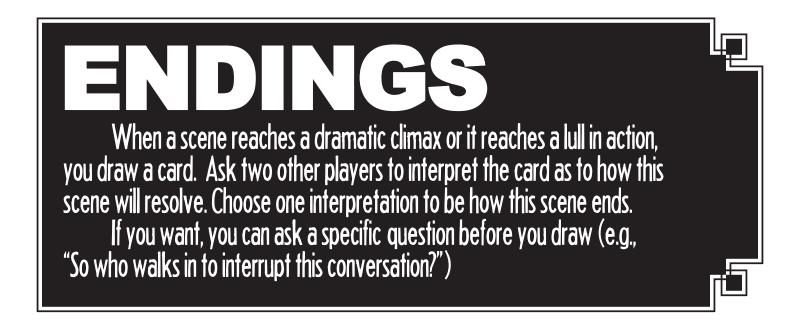
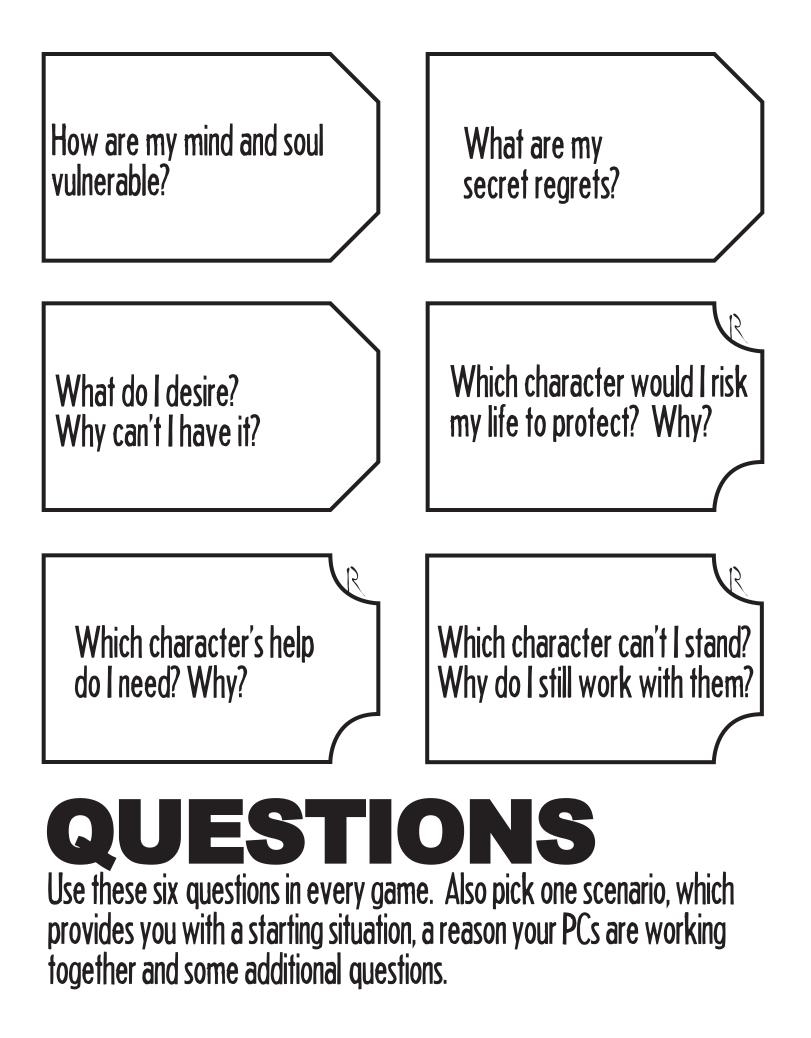
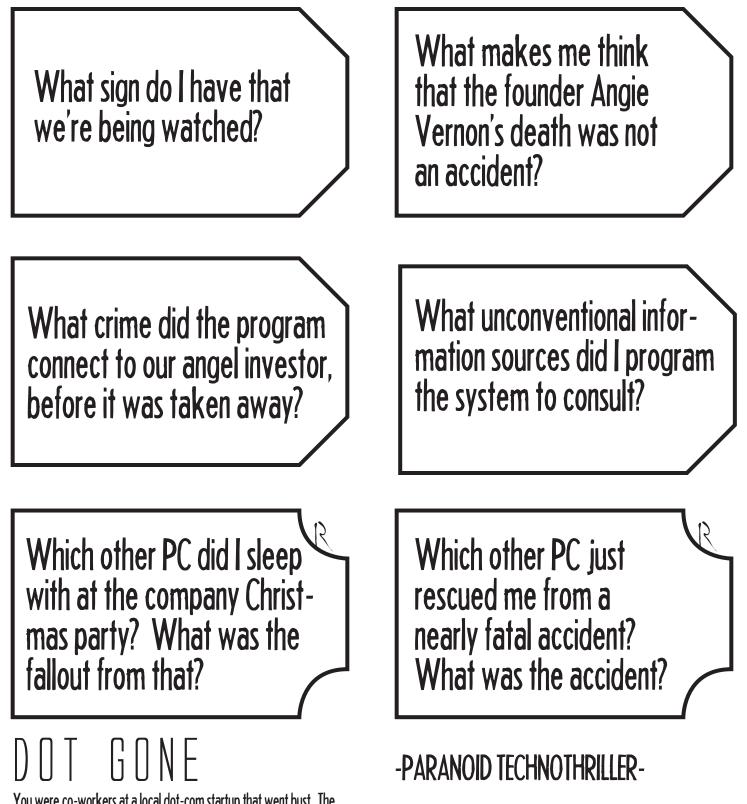


