, or else a resource to be exploited. She saw blasphemy against our Lord and Savior committed by walking blasphemies, and was angered beyond easy

comprehension, feeding the Adversary a banquet of hatred.

But the anger did not make things any more clear to her, at least in regards to her demise. She knew certain pieces of why she had ceased to take breath, and what had brought her to the alley, there to die, but she could not piece those things together enough to stop the holes in her memory, or to sew the disparate elements together. And thusly was she was distracted by the conundrum, causing her mind to wander, and be full of heavy doubts and uncertainties.

This state of mind could only give strength to the Adversary, and a halfhearted air about her tasks. Eventually, her superiors saw that she was lagging behind in her duties, and admonished her to do better. She was contrite in her apologies to them, but also begged their forbearance, for she was trying to solve her own, personal mystery, and it was such that it would not let her Slumber peaceably.

And they relented, for they knew well what it was like to have such an important matter be unknown to them, and gave her an extended leave to put these matters either in order, or else in perspective, as is common within their Legion. But they charged her to discover the nature of her mystery, and soon, or they would have to take drastic measures to ensure her loyalty and usefulness.

And she did not need to have the threat explained to her, for she knew all too well what would happen if she was to come back without something to show for it.

So she took to the streets, late at night, and stalked the alien fiends as they went about the dark business she had uncovered. She soon became an expert of their movements, and watched endlessly for some sign of a familiar face: the face that had brought so much ruin to her, to her family, and then ended her life. The face of the devil doctor who had fatally tempted her Adam, and turned him from her love into her assassin.

And this, dear reader, was how she found your humble narrator, and how I came to hear of her tale of woe. I was in the opium den when Annabelle P----- found what she was looking for, and I, in turn, found her.

III.

You may well ask what I was doing inside an opium den, dear reader? Our part of the Guild are ever-stationed inside such degraded and foul areas, so that we might shine the light of our Lord upon them. And so my presence there, that night, was both spiritual and physical testament to our part of the Guild, for I was praying for the wayward souls who had entered such a foul pit of degradation, and doing what I could to frighten them away in a subtle manner.

There were some that I could save in this fashion, and some that I could not, and I wept for their souls in their miserable way to damnation. But the way is often hard, and it is not for nothing that we refer to ourselves as the Dantes, for there are many who enter here and abandon all hope.

And then there are those who exist in such places only to remove hope, or else give themselves a reflective mockery of it. These aliens are known to wallow like pigs within dens of sin and iniquity, the better to find easy prey and certain cats-paws. The forlorn and forbidden pleasures of opium, drink and the flesh are barred them, in their hideous state, but those who yet live are drawn to them by their proximity to these unrighteous pursuits.

I was praying for the soul of one poor scoundrel, long lost in his pipe, when I heard a horrid shout from across the room. I paid it no need at first, for shouts and cries were quite a normal thing in a place where men come to lose their minds, one lungful at a time, but then it was repeated. And strangely enough, no one about me seemed to be reacting to the shouts, which were now giving way to screams.

I turned, then, and saw dear Annabelle P-----, who was standing by a curtained table in the darkest recesses of the room, calling the name of her long, lost love, and murderer, Adam. I could see upon her face the weariness of one who has traveled far to uncover some great puzzle, only to find that, in the solving, yet more puzzles remain. And I could also see that, if I did not intervene, she might have done something quite rash and irrevocable.

So I walked to her and counseled her to regain her Christian composure, and to tell me what the matter

might be. But she could only point to the far end of that darkened table, where sat two well-dressed men, arm in arm in the shadows created by the curtain. One of them was exquisitely handsome, but seemed to have had some of his god-given shine of youth and wholesomeness removed. And the other was clearly the cause of its removal, for he was, indeed, the very embodiment of the bad company which the Good Book instructs us to avoid.

The handsome one, her Adam, was enjoying the lure of the pipe, and lost to the devilish visions that opium creates. Meanwhile, his dark-complexioned companion was lovingly biting Adam's wrist, in order to savor that long-lost pleasure, however removed. To the side of that companion in damnation was some poor slattern from the streets, her breasts bared in the ecstasy of the pipe and her body all but drained of blood. I could do nothing for her but pray for her soul, now doubtlessly halfway to its final judgment, and instead did what I could to calm poor Annabelle down, and get her away from the table where her lover and his love now resided, wallowing in blasphemy, sin and murder.

Once we were some distance from that charnel pit of the soul, and she composed enough to speak without flying into feminine hysterics, Annabelle confided unto me the nature of her own, personal mystery. She had walked into that opium den looking for some sort of clue into what had happened, those years past, and once she found the table, and saw her lost love there, it had all come back to her. She remembered, all at once, the horrible night that Adam had called off their marriage, the way the Doctor had urged him on in this, how the Doctor had come for her that night, and the things that had been done to her

Oh reader, you cannot know the horrid stench of revulsion that welled up within me to be told of such degradations of the spirit, the flesh and the soul! I prayed with her, then, for strength and for deliverance, and told her that I may be able to help her to deliver her love from the shackles of sin placed upon him. But the way would be treacherous and difficult, and there would be no guarantee of our success, for all must rest in the wisdom and forbearance of the Lord of All.

She agreed, rather readily, to my proposal, and so I was to instruct her on what she must do. And it is to her credit that, even when told of the deceptions she needed to perform upon her Legion, and the proscribed activities we would engage in, she did not blanch nor seek to retract her agreement. I think at that point she would have gladly leapt into the darkest of Nihil, armed only with her Faith and her love, to rescue her dear love from the preternatural clutches of his sin.

And so, embolden by our agreement, I went to the Society that very night, and pleaded her case before the august members who sat upon its bench. They counseled me in all things, as is their wont, but when they saw that this was a case I felt quite strongly about, they gave me their permission to see it through, so long as Annabelle's Legion could not in any way trace what would be done back to the Society, and so long as I did not teach her anything of our true face, or secret Arts.

Thusly given their permission, and handed the Key as sign and symbol thereof, I went out into the streets of London and began to plan for her vengeance, and my own part within it.

IV.

Thus empowered by the Society to engage in the violation of the Shroud - and protected, to some extent, from the iron reign of the Dictum Mortuum - dearest Annabelle P----- and I became bosom companions. I tutored her in the ways of our trade, and how one might call into use the ghostly Arts that the Hierarchy would forbid us use, and in turn she in turn gave unto the Society much-needed aid and succor. Both of these things were provided courtesy of her Legion, which she was somewhat reluctant, but ultimately willing, to betray in order to see this thing through.

But lest the dear reader think either of us horribly mercenary, I would say that even the Churches of God must ask of its flock a tithing, so that the good works of the Lord may be done on Earth as well as Heaven. And surely the enterprise we were engaged upon could be seen as Holy work, for not only would we be seeing God's justice done, but would also be ridding the world of an agent of the very Devil! A sinful man

may live to walk the Earth on the sufferance of a just and noble Lord, but these filthy aliens are a perverted mockery of life, and their very existence is a sin against both nature and reason. For that alone they should be destroyed, one and all, and let the Hierarchy be d----- for standing in the way of such a just and righteous act!

So there was neither hesitation nor shame in our pernoctations, and as time went by I was pleased to discover in my dear Annabelle a worthy student. She took well to the brutish but effective Arts of our wayward cousins, as it was my wont to teach them, and it was not long before she was almost my equal in that Arcanos. I suspect she always harbored a hidden talent for it, if the truth be told, for in those times that rage and anger overcame her I felt as though I stood by a truly kindred spirit.

{And if my no-doubt intelligent reader is curious as concerning how we went about this at times brutal training, I would offer this anecdote: five years past, it was said by the alien fiends of this city that one of their number was having a joke upon them, for every so often one of them would be suddenly waylaid by an invisible presence, and suffer a broken nose, cracked skull or pulverized posterior, courtesy of this unseen assailant. A few of them were even lit on fire, thanks to an unseasonably dry and warm night, coupled with poor choices of apparel. After the termination of the action which has spawned my tale, I am led to believe that one of their less-esteemed members was eventually blamed for this spate of ill-considered and then-murderous behavior, and was soundly punished for it. I can only pray that one's evil soul shall burn everlasting in the fires of Hell, and come to vex God's children upon the Earth no more.}

And in this time, as we were teacher and pupil in the matter of the Arts, we were also fellow explorers in the realm of vice, degradation and the heathen ways of the aliens amongst us. For now that we had sworn an oath before God to rid the world of this Devil Doctor, and save the soul of Adam, we needed to discover all that we could of the nighttime world those two inhabited. And that meant following them, in much the same manner that a hunter must stalk his prey, out in the veldt of Africa.

It seemed that the Doctor was of a singular bent, and that was pleasure. At times this pleasure was intellectual or philosophical, and he seemed to be sharp at debates, whether formal or informal. But most often the debates were on the subject of his more honest, and most often fulfilled form of pleasure, being the pleasures of the flesh, and how they might be obtained by one who has - in the idiom of the alien - "moved far beyond such things in body and mind."

What this meant involved my dear Annabelle and I being witness to some of the most vile and perverted scenes ever witnessed outside of Sodom and Gomorrah, prior to the judgment of a justly wrathful God. The Doctor had a taste for extreme experiments, often involving several participants at once, and was rather methodical about the use of noxious drugs, deranged toys and devices of restraint and pleasure. These gruesome and shocking tableaux were partaken of by fellow aliens, corrupted men of their acquaintance, and poor fools who had no idea what they had gotten into, or what their true purpose in being present was. Far too many entered these curtained dens of pleasure, pain and punishment, and far too many of them did not return.

And throughout all this was poor Adam, cast as the central actor in these satanic plays and revels. Most often the Doctor had him act in his stead, and was content to watch as he went about his rounds, and took mental notes as to what was taking place. Occasionally he would deign to take pleasure from his man, but more often than not the pleasure was to be had in the watching, and the Doctor was quite content to watch.

Oh, the horrors that we encountered! The monstrosities that we had to bear witness to! Dear reader, I would spare you an exacting catalogue of the things she and I saw, save to say that only in the path of our Lord Jesus Christ may we walk in safety and certainty of salvation. All other forms of release, enlightenment and pleasure are but facades for decadence and depravity, and lead nowhere but the gutter, the sickbed, the clutches of the blood-fiend aliens amongst us, and ultimately the gaping, fiery pit of Hell, itself. Hew to your faith as a shipwrecked survivor would to a floating

section of the boat, and hold on to it with all your strength and will, until the day of Judgment comes to deliver us all from the horrors of the grave.

And throughout it all, sadder but wiser, we watched, and made our plans for the night that this agent of Satan would be sent back to Hell, never to trouble the world again. But little did we realize that these plans would have to change, and our actions sped forward on the wings of necessity.

The plan had been to perfect Annabelle's skills, and our understanding of our prey, before we moved in for the kill. But sometimes fate conspires to vex us greatly, and the best-laid plans of all men must be moved ahead before its parties are truly ready. And while that may indeed serve as an explanation for what happened, that night, a part of my soul tells me that what came to pass could have happened no other way.

The central problems, which led to the plan's fateful acceleration, were twofold: the first being that my dear Annabelle's training had begun to show upon her, and the second being that the Legion of which she was a member was beginning to suspect that something was amiss. It seemed that what Annabelle possessed in understanding the forbidden Arts was balanced by a lack of understanding of intrigue, and before long the disappearances, change in apparel and demeanor and vanishing of Legion equipment could no longer be explained. She had to sneak away from her superiors using Arts that they did not suspect her of having, otherwise my dear student - and, by now, friend - would have been done for.

She came to me that day with the look of one who has seen God's hand upon the wall, and properly reckoned the writing thereof. "It must be tonight," she said: "I can wait no longer, and this thing has undone me from what I once was, and what I once knew. Help me to make this final crossing, my friend, and I shall forever love you."

We prayed, together, then, and - Key in hand - went about the business of killing the Doctor.

V.

The act itself was rather simple, or at least should have been simple, had not other things intervened. For the Doctor's own devilish haven was well-known to us, and we knew well that the time he and his deluded lover would be home, preparing for the break of day, would be a time that patrolling Legionnaires were far from the scene of our intended crime. We would have quite the opportunity to do what needed to be done, and could be away from there well before any official response could be mustered. And what pieces might yet remain could be picked up on another occasion, when time was not so much of an expensive luxury.

