

MUMMY

the
CURSE



READY MADE CHARACTERS

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Coming Soon for Mummy: the Curse
Cursed Necropolis: DC!

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This book uses the supernatural for settings, characters, and themes. All mystical and supernatural elements are fiction and intended for entertainment purposes only. This book contains mature content. Reader discretion is advised.



THE CLUB TABOO

The Club Taboo is a plain, concrete, two-story structure. It has no signage and just a single door leading in. The entryway is a plain, small room with a desk; a woman taking money and a large man standing beside her. Give the woman your cover and she invites you to step inside.

The first floor looks like a standard high-end, high class, very expensive dance club—like a Hollywood director’s idea of what these kind of places look like. You can see bouncers everywhere, each of them carrying ear pieces and tasers.

You can buy drinks at one of the three bars, you can dance, you can socialize, you can try to get someone to come home with you. Pretty standard stuff.

But, if you are a “gold member,” you can head on up to the second floor. That’s where the real fun awaits. The door that leads to the second floor has a sign that reads

“Rule 34: If it exists...

Rule 35: ... it’s cool.”

The second floor of Club Taboo is a place where people wear masks and use pseudonyms. On the second floor, everyone is a “lord” or “lady.” And on the second floor, all bets are off. All the rooms have doors, but they also have large one-way windows so you can see what’s happening inside (but they can’t see out). Doms and subs, fire play, electricity, heroes and villains, teddy bears, luchadors in wrestling rings... just about anything you can imagine, as long as it’s between consenting adults.

The club’s notorious reputation maintains a steady clientele. Most arrive for the first floor, but the door leading to the second is what everyone watches. Who goes

in, who comes out, and the heavy bags they carry. Curiosity burns the edges of prudence. After all, you don’t have to *do* anything: you can just watch through the one-way glass. And that’s the strategy: lure them in with the first floor and keep them with the second. People want to know what’s on the other side of that door, and they’ll pay just to pretend they have the guts to find out. Friends and strangers boast, “Oh, yeah, I’ve been up there.” Some even show gold cards. But have they really?

Call the bluff and find out.

The club owners are mysterious figures that everyone talks about but nobody sees. There’s mention of a “Lady Isis” who calls the shots. Every once in a while, someone claims they’ve seen her: a tall, statuesque woman with dark skin and black hair. Or, perhaps she’s the lithesome blonde over there with the lavender eyes. Nobody really knows anything about her, or even if she’s the really the woman who owns the club. It’s just all talk.

Every once in a while, the authorities show up to check out the place. Sometimes, it’s the fire department. Others, it’s the vice squad. Still, the club has never been shut down. Fortune (or “fortune”) has kept the doors open for years, now.

The truth of the Club Taboo is that it is more than just a dance and fetish club. It’s also the home for a meret of five Arisen who have bound together out of desperation and necessity. Every city is a subtle, blood-soaked battlefield and more immortals walk the streets than ever. These five Arisen have found a way to live together, to avoid becoming victims of this new and dangerous world.



HIRAM "THE MONEY" SHAHARA

Quotes: "I'm more than just 'the money.' I give my allies a place to live. I give them food, protection, and comfort. And I use my power to keep them safe."

"No, I am not a god; I'm a hell of a lot kinder than most of the gods I've heard of."

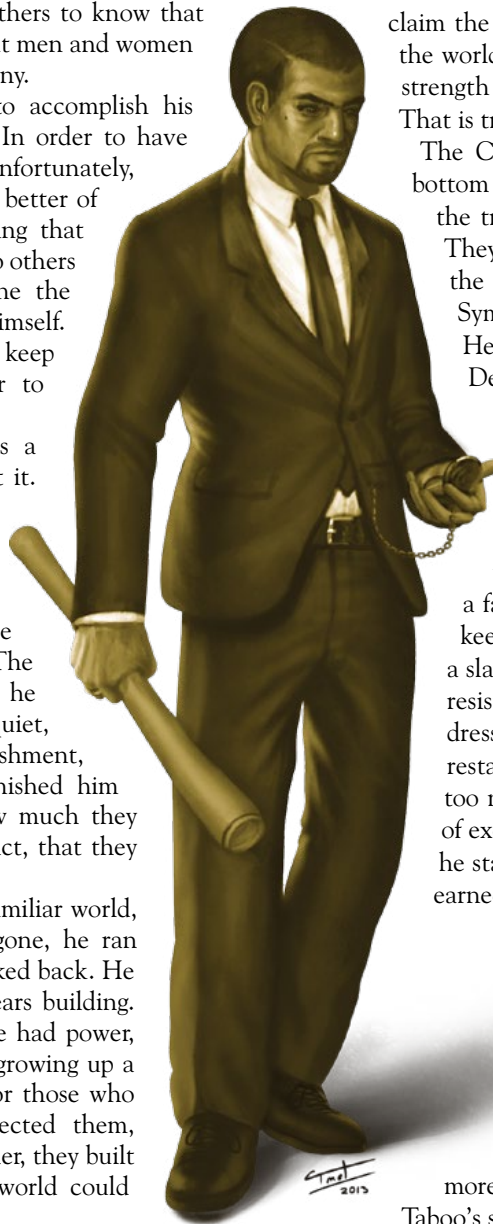
"Everything is going to be all right. Don't worry. Between the lot of us, we can take care of any problems. And the problems we can't take care of, well, I've got people for that."

Virtue: Hope. Hiram wants to build a place where he and his kind can be safe, but that's a dangerous and difficult task in the city. Mortals in the city want your very soul. He wants others to know that they are no longer slaves, but men and women free to chase their own destiny.

Vice: Greed. In order to accomplish his goals, Hiram needs power. In order to have power, he needs money. Unfortunately, Hiram's own greed gets the better of him. He justifies it by saying that some must make sacrifices so others may live free. Seldom is he the one making the sacrifices, himself. After all, someone has to keep all of this running. Better to sacrifice a pawn than a king.

Background: Hiram was a builder and he was good at it. And all the others knew his skills were sublime, but his skills exceeded his status. When the master architects made mistakes, he quietly corrected them. The other workers knew what he was doing and they were quiet, too. He often took the punishment, but the masters never punished him too much. They knew how much they needed him; so much, in fact, that they made him immortal.

After arising into an unfamiliar world, everything he knew long gone, he ran from his past and never looked back. He spent the next thousand years building. Now, he was the master. He had power, and he liked it. Of course, growing up a worker, he had sympathy for those who worked for him. He protected them, paid them fairly. And together, they built monuments at which the world could wonder.



