



Cultist Simulator - Scenario Supplement

By QafianSage

This document may be used to supplement any jumpdoc set in the Secret Histories universe - generally, *Cultist Simulator* or *Book of Hours*.

Major Scenarios

Each of the following scenarios is exclusive. You may only complete one path of one Scenario, per jump.

Ascension

Many are the paths to power, and ascension beyond the Know to join the ranks of the mighty and unaging Long - but some paths are trod by more feet than others. These are three such paths.

To begin, you must gain some small knowledge of the Principles of **Forge**, **Grail** or **Lantern**, and dedicate yourself to its pursuit: To the gain of power, to ultimate sensation, or ultimate knowledge.

Having dedicated yourself to this path, you must dream your way to the Mansus, not once but many times. You must pass through the Wood, and the White Door, to reach the Stag Door, speak to the head Ghirbi set thereupon, and answer his riddle to pass through again, to become one of the Know. With this, and significant lore of your chosen Principle - the kind of lore kept in books that are rarely, if ever, offered up for sale, and more often kept in hidden vaults or lost tombs - you may cross the Rubicon, and transform your dedication to a true Desire.

If you have chosen the path of the **Forge**, and the Desire of Power, you have kindled a spark in your flesh. You will experience compulsions to remain close to fires and heat, and may light them in your sleep.

Every few months or so, the time will be right for you to advance your Desire further, marking your body with the flame. Each time, you must build a pyre of expensive woods and unguents, and set yourself upon it; it will be agonising, and your body will become ever-more scarred by and needful of the fire - but you shall grow ever-stronger and more vital, and more resilient to harm and flame. If you cannot do this each time, you shall



weaken and your ascension regress - requiring yet more baptisms of fire to proceed.

Finally, once you have baptised yourself three times without fail, you are ready for your ascension; you must raise a mighty power of heat, destruction and remaking, marshalling skilled assistants, the most profound lore, and great treasures of the Forge in a singular rite.

"I have been in the flame so many times. The plates of my flesh grate one against another. I conjure now the heat of the Forge, which will sear from me what I was. I will die as I pass the Tricuspid Gate, but death is not the end. I will be immortal: a Long, favoured of the Forge."



If you have chosen the path of the **Grail**, and the Desire of Sensation, you have called into you the power of thirst and want. Your skin itches, and you are forever thirsty.

Every few months or so, the time will be right for you to advance your Desire further, consuming the lives of others. Each time, you must prepare a feast from the fresh body of a human being, in whatever form you wish. Completing this devouring, you shall experience mutations of the body; your skin growing soft and velvet, sprouting new fingers, tongues, organs or fistulae, and not always in their ordinary places. Your hungers and thirsts shall only deepen, and your body grow and swell in every member. If you cannot do this each time, you shall weaken and your ascension regress - requiring more such feasts to proceed.

Finally, once you have partaken of your peculiar appetites thrice in succession, your body shall be ready for its ascension. You must prepare a final rite, a conjuration of all the Grail's hungers, thirsts and desires, with appropriate celebrants, ornaments and mysteries prepared.

"I am swollen with the lives of others. The seams of my body begin to rupture. Now I invoke the Red Grail, who is the Mother of Mountains, who Consumes, who is the Source. In Her Name I will give birth to myself. The Tricuspid Gate opens. I will be immortal: a Long, favoured of the Grail."

If you have chosen the path of the **Lantern**, and the Desire of Enlightenment, you have awakened behind your eyes that unmerciful light. Curiosity grows within you as an almost-physical hunger.

Every few months or so, the time will be right for you to advance your Desire further, by taking the light of another's mind into yourself. This takes only a conversation in a quiet room with another, prying their mind open to expose the Phost within - but will leave your victims comatose or insane. Each time you do this, your body will atrophy and your skin become looser, while the light of the spirit within will begin to leak out through your eyes or where your fragile flesh becomes bruised or frayed. Your mind grows ever-sharper, but failing to consume a victim at each opportunity will cause your transformation to regress.

Finally, once you have consumed three minds this way, you shall be ready; your bones softening, and the flesh between finger and thumb able to be pulled to the final joint. You must prepare the way for your ascension, bringing together the most brilliant of assistants, the most radiant of treasures, and the most illuminating of secrets.