{For those readers who may have no place within the Society, it bears explaining that, while possessing the Key may save us from certain formalities of law and punishment, it is not a certainty. The symbol of the Society is not recognized for what it is across all Legions, much less all members of any one Legion in particular, and certain individuals within the Legions may decide to ignore its presence, and prosecute the Iron Law to the fullest extent that is allowed those of their station. The Key, then, is mostly sign of the will of the Society, and only to be used as a tool of last resort should the unthinkable happen - and nothing more than that. Any who would abuse the trust of the Society by brandishing the item like a common dagger, or calling card, are likely to become Keys, themselves. Let the Haunter beware!}

We stole into the devilish den of the Doctor well before he and his unfortunate paramour arrived, and prepared our plan, based on what we discovered there. The curtains in the rooms were long and enveloping, and of the finest velvet and silk, while the single oil lamp was of a delicate constitution, and pleasantly full. It would not take much doing to knock one into the others, and then both onto the Doctor, igniting them - and him - before he could have a chance to discern the way of things.

Adam would be a problem, for he would need to be led from the blazing house of horrors and quartered elsewhere. However, Annabelle told me that she had a plan for this matter. And it was a good, sensible plan indeed, but I shall not repeat it here for, indeed, it

never came to pass. Things went awry from the very start of our plan, mostly due to the Doctor's mercurial mood, and the presence of another.

It was not two that came home that night, but three: the Doctor, his Adam, and a scruffy urchin from the streets who could not have been old enough to understand what he could have been brought here for. But nor could he have truly comprehended, I fear, for the dirty boy had the look of one bewitched by the aliens; he walked with a dazed look to him, stumbling as he went, as though he'd received the shock of his life and was still trying to stir his brain into wakefulness. Meanwhile, the Doctor had a crueller smile than usual upon his face, and Adam seemed strangely resigned to some new unpleasantness.

"Leave me to my work, sweet Adam," the Doctor crooned, kissing his lover goodnight and bidding him go to the bedroom: "I shall not keep you waiting long, but for the investigation of this one here."

At this, our plans were demolished, for we could not beat this Doctor down and burn him in the presence of a child, and nor could we destroy this spawn of the Devil before Adam while he lay himself down for bed in the adjoining room! So it fell to Annabelle to leave the room, and to go and sit with her love, Adam, and prepare him for the moment when he would have to face the terror of God's justice. And it fell to me to be the agent of that justice, which was a task I was more than suited for.

The monstrous doctor bade the boy strip, turning the light of his oil lamp up as he did. In the light, the beauty of the child was revealed, and the Doctor might have slavered, had he been beyond such things so terribly long ago. As it was, he could only salivate with his eyes and his fingers, and both twitched horribly in degenerate anticipation. He meant to have this boy, in all meanings of the word's usage, and the child would no doubt be the poorer for it come the morrow, if he lived to see it at all.

But this would not happen while I stood there, prepared in my faith. I spoke the word to Annabelle, and she fulfilled her new part of the plan, forcing her former lover onto the bed and holding him there tightly, so as to keep him from interfering. And then I waited, watching with bated breath as the monster

came closer to his unwitting victim, until Adam did cry out in alarm, uncertain of what invisible force held him down. {Some night hag, perhaps? If only he knew!}

The Doctor turned his ill-intentioned gaze from the child for but one second to look to his bedroom door, and that second was all that was needed. I said a prayer for the child, and for my soul, as I struck him on the back of the neck, exactly upon that most fragile spot where spine meets skull. And he crumpled to the ground instantly, his honor, spirit and soul intact unto death, and untainted by the sinful touch of the Devil.

{And should my dear, no-doubt shocked reader be hesitant to endorse or applaud such a harsh action, I would humbly direct him to the many admonitions of the Good Book, that reveal that it is much better to die in a state of innocence than be corrupted by the hand of the Devil. I could have either saved the child or killed the Doctor, and not both, so I made the righteous choice, and prayed God have mercy upon his soul, and upon mine.}

This sure but quiet culling took some of the strength that I had planned to use upon the Doctor, who now turned around in alarm, uncertain of what had just happened. But it was no matter, for when I saw the rage that consumed him to see his depraved entertainment so rudely taken from him, that strength came back to me in full, and I set things into motion in due course. The curtains were yanked from their moorings and draped upon the Doctor, and then wrapped about his form as he squirmed and tried to rip himself free. And then the oil lamp was propelled onto him, breaking soundly and disgorging its contents.

I gave him one moment to understand that he was beaten - just one, dear reader, and no more - and then I ignited the roaring, squirming mass of sumptuous fabric, spilt oil and cursed, dead flesh. And then he burned, screaming as the flames did unto him what they have done to witches, demons, those possessed by the hosts of the infernal and all wicked, alien creatures everywhere: destroyed the corrupted flesh, and sent the ill spirit back to the fires of Damnation from which it sprang, shrieking curses and foul oaths every

fathom of the way down into the darkness, by the grace of God never to be seen again.

And so it was over, there in that burning and smouldering room. I told Annabelle that it was accomplished, and that she should tell her lover of his freedom, and its price, and urge him to rejoin the body of Christ now that the influence of Satan was no longer upon him. She tried, but found herself flung bodily across the room as her lover threw her from him with a devil's strength of his own, screaming and cursing the day of his birth.

She tried to calm him. She told him of her love for him, and how she had forgiven him his trespasses against her, as she now understand that he had been placed under the monster's spell. She told him that she had prayed for his soul for many nights, and was certain that he could still be saved from his soul's scarring, provided he dedicate his life to God and seek to do His works upon the Earth from here on out. The golden door of life had been opened for him once more, thanks to the mercy of Christ and our intervention on His behalf: would he not repent of his miserable sin and step boldly through it?

But Adam would not hear a word of what she had to say. He screamed and howled, thrashing about in a manner that was not fit for a man to claim his own and yet be called a man. He threw furniture around the room and then smashed it to flinders with his bare hands. He clawed at the walls until his fingers were raw, bloody things, and wished utter and total damnation upon himself for the source of his rage, his sorrow and his despair: the loss of his love, his true love, indeed the only one he ever truly loved - the devilish Doctor, whose body still crumbled to ash in the very next room!

Poor Annabelle! I did warn her that this might be a consequence of the death of the alien, but she either did not hear me before, or did not remember it then, for I heard in the other room the most terrifying and blood-curdling of shrieks. And I came there at once, to see what may have yet happened.

They say that Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, and in this they are quite correct, for to look upon Annabelle P-----'s face at that very moment

was to see Hell, itself, reflected upon her staring eyes, flaring nostrils and open, shrieking mouth. If the Doctor I had just sent back to Hell was the embodiment of corruption and evil, then she was, at that moment, the embodiment of rage.

And I watched as she took her due, then, upon the body her dear Adam, who had said he had loved her, but then used her and killed her, and now claimed to have never loved any but the man who had nudged him into such an evil state. I watched her raise her fist to strike him, just as she had struck so much else of late, and connect with unerring aim and savage strength. I saw her strike, in turn, his jaw, his chest, his stomach and his skull with such a vicious and righteous anger that I did not dare to intervene, lest I be halting something akin to our Lord and Savior's scourging of the moneylenders of the Temple.

I watched her break him, dear reader, and there is no other word for it. I watched her throttle him like a man might throttle a dog, or a cutpurse, or any other lowly example of the unchristian dregs of humanity who seeks him harm, however impotently, only to receive a full measure of pain in return. I watched her beat him down to the floor, and crush him under her hands, until the diseased blood of his veins was staining the floor of that ruined, shattered room.

And then he was dead and gone, and with one final, blood-curdling shriek of vengeance and horror, she was gone as well. For she had destroyed her own Fetter in that frenzied dance of rage, and had not realized this even up until the end. And in that awful moment of realization, as she began to fade away, I felt the amazing rush of God's grace within me, and was replenished in full for my having witnessed, and indeed brought about, such righteous anger in one so desperately in need of it.

I prayed for her, then, kneeling on the bloody floor before the dead body of her lover and murderer, and beseeched God to deliver her from the dangers of the Adversary, and the temptations and horrors that await there in Hell, where we are all at times tested when we stumble and fall prey to the dangers of this Purgatory.

I prayed for a long time, there in that room, but heard nothing of His counsel or wisdom, save that I

should go before the Legionnaires came. And so I did, taking the Key with me in case I was stopped or asked of my whereabouts. On the way out I observed that the doctor had turned to dust and ashes in the shape of a man, close to the beatific - if dirty - body of the boy he had intended to ravish and destroy. I prayed fervently for the soul of the one I had to destroy to save, and that the evil that had forced my hand in that matter stayed dead and gone, and would come back up from Hell to vex us no more.

And with that, I slipped back out into the night of London, and became just another of its many, many ghosts.

So endeth my story of instruction, dear reader. And it is as I have promised: a love was avenged, a killer given his comeuppance and a lost soul given the peace she desired. For there has been no sign of Annabelle, and feel it is fair to say that she will not be coming back to us. And I have faith in the Almighty, and believe that He, in His mercy, has allowed her to lay down her burdens while in the hands of the Adversary's minions.

Indeed, I pray that He has forgiven her of what few sins she had left to atone for, and let her into His bosom once more. And yea, I believe with all my heart that she now dwells within the Kingdom of Heaven, and shall bask in the perfect love of our Lord and Savior forevermore, resting in the peace she was due her...

...a peace that I, for all my good works, have yet to achieve. For it would seem that the Good Lord has much more intended for me, before I can lay down my burden and join him - and indeed all the others I have aided - in the Kingdom of God.

And so I sit, stand and kneel within these dens of vice and sin, praying for those poor mortals who lose themselves in such places, and waiting for those lost souls, such as Annabelle P-----, who need my guidance and companionship in their hours of greatest need.



CHARACTER CREATION

"I am not a believer in ghosts in general; I see no good in them. They come - that is, are reported to come - so irrelevantly, purposelessly - so ridiculously, in short - that one's common sense as regards this world, one's supernatural sense of the other, are alike revolted."

"The Last House in C---- Street" - Dinah Mulock

The method of creating a Wraith character is, by and large, the exact same in **Victorian Age Wraith** as it is in **Wraith: the Oblivion** or **Wraith: the Great War**.

However, given the times your characters will inhabit, there are some changes to details both large and small. These, along with some pointed suggestions pertinent to the time in question, are given below.

Concepts and Lives

"Prosper Alix enjoyed the esteem of the entire neighborhood. First, he was rich; secondly, he was of a taciturn disposition, and of a neutral tint in politics. ... he was not a spy, and though a cold-hearted man, except in the instance of his only daughter, he never harmed anybody."

"Pichon & Sons, of the Croix Rousse" - Anonymous

Put plainly: what were you then, and what are you now?

It is tempting to try and sum up such concepts in one, mere word, and flesh out - if you will excuse the phrase - the fine details as one goes along. However, it might also be well worth one's time to think of what one was, what one is, and how one has led to the other before filling out the rest of the character.

What was your life?

Were you upper class or lower class? Rich or poor? What sort of health did you enjoy - if that word could truly be used, here - and how old were you when you passed away?

Were you well-read or illiterate? What was your denomination, or were you even a Christian at all? Were you a native-born child of the land, a traveler from abroad, a refugee from Ireland or one of the other races that England saw fit to govern, or bring to Her shores?

If you were well-off, did you work hard to get where you were, or did you coast along on someone else's money? Did a great fortune land in your hands, or did you marry well? Did you have a rank of some sort? Orders? Why or why not?

And if you were poor, was it by birth or inclination? Did some terrible ruin befall you, deserved or not? Did you eat bread upon your principles, or break both morals and laws in order to survive?

What were your labors? Did you toil in the factories that blotted the landscape? Did you work in the fields? Did you sell wares in the market, or your own store? Did you bring things from one place to another for a fee?

Or did you perform manual or domestic labors for your peers and betters? Were you a handyman, a maid or butler, or perhaps a governess for some ungrateful child?

Were you a man in uniform: a soldier, sailor, seaman, policeman or the like? Did you represent Her Majesty off in one of the Colonies? Were you a member of the Clergy?

Were you a politician, or one upon whom the politicians waited? Were you some scalawag journalist, ever-causing trouble for those worthies? Perhaps a surly anarchist, seeking the ruin of the status quo?

Were you an academe of some sort, teaching in a University, or else one of the Public Schools? Or were you one of the learned professions: scientist, doctor, historian, alienist, solicitor, or something of that sort? Perhaps even an inventor, or a private, consulting detective?

