

Book of Rooms



A SUPPLEMENT FOR **BLUEBEARD'S BRIDE** THE TABLETOP RPG

BOOK OF ROOMS



CREDITS

Published by **MAGPIE GAMES** Printed by **TAYLOR SPECIALTY BOOKS**
Lead Developer **SARAH RICHARDSON** Project Manager **MARISSA KELLY** System Lead **MARISSA KELLY**
Writing by **ELIZABETH CHAIPRADITKUL, MARISSA KELLY, FELIPE REAL, SARAH RICHARDSON**
Developmental editing by **SARAH RICHARDSON** Copy Editing by **AMANDA VALENTINE**
Proofreading by **SHELLEY HARLAN** Art Direction by **MARISSA KELLY**
Interior art by **MIRCO PAGANESSI** Cover art by **REBECCA YANOVSKAYA** Additional art by **TAWNY FRITZ, KRING**
Graphic Design and Layout by **MIGUEL ÁNGEL ESPINOZA**
Staff Support by **J. DERRICK KAPCHINSKY** and **MARK DIAZ TRUMAN**

Based on the tabletop roleplaying game **BLUEBEARD'S BRIDE**
created by **WHITNEY "STRIX" BELTRÁN, MARISSA KELLY, and SARAH RICHARDSON.**



TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	5	CHAPTER 3: EAST WING (CRAFT)	51
What Is This?	5	The Sewing Room	53
CHAPTER 1: NORTH WING (ENTERTAINMENT)	7	The Artist's Studio	55
The Music Room	9	The Laboratory	57
The Fencing Room	11	The Basement Study	59
The Gallery	13	The Classroom	61
The Tea Room	15	The Attic Nursery	63
The Game Room	17	The Library	65
The Dining Room	19	The Observatory	67
The Trophy Room	21	The Machine Shop	69
The Smoking Room	23	The Greenhouse	71
The Private Theatre	25	CHAPTER 4: SOUTH WING (INTIMATE)	73
The Ballroom	27	The Chapel	75
CHAPTER 2: WEST WING (SUPPORT)	29	The Powder Room	77
The Servants' Quarters	31	The Bathhouse	79
The Laundry Room	33	The Master Bedroom	81
The Kitchen	35	The Meditation Room	83
The Freezer	37	The Aviary Balcony	85
The Pantry	39	The Water Closet	87
The Wine Cellar	41	The Sex Room	89
The Crematorium	43	The Chambermaids' Quarters	91
The Infirmary	45	The South Tower	93
The Kennel	47	AFTERWORD	94
The Stables	49		





WHAT IS THIS?

THE BOOK OF ROOMS is a supplement for **BLUEBEARD'S BRIDE**, a tabletop roleplaying game of supernatural horror set in a familiar fairy tale. The game is a little different than the fairy tale, in that a group of players explore Bluebeard's home together as the newest Bride and create their own version of the dark fairy tale.

In the original tale, a young woman is married to an older man with the namesake beard, despite rumors of previous wives with unknown fates, and whisked off to his secluded home. Bluebeard then leaves on business, and the new bride is left to explore the house—except for one forbidden room. This room grabs her imagination, and the bride's curiosity festers within her until she finally succumbs and opens that door, sealing her fate.

During the game, the players spend their time in the rooms of Bluebeard's house. They learn about themselves, and about Bluebeard's former wives, and about the many terrible things that can be hidden behind a door with a lock. That last room, however, is where the game ends, and their story is concluded.

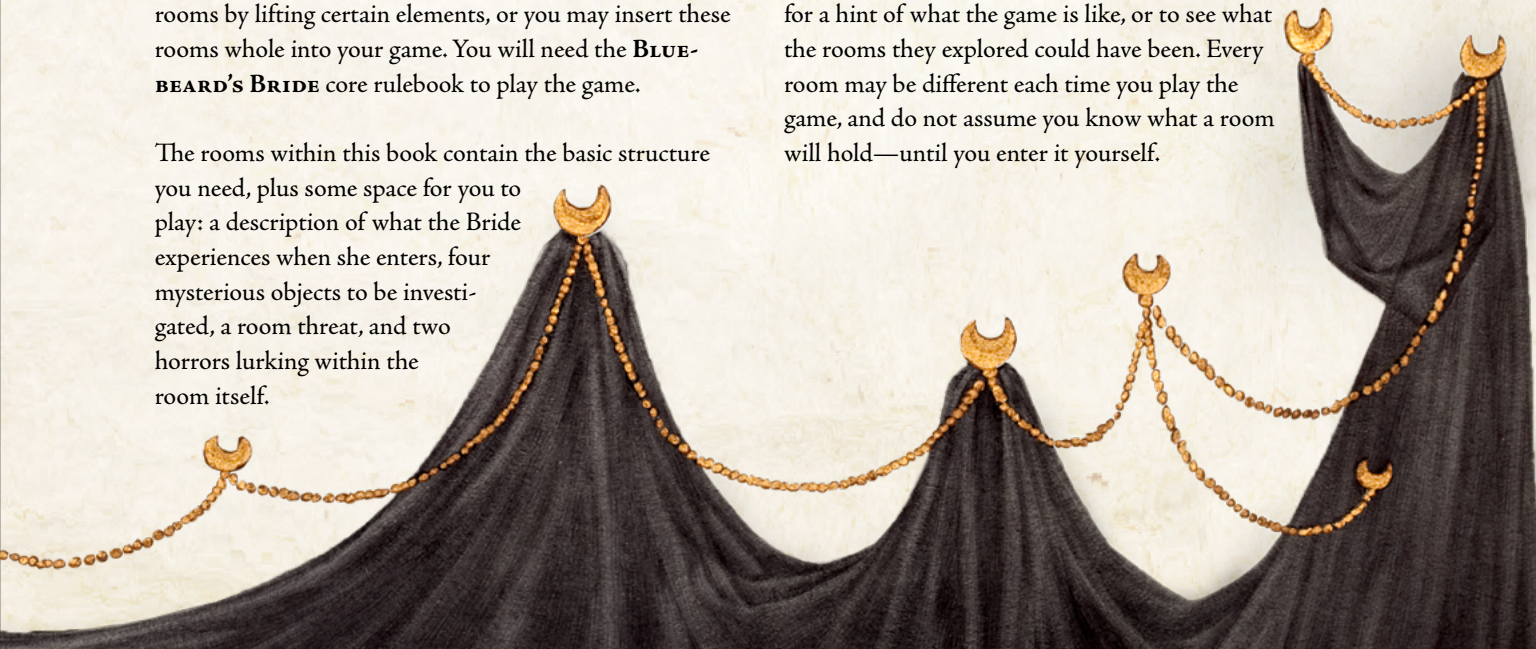
HOW DO I USE THIS BOOK?

If you are running **BLUEBEARD'S BRIDE**, you will create rooms for your players to explore based on the information they gave you at character creation and the keys they describe. You can use this book as inspiration for your own rooms by lifting certain elements, or you may insert these rooms whole into your game. You will need the **BLUEBEARD'S BRIDE** core rulebook to play the game.

The rooms within this book contain the basic structure you need, plus some space for you to play: a description of what the Bride experiences when she enters, four mysterious objects to be investigated, a room threat, and two horrors lurking within the room itself.

We've left the remaining two objects open so you can use them as a base for custom horrors.

Players and others may enjoy perusing the book for a hint of what the game is like, or to see what the rooms they explored could have been. Every room may be different each time you play the game, and do not assume you know what a room will hold—until you enter it yourself.







CHAPTER 1

NORTH WING



“A home as old as this demands its own penance,” he says sorrowfully. His milky glass eye is unrelenting as the Bride glides through the elegant halls of the entertainment wing.





THE MUSIC ROOM

ROOM THREAT: Religion -> Underworld

The dark wooden doors have two handles shaped like the keys of a piano, which gleam in the light of the hallway. Pressing down on the keys prompts a soft plinking that echoes through the doors as they open.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

This giant circular room has a domed ceiling and is filled with finely made musical instruments—pianos, cellos, flutes, violas, drums, guitars, harmonicas, bells. Any instrument you can imagine can be found here, including a strange metal box with a series of knobs and a long antenna protruding from one end. A circle of high backed chairs, each with a singular sapphire blue candle placed on the seat, surrounds the metal box as if silently waiting for the show to begin. Frescoes depicting a parade of musicians adorn the walls and the marbled floor is decorated in a concentric circular pattern of musical notes.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Patterns of musical notes on floor*
- ❖ *Theremin*
- ❖ *Fresco of parading musicians*
- ❖ *High backed chairs with sapphire candles*

HORRORS OF THE MUSIC ROOM

Theremin

When you run your hand over the strange box, it emits a soft wail. The closer your hand wanders to the antenna, the higher the pitch.

As the instrument's wail grows louder, crying out like a woman in pain, it contorts into the shape of a woman's torso. Her breasts are mutilated, intestines strung up and tied around her neck, and crimson blood pours onto the floor and mats her flaming red hair. The musical notes laid into the marble floor take on an eerie glow. The screams intensify and a dark power surges through your veins. Insects fly from the instruments with a cacophony of sound, forming a swirling mass around you—the eye of the storm.

Fresco of parading musicians

Men, women, and merry-makers are depicted in an endless parade. They play instruments, fly kites, and joyfully run from men dressed as devils in some sort of celebration.

Each time you look at a different section of the painting, a bride appears in the scene. She has long flowing red hair and is dressed in a nightgown. Her gown is open and her guts are strung up around her throat like the neck of a cello.



THE FENCING ROOM

ROOM THREAT: *Motherhood -> Grief*

As you enter the room, your soft cheek presses against the cold silver of two swords carved into the polished door, one crossed over the other.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

Moonlight creeps through the dirty glass ceiling of the fencing room. The scent of rotting fabrics wafts across the room as your steps echo off the stone walls. Across from the door is a row of heavy wooden chairs upholstered with faded crimson velvet and shackled with chain. The central chair is decorated with delicate carvings of wolves hunting deer. To one side of the room, a row of rapiers glints in the moonlight. On another wall hangs a portrait of Bluebeard with a woman and a young boy, flanked by battered training dummies.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ Rapiers
- ❖ Heavy wooden chairs
- ❖ Painting of the family
- ❖ Training dummies

HORRORS OF THE FENCING ROOM

Rapiers

Each rapier has a unique hilt, with some common elements to match the rest. They are decorated with lovely women's faces, each expression sorrowful with metal tears on their cheeks.

If you touch a rapier, you prick your finger on the impossibly sharp edges of the swords. A small, ruby drop of blood forms atop the wound; each time it is wiped away, a new one appears. This small wound is ever present and unhealing.

Heavy wooden chairs

A heavy layer of dust covers the chairs, save the one in the center. It sits, perfectly clean, as if waiting for you to sit in it.

Sitting in the chair causes the manacles to close around your wrists and ankles. Two ghostly figures rise from the ground in wisps of blue smoke—a shadowy terror of bones and a young boy who looks lovingly toward you. The two begin their duel with practice rapiers, sharp points made safe with dull points. By sheer luck the boy scores a hit on the boney creature's shoulder and the sounds of clashing metal cease. Silence gathers around the two figures. The creature breaks its rapier against its thigh, grabs the boy by the neck, and plunges the now-sharp end into his heart. Utter sorrow ignites through your body, clawing up your throat, screaming out of your mouth.



THE GALLERY

ROOM THREAT: *Body -> Illness*

The double door, made of cold, greenish metal, is exquisitely decorated but has been neglected for a long time. Its upper section is decorated with metallic flowers that emerge from its center. In its lowest section, two rampant lions face against one another.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

This abandoned art gallery has numerous canvases hung on both sides of the room, barely illuminated by the dying sun. Even from afar you can see a thick layer of dust over the pictures, muting their bright colors. The room still smells of the beeswax candles that sit unlit in cold sconces, with a candle on the floor drawing your attention. As you walk, you are surprised by lively sculptures of the same greenish metal as the door depicting women in various stages of life. They are all so life-like that you fear to touch them; you study them from the corner of your eye as you pass them by. In the center of the gallery there is an unfinished sculpture of a skeletal hand and a stand holding a picture covered by a stained blanket.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Numerous canvases*
- ❖ *Candle on the floor*
- ❖ *Unfinished sculpture of a skeletal hand*
- ❖ *Picture covered by a stained blanket*

HORRORS OF THE GALLERY

Unfinished sculpture of a skeletal hand

As soon as you touch the unfinished hand, it crumbles to dust. In the dim light of twilight you can see something white beneath the dust.

If you search the dust, you discover fragile bones splintered apart. It takes you only a moment to recognize them as not only human, but as the thin, delicate bones belonging to a young woman, probably one around your age.

Picture covered by a stained blanket

When you touch the blanket your fingers feel greasy. The blanket is heavy and well positioned. It won't come off easily.

If you make the effort to pull the blanket away, it reveals a vivid painting of an elderly, drawn woman whose eyes and other facial features look uncannily realistic. If you get closer, you realize that the skin and eyes are in fact real and wonderfully well preserved. They adorn the rough sketch of an old, emaciated lady beneath them.



THE TEA ROOM

ROOM THREAT: *Sexuality -> Sexual Violence*

A double door with a white oak frame and glass interiors is decorated by straight and sinuous lines in a seductive composition. The handles are made of glass and must be handled gently.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

You are standing inside a minuscule tea room. It is cramped on all sides by cabinets full of the most delicate china hand-painted with butterflies, kittens, foxes, and chicks. A very feminine, blue floral damask wallpaper covers all the walls and the floor. The air is close, suffocating, and you have trouble breathing. You fear that even the slightest movement on your part will cause a disaster, breaking all the invaluable china that surrounds you, burying you beneath its thousand sharp pieces. As if this were not enough, a massive blue silk sofa with a back that curves like butterfly wings occupies the rest of available space. Beside it on a small wooden table is a teapot with a gleaming gilt lid and a golden teacup.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Cabinets full of delicate, hand-painted china*
 - ❖ *Massive blue silk sofa*
 - ❖ *Teapot with a gleaming gilt lid*
 - ❖ *Golden teacup*
-

HORRORS OF THE TEA ROOM

Massive blue silk sofa

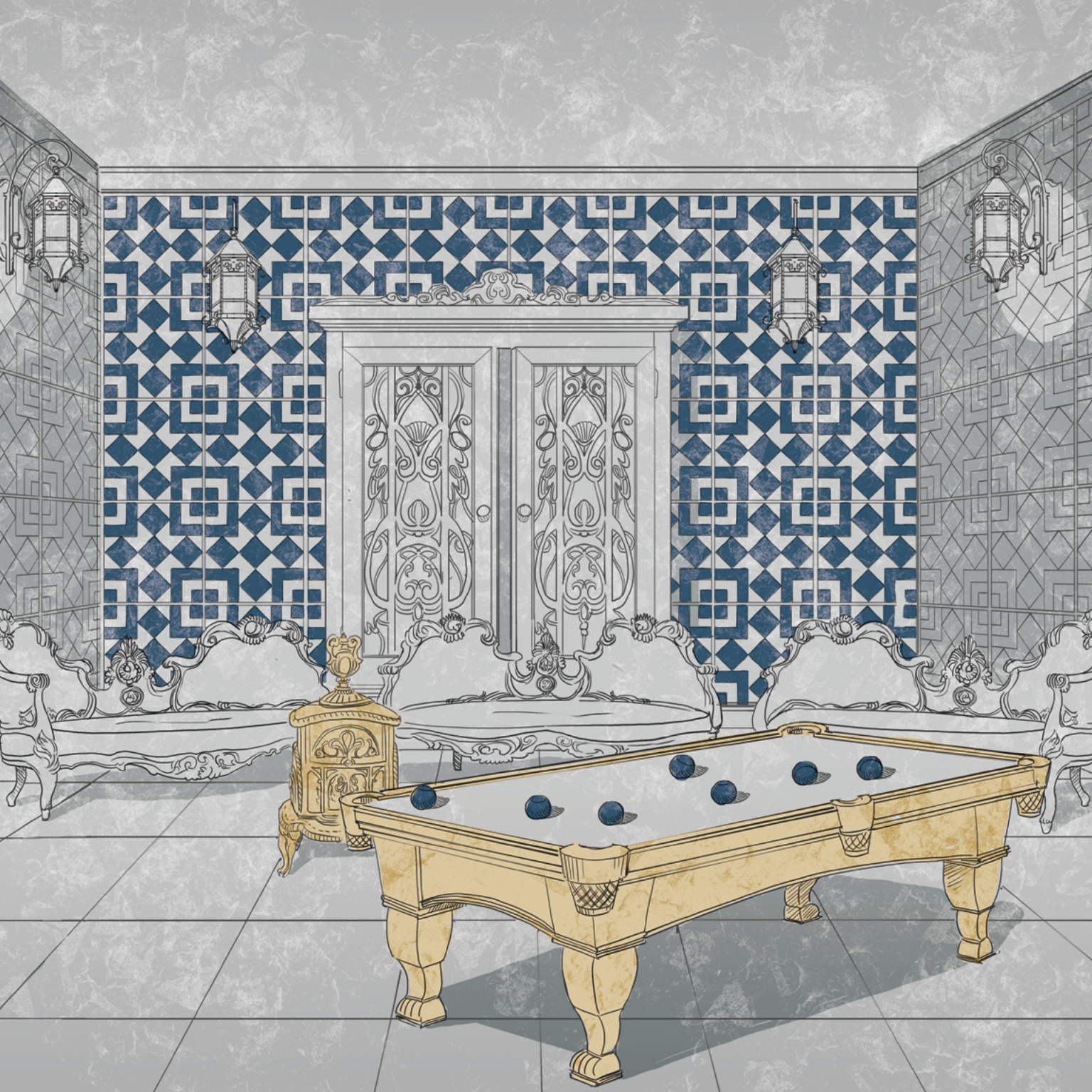
This iridescent blue sofa invites anyone who lays eyes on it to try its comfortable shape.