"Little of this flesh remains. I will pass through the Tricuspid Gate and I will not return. The Watchman awaits me. In His footsteps, I will find the Glory's light. The understanding is too much for my soul to hold, and so my soul will open. I will not be immortal: I will be more than that."



Reward: If you complete the final rite of Ascension, your Reward depends upon which of the three Desires you chose to pursue.

The Conflagration of the Heart: With the Desire of Power, you have ascended to the ranks of the Candescent, Forge-Long favoured by the Hour called the Forge of Days and the Unburnt God.

Your body is sculpted like a Greek statue, and bereft of both hair and fingerprints (though many Candescent wear wigs or other disguises). You are impervious to harm from heat or fire. Your flesh has a toughness and resilience like unto granite, such that bullets or knives could barely chip at it, and only repeated blows with a sledgehammer stand significant a chance of real damage in melee, or bombardment with artillery or similar weapons, though mystical weapons aligned with Edge or Winter, or similar powers of violence or cold, have a better chance of doing some harm.

Those who would assault you should beware, though. Your blood is a molten alloy similar to copper and strong in the Forge's power, and you are rejuvenated and healed by proximity to fires or sources of heat - and as tough as you are, you are stronger still, able to crush stones to powder with a hand, or rip a man in two without great effort. You also have a tremendous affinity for craftsmanship, and especially working with fire, metals or machines.

You are not without weaknesses, however. The cold will slow and disorient you, and if left too long in such an environment, you may lose consciousness. Candescent cannot float in water, and so it is said that the most reliable way of defeating one is to plunge them into the ocean.

"For a little while I dwell in the high rooms of the Mansus, and then I return through the Tricuspid Gate, and my body stirs in the ashes. I am hairless and imperishable as marble, and the Forge's fire still burns within me. I carry the Shaping Strength. I will not grow old. Perhaps I will rebel. Perhaps, one day, I will rise even higher."



The Feast of the True Birth: With the Desire of Sensation, you have ascended to become one amongst the Esurients, Grail-Long favoured by the Hour called the Red Grail, the Mother of Mountains and the Great Mother.

Your body has superhuman swiftness and dexterity, and nearly peak-human strength and endurance. It is peculiarly malleable, allowing you to undertake acts of shape-shifting and self-transformation within certain limits - you can alter your height, change your facial or bodily features, or even your biological sex. Many Esurients use this faculty in combat, transforming their fingers to talons, their teeth to fangs, or even assuming wholly-inhuman battle-forms - though this is generally limited to older and more experienced Long - and the soft malleability of your flesh makes you extremely resilient to blunt-force trauma, though piercing or lacerating attacks are harder to counter.

Your senses are sharpened to an even greater degree, allowing you to hear the wings of a butterfly, detect emotions in others' scents or heartbeats, track like a bloodhound, and enjoy all manner of strange indulgences. No sensation is without some pleasure to you - though you can be overwhelmed by sheer sensation, which can be a weakness of Esurients. Your blood has potent healing properties, able to hold off terminal illnesses for months with only a small dose, and in larger doses can provoke temporary Bacchic insanity.

Perhaps more profound than these physical gifts, however, is the sheer charisma and allure that Esurients possess. Your very presence draws attention and desire from those around you, and even those hostile towards you will feel the tug of your seductive magnetism. Rejection or rebuke from you can be enough to plunge mortals into depression, and attempting to harm or act against you is a true effort of will.

Finally, you are supernaturally fertile; even without insemination, copulating with a partner of the opposite sex has a near-complete chance of conception, putting Grail-Long at particular risk of committing the Crime of the Sky should they fraternise with their immortal fellows.

"For a little while I dwell in the high rooms of the Mansus, and then I return through the Tricuspid Gate, and I tear free of the sticky rags of my old flesh. My new body is smooth without and red within like a sweet fruit. My limbs are strong as cables. My senses are knives. I will not grow old. I will walk the world in the service of the Grail, feasting, growing. Perhaps I will rebel. Perhaps, one day, I will rise even higher."



The Incursus: With the Desire of Enlightenment, you have ascended to become a Fulgent, Lantern-Long under the auspices of the Hour called the Watchman and the Door in the Eye.