Did you go exploring for Queen and Country in this great age of discovery? Did you trek across the great unknown of Africa, Asia or Arabia? Were you at the helm, in the crew's quarters or one of the Missionaries left behind? Or did you just jaunt across the Continent and the New World as your fancy took you?

Did you follow the law, or bend it when it fit your needs? Were you ever caught at it? Did you spend a great deal of your life in and out of one prison or another?

Or did you make a career - however lucrative - at breaking the law? Was this an act of desperation or the result of a criminal outlook? Were you a mere thief, a great thief or the sort of criminal who led many others, and could be called something of a mastermind?

What are you now?

Who reaped you, and why? Did you spend any time with the organization that Reaper represented, or did he just sell you into slavery? Or did he let you go loose, with or without any warnings as to the new reality you were in?

How long did you spend as a Thrall? Who owned you? How were you treated? Were you eventually released, or did you escape?

Are you with the Hierarchy, the Renegades, the Heretics or the Guilds? What rank do you hold? How long has it taken to get there, and what did you have to do to get - or keep - it?

Do you enjoy a membership in any special organization or order within - or without - your group? Why or why not?

Who else is in your Circle? How did you all come to be drawn to one another? Can you count on the others, or not? Do you have any shared property?

Do you hold to Charon's law, or break it on a regular basis? Is the breaking of the Dictum Mortuum a sad act of necessity, or a joyful and calculated form of rebellion?

How powerful is your Shadow? How far will you let it go before reining it in? Can you still do so at all, or do you need a Pardoner's aid every step of the way?

Do you still hold to the social, political and religious beliefs you held in life, or have they changed? Why or why not? And how have they changed?

What can you do? What will you do? And how far will you go?

Deaths and Regrets

"An unfortunate accident had deprived him of one of his most promising officers... who was precipitated from an iceberg and killed while out shooting with the surgeon."

"The Shadow of a Shade" - Tom Hood

Now that we have determined something of what your Wraith was like, both before and after death, let us look at the ways and means of coming across, and what terrible regrets yet remain.

How Did You Die?

An historian could go mad trying to catalog the myriad ways that a lady or gentleman might expire in the Victorian era. Players and Storytellers are urged to research the subject on their own,. However, some ideas are given below out of the kindness of our soul.

- **Fate:** The Hand of God is fickle, and works in mysterious ways. How many people have been struck down by a bolt from the blue, with no rhyme or reason to it at all? And then there are those who calmly walk towards the waiting grave, knowing full well that this is simply what must be done.
- **Murder:** There are so many ways to be struck down by one's fellow man in these times: skinned alive by savages, shot dead by enemy soldiers, stabbed by a robber for money, strangled by a brother for an inheritance, executed for treason or cracked about the head by the police.
- **Despair:** Some cannot handle the ruin of their lives any longer, and turn to a noose, pistol or dram of poison to end the matter. There are also those who seek out death at the hand of another

because they no longer care to live, but dare not take their life for fear of damnation.

- **Want:** There are so many mouths to feed in this time, and not nearly enough hands to do the feeding, nor generosity to see them fed. Starvation and famine claim many in this age, and not just in the blighted isle across the sea.
- **Old Age:** In spite of the state of the era - or perhaps because of it - there are a large number of persons who live long enough to die from mere old age. Most of them are well-to-do, of course, but there have also been those from the poorer quarters who are just too tough to die before they do.
- **A Mystery:** Oddly enough, there are those whose death is a total mystery to themselves. They could have died by any other means, but they do not know how, or why, or who has done them in.
- **Illness:** Sickness was rampant at the time, in spite of the improvements in medicine. Epidemics were bred in filthy water and poor living conditions, and crept from one end of town to another before burning themselves out, if ever. There was also malaria and other, exotic diseases for those who ventured abroad.
- **Happenstance:** And then there are those who were just unlucky: run over by a coach and pair, given too much laudanum, burned to death in a fire, drowned in the river, eaten by sea monsters or any number of other tragic accidents that could have happened to anyone.

"...she was carried to her bed that night never to rise again. She lay with her face to the wall muttering low but muttering away: 'Alas! alas! what is done in youth can never be undone in age!'"

"The Old Nurse's Story" - Elizabeth Gaskell

What is Your Regret?

What has held your Wraith back from her proper reward?

- **Guilt:** There was something wrong you did that must be put right. Or perhaps you were faced with your numerous crimes on your deathbed and could not let them go. Until things are set right, there will be no rest for your sinful bones.

- **Love:** The bond between you and your intended, your spouse or your lover was too great to be severed by death. And so you walk this dead world and look after your soulmate, ever certain to keep that person safe from harm, or unsuitable suitors.
- **Failure:** Did you fail to do what you were supposed to, or what you wanted to? Either way, this failure weighs you down like a rock, keeping you from ascending. Perhaps you can try your hand at it again, now.
- **Vengeance:** You swore to see a wrong against your person, your family or something else put right. Your death is not going to get in the way of that, and you will be attending to the matter from beyond the grave.
- **Things Left Undone:** There was just one, little thing left to do, and you died before you could do it. Now you wish nothing more than to have it be done, be it large or small.
- **Lost Destiny:** You know you were meant for great things, but yet here you are, dead. Will you complete this destiny from this side of the Shroud, or was your destiny truly meant to come full circle over here...?

Nature and Demeanor

"Uncle Cornelius was very tall, and very thin, and very pale, with large grey eyes that looked greatly larger because he wore spectacles of the most delicate hair-steel, with the largest pebble-eyes that ever were seen. He gave them a friendly greeting, but too much in earnest even in shaking hands to smile over it."

"Uncle Cornelius His Story" - George MacDonald

Some of the basic Archetypes from **Wraith: the Oblivion 2nd ed.** would be well-suited to a Victorian Wraith Chronicle. We are, of course, thinking of: *Architect, Caregiver, Child, Conniver, Critic, Survivor* and *Traditionalist*.

The Natures and Demeanors from **Victorian Age Vampire** (pp. 117 - 119) would also be very suitable for Victorian Wraiths to take, especially its version of *Explorer*.

And, in addition, **Wraith: the Great War's Au Courant, Idealist, Patrician** and *Reformist* (pp. 104 - 105) could indeed make for some timely characters.

You could also try the following:

Agoniser

Not all Wraiths that choose to relive their deaths are drones. Some are compelled to lurk in the places they called home and show the living what happened, or what has become of them. Mayhaps their tale of woe is known, and mayhaps it remains a mystery, but the Agoniser continues to put on a show for the living whenever and however it can.

- Regain a point of Willpower whenever a mortal discovers something significant about the life (and death) of the Wraith, courtesy of the Wraith's attentions. (Note that this Archetype almost guarantees trouble with the Hierarchy)

Avenger

The Wraith has a purpose writ large across her shoulders. Some great wrong has been done to her - either in life or in death, or perhaps her death itself - and she desires nothing else than to see that wrong put right.

- Regain a point of Willpower every time you make a concrete, significant step towards gaining your revenge. A few more points of Willpower might be called for when the revenge is well and truly gained. But whatever shall you do then...?

Tempter

If a Bon-Vivant lives to experience new things, a Tempter blazes a trail for others to follow and leads them down it, so as to have companionship in bliss and comfort in pain. Or maybe just dozens of hopeless addicts to sell his tainted wares to...?

- Regain a point of Willpower every time you seduce - by fair means or foul - a new partridge into your gilded cage.

Abilities

"First I paced and measured out my circle on the grass. Then I did mark my pentacle in the very midst, and at the intersection of the five angles I did set up and fix my crutch of raun [rowan]"

"The Botathen Ghost" - R. S. Hawker

The choice of Abilities for this time is slightly different than what Wraiths in a Modern Day Chronicle would have access to. The changes are so slight that one could easily modify existing character sheets for **Wraith: the Oblivion** or **Wraith: the Great War**.

One could also create a new sheet, if one was feeling so inclined...

If you are using the **Wraith: the Great War** sheet, then Abilities should be changed as follows.

- **Talents:** No changes. (Urbanism is analogous to Streetwise).
- **Skills:** Remove Pilot, though this could be an other ability (most likely for boats). Add in Ride and Repair. If the character would be eligible for Drive, let the player take it as an other ability.
- **Knowledges:** Remove Heavy Weaponry, though this could be an other ability. Add in Academics.

And, if you are using the **Wraith: the Oblivion** sheet, Abilities should be changed as follows.

- **Talents:** No changes.
- **Skills:** Remove Drive, though this could be an other ability. Add in Ride.
- **Knowledges:** Remove Computer. Add in Academics.

Remember that Abilities' descriptions have changed over time. What is now considered pseudoscientific was once considered to be proven fact, and vice versa. It would be well worth the time for you and your players to read pp. 119 - 122 of **Victorian Age Vampire**, and come up with some ideas of what your characters' Ability scores would grant them.

Also remember that characters must have at least one dot in Academics to be able to read and write. It is, however, possible to be illiterate and yet have a score in Linguistics: one need not be able to read or write in a foreign language in order to speak it well enough to get by.

Era-Appropriate Arcanoi

"But what of the appearance Maria Lease saw? At that time, Ferrar had been dead at least half-an-hour. Was it reality or delusion? ... did her eyes see a real, spectral Daniel Ferrar; or were they deceived by some imagination of the brain?"

"Reality or Delusion?" - Mrs. Henry Wood

Given that Arcanoi tend to change their names, shapes and readily-taught Arts over time, it stands to reason that what Wraiths used during the Victorian era would not be what they would have used during these modern times. In fact, a cursory glance at

Wraith: the Great War reveals some substantial changes - and not only in the case of those Arts taught during a Great Maelstrom!

With that in mind, we have compiled the following list. You shall find suggestions on whether to follow the Arts in **Wraith: the Oblivion** 2nd ed, **Wraith Player's Guide**, **Dark Kingdom of Jade** or the aforementioned **W:tGW**. Also be certain to investigate the list of Alternate Arts that would fit within the Victorian milieu.

- **Argos:** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **W:tO** 2nd ed. should suffice as named and presented.
- **Castigate:** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-3 and 5 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented. For level 4, substitute **W:tGW**'s *Purity Bulwark* with *Housecleaning* from **W:tO** 2nd ed, and rename it *Exorcism*.
- **Embody:** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented.
- **Fatalism:** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented.
- **Flux:** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented.
- **Keening:** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **W:tO** 2nd ed. should suffice as named and presented.
- **Kinesis:** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented.
- **Intimation:** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented.
- **Lifeweb:** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **W:tO** 2nd ed. should suffice as named and presented.
- **Moliate:** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-4 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented. For Level 5, let them have *Bodyshape* from **W:tO** 2nd ed, as named and presented there.
- **Mnemosynis:** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **Wraith Player's Guide** should suffice as named and presented. Keep in mind that, as with **Wraith: the Great War**, Mnemosynis is the creme de la creme of banned Arcanoi. Anyone suspected of having it is in big trouble; Anyone witnessed using it is asking for a Soulforging.
- **Outrage:** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented.
- **Pandemonium:** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-3 and 5 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented. For Level 4, substitute *Dark Ether* from **W:tO** 2nd ed - as named and presented there - for *Wyldfire*.
- **Phantasm:** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-4 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented. For Level 4, however, players may choose between **W:tGW**'s *Dream Canvas* or **W:tO** 2nd ed.'s *Phantasmagoria*, as named and presented. For Level 5 - **W:tGW**'s *Dream Cloak* - replace it with *Agon*, as named and described in **W:tO** 2nd ed.
- **Puppetry:** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented. For Level 4, players may choose between **W:tGW**'s *Anesthesia* and **W:tO** 2nd ed's *Rein in the Mind*, as named and presented.
- **Usury:** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-3 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented. For Levels 4 and 5 - *Danegeld* and *Lien* - replace them with *Exchange Rate* and *Investment* from **W:tO** 2nd ed, as presented. However, rename *Exchange Rate* to *Rate of Exchange*.
- **Chains of the Emperor (Dark Kingdom of Jade Only):** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **DKJ** should suffice as named and presented. Note that it's highly unlikely this Arcanos will ever even come into play, but just in case...
- **Displace (Swar only):** Basic Abilities and Levels 1 - 5 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented.
- **Behest (Dark Kingdom of Ivory only):** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented. Note that, as in **W:tGW**, any Abambo who stays in Stygia too long will lose her 4-part soul and - with it - the ability to use Behest. It's also recommended that Level 5 of the right-hand path be unknown to those Abambo in the Kingdom of Iron at this time as well.
- **Way of the Artisan (Dark Kingdom of Jade Only):** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **DKJ** should suffice as named and presented.
- **Way of the Scholar (Dark Kingdom of Jade Only):** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented.
- **Way of the Farmer (Dark Kingdom of Jade Only):** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented.
- **Way of the Merchant (Dark Kingdom of Jade Only):** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented.
- **Way of the Soul (Dark Kingdom of Jade Only):** Basic Abilities and Levels 1-5 from **W:tGW** should suffice as named and presented.

