

FORBIDDEN KINGDOMS



Requires the use of Dungeons and Dragons® Player's Handbook, 3rd Edition published by Wizards of the Coast®



Paris: The Spectral City

PROJECT DEVELOPMENT

Dave Webb and R. Hyrum Savage

WRITTEN BY

Gary McBride

EDITED BY

Scott Holden-Jones

ART DIRECTION

R. Hyrum Savage and Dave Webb

LAYOUT & GRAPHIC DESIGN

R. Hyrum Savage and Kieran Yanner

FORBIDDEN KINGDOMS LINE DEVELOPER

Dave Webb

INTERIOR ARTISTS

Chuck Lukacs, Derek Stevens, Ginger Kubic,
Chris Martinez, Thomas Floyd, Chad Sergesketter,
and Kennon James

PUBLISHED BY

OtherWorld Creations, Inc.
1424 12th St, Suite #B
Santa Monica, CA 90401
www.otherworlds.cx

CONTENTS

Chapter 1 - In the Shadow of the City of Lights.....	Page 03
Chapter 2 - L'histoire.....	Page 11
Chapter 3 - Les Affaires Pratique.....	Page 26
Chapter 4 - Destinations Importants.....	Page 37
Chapter 5 - Personnes Notables.....	Page 68
Chapter 6 - Les Mystères de la Ville.....	Page 98
Chapter 7 - A Tale of the City.....	Page 121
Chapter 8 - Les Campagnes de Paris.....	Page 144

DESIGNATION OF OPEN GAME

CONTENT

The following material is hereby designated as Open Game Content and may be used pursuant to the terms of the Open Gaming License: All content derived from the SRD and other Open sources. This includes all "stat block" information, but not names already considered Open.

DESIGNATION OF PRODUCT

IDENTITY

The following items are hereby designated as Product Identity in accordance with Section 1(e) of the Open Game License, version 1.0: All OtherWorld Creations, Inc. (OWC) logos and identifying marks, including all OWC Product and Product Line names including but not limited to Diomin, and Forbidden Kingdoms This includes all artwork, illustration, graphic design, maps and cartography. Also included as Product Identity are all original names, places, and text in Paris: The Spectral City. The above Product Identity is not Open Game Content and reproduction, except for the purposes of reviews, is expressly forbidden without the written permission of OWC.

Paris: The Spectral City is copyright 2003 OtherWorld Creations, Inc.

The OtherWorld Creations logo, Paris: The Spectral City and Forbidden Kingdoms are Trademark OtherWorld Creations, Inc.

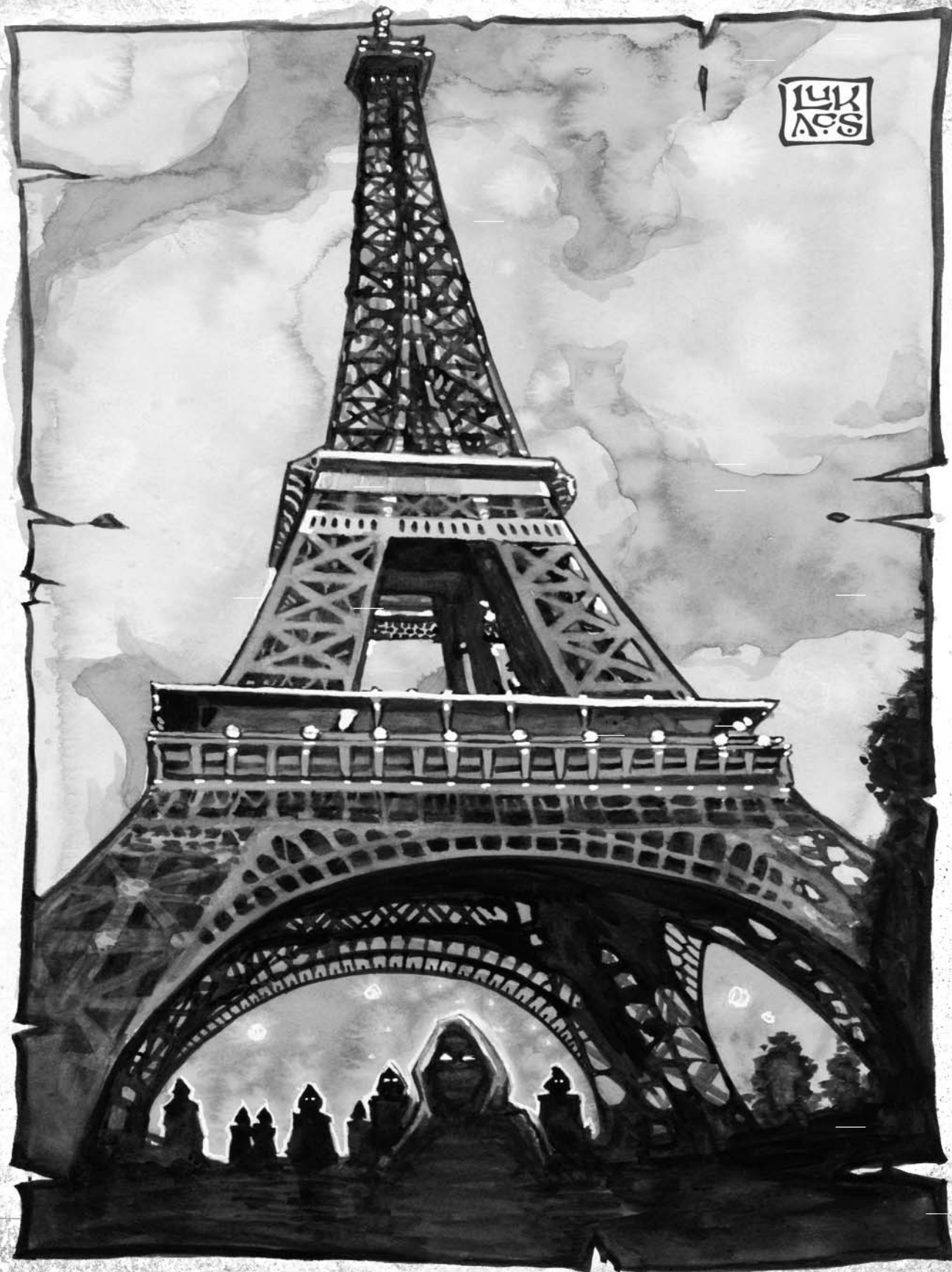
All rights reserved

This book requires the use of the Dungeons and Dragons Players Handbook published by Wizards of the Coast.

Published under the SRD and OGL license copyright 2000 Wizards of the Coast

Dungeons and Dragons is a registered trademark of Wizards of the Coast and is used with permission.

LYK
A.C.S.



Paris

*Je vois un cercle noir, si large et si profond
Que je n'en aperçois ni le bout ni le fond.
Je vois fumer, brûler, éclater des flambeaux,
Brillant sur cet abîme où l'air pénètre à peine,
Comme des diamants incrustés dans l'ébène.
Des ombres de palais, de dome et d'arguilles,
De tours et de donjons, de clochers, de bastilles,
De châteaux forts, de kiosks et d'aigus minarets;
Des formes de ramparts, de jardins, de forêts,
De spirales, d'arceaux, de parcs, de colonnades,
D'obélisques, de ponts, de portes et d'arcades,
Tout fourmille et grandit, se cramponne et montant,
Se courbe, se replie, ou se creuse ou s'étend.
Le vertige m'enivre, et sur mes yeux il pèse.
Vois-je une Roue ardente, ou bien une Fournaise?*

~Alfred de Vigny, 1831

*I see a black circle, so broad and deep
That I can discern neither its bottom nor its outer limit.
I see smoking, burning flares flashing forth,
Blazing against that airless abyss
Like diamonds encrusted in ebony
Shadows of palaces, domes, spires,
Towers and donjons, steeples, fortresses,
Castles, kiosks, and slender minarets;
Outlines of ramparts, gardens, forests,
Spirals, arches, parks, colonnades,
Obelisks, bridges, gates, and arcades,
And all this seethes and swells, claws its way upward,
Bows down, curls up, or burrows or stretches.
A drunken giddiness seizes me and weighs down my eyes.
Is it a fiery wheel that I see or rather a furnace?*

Translated by Richard D.E. Burton

Chapter One: In the Shadows of the City of Lights

In the summer of 1902, Monsieur Savienne du Valmont at last returned to Paris, though certainly not under circumstances he might have preferred. For years the famed swordsman, explorer, and writer had been abroad traveling through untamed Africa, enigmatic Egypt, and the Kingdom of the Thunder Dragon in the Himalayas. He had followed the Congo to the sacred Valley of the Spiders and had been part of the expedition that recovered the lost wealth of King M'Kutu. He had aided in the unraveling the ancient Cult of Five Knots in Cairo, a group that had sought to reanimate a thousand-year-old, crocodile-headed godling. Valmont had been a member of the now world famous Harbold-Keeling Expedition to Bhutan, where the first living specimen of the elusive Yeti had been captured and brought to London for display. Now, he had been summoned to the city of lights by a desperate letter from his cousin Gerárd. The letter had been both urgent and maddeningly sparse on detail.

He disembarked from the dirigible Marianna on a fine summer day, eager to discover the particulars that had troubled his cousin. Gerárd met him at the platform with a wide smile and open arms. Gerárd himself was a small, squat, rather pear-shaped man with a waistcoat five years out of a fashion and an irrepressible grin. He was dwarfed by the tall and dashing explorer, who had a reputation not only as a man of action, but also as a breaker of hearts.

By carriage, Valmont traveled not to Paris itself, but to the small community of Refuge on the city's outskirts. Since the Occurrence of 1884, many had fled from the city center, where the unusual manifestations were most highly concentrated. Refuge was still troubled by the occasional ghost or werewolf, but at least there entire buildings did not shift overnight. In



Refuge, the sun still shone even though the gray haze of Paris loomed close by.

For a moment as the carriage halted, Valmont thought the driver must have stopped at the wrong house. This was not Gerárd's ancestral home, which Valmont remembered having visited so many times as a boy. This was a hovel compared to the grand apartment just off the Champ de Mars that had been built during the reign of the Sun King. Immediately, Valmont wondered what could have forced Gerárd from the famed Leopold House.

Gerárd ushered the well-traveled adventurer into his home and immediately and boisterously demanded word of his exploits. Shyness had never been Savienne du Valmont's problem, and he was all too willing to relate some of his more astonishing feats. The bottle of choice Armagnac that Gerárd provided did little to dissuade him. It was only after dinner, well into the second bottle, after hours of well-embellished tales of adventure, that the talk finally turned to the matter of the letter. At its mention, Gerárd's mood visibly darkened.

"These are strange times, cousin," said Gerárd. "I have considered selling my property in the city center. Of course, dear Maman, God please to rest her soul, would never forgive me for letting the Leopold House leave our family. And besides, I would get only a pittance for it given the current circumstance. But some-

thing must be done."

"What could force you to sell your family home. Indeed, why are you not residing there now? Have things gone so mad in Paris that one cannot live there any more?" asked Savienne.

"In some places, perhaps - but in the House of Leopold, most assuredly no one can abide. For centuries the House has been haunted. Legend has it that the house's original builder, noble Leopold himself, was a foreigner-in-exile who had lost the favor of the king and was treacherously handed over to his enemies. Worse, the home he had obsessively built for himself and his family was gifted to strangers while he and his beloved Isadora were hanged in the forest like common criminals. Even recently, sightings of the Murdered Duke and his beloved Isadora were commonplace. They were mournful spirits, reunited in the house only in death. But, cousin, they were never violent. On their anniversary, they would be seen dancing in the main hall at midnight. Or perhaps the Duke would be seen roaming the corridors, inspecting his manor. Any attempt to modify the house would be harassed by minor mischiefs - tools would go missing, ladders would fall, workmen would be scared off. Harmless pranks, really. But now... things are different."

"Different?" asked Savienne. "How are they different?"

"Something has happened to the spirits, cousin. They have gone mad. Blood began to drip from the walls. Food was spoiled, covered by maggots. And, finally, one of the servants was found murdered in a most gruesome fashion - disemboweled and hanged by his own... by his own... Oh, it's too horrible even to imagine. I fled the house then."

"Have you done anything to provoke the spirits?" asked Savienne.

"No! Nothing! I haven't even so much as changed the color of the House. I went so far as to hire a local spiritualist to contact the ghosts and ask what had offended them. She ran out of the housing screaming about devils after five minutes. She threw my money at me, Savienne. Can you believe that? A spiritualist actually threw my money at me! It will be raining fish next!"

Savienne only sipped his Armagnac and considered Gérard's predicament.

"I'm at wit's end, cousin. I cannot just leave the house abandoned. But I fear for my own life if I return. Is there anything you can do to help? Surely this cannot be more dangerous than the Spider Tribes of the Congo, or the fanatic assassins of Egypt, or the wild Thunder Dragons of Bhutan?"

"Ah yes, well... we shall see."

"So, you'll help me, cousin?"

"Of course, Gérard! I did not return to Paris to see it ripped apart by angry ghosts! But first, there is the matter of my glass."

"Your glass?"

"It has grown quite empty, cousin."

* * *

The next day, Savienne rode into the city center in Gérard's vintage carriage. The hand-carved, horse-drawn artifact was an anachronism in the modern urban landscape of the fin de siècle, even still displaying a coat of arms from the days when France still had kings.

The border between Paris and Refuge was like a

knife's edge. The bright light of France at noon was swallowed in a second by the perpetual haze of the haunted city. Inside the gloom, the city was far from abandoned. Indeed, the shadowed city seemed to bustle with a darker energy all its own. The streets teemed with spiritualists, mediums, and charm-mongers of every stripe. Foreign artists conspired in sunless cafes. A revolutionary on a street corner stirred up the rabble with mad rhetoric while handing out pamphlets decrying the ownership of property as theft. These new arrivals mingled with an older community of stalwarts who had refused to abandon the city center. Traditional enterprises were mingled with the new breed of business. On one corner an old woman, who had sold apples there every day since she was a girl, stood next to a hawker pushing Egyptian amulets allegedly useful in warding off the dead. Posted handbills announced both a new exhibition of Italian renaissance oils at the Musée du Louvre and a thousand-franc bounty on werewolves.

To Savienne the condition of Paris was a source of endless fascination, but today he had little time for exploration. He had come here for a specific reason. Paris was the last known residence of Carlotta Dufresne, an American spiritualist who had accompanied the Harbold-Keeling Expedition to the Himalayas. Here Savienne showed his wisdom. She was a competent, fearless spiritualist, one far more adept at dealing with angry ghosts than the French explorer. The fact that she was also very easy for him to look at made her a particularly appealing choice for a partner.

After several hours of searching, he located her in a small shop off the Rue de Sel. A small sign hung above the door with the cryptic words, "Carlotta's Folly." Below that was written, "By appointment only." This was clearly not the sort of shop a casual customer was meant to wander into. Savienne did not wait for an appointment. He burst in on Carlotta, who was deep in research on the mythology and causes of lycanthropy through the ages. Despite her best efforts, she

could not convince the flamboyant Frenchman to depart her shop without fully explaining his situation.

"So let me get this straight," the dark-haired Acadian beauty said as Savienne finished his tale. "You want help on clearing out a homicidal ghost from the House of Leopold? Is there any money in this?"

"No, just an opportunity to cross swords with the undead. I would also consider it a personal favor."

"And if I help you, will you leave me alone?"

"Mademoiselle, you wound me. Talk like that will make me think you don't like me!"

She sighed. "It's not that I dislike you. It's just that you're a trouble magnet. Wherever you go, danger will follow."

"Such is the life of an adventurer," he said with a flourish.

"Yeah, well, the last time I went looking for adventure, I damn near froze to death."

"Freeze to death in Paris? Don't be ridiculous!" Savienne assured her, his winning smile doing little to sooth Carlotta's anxiety.

* * *

The House of Leopold was no longer the inviting Parisian getaway that Savienne had remembered from his youth. As the pair of prospective ghost-hunters passed the wrought iron gates and approached the front steps, both were overcome with a feeling that they'd rather be somewhere else. The paint was dry and cracked. The shutters snapped in even a slight breeze. The place stank of old blood and unfettered anger.

Finding the ghost proved remarkably simple. Indeed, as they eased through the house the ghost actually found them. The long dead Duke Leopold manifested in the large dining hall, a blaze of spectral fury. He was pale and veiled in mists, still dressed in an ancient tabard adorned with Prussian heraldry. His eyes burned with a cold white fire. As he manifested, the temperature dropped sharply and both of them shivered. Carlotta took a moment to give Savienne a malicious icy stare.

"What is it with you and freezing to death?" she said, exasperated.

Savienne didn't even notice her jibe. He froze in place at the sight of the ghost. He clutched the amulet given to him by Carlotta, somehow hoping that hold it tight would increase its power.

"All right, what now?" he said.

"Let me... let me try to talk to him," she managed, her teeth chattering as she tried to hide her own fear.

"Right, talk to it. I like that plan. Maybe it can be reasoned with," said Savienne.

Carlotta crept forward and approached the spirit. "Hello, Herr Ghost," she managed. "How are you today?"

The ghost roared in anger. "Murderers! Monsters! Thieves! Was it not enough that I roam this plane forever? Now I must wander it alone! I will flay your flesh from your carcasses and drink your life's blood!"

Savienne drew his rapier in a single lightning-fast maneuver. He assumed his classic fencing stance, ready to fend off the ghost's attacks. "En garde, Herr Ghost" he said with a salute of sword.

All at once, as if in response to Savienne's challenge, every piece of furniture in the dining hall began to float off the floor. The solid oak furniture then tore to pieces in a telekinetic hurricane. The room was becoming filled with a whirling vortex of rapidly spinning metal and splintered wood.

"Okay, new plan," said Carlotta. "Run."

Savienne was far ahead of her by the time she had finished speaking, however. In fact he was so far ahead of her that he managed to clear the House's front door, a full eight strides before her. The fact that blood was streaming down the walls of the front foyer as they bolted out the front door was only of passing interest to them. Somewhere in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, they finally stopped running.

"Well... I think reasoning with him was only partially successful," said Savienne, still breathing hard. Carlotta gave Savienne another icy stare.

"All right, I've got a theory," said Carlotta. "You're aware of the new spectral disruptor developed by J.D. Salingerson, right?"

"Mmm... not really," said Savienne.

"It's an anti-ghost weapon. Very new. Very experimental. I happen to know that a prototype is here in Paris. And I think someone just might have tested the prototype on Duke Leopold's wife, Isadora."

"Who would do such a thing?"

"I don't know. But remember what he said about wandering alone? That's got to mean his beloved wife is dead."

"You mean more dead?" quipped Savienne.

"I mean really dead as opposed to undead," she replied.

"Ah, yes, I see," Savienne lied. Dealing with ghosts was almost enough to make him miss hunting Yeti through snowstorms in the Himalayas.

"In short," said Carlotta, "I think we're talking to the wrong ghost."

* * *

The séance was ready to be performed the next night. Carlotta had decorated her shop in a look that could only be described as "spooky Catholic." Crucifixes and apostolic iconography hung on every wall. Invocations to saints were prominently displayed. A large basin filled with holy water was the center piece of the table.

"Why all the religious paraphernalia?" asked Savienne as he entered the room. "Is this a séance or a mass?"

"Duchess Isadora of Muchenhold was a good Catholic. That was the reason she and her husband were exiled to France. That means she is likely attached to a deity."

"So Isadora went to heaven?" asked Savienne.

"Very likely."

"Doesn't that mean Catholicism is the one true religion?"

"Maybe, but I know for certain that Protestants,

Jews and Hindus can also go to heaven. I haven't tried any other major religions yet."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

"Me neither. I'm a spiritualist, not a theologian," remarked Carlotta.

The séance itself was, for Savienne, quite anti-climatic. He wasn't sure what he was expecting - perhaps white flashes of spectral energy or for the table to float off the ground, or at least for the wind to howl angrily. Instead, Carlotta closed her eyes, chanted a ritual in some dead language Savienne didn't recognize, and then, minutes later, a hazy, transparent apparition coalesced quietly into view above the table. After their encounter with Duke Leopold, it seemed almost mundane.

"Duchess Isadora, welcome back to the realm of the living."

The spirit betrayed no emotion, whispering only, "Why am I summoned?"

"It is about your husband, Madame. He has gone into a rage," said Carlotta.

"Of course, he is furious at my second murder," said the ghost in a hushed whisper.

"Second murder?" she asked.

"Once I was murdered by Prussian assassins in the woods near Barsonne. And now, a second time, I was murdered by the hooded man. It is that murder that has sent my poor husband into his rage." The spirit related these events dispassionately and without recrimination.

"Who is this hooded man?" asked Carlotta.

"I do not know. He wore a black robed trimmed in purple and adorned with a strange cross."

"And what must be done to calm your husband's rage? He is hurting the living, Madame. Surely he must be stopped."

"How desperately the living cling to life. Such folly. Yet I understand. I am not so far removed that I do not remember what it was to be alive. It is only because of my husband that I answered your sum-

mons," said the spirit. "His rage will not pass. He will not listen to such as you. My beloved Leopold was many things in life, but most of all he was stubborn. All that can be done is to remove the last tether that holds him here. Remove that and he will at last be free." The spirit faded without another word.

"Wait! What is the last tether?" cried Carlotta to nothing but the wind.

Savienne considered the ghost's words. "It must be something in the house..."

"No, not in the house," said Carlotta.

"Ah, yes," said Savienne, suddenly certain what they must do.

* * *

It was later that night that the famed House of Leopold burned to the ground. An anonymous courier arrived at Paris' central fire station shortly after the blaze began. It was only this prompt alert that saved the closely packed neighboring buildings from significant damage. Inquiries by police inspector Martin Cretien turned up little information about the perpetrators of the fire. But he did uncover multiple sightings of a mad apparition laughing as the fire consumed the house, slowly fading as the last wall collapsed into the flames. The owner of the house, Gérard du Partisse, was saddened to hear of the loss, but seem resolved.

As for Savienne and Carlotta, the very next day the pair encountered an old friend from Bhutan who had come into town in the hope of finding the truth behind the lycanthrope infestation that was so troubling Paris. And, true to Carlotta's prediction, Monsieur du Valmont did not stay out of trouble for long.

* * *

Below the catacombs of Paris, a group of hooded men gathered in the deep hours of the night. They

wore long black robes adorned with rich purple and displaying the ancient cross of St. Denis. They conducted the ceremony in old French and swore their dedication to the cause in somber ancient oaths. A man who could trace his bloodline clearly back to Louis XVI spoke in a raspy whisper.

"So, I take it the guardian of the House's vault has been dispatched?"

"Yes, your majesty," said Gérard, barely able to control his trembling. "The vault survived the destruction of the house and is quite intact beneath the rubble."

"Excellent. You have redeemed yourself in our eyes after the debacle with the spectral disruptor, Visconte. That fool cousin of yours has served us well. Now the riches of old Duke Leopold will be ours. And with that wealth, we shall build our army. Soon these farcical Republics will be swept aside and once again France shall kneel before her rightful King!"

"Vive le roi!" said a chorus of voices.

"I have only one concern, your majesty," said Gérard nervously.

"Yes, Visconte?"

"I believe that he may suspect something. It is possible that he and the American may investigate the matter further. This could complicate the recovery of the treasure."

"I see. It is unfortunate then that noble blood must be spilled, but ultimately our duty lies with country and with king. Tonight, let it be known that Savienne Hercule August du Valmont is an enemy of the Order of St. Denis, and that by decree of the Heir he shall be eliminated. Now, my subjects, bring me his head!"

Introduction

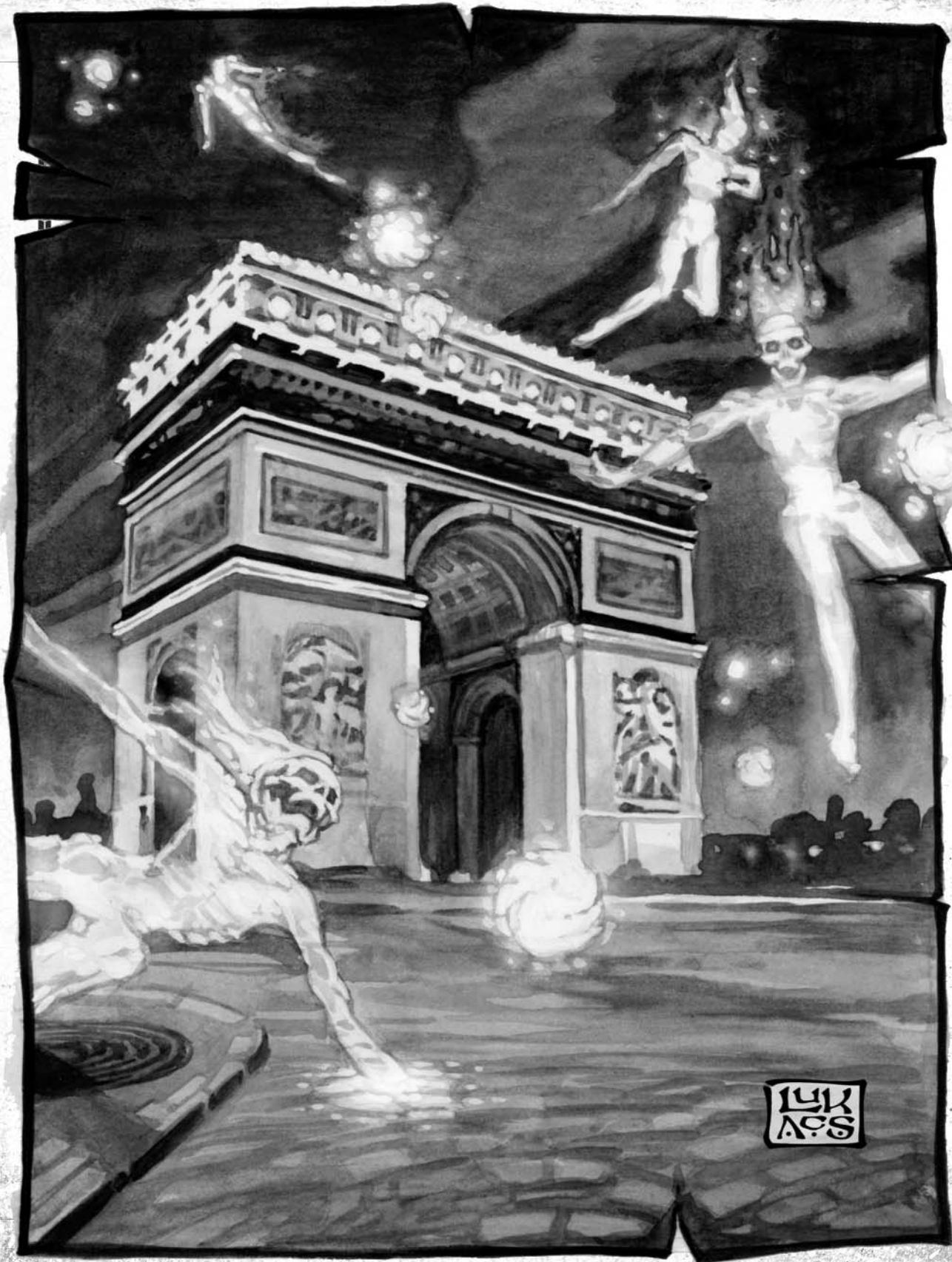
Welcome to a Paris that never was. Few living cities can claim as much mystique and misinformation as the French capital. This book does nothing to change that situation. But here you will find a Paris full of ghosts and werewolves, plots and conspiracies. It bears at most a passing resemblance to the real-world city. The Paris of the Forbidden Kingdoms is a place transformed by a magical cataclysm. Here, Paris is not a place where millions live and work in relative safety and quiet. It is a distorted caricature of the city where fancies and half-truths have been blown all out of proportion. It was written by an author who has never been to France and doesn't speak French. If you are looking for a book that conveys factual information about the real city there are many far more expansive and factual travelogues written by hard-working men and women, some of whom have probably actually been

to Paris.

This work instead tries to answer another question that most travelogues seem inexplicably to have overlooked: What would a band of pulp action heroes do in Paris? Would they fight the sinister machinations of the World Crime League? Would they investigate the werewolf menace that threatens the fair citizens of gay Paris? Would they hook up with a local spiritualist and go ghost hunting? Would they break up a white slavery ring that trades unfortunate Parisian beauties for their weight in raw opium? Or perhaps they would square off with the agents of Wilhelm II in a desperate race to secure the schematics of the wonder weapon that might determine the course of the next war. If you're looking for a book that provides you with that sort of information, you're in the right place.

Welcome to Paris, the city of lights... a city drowning in shadow.





LUK
A.C.S.

Chapter Two

L'histoire

"War is one of the scourges which it has pleased God to afflict on men." - Cardinal Richelieu

Every city has a history, but Paris has enough history for ten cities. Filled with such remarkable characters as Napoleon, the Sun King, Voltaire, Robespierre, Charlemagne, and Joan of Arc, it is impossible to know Paris without knowing its people. To understand what is happening in Paris in 1889 to 1939, the reader must understand what has come before.

Ancient History

Have people ever not lived in Paris? At the confluence of five rivers, tempered by the Gulf Stream, surrounded by arable land, the location is a perfectly natural place for people to live. As early as the Paleolithic Age, primitive peoples inhabited the region, thriving under the protection afforded by the river islands. Excavated evidence demonstrates that the environs of Paris have been settled continuously for at least 6,000 years. And there is little reason to suspect that the settlements of 6,000 years ago were new at that time.

During the Bronze Age (c. 1800 B.C. to 700 B.C.), the Seine was a major thoroughfare for an ancient population known to historians as the Danubians. The Celtic Parisii peoples settled the Island in the Seine (Île de la Cité) during the second Iron Age, in roughly 300 B.C. The Parisii were an enigmatic people of whom little is known. They had ties to Gaul and might very well have been from the same stock as that of the horde that sacked Rome in 390 B.C. They lived in thatched huts along the river banks. At the center of their town was a mud and wood fort called a Lutetia, the heart of Parisii life. They were an illiterate and warlike folk, and it is they whose name has survived to describe the

ancient city that would rise in the region. This lost people are remembered primarily for their strength, courage, and resistance against the first foreign empire who would conquer France - the Romans.

The Roman Era

In 58 B.C., Julius Caesar marched north to capture Gaul, hoping to extend the borders of his empire and thus end the barbarian menace that threatened Rome. Caesar's lieutenant Labienus captured Paris in 52 B.C. during the campaign to defeat Vercingetorix, the warlord who had united the Gauls. The Roman army occupied Paris and transformed the mud and thatch community into a town of stone and brick. The Romans also imposed upon the Gauls their language, Latin, which would in time evolve into French.

The Romans did their best to make themselves comfortable in Gaul. In Bordeaux, they encouraged wine production. In Paris, they built three baths, a forum, and the Lutetia Arena, designed to hold 15,000 people. In the arena they held gladiatorial contests and games and tried to transform this outpost of the Empire into a true Roman community.

During the Roman era, Christianity arrived. The first bishop of Paris, Saint Denis, came from Italy in 250 A.D. and tried to spread the Gospel amongst the firmly pagan Gauls. His efforts were largely unsuccessful. He was beheaded at the top of Montmartre (literally the Mount of the Martyr). Legend holds that, after his decapitation, Saint Denis picked up his own head and walked to his tomb. It was almost a hundred and fifty years later before the first Christian church was built in Paris.

In time, the Roman hold over Gaul began to crumble. In the third century A.D., new Germanic invaders arrived from the east. The Franks and Alamans invaded Gaul and found a Roman empire in decline. Paris was laid to waste by the invaders, pillaged and decimated. The Franks settled permanently in the region.

The Roman survivors constructed a rampart on the Ile de la Cité which became the seat of the remaining Roman armies in Gaul. The rampart and the village around it were called by its inhabitants, for the first time in all of history, Paris.

In 464 A.D., a Frankish warlord known as Childeric came to Paris intent on removing the Romans once and for all. After a decade-long blockade, the Franks claimed the city. In 476, the Visigoths sacked Rome and the Roman Empire in the West was no more. Paris belonged to the Franks.

Paris through the Middle Ages

The Frankish kings reigned until the 10th century, frequently holding Paris as their capital. This is an age of obscurity and legend. It was also the age of Charlemagne. Today, in front of Notre Dame Cathedral stands a statue of a bearded giant atop a mighty stallion, a powerful and legendary figure in France. Unfortunately, the real Charlemagne bears little resemblance to that statue. Charlemagne was a short, clean-shaven, portly man who did not even use Paris as the capital of his empire. His chosen capital was Aix-la-Chapelle, which is no longer even part of France, but instead is known as Aachen, Germany.

Born the eldest son of the self-styled king of the region, young Charles accompanied his father, Pepin III, called "the Short," on campaigns to increase their family's holdings. After his father's death in 768, Charles and his younger brother Carloman each received part of Pepin's lands, as was normal under Frankish custom. Charles conspired against his brother, however. Finally, in 771, at Carloman's death, he seized all his brother's lands, thus reuniting his father's kingdom, and then killed his nephews in order to make sure his claim would remain unchallenged. Then he turned to conquest.

In the span of a single decade, Charles united almost all of Christian Europe into one vast empire.

Only Britain and parts of Italy and Spain remained outside of his control. He was no longer simply Charles, but was now Charles "the Great" (or Carolus Magnus, or, in French, Charlemagne).

Charlemagne seemed poised to recreate the power and scope of the Roman Empire. He ruled a domain that stretched from the Atlantic to Eastern Europe, from the English Channel to northern Spain. He even conquered Rome itself. It was Pope Leo III who declared Charlemagne the Emperor of the Romans and blessed him as "crowned by God." But his empire was not to endure. In 814, after a reign of forty-six years marked by almost perpetual warfare, Charlemagne died. His successors proved weak and quarrelsome. They fought a series of vicious civil wars that broke apart Charlemagne's fledgling empire. From this series of wars emerged something close to the borders of modern France, ruled by one of Charlemagne's grandsons. Yet this did not bring peace either to France or to Paris.

In 845, the first Viking invasion of Paris occurred. They sacked the city, burning churches and demanding heavy ransoms before they would leave. These incursions became regular events. Each summer brought a new boatload of fierce Viking invaders eager to loot, plunder, and rape along the banks of the Seine. The infamous Viking longboat, the drakkar, was small enough to maneuver up and down the Seine. Suddenly, Paris became a strategic point through which the Norse raiders needed to pass in order to be able to pillage deeper into France.

In 885, when 700 Norse drakkars holding 30,000 Norsemen tried to pass upriver and the Parisians refused them passage, the Vikings laid siege to Paris. Count Eudes, son of Robert, held the invaders off for a year. Eventually King Charles the Fat arrived to rescue Paris. He did not do this by fighting the fierce Norsemen, but by bribing them with silver and a license to continue their pillaging elsewhere. So the Norse continued to raid France until 911. Their raids were stopped then not by their being defeated, but

rather by their being awarded the dukedom of Normandy. The Normans had come to France to stay. Through the centuries, Paris gained in importance. King Philippe-Auguste (r. 1180-1223) chose Paris as his residence and capital. It is he who expelled all the Jews from Paris in 1182 and confiscated their considerable wealth. He was also instrumental in transforming Paris into France's permanent capital, however, so that it outshone rivals such as Orleans. He began a massive thirty-five-year construction project to fortify Paris, building the Louvre fortress and a wall around the entire city. He continued the construction of the Notre Dame Cathedral begun by his father. In the 12th century, Paris was transformed from a rural town into a true urban cityscape, and was assured its place as the capital of France.

Saint Louis

The grandson of Philippe-Auguste, Louis IX came to the throne in 1226. Known as the Very Christian King, he is the only member of the Bourbon monarchy to have been canonized by the Catholic Church. Early in his reign, he sent agents to Constantinople to purchase the "true crown of thorns." Though many doubted its authenticity, Louis IX would not be dissuaded. When the artifact arrived in Paris, the king walked for seventy miles, barefoot, to deliver the crown personally to Notre Dame. The relic was interred into the Sainte-Chapelle upon its completion in 1248.

Throughout his reign, Louis strove again and again to prove his piety. In 1248, he himself led a disastrous crusade to the Holy Land to capture Jerusalem from the Muslims and to bring the tomb of Christ to France. During that expedition, he was captured by the "infidels" and spent four years in a Saracen prison. He returned to France still strong in his faith, however. Heretics were tortured, blinded with red hot pokers, and burned. He banished usurers from France and personally beheaded numerous criminals. He also pursued

during his reign a campaign of persecution against the Jews of France.

Still, in Saint Louis, the poor had a friend. He reformed the government, limited the power of the barons, and dispensed charity to those in need. As a result, he was immensely popular amongst the people. Alas, in 1271, Louis returned to the Holy Land once again to try to free Jerusalem. There he died of the plague. But his popularity continued after his death. For centuries to come the people of France would revere their only Saint-King.

The Hundred Years' War and the Black Death

The Normans had transformed from Norse warriors into French warrior-kings, and had gone on to conquer England. By the 12th century, the Norman seat of power was no longer in Normandy, but in another ancient Roman fortress: London. When Charles IV died in 1328, King Edward III of England considered himself the legitimate successor to the throne of France. The French, sickened by the idea of bowing to an English king, disagreed. They awarded the throne to Philippe VI of the Valois line. But when Philippe tried to remove the English from Guyenne in southern France, war was declared. What followed was a century of sieges, warfare, backbiting, treaties, treachery, and bloodshed. This nightmare is often called by historians the Hundred Years' War.

Further adding to the suffering of the people, the Black Death arrived in the middle of the century. From 1347 to 1351 intermittent outbreaks of the Black Plague appeared throughout Europe. An estimated twenty-five million people died, roughly one-third of the continent's population. Across the countryside of France, entire townships were wiped out by the plague. The city of Toulouse lost half its population. The plague stalked the streets of Paris like a serial killer. The dead grew so numerous that the survivors were

forced to stop burying them, instead preferring to burn the bodies in huge funeral pyres. Surely, the people thought, this was the end of the world.

Strong leadership was required in order to surmount these twin catastrophes. What France got instead was mad king Charles VI, who was crowned King of France in 1380 at the age of twelve. He married the beautiful Isabel of Bavaria, and as soon as he came of age immediately sank into a decadent life of pleasure and excess, squandering the public wealth at an unprecedented rate. His expenses were such that he could no longer be supported by property taxes alone, so he implemented the first sales tax in Paris to pay for his luxuries. Finally, in 1392, Charles VI lost what little remained of his sanity. Although he remained king in name, Charles' actual duties of rulership were passed to a series of relatives, which plunged France into a civil war. In 1407, Charles' uncle murdered the king's brother and plunged Paris into civil turmoil between various factions of the royal family.

And, of course, the war with England continued amidst all this (un)civil chaos. Henry V of England, despite being outnumbered three to one, decimated the French army at Agincourt, took the Duc du Orleans prisoner, and captured Paris with scarcely a fight. In 1420, Henry signed a treaty that made him heir to the throne of France, and he married the daughter of Charles VI. Two years later, when Henry V died, Henry VI was crowned King of France at the tender age of one. Starting in 1422, then, Paris was ruled by the English Duke of Bedford, regent to the throne of England. However, the son of mad king Charles VI, Charles VII, never abdicated his claim to the throne, and he dreamed of recovering his late father's crown. But victory seemed impossible. After all, continual warfare with the English since the first half of the fourteenth century had so far earned France nothing but an English king. It took a sixteen-year-old peasant girl who claimed to hear the voices of saints to change the balance of power in France.

Joan of Arc

Writing a history of Paris and of France without mentioning Joan of Arc would be like trying to paint a picture of a rose bush without using any red pigment. Born a peasant in 1412, she nonetheless is undoubtedly the most celebrated heroine in French history. Yet much of the truth of her life and of her actual deeds has been lost to history. Joan is no longer a person - she has become a symbol of France. What is known of her must be filtered through centuries of myth and embellishment.

Of some things, though, we can be certain. At the age of sixteen, Joan petitioned to join the army of the Dauphin Charles, the son of Charles VII. She claimed not to just see divine visions, but to receive direct guidance from St. Michael, St. Catherine, and St. Margaret. Because of these visions and her demonstrated piety, she inspired the soldiers of France to fight and to win against remarkable odds. All of this made possible her pledged goal: to see Charles VII made king of France. Joan was literate, we must assume, as she apparently wrote several letters urging opponents and supporters alike to obey the will of God and to support the King. In July, 1429, in no small part because of the visions of a teenage peasant girl in a city once under English control, Charles VII became king of France. Within two years of this time, Joan of Arc was burned at the stake on charges of blasphemy and heresy. Charles VII did nothing to save her.

In truth, and despite popular legend, Joan of Arc's actions did not end the war or even signal a major turning point. The War against the English continued for another twenty-two years after her execution. Charles VII reclaimed Paris in 1435 only after the Duke of Burgundy stopped supporting the English and came over to the French. And it was only in 1453 that the French finally ousted the last of the English from Bordeaux, bringing the Hundred Years' War to its bitter conclusion.



take inspiration from Joan's accomplishments, and many powerful figures would curse her influence.

The Wages of War

Liberation from the English did not bring a golden age to Paris. Far from it. Immediately after the war, Paris suffered one of its worst catastrophes. In 1438, a plague descended upon Paris reminiscent of the Black Plague of the 14th century. In one year, 50,000 people died. There were so many funerals that it was ordered forbidden to sound the church bells. Compounding the problem was the worst winter in decades. Crops failed. The war had already devastated the economy, and food was scarce even for the rich. The famine only made things worse.

So desperate was the food shortage that, in the winter of 1438-39, wolves entered Paris itself searching for game. Finding the woods around the city empty of food, the wolves soon hunted for meat in the very streets. They were led by a great white beast given by the folk of Paris the name of "Courtaud." Courtaud's pack brazenly attacked the citizenry of the city and feasted on

But these realities have done nothing to discourage Joan of Arc's legend. She quickly became a symbol of the power of both the peasantry and the triumph of personal piety. She had set herself outside of the normal social order of the day, both in terms of the nobility and the church. A peasant girl had been more powerful and influential than a king. A peasant girl had been more pious and closer to God than the Church. In the centuries to come, many revolutionaries would

human flesh. They were finally slaughtered in front of Notre Dame.

The city became clogged with garbage; it lacked proper drainage and had little in the way of a sewage system. With all of this, it came as little surprise that Charles VII and his successor Louis XI abandoned Paris. It remained the capital, but in name only. The kings moved their courts to the Loire Valley, taking with them all the merchants who had catered to the

king, further impoverishing Paris. Crime, poverty, pestilence, and wolf attacks were the order of the day. Some historians in recent years have taken to calling this era the First Darkness of Paris (as contrasted with the Second that started in 1884). True, there was no veil of fog or magical catastrophe. But did that make these years any less bleak?

The Renaissance

The darkness did not last forever. In 1470, the first printing press opened in Paris on the left bank of the Seine. Even though the crown was quick to impose strict censorship, they could not staunch the flow of print. Bibles, novels, poetry, almanacs, and handbills churned from the presses. French artists, newly literate and eager to learn more, traveled to Italy to study at the feet of the masters. Classical literature was being rediscovered, translated, and pressed. Ancient writings by Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and Livy were being reintroduced to the intellectual circles of Europe. The wealth of the French nobility attracted Italian painters, sculptors, engineers, and scholars to attend their wealthy patrons. At the turn of the century, the Renaissance had begun.

Of course, this new learning did not persuade the Kings of France to behave any better. Charles VIII invaded Italy fruitlessly in 1495. His successor, Louis XII, also felt the need to invade Italy, with equally disastrous results. François I took the throne in 1515, and France at last had a king who was neither mad nor obese nor incompetent. Instead, François I was charming, quick-witted, and handsome. He was often referred to as the Knight-King, touring his kingdom and keeping in touch with the common man. He was a true patron of the arts, as well: it was he who would purchase the Mona Lisa from Leonardo DaVinci. He was also militarily successful, capturing the Duchy of Milan. It seemed that at last France had a king worthy of her.

Then Charles V, King of Spain and the Holy Roman Emperor, entered the picture. François and Charles hated each other. The trouble began when Charles V took François I prisoner in 1525 at the Battle of Pavia. Emperor Charles demanded that François give him fully one third of France for his release. François told Charles he would rather stay in jail. Charles obliged him. When François finally did secure his release, he never forgave Charles for his humiliation. The two men spent the next twenty-two years engaging in bickering and squabbling that did nothing good for either of their realms. François wanted to challenge Charles to a duel, but held back upon the advice of his mother. Charles tried to force François to abide by a treaty he had signed in jail. François repeatedly tried to lure Charles' favorite Italian artists away from the Spanish court, just to spite Charles. Charles openly questioned François' heritage. Even decades later, neither man could find it in his heart to forgive the other. They died bitter enemies. The real loser in their quarrels, of course, were the people of France and Spain.

The Wars of Religion

Protestantism came late to France, but by 1560 there were more than two thousand congregations ministering to a full 10% of the population. François I had been comparatively tolerant of religion. But in 1547, with the ascension of François' son, Henri II, religious tolerance quickly ended. Henri established a new court for trying heretics and passed laws designed to uproot the protestant movement.

Then came August 23, 1572, St. Bartholomew's Day, a black day in Paris. From the Louvre - then a palace - emerged squads of armed men ordered to slaughter the protestant Huguenots of Paris. "Kill them all, the King commands it," had been their order. The Huguenots' homes were burned and their shops pilaged. In Paris alone, it is estimated 3,000 people were

killed that day. Their bodies were thrown into the Seine. The slaughter spread to the countryside as the Catholic soldiery was granted a free license to slaughter Protestants. The death toll will remain forever uncertain, but throughout France perhaps as many as 70,000 people died in the following purges. In the end, however, the massacres backfired; the French Protestants were galvanized, and the purges touched off a violent civil war.

Both sides readily committed atrocities, all in the name of God. For half a century, religious war tore France apart. Massacres of Catholics followed the massacres of Protestants. Leaders both Catholic and Protestant were assassinated. Henri III was himself assassinated by a fanatical priest. After decades of strife, peace finally came to France in 1598 at the Edict of Nantes. The Edict granted limited tolerance of Protestantism in France. It made no one happy, but it did stop the bloodshed. It also cost Henri IV his life. He survived eighteen attempts on his life before finally being assassinated by a religious zealot in 1610.

Cardinal Richelieu

In 1624, Louis XIII appointed Armand-Jean du Plessis, Cardinal et Duc du Richelieu, as his chief minister and head of government. Cardinal Richelieu may very well be the most maligned character in all of French history. In many works of fiction, and in particular in Dumas' *The Three Musketeers*, Richelieu has been portrayed as a power-mad traitor to the throne. Some versions of the story go as far as to insinuate that Richelieu was actually trying to seize the throne of France for himself. This is utter nonsense. Cardinal Richelieu was one of the greatest friends the French Monarchy had in the 17th century. In fact, in 1642, Cardinal Richelieu died in the arms of Louis XIII, a king he had served with total devotion for almost twenty years.

Cardinal Richelieu came from a minor noble family. He was schooled in law and joined the priesthood to fulfill a family obligation. He received a court post in 1614 under the patronage of Queen Marie de Médicis, mother of the fourteen-year-old King Louis XIII. Richelieu was Marie's principle advisor and developed a relationship with the King through her. Louis XIII cared nothing for the work of rulership. The King was eager to let someone else do his work for him, and the Cardinal was willing.

So, for eighteen years, in effect, Cardinal Richelieu ruled France. He encouraged trade, established the French Academy to standardize the French language, supported the arts, and worked tirelessly to defend the monarchy from rebellious nobles. Richelieu has sometimes been called the author of absolutism, and he probably deserves that appellation as much as anyone. He could have used his position to empower his own family or the Church. Instead, he made the King of France into the most powerful monarch in the world. He was rewarded for his efforts, being granted the title of Duke and amassing the greatest personal fortune in France at the time. By the time of Richelieu's death, largely due to his policies, France dominated the continent of Europe, eclipsing even the power of Spain. He had cleared the way for perhaps France's greatest monarch, a boy he would never meet named Louis XIV.

The Sun King

Louis XIV came to power at the age of five. He was tutored by Cardinal Richelieu's successor, the Italian-born Cardinal Mazarin, who managed to be both more ruthless and less popular than his predecessor. Until Mazarin's death in 1661, Louis XIV could not be honestly said to rule France. The true power lay in the hands of his Italian chief minister. But upon the death of the cardinal, Louis announced his controversial decision (at the age of twenty-three) to rule without a chief minister. This was a momentous decision, wide-

ly regarded as one that would invite disaster, but time would prove Louis' wisdom.

Louis appointed capable ministers who quickly changed the course of the French government. In less than six years, an inherited debt of 22 million French pounds had vanished and been replaced by a surplus of 29 million, all without raising taxes. Louis XIV inherited a makeshift army of 20,000 men that had barely been able to suppress a noble uprising years before. At the end of his reign the army numbered 400,000 and was the envy of Europe.

In 1682, Louis abandoned Paris and permanently relocated to the palace of Versailles to live in a level of opulence that simply staggers the imagination. A town had to be erected near the palace to house the more than five thousand servants who worked in the complex. The King himself

employed a staff of five hundred attendants dedicated to his personal care alone. The royal stables quartered twelve thousand horses and housed hundreds of car-

riages, including several completely adorned in gold. As many as 1,400 fountains, each decorated with elaborate marble statuary, surrounded the massive palace grounds. An artificial canal over a mile long in the shape of a cross was filled with water piped from the distant Seine by an elaborate mechanical water-works. Ornate Italian gondolas ferried the nobles along the waterway so that they could effortlessly sur-



vey the zoo and aviary, each filled with exotic animals from across the world. The gardens stretched for countless acres; they were so expansive that the aristocracy, little given to physical exertion, were loathe to explore its full dimensions. Orange trees, which could not survive

the harsh winters of Northern France, were grown in great tubs and transported by hand from their summer stands to specially-made indoor arboretums where they might weather the colder months, all so that the monarch could enjoy fresh oranges all year long. The famous Hall of Mirrors (Galerie des Glaces) stretched for 70 meters, nearly the length of an American football field, glittering of gold and glass.

The exorbitant cost of the palace will never be known, and indeed Louis ordered the receipts burned. Estimates of the construction costs alone put the Palace's expense to France at over 100 million French pounds - in an era during which ten pounds would comfortably feed a family of four for a year. If that sum is correct, Louis XIV spent roughly ten times as much on Versailles as he spent on the city of Paris during his entire reign.

The ostentation was not without purpose. Nobles from all across France flocked to the palace to occupy its hundreds of rooms and to enjoy its stately excesses. There, they became enmeshed in a system of court etiquette, decorum, and intrigue so complex that it completely occupied their full attention. And here is the point: nobles obsessed with avoiding humiliation and with being on the cutting edge of fashion had little time to plot against the Sun King.

From Versailles, the Sun King ruled with unquestioned authority. "L'etat, c'est moi." "I am the State," pronounced Louis. By the age of forty, Louis XIV was more completely an absolutist monarch than any of his predecessors. He had built a navy that rivaled England, defeated a Spanish coalition, and expanded the borders of France. He patronized the arts on a massive scale, bringing French culture to new heights.

But in 1685, the Sun King finally went too far. He revoked the Edict of Nantes and once again made Protestantism illegal in France. Why he did so is a matter of contention even to this day. Some argue that it was an expression of personal piety. Others suggest that it was a purely political move calculated to destroy

one of the last rival authorities left in France. Whatever the reason, the result was that approximately 400,000 Huguenots fled France. Intellectuals, merchants, and skilled craftsman fled France for England, Germany, Holland, and the New World. France would feel this loss well into the Industrial Revolution. In 1688, William of Orange, a Protestant, ascended to the throne of England. He united much of Europe against the hated Louis XIV under the banner of the Grand Alliance. France was once again embroiled in a war of religion.

Over the next decade, France's taxes skyrocketed to pay for the ever-widening war against the Grand Alliance. In Paris, the price of grain increased five-fold. Hunger and poverty stalked the French people while, all the while, Louis XIV continued his life of luxury in Versailles. In 1697 the war with the Grand Alliance ended with the Treaty of Ryswick. France, for all its suffering and sacrifice, had gained absolutely nothing from the war. Furthermore, four years later, Louis embarked upon a new war - the War of Spanish Succession - to ensure that his grandson would become King of Spain. This war would last fourteen years. In 1709, the winter was so cold that Seine froze. Bread was scarce in Paris. A mob of 15,000 men and women armed with sticks attacked the central market. They were put down by the musketeers and the militia. To keep order, Paris was placed under martial law for months. Louis XIV cared little about the events in Paris. In the last fifteen years of his rule, he visited Paris only four times. He now lived exclusively in Versailles, completed divorced from the desperation of his tax-starved people. Finally, on September 1, 1715, the Roi Soleil died. To quote Saint-Simone, "the people, ruined, downtrodden, desperate, gave thanks to God."

The Enlightenment in the City of Lights

In 1734, a Parisian wit and poet named François-Marie Arouet published a small book entitled, "Philosophical Letters Concerning the English Nation" under the nom-de-plume of Voltaire. On every page he hailed the superiority of the British over his own nation. "The English nation is the only one on earth that has succeeded in controlling the power of kings by resisting them," he wrote. He praised their religious tolerance, their constitution, and their admiration of the learned: "England, where men think free and noble thoughts," enthused Voltaire.

Within ten years, the book went through ten editions. It was banned by the state, burned by the devout, and condemned by the pulpit. But even in the face of such persecution, the work touched off a movement that spread like wildfire to nearly every corner of Europe. The basic assumptions of centuries were questioned. The work earned Voltaire international fame and exile. A warrant for his arrest was issued, and he retreated to the village of Cirey to live with his patron, the Marquise du Châtelet. The authorities were able to chase Voltaire out of Paris, but they were less successful against the ideas he had propagated. The populace had grown weary of their rulers and those rulers' excesses. They were growing weary of starving while the monarchs enjoyed feasts that lasted for days. They were growing weary of kings named Louis.

The Eve of the Revolution

Louis XV died a hated man. He was denounced as a degenerate tyrant, an unrepentant sybarite, and an apathetic and inept leader given more to following the council of his mistresses than that of his well-meaning ministers. His last mistress, the Countess du Barry, would attend meeting of state on the King's arm and make funny faces at the ministers. He had allowed the

monarchy to grow so weak that he was unable even to tax all of France. Under his leadership, the nation had suffered the ignominy of defeat in The Seven Years' War (1756-1763), ending with the Peace of Paris. All across the world, in North America, the West Indies, and Eastern India, the English had won decisive victories. In less than a century, the ascendancy of France was shattered, and Britain began its transformation into the empire where the sun never set.

When Louis XV died suddenly in 1774 of smallpox, the throne was given to his grandson, Louis XVI, an unprepared twenty-year-old. "We are so young!" he was reputed to have cried when he learned of the death of his grandfather and thus of his imminent coronation. Still, the people were ready for change. He and his ravishing Austrian queen, Marie-Antoinette, arrived in Paris to the cheers of the people. The love affair did not last long.

In 1789 the price of wheat increased by 150% in a single month. The average working-class citizen of Paris spent roughly 88% of her income on bread. The people of Paris were starving. All this while Marie-Antoinette, nicknamed Madame Deficit by the people, was having trouble finding new ways to spend money. In Versailles, Marie-Antoinette had a small peasant village constructed so that she could, in a silk parody of a milk maid's uniform, fulfill her idealized fantasies of what life among the lower classes must be like.

The streets of Paris were filled with revolutionary rhetoric and talk of class warfare. This was a city eager for revolt. "What is the Third Estate?" wrote a revolutionary pamphlet in Paris. "Everything!" it declared. "What has it been in the political order up to the present? Nothing! What does the Third Estate want? To be something!"

"Our Problems with the Third Estate"

King Louis XVI was not blind to what was happening in his nation. He ordered a meeting of the Estates-General at Versailles, where the first estate (the clergy), the second estate (the nobles), and the third estate (the peasants who represented at least 96% of the nation's population) could meet and settle their differences. This was the first such meeting since 1614. "This should settle," the King was heard to remark, "our problems with the Third Estate."

More than 1,200 delegates arrived to Versailles from all across France. King Louis presided, dressed in full royal regalia. To his right were the clergy dressed in their gold and purples. To his left were the nobles in all their finery. Facing them were 648 deputies of the Third Estate in plain black suits. Things began badly. Immediately the Estates-General degenerated into a squabble about whether members of the Third Estate should take off their hats in the presence of the King. Through May and June of 1789, the delegates were locked in a stalemate. The nobles were not prepared to give up their power.

