

API WORLDWIDE

CANADA



A Regional Sourcebook for Apocalypse Prevention, Inc.

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DGS
DYNAMIC GAMING SYSTEM

Prologue: A Man Alone

Gabriel gritted his teeth and pulled the belt tight. Pain flared up in his shattered leg as the tough leather bit down, but soon settled back into a dull throb. He positioned his makeshift crutch under one shoulder to keep as much weight off the limb as possible, fixed the rubberized part against the snow and levered himself upright. The leg positively shrieked with agony as he rose, but the splint held. He'd have thought himself lucky to have found it if it hadn't come from the twisted wreckage of his snowmobile.

Wearily, Gabriel produced a cigar. The heavy tar did nothing to dull the pain, but it gave him something to do while he thought. At least he was partially mobile again and he could turn his attentions to more pressing matters. The massive glistening bulk behind the vehicular remains shifted slightly, reminding Gabriel of the first order of business. The abominable snowman – it almost sounded jolly, for heaven's sake! Strange how people forgot the true meanings of words over time. He'd smashed into its face at top speed and still did little more than stun the brute and write off his ride home. But he knew a better way.

The injured operative picked through the metal fragments until he found the gas tank. Still plenty left there, if he was careful there'd be enough for a few molotovs when he was done. Doing his best to keep out of reach of the wicked icicle-like fingers just in case the beast was playing possum, Gabriel circled his wounded foe kicking away as much of the snow as he dared. The acrid stink of the fuel stung his sinuses, already raw from the freezing cold. In retrospect that's probably what awoke the beast.

With a roar and a lurch the Amautalik launched toward him, the snow erupting from its icy skeletal frame in a miniature blizzard that stung at the eyes. Gabriel

fell backward into the snow with just enough presence of mind to fling the fuel canister to one side away from his smoldering stogie. The beast lunged again, and now Gabriel saw why the sure-footed creature had missed the first time. One leg, ironically the same as his own, was shattered into semi-transparent splinters. His foe seemed eager to make the most of it though. The stump reared up above him, its tip as sharp as daggers, waiting to fall.

At times of mortal peril, a little introspection is inevitable. All Gabriel had time to wish is that he had an able partner to appear in the nick of time and distract the Amautalik before the deadly blow could fall. But operatives in Canada are usually lone agents. Too much distance to cover, too many secrets hiding under the snow. Abominable snowmen, as immediate a danger as this one currently was, were still one of the lesser problems on his to-do list. This one in particular could be disposed of without effort.

Gabriel spat out the cigar.

He wished for a second that there was room for an expression in his enemy's skull-like face. It would have been satisfying to see it change from rage to terror as the red-hot cheroot flew toward it. As it was, he had to make do with seeing its eyes following the fiery arch of tobacco and ash as it spiraled into the middle of a large patch of gasoline. Gabriel rolled madly to one side as fire leapt up and consumed the Amautalik. It was clear that it wouldn't last long, as its joints melted and fused together. The howl that bellowed from its arctic throat had a ring of death about it.

His broken leg was thumping with pain right the way up his spine as he hurled himself into a deeper snow pile. Most of the little fires in his clothing went out and

he flailed madly at the remainder, until they too were extinguished. Then he shuffled up as close to the fast-thawing corpse of the Amautalik as he dared to enjoy what little heat remained in the fast-burning petroleum. Out here in the snowy wilderness you had to get your heat wherever you could find it, and rolling around in snow wasn't a great method of warming up. Time to plan his next move. The front skis from his snowmobile looked serviceable, maybe he could throw together a crude sled... but then how would he pull it? He turned his back into the harsh wind and set to thinking.

* * *

Gabriel was pulled from his reverie by a soft, zinging sound behind him. He swiftly rounded, the reassuring bulk of his last remaining weapon sliding from its ankle holster into the palm of his hand. The figure evaluating the wrecked snowmobile flinched away from the barrel of the gun for a second, with a wry chuckle and raised his hands above his head. There was a sarcastic flourish to the nonchalance with which he made this gesture of surrender, and that was enough to tell Gabriel exactly who it was.

"Nathan Gagnon," he growled through chapped lips, "I thought I left you behind a hundred miles ago?" The figure smiled lopsidedly, giving a glimpse of long teeth sharpened to a deadly point.

"I knew you'd be needing me soon Mr Clark," said the Wendigo, "you always were one for getting yourself into trouble. Speaking of which, your gun's probably iced up anyway, so I would put it down if I were you." There was a subtle shifting in the demon's stance that said he was ready to pounce if the opportunity presented itself. Ready, that is, until a bullet pinged off the carcass of the snowmobile next to him.

"This is a Russian Makarov," growled Gabriel, "they're designed for the Siberian winters. A little ice won't even slow it down. How'd you get here so fast?"

"LeyLines dot Org, we're never more than a hundred miles away. We have a way with mirrors you wouldn't believe..." Another bullet slammed into the snowmobile, shattering the rear view mirror so close to the creature's outstretched fingertips that he sprang back with a yelp. "Damn you," he howled, "it took me four days to enchant that!"

"And then you swap it onto my snowmobile while I'm not looking so you can keep tabs on me, eh? Well, don't think you're getting away that easily. I know all about your organization's little tricks. I've killed one snowman today, what's another?"

"I'm a far cry from those sorry Amautaliks you've been having such trouble with," Nathan responded, "and in any case I came here to help. A lost traveller all the way out here in the snow plains? That's what LLO is for." Gabriel grunted and warily lowered the gun. Nathan showed no immediate signs of moving, so the injured operative took the opportunity to lever himself upright again.

"I don't need your 'help'."

"It looks that way. A broken rifle, a broken snowmobile, a broken leg... you really think you'll make it far on your own?"

"Further than if I go with you, I'll bet. I'm not stupid, Gagnon. I let you pull me through one of your mirrors and I'll probably never be seen again." The Wendigo eyed Gabriel's broken leg. There was an unsettling light in the creature's eye which Gabriel chose to ignore.

"Mister Clark," the Wendigo said in a reasoning voice, "if you'd taken my offer of guidance in the first place, I'd have gotten you around this dangerous area and you wouldn't be in this condition. Our fees really are very reasonable..."

"Hah, oh yes?" the agent sneered, "and now you'll take me all the way back to base to report my failure? 'Sorry boss, I couldn't finish the job and, by the way, there's a Wendigo in the foyer that says I owe him twenty five thousand dollars, can you give me a loan until payday?' Would that be better?"

"Better than death," said the demon. He was eyeing the leg again, and licking his lips with that long prehensile tongue of his. "Tell you what... it doesn't look like that leg of yours is much use for anything any more. What say I let you part-pay by..."

"You are NOT eating my damn leg! I can't believe you're trying to negotiate for my damn leg!" The pistol came up again, the barrel right between Nathan's eyes.

"It looks delicious. I'm rather in the mood for a big plate of 'jambe d'un bon amis'. Haute cuisine, none of your precooked rubbish."

"My leg is not a French delicacy!"

"You could leave it to me in your will in case you die out here?"

"NO!"

"I'm hungry!"

"So you should be! We all know what happens when you eat!"

"Oh, come on that was one time. Just one time!"

"You ate my brother!"

"He was already dead!"

The Makarov jerked and spat in Gabriel's hand again, putting three more holes into the metal. Nathan cowered, his hands over his face. "Stop it, stop!" he squealed piteously, "I've got a license, my tongue's been stripped, you saw it done, you were there, this is harassment, you can't do this to me!" Gabriel was panting, partly from the rage bubbling behind his eyes and partly because the throbbing of his wounded leg was getting worse by the second. He sagged. "I wonder how many bullets you've got left in that sweet little pistol," the Wendigo growled dangerously.

Gabriel shook his head to clear it a little and murmured "get the hell out of here." Nathan hesitated for a moment weighing his chances and then, with one last longing look at Gabriel's wounded leg, ran off into the snow.

** * **

It took over an hour with the freezing wind and his aching leg, but Gabriel eventually managed to lash his remaining supplies together into a crude sled. The Wendigo hadn't returned, but Gabriel kept his pistol handy just in case. It was hardly surprising that an operative from LeyLines.Org had turned up and, under other conditions, he would have been pleased to accept help... but not this time. He couldn't be sure whether it had been a simple business visit or if the organization was on to him. He picked up the flat leather packet from the snow and opened it one last time to check that everything was well. Inside a single fragment of mirror gleamed back at him.

It had been suspected for years that LLO used a vast network of magical transportation mirrors across the length and breadth of the country for their runners to reach potential clients quickly. This was the first time that anyone had managed to obtain a fragment of one of those mirrors. Gabriel thought he had gotten in and out of the base without being seen and, even with the way Nathan Gagnon had reacted, it was still possible that this was the case. Thank heaven that it had been Nathan. That had made it far easier and less suspicious to do the right thing and refuse his help.

Gabriel remembered the Wendigo from the time when they had both been employed by Apocalypse Preven-

tion Inc. A bit of a coward and weak for one of his kind, Nathan had readily volunteered to have his tongue stripped of its needle-sharp thorns. He was a yes-man of the worst kind, always ready to lick boots and take orders, but equally ready to backstab and connive when the chance presented itself. Gabriel had been passed over for promotion more than once because of that insidious runt's meddling. If it hadn't been for that terrible incident...

Gabriel closed his eyes and cast his mind back. Two survivors of a plane crash that claimed more than fifty souls. Struggling against the pitiless elements of the frozen tundra, awaiting rescue in a field strewn with debris both metallic and human. Waking in the night to find himself alone in their tiny tent, hearing the keen sounds of gurgitation outside. A whole field of corpses had been too great a temptation for his ravenous companion. To lose one's brother to such tragedy was bad enough, but for him to be... no, it was too painful a memory to dwell on. They'd made a great show of burying his brother's API ID card with full honors, but of the corpse there were only a few gnawed bones left to line the coffin.

It was shortly after that incident that Nathan Gagnon left the company. No criminal charges were brought against him, despite Gabriel's insistence. The company feared that a severe punishment would cause conflicts with the other Wendigo agents, and too much attention to the matter would cause resentment amongst other employees. So Nathan was simply discharged from the ranks and the whole sordid affair was glossed over. From there, he was recruited by LeyLines, and took every opportunity to torment Gabriel further under the guise of making amends. Gabriel knew him better and trusted him the less for it. Even had he not been carrying such sensitive materials, he wouldn't have accepted aid from someone like Gagnon.

And now the supply sled was ready and waiting. Gabriel gazed out over the vast snowy fields ahead of him and sighed. To the far north, he could see a few structures sticking up from the plains, indicating perhaps an isolated village. With luck he would be able to reach civilization in a day or two, call headquarters for assistance, and at least be back in the warmth while he waited for backup. Pulling on the makeshift harness of ropes he'd created, the lone API agent set out, one man alone in the snow.

And beneath the snow the ice, and beneath the ice a long dark shadow racing on after the weary figure with dark tendrils reaching out and hungry for flesh. Every operative in Canada is an operative alone, but his enemies are legion.

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Disclaimer: This book contains supernatural and magical themes, characters, and places. This is purely a fictional work and is for entertainment purposes only. Not recommended for those with closed minds or poor critical thinking skills.

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chapter One: A Look at Canada

Canada in Brief

Canada is a Native America word meaning 'Big Village'. The country is one of the world's largest landmasses with one of the smallest population densities in the world. Approximately 90% of the population lives within 150 miles of the US border and the other 10% is scattered to the north. This leaves API with huge amounts of land to cover and not a lot of agents to work with. Hundreds of reports concerning monsters, miracles, and other bizarre tales come in daily and the vast majority of them are filed away under "lack of manpower" and forgotten about. The Canadian branch of API isn't callous, but they have more pressing tasks to concentrate on; supernatural events that crowds of people have witnessed, a potentially huge body count caused by unknown creatures, or a monster sighting too big to pass up. Requests for help, supplies and backup are taken, but rarely followed up on. API is doing its best to keep Canada from becoming a monster smack-down, but their most successful days can be measured by how many lives the company saved and not how many disasters were prevented.

Canada is a Federal Parliamentary Democracy located in North America directly north of the USA. Although established as a British colony back in the 1600's, Canada declared its independence from British rule and slowly became its own Country (rather than an over-sized colony) over hundreds of years. Even now, the Queen of Britain is still seen as figurehead leader, even though she has no actual ruling power over Canada. The seat of Canada's power is in the capital of Ottawa, Ontario, where the Prime Minister and representatives of all ten provinces and the three territories vote to pass bills and generally disagree with each other. They have a minority government, meaning the Prime minister and the opposing parties bicker back and forth constantly. Big policy changes don't often pass as both sides cannot agree with how to implement new bills.

Differences in language and culture have only strengthened the fact that agents who are permanently stationed on the West Coast find their superiors in Mon-

tréal a little strange and vice versa. Recently, an agency-wide e-mail contained the typo of “East Coats” instead of “East Coast” and the term stuck. The Westerners refer to the Quebecois as the East Coats when they breeze into town, and the Easterners call those on the opposite side of the country West Coats while gritting their teeth. The stereotypes of East against West permeates more than just API as most Westerners see their far-off brethren as uptight and constantly self-concerned, while the Easterners see the Westies as lazy and carefree. While both are horrible stereotypes, both have some small basis in truth.

Canada also offers universal health care to all of its citizens. The government pays any bills and fees that their citizens may accrue for their care, including their travel to the emergency ward (ambulance, taxi cab, etc). Personal insurance is only necessary for the more expensive surgeries or dental care of which the government only pays a small portion. API provides premiere coverage, including full dental and medical. Within the course of their illustrious career, API agents can discover all sorts of calamities that defy science and the company (and government) will float the bill. Quebec law dictates that injuries sustained while outside the province border are not covered. Otherwise, the health system acts roughly the same.

Although Canada has one of the most highly-trained military forces in the world, they are rarely seen as a threat to other countries. Generally, Canada will help out US and British troops in any conflict they are involved in, but Canada has never started a war on its own. It would seem that the country has a general intolerance for killing, proven by their lack of capital punishment and tough gun laws, both of which are wholeheartedly supported by API.

Canada is famous for its snow-filled winters and abundant politeness and, although there is some truth there, it is not perpetually cold or friendly up north. Even though nearly one hundred homeless die each year across the country from extreme temperature drops in winter, Canada has plenty of heat in the summer. Though generally polite, Canada has its fill of serial killers, gangs, organized crime, poverty, and victims of violent outbursts of road rage, just like any other country.

Although US gun control laws have tightened up, they are nowhere on par with Canadian firearm regulations. After the laws in 2008 passed in the United States, Canada took a firm stance on its somewhat floundering Firearm Registry Program. Thousands of unregistered rifles and handguns were confiscated by police or voluntarily turned in by their owners and destroyed. Now, to own firearms of any type, citizens have to pass a battery of tests, pay dues, register their weapon, and in some provinces, undergo a mental health exam. Guns in Canada do exist, but are mostly used for hunting and exhibitions. Police still carry handguns and have access to more powerful

Languages

English and French are the two official languages. French is primarily spoken on the East coast where it is predominately used in Quebec. Most Quebecois speak both languages, but prefer to converse in French. Speaking English in Quebec can easily pin you as an ignorant tourist. Life can be hard in Quebec without any knowledge of French. Street signs are mostly bilingual, but place names and spoken directions are almost certainly in French. The majority of Canadians living around the East coast are either fluent in both English and French or they have a basic understanding of French with a full comprehension of English. French fluency becomes increasingly rare the further that one gets from Quebec until it practically dies on the smaller islands that dot the Pacific Ocean. Agents are urged to learn both languages to ease communication between the two coasts, but this becomes less a rule and more a “when you get the time” sort of suggestion as manpower becomes more necessary.

weapons given the right circumstances. Gun ranges can generally be found outside city limits and membership can be troublesome to obtain. Of course, some guns are smuggled into the country and sold illegally, mostly to gangs who use them for robberies or gang warfare. Being caught with an unregistered firearm inside Canadian borders can get the potential criminals many years in lock-up. Agents who go against the law and carry unregistered firearms “just in case” can face severe consequences from the company. Not only are their guns taken away, but any cybernetic implants may be disabled until the agent can prove themselves capable without the crutch that reliance upon a firearm represents.

Festivals

Festivals and other attractions fill Canada with thousands of tourists every summer. To list them all would be a book in and of itself, but here are a few that attract the most people:

The “Just for laughs” festival is both a dream come true and an absolute nightmare for API when it rolls into Montréal every summer. Street theater, stand up comedians, and all sorts of entertainment bring tons of people to the city. Field agents sort through massive amounts of human and non-human traffic to catch the illegals/trouble makers that always seem to pop up. But it’s incredibly easy to cover up supernatural activity (i.e. a rampaging Tark) as Improv Theater. Agents also love that they can take in a humorous show after their shift is over.

The “Calgary Stampede” in Alberta is a huge extravaganza in July. The whole city of Calgary decorates their streets in cowboy décor to watch cowfolk wrangle bulls, race chuck wagons, put on concerts, sing and dance, and

Canadian Misconceptions

Canada is typically portrayed as a snow-filled wasteland speckled with small pockets of people who like to talk about hockey after tacking “Eh?” onto the end of all their sentences. This isn’t exactly true. When one walks over the border from the US to Canada they are not met with frozen tundra, as southern Canada is much more temperate than the northern parts. Glimpses of snow and ice begin as one drives past all the major population centers that cluster close to the border (unless, of course, it is the dead of winter). Most Canadian accents are about as strong as someone from Seattle, unless they are from Quebec or even Newfoundland. Newfoundlanders speak their own bizarre dialect that is unintelligible to most if they are not from the same area.

Keep in mind that some Canadian pastimes are not often talked about. For instance, Canadians once burnt down part of the White House. No other country can make that claim, but it’s not something the country goes around bragging about too often. GMs are encouraged to make their game as Canadian as they like. This sourcebook focuses on the supernatural aspects of Canada and not the idea that Canadians wear snow pants every day of the year or partake in igloo contests.

grill delicious, top-end steaks. It lasts a little over a week, but the event’s excitement and publicity brings millions of dollars into the Calgary economy. The Devotees of the Cull (page 36) prowls around the festival and loves nothing more than to dump buckets of slugs down the ceiling hatch of outhouses when a suitable host enters.

“Boxing Day” is the day after Christmas where shops throw huge store-wide sales to markdown all of their holiday merchandise that didn’t sell. The city streets fill with crazed shoppers hunting for the best deal and some determined consumers even camp out overnight. Newer Changelings are encouraged to wade through the large crowds and pick out new and random faces to practice.

British Columbia’s “Symphony Splash” in Victoria takes place on the first weekend of August. A barge is tethered to the inner harbor and the famous local symphony orchestra plays classical music for hours. The festival is so popular that people used to chain foldable chairs to lampposts to ensure good seats, but police started cutting the chains and taking the chairs. The performance always ends with Tchaikovsky’s 1812 overture accompanied by cannons, fireworks, and bells. Lochs get a special treat underwater as the vibrations from the concert fill the ocean underneath the barge. Blood has been shed between younger Lochs over who gets to sit directly below the stage and enjoy the sounds washing over them.

“Canada Day”, their Independence Day, lands on July 1st every year and the whole country gathers at city

centers for beer gardens, fireworks, music, snacks and parades. This all-age event sweeps the country with patriotic face-painting and copious amounts of alcohol, while everyone waits for their mere 15 minutes of fireworks. Canada day is often difficult for API, due to the sheer amount of people out on the streets and the relatively few number of agents able to safely patrol the crowds. People get drunk and whisked away by Demons frequently, but API is proud that this number drops each year.

In Ontario, Ottawa’s “Winterlude” was invented in 1979 to celebrate Canada’s unique winter climate and the culture that springs up from it. It spans three weeks of mostly outdoor activities, from skating on the world’s largest rink, ice carving contests and Cook-offs, to light and sound shows, concerts and snowball fights. As large as the festival is, most simply watch the festival highlights on television.

Montreal

Founded in 1642, Montréal is the French-speaking capital of Quebec and the site of API’s main Canadian headquarters. The city has steadily grown in the past decade, having always been a massive center for the arts that attracts new residents, tourists, and “otherworldly” creatures interested in learning about human culture. It was Canada’s largest city until the nineteen seventies when Toronto exceeded it in population. Approximately 1.8 million people live within its borders and many modes of public transit are available to their people, such as the underground metro and bicycle peddle-cabs. API works overtime to keep supernatural threats from causing catastrophic deaths within such tightly packed quarters, as most of Canada’s population lives in large cities like Montréal, such as Montréal.

The second largest city in Canada is well ahead of most other countries in electronic devices, bringing convenience through the ongoing digital age. In this respect, Montréal is completely covered by a high-speed wireless internet network. Laptops, blackberries, and other high-tech PDA’s can keep everyone connected 24 hours a day. One can even monitor how close one’s bus is, the location of the nearest unoccupied taxicab, or what stores have the best sale on chicken. Montréal is a big city, but everyone is connected somehow through the network. API uses the network to keep agents up to date with Demon sightings and supernatural activity through their standard issue PDAs.

Daily life in Montréal moves at each individual’s personal speed. Easy jobs in slow-paced record stores and frantic computer-troubleshooting careers exist on the same city block and lifestyles of all types and varieties mix and clash out on the fairly-tidy streets. Artists strive to make a name for themselves and earn a huge gallery

opening, while business executives dream of scaling the corporate ladder... and both of them live in the same condominium complex. Some live in private communities, away from the higher crime areas, while across town there are thousands of homeless. The first "squeegee kids" started in Montréal, cleaning car windows without prompting and hoping for something in return. This tradition continues on most street corners, even though it is technically illegal.

Montréal's temperatures fluctuate wildly depending on the season. It's either colder than Russia in winter, seeing nearly two full meters of snow, or hotter than Ecuador in the summer with over four inches of rain. High levels of humidity in the summer lead to higher perceived temperatures and many people take temporary jobs fixing broken air conditioners for the sweaty masses.

Downtown

Downtown Montréal is much more modern than the rest of the city, sporting massive skyscrapers, nightclubs with lines that spill onto the streets, and every modern convenience. Over two thousand shops of varying quality and diverse specialties fill the bulk of Downtown along with huge churches and museums. Even late at night, a never-ending bustle of people pass through the streets in search of sushi, handbags, access to the metro, chocolate, or bicycle repairs. Crime is low; it's hard to be a criminal due to the sheer number of people shoulder to shoulder during the busy times although pickpockets still make a good run.

It is here that the wireless internet signal that blankets the city gets the brunt of its use, and most where the servers reside. A downtown blackout would knock out the whole network until power could be restored. Recently, a Spectral has managed to get itself inside the network and cause untold havoc by hacking passwords and encrypting files on people's computers with no real rhyme or reason behind it. API is having trouble pinning the ghost down as it tends to hide out on private networks when it knows they are after it, but API will catch up to it one day and figure out the Spectral's true agenda.

LaMarche and Company

Once an on-call carpet cleaning agency, LaMarche and Company changed their focus to supernatural investigation about 20 years ago. They were sent to clean carpets in Le Meidien Versailles hotel years ago, where the four-person crew encountered the ghost of a suicide victim. Unprepared, and appropriately horrified, their leader, Maurice LaMarche attempted to talk to it and found the spirit to be quite cordial. Within the hour he had convinced it to seek out its Bright Light and then finished cleaning the carpets.

The encounter prompted Maurice to sell off his carpet cleaning equipment and buy up everything he could on

ghosts and supernatural activity. This didn't escape API's notice, and he soon had to answer to the company as to his intentions. After months of interrogation, API decided to sub-contract Maurice, as he had a gift of communication and the drive to want to stop problem Spectrals in Montréal. After all, API always needed new employees to handle the small stuff. The company has enough problems without having to check out every haunting themselves. Maurice decided to keep the façade of cleaning carpets, but outfitted his vacuum cleaners with experimental gadgets cobbled together from prototypes of ectoplasm reorganizers gifted to him API to help in his endeavors.

Today, Maurice has entrusted leadership of LaMarche and Company to his daughter, Janine. He now works full-time for API's science department, as he impressed them with his knowledge of engineering and mechanics. Janine employs around twenty full-time employees as they track down phantoms in the city.

Old Montreal

Old Montréal has transplanted the architecture, culture, and fine dining associated with France into a large borough with cobbled roads and horse drawn carriages. Office buildings share corners with towering cathedrals in Old Montréal, bringing people to the area throughout the year. The oldest part of the city is brought to life with stone buildings, historic architecture, grassy outcrops, statues and winding streets, but its office buildings, sidewalk cafes, and giant shipping port remind tourists that the neighborhood hasn't been left behind by modernism. Old Montréal is arguably one the city's most wondrous and beautiful neighborhoods.



Montreal Crime

In 2001, Montreal anti-gang police forces raided the largest infestation of Hell's Angels within their borders and seized over 4 million dollars in cash and assets. They poured this money into programs to rid themselves of the major gang activity that existed, mostly between the Red Bloods and the Blue Crips, which borrowed the tags from the notorious Los Angeles street gangs and were composed for the most part of young south-east Asian kids (usually Filipino, Cambodian, or Laotian boys).

Over the years, the police influence in the lives of the underprivileged youth in Montreal created a downturn for gang violence that had once claimed the lives of dozens of citizens per year. And they really thought that they had rid themselves of heavy gang violence, until the climate changed suddenly in many part of the city after the gun control laws passed in 2008.

For years, the much smaller Crips and Bloods had been suspected of gun trafficking and were involved in home invasions and robberies on record. But when the decade-long leader of the Crips was gunned down in downtown Montreal, all hell broke loose. The young people have gathered more heavily in recent years and have almost met their previous standing as actual threats to the area. With the inclusion of the mafia making its way into Montreal, the anti-gang units are having a hard time keeping up with the number of crimes being committed on a daily basis.

Few know that API's Canadian HQ can be found underground, far below the rail system and even the Under-City. It is not listed on any maps, but has many magical portals scattered throughout the city, most of which are in Old Montréal. A ceasefire has also been implemented in this section of the city, enforced by API magic, agents, or any nearby registered demons that wish no penalty from the company. In the past, API used force, but advanced magic from the Path of Neutralization has been implemented to stop any supernatural violence before it even starts. No spells can be cast to do harm and demons cannot even raise their fist in anger in Old Montréal ... though agents are unaffected by this creative ward. There are obviously ways around this magic, but this secret is not well known or practiced for fear of API reprisal.

Canada's second largest port can also be found in Old Montréal. It is primarily used to transport important imports and exports for the country and there is usually an agent on hand to oversee the legality of various demons attempting to hide out in Canada or that are being delivered via ship. Lochs also use the port as a source of employment, usually either as divers or maintenance personnel. They may also stand guard for API shipping vessels with "sensitive cargo" during the unloading process.

Witches Brew Tea House

In the 1970s, a small group of adepts purchased one of the many European-styled stone buildings in Old Montréal, using it as a refuge and meeting place for other adepts. The place grew over time and changed ownership many times, until the current owners that found themselves facing a looming eviction. The two owners, Stacy and Lyndsey, realized that magic doesn't pay rent all on its own and decided to change the house's pricing from "Whatever you can spare" to "Buy some tea". In 1998, after massive renovations, the sanctuary reopened, but under the façade of an incredibly popular tea house in a prime location.

The owners have developed a fair amount of trust and respect from many of the prominent Orders. Adepts come from all over the Province to trade spells, rent a room in the refurbished upstairs loft apartments and, in extreme circumstances, hide out from things that are after them. The tea house is within API's neutral zone, keeping harmful magic or attack restricted to authorized company business. The owners are kept busy, but one of them is always stationed at the shop to keep a watchful eye on their clientele, magical or otherwise.

Mount Royal

Mount Royal is Montréal's biggest park. Every hill in the city leads to the giant park that spans just under 250 acres of forested land. Complete with a large lake, full service restaurants, and an amazing view of the city from the highest natural point, Mount Royal has everything a park needs to relax or energize the populace. Paddle-boating, hiking, and cycling are available in the summer, while the park features ice skating, cross-country skiing, and tobogganing as winter activities. Many small clubs organize activities here like: Boffing with foam weaponry, Frisbee golf, bird-watching, knitting, and snow tours complete with snow shoes. Wolf people are regularly spotted in the park after dark, usually after getting drunk at the nearby bar for "their kind". Wendigo activity has grown as well, bringing a tense feud between the two groups over who gets to call the park their turf.

Canis Major

It is well-known that the number of Wolf People in Canada far outweighs populations in other countries. In Montréal, these demons have a small, hole-in-the-wall place to gather with others of their kind. Not far from Mount Royal Park is a bar that caters only to Wolf People. Other races are heavily encouraged (sometimes by force) to leave Canis Major the moment they enter, even if accompanied by one of their own and even if they are an API agent. Wolf People agents are sent to monitor activity quite regularly.

Humorous rumors circulate about non-Moonies being found out and then stripped and hung from a lamppost outside the bar. After that, why would anyone other than

a Wolf Person want to go in? Canis Major is largely left to its own devices unless riots break out from the bar (which has only happened on three occasions). The Wolf People return the favor by reporting and detaining any Illegal pups that roam inside. This even goes for those of their kind, as the bar doesn't need API on their back for protecting someone stupid enough to break the company's rules. In the back are large cages used to keep these Illegals or for those looking for a safe place to be kept during a full moon cycle.

Hochelaga Maisonneuve

Hochelaga Maisonneuve includes Montréal's massive China town and the second largest botanical garden in the world. This oversized garden holds many lakes, archways, and a large array of ducks. There are lantern festivals in the summer that draw countrywide crowds and enough wildlife to ensure that winter is never boring.

This area also has a bio-dome that touches on nearly every aspect of animal and plant life in the world: Sharks, tropical birds, octopi, monkeys, and penguins all reside under the same roof in the closest thing to their natural habitat as you can get indoors. API's interest in the bio-dome has led to several advancements within the company that have, obviously, not been shared with the public. This includes the development of self-contained environmental suits, specially-designed containment cells (called Pods), and experimentation into the ability to control weather conditions without the need of magic.

Plateau Mont-Royal

Plateau Mont-Royal is the center of Montréal's arts movement and plenty of high-priced condos, filled with the few who can actually afford to own them. It is undisputedly the city's cultural center, with bars and expensive restaurants that reflect that fact. Art galleries and live street paintings line the streets that tourists flock to for fulfillment of all types. Husks have been known to pose as statues to see how long it takes for them to be painted by roaming artists. This also lets them watch humanity go by in order to learn about their culture. Great works of disposable and anonymous art (i.e. chalk drawings on pavement or sculptures that dissolve in the rain) are attributed to the race as well.

Andrews Automotives

In Plateau Mont-Royal lies Montréal's most renowned magic shop and seediest used car dealership under the same roof. Andrews Automotives takes up the corner lot on the outskirts of the otherwise upscale neighborhood and operates under a stained tent strewn with flyers, rundown and rusted cars, and plastic streamers. The two brothers who run the shoddy-yet-still-a float car dealership also run a behind-the-scenes magic store. While Quillan Andrews tells you about the money you can save on getting a car with a failing transmission, Matt Andrews sells

you the most sought-after magical ingredients that API will let them carry (and a few illegal items). The brothers manage to maintain this bizarre facade because not only do they have the best items for spells and protection this side of the border, but they are actually quite capable car salesmen.

The UnderCity

Originally built to connect underground metro stations and malls to each other without forcing shoppers to venture up and down stairs, Montréal has had a vast UnderCity quite some time. It has taken on a life of its own in the last twenty years. The city has expanded this section to fill nearly three quarters of the area underneath Montréal itself. Small apartments and daycares have sprung up in the UnderCity, along with a suitable police force that is specifically designed for rapid action underground. They travel in armored, six-person, electric carts with enough room to squeeze a culprit or two in the back. Life underground is completely dependant on technology, but the inhabitants barely notice bad turns in the weather above.

The UnderCity easily rivals any other section of Montréal for areas in need of an active interest and peace-keeping ventures from Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. Many agents gripe about being assigned to active patrol in a sector without sun, without weather, and that is completely claustrophobic, but it takes just one person to point out the number of missing children in the UnderCity to quell their moans. The atmosphere is perfect for nocturnal demons, such as Taylari, to build nests and attempt takeovers from below. It also serves as a hideout for several Illegals, hoping not to be found out by API.

The Coffin

Recently, agents were alerted to a nest of Taylari that had taken control of a three block area of the UnderCity. They started a smuggling operation to profit from the protection and concealment of Illegal Taylari. Illegals of other races were only accepted if the price was right. Their leader, known only as "Trit", also made a lot of money and connections for the group in the process.

After a failed attempt to locate and register the Illegals, API infiltrated their community, dubbed "The Coffin" by the residing Taylari. By applying some pressure and installing a few ultraviolet strobes in the UnderCity, the Taylari were much more inclined to agree to the company's demands and, while strict rules were established for the number of Taylari allowed in a certain sector of the UnderCity at any given time, Trit has continued his operation. API routinely investigates Taylari numbers, but their visits are predictable enough that things are "business as usual" in the Coffin. The Taylari give fabulous discounts on store items or access to faster UnderCity travel times to those agents willing to turn a blind eye to the odd one or two over the usual body limit.

As a whole, terms have always been established between the two groups... the Taylari are allowed to operate within their own circles and self-police and the company will not intervene unless they see a need. The Taylari outside the Coffin and API agents in the UnderCity generally tolerate each others' presence, but vampires love to make life difficult for the agents. They have their ways of ensuring missed trains, shops closing at inopportune times, and filing claims with the local API office about agent brutality.

Western Municipalities

The Western Municipalities of Montréal are mostly residential areas split up by train yards, universities, scattered farmland, and a few churches. As it serves primarily as living space, many different routes of public transport are available: trains directly to downtown, multiple bus routes, and even the subway. The Undercity's long reach doesn't quite stretch to the southwestern tip of Montréal, and the residents are relatively glad to live free of the stress and fastpace that comes hand-in-hand with the sprawl. Most of API's agents live in these comparatively underdeveloped areas, as it helps keep them relaxed between assignments. The non-franchised restaurants, lack of skyscrapers, friendly locals, and helpful accommodations tend to distract agents from the dreadful job they have to perform.

The Rest of Canada

While Montréal may be the site of API's HQ, the rest of Canada is not without its dangers or culture. Most of its landscapes are not unlike any county's average cities, but others consist of expanses of frozen tundra.

The West Coast

The West Coast of Canada is predominantly known for its fishing, forestry, and exports of a vast number of trade goods. Its cities range from technological high-rises and skyscrapers in Vancouver, to cabins built from driftwood, amidst herds of goats in Prince Rupert. Freighters bustle around the Juan De Fuca Strait, picking up and dropping off cargo, while ferries take passengers between the Gulf islands and the bigger Vancouver Island. Small towns and fishing communities dot the coast, and many small islands have no more than a handful of families living on them. Seagulls, pockets of rats, seals, orcas, marmots, and otters can be found practically anywhere along the coast. The sheer number of tiny islands with little to no police force has proved a great challenge to API, as small problems rapidly become insurmountable obstacles when they go unchecked. Just recently, a squad barely escaped with their lives after stumbling upon a rampant Loch Colony in Surge Narrows Provincial Park on Mau-

relle Island. If it had been discovered earlier, clean up and registration would have been no problem. The West Coast is also a heavily left-wing influenced part of the country.

British Columbia

British Columbia is known for its vast natural resources, such as old growth trees, fresh water, and quality marijuana. The majority of the aforementioned items are sold overseas and across the border to the south. Sprawling forests tower over the distant skyscrapers as the power of nature is never overshadowed by the encroaching fingers of civilization. Many logging companies cultivate trees en masse here, but are quickly reseeded due to past environmental protests. This leads to bizarre patches of land where thousand-year-old trees stand beside saplings and the natural (and unnatural) inhabitants of the forest are forced to move to more stable habitats. B.C. is known for its miniature silicon valley in Vancouver, where technology grows and advances as fast as its arts and diverse culture.

The Rocky Mountains, which run through Alberta, are a hub for supernatural activity. Besides bizarre relics left behind (such as missing hearts found rotting in the snow), Amautaliks (page 48) call this land their home and locals have learned to lock their doors at night. The children of retired hippies, some members of the Flower Children Order (page 97 of the API corebook), cultivate spirituality and relaxing magic as a way of life on the nearby Vancouver Island. The island is slightly below the 49th parallel, but belongs to Canada after a war nearly started over the death of a pig.

The island attracts many tourists and locals warn the skeptical away from certain places like the old Maritime Museum in Victoria where they used to hang criminals. In fact, there were so many hangings in the 1800's that it remains one of B.C.'s largest gathering places for Spectrals. Carmanah Valley, one of the biggest and most ancient forests in B.C., is also the den of the biggest Wendigo pack in all of Canada. Hikers go missing by the dozen and bones are eventually found and declared victims of cougar attacks. API is aware of the pack and has quarantined the sector until a suitable force can be sent to deal with them, as well as the landslides and potentially-fatal air-borne fungal spores.

The Interior

Mid-Canada is made up of three roughly similar provinces that support the rest of the country with farmed goods and produce. These provinces are mostly prairies and boast a majority of the Country's wealth. Of course, being wealthy tends to cause their votes to drift towards right-wing political parties.