Shadows

"...I thus drew steadily nearer to that truth by whose partial discovery I have been doomed to such a dreadful shipwreck: that man is not truly one, but truly two."

"The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" - R. L. Stevenson

The standard Shadow Archetypes from **Wraith: the Oblivion** 2nd ed would work well for a **Victorian Age: Wraith** Chronicle. As ever, we recommend creativity!

Wraith: the Great War also has a few Shadow Archetypes that would work marvelously, such as: *The Anarchist, The Id, The Merchant, The Nurse, The Opium-Eater, The Revolutionary, The Taxonomist* and *The Superego* (esp. the *Superego*). These can be found on pp. 142 - 143 of **W:tGW**.

You could also try:

The Pervert

Much like The Id, this Shadow seeks gratification, but it desires to do so in - or with - lots of friends. The Shadow goads its Psyche to tempt and cajole others into sharing her vices and pleasures, regardless of the harmful effects. After all, misery loves company...

The Worldburner

This is like the Monster, but much, much worse. It is not just enough for the Shadow to make others merely suffer: everyone, everywhere must be utterly annihilated for what has been done to it. Towers shall crumble, cities shall burn, and all things everywhere shall be cracked and trod underfoot to pay for your Shadow's rage.



VICTORIAN ERA ARTS

"Her lips were parted in entreaty, in dismay, in agony; and on her blanched brow and cheeks there glowed the marks of ten hideous wounds from two vengeful ghostly hands."

"The Romance of Certain Old Clothes" - Henry James

The Arts of the dead are ever-changing things - constantly being reworked and remolded to fit with the times the dead find themselves in, and sometimes evolving to meet the new challenges - or opportunities, as the case may be - that a new age brings.

With that in mind, we have searched the annals of old to find some of the Arts that saw use in the period so-described. Some have since fallen dormant, some have proven obsolete, and some have actually prospered enough to be presented here as past reflections of what is now standard practice. Still others are dark, terrible things that very few care to remember, much less pass along to their students.

Argos

●●● Crack'd Mirror

Some have said that they can see the dead watching them as clearly as they can see the living, and yet no one else about them can see the horrors they describe. Others have strange flashes of being in a house long gone, or seeing a sight long since vanished.

In some cases this is the work of the Haunters, ever using their Arcanos to befuddle and trick the living. But in some cases it is not their hand that tricks, but that of a Harbinger, who shows truly by breaking down the Shroud for one viewer alone.

This Art lets a Wraith open a small peekhole into the Shadowlands for a mortal. It isn't that large or true of a "hole," as it only shows the mortal what the Har-

binger cares to show. That could be one wraith or object, a small area or the whole, blasted vista of the Shadowlands.

System: The Wraith must touch the mortal, spend three Pathos and then roll her Stamina + Argos at a difficulty of the Shroud. Each success allows for a turn in which a measure of the Shadowlands is revealed to the mortal. The Wraith must decide how much to show the mortal, and cannot change her mind part-way through the Art's duration.

The Art could be used in a benevolent or malevolent fashion. If it's used to scare or punish the mortal it's used on - regardless of whether they deserve it or not - then it gives a point of Angst per usage.

Embody

●●● Phantasmic Hand

While the Proctor is yet unable to fully form herself anew in the Skinlands, this art allows her to bring parts of herself over for a short time. The phenomenon of ghostly hands knocking at seance tables, or creepy footsteps down deserted stairways in the dead of night can be attributed to this Art.

System: The Wraith must roll her Manipulation + Embody against the local Shroud. Success brings either the Wraith's feet or hands (not both) across for a turn, with each success thereafter adding another turn. The hands and feet can appear to be somewhat more clear than a ** Phantom, luminous and translu-

cent, or can be completely invisible should the Wraith desire.

For the duration of the Art, the Wraith can gesture, make noises or perform simple - non-harmful - actions with her hands or feet: rapping on surfaces, making slow, heavy footsteps from the attic to the first floor, pointing an accusing finger at someone, moving small objects from one table to another, etc.

However, the Wraith cannot put any force behind these actions: if the Wraith should attempt to do something that would require a roll (to lift, throw, hit, etc.) that action simply fails. Also, if any mortal should take an action that would deal at least one point of damage to the Wraith, the effect will be ended, and the Wraith will gain a point of Angst from the shock.

This Art costs two Pathos per attempt.

Keening

●●●●● Banshee's Cry

This Keening Art is courtesy of bloody-minded Chanteurs from the Emerald Isle: a technique so foul that hardly anyone who knows it will teach it for fear of what might be done, both to mortal man and to the student.

Put simply, it causes such fear in a member of the Quick that he not only becomes convinced of his own doom, but subconsciously acts to bring it about. Once the victim hears the terrible, soul-destroying weeping of a woman in mourning - the unmistakable sound of a Banshee - he is most likely fated to die.

System: The Wraith chooses her target and rolls her Keening + Intimidation, at a difficulty of the target's Permanent Willpower. Each success convinces the target she's doomed for a number of days equal to the successes past the first. If only one success is thrown, then the effects last for one day.

(Note that the Banshee's cry is actually supposed to be crying, as opposed to a long wail. However, Chanteurs aren't always ones to stand on ceremony: there's even record of one user of this Art who merely whispered the words "Die, die, son of man" in the left ear of his victims.)

During the time that she's under the effects of the Art, the mortal is both reckless and fatalistic: often throwing herself into dangerous situations she would otherwise avoid. And this is bad, because, for the duration of the Art, all life or death actions the mortal takes are minus a number of dice equal to the Wraith's

Keening + Intimidation pool, minus the target's Permanent Willpower + dots in True Faith, if any. If the pools are equal, then the mortal loses one die.

This Art costs three Pathos and a Willpower to attempt. It also grants one angst per success rolled.

Kinesis

●● Electro-Kinetic Propulsion

A new Art has been recently discovered by Artificers investigating the properties of electricity - harnessed by the Quick to work both the everpresent telegraph and the fledgling telephone. It allows a Wraith to enter an electric line and travel great distances inside of it. Those who've tried it have likened it to being washed headlong through a near-endless pipe by a flood of crackling current.

System: The Wraith must spend a turn visualizing where she needs to go: it need not be someplace she's already been, just a place that she's either been given directions to, or can be reasonably sure where it is (Storyteller's judgment).

She must then touch a live wire, spend a point of Pathos and roll Intelligence + Inhabit, at a Difficulty of 8. The first success allows the Wraith to travel in the direction she wishes to go, up to the next telegraph station or telephone switchboard, as the case may be. Each success past that allows the Wraith to "jump" to another live wire and travel along it, in the desired direction, to the next station or switchboard. And so on...

Failure gives the Wraith a point of Angst, and sends her one station's length in the wrong direction as well.

(**Note:** if this sounds suspiciously like *Ride the Electron Highway* (W:tO 2nd ed, pp. 144 - 145) it's because it is, after a fashion. This represents the Guild's first steps into that bold, new frontier.)

Phantasm

●●● Waking Vision

Sandmen are well-known for their ability to alter the course of mortals' dreams. However, some of their number are adept at making a dream continue on while the mortal is freshly awake, or else present visions to those who are at the edge of sleep, or else in a mesmeric state.

System: The Wraith must first successfully use ** Lucidity on the mortal to change the dreams to fit her desires, and then either use this Art in order to keep

the mortal in a state of waking dreams after the mortal is awake, or else gift the mortal with those dreams while she's nodding off.

The Sandman must spend three Pathos and roll her Stamina + Phantasm at a difficulty of 8 (waking up) or 6 (falling asleep). Each success grants a minute's worth of being in a waking dream. Other Phantasm Arts may be used during this time.

Due to the difficulty of this feat, the mortal must be one that the Sandman has used Phantasm upon before.

Puppetry

●●●●● Call of the Final Trump

Stories are told of murdered bodies who rose from the dead to avenge themselves less than a day after the deed was done. Anyone familiar with the limitations of the Puppeteers' Arcanos - or the phenomenon of the Risen - would be tempted to discount these stories as sheer fiction. But, as with all things regarding the Puppeteers, the truth is much more sinister.

Through the use of this Art, a Puppeteer can strike a Faustian bargain with the soul of one who has been struck down and yearns for revenge. The two Wraiths will enter the body of the one, and together seek revenge for what has been done. However, the other Wraith pays a terrible price for her vengeance...

System: This Art must be used on a body that is still more or less intact and not too putrefied. It must be performed in conjunction with the Wraith who once owned the body in question, and that Wraith must have a strong (4 -5 dots) Passion that deals with getting back at her murderer. Finally, both Wraiths must be completely willing to do this, though being "willing" does not require being fully informed as to what the Art will do.

The two Wraiths clasp hands and enter the dead body together via * Skinride, the Puppeteer leading

the way in. As soon as the Puppeteer is fully in, she spends two Willpower and five Pathos - and gains three Angst - and must roll her Strength + Puppetry at a difficulty of 9. Botching causes one point of aggravated damage per 1 rolled to both Wraiths.

The first success allows the Puppeteer to pull the other Wraith inside the body, so there are two Wraiths in there, together. It also gives one day's worth of activity inside it. Each success past the first gives another day's worth of activity. The Puppeteer can end the Art at any time just by leaving the body, but the other Wraith is not so fortunate (see below)

During this time, the body does not rot or decay any further, but it is a dead thing, incapable of any body functions whatsoever. Also, the process of staving off decay has its price: each day spent in the body gives both Wraiths a point of Angst.

The Attributes of the Wraith whose body it was are what's used to make rolls, but all Physical Attributes are at -1 dice. The Puppeteer is the one who actually controls the body, and her Ability scores are used when making rolls. In addition, a Strength + Puppetry roll at Diff 7 must be made in order to force the body's lungs to inhale and exhale to allow for speech (one wheezing sentence of seven words or less per success)

Once the Art is ended, either because the Puppeteer has ended it, or because of a failed or botched roll to extend it, the Puppeteer leaves the body and it falls down a lifeless husk. However, the Wraith whose body it was stays trapped inside of it. There she must remain until the body has rotted away to mostly bones, by which time her Shadow may have become terribly powerful, or else assumed total control.

(Note that the Tempered Arcanos *Animate the Dead* (Usury 2 + Puppetry 5) from **Wraith: the Great War** allows for a much "cleaner" way to animate a corpse. But when have the Puppeteers ever been clean?)



RELICS & ARTIFACTS

"The kit-bag lay close in front of him, several feet nearer to the door than he had left it, and just over its crumpled top he saw a head and face slowly sinking out of sight as though someone were crouching behind it to hide, and at the same moment a sound like a long-drawn sigh was distinctly audible in the still air about him..."

"The Kit-Bag" - Algernon Blackwood

Much as the restless dead leave traces of themselves behind, so, too, are left behind traces of items of value, to the many or the few. Such items are known as Relics, and, given the scarcity of goods in the Shadowlands, they are rightfully hoarded. They are also quite expensive, though any Wraith might acquire such pieces through cunning, ingenuity or outright theft.

But the memories of lost objects are not the only things to be had in this darkened world. Indeed, the widespread practice of soul-forging provides many an item for the dead. While these forges are terrible places, and form a curious double of the dark, satanic mills of London, and elsewhere, the value of the artificer is not to be overlooked at this time. The forger's hammer can make miracles, in this age, and souls are rarely in short supply.

Here, then, are some wondrous items of this age for Wraiths to use. Also included is a treatise on weapons (most notably guns) that may find themselves into the hands of the dead at this time.

Relics

● Ms. Susie Blanchard's Book of Manners

Ms. Blanchard's book is considered required reading for the well-mannered in the world of the Quick. It has rules of etiquette for everything: how to eat your biscuits properly at tea, politely turn down beggars in

the streets, express sympathy to a widow at a funeral, etc. For those properly mannered, the book is practically a Bible of polite society. Therefore, it is only natural that some copies have come across the shroud as Relics.

