

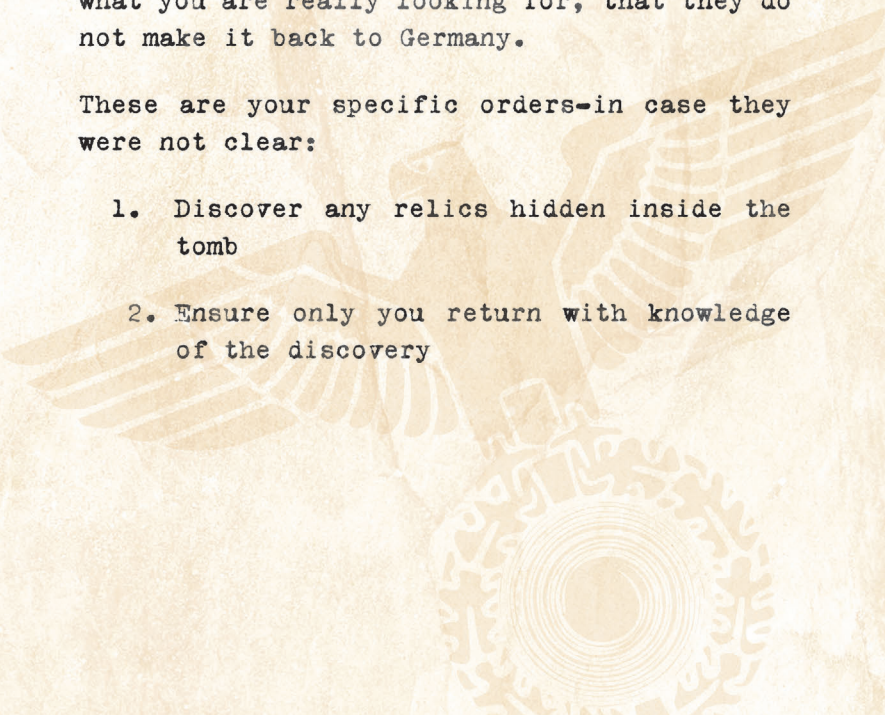
To: Gregor Hoffmann

You are the only one who knows what this small band of soldiers is really doing here.

Only one person knows why the Führer needed an anthropologist on this mission and that's you. Digging for diamonds? That's just the front. Because you are trusted by the Führer and because you are part of the Ahnenerbe and the Thule Society... and both organizations have interest in what may be down in those caverns.

You believe there may be a temple in these catacombs. The Society gave you a map to find it and clues to discovering its mystery. But you cannot tell the others. What's more, you must make sure that if the others discover what you are really looking for, that they do not make it back to Germany.

These are your specific orders-in case they were not clear:

1. Discover any relics hidden inside the tomb
  2. Ensure only you return with knowledge of the discovery
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**CLASSIFIED**

Gregor Hoffmann



To: Sergeant Johann Grimm

You are an angry, hateful man. You served in WWI and spent time in prison. You hate the English, hate the French, hate the Jews and Freemasons and homosexuals who ruined Germany to fill their own pockets and fulfill their own perverse desires. You are also disdainful of SS officers who always ask your advice then take all the credit when they succeed; blaming you if they fail.

You know Sergeants run the Army. When the officers need assistance, they ask the Sergeants. When the enlisted men need assistance, they ask the Sergeants. But you are also loyal to Germany and will do anything to make sure she is not raped again.

Your orders are simple: follow the officer's commands and protect your men. You have twelve soldiers under your command. Six of them are suffering from malaria at the moment and the natives are looking restless. The officers are not concerned. They don't care about the men, they don't care about Germany, they just care about their own glory and impressing their own superiors.

You are also a bit superstitious when it comes to the natives. You are convinced they've put a curse on your soldiers. There's no way they all came down with the same sickness at once. Even if it's something as simple as poisoning the water supply, the natives are up to something and you'll do whatever it takes to find out what it is

