



red eyes, white lines, blue skies

a supplement for
dread: the first book of pandemonium
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Red Eyes, White Lines, Blue Skies

This is a scenario featuring cocaine, infidelity, and demonic possession. Hope you dig it. As always, feel free to hit me at rafael@malignantgames.com.

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Introduction

There are many ways to tie this scenario into an existing campaign. The Cabal's Contacts are probably your best bet. Here are some possible types of Contacts, as well as their rationales for contacting one of the Disciples.

Law Enforcement: The Contact is involved in the missing persons investigation, or is a member of a sex-crimes unit.

Journalism: The Contact is investigating a strange story, featuring five missing persons cases and a girl that seems to be involved in each case.

Attorney: The Contact is involved in a bizarre legal scenario: a girl has been attacked by a number of different men, each of whom disappeared after.

Doctor: The Contact's patient, a young woman who was recently attacked, has begun to exhibit some disturbing symptoms and behavior.

Mallrat: The Contact's friend, a bookstore employee, disappeared after being accused of sexual assault. It's surprising because the friend is known to be gay, and the alleged victim is female.

Teacher: The Contact's colleague, Vincent Wong, recently disappeared one afternoon, leaving his car in the school parking lot and his office door open.

Religion: Father Charles Brunelli, a substantial man, vanished into thin air while counseling a troubled young woman. The young woman claims he attacked her, but it seems terribly unlikely.



Backstory

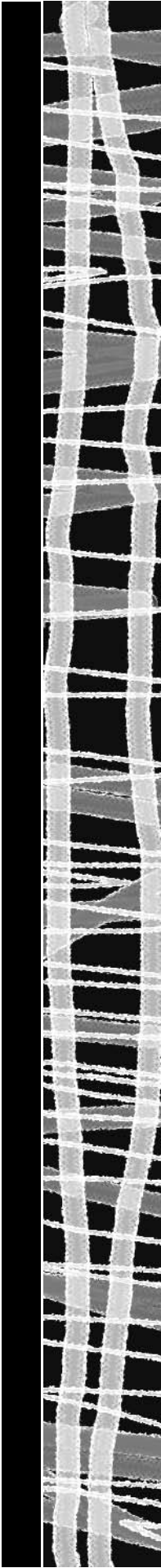
There is something dark inside John Coletti's daughter, and Coletti thinks he knows why. He's dead wrong, but by the time he finds out, it will be far too late. If the Disciples can't figure out what he's done, and why, Coletti will doom his family. If the Disciples can't free Jenny Coletti from the demon that has possessed her, many innocents will die.

About a year ago, Coletti started fucking the temp. Christy Ballenger, 22, knows exactly how men see her, and she likes it. When she started temping at Modern Media, she got the usual attention from her male co-workers. But the look she got from John Coletti was different from the typical raised eyebrows and furtive glances. He didn't stare at her breasts or bottom; instead, she could feel his eyes drilling into her, head to toe, from across the room, through walls, around corners. It was embarrassing, but she knew it was nothing to take lightly.

John Coletti, 45, had gone as far with Modern Media as he was likely to go. Nowhere near as adept with digital instruments as the younger, newer hires, Coletti still had a wealth of knowledge and experience that kept him on, year after year, through numerous layoffs and management changes. He'd been with the company nearly 20 years, and had adapted easily to each incarnation of Modern Media. He'd sent two children to college, and his third was only a few months away from senior prom. He was happily married, golfed on weekends, assembled model planes and battleships in his spare time, and watched the game with his high school buddies every other weekend. John was a man who had found his place in life and had no complaints.

Then Christy started working at the front desk, and the bottom dropped out of Coletti's heart. He couldn't stop staring at her. Sure, there'd been other temps, mostly young women, and sure, most of them had knockout legs, or tits that wouldn't quit. Nothing new under the sun, as they say, and he'd gotten it all out of his system two decades earlier. But there was something about Christy that heated his blood, dimmed his vision, pounded the heart in his chest like a punching bag.

There was a kind of bitterness to the sex. For her, it was frustrating that the only one among them who was man enough to ask her to dinner was also too old to be an ambitious up-and-comer and too young to be a legitimate sugar daddy. For Coletti, it was frustration that he hadn't met her during his sexual prime. Coletti started making up for lost time. He joined a gym, started running and eating raw vegetables, took Viagra and read Cosmo. After work, he'd drive Christy home, rail her for a half-hour, shower, and stop by the grocery store on the way home to cool down in the frozen foods section, leaning against a glass case with the door open, eyes closed, thinking about her legs wrapped around his waist.



Carol never guessed. Her world was one of volunteer work, substitute teaching at the high school, needlework, and teaching Bible study to disgusted and indifferent pre-teens. For her, sex was like a nice television show -- fun, but if you missed it, there was always next week. She attributed John's sudden surge of testosterone to a midlife crisis, and decided to wait it out, since joining him looked like an awful lot of work. Jenny knew instantly, and was crushed, but wouldn't have told anyone, even if she'd had someone to talk to. So she listened to Ani Defranco and wrote all about it in her diary, in a code she'd created years ago. Dear Carol did have a problem with respecting privacy, and Jenny wasn't about to spill this particular secret. Her mother was a snoop and a prude and about as exciting as watching snow melt, but Jenny didn't want to break her heart. So she remained silent and Carol started a canned-goods drive and John fucked his girlfriend four times a week.