The sofa's back closes in, trapping you in its embrace. The blue fabric ripples, caressing the Bride's body even as the sofa tightens its grip until you can't breathe. The silk forces its way past your lips, pushing into your throat in a rush. The silk takes on warmth until it feels like skin, and the part inside of you pulses as if alive.

Teapot with a gleaming gilt lid

The lid holds fast to the kettle and resists any involuntary movement that could open it.

Dark fluid overruns the spout and top of the teapot, forming a pool on the floor. A woman rises from it and tells the Bride she should just relax and stop pretending to be such a tease. If you resist the woman's advances, she throws you around the room into the cabinets of china.



THE GAME ROOM

ROOM THREAT: *Sexuality -> Humiliation*

The plain oaken door has a rusty knob that shrills when you turn it, and the mighty structure groans as you push it open.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

You are standing inside a game room. The walls are covered in blue tiles with perfectly symmetric shapes. The place reeks of cleaning chemicals and numerous gaslight bulbs hiss as they shed their ghostly radiance. There is a wooden pool table with red cloth and a number of pool balls of different colors spread all over it. Beyond it, three sofas face a cold, blackened stove. At the far end of the room there is a crimson cabinet with an unhinged door barely closed.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Wooden pool table with red cloth*
- ❖ *Number of pool balls of different colors*
- ❖ *Cold, blackened stove*
- ❖ *Crimson cabinet with an unhinged door*

UNHINGED

HORRORS OF THE GAME ROOM

Wooden pool table with red cloth

As you examine the pool table, you discover scratch marks that are barely disguised by a recent coat of paint. The edges have what you can only surmise to be bite marks, and the pockets seem to be filled with some dark, thick substance.

If you touch the liquid, the whole table trembles as if possessed. The pockets start spewing their viscous red substance, and the pool balls—made of human bone—fly at you with vicious accuracy, as if thrown by a powerful arm.

Crimson cabinet with an unhinged door

The dark red closet looks pristine and in perfect condition, except for the unhinged door on its left side. You can see some ruby stains on its handle.

If you remove the unhinged door, the contents fall on the floor with a loud crash. Before you can do anything, a female form emerges from them. She is made of leather and latex; her head is a whole head mask with no eyes; she has whips for arms and high-heeled boots for legs. She mumbles as she gets closer and closer to you. When she is a breath away, you finally understand what she has been saying all along, *“I shall give you pleasure.”* Then she strikes you with her whips and tries to stab you with her heels.



THE DINING ROOM

ROOM THREAT: *Sexuality -> Sexual Violence*

The lavish double doors are decorated in gold filigree. Two elegant peacock shaped handles glimmer in the light.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

The dining room is two times taller than the hallway and the walls are upholstered with cobalt blue velvet. The marble floor, carpet, fireplace, chairs, and table all echo the walls—painted, polished, and picked to be the deepest, richest blue. All except the ceiling, which is one gigantic looking glass stretching from one end of the room to the other, patinated from time, but no less exquisite. Above the fireplace hangs a darkly hued painting housed in an indigo frame carved with roses. The centerpiece on the table features sprigs of butterfly bush sprouting from a lavish spread of fruits, deer skulls, and berries dripping with strings of glass beads in hues of blues and purples. A bottle of champagne sweats in a silver bowl of ice next to the table.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *The centerpiece*
- ❖ *Mirror on the ceiling*
- ❖ *Painting above the fireplace*
- ❖ *Bottle of champagne on ice*

HORRORS OF THE DINING ROOM

Painting above the fireplace

When you study the painting, you realize the figures in it are moving. Set in this very dining room, you see Bluebeard atop a beautiful woman. The two naked bodies move out of sync with one another, his violent, methodical movements disjointed from the woman's writhing body. Bluebeard's gaze meets yours, his movements intensify, his gaze boring into you.

If you turn away from the painting, you trip over the edge of the carpet, realizing it is soaked in blood.

Mirror on the ceiling

Gazing into the mirror above you, you see six women seated around the dinner table, each adorned with an azure crown of thorned roses. Flies buzz over a rotting centerpiece as they pick at the decomposing fruits set before them.

If you stares into the mirror, the Bride is safe. Each time you turn from the mirror and look back, the dead brides are closer to where you are standing until they are able to reach you. Within arm's reach, they step into reality pulling you onto the dining room table, tearing at your clothes, toying with your body, preparing you for your wedding night with Bluebeard.



THE TROPHY ROOM

ROOM THREAT: *Motherhood -> Grief*

The glass door is decorated with reliefs of many animals of various shapes and sizes, some of them unfamiliar. The golden handle is shaped like a wolf's paw.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

The trophy room has a fire lit in the hearth, and its dark orange light allows you to see the horrifying spectacle of the place. The air is hot and you start sweating profusely as your eyes go from severed animal head to severed animal head, all of them ghoulishly preserved in their last moments of life. The strong odors of the chemicals used for taxidermy assault your senses, and you feel dizzy. A carpet made out of a bear's skin makes you take a step back, only to collide with a stand with a raven embalmed in mid-flight that tumbles to the ground and miraculously survives the fall intact. A number of arrow ends stuck on a massive, furry shape catch your attention.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *The fire lit in the hearth*
- ❖ *Carpet made out of a bear's skin*
- ❖ *Raven embalmed in mid-flight*
- ❖ *Arrow ends stuck on a massive, furry shape*

HORRORS OF THE TROPHY ROOM

The fire lit in the hearth

If you get close to it, you realize that this fire provides no warmth. Its flames seem unusually rhythmic and you suspect that they are not of this world.

The flames do not harm you, but they turn blue and all the severed animal heads on the walls start to scream their death throes at the same time. Underneath the cacophony is a woman pleading for someone to take her life rather than her son's.

Arrow ends stuck on a massive, furry shape

The shape is strange—hunched over with the arrows disrupting its silhouette.

A teenage boy, pierced by multiple arrow points that protrude from his naked skin, stands and shrugs off the wolf fur he was draped with. "Why? Why, Father?" he cries as a ghostly middle-aged woman appears beside him. Her white nightgown is stained red with blood. Her eyes sparkle with anger as she orders him to kill you. The boy doesn't hesitate to attack with his hands and teeth.



THE SMOKING ROOM

ROOM THREAT: *Body -> Illness*

Pressing your cheek against the black door painted with silver plumes of smoke, the heady scent of a crackling fire kisses your nose.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

A soft carpet woven with geometric floral patterns muffles the sound of your footsteps. Large cases flank the wall, filled with innumerable books, flasks, boxes, and pipes. Next to the roaring fireplace is an elegant chaise lounge and an azure glass water pipe. To the left of the chaise lounge is a handsome teak table with pestle and mortar, inkwell, tweezers, and a wooden box inlaid with silver sparrows.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Azure glass water pipe*
- ❖ *Chaise lounge*
- ❖ *Tweezers*
- ❖ *Silver inlaid wooden box*

HORRORS OF THE SMOKING ROOM

Azure glass water pipe

A tiny coal burns at the top of the pipe and a fragrant tobacco rests in the clay bowl. The hose of the hookah is tipped with an intricate ivory mouthpiece depicting a woman tangled in and choking on her own hair. A dark liquid fills the azure glass base.

Taking the morbid mouthpiece in your hands and inhaling deeply, smoke fills your lungs. It tastes familiar, deliciously coppery and sweet. You feel a wetting between your legs. Slipping your hand beneath your skirts, your fingers come out tinged with blood.

Silver inlaid wooden box

There are thin pieces of paper and pungent herbs in the box, more than enough for someone to roll several cigarettes. There are rows of expertly rolled cigarettes, each one still slightly damp where someone licked the paper to seal it. You find strands of hair among the herbs if you open one. Red, brown, blonde, curly, straight—each cigarette holds evidence of a different woman.

Lighting the joint causes the walls to melt, and the fireplace explodes in a holocaust of flames. The skeletal figure of a woman stands in front of you, bathed in blood. She sold her body, piece by piece, ounce by ounce, to a man who offered to feed the sickness in her veins. She begs for a piece of you; if you will not give it, she will take it.

THE PRIVATE THEATRE

ROOM THREAT: *Body* -> *Beauty Standards*

Two angels wearing masks, one of comedy and the other tragedy, hold closed the dark aubergine doors. When you press down the angels' wings, the door slides open with a hiss.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

As you descend the opulent staircase of the private theatre, chandeliers dripping with multifaceted crystals light your way. Rows upon rows of well-appointed seats, each with a playbill tacked to the back titled *A Night of Comedy*, *a Night for Tragedy*, lead down to the stage. Framed by gold- and sapphire-painted carvings, with heavy black curtains, the stage bustles with movement. Masked men and women tie corsets with busks appliquéd to appear as devils' mouths with interlocking teeth. They recite lines and sweep across the stage as they rehearse for an upcoming tragedy. At the sound of your footsteps, a hush falls over the actors and the room's lights dim. A spotlight forms in the middle of the stage and the actors applaud.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Shining crystal chandeliers*
- ❖ *Playbills*
- ❖ *Devil's mouth corset*
- ❖ *The spotlight*

HORRORS OF THE PRIVATE THEATRE

The spotlight

The actors welcome you with warm words and wandering hands. Gently, they remove your clothing and powder your face, each hand running its fingers over your body, teasing warmth from your limbs. A giant mirror is turned toward you—naked, alone, imperfect. The stage falls quiet and a chill licks over your skin.

As you look into the mirror, a distorted reflection meets your gaze. Your breasts, once high and firm, now sag, your nipples pointing at the floor. Your waist thickens, merging with your hips. Your belly hangs, its wrinkled flesh touching your thighs. Blue veins snake up your legs. Behind you is a chorus of laughter.

Shining crystal chandeliers

Tiny rainbows reflect all around the room.

Focusing on each iridescent light you see reflections of a gorgeous woman. She dances and wriggles with joy, running her hands along the curves of her body in admiration. Two hands reach out behind her and caress her naked figure. The smile on her face falls as she tries to shield her nakedness with her hands. Her eyes grow dull, and blood pours from her neck, down her breasts, dirtying her pubic hair, and pooling on the floor.



THE BALLROOM

ROOM THREAT: *Sexuality -> Nymphomania*

A huge double door dominates the hallway. The upper part is silver while the lower is golden, with a stair design. Two steel pillars frame it, and a massive steel pediment depicts a city under the sea, where fish dance with people.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

The ballroom is well lit by a thousand candles, their holders decorated with silver seashells and starfish. The silence of the empty room is disturbed only by the scratching sound of a gramophone that continues spinning without a record on it. Your heels clatter as you move across the gleaming floor. Long tables extend on both sides of the ballroom, cluttered with unused cutlery and dishes and bowls of all shapes and sizes. Out of all of them, a silver dish with a piece of meat on it calls your attention. In the center of the room there is a half-lit, massive crystal candelabrum fashioned to look like a piece of coral, with tiny sculptures of fish schooling inside it. To your left you can see the sculpture of an Inuit woman with a fish where her hand would be.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Gramophone that spins without a record*
- ❖ *Half-lit, massive crystal candelabrum*
- ❖ *Silver dish with a piece of meat on it*
- ❖ *Sculpture of an Inuit woman*

HORRORS OF THE BALLROOM

Silver dish with a piece of meat on it

This is the only dish that appears to be in use. The piece of meat on it appears freshly cut.

You realize this is a human foot, recently ripped from a young woman. Your hands are stained by the glimmering red that keeps coming out of it.

Sculpture of an Inuit woman

When you get closer, you realize the woman has two nesting triangles on her forehead, as well as some lines in her chin. She is looking down, resigned to her fate.


The woman's eyes fix upon you and she says, with a clear voice, "*They punish me for giving myself—and other girls—pleasure. How is that fair?*" As she speaks, she moves closer to you. "*They cut my fingers and drowned me, but I survived—and I can still give you pleasure,*" she says, her fish coming toward your inner thighs.