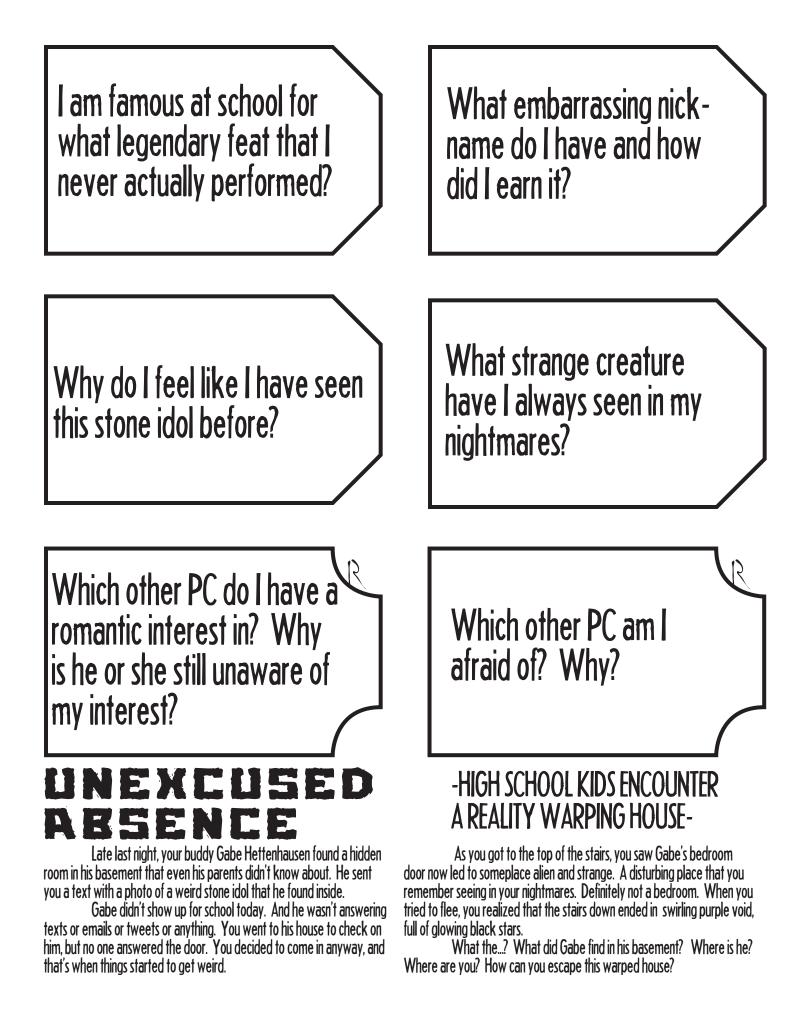
At any time a scene would be augmented by the horrific or the supernatural, draw a card. Ask two other players to interpret what unexplainable phenomena or terrifying twist of events occurs in the scene. If you want, you can ask a specific question before you draw (e.g., "So the ghost of whom appears in the mirror?")







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?



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

How has my psychic ability made my life worse?

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

Recently I overheard half

Why do I think that our oracular powers are manmade instead of natural?