After six months, there was a brief scare when Carol found a lump in her left breast, and John lost the will to live. A lapsed Catholic, he felt the weight of Heaven upon his tanned, sinful shoulders, and prayed that God would take his life and spare Carol. Shortly thereafter, the doctors determined that Carol did not have cancer, and she was released from the hospital with a clean bill of health.

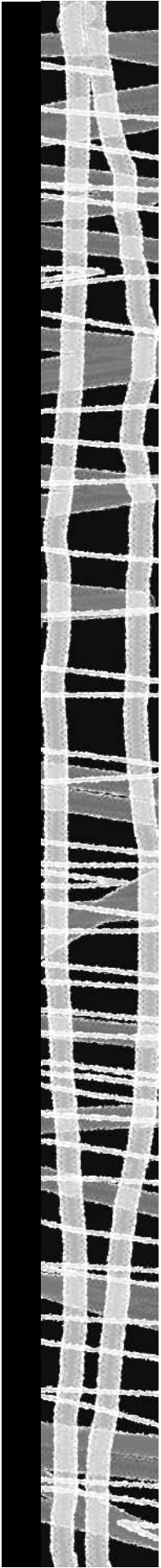
The next day, John broke it off with Christy, who was overjoyed, and concealed it rather badly. She'd tired of John, and had discovered a young hot-shot in the office, who'd been promoted twice in six months. He knew about John and Christy, as did a number of Modern Media employees, but didn't seem to give a damn, and she'd just about convinced herself it was time for a change of pace when John tearfully ended their romantic fling. Luckily, he'd been so busy blubbering about how much he loved his wife that he hadn't noticed Christy's elation.

A week later, John was nailing his wife five times a week, and she, so recently shadowed by the Reaper, was loving every minute of it. Jenny was so happy, she wept on her diary, in the dark, every night for three days.

Six months passed without incident, and all was well with the Coletti family. Christy's temp contract expired, and John didn't see her again.

Then something terrible happened to Jenny.

John knew that something was wrong with her. But he had no idea that a Phoriag Demon had taken up residence in his 18-year-old daughter, and that it had already captured her closest friend (and co-worker at the bookstore) Roger Vandemay.



Late one night, Roger, a 23-year-old part-time student, had just finished coming out to Jenny in her bedroom when her mouth split open, revealing a vast blank face the color of obsidian. It smelled of fish and leather, and it erupted from Jenny's body and seized Roger in its massive arms. He was yanked out of this work and into Li'Crast, a dark dimension where the Phoriag held sway, and where it hunted humans for their meat. When Jenny woke, she had no memory of Roger's admission of his homosexuality, or of his abduction. Instead, she remembered being attacked by him, and she seemed to recall fending him off and driving him from her room. Horrified by the memories that the Phoriag had planted in her mind, she called the police, her father, and her older brothers.

A fruitless search for Roger convinced the authorities that he'd fled out of guilt, and though co-workers and friends insisted that the man was clearly gay, and clearly without a violent bone in his body, the police refused to question the testimony of a visibly shaken virgin who described the teeth and claws of a deranged sex criminal.

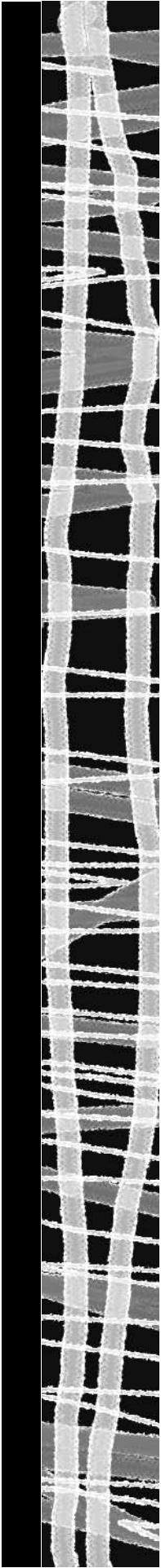
A week later, however, when Father Charles Brunelli vanished during a session with Jenny, and she claimed that he'd attempted to violate her, the authorities became a trifle suspicious. First, the priest had been speaking to Jenny in his office at Saint Mark's, and he'd done so with the door wide open, and with his assistant, Mandy Furioni, in the next room, typing up the newsletter for Sunday mass. It seemed a rather unlikely place to stage a rape. Second, Mandy had heard absolutely nothing, not a sound. Third, the padre had managed to flee the scene of the attempted crime without opening a window or using the door. The benevolent, but grotesquely obese priest would not have fit through any of the windows in his office, and the door was located three feet from Mandy's desk in the next room.

Clearly, something was amiss, and the authorities grilled Jenny rigorously, but she was convinced, and a polygraph test revealed that she was not lying to the police.

The Colettis dealt with the crisis as a family, and struggled to continue to live normal lives. John worked hard at his desk, and Carol maintained her volunteer efforts. Jenny tried to remain focused on her schoolwork, but a profound depression had settled over her like a shadow.

Then Christy called John at home one night, voice strained, speech slurred. Horrified, John hung up at once, but she called back. It turned out that Christy had fallen on hard times, and needed a friend. And five thousand dollars.

After leaving Modern Media, she'd answered phones for a couple of weeks at a pharmaceutical company, and then she'd waited tables for a few more



weeks while waiting for a new temp assignment. But it never came. Times were hard, jobs were few, and Christy was unskilled labor. She wound up waiting tables for three months, until she met Dave Ervin.

