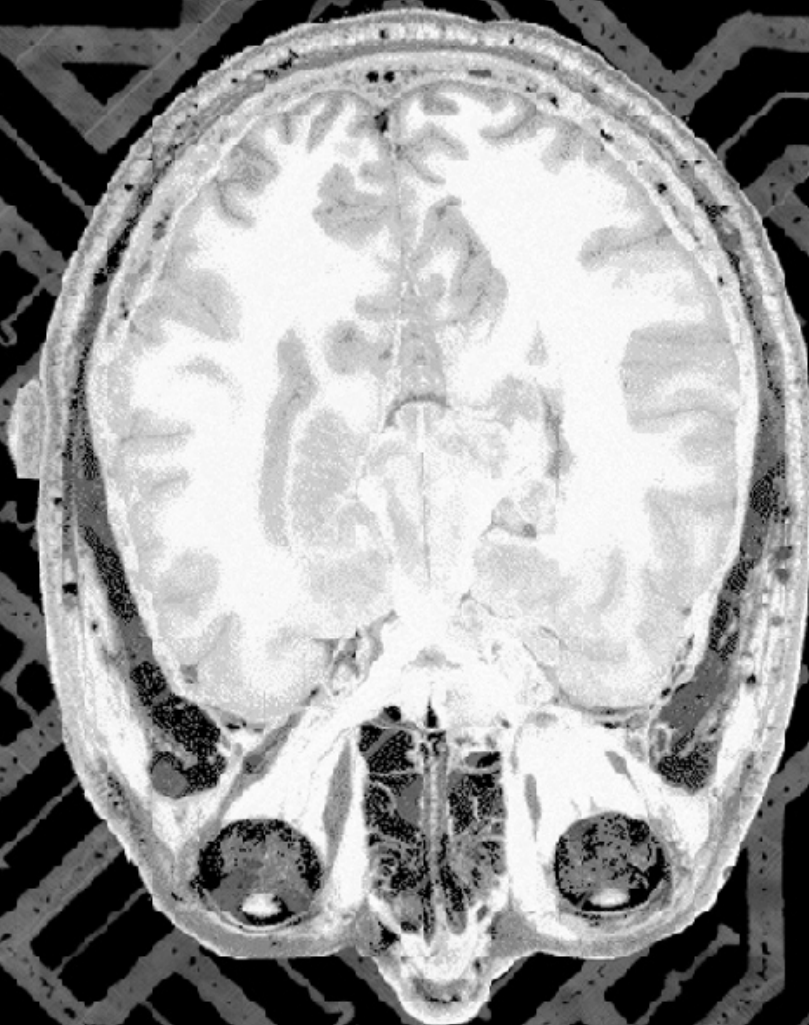


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# Inner Voice Issue Three

Bovine Cranium Productions

## **Inner Voice**

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### **Table of Contents**

#### **Fiction**

4 - Story out of Sequence Part 3 by PeterAmthor

20 - All at Once Part 2 Bee (Sla Industries) by Derek Stoelting

#### **Gaming**

7 - The Case of Werner K. (Kult) by Christof Warren

13 - FreeForm RPG System by PeterAmthor and Devilbird art by Jacinto Quesnel

24 - Waterways of Metropolis (Kult) concluded by PeterAmthor

28 - Lounge Lizard Archetype (Kult) by Christof Warren

#### **Comics**

11 - Ultimate Fantastic Four issue 1 reviewed by PeterAmthor

12 - Ultimate Fantastic Four issue 2 reviewed by PeterAmthor

#### **Art**

Cover – Kult Madness by Wojciech Krzyminski

10 - To Much Bills by Jacinto Quesnel (jhas777)

29 - Duotone by Jacinto Quesnel (jhas777)

#### **Regular Features**

3 - Monotone Introduction

29 - Notes at the End

30 - Links of Note

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For submission guidelines please check out the Truly Rural website.

<http://www.trulyrural.com/>

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## **Monotone Introduction**

By PeterAmthor

Well this issue is late. Real damn late. Okay, okay, real fucking late. Sorry about that but a lot of things have come up in this last year along with a lack of submissions there for a bit. But hopefully things will change a bit for now on. Please note that the temporary website is no longer being used. Now everything is being done through [www.trulyrural.com](http://www.trulyrural.com) and will be for now on. It's my new site where I own the domain, the space and all that. So it should be around for a while this time.

Also on that note you may see that the cover still sports the Bovine Cranium Productions line. Well starting with the next issue that will change to Truly Rural Productions. Currently I don't feel like changing the cover around. Mainly because I can't find the original version.

On that note if you sent some submissions in to me and they aren't in this issue please send them again. For some reason the folder containing all of that seems to be missing in action on my computer. Thanks.

Now then this issue is a little more varied than the last plus several of the articles are old. Got some comic reviews to put in this time done up by yours truly. Of course they are a bit outdated and were written back when this thing was supposed to come out a month after issue two. But they may still be useful for those of you who have a shop nearby that keeps them in stock for a few months after release.

Over the next couple of months I plan on starting the updates on the website again and getting it all lined out. Some of the goals for it include: an index for all the artists and authors and what issues their work appeared in, a healthy link section and some more detail on the submission guidelines. Anything else you can think of that needs to be added just drop me a line at the email listed in the table of contents.



### **Story out of Sequence Part Three “Shopping List”**

**By Peter Amthor**

Frank leaned back against the register looking off at the sun dropping behind the city skyline. Well as much as one could see through windows covered with sales posters, security bars and alarm wires. This was the time of day he enjoyed the most, almost no customers and nearly silent except for Tim stocking the shelves added into that the fact he got to go home in a less than half an hour. It was a good time to just relax, let your mind wander and plan what to do for the night.

Ringling from the door opening pulled his attention back into the store as someone entered. He looked over to see a young woman walking towards the counter holding a book bag out to him. “Thank you miss.” He uttered as she handed it over to him to place behind the counter, “Remember it on your way out.” She was kind of cute, he thought to himself, in a nothing fancy girl next door way. He couldn’t pull out much detail about her body but he did like what she was wearing. Loose fitting jeans, not those baggy ‘gangsta’ style ones everybody was wearing now days, just loose. A turtle neck sweater that covered her all the way up to the bottom of the jaw and only allowed her fingertips to stick out. Thin with a walk that was not attempting to show anything off.

