

BEGINNINGS

At the beginning of a new scene, you draw a card. Ask two other players to interpret the card as to how the scene begins. Choose one interpretation to be how the scene begins.

If you want, you can ask a specific question before you draw (e.g., “Where does he go after the ritual goes horribly wrong?”)

THE HORROR

At any time a scene would be augmented by the horrific or the supernatural, draw a card. Ask two other players to interpret what unexplainable phenomena or terrifying twist of events occurs in the scene.

If you want, you can ask a specific question before you draw (e.g., “So the ghost of whom appears in the mirror?”)

ENDINGS

When a scene reaches a dramatic climax or it reaches a lull in action, you draw a card. Ask two other players to interpret the card as to how this scene will resolve. Choose one interpretation to be how this scene ends.

If you want, you can ask a specific question before you draw (e.g., “So who walks in to interrupt this conversation?”)

How are my mind and soul vulnerable?

What are my secret regrets?

What do I desire?
Why can't I have it?

Which character would I risk my life to protect? Why?

Which character's help do I need? Why?

Which character can't I stand?
Why do I still work with them?

QUESTIONS

Use these six questions in every game. Also pick one scenario, which provides you with a starting situation, a reason your PCs are working together and some additional questions.

What sign do I have that we're being watched?

What makes me think that the founder Angie Vernon's death was not an accident?

What crime did the program connect to our angel investor, before it was taken away?

What unconventional information sources did I program the system to consult?

Which other PC did I sleep with at the company Christmas party? What was the fallout from that?

Which other PC just rescued me from a nearly fatal accident? What was the accident?

DOT GONE

You were co-workers at a local dot-com startup that went bust. The big project you all worked on was a data sniffer that could correlate seemingly unrelated events by watching news sites and social media, looking for patterns. You began getting some very strange results, and your stock price tanked and the founder died in a mysterious fire and the project's angel investor venture capitalist stepped in and took all the code. In the weeks since you lost your jobs, you've begun to suspect that you're under surveillance. But from whom, and why?

-PARANOID TECHNOTHRILLER-

I am famous at school for what legendary feat that I never actually performed?

What embarrassing nickname do I have and how did I earn it?

Why do I feel like I have seen this stone idol before?

What strange creature have I always seen in my nightmares?

Which other PC do I have a romantic interest in? Why is he or she still unaware of my interest?

Which other PC am I afraid of? Why?

UNEXCUSED ABSENCE

Late last night, your buddy Gabe Hettenhausen found a hidden room in his basement that even his parents didn't know about. He sent you a text with a photo of a weird stone idol that he found inside.

Gabe didn't show up for school today. And he wasn't answering texts or emails or tweets or anything. You went to his house to check on him, but no one answered the door. You decided to come in anyway, and that's when things started to get weird.

-HIGH SCHOOL KIDS ENCOUNTER A REALITY WARPING HOUSE-

As you got to the top of the stairs, you saw Gabe's bedroom door now led to someplace alien and strange. A disturbing place that you remember seeing in your nightmares. Definitely not a bedroom. When you tried to flee, you realized that the stairs down ended in swirling purple void, full of glowing black stars.

What the...? What did Gabe find in his basement? Where is he? Where are you? How can you escape this warped house?

Before Mr. Verity died, what secret did he whisper in my ear?

Recently I overheard half of Mr. Verity making an ominous cellphone call. What did I hear?

How has my psychic ability made my life worse?

Why do I think that our oracular powers are man-made instead of natural?

What tragedy was I unable to stop even with a prophetic warning?

Which PC have I had a terrible vision of their death? What was the vision?

Prophets Anonymous

A few months ago, you read a newspaper ad for "Prophets Anonymous" and thought how odd that was. Was it a prank? Or were there enough people out there that thought they had precognitive powers that they needed a support group?

Later that day, you had your first vision. It was of a terrible fate soon to befall someone near you. Within the week, that loved one died exactly as your vision predicted. Since then, your visions are coming more and more often, and they are all horrible. So you decided to see if this "Prophets Anonymous" could help you.

-METAPHYSICAL MURDER MYSTERY-

None of your friends and relatives believe in your 'psychic visions'. But at Prophets Anonymous, you found some support. None of you know why you have these visions. None of you can stop them or predict when they'll come. But you can provide each other some sympathy.