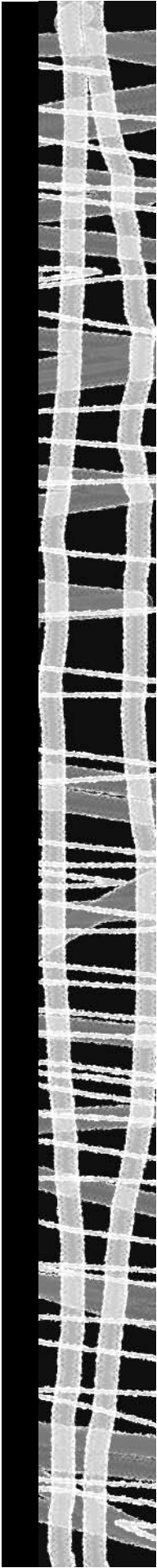
Dave, who strode into the restaurant like he owned the place, cursed indiscriminately, and smoked his cigarette with style, was insanely hot. Christy had trouble taking her eyes off him while she finished off her shift. When it was over, she brought him a beer and asked him to dance, and two days later, they were living together.

Living with Dave taught Christy two things. First, despite the use of words like "gaffling" and "biotch," Dave had not, in point of fact, grown up in the hood, or even a remotely dangerous part of town. Dave was, actually, a fairly privileged white boy with a nice car and a gymnasium membership. Dave liked to drive fast, work out, and have sex. He also liked to listen to rap and get screwed up out of his fucking mind on anything he could get his hands on, up to and including freebase. When Dave was lit up, he was as safe and charming as a powder-keg full of pissed-off rattlesnakes, and he was as likely to cry and beg Christy to stay with him forever as he was to scream at her and hurl DVDs at her face like shuriken. Dave was bad bad news, and Christy was in love.

They ran out of money fast when they put their heads together. She could snort coke like it was an Olympic event, and she never turned anything down, ever. Within a matter of weeks, she was picking up extra shifts, twelve to fourteen hours at a time, and there still wasn't enough cash to keep them in food, alcohol, and drugs. Dave's parents were generous, to a point, but they'd only send their thirty-year-old son a couple thousand a month, and no matter what he did after that, they wouldn't send him another nickel until the first of the month. Christy suggested killing them, but Dave's older and wiser head prevailed. Never one to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs, Dave put his mind to the challenge of finding a second source of income.

Sure that love would find a way, Christy drunkenly admitted that this was why she preferred older men. This was the divine efflatus that Dave's animal cunning had required. By sunrise, he'd figured it out. By sunset, Christy had made the call, and John had felt the cold nausea wipe away the past few months of domestic bliss.

It was the simplest form of blackmail: give me the money or I tell your wife what you like to whisper when you fuck. Carol was oblivious, not stupid. Present her with the evidence and she'd make the necessary connection, no doubt. He couldn't risk it. Better to pay the money.



But he knew exactly what would happen. He'd pay. Christy would go away. Then she'd come back. And she'd keep coming back.

There was only one way to finish this, and John knew what he had to do.

He told Christy that he'd give her the cash, but that he'd never be able to take it out of the house, for fear of being robbed. Too dangerous. She agreed to meet him at his home at eight o'clock the next evening, and promised to arrive alone.

The next day, when Carol had left for her PTA meeting and Jenny was working at the bookstore, John laid a sheet of plastic on the kitchen floor and propped a fireplace poker next to the refrigerator, then took a long hot shower. He didn't hear Jenny come in.

Jenny, who had been so overcome by fatigue and nausea that she'd been unable to work any longer, had been sent home by the store manager, and was trying to make sense of the plastic sheet on the kitchen floor when the back door was smashed in. Jenny screamed as Dave reached for her, grinning, eyes wide and red.

Pounding through the house in a towel, John stopped hard in the kitchen. Something vast and dark was dragging Christy Ballenger and an unknown young man into a swirling mass of black light, and then it all convulsed and shot into his daughter's mouth. She turned her head slightly and sighed, but didn't get up from the floor, and for a heart-stopping second, John thought that she was dead.

But Jenny opened her eyes a second later, and began to scream again.

When the police arrived a few minutes later, she told them that a masked intruder had broken in through the back window and had grabbed her arm. Only her father's sudden arrival had saved her from violation and possibly death.

John, who was unable to stop trembling, described a large male with a ski mask on, who'd fled at his approach.

Investigation revealed the fingerprints of one David Ryan Ervin, a wealthy young man with a traces of cocaine in his apartment and a bank statement that told of fast nights and lousy judgment. Authorities concluded that the young man, frustrated with his parent's refusal to finance his growing drug habit, had turned to robbery in desperation.

Dave was not found.

John has decided that there are two possibilities: either he has lost his mind, or God is tormenting him for his sins. He cannot choose between the two, and has begun to drink heavily in the evenings. He knows that something is wrong with his daughter, but is afraid to consider what that might be.

Yesterday, her biology teacher disappeared after school. According to his wife, he was supposed to come home immediately after class, to help her prepare for a dinner party.

His notes indicate that he was going to ask one of his students to stay after class for a moment, so that he might speak to her about her performance during the past few weeks.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Jenny Coletti

Jenny knows that there's something wrong with her, but doesn't know what it is. She's convinced that there's something about her that drives men to attack her. As far as she's concerned, all of the men who have vanished are crazed rapists who now stalk her and wait outside her home at night.

She works at Book It Up, a used bookstore in the strip mall up the street from her home. She isn't going to be working any more nights, per her request, starting next week, but for the time being, she insists on being escorted to and from her car by one of her fellow employees. Because she usually shows up on time and doesn't seem to be on any serious drugs, the exhausted manager has agreed to this. He thinks she's a fucking flake, but good help is hard to find, and so he deals with her.