He turned his attention back to the skyline, watching the glowing yellow disappear behind the business offices and car garages. All the while checking off in his mind the various activities that presented themselves for later. No dance clubs, didn’t feel like listening to throbbing music and even much less for dancing. Just going out and getting a good drunk going didn’t sound like what to do either even though he didn’t have to work the next day. He wanted music though, maybe some coffee with it as well. Maybe one of

the more quiet clubs down near the east side of the campus would do. Maybe.

“Next isle over ma’am, about half way down on your right.” Tim’s voice pulled him back into the store this time. So professional sounding, so utterly fake compared to what it’s like when he’s not around customers. He turned to watch the girl walk out of one isle and into the next one over.

“Hey Tim you about done stocking back there? It’s getting about time for me to clock out.” Frank called back.

“Yeah just a couple more boxes left and I’ll be done man.”

Beginning his normal leaving routine Frank cleared the bits of paper and plastic from around the register and wiping the counter down with a dust rag. Finishing up just in time as the girl walked up and placed an armful of items down in front of him. “Find everything fine miss?”

“Yes.” Her small voice answered back.

She had beautiful blue eyes Frank noticed as he began scanning the items through and placing them in a bag. Looking at the prices ringing up and back at her more than at what was passing through his hands. “Looks like it’s going to be a nice night tonight, weather just cool enough for a jacket.”

“Yes it does look like it will be a nice night.” Her voice sounded smooth and quiet with a hint of shyness.

An exchange of currency between the two occurs without an announcement of the amounts. Frank handing her back the change without counting it. “Hope you enjoy it then.” He replied as he held the bag of merchandise out to her. “Oh and here’s your back pack also.”

“Thank you.” She turns and walks out the door without another word. Walking off to the left and disappearing from view.

Frank returned to his cleaning and realized that he forgot to give her the receipt. He pulled it out of the register and casually looked at it, going over the items in his head. Sewing needles, thread, rubbing alcohol, sterile gauze, medical tape, razor blades and a bottle of antiseptic spray. “What the hell.” He whispered to himself. Looking back out the door she left through he pocketed the receipt.

“Finished up man. Go ahead and get out of here if you want.” Tim’s voice barked, suddenly right beside him.

“Shit, don’t sneak up on me like that dammit.” Frank replied back with a smile.

“Sorry. Did Anna the ice princess get your attention? Noticed you watching her leave.”

“Ice princess?”

“Yeah down at the college nobody can even get her to talk to them for more than a couple lines. Lord knows a lot of us have tried, male and female.”

“Guess she’s not into being socially interactive.”

“Got that right. The only place I ever see her hang out at besides school is at that club down by the campus. She just sets in a corner booth drinking coffee all night and reading.”

“Which club would that be?”

The following is an excerpt from my forthcoming unofficial Kult sourcebook *Behind the Walls: The Way Out Is Through*, a collection of new personalities, sects and adventure scenarios linked to prisons and the concept of captivity, both in and beyond the Illusion.

### **The Case of Werner K.**

by Christof Warren

Transcript of interview with patient #77/4C: Walters, Aaron.

6.10.04. 2040 GMT.

Interviewing doctor: M.K. Marchand

"Do you know why you are here, Mr Walters?"

"You put me here because I know what you are."

"And what am I?"

"...."

"Am I not your doctor?"

"No."

"Then tell me, what am I?"

"...."

"I'll tell you this: I am your doctor. But I am something else as well."

"A demon!"

"No, not quite."

"Yes!"

"No. I am power. I am your keeper. Your carer."

"My jailer."

"To you I am an amalgam; a representation of all society. The society that imposes on you. Disowned you. Vilified you. You fear me only for what I represent in your mind."

"What I have seen did not come from my mind!"

"I'm afraid that it did. Your fear of me is a product of your inference, not my implication."

To you I am the embodiment of the rational society outside these walls, whose rules preclude your participation. A society in which those who belong must live up to certain...responsibilities."

"No. You are a monster. I've seen your true face."

"My true face? This is the only face I possess. What you claim to have seen, what I'm sure you *believe* you saw, was a phantasm; a distillation of your own unfortunate malignancy, transposed on to me. Do you understand?"

"Yes. I understand the truth. And none of this madness will force me to forget it, or call it an illusion."

"The truth? But the truth is inaccessible to you! Your senses are tainted. How could you live the life you have had to endure, and not be warped by the experience? Lying to yourself simply in order to survive. Self-deception is a perfectly natural response to-

"I'm not crazy! I saw what I saw. I know what I know. For the first time in my life I realise the truth. Your reality is a lie."

"...."

"A lie."

"I might ask you this: what colour are the walls in this room?"

"What?"

"Please, Mr. Walters, indulge me. Tell me what colour you believe the walls to be in the room in which we currently sit."

"...The walls are green."

"You say the walls of this room are green? What kind of green? Like grass, perhaps? Describe it to me."

"This is another trap. This is ridiculous. You're scared."

"I can assure you, Mr Walters, the last thing I feel in regard to you is fear. Now describe to me, please, what type of green are the walls of this room?"

"They are a dull green. Like pea soup."

"Like pea soup you say. Ha! That's amusing."

"...."

"And how do you know this for fact?"

"I can see that they are."

"By looking at them with your eyes?"

"...."

"And in turn, processing the information of what your eyes perceive using the visual cortex of your brain."

"...."

"A complex interplay of chemical and electrical forces, of photoreceptors responding and neurones firing. Such a profound accomplishment of matter, within such an infinitesimal space of time, to allow you to say, with, as you would have it, some degree of certainty, that the walls of this room are green...like pea soup."

"...."

"Mr Walters."

"What?"

"I say the walls of this room are not green. I say the walls of this particular room are blue."

"That's because you are a liar. The damn walls are green."

"Your beliefs, though honestly held, are incorrect. In actuality you have been exposed, due to a minor problem with the electrics of the institution over the last few days, to a subtly altered frequency of light. The light of your cell has been incrementally altered over the course of time, rendering an effect that is totally imperceptible to your visual cortex..."

"That's crap."

"...and so now, you find yourself in this room, with unaltered lights, and that intricate system of biological processes corresponding to the function of 'sight' now betrays you. To my eyes, these walls are clearly a pale blue. But to you, in your distorted visual universe, the walls are green."

"More lies."

" 'Like pea soup' "

"Just more damned lies!"