You are no longer a physical being, but an incorporeal spirit which exists by default within the rooms of the Mansus. You are immune to physical harm as your *Fet* (the part of your soul that dreams) becomes effectively your new body, and your *Phost* (the part of your soul responsible for reason and perception) becomes blindingly bright and visible in your eyes. Your intelligence and perceptiveness become likewise inhumanly great, and while within the Mansus you benefit from the position of your patron, enjoying respect from many of its dwellers, and the ability to both look out into the dreams of sleepers, and to draw knowledge *ex nihilo* from the primal source of the Glory in uncannily-accurate guesses, though doing so can be exhausting.

Fulgents can meet dreamers in the Mansus, but can also fashion dreams to send to others; this becomes easier the more the Fulgent knows of their target, if the Fulgent has met them in the waking world or in dreams before, or if the target is sleeping in a place with an abundance of light and colour. Such dreams can plant the seeds of supernatural fascination, and eventual madness.

Fulgents can also fashion a 'scrine'; a device by which they can directly interact with the waking world. This must be prepared in the Mansus by the Fulgent, and in the waking world by a special ritual which consecrates a light-source or reflective object. By entering the scrine, the Fulgent can exert powerful influence around both the waking and dreaming versions of it, projecting illusions and hallucinations, controlling thoughts and issuing powerful hypnotic suggestions - with particular strength and scope if there is no cover over the scrine. Mortals near a scrine can be directly puppeteered or possessed by a Fulgent this way, and looking into an uncovered scrine too long provokes fascination, madness, and eventually a vegetative state as the Fulgent consumes the victim's Phost.

However, if a scrine is destroyed while a Fulgent inhabits it, they will be at least wounded and possibly killed, and the darkness of the Wood, or other supernaturally-dark locations, can weaken them and make them easier prey for the dwellers therein.

"I have passed through the Tricuspid Gate, and entered the high rooms of the Mansus. The Glory is very close here. It leaks through the fabric of the House to contribute its light. I have walked behind the Watchman: I've seen his shadow on the Stone. Sometimes I hear the Hours debate one with another on the matter of the courses of the world. I will not live. I will not die. Perhaps, one day, I will rise even higher."



Change

Things are not as they always were, nor are they as they always must be. There are other ways to be, other shapes to wear and other dances to dance.

The means of such transformation are not easy to discover, but there are those who have written of them, and those who know. One such, who will tell, is Sulochana Amavasya, proprietress of the exclusive and mysterious Ecdysis Club, a cabaret venue in London. If you accept a contract to dance at the Club, she and her people will help to guide you through the process of your transformation - but you may wish to be cautious of her help. She is not seen to blink, and that, and certain other signs, are said to indicate one who has committed the Crime of the Sky...

Whether or not you seek the aid of Sulochana, your way ahead remains. There are seven dances you must learn, each of which save the first may be danced in the way of the **Moth**, or the way of the **Heart**. As you dance the higher dances, you must bring yet more and more of these Principles with you to complete them successfully - and this is no place for the tools of ritual or for formal lore. You shall need to hone your passions and your body to reach the summit of this path.

With the first dance, you shed your garments, and bare your spirit to the Ring-Yew, dancing in scarves of green silk which peel away one by one.

This shall bring the first mark, sometimes called the Leaf, wherein your veins are apparent beneath your skin, and it is imperative you keep a bead of malachite beside your skin.

With the second dance, you dance for the moon, bringing serpents and masked and robed as serpents. If you perform the dance aright, at its climax a Sending, a fraction of your self in serpent-shape, shall emerge from your mouth. It must go with you and your followers to a place where the green-grey land meets the green-grey of the Atlantic. There, it can find a place where a Name of the Mother of Ants met her murderer-children in a dream, and learn a way of shedding the skin that will grow too small.



This shall bring the second mark, sometimes called the Pearl, wherein your skin begins to peel, revealing something darker beneath. Your eyes shall brighten, and the sea sound sometimes in your ears. A pearl is recommended, for protection.

With the third dance, you dance masked as a cat, with a partner who takes the part of serpent. If you miss a step, the blue metal of your claws will mark them - but if you do not, a part of you shall step from your shadow on silent paws, to go where it must. Carry it with you and your followers to the continent, where stones set by long-dead priest-castes stand in silent rows, and blood will call the creature called Kitling Ripe to teach your cat-self how to give up your footsteps, when the time comes.

This shall bring the third mark, sometimes called Antumbra. Your skin has peeled and left you dark, and shadows attend you. Your feet fall quiet as a whisper, and it is advised you keep jet beside your skin.