Jenny tries to remain upbeat about her life, but it's the desperate cheer of someone who knows that things are about to nosedive horribly; her humor is dark, and she often laughs for no good reason.

She thinks that something terrible is happening to her father, but she's not sure what she can do about it. Jenny knows he loves her, but she also knows that John isn't a strong man, or a particularly good one. He's her father, though, so she loves him.

Not a terribly religious person, Jenny has difficulty understanding her father's recent preoccupation with religion. A woman of reason, she won't have much use for tales of demons and magic unless presented with some solid evidence.

A slim, dark-eyed girl with a sense of gravity beyond her years, Jenny listens intently and speaks slowly. She seems quite sad most of the time, even when laughing. She acts like someone who knows she should be enjoying life, but can't.

If confronted or accosted, Jenny will fall unconscious and the Phoriag will emerge from her body. If it is injured badly, the beast will drag all its assailants into the Li'Crast, and will seek shelter there, in its home.

The Phoriag

Dread, pages 162-163.



John Coletti

John is a weak man. When tempted, he succumbed, and when threatened, he lashed out impulsively. He is currently trying to decide whether he is merely going out of his mind, or whether God has decided to punish him for his transgressions. A buried faith is bubbling to the surface of his soul, and he is close to the breaking point. Whatever he decides, he will prove volatile and violent if cornered.

Right now, John is content to pretend that he doesn't know what's going on, but he's aware that something is wrong with Jenny. He saw something awful happen to Christy and Dave, and he knows that the other disappearances are somehow related. However, he won't do anything that might threaten or harm his daughter in any way. Ashamed to admit his weakness to his wife, he is trying to make up for his failures by becoming insanely overprotective of Jenny. He's terrified of being exposed for the hypocrite that he is, and he'll do whatever is necessary to keep his wife from finding out about his affair.

A tanned, fit-looking man in his mid-forties, John favors bland colors and has pale eyes and pale hair. Left to his own devices, he fades into the back of a room and volunteers nothing.

Carol Coletti

Carol is oblivious to her husband's infidelity, and would be utterly devastated if she found out. She's convinced that her life is as good as it's ever going to get. Her harrowing brush with breast cancer jolted her out of the reverie of her past decade, and she's attacking life with a vengeance. Her renewed intimacy with John has made her feel more attached to the world around her, and she's starting to pay more attention to the people in her life.

Jenny is an enigma to Carol, who's as solid and practical as a plate of meat and potatoes. Her daughter is mysterious and doomed, and Carol doesn't understand either concept terribly well. She's happy to let the girl stew in her own sadness, so long as there's no tobacco, alcohol, or premarital sex. Reading Jenny's diary gave Carol a headache, and she hasn't so much as tidied the girl's room since.

Carol is a healthy-looking woman in her early forties. She smiles broadly and warmly, and has a firm handshake. She likes tiny decorations, both upon her person and in her home. She rarely leaves the house without a pair of cute seasonal earrings or socks, and there's always some new decoration or knick-knack on her kitchen table. She doesn't really believe in God all that much, but adorns her car's bumper with religious stickers.



Christy Ballenger

Christy is just smart enough to know that her brains alone won't get her far in this world. This belief has brought her to this current situation: running from fleshless demons in a cold, rocky Hell many miles from home and loved ones.

She's absolutely sick with fear and grief, convinced that her greed and addiction have doomed her and Dave to an early death. They've been running since they arrived in Li'Crast, and she's weak from hunger and lack of sleep. She will weep with gratitude if rescued, and will turn her life around, going back to school to study accounting.

Deeply ashamed of her plan to rob John, Christy will pretend she doesn't recognize him, if there's anyone else around, and she'll never contact him again if she returns to Earth.

A slender, petite blonde with wide blue eyes and a ferocious body, Christy is gorgeous despite the thick coat of mud, filth, and dried blood. She looks vulnerable and miserable, and will say or do anything to get back home alive.

Dave Ervin

Dave's mind has snapped, and he's been carrying the revolver since he arrived in Li'Crast. He had every intention of incapacitating John (and killing him, if necessary) and looting the house, but when Jenny transformed into the Phoriag and cast him into this dimension, Dave lost his grip on reality. He's convinced that every person he meets is actually a monster, and it's only a matter of time before he opens fire.

Normally, Dave is utterly amoral and selfish, and will lie or steal as the need arises. Mommy and Daddy will always bail him out, so he rarely worries about the consequences of his actions. Initially, Dave tends to be quite brash, and speaks as though he were a hardened criminal from the streets. He has never been in an actual fight, and his aim is atrocious. However, he's completely unpredictable at this point, and cannot distinguish between reality and fantasy.

Dave has absolutely no recollection of the debt he owes Jimmy Stiles, and if he sees Jimmy, there's a real possibility that Dave won't recognize him. If confronted about the debt, Dave will suspect a trap and will start shooting.

A slim, dark-eyed young man with a thin moustache and baggy pants, Dave looks like a sleek hoodlum with delusions of gangster.



Roger Vandemay

Frightened and alone, Roger thought that he would surely die without ever seeing another human again, but Fate delivered unto him the corpulent priest, Charles Brunelli. After a rather sour re-introduction, Roger took the priest under his wing and set about finding shelter and weapons. The two are currently hiding in Madh Saramha, the wooded lake. There, near a large stump, Roger has constructed a lean-to, and has built a fire. A boy scout for several years, Roger knows his way in the wilderness, and he is resourceful enough to have stockpiled a small supply of sharpened sticks, for use as weapons.