"Perhaps. But now you understand the innate fallibility of the human senses. Without a reliable frame of reference - without *objectivity* - you cannot affirm anything as fact."



"No. Maybe you can screw around with the light bulbs and mess up my eyesight, but that doesn't make me a madman."

"And I'm not suggesting that it does. Consider it analogous of the greater situation of human perception. If your eyesight can be so distorted as to make you believe that one colour is something entirely different, might not your other senses be so warped? I refer not just to your senses of hearing, smell, taste and touch, but your senses of justice, of harmony, of worth and relevance and beauty and reason! How can you ensure that these perceptions remain untainted in any facet by the lens of your desires, your needs and passions? How can you be trusted to judge what is real?"

"I won't listen to this. This is just sophistry designed to make me submit to your lies!"

"My lies? Or are they yours?"

"...."

"How can we know whose perception is truest? Of course, we ask what it is that others believe to be true. We invite an objective viewpoint and consider what they make of their senses, and eliminate what is false through a process of informed, rational judgement. The information is wedded and we call it the truth. All else is lies, and is duly discarded."

"I wasn't the only one who saw...what you are. Others are out there. They know the truth!"

"But how, Mr Walters, when the truth is fluid? And it flows along the path of consensus. Consensus is the only truth we can know, and no minority can ever gainsay consensus. Do you understand?"

"...."

"Consensus says that I am Martin Kenneth Marchand M.D. I am a well-respected member of the medical community, dedicated to helping those afflicted with diseases of the mind. Consensus, I'm afraid, casts its shadow over those such as yourself and your friends, and consigns you, and whatever falsehoods you espouse, to oblivion."

"I won't listen to your lies. Talk all you want of consensus and popular opinion..."

"Mr Walters..."

"Your reality will be destroyed..."

"Be careful now Mr Walters."

"...and the truth revealed."

"Mr Walters...it is clear that your pathology shows no sign of remission. You adapt any and all attempts to help you upon my part, simply compounding your illness. You must recognise that you are mentally divergent. Your delusion is a construct of your desperate psyche, a device by which you escape the realities which have plagued your life. Until you accept this fact with honesty, contrition, and a genuine desire for mental and emotional wellness, I have no choice but to elevate the frequency and intensity of your treatment."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm sorry, but the severity of your condition leaves me with no other recourse."

"You're going to bring him in here, aren't you?"

"A basic session. I believe it should yield positive results in your case."

"No. Please..."

"Guard! Would you be so kind as to restrain Mr Walters in case he should resort to physical aggression? And I think we ought to utilise the jaw restraints also. We wouldn't want you chewing off your tongue during the treatment now would we, Mr Walters?"

“For God’s sake, please...don’t!”

“Try to remain calm. It’s for your own good.”

“No! Please! Don’t bring him in here. Please! Don’t let him see me.”

“I’m afraid this may be your only path back to sanity. Now try to relax. Clear your mind. And accept the truth.”

Kult is a horror roleplaying game set in contemporary time. Currently, 7th Circle holds the licensed rights to publish Kult material. Paradox Entertainment holds the copyright for Kult.



To Much Bills by Jacinto Quesnel (jhas777)

## **Ultimate Fantastic Four issue #1**

From Marvel Comics

Reviewed by PeterAmthor

Well the Ultimate line of comics from Marvel may not be familiar to those who haven't been paying attention to comics lately. Basically what they are doing is taking some of their most popular characters and retelling their story as if were being done today. Now this is not superseding the current Marvel Universe history, instead it's a whole new universe set right beside it. The Ultimate Universe basically. So far Spider-Man, the X-Men and the Avengers as the Ultimates are the most popular of the line. The Fantastic Four are now joining this retelling as well. So how do the oldest super team of the Marvel Universe handle this retelling? Pretty damn well in my opinion.

Brian Bendis and Mark Millar are bringing the story to us in the writing department. Millar is, from what I've been told, the founding father of the Ultimate universe and responsible for getting it started. Adam Kubert comes in to do the pencils with Danny Miki tracing the lines in ink. These four make a pretty solid team.

Most of the storyline of this issue revolves around Reed Richards as a young boy growing up while trying to deal with his hyper intelligence and how his family and school mates react to it. The victim of the usual bully abuse his only friend is Ben Grimm who gives the fight back to the bullies. It covers his father who obviously wants a jock for a son more than a brain, his mother who is clueless on how to deal with him and the rest of his 'normal' family.

It goes from building devices in the garage while helping Ben with his math problem to a display of his teleportation theory at school a test where he makes various toys disappear into thin air. This is where a government employee in the department of Mainland Technology Development spots him. After a brief talk with Reeds parents he is taken away to a place where his mental abilities will be appreciated.

The Baxter Building. Currently it is housing a large number of children who work together in a think tank like community. This is headed over by Professor Storm. His two children are also part of the group, Sue and Johnny Storm. He also tells Reed that he is the first to break the barrier into the other dimension with his teleportation experiments and show him a room housing a larger version of his device. They had been wondering where all the toy cars had been coming from.

All in all a very solid issue that sets up the opening of the series. It also leaves you wanting the second issue to continue the development. I give it a five out of five.

## Ultimate Fantastic Four #2

From Marvel Comics

Reviewed by PeterAmthor

The second issue of the Ultimate retake on one of Marvels oldest super teams. They've kept the same artist and writer team much to my delight. If you are unfamiliar with what's happened so far please check out my review for issue one.

Well this issue introduces a few characters that will play much importance upon the series at a later date. First off we see Doctor Arthur Molekevic, one of the teachers at the Baxter Building working with the kids. This is the man who will eventually become one of the more famous nemesis of the original series, the Mole Man. An over irate man who is first seen lecturing everybody about pulling their weight or they will be removed from the program. Later in the issue he is fired for continuing experiments into a field he has been forbidden to work in, that of creating life. Ah, the Mole Man cometh eventually to the Ultimate universe.

Second we see a young man by the name of Victor Van Damme. Why the name change here I am not sure. He is another student of the facility working away at various projects. One who does not speak to others and holds them below his worth of attention.