However, a wraith with a nasty sense of humor got their hands on one copy and twisted its purpose. Now, any wraith who reads from this tainted book of etiquette suffers from paranoia, nervousness, and anxiety as the weight of the words bear down on them. For them, the book's words are no longer suggestions, but the absolute last word on the rules of society, and any wraith who does not follow them to the letter is a social leper.

This tome of torment has ruined the career of two Legion officials, brought down a major Renegade branch, and sent several wraiths into Oblivion, courtesy of the Shadows who were all too happy to feed on the Angst that eventually developed. The Hierarchy, being its usual, overprotective self, has ordered that all relic copies of the book be destroyed in hopes of routing out and disposing of the troublemaking book. However, some wraiths would prefer to keep it around, not to read themselves, but to use it to lower their enemies' defenses.

Usage: For each page of the tainted etiquette book a wraith reads, the book causes all social and will-power rolls to be at difficulty + 3 for a scene. A wraith

will usually not connect their strange feelings to the book until after the effects have worn off. For short periods of exposure, the book has no permanent effects; however, a wraith who constantly consults the book for weeks and months on end will eventually have his social scores, and quite possibly his willpower, permanently lowered.

●● Powder Horn

This handy item is the Relic of a trusty powder horn, which was used to carry gunpowder for pistols and rifles, back in the day. Such an item was usually made out of cattle horn, with metal or wood caps on either end, and a sling attached for easy carrying. One only had to unscrew the cap at one end, and pour a measured amount of gunpowder down the barrel.

Given the tendency of those carrying such items on the battlefield to be shot, and their gear destroyed, a number of Relic gunpowder weapons - and powder horns - have come across the Shroud. And while there's not much gunpowder to be found in the Shadowlands, anyone who wants to fire off a Relic gunpowder weapon will find this Relic to be very useful.

Usage: A Powder Horn acts as a Pathos reservoir for "Archaic" Weapons (see pg. 261 W:tO 2nd ed). It can store up to five points of Pathos, which can be used to fuel any gunpowder weapons that a Wraith might have. All the Wraith has to do to fuel the Powder Horn is place Pathos inside it, and all she has to do to use it is touch the Horn to the weapon's barrel.

The Powder Horn can also be used as a source of Pathos for healing, or the use of Arcanoi. However, the Relic wasn't made for this sort of thing: it used in this fashion, it "pours" all its remaining Pathos out into the Wraith, regardless of how much Pathos would be needed to heal the damage, or fuel the Art, and any excess Pathos is lost. It also acts in this fashion towards new-fangled gunpowder weapons that use cartridges.

●●● Diving Suit

While man has been exploring the near depths of the oceans for untold centuries, a massive advance in underwater exploration took place close to the start of this century. In 1819, a gentleman by the name of Siebe invented what could best be described as a portable diving bell. This consisted of a bulbous, metal helmet with circular glass viewing plates, attached to a snug-fitting jacket. Air could be pumped from the

surface into the helmet, and allowed to escape from the jacket's waist.

This helmet was later refined, in 1837, to include a closed suit, along with a mechanism for expelling used air from the helmet. Thusly equipped with a proper diving suit, the divers of the world were able to attempt amazing feats of salvage. And while the benefits of such activities are notable in the Skinlands, they are even more so in the Shadowlands, given both the relationship of Wraiths to water, and how the sea produces Relics...

Usage: Wraiths have a strange handicap in regards to water - it acts like a solid object to them, and to dive down into it they must lose point of Corpus to go Incorporeal. Obviously, a Wraith can only remain submerged for so long before having to return to the surface, or risk a Harrowing.

However, a Wraith equipped with a Relic Diving Suit is immune to this problem. She need only place two points of Pathos into the Suit while putting it on, and may then spend up to a Scene underwater before the effect expires. The wearer can then place a single point of Pathos into the Suit, if she desires, extending the effect out for another Scene.

{Note that the wraith can descend to any depth she'd care to while wearing the suit, regardless of how far the suit's remaining air hose may stretch}

The suit also acts as armor, with the suit providing two levels of protection against bashing damage, and the helmet providing two levels against bashing and lethal damage. If the suit is punctured in any way, it is ruined, and will no longer protect against the normal effects of water. It can be repaired, given time out of the water.

●●●●+ Coaches

The ubiquitous coach and pair has been a staple of transportation in Europe for ages, and many such conveyances come across the Shroud. So it is that coaches can be hired to take Wraiths from place to place, should they lack the skill to get there themselves, or the time to waste on the journey. And should speed be of the essence, then such a matter is well in hand.

The main problem is one of locomotion: with the noted exception of deathsteeds, horses - like other such beasts of burden - are not to be found in the Shadowlands. The Hierarchy has solved this, to an extent, by creating special "Barghests" that can act as horses, and such creatures are harnessed to Hierarchy-

owned coaches for official use. Meanwhile, other, privately-owned coaches must use alternative means to get from place to place, or else risk the harsh penalty for stealing a Barghest.

Usage: A coach and pair with "horse" Barghests is treated like a normal, horse-drawn coach, and is 4 Background points regardless of size, speed or toughness {see the Vehicle Table in Victorian Age Companion, pg 167}. The creatures that pull it should be considered to have the stats of a horse, without the offensive capabilities of a normal Barghest: their combat prowess has been exchanged for enhanced speed and stamina. Whoever holds the reins is treated as their "master."

For coaches without Barghests, the options are many. Some such vehicles have been enchanted by Sandmen to act as Faerie Coaches {5 Background Points}: with the application of two Pathos, the drab colors of the horseless Relic are replaced by shining, white paint and gleaming jewels. And then a team of brilliant horses - or other, fantastical beasts - appears to draw the coach on its way. This enchantment lasts for either a Scene or 50 miles, whichever comes first, and then two more Pathos must be given, or else the enchantment will come to a sudden halt.

Another variant is the Shadow Coach {5 Background Points} of the Harbingers: for three Pathos per journey - no matter how far - the coach will gain a team of shadowy, dark horses, seemingly made of the same darkness a Harbinger draws about her to disappear. The team will then plunge the coach into the Tempest, and take driver and passengers wherever they need to go. Travel time depends on how well the driver knows the "area," and what sort of byways or other shortcuts are available.

●●●●● Phrenologist's Head

In the early parts of the 19th century, two German physicians developed a new science, based on an improved understanding of the brain. These gentlemen posited that different parts of the brain - referred to as "organs" - controlled different parts of human behavior, such as abilities, strengths or moral leanings. By "reading" the bumps on a person's skull, then, one could determine if a person was more inclined to be a poet or a blacksmith, an angel or a murderer.

By the latter part of the Victorian Age, this new science of Phrenology was quite accepted, with even the Queen, Herself, believing most strongly in it. To assist in the "reading" of skulls, lifesize model heads

were manufactured from polished wood, with each of the "organs" mapped out upon it.

From time to time, these heads might have cause to cross the Shroud, but are of little use in a world where brains, and the skulls that house them, have turned to Corpus. However, tales are told of special models, impregnated with the evil Arts of the thrice-banned Solicitors Guild. Such heads are said to come to "life" for their masters, and tell of another's soul, one closely-held secret at a time.

This insidious knowledge does not come cheaply - or painlessly - but those who have such a Relic on their side are hardly ever surprised by their rivals, or subordinates.

Usage: The Phrenologist's Head is will reveal the secrets of any Wraith it beholds, as though it had the ●●● *Deep Desiring* Art of Intimation. All its user has to do is give it a point of Pathos while in the presence of that other person, and the Head will see through the other person, as though it had scored five successes on a Deep Desiring roll.

All the user has to do, then, is feed the head a point of Corpus {anyone's will do} for every three questions she asks about that other person. The head - which speaks with a hideously seductive whisper - will chew the flesh with its clickety-clack teeth, and answer all questions truthfully. However, the Head will not volunteer information, nor elaborate on an answer without being asked a supplementary question.

The Head cannot see into Spectres, Ferryman or genuine members of the Solicitors Guild. Also, anyone with the Basic Level of Intimation can detect that she's being scanned by the Head, and attempt to ward off its gaze.

Artifacts

● Mumler Charm

Starting in 1862, a Boston man named William Mumler claimed to have captured the images of spirits on his photographs. Although he had said he did not believe in ghosts, he quickly turned his career in engraving into that of a psychic. The rich and famous would sit for Mumler and the resulting pictures would result in a spirit (or sometimes more than one) to be seen with the subject. He even took a picture of Mary Todd Lincoln, the widow of President Abraham Lincoln; a ghostly image of her assassinated husband appeared behind her when it was developed.

In 1869, he was brought up on fraud charges. Although he escaped going to jail, his detractors had proven some of his pictures to be faked. Mumler continued to take his ghost pictures, but he never recovered financially, and destroyed his negatives shortly before he died.

Ultimately, though, the joke was on the living. Most of the images Mumler saw through his camera were indeed spirits. They were wraiths, looking to communicate with or have some fun with the Quick.

Proctors who had too much free time had, during the early 1860's, created a new little trinket capable of making a non-Proctor appear in a photograph. Mumler's original ghost picture happened to be the first trial of this new item. Eventually, these became known as the Mumler Charm.

A Mumler Charm was given to the wraith to be photographed, and only wraiths holding the charm would appear in the pictures. Common uses included those sought to comfort a loved one, or perhaps to scare the one who caused the wraith's death.

The Proctors Guild turned it into quite a money-making venture: much as Mumler photographed only those who could afford it, the Guild only lent Mumler Charms to those who paid a steep price. After Mumler's trail and subsequent reversal of fortunes, the appeal of the Mumler Charm also became limited. Although the Proctors tried the Charms with a few other photographers, it had appeared that the idea was as much a novelty in the Shadowlands as it was in the world of the Quick.

Although an occasional Mumler Charm will pop up in perfect working condition, most have been destroyed or neglected and no longer function properly, creating distorted image or worse.

(For more information on William Mumler and Spirit Photography:

<http://www.amphilsoc.org/library/exhibits/spirits/mumler.htm>

<http://www.photographymuseum.com/mumler.html>)

● **Francois' Designer Armored Corset**

Spotted on ads distributed through Shadowlands Europe, particularly Necropolis London:

Ladies, the newest in fashion and protection from the continent of style! Our designer corset is laced with 100% Genuine Stygian Steel, and is guaranteed to provide protection against Blades, Bullets, Spectres,

and Advances from unwanted male attention! As an added bonus, it gives the flattering Hourglass shape that is all the rage of Today's Style!

Investigations by the Legions have revealed that these so called "armored corsets" are, as standard to the usual claims of advertisers, an inferior product. While an armored corset will provide a soak of 2, and will neutralize Bashing damage, after approximately 5 blows, the corset will disintegrate and leave the wearer vulnerable.

While the Legion is not overtly concerned since the corset is mostly purchased by non-Legion wraiths, they are interested in finding the manufacturer. The Stygian Steel promised in the ad is actually a fairly resistant version of ordinary soulsteel. However, the process by which it is forged seems full of promise to eventually make resistant non-Stygian Steel armor; therefore the Legions would love to meet the one who made these otherwise unremarkable rip-offs.

●●● **Legion Watch**

A surprisingly common artifact rarely heard of outside the Legions, the Legion Watch was created in the 1830's as a tool to be used by Deathlords and other high-ranking Legion officials. However, these artifacts have occasionally trickled down the ranks to the heads of departments, long-time officers, and others who hold or have held some kind of major influence in the Legions.

What makes the Legion Watch so special? Rather than tell time - a meaningless thing to most of the dead - a Legion Watch uses its finely tuned mechanisms to read the deathmarks on a wraith's Corpus to determine if they are a part of the Legion, and to which branch they belong.

The outside of the watch can be as diverse as the person who holds it, but the inside is the same. Instead of the normal numbers, the symbols of each Legion are carved on the face, with the Legion of Fate as the symbol at 12:00. The watch has one hand and one hand alone; any additional hands are purely ornamental and used to present the appearance of a regular watch.

The user merely has to pull out the watch and check it as though he is checking the time to see to whom the wraith really belongs. If a wraith is not a member of a branch of the Legion, the working hand will spin rapidly around. It is invaluable for sniffing out spies in-between branches, or to see if a wraith is

impersonating a member of the Hierarchy. The watch must have a Pathos invested in it once a week, or it ceases functioning until it is recharged.

