



A WRAITH SUPPLEMENT BY SHATTERED ROSES FOR THE WRAITH PROJECT

How to Use This Book

Necropolis: London is a supplement for **Wraith: the Oblivion** drawing on the information presented on the city in **Ends of Empire**. It is set after the devastation of the Sixth Great Maelstrom in the London of 2013, and details a world on the cusp of disaster in both the Skinlands and the Shadowlands. This book is intended to act as a resource to the people playing Wraiths inside an online environment, to give new players an exhaustive idea of what to expect from the city both among the living and the dead, and to allow Storytellers to use and adapt the setting for their own games.

It details two new factions present solely in London, as well as some of the Restless that run and populate them, presenting an original setting away from the usual conventions of the Hierarchy.

It is an example of what happened to a single city after the Maelstrom, its fall into darkness and slow recovery to strength, as well as speculating on the future of the storm-wracked city.

This book also aims to set out some of the major locations in the city of London and its history on both sides of the Shroud, giving Storytellers and their players a post-Maelstrom setting against which to run their games, or join the existing one.

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CHAPTER ONE: INTRODUCTION

Theme and Mood

Theme

The theme of Necropolis: London is struggle. Since the city was first founded on the banks of the Thames, there has been a constant struggle for control on both sides of the Shroud. It has also been the fate of many of the city's souls, both living and dead, to struggle for survival.

Now the city stands on the cusp of utter destruction, and throughout its twisting streets and labyrinthine tunnels everyone struggles to survive, while the new powers that have arisen from the ashes fight amongst themselves for control of the city's resources. Mortals pick at the sodden rubble beside the river for scraps of food just as the Restless circle burning buildings like vultures in search of relics and new recruits for their own personal wars.

No matter what else goes on inside the city limits, life, and death, are always hard.

Mood

Existence in the London of 2013 is a dark and miserable thing. The mood of the setting should be bleak, desolate and often inexplicable. A lot of the time, strange things happen inside London without rhyme or reason. A twisted nightmare logic often applies, and as a result, any game set in London 2013 should be desolate and often very, very weird.

This doesn't mean that there is no hope to be found, after all, we are out to have fun. All it means is that the hope can often be difficult to see, and even more difficult to achieve.



The City

The city of London right from its beginnings in Roman times, was a city of trade. It is hardly surprising then, that on the other side of the Shroud, trade was the life-breath of the city right up until the Sixth Great Maelstrom struck. However, after that, the society of the dead began to spiral into chaos, and the lands of the living began to decay in a violent, vivid reflection of the lands of the dead.

Slowly, global warming began to wring the prosperity and life out of the city. The temperatures rose, smog became a daily sight across the city, and unpredictable weather caused outbreaks of disease that halted the majority of London's tourism in its tracks. However, the worst was yet to come. Much of the world was beginning to suffer from a rise in sea-levels and increased flooding, but no one ever suspected the Thames Barrier to give way. But it did. Thousands died, and many people found themselves living in over a foot of tepid river-water. Cases of disease skyrocketed, discontent grew among the public, and violence became commonplace.

Claiming more and more power over the people of the city, and auctioning off more and more of the public services in order to cut taxes and quell the insurrection, the government ushered in more and more laws restricting peoples rights. This culminated in the Public Order Act of 2012 which gave the police the power to shoot to kill, and also made public execution legal for the first time since 1858.

Inevitably, London's gang culture grew, and soon the privately funded police force was massively overstretched. They ceased to patrol the worst areas of the city, which were mainly situated in the East End. The area quickly earned the name of the No Go Zone, a filthy slum under control of a gang called the East End Soldiers.

A Bitter Reflection

The lands of the dead didn't fare much better in these dark times. The Hierarchy dissolved under the weight of the Maelstrom, dozens of denizens of the Shadowlands, wraith and spectre alike, were hurled across the Shroud to rise in bodies they didn't recognize, factions of violent Mediums rose up against the dead, and new factions formed out of the ashes of institutions that had ruled for millennia.

Now the city lies in a confused disarray and it is the young Restless who have a chance to build their own futures now that an eternity of tradition and autocracy are gone. However, the young wraiths holding the reins of London's power seem unable to break the dictates of the past that have so long been imposed over the lands of the dead, and the city finds itself in danger of changing one dictatorship for another. What's more, the most ancient of the city's wraiths are far from gone for good, and the constant barrage of the Maelstrom has only made them colder, made them darker, made them meaner.

A Patchwork World

London is in fact not one city, but many. Over the years, the new has been built on top of the old, and the old torn down to be replaced by the new. A city on top of a city on top of a city. And the dead do not forget what once was as easily as the living. The result is a labyrinthine puzzle-work city of the old, the new and the ancient, as the city was built, rebuilt, and continued to grow and engulf the towns around it. Because of this, the city is often dream-like in the logic of how the different buildings and spaces interlace and lap over the lands of the living, and therefore young wraiths often find themselves getting lost in unusual and alien landscapes that seem to obey no ones rules but their own.

In addition to this, before the Maelstrom, London boasted one of the most diverse populations in the Dark Kingdom of Iron. Certain districts across the city became havens for the other Dark Kingdoms of the Shadowlands. The largest of these was Chinatown, which boasted one of the largest populations of Jade citizens outside the Yellow Springs. However, this was to be the downfall of the city, as when the Jade Emperor staged his invasions, London's own citizens rose up against her.

It is presumed that London's small Dark Kingdom communities were wiped out in the Maelstrom, because none have been seen since, and most restless have forgotten that they ever existed. Still, London's diverse history holds true, and the city still boasts citizens with a wide spectrum of beliefs. As for the communities of foreign ghosts, well, who knows what lurks in the deepest tunnels of the underground system . . .

London at a Glance

Population: 10 Million

Climate: Largely unpredictable due to global warming. Generally warm and wet, prone to storms and flash-flooding although droughts and snaps of arctic cold also occur from time to time.

Flooding: Throughout the years following the new millennium, London's situation began to worsen. Pollution grew worse and worse every day until the Thames caught light. Homelessness became rife, as did disease, and public services grew worse and worse. Global warming meant that the city's weather became erratic, and in 2010, the Thames Barrier gave way, swamping the city. Now, many buildings around the river are lost entirely and the only dry way of crossing the river is by using Tower Bridge. Many of the city's poorest citizens live in homes flooded by anything from a couple of inches to three feet of filthy water. The sewers are flooded and mostly unusable. Disease is rife, and crime grows worse with every day. What's more, the flooding is only going to get worse, and with frequent cold snaps bringing hypothermia, and the subsequent thaws bringing disease, things are looking dark for the city.

Monarchy: The once great British Royal Family are now barely even mentioned in day to day life. Long before the flooding, the Monarchy had become nothing but a puppet to the government, and soon, that same government they had handed the reins of power to, was cutting their spending. Unable to maintain their home at Buckingham Palace, the building fell into disrepair, and eventually, as the state of the city grew worse and worse, the monarchy withdrew to their ancestral home at Windsor Castle. Now the Palace lies abandoned, and the monarchy are nothing but a distant echo of the past at best, or a joke at worst, to the average denizen of the city.

Business: Business has grown to be huge in London. Companies invest and run the Health Care, the Fire Brigade and even the Police. They then cut as many corners as they can to save costs, and charge as much as they can for their services, in order to maximise profits. Business is kept the not-so-secret guiding force behind city politics by the constant stream of cash that greases the wheels of government from the lowliest MP all the way to the top. The world of London citizens is all about business, and the largest of



the meta-corporations, Megadon, is slowly closing in on the last of the public services, and purchasing them for its own gain.

Police: London's Police force is a privately-funded shambles. Under-funded, corrupt and massively understaffed, the police refuse to patrol the more unpleasant areas of the city and are often slow to respond to call-outs, if they respond at all. Even when they do arrive, they are unilaterally swayed by bribes which means much of the city is left in the hands of the gangs.

Health Care: One of the first things to be sold off to fund tax cuts was the country's National Health Service. The hospitals are now privately run by mega-corporations, and the divide between the rich and the poor is mind-boggling, with the poorest citizens often used as guinea pigs for new drugs without either their knowledge nor their consent. The one exception to the rule is the Metcalf Clinic based in what remains of Hammersmith Hospital in the north of the city, which provides health care for all.

Fire: The fire service has only recently been sold off in order to fund the most recent bout of tax cuts, and as a result, it is both severely under-funded, and still true to it's original purpose. Though many expect that the fire service will soon begin to respond only to calls from citizens who have paid the corresponding protection premium, returning to the days when standards were displayed on the sides of houses to show the fire brigade which ones to put out when a whole street caught fire. People suggesting that, with the current spate of cutbacks in building materials, this may mean another fire like the one that near destroyed the city in 1666, are currently being ignored. For the time being however, the fire brigade respond to all those who need them, although their equipment has certainly seen far better days, and it often takes them hours to put out even the smaller house fires they attend to.

Local Media: London has several newspapers, although the largest of them is the New London Times, formerly just 'The Times', which is run out of offices on the north of the city. It is known to be sympathetic to both the government, and the big businesses behind it, and suspicions that the money greasing the wheels of parliament is also at work here and growing more and more widespread. The city is also home to several television channels, including seven run under the guise of the BBC, which, although still

technically publicly funded, show more and more of a definite bias as the days pass. The other television channels contain various degrees of advertising with various degrees of bias, but with so many sources saying so many different things, it is often impossible to get anywhere near the truth portrayed in the news without actually being there when the events occur.

Culture: Despite the current state of the city, the arts still draw a welcome reception from city-dwellers. A number of exclusive nightclubs exist north of the river, far from the filth and the flooding, which are regularly frequented by the city's high society. As the flooding began to take effect around 2005 and crime began to worsen, people turned to the arts in order to forget about the state of the world they were living in, and government was only too happy to pour cash into the arts to help them. London boasts both the Royal Ballet and the Royal Opera, working out of the Royal Opera House in Covent Garden, which, although it has seen better days, is still a grand, dusty beauty to behold. The Royal Albert Hall and several of the larger art galleries such as the Tate and the National Portrait Gallery have also survived, although they have done so at the expense of their poorly funded brethren, and most smaller, private theatres have long gone out of business.

Scene: Aside from the velvet-rope clubs frequented by the high society, London has everything from run down restaurants and American-style diners to extreme fetish nightclubs, and places where you're more likely to get a broken nose than a drink. The most infamous of London's clubs are Club Headon, a club for the rich and famous which sits in Notting Hill, not far north of Buckingham Palace; Redemption, a relatively safe club set into an old church and with a decidedly Christian feel to even the heaviest music; and the Slaughterhouse, a dangerous club in the East End decked-out like an abattoir where only the most brave and stupid of the population dare to step.

Traveling to and Around London

Road Travel: London is accessible by almost every major road in the United Kingdom. Many of the England's largest roads cross the country and lead directly to the capital city. Many of these roads have their origins in Roman times, and even before. Eventually, these roads connect to the M25, a large motorway that forms a ring about the capital. Poorly main-

tained in recent years, and given to bouts of incomprehensible traffic that can snarl everything to a halt for hours on end, the M25 is still by far the best way of reaching a required destination within London, without reverting to the city's labyrinthine back-roads.

Air Travel: London is serviced by three major airports; Heathrow, Stansted and Luton. In recent years, Heathrow has become neglected. The flooding cuts very close to the airport, and it's mostly fallen out of use as a result. However, the other two airports remain active, and planes leave them for locations right across the world on a regular basis. With the closure of major parts of Heathrow, Stansted has developed quickly, having several runways added in recent years, and becoming the city's primary destination for air travel.

Rail Travel: Just as many of the major roads in the United Kingdom lead inexorably to London, such is the case with the countries' major railway lines. London has a massive underground or subway system that serves the inner city, with large stations such as Victoria, Euston, Clapham Junction and London Bridge serving as junctions between underground and overground services which stretch out like the legs of a giant spider across the entire country and into Wales and Scotland.

Getting Around London

Buses and Trains: London has an extensive system of busses as well as trains, with both the older-style red double-decker busses, and newer, single-deck coaches in use across the city. In addition to this, the underground system forms a tight web across the city, and you are never more than a few hundred meters from a tube station, operating on one or more of a dozen separate lines. The underground lines used most often are the Circle, District and Northern lines, which between them cover most of the inner city. However, since the flooding in 2010, much of the underground train network has become utterly unusable by the Quick. This, combined with the tube system's immunity from the Maelstrom means that it is often the most popular haven for Restless of all three factions. With the Midnight Express missing and presumed lost, St Dismas Station South is almost entirely abandoned even by the dead, and even the Confederacy's Midnight Express-style Marble Court does not call at the abandoned station any more. To the Quick, the busses and what remains of the underground sys-

tem are the most dangerous ways of crossing the city, with gangs and violence commonplace throughout both services. Because of this, most of London's citizens use cars or cabs, or cross the city by foot, rather than risk the under-funded and rickety busses and trains inside the city limits.

Cars and Taxis: Although London's roads are poorly maintained to the extreme, and deregulation of the city's taxis means drastic differences in fares and safety, the roads are the transportation of choice for many of London's citizens. The roads surrounding the river are mostly flooded, and the only dry way across the water is to use Tower Bridge, which, with greater elevation and some maintenance, has managed to survive more or less intact. Other roads are either partially or totally flooded, pot-holed or in bad need of resurfacing. The traffic on the streets is beyond belief, and hijacking by gangs of thugs is not utterly unheard of in the city's less-protected areas. Still, the roads are the safest and easiest way of getting around London, especially for those who know all the shortcuts and back roads.



CHAPTER TWO: HISTORY

Beginnings

From London's earliest days as a Roman settlement, it was a patchwork of both materials and cultures. It was founded as a trade town, situated on a wide, deep river, but inland enough to resist a coastal attack, and trade has marked its history on both sides of the Shroud ever since.

When Roman rule collapsed, the town inside the mile-square, Roman-built wall was as good as deserted, and it was here that Shadowlands history in the area began. The Restless took over the deserted town, exploiting a natural byway that led to the Isle of Sorrows, and the large space left almost entirely at their disposal, ripe with Haunts left by the Romans. The Restless of early London paved the byway, creating the largest route leading from the Shadowlands to Stygia with dazzling Roman efficacy.

Alfred the Great re-founded the city inside the walls to protect his people from attack, and the Restless were forced to find more innovative ways of avoiding the population. At first, they stuck primarily to the back streets, ducking out of the way of the passing Quick. Before long though, London's Wraiths were learning how to jump between rooftops, across the small stone streets, holding their meetings on the roofs of small wooden huts and larger, stone-built, Roman dwellings. It was here that London's tradition of roof-wraiths was founded.