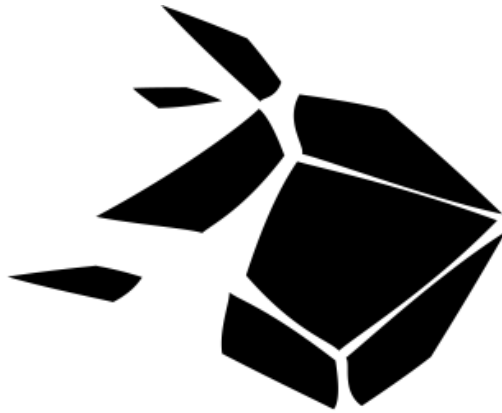
Throughout we see the attraction between Reed Richards and Sue Storm growing as they work on various things together. Along with a not so subtle hint from her younger brother Johnny to Reed that she likes him. Also we see that his separation from his family is still pretty much in place through a phone call.

Later, after a bit of a confrontation, we see Reed and Victor deciding to work together on their projects, each being able to help the other. The main focus is, of course, the teleportation device that was introduced in the first issue.

Finally we see the Reed, Sue, Johnny and Victor together in the desert, along with plenty of personnel, getting ready to test a large-scale version of the transporter. The goal is simply to send a biological object through to another military installation. It is here that Ben Grimm once again shows up, while traveling the states between semesters he has decided to check in on Reed. With permission he is allowed to witness the test.

The issue ends with a bang, the bang that will probably spell the future our four heroes in the making and the future, along with the probable transformation of Victor Damme in Dr. Doom.

Can't wait for the next issue once again. So it's five out of five one more time. Lets see if they can make it three in a row.



FREEFORM RPG RULES  
Play test version 0.6.5

Currently being written by John Nixon aka PeterAmthor  
Assistance in development from Shari Hill aka devilbird  
Logo Designs by Quesnel Jacinto aka Jhaz777

Play testers:  
Max Hattuer, Rachel Forbes, Joe Eddy, Bob Scott, Lori Cordell.

This is an attempt creating a rules light core game system that could be used for several different settings with focus being on the characters history and description rather than numbers. If more detail is desired then one need only to set up the appropriate adaptation rules they wish to use. Needed for play: lined or blank paper for the character description, pencils, around five ten sided dice and set of poker chips or any other tokens that can be divided into three colors. There is still much play testing to be done before this rules set is resolved as the final version. It is presented here setting free as just a set a base rules and nothing more.

Any feedback, comments or questions can be sent to [innvoiceezine@yahoo.com](mailto:innvoiceezine@yahoo.com) with 'freeform rpg' in the subject line. Also check into PsychoThriller at [www.maxhattuer.com](http://www.maxhattuer.com) home to a Freeform discussion forum and will soon be presenting optional adaptations to the rules and various settings. How much time I devote to getting new material out depends on the feedback and interest the system gets. So please feel free to give me constructive criticism, ideas, or anything else that could help make this system more workable.

## The Rules.

Resolution Roll - Roll 1d10 add in any positive or negative modifier and achieve a result higher than the number of 5. Positive and negative modifiers that are given to the roll range from +/- 1 to +/- 4. The GM assigns these based on the characters description and history. Such as giving a professional racecar driver a +4 when taking a regular car out of a low speed slide. But then a character that has a limp may get a -1 when trying to move out of the way of a speeding truck. Also these modifiers always apply to the roll, never to the target number.

Determining the bonus's or negative modifiers is up to the GM to decide. The numbers may also tend to flux up and down based on the situation that is occurring when the check is needed. Such as making the bonus less for the racecar driver to pull out of that slide if it takes place on a wet surface. These modifiers should be given within reason though. A +4 is a large bonus and should only be given for rolls in which the character is a professional in. Most of the time the lower bonus of +1 or +2 will be used just to show the knowledge but not the complete expertise.

Destiny Chips - These are tokens awarded to the players or to the gm for role-playing during the game. They represent a characters ability to control their fate to an extent. Basically being a helping hand when the need comes, they could also be seen as an outside force that watches over them. To represent these you will need tokens of three different colors. Much recommended are a regular set of poker chips from your local store, they usually come cheap and are pretty durable. The detail of them below will refer to them by their type and color based off of poker chips. Also the color code will be used to highlight areas that have rules for other uses of the Destiny Chips.

**Minor/White Chips** – May be cashed in by players to give themselves a +1 on a roll. They are earned by good role-playing through general ability to stay within the confines of the character description. These are the most common of the chips to be awarded.

**Major/Blue Chips** – May be cashed in by players to give other players a +1 on a roll. They earned by good role-playing in the aspect of putting ones character into risk because it is necessary to stay within the character description. These are the more rare of the chips to be awarded.

**Dark/Red Chips** – May be cashed in by the GM to cause any one roll to fail automatically. They are earned by the players doing something to disrupt the game frequently, or via extremely bad role-playing by going way out of the bounds of the character description.

Character Description. This sheet replaces the character sheets common in most other role-playing games on the market. There is no need for a page full of stats and numbers since, in freeform, there are none. But a good character description should contain some important elements to help make him appear more real and playable. They are detailed out below.

History. Everybody comes from somewhere, some peoples past is just more interesting than others. You should cover important events that shaped the characters life and made them the way they are. What jobs did they have? What skill did they learn? Stuff like this that will affect play.

Appearance. What do they look like? Also don't forget to cover body language mannerisms and other quirks such as this. How well do they dress, and what style of clothing do they prefer.

Special Abilities. Are they extremely athletic? Can they sing? Anything that sets them apart from a normal person would go into here. Also things such as magic abilities and other such things go into this are as well.

Weak Points. Is there something that really gets to the character, something that makes them angry or depressed? Any physical, mental or spiritual handicaps should be put into detail. What the character fears the most, or maybe a set of morals they follow to the detail that keep them from doing other things.

Possessions. What does the character own? You also need to cover things like where they live at, how do they get around and how much money they have in to draw on. Don't forget to make sure this meshes with your history as well.

### **Combat and Damage.**

These combat rules were meant to be quick and easy with very little record keeping. They are optional, of course, and up to the GM to decide on whether or not to use them. If one wishes to run the system just using the basic roll and resolving damage in a story importance fashion than that is easily done as well.

Combat is divided into sections called rounds. The exact amount of time a round is supposed to represent is based on what type of game you are playing. Currently the three time increments being used are one second, five seconds and ten seconds, each being for a specific style of play. They are explained in greater detail below.

One Second Round. This is used for most games that require detail and precision for every single attack. Games along the lines of modern techno thrillers to edgy cyberpunk adventures. Each round a single definitive action can be taken, such as drawing a weapon, running, diving for the ground, etc.