Centuries passed. Sleep and risings led him to the modern world. He found ancient societies mimicking old rituals, but those rituals were only shadows of the true ways. And it was when he arose in the modern world that he discovered a new kind of architecture: building the invisible temple.

With contacts and resources, he could create a temple devoted to his own kind. He gathered other Arisen and utilized their strengths, compensated for their weaknesses, and created a place where they would be safe—hidden from the prying eyes of other immortals who desired their secrets and their power.

Hidden, but not hiding. Building.

With sacred geometry and architecture, they could claim the very soul of a city. An invisible temple that the world could sense, but never see. A city with the strength of the ancients. That is true architecture. That is true magic.

The Club Taboo is a start. It's a foothold at the bottom of a dark mountain, hiding in plain sight from the true masters of the city: a mortal death cult. They believe they have a hold on the "owner" of the club—a mortal man named Wilford Symes. Symes doesn't even know the Arisen exist. He runs the day-to-day operations, but the Deathless are the true residents.

Roleplaying Tips: Hiram built the Club Taboo to give his people a place to hide.

He wants to make the city safe for his people, and this is a great way to start.

The cultists think they have their teeth in the business, controlling Symes, but he's only a false front. Hiram truly believes in his goal of keeping himself and his kin safe, but centuries as a slave have made the glitter of gold very hard to resist. He likes living well. He buys expensive cars, dresses in immaculate suits, and dines at the best restaurants. He likes spending money... a little too much. He's a long-term thinker, but the lure of excess sometimes overcomes his plans. Because he started life as a manual laborer who eventually earned enough trust to be the equivalent of a foreman, he

he

appreciates

hard work and

rewards it with

hard play. Right now,

he has resources to work

with—built by saving and selling

artifacts from days of old—but he needs

more, a lot more, if he wants to maintain the Club

Taboo's safety and his allies' anonymity.

MUMUKH

the CURSE

Name: Hiram Shahara
 Player:
 Chronicle:

Virtue: Hope
 Vice: Greed
 Concept: The Money

Decree: Ba (spirit)
 Guild: Mesen-Nebu
 Judge: Neheb-Ka

ATTRIBUTES

POWER	<input type="checkbox"/> Intelligence ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Strength ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Presence ●●○○○
FINESSE	<input type="checkbox"/> Wits ●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Dexterity ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Manipulation ●●●○○
RESISTANCE	<input type="checkbox"/> Resolve ●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Stamina ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Composure ●●●○○

SKILLS

MENTAL

(-3 unskilled)

<input type="checkbox"/> Academics	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Computer	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Crafts Metallurgy	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Investigation	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Occult	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Politics Finance	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Science	○○○○○

PHYSICAL

(-1 unskilled)

<input type="checkbox"/> Athletics	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Brawl	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Larceny	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Survival	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Weaponry	○○○○○

SOCIAL

(-1 unskilled)

<input type="checkbox"/> Animal Ken	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Empathy	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Expression	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidation	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Persuasion Art of the Deal	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Socialize	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Streetwise	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Subterfuge	●●○○○

OTHER TRAITS

MERITS

<input type="checkbox"/> Status (Guild)	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Resources	●●●●●
<input type="checkbox"/> Cult (Grasp)	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Cult (Reach)	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Cult (Benefit)	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Language (English, Arabic)	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○

FLAWS

PILLARS

Ab	●●○○○
Ba	●●●○○
Ha	●●○○○
Ren	●●○○○
Sheut	○○○○○

AFFINITIES

Divine Flesh (Guild)	_____
Divine Countenance (Ab 1)	_____
Living In Now (Ba 1)	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

HEALTH

●●●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

WILLPOWER

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

SEKHEM

○○○○○○○○○○

MEMORY

10	_____	○
9	_____	○
8	_____	○
7	_____	○
6	_____	○
5	_____	○
4	_____	○
3	_____	●
2	_____	●
1	_____	●

Size: 5	Speed: 9
Defense: 2	Armor: _____
Initiative Mod: 5	_____
Experience: _____	_____

UTTERANCES

Rebuke the Vizier	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

KEBI "LADY ISIS" ABDOU

Quotes: "I don't care what we have to do... what I have to do. My dignity is a small price to pay to keep you safe."

"Before you start preaching at me, can you try talking to me?"

"The Judges are not gods. I don't know what they are, and frankly, I don't want to know."

Virtue: Fortitude. Kebi will endure. She will endure indignities, endure humiliation, endure pain. It doesn't matter. All that matters to her is that she endure.

Vice: Pride. What she doesn't tell her allies is that deep down, the entire exercise serves to fuel her boundless vanity. She feels genuine concern for her merit, but her experience is inward-focused. The Club may be Hiram's dream, but it's hers to run.

Background: Kebi was born into a poor family. Her father and mother were laborers. Her mother was a servant, and when she was old enough, Kebi followed her mother's profession. Kebi's mother hoped her daughter would be selected as a priestess, but it was deemed Kebi was not good enough for that. She would be a servant.

And oh, how she served. She did anything that was asked of her. Kebi worked until her bones ached and her fingers cramped. She never asked questions, but only obeyed—no matter what unsavory task the sorcerer-priests asked of her. Kebi hoped her service would earn her a higher position in the temple and help her family, but what she earned instead was her mother's resentment.

Kebi's mother watched as her daughter's daily obedience granted her more prestigious positions. Her mother was a beautiful woman when she was young, but age and work had spoiled that beauty. Now, here was her daughter, winning the smiles of the priests. And she was not as beautiful, not as clever. Every night, Kebi's mother beat her, but Kebi did not care. She would serve the temple the best she could, bringing home the little coins and gifts the priests gave her. And her mother took those gifts, and then beat her as she did.