He's convinced that there's a logical explanation for all of this, and will wait until an answer manifests itself, or until he dies. He's stoic enough that after an initial hour of tearful hysteria, he got his shit together and is now ready to go out fighting, if need be.

Roger's not thrilled about having to babysit Father Charles, but he figures it's worth the story, if he ever gets back home.

A well-built young man with a gold necklace and olive skin, Roger comes across as well-spoken, educated, and confident.

Charles Brunelli

After being whisked away to Li'Crast, Father Charles Brunelli racked his brain, trying to figure out why God had sent a demon to take him to Hell. Just as it occurred to him that he was being punished for the deadly sin of gluttony, he caught sight of the repulsive sodomite, Roger Vandemany. Time and again, Brunelli had tried to warn Jenny Coletti away from the boy, but as she'd gotten older, she'd come to church less and less often, and now probably spent all her free time with drug addicts and pornographers.

After sharing this revelation with Roger, the astonished priest was treated to a thirty-minute tirade, then told to shut the fuck up and follow orders. Meekly, he complied, and has been obedient ever since.

Father Charles is large and slow and used to being in control. Out of his element, he's very nearly useless, and in his current condition, will burst into tears under duress. He's secretly convinced that he's being punished for his wickedness, and that the homosexual who's bossing him around is actually a demon of some kind. But he'd rather sit next to a warm fire than wander around in the cold alone, so he submits when told to gather firewood. If rescued, he'd identify Roger as a demon in a shrill voice, and then begin to weep silently.

Vincent Wong

A teacher for the past six years, Vincent is kind, soft-spoken, hard-working, and a complete alcoholic. The lack of interest of his students, the beaurocracy, the endless interference of uninformed parents, and the lousy pay have conspired to drive Vincent to heavy and serious drink. Still, he's a good teacher. He's just a lousy husband, thus his recent divorce.

He doesn't understand what's happening to him, but he's ready to accept any explanation, so long as he can get home to his apartment and his Sam Adams. However, if rescued, Vincent will eventually turn his life around and get back on the right track.

Shellshocked and horrified, Vincent is nonetheless calm under pressure, and will not go into hysterics or run blindly. He's very afraid and very alone, but he's been careful enough to escape capture for two days now.

A laid-back guy in his early thirties, Vincent is still young enough that he tries to dress cool so his students won't make fun of him. He tries to mask nervousness with humor, but when the situation is serious, Vincent is capable and resourceful.

Jimmy Stiles

Jimmy is a small-time gangster with a notoriously short temper. Dave owes him three kilos of low-grade cocaine, or twenty thousand dollars. Jimmy doesn't care which right now; Dave's skipped town, and Jimmy's looking to find Dave. If he suspects the Disciples know something, he'll send some thugs around to beat the information out of them.

STATISTICS:

