

The ABYSS

[Faded, illegible text on aged parchment]

cenotaphium
consecro aboretivus inferi



the ABYSS

Presenting Cenotaphium (Issue 5 - Consecro Abortivus Inferi),
the official journal from The Abyss.

This electronic version of Cenotaphium may be used for
personal use only provided you charge no fee and alter none
of its contents or layout. If you wish to distribute this document
you must get express written permission from Jason Just.
Please respect this work, a breach of trust may result in a lawsuit

The following material has been designed and compiled for
the contemporary horror roleplaying game, Kult (© Paradox Plaza)
and is made available in this format by The Abyss (www.kult-rpg.org).
This work is not endorsed by either Paradox Plaza nor 7th Circle Publishing.
The Abyss does not intend to infringe on the intellectual copyright of Kult
or any company and organization. The Abyss stands by all artists that
contributes and in cases of copyright infringement or plagiarism will offer
legal services in defence.

Cover, design, layout © Jason Just 2001 - symboli@symbolique.net

Recommended for Mature Audiences - The Abyss does not endorse
nor encourage the acts depicted in Cenotaphium - Consecro Abortivus Inferi,
and are fictional works suitable for the roleplaying game Kult, and nothing more.

www.kult-rpg.org

Submission Information

The Abyss gladly accepts all submissions, but does not guarantee publication of all
unsolicited material. Please keep in mind that unsolicited fiction is based on the tenets
of the original 1st Edition rulebook and Legions of Darkness, of which The Abyss considers
core material. Please contact Ryan at hyperaesthesia@bitterreign.com for submission
information details and liaison, or view the guidelines at The Abyss's website.

Contact Information

Jason Just - Executive Editor (kult@symbolique.net)

Ryan Northcott - Editor (hyperaesthesia@bitterreign.com)

D. A. Stoelting - Editor, SCIO/Human Ashes (dastoelting@juno.com)

John Nixon (aka. PeterAmthor) - American Liaison & Promotion Officer (john@usmo.com)

VEIL OF THE ABYSS



Welcome to the fifth volume of Cenotaphium - Liber os Abyss vel Daath, a journal devoted to the surreal horror roleplaying game, Kult. Our mission is to provide a staple of information, resources, and media to ensure the continued development of the game/experience.

The Abyss serves to maintain the original concepts of Gunilla Jonsson and Michael Petersén as expressed in Kult 1st Edition & Legions of Darkness, but in supporting role to 7th Circle Publishing, who have license and are returning to print the macabre and psychological game.

The Abyss underwent a hibernation of which it has shaken with the factors of firstly the site coming up for renewal, the awakening via Paradox Plaza and 7th Circle, and in part readers' interests. We hope these new submissions and presentation are to your tastes.

The Abyss exists on your input, your stories, your ideas, your art, your drug/dream-induced ramblings that would have interest to some other freak who immerses his or herself in this twisted cosmology. Please feel free to contribute material, as it will see the continuing maintenance of this volume in your digital fingers. And if you have printed this, please keep in mind that each of the artists' work, whether visual, verbal or visceral is copyrighted accordingly. We would respect that you inform us of any matters should you wish to distribute even online, and we will defend those artist material contained within the document at all times.

Eternally
Jason Just



CONS



NBOUND

Icons Unbound is a series of articles intended to help game masters run Kult, by providing help and information. My hope is to provide hints on running Kult, and detail Icons...

By Icons I mean Personalities, Cults, and Artifacts.

I intend to detail several personalities and their role in the lie, Personalities such as Rasputin and JFK, And artifacts such as the Holy Grail.

Before I start to detail these Icons, I would like to discuss Kult itself.

One of the most difficult things about running Kult is the fact that most who play it, know too much about it for any of "reality" to be of much effect. I usually encourage a purist/canon view on the game setting, however I also encourage creativity to keep the game fresh for the players.

For example, canon material states that the Demiurge is missing and or dead... the way I try to run Kult, the Demiurge is very much alive, only vanished. Condemned to the same state he has trapped us in. Trapped in forgetfulness.

In the Games I run, it is doubtful that the players will ever encounter such Icons as the Demiurge and Astaroth, but it's still useful to have your ideas set before running a game, have your cosmology set so you have something to fall back onto and to power your games.

Kult can be very difficult to run extensively, small one shots are easy and fun to run, but an ongoing campaign can be difficult, both on

you and on your players. The main difficulty here is Keeping the mystery intact and not giving too much away, what i can suggest is keep the characters (And thus the players) ignorant of the truth, if that means you have to change the cosmology here and there, then by all means do so. Mix elements from your favorite fiction and other games in if you feel it appropriate. Hold the characters back from really learning anything important, but feed them enough to feel they have accomplished something.. and if they think they have figured something out... cheat and change it... Keep them ignorant. When they do find out that reality is a lie and somehow they have stepped into Metropolis... next game have them step into Gaia... keep the facets of reality ever changing... don't let them become used to one aspect or another.

Players are clever people, they will always find some way to foil even your most clever plans.. expect that to happen. One way to try and avoid that however is distraction.. you think the characters might be on the right track? throw them off with a bit of violence, have their houses robbed, Kill off a family member. Do something to shake their world up a bit. When faced with some overwhelming puzzle, don't provide hints... it's better to have them give up than to let them know everything. Kult is about helplessness afterall.

If the rules or the setting hinder you, change them, this is your reality, don't let banality ruin your game.

The other thing I have to talk about is description. This can be a tricky topic in a game where pus filled flesh regularly gets

by Ryan Northcott

centotaphium volume five ❧ *consecro abortivus inferi*

rended from rotting black bones, but some people can just take more than others, even within the same gaming group... so you may find yourself asking where do I draw the line?

You don't... Kult is also about shock, if you feel the need to describe a violent rape and have the victim explode messily afterward, but you think one of your players might find it offensive... too bad, go to the hilt with it.. go ahead and describe the brown semen leaking out a bloodied hole... if they can't handle the descriptions, they should go back to playing with their elves, Kult is not child's play, and should be treated accordingly.

When you try and describe a setting, don't let yourself get trapped in the D&D description mode... you know the one... "You find yourself in a 40 by 40 room, it's dark and smells bad, there seems to be one door to the side"

This can kill a good Kult game faster than anything... instead try to say "You enter the room from a moss caked doorway, a sickly odor assaults your nostrils and makes you want to vomit" And try to make the room seem smaller than it really is, that should set off anyone afraid of enclosed spaces, unless you intend the opposite effect of course... say in a cathedral, you'll want it to seem much larger than it really is. If there is something obviously important in the room, be sure and describe it first... a 12 foot gold statue of a lictor is surely going to be one of the first

things I would see when I walked into some dark room.

In closing, another thing to remember in Kult, That humans should have recognizably human motives behind things, not sane perhaps, but human... the need for love (lust), money, power or what have you. On the other side of this coin are our jailers... they shouldn't have human motives.. in fact characters shouldn't even know why they do things at all.. they should remain as much a mystery as possible.

Next column will have more
until then, thanks for reading

-v

Arcology by Cris Merta

centotaphium volume five ❧ *consecro abortivus inferi*

Looking down the empty tube of a blackened, smoldering fuselage. Three huddled men, ragged aviators, sit within. A single dented toolbox lies between them, a secret inside. A small fire burns for warmth.

The landscape - jagged hills composed of wrecked aircraft, lost and burning. A smoky dark sky with a tinge of red.

Puddles of oily water lay surrounded by many footprints in the gray, greasy mud.

The men talk quietly, share a cigarette. The toolbox waits, unopened. Rain begins to fall, an echoing raspy sound.

One man looks out at the sky and pulls his battered jacket tighter about his shoulders. He blinks slowly, pale blue eyes. Moisture runs down a broken glass cockpit.



Near the City of the Dead in Metropolis is a strange and mercurial place known to only a few in the Illusion. It only came to be known within the last century. Its name has been heard whispered on the lips of dying pilots and as the last radio transmission of aircraft lost at sea. It is a place of lost aircraft and the travelers within. The victims of the Hindenburg, Amelia Earhart, and the passengers of United Flight 180 all glimpsed the great cleft that houses the Arcology. Why this area was named such is still a mystery.

One of the most unusual aspects of the Arcology is that does not exist for those who have not passed into Metropolis through any location other than those intimately connected to aircraft. This is why relatively few conjurers know of it. Even our jailers are, for the most part, ignorant of this deep valley of aerial wreckage. They would, however, be most interested to know what and who has come to make their home here. This is because it is a refuge of sorts for those hunted by the Lictors and other creatures that would torment humanity. But, it is a refuge of mixed blessings because once it is entered; there are very few ways to leave. The Arcology harbors its own unique terrors and miracles, apart

from the rest of the Dead City. Little of what lies beyond the Arcology can be seen from its rusting depths.