Alberta

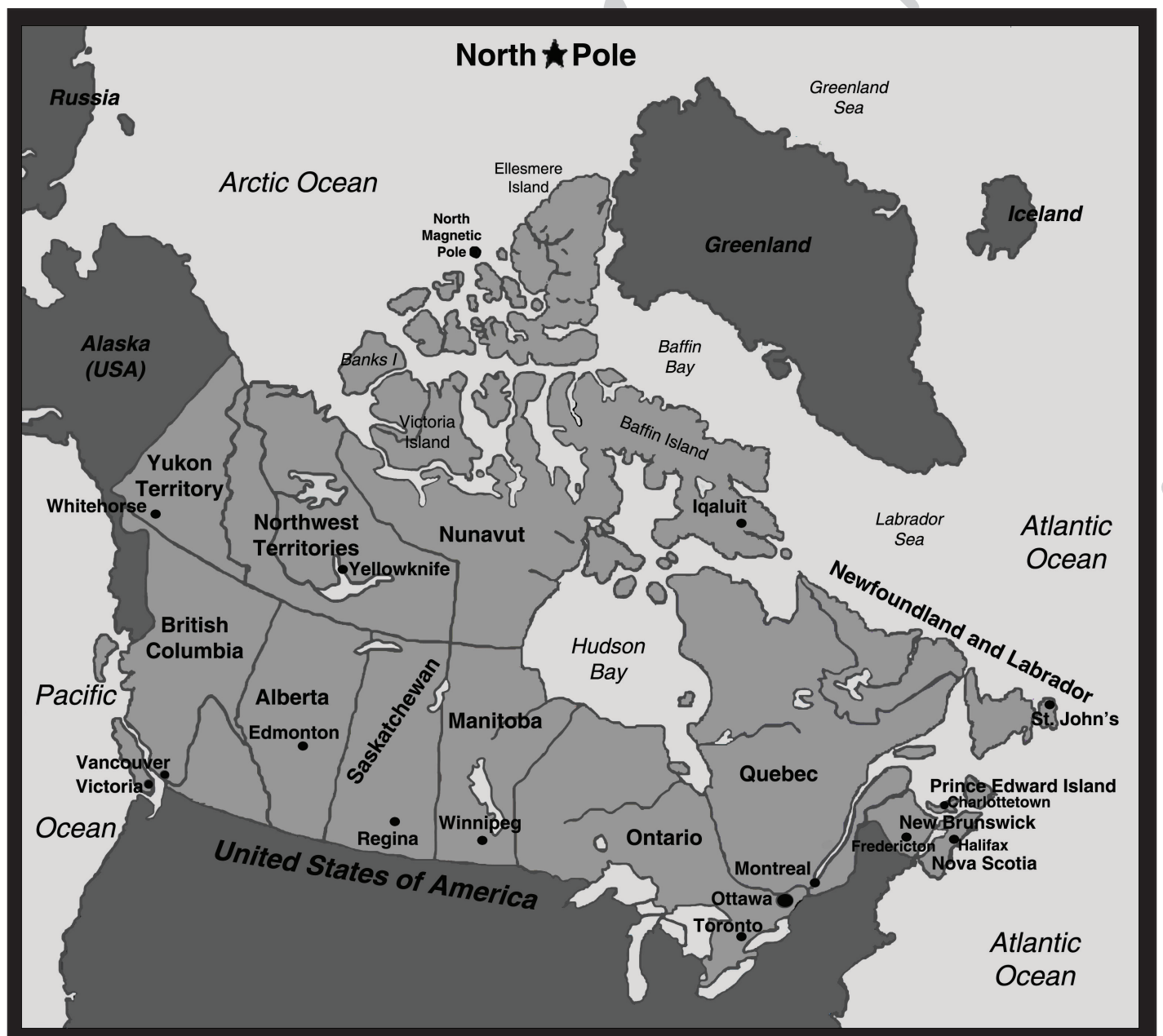
With the recent discovery of large deposits of unrefined oil, Alberta has gained a financial windfall. Minimum wage has skyrocketed, employers are offering several new incentives and benefits, and many have taken up travel to enjoy their newfound wealth. Despite these oil reserves, beef and lumber remain the provinces most common exports.

Alberta is well known for their hot summers and freezing winters. Tornadoes and thunderstorms occur sporadically, causing untold amounts of damage every year. Off the main Canadian highway, the Alberta Badlands (similar to the US Grand Canyon) stretch out almost as far as the eye can see. In this wind-swept, inhospitable land, there also resides one of the world's top Dinosaur skeleton displays complete with near life-size imitations of the thunder lizards.

The capital of Alberta is the city of Edmonton where tons of festivals and other attractions, like the West Edmonton Mall, keep tourists pouring in. The mall, which includes a waterslide, rollercoaster, hotel, skating rink, and hundreds of shops, was the world's largest until 2004 when the Golden Resources Shopping Mall in Beijing opened. Many Taylari have tried to set up nests inside the immense mall, but Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. continues to foil these attempts at every step. Instead, small collections of Taylari run many of the shops and most of the commerce flows through their pockets at one point or another.

Saskatchewan

Saskatchewan, the middle of the Prairie Provinces, has the highest and lowest extremes of weather. Blister-



Native American Reservations

Native Americans all across Canada have acres of land set aside by the government for their personal use. There are over two hundred reservations that dot the landscape of every province and territory in Canada, varying in size, population, and living quality. Some tribes live on the land, while others use it for hunting or logging, but it can really be used for any lawful purpose. They live tax-free besides those that are self-imposed, as long as no Canadian laws are broken.

Canadian government agencies often attempt to scale back or eliminate laws that benefit the Natives, but they protest loudly through peaceful marches and demonstrations. In some places, law enforcement officials and First Nation activists clash during such protests, ending with violence and resentment that can last for years. Their people voice complaints against the government, citing generally poorer living conditions on reservations and their mistreatment. More than once, the Canadian government has issued apologies, laws, or sums of money towards making amends with its oldest citizens.

Although Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. has many Native American agents (and is even led by a descendent), the company is rarely summoned to aid the reservations. Instead, they have their own ancient methods, including mystic shaman and centuries-old pacts with demons for protection.

ingly hot summers are followed by ice-cold winters with little to no respite. Nearly half of Canada's grain supply comes from Saskatchewan. It and Alberta are the only two provinces that do not touch an ocean. Although there are many streams and lakes, there are no large bodies of water anywhere in Saskatchewan's borders, which limits Loch interests. Instead, there is quite a lot of flat farmland. Music, the arts, and even dance drive the city along, as residents claim that Regina is Canada's "Cultural Capital". So many aspiring musicians and dancers get their start there that it has started to become true.

Regina is the capital city and has the worst crime rates of any Canadian city. Several robberies and assaults happen on the streets every year despite heavy police presence. Law enforcement offices have resorted to mandating a "non-enforced" curfew of midnight and forcing bars and nightclubs to close at this time as well. Anyone out after such a time is questioned, if the officers decide they are worth the time and effort. This has not yet stemmed the tide of violence in the city, but API uses this as an opportunity to conduct much of their business at night without large numbers of people out on the streets as witnesses or possible casualties. Taylari have followed suit. Numerous Tark portals open in Regina and they have been known to prowl the streets after dark and

reach through first-floor windows to snatch sleeping toddlers while no-one was around to prevent them.

Manitoba

Manitoba is composed mostly of large bodies of water and farmland. Cattle, potatoes and other agricultural produce are the main exports, mainly to other parts of Canada and the USA. The many lakes of Manitoba, and having the Hudson Bay directly to the north, make the province an ideal spot for Loch habitats. The Hudson Bay also leads directly to Arctic waters and ideal trade routes on the ocean. Although it has the clearest skies in Canada, Manitoba is famous for its numerous tornadoes and even has a stretch of land dubbed "Tornado Alley". Tornadoes cause chaos and mass destruction across the generally flat landscape of the province as they raze the farmland and tear apart homes. Winnipeg, the capital, is prone to flooding and heavy snowfall every year. Being mostly flat with only one real mountain range in sight, Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. easily monitors Manitoba via satellite. Missions into this province are generally carried out by sub-contractors led by one or two actual agents.

The Northern Territories

Canada's three far-north territories contain most of the country's wilderness and frozen lengths of land. Mining and tourism keep the territories alive and help keep Canada deep in wood, ore, and people in tacky shirts with cameras.

The Yukon

Although human settlements have been up north since before recorded history, the Yukon saw established towns and villages at the start of the fur trade and larger population surges during the gold rush in the 1890's. The territory still sees the majority of its income from mines that supply the country with various metals and ores.

The Yukon also sees its fair share of tourists due to the sheer amount of unspoiled nature. Miles and miles of forest stretch out in every direction. Whitehorse is the only city with a population higher than 2,000 people. Trucks carrying lead and lumber have learned to skillfully navigate the long roads that wind through mountain passes, regardless of weather conditions. In remote areas, power outages and being snowbound in winter are quite common.

API knows that it only takes one over-ambitious demon to take over a town in these conditions, leading to more preventative measures, including satellite surveillance. This is regardless of the small populace, as the company knows that certain dangers are more prevalent up north than in other areas of Canada.

Nunavut

Nunavut is the most sparsely populated place in the entire world. Many mundane recluses, magical hermits, and demons alike come here to escape into obscurity and frozen tundra. The few people there mine and produce gold and other minerals from the frozen ground.

Iqaluit is the small capital city of this mostly Inuit and Eskimo territory and only has around 7,000 people in it. Inuktitut is the most common language out in the frozen tundra, with English used by less than a quarter of the populace. Miles of ice and snow blur together up in this vast land only sparsely dotted by human settlements. Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. knows that the majority of Wendigos also call Nunavut their home, but leave them be unless real trouble arises. When agents venture to Nunavut local guides and translators are required by HQ, unless the agent has proven that they fully understand the customs. Adepts along the Path of Telepathy rarely need such precaution.

The Northwest Territories

The people of the Northwest Territories spend their years hauling diamonds out of frozen earth covered with blankets of snow and sheets of ice. So many diamonds are cultivated that this province would be the richest place in the world if it were its own country. The province has a population of less than 50,000, but flare-ups between the Native Americans, the Inuit, and the Caucasian inhabitants are relatively common. Most disagreements come from differences in health standards and wealth distribution, as the Caucasians have better access to both in most cases. API holds stocks in many of the diamond mines up north and keeps a close eye on them to protect this province (above others in some cases).

The East Coast

The east coast of Canada is made up of six provinces that range from fishing communities on a grand scale to towering metropolises. The country's largest cities and smallest towns are found on the East Coast, which makes for an interesting dichotomy. The Atlantic Ocean bares the brunt of the Countries fishing industry and many trade routes to Europe and Africa run out of the East Coast.

Ontario

Out of the ten provinces, Ontario is the largest and contains the most people. A great deal of its wealth comes from the sheer number of manufactured goods made in the capital of Toronto, including cars, electronics, machinery, and chemicals. Ontario also profits from its mining and forestry industry, but to a lesser extent than other provinces. It specializes in hydroelectricity, using the Niagara Falls for power and as a large tourist attraction. There is a wide landscape for plenty of wilderness activities and adventures including ATV riding, snowmobiling, rock-climbing, and skiing.

Ontario has one of the most diverse landscapes in all of Canada, with long stretches of wilderness broken up by colossal cities. Toronto is the country's biggest city, containing everything a major city would have: subways, sky trains, gangs, pollution, museums, the rich, and the homeless. Ontario also contains the country's capital, Ottawa and, because of its size and importance, Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. stations a large portion of its agents there.

Quebec

While the English made settlements up north, the French also landed a Colony on "The New World". Hundreds of years and squabbles later, Quebec now stands as a large and proud (if not overzealous) province, second only in size and population to Ontario. Hydroelectric dams power the province's strong dairy, high-end technology, paper, and livestock industries.

Quebec has a history of attempting to secede from Canada and become its own, sovereign country. Every time it is brought to vote at the parliament, it is overturned by a smaller and smaller opposition. The vote stirs up controversy, with several "Vote YES!" or "Vote NO!" banners and slogans covering Quebec's streets from apartment balconies or shouted from cars. Quebec City resides as the capital and contains many elements of European construction, including a stone wall around the older portion of the city. The Saint Lawrence River, a major trade route, runs directly by the city and Quebec City has many large ports to take advantage of it. Montréal also lies within Quebec's borders and was chosen by the Circle of Ten's French representatives very early in the country's history for its natural beauty and access to waterways.

Alaska

Although not an official part of Canada in any shape or form, patrolling the State has been "gifted" unto the Canadian branch of API due to its proximity. Thanks to inside agents at the border, crossing over to Alaska is simple for company personnel. The cold state is comprised of tons of national parks, millions of lakes, hundreds of tiny islands, a volcano, and much of the ground up north is frozen in permafrost. As with the majority of Canada, the region fluctuates between high temperatures in the summer, and dangerously low ones in the winter. Snow can be seen on the ground almost all year round. Petroleum and natural gas keep the state useful to the US. Amautaliks, Wendigo, and Fenris Wolves (page 48) all prowl around Alaska and many of the Eskimos in the capital city of Juneau have cautionary tales of them.

Newfoundland

Fishing and lumber make up the majority of the income for Newfoundland (and Labrador, the island just off the mainland) with mining and oil as secondary exports. It is a wet province, being mostly surrounded by water, but rolling hills, rocky and sprawling beaches are also part of the province's make-up. Fishing boats are known to go out for weeks at a time and return with nets full of fish to feed families or sell at markets.

A constant fog creeps up from the shore and helps Lochs without holographic assistance to blend in at a distance. They tend to help out the various communities that pop up along the coastline in exchange for a safe place to rest. This is, of course, done in secrets, so as not to be sanctioned by API. Taylari also prowl the foggy grounds and prey upon any isolated towns that get snowed in once the winter hits.

Nova Scotia

This peninsula province thrives on its fishing industries, small businesses, and mining. A welcoming province that is well-known for its maritime history and skill, Nova Scotia is also home to a large following of Celtic culture and beautiful seaside views. Week-long Celtic festivals run throughout the summer and fall and Peggy's cove attracts

hoards of worshippers to see its famous rocky shores and picture perfect fishing village scene. Because of their relaxed lifestyle, some say folks in Nova Scotia have the longest lifespan of anyone in Canada. The company has investigated this claim many times and has yet to find any evidence of immortals.

As the capital, Halifax acts as the largest city and port in the province. Halifax is full of parks, docks, sailboat clubs, and spacious harbors. The Bay of Fundy contains one of the largest Earth Loch breeding grounds.

New Brunswick

Although it has a sprawling coastline, New Brunswick is isolated from the bounty of the ocean itself by the Bay of Fundy and other neighboring Provinces. Sprawling forests and raging rivers make up most of the province, which bases its economy of mining, fishing, and forestry. After Quebec, New Brunswick has the largest bilingual percentage of people in Canada. Nearly a third of the country claims French as their native tongue. The capital of the province, Saint John, has a wealth of national historic sites, parks, and a large zoo. A team of API agents recently encountered several groups of Loch poachers just off the coast. Unfortunately, communication went dead shortly after and the whereabouts of those agents has yet to be discovered.

Prince Edward Island

Canada's smallest Province, Prince Edward Island (P.E.I.), is a place of rolling hills, lush forests, beautiful coastlines, and plenty of old-fashioned, smaller communities. The island's natural beauty is something the government tirelessly tries to maintain, some would argue unsuccessfully, as the number of golf courses and fisheries steadily rises. The province sustains itself on its fishing and natural gas resources, but also has a large influx of tourists who simply want to relax.

Charlottetown, being the capital and the most populated city in P.E.I., has plenty of musical venues, dinner theaters, shops, and costumed tours. Changelings often enjoy visiting the city as a place to bask in their solitude while also relaxing. However, a number of them have recently been found dead for no discernible reason. Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. has investigated the events, but has been unsuccessful thus far. With six dead Changelings and a missing agent, they've made this mission a priority.

The Aurora Borealis

Also called the Northern Lights, this phenomenon exists in the northernmost part of the hemisphere around the magnetic north pole. There is a counterpart to it at the magnetic South Pole called the Aurora Austrailis. What appears as translucent, multi-colored curtains swirling



in the sky is explained by science to be electromagnetic currents and solar wind simply interacting. Of course, Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. perpetuates this “scientific finding” to the public, as it keeps the real truth hidden.

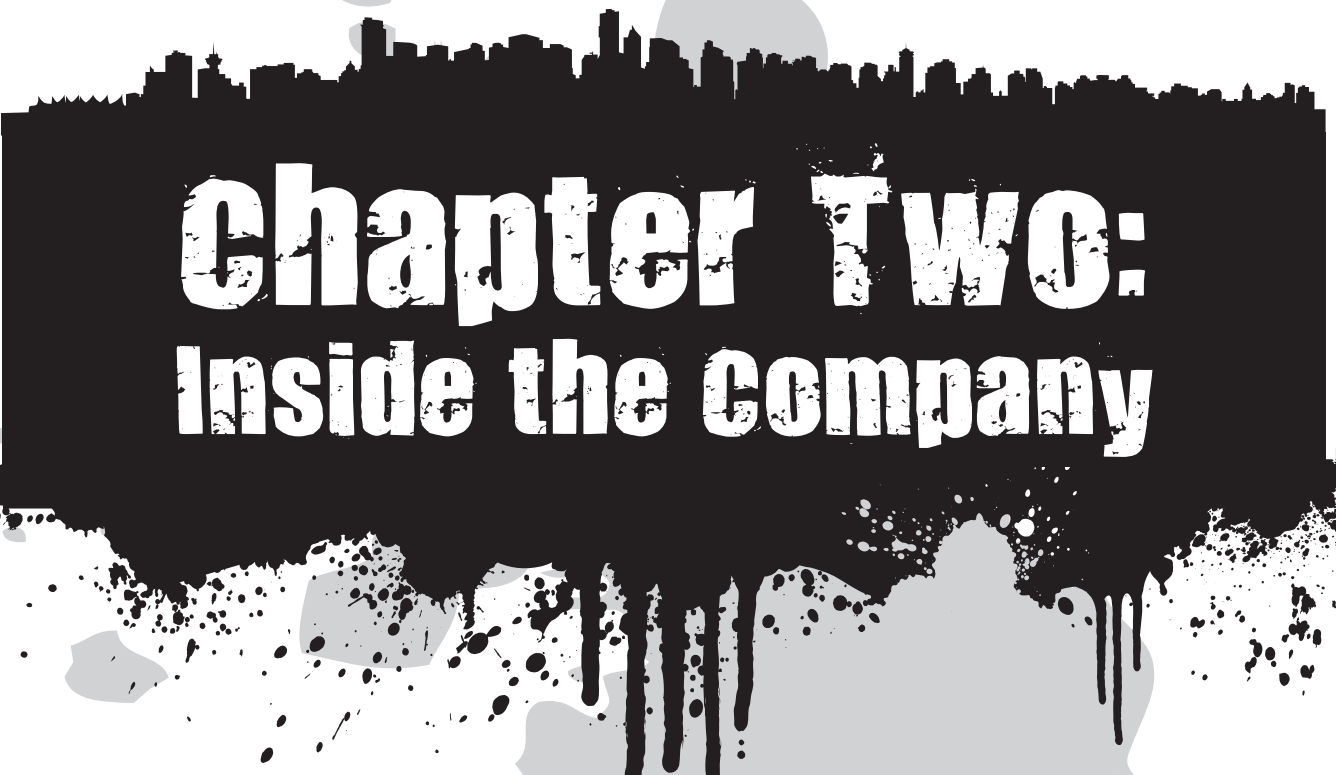
In reality, the Aurora is made up of discarded Mana (magical energy) that has been accidentally or incorrectly released into the world with a failed spell casting. In addition, it is believed to be the final place of rest for the souls of demons stuck on earth that do not become Spectrals. This becomes truer the farther north or south they are when they die. Those unlucky enough will have their soul absorbed and clustered around the Aurora, making it brighter and more colorful.

The Aurora has an unusual effect on biological beings that encounter it close to death. It houses thousands of demon souls and boundless, uncontrollable magic. Those close to death are often mutated into monsters or given uncontrollable magic by the Mana leaking from above. Spells cast near the lights can often go awry, either being magnified in power or having completely different effects altogether. a Tough (30) IQ + Discipline check is usually required to keep control, but this difficulty varies based on proximity.

No one knows where the Aurora originates from, but they have theories. Some believe that a group of powerful shaman attempted to fuse the Earth’s ley lines together to deny magic to their enemies. However, their ritual was flawed and, instead, created the lights that drain magical energy instead. Some say that there are hidden orders that are still attempting to recreate this ritual, but to what end?

Another theory is that it was created as the worst punishment imaginable for demons that found themselves on earth. Those that believe demons to be inherently evil also believe the Aurora to be an eternal punishment from a divine being and that the prism is a prison, binding demons in an excruciatingly painful limbo for the rest of time.

The Devotees of the Cull (page 36) believes it is simply a side-effect of the entity’s failed attempt to force its way out through the ice and into another world. Its power was so great that it ripped a hole in the barriers that separate dimensions and that demon spirits are drawn to it in an attempt to escape back to their home dimension through this rift... but there is no escape.



Chapter Two: Inside the company

API's History in Canada

During the Black Plague, Guillot Robert was the Circle of Ten's greatest strategist and played a key role in the capture of the Plague Queen. He planned their attack, each member's role within (i.e. bait, distractions, attackers) and exact timing for maximum impact, and their plan came to perfect fruition when the final killing blow was dealt. It seemed there was nothing beyond this Frenchman's intellect, which is why his memory lives on within the company even today. Some say that he was quite selective with his wives, planning for the exact type of children he would raise, passing on his lessons to each generation and giving them the tools to make their family line fruitful. The success of his descendents could never be mistaken for mere luck.

While current information on the Canadian HQ is provided in agent orientation, few outside of the company know that the base was actually created several years

before Canada was a country. In the mid-1400's, almost a century after destroying the Plague Queen, Absolon Robert, descendent of the great strategist, set out in search of unique demon species to create treaties with. This journey was funded by a fledgling United Prospectors Corp who sent the young man on a fool's errand. Rule within the Circle of Ten dictated that the oldest living child takes over the reigns of power for any family line and Absolon was second born. However, the young man took that job to prove that rule completely fallible.

His older sibling stayed behind in France to be groomed by the Circle of Ten, told what to do and think, but Absolon decided to travel the world on the ship of Jacques Cartier, a French explorer on his way to India. Instead, as history states, they found the land that later would be known as Canada. Their ship touched down in the location of what is now Montréal, which at this time was inhabited by Native American tribes. This is where the young man and a handful of followers decided to start their work, staying behind with the natives and saying

goodbye to sea life. They made peace with these people, the Algonquins, meeting their leaders and learning of local threats... of which there were many.

Absolon had learned a fair amount of magic from his father, but also learned several spells on his own to communicate with and ward against spirits. He used these to help the mostly peaceful natives, as it appeared that their ancestors were continuously angered. The tribes had to face their own brand of spirits, monsters, and even faeries, all of which were similar to those found on the Motherland. However, they had one thing that was different and unexpected... Wendigo. Combining his magic with strategy and his father's teachings, he aided in capturing the first of these creatures. Finding that they were no longer truly human, Absolon was the first to categorize cursed or altered humans as Demons, further solidifying humanity's role in the future company.

Over the coming years, the young Robert built up a steady following of natives and the Circle of Ten sent additional representatives by speedy ship (aided with magic from the Path of Portals). Even Absolon's sibling visited in order to lead, but showed a great incompetence in communicating with others. The young pioneer led the people instead and aided the peaceful tribes in years of war with the aggressive, rival Iroquois in Montréal, all the while attempting to keep direct company involvement to a minimum. Absolon and his followers carved out large underground caves where their members lived in relative peace, many of them intermarrying with the Algonquins.

Many wars went on around them for centuries, from those with hostile natives to settlement by the Europeans, and even encroachment from the US. The Montréal HQ was always understaffed since its inception. The installment of a second North American HQ in Coloma, California spelled hope, but instead they proved too busy with cultivating large amounts of gold to be of any to send help to their northern comrades. This trend continues even today, despite often doctored documents that state otherwise.

However, with knowledge of the land learned from the native tribes and their leader's inborn strategic mind from the Robert family line, API Canada has been able to sustain a hold on the country with minimal numbers for centuries. Other offices would have faltered and fallen into shambles, much like what happened in Mongolia, but the blood of the Robert line is strong-willed and does not give up. Also, while the Circle of Ten as a whole has kept the tradition of firstborn control, Canadian leaders have always been chosen by merit, not their birth order.

Desperate Times

Even since its founding, API's Canadian HQ has operated with minimal manpower and resources provided by

In-House Rogues

Canada has had few agents go rogue under Gerard's watch. On paper, this looks amazing for his region, even if the documents are then altered by the Board. However, in practice, this is due to a sad state of affairs.

Because of the HQ's lack of manpower, serious claims against agents are often disregarded, based entirely on their service record. For example, it isn't likely that a well-respected Elite with a career of impressive captures and successful missions will be brought up on charges for any crimes they commit. Claims of trafficking demons, accepting bribes, and moonlighting as assassins are overlooked by the great strategist as long as missions are fulfilled in return. Newer agents are not so lucky and often feel the brunt of punishments that should have been allocated to the more seasoned in-house rogues.

the Circle of Ten. In the past, this was due to intra-circle squabbles regarding the rule of that region by firstborn of their family line which stalled the supply of both money and agents. Today it simply seems that Canada is not high on the list of priorities for API, what with the invasion of Lochs in South America, the Chromatic attacks on US soil, and keeping up with the hundreds of pacts in Europe.

Gerard Robert, the leader of the Canadian HQ and esteemed descendent of Guillot Robert, has done his best to keep the country afloat. His agents respect him, but his pull with the Circle of Ten has dwindled due to a less than effective Board of Directors. His pleas for monetary aid and additional agent deployment usually fall on deaf ears, save for the few times that Annabelle Ilsey has taken pity on them and sent US agents to assist.

Otherwise, agents under Canadian command know they have a harsh road ahead and that they have to survive primarily without help from outside sources. They have to fight smarter, not harder, and they have the great strategist to lead the way in doing exactly that.

Differing Procedures

Canadian agents are trained in similar ways to US agents. They are stripped of their identities and DNA, cut off from their past lives, given new purpose and training, and sent out to police the supernatural communities within their territory. However, the local standard operating procedures differ greatly from other countries.

The largest difference is that Canadian agents are trained to subdue opponents instead of kill them. Other regions make the official statement that killing is a "last resort", but human and demon death tolls have still

New Elite Techniques

These Elite Techniques can be selected in addition to those listed on page 129 of the API corebook. Canadian Elites tend to train in less aggressive, more non-lethal tactics than their counterparts in other countries, leading to the following techniques:

Fire Hands

(Speed +1, Stamina +2)

The Elite has trained in the use of mystic breathing exercises to control the flow of blood in their bodies. This technique allows them to warm their hands to an uncomfortable temperature for demons that are sensitive to heat. Striking one of said demons with their bare hands causes 3 fire damage (in addition to any normal damage). This technique is difficult to maintain for long periods and can only be used two times per hour. If used further, the Elite loses 3 (NL) with each use, as their hands begin to feel the adverse effects of the altered blood flow. This technique can be taken a second time to allow four uses per hour.

Ice Hands

(Speed +2, Stamina +1)

Same as Fire Hands, except it affects Demons that are sensitive to the cold.

Subdue

(Speed 6, Stamina 2, -3 Strike)

Requires Focused Strikes. When facing a humanoid opponent, the Elite has learned exactly the right spots to strike in order to render them unconscious instantly and without needing to deal damage. The fighter makes their roll to Strike normally. If they are successful, the target must then make a VIG + Fortitude check with Difficulty equal to the Strike roll. If they fail, they fall unconscious for a number of Rounds equal to the Elite's IQ. Can be taken a second time to change the duration from Rounds to minutes.

Take Down

(Speed +3, Stamina +3, -2 Grapple)

Elites in Canada are professionals at subduing their opponents quickly and efficiently. Some use Grappling as a way to handle this task. The Elite with this technique makes their check to initiate a Grapple normally and then immediately launches into a chosen Grapple Maneuver without needing to use a second Action. The target must dodge the Grapple normally and then also react to the Maneuver. Can be taken a second time to lower the values to (Speed +1, Stamina +1)

skyrocketed as compared to Canada. They are provided with S.R.Ts (page 47) and other gear that can defeat opponents in a non-lethal manner so that they may then be brought back to the HQ. Their operation depends on this rule, as many sub-contractors (and agents in some cases) have been acquired through this method of capture and rehabilitation.

To facilitate this process, Canadian agents are equipped with vastly different standard equipment from their US counterparts. Agents find themselves without firearms, grenades, and explosives. Even swords are banned on certain missions. Instead, agents must rely on their wits, ingenuity, incredible training, non-lethal weaponry, and (most importantly) teamwork in order to survive. Despite these restrictions, Canada still has some of the most advanced weapon technology at their disposal.

Only Elites have the authority to kill or the ability to give permission to another agent to do so. Without said permission, an agent could be stripped of rank or even incarcerated for years if the offense was harsh enough. While this may seem drastic, this extreme is taken only in the worst case scenarios. Usually, the agent is questioned and let off with only a slap on the wrist. Even if it was not an accident, they more than likely get off as long as it was their first offense. API has very few agents as it is and know better than to punish good agents for technicalities, even if they are really deserving.

While most understand that this rule is obviously extended for sentient beings, many agents profess that

taking in vicious beasts, such as Amautaliks or Fenris Wolves (page 48), is far more dangerous than just putting them down. As it stands, API Canada's "no death" policy extends to all supernatural creatures, as there are hundreds of experiments undertaken in hopes of one day controlling these beasts for the benefit of the company. The only exception to this rule is for the minions of the TUTI, which cannot be bargained with or rehabilitated and can cause severe damage if an attempt is made to capture them.

Secondly, routine inspections for Illegals occur heavily within more populated areas, including metropolises and reservations, especially sectors closest to Montréal. However, agents that man outposts are lucky to survive the harsh environment and solitude. Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. knows that many Illegals are left unchecked, but they cross each bridge as they come to it and have, thus far, been safe. Illegal immigration to Canada has become increasingly common, but API has placed outposts at the borders between the US and Canada to stop these occurrences where they begin. They have registered many demons without the subject's knowledge, which has led to the arrests of many illegals, so it has had some positive effects thus far.

Board of Directors

Like other HQs, Canada is hardly a dictatorship run by the great strategist. Instead, the items he introduces are voted on by his appointed Board of Directors. Unfortu-

nately, said Board is headed up by Gerard's older brother, Serge Robert, who was firstborn of their family line.

The two of them have never gotten along, even when they were boys, and Serge holds a lot of resentment toward his younger brother for being chosen as leader over him. He curses his father's name for putting his weakling of a brother in charge and uses his substantial influence to find opportunities to pass a minimal number of items through the Board. By diluting crucial requests for additional support to menial begging, Serge has had a hand in the continued under-funding of the HQ, hoping to push his brother to the breaking point.

Most new agents notice right away that Gerard Robert's involvement with the Board of Directors is minimal. He has a tendency to pursue his own goals despite his brother's objections, only presenting items to the Board for a vote when the cards are stacked in his favor. However, for all the strategic moves Gerard has, Serge holds just as much (if not more) hate inside of him and probably won't stop until his brother is knocked down a peg. Heinous reports from Serge to the company and opposition from the company regarding the installment of the Radicals (page 28) division with disregard to policy have earned Gerard a poor reputation within the Circle of Ten. But one can never be too sure with the great strategist... he may have just planned it that way.

The Thing Under the Ice (TUTI)

While Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. has gathered quite a bit of information on this entity called the Thing Under the Ice (or TUTI for short) from first-hand accounts, surveillance scanners, and written legend, exact data is still elusive. Its humorous moniker does not belie the true threat it presents. It is a creature of hunger, that much is for sure... and its food of choice are the still-beating hearts of living beings. Agents always know TUTI minions are around when they find bodies thrown about with empty chests.

The entity's origins are wholly unknown, leaving much to chance when attempting to face it. Even while trapped thousands of miles below the ice, the TUTI still represents a tangible threat. It sends minions to the surface, like the Harvesters (page 49), used to collect hearts forcibly, or

the Possessors (page 51), used to take over beings and force them into subservience. The worst of these minions are the Slugs (page 51), used to actually impregnate a human to create beings born to feast on hearts just like their "parent". Cults that spring up all over Canada fill with disillusioned people who think the TUTI is some sort of second coming or savior. And, at times where subtlety is not what the entity is after, it sends large tentacles that crack through the ice and cause massive destruction.

The company has even recently found a few TUTI followers within their own ranks. They acted as spies for the entity, but luckily were not privy to API's more top secret areas. The culprits were sent to the Pods and attempts to deprogram them are still ongoing, a loss the HQ could have done without. Gerard Robert has since cracked down on personnel and worked to perfect scanners to sense traces of DNA from the entity using a tissue sample acquired at the last battle with its minions.

API has made the TUTI and its minions top priority, a necessity as attacks occur more and more often. TUTI Cults are squashed, possessed people saved, and the children of the TUTI, the Infected, are found and put down. However, the great strategist has a secret and dangerous plan to rid the Earth of the entity and the first step is to put the TUTI on the defensive. Thus far, this phase has gone swimmingly, with victory after victory for squads in recent years. The second phase is in development and involves the Aurora Borealis.

For more information on the TUTI, see page 34.



Using the Aurora Borealis

The phenomenon known as the Aurora Borealis (page 18) is rooted in science and mysticism. Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. determined long ago that the swirling lights contain a potent source of natural Mana, as well as collections of pooled Mana from failed magic. The swirling lights have also proven to absorb spirits that venture too closely and can draw some demon spirits into it from hundreds of mile away. It is a danger to Spectral agents, which is the reason there are so few in Canada. However, the strategist knows that, if sufficiently tapped, the Aurora Borealis could be enough to defeat the entity known as the TUTI.

Combining complex magic from the Path of Mirrors and the latest in weapons technology, the great strategist and API scientists have begun work on a device known only as the “Mirror Blaster”. Using a collection of modified Mirror Boxes (page 56) to absorb light from the Aurora Borealis, they can create the most powerful source of energy known today, intensified tenfold in the great strategist’s hands. The scientists’ contribution is the construction of a massive cannon, fueled by the mirror boxes and using strategically-placed magical mirrors at certain outposts to create a blast of spiritual energy capable of firing anywhere in the country. The company hopes it will be enough to do away with the TUTI for good.

However, blasting through thousands of miles of ice and earth is nearly impossible and the TUTI’s exact location is still unknown, forcing the great strategist to implement the third stage of his secret plan. After the Mirror Blaster is complete, the TUTI must be set free from its prison. Unknown to most agents, except for Cassie Fredericks (page 29) and those others directly involved, Gerard has already put this phase in motion, as the completion of the cannon is drawing near.

Cults of the TUTI have been allowed to thrive in specific regions that official reports are forged to state are clear of danger. Infected DNA has been used to clean up API’s offices, but field use of this information has been limited so that the entity’s forces are able to flourish, thus bringing the TUTI closer to freedom. Urgent matters are

handled promptly and they must defeat periodic TUTI minions to keep up appearances, but the great strategist truly wants the entity to grow in power. Only then can it be utterly destroyed.

Canadian HQ Details

The HQ is positioned underground, just as the first base was so many years ago when it was only carved out caves and tunnels. However, today’s is several miles deeper and 99% of their mundane entrances have been eliminated.

Entrance Portals

Undetectable and accessible only with a Mirror Key (page 46) entrance portals exist in plain sight throughout Montréal and allow agents unfettered access to the underground HQ. These portals were created using an advanced mixture of Mirror and Portal magic, both the specialty of the great strategist, Gerard Robert. Under extreme circumstances, the small disc-shaped mirrors permit instantaneous travel to the HQ from any distance away (unless stopped by magical means).

Some entrances are disguised as toll booths that an agent can enter but never exit, while another may be at the back of an “always out of order” stall of a dilapidated men’s room. The majority of them, however, exist at the various subway ramps. Normally, agents are required to enter the base only as a new subway car has made its way to the ramp. As they enter among a mass of people, they easily vanish from site and no one is the wiser, rationalizing that they were just lost in the shuffle. The same goes for exiting the subway, as they may appear in the bustling crowds that exit the subways just as easily. There are a few emergency areas set up throughout Montréal, so agents should never be more than five miles from a portal at any time.

Those stuck at far away outposts can use their Mirror Key to teleport home (unless it has been lost or destroyed), but even though this method of travel is easy to perform, it is only used in emergencies, as the key breaks under the stress of using such magic. If ever stuck without a Mirror Key, an agent can attempt to find any of the well-hidden mundane passages throughout Montréal. These, however, require the agent to travel up to ten miles underground through intricate tunnels.

After entering the portal, the agent appears on a glass platform and is surrounded by walls of the same. Before them is an impenetrable glass door and they are faced with pressing the correct areas in sequence to unlock the door. Each time they touch the door, it lights up where they touched and only the correct code will open it. Other agents can see who is behind the door from inside, but they often leave absent-minded colleges there to see

LeyLines.Org

It should be noted that LLO (page 39) utilizes completely different spells than Gerard Robert does, as if they were two Orders that practice the same Path of magic in separate ways. The great strategist cannot wait to get his hands on their secrets. However, the independent franchise is certainly not sharing its secret of using Portal and Mirror magic to port anywhere across Canada without limit. The great strategist has begun seeing flaws in their design and breaking down their formula, getting closer to finding the source of their magic.

just how long it takes them to remember the code. One has to do something with one's time, right? This code is changed regularly to keep it from being leaked.