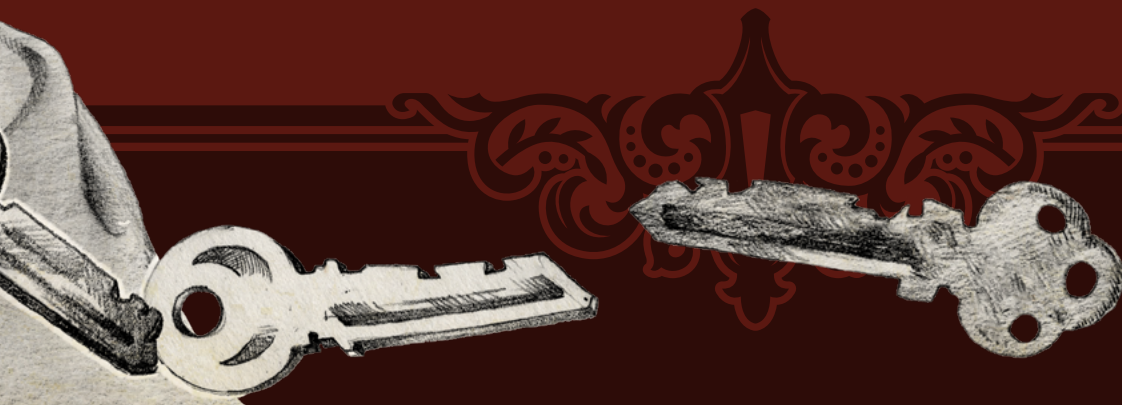



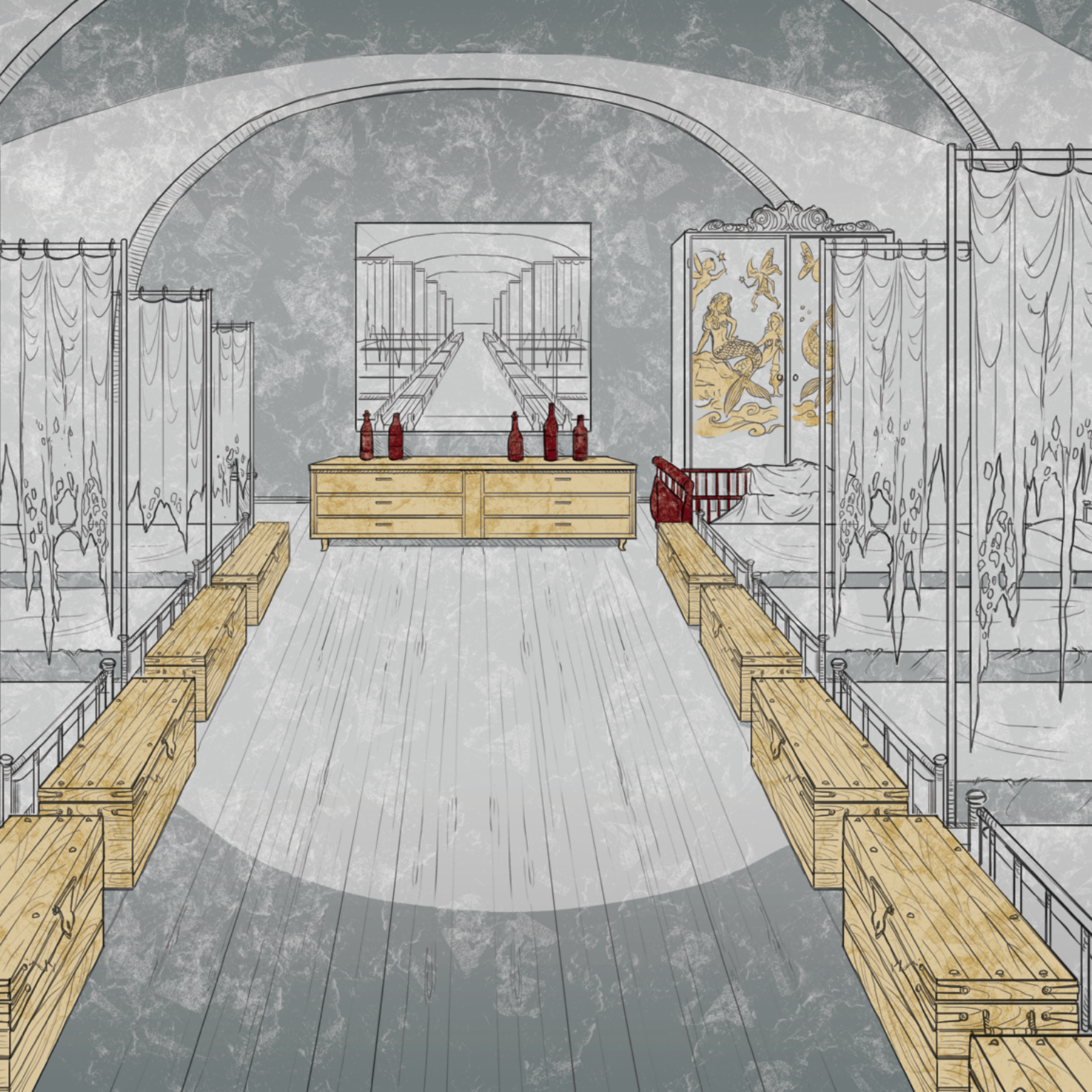
CHAPTER 2

WEST WING



“Is she squealing too loud? Dinner can be nasty buisness for a pig,”
he laughs viciously. His chapped lips smack lewdly as the
Bride hurries through the dank halls of the support wing.





THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS

ROOM THREAT: *Sexuality -> Abortion*

The word STAFF is etched into a brass plaque nailed to a fine wooden door. The simple wooden handle eventually gives way with a soft moan.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

Threadbare mattresses line the wooden walls, separated by thin curtains turned to lace by moths and time. Wooden chests with names etched into them, then crossed out, then etched again, sit at the base of each bed. Toward the back of the dark room is a single dresser with a few glass bottles lined up against a dirty mirror. The silhouette of a child's crib is hidden away in a corner behind a cloth. Nearby sits a simple wooden cabinet painted with faded mermaids and pixies. The room smells of sweat and onions, underlaid by something rotten.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Servants' chests*
- ❖ *Dresser with glass bottles*
- ❖ *Crib*
- ❖ *Pixie and mermaid cabinet*

HORRORS OF THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS

Servants' chests

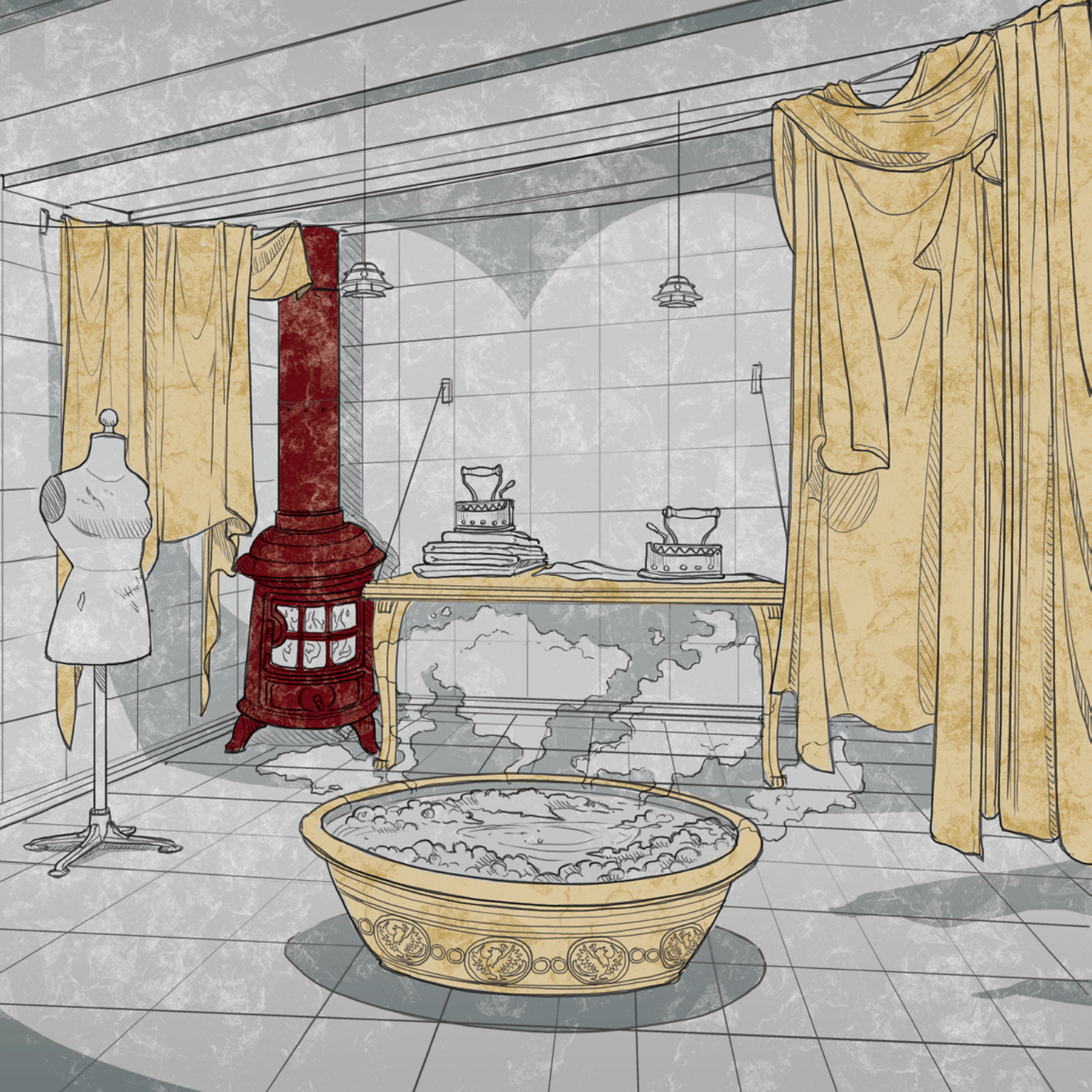
The name Badia was originally scrawled on the chest, then scratched off and the name Fidan was written above it, then Pinar... The names go on. Touching the small steel lock on the chest, it falls open, welcoming you to open it.

Inside the chest is the tiny body of a dead baby wrapped in its own umbilical cord, its mouth sewn shut. A small cross is clutched in its hand and as you exhale over its body, the baby's eyes fling open. Terrified cries reverberate through the room, ripping through your heart and head. Clutching your temples in pain, you look down to see the umbilical cord is now hanging between your legs, attached to you, and leading to the squirming baby who has a row of razor sharp teeth.

Crib

Drawing closer to the crib, you hear the desperate cries of a small child. Its cries echo through the near-empty room, the tiny child choking on the dusty air of the servants' quarters.

Throwing back the thin veil, you are met by an empty crib and lumpy mattress. A small length of wire sticks out from under a knitted blanket. Tugging on the length of wire, a straightened hanger crusted in blood comes loose in your hand. A woman's voice whispers in your ear, blaming you for the situation you got yourself into.



THE LAUNDRY ROOM

ROOM THREAT: *Sexuality -> Humiliation*

The grease from your fingers smudges this perfectly white door. The porcelain door handle glides easily into your hand, sliding the door open.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

Steam rises from a wide basin of soapy water in the center of this immaculate room. Alabaster tiles cover the floor and walls of the room and bright white lights hang from the ceiling. Men and women move quickly between tasks, scrubbing linens in scalding hot water, hanging them to dry, and pressing flat the clean sheets. Rows upon rows of spotless sheets hang at the back of the room waiting to be folded on a simple two-legged folding table attached to the wall. A row of irons and a small, black furnace toward the back is the only dark spot in this room.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ Water basin
- ❖ Rows of hanging sheets
- ❖ Folding table
- ❖ Furnace and irons

HORRORS OF THE LAUNDRY ROOM

Furnace and irons

A neat row of irons stands next to a sizzling black furnace.

A young maid kneels weeping before the furnace, placing hot coals into an iron. The iron has fused to her unprotected hand. She reaches for another coal with her blistered hands, but hesitates and it falls to the ground. For a moment the room around you grows dark and dank, the tiles chip and age, a brisk wind hits your neck. Then, in a blink of an eye you are back in the clean white room and the girl is gone.

Folding table

Drawing closer to the folding table, you see a pale woman in a white dress standing in front of it, frantically folding undergarments. The lines on her face are drawn tight, her wrinkly hands working at a frantic pace as she mutters to herself.

The woman turns to you, gasping at your hideously dirty dress. A low hiss whistles between her teeth. The commotion of the laundry room immediately stops, the lights flicker, the tiled walls chip, and the basins overflow with ruddy red water. *“Only dirty women with dirty thoughts keep themselves in such a way. You are just like her, a dirty girl who needs to be punished. I will scrub you clean!”* The water continues to rise, lapping at your ankles and wetting your dress.



THE KITCHEN

ROOM THREAT: *Motherhood -> Family*

Pushing aside a dark red curtain reveals a sturdy oaken door with a dark silver handle. The scent of cooling delicacies wafts through the slit at the bottom of the door.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

The short staircase leading down to the kitchen is lined with moldy dried herbs. The kitchen itself is a broad stone room with an uneven stone floor. An ancient metal oven is next to the fireplace, which is just barely smoking from a fire stoked hours ago, a cold stewpot suspended from a hook nearby. A rotund man in a poorly fitting white apron and chef hat dozes on a chair next to a central table. A cleaver tied to his belt scrapes over the floor, back and forth with every labored breath he takes. He is deeply asleep, drool sliding past his cracked lips. Atop the table, dozens of meat pies are piled upon one another, each decorated with a small pastry heart or flower. They smell like the meat pies the Bride's mother made for special occasions.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ Oven
- ❖ Stewpot
- ❖ Cleaver
- ❖ Meat pies

HORRORS OF THE KITCHEN

Stewpot

The stew lies cold in the pot, forgotten for what seems like days. A heavy ladle is frozen in a thick layer of coagulated fat resting atop the liquid and obscuring its contents.

Pulling the ladle from the fat reveals a thick brown sludge with round bits of meat resting in the chunky liquid. There is a tiny, unmistakably human, toe in it.

Meat pies

A giant meat pie and several smaller ones lie on the heavy kitchen table. Something wriggles underneath the crust of the large pie like fingers attempting to pry open a package.

The crust of the large pie finally splits, disgorging a beating heart among the meaty filling. It beats three times, the sound like a fist pounding on a door, and then goes silent. Despite the disturbing sight, it smells utterly delicious. The crust is lightly browned and flaky, and the savory sauce has bits of vegetables in it. Surely, a tiny piece wouldn't be missed.



THE FREEZER

ROOM THREAT: Motherhood -> Grief

The icy door of the freezer hums with electric power. Pressing down the smooth iron handle, you feel a seal of ice breaking under the pressure of your body.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

Icicles hang on meathooks suspended from the ceiling. Glacial air pumps into the room from a chattering cooling unit at the far side of the room, something clicking inside of it. A strange, frozen hunk of meat hangs upon a frozen hook; next to it, a rough wooden crate holds more meat wrapped up in parcels. Peering through the icy fog in the room, you see a frozen tableau at the back of the freezer. A woman made of ice clutches something to her chest, teardrops frozen on her face as she glances behind her in fear. Crystallized water wraps around her figure in floral patterns and winged birds of ice take flight behind her frail form. Her long, elegant nightgown is a sheer fabric of snow trailing behind her.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- » Cooling unit
- » Hanging meat
- » Parcels of meat
- » Tableau