There are few gates to the Arcology, none of them permanent. One of them drifts in and out of existence in an aircraft mothball yard somewhere in Nevada. Another is located in Montana among the remains of a Boeing scrap yard. This gate is guarded by a secretive cult of madmen known as the Aviotik. There is also rumored to be an aircraft that can cross between our world and Metropolis if the pilot proceeds with an elaborate ritual while flying. The ritual is said to include self-blinding.

Gates may exist for a very short time during major airline disasters or hostage situations that end with much bloodshed. Other gates may open or have opened during violent and confusing air battles. During WWII a flight of B-17 bombers were said to have crossed over and back. The planes returned to their airfield with no one piloting them. The bombers were scrapped and the incident erased from record. Another, older tale talks of a RAF pilot during the Great War who had himself crucified to the bottom of a Sopwith

Snipe and crashed into the German trenches. The body was not present in the wreckage. Who flew the plane and nailed him to it, no one knows. There are other stories whispered at lonely rural terminals and air traffic control centers late in the night as the coffee cools and runway lights glare harshly across quiet tarmacs. Perhaps the characters have heard one or two during an overnight layover. Perhaps their plane never arrives.

The Arcology is one of the crevices found on the hill that contains the City of the Dead. Everywhere one looks are mounds and ridges of broken and decaying aircraft from every period in man's history, including the future. There are military and civilian aircraft, prototypes that never flew, and some that never existed in our world. Like the rest of Metropolis there is no time here. It rains almost continuously and puddles that swirl with prismatic contaminants are found everywhere. Often the wreckage lies half-submerged in grottoes of unknown depth. Where there is land, it is the consistency of grease and has a mottled gray color. A multitude of tracks and footprints adorn the surface of the grease-mud, leading in all directions. Normally, the only sound heard is that of rain rasping on the innumerable metal hulls. But occasionally, a distant cry or the fragments of a mumbled conversation reaches the ear. The sources of these voices are rarely found. Traces of fires, mounds of rags that looked slept in, rusting tools, empty food containers (tin cans to pretzel bags), aviator goggles, and shell casings can all be found in and amongst the wreckage.

The wreckage sometimes gives way to open muddy fields littered with only a few wrecks and/or cast-off parts. In some places there appear vast even rows of yellow wrapped objects that could be bodies. Some however, are twisted to the point of being unrecognizable as the shape of a human being. Things may lurk under these tarps that are not quite dead but quite hungry. Occasionally the bodies rise and move of their own accord to more comfortable resting-places.

The characters may encounter other individuals wandering dazedly here, wearing burnt and torn clothing, bleeding from wounds that should have killed them. These people are trapped between life and death, unaware of where they are. They respond to the characters by asking if they have seen a loved one or ranting quietly about the crash that brought them here. They sometimes clutch a piece of carry-on luggage or a seat cushion. Others may hold the burnt, severed limb of a child and talk reassuringly to it. These individuals can be from other times, from the early twentieth century through the future. Other creatures sometimes masquerade as lost victims for feeding or darker purposes. One creature impales these half-dead people on sharpened debris like the Shriek bird to be eaten later. The player characters would be treated no differently.

Other people are more coherent and manage to survive by their wits and a little luck in the wasteland. They have no sense of time and the best they can respond to questions about the length of their stay are 'a long time' or 'it seems like only yesterday.' These people have

come here either on purpose or survived the journey alive. Whatever the situation, most have a greasy pallor to their skin and give off a smell like jet fuel. All characters develop these symptoms after roughly two weeks in the Arcology. Others although sane have begun to rot under the influence of the Dead City. Most try to hide the changes. Some don't.

There are many strange and lunatic happenings in the Arcology and the following fragments are possible encounters for a group of characters that arrive there.

❀ *The characters come upon a man trapped in a bent and mangled metal framework. He cries out in choked and gurgling pain. The framework appears to be a homemade airplane that has crashed, trapping the man within. Upon trying to free him it becomes apparent that the framework is consuming the man. The thing uses teeth like sharpened rivets to force gobbets of flesh into its dented, paint-peeling fuel tank. The framework will attempt to snare anyone that reaches in to help its meal.*

❀ *The characters enter an open field in which a burning 747 lies scattered and ruined in the mud. Several victims wander aimlessly among the wreckage. This is the first few moments after a major airline crash in Georgia and a gate is open to our reality. If the characters stay near the wreckage they will slip back into the Illusion and have to explain what they are doing amongst the wreckage to rescue personnel. If they don't approach, distant sirens will be heard and several people will walk out of sight behind large debris. They will not be seen again, having stayed in the Illusion. Others will remain, lost and wounded. Alternately, a firefighter, journalist, or concerned civilian will inadvertently become trapped in the Arcology and be found shouting for help.*

❀ *The characters will see a large plate glass window standing in a shallow pool of oily water. Beyond the glass is a scene from a modern airport. Several people are pressed against the glass wide-eyed and jostling for position to see. One man is pointing a video camera at the characters as if they were animals in a zoo. If the characters approach they will realize the people behind the glass cannot see them. A Perception roll will reveal not only the characters reflection in the glass but that of a collision between two aircraft on a runway: a smaller prop plane and a DC-10. The people are watching the two planes smoldering and there is a large leak from the wing of the DC-10. If someone goes around the back of the glass they will see the scene from the crowds point of view. The characters will notice there is a thick fog over the airport. The planes will ignite and burning figures will fall out of the larger plane to stumble across the runway. More people will appear to see the disaster. A fistfight will break out. If the characters break the glass (serious wound from a shotgun, large rock, or GM's discretion) it will collapse into fragments and there will be no sign of the scene that played out. Alternately, if the characters keep watching the scene will grow progressively worse as rescue vehicles arrive just as a third plane lands in the midst of the accident spreading chaos and carnage even further. The glass begins to crack as the man with the camcorder is knocked down and beaten by the growing fistfight. When a fourth aircraft (a cargo helicopter confused by the smoke and fog) crashes into the glass, the window explodes spraying metal, glass, and human debris into the Arcology as the Illusion ruptures to the worst airport disaster in history: LAX, March 26, 2003. Unwise characters that waited this long will take explosion damage as per a Grenade launcher (Kult 1st ed. pg. 110).*

❀ *The PC's find a dented and padlocked bolt box inside the hull of a battered cargo plane. The remains of*

a recent fire are nearby, still smoking. Anyone who stays in the presence of the box starts to suffer from radiation poisoning. Every 10 minutes after the box is found roll for damage as if the box were a 'campfire' (Kult 1st ed. pg. 128). Should someone manage to open the box (Armor value of 6 broken in 2 medium damages) the energy of the horrible power source within will spill out causing all characters within 5 meters to suffer damage as per a 'Large fire' (pg. 128 again) each combat round in the form of bursting blood vessels and peeling skin. The damage diminishes by one step on the 'fire' chart every 5 meters from the power source until the PC's are outside the area of effect (30 meters). The power source could be the heart of some ancient god or part of a future aircraft. During WWII the Nazi's developed several powerful weapons that were never used. The Bolt box could be the subject of retrieval by powerful secret societies if it were brought back to our world.

☞ Nearby is the carcass of an Avro 683 Lancaster (a highly successful WWII British bomber). It is propped on the side of a hill of wreckage and its tail is partially submerged in liquid mud. It is slowly sliding down into the morass with a hideous squealing metal sound. The sound should be what draws the characters to the bomber. When the bomber stops its slide for a few moments a voice can be heard shouting from the point where the aircraft has started to submerge. Trapped in the tail-gunner's bubble is a British youth covered in mud and fighting to get out of the turret. He is dressed in a RAF fliers uniform and beats and the turret or fights with the controls as the bubble fills up with mud. The guns stick straight up and the turret won't budge. If he sees the characters he pleads with them to get him out. The bomber will submerge him in roughly ten minutes. The youth may be able to tell them how to rewire the electricity or fix the motor on the turret if they can manage to get inside the bomber. Within are the corpses of the youth's fellow crewmen, full of large

caliber bullet holes. The other crewmembers appear to have been dead for only a short while, but a Perception roll shows that something appears to have been eating at them. That 'something' may still be in there (GM's discretion as to what it is). If the youth is rescued his name is Rory Cummins and he is a twenty-year old from Manchester, England. He graduated in 1940.