The Sage Station

The mirrored entrance doors open to a spacious command central. The great hall is lined with mirrors and pillars throughout the room that seem to support the fifty foot ceilings. There are a number of workstations in this area, each one working in conjunction with the others to constantly filter information coming into the HQ. Some are tapped communications, some analyze video feeds on large screens, and some are even used for simple data entry.

Elevated in the center of the room is the Sage Station, helmed by the one and only Francois Robert (Page 30), chief communications expert for the facility. The Sage Station has a single seat in the center, with hanging screens and several readouts of various data. Francois uses his genius-level intellect to keep tabs on everyone's status in the facility, communicate with agents in outpost stations, check for reports of Illegals, and the million other tasks he can perform while multi-tasking. Others who try to use the Sage Station usually find that they lack the skill necessary. Francois usually controls the station's systems, even when away, from a cybernetic wireless hookup.

The Treating Room

The HQ has grown several times in the past few decades, each time encompassing more square mileage to accommodate expanding prisons and newly-recruited agents that join periodically. However, as a matter of tradition and respect to the original engineer those built it, they have kept one location exactly the same.

When in need of a place for intense physical training, agents need only turn to the Treating Room. The hall is outfitting with several types of weapons from different cultures and arts to train with. They can often find Cassie Fredericks here (page 29) training a fresh batch of new recruits (and usually kicking their asses) or she may be available for a quick sparring session. She can be a huge help in showing a would-be sparring partner use of the supplied weapons... firsthand.

The Treating Room is also used when facility-wide meetings are in order. With the simple pulling of a lever, the weapons are instantly drawn into the walls and sealed, and the padded floors are removed and replaced with a large round table that rises from the ground in its place. The meeting table itself has a holographic map of Canada and can become a 3D presentation, if required. Gerard Robert always likes to have personal meetings with his agents, giving the group rundowns of situations in person and seemingly keeping few secrets, unless it is absolutely necessary. Agents can also ask questions and

Inmates of Note

The Pods have been home to many notorious criminals and its current inmates are no exception. Below are a few interesting prisoners that call the Canadian HQ their home:

- **Toor:** Not all Husks are lazy. Toor, for instance, was part of a multi-dimensional terrorist plot to destroy humanity. Using her body as a vessel, she brought a self-replicating flesh-eating disease and many of the creatures that carried and spread the disease to Earth. Her capture was simple, but the company was forced to offer immunity to an incarcerated Carrier to destroy the disease. The Carrier was set free, but stays an informant for API. Toor knows that Carrier's name and has sent others to silence him in hopes of releasing an even deadlier disease.
- **Patient Zero:** This inmate is actually the end result of the first round of API's testing performed with energy from the Aurora Borealis. Once a normal person, Patient Zero lost all knowledge of his real life and became a being that now exists only to harm others. He is kept in isolation, presenting a danger to other inmates (having even killed two in the past). Scientists believe that his condition was caused by exposure to demon souls in the Aurora's energy and the company has vowed to find a cure for the affliction they caused... in time. Theoretically, it is reversible.
- **Wayne Boden:** In 2006, the infamous "Vampire Rapist" died in incarceration. Prior, he went on a three-year rape spree and was known for biting the breast of his victims hard enough to draw blood. When he passed the Bright Lights did not call to him, leaving him to continue his living tradition of attacking, raping, and killing women. He attacked fourteen victims as a ghost before API captured him three months later, placing his spirit immediately in the Pods. Few in the prison like him, and the guards often turn a blind eye while those inmates with necromantic knowledge torture his ectoplasmic form.

gather information of their leader, hopefully allowing them to return alive.

Most agents have a warm feeling about the Treating room, as it is the best of both worlds. A few even pull the room-changing lever for hours in pure wonder, watching the intricacies of the transformation with awe. They are usually sent on long away missions shortly after.

The Pods

Canada's HQ has a centralized penitentiary for Illegals to live the rest of their days, or at least until they submit to the company. The Pods are exactly that, dozens of rows of small cells that utilize bio-dome technology. Each Pod has enough room to hold up to four individuals, but low demand usually provides prisoners their own. The cell door is clear and made from a material that absorbs Mana. It is naturally soundproof, but guards can hear through it at will using their special earpieces. Inside of



the cells, the environment can be adjusted to suit any conditions needed for the prisoner, including the dead of cold for some or blistering heat for others.

Prisoners with unique diets have their food sources artificially replicated and supplied (i.e. synthetic blood for vampires, a special combination of gases for Husks, etc.). Never a savory meal, but it is provided to keep them alive, not to taste good. Few prisons take this much care in keeping their captives comfortable, but this is all part of a greater strategy.

The facility treats its inmates like they are in a low security area, giving them freedoms that no other Illegals can enjoy. They are allowed to roam around the Pods at their leisure, congregate as they will (with only minor restrictions) and are treated with respect and decency... as long as they behave. Some use this increased freedom as opportunity to conduct business, acquiring drugs, selling their own blood, or obtaining things other prisoners may want. It is suspected that certain guards are in on this as well, but no charges have ever been brought up.

The moment they disobey an order or cause chaos in the Pods, they are welcome to a harsh penalty. A few reports have come in about frustrated agents just looking for a prisoner to resist or disobey a direct order so they can let loose on them. This isn't as common as one would think, but does happen on occasion to API's dismay. The company tries to close the book on these cases pretty quickly, unless there are repeat offenses by the same agents or against a particular inmate.

Physical punishments are rare in the Pods. Instead, the real punishment comes with an adjustment to the prisoner's pod. They are locked in their cell, where the settings can be changed to make the room as uncomfortable as possible, but without killing the demon. For Taylari, their room is lit with the strongest beams of artificial sunlight, for a Burner, it may reach temperatures well below thirty degrees, and a Wendigo's pod may be filled with the aroma of raw human flesh, while forced to go days without eating. This type of treatment is usually enough to push a smart inmate in the right direction.

Questions have been raised by the Circle of Ten about the justifications of this modified torture on their prisoners, but Canada's violence statistics are much lower and their rehabilitation rates much higher than other regions. The great strategist just ignores his fellow Circle members.

Demon Agents

Burners

With the rare exception of the occasional US agent sent to assist Canada with a mission, Burners do not call Canada home. Few want to travel farther north than the state of Georgia, avoiding cold climates at any cost. They can survive in Canada with the help of certain magic or cybernetic implants, but few are willing to go through the extreme fatigue from constant spell casting or the invasive surgery to travel to a place with such a poor reputation in the US (often undeserved). Some flee to Canada to escape attacks from Chromatics, the dreaded machine race that hunts the Burners, but even in Canada they are not safe. On three different occasions the aforementioned hunt has spilled over onto Canadian soil and each time the attack caused massive damage to the country and morale.

Changelings

Changelings have representatives everywhere in the world and Canada is no exception. Their expertise in appearing as anyone has helped the Canadian HQ, as more covert operations means less manpower needed and more subtlety to missions. They are also perfect for solo missions exploring frozen wastelands for days or weeks at a time, as they have no qualms about long periods of solitude. Instead, they prefer it in most cases. These

skills make them invaluable to API Canada, but still few Changelings have reached high-ranking positions within the company. The exception to this is Trask of the Radicals (see sidebar), but others are constantly restationed to whatever outpost or API cell is currently in the most need. Agents don't take offense to these assignments, because they know their role is ultimately important to Earth's survival.

Husks

The Husks ventured to Earth nearly 300 years ago, landing on Canada's doorstep. They were akin to an orphan child with nothing to offer, but a race that was not easily turned away. Portals from their homeworld brought many noxious gases to Earth, but API was alerted quickly by the Alpha Packs and they were able to clear the forests of any ill-effects.

The first Husks were kept quarantined in a sector of the Pods for months as the Circle of Ten decided on the unique race's fate on Earth. Many points were made for them: they learned Earth culture quickly, require no food to survive, and greed is non-existent to their race. The points against were that the Husks had zero drive and would contribute nothing to this world. That was, until API saw the Husks' spark of creativity. Along the time that they were quarantined, they painted, decorated, and made their pods into works of art. They were freed and allowed residence on Earth under strict guidelines. The Husks would serve Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. and aid in their lack of manpower that existed even then.

When on duty and performing duties that are required of them by API, they show great courage and drive. When off duty, they do little more than experiment with new artistic expressions. These standing agreements made the transition easier for new Husks that followed through randomly-opened portals to Earth. It appears that their portals suffered from the same kaleidoscopic effect created by the Burners.

Lochs

Lochs have gained a strong foothold over most of the seas over centuries in the Americas. They fight to defend Canada's waterways as well and have extended their reach to this region specifically to study the Aurora Borealis. Nothing like this phenomenon exists in Domainya and few have seen such displays of beautiful, swirling light. Their alchemists hope to use the HQ's mastery of the Path of Mirrors and their ability to harness this energy to further their chances of breaking the Contagion. True, the Aurora's potent Mana is alien to the foundations of the magic behind their curse, but any route that may prove fruitful is worth trying.

They do not have a strong presence in Montréal, but their numbers prove useful to farther outposts and along the coastlines. They are unaffected by the coldness of

diving or fighting in icy waters, making them a great ally when battling enemies that spring up from the deep, including places where the TUTI has gained roots.

Spectral

The Canadian HQ has shown that they have little use for Spectral agents. While powerful in their own right, the great strategist has no place for them in his plans. Random Spectral disappearances through the Aurora Borealis make them ill-suited for dependable field work and the HQ's best minds are still quite alive. However, preparations are already in order to summon forth their ghosts, should this be necessary.

The few Spectrals that the company deals with are used solely for experimentation. As API scientists test their budding weapon projects they often bind ghosts and use their ectoplasm as fuel, mimicking the energy of the Aurora Borealis sufficiently. Spectral immigrants travel frequently to the US where they are given more respect.

Taylari

Agents of the living vampire variety are a company necessity in Canada. Vampire Society's agreements with Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. to self-police their numbers certainly holds strong for Taylari in the southern areas, where the population is dense and company coverage is strong. However, their power becomes less and less influential the farther north one travels. Vast expanses of ice and very little company give some Taylari the idea that Vampire Society no longer has a hold on their actions. The cult of Two Thousand Sleepers (page 40) reinforces this thought process and uses it to gain dozens of members.

Taylari agents become the company's buffer between the two vastly different vampire groups. They are able to

Illegal Demon Agents

The Canadian HQ takes on the normally applied rules of labeling some demon races as Illegal, under the API Registration Act. However, the Great Strategist is not so blind as to ignore resources that are readily available. In the past, deals have been struck with certain Illegals for information, aid, or even outright service to the company as agents. To date, this has only been implemented on two different occasions. However, one Oracle became a full-fledged agent, under direct supervision of Gerard Robert himself, unknown to other agents due to the use of luck magic and image emitters. Another, a Carrier, became an informant after an especially deadly attack from a rogue Husk. While they both prove a valuable asset to the company, it's been found that most Illegals are often much too resentful toward Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. to make suitable agents or field informants, posing too much of a risk in the long run.

The Radicals

Under the command of Trask (page 31), the Radicals are an alternative to sending the few Elites the Canadian HQ has at its disposal into overly-dangerous situations. This group is composed of five heavily-trained agents, each with a different background and each of them a demon. They are often at odds with Elites, having almost as much training and expertise and a similar level of authority. They outrank every other agent, except for Elites, and often act in such a capacity when an Elite isn't around.

Assembling this special taskforce was all the work of the great strategist. In the company's current political climate, Gerard Robert felt it necessary to commend and reward agents that have proven themselves worthy of such entitlements, whether human or not. Others within the Circle of Ten have called for disbandment of the Radicals, but he ignores these edicts just as they ignore his.

More responsibility for the Radicals' members means additional duties at frozen outposts, search and destroy missions, and other dirty deeds that API needs done. They are usually happy to performed their required tasks in their own way, but know that they are on a short leash, as too much destruction leads to Elites on their ass. Otherwise, the Radicals are a group of no-nonsense, take-no-prisoner demons with the authority to do just about anything the great strategist asks.

Currently, the group is composed of one Changeling (Trask), two Wolf People, one Husk, and one Taylari, but as the time for protocol and manners diminishes, more demons will likely be added to this increasingly prestigious group.

act as liaisons to Vampire Society, helping API to settle most differences without violence or bloodshed. They were most instrumental in crushing the bad element within Montréal's UnderCity (page 13) for instance. They are also quite capable spies and were sent to infiltrate several camps of the Two Thousand Sleeper. Data returned on this group reports that the vampire cult seems to be in a constant state of growth, much to the company's dismay. To date only one agent has been lost on this type of mission, but the cult appears to have become wise to the company's ploys afterward.

Wendigo

During the centuries that API was building the foundations of the Canadian HQ, the Wendigo were a constant threat. As natives to the country, they had more knowledge of the land and had already learned how to use magic to their advantage. They attacked the peaceful tribes that helped the company's founders, forcing them to enact certain protective pacts with the Native Americans. Their ancient shamanistic traditions held secrets to avoid becoming Wendigo and ways of warding off the demons (See Wendigo Charm, page 47). Eventually, the

company was driven underground by the threat, where the first HQ was established.

Today, Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. is a powerhouse and any threat that the Wendigo present is not nearly as great. Through collaboration with the Alpha Packs and other underground organizations, violent Wendigo can be easily located, isolated, and captured. In the best circumstances the company also attempts rehabilitation, with mixed results. The process of removing their tongue thorns is always both painful and very invasive, but the company has yet to figure out methods of removing the hunger that drives these mad demons.

Other agents have a love-hate relationship with Wendigo. After the process to effectively neuter them, they make perfectly good agents. Their towering strength provides muscle to fight physical dangers and their ability to hide among humanity helps to keep their existence secret. However, they are known cannibals and possess an unstoppable hunger, making others suspicious of any Wendigo they interact with.

Wolf People

Wolves have an expansive population in the Canadian forests, creating a great environment for Wolf People to survive and take up permanent residence. Their numbers within the company also grow exponentially each year and they are lucky that the Canadian HQ has few of the same hang-ups or prejudices as their US counterparts. With the company's lack of manpower and the large quantity of Ferals, the company is smart to utilize their race's muscle and cunning. Most squads have at least one Wolf Person in the crew. Not only can they work within cities to break up riots and chase down dimensional culprits, but they also act as the primary line of defense as they pose as wolves in the deep forests.

Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. also works alongside the Alpha Pack (Page 32) on occasion to keep the country secure. This relationship is thanks to the agents within the company that share the same Wolf People heritage. API has a few spies within the various Alpha Packs, reporting back with news the company couldn't obtain otherwise.

Notable Characters

Gerard Robert

"The Great Strategist"

Race: Human

Passion: Perfection

Age: 42

Background: In defiance of Circle of Ten tradition, the Robert family line has elevated only the most skilled child born from each generation to power, instead of the firstborn. Gerard Robert was that child for his generation,

much to his older brother's dismay (See Board of Directors on page 22). He was raised by his mother and lived relatively happily on a native reservation for most of his life. When indoctrinated into the Circle of Ten at the age of 22, his father groomed him to take command. They filled him in on outpost locations, polished his training of Mirror magic, and shared their family secret. Each generation magically passes down all of the knowledge of generations past to their chosen recipient. Gerard not only thinks with his own mind, but also those of all his ancestors since the Circle of Ten began. This is how the Robert family has come to possess the world's greatest strategists.

Gerard has led the Canada HQ alone for just over twenty years, never having had a serious relationship. The constant strategizing of his mind makes it hard to form attachments. Even outside of romantic notions, he has no true friends and his remaining family isn't worth his time. Many believe this is why he has taken Francois Chevalier under his wing. The young Wolf Person is actually Gerard's son from his time before the company ruled his life... and the great strategist is grooming him to be the next in line to take on the Robert family gift.

Personality: Gerard rarely talks unless there's something important to say, one of his most defining characteristics. He is uncannily silent to the point that some forget he's in the room while he constantly evaluates others' mannerisms and body language.

Appearance: Gerard has a mixed heritage of French and Aboriginal, giving him a slight tan and an accent. His brown hair is thick, but he keeps it relatively short and sports round-framed glasses. His expression always appears like he is figuring out some kind of problem in his mind. He's wonderful at multi-tasking though, so most don't worry that he is ignoring them. He wears the appropriate suit required of agents when he leaves the HQ... but this happens very rarely.

Secrets: As part of the Circle of Ten, Gerard is privy to more secrets than could be imagined. Importantly, only he knows the origin his strategic mind. He also has info on Annabelle Ilsley's second missing son, as he contacted Gerard before his disappearance, as if he was running from someone or something. He also knows the truth behind Francios' heritage.

Special Abilities: After meeting someone, he can easily discern their personality, intentions, and possible future actions. Tricking or fighting Gerard is a useless goal, as he is always one step ahead.

Implementation: He is the HQ's leader and a member of the Circle of Ten, making him more a figurehead than a participant in the characters' squad. He is their commander and gives orders from far above, but is a sensitive leader who actually talks to his followers. The characters could be caught in the web spun by relationships with either Cassie or his son Francios. He could act as an adept mentor to teach characters special magic. Usually though, he is so elusive and inscrutable that the characters have little chance of ever truly knowing him.

Cassie Fredericks

"Elite Operative"

Race: Human

Passion: Warrior

Age: 33

Background: Cassie was born and raised in Montréal and managed her family's flower shop. She was recruited by API nearly a decade ago after a chance encounter with agents that tracked a demon to her shop. They captured the creature right in front of her, and then attempted to wipe her mind, per protocol. However, the Sonic Memory Scrambler had no effect on her (very uncommon). When brought to Gerard, he instantly indoctrinated her into the company. She resisted at first, having strong ties to her family, but decided that defense of Earth was worth it in the end.

Today, she serves as the chief Elite in Canada. She teaches new agents the ropes and trains them in all manner of hand-to-hand techniques for self-defense. She has personally disposed of several TUTI cults, battles that resulted in permanent scars today. She was also against the assembling of the Radicals and works diligently to find fault in their group. She hopes to shut it down before demons take too strong a position within the company.

Personality: As the highest ranking Elite on base she is inundated with paperwork, personnel approvals, and secret missions unknown to other agents. She often comes across as rude, or more correctly curt, but really she is just at the point where she has too much on her plate. Those that have the pleasure of training with her often see her fun side, as she only feels truly comfortable in battle.

Appearance: She is just under 6 ft. tall, has short, light brown hair, and wears a certain "hard-as-nails" look. Cassie dons the black uniform of an API Elite, along with custom shades. On her neck is a slight scar from a run-in with a TUTI Harvester (page 49). Those that see her in tank top and fatigues during training would also notice the scars over her heart.

Secrets: Even though a breach of protocol, she and Gerard have had an on-again-off-again relationship, under the company's radar. Cassie knows that he does not really love her, keeping her close usually only in times of urgency. She is privy to many of his and the Circle of Ten's secrets in return. With this information, she makes secret plans with the Board of Directors for Canada to hopefully take down the Radicals. She is unsure whether Gerard knows about her plans.

Statistics of Note: Health 51, Stamina 32, Initiative +20, AR 3/2, Movement 12, Actions per Round 4, Magic Resistance +4, Acrobatics +11, Athletics +9, Deception +10, Discipline +13, Fortitude +7, Perception (Hearing) +12, Persuasion (Confidant) +14, Intimidation +12, Survival +10

Combat: Cassie is a weapon master and is trained in using anything at her disposal. She is unrelenting in battle

and shows little mercy, especially when called only to put a rabid demon down. **Bonuses:** Strike +13, Parry +13, Dodge +10, Roll +12, Grapple +18, Damage +9, Expert: Taylari & Tark (+3 to all Combat checks and +2 damage when fighting them).

Special Abilities: Cannot be mind controlled or have her memories altered. Backup Heart implant (API Core page 59). Ice Fighter Technique (Page 45).

Implementation: The leader of the Canadian Elites, she could easily lead the characters' squad into their latest mission or could be there to train them. Cassie wants the Radicals disbanded and may use the characters to accomplish this. If human, they may be asked to compete with the Radicals to ensure that the demonic squad fails in their missions. If non-human, she may convince them to enter the group to sabotage it from the inside. While a great warrior, she is also very manipulative and cunning.

Francois Chevalier

"Communications Expert"

Race: Wolf People

Passion: Approval

Age: 21

Background: Francois grew up in an orphanage in Vancouver, but was never adopted. Most potentials didn't get his "sense of humor", sarcastic as it was (and is), but he still mastered computers at a very young age. At 14 years old he left the home in search of adventure and excitement. Instead, he found life on the streets, garbage feasts from dumpsters, and fighting to stakes his claim on a certain alley. One such altercation left the other guy mauled from a horrible "dog attack".

After an investigation, API eventually found Francois and took him in. They ran a number of tests, including blood, saliva, and lineage, all of them concluding that he was Gerard Robert's son. He has never learned of this, but the great strategist trains the young man, treating him like a son, until he is ready to take over leadership. Francois has progressed well in physical training with Cassie, but has yet to complete a field mission. He now supervises all communications in and out of the HQ. The Sage Station (page 25) was assembled with his help, so he is the best at its helm.

Personality: Classic smartass syndrome. He is a nice guy, but very quick with the tongue. He has a problem with keeping his mouth shut in most cases, making his co-workers either love him or hate him. Either way, he really doesn't care, as long as he earns their respect.

Appearance: Francois is a slender young man, ripe with newfound adulthood. His physique is impressive and he usually has a 5 o' clock shadow. He dresses casually, as he has not been cleared for field duty yet. He is rarely seen outside of the Sage Station, even eating his meals there.

Secrets: As head of communications, Francois knows of all messages that are routed through their systems. This includes base locations/status and info on all reg-

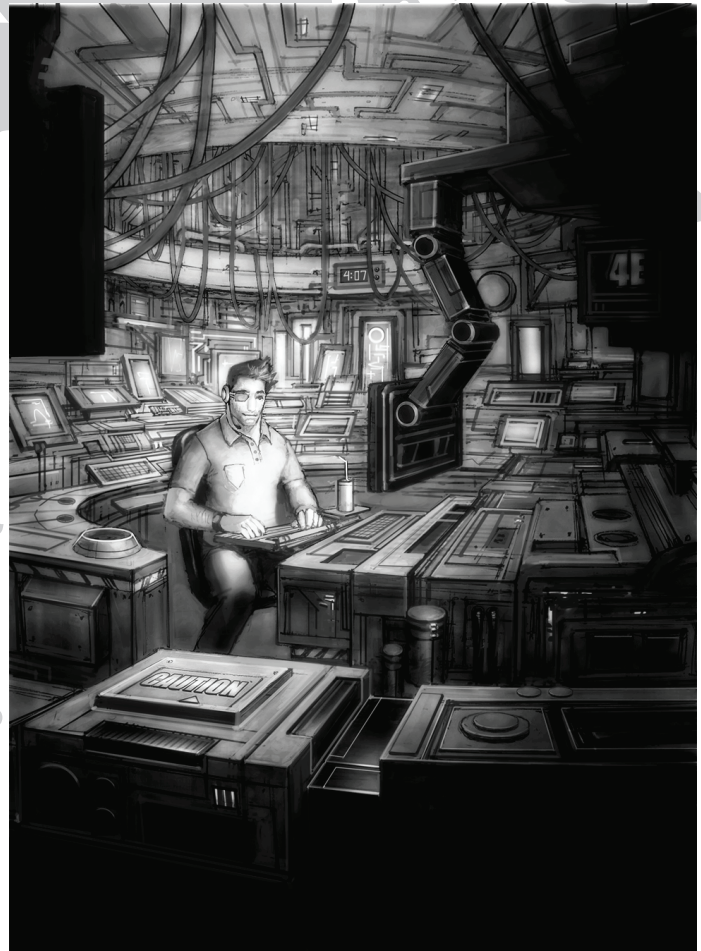
istered demons in Canada. He keeps his training with Gerard private so as not to be seen as any kind of brown-noser or teacher's pet by his colleagues.

Statistics of Note: Health 28 (40), Stamina 24, Initiative +11 (+14), Movement 14, Actions per Round 2 (4), Magic Resistance +3, Acrobatics +7, Computers (Hacking, Security Systems, Data Retrieval) +16, Crafts +10, Discipline +9, Knowledge +8, Perception +8, Persuasion +9, Survival +12

Combat: Francois is not a fighter by trade, but he lived on the cold streets long enough to learn to defend himself. He often relies too heavily on his Half-Wolf form, which leaves him vulnerable shortly after. **Bonuses:** Strike +5, Parry +8, Dodge +6, Roll +6, Grapple +10, Damage +1

Special Abilities: He gets +3 to all combat rolls and +2 damage in Half-Wolf form. He also has the Interface: Built-in WLAN implant (page 62 of API corebook), keeping him connected to the Sage Station at all times and the Perfect Memory Gift.

Implementation: Francois is next in line to take over the HQ and assume the strategic mind of the Robert line. What if the characters get a hold of this information before he does? Do they tell him or do they sell this information to their enemies? The characters could also need to bring him on a mission where his computer skills are crucial, making him part of the squad. Otherwise, he'll



be the wise-cracking communications expert in their ear while they are on missions.

Trask

“Leader of the Radicals”

Race: Changeling

Passion: Rivalry

Age: 31

Background: Trask was once a simple boy in Calgary living with his adoptive parents, when the truth about his heritage came to light. His birth parents trained him in his shapeshifting and brought him along on assassination missions to hone his cunning. They taught him fierce combat tactics and all manner of gunplay. Then, about ten years ago, agents captured him on an assassination job. After negotiation and some time in the Pods, including the bargaining of care for his human family, Trask agreed to become an agent for the company. He preferred lone missions at outposts, as it gave him much-needed solitude. He worked hard and rose in rank steadily, reaching as high as any demon could under normal circumstances.

History was then made as the Great Strategist assembled the Radicals, a group of demons with authority just below Elites. Trask was placed as head of this group, now sent to solve tricky situations when they arise. The obvious competition with the Elites has carried on for the last three years. They attempt to shut down the program, but that doesn't get Trask down. Instead of fighting with them, he finds it easier to simply show them up at every opportunity.

Personality: He prefers solitude (like most Changelings) and hates to be bothered with dealing with anyone

outside the Radicals. Trask is truly loyal to his team and is a great drinking partner. To others, he is a hard-ass who few actually want to interact with if they don't have to.

Appearance: Trask's preferred form is a heavily-muscled man, with broad features and a scar down his right cheek. He seldom wears the normal attire of an agent. Instead, he dons combat armor and is ready for missions at any moment. His voice is gruff, and he isn't known for being either friendly or accommodating.

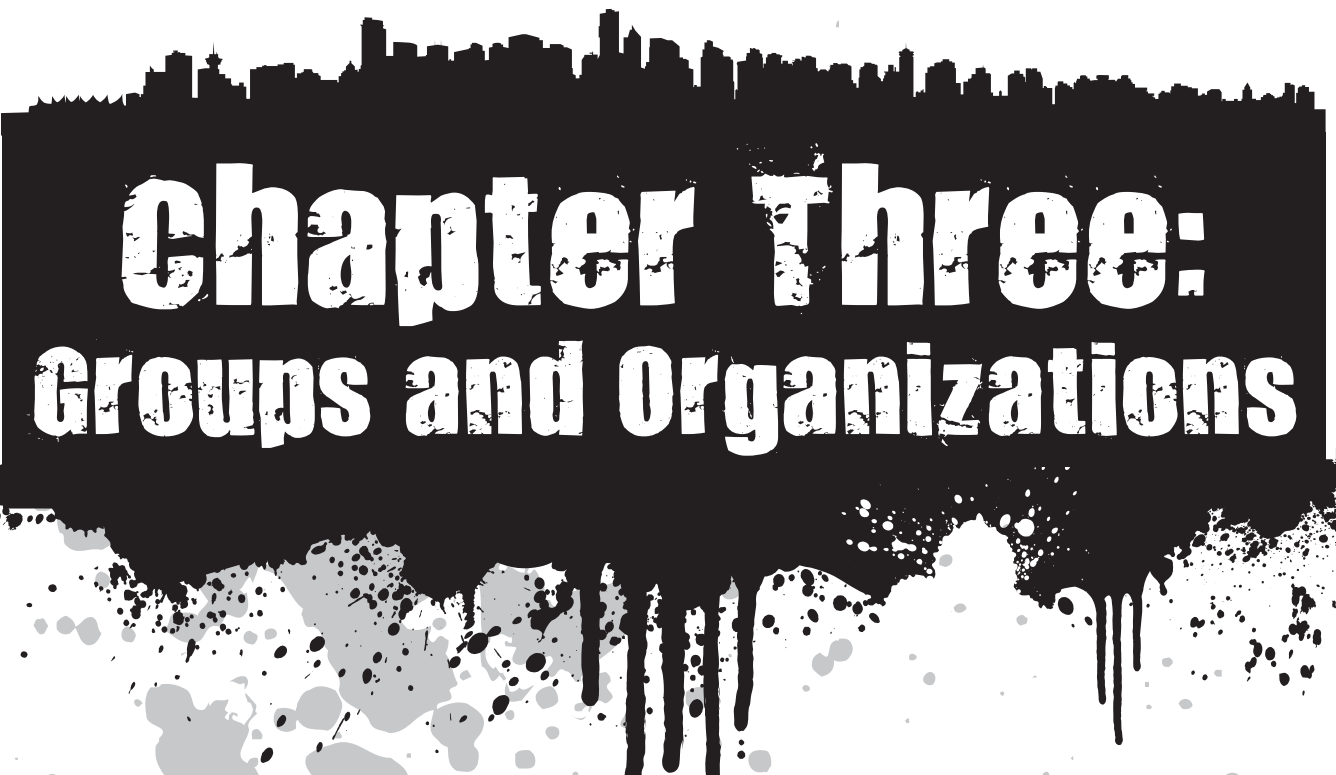
Secrets: He tries his best to stay out of such nonsense as secrets. He prefers to stick to destruction.

Statistics of Note: Health 45, Stamina 30, Initiative +16, AR 4/3, Movement 10, Actions per Round 5, Magic Resistance +2, Acrobatics +9, Athletics +9, Crafts +12, Discipline +7, Fortitude +10, Perception +8, Intimidation +14, Survival +14

Combat: Trask is great under pressure and is a born leader. He uses martial skill and strategy to conquer foes, knowing instinctually when it's time for a blitz or a retreat. He is trained in all firearms and is one of the few allowed to use them despite the stogy gun laws. His favorite is an auto-loading shotgun, specially-designed by his own hand. **Bonuses:** Strike +14, Parry +11, Dodge +11, Roll +13, Grapple +16, Damage +6 (Shotgun (Speed 4, Stamina 2, 15 (L)))

Special Abilities: Natural Shapeshifting

Implementation: If the characters are demons, they could become new members of the Radicals under Trask's command. He could also be sent as backup if the characters are failing at a given mission. He's not a friendly character, but is intensely loyal to the company and to the Radicals and should be involved in storylines that involve such.



Chapter Three: Groups and Organizations

Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. does not exist in a vacuum. They are not the only power struggling for territory or control, but are simply one of the best organized. This chapter explores other groups in Canada, their beginnings, goals, and important skills. Some are non-affiliated with API, while others try to work with the company as best they can. Others are perfect antagonists to introduce in any story.

The Alpha Pack

Canada is home to perhaps the largest number of wild wolves in the world, something to be proud of when one considers how rare and endangered the species is in other countries. As the Long Night has drawn more Tay-

lari to Canada, Wolf People are also drawn by the wild wolf-haunted forests, though usually as more permanent residents. A small portion of these are amoral individuals who moved to the wilds so to unleash their inner beast and let the wild wolves take the blame for their bloody excesses. The vast majority of Wolf People in Canada though belongs to the Alpha Pack.

One might expect Wolf People living in the uncivilized areas of Canada to bond together in tight-knit communities, but it's actually rare to find more than two within a single territory. The other twenty or so members of each wolf pack are real wolves they live alongside and in the manner of wolves, hunting, sleeping and playing with the pack. It is commonly thought that family life is the only

way of taming the inner beast, but the Alpha Pack finds that living the wolf lifestyle is almost as good. True there are fights for dominance, but few are serious enough to result in fatality and discontented wolves, regular or were-variety, will usually head off and join a new pack rather than cause trouble. They certainly don't hunt and kill human prey. Wild wolves prefer to avoid mankind altogether when they can.

If two Wolf People are present in one territory, they usually become a breeding pair. Despite vile slurs and crude jokes aimed at the Alpha Pack by others, they are no more prone to bestiality than anyone else. They usually lead their adoptive pack, being bigger and stronger, thus justifying the term 'Alpha'. Those who can take on the full Wolf-form are most common in the Alpha Pack, but even those who cannot have little difficulty being accepted by a pack.

The Howling Territories

A wolf howl is a means of marking territory, both an established plot scent-marked to keep intruders away and a kind of mobile territory surrounding the pack. "Other wolves keep away," the howl says, "this land is ours!" These boundaries are often ignored, and a high number of wolf fatalities are down to territorial fights between different packs. It is not common for both packs to be led by members of the Alpha Pack, as they will often settle the pack differences through negotiation before the need for violence.

A regular howl is a mere territorial warning, but when a Wolf Person howls they can learn to introduce coded messages into the noise. Little changes in tone here and there act rather like Morse code. Of course, they are also staking a claim on territory to keep other wolf packs away, but this method is primarily used by the Alpha Pack to communicate between distant members. Such communication is brief and sparing. The type of person that gives up a life of comfortable domesticity for life in the wild isn't generally a chatterbox. If something is important enough to talk about, it is usually a matter of life or death.

The Alpha Packs are fighting a territorial war on many fronts, and by all accounts are doing pretty well. They fight against other and more harmful demons that haunt the wooded glades. They fight against cults of the Thing Under the Ice, the Wendigo of the frozen north, and the Two Thousand Sleepers who would otherwise encroach upon lands the Pack considers its own. They even fight against human trespasses by helping to organize conservation groups, or making trouble for those who would cut down trees illegally. They also struggle to keep neighboring packs from fighting and thus harming wolf population levels. It's a feral struggle alright, but that's the way they like it. Better an obvious enemy than the insidious allure of the easy life.

Adoption and Guardianship

The Alpha Packs are simple folk with little time for the niceties and politics of city life. They speak with little room for duplicity or conniving. Despite being uncivilized however, they are neither unnecessarily cruel nor entirely stupid. Just because they don't know how to use a computer doesn't mean they don't know what one is, for instance. They recognize that it is impractical and unkind to expect their essentially human offspring to grow up amidst a pack of wolves. Like other Wolf People, they make special arrangements for their children.

When a female of the Alpha Pack becomes pregnant, her partner will search for a suitable foster location. It's no difficult task to snoop around small villages and towns in search of families that would be receptive, even glad for a child. In the old days, cubs were simply dumped on the doorsteps of churches and charitable associations, but today's Alpha Pack wolves remember their own childhood and do their best to find a place that will offer the best opportunities for their offspring.

That is the end of the matter for most, but others take a closer interest. About one in every ten thousand families in Canada has a personal guardian wolf watching out for them in gratitude for this vital service. Some even live temporarily in the family's home in the guise of a lodger or even a pet husky. The child is rarely aware that the family pet is their real father or mother. When the time comes for the child's first transformation, these protective parents are ready to step in and help them understand and control the Animal Mind. If the child is willing and able, they may be even shown the ways of the wolf the Alpha Pack. Many remain with their adoptive parents, but there are still plenty that hunger for the thrill of wild places.

API Involvement

API gets along quite well with the Alpha Pack, with one or two exceptions. For example, some of the more militant packs have grown more violent in their struggle against human encroachment, which has led to several lumberjack maulings. This is currently being dealt with as diplomatically as possible, placing the Alpha Pack in

Lone Wolves

Members of the Alpha Pack might not attack innocent humans, but there are other Wolf People hiding out there in the Canadian forests that don't have the same sense of community. Lone wolves aren't tolerated within Alpha Pack controlled territories, but Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. has yet to convince the Wolf People to take on a self-regulating status, like the Taylari. The Pack's attitude is 'so long as they stay out of our territory, lone wolves are free to do what they like.' They won't even pass information about rogue Wolf People to API unless they represent a serious and pressing danger to their own pack or the region.

Agent Philips tracked the adept's signal to this cabin. It was in the middle of nowhere, which was exactly the coward's MO. The agent was outside of communication range and his Mirror Key had already been destroyed. He had left any hope of backup behind, drudging through the snowy forests alone and had even exhausted all of his ammo warding off a Fenris Wolf. None of that mattered though... he had finally made it to his destination. The adept was not getting away this time... not if he had anything to say about it. He skulked the surrounding forest, hiding behind trees and checking for the best entrance into the cabin. Seeing a single shadow on the other side of the back door gave him the perfect opportunity to rush the cabin door and catch the adept off guard.

He took off in a sprint, but was blocked halfway to the door by a giant, snarling wolf that suddenly appeared. He couldn't slow down gently, instead sliding on the snow and landing on his bottom just feet away from the wolf. He instinctually raised his S.R.T. and pulled the trigger, forgetting that it was empty. Then they sat eye to eye... this was not a good situation for him.