More sophisticated watches to read actual deathmarks, and not merely Hierarchy symbols, have failed miserably due to the sometimes confusing and complicated ways a wraith can die. There are longstanding rumors of a similar type of watch for the Guilds, but any and all attempts to find or create such an artifact have proven fruitless.

●●●● Pardoner's Revolver

In this era of modern invention, guns are becoming more and more common in the Shadowlands. Nothing comes into being in the wraith world without being tampered with, and the legendary artifacts known as Pardoner's Revolvers are no exception. At one point ordinary relic and Stygian steel weapons, someone with too much time on his hands created this powerful, dangerous variation of a revolver.

Pardoner's Revolvers tend to resemble older weapons rather than the newest models turned out by companies of the day, although very rarely a newer-type weapon will surface. This indicates that it takes quite a bit of time and effort to make one, unless the wraith is exceptionally skilled.

As any wraith worth his Corpus knows, *Purify* is one of the most useful, yet one of the most dangerous arts a wraith with Castigate can practice. The Revolver, then, is useful because it attacks a Shadow directly, but dangerous since it takes time and patience to do such a thing properly. A bullet piercing wraithly flesh is neither slow nor compromising, hence the danger.

Occasionally the weapon works as it is supposed to: a wraith battling violently with his own shadow is shot, the bullet hurts the Shadow without dealing severe damage to the actual wraith, and the wraith gets his dark side under control. More often than not, however, the bullet causes the Shadow to grow infuriated and go even more out of control, possibly sending the wraith into a Harrowing.

Pardoner's Revolvers are carried by very few, needless to say, other than scattered Heretics, Renegades, and Pardoners. Any revolvers obtained by the Hierarchy are destroyed immediately, and any Legion member caught possessing or using one is severely reprimanded.

Usage: A Pardoner's Revolver works like any other revolver in the wraith world, as it requires a

point of Pathos to fire. Any kind of ammunition can be used: the revolver somehow implants the ability on anything loaded into the gun.

The real trouble comes with the target. If the target is hit by the bullet, roll damage as normal. In addition, make a Willpower check, with the difficulty as the Shadow's temporary Angst. For each success, the Angst is reduced by one. For each one rolled in a botched roll, the Angst is increased by one.

Weapons (Melee)

Most of the old standbys - swords, knives, clubs, etc. - are still available, and have not changed that much. Some notable melee weapons of the time are as follows.

Cavalry Sabre

A mainstay of the armies of the time, a cavalry sabre was a thick, slightly curved short sword that was meant to be used from horseback. It also made an excellent weapon for normal hand-to-hand fighting, though it looked very odd for someone to have one strapped to his leg outside of a battlefield, or full dress march.

Background Cost: 3 for ordinary models, 4 for more handsome ones

Difficulty: 6

Damage: STR + 2

Conceal: T

Swordcane

Also known as cane swords, these handy weapons were walking canes that had blades hidden inside of them. Some of these were rather ordinary-looking, while others were chased with silver, gold or gems, or had elaborately-carved handles and tips.

Many swordcanes were two-piece affairs that required the user to pull the handle out, like a sword from its sheath. The blade inside was thin and swift, and maybe about as strong as a fencing foil. Other types - known as "flick sticks" - had a shorter blade that would shoot out the end of the cane, which made the cane a bit of an overglorified knife.

Background Cost: 3 for ordinary models, 4 for more handsome ones

Difficulty: 7 for flicksticks, 6 for long blades

Damage: STR+1 for flicksticks, STR + 2 for long blades

Conceal: T

Gunpowder

The 19th century saw a great deal of advancement in gunpowder weapons technology. At the start of the century, people were still having to load powder into guns, but by its end the revolver was in wide use, and the maxim machine gun was all but hurling bullets at the enemy.

Percussion

In 1807, Scottish inventor Alexander Forsyth created the percussion system for igniting pistols and rifles, which was a step up from the Wheellock and Flintlock systems previously used. In previous firearms, the trigger was squeezed to activate a spark-producing mechanism, which sometimes failed to spark at all.

However, his method caused the hammer to fall on a small can of priming powder. This smaller charge then set off the main charge, which propelled the shot out of the barrel. By containing the explosion entirely within the barrel, itself, misfires were no longer as common.

Percussion Weapons and their Worth

There are a lot of Percussion guns in the Shadowlands at this time, along with older varieties, such as Matchlocks, Wheellocks and Flintlocks. Powering the Relic with Pathos does away with the need to find relic gunpowder, but shot is still required. Storytellers may rule that shot can be soulforged from Corpus, if they like.

(Based on the chart in **WtO 2nd ed**, pg. 261)

Weapon	Pathos	BG Cost
Percussion Pistol	1	3
Percussion Rifle	1	3

Cartridges and Revolvers

The invention of the Percussion system led to the bright idea of having the priming charge, main charge and shot be included in the same package, doing away with the need for cumbersome loading at all. This invention came to be known as the cartridge, and led, in turn, to guns being able to hold more than one bullet, leading to revolvers and lever-action rifles, and then to the clunky - but deadly - machineguns of the age.

Weapons and their Worth

(Based on the chart in **Victorian Age Companion**, pg. 173)

Weapon	Pathos	BG Cost
Derringer Pistol	1	3
Army Revolver	1	3
.44 Single Action Pistol	1	3
Colt "Peacemaker"	1	3
Heavy Army Revolver	1	3
Lever-Action Rifle	2	4
Sg. Shot Bolt Action Rifle	2	4
12-Gauge Shotgun	3	4
Sg. Lever Action Shotgun	3	4
Gatling Gun*	4	5

* Note that the gun's high rate of fire would be crippled by a lack of ready, Relic ammunition. But if enough could be found, a Relic Gatling Gun would be a powerful weapon, indeed.

A VICTORIAN TIMELINE

"A truthful traveler who should have seen some extraordinary creature in the likeness of a sea serpent, would have no fear of mentioning it; but the same traveler having had some singular presentiment, impulse, vagary of thought, vision {so called}, dream or other remarkable mental impression, would hesitate considerably before he would own to it."

"To Be Taken With a Grain of Salt" - Charles Dickens

Chiefly of interest in this timeline are events supernatural, occult and Stygian, including the deaths of notable personages. Should the reader be curious of more mundane things, he needs only click the year to be taken to the wikipedia entry for that time period, where much more information is to be found.

General sources include: *Call of Cthulhu* {ed 5.5}, *The Complete Books of Charles Fort*, *The Encyclopedia of Ghosts and Spirits*, *The Unexplained*, Wikipedia, World-book Encyclopedia [1998 ed.]

Dates of events regarding the World of Darkness come from: **Wraith: the Oblivion** {2nd ed.}, **Wraith: the Great War**, **The Hierarchy**, **The Quick and The Dead**, **Mediums: Speakers With The Dead**, **Victorian Age Vampire**, **Victorian Age Vampire Companion**, **London by Night**.

1780 - 1799

(175 - 194 A.S. Post Tertium)

1780

Dead: Charming British Officer John Andre, hung by Americans as a spy; Holy Roman Empress Maria Theresa of Austria.

1781

Surrender of British at Yorktown ends major fighting of American Revolution {25,700 American deaths,

10,000 British}

1782

Dead: Hyder Ali, Indian general and Sultan of Mysore - dies while in conflict with England.

1783

Died: James Otis, American lawyer and patriot who coined "Taxation without representation is tyranny"; Benedict Joseph Labre, French saint and miracleworker.

1784

Count St. Germain, who claims to be an Alchemist, dies. **Died:** Dr Samuel Johnson, Massive English literary figure; Junípero Serra, Spanish Franciscan friar, missionary and enslaver of native Americans

1785

Count St. Germain seen at occult conference in Wilhelmsbad, well after his death; Baron Munchausen's *Narrative of His Marvelous Travels and Campaigns in Russia* published anonymously in England - the real Baron Munchausen decries it as fraud.

Died: Henry William Steigel, American manufacturer of fine glassware, after financial ruin; American Patriot Jonathan Trumbull, the only pre-war Governor to support the Revolution.

1786

Died: Fredrick the Great, Emperor of Prussia and patron of Voltaire; American Revolutionary War General Nathanael Greene; Jewish Scholar Moses Mendelssohn, founder of the German Haskalah.

1787

Catacombs of Paris first used for burials in this year.

Died: British General Thomas Gage, who ordered troops into battle at Bunker Hill;

1788

Died: Bonnie Prince Charlie, figurehead of the Jacobite movement, dies in exile in Rome; Spanish Explorer Juan Bautista de Anza, co-founder of San Francisco; Disgraced French Admiral Francois Joseph Paul De Grasse, who helped America during the siege of Yorktown.

1789

Two Englishwomen from the future appear in Versailles; St Vincent Islands off of West Panama - inhabited by Father Santa Clara for a time - vanish

Died: Abd-ul-Hamid I, "failed" but "gracious" Ottoman Sultan; Louis-Joseph-Xavier-François, "dauphin" in line to the French Throne - from consumption, aged 8.

1790

Died: American Patriot and inventor Benjamin Franklin; Scottish economist Adam Smith.

1791

Died: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, from a lingering illness - joins Chanteurs; John Wesley, founder of Methodism, after an illness.

1792

Died: American Patriot George Mason, "Father of the Bill of Rights"; Gustav III, King of Sweden, shot in the back.

1793

France's Reign of Terror gives birth to the Resurrection Men.

Died: Louis XVI, his wife Marie Anoinette and countless other condemned souls; Jean-Paul Marat,

bloodthirsty French revolutionary, stabbed through the heart while in medicinal bath.

1794

Stones fall from the sky in Tuscany. With the death of "Incorruptible" Revolutionary leader Maximilien Robespierre, France's Reign of Terror concludes - between 18,000 and 40,000 dead. The Hierarchy culls the Resurrection Men.

1795

Died: Louis XVII of France, aged 10, of consumption while imprisoned - heart removed and preserved.

1796

Died: Scottish Poet Robert Burns dies famous, sour and drunk; Russian Empress Catherine the Great dies from a stroke (though salacious rumors abound).

1797

Residents of Youghal, in County Cork, Ireland, see a "mirage" of a walled city; William Munro sees a "mermaid" while strolling towards Sandside Head, Scotland.

Died: Writer and politician Horace Walpole, writer of The Castle of Otranto; Baron Karl Friedrich Hieronymus Munchhausen, still upset over the "lies" printed about him; King Fredrick William II of Prussia, a failed monarch with many "left-handed" marriages.

1798

"Dark body," possibly the size of Mercury, seen transiting the Sun.

Died: British Explorer George Vancouver; American Inventor John Fitch, who made the first workable steamboat in America; Italian Adventurer Giacomo Casanova - lover, spy, gambler and author.

1799

Died: American Patriots George Washington and Patrick Henry; Proud and expansionist Qian Long, Emperor of China.

The latter part of the 18th Century saw the Shroud begin to thicken, as the effects of the Quick's "Enlightenment" furthered both reason and disbelief. The Hierarchy took steps to turn this tide, such as they

could, but found their efforts to be all but impotent. In the face of this change - so soon on the banishment of Stygia into the Tempest - the Necropoli would become more important than ever before.

This was also a time of Revolutions - some enlightened, some maniacal, but none without bloodshed. The American Revolution {1776 - 1783} cost around 35,700 lives, while the French Revolution {1788 - 1799} may have taken up to 40,000 lives, by some accounts. Meanwhile, the revolt at Saint Domingue, in the Caribbean, cost the lives of thousands of colonists, and eventually led to the creation of Haiti in 1804.

It was also a time of near-continuous war in Europe, as the so-called French Revolutionary Wars {1792 - 1802} saw France pitted against two coalitions of its neighbors. In spite of the size of the armies massed against them, the French managed to prevail and hold onto its captured territory. Thousands of souls were sent into the hereafter, enriching the numbers - and wealth - of the Legions, just as the eventual rise to power of Napoleon Bonaparte would ensure many more souls to come.

However, the Legions were not the only ones to profit from the dead of war and revolution. The Renegades and Heretics' numbers saw similar increases, serving to intensify the clashes between the Necropoli and these dissident factions.