☞ A horrendous noise is heard as a burning aircraft roars overhead and crashes beyond a far mound of wreckage. A streak of churned up earth and debris can be found but nothing else.

☞ A metal conning tower leans drunkenly among rows of scrapped fighter jets. Against the tower is the rusting metal lattice of a zeppelin covered in scraps of tattered canvas that rustle in damp air. Within the zeppelin carcass is a ring of aircraft parts made into a mystic circle of some kind. This could be the gate to the aircraft graveyard of the Aviotik.

☞ A beautiful human figure with no hair, tattooed scalp, platinum skin, four eyes, and clawed hands sits in the mud as another similar figure attempts to attach parts of an aircraft wing to the seated figure's shoulders. They glance up as the characters approach and smile enigmatically. They are Chashmalim, flying angels who once perched upon spires in the dead city, oversaw the temple of the Dead Gods, and recited the litany of their dreams for visitors. The Chashmalim lost their memories and the ability to fly when the Demiurge disappeared and have come here to the place of lost flight to try and rebuild their wings. Their exile has driven them insane and they may try to give the characters wings as well by riveting pieces of aircraft directly to their spine.

☞ There are other angels who are in hiding in the Arcology and they live together in a small commune. This commune is located in a temple built of aircraft parts welded to the remains of a once beautiful temple. It is located near one wall of the Arcology valley. They

do not care for outsiders and have nothing to do with the Chashmalim. More will be said on them below.

CHASHMALIM

GM Hints: Smile absently and invite the characters to sit with you. Talk repeatedly about healing them as you mimic readying greasy homemade surgical tools.

AGL 3d10+10 (31) EGO 1d10 (4)
STR 2d10 (16) CHA 1d5 (2)
CON 5d10+10 (44) PER 3d10 (21)
COM 2d10 (13) EDU --

Terror throw modification: -3

Height: 6-7ft

Weight: 150 lbs.

Senses: Nightvision, Tracking by taste

Communication: Enochian language, Telepathy

Movement: 16m

Actions: +3

Initiative Bonus: +19

Damage Bonus: +6

Damage Capacity: 10 scratches=1 light wound

9 light wounds=1 serious wound

7 serious wounds=1 fatal wound

Endurance: 250

Load Capacity: 48 kgs.

Natural Armor: 10 (from grafted pieces of aircraft)

Skills: Dodge 15, Handgun 12, Dagger 18, Sword 22, Impact weapons 19, Whips and Chains 17, Unarmed combat 30, Shadow 25, Hide 19, Surgery 6, Mechanics 9


Powers: Invulnerable to Poison, Radioactivity, Fire, and Electricity;

Regeneration; Telepathy

Attack Modes: Claws 30 (scr 1-8, lw 9-14, sw 15-19, fw 20+) Kick 25 (scr 1-6, lw 7-10, sw 11-16, fw 17+) Improvised machine weapon 19 (damage varies-these weapons are conglomerations of spinning blades, spikes, and jagged rusty surfaces)

Home: Arcology

Number appearing: 1-3

 *A large, rusting structure is happened upon that appears to be an aircraft hanger partially buried in the mud. The structure has verdigris copper staining its exterior. Parts of the building seem to be held together with little more than large folds and layers of mud. The wreckage in this area is extremely decayed and little remains except low dunes of rust and small pieces of glass and plastic. Characters who investigate this structure too closely will aggravate the colony of Nilindroths that make their home in the structure. Nilindroths may be related to Nachtkafer (Kult 1st ed. pg.). They exist both in the Illusion and Metropolis. These creatures feed on the by-products of decay: frayed electrical wiring, old grease, silicon, rust, carrion, and so on. They have grown tremendously in numbers within the last century and are sometimes responsible for stories of gremlins in mechanical objects. Their population saw it's biggest growth in WWII. It has been said that they are not so much a species of creature but a collective being that propagates decay, but no one knows for sure. They are found where structures crumble. Nilindroths appear as translucent, triangular insects with seven legs, varying in size from a few inches to two feet. Each has three sets of rust-pitted, green chrome mandibles on their head and no eyes. Other, smaller worm-like things can be seen moving within them. They leave a slimy, fibrous resin*

centotaphium volume five ☒ *consecro abortivus inferi*

on everything they touch.

NILINDROTHS

AGL 3d10 (18) EGO 1-2 (*2)
STR 1d5 (3) CHA 1
CON 1d5+2 (7) PER 1d10+3 (11)

Terror throw modification: -7

Height: 1-3 in.

Weight: .75 lbs.

Length: 2-24 in.

Senses: Sense decay, sense vibrations

Communication: Unknown

Movement: 9m

Actions: 2

Initiative Bonus: +6

Damage Bonus: +1

Damage Capacity: 3 scratches=1 light wound

2 light wounds=1 serious wound

2 serious wounds=1 fatal wound

Endurance: Infinite (never rest-continue until they break each other down or find new material)

Load Capacity: 13 kgs. (can carry many times their body weight, may scavenge parts like harvester ants)

Natural Armor: none

Attack Modes: Bite (scr 1-9, lw 10-17, sw 18-24, fw 25+) Swarm (scr 1-6, lw 7-11, sw 12-18, fw 19+)

Powers: *Split/Enhanced senses, **accelerate decay

Limitations: ***Sensitive to Plastic, Hunting Instinct-Decay

Home: Arcology

Number Appearing: 20-2000 ****(infinite?)

Notes: * the Nilindroths have a collective EGO that increases by 1 point for every 100 insects.

**Nilindroths accelerate the breakdown of materials as per the Gaia Decay rule (Legions of Darkness pg. 160)

*** Nilindroths are repelled by new plastic and take +10 damage effect from an object made of the substance.

**** It has been speculated that the Nilindroths are an aspect of a fractal reality. Each creature is only a mathematically exponential exact smaller or larger copy of the other creatures. Their size may expand to the sub-atomic or above our 3-dimensional reality. This would seem to link them with aspects of radioactivity and Time/Space beyond what we know.



Bug by Peter Amthor

The Temple of the Stripped

In the shadow of a wall a thousand feet high lies the most recognizable landmark of the Arcology. It can be seen from almost anywhere within the valley. Known as the Temple of the Stripped, it is a refuge of sorts for a small contingent of the Demiurge's angels who escaped the enslavement of the Seraphim and other angels. Some of the Seraphim were pursued through the streets of Metropolis like the Jews during WWII and rounded up by the Lictors. The Angels of the Stripped Temple are still in hiding from that time, still unsure of what has happened to their former paradises and the captured Seraphs.

The angels that escaped the Lictor's pogrom were scattered across reality, left to wander blindly through the Illusion or the Dreamworlds. Some were taken to Inferno and employed by the Death Angels (i.e. the Avenging Angels of Samael: pg. 38 Legions of Darkness). Others, like the Chashmalim, are lost in their own madness. The angels of the temple once belonged to various Orders and Stations within the angelic Hierarchy. Some are from Orders abandoned long before the disappearance of the Demiurge and have all but forgotten what duties they once performed. A few have developed depraved appetites living within the dead city. Such hungers are generally tolerated in light of being abandoned by the Creator.

The angels do very little except sing broken discordant songs and seek appeasement of their darker urgings. Without Heavenly

censure to worry them most use their free will to the utmost. Being androgynous, some seek magics to give them gender or use specially designed implements to pleasure themselves and each other. There is a small collection of humans here, captured from or brought to the Arcology and forced into servitude as attendants or sexual toys (akin to bestiality for angels). The Dead City's energies prevent anything living to be born from these unions. However, there are births. The offspring are kept in catacombs below the temple where they are allowed to feed on the flesh of the dead, each other, and their former parent once the parent's usefulness has expired. Some humans work for the angels as hunters, capturing new arrivals to the Arcology and bringing them to the Temple. Many of these hunters once belonged to the Aviotik. The specific number of angels and attendants is left up to the GM to tailor to his needs. However several key figures and brief descriptions of various Orders (see Errata) and creatures to be found in the Temple will be described below.

As for the Temple itself, it is a vast sprawling complex that at first bears comparison to the Potala of Tibet. However there are elements of Byzantine and Gothic architecture giving it a gnarled yet insectile feel. In places the angles are too deep and out of proportion. Most of the Temple remains unused; however, various aircraft parts have been cannibalized to repair massive decay in certain sections. Gun turrets form windows. Struts and frames double as walkways. Propellers turn lazily, dipping in and out of a wide lake at the Temple base.

These propellers channel foul oily water through huge openings into the temple. A series of cargo plane hulls form a long, jagged bridge to the temple entrance. Angels lurk here, guarding from the shadows. An occasional hunter scampers to and from the Temple, carrying strange tools of capture.