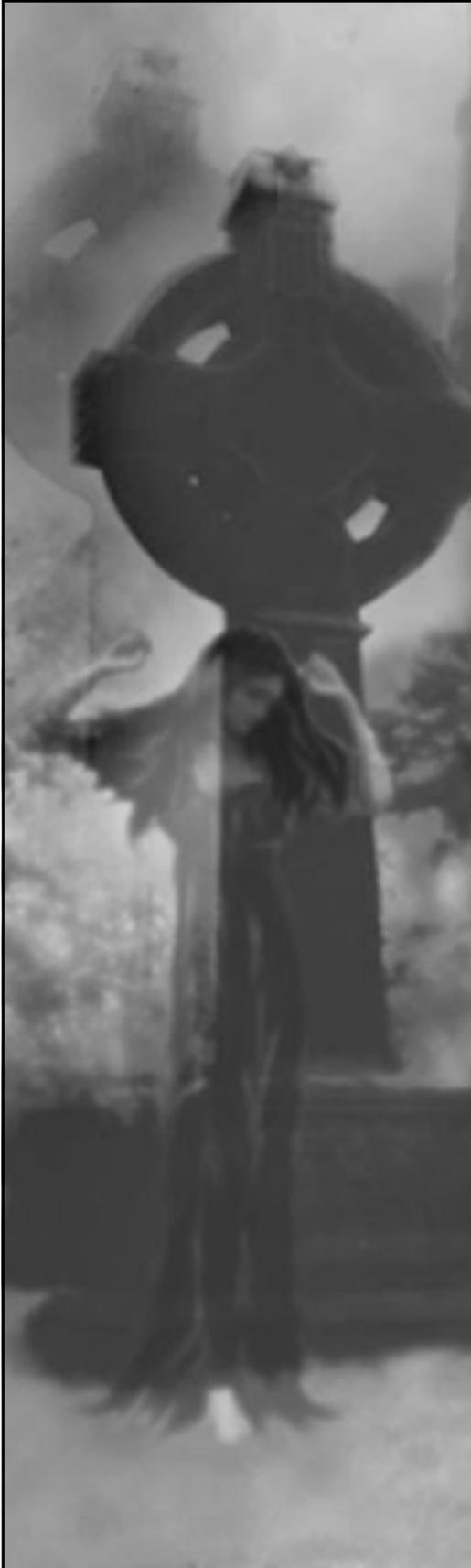
The government of London changed again with William the Conqueror's invasion, and Restless of different cultures - Saxon, Roman and Norman - began to mix on the other side of the Shroud, trading with one another and with Stygia. When William built the Tower of London in 1080, London's Wraith's found themselves a new ally in the shape of the Corax, and the Dead maintained good relations with the ravens for nearly a thousand years. Work on a large haunt away from the city's population began in earnest after

1176, when the ill-fated, wooden bridge across the Thames was replaced with a stone one. Early London Wraiths used those skilled in Inhabit and Outrage to bring huge quantities of stone across the Shroud, and began building. Soon, the city had a place where the intrepid Wraiths travelling to and from Stygia could meet without interference from the living. Simple, pale towers were soon constructed over the roofs of the houses on the bridge, giving the dead a place to gather over the heads of those still living.

The new stone-built bridge in the Skinlands also wrought many changes in the lands of the living. The arches of the bridge were small, and restricted the flow of the river, so that come winter, the Thames would freeze over. People started to skate on it and on the surrounding meshes with ice-skates made from animal bones, and wintertime markets were soon taking place on the river throughout the colder months. Trade continued to boom, and the community of the Dead swelled, with hundreds of relic boats and carts rolling up the river to the entrance of the byway, transporting goods to Stygia and other areas of the Kingdom of Iron, as well as other Dark Kingdoms across the world. Agents of the Hierarchy regularly passed through the city, maintaining a strong hold over all who resided there, protecting them, and the precious byway, from harm by outside forces.

The Heretic Offensive and the Founding of a Necropolis

The balance of power only changed in the 13th Century, when a huge influx of catholic monks came to London, among them, the Dominicans and Franciscans, or Black and Greyfriars. The Shadowlands suffered from a similar influx of hundreds of Heretics, carrying their religion on to the other side of the Shroud. The Black and Greyfriars became a regular sight in the London Deadlands led by Blackfriar



Brother Dominic, and Greyfriar Brother Francis. In the early 14th Century, an attempt was made by the two orders of friars to wrest control of the city from the hands of those acting on behalf of the Hierarchy.

The Legions of Stygia were ill-staffed and unprepared for the attack, and for the fervour with which the Heretics fought. For several years, the battle was fought both on the open streets, and over the roofs of the city. Until the middle of the 14th Century, it seemed as if the Heretics had the upper hand, and they may even quell the Hierarchy and gain control of London. However, fortunately for the Hierarchy (a coincidence those in-the-know are more than aware of), in 1348-1349 the Black Death killed a third of the population of the city, bolstering the ranks of the Skeletal Legion by nearly 500%. A high-ranking Skeletal Legionnaire by the name of Matthew Thatcher, was quick to send the newly dead onto the front-line, and within a decade, the Heretic threat was greatly reduced, although it did not entirely disappear until 1531 when Henry VIII broke with the Catholic church and disbanded the monasteries, cutting the Heretics off from a supply of new recruits. It was only then that the two leaders of the Heretic alliance were supposedly hunted down and killed.

The disbanding on the monasteries in the Skinlands caused massive amounts of land previously owned by the church to open up for habitation, and soon, the population of London was rising rapidly. Over the next few hundred years, towns such as Southwark and Whitechapel (1500's), Bethnal Green and Spitalfields (1700's), Deptford and Shepherds Bush (1800's), and Wimbledon and Surbiton (1900's) were all swallowed up by the growth of the city, leading to an even greater degree of cultural diversity and patchwork community. London is not one city, but many.

The same was soon true among the Restless.

About the same time, towards the end of the 16th Century, the Guilds were cast out of London, and the first Necropolis was founded there. Trade suffered badly for quite some time with the loss of the Guilds, but the Hierarchs finding themselves in control of this new and dangerous project were quick to seize control of the situation, putting their own Restless talented in Inhabit, Argos and Moliate in where the Guilds had been cast out. That many of the same faces remained on the dockside, manning the traderoutes and beginning to found the forges and expand the Haunt over the Thames, was a fact that most in power chose to ignore, and most at ground-level chose not to mention.

Soon, the area around the London Bridge Haunt was thriving to new-found heights. When the Hierarchy took over control of the city and began to establish their Necropolis, the population of the city skyrocketed. Rooftop markets and walkways were scattered everywhere, and hoards of relic vessels drew up and down the river each day. To begin with, the Anacreons of the Hierarchy enjoyed an almost equal split of power, and the varying cultures and races were all governed with a surprisingly loose hand. The Guilds were also allowed to maintain a stronger presence than in the other fledgling Necropoli, and possessed power almost equal to that of the Hierarchy, although always behind closed doors. By far the largest Guilds in London at this time were the Artificers and the Harbingers, who, together, worked to exploit the fruitful trade routes the city had to offer, although the Spooks were approaching them in power.

Further outbreaks of Plague were commonplace, occurring throughout the 15 and 1600's, and feeding the Skeletal Legion with countless recruits. Soon, Matthew Thatcher, the now Skeletal Anacreon, was as good as the Head of State for the city, and all the other Anacreons were nothing but window-dressing. Still, they met behind his back, and planned a resurgence. Even in the halcyon days of the city, unrest was swelling behind closed doors. Civil War in the 1650's brought many more across the Shroud, this time boosting the Grim Legion, and in 1666, the Great Fire of London not only added to the numbers of the Emerald Legion, but also put an end to the Black Death. The balance of power looked as if it may shift away from the Skeletal Legion, and for a while, politics within the city became more heated as each Legion worked hard manipulating the lands of the living and the dead for their own personal gain in this, the oldest and most prestigious of Necropoli.

The decree from reinstated monarch Charles II stated that buildings should be made of stone in the future, to prevent the spread of further fires. The building and rebuilding that followed fed the Shadowlands with massive amount of relic material from which to build the rooftop walkways, and reinforce the massive Haunt on London Bridge, whose pale towers were spiraling into the London sky.

The Necropolis Grows

The next major upheaval occurred in the mid 1700's. In the Skinlands, both the houses on London Bridge, and the ancient Roman City Wall were demolished by the Georgians. For quite some time, the Haunt on London Bridge had been the centre of both the culture and the government of the Necropolis. When parts of it were pulled down, it was only some quick work by the city's Harbingers, Spooks and Artificers that kept it from being destroyed altogether. However, once its future was assured, the majority of the bridge belonged to the dead, and they were quick to take advantage of that. The Haunt swelled both above and below the waterline, and soon, the Citadel was founded.

By the 1850's, large quantities of Chinese and Jewish immigrants were beginning to settle in the city. Links with the Dark Kingdom of Jade and the Shadowlands of the Middle East were strengthened. However, this would soon backfire, and when Charon made war on the Dark Kingdom of Jade, feelings ran high across the city. Those Restless from the Jade Kingdom who had both evaded transportation back to their home country, and escaped enthrallment or forging, rose up against the Hierarchy, and it was only after a lot of fighting with both swords and words that the rebellion was quelled. However, that same dissatisfaction did not fade with the hearts of the Jade citizens, and, with the coming of the Sixth Great Maelstrom, London would once again be made to pay for the complacency with which it treated its foreign inhabitants.

Meanwhile, the population of the city was growing at an almost impossible rate, and rose from 950,000 in 1800, to nearly 6 million in 1900. The massive influx of Dead walking from the mills and factories swelled the Emerald Legion further, and political relations became a tense sharing of power with the Skeletal Legion. The huge numbers of dead, and the number of Artificers coming across the Shroud from the factories, meant that the huge forges across the city were swelled and developed, occupying the lofty, hollow roofs of their Skinlands counterparts. The Enfant of the Industrial Revolution faced either a long initiation in the forges after a long life in the factories, or a short stay in the furnace followed by an eternity of numbness and nothingness. London was becoming

the largest producer of soulforged and Moliated goods in the Dark Kingdom of Iron, and was soon producing exotic goods to trade with the Deathlords themselves. But the politics of the city were shifting again, and another stroke of good fortune (or, as some suspect, good planning) was played to the Skeletal Legion in the 19th Century. Cholera broke out, taking up where the Plague had left off, killing thousands, and feeding the ranks of the Pestilent dead. Thatcher once again became the driving force of the London Hierarchy and the instability and insurrection were soon to follow.

When underground railways were installed in the 1860's, the Restless were quick to take advantage of the labyrinth of tunnels out of the way of the Quick, as well as the still-growing rooftop city. The underground tunnels were favoured mainly by Renegades and other Restless otherwise unwelcome in the Necropolis, to the point where after the 1940's, the Hierarchy ceased to even patrol them as casualties were becoming so high.

Two World Wars

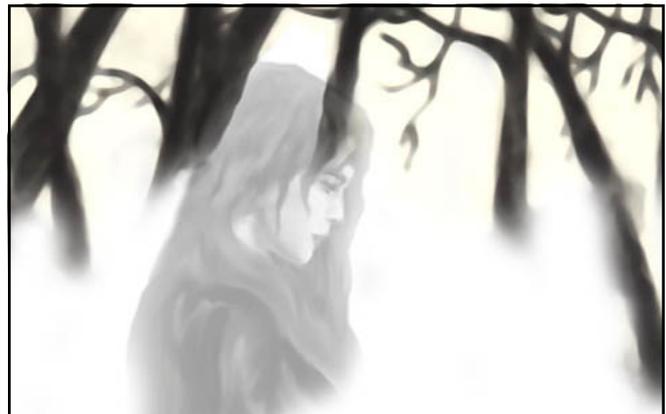
The 700 year old London Bridge was finally pulled down in the 1800's and replaced by a newer structure with wider arches, that eventually proved too heavy for it's foundations, and was sold to Arizona in the 1920's. Quick work by Skeletal Legion Artificers meant that most of the Citadel survived, and that which didn't was quickly repaired from the rubble, or from the constant belch and flow of the forges. At last, the dead had control of the entire structure, and no longer had to worry about the passing of the living around them.

But the development of the city didn't stop there. Nine huge docks were built on the Thames in the 1800's, and the Restless began to struggle to find the space among the hoards of Quick to trade their own goods. Huge winches and cranes were commissioned by Thatcher, worked from the rooftops to the river, so that goods could be loaded onto the ships without interference from the living. Despite this show of power, Thatcher's opposition continued to grow, primarily from the Emerald Legion's new Anacreon, an early industrial factory worker called Tabitha Shepherd who rose quickly through the ranks to replace her unsuccessful predecessor.

There was great unrest and uprising in the city throughout the 1800's. The tensions between the ancient Anacreons finally blossomed into full-blown war. Plots were made in the back rooms of the Citadel and executed on open streets. Political unrest spilled out into the day to day lives of London's Restless, and by the dawn of the Great War, both Tabitha Shepherd, and the ancient Skeletal Legionnaire Matthew Thatcher, as well as the Anacreon of the Grim Legion, had fallen into Harrowings from which they had not returned.

However, the fighting was a blessing in disguise for the city, which was left in the hands of younger, faster-thinking Wraiths by the outbreak of the War to End All Wars, the Forth Great Maelstrom, and the Insurgence. The Maelstrom was ferocious in its force, and soon, the great Citadel of London Bridge was left uninhabitable. It was only the quick thinking of the new Anacreons that kept the city from disaster as they worked fast to secure a safe haven in the Tower of London, using their Puppeteers and Haunters to guide the actions of the living, and retreating into the arms of their old allies, the Corax.

When the Grim and Emerald Legions united to seize the city, London fought hard. However, with the Maelstrom raging, and with only the good will of the raven-folk keeping them from its grasp, the fight was a long and difficult one. Ultimately, the remaining Legions, aided by the advise of the often sympathetic Emerald Anacreon Lincoln Wattson, made the decision to cease openly fighting the Grim Legion for the well-being of all the Wraiths of the city. Instead, the resistance was driven underground, sheltering in underground stations along with the living, conspiring



with the Renegades to recapture London for their own.

However, this only happened once Lincoln Wattson and the Emerald Legion, as well as the Guild of Spooks closely allied to them, turned away from the Grim Legion and joined them. Then, the strong leadership left in control of London once again proved its worth, and almost as soon as Agora fell in Stygia, they loyalists rallied. The recapture of the city was almost totally bloodless, and before the Maelstrom began to quell, London was once again in the hands of the Stygians, the Citadel was theirs again, and the Grim Anacreon, Julius Mirros, was consigned to the forges. However, the Legion of violent dead did not remain quiet for long.

The Blitz began in September 1940, and with it, their numbers, grew once more. 20,000 people were killed in the bombing, and a large number of them crossed over into the Grim Legion under their fresh-faced Anacreon, Charles Peters. For a moment, the Skeletal and Emerald Legion's power wavered. Once again, tremors of potential power-struggles began to reverberate across the city, tremors only made worse when Lincoln Wattson disappeared under unusual circumstances and never returned.

So it came to pass that the new Anacreon for the Skeletal Legion, the relatively inexperienced Harvey Sanders, was forced to ration power with the Emerald and Grim Legions in a three-way share that crippled the city more than it benefited it. More and more trade was taking place irrespective of the Legions, and when the massive London Docks closed in the 60's and 70's, a Renegade gang run by 1920's gangster Freddy Carmichael and his lifetime moll Alice Baker, stepped in to take control of them. Increasing numbers of small Renegade and Dark Kingdoms communities, and centuries of ferocious power-struggles meant that the Hierarchy's control of the city was becoming tenuous. A situation only fed by the Depression of the 80's and 90's, feeding the ranks of the dead with hundreds of Restless ill-content with authority.