A faint clicking sound then came from the cabin and the wolf launched at Philips, while the agent braced himself to be mauled with sharp, sharp teeth. Instead, the back of his collar was tugged and the wolf quickly dragged him behind a tall, thick tree, when all of a sudden... "BOOOOOM!!!" The cabin went up in a huge explosion that would have easily killed the agent had he been entered as planned.

After the shockwave faded, Agent Philips opened his eyes to see the cabin in smoldering bits all around him. Then he saw the wolf in the corner of his eye. It was several feet away, but looked at him with vaguely human eyes. "Did you save me?" he asked, breathing heavily in anticipation of the answer.

The wolf simply nodded, running into the forest just as quickly. "Wait! This isn't the first time, is it?!? Wait!" he called after the beast, but it just kept running. Agent Philips took a deep breath and a long moment to absorb the events before radioing the incident into base. He owed his life to a wolf.

charge of investigating illegal cut down trees and hunting, functioning as sub-contractors under the Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. So far operation 'Little Red' seems to be going pretty well. Although, culprits tend to be dumped, bound and gagged, on the doorstep of an HQ entrance, with scratches, bites, and a poorly-written note rather than being handed over in person as the company would prefer. Shunning humanity is apparently a habit that is difficult to break.

'Little Red' is the only standing agreement that API has with the Alpha Pack. Provided that their members abide by the usual rules of registration, they are quite happy to live and let live. There are plenty of other more dangerous problems to cope with, and the Alpha Pack is actually helping against them for reasons of their own. API has an open information policy with regards to the Wolf People of Canada. If they know of a major incursion into the Howling Territories by a group that does not have API backing, they relay that information to the Alpha Pack. If the Alpha Pack knows of an imminent threat to humanity, then they respond in kind. Neither party asks for help, neither expects it, and neither receives it most of the time, but every once in a while, the two organizations find themselves fighting on the same side.

Despite these amicable dealings, the Alpha Pack does not entirely trust Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. The Pack has a general dislike for bureaucracy and is particularly dismissive of the use or purpose of the API Registration Act, though they nominally submit to it to keep the peace. Intruders certainly aren't attacked – wolves generally don't attack humans, and the Wolf People are using that

sense of community to keep themselves from falling to the Animal Mind – but agents will certainly be approached by the local pack leader and asked to explain their presence.

The Thing Under the Ice

Nobody is exactly sure where the Thing Under the Ice came from or how, but it seems to be nightmarishly unique. It is thought that the Earth would hardly be enough room for two of them. It is a creature of leviathan proportions, dwelling beneath the permanent ice caps surrounding the poles, but nobody has yet been able to measure it in its entirety. A solitary notebook retrieved from one lost API expedition managed to record several square miles of shadow beneath the ice, but much of the pages were illegible due to bloodstains and no such shadow has been seen since. Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. has dubbed it the Thing Under the Ice, using the acronym TUTI even in official documents. It often helps to give a somewhat silly name to a serious threat to avoid becoming too scared to tackle it.

It would seem that the bulk of the beast lies beneath the thickest ice where it is nigh impregnable. When it wishes to make its presence known, it extrudes part of itself into neighboring regions, causing telltale shadows beneath the surface that can be seen even through the thickest ice. It flows and moves like an amoeba and can extrude rudimentary appendages to assist its efforts. Some of these appendages are responsible for spawning its hideous minions, Slugs (page 51), Harvesters (page

49), and Possessors (page 51). Others take a more direct course of action (See Tentacles on page 36). Too many ice fishers have vanished through holes as hungry tentacles from the TUTI snare them.

An Aeon-Long Cycle

Theories on the TUTI are based on scientific observations and fragmentary historic evidence of the entity's predations. It would seem that the creature lives in a constant hibernation cycle that lasts hundreds of thousands of years at a time. It awakes from its slumber when hunger has trimmed its impressive bulk down to the size of maybe a whale, and from there it begins to eat and eat. As it grows larger, it can create minions to feed its rapacious appetite faster, and those minions can be very resourceful indeed. Once it reaches its optimum size, it goes on a lengthy feeding frenzy, one that has resulted in mass extinctions across the globe in the past. When its appetite is satisfied, it lapses back into hibernation and lives off the substance of its own body until it is once again slim enough to hunt actively for itself.

This may or may not be true, but API scientists are largely of the opinion that it is fact. However, they have little idea of how small the TUTI must become to begin another frenzy. At present, it is weak enough for the weight of the arctic ice to keep it captive, or at least it's

not yet confident enough to burst up through it. Judging by major extinction events throughout history, it seems possible that a new frenzy will soon be upon us, but there is no telling how soon it is due. There could still be many thousands of years left on the clock, or there might be only a few months.

At present the only certain fact is that the TUTI is dangerous and needs to be dealt with. The question remains as to how this can be achieved. Beyond ill-fated fact finding missions, the only thing that API can hope to do is restrict the activities of the maddened cult of fanatics that has developed around the thing and its predatory activities.

At the Heart of the Matter

A few physical specimens have been retrieved from the sites of verified attacks by the TUTI, with disturbing implications. It seems that the thing devours only the hearts of its victims, discarding the rest of the carcass once it has finished. Scraps of cardiac muscle found at the sites of some attacks were originally attributed to messy eating, but further examination show that tissue samples did not match the victims. New theories abound that the TUTI may therefore be a creature of pure cardiac muscle, untiring, terrifyingly efficient, and ever wakeful. This would seem to match the descriptions given by



TUTI Appendages

The TUTI has three basic types of appendages: the tentacle, the pseudopodium, and the maw. Note: 'Killing' an appendage does no appreciable damage to the beast. A hefty block of explosives would be needed to even think about actually hurting it. Its Health is merely the damage needed to persuade it to leave the scene. In terms of game mechanics, each appendage is considered a separate creature.

Tentacle

Description: Long, whip-like chord of muscle that lashes at or constricts targets, and can throw them around if it wishes.

Statistics: Health 25, Stamina Unlimited, Initiative +10, Movement 15, Actions Per Round 3.

Combat: Whiplash (Speed 3, +5 Strike, 7(NL)): A fast strike with the flat of the tentacle, Crush – Grapple Maneuver (Speed 6, Grapple +8, 5(L)): An attempt to squeeze the life out of the target, Dodge +8

Pseudopodium

Description: Hefty, club-like knob of flesh, sometimes with sharp bony protrusions, that bludgeons targets to death.

Statistics: Health 40, Stamina Unlimited, Initiative +5, Movement 10, Actions Per Round 2.

Combat: Cudgel (Speed 9, +3 Strike, 10(L)): A blow from the side of the pseudo-pod, Dodge +5.

Maw

Description: Dripping mouth full of vicious irregular teeth, easily capable of biting a man's head off or through light garments to get at the victim's heart.

Statistics: Health 15, Stamina Unlimited, Initiative +12, Movement 15, Actions Per Round 3.

Combat: Bite (Speed 3, +7 Strike, 7(L)): A swift, snake-like strike, Heart Strike (Speed 12, +8 Strike, 15(L)) the maw wriggles under its victims clothing and attempts to eat his heart – target must be Grappled by at least two tentacles in order to attempt, Dodge +10.

eyewitness accounts. The creature's appendages, though practically shapeless, are rich, red, corded muscle.

Actually killing the Thing Under the Ice is impractical. Some brave and lucky souls have managed to drive off a questing tentacle or two, as they always retreat rapidly beneath the ice like a child who has touched something a little too hot to handle. In any case little damage seems to have been done to the beast and nothing short of a direct missile strike is likely to. API advises anyone assaulted by tentacles to stand their ground and fight it back. It's futile to run away from a creature that extends for thousands of miles beneath the ice under your feet. The best one can hope to do is drive it off for a while.

The Devotees of the Cull

The entity has attracted a certain following of worshippers, as dangerous and mindless as it might appear to be. Again, this may well be a part of its lifecycle. The cult was almost certainly instigated by the Infected (page 64) or charismatic humans who lost their will to Possessors, becoming mindless puppets whose intellectual capacity the parasite usurps and bends to its own ends. They formed a secretive religion around their inhuman master, recruiting easily impressionable humans as devotees and even willing sacrifices. How the entity learned enough about human culture to so expertly manipulate basic human nature is less clear, but it seems likely that the Infected are to blame. Released and raised in human society, these insidious demons were well-placed to learn about the Earth cultures and pass that information on to the TUTI long before the first Possessors set out to found the cult.

The TUTI's followers believe in what they call the "Great Cull", seen as a necessary part of Earth's ongoing history. When the world becomes overpopulated, the Thing Under the Ice rises from its lair to thin the numbers and ensure the planet remains habitable. Naturally, followers are told that true believers will be amongst those spared so that life may continue to thrive on the planet and feed their master's appetite in ages to come. This may be true, but it seems unlikely. If it is assumed that the entity creates such cults during each activity cycle, then those cultists left no evidence of their own existence for today's paleontologists. There is simply no evidence of cultures that date back far enough to have been a part of the TUTI's previous ravages.

Harboring Many Secrets

Progression through the ranks of the Devotees of the Cull is a process of slow desensitization to the horrors they commit. Fresh initiates are not told of what their elaborate ceremonies involve, and it takes many months before they are permitted to be involved in direct cult activity beyond simple worship and learning doctrine in their secret urban meeting halls. Their first real ceremonies take place in ice-bound cavern-churches and are mostly innocuous, though quite unnerving. When the high priest's chanting reaches a certain pitch, the water around the altar of ice bubbles and boils, and the mighty tentacles of the Great Devourer rise majestically from the chilling waves to delicately accept a symbolic clay effigy held out by the masked officiators.

Initiates later learn that the ornately decorated pots cast into the waves are not merely symbolic but contain flesh offerings to the great one. With time, the specific nature of the flesh offerings becomes quite apparent. By the time they are allowed to witness the hidden rites, where men, women and children are sacrificed in the TUTI's honor, the cultists are already deranged and fanatical enough to accept it as necessary to prepare for the com-

ing cull. They then mark themselves as those chosen to carry on human existence into the next era. If it turns out that they were not truly ready for this leap of faith after all, their hearts become the next sacrifice to the entity.

Cult Activities

The Devotees of the Cull are a secret society, but an urban one. Their cells operate under the very noses of authority, and their members come from all walks of life. Some are attracted by the nihilistic values that the church embraces. Others crave the power that would come from being amongst the few survivors when the Great Cull strikes. Some of the cult's members attempt to directly proselytize fresh blood, either evangelically or by less honest means. Possessors are often tasked with tracking down the most attractive men and women, with the intention of using them to solicit sexual favors to prospective devotees to their cause. Some cells even recruit from hate groups, like racists or Neo-Nazis, with the promise that the people they hate so much will be purged from the earth. These groups are amongst the most fanatical and deadly of all.

A large portion of the cult's activity is therefore spent attracting fresh members and grooming them until they are ready to perform darker duties. Senior members go on to become valuable spies, keeping tabs on society and their enemies in particular. Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. is a prime example, but the cult also has enemies amongst the Ordo Cryos and the Alpha Pack. A recent crackdown in the company's ranks revealed two TUTI spies, much to the shock of the Great Strategist who had ordered the inquest, and API is now very wary of allowing further infiltrators into their ranks or having existing agents subverted to the cause of the TUTI. It's a perilous position, since nobody knows the power of the Thing Under the Ice better than API's own employees. It's a small wonder that the knowledge drives some desperate souls to make a metaphorical deal with the devil.

Only the most trusted and skilled of cultists are ever allowed into the inner circle. These folks are tasked with the acquisition of sacrifices for their monthly ceremonies and have the honor of taking part in these hidden rites. They often acquire victims from their own ranks (if their faith is either too strong or too weak), but they rarely resort to open murder. Instead, they engineer dangerous situations and ambushes. Live sacrifices are preferred for the rites, but they will gladly settle for any heart they can get. The failed API expedition to measure the size of the TUTI was instigated by the since-unmasked cultist infiltrators and is a typical example of their Machiavellian scheming.

The Ordo Cryos

Global warming has become a serious threat to the future of the planet in recent years, grabbing the eye of the

Sacred Vessels

The clay or ceramic containers used to contain the hearts of sacrificial victims are created as a symbol of devotion by the newer members of the cult. Most are fashioned in the likeness of short, squat humans, but others are more abstract. All of them unscrew along a thread halfway down the length, and reveal a chamber just large enough to contain a human heart. The TUTI often returns the most beautiful containers undamaged, considered a sign of great honor among the cult. Some jars have been used again and again for centuries and are valuable antiques in their own right.

A number of the cult's older canopic jars have been sold off by disillusioned cultists, even occasionally turning up in junk shops or private collections. The Devotees of the Cull will do anything to have these relics returned to the fold and if offers of purchase fail, there is always the sacrificial stone. The cultists themselves are warned never to keep such items around their homes. It is a secret society after all, and keeping mementos would be a bit of a giveaway. Even the artists who craft the jars are warned to pass them on to their cell leader as soon as possible to be brought to their secret ice temples.

Mana is woven into a canopic jar so that it can sustain the life of flesh inside for a great length of time. A beating heart sealed into the jar will continue to beat for days before dying. It would seem that the TUTI prefers its hearty meals to be fresh. API tests have shown the jars can also sustain the lives of critically injured animals that are small enough to fit inside, but so far experiments in replicating the magic involved have failed disastrously. The only remaining specimen of a genuine canopic jar was smashed during the recent ousting of the cultist infiltrators from API's ranks. Research adepts within the company would very much like to get their hands on fresh specimens, as a human-sized version would be of immense value to medical science.

media and the public alike. And yet, there still seems to be very few effective measures in place to prevent such a disaster. Reports show that the arctic ice is shrinking at a rate of 9% per decade, almost a full percent each year, and it shows no sign of slowing. This has harsh repercussions the world over, not the least of which are possibilities of rising sea levels. Also, the thinner the ice sheet becomes, the easier it is for the Thing Under the Ice to break through.

Despite humanity's slow response to global warming, there are environmentally-minded groups who are trying to do something. This usually involves raising public awareness and lobbying for tighter industrial controls over greenhouse gas emissions, but there is at least one group that is planning direct action, by magical means no less.

Order-Specific Benefits

In addition to being able to purchasing Upgrades for spells from the Path of Ice for half price (rounded down), the Ordo Cryos has created many Order-specific spells. Many of them are still in development, with unwanted side-effects, leading the Hermitage of Ice to keep a quarantined section for voluntary test subjects, just in case. The following is an example spell that has been deemed safe to use by the Order leaders. Cryothauma is only available to members of the Ordo Cryos. See the Order Membership Gift on page 48 of the API corebook for more information.

(3rd) - Cryothauma

Mana: +100%

Casting Time: +5 min.

Range: Touch

Resistance: No

Effects: In their research into freezing living tissue, the Ordo Cryos instead made another major breakthrough... freezing raw magic itself. This unlikely spell allows the adept to literally freeze a spell into a block of ice for later use. After casting, the Mana spent appears as swirling light inside a block of ice, created in any shape (Size 1) the adept wants at the time of casting. Most just create blocks of ice, while others might create the form of a snowball or an ice sculpture. Ice swans are very popular for some reason. The spell is held internally and does not activate until the ice thaws enough to release it, or until it is shattered. The ice can be refrigerated normally to allow it to last longer, but as soon as it enters an above-zero temperature it will carry on thawing where it left off before.

Alternatively, they may throw the ice block at a target, hoping to smash the ice and release the spell. See page 71 in the API corebook for Thrown Weapons or the ice may also be loaded into a sling or slingshot. Any damage caused to the target (before AR) is also caused to the ice block and the ice needs 5 points of damage to shatter and release the spell. If it doesn't break from impact alone, ranged weapons can be used to shatter it from a distance.

When it is released, the magic instantly targets the nearest viable victim within range (favoring whoever is in direct contact with the ice). Spells with an area affect go off like a bomb. Spells with a range of Self cannot be sealed in ice with Cryothauma and all targets still receive a Magic Resistance check per normal. If choices must be made about how the spell acts (i.e. the statement chosen for Mind Trick), they are chosen before the spell is sealed in ice. Naturally, the adept must be able to cast the affected spell himself. Only one spell can be sealed in each individual ice form.

Note: This spell does not have its own Mana cost or Casting Time, instead adding to the values of the affected spell (rounded up).

Sacrifice: The adept cuts themselves and creates the ice block from their blood, taking 7 (L).

Upgrades: Reduce Mana (+75% > +50% > +25%), Reduce Casting (-2 min, Min: +1 min.), Dual Seal* (Seal two spells in one block), Reduce Penalty (5 (L) > 3 (L))

They are the Ordo Cryos, or the Ice Order, a collective of intellectually-minded adepts studying the Path of Ice.

The Ordo Cryos weren't always environmental warriors. They began as a small collection of gifted scholars studying magic as a means of furthering the science of cryogenics. Most of the founding members were healers before they shifted their focus. As new members joined, they switched from spells designed to place the subject into frozen suspended animation toward something much grander. The Order's ultimate aim is to develop a ritual capable of cooling the entire world.

Grand Schemes

In the Order's youth, they made little secret of their intentions, knowing they were working for the betterment of humanity. Maybe they were scoffed at from time to time, but they drew little attention because nobody really cared about what they were doing. That all changed when they accidentally let slip to an over-inquisitive reporter that they planned to save the world with magic.

It's one thing to shove the terminally ill into the deep freeze until a cure for their condition is found. That kind of scientific research has been ongoing for years with little forethought or knowledge, but has been accepted by humanity's rational minds. Claiming that they could magically drop a giant ice-cube into the ocean and save the planet from certain destruction is something else entirely. Of course, the Ordo Cryos' spokesman didn't put it in such hyperbolic terms – that dubious honor falls at the feet of a hungry reporter for a low-grade tabloid paper and a slow news week. Regardless of who merits the blame, the effect was pronounced. The order was ridiculed thoroughly by the public and slapped with an injunction by API for breaching the secrecy of magic.

To escape the scandals and laughter levied at them by press and public, the Ordo Cryos moved their base of operations from Pennsylvania to a secretive base in Yukon. That location afforded the order both privacy due to its low level of habitation and a great position from which to observe the effects of global warming on the extensive ice fields there.

Order of Business

The rather fanciful name given by the order to their new home in Yukon was 'the Hermitage of Ice'. It's a small facility that subsists mostly by trade with small towns in the locality and through ice fishing. Few people live in the research base itself, as most of their associates have moved to more habitable areas nearby to help raise research funds. The Order's members tend to work in four month shifts, rotating between three shifts of trade and work and one shift of research duties. The order is quiet and, after the embarrassment of their previous public relations fiasco, tends to welcome the solitude of work in the Hermitage.

The Ordo Cryos own several small businesses in the area, acquired with leftover grant funds they accumulated during their more privileged days, and are always looking to expand their horizons. Their members are expected to be multi-talented, since they must be clever enough to continue the ongoing research and skilled enough to hold down another trade as well. So far, they have acquired a small mechanics firm, a number of non-franchised restaurants, several rental properties in Whitehorse, and one fully-registered magic shop. Some of their members that still practice healing magic operate magical surgery centers, helping their cash flow immensely.

Enemies Deadly and Financial

As quietly as the Order tries to live its life, it is not without its enemies. The Hermitage of Ice lies in a remote location often frequented by Amautaliks, Wendigo, and all manner of wicked creatures that are more than happy to make a meal of an adept or two. Worst is the cult of the Thing Under the Ice (TUTI), sinister fanatics that have somehow learned of the Ordo Cryos' plans to re-freeze the arctic, which goes against the cult's own plans. The TUTI must be fed, and thick polar ice makes it far more difficult for it to breach the surface and claim its victims. If the ice shelf around the pole grows too thick, it might even form a cage around the TUTI.

The possibilities of this happening have not been overlooked by the Ordo Cryos, but they have dismissed the idea of deliberately attempting to freeze the TUTI, not wishing to acquire such zealous enemies purposefully. The threat of the Devotees is much too real to ignore though. To protect themselves and their interests, they have begun learning more combat-based spells from the Path of Ice and have supplemented their numbers with the aid of a band of armed mercenaries. The Hermitage of Ice is now well-protected by magic and military might. However, these barriers do not stop their other enemy – the Order's creditors.

During their time in Pennsylvania, the Ordo Cryos received several grants and other official funding for their work in cryogenics, the largest portion of which came from Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. itself. The public scandals led many of their creditors to initially deny their connections to the Order for fear of suffering the same media backlash. Now that the dust has settled, most of them have crawled back out of the woodwork looking for progress or recompense.

API are least amongst their worries, since the company is just as happy (if not more so) to fund research into their global warming efforts and the possibility of trapping the TUTI. However, some say that the Order borrowed heavily from criminal organizations in fear of their negative media attention, using that money to relocate their operations to Canada. Whether this is true or not is debatable.

To: Travis.Mueller@cryos-project.com
From: hazel.cortez@api.org
RE: Request for additional funding

We appreciate your request for an increase in the grants provided for research into your special fields. However, after careful consideration, API is unable to comply with this request at this time.

Our records indicate that repayment of your current loans is late by many months and recent findings have yet to be shared with API. We have received letters from your offices explaining attacks on your facilities and the allocation of those funds to mercenary hiring. However, this does not excuse your debt to the company or your obligation to disclose all findings that are relevant to the topic currently being researched.

An inspector will be visiting your grounds this week. We hope to find you in good health when we arrive.

Hazel, Accounting

-Quoted text hidden-

It could merely be the rumor mill working overtime, fuelled by the memories of old newspaper clippings. It is certainly true though that the Ordo Cryos owes a lot of money to a lot of people, and their business operations are barely keeping up with both their repayments and costs of operation.

Leylines.Org (LLO)

Canada is a vast country with large portions of it undeveloped, unpopulated, and wild. It is a place of rugged splendor it's true, but this can also make transit to and through some of the remote portions troublesome to say the least. Too many unwitting tourists have wandered into the wrong territory and never returned. Even those equipped with suitable transportation (i.e. cars, snowmobiles, etc.) are not immune to the predations of the many Illegal demons that roam the less-civilized corners. This is why LeyLines.Org exists.

The members of this elite company of trackers and guides are all extremely knowledgeable on the areas they are assigned to cover and experts at wilderness survival. However, this is hardly what makes them so special or expensive. Field operatives at LLO (their official acronym) are accomplished adepts of the Path of Portals and the Path of Mirrors, usually having opened their 3rd Inner Circle as well.

This magical assistance has obvious benefits. Using the Path of Portals, an experienced guide can be fast-tracked directly to a target's location by the quickest

The Great Strategist

As a master of Mirror magic himself, the Great Strategist is very interested in what LLO is up to. He's amassed a lot of evidence regarding their alleged wrongdoings, but does not yet have enough to take before the Board or the others of the Circle of Ten. Eventually, he hopes to be in a position to locate and raid LLO's base of operations, but his intentions are not altogether unselfish. LeyLines.Org uses a variant form of magic from the Path of Mirrors totally unlike his own, and he'd like nothing more than to study and replicate their effects. A raid might provide him with the necessary samples to begin research and, once he can breach one LLO stronghold, the whole of Canada will be open to Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. If he can have LLO indicted and their headquarters seized "legally", then all the better.

possible route, and using the Mirror Travel spell they can make use of the organization's network of travel-ready, secure mirror stations which criss-cross the entirety of Canada. Nobody outside of LLO knows for sure how many secret mirrors they have, but their company motto is "we're never more than 100 miles away." That might sound like a long distance, but when you consider the overall size of Canada and the speed that an experienced adept of Portals can travel, it's not far at all.

Search and Retrieval

LeyLines.Org's primary mission is in finding and retrieving explorers lost in the wild. Even in the bleakest of locations, it's said that an operative can be with you in less than five hours (assuming you can afford the exorbitant call-out fees). Once there, guides use every resource at their disposal to get their client to the nearest sizeable habitation, but they are on their own from there.

Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. has its suspicions about LLO's motives, however. Rescuing lost travelers is a fine cause certainly, but could it really account for enough income to finance such a wide-ranging and expensive operation? This seems extremely unlikely. LLO operates from secret locations, rarely (if ever) setting foot inside city limits, and also steadfastly refuses to allow API to inspect their facilities. This makes them essentially a pirate operation, but one that remains useful enough to keep around, at least for the time being.

Though LLO and API do not always see eye to eye, they are happy to cooperate on missions, so long as the money and the benefit is substantial. Time is often of the essence and nobody can traverse the remotest reaches of Canada faster than a LLO runner. That could mean getting essential equipment to a beleaguered agent, extracting a wounded colleague from dangerous territory, or sending a vital message through even the toughest of communications blackouts. All these tasks LLO is happy to perform, swiftly, discretely and professionally. What

worries API is what other swift and discrete services they may be offering to less scrupulous clients.

Illegal Operations

Behind the façade of their travelers' aid operations, LLO also runs a number of far more lucrative and equally illicit rackets. Drug running is just the start of the list of offences that API suspects (but cannot prove). There's also gun running, a highly lucrative business since strict gun control was enforced, but their most profitable business is in transporting people across the borders. Canada's immigration laws are pretty light compared to the rest of the world, so illegal immigrants don't make much use of LLO's services. Instead, the organization attracts the kind of clients that need to avoid entanglements with customs and excise.

LeyLines.Org's primary clients are unregistered Taylari, among them many of the Two Thousand Sleepers, hired during periods of the Long Day to transport their "brethren" safely. Vampire transients and vacationers are derisively referred to as 'Sun Dodgers' within LLO. Perhaps more disturbing still is LLO's alleged connection to the international slave trade. Thus far, API has not managed to obtain ample evidence to support their suspicions that the company is dabbling in human trafficking, but it is mounting fast and the company may be forced to take action soon.

In order to keep its illegal ventures secret, LLO operates from bases safely distanced from civilization. Their operatives rarely, if ever, enter large settlements, especially ones controlled by API. They keep in contact with their customers via a number of means, including their well-appointed website, radio transmission, and a private cellular phone network. API have searched for these secret broadcasting locations with no luck, leading many to believe the masts must be disguised in some way, possibly with magic given LLO's magical aptitude.

The Two Thousand Sleepers

The Earth spins somewhat askew on its axis, which results in some curious anomalies close to its poles. Most noticeable amongst these is that locations close to the extreme north and south experience periods of night that last for whole days or even months at a time. This has unsurprisingly drawn attention from those denizens who prefer the darker hours, especially the Taylari.

Every Taylari family knows about the benefits of the Long Night (as it is called), and many take their vacations in the more civilized northern settlements. They are also aware polar night's diametric opposite, polar day, when the sun remains in the sky for months without the slightest hint of night. Naturally, they plan their vacations to avoid such times.

Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. is just as aware of this phenomenon, but they aren't so worried about the odd vampire holidaymaker from known Vampire Families. They are more focused on the "Rogue Vampire Family" known as the Two Thousand Sleepers, a secretive vampire cult that takes any vampire into its ranks, created or born. Some are Taylari who never found their born family much to their liking. Others are disenfranchised from their relatives or were created by dictatorial masters from whom they escaped by joining the Sleepers. It is therefore more an extended family than one of blood relatives, but it is taken very seriously indeed by its members.

Welcoming Death

Members of the Two Thousand Sleepers are a mixed bag indeed. Some are duly registered and live quite legal lives under the API Registration Act most of the time. Some were never registered and do their best to live out quiet lives between the system's cracks. A number of them are known criminals, using their ties within the Sleepers to evade both human law and those of Vampire

Society. They function much like other Vampire Families, looking out for one another, but one never knows who may be a member behind their official affiliations' backs. Perhaps the worst members are the dozens of Taylari Mortus among them.

The Two Thousand Sleepers believe that the After-death, the state where Taylari transmute into total and absolute beasts known as Taylari Mortus, is a holy state. In their eyes, this state brings one closer to their eternal father, the God of Death. They do not seek to destroy these unfortunate beasts as other Taylari do, but instead keep them caged and protected like pets. Not even the Sleepers would dare risk allowing such monsters to roam freely, as it would only attract attention and lead to their destruction. The caged Mortus are thought of as unliving avatars of the God of Death himself. They are treated with the utmost respect, referred to as brother or sister as their gender dictates, and are given offerings of blood to keep their eternal hunger satiated.

This reverence for the Mortus verges on religious adulation, and it is not surprising that many of the Sleepers



Sleeper Benefits (2 BP, 3 BP or 4 BP)

When a Taylari joins the Two Thousand Sleepers, they are expected to foreswear any existing allegiances to friends and family, pledging themselves to their new Sleeper brothers and sisters. All new members receive the new mark of the Two Thousand Sleepers in the form of a ritually imbued tattoo. Some born Taylari scratch out or tattoo over their family mark as a symbol of rejection. Others leave it intact, if they plan to serve as spies in Vampire Society. Any Taylari, even the created, can join this rogue Vampire Family.

Created Taylari require 4 BP to join, while born Taylari only need 3 BP. Members of the Raveners are particularly welcomed, as their permanent Face of Death is seen as a blessing in the family. They need pay only 2 BP to join. The following Gift and Drawback stack on top of any benefits associated with their previous Vampire Family (if any).

Gift – Brother Death: The Two Thousand Sleepers have a natural affinity with Taylari Mortus. They will never be attacked by these vicious beasts, and may use spells from the Path of Animalia on Taylari Mortus, as if they were animals.

Drawback – Death Wish: The vampire openly welcomes the coming Afterdeath as a holy state of mind. If required to roll VIG + Fortitude to resist Death, the character automatically fails. Similar checks against Shock are unaffected by this Drawback.

long for the blessed state of the Afterdeath themselves to be released from mortality and morality alike. For some, this longing for death reaches such a level that they beg the family elders to kill them. If the Taylari is considered worthy enough, they perform this act in the form of an elaborate and joyous celebration.

The Annual Feast

Their cultivation and collection of Taylari Mortus is quite the concern for API, but there is also the question of their feeding habits. All vampires adore the Long Night, but the Two Thousand Sleepers practically worship it. For them, the trip to Alaska is considered a pilgrimage and those who can attend are expected to. Those who have earned particular favor may find easily attainable financial aid from their brothers and sisters.

The Long Night is thought of as a religious festival by the Taylari, a time when the God of Death once again walks the land in a shape of his chosen. They naturally count themselves amongst this number and celebrate their status with a month of non-stop feasting and terror. Alaska is their favored destination for this bloodthirsty revel, since it is well situated for the Long Night and sparsely populated, making stealthy celebration easier. Some years have only a few Sleepers in attendance, and there is little difference in the mortality rate. When there

is a mass gathering, however, there is a huge jump in deaths by exsanguinations.

The Two Thousand Sleepers are group feeders. They prefer to waylay their victims in small hunting troupes and share the blood. This at least keeps deaths lower than they might otherwise be with each Taylari seeking their own kills. Some victims are even less fortunate, dragged back to the family's lair to be torn apart by the Taylari Mortus as chosen sacrifices. There is even one incident on record where over a hundred Mortus were released into the wilds of Alaska to slaughter as they wished. This event is not likely to be repeated again soon, as too many of their revered brothers and sisters were lost that night.

The Dreamers Seven

Though most of the Sleepers make the pilgrimage to Alaska once per year, the heads of the family are permanent residents. These are the Dreamers Seven, vampires of immense age and power that sleep through the intervening months in a state akin to suspended animation rather than suffering through the blazing polar days. They are wizened and ugly creatures, leading some to believe that have passed into the Afterdeath without losing their mental faculties... the true goal for any of the Two Thousand Sleepers. They must certainly be very old now, even for vampires.

The Dreamers Seven preside over their unruly family during the holy month of the Long Night. During this time, many important events happen. Those found worthy are granted titles and authority over their fellows, ruling in the Dreamers' stead while they are sleeping. Those found guilty of betraying their extended family are punished, assuming they are present, or orders are given for their termination if they are not. Those wishing to become a Taylari Mortus are judged and, if found deserving, sacrificed with extreme pomp as the last light of the sun fades on the horizon.

Once the Long Night is over, the Dreamers return to their sleep and pass the mantle of command to the Fathers and Mothers. They are given the title and responsibility of keeping their relatives in line for the rest of the year, keeping track of misdemeanors and great deeds, and organizing the protection of those brothers and sisters who need it. They have the power to bring many punishments on their fellows, including imprisonment and torture, but only the Dreamers Seven have the power of life or death.



Chapter Four:

Canadian Toy Box

Surviving the Cold

Ice is slippery and sharp, snow is tiring to trudge through, and the northern landscapes are treacherous and unforgiving. Snow, ice, and below-zero conditions are hazardous and can lead to death if one is not careful or prepared. Being underdressed can cause hypothermia, but overdressing is almost as hazardous as it leads to dehydration and a faster rate of fatigue.

Snowfall

Operating during snowfall makes everything more difficult. Walking through snow slows movement by 1/3 (rounded down) and characters must make a Moderate (20) VIG + Survival check every five minutes or they lose 1 Stamina point from exhaustion. These checks suffer a -3 penalty for every foot of snow they are traversing, becoming harder the deeper they can sink.

Huge snowstorms, blizzards, can keep an entire populous indoors, as people fear becoming lost or freezing to

death. Weather reports usually keep the public updated on when and where a blizzard will crop up, but they can also catch some by surprise, especially if created by magic. If caught in a blizzard, all checks suffer a -5 penalty, unless the character makes a Tough (30) VIG + Survival check. Visual range is typically as far as ones fingertips, giving a -10 penalty to all Ranged combat Actions.

Avalanches

Avalanches are caused by snow and ice that don't quite settle correctly on cliffs or mountains. If stirred (i.e. after a suitably large explosion or GM spitefulness), large amounts of snow slide off onto an unsuspecting populace with a radius anywhere between a city block and several miles. Everyone buried by the Avalanche takes 3 (L) a minute unless they make a Tough (30) POW + Fortitude check. A victim can attempt to dig themselves with a Difficult (25) POW + Survival check, with each roll representing three minutes of effort. After ten minutes stuck underneath the snow (if they fail too many checks), suffocation may set in (page 75 of the API corebook). This is

truly a deadly natural happening, killing over 100 people every year.

Snow Blindness and Whiteouts

Whiteouts occur when there is no snowfall, but the ground and sky are both white and seem to meld together. This makes navigation, tracking, climbing, and vision difficult, as it is both disorientating and disheartening. If the wind picks up, snow may begin to fly, obscuring the horizon even more and giving the feeling of walking without getting anywhere. Whiteouts provide a -5 penalty on all rolls.

Snow blindness occurs when sunlight reflects off the snow and shines into one's eye without protective measures (i.e. sunglasses, tinted goggles, etc.). This results in a painful sunburn on the victim's eyes, leaving them blind for up to a week (Blindness on page 75 of the API corebook). Recovery time can be halved with medical attention and subsequent Moderate (20) IQ + Medicine (20) checks.

Hypothermia and Frostbite

Hypothermia occurs when the body grows too cold and the character begins to die. With frostbite, the body actively pulls blood from its extremities to help keep the internal organs warm. With the areas now without blood freezing, they rot upon thawing. To resist the effects of hypothermia, a character must make a VIG + Survival check, with the Difficulty based on the temperature. Modifiers and how long it takes for hypothermia to set in are determined by how well they are equipped (See Snow Gear on page 45). Hypothermia is more difficult to resist at lower temperatures.

32F (freezing point) to 21F	Difficulty 10
20F to 11F	Difficulty 15
10F to -9F	Difficulty 20
-10F to -20F	Difficulty 25
-20F to -30F	Difficulty 30
-31F or lower	Difficulty 35

A failed check drains 4 Stamina points, until they are reduced to Stamina 0. At half Stamina, the victim must also make a Difficulty (25) VIG + Fortitude check or become disorientated and delusional. They suffer a -10 penalty to all of their checks until their body is returned to a normal temperature. After losing all of their Stamina, they begin to take 4 (L) per failed check instead. Moderate (20) IQ + Medicine checks can be made to medically heat the bodies to a correct temperature, but they suffer a -2 penalty to their check for each initially failed Survival check.

Failed Medicine checks mean the affected extremities must be amputated. If the afflicted character only lost

Stamina, then a few fingers and toes find their way to the cutting room floor. If they began losing Health, then a hand, foot, arm or leg may need to go.

Example: Chris has VIG 4 and Survival 3 and is wearing Great Gear that provides a +15 to checks against hypothermia. He gets caught in a terrible snow storm and temperatures drop to -25F (Difficulty 30). He rolls 1d20 and rolls 8, for a total of 30 (8 + 15 for gear + VIG 4 + Survival 3), which is enough. However, if he was wearing Poor Gear (+5 bonus), he would have failed and hypothermia would set in.

Fighting on Icy Terrain

Combat is already taxing on the average fighter, but battling an opponent on icy terrain is one of the hardest things to accomplish. Certain penalties are applied to all Actions and Reactions in these circumstances, equal to its Speed, costing +1 Stamina to perform each. Fighters trained this type of combat specifically (See Ice Fighter below) ignore these rules and continue combat normally and with a huge advantage. These penalties are usually only a nuisance to fighters with great balance and endurance, but average people find such activities quite exhausting.

In addition, fighters must make a reflexive Simple (10) AGY + Acrobatics check to keep from falling after each Action or Reaction. If successful, they remain standing. If they fail their check, they fall the ground and must make a Stand Action to get back up (needing a second Balance check for that Action).