Unable to cope with the constant demands for reinforcements and supplies, Charon empowered his Anacreons to raise their own, personal armies within their Necropoli, so that order be maintained and Oblivion kept at bay. There was some concern - well founded, as it transpired - that these Governors would become more loyal to themselves than their Emperor, but Charon dismissed the seriousness of such claims.

The fires of the French Revolution saw a short-lived Renegade organization known as the Resurrection Men. Made of the ranks of the guillotined dead, these Wraiths utilized as-yet-unseen techniques of the Puppetry Arcanos to resurrect their own, dead bodies, and set about gaining revenge for their deaths.

The recently-created Paris Necropolis - enraged by this gross violation of Charon's Law - went after the Renegades with all the strength they could muster. They caught the group's leader, after his aborted attempt on the life of Maximilien Robespierre, and tortured the names of his conspirators out of him.

The purge that followed was legendary, but word of escaped Cells continued well into the 20th century. So, too, did word of the exploits of Maximilien

Robespierre, who disappeared from the Grim Legion's "justice" after his execution. He later resurfaced as an important Renegade leader during the 19th century, causing the Artificers no end of grief.

Speaking of that noble body, the twilight of this century saw a sea change in how Stygia conducted its business. From this point on, the soulsteel coins known as Oboli were made legal tender in all Hierarchy-held territory, alleviating the need to trade in thralls and barter in goods.

1800 - 1819

(195 - 214 A.S. Post Tertium)

1800

Dead: English Poet William Cowper

1801

Dead: American Traitor Benedict Arnold; British general Ralph Abercromby, killed while fighting in Alexandria; Scheming Tsar Paul I of Russia, stabbed, strangled and trampled.

1802

Daughters of Creusa learn that the Sons of Tertulian are their nemeses, return favor in kind

Dead: Martha Washington, wife of George, after burning the letters he'd written her; American Patriot Richard Dobbs Spaight, after duel with rival.

1803

Sighting of "radiant boy" at Corby Castle {Cumberland, England}; Marquis de Sade confined to Charenton Asylum; George Bass, explorer of Australia's eastern coast, disappears traveling from Sydney to Peru

Dead: Irish Patriot Robert Emmet, hanged for revolt; Haitian leader Toussaint L'Ouverture, in French prison; American Patriot Samuel Adams; Idealistic French Aristocrat Jacques-Donatien Le Ray, who aided the American Revolution, only to be ruined in the French.

1804

Toussaint L'Ouverture escapes Hierarchy, goes back to Haiti.

Dead: German Philosopher Immanuel Kant while working on a manuscript; Louis-Antoine-Henri de

Bourbon-Condé, duc d'Enghien, executed on false charges; American Patriot Alexander Hamilton, shot in duel with Aaron Burr.

1805

Pair of stones fall from the sky in Irkutsk, Siberia.

Died: British admiral Horatio Nelson, killed at Trafalgar;

1806

Strange matter falls on Alais, France - gives off a "faint bituminous substance" when heated.

Died: American astronomer Benjamin Banneker, who surveyed Washington D.C.; British Prime Minister William Pitt the Younger, of liver disease; Scottish Explorer Mungo Park, attacked and drowned while in Africa

1807

Died: Cardinal Henry Benedict Stuart, "pretender" to the throne of England.

1808

Loud sounds and earthquake after the sighting of "luminous objects" in the sky {Piedmont, Italy}; "Detonations" heard and "luminous object" seen in La Tour.

Died: American minister Elijah Craig, inventor of Bourbon; "Insane" King Christian VII of Denmark, of a brain aneurism.

1809

Died: American Patriot Thomas Paine, in poor repute due to his religious views; Austrian Composer Franz Joseph Haydn, too ill to compose, during Napoleon's attack on Vienna; American Explorer Meriwether Lewis - suicide or murder?

1810

Died: Andreas Hoffer of Tyrol, executed for opposing Napoleon - becomes symbol in death; Beloved Prussian Queen Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz - also an opponent of Napoleon - dies in her husband's arms.

1811

A foreigner donates a copy of a book called Necronomicon in Paris' Bibliotheque Nationale - he's

found poisoned in his apartment the next day.

Died: German Romantic author Heinrich von Kleist - entered into a death pact with love interest.

1812

Chase Family's coffins mysteriously moved about in vault {Christ Church, Barbados} **Died:** British Prime Minister Spencer Perceval - assassinated on way to inquiry; Heroic British General Isaac Brock, shot in battle; Shoshone guide Sacagawea, of "putrid fever."

1813

Yellow powder falls on Calabria.

Died: Shawnee leader Tecumseh while fighting alongside the British; Failed and unlucky French General Jean-Andoche Junot - shoots self after being made governor of Illyria; American general and explorer Zebulon Pike, killed during the taking of Toronto.

1814

Died: The Marquis de Sade, in Charenton Asylum - joins the Proctors; French doctor Joseph-Ignace Guillotin,, who infamously suggested using a mechanical device to execute prisoners; British Admiral Arthur Phillip, first Governor of New South Wales.

1815

Died: Friedrich Anton Mesmer, ridiculed creator of "mesmerism," after 20 years of unknown researches; American inventor Robert Fulton, steamboat pioneer; French Marshal Michel Ney - shot for treason following Napoleon's exile.

1816

Died: Lively and lusty American Patriot Gouverneur Morris; Queen Maria I of Portugal - dies melancholy, gripped by religious mania; Scottish Philosopher Adam Ferguson

1817

Bell Witch Haunting starts {Adams, Tennessee}; "Howling noises" heard as spots hide the Sun in Palermo, Italy.

Died: English Writer Jane Austen after years of ill health; Highly influential French Writer Anne Louise Germaine de Staël, whose works and life slide into obscurity soon after her death.

1818

"Unknown body" crosses Sun over period of 3 1/2 hours; "Combustible" substance mixed with sand falls in Naples

Died: American Patriot Paul Revere, wealthy from metal industry; Abigail Adams, who urged her husband John to "remember the ladies" at the Continental Congress.

1819

Fall from the sky - with a "brilliant light" - of a "nap," filled with a buff-colored, pulpy matter that turned bright red when exposed to the elements.

Died: Scottish Inventor James Watt, steam pioneer; Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry - felled by disease-carrying insects in Venezuela; King Kamehameha of Hawaii, "the Napoleon of the Pacific"

The beginning of the 19th century was forged in blood and iron. The Napoleonic Wars raged in Europe for more than a decade, and England and America were embroiled in hostilities once more in the War of 1812. Thousands and thousands of souls streamed into the Shadowlands, brought by war, disease and the other ills that inevitably accompany it. For some time to come, the Skeletal and Grim Legions would enjoy a surplus of Enfants, and the Grim Legion's numbers slowly begin to approach those of their Skeletal rivals.

One of those moments of blood and iron was the Haitian Revolution. Not only was it the first successful slave revolt in the West, but it led to the utter rout of the Hierarchy's outpost on the island of Saint Domingue, soon to become Haiti. While the French might have temporarily retaken control of its colony, the Hierarchy never could, thanks in no small part to a Skeletal enfant named Toussaint L'Ouverture.

In life, L'Ouverture was a leader of men, and the architect of many important victories against the English and Spanish, as well as his fellow islanders. Once he stepped away from France, however - declaring himself governor for life - he was captured by his former patrons and taken to France in chains. He died in captivity and was brought across the Shroud, just another Skeletal Legionnaire.

However, before long he found a way to escape his service, and fled back to Haiti, where he rejoined the fight to keep his island nation free - only now from

the other side. While he did not last long in that capacity, given how many former rivals were waiting for him there, he is credited with several decisions that kept the Hierarchy at bay. And he kept them away just long enough for them to call the former holding a lost cause, abandoning all claim to the Mirrorlands in the process.

1820 - 1839

(215 - 234 A.S. Post Tertium)

1820

Stephen Decatur starts to haunt his home {Washington, D.C}; "Violent shock" rattles natives of Irkutsk, Siberia; Island Governor orders the Chase Family's coffins reburied elsewhere.

Dead: Insane King George III of England - readily inducted into Penitent Legion; Commodore Stephen Decatur, American hero of the War of 1812 and the Barbary War, killed in a duel; Joseph Fouché, France's infamous Minister of Police - a spymaster said to be the only man Napoleon ever feared - dies, joining the Pardoners.

1821

Bunyip sighted in New South Wales.

Dead: Exiled Emperor Napoleon, from either arsenic poisoning or stomach cancer; British Poet John Keats, of tuberculosis in Italy; Tudor Vladimirescu, leader of the Wallachian Uprising - tortured, killed and thrown into a latrine.

1822

"Detonations" heard at Melida, in the Adriatic, for 30 days - sometimes several hundred blasts heard a day; Explosion heard and concussion felt in Comrie.

Dead: English Poet Percy Bysshe Shelley, drowned in Italy - his unburned heart is kept by his wife, Mary; Robert Stewart, the unpopular Viscount Castlereagh, turns paranoid and commits suicide with a letter opener.

1823

Dead: Generous doctor Edward Jenner, inventor of the smallpox vaccine; Gothic pioneer Ann Radcliffe, of pneumonia; Lazare Carnot, France's "Organizer of Victory" - politician, mathematician and political exile.

1824

Fall of symmetrical metal objects on Orenburg, Russia.

Dead: Poet and revolutionary Lord Byron - "mad, bad and dangerous to know" - dead of fever in Greece; Gothic writer Charles Robert Maturin, author of *Melmoth the Wanderer*.

1825

Symmetrical metal objects fall on Orenburg again.

Dead: Italian composer Antonio Salieri, supposed to have confessed to his deathbed nurses that he killed Mozart; Alexander I of Russia, "crushed" by a reign marked by tyranny and secret police; Corrupt American General James Wilkinson, dead in Mexico.

1826

3 1/2 foot long grey object seen hurtling towards the Earth in Saarbruck

Dead: American Patriots Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, on the same day; Louis Suchet, Napoleon's best General, dies denied of his peerage.

1827

Dead: Ludwig van Beethoven, after years of deafness and ill health; Visionary poet William Blake, buried in an unmarked grave; George Canning, Prime Minister of England, after only 119 days in office.

1828

Cecille and Colette Prejean are cursed in New Orleans; Black rain falls in Clyde Valley during the month of March; "Kaspar Hauser" appears from nowhere in Nuremberg

Charon retreats to the Onyx Tower {Stygia}.

Dead: Spanish Painter Francisco Goya, dies blind and deaf after years of gruesome "black paintings"; British inventor William Congreve - promptly put to work in Stygia.

1829

"Clattering" sounds in sky precede an earthquake {Irkutsk, Siberia}; 4 1/2 lb. block of ice falls from sky in Cazorta, Spain.

Dead: James Smithson, who founds the Smithsonian Institution in his will; Hated extremist Pope Leo XII, after years of ill health

1830

Fish fall from sky in Argyleshire, Scotland; Mermaid seen at island of Benbecula {Hebrides}; Affluent banker Henry Hope buys a blue, Indian diamond with a cursed past - financial ruin follows

Died: Simón Bolívar, revolutionary and later dictator - dies of tuberculosis while preparing for self-imposed exile; Stylish and extravagant King George IV of England; English Author William Hazlitt dies poor after suffering scandal.

1831

Odd, bluish-green tinge seen on the Sun in Virginia - used as a sign to start a slave revolt.

Cholera pandemic in Europe.

Died: Patriot and President James Monroe, author of the Monroe Doctrine, of heart disease; Nat Turner, 'prophet' leader of a slave revolt in Virginia - hanged, skinned and mutilated; Prussian Carl Von Clausewitz, military strategist, among the many victims of cholera.

1832

According to his wishes, Jeremy Bentham's mummified corpse is put on display in University College, London - his ghost begins to haunt the building; Combustible, yellow resin falls on Kourianof, Russia.

Died: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, highly influential man of letters; Sir Walter Scott dies of ill health while trying to write himself into the black, again.

1833

Kaspar Hauser dies after being "attacked" - no footprints found but his own; 12-foot tall human skeleton unearthed in Lompock Ranchero, California - mysteriously reburied.

Died: Cruel and foolish King Ferdinand VII of Spain, his last words a mystery.

1834

Bealings Bell-Ringer first heard {Suffolk}

Died: Influential economist Thomas Malthus, whose ideas contributed to England's ill treatment of its poor; The Marquis de La Fayette, whose aid to the American Revolution was invaluable; English poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge dies alienated by his family and sodden with opium.

1835

"Vesicular masses" - up to the size of a walnut - fall on Lobau.