The Sixth Great Maelstrom

In 1999, the Sixth Great Maelstrom hit the city. Whereas, in the past, a solid Hierarchy rule had always seen the endurance and rebuilding of the Ne-

ropolis, the tense sharing of power, and threat from Renegade gangs meant that the city was ill prepared. The city walls and the towers of the Citadel were in a sorry state, and quickly gave way under the force of the storm. The Citadel was all but destroyed by the Jade invasion, and all Hell broke loose as the government of the Necropolis gave way and the Anacreons were destroyed. Jade Kingdom citizens of Chinatown rose up from within the city, raw with the memories of ills long past, and Harrowings took place on every street and rooftop. The roofways were soon taken by the Jade army, and the panicked London dead ran wild among the crowds of the living, adding to the already huge number of souls extinguished across the city. The Maelstrom finished off almost all of those left above ground and it was only the Renegades, sheltering in their underground tunnels that were immune from the winds and the Shades. The small communities from the Dark Kingdom of Jade, Swar, and Les Invisibles were wiped out along with the Hierarchy. Or at least, no one has seen them since.

The world of the Restless began to fall apart. Immediately after the onset of the Maelstrom, London was cut off. The Midnight Express ceased to run, and the tunnels it had once steamed through were treacherous and unpredictable. No one that ever entered them came back.

The Byway that had once meant so much trade and prosperity to London collapsed almost entirely, and again, anyone daring or stupid enough to enter it found themselves in strange lands, and often beset by spectres. As the surge of the storm ebbed and swelled in an echo of the global warming which was then only just beginning to take effect in the Skinlands, kingdoms and cities became isolated and descended into chaos, brought on by the disintegration of the Hierarchy and a complete lack of information from anywhere beyond the walls of the surviving fragmented Necropoli. The Shadowlands stretched out for hundreds of miles around the city to the nearest Necropolis in Paris, much farther than any Wraith could travel in the grey space of the day between the waves of the Storm. The settlements of Restless nearer by in Brighton, Birmingham and Oxford were found to be entirely destroyed, entirely deserted. Last of all, the Tempest offered a treacherous road at best, with hundreds of tiny, often dangerous Shifting Zones appearing in and around the city, and the storm beyond the

city limits falling into a chaotic and confusing disarray where even the most competent of Harbingers lost their way.

The last words to reach the city before the outset of this utter isolation told vague rumours of the demise of the Deathlords, the disintegration of the Hierarchy and the transcendence of Charon. After that, all contact with a world outside London was lost. The Hierarchy cracked and crumbled with the after-effects of the Jade Kingdom attack and the lack of solid leadership, and it wasn't long before society fell apart. The Guilds and Heretics fragmented in the turmoil, drawing in on themselves and conducting their meetings in small groups behind doors carefully closed against the Maelstrom which raged almost constantly.

For a long time, the world of the Restless Dead remained in a turmoil that only fed the swell of Oblivion, wraiths took shelter in the underground tunnels at night, when the Spectres screamed and rampaged in the streets, and undefended Enfants lost their existences every hour. With the initial blast of the Maelstrom, the destruction of the Citadel and the ferocity of the Jade invasion, the numbers of wraiths in the city soon ebbed almost beyond belief.

These events also had a devastating impact on the world of the Skinlands. The invasion of the Jade forces and the force of the storm drove hundreds of Wraiths into crossing the shroud to seek protection from the devastation. The loosely-enforced Dictum Mortuum slowly broke down entirely, and the blast of the Maelstrom forced dozens of Wraiths and the encroaching Spectres across the Shroud to Rise in bodies that were often not their own.



For a long while, there was anarchy. The dead rampaged desperately among the living and the fabric of reality began to tear. Among the individuals thrown across the Shroud was a powerful Nephwrack known as Shadowshimmer, an ancient Spectre with her sights firmly set on becoming a Malfean. Her crash across the Shroud certainly made her plans more interesting, but didn't hinder them. As society broke apart, Shadowshimmer was amassing an army on both sides of the Shroud and dancing with abandon in the rubble. Oblivion rose like bile in the mouth of the city, Shadowshimmer's troops began to congeal into the most organised spectral force London had seen for centuries, and behind every Skinlands disaster or failure lurked a Spectre. Soon, they were showering their rage down on humanity and walking among the disparate Restless massacring every Pardoner and Freewraith talented in Castigate that they could find.

The Resurgence

And that is where the story of the Restless would have ended; in the cold and the darkness and the desolation, if it had not been for a small group of mortals, Mediums and Psychics who did what the dead could not and raised their heads in the face of destruction. Calling themselves 'The Knights of the Black Dawn' after one of the final days of the crisis where the London sun never rose, the group found out about the Restless influencing and propagating the Skinlands turmoil, and fought back against Shadowshimmer and her army, eventually destroying their Risen bodies, and driving the Shadowlands Spectres out of the city, albeit temporarily. However, unsatisfied with just Shadowshimmer's army, or unable to tell the difference, the Knights of the Black Dawn were soon exterminating every Risen they could find and chasing down all Wraiths who dared to break the Shroud. It was only when the dead presence in living London subsided, that the Knights retreated back behind closed doors, and even now, that's not always where they remain.

Finally, around the year 2005, when the Knights of the Black Dawn had run their course, structure once again began to form out of the chaos of the Shadowlands. Up until then there were very few havens for the dead to hide in. But, in 2005, with the Skinlands of London beginning to echo the dead in its isolation,

Shadowshimmer was destroyed, and those that had been hiding were finally able to step back into the open.

A powerful Renegade by the name of Joan Sutherland rose up to unite all those who would follow her in the single pursuit of protecting themselves against the still-swelling tide Oblivion. Once again, the Renegades and former members of the Hierarchy united against a common enemy, and 'The Confederacy of the Freewraiths of London' was formed.

Many of the remaining wraiths soon flocked under her banner and she began to organise her army, assigning each wraith to a task-dedicated unit or to an individual assignment, both tailored to suit the different skills of her followers. This acknowledgement of personal ability is the main reason that Joan remains in power to this day. But the damage had already been done, and with the disastrous chain of events already well underway, the taint of Oblivion in the Shadowlands became unstoppable. The Shroud thickened, and the Skinlands became a distant memory. An effort to perceive, and an even larger effort to affect. However, this, as with the wars that wracked the city in the 19th Century, proved to be a blessing in disguise for London's dead.

The Present

A number of riots and uprisings in the Skinlands on Christmas Day 2011 led many more to Joan's rule, her numbers growing into the hundreds, many times more than the small number of Restless that survived in early 2005.

However, having lost touch with their closest allies, the Corax, with the coming of the Maelstrom, the Restless of the City were unable to do anything as the walls of the Tower of London, more than a thousand years standing and once their shelter from the Maelstrom, were pulled down in rioting. Relations between the two became tense, and many Restless avoided contact with the Ravens entirely, leading to even greater isolation among the dead.

But Joan's supremacy even then was far from complete, and aside from the Independent gangs who fight and scratch an existence in the remaining unclaimed tunnels, there is another group who lay claim

to London, a group who have something Joan Sutherland does not, and which as yet, she has been unable to wrest from them; a Haunt on the surface. 'The Unified Alliance of Death by Water' make their home in an old building just north of the river, which somehow, despite their lack of numbers, remains immune to the storm that seems to have overwhelmed all other Haunts. Run by the onetime Masquers Guildmaster, Autumn-Storm-Gathers, Death by Water are primarily a group of artists, poets, thugs and nihilists who have twisted the buildings reflection in the deadlands into something part garrison, part gallery, part nightclub, and if some would have you believe, part Labyrinth. Despite their dark reputation and seeming lack of organisation, Death by Water somehow remain a factor in London's politics, although it is anyone's guess as to how. However, the rising number of malcontents and suppressed artists in modern London continue to feed their numbers, and what's more, behind the facade of both the Confederacy and Death by Water, the Guilds and the Heretics still watch and wait.

In the present day London of 2013, massive levels of crime and disease, terrible health provisions, pollution, unemployment and unrest, mean that more are crossing the Shroud since than the end of the Second World War. Conditions are ripe for the Confederacy to swell with power, perhaps even to reclaim and rebuild the former Necropolis. Or for Death by Water to actively recruit more members and mount a challenge to Joan Sutherland's rule. In addition, the fragments of the Guilds, and growing number of Independent gangs mean that there are more factors and players for control of London now than ever before among the Restless of the Necropolis. Conversely, it also means that Fetters are harder to protect, and with the Shroud so tainted by Oblivion, that Passions are harder to feed. Harrowings are daily occurrences and Castigation is virtually unknown. The turnover among the dead is huge. When, and if, this will stabilise, and if it does, who will emerge in control, remains unknown.

CHAPTER THREE: GEOGRAPHY

London

London was once a great, grand city with a history stretching back over a thousand years. And while the history still remains worked into every nook and cranny, settling over the city like a fine coating of dust, much of what once made London so grand is now gone.

The Thames barrier gave way in 2010 and many of the streets are flooded, with people living in anything up to several feet of water and filth washing through the streets. Crime and disease are rampant, and the government does little to stop them from spreading further. Some areas of the city are entirely in the hands of criminal gangs such as the East End Soldiers, while others cling to their dusty pasts and erect fences and gates to protect their streets and houses.

The rich-poor divide is at breaking point and everything is controlled by shady companies that conduct their shady business in walnut paneled boardrooms. The largest of these companies is Megadon, which owns a large nuclear power plant a few miles outside the city and influences almost every aspect of life in London.

For the dead, things are little better. The Maelstrom has forced much of the population underground to hide in the tunnels. A single stroke of luck exists in that, since the Shroud grew thick with the taint of Oblivion, water is no longer harmful to the dead, and London's ghosts can pass through the flooded tunnels with no more than a mild feeling of disconcertion.

Still, this seems like cold comfort to many who are forced to eke out an existence in the dark and the cold, forced to choose between the iron fist of the Confederacy, the nihilism of Death by Water, or the danger of taking on the Shadowlands alone.

Almost all of the Haunts that once dotted the cityscape are now long gone and offer no protection from the storm. Those that do remain are jealously guarded by their owners, used as another lever on the reins of power so that the average member of London's Shadowlands gains little benefit from them.

The Streets

In recent years, the Shroud has grown so tainted with the bitter bile of Oblivion that mortals do not normally appear to the denizens of the Shadowlands, and the Restless must join their spectral cousins in having to work to see the lands of the living. Because of this, the streets of the Shadowlands are all but deserted to the eyes of the dead.

Here, during the day, Independent Wraiths and Confederacy Reapers pick through the soaked rubble and dilapidated buildings like vultures, searching for relics and Enfants to feed the maw of their civilisation. In places, fallen rubble entirely blocks the streets and alleyways, the city is entirely grey and deserted with a harsh dead wind that blows constantly through the streets, a constant reminder of the Maelstrom that will come with the nightfall.

At dusk, the air-raid sirens of the Confederacy wail across the city, warning of the oncoming storm which hits the city every night at the darkening of the sky without fail. At this point, the streets fill instantly with howling, razor-edged winds, and the ragged-clawed spectres that roil in it, making the upworld utterly unusable to the restless dead.

Between the remaining buildings left standing, or nearly standing, in the Shadowlands, are the tattered remains of the thousands of rooftop walkways and platforms that once let the Restless walk the city without fear of Harrowing among the countless bodies of the living shifting below. Now, most of these walkways are in a sorry state, hanging pitifully from the

sides of the buildings or collapsed entirely into the streets below. Those that do remain between the buildings, rock and roar nightly with the scouring winds of the Maelstrom, and even by day, these relics of what once was are considered unsafe, and mostly left well alone.

The Underground

Since the thickening of the Shroud wrought the water of the Skinlands all but harmless to the dead, the tube system has become the jewel in the crown of the monstrosity that the London Shadowlands have become. The tunnels of the once-proud underground system are the most useful resource the Restless Dead now have available to them because they are the only place in the city that is both mostly unclaimed by any faction, and protected from the storm.

The upper levels of the underground system away from the river are still used by the mortal population of the city, and are an ideal place for London's dead to feed their Passions. Ciphering off the excess emotions of the living to animate their delicate Corpus. However, the parts of the tube system that are still in use are dark, violent places of murders and beatings, and many Wraiths have been overwhelmed by their shadows while trying to pass through the still-populated tunnels. Down here in the filth and the darkness, the horrors of the real world, and the horrors of the dead aren't too far apart. Reality blurs in the desolation, and the Shroud becomes thinner.

Because of this, this is the place that many new Proc-tors and Puppeteers come to practice, while their more experienced brothers and sisters run rampant among the crowds. This has only served to darken further the already black reputation applied to the tube network.

Deeper into the darkness, and further underground beneath the tide-line of filthy floodwater, the Restless are able to operate away from the prying eyes and stifling emotions of the waking world. Here, everything is utterly numb. The Marble Court of the Confederacy rattles through the deepest and darkest of the tunnels while patrols of the factions soldiers guard its route with an efficiency brought on only in those who fear for their existences should they fail.

In addition, there are miles of abandoned tracks and crumbling, flooded stations and small service rooms that serve as much needed safe ground and hard-fought havens for the cities Independent Wraiths and Mediums.



However, the flooded tunnels beneath London can often be as dangerous as they can be useful, and some places beneath the water-line are off-limits even to the Dead. The most notorious of these is St Dismas Station South, although there are many others besides. The deepest of the tunnels are abandoned even by the dead, and rumours continue to circulate of Restless who go down there and never return, or who do, but only to tell strange stories about echoes of people and places long forgotten lurking down there in the darkness, and turns in the tunnels that open into the heart of the Tempest, or worse.

The Black Market

An event rather than a place, the Black Market has only begun to take place over the last year or so. The market has no specific location, instead it occurs in different places across the city to avoid detection by the Confederacy and other enemies its owners have made since it began.

The market offers free trade to all willing to pay the organizers a cut of their profits, and as such attracts a number of Independent and Guildwraiths as well as artists from Death by Water and even the odd Confederacy member subverting the rule of their mistress.

Information about the time and location of the market is passed around entirely by word of mouth among those who are capable enough and careful enough to look.

The market itself is a ramshackle collection of stalls and stands that do a roaring trade in relic and artifact goods scavenged from the rubble or lifted from Confederacy hoards, as well as trading in Thralls, information and anything else that a Restless heart may desire. The atmosphere at the market is usually quite boisterous and busy, feeling mainly like part Turkish bath, part East End homeless shelter.

London Bridge

Once a grand and beautiful structure of relic marble and carefully soulforged Thralls, this huge Necropolis citadel that spanned Thames built up into lofty curved towers as wide as the bridge it was built on. Its huge buttresses plunged deep into the river

bed, the Citadel was filled with pale twisting passages and hidden, secret chambers. Forges were built into the very walls of the Citadel, feeding London's massive trade in soulforged goods, and many more were located in the surrounding area.

The Citadel was based on the Medieval bridge, which had houses built directly onto it, with arches so restrictive to the flow of the river that it used to freeze over in the wintertime. When the bridge was pulled down during the Georgian era, the masses of relic stone crossing the Shroud was used to further the construction of the fortress of the Dead.

However, the grand Hierarchy citadel was a primary target to the invading Jade forces just prior to the Sixth Great Maelstrom, and all but fragments of the great walls were destroyed. Now all that remains of the once great fortress of the Dead is a pile of damp rubble and shards of dilapidated towers. Scavengers and Artificers are the only ones who remain to pick at the rubble, and strange creatures dwell in the depths of the fragmented fortress far below the tide-line.