Jenny Coletti

Body 2, Mind 2, Spirit 1

John Coletti

Body 2, Mind 2, Spirit 1

Carol Coletti

Body 2, Mind 2, Spirit 1

Jimmy Stiles

Body 2, Mind 1, Spirit 1, Shotgun +1

Jimmy's Thugs

Body 2, Mind 1, Spirit 1, Knife +1

Roger Vandermay

Body 2, Mind 2, Spirit 2, Spear +1

Charles Brunetti

Body 1, Mind 2, Spirit 1

Vincent Wong

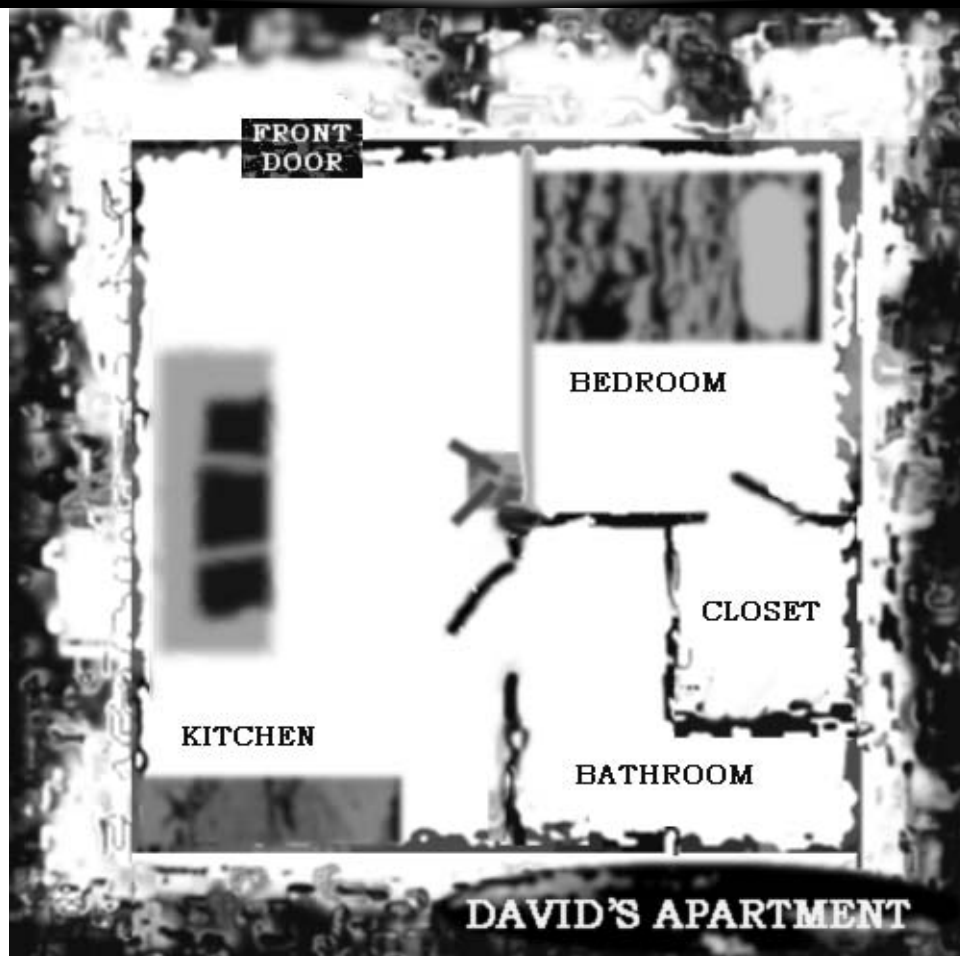
Body 2, Mind 3, Spirit 1

Christy Ballenger

Body 2, Mind 2, Spirit 1

Dave Ervin

Body 3, Mind 1, Spirit 1, Revolver +1



David's Apartment

The reek of soured beer, ashtrays, sweat. Stains on everything, traces of cocaine and cigarette ash.

KITCHEN

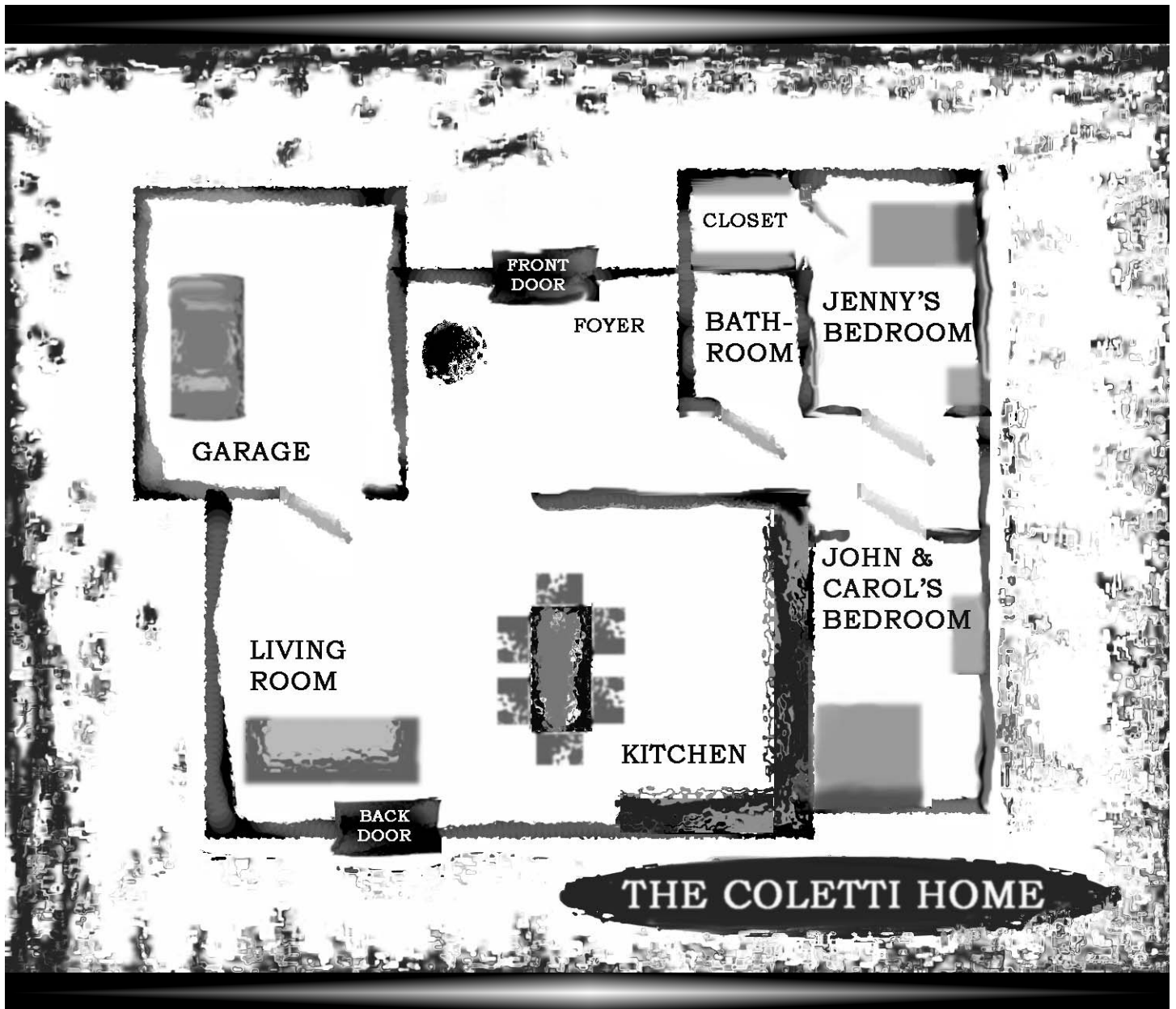
Dirty dishes, weeks' worth, piled in the sink. In a cupboard, under some knives, a Polaroid of the Coletti house, with the address written on the back.