MEAT

HORRORS OF THE FREEZER

Cooling unit

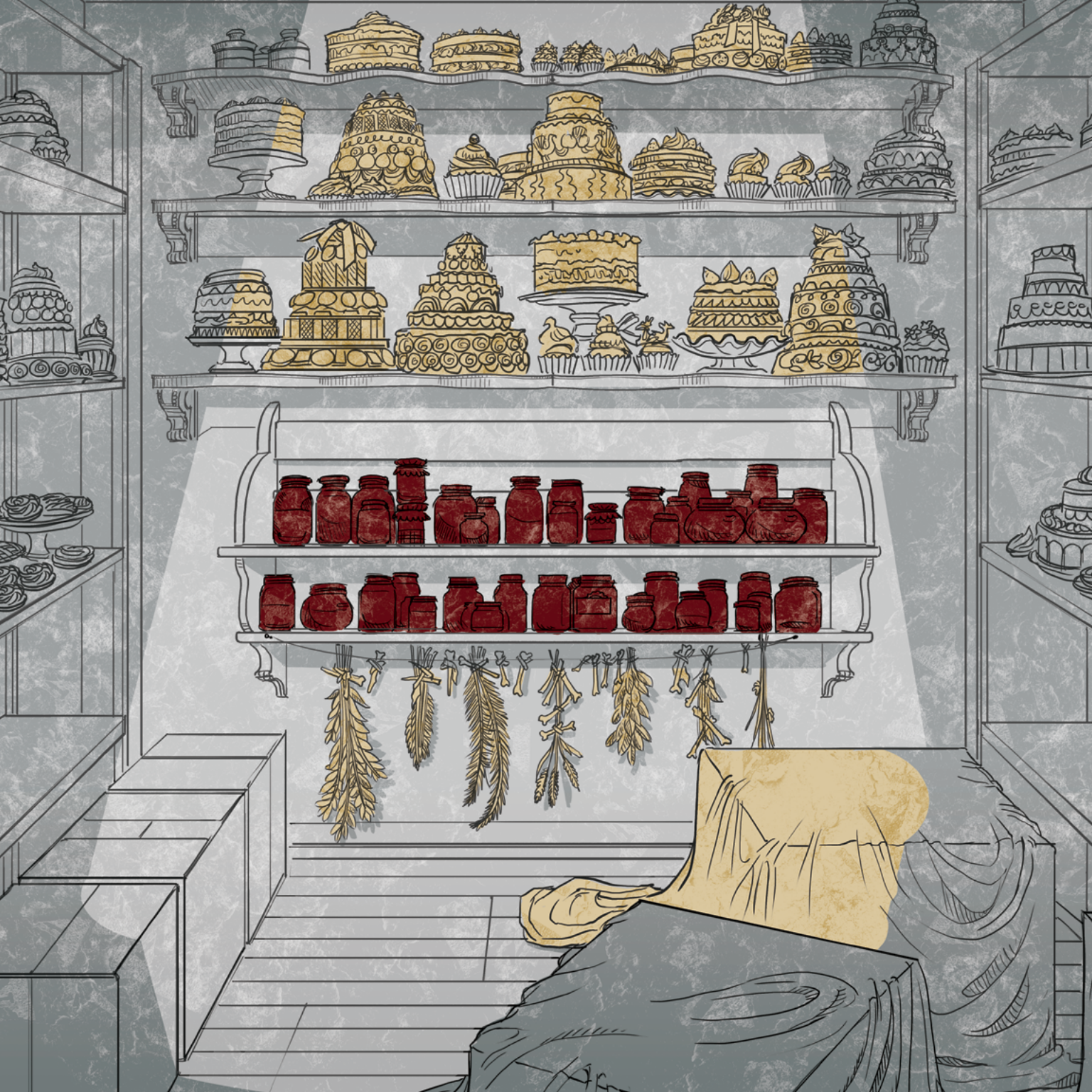
The cooling unit hums and shakes under the strain of keeping such a cavernous room at low temperatures. Your thin fingers just manage to fit between the slats pumping out cool air.

Opening the cooling unit, you find a tiny silver rattle bumping around in the stream of cold air. When you shake it, the sound of a wailing baby fills the air along with the crying of a woman. Suddenly both sounds are overwhelmed by the sound of the cooling unit kicking on.

Tableau

As you walk towards the tableau, the woman's frozen eyes seem to follow you no matter where you go. In her hands you see the frozen, fleshy corpse of a tiny baby.

Your touch creates the tiniest crack in the ice bride's skin and her face turns towards you. Shaking off her snowy gown, the ice brice reveals her naked body, a giant slash across her belly, her stomach hanging from the open wound like a tongue wagging between lips. She holds her frozen child out to you, looking to your skirts for someplace to keep it warm.



THE PANTRY

ROOM THREAT: *Body -> Eating Disorders*

The door smells sweet and is slightly sticky to the touch. The white paint has yellowed over time. The ornate handle easily pushes open with years of use.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

As you enter this tiny room, a single light shines down on you, casting shadows on the ugliest parts of your body. Directly in front of you is a row of beautifully decorated cakes and candies. Almond cookies frosted like roses, cream-filled cakes stacked upon one another, delicate petit fours laced with sugar crystals and edible gems. Beneath the cakes is a shelf packed with cloudy jars of preserves, enough to feed an entire house if need be. Nailed to this shelf are various bundles of dried herbs, some including bits of bone, and all are tied with pieces of leather. Near your feet you spy various crates covered in soft white linens and to your left a row of faded cardboard boxes.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Beautifully decorated cakes and candies*
- ❖ *Cloudy jars of preserves*
- ❖ *Bundles of herbs and bones*
- ❖ *Linen-covered crate*

HORRORS OF THE PANTRY

Beautifully decorated cakes and candies

The cakes and candies smell divine. Topped with glacé icing, cherries, candied lemons, and stuffed with cream; saliva fills your mouth the moment you see them.

When you sink your teeth into the soft cake, a burst of sugar hits your tongue. Hunger consumes you and you eat another and another, stuffing your face until your stomach begs you to stop. You feel your corset tightening and a tiny button flies from your dress. The fat on your stomach seems to be growing, folding in on itself, expanding, spreading around your hips. The only thing that will stop it is making yourself ill.

Linen-covered crate

You remove the linen cloth atop the crate to reveal boxes upon boxes and bags upon bags. Resting neatly next to these receptacles is a thin wooden spoon with a long smooth handle.

The boxes and bags are filled with moldy vomit. Scattered across the top are teeth. When you look up, a woman with broken teeth is watching you. She is emaciated, but only talks of how fattening the cakes must be.



THE WINE CELLAR

ROOM THREAT: *Sexuality -> Nymphomania*

The door opens easily when you slide the key into the hole and push. It is damp to the touch and stained with smoke.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

The heady scent of moldering oak fills your nostrils as you carefully descend the creaking stairs of the dimly lit wine cellar. Drunk, giggling, whispering dark secrets to one another, servants lounge within this dank room enjoying the wine from a keg on a central table. Next to the keg, a servant in a dark black morning suit nuzzles his head into the breasts of a rotund parlor maid, lapping up the wine she pours down her chest. The maid slips her hand under her skirt, shivering in pleasure and kicking a small, aged purse from the table. Toward the back of the room, two more servants laze near heavy barrels of wine, smoking a thinly-rolled cigarette, passing its smoke between them in kisses. They giggle and point at mouse corpses staged around the room in various scenes of carnal pleasure.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Wine keg*
- ❖ *Small purse*
- ❖ *Cigarette*
- ❖ *Dead mice sex tableaus*

HORRORS OF THE WINE CELLAR

Wine keg

The deep, red wine pouring from the keg begs to be drunk. The smoky scent, tinged with plums and vanilla, promises excitement—and fear. Stepping closer to the keg, you hear a soft knocking from within.

When you drink from the keg, you feel intense pleasure, instantly followed by nausea and vomiting. Searching the keg reveals a large wooden phallus floating in the wine.

Small purse

Within the small purse you find a diary of a bride. She laments the loneliness of living in a dark, empty house, and she discovers her sexual desires and longings. Her one salvation was her trips down to the wine cellar to explore her body and make use of the wooden phallus her sister gave her as a parting gift. Her excitement for each trip turned to dread when she noticed eyes leering at her from the darkness...

As you read through the diary, skeletal hands wrap around your body, caressing your figure. The bride's warm breath kisses your neck; wine dripping from her hands stains your clothing. She begs you to enjoy this moment with her.



THE CREMATORIUM

ROOM THREAT: *Motherhood -> Abuse*

The heavy metal door to the crematorium is warm to the touch. Pain shoots through your hand as you turn the roughly hewn handle.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

A bright fire lights the entirety of this small, claustrophobic room. Figures form in the smoke billowing from the furnace, warping, bending, riding its chimney from the fires below. Directly in front of you is a gurney made up as a dirty bed. Just to the back of the room, directly next to the furnace, a young man sits. Hunched over a pile of bones, in ill-fitting clothing, sweat drenches his misshapen forehead. The young man's face is pockmarked, twisted, his mouth tilting unnaturally downward, and his left eye obscured by flesh healed wrong. Two gnarled, soot-stained hands open and close nervously, one clutching a small knife and the other a tiny carving. *"You should not be here."*

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Furnace*
- ❖ *Gurney*
- ❖ *Pile of bones*
- ❖ *The young man's carving*

HORRORS OF THE CREMATORIUM

Gurney

The gurney is made into a simple bed, with a dirty blanket and hay-stuffed pillow. Just below the pillow you spy a journal stained with ash.

Within the journal, first in the hand of a young child and then in the hand of a more skilled writer, are the words, *"We must please Mother,"* over and over again. The writing gets less and less legible until pages upon pages are only filled with scribbled lines.

The young man's carving

Drawing closer and closer to the young man to see what he is carving, he begs you not to speak louder than a whisper, lest you anger *her*.

The young man smiles, nervously showing his bone carvings—dazzling creatures unique and wonderful, tiny animals expressing what his mind is now too dull to verbalize. He picks up an exquisite rose-hued horse with a pristine white horn and presses it into your hand. *"For... you,"* he stammers, then lets out a fearful cry, dropping his carving and fleeing to the far corner of the room. The fire within the furnace blazes. From the pile of bones, the bloated figure of a woman claws her way toward you with a belt in hand. Stomping past you, she begins to throttle the young man, screaming at him about the sound.



THE INFIRMARY

ROOM THREAT: *Body -> Disability*

Two swinging doors are chained together and secured by a lock of two intertwining serpents wrapped around a staff. Your key clicks into the lock and it takes some pressure to make the mechanism give way.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

An antique wheelchair sits in the middle of this dusty room. Half of the infirmary—a misty glass conservatory—juts out of the back of the house. The fog on the other side of the glass is so thick the moonlight casts an eerie glow in the room. Two nurses shuffle from one side to the other, taking stock of medical cabinets, remaking beds, and refilling gas lamps. The smell of bleach follows them. One is dressed all in white and one in black, the former missing her left eye and the latter missing her right. Age is written upon their faces—one still shows signs of her former beauty while the other has grown even more frightening with time. They wheeze and cough, caring for the room as if they exist only within the confines of its faded walls.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Wheelchair*
- ❖ *Mists outside*
- ❖ *Medicine cabinet*
- ❖ *Beds*

HORRORS OF THE INFIRMARY

Wheelchair

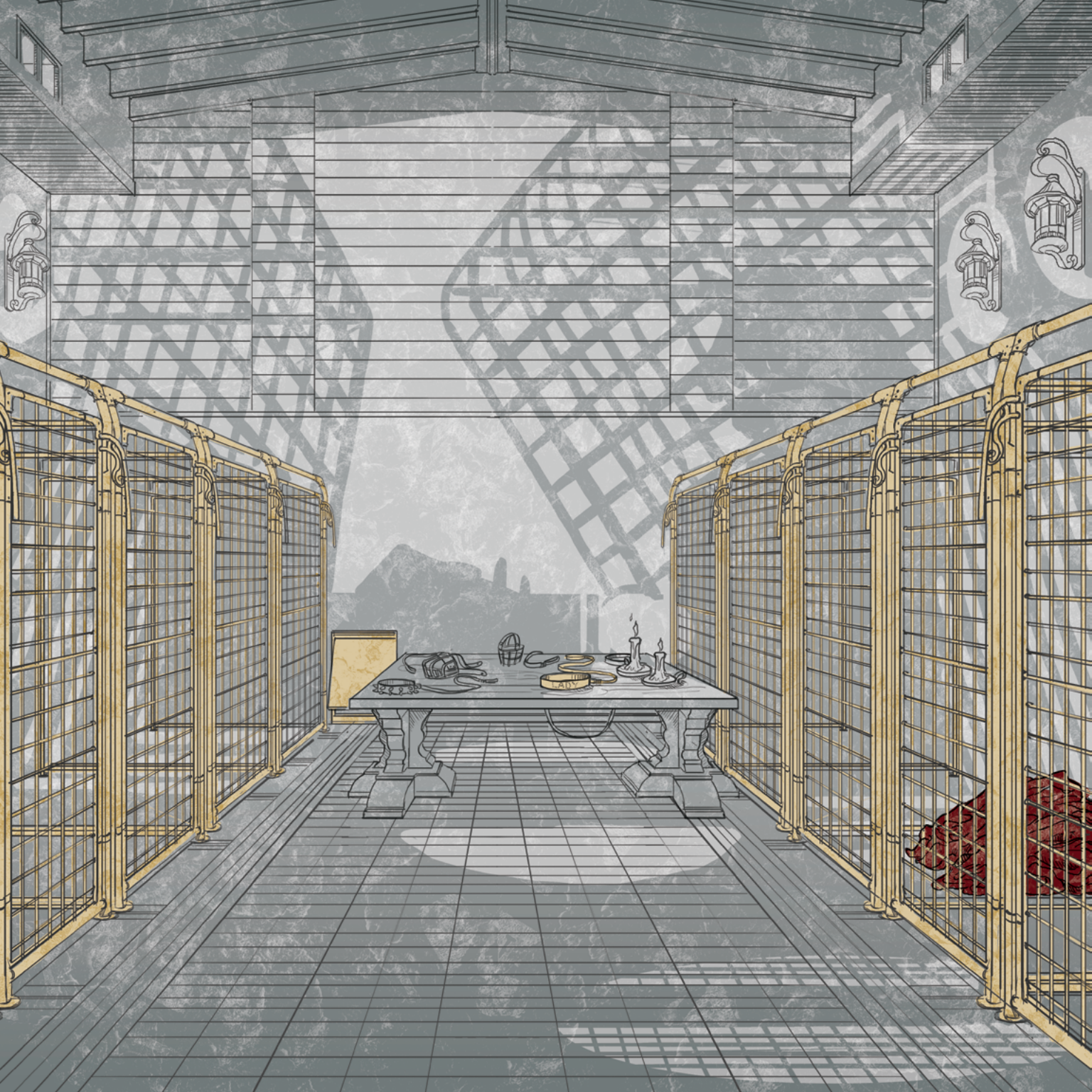
The two nurses shuffle up to you with warm smiles on their faces and push you into the wheelchair. The one in black adjusts the chair as the one in white fawns over you, saying how much you remind her of their old mistress. “*You must be scared, but not to worry, we will care for you.*” From the corner of your eye you see a glint of light, a large syringe aimed at your leg.

If the nurses inject the Bride, your feet go numb and you lose control of your bladder. You can no longer use your legs and must use the wheelchair to move around.

Mists outside

Through the dirty glass windows of the infirmary you see the mist outside swirling and howling as if it has a life of its own.

Peering through the mist you see two dark figures—one standing perfectly still and another fleeing in a wheelchair. The still shadow raises its arms and a muffled shot rings out through the mist. The figure in the wheelchair stops and is wheeled out of view.



THE KENNEL

ROOM THREAT: *Sexuality -> Humiliation*

The tiny key fits in a small door, a quarter of the size of the one it is set into. Jagged nail marks scratch deep into this simple entrance, which you must get on your hands and knees to enter.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

Cages line both sides of this shadowy room. For a moment you think you see a shape in a cage, but it is only a pile of clothes. The flickering gas lamps play tricks on your mind, teasing bodies out of the shadows and creatures from piles of dust. In the back of the room is a decrepit oaken table and a wide variety of muzzles and leashes. One leash catches the light, dozens of tiny rose-colored glass beads set into the collar spelling out the word *Lady*. To the left of the table is a two-foot tall door, like the one you entered through, creaking open and closed.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ↻ Cages
- ↻ Pile of clothes
- ↻ Lady leash
- ↻ Doggie door

HORRORS OF THE KENNEL

Cages

The cage stands half a meter tall and slightly longer. Its barred door is wide open and the lock hangs loose around the bars.

The door swings shut and closes behind the Bride in the cage. A man in tall leather boots walks into the room. The man would cut a handsome figure if not for a deep, abiding hate written on his mouth and an ugly glare in his eyes. As he struts to the back of the room and dons a pair of thick leather gloves, he introduces himself to you as the Houndmaster. Taking a choke collar from the table he moves over to your cage.