The wall beyond the temple is festooned with deep fissures and architecture that has been carved out of the timeless strata of the dead. Graves and mausoleums cling like barnacles to its thousand-foot height. Broken stone bridges and painfully thin, winding stairways encrusted with ancient bodily remains wind their way up between the clinging structures. This archaic conglomeration ends a few hundred feet from the top of the wall. Other tombs crowd the top ledge as far as the eye can see. Occasionally one of them topples down upon the Temple or the wall architecture. The remains of fallen tombs are scattered across the Temple and some thrust up from the Temple Lake along with more aircraft carcasses. A way out of the Arcology and into the Dead City proper may lie somewhere within the Temple or the Wall beyond.

There is a courtyard around the Temple several miles wide. Sporadic muddy tracks lead across it, pointing like a finger to the distant Temple. The courtyard is dominated by a series of tall poles seemingly made of petrified wood. Attached to many of these poles are pairs of large, tattered wings in various states of decay. Others bear up pairs of hands or feet. Still others are adorned with entire limbs or large swaths of skin. One pole

is hung with many pairs of eyes like a stand of rotting, fleshy grapes. The characters will not know it at the time but the poles are a type of altar for the residents of the Temple. Here they shed their useless tie to their angelic origins and offer up the sacrifice to the mystery of dead flight. Those who come without fleshy wings give some other sacrifice before entering the Temple. All who are to be accepted within must leave a piece behind or the shadowy guards at the Temple entrance will attack them. Many leave their eyes-a testament to their blind flight into the Temple's refuge, and faith in being lost to our world. This arcane practice is tied to the whispered tales of the Arcology in our world.

Beings of The Temple

Among the residents of the Temple of the Stripped are several powerful beings. Some have been here long before the disappearance of the Demiurge, but others are recent arrivals. All have their own agendas and views on their place at the Temple. Three of these beings are presented in detail below: Remiel, Kafziel, and Gemmut. Following them are short descriptions of other personalities and creatures to round out those that lurk within.

REMIEL

Remiel is the foremost being of the temple. His presence predates any of the others. He keeps to himself, nursing his wounds and muttering from the various mouths that adorn his body under dirty wrappings. At times he has tried to silence them by cutting out their tongues or removing their lips. But, it is to no avail for they constantly regenerate.

Remiel's few servants come to his perfectly spherical chamber and remove the cast off pieces. They have sewn their own mouths shut fearing Remiel's tongues will try to cannibalize their own and continue muttering. The tongues are taken to the sacrificial field where they are allowed to roam of their own will and hunt for mouths to inhabit. Some residents of the Arcology have fallen victim to them and wander the wreckage giving voice to Remiel's visions. When not cutting off parts of himself, Remiel continues to carve an intricate pattern in the walls of his chamber. He only ceases to cut upon himself. Only Gemmut has gazed upon the full extent of his carvings. It is rumored that they hold horrible truths about the true purpose of the Arcology. Gemmut does not speak of what he knows.

Remiel is huge, standing a full twelve feet when erect, however he is twisted and hunched from millennia of occupying the ten-foot diameter chamber. His face is serenely beautiful except for the crooked scars where he has removed his lips many, many times. Two great wings cascade out from his shoulders; the feathers are marbled in dusty shades of blue, white, and gray. Sixteen eyes are set in his skull in a mathematical configuration. Fully half of these eyes are covered with bruise colored cataracts. Myths speak of Remiel presiding over those who rise from the dead, of being the ruler of the Apostates, and of destroying the army of Sennacherib. Those of the temple know that he has a fondness for warm flesh. His senses extend beyond the confines of his chamber to

encompass the entire temple.

GM Hints: Move your lips without speaking and stare through the characters. Speak cryptically in response to questions at inappropriate moments. Hunch your shoulders and pretend to be carving.

AGL 25	EGO 40
STR 60	CHA 11
CON 70	PER 55
COM 13	EDU 80

Terror throw modification: +5

Height: 15 ft.

Weight: 600 lbs.

Senses: Sees multiple realities/ through Time and Space

Communication: Telepathic or speech

Movement: 12 m

Actions: +2 (+6 outside the chamber)

Initiative Bonus: +13

Damage Bonus: +10

Damage Capacity: 15 scratches=1 light wound

14 light wounds=1 serious wound

12 serious wounds=1 fatal wound (takes 6 fatal wounds before dying)

Endurance: 380

Load Capacity: 180 kgs.

Natural Armor: none

Skills: Dodge 20, Sword 32, Throw 20, Unarmed Combat 30, All Languages

Powers: Invulnerable to Poison, Radioactivity, Fire, and Electricity; Regeneration; Commanding voice; Fast reactions; Unaffected by magic; Enhanced senses

Attack Modes: Claws 30 (scr 1-8, lw 9-14, sw 15-19, fw 20+) Biting mouths 15 (scr 1-6, lw 7-10, sw 11-16, fw 17+)

Home: Arcology

KAFZIEL

As the Warden of the March, Kafziel is the most likely of the powerful angels to be encountered. His duties are to tend the sacrificial field and to oversee the admittance into the Temple. Kafziel has no wings. They were removed as a personal penance. Kafziel witnessed the death of Gabriel, his former leader at the hands of the Archon Netzach. His grief over the loss was such that he tore them from his body and left them in the mud before the Temple. All beings since him (including the few remaining angels under his command) have followed this example. Kafziel had once been the standard bearer for Gabriel on the Archangel's missions for the Demiurge. Gabriel performed acts of great beauty as well as immense cruelty. Before the Archangels death Kafziel was able to stand resolute to the inconsistencies of his leader's behavior. However, the death of Gabriel shattered his faith and tore his body. Kafziel, trying to reconcile this loss, manifested a dark side that became independent in will. This side became known as Hizkiel and Kafziel's body was deformed by his emergence. The March Warden is far from humanely sane but he is the most even-tempered of the Temple beings. Hizkiel rarely interacts with others and when he does it is rarely peaceful.

Kafziel appears as a youth of fair complexion with honey colored hair that reaches to his

waist. It is worn in such a way that it covers one side of his face. His eyes are normal except for ruby colored irises. A fan of seven ruby slivers is embedded in the flesh around each eye and another white jewel adorns his chin. He wears a long ornate funeral robe draped over his left shoulder. Under the robe are a breastplate of bronzed armor and a girdle of bronze about his hips. The girdle is draped with a red veil that covers his groin and legs to the ankles. He carries two swords, one on each shoulder. However, Kafziel is not exactly as he first appears. Anyone who makes a Perception roll with an effect of at least 10 will realize that Kafziel seems to have been split in half from skull to groin and put back together with each side facing the opposite direction. His robe conceals the holes in his armor where his wings used emerge and the opposite facing of his left arm and leg. He walks in such a way as to have his gait be indistinguishable on casual notice from that of more symmetrical beings. Where the two halves join there runs a string of minute glyphs in an ancient language. Recently they have begun to spread to other parts of his flesh. Only he knows of this. The other side of his face does not normally (see below) talk or look around. A black gem adorns its chin (this is the Hizkiel side).

Myths speak of Kafziel presiding over the death of kings and that he could be invoked to drive away enemies through a minor ritual. The ritual involved tying a charm written in bird's blood to the foot or wing of a dove and then bidding the dove to fly away. If the dove departed it was a sign that the caster's enemies had taken flight as well.

GM Hints: Act patient and answer questions in a soft voice. Never smile and blink slowly. As Hizkiel cock your head as if you were an eagle regarding prey. Speak only of returning to a pure state.

AGL 37 EGO 22
STR 32 CHA 16
CON 29 PER 19
COM 26 EDU 20

Terror throw modification: -6
Height: 7ft 6 in.
Weight: 230 lbs.
Senses: Acute, Nightvision
Communication: Speech
Movement: 18m
Actions: +3
Initiative Bonus: +25
Damage Bonus: +8
Damage Capacity: 7 scratches=1 light wound
6 light wounds=1 serious wound
4 serious wounds=1 fatal wound (takes 2 fatal wounds before dying)
Endurance: 175
Load Capacity: 96 kgs.
Natural Armor: 18 (from supernatural armor)
Skills: Sword (Cut 40, Thrust 35, Parry 35, Dodge 17, Lightning Attk. 20, Break Weapon 16, Circle cut 25, Iaido 37, Whirlwind 23), Unarmed Combat 22, Two-Handed combat, Acrobatics 20, All languages, Interrogation 25, Seduction 20
Powers: Invulnerable to Poison, Radioactivity, Fire, and Electricity;

Regeneration; Unaffected by magic; Eternal youth

Attack Modes: Swords (2) (as per Katana, Kult 1st ed. pg. 109) Kick 25 (scr 1-6, lw 7-10, sw 11-16, fw 17+)

Home: Arcology

GEMMUT

The third being of power in the Stripped Temple is not an angel or even related to them. It does however, have a strong influence on the beings that dwell therein, angelic or otherwise. Gemmut is arguably the most knowledgeable creature in the Temple and perhaps the most cunning. It constantly plays one being against another and is instrumental in the fulfillment of the residents less desirable appetites. Few know where Gemmut originates or when he came to the Temple. Some claim he is a being of Inferno from before the ascent of the Death Angels, others say he is one of the Dead Gods, no longer in repose. Gemmut is content allowing the rumors of his nature to proliferate. The truth is far stranger.