One morning, one of the priests asked her why she had a black

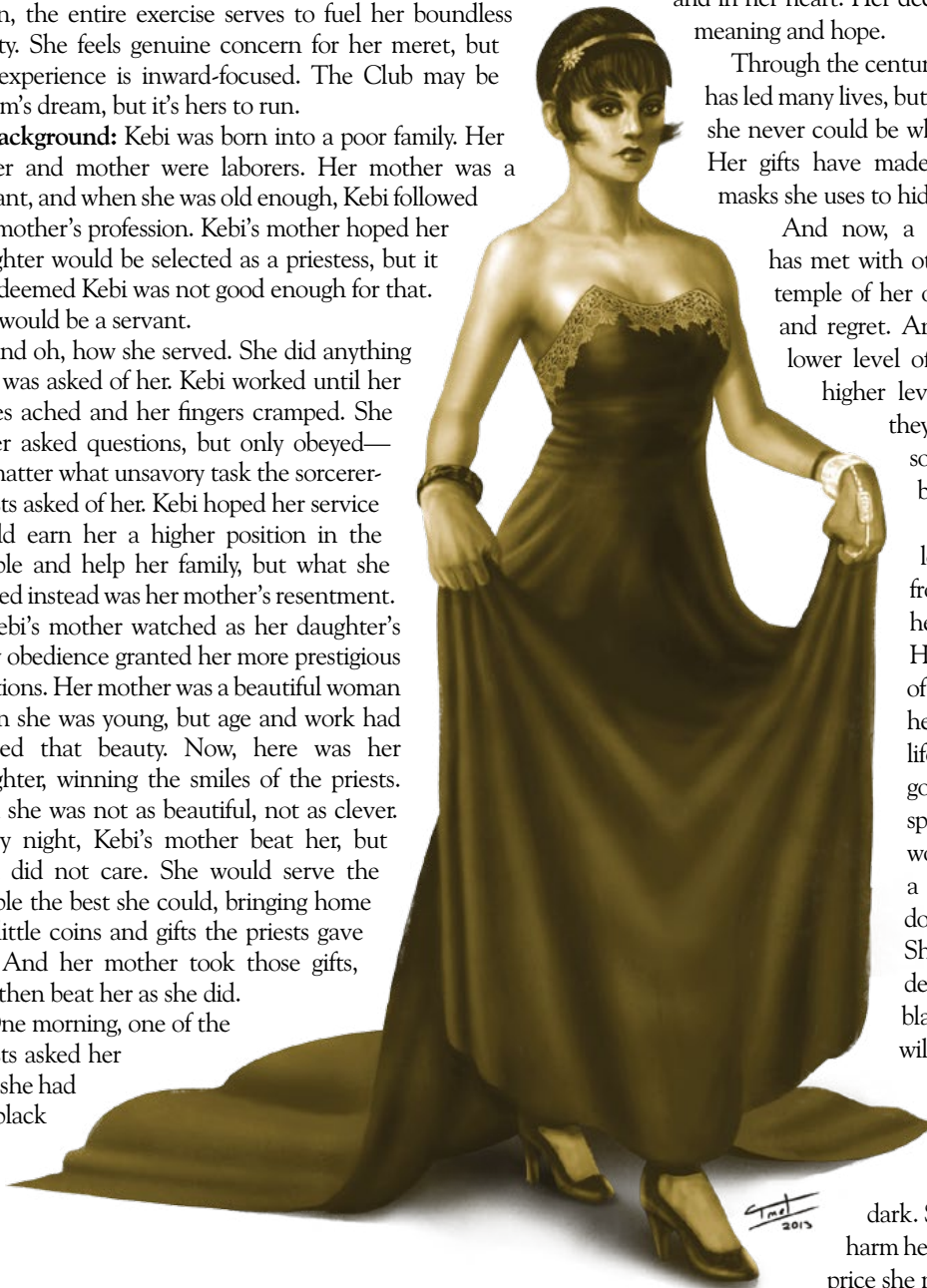
eye. Kebi told him. The next day, her mother was executed, and her father as well. "He should have helped you," the priest said. As Kebi's tears flowed, her heart froze. She continued to serve the guildmasters, but in her mind, the shadow of her parents haunted her.

When Kebi underwent the Rite of Return, it was for her service to the guild. When she traveled the Underworld, two shadows followed her. She knew who they were; she did not need to look. When a Judge chose her, it was Tutuutef, the Giver of Wickedness. What he saw within her, she did not know, but she returned to the world with his voice in her ear and in her heart. Her decree sang to her and gave her meaning and hope.

Through the centuries and dozens of risings, Kebi has led many lives, but she has always been the thing she never could be when she was alive: a priestess. Her gifts have made her beautiful and alluring; masks she uses to hide her sorrow and shame.

And now, a hundred lifetimes later, she has met with others of her kind. She runs a temple of her own now, dedicated to desire and regret. Anyone can walk up from the lower level of dance and drinking to the higher level of sublime surrender, but they must have the courage to do so. Nothing holds them back but their own fear... or shame.

Roleplaying Hints: Kebi loves the power she gets from being Lady Isis. It lets her forget who she really is. Her great shame—the murder of her parents—still haunts her in dreams and in waking life. One thoughtless word got her parents killed, and she spent centuries wandering the world alone. But now, she has a kind of family and she will do *anything* to protect them. She will bribe officials with debauchery or money, she will blackmail with photos, she will lie, she will cheat, she will commit any sin imaginable (and some you haven't imagined) to keep her family safe. No act is too dark. She will *never* allow anyone to harm her family again, no matter what price she must pay.



MUMUKH

the CURSE

Name: Kebi
 Player:
 Chronicle:

Virtue: Fortitude
 Vice: Pride
 Concept: Taboo Club Owner

Decree: Ab (heart)
 Guild: Maa-Kep
 Judge: Tutuutef

ATTRIBUTES

POWER	<input type="checkbox"/> Intelligence ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Strength ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Presence ●●○○○
FINESSE	<input type="checkbox"/> Wits ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Dexterity ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Manipulation ●●○○○
RESISTANCE	<input type="checkbox"/> Resolve ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Stamina ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Composure ●●○○○

SKILLS

MENTAL

(-3 unskilled)

<input type="checkbox"/> Academics	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Computer	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Crafts	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Investigation	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Occult	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Politics	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Science	○○○○○

PHYSICAL

(-1 unskilled)

<input type="checkbox"/> Athletics	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Brawl	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Larceny	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Survival	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Weaponry	○○○○○

SOCIAL

(-1 unskilled)

<input type="checkbox"/> Animal Ken	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Empathy Wants	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Expression	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidation	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Persuasion Appeal to Vanity	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Socialize Disarming	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Streetwise	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Subterfuge	●●○○○

OTHER TRAITS

MERITS

<input type="checkbox"/> Tomb (Geometry)	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Tomb (Peril)	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Cult (Grasp)	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Cult (Reach)	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Barfly	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Language (English, French)	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Status (Guild)	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○