Example: Brennan normally has a +6 to Strike and decides to go for a Full Attack (Speed 4, Stamina 1, +3 Damage). However, because of the icy terrain, he receives a -4 penalty to Strike (equal to the Speed), leaving him with only a +2 to Strike, and he must spend +1 Stamina point, raising his cost to Stamina 2. Damage is unaffected. He then makes a Balance check to keep standing and rolls 11. He just made it!

This rule does not apply to non-physical actions, such as Use Skill, Hold, Draw Weapon, or certain spell casting.

New Combat Action

Gain Footing

(Speed 3, Stamina 1)

Description: The fighter takes a moment to pace his steps and evaluate the likeliness of their slipping. Performing this Action removes Strike and Stamina penalties to their next Action, and they can ignore the Balance check afterward.

New Fighting Technique

Ice Fighter

The fighter ignores penalties for fighting on icy terrain and does not need to use the Gain Footing Action before any Action of Reaction. They receive +4 Health, as well as +2 bonus against hypothermia and frostbite from their training in the harsh cold of Winter. This Technique is available to all optional Fighting Styles.

New Equipment

Snow Gear

API has nothing but the best equipment for heading into the outdoors. Thermal Suits (page 47) are issued to agents, but are usually only worn in the harsh winters and summers. Hypothermia and frostbite set in automatically when the gear is eventually worn out, otherwise the protection is practically indefinite. The time needed for hypothermia to set in is also how often the character needs to make resistance checks.

- **Best Gear (Cost 3):** Snowshoes or cross country skis if there is a lot of snow on the ground, long underwear, fleece pants, sweater, socks, gloves, jacket, light pants, face mask, hat, mittens, chemical hand warmers, heavy boots, snow pants, heavy insulated jacket with a hood, ice pick, climbing gear, and goggles. This equipment is best reserved for the absolute coldest Canadian winters. Expeditions to the Northern Territories in winter, trudging through Alaska or even a trip to one of the many islands close to the North Pole requires this type of equipment. Time before hypothermia sets in: 4 hours. Modifier against hypothermia and frostbite: +20. Temperatures within Range: -20F to -50F

- **Great gear (Cost 2):** Heavy boots, insulated jacket, multiple layers of clothing, goggles, thick gloves, scarves, insulated hood, long underwear, and multiple socks. This gear is ideal for winter time and particularly cold days. Time before hypothermia sets in: 1 hour. Modifier against hypothermia and frostbite: +15. Temperatures within range: 0F to -20F

- **Good gear (Cost 2):** Insulated jacket, waterproof boots, two sweaters, gloves, scarf, hat, earmuffs, and two pairs of tube-socks. A good choice of clothing as long as the ice isn't too prevalent or there's not much snow on the ground. These choices make dashing to the store in the dead of winter a much easier experience. Time before hypothermia sets in: 30 minutes. Modifier against hypothermia and Frostbite: +10. Temperatures within range: 0F to 20F

- **Poor gear (Cost 1):** Leather gloves, non-insulated jacket, gumboots, jeans, ball-cap, and tube-socks. In a pinch, it will do for short distances or when winter is not at its peak quite yet. Time before hypothermia sets in: 10 minutes. Modifier against hypothermia and frostbite: +5. Temperatures within range: 20F to 35F+

Husk Smasher

Once at a meeting over new technology, a young recruit spoke up about how, while newly designed weapons for dealing with various demons were wonderful, it seemed that one race was immune most of their high-tech devices. "What sort of weapon do we have to cripple a husk?" the rookie asked. The Elite pulled out a "Husk Smasher" from under the table, slamming it down on the podium to the audible gasp of his students. "Apply it liberally to a Husk's legs and then apprehend them like any other crawling, incapacitated demon". When the recruit asked, "Isn't that just a sledgehammer?", the Elite smiled and winked before leaving the room.

- **Terrible gear (Cost N/A):** Runners, khakis, sweater, vest, and tube-socks. Only an agent filled with desperation would attempt to transverse the winter-wonderland in this wardrobe. Time before hypothermia sets in: 1 minute. Modifier against hypothermia and frostbite: +0. Temperatures within range: 35f +

- **Suicidal gear (Cost N/A):** Naked or any of the above soaking wet. Write a will. Time before hypothermia sets in: Instantly and every round after. Modifier against hypothermia and frostbite: -10. Temperatures within range: Hawaii.

Energy Net

Durability: 16 (5/5), **Size 3, Cost:** API-Issued
(**Speed 7, Stamina 2, Range 35/70/100, Payload: 1, RS: N/A**)

Description: API scientists are busy looking for new ways to take a prisoner without the need for a fight and possible lives lost. In their efforts, one of their first inventions was the Energy Net. Launched from a tube similar to a grenade launcher, this weapon fires a net of glowing blue electricity at the target. It must be Dodged and cannot be Parried. If they fail their Dodge, they are constricted by the energy net and held tightly in place. It only holds weak targets, however, and could never hold a Tark, for instance. The target may attempt a Moderate (20) POW + VIG check to break the net around the, but must be able to lift at least 400 lbs of pressure.

Heat Wave

Durability: 13, **Size: 3, Cost:** API-Issued
(**Speed 4, Stamina 1, Range 10/20/30, Payload 4, RS: 5**)

Description: A firearm specially-designed to combat Wendigo, Amataliks, and other threats that are sensitive to heat and fire. It is roughly the size of rifle, but is much bulkier and heavier. The Heat Wave fires an invisible, concentrated beam of heat and the target feels as if they are being set on fire, without causing any actual damage. Beings with a vulnerability to heat or fire must make a Difficult (35) VIG + Fortitude check to resist a horrible pain coursing through their body and suffering a -5 penalty to all combat and skill checks for the next 10 minutes. Many surrender from the intense agony, hoping the agent will

simply reverse the effects with one of the several viles of painkillers Heat Wave users are issued. Of course, these are only used after the demon is sufficiently restrained.

Mirror Key

Durability: Unbreakable, **Size 1**, **Cost:** API-Issued

Description: The Montréal HQ's mundane entrances were removed decades ago. Instead, they now use dimensional portals kept in certain locations around the city that are linked to the base and only accessible with a Mirror Key. It is a small, disc-shaped mirror with tiny, magical inscriptions etched upon it. The user need only approach the portal location (i.e. a certain segment of sidewalk or a telephone booth) and think of entering to be instantly teleported to the base.

The Mirror Key can be used for agents to speak with and see each other (as per Mirror Communication on page 104 of the API corebook). Some agents prefer this item to traditional walkie-talkies for effective range, convenience of carrying, and sound quality. It is often used to call on Elites that can use their own to teleport instantly to their aid. Each Mirror Key can be used only once for long

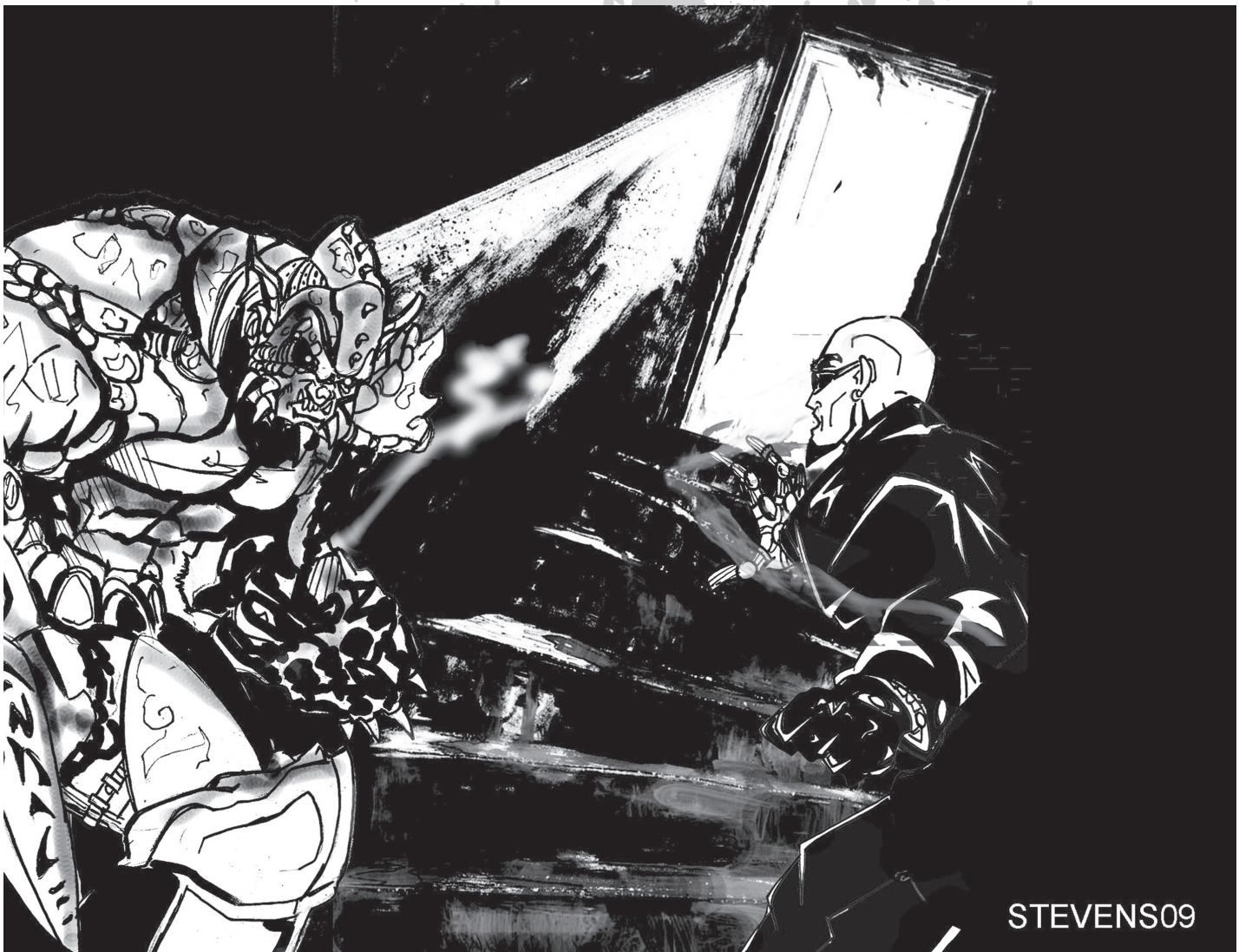
range teleportation anywhere in Canada. Each squad is issued with a single Mirror Key.

While the key is unbreakable by mundane means, every agent knows the magic word that shatters it into a pile of glass shavings. This precaution keeps the technology out of the wrong hands. If used to port from an outpost or any other location outside the Montréal, the mirror immediately crumbles.

Neural Gauntlets

Durability: 13, **Size:** 2, **Cost:** API-Issued
(**Speed +1**, **Stamina +1**, **+2 (NL)**)

Description: Neural Gauntlets have quickly become standard issue for field agents sent into potentially violent situations. They slip on over the user's hand and generate an electric current that can affect neural patterns to knock out the agent's opponent. When the gloves come into any kind of contact the target's skin (no matter the force behind it), they generate a flash of energy surges to short out their brain activity temporarily. The target must make a Simple (10) VIG + Fortitude check against unconsciousness. The Difficulty is increased by +5 per contact,



as the gauntlets ramp up its voltage (Difficulty 35 maximum). Beings completely immersed in water are immune to the gauntlet's effects, but any part of them sticking out is still able to be struck. If the gloves are submerged in water, they short out and must be repaired. Demons without brains or nervous system (i.e. Husks) or demons with completely different physiology are immune to this device.

Oxygen Converter Grenades

Durability: 8, **Size:** 1, **Cost:** API-Issued

Description: These grenades release a non-toxic, odorless, and colorless composition into the surrounding 15 ft. area that converts oxygen into a type of sleeping gas. If used indoors, the enclosed area gives the grenade a 30 ft. radius effect instead. The gas disperses quickly to aid in apprehension, clearing out of the area in 30 seconds (3 Rounds). Each Round that they inhale the air, they must make a Difficulty (25) VIG + Fortitude check to avoid instant unconsciousness. Husks are immune to these effects.

Snowmobile

Durability: 45 (AR 9/6), **Cost:** 3

CS: 60 MPH (880), **TS:** 120 MPH (1760), **Man:** +7

Description: These sturdy vehicles are almost a necessity for those living and working daily amongst the wide snow plains of northern Canada. For those who have never seen one, it is essentially a motorbike for snow. Traction is provided by twin caterpillar tracks below the seat of the device, while steering is achieved by a pair of adjustable skis at the front, using the same principle as turning a bike's front wheel. They are surprisingly agile for such lumbering vehicles and are occasionally used in stunt shows. Most snowmobiles are single seat vehicles, although sturdier models can carry one passenger in addition to the driver. A regular snowmobile can be driven over snow and thick ice, but not much else.

S.R.T.

Durability: 5 **Size:** 1 **Cost:** API-Issued

(Speed 3, Stamina 1, Range 20/40/60, Payload 2, RS: 6)

Description: The S.R.T., or Self-Regulating Taser, is akin to a civilian taser with modifications only possible from a company like Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. The voltage is applied to victims through a dime-sized disc fired at them and is automatically adjusted based on their size and durability. The S.R.T. continues to pump electricity through their nervous system until incapacitation occurs or the disc is crushed (Durability 2). It is completely non-lethal and will cease to function if it gets wet. When a disc is attached to the target, they suffer -2 to all combat and skill checks and need to make a Moderate (20) VIG + Fortitude check every Round to stay conscious. Each Round that passes, the disc increases the administered voltage and adds a cumulative +2 Difficulty to that check.

Thermal Suit

AR 1/0, **Hind:** 0, **Weight:** 0, **Cost:** API-Issued

Description: While veteran agents to Canada know how to cope in the cold climates of the far north, some rookies (and agents sent to assist from other countries) often require assistance to adapt. The cold environments can be tackled quite easily when wearing this skintight Thermal Suit. Keeping an agent at a constant temperature that is comfortable for their bodies is not the suits only function. The agent can also focus energy into their hands to start fires, melt metal, burn ropes, and various other uses without harming themselves. It inflicts +1 (L) from fire damage or 3 (L) per Round of contact. Armor can also be worn on top of it.

Wendigo Charm (Costs 1 BP)

Durability: 3, **Size** 1, **Cost:** N/A

Description: This item is created with mixture of herbs and Mana in the small pouch worn around the neck. Wendigo feel no urges to devour those who wear Wendigo Charms and they are also hesitant to harm the individual. If a Wendigo feels the urge to attack, they must make a successful Magic Resistance check at Difficulty (18) or the urge subsides instantly. If the Wendigo was attacked first, this charm hold no power over them. The secrets to create a Wendigo Charm are held by the oldest traditions of the Native Americans, but are not distributed widely. Only those deserving (i.e. someone who has helped the tribes in a significant way) are awarded with such a gift. The charm is useless, unless it is gifted to the wearer, reflected by the cost of 1 BP.

New Cybernetic Implants

Sub-Dermal Mesh (2 BP)

Micro-thin wiring is fed into the body just below the surface of the skin, connected to a small thermostat situated just below the armpit which constantly measures body temperature. Should this dip too low, the mesh gently heats up to the optimal body temperature for the cyborg's species, making the character immune to hypothermia. The cyborg may pass this benefit on to one additional recipient by holding them close enough to share the artificial body heat.

Crampons (Upgrade to Bionic Foot)

Broad serrated blades pop out of the sole of the foot, helping the cyborg keep their footing on slippery ice. See page 44 for Fighting on Icy Terrain. Having crampons removes any penalties to Strike and additional Stamina costs when on Icy Terrain, and the cyborg is also immune to slipping, even without a Gain Footing Action. These do not prevent them from moving, as Stabilizers do. Crampons also give a +3 bonus when rock climbing.

New Antagonists

Canada has many of its own legends and threats that Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. must deal with. While some of these are obviously unique to the region, others (i.e. Freed Reflections or Murders) can be used in any story, regardless of region.

Amautaliks (Fear 16)

Description: Also called Abominable Snowmen, their native name, Amautalik, was taken from Inuit legend. API felt 'Snowman' was far too jolly a name for such a vicious and cunning predator. Standing about nine feet tall when fully erect, Amautaliks spend most of their time in a habitual stoop that makes them less obvious in the vast snow plane homelands. The creature appears as a rangy skeleton made of ice, with exceptionally long arms and a peculiarly basket-like arrangement of icicles projecting from its back, used to carry its victims' corpses. Amautaliks aren't that intelligent, but are as cunning as the deadliest wolf and know how to use camouflage to their advantage. They spend much of their time buried in snow, waiting for just the moment to emerge for a spot of active hunting, wearing clumps of the snow on its icy bodies. This is likely where the moniker 'Snowman' came from, but they only truly deserve the 'Abominable' part.

Motivations: Though in legends it is specifically a child-eater, the beast's tastes are not nearly so specialized. An Amautalik will eat anything, but prefer the taste of human prey. And living in such a bleak part of the world, they are often hungry.

Statistics of Note: Health 45, Stamina 30, Initiative +10, Movement 8, Actions per Round 3, Magic Resistance +5 (+0 against heat-based), Stealth +10

Combat: They are solitary, ambush predators, hiding in deep drifts of snow to leap on unsuspecting passers-by. It attacks with its long sharp fingers and can snap off parts of its icicle-basket to throw like javelins should its prey look like escaping. **Bonuses:** Damage +5, Strike +8, Thrown +12, Parry +8, Dodge +5, Roll +5, Grapple +12. Ice Javelin (Speed 5, Stamina 2, +3 (L), Range 40/60/80)

Powers: Amautaliks can cause avalanches with their deep, foghorn bellowing. They take no damage from cold attacks or conditions.

Weaknesses: The Amautalik takes double damage from fire and heat-based attacks.

Bark Crawler

Description: The Bark Crawler appears to be a mix between a silverfish, grasshopper, and bark bug. It's extremely large for an insect, with larger specimen growing up to foot long, and its shell looks like inconspicuous tree bark, allowing them to hide effectively on the tree trunks to ambush their prey. The Bark Crawler has a set of six pairs of legs, small but strong like those of a woodlouse. It also has two pairs of large, extremely long grasshopper-like legs, used to launch itself at high velocity when it

senses something large moving nearby. The creature is quite capable of knocking out human-sized prey with its heavy shell. Bark Crawlers are social insects and a fallen victim will quickly become the center of a whole swarm of these beasts, feeding freely on their flesh. If enough of them feed on the same individual, they often become indistinguishable from a fallen log. Many victims die before they come round, and those that live recover with terrible gaping wounds.

Motivations: Bark Crawlers seem to react to any movement larger than a possum, but large prey will inevitably attract the attention of more. They are only motivated by their basic need to eat.

Statistics of Note: Health 6, Stamina 12, Initiative +10, AR 8/2, Movement 6, Actions per Round 1, Magic Resistance +1, Stealth +12

Combat: Launch Attack (Speed 30, Stamina 3, Strike +8, 6 (NL)): After their initial attack, they are often no longer a threat.... individually. However, they travel in family groups of ten to twenty crawlers and attack en masse.

Powers: No special powers

Weaknesses: They are protected by natural armor on the tops of their bodies, its hardness used to inflict the launch damage. However, their underbelly is sorely unprotected (no AR) and left exposed after they attack.

Fenris Wolves (Fear 15)

Description: Fenris Wolves are born from the insatiable hunger only acquired from long periods in the frozen wilderness, where lone wolves will eat anything to survive... even each other. They are proof that a mixture of the Aurora Borealis' uncontrollable energy and cannibalism can mutate a wolf just as easily as a Wendigo. A Fenris Wolf is much larger than a normal wolf or even a Wolf Person in Wolf form, growing up to 8 ft. in length and standing up to 5 ft. tall. They are quite thin and sickly, with patches of fur missing and a poisonous, rabid bite.

Motivations: They are filled with an unstoppable hunger to eat whatever is nearby, be it a rodent, another wolf, or even a human. Anything with life in its body is suitable. Fenris wolves are not stealthy and rush any potential meal. However, they are survivors and will retreat if they are losing the fight they picked, in search of easier prey.

Statistics of Note: Health 36, Stamina 32, Initiative +18, AR 3/2, Movement 24, Actions per Round 4, Magic Resistance +3, Athletics (Jumping) +8, Intimidation +12, Survival (Tracking) +12

Combat: Hard Bite (Speed 6, Stamina 2, +8 Strike, 10 (L)): A lunging bite attack, not requiring a Grapple beforehand. Combatants make contested POW rolls to get the animal to let go (Fenris wolf gets +7), Ram (Speed 8, Stamina 3, 6 (NL)), the Fenris wolf combines a Movement and a Rush attack to maul their opponent. The target must make a Balance check with a Difficulty equal to the Strike roll to stay standing, Dodge +11, Roll +8

Powers: Victims of a Fenris wolf bite must make a Tough (30) VIG + Fortitude check to resist its poison. If

failed, the victim feels an intense hunger for (10 – VIG) days. Even when their stomach is full, they will continue to eat and eat uncontrollably. They will never feel sated, will eat through their rations, grab whatever nourishment is nearby from anyone within reach, and resort to morally questionable acts to acquire a meal.

Weaknesses: The beast is frightened by fire and must make a Simple (10) check (with no bonuses) to resist being held at bay by flame. This protects many campers and is even more incentive to keep the fire burning through the night. Fenris wolves chase after whatever meal of most readily available, so they can easily be distracted by strong, delicious smells.

Freed Reflections

Description: Mirror magic has the power to release a person's reflection, creating the embodiment of their dark side. They take a tangible form in our world and are free to wreak havoc. The Freed Reflection resembles their original's form, but their body is covered with sores and their clothes always appear soiled and wet, even leaving damp footprints behind as they walk.

Motivations: They do not require food or water and are motivated only by the dark nature that forged them. First, they are consumed with killing their original, the only way to become truly free. Afterward, they take on their original's dark fantasies. For instance, if they had thoughts of being a serial murderer, then the Reflection is motivated to kill again and again.

Statistics of Note: Health 28, Stamina 28, Initiative +13, AR 2/2, Movement 18, Actions per Round 3, Magic Resistance +4, Acrobatics +8, Athletics +8, Intimidation +10, Skill of the Original +10

Combat: While they may appear wet and soggy, they are incredibly fast, making them deadly. They will always retreat to the nearest mirror if they feel they are losing the battle. **Bonuses:** Strike +6, Dodge +10, Parry +4, Roll +6, Grapple +9, Damage +2

Powers: They have the ability to travel between mirrors up to a half-mile away, equal to the Mirror Travel spell (page 105 of the API corebook).

Weaknesses: A Reflection can be instantly summoned by speaking their true name (often an acquired name or the name of their original backwards) three times in a mirror. They have no resistance to this effect and are magically teleported, no matter where they are at the time.

Harvesters (TUTI Minion) (Fear 17)

Descriptions: A Harvester resembles a demonic crab, with a stout body about three feet tall upon six long legs. They have no eyes that can be seen, sensing by heat alone as they chase down living creatures to violently remove their hearts. They have four arms to accomplish this

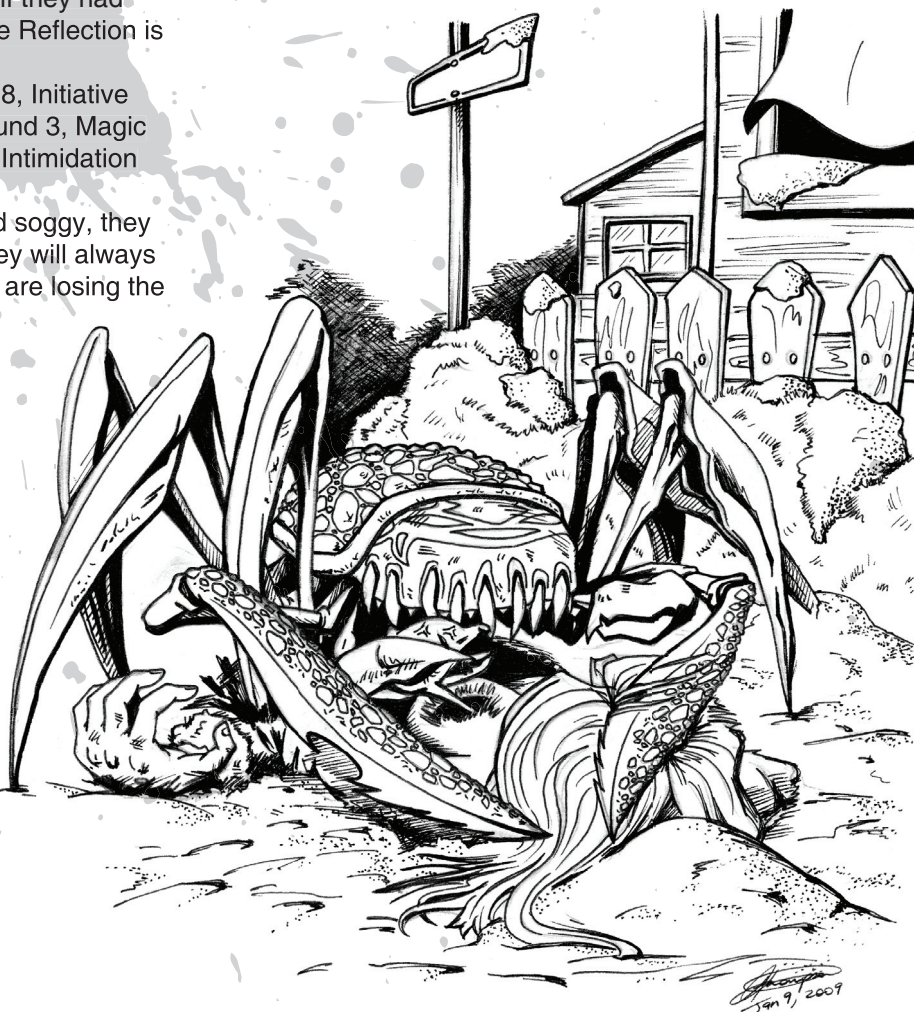
morbid task, each extending from their abdomen: two Slicers, capable of cutting through meat and bone with a single swipe, and two Grippers, able to quickly snatch hearts from chests. These are stored in the Harvester's abdomen, kept beating and warm for delivery to the TUTI.

Motivations: They usually travel in groups of three, splitting up only if they find multiple targets. They attempt to remove hearts from any living creature they encounter, regardless of size, be it a mouse, a human, or elephant. When they fill their abdomen with approximately ten human hearts, they begin their journey back to their creator.

Statistics of Note: Health 26, Stamina 40, Initiative +14, AR 3/3, Movement 15, Actions per Round 4, Magic Resistance +3, Perception +13, Athletics +10

Combat: Harvesters sense heat and attack any creatures it may feel nearby. They are not stealthy, rushing to collect hearts as long as it has room in its abdomen. **Bonuses:** Strike +6, Parry +8, Dodge +5, Roll +6, Grapple +12, Damage: Gripper +3 (NL), Slicer +2 (L) AP 2

Powers: Heart Removal (Speed 12, Stamina 4, -3 Strike): After weakening their opponent to approximately 1/2 Health, they attempt to remove the heart, slicing twice with their Slicers and then seizing it with the Gripper in one quick movement. The target must make three Reactions against two Slicer attacks for 5 (L) AP 2 each and one Gripper attack that kills them if it succeeds. The



Slicers can be Parried, but the Gripper must be Dodged. If the Slicers succeed and do even 1 (L) a piece, the victim's heart is thus exposed, forcing a Shock check and Bleeding.

Weaknesses: Unlike Slugs, Harvesters aren't especially vulnerable to fire. However, Targeted Strikes to their abdomen disorients them (-3 penalty to all combat checks and loss of 1 Action that Round), as they rush to protect the hearts they have collected.

Little People

Description: Native American folklore tells about the Little People, but few others know them as anything other than Canadian faeries and pests. Some call them the Yumwi or Nimerigar, but their descriptions and actions vary little between different tellings. Like other faeries, Little People stand just over a foot on average, but they look just like tiny humans with tanned skin tones of patchy dirt and long dark hair. They have their own language and craft crude weapons to hunt prey (i.e. rodents or rabbits) or harm trespassers to their territory, usually tucked away in hills or caves. They love to cause trouble for anyone that catches their attention, sometimes for years on end.

Motivations: The Yumwi love mischief, but are also quite able thieves. They irritate passers-by by stealing maps, water, rations, shoelaces, jewelry or anything else they think is pretty or important. If confronted, Yumwi will bare their teeth and attack with crafted spears or tiny arrows. If unarmed, they sink their teeth into the bare skin of their attackers with a bite of magical infection that causes severe rashes or skin rot. They love the taste of cured hiker meat if they get the chance, with a single kill feeding their village for months.

Statistics of Note: Health 13, Stamina 10, Initiative +12, Movement 10, Actions per Round 2, Survival +12

Combat: Bite (Speed 4, Stamina 3, +2 Strike, 1(L)): Leaping at the victim like a whale breaking the water, the Yumwi does not require a Grapple check beforehand. A Moderate (20) VIG + Fortitude check must be made to avoid automatic infection. If critically failed, they lose double the Health and Stamina until they seek medical care (See page 75 of the API core). Tiny spear (Speed 6, Stamina 2, +5 Strike, 2(L)): Throwing tiny spears towards the softest visible parts of their victims. The tiny arrows do no damage. Dodge +8

Powers: The Little People have no supernatural abilities besides being terribly filthy and their cunning to lure people with jeers and tiny arrows into potential death-traps.

Weaknesses: They are affected by any magic or technology designed for faeries.

Murders

Description: Murders are just as awful as they sound, shifting between two vastly different forms. One is a small raven, while the other is a horror in every sense of the word. In their passive bird form, they stalk potential victims and gather other birds of the same type, until

there is a sizeable flock now stalking the victim. The birds will squawk and dive-bomb the victim (Birds on Page.162 in the API corebook) until the Murder feels satisfied that they are sufficiently distracted. Then the Murder erupts from a burst of feathers in its true form: long talons, a hideously sloped head, hooked beak, and four large, crooked wings. It is covered with feathers congealed out of the gore of exploding birds before it whisks off with its prey and uses its bones for a nesting place far from human eyes. They gained their moniker from their affinity for using crows and ravens for flocks.

Motivations: Everything's got to eat. Murders have little murders (agents often call them "Stabbings") that need eat too. As their young ones don't grow too large in their first few years, the ribcages and spines of humans make excellent nests. Murders keep to populated areas and inhabit abandoned sections of cities. They hunt alone, but eat as a family. Up to five Murders can stay in a single nest before one leaves to start their own.

Statistics of Note: Health 45, Stamina 30, Initiative +20, Movement (Flying) 35, Actions per Round 3, Perception +5, Deception +5

Combat: Peck (Speed 4, Stamina 3, +6 Strike, 6(L)): The Murder uses this attack with the element of surprise to tear as much flesh off of the victims face as possible before flying off. Claw (Speed 6, Stamina 2, +5 Strike, 3(L)): Tearing at their victims abdomen, the Murder tries to remove all the flesh and unappetizing organs from the body before hauling it away.

Powers: Murders can fly and possess minor shape changing abilities. They transform into their true form to attack, but they take their smaller raven form most often.

Weaknesses: Hollow bones: Because of their hollow bones, Murders take double damage from impact weapons (fast moving trucks, hammers, clubs, etc).

Paija

Description: The Paija appears as a gigantic, naked woman with long, clumped and stringy black hair that covers the majority of her face and upper body. Jutting down from her torso is a singular leg with a hand where the foot should be. Reported sightings of her have mentioned that she is nearly nine feet tall and she hops great distances on her one horrible leg. Seeing a single handprint in the snow is an omen to venture elsewhere. It is unknown whether there is more than one Paija or if she is a single terrifying creature.

Motivations: Paija loves to cause terror and sorrow. She leaps across the Northern Territories and drags the biggest men she can find away, feasting then in front of their families. She doesn't need the men for sustenance, but she loves to suck the marrow out of their bones while they still wriggle and scream. Rarely does she return to the same town more than once every few years.

Statistics of Note: Health 60, Stamina 52, Initiative +15, Movement 20, Actions per Round 3, Magic Resistance +5, Perception +5, Deception +7

Combat: Paija prefers to leap upon a lone opponent

and immobilize him with her hand/foot, while her other arms tear off limbs. Grapple Maneuver - Limb Removal: The victim makes a VIG + Fortitude check with a Difficulty equal to the Paija's Grapple check. The first failure leaves the victim's limb crippled and immovable until first aid is administered. A second failure means the limb is completely removed. **Bonuses:** Strike +6, Parry +5, Dodge +5, Roll +6, Grapple +11, Damage +7

Powers: Paija is immune to cold damage. If she ever perceives herself losing a fight (half her health is gone) she summons up a blizzard, as per the Create Blizzard spell (page 52) and attempt to disappear within it.

Weaknesses: Paija pretends to be fearful of many things so that people will spread legends and rumors and then howls with laughter as the next victim tries the same thing that "warded her off" last time. However, Paija cannot swim. It is unknown if drowning actually kills her, but she usually won't pursue a victim who dives into water or even runs to an iced over lake.

Possessors (TUTI Minion)

Description: Possessors resemble light-weight tarantulas with only six legs. They are a unique monster, as they allow the TUTI to gain direct possession of any being, including human, animals, and demons. Spawned in the hundreds in the form of one giant spider, they separate quickly to seek bodies to take over. When they encounter a prospective target, they attach to the back of their neck and insert their fangs directly into their spine. From that point on... their victim belongs to the TUTI.

Motivations: The minion is single-minded, seeking only to latch itself to a living creature to be controlled. Victims may be controlled to act as spies, as everything

they sense (i.e. see, hear, feel) is relayed back to the TUTI. Some are led to a Slug to become impregnated and usher in a new generation of Infected (page 64). Others are forced to become killers, harvesting hearts for the entity at every opportunity possible and hopefully not getting caught.

Statistics of Note: Health 10, Stamina 20, Initiative +14, Movement 12, Actions per Round 3, Magic Resistance +2, Athletics (Jumping) +14, Stealth +12 (-4 penalty to sneak onto someone's back)

Combat: TUTI Possessors rarely fight, but can easily Dodge attacks launched at them. They leap toward their opponent's neck at any opportunity they get. Due to their speed, attacks toward them suffer a -5 penalty. **Bonuses:** Strike +5, Dodge +13, Damage -1

Powers: If removed violently, the victim suffers spinal damage. Approximately thirty minutes and the appropriate IQ + Medicine and AGY + Medicine checks are required to perform the necessary surgery for safe removal. Those that suffer spinal damage could suffer from partial paralysis, lose their ability to speak properly, or otherwise become less of a person.

Weaknesses: Possessors do not have any specific weaknesses, but their victims suffer a -4 penalty to Initiative due to delay in transmitted orders from the TUTI.

Slugs (TUTI Minion)

Description: Slugs are created by the TUTI to impregnate a human host and create one of the Infected (page 64). These creatures are large slugs made of pulmonary tissue that extend up to a foot long. Unlike a mundane slug, they move quite rapidly, slithering like a snake and leaving a trail of bloody mucus behind. They are released

into the world by the dozens, accosting victims in a swarm... all of them hoping to impregnate the human.

Motivations: Slugs have one purpose... to implant themselves into a human. Only female hosts are suitable to actually bring an Infected to term, but these creatures sense only "human", not "male or female". As this suggests, they entirely ignore demons when attacking.

Statistics of Note: Health 6, Stamina N/A, Initiative +12, Movement 8, Actions per Round 2, Magic Resistance +1

Combat: Slugs do not fight. They slither onto a human and attempt to enter their mouth. Their



speed makes it harder to hit and opponents automatically suffer a -5 penalty to Strike them. When they reach the human's body, victims can use an Action to make Moderate (20) Grapple checks to pull these creatures off, suffering a -4 penalty as the slugs are quite slippery.

Powers: If crushed under foot, they act as a strong adhesive, giving a -4 penalty to any check requiring foot movement. A character that touches a Slug (or their slime trail) and then grips their weapon gets a +4 bonus against attempts to Disarm them.

Weaknesses: Fire, even the smallest of flames, kills them instantly. They don't have intelligence enough to avoid fire and often kill themselves attempting to cross.

New Secrets of Magic

Path of Elements: Ice

The Path of Ice teaches the adept to shape and manipulate the elements of ice and cold. Like other Elemental spells, these commonly require intricate hand signs, but others even call for blood. This Path is practiced widely in the icy tundra of northern Canada.

(1st) – Create Blizzard

Mana: 7

Casting Time: 8 / 6

Duration: 2 min.

Range: 50 ft. radius

Resistance: No

Effect: An adept with this spell creates a blizzard of obfuscating flurries, howling winds, and overwhelming cold. The temperature drop doesn't cause damage, but most are surprised by the quickness the blizzard occurs. Any perception checks or ranged attacks suffer a -5 penalty. Movement is also halved within the radius, due to the suddenness of the chill. The adept is unaffected by the blizzard's penalties.

Sacrifice: Spell casting needs intricate hand signs, requiring a Moderate (20) AGY + Legerdemain check for the spell to fully complete. If the check fails, the radius and applied penalties are halved (rounded down).