Some of you have been here for a long time. Others are first timers. But you all need the emotional support the group provides. Mr. Verity organized the group. But at the start of this session, everyone arrives at the meeting room to find Mr. Verity bleeding to death, of uncertain causes.

Even though Momma told us never to go down in the cave, I did. What did I see down there?

When I dream, I can hear the angel's songs. What do they tell me to do? Why don't I do it?

What lie do I tell my wife about what we're doing out in the cave every full moon?

Old Momma Voodoo taught me how to kill the angel, "just in case" she said. It ain't easy, but how can I kill an angel?

Me and which other PC are kin? What trouble did we get into as kids?

Which other PC did I see talking to a stranger from out of town about local legends? What was the stranger like?

SLEEPY HOLLOW

Time passes slow out here in the boonies. You work for the county laying asphalt, tinker with that car up on blocks in the back yard, and hunt with a shotgun in one hand and a beer in the other. But you and the boys at the bar have a secret: when you were just kids, Old Momma Voodoo showed you the cave where she said the angel lived, and told you how people from the city would come out looking to take that poor creature's wings on account of they worshipped the devil. You could even hear it in there, deep under the earth, singing so faintly but so sweetly it near broke your heart just to listen. Now Old Momma is gone, and you boys are the guardian of the cave. But the threats to the sleeping angel are still coming, and you gotta be the ones looking out for it.

-SOUTHERN GOTHIC-

The sleeping angel has been restless recently. While the angel is sleeping restless like, it's song is gonna be heard far and wide, by the sorts of people what can hear it. That's gonna attract lots of devil men real soon. The sort of strange men that Momma Voodoo warned you would kill the angel. Black devil cultists with strange powers. Some don't even realize they're working for the devil, and try to tell you that they're the good guys and the angel is a monster.

Sometimes, you wonder if they're right. Sometimes, you wonder what will happen when the angel awakes.

But then you listen to the song of the sleeping angel, and it all seems okay once more.

Besides crimefighting, what other illicit activities have I been using our borrowed cars for?

What unusual abilities do I bring to our crimefighting team?

What illegal or bizarre item did I recently find in the glovebox of a customer's car?

How do I always seem to know where crimes are about to happen?

What organized crime group recognized me and gave me a retaliatory beating? Why do I still fight crime after that?

What screwup did I blame on another PC? Which PC?

Curb Service

-VIGILANTE JUSTICE GOES WRONG-

Being a valet is a crap job, no doubt, but it's what you and your buddies do to pay the bills. Now and then you take a little spin in some yupscale bastard's beamer, which you consider a perk. Then two of you were "on break," cruising through downtown in a freaking Hummer, when you saw a couple punks stomping on a homeless guy. Wham! You were on the sidewalk in seconds, kicking the crap out of those jerks, and then you drove the poor old man to the free clinic. As he got out of the truck,

he turned and said: "There are a thousand more like me every day." That's when it hit you. you've got an endless supply of cars you never drive twice, you've got a monkey uniform that means nobody looks at you twice, and you're insanely unsupervised.

You can fight crime. You can change this city, one hell-bent joyride at a time.

-OCCULT HEIST CAPER-

THE RICKETYLAND HEIST

The plan is complicated, but sound. There's not a lot of room for error. But we aren't exactly error-prone people.

Symbolically, each one of us can now pass for Christopher, which makes the whole plan possible. Previously, only the Christophers could go into the 3:33 door. Now, we're down one Chris but any one of us can get in.

Ricketyland is just like Chris described it - sickly green sky, like when you've taken foxglove. Those horrible clouds. No real ground, just layer upon layer of dusty, piled up wooden scaffolds, uneven and unsteady and termite-gnawed. We didn't see any of the sailing buildings Chris described, thank goodness. Bruce might have gotten a glimpse of one of his "grimscythes" flying along off in the distance, but it didn't come close.