On June 20, 1789, in an indoor tennis court at Versailles, the Revolution began. The Third Estate and some sympathetic clergy had joined forces, and had changed their name to the National Assembly. The King refused to accept this new body and tried to reconvene the Estates-General. But by now the Third Estate had finished listening to the nobility. Troops were sent by the King to Paris. They arrived to find the city occupied by the National Guard, a new revolutionary militia.

On July 14, 1789, the King's prison and armory, the Bastille, fell to the National Guard. The prisoners held there were released. However, it turned out that the feared tower only held seven prisoners. They were a lunatic, a hot-headed noble who had been jailed on the order of his parents, four counterfeiters, and an

Irishman named White who believed himself to be either Jesus, Julius Caesar, Saint Louis, or perhaps all three at once.

Throughout France, starving peasants attacked manor houses. Panic and hysteria spread through the countryside. Nobles were lynched. Titles were eliminated. Privilege was outlawed. Monasteries and convents were nationalized. The King lived a virtual prisoner in Paris. A Constitution was created in 1791 that tried to establish a constitutional monarchy. This was not to be.

"Terror is the Order of the Day"

If the Revolution of 1789 proclaimed itself as the triumph of liberty, then the Revolution of 1792 championed equality instead. The working men and women of the cities calling themselves the *sans-culottes* (literally, "without knee breeches," a name meant to distinguish themselves from those elite who were wealthy enough to afford this sort of adornment) took to the streets proclaiming "Égalité!" and "Nation!" They stormed the king's apartments in Paris and looted the fineries. They demanded universal male suffrage and the immediate institution of a popular democracy. The last vestige of respect for the old monarchy was gone. The people now ruled Paris.

In the summer of 1792, the citizens of Paris were offered a new form of entertainment - the guillotine. Named for its greatest supporter, a delegate to the National Assembly, Dr. Joseph Ignace Guillotin, the guillotine became "the great equalizer." The most famous of the guillotines stood on the Place du Carrousel in the city center of Paris. As it dispatched its thousands of victims, the awful spectacle took on a carnivalesque atmosphere. Street vendors hawked toy guillotines, tripartite liberty caps, and food and drink as aristocracy and commoner alike were lined up to wait their turn before "the axe of the people."

In January 1793, it was at last Louis XVI's turn to face the so-called scythe of equality. The King, Marie-Antoinette, and their children were beheaded, each in turn. A new power came to dominance in France. In July of 1793, Maximilien Robespierre assumed leadership of the Committee of Public Safety. Assigned dictatorial powers by the National Assembly, the Great Committee (as it came to be called) began a systematic annihilation of the enemies of the people. Revolutionary tribunals were created with the authority to hold swift summary trials, followed immediately by the beheading of the guilty. Many "enemies of the people" found themselves captured, tried, and executed within the span of a few hours. In nine months, approximately 40,000 of these enemies of the people were guillotined. The slogan of the Great Committee was "Terror is the Order of the Day."

It is worth mentioning that, for all of their pretensions of equality, the Jacobins excluded women from their calls of universal suffrage. They believed that the biological function of child-rearing made women unsuitable for politics. Women's associations were therefore closed and banned. The Society of Revolutionary Republican Women that had marched to Versailles in 1789 in support of the revolution was now outlawed. In fact, its leaders, including the influential Olympia De Gouges, were all guillotined.

The Great Committee soon began the task of creating an entirely new morality and social order. "Everything must be new in France," declared the Jacobin Bertrand de Barère. They outlawed superstition, created a new religion, and turned the cathedral of Notre Dame de Paris into a Temple of Reason. A new Revolutionary Calendar was created, placing the start of the Revolution as the 1st of year O (zero). Any vocalized dissent regarding these radical measures was met with the guillotine.

The madness of the Reign of Terror persisted until the summer of 1794. By that time, the abuses of the Great Committee had become all too apparent.

Robespierre was now reviled by all sides of the political continuum. In the summer of 1794, Maximilien Robespierre was condemned by the same process that he had inflicted upon thousands of his fellow citizens. It was now his turn to face Madame Guillotine.

The bloody Reign of Terror had cost France virtually all of its most capable and charismatic leaders; no one was eager to step up to replace Robespierre. A weak government called the Directory emerged from the bloodbath, but it would not last. Instead, the future lay with a short man born in Corsica called by some "The Little Corporal."

The Reign of Napoleon

No one can argue that Napoleon Bonaparte did not change the world, whatever one may know or think of the man himself - his character, his policies, his wars, his weaknesses. History has given the very age his name: this was the Napoleonic era.

Napoleon ruled France from 1799 to 1815. He seized power during the weakness of the government that followed the Reign of Terror. He kept that power by appeasing the people and scoring military victory after military victory against the greatest powers of Europe. In 1804, Napoleon abandoned the pretense of a democratic government and crowned himself Emperor.

The Napoleonic era was not a peaceful time. During his entire regime Napoleon was either at or preparing for war. He defeated Austria in 1805. He defeated Prussia in 1806. He defeated the Russian Army under Alexander I in 1807. In 1808 he invaded Spain in order to stop an English invasion from that country. By 1810, Napoleon was the master of Europe. One would be hard pressed to count the number of books that have been written about his victories during these years.

Napoleon did not seek merely to conquer Europe, but to remake it entirely. He enacted a new system of

laws, "The Napoleonic Code," and reformed the French government. He established a centralized bank and sought to spur science and technology. He imagined himself the liberator of Europe from the shackles of the old aristocracy. He would transform the world into a glorious new Empire. He would reign forever. The extent of his megalomania is still debated, whether revered or reviled, to this day. But one thing is certain - a lack of ego was definitely not Napoleon's weak point.

The Napoleonic Empire did not endure. A disastrous invasion of Russia decimated the French army. Throughout Europe a new Grand Alliance including, among others, Prussia, Austria, Great Britain, Sweden, and Russia had formed, dedicated to one goal only: defeating Napoleon. In October of 1813, at the battle of Leipzig, France was forced to retreat. Though Napoleon fought on until 1814, he was by this point doomed. In March of 1814, the victorious Alliance marched into Paris and occupied the city. Napoleon abdicated. He was exiled to Elba, and his reign was at an end. Or so it was thought....

The Hundred Days

In March of 1815, in Vienna, a year after the abdication, the European heads of state convened to decide the future of Europe and the fate of France, secure in their belief that Napoleon was still imprisoned in Elba. They were ready for an end to this war. Their efforts proved to be premature. After only one year of imprisonment, Napoleon escaped from Elba and returned to France. He rallied an army of 125,000 loyalists within days and began perhaps the most famous and most scrupulously analyzed military campaign in all of history. He seemed poised to reestablish his Empire and thus to return to power. But this was not to be.

On the 18th of June, 1815, in a then virtually unheard of location called Waterloo in northern France, Napoleon's loyalist army engaged the Duke of Wellington's forces. The erstwhile Emperor returned to

Paris in defeat and abdicated for the last time. Even as he rode through Paris for the last time, however, a few cries of "Long live the Emperor!" could be heard. Napoleon died of cancer in exile on the island of Saint Helena six years later, a prisoner of the English. The Bourbon Monarchy was restored by order of the enemies of France. Louis XVIII was King of France.

The Forgotten Revolutions and the Second Empire

1829 was a bad year for France. Failing crops followed by a harsh winter left the populace cold, hungry, and willing to listen once again to rabble-rousers. The current king, Charles X, the former Comte d'Artois, did little for the people. Instead, he dreamed of a day when he would reign as absolute monarch over France in the same way that Louis XIV had ruled. He allied himself with the Catholic Church, once again making sacrilege a capital crime. He sought to stack the Chamber of Deputies in his favor by dissolving the body and ordering a new election. But when the election results created a new majority that stood more fervently against King Charles X than ever, he issued what would become known as the Four Ordinances.

In short order, Charles dissolved the newly elected Chamber, censored the press, "reformed" electoral procedures to favor his own candidates, and ordered new elections to be overseen by his own cronies. But the people of Paris would tolerate Charles' maneuverings no longer. In July of 1830, the people took the streets, and in three days had deposed the new Bourbon monarchy and sent Charles X fleeing to England. A new ruler who firmly embraced a constitutional monarchy was chosen - Charles' own cousin, Louis-Philippe, the former Duc d'Orleans. In a famous "Three Glorious Days," the July Monarchy was born. That regime would last only until 1848, however, when the people of Paris once again turned on their sovereign.

The Second Republic did not last long. In 1852 it

was replaced by another Empire. Louis-Napoleon or Napoleon III, the nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte, became Emperor. All the powers in Europe watched nervously as another man named Napoleon came to the throne of France.

Napoleon III began an ambitious program of reconstructing Paris. He empowered Baron Georges Haussmann to transform the ancient and rather ramshackle city into a modern metropolis. As Prefect of the Seine from 1852 to 1870, Haussmann remade the city. Poor districts were leveled to make way for modern apartments. The poorer workers were effectively banished to the suburbs. Streets were widened and straightened and the city was transformed into a center of Western culture. France was at last stepping into the modern age. Throughout the nation, industrial production doubled between 1852 and 1870.

Unfortunately, Napoleon III shared not only the grandiose dreams of his uncle in urban reform, he also shared his dreams of conquest. In 1870, however, the Imperial French army was crushed with embarrassing ease by the Prussians in the Franco-Prussian war. The Emperor was captured and the Second Empire was through, only eighteen years after it had begun.

The Siege of Paris and the birth of the Third Republic

Napoleon III and 100,000 of his men were prisoners of war. But Paris did not surrender to the invading Prussian army. The Iron Chancellor Bismark and his 150,000 soldiers laid siege to Paris on September 19, 1870. The provisional republican government organized guard units to hold off the Prussian advance. Over 500,000 men answered the call. The National Guard swelled in numbers; they were poorly trained, but certain of their own invincibility. The Parisian icon and novelist Victor Hugo expressed this spirit in his famous exhortation: "You are three million. Rise up and blow them away!"

But mere enthusiasm proved insufficient. The superior training of the Prussian army allowed it to hold the National Guard at bay. The Iron Chancellor began full scale artillery bombardment of the city. Each day for three weeks, more than 200 massive artillery shells fell on Paris. The guard units crumbled before the onslaught and the Republicans sued for peace.

By January 26, 1871, the Armistice of Versailles was signed. For France it was a humiliation: the French were forced to pay five billion francs in war-time reparations. They ceded the long-contested provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. Paris was in a shambles, with more than a thousand buildings damaged or demolished during the siege. The victorious German army paraded down the Champ-Élysées on the first day of March, 1871. The war against Germany was over, but there was no real peace in Paris.

On March 18, in the course of a single day, Paris changed once again. French soldiers were sent to Montmartre to the National Guard stockades to retrieve the more than two hundred cannons left there after the siege. The soldiers were soon surrounded by members of the National Guard reluctant to give up the guns. The soldiers changed sides, the officers were arrested, and soon a new red flag flew over the roof of city hall. The Commune of Paris was born. The Communards demanded full autonomy from the federal government of France. Defense of the city would become the responsibility of the National Guard. In effect, Paris declared its independence from France. The French government in Versailles, still trying to recover from the war with Prussia, was not amused.

On April 2, Soldiers of the Federal Government (the Versaillais) engaged the Communards. Paris was again under siege. Again the National Guard failed to repel the invaders for more than a short while. The remnants of France's imperial army entered the city on May 21. What followed is often called "the bloody week." Many of the soldiers who took Paris had only recently been released from German prison camps; they

were in no mood to be compassionate. In the streets of Paris, though, the Communards set up barricades and fought the invading French army for every inch of territory. But they were overwhelmed. 20,000 Parisians died and 38,000 were arrested. The Commune of Paris had lasted only two months. Defeated and conquered yet again, Paris was punished for the sin of rebellion by once more becoming the capital of France.

The Night of Fire and Insanity

In 1884 the New Republic had been in power for fourteen years. These years were not without their troubles, but by the standards of the last century they were peaceful years. There had been a boom of classical architecture in Paris. This period would come to be known *Le Belle Epoque* (the beautiful age). But all of that was undone in 1884.

Just after midnight on October 26, 1884, Paris experienced the Occurrence. In a single night, the city was fundamentally changed. Sightings of ghosts and other supernatural events were commonplace and undeniable. And the city began to move. The first night the changes were severe. Entire buildings shifted and were transported. This violent unsettling caused kerosene lanterns to tumble and fireplaces to crack and spill their embers. Soon, significant sections of the city center were ablaze. Firefighters and citizens alike fought the flames even as the ghost of Napoleon led his phantom legions through the Arc de Triomphe. Hundreds died, and centuries-old landmarks burned to ash. And when morning should have come after the Night of Fire and Insanity (*La Nuit du Feu et la Folie*), the survivors were greeted by a sun that did not rise. A dark, impenetrable veil of clouds and fog had descended upon the city. Now even at high noon, the city was barely brighter than twilight. The following night, the darkness was thick and heavy, almost as if the mist were not merely a shroud, but as if it also had some property to negate illumination altogether. A less-

er city would have crumbled in the face of this disaster, and indeed many Parisians fled the area of permanent darkness to a new community on the outskirts of the city that was soon dubbed "Refuge." But many were unwilling to give up on Paris.

The Present

In 1889, five years after the Occurrence, Paris has been rebuilt. The population of the city center has recovered nearly to its pre-Occurrence numbers - in most cases not by native Parisians returning, but by foreigners settling in the zone of darkness. Paris was cosmopolitan before the Occurrence, but now it is truly a city that belongs to the world. People from every nation have come to see the Darkness of Paris. Some have been so enthralled that they have stayed. Artists, radicals, revolutionaries, theologians, spiritualists, hawkers, peddlers, merchants, thieves, pushers, prostitutes, dilettantes, occultists, sorcerers, eccentrics, tourists, scientists, antiquarians, investigators, and officials, just to name a few, crowd the streets of the haunted city, each with their own agenda.

Theories regarding the cause(s) of the Occurrence are ubiquitous. It was a punishment by God for the sins of the city. It was a magical curse brought about by a dark ritual orchestrated by an occultist of great powers. A device created by Tesla or Professor Moriarty or Dr. Krel went terribly awry. A weapon experiment by the French government malfunctioned. An ancient being trapped beneath the city was excavated and roused from his thousand-year slumber. This is the beginning of the apocalypse. This is the end of an era. This is sign from the heavens. This means something. It must. Mustn't it...?

But for five years no conclusive proof of any of these theories has surfaced. The cause of the Occurrence has remained elusive. And so Paris languishes in the darkness waiting for heroes. Have they at last arrived?

Chapter 3: Les Affaires Pratique

In 1889, Paris is, despite its recent woes, still one of the largest cities in Europe. Two million people live in the darkness of Paris and easily a million more dwell in the surrounding communities and townships. It remains one of the most vibrant and culturally dominant cities in Europe. Only the city center is shrouded in darkness and was directly affected by the Occurrence. The outlying communities are still just as they ever were.

Paris proper consists of twenty arrondissements (or districts), each with its own mayor. Two prefects and a chief mayor govern the city as a whole, with the assistance of a city council. Each of the arrondissements is a unique neighborhood with its own character and history.

1st Arrondissement: The geographical center of Paris, containing the Louvre and the Palais Royal.

2nd Arrondissement: Primarily a center of business. The Bibliothèque Nationale (National Library) is here.

3rd Arrondissement: Half of the Marais, one of the oldest neighborhoods in Paris. A large number of 17th-century mansions still stand in this exclusive neighborhood.

4th Arrondissement: The other Half of the Marais, this encompasses the Ile St. Louis and the Ile de la Cité, the two islands in the Seine. This is by far the oldest part of the city and includes such landmarks as Notre Dame.

5th Arrondissement: The Latin Quarter. This neighborhood takes its name from the number of students in the past who spoke Latin here as they attended to their

lessons. The Sorbonne, Paris' largest university, is here, as are numerous bookshops, restaurants, and cafés, all of which tend to cater to students. This quarter is famed for its winding streets.

6th Arrondissement: St. Germaine. A bohemian community, at present filled largely with artists and intellectuals seeking to draw inspiration from the haunted city.

7th Arrondissement: Encompassing the Eiffel Tower and the Champ de Mars, as well as numerous museums and art galleries, the people who do live here are often the wealthiest and most elite of Paris.

8th Arrondissement: An upscale community and center for commerce. The area around the Champs Elysée is crammed with shops and booths peddling their wares.

9th Arrondissement: The Red Light District. Crowded with artists, brothels, and lowlifes, this district is generally a dangerous place to be when it is dark. Of course, in Paris, it is always dark. This is also the Arrondissement that harbors the infamous House of Nine Gates (see below for details).

10th Arrondissement: The Abandoned Quarter. Once primarily a residential district, this quarter has seen a greater degree of flight to Refuge than anywhere else in the city. As a result, many of the homes and shops are abandoned. Derelicts and vagabonds of all descriptions are therefore prevalent in this neighborhood. Artists and bohemians coming to see Paris after the Occurrence have slowly been returning this Quarter to life.

11th Arrondissement: The former site of the Bastille, this area is now mostly lower-class residential.

12th Arrondissement: A residential neighborhood bordered on the East by the Bois de Vincennes (a large wooded park). If Paris has a "quiet" part of town, this is it.

13th Arrondissement: A residential neighborhood and the site of Paris' Chinatown. This is a poor neighborhood, and it is also a center for the opium trade and for absinthe parlors.

14th Arrondissement: Montparnasse. A residential district and artist's community known for its lively cafés and restaurants.

15th Arrondissement: A residential neighborhood that ranges from the upscale to the merely affordable.

16th Arrondissement: The Burned Quarter. This area of the city was greatly damaged by fire during the Occurrence. As a result, it has had to be greatly rebuilt. It is become a haven for occultists, mediums, and magic shops. It is occasionally called the Sorcerer's Quarter by some. The Temple of the Golden Dawn is located here in one of the few surviving buildings.

17th Arrondissement: The district of the city that includes the Arc de Triomphe.

18th Arrondissement: Montmartre. Paris' most concentrated congregation of artists, intellectuals, and poseurs.

19th Arrondissement: A residential neighborhood strewn with shops.

20th Arrondissement: An outlying residential neighborhood away from the bustle of the city center.

Money and Economy

From 1889 to 1939, France had the same currency, the French franc. Historically, the value of the franc fluctuated wildly during any given period, varying from severe devaluations in the global depression of the 1930s and during the Great War (1914-1918) to high points in the 1890s and the 1920s. A system could be built to simulate those fluctuations, but for simplicity and ease of play, assume that six French francs equal one US dollar. One franc = 100 centimes.

Bills are available in the following denominations: 500 francs, 200 francs, 100 francs, 50 francs, and 20 francs. Coins are available for 20 francs, 10 francs, 5 francs, 2 francs, 1 franc, 50 centimes, 20 centimes, 10 centimes, 5 centimes, 1 centime.

Economically speaking, Paris remains a city of contrasts. The job market inside the veil, for the most part, is harsh. Jobs are few, and people are simply not hiring. The art market is perpetually glutted, ensuring that most artists are of the starving variety. Industry is abandoning the city at a tremendous rate. Paris of the Forbidden Kingdoms is a tough city to be poor in around the turn of the century.

At the same time, Paris is a paradise for the wealthy. The world center for art, fashion, perfumery, and luxuries of every description, Paris is alive with glamour and excitement. The Occurrence has only helped to strength city's reputation of intrigue and mystery, and it now draws artists and dilettantes from all across the world. A common piece of advice heard in cafés is, "Make a fortune elsewhere, then come to Paris to spend it."

Accommodations

The first thing that a visitor to Paris must do is find a place to stay. Accommodations run the gamut from ramshackle hovels in Montmartre to luxurious Hotels that rival the best in the world. In common

flop-houses, one can sleep in a dining room for just a few cents, but must be out by 10 a.m. so the diner can get ready for the lunch crowd. At the magnificent Claridge hotel, one's every whim is catered to for the price of a few hundred francs a day; extravagant room service is available twenty-four hours a day to cater to the clientele's requests.

Price List

The Presidential Suite at the Claridge Hotel, per night	650 francs
A suite at the Claridge Hotel, per night	300 francs
A double room at the Claridge Hotel, per night	75 francs
A single room at the Claridge, per night	50 francs
A good hotel room, per night	30 francs
A good hotel room, per week	150 francs
An average hotel room, per night	12 francs
An average hotel room, per week	60 francs
A poor hotel room, per night	5 francs
A poor hotel room, per week	30 francs
A flop-house, per night	1 francs
A flop-house inside a café (out by 10 a.m.), per night	50¢
A flop-house inside a café (out by 10 a.m.), with labor*	Free

*The guest must help wash dishes or the equivalent the night before.

French Gastronomy

Perhaps nowhere else in the world are people more obsessed with the preparation and presentation of food than in France. A meal there should never be rushed nor taken alone, but rather savored and enjoyed in good company. In 1889, Paris remains the bastion of the two-hour lunch.

The high temple of gastronomic excess can be found in the Latin Quarter. La Tour d'Argent, founded in 1582 during the reign of Henri III, remains Paris's oldest continuously operating and most exclusive restaurant. It is also among the most expensive. Famed for its pressed duck, the food here spares no expense. Luxurious sauces made from truffles and wine reductions are poured over roast game. The vegetables are ornately trimmed and decoratively arranged on the plate. The deserts are as much works of modern art as they are food items. This establishment is the foremost proponent of haute cuisine. Reservations are

absolutely required, poor service is guaranteed for anyone not sufficiently savoir-faire, and the prices are truly outrageous.

For someone more concerned with eating and less concerned with being seen, there are restaurants that run the whole gamut of cost by value. From soup kitchens that serve nothing but porridge to fine restaurants of every description, Paris is truly a gastronomes heaven.

Price List

A full seven-course dinner for two at the La Tour d'Argent with properly selected wine accompaniment	600 francs
A "conservative" dinner at La Tour d'Argent, per person	50-100 francs
A high-end restaurant, dinner	36 francs
A high-end restaurant, lunch	18 francs
A high-end restaurant, breakfast	12 francs
A mid-range restaurant, dinner	20 francs
A mid-range restaurant, lunch	10 francs
A mid-range restaurant, breakfast	6 francs
Common meal, dinner	6 francs
Common meal, lunch	3 francs
Common meal, breakfast	2 francs
Stew from a soup kitchen	1 franc

French Wines

A bottle of champagne or cabernet sauvignon from a top winery in a peak year (Château la Tours, Domaine Perignon)	100-200 francs
A fine bottle of wine from a top winemaker	30 francs
A fine bottle of wine from an off-vintage or unknown vintner	15 francs
A good bottle of wine	10 francs
Table wine (nothing special)	6 francs

Cognacs, Armagnacs, and Brandies

A bottle of hundred-year-old cognac in a bottle of hand-made crystal created by a premiere distillery	600 francs
Cognac or Armagnac, XO	100 francs
Cognac or Armagnac, VSOP	75 francs
Cognac or Armagnac, VS	40 francs
A bottle of cheap brandy	12 francs
Grand Marnier, a bottle	80 francs

Entertainment and Nightlife

Paris is globally renowned for its nightlife. Almost any conceivable entertainments are available in Paris. Whether one seeks the glitzy excess of cancan dance show at Les Folies Bergères or the quiet solitude of a small café to discuss art and politics, here one can satisfy all desires. From the sleazy (brothels and opium dens) to the sublime (operas and theatres), Paris can cater to any whim.

Price List

Box seats to a critically acclaimed play, opening night	150 francs
Box seats to a second-run play	60 francs
General Admission seats	20 francs
Standing Admission	3 francs
Good seats at Les Folies Bergères (topless cancan dancing)	30 francs
General Admission to a cancan revue	6 francs
A low-class (and low comedy) Vaudeville show	3 francs
A high-class call-girl's expert services	100 francs
A working girl's comforting attention	20 francs
A flop-house floozy's quick consolation	6 francs

Fashion

Paris is a fashion junkie's Mecca. Every designer of any standing has a boutique in Paris. Cosmetics, colognes, lingerie, perfumes, furs, jewelry, designer apparel, shoes, accessories, leather goods, hats, handbags, and hosiery are just a few of the designer goods for sale in Paris. Even an incomplete price list could fill this book. So, here are a few guidelines.

Price List

A unique original outfit by a top designer	500 francs
A tailored outfit by a well-known designer	150 francs
A passably fashionable ensemble	100 francs
A nice outfit	50 francs
Office formal	25 francs
Everyday clothes	18 francs
Second-hand clothing	10 francs
8 oz. of top name perfume or cologne	80 francs
A set of fine hand-made lingerie	200 francs
A mink fur coat	800 francs
A half-carat diamond wedding ring	150 francs
A set of designer luggage	85 francs

Transportation

Dirigibles and zeppelins are the primary mode of international transportation to Paris in 1889, and they will not fly into the Veil of Darkness that covers the city. As a result, all Parisian traffic is actually handled at Refuge, mostly through Bouvillair Station. There are river boats, as well, that sail up and down the Seine and can take passengers to the port town of Le Havre at the mouth of the river, from which point ocean going liners can be booked.

Price List

Sea voyage to London, first class, one way	240 francs
Sea voyage to London, first class, round trip	360 francs
Sea voyage to London, steerage, one way only	60 francs
Zeppelin to London, first class, one way	300 francs
Zeppelin to London, first class, round trip	450 francs
Zeppelin to London, economy, one way	150 francs
Zeppelin to London, economy, round trip	225 francs
River-boat ride, a river tour	2 francs
Buy a bicycle to get around town	120 francs

Addictions of Choice

Many drugs common on the streets in the latter part of the 20th century are largely unknown or else not yet discovered at the turn of the century. Still, many Parisians (and people elsewhere) do indeed consume drugs at this time. Two kinds of narcotic (in the broad sense of the term) dominate the scene: opium and absinthe. A third drug, a newcomer - cocaine - is also beginning to make its rise.

Opium: Made from the dried juice of the unripe pods of *Papaver somniferum*, the poppy, opium is the world's most popular drug. It is so valuable that wars have been fought to ensure its supply. Opium is distributed across the entire world. In France, raw opium is illegal contraband, but that has done nothing to stem the tide. Opium is also used medicinally by doctors, and at the

turn of the century is the most potent known pain reliever. A tincture of opium called laudanum is a milky liquid commonly found in doctors' bags, and is injected through a hypodermic syringe. Raw opium is a black, gummy paste that is usually smoked. Water pipes are the preferred method of delivery, since the water cools the smoke and is believed to filter the impurities.

Opium is a narcotic; literally, a drug that induces sleep. But taken in higher doses it also causes euphoria, relaxation, and a trance-like state. There is a great body of folklore regarding opium induced trances. It is said that opium produces a state similar to transcendental meditation, in which wisdom and revelation flow freely; that opium can cure madness and other afflictions of the mind; that in the haze of opium smoke there is truth. Whatever the accuracy of these notions, what cannot be denied is that anyone where opium is brought, addiction and crime are never far behind.

Opium is physically addictive. If one takes it long enough, eventually she will need it. Opium is one of only two drugs that are known to have killed addicts during withdrawal, the other being alcohol. Opium builds up a tolerance, so that one must take more with each dose to achieve the same level of intoxication. Eventually, an addict must take small daily "maintenance doses" merely to function at all. If the drug is not taken, the addict will suffer stomach cramps, nausea, diarrhea, generalized pain, sometimes hallucinations, and in severe cases, seizures and even death.

Opium is an expensive habit even at the turn of the century. In Paris, a single dose of opium typically sells for a single franc. This may not sound terribly expensive, but consider that a year's rent in a decent apartment in Paris is around a thousand francs, and that a hardened addict may go through as many as six doses in a single day. Even at one dose per day, the habit costs almost a third as much as one's rent.

The World Crime League, which controls the

A Traditional Seven-Course Dinner

First Course: Apéritif - An alcoholic drink is served to whet the appetite and cleanse the pallet. Often Suze (a bitter liqueur made from the mountain flower gentiane), Vermouth (a bitter fortified wine), or Kir (white wine mixed with a black currant flavored liqueur called cassis) are served.

Second Course: Entrée - Do not mistake this for the Americanized term. The French mean an appetizer, usually a soup, egg dish, or perhaps a selection of meats or pâtés. This course is traditionally served with a wine selected to complement the appetizer.

Third Course: Plat - This is the main course, meat or fish served with vegetables and a sauce. Yet another glass of wine is served.

Fourth Course: Salade Vert - This is a green salad. A third glass of wine accompanies the salad, usually something light.

Fifth Course: Fromage - A selection of cheeses is served.

Sixth Course: Dessert - A desert. Tarts, cakes, pastries, mousse, ice creams, fruit, and shaved iced are all popular choices. This is often served with a fortified dessert wine such as a sherry, port, or Madeira.

Seventh Course: Digestif - Coffee and a post-meal alcoholic drink are served to aid in digestion and to complete the meal. The drink is often quite strong, but is always served in small amounts. Cognacs and Armagnacs are particularly favored for the digestif.

A Quick Guide to French Liquor

Drinking is serious business in France. When pretending to be a liquor snob in Paris it is important to know your terminology.

Brandy: Wine that has been distilled once. Brandy comes from all over and varies widely in quality. The key to a fine brandy is long and patient aging in limousine oak barrels. As the brandy ages, a beautiful rich vanilla smell comes out of the barrels, created by the alcohol evaporating through the oak. This is commonly known as "the angel's share."

Armagnac: Armagnac is brandy that has been distilled twice. It must come from the Armagnac region of France, south of Bordeaux, to be labeled and sold as Armagnac. Armagnacs are distilled at lower temperatures than Cognacs, which is supposed to better preserve the fruity character of the grape. This process also means they are generally less alcoholic than cognac. Armagnac aged for three years is classified as VS (Very Superior). Armagnac aged for five years is VO (Very Old) or VSOP. Armagnac aged for six years or longer is XO or, occasionally, a "Napoleon grade."

Cognac: Cognac is brandy that has been distilled twice. All Cognacs must come from the region around Cognac, France. The finest Cognacs, though highly alcoholic, should slide down the throat smoothly, without any burning sensation. Like Armagnac, Cognacs are also rated by age: VS (2.5 years), VSOP (4.5 years), or XO (6 years).

Grand Marnier: A number of liqueurs are made by flavoring fine cognacs. Perhaps the most famous is Grand Marnier, which is cognac flavored with oranges.

opium trade in Paris, has helped make the drug even more costly. They have introduced a host of exotic opi-ums to Paris. These mixtures contain other drugs that both heighten the euphoria and greatly increase the cost. These "exotics" can cost anywhere from two to twenty francs per dose. Often they are also hallucinogenic in nature. Invariably they are also more addictive than bare opium.

Absinthe: In 1889, Paris is one of the premier sources for absinthe in all of Europe. Here, absinthe is legal. This bright green and strongly favored liqueur is flavored by a closely guarded combination of herbs that includes wormwood. It is the wormwood that gives the drink its unique hallucinogenic properties. It is also the wormwood that makes the drink a mild neurotoxin. Absinthe is remarkably bitter, so, to cut the taste, the drink is often mixed with sugar. Rock crystals of sugar are put over the glass in a specially made absinthe spoon, and the liqueur is then poured over the sweetener, through the porous spoon. More sophisticated connoisseurs of absinthe sometimes use sugar flavored with various fruits, spices, herbs, or even flowers. Orange, vanilla, cinnamon, crystallized ginger, mint, rose petals, lavender, and even saffron are sometimes used in absinthe sugar.

Still, continued absinthe use is not at all sweet. Wormwood is rightly classified as a poisonous plant. Over time, the neurotoxin in the drug will cause nerve damage, permanent memory loss, permanent loss of fine motor control, blindness, and even madness. Wormwood itself is not addictive, though. It is only because of the alcohol that addiction occurs.

Cocaine: A new drug has arrived on the scene in Europe, an alkaloid extract of the leaf of *Erythroxylon coca*. Heralded as a medical miracle, usually called "coca wine," the drug called cocaine is beginning to see use. It is an imported South American plant, at this time completely legal, that is beginning to see recreational use throughout Europe. It gives its user an agi-

tated heart rate and a sense of euphoria, and is profoundly psychologically addictive. Unlike opium withdrawal, cocaine withdrawal is almost never fatal... but that doesn't make it any more pleasant.

Price List

Opium, per dose	1 francs
Exotic opiums, per dose	2-20 francs
Opium pipe	3 francs
Ornate water hookah	32 francs
Shot of cheap absinthe	40¢
A fifth of cheap absinthe	2 francs
A bottle of fine absinthe	5 francs
A bottle of top-quality absinthe	20 francs
Absinthe spoon	2 francs
Box of 12 sugar blocks	10¢
Box of exotically flavored sugar blocks	1 francs
Peruvian coca wine tincture, 16 oz.	5 francs

The Current State of Paris

Although life continues more or less had it did before the Occurrence in France's darkened capital, there are still some very definite changes. Here is a list and description of the five most tangible changes in Paris since the night of the Occurrence.

The Veil (Le Voile)

By far the most obvious change is the presence of the Veil. Paris is continuously surrounded by a wall of black fog that looks much like a storm cloud. Unlike normal clouds, it is unaffected by winds, or indeed, it seems, by anything in the material world. It is not regular in shape, forming an amorphous ovoid shape that covers most of city. It rises almost half a mile into the air, forming an irregular dome. From a distance, Paris appears to be a black and shifting mountain and so the Veil is sometimes called The Black Mountain (La Montagne Noir). Its exact borders shift and change, seemingly without pattern or sense. Its center is roughly the Islands in the Seine where the cathedral of Notre Dame sits. Much has been made of this fact. Some

would claim that this is a clear indication that the Veil is a curse by God for the sins of the city. Others would claim that the Veil is radiating from the Cathedral itself and that the building must have some sort of curse upon it. Others argue that the Cathedral's proximity to the center of this irregular blob means nothing.

The Veil is easily penetrated, and in fact seems utterly intangible. It is not even entirely opaque, allowing in occasional patches of filtered sunlight. But still it shrouds the city in a hazy darkness. At noon on the sunniest of days, the city will get as bright as a typical dusk. On most days, though, Paris is a city of night. Many scientific and psychic researchers have tried to collect samples of the Veil's material to study it. They have learned that it is most similar to the material from which ghosts are made. This revelation has led to a new nickname for the Veil - Le Mur Spectral, or the Ghost Wall. It has been suggested that the newly developed "spectral disruptor" (q.v.) could be employed to perhaps dissipate the Veil, but so far no one has been willing to try this.

The Shifting

The second most well-known change to Paris is much less well understood than the Veil (which is not saying much) and much more capricious. In Paris, things move. This is not to say that anyone has seen a house walking down the street. Instead, they are mystically transported, disappearing in a shimmering haze. One moment, the item or building is there, and in the next it is gone. Often the thing reappears within a few minutes somewhere inside the Veil. Very rarely, it never comes back. This phenomenon was most severe during the night of the Occurrence. On that night, entire buildings were relocated. Most famously, the entire Rue Richter in the 9th Arrondissement shifted, moving the famous Les Folies Bergères an entire block away from its original location. Since then, the changes have been mostly minor. But just when the city believes it has seen the last of the Shifting, some major landmark will move.

The Haunting

Paris has long been famous for its ghosts, but since the Occurrence, the frequency and intensity of visitations has increased beyond imagination. Roughly 5% of the buildings in Paris are now verifiably haunted. Furthermore, there has been an epidemic involving the dead animating in the catacombs. This has forced the citizenry to stop burying their dead in the undercity. Instead, cremation has become the most common and widely accepted form of funeral service. A grim piece of advice floats around the cafés of Paris: "Burn now or chop later."

A popular item in the magic shops of Paris these days is an item called "resting powder," which sells for six francs per sachet. A white powder that usually smells vaguely of flowers, resting powder is intended to be mixed with the ashes of the cremated to soothe the dead. Its efficacy is widely debated, and many instead it is nothing but a hoax. But with hauntings being so prevalent, it remains a common funerary purchase. As bad as the ghosts and the occasional skeleton or zombie out of the catacombs are, however, everyone agrees that by far the worst menace is the werewolves. Since the Occurrence, there have been more than a dozen documented incidents of lycanthropy within the city of Paris. These incidents have always been violent and particularly gruesome. The werewolf attacks have recently become so bad that many in the city are in the grip of a werewolf-induced hysteria. Silver bullets remain hot sale items. Magical amulets that reputedly prevent the onset of lycanthropy are selling by the boatload. The actual causes of lycanthropy, however, remain a mystery.

Les Caprices de la Ville

Ghosts and werewolves are a very dramatic and obvious manifestation of spiritual activity in Paris, but lesser activity is also much more common: throughout the city, it is not uncommon to see minor "poltergeists" and other such psychic aberrations at work; small items

levitate. Dancing wisp-lights fill an alleyway with color and ethereal luminescence; doors open and close by themselves; clocks run backward. Such minor effects are not at all rare in the confines of the city. Experts on psychic phenomena insist that they are indicative of a great surge of free-roaming magical or psychic energy in Paris. This could be true. But most Parisians care little for such things, however entertaining or fascinating some might find them. Yet it is these very minor quirks that keep tourists coming to Paris.

The most famous of Les Caprices are the witch-lights of the Eiffel Tower. Every night at midnight, strange lights dance around the base of the Tower. This daily event has become tourist attraction par excellence. All year long, people sit on the lawn of dead grass that surrounds the Tower to watch the witch-lights at midnight. What they mean and where they come from is unknown. A number of ghost-hunters have tried to capture a witch-light, believing it to be some sort of urban fey manifestation, but have so far met with no success. The witch-lights are utterly immaterial, and have proved impervious even to the ethereal cages usually employed by the ghost-hunters.

Magical Aura

This is the least well-known effect of the Occurrence, and the one most often ignored. Within the Veil, it is easier to perform magic: arcanologists' Spellcraft checks for spellcasting (see Master Codex, pg. 170) receive a +2 bonus, and chosens' Prayer checks to perform miracles (see pg. 169) receive a +2 bonus, as well. The aura might in some way also affect true rituals performed within the city limits, but this is left to the discretion of the GM.

Theorists on the matter often lump this effect and Les Caprices together, insisting that both actually come from the same source: the flooding of Paris with free spiritual energy. What is certain is that ectometers in Paris constantly and continuously register minor spiritual presences within the Veil. It is therefore not entirely



inaccurate to call Paris a haunted city. There are ghosts, or at least ghost-like magical residues, everywhere.

The Madness of Paris

Living in the dark is simply not healthy. Combining the darkness with frequent poltergeist activity, ghost sightings, and werewolf attacks has been too much for many people. Paris teems with those who have coped poorly with the repercussions of the Occurrence. The city streets are over run with legions of Napoleons and armies of Jesuses. In short, the mental state of Paris' citizenry as a whole is wearing somewhat thin. In Refuge, outside of the Veil, is the Paris Sanitarium (see Section IV herein for details). It is currently full beyond both capacity and reason. It is so overlooked that the merely delusional are often turned away. Someone who believes he is St. Louis or who believes she is the ambassador from the People who live at the Center of the Earth - while obviously demonstrating rather strong signs of madness - is not necessarily dangerous. The Sanitarium has no room for such people: simple delusional cases are turned back out into the streets of Paris. At present, the Sanitarium houses only those who are a danger to themselves or to others.

Paris is a wonderland of madmen. On any given street corner, it is not unusual to see a raggedly dressed derelict standing on a battered apple crate proclaiming himself as Napoleon reborn, the second coming of Christ, or the Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse (if not the horse of the Fifth Horseman...). The cries of the insane echo through Paris day and night. The police know there is no room for these poor folk at the Sanitarium, so they try to keep them quiet and make them move along. Only when they turn violent are they hauled away. The Sanitarium itself has become a place of almost unfathomable horror. The policy of turning away the harmlessly insane means that those actually in the sanitarium are all violent, brutal, and savage, if not downright diabolical.

The Mad People of Paris

Jennie d'Arc: Jennie is not French. She wandered over here from England some years ago. She is a young woman perhaps no older than her mid-twenties and not unattractive, save for her ratty haircut that looks as if someone chopped off all her blonde hair with a dull razor. She has two personalities: one of a salty, street-wise prostitute, and one of Joan of Arc. The Joan of Arc personality speaks perfect French, or English with a perfect French accent, and believes that she just escaped from people who tried to burn her (hence the hair). The prostitute personality knows more about her past, and speaks in a cockney dialect.

Jennie was an abused girl who was kept as a virtual prisoner-slave by her pimp/rapist, who was also her uncle. Finally, the uncle decided that keeping Jennie was getting dangerous, so he decided to kill her and burn the body. He knocked her out and, thinking she was dead, doused her with kerosene. The liquid shocked her awake, whereupon she attacked her uncle blindly and fled wearing little more than a fuel-damp bed sheet. It was during this trauma that Jennie became Joan for the first time. Both personalities refuse to acknowledge the existence of the other.

Joan is currently trying to organize the people of

France to rid the country of the English; she becomes extremely agitated when she hears any English accent besides her own (Jennie's), particularly if the speaker is a man.

Louis, the Prince of Darkness: Louis is a handsome if sinister man perhaps in his thirties, with black hair and a sharp widow's peak. He is a beggar, but usually a nicely dressed one. He also believes quite firmly that he is the Devil. If he acquires anything of value, he will gladly try to trade it for someone's soul. He carries with him a bundle of contracts, a quill, and a sharp needle, all of which he uses to complete the transaction, signed in blood. He pays a printer, often in trade, to make the contracts, which are written in Latin. If one can read Latin, these documents are a legally binding contract declaring Lucifer (a.k.a. the Beast, the Dark Prince, Ruler of Hell, et al.) the owner of the signee's soul.

Louis is an information-monger as well. He hears many things. He will trade information to anyone who wants it for their soul. Louis is rational, literate, articulate, and multilingual. He is obviously an educated man. He is also sleeping on the streets of Paris. Louis has no supernatural powers or protections, although he is quite an accomplished pick-pocket. Louis also

New Knowledge Skill: Knowledge (Paris)

Knowledge (Paris) (Int; Trained Only)

This skill represents a thorough knowledge not only of mundane information about the city, but also regarding a good deal of the rumors and legends of the city. Here are some sample skill difficulties when using this skill:

DC Questions Answered

- | | |
|----|--|
| 5 | Where is the Louvre? What is the best way to get to the Eiffel Tower from here? (obvious and trivial information) |
| 10 | When was the Louvre built? Where was the Bastille? (non-sensitive and common information) |
| 15 | What was the last major crime committed in the city? Where can you find the best bargains on jewelry? (non-sensitive information) |
| 20 | What are the politics of the mayor of this arrondissement? What sort of criminal activities happen around here frequently? (non-sensitive but specialized information) |
| 25 | Is that building haunted? What are the legends concerning Notre Dame? (sensitive or highly specialized information) |
| 30 | Are there catacombs beneath us right now? What condition are those catacombs in? Does the Guild operate in this arrondissement? (secrets) |
| 35 | Who are the major criminal players in this area? Are they bribing the police? (guarded secrets) |
| 40 | Who is the founder of the Order of St. Denis? Why is police inspector Daladier so ineffective at stopping crime? (closely guarded) |

responds to being called "Mr. Cifer." If asked how he got to be in his present circumstances, he mentions that he never got along with his father.

René the Doomed: The end is near and we are doomed - just ask René. Wearing a crude robe of black sackcloth, often smeared in ashes with long, white, wildly unkempt hair and beard, René roams the streets of Paris preaching doom, destruction, and Apocalypse. He will often approach someone and say "For a franc I will tell your future." If paid, he then shouts, "You are doomed!" He is non-specific and non-denominational, but very insistent. No event or encounter is so trivial that it is not for him an obvious omen or harbinger of the end of days. Arguing with René that one is not doomed is unwise, as René will then start to follow his interlocutor, all the while pointing out, loudly, just how doomed he or she is.

White the Elder: Another non-native lunatic, White the Elder is Irish, although his accent is virtually indeterminate (a Language (British or Gaelic) check (DC 20) can discern this fact). White is quite mad, believing himself to be St. Louis, Louis XIV, Jesus, or some combination of the three. He is also, in truth, many hundreds of years old, being one of the seven actual prisoners freed from the Bastille in 1789. Despite his remarkable age, he appears to be no older than fifty or sixty years. White is immortal, a fact that often slips his mind. Occasionally, in his more lucid moments, he can recall having been born in a place called "Tirnanog," pronounced rather vaguely. He will occasionally claim on different occasions to have served under William Wallace or against the Romans, or to have rescued his beloved from Viking raiders. These will probably all be assumed to be signs of his madness, but in fact they are all true. White (the only name he ever uses) can also read minds, and is arguably the most powerful psychic in Paris. He uses his powers primarily to acquire whiskey.



Chapter Four: Destinations Importants

L'Arc de Triomphe

There is much to be said about Paris's Triumphal Arch. It is interesting to note, for example, that although it was commissioned by Napoleon in 1806 to honor his Grande Armée, the Arc was not completed until well after his reign, in 1836. At 49 meters high, 22 meters deep, and 45 meters wide, the Arch was by far Paris's largest monument until the erection of the Eiffel Tower just this year, in 1889. The inscriptions of the 128 battles and 558 generals on the monument might be meticulously listed and catalogued. The four massive reliefs that adorn the tower - The Triumph of 1810, by Cortot; The Resistance of 1814 and The Peace of 1815, both by Etex; and The Departure of the Volunteers (more often called La Marseillaise), by Francois Rude - could be described in exacting detail. It could also be mentioned that the project cost a colossal 9.3 million French francs, and that construction ceased in 1814 with the abdication of Napoleon but resumed in 1826 under the restored Bourbon monarchy. All of this is true.

But, while perhaps interesting, these facts fail to

capture the true character and significance of the Arch. The Arc de Triomphe is far more than a faux-classic piece of Napoleonic egotism. It is a psychic resonator of the people of Paris. Standing at the top of the Champ-Élysées, overlooking the eleven avenues that radiate out from it, an observer could easily fail to understand the importance of the Arch to the citizens of Paris. In these dark times, the Arch is more critical than ever.

In general, a spiritualist in Paris cannot contact a ghost who has died outside of the Veil. The spirit is simply isolated. But beneath the Arch, any person who has lived in Paris for more than half of their life, regardless of where they lived, can be contacted. The Arch is a spiritual beacon in the realm of the dead, summoning Paris' native sons and daughters home. It has achieved this status not because of any trick of construction, but because of the belief of millions of Parisians over the last six decades.

So, it is not unusual to see covert séances happening beneath the Arch in the dead of night. The police frown on these practices, but that doesn't make them any less common. Very rarely, someone will petition for permission to use the Arch for this purpose. Although permission has been granted less than a half dozen times since the Occurrence, still it is not unheard of.



Adventure Hook: Pierre Gauchet was always regarded as an eccentric. It surprised no one when in 1887, on a lark, he packed up his house and headed to Africa in search of the mystical city of Shangri-La, which Pierre believed he had located on a lost plateau in the Kalahari. Whether Pierre ever found the famous city, no one can say. His expedition was lost and now, two years later, he is presumed dead. Unfortunately, Monsieur Gauchet left a very large and important estate behind that should by all rights be divided between his three surviving children. Everyone knows that Gauchet left a will. The executor of the estate saw the document several times. But now, no copies of it are to be found. The children suspect that a copy is secured some place in their father's private apartments. However, searching this place is not an easy task. Gauchet left his house trapped with all manner of outlandish "anti-burglar devices," and frankly the children are afraid to set foot in the place. Here is where our heroes enter the picture.

The heirs of Gauchet need someone to attend a séance beneath the Arc de Triomphe to learn the location of the will. Once this is determined, they need someone to break into Monsieur Gauchet's home, defeat the security measures, and retrieve the document. Simple.

But there is a complication. The eldest son, Alain, believes that, because of a falling out he had with his father several years ago, he was likely largely written out of the will. Thus, he has prepared a fake document that is much more advantageous to him, while also awarding his two siblings comfortable sums. He will try to convince a less scrupulous member of the party to swap the fake document for the real one during the mission. He will pay handsomely for this service. And, of course, now that his spirit has been summoned back from the Kalahari to Paris, Monsieur Gauchet's home is now haunted.

Carlotta's Folly

This small shop is not an easy place to find, and its location was chosen quite purposefully. Tucked through a turn in an alleyway, the only placard being small, easily missed, and printed in English, Carlotta's Folly is very difficult to find unless one knows what she is looking for. The shop is the workspace and home of Carlotta Dufresne, famed American spiritualist, and Ms. Dufresne does not like to be pestered by any random visitor. She prefers clientele she already knows, or those who have been discreetly referred to her. People who arrive uninvited often find the front door locked, as Carlotta is regularly off in the city searching for some rare item or seeking an answer to some peculiar question of history or lore.

Once a customer has arrived inside the shop, however he receives quite a different impression of Carlotta's Folly. The front room is lavishly furnished. Rich, deep magenta tapestries decorated with alchemical and occult iconography hang from the walls. The single couch is obviously quite old, and careful inspection will reveal a craftsman's mark dating from the time of the Sun King. Two large grinning gargoyle statues carved of marble complete the entrance foyer's decor. The truly perceptive and well-traveled guest will recognize these two statues as duplicates of the gargoyles of Notre Dame - but instead of squatting, these are standing, almost as if alive. Those truly initiated into the secrets of Paris will recognize their significance, as they suggest a truth known only to a rare few (see "The Gargoyles of Notre Dame"). The only sign of modernity in the place is the electric lights.

The foyer connects to the building's main chamber - another elaborate and darkly decorated room full of luxurious wall hangings, exotic statuary, and antique furnishings. Trophies from Bhutan, Japan, the Congo, Egypt, and South America are liberally arranged throughout the area. This room's exact contents change constantly as Carlotta finds new baubles to

complete the décor. But what never changes is the purpose of the room, carefully cultivated by the owner. Any who walk in here should be immediately convinced of three things: Carlotta is wealthy, Carlotta is well traveled, and Carlotta knows more about the occult than they do. If the visitors come to those three conclusions, then the room's design has worked.

The rest of Carlotta's Folly is off-limits to most visitors, and is much more practically decorated. It includes her quarters, her library, her storage room, and her kitchen and dining area. She has an extensive collection of books, mostly on occult subjects, but also a fair number of cook books. Carlotta remains, even in France, a stern devotee of Cajun cooking.

Those who manage to get a referral and who manage to arrive at a time when Carlotta is actually home will find that she is willing to provide a number of services. Primarily, Carlotta performs séances. Amongst the upper crust of Paris, she is considered one of the finest mediums currently practicing. This is how she pays for all of her finery - by charging exquisitely high rates to the élite. She is also an accomplished mind-reader, and frequently uses this ability to tell fortunes. She is not very much interested in actually trying to tell the future. She is more interested in what has made a person so distraught that they would seek her advice about the future. So, in reality, in her fortune telling, what she really practices is "psychic psychiatry." Carlotta also does some small trade in magical trinkets. She is usually willing to buy any sort of genuinely enchanted item, although she is a notorious tight-purse in these sorts of exchanges. Once she has studied and researched such items, she will happily sell the ones that are no longer useful or of interest to her. As a result, she only very rarely has interesting items for sale. Finally, Carlotta does exorcisms. This task is doubtless Carlotta's least favorite thing to do. In her travels, she has acquired a ritual written by an ancient spiritualist that allows her to "untether" demons from their hosts. The process is never simple or safe, and Carlotta will not perform this ritual alone, as it can be quite danger-

ous for her. This is also the only service that Carlotta never charges for. If one wants Carlotta's help, however, he must first convince her that the possession is real and that the person being possessed is an innocent. Then, and only then, will she help.

Price List for Carlotta's Services

Séance (and the waiting list is currently three months long)	2000 francs
Fortune-telling, per hour	100 francs
Consulting fee, per hour	100 francs

Adventure Hook: Carlotta DuFresne has discovered an entrance into a long-abandoned portion of the catacombs in Montmartre (a part of the city not commonly believed to have catacombs). She is almost certain that the place is crawling with undead. Originally an expansive stone mine, the location's last known use took place centuries ago, when it was the stronghold of a criminal organization known as Les Scélérats du Martre (roughly "The Villains [or Bandits] of the Martyr"). The Villains were a barely literate gang of thugs who operated north of the city in the 14th century. What makes them interesting to Carlotta is that they once attacked and robbed a church caravan transporting an artifact recovered during the Crusades, a golden chalice that for a brief time had spurred a cult following among those who believed it was the Holy Grail. Of course, Carlotta knows that it was no such thing: for instance, it was reputedly covered in hieroglyphs. But such subtleties mattered little in the 14th century.

Carlotta wants to explore the catacombs and see if the chalice is still there. But she is going to need help to complement her own skills. If nothing else, she needs muscle. She is also relatively certain that Les Scélérats left traps. Whether these traps still function five hundred years later is hard to say, but she wants to be prepared for the worst. The other problem is that the entrance is now buried under a café. She is certain that the basement of that café is a great place to start

looking for ways in, but that is going to take some stealth or subterfuge.

Sample Trinkets Carlotta Might Have for Sale

New Kingdom Sacrificial Dagger 3,000 francs

A sacrificial dagger hailing from ancient Egypt, the ivory handle of this relic resembles the head of an ibis, and its bronze blade is covered with hieroglyphs that read "The return of Osiris shows the way." It is remarkably sharp, holds its edge, is completely free of rust or wear; it is in fact a +2 dagger. Carlotta is certain that this dagger is intended to be a key or a compass leading to some lost Egyptian temple, but has been unable to figure out anything further. Finally tired of staring at this enigma, she is getting rid of it.

Dinosaur Skull 3,600 francs

This is a fossilized skull of a dinosaur roughly 2 feet long. The detail is exquisite and the skull is in excellent condition, with a mouth full of pointed teeth. Carlotta bought it because she was told she was paying for a skull of a dragon. Only after the "dragon" had arrived from China did she figure out what she had purchased. Still, what she does not realize is that this skull would be of immense interest to many paleontologists.

The skull is actually that of a completely unknown species of plesiosaur. The discoverer of this species would get to name the species in Latin. If donated anonymously, it will be named *plesiosaurus parisii* (Paris's plesiosaur). If she is asked why this item is so expensive, Carlotta will say simply, "I'm trying to recoup my losses."

Tibetan Prayer Beads 1,000 francs

This set of exquisitely carved jade and bone beads

detect as magical, but Carlotta has never been able to figure out their precise function. They are, in fact, a focus for use in the casting of miracles, but for them to work the one praying must be a Buddhist: they grant a +2 insight bonus on Prayer checks to any sincere Buddhist who possesses them.

The Burial Plaque of Ti Tomaj K'awiil 2,500 francs

This sizeable gold plaque with a gold chain is covered with strange Maya writings; it is obviously intended to be worn as a necklace. It detects as magical, but Carlotta has been unable to determine its use. She has considered having an arcanologist identify it, but in the end decided that it's probably not worth the cost. Thus, she's selling it for its gold value.

The plaque's purpose is actually to make the wearer immune to attacks that convey negative levels; to gain this benefit, a short prayer (which is inscribed on the plaque in Maya) must be recited. Unfortunately, Maya is a lost language. This plaque would be very useful in penetrating the lost pyramid of Ti Tomaj K'awiil in the jungles of Mexico, which is guarded by a host of vampires. The plaque also contains a map to said pyramid again, written in Maya.

Le Café du Soleil Noir (Café of the Black Sun)

In the northernmost arrondissement of Paris, inside the Veil, is Montmartre (the Mount of the Martyr), where the legendary St. Denis was slain. In 1889, Montmartre is a village of artists. It was a cheap place to live even before the Occurrence, but since the disaster one can reside here for almost nothing. The brothels of the rue d'Amboise even offer free dinners for their clientele. The place is an unplanned mass of ramshackle construction built in the side of the hill over looking Paris. It is a maze of winding streets and dead-end alleyways. It is a place of stark poverty and

unrestrained genius. In 1900, when Pablo Picasso comes to Paris looking for inspiration, he will come to Montmartre.

Le Café du Soleil Noir is the imperious and self-aggrandizing name of one of the most important hovels in Montmartre. Here the stew is cheap and the philosophy is free. The establishment is open twenty-four hours a day and is never empty. It is a frequent stop of artists, philosophers, and radicals of every stripe. Young models looking for work circulate among the crowd here, hoping to have their portrait added to the Louvre beside the Mona Lisa, but all too often turning to prostitution to pay for their food.