The Marble Court (Haunt 4)

The Marble Court, or the Court of the Freewraiths of London, is the stronghold of the Confederacy. Here, wraiths belonging to the faction spend a large portion of their time, performing their duties, reporting to Joan, utilizing the services of one of the rare Pardoners or just relaxing and sharing their thoughts with one another well out of the reach of the storm. Although Wraiths of the Confederacy can expect the protection of the army wherever they go, there is a certain immediacy to the safety offered by the Marble Court.

The Court itself takes the form of a Midnight Express-style train made up of relic carriages and patched together with soulforged Corpus. It rattles through the now flooded and disused tunnels of London's underground system pulling up at the odd deserted station to pick up or disgorge a group of wraiths into the murky gloom.

What follows is a tour of the layout of the Marble Court detailing each carriage and its atmosphere, as well as the kind of Wraiths usually found there.

The Engine

An early 20th century Victorian steam engine, the steam engine drawing the Marble Court is the product of Britain's worst ever rail disaster, 1915 Gretna Green crash, which killed over 200 people. Over the weeks that followed the crash, so much of the nation's fury, passion and grief was poured into the news reports, and the terrible stories passed around over dinner, that when the engine of the London Express was finally broken down for scrap, it emerged darkly majestic on the other side of the Shroud, sat on the tracks where so many had died.

Despite the efforts of many wraiths, the train remained where it was for many days after its reappearance in the Shadowlands, and when it disappeared, the Restless simply assumed that it had been destroyed after the lines were reopened and Skinlands trains ploughed through it.

It wasn't until after the Sixth Great Maelstrom that the truth became known.

Sometime during the chaos after the storm hit, the locomotive was spotted plowing through the deserted underground tunnels. Shortly afterwards, carriages began to be added to it, and Joan set up court there.

How this ancient wreck survived so long unnoticed, just who is behind the wheel and how Joan managed to strike a bargain with them is unknown. No one has ever been seen to enter or leave the antique locomotive.

The Coal Tender

The horrible truth about how the engine was finally moved lies in the coal tender directly behind the locomotive. This open-topped wagon is full almost to the brim with crystals of raw pathos that emit an odd pale glow into the tunnels around the patchwork train.

It is well known among the Confederacy that the sentence for lesser crimes is often to be stripped of all your pathos and left cold and numb by one of Joan's master Usurers, who then transfers the energy into one of these crystals, and casts it into the coal tender to fuel the massive engine.

Carriage #1 - Soulforgers

A rolling forge and haven for the master Usurers. The smoke from both the engine and the forge is thick here, and it's often hard to see through the rancid atmosphere. Here is where the spectres and those deemed to have displeased Joan and burnt by fire and hammered by steel. Many of the wraiths working here are huge, slick, charred creatures, their facial features barely distinguishable as they sweat and hammer screaming corpus into weapons, armour and currency.

Here is also where those guilty of lesser crimes are brought to be stripped of their pathos by the Usurers, both because of its proximity to the coal tender, and to warn them against future crime with a view of the forge.

The carriage itself is a windowless, wooden wagon car, possibly once used to transport coal, or other industrial products up and down the country.

Most law-abiding Restless of the Confederacy never even see the forge, and those who do wish that they hadn't.

Carriage #2 - Thralls

Another masterstroke of planning was to place the Thralls and Enfants next to the forge. Here is where the criminals are brought to wait before they are punished for their crimes, where those enthralled to another are kept when they are not needed, and where the newly reaped Enfants of London are left to wait before they are brought before Joan.

In doing this, all new wraiths are given their first taste of how tough death can be very early on, as well as shown just what will happen to them if they don't do as their told.

The carriage is a quiet, empty, grey place, much like the forge before it, and filled with downcast eyes and Thralls and Enfants chained to the walls, or one another. A kind of gloomy purgatory, this is often one of the first sights for the new Wraiths of the Confederacy, the screams and the fire of the forge flashing through the crooked door.

Carriage #3 - Reapers

It makes sense that the Reapers are kept in close proximity to the newly-reaped Enfants. From here, they can keep a close eye on their precious cargo, reassuring them if needed, and carefully escorting them before their mistress when she calls them.

The Reapers of the Confederacy are often solitary creatures, and their place in the Marble Court reflects this. Every bit as cold, grey and spartan as the place where the Thralls are chained, this is a cool place of few words and thin smiles. With little decoration or furniture and often one or two solemn-faced, scythe-carrying individuals. Possibly the oldest part of the Marble Court, the carriage is a ramshackle affair made from wood, with air rushing in between the loose boards, and the glass rattling frantically in each of the dozen tiny windows.

Carriage #4 - The Elite Guard

The most talented and stoic soldiers in Joan's army form the Elite Guard. Led by Altair, this carriage is often full with over a dozen large, armor-clad individuals laughing, gambling, or talking among themselves.

A step up from the silence and desolation of the Reapers, this place is still simply, functionally furnished, but there's a much better atmosphere here. With a few simple tables, chairs and bunk beds, this is the place where the Elite Guard talk, rest and socialise.

The home of the Elite Guard has no windows, and is a rounded, streamlined metal wagon. It's suspected that while in the Skinlands, it was part of a secret government convoy, but no one knows what it was carrying, or what befell it to bring it into the Shadowlands.

Carriage #5 - Relic Gatherers

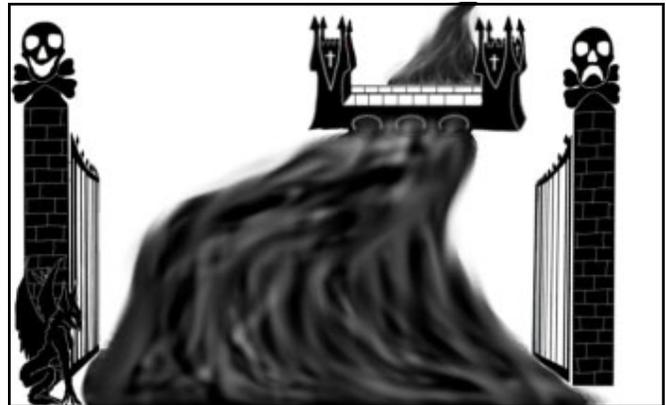
Another step up in mood, this carriage is often filled with much of the hustle and bustle associated with the rest of the train. Here is where those talented in Inhabit and Outrage, among other things, review their orders and collect their finds.

The carriage is hung with many exotic and unusual items which Joan has not yet found a use for, and filled full of antique, battered chests storing all the

relics collected that have not yet been assigned a purpose, as well as any left-over artifacts from the forge. And the makeup of the carriage itself supports this. It appears to be a cast-off from the Oriental Express, or some other colony locomotive, and is made from carefully carved rosewood and delicately inlaid glass. All in all, it has a decidedly colonial feel to it.

Here, among the stacks of chests and boxes, the random objects littering the floor, the pages and pages of inventory, and the staccato voices, a Wraith could find almost anything.

Heavily guarded because of the threat of thieves, very few Restless get to see as far forward as this.



Carriage #6 - Mortal Affairs

A somewhat secretive division inhabit the carriage behind the relic collectors. The coach belonging to the Mortal Affairs division is every bit as idiosyncratic as the Haunters, Spooks and Puppeteers that inhabit it. Old rivalries set aside after the Maelstrom, former Haunters and Puppeteers, as well as new Wraiths talented in these Arcanos have worked together to produce a monstrosity that's part Hard Rock Cafe, part Planet Hollywood. A 50's chrome and glass affair, the carriage has been heavily augmented with pictures of movie stars and pop idols, a homage to mortal culture of recent years.

Here is where the Wraiths of the Confederacy's most idiosyncratic division gather to plot, bitch, and discuss the latest orders to help, hinder or scare the mortal population of London.

A few Wraiths outside the division are occasionally allowed in here, and those who are inevitably leave smirking.

Carriage #7 - Infiltration

This austere-looking, wooden Victorian carriage has been left pretty much intact. Instead of being gutted like other carriages on the Marble Court, the home of the Infiltration division still retains the tables, tea-sets and silk flowers it had when it was destroyed.

Split into a number of simple booths, and looking as if it's rolled straight off the set of *From Russia with Love*, here is where the top spies and Masquers of the Confederacy sit and talk in hushed voices, or meet beneath the clock with carnations in their buttonholes.

Most Wraiths heading through he towards the front of the train are met by stony silence and the cold eyes of the spies boring into their Corpus, and no one knows what secrets and gadgets the carriage reveals when outsider's backs are turned.

A division of guards are stationed between this coach and Joan's Court, the prevent the eyes of unwanted Restless straying into the forward carriages.

Carriage #8 - Joan's Court

This carriage was part of British Rail's rolling stock in the 60's, and it still displays the faded red and blue colours along the sides. Inside however, the carriage has been gutted, and now looks more medieval than modern. A huge marble chair stands at the head of the room, where Joan is often found deep in thought. Around her, the floor is thickly carpeted, the walls are hung with tapestries, and the whole scene is lit by faintly flickering soulfire.

Here is where Joan and Altair spend most of their time, where Restless of the Confederacy go to ask for Joan's services as a Pardoner, and where her divisions report to her on a weekly basis. This is where the Queen of the Confederacy holds court, and the carriage is attired as finely as its task requires.

Music and poetry from the Courtesans can often be heard within this coach, which can sometimes become quite busy with the swell of the Confederacy's

population, all vying for their mistress's attention.

Carriage #9 - Courtesans

Behind the heat and hustle of Joan's Court, rests the home of the Courtesans. An elaborate showpiece of a carriage, carved intricately in wood sometime in the late 19th century, the inside has been decorated dramatically in a theatrical style, the walls hung with thick red velvet, the ceiling painted, the exposed woodwork carefully gilded with even the odd mirror amongst the shimmering light and cloth.

Here is where the artistes of the Confederacy come to practice their music, poetry or acting, to perform, to entertain, and to snipe behind one another's backs. In here, it's all about show-business, Darling.

All of the Confederacy's Restless are welcome here, to talk and be entertained among the music and light of the Courtesans, and the coach is never without a handful of restless, talking, or sharing a little, all too fleeting laughter.

Carriage #10 - Savants

From the music and poetry of the Courtesans comes the quiet and solitude of the Savants, who are privy to the Confederacy's limited library.

On waking up in the Shadowlands, there's a lot a young *Enfant* wants to know, and even more they need to be told if they are to survive to do their duties. This is where the Savants come in.

Within the relative peace and quiet of the small library of relic and artifact books and scrolls, the new Wraith is taught all about his new existence, has his talents assessed, and all his questions answered for a period of no less than a week. Once the new Wraith is comfortable with his knowledge and adjusted to his new existence, he is assigned to a unit and sent out to perform his duties. Restless lucky enough to gain the favour of a mentor will gain a little further teaching and attention, but fore most of London's dead, this is where their teaching begins and ends.

A small, refined library with shelves of scrolls, desks and lit by lamplight, there are always a few Restless moving about this carriage. Curious members

of the Confederacy spend a little time here searching through the limited scrolls available, while the Savants conduct and school the newly dead.

Carriage #11 - Internal Affairs

All the Wraiths of the Confederacy will spend at least a little time among the Wraiths of the Internal Affairs division. The Restless of London go here to meet with Usurers, Masquers, Monitors and all-to-scare Pardoners, to enlist their aid in their day-to-day woes.

If a Wraith is injured in a fight, troubled by her Shadow, or dangerously close to loosing a fetter, she will go here to ask for help. Help she is entitled too as a member of the Confederacy. However, those who come to rely on these services too much are often looked down upon, and may just find themselves accidentally reassigned to an unpleasant mission.

The simple black Victorian carriage is divided into private booths where the Wraiths of Internal Affairs will meet their clients, with a large waiting area at the front of the carriage and a corridor running down between the compartments. The decoration is simple wood and silver, and lit by tiny flickering flames of soulfire.

Carriage #12 - Common Room

The place where most of the members of the Confederacy go to socialize and spend time among their fellow Restless. This underground carriage has been gutted and widened to provide the Restless of London with a large space to inhabit.

Lit by electrical-seeming strip-light run off the main engine and fitted out with benches and rails for Restless to lean against and sit on. This brightly lit carriage full of Wraiths of often the easiest piece of the Court to spot in the darkness, and the mutter of voices and glare of the light has occasionally been seen across the Shroud on the darker nights.

Entertainers from the ranks of the Courtesans and members of the Internal Affairs division can often be seen milling amidst the crowds, offering their services, and this is where most Restless of the Confederacy go to relax.

Carriage #13 - First Class

A traditional British First Class carriage, the central corridor has glass windows on both sides looking into private First Class compartments. The Restless of London often use them compartments for more private conversations, pulling the thick black curtains over the windows overlooking the corridor with only the shifting light of the water-filled tunnels to trouble them.

A lot of the Confederacy's more delicate business is conducted here, as well as sensitive conversations in the private lives of dozens on individual Wraiths. The six carefully designed silver and ebony compartments are lit by tiny soulfire candles and are open to anyone who is both in need of a room, and able to find one unoccupied.

Carriage #14 - Soldiers

At the very rear of the train, there is a constant reminder of the military force of Joan's army, just in case the Restless whispering and walking among the private First Class Stalls and music of the Courtesans forget it.

The very back carriage of the Marble court is a large, wooden, windowless caboose covering two low-ceilinged floors and packed to bursting with Joan's heavily armored soldiers.

Looking more like an animal transport coach than something made for people, the ramshackle carriage is nevertheless where most of the army go to relax, talk, and receive orders. Badly lit and eerie, most Wraiths rarely enter this carriage in case they find themselves on the wrong side of one of the guards and end up 'falling' to the tracks.

The army here act both as a rear-guard in case of any attack, and as a reminder to the Restless of the Confederacy of the strength and force of their army, for better or worse.

North London

The north of the city is generally considered to be the more upper-class side of the river. North London hosts the last few echoes and rumours of what the city once was, with the high class nightclub Club Headon, and several well-off housing districts and gated communities resting within its boundaries.

Buckingham Palace rests in the north of the city, deserted and derelict since an increasingly disliked royal family were forced to leave the city because of the crime and falling standards of living in favour of their ancestral home at Windsor Castle.

Also within North London are several large parks and green places which, while now largely overgrown and neglected, still offer a little solace to the people of the city. The Metcalf clinic set up in a wing of Hammersmith Hospital offers free healthcare to the population since the Health Service disintegrated, and the dusty Victorian houses offer solace to all those that can afford them.