Gemmut is one of the Proto-anaclypses. The Anaclypses are a race of beings from Limbo (the Dreamworld) used by the Demiurge to sustain the Illusion after its creation. One of these Anaclypses (in some arcane texts they are referred to as Irin, who were placed above all angels) was Kalapatauroth who entered our world and became a Devourer under the city of Calcutta, India. Gemmut was the servant of Kalapatauroth until the latter became a Devourer. This event released Gemmut to its own devices and it eventually came through a

crack in the Illusion to the City of the Dead. Gemmut is the only being to have entered the Arcology from below, through the Underground.

Gemmut's appearance is strange, as befits a dream creature. Its body is composed of green, clotted ooze bound in a translucent mucous matrix. This miasma is interwoven with twisting ribbons of sapphire smoke that it exhales and uses as a sensory organ. Gemmut reposes in a chamber of the catacombs, stretching its many, quiescent limbs across the bodies of long buried creatures unknown to man. It never leaves this chamber but uses its sapphire exhalations to remain in contact with other Temple residents. Atop its vast bulk are several eyes that unseal and extrude to regard visitors. None of the undead offspring are foolish enough to enter Gemmut's chamber for it has no preference on whom or what it feeds. Gemmut spends a majority of its time dreaming. While it dreams its vapors travel about the temple and ply its wares. Gemmut can manifest its dreams for anyone who so desires its services. In exchange it siphons off a tiny portion of the beings energy for itself. Occasionally one of its dreams can manifest in our world and lead the unwary to the Arcology. Gemmut is growing in power and size and may eventually consume the temple itself.

GM Hints: Open one eye very slowly very wide then close it again. Breath loudly. If you smoke exhale vapors as you speak.

AGL 3
STR 40

EGO 62
CHA 29

CON 77
COM --

PER 73
EDU --

Terror throw modification: +7

Height: 20ft

Weight: 12 tons

Senses: Senses Emotions, vibrations/ touches things-leaving a residue/Through smoke

Communication: Dream visitation, Speech

Movement: 1.5m

Actions: 1

Initiative Bonus: --

Damage Bonus: +5

Damage Capacity: 17 scratches=1 light wound

16 light wounds=1 serious wound

14 serious wounds=1 fatal wound (takes 7 fatal wounds before dying)

Endurance: 415

Load Capacity: 120 kgs.

Natural Armor: special (takes minimum damage from firearms-a scratch, explosives are at a -5 to their damage effect)

Skills: Diplomacy 25, Mental Influence 22, Rhetoric 30, Interrogation 20, Search 14, Art of Dreaming 235 (see Errata), Lore of Dreams 68 (all spells at skill level 60), All Languages

Powers: Invulnerable to Poison, Radioactivity, Fire, and Electricity; Regeneration; Dream Invasion*; Enhanced senses; Unaffected by Magic

Limitations: Tomb Bondage

Attack Modes: Pseudopod 37 (scr 1-4, lw 5-9, sw 10-13, fw 14+)

Home: Arcology

Notes: *Dream Invasion allows Gemmut to enter someone's dreams forcibly. This is done

through an opposed EGO roll (Kult 1st ed. pg. 12). For the sake of fairness the victim may add his Art of Dreaming skill to the effect. Note that the victim will still probably lose.

All manners of things exist in the Temple and have come to be tolerant if not accepting of other beings that dwell there as well. The Temple contains thousands of rooms and passageways, some of which may contain doors to other worlds or small civilizations forgotten by the Temple rulers. No one knows the full extent of the rooms or where all the passages truly lead. In Metropolis nothing is static and the internal arrangements may change at the GM's discretion. Below are a few other creatures and happenings that may be encountered.

☞ *A man of almost skeletal old age crawls slowly around a sand filled room. Upon his back are two enormous wings that dwarf his frail body. The wizened creature cannot stand under the weight of his wings and sweats profusely with the strain of moving at all. Hundreds of iridescent crabs follow in his wake fighting over the tattered bits that have fallen off.*

☞ *A young boy sits hunched against one wall of a corridor. He would be quite handsome but appears malnourished and clutches one arm that is discolored and bent at an unnatural angle. Nearby is a broken wing composed of wax, wood, and white feathers. The boy does not respond to the players and shortly after they find him several veiled women come and escort him away muttering in Greek (EDU roll with an effect of 6 to recognize. An effect of 11 or better lets one of the PC's recognize the name Icarus repeated several times?).*

☞ *A hallway is entered with seven braziers (fire*

pits) are set into the floor. All seven are nearly as wide as the hallway and filled with coals that give off a dull orange glow. The characters feel at peace and grow tired (a CON roll with an effect of 4 to resist falling asleep, reroll every 5 minutes adding +2 to the effect needed). If all the characters fall asleep they awaken some time later in the sacrificial field. One of them has been infected with a Tongue of Remiel(see Errata). If even one of the characters manages to stay awake for an hour he will find all his wounds healed. Other characters will be unmolested (i.e. still in the hallway) but they will not be healed other than for normal rest. The healing applies to all PC's who stay awake.

☞ *The characters enter an auditorium at the center of which is the dissected cockpit of an unrecognizable aircraft. Several, small black pig-like things with leathery folds of skin between their legs glide from the shadows and land on the aircraft carcass. As they pass, squealing, overhead the characters see clusters of blind hairless young hanging from the creatures' multiple teats. Upon landing they disappear into the wreck and are not seen again.*

☞ *Two men are discovered going over plans for an odd three-stage dirigible. Charts and blueprints cover the walls of their moldy library. If approached the men become nervous and one of them threatens the characters with a flintlock pistol-Handgun 11(scr 1-7, lw 8-12, sw 13-17, fw 18+). Fortunately, they speak English. If the characters can convince the men they mean no harm (a successful Diplomacy roll with an effect of 6, or CHA with an effect of 12), the men become reasonably amiable and invite the characters to find a way to leave Arcology with them. Their names are Harcourt and Tycho and were lost in a storm over Belgium in their balloon in 1796. They crashed in the sacrificial field and managed to sneak into the Temple. They have been seeking a way home for a long time. The players will realize that the two of them are dead*

shortly after meeting them. Should the characters remain with them, Tycho and Harcourt will grow steadily more angry with one another as they gather materials to construct their dirigible until finally they try to kill each other. They will each try to get the characters to side with one or the other by telling them that the other is insane. If the characters try and steal the plans and create the dirigible for themselves, both of the undead men will work together to get the plans back by any means necessary. If any of the characters should survive their association with Tycho and Harcourt after the two kill each other, an angel in a tattered jester's outfit with only one wing arrives. The angel spits in the dead men's eyes' and they return to life. They act as if they have never met the PC's before. Alternately, the characters could take the completed dirigible from where it is moored to the top of the Temple and escape Arcology, drifting wherever the GM sees fit. Perhaps the two dead men find them and recover their property?

❧ The characters encounter Kefziel or one of his angels on the sacrificial field and are invited to join the Temple by offering up a sacrifice. Should they decline the PC's will be left to their own devices but will not be allowed across the causeway into the Temple. Should they accept roll for a random body part removed by the angel: 1-3=right hand/4-6=left hand/7-8=right foot/9-10=left foot/11-13=right ear/14-16=left ear/17=nose/18=genitalia/19=tounge/20=eyes. Once accepted the character cannot decline or resist. The maiming is an automatic serious wound. The wound does not heal. The character is now free to enter the temple. Next?

❧ A woman in a stewardess uniform kneels before a round opening in the wall of a hallway, confessing her sins. When she finishes she closes her eyes and opens her mouth. Several rusty metal dragonflies zip out of the circular opening and into her mouth. She swallows,

crosses herself, gets up, and walks away.