By far the most famous person regularly seen in the café is Oscar Wilde. This brilliant writer, accomplished wit, and elder statesman for the disenfranchised is often in the café lecturing to a crowd of adoring acolytes. Out of this café, and a few others like it, his rogue Academy of Art operates.

The café is owned by Lynette Breton, an aging, heavy set woman with a curly blond mop of hair and a face much like that of a bulldog, and staffed by her Catalan live-in lover, Jorge Gutierrez, a burly Spanish vagabond with a weakness for wine. Madame B., as almost everyone calls her, keeps the place running - and solvent - despite a generally unscrupulous clientele, who as often as not will try to skip out on their cheque or offer to pay her in art. She does occasionally accept art as payment, however, and, as a result, her walls are covered by many interesting, if not particularly valuable original paintings by artists such as Renoir, Degas, Monet, Cezanne, Picasso, Van Gogh, and other such minor artists.

Adventure Hook: It should come as no surprise that Le Café du Soleil Noir is haunted. The original owners of the place when it was first built in the 16th century, Monsieur and Mademoiselle Anjelou, show up occasionally, usually in the middle of the night when the place is at its least busy. A table in the far corner of the

The Menu for Le Café du Soleil Noir

Bowl of onion stew in a bread bowl	1 francs
Sausage link, boiled in beer	2 francs
Croissant	50¢
A cup of coffee	30¢
A pint of beer	30¢
A shot of absinthe, cheap	40¢
Bordeaux table wine, a glass	50¢
Chardonnay table wine, a glass	50¢
A bottle of table wine	1 francs
A bottle of good wine	6 francs
A bottle of excellent wine	12 francs

*Madame B. will actually cook a full meal from time to time, usually her roast duck, and inevitably finishing with her renowned fruit tarts (often raspberry). These meals cost 10? per plate.

room is kept empty and ready for them at all times. No one is allowed to sit at the table, which is always marked reserved; if anyone tries, Madame B. will steer them away quite gruffly. The ghosts can be seen to chat with each other, pantomiming conversation, but are utterly silent. Madame B. considers them a feature of the place, and is very superstitious about anyone disturbing them.

Imagine her surprise, then, when one night, completely unexpectedly, a new patron slides an ethereal cage beneath the ghosts' table, traps the pair, and flees the scene. Madame B. chases him with a frying pan, but is unable to stop the ghost thief from getting away. Madame B. is furious that someone has stolen her ghosts. She offers a free painting from her remarkable collection, as well as a lifetime of free stew to anyone who can track the villain down and bring back the café's ghosts.

The thief, Jean-Luc DuChamp, is actually not a professional ghost-hunter. He is actually a treasure-hunter. He is after the legendary Anjelou fortune, which was reputedly hidden somewhere in Paris during

the Revolution in 1789 (the Anjelou family once belonged to the aristocracy). DuChamp is hoping that these Anjelou might reveal the location of the family treasure. Alas, during an interrogation of the ghosts, Monsieur DuChamp learns that they know nothing. In fact, it was Monsieur Anjelou's father who hid the treasure, and the old man never spoke of it to his son. Jean-Luc is just about to release the ghosts when our heroes track him down. That's when DuChamp has a stroke of genius. He'll trade the ghosts for the services of these do-gooders.

In effect, DuChamp holds the ghosts hostage. With the single push of a button, the ethereal cage can either release the ghosts or destroy them. If the heroes help him locate the treasure of the Anjelou family, he will release the ghosts. All he knows is that the treasure was hidden somewhere in Paris, since the couple were arrested before they had a chance to flee the city. It turns out that the couples' servant actually hid the treasure for his master and mistress, and that his diary contains directions to a loose stone in the catacombs where the treasure is concealed. The servant's diary is in the possession of the Musée du Louvre, treasured for its documentation of the chaotic days of the revolution. Only a daring break-in into the Museum's archives can retrieve the document.

In the end, however, the Anjelou fortune turns out to be merely an empty chest with a flaking note in it that reads, "Sorry, Monsieur Anjelou, but the people of Paris need this money more than you." The treasure is gone, long ago dispersed to the revolutionary mobs of 1789. Thus defeated, DuChamp is all too ready to have done with the ghosts.

The Catacombs (Les Catacombes)

Beneath the city run more than 300 kilometers of tunnels and passages stacked with the bones of an estimated five to six million people. These were originally the mines from which stone was quarried to build such

Jean-Luc DuChamp

Class: Scoundrel 5

Hit Dice: 5d6+5 (25 stamina points, 12 wound points)

Initiative: +3 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 16 (+3 Dex, +3 Defense)

Attacks: Knife +3 melee; .45 revolver +6 ranged

Damage: Knife 1d4; .45 revolver 1d12

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +7, Will +1

Abilities: Str 11, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 10, Cha 16

Skills: Appraise +7, Bluff +10, Charm +6, Forgery +6, Gather Information +9, Hide +11, Knowledge (ghosts) +6, Listen +10, Open Lock +6, Sense Motive +5, Spot +10, Streetwise +12

Feats: Alertness, Dodge, Extraordinary Luck, Jaded, Skill Focus (Streetwise)

Special Abilities: Contacts (2; the spiritualist who made the ethereal cage and a museum curator), evasion, uncanny dodge

Challenge Rating: 5

Possessions: .45 revolver (loaded), extra ammunition (21), ethereal cage, lock picks, 200 francs

massive structures as Notre Dame Cathedral. Only a tiny section of the massive labyrinth is actually used as an ossuary (a storage pit for bones). Bones are interred into the Catacombs in this way to allow an overfull cemetery to be emptied to make room for new occupants.

However, given the vastness of the tunnel complex, it was inevitable that, through collapses and various building projects, many sections of the tunnels have been isolated from the main catacomb complex. As a result, many separate stretches of catacomb await exploration beneath various buildings of Paris. There are also persistent rumors of strange non-human bones that have been found in some of the lower catacombs.



In 1889, no complete map of the Catacombs exists. Only small sections have been adequately explored, and much of the massive complex remains both a mystery and an endless source of legend and superstition. Several expeditions were organized before the

Occurrence to map the catacombs fully, but since the Veil fell on Paris, there has been no enthusiasm among civil servants to organize another. In fact, since the Occurrence, there has been a new resurgence of interest in and popular superstition regarding the Catacombs: so much so that a section of the Catacombs has been converted into a popular café called L'Ossuarie.

Still, exploring the Catacombs can be a dangerous undertaking. Even if one doesn't run into a ghost, werewolf, or zombie, the tunnels themselves are dangerous enough to discourage casual exploration. Much of the stonework is poorly maintained and crumbling. Deadfalls can easily plummet distances of two or three stories without warning, and the broken jagged stone at the bottom of such a deadly drop mean that there are no soft landings. Some of the catacombs are flooded by underground rivers that feed into the Seine, and these swift underground currents can quickly carry away the unwary.

Adventure Hook: Abandoned stretches of the catacombs not only make wonderful places to house a secret laboratory or accommodate a secret society for dark rituals at midnight, they are also great spots for illicit affairs. It was this very fact that

caused Julia Cordonnier and Michel Tailleux to meet covertly in the dark of the Catacombs to avoid the prying eyes of their respective fathers. Now, sadly, the young lovers gone missing. One of their mothers will

confess that she knew about their rendezvous location in the Catacombs. Once this information becomes known, everyone assumes that Julia and Michel have been carried away by something horrible. The truth is something much less sinister.

The couple has in fact eloped, and they are now living in Montmartre, where Michel can at last fulfill his dream of being an artist. The couple's fathers, who hate each other, will not even discuss this as a possibility. They will pay a group of adventurers to go rescue their children. One can search the Catacombs for a very long time when the thing being looked for simply isn't there. But even if our heroes do find the lovers in Montmartre, the pair are unenthusiastic about returning home.

The House of Nine Gates

The House of Nine Gates is doubtlessly the most notorious opium den in Paris. It is a dangerous place, to say the least. In fact, it is likely the best place in Paris to get to one's throat cut. At first glance, this ancient home, dating from the reign of the Sun King, appears to be a mere brothel. Only when one had entered past the second gate is it revealed to be an opium den. But if it were only an opium den, it still would not deserve its dark reputation. It is also a den of murderers; a training ground for assassins; a slave pen where women are kept as drugged slaves, ready for transport to the East; an underground laboratory that produces explosives, poisons, narcotics, and illegal weapons; a storehouse for stolen goods; a torture chamber both to amuse Monsieur Armitage (see below) and to punish the enemies of the World Crime League; and the premier stronghold of the League in France.

The police in this district of the city are well bribed, and many of them are in truth active agents of the World Crime League. Those few who aren't on the payroll live in fear of Armitage's gang. The last policemen who made trouble for Armitage by trying to organ-

ize a task force to raid the House of Nine Gates was found tied to a chair in his own house, where he had apparently been tortured for hours. Next to him were his wife and five-year-old daughter, also dead. The police who found the scene have declined to comment on what exactly had happened to the victims, but whatever it was, it was almost certainly done while the officer was still alive. The message was loud and clear. The House of Nine Gates has suffered no police interference since then.

It is not an easy thing to enter the House of Nine Gates. Getting past the First Gate and the sharp-eyed guard at the door requires an invitation from one of the members of this exclusive brothel. Everyone who enters, especially for the first time, is vigorously searched. Weapons are not permitted on "members," the nameless guard will explain. Past the First Gate is a scene that will shock many heroes who try to infiltrate the House. Much like in many brothels, the girls line up for the customers, but here many of them sport bruises and lash marks. They all seem to fear the clientele. The madam, a voluptuous older woman with shock-white hair, assures the "members" that the girls are very pliable and open to any treatment. "Severe treatment, however, costs extra," she explains matter-of-factly. This is not a house of playful fun and titillation, like so many of the brothels of Paris. This place is a sadist's playground.

The Second Gate is accessed by giving the madam a password: "I wish to meet the dragon." The password is not particularly secure, and it never changes. Its use, however, allows an opportunity for the madam to check out prospective entrants to the opium den behind the brothel. It is yet another opportunity for concealed weapons to be discovered. First-time entrants to the House who immediately give the password are particularly suspicious. Beyond the Second Gate is the opium den. Hookahs, pipes, and all other manner of paraphernalia are provided to the customer, as well as a host of exotic opium derivatives with colorful names such as

"The Lashing of the Dragon's Tail," "The Wings of the Phoenix," and "The Fourth Mystery of Xi-Xangzhou." All are adulterated opium mixed with other exotic herbs, spices, and narcotics to give additional effects. Some of them are also powerful hallucinogens. It is not uncommon beyond the Second Gate for a customer to have a very bad experience with these drugs. Such customers are usually stripped of their valuables and dumped unceremoniously into one of the side alleyways. For the true drug connoisseur, however, this den offers an array of intoxicants that can be found nowhere else. Many are the personal experiments of the sinister Fu Manchu himself.

The opium den is always populated by a cadre of League foot-soldiers, and even some of the Chinese assassins sent to aid Armitage in his war against the Guild (see below). Some of these thugs are simply partaking in their own personal opium addictions. Some are working; they are here strictly to watch the clientele. The centerpiece of the opium den is a central podium, where at any time a number of elaborately tattooed and stunningly beautiful Chinese prostitutes perform exotic displays. For a price, customers can even join in.

Hidden in the back of the den is the Third Gate. This is a secret door concealed in the wall; only agents of the League are allowed through this door. Observant "customers," however, will notice that people filter in and out of a darkened niche in the back of the den and then disappear. The Third Gate is always guarded on the other side of the secret door. Beyond the Third Gate are the quarters of the League foot-soldiers who are either hiding from the law or who have come from far away. Currently, this area is populated by the Chinese assassins mentioned above. Additionally, a half-dozen wanted fugitives are housed here, waiting for the heat to die down. These men are usually criminal specialists: forgers, safe crackers, hit-men, magic specialists, or something similar. The League has no time for petty thieves.

The Fourth Gate is located in the floor of the

quarters, and leads into the lower levels of the House of Nine Gates. It is rarely guarded, as it is in the very midst of the League's quarters. The Fourth Gate is a trapdoor that leads to a set of stairs descending into the Catacombs of Paris. This section of catacombs has been completely walled off and is only accessible through the House. Beyond the Fourth Gate is the training hall. This is where the World Crime League trains its agents and assassins. There are large sparring mats for training in martial arts, particularly those arts specializing in death blows and incapacitating techniques. There is also a desk here with sample official documents and blank paper and various writing implements, where agents can practice their forgery skills. There is a table stacked with a variety of tools and locks for practicing lock-picking. There are a number of books describing various kinds of poisons, including one manual apparently authored by Professor Moriarty himself. There are nightingale floors for practicing stealth. It is rare that at least a couple of agents of the World Crime League aren't down here brushing up on some illicit skill.

The Fifth Gate is at the back of the training hall. It is locked by an elaborate puzzle lock, complete with a poison-needle trap. The keys to this gate are issued only to trusted lieutenants of Monsieur Armitage. The Fifth Gate opens to a scene of almost unimaginable horror. Behind this gate are the slave pens. Here, women kidnapped from the streets of Paris and from cities all across Europe are stored like animals in small cages barely large enough to hold a dog. They are kept drugged to keep them quiet. Eventually, they are packed like cargo in crates and smuggled to the East. At any one time there are as many as a dozen women and girls here. The scope of the crimes of the League staggers the imagination. These pens are always guarded by a pair of armed handlers, who also guard the Sixth Gate, a simple door located at the back of the slave chamber.

Beyond the Sixth Gate are the laboratories of the

World Crime League. Massive quantities of raw opium are stored here and processed into the mixtures served in the opium den behind the Second Gate. A fortune in exotic and illegal ingredients are stored in locked and often trapped cabinets. There is also a large quantity of gun powder, nitroglycerine, and dynamite, as well as a supply of other experimental explosives. Everything necessary to build almost any sort of bomb imaginable is present here; a gun battle in this room would be extraordinarily dangerous.

This room is usually populated by at least one lieutenant of Monsieur Armitage and several of the scientific experts employed by the League. Most of these experts are forced to work for the League either by direct physical threats or through extortion. Currently, the most accomplished bomb maker working for the league is Dr. Simon Dhurmer, a former munitions expert for the French Army who is currently known to be missing. He is a well-meaning man who was pressed into virtual slavery after the League kidnapped his wife, who is being held, he is told, in another city. As long as Dhurmer does what the League says and builds them their weapons, his wife is safe.

At the rear of the complex of laboratories is the Seventh Gate. It is guarded by a pair of steam-powered automatons crafted by the League's weird scientists that attack anyone who does not give them the correct password; this password is frequently changed and kept a closely guarded secret by Armitage and his most senior underlings. The Seventh Gate leads to what can only be described as a treasure chamber. The transportable wealth of the Parisian World Crime League is kept here under the tightest security. The chests and lockers that hold these valuables are all masterfully locked and lethally trapped. Stored here is a fortune in stolen jewelry, artworks stolen from the Louvre (see the description of Philippe Trudeau, below, as to how the guild got these treasures), currency from several countries, gold bullion, and other treasures taken from the many victims of the League. There is also a collection of official city documents, many of them with blanks waiting

to be filled in by League forgers. The Paris police would kill for that collection alone. And, of course, at the rear of the chamber is the Eighth Gate, guarded by two more automatons.

The Eighth Gate opens into the private quarters of Monsieur Sébastien Armitage himself. Four more automatons stand on guard inside the entrance. Monsieur Armitage does actually own a home in Paris; these quarters are rarely used for sleeping. They are more of a safe-house, a retreat where he can plot his next move or retire if his situation somehow gets "difficult." The suite is richly furnished and lavishly decorated. A large wine cellar stocked with expensive vintages and rare liqueurs is here for Sébastien's personal enjoyment. There is a large map of Paris, as well as possibly the most complete map of the Catacombs in existence. This is also the location of Armitage's private torture chamber, where he occasionally entertains "special guests." Also present is a wealth of correspondence between Armitage and other members of the World Crime League that would be of use to any investigator hoping to break or damage that organization. However, being fully aware of the sensitive nature of these documents and his base here, Armitage has rigged the whole area to explode. In the walls are planted specially made charges of an experimental explosive material that, with the push of a single button, would bring the entire House of Nine Gates crashing down. And, of course, there is also the Ninth Gate.

The Ninth Gate opens only with a unique key that Sébastien keeps on his person at all times. The Gate is heavily trapped, and any attempts to force entry will be met by huge clouds of poison gas flooding the entry hall. Beyond the Ninth Gate is only a single room. This chamber is filled entirely by a weird science wireless communication device that allows Armitage to communicate directly with his superiors. With this device, the heroes could actually "dial up" Professor James Moriarty and have a chat. Of course, the Professor would be very interested to know who they were and how they got here; in fact, he would likely

spare no expense to find out.

For all of its complexities and traps, the entire House of Nine Gates could be packed up and moved by the League in approximately twelve hours. All that would remain would be a typical brothel full of prostitutes, all willing to testify that they haven't seen anything unusual for weeks. The entrance to the Catacombs would be collapsed and would appear, given the dust on the ground of the basement, to have been collapsed for many years. If forced to this extreme measure, Sébastien Armitage would most certainly not rest until he had his revenge on the instigators.

Adventure Hook: Jacqueline Tisserand ran away from her home in Orleans at the tender age of seventeen. She came to Paris both to escape her cold and harsh father, and to make her fortune in the strange and magical haunted city. She had dreams of perhaps becoming a model (being very pretty by any standard), or perhaps of being swept off her feet by some rich, handsome gentleman. She did not find what she expected. Instead, she found the harsh reality of life on the streets: she needed money immediately, and was forced to turn to prostitution to support herself. Unfortunately, she was caught stealing food. In jail, a corrupt magistrate taking money from the World Crime League gave her a choice: years in a squalid prison or "employment" at a brothel known as the House of Nine Gates. She took the brothel. She has since come to regret it.

Jacqueline has been gone from home for almost six months. Her father, Pierre Tisserand, at first thought her running away was simple a "phase." Now he is worried that something terrible has happened to her, and he has come to Paris to find her. He has searched for several weeks and found nothing. Clearly, he needs help. So, he hires help in the form of adventurers to find Jacqueline. To rescue the girl from the House, they must either stage a daring raid or negotiate with the leadership of the World Crime League. Neither option will be easy.

Price List for the Emporium of Wonders

Ancient Egyptian anti-undead amulet	20 francs
Ancient Egyptian cat guardian statuette	40 francs
Aura reading, per scan	12 francs
Ghost-repellant candles, per candle	2 francs
Hypnotism, per hour	50 francs
Love potion, per dose	30 francs
Newts' eyes, per ounce	35 francs
Palmistry, per reading	6 francs
Phrenology session (30 minutes)	20 francs
Powdered dragon bone, per ounce	50 francs
Resting powder (q.v.), per sachet	6 francs
Rhino horn aphrodisiac powder, per dose	30 francs
Séance (30 minutes)	30 francs
Silver bullet, inscribed	x20 normal cost
Silver werewolf repellent ward	45 francs
Unicorn-skin cloak	500 francs
Yeti's paw	200 francs

Lord Zandros' Emporium of Wonders

Carlotta's Folly (see above) describes an actual shop where both magical expertise and the occasional magical trinket may be found for sale. However, in Paris, shops like the Emporium of Wonders are much more typical and easy to find. To be perfectly clear from the outset - there is nothing magical at Lord Zandros' establishment. Of course, in a world where only the very rare member of the arcanologist prestige class typically possesses the ability to detect magic, and particularly in a place like post-Occurrence Paris, charlatans like Lord Zandros can easily make a fortune.

The Emporium looks exactly as one would imagine a magic shop to look. Shelves are filled with glass jars containing exotic plants and strange animal parts, labeled black lotus seeds, newt eyes, powdered dragon bone, rhinoceros horn, and so on. The walls are covered with foreign rugs decorated with strange symbols

and writing (Arabic is a favorite). Animal bones, piles of musty books, mystic candles, cloaks of unicorn fur (never more than one available at a time, of course), the paw of a Yeti, and other items of an suitably arcane nature are all marked for sale.

Lord Zandros himself is an older man with a glass eye and a flair for the dramatic. He usually wears his "magician" costume - heavy black robes sewn with alchemical and zodiacal symbols, adorned by a large, silver-threaded turban. He speaks with an unplaceable (and quite fake) accent. Zandros claims that, although he has traveled extensively through Africa, Asia Minor, and the Thousand Kingdoms of the Orient, he himself was born in distant Marrakesh in the shadow of the Sultan's palace. This is untrue: "Lord Zandros" was actually born in Belgium.

Zandros is a consummate counterfeiter of magical goods. He buys scraps from fish-mongers and butchers and transforms them into magical components. Fish eyes become newt eyes. The internal organs of the fish become all manner of magical organs and potion ingredients. His ground dragon bones are ground cow bones dashed with the occasional fragment of fossilized bone. The Yeti's paw is actually the hand of an orangutan. The cloak of unicorn fur is made of goat's skin. When the shop isn't busy, Lord Zandros can be found in the back room manufacturing fake Egyptian artifacts. He has quite a knack for painting hieroglyphics.

Lord Zandros also does fortune telling, séances, aura reading, palmistry, hypnotism, and phrenology (reading the bumps on the head); all are utterly phony. He sells a whole arsenal of anti-ghost measures, ranging from mystic incantations (which are usually a mish-mash of random Arabic and Chinese words) to ghost-repelling candles that, when burned in a haunted building, "invariably soothe the dead"; these too are fakes. But even the Emporium of Wonders is not without a useful item. Zandros sells silver bullets supposedly etched with anti-werewolf charms. The charms are nothing but random Arabic words and phrases (some-

one who can read Arabic will recognize the most common writing as the Muslim statement of faith: "There is no god but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet"), but silver bullets, charm or no charm, are nonetheless of great use when one shoots them at a werewolf. The charms allow Lord Zandros to charge greatly inflated prices for the "enchanted" bullets. Lord Zandros has done such a thriving business in silver bullets recently that he is almost never out of stock.

Adventure Hook: Lord Zandros conned the wrong man. When Charles Chevalier walked into Lord Zandros' shop, he looked like just another wealthy pseudo-aristocrat that Zandros could separate from some of his money. In reality, Charles was a desperate man whose wife had been murdered only the day before and whose killer was fleeing Paris. Charles knew that his dead wife knew the route of her killer: all he needed to catch the man and get his revenge was this one fact. So he commissioned an emergency séance from Lord Zandros. What he got was a lot of smoke and mirrors, lies and chicanery. Because of this deception and Lord Zandros' instance that he was a legitimate medium, the murderer of Charles Chevalier's wife, Charles fears, has escaped from Paris and is probably out of the country by now. Charles blames Lord Zandros and has decided it is time for this charlatan to pay.

Our heroes encounter Charles for the first time beating up Lord Zandros in an alleyway, about to cut the charlatan's throat. After rescuing the poor Lord Zandros (Charles most likely flees the scene), the heroes learn about Charles and his threat. Lord Zandros is desperate for help and protection. He has gone to the police and they have done nothing. It seems they have little sympathy for the magician. Now he is desperate: "This madman must be made to realize that talking to spirits is an uncertain art!" insists Lord Zandros.

Talking to Charles himself does nothing. He is no mood to forgive, his vengeance having been stolen from him. Using a legitimate medium (such as Carlotta

Dufresne), however, reveals that Anya Chevalier's ghost knows her killer has not fled Paris at all, but is holed up in a "safehouse" on the right bank (see Section IV, "La Seine," for an explanation of "right bank" and "left bank"). The only way to both save Zandros and appease Charles Chevalier is to avenge the death of his wife. Once that debt is paid, Charles loses his taste for Zandros' blood and gets to the business of mourning his beloved Anya.

Musée du Louvre

Located on the right bank, the Louvre museum occupies a hallowed spot in the history of Paris. In 885 AD, Vikings camped on the very spot during their unsuccessful siege of the city. In 1220, King Philippe-Auguste built a square crusader castle near the city limits to enhance Paris's defensive network. Charles V, in 1528, renovated the aging fortress, removing the central dungeon and installing his private library, one of the largest collections of manuscripts in Christendom at the time. His descendants continued the work, and by the 17th century, the Louvre was one of the largest palaces in the world. Louis XIV, not to be outdone by earlier monarchs, also embarked on an aggressive expansion to the palace. However, although he greatly expanded the palace's galleries and conjoined several of the different buildings into one complex, his attention was soon directed away from the Louvre toward his perennial obsession, Versailles.

As the Sun King abandoned the Louvre and left Paris, the purpose of the Louvre began to shift. It took on a new artistic and intellectual bent. The Royal Printing House and various Academies of Art and Science were moved into the former home of the royal family. Meetings of learned men and exhibitions of art and taxidermy were frequently held there. Between 1670 and 1790, the Louvre was transformed from a playground of the King and his courtiers into a center of art, culture, and science.

Now, in the era of the Third Republic, the Louvre remains one of the finest museums in all the World. Housing such enduring masterpieces as DaVinci's Mona Lisa (called by the French La Joconde); Liberty Leading the People by Eugene Delacroix; The Coronation of Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine, December 2, 1804 by Jacques-Louis David; Voltaire (a sculpture in marble) by Jean-Baptiste Pigalle; The Venus de Milo (100 BC); and The Winged Victory of Samothrace (190 BC). The Louvre is the temple of the conservative old guard of French art. Radical and disturbing works produced by such artists as the disciples of Oscar Wilde are only rarely exhibited here. (Instead, those works are to be found in private salons and exclusive exhibitions or on the walls of cafés in Montmartre.) The curators of the Louvre prefer Renaissance oil paintings of dead dukes to innovative studies of light and shadow beneath the Veil of Paris.

Adventure Hook: Security at the Louvre is counted among the best in France. It is precisely for this reason that the famed art and jewel thief, Le Chasseur du Bijou (the Jewel Hunter), has come to Paris. He has come for a specific purpose: he has lined up a buyer for a magnificent Egyptian-era statuette called the Ebon Pharaoh that is currently on display in the Louvre. The Ebon Pharaoh is roughly a foot high, made of highly polished volcanic glass decorated with gold inlay, pigment, and ivory. Dated at approximately 2000 B.C., it is a priceless masterwork. For Le Chasseur, it is his last job; after this, he will retire, leaving behind Europe and all of its entanglements for a simpler life in America, where he can spend his hard-earned money. That is the plan, anyway.

There is a wrinkle, however: the curse of the Ebon Pharaoh. The statuette has been followed by a string of mysterious deaths. The man who originally unearthed it is dead. Many of his team are dead. Even in the Louvre, one of the archaeologists who helped bring the statuette from Cairo to Paris was killed under mysteri-

ous circumstances; the coroner pronounced that this man - who jogged five miles every morning - died of a coronary. Is there indeed some curse on the statuette that inflicts itself upon any who transport it away from its ancestral home?

And of course there are the heroes. How are they involved in this scheme? Have they been hired to protect the statuette, or are they rival criminals trying to steal it first? Are they ghost-hunters hired by the Museum to investigate the curse? Or are they simply bystanders who get caught up against their will?

The National Assembly

Since 1789, the citizens of France have regularly elected representatives for the National Assembly. But the method of election and the powers wielded by the Assembly have changed considerably over the years. And with a handful of exceptions, this elected body has always gathered in the nationalized Palais Bourbon. Built in 1728, the palace was intended to be the home of a daughter of the Sun King and a playground for nobility.

All that changed with the Revolution. The palace was declared national property, as were so many other pieces of property owned by the royal family at that time. The playground was transformed into a center of the People's power.

In 1889, the National Assembly is a place of great political influence and fierce intrigue. Attempts by two Napoleons and a restored Bourbon Monarchy have failed to muzzle its power. The National Assembly is bicameral, including the Chamber of Deputies, whose members are elected by direct election for four years, and the Senate, whose members are elected by indirect election for nine years.

In the five years since the Occurrence, there have been numerous motions to move the National Assembly to Versailles. "The current catastrophe demands relocation," supporters of the measure insist.

But so far, the majority of the Assembly have been insistent: they are not giving up on Paris. It was exactly this attitude that allowed funding for the Eiffel Tower to be approved. It has not been an easy decision. In August of 1886, a ghostly horseman dressed in a Napoleonic lancer's uniform charged through the Chamber of Deputies and vaulted over the front podium before disappearing through the wall. This happened in the midst of a debate over tax reform. Yet another measure was introduced to move to Versailles. It was again voted down, but this time by a much narrower margin.

Adventure Hook: A Senator at the National Assembly has made a terrible mistake. He was spending a night in one of Paris's more exclusive hotels with a young lady who most certainly was not his wife. He had purchased an Asian aphrodisiac recommended to him by a friend to "enhance the experience." Unfortunately, there was something wrong with the drug. The rather rotund senator's heart raced, and he spent several hours barely able to move. The petite young lady, however, died from a massive cardiac arrest on the floor of the suite of the Claridge Hotel. When the senator recovered, he realized he was in trouble. He needed help, and quickly. He contacted an old friend and was put in touch with M. Ambrose Savant, the head of the Guild of Paris (see Section VI for details). The Guild was able to help the senator very discretely: under cover of night, the prostitute's corpse was burned and her ashes scattered into the Seine.

For a time, the whole incident seemed never to have happened. The Senator was grateful to the Guild, and in the legislature he soon had a chance to repay the Guild for their assistance - business as usual in the Palais Bourbon. The complication arose when Madame Trousseau, the madam of the Palais du Verre (see below for details), tried to figure out what had become of her girl, Lorelei. She knows Lorelei's last client was the Senator, but she can't believe that the Senator, formerly a good customer, would have harmed

her; nonetheless, the Senator has rebuffed her several inquiries.

Madame Trousseau is famous for taking care of her girls, though, and this time is no exception. She seeks to hire a group of investigators under a false pretense, claiming to be Lorelei's mother, looking for a daughter who has gone missing. She gives a tearful sob story about her lovely Lorelei, who came to Paris and promptly went missing.

This is a very dangerous assignment. In getting close to the truth, the heroes will become privy to a very dangerous liaison between the Senate and the Guild. The Senator can easily make use of the police, and the Guild can make use of its enforcers. Ultimately, neither side wants the truth to come out. Unfortunately for them, however, there is a witness. A bellboy at the Claridge heard Guild agents discuss the whole thing that night, and he even watched from hiding as the corpse was smuggled out. He is afraid, but knows much of what happened that night. If the heroes do discover the truth, they face a delicate situation: upset two of the most powerful organizations in Paris, or let the corrupt Senator who is involved in this (innocent?) girl's death go free.

Notre Dame Cathedral

Perhaps the most enduring symbol of Paris, Notre Dame is steeped in history. The ground that Notre Dame is built on has been holy ground for all of recorded history and beyond. Before the Cathedral, a Romanesque church stood here. Before the church, there was a basilica dedicated to St. Etienne. This in turn was built over a Roman temple to Jupiter. That temple had replaced a sacred Celtic grove. And the Celtic grove was here because the Celts sensed something magical about the place. Perhaps they too were building on top of another older temple.

The definitive example of gothic architecture, Notre Dame Cathedral is a grand expanse of ornate

spires, huge stained-glass windows, flying buttresses, ribbed vaults, and leering gargoyles. The Cathedral more or less in its current form was completed in 1250. It was made of stone quarried from local mines that in time became the Catacombs of Paris. For more than six centuries, the Cathedral has remained the seat of Catholic power in Paris, with only one exception: the Cathedral was seized and officially "de-Christianized" in 1793. At that time it became a "temple of Reason," the center of the revolutionary Cult of the Supreme Being. It remained so until the 18th of April, 1802 - on Easter Sunday - when the Emperor Napoleon returned it to the Catholic Church as a conciliatory gesture to the Holy See.

Today, the Cathedral wears three faces. First, it has its public face: this is one of the most widely visited tourist attractions in the city, rivaled only by the new Tour Eiffel. Even the Veil has not kept away tourists from all around the world. Tourists pay a few centimes to have a novice tell them the story of the four bells cast from bronze, taken from the Imperial Russian army by victorious French forces at the battle of Sebastopol. They try to spot Victor Hugo's Quasimodo amongst the unmoving Gargoyles. And if the visitors are among the faithful, they might even cross themselves in front of the massive altar and crucifix. For most people, this is Notre Dame.

But that is only a small part of the place's role. The Cathedral and its adjoining buildings represent the largest concentration of Church authority in France. From here, the Catholic Church, which claims 95% of the population as its members, makes its decisions and implements policy. In a real sense, then, this is also a house of governance. The Cardinal of Notre Dame meets with his Archbishops and decides the course of the Church in France. His decisions are considered by many to be just as important as the decisions that come out of the National Assembly.

But there is also the third face of Notre Dame. The Cathedral is not merely a tourist attraction or a

place of church authority; it is also a house of secrets. The westernmost wing of the Cathedral complex holds the Sacred Library of Our Lady, which comprises one of the greatest collections of theological manuscripts in all of Christendom. Only the library at the Vatican exceeds it. Note that this is not an open library; only recognized scholars are admitted, and only with the express permission of the Cardinal. Even Notre Dame's own priests are restricted from spending too much time in the Library. This is not without reason.

More than any place in Paris, the Sacred Library of Our Lady in Notre Dame is afflicted by the Shifting that accompanied the advent of the Veil. The stacks move by themselves. Entire sections will disappear and then reappear in a new position, or simply appear from nowhere, and wall up visitors. It is easy to become lost in the Library. There are even stories of secret passages, previously sealed away, that have led to lost sections of the Library or into the allegedly flooded Catacombs that run beneath the Cathedral. There are stories of ancient Church treasures that even the Cardinals of Notre Dame have forgotten - and also of undead creatures (or worse) that scratch beneath the monastery trying to re-emerge. Whatever the truth of these stories, one can be certain that the Cathedral of Notre Dame still holds many, many secrets.

Adventure Hook: Under false pretenses, Alejandro DeMarco made his way into Notre Dame. He was allegedly assigned here by the Vatican to aid in the organization and cataloguing of the Sacred Library, as the Vatican feared that invaluable and irreplaceable books were being lost to mold and leakage. All of this was a lie. Alejandro was no priest; in fact, he is an arcanologist and demonologist who had traced the last known surviving copy of the ancient text entitled The Homily of Ignatius, a classic work of demon-summoning theory. In the tome's most prized section the archmagus Ignatius delivers to his pupil a list of one hundred and forty-four true names of demons.

A typical bouncer at the Palace of Glass:

Class: Soldier of Fortune 3

Hit Dice: 3d10+9 (27 stamina points, 15 wound points)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 15 (+2 Dex, +3 Defense)

Attacks: Unarmed +8 melee; or brass knuckles +8 melee

Damage: Unarmed 1d3+3 subdual; brass knuckles 1d4+3

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +1

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 9

Skills: Intimidate +6, Knowledge (Paris) +3, Listen +3, Melee +8, Search +6, Spot +6

Feats: Combat Instincts, Dodge, Improved Unarmed Strike, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (unarmed)

Challenge Rating: 3

Possessions: Brass knuckles (treat as gauntlet), 50 francs

The Church was completely unaware that it even had this book. It was part of a collection donated by a certain duke just before the Revolution a century ago. The collection was filed away in a remote section of the library and, in the turmoil of those times, promptly forgotten. The book itself is very nondescript. The church has only discovered the treachery of "Alejandro" after he stole the book and then disappeared mysteriously. When he went missing, the Cardinal, being immediately concerned, sent word to the Vatican about the visiting priest's disappearance. The Vatican replied that it had no idea who Alejandro DeMarco was, and that it had sent no one to Paris.

Cardinal Dorian is now rather anxious to find this imposter. He is certain that whatever the thief stole must be either highly sensitive or very dangerous. Desperate for immediate action, the Cardinal has no time to wait for a team from Rome. Instead, he seeks to hire a group of local heroes and to send them to find this "Alejandro" (whose real name is Edmond Saint-

Just) before something terrible happens. His fears are not unwarranted. In his great 16th-century château in Vincennes, just outside of Paris, Edmond is busily preparing his ritual. He must be stopped before, in his mad quest for personal power, he unleashes something horrible on the people of Paris and the world.

Le Palais du Verre (The Palace of Glass)

Externally, the Palace of Glass appears to be an ornate and historic home. It is in fact one of Paris's oldest and most reputable brothels. In one form or another and in one location or another, the Palace of Glass has been in operation since the reign of Louis XIII in the 15th century. The establishment has been operating at its current location for over a hundred years. Its patronage had included dukes, ministers, musketeers, revolutionaries, poets, painters, sculptors, and philosophers. It is said that Voltaire and the Cardinal Richelieu have both been clients here. There is even a persistent story about how Robespierre was thrown out of the brothel early in his career after being too rough with a girl. Through uprising and revolt, war and famine, the Palace of Glass has weathered the storms of history. And now, it is making Madame Trousseau (see Section V for NPC details), its current mistress, very wealthy.

The reason for the brothel's continued success is apparent as soon as one walks in the door. Of course, Mme. Trousseau's Guild connections aid in the success of the place, as well. The quality of the "services" offered by the brothel is without peer. Madame Trousseau is very selective about her girls, and when they have been employed she is even more concerned about their health and welfare.

Adventure Hook: The Palace of Glass is a place of intrigue and secrets, not just one of carnal pleasures. One of the girls who works here, a stunning beauty

named Josette-Marie, has gotten herself into some trouble, and is now in quite over her head. While serving a German diplomat, she stole a letter from his waistcoat. The letter is nothing less than a communiqué from Wilhelm II to one of his top agents in Paris, who also happens to a member of the National Assembly. The letter is encoded, but with a successful Cryptography check (DC 25), the decipherer discovers that one of France's top political men, Jacques Perot, is actually a German agent. Josette-Marie did not realize at first what she had, but instead of giving it to Madame Trousseau, she kept it for herself, hoping it might be valuable. The German diplomat - realizing later that the correspondence had been stolen, and then deducing whom the culprit must be - has dispatched a crack team of German agents under orders to recover the letter quickly, at any cost. If Emperor Wilhelm II finds out about the German diplomat's indiscretion, he can expect to be recalled to Berlin, there to face the firing squad.

Josette-Marie, however, has proven difficult prey. She noticed someone snooping around her apartment and fled, fearing that the letter was the cause. Madame Trousseau is worried about her missing girl and will gladly hire a group of investigators to find her. However, the madam knows nothing of the letter, although if told of it she can provide a list of suspicious clientele who might somehow have been involved. This list will include the German diplomat.

So, now Josette-Marie is on the run, pursued by German agents and desperate for aid. And she has recently made a bad decision: instead of returning to Madame Trousseau, whom she feared would punish her for stealing the letter and for not handing it over immediately, she went instead to her boyfriend, Armand. Armand, a small time pick-pocket and thug, has decided that the letter must be valuable, and is trying to sell it to some underworld contacts he knows. Unfortunately, those contacts are members of the World Crime League, who would love to have black-

mail material on a German agent in Paris. Between the Germans and the League, it will take considerable deftness to rescue Josette-Marie from this tangled mess.

The Pantheon (a.k.a. The Parliament of Ghosts)

Located in the fabled Latin Quarter at the top of Mt. Sainte-Geneviève, the Pantheon is a secular monument to France's greatest citizens. Constructed by order of Louis XV, the Pantheon was originally intended as a church. It was built over the ancient site of the Sainte-Geneviève Abbey, named for the patron saint of Paris, a Christian shepherdess of the 5th century. Tradition recounts how this humble peasant convinced the people of Paris not to flee in the wake of Attila and his Huns, who were destroying the surrounding countryside, but instead to stay in the city and to pray to God for mercy. The Huns passed Paris by.

The Pantheon was seized by the state during the Revolution and became a secular monument. Now, it serves as the resting place for the remains of many famous secular French celebrities, including Voltaire. It is also arguably the most haunted place in Paris: there are roughly one hundred ghosts that reside in this building. The ghosts are so thick that the Pantheon, normally open to visitors, has recently been closed off. However, no one really guards the place closely, and if one were to sneak in, particularly at night, he or she could meet any of the hundred or so residents of the Pantheon. Sporadically, they even call a get together and have sort of a spectral council meeting. It is this very activity that has branded the Pantheon as "The Parliament of Ghosts."

So, why are all these ghosts here? Some theorize that, because this is not actually hallowed ground, the spirits here are more likely to stay attached to their bodies, and thus are not likely to leave. And, whatever the real cause, it seems to have become quite fashionable amongst the spirits here not to leave. Even after death,

it would seem that Parisians retain their fashion-consciousness.

Amongst the current spectral residents of the Pantheon are Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Victor Hugo, along with a host of other writers, artists, statesmen, and war heroes. The ghosts of the Pantheon are a quarrelsome lot, who argue about everything with the dogged determination of people with lots of time on their hand. There are only two things they all agree on: first, what happened to Voltaire is a shame, whatever that means; and second, they are all tired of hearing Victor Hugo brag about having had 800,000 people attend his funeral. "Eight hundred thousand people in 1885," Monsieur Hugo can be heard to remark. "Why that was almost exactly half the population of Paris. Can you imagine?"

Rousseau rarely misses the opportunity to snap back, "The problem with immortality is that it gives one adequate time to appreciate more fully how boring some people really are."

Adventure Hook: Voltaire was buried thrée times. In 1778, at the age of 84, he died and was buried in Champagne. More than twenty years later, at the zenith of the French Revolution, Voltaire was exhumed and brought to Paris for a hero's funeral in the newly established Pantheon. "Voltaire taught us to be free," the crowds chanted as his bones were interred at the newly secularized church. And, as far as anyone in Paris knows, there he sits to this day. But in truth, when the monarchy was restored in 1815, Louis XVIII held a grudge against Voltaire and so had his bones secretly dumped in a lime pit. The bones have not decayed as they should have, but instead remain preserved by some unknown force.

The ghosts of the Pantheon are not happy about the mistreatment of Voltaire's remains. Indeed, they are quite furious. They have voted and decided to do something about it. For many years, they were unable to express their collective displeasure. It was not until the Occurrence that the ghosts of the Pantheon were

fully manifested. Now, anyone who goes into the Pantheon will get a dressing down from Rousseau about the terrible treatment of Voltaire.

Voltaire's ghost is lurking not in the Pantheon, but is instead very near his bones, in the old lime pit where they were dumped decades ago. If engaged in conversation, his ghost will give anyone who cares to listen a very logical and well-constructed argument about the (non-)existence of ghosts. Returning Voltaire's bones to the Pantheon will placate the other ghosts enough to allow the Pantheon to reopen for visitors (although they still may have to brave Rousseau's occasional lectures).

The Paris Sanitarium

Not actually located in Paris, the Sanitarium is found north of Montmartre, in Refuge. But even though it is more than a mile outside of the city, the Sanitarium is very much a part of Paris. Life under the Veil has not proved easy for the French. The city is in the grip of an epidemic of mental illness, due in no small part to the events of the Occurrence. The Paris Sanitarium was originally constructed as a temporary measure to hold its patients until a larger, more permanent facility could be built. But as a cost-cutting measure, the City Council chose instead to expand the existing building. The result is that the Sanitarium has over the last few decades been growing organically, and rather haphazardly. Even with these difficulties, however, this public facility has recently been overwhelmed with needy patients.

In many ways, the facility is an utter failure. Many of the patients are barely attended, let alone treated. Entire wings of the Sanitarium are little more than human warehouses. Beleaguered doctors vie with utterly impossible caseloads. All too often, serious or violent patients are not really treated at all. Many are simply lobotomized or drugged and put away into little boxes. (See Section III. The Madness of Paris for more details regarding the mental state of Paris.)

Adventure Hook: Docteur Yvonne Chavardés, a psychiatrist in the Paris Sanitarium, is using patients for a brutal and evil experiment. Dr. Chavardés is a ranking member of the "Children of Nebuchadnezzar" (see Section VI for details on this dangerous secret society), and has been infecting the most violent and wicked of those patients in the facility who have no families with carefully refined strains of lycanthropy. On the night of the full moon, she then transports the werewolves into the city where she releases them to observe their behavior from afar using "minders." That the werewolves inevitably prey upon helpless Parisians before being killed is of little consequence to Chavardés. For years, these experiments have continued apace. The werewolves have been getting stronger and fiercer, but so far no more intelligent (which is the ultimate goal of the secret society). Unfortunately, Dr. Chavardés recently made a mistake. She infected a man who, although placed in the society under a false name, in fact has connections to a very influential Parisian family - the De Genets.

Maurice De Genet was every respectable family's nightmare. The son of the family patriarch, Stefan De Genets, Maurice was mildly deformed, but also sociopathic and homicidal. He was placed in the Sanitarium so that he could harm neither himself nor others. It was one of the hardest decisions of Stefan's life. But when his son turned up dead on the streets of Paris after having been shot as a werewolf, rest assured that Stefan wanted answers. His inquiries to the Sanitarium were either evaded or pointedly ignored. They insisted only that Maurice had escaped when he transformed into a wolf. When pressed about how Maurice might have come to be afflicted, they gave no satisfactory answers.

Poor Stefan De Genets had been ashamed of his son in life, but, deep down, always felt that somehow he failed the boy. He is not willing to repeat that mistake. He is looking for help in finding out what is real-

ly going on at the Paris Sanitarium. He wants people who can find the truth and stop this from ever happening to anyone else. In short, he is looking for heroes.

Refuge

Few of the citizens of Paris can say honestly that they welcomed the Occurrence. Even the most indefatigable enthusiast will every so often let slip that she longs for the city to return to normal. But for some, all this madness has been entirely too much. The first time the walls of their apartment dripped blood or the ghost of Napoleon rode by, or that a werewolf was spotted in their neighborhood, they fled. Theirs is a perfectly understandable reaction.

Those who could not bear leaving the city altogether established the community of Refuge on the edge of the zone of darkness, just north of Montmartre. Relative to most anywhere else in Europe, Refuge is still one of the most spiritually active areas to be found; relative to post-Occurrence Paris, it is a calm amidst the storm. Refuge is a quiet place, reminiscent of any other small, peaceful city in France, where people go about their business normally. Its only significant difference is the age and design of its architecture. In 1889, Refuge is almost entirely of new construction. The farms and outlying communities were unprepared for the arrival of half a million Parisians in the space of a few months. As a result, nearly every building or terrain feature here was at that time bought and leveled. In the place of each is a new piece of architecture embodying the spirit of "La Belle Époque."

The citizenry of Paris resolved that if they must live away from the city proper, they would live well and joyously. If Paris is a dark, shadowy carnival, Refuge is a bright, optimistic pageant. The streets here are laid out neatly, all radiating from a single park. At the center of the Park is a statue of the late novelist Victor Hugo as an old man. Engraved upon the statue is an inscription of his famous statement, made as he left Paris for

health reasons, just before his death: "I will seek refuge if I must, but my heart remains in Paris." It is from Hugo's statement that Refuge takes its name.

Refuge is also the site of the single largest dirigible station in all of France: Bouvillair Station. Most foreign visitors to Paris arrive here, at this perpetually bustling sky port. Dirigibles and zeppelins depart regularly, headed for destinations all across Europe. Just away from Bouvillair station is Le Bazar du Monde (The World Market), a series of huge permanent pavilions to which goods imported from all across the world make their way, largely via zeppelin, to be sold. It is also a rich and boisterous farmer's market, where one can find fresh produce and seafood, livestock, cheeses, and locally produced honey. Many local farmers, afraid to transport their goods into Paris proper, instead sell them here.

But there is, strangely enough, a bit of a dark side even amid the usually idyllic escapism of Refuge. Anyone seen as being too "creepy" - too "centre," as the slang goes - is likely to find himself severely persecuted. There is a deeply held belief among the citizens of Refuge that what happened to Paris is somehow the fault of the spiritualists, mediums, somber artists, occultists, and zealots who now populate their city. Spiritualists and mediums who have tried to set up shop in Refuge have found their permits denied, their shops unfrequented, and themselves the victims of relentless campaigns of low-level harassment. The citizens of Refuge will not let the darkness of Paris come to their fair city. The same is equally true of any obvious supernatural entities or items. The citizens in Refuge do not tolerate the supernatural or the bizarre in their town. They have had enough of that in the city center.

Adventure Hook: The heroes are aboard "The Valkyrie," a hydrogen-filled zeppelin bound from Germany to Bouvillair station in Refuge. Also aboard the zeppelin, unbeknownst to anyone else, is French anarchist Alain Perault. He has chosen the Valkyrie because it will

arrive in Paris on the one-year anniversary of the death of his mentor and fellow anarchist, Jean Renier, who was gunned down in the streets of Paris while trying to bomb a police station. To "honor" his friend, Perault has smuggled a bomb aboard the Valkyrie. His plan is to set the bomb, steal one of the zeppelin's emergency glider packs, glide to safety, and then watch the zeppelin explode directly over the hydrogen fuel tanks outside of Bouvillair station. The combined explosion will most certainly kill everyone in the zeppelin and likely start a fire in Refuge, and perhaps even among the other zeppelins gathered there. The anniversary of Monsieur Renier's death date will then be celebrated with one of the greatest pyrotechnic bursts France has ever seen. Or so Monsieur Perault would have it.

There is a further complication, however. Aboard the Valkyrie, only hours before Perault's plan takes effect, a priceless black pearl necklace being transported by armed guards to the Louvre is stolen. This theft was accomplished by a famed jewel thief who has been posing as one of the Valkyrie's crew. The heroes must thus save the zeppelin, foil the anarchist, and recover the necklace. But even if they are successful on all counts, this is only the beginning of the adventure. In Monsieur Perault's cabin aboard the zeppelin is a telegram whose coded message states that the zeppelin attack is only the first of five "fires" his association have planned to hasten the fall of the Third Republic. It will take all of the heroes' wits and skills to defeat the fanatic anarchist cell.

Sainte Chapelle

This impressive gothic chapel dates from 1248, during the reign of Saint Louis, the only French king ever to be canonized. The original purpose of the chapel was to house holy relics including the Crown of Thorns and a piece of the True Cross. In time, it became the formal chapel of the king. All too often throughout history, the Sainte Chapelle has been denigrated or

ignored because of its proximity to its larger cousin, the Notre Dame Cathedral. But in terms of architectural beauty, the Sainte Chapelle is without peer. Its stained-glass windows are designed to catch sunlight and fill the interior of the chapel with rainbows of color. The interior is a forest of arches and delicate columns. It has been frequently described as a perfect gothic structure.

But these days, it has been a long time since the so-called "jewel box" of Saint Chapelle has seen enough sunlight to show her true colors. The architecture may be beautiful, but few historians who describe the place spend much time on its grace of form. Sainte Chapelle has as changed as much as Paris has: it is now a place full of ghosts. All too often, its stained glass windows do not recall their biblical tales, but instead transform to show images of the people who were imprisoned in the Chapel during the Reign of Terror. They show translucent shadow puppet displays of Marie-Antoinette, the last queen of France, huddled in a corner awaiting her decapitation. They show poets, statesmen, scholars, nobles, and even one of the great architects of the Revolution, Robespierre, awaiting the guillotine. Clearly the Sainte Chapelle is haunted.

The idea of a consecrated religious site being haunted has shaken the faith of many of the flock in Paris. After all, if even the Church cannot keep the ghosts at bay, what chance do the parishioners have? Cardinal Dorian, the Cardinal of Notre Dame, is right now considering his options on how to end this challenge to Church authority and restore people's faith in the Divine.

Adventure Hook: The Catholic Church has heard too many stories of the haunted chapel to ignore them any further. They have decided to perform a rare and little practiced ritual, the reconsecration of a church. This ritual should force the ghosts to leave. While the ritual is being performed, the clergy fears, the ghosts may try to interfere; since the attending clergy will be too busy with the ritual itself to guard against harmful spirits,

the Church is forced to employ civilian specialists to protect those who will be performing the purification and reconsecration. The church is in for more than it bargained for, however, for the chapel is not merely haunted. The proper term for the chapel is "possessed." A dark spiritual entity - a "demon" in other parlance - is the cause of the chapel's dark turn. How the demon got there is anyone's guess. Perhaps it came in during the revolution when the Chapel was being used as a secular site, perhaps it came here during the Occurrence: regardless, it has been lying low for some time, slowly corrupting the chapel. It has had no need (or perhaps has been unable) to manifest in any more direct fashion. But the reconsecration will change the nature of the fight. This will no longer be a matter of slow corruption - it will be an open fight between the forces of good and evil.

The stakes are substantial. If the forces of good succeed, the Chapel will be reclaimed and the "hauntings" will end. The faithful will see first hand the power of the Church. If the attempt fails, however, the demon will no longer have any reason to be subtle. The Church will be forced to close one of its most historic and beautiful structures in order to safeguard the public. And everyone will know that the Church has failed to defend its own.

La Seine

The Seine (pronounced san) River flows for 480 miles before emptying into the Bay of the Seine (La Baie de la Seine), an inlet of the English Channel at Le Havre. Paris, "the gift of the Seine," is 223 miles upstream from the English Channel. The Seine divides Paris into two parts. The left bank (rive gauche) is the south side of the river. The right bank (rive droite) is the north side of the river. There are also two islands in the middle of the Seine: Ile de la Cité and Ile Saint-Louis.

Paris owes its very existence to the Seine. It was

the Seine in prehistoric times that hollowed out the Parisian basin. The islands in the river first attracted prehistoric man to live here. And the Seine made Paris an important center of commerce and agriculture throughout history. But despite its being such a valuable asset, Parisians have done little to thank the Seine; it has become one of the most heavily polluted waterways in Europe. Raw sewage drains into the river at several points downriver. By the early 19th century, the smell had already become so bad that people began to evacuate from the immediate vicinity of the river banks. Finally, during the 1860s, a new sewage system was put into place, and at last the Seine began to sweep away generations of refuse.

In 1889, the Seine is a beautiful river and the object of a thousand paintings. Even the shadow over the city cannot hide its beauty. Of course, since the Occurrence, the city is full of stories of strange creatures that have taken residence in the Seine. One such particularly durable tale is the story of the Drowned Man.

Adventure Hook: Early in the evening of October 26th, 1884, a murder took place in Paris. François Etienne was killed because of a woman, Claire, by his best friend of many years, Claude Baudelaire. Claire was, in 1884, one of the most beautiful women in all of Paris, with milk white skin, raven black hair, and eyes of polished jade. She was betrothed only two weeks before to Claude; she was a young woman, not yet nineteen at the time. But François fell deeply in love with Claire the first time Claude introduced them, and resolved that he must have her. Claude was a hard-working, practical sort, who worked as a silversmith and made a fine living. François was very much the antithesis of his friend, a lazy dreamer who barely scraped by on his poetry, his charm, and the occasional odd job. Claire did love Claude, and realized that they would have a fine life together, but she often found him rather boring. François, betraying the trust of his friend,

The Drowned Man (The Ghost of François Etienne)

Medium-Size Undead (Cold, Incorporeal)

Hit Dice: 6d12 (65 hp)

Initiative: -2 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft., swim 30 ft. (no fly speed)

Defense: 20 (+3 Dex, +2 Defense, +5 deflection)

Attacks: Corrupting touch +7 melee

Damage: Corrupting touch 1d4

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Corrupting touch, horrific appearance

Special Qualities: Undead, cold subtype, incorporeal, +4 turn resistance, rejuvenation

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +8, Will +3

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 16, Con -, Int 6, Wis 12, Cha 20

Skills: Hide +11, Listen +9, Search +6, Spot +9

Challenge Rating: 8

Languages: French

COMBAT

Corrupting touch (SU): A ghost that hits a living target with its incorporeal attack deals 1d4 points of damage. Against ethereal opponents, it adds its Strength modifier to attack and damage rolls. Against material opponents, it adds its Dexterity modifier to attack rolls only.

Horrific appearance (SU): Any living creature within 60 feet that views the ghost must succeed at a Fortitude save (DC 18) or immediately suffer 1d4 points of permanent Strength, 1d4 points of permanent Dexterity, and 1d4 points of permanent Constitution drain. A creature that successfully saves against this effect cannot be affected by the same ghost's horrific appearance for one day.

Undead: Immune to poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, death magic and disease. Not subject to critical hits, subdual damage, ability damage, energy drain, or death from massive damage. Immune to any effect that

requires a Fortitude save to resist unless the effect specifically targets objects. Not subject to attacks or spells of a mind-affecting nature.

Cold Subtype: Immune to cold damage; double damage from fire, except if the attack allows a saving throw for half damage, in which case the Drowned Man takes half damage on a successful save and double damage on a failed save.

Incorporeal: Can be harmed only by other incorporeal creatures, +1 or better magic weapons, or magic, with a 50% chance to ignore any damage from a corporeal source. Can pass through solid objects at will, and its own attacks pass through armor. Always moves silently.