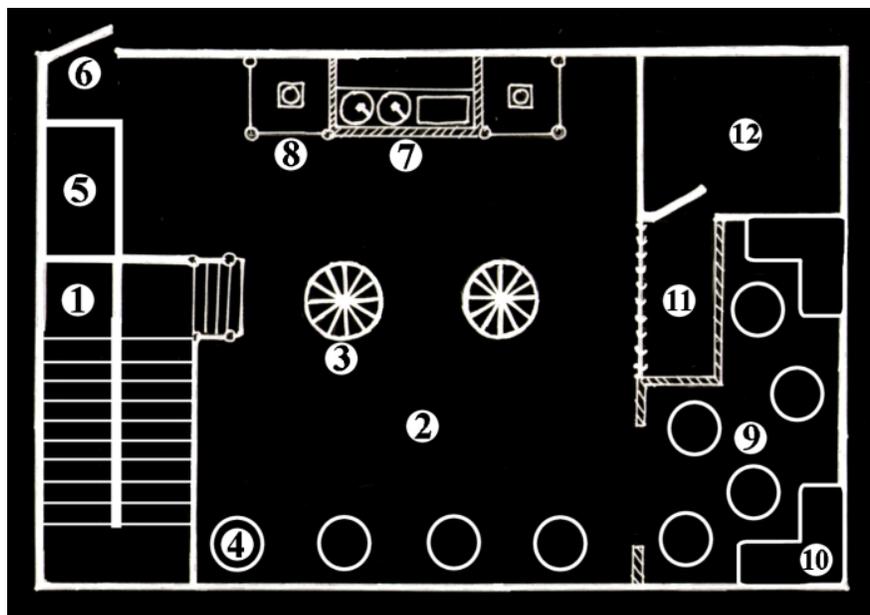
North London is about the most pleasant of the remaining districts of the city, with the district of Westminster offering a bitter-sweet reminder of the former grandeur of the country's government.

The British Library (Basement is Haunt 3)

The British Library is one of the stranger places in the London Shadowlands. It was once a great repository of Hierarchy information, the drab 1960s exterior augmented on the other side of the Shroud to reflect the great historic libraries of Rome and Alexandria, and a wealth of tunnels carved into the bare earth below to store the Hierarchy's books and savants away from the mortals above.

Now, all that is left of the upper levels of the building as its representation in the Skinlands begins to decay, are shreds and tatters of relic manuscripts and fragments of the great suspended walkways that once held much of the Hierarchy's collection above the swarming hordes of the living.

Below ground, it is a different story altogether. The deep vaults that held the most useful of the Hierarchy manuscripts have been inaccessible since the Maelstrom, with piles of relic stone blocking the way, and other, darker things guarding the entrance ferociously, wild now that their masters have long since fallen into their final Harrowings. If anyone ever did manage to gain access to the vaults, who knows what they may find there, however for the time being, the building is deserted, ravaged nightly by the viscous winds of the Maelstrom.



Death by Water (Haunt 4)

(1) - Entrance: From the outside, the building is a rundown early Victorian affair. No doubt once a grand old building, time has taken its toll on the one-time printers. The paint and plaster peel from the brickwork, the hundred-year-old glass crumbles like crystal in the windows, the doors hang loose on their hinges...

Despite this, very few people are prepared to approach this structure in the Skinlands, the ground floor is partially flooded at high-tide, and tale abound of supposed 'hauntings'.

In the Shadowlands, the building remains in more or less the same state from the outside, patched up here and there with soulforged corpus against the storm, but the music the swells from within can be heard from streets away.

The upper floors of the building are left more or less derelict, during the day, the Wraiths of Death by Water may use the hundreds of rooms, large and small, for what they will. At night however, these levels are off limits to all but the guards on watch that night, as the Restless of the club retreat beneath ground, far away from the screams and whispers of the shades.

The ground floor opens up into a huge, run-down lobby, filled with broken wood and newspaper, slick with water and slime, and always occupied by around half a dozen guardsmen who watch over the Restless entering the club, protecting their own and turning away the unwanted.

Once inside, most Restless turn immediately right, heading through a small door and down a Z-shaped stairway into the basement. Here, the building becomes heavily augmented by the dead, the stairway turning slowly to chrome and glass and corrugated iron, twisting and emptying into the main room of the club.

(2) - Dance Floor: On turning the final corner and walking down the last few steps into the main hall, members of Death by Water are greeted by a huge swell in the volume of the music, and the flicker of sodium-orange and magnesium-white lights over the crowds that dance and sway in the centre of the room.

The walls are bare red brick, hung here and there with black velvet or aging posters of long-dead bands, the dance floor is where the more active and alive

members of the faction spend most of their nights. The music played covers everything from the Cure and Bauhaus to Tool, Stabbing Westward and Nine Inch Nails, all with a decidedly dark mood to them. Down here, the throb of the music drowns out the pain by day, and the spectres at night.

Down here at least, the Wraiths of Death by Water are safe.

(3) - Cages: Suspended a few feet over the heads of the Wraiths on the dance floor are a pair or round-bottomed, arched cages, suspended from the ceiling with a mixture of rope and chain, hung here and there with meat-hooks and barbed wire.

Autumn's favorites among the Death by Water loyalists are often granted the use of these cages to display their talents and maybe endear their master a little further. It's considered a mark of great status among club-goers to be granted access to them, and the cages are never without a host of khol-touched boys and girls to fill them.

(4) - Tables: Along the back wall, running beside the dance floor are a number of small circular tables and black velvet chairs. From here, Wraiths too weary to dance often sit and watch, or talk in raised voices among themselves over the roar and howl of the music. Some of the regular faces at Death by Water can be seen here watching the dance floor, and during the day, when things at the club are quieter, people often use them as a place to meet, talk, and plot.

(5) - Bar: Made almost obsolete by the near total lack of drinks to be served in the underworld, the drinks that are available here are hugely expensive, and even then, no one asks where they came from.

Nevertheless, many people cling on to their memories of sitting at bars in clubs when they were alive, and enjoy the feeling. The barman spends most of his time leaning across the wire-scratched surface of the bar, talking with other Restless, and his position is really just another mark of status, with little or know actual duties involved.

The more open Restless of Death by Water, those straying from their small, clandestine cliques or seeking new ones are often found at the bar talking and laughing, albeit bitterly.

(6) - Exit: Just to the right of the bar, a small wooden door hangs loosely in its frame where in the Skinlands there is nothing but an empty hole or worn, rotten brickwork. The doorway leads into a long, grey-clad corridor, with doors lining the right-hand side that lead to a series of small rooms and other corridors. Storage spaces, broom cabinets and forgotten archives during the building's days as a printers, these rooms now serve as private rooms for all but the grist in the mill at Death by Water. Autumn, unlike Joan Sutherland, values the personal freedom of the members of his faction above all else.

The privacy of these rooms is almost universally respected, and the spaces are often highly personalised by the Wraiths fortunate enough to own them. Decorating a room in the Shadowlands is a long and laborious affair, and it is a mark of esteem among the other Restless there to have a personal space filled with small relics and soulforged bric-a-brac. Because of this, these small personal items are an excellent currency at the club, the most unique items fetching a king's ransom in Oboli, or whatever else the owner desires.

(7) - DJ Booth: At the centre of the near-wall lining the dance floor is the huge relic sound system that pumps music endlessly into the club and the Shadowlands surrounding it. The system is set up behind a screen of clear, reinforced, soulforged corpus, and appears incredibly complex, taking months, if not years to build up such a large relic collection, and a skeinful of pathos to power.

Because of this, its owner and operator, a former Artificer named Jude, is entitled to pathos from any of the members of the faction, and access to the services of anyone skilled in Usury should he require it.

Because of his status, Jude attracts quite a following, and he is never without a handful of young, hopeful Wraiths around him, hoping for a little luck when Jude finally decides to choose an apprentice.

(8) - Podiums: Another massive mark of status and respect for those that care enough to fight, bitch and gossip over it, the podiums stand on either side of the sound system and are available to only those most in Autumn's favor.

Small, raised squares, surrounded by railings and set with a steel poll at the centre, a more or less permanent resident of one of the podiums is Rose, who makes eerie use of her fluid corpus in her dancing,

creating a sight that's part captivating, part nauseating.

(9) - Glass Room: To the far right of the dance floor, a small area of the club is partitioned off with cunningly crafted soulforged glass that runs from floor to ceiling. Within the open doorway of glass room, the music is almost unnaturally muted, and the area is filled with small, circular tables and velvet-and-wire trimmed chairs.

Here, the Restless not fortunate enough to have a room further back in the building can rest, and the other members of Death by Water meet to talk with one another away from the throb and swell of the dance floor. Still others come here to sit and watch away from the noise, turning their gaze to the throb of the dancers, or the eerily perfect beauty of Autumn-Storm-Gathers.

(10) - Couches: On the L-shaped couches of the glass room, wrought in studded black leather, lace and silk, the Wraiths who do not yet have a room at Death by Water may Slumber almost without disturbance from the screech of the music. Those more gifted in death may recline and talk, maybe sipping an extortionately expensive drink bought for them by a paramour.

(11) - Autumn's Couch: Between the glass room and the dance floor is a small alcove completely surrounded by a slender, blackened railing with a heavy black velvet and lace curtain can be pulled about, secluding it entirely from the outside world.

Here, Autumn-Storm-Gathers spends most of his time reclined luxuriantly on a velvet and barbed wire chaise lounge. There's room enough for half a dozen people to stand around him, and Autumn often conducts his less public meetings here.

Most of the time however, the curtain is drawn back entirely, bunched together in front of the heavy wooden door on the right-hand side, so that Autumn can watch the nightly goings on of the club, somehow managing to look uniformly apathetic, smoking his disturbing artifact cigarettes.

(12) - Autumn's Chamber: Just above the curtain-lined alcove is a door that leads to Autumn's private chamber. The few Restless who have been in here describe it as utterly decadent, even by the standards of Death by Water, hung with velvet and full of items all

shaped from the corpus of unlucky Wraiths.

Here is where Autumn conducts his most private of meetings, retires to Slumber, and houses his precious artifact library of Romantic literature boasting works by the likes of Shelley, Byron and Coleridge.

In truth, very few Wraiths will ever see the inside of this room, so the rumours will remain exactly that. Which is just the way Autumn likes it.

South London

Often considered to be the more down-class of the two sides of the river, South London actually hasn't done as poorly as everyone would have expected. Despite the poverty, the rundown conditions and the dismal, failing architecture, the south of the river has done far better than anyone could have predicted and the public-spirited club Redemption bears testament to this.

With relics of great ancient structures such as Winchester Palace, and ancient sites of interest such as Southwark Cathedral, and the Globe and Rose theatres the south of the city is steeped in its own form of tired, dusty history that makes it a rich, charged place to the dead in a city where so much is cold and numb. Much of the activity of the dead has always been centred around the south of the city, and since the Sixth Great Maelstrom that has only become more apparent.

The echoes of ancient buildings on the surface and the host of tunnels rich with pathos below ground mean that it is the most active distinct in what is left of the Necropolis, and despite the presence of many areas best avoided, there are always a few Restless to be found here by day, talking in hushed voices, or picking through the rubble.

St. Dismas Station South

Once, this place was a station to the living, after that, it was a shelter to them during the Second World War. After the war, the station was left as a desolate reminder of the desperation that people had felt during the Blitz. This was until the mid 1950s, when the station, and the half a mile of track around it, was finally sealed off and forgotten.

Abandoned and unvisited, the station became a stop for the famous Midnight Express, and remained so for many years. The train would simply roll in out

of the Tempest and onto the disused track, collect its passengers and cargo, and roll out on the other side. However, since the train vanished with the coming of the Maelstrom, the station and the area around it has stopped being a place of bustling trade and travel among the dead, and instead has become something much darker. Nothing is known of what became of the Midnight Express, all that is known is that it ceased to run immediately after the Maelstrom, and the tracks that it once used to run along became a dangerous place where the lines between the Tempest and the Shadowlands, what is, and what has been long forgotten, begin to blur.

If the Shadowlands is the realm for the dead, then St. Dismas Station South is now where the dead go to die. Echoes and snatches of people and places long since forgotten that haunt even the dead. Not surprisingly, Londons dead find this quite disconcerting, and as a result they tend to avoid the area all together. Its hypothesised that the reason for these echoes is that the well-worn paths into the Tempest left by the Midnight Express have begun to open, leaking memories of memories into the deadlands, but in truth, no one is quite sure.

The Rose (Haunt 5)

An Elizabethan theatre built on the banks of the Thames in 1587, and renovated in 1592 before falling out of use in 1606, the Rose was a place of debauchery, bear-baiting and plays for twenty years in the heart of Renaissance England. However, its sort stay in the land of the living empowered it with a wealth of emotion that didn't die when the theatre was finally torn down. Because of this, the building seeped through the Shroud shortly after its destruction, twisting around and often even overlaying the structures later built in its place.

So, it came to pass that a few years after the theatre was torn down, it reopened for business in the lands of the dead under the watchful eye of its one time shareholder and playwright Christopher Marlowe.

The huge relic playhouse, capable of holding over seven hundred souls, went on to spend hundreds of years putting on plays from an alliance of Sandmen, Masquers and Chanteurs, carefully guided by Marlowe himself.

However, the playwrights Shadow grew steadily stronger as the centuries passed, and when the Sixth

Great Maelstrom struck, Kit Marlowe retreated inside his theatre and locked the door fast against the Restless and the Storm alike. Few have entered the theatre since and returned unharmed, however, those that have tell of an ancient ghost, closed off inside the last remaining piece of the world he loved so dearly in life, getting eaten away slowly from inside by his equally ancient Shadow.

So the theatre remains closed to the dead.

The playhouse itself is a roughly ring-shaped structure with a pit for the groundlings at the centre and the stands and stalls for the more well-off among the edges, set into the walls with the covered stage against one side. It is made up of damp-ridden plaster set against rotten black beams, and topped with a thatched roof slick with wet and rotting straw. The theatre is surrounded by soulforged iron fencing and gates that are locked closed against the rest of the Shadowlands.

The Imperial War Museum

A long time ago, before this place was a museum, the building used to be the Bethlehem Hospital for the Insane. Bedlam Asylum.

Originally founded in the early 1600s as a place to treat the insane without victimising or criminalising them, the asylum was moved to the building now hosting the museum in the 1800s, where it remained until the 1930s.

The reality of the asylum was a desolate and bleak experience, by the 1800s people were paying a penny to stare into the cells and laugh at the poor, ranting wretches trapped within. Patients were exposed to the horrors of electro-shock therapy, de-pressurisation, and many other brutal and terrifying treatments designed to cure the patients. The scars that these treatments left on the souls inside the asylum never quite left either the patients or the building. Even before the Maelstrom, many strange and disturbing events were reported from inside the museum, while in the Shadowlands the building was renowned for the hosts of Nothings that lurked within its walls, trapped forever in the cycle of madness and pain that had sent them rocketing through the Shroud. For a short while, the Haunters took up residence in the museum, building huge walkways in the roof-space of the building and conducting their guild meetings there.

However, when the Sixth Great Maelstrom erupted, a Nihil opened up beneath the museum and the Haunters that weren't destroyed were forced to flee. Since then, the Imperial War Museum has closed its doors after a series of inexplicable, and often fatal events. Now the building lies deserted and boarded up in the Skinlands, while in the Shadowlands, the long-destroyed hospital wings shimmer back into existence, spectres and Nothings swarm like flies about a corpse, and only the fool-hardy approach it.

Battersea Power Station

Once the largest of the functional forges in London, the location was carefully acquired by Hierarchy agents versed in influencing the living, who saw that the place was built in the lands of the living, but nearly never used, instead left standing and abandoned for use by the dead. The station functioned as a huge soulsteel works for over a hundred years, belching smoke into the Shadowlands and draining pus-like plasm into the Thames. It is estimated that more than a five hundred thousand wraiths, spectres and drones were forged here, and some say that even that estimate is far too conservative.