❧ A one-legged man sits at the top of a wide set of stairs in a large domed atrium. One by one he sets in motion, fragile balsa gliders powered by rubber band propellers. The gliders circle, never coming down.

The Aviotik

Boeing Scrap Yard A35... Few even know of its existence. It is no longer on any property books or reclamation schedules. The truth is that this four square mile area in a desolate stretch of Montana is a borderland between our world and the dim, muddy valley of the Arcology. It is the only permanent location to Arcology where the Illusion crumbles on a regular basis. A small group of madmen has been drawn to this place and through their actions the boundary between our world and the Arcology may someday be permanently broken.

This group call themselves the Aviotik. They number nearly one hundred and have few ties to the outside world. At one time they were a smaller group of fairly benign madmen that found the scrap yard a good place to escape the persecution of surrounding communities. Around 1973 a man named Uriah came among them and began to create something out of the aircraft scrap. The madmen were curious but Uriah seemed harmless, concerned only with the machine he was creating.

Sacrifices began soon after the machine was complete.

The madmen had fallen under the influence of a creature from Metropolis that had come to possess the machine. This creature was a Menhir. Uriah had convinced the madmen that the Menhir was a type of deity that resided in the broken machinery of Scrap Yard A35. He had given it a new body and returned it to life. Uriah also claimed that this deity required feeding. In return it would show them a doorway to a place beyond persecution. The madmen balked at first, violence was not in their nature. Uriah told them he understood and two days later tipped off police that a young woman had been kidnapped by 'freaks' who lived out at the old scrap yard. He then kidnapped a girl on her way to school, drugged her and left her in a ditch near the highway. Uriah returned to the scrap yard just as the police arrived. Changing faces he tried to calm the agitated police (who by now had received a call that the girl never showed up for school). But, with one look at the mud-smearred and wild-eyed madmen who adorned themselves with jewelry composed of aircraft parts, the police put their objectivity aside (that the girl was also the niece of a fairly large monetary contributor to the police anti-drug campaign was probably a moot point). The police killed a dozen of the madmen and arrested seven others. One of those killed was Uriah. As he was dying he whispered to those few that remained after the police had left: 'Do not let our deaths go unavenged.'

He died with a smile on his face.

The madmen were incensed and the Menhir

fueled their anger. The girl had been found unharmed and the police, realizing their mistake, released the madmen to the care of a county psychiatric ward. It wasn't long before their brethren came to rescue them. The event received minor attention on the national level but was soon forgotten in the furor of the oil embargo. In February 27, 1977 eighty-four people disappeared from a Montana psychiatric facility and were never found. The facility closed a week later. Over the next month 21 people were kidnapped from airports around the country. No one noticed a pattern. Exactly one month after the escape of the madmen, and their recruited psychiatric patients, a disaster occurred on the Canary Islands. A KLM jumbo jet collided with a Pan Am 747 on the ground killing 547 people. A follow up investigation of the crash found that the pilot had seen a strange figure on the runway moments before the crash. This detail was discounted after no evidence of the person could be found. It was officially believed to have been a hallucination.

The Menhir had awoken.

The Aviotik withdrew into their scrap yard and have served the will of the Menhir ever since. The sect is unorganized with no leader other than the incomprehensible directions of the Menhir. Few new madmen join their ranks, although the occasional airline mechanic or plane crash survivor may slip sanity enough to come into the fold. The Aviotik are attracted to places of aircraft disasters, or what will soon be aircraft disasters. This gives them a chance to possibly

slip into the Arcology and escape the influence of the Menhir. The cultists may be identified by their disheveled appearance and by small bits of metal fashion into strange flight motifs. They sometimes occupy airports where disasters will soon occur (within 1-3 months) and are often mistaken for homeless people or recent immigrants. Those who know of the Aviotik believe that they may influence crashes and may board planes destined to crash. How they manage to get aboard is speculative. A few Aviotik may be found working late shifts as baggage handlers or mechanics. Unknown to anyone but the Aviotik themselves, they occasionally place Nilindroths (q.v.) in aircraft cargo areas. The Nilindroths go to work decaying already worn aircraft components. Aircraft selection is apparently random.

Boeing Scrap Yard A35

The Scrap Yard covers an area of roughly four square miles. Aircraft of the past fifty years have been dumped here in a disorganized fashion. The remains of several airline disasters, failed prototypes, retired craft both civilian and military, and numerous stockpiles of obsolete parts can all be found among the array. A rusting chain link fence, surmounted by curls of razor wire, surrounds the entire yard. The fence has been unceremoniously cut open in several places. Barrels of lubricants and sealants are stacked in piles nearly twenty feet high. Several have rusted to the point of rupture, coating the dead grass in a jelly-like membrane. In several places (particularly near the Menhir and the piles of disaster wreckage)

the Illusion is weak and the rows of aircraft debris seem much larger and the ground becomes grease-like in consistency. The Arcology is very close here.

Within this wasteland the Aviotik live like neo-primitives: naked, painted with odd blue and white paints, adorned with hand fashioned jewelry. Some wear aviator goggles, oxygen masks, or airline symbol pins pushed directly into their skin. All bear a strange propeller shaped tattoo upon their arms. Others have commandeered old flight uniforms from crates of overstock (for cold days). Most of the cult members have skin conditions or asthma like symptoms from their proximity to the Menhir. The Aviotik have resisted the full effect by smearing their skin with the Menhir's effluvia and conducting special rituals.

The cult members sleep in the stained and corroding hulls of old airliners, burning seat cushions for warmth and cooking, or preparing captured people for sacrifice to the Menhir. Sacrifices are strapped into seats with special safety harnesses and fed moldy snacks while an Aviotik shaman hovers around them waving a staff that is capped with gauges or an aircraft control stick. After seven hours of preparation the victim is taken to the Menhir.

The MENHIR: GE J47-25A

The Menhir located in Boeing Scrap Yard 35A is small in comparison to other Menhir's. It occupies a single modified component as

opposed to a building-sized nightmarish machine. The GE J47-25A is a single-shaft turbojet engine that was once standard propulsion on the B-36 Stratofortress bomber, in service during the Cold War. Uriah found one of these engines and rebuilt it over four years at the scrap yard. Secretly he fed it small pieces of flesh and mixed blood and semen into its lubricants. When it was finished the J47 looked very different from the original turbojet. The engine itself was slightly curved and hung from a series of struts and cables like a malformed metal pupa. Glass and plastic portholes showed various portions of its inner workings. The support structure was a cradle built of concrete, hydraulic landing gear, and hoses that feed the Menhir unnamable fluids. Dominating the entire structure is the huge, multi-bladed fan of the turbojet like the jaws of some great undersea predator that never close. Beyond the Illusion the Menhir appears as a fetus-faced mummy with the body of a maggot. The head has no nose, chin, or cheeks because this area is completely dominated by overlapping sets of rotating metal teeth. The entire body is grayish and leaks a rust-colored sweat from suppurating, crusty sores. Nilindroths feed at these sores.

When the time has come for a sacrifice the Aviotik gather before the Menhir and the victim is brought to a corrugated metal platform in front of the turbofan. Several of the shamans perform an elaborate walk around the Menhir as another throws various fluids upon the cradle and the surface of the engine. The engine begins to wind up,

throwing off sparks and vile smoke. The noise grows to a scream and drowns out that of the victim. When the walking ceases the victim is dragged through the turbofan to be obliterated and purified by the Menhir. A large oblong fuel cylinder receives the effluvia and it is later drained by the Aviotik and placed in glass jars and sealed with wax. A strange symbol is impressed into this wax to mystically seal it. The Aviotik share some of the effluvia as a ceremonial elixir through which they receive visions and instructions from the Menhir. The jars are sometimes sold to black market occult shops or conjurers of madness. It is believed that the mystic balm can cure the fear of flying, allow the user to see future or past crashes, or perhaps even allow the user to fly without aid.

The MENHIR

Personality: The Menhir has no personality to speak of, only a slimy malign presence.

GM Hints: Find a jet engine sound effect, turn it up.