FLAWS

PILLARS

Ab	●●○○○ □□□□
Ba	●○○○○ □□□□
Ha	●○○○○ □□□□
Ren	●●○○○ □□□□
Sheut	●●○○○ □□□□

AFFINITIES

Affable Aid (Guild)	_____
Blessed Soul (Ab 1)	_____
Voice of Temptation (Sheut 2)	_____
Charmed Lives (Ren 2)	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

HEALTH

●●●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

WILLPOWER

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

SEKHEM

○○○○○○○○○○

MEMORY

10	_____	○
9	_____	○
8	_____	○
7	_____	○
6	_____	○
5	_____	○
4	_____	○
3	_____	●
2	_____	●
1	_____	●

Size: 5	Speed: 9
Defense: 2	Armor: _____
Initiative Mod: 5	_____
Experience: _____	_____

UTTERANCES

Blessed is the God King	_____
Palace Knows Its Pharaoh	_____
Torn Veil of Forgetting	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

DJEHUTIMOSE "GUARDIAN OF THE DEAD"

Quotes: "Don't lie to me. I like hurting liars. If you lie to me, I might not be able to stop hurting you."

"I've been doing my job for a long, long time. Don't ask me how long. You wouldn't believe me."

"Neith, stop demanding firearms. So long as I've got one, you don't need one. And trust me, you'll be safer without one."

Virtue: Charity. Djehutimose never had a sense of self until he met Hiram. He was a puppet, a plaything, a tool. His masters wanted him to be a crude implement of destruction and they kept him that way. But when Hiram found him, Djehutimose learned a new way to live. He discovered compassion, fellowship and brotherhood. He also learned that his skills could be used for more than just destruction: he could protect as well.

Vice: Wrath. Hiram taught Djehutimose certain words; words like "justice" and "fair play." Those who lie and cheat and steal deserve nothing but pain. Those who rob from others, thinking only of themselves, causing misery in the world to fulfill their own selfish needs, deserve nothing but that same misery cast on their heads ten thousand times.

Background: When in public, the others call him "Mose." While his name has changed (more than just once), Djehutimose has been doing the same thing for thousands of years: guarding the dead. He began life as a bodyguard for the nobility, protecting them from assassinations and misguided choices. He served them so well, many were willing to kill

his masters just to gain his service. Eventually, he underwent the Rite of Return, becoming an even more valued servant. His skills became unprecedented, earning him the nickname, "Hound of the Underworld."

Yet the world changes, and the rule of the Shan'iatu came to an end. For centuries, Djehutimose wandered the world looking to serve his purpose. He found only mud, blood, and tears. Battle after battle, war after war, he was no longer a guardian of the dead, but a nameless soldier, doing his duty. No purpose in life, no meaning, no hope.

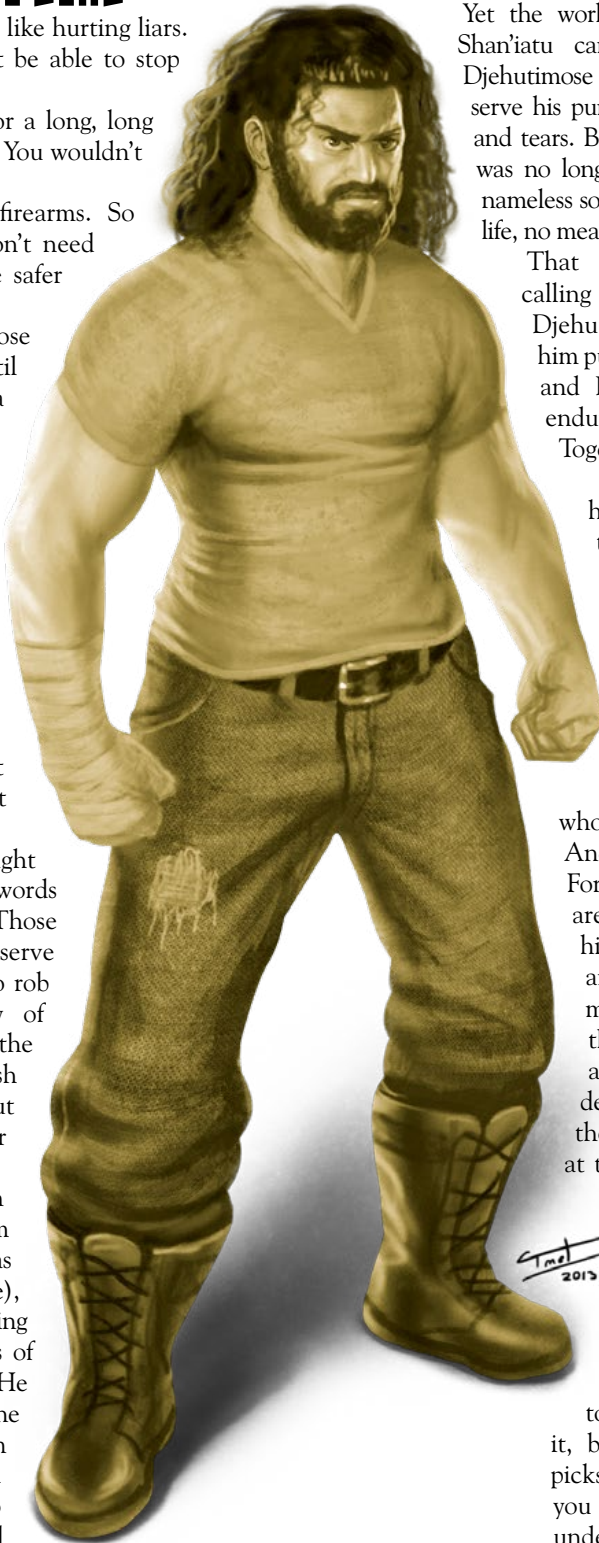
That was when he met a man calling himself "Hiram." He was like Djehutimose: an Arisen. Hiram gave him purpose. Over the centuries, Hiram and Djehutimose helped each other endure. They protected each other. Together, they became brothers.

Now, Djehutimose serves as the head bouncer in the Club Taboo, though his duties often extend *outside* the Club into the city around them. He is Hiram's enforcer, his strong right arm—a man of few words but deadly actions.

Roleplaying Djehutimose:

You are not a complex creature. You have friends whom you love and who love you. And they speak *to* you, not *at* you. For the first time in your life, you aren't alone in the world. You are not highly educated, even though you are millennia old, but that doesn't mean you're stupid. You know two things very well: protecting others and causing pain. Sometimes, the desire to cause the second eclipses the first, but you're getting better at that. The others respect you and your particular wisdom, even if it is a bloody kind of wisdom.