Doggie door

You approach the doggie door. It seems just big enough for you to fit through. Perhaps it leads outside.

Crawling through the door, your skirts wrap tightly around your thighs, squeezing to fit. Immediately, the scent of feces and urine brings tears to your eyes. The doghouse you have entered is filled to the brim with excrement, bones, and fur. Behind you, you hear scraping and panting as if a non-existent dog has freed itself from the cage. A weight crawls atop your legs, pinning you.



THE STABLES

ROOM THREAT: Religion -> Instruction

The huge double doors are simple, barred only with a thick iron chain and padlock. The wind blows harder as you put the key in the lock.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

This deserted stable has no animal sounds, and no creatures move in the torchlight. Its crackling is the only thing you hear. As you move along, you find that the individual stalls are as empty as you suspected. The air still smells of horses, though, as if the spirits of the countless animals that spent their entire lives here remained. A huge quirt, thicker and with more leather endings than you have ever seen, rests on a small shelf in the middle of the stables. A branding iron shaped like a skeleton key stands next to it. In the last stall you find a solitary, worn saddle with a chastity belt over it. Beside it, an elongated horse skull is partially covered by the sand on the floor.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- » Huge quirt
- » Branding iron
- » Worn saddle with a chastity belt over it
- » Elongated horse skull

HORRORS OF THE STABLES

Huge quirt

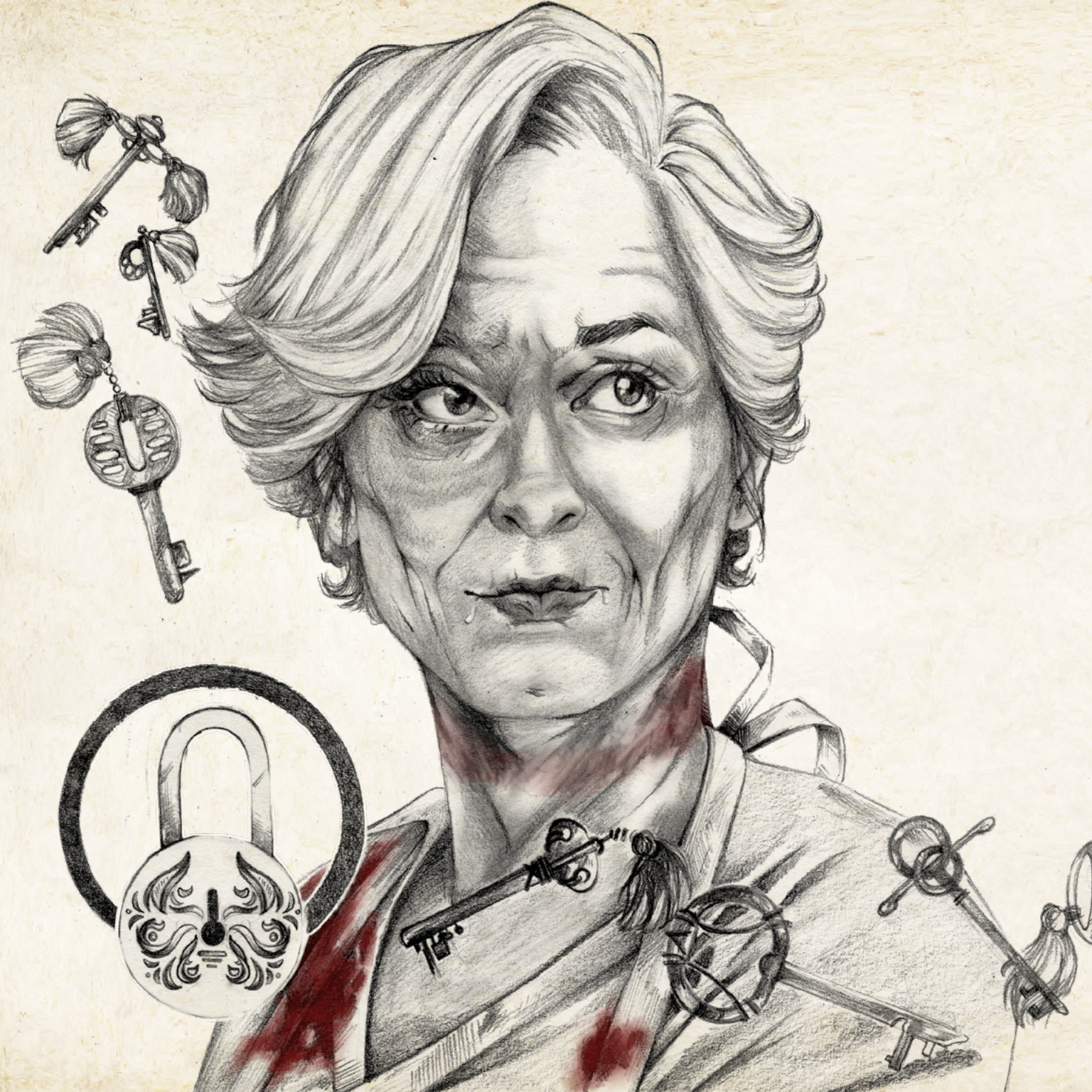
When you get closer to it, you notice that it has numerous tiny metal spikes embedded in the leather.

If you touch one of the tiny metal spikes, it cuts you. It is razor sharp and, as soon as it has tasted your blood, it wants *more*. The quirt levitates in the air and starts whipping you. Every time the leather strips move through the air, you could swear that you hear an old female voice shouting, “*Discipline!*”

Worn saddle with a chastity belt over it

As you examine it, you realize that the saddle feels warm to the touch. The chastity belt seems to be covering a massive, dark stain.

A pale female figure appears beside the horse skull. She only wears a slip torn to shreds and she is bleeding in many places. “*Stop it, please!*” she cries, raising her left arm, almost completely covered by blood, to cover her face. “*I confess it! I didn’t lose my virginity because of too much horse riding. I gave it to Marcus, the stable boy! I gave him the thing you wanted most—and now you’ll never have it!*”





CHAPTER 3
EAST WING

*“I have given my all, yet perfection still eludes my grasp,”
she says breathlessly, as if alone. Her callused hands tremble as
the Bride wanders through the cluttered halls of the craft wing.*





THE SEWING ROOM

ROOM THREAT: *Body -> Beauty Standards*

The impossibly thin black door has a huge curvy handle made of gold. You have a hard time finding the small, almost imperceptible keyhole.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

The sewing room is lit with weird-shaped oil lamps and the air is warm because of it. It smells of old fabrics and confinement, as well as a light scent of sweet perfume. The light from the oil lamps gives the place a sense of old, forgotten habits. The room is filled with thick rolls, roughly cut pieces, and half-stitched fragments of fabric. On the wall, scissors of all shapes and sizes in display draw your attention. In the corner of the room, there is a dark-brown mannequin wearing a tight, dark-brown corset. In the opposite corner you see a treadle sewing machine with a piece of cloth stuck on its mechanism, its faded gilding catching the light.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Weird-shaped oil lamps*
- ❖ *Scissors of all shapes and sizes*
- ❖ *Mannequin wearing a tight, dark-brown corset*
- ❖ *Sewing machine with cloth stuck on its mechanism*

HORRORS OF THE SEWING ROOM

Mannequin wearing a tight, dark-brown corset

As you get closer to it, you are surprised by the amount of detail on the mannequin, including intricate patterns sewn into the seams, as well as how tight the corset appears to be.

If you touch the mannequin, it starts to scream with a rough voice. If you say anything to it, it answers, “I... can’t... breathe.” If you loose the dark-brown corset, it falls off the mannequin, which then says, “Thank you,” before adding, “I’m sorry.” The corset starts crawling toward you, determined to get you into shape whether you want it or not.

Sewing machine with cloth stuck on its mechanism

The black treadle sewing machine looks perfectly functional, well-oiled and ready to be used. There is faint gilding on it in the shape of flowers and the initials A. R.

If you examine the mechanism, the machine starts working again, furiously sewing the rest of the cloth and, after that, pulling you to start sewing your skin.



THE ARTIST'S STUDIO

ROOM THREAT: *Body -> Eating Disorders*

The beautifully decorated glass door also works as a looking glass. When you see your reflection it looks distorted, as if you were a small, bloated woman with your belly hanging over your thighs.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

You are standing in a chaotic artist's studio. Unopened tubes of oil paints and tatty brushes with stiff bristles are stacked over opened ones, while unused canvases of all shapes and sizes are scattered across the floor, around the walls, and on stretchers big and small. The air reeks of linseed oil and mineral spirits, and the sunlight can barely enter the room through all the raw materials heaped everywhere in sight. In the center of the room there is an unfinished picture. Below the picture there is a huge red stain that seems to be spilt blood. Alongside it is a stained palette knife and a wooden palette with some dry colors on it.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ Unopened tubes of paint and tatty brushes
- ❖ Unfinished picture
- ❖ Huge red stain
- ❖ Stained palette knife

HORRORS OF THE ARTIST'S STUDIO

Unfinished picture

After closer inspection, you realize that the unfinished picture seems to be the incomplete portrait of a young woman. Over it, however, the words *Fat ugly cow* are written in huge red letters, covering the work beneath it. It's hard to tell, but you think she looks a lot like you.

The picture starts whispering something you cannot hear. If you get close to it, you hear it says "*Fat ugly cow*" again, and again, and again.

Stained palette knife

The knife has an acrid smell to it, and the wooden handle is shiny from use. The metal blade is dull and slightly bent, with small indentations in a row across the middle.

If you touch it, the knife starts moving your arm involuntarily towards your mouth. You involuntarily open it and let the knife move inside your mouth until it touches the back of your throat. Then you immediately start vomiting over the wood palette, lending new life to the once-dead colors.



THE LABORATORY

ROOM THREAT: Religion -> Punishment

The battered and splintered oak door shudders before you even touch it. The handle is freezing cold to the touch, and you have to wiggle the key in the lock before it finally clicks open.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

The laboratory is a dark, cluttered square room. Your breath fogs in front of your face, and the air has a metallic tang that makes your back teeth ache. The fluorescent lights flicker and sporadically cast a warm yellow light over steel tables and dirty glass vessels. On a table in the middle of the room is a pile of salt next to an oil burner. One corner of the room is blackened, as if a very hot fire had been allowed to smolder on the dingy tiles. A group of glass rods are suspended in a circular pattern from the ceiling on fishing wire, their ends glimmering with odd, oily colors. On the floor are the remains of a small animal, its reproductive organs stretched, pinned, and labeled in an unknown language.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ Pile of salt
- ❖ Burned corner
- ❖ Glass rod mobile
- ❖ Dissected animal

HORRORS OF THE LABORATORY

Pile of salt

The salt is neatly gathered in a pile, and the oil burner turns on at your approach.

Sprinkling grains in the flames causes them to momentarily burn an otherworldly blue. Inhaling the smoke causes a strong feeling of righteousness. As you exhale, a faint voice whispers, *“Let men have dominion over all the earth and over every creeping thing...”*

Burned corner

Scorch marks cover the walls and ceiling of this corner of the room. The acrid smell is stronger here, and there is a lump of grease melted into the floor.

If you stand near the scorch marks, the grease begins to rise and clump into the burned body of a young woman. She scrabbles at the tiles, screaming at the Bride not to interfere with her holy work, and repeatedly insisting that the animals had to die so that she could figure out why they, and by extension she, are not able to have offspring. The woman then begs not to be burned again, claiming that the sin of her experiments is mitigated by her pursuit of a woman's one true calling.



THE BASEMENT STUDY

ROOM THREAT: Religion -> Underworld

A thin door is hidden underneath the stairs and behind dust-draped furniture. It opens up onto creaky wooden stairs that smell of mold and old smoke.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

The secret basement study has immaculate white wallpaper decorated with flowers, but the lighting is crude. The place is flooded, and murky water surrounds your calves. The chimney above continues down here to the large fireplace. Beside the hearth is a huge taxidermy bear with human eyes. There is a shiny object beneath the murky waters that you cannot discern properly, and an old, dirty piano with its keys bent and deformed.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Large fireplace with a chimney*
- ❖ *Huge taxidermy bear with human eyes*
- ❖ *Shiny object beneath the murky waters*
- ❖ *Old, dirty piano with bent and deformed keys*

HORRORS OF THE BASEMENT STUDY

Large fireplace with a chimney

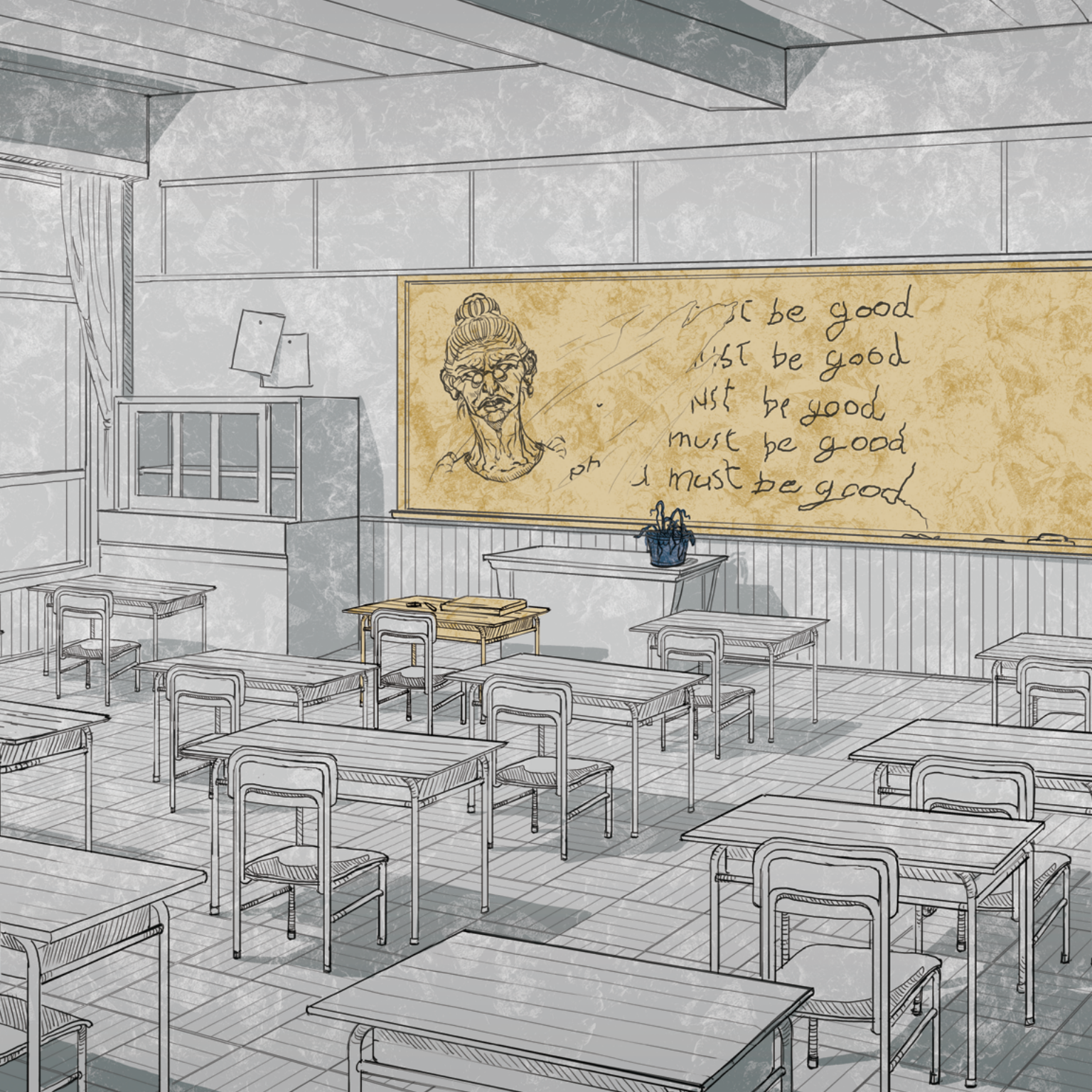
The fireplace appears dead and cold, yet you can distinguish a pale glimmer coming from inside it.