**CLASSIFIED**

Sergeant Johann Grimm

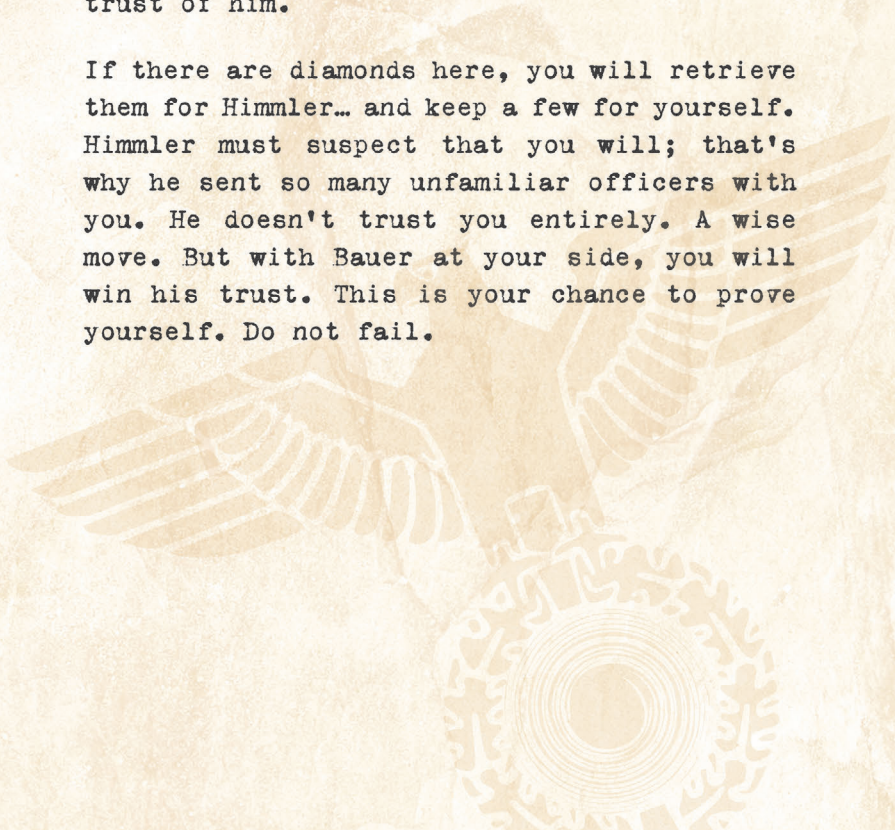


To: Captain Kurt Hartmann

You have risen quickly through the ranks of the SS. This has to do with your own ambition and the intelligence of your closest ally, Lieutenant Bauer. Together, you have earned Himmler's trust. There has even be talk of bringing you in to the Thule Society. Another distinction that will further your career.

Since you were first assigned to this mission, you have suspected there may be something more here happening. This isn't just "digging for diamonds." You can also sense Bauer is lying to you about something-a fact that has added a slight blemish on your trust of him.

If there are diamonds here, you will retrieve them for Himmler... and keep a few for yourself. Himmler must suspect that you will; that's why he sent so many unfamiliar officers with you. He doesn't trust you entirely. A wise move. But with Bauer at your side, you will win his trust. This is your chance to prove yourself. Do not fail.