BATHROOM

Clogged drains, wads of dark hair, cigarette butts floating in filthy water. Behind the commode, a ransom note for Jenny Coletti. Newspaper-clipped letters on white printer paper: GIVE US TWENTY THOUSAND OR YOUR DAUGHTER IS DEAD NOT JOKING. NO COPS. David Ervin's prints.

BEDROOM

Under the mattress, pornography and a few small bags of marijuana and cocaine. Unpaid bills on the dresser. In the dresser, a few polaroids of Christy defiling herself. A love note from John Coletti, crumpled, then smoothed out again. In the closet, a printout of a threatening email from Jimmy Stiles.



The Coletti Home

Carol runs a tight ship, and the Coletti home is mute testimony to her fundamental love of order and neatness. The home is small, and tidy, and smells new and minty.

FOYER

Here, a small glass table on the right displays numerous pictures of Jenny, in her prom dress, with her friends, and posed awkwardly for glamour shots. There are also a few pictures of Jenny on the walls, mingled with photos of her two older brothers. It would seem that the family moved to this smaller home when the two loud siblings departed, leaving nothing but echoes.



LIVING ROOM

Football trophies, courtesy of Rick and Johnnie Junior, in a small wooden cabinet. A fine couch and a large television. Under the couch, Vincent Wong's wristwatch, tossed under there by a blank-eyed Jenny. A few prom photos in expensive frames. A collection of unread classic literature.

KITCHEN

No dishes in the sink, no spots on the glasses or dishes in the cabinet. A lemon-scented cook's paradise. Stainless steel kitchen implements.

GARAGE

Old boxes, stainless steel tools that have been used exactly once each, dusty gym equipment. In a small envelope, under boxes marked XMAS DECORATIONS and SPORTS EQUIP, a map of Li'Crast (page 17), drawn by Jenny after waking from a sickening dream. In a fuguelike state, she stuffed the picture into an envelope and hid it from herself, then let somnambulism drag her back to her bed, oblivious.

BATHROOM

Antidepressants, diet pills, and vitamins in the medicine cabinet.

JENNY'S BEDROOM

Stuffed animals, books on needlepoint, school textbooks, a Nirvana poster, an encrypted diary in her nightstand, a laptop, a hastily scrawled suicide note, written 24 hours before, crumpled into a wad and kicked under the bed by mistake.

JENNY'S CLOSET

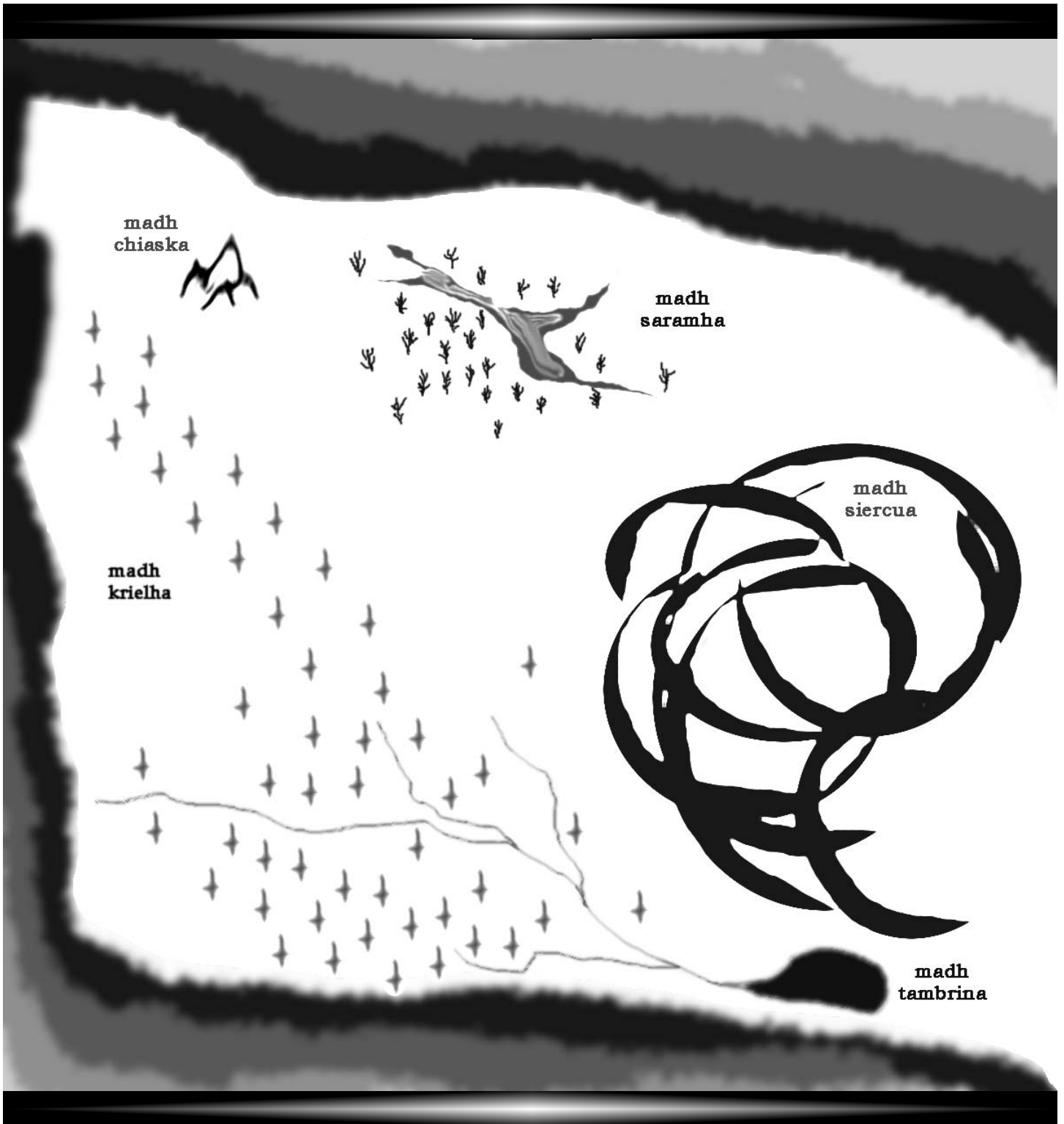
Clothing, pictures in little decorated boxes, unsent love letters, shoes.