Five Second Round. This is used for cinematic style game play. In this time frame actions are condensed together to give a more grand scale to the actions with usually a single die roll resolving them. Examples: Cutting the rope from the roof and swinging across the ballroom to kick into an enemy, diving over cover and reloading a gun after landing on the ground, etc.

Ten Second Round. This covers most swashbuckling, high adventure type games. Where the combat represents a flurry of sword swings and parries with one finally getting through rather than rolling each individual swing. Some condensed actions may require

more than a single roll but try no to get overly involved in the details and just let the scene flow.

Determining who gets to take an action first. Each player rolls a d10 and adds in any modifiers the GM wishes to give them as with a regular resolution roll. The player who rolled the highest gets to take their action first, then the next highest and so on. This order is set once combat begins and stays the same throughout.

Taking an action. There are various things your character may do during their turn in combat, from firing a weapon, running to hiding behind cover. These usually take just one round of combat. The GM will determine anything that may take more actions than just one. Attacks made toward static targets that are not actively fighting back are done with the regular resolution roll. This covers things such as firing a weapon, looking for other attackers or jumping over objects. Modifier for trying to hit moving targets and such are included of course. When fighting an active target, such as in hand to hand combat, then both roll a resolution roll, if the attacker scores the best roll then the attack hits if the defender rolls the highest then the hit misses.

This section covers the weapons or attacks and the damage rolls with them. Each weapon classification has a number of die assigned to. Whenever you successfully hit someone via the regular resolution roll you then roll the amount of dice indicated.

Hand to Hand damage – 1d10 minus 2 from the roll

Small Handgun or Knives and other melee weapons - 1d10

Swords, axes, shotguns at long distances and Large caliber firearms – 2dD10

Large Handgun or Rifles along with heavy large melee weapons - 3d10

Shotguns at close distances, lances and other major weapons- 4d10

Specialized Rules.

Automatic Weapons - 1d10 per round (the number of points the attack succeeded by determines the number of rounds that hit.)

You then keep the highest number from the dice rolled as your final damage number. Take that number and consult the chart below to see how much damage is done. This is called the damage affect and is represented in game mechanics as negative modifiers to resolution rolls.

1 - 2 – The character is at –1 to all rolls.

3 - 4 – The character is at –2 to all rolls.



5 - 6 – The character is at –3 to all rolls.

7 - 8 – The character is at –4 to all rolls.

9 – 10 – The character has received a fatal wound and dies\*.

\*The fatality is purely up to the GM and the type of game he is running. If it's a light hearted adventure where the characters need to survive this could simply be the incapacitating wound that puts the character out of the action.

If the target is shot again and the damage done is the same as damage they have already received then they get the next affect up. Damage is not cumulative, getting a –2 and then a –1 does not give you a –3, you hold on to the maximum damage.

Example: Bob has already received damage of a –3 to his rolls. Later an assailant hits him with an axe handle and rolls a 5 for damage. Since Bob already has that affect it goes up to the next affect. Bob is now at a –4 on his rolls.

Now if the character receives damage affects that are less than what they are currently suffering from then they have no real system effect. Basically they are not serious enough to cause any more hindrance in the light of the main damage they have taken.

Note that the GM should keep track of who has received damage, how they received and the affect. Then other modifiers from this should be put into the game through role-playing and description. Making the characters weak or unable to stand, maybe even blurring their vision. They will likely be bleeding as well; this can obscure vision and make it hard to hold onto anything with blood soaked hands.

Healing all of this damage. Each affect level takes an allowance of time to heal up. Once that level is healed the damage affect is reduced to the next level. The following are the timetables for healing.

-4 takes four weeks to heal

-3 takes three weeks to heal

-2 takes two weeks to heal

-1 takes one week to heal

An example of how the healing process works. Bob has taken damage to the affect of –4. For him to heal up from there to –3 will take four weeks. After that it will take him three weeks to go to –2, then two weeks to go to –1 then a final week to heal up completely. So from start to finish the total amount of time needed to heal completely is ten weeks.

Also a player may spend a Minor destiny chip to advance the healing process by one week. Or spend a Major destiny chip to advance the healing process by an entire level.

Armor. The system for damage negation of armor works similar to the damage roll with weapons. Each level of armor has a number of die that will need to be rolled and then you will keep the highest number. Players may also choose to spend a Minor Destiny chip to gain an additional die.

Leathers, ballistic vests – 1d10

Chain, fully lined ballistic clothing – 2d10

Plate, bomb squad suit – 3d10

Uber Armor, space tech stuff – 4d10

This result tells you the amount you need to reduce the wound level by. The rule for getting hit with the same damage you have already received still applies to the new result.

1-3 – Armor has no effect or attack went through a weak or uncovered point.

4-6 – Reduce damage affect level by 1

7-9 – Reduce Damage affect level by 2

10 - Reduce Damage affect level by 3, or player may spend a major destiny chip to reduce the damage affect to zero.



**Kult-RPG.com, home of The Last Cycle Forums, your one-stop resource for Kult where you can discuss in forums, chat, download all kinds of Kult material and find your way through the Kultiverse.**



**All at Once**  
**:-: part two bee :-:**  
by Derek Stoelting

Talston turns back towards the club, lighting his cigarette under the overhang. Picking his head up, he glances through the open door. The rest of his squad has claimed their weapons and coats. They are quickly following on his heels. He turns back towards Isis and notices that Cameron has pulled up the squad wagon.

"Uh-huh, here we go." Talston walks towards the vehicle.

"That's kind of big for just yourself." Isis looks at Talston with a bit of trepidation in her eyes.

"That's because we all ride together," says Burne from behind Isis.

Isis spins on a heel to find herself confronted by the rest of the squad. "What the - "

Rodriguez tries to comfort the now frightened Wraith Raider. "Just get in and we'll explain on the way."

"I don't think so," stammers out the Wraith Raider.

Talston leans towards the Wraith Raider and hits her at the base of the neck with his fist. She drops to the ground. Burne leans down, picks her up and carries her into the wagon.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Okay, what do we have?" asks Terling.

Burne clears his throat before speaking. "DJ says that she hangs out at Mal's Bar. Downtown District 66F. Only bar with lights working."

"Everyone seems to know that she hung with the Masters of the Hunt. However, no one seems to know much about them, hang-outs, place to sharpen their knives, whatever." Mia checks on the knocked-out Wraith Raider. "She'll be awake in a couple of minutes."