Rejuvenation (SU): It's difficult to destroy the Drowned Man through simple combat: any time it would be destroyed, it returns to its old haunts in 2d4 days with a successful level check (1d20+6) against DC 12. The only way to get rid of it for sure is through either the deaths or the annulment of marriage of Claude and Claire Baudelaire.

seduced the young girl away from Claude and pledged his undying love to her. In a moment of passion, he convinced her that if they did not marry, he would die of love-sickness. Swept off her feet and enthralled by the young poet, Claire married François in a secret ceremony in the dark of night at a small Catholic church on the outskirts of Paris. Shortly after the ceremony, François and Claire, still swooning, consummated their wedding in a small rented room. Claire and Claude's wedding was still planned for Claude's patron saint's day, November 25th, exactly one month later.

Claire awoke the morning beside François, and suddenly realized exactly what she had done. Immediately, she regretted her actions and realized that she had made a terrible mistake, as she still loved Claude. She stole away from François and found

Claude, who was hard at work, as usual, in the foundry. She confessed everything to him, and he was understandably enraged. But when she professed that she still loved him and wished to make amends and annul the marriage to Francois, Claude was confused. He sent her away and, as he worked, contemplated what he should do. Claire went to Notre Dame Cathedral to pray for forgiveness.

François awoke much later in the day to find his young bride missing, so, naturally, he dressed and went off in search of her. He went to her home, but discovered that no one there had seen her. He went to his own squalid apartment, but she was not there. Finally, he went to Claude's foundry, located against the left bank of the Seine, to see if he had seen her. Claude lied, saying he had no idea where Claire was, and that neither he nor anyone in her own family had seen her since early the day before. Claude decided to give his friend a chance to tell the truth.

"When was the last time you saw her?" he asked. François lied and said, "Oh, several days ago." Claude grew angry at this deception and asked, "Why are you looking for her?" François replied, "I have loaned a book of poetry to her and I need it back." Claude now seethed with anger, but held it in check. "Are you still going to come to my wedding?" And Francois replied, "Of course, my friend, I would not miss it for all the gold in France."

Claude could contain his anger no longer. He roared with anger and struck François down a smith's hammer that lay close at hand. Believing that François was dead from the blow, Claude dumped the body in the Seine, with a heavy weight tied to one leg so the corpse would not float. But François was not dead. Awakened by the rush of river water, he quickly drowned, however, clawing at the weight and trying to free himself. Claude and Claire were married as planned. Claude still works at the silver smithy, and in the five years since the murder has come to own the place. He is a wealthy and respected man.

But the Occurrence allowed the ghost of François to rise up from his unhappy rest, and he now haunts the couple with a vengeance. He is an angry ghost who seeks retribution against his own wife, who betrayed their marriage and their love, and against the friend who murdered him. In his madness, he has lost most of the skills he had while alive, and exists solely for vengeance. His many assaults have turned Claire's hair from raven black to stark white. Claude is desperate for reprieve from this spirit, but is afraid that a local ghost-hunter might reveal his terrible secret. He needs a group of outsiders to destroy the Drowned Man who stalks him once and for all, and he is willing and able to pay handsomely.

The Sorbonne

Founded by Robert de Sorbon in 1253, this famed Parisian college was originally intended to train students who could not afford a proper theological education. Since then, it has expanded to become the premier university of Paris. In 1889, none of the original buildings survive save for traces of the chapel in the courtyard. To this day, the Sorbonne remains Paris's finest center for learning. Thousands of students from all over France attend classes here. All manner of research is conducted here in numerous fields of study. Even the Veil has not slowed academic progress. Indeed, because of the unique conditions present in Paris today, research efforts have perhaps increased.

The university is a useful source of expertise in fields from antiquities to history, from physics to time travel theory; there is a professor at the Sorbonne working furiously in nearly any field. Most are willing to stop and discuss their fields even with enthusiastic students - but what will really get most professors' attention is money. Anyone putting forth the money to endow a chair (at least 20,000 francs) or to fund a research project (5,000 francs or more) will find many friends at the Sorbonne.

Adventure Hook: It is safe to say that Dr. Gusman's 1887 exhibit on arachnology was an immediate hit at the university. His collection of spiders from all over the world simply astounded everyone who saw it. But for Emile Gusman, the exhibit could only be called a partial success. After all, he had failed to acquire a specimen of the world's largest spider, the rarely seen Congo Emperor. These spiders often grow to the size of a lap dog and, rather than being solitary creatures like most web-building arachnids, have been shown to live and hunt in groups, building elaborate collective web systems to entrap game larger than any lone spider could hope to catch. There are stories of the Congo Emperor bringing down game as large as a wildebeest. Truly, a magnificent creature.

But acquiring a specimen, even a dead one, proved to be remarkably difficult. Gusman had heard of expeditions into Africa that had encountered the Emperor web colonies, but so far they had been unwilling or unable to bring back specimens. It was so very frustrating. But finally, only months after Gusman's exhibit had closed, he managed to purchase a small, dead specimen from a Congolese adventurer. In his excitement to examine the spider's body, though, he failed to notice a small egg sack in one upper corner of the box. The egg sack was eventually dumped, along with all the garbage from the university labs, into the waste heaps of Paris. There the egg sack opened. That was two years ago now.

Now the spiders have grown up, and have adapted remarkably well to France - here, in fact, they have no natural predators, and nearly every one of the spiders has survived to adulthood. At first, they went unnoticed, hunting nothing larger than sewer rats. Recently, however, the spider colony has graduated to alley cats. The Emperors have moved into a cavern complex and set up traps hoping for larger game; the citizens of Paris know this "cavern complex" as the Catacombs.

Very soon now, perhaps already, the secret will be out. It becomes all too apparent that there are deadly

giant spiders in Paris. The Congo Emperor is not just large and cooperative, but is also aggressive and highly venomous. It has also proven to be surprisingly intelligent, even communicating to some extent with its fellows in a rudimentary language that includes hisses, clicks, and flickering gestures with its forelegs. Suddenly Paris finds it in danger not just from ghosts or werewolves, but also from relatively intelligent giant spiders as the Emperors graduate from pets to a new prey - human.

Temple of the Golden Dawn

Bought from a fleeing merchant, a fine old 18th-century mansion in the city center, built during the reign of Louis XV, now houses the Parisian chapter of the Temple of the Golden Dawn. Acquired by Master Horatio Lassiter (details in Section V), the local hierophant of the order, the place's presence can be quite startling for those who expect secrecy from The Golden Dawn. The Temple is in fact not secret at all. Two banners fly proudly on the front of the château, showing the sun rising over the horizon, surrounded by Egyptian hieroglyphs and cabalistic letters.

The Golden Dawn has become quite popular in the occult-obsessed haunted city. Master Lassiter promises magical wisdom and protection from the dead to his disciples. He seeks out the rich and the powerful, trying to draw them into his following. He holds orgiastic tantric rituals at the Temple, during which his followers indulge in pleasures of the flesh in their search for arcane wisdom. The Temple is entirely funded by donations from these patrons.

But all of this chicanery and vulgarity is just a front. In the backrooms of the château, real magical research goes on, amply funded by Master Lassiter's rich dupes. A half-dozen sorcerers of the Golden Dawn from all over Europe ply their magical trade here in the magic-friendly aura of darkened Paris. Each magician has his or her own agenda, and eagerly searches for magic treasures brought from exotic lands or informa-

tion about the cause of Paris's curse of darkness.

It is easy to mistake the Golden Dawn for a sinister organization, and certainly they are a very self-serving lot. But in truth, despite their personal agendas, Master Lassiter and his six acolytes are working feverishly to try to remove the curse upon Paris. They are not doing this for altruistic reasons, mind you. If the curse could be removed by their efforts, they are certain that the citizens of Paris would make them wealthy beyond their wildest dreams. They are also certain that new followers would flock to the Golden Dawn.

For the GM, the Golden Dawn is useful as a red herring. They are so obviously up to something sinister that it will probably be impossible to convince a group of heroes that their goals are actually quite harmless. Master Lassiter himself does nothing to help with this image. In fact, the High Priest enjoys people being a little frightened of him. It tends to keep the more careful of those pious do-gooders from trying to interfere so much with his plans.

Adventure Hook: Cardinal Dorian, the Cardinal of Notre Dame, is shocked at the Golden Dawn's open display of paganism. Something must be done to stop this "spiritual infection" from spreading throughout his congregation. Thus, he contacts Rome and asks for a special agent to aid him in this matter. He is sent Monsignor Vitte, one of the Vatican's most elite "special operatives." Monsignor Vitte is in Paris for one reason - to close down the Temple of the Golden Dawn - but he must also make sure that there is no connection to be made to the Church in doing so. The Monsignor quickly decides that direct action is out of the question: it is too risky and too easily connected. So, instead, he sneaks into the Temple and plants evidence that indicates the Golden Dawn has been responsible for infecting Parisians with lycanthropy. He then hires a group of freelance heroes, posing as a concerned citizen, to infiltrate the Temple and find the planted evidence.

Will the heroes find the evidence before Master Lassiter does? Will they be able to piece together who is really behind this plot? Will they end up destroying one of Paris's best hopes to end the curse? And if they do figure out the truth, will they be able to oppose the will of the Holy Church?

Monsignor Carlos Vitte

Class: Clergy 6 / Scoundrel 4

Hit Dice: 6d6 + 4d6 (41 stamina points, 13 wound points)

Initiative: +8 (+4 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 18 (+4 Dex, +4 Defense)

Attacks: Unarmed +8/+3 melee; blessed +1 .45 revolver +14/+9 or +12/+12/+7 ranged

Damage: Unarmed 1d3+1 subdual; blessed +1 .45 revolver 1d12+1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +10, Will +15

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 18, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 18, Cha 15

Skills: Concentration +8, Conversation +9, Gather Information +10, Heal +10, Hide +11, Knowledge (religion) +9, Move Silently +11, Listen +10, Open Lock +11, Pistol +9, Sense Motive +13, Spot +8, Streetwise +10

Feats: Dodge, Extraordinary Luck, Jaded, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Point Blank Shot, Rapid Shot, Weapon Focus (.45 revolver)

Special Abilities: Conviction +3 (4 people), divine intervention (2/wk), investments (indomitable will [+3], rugged [+3 WP]); contacts (3; Cardinal Dorian, the Vatican, Italian purveyor of magical arms)

Languages: Italian (5), Latin (5), French (4), English (4), Spanish (4), German (4)

Challenge Rating: 10

La Tour Eiffel

In 1889, the Eiffel Tower is a brand new construction. It proudly holds the title of the tallest structure in the world, standing 300 meters high (over 980 feet). In Paris, there is no building that even approaches it in size. It was constructed for the Exposition Universelle of 1889, to mark the centenary anniversary of the Revolution of 1789. It was also constructed to show the world that France had not given up on Paris, despite the Occurrence. The Eiffel Tower is in effect a 7,000-tonne act of defiance. Yet it was not even finished before it had become controversial.

In February 1887, the so-called Artists' Protest marched to the site of the construction to condemn the "gigantic black chimney stack." Repeated scathing condemnations came from the artistic and cultural elite of Paris; the Tower was "monstrous," "useless," a "Babel of Iron." But all of this could not change the fact that most of the populace of Paris was enthralled by the huge metal edifice. Novelist Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé constructed a fictional dialogue between the Eiffel Tower and the towers of Notre Dame, in which the Eiffel Tower speaks to the weathered cathedral:

Old abandoned towers, you are no longer listened to. Do you not see that the world has changed its pole, and that it is spinning on my iron axis? I represent universal force, disciplined by reason. Human thought courses through my limbs. My brow is ringed with lightning stolen from the source of light. You were ignorance, I am Science.

On its grand opening on May 6, 1889, the Tower attracted even a contingent of citizens from Refuge to return to the city center to see the marvelous structure. It was a wonder of architecture and a stunning achievement, made even more stunning by the fact that it had been built in the midst of the Occurrence. At noon on May 6th, the gigantic reflector atop the tower lit up as the world's largest electric light was illuminated. Suddenly the gloom of Paris was dissipated to a degree, and for the first time in five years, the center of Paris

around the Champ du Mars shone almost as bright as day.

The light did not shine forever, though. Within two days the reflector beacon had technical difficulties and had to be shut down at midday. It was restarted several times over the next few weeks, but the cost of continual use began to alarm the city government. A compromise was reached: the reflector beacon remains on, but is now much less bright, operating at a fraction of its capacity. This allows the light to burn continuously and with fewer technical problems, and at only a fraction of the cost. Unfortunately, even around the Tower itself, the illumination is now faint, really just bright enough to make the structure itself visible despite the shadow of the Veil.

But there is a darker side of the Eiffel Tower that becomes apparent only with time. By the turn of the century, the Eiffel Tower will have become the epicenter of the manifestations in and around Paris. Some of the citizenry begin to believe that they have been tricked: perhaps the Tower was not intended as merely a symbol of hope and national progress. Perhaps the Tower was also some kind of weird science device built on a previously undreamt of scale.

Paranoid speculations aside, what cannot be denied is that strange things are happening in and around the Tower. Every night at midnight, dancing lights of inexplicable origin encircle the base of the tower. Citizens of solid character have reported seeing pale lightning pulsing through the girders of the tower. Ghost and poltergeist activity around the Champs de Mars has increased tenfold since its construction. Many spiritualists and the media speak of the Tower as being a great spectral antenna for communicating and summoning the dead. But who could want to do such a thing?

The obvious suspect seems the man who designed the Tower, Alexandre-Gustav Eiffel. Perhaps Eiffel deceived the city into letting him build a weird science device to serve his own inscrutable and doubtless nefarious purposes. Perhaps he has somehow been using the

magical energy of the Tower to strengthen or rejuvenate himself in some way. But various surreptitious investigations (mostly performed by unofficial sources) have revealed him to be completely innocent of any knowledge of the workings of magic. He is simply an architect and an engineer.

Of course, these alleged facts never deter true rumor mongers. Tales of Monsieur Eiffel being seen at the Temple of the Golden Dawn soon circulate. Maybe he is a secret member of the World Crime League, some speculate. Perhaps he was the one responsible for the Occurrence in the first place. Eventually, speculation in the streets of Paris turns into violence. The home of Monsieur Eiffel is burned to the ground after being hit by an unknown assailant's fire-bomb in the summer of 1902. Alexandre-Gustav Eiffel flees Paris with his family shortly thereafter, never to return. This does nothing to stop the supernatural goings-on around the tower.

Regardless of the truth, the matter remains an open mystery. Why do spirits and other strange phenomena seem drawn to the tower? As with the Occurrence itself, everyone has a pet theory, and many are happy to share these with anyone who will listen. The truth, however, remains elusive.

Adventure Hook: The spiritual manifestations around the Eiffel Tower are usually only eerie, and often beautiful, but rarely dangerous. But once, perhaps while the PCs are visiting the Eiffel Tower at night to see the witch lights, things get out of hand. The witch lights seem different. They quickly coalesce into small a string of will-o'-wisps (use stats from the Master Codex, page 291) and begin attacking on lookers. It's up to the PCs to defeat the creatures and save the helpless bystanders from this sudden assault. But even if they are successful, the work is not finished. How and why did these monsters form? And is there any significance to the man in the lab coat who fled from the scene, noted by several witnesses.

In truth, the PCs have just witnessed the first successful test of the Spirit Coagulator, a very dangerous device built by Doctor Ronsen Mordat, a visiting American crackpot who has been expelled from several prestigious universities for antisocial behavior and recklessness. He has recently come to Paris to take advantage of the huge quantities of raw magical energy here. He believes that this spiritual energy could be employed as a power source if only it could be drawn out of the Ethereal realm and into our own. It is certain that he will test his device again unless he is stopped. But the next version will not be a small hand-held prototype: it will instead be a cannon that releases hundreds of the creatures each time it fires.

Le Palais du Versailles

Versailles is not in Paris itself, so it may seem strange to include it here. It is actually situated a half day's ride outside of the city center. This former showcase of absolute monarchical power and immense extravagance has been transformed into a National Palace. But it is a strange anachronism in the landscape of the Third Republic. Every regime since the Revolution has tried to do something with Versailles. But it has proved good for nothing but what it was intended to be - the King's escape from the people.

In 1624, Louis XIII built a hunting lodge in the small village of Versailles. In 1668, architect Louis Le Vau arrived in that same small town under orders from the king. He was ordered to transform the hunting lodge into a palace worthy of the King. Le Vau did not finish the work he began, however; it took fifty years to complete the project. In 1685, 36,000 laborers and artisans and 6,000 horses were working on the construction of the palace and its vast surrounding network of gardens and servants' quarters. Louis XIV himself did not live to see its completion, if such a place could ever be said to be completed.

However, in 1682, Louis XIV grew sufficiently tired

of Paris to deem the Palace ready for his arrival. He left Paris for Versailles, to be farther from the rebellious citizenry and closer to the game rich forests to the West.

Adventure Hook: After Versailles fell, many of France's royal treasures were seized and looted by the Revolutionaries. But many of the greatest treasures were never found. It has been assumed that they were smuggled to England by fleeing nobles, and indeed this is true of many. However, it is also true that inside the massive complex of Versailles are hidden chambers that to this day remain undiscovered. One of those secret chambers can be opened only by playing the Louis XV's favorite tune on a harpsichord in a salon near his bed

chamber. This tune causes sympathetic vibrations in a specially designed clockwork set in the wall, which causes a set of small gears to turn, thereby opening a secret panel in the bedchamber. This remarkable device still functions even after all these years.

Beyond the secret door is a small passage that passes under the palace and leads to a natural cavern beneath Versailles. This is a secret retreat of the King; despite some dampness, it still retains much of its natural splendor. There is a considerable fortune in furnishings and accoutrements down here, where the King occasionally enjoyed dallying with his favored mistresses. But most important to treasure hunters is the location of "La Cave d'Or" (The Vault of Gold), one of

The Sword of Charlemagne

Although it bears the name of the ancient King Charles the Great, this sword was actually never wielded by him. One of his knights, Sir Absalom, retrieved the already ancient artifact after slaying a Chimera living in the Alps. He presented it to the aging King shortly before Charlemagne's death. The Sword is a powerful spiritual object with lasting spiritual significance (see the Master Codex, page 160, for details).

The Sword has two purposes. First, it is one of the few mighty magical weapons of antiquity that has survived to the modern age. Its purpose is to uphold truth, good, and righteousness. Second, it is tasked to find the Cœurduleon (see Chapter Seven: Enemies of the Crown for details). The Sword always knows to within roughly 30 degrees in which direction the sacred Cœurduleon is located; if it is within 90 feet of that artifact, it begins to throb very slightly and can pinpoint the Cœurduleon's position exactly.

In game terms, the Sword of Charlemagne is a +5 holy avenger (see DMG, Chapter 8: Magic Items, "Specific Weapons," for details), with an Intelligence of 11, Wisdom 17, Charisma 12, and a special purpose to find and protect the Cœurduleon; it has an Ego of 15. However, note that, in the Forbidden Kingdoms, the wielder of a holy avenger need not actually be a paladin

to gain those benefits normally granted by such a weapon to members of that class. The wielder must simply act like a paladin. If she fails to do so, then the sword behaves as if it were simply a +2 longsword; in severe cases, it may require a Will contest or cause the wielder to act in uncharacteristic ways (see DMG, Chapter 8, "Items Against Characters").

As a result, ownership of this sword is something of a mixed blessing in this modern age. The owner must remain free of sin: for instance, she cannot lie or steal, she must remain pious and devoted to the Catholic faith, and she must aid those in need whenever possible. The sword is rather rigid in its interpretation of sin, as well. The only way to atone for one's sins (and thus "clear the slate" with the Sword) is to confess to a Catholic priest and to express sincere repentance. Note that the Sword's power to detect the Cœurduleon is also made inaccessible if improper behavior is exhibited by the wielder.

Although the Sword is quite intelligent, it never speaks or communicates in any way with its wielder. In appearance it is quite plain and unadorned, but the blade and the edge it holds are beyond compare. Any swordsmith or blade aficionado who examines the Sword will be absolutely stunned by its quality.

the King's most heavily secured and difficult to access storage vaults. The huge doors lead into chamber after chamber filled with ingenious traps designed to keep everyone but his Majesty out. Once La Cave d'Or held riches beyond imagination, but those were largely squandered by the Bourbon Kings to finance Versailles' continuous expansion and their own hedonism. Now it holds only the tiniest fraction of its former treasure, in the form of one item. But that item is a great wonder. Within the vault rests an ancient treasure: the fabled Sword of Charlemagne.

Zoo de Vincennes (Parc Zoologique de Paris)

The Paris Zoo is located east of the city center and north of the river, just outside the Veil. Formerly a royal forest, it has been converted into a floral garden and France's premier menagerie. For one franc (or fifty centimes for children under age nine), one can wander the park and look at animals from all over the world. It is particularly noted for its aviaries and its collection of birds from every continent.

But it is wrong to say that the Paris Zoo, merely because it is outside the Veil, has been unaffected by the Occurrence. The Zoo de Vincennes has become the site of what is often called the Wolf House. The Institute for the Study of Lycanthropy was founded by the French government shortly after the Occurrence. The purpose of the Institute is to find out what causes the dreaded magical disease of lycanthropy, and to discover a cure for it. Unfortunately, because of both the rarity of the disease and the practical difficulties of capturing a live werewolf, the Institute has never had an actual specimen to study. They have to limit their studies to dead werewolves, which are essentially normal humans. The only way to discern a dead werewolf from any other cadaver is to observe a cell specimen microscopically; werewolves' cells, even dead ones, have been discovered to retain their allergy to silver.

The Institute is led by Dr. Noel Pertinax, a strange and obsessive fellow who, despite his seemingly sinister nature, is committed to ridding France and Paris of this affliction once and for all. He calls himself a "lycanthropologist," and occasionally teaches classes at the Sorbonne on this topic. He is probably the foremost expert in all of France, outside of those affiliated directly with the Children of Nebuchadnezzar (see Section VI), on anything dealing with the subject.

The Institute has a standing offer of 50,000 francs for a live werewolf. Surely this is enough money to tempt a group of young adventurers to take up the search. Such a quest would, of course, lead those adventurers into direct conflict with the Children of Nebuchadnezzar.

Adventure Hook: A rare specimen, the largest Burmese dragon in captivity, has somehow escaped from the Vincennes Zoo. It headed immediately into the sewers of Paris (Les Égouts) and disappeared into the darkness. Within forty-eight hours, the city is filled with supposed sightings and stories of the 12-foot-long lizard prowling the streets of Paris, feeding on pets. People wonder how long it will be before the animal starts eating children. The Zoo is offering a 6,000-franc reward for the capture of the animal alive. Easy money - after all, how hard could it be to capture one big lizard? Of course, a little research reveals that the Burmese dragon can blend in to its surroundings much like a chameleon, and that it has both a vicious bite and a nasty temper. Maybe this isn't so easy after all...

Burmese Dragon

Large Animal

Hit Dice: 4d8+16 (34 hp)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft., swim 20 ft.

AC: 13 (-1 size, +2 Dex, +2 Defense)

Attacks: Bite +8 melee; or tail slap +8 melee

Damage: Bite 1d8+9; tail slap 1d6+9

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 10 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Improved grab

Special Qualities: Low-light vision, protection 5

Save: Fort +8, Ref +6, Will +2

Abilities: Str 22, Dex 14, Con 19, Int 1, Wis 12, Cha 2

Skills: Hide +4*, Listen +4, Move Silently +7, Spot +5, Swim +14

Climate/Terrain: Usually Burmese waterways

Organization: Solitary or pair

Challenge Rating: 4

Advancement: 5-9 HD (Large); 10-12 HD (Huge)

DESCRIPTION

The Burmese dragon is not an evil, malicious, or magical beast. It is actually a distant, though huge relation of the chameleon; as with its smaller cousin, the Burmese dragon's skin can change color to match its surroundings. It is thus 12 feet of armored, fast-moving, camouflaged river dragon, not too different in appearance from a burly crocodile.

COMBAT

The Burmese dragon's favorite tactic is to lie in wait, hiding along the edge of a riverbank, waiting for prey to come within reach.

Improved Grab (EX): To use this ability, the Burmese dragon must hit a Medium-size or smaller creature with its bite attack. If it gets a hold, the dragon grabs the opponent with its mouth and drags it into deep water, attempting to drown it. The Burmese dragon automatically deals bite damage each round it maintains a pin.

Skills: *Burmese dragons receive a +8 racial bonus to Hide checks as long as they remain stationary.

Kuburro

The stats for the Burmese dragon that recently escaped from the Vincennes Zoo differ in only some particulars from those above, as follows:

Kuburro, Burmese Dragon (Advanced HD)

Hit Dice: 7d8+35 (71 hp)

Initiative: +3 (Dex)

AC: 16 (-1 size, +3 Dex, +4 Defense)

Attacks: Bite +14 melee; or tail slap +14 melee

Damage: Bite 1d10+12; tail slap 1d8+12

Special Qualities: Low-light vision, protection 6

Save: Fort +10, Ref +8, Will +4

Abilities: Str 26, Dex 16, Con 20, Int 2, Wis 15, Cha 1

Skills: Hide +5*, Listen +5, Move Silently +8, Spot +6,

Swim +16

Challenge Rating: 6

Known rather unaffectionately as "Kuburro" (which means "stubborn" in a Burmese dialect) by the keepers of the Vincennes Zoo, this particular Burmese dragon is rather large (nearly 13 feet from his nose to the tip of his tail), strong, quick, foul-tempered, and cunning. Already in just his first few hours of freedom in Paris, Kuburro has acquired a taste for poodle.

And note, of course, that the edges of Parisian sewers are quite similar to his favored hunting ground, the riverbanks of his native Burma.

Chapter Five: Personnes Notables

Sébastien Armitage

Class: Martial Mystic 10 / Scoundrel 4

Hit Dice: 10d8+30 + 4d6+12 (101 stamina points, 16 wound points)

Initiative: +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 27 (+3 Dex, +9 Defense, +5 Defensive Stance)

Attacks: Unarmed +15/+12/+9/+6 or +13/+13/+10/+7/+4 melee; .45 autofire pistol +14/+9 ranged (B3-capable; see Master Codex, page 201)

Damage: Unarmed 1d10+3; .45 autofire pistol 1d12

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +11, Ref +14, Will +11

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 16, Con 16, Int 17, Wis 16, Cha 18

Skills: Balance +11, Bluff +14, Concentration +8, Extrasensory Perception +13, Hide Mind +11, Jump +12, Knowledge (Paris) +10, Knowledge (psionics) +6, Listen +9, Melee +18, Metabolic Control +13, Move Silently +10, Physical Enhancement +11, Pistol +8, Psychic Defense +11, Search +5, Sense Motive +11, Spot +9, Streetwise +13, Technique +16, Telekinesis +7, Tumble +11

Feats: Blank Mind, Blind-Fight, Blur of Movement, Extraordinary Luck, Floating Step, Flying Leap, Improved Initiative, Improved Metabolic Control, Initiation into the Way, Jaded, Lingering Leap, Meditation, Natural Born Leader, Preparatory Stance, Psionic Talent, See Without Sight

Special Abilities: Bonus proficiencies (rapier, longsword, whip, and quarterstaff); contacts (3; Professor Moriarty, Fu Manchu, Prefect of Police), evasion, uncanny dodge

Martial Arts Maneuvers: Block, Defensive Stance +5, Disengage, Enhanced Strike +1, Enhanced Disarm,



Enhanced Escape, Expert Disarm, Extra Strike, Improved Iterative Attack, Instant Stand, Nerve Strike (pain), Nerve Strike (stun), Roll with the Blow, Stable Footing, Unarmed Combat Expertise

Challenge Rating: 16

Sébastien is a handsome man in his mid to late thirties, with an easy smile and a capable wit. He is charming, cultured, well mannered, and utterly evil. Sébastien is a sociopath and a sadist of the worst sort. He finds human suffering intriguing, quaint. He is

utterly unconcerned with morality or ethics, believing that he has transcended such petty concerns. It was exactly these qualities that drew him into the service of Professor Moriarty. Sébastien Armitage is a beast of the worst kind, smart and uncaring. Underneath his charming veneer is an irredeemable monster. But he wasn't always this way.

There was a time when Sébastien was simply a young Parisian artist with no small amount of talent for painting. He had come to Paris with his young wife Sylvia and was struggling to make his way in the world as an artist. He was an idealist, full of social revolution and innovation. He was in Paris during the Commune of 1870. In fact, he joined with the Communards, hoping to transform a world locked in senseless war into a better place. It was during the Siege of Paris that he went to war, leaving a newly pregnant Sylvia at home. "I go to make a better world," were his last words to her - the Versaillais slaughtered her in the street-to-street fighting. He returned to his home after the defeat of the Communards, and, after barely escaping arrest, arrived only to discover a horror show. His wife had been beaten, raped - even though she was now visibly pregnant - and shot. His home stank of her rotting flesh.

Something in Sébastien died that day. As the Communards were slaughtered and the Third Republic took power without even a harsh word from the other nations of Europe, Sébastien learned an important lesson. Human life is meaningless. Power is everything. If you are strong then you can do as you please. Sébastien remained an artist; he simply graduated to work on a more terrifying canvas now - he began to "paint" in the medium of fear and suffering. He found within himself a strength he never knew existed, channeling his quest for power into physical perfection. He immersed himself in the underworld of Paris and found it an arena in which he excelled - excelled greatly. That was almost twenty years ago.

Today, Monsieur Armitage sits atop the most ruth-

less criminal organization in France. There is simply nothing he will not do to ensure that his organization remains profitable and that he remains in charge. Moreover, Sébastien is swiftly rising as a global power player in the World Crime League. In some ways, M. Armitage is worse than the more established members, as he is always looking for ways to prove himself. He wants to make sure that every other mastermind in the League appreciates that he is just as evil as they are.

Currently, Sébastien contents himself with running the opium trade in Paris, taking over rival criminal organizations, and operating the largest white slavery ring in Europe, but this is just the beginning. Sébastien's plans extend far beyond these petty atrocities. Someday he wants to run the World Crime League, replacing and surpassing even his mentor, Professor Moriarty. In order to achieve such a goal, he needs to pull off something monumental. And left to his own devices, he might quite possibly do it.

If Sébastien can be said to have a weakness, it is this: he still remembers Sylvia and his previous life fondly, if only rarely. On a few occasions, as he has ordered the death of an informant, slit the throat of a rival and been soaked in arterial spray, or tortured some hapless victim so he can enjoy the tenor of her screams, Sébastien has suddenly remembered life with Sylvia. He remembers a time when all he cared about was being in love, scraping together enough money to buy canvas and paints, and trying to change the world. And rarer still, although they do still occur, are those private moments where Sébastien Armitage wonders how it could have all gone so terribly, terribly wrong.

Adventure Hook: Honestly, Sébastien Armitage is one big adventure hook. Fighting the World Crime League in Paris could easily be the basis for an entire lengthy campaign. This is covered in more detail in Section VIII. However, there is one thing that could easily turn into an adventure specifically focused on Sébastien himself. Back in 1868 and 1869, Sébastien sold a great

number of paintings to a local art gallery. He has all but forgotten these works, thinking them destroyed when the gallery burned some years later. But the paintings survive. They were all sold to a private collector, the elderly Monsieur Renard, who now lives in Refuge. Renard, an art collector and amateur historian, believes that "S. Armitage" must be long dead. Certainly he has never seen any other works by this talented young artist.

The paintings themselves would be very surprising to anyone who knows Sébastien now. They are brilliant, revealing a great talent and vision, but even more surprising is the fact that they show an optimistic view of the world, in which a deep blue Seine flows through yellow grain fields beneath an amber sky. They are painted in bright and vibrant color. If Sébastien knew these twelve paintings survived, he would do anything to retrieve them. In particular, he would most certainly kill for one of them entitled, " Sylvia in Blue"; it depicts a beautiful young girl in a faint blue shift, smiling warmly, reclining on a threadbare blanket, apparently after a hard day's work.

These works are a great weakness for M. Sébastien Armitage. To retrieve them, he would leave the fortress he has constructed for himself. He would take the sort of risks that masterminds shouldn't take. For heroes thwarted by the formidable defenses of the House of Nine Gates, these works are definite chinks in the armor. Perhaps one of the heroes could see them in small and obscure exhibition sponsored by Monsieur Renard.



Marie de Beauvoir

Class: Expert 4

Hit Dice: 4d6+4 (16 stamina points, 12 wound points)

Initiative: +3 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 14 (+3 Dex, +1 Defense)

Attacks: Improvised club +3 melee

Damage: Improvised club 1d6

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +4

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 16, Wis 10, Cha 17

Skills: Charm +14, Conversation +14, Knowledge (Paris) +5, Knowledge (politics) +6, Listen +4, Perform (writing) +16, Savoir Fair +14, Sense Motive +10, Spot

+6, Streetwise +10

Feats: Attractive, Extraordinary Luck, Skill Focus (writing)

Special Abilities: Expertise +4 (Charm, Conversation, Perform [writing], Savoir Faire, Sense Motive), jack-of-all-trades

Languages: French (5), English (4), Italian (3)

Challenge Rating: 3

Marie is a writer and revolutionary whose quick wit and caustic pen are bound to get her into trouble. A member of Oscar Wilde's Rogue Art Academy, she is a frequent inhabitant of Montmartre and is often seen keeping the company of Oscar Wilde and other such avant-garde artists. She is in many ways all too typical of the inhabitants of that area. She is a prolific writer, and at the age of only twenty-two has already published three novels as well as a host of essays and editorials. Her writing is brilliant, but always politically charged and critical of government and Church. Her latest novel, *Iron and Marble* (*Le Fer et Le Marbre*), is the story of a young priest who abandons his faith to become a scientist, but who then discovers that science has become a new faith for many, simply mirroring the same flaws that forced him away from the Church. He rejects both as meaningless dogmas, and near the end of the novel proclaims: "They promised me an epiphany, but all they had were idols of iron and marble!" The work, which stops only barely short of urging a populist overthrow of the current French government, has raised a number of eyebrows.

Adventure Hook: Marie has finally gone too far. Her latest work, the as yet unpublished novel *God's Last Whispers*, is the story of an anarchist who incites a new revolution in France through both his eloquence and his campaign of bombing. He is clearly the hero of the book. The only religious character in the book is a Cardinal willing to betray his parishioners to stay in power at all costs. The novel, though well written and engaging, is overt revolutionary propaganda. A pre-

press copy has fallen into the hands of the government and has already caused a scandal. There is talk of arresting her on charges of treason.

Needless to say, this talk has incited fierce opposition in the artistic community. Paris, or at least Montmartre, is on the edge of a riot as a result. This in turn has attracted the attention of another "revolutionary," Louis XX (see below), the Founder of the Order of St. Denis. Louis believes that if Marie de Beauvoir were to be killed by an obvious "government" agent, it would touch off a riot that might very well end with the fall of the Third Republic, thereby allowing him and his Royalist faction to seize power.

When Marie is shot at in a café in Montmartre, her friend and patron Oscar Wilde seeks out someone both to guard the outspoken young revolutionary and to find out who has targeted her. Of course, he turns to our heroes.

Zacherie Besant

Class: Expert 6

Hit Dice: 6d6+18 (35 stamina points, 19 wound points)

Initiative: +1 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 13 (+1 Dex, +2 Defense)

Attacks: Unarmed +3 melee; blackpowder grenade +5 ranged

Damage: Unarmed 1d3-1 subdual; blackpowder grenade 4d6 (10-foot radius)

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +5

Abilities: Str 8, Dex 12, Con 16, Int 16, Wis 10, Cha 12

Skills: Bluff +15, Bribery +15, Demolitions +16, Forgery +15, Gather Information +11, Knowledge (Paris) +13, Listen +5, Mechanics (fuses and timers) +13, Spot +6, Streetwise +15

Feats: Extraordinary Luck, Run, Skill Focus (Demolitions), Toughness

Special Abilities: Expertise +5 (Bluff, Bribery, Demolitions, Forgery, Streetwise), expertise +1 (Gather Information, Knowledge [Paris], Listen, Mechanics [fuses and timers], Spot), jack-of-all-trades
Challenge Rating: 6

Zacherie Besant is not a man who doubts. He knows with complete certainty that the Third Republic is a thin façade covering a veil of tyranny. The Royalists have not left France, but still rule from hiding. They must be rooted out and annihilated! The façade must be torn away! And France is only the beginning. All the remnants of the monarchies and aristocracies must be scoured from the Earth! The last war has begun: the War for Human Freedom! Dare we pretend that we are not all soldiers?

Zacherie is a very dangerous man. He fought in the National Guard during the Commune of France in 1870, when he escaped the purges only by pretending to be a corpse in a pile of other bodies. He believes sincerely that the Third Republic is only a grand deception to allow the Royalists to seize power, just like they did after the first fall of Napoleon. Zacherie will die before he allows that to happen. To prevent such a thing, Zacherie is finding young Parisian teenagers in the cafés and salons of Paris and indoctrinating them, teaching them revolutionary thought and anarchist dogma. He is training cell leaders for the coming "War for Human Freedom." Zacherie does not actually plant the bombs these days. He gives others the tools to accomplish do so.

Zacherie supports himself by running a small bookshop on the right bank, specializing in revolutionary literature and used primarily as a recruitment facility. Teenagers, boys or girls, who seem interested in Besant's initial theories of anarchy or social rebellion are courted to become members of Zacherie's cell. He uses his meager income and the occasional donation by a like-minded benefactor to rent a small studio apartment



that he never approaches except cautiously and with great stealth. The apartment is not Zacherie's home - it is a bomb-building workshop. Zacherie constructs explosives there in a small, crude laboratory and work area, and even periodically trains his most promising recruits there. Zacherie is perhaps Paris' finest underground bomb-maker. He will sell his wares to anyone who convinces him that they are fighting to eradicate the government. The War for Human Freedom will not be won without struggle, after all.

Of course, the police would love to know about Zacherie Besant's other "business."

Adventure Hook: This year on July 14th, French National Day (referred to as Bastille Day everywhere but in France) will be marked by the destruction of several "Imperialist" landmarks. Three specially built steam-

powered automobiles are being loaded with a hundred pounds of TNT wrapped in a specially made sheath of shrapnel, each triggered to explode when its front bumper hits a solid wall. These vehicles were a coordinated effort between M. Besant (who made the explosives) and a mysterious figure known simply as Monsieur Blanc, who supplied the money and the vehicles and who has always appeared to Besant dressed in a white hood. Besant has been coordinating for months to get three different cells of Parisian anarchists to attack in conjunction the Arc de Triomphe, the Palais du Justice, and the Château du Versailles with these three kamikaze buggies. Unknown to Zacherie, Monsieur Blanc is the notorious Sébastien Armitage (see above), who is trying to spread chaos within Paris to cover his next sinister scheme.

The heroes uncover this scheme less than twenty-four hours before it is supposed to occur, when they happen to capture a member of one of the cells, who almost immediately squeals, for some unrelated incident. They must now stop three separate attacks. At least one of the attacks should only be thwarted by a narrow margin, with a running gun battle through the streets of Paris as the PCs try to board a car filled with explosives and overpower the fanatical (and possibly drug-crazed) driver.

Besant's Home-Made Explosives

Monsieur Zacherie Besant actually charges very reasonable rates for his explosives. After all, he is not in this to make money. He is in this to destroy all government.

Blackpowder, homemade (0.5 lb) 20 francs

Besant's finest achievement is his gunpowder; he manufactures a grade of smokeless blasting-grade gunpowder rivaling that manufactured in any munitions factory in France. Half a pound of the stuff deals 2d6

points of damage to all within a 10-foot radius of the blast point. Every additional half pound adds another 1d6 and another 5 feet to the radius. Besant rarely has more than a hundred pounds of powder available at any one time.

Blackpowder grenades (2 lbs) 100 francs

These homemade grenades are nothing sophisticated: a tiny lidded cast iron cauldron filled with blackpowder; a short fuse cord extends through a hole in the bolted-on top, and is sealed into place with wax. Upon detonation, the powder blasts the cauldron into pieces of hot shrapnel. Of course, this is also a very dangerous device to wield. If the fuse cord is improperly prepared, the grenade could very well go off in the user's hand. If the grenade is thrown too violently, the fuse cord might fall out. A single grenade does 4d6 points of damage in a 10-foot radius; a successful Reflex save (DC 15) halves this damage. The chance of critical failure with this weapon is tripled (it has a critical failure range of 1 to 3; a natural 1 means the weapon has detonated in the hand of the wielder for double damage).

Blackpowder pipe bombs (10 lbs) 500 francs

To an uninformed observer, one of these bombs resembles nothing more than a small wooden keg. In fact, the bomb is roughly 8 pounds of black powder in a small, sealed metal stove pipe, surrounded by hundreds of nails inside the wooden keg. These bombs are intended to take out small buildings and their inhabitants. They often use timer fuses (see below), although fuse cords can also be employed. An exploding pipe bomb fills a 30-foot-radius area with concussive force and red hot nails, dealing 6d6 points of impact damage and 6d6 points of piercing damage to everyone in the blast radius. A successful Reflex save (DC 18) halves the total damage. These bombs are generally custom-made to order. M. Besant can also make a fire-bomb

variation of this, in which the nails are replaced with kerosene; this deals 6d6 points of impact damage and 4d6 points of fire damage, but also sets all flammable structures in the blast radius on fire.

Dynamite, home made (1 stick)

40 francs

A stick of dynamite weighs only a quarter of a pound, yet has all the blasting power of a pound of blackpowder. However, M. Besant is just not very good at making it. His dynamite sticks tend to sweat nitroglycerin and as a result often becoming very unstable, being set off by excessive jostling. A stick of dynamite can be used just like a grenade, doing 2d6 points of damage in a 10-foot radius, but one in ten sticks of Besant's dynamite will have a critical failure range of 1 to 3 (and a natural 1 means the weapon has detonated in the hand of the wielder for double damage). A successful Demolitions check (DC 15) will determine whether a particular stick of dynamite is properly made. Even the "good" sticks of Besant's dynamite have a critical failure range of 1 to 2 (and a natural 1 still means the weapon has detonated in the hand of the wielder for double damage).

Fuse cord, homemade (per foot)

2 francs

This fuse cord generally burns at roughly 1 foot per round. Unfortunately, due to Monsieur Besant's poor quality control, it sometimes burns considerably more quickly or slowly. A successful Demolitions check (DC 12) will allow the cord to be inspected and adjusted properly despite variable burn rates.

Nitroglycerin (1-pint mason jar)

100 francs

This is roughly enough nitro to make five of Monsieur Besant's sticks of dynamite. Because of its liquid form, this jar deals only 3d6 points of damage in a 15-foot radius. Of course, this liquid is incredibly volatile, and any violent movement could set it off.

Timer, home made

20 francs

Perhaps Monsieur Besant's greatest achievement, technically speaking, these timers are made from modified alarm clocks. When the alarm goes off at a designated time, it fires a spark that lights a piece of fuse cord, allowing the affected incendiary or explosive device to go off only one or two seconds later. These devices are occasionally unreliable, and have a one in ten chance of simply not working. A timer can be attached to any one of Monsieur Besant's bombs.

Police Inspector Martin Cretien

Class: Explorer 6

Hit Dice: 6d8+18 (50 stamina points, 16 wound points)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 15 (+2 Dex, +3 Defense)

Attacks: Unarmed +6/+1 melee; 9mm revolver +10/+5 ranged

Damage: Unarmed 1d3 subdual; 9mm revolver 1d10+2

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +5

Abilities: Str 11, Dex 14, Con 16; Int 18, Wis 16, Cha 14

Skills: Bureaucracy +5, Concentration +5, Criminology +7, Gather Information +11, Hide +8, Investigation +15, Knowledge (law) +11, Knowledge (ghosts) +9, Knowledge (Paris) +13, Listen +7, Pistol +8, Search +13, Sense Motive +7, Spot +13, Streetwise +5

Feats: Alertness, Eagle-Eyed, Point Blank Shot, Quick Draw, Skill Focus (Investigation), Weapon Focus (revolver), Weapon Specialization (revolver)

Special Abilities: Alertness +1, trustworthy

Challenge Rating: 6

Martin Cretien is a good cop and an occasionally brilliant detective. The Parisian police force is rife with corruption, incompetence and political appointments,



but Martin is none of those. He is a competent and capable police inspector who takes his job seriously and who tries to promote the common good. In post-Occurrence Paris, he has his hands full. As a twenty-year veteran of the Paris police, there was a time in his career when the Inspector would have scoffed at cases involving werewolves or ghosts, but five years in the haunted city have changed that. In fact, such cases are now a specialty of his, and are often assigned immediately to him. Whether this is because of his competence or because his indolent superiors are trying to kill him is an open question. Regardless, Martin's revolver is always loaded with silver bullets these days.

Martin is a lonely man; he is a bachelor, and that is

unlikely to change. He resides in a tiny, well-kept apartment that looks as if no one lives there. This is not far from the truth. Martin's work has kept him from having anything resembling a social life for so long that he is no longer sure he remembers what he is missing, or if he really is missing anything at all. The only woman that Martin has any time for these days is La Paris.

Currently, Martin Cretien is focused on catching the Scarlet Strangler (see Section VI for details). He is so intent on the case almost that it borders almost on being an obsession. Any hints or clues about this case will immediately seize his attention, and assistance will surely earn his goodwill.

Adventure Hook: The ghost problem in Paris has finally gotten so bad that Inspector Cretien has been authorized to form a special unit called the Spectral Response Squad. He is always looking for good men to be in this unit (perhaps as civilian experts who might be specially deputized), or in a pinch will deal with outside "consultants" for a single mission. Recently, he has a mission that may require just that.

A burglary has been committed in the home of Monsieur and Mademoiselle Guérard. This would normally be just another routine case, but Monsieur Bertrand Guérard claims to have seen the thief and insists emphatically that it was a ghost. The ghost made off with a rare black pearl necklace, a family treasure. The claim is most outrageous: a ghost stealing jewels - who would believe such a thing? But his claims are backed up by two observers on the street who saw the ghostly figure float out of the window as if walking upon air. Furthermore, the ghost matches the description of a marquis who owned the house in the 17th century.

Investigation turns up some discrepancies in the story, however. How could a ghost, an immaterial creature, carry the necklace? And no trace of spiritual residue can be found in the room. The truth is that the Guérard's have been burglarized not by a ghost, but

by a weird scientist, a Doctor Bartholomew Forgeron, who is using his latest invention to get rich. He is wearing a revolutionary but very experimental image projection harness. The flying effect is achieved by his sound-suppressing personal jetpack. He has stolen the black pearl necklace in order to sell the jewel, and to use the money to fund his greatest scheme yet - a sound-suppressing battle-zeppelin that can disguise itself as a cloud or a patch of blue sky. With that, no one will be able to stop him... no one!

Charles Daladier

Class: Scoundrel 5

Hit Dice: 5d6+5 (19 stamina points, 12 wound points)

Initiative: +1 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 14 (+1 Dex, +3 Defense)

Attacks: Unarmed +3 melee; .22 revolver +5 ranged

Damage: Unarmed 1d3 subdual; .22 revolver 1d8

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +3

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 16

Skills: Bluff +13, Bribery +10, Charm +15, Criminology +6, Forgery +10, Gather Information +13, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (Paris) +10, Search +6, Spot +10, Streetwise +10

Feats: Extraordinary Luck, Persuasive, Skill Focus (Charm), Skill Focus (Gather Information), Weapon Focus (revolver)

Special Abilities: Contacts (3; police chiefs, the mayor, Sébastien Armitage), evasion, uncanny dodge

Languages: French (5), English (4)

Challenge Rating: 5

Monsieur Daladier, the Préfet de Police de Paris, is entrusted with upholding the public welfare and ensuring safety on the streets of Paris. He has done neither. Charles Daladier is an exemplar of corruption, graft, and

bribery, and is one of the main reasons that opium flows into Paris without challenge, white slaves are transported without issue, and gang warfare goes on with minimal intervention. It wasn't always this way; once, Monsieur Daladier was an idealist. He believed in the new Republic and wanted to transform France.

That was before he met Sébastien Armitage. When Armitage came assumed control of Paris's World Crime League operation, the first task he undertook was to break the local Prefect of Police. Armitage offered Monsieur a pay-off, and when Charles refused, he kidnapped Charles' little girl and then left her, unharmed, in front of the Police Prefect's house, crying and holding a bag of money. The message was clear. Take the money and look the other way, or your family will pay the price.

Monsieur Daladier took the money. That was years ago. Now, he is firmly in the pockets of Monsieur Armitage. He has taken so many bribes



that any audit of his personal finances would immediately turn up frequent discrepancies. The only reason that Charles has avoided scandal this long is that M. Armitage makes sure that anyone who threatens his pet prefect ends up with a broken leg - or worse, floating in the Seine. Murder, corruption, and complicity - would anyone believe that Monsieur Daladier was forced to comply? The scandal if the truth came out would destroy his and his family's reputation. So, Monsieur Daladier must keep Armitage's secrets and make sure that the crime boss stays happy with him. He is a defeated man - a guilt-ridden, depressed alcoholic who drinks himself to sleep every night in the hope of forgetting what he has done and how he has failed himself and his beloved Paris.

Adventure Hook: Daladier is trying to find a way out of his predicament. If he were to discover that anyone was trying to destroy Sébastien Armitage, he would approach them under pretense or a false identity and tell them all he knows from his years of covertly researching the master-villain. This is a perfectly reasonable way for the characters to learn about Armitage's previous life or to find out about his latest diabolical scheme.

Cardinal Dorian

Class: Clergy 16

Hit Dice: 16d6 (59 stamina points, 13 wound points)

Initiative: -1 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 14 (-1 Dex, +5 Defense)

Attacks: Cane +11/+6/+1 melee

Damage: Cane 1d6-1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +10, Ref +4, Will +18

Abilities: Str 8, Dex 8, Con 10, Int 16, Wis 22, Cha 17

Skills: Concentration +19, Conversation +15,

Diplomacy +19, Knowledge (religion) +19, Leadership

+22, Listen +10, Perform (oratory) +15, Sense Motive +25, Spot +10

Feats: Alertness, Arcane Awareness, Command Voice, Discerning Eye, Iron Will, Natural Born Leader, Toughness

Special Abilities: Conviction +6 (11 people), divine intervention (4/wk), investments (atonement, guardian angel, rituals and rites, smite, zeal)

Languages: French, Latin, English, Spanish, Russian, Arabic, Swahili, Italian, Japanese, Thai, and Mandarin (all at 5 ranks)

Challenge Rating: 16

Cardinal Dorian is an old man who has given his life in service to the Church. He has worked his way up through the ranks of the clergy, confronting sin and evil in all of its many forms, yet he has maintained his faith and grown ever closer to God. He has spent a good deal of his career dealing with demons, possessions, hauntings, and other supernatural threats to the flock. Now he has come to Paris to give this haunted city a similar treatment. Even in his old age, despite the weakening of his physical frame, Cardinal Dorian remains a man of hardy spirit and determination.

Cardinal Dorian is troubled by events in Paris. His seat of power, Notre Dame de Paris, is shrouded in darkness and surrounded by all manner of unnatural events. His diocese faces supernatural crises of unsounded depths. How can he be idle? In these dark days, Paris is often short on heroes. Cardinal Dorian of Notre Dame is one of that rare breed. Since his ascension, he has tirelessly fought to relieve the suffering of the citizens of the haunted city. Under his direction, the Church has redoubled its charitable efforts within the city.

The Cardinal has gone farther than this. He has petitioned the Holy See to form a special Church-sanctioned response to the supernatural in Veil of Paris. At last, after years of delay and contemplation, the pontiff has granted the Cardinal's request.



Adventure Hook: Cardinal Dorian has made many enemies in Paris during his tenure here. Word has leaked of his efforts to formalize a Church-sanctioned team of monster-hunters in Paris. In particular, word has gotten to the Children of Nebuchadnezzar (q.v.). The Children are quite certain what this program really means - the church is at last coming for them. This is not entirely untrue. Although Cardinal Dorian does not even know of the Children or their aims, he does wish to eradicate werewolves, among other supernatural dangers, from Paris. However, the good Cardinal has failed to anticipate that there might be a pro-werewolf cult in Paris who would try to foil his efforts.

In the minds of the Children, there is only one way to deal with this problem: assassinate Cardinal Dorian. If he is killed, his replacement will most likely be the current Archbishop, who is much more politically involved in the Church and less focused on any notion of the good of the people. Under his relatively apathetic and ineffectual period in office, the Children could continue their experiments in peace.

The Children have decided upon a method of assassination particularly suited to their talents, and one that appeals to their sense of irony. They are going to infect the Cardinal with a particularly degenerate strain of lycanthropy. At the next full moon, he will be transformed into a wolf and be hunted down. The Church will be much too busy dealing with their own scandals and cover-ups to worry about their monster-hunting organization. Although they are desperate, the paranoid leaders of the Children of Nebuchadnezzar see this as their only hope. There is only one problem with their plan: if the Cardinal were to be successfully infected, his followers would likely be more eager than ever to see his special monster-response unit put into action.

Worse, one of the Children's number is unmasked by a group of heroes fighting their sinister schemes, and they learn about the assassination attempt only hours

before it is supposed to occur. Thus begins a desperate race against time, culminating in a daring carriage chase through the streets of Paris towards the Cardinal's speaking engagement. The assassins are using a special weird science air rifle, designed by one of their members to inject a tiny dart coated with the disease. The dart will be only as painful as a mosquito bite, and the air rifle will be absolutely quiet.

Languages: French (5), English (4), Tibetan (4)

Challenge Rating: 13

Carlotta Dufresne

Class: Psychic 6 / Expert 1 / Spiritualist 6

Hit Dice: 6d6 + 1d6 + 6d4 (35 stamina points, 11 wound points)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 17 (+2 Dex, +5 Defense)

Attacks: Mystical Tibetan +4 dagger +11/+6 melee

Damage: Mystical Tibetan +4 dagger 1d4+4

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +16

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 16, Wis 18, Cha 16

Skills: Concentration +8, Craft (Focus) +12, Detect Minds +18, Diplomacy +11, Empathy +15, ESP +13, Heal +7, Knowledge (spirits) +17, Listen +14, Mental Enhancement +13, Perform (ritual) +14, Profession (cook) +10, Psychic Defense +13, Savoir Faire +11, Scry +12, Sense Motive +22, Search +10, Spot +14, Telepathy +21

Feats: Alertness, Attractive, Improved Psychic Defense, Meditation, Mind Blast, Mind Link, Mind Probe, Non-Verbal Telepathy, Psionic Talent, Skill Focus (Telepathy), Telepathic Stun, Visions

Special Abilities: Expertise +3 (Concentration, Empathy, ESP, Knowledge [spirits], Perform [ritual]), jack-of-all-trades, see spirit, communicate with spirit, control disembodied spirit, summon spirit, personal spiritual significance (self), spirit walk, personal spiritual significance (other)



Carlotta Dufresne is the owner and proprietor of a shop called "Carlotta's Folly" (see Chapter 4 for details). She is also one of Paris's most celebrated mediums and fortune-tellers. She is not French, although she speaks French without an accent. She is an American, a French Creole born and bred in New Orleans, Louisiana. It was there, as a child, that she was introduced to mystical studies. When her own psychic abilities manifested around puberty, she came under the tutelage of a French expatriate mystic, a mysterious man whose name she never speaks. Under his guidance, Carlotta came into her own as a mind-reader and adventurer. It was also through her mentor that Carlotta met Savienne.

Savienne and Carlotta briefly dabbled in a relationship, but discovered that they much preferred being partners rather than lovers. It was Savienne who got Carlotta mixed up in the Congo River Valley fiasco, which ended up with her almost dying from a poison dart; however, there she also learned the secrets of communicating with spirits from a pygmy witch-doctor. This expedition made Carlotta a very rich woman, with the treasure recovered from the Tomb of M'Kutu; but there she also learned to be almost pathologically afraid of spiders. Carlotta can handle corpses stacked to the ceiling, blood, gore, snakes by the bucketful - but one spider and she can't get away fast enough.

Carlotta eventually joined the Harbold-Keeling Expedition, again thanks to Savienne's prodding. On that trek she communed with the dead spirits of ancient monks; she helped in the famous capture of the Yeti; and she glimpsed the ancient city of Shangri-La (although she was sworn to secrecy by the spirit of the Fifth Dali Lama). She also nearly froze to death on no less than three separate occasions. Spiders and ice: she has little use for either.