You don't always understand these modern days, but you are not too proud to ask. Smart phones, computers, even dishwashers are a bit of a mystery to you. You try to make light of it, but deep inside, such ignorance picks at your confidence. How can you protect your friends if you don't understand the world they live in?



MUMMIFY

the CURSE

Name: Djehutimose
 Player:
 Chronicle:

Virtue: Charity
 Vice: Wrath
 Concept: Guardian of the Dead

Decree: Ka (essence)
 Guild: Su-Menent
 Judge: Set-Qesu

ATTRIBUTES

POWER	<input type="checkbox"/> Intelligence ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Strength ●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Presence ●●●○○
FINESSE	<input type="checkbox"/> Wits ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Dexterity ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Manipulation ●●○○○
RESISTANCE	<input type="checkbox"/> Resolve ●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Stamina ●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Composure ●●○○○

SKILLS

MENTAL

(-3 unskilled)

<input type="checkbox"/> Academics	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Computer	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Crafts	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Investigation	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Occult	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Politics	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Science	○○○○○

PHYSICAL

(-1 unskilled)

<input type="checkbox"/> Athletics	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Brawl Close Quarters	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Larceny	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Survival	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Weaponry Bludgeons	●●●○○

SOCIAL

(-1 unskilled)

<input type="checkbox"/> Animal Ken	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Empathy	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Expression	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidation Staredowns	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Persuasion	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Socialize	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Streetwise	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Subterfuge	○○○○○

OTHER TRAITS

MERITS

<input type="checkbox"/> Brawling Dodge	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Giant	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Strong Back	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Language (English, Greek)	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Status (Guild)	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Temple	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Vestige	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○

FLAWS

PILLARS

Ab	●○○○○ □□□□
Ba	●●○○○ □□□□
Ha	●●○○○ □□□□
Ren	○○○○○ □□□□
Sheut	●●○○○ □□□□

AFFINITIES

Fated Soul (Guild)	_____
Fearsome Soul (Sheut 3)	_____
Dominating Might (Ka 3)	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

HEALTH

●●●●●●●●●●○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

WILLPOWER

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

SEKHEM

○○○○○○○○○○

MEMORY

10	_____	○
9	_____	○
8	_____	○
7	_____	○
6	_____	○
5	_____	○
4	_____	○
3	_____	●
2	_____	●
1	_____	●

Size: 6	Speed: 10
Defense: 2	Armor: _____
Initiative Mod: 4	_____
Experience: _____	_____

UTTERANCES

Dust Beneath Feet	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

NEITH "THE BROKER"

Quotes: "Forget the past. Just forget it. Nothing good comes of carrying around old stones. Yeah, we were slaves. So what? Now, we're free. More than that, we're free and we have power."

"Give me ten minutes and I'll give you the world. Okay, maybe fifteen."

"How many of us are there? Nobody knows, but I'd guess it isn't more than a thousand. And how many of them? Don't make a mistake: it's the most primal instinct in the world to kill the thing that's different than you, and buddy, ain't nothing more different than us."

Virtue: Prudence. Neith is careful. He doesn't like taking chances, which is why he lives the way he does, using others to get his jobs done. He has many contacts and allies who make deals for him, keeping him in the shadows, far from the action. It isn't that he's a coward—he'll fight if he needs to—but he always has a plan before he jumps into action. That's just the best way to do things.

Vice: Envy. All his life, Neith has been the man carrying the goods; always taking things one place to another, never having anything for himself. Well, that time is over. If he wants something, he takes it, and for no other reason than he wants it. Does he need a better reason? He can hide it, go to sleep, wake up in a century, and nobody will even know it's gone.

Background: He was a messenger, carrying encrypted missives from the throne room to the battlefield and back again. They forbid him from learning to read, but he did it, anyway: there's a lot of time on the road with nobody looking. His skills proved so valuable, they gave him the Rite of Return, making him an immortal tool. When the end came, and he was free, Neith grabbed hold of that freedom and refused to let go.

He knew where the knowledge was. He knew where the bodies were buried. He knew where the secrets were hidden. The Shan'iatu always underestimated him and he took advantage. He spent a dozen lifetimes digging up the old empire, using his knowledge to keep him alive. And what did he use it for? He sold it to the highest bidder. Yet Neith never sold the *whole* truth, only parts of it; shades of it, just enough to keep the others guessing. Just enough to keep him safe.

And he used his knowledge to keep himself up to date with the world. He surrounded himself with relics to keep his time in henet as

short as possible. He learned of technology and science: the "new magic." He decided he would be the master of this "new magic" as well.

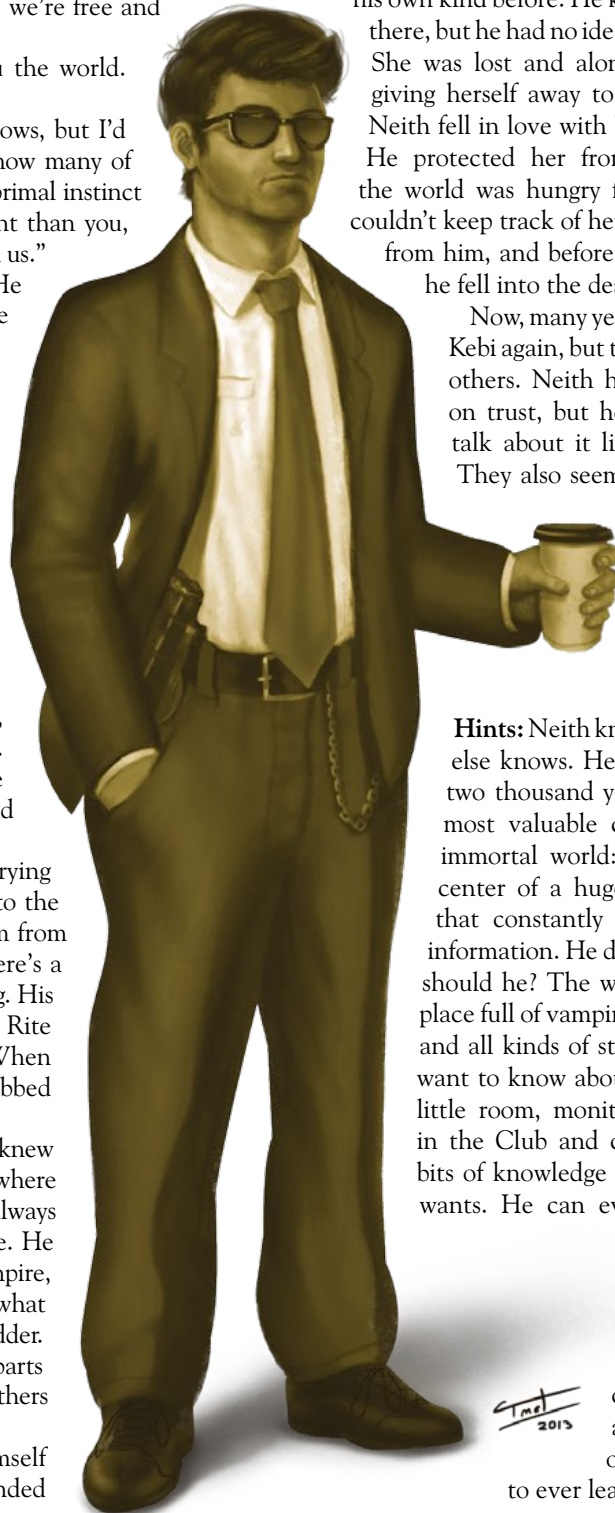
Then, he ran into Kebi. He had never met one of his own kind before. He knew they were out there, but he had no idea how to find them. She was lost and alone, frightened and giving herself away to keep herself safe. Neith fell in love with her in a heartbeat. He protected her from the world, but the world was hungry for secrets and he couldn't keep track of her. She slipped away from him, and before he could find her, he fell into the death-sleep.