However, with the coming of the Maelstrom, the forge was deserted, and in the aftermath much of what was useful was reclaimed from the ruins by the Artificers. Now, the building lies empty and derelict in both the Skinlands and the Shadowlands, slowly crumbling into the Thames and filled with shards of useless soulsteel. At night, the winds keen eerily through the hollow building and abandoned chimney-stacks. Unprotected from the storm, the forge now lies deserted, although the Restless whisper of the Artificers plan to reclaim what was once theirs.

East and West

The East End

An area of the city covering the east of the city on both sides of the river, even during the city's golden days it was a rundown area of industry and relative poverty. Now, with the Thames Barrier out to the east all but gone, the East End has become a sprawling urban nightmare of water, waste, filth, disease and crime.

The police no longer patrol the area and criminal gangs run rampant. At best, the East End is filled with soaked rubble and the burnt-out shells of buildings, at worst, it is a place where the city's poorest citizens live in over a foot of filthy water.

With more than enough angst and despair to go around, the East End is not surprisingly an area which most of the restless dead choose to avoid, with only the reapers of the Confederacy daring to enter it to reap the souls born out of all that hate and desolation.

The Docklands: Once, the Docks were the hub of trade inside the city of London among the living and the dead. While the living were using cranes, winches and pack animals to load cargo on and off their huge trade ships, the dead erected their own jetties and winches in secluded corners of the docklands, and worked from the rooftops of dockside buildings. Trade among London's dead was raging, and the city traded in Oboli and artifact goods that were manufactured in forges right across the city, often sending goods as far afield as Stygia and the other Dark Kingdoms.

During the 1960s, the docks were closed down in the Skinlands and were left deserted. The dead took immediate advantage of this and commerce in the Shadowlands bloomed where the living were falling into a Depression.

However, since the Maelstrom, the docklands have been deserted on both sides of the Shroud. In the skinlands, the docks are massively flooded and derelict, populated only by the rats. To the dead, the docks are equally deserted, the hard built jetties and winches destroyed by the storm, the byway that once brought so much trade down the river to the docks desolate and closed to even the most daring Harbingers, and the forges that once provided so many artifacts for sale are left open and exposed to the storm.

However, should the Maelstrom ever ebb, and the byway reopen, the docks have never been more deserted by the living, and should the city scramble back to its knees, the docklands would provide an indispensable way of trading of whatever is left of Charon's empire.

The Emperor's Wrath: The flagship of the Emperor of the Dark Kingdom of Jade, made from pure white jade, beautifully carved, hammered and crafted, the Emperor's Wrath headed the Jade fleet that invaded London in 1999. The warship led the attack on

the Citadel, but was sunk when the Sixth Great Maelstrom hit shortly afterwards.

Since then, rot and age has taken its toll on the great ship, and constant exposure to the Maelstrom, the spectres and the tide of the river have meant that little more than a rusted, rotten hulk at the bottom of the Thames.

The ship now rests to the east towards the now lost Thames barrier, and is usually swamped and obscured beneath the thick, misty water of the Shadowlands. However, during extremely low tides when the river-water ebbs low, the ship is left exposed, beached on the grey-sanded beaches of the Shadowlands. Nothing but a huge, hulking structure of what looks like badly rusted iron, it creaks and groans perpetually when exposed, and the suspicion lingers among the dead that the ship houses some kind of malignance. It is even suggested that the ship acts as the haven for the great plasmic beast that lurks in the Thames, and that the ship is responsible for the arrival of the creature, some kind of secret weapon long prepared in the Yellow Springs for use in the assault on London. This talk is enough for the most part, to keep the Restless Dead well away.

St Nicholas's Church: This bleak little church rests just back from the water-line in the eastern side of the city, in the district of Deptford. It was here, on a bleak morning in 1593, that the playwright and poet Kit Marlowe was consigned to an unmarked grave after being brutally murdered in a guest house a few days before.

Since then, the Norman building has undergone many revisions; a harsh Victorian church hall now stands about the original tower, and a pair of corroded stone skulls stare out towards the city from the gateposts.

The church was a miserable and deserted place even before recent nights, its windows smashed, its doors rotten. However, recently it has undergone a number of attacks, inflicting vandalism on the church and the graveyard surrounding it. Many of the graves were desiccated despite police attempts to stop the attacks by installing razor-wire fences. Finally, at the close of the year, the old church was gutted by fire, the fence around it torn to shreds by bolt-cutters. Now the building is an empty, blackened shell, and with money for the restoration a bleak and distant hope in the darkness, an empty and blackened shell it is likely to remain. The Knights of the Black Dawn have been

blamed for the attack, although the Restless are unsure of their motivations.

The No Go Zone: The district at the centre of the East End under the control of the East End Soldiers is known only as the No Go Zone. Very few of even the poorest people of the city will go here, with the only attraction being the violent, drug-laden club known as the Slaughterhouse. Murder, rape and shootings are a nightly occurrence and the police have long ago forsaken the area. Even the most dedicated of investigative journalists thinks long and hard before taking an assignment to enter the area.

In the Shadowlands, the No Go Zone is little better. While the rest of the East End births wraiths furious at the way they were forced to live their lives, the dead of the No Go Zone are beyond hope, with even the youngest of children falling quickly to the ranks of the Striplings.

Even during the day, the air of the No Go Zone is thick with the threat of spectres, and only the most foolish of Restless enters there at all. Still, with the No Go Zone feeding the ranks of Oblivion with an almost daily certainty, the Shadowlands will never be regained for the dead so long as this small area of the East End is around to imbue living souls with such a feeling of wretchedness.

What's more, every day spent ignoring the threat it poses only makes the problem worse for both the living and the dead of the city. The citizens of London don't need the latest government reports to tell you that the No Go Zone is growing. Or that so long as nothing is done about it, or the East End Soldiers at its heart, it is not going to stop until it has swallowed the city whole.

The West End

Taking up an area to the west of the city, and primarily north of the river, the West End was once a place of countless theatres, music halls and dance productions. And, despite the deterioration of conditions in the city, the arts have fared far better than could have been predicted. When the situation in the city became too much for the citizens of London to bear, they turned to the arts and theatres to take them away from the horror of their daily lives.

Still, the falling condition of the city took its toll on the West End, and the increasing presence of big business in all aspects of London life meant that while

some theatres flourished, the smaller concert halls were driven out of business and fell into disuse. Because of this, the modern West End is a mixture of grand glass buildings such as the Royal Opera House where the musicians and dancers enjoy an almost celebrity lifestyle, and hundreds of small, derelict buildings that once put on obscure works and modern plays.

To the dead, the West End offers a patchwork of ageing memories and floods of Pathos as the people of London flock in their thousands to the latest productions of Swan Lake and Madame Butterfly to escape from the torment that flourishes all around them.

The City of London

At the centre of London lies a mile square colloquially known as The City. When Londinium was founded by the Romans over two thousand years ago, they built a wall to encompass their new stronghold, and although the wall was demolished by the Georgians, the area that fell within the city wall is still considered to be the hub of city life.

Although much of the City was flooded in the disaster of 2010, it seems to have recovered far better than anywhere else in London. Along with the predictable host of abandoned buildings and ruined architecture, several large companies still make their homes on the upper levels of office blocks inside the boundaries of the city, from where they can look out across the burst riverbanks and the filth of the Thames.

This oldest part of the city offers much to London's dead, with over a thousand years of love, life, death and devotion soaked into every brick and road winding through it. Despite this, other powers seem to be at work in the City, and despite many attempts to claim patches of it for the Confederacy, Death by Water or strong, independent gangs, all such attempts so far have failed, with misfortune befalling the would-be colonists at every turn.

St Paul's Cathedral (Haunt 5, Upper Levels are Haunt 2)

The cathedral is still represents a huge centre of Pathos to the Dead, even though its reflection in the Skinlands begins to ebb with neglect. Several of London's Heretic cults, not to mention the Confederacy,

would dearly love to possess it, not least because it shows total immunity to the storm. However, no one has yet mustered the strength and numbers to seize the cathedral, that appears in the Shadowlands as a mixture of its modern incarnation, and the three previous cathedrals that stood on the site, the last of which was destroyed in the Great Fire of London. The cathedral is greatly warded against entrance by the dead, although who is responsible for instating the warding remains unknown. Because of this, the Pathos and protection offered by St Paul's remains strictly off limits.

There is however, an exception to this rule.

The one place inside the cathedral walls where the Restless dead encounter no resistance to their entry is the upper level galleries. From here, several Heretic groups gather regularly to watch the sorry, depleted Mass take place below, and young Proctors work themselves into a frenzy in the Whispering Gallery.

The cathedral often offers temporary respite to ghosts unfortunate enough to be caught up in the Maelstrom. However, all attempts to make use of this and establish a permanent settling, have always resulted in a slow erosion of the buildings protection from the storm that only begins to repair itself once the offending Restless have left.

The Tower of London

Before the Maelstrom, the Hierarchy would have dearly loved to gain control of the Tower of London, along with the wealth of Pathos that inevitably comes with it. However, the sheer volume of mortal soldiers, citizens or tourists within the Tower walls made even considering entering the place a hazard.

Even without considering the mortal population that frequented the Tower, the Hierarchy soon found the place to be occupied strange, raven-like creatures that seemed to hold some affinity with the spirits of the dead. Soon, the Hierarchy, and many more of London's dead besides, found themselves coming into contact with the Corax, and even entering into a kind of friendship with the raven-shifters, who would often trade their secrets with Hierarchy information brokers.

However, with the coming of the Maelstrom, the dead were driven underground to seek shelter, deserting their former allies in the Tower to make their way through the dark times that followed on their own.

The Restless were still caught underground, hiding from the storm, when the Tower was nearly destroyed in the riots of 2012, the dead were hidden from the storm, secreted deep underground and unable to help their former allies.

Now, the Shroud has darkened, the walls have fallen and the Tower is abandoned by all but the raven-folk. The eyes of the dead now turn once again to the Tower, some wishing to rebuild their relationship with the Corax and help them to rebuild what once was, while others scoff at their former alliances, and see the crumbling spires as yet another potential handhold in the climb towards reclaiming the surface.

The Roman Wall

In the distant beginnings of London's history, the Roman settlers built a wall to defend the nascent city from attack. The wall stood for thousands of years before it was finally pulled down by the Georgians in the 1850s. The destruction of the wall in the Skinlands caused extensive damage to its Shadowlands reflection, which had protected the city through three Maelstroms. However, the Artificers guild was quick to respond to the crisis, the wall was quickly repaired in the deadlands, and the mile square of city inside the Necropolis was protected from the two Maelstroms that followed.

However, the Hierarchy was falling into quarrelling and infighting, and maintaining the city wall that had protected them for so long was soon forgotten about. Because of this, when the Sixth Great Maelstrom hit with a force previously unknown of, any rudimentary protection that would have been afforded by the walls was gone, and the storm overtook the city in an instant.

The necropolis wall was torn to tatters, and now only shards of it remain, torn at nightly by the storm. Still, the Artificers have plans to repair and rebuild the wall, making it stronger than it has ever been and protecting the city from the might of the Maelstrom, however, all attempts at achieving this so far have failed, and many have been lost in the attempt.

The Old Bailey

A court of law has stood on this site for several hundred years, however, before the Old Bailey was build, the court was secondary to the massive prison that stood on the site. Newgate.

Renowned throughout the city, and throughout the world for its inhospitality and the many condemned that passed to their executions in the streets outside. The church across the street, St Sepulchre's tolled out the hour of execution, and even had a tunnel running to the prison, where a bellman would walk every night ringing his handbell and saying:

"All you that in the condemned hold do lie, Prepare you, for tomorrow you shall die; Watch all and pray, the hour is drawing near That you before the Almighty must appear; Examine well yourselves, in time repent, That you may not to eternal flames be sent: And when St. Sepulchre's bell tomorrow tolls, The Lord above have mercy on your souls. Past twelve o'clock!"

This gruesome tradition continued until Newgate was closed in the 20th Century, and the Old Bailey was built in its place.

In the Shadowlands, the building was often a huge centre for negative energy, and was mostly avoided until the prison was destroyed. After this however, the Hierarchy made use of the abandoned spaces beneath the new courtrooms and condemned their most hated enemies to be locked in cells in the old Newgate Prison where they would remain, fed by centuries of Angst until they were consumed slowly and painfully in the silence by their own Shadows. After that, their Shadow-Eaten souls would writhe in the pain of Oblivion until they, at last, were consumed. So brutal were the Hierarchy in bringing this about that the victims were often soulforged into their cells so that they may never escape. Many Renegade lords met their final ends here, and while no one has yet ventured back to Newgate since the Maelstrom, it is assumed that many of them are still there, crazed and Shadow-Eaten behind the cold brick facade that overlays the more modern court.

Blackfriars

Back in the 12th Century, a great monastery stood on the site at Blackfriars, drawing its worshipers from miles around to sing Mass with the monks that gave the monastery its name. These black-robed friars or Dominicans brought their religion across the Shroud with them and caused the Hierarchy an awful lot of trouble culminating in a play for power.

However, the Dominicans were overcome in the lands of the dead, and in the Skinlands, the monasteries were disbanded by Henry VIII in the 1600s. Their sites of worship were torn down in the Skinlands, ignored in the Shadowlands, and little else was thought of them.

However, since the Sixth Great Maelstrom, many have reported sighting these strange dark monks and their former co-conspirators the Franciscans, wondering the tunnels around Blackfriars Station. The churches that stand above the fallen monastery reverberate at dawn and dusk with unearthly music, and reports continue to come in of a great, golden cathedral stretching out into the spaces beneath these churches, taking up forgotten vaults and service shafts. Whatever the fate of the Franciscans and Dominicans, many suspect that there were never quite as wiped out as the Hierarchy would have liked everyone to think. Although these reports remain, at the moment, unsubstantiated.

The Tempest

The Sixth Great Maelstrom had an unforeseen effect on the Sea of Shadows surrounding the city. And where the tide of the Tempest had always ebbed low around the city, with the coming of the Maelstrom, the force of the storm was directed elsewhere, leaving the Tempest surrounding London's exposed on a large island of blackened earth. Still, this didn't seem to make it any safer, and spectral winds, rains of teeth, blizzards of long-forgotten diaries are all common occurrence in London's Sea of Shadows.

Nevertheless, it is often used as a short-cut by the Harbingers Guild, especially at night when it is nearly devoid of spectres, most of whom are pouring through Nihilis into the Shadowlands.

In the Tempest, the sky is cast a deep, boltgun grey, the tumble-down shells of buildings reduced to a blacked rubble silhouetted against the glowing grey by a soft halo of magnesium-white. The city is nothing but an empty, burnt-out husk here, lit only by the giant red sun that burns and reels in the sky like a single rolling eye of a man slowly dying.

The salival water of the Thames turns oil-black, thick as molasses, and the river moans desperately with the turn of the tide. Scattered across the Tempest are an abnormally high number of Shifting Zones that descend upon even the most experienced Harbingers left in the city. What's more, here the giant sea crea-

ture which many have claimed is an arm of the Kraken lurks beneath the river, its tendrils like liquid metal edged with razor-blades, and its many faces full of thousands of blackened eyes and many more jagged teeth of broken bone. The creature seems to prey randomly of the Restless and Spectres of the city, drawing a toll from all those to must cross the river where it rests.