If you look up inside the fireplace chimney, a pale face stares back at you. It is a woman with long wet hair. Her expression is so pale and still, it is hard to tell if she is wearing a mask or not. She moves unnaturally, clinging to the soot-covered chimney. If you withdraw she follows—one pale hand, then the other—till her hair drags in the water and she stares out at you upside down from inside the chimney. She whispers, *“Please, let me out. Please. I won’t tell anybody about this, I promise.”* If you help her come out, she takes possession of your body and tries to drown herself again to escape the supernatural terrors she has summoned.

Huge taxidermy bear with human eyes

The bear stands tall, its jaws open in a fierce, silent roar, and its paws extended as if it were ready to fight.

If you put yourself in the field of vision of the human eyes, the bear becomes alive and attacks you, desperate to take from you the human parts it needs to complete its transformation from animal to human.



must be good
must be good
must be good
must be good
I must be good

THE CLASSROOM

ROOM THREAT: *Motherhood -> Abuse*

There is a worn wooden door with a small frosted glass window. In the middle, the name 'Mrs. Tatro' is crudely carved. The doorknob is small and lackluster; as you touch it, you feel a shiver.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

You are standing inside a forgotten classroom. The air smells like chalk. The orange of the late twilight sheds its light over the half dozen desks, the teacher's desk, and the blackboard that make up the room. As you move around the room, the wooden floor creaks and groans. On the hurriedly erased blackboard you can distinguish the end of a series of sentences, written one after the other, all of them ending with the words 'must be good' written in shaky handwriting. Drawn on the blackboard is the picture of a hard-faced old woman. The teacher's desk is empty, except for a small, potted plant that looks withered. All the students' desks look as empty, except for one in the front row that is emitting a muffled sound.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ Hurriedly erased blackboard
- ❖ Picture of a hard-faced old woman
- ❖ Small potted plant
- ❖ Front desk

HORRORS OF THE CLASSROOM

Small potted plant

The plant is closed and withered, its petals and stem sharing a gray-like color.

If you touch the plant it opens up, revealing rows of thin, sharp teeth that close over your hand before you can do anything about it. As it drinks in your blood, it darkens to a silvery-green and blooms with dark red flowers.

Front desk

This desk looks like it was used more recently, as the layer of dust over it seems thinner than the others.

If you touch the desk's surface, the whole desk jumps and the muffled sound intensifies. If you open the desk, you discover an old woman's head that immediately starts to shout, "*You must be good! You must be good! You must be good!*" over and over again. The yelling is so loud that your ears and head hurt. If you try to close the desk, the head moves and blocks it with itself, still loudly shouting her command to be good.



THE ATTIC NURSERY

ROOM THREAT: *Body -> Gender*

You find a plain door, divided into two sections. The lower part opens with the slightest of pushes, but the upper section of the door is blocked, so you have to crawl to enter the room.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

You are standing inside an abandoned nursery in the mansion's attic. The light of sunset slips in through the *œil-de-bœuf* that dominates the room. The air is heavy in here, as if it has not been disturbed for many years. There are worn stuffed bears all around the room—on the dusty shelves, the small bed on one side, and on the grayish wooden floor. The untidy small bed has both a set of blue and a set of pink pajamas over it. Beside it is a toy box with a half-naked toy soldier on top of it. Something seems to be moving, skittering and shifting in the shadows, hiding from the light.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ Worn **STUFFED** bears
- ❖ Blue and pink pajamas
- ❖ Toy box with a half-naked toy soldier on top
- ❖ Something in the shadows

HORRORS OF THE ATTIC NURSERY

Toy box with a half-naked toy soldier on top

The naked half of the toy soldier actually belongs to a different doll. But they are combined in such a way that it appears to be one toy.

At the bottom of the trunk you discover a soldier wearing a dress. Beneath the dress there is a hole punctured in the otherwise even crotch. As you hold the doll you feel the sensation of hot blood running down your cool thighs.

Something in the shadows

There is no source of artificial light in this room and the sun is almost down by now. In the half-light you see creatures made of different parts. You identify a human arm attached to a feline body with a horse head, just to name one.

The leader of this group, however, is a mostly human creature, with a right side that looks like a man's and a left side that looks like a woman's. "*You're imperfect! But don't worry,*" they say, "*we'll make you perfect.*" Ne starts walking toward you with a pair of scissors stained with a dark-red substance.



THE LIBRARY

ROOM THREAT: *Body -> Gender*

The deep red of the wooden doors gleams in the light, and the swirl carved into the wood reminds you of a woman's back as it meets her hips. The smooth rosewood handles kiss your fingers as your key probes the lock.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

You smell almond, vanilla, musk, and an undercurrent of smoke. You are standing in a grand library, with shelves that reach all the way to the high ceiling. A brass ladder runs on rails to give access to the upper shelves, its surfaces shining as if recently polished. A reading nook has a candleholder on a swivel arm, a blue daybed, and a large hand fan made of feathers. A central table has an open book on a stand, with a glass dome over both objects.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Brass ladder*
- ❖ *Daybed*
- ❖ *Fan made of feathers*
- ❖ *Book under a dome*

HORRORS OF THE LIBRARY

Fan made of feathers

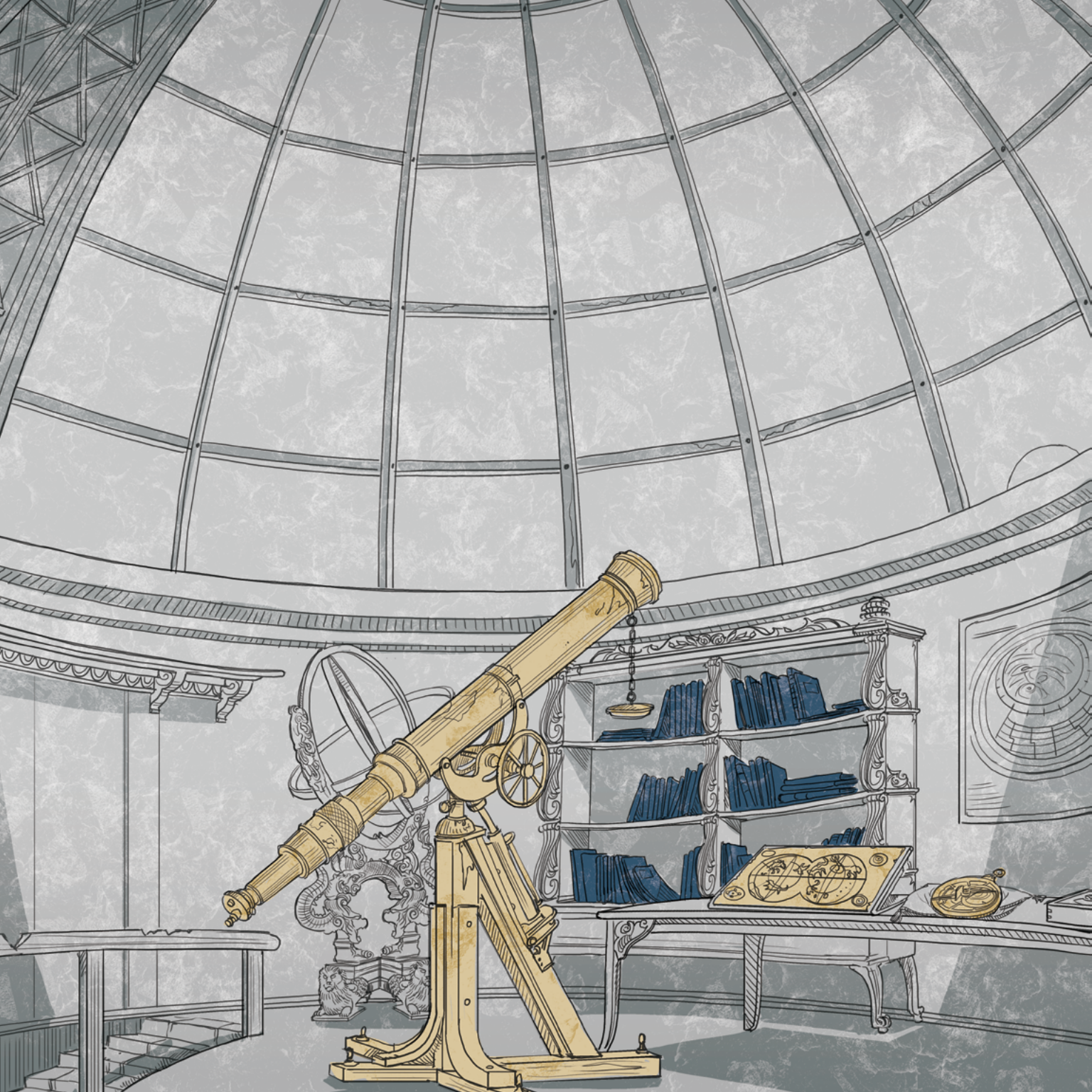
The fan is made of two layers of feathers—the longer layer comprised of long stiff feathers the color of wine, and the shorter layer of soft fluttery black feathers.

Using the fan causes a whisper to reach your ear with each stroke: “*You are not beautiful enough...you don't deserve nice things...just look at your dirty nails...*” The Bride's nails then begin to lift from her nail beds and fall off.

Book under a dome

The dark leather that makes up each page has strange patterns embedded in it. The thread used to bind the pages to the cover is dark and rough.

Touching the book reveals the leather to be obscenely soft. The pages are the skin of a woman, flattened and tanned and sewn into a book. Bloody letters appear on the pages. It is the thoughts of a woman who worried more over her appearance than the feelings of her husband, and her growing obsession with being the perfect woman. The former bride appears, sitting on the steps of the ladder. She castigates you for all your flaws, and attacks with the intent to peel off the Bride's skin to make a new book.



THE OBSERVATORY

ROOM THREAT: Religion -> Rituals

The mighty stone door has a decorated iron handle in the shape of a snake devouring its tail. You have to use all your strength to open the door enough to enter.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

You are standing inside an ancient observatory with a glass ceiling. In front of you is a spiral staircase made of the same stone as the door. When you reach the observatory dome, you see its structure is run-down to a trace of its former glory. In the middle of the room is a rusty telescope positioned to catch a view of the stars through an open pane in the ceiling. There is also a long table with various astronomical devices both old and new, such as a bronze astrolabe and a known-stars chart profusely annotated. Close to it is a bookshelf filled with notebooks.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ Rusty telescope
- ❖ Bronze astrolabe
- ❖ Known-stars chart profusely annotated
- ❖ Bookshelf filled with notebooks

HORRORS OF THE OBSERVATORY

Rusty telescope

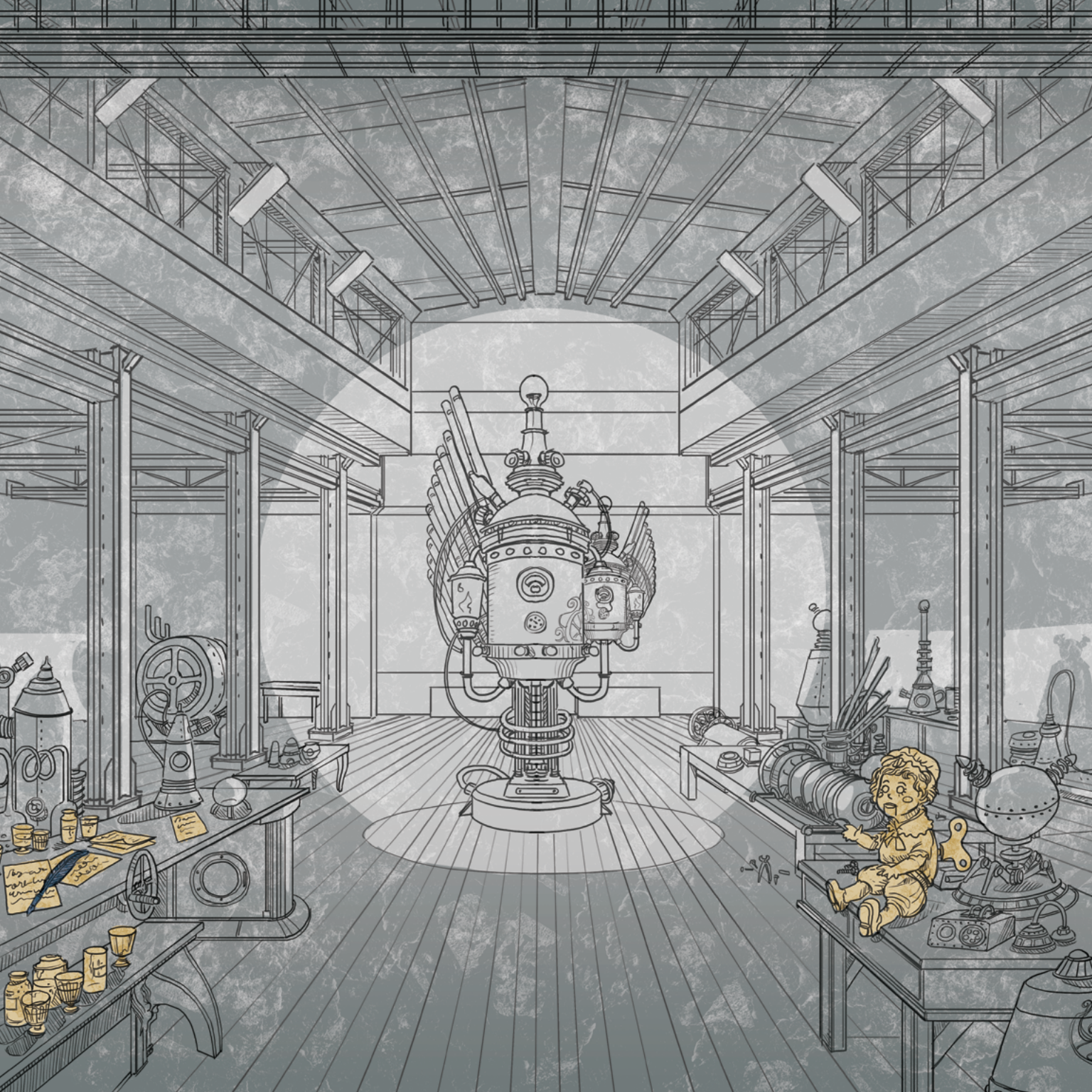
The telescope has seen better days. It is dented and no one has cleaned its lenses in a long time.

If you start looking through it, you cannot see anything. If you try to adjust it or otherwise move it, the telescope regains its original focus, generating a beam of light that burns your eyes. It leaves an afterimage of arcane sigils when your vision clears.

Known-stars chart profusely annotated

As you peruse the chart you realize the notes are all written in the same cramped handwriting.

These are the notes of a former bride who was intensely interested in astronomy. A longer note on one chart reads, “He doesn’t want me to keep working. He complains that I’m not a ‘good wife’ and has threatened to take all my precious artifacts from me. I’ve got to escape him, but how? I cannot leave my research behind me. Tonight: tonight I’ll call upon the Powers of Old and they will help me. But they will ask me for a price. A soul. I think I will take yours.” In that moment you feel a strong wind come out of the charts. A portal opens up on the ceiling and tentacles made of darkness come out of it.