Now, many years later, he's found Kebi again, but this time, she's with others. Neith has never been big on trust, but her allies are. They talk about it like a sacred thing. They also seem to have their act together, and they need him. Kebi needs him. That's all Neith needs to stick around.

Roleplaying

Hints: Neith knows things nobody else knows. He's been around for two thousand years collecting the most valuable commodity in the immortal world: secrets. He's the center of a huge web of contacts that constantly provide him with information. He doesn't go out. Why should he? The world is a big, scary place full of vampires and werewolves and all kinds of stuff you don't even want to know about. He's safe in his little room, monitoring the security in the Club and collecting the precious bits of knowledge that everyone else wants. He can even sell it online.

He can keep track of everybody with smart phones, keep in constant contact and even keep tabs on them. No need to ever leave his cave. Ever.



MUMMIFY

the CURSE

Name: Neith
 Player:
 Chronicle:

Virtue: Justice
 Vice: Envy
 Concept: Occult Information Broker

Decree: Ren (name)
 Guild: Sesha-Hebsu
 Judge: Khem-Inhu

ATTRIBUTES

POWER	<input type="checkbox"/> Intelligence ●●●●○	<input type="checkbox"/> Strength ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Presence ●●○○○
FINESSE	<input type="checkbox"/> Wits ●●●●○	<input type="checkbox"/> Dexterity ●●●●○	<input type="checkbox"/> Manipulation ●●○○○
RESISTANCE	<input type="checkbox"/> Resolve ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Stamina ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Composure ●●○○○

SKILLS

MENTAL

(-3 unskilled)

<input type="checkbox"/> Academics	●●●●○
<input type="checkbox"/> Computer	●●●●○
<input type="checkbox"/> Crafts	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Investigation	●●●●○
<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Occult Texts	●●●●○
<input type="checkbox"/> Politics	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Science	○○○○○

PHYSICAL

(-1 unskilled)

<input type="checkbox"/> Athletics	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Brawl	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Larceny Forgery	●●●●○
<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth	●●●●○
<input type="checkbox"/> Survival	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Weaponry	○○○○○

SOCIAL

(-1 unskilled)

<input type="checkbox"/> Animal Ken	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Empathy	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Expression	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidation	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Persuasion	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Socialize	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Streetwise	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Subterfuge Lying	●●○○○

OTHER TRAITS

MERITS

<input type="checkbox"/> Language (English, Latin)	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Cult (Grasp)	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Cult (Reach)	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Status (Guild)	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Temple	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○

FLAWS

PILLARS

Ab	●●○○○
Ba	●○○○○
Ha	●●○○○
Ren	●●○○○
Sheut	●●○○○

AFFINITIES

Eyes of Justice (Guild)	_____
Auspicious Mastery (Ba 1)	_____
Enlightened Senses (Ren 2)	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

HEALTH

●●●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

WILLPOWER

●●●●○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

SEKHEM

○○○○○○○○○○○

MEMORY

10	_____	○
9	_____	○
8	_____	○
7	_____	○
6	_____	○
5	_____	○
4	_____	○
3	_____	●
2	_____	●
1	_____	●

Size: 5	Speed: 10
Defense: 3	Armor: _____
Initiative Mod: 5	_____
Experience: _____	_____

UTTERANCES

Cthonic Dominion	_____
Dreams of Dead Ghosts	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

JACK "THE SHADOW" FROST

Quotes: "Of course it's a pseudonym. You don't think I go around introducing myself as 'Panhsj, the Nubian, do you?'"

"Just put the gun down or I'll have to summon some very old school pain down on you."

"The world is full of shadows. Not all of them are enemies, but most are dangerous. Trust me... I'm one of them."

Virtue: Faith. When all turns to ruin, there's always the opportunity to rebuild. Panhsj believes this. He believes it because he's done it a thousand times. A new name, a new city, a new century. If nothing else, being one of the Arisen means he can start again somewhere else, reinventing himself with the new world he finds himself in. Even temporary set backs are nothing but pauses on a constant path. Panhsj believes in Apotheosis and he believes he can achieve it. He just has to figure out how.

Vice: Pride. After two millennia of transforming himself, Panhsj has gotten incredibly good at surviving. He knows it, and he has no problem telling others about it. His favorite bit of wisdom: "Surviving is the key to survival." When the world falls apart, you run, and keep your own neck safe. Nobody else is going to do that for you.

Background: Panhsj was brought to Irem as a slave. As he walked in chains, he stood a head and a half taller than the others, his shoulders extending beyond the line. He caught the eye of a sorcerer-priest who pulled him from the line. He served in the household for many years, both as a bodyguard and worker. Impressed with his strength and his wit, the Shan'iatu made him undertake the Rite of Return.

When the Empire vanished, his lot was left to Fate. Looking back on the ruins of Irem, he was unsure how to take the next step, but endure he did. He made his way through a dangerous world, living on the wits and strength for which his master had so loved him.