Upgrades: Reduce Mana, Reduce Casting, Reduce Recovery, Duration Bonus (+2 min, Max: 10 min.), Range Bonus (100 ft. radius > 150 ft.), Effect Bonus: (-2 penalty, Max: -10), Unaffected (+1 other by touch unaffected by effects, Max: +4)

(1st) – Elemental Shield: Ice

Effect: This spell is identical to Elemental Shield from the Path of Elements (page 96 in the API Corebook). In addition, the adept suffers no penalties from hypothermia or frostbite while this spell is active.

(1st) – Frost Control

Mana: 5

Casting Time: 3 / 5

Duration: 15 min.

Range: Touch

Resistance: Varies

Effect: This spell gives the adept control over the temperature in their immediate area. Water can be frozen to zero degrees or unfrozen with a touch and perishable items can be kept fresh. It can even stop the flow of blood from a wound. These effects are described below:

- **Water:** They can freeze or unfreeze up to one gallon of water (or other liquid) instantly. Likewise, the water can also be thawed from frozen to room temperature. It can be frozen inside pipes, hoses, or bottles, usually causing the container to crack or burst. **Resistance:** No.

- **Food:** Perishable food can be frozen over and kept fresh for up to 3 days. **Resistance:** No

- **Blood:** They can slow the flow of blood from a wound, halting the loss of Health from bleeding in themselves or some else in need. **Resistance:** Yes.

- **Sheets:** They can create a thin layer of ice on a five-square-foot surface, causing others to possibly slip and fall. It forces a Moderate (20) AGY + Athletics check. If failed, they fall and must make a Stand Action to get up. See page 44 for fighting on Icy Terrain. **Resistance:** Balance check.

Sacrifice: If outside an already-icy area, the adept sacrifices 2 (L) of blood to enact the spell.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana, Reduce Casting, Reduce Recovery, Effect Bonus: Water (5 gal. > 10 gal. > 25 gal. > 50 gal. > 100 gal. > 200 gal.), Duration Bonus: Food (+2 days, Max: 1 week), Duration Bonus (+15 min, max 1 hr.)

(2nd) – Freezing Touch

Mana: 15

Casting Time: 6 / 6

Duration: Instant

Range: Touch

Resistance: Yes

Effect: Many argue that Freezing is both the most lethal and most useful spell in the Path of Ice. The adept instantly lowers the target's temperature to a severe degree, which can destroy inanimate objects and kill living creatures.

- **Objects:** Objects crack under the cold pressure and lose 10 Durability instantly, bypassing any non-magical AR. The sudden drop in temperature (as far down as -100 degrees) causes firing pins to snap in firearms, knives to grow brittle and shatter, and vehicles to seize up and stall without the option for repair.

- **Living Targets:** Living targets suffer greatly from this spell, not only taking 8 (L), but also suffering from instant frostbite through their body. They suffer a cumulative -3 penalty to all checks and lose 5 Stamina points per hour, until they receive medical treatment. Cybernetic implants receive a separate Magic Resistance check with a +2 bonus. If failed, they cease functioning until repaired.

Sacrifice: Spell casting needs intricate hand signs, requiring a Tough (30) AGY + Legerdemain check for the spell to fully complete. If the check fails, damage and effects are halved (rounded down).

Upgrades: Reduce Mana (Min: 11), Reduce Casting, Reduce Recovery, Damage Bonus: Objects (+3 damage, Max: 30), Damage Bonus: Living Targets (+3 (L), Max: 20 (L)), Range Bonus (10 ft. > 25 ft. > 50 ft. > 100 ft. > Line of sight), Reduce Penalty (Moderate (20) hand sign check > Simple (10))

(2nd) – Ice Travel

Mana: 9

Casting Time: 6 / 5

Duration: 15 min.

Range: Self

Resistance: No

Effect: Traversing ice and snow in Canada (and other nations) is both treacherous and difficult. With use of Ice Travel, the adept not only eliminates these dangers, but can navigate through blizzards, sheets of ice, and avalanches without penalty. They travel at double their Movement, actually skating on top of the ice and effortlessly bounding over the snow. The only thing the adept has to worry about is the wrath of their companions as they still have to drudge through waist-deep snow.

In combat, they suffer no penalties when fighting on icy terrain (See page 44) and do not require Gain Footing Actions.

Sacrifice: Stamina spent to cast this spell recovers half as quickly (1 point every 10 minutes).

Upgrades: Reduce Mana, Reduce Casting, Reduce Recovery, Duration Bonus (30 min. > 1 hr. > +1 hr, Max: 5 hr.), Range Bonus (+1 other by Touch, max +4), Effect Bonus (Triple Movement > Quadruple)

(3rd) – Avalanche

Mana: 24

Casting Time: 20 / 1 min.

Duration: 4 min.

Range: 40 ft. Radius

Resistance: No

Effect: The adept summons a huge avalanche of snow that appears out of nowhere above them. As the snow drops, the ensuing wreckage buries all in the radius in snow that crushes and pins them down under tons of ice. All victims must succeed at a Moderate (20) POW + Fortitude or POW + Survival check, or suffer 3 (L) per Round spent inside the avalanche. Those that fail their check are buried and may be trapped under the rumble until the duration ends. One check is made each minute and four successful checks are needed to dig out. At the GM's discretion, failed checks may force a Suffocation checks (page 75 of the API corebook). When the duration ends, the snow take half the Duration to quickly melt away. The adept is unaffected by the effects of this spell.

Sacrifice: Summoning this amount of snow is draining and Stamina spent take three times longer to recover (1

point per 15 minutes). If outside an already-icy area, the adept sacrifices 10 (L) of blood to enact the spell.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana (Min: 16), Reduce Casting (Min: 10), Duration Bonus (+2 min, Max: 10 min.), Damage Bonus (+1 (L), Max +8 (L)), Effect Bonus (Dig check Tough (30)), Reduce Penalty (8 (L) > 6 (L) > 4 (L))

(3rd) – Cryokinesis

Mana: 19

Casting Time: 8 / 4

Duration: 1 hr.

Range: 10 ft.

Resistance: No

Effect: This powerful spell allows the adept to mentally manipulate ice into various shapes and even animate it. For most effects, the Duration is how long the adept has to make their changes, but the modifications made are permanent. The spell allows adepts to take ice and mold it in their hands to form weapons, slides, passages, tunnels, and pretty much anything lacking many moving parts.

- **Weapon (Speed 6, Stamina 1):** They manipulate the moisture in the air to create a weapon of ice in their hand (i.e. knife, sword, club, or other melee weapon). The weapon lasts for the duration, unless destroyed, and uses the statistics for a normal weapon of its type.

- **Structures (Speed 12, Stamina 1):** Slides, walls, stairs, and even crude shelters can also be created entirely out of ice with proper AGY + Crafts checks. The objects have a Durability 10. If cast again upon already created structures, they are reinforced with double the thickness and durability.

- **Animation (Speed 10, Stamina 1):** Up to 25 lbs. of snow and ice can also be animated without being molded into shapes. This can be used to create holes in ice and snow (i.e. opening underneath their target), cracking icicles so they fall on victims, or large waves of snow bowling people over. POW + Fortitude checks (20) are needed to stay standing, and icicle teeth do 3 (L) and attack with a +4 Strike bonus.

Sacrifice: Spell casting needs intricate hand signs, requiring a Tough (30) AGY + Legerdemain check for the spell to fully complete. The spell effects are halved (rounded down) if the check fails. Also, to use ones own blood for the ice required, the adept (or willing subject) must take 2 (L) for every size level of the object created or manipulated.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana (Min: 4), Reduce Casting, Reduce Recovery, Damage Bonus: Weapon (+1 damage, max +5), Effect Bonus: Structures (Triple effect on recasting), Effect Bonus: Animation (50 lbs. > 100 lbs. > 250 lbs. > 500 lbs.), Reduce Penalty (Moderate (20) hand sign check > Simple (10))

Path of Fractures (Husks Only)

The Path of Fractures is available only to the otherworldly husks, as it works specifically with their unusual shell-like biology. It's technically possible for adepts of other species to learn the basics of this Path, but attempting to cast any Fracture spell results in an instant, painful death as their body is dissected and peeled. It is unknown whether anyone has thus far been brave, foolish, or suicidal enough to try.

(1st) – My Little Friend

Mana: 9

Casting Time: 6 / 10

Duration: As Required

Range: Line of Sight

Resistance: No

Effect: Usually the first spell learned, this spell removes parts of the Husk's body without damaging them. They can literally snap off an extremity, usually a hand or arm, and it continues to function under the control of its owner. The most common use is to detach their hand for it to crawl around on its fingertips. The detached limb has no mind of its own, nor can it see for itself, so it must remain within the Husk's line of sight, controlled like a remote control toy. It is ineffectual for attacking and is mostly used for retrieving small objects or activating buttons and levers that are out of reach. It might just be able to pull the trigger on a gun, but aiming would be beyond its normal capabilities.

Sacrifice: Removing the limb causes a damage of 3 (NL) direct to the Husk which cannot be healed until the limb is reattached. They also lose the use of that limb as if it had been blown off.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana (Min: 3), Reduce Casting, Reduce Recovery, Reduce Penalty (2 (NL) > 1 (NL))

(1st) – My Little Eye

Mana: 9

Casting Time: 1 min. / 1 min.

Duration: As Required

Range: One Mile

Resistance: No

Effect: The Husk carefully cracks away their entire eye

Creative Uses

Creative spell use should be actively encouraged, as they have many applications. One may throw their own hand at an enemy using 'My Little Friend' and have it cling to their throat and choke them. Mechanically, they should make a Targeted Strike against the enemy's head using Archery / Thrown. If successful, they can make a Strangle Grappling maneuver, as described on page 69 of the API corebook. Since the hand is only small it doesn't stop the victim moving around, but its owner may also perform other actions while continuing to strangle the target. Once the target breaks free of the stranglehold, the severed hand falls to the floor and can no longer make attacks.

and a small portion of the surrounding face, and leaves it somewhere inconspicuous. That eye now acts as a spy camera, allowing its owner to see and hear everything from its point of view. The eye cannot turn to look around of its own accord, so it must be carefully placed to obtain the best results. This spell can be used in conjunction with My Little Friend to allow the remote control limb to function without the need for keeping it in line of sight. The Husk simply attaches the eye to the detached limb, where it fuses in place.

Sacrifice: Removing the eye causes a damage of 3 (NL) direct to the Husk which cannot be healed until the eye is reattached. Their Perception and Insight bonuses are halved (rounded down) for the purposes of seeing or hearing when their eyes are in two different places. They could both be left in the same place rendering the rest of the husk's body blind and deaf if they so choose.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana (Min: 3), Reduce Casting (-20 sec, Min: 20 sec.), Reduce Recovery (-20 sec, Min: 20 sec.), Reduce Penalty (Perception/Insight bonuses reduced by 25%), Reduce Penalty (2 (NL) > 1 (NL))

(1st) – Inner Space

Mana: 5

Casting Time: 10 / 10

Duration: As Required

Range: Personal

Resistance: Yes

Effect: The Husk carefully cracks open a portion of his shell and opens it like a door into his smoky interior. There is plenty of room inside to store any number of objects up to 1 sq. ft. They are stored safely, without fear of being damaged by sudden jarring, but they cannot keep live creatures in this compartment. To retrieve them, the spell must cast again. Others can attempt to forcibly retrieve the objects by shattering the Husk's chest cavity. It takes a total of 10 (L) to smash the cavity open, all of which must come from a Targeted Strike to the torso. While inside the Husk, the object cannot be seen or heard, and non-magical methods of detection (i.e. metal detectors or bloodhounds) cannot discover it.

This spell can also be used to store items inside other Husks as well. In this case, the target can attempt to resist the effect, but cannot remove the items inserted without injuring himself as noted above.

Sacrifice: The Husk loses one to five Stamina points relative to the size of the object stored versus the amount of space available that cannot be regained until it is removed. The amount of Stamina loss is relative to how much available space is taken up. For example, a Husk with room for a shotgun (Size 2) inside loses less stamina for storing a pistol (Size 1), than a Husk who stored a sword (Size 2).

Upgrades: Reduce Mana, Reduce Casting, Reduce Recovery, Effect Bonus (+1 sq. foot of Internal space, Max: 10 sq. ft.)

Bring a Mask

HQ has issued a warning to all agents to wear gas masks when dealing with unknown Husks. This follows an incident of a rogue Husk that has filled its body with deadly hydrogen cyanide gas, leaking it out during the battle with the agent sent to apprehend it. The agent was fortunate enough to know what the smell of bitter almonds meant and survived the ordeal with only a short stay in the toxicology ward.

(2nd) – Projectile Shell

Mana: 9

Casting Time: 8 / 3

Duration: Instant

Range: 20 / 40 / 60

Resistance: No

Effect: The Husk flexes an outstretched arm, causing fissures to shoot through it in an intricate web, shattering it into tiny glass-sharp pieces. These drift gently away from the evaporating smoke inside before firing themselves at their chosen targets in a hail of deadly shrapnel, inflicting 6 (L). This spell receives a +4 to Strike.

Sacrifice: One arm of the adept's choice is blasted into fragments to use as ammunition, and the adept takes 5 (NL), losing the arm in the process (see page 61 for Limb loss rules)

Upgrades: Reduce Mana (Min: 5), Reduce Casting, Reduce Recovery, Damage Bonus (+2 (L), Max: 20 (L)), Range Bonus (+10 ft, Max: 50 / 70 / 90), Effect Bonus (+4 Strike, Max: +20), Auto-fire* (Short Burst > Medium Burst > Long Burst)

(2nd) – Self-Healing

Mana: 16

Casting Time: 4/4

Duration: Instant

Range: 30 ft.

Resistance: No

Effect: The Husk summons all of the lost and shattered fragments of their shell, which fly through the air and reintegrate with their body. Any missing limbs within Range are instantly restored, even if removed purposefully. Damage caused to shattered limbs by others is not healed, but those removed purposefully restore normally. Either way, any limbs are returned to working order and may be used again, making this spell very useful to any Husk.

Sacrifice: Using this spell automatically sets the Husk's shell into their perfect whole self, meaning they must fracture their joints again before they can move.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana (Min: 8), Range Bonus (60 ft. > 100 ft. > 200 ft.), Effect Bonus (Recover 3 Health > 6 Health > 10 Health)

(3rd) – Homunculus

Mana: 10 per limb

Casting Time: 1 hr. / 0

Duration: 1 day

Range: Self

Resistance: No

Effect: The pinnacle of spells from the Path of Fractures is the ability to disassemble their shell (and of other willing Husks) to create entirely new structures from the results. The final construct is known as a homunculus and can be extremely bizarre. The caster chooses the shape for their creation, constructed from body parts taken from Husks with appropriate AGY + Crafts checks. The homunculus is not especially smart, but can be given simple orders by its creator. The rumor of a Husk using this spell on organic matter, combining different creatures into terrible chimeras, is probably (and hopefully) a hoax.

The homunculus can be a simple artistic statement, a living sculpture, or it can be given simple tasks. For every individual limb used in its construction, be it a head, leg, arm or torso, the beast has Health 5 and Stamina 3. Additional statistics for the homunculus are based on the types of body part used in its construction (see the table below). As a default, it receives a +5 to Strike, 1 Action per Round, and Movement 4 (even if it has no legs). When the duration ends, it falls lifeless into the pieces used to make it.

Sacrifice: Each limb contributed to the creature causes 5 (L) directly to the Husk donor. This damage cannot be healed until the donated body parts are returned, which doesn't always happen. As usual, removing its own head causes the Husk to be rendered deaf, blind, and mute.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana (Min: 6 per limb), Damage Bonus (+1 Damage to homunculus attacks, Max: +3), Duration Bonus (+1 day, Max: 5 days), Appendage Thief* (Steal other Husk's limbs to make homunculus. They receive a Magic Resistance check per normal.)

Body Part	Effect
Head	+2 Initiative
Torso	+5 Health, +3 Stamina
Arm	+1 Grapple, +½ Action per round
Leg	+2 Movement, +½ Athletics

(3rd) – Porcelain Prison

Mana: 22

Casting Time: 12 / 1 hr.

Duration: 3 hrs.

Range: Touch

Resistance: Yes

Effect: A massive network of the Husk's shell fractures and explodes, allowing it to expand outwards and engulf a nearby target. The target must remain Grappled throughout casting. Once enveloped, the victim floats in the featureless black void in a confused, dream-like

state. The Husk can control this dream to an extent with a Moderate (IQ + Performance), presenting the captive with whatever images the adept wishes and can communicate freely with them. However, while the Husk cannot harm their captive in any way while inside, they can release the victim at any time at no additional cost. The captive is unable to escape by normal means, although creative use of magic might allow it. If the Husk is reduced to a quarter of their total Health, the captive is released automatically.

Sacrifice: While holding a prisoner captive using this spell the Husk's maximum Stamina is cut in half and they cannot store objects inside using the Inner Space spell.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana (Min: 16), Reduce Casting, Duration (+3 hrs, Max: None), Effect Bonus (Auto-release at 1/8 Health)

Path of Mirrors

There are few that go on to master the strange and elusive Path of Mirrors, but those that do become more powerful than one could imagine. The number of Mirror practitioners in Canada is higher than in other areas of the world, due to interest in the Aurora Borealis and its properties of light. Below are some additional spells from this Path to expand its already impressive power.

(1st) – Mirror Box

Mana: 4

Casting Time: 10 / 0

Duration: Varies

Range: Touch

Resistance: No

Effect: This simplest of spells is a staple in Canada. Created by the Great Strategist himself, it allows the adept to store energy easily and has many different uses. Constructed from unscratched, untarnished, and enchanted mirrors, the Mirror Box is Size 2, about the size of a soccer ball, and takes (15 – IQ) days to construct. Casting this spell on the box initiates one of the following effects instantly. One option is available upon learning this spell, but more can be purchased through Upgrades.

- **Heat:** If any kind of flame is sparked near the Mirror Box, it immediately absorbs its heat and amplifies it back out. It can give off heat similar to a camp fire, but completely controlled and does not naturally deal damage. Some adepts attach the Mirror Box to the end of a chain and invest an additional 3 Mana to use it as an improvised Chained weapon (Speed +4, Stamina +2, +1 (L) Fire Damage). However, each strike has the potential to break the box. The GM should make a check for the Mirror Box to stay together and it breaks on the roll of a Natural 1-3.

- **Light:** If left in the sunlight or other powerful light for at least five minutes, the Mirror Box absorbs the light and magnifies it into magical light that reaches up to 200 ft. in radius. Its rays even pierce magical darkness for up to a 30 ft. radius. This light affects Taylari in the same way as sunlight, activating their Sun Allergy Drawback.

- **Faerie Jail:** When charged with Mana in the presence of a faerie, the Mirror Box becomes a vacuum that sucks the pests into it automatically within 10 ft. They have no resistance to this effect and are trapped for one day. It can hold up to two faeries at any one time.

- **Power Generator:** By pouring a single drop of gasoline onto the Mirror Box or shocking it with even the slightest spark of electricity, it becomes a power source equal to three car batteries. It can be used to recharge smaller batteries touched to it or even to power a car. Several Mirror Boxes have been combined to power giant mainframes in emergency cases.

Sacrifice: Only the time to create the box and its protection. It's difficult to find the right materials to create a sturdy Mirror Box (requiring a Tough (30) AGY + Crafts check), so keeping it safe is of the utmost importance.

Upgrades: Reduce Casting, Effect Bonus: Energy (+1 hr, Max: 5 hrs.), Effect Bonus (+1 type), Effect Bonus: Heat (Speed +3, instead of +4), Effect Bonus: Heat



(Stamina +1, instead of +2), Damage Bonus: Heat (+2 fire damage, Max: +5), Effect Bonus: Light (+20 ft, Max: 320 ft./150 ft.), Effect Bonus: Faerie Jail (Holds +4, Max: 30 faeries), Effect Bonus: Faerie Jail (+1 day, Max: 5 days), Blueprint (-2 days to construct, Min: 4 days)

(2nd) - Glass Houses

Mana: 15

Casting Time: 0 / 15

Duration: Instant

Range: Self

Resistance: Yes

Effect: This is a powerful defensive spell not intended to save an adept from harm, but to bring their enemy with them. It turns the old adage of "Those in glass houses shouldn't throw stones" into reality. Usually cast as a last ditch effort, the adept casts a reflection on any injury they receive onto the opponent that attacked them. If stabbed, the attacker also feels a blade sliding into their body. If punched, the attacker gets the same black eye. The attack also deals the same amount and type of damage. Casting Time 0 allows this spell is used as a magical Reaction in combat.

The attacker gets the normal Magic Resistance, but they also suffer a penalty to that check equal to the adept's Pain penalty (i.e. an adept at half Health imposes a -4 penalty on the attacker). It become harder to resist this spell the closer the adept is to death's door. If two attackers use a Cooperative Attack on the adept, the damage can be reflected onto one of them.

Sacrifice: The adept takes +5 damage from the attack, due to the spell's effects.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana (Min: 9), Reduce Recovery (Min: 5), Damage Bonus (Attacker takes +2 damage, Max: +10), Effect Bonus* (Converts NL damage to L for attacker), Reduce Penalty (+3 damage > +1 damage)

(2nd) – Mirror Duplicate

Mana: 14

Casting Time: 1 min. / 1 min.

Duration: 1 hr.

Range: Touch

Resistance: No

Effect: By holding a mirror up to an item and infusing it with Mana, the adept creates a perfect duplicate of the item in question (i.e. if copying a gun, it's copied with the exact number of bullets and its same imperfections). The mirror must be of equal or great size than the item, as the adept physically reaches into the mirror and plucks the copied item out. This spell can only be used to duplicate non-living items (no animals or people) and only affects Size 1 at first. It does not duplicate magical properties. The copy also has only half the Durability and AR of the original. If used on a weapon, the copy will deal -2 damage (to a minimum of +0) as compared to the original. When the duration ends, it bursts into mirror shavings.

Sacrifice: The adept loses their reflection for 1 day.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana (Min: 8), Reduce Casting

(-20 sec, Min: 20 sec.), Reduce Recovery (-20 sec, Min: 20 sec.), Effect Bonus (Copy Size 2 > Size 3 > Size 5)

(3rd) – Warped Image

Mana: 30

Casting Time: 2 hrs. / 6 hrs.

Duration: 1 day

Range: N/A

Resistance: Yes

Effect: This spell allows a master of the Path of Mirrors to place a horrible curse on their victim from anywhere in the world (as long as they know their true name) that corrupts their mirror selves into a dark and dangerous reflection. Unlike with the Duality spell (page 105 of the API corebook), their reflection does not come to their defense. Instead, the target's image warps horribly and reaches out of the mirror to kill them any time that they are near a mirror for more than a second. The reflection taunts their real self with horrible childhood memories or other things that only they would know until they find the target alone and near a mirror. They then lunge out, taking a tangible form and ferociously attack. Reflections have the same Health, bonuses, and penalties of the target, except that they get a +3 bonus to all combat checks (including Initiative) and +2 Damage, in addition.

If they kill their reflection, the target breaks a part of their soul apart and no longer has an image on reflective surfaces. They suffer a -4 penalty to all CHM-based rolls for the rest of their lives. If the reflection kills their real self, they are free to roam the Earth as monsters (Freed Reflections on page 49). The most famous of these creatures is the entity known as Bloody Mary. Many targets simply seclude themselves away to avoid death or permanent damage to their souls.

Sacrifice: The adept must summon forth their own reflection and sacrifice an innocent person to siphon their Mana. During this grueling ritual, they face harsh realities about their life through visions and conversation with their own dark reflections, forcing a Tough (30) INS + Discipline check versus Insanity to avoid picking up a permanent, trauma-related insanity.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana (Min: 24), Reduce Casting (1 hr. > 30 min.), Reduce Recovery (-1 hr, Min: 2 hrs.), Effect Bonus (+2 bonus to reflection's combat checks, Max: +15), Duration Bonus (3 days > 1 week > 2 Weeks > 1 month), Reduce Penalty* (Moderate (20) Insanity check)

Path of Shadows

Adepts along the Path of Shadows usually come from races enraptured with things that go bump in the night, especially Taylari. Its spells are fairly easy to learn and to cast with occasional hand signs, but some sacrifices include the development of light sensitivity or even a severe sun allergy. This path is widely practiced in the far northern areas of Canada, where light rarely surfaces and masters of shadow rule.

(1st) – Darkness

Effect: This spell is identical to Darkness from the Path of Sickness (page 110 in the API Corebook).

(1st) – Cloak of Darkness

Mana: 6

Casting Time: 5 / 5

Duration: 2 hrs.

Range: Self

Resistance: No

Effect: With this spell, the adept literally wraps themselves with the surrounding shadows. While in effect, the shadow cloak gives a +3 bonus to Stealth checks and keeps the adept at a constant and comfortable temperature, providing a +3 bonus against hypothermia and frostbite that stacks with any equipment they wear. This makes the spell useful for hiding in shadows and surviving harsh climates.

Sacrifice: They suffer a -2 penalty to all checks for the next day if exposed to bright lights while wearing the cloak (i.e. sunlight or search lights).

Upgrades: Reduce Mana, Reduce Casting, Reduce Recovery, Duration Bonus (+2 hrs, Max 12 hrs.), Range Bonus (+1 other, Max: 3), Effect Bonus (+3 Stealth, Max: +15), Effect Bonus (+3 against cold effects, Max: +15)

(1st) – Shadow Puppets

Mana: 4

Casting Time: 6 / 0

Duration: Concentration

Range: 30 ft.

Resistance: No

Effect: This spell allows an adept to shape and control any shadow within range, even that of another person. They can create any shape and some use this spell for simple amusement. More malicious adepts create horrible shadow beasts to scare others, up to Fear 15 (based on player's description and GM discretion). Once affected, the shadow is considered magical for the duration.

Sacrifice: Spell casting requires intricate hand signs, needing a Moderate (20) AGY + Legerdemain check for the spell to fully complete, with no effect if the check fails.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana, Reduce Casting, Duration Bonus (+1 min, Max: 5 min.), Effect Bonus (Fear 18 > Fear 21 > Fear 25), Reduce Penalty (Simple (10) Hand sign check)

(1st) - Shadow Messenger

Mana: 11

Casting Time: 10 / 10

Duration: 1 hr.

Range: N/A

Resistance: No

Effect: The adept calls their personal shadow to deliver a message to another. This message can be up to thirty seconds of speech. The shadow then leaves the adept, traveling at double their Movement to deliver the message without worry of obstructions. When it reaches its intended target, their shadows meld and the message is whispered into their mind. Instantly, the adept's shadow returns, letting them know the message was delivered and halting the required Sacrifice. If the shadow does not reach its destination within the duration, it simply returns with no effect.

Sacrifice: Without a shadow, bright lights (i.e. sunlight or search lights) become painful to the adept. They suffer 1 (NL) damage for every second spent in the light (10 (NL) per Round) that cannot be healed until their shadow returns.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana, Duration Bonus (+2 hr, Max: 5 hrs.), Effect Bonus (Triple Movement > Quadruple), Effect Bonus (1 min. of speech > 5 min. > 10 min.), Reduce Penalty (Damage every 2 sec. > 4 sec. > 10 sec. > 30 sec. > 1 min.)

(2nd) - Anchor Shadow

Mana: 11

Casting Time: 4 / 4

Duration: 1 min.

Range: N/A

Resistance: No

Effect: The Anchor Shadow spell can keep enemies from retreating or from moving too much. The adept enchants a thrown weapon that can stick into the ground (i.e. knife, arrow, or dart) with this spell.

Once done, they must make another Action directed at their opponent's shadow. Their target immediately takes the adept's Base Damage, cannot move more than 10 ft. from the point of entry, and feel slightly constricted, suffering a -2 penalty to all checks. The victim cannot remove the knife themselves, as it feels uncannily heavy and immovable, but someone else may. Any effect that removes the target's shadow negates this spell. Adepts with the Shadow Puppets spell can also reshape their shadow to escape just as easily.

Sacrifice: The adept's shadow becomes warped and becomes heavy. They suffer a -4 penalty to their Movement and a -1 penalty to all combat rolls.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana (Min: 3), Reduce Recovery, Duration Bonus (+2 min, Max: 5 min.), Effect Bonus (-2 penalty, Max: -10), Effect Bonus (5 ft. restriction), Immoveable* (Weapon can't be removed by anyone until duration ends)

(2nd) - Dark Phase

Mana: 14

Casting Time: 0 / 12

Duration: Instant

Range: Self

Resistance: No

Effect: With this spell, the adept momentarily alters their very being, becoming shadow just long enough to avoid some sort of catastrophe. Casting Time 0 allows this spell is used as a magical Reaction in combat, instantly nullifying any physical damage they would have taken.

Sacrifice: As their flesh becomes solid again, it becomes cracked and rigid causing 5 (NL) and they suffer a -3 penalty to physical checks for one minute. Penalties are cumulative per casting.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana (Min: 10), Reduce Recovery (Min: 6), Range Bonus (+1 other by touch), Reduce Penalty (3 (NL), instead of 5 (NL)), Reduce Penalty (-1 penalty, instead of -3)

(2nd) - Shadow Step

Mana: 12

Casting Time: 12 / 0

Duration: Instant

Range: 30 ft.

Resistance: No.

Effect: This spell allows the adept to step into any nearby shadow and jump out of another within their range of control. It is essentially a lesser form of the Shadow Travel spell. Many use this spell to cross barriers (i.e. walls or chasms), but others use it for assassinations or mounting a surprise attack without their targets being the wiser.

Sacrifice: When stepping out of the shadow, the adept is slightly disoriented, suffering a -3 to all combat rolls for the next minute.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana (Min: 6), Reduce Casting, Duration Bonus (+1 min, Max: 5 min.), Range Bonus (+20 ft, Max: 150 ft.), Shadow Fire (Can perform a ranged attack through the shadow at a -6 penalty > -3 penalty > No penalty), Shadow Surprise (-2 penalty to resist Surprise attack from shadow, Max: -10), Reduce Penalty (-1 penalty, instead of -3)

(3rd) - Absorb Darkness

Mana: 16

Casting Time: 10 / 3

Duration: 2 min.

Range: 30 ft. radius

Resistance: No

Effect: The adept draws all of the available darkness into themselves, growing stronger and more resilient. This leaves the entire area as bright as if it were daytime on a clear day. Everyone within radius loses their own shadows and suffers a -3 penalty to all combat checks from the blinding light that now shines. This brightness also

activates the Taylari Sun Allergy, as if it is daytime and doubles their existing penalty.

The adept becomes a being with midnight-colored skin and greatly enhanced strength. **Bonuses:** Carrying/Lifting weights are tripled, +5 bonus to Grapple and Lifting checks, Movement doubled, +2 Base Damage, +15 Temporary Health.

Sacrifice: After the duration, light itself becomes painful for the adept. They suffer 1 (NL) damage for every second spent in the light (10 (NL) per Round) that cannot be healed for 24 hrs.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana (Min: 8), Reduce Casting, Reduce Recovery, Duration Bonus (+2 min, Max: 10 min.), Range Bonus (+20 ft, Max: 150 ft.), Damage Bonus (+1 damage, Max: +5), Effect Bonus (+3 Grapple/Lift, Max: +20), Brighter Light (-2 penalty, Max: -15)

(3rd) - Shadow Travel

Mana: 22

Casting Time: 10 / 8

Duration: Instant

Range: Self

Resistance:

Effect: This spell is equivalent to the Elemental Travel spell (page 99 of API Corebook), except it uses shadows as its medium. They can enter any shadow and instantly appear out of any other shadow within one mile. With enough training, a master of the Path of Shadows is almost unstoppable.

Sacrifice: Their trip is disorienting and they suffer a -4 penalty to checks for 10 minutes after arrival at their destination.

Upgrades: Reduce Mana, Reduce Casting, Reduce Recovery, Range Bonus (+1 other by touch, Max: 4), Effect Bonus (+1 mile, Max: 10 miles), Reduce Penalty (-2 penalty > -1 penalty)

Husks

Other Names: Shattered, Empty Heads, China Dolls
Stereotypes: Enigmatic, Naïve, Unearthly

Origins

Husks are relative newcomers to Earth, first encountered in the wild forests of British Columbia. Their kaleidoscopic portal they arrive through (similar to that of the Burners) never opens in the same place twice and proves difficult to quarantine. Husks are perhaps one of the most inhuman demons discovered to date, in both physiology and mannerisms. Further cultural differences make it difficult for anything more than cursory research of their history or customs.

They whisper in their sibilant language about their homeworld, Sussulak. Its air is quite poisonous to humans, so what little exploration that has been done has been via remote control probes. Images received have revealed a swampy planet of brown quagmire and blackened tar pits, with only the occasional twisted tree or rocky pillar to distinguish it. Not many living creatures beyond swarms of insects that live survive on decaying plant matter and each other.

The only things of true beauty and interest are the Sussulak carvings. Stones seem to naturally form into towering pillars and many of these have been carved into fantastical shapes not unlike totem poles. All manner of native creature can be found carved into these monuments, but nothing is known of their origin, not even by the Husks.

Lifestyle

Whether the Husks should have been allowed residential status is still debated to this day. Many points for and against their staying have been made. Husks have developed beyond the need for food, consisting of a diet, it would seem, of a variety of gasses readily found in Earth's atmosphere and simple sunlight. Since these demons require no food, the concepts of money or a hard day's work often go over their heads. Many contribute nothing to Earth's economies, neither producing goods nor spending money on it, leading to believe they simply take up space. The few that do work are very unreliable, wandering off without a word when their duties cease to amuse them. Their needs are so few in fact that it's a wonder they have a culture at all. This is a shame since, when properly motivated, they make extremely talented artists and have beautiful (if haunting) singing voices. At the moment, special consideration is given to Husks that become API agents, while others are gently rounded up and deported. The company does what it can to contain mass immigration into Earth when it happens, but a few often slip through the cracks.

To say that Husks are childlike is an over-simplification, as they are very deep and complex. Most people only see their naïve curiosity and the strange gaps in their knowledge. Much of human nature, drives, and emotions are a complete mystery to Husks, who really only care about amusing themselves, whether with creative arts, singing, studying magic, or discovering more about Earth. They shatter themselves all of the time just to move, so they often find it curious, unset-

tling or amusing that other races are so tragically frail. Some even conduct experiments that leave mangled human bodies behind. API has the most trouble with these misguided Husks.

Recruitment

It is uncommon for Husks to volunteer for service, but they will join if their other choice is deportation. Since it is difficult to tell them apart, all licensed Husks have a unique identifying symbol carved into their forehead in a contrasting colour. The process is performed using painless, but permanent magic that cannot be copied. Due to their species' poor record as employees, Husks are usually employed in advisory roles, rather than field agents. If they prove themselves trustworthy and loyal enough, certain agents are allowed out into the field, even unaccompanied.

Appearance

A Husk's skin is referred to as their shell. It is made from a substance that resembles fine, ivory-colored porcelain. In fact, they look very much like fine art sculptures, lacking hair, eyelashes, or pupils and irises in their eyes. They do not exhibit facial expressions and their mouth does not move as they talk (lip reading is impossible). Their face always displays placid impassivity, making it difficult to distinguish one from another. Their voices are barely audible whispers, found unsettling by some. Females do exhibit breasts, but neither gender has genitalia. They can only reproduce in Sussulak, as a male and female sculpt a child from piece of the mysterious pillar of their homeworld.

Husks that remain perfectly still and has set their shell are often mistaken for a statues. Their shell makes it quite impossible for them to move in this state. In order to move, they must break themselves, flexing sharply and causing their shell to fracture at the joints. Peeking through the cracks, the creatures seem composed of swirling black mist that seeps out in thin tendrils. They don't understand pain exactly, but they try to keep movement to a minimum. This gives them a robotic motion that makes some think of old-fashioned clockwork automatons. They can set their shell, thus healing their cracks, at any time. A Husk's average lifespan is 300 years of age.

Gift – Naturally Creative

Husks are naturally talented in the arts. During character creation, they receive two free Arts specialties of their choice, whether they spend any points on the Arts Skill or not. These specialties are in addition to any gained from high levels of skill.

Gift – Path of Fractures

As per the Path Access Gift for Path of Blood, a Husk-only Path of Magic.

Husk Antagonists

Statistics of Note: Health 33, Stamina 42, Initiative +11, Movement 9, Actions per Round 3, Magic Resistance +3, Athletics +8, Arts +14, Knowledges +7

Combat: While they may appear stiff, they can free their joints to move much better than some. They are not fighters by nature, but will not shy away from a new combat experience. **Bonuses:** Strike +9, Parry +5, Dodge +8, Roll +10, Grapple +12, Damage +2

Gift/Drawback – Husk Shell

The outer shell of a Husk is quite rigid, and must be broken in order for the creature to even move. However, this has both positive and negative in-game effects:

- **Cracking the Shell (Speed 3, Stamina 1):** Before they can even move, Husks must create fissures in their shell to make themselves flexible. Outside combat, they can simply perform the action at their leisure. When a fight breaks out, they must use their very first Action to create a network of fractures at the principle body joints. They may do this before fighting starts if they are not ambushed. The fractures remain in place until the Husk declares he is Setting the Shell.