THE MACHINE SHOP

ROOM THREAT: *Motherhood -> Family*

The double iron door is made of cogs and other interlocked mechanisms. After you turn the key, an orchestra of metallic sounds fills the air and the doors open inwardly by themselves.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

This abandoned machine shop has no windows or other doors, and the room is entirely lit by a magnificent system of resounding clockwork and whistling pipes. The air reeks of abandonment and confinement. Your steps are the first to disturb the thick layer of dust that covers the floor. Tables on both sides of the room are populated by the strangest mechanisms and contraptions you have ever seen. Among them, you see what appears to be a child made of porcelain and clockwork. On another table are a number of dirty glasses containing liquids with strange names and stranger colors. On another, various sheets of paper written in an indecipherable handwriting are scattered across the table, along with an ink pen with its tip blocked.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Child made of porcelain and clockwork*
- ❖ *Dirty glasses containing strange liquids*
- ❖ *Various sheets of paper*
- ❖ *Ink pen with its tip blocked*

HORRORS OF THE MACHINE SHOP

Child made of porcelain and clockwork

This creation looks uncannily similar to a real human child. As soon as you caress him, his eyes open wide and he says in a mechanical voice “*Mommy?*” while reaching towards your breast with both hands.

If you escape from the child’s embrace, he will call his “friends”—discarded homunculi and other unfinished mechanical creations with a life of their own.

Dirty glasses containing strange liquids

One of the containers seems to be less covered by dust than the others.

If you open it, a former bride materializes, demanding that you leave her alone with her experiments and that you return her compound immediately. If you don’t, she tries to take it away from you forcefully. If you do return the compound, she says, “*You are a naughty girl; he said before making me drink what I had created. The only thing I wanted was a child of my own...*” The glass contains a powerful acid that will rapidly decompose your flesh.



THE GREENHOUSE

ROOM THREAT: *Sexuality -> Perversion*

Two dirty glass doors framed by darkened ivy creak as you turn the long elegant handle and press them open.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

You are standing inside an old greenhouse. The rays of a setting sun turn emerald in the moist air. The air is still in here, yet you can hear the rustle of nature echo off the faded greenhouse windowpanes. Your kitten heels click delicately across a creaking wooden deck. Small potted trees take up most of the deck, leaving you room to step down a couple stairs into soft, rich soil. Two long wooden tables hold hundreds of small potted plants. The strong smell of rot fills your senses, forcing your nose to crinkle. Just beyond the tables is a rusty toolshed. Opposite the shed is a delicate-looking bench standing on a darker patch of dirt.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Small potted trees*
- ❖ *Potted plant that smells like rot*
- ❖ *Rusty toolshed*
- ❖ *Bench standing on a darker patch of dirt*

HORRORS OF THE GREENHOUSE

Potted plant that smells like rot

The rank smell is coming from one of the small potted plants atop the long wooden table. You brush back the dirt and the tiny hand of a fetus grabs your finger desperately.

If you search in the shed, buckets of soil reveal more spoiled and rejected fetuses in need of a mother. They wail and wiggle in their pots.

Bench standing on a darker patch of dirt

The initials A & L are carved into a heart on the bench. Buried beneath it are two women in an embrace. One is dressed as a servant while the other wears a ring that looks like yours.

If you pry, they rise from their shallow grave, one wrapped around the other, with one wrist bound to the other's like handcuffs. The servant says nothing as her partner speaks to you of her romantic longings. Wishing you to join in, the servant opens her lips, jaw distended, and soil pours endlessly from her mouth. The servant climbs on top of you. As she kisses you, her partner giggles and dirt fills your mouth and nose.





CHAPTER 4

SOUTH WING

*“How can someone be so beautiful? Why won’t you look at her?”
she sobs. Her greasy hair falls out in clumps around her feet
as the Bride roams the lavish halls of the intimate wing.*





THE CHAPEL

ROOM THREAT: Religion -> Instruction

Two stained glass windows depicting St. Barbara's beheading at the hands of her father—the executioner's axe embedded in her neck—are set into this metal door. Condensation runs down the windows, causing rust to bleed onto your hands as you grasp the door handle.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

An icy chill creeps through an open stained glass window at the back of the chapel. Three black-robed nuns kneel quietly in prayer among the hard wooden benches flanking each side of this drab room. Candlelight flickers from three candelabras dimly lighting an altar draped in a simple gold cloth. Austere, leather-bound black books are carefully placed on each seat. The books bear no cross nor holy sign, only a simple engraved monogram of your husband's heraldry. A single rosary hangs from the nearest pew, twinkling in the light of the candles.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ Stained glass window
- ❖ Altar
- ❖ Monogrammed leather books
- ❖ Rosary

HORRORS OF THE CHAPEL

Altar

Approaching the altar, you see a simple goblet sitting atop a golden cloth. Beside the goblet lies a row of vials and simple, stale round wafers.

One of the nuns offers to perform the sacrament. After you kneel in front of the nun, she tilts your head back and your lips instinctively part. Uncorking one of the small vials she pours a viscous white liquid into your mouth. A rancid nutty flavor spreads over your tongue, forcing its way down your throat. Unable to bear the taste of the rancid semen any longer, you gag. The nun gasps in shock and slams her hand across your face, your cheek singing in pain.

Monogrammed leather books

Carefully parting the pages of one of the books, your eyes pass over its holy text—pages upon pages of a woman's duty to her husband and to the world.

Each word you read weighs heavy on your shoulders, each page an impossible standard to meet. *Only the Lord can save you.* You fall to your knees. Tightly clasping your hands, knuckles white, you pray. An excruciating lash stroke falls on your back, and another, and another. The nuns chant passages from the book as your inadequacy is scourged from your skin by a former bride.



THE POWDER ROOM

ROOM THREAT: *Sexuality -> Abortion*

The door is robin's egg blue and gilded in white porcelain filigree. The dainty brass handle shines in the light, perfectly smudge free until you push it downwards to open the door.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

The pleasing scent of lavender wafts toward you from a vase of dried flowers in this well appointed powder room. There is a toilet behind a small partition screen painted with a far-off landscape and a great warrior defeating a beast. A dark wooden table and ivory sink are underneath a giant mirror. Hanging next to it is a set of jade-hued monogrammed towels with your groom's initials and a set of initials you don't know. Reflected in the mirror is a small curio cabinet set against sea-green walls painted with lilacs and lilies. Tiny hummingbirds, one with a top hat and the other wearing a locket, bow to one another, inviting each other for a dance.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ Toilet
- ❖ Partition screen
- ❖ Ivory sink
- ❖ Monogrammed towels

HORRORS OF THE POWDER ROOM

Toilet

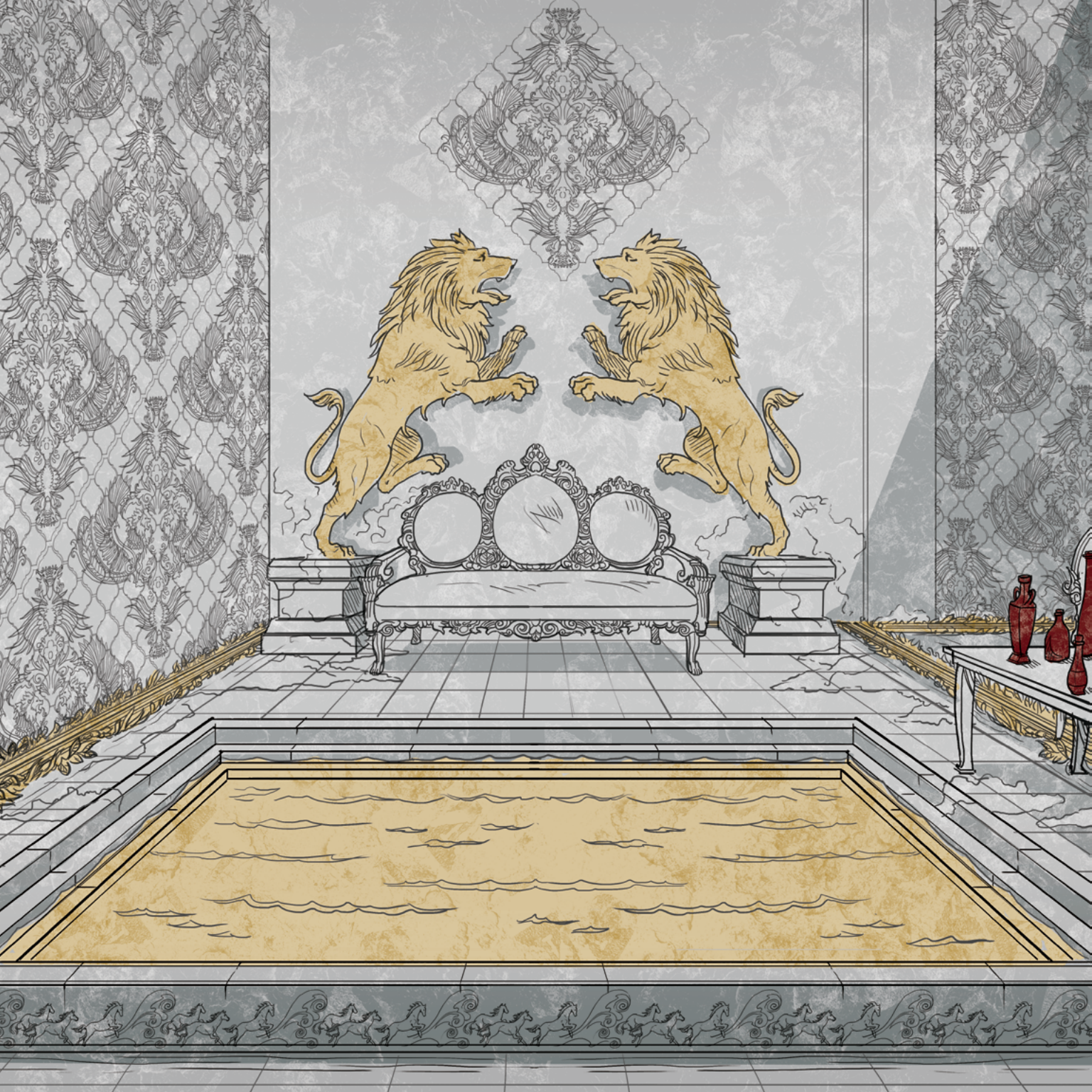
The perfectly white porcelain toilet sits before you. For one blessed moment you exhale a sigh of relief in this safe, clean place. Regaining a small piece of composure, your body awakens and your bladder aches; how long has it been since you last used the toilet?

Relieved, you stand from the toilet and look down at the bowl to see a bloody mess. A tiny body floats in the water, dead. You scramble to grab the handle to escape. As you do, a head crests the top of the ivory bowl. Pulling herself from the toilet, a rotting, blood drenched woman screams in agony.

Ivory sink

Staring into the giant mirror above the sink you see a different face staring back at you. A beautiful woman with tanned skin, a locket, full round breasts, and a large belly stares back at you, tears streaming down her face. She obsessively washes her hands once, twice, thrice, as if to distract herself from her sadness.

If the Bride washes her hands with soap she feels ill, poisoned. The feeling goes away after a while, as long as she doesn't wash her hands again.



THE BATHHOUSE

ROOM THREAT: *Body -> Beauty Standards*

The wooden frame is decorated with dark repetitive patterns arcing over the curved-top door. Two small rings serve as door handles, opening inwards, splitting the door in two.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

The air in the bathhouse is filled with the heady scent of perfumed oils, torrid and oppressive. Steam floods over the floor—scrolling arabesque tiles of aquamarine flowers, saffron maned lions, and burgundy simurghs. A steel drain was forged to appear like lush foliage with flowers and leaves. Soft whines escape the drain, the pipes below exhaling from the heat. The mist plays at the paws of two granite lions leaping at one another, forming an arch over a decadent sofa at the end of the room. A large stone pool in the center of the room is carved with gallant horses fleeing an oncoming flood. A naked, muscular woman plunges her hand into the pool checking its temperature, her black pubic hair glistening with water. She motions to a chair and a table topped with multi-colored oil bottles.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- » *Flowerly drain*
- » *Granite lion arch*
- » *Bathing pool*
- » *Bottles of oil*

HORRORS OF THE BATHHOUSE

Flowerly drain

Your fingers just fit through the patterned drain. Straining through the slats you feel them rub against a soft, wet mass.

You pull the object from the drain and realize it is a mess of dark hair mingled with a piece of skin.

Bottles of oil

Stripping down, you sit next to the pool of water. The woman picks up a loofah and moves over to you. She takes you in her arms and scrubs your body.

She is not gentle. Starting with your arms, she rubs you with oils and splashes you with water, then takes the loofah and vigorously scrubs your skin. Amazed, you see layers and layers of dead skin sloughing off onto the ground. With each clump of skin falling to the ground you see the dirt, the filth you brought into the house. She moves to your belly, legs, vagina, and finally she washes your hair. Her scrubbing intensifies and you see strands of your hair falling into the drain, then clumps. The woman won't stop.



THE MASTER BEDROOM

ROOM THREAT: *Sexuality -> Sexual Violence*

The redwood double doors are embedded with rubies in a pattern that reminds you of a pomegranate split in half. They glitter in the light, while the black iron handles sport thorns that threaten to pierce your skin.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

A large bedroom contains a low, wide bed made up with fox furs and red satin sheets. Gauzy red drapes flutter from the ceiling to surround it. A red vanity with a mirror stands against one wall, and a bowl of fruit sits on a low redwood table. Torch-shaped gas lamps light the room, embedded at even intervals in the wheat-patterned ivory wallpaper. A perfect deer skeleton stands in the corner, tied together with golden wire and posed to look as though it were grazing.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Bed made up in fox furs and red satin*
- ❖ *Red vanity with mirror*
- ❖ *Bowl of fruit*
- ❖ *Deer skeleton*

HORRORS OF THE MASTER BEDROOM

Bowl of fruit

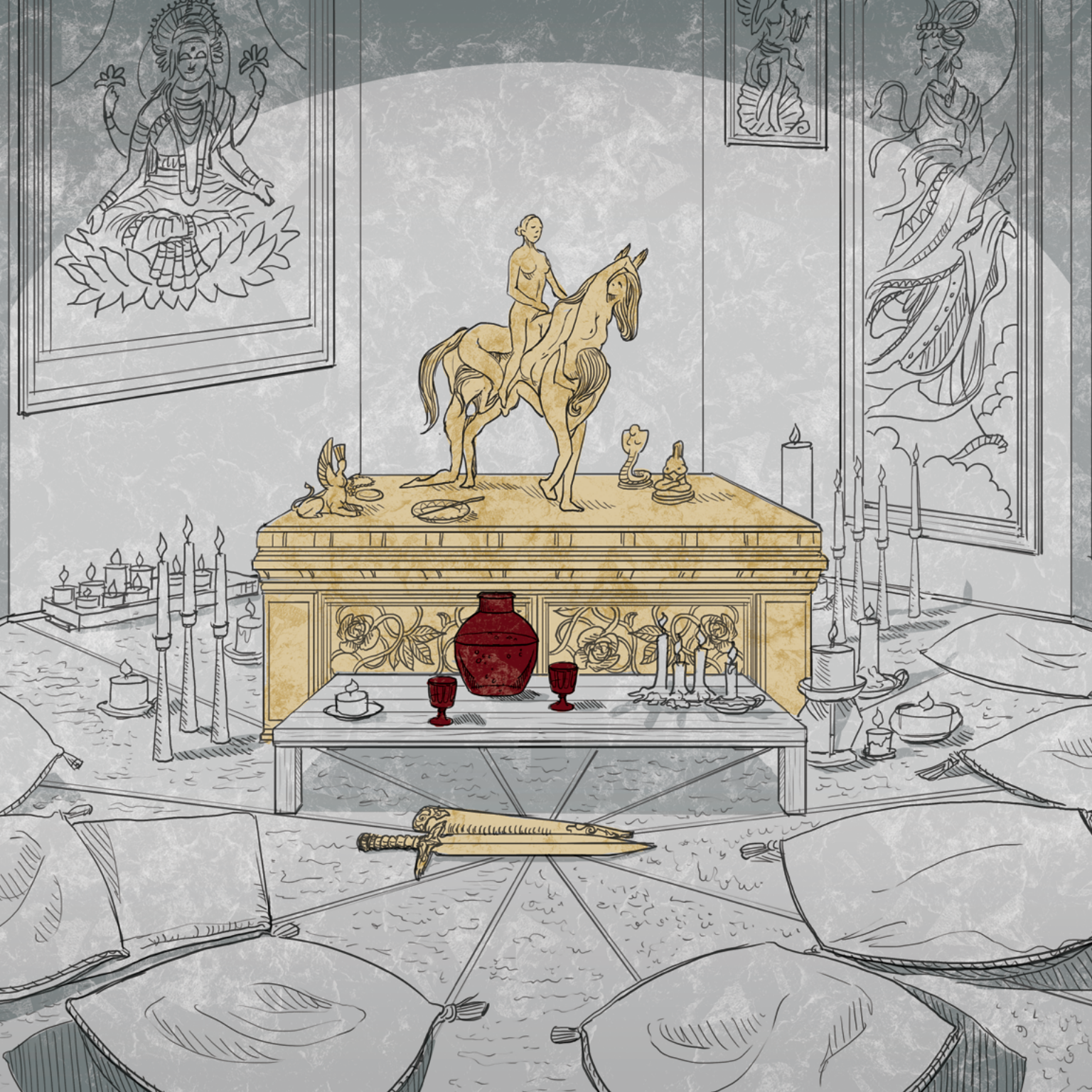
The dull skin of the pomegranates spills easily to the touch, revealing the glistening, vulnerable interior. The fruity, spicy scent makes your mouth water.