Over centuries of Descents, Panhsj knew many identities, filled many roles. He has been a soldier, an inquisitor,

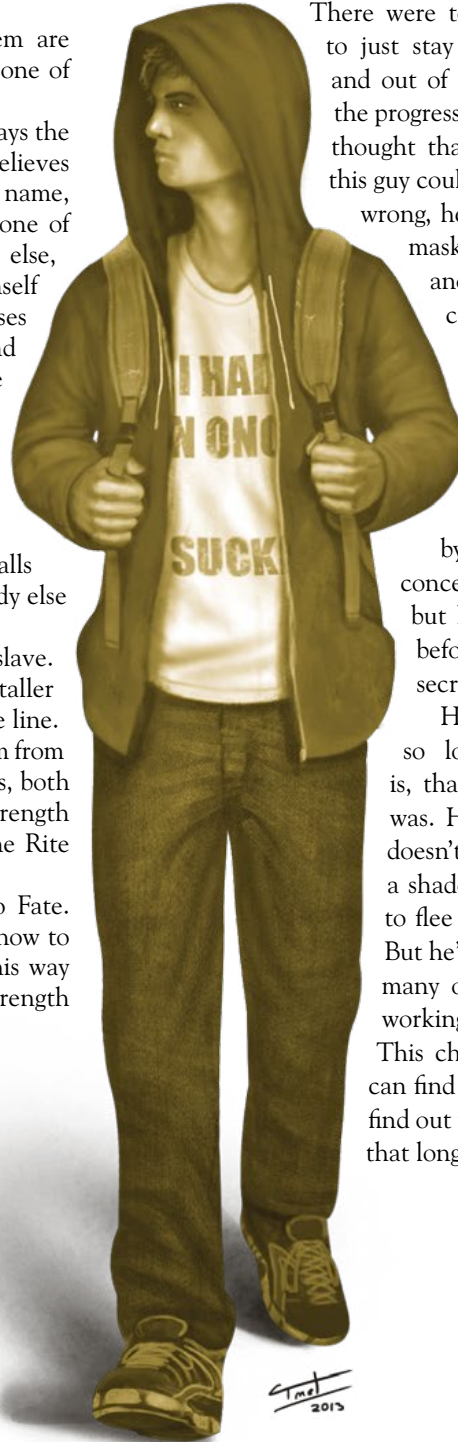
a priest, a cop, a shaman... the list goes on and on. So many identities, he sometimes loses track of who he truly is. What he knows is that he's the man with a thousand names.

When he met Hiram and heard of his dream of an arisen city, Panhsj thought the man was crazy. There were too many variables. Best to just stay a shadow, out of sight and out of mind. But when he saw the progress Shahara was making, he thought that perhaps, just perhaps, this guy could do it. And if it all went wrong, he could just don another mask and find his way to another life in another century.

Roleplaying Tips:

Panhsj is a survivor. He knows identity is temporary, easy to cast off and easy to forge a new one. He's intrigued by Hiram Shahara's concept of a place to be safe, but he's been in safe houses before and he knows their secret: they never last.

He's been running for so long, changing who he is, that he's lost who he once was. He doesn't make friends, doesn't make connections. He's a shadow: mercurial and quick to flee at the first sign of light. But he's also never been with so many of the Arisen before, all working for a common purpose. This changes things. Maybe he can find a place to finally rest, to find out who he really is—to start that long search for Apotheosis.



MUMUKSHU

the CURSE

Name: Jack Frost
 Player:
 Chronicle:

Virtue: Justice
 Vice: Pride
 Concept: Shadow Shaman

Decree: Sheut (shadow)
 Guild: Tef-Aabhi
 Judge: Am-Khaibit

ATTRIBUTES

POWER	<input type="checkbox"/> Intelligence ●●●○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Strength ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Presence ●●○○○
FINESSE	<input type="checkbox"/> Wits ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Dexterity ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Manipulation ●●○○○
RESISTANCE	<input type="checkbox"/> Resolve ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Stamina ●●○○○	<input type="checkbox"/> Composure ●●○○○

SKILLS

MENTAL

(-3 unskilled)

<input type="checkbox"/> Academics	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Computer	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Crafts	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Investigation	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Medicine	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Occult Heresies	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Politics	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Science	○○○○○

PHYSICAL

(-1 unskilled)

<input type="checkbox"/> Athletics	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Brawl	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Drive	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Firearms	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Larceny	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Stealth Trailing	●●●○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Survival	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Weaponry	○○○○○

SOCIAL

(-1 unskilled)

<input type="checkbox"/> Animal Ken	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Empathy	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Expression	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Intimidation	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Persuasion	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Socialize	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Streetwise	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Subterfuge Lying	●○○○○

OTHER TRAITS

MERITS

<input type="checkbox"/> Status (Guild)	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Enigma	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Contacts	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Relic	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Allies	●●○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Language (English, Hindi)	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/> Temple	●○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○
<input type="checkbox"/>	○○○○○

FLAWS

PILLARS

Ab	●○○○○ □□□□
Ba	●○○○○ □□□□
Ka	●●○○○ □□□□
Ren	●○○○○ □□□□
Sheut	●●○○○ □□□□

AFFINITIES

Model Lifeweb (Guild)	_____
Night Creature (Sheut 2)	_____
Shrouding Aura (Ka 3)	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

HEALTH

●●●●●●●●○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

WILLPOWER

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

SEKHEM

○○○○○○○○○○


MEMORY

10	_____	○
9	_____	○
8	_____	○
7	_____	○
6	_____	○
5	_____	○
4	_____	○
3	_____	●
2	_____	●
1	_____	●

Size: 5	Speed: 10
Defense: 2	Armor: _____
Initiative Mod: 6	_____
Experience: _____	_____

UTTERANCES

Doom Affliction	_____
Secrets Ripped From Skies	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____



STORYTALKING FOR THE MIGHTY

The main theme of the Club Taboo meret is *solidarity*. Mummies seem powerful, but the fact of the matter is, their constant falls and rises disconnect them from the real world. For all the power and magic they have, mummies spend most of their time being vulnerable. The Arisen need protection, safeguarding. Hiram knows this. He knows he needs followers, but he also knows that what he really needs are friends.

The World of Darkness is a terrible place filled with awful creatures hungry for power and knowledge. Mummies have both. Lucky for them, very few residents in the world even know about their existence, let alone their power and knowledge.