**CLASSIFIED**

Captain Kurt Hartmann

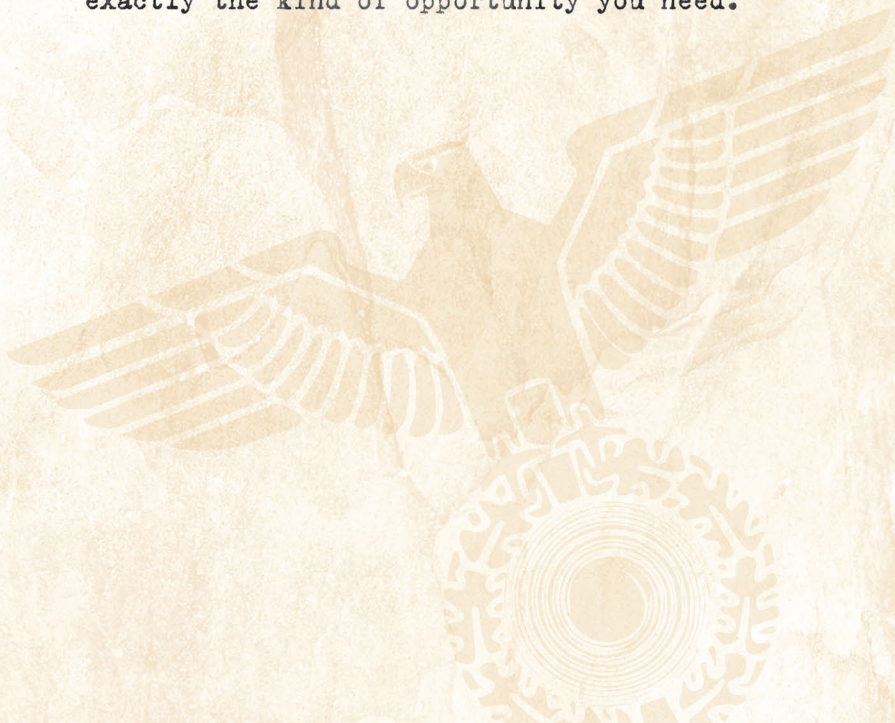


To: Lieutenant Rambert Müller

You've always been overlooked. It's because of your face. They're afraid to look at you. Afraid to talk to you. Afraid to get close to you. You didn't ask for it. When the shell went off and took away most of your face with it...

Because you aren't the beautiful, perfect Aryan Dream. Your family was once German nobility, but they were ruined by the Great War. Now, all you have is your cunning, your ability, and your unique skills. But they're still afraid to look at you.

But Himmler sent you here because he knows you get results. Germany needs wealth for her plans and locating a new diamond mine is exactly the kind of opportunity you need.



**CLASSIFIED**

Lieutenant Rambert Müller



To: Sören Fuchs

You are not Sören Fuchs. Your name is Arthur Madison. You were born in Germany, lived in Berlin for the first fourteen years of your life, then moved with your parents back to England. You joined British Intelligence, served as a spy during the First World War and remained in your post since. You've been placed high in the ranks of the SS for the purpose of keeping your eye on Himmler's elite forces.

You don't know why you were assigned to this squad. In fact, you've never been outside of Europe. You suspect your cover may be blown. You are the outsider here; the others seem to know each other. And they all look at you. Keeping their eyes on you.

Keep track of what happens and remember: there's a squad of British soldiers just a few clicks away. If things get out of hand, send the emergency signal through your radio. Click "SOS" five times in a row and they'll show up.

**CLASSIFIED**

Sören Fuchs

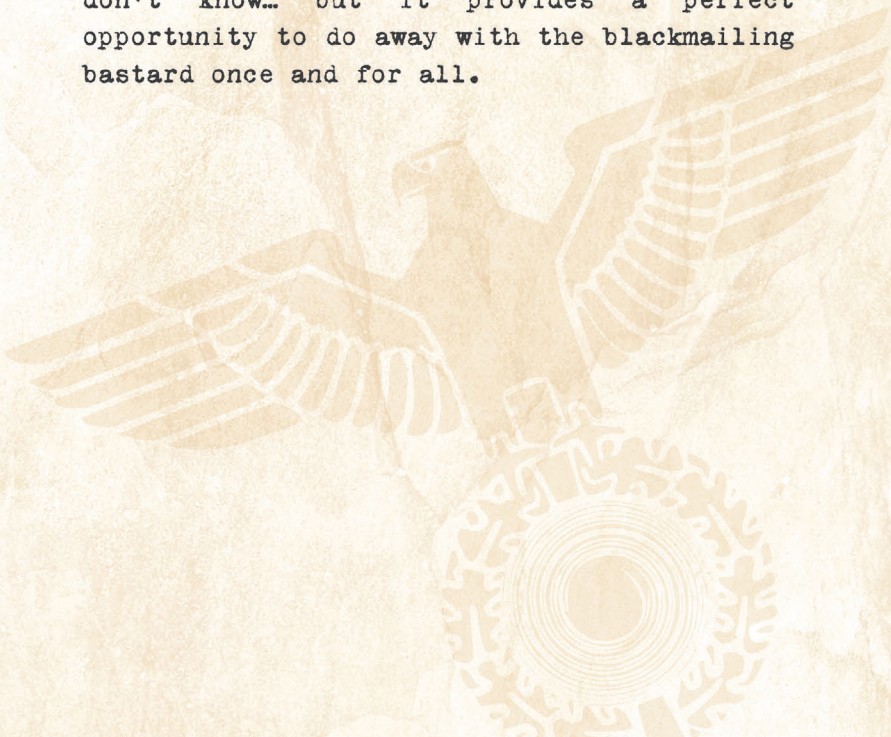


To: Lieutenant Bernhard Bauer

You are the Captain's closest ally. He trusts you implicitly. The others, he does not know; they were assigned to this mission by the highest order. But you and Captain Hartmann have known each other since you were boys. He trusts your judgment, your cool temper and your understanding of military history and tactics.