As you gorge yourself on the soft fruit, you hear a woman sobbing and pleading, “*Stop...please don’t do this...please...no...no...no!*” You cannot stop yourself from continuing to eat the fruit. You shovel handfuls of the arils into your mouth, breaking and bruising the pomegranates. Finally you stoop to lick the last drops of juice from the floor, your mouth and hands stained red. Only when you rise does the sound of sobbing finally cease.

Deer skeleton

The bleached bones of the deer’s skeleton are held together with golden wire threaded around the joints. It smells strongly of poppies.

The deer skeleton twists and falls to the ground, revealing a white-haired young woman with dark eyes. She struggles weakly and her skin blooms with bruises around her wrists and upper thighs, and her breath smells strongly of opium. The woman stops struggling, her face going blank and tears sliding from her eyes, but her body continues to move as though attacked by an unseen assailant. Finally her body stops moving, and the woman exhales a cloud of pink-tinged smoke before fading into the bones lying on the floor.



THE MEDITATION ROOM

ROOM THREAT: *Sexuality -> Perversion*

The sliding door is made of delicate wood and glass. The keyhole is a wide orifice and the corresponding key is a thick coarse tube made of pale wood.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

This meditation room has walls decorated with paintings of various female deities. The air in this room is fresh and it is well-lit by a multitude of candles of differing shapes and sizes. There are a number of pillows on the winter's bark floor, and an altar with figurines. The main sculpture is that of a woman riding a horse made of women giving pleasure to one another. There is a small, low table, with a jar filled with a dark brown liquid. On the floor beside it, a short sword and sheath catches your attention.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Altar with figurines*
- ❖ *Sculpture of a woman riding a horse*
- ❖ *Jar filled with a dark brown liquid*
- ❖ *Short sword with sheath*

HORRORS OF THE MEDITATION ROOM

Jar filled with a dark brown liquid

When you sniff at it, you discover that it smells like strong tea.

Drinking the contents of the jar causes a tingling sensation to traverse your body. The room spins around you, all the lights dancing to music you can only now hear. You fall to the ground and are saved by the carpet of pillows that softens the blow. You are about to pass out when you see a shadowy shape standing over you.

Short sword with sheath

The sheath is decorated with shining stones of many colors, as well as designs that show women having sex with both men and women.

If you touch the blade, you discover that it is actually not a short sword but a metal phallus intended for sexual pleasure. Regardless of your reaction to it, you feel the urge to try it on yourself. As soon as the cold metal penetrates you, though, it opens up, pouring a vast amount of a thick liquid in your uterus. It is cold, and cramps rack your body as the pain intensifies. You feel something give way, as if your organs are starting to detach and slide from your body...



THE AVIARY BALCONY

ROOM THREAT: *Religion -> Possession*

This door is frosted glass wreathed in hundreds of gold birds. The slick feel of the golden handle sends a shiver down your spine.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

The wide ivory marble balcony overlooks an inner courtyard. Fresh air whispers from the open night sky above. As you step onto the balcony, you are immediately met with a wall of feathers. Tiny, perfectly white down feathers on thousands of white strings dangle from the ceiling. Against the far wall is a simple oaken table with an empty mirror frame standing disjointed from the rest of this perfect room—hewn from a fallen tree and twisted into a crude shape that once held glass, though only splinters remain. Hung among the feathers on the ceiling are hundreds of birdcages, each containing a single white dove. The doves lie on their backs, transfixed by more shards of mirror. Clinking against some of the silver shards are bleached bird skulls, the wind singing through the empty eye sockets with a low, sorrowful howl.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Twisted branch frame*
- ❖ *Doves*
- ❖ *Silver shards*
- ❖ *Bundles of feathers and bird skulls*

SKULLS

HORRORS OF THE AVIARY BALCONY

Twisted branch frame

The few remnants of mirror left in the frame are tinged with bits of dried blood.

You feel something violently push your head forward. A flash of a terrified woman's face floods your vision. You manage to stop yourself just before your head slams into the empty frame.

Doves

A dove lays motionless in its cage. Your hand moves to open the cage and you feel someone take over your body. When you touch the bird, you feel its heart start beating and it nips at the fleshy part of your palm.

You grab the dove, breaking one of its wings. The other birds cry out, rattling in their cages, a cacophony of fear surrounding you. You bring the helpless, squirming bird to the table and pick up a sharpened twig from the neat pile. Your hand hovers above the dove's eye. A deep guttural anger bubbles in your stomach, wanting to completely annihilate the innocent creature in your grasp. You feel another's presence guiding your hand, and know it won't stop until all the birds are dead.



THE WATER CLOSET

ROOM THREAT: Religion -> Punishment

The worn door was once white; the paint on it is cracked and worn in many places. A rusty doorknob and a decayed lock block your way.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

The filthy water closet has a rotten smell that hits you like a blow, and the only reason you do not throw up is your fear that opening your mouth will let more of that acrid scent enter your body. The bathtub and the bidet are dirty and abandoned, and the solitary gaslight bulb that illuminates the room flickers constantly, threatening to shut down at any moment. In front of you, a shattered mirror with only a small remaining piece shows you your disgusted reflection. Below it there is a washbasin filled with a murky liquid. To your right, a clean hand towel appears totally out of place, maybe as much as the book on the decorated toilet.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Shattered mirror*
- ❖ *Washbasin filled with a murky liquid*
- ❖ *Clean hand towel*
- ❖ *The book*

HORRORS OF THE WATER CLOSET

Clean hand towel

The hand towel is made of a thick, luxurious fiber. It looks heavy and capable of absorbing much more liquid than usual.

If you touch it, the towel starts dripping a red substance. After a short while the drops become a stream. Before you know it, the thick crimson liquid is covering the water closet's floor. It continues to rise, soaking the hem of your dress, and still creeps higher...

The book

The book's cover has been ripped out, but you distinguish the name of the author. It is a pillow book that women read in secret about sex and other scandalous subjects.

If you open the book, you see that every page has been covered with thick ink with one word, over and over again: 'Filthy'. When you look at your hands, you see that they are now covered in ink. You try to remove it, but it is coming out of your skin. If you go to the sink to clear the ink, you see your reflection in the mirror just as ink starts to come out of your eyes, ears, and mouth.



THE SEX ROOM

ROOM THREAT: Motherhood -> Abuse

The door is tall and thin, upholstered in matte black leather. The shiny black handle is shaped like a woman's hand with long, delicate fingers. Holding the hand you open the door.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

This large room smells of honey and sweat. The ceiling is made of ornate tin tiles painted black. The patched wooden floor is stained a deep black, and the walls are covered in matte black leather, broken only by black iron candelabras holding black candles. Against one wall is a padded cot covered in black leather, with buckles and straps at each corner. In the center of the room is a circular table made of ebony wood, with a black glass vase holding black roses. Opposite the cot is a carved wooden chair upholstered in black velvet, sitting on a dais with four black tiled steps. In front of it is coiled a silken black rope.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Black padded cot*
- ❖ *Bouquet of black roses*
- ❖ *Wooden chair upholstered in black velvet*
- ❖ *Silken rope*

HORRORS OF THE SEX ROOM

Bouquet of black roses

The roses smell sweet. Their thorns catch the light, and on closer inspection it is clear they were painted black.

The interior of each flower opens wide if you bend near, and along with their sweet scent comes the sound of a child crying. A young voice cries for food, for attention, for its mother, and cries harder before trailing off.

Silken rope

The rope lies coiled in the floor. It is very soft, and there are indentations where each end has been wrapped several times around someone's hands, as if to hold it taut between them.

A woman steps from the wall when the rope is touched. She looks similar to you, but prettier, and with a rounded belly as if she has recently given birth. She begs you to choke her, to punish her as contrition for her filthy thoughts. She promises to think only of her motherly duties from now on, to be a pure vessel for her offspring, if only you will strangle her. If you resist, the woman attempts to strangle you, whispering about how it can increase the pleasure, if only you will stop struggling.



THE CHAMBERMAIDS' QUARTERS

ROOM THREAT: Religion -> Rituals

The door is dark gray wood with a textured silver frame. The handles are recessed, and it is only after you have reached out and taken hold that you realize the opening is sculpted in the shape of a beast's mouth, and you have grasped a fang.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

This room reeks of incense and perfume. There are two rows of creaky wooden beds piled with white and gray linens. Scattered among the bedclothes are the remnants of a hurried dressing—ribbons, stockings, pots of kohl, beaded combs. One bed is pushed further towards the wall than the others, and there is something dark staining the floor beneath it. Above each bed is an ivory plaque of the Virgin, one hand on her exposed heart, the other reaching to heaven. The closest one is missing a hand. Painted on the wall under it is a chart of the moon's phases.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ Pot of kohl
- ❖ Dark stain on floor
- ❖ Broken Virgin plaque
- ❖ Moon chart

HORRORS OF THE CHAMBERMAIDS' QUARTERS

Pot of kohl

The glass jar has a bitter smell, and the makeup is greasy and quite dark. It has a tiny silver brush attached to the side for application.

Applying the kohl makes you grow very warm and you feel like you are floating. Your pupils expand until everything is a blur, and you feel soft, feminine hands stroking your body as they chant in an unknown language.

Broken Virgin plaque

The hand is under the bed below the plaque. Its broken end has been smoothed, and when you bring it to your nose, you smell salty sweetness, like your fingers when you pleasure yourself.

As you look from the hand to the plaque, the carved smile turns into a smirk. The Virgin coaxes you to use the hand as a dildo to break your hymen—this completes the ritual a former bride used to try to conceive. Thirteen naked women enter the room and begin applying kohl to each other. Both they and the Virgin entreat you to join in, promising pleasure, vengeance, and everything you could want—in return for your soul.



THE SOUTH TOWER

ROOM THREAT: *Body -> Disability*

The mighty oaken door has two thick metallic handles that rest on the mouths of deformed creatures. Through the windows you can hear the sound of the wind rising as the sun sets on the horizon, its rays painting the horizon crimson.

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you.

You are standing inside the south tower. Shadows fluctuate as the single lantern dangling from the ceiling swings back and forth in a perpetual motion. The air is stagnant, and you cough from the sensation of inhaling such a dead breath. Various mismatched mirrors cover the walls, projecting deformed reflections back at you. A solitary chair sits on the dirty concrete floor in the middle of the room. Next to it there is a piece of sharp glass. There is a bent crowbar in the corner.

MYSTERIOUS OBJECTS

- ❖ *Single lantern dangling from the ceiling*
- ❖ *Solitary chair*
- ❖ *Piece of sharp glass*
- ❖ *Bent crowbar*

HORRORS OF THE SOUTH TOWER

Solitary chair

The moving light dazzles you and the concrete floor looks cold and uncaring. The lonely chair appears to be the only place where you can rest for a while to recover.

If you sit on the chair, you see yourself reflected in all the mismatched mirrors around. They all show you a distorted version of yourself and you look monstrous, deformed. The dizziness you felt because of the light only increases.

Piece of sharp glass

The piece of glass shines intermittently, sending multi-colored sparkles every time the lantern's light falls on it.

When you look at the glass, you see the image of a girl as young and innocent as you, but she is missing a leg. She looks sad beyond words and caresses her stump compulsively. Then she looks directly at you. *"I'm sorry but I need it. I have to have it. Otherwise, she'll never love me—and I'll never leave this tower again."* With that same sad face she forces you to use your hand to cut your leg with the piece of sharp glass.



AFTERWORD

While **BLUEBEARD'S BRIDE** is a story of one particular woman, the heart of the game is in its rooms. The house is indeed its skeleton, and the Groundskeeper works with the players to flesh out its form—deeply held fears adorn the rooms like lovely wallpaper and curtains, dreadful secrets furnish each room with an eye to its purpose and proportion, and its former inhabitants cast a spectral glow over it all. It seems fitting that Bluebeard's house sprawls and grows like a living thing, to make room for all of its dead.

FLESH

KEEPER

DEAD
DEAD

The home may be a wife's domain, but it can also be prison, pleasure den, torture chamber, refuge, enemy territory, and tomb. The house in **BLUEBEARD'S BRIDE** contains all of these and more, multitudes and permutations enough to reflect many experiences, wonderful as well as terrible. Its wings and shadowy hallways are endless, the doors countless, its rooms numerous—and waiting.

Sharing this glimpse into the interior of Bluebeard's house has been thrilling, and we hope you've enjoyed the tour, dark as it got. We wish you the best of luck wandering these halls on your own, and most especially, that you never stumble across a room better left unentered.

PLEASURE





WHAT HORRORS WILL YOU CREATE?

The room beckons. You enter, and the door closes behind you...

The **BOOK OF ROOMS** opens up the eerie doors of Bluebeard's estate and releases the horrific echoes and terrifying screams of the past.

Behind each door is a chamber full of everything a groundskeeper could ever need to awe Bluebeard's new bride. Lock yourself in and marvel at these fully illustrated rooms, each with fleshed-out threats to the bride, mysterious objects that cajole closer inspection, and horrors that lurk in the shadows.

The **BOOK OF ROOMS** is an expansion for the **BLUEBEARD'S BRIDE**, an investigatory horror tabletop roleplaying game for 3-5 people, based on the Bluebeard fairy tale.



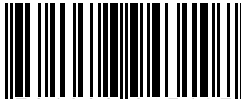
POWERED BY THE
APOCALYPSE

Players
3-5

Time
2-4 hrs

Rating
Adults Only

ISBN 978-1-988943-10-7



9 781988 943107