"According to the cold \*\*\*\*\* , she likes to hang out with somebody named Azibo. Azibo is a Master of the Hunt. She was willing to take me to where Azibo likes to hang." Talston pulls out his hip flask and takes a drink.

"Hey, guys," Cameron calls back into the cab. "I just looked up Downtown District 66F. It seems to pretty much be abandoned. Records show it was cleaned out a few months back due to a soft company infiltration."

"Interesting," mumbles G'nd'r.

"Curiouser and curiouser," says Mia.

"Uhhh." Isis raises her head from its resting place on her chest. Glancing about, she looks down, noticing that she is strapped into her seat. "What happened?" She looks around the wagon, stopping at Talston. "Wait, I know you." She pauses to think. "The club, right?"

Talston looks away from Isis. "Yes." We went outside to get in here and go find Azibo. But, when we all started to load up, you slipped and hit your neck."

Isis rubs her hand across the back of her neck. "That would explain the pain. I don't suppose you have some pain killers?"

Talston pulls his hip flask out and hands it to her. "Here."

"Not exactly what I had in mind, but it will work." Isis tips her head back, whines, and takes a quick drink of the liquid. She swallows it hard and struggles to keep it down. "What the \*\*\*\*\* is that?"

Talston takes the hip flask back from her. "Special blend. So, where are we off to?"

"Off to? Oh, yeah, right. You wanted to find Azibo, right?"

"Yes," blurts out Mia, impatiently.

Isis glares at Mia, before turning back to Talston. "Darshu's."

"Darshu's?" asks G'nd'r.

"You know it?" asks the Wraith Raider.

"Yes. Nice and quiet. And dark. I go there. Sometimes." G'nd'r leans forward and gives Cameron directions to the restaurant.

\* \* \* \* \*

Isis and the squad, sans Cameron, walk into the lobby of the restaurant. The sudden lack of sound and dimmed lights shock the squad into a moment of silence. Their wall of flesh blocks out the flashing lights of the city behind them.

"Let's try the lounge, first." Isis steps off and into the darkness of the restaurant. The squad follows at her heels. Fake plants line the hallway to the lounge. Plush carpet of a dark color is crushed beneath their mud-covered jackboots. The soft sounds of an electronic flute float out of the lounge, preparing guests for the quiet, mellow mood of the lounge.

Mia and Talston pull their upper lips into sneers as they enter Darshu's lounge. The

cleanliness and relaxed air of the lounge sets their teeth on edge. A young and somewhat attractive, in a feral kind of way, female Wraith Raider works the bar. A few patrons line its counter. A handful of humans, Ebons, and Wraith Raiders fill the tables of the lounge keeping two waiters busy.

Soft lights on the ceiling allow shadows to build around the room. The soft music suggests a quiet tone of voice to the lounge's customers, and it seems to work convincingly. All of the patrons lean close to each other, carrying on conversations that only they can hear. The lack of shouting and screaming gives the squad a reason to pause.

Isis slinks to the rear of the party, standing squarely behind Burne. "He's in the far corner. The round table with two other Wraith Raiders and a human at it. If you don't mind, I'm going to go wait in the Ladies' Room. I'd rather not be seen with you, here."

The squad pays her no mind and sets off for the table in the far corner. The whole room seems to stop as the squad walks through the lounge. They fan out across the room in a practiced motion. Patrons stop their conversations and look up at the squad. Waitresses stand dumbfounded at the show of obvious force. The bartender watches as G'nd'r walks up to the bar and puts his badge down on the counter. "Official business," he says. It is neither a question nor a command, simply a fact.

Terling and Rodriguez step forward, as Talston and Mia fall back. Burne stands in the middle of the group, huge target that he is.

Azibo and his companions notice the sudden lack of noise and activity around them too late. The squad has arrived and surrounded them. They take in the unknown visitors to the lounge and settle back in their chairs. Azibo looks at the two Ebons standing beside him. "What do you want?" He companions continue to eye the rest of the squad.

"We are looking for Azibo," answer Terling.

"Well, you're looking at him."

"Good, would you mind telling us where we could find the Masters of the Hunt?"

"Who?"

"Your friends, the Masters of the Hunt."

"Right, Masters of the Hunt." Azibo glances around the table at his companions. "I don't have any idea what you are talking about. Sorry." He grabs his drink and takes a swallow.

Rodriguez steps up next to the table, placing himself between the other human and Azibo. "That was so weak, that you must base your lines off of the drinks here."

Azibo begins to rocket up out of his seat. Rodriguez slams his hand down on Azibo's

shoulder and brings his pistol up to waist level. Or in the case of Azibo, eye level.

Azibo's companions stay glued to their seats. Terling takes a cautious step back and begins calculating. Mia and Talston ease their guns out of their holsters. The waitresses and patrons begin filing out of the bar. Burne follows them to the doorway and watches the hallway for trouble.

The bartender looks over the situation and sighs. "Want a drink?" she asks G'nd'r.

"Sure," he answers and turns around to face her.

"Let's try that, again." Rodriguez squeezes Azibo's shoulder. "Where can we find the Masters of the Hunt?"

"Right, Masters of the Hunt." Azibo's eyes never leave Rodriguez's face. "Downtown District 66F. Mal's."

"Not likely. That District was cleared out two weeks ago for subversive activity. Try again." Rodriguez moves the pistol a little closer to Azibo's face.

"I'm telling you the truth." Sweat begins to build up on his head. "DarkNight began intruding on the Master's territory. They don't like it when someone tries to muscle them. So, they turned them in. The Masters of the Hunt knew they might be outgunned and called in someone else to die. Who cares if a Shiver or two dies? They'll just be replaced."

Rodriguez brings his hand across Azibo's face. "They're people, too, you worthless piece of shit."

Rodriguez begins to walk away, but stops. "You wouldn't happen to know a Marie D'Leal, would you?"

Azibo wipes a bit of blood from his lip. "Nope."

Rodriguez continues his way out of the lounge.