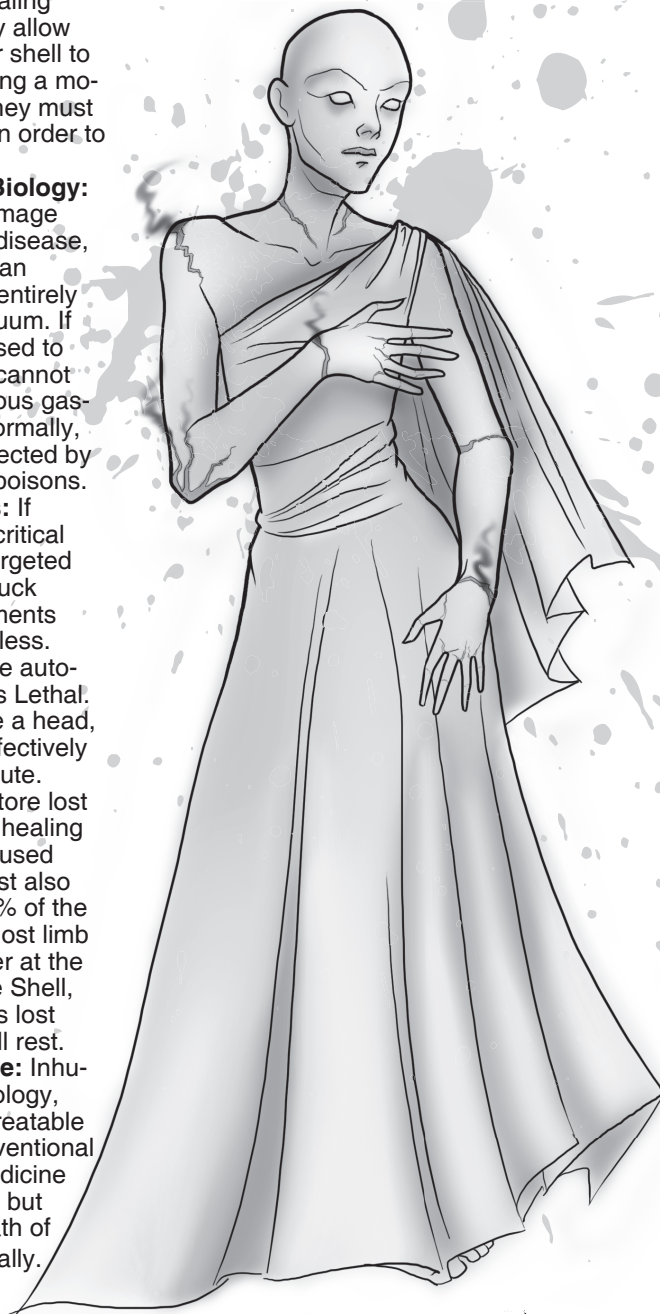
- **Setting the Shell (Speed 4):** Husks are never at “rest” (for regaining Stamina or healing faster) unless they allow any cracks in their shell to heal over, becoming a motionless statue. They must Crack their Shell in order to move again.

- **Inhuman Biology:**

Husks take no damage from deprivation, disease, or infection, and can only be choked if entirely enclosed in a vacuum. If their shell is exposed to clean air, a Husk cannot suffocate. Poisonous gases affect them normally, but they are unaffected by injected or eaten poisons.

- **Limb Loss:** If an enemy gets a critical success with a Targeted strike, the limb struck shatters into fragments and becomes useless. Non-lethal damage automatically becomes Lethal. Husks can survive a head, but is rendered effectively blind, deaf, and mute. The Husk can restore lost limbs by naturally healing the wound that caused the loss, but it must also collect at least 90% of the shattered limb. A lost limb can be sealed over at the end by Setting the Shell, so a Husk that has lost body parts can still rest.

- **Untreatable:** Inhuman, inorganic biology, makes Husks untreatable treated using conventional medicine. The Medicine skill has no effect, but spells from the Path of Health work normally.



Venus

Race: Husk

Passion: Questions

Age: Indeterminate

Background: This Husk, known as Venus, had the good fortune of emerging from her portal in the middle of the National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa. It was night time, giving her ample opportunity to peruse the fine sculpture exhibitions being hosted at the time. The museum guards that arrived in the morning were puzzled to find a second Venus D'Milo (with arms) standing next to the original in precisely the same pose. API got wind of the intruder and swiftly relocated her to their nearest cell, where she became an agent. She became a cultural advisor in order to explore the other wonderful works of art Earth has to offer. Her colleagues christened her Venus after the statue she imitated when she could not supply a name of her own.

Personality: Venus is acutely aware of the gaps in her knowledge, making her both shy and inquisitive. She doesn't take quickly to newcomers or large groups, but becomes very curious when alone with someone she knows and trusts. Venus is constantly begging people to take her to see the latest exhibitions at the gallery, but must usually content herself with what she finds on the Internet or art books.

Appearance: Like all Husks, Venus looks like an ivory statue. She has taken to wearing a roman-style toga and a long, wavy chestnut wig, “to help her colleagues recognize her” she claims. Though she secretly enjoys dressing up.

Secrets: Venus often steals small, interesting items from her co-workers to examine them and find out what they do. She usually returns them intact within a day or two, and becomes very upset if she damages them, which happens on occasion.

Statistics: Health 21, Stamina 30, Initiative +11, Movement 10, Actions per Round 2, Magic Resistance +3, Arts +15 (Sculpture, Painting, Poetry), Crafts +12, Legerdemain +12, Perception +14, Performance +8, Persuasion +10, Stealth +10

Combat: Venus is not a fighter by nature, preferring to rely on magic when she must.

Bonuses: Strike +2, Parry +2, Dodge +3, Roll +3, Grapple +1, Damage +1

Special Abilities: Though initially not very adept, Venus began studying the Path of Fractures in order to better help explain its mysteries to her superiors. She has already opened her 2nd Circle and is on her way to the 3rd. She is proficient in all 1st and 2nd level spells in that Path.

Implementation: If any of the characters get close to Venus, she will certainly try and persuade them to smuggle her out of the base for an illicit visit to the gallery or maybe the theater. She might also ‘borrow’ a small belonging from one of them if she has the chance. If they need a guide to Husk culture, she's also the most obvious and willing choice.

wendigo

Other names: Alsoomse, Behemoths, Cannibals

Stereotypes: Teetering on the brink, Animalistic, Feral Outcasts

Origins

In 864 AD, a Cree woman named Alsoomse traveled with her family through the forests of British Columbia when they were struck with an intense snowstorm. They found a system of caves to wait out the storm at the base of the Rocky Mountains. However, supplies soon ran low and they found themselves stalked by a starved cougar. Her husband kept the cougar at bay for days, but it eventually got to him. She fled with their two children, running with tearful eyes and a wounded shoulder, from one last cougar swipe, as they ran. They ran for hours, until she collapsed into the snow clutching her children close to keep them warm. As her wound bled and she slowly drifted toward death, Alsoomse stared up into the swirling Aurora Borealis and saw visions of blurred beasts with white fur, blood-stained teeth, and survival. The Northern lights channeled its unique energy into her, changing her into a being with taut skin, sunken eyes and stomach, and an uncontrollable, devilish hunger. Her children were the first to sate that hunger.

Although typically horrible, blood-covered monsters, Wendigo are not entirely bestial. Their origins are rooted in Native American legend, but today they come from every culture, race, or ethnicity... as the Behemoths are rarely picky eaters. They do gather into packs quite regularly, craving the company of others like them, and even create small nomadic communities. They are lone hunters, however, and head into a human settlements to find someone unwisely roaming the streets after dark. With their superior strength, they can haul their victim off into the wilderness to eat them or create another of their kind, leaving spiny thorns from their long tongues in their skin as they die. Soon enough, the cold or the injury get the better of the victim and they collapse, near death. In their final moments, they see the same vision as Alsoomse did centuries ago and become a Wendigo.

Lifestyle

Feral Wendigo purposefully keep to themselves in the tundra of the north, unless they feel the need for companionship or have depleted their local food supply. They often quarrel over kills and will even other eat each if the need arises. If they live in a place of varying climate, they often choose to hibernate during warmer periods, emerging hungry and sickly-looking (though this isn't a necessity).

API-Civilized Wendigo withdraw from the wilderness and attempt to live as normal people. Of the few successful transitions, most have taken up computers, a trade that allows them to perform a job without face-to-face interaction. They make excellent trackers and guides and can keep a whole tour group fed indefinitely in the wilderness, as long as they don't give in to their base instincts. They tend to become a pet store's best customer.

Appearance (Fear 11/15)

Wendigo have two forms, human and Behemoth, which depends on whether they have eaten recently. A hungry Wen-

digo looks human enough, but has white-tinged skin like that of someone with frostbite. Their stomachs are barren and barely stretch over their ribcage. Their lips are split and bleeding even if they are warm. While sickening, this is the preferred form of civilized Wendigo that attempt to forgo their hunger. Some resort to corrective surgery to appear more human with varying effectiveness. They prefer uncooked meat and can consume twice their body weight, while suffering no penalties, even from tainted meat. Eating vegetables, roots, or fruit will not sustain them. A Wendigo's average lifespan is 50 years of age.

Immediately after eating, however, the demon grows between nine to eleven feet tall, sprouting long fur in just seconds. Their fur varies in color depending on their meal, but generally takes on shades of brown or white with blood-red roots if they ate human meat. They grow claws that protrude from their fingers and toes, while all of their teeth shift into canines for rending flesh. Their face takes on an appearance similar to a shaved bear without a snout. Their tongue is long and barbed, capable of transmuting people into Wendigo with a special bite. They cannot use this ability in combat, as it takes time to recite the proper rituals. They have a terrible musk, excreted during and after their horrific transformation. It takes about twelve hours to revert back to human form.

Recruitment

Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. doesn't actively recruit these demons, but their scientists love the opportunity to practice new procedures. When the company recruits Wendigo, the iron clad rule is to shear the barbs off of their tongues. There are absolutely no exceptions and this surgery is incredibly painful. Most are recruited immediately following their transformation, where their appetites can be curbed from the start, but they occasionally capture Wendigo in the field and attempt rehabilitation. Their monstrous appetite can never fully be reigned in, but through magic and technological advancement, API can make life bearable. Wendigo that go rogue sever their last ties of humanity, but the company doesn't let them survive for long.

Gift - Behemoth Form (Speed 12, Stamina 6)

Wendigo in Behemoth form increase in size and strength, growing natural weapons to rend their meal or enemies. Devouring at least five pounds of raw meat is needed to transform and they stay in this form for the next 12 hours, slowly shrinking over time. They receive the following bonuses in this form for about six hours:

- **Combat Bonuses:** +1 bonus to all combat checks, +1 (L) Base damage, and can perform a Bite Attack (Speed 4, Stamina 3, +4 Strike, +3 (L)) without initiating a Grapple first.
- **Extra Tough:** +10 Temporary Health and a +3 bonus to VIG-based checks
- **Healing Lick (Speed 5, Stamina 4):** They can lick themselves or another and heal either 4 (NL) or 2 (L). However, this also gives them a taste for their victim.
- **Outcasts:** They suffer a -5 penalty to all non-physical

Wendigo Antagonists

Statistics of Note: Health 40, Stamina 32, Initiative +14, Movement 14, Actions per Round 3, Magic Resistance +2, Athletics +13, Fortitude +10, Survival +15

Combat: Wendigo are quick to anger and love to take their Behemoth forms by chowing down on flesh. You've been warned. **Bonuses:** Strike +8, Parry +6, Dodge +7, Roll +13, Grapple +11, Damage +3

checks while in this form.

Gift - Cold Immunity

They are unaffected by cold damage or penalties from combat on icy terrain, including hypothermia and frostbite.

Gift - Path of Animalia

As per Path Access Gift for the Path of Animalia.

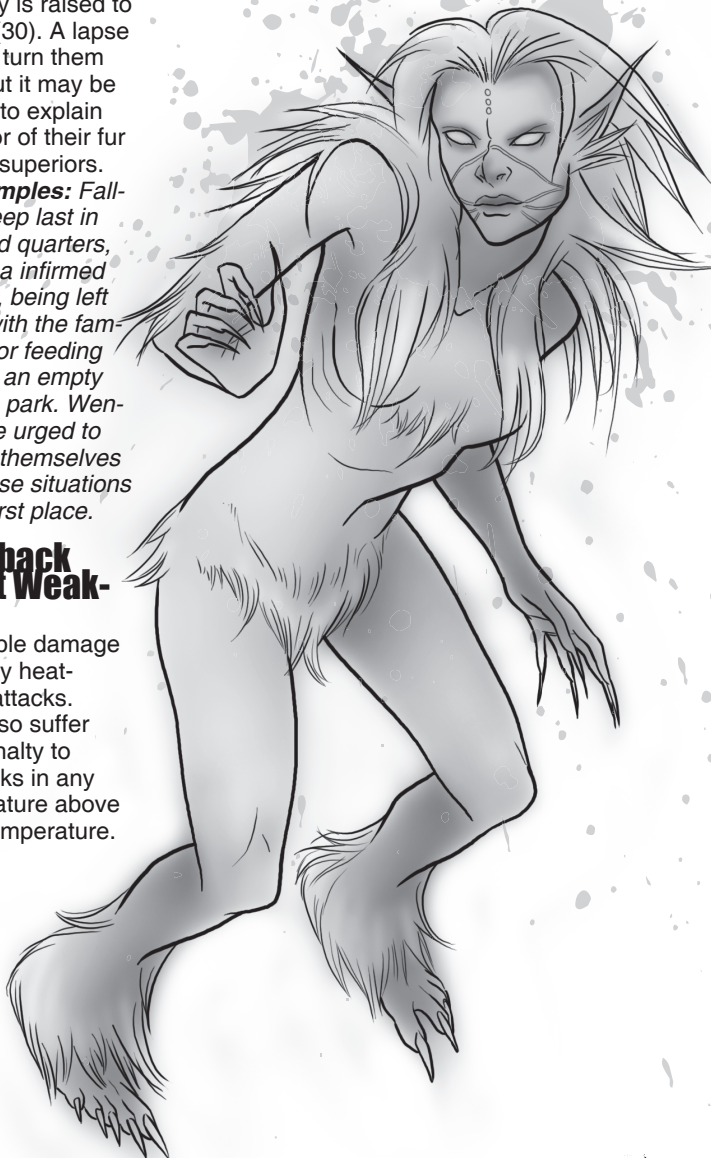
Drawback - The Hunger

Wendigo were never meant to mingle with humans, but technological advances have made it possible. Implanted dampening chips and a slew of genetic splicing makes their urge to stay in a constant bloated state resistible. Many agents still don't trust "civilized" Wendigo. If put in a situation where they could easily devour a living creature without immediate consequences, they must make a Moderate (20) INS + Discipline check or indulge themselves in a horrid manner. If already in Behemoth form, the Difficulty is raised to Tough (30). A lapse doesn't turn them feral, but it may be difficult to explain the color of their fur to their superiors.

Examples: *Falling asleep last in confined quarters, visiting a infirmed relative, being left alone with the family pet, or feeding birds in an empty enough park. Wendigo are urged to not get themselves into these situations in the first place.*

Drawback - Heat Weakness

Double damage from any heat-based attacks. They also suffer a -4 penalty to all checks in any temperature above room temperature.



Avery Dumar

Race: Wendigo

Passion: Questions

Age: 32

Background: She remembers little about her time before her change, as the Hunger took her over for too many years, but she remembers her hunting days quite well. Not long ago, she was a lone Wendigo that lured victims to the Mount Royal park through an elaborate geo-cache scavenger hunt scam, hunting each of the participants one at a time while they searched for useless clues. In the summer, she rented an ice cream truck and used it for travel and for breaks in the freezer. Using her powers of Psychometry, she saw visions of her eventual arrest and subsequent "civilizing" from Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. No matter what she did, she knew the company would capture her within the week, so she surrendered herself peacefully. She had grown weary of her life of solitude and found comfort in the company. She now works as a full-time agent to repay her debt to society and attempt to regain her lost humanity. She works in the API server room, kept as cold as a freezer, where to maintains the complicated HQ networks and completes computer research in assistance to Francois (page 30). She is given a healthy diet of stray animals and small paycheck for her time.

Personality: Avery keeps to herself out of necessity, but she doesn't actually like being alone. At the same time, the Hunger urges her to horrible acts when with other people. She insists that agents only visit her in groups of two or more. She lives in fear that one day she will eat an innocent again and be forced to flee API. She wants nothing less than to return to the wild.

Appearance: Once an attractive girl of from India, Avery finds her current appearance quite disturbing. Sunken eyes and a withered stomach in a mirror that she barely recognizes herself in anymore. She prefers her Behemoth form, but knows that it unsettles her co-workers.

Secrets: Avery has found solace in the Montréal headquarters, but holds affection for a fellow agent, Donovan Kirk. Lately she has found him sexually attractive, but knows that she repulses him and he's just being polite. She secretly hopes to woo him and that he may be the key to finally resisting the Hunger.

Stats: Health 30, Stamina 27, Initiative 8, Movement 7, Actions per round 2, Computers +10, Survival +11, Athletics +7, Deception +6.

Combat: She was never a trained fighter, using trickery to catch her prey. She won't hesitate to take her Behemoth form to protect her squad, even though it may put them in danger as well. **Bonuses:** Strike +5, Parry +4, Dodge +4, Roll +6, Grapple +10, Damage +2.

Special Abilities: As per Wendigo, but Avery has also opened her 1st and 2nd Circles. She has learned the Flashes of Memories Past and Flashes of Future Events spells from the Path of Psychometry.

Implementation: Avery is a computer expert and is used by API to track down items sold by illegal magic stores and perform basic research, like sifting through news sites to find anything that seems like a lead. She can be sent into the field as a computer consultant or a guide through snow or forest terrain as well. The characters may become great friends with her, but should always watch out for the Hunger inside.

INFECTED

Other Names: Biles, Ice Hearts, New Kings
Stereotypes: Manipulative, Magnificent, Pompous

Origins

The Infected are not normal people. Sure, they look like the average human, but a black heart of pure evil burns inside them. They are born from a Slug (page 51) attack on a human female, implanting itself into her womb and growing into an agent of the Thing Under the Ice (See page 34). Attacks on males end only in the Slug burrowing into the man's stomach, causing internal bleeding and a long, painful death. Those that carry an Infected quickly forget their attack (or that they haven't slept with anyone in months) convincing themselves that they are simply pregnant. She feels an uncontrollable connection to her unborn parasite, as its presence takes control of her every thought.

Even as a newborn, an Infected acts as a parasite. Their mother dotes on their every wish, their father fights for them, and siblings serve them blindly. Some, usually cultists, believe these beings are born to be New Kings of Earth, replacing humanity and bringing a new age. Apocalypse Prevention, Inc. obviously opposes this idea. The company follows the activities of anyone suspected to be Infected and knows of their connection to the TUTI. However, API has yet to discern the entity's end game.

Lifestyle

As the Infected ages, their "parents" instantly know their beloved child's strange appetite for hearts. While they lay in their crib, watching a spinning clown mobile, their parents harvest others' hearts and become murderers for their child. This service to the child continues through its life, usually leading to horrible deaths, lengthy imprisonments, and, if they can break the control over their brains for a moment, suicide. The Infected themselves have no real consequence, of course... only the ones that serve them.

Most Infected see a world to bend to their will. They are the New Kings and can have anything they want, whenever they want. Any partner they desire is their's, any meal they want is free of charge, and they seldom need for anything. Money is completely useless to the Infected. Their very presence calls people to serve, making various cults gather around them easily, even as a child.

When they reach 30 years of age, Infected are urged by something inside to embark on a pilgrimage. They travel by foot to the frozen wastelands of the north to meet with their creator, the dreaded Thing Under the Ice. No one knows why they forgo vehicles... yet another mystery. API has encountered three Infected on their journey and successfully disposed of them. When they reach their creator, they are greeted by one of its mountainous ten-

tacles and they merge with it body and soul. This joining fuels the TUTI toward its eventual release and makes it all the stronger. API has yet to discover this information or witness the event, but the company is close.

Appearance

The Infected appear human, the form they assumed while in the womb. They take on the heritage of their "mother", making it impossible to tell one from a normal human, unless you look into their eyes, which sparkle like the swirling lights of the Aurora Borealis. Few have the chance to see such a sight without also falling for the creature. Their lifespan is 30 years old, where they begin their pilgrimage to the TUTI.

Legal Status

They are known to impregnate humans, drain them of their will, force them into service, and consume their hearts. Needless to say, they are high on the company's most-wanted list. API has only one capture on record at one of their outposts, but all of the stationed agents committed suicide well before Elites arrived to pick up the prisoner. Video cameras show footage of the Infected simply asking them nicely to kill themselves. They are a real threat to all of humanity and are killed on sight, if possible.

Gift – Aura of Infatuation

Encounters with the Infected end one of two ways: overwhelming infatuation or an intense hatred (to the point instant violence). Very few beings are able to resist the effects of the demons' aura and even animals are affected. Anyone in their presence must make a Difficulty (18) Magic Resistance check to keep their free will. Even if they are initially successful, they must make a new check with every encounter. The effects wear off after leaving their side for at least one hour. Most only send their most useful servants on tasks that take less than an hour to complete. Only Husks are immune to this effect. Many believe it is because they lack a heart.

Gift – Aura Reduction (Optional-2 BP)

Some Infected learn to reduce their aura, dulling their natural effects. Some grow bored with lines of endless servants and wish to be left alone, while others grow weary with never having a "true" relationship. They can reinstate their Aura at any time with no extra effort.

Gift – Minion Control

Infected are connected to the TUTI and its minions (Harvesters, Possessors, and Slugs in Antagonist section). The minions will never attack them and the Infected instantly know if any minions are nearby (within a number of miles equal to their INS). Within range, the Infected can

Infected Antagonists

Statistics of Note: Health 24, Stamina 29, Initiative +10, Movement 9, Actions per Round 2, Magic Resistance +5, Arts +8, Deception +16, Performance +12, Persuasion +13

Combat: Their natural ability to infatuate people usually leads to little need for them to raise a fist. Some try to learn some sort of weapon use, most often ranged, but few have any real combat training. **Bonuses:** +2 to all Combat rolls, Grapple +8, Damage +1

send mental commands to any number of minions with a single Command Action (Speed 10, Stamina 2). These commands can be anything from calling them for aid or pointing out potential victims.

Drawback – Apathy

They are cursed with little to no emotional connections. They want what they want, but have problems feeling anger, jealousy, love, or any other emotion. This makes it harder to empathize with others and they suffer a -5 penalty to any checks requiring empathy.

Drawback – Hearty Diet

Infected suffer a unique diet of human hearts. Many times, they need only ask a servant to retrieve one (and if they can't, they gladly carve it out of their own chest), but others are not so easy to obtain. They must devour at least one heart per lunar month, but some eat more than their fair share. Without eating at least one heart before the full moon, they die instantly as the moon changes phases.



Philippe

Race: Infected

Passion: Love

Age: 12

Background: Philippe was born to a doting “mother” that died shortly following his birth, shot by the police when she tried to take a fellow officer’s heart to feed her son. Soon after, the powers of the Infected aura attracted a gentle, homeless man named Jean Pierre to care for him. He named the child Philippe and raised him on the streets of Montréal with a community of bums, also infatuated with his aura.

Eventually, the young boy learned to remove his aura at will, growing tired with the constant adoration he received from his “family”. Happily, he found that they loved him the same without the aura, bringing him as much joy as an apathetic Infected can feel. Sadly, Jean Pierre died a month later, leaving Philippe without a father figure. Today he wanders the streets seeking for someone else to show him the same love.

Personality: A quiet, beautiful boy, but like other Infected, he also has stunted emotions. He speaks in a slightly creepy monotone, often coming across as a sociopath when he is saying hello. He is gentle though, only hurting another in self-defence or for his monthly meal.

Appearance: Even at the age of 12, the young French boy doesn't look a day over 9. He is small in stature, dresses in rags, and always wears the most innocent of expressions.

Secrets: Philippe has run into other Infected and knows well about their locations and the pilgrimage he will one day be forced to take. He actually hopes to stop this compulsion if there is a way... and he will likely help anyone that suggests they have a way.

Statistics: Health 17, Stamina 21, Initiative +9, Movement 9, Actions per Round 3, Magic Resistance +3, Deception +8, Legerdemain +10, Perception +9, Persuasion +8, Stealth +11

Combat: Philippe has learned to fight on the streets. Frequently turning his Aura of Infatuation off has taught him to fight dirty. In the end, though, he's still a kid. **Bonuses:** Strike +4, Parry +4, Dodge +8, Roll +2, Grapple +7, Damage -1

Special Abilities: Aura Reduction Gift.

Implementation: He can serve as a window into the life of Infected and that they act by nature, not necessarily by choice. He may look to the characters as new parental figures or may simply steal from them to pay for his next meal. Philippe could just as easily be an API target, the characters being sent to track the young Infected down. Or, he could hunt the characters through the alleyways of Montréal (his turf) in hopes of stealing their hearts.

Adventure One: Danger at the Mine

This adventure introduces players to the machinations of the Devotees of the Cull (TUTI followers), battling Wendigo, and the perils of traversing cold terrain in winter. Best suited for 3-5 agents (any skill level).

It takes place in late December or early January, when Canada is at its coldest and deadliest. Refer to the page 43 for surviving the cold and keep small thing in mind: leaving tracks in the snow, frozen blood stuck to trees, or even getting the sniffles when moving from the cold to a warm room. Remember: details make the story.

Summary

Two API agents and one hired guide encountered the Devotees of the Cull, were caught off guard, and were captured. The cultists left the guide and one agent to a pack of Wendigo in exchange for killing anyone who came looking for them. Greedily, they accepted and promptly ate the guide on the first day and then decided to turn the agent into another Wendigo, hoping he could lead them to more morsels. He is now stumbling blindly and bleeding through the Northwest Territories during a terrible winter, hoping to survive.

The agent taken with the cultists has been converted into a TUTI follower via a Possessor. The cultists are employed at the Diavik Mine, where a large part of the TUTI was exposed about a month ago, much larger than the tentacles that usually break through. The Devotees have taken over this mine to dig up the TUTI and hopefully turn it against the nearby city of Yellowknife to sate its unnatural appetite... for a while. If the characters do not intercept this dire plot, they may find the Northwest Territories without a capital city or any feasible explanation as to where it has gone.

Meet Agent Garret

The characters receive their mission from their superiors via phone call, magic (i.e. Shadow Message), carrier pigeon, etc, with orders to board a plane to Vancouver, British Columbia. They are to meet with a transport that brings them to their briefing at the General Motors Place (tickets under their names are left at the box office). General Motors Place hosts hockey games, rock concerts, competitions, and general events. When the characters arrive, it's hosting a food show. The event takes place on the floor of the auditorium, with hundreds of booths that

sling free food at potential big buyers. The agents have laminates that say they are owners of "Alice's Phenominal Italian" mart in Montréal.

While walking through the aisles, Agent Lillian Garret sidles up next to them, with a slight limp, and introduces herself. She is middle-aged, with an old-fashioned prosthetic leg. She relays to them that a pair of agents were lost on a mission to the North, attempting to discover why the Diavik Mine in the Northwest Territories suddenly stopped supplying diamonds. Apparently, the 765 miners were laid off last month, citing hazardous weather conditions. This is strange because the mine has never before closed despite terrible weather conditions in the past. Some of the workers reported spotting planes still landing and taking off from the mine's private airstrip, even though said traffic should have ceased with the layoffs. Nearby agents (within 1000 miles is "nearby" in Canada) were tasked with investigating the oddity, but never reported back.

The agents were Janet Crane, Nick Carva, and a hired guide by the name of Dennis Adams. Agent Garret gives the characters a GPS device that is attuned to Nick Carva's cybernetic leg, capable of tracking the agent's location. The device currently shows that Agent Carva's vital signs have continued to drop steadily for the past hour, giving the characters little time. He is almost 200 miles from the closest city of Yellowknife and surely doesn't have long to live.

Agent Garret will answer any further questions, but she doesn't know any more about the mission than what was already conveyed. She warns that the squad will likely need winter gear (if they don't already have some) and will point the way to a nearby outdoor equipment store that meets "Good gear" requirements (page 45). She has one Thermal Suit (page 47) and one set of Neural Gauntlets (page 46) in a suitcase that she gives the characters. If asked to accompany the agents, she will chuckle, knock on her fake leg, and say she's not fit for gallivanting around in the snow. If pressed about her leg, she'll reveal that she lost it in a poker match. It's difficult to say if she's telling the truth though.

Through Rain, Sleet, or Snow

The squad has a variety of travel options, but is on a tight schedule to prevent Agent Carva's death. A plane is

the quickest way to get to Yellowknife and there is luckily a once-a-day flight leaving from Vancouver. The flight has no layovers and takes over two hours. This puts them about 3-4 hours away from Agent Carva by foot.

If they check into traveling by train, they find that it doesn't actually go to Yellowknife and Carva would be long dead by the time they got there. If they want to take a car or a boat, there might not be anything left to find. Players should be reminded that time is of the essence. They cannot land directly at the Diavik Mine, as it's closed to outside traffic and the unstaffed runway isn't properly lit, making a landing quite impossible.

Yellowknife, City of Snow

A terrible cold snap has struck Yellowknife and most residents aren't venturing outside unless absolutely necessary. The ground is covered in thin sheets of snow and the sun rises only enough to keep the region in a dusk-like stupor for five hours out of the day. Basically, snow is covering everything in sight. The temperature is a balmy -40F degrees, but spit doesn't quite go "Clunk" yet.

The city is big enough to have a legislative building, but small enough to avoid the stretch of strip malls. Downtown comprises of a few city blocks, but nearly 20,000 people reside here, only 400 kilometers from the arctic circle. A small movie theater exists, as do a handful of grocery stores, cafes, fast-food joints, and a department store. They may also notice the thriving "Frozen Fireworks", who brings tourists a little further north to see the Northern Lights, complete with dogsleds, proper cameras, and even a video camera for posterity.

Carva's life signs have been falling slowly over the length of the flight, but he is still alive upon landing. The tracking device says that Carva is suffering from a trickling blood loss and time is running out. There are a few ways to cross the 150 miles between Yellowknife and the near-dead agent:

- **On foot:** This may keep others out of the loop and innocent casualties to a minimum, but it places both the characters and Agent Carva at great risk. Fighting hypothermia and increased fatigue from drudging through snow also make this a bad plan. The squad requires a Tough (30) INS + Survival check every 5 miles they trek. Failure leads to becoming lost. The trip will take at least a week (depending on checks) and Agent Carva will be a full blown feral Wendigo upon arrival. Questioning him about the other missing agent will involve beatings.

- **Via Helicopter:** Yellowknife has a helicopter set aside for things just like this. With the proper fake ID and authority presented, the agents can have themselves flown out to pick up the agent with plenty of time to spare. Barring any major malfunctions, the ride takes around 90 minutes. The helicopter can be sent out by itself to scout without the agents, but the Wendigo will make short work of the crew.

- **"Frozen Fireworks":** They advertise via pamphlets at the airport luggage area, and questioned locals will point the agents here if asked for local guides or even just tips for surviving up north. Although Frozen Firework's employees might be trained medics and guides, they're not a rescue team. The company comes first and a lost colleague is too much of a liability. This expert team can and will go out on an immediate "tour", but if the characters mention a lost friend or agent, they'll demand that the rescue helicopter be used. A dogsled team takes 3 days or so while a snowmobile gets the characters there in 5 hours.

Meeting Agent Carva

Agent Carva survives for 6 hours thanks to his semi-functional thermal suit. The wound that will transmute him into a Wendigo has left his left arm torn open and he continues to bleed to death. He is near-delirious and can only hope that a rescue team will come for him. He's doing his best to avoid the other Wendigo, stumble back to civilization and get the notes he has compiled back to HQ somehow.

If the characters arrive after 6 hours he is already a Wendigo, but they can gain the same clues from his notes after defeating him. There are four other Wendigo circling and following Agent Carva about 100 feet away at any time, keeping their distance. There is a fifth who has taken the form of an owl to fly high above them and watch out for rescue teams. If the squad uses magic to obfuscate themselves or can make a Tough (30) AGY + Stealth check, they can get the drop on the Wendigo with a surprise attack. If they do not attempt to hide, the Wendigo drag Carva away to a clearing with an entrance to a small canyon, and the agents will have to give chase. Combat should commence using stats for the Wendigo found on page 63, as there is little to be done to negotiate with these monsters. If Carva has turned already, he's in on the plot and will likely attack the first to attempt to give him medical attention, while the other Wendigo leap from their hiding places.

When the Wendigo are incapacitated (or they retreat) and the scattered characters reconvene, Agent Carva collapses and falls into a coma state. In about an hour, he'll turn into a very hungry Wendigo and attempt to eat everyone around him. If there is a Wendigo agent in the squad, they instantly know what to do and should fetch some fresh game to sate his appetite. If the characters send him back to civilization at this time, Carva causes casualties as he tears through medics, the helicopter pilot, or the dogsled team, unless he is securely strapped down and medicated. He and any surviving Wendigo can be airlifted back to Vancouver, but the agents will have to use civilian means to do so. With a Moderate (20) IQ + Medicine check, they can all be sedated with proper drugs (from the helicopter only) and sent via airlift to Edmonton, and then a train to Vancouver or Montréal.

In Carva's pocket are notes regarding the Diavik Mine that lies a short 100 miles northeast from the canyon. If the squad needs a rest they could return to civilization for supplies and medical attention, but the notes relate that time, once again, is a factor. There is a large group at the mine, working on something sinister involving multiple demons. Carva's notes allude to a cult trying to open up a rather larger portal for something, but the notes are hurried and unfinished. The agents were captured before the notes could be completed or the matter fully investigated. The demons are described as "bizarre giant crabs" taking orders from one man in particular, but anything beyond that isn't mentioned. If the agents miss the scribbled notes, the tracking device stores location information for up to a day. This means they can track where he was before he went missing, giving directions to the mine.

If the PC's search the area or backtrack Carva's steps, they could find the Wendigo nest. Human remains inside a hollowed out bush bear the ID of one Dennis Adams, the local tour guide. His clothing lies in tatters around the nest and the whole place reeks with the musk of Wendigo. With a Difficulty (15) IQ + Medicine check, the characters can figure out that there are a number of animal bones, but only bones from a single human corpse... which leaves Agent Janet Crane still to be found.

If the characters decide to wait until Carva calms down and starts talking after his Wendigo transformation, he'll be eternally grateful, but also extremely fearful for his partner, Janet. He's in no condition to help with anything other than his story, starting with how they hired Adams, rented snowmobiles, went to the mine, but were captured by well-armed cultists. One of them seemed like their general and Carva caught one of them call him "Rope". He was lead through the center of the mine, past the cultists digging with mining equipment at what appeared to be a buried portal, glowing with immense energy. Then he relays that Janet was taken by Rope, while he and Adams were bartered to the Wendigo to stop anyone coming to investigate the area. He has no clue why they turned him into one of them, but suspects it was to lure people who "wanted to help". Worried for what will happen if the cultists are left unchecked for too much longer, Carva urges the characters to venture to the mine using the utmost caution. He wishes he had a brilliant idea that could help, but he is both physically and mentally exhausted with the hunger eating away at him.

Random Cultists

For ease, it's suggested to use Fodder rules for the cultists. Alternatively, the GM could use the stats for Average people on page 162 of the API corebook, arming them with clubs, crowbars, and other makeshift weapons.

The Approach

The mine itself is technically on an island called East Island but in the winter, all the surrounding waters freeze and become indistinguishable from normal ground when covered with snow. Ice roads are paved over the iced lakes. If on foot, dog-sledding, or driving, the characters can use these ice roads to make travel easier.

The landscape surrounding the mine is best described as barren. There are no trees or other plant-life for cover, and the entire region is blanketed in snow nearly four feet deep. To recklessly charge the mine is just asking to be shot or captured. Heading in under the cover of night can be done, but only if the party forgoes all lighting (-7 penalty due to partial blindness). This tactic allows the squad to get the drop on the lookouts after only a single Difficulty (15) AGY + Stealth check when close enough to attack. There are 8 lookouts (use Thugs on page 162 of the API corebook) armed with tranquilizer rifles in the group, along with binoculars and walkie-talkies for reporting unusual incoming traffic. As it is lightly snowing, the lookouts will notice snowmobiles and helicopters from miles away, but dogsleds and hikers get close without attracting much attention. If attempting in the daytime, the characters must make Difficulty (25) AGY + Stealth checks to keep themselves hidden from the lookouts enough to pass by them or to get close enough take them out one by one. They are spread out about half a mile from each other around the circumference of the mining facility.

The biggest threat at this point is "Rope", who is a powerful adept along the Path of Telepathy. Three of the lookouts are bound to the Hive Mind ritual (page 115 of the API corebook), so he instantly knows if they spot the characters or if any of them are taken out and can instantly call troops to attack and alert their true leader, Ryland.

The Diavik Mine

The Diavik Mining facility stretches nearly 4 miles long and has bulldozers, dump trucks, and other machinery left behind when the workers were laid off a month ago. The mine itself is almost half a mile deep, boring straight down into the earth, and is accessed by a spiraling road big enough for two trucks side by side. Large lights illuminate the walls at night to avoid the treacherous deadfall. Mining equipment is operating at full power at the bottom of the mine, evident by the echoing heard even above ground. Also, several buildings are situated aboveground for the previous workers. Currently, lights are on throughout all the buildings, so the characters don't know if they are occupied from a glance. After investigating, the characters can use the buildings to rest, warm up, or even barricade themselves inside and attempt to lure cultists to them. Note: The cult would probably just set the buildings on fire and be done with it.