Shifting Zones

The Tempest around London's boasts an incredibly high number of Shifting Zones. Some are serene havens that seem peaceful and perfect at first, but slowly sink beneath the tide of the storm leaving any unfortunate Wraiths stranded in the Tempest and further from home than they should be. Others are far more dangerous, offering the Restless glimpses of their most exotic dreams and wildest nightmares before leaving them stranded, or sucking them in and entrapping them forever.

The Shifting Zones known to drift around the city are mainly those concerning soulforging, an echo of the city's dark past as the largest soulforgers in the Dark Kingdom of Iron. The Sargasso Sea and the Sea of Broken Glass are both reported in the Tempest around and under London's, as well as other Shifting Zones previously unknown to the Restless.

Fog of the Forges: This Shifting Zone is specific to London's as far as anyone knows. It appears as a stifling, thick grey fog of smoke, ash and other pollutants that chokes the Restless that enter it and reduces vision to less than a foot, often, Wraiths who do not stick close to one another are separated in the fog that seems to stifle even sound, and emerge to find themselves miles apart from their original location, and each other.

Occasionally, this fog is also accompanied by strange ghosts of those who have fallen to the forges over the centuries. These creatures appear as twisted gestalts of who that once were, and what they have become. Thus, a wraith who was forged into a single Oboli could appear as a man with the Stygian seal branded into his chest, or in a chainmail of coins. These creatures emerge from the silent fog and wail and grope at those unfortunate enough to become trapped in the smoke.

Wraiths trapped in the Fog of the Forges are at -1 dice to all rolls due to the choking nature of the smoke

and the wailing echoes that reverberate in the silence. To break free of the forged entities inside the cloud, a character must make a Strength + Brawl roll at difficulty 6. If they fail, they may try again, but at difficulty 7, and so on until the difficult exceeds 10, at which point the Wraith is trapped and must wait to be rescued by his companions, or the next Restless to happen upon the fog who must make the same Strength + Brawl rolls, and risk becoming captured themselves if they linger too long. Finding a way out of the fog itself requires a successful Wits + Enigmas roll.

The Stygian Byway: Once, this was the largest byway running between the Shadowlands and the Isle of Sorrows, once, this was the strongest trade-route in the Dark Kingdom of Iron. But that was a long, long time ago now.

Once, London's was the biggest producer of soul-forged goods in the Western Shadowlands, with spectres, drones, renegades and traitors all falling to the forges. Relic ships would slip down the sides of the river to unload their goods, and load up on freshly forged artifacts before sailing to the lip of the byway and unloading their purchases onto carts and wagons that rolled down the byway, or by taking the more treacherous channel that ran alongside the paved road to Stygia. The byway itself, as well as the channel beside it, lay out to the west of the city towards the wetlands resting on top of the river itself, the lines of reality blurring around it.

Now, the channel is gone entirely, closed up or just torn from the fabric of the world by the Maelstrom. The byway rests at the heart of a flooded mire where the sun never rises for the dead, and light never comes. There is utter silence in the darkness, and creatures unknown to even the oldest of Confederacy historians lurk in the marsh and the long, dead reeds.

Stretching away from the mire, the byway is lined by black, rotten trees, and as you follow it, it leads you out of the darkness and the wet, the air grows colder and colder, snow lies about the bases of the black-rotted trees and shines with an eerie silver light. Only the silence persists, and that is overwhelming.

All individuals and scout parties to have ever ventured down the byway have never returned, however, rumours persist of a great, derelict monastery that stands by the side of the dangerous, deserted byway, populated by strange and unpredictable Heretic creatures.

CHAPTER FOUR: THE CONFEDERACY

For most Restless, the Confederacy is simply all there is to existence after death. Most Wraiths are reaped, brought before Joan Sutherland in the Marble Court, accept her offer of membership, and are assigned to a unit that uses their unique skills.

The Confederacy owes most of its success to this harnessing of individual skills. It increases the efficiency of the entire operation, and makes Wraiths feel more valued. Or so they'd have you believe. Divisions that a Wraith may be assigned to include Reaping, Relic collecting or Entertainment, with many more besides. Each division is composed of many units incorporating anywhere between 1 and 10 wraiths, who spend most of their waking, working moments together, reporting back to Joan on a regular basis.

Despite the seemingly rigid structure, the Confederacy is not as restrictive as it seems, and all its members are left with time enough to tend to their passions and fetters, all under the protection of the faction's soldiers. More than this, many Wraiths nurse friendships outside their units, and even among the Independents or members of Death by Water, although Wraiths that are seen associating with the latter are watched very closely thereafter, and anyone found sharing Confederacy secrets is immediately converted to a form where they can do no more harm.

Ever.

Divisions

The Confederacy is divided into Divisions, each of which serves a purpose. Beyond this, each Division is separated into Units, which include one Wraith skilled in every art needed to perform the task. These units work together, often becoming close friends and remaining in one another's company indefinitely.

Even if these wraiths don't become close, the Confederacy demands that they cooperate, and for this reason, very few Units are spit up and reassigned because they just don't get on.

Not all members of the Confederacy are assigned to Units, many of them work individually on special projects, and some simply work alone. However, Joan thinks it best to assign as many Restless as she can to work within Units, because as long as she does, everyone is keeping a close eye on one another for both spying and Catharsis. Both of which can be devastating if they go undetected.

Below are a number of suggested Divisions, with the types of Wraiths that may make up each unit (and Arcanoi that are common in those Wraiths), the history of the Division and what exactly it is that they do.

Despite this, players are should feel free come up with their own ideas for Divisions if they think of something more fitting for their character.

Savants

Fatalism 3, Mnemosynis 1-5

Membership in this Division is far more dependent on mindset and a desire to learn than any Skill or Arcanos.

Despite this, many of the savants, librarians and historians of the Confederacy's small relic library are talented in various arts that help them make sense of information. Everything from Shellriding and Fatalism to the secretive arts of Mnemosynis can be found among the Savants, as can a large bias towards Knowledges such as Academics, Enigmas, Science, Occult and Wraith Lore.

It is the job of the Savants to educate the newly reaped Wraiths in the ways of the dead, answering their questions and doing their best to make sure they are quickly and cleanly interpreted with the rest of the Confederacy.

However, the Savant's job is so much more than that, and in addition to schooling new Wraiths, members of this division are often called upon to advise high-ranking members of the Confederacy, or to help one of the other Divisions, or just a solitary member of the Confederacy in researching a specific topic.

Despite the presence of an entire division of scholars, the library of the Confederacy is pitifully small, and easily outflanked by the collection in the possession of Autumn-Storm-Gathers. Because of this, Savants are constantly driving to improve the collection, and the Division has been known to indulge in an awful lot of competition and information hoarding as the stuffy, stoic librarians constantly try to outdo one another.

Relic Collectors

Outrage 3, Usury 1, Inhabit - Flawsight/4

There are two kinds of units of Relic Collectors among the ranks of the Confederacy.

The first contains Wraiths with knowledge of Outrage 3, Usury 1 and Inhabit 1. These Wraiths are notified of the location of an item with high potential of becoming a relic on destruction. When they find the object in question, the Wraith with a basic knowledge of Inhabit will detect the object's weakest point, and the Wraith with Outrage will strike it hard, hopefully destroying it whilst the Usurer keeps them in Pathos.

A step up from this is a unit fortunate enough to have a Wraith with knowledge of Inhabit 4. The process then becomes a lot less tiresome. These units are sent out in search of a particular kind of object (swords, guns, ashtrays etc), and upon finding an example of said object, the Artificer performs Claim and the Spook destroys it as above. The object is converted instantly to a relic upon destruction.

In either case, once the relics have been gathered together, they are transported carefully back to the Marble Court, the Spook acting as a good defense against any possible highwaymen along the way.

Soldiers

Argos 3, Keening 4, Moliate 3, Outrage 3, Usury 3

A soldier's life is both the hardest, and the most rewarding in all the Confederacy.

While their job requires them to constantly put themselves at risk, to fight spectres, plasmics and drag Restless screaming to the forges, they also receive the most respect and freedom of any Wraith under Joan's rule.

They are often gifted with some of the most prized relics and artifacts in all London, carefully gathered and forged simply for their benefit. What's more, when two Wraiths are at odds, the word of a soldier will always override the testament of the other Wraith.

However, despite all the luxuries afforded to the military of the Confederacy, if a soldier is found to be abusing their position



in any way, they can expect to suffer greatly before they are dealt with, permanently. Soldiers may be talented in any or none of the Arcanos presented above, but all have a strong inbuilt fighting ability, and a large amount of Confederacy training given to enhance this. They are usually placed into units of around 5, though some may work alone, or in gangs of up to 10 if the situation requires it.

Mortal Affairs

Embodiment 1-5, Inhabit 1-5, Outrage 1-5, Pandemonium 1-5, Phantasm 2/4/5, Puppetry 1-5, Usury 3

An incredibly diverse Division, members of Mortal Affairs units usually possess either Puppetry, Phantasm or Pandemonium, and then any of the other arts listed above in addition, although there are exceptions to this rule.

An idiosyncratic group of individuals, despite the official quarrels between Haunters and Puppeteers having been put aside, no one in Mortal Affairs seems to be adverse to bitching behind one another's backs, and these bitches are still often directed along the Puppeteer/Haunter boundary.

The mission statement of those in Mortal Affairs is at once both brutally simple and mind-numbingly complicated. Their job is to watch, spy on, interfere with, influence, hurt, scare and destroy specific mortals in accordance with the plans of their mistress.

Working in groups of anywhere between 1 and 8, these units are usually assigned to scare those looking a little too deeply into things they shouldn't be, bias the local police or politician into looking the other way etc.

Although this job is often seen to be easy, and a lot of fun, in reality, the world of Mortal Affairs can be terrifyingly dangerous. Not only are all the members of your Division and even your own Unit constantly trying to outdo you or stab you in the back, but groups such as the Knights of the Black Dawn are always just around the corner from anyone who acts a little too blatantly.

In fact, a lot more of these eccentric, insane creatures disappear every week than most could possibly grasp, and as rumors of a mission involving the Knights begin to circulate, these losses only seem to increase further.

Courtesans

Keening 2/3, Moliate 2, Mnemosynis 1-5, Intimation 1-5

Part entertainers, part spin doctors, the Courtesans serve the less vital need of London's dead, keeping them happy. This is done through a mixture of entertainment and propaganda, both mundane, and not so mundane.

The ranks of the Courtesans contain more than a few Wraiths talented in Mnemosynis and Intimation, not because of any role these guilds played in recent events (London's dead wouldn't know either way), but because since the fall of the Hierarchy, things like that have simply ceased to matter.

The hit some of the more talented Wraiths among the Courtesans can provide can be hugely addictive, and most of these Restless are incredibly careful about when and how they use their powers.

Despite this, the role of the Courtesans is crucial, they spread positive feeling and a beneficial view of the Confederacy throughout the ranks, and it is due to their poetry, music, and more exotic services, that so little dissent has troubled the Confederacy since its creation.

Soulforgers

Crafts - Soulforging; Usury 2

Much more of a skill-based division than an Arcanos-based one, the Soulforgers began with a defector from the Artificers after the Sixth Great Maelstrom, who taught the apprentices below him, who taught their apprentices, etc.

In actuality, very few Restless learn how to Soulforge without first learning the ropes at Intimation and even undergoing a kind of initiation ritual. This adds weight to the claim that the Soulforgers are the closest thing to a Guild left in Dead London.

Most Wraiths who find themselves part of the Soulforging division are inevitably incredibly strong, stoic individuals, who have few qualms (for whatever reason) about forging Wraiths as well as spectres. They are possessed of a fair amount of physical brawn and, as mentioned above, a fair dose of Inhabit.

The only other quality possessed by many of the Soulforging Division, is Usury, which is used to prevent the Wraith being forged from entering a Harrow-

ing whilst they are being hammered into whatever Joan has deemed appropriate for them.

Soulforgers are inevitably marked by the heat of the forge at the front of the Marble Court where they spend most of their time, and are second only to the military in the amount of respect their receive. For their's is a hard lot, and most Wraiths cringe at the thought of forging even the most feral of spectres...

Internal Affairs

Moliate 2, Castigate, Fatalism 3, Lifeweb 3, Usury 2

Wraiths blessed with even the slightest amount of Castigate usually find themselves in the Internal Affairs Division. More a collection of Individuals than a collection of Units, these Wraiths spend most of their time in the social quarters of the Marble Court, seeing to the other members of the Confederacy.

Part of the package offered to Enfants joining the Confederacy is the presence of help in the face of problems with themselves, their fetters, their Shadow, and the like, and the Wraiths of Internal Affairs are the ones responsible for providing this help.

With the ability to heal wounds, quell Shadows, strengthen failing ties to the Skinlands, replenish Pathos and offer anxious Wraiths a (not always truthful) glimpse of what lies around the corner, the Wraiths of Internal Affairs are much in demand.

A collection of generally calm, collected individuals, Internal Affairs are always there to help in a crisis, although those who come to rely on them too much are inevitably looked down upon as unable to manage on their own.

Reapers

Argos - 2, Castigate (Bulwark), Usury 1-3, Fatalism 1

There are two types of Confederacy Reapers in London. The best known are the solitary souls talented with Argos 2 and occasionally Bulwark who roam the grey-smearred skies above London scouring the ground for the slick, shimmering shapes of Restless imprisoned in their Cauls. These Wraiths are often introverted and isolated individuals who prefer their own company and spend most of their days wandering the streets in search of new Enfants to bring before their queen.

The second kind of Reaper works in a unit with

other wraiths covering all the skills above. These units use Fatalism to search out those destined to die soon, and in ways that may cause them to become Wraiths. They also include someone talented in Bulwark to make nighttime rescue missions into the storm possible, and an Usurer to replenish some of the Pathos Bulwark uses, occasionally even cannibalizing their own Corpus, and the Corpus of their comrades to do so. However, because of the necessity of Castigate, these units are few and far between, are usually only mobilised in emergencies to rescue souls at risk from the Maelstrom.

Infiltrators

Moliate, Fatalism 2, Inhabit (Shellride), Puppetry 2, Argos 3

The job of the Confederacy's spies is a dangerous one. Often, many of them don't come back from their first assignment. Those that do usually don't come back from their second.

Working entirely alone, many Infiltrators remain in deep cover for many months, having no contact with the Confederacy past the weekly reports they send to Joan. They receive no word in return. In fact, the only way they know the Confederacy hasn't ceased to exist is by continuing to see the patrols out on the streets, and by having their messages removed each week from the place they store them.

A relatively small Division, most of the Confederacy's spies attempt to crack Death by Water, although there are others stationed in Heretic and Guild cults, as well as Independent gangs.

Given to as much idiosyncrasy as the Mortal Affairs Division, spies are often highly secretive or paranoid, and work one of several different ways. The most common way for a spy to infiltrate an organisation, is for them to Moliate themselves to look either like a typical recruit for said organisation, or a captured member of the faction in question. After that, the Wraith attempts to integrate themselves with the group, and find out as much as they can.

Other methods include Skin/Shellriding in the vicinity of faction members and attempting to hear what they are saying, masquerading as a defector and learning to get away very quickly indeed, or even masquerading as a member of another Division and spying on fellow members of the Confederacy. Understandably, the last one is kept rather quiet.

CHAPTER FIVE: PEOPLE

The three most famous faces in the Confederacy are undoubtedly Joan Sutherland, Altair, and Tristan Alfere.