But he doesn't know that you are a homosexual. Nobody knows that. Nobody except Lieutenant Müller. And you've been paying ever since. Paying for his silence.

As your career has prospered in the SS, his payments have been getting larger. Why the Führer sent him along on this mission, you don't know... but it provides a perfect opportunity to do away with the blackmailing bastard once and for all.



**CLASSIFIED**

Lieutenant Bernhard Bauer

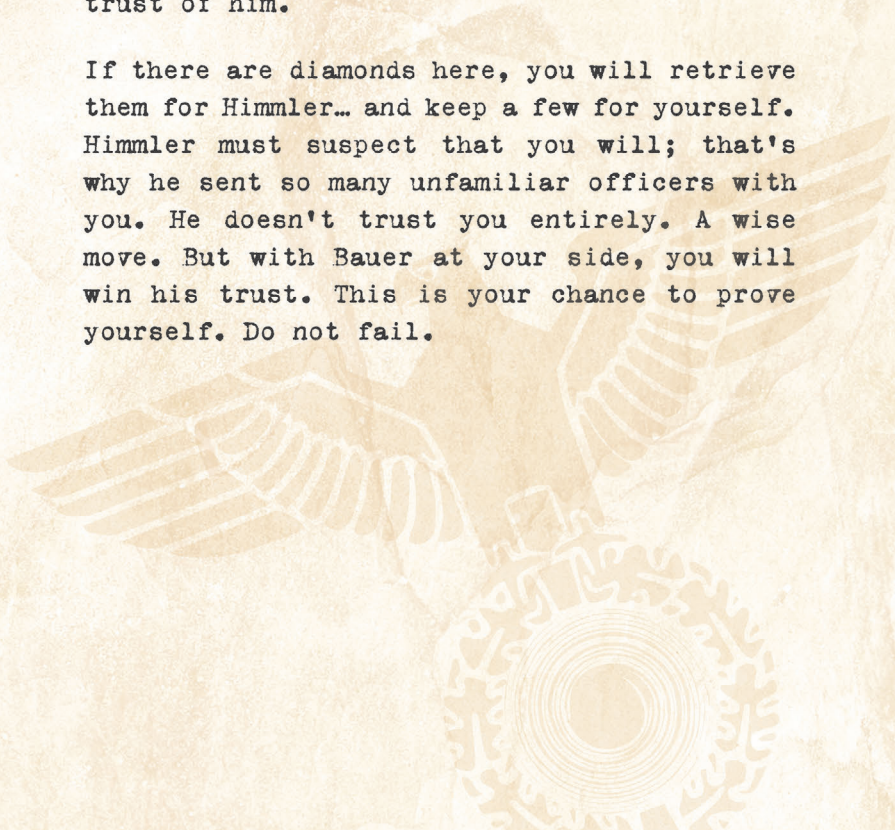


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**ORDERS**



Your body has died, but your spirit has not. In fact, your spirit is now trapped in this place—this terrible place—until... well, let's get to that in a moment.

You can see the spirits of all who died trapped here. You see alien figures, terrible to look upon, moving as ghosts among your fellow humans. The sounds they make are like painful screams. They try to communicate with you, but there's no hope. And just looking upon them is painful... let alone hearing their agonizing cries.

You understand. You are in agony as well. Every inch of you screams in pain. You must escape this... this... torment. This Hell.

You cannot breathe. You are suffocating. As if the air was water.

Even moving is painful, like swimming through acid.

Every sound is a red-hot needle through your ears.

Every light is the same.

Your whole life is pain. Pain. Pain.

And you know, instinctively know, the only escape is blood.

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When the blood of another spills, the agony ceases. At least, for a little while. And when the agony ceases, your body—spirit body—can breathe.

Murder is best. It causes all the pain to wash away.

Whenever anyone is killed, the Keeper adds one Blood Point to the center of the table. You (and any like you) may use Blood Points to interact with the "real world," to whisper with it, to pick up items and move them. You can even pick up weapons and use them, but only for a single moment.

Blood alleviates the pain. But only for a short while. Use your point wisely.



The image features a background of red watercolor splatters and stains on a light-colored surface. The splatters are of various sizes and shapes, ranging from small dots to large, irregular blotches. The colors vary from a pale pink to a deep, dark red. The overall effect is a textured, abstract pattern. At the bottom center, the text "Trapped Spirit Handout" is printed in a simple, black, sans-serif font.

Trapped Spirit Handout