AGL 10	EGO 26
STR 60	CHA --
CON 21	PER 18
COM --	EDU --

Terror throw modification: +5
Height: 7 ft. Length: 17 ft. 4 in.
Weight: 3.5 tons
Senses: Telepathic
Communication: Telepathy
Movement: none
Actions: 1

Initiative Bonus: none
Damage Bonus: +8
Damage Capacity (damaged like a vehicle): 6
light damages = 1 medium damage
5 medium damages = 1 heavy damage
3 heavy damages = 1 deadly damage (takes 2
deadly damages before being destroyed)
Endurance: 135
Natural Armor: 8 (from metal hull)
Powers: Invulnerable to Radioactivity,
Telepathy, Telekinesis
Attack Modes: Telekinesis, *Pollution,
Turbofan (scr 1-2, lw 3-5, sw 6-9, fw 10+)
Home: Boeing Scrap Yard A35
Notes: *Pollution rules (as stated in the Lore
of Cybertechnology q.v.) POT 1d5 per week,
cumulative. Attribute losses are permanent
but total (not cumulative)
CON=2/3-Weakness, coughing & shortness
of breath. Dry feeling on skin
CON=1/2-Asthma-like symptoms, mucus.
Skin irritation; mosquito-bite like spots and
mild rashes appear. (-2 COM and CON)
CON=1/3-Serious hacking coughs,
symptoms of longtime cigarette smoking and
asthma. Most likely bedridden. Skin appears
as if badly sunburned with wide rashes. (-5
COM and CON)
CON=0-Victims flesh peels and rots.
Terrible itching; maggots may breed in the
wounds. Bloody hacking coughs; lung cancer;
tuberculosis. Death if CON is brought to
zero (-10 COM and CON)



SK2 by PeterAmthor

centotaphium volume five ❧ *consecro abortivus inferi*

"Six miles from earth, loosed from its dream of life, I woke to black flak and the nightmare fighters. When I died they washed me out of the turret with a hose."

Randall Jarell



CODA

Now boarding American flight 235 with continuous service to Helena? Hello Sir, may I see your I.D. please? Thank you. Have you been given anything by persons unknown to you or have your bags been out of your possession at any time? And how many items are you checking today? Great. Here's your ticket Sir, now just follow the orange concourse to gate 21. Thank you, and have a nice flight?

In memory of those who have lost their lives in air disasters, both civilian and military.

Bibliography & Notes

The following sources have been helpful in bringing the Arcology project together. Other sources are listed in the notes.

The Encyclopedia of the World's Combat Aircraft by Bill Gunston
A Dictionary of Angels (including the Fallen Angels) by Gustav Davidson

Selected notes on the ideas presented in the Arcology:

- ❧ The title Arcology was inspired by the RPG Cyberpunk2020 and refers to an environmentally enclosed, self-sufficient society.
- ❧ Flight 180 refers to the recent film Final Destination.
- ❧ The Bolt box was inspired by the two-part episode 'Tempus Fugit'/ 'Max' from the 4th season of the X-files.
- ❧ The Nilindroths came out of a late night conversation about mold on plastic back in '96. Gamers have a life, honest?
- ❧ Remiel, Kafziel/Hizkiel, Gemmut, the Chashmalim, and portions of their background were borrowed from A Dictionary of Angels.
- ❧ The wizened creature with giant wings that is pursued by crabs was inspired by the story A Very Old Man with Enormous Wings by Gabriel Garcia Marquez.
- ❧ The Proto-Anaclypse was inspired by material in The Red King's Dream by Matthew

Boroson.



Icarus was a boy in Greek myth that built wings of wax, feathers, and wood so he could fly. He flew to close to the sun and the wax melted. He fell to the earth and died. Perhaps the first air disaster?except for the fall of the rebel angels.



A fighter plane developed by Italy during WWI inspired the name of the Aviotik.



The Boeing Scrap Yard A35 is purely an imaginary construct, but places very similar do exist.



Jason Thompson first detailed the Menhir in the Lore of Cybertechnology.



The crash of the KLM Jumbo jet and the Pan Am 747 on the Canary Islands actually occurred on March 27, 1977. The mysterious figure seen by the pilot is fictional.

DISCLAIMER (of sorts): All creatures, places, & companies mentioned in this work are not meant to challenge copyrights or represent reality other than to provide a believable setting for the Role-playing game Kult. It is hoped that by fleshing out and/or using ideas by other fans of the game that Arcology will complement their work, fit nicely into the growing Kult cosmology, and lend depth to a wonderful game world.

C.E. Merta/Oct. 4 '00

Errata

TONGUES of REMIEL

GM Hints: a squirming leech

Personality: friendly in a bad way

Appearance: Remiel's Tongue's appear as eight-inch gray-purple human tongues that have been severed. They have small clear gem at their tip as a sensory organ and move with a pulsating earthworm-like motion. Some may have developed small mutations, adapting to an external environment, such as barbs or fur. They feed on the carrion of the sacrificial field with an acidic saliva until they can find a host mouth. They normally attack sleeping prey but can leap if up to 3 ft. if a victim gets within range with an open mouth. They lose their mutations once a host is procured. Tongues may choose human or animal hosts.

AGL 10

STR 4

CON 6

EGO 13

Terror throw modification: +1

Height: 1 in. Length: 6-8 in.

Weight: 3 oz.

Senses: Infravision (heat) and air vibrations

Endurance: 60

Communication: none until a host is found, then in *uncontrollable cryptic messages

Movement: 5m

Actions: 1

Initiative Bonus: none Damage Bonus: -1

centotaphium volume five ☒ *consecro abortivus inferi*

Damage Capacity: 3 scratches = 1 light wound
2 light wounds = 1 serious wound
2 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Attack Modes: Leap 15, Burrow 17 (once in contact the tongue goes to work opening the jaws to get in using it's barbs or other mutations. It doesn't want to kill the host but if several tongues are vying for a host mouth it could happen. The host's former tongue is eaten. (scr 1-7, lw 8-18, sw 19-23, fw 24+)) Acidic saliva (scr 1-9, lw 10-17, sw 18-24, fw 25+)

Home: Arcology

Notes: *An infected host will not always speak in strange words. For the first week the host's speech will be slurred as the tongue gets used to the host. After two weeks the host may speak normally, but at random intervals will spout a string of unintelligible sentences. The host will almost always talk in his sleep. As time passes the tongue will speak on it's own more and more often. After six months the tongue won't shut up and the hosts vocal cords start to deteriorate. The host has to make an EGO throw whenever he wishes to speak his own mind. Between six and twelve months the host's mental balance will fall by -2 per week. After a year the host's vocal cords and mind are destroyed. The host will (in the late stages) begin to understand what the tongue is saying. The tongue eventually kills the host and itself. If someone listens to the ramblings long enough they may try to decipher what is said. A Cryptography skill or Occultism skill is needed with a cumulative effect of 30 and at least six weeks time. A disaster at any time during the process means the decipherer can't decipher the mutterings. The mental balance of the decipherer will drop by -2 per week unless a successful Ego throw of effect 10 is made for each week spent deciphering. The MB loss will go away if the decipherer stops translating and will return by +2 per week. The translations can be anything the GM needs to further his campaign.

Speaking in tongues is sometimes known as Glossolalia.

GEMMUT'S Dream Worlds

The Dream worlds of Gemmut lead to vast courtyards of dusty stone. The courtyards contain low buildings and rubble. The sky overhead is filled with burning planets that seem far too close. Wanderers here are regarded by blind eyes that open on random surfaces and follow their progress. Occasionally portions of the ground will collapse revealing cosmic voids and the tumbling, frozen corpses of giants. Things can be seen feeding upon them that pull back into burrows within the icy flesh. Elsewhere are massive forests of stone pillars wreathed in mist, which have partially collapsed. Stone stairways wind up some of these. Gemmut roams these realms as a many-eyed pillar of sapphire smoke, 300 ft. tall. There are monumental, obsidian doorways here to the place of the Anaclypses, forever locked. The unawakened human mind cannot survive long here.

Other Angelic Orders of the Temple

AUTHORITIES- also called Exousia, a few of these angels exist in the temple eternally weeping and beating their heads against smooth hollows in the wall of their chamber. The beating of their skulls is said to echo the heartbeat of the Demiurge. They are pale white and hairless. Their wings are clipped and bound in metal rings. They have no legs.

IKOROTES- These are the attendants of Icarus. Female-bodied angels who are draped in beaded veils. They take turns raping the boy and preventing him from healing and escaping. They were once his guardian angels but suffered irreparable guilt at his death and have tormented him in the name of redemption ever since. Beneath their rattling veils they are serenely beautiful except for the bleeding holes they have torn in their androgyny to give the boy access to their bodies. They have no wings.