Joan formed the Confederacy after the chaos following the Sixth Great Maelstrom, and has lead it ever since. It is her firm rule, strategic mind and brilliance in the art of Castigation that meant Wraiths survived in London at all. Despite this, in recent times, Joan has been seeming more and more unstable, and people wonder how much longer she can remain in control before she slips...

Anyone wanting to get to Joan, will have to go through Altair. A former Hierarch, Altair is now Joan's some-time lover, and the head of her own personal guard of elite soldiers. Strong, silent and stoic, the same people whispering that Joan may not be long in slipping from power whisper that Altair may replace her.

Tristan Alfere is the chief to the Confederacy's Courtesans and entertainers. He can almost always be found at the court, reeling off poetry, writing quietly in a corner or increasing morale and spreading propaganda. Although his intensely nervous disposition makes him often less than believable.

Joan Sutherland

Between the conception . . . And the creation

Between the emotion . . . And the response

Falls the Shadow

— *The Hollow Men* - T.S Eliot

Like most of the Wraiths of Dead London, Joan Sutherland really has not been among the Restless very long. She lived and died in Victorian London. She was born into a wealthy family and married beneath her. Rumour is that she never let her husband, George Sutherland, forget it.

Perhaps this was the reason why he strangled her to death one day in November and dumped her body in the dirt and steam of the Victorian streets. It's al-

most certain that there's much more to Joan's life than this, but whatever it is, she's not making it public knowledge.

Joan began her stay in the lands of the dead among the Hierarchy. She was reaped by then- Centurion Altair, who took her into the citadel, and saw that she was kept safe in her first days among the dead.

However, this existence was not meant to be, and it was months and not years before Joan was fleeing her reaper and his Hierarchy for the arms of the Renegades. Rumour has it that Altair even helped her leave the citadel and establish herself with a local Renegade gang, although this in as yet unproven.

Within the protection of the Renegades, Joan became a competent Shroud-breaker, and was soon interfering in the life of her husband. It wasn't long before George Sutherland was committed to Bedlam, and not much longer before he died there.

It's well recorded that some time during the Harrowing that followed, Joan changed somehow, because when she emerged on the other side, she was colder, harder more brutal and a proficient, brilliant leader.

She quickly rose in rank and esteem until she was leading the gang she had been a long-time member of, directing raids into the Hierarchy and causing utter havoc. It was then that the Dark Kingdom of Jade invaded and the Sixth Great Maelstrom hit, and Joan's role among the Restless of Dead London changed more than she could have ever expected.

Her skill at leading and organizing meant that in the darkest hour of the dead, she rose up and united the fractious, frightened Wraiths of London against first the soldiers of the Jade Empire, and later the spectres and the storm.

It was in the heat of battle that Joan and her reaper Altair were reunited. For the first time in half a century they fought side-by-side, and planned together in the months of hiding that followed.

While Shadowshimmer and the Knights of the Black Dawn were killing, Harrowing and causing havoc above ground, Joan was consolidating her



forces. When Shadowshimmer was out of the way, she rose to rule the remaining Wraiths with Altair at her side at the head of the martial arm of her newly formed organisation, The Confederacy of the Free-wraiths of London.

Since then, Joan has worked on extending her influence and continuing to protect the Restless and ensure the survival of Wraithkind on the whole. She does this both by protecting, reaper and assigning the Restless under her control, keeping them occupied, keeping them from the mouths of the spectres, and through nursing their souls and their Shadows with her now unique talent in Castigate.

Nature: Autocrat; **Demeanor:** Director

Physical: Strength 3; Dexterity 4; Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4; Intelligence 3; Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2; Athletics 2; Awareness 2; Brawl 3; Dodge 3; Empathy 2; Intimidation 4; Leadership 3; Subterfuge 2

Skills: Etiquette 1; Melee 3; Security 3; Stealth 2; Survival 1; Technology 1

Knowledges: Academics 1; Bureaucracy 2; Enigmas 1; Finance 1; Investigation 3; Law 2; Linguistics 1; Wraith Lore 4; Vampire Lore 1; Medicine 3; Occult 2; Politics 2; Science 1

Backgrounds: Allies 1 (Altair); Artifact (Armour) 4; Artifact (Sword) 4; Eidolon 1; Haunt 4; Notoriety 5; Status (Confederacy) 5

Passions: Help Others (Guilt) 4; Lead (Love) 3; Persevere (Determination) 4

Arcanoi: Argos 2; Castigate 5; Castigate (Ancient Arts) 5; Fatalism 2; Lifeweb 1; Moliate 2; Usury 3

Fetters: Marble Arch 3; Imperial War Museum (Bethlehem Asylum) 4; Flooded Victorian House 3

Willpower: 8

Shadow: The Bully

Angst: 7

Thorns: Nightmares; Shadow Traits (+2 Strength); Shadowplay;

Shadow Passions: Hurt Others (Hate) 4; Make Others Bow to my Will (Anger) 4; Kill Men (Spite) 3

Merits and Flaws: Storm Warning 1pt Merit

Image: Standing barely over 5ft with wild wisps of dark hair, wide, doe-like eyes and full, cupid's-bow lips, Joan hardly looks the part of a vicious warrior and steely leader. Still, there is certainly something about her that makes people uncomfortable, makes them think twice before addressing her in anything less than a reverent tone of voice. She is rarely seen out of her soulsteel armour which shines slickly as mirrors in the torchlight of the Marble Court, and clicks and creaks softly when she moves.

Roleplaying Hints: You are strong, cold, confident and ruthless. Exercise your will as much as it takes to get your subjects to obey you. Give warnings if you have to, but never more than once. Never show a glimmer of emotion if you can avoid it, although more and more these days anger is overcoming you. You may know how strong your Shadow has become, but you do not believe it, or do not believe it affects you. If anyone mentions the issue, loose your temper and threaten them until they back down or you have them sent to the forges.

Altair

Men should be either treated generously or destroyed, because they take revenge for slight injuries - For heavy ones they cannot.

-- Machiavelli

Very little is known of Altair before his entrance to the Shadowlands. It's rumored that he was a pit fighter, or bare-knuckle boxer in the back-street clubs and bars of London in the early 1800's, although there is little or no evidence to substantiate these claims. However, if these rumors are to be believed, then one

of two things is true. Either Altair was killed during a high profile illegal fight in one of the largest fighting dens in Georgian London when his opponent pulled a knife on him and stabbed him to death, or he was killed by an infuriated sponsor, who lost an awful lot of money on him after a particularly bad fight. However, if either these rumors is true, then it seems certain that he was stabbed to death, and his deathmarks certainly seem to support this. Then again, it is then still impossible to know which, if either, of the rumors to believe.

Either way, Altair found himself a victim of violence and a member of the Grim Legion by the mid 1800's. From there, he fell easily into the role of providing quiet, unquestionable support. He was always there to fall back on in a crisis, and whenever a high-ranking Hierarchy official had a job that needed doing that no one else would do, it was always Altair that ended up carrying it out. Despite this, he always seemed to survive the difficult missions all but unscathed, and soon, he was gaining in rank and esteem within the organization that had adopted him.

It's not known why, but for some reason, around the turn of the century, Altair took in an *Enfant* that he reaped, and guarded her with more care and affection than he had ever shown anyone else during his stay in the Shadowlands. That *Enfant* was Joan Sutherland.

However, his new companion was quick to disappoint him, and within a few years, Joan had fled to the arms of a local Renegade gang. Some people even whisper that it was Altair that aided her escape, although they never whisper it too loudly.

Altair quickly fell back into his quiet, supporting role within the Hierarchy, and by the time the Sixth Great Maelstrom hit, he had made quite a name for himself. During the Jade Empire attack and the Maelstrom that followed, Altair lead his Hierarchy companions in rescuing those less fortunate and less well armed from enemy forces, and from the spectres. It was then that he ran into his former companion Joan Sutherland once again.

In the heat of battle, the two of them reformed the bonds that had been broken between them so many years before, and in the chaos that followed when Joan announced her plans to form a new organization to protect the Restless of London, the Confederacy, it was Altair who was first to stand silently at her side.

Nature: Judge; **Demeanor:** Loner

Physical: Strength 5; Dexterity 4; Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3; Intelligence 3; Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2; Athletics 3; Awareness 2; Brawl 3; Dodge 3; Empathy 4; Expression 2; Intimidation 3; Leadership 4; Streetwise 3; Subterfuge 1

Skills: Firearms 2; Melee 4; Security 4; Stealth 2; Survival 3

Knowledges: Bureaucracy 3; Enigmas 2; Investigation 5; Law 4; Wraith Lore 4; Medicine 2; Occult 4; Politics 4

Backgrounds: Allies 4 (Confederacy Soldiers); Contacts 3; Artifact (Armour) 5; Artifact (Sword) 5; Eidolon 3; Notoriety 3; Status (Confederacy) 4

Passions: Protect the Innocent and Helpless (Duty) 4; Treat All Fairly (Justice) 4; Guide the Confederacy to Better Things (Hope) 3; Protect Joan (Devotion) 2

Arcanos: Argos 4; Outrage 3; Lifeweb 3; Moliate 4; Usury 4

Fetters: Flooded Tube Network 2; Georgian Town House 4; Run-down Flooded Building (Former Fighting Den) 3; Juliet Collier (Mortal Girl and Descendant) 4

Willpower: 8

Shadow: Mr. Adventure

Angst: 4

Thorns: Devil's Dare; Shadow Call; Cat Food

Shadow Passions: Endanger the Psyche (Thrill Seeking) 3; Chase Impossible Odds (Exhilaration) 4; Best Others in Combat (Arrogance) 4

Image: Altair stands easily over 6 12ft tall with all the bulk to match it. His pitch-dark Stygian steel armor is shaped perfectly over the rise and fall of his muscular frame, and made up of a series of carefully polished plates that shine a wintered-silver in the light. He moves with the calculated, oiled precision of a cat, walking so lightly despite his heavy armor, that people rarely hear him until he taps them on the shoulder. His just-off-blond hair is trimmed close to his skull, and sticks out in odd points, and his narrow, ferociously blue eyes are almost constantly scanning his surroundings. For the most part, he is seen in corners and shadows, just watching silently.

Roleplaying Hints: For the majority of the time, stand utterly still and be utterly silent, usually with your hands linked behind your back. If Joan asks something of you, nod curtly and do it. When she is losing control, step in and talk to her, be calm, guid-

ing, but firm. With your men, be equally quiet and firm, if they have concerns, listen to them, but ultimately make sure they know who they answer to. When you are in the ranks of your soldiers, open up a little more, talk and even smile from time to time. Should you speak to anyone else, be calm, fair and measured.

Tristan Alferé

*What we call the beginning if often the end
And to make an end is to make a beginning.
The end is where we start from.*

—*Little Gidding* - T.S Eliot

Tristan was a little unstable even when he was alive. He began his term in the Skinlands well enough, receiving a good education in an early 1900's grammar school where he took a shine to English and began to socialize with other artistically minded people. His family were well-off enough to support his artistic inclinations, so Tristan much of his early twenties attending parties and socializing with the likes of TS Eliot and Henry Cowell.

Although never talented, motivated or extroverted enough to make a big name for himself, Tristan continued to write poetry which was seen as controversial, modern and brilliant among the circles which he passed it.

However, Tristan found himself quite unable to move with the times, and while the 20's gave way to the 30's, Tristan was still stuck yearning after the past. When the Second World War broke out, Tristan was dumbfounded. When the King's men came looking to conscript him, he stood by astounded. It wasn't long into the war when Tristan was killed in a battle on the Western Front. He took a bullet in the stomach, and died slowly in the filth over the hours that followed.

Something about the war changed Tristan. Whereas before he had been quiet, shy, enthusiastic and inspired, emerging on the other side of the Shroud he was paranoid, agitated and often really quite insane. Almost entirely unable to look after himself, he was quickly taken in by the Hierarchy and sent back to a place where he'd hopefully feel a little more stable. To London.

While sending him back to the city he had loved so much in life certainly seemed to relax him a little, it didn't seem to do anything to quell his fits of hysteria. He was placed in a low level position in the Hierarchy

and left more or less to himself. Tristan made few friends, and was often found alone, whispering to himself, scrawling on the walls in relic charcoal, and often caught stealing scraps of precious artifact paper. However, someone out there liked him, and Tristan always managed to survive with little more than a slapped wrist.

When the Sixth Great Maelstrom hit, Tristan panicked. He suffered terribly in the battle and the storm, and when Altair found him, he was a nervous wreck.

Nevertheless, once out of the force of the storm, Tristan proved undyingly loyal to Joan and Altair, and Joan could see that Tristan's ability with words wasn't without its usefulness.

Maybe it's because of this that Tristan finds himself where he is now. Head of Joan's division of Courtesans. He certainly seems to have calmed a little with the proximity of other artistically inclined restless, but only time will tell if Joan's decision to appoint him as her poet laureate was a wise one.

Nature: Child

Demeanor: Follower

Physical: Strength 2; Dexterity 3; Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3; Intelligence 3; Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 4; Awareness 3; Dodge 1; Empathy 2; Expression 4; Streetwise 2; Subterfuge 3

Skills: Crafts 2; Drive 2; Etiquette 3; Meditation 2; Performance 3; Security 2; Stealth 3; Survival 2

Knowledge: Academics 3; Bureaucracy 2; Enigmas 3; Investigation 2; Law 1; Linguistics 3; Wraith Lore 3; Occult 2; Politics 3; Science 2

Backgrounds: Contacts 4; Artifact (Lyre) 3; Artifact (Endless Notepad) 3; Relic (Pen) 2; Notoriety 2; Status (Confederacy) 3

Passions: Write (Love) 4; Perform (Self Confidence) 3; Listen to Others (Curiosity) 2; Obey Altair (Gratefulness) 2

Arcanos: Argos 1; Keening 4; Moliate 2; Usury 1; Phantasm 2; Pandemonium 1

Fetters: British Library 2; Manuscript of Poems 5; Photographs from the Twenties 3

Willpower: 5

Shadow: The Paranoid

Angst: 4

Thorns: Bad Luck; Freudian Slip; Honeyed Tongue; Trick of the Light

Shadow Passions: Show the Psyche how Pathetic he is (Self Hatred) 5; Alienate the Psyche from his Friends

(Fear) 4; Drive the Psyche Mad (Paranoia)

Image: A wiry, wide-eyed twig in the wind, Tristan seems to be almost everywhere at once, which makes him useful as the head of Joan's Courtesans, who are, by their very description, part entertainers, part spin-doctors. However, Tristan has always been far too paranoid and hyperactive to fulfill either of those roles properly, and people wonder why Joan keeps him on at all. His appearance is somewhat eccentric to say the least, his dress a patchwork of different times spanning from the art deco to the medieval, his dishwater-blond hair is ragged in tattered waves about his pale, drawn face from which his milky-blue eyes flicker back and forth almost constantly.

Roleplaying Hints: You are almost unnaturally frightened and anxious. If someone startles you, jump out of your skin. When you speak, babble, let your words flow together until what you are saying no longer makes sense. When you are in a safe environment, listen to others, make nervous suggestions. When you are performing one of your works, your hands shake, your voice may even quiver a little, but otherwise be nervous, but confident where your poetry is concerned.