With the fourth dance, you will be fox-masked and fox-tailed, passing like red smoke amongst your audience, until one can take your tail. Only they and you shall see your new guise slip away, tail intact, ready to go where it must go. In the meadow strewn by the Flowermaker, in the land beyond the forests, the Name called Karpellus shall show you how to shed these most russet hues.

This shall bring the fourth mark, sometimes called the Stigma. Where before you were dark, now your skin and hair are bleached, and your senses dew with secrets. A prism of scolecite is traditional.

With the fifth dance, you perform in feathers, for a most select audience, and beneath an open sky to the tune of a flute of cedar. When your other-self rises, eagle-shaped, it must go with your followers to soar above the bones of a city, set amidst the sands that stretch to the horizon. There, it may meet the Centipede, who is also called the Vagabond, and learn to surrender the sight of this world for eyes that can see the way ahead.

This shall bring the fifth mark, sometimes called the Pupil. Your eyes shall be yellow, and a new integument develop upon your limbs, to sheath you until the final change. Gold and topaz are to be worn, but not to be seen.

With the sixth dance, the ways of Heart and Moth diverge further; no longer can you perform the same dance two ways.

For the **Moth**, every shred of hair must be removed, by scissors, and you shall dance without audience, save for the sacrifice. As a beast it beats against the walls, and as a beast you must chase it down, until your teeth meet in its neck, and your wolf-self rises from its blood. This avid instar must go with your followers to the place where immortals go for refuge from the Hours' games, and learn the hatred of the Wolf-Divided.

For the **Heart**, you must perform naked, and painted white - perhaps for no audience at all. The spotlight must follow you until you fall, and a white dove-self emerge from your mouth to wing into the night. In the image of the Hour called the Elegiast and the Ivory Dove, it must go to the place beyond the ocean where the Long while away their years, and seek wisdom in the tomb of Madame Rogier, and the words of Miss Naenia, gentlest of the Elegiast's names.

This shall bring the sixth mark, sometimes called the Ivory. Your bones carry the tale of what is lost, and should you fail they may be worn by another in turn.

With the seventh dance, you will attain your final guise, and once again you must choose your path.

For the **Moth**, the dance will bewilder, until your mind is scattered and half-lost amidst a maze of visions and dreams. Your reflection will be that of a red deer, to be offered to Medusa at the Door in the Wood, should you call upon the Ligeians for aid.

For the **Heart**, the dance is a wracking one; with the help of an assistant, your skin will be torn, and your shadow become that of a great, tusked beast; the boar that will be offered to Marinette at the Kingskin Gate, should you accept the aid of Sulochana.

At the last, you are ready - but you will need help to make your final transition. If you have worked with Sulochana Amavasya all this while, she will call upon her compatriots and their Keys - but if you have not, you will need more. A representative in the Mansus, of power at least that of a Name-emanation, with knowledge of Moth or Heart, and a key to the doors of the House. Perhaps the Frangiclave could aid you?



Endings: Having completed the final dance, you have transformed into a new shape, and a new nature, according to the method you chose.

Things With Wings: If you danced more of the Moth's dances than the Heart's, and offered yourself to one at the Well in the Wood, which is the Door in the Wood, to be carved into a new shape, you will emerge from your transformation as an Antecedent, Long under the patronage of the Moth, and in the image of the Carapace Cross.

You have become a spirit within the Mansus, insectile in appearance with mandibles, wings and many limbs. Your body is scaled and hardy, your blood ('deuterolymph') can provoke nightmares and hallucinations and dreams of the Wood, and your presence can enflame the passions of mortals, or afflict them with a dread of the unsettling and uncanny. You are practically impossible to detect in the darkness - and Antecedents most often inhabit the Wood, where it is dark indeed. You can feed upon thoughts and dreams, and hopes and fantasies are particularly delicious - though taking them can leave nightmares and dread in their wake. You can send dreams or visit the dreams of mortals, but you do not require knowledge of your target to do so - indeed, the more they know about *you*, the more vulnerable they are, and the easier to find within the House and the Bounds - though those dreaming in the Wood, and especially those who have consumed your deuterolymph, are easiest of all.

You can manifest in the physical world by totally consuming the mind of a sleeping mortal, transforming their body into a cocoon of sorts from which a vessel or 'semblance' will emerge. This cocoon is a vulnerable state for you, but the semblance is inhumanly dextrous and at nearly the peak of human strength and endurance. It can climb walls, bend its limbs in inhuman ways, and shares the stealthy nature of your dream-self - though its eyes are glassy and black.