- **Administration Building:** Long square building with working phones, computers, internet, and enough paperwork to fill several libraries. None of it is exactly useful though.
- **Radio Towers:** They dot the landscape to ensure that the mine can always reach the outside world even in the worst of storms.
- **Storage containers:** Large, round, and full of minerals, dirt, chemicals, water and other assorted rubble. They huddle together just before the road to enter the mine itself is reached.
- **Garage:** The huge garage is filled with jeeps and cargo trucks for taking personnel and minerals to and from the mine. All sorts of construction vehicles can also be found be found, and there are backup keys for all the vehicles.
- **Guard Building:** Contains emergency supplies, like propane for the emergency generators, 2 tranquilizer rifles (with ammunition) for dealing with wandering wildlife, flares, hypothermia crisis kits, and rations.
- **Dormitory:** A long, flat building serves as sleeping quarters and has enough comfortable beds and living space for 900 people. Recreation rooms, bathrooms, and modern appliances with full amenities fill the building. Most of the personal possessions have been taken back home with the miners, but merciful keepers may have the PCs find useful objects in the lockers by the showers. There are a few cultists who were injured while digging in this building, meaning the squad may need to “deal with” people who can’t really put up a fight or risk exposure.
- **Power Facility:** A loud and constant humming comes from within this large tower, which contains massive generators and rather sensitive equipment which powers the entire island.
- **Strip:** An airport a little past the main cluster of buildings has a large, winter-friendly 737 cargo plane with more than enough room for the squad and a truck if they desired to drive one inside. However, it has a slightly busted engine because Rope isn’t a very good pilot. This requires a Tough (30) IQ + Crafts check to fix. Airplane fuel is stored here, along with repair equipment.

The Situation in the Mine

Dressed in winter and mining gear, 38 cultists work down in the mine, digging to clear a large obstruction keeping the TUTI underneath. The glowing energy is the mixture of Mana infused into the drills. These crazed cultists are working 24/7 without taking breaks. Led by a madman, they work until they pass out and are brought to the dormitory until they awake for work again. Said leader, Ryland, maintains his presence at the bottom and need only asked the workers to push through their pain to get results. If left to their own devices for a week after receiving the mission, the Devotees of the Cull will break through the ice, remove the obstruction, and let loose the largest portion of the TUTI ever to destroy Yellowknife and everyone in it.

Janet (Possessed)

Description: When the bruises fade, Janet will once more be a fit woman in her early-30s. Her Asian features are visible through her winter gear and it’s not hard to see that she works out regularly. She has no cybernetic implants.

Motivations: While possessed, Janet follows Ryland and will turn against the squad whenever she gets the chance. If freed, she is more amenable to revenge.

Statistics of Note: Health 40, Stamina 33, Initiative +11, Movement 7, Actions per Round 3, Magic Resistance +8, Athletics +10, Acrobatics +5, Survival +10, Knowledge (Demonology) +10, Persuasion (diplomacy) +8, Perception +10, Deception +15.

Combat: Janet will wait until she can do the absolute most damage and potentially take out the entire team, even if it costs her own life. She is armed with a knife and hatchet. **Bonuses:** Strike +10, Dodge +10, Parry +12, Roll +10, Grapple +6, Damage +3

Weaknesses: The parasite on her neck that requires Medicine checks to remove correctly.

The security detail in the mine (use Police stats on page 164 of the API corebook) consists of 15 guards, recruited personally by Ryland’s aura. They are currently assisting with digging, but can be called in an instant to fight with shovels. Events at the main digging site are out of sight from above ground, sheltered by stony walls that block all but the most explosive attacks. The Thing Under the Ice can be seen roiling beyond a thick section of frozen rock, through a small fridge-sized hole that the cult is slowly enlarging. Rope often walks along the road into the mine casually observing the progress they have made securing the mine.

Janet

Janet is now controlled by a Possessor (page 51). Luckily for the squad, Possessors don’t gain access to their victim’s memories. Her Mirror Key is clearly visible on the back of her left glove, but the creature doesn’t know exactly what it does. Janet will hang around the main digging site along with Ryland and act like a beaten prisoner, not difficult since they did rough her up quite a bit. She’s even wearing flimsy handcuffs to seal the illusion. The Possessor is newly spawned and attempts to mimic normal human behavior as much as possible, but doesn’t know anything about API routines or tactics. It can be easily found out by asking, “What’s your last name?” or anything about API’s operations.

If the squad frees Janet and escorts her away from Ryland and the cultists, she’ll wait until just the right time when she can throw a wrench in their plans, like knocking out or killing the helicopter pilot after take off or something equally horrible. If they spot the possessor, they can subdue Janet and attempt to remove its control. If she survives, she will help the squad to the best of her abilities. But there is no guarantee that Janet will survive this mission. Such is the life of an agent.

Rope (Human)

Description: Rope is a middle-aged Inuit, with graying hair and warm winter gear. He carries himself with determination, but often appears worn out in service to his son... Ryland.

Motivations: Rope serves the interests of Ryland and will do whatever he says. He raised the Infected since he was a boy and will do anything it takes to keep his son safe.

Statistics of Note: Health 25, Stamina 29, Initiative +10, Movement 7, Actions per Round 3, Magic Resistance +8, Discipline (Concentration) +10, Perception +10, Vehicle Operation (Planes) +8

Combat: Rope is a leader, not really a fighter. He will wearily surrender if his Health dips under 10, but will try to rally others to help him first. He'll use dual connection with any cultist near him and follow it up with Telepathic Aura (Fear) if needed. **Bonuses:** +3 to all combat rolls, Grapple +8, Damage +1

Powers: The entire Telepathy path except Stolen Speech.

Courses of Action

There are many ways to tackle this adventure's climax. A few are given below:

- **Full Forward Assault:** With 38 cultists in the mine the squad might have some trouble with this one. As only a few have firearms, it is an option. Keep in mind that Ryland has control of Janet, who will try to convince the team that she's fine and then betray them, Rope is a powerful telepath, and the cultists will fight to the death if their master asks them. Break out the Combat Tracker, prepare to have cultists flung into the gaping maw of the mine, and get to it.

- **Blow it Sky High:** If the airplane (after being fixed) or large truck is filled with all the remaining airplane fuel and propane, it would be more than enough to blow the center of the operation to smithereens. If it is dropped in, it merely bounces down and blows up the winding road, making it difficult to get to the bottom. If driven or flown into the mine itself, the pilot must make a Tough (30) AGY + Vehicle Operation check to get it in just the right spot. The driver/pilot is essentially lost, unless they must make two successful Moderate (20) Movement checks (one for getting to the emergency exit and the other for safely bailing out). If Janet is at the bottom of the mine, she is lost instantly.

- **Flood 'em:** The squad may make a Moderate (20) IQ + Knowledge check to figure out that turning the water off in the area would be necessary to drill that deep. Just about 50 miles away is the A154 rockfill dike, which would cause the mine to fill with water and drown everyone inside (including Janet) if blown up. However, the dike is built incredibly thick to resist being destroyed, blowing it up may require player ingenuity.

- **Get Captured and Negotiate:** This is a fabulous way to meet Ryland (an Infected) and see their mining operations. If the squad is caught off-guard trying to gain

entry to the mine, the cultists will demand their surrender. If not, combat ensues. If they give up, the cultists empty their pockets and confiscate their weapons and bag... and see them to Ryland. He explains how the TUTI hungers and that it's his job to answer those pangs by providing the city of Yellowknife. Once in the proximity of Ryland, the characters must make a Magic Resistance check (Difficulty 18) to avoid falling under his sway and doing as he commands. Those who make their check and can convincingly fake control with a Moderate (20) IQ + Deception check still have a chance to foil Ryland's plans.

- **Shut Down the Power Generators:** Stop right there! As soon as the power goes out, the TUTI flips out (read below under "TUTI"). To shut down the facility, the generators and backup generators must be taken out. The main generator is located beside the garage, guarded by 5 cultists armed with tools or knives. They obviously do not expect trouble, as they are engrossed in a game of canasta. If they shoot or break the generator, the backups kick in which nullifies this plan. To properly shut down the power and override the backup generator located deep underground, the squad must make two Moderate (20) IQ + Computers checks. Alarms and klaxons will sound shortly before the TUTI goes totally nuts.

- **Call for Backup:** As you are the backup for the previous team, there isn't much help you can garner. The only backup available is obtained by destroying a Mirror Key to contact an Elite for assistance. If summoned, the Elite will set forth on the plan of shutting the power generators down and taking the cult out with kung-fu and nightvision goggles, unless challenged with good reason.

TUTI

The Thing Under the Ice writhes with anticipation and is eager to squeeze through the Diavik mine after its followers open up a big enough hole. It can sense exactly how many morsels it has waiting in Yellowknife and needs only a small crack to be let loose. This appendage will be the largest it has released, capable of stretching out enough to encompass the entire city over 250 miles away. Yes. It is that big and awful.

When the squad begins to mess up its escape, it will become increasingly aggressive. If the characters stop the digging attempts by any means, the TUTI sends smaller tentacles (page 36) out to devour everyone (including cultists) within a few minutes. Ryland is the only exception, but he wouldn't survive the mine collapsing if the characters went that route. After pulling all of its cultists screaming into its multiple maws, the thing attempts to grapple onto anything to pull itself free from its icy prison... but luckily to no avail.

The mine begins to collapse as the tentacles pull equipment and radio towers onto itself. To avoid a horrible crushing death, characters have the option of making a Tough (30) AGY + athletics check or grabbing a nearby mining jeep and opting for a Moderate (20) AGY + Ve-

hicle Operations check. Failing the roll means going toe to toe with up to three TUTI Tentacles or rolling a Moderate (20) AGY + Acrobatics to avoid instant death under 1000s of pounds of falling rubble or trucks and buildings being pulled before them. Magic is very handy for getting out as fast as possible. When the mine finally settles and the raging thing realizes that it is still trapped without any real recourse, it attempts one final meal... the squad.

Escape and pursuit

There are multiple jeeps, trucks, snowmobiles, and even a private plane that the characters can use to escape. If they can actually use the plane, opt to hike back (keep hypothermia in mind) or they call in the helicopter, then the squad can skip the last encounter and call in HQ to "clean up the area" after they've returned home. If they use any of the land vehicles, the TUTI follows the vibrations and attacks as the squad tries to cross the ice roads. Striking through the ice, several TUTI Tentacles try to drag the offending vehicles through into the freezing waters below. The driver should make two or three Moderate (20) AGY + Vehicle Operation checks. Failing that, the tentacles will enjoy crushing them. If they jump out and take off on foot the entity will lose interest, as they are no longer easy bait.

Return to Civilization

When the characters eventually return to civilization, they can collect a complimentary "Good job" from HQ followed by a debriefing. They also receive news that the Radicals were sent to "clean up" the rest of the mining facility. Any surviving cultists (of which there are probably none) are put on the first train to Quebec to be questioned at HQ. Agent Carva may become a permanent staple in the group, after having his thorns removed.

Ryland (Infected)

Description: Ryland is the brains of the operation, but often overestimates his intelligence. He'd never encountered API before Nick and Janet came kicking in his door, and he hoped that the Wendigo would take out anyone that came looking. He appears as a young Caucasian man with smooth skin and fashionable clothes. He is also wearing Janet's stolen thermal suit under his clothing.

Motivations: Ryland serves only the TUTI. He will delightfully murder anyone in his way with reckless abandon. He uses people as tools and discards them when they break.

Statistics of Note: Health 25, Stamina 29, Initiative +10, Movement 7, Actions per Round 3, Magic Resistance +8, Discipline (Concentration) +10, Perception +10

Combat: Ryland stands confused if the characters try to physically fight him, as he's never been hurt by anyone before. Ryland spends an action in shock if any harm comes to him before acting. **Bonuses:** +8 to all combat rolls, Grapple +6, Damage +3

Powers: As per regular Infected powers, page 64

Weaknesses: If Ryland gets completely wet, Janet's thermal suit is wrecked and he'll freeze to death quite quickly.

Experience

Characters can receive additional XP based on the adventure survival rate.

+1 XP	Janet is rescued and survives
+1 XP	Nick rescued and returned to HQ
+1 XP	Capturing Rope or Ryland alive
+1 XP	Saving at least 5 to 10 Cultists
+2 XP	Avoid killing anyone

Adventure Two: Splinter

This adventure introduces the players the hideous nature of Husks and the perils of magic left unchecked in Canada. It's a surreal adventure best suited for 3 to 5 agents.

The Briefing

The GM can use this speech as a guideline to create their own, or they can have an NPC Elite read this aloud.

"About a month ago, the psychotic murderer known as the Patchwork Man escaped from API custody whilst being transported to the Pods. Reports from agents at the scene say the criminal, a Husk, was badly damaged in the fray and split into four parts, each of which departed with a different group of assailants. API's original fears were that the four groups would reunite having shaken pursuit, so several of our top scouts were immediately dispatched to track them. However, the groups have headed off in opposite directions and show no signs of needing to meet up.

"It's possible that the groups are intending to lay low until the heat dies down, but it is equally possible that this is not a rescue, but kidnap and torture, maybe by relatives of the Patchwork Man's victims. It might also be a part of another of his sick little games – see the criminal files section for info on that. API cannot allow any of these possible scenarios to go unchecked. We want him, all of him, back in custody ASAP. We don't have time to go around collecting each bit of him one by one. Patchwork can always tell what's happening to his parts no matter where they are and he'd find out what we were up to and go further underground.

"Our best tactic therefore is a coordinated strike. Each of you will be assigned to retrieve a specific part of the Patchwork Man. Find him, apprehend or take out his followers, and bring him back... alive if possible. Oh, and try to get some aerial photographs of the site as well. Our scouts have been experiencing some pretty weird stuff out there. We want to get a better look at the place."

The Patchwork Man

This sick-minded Husk has never bothered translating his real name into something that humans can pronounce, so API nicknamed him the Patchwork Man. Like other Husks, he has an artistic side, but his canvas is the human body. He takes great delight in cutting people open and turning their inner bits into bloody works of art.

He always attempts to keep his victims alive until the work is complete, showing it to them while they are gibbering, weeping messes.

The Patchwork Man is a delusional sociopath. He really doesn't understand that what he does is wrong. He was last apprehended after attempting to start an exhibition at a small art gallery in Ontario. The curator was instantly suspicious about the origins of the painted, flayed skins and curious leathery sculptures, in addition to the artist's reluctance to meet him face-to-face or even give a name. A forensic examination easily connected the exhibits with several violent crimes in the area, and the Patchwork Man was lured into an API trap with the aid of the brave curator.

What's Really Going On?

If anyone checks, the four sites are at the extreme corners of Canada. Each point lays on a nexus, sites of peculiar weakness between dimensions and a "thin" point in reality. Until someone invents a word that can mean thin from a five-dimensional perspective, it will have to do. Suffice to say, there is a crack in reality there which has gone mostly unnoticed.

Some unnamed businessman once tried to build a factory on the site in Vancouver, only to have it torn apart by a dimensional anomaly and scattered to the four corners of the country. The owner too was ripped into four parts and scattered across the country. The incident was passed off as an exploding gas main, which is partly true since the gas pipes did rupture when the building splintered. There has therefore been no API investigation until now.

A Chat with the Curator

There won't be any time for the agents to go and meet the curator mentioned in the case notes, but they may want to speak to him anyway. If someone insists on a meeting or has the bright idea of calling him up on a mobile phone, he can tell them little that isn't in the case notes. The one additional fact that he can give them is that the Patchwork Man never showed him the piece that was to be the crowning glory of the exhibition, since it was not complete at the time. The curator asked how much space he should set aside to display this mystery exhibit and was told that it wouldn't require floor or wall space. The project was referred to simply as Kaleidoscope.

The remains of the four parts of the building are now situated in northern Yukon, Vancouver, Nova Scotia and Nunavut. The Patchwork Man has been experimenting with the nature of the anomaly that the buildings rest upon and has come up with an ingenious new use for it. He intends to reunite the splintered building and rip the world along its seams as well. If he is to be believed, this would fold the entirety of Canada in upon itself, basically performing origami with the fabric of reality. It should cause visible reality to crumple and reflect, similar to a kaleidoscopic image or shattered mirror, based on his theories. Even if he isn't right, he's certain to cause irreparable damage to the universe, so API has to stop him. At present, the company knows nothing of these plans. The agents must enter the splintered house as they are being reunited to find out what's going on, deal with Patchwork's followers and the extra-planar creatures drawn to the rift, and finally track down the Patchwork Man. There... he will be defeated somehow.

The Four Sites

Each agent is sent in different directions by helicopter, perhaps with a partner. GMs shouldn't worry about splitting up the squad, as it won't be for long. There are four expeditions in total, so try and spread the characters across them as evenly as possible. If you've only three, then creating a fourth NPC is suggested. If you've more than four, then two agents traveling together is ok. Try and get at least one player agent into each helicopter.

As they come in for the final approach, the pilot will hand a character a fancy digital camera so they can take aerial shots. The quality of the shot can be determined with a Moderate (20) INS + Arts check. The photograph is stored digitally on a memory chip to be accessed later on, and the camera also produces an instant photograph.

The Sniper

If you want to inject a little excitement into the proceedings early on, the tower at Nova Scotia is an excellent place for sniping. Allow the helicopter to pass overhead for the aerial photography, but soon after a shot rings out and the pilot slumps dead across the controls with a bullet in his skull. From here, it's up to the character. They can attempt to land the helicopter themselves (with proper training), they may find the parachute in the back and jump for it, or they can just jump out into the tall trees and rely on the branches to break the fall. If they're feeling daring, they can even leap straight into the top of the tower from the crashing chopper and assault the sniper in hand-to-hand combat. If the character makes it to the ground, toiling over how to deal with the sniper, then they immediately see the sniper from the window. It seems one of the Patchwork Man's followers pushes the sniper thinking that he is a quantum fiend.

Each site is slightly different, but it's not difficult to see that the surrounding area is almost identical if the photographs are compared. There's a circular clearing, a series of roads in the same geometric pattern and, at the center of them, a building of some sort. Only the building differs from one photograph to the next. The four sites are as follows:

- **Northern Yukon:** This site is halfway up a small mountain on a perfectly circular plateau. The geometric signs are formed of rubble from the higher slopes. The building here is a long, low structure and half of it is demolished. The other half still has a few small rooms. The windows are all boarded, but the door still looks like it opens. On the rubble side, all interior doors are blocked.

- **Vancouver:** On the outskirts of Vancouver is an abandoned factory complex. The site is in the center of a circular roadway, on which the geometric signs have been painted. The building is a two-story warehouse, long and thin, with a few remaining walls from a small office building still attached to one side. The only passable entrance is on the second floor by way of an iron staircase.

- **Nova Scotia:** This site rests in a circular clearing in the middle of a lush forest. Several fallen tree trunks have been dragged into the now familiar geometric design, and a lone circular tower stands amidst the ruins of what must once have been a much larger structure. There is no door at ground level, but an unglazed window near the top of the four-story tower might be reached after a short climb up the ivy that bedrattles the structure.

- **Nunavut:** This site is in the middle of a sizeable snow plain. There is little left of the building that once stood here in this shallow circular crater. All that can be seen from the air is a series of low walls. A swift dig in the snow will reveal trenches underneath it in – yes – a regular geometric pattern. A cursory search near the remains of the structure will also reveal a trap door leading down into a cellar.

The first clue about the actual nature of these four sites can be found in the aerial photographs. If you overlay them one on top of the other, matching up the circular area and the geometric patterns around it, the walls of all four buildings coincide exactly. In fact, the four structures are four parts of the same building. If you were to put all of them in the same place you'd have one complete, undamaged structure.

When dealing with the journey to and initial exploration of each site, deal with each agent in turn. Once they enter the building, give a quick description of where they are is then pass on to the next agent in line. Make them wait for their explanations, so they can experience them together.

Inside the Splintered House

Once all of the players are inside the structure, pick the character that wasted the least time getting in and allow them to explore (see room descriptions below). Most of the sites have something weird to creep them out, and

if they move from one room to the next, they may notice that the view from the window changes. This requires a Moderate (20) INS + Perception check before it should be pointed out, unless they specifically look out of the window.

After taking a few minutes to look around, the character hears a noise. This ends up being one of the other characters, their squad-mates, entering the house from their section. If it's the agent from the Yukon or Vancouver, then it'll be the creaking of a door on the other side of the house. If it's the agent from Nova Scotia or Nunavut then it'll be creaking floorboards upstairs or downstairs respectively. The idea is to create an air of danger when it's really the other agents arriving.

Room by Room

The building is divided into four sections from the outside. However, all four have been drawn together across the dimensions inside, as part of the Patchwork Man's insane magic.

One thing present in almost all of the rooms are large cracks in the masonry, which seem inexplicably dark. These are manifestations of the anomaly itself. The cracks are where the fiends hide when they aren't tormenting the agents. GMs should certainly point out how omnipresent these cracks in the masonry are, as the characters explore. They get the impression that the whole place ought to be falling down, but is held together by some mysterious force. Also make note of the mysterious doors. More on these later.

Vancouver - The Factory Floor

The Vancouver site contains what would have been the main factory floor. The two-story section is one big room, with an iron catwalk forming a mezzanine where the second floor ought to be. Ladders and staircases lead up to the gantries, from which the mixing vats below can be accessed. At one end of the raised catwalk, there is a small boxy office clinging precariously to the wall. The first floor is a maze of massive vats in which various plastics were to be mixed. Most of it is rusting and old, but some of it looks like it has seen recent use. The molds, if anyone bothers to check them, seem to be for mannequins. The machinery is dark, rusting, and silent. Only a few of the vats seem operable.

The main factory exit is in this part of the building, and is where one agent will have gained access. There is a simple goods elevator, still functional, at the far end of the factory which was used for transporting heavy machinery down to the basement below. Another door leads through to the washroom.

Vancouver - The Office

This small room contains little beyond filing cabinets, desks and chairs. Since the factory was never used for its

intended purpose, there is little inside except paperwork detailing the owner's dealings with builders and planning permits. The only clues that the players are likely to find in here are a few discarded cigarette ends, recently dropped by one of Patchwork's hired thugs. There is a Mysterious Door here.

Northern Yukon - The Storeroom

This room is about thirty square feet and mostly contains cardboard boxes full of dummy parts and quite a few ready-made mannequins standing around in various poses. There are a few simple iron shelf units that contain more boxes, and several tanks of various chemicals. Anyone with the right know-how (and a Moderate (20) IQ + Science (Hard) check) will be able to deduce that most of these chemicals are used in the manufacture of plastics. A Tough (30) check will also yield that some of them could be used for making explosives as well. A door leads through into the washroom, and a second one to the factory's Yukon exit.

Northern Yukon - Washroom

Manufacturing is messy work, so the factory had a large wash room with showers, hand basins, and benches for the workers to go home clean after a hard day. This room is divided in two by a modesty panel. One side has the showers and the other has a series of slatted benches. The showers are a bloody mess with the dismembered corpse of one of the thugs is slumped in the corner. It appears to have been torn to pieces by serrated knives or maybe very large claws.

A Moderate (20) IQ + Perception check of the area reveals evidence that someone has been sleeping here. Some of the benches have sleeping bags tucked under them and there are food containers lying around that may catch the characters' eye. There are doors from here to the factory floor, storeroom, and canteen.

Northern Yukon - Canteen

Adjacent to the showers is a small canteen. There are tables and benches for workers to eat at and shelves of plates and cutlery bought in before the disaster. Sadly, kitchen appliances were never fitted, but it is clear that the someone has been eating off gas-powered camping stoves. There are quite a few provisions in the kitchen lying around in large cardboard boxes behind the otherwise plain and empty serving counter. The only exit leads to the showers. There is also a Mysterious Door here.

Nova Scotia - The Tower

This four-story circular tower has doors to the first and second floor of the factory floor. A long spiral staircase leads upward with two bodies sprawled upon them, one at the bottom with a broken neck and another halfway up with a carving knife through his throat. Both are members of Jordan's gang of mercenaries.

There seems to be little point to the tower other than the manager's office at the very top. This room is in extreme disarray with blood on the walls. The fine desk has been upended and is riddled with bullet holes, the carpet is in tatters, and all of the ornaments are strewn around the floor. The bodies of two of Jordan's gang are lying in here, variously stabbed and shot to death. There are no signs of any weapons, but there is a Mysterious Door.

Nunavut – the Basement

The factory basement is basically a machine shop where parts were serviced and machinery repaired. There're a lot of tools lying around down here, some of which seem to be new and others which have rusted to the surfaces they lie on. An old generator hums away in the corner, providing power to the elevator and lighting. A fancy-looking, but empty chemistry set sits on a bench nearby. The only other things down here are a few shattered bits and pieces of machinery that were never needed or used.

There's a shallow staircase leading to a trapdoor just outside the factory walls, and a primitive goods elevator at the other end that leads onto the factory floor. Naturally, there is also a Mysterious Door.

The Quantum Fiends

The house is not as empty as one might think. In fact, it is infested with Quantum Fiends, creatures created from the reality cracks that permeate the splintered house. There are a few tricks that the fiends may try and pull:

- **Don't Go Alone:** If any character is ever alone and unwatched in the house for more than a few minutes, there is a chance that a fiend will copy him. This includes the time before the characters meet up, which means the main part of the scenario has already begun without anyone knowing who might be a fiend. The creatures cannot leave the building though.

- **I'm the Real One:** Quantum Fiends love to play with their victims. At least once, they will pull the stunt of their copy running into the original and starting a debate as to which is real. The GM could play the part of the copy, but it may be even more fun to let the player take both parts, since there's absolutely no way for the agents to tell which is which.

- **Attack:** A fiend will spring up and attack sooner or later, usually if left alone with a single agent or if its cover is about to be blown. Don't forget to explain to the copied agent's player what just happened, so they know they weren't killed arbitrarily. It's a small building, so they should easily be able to find out what's going on.

- **Escape:** If a fiend is being beaten in a fight, it will attempt to make a run for it. If it can reach one of the ominous cracks in the walls, it can instantly escape through them into the anomaly that spawned them.

- **Disarm:** If anyone has dropped or put down a weapon within easy reach of one of the wall cracks (for even for a second), fiends snatch them up right away.

They quickly reach their arm out and draw it back into the crack, without any chance of retrieval. The fiends do not actually use the weapons.

- **Stay Inside:** The fiends have to stay close to the rifts in reality and cannot go more than thirty feet from the splintered house. If the agents figure this out, they've found a very useful tool. They'll know that any agent who cannot or will not follow them outside must be a fiend. GMs should try not to give this away too soon in the adventure though, or these wily beasts will lose their potential.

Jordan's Mercenary Band

The Patchwork Man hired this group of thugs to assist in his great work of art, knowing he'd have to be split into four pieces to accomplish it and that those pieces would need to be protected in transit. They're pretty standard and should use the Thugs statistics (page 164 of the API corebook). When the squad arrives, they have mostly succumbed to paranoia (courtesy of the Fiends). They have begun massacring each other, unsure of whom amongst them was real and who is a quantum clone. There are two surviving members worthy of note.

Adam Lopez

This wild-eyed lunatic has had plenty of opportunity to observe how the fiends work and can give the agents important information... if questioned carefully. Unfortunately, he's stark raving mad, so much of what he says will come across as garbled and incomprehensible. Adam is a low-ranking member of the mercenary band and doesn't know anything significant about the Patchwork Man's plan. He does know what happened to Paul (below).

Adam is hiding in the room that one of agents (GM should pick randomly) initially enters. He instantly leaps out of hiding, weeping piteously, and flings himself into the agent's arms. Between sobs, he'll mumble that he knows the agent is real and that he is the only one to be trusted in this building. Adam won't let that particular agent out of his sight, so that the agent cannot be copied throughout the adventure. At the same time, there is no guarantee that Adam isn't a fiend himself. He really isn't, but the characters don't know this for sure.

If attacked, Adam Lopez will defend himself with a large cleaver he grabbed from the kitchen. It's the only weapon he's managed to prevent the fiends from stealing and he won't let it go unless forced somehow. He killed a few of his former colleagues with that cleaver and, unless his 'guardian angel' can keep him under control, he may well attempt to do the same to the other agents. He'll fight like a crazy man if a real fiend attacks the group though, so he's a handy person to have around.

Paul Stringer

Paul is a survivalist. When the rest of Jordan's mer-

cenaries were going insane trying to work out who was real or not, Paul quietly slipped out of the house into the woodlands of Nova Scotia. He's currently camped there with a bagful of supplies swiped from the kitchen, a portable tent, and a hunting rifle. He's currently trying to work out his next move, as he's now stuck in the middle of nowhere without transportation.

If encountered, Stringer will initially try and pass himself off as a hunter lost in the woods trying to find his way home and try to hitch a lift with the agents. Some hard questioning should prompt him to reveal his part in the Patchwork Man's plans, but will also put him on edge. The last thing the agents want to do is stop him from talking by annoying him. For one, he knows what the Patchwork Man is trying to do. If the squad is having trouble working out the mysterious doors puzzle, he can give them some hints on that as well.

Of course, this information doesn't come without a price. Paul demands transportation back to civilization and guaranteed immunity from prosecution, and he's backing up his requests with a rifle. Under no circumstances will he go back into the splintered house, even under the threat of death. He'll need to be knocked out first, and even then, he will try and escape the second he has a chance. He won't attack anyone unless attacked first though.

If the squad wants to find Paul, they'll have to make a cursory search of Nova Scotia. A Moderate (20) INS + Survival (Tracking) check should do it swiftly or it'll take an hour or more of searching to uncover his makeshift campsite. Adam Lopez can tell the players that Paul escaped the house and through which door, but he can't lead them to Paul's camp. The woods are also a dangerous place, with bears, wolves, and other local wildlife that may feel threatened by newcomers to their territory.

Other Mercenaries

Most of the other mercenaries are already dead, but the agents can be ambushed on the factory floor to add excitement early on in the adventure. This is an excellent place for a gunfight (if they have guns) as there are plenty of chemical tanks and things to hide behind, plus a gantry above that provides an excellent vantage point. If the players wonder why they didn't notice the mercs earlier, explain that they were probably hiding inside empty chemical vats.

The Mysterious Doors

There are four of these in total, one in each section of the building. In fact, there is actually only one door appearing in four different places. It's inscribed with a familiar geometric pattern that the agents should recognize from outside. Additionally, if they do anything to change the appearance of one door, all the other mysterious doors change too. If they walk their way around

Quantum Fiends

Description: It's not precisely clear whether these foul extradimensional beasts are demons as API defines them or some kind of quantum anomaly in their own right. Whatever they are, they only appear in places where the fabric of the universe is twisted or weak. Powerful magic can temporarily cause such weaknesses, but most of the rifts that the fiends come through are permanent, naturally occurring sites of instability.

In its natural form, a fiend is a bluish-black humanoid with thickly chorded skin and no eyes. They are studded with sharp spines and have a vicious mouthful of teeth. It is rare to see them in their natural form however, as they have developed the ability to steal other peoples' forms in a very specific and unusual manner.

Fiends are creatures of quantum mechanics. Every decision we make in this world has many ramifications, and every living thing has countless potential futures that it can occupy. Simply by observing its target, the creature is capable of stealing one of its potential futures for itself. The human decides to turn right, and a barely visible copy turns left instead, for instance. Within a few seconds, this echo will be as solid and firm as the original and quite indistinguishable.

The copied fiend is perfect in every way, even down to the individual's voice and mannerisms. The fiend doesn't have access to the copied individual's memories, but they can allow their copy to act just like the original until the beast decides to take control. Fiends use this ability to isolate their victims before taking their true form, killing them, and dragging a little piece of their potential away into the void with them.

Motivations: Fiends aren't too clever, but they have a wicked sense of humor and love to play with their victim's minds. Some spend days tormenting the person they've copied by doing nothing more sinister than allowing their version to go about his daily business. Imagine if there were two of you, spending your money, sleeping with your wife, turning up at your job... it's enough to drive some to the very brink of madness.

Statistics of Note: Health 35, Stamina 30, Initiative +15, Movement 12, Actions per Round 3, Magic Resistance +5, Survival (Tracking) +5, Stealth +12

Combat: Fiends always try to ambush, cast off their seemingly human guise, and lash out in the same second. **Bonuses:** Strike +10, Parry +3, Dodge +8, Roll +5, Grapple +10, Damage +5 (L)

Powers: Steal Potential Future.

GM Note: Remember that these creatures steal potential futures, but the copies don't know they are facsimiles. The character can be allowed to carry on as if nothing had happened, when they are really a fiend, leaving no warning at all when the creature suddenly takes its true form and attacks. Then, surprise, the GM lets the player know their character is fine and that the previous moments didn't actually happen for them. This creates a mystery of who is real and who is not.

to the opposite side of the wall a Mysterious Door is set into they will find no sign of a door there. The door cannot be opened or destroyed. It doesn't appear to be locked or barred, it just doesn't seem to move. They can't even jiggle the handle.

The trick to opening the door is simple, but tricky to guess. Because all four doors are essentially one and the same, all four must be opened at once. It doesn't matter if you turn the handle and push, or if you blow up all four with explosives at precisely the same time. The trick is coordination.

This is a significant puzzle, since once it is solved the mission is more or less over. However it offers a few problems of its own. Firstly, the squad has to work out the trick to it. The GM should emphasize that some kind of magic is at work here and normal methods probably won't work. Otherwise, Paul can tell them how it works, after he's found. In the meantime, they are also beset with Quantum Fiends.

Once the characters know how to open the doors, they'll have to find a way of coordinating it. It also means that, unless there are eight people in the house, they'll have to split up. At least one of the agents will be left on their own at this point, making it easy for the fiends to copy him.

Behind the Doors

The room behind the doors is cavernous. From this side, the four doorways seem to float in mid air, and the four wildly different vistas of Vancouver, Nova Scotia, Nunavut and Yukon are visible on each wall. Stairways lead down to a cross-shaped walkway, as each door is set according to one of the compass directions. At the center of this intersection, the Patchwork Man stands with

one glowing band of energy in each hand and foot as his body reunites.

If the agents aren't completely wiped out from the adventure, this is an excellent place to have one last stand-off between the agents and the remnants of Jordan's mercenary band. The GM may also throw in a fiend or two for good measure if things seem to be going too easily. The Patchwork Man is concentrating on the spell and can take no part in the action. In order to prevent the completion of his great project, the squad has to drag his body from the center with a Tough (30) Feat of Strength check or sever all four of his limbs with some kind of weapon – anything sturdy will do, no need to roll. Knocking his limbs off will, however, kill the Patchwork Man. If they drag him out, they will be able to capture him alive.

Once the Patchwork Man is defeated, the room will begin to shake ominously. The squad has only a few minutes to grab whatever they want and run before the whole building disappears into the anomaly forever. Mission accomplished. All that remains is for the team to call backup and decide what to do with the survivors.

Experience

Characters can receive additional XP based on discovery and survival rates.

+1 XP	Patchwork Man is returned to the Pods
+1 XP	Adam Lopez Survives
+1 XP	Paul Stringer Survives
+1 XP	Return to HQ with sample from Fiends
+2 XP	Figure out the door puzzle without Paul

Epilogue:

The Great Strategist sat in his office, gazing at his personal map of Canada, his family's domain for so long. He was exhausted and hadn't slept in days, continuously cultivating his meticulous plans, but he knew it had to be there soon. Just as his eyes began to droop and the sandman called to him, he heard a knock at his door. "Come in," he said, happy to be jerked from sleep... there was more to do, after all.

Cassie walked in and stood before him. He first noticed her hair, but his gaze eventually fell on the brown leather bag at her side. "It's arrived," she said.

He reached forward and she placed the bag in his hands, which quickly opened and revealed a fragment of mirror with intricate markings. He was awestruck and his eyes showed the closest thing to happiness she had ever seen, but he snapped out of it just as quickly. "...and Agent Clark?"

"It was a successful mission, but Agent Clark sustained a broken leg and a few other minor injuries. It's nothing that a month or two on leave wouldn't cure," she smiled.

"If only we had the luxury. Prep him for a leg replacement.... I have another mission for him right away." His eyes turned to the mirror again. He placed it on his desk, removed his legal pad and began making notes on the etchings, all but completely ignoring the other agent in the room.

"Gerard... is that necessary? We could have Agent Philips readied within the hour. Won't he die so that Agent Clark can rest naturally?" She asked, concerned. As an Elite, and his former lover, she had more of the Great Strategist's ear than others and hoped to deter his decision.

He turned back to her with a determined look. "No. This mirror requires Wendigo blood and I know Gabriel's had his eye on taking one out for quite some time." He turned back to his mirror. "It's only logical. Please log this in the classified records... no one can know we have this or what we plan to do with it."

She stood shocked for a moment, but knew that was the end of the conversation. The Great Strategist had already grabbed his magnifier to begin his research. "Yes, sir, right away," she said as she left.

Date: _____

Field Report
Confidential

Agents Involved: _____

Objectives: _____

Place, Date, Organizations, Individuals Contacted/Visited: _____

Main Results: _____

Weapons Discharged? Y/N If Yes, please explain: _____

Casualties? Y/N If Yes, please explain: _____

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