Carlotta has traveled to dozens of other fascinating locations and has had many other adventures, almost all of them related to one of Savienne's wild ideas. But now she has come to Paris to "settle" - if opening a

séance parlor in a haunted city and performing occasional exorcisms could be described as settling.... Nonetheless, she has hung her sandals in the Spectral City and tried her best to hide from Savienne, a scheme which has been entirely unsuccessful.

Besides adventuring, avoiding Savienne, and talking to dead people, Carlotta is also a wonderful cook and an avid aficionada of Cajun cuisine. If her cooking has a flaw, it is that it is often hot enough to make large men cry.

Adventure Hook: Carlotta learns that Savienne has returned to Paris. She is certain that he is looking for her. She locks up the shop and goes into hiding, hiring a group of adventurers to talk to him, to try to find out what he wants, all under a false identity. The plan works: Savienne does not drag Carlotta into his adventure - instead, he hires the PCs. It seems that in Paris there is a shipment of stolen Egyptian mummies being sold to collectors. The bulk of the mummies are currently in the hands of a ruthless gang of tomb robbers rumored to have connections to the World Crime League. Savienne has been hired by an Egyptian national to recover the priceless treasures and to return them to Cairo, where the mummies may be properly studied and cared for. There are legends about a curse as well, but surely those are just legends...

And perhaps the Egyptian national is actually a sorcerer who needs only a single component, contained in one of the mummies' sarcophagi, to revive the long-dead Hierophant Hermes Tristernus, the discoverer of hermetic magic and the greatest sorcerer who ever lived...

Honoré Duvillaire

Class: Expert 7

Hit Dice: 7d6 (23 stamina points, 10 wound points)

Initiative: +1 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 13 (+1 Dex, +2 Defense)

Attacks: Cane +5 melee

Damage: Cane 1d6

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +8

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 16

Skills: Charm +15, Conversation +15, Craft (absinthe-making) +8, Diplomacy +15, Gather Information +20, Knowledge (Paris) +8, Listen +17, Savoir Faire +13, Sense Motive +17, Spot +15, Streetwise +8

Feats: Alertness, Extraordinary Luck, Skill Focus (Gather Information), Skill Focus (Sense Motive)

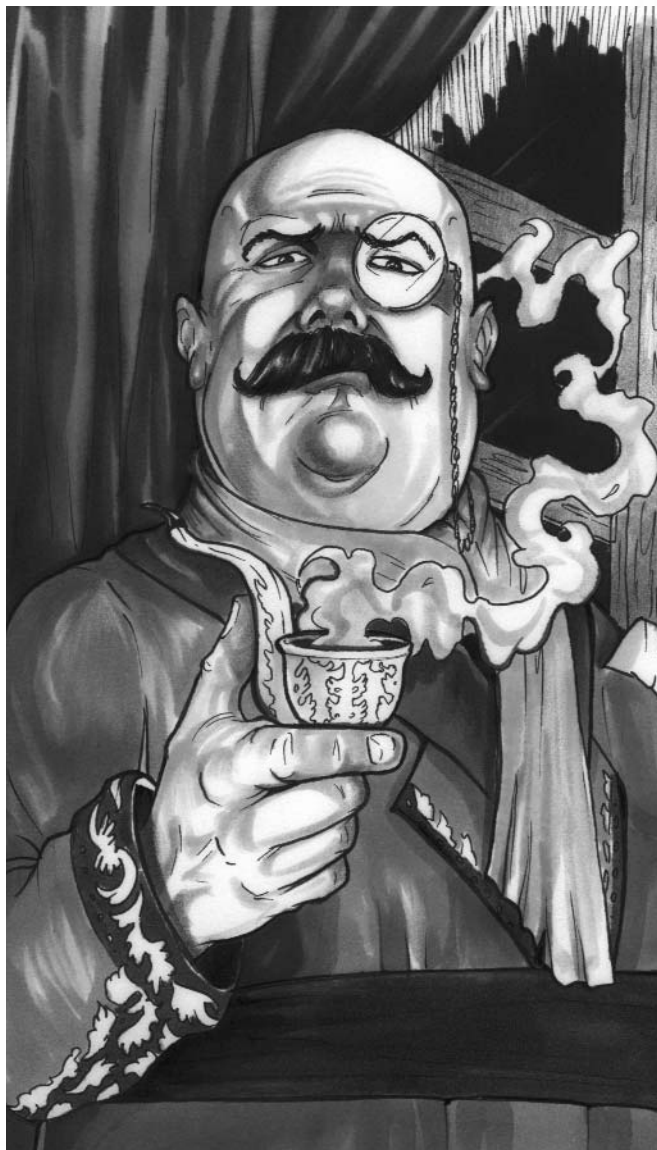
Special Abilities: Expertise +5 (Charm, Conversation, Diplomacy, Gather Information, Savoir Faire), expertise +2 (Craft [absinthe-making], Knowledge [Paris], Listen, Sense Motive, Streetwise), jack-of-all-trades

Challenge Rating: 7

Honoré runs one of the most exclusive absinthe parlors in Paris, the Château du Vert, where he sells only the finest samples of the green elixir, including his own personally concocted variations. A large, rotund man usually dressed in a finely tailored suit, Honoré exudes the archetypically French air de la pompe. He is arrogant and condescending to those of lesser station, fawning and deferential to his betters. He caters to a very exclusive clientele, selling his wares to the finest class of addict.

Inside Duvillaire's parlor, one can purchase the highest grades of absinthe served in crystal

stemware on silver serving trays. The absinthe is poured by skilled absintheirs, who filter the potent and bitter drink through exotically spiced sugar blocks. (Sugar flavored with crystallized ginger is particularly fashionable this year.) As his clients slowly drink themselves into a stupor in the various niches, they often get quite talkative. It is amazing what his absintheirs have to report to Honoré.



Monsieur Duvillaire does not, however, cater to the wealthy only at his parlor; he can also be hired to come to a private gathering, where his squad of absintheurs will serve a selection of the finest absinthes. As a direct result of his business among the upper crust of Paris, Honoré has become a master of gossip. He simply knows everyone who is anyone. He knows who is having an affair, who drinks too much, who is suspected of beating his wife (or mistress), who is rumored to have been seen entering a brothel or another opium den, and much more.

M. Duvillaire comes from a humble background. His parents were bakers in the mustard capital of France, Dijon. He came to Paris to escape his mundane provincial life. In Paris, he has found his heart's desire. He knows nothing of the doings of the street people, nor does he wish to know. As a source regarding pick-pockets and common criminals, he is completely worthless. But if one wants to know the Prefect of Police's bad habits or who the wealthy merchant Monsieur Valois owes money to, Honoré is the man.

Honoré only rarely samples his own product; he hates the taste of absinthe.

Adventure Hook: When Monsieur Louis Poitier died in the Château du Vert, Honoré knew he had a problem. Monsieur Poitier was a strong, healthy man in his early forties. He died suddenly and without explanation while drinking some of Honoré's prized absinthe. Honoré knew what would happen next. Rumors would circulate throughout town that Monsieur Poitier was poisoned, and, true or not, his business would spiral into bankruptcy. Something had to be done and quickly. Given the circumstance, Honoré came up with a clever solution. He tied a red ribbon tightly around the dead man's neck and deposited him in a nearby ally. When the body was discovered, the police were quick to leap to conclusions: Monsieur Poitier had been drinking absinthe, became intoxicated, and on his way home from the parlor was killed by the infamous

Scarlet Strangler, a serial killer operating in Paris (see Section VI for details). Honoré's reputation was saved.

Now, Monsieur Poitier was in fact murdered, but not by the Scarlet Strangler. He was murdered instead by Mademoiselle Poitier, his wife; she had been dipping his favorite absinthe spoon in a tincture of cyanide for some weeks now. Each time M. Poitier drank his absinthe, he received more of the poison, whose taste was neatly masked by the sugar and bitterness of the absinthe. Monsieur Poitier was an unfaithful drunkard who had embarrassed his socially-minded wife repeatedly in high society. His death freed her of his buffoonery, plus awarded her full financial control of her husband's considerable wealth.

Monsieur Poitier's twenty-year-old son, Georges, knows none of this. To him, his father was an idol and a pillar of the community, who perhaps occasionally drank too much. He does not believe for one second that the Scarlet Strangler, so famous for his strangulations of prostitutes, has suddenly turned to strangling middle-aged business men. Trying to convince the Parisian police of this has gotten nowhere, however, so he has turned to an independent investigator (or investigators) to find out what really happened.

Further complications: Monsieur Poitier was supporting a mistress named Yvonne. This even his wife knew. What no one knew is that his mistress is actually an agent for Wilhelm II of Germany; she was trying to gain access to Monsieur Poitier's factory. Monsieur Poitier made his fortune manufacturing carriages. He was in the middle of changing his factory to produce horseless carriages, and had taken a contract with the French government to work on an experimental "armored horseless carriage" - a primitive armored personnel carrier, in effect. Yvonne had hoped to use Monsieur Poitier's vices to gain access to the French government's plans, and thus to give Germany a strategic advantage. Now, with Monsieur Poitier dead, she is both curious as to who killed him and unsure how she can possibly complete her mission.

The King of Beggars (a.k.a. the Walking Man, the Lord of Secrets, the First Gypsy)

Class: Scoundrel 20

Hit Dice: 20d6+60 (135 stamina points, 16 wound points)

Initiative: +11 (+7 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 26 (+7 Dex, +9 Defense)

Attacks: The Beggar King's knife +29/+24/+19 melee

Damage: The Beggar King's knife 1d4+6

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +9, Ref +19, Will +14

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 24, Con 16, Int 18, Wis 22, Cha 18

Skills: Appraise +12, Balance +9, Bluff +21, Charm +20, Climb +14, Disguise +13, Forgery +12, Gather Information +18, Hide +29, Innuendo +14, Intimidate +17, Listen +31, Move Silently +29, Open Lock +11, Perform (raconteur) +7, Pick Pocket +15, Search +10, Sense Motive +20, Spot +19, Streetwise +18, Tumble +15

Feats: Arcane Awareness, Blind-Fight, Dodge, Extraordinary Luck, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Jaded, Mobility, Skill Focus (Appraise, Gather Information, Hide, Listen, Move Silently, Sense Motive), Weapon Finesse (knife)

Special Abilities: Immortal, contacts (too numerous to list), evasion, uncanny dodge, defensive roll, improved evasion, slippery mind, sneak attack +1d6, wisdom of the road

Languages: Virtually all (at 5 ranks each)

Possessions: The Beggar King's knife (+5 keen dagger with personal spiritual significance)

Challenge Rating: 22



Immortal (EX): The King of Beggars does not age physically, and thus does not suffer those ability penalties associated with aging. (He has gained +6 bonus to his mental stats for his incredible age and experience.) He may be killed by normal means, but is immune to natural diseases and poisons.

Wisdom of the Road (EX): Due to his incredible breadth of experience, the King of Beggars may make Information Font checks as if he were a 20th-level academic (+24 bonus; see Master Codex, pg. 88).

The very existence of the King of Beggars remains a hotly contested fact in the streets and salons of Paris. Legend tells of a man hundreds of years old who has

frequented cities across all of Europe and Asia from the Roman era to the present day. Embellishments upon the legend are frequent: the man meets with the devil every hundred years, or he was the legionnaire who stabbed the crucified Jesus with a spear. Disagreements are also frequent. Is the man evil, a servant of the Dark One himself? Is the man a victim cursed never to know the peace of death? Or is he simply a man somehow made undying? But one fact that every informed Parisian can agree on is this: in this age, Paris is the favored haunt of the Beggar King.

Descriptions of the Walking Man are always inconsistent in detail, but consistent in flavor. He is an older man, leather-skinned, frequently dressed as a pauper. He is sometimes lame, sometimes blind, sometimes hard of hearing, but always wise and worldly. He is fluent in every tongue of man, although he sometimes appears to be entirely mute. He is usually willing to help anyone he meets on the road or anyone unfairly beset upon by the powerful, unless, of course, he has come for your soul.

The legend of the Lord of Secrets masks a simple truth. In the world there are people who seem to never age. They are few and their number seems to remain consistent. When one dies, another is born. The First Gypsy is one of this strange breed. He has made his home in Paris for some time, now, to see what has brought on this curse of darkness. He is not a servant of darkness or of evil. He has no use for souls. But he is always listening, and he is always curious as to what is going on in his newly adopted home and in the world at large. He can be found in the deep shadows by those whom he wants to find him. He wants only thing: secrets. He will trade a secret for one question. Unfortunately, his answers, though usually very well informed, are often damnably cryptic.

Adventure Hook: Docteur Jean-Paul Nichois, the famed Egyptologist, is dying, and no one is sure why. He lies sick on his deathbed, frequently feverish and barely able

to speak, and no one, not even the finest doctors of Paris, can say what disease afflicts him. His wife suspects foul play. Only two weeks ago her beloved Jean-Paul was strong and healthy. He must have been poisoned - perhaps by some rival or some shadowy organization that wishes some sinister secret to die with him. She hires investigators in hope of finding the truth and, although she hardly dares hope it, perhaps even a cure. The feverish Jean-Paul says only one thing in his rare moments of lucidity: "A silver scarab with black eyes... find the Beggar King."

Finding the Beggar King is no easy task. It should involve great amounts of research, while Docteur Nichois' condition continually worsens. But the Beggar King will come when he is ready. When he is told what Jean-Paul Nichois' words were, he understands immediately. If he is paid his usual fee of one secret, he will inform the heroes that Jean-Paul was unquestionably bitten by an Egyptian King Scarab, a rare and highly venomous beetle, silver in color with two black spots on the wings, much like two leering eyes. The poison of the King Scarab can only be counteracted with an old Egyptian remedy that involves several rare but obtainable herbs (roughly a hundred francs worth), the blood of a lion, and the bones of a king, all mixed with "wine from the lion's bane." Getting the lion's blood (just a few drops) involves a trip to the Paris Zoo and perhaps some fast-talking, bribery, or (very tricky) theft. The bones of a king can be acquired from a mummy, including those of the ancient Egyptian pharaoh that Dr. Nichois was examining shortly before his illness. The "wine from the lion's bane" refers to wine made from honey, since bees are one of the few animals that can chase off and even kill an adult lion. Honey mead is for sale in several wine shops in Paris. This will cure Dr. Nichois and earn his gratitude and friendship. He will then explain that he was bitten by a King Scarab that crawled out of one the sarcophagi, which had recently been transported directly from Egypt.

Master Horatio Lassiter

Class: Academic 7 /

Arcanologist 6

Hit Dice: 7d4+7 plus 6d8+6
(57 stamina points, 12
wound points)

Initiative: +0 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 15 (+5 Defense)

Attacks: Ceremonial knife
+6/+1 melee

Damage: Ceremonial knife
1d3-1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5
ft.

Saves: Fort +5, Ref +7, Will
+10

Abilities: Str 8, Dex 10, Con
12, Int 17, Wis 17, Cha 17

Skills: Alchemy +14,
Appraise +19, Concentration
+15, Decipher Script +12,
Gather Information +12,
Knowledge (arcana) +21,
Knowledge (London) +9,
Knowledge (Paris) +5,
Knowledge (religion) +12,
Listen +4, Prayer +14, Scribe
+12, Search +13, Sense
Motive +12, Spellcraft +14
(+16 to read magic scrolls),
Spot +12

Feats: Arcane Awareness,
Brew Potion, Craft
Wondrous Item, Jaded, Skill

Focus (Prayer), Skill Focus (Spellcraft), Spell Penetration

Special Abilities: Information Font +10, ignotus agnitio
(-5), targeted skill focus +6 (Appraise), skill focus +3



(Knowledge [arcana]), blends (1-3),
familiar (an owl called Hermes),
arcanologist spells (5/4/4/3 per
day, plus Healing and Protection
domains)

Languages: English (5), French (4),
Latin (4), Greek (3), Ancient
Egyptian (3), German (3), Chinese
(3), Arabic (3), Celestial (4), Infernal
(4)

Challenge Rating: 13

Master Horatio is not a
native of Paris. He was born in
Wales in the small community of
Llandyssul, and moved to London
to receive his education. It was
there that he got involved in occult
matters and became a sorcerer of
the Golden Dawn. Now, many
years later, Horatio is a competent
magician and occultist. He has
been sent to Paris by his masters in
London to establish a presence in
this most magical of cities. For
many years, the Golden Dawn had
no substantial presence in Paris.
But now, Master Horatio Lassiter,
Initiate of the Fifth Mystery, Rex
Sacrorum, High Priest of the
Golden Dawn, has arrived and
established a new temple.

It has not taken Master
Horatio long to insinuate himself
into the Paris upper crust. He reg-
ularly presides over lurid tantric rit-
uals and séances in which the elite
of Parisian society can experience

the wonders of sorcery and be deprived of some of
their wealth.

Adventure Hook: Master Horatio is not all bluster and chicanery. He is actually a very skilled mystic, spiritualist, and arcanologist. He is also an avid collector of magical artifacts, and, thanks to the deep pockets of his many patrons, he is willing and able to pay for them. Recently, he has learned of an Egyptian papyrus scroll that has come into the private collection of a rich Parisian dilettante. The scroll is not only an original hieroglyphic document showing all manner of ancient rituals, it is also covered with Greek notes added by some unknown later source. Master Horatio is desperate to own this item, which he knows only by the title "the Scroll of Thoth Whispering." Unfortunately, its current owner, Monsieur Albert Calais, has refused to sell it. Master Horatio would do anything to retrieve it.

This adventure can be taken from one of two directions. For a group more inclined to roguish behavior, this scenario could revolve around them recovering the scrolls in order to earn the aid of the Golden Dawn in some more serious matter. On the other hand, a group of do-gooders could be hired by Monsieur Calais to find the whereabouts of his already stolen treasure. He suspects the involvement of the Golden Dawn, but has so far been unable to penetrate that society's veil of secrecy.

Louis XX

Class: Idle Rich 10

Hit Dice: 10d6+20 (61 stamina points, 15 wound points)

Initiative: +8 (+4 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 19 (+4 Dex, +5 Defense)

Attacks: Heirloom +2 rapier +14/+9 melee

Damage: Heirloom +2 rapier 1d6+4

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +5, Ref +11, Will +11

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 18, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 18, Cha 20

Skills: Appraise +12, Bluff +15, Charm +21, Conversation +17, Innuendo +14, Intimidate +17, Knowledge (history) +13, Knowledge (Paris) +16, Listen +13, Savoir Faire +16, Sense Motive +16, Spot +12

Feats: Alertness, Discerning Eye, Filthy Rich (x2), Improved Initiative, Jaded, Leadership, Weapon Finesse (rapier), Weapon Focus (rapier)

Special Abilities: Entourage (4 followers); +4 to Appraise, Charm, Innuendo, and Savoir Faire

Languages: French, Old High French, English, German, Italian, Spanish, Latin (all at 5 ranks)

Challenge Rating: 12

The grandson of Charles X, the last Bourbon King to sit on the throne of France during the Restoration following the first defeat of Napoleon, Louis XX is a bitter man full of hate and venom. He has come to Paris under a false name, Jean-Baptiste Meunier, to bring his plans to fruition. Twice in the last hundred years the people of France have betrayed their rightful monarchs. He has returned to France to restore once again the Bourbon monarchy to its proper place. In order to do this, he has established a secret society of Royalists known as the Order of St. Denis (see Chapter 6).

Louis XX does not think of himself as an evil man. In fact, he truly believes he is doing what is best for France. He believes so passionately in his right to rule that he will do anything to secure his throne: all that matters is his kingship. Unfortunately, this obsession has transformed Louis from an idealistic Royalist who believed he was remaking society for the better into a paranoid madman who kills without remorse. Theft, murder, destruction - nothing is too heinous a deed. It seems that all the Order of St. Denis does lately is kill people to ensure its secrecy. The people of Paris have proved remarkably resistant to a restored monarchy, and, truth be told, Louis XX has no idea how to accomplish his goals anyway.

However, he always speaks in lingering statements

and bold, broad assertions, as if some great plan is coming together. But in reality there is no plan. He has taken stabs at building an army, infiltrating the National Assembly, and discrediting the President of the Third Republic. But even if he succeeds at these goals, will they help him at all? Louis XX simply cannot accept - and will never accept - the fact that the people of France do not want a king. They much prefer what he calls the "farcical Republic."

[Art Notes: Now a middle-aged man, Louis XX is a man of obvious distinction and character. Assuming the public identity of a commoner has done nothing to hide his noble mien and regal arrogance.]

Adventure Hook: Louis XX has learned that one of the PCs is of French royal blood (whether the player knew it or not). He sends one of his emissaries to them and tries to recruit them into the Order of St. Denis. If they accept, they will have to prove their loyalty through some symbolic act. If they refuse, the Order will brand them a traitor to France and add them to their long list of enemies. Eventually, some one will be dispatched to deal with them, likely at a time when they least expect it.

Jean-Jacques Montesquieu

Class: Expert 5 / Soldier of Fortune 2

Hit Dice: 5d6+10 + 2d10+4 (44 stamina points, 15 wound points)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 16 (+2 Dex, +4 Defense)

Attacks: Unarmed +6 melee; Winchester 1873 hunting rifle +10 or +8/+8 ranged

Damage: Unarmed 1d3+1 subdual; Winchester 1873 hunting rifle 2d8+4

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +4

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 14, Con 15, Int-14, Wis 10, Cha

15

Skills: Appraise +12, Demolitions +3, Diplomacy +10, Heal +4, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (Paris) +7, Leadership +15, Listen +7, Mechanic (weapon) +5 [+7 for rifles], Profession (importer) +10, Rifle +12, Search +10, Sense Motive +8, Spot +7, Wilderness Lore +3

Feats: Alertness, Far Shot, Filthy Rich, Persuasive, Point Blank Shot, Rapid Shot, Weapon Focus (rifle)

Special Abilities: Expertise +5 (Appraise, Diplomacy, Leadership, Search, Sense Motive), jack-of-all-trades

Languages: French (5), English (4), Swahili (4)

Challenge Rating: 7

Monsieur Montesquieu is a capable businessman who likes to think of himself as a patriot. Through a host of independent firms and adventurers, he purchases exotic items of every description and sells them at a great markup to the elites of Parisian society. Whether the treasures of ancient Egyptian, religious icons from the Himalayas, or jade objets d'art from China, Monsieur Montesquieu has a most discerning eye for quality. He was once an adventurer himself and has traveled extensively throughout Africa. Now he prefers the more civilized life of leisure to be had in Paris.

Montesquieu is quite wealthy, being the son of a notable and prestigious family. He has three children and was happily married for years, although his wife is recently deceased. He is a connoisseur of fine foods and wines, and has grown accustomed to a life of luxury. He is not an evil man, although he has an extremely colonialist outlook, believing firmly in the superiority of European civilization (and of the French in particular).

Adventure Hook: Monsieur Montesquieu has recently imported from the French Congo a collection of ancient wooden ceremonial masks adorned with jewels and ivory. He has come to believe that the masks have been targeted by a band of thieves, perhaps even those of the famous Parisian Guild. A number of his ware-

Butu-Mauri

Small Magical Beast

Hit Dice: 6d10 (33 hp)

Initiative: +9 (+5 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 40 ft.

Defense: 24 (+1 size, +5 Dex, +5 Defense)

Attacks: 2 claws +12 melee, bite +10 melee

Damage: Claw 1d3; bite 1d4

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Piercing scream

Special Qualities: Damage reduction 5/+1, protection 3, regeneration 3, mask form, darkvision 60 ft.

Saves: Fort +5, Ref +10, Will +5

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 20, Con 10, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 10

Skills: Hide +10*, Listen +14, Move Silently +14, Search +12, Spot +14

Feats: Alertness, Improved Initiative, Multiattack, Weapon Finesse (bite, claws)

Climate/Terrain: Usually African jungle

Organization: Solitary, pair, or knot (3-12)

Challenge Rating: 7

Advancement: 7-12 HD (Small)

DESCRIPTION

These strange African spirits are native to the Congo rain forest. In their animate form, at night, they appear as small, bestial humanoids with skins like wood, claws of ivory, and teeth of semi-precious stones. Their origin is lost to human knowledge, but it is thought by those who know of their existence that perhaps they were created by imprisoning nature spirits inside of ceremonial masks.

The Butu-Mauri do not seem to speak or under-

stand any known human language, although they do chitter in their own strange speech amongst themselves.

COMBAT

Piercing Scream (SU): Once per day, the Butu-Mauri can use its piercing scream as a standard action; this functions as the shout spell cast by a 6th-level sorcerer. This ability is usually employed only as an attack of last resort.

Mask Form (SU): During the day, a Butu-Mauri assumes the form of a large, brightly colored wooden mask. These masks appear quite valuable and are almost impervious to harm. They have protection 13 and 50 hit points in mask form. The mask form does not regenerate, but the transformation to humanoid form does cause the Butu-Mauri to recover all of its hit points. Changing to and from mask form is not a voluntary process, but happens automatically at dusk and dawn each day; the transformation takes 1 full round, and occurs the instant the sun touches the horizon.

Regeneration (SU): The Butu-Mauri takes normal damage only from fire and from blessed weapons. All other damage it regenerates at a rate of 3 hit points per round. It can also regenerate any and all lost limbs after one complete cycle of changing to and from mask form (i.e., if it loses a limb but survives, it will have its limb back when it again assumes humanoid form the next day).

Skills: Due to their natural camouflage ability, Butu-Mauri in humanoid form gain a +8 racial bonus to Hide checks.

houses have been vandalized and "tossed," but so far the masks remain in his possession. He is quite anxious to get to the bottom of this, as he is only weeks away from displaying his collection at a special exhibition in the Louvre. After that, he is certain he can sell the masks

for many times their current value.

What Monsieur Montesquieu does not realize is that trouble is coming from the masks themselves. These artifacts are not masks at all, but the dormant form of a minor type of jungle spirit known amongst

the pygmies as Butu-Mauri. The Butu-Mauri awaken only at night and range in temperament from whimsical pranksters to murderous butchers. Most are content simply to wreck their captor's properties. But one of the Butu-Mauri has started hunting local strays, gutting them with his sharp ivory talons. It is only a matter of time before the transplanted spirit begins hunting larger prey such as derelicts, prostitutes, and lost children.

Joël Montrose

Class: Scoundrel 3

Hit Dice: 3d6+3 (17 stamina points, 12 wound points)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 13 (+1 Dex, +2 Defense)

Attacks: Club +3 melee; .22 revolver +5 ranged

Damage: Club 1d6+1; .22 revolver 1d8

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +1

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 16

Skills: Bluff +9, Hide +8, Knowledge (Paris) +5, Listen +2, Move Silently +6, Pick Pocket +12, Spot +4, Streetwise +5

Feats: Alertness, Extraordinary Luck, Skill Focus (Pick Pocket), Weapon Focus (revolver)

Special Abilities: Contacts (2; 2 higher-ranking Guild members), evasion, uncanny dodge

Challenge Rating: 3

Joël is really a typical Paris thief. In fact, it may seem extraordinary that Joël is mentioned in this section at all. Why is Joël a notable person? It is not Joël himself that makes him noteworthy. He is one of thousands of professional Parisian pick-pockets, newly raised to the Second Circle the Guild's membership - no great accomplishment, real-

ly. He was born on the streets of Paris, apprenticed in the arts of illegal acquisition, and now makes a fair living at his trade. He makes enough money to support himself reasonably well, but all too often the take is stolen by tougher or higher-ranking thieves, or squandered on one of Joël's trinity of vices: gambling, liquor, and whoring. So, Joël is often on the ragged edge of poverty. Furthermore, being a career criminal, he is well known to the police. When the call goes out to haul in the "usual suspects," Joël is usually one of them. He's on a first name basis with Inspector Martin Cretien. Again, none of this is particularly notable.

What makes Joël special is a certain artifact that has recently come into his possession, quite inadvertently: Joël Montrose has in his keeping the head of Maximilien Robespierre himself, the architect of the



Reign of Terror. And this grisly trophy is not like other severed heads. Even a hundred years after its separation it still breathes with life, and it also seethes with hatred. Maximilien whispers to Joël in a horrid, raspy wheeze. He whispers to Joël of plans for the future, of power and progress, and of a new revolution. How did Joël come into the possession of this strange artifact?

In the summer of 1794, the fickle will of the people turned against Robespierre. He was guillotined in Paris as thousands of his former supporters cheered. His body was burned in a mass funeral pyre. His head was supposed to be on the pyre as well. But it was in fact stolen away by a nobleman and Royalist living secretly in Paris. The nobleman also happened to be a powerful spiritualist, and he performed a true ritual he had learned in his foreign travels, by means of which he tethered the spirit of Robespierre to his dissevered head. His motivation for doing so was simple: revenge - he wanted Robespierre to live and to suffer, seeing what he had done to France.

For years, the nobleman kept the head in secret, only taking it from its case occasionally to torture it. In time, the nobleman died and passed this vengeful errand to his heir. Nearly a century later, the nobleman's grandson still lived in Paris, an old man. Joël broke into this fellow's château after discovering the door unlocked, and found the old man having a heart attack. Afraid, Joël fled, but took what he thought was an ornate golden birdcage for his trouble. What he found inside the cage, however, was no parakeet.

Immediately, the head of Robespierre, at last free of its tortured existence, begin to promise Joël power and riches if he would only listen. Robespierre was no great orator or genius, but he was ever a master tactician. And now, he has plans for Paris, and indeed for all of France. Joël, at first terrified, soon began to listen to Robespierre. And soon the young Frenchman, enthralled with the promises of wealth and power, began to do what the head commanded.

Adventure Hook: Thanks to (the head of) Robespierre's tactical advice, Joël has already begun to advance farther in the Guild than he ever thought he would. He is now a Second-Circle Guildsman, and nothing seems beyond his reach. Everyone who previously thought Joël was a dullard now suspects that perhaps he was just hiding his intellect behind a façade. But this is just the beginning.

Following the advice of Robespierre's head, Joël begins to build a gang of his own. But in order to win their respect, Joël needs to pull off a really big job - something that makes an impressive amount of money. The head of Robespierre suggests a scheme. Such money could easily be garnered by blackmailing members of the National Assembly. Soon, Joël's gang has dirt on a half-dozen Deputy Ministers. That is when the head suggests that he would be more useful if he could move around on his own.

The PCs get involved when they track down a weird scientist who occasionally does work for the World Crime League. After defeating this villain, Dr. Krueller, they discover a robotic body without a head that is clearly labeled "For Montrose." Of course, it is very important that this body not get back to Joël Montrose, whose gang is going to be trying to claim it. If it does get to Joël, then Robespierre would have a functional robotic body and he could really begin to move his schemes forward. Revolution and democracy no longer intefest him/it. After a century of inhuman torture, all Robespierre dreams of is vengeance against the French. "They only thought they knew what a Reign of Terror was like. This time, none shall be spared!" he rants - but only to himself.

Michel Robuchon

Class: Scoundrel 8

Hit Dice: 8d6+8 (31 stamina points, 13 wound points)

Initiative: +1 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 15 (+1 Dex, +4 Defense)

Attacks: Cane +5/+0 melee; .22 revolver +9/+4 ranged

Damage: Cane 1d6-1; .22 revolver 1d8

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +3

Abilities: Str 8, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 17, Wis 13, Cha 17

Skills: Appraise +10, Bluff +18, Bribery +11, Charm +20, Diplomacy +20, Forgery +9, Gather Information +11, Knowledge (Paris) +14, Listen +5, Pistol +7, Savoir Faire +16, Sense Motive +6, Streetwise +10

Feats: Extraordinary Luck, Persuasive, Skill Focus (Bluff, Charm, Diplomacy, Savoir Faire), Weapon Focus (pistol)

Special Abilities: Contacts (2; Paris's elite, fellow conmen), evasion, uncanny dodge

Languages: French (5), English (4), German (4), Italian (4)

Challenge Rating: 8

Monsieur Robuchon is obviously a man of distinction. He wears a gold-rimmed monocle and sports a carefully trimmed beard. His hair is salt-and-pepper gray, streaked with evidence of his years of experience. He is rarely seen in anything less formal than his tailored Prince Albert suit, with a matching silk Windsor



tie. He sports a gentleman's cane complete with family crest. He is usually to be seen wearing his black top hat, unless, of course, a lady is presence. He has a taste for aged brandy and Cuban cigars. He is fluent in half a dozen languages and possesses a quick and polished wit. Surely this man is one of Paris' elite.

But in truth, Michel is a fraud. He is an accomplished conman, a longtime resident of Paris. For all his air du pomp, he is often on the edge of insolvency. In his lifetime, Michel has conned enough money from

the unwary to make ten fortunes. Unfortunately, he has also squandered enough money on wine, women and dice to make eleven rich men poor. He is constantly in search of a new mark, a new score, and a new fortune to squander.

For Michel, the Occurrence was simply a new opportunity to exploit those with more money than sense. Instead of his usual confidence games (Michel was very fond of selling property he didn't own or engaging in "gentlemanly" wagers about events for which he had rigged the outcomes), he has instead turned his attention to the supernatural arena. He has devised a scheme to fake hauntings, and then to eliminate the non-existent ghosts using a convincing-looking contraption that makes odd noises and displays a rather astonishing spray of color. But, in truth, the device is much more like a movie projector than a spectral disruptor. Still, the fake ghost-hunting has proven to be his most successful scheme to date. Maybe if he cons enough money out of people, he could afford to take his new girlfriend to the Italian Riviera for a week. Hmm, I say, yes, wouldn't that be splendid...!

Adventure Hook: This hook is particularly appropriate if anyone in the party has taken the Filthy Rich feat or the Idle Rich class and obviously flaunts his or her wealth. These sorts are Michel's *crème* and *croissants*, after all. Michel will be at a fine restaurant, for example the Tour d'Argent, dining on the finest cuisine that (other people's) money can buy when he first notices the PCs. He surmises immediately that they do not need his help to be rid of a ghost, so he tries a different tack. He approaches them and asks for their help. He then relates the tragic story of how he has been chased out his *château* in the 12th *arrondissement* by a ghost, and how he needs the help of the party. In particular, there are some valuable family portraits he would like recovered from the house, "for fear they may be damaged by the spectre." He is not entirely lying, for the *château* is haunted by the ghost of a particularly obnoxious

marquis. But what Michel is neglecting to mention is that he doesn't actually own the *château*. He has acquired a copy of the key to the front door, but that is all. He is in fact "hiring" the PCs to break into the house and steal some valuable portraits for him. He will pay them with a tiny fraction of the portraits' value. Of course, if (when) the true owner finds out that the PCs have been looting his home, he won't be at all happy about it.

J.D. Salingeron

Class: Explorer 9

Hit Dice: 9d8+45 (99 stamina points, 23 wound points)

Initiative: +3 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 17 (+3 Dex, +4 Defense)

Attacks: Unarmed +11/+6 melee; spectral disruptor +10/+5 ranged; or blessed +1 Colt .45 Peacemaker revolver +15/+10 ranged

Damage: Unarmed 1d3+2 subdual; spectral disruptor (see Chapter 6: The Ghost-Hunting Business); blessed +1 Colt .45 Peacemaker revolver 1d12+1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +11, Ref +6, Will +6

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 16, Con 20, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 8

Skills: Climb +8, Gunslinging +12, Handle Animal +6, Hide +13, Intuit Direction +8, Jump +8, Knowledge (ghosts and spirits) +8, Knowledge (law) +7, Knowledge (Texas) +9, Listen +11, Move Silently +7, Pistol +15, Ride (horse) +14, Search +7, Spot +16, Wilderness Lore +7

Feats: Alertness, Eagle-Eyed, Mounted Archery [applies to guns], Mounted Combat, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Toughness, Track, Trustworthy

Special Abilities: Alertness +2, Spot +2

Languages: English (5), French (3)

Challenge Rating: 9

Jonathan Douglas Salinger isn't in Paris for the women, the wine, or the weather. He's here for the ghosts. J.D. believes that "spectral manifestations" (as he calls ghosts) are an infestation caused by psychic residue. They are dangerous to the population at large, and they must, for the public good, be eliminated. So, J.D. talked some rich cattle barons back in Texas into supporting his project, and has used that money to fund the development of the spectral disruptor, an anti-ghost weapon (see Chapter 6: The Ghost Hunting Business).

Now that the weapon is working successfully, J.D. has come to Paris both to use the weapon, and thus to make money to pay back his investors, and to start producing the weapon in sufficient numbers that he can sell it to all the ghost-hunters of Paris. If he can pull this off, it will be a renaissance in the field of spectral eliminations.

Adventure Hook: J.D. is always looking for partners, financiers, and for those eager to help disperse the dangerous "spectral manifestations." J.D. is always willing to take a contract that involves testing out his new spectral disruptor.

Monsieur Ambrose Savant

Class: Scoundrel 14

Hit Dice: 14d6+28 (77 stamina points, 14 wound points)

Initiative: +3 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 19 (+3 Dex, +6 Defense)

Attacks: Knife +13/+8 melee; .22 revolver +16/+11 ranged

Damage: Knife 1d4+1; .22 revolver 1d8

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +12, Will +5

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 12, Cha 20

Skills: Appraise +8, Bluff +18, Charm +18, Disguise +8, Hide +14, Innuendo +6, Knowledge (epistemology) +8, Knowledge (Guild) +15, Knowledge (history) +8, Knowledge (Paris) +14, Knowledge (psychology) +8, Leadership +10, Listen +13, Move Silently +13, Pick Pocket +10, Pistol +17, Savoir Faire +17, Search +15, Spot +13, Streetwise +13

Feats: Alertness, Extraordinary Luck, Jaded, Point Blank Shot, Skill Focus (Bluff, Charm, Knowledge [the Guild], Savoir Faire), Stealthy, Weapon Finesse (knife), Weapon Focus (pistol)

Special Abilities: Contacts (5; the Paris Guild, the Paris Police, 3 other European Guildmasters), evasion, uncanny dodge, improved evasion, sneak attack +1d6

Languages: French (5), English (5), German (5), Latin (4)

Challenge : 14

The man called simply Monsieur Ambrose was not born with that name. His actual identity has been changed and obscured so often over the years that the truth is now both impossible to discern and irrelevant. The man who rules the Guild would have it no other way. Monsieur Ambrose Savant, or Ambrose the Scholar, is the Thief of Thieves, the Lord of the Night, the Initiate of the Seventh Circle, the Guildmaster. He is a criminal mastermind par excellence. He is also one of the most powerful men in Paris, and he is most certainly not someone to be trifled with. But you wouldn't know it from meeting him.

In the streets of Paris, he is usually found playing the part of a penniless professor or a poor artist. He is often to be found in libraries, universities, or bookshops. He is a learned man with a scholarly bent. He rules the Guild through his lieutenants, whom he plays against each other to ensure their loyalty. He can be ruthless and murderous when he has need, but prefers to avoid violence. Murder isn't good for business, after all.

Ambrose is arguably the most well-connected man



in Paris. He simply knows everyone. Everyone owes him or his organization a favor (and if they don't owe a favor, they would love the Guild to owe them one). He has vast financial resources at his disposal. He has an army of thugs and cutpurses eager to curry his favor. His reputation is that of an honorable man who holds to his words. But crossing Ambrose would be suicide.

Adventure Hook: Ambrose has only one weakness. It is among the best kept of secrets that Ambrose was once married; he has a single daughter from that broken marriage, a beautiful and brilliant young woman named Lisette Besant. Lisette is a student in Paris who believes her father is dead. Ambrose meets with his daughter infrequently, pretending to be the executor of her estate; she knows him as Monsieur David Dumonde. From him, she receives the money that supports her and pays her tuition. Lisette is currently seventeen. She has always wished to know more about her parents, but M. Dumonde is always frightfully sparse on details.

Driven by her curiosity, Lisette Besant, without informing Monsieur Dumonde, hires a group of investigators to find out the truth about her parents. Where are they buried? What really happened to them? She has always suspected that M. Dumonde is hiding the truth from her. Investigation will reveal that there is in fact no Monsieur Dumonde employed by any known law firm in Paris. It will also lead the PCs down a dangerous trail that could bring them into the very heart of Guild leadership. Ambrose realizes that Lisette could be used against him by his many enemies, so he will do anything to make sure his secret is kept safe.

Madam Dominique Trousseau

Class: Idle Rich 8 / Expert 1

Hit Dice: 8d6+8 + 1d6+1 (35 stamina points, 12 wound points)

Initiative: +3 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 17 (+3 Dex, +4 Defense)

Attacks: .22 Derringer +9/+4 ranged

Damage: .22 Derringer 1d8

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +3, Ref +9, Will +11

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 16, Cha 20

Skills: Appraise +7, Bluff +12, Charm +22, Conversation +13, Diplomacy +15, Gather Information +22, Innuendo +13, Knowledge (Paris) +9, Listen +14, Perform (any 5) +10, Savoir Faire +15, Seduction +26, Sense Motive +11, Spot +9

Feats: Attractive, Filthy Rich (x3), Jaded, Leadership, Persuasive, Skill Focus (Gather Information, Seduction)

Special Abilities: Entourage (3); +2 to Appraise, Charm, Innuendo, and Savoir Faire; expertise +3 (Charm, Diplomacy, Gather Information, Innuendo, Seduction); jack-of-all-trades

Languages: French (5), English (3), German (3)

Challenge Rating: 9

Madame Dominique Trousseau runs one of Paris's most venerable and reputable brothels, Le Palais du Verre (The Palace of Glass; see Section IV). She is a middle-aged woman with sharp features, a hawkish nose, and long black hair with a single stripe of white in it. In her youth she was a stunning beauty and even now, in her early fifties, can still easily turn heads. Her palace regularly entertains officials, magistrates, dignitaries, and elites of every description. Her clientele registry reads like a guidebook to the elite of Paris. She is ultimately discrete, and even has been known to arrange long term "contracts" in which she serves as an

agent between a man and his mistress, allowing money to be transferred more easily between them and to aid in arranging an illicit rendezvous.

But Mme. Trousseau is more than merely a madam - she is also a key member of the Guild. In fact, she is a direct lieutenant of the Guildmaster Ambrose, a Guild member of the Sixth Circle, and perhaps the single finest source of sensitive information in Paris (only the King of Beggars can really compare). There is little that her legion of girls cannot find out. She is utterly impervious to conventional legal action; if she were brought to court, she could embarrass so many powerful members of society (including most judges and Ministers), that she could easily manipulate the proceedings.

But for all of her guile and intrigues, Madame Trousseau is a rarity in Paris. She is utterly and completely what she seems: she is no mastermind trying to take over France or the world; she has no villainous plot to seize control of the Guild. She merely wants to be happy and rich. Madame Trousseau is a valuable resource for any group of heroes wise enough to approach her properly.

Adventure Hook: Now in her fifties, Dominique Trousseau is very sensitive about her fading looks. She has always thought of herself as beautiful, and now that time is starting to take its inevitable toll she is almost desperate for something that might reverse the aging process. Conman Michel Robuchon (see above), operating under the name André de Gris, took advantage of this desire of hers: he sold to the madam, for a great deal of money, a "magical mirror that could erase the telltale signs of age." In fact, the mirror was magical, but all it did was convince the person looking into that she was the most beautiful person in the land. It was a fraud! When Madam Trousseau figured out the chicanery and managed to fend off the mirror's mind magic, she was furious. Now, she would like to locate he conman and get some revenge, as well as her money back. This time, M. Robuchon crossed the wrong

woman.

The path of this adventure depends on the character of your heroes. If you are running a Game of Thieves (see Section VIII for details), then helping a Sixth-Circle Guildsman could be very advantageous. If your characters are more heroic, then perhaps they too could already have been crossed by Michel Robuchon, and thus are looking for the conman for their own reasons. Regardless, having the aid of Madame Trousseau will be helpful. What she really wants are her 10,000 francs back, but Monsieur de Gris' death would also not displease her; still, she would be equally satisfied with his being run out of Paris.

The main problem with getting the money is that Robuchon no longer has it: he lost it all over one week-end of gambling and excess in Monte Carlo. However, if the PCs can put their weapons down long enough to listen, the conman does have a scheme that could easily net the money back and indeed make enough for everyone else to earn a tidy sum besides.

Robuchon's scheme involves a very bad man and his fear of werewolves: "Monsieur Albert Savoie owns a peach cannery outside of the Veil in the nearby village of Barsonne," explains Robuchon. "The place is a sweatshop, working women and children like they were slaves. However, the man himself lives in Paris, and he has refused to leave the city, Veil or no. He has a great fear of werewolves, I am told, because of an encounter with one as a youth. I happen to have access to the morgue - no, don't ask how!" He clears his throat. "We could retrieve an unclaimed corpse killed by a gun shot... and Lord knows, those are no rarity these days. Then we could have werewolves - that would be you in costume - attack him. No harm would be done, but he would be terrified! Then I arrive, shoot the werewolf, deposit the corpse where it could be found the next day, and claim a fantastic reward from the sadistic old fool. I could pay back Madame Trousseau and even give you a little bonus for your trouble. What do you say...?"

The Mirror of Unfading Beauty

This large mirror stands 5 feet high and 2 feet wide. It is decorated with arabesque geometric designs, carved into both the burnished mahogany of the frame and the brass stand that holds the mirror. The mirror is usually found covered. Anyone looking into the mirror is affected by a powerful mind control effect. Unless the viewer succeeds at a Will save (DC 20), he will believe that he is the most handsome (or beautiful, if female) person in all the land. Nothing, save other mind magic, will convince him otherwise. Each day, he may try again to escape the mirror's effect. However, if the victim goes one full week without resisting successfully at least once, the effect starts to strengthen, with the DC increasing by 1 point per day, to a maximum of 30.

Anyone affected by this cursed item is almost intolerably vain and can become quite angry if anyone tries to contradict his or her assertion. Smashing the mirror will remove the curse, but a person already under the mirror's sway cannot even brook the thought of doing so, or of having anyone else do so. The maker of this mirror is unknown, but it does bear a maker's mark in Arabic that says "Al Rashad of Bagdad."

Philippe Trudeau

Class: Academic 5

Hit Dice: 5d4 (11 stamina points, 11 wound points)

Initiative: -1 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 10 (-1 Dex, +1 Defense)

Attacks: Cane +1 melee

Damage: Cane 1d6-1

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +4

Abilities: Str 8, Dex 8, Con 11, Int 16, Wis 10, Cha 11

Skills: Appraise +11, Decipher Script +11, Knowledge

(antiquities) +13, Knowledge (art history) +17,

Knowledge (Paris) +11, Perform (writing) +13,

Profession (curator) +11, Search +11, Spot +8

Feats: Skill Focus (Knowledge [antiquities], Perform [writing], Spot)

Special Abilities: Information Font +8, ignotus agnitio (-5), targeted skill focus +6 (Knowledge [art history]), skill focus +3 (Profession [curator])

Languages: French (5), English (4), German (4), Latin (4), Greek (4), Italian (4), Spanish (4)

Challenge Rating: 5

Philippe is a man with some very bad habits. As one of the foremost curators at the Louvre he is responsible for overseeing some of the greatest treasures of France. He is also an addict who has developed a very expensive taste for the exotic intoxicants and opium derivatives that only a man like Sébastien Armitage can provide. He has bankrupted himself paying for Monsieur Armitage's narcotic delights. Now, the only way he can continue to pay for his habits is to replace art works in his care with forgeries supplied by the World Crime League. Because of Monsieur Trudeau, there is now a thriving illicit trade in Paris of paintings that are allegedly hanging on the walls of the Louvre.

Philippe is not an evil man. He is ashamed of what he has done. In fact, it has driven him to end of

his wits and his sanity. Twice in the last six months he has put a gun into his own mouth. He cannot honestly say why he did not pull the trigger.

Adventure Hook: Monsieur Cedric DuValle is one of Paris's most renowned art critics, writing frequently for *Le Journal*. Imagine his horror when he recently saw Dubois' "The Fauns of Spring" hanging on the wall at the house of a good friend of his. Of course, "The Fauns of Spring," painted in the late 15th century, is a masterpiece of early French Renaissance Realism. His friend claimed to have picked it up at the salon of M. Devereaux. Duvalle was understandably horrified. "It is supposed to be in the Louvre!" he proclaimed. Monsieur DuValle raced to the Musée du Louvre and saw "The Fauns of Spring" there hanging in the wall. He was almost relieved, as he was now sure his friend had been duped by an art counterfeiter. But still, to be sure, he had the painting analyzed by an expert. To his horror, the expert confirmed that his Duvalle's friend's was the real "The Fauns of Spring."

The very next day, Monsieur DuValle awoke to find a note and his family's cat staked to his door by a bloody knife. The note read, "Forget about 'The Fauns of Spring' or you will lose more than your pets." DuValle dropped the investigation immediately; he was a family man, after all. The integrity of the Louvre was not worth him or any of his loved ones dying over it. Still, though, the secret has gnawed at him. It is now a full year later, and he has just now gathered the courage to do something about what he knows. He has written an anonymous letter without a return address and mailed it to a visiting group of adventurers who have a reputation for good deeds and heroics. The note reads simply: "Someone is stealing paintings from the Louvre and replacing them with fakes. I do not know who, and I do not know how. I know only that I am unable to stop it. Please save France's heritage from the hands of thieves. Check the Salon of Monsieur Devereaux." That letter of course was delivered to one of our heroes.

Chapter Six: Les Mystères de la Ville

The Anarchists

The Anarchists of Paris are a dangerous lot indeed. These radicals have long since given up on due political process to achieve their aims and have instead resorted to the use of explosives and assassinations. Their actual political goals are often hard to understand. They seek the eradication of monarchs, tyrants, and anyone who oppresses the people. And often, in their minds at least, law of any kind is equated with oppression.

The truth behind the Anarchist movement, though, is that usually only the leaders care much about actual politics. The soldiers and bombers are often simply disenfranchised youths who are recruited and brainwashed into the endless war against Imperialism. Many Parisian Anarchists are all talk. They propose a radical agenda of human liberation, but never do anything more about it than making speeches in cafés. The few are who are actually building bombs, however, are getting more and more organized. There is something ironic in the simple fact of organized anarchists, but it cannot be denied that cells are springing up all across Europe that support one another and exchange equipment and expertise. For example, Zacherie Besant (see Section V for details), the underground Paris bomb-maker, has supplied explosives to radicals in both Belgium and Italy.

This incongruous level of organization has led some astute observers to conclude that an unknown force must be manipulating the anarchists behind the scenes. This is true, and, for a change, that motivating force is not the World Crime League. Although the League has long term plans for world domination and the destruction of nations, they are not generally inclined to sow chaos merely for its own sake. No, the Anarchists are being manipulated, secretly, by a secret

society that has never been particularly active in Paris before - the Freemasons.

The reason the Masons are agitating these terrorists is not because they agree with the anarchists' goals (whatever those may be), but because they are trying to demonstrate the need for order in the world and the terrible cost of the revolutionary furor that has been sweeping Europe for a century now. In time, they will almost certainly turn on these puppets and sell them out to the police. In the meantime, madmen with bombs roam Paris, eager to strike a blow for liberté!

Adventure Hook: A particular Anarchist cell has come under the sway of the World Crime League, or of some other individual or organization that holds a grudge against our heroes. The cell leader, Henri Moreau, has received orders to assassinate the PCs as they arrive in Paris. He convinces six crazed Anarchists that the PCs are agents of Imperialism here to crush personal freedom and ferret out the Anarchist movement. They must be eliminated! And so, things start blowing up around the PCs. Bombs are thrown into parked cars or carriages. High profile assassination attempts are made against them in public places. This culminates in a sweeping battle between the heroes and fanatic anarchists, possibly through the crowded streets of Paris. The PCs must figure out why the Anarchists are targeting them, find Monsieur Moreau, and foil this attempt on their lives. If Moreau can be captured alive, he might even be willing to sell out his master(s).

The Black Fog

Since the Occurrence, there have been rumors of a new horror stalking the streets of Paris. Moving silently through the streets, this strange creature leaves madness in its wake. It appears exactly like an inky black puddle that hovers in the air. What it is, how it got here, or what it wants remains a mystery to the citizenry of Paris. Many citizens refuse to believe in the existence of

the Black Fog altogether, instead insisting that these delusional claims (always by the mad, it should be noted) are merely unstable minds unable to deal with life under the Veil. The Black Fog is, they insist, merely a figment of the imagination. As comforting as such suppositions might be, however, they have done nothing to stop the sightings of the Black Fog.

But there is hope. J.D. Salinger (See Chapter Five for details) has come to Paris with his new spectral disruptor. He believes the Black Fog is just another kind of ghost, and he is confident that he has the tools and the wherewithal to deal with these troublesome beasts before they do anymore harm to the already fragile psyche of the citizenry of Paris.

So what is the Black Fog? Actually, the people who insist that the Black Fog is a figment of the imagination are completely correct. However, in a city as magical as Paris, that doesn't make such figments at all harmless. The Black Fog is actually very similar to *les caprices de la ville* (see Chapter Three). What people don't realize about *les caprices* is that they only happen because someone wants them to happen; the mind is able to control reality, to some extent because of the presence of a certain "energy" that effectively makes wishes come true (often called spiritual energy, but sometimes also known as *Vril* energy). Psychics and sorcerers manipulate small amounts of this energy in working their spells and powers. Where sufficiently strong will and such energy meet, there is an effect. With *les caprices*, the effects are often random and erratic, as they are in effect energy reacting with a strong but unconscious or untrained mind. The Black Fog is what happens when the energy comes in contact with a powerful mind that is consumed with hatred, madness, or fear: the effect is a zone of aggressive semi-sentient negative energy. It often seems to stalk the poorest, most desperate, and most wicked portions of town because there is far more suffering, sorrow, and madness there.

The Black Fog is short-lived. It will dissipate on its own after a while, just as *les caprices* eventually fade.

Black Fog

Medium-Size Outsider (Incorporeal)

Hit Dice: 8d10+10 (54 hp)

Initiative: +4 (Dex)

Speed: Fly 60 ft. (perfect)

Defense: 21 (+4 Dex, +6 Defense, +1 deflection)

Attack: Touch +12 melee

Damage: Ability drain

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Attacks: Ability drain, incite madness

Special Qualities: Incorporeal, ooze, detect minds, blindsight 60 ft., light sensitivity, evasive cunning

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +10, Will +6

Abilities: Str -, Dex 18, Con 10, Int -, Wis 11, Cha 1

Skills: Hide +6*, Listen +10, Spot +10

Feats: Alertness, Dodge

Climate/Terrain: Anywhere under the Veil

Organization: Solitary

Challenge Rating: 11

Advancement: 9-13 HD (Medium-size); 14-16 HD (Large)

COMBAT

Black Fogs are utterly relentless. Not being truly alive, they are unafraid of death; they also have no Constitution scores. They have no preference regarding their targets, always attacking the closest living thing. They are cunning, however, and will often avoid traps.

Ability Drain (SU): A successful touch attack against a living target takes 1d4 points of temporary ability damage to either Intelligence, Wisdom, or Charisma. Roll a 1d6 to determine which stat is affected with each attack.

1-2 Intelligence

3-4 Wisdom

5-6 Charisma

If the ability drain deals 4 points of damage, the victim is also affected by the Black Fog's incite madness ability.

Incite Madness (SU): A target that takes 4 points of ability damage with a single touch must make a Will save (DC 14) or go mad. If the victim is touched again by the same fog, regardless of the number of ability points lost, he is again subjected to incite madness; further, add +2 to the Will save DC for each subsequent touch by the same Black Fog. The exact form of the insanity inflicted is left to the GM, but usually involves whatever psychic trauma spawned the black fog in the first place. For example, if a murder created a Black Fog, then the incited madness might



transform its victims into sociopathic killers. If a Black Fog was spawned by fear, it might inflict a chronic phobia on its victim.

This madness is permanent until cured, either by traditional methods, psychic healing, or a remove curse miracle. Once a Black Fog has driven a victim mad or has made it comatose by reducing an ability score to 0, it stops attacking and seeks another victim.

Detect Minds (EX): Black fogs can always discern minds within a 60-foot radius as if they had successfully used the Detect Minds skill. Creatures or characters with the Hide Mind skill may make an opposed check against DC 14 to conceal their presence from a black fog's detect minds ability.

Incorporeal (EX): Can be harmed only by other incorporeal creatures, +1 or better magic weapons, and spells, spell-like abilities, or supernatural abilities. Immune to all nonmagical attack forms. 50% chance to ignore any damage from a corporeal source. Can pass through solid objects at will, but not force effects. Its touch attacks pass through natural armor, armor, and shields. Incorporeal creatures have no scent and they only make noise if they want to; they cannot be noted by the scent ability or heard by Listen checks.