Died: Francis II, the last of the Holy Roman Emperors; Samuel Slater, "father" of the American Industrial Revolution, dies rich.

1836

Cruel magistrate Archibal Jacob dies, starts haunting Wilton Castle {Ireland}; Residents in Cherbourg, France, see "luminous body" 2/3rds the size of the Moon.

Died: Explorer Davy Crocket, "king of the wild frontier," dies at the Alamo along with Jim Bowie; Stephen Austin, "father of Texas"; Aaron Burr, who shot Alexander Hamilton and stood trial for treason, still dreaming of being "Emperor" of America's West.

1837

Spring-Heeled Jack attacks for the first time; Deadly hauntings at Manor of Rillaton, in Cornwall, end when burial mound is excavated - skeleton with golden cup unearthed.

Died: Russian poet Aleksandr Pushkin, mortally wounded in a duel with his wife's supposed lover; Abolitionist Elijah P. Lovejoy - shot to death by an angry mob, his printing press destroyed shortly thereafter.

1838

Spring-Heeled Jack strikes again

Died: French Diplomat par excellence Charles Maurice de Talleyrand; William Clark, half of the Lewis and Clark Expedition

1839

Sounds like "cannonading," sometimes described as "earthquakes," begin in Comrie, Scotland. **D i e d :** Hezekiah Niles, editor of the Weekly Register, after years of paralysis; Abolitionist Benjamin Lundy, ruined by mobs, of a fever.

Almost as a counterpoint to the gradual strengthening of the Shroud, this period marked the end of the Deathlords' ability to leave Stygia. During the 1820's the members of that august body were unpleasantly surprised to discover their Fetters had been destroyed - both without their knowledge, and without harrow-

ings. How this could have been possible remained as much of a mystery as their wholesale destruction.

The Deathlords turned upon one another - each accusing the others of having engineered this. However, no proof was forthcoming, and they could only do their best to keep this sudden handicap to themselves. Sadly, by the end of the period it was one of the worst-kept secrets on the Isle of Sorrows, and they could only save face by blaming it on Heretics and Renegades. Squads of Legionnaires were sent out on punitive expeditions, distaste for transparency of their orders writ large upon their faces...

In 1828, not long after the Deathlords' unhappy revelation, Emperor Charon "retreated" to the Onyx Tower. He undertook this "second descent" for reasons known only to himself {and perhaps the Ladies of Fate} and would not explain himself to anyone. Indeed, the Emperor would not be seen in public for the rest of the Post-Tertium Era, unless one cared to give credence to odd and singular tales {such as his being seen in the Labyrinth in 1905}.

In the Emperor's absence, the squabbling Deathlords were left with the mantle of shared responsibility over the Empire. To say that this caused problems was to be guilty of massive understatement.

As an example of the above: Napoleon's death, early in the century, brought the Grim Legion a wondrous opportunity to have a massive show-trial of the man responsible for so many of its members. It was seen as a chance to parade near-endless numbers of Legionnaires in and out of Stygia to give evidence against the man whose imperial ambitions had sealed their fate. Such a spectacle would be a show of might for the Grim Legion, whose numbers were at last gaining ground on those of the Skeletal.

Unfortunately, Napoleon disappeared from his cell before he could be called to account,. The Grim Deathlord was left with no option but to try the hated man in absentia, and though the farcical nature of such a proceeding could not be any clearer, the Grim Lord still went on with his plans... until the Emperor, himself, forbade the trial.

Charon gave many reasons for this denial, some better than others. But the most compelling one of all - other than his having said "no" - was that it would add a further degree of tension between the Legions. If Stygia was to prevail in the face of its many enemies, the Legions would have to work together, as one body - not as rivals.

Such was the wisdom of Charon that the Grim Lord relented without much protest. But in the days to come, when the Emperor took no direct hand in the running of his empire, such wisdom became scarce within it, and vociferous protest became the whole of its discourse.

1837 saw the first appearance of a strange maniac, intent on scaring and harming the mortal populace of fair London. The monster was described as a man with long ears and nose, burning eyes and long, slashing claws - a man who could breathe fire into the faces of hapless victims, and then leap up to nine feet in the air to make good his escape.

The maniac's extraordinary method of running away soon earned him the name of "Spring-Heeled Jack," and his crimes soon went from harmful to murderous. The Hierarchy would spend the next several decades trying to track him down, convinced - perhaps not incorrectly - that this Jack was, indeed, a Wraith. However, in spite of any number of "captures" and "confessions," of Renegades, so-called Guild-wraiths and other Shroud-Rending criminals, the attacks continued well into the next century.

RECOMMENDED READING

"(My father) was necessarily very well read and thoroughly well-posted in all questions of folklore and medieval legend. As he kept a careful record of every case he investigated the manuscripts he left at his death have a special interest."

"The Tomb of Sarah" - F. G. Loring

This list must, by necessity, deal with primary sources of information (both recent and contemporary) and inspiration that is either recent, or else contemporary, ghostly and omnibused.

If you wish for more mundane contemporary inspiration - though some of the authors listed here surely turned out a weird tale or two in their time - we humbly steer you towards: Jane Austen, the sisters Brontë, Charles Dickens, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling, H.G. Wells, Oscar Wilde and William Butler Yeats.

And if you wish for ghostly inspiration, we implore you to investigate the works of: Algernon Blackwood, M. R. James, J. S. Le Fanu, Arthur Machen, Edgar Allan Poe and R. L. Stevenson.

The Encyclopedia of Ghosts and Spirits, Rosemary Ellen Guiley

This work should sit in the hands of any Wraith Storyteller, but it is quite handy when dealing with the Victorian Era. This was the age of Spiritualism, Spirit Photography, Mediumship and various societies formed to investigate, propagate or debunk them: movements all cataloged in this tome, along with biographies of their principal players and instigators. It also describes some of the great Hauntings of the age, which could make evocative appearances in your Victorian Age Wraith Chronicle.

The Essential Handbook of Victorian Etiquette,

Professor Thomas E. Hill

Your character has a *** in Etiquette? Splendid: but what does that mean? This slim volume - based on material written by Professor Hill between 1873 and 1890 - will tell you all you need to know about how to behave in a civilized fashion (or not). This also covers letter-writing, going to the ball, simple conversation, being guests (or hosting them), love, marriage, etc. It is blissfully short, peppy and to the point, and the illustrations are also of much amusement.

From Hell, Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell

This is in the recommended reading section of Victorian Age Vampire as well, but VAV's authors have unfortunately damned it with faint praise (as well as needless, less than complementary allusions to the movie version). Meticulously researched from both an historical and pictorial view, footnoted to within an inch of its literary life via a massive appendix and immensely immense, this is the very definition of "graphic novel." If you wish for a snapshot of the more squalid end of Victorian London, this is it. And the second appendix, which gives a somewhat skewed look at how the noxious field of so-called "Ripperology" has developed, is also highly entertaining and informative.

Ruse, divers hands

This ongoing comic series, published by Cross-generation Comics, is a fascinating and glorious work. It takes place on a world slightly different than our own, but the melding of the Victorian era with sorcery and Sherlockian detection makes it highly inspirational for use in the Victorian World of Darkness. Even if the other Crossgen Comics made you faint in the head from their incipient dreadfulness, you should at least give Ruse a try. We are informed that the first six issues have been collected in trade paperback for your convenience.

***Victorian Ghost Stories*, Michael Cox and R. A. Gilbert, eds.**

This volume is a thick collection of stories that either saw print during the proper Victorian era, or else were written by those who came of age during that time, and could be called Victorian by default. They are, much like the other literature of the time, dense and complex, but you will find no better a collection of time's ghostly musings than these. The aforementioned Mssrs. Dickens, James, Le Fanu and Wells appear here in their turn.

***The Victorian Internet*, Tom Standage**

Yes, it is quite true: the world was "wired" in the 19th century, too. Tom Standage tells a spellbinding story about the creation and bloom of the electric telegraph - an invention that brought the world closer together, and spawned a subculture with its own lingo, new kinds of crime and methods of detection, business and much more. It is well worth taking in for the delicious read, alone, but anyone wanting to map the course of electric communication's progress throughout Queen Victoria's reign should also give it a studious look.

***The Victorian World Picture*, David Newsome**

Some tend to think of the Victorian era as one in which things never changed much, as though the end of the era was birthed fully-formed at its genesis. But they would be quite wrong, and Newsome does an excellent, learned job of chronicling how the world view of the Victorians was changed by the history they lived through.

***What Jane Austen Ate and Charles Dickens Knew*, Daniel Pool**

This book is d-----d near indispensable. Though its focus is upon those aspects of 19th century England most often spoken of in the literature of the time, it covers almost all aspects of what it meant to live in that time, for rich and poor alike. The glossary alone is stupendous. It is also - much like the afore-mentioned guidebook to Victorian etiquette - blissfully short, peppy and to the point.

Other RPGs

While it might be set a little earlier than most "Victorian" games you might care to run, the unfortunately out of print **Werewolf: The Wild West** series from White Wolf should prove an enormous help to Storytellers who wish to set a game in the former colo...*ahem* excuse me - America. We would also recommend the book **Ghost Towns** from that series on its own merits, as it truly is the book when it comes to crossing **Werewolf: the Apocalypse** with **Wraith: the Oblivion**.

If you can, by some act of providence, find a copy of **Cthulhu by Gaslight** (Chaosium) or **The Golden Dawn** (Pagan Publishing) for **Call of Cthulhu**, pick them up, read them and do not let go of them for love nor money. These works are excellent, both for inspiration for any Victorian WOD Chronicle and as game supplements in their own right.

I would also hasten to recommend **Space: 1889**. While it might not be of much direct use, any one wanting an idea of where technology stood in that time, what it looked like and how fantasticists might have extrapolated from it in their scientific romances, this is the book for you. (Extra points if you can work it in via a visit from the Technocratic Union!)

ONLINE REFERENCES

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT"

- Samuel Morse, via telegraph, 1844

These sites should be of some use to players, Storytellers and anyone who cares for a peek at online Victoriana.

An 1890's Guide to Etiquette for English Gentlemen

http://everything2.com/index.pl?node_id=1219053

Exactly what is promised, if given in a highly jocular form when one considers its high importance to daily {un}life.

Averyl's Attic

<http://www.averyl.com/attic/>

A thing of bits and pieces, most of which have to do with etiquette.

Cartes-de-Visite

<http://westwood.fortunecity.com/saintlaurent/697/pixs/carte.htm>

THE source for contemporary, photographic portraits of individuals. Be certain to look at the rest of the site as well, as it contains many treasures.

The City As Hero: Online Resource Page

<http://www.gober.net/victorian/online.html>

A fantastic collection of useful links of all sorts and sizes. Be certain to explore the main page as well.

Dictionary of Victorian London

<http://www.victorianlondon.org>

A wonderfully detailed resource that is so much more an encyclopedia than a dictionary.

London House

<http://www.thelondonhouse.co.uk/>

A chance to look at the lives and homes of those who lived - or served those who lived - in London during the Victorian era.

Old Time Clipart

http://www.oldtimeclipart.com/clipart/frame_cat_web.html

Another source for images, though the ones freely offered are limited. Still, one gets what one pays for.

The Penny Magazine Online

<http://www.history.rochester.edu/pennymag/>

A period journal in online format. Useful for background information, or for inspiration to make your own.

The Time-Traveller's Guide to Victorian London

<http://www.channel4.com/history/microsites/H/history/guide19/index.html>

An amazing overview of the era, courtesy of Channel 4.

Victorian Architecture - Great Buildings Online

<http://www.greatbuildings.com/types/styles/victorian.html>

A page of links to sterling examples of the building styles of the time - a feast for the eyes.

Victorian and Edwardian Photographs

<http://www.cartes.freeuk.com/index.htm>

Robert Vaughan's exhaustive site, where one might find almost anything one needs.

The Victorian Emporium

<http://www.thevictorianemporium.net>

An online exploration of the manners, customs and etiquette of the time, with glossary.

Victorian Fonts

http://www.geocities.com/Heartland/Prairie/3560/vvg_fonts.html

An excellent source for Victorianaesque fonts for your difference engine (In case one felt like being quite creative while making materials for your game).

The Victorian Web

<http://www.scholars.nus.edu.sg/victorian/>

Scholarly information, presented much in the manner of a scholar's desk, with information scattered and hidden under cover. Still, the information presented is well worth the search.