We can leave Ricketyland into the bank at any time, if someone on the inside invites us. That's not a problem - Emily is so plain, so unfamous, that cameras won't even register her. She's made it an Art. She can bring us in at 2:40, right after the first guard pass. That leaves us 53 minutes to bypass the alarm, core the outer shell, blow the inner shell, and get into the vault. Bruce swears he can do it. Ricketyland can only be entered at 3:33 in the morning, and only through a wooden door, so we really have 48 minutes to get into the vault, get the jewels and the Tepes Golden Cup, then into Brinckman's office - the closest wooden door to the vault, it's two stories up, and we'll need the full sixty seconds to get all five of us through the door to safety. Then we just wait 24 hours in Ricketyland until 3:33 Wednesday, when we can freely escape into the bus station door.

Piece of cake. As long as we can avoid the grimscythes. And the cops. And as long as our old nemesis the Spectromancer or his goons don't get here first.

Or at the same time.

What worrying factor did I not tell the rest of the team about before we embarked on this mission?

(Emily) What is the price I pay for my Art of Unfamousness?

Which accomplice do I think is planning on betraying the team? Why?

What unusual or supernatural abilities do I bring to our team of occult bank robbers?

(Bruce) I'm just a mundane bank robber. How did I get mixed in with a gang of occult weirdos?

(Chris) What horrible thing did I see the grimscythes do to the First Chris? What is left of First Chris's body?

Why do I want the Tepes Golden Cup but not care about the jewels?

What bizarre security device foiled my first escape attempt?

What experimental or impossible surveillance device have they ordered me to use to spy on another towns person?

Who from my past did I recognize in Oasis, though they had no memories of me?

What information do I have that they want? Why can't I give it to them?

How does my Tarot card pseudonym seem to relate to my career in espionage?

What dark secret of mine is known by another PC? Which PC?

The Oasis

You knew that the intelligence field carried certain dangers. But you were just an analyst. A desk jockey. Or you went to sleep in your home and awoke in the bizarre, isolated town of Oasis.

Located in the middle of a vast desert (which one?), Oasis is a tiny town that follows its own weird rules. There are no cars or communication with the outside world. There are cameras always watching (though many of them do not seem to work). No one can tell prisoner and warden apart, and everyone is assigned someone else to spy on. No one is able to leave Oasis, though people sometimes disappear.

-PARANOID SURREAL ESPIONAGE-

Names aren't allowed in Oasis. Each town member is required to identify themselves with one of the cards from a Tarot deck. Minor townsfolk are given the Two of Swords, while important people are major arcana like the Hanged Man or The Fool. Tarot cards seem to relate to your assigned role in town, but not always in an obvious way.

Everyone in town can tell you that the Oversight Committee runs Oasis. But no one will admit to knowing how to find the Oversight Committee. Only the Hierophant admits to working for them, and he is keeping his secrets. What does the Hierophant want? What secrets do they desire? Why have they kidnapped you? How can you escape?

What special ability have I been keeping secret from the department? Why?

Where have I encountered a similar occult menace before?

Why do I sympathize with the monster we're assigned to hunt?

What evidence of the monster's horrors did I find that lets us track it?

What unusual or supernatural capabilities do I bring to our team?

What countermeasures did the agency give me in case one of my fellow agents went rogue? Which agent?

THE INHUMAN SQUAD

Following the FBI's raid on Innsmouth in the 1920s, J. Edgar Hoover started up a special squad to look into supernatural matters. As the decades wore on, the members of the Anomalous Intelligence Agency started to resemble more and more the subjects of their investigation. The agency began recruiting psychics, tarot card readers, and eventually vampires, ghouls, ghosts, and stranger things still. These "Anomalous Inhuman Agents" could do all the work of a regular human agent, but also each brought unique capabilities. By modern day, the agency's field teams are almost entirely supernatural in nature,

-PULP HORROR ADVENTURE-

Your current mission is a straight up bug hunt in Centralia, PA. Nobody's supposed to be living in Centralia. The coal mine underneath the town has been on fire for decades. Poison gas leaks out of the ground and sinkholes could swallow you up at any moment. A few tenacious residents keep on living in the town, though. Or they did, until some creature started picking them off one by one, leaving behind only bones marked with weird sigils and patterns. State troopers don't wanna deal with that shit.

Dangerous terrain. A weird, unpredictable, murderous creature. Poisonous gas. Lousy civil servant paygrades. Sounds like a day in the life of THE INHUMAN SQUAD!

What do I think the red handed being really is?
What evidence do I have for this theory?

What did I ask for from the man with the red hand?
How did it come to me once I asked?

What would I describe as the worst possible way to die?