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

### Prophets Anonymous

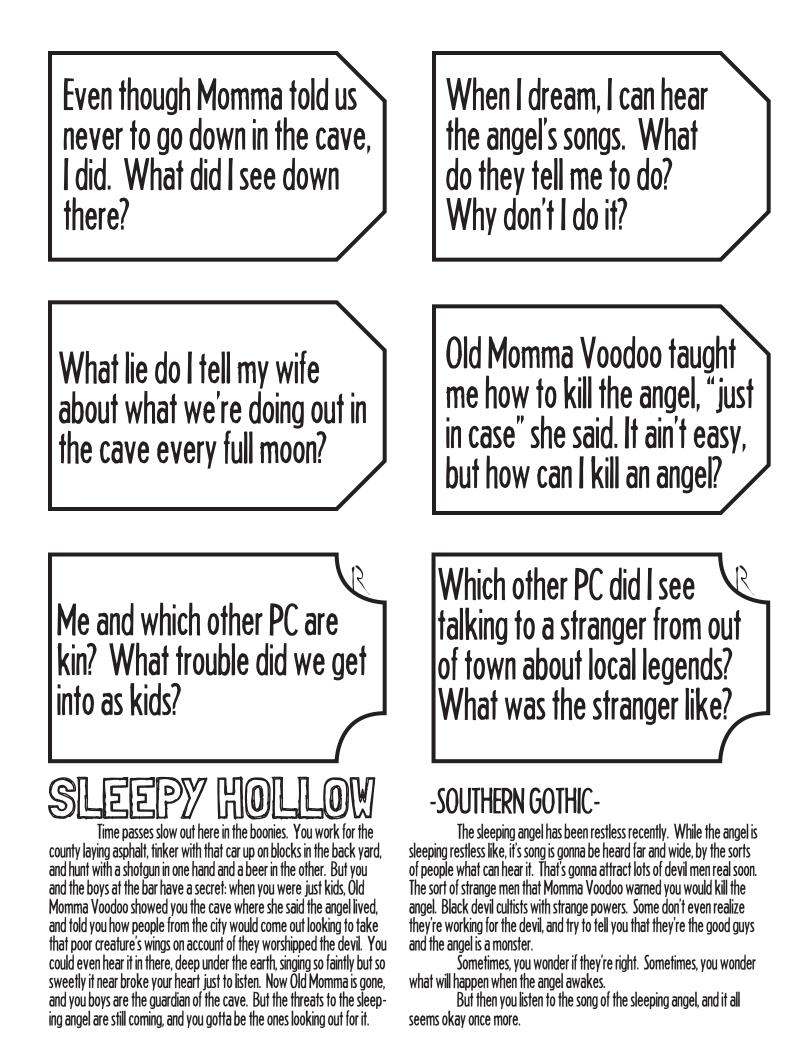
A few months ago, you read a newspaper ad for "Prophets Anonymous" and thought how odd that was. Was it a prank? Or were there enough people out there that thought they had precognitive powers that they needed a support group?

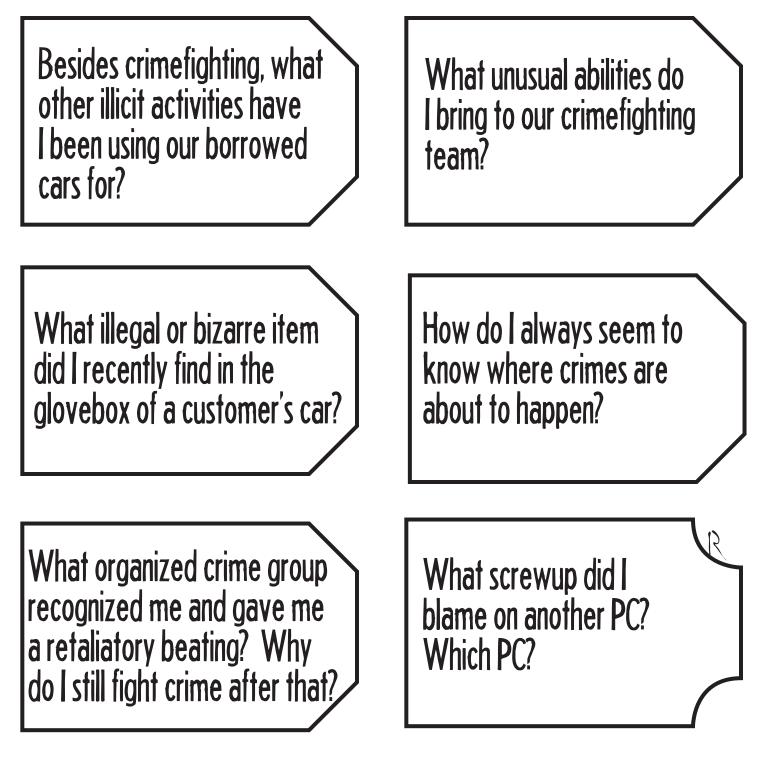
Later that day, you had your first vision. It was of a terrible fate soon to befall someone near you. Within the week, that loved one died exactly as your vision predicted. Since then, your visions are coming more and more often, and they are all horrible. So you decided to see if this "Prophets Anonymous"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

### -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.





# Curb Service

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,

### -VIGILANTE JUSTICE GOES WRONG-

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?