And that's just the supernatural threats. The mundane threats of humanity are enough to keep an Arisen on her toes. Tax collectors, gas inspectors, police, firemen and just plain old curious kids can stumble on you while you have fallen into sleep, and that means trouble.

That's why the Club Taboo is so important to our Arisen. And that's how you can motivate them to act: by threatening the thing that gives them protection.

The Club is a Temple (four dot minimum) that your Arisen can invest in. The more they invest, the stronger it becomes. Of course, the stronger it becomes, the more likely it draws the attention of other curious immortals.

Listed below are just some of the plot threads you can drop on your Arisen, focusing on the Club.

JEOPERS CREEPERS

Vampires may use sex clubs as a place to hunt, but they are so focused on finding their next source of blood, they really don't notice the ancient, powerful sorcerous immortal standing in the corner. Except tonight, one of them did. Jacob Turner is young and still not completely over mortal habits. He likes to watch the women twist and turn in small skirts and is still curious what goes on behind that locked door. He's caught a glimpse of Lady Isis and wants to get a closer look. That was when his undead eyes saw something he wasn't supposed to see: an aura he had never seen before. Turner had seen a shapeshifter once, but this was something new. Something different. That means information. And to this vampire, information is more valuable than blood.

The only question now is, "Who will pay the most?" He could keep it himself and use the knowledge to blackmail Lady Isis (whoever or *whatever* she is), or he could take it back to his own kind and sell it for status. Turner decides to confront Lady Isis and see what he can get. After all, if he strikes out here, he can still go back to his masters and get a return on his discovery. In fact, he may be able to get paid *twice!*

HERE COMES THE JUDGE

The Club Taboo has a lot of 'gold members,' and while their tastes and desires are as diverse as snowflakes, all of them desire one thing in common: anonymity. While it would be easy to place hidden cameras in certain rooms, giving the Arisen plenty of opportunities for blackmail, Hiram knows that's one sure way to kill off your clientele. "As soon as word gets out," he'll say, "You've pissed in your own pond."

But tonight, under the thumping sounds of the club, you can hear the sound of a scream. Not that you don't hear screams *every* night in the gold member area, but this one is different. This one sounds genuine. You rush to the room and find two people in black masks: an older man and a younger woman. The younger woman isn't moving and the old man is screaming, and there's a needle in her arm.

The girl is either dead or comatose from the heroin. The old man begs you not to call the police; this is complicated by the fact that he's a district judge. (A married district judge, no less, who has recently come down hard on drug use and prostitution.) He begs you to help him. Offers you money and a list of corrupt cops who have been on the take from the local mob for years. Anything just to make this whole thing go away.

What to do? You could get rid of the body, but then people start asking questions. Police show up. It turns out she bragged to a friend about her "secret boyfriend" having a gold card here, that he was going to show her the time of her life. "By the way," the police say, "we'd like to take a look around." Another one says, "Don't make us get a warrant, because we can, you know."

Now what do you do?



THE RED-HEADED STRANGER

It's 4 AM. The cool breeze of night cuts through the heat of summer. Bartenders and waitresses are cleaning up, the folks upstairs doing the same. That's when the woman clutching her stomach stumbles through the front door with hands as red as her hair. She falls to the floor, dropping the bag, money and blood spilling everywhere.

The woman is Quinn Trask and she's a professional thief. She staked out a mob money laundering place—The All-Nite Paycheck Cashier—for two months. She thought she had the job down clean. Unfortunately, on the night she decided to hit the place, the mob decided to have a poker game. She walked into a room of made men, guns and money. She managed to get away with most of it, but took a bullet in the back as she got away. The Club Taboo was the first open and/or trustworthy door she came to.

Now, the Club has \$50,000 and a professional thief bleeding like a stuck pig on the floor. Of course, she left a trail for the mob to follow and they are right on her heels. Can they clean up the mess in time to cover for Trask? Do they even want to?

To make matters worse, the reason Trask knew about the drop is because she was sleeping with one of the mobsters' men.

OLD GHOSTS

So many lost opportunities. So many friends. And how many times can a heart be broken before the pieces just won't fit back together anymore?

But one night, while driving or walking through the city, comes a chance encounter with a face from the past. Or is it? It couldn't be. Just a face in the crowd walking toward the museum. Follow that face inside and see her talking about Rome. She speaks as if she lived there, as if she smelled the cooking meat in the streets. Her eyes light up when asked to expand on details, as if she is recalling memories and not just facts.

It cannot be her. It just can't be.

But you raise your hand to ask a question and when she sees you, she pauses. She blinks and her lips part as if waking

from a dream. Then, she catches herself and answers your question, as if it really was waking from a dream.

You sit for the rest of the talk, but you hear very little of it. You just watch her. She doesn't catch your eye again, almost as if she's avoiding your gaze. When the talk is over, she's hustled away by others, but just as she's about to leave, she turns to look. She turns to look for you.

And then, she's gone. As if she was never there.

FRIENDS LIKE THESE

Another Arisen comes into the city. The meret finds him alone, cold and hungry. He doesn't know where he is. In fact, he doesn't know *who* he is. A lost puppy who needs their help.

In fact, he is no lost puppy at all. He's a conniving con man who wants the Club Taboo and he's willing to do anything to get it. He knows control is the way to keep yourself safe. Control the club, control the other Arisen, control the money. If he's in control, he's safe. And screw anybody else.

Of course, he isn't going to say this out in the open. At first, he'll come across as a friend. He'll offer help wherever he can. And then, when he's earned people's trust, he will start to ask questions.

"Why does Hiram have such nice cars?"

"Isn't Kebi taking awful risks being on the club floor all the time?"

"You know, Jack's really only looking out for himself. I mean, listen to the way he talks."


"What's between you and Neith? Did you hear what he was saying the other day to Mose?"

After sewing a good portion of discontent (and making a few successful Manipulation rolls), he watches for cracks in the armor and gets ready to shove in the knife.

And when all this backfires, when the meret figures out his game and kicks him out back into the street where they found him, he'll get serious. Deadly serious.

A lot of people would pay a lot of money to know the secrets of Club Taboo. And he's willing to spill them all... just as long as he can run it when the others are gone.





We were alone once.
Though surrounded by one another,
all of us workers in the mighty craft-houses of old,
we lived bent to task,
eternally cloaked in the shadows of our masters...

Forever alone, but for their dark company.

As before, we remain bent to task,
serving in the only way we know how,
but it is different now.

We are not alone. Not anymore.

— Men-Seftekh Shahara,
Founder of the Club Taboo