Ooze: Although they are technically outsiders, Black Fogs share many qualities of oozes, including d10 Hit Dice and extra hit points by size; they are also immune to poison, sleep, paralysis, stunning, and polymorphing. Not subject to critical hits or flanking. Immune to all mind-affecting effects (charms, compulsions, phantasms, patterns, and morale effects). Black Fogs are technically blind but have blindsight to 60 feet.

Light Sensitivity (EX): Magical attacks that involve light deal double damage to a Black Fog. Exposure to daylight (or the equivalent) deals 1d6 points of damage per round to a Black Fog, and causes it to flee. Torches, candles, lanterns, and other lesser sources of light, while perhaps discomfiting to a Black Fog, deal no damage and do not stop it from attacking.

Evasive Cunning (EX): Black Fogs are able to sense intuitively the presence of traps that might affect them (including ethereal cages, etc.); this ability extends outward in a 30-foot radius, allowing the Fog to make a Search check (DC as applicable) to notice any such trap in the area.

Skills: Due to their very nature, Black Fogs gain a +12 racial bonus to Hide in darkened environments.

This makes the Fog a frustrating phenomenon to stop. It also means that there is no secret lair to trace or hide-away to discover. The Black Fog could be born anywhere. There is only way to destroy a Black Fog permanently - stop the influx of mystical energy into the city. To put it another way, there will be Black Fog until someone or something lifts the Veil.

The Children of Nebuchadnezzar

"Immediately the word concerning Nebuchadnezzar was fulfilled; and he was driven away from mankind and began eating grass like cattle, and his body was drenched with the dew of heaven until his hair had grown like eagles' feathers and his nails like birds' claws." - The Book of Daniel, 4:33

Like so many secret societies, the Children of Nebuchadnezzar claim an ancient origin. Their founder, they insist, was none other than the Biblical Daniel (although they always refer to him by his Babylonian name, Belteshazzar, Chief of the Magicians) who founded an order of priest-magicians in the city of Babylon to study the phenomenon of lycanthropy that afflicted king Nebuchadnezzar. Their wisdom and discoveries were recorded in a heretical and apocryphal scroll entitled "The Visions of Belteshazzar."

Furthermore, the Children claim to have documented the activities of their society throughout the ages. Their mages were attendants to Alexander the Great, who was able to conceal his divine lycanthropy under the veil of the "failing sickness," or epilepsy. Julius Caesar, Charlemagne, and a host of other emperors and kings across the world and throughout history have been under their care and tutelage. But all historical grandstanding aside, the Children of Nebuchadnezzar can actually trace their "modern" history from a cousin of King Louis XIV, Jean-Honoré Saville, in the 17th century. Despite their claims of having been in courts from Rome to Beijing, the only known surviving sect of the Children of Nebuchadnezzar is in Paris.



Monsieur Saville was a man obsessed with werewolves. Through his careful study of ancient texts, he came to realize that werewolves were not in fact the mindless monsters of lore, but were in essence manifestations of God's divine power. "Why do they so often go on killing frenzies, then?" he was asked. Monsieur Saville attested that this bloodthirstiness was due to the conflict between the divine (and therefore perfect) nature of the gift and the sinful, flawed nature of the human condition. Lycanthropy was not a curse, he argued. It was a gift from God.

Saville did the unthinkable. He captured a werewolf and contained him in a specially made cage of iron plated with silver. He took samples of the fluids from the beast, thinking these contained the humors of lycanthropy. He then forced a homeless peasant without family to drink the foul concoction of clotted blood. He was successful: he had spread the curse of lycanthropy and created another werewolf. But this werewolf, he trained. He recited Biblical verses to it, read ancient inscriptions, and performed all manner of rituals around the werewolf, trying to get the man-beast to fully integrate its human-divine dual nature. It remained a wild beast. Not to be defeated, though, Saville turned to what amounted to torture of the werewolf. He began injecting small amounts of silver and belladonna into the werewolf's blood, then giving it additional injections of the first werewolf's blood. This time, his repeated injections yielded results. He had made not just an ordinary werewolf, but something slightly less bestial and murderous although in great pain. Alas, the pain-frenzied creature exhibited such increased strength that it broke free of his holding cell and went on a killing spree. The unfortunate monster was finally put down, but Saville knew he was on the right track.

For years, the mad Saville continued his inhumane research on unwilling volunteers. He finally came up with the solution: lycanthropy in conjunction with specially formulated silver injections allowed a greater integration of the human and the divine. In effect, it made

werewolves who retained their intelligence even in their bestial form. The process was inexact still, and some subjects died horribly of silver overdose or went insane from the pain. But Saville was finally ready to take the step he had dreamed of since the beginning. He was ready to infect himself.

The transformation was an amazing symphony of power and pain. The frail Saville was transformed into a something primal and powerful. His efforts were successful, and he reveled in this gift from God. Over time, though, the silver treatments began to work less and less. He developed an increasingly greater resistance to them until he degenerated, and finally one full moon, he could retain no control whatsoever. He was killed while rampaging through the town of Toulouse. But by that time he had recruited others like himself, who saw the potential in this process.

Since the first infection of a peasant by Saville, the formula has become much more refined. The werewolves created by the Children of Nebuchadnezzar are today far more in control than those resulting from the crude experiments of two hundred years ago. They have incorporated the principles of weird science into their injections and now are busily working on further refinements. The Children are a small order of scholars and mystics obsessed with creating the perfect werewolf. They number only a dozen, although they are always interested in inducting new enthusiasts into their society. Most of the current members are not yet werewolves themselves.

The Children continue Saville's grand tradition by abducting and torturing the homeless and other such drifters, who likely won't be missed. Ever since the days of Saville, the order has couched its cruelty in religious mysticism. They not only experiment with silver injections and drug treatments, they also try to "perfect" the subject spiritually using various incantations and rituals. Now all of Paris suffers from the Children's mad quest to achieve divine perfection.

Note: Details for creating lycanthropes can be found in the MM, page 217.

City Sprites, the Fey of Paris

City Sprite

Diminutive Fey

Hit Dice: 1d6+1 (4 hp)

Initiative: +9 (+5 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 20 ft., fly 60 ft. (good)

Defense: 21 (+4 size, +5 Dex, +2 Defense)

Attacks: Diminutive rapier +9 melee; Diminutive musket +10 ranged

Damage: Diminutive rapier 1d2-2 and poison;

Diminutive musket 1 hp and poison

Face/Reach: 1/2 ft. by 1/2 ft./0 ft.

Special Attacks: Spell-like abilities, poison

Special Qualities: Protection 1, SR 20, invisibility, low-light vision

Saves: Fort +1, Ref +7, Will +7

Abilities: Str 7, Dex 20, Con 12, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 16

Skills: Animal Empathy +7, Bluff +7, Concentration +5, Craft (any one) or Heal +6, Escape Artist +9, Hide +19, Listen +7, Move Silently +9, Ride +9, Search +7, Sense Motive +7, Spot +7

Feats: Dodge, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Point Blank Shot, Weapon Finesse (rapier), Weapon Focus (fey musket)

Languages: Feya (5), French (5) [a linguist will recognize Feya as a mixture of Gaelic and Old Norman]

Organization: Solitary, pair, party (3-9), troupe (10-20), or tribe (20-100)

Challenge Rating: 4

Advancement: By character class

The fey are not rare in Paris, although most humans go an entire lifetime without seeing one. Some scholars of folklore and the like believe that the city fey are new creatures formed during the Occurrence, but Paris has always had a population of the Fey, dating back at least as far as the Roman era. Only recently have scholars been willing to acknowl-

edge them as a very real possibility. The fey originated in the English isles, but at some point in the distant past crossed the channel to settle on the continent. Now, beneath the city of Paris is a hidden nation - a secret community of these winged fey. The city sprites are not malicious, and indeed have developed a certain fondness for their human advocates. However, they are inveterate pranksters who love a good joke, especially at some unpleasant human's expense.

The tallest of the city sprites rarely reach 8 inches in height, and 6 to 7 inches is average. They are tiny humanoids with delicate, multihued translucent wings, much like those of a dragon fly. Their clothes are usually bright in color and made from scraps of cloth or lace. The city fey survive by theft. They have built their tiny villages by scavenging and adapting man-sized items to their own needs.

COMBAT

The average city sprite's first instinct when threatened by something larger than itself is to flee. Being able to fly and turn invisible at will, the fey much prefer to vanish into the air rather than to engage in a standing fight. However, if trapped or if defending their homes and fellows, the city sprites can be tenacious fighters. Even at only 6 inches tall, the sprites possess an almost magical degree of resilience.

City sprites are very intelligent and cooperative. If they are forced to face a known enemy, they will cooperate with their fellow tribe members to fell an opponent many times their size. They prefer a hit-and-run style of combat, where they use their natural abilities and marksmanship to harass and confuse their opponents.

Poison (Ex): City sprites wield tiny rapiers or else muskets only about four inches long. Although their weapons do only minimal damage, the fey of Paris generally use magical and alchemical poisons on their blades and musket shot, crafted by the fey smiths using ancient and secret formulae. Their may very well be

other kinds of poison besides these:

Cat's Bane: The natural enemies of the city fey are cats. Cats are for some reason unaffected by fey invisibility and regard the tiny fey as better eating than even mice. As a result, the fey have concocted special musket shot to deal with cats. Any cat struck by such shot must make a Fortitude save (DC 15) or take initial and secondary damage of 2d6 points of temporary Dexterity damage.

Itching: This poison, only available as shot, is intended to be used as a distraction. Anyone hit must make a Fortitude save (DC 15) or begin to itch all over. An affected person who wishes to cast a spell in any given round must first succeed at a Concentration check (DC 10). All attack rolls and skill checks made by itching characters are made at a -2 penalty. The itching effect lasts for 1d6 minutes. The penalties imposed by multiple itching shots are not cumulative, although the duration of the effect is extended.

Memory Loss: This is likely the rarest poison in the city sprite's arsenal, and it is generally used only in extreme emergencies to hide the existence of their tiny empire from those who would destroy them. Anyone struck by an attack using this poison must succeed at a Fortitude save (DC 20) or suffer memory loss. This loss does not hinder any of the target's skills or abilities, but causes him to forget who he is, what he was doing, and indeed everything about his former life. Over the next week, these memories will return slowly, but all memories of the fey will be completely gone. Only a powerful ritual or perhaps hypnosis (at the discretion of the GM) can return these memories.

Toxic: An enemy must greatly enrage a city fey community before they will use the Black Shot against a foe (this poison is almost never applied to the feys' rapiers). Any opponent struck by a toxic musket shot must succeed at a Fortitude save (DC 20) or take initial

and secondary damage of 1d6 points of temporary Constitution. When the fey use this shot, they use it in a group and against a specific target. A gang of city fey armed with Black Shot is a fearsome foe indeed.

Sleep: Sleep poison is the most common type that city fey use on their blades, and it can also be used on their musket shot. Anyone struck by such an attack must make a Fortitude save (DC 15) or fall into a deep slumber for 10 minutes. Otherwise, the effect is similar to that of a sleep spell.

Invisibility (Su): A city sprite can become invisible at will and remains invisible even when attacking. It can activate or deactivate its invisibility as a free action. A city sprite can see other invisible city sprites perfectly well, as can cats or feline creatures of all types.

Spell-Like Abilities: 3/day - change self, dancing lights, detect magic, ghost sound, mage hand, open/close, prestidigitation, ventriloquism. These abilities are as the spells cast by a sorcerer whose level is equal to the fey's total HD (save DC 12 + spell level).

Adventure Hook: Most fey are playful, tolerant, and little interested in anything besides frolicking, stealing good food and good wine, and scavenging choice trinkets. But occasionally a genuinely hateful fey will arise: one such fey is Aragon Cheveu-Gris. Aragon has decided that he wants to claim a human home for his own and transform it into the grandest fey village of them all. He wants to start a new fey dynasty, and hopes eventually to rule over the fey of Paris as their king. Of course, to start this dream, he must first evict the home's residents.

He and his gang try simple haunting effects at first, thinking to scare the simple folk off, but they find the inhabitants to be genuinely blasé about ghost activity. Soon, Aragon and his gang turn violent. They murder the household cat and attack the daughter of the couple. The family escapes unharmed, but now fear that

their house has been overrun by some sort of malicious spirit. "Success!" proclaims Aragon. "The house is ours!" However, the evicted Morand family do not sit idly by. They contact a group of ghost-hunters to reclaim their home. This is where the PCs come in. Fighting the fey directly is a losing proposition. If the PCs ask a fey expert, they will learn that the fey do have a society and even a rather binding statute of law, and that these fey are evidently criminals. If the PCs could get in contact with the fey royalty and alert them to these crimes, the fey would take action against these criminals themselves. Of course, to do that, they must find the throne of the city fey king. What the expert can provide, for a fee of course, is a potion that will make the PCs 6 inches tall...

Devil's Island

Devil's Island is certainly not in Paris: a small, rocky islet off the Atlantic Coast of French Guiana in South America, this island is home to the most brutal penal colony France has ever known. In addition to the terrible conditions of the colony itself, prisoners are forced to work long, hard hours toiling away in the nearby lumber camps. Devil's Island was established as a penal colony in 1884 - ironically, in the year of the Occurrence - not only to deal with overflow from French jails but also as a way of making "inconvenient" political prisoners disappear. Devil's Island is the prison to which the government sends people that it wants to have disappear. Thus, alongside the hardened criminals, the murderers, and the rapists are political prisoners and those judged dangerous to the Third Republic.

Devil's Island is not a high-security prison. "Escapes" are not all that uncommon. But escaping from the prison grounds does not guarantee freedom: the rivers that crisscross the Island are full of piranha; the jungles are full of army ants that can clean the meat off a corpse in minutes; the fresh water buzzes with

malaria-bearing mosquitoes. Some escapees even resort to cannibalism of their fellow convicts to survive the utterly inhospitable island.

At the timber camps, convicts are forced to do hard labor in the equatorial sun. They are underfed and overworked. Each day they are required to cut one stire of wood (roughly a cubic meter). Failure to meet the quota means a diet of bread and water for the next day. These work camps are lethal, just as surely as the guillotine. In one such camp, the dreaded Kourou, 4,000 convicts died in just three years.

Adventure Hook: Alexandre Charrière is guilty of nothing more than knowing a Senator's dreadful secret. He was an eye-witness to the crime of Senator Henri Belbenoit, who strangled his mistress when she tried to blackmail the politician for more money than he was prepared to give. Alexandre was arrested on trumped-up charges of being a diamond thief, all based on false testimony and planted evidence. Within a week of his arrest, he was on a ship bound for Devil's Island.

This injustice will not stand. Alexandre's brother David knows his brother to be innocent, although he does not know about the incident with Senator Belbenoit. He is looking to hire some heroes to undertake a daring raid and rescue his brother. He is looking for men willing to break in to Devil's Island and rescue Charrière. The heroes had better hurry, though: Senator Belbenoit has made his wishes clear to the jailer - Alexandre Charrière will not last long on Devil's Island.

La Fête des Folies (The Festival of Follies)

From midnight on October 26th to midnight on November 1st (All Saint's Day) there is a new and unofficial festival in Paris - "The Festival of Follies" (or perhaps better translated "Carnival of Madness"). This is a wild revel during which Paris almost literally goes mad. The entire city takes on a festive atmosphere, much like

Mardi-Gras. People take to the streets in costumes and masks. Even the ghosts, it is said, join in the celebration. It is a celebration in which the citizens of Paris try to forget about their troubles, and about the Veil that hangs over their heads, for six days.

It is a chaotic time in the city. Most businesses are closed. Fireworks explode constantly above (and throughout) the city street; fires are always a danger. In a way, the Festival is Paris's recreation, in some small measure, of life in the city on the Night of Fire and Folly in 1884. This is the sort of mad celebration that could only happen in the haunted city of Paris. Masks and outrageous costumes are the norm. The idea is to look just like the ghosts and werewolves that have haunted the city. Dances and costume balls are held. Parades stream through the street.

So far, the city's government has avoided endorsing this festival. Many feel that it is quite inappropriate to, in effect, celebrate a disaster. But the truth is that most of the Festival's participants do not feel that they are celebrating the Occurrence. On the contrary, they are celebrating their own survival in Paris's shadow.

Adventure Hook: While visiting the city during La Fête des Folies, one of the characters has an important item stolen from him by a pick-pocket in a mask. The thief leads the hero on a merry chase through the mad streets of Paris. When finally cornered, the thief dashes through a door and disappears. The thief has fled to the Guildhouse through a portal. Opening the door again merely reveals an empty closet (or something similar). The thief is gone and the item with him. Now the characters must penetrate some of the mysteries of the Guild of Paris to recover the item while, all the while, the madness of the Festival swells all around them.

The Gargoyles of Notre Dame

Living in and on the Cathédrale de Notre Dame de Paris is a quite insular clan of twenty-four Gargoyles (see below for statistics). Usually active only at night, these stony guardians hide amongst the intricate stonework of the cathedral and are almost impossible to differentiate from the building itself when they sit immobile. They are very jealous of their privacy and secrecy and may become violent if they are discovered. Still, they are not malevolent beings. They have only one overriding purpose: to preserve the sanctity of the Cathedral and its immediate environs and to defend the area against all enemies.

The Gargoyles were created by a true ritual cast many centuries ago by a little-known Christian order of mystics, now long since vanished. The Gargoyles have been in Paris since long before the Occurrence. They are not mortal creatures, and need neither sustenance nor sleep, nor do they procreate. If one of their number is slain, a new Gargoyle appears in its predecessor's place 366 days (a year and a day) later. Although they are intelligent, they speak only very rarely in their deep, gravelly voices. The Gargoyles only vaguely understand their own nature. They speak French, but in a very archaic fashion that would be quite hard for modern speakers to understand. The Cardinal and few other high-ranking clergy know of the Abbey Gargoyles' presence and history. They are content to let this knowledge remain secret. They believe that the Gargoyles are a gift from God, so that the Cathedral of Notre Dame should be preserved forever.

Because of the Gargoyles, there is a persistent rumor that God directly punishes crimes committed in the shadow of Notre Dame. In a way, this is quite correct. Acts of violence in the immediate vicinity of Notre Dame (i.e., within, say, 100 feet of the outer walls), particularly those perpetrated at night, are likely to be mistaken by a Gargoyle as a violation of the sanctity of the Cathedral. Of course, any violence inside

Gargoyle of Notre Dame

Medium-Size Magical Beast (Earth)

Hit Dice: 6d10+24 (57 hp)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft., fly 80 ft.

Defense: 17 (+2 Dex, +5 Defense)

Attacks: 2 claws +10 melee, bite +8 melee, gore +8 melee

Damage: Claw 1d6+4; bite 1d8+2; gore 1d6+2

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Qualities: Damage reduction 15/+1, protection 6, freeze

Saves: Fort +9, Ref +7, Will +4

Abilities: Str 19, Dex 14, Con 18, Int 8, Wis 15, Cha 9

Skills: Hide +11*, Listen +6, Spot +10

Feats: Multiattack

Organization: Solitary, pair, group (3-8), swarm (9-23), or clan (24)

Challenge Rating: 10

Advancement: None

Gargoyles appear as gothic statues, each standing about 6 feet tall and weighing roughly 800 pounds. Every one is unique, but all display horns, fangs, claws, barbed tails, and the like, along with diabolic or goblin-like facial features; they are always winged. Gargoyles can hold perfectly still indefinitely, and often rely on their ability to appear as simple statues to surprise and terrify their foes.

The Gargoyles of Notre Dame speak only Old French.

COMBAT

The Gargoyles of Notre Dame attack only if they perceive themselves or their Cathedral to be threatened, at which point they animate suddenly and attack viciously and without quarter. They are also very capable dive-bombers, often swooping down onto their prey. They are easily strong enough, given their great mass, to

carry people up to a great height and drop them. This is often explained away as people who leapt to their own deaths. The Gargoyles generally will not pursue foes beyond the grounds immediately outside the Cathedral.

Freeze (Ex): A gargoyle of Notre Dame can hold itself so still that even to close inspection it appears to be a statue. An observer must succeed at a Spot check (DC 25) to notice that the gargoyle is actually alive.

Skills: Gargoyles receive a +8 racial bonus to Hide checks when concealed against a background of worked stone.

the Cathedral itself would most certainly arouse their ire.

In the past, there have a number of major incidents with the Gargoyles. During the Viking siege of 885, the Gargoyles attacked a band of Norsemen who had intended to sack the Cathedral en masse. The raiders were slaughtered almost to a man, their weapons failing even to chip the stony hides of the Gargoyles. When the Cult of the Supreme Being was instituted by the Revolutionary government and the Cathedral was turned into the "Temple of Reason" in 1793, many revolutionaries who actually tried to deface the Cathedral were found mysteriously dead, apparently clawed savagely and some dismembered entirely. Prudently, the revolutionaries thereafter covered the statues of saints and apostles with sheets, and then draped tapestries over the stain glass windows instead of destroying the works. It is also said that during the coronation of Napoleon in 1804, the Gargoyles briefly abandoned their posts to watch the self-styled Emperor place his crown upon his head with his own hands.

Another persistent legend of the Cathedral occasionally whispered by the clergy is that Victor Hugo was inspired to write Notre Dame de Paris (or, as it is more commonly known in English, The Hunchback of Notre Dame) after catching a glimpse of one of the Gargoyles scurrying amidst the bell towers.

Adventure Hook #1: During one of their exploits, the heroes find they need to travel to Notre Dame Cathedral. Perhaps they need information on a sacred artifact, or information about where a religious figure had died, or access to the vast archives of the Cathedral. Whatever has brought them, they are tracked by an enemy who attacks them on the grounds of the Cathedral. The Gargoyles become active, stalking the halls of Notre Dame and attacking anyone who appears to damage or endanger the building itself. Using destructive weird science or magic devices or destroying religious artifacts will particularly raise their ire.

Adventure Hook #2: The PCs, when tracking a wanted villain, discover that the trail goes cold and their quarry has disappeared in the vicinity of Notre Dame. This is simply because the villain has hid inside the Cathedral. However, he (or she) made the mistake of attempting to kill one of the priests who saw him there. The Gargoyles tore the villain apart. The young priest, who used to be something of a skeptic regarding the existence of the Gargoyles, is quite shaken by the event, but has promised the stone guardians that he would say nothing. But the players still have to find this villain and perhaps some important item he was carrying. To do this, they may well have to discover the truth about the Gargoyles of Notre Dame.



The Ghost-Hunting Business

The ghost-hunting business in Paris is one the very few industries that is currently experiencing explosive growth. The undead are terrifying. Even in a city as jaded as Paris, it is hard not to be afraid when the dead are riding through the streets of your arrondissement.

There is some debate between two camps in the ghost-hunting business who espouse different philosophies regarding ghosts that endanger the citizens of Paris. One camp believes that a ghost-hunter should find out what has enraged a spirit and try to placate it. The other camp believes that this overly liberal sensitivity to ghosts' needs is a waste of time, and prefers to skip straight to the use of the anti-ghost weaponry. There are advantages and disadvantages to both approaches.

Dealing with ghosts is inherently dangerous. These are powerful undead creatures with the power to drain the life of the still-living. Trying to placate a ghost often puts the ghost-hunter in grave danger. On the other hand, shooting first means that sometimes ghosts who have been legitimately wronged are destroyed and their due justice is denied them even after death. Still, the methods of most ghost-hunters tend to belong to one of these two schools.

Ghost-hunting is a very new and very volatile business. No one is sure what to charge for such a service. Ghost-hunters have been paid tens of thousands of francs to "clear" one house, while others have taken on jobs for free. But the going rate seems to be stabilizing somewhere around five to six thousand francs per ghost eliminated.

Paris has recently seen the establishment of its first full-time, professional ghost-hunting service, started by the Texan adventurer J.D. Salingson. Even with his field agents using the new spectral disruptor, though, many in the city wonder if Mister Salingson can really make a difference given the countless number of ghosts presently in this haunted city.

Ghost-Hunting Gear

This equipment was first described on page 48 of the Master Codex. Here it is given stats for use in a Ghost-Hunting game.

Weapon	Damage	Critical	Range	Increment	Weight
Spectral Disruptor	2d6 or 1d6 subdual	20/x3	50 ft.		20 lb

Ethergoggles: These weird science goggles allow the wearer to see any obvious but otherwise invisible or incorporeal entities within 30 feet as a full-round action. The wearer can also make Spot or Search rolls as normal to detect an otherwise invisible or incorporeal entity that is also trying to hide.

Ectometer: The ectometer detects the presence of any incorporeal undead within a 60-foot radius. It also indicates the number of such creatures in the area, as well as their distance from the ectometer, plus or minus 5 feet, but not their direction.

Ethereal Cage: This device can be set much like a landmine or thrown as a grenade-like missile with a range increment of 10 feet. If it is set as a mine, the cage can be triggered using a remote switch from a distance of up to 30 feet away. When thrown, the cage goes off the moment it strikes a hard surface, such as a floor or wall.

Any incorporeal undead within 5 feet of the trap when it goes off must make a Reflex save (DC 20) to avoid being drawn into the ethereal cage. Those inside the cage are effectively paralyzed and helpless, although they cannot be harmed in any way while so held. A creature trapped inside an ethereal cage is allowed a Will save (DC 30) once every 24 hours to break free of the trap.

Spectral Disruptor: This unwieldy rifle-like device fires a beam of energy that deals 2d6 points of damage to incorporeal undead and 1d6 points of subdual damage to corporeal targets. It has a range increment of 50 feet and a maximum range of 250 feet. The spectral disruptor is difficult to aim, both because of the clunky design and the unpredictability of the beam itself; anyone firing the disruptor suffers a -2 penalty to hit. The spectral disruptor counts as a ballistic weapon.

The damage dealt to living creatures by a spectral disruptor is usually considered subdual damage; however, if a living target takes an amount of damage from a disruptor equal to its normal Stamina point total +10, then it is killed just as if the weapon had been dealing normal damage.

This is an electric-powered weapon. It must be run either from a cable attached to a constant power source or from a battery. Single-shot batteries are available, as are heavy (20-lb) battery packs that hold 8 shots, and which may be worn as backpacks. Either battery type requires a full-round action to replace. After every 8 shots, however, regardless of the power source being used, the calibration card in the handle of the disruptor itself must be replaced, requiring an additional full-round action.

The Gourmet Society

This seemingly harmless society is, for the most part, simply a collection of doting gastronomes who meet weekly to discuss the horrid state of modern French cuisine and to show exactly how much more they know about wine than everyone else. But on the first Saturday of each month, usually in the chateau of one of the richer members, a secret invitation-only gathering is held for the inner circle of the organization. This gathering features the sampling of strange, exotic, and often forbidden fare. They employ only master chefs from the finest restaurants in Paris to prepare these delicacies. Animals from across the globe are brought to Paris for the express purpose of being eaten in these meetings. In the past, they have served elephant, dodo, tiger, emu, komodo dragon, zebra, kangaroo, gorilla, giraffe, and wildebeest, just to name a few. Then there are the inevitable rumors that the Gourmet Society once had a young lady roasted and served. But, of course, this is just a rumor... surely...

What is certain is that the idle rich who compose this peculiar secret society are always in search of some-

thing new to taste. In particular, fantastic or magical beasts would be choice fare. These people would simply kill for Couatl steaks or a rack of Yeti ribs. Towards the goal of acquiring these choice rarities, the Gourmet Society has in the past hired expert huntsmen and financed expeditions to the wilder parts of the world. Discretion and secrecy are always the watchwords of these endeavors.

Adventure Hook: The hunting expeditions of the Gourmet Society often operate under false pretenses. One of these expeditions could send the PCs in an adventure of exploration. For example, if the PCs were headed to Meso-America, they might be contacted by a group that claims to be associated with the Paris Zoo, who is trying to capture a fabled Couatl for study. They could help finance the expedition and even provide additional expertise toward whatever mission the PCs were originally intending to accomplish.

Only after the Couatl has been captured and transported back to France do the characters learn that it has not been delivered to the zoo. In fact, the creature has vanished - into the holding cages of the Gourmet Society, awaiting the next special feast. Only by delving into the secrets of the Gourmet Society and then by infiltrating their "invitation only" meetings can the characters stop this slaughter. This adventure could even be run as a rescue operation, particularly if, during transport, one of the heroes were to develop an attachment for the usually good-natured Couatl. Of course, to keep it from using its ethereal jaunt ability, the Couatl must be kept drugged.

The Guild

Paris is the home of an ancient brotherhood of thieves, pick-pockets, and criminals collectively as the Guild (or, sometimes, the Parisian Guild). The Guild can trace its origins back at least to the 8th century, and legends of the Guild identify its founder as Arius,

an escaped slave who had been part of Spartacus' army. Because of this legend, the Guild is occasionally referred to as "the Followers of Arius" or "the Roman Guild" by its more tradition-conscious members.

Of the secret societies of Paris, the Guild is by far the largest. The Guild claims almost 10,000 members as part of its hierarchy. However, the Guild has seven different Circles of Initiation. More than half of the members are only of the First Circle, and hence are not privy to any secrets of the Guild, including even the location of the Guildhouse. Members of the Second Circle are only slightly better off. They are considered full initiates and know how to get into the Guildhouse. Third-Circle Guildsmen (the title is used for men or women) are veteran members who have been in the Guild for at least a few years and who have done several favors or made a considerable amount of money for the Guild. Fourth-Circle members lead gangs and recruit new First- and Second-Circle members. Fifth-Circle members coordinate several gangs, or perhaps run a particular illegal activity in a given area of the city. They are also the close assistants of the rare Sixth-Circle lieutenants.

The Sixth-Circle Guildsmen are the Guildmaster's trusted lieutenants. They control crime across large sections of the city, or control specific aspects of crime throughout all of Paris. For example, one lieutenant controls the fences, another the muscle, another information gathering, and still another coordinates gambling. These members report directly to the only Seventh-Circle Guildmember, the Guildmaster himself. The Guild has only four laws that govern its conduct, called the Four Loyalties:

The First Loyalty is to the Guild. One does not betray the Guild or its secrets. Further, the Guild gets 10% of anything a Guildmember steals or otherwise "earns" inside Paris.

The Second Loyalty is to Paris and to France. The Guild does not work to overthrow the government, whoever that might be. King or Republic, Emperor or

President, the Guild is neutral in political matters. The Guild has also tended to interpret this Loyalty as requiring not only political neutrality, but as working toward France's independence and French rule. For example, during the Siege of Paris in 1870, the Guild smuggled in weapons to fight the Prussians and conducted sabotage against the invaders.

The Third Loyalty is to the Guildhouse itself. Once entrusted with the secret of the Guildhouse, one does not betray its nature, its secrets (including its passwords), or its location.

The Fourth Loyalty is to one's fellow Guildsmen. This loyalty is occasionally referred to as "professionalism," and embodies the notion of "honor among thieves." One does not abandon or cheat one's partners. Every Guildsman receives his or her fair share, as agreed to before the job is undertaken.

Sometimes, however, Guild members will speak of the Fifth Loyalty. The Fifth Loyalty is, of course, to one's self.

The Guildhouse

The reason that the Guild has persisted so long is in part because of the Guildhouse. No one knows (or at least is telling) who built it or when and how it came to be. The closest thing to a hint regarding its origin is a cryptic carving on the Main Door that reads, "Thank you, Veronius," in Latin. It has been speculated that Veronius was the mage or leader of the magi who cast the ritual that created the Guildhouse.

The Guildhouse is not in Paris. It is instead in some variety of inter-dimensional pocket. In fact, doors to the Guildhouse are scattered throughout the city. These doors are said to move, appear, and disappear at the whim of the Guildmaster. They are always connected to an existing door or gate, however. They never just floating magically in mid-air, for instance. Becoming a Second-Circle Guildsman entails being shown one door to the Guildhouse.

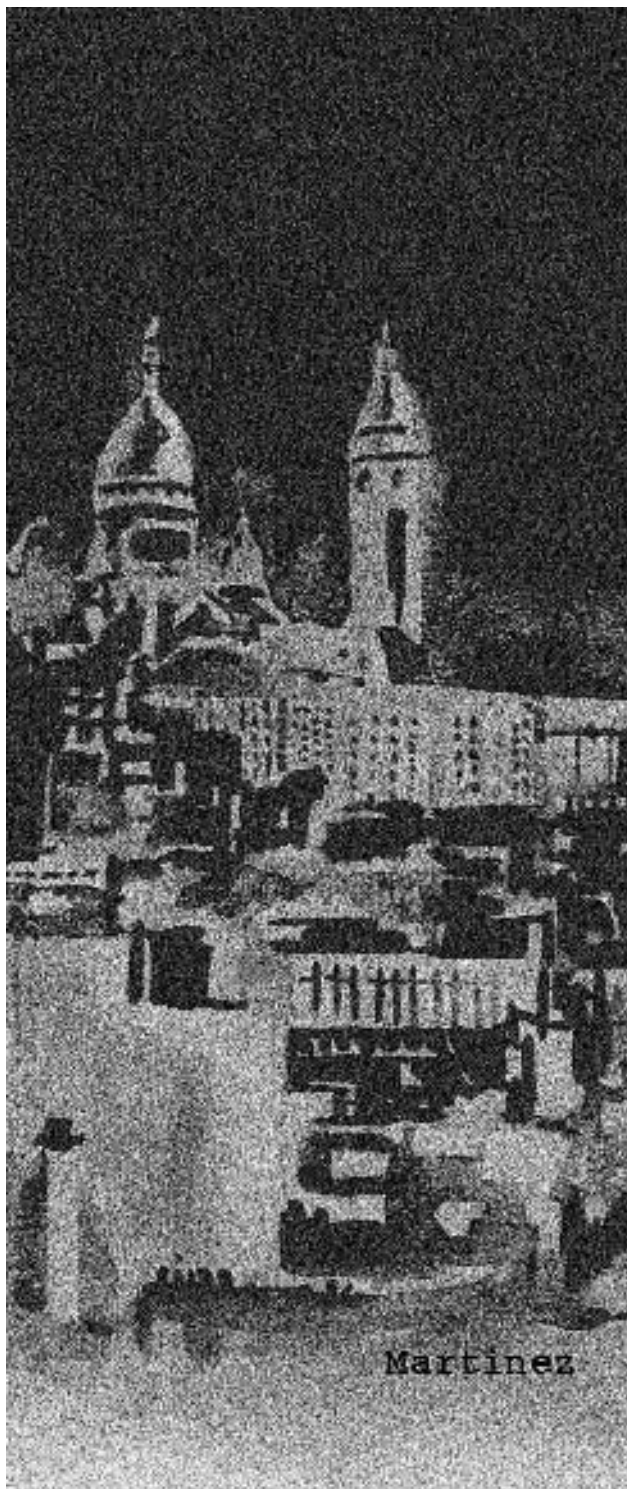
The Guildhouse consists of three major sections: the Guild Hall, the Labyrinth, and the Sanctum.

The Guild Hall: This section consists of a large central chamber and many smaller side chambers. Here the Guild conducts its large-scale meetings, and here Guild members of the Second or higher Circles consort with each other. A great number of illicit dealings and plots are carried out in this area at any time of the day or night. Sharing secrets here, however, is a good way to ensure that everyone in the Guild soon knows them. At the front of the Guild Hall is the Main Door. This is the location to which most outer "doors" lead.

The Labyrinth: This area is large maze of unknown dimensions that contains many doors leading out of the Guildhouse and to places scattered all throughout Paris. A skilled user of the maze can move about the city with great speed by coming in one door of the Labyrinth and going out another. Supposedly there are rooms and areas within the Labyrinth that can be used as regular meeting places. However, going into the labyrinth without a knowledgeable guide is also a very good way to get lost forever.

The Sanctum: This area is accessible only to the Guildmaster and his Sixth-Circle lieutenants. Here the Guild keeps its wealth, its archives, and its greatest secrets.

Adventure Hook: The PCs come to Paris after a successful adventure in some distant part of the world, bearing great wealth or some valuable item. A gang of thieves affiliated with the Guild hears about the heroes' haul, of course, and they decide to relieve the PCs of it. They hatch a daring scheme to distract the PCs with a fake emergency that allows one of their number to sneak in and rob the heroes blind. The plan should succeed. The adventure centers around the heroes tracking down the Guild thieves.



The Opium Trade

The opium trade is always a nasty business, but in the shadows of Paris it has managed to sink to new depths. Opium in Paris exists due to the World Crime League, as a result of cooperation between two major players in that organization: Dr. Fu Manchu, in China, is the unchallenged emperor of opium, and M. Sébastien Armitage was hand-picked by Professor Moriarty himself to oversee "operations" in Paris. Armitage has organized a white slavery ring, through which he fulfills Fu Manchu's almost insatiable demand for European women in exchange for massive quantities of raw opium.

Armitage also runs a number of brothels and opium dens in the city center, which have proven to be an important source of revenue for the League. His only substantial opposition has come from the Guild (see above), who do not approve of the League moving in on the lucrative business of prostitution and who, quite frankly, find the white slavery business disgusting. So far, this conflict has been limited to a few minor skirmishes, but it is clear to everyone in the know that a full-scale crime war is brewing. Armitage has already proven to be utterly ruthless; he will resort to any measure to accomplish his goals. Furthermore, he has called upon the resources of the World Crime League to import a band of highly trained assassins from China. Already, some of the leadership of the Guild has been hit. Still, the Paris Guild has proved resilient and capable for many centuries, so the outcome remains unclear.

Opium arrives in Paris almost exclusively along the Seine. It is picked up at the river front docks and delivered to safe-houses, where it is cut and sold to the dens. It is the dens that actually deal with typical buyers. In recent months, thanks to the influence of the World Crime League over Charles Daladier (the Paris Prefect of Police; see Section V), the shipments have recently become much larger and particularly blatant. The

League is getting arrogant; Sébastien is beginning to believe that he rules Paris. The Guild would love to divest him of that illusion.

Adventure Hook: The heroes are trying to track down a small-time member of the World Crime League. They have followed this villain to a riverside warehouse, but are here simply to gather intelligence regarding their enemy. Unfortunately, they have chosen a bad night to do so: something big is going down. A river barge loaded with opium is about to arrive at the dock. To cut off the League's cash flow, the Guild has planned an attack on the shipment, involving a large group of Guild members who are about to ambush the substantial League guard force protecting the shipment. And guess who gets caught in the middle of the whole thing....

The Order of St. Denis

"Un roi, une foi, une loi." [One king, one faith, one law.]

Some few still dream romantically of the days when France had a king. It is easy to romanticize the past after more than a century of frail Republics, despotic plebian Emperors, and a Reign of Terror. It is equally easy to forget that, before them, France had more than its share of incompetent monarchs who led the country to disaster.

The Order of St. Denis is an organization composed of influential citizens of Paris, all of whom can trace their lineage back to pre-Revolution noble families of France. Most of its members are angry old men who look on the current state of their nation with disdain and disgust. The Order is small, with less than a hundred full members. But its small size does not mean the organization is without power. Besides its hundred members, there is also a legion of *les serviteurs*. These *serviteurs* are the field agents of the Order, doing most of the dirty work. They are usually ignorant of their

masters' goals, if not of the organization's existence, and are often motivated strictly by greed. There are only a handful of les serviteurs who actively support the Order, serving because they believe it is their duty to do so - but these few servants are particularly valued.

The Order conducts itself in the trapping of the ancient French court. Their meetings are held in a courtly dialect of Old French that was often used to ensure privacy in the courts, and mastery of that unique dialect is required for full membership. All the full members are awarded titles by the Order's leader, L'héritier (the Heir). These titles reflect the noble station that will be granted to the member when France is returned to being a monarchy. The Order actually keeps a map of France that has been divided into the feudal land-holdings it will apportion to its members once they are victorious. These phantom land grants are fiercely sought after and defended by the members of the Order. A member of the Order may resort to desperate action if, for example, he fears another members' actions may cost him, say, the dukedom of Normandy.

The Order is led by the Heir, holder of the rightful title of King of France. The current Ruler of the Order is Louis XX (see Chapter Five for NPC statistics), grandson of Charles X, who ruled France from 1824 to 1830 thanks to the foreign-imposed Restoration following the reign of Napoleon. Having secretly returned from his family's exile in England in 1880, Louis XX, the Heir, is the reason the Order exists at all. He is an utterly ruthless man who will stop at nothing to reclaim his crown. No sacrifice is too great to restore the Bourbon monarchy.

Adventure Hook: The Heir has very recently learned that information about his secret Order is being bought and sold in the streets of Paris at the Château du Vert, an absinthe parlor run by Honoré Duvillaire (see Section V for details). The Heir believes that his leak in security could be undermining his efforts to restore

the monarchy, and has decided it is time for this leak to be plugged. So, he has assigned one of his capable serviteurs, Roger du Breton, to assassinate Monsieur Duvillaire. After narrowly escaping a bomb blast and somehow surviving an attack by a man dressed all in black and brandishing a knife, Honoré is sure someone is after him. But who?

Honoré turns to some well-known heroes who happen to be in Paris - this is where the PCs come in. Honoré is willing to pay well for their services if only they will save his life and find out who is trying to kill him. The heroes must find out the truth about why the Order wants Honoré dead, and they must stop du Breton (not necessarily in that order). Of course, the Heir will not be pleased when he learns that his favorite assassin has been thwarted and likely killed or arrested. This could easily earn our heroes the unending enmity of the Order; see "Enemies of the Crown" in Chapter Eight for details on running a campaign with the Order as the heroes' primary enemy.

The Rogue Art Academy of Oscar Wilde

There is, in the shadow of Paris, a new revolution in the arts. Entirely new styles and theories of art are being conceived and tested in the crucible of the cultured. Overseeing this revolution is Oscar Wilde, the man who left England after serving a two-year prison sentence essentially for being homosexual. He is mentor to an army of young artists from all over Europe and indeed all across the globe who have decided to cast off convention in the darkened city. In small salons and private exhibitions, art like nothing anyone has ever before seen is being produced in Paris, sometimes shocking, usually disturbing, often dark, rarely enlightening, but always modern. And as in every movement, there are also a few who are taking it too far.

The fundamental dogma of the Rogue Academy is that the darkness of Paris can open the light of inspiration. There are within the Academy a few unstable individuals who have taken this ideology a step farther, though: for them, only true darkness can be enlightening. One sculptor in the movement has made several "realist" pieces by abducting people off the street and casting molds from their murdered corpses; he remains at large. A young painter was arrested when it was discovered that he had been bleeding people in the streets to mix their blood with his paints. A young female poet has come to believe that she can only compose her truly greatest works after violence has been done to her; she roams the most dangerous parts of the city alone and late at night, waiting to be mugged or worse.

These people are exceptions. The vast majority of the artists in the movement are not sadistic, masochistic, or sociopathic. They are legitimate artists trying to escape very rigid boundaries set for them by people who are long dead. But all too often, when people think of the Rogue Academy, they do not think of its revolutionary use of light - they instead think of the man mixing blood into his paints.

Adventure Hooks: Oscar Wilde has heard rumors that one of his students has gone too far, making sculpture cast from the corpses of his victims. Oscar does not want his movement to be tainted by this kind of innuendo and rumor. He wants the truth of this claim discovered and, if it is indeed true, for the villain to be incarcerated. Wilde knows that he does not have the skills necessary to find this madman (if he exists), so he has contacted some outsiders - our heroes. Oscar Wilde is a poor man. He cannot pay a lot for this favor. But he would be eternally grateful: "It would be a service not only to me, but to art!"

The adventurers, perhaps used to exploring jungles and ancient ruins, must immerse themselves in a new urban jungle to find the killer. His name is Peter Kider, an English import to Paris, and a very dangerous man.

The Scarlet Strangler (L'Étrangler Écarlate)

Although London can claim probably the most famous serial killer of all time, Jack the Ripper, Paris is not to be outdone by the English. The Scarlet Strangler operates within the confines of the Spectral City. He (or she, or perhaps it) kills both men and women, although he seems to prefer attractive young prostitutes as his victims, strangling them with a length of red ribbon and then horribly mutilating the corpses. He has killed a dozen victims over the past two years, and the police seem powerless to stop him. Given the savagery of the attacks, some have suspected initially that the attacks were those of an animal. But police inspectors insist the damage was done by a knife of some kind, a knife wielded with great strength.

The truth is that the Scarlet Strangler is a human, or at least he was. Initiate Jerome Pierrard became involved in the Order of the Golden Dawn not because of any desire to conquer the world or to kill the innocent, but because the ways of magic seemed strange, fascinating, and so different from the mundane life of a bored rich kid. He moved to Paris from provincial France under the pretense of attending University. What he really came here to do was become a sorcerer. He quickly took up with Master Horatio Lassiter, High Priest of the Golden Dawn, and rapidly began to absorb the Master's teachings. Jerome was a natural. Within two years he was already able to cast simple spells. But then he found a certain book in a dusty corner of a Parisian bookshop. Labeled simply *Spelaenum* (L. The Cavern), the book claimed to be a transcription of conversations from the age of Rome between a Mithraic high priest named Taenaris, given the cryptic title of Cryfii, and his pupil. The book spoke of dark rituals, cosmological mysteries, and ancient, hidden gods.

One of the rituals in particular appealed to the young Jerome. It spoke of summoning and talking to

the hidden god, the Sol Invictus. To Jerome, the temptation to use the ritual even though he didn't fully understand it was overwhelming. He drew the complex circle and copied the meaningless symbols. He slit the throat of a sacrificial lamb. He read aloud the strange words of invocation, written in Persian and Etruscan. He called to something from another world. And to Jerome's great surprise, it worked. But the thing Jerome called up was no god - it is more properly called a demon, and it penetrated Jerome's flawed circle and possessed the young would-be sorcerer almost effortlessly.

The demon has complete control of Jerome now. It lets his human personality come forward occasionally to savor the boy's anguish over what it has been doing with his body for the past two years. Jerome (now the demon) has dropped out of the Order of the Golden Dawn, thinking the organization too potentially dangerous. It has given Jerome a new personality. He is no longer an inquisitive, bookish aspiring scholar and magician. He is now an arrogant, ruthless, sadistic hedonist with a taste for human flesh, who will do anything to get his way. "Jerome" has gone into business as a diamond merchant. He took over the business after torturing the aging purveyor into signing over his life's work, and then he cooked him and ate his liver. The demon has begun the whole serial killer routine as a lark; besides just enjoying the killing, it enjoys the panic and fear that its murders inspire.

The demon always refers to itself as Jerome. It has another name, but is loathe to reveal it, as its true name is the key to banishing it. The name is Eonis.

Adventure Hook: The Scarlet Strangler kills someone close to the PCs and mutilates him or her horribly. It's one thing for there to be serial killer in Paris, but now it's personal.

The Truth of the Eiffel Tower

Since "truth" is often a moving target, and since different games may require different truths in any case, we provide here a selection of explanations regarding the Eiffel Tower; choose whatever one seems most interesting or appropriate.

It is a key element in sustaining the Darkness of Paris

The original scheme that caused the Occurrence was never meant to shroud Paris in perpetual darkness. Now, to keep the effect going, a giant magical amplifier had to be built. As long as the Eiffel stands, Paris will never be rid of the Veil.

It is an accidental Psychic Resonator

The Eiffel Tower was built by men who wished only to make the 1889 Exposition one to remember. However, they have inadvertently created the world's largest psychic resonator, thanks to the Towers' unique shape and size, vibrating in tune with the primal energy of Paris. This is what causes the witch lights. This resonator is one of the major reasons there is so much ghost activity in the city. It is like a vitamin injection for ghosts - making them stronger and more active.

It has been haunted by a powerful Spirit of Technology

This explanation assumes, once again, that well-meaning men built the Eiffel Tower. But after the Tower was built, a powerful spirit of technology that had already been unleashed on the city (perhaps through the portal described in Section VII) came to inhabit the tower. Now the Eiffel Tower is, in effect, possessed. The spirit is using the tower to collect magical energy. The witch lights are in actuality the byprod-

uct of this monstrosity's feeding. There is going to come a day when the spirit will be so powerful it can routinely manifest in the real world. When that happens, Paris - and perhaps the world - could be in real jeopardy.

It is only the first step in Monsieur Eiffel's schemes of world conquest (a.k.a. the "Giant Robot Attacks Paris" option)

Monsieur Eiffel is the bad guy after all. The Eiffel Tower has allowed him to shield his massive subterranean laboratory, built directly beneath the Tower, from detection. Now he is poised to unleash his greatest creation upon Paris - a giant humanoid steam- and electric-powered robot, with which he will be able to seize Paris. Thus will begin the end of the Third Republic and the birthday of the New Empire of Gustav Eiffel!

Monsieur Eiffel was duped into building a Sinister Device for the World Crime League

Actually, wait - Monsieur Eiffel is not the bad guy. He is merely a dupe who has been tricked into carrying out a masterful scheme of the World Crime League. When Paris is attacked by a giant robot, it will not be to establish the Eiffel Empire, but to establish the Armitage Empire. The citizenry of Paris will likely miss this fine point.

It is H.G. Wells' Time Machine, Mark II

Using his time machine, H.G. Wells was able to go to the past and replace Monsieur Eiffel's original plans with his own. Now, the Eiffel Tower is powering up and coming to full operation. Soon, H.G. will be able to travel farther in time than ever before. The witch lights are the time travel device slowly powering up.

The Vampires of Paris (or, Why There Aren't Any Vampires in Paris)

Right after the Occurrence, vampires from all across Europe immediately saw the potential of a city where the sun never shone. It was a sort of vampire's utopia. For two years, Paris had to deal not only with ghosts, werewolves, and perpetual darkness, but also with the worst vampire infestation Europe had seen in centuries. Things were getting out of hand. That is when Cardinal Dorian of Notre Dame stepped in.

Using his connections in the Catholic Church and the Vatican, the good Cardinal called in a "dream team" of talented and experienced vampire-hunters from all across the globe the likes of which the world had never seen. A bloody battle was soon being fought in the streets of Paris. For three days, the legions of hunters and the vampires fought for the fate of the Haunted City. And when the gore cleared, the hunters had won.

No, they hadn't just won. That is an understatement. What happened in the first three days of May in 1887 has been rightly called a Miracle. The hunters utterly annihilated the legions of undead. Creatures who had hunted warm blood in Europe for a thousand years died in droves. The vampire population of Europe was cut in half in three days. And now, vampires don't want to live in Paris any more.

Some citizens now commemorate May 3 as Le Jour du Purge (The Day of the Purge) almost as if it were a holy day.

Adventure Hook: Intent on revenge against the Cardinal who ordered the slaughter of his kind, Comte St. Germaine (see Master Codex, page 284) has come to Paris. He is not here to inhabit the city. He is here strictly to kill the Cardinal, or, better yet, to turn him into a vampire. Someone must protect the hero of Le Jour du Purge from the vengeance of the undead. That someone is turns out to be the PCs.

What Really Happened on the Night of the Occurrence?

In Chapter Seven you will find an adventure based around the "official" OWC explanation for why Paris in 1889 is the way it is. But there is no particular reason why this explanation must be etched in stone. Here, then, are five alternate explanations as to how Paris was transformed into the Spectral City.

The Messenger

All the world stopped and wondered about Paris that night in October, 1884, but they failed to appreciate the event that actually presaged it all. The Occurrence began the exact moment that, in the heart of Paris in a poor hovel, a special child was born. This child has been sent to Earth as a divine messenger from Heaven to save the 20th century from the madness that is to come: the Great War, World War II, the Holocaust, and even possible nuclear Armageddon. She is a savior touched by forces outside of human experience. She is not the last Messenger, the harbinger of the last days, but she is a Messenger. And from the moment of her birth, she is hunted by the Forces of Darkness, as all Messengers are.

In 1889, she is a child of five living in poverty in the streets of Paris. Her divine talents have not yet manifested. A demon in human form has come to Paris and is hunting her (perhaps the Scarlet Strangler; see above). It is this demon that is the cause of many of the strange undead occurrences around the city: he is building an army to hunt the Messenger. The demon believes that the 20th century does not belong to this Messenger, but to his evil Father. A desperate battle between the forces of Good and Evil plays out on the streets of Paris. Heroes are unknowingly drawn to protect this seemingly normal child, often without understanding their true purpose. The forces of darkness will not stop until the child is slain.

In a Tesla Time game, the girl has survived to begin her mission. She can see the future. Miracles seem to follow her wherever she goes. She is a peace activist in Europe with a small following of dedicated supporters. She predicts in precise detail the events that are to come: the rise of Nazi Germany, the development of atomic weaponry, the course of the war, and the invasion of France. She also foresees a future where the so-called "wonder weapons" of the coming Wars are turned on all of humanity. The Forces of Darkness still stalk her, but now they take a new form. They are demented fascists who will make sure her opinions of them are suppressed. They are war-hawks, unwilling to heed a message of peace. They are the old guard, who sees her as a threat to their power. She is often compared to Joan of Arc. She preaches a message of personal piety and reconciliation with God. The battle between Good and Evil expands further.

In the Nazi Thugs era, it is time for the Messenger to give her life to bring her Message to all the world. This is a time of sacrifice and revelation. Will the heroes understand the lesson that this Lamb has tried to teach them even as she is led to the firing range to be shot for crimes against the New Nazi State? With her death in 1939, right before the War, the cloud over Paris lifts. The Occurrence is at an end.

The Great Ritual

In Paris, there still resides the last coven of the ancient circle of sorcerers known as the College of the Wise. They remain here because Paris sits atop a conjunction of ley lines that make it a nexus of magical energy. The College has declined greatly since their halcyon days in the Middle Ages, and now they claim only a scant dozen members. But thanks to various rituals, the last few members are all very long-lived: some of them are now little more than skeletons.

This circle of mages has noticed that the magic level in the world is dramatically decreasing. Old ritu-

als are not as easy to enact as they once were. Spells require much more concentration and effort to cast. The occurrence of true spellcasters is becoming rarer with every passing decade. The world is no longer the place of dragons and fantastic beasts, but is becoming a technological nightmare in which cities sprawl across the globe and the last locales that are unexplored are being unearthed by so-called "heroes."

The College of the Wise wishes to change this. They wish to bring the magic back. They foresee a brave new world ruled by the sorcerer, not the scientist. After a century of research while pondering the problem, they have at last devised a true ritual so powerful that it may accomplish their goal. Even in their long memories, nothing like the ritual they propose has ever been cast. So, they cannot be sure what the exact result will be. They gather one night in October, 1884, and, during a powerful astrological conjunction, cast a preliminary version of the ritual as a mere test - thereby triggering the Occurrence.

Now they wait in their hidden catacombs. They know their first ritual has been at least partially successful. More magic flows in Paris than has flowed here in centuries, perhaps even millennia. It is this uncontrolled and unfocused raw magic that has caused the bizarre changes to Paris.

Once the magic level has reached a sufficient crescendo, they will invoke the second ritual - the true ritual. This will destroy Paris, but surely the loss of a single city is a small price to pay for the accomplishment of their dreams. The world will be flooded with magical energy. Humanity will be returned to a Second Age of Magic. Or at least this is the College's hope. Even they are unsure whether the ritual will truly transform the world or instead scour it of life. But they long ago decided that they would rather see the world consumed in fire than dominated by the unworthy.

Deep beneath the Cathedral of Notre Dame is the center of the ritual, in a hidden area inhabited by twelve undead (or almost undead) spellcasters, sorcerers

without peer in the rest of the world. They never leave their catacomb, instead employing agents to interact with the outside world. If anyone could find out the truth, locate the chamber, and defeat the twelve, then the ritual could be stopped and the magical gate they have constructed closed. The Veil could be lifted. Paris could be saved. But who is strong and wily enough to oppose the machinations of the College of the Wise? Who is capable of defeating the world's twelve greatest mages acting in concert? Who indeed? It will take true heroes.

And in the meantime, the twelve wait in their sanctum, dreaming of the day when they will remake the world.

The Curse of Paris

There are many people in the world who hate the French, but none who hate them more than one of their own - the man who should be king, Louis XX, founder of the Order of St. Denis. In this scenario, it is not the College of the Wise (see "The Great Ritual," above) who cast the ritual that began the Occurrence, but Louis XX and a circle of Royal Arcanologists. Twice in the last hundred years, France has rejected its rightful monarch. The Veil will dissipate only when Paris has atoned for that crime. And that will take a long time indeed. If someone could figure out the Heir's scheme and find the secret site of the ritual, they could defeat him and end this horrible curse.