Why did I expect something terrible like this to happen?
Why didn't I warn anyone about it?

Why haven't I told anyone I was the last to see Erica alive?

Which other PC did I try to stop from making a bargain? Why?

RED RIGHT HAND

Out at the edge of town where the viaduct looms overhead, you made a deal with him. Her. It. The dealer didn't look the same for any two of you. To some he was young, to others old. The only constant was that right hand, dripping red on the ground as you spoke.

You heard stories that he could give you what you wanted. Erica had seen him and, two weeks later, she got her dream job as promised. Afraid of going alone, you all went together. Safety in numbers, you thought. He promised you what you wanted, and soon thereafter it came to you. Whatever you wanted, delivered to you on a silver platter.

-YOUR DEBT COMES DUE-

The price, you were told, would come in its own time. The red handed man gave a date. Two years, nine months. At that time, your wish seemed important enough that you'd leave the price until later.

Now it has been two years and eight months. The police just found Erica dead in her apartment. They say that it must have been a wild animal. Maybe a bear or a bigass rabid dog. But you saw spots of that bright red liquid. The same liquid that constantly dripped from that red right hand. And you know that your debt is soon to come due as well. By the looks of things, you won't like the price that you owe for your success.

What worrying dreams have I been having since drinking from the cup?

What was the worst thing I ever did for the gang's benefit?

Why do I think that I should be in charge now that Blaze is missing?

Which other PC do I think will be the next to transform like Blaze did? Why?

I and one other PC are wanted in this state for what felony? Which PC?

Which other PC caught me sneaking drinks from the cup? Why didn't they tell anyone?

SUICIDE KINGS

Blaze always was a weird gang leader. Sure, he led the Suicide Kings fine, but he always was poking into weird stuff. Buying used books on voodoo. Once, he organized a drunken breakin to a church and stole the fingerbones of some saint. Whatever he's got you into now, it's worse.

It must have something to do with that cup. The one he traded away a car trunk full of dope to get. The one carved out of ivory or whalebone and covered in weird hieroglyphs. The cup that he had the whole gang drink out of. Now, you didn't believe in nothing supernatural. But when you drank from the cup, you felt faster. Smarter. More aware of your environment. Ready to bust some heads.

-CRIME HORROR-

Since buying the cup, Blaze has been acting more and more paranoid. Once or twice, folks caught him sneaking drinks from the cup, despite the old Brazilian guy warning him not to drink from it too much. By the end, Blaze was sure everyone was gonna betray him and steal the cup.

Finally, Cooler, Blaze's number two, decided that keeping the cup around wasn't healthy. When Cooler reached for it, Blaze freaked out. He transformed into some giant feral cat thing. Covered in spots, like maybe a leopard? The cat monster ripped Cooler's head clean off and disappeared into the woods nearby. It left the cup behind, next to Cooler's still bleeding body. Something tells you that the things that used to be Blaze will be back for it, sooner or later.

How was I injured in the crash?

Despite not remembering this place, what evidence did we find that I have been here before?

What family member did I glimpse out in the jungle, despite them being dead for years?

What wilderness survival scenario was I in previously and what did I learn?

When the mysterious old businessman tried to bribe me into abandoning the race, what did he offer me? Why did I refuse?

Which PC do I blame for the wreck? Why?

THE WRECK OF THE JABBERWOCK

You were sailing the JABBERWOCK around the world. A storm blew you off course, right into an island that wasn't on any charts. The ship was smashed to bits, but somehow you all survived.

Luckily the island looks like it is inhabited. Or was, anyway. You found large, industrial buildings, full of odd machinery and laboratories. But they all look like they have been abandoned for years. Docks and airplane hangars, but no boats or planes.

Worryingly, it looks like the people left in a hurry after some

-MYSTERY AND SURVIVAL-

violence. You found bullet holes in the laboratory and dried blood all over the boat dock. In the airplane hangar, a booby trap was still armed and nearly put a crossbow bolt through your neck. And the weird machinery seems to have stopped working because a bunch of human bones got caught in the gears.

On the horizon, you can see an observatory dome. You can smoke from that direction, and they sound like it is getting closer. A message spray painted on the wall warns you that "THEY WILL BE COMING BACK. GET OUT WHILE YOU CAN." Who is coming? What do they want?