JOHN/CAROL'S BEDROOM

In John's briefcase, a photo of Christy, absently tucked inside a black ledger. In the photo, she is smiling at the camera, hands on her hips, eyes bright. Above her, the neon screams, "El Dorado." This is the restaurant where she worked part-time while she was seeing John.

BACK DOOR

Here, Dave's fingerprints on the doorjamb, and residual cocaine from his clothing. His footsteps, and Christy's, end abruptly when they reach the threshold of the Coletti home. Anyone using Nimrod, or the Tracking skill, will realize that there's nothing natural about this. There's no place for them to have gone.



Li'Crast



Li'Crast

This land is perpetually dark and cold, and this particular portion of Li'Crast is circumscribed by waves of blood-red energy which pulse and contract like the rhythm of a heart. The air is thick with smoke, but there is no fire to be seen. In the darks, shadows coil and lengthen, and footsteps are often heard in the distance, though the marauders rarely show themselves.

The Phoriag keeps a few minor demons here, such as the Merstett and Vuiloma. There are perhaps a dozen of each wandering through the Phoriag's domain, but most are wise enough to wait until it has been sated before descending upon the human victims. Still, if the humans are left to wander unattended long enough, the other demons will eventually attack them.

MADH CHIASKA

If the Phoriag has sent the Disciples to Li'Crast, this is where they arrive. Madh Chiaska is a dark mountain, flanked by two smaller peaks, around which a grey cloud curls. The air reeks of burning hair, and the mountain itself is covered in broken bones.

MADH KRIELHA

To the southeast of Madh Chiaska, a twin row of inverted crosses made of stone, known as the Madh Krielha. They traverse Li'Crast, from northwest to southeast, ending at the Madh Siercua. On each cross, a half-chewed mass of rotting meat which might have once been a human. These are the unfortunate victims of the Phoriag and its subordinate demons.

MADH SARAMHA

To the north, a small lake and a surrounding wood. The woods are sparse, and dry, and there is no greenery -- no leaves, no grass. Just wood. There is nothing edible in the woods, much to the dismay of Father Charles and Roger Vandermay, who have taken refuge here.

MADH TAMBRINA

A tear-shaped lake in the southeast corner of Li'Crast, whose water stings the eyes and dehydrates the body. The grasses around the lake boast razor-sharp leaves, which slice through clothing and skin with ease. Here, Christy has collapsed, and lies unconscious.

MADH SIERCUA

The eastern part of Li'Crast is dominated by a series of mammoth black scythe-like structures which whirl about in the sky. The great arcs of stone are impossibly heavy, and swift as thought. To be nudged by one is to lose a limb at best. Here, when it has finished its kill, the Phoriag kneels and prays for the strength to grind humanity into oblivion.



Resolution

The demon which has possessed the body of Jenny Coletti will not surrender its host without a fight. If provoked, the demon will shed the girl like a skin, and will emerge to do battle. If the battle goes badly for the Phoriag, it will open a gate to Li'Crast, and will take the Disciples (and anyone else in proximity) with it.

There, it will flee, and will use its knowledge of the terrain to its advantage.

Home, the Phoriag is fearsome, as it can feel the movements of humans throughout its domain. Without having to look, it can tell precisely where every Disciple and victim is standing, and this can be a great advantage to the demon.

The Phoriag will be undone by its overconfidence, however; in Li'Crast, the demon will believe itself invincible, and will make tactical errors during combat. While it may flee its assailants on Earth, the demon will attack indiscriminately in its home.

If the demon is killed, all of its victims are instantly returned to Earth, to the place where the last gate was constructed. If the Disciples have managed to open a gate of their own, in some way, then the creature will follow them back, and will try to pick them off one by one.

If the Disciples manage to rescue the victims, and defeat the Phoriag, they may have other problems to contend with. Naturally, some of the victims will want to turn to the authorities to sort out the problem. Worse, Dave is only inches away from homicide at any given time. If he is not disarmed and handed over to the proper authorities, or killed, he will likely cause great harm to the Colettis, or to someone else. Jimmy Stiles will not rest until he has his money back (or his cocaine), and if he can't get it from Dave, he will try to obtain it from Christy, or from the Colettis, if he thinks they're involved somehow. If he suspects that the Disciples are Dave's accomplices in some way, he will target them as well. He's a nuisance, but an ambush when the Disciples are wounded could prove harmful.

Jenny will be near-catatonic with horror if she realizes what's become of her, and Carol will be similarly incapacitated if she ever finds out what her husband has done, or what's happened to her daughter. It may take some effort to keep the lives of these individuals from unraveling.

A sizable Redemption award should be handed out to each member of the Cabal if they can manage to rescue everyone involved, and enable the Colettis to survive the multiple tragedies that have befallen the family.