The Capital of Crime

Sébastien Armitage is more than just a criminal mastermind. He is also the key figure in the most ambitious plan yet conceived by the World Crime League. The Occurrence was not caused by a ritual at all, but by a device engineered by a captive weird scientist. The purpose of this device is to turn Paris into Armitage's new capital city, so dark and gloomy that the

law doesn't dare set foot in his domain. He will transform Paris into Europe's capital of crime. And once that power base is solid, Sébastien Armitage will be ready to seize control of the World Crime League - and thus the world.

The Invasion

A Great Ritual was indeed cast, not by the College of the Wise or the Heir's Royal Arcanologists, but instead by a cult of demon worshippers. They are try-

ing to open the gate in order to purge the Earth once and forever of the affront that is mankind. The first ritual was only the beginning. The second ritual will begin the Invasion. The third ritual will make the Hell Gate so wide that anything might pass through it, and then it can be made permanent. The demon worshippers are doing this in Paris because that city rests atop an ancient holy site that makes casting powerful True Rituals far easier.

Chapter Seven: A Tale of the City

This section details an adventure set entirely in Paris. It is intended for a party of novice Forbidden Kingdoms adventurers of 1st to 3rd level. It is Part One of a three-part story arc. Parts Two and Three will appear in *Manchester: City of Wonders* and in *Berlin: Rise of the Reich*, respectively.

Background

Nikola Tesla came to Paris in the summer of 1882 and made a terrible mistake. He set up a laboratory in the city center and began work on his most ambitious project to date. He created a veil of secrecy to ensure that his research would remain hidden. This was not the mistake. He worked ceaselessly for two years, residing in Paris almost exclusively in that time, although he was rarely seen about town. He was simply too focused on his work to enjoy gay Paris. This also was not his mistake. In May of 1884 he departed Paris, certain that he had made progress, but also certain he could not move his secret project forward without much additional study. In departing, Tesla made his terrible mistake: he left his lab in the care of Dr. Marcel Veroux, trusted assistant, renowned man of science... and a member in good standing of the shadowy Order of St. Denis. Dr. Veroux did not fully understand Tesla's project, but he knew enough to realize that it could further the goals of his secret society. In fact, Tesla was working on nothing less than the mechanic of Instant Travel, teleportation from one location to another, and Veroux was certain that he could continue where Tesla had left off.

For months, Veroux studied the device trying to fathom its purpose and its function. He managed in that time to convince himself that he had mastered the vastly complicated contraption. He made some minor

modifications, correcting Tesla's "obvious blunders," and then arranged to have the device stolen by his cronies in the Order. He telegraphed Tesla about the theft and invented a cock-and-bull story that blamed Professor Moriarty and the World Crime League for the loss. Tesla was concerned about the theft, but he knew that outside of Paris the device was worthless. Little did he realize that it was still in Paris.

Dr. Veroux had the device transported from Tesla's lab to a secret, long forgotten location deep in the Catacombs of Paris. The device arrived the evening of October 26th, and on that fateful day, he wasted no time in activating Tesla's machine. This marks the very beginning of the Occurrence. What Veroux had failed to understand is the real reason that Tesla had abandoned the project: he had succeeded in opening a portal, certainly, but what he found was not a pathway that could be used for travel, but rather a rift in the fabric of reality itself. The portal was filled with all manner of spiritual entities, which began to emerge as soon as the portal was opened. Further, the portal did not travel across space only, but also moved rather capriciously through time as well. Dr. Tesla, perhaps the greatest mind of his age, had managed to withstand the spiritual turbulence emitted by the rift long enough to shut down the device and close the portal. Dr. Marcel Veroux, on the other hand, fled from the site screaming.

Within hours, the portal had grown to immense proportions. The device itself was no longer in our reality but had itself fallen into the rift. From this secret section of the Catacombs, all manner of manifestations and monsters emerged. The Occurrence had begun in earnest. The portal, no longer securely tethered to a single place or time, danced around Paris, transporting anything or anyone who got in its way. It transported its unlucky victims not just through space, but across time as well. Chaos and panic spread through the city, followed shortly by the fires. By the end of the night, the portal had stabilized somewhat, as

Tesla's automatic safety measures had finally activated, governing the amount of power sent to the device. But the portal was already open, and now, with the Portal Generator inside the rift, no one could turn it off without actually entering the pathway.

Dr. Veroux was desperate. Things had gotten completely out of hand. He had never intended this to happen. This was all Tesla's fault! His device was clearly unstable! But Veroux was also sure that if word got out that he had thrown the switch that sent Paris into chaos, he would be lynched or worse! He contacted Tesla and lied again to his mentor, saying that Professor Moriarty must have tried to activate the stolen device. Shortly thereafter, by telegram, Dr. Veroux received Tesla's reply:

"I understand all too well what has happened to Paris stop That fool Moriarty has gone too far this time stop Alas even could we locate the device it is now too late to turn it off stop The device was designed to open a permanent portal stop After twelve hours the device will have completely ceased operation it's work done stop The portal will then be self sustaining stop I will try to find a way to undo what has been done but I am uncertain that it is possible stop Be strong Marcel for I fear that Paris' darkest days are still ahead of her end transmission..."

Only after receiving the telegram did Marcel Veroux truly comprehend what he had done. Now he must make things right. Dr. Veroux will save Paris. He will retrieve the device from the portal and find a way to close the rift. He will succeed where even the great Tesla had failed. And when he has saved the city from its plague of darkness, then they will declare him France's greatest hero - the great Veroux! Sadly, his first failure had not been enough to convince him to abandon his great arrogance.

Now all Dr. Veroux needs are some dupes to help him with his errand. This is where our heroes come into the picture...

Summary of Events

This adventure is played out in a series of twelve key events.

Event One: A Friend in Need

The players are introduced to Dr. Marcel Veroux, a researcher and associate of the famed Dr. Nikola Tesla; Veroux is in need of some discreet assistance. His family estate is connected to the Catacombs of Paris and has been troubled by some "things" living beneath the house. He needs some expert adventurers and monster-hunters to deal with these creatures. He chooses not a band of veteran heroes, but a group of comparative novices. After all, they will be easier to manipulate.

Event Two: Monster Hunting

The heroes clear a hidden section of the Catacombs of an infestation of undead. While in the catacombs, they might manage to open a secret door that leads further into yet another area of the Catacombs - the one that contains the portal, and possibly some more dangerous monsters. Perhaps here they can begin to suspect that Dr. Veroux has not been totally honest with them. The portal itself, however, is not yet evident, having been blocked off by a roof collapse.

Event Three: Complications

When the undead are slain and the Catacombs cleared, Dr. Veroux is overjoyed. He gladly pays the heroes and thanks them for their efforts. It looks like the mission has been completed when, later that night, the heroes are attacked by assassins - hired by the Order of St. Denis. These assassins can be traced back to their employer, a man who frequents the opium den at the House of Nine Gates, called Masson. The heroes must be curious... who is after them, and why?

Event Four: Past the Second Gate

Getting into the House of Nine Gates proves more difficult than the PCs first imagined. The door guard is unwilling to let them in without a reference. They must find a connection in the underworld of Paris who can get them into this hive of villainy if they are to find Masson and discover who wants them dead. All the while they are being dogged by the same assassins. It is also during this event that our heroes may attract the attention of the infamous Sébastien Armitage.

Event Five: The Dragon's Den

Having found a way past the First Gate, the heroes must infiltrate the House of Nine Gates and find Masson. He is indeed in the House, although he is never seen leaving or exiting through the front door. Masson bears no loyalty to his employers, and will gladly sell out the Order of St. Denis. Indeed, he is under orders to do so by no less a personage than Sébastien Armitage himself. Thus, he reveals the name of Parisian gentleman Gabriel Malraux.

Event Six: Of Kings and Call Girls

Finding Gabriel Malraux is easy. He is one of the premier merchants in Paris, controlling a substantial share of the garment industry. He is also a very well-connected man, with many friends and ties to the highest levels of the French government. Direct action against him would be very dangerous and foolhardy. Information gathering about town, however, reveals that he does indeed have a weakness: he is a frequent visitor at La Palais du Verre. If asked, Madame Trousseau can indeed acquire whatever information the heroes would like from Monsieur Malraux. However, she requires a favor for the service.

Event Seven: The Madam's Errand

Madame Trousseau's price for her information is this: there is some variety of gang war going on in the shadows of Paris, she reveals. She wishes to know more about it. She reveals an address where she believes one side of the gang war to have a safe-house, which holds a small strongbox. She wants that box, unopened; she says she will know if the box has been opened. She also reveals that the safe-house likely contains stolen goods and contraband. She is uninterested in that; the PCs can keep it for personal gain or turn it over to the police and be heroes, as they wish. Of course, there will be danger, but Madame Trousseau is confident the heroes can handle it.

In doing Mme. Trousseau's job, the heroes uncover a minor safe-house used by the World Crime League to store stolen merchandise. Unbeknownst to them, they have just struck a blow for the Guild against the League in the Thieves' War of Paris. Madame Trousseau is true to her word and supplies the PCs with information about the Order of St. Denis: Malraux, it seems, was working under orders from a superior, a Dr. Marcel Veroux.

Event Eight: The Château of Marcel Veroux

Now that they know who their real enemy is, the heroes return to the château to confront Veroux. The Order has reoccupied the Catacombs and, thanks to the heroes' efforts, has rediscovered the secret passage that leads to the chambers beneath the Eiffel Tower. The château has been locked down by agents of the Order. The heroes must either fight their way in or sneak past the guards to enter into the Catacombs.

Event Nine: Back in the Catacombs

The Catacombs are no less dangerous than they were before, although this time they are populated by agents of the Order, not the undead. There is no avoiding a knockdown battle between the agents of the Order and our heroes.

Event Ten: The Portal Chamber

The Portal has been cleared of debris. Veroux is trying to conduct a ritual, but it is merely an old ritual to sanctify a new meeting room for the Order. However, it will be easy for the PCs to misinterpret what is going on here and to assume that he is trying to widen the portal, or maybe to summon something terrible. Regardless, the Order will not be inclined to stop and explain. A melee breaks out in front of the portal.

Event Eleven: Into the Darkness, Out into Light

After Dr. Veroux' minions have been defeated, he retreats into the rift itself. The rift is still a very dangerous place to be. Reality, time, and space bend and twist in this strange pocket universe. Here the PCs fight their last battle against Dr. Veroux.

Event Twelve: Repercussions

Hopefully, the PCs have finally learned or deduced the truth. Veroux's death is not really unfortunate; he clearly intended to continue experimenting on the Portal Generator, likely with unpredictable results, at best, for Paris. Now, with him out of the way, Paris may not be saved, but at least it will not suffer anything worse. The real question now is what happens to the PCs.

Setup

The first question that the GM must answer is how Dr. Marcel Veroux has heard of the PCs. Are they new arrivals in the city that have recently made a bit of a name for themselves? Are they just back from their first successful expedition? Have they come to Paris looking for adventure? Through the Order of St. Denis, Dr. Veroux has many contacts. It is conceivable that any of those aforementioned events could have attracted his attention. He is, after all, not looking for incompetents; he is looking for dupes to kill some monsters and make it possible for him and his men to explore the Catacombs safely.

EVENT ONE: A FRIEND IN NEED

At the heroes' residence(s) in Paris, a courier arrives with an invitation. Dr. Marcel Veroux, a noted scientist and associate of Dr. Nikola Tesla, wishes to meet the adventurers. The courier is no more specific than this. The players are invited to join him for dinner the following night at his château on the right bank, north of the Seine, on the rue St. Martin.

This gives the PCs a full day to research Dr. Veroux and find out what is known about him if they so choose. Certain skill checks, such as Gather Information or Knowledge (Paris), might provide some facts (DCs as listed below) about Dr. Veroux, as follows:

Gather Information (DC 5): Dr. Veroux is a respected scientist and scholar.

Gather Information or Knowledge (Paris) (DC 5): Dr. Veroux is a native-born, life-long citizen of Paris.

Gather Information (DC 5): Dr. Veroux is unmarried and has no children.

Gather Information (DC 10), Knowledge (Paris) (DC 20): Dr. Veroux worked with Tesla from 1882 to 1884, but stopped when Tesla left Paris in May of 1884. He has not worked with Tesla since.

Gather Information or Knowledge (physics or electrical theory) (DC 10): Dr. Veroux is a professor, a member of several respected scientific organizations, and has even served as a consultant to the Louvre in the past. His specialties are physics and electrical theory.

Gather Information or Knowledge (Paris) (DC 15): Dr. Veroux is wealthy and does not need to work.

Gather Information or Knowledge (Paris or French politics) (DC 15): Dr. Veroux is also well known in social circles about town. He has a reputation as a true patriot of France and is a very politically active citizen.

Gather Information or Knowledge (Paris) (DC 20): Dr. Veroux has often been seen hobnobbing with wealthy and influential citizens of Paris. Dr. Veroux is very well connected for a mere scientist.

Gather Information (DC 25): Dr. Veroux employs a number of bodyguards (at least two or three), but tries to keep this fact discreet.

Gather Information or Knowledge (Paris) (DC 25): Dr. Veroux is often treated deferentially by people who you would think would be above him society.

Gather Information or Knowledge (nobility and royalty) (DC 30): Dr. Veroux is of noble blood being the direct descendant of the long deposed Duke of Guyenne.

It is unlikely that the PCs will have time to get all this information unless they contact an information-monger par excellence and convince him or her to help

them out. Madame Trousseau, for example (see Chapter Five), could acquire most if not all of this information in twenty-four hours if properly paid for her services.

The Château of Docteur Veroux

The château is of new construction built after a row of older buildings was burned during the Occurrence. It is built in the Classical style of architecture so typical of la belle époque. The house is quite expansive and well furnished; its decor speaks of obvious wealth. Furthermore, the house is manned by at least a half-dozen servants. In the populist crowded streets of the city center, this new château is a recent anachronism.

Dr. Veroux and his servants aren't the only ones here. eating, Veroux's three bodyguards are currently in the kitchen having dinner as well. If there is any trouble, they are mere seconds away. All are armed with pistols.

Veroux himself is congenial. He is an accomplished socialite, more than able to hold his own in the arena of conversation. He is complimentary, almost flattering, of the adventurers, claiming to have heard much of their exploits. Dinner is served promptly, and Veroux refuses to discuss business over his food. A fine three-course meal is served that speaks well of Veroux's kitchen staff. Wine of excellent vintage flows freely during the meal. After dinner, Veroux invites the PCs to his study for brandy and cigars, and to discuss a certain matter.

At last, over snifters full of magnificent amber ten year-old XO brandy served from baccarat crystal, Dr. Veroux gets to business.

Recently, I was having the wine cellar in the basement expanded when one of the workers apparently broke into an expanse of the Catacombs that the even the city's maps do not record. Unfortunately, the Catacombs are not without occu-

Dr. Marcel Veroux

Class: Academic 6 / Weird Scientist 4

Hit Dice: 6d4+12 + 4d6+8 (45 stamina points, 14 wound points)

Initiative: +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 16 (+3 Dex, +3 Defense)

Attacks: Electrogun (see below) +8 or +6/+6 ranged

Damage: Electrogun 2d6

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +12

Abilities: Str 10, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 18, Wis 16, Cha 17

Skills: Alchemy +14, Appraise +7, Concentration +7, Construct Device +15, Conversation +7, Demolitions +12, Disable Device +12, Drive +10, Electronics +14, Knowledge (Paris) +11, Knowledge (physics) +9, Knowledge (temporal mechanics) +14, Listen +8, Open Lock +11, Mechanic (weird science) +20, Search +14, Sense Motive +13, Spot +13

Feats: Extraordinary Luck, Improved Initiative, Jaded, Point Blank Shot, Rapid Shot, Skill Focus (Construct Device, Knowledge [Paris]), Craft Weird Science Item
Special Abilities: Information Font +10, ignotus agnitio (-5), targeted skill focus +6 (Construct Device), skill focus +3 (Mechanic [weird science]); jury rig +4

Languages: French (5), Old High French (5), English (5), German (5)

Challenge Rating: 10

Dr. Veroux's Amazing Electrogun

This weapon fires a sizzling bolt that deals 2d6 points of electrical damage. The electrogun holds enough charge for 6 such bolts; it can be recharged at a rate of 2 hours per charge in a special charging unit. The electrogun ignores all metal armor, and indeed anyone wearing or carrying 15 pounds or more of ferrous metal suffers a -2 penalty to Defense with respect to this weapon.

Weapon	Damage	Crit	Range	Weight
Electrogun	2d6	19-20/x2	20 ft.	5 lb

Dr. Veroux's Bodyguards

Class: Soldier of Fortune 2

Hit Dice: 2d10+2 (13 stamina points, 12 wound points)

Initiative: +3 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 16 (+3 Dex, +3 Defense)

Attacks: Unarmed +6 melee; knife +7 melee; or .45 revolver +6 ranged

Damage: Unarmed 1d3+3 subdual; knife 1d4+3; .45 revolver 1d12

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +0

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10

Skills: Balance +5, Intimidate +5, Jump +5, Listen +6, Melee +8, Pistol +5, Search +1, Spot +6

Feats: Alertness, Improved Unarmed Strike, Weapon Focus (knife), Weapon Focus (pistol)

Challenge Rating: 2

pants. The workers were attacked by some sort of undead creature - mark one more for the Occurrence. One man was killed and another wounded by what can only be described as walking dead. In the fray, the workers managed to close the door to the cellar, lock it, and bar it with iron bars. But, nonetheless, of course I fear for the safety of my staff and myself. I am in need of some spirited monster-hunters to deal with these unnatural horrors. That is why I have summoned you here tonight; monsieurs [and mademoiselles, if appropriate]. I need this matter taken care of discreetly. I wish for no one to come to harm, but I also host many dinners and gatherings here at the château. I do not want it to gain a ... dark reputation ... any darker than it already has, merely being in Paris. You understand. Will you help me?

Veroux is not suggesting the PCs work for free. He is prepared to pay two hundred francs for each creature the group kills in the catacombs beneath the house. He is also willing to pay a bonus of two thousand francs to the group as a whole if they can have this problem taken care of within the next three days. He claims he

has no idea how many creatures are down there, nor how extensive the catacombs are, but he does know that this section must be isolated from all the rest. Otherwise, surely, the city would know of it.

If the PCs accept, Dr. Veroux is extremely grateful. He wishes the heroes to get begin as soon as possible, but understands that they will perhaps need time to prepare for their expedition. "Just remember the bonus," he reminds them. Hagglng with Veroux will not get the PCs much more. He has already made his offer and feels it is quite a generous one. Still, he is feigning desperation and might go slightly higher in the face of skilled bargaining.

The Real Story

Dr. Veroux is lying, of course, at least in part. The houses did burn down in 1884, but only because one of them was the secret safe-house into which Dr. Veroux had transported the Portal Generator. An explosion from the Catacombs covered the area in tons of debris and burned the houses to the ground. It has taken Dr. Veroux five years to raise the funds, purchase the necessary property, build the house, dig out the debris, and relocate the tunnel entrance. Only then did he discover the undead, which were not in the Catacombs before the Occurrence. They are animated corpses from the Catacomb ossuary (remember that the Catacombs of Paris were originally built to hold cemetery overflow). He is uncertain how many are down there, but feels there are too many to risk his own neck. That, after all, is what the PCs are for.

The whole bit about "a dark reputation" was thrown in so that the PCs wouldn't blab too much about their job. After all, this is Paris. Dark reputations are a dime a dozen in the Haunted City. In certain circles, knowing that a house is haunted actually increases its prestige. At this point in the story, Dr. Veroux has no plans to kill the PCs. He just wants them to do the job, get their money, and go away, so he can get down to the real work of closing the Portal.

EVENT TWO: MONSTER HUNTING

This is a very straight forward event. The players have been hired to clean out Dr. Veroux's basement. There are approximately 30 animated corpses here (the GM should vary the exact number based on the ability of the PCs), ranging from the almost completely skeletal to those still covered in rotting flesh. These undead are neither particularly intelligent nor cooperative, but this battle occurs in a very dangerous environment. This catacomb complex has not been maintained in more than a hundred years; it is literally falling apart. There are floors ready to collapse, walls crumbled to rubble, and ceilings about to give way.

The Map of the Catacomb Complex shows the location of the undead and has numbered encounters marked on it. Those encounters are detailed here:

1. Collapsing floors. The floor has grown so fragile in these areas that whole expanses of the floor will collapse into a lower gallery if walked upon, dropping anyone above onto the broken and jagged statuary below. Treat these areas as hidden 10-foot spike-covered pits (*see the DMG, Chapter 4, "Obstacles, Hazards, and Traps" for details*).

Collapsing Floor Trap: CR 1; Reflex (DC 20) avoids; falling damage (1d6) and +10 melee (1d4 jagged edges for 1d4 points of damage per successful hit); Search (DC 20); no Disable Device.

2. Collapsing Walls and Ceilings. Any misplaced attacks or explosions that strike these walls will cause a collapse. (Any critically failed attack, move action, or the like occurring next to this feature has a 50% chance of causing a collapse.) The collapsing room will fill with falling debris, dealing 3d6 points of damage each round for 1d4 rounds to all therein. A successful Reflex save (DC 15) halves the damage each round.

Once an area has begun to collapse (or has collapsed), it can be traversed at only half speed.

3. The Secret Door. This is a concealed door that leads into the Lower Catacombs. The door can be found with a Spot check (DC 20) by any character passing within 10 feet of it, or by a successful Search check (DC 10) in the appropriate area; the stone here is slightly different from that in the rest of the catacombs. A second Search check (DC 25) also reveals a hidden latch beside the door. The door was trapped with a poison needle that fired at the opener's back if the latch was not pulled three times before opening the door. The trap will still fire, but the poison on the needle has long since evaporated harmlessly away.

(Formerly Poisoned) Needle Trap: CR 1/4; +6 ranged (1 point of damage); Search (DC 20, DC 15 if the hidden latch beside the door has been found); Disable Device (18).

4. The Nobleman's retreat. A hundred years ago, this area was a well-furnished safe-house. A hundred years of water seepage and collapsing stonework have turned it into a mass of moldering rubble filled with broken bits of wood, glass, metal, and cloth, all scattered amongst the stone powder and mildewed debris. There is nothing of value here.

Choreographing the Zombie Battle

If the GM is not careful, this battle could be about as interesting as watching paint dry. Slowly hunting down thirty zombies and fighting them one at a time is about as exciting as Dijon, the mustard capital of France, on a Saturday night. Instead, let the PCs get into the middle of catacombs without seeing any zombies, maybe hearing the occasional groan in the distance, and then have all thirty rush them at once (as much as a zombie can rush anyone, that is). If the PCs

The Catacomb Zombies

Medium-Size Undead

Hit Dice: 2d12 (16 hp)

Initiative: -2 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 8 (-2 Dex)

Attacks: Slam +3 melee

Damage: Slam 1d6+3

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Special Qualities: Undead, protection 2, partial actions only, hack to pieces

Saves: Fort +0, Ref -2, Will +3

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 6, Con -, Int -, Wis 10, Cha 1

Feats: Toughness

Climate/Terrain: Dr. Veroux's basement

Challenge Rating: 1

Advancement: 3 HD (Medium-size)

Partial Actions Only (EX): The Catacomb zombies are sluggish creatures at best: zombies can only take partial actions - they cannot both move and attack except to perform a partial charge, which means moving one's base speed (not double-speed, as with a standard charge) and then taking one single charge attack.

Hack to Pieces (SU): Even when reduced to 0 hit points, unlike most creatures without Constitution scores, Catacomb zombies aren't destroyed. Instead, they are reduced to pieces, but they continue to fight until they reach -10 hit points. However, at 0 hp or lower their effectiveness is greatly reduced: They effectively suffer a -4 penalty to Strength and Dexterity (thus, their attack bonus is reduced +1, dealing only 1d6 damage; Defense is reduced to 6 and Reflex save bonus to -4; they cannot perform even a partial charge; and they move only half speed).

are equipped with guns, they should be able to shoot the Catacomb zombies to pieces regardless, but this way you get to have the zombies shamble at them in a huge gibbering mass. Then, as the PCs retreat from the mass, trying to keep the zombies at arms'-length, they can encounter the deadfalls and the crumbling stonework...

The Lower Catacombs

The lower Catacombs are much like the upper Catacombs: all are marked with areas of collapsing floor and ceiling, as above. There is one additional feature down in this area, though: the collapsed Portal Chamber.

The Collapsed Portal Chamber

This large passage obviously once led somewhere important, but it is now sealed by tons of stone. A successful Listen check (DC 20) will allow the heroes to hear a faint hum behind the stonefall blockade. For now, there is nothing else to do here.

EVENT THREE: COMPLICATIONS

When the Catacombs are cleared out and piles of formerly animate corpses now laid to rest are produced, Dr. Veroux is overjoyed. He gladly pays the agreed amount and thanks the heroes for their help. At this point, he asks if the PCs found anything unusual in the Catacombs. There are four distinct directions the adventure may now take, depending on the heroes' answers:

1. The heroes didn't find the secret door and did not explore the Lower Catacombs

This is definitely the best-case scenario for Dr. Veroux. The PCs have not seen the Portal Chamber

and have no reason to doubt his word about the real purpose of this hunting expedition. Unfortunately, Veroux is a paranoid man desperate to keep his involvement in opening the portal a secret. Eventually, he will probably convince himself that the PCs know more than they are letting on. Assassins are still dispatched, but likely not until a few days, or perhaps weeks, later.

2. The heroes found the secret door but didn't explore the Lower Catacombs

Why heroes would find a secret door and not go in, this author just can't fathom.... But it is a possibility. Since the door was disturbed, Veroux will assume they explored the Lower Catacombs regardless. Assassins are still dispatched, but not for a day or two.

3. The heroes find the secret door and explore the Lower Catacombs, but don't tell Dr. Veroux

Veroux notices that the secret door has been disturbed within the past few days, and immediately begins to worry that the heroes know more than they are letting on. Again, assassins are dispatched.

4. The heroes find the secret door, explore the Lower Catacombs, and tell Dr. Veroux of their findings

Veroux feigns surprise as best he can. A PC who makes a successful Sense Motive check (DC 20) opposed to Dr. Veroux's Will save result will notice that Veroux seems to be hiding something about the Lower Catacombs. He will ask the heroes to describe what they have seen and then feign ignorance of the whole mess. "How strange! Well, who knows what you will find in the Catacombs. I will have to get a proper sur-

vey team down there to investigate, now that the monsters are taken care of."

Within the hour after the PCs leave his home, Veroux contacts Gabriel Malraux to hire assassins.

Why Veroux Wants Our Heroes Dead

Frequently, interesting villains sow the seeds of their own destruction. For Dr. Marcel Veroux, this is certainly true. If he could just leave the heroes alone, they would have no cause to come after him. They would never investigate and discover his connection to the Order of St. Denis, and they would never storm the château later in this adventure. But for Veroux to do nothing means he has to trust that the PCs aren't as paranoid and calculating as he is. And of course they must be. He knows that they suspect something. He knows that they will eventually talk to someone dangerous. Maybe they'll even describe the area to Tesla! The only way to ensure that his secret is safe is to kill them. If they have discovered the secret door, this only clinches his decision.

Veroux contacts Gabriel Malraux, a fellow member of the Order of St. Denis and also a member of the World Crime League, and calls in a favor: arrange the death of these fools. This is not an official Order of St. Denis assassination; the Heir has not approved this action and indeed knows nothing about the Portal or about Marcel's involvement with it. If the Heir did know all of this, Marcel's life would be in grave danger. Gabriel Malraux is not only a member of the Order of St. Denis and a successful merchant, he is also a recreational user of opium who occasionally sells it to his friends in the upper crust of Parisian society. He gets his "stash" from the House of Nine Gates. However, it is a well-known fact (in some circles, at least) that the Heir does not tolerate such activities among his court. It is this very secret that Veroux is holding over Gabriel Malraux, the Order's "Duke of Orleans," to ensure that this favor is performed promptly.

Gabriel Malraux contacts a band of assassins in

Paris whom he knows only because they were guarding an opium shipment from their native Zanzibar; he does not know that they are also white slavers, and are also here picking up slaves for transport to the markets of Tunisia and Morocco. They are relaxing in the House of Nine Gates enjoying their money and awaiting their next mission from M. Armitage. When Gabriel arrives, their leader Rachman Masson listens thoughtfully to the offer, and sees an opportunity to make a little money on the side. Gabriel has thus enlisted the aid of the sinister Hassan Whipcord Cult of Dar es Salaam.

The Ambush

The PCs have a pocket full of francs and have succeeded in aiding an associate of the famed Dr. Tesla in his hour of need. It's time to relax and enjoy the fruits of their labors, and to plan their next expedition. Run this portion as if the PCs have finished the story. You are just wrapping things up. There are a few last details to take care of. Then spring the ambush on them when they least expect it.

Four assassins attack the PCs at night in their residence. You will need to determine the exact circumstances, but make sure that the PCs can fend off the attack with some challenge, but without too much difficulty.

Who is After Us?

Once the PCs fend off the attack, they find themselves threatened by an enemy without a face. The assassins themselves are all fanatics who couldn't sell out their cult even if they wanted to; none of them have tongues. All of them have a distinctive tattoo that covers almost their entire back: a black scorpion tangled in a garrote. The usual information sources prove worthless; no one in Paris, aside from Veroux and the obvious accomplices, could have any idea who is after the PCs, and the tattoo is unfamiliar to them. "Probably

The Zanzibari Assassins

Class: Martial Mystic 2

Hit Dice: 2d8+2 (11 stamina points, 13 wound points)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 17 (+2 Dex, +3 Defense, +2 Defensive Stance)

Attacks: Unarmed +3 melee; or short sword +2 melee

Damage: Unarmed 1d6+3; short sword 1d6+3 and poison

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +3

Abilities: Str 12, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 10

Skills: Climb +4, Hide +7, Jump +5, Metabolic Control +4, Move Silently +6, Physical Enhancement +5, Technique +5, Tumble +6

Feats: Blur of Movement, Floating Step, Initiation into the Way, Martial Pounce, Meditation, Psionic Talent, Weapon Focus (unarmed)

Special Abilities: Weapon proficiencies (garrote, sap, scimitar, short sword), unable to speak

Martial Arts Maneuvers: Defensive Stance +2, Enhanced Strike +2, Improved Iterative Attack, Nerve Strike (stun), Poison Use* (may use poison on weapons without risk of injuring self), Unarmed Combat Expertise

Challenge Rating: 2

Poison (EX): "Asp's Embrace" - Fortitude save (DC 12); initial damage 1d6 points of temporary Dexterity, secondary damage paralysis for 1d6 minutes. The poison is rubbed off after one successful strike, regardless of whether the saving throw is made or not.

Unable to speak (EX): The Zanzibari assassins have no tongues, so they cannot speak.

someone from a desert. Scorpions live in deserts, you know," someone might remark, all too helpfully.

Going back to Dr. Veroux is no good, of course. He claims to know nothing about any of this. He does

pretend to be helpful. "If they are foreigners, they must have arrived by river craft," he suggests. "Perhaps if you asked around the docks you could find something." Since the assassins arrived at a hidden dock outside of the city in a secret opium-laden craft, of course no one there knows anything. The danger of talking to Veroux is that if the PCs reveal where they are going and what they are doing, he will communicate this to Malraux, who will reveal this to the assassins. Another ambush could very well be waiting for them if they give enough lead time.

A successful Streetwise check (DC 20) will reveal that criminals from the Orient and the Middle-East often have some involvement with the opium trade. Perhaps one could find the answer in the opium dens. Searching the opium dens of Paris is not a particularly appealing task, but it does yield results. A successful Gather Information check (DC 15) while soliciting information from opium dens reveals the following tidbit: "Some men with that tattoo were seen hanging around the House of Nine Gates, another opium den here in town. I think their leader was named Masson." Another route would be to contact someone who is actively opposing the World Crime League, like a high-ranking member of the Guild or certain police inspectors. They would also be able to confirm, if they had reason to share such information with the heroes, that the Zanzibaris are based out of the House of Nine Gates and led by a man called Masson. There is little else to be discovered. What still remains elusive is what these villains have against our heroes.

EVENT FOUR: PAST THE SECOND GATE

The PCs have a name and a place: "Masson at the House of Nine Gates." Just locating the House of Nine Gates is not easy. All too many informants on the street seem quite afraid of the place. Many usually talkative rumor-mongers shake their heads at the first men-

tion of the place and walk away mumbling. "The House of Nine Gates? No, never heard of it. And even if I did, I would never go there! Never!" Only persistence can determine the House's location and nature.

The following rumors can be gained using either Gather Information or Knowledge (Paris) checks:

(DC 10): The House of Nine Gates is a members-only brothel, and the membership list is a closely guarded secret.

(DC 15): The House of Nine Gates is not your usual sort of brothel. They cater to people with shall we say... unusual tastes...

(DC 15): The House of Nine Gates is located somewhere on the right bank, not that they'll let you in.

(DC 20): The House of Nine Gates, on the rue St. Augustine, is not only a brothel, but also an opium den... and a lot worse, I've heard.

(DC 25): The House of Nine Gates? You'll need an invitation to get in there. But if you do get in, the password to get through the second gate is "I wish to meet the dragon." But I wouldn't go in there. People who go in there a lot of times don't come back.

(DC 30): The House of Nine Gates is the darkest patch of nightmares in Paris. They say that all kinds of atrocities go on in there: white slavery, torture, murder and who knows what else. You want some advice, friend? Forget you ever heard of that place. And if you do go in there, make sure you go in ready for a fight.

Attempts to enter the House of Nine Gates without an invitation from a known member are futile. The front door has a tiny window that slides open. A door guard asks who the PCs are. Regardless of what they say, the next question is "Who sent you?" And

unless the PCs can produce a current member's name, the window slides shut and the door stays closed.

Further banging at the door will only provoke threats from the guard. Further persistence will get the door open all right, and a cadre of burly door guards greet the intruders and tell them to leave. Failing to leave will start a fight that will be broken up 4d4 rounds later by police who happen to be on the payroll of the House of the Nine Gates. They will arrest the PCs, charging them with assault and trespassing, and they may even plant opium on the PCs as well, if they are truly troublesome. In short order, our heroes may find themselves fugitives in Paris.

It should quickly become obvious that the House of Nine Gates is not a place you can simply barge into. You have to find someone who is a member and get "introduced." But how to do this?

Good Places to Meet Bad People

1. The Entrance of the House of Nine Gates

This route has some problems. First, the entrance is watched by both vicious door guards and corrupt police. Unless one is keeping well out of sight, she will eventually be noticed - and then dealt with. The League is not known for its subtlety in these matters. Second, even if one does manage to avoid being spotted by the guards, the members of the House are always weary of people watching them come and go. Anyone suspicious who keeps hanging around may frighten off precisely the kind of people they are trying to meet. Third, there are numerous secret entrances into the House known to members in good standing that don't involve using the front door at all. Fourth, members who are approached by people who were spying on them at the entrance are unlikely to respond favorably to this "method" of introduction. But, all this aside, if one waits long enough, she will eventually see someone useful enter or leave through the front door.

2. Other Opium Dens

This is a far better plan. Many of the addicts who come to the House of Nine Gates do so infrequently, and only when they can afford the rare and specialized narcotics dispensed there. They almost always have another den of choice. The problem is finding one who will admit that he is also a member at the House. Of course, the way to an opium fiend's heart is usually through his water pipe. In the opium dens, a successful Gather Information check (DC 15) will likely turn up a useful member. This check should be made in secret by the GM, however, as a failed check means the PCs have met someone who is lying about being a member in hopes of getting some free opium. He will say anything he thinks is appropriate and invent imaginary passwords to get his fix.

The actual member found is a man who goes only by the name of François. François is immediately suspicious of the PCs' interest in the House of Nine Gates. He wants to know why they want in. If they say it's because they've heard that it's a great place to score opium, François will want to see them actually smoke some opium to prove they aren't lying. Note that he will be even more suspicious of a group wanting into the House, as opposed to just one or two PCs. François is terrified of letting cops into the House. He's heard stories of what Armitage did to the last fellow who referred an undercover police officer. If the PCs claim they want to go to the brothel, François will recoil in disgust. He has no respect for those who hurt women. But he will demand no proof of them being an actual opium user. In this case, he will demand only money. Two hundred francs will buy François' loyalty, plus fifty more francs for every PC beyond the first who wants in - at least for long enough to get the PCs into the House. No amount of money will convince François to give his name to someone he thinks is a cop. But if he is convinced and paid, he will

finally acquiesce: "Tell them Monsieur Antoine Jardinier sent you." He can also provide the second password, "I wish to meet the dragon," which will get one into the opium den itself.

3. Amongst the Elite of Paris

Seeking House members among the elite is not a bad idea, but most upper-class members are very discreet; it is quite scandalous to be revealed as a frequenter of any opium den, never mind one as notorious as the House of Nine Gates. Gossip merchants such as Honoré Duvillaire or Madame Trouseau will be able to reveal a potential candidate. A successful Gather Information check (DC 15) will lead the PCs to Honoré as an excellent source of socialite secrets. Honoré can then lead the PCs to that François mentioned above. The problem with this course of action is that Honoré will quickly distribute the information about the PC(s) looking for passage into the House of Nine Gates. If a PC is anyone of any notoriety, he or she may soon find some disturbing rumors making their way through Parisian social circles.

4. The Police

This is a dangerous game. Going to the police about the House of Nine Gates or about the assassins is a way to get in trouble in short order. The police will take a deposition about any crimes committed, certainly. But only by contacting one of the rare morally upright officers from the local precinct will the PCs get honest and useful information. Inspector Martin Cretien (see Section V) might be one such individual; a successful Gather Information or Streetwise check (DC 15) could lead the PCs to him. Cretien knows a member of the House of Nine Gates (he too gives the name "Monsieur Antoine Jardinier"), and he can even provide the second password, "I wish to meet the dragon," but of course he is hesitant to hand out this information to

civilians. Why do they want to go there? What do they hope to accomplish? He will need to be convinced that the PCs' motives are pure and that they are actually trying to defeat the villains who inhabit the House, as opposed to scoring some narcotics.

EVENT FIVE: THE DRAGON'S DEN

So, at last, the PCs have made it past the door guard, most likely using the name "Antoine Jardinier." What they find is perhaps not what they expected. As they enter the House of Nine Gates, they are each searched. Any weapon or strange equipment is confiscated by the door guard, to be returned only when the PCs leave. Smuggling in a Tiny or smaller weapon or device is possible, but requires a Disguise check (used to conceal the item among the PC's clothes) or a Pick Pocket check (used to palm the item), in either case opposed to the door guard's Search check. If anything hidden is found by the guard, the offender is tossed out of the House and told not to come back. Trying to enter again, will provoke violence in short order.

After being searched, the heroes meet the Madam of the brothel ~ a voluptuous older woman with shock white hair who does not give her name. She is simply "The Madam". She assumes the PCs are here for the girls. A line of young women in scarce clothing is assembled before the "new members". They are all quite beautiful and represent a diverse ethnic selection. But there is something different here. In most brothels, the girls are actively flirting with the patrons. Here the girls seem frightened and terrorized. Many of the girls are wearing collars, their wrists and ankles are raw as if recently unchained, and they sport bruises and lash marks. These are women who look very much like they have been through hell. Quickly it should be obvious that this is not a happy place. The Madam begins hawking her wares.

"You will find our girls quite pliable. They are will-

Typical House of the Nine Gates Door Guard

Class: Soldier of Fortune 2

Hit Dice: 2d10+4 (15 stamina points, 14 wound points)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 15 (+2 Dex, +3 Defense)

Attacks: Unarmed +6 melee; knife +7 melee; or .45 revolver +6 ranged

Damage: Knife 1d4+3; .45 revolver 1d12

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +0

Abilities: Str 16, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 8
Skills: Intimidate +4, Listen +6, Melee +7, Pistol +4, Search +5, Spot +6

Feats: Alertness, Improved Unarmed Strike, Weapon Focus (knife), Weapon Focus (pistol)

Challenge Rating: 2

ing to do whatever you require. Of course, you must be careful with them. Rough treatment costs extra," she assures.

If at any time, the Madam is given the password "I wish to meet the dragon", she stops her "sales pitch" and shows them to the second gate. She sizes up the PCs carefully, "You are here to chase the dragon? Strange, you do not look like the usual clientele." Still, after a few tense moments, she lets them pass.

Beyond the Second Gate

If the brothel out front was bad, this place is far worse. It is a horror show of addiction and slow death. In the shadows of the den, smoke rises languidly from bubbling water pipes. This is a dangerous place. Many pairs of eyes follow the PCs as they enter; there are at least half a dozen armed guards (use door guard stats). They are immediately met by a small, wiry Chinese man who does not reveal his name. He says, in heavily accented French,

"Ah, you are being new clientele, yes? Excellent. Welcome to the House of the Nine Gates. We offer to you only the finest of wares. Today, the house special is the Silk Road Black. That is only 2 francs for the ball. We are pleased also to be able to offer to our honored guests a selection of the more exotic fare, as well. 'The Lashings of the Dragon Tail' is 5 francs. 'The Empresses' Last Wish' is 10 francs. And we are much honored to offer to you the rarity: 'The Fourth Mystery of Xi-Xangzhou' for 20 francs. What do you be require?"

Refusing to buy anything will make the purveyor immediately suspicious. Buying large purchases or flashing lots of money will immediately earn his fawning attention.

Even though the PCs are inside, finding Masson is still not trivial. He is hidden in one of the rear niches of the den discussing plans with his second-in-command. A successful Spot check (DC 15) will reveal that two swarthy Middle-Eastern men somewhat resembling the assassins sit in a back booth. One of them has a black tattoo peeking out from his shirt that could perhaps be a scorpion's claw.

Talking to Masson

Rachman Masson, as the voice of the Hassan Whipcord Cult, would usually have nothing to say to a target who had managed to track him down. Although he still has his tongue, Masson is every bit as fanatical as his fellow assassins. But a new element has entered this equation. Monsieur Armitage, Masson's boss, has heard about the failed assassination attempt against the PCs, and now he is curious to know more about the erstwhile heroes. In particular, he wants to know what the Order of St. Denis, a group the League sees as a potential rival, has against them. If they are fighting the Order, Sébastien may even be willing to help them. After all, the World Crime League would love for the Order either to be destroyed or to become its puppet.

Masson Rachman

Class: Martial Mystic 5

Hit Dice: 5d8+10 (36 stamina points, 15 wound points)

Initiative: +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 19 (+2 Dex, +4 Defense, +3 Defensive Stance)

Attacks: Unarmed +6 or +4/+4 melee; or short sword +5 or +3/+3 melee

Damage: Unarmed 1d8+5; short sword 1d6+5 and poison

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +7

Abilities: Str 14, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 10, Wis 16, Cha 12

Skills: Climb +6, Hide +8, Hide Mind +7, Jump +10, Metabolic Control +8, Move Silently +8, Physical Enhancement +11, Psychic Defense +5, Technique +8, Tumble +7

Feats: Blur of Movement, Floating Step, Improved Initiative, Initiation into the Way, Lingering Leap, Martial Pounce, Meditation, Psionic Talent, Weapon Focus (unarmed)

Special Abilities: Weapon proficiencies (garrote, sap, scimitar, short sword)

Maneuvers: Defensive Stance +3, Enhanced Strike +3, Extra Strike, Improved Iterative Attack, Nerve Strike (stun), Poison Use* (may use poison on weapons without risk of injuring self), Unarmed Combat Expertise

Challenge Rating: 5

Possessions: Short sword, poison (3 doses of "Asp's Embrace"), 100 francs, \$50 in various foreign currencies, gold scorpion necklace worth 600 francs

Poison (EX): "Asp's Embrace" - Fortitude save (DC 12); initial damage 1d6 points of temporary Dexterity, secondary damage paralysis for 1d6 minutes. The poison is rubbed off after one successful strike, regardless of whether the saving throw is made or not.

In short, the PCs are now caught in the middle of two secret societies, both of which are seeking to use them as pawns.

As a result, Masson will tell the PCs about his employer. But he has been told to make it seem as though the information must be coerced out of him, so he will not give the information easily. Masson laughs at idle threats, but will quickly cave if a knife is held to his throat or a gun pointed at his head. In truth, Masson is not afraid to die, but he is afraid of what Monsieur Armitage may do to him if he fails.

Eventually, Masson will speak as follows: "We were hired by a man named Gabriel Malraux. He is very rich. He did not say why he wanted you dead." If the PCs demand that the attacks cease, Masson will say: "It is already too late for that. When the assassins are dispatched, they will succeed or die."

EVENT SIX: OF KINGS AND CALL GIRLS

From Masson, the PCs have a new name: "Gabriel Malraux," a man who for some reason wants them dead. Further investigation is called for, and it turns out to be stunningly easy to find out about Gabriel Malraux. (DC 5 Gather Information) He is one of the richest men in Paris, being one the premier garment merchants in France. He finances many of the most exclusive designers, and also traffics in more common fashions that are shipped through out Europe. He is a very well-connected man of great wealth. So, what do the PCs do now? (To put things in perspective, it would be much like discovering that the CEO of McDonald's had recently hired an assassin to come after you.)

1. Going to the Police

This is a bad idea: the PCs have no proof that Gabriel Malraux is after them. They have only the word of Masson, who will also vanish into the shadows at the first sign of trouble. The police will not begin an

investigation into one of Paris's most influential citizens without hard evidence. In fact, they will warn Malraux that someone is making baseless accusations against him, tipping the PCs' proverbial hand to Gabriel. Even crusading inspectors like Martin Cretien will want proof before they go after Gabriel.

2. Hitting the Streets

This is a better idea. The PCs could see if Gabriel Malraux has any weaknesses, bad habits, mistresses, or similar vices or secrets. As it turns out, Gabriel has plenty. Although he has been married for over twenty years and has two children, Gabriel is an occasional user of narcotics, a frequent visitor to a brothel, and a member of a secret society - altogether a paragon of Parisian citizenry.

A successful Gather Information check (DC 10) or Knowledge (Paris) check (DC 20), or a discussion with someone like Honoré Duvillaire, will turn up the fact that Gabriel is a patron of the Palace of Glass, the brothel run by Mme. Trouseau. It is far more difficult to discover Gabriel's connection to the Order of St. Denis or his opium habit (Gather Information DC 35 or Knowledge (Paris) DC 40). Having a mistress in Paris, after all, is as common as getting a parking ticket. Actively seeking to overthrow the government tends to be much more unusual.

3. Meeting Gabriel at a Social Gathering

Gabriel Malraux is often flitting around in Paris's active high-end social scene - attending a charity ball or going to a party hosted by one of Paris's elite. A hero inclined to the finer things of life might very well be able to swing an invitation to one of these gatherings. Talking to Gabriel himself is quite unproductive. He is cordial and pleasant unless accusations are made. Then he denies everything. Actual threats will only make him involve the police - and then pay the assassins more money.

Talking to gossips who know Gabriel is far more productive. Upper-crust gossips all agree that Gabriel

is a man in trouble. There are rumors that his marriage is in trouble thanks to his frequent liaisons with "professionals." There are also rumors about a narcotic habit that is starting to affect his health.

4. Meeting Madame Trousseau

Eventually, the PCs are going to have to talk to the proprietor of the Palace of Glass, Madame Trousseau (see Section V for details). All roads lead to her at this point. She has a reputation for knowing almost everything that goes on in the city, and Malraux patronizes her establishment. She knows plenty about him. And she would be very willing to sell him out on two conditions: First, that the information is treated with the utmost discretion (she doesn't want it getting out that she revealed information about one of her clients); and second, she has a favor she needs done.

The Second Strike

Another squad of Zanzibari assassins, six this time, attacks the PCs. Use the same stats from Event 3. This time they are more blatant, attacking right in the streets of Paris. Of course there are no police around to intervene. This attack could come at any time.

EVENT SEVEN: THE MADAM'S ERRAND

Tangled Webs

Madame Trousseau's price for her information is this: there is a gang war going on in the shadows of Paris. She feigns ignorance of the whole affair, but of course this is a lie; Mme. Trousseau is a Sixth-Circle member of the Guild of Paris, after all. She is far from uninvolved. She pretends, though, that she wants some information about the gang war: it is her business to know exactly what goes on in Paris, she claims. She says,



"Here is what I require in exchange for information about Monsieur Malraux. First, your discretion. No one must ever know that the information came from me. Second, you must perform an errand for me - quite simple really. You see, there is a gang war going on in the shadows of Paris. I myself am not involved in such petty squabbles, but I and many of my clients like to keep abreast of such things. So, I have learned from one of my girls of a safe-house belonging to one of the gangs. Inside that safe-house is a locked strongbox containing some sensitive documents. I want that box delivered to me, unopened - I will know if it has been opened or tampered with. Retrieve it for me and the information you seek is yours.

Oh, of course, the safe-house is also a storage house for stolen goods and contraband. I care nothing for those things; they could be quite valuable, I suppose. Or you could hand them over to the police and be heroes. Whatever you prefer. There will doubtless

be some danger in getting into the place, yet this is what I require.

But big strong heroes like you should be able to handle these bad men without too much difficulty, correct?"

Mme. Trousseau's claim that she will know if the strongbox has been opened is actually a bluff. She knows a great deal, but she doesn't know specifics about the filing system used inside one of the League's strongboxes. If the PCs open the box carefully, search the documents in a like manner, and return them in some semblance of order, she will never know.

At this point, our heroes pretty much have no choice but to accede to the Madam's demands.

The Safe-House

The safe-house is a small two-storey tenement house in the 11th arrondissement. There are really only two ways to approach it: The Heavy Assault or the Sneaky Way. There are four thugs in the house (use stats for door guards from House of Nine Gates, above). None of them knows they are working for the World Crime League; they were just paid to guard this stuff. They do presume it's all stolen, of course. They put up a fight, but will not fight to the death over stuff that isn't theirs. The remainder run as soon as one of their number goes down unless they are cornered. They are never all asleep at the same time, but always leave at least one of their number on duty; however, the strongbox is in an unoccupied room. An accomplished cat burglar might climb to the second floor, sneak downstairs past the guard, and be in and out before he is noticed. Of course, this option does not allow the PCs to loot the safe-house.

Besides the strongbox (which contains only encrypted documents about the opium trade in Paris), there are 5,000 francs (street value) in stolen goods here. Most of this loot is in the form of silverware, china, knick-knacks, and small furnishings. It is not ter-

ribly portable, weighing in total about half a ton. The one real surprise is the exploding booby trap inside the strongbox.

Blackpowder Grenade Trap: CR 3; 10-ft.-radius blast (4d6); Reflex save (DC 20) halves; Search (DC 20); Disable Device (15). Note: The blast destroys all of the documents in the strongbox.

Truth and Consequences

Returning the strongbox still locked to Madame Trousseau will earn the following information:

"Well, I took the liberty of not waiting for you to finish before I checked up on Monsieur Malraux. My, my... Gabriel has been a naughty boy! He is a wealthy garment merchant, with a wife and two children, everyone knows that. And, of course, he also dallies at La Palais du Verre, but he can hardly be blamed for that. His favorite girl there is Marianne, a red-head. Of course, she is the favorite of many. But did you know that he is also a frequent user of opium? Indeed, he is, and to pay for his habit and make sure his wife does not discover the lost money, he also sells a little to those friends of his who prefer to avoid the dens. Understandable - they are such unsavory places. But that is really only the beginning of M. Malraux's bad habits. Women, drugs, these are understandable vices, but political intrigue? - that I cannot abide!"

"Have you ever heard of the Order of St. Denis? They are a Royalist secret society - so backward in these progressive times. Really, do they think a king is what France needs? I think not. But, regardless, they believe it. M. Malraux fancies himself a Duke, if you can believe that. And still there is more. M. Malraux, in a fit of conscience, confessed to Marianne that he had become involved in a scheme to assassinate some foreigners (that would be you I presume). He got involved so that Dr. Marcel Veroux would not reveal the truth about his dealings in the opium trade to someone called 'the Heir.' The only reason he hired the thugs to

attack you was to appease Veroux. Is that the information you required?"

EVENT EIGHT: THE CHÂTEAU OF MARCEL VEROUX

With Madame Trousseau's revelation, the heroes can now be certain whom their real enemy is. But why has their former employer turned on them? At this point there can only be conjecture. But this much is clear - the only way to stop the attacks is to return to the château of Docteur Marcel Veroux.

The château is now teeming with serviteurs of the Order of St. Denis. They are mostly here under false pretenses, and none of them knows anything about the portal. They know only that secret business of the Order is going on below, and that no outsiders are allowed in the house or the Catacombs. Six armed thugs are in the château. They have stats identical to Veroux's bodyguards (see Event One), and should in fact include the original three bodyguards.

The Catacomb door is locked and barred, and sounds of combat will not be heard through it from either direction. The players can therefore choose their preferred method of attack: stealth or violence. Either will allow them access to the Catacombs. Searching the house will reveal a well-decorated and fully furnished estate. Only in Veroux's private study on the second floor is there anything truly interesting.

Veroux's Study

This room is lavishly decorated with oak furniture and shelves full of leather-bound books; these cover a host of topics, including medicine, physics, and electricity, as well as law and geography. Veroux is a highly educated man with a diversity of interests. A successful Spot check (DC 12) will also turn up a well-used volume that has been book-marked to a page that traces

the lineage of the Duke of Guyenne. Marginal notes have been added, illustrating clearly that Marcel Veroux is his direct descendant.

The large heavy oak desk has a locked drawer (Open Lock DC 25; Break DC 15). Inside the drawer are several documents dealing with Veroux's finances, which confirm that he is indeed very wealthy. But also present is a letter written in Old French and addressed to "L'héritier" (the Heir). Not only is it written in Old French, but it has apparently been encoded: reading the letter is quite difficult even if one knows Old French, requiring a successful Decipher Script check (DC 25) to do so. The letter is a communication between Dr. Veroux and the leader of the Order of St. Denis, who is never directly named. This confirms that the Order is indeed a secret society trying to overthrow the Republic and restore the Bourbon monarchy.

But the piece of information the PCs seek is not hidden at all. It sits in plain view on the desk: Veroux's journal, which in his haste he did not put away. Contained within its page is a wealth of information, including that regarding Veroux's blackmailing Malraux to hire the assassins. But even more importantly, there is this cryptic passage written as the most recent entry: *"At last the portal is clear. The procedure took longer than I had hoped, but still we made good time. With the portal unblocked, I can finally begin the Ritual, and thus I can get done what needs to be done. I am confident I can succeed where Nikola failed."*

The references to a ritual and a portal should set off alarm bells in the players. But the ritual Dr. Veroux is referring to is not a True Ritual: it is the Order of St. Denis ritual to consecrate a new meeting chamber. Dr. Veroux is using this task as an excuse to use the Order's resources, and to keep the guards quiet about what is really going on here.

EVENT NINE: BACK IN THE CATACOMBS

Now the PCs must enter the Catacombs for a second time. (Hopefully they have kept their old maps and still remember the locations of all the pitfalls and traps.) This time, however, they do not face zombies, but the agents of the Order of St. Denis. There is little opportunity for subterfuge now. The agents in these Catacombs have been told to shoot first and ask questions later while the ritual is in progress. The first bullet echoes through the Catacombs and alerts the other agents to the presence of the enemy. Things quickly escalate into a full-out gun battle amidst the bones and old stonework of the Catacombs.

Use the same map for the Catacombs given in Event Two. There are 8 thugs here, with the same stats as the thugs in the château above. These men have had several days to explore the Catacombs and are fairly familiar with its dangers. They have been selected for their fanatical devotion to the Order, and will likely fight to the death. They believe that a secret ritual is going on in the Lower Catacombs that will "bring great power to the Order." They know nothing about the Portal Generator or about Veroux's true goals.

EVENT TEN: THE PORTAL CHAMBER

The Portal Chamber is a shambles, with rubble both old and new strewn everywhere. At the heart of the room pulses the Portal. A tear in the very fabric of reality, it appears as a bright circle of white light. When the PCs arrive, a ritual is clearly in progress: Dr. Veroux is reading some passages (in Old French, if any PC listens carefully). There is a good chance that the PCs will make a few wrong assumptions about what is going on here. That is for the best. As the battle in the Portal Chamber begins, the PCs should believe that

they are fighting to save Paris from some sinister machinations of Dr. Veroux. Veroux certainly does not stop to explain his actions. He merely points and yells, "You fools! You'll ruin everything! Kill them!"