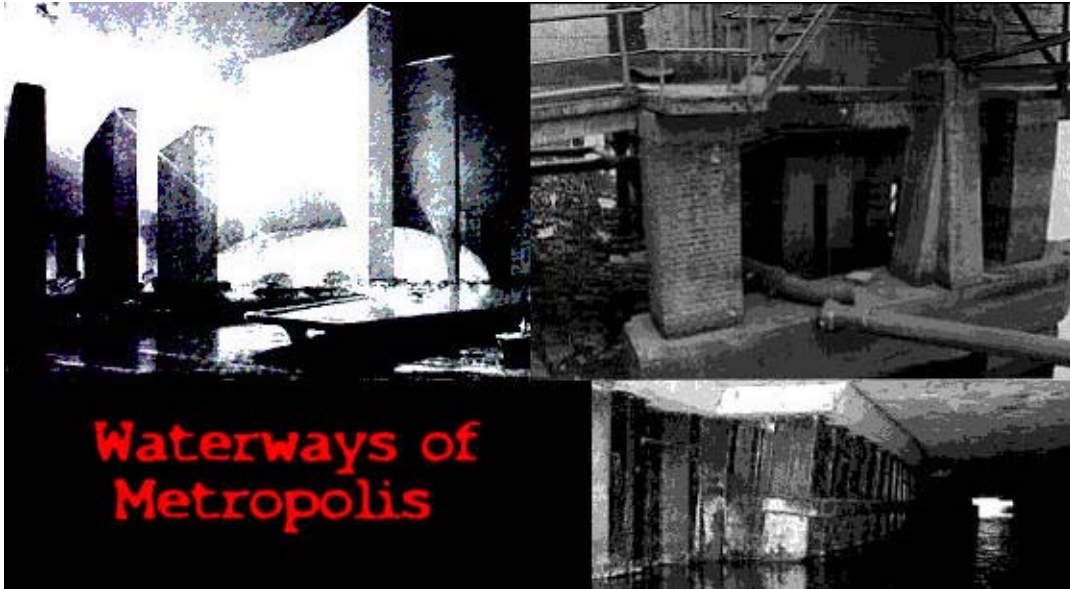
"If you're lying about any of this, we'll be back for you." Terling walks away from the table.

"I won't be here," replies Azibo.

"We don't expect you to," mumbles Mia with a smile.

... to be continued ...

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## **Waterways of Metropolis Part 3**

By PeterAmthor

### **Cracks in the Illusion**

The players, while following (or meeting with) a suspected arms dealer, come to a large cargo ship docked at the shipyard. This is apparently the dealer's base of operation and storage facility. Coerce the players to board the ship to investigate. While they are on it the ship leaves port with characters inside, keep armed guards patrolling to keep them busy. After an hour or two of sailing a sudden storm raises and begins hammering the ship and with a strike of lightning and a blinding flash the characters are blinded for just a few seconds. When they look around again they will notice the guards are now wearing Nazi uniforms and other military outfits, the cargo boxes are now made of rusted metal and the weapons even appear to be of a darker metal than before. The characters have just crossed over into Metropolis on one of Hareb-Serap's cargo vessels of war.

While on a cruise or other such trip, the players are awakened in the middle of the night by screams of alarm. Upon opening the door of their cabin black clouds of smoke rush in, inhibiting their vision and breathing. The boat has caught on fire and all the passengers are panicking and running for their lives. People are trampled to death in the hallways by fleeing passengers, others shoved into walls fiercely while some break out into open brawls. The smoke becomes denser as the smoke thickens until the characters reach the top deck where the fighting over life boats continues as several bodies litter the deck, gunfire rings out from somewhere in the confusion. When the characters finally



reach the edge of the ship they notice that the shore is very close but the city is unknown to them for they have ventured into Metropolis.

The characters are investigating a series of strange incidents that have occurred in the cities storm drains and spillway tunnels. While inside one of the tunnels a sudden and unexpected storm rolls in. Thunder is sudden and loud, with rain pouring down in sheets. While the characters are trying to get out of the tunnel a sudden rush of floodwater hits them washing them back down the tunnel. Here they are jerked through tunnels, passages and underground intersections, with maintenance ladders out of reach and waters rising. Suddenly they are finding themselves pushed into a central drainage room with the water being sucked down in a giant whirlpool. One by one they go under down into the drain. Only to find themselves falling through the open air on the other side. They have just entered Metropolis through The Falls.

The characters are all loaded into one vehicle traveling together. It begins to rain heavily as they continue on their way. Unknown to them they are heading into a flood zone, any warning signs were stolen long ago by local vandals. While they cross a low water bridge the rush of water suddenly rises sweeping over the bridge and against the side of the automobile. The engine dies out and those inside can feel the tires drag on the pavement as the flood pushes them along. Large chunks of debris wash against the doors and side panels, making loud crumpling sounds and shaking everything even worse. Suddenly the tires slide off the bridge, and the rest follow out into the muddy waters. With no control or ability to regain control all the occupants of the car can do is hold on as waves take them where they want. Everyone finds themselves staring at a bridge support they are fast approaching, already large amounts of debris have built up around it and the adjacent supports. They are moving at good rate of speed when the inevitable collision occurs. The front end goes downward deeper into the waters as the rear end of the vehicle is lifted upward. Its all anyone can do to stay above the water filling the front of the car and hang on whenever another chunk of debris hits the vehicle. Rain continues to pour down in by the buckets from the darkened skies; holding on is the only option at the moment. After 20 minutes the rain suddenly stops and the water rushing against the vehicle weakens. With all that has washed up against the car it is going to stay facing down into the waters. The players will have to crawl out through the rear windows. Once they step out onto the surprisingly solid mass of junk composed of other vehicles, sections of housing, lawn furniture and many other unidentifiable items. Then they look up the support to the bridge, it is darkened with rust and coated in sections with an odd black substance. It is unlike any bridge they have seen before. Then looking around they notice the foreign skyline of Metropolis.

## **Creatures**

Biters - This is the general term used for most of the fish that live in the polluted waters of Metropolis. Most of these creatures have mutated over time so as to survive in the harsh conditions present. Most common of mutations is the growing of sharpened teeth so they are able to eat other creatures to survive. Other common mutation include

transparency, poison emitted through skin, camouflaged appearance and several others. Note that several areas of Metropolis are completely inhabitable by any form of aquatic life short of supernatural.

Coneraetii - see Metropolis sourcebook page 146. A breed of these creatures lives in the walls of larger aquatic vessels.