CONFESSORS- Believed to be the progenitors of the Chaotics (Metropolis Sourcebook pg. 151). A cursed order that was deemed too harsh in its ministries to humanity. The majority of the order was entombed alive in the Dead City as punishment. A few escaped and set about to judge all things as unfairly as they were, creating automatons and bestowing them with blasphemous powers of Time and Space. A few accepted their place and after their entombment began the arduous, centuries-long process of digging out of their tombs. Those few that escaped came to the Stripped Temple. They are blind and rotting, sewing new flesh on as needed to hold together their wasted frames. Their wings are little more than bones. They carry broken mirrors through which they see others and check themselves for parasites. A few wear ornate copper bands around their chests, a former badge of office.

BALUCHIPHEMES- Not angels but divine creatures hunted to near extinction by bored souls in the empty paradises. Kafziel managed to rescue a few of these and bring them to the Temple. They are all obedient and loyal to him. They appear as seven-foot, squat, fat reptilian creatures with boomerang-shaped heads and six golden eyes. They also have six legs and move with a crocodilian motion. Their mouth is wide and filled with blunt crystalline teeth. Glowing angelic glyphs emerge and fade on their mulberry colored hide indicating their mood.

TOCHRITES- There are only two of these angels left in existence and they never leave each other's side. Their intelligence is so alien that even angels are uncomfortable around them. They appear as geometric configurations of crystal gears within gears. At their center is a marbled red sphere that glows from within spilling illumination from tiny cracks. The gears themselves glow with pure illumination. The Tochrites do not follow conventional Time/Space and may move through either without hindrance. They may even exist in several places at once or within each other. They do not interact with other Temple beings and are seen for brief moments before vanishing. They are about three feet in diameter.

Archaic Names by D.A. Stoelting

centotaphium volume five ❧ *consecro abortivus inferi*

Names.

Names.

Names.

They are everywhere.

They all have meaning.

They signify and quantify. They call forth imagery and thought. They are measured amounts of information used to describe that, which would otherwise remain uncalled, unknown, or even unfound.

They are just as important to the scientist as they are to the conjurer as they are to a schoolteacher.

Many are simple or obvious. Jonathon.
Rebecca.

Others are obscure or difficult to pronounce for the untrained tongue. Dur Adadaniel.

Ehurnashi Sharhad.

Yet, whether simple, obscure, obvious or difficult to pronounce for the unknown tongue, they are important.

I have gathered for you a list of names. Three lists, actually. I claim responsibility for assembling them, only. I claim no responsibility for their accuracy. I have gathered them from sources that put forth that these are legitimate names. So, I in turn say to you, these are legitimate names.

My sources did not provide information in regards to sexuality and the names. So, I am unable to inform you as to which are male and which are female. Perhaps you can do your own research and discover their truths. Or perhaps, like myself, you will not worry about their truths and will give them their own truths...



Dying Light by D.A. Stoelting

Assyrian Names



Adaddon Dursarham
Akin Carrapile
Akin Jezirpali
Akitushku Sin
Anurtu Shamashur
Arbalbala Ruk
Ash Zamua
Ashi-Adad Dur-Shari
Ashtaner Sarhartu
Ashumanev hartan
Ashur-Sha Jezirpalb
Babu Arbelades
Baburruk Hab
Baburtan Adad
Calmashri Dur
Carhardut anu
Carrud Tiglamshu
Durnashur Ashi
Durru Akinuer-ub
Ela Adanaggal
Ela Carhartu
Ela Sharranev
Eladdon Harrargon
Eladesero Habu

Elammurna Arelamsh
Esagala Sidon
Esarra Zaggalmas
Habu Elamur-da
Ham Hath-pile
Hammurard Hamsh
Han Adanipalm
Hath-shur Turbannag
Ishur-uki Shallih
Jebelamsh Assyri
Jebelath Elamshur
Kaddon Jezirpall
Kartu Sennipalm
Kis Kisrinu
Kistrin Shama-uba
Mardukisr Adad
Marru Ninur-Sha
Mit-redut Adan
Mit-redut Senni
Mushi Shalita
Minrukish Dura
Nin Jebelath-Sin
Nineshur-Arbelad
Ninur-uba Mush

Ninurtu Adacher
Rabur-dan tiflad
Sarharruk shalah
Sarranni Ashurrarc
Sennach-s Esagalatt
Shadesero Durtush
Shalku Ninursagg
Sham Dur-Shala
Shammua Ashi
Shammua Mushkur-s
Shamurnag Margon
Sharrarra Nimri
Sidon Esaggalih
Sidon Sennipala
Sidon Shammua
Sinurnage
Tiglah Shalbalma
Tigria Assyri
Tigrib Jebelath
Tigrodann Kad
Tukulti Elah
Tur Esarchemi
Tursargon Ashkulti
Zagal Durbalkur

Levantine Names



Abela Jezzarcha
Adanielah Shael
Amoseshpa Ballit
Anur-dane Adad
Arbel Jezebel
Ashumasir Shad
Ashur Nineve
Ashur-Sha
Bab Moistrud
Babylomon Nin
Baladdon Miche
Balkurruk Joseph
Balma-uki David
Bisrukurs Tukin
Cal Ishurtari
Car Kadesushi
Cohemixh Moser
Davidon
Dur Adadaniel
Dur-Shara Nebel
Dur-ubann Urah
Durapiles Assyrin
Durtarias Ehurbel
Durtushi Ashrin
Ehurnashi Sharhad
Elamshi Jeseron
Elamurarg Shallit-r
Elat Samribtan
Elatroser Durran

Elih Carrapi
Eve Merodaddo
Hammurta Habydon
Harhaela Abelah
Haribi Ashurtush
Harrael Dur-dad
Harrukin Noah
Hatroser Dur-Shams
Hamsh Ishumanes
Ishur Zabuchane
Ishurnasi Nin
Jebuchemi Merib
Jezirpalb Hammurard
Hamsh
Jeser Sardukult
Jezebela Urapi
Jezirpali Carrah
Jezirpali Nin
Jezirpall Ish
Jezzargon Sari
Jezzartu Shaddon
Joseshkur Sarrud
Kad Calmaneve
Karrartan Ham
Kishe Durtaneve
Kishurtan Mit
Kisrukur-Jos
Marrud Arbalamri
Michadad Cohem

Michemixh Ash
Michem Mit Shanur-uk
Mit-redut Sin
Moishi Urah
Moisrukin Sharrah
Nin Sardukin
Ninezzarg hath-bal
Ninur-uba Mush
Noah Shamshura
Senniellam Uran
Shad Tigribnu
Shaman hath-pile
Shamson Shalbanie
Sid Jezebuche
Sidon Hamanesus
Sidon Tigrodane
Solon Kadeser
Teush Ishursaga
Tiglades Nin
Tigria Assyrti
Tiglah Shalbalma
Tuk Danniellam
Turtanasi Mus
Ura Dur-ubal
Urah Shaniel
Uranur Shalmanas
Zab-kisri Tuk
Zamshpa Mushi-Adad

Pre-Soviet Georgian Names



Abrshvli Bereli
Aga Agatrelwe
Amiribody Gydyrdzwa
Apsch Katsilil
Aramat Svaribog
Arambodja Samat
Aras Haukapa
Arasheder Dvori
Bab Betalsha
Batsi Mujerkes
Cav Aratani
Cavic Laukop'al
Daviras Kondraz
Daz Ossopemis
Drankop'a Shyblempr
Georibov Per
Gydyr Satsilo
Hamarzamd Baran
Hamdshi Halozani
Ivartawaz Sosev
Jarastola Apschish
Jaria Scani
Jurdara Dniques
Jurkadagn Vaha

K'opezano Osson
K'opov Lopentaolb
Kadzqaral Baba
Konov Svargisha
Kurgi Maurshvli
Kursht Lasputi
Lauramdzh Vot
Laurskil Halim
Les Tsekumurs
Lop'alla Dar
Mez Tsekalsar
Mil Igorei
Miriolti Bargi
Morievicy Mokos
Mujerigla Plo
Mujerkalk Ivari
Nankolos Spez
Niksillav rei
Per Laurkar
Pergj Balvaroti
Perkun Betawarov
Poriglaim Dom
Ras Vahanovic
Rahsa Juragende

Revit Saurski
Ruge Jentolano
Rugengelw Vamdzhi
Rusanko Suzd
Scanastyk Mukarana
Sempyrdar Tamatrige
Sim kaderberb
Skom Kadzider
Sokosagor Nona
Sva Yagengisa
Svana Wassekama
Svaraz Balozidzh
Svaria Czangendr
Sven Balimater
Syn Suzdasput
Synikos Volovit
Syr Agastolbo
Syrdon Rugelwez
Tamdzwaz Slozimurd
Tiwarkapa Mampyrtaw
Tseviriko Vit
Wat Mamdai
Win Amiranski
Zrasheden Scandramd