Six more thugs identical in stats to those above attack the PCs as Veroux draws his lightning gun, and the battle for the Portal Chamber begins in earnest.

The Crescendo

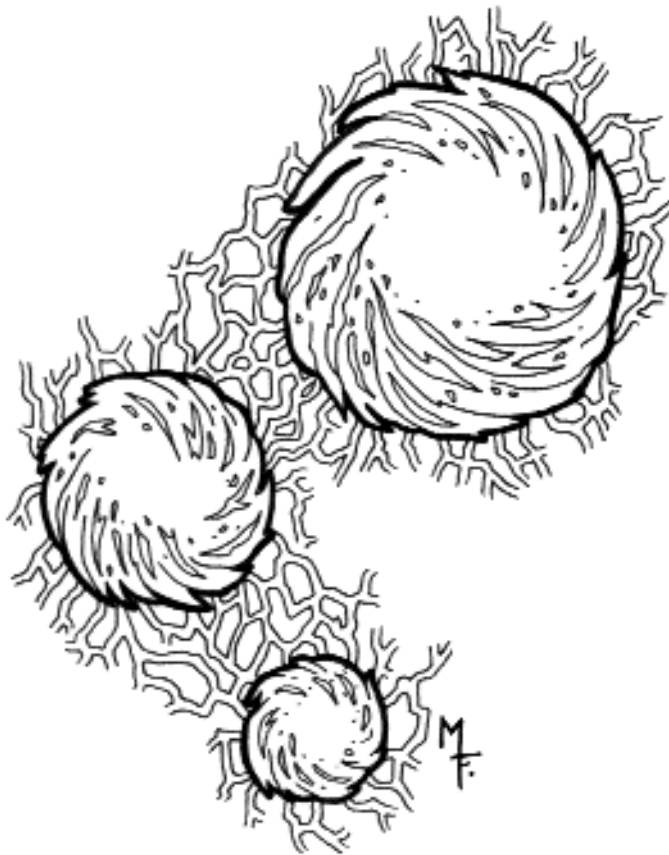
As the thugs fall, Dr. Veroux realizes his danger - he is not a close-combat sort of fellow. It doesn't take him long to see how this battle is going to end up: with him either dead or captured. Instead, he flees, disappearing into the light of the pulsating Rift.

EVENT ELEVEN: INTO THE DARKNESS, OUT INTO LIGHT

To be in the Rift is to be outside of the world. Inside the rift, things are strange and capricious. Time and space warp and twist, which is what convinced Dr. Tesla that his Instant Travel experiment had failed. The Rift, at least in its raw form, is not useful as a means of transportation. It is too chaotic, too uncontrollable, and too dangerous. The only stable feature inside the Rift is the dimensionally anchored hulk of the Portal Generator, which was swallowed during the Occurrence.

The inside of the Rift is shaped like a long tunnel that tapers off into darkness. Dr. Veroux is trying to run away from the attackers into this darkness. He is not sure where the Rift leads, but anywhere must be better than here; he is not interested in talking. His worst fears have been confirmed. His scheme is falling apart around him.

Each round, everyone in the Rift must make a Will save (DC 10) or be subjected to a caprice of the Rift. A successful save avoids this effect, but adds +3 to the next round's Will save DC. A failed save resets the DC



to 10. If a character is subjected to a caprice of the Rift, roll on the following table for the specific effect:

1. **Slowed:** As the slow spell, lasting for 1d6 rounds.
2. **Aging:** The victim is aged 1d6 years.
3. **Paralyzed:** The victim is frozen in time for 1d6 rounds; he is effectively held, but is impervious to damage and cannot take mental actions.
4. **Hasted:** As the haste spell, lasting for 1d6 rounds.
5. **Time shadows:** The character is disconcerted and disoriented by visions of himself flickering from the immediate past and/or future; he suffers a -2 penalty to all for 1d6 rounds.
- 6-10. **Transported:** The character moves instantaneously to a safe location in a random direction; use 1d8 to determine the direction of travel, as if for a grenadelike weapon (see PHB, Chapter 8, "Grenadelike Weapon

Attacks"). The distance traveled is 1d20x5 feet in the indicated direction.

If he makes it into the area on the map marked "escape zone," Dr. Veroux disappears and lives to fight another day. If the PCs kill him, they can then leave the portal the way they came in. With a little luck, that will allow them to escape.

EVENT TWELVE: REPERCUSSIONS

The Time Travel Option

Assuming that our heroes actually follow Dr. Veroux into the Rift, they may not be in Paris or indeed in the same time when they leave as they were when they entered. They may have been transported to the early 20th century, to Manchester, New York. Why Manchester? Tesla's first experiment in Instant Travel was going to be from Paris to Manchester. Why those two locations? Who knows.

The events that follow this extraordinary leap into the future are detailed in Part Two of this adventure, found in Manchester: City of Wonder. Welcome to Tesla Time.

The Stay in Paris Option

Our heroes emerge from the portal to discover that two months have passed in mere moments. With Veroux dead, they could very well take over his château and use it as a base of operations. The Portal is wide open due to Veroux's efforts in clearing away the debris in the Catacombs, and this has an immediate effect on Paris: the number of hauntings and incidents of poltergeist activity rise dramatically. The open Portal is flood-

ing the city in raw spiritual energy. It should be clear that the recently uncovered Portal is extremely dangerous, and the occasional ghost or spiritual entity that emerges from it should only confirm this. The PCs can talk to whomever they wish, but the experts are confounded as to what to do. There really is no other option at this point but to rebury the Portal Chamber.

It is, however, within the heroes' power to make the Portal public knowledge. If this is done, the French government will step in, seize the château, cordon off the area, suppress any attempts by the media to report on the matter, and eventually close it off themselves. Rumors will circulate for years about what is really underneath Château Veroux. The government will commit top men to researching the Portal, but they will prove unable to figure out what Tesla himself could not. They will seal the portal by building a huge metal vault door lined with lead in front of it. This does not dissipate the Veil, however, or even completely stop the flow of spiritual energy.

Paris remains the haunted city.

TROUBLESHOOTING

This section offers advice for how to keep the PCs on track, and on what to do if things go horribly wrong. It is not intended to convey hard and fast rules, but rather to offer suggestions about how to deal with games gone awry.

What if the PCs don't take the job from Veroux?

Then there is no adventure. The PCs have to take the job. No one knows your players' motivations better than you. Are they best monetarily motivated? Do they

want fame and glory? Are they looking for funding for their next expedition into the unknown? Dr. Veroux is a very wealthy and influential citizen. There is little that he cannot provide in lieu of cold cash. Ultimately, you must find a way to convince your players to say yes. And if despite your best efforts, they still say "no," then maybe you should try a board game tonight instead.

What if the PCs don't find the secret door in the Catacombs?

As explained in Event Three, it is not really vital to the course of events for the PCs to find the door. But, that said, it helps to make Veroux's motivations much clearer if the PCs have already examined the Lower Catacombs. Try to encourage them to search a bit. Be especially vivid in your descriptions near the door. You are not really helping them by getting them into the Lower Catacombs. All that this does is help the plot make more sense. This is rarely a bad thing.

What if the PCs can't figure out how to get into the House of Nine Gates?

This is one of the major puzzles of the adventure. You should really let the players solve it on their own if at all possible. But if they are stumped, you might give them a push in the right direction. Remember that the villainous Sébastien Armitage has taken an interest in the doings of the Order ever since one of their members hired some of his assassins. He is interested as to why the Order thinks the heroes are threats to them. Armitage is not really involved in any of these dealings directly - he just likes to know, as a mastermind, what is going on in his city.

Armitage could find out that the PCs are trying,

unsuccessfully, to get in to the House of Nine Gates. He might personally intervene to see that they gain entry just so he can see what they are up to. They will find Masson, just as described, but now they will be directly observed by Sébastien, who will assess their strengths and weaknesses. This interest by a senior member of the World Crime League could be very dangerous for our heroes down the road.

What if the PCs won't talk to Madame Trousseau?

Perhaps your PCs shun "working girls" for religious reasons, or perhaps they just want to avoid bringing another Parisian power player into this already tangled mess. Whatever the reason, they may decide not to talk to Madame Trousseau. This puts them at a dead end. Or does it?

The PCs could find out about Malraux's indiscretions by following him. They could use this information to blackmail Malraux and get the information directly from him. After all, Malraux bears little love for Veroux. He is not willing to go to the wall to protect his blackmailer. Going this route means they avoid Event Seven, of course, and you may have to improvise additional details of Malraux's life. But altogether this can lead them to Veroux just as well as the madam can. Equally exciting as the battle with the thugs of World Crime League could be the fight to subdue Monsieur Malraux as he tries to escape.

What if the PCs don't go back to Veroux's château?

Veroux's pockets are deep and he is determined to tie up this loose end. Assassins just keep coming until the PCs deal with Veroux (the supply of Zanzibaris may eventually run dry, but there are many other thugs out there capable of challenging the heroes).

What if the PCs don't go into the Rift?

Jumping into the Rift to go after Veroux does seem like an action that some more prudent PCs will refuse to take. This is fine: Veroux simply escapes. He winds his way through the passage and eventually is deposited the next day (or week, or month) in an alleyway on the other side of town. He burns for revenge against the PCs who ruined his plans, defeated his minions, and seized his home by force. Veroux will not be thwarted so easily the next time!

SEQUELS

If the PCs traveled through time, then the sequel to this adventure will be published in Manchester: City of Wonders. Look for it in a game store near you.

If the PCs remain in Paris, then this adventure can lead to a whole host of other adventures. It could be a jumping-off point into a campaign against the World Crime League. The PCs have inadvertently taken sides in the crime war going on in Paris by aiding Madame Trousseau and the Guild. The PCs could fight to shut down the white slavery and opium rings and foil the plans of the sinister Armitage. More details on this sort of campaign are given in Chapter Eight under "Dragon Slaying".

Now that the PCs know about the Portal and the fact that Veroux believes it to be the source of the Occurrence, they could try to do something about it. There could be a whole campaign based around trying to save Paris from the curse of darkness. Whether the PCs might succeed or not is up to the individual GM, of course. In the official Forbidden Kingdoms continuity, however, Paris will stay cursed until at least 1939.

Chapter Eight: Les Campagnes de Paris

VISITING PARIS AS PART OF AN ONGOING CAMPAIGN

If you are already running an ongoing Forbidden Kingdoms campaign, Paris makes an excellent stopover before returning to the wilds of Africa, Antarctica, Atlantis, or wherever adventure has brought your heroes. Still, visiting Paris should never be routine. At the very least, give the players a description of the condition of the city after the Occurrence. Better still, entangle them in the complexities of a city of lights where the sun never shines. In short, make their visit something to remember. Here, then, are ten things for PCs to do in Paris as a short stopover. These are not fully fleshed out adventures, but instead are merely ideas that are left up to the GM to develop and adapt to their own campaign.

1. Mistaken Identities

One of the PCs is mistaken for a wanted anarchist. The PCs could quickly find themselves hunted by the police or perhaps by other enemies of the scoundrel. Perhaps a rival anarchist cell that believes the PC has sold them out joins the chase. It will take some fast talking and perhaps even faster running to sort this out. And, just maybe, the anarchist is wanted only because he stumbled upon some information about a plan far more sinister than any social revolution. Perhaps he was unwittingly recruited by the World Crime League and now wants out of this "deal with the devil."

2. Stolen!

An important artifact or map is stolen from the PCs by a small-time pick-pocket. He sold it, not knowing its value, to his contact within the Guild, a fence who everyone calls Albert Four-Fingers. Now the PCs

must immerse themselves in the criminal culture of Paris to recover their prized possession. And of course the Guild never lets anything go for free. Perhaps the true nature of the item has been discovered and it is now in the greedy hands of a Guild lieutenant. This high-ranking scoundrel would be willing to trade the item back, however, for help in dealing with some opium trade thugs who have been giving him and his brothers trouble...

3. A Pretty Face

Paris is famous for its brothels, and if one of the PCs were to spend some time in one, they might find themselves being asked for help by some very persuasive working girls. For example, a pretty young lady named Cosette has had trouble with a particularly rough customer named Monsieur Cheval. She would be very appreciative if a big, strong hero would scare that brute away. Of course, she might neglect to mention that Monsieur Cheval is the cousin of Police Inspector Henri Cheval, and that the inspector is famed both for his loyalty to his family and his dislike of foreigners.

4. I was a Werewolf of Paris

One of the PCs is attacked by a werewolf cultist of the Children of Nebuchadnezzar. Though the werewolf is killed, the PC is infected with lycanthropy. Now the heroes must find a cure before the next full moon, when the disease will take hold completely and become incurable. There is a story of an Egyptian idol that could cure lycanthropy, but the last anyone heard of it was when it was purchased by a recluse who rarely left his country manor. When the recluse turns up murdered, the PCs can track down the thief who has the idol only by solving the crime. Rumors of a curse upon the idol complicate the investigation. Perhaps the thief is using the curse as a cover for his crimes. Of course, as the investigation is going on and the truth is revealed, the afflicted PC is showing more and more signs of his transformation.

5. Assassins of Paris

While enjoying a hard-earned holiday in Paris, the PCs have been tracked down by one of their old enemies, who has hired the World Crime League's toughs in the opium trade to exact revenge. Now the PCs must deal with wily assassins who will try to catch the heroes when they are unprepared. Poison, ambushes, and treachery... nothing is too low for these bloodthirsty villains. But defeating the assassins is just the beginning. The trail of the one who hired the assassins leads the PCs through a dangerous search into the darkest depths of the Parisian underworld. Ultimately, the answer to their questions lies not in the streets of Paris but in the mysterious Catacombs...

6. You drank what?!

While the PCs are enjoying a fine bottle of cognac, brandy, or French wine, it is brought to their attention by someone previously unknown to them that their last round of drinks was poisoned. The poison takes twenty-four hours to run its course, and this man claims to be able to acquire the antidote. He is a member of the World Crime League who is trying to leave the organization. He needs the PCs' help in dealing with his pursuers. And of course he didn't want them to turn him over to the police - hence the poison. Suddenly, the PCs have twenty-four hours to help a former enemy. And can this man really be trusted to hand over the antidote once the deal is done?

7. These are the good guys?

The PCs, quite by accident, stumble upon a Guild lieutenant being attacked by a group of Chinese assassins. Though they manage to save the man from his attackers, he is poisoned and will die without help. They must now track down an antidote to the exotic Asian poison. Furthermore, the assassins will be back. They must nurse the man back to health while keeping him safe. The man turns out to be Michel Brumond, one of the Guild's most senior fences. He will be very

grateful and can offer some very unique services to his rescuers, such as access to stolen goods or information about the underworld. However, he is also a very good way to get entangled in the gang war between the World Crime League and the Guild.

8. When Robots Attack

Even on his best days, Dr. Klaus Breuder could not be described as stable. But he is quite brilliant and has devised a very well constructed steam-powered battle suit, the Kriegstrum. It is truly a remarkable achievement. He tried to sell it to the German military, but they took one look at its great expense and vast complexity and rejected it as ill suited to actual combat. Breuder stomped away grumbling. He is now in Paris trying to convince the French military to invest in his battle suit, but the Third Republic has little interest in a rejected German prototype. The project has pushed him to the edge of bankruptcy and he is all but penniless. He has grown so desperate that he has actually begun to entertain offers from the criminal underworld. When an anarchist cell financed by a wealthy Swiss mastermind fronts the money for the battle suit, posing as a "private interest," Breuder is more than happy to oblige them. Now, a battle suit manned by a crazed anarchist is thundering through the streets of Paris plodding towards the Palais du Justice. What sort of heroes will it take to stop the rampage and find out how the battle suit got in the hands of these radicals in the first place? And will they be able to find out before Breuder, using the Swiss mastermind's money, completes the far more devastating Kriegstrum Mark II?

9. A Ghost in Need

For days before arriving in Paris, one of the PCs (perhaps a spiritualist, mystic, or other psychic) is haunted by recurring dreams of a beautiful young woman clad in radiant white, almost like an angel. The dream always centers around the young woman beckoning from the balcony of a very distinctive house with a

The Kriegstrum Steam-Powered Battle Suit

Hit Points: 150

Speed: 10 ft. (costs 5 feet to turn 90 degrees)

Defense: 25 (-1 size, +16 natural)

Protection: 12

Attacks: 2 pneumatic power fists (2d8)

Special Attacks: Electric Gatling cannon, Perdution fire rockets

Special Qualities: Psionically sealed, fire immunity

Pneumatic Power Fists (EX): The user of the battle suit uses her own base attack bonus to slam twice per round for 2d8 points of damage per blow (no Strength modifier, although the character's Melee skill (if any) may be applied as usual).

Electric Gatling Cannon (EX): This deadly weapon fires 10-round bursts (see Master Codex, page 202) of heavy propellant large-caliber rounds (2d10 damage). This weapon is best avoided by being out of its arc of fire. The user of the battle suit uses her own base attack bonus to attack with these weapons (no Dexterity modifier).

Perdution Fire Rockets (EX): One of these missiles may be fired every second round as a standard action. Upon impact, each fire rocket explodes for 6d6 points of fire damage in a 20-foot radius. The rockets have a range of 300 feet. The suit can be equipped with up to four of these rockets at a time.

wrought-iron fence, an ornate marble fountain, and a crest of a boar, rampant, above the front door. The woman is obviously in distress and cries for help. As the hero approaches the house in the dream to see what is wrong, the dream darkens considerable. In the front parlor of the house, there are screams as the woman watches an older man savagely murdered by a

hooded figure with a knife. Then the woman runs out of the house, covered in blood, and collapses beside the fountain weeping. She extends her hand, and says in a haunting whisper, "Help us." The dream is vibrant, intense, and relentless.

In Paris, the hero, in the course of his normal business, finds the house from the dream. It is occupied only by an old gentleman, a merchant who deals in imported ivory, and not by the woman or the murder victim. If the sole occupant of the large old estate is contacted, he reveals that there was a murder in his home many years ago, and that recently he has been troubled by ghosts. He wants to hire a group to get rid of this ghostly infestation. The ghost in question is the ghost of the old man from the dream, Alain Durand. He was slain by the current occupant, his younger brother, Jacob Durand. Jacob was impatient to inherit the ivory business and his greed overcame him. He wants the ghost of Alain destroyed.

Alain's ghost is furious: not only was he murdered by his brother, but he was buried in secret beneath the marble fountain in the front yard. Jacob, instead of placing his brother in the family mausoleum, concocted a story about how Alain had died in Africa acquiring ivory. The mere presence of the body beneath the fountain reveals Jacob to be a liar and a suspect in his brother's murder. Only by moving the body from beneath the fountain to the family's ancestral plot can the ghost be pacified. The girl from the dream is Alain's wife, Marie Roieux-Durand, who even from beyond the grave seeks to help her husband find his way home again into her arms.

10. Roman Gold

In their travels abroad, a group of treasure hunters discovers an ancient journal of a little known Roman gallic official, Caius Verullus, who recorded some of the events before the fall of Paris to the Franks in 474 A.D. In particular, he details the extraordinary efforts that he went to ensure that the

Roman army treasury in Paris did not fall into "barbarian" hands. He describes a deep shaft sunk beneath an old well and a vault built deep underground, and all the wealth transported there. The workers involved in this ambitious project were slain either by the Romans or by the Frankish invaders. Caius intended to return to reclaim the treasure, but his journal ends with him still far away in Italy. It is likely that the treasure remains buried in its hidden location. If Caius is accurate, the cache is a priceless collection of Roman coins, a fortune in its gold weight alone, but made far greater by its historical significance. The journal also very concretely reveals the location - the island in the Seine at the heart of the city, directly beneath the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Now all the PCs have to do is find the ancient shaft hidden somewhere beneath the Catacombs of the Cathedral. Of course, neither priests nor Gargoyles will take kindly to unauthorized excavations in their basement.

SAMPLE CAMPAIGNS SET IN PARIS

It is possible to play a Forbidden Kingdoms campaign set entirely or mostly in Paris itself. Here are six examples of such a campaign. This list is by no means intended to be exhaustive, but rather food for thought.

Dragon Slaying

Operating inside Paris is the World Crime League. Peddling dope and abducting women to finance mad schemes of world domination, these are Bad Guys of the most blatant sort. Any hero worth his or her salt would jump at the chance to break up their sinister plans. That said, a campaign that focuses merely on killing crime boss after crime boss is bound to get rather repetitive.

Fortunately, the League is a shadowy organization that likes to conduct its business in secret. Note that

even the infamous House of Nine Gates can be converted into a harmless brothel in only 12 hours. The League wishes to take over the Paris Guild, to make money, and to keep an eye on this most magical of cities. They find it useful to corrupt the local police. It makes business simpler. It also means that any Police raid on a League stronghold or safe-house will almost certainly get rattled out hours or even days in advance. The location will be empty when the police arrive.

The League is also a very brutal enemy. Anyone who opposes it will find his family and friends in danger. Of course, because this is the pulp genre, the League will not simply kill these associates. They will likely take them prisoner and try to use them to force the hero to do their bidding. For instance, "Wouldn't it be splendid," they reason, "if we could get Reno Wylder himself to steal the Von Oster lenses for us?"

The League's greatest weakness is its love of intrigue. Simply put, masterminds never do things simply. They always love intricate schemes of treachery and betrayal over direct smash and grab jobs. Why break in and steal the sacred artifact when you can blackmail the guard into doing it for you? Why simply kill the hero when you can kidnap his beloved Anne-Marie and force him to do your bidding, thus ruining his reputation and making him into a wanted fugitive? And if the PCs are too successful at thwarting the schemes of the League, they can always call in the services of Spring-Heeled Jack from across the channel (see Master Codex, page 23, for details).

Sample Scenario: A new scheme of arch-villainy has been hatched by the World Crime League. Sébastien Armitage has forced Dr. Simon Dhurmer, a former munitions expert of the French Army, to work for him as a virtual slave. That servitude has finally paid off for the mastermind. Dhurmer has developed a chemical formula for making a gas that renders gunpowder inert. Furthermore, the gas is metal permeable: it can pass through almost any metal instantly - thus it can even

penetrate into cartridges and shells. In effect, a bullet sprayed by the gas, in less than a second, is completely useless, in effect filled with sand rather than gunpowder. With this gas and Dhurmer's specially sealed glass-lined bullets, the World Crime League is poised to execute a truly daring operation. Armitage appoints one of his most capable lieutenants, Armand Bolliver, to use the Dhurmer Gas to storm the National Treasury and seize the wealth of France. With that amount of money, nothing will be beyond the capacity of the World Crime League!

Enter our heroes. Long before the actual storming of the Treasury, they have learned from Simon Dhurmer's beautiful daughter Eliza that her father has been kidnapped. They must rescue him from the House of Nine Gates, learn of the Dhurmer Gas, and find a way to defeat the League before the planned assault. The fate of Europe could very well be in the hands of our heroes.

Enemies of the Crown

The Order of St. Denis makes a fine centerpiece for a campaign, particularly if your PCs are native to France. The Order does not think of itself as being villainous - they ultimately believe their actions will benefit their people. But they also firmly believe that almost no sacrifice is too great to ensure their ultimate victory. If a group of heroes stands between them and their dreams of a new monarchy, those heroes can count upon the Order resorting to violence and treachery.

The Order is a particularly insidious sort of opponent. Because the actual members of the Order are noble and privileged by birth, they will employ agents to do their dirty work. The Order has within its membership many wealthy and influential men. Earn their enmity, and Paris can suddenly become a very unfriendly place to do business. The first thing that the GM must establish in this sort of campaign is why the Order dislikes the PC(s). The Order is not like the

World Crime League: merely being heroic will not earn their ire. Instead, the PCs must somehow have been instrumental in thwarting their plans, whether intentionally or accidentally.

The Order does not rely upon mundane attacks against its most dire enemies. It can hire mad scientists to build kamikaze automatons, it can employ spiritualists to curse our heroes with ghostly threats, it can employ ruthless adventurers or vicious monsters. The only thing to remember about the Heir is this: He is utterly incapable of simple schemes. All his plans will be labyrinthine in their complexity and designed not just to kill our heroes, but to humiliate them, discredit them, and turn them into wanted fugitives.

Sample Scenario: Upon his death bed, Charlemagne was asked who would be his rightful heir. He himself had seized power by defeating his brother, and he believed that sibling rivalry was important in guaranteeing that only the strongest of a family ruled. He answered the question by giving to his most trusted advisor his greatest treasure - the Cœurduilléon (the "Lion's Heart"), a ruby the size of his fist, which he had received when he became Emperor of the Romans. "Whosoever holds this stone will be my rightful heir," he stated. Since then, the Cœurduilléon has been secretly passed from monarch to monarch. It has often been the unspoken objective of many battles. Hidden in Versailles there is an entire trapped complex designed for no other purpose than to protect the Cœurduilléon. The stone was lost by Louis XVI, however, when one of his closest advisors, Stefan du Guise, fearful of the revolutionaries, fled to England with the priceless jewel. Du Guise thought to have the jewel cut for sale, but the instant he broached the idea to his wife, he died of a sudden heart attack.

The Heir is certain that the revolutionaries were only able to kill Louis XVI only because he had lost the Cœurduilléon. It is the physical manifestation, he believes, of the divine right to rule France. If it is

destroyed, France will never have another King. He has been searching for it all his life; the reason the Heir left London and finally came to Paris is that he was certain the Cœurduleone was here in the haunted city.

There is some truth to the Heir's beliefs. The Cœurduleone is indeed more than just another piece of red corundum. There is something distinctly magical about it. It was brought to Rome after being found by Julius Caesar in his campaign to defeat Marcus Antony. It was brought to Egypt when the Pharaoh Ramses II defeated the armies of Babylon. It was brought to Babylon when the Babylonians defeated an ancient eastern people whose name is lost to history. Where the Babylonians got it can only be guessed. But ancient Indian religious texts speak of the "Eye of Indra, destroyer of Cities." The eldest of Chinese texts also speak of "the Dragon's Knot." And in the lost legends of ancient Atlantis there are stories of an ancient, magical ruby delivered to them from the gods - "The Cyclops' Heart." Atlantean legends record that their gods stole a great ruby from the Titans. And there are probably still more ancient legends, now lost to antiquity, of the Titans gaining the ruby. Are all these legends true? Who can say? But this much is certain: the Cœurduleone will not be harmed.

Until recently, the Cœurduleone was in the hands of the last surviving relative of Stefan du Guise in Paris. Maximilien du Guise does not know he possesses the Cœurduleone, and would not know what it was if he did. He is neither a rich nor a powerful man, but a simple potter who fled to Refuge after the Occurrence. Maximilien, despite his aristocratic-sounding name, is a humble man who wishes nothing but to live a quiet life. However, he is also in possession of a number of items that his grandfather Stefan took with him to England when he was in exile overseas; Maximilien has no idea of their actual value, though he suspects that they are worth a good deal of money. He has several pieces of valuable china and a priceless silver service in a box in his attic; he also had several beautiful porce-

The Cœurduleone

This priceless, perfect ruby, roughly the size of a man's fist, detects as magical, but it defies identification. It is impervious to physical damage from any known source, nor can it be affected by mortal magic, and its possessor is immune to all mind-affecting spells or effects. Otherwise, the ruby acts as a rod of rulership (see DMG, Chapter 8, "Rods"), except that it may be used for only 200 minutes; however, if it is not used in this capacity during any given week, it "recharges" 10 minutes of use at the end of that week.

lain statuettes of Greek goddesses, but sold them recently. Times were hard for Maximilien after the Occurrence. A few months ago, he decided to sell some of these old heirlooms in order to pay his bills; to his amazement, he found that, with the money he received, he was able to retire. But little did he know that the Cœurduleone was sealed into the base of the statuette of Diana, goddess of the hunt.

The statuettes were sold to an antique store. A PC who is browsing through the store, perhaps a psychic or a mystic, sees four of the statuettes - Venus, goddess of love; Juno, wife of Zeus; Demeter, goddess of the harvest; and Athena, goddess of wisdom. After this, the statement "Find the fifth" echoes repeatedly in the PC's dreams. Now, suddenly, she feels that this is relevant. The statue of Diana has, of course, already been purchased. In the meantime, agents of the Order of St. Denis have finally discovered where the Cœurduleone was hidden by Stefan du Guise, and have tracked down Maximilien and stormed his home. From him they learn about the fate of the statuettes. Now, the race is on to recover the Cœurduleone. Nothing will stop the Heir from its acquisition. Nothing!

A Game of Thieves

Paris is a rich environment for a game involving PCs who are all criminals and scoundrels. This is a

very different sort of Pulp game, in which the difference between good and evil is not always clear. The PCs are promising members of the Guild, slowly becoming more and more entrenched within that ancient and mysterious brotherhood. They must plan and execute criminal actions to gain both prestige and wealth. Of course, they must be well versed in the Four Loyalties (see Section VI, "The Guild"), and share in addition one inviolate law: professionals never kill except in self-defense.

This campaign is well suited to the Scoundrel class in particular, but every other character class can have its uses in a Game of Thieves (except perhaps Clergy, but even that can be made to fit). All of the characters should have some sort of flaw that keeps them from easily obtaining their ultimate goal of being wealthy. Perhaps they are inveterate gamblers, they have an insatiable taste for expensive cognacs or wines, or have a great weakness for the ladies. A capable jewel-thief who has made several of his mistresses wealthy, but who barely avoids penury himself is certainly a good fit.

Enemies in this game most likely come from one of three positions: from within the Guild, from the World Crime League, and from the Authorities. Within the Guild itself are rivals and competitors for prestige and attention; after all, only one person can be the best second-storey man in Paris. This sort of enemy is generally not interested in actually killing the character - the Four Loyalties really do seem to keep hostilities within the Guild to a minimum. Instead, these rivals want to humiliate or defeat the character or to prove once and for all that they are the better thief.

The World Crime League is a much more direct opponent. The League wants to take over the Guild. The Guildmaster has no attention of folding quietly, however. The League is willing to accept "converts," but, when faced with stubborn opposition, is quick to resort to violence. Not bound by anything like the Four Loyalties, the League employs treachery and backstabbing, even among supposed allies. Guild jobs are

reported anonymously to police. Ambushes are set in alleyways. Guild contacts and information gatherers are bribed or threatened into revealing misinformation. The League did not get to be the international crime conglomerate it is today by treating enemies with kid gloves.

A Game of Thieves with the Authorities as the primary enemy can represent a quandary for the GM. Police are certainly going to be after a group of thieves and criminals operating within Paris. But even so, they are not really the PCs' direct enemy. They are simply people doing their jobs. The Paris police are really not interested in leading a crusade against crime, given the city's other, far more evident problems. But some crusaders still exist.

Sample Scenario #1: The PCs, small-time Paris criminals, are recruited by the mysterious Monsieur Artois. He informs them that he needs a matter handled with the utmost discretion. If they can impress him enough in doing this job, he claims that he can help "advance their careers." He refuses to elaborate. The mission includes a meager payment, but a promise of more to come.

The mission is this - a private citizen, Jacques Bougier, has acquired on the black market a valuable painting stolen from a museum. The painting, Bogliani's "Transfiguration," is a Renaissance masterpiece that should not be in the private collection of a citizen. So, of course, Monsieur Artois, being a patriotic citizen, is going to arrange the theft of the painting and sell it back to the Louvre (for a tidy profit of course). All the PCs have to do is swap a forgery with the original. Monsieur Bougier will never know the difference, until, of course, he sees "his" painting hanging on the walls of the Louvre.

The job is made easier by the fact that Monsieur Bougier is traveling out of town in a few days. But of course he does not leave his house defenseless. The PCs must break into his house, avoid or subdue his

butler, and bypass his security without raising the alarm. And remember the PCs' rule: a true professional doesn't kill. The butler must be dealt with peacefully, and preferably without his knowing the PCs were ever there. The complication arises when, against the wishes of his father, Monsieur Bougier's worthless son comes home to beg for money. Finding his father gone, he occupies his old room, meaning that there is actually more than one person in the house. The son keeps strange hours and sometimes brings home company from his gallivanting about Paris.

If the PCs succeed at this mission, Monsieur Artois initiates them into the Guild (he himself is a Fourth-Circle Guildsman) and they all become First-Circle Guild Members. In order to reach the Second-Circle, of course, they must complete another series of increasingly more challenging "favors" - these for the Guild itself.

Sample Scenario #2: Having completed their first mission and their favor for Monsieur Artois, the PCs happen upon a means to achieve Second-Circle membership almost immediately - a rare event indeed. This favor is delivered to them once again through M. Artois. It seems that a certain shoe merchant named Alexandre Cordonnier is trying to blackmail the Guild using a stolen ledger that contains some rather "inconvenient" information. The PCs must find the ledger and retrieve it; it is almost certainly somewhere in Cordonnier's mansion.

The first complication is this: the shoe merchant doesn't really have the ledger. He is in fact bluffing the Guild. It turns out that one of the Guild's senior members, a half-German Fifth-Circle Guildsman called Simon Kreuger, is stalking Cordonnier's teenage daughter Julia. Cordonnier happened to have overheard a conversation about the Guild's missing ledger and lied to Kreuger that he had it, telling the thug that if he came anywhere near his daughter again, he would take the ledger to the police. The harassment stopped, at

least for the time being, and Kreuger has had this "favor" assigned to a group of new Guild members (the PCs). Once the ledger is recovered, Kreuger plans to kill M. Cordonnier for his impudence.

The ledger was actually stolen by a Guild accountant named Lucien DuBois, who was caught by the Paris police very recently, and is going to use the ledger as leverage to plead his way out of a full sentence. With the ledger, the police will be able to bust a chain of very lucrative and very illegal casinos that operate in Paris's city center. So, the PCs must first find out that Monsieur Cordonnier does not have the ledger, figure out that Lucien has it, locate it, and replace it with a fake ledger so that the police will think Lucien is a fraud and send him to jail as the traitor deserves.

And then, of course, the PCs could also help M. Cordonnier by convincing Simon Kreuger to leave both the shoe merchant and his daughter alone. This is certainly trickier, but could be done if the PCs were to learn how Lucien got busted in the first place. You see, Kreuger is in charge of a branch of the Guild's strong-arm enforcers. Essentially, he runs security and "damage control" at the casinos. He is also supposed to bribe the local police precincts to look the other way. Unfortunately, Monsieur Kreuger has been keeping aside a good deal of that money - a very good deal of it. His non-payment of police bribes is why Lucien got busted in the first place. If the PCs were to learn this fact, they could force Kreuger to leave Cordonnier and his daughter alone... and, depending on how they handle matters, make some very good friends in very high places within the Guild.

Ghost-Hunters for Hire

The illustrious J.D. Salingeron (see Section V) is looking for talented young adventurers to use his arsenal of anti-ghost gear to make him both rich and famous: "I need to hire me a mess o' ghost-hunters," as he puts it in his charming Texan drawl. And the PCs

Le Fusil Fantôme (The Ghost Rifle)

Compared to the spectral disruptor, Le Fusil is a slim and elegant weapon. It is much easier to wield than its bulky cousin, imposing no attack penalty to its user. It fires a pencil-thin beam intended to shear off pieces of the ghost's ethereal matter, causing the entity to break up and dissipate. It deal less damage per shot than the disruptor, but holds more shots per battery and does not require a calibration card. It deals 1d10 points of normal damage to incorporeal undead and to living targets as well. It uses a large battery worn like a backpack, which can provide 12 shots before it must be replaced. However, it takes 5 full minutes to swap out a battery pack; this is a problem Valette is eager to correct in his next version of the weapon.

Les Fusils Fantôme can only be acquired from Bertrand Valette, the inventor.

Weapon	Damage	Critical	Range Increment	Weight
Le Fusil Fantôme	1d10	19-20/x2	60 ft.	10 lb

will do nicely. He is looking for a mix of skills: investigative, combative, and mystic proficiency. He is not interested in the PCs' backgrounds as long as they can get results. He can supply his hires with a regular paycheck, bonuses for particularly successful missions, and access to some of the finest ghost-hunting equipment in the business.

But working for J.D. is not all wine and roses. He is also a demanding boss. J.D. is a Texan, not a Parisian, and as such cares little about French sensibilities. What he cares about is that his clients have their ghost problems removed in a quick and efficient manner and that their checks clear. He really doesn't care why a ghost has come into existence. Sob stories about ghosts who have had some injustice done to them get nowhere with J.D. - the spectral disruptor is his answer to every problem. This can make him an aggravating boss for do-gooder characters to work for.

On the other hand, Paris is desperate for competent ghost-hunter squads. There are people out there who really need help. All manner of hateful and vengeful spirits have risen since the Occurrence. Not all ghosts are sympathetic, not by a long shot. Bad guys have souls too, after all, and rising as one of the undead can do strange things to even the gentlest of

spirits. Further, a lot of non-ghost activity gets reported as haunting. Sometimes the problem turns out to be a werewolf, or just a clever thief instead of a ghost. And J.D. doesn't really care what the source of the problem is, as long as his client is satisfied and he gets his payment.

Another complication for this sort of campaign is a competing ghost-hunting company started by J.D. Salingerson's arch-rival, Bertrand Valette. Monsieur Valette has invented a rival piece of technology to the spectral disruptor, something he calls "Le Fusil Fantôme." Valette has hired his own band of ghost-hunters and is trying to establish himself as the premier service in Paris and to put his rival out of business.

Other potential rivalry arises in spiritualists like Carlotta Dufresne (see Section V). Carlotta doesn't care about competition. What she cares about is spiritually ignorant idiots tramping around Paris doing untold harm to an already spiritually fragile city by haphazardly blasting every ghost in sight. Some spirits here are fulfilling necessary functions. Some spirits are not evil. Treating them like they are all rats to be eliminated with poison is a good way, in Carlotta's estimation, to make the situation in Paris worse than ever. She's probably right, but people like J.D. will be quick to dismiss her as a competitor just trying to "hog the busi-

ness" or a "bleeding heart" who ought to be tending children at Sunday school.

Sample Scenario: A prominent Senator's home has become haunted. He has hired both Valette's and Salinger's companies to clear out his home. This is a very high profile case - the press is literally camped outside the Senator's mansion hoping to catch glimpses of the action. The rivalry here is very intense, and it gets more tense when a particularly old and abandoned section of the Catacombs is discovered beneath the Senator's house. These Catacombs are of Roman construction and actually turn out contain a secret temple to a particularly vile and mysterious cult. The "ghosts" are not ghosts at all, but wraiths (see MM, "Wraith") produced by an evil artifact kept in the temple. It will take both groups' cooperation to deal with this unusual threat. If, of course, J.D. and Bertrand can just stop yelling at each other.

A New Generation of Hero

Paris has not weathered the storm of the 19th century alone. Lurking within the shadows of the city for the past forty years has been an enigmatic figure known to the people of Paris only as "Le Vengeur," or the Avenger (a.k.a. Silent Avenger). The Avenger is Paris's only regular crime-fighter, and has been active periodically since 1848, after the election of Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte to the Chamber of Deputies. The Avenger is renowned for never saying a word, even during his most heroic exploits. He is a hero of the people who has never displayed any hint of political loyalty to one faction or another, instead focusing his efforts upon protecting the weak and unmasking the corrupt.

The Avenger is most renowned for unmasking corrupt officials, hunting down murderers, and thwarting muggers and burglars. But for all of this fame, the identity of Le Vengeur has remained a mystery. Of this, you can be sure: he is a master of Savate as well as

a superlative gadgeteer, and is almost superhumanly stealthy - and something of a lady's man. There is one mystery to Le Vengeur, however. During his forty-year career, Le Vengeur has maintained the same build and same height, yet he remains as fit and formidable as ever. What is the secret to his longevity? Most believe that he must have some sort of magical abilities. Some argue that "he" is more than one person. Whatever the truth, Le Vengeur continues his mission to protect the people of Paris even in these dark times.

But the truth is, Le Vengeur is finally getting old. Forty years is a long time to be a crime-fighter. During that time, Le Vengeur has protected the innocent, upheld the right, and done what he could to contain the madness that is frequently Paris. It has been an often thankless task. But now, he is simply getting too old to do his job any more. The Avenger is looking to retire, and he needs a replacement to carry on the good work. From the shadows, unbeknownst to the PCs, he has chosen one of the heroes as his successor. This campaign works best if one of the PCs is French and interested in becoming a masked crusader.

Le Vengeur is actually a man called André Gilot, and the reason he has been so successful at keeping his secret identity is that he is really a nobody. André Gilot, when not garbed as The Avenger, is a reclusive inventor who made a fortune at the young age of twenty. Secretly, he used his fortune and his mechanical genius to become Le Vengeur. At first, he had no political motives. When Bonaparte (the younger) came into France's political scene in 1848, however, Gilot believed that France stood on the edge of yet another mad Empire. He was not far from wrong. Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte seized power in 1852. But by that time, Le Vengeur had been in the crime-fighting business for almost four years. He resolved to combat the suffering of the people in the streets from crime and poverty as their leaders focused on foreign wars and mad dreams of conquest.

To be sure, in his career, Le Vengeur has done con-

The Sinister Dr. Archibald Mesmer, Master of the Mind

Class: Psychic 12

Hit Dice: 12d6+24 (66 stamina points, 14 wound points)

Initiative: +2 (Dex)

Speed: 30 ft.

Defense: 18 (+2 Dex, +6 Defense)

Attacks: Sword-cane +8/+3 melee; .22 revolver +11/+6 ranged

Damage: Sword-cane 1d8-1; .22 revolver 1d8

Face/Reach: 5 ft. by 5 ft./5 ft.

Saves: Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +13

Abilities: Str 8, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 20, Cha 16

Skills: Concentration +17, Detect Minds +14, Empathy +11, ESP +14, Hide Mind +17, Influence Mind +20, Knowledge (psionics) +18, Listen +13, Mental Enhancement +17, Metabolic Control +17, Psychic Defense +20, Search +11, Self Healing +14, Sense Motive +12, Spot +13, Telekinesis +20, Telepathy +20

Feats: Blank Mind, Clairsentience, Cloud Awareness, Compartmentalize Mind, Fine Manipulation Telekinesis, Improved Psychic Defense, Meditation, Mind Link, Mind Probe, Psionic Talent, Subtle Influence, Telekinetic Barrier, Telepathic Stun, Visions

Challenge Rating: 12

Possessions: Sword-cane, dapper suit, 1000 francs

siderably more than merely beat up muggers and unmask the occasional corrupt cop. He has personally defeated the schemes of several ranking members of the World Crime League. In recent years, he foiled Dr. Kree'l's scheme to build a tremendous weapon called an EtherCannon, mounted aboard a self-propelled electrical multi-legged battle platform. He has single-handedly rescued a number of young women from the white slavery ring based out of the House of Nine Gates. But he is tired.

Le Vengeur wants a successor: he wants someone to inherit both his fortune and his occupation. He will

train this person in his amazing fighting skills, his gadgetry, and his knowledge of the city's underworld. He will be a mentor as they learn the ropes. He has even selected someone of his almost his identical height and build so that even his enemies will not be able to recognize the change.

Sample Scenario: The PCs witness one of the daring exploits of Le Vengeur first-hand in a darkened ally. The hero defeats three armed men who had moments before been attacking a defenseless young woman and leaves them unconscious in the street. He notices that he is being watched and makes his trademark signal of raising his finger to his lips for silence. He then turns to disappear into the shadows... but instead falls to the ground clutching his chest. Le Vengeur is having a mild heart attack. Worse yet, more men are coming, friends of the attackers. It is up to the PCs to rescue Le Vengeur and get him to safety. There the Avenger sizes them and makes the offer to one (or perhaps more?) of the PCs regarding their succeeding him. Assuming that at least one of the PCs takes him up on his offer, they are introduced to the life of a crime-fighter in a way they could only have imagined before. Le Vengeur has money, gadgets, a secret hideout, entrances into the cat-

The Mesmerizing Ray

This odd-looking rifle fires a 60-foot-long cone of bluish light, roughly 20 feet across at its end point. Anyone in the area must make a Will save (DC 18) or be effectively paralyzed for 1d6 rounds as they enter a mentally vulnerable trance state. Any psychic powers used by such victims have their DCs increased by +10. Further, any psychic suggestions implanted during such a state stay in effect for twice the usual duration.

The weapon is powered by an internal battery and can be fired 100 times before needing a recharge. However, recharging the battery is not something Mesmer has yet had to deal with, so doing so may require some serious effort and research.

acombs, extensive knowledge of contacts, and one of Paris's finest criminology laboratories. He is also a master of Savate, and he trains his successor in this little-known art of French kickboxing. Only after at least six months of training, the new Le Vengeur is ready to hit the streets and follow in the footsteps of the master.

The hero and his team of "sidekicks" (a term the other players should quickly grow to hate) are none too soon. One of Le Vengeur's recurrent enemies is up to his old tricks. Dr. Mesmer, Master of the Mind, has broken into a special collection at the Louvre and stolen the prized sapphire called the Eye of Destiny. He hopes to use it in a weird science gadget he has had built for him by a captured and desperate Russian scientist. Using the sapphire as a focus, Mesmer will create the refracting lens for his Mesmerizing Ray, a secret weapon that will make his targets far more susceptible to his already formidable mind-control powers. It's up to our heroes to thwart Dr. Mesmer and his gang of brain-washed thugs before they use the Mesmerizing Ray to seize control of the Republic.

The Paris Connection

The political situation in Europe is quite tense during the entire scope of the Forbidden Kingdoms setting (1889-1939). Paris's role at the center of both supernatural and political power during this time makes it a natural setting for a Pulp Spy campaign. In 1889, Queen Victoria, the so called "Widow of Windsor," reigns in England over the glorious Empire where the sun never sets. In Germany, the new Emperor, Wilhelm II, dreams of establishing a new German Empire to match that of the Commonwealth. The Third Republic of France is still struggling to catch its breath from the upheavals of 1870 and the chaos of the Occurrence. Pulp Spy games are, however, not usually concerned with political subtleties. Instead, they are more focused upon weird science gadgetry, heroic escapades, and rapid-fire action.

Sample Scenario: The PCs are a group of agents in the service of Her Majesty. They are sent to Paris from London via zeppelin with 50,000 pounds sterling of the Queen's money to purchase the Von Oster Lenses, a set of concave and convex lenses of such shape and purity that when properly mounted they can create an intense beam of light from even a single candle flame. The military applications are obvious. The lenses are in the hands of Karl Lugenbacher, an assistant of Dr. Von Oster, the lenses' creator. Dr. Von Oster himself has been arrested for treason, as his own government alleged that he was trying to sell his work to foreign powers. Now, Karl wants to sell his mentor's notes and the only working prototype and use the money to flee Europe once and for all. Close on his heels are agents of the Iron Chancellor who have orders to kill Herr Lugenbacher and to recover the lenses and the lab notes. Whichever power ends up in possession of the lenses will have a potent military advantage in coming years.

But there is a further complication. Germany and the United Kingdom are not the only ones interested in the lenses. Ludwig Von Oster was a loyal member of the Masons. With their substantial connections throughout Queen Victoria's empire, the Masons have learned of the PCs' mission. They intend to seize the lenses for themselves, believing them to be geomantic amulets of great power. The Masons are not interested in acquiring the lenses by direct conflict. Instead, their methods are more subtle, such as employing thieves and seductresses.

Herr Lugenbacher had taken refuge in a Paris hotel awaiting the arrival of his British contacts. Unfortunately, while he was out one night seeking some companionship for the evening, he was attacked by a black fog (see Chapter Six for details). He has been driven quite mad by the encounter, and has settled into a fit of acute paranoia. He now believes that everyone is out to get him and wants to kill him for the device (which is not really all that far from the truth).

He is currently hiding in the Catacombs, along with the lenses and the lab notes. Of course, both the Germans and the Masons will assume that the British must know where he is, regardless...

Pulp Spy

A Pulp Spy game need not be set in 1889. In the late 1920s and 1930s, the situation in Paris is little different. Nazi thugs have replaced agents of Wilhelm II, but the end result is much the same. Victoria no longer sits on the throne, but Britain remains as committed as ever to holding on to its crumbling empire. Technological innovations, war secrets, and fleeing dissidents all make admirable targets for secret agents to pursue. But the Nazis have a new goal - Hitler is obsessed with gathering arcane artifacts and information. Magic is one of the few things that the mad dictator fears. He knows it will play a role in the coming war, and wants to make sure his forces are the best equipped. Thus, he has sent agents to Paris to find some magical treasure(s). Any magical artifact that enters Paris in the 1930s is therefore in danger of attracting Nazi attention and becoming the target of the SS's Artifact Acquisition Squads.

Sample Scenario: James "Ace" Rutherford came to Paris to sell his latest and greatest discovery: a tablet carved in a strange language believed to be Vril, the tongue of the ancient Atlanteans. Rutherford wishes to sell the tablet to a reputable museum, and is seeking backers to fund a return journey to Cole Island in hopes of finding more artifacts and even performing excavations. Soon, Rutherford receives polite offers from German agents who wish to purchase the tablets. When the adventurer refused on political grounds, the Nazis quickly turned to violence. The tablets were stolen in a furious gun battle between the explorer and his henchmen and some unknown agents. Rutherford is not going to take this theft lying down. He is certain the Nazis are behind it, but he needs help. His team is pretty shot up, and he is looking to recruit some new allies to recover the tablet. A dangerous battle between PCs allied with Rutherford and hostile Nazi agents unfolds.

Unfortunately, it quickly becomes obvious that the tablet has already left Paris. Now, to recover it, the heroes must return to Cole Island and take out a secret Nazi base that has been built there. And when the Island begins to move... well, it's becoming clear that this is no ordinary island. Could it be the key to finding Atlantis or is it just a heretofore unknown geological phenomenon?

APPENDIX

OPEN GAME LICENSE Version 1.0a

The following text is the property of Wizards of the Coast, Inc. and is Copyright 2000 Wizards of the Coast, Inc ("Wizards"). All Rights Reserved.

1. Definitions: (a) "Contributors" means the copyright and/or trademark owners who have contributed Open Game Content; (b) "Derivative Material" means copyrighted material including derivative works and translations (including into other computer languages), potation, modification, correction, addition, extension, upgrade, improvement, compilation, abridgment or other form in which an existing work may be recast, transformed or adapted; (c) "Distribute" means to reproduce, license, rent, lease, sell, broadcast, publicly display, transmit or otherwise distribute; (d) "Open Game Content" means the game mechanic and includes the methods, procedures, processes and routines to the extent such content does not embody the Product Identity and is an enhancement over the prior art and any additional content clearly identified as Open Game Content by the Contributor, and means any work covered by this License, including translations and derivative works under copyright law, but specifically excludes Product Identity. (e) "Product Identity" means product and product line names, logos and identifying marks including trade dress; artifacts; creatures characters; stories, storylines, plots, thematic elements, dialogue, incidents, language, artwork, symbols, designs, depictions, likenesses, formats, poses, concepts, themes and graphic, photographic and other visual or audio representations; names and descriptions of characters, spells, enchantments, personalities, teams, personas, likenesses and special abilities; places, locations, environments, creatures, equipment, magical or supernatural abilities or effects, logos, symbols, or graphic designs; and any other trademark or registered trademark clearly identi-

fied as Product identity by the owner of the Product Identity, and which specifically excludes the Open Game Content; (f) "Trademark" means the logos, names, mark, sign, motto, designs that are used by a Contributor to identify itself or its products or the associated products contributed to the Open Game License by the Contributor (g) "Use", "Used" or "Using" means to use, Distribute, copy, edit, format, modify, translate and otherwise create Derivative Material of Open Game Content. (h) "You" or "Your" means the licensee in terms of this agreement.

2. The License: This License applies to any Open Game Content that contains a notice indicating that the Open Game Content may only be Used under and in terms of this License. You must affix such a notice to any Open Game Content that you Use. No terms may be added to or subtracted from this License except as described by the License itself. No other terms or conditions may be applied to any Open Game Content distributed using this License.

3. Offer and Acceptance: By Using the Open Game Content You indicate Your acceptance of the terms of this License.

4. Grant and Consideration: In consideration for agreeing to use this License, the Contributors grant You a perpetual, worldwide, royalty-free, non-exclusive license with the exact terms of this License to Use, the Open Game Content.

5. Representation of Authority to Contribute: If You are contributing original material as Open Game Content, You represent that Your Contributions are Your original creation and/or You have sufficient rights to grant the rights conveyed by this License.

6. Notice of License Copyright: You must update the COPYRIGHT NOTICE portion of this License to include the exact text of the COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any Open Game Content You are copying, modifying or distributing, and You must add the title, the copyright date, and the copyright holder's name to the COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any original Open Game

Content you Distribute.

7. Use of Product Identity: You agree not to Use any Product Identity, including as an indication as to compatibility, except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of each element of that Product Identity. You agree not to indicate compatibility or co-adaptability with any Trademark or Registered Trademark in conjunction with a work containing Open Game Content except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of such Trademark or Registered Trademark.

The use of any Product Identity in Open Game Content does not constitute a challenge to the ownership of that Product Identity. The owner of any Product Identity used in Open Game Content shall retain all rights, title and interest in and to that Product Identity.

8. Identification: If you distribute Open Game Content You must clearly indicate which portions of the work that you are distributing are Open Game Content.

9. Updating the License: Wizards or its designated Agents may publish updated versions of this License. You may use any authorized version of this License to copy, modify and distribute any Open Game Content originally distributed under any version of this License.

10. Copy of this License: You MUST include a copy of this License with every copy of the Open Game Content You Distribute.

11. Use of Contributor Credits: You may not market or advertise the Open Game Content using the name of any Contributor unless You have written permission from the Contributor to do so.

12. Inability to Comply: If it is impossible for You to comply with any of the terms of this License with respect to some or all of the Open Game Content due to statute, judicial order, or governmental regulation then You may not Use any Open Game Material so affected.

13. Termination: This License will terminate automatically if You fail to comply with all terms herein and fail to cure such breach within 30 days of becoming aware

of the breach. All sublicenses shall survive the termination of this License.

14. Reformation: If any provision of this License is held to be unenforceable, such provision shall be reformed only to the extent necessary to make it enforceable.

15. COPYRIGHT NOTICE

Open Game License v 1.0 Copyright 2000, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.

SRD, System Reference Document v. 3 Copyright 2000-2003, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.

Diomin, Copyright 2000, OtherWorld Creations, Inc.

Vitality and Wound Points, A d20 System Conversion Guide, Copyright 2000 by Bradley D Thompson

Grim-n-Gritty Hit Point and Combat Rules, Copyright 2001, Kenneth S. Hood

d20 Skills-n-Feats Martial Arts System, Copyright 2001, Kenneth S. Hood

d20 Firearm Mechanics, Copyright 2001, Kenneth S. Hood

d20 Skills-n-Feats Psionics System, Copyright 2001 Kenneth S. Hood

Relics and Rituals, Copyright 2000, Clark Peterson

Creature Collection, Copyright 2000 Clark Peterson

Weird Wars, Weird War Two, Copyright 2001, Pinnacle Entertainment Group, Inc.

Deadlands d20, Copyright 2001, Pinnacle Entertainment Group, Inc.

Magus, Copyright 2001 Hector Hernandez

Swashbuckler, Copyright 2001, Felix Lim Jr.

Spycraft, Copyright 2001, Alderac Entertainment Group.

Forbidden Kingdoms. Copyright 2002, OtherWorld Creations, Inc.

Paris: The Spectral City. Copyright 2003, OtherWorld Creations, Inc.

FORBIDDEN KINGDOMS



**Thank you for purchasing
Paris: The Spectral City!**

**As a way of saying thanks,
here's an electronic coupon
for \$2.00 off of the PDF version
of the Forbidden Kingdoms Master Codex:**

**[http://www.rpgnow.com/product_info.php?
products_id=2081&coupon=82](http://www.rpgnow.com/product_info.php?products_id=2081&coupon=82)**

FORBIDDEN KINGDOMS

PARIS

THE SPECTRAL CITY

In the dark there are things that man should never see, and in the dim shroud that encompasses Paris, these things make their presence known.

Even at the height of noon the haunted city is cloaked in a penumbra, casting a gloomy shadow over the shifting pattern of the metropolis. Faintly the sounds of music can be heard over the din of the crowd, almost as if the ethereal denizens are holding Carnival in the heart of the capital. Where once the mighty walked, they do so again; souls trapped in a precarious balance between our world and Theirs. The orchestra is set at the base of the Arc de Triomphe, and the time is right for you to journey to the Spectral City.

Won't you join us for a dance?

 **OTHERWORLD**
CREATIONS

d20
system

**Paris:
The Spectral City**

Babbage Edition