Mother Compostates- see Metropolis sourcebook page 154. Water going variations of this creatures roam randomly throughout the waterways devouring waste that floats on the surface. Instead of being on tracks these creatures float along on what appears as a thick red inflated pulsating bag. The compostates walk along the length of the apparatus using long hooks and poles to gather food for the Mother. Also along the bottom of the creature is a secondary mouth that sucks water through it and pushes it out through an orifice located at the rear of the creature. This not only provides propulsion but the Mother devours anything sucked inside the mouth.

Oberons - see Metropolis sourcebook page 154

Techrone - Barge Pilot

The Barges of Machine City that churn up and down the Waterways of Metropolis are operated by a small horde of Techrones, but navigated by a single specially 'designed' Techrone. They are usually called 'The Pilots'; they are immobile, having been wired directly into the control systems of the barge. Only having one free arm, which is usually, used to control a panel of switches and knobs they are almost completely incapable of self-defense. However they are more bulky than normal techrones and have a slightly tougher outer covering.

AGL - 0

STR - (in one free arm) 8

CON - 15

EGO - 15

PER - 6

Terror throw modification: -5

Height: 250 cm

Weight: 375 kg

Senses: Nearsighted. No sense of smell at all. Hearing is also at a bare minimum.

Movement: Incapable of movement

Actions: 1 with its one free arm.

Initiative Bonus: -2

Damage Bonus: 0

Damage Capacity:

5 scratches = 1 light wound

5 light wounds = 1 serious wound

4 serious wounds = 1 fatal wound

Endurance: 105

Natural Armor: 5

Powers: Machine empathy as per regular techrones (Kult 1st US edition page 203)

Skills: Operate and Navigate Barge 25, plus the non-combat skills that a regular techrone has.

Attack Modes: 1 mechanical hand 12 (scr 1-6, lw 7-12, sw 13-19, fw 20+)

Home: Created somewhere in machine city then placed into a barge where they spend the rest of their existence.

Number Encountered: 1 per barge

### **Item of Note**

Drashnies Compass. This sailing compass appears to be from around the 1800's simply by the level of technology used to make it. The metal is of an unrecognizable metal that has a slight red tint to it, while the lettering is of such a detailed level that one would think it's merely a show piece. On the back of the compass is engraved the name 'DRASHNIE' in old English lettering. There appears to be no means of disassembling the compass either. In the illusion it works as a normal functioning compass, however, outside the illusion it points towards something else. The focal point of the compass is an Azghoul who served onboard a sailing vessel in the times before the illusion. Drashnie is the name of said Azghoul.

Kult is a horror roleplaying game set in contemporary time. Currently, 7th Circle holds the licensed rights to publish Kult material. Paradox Entertainment holds the copyright for Kult.

## **Lounge Lizard**

A new archetype for the KULT RPG

by Christof Warren

*I told the agent that forty-eight gigs in twenty-two cities was a cakewalk to a guy like me. I'm a professional. One time I played every city from Boston to Tijuana without so much as a piss break. Of course, that was way back in the good old days, when the clubs were packed and the crowds were always on fire. People say, these days, the nights seem a lot shorter, the paychecks aren't as big, and the good times are harder and harder to come by.*

*That may be true, and perhaps what I'm selling is a dying art, but like a wise man once told me: "Son, if you're gonna die, die on the stage."*

You've seen flavours of the month come and go for years. Longevity is the mark of true talent, and you've been working the night circuit since you were a kid. Sure, the scene isn't as fresh as it used to be. Few people even respect the disciple any more, especially the guys behind the curtain, but there will always be a slot somewhere on the billing for a quality performer like you.

You've long since laid to rest any youthful dreams of hitting the big time. For you, your real success was in the past. It came and went while you had your head in the clouds dreaming of unattainable goals. At this stage in your life, you want to believe that the means was more valuable than the ends. When you get up on stage, people know they're going to be entertained. Performance is in your blood, and it's not something you could ever simply give up just because you failed to meet whatever naive ambitions you once held.

**Personality:** Hard-bitten, nostalgic, wise. You've been around the block enough times to know the score, but the sceptical attitude and world-weary wisdom you display to the world can never be turned inwards: you fear introspection, and the realisations of failure and wasted potential that it might bring. You believe wholeheartedly in the value of simple, accessible entertainment and the happiness it can bring, the worth of momentary escape. The catharsis of performance, no matter how small the stage, is central to your being.

**Disadvantages** - Animal Enmity, Anxiety, Bad Luck, Bad Reputation, Curse, Cynic, Debt, Denial, Depression, Drug Addiction, Reckless Gambler, Lecherousness, Low Self Esteem, Manic-Depressive, Mental Compulsion (performance), Oedipal, Reactionary, Vain

**Advantages** - Age Well, Approachable, Artistic Talent, Contemplative, Cool, Good Reputation, Influential Friends, Iron Will, Luck, Mentor, Social Chameleon

**Dark Secret** - Forbidden Knowledge (non-occult), Guilty of Crime, Victim of Crime

**Living Standard** - 2-5 (stand-up comic, jazz bar musician, nightclub owner)

**Skills-** Dancing, Play Instrument, Sleight of Hand, City/Area Knowledge, Haut Monde, Man of the World, Streetwise, Style, Trivia, Acting, Carousing, Net of Contacts: nightlife, Rhetoric, Singing, Gambling, Driving.

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Duotone by Jacinto Quesnel (jhas777)

## **Notes at the end.**

Well that's it for the third issue of Inner Voice. Next issue is in the works and should be out soon. Well I hope it will be. More submissions are needed as always so please drop us some material if you would. Check out the [www.trulyrural.com](http://www.trulyrural.com) website for all the information you need to do so.

Also be sure to direct a few other people towards this little ezine if you don't mind. The more readers the better.

**Links of note.**

This section will contain links back to the personal or favorite sites that contributors to Inner Voice suggest. Want a link to your site to appear in an issue of Inner Voice? Well then submit some material and include a note letting us know about the link you want added it. It's that easy.



[www.maxhattuer.com](http://www.maxhattuer.com)

PsychoThriller: a collection of articles for various RPGs, most notably for Sla Industries, Kult and a growing collection of Talislanta material.



<http://peteramthor.darkgod.net>

Voices in my Head: personal site of PeterAmthor.

THE VILLAGE

<http://www.shinies.net/village/html/>

The Village: a gaming site ran by Derek Stoelting aka Oaxaca.



<http://www.kult-rpg.com>

Fan based support for the Kult RPG. Downloads, forums and more.



<http://jhas777.deviantart.com>

Art gallery of Jacinto Quesnel (Jhas777).