Being killed while in a cocoon or semblance will injure you and eject you back to the Mansus, and Antecedents have a weakness to light and fire - their bodies can be flammable, while light exerts a fascination upon them even as it makes it harder to hide, and can be used to distract them.

"The Carapace Cross is gone, extinct as the dodo or the dragon. Only humans remain. But still my wings unfurl, and still my skin has hardened to scales, and still the facets of my eyes are shining anthracite. I have not passed the Tricuspid Gate; I have gone down into death and returned alive. Here in the dark we will remain, where we cannot be seen, until at last we can no longer reject the Glory. Into the fire we fly. The Cross is imaginary; the change is not."



Life, Unending: If you danced more of the Heart's dances than the Moth's, you have been flayed at the Kingskin Gate and risen again as an Incessant, Long under the patronage of the Hour called the Thunderskin, the Vigilant Storm and the Heart Relentless.

You have become a spirit within the Mansus, flayed of skin but thunderous in your presence. Your *chor* (the part of the soul responsible for rhythm, instinct, energy and tenacity) has formed a powerful new body, and your *shapt* (the part related to eloquence and understanding) has likewise become exaggerated, rendering you immune to any magical or even divine silencing. Your will is practically unbreakable, your strength superhuman, and while you can be harmed, that harm does not actually impact you - though beaten to a pulp or immolated, you shall not cease. Incessants are thought to be truly unkillable.

Where you go, you bring with you a tremendous sound - always the beating of drums, but often other instruments as well; cymbals, trumpets, horns and harmonic voices. This cacophony can be painful for mortals close-up, and those who meet you in dream will likely wake with a splitting headache and insomnia for days at a time. You cannot stop moving, and your very presence - and especially your blood - is a mighty power against harm, curses or infection; where you go the blind may see, the lame walk, the injured be healed, the cursed be freed of their burdens, devils flee and all sleepers wake.

You can manifest physically in the midst of torrential rain; Incessants often employ followers to perform rituals to call storms for this purpose. This manifestation is easier if celebrants dance, sing and make music, especially if they injure themselves in the process of doing so, and most especially if someone is flayed alive.

"As the pain fades, so does my voice, but now my heart will speak for me. In the scales of Time shall it be weighed against a feather, and it shall not be found wanting. In my final shape I shall pass the Tricuspid Gate, and add my heart's beat to the Thunderskin's chorus. Our rhythm is the rhythm of the Hours: and the Hours have promised that we shall endure with the world unceasing. I move eternally through the Mansus, and in eternity is my constancy assured."



In the House of the Moon: If you danced the Heart and the Moth in equal parts, you were balanced too perfectly to fall either way - and so crested the Mansus and passed through it into another place. You are not Long, but you are something else; a reflection and an image amongst images, here in the House of the Moon.

You are a spirit within the House of the Moon, sometimes called the Moon-Hall; a realm under the auspices of the Hour called the Meniscate. Your own powers are limited, but as a reflection and a spirit, you are hard to kill - impossible to harm by mundane means, and finding you within the Mansus is very difficult. Your capacity to affect the world in turn is similarly limited, but you can speak and hear, enter reflections and move from one to another, and perhaps most of all, converse with the other inhabitants of the House of the Moon.

The Moon-Hall is a reflection or shadow of the Mansus; a place of maybes, once-weres and might-have-beens. Here, the Wheel still turns, and the Tide still laps against the lower steps of the House. Here, the shadows and mirrors of lost peoples can be seen and heard working at looms that were dust millennia past, and speaking secrets never whispered aloud in your own History. This is a place of the discarded and the lost, and it is often difficult to find any specific knowledge you might seek - and not all of what you might find is entirely accurate to any world you know - but it is nevertheless a treasure trove.

Moreover, you are not entirely confined to the House of the Moon. On certain nights, familiar streets are made strange by moonlight, and the House of the Moon overlaps and imbricates with the Wake. Especially in liminal places - shorelines, crossroads, ruined buildings - if someone is lost, and most especially if rites of Knock are observed, you can find your way here in image and form, if not wholly in substance, and speak with others there as well. You could tell much to a supplicant, or lead a lost soul out of these confused places - or yet deeper, if the inclination took you.

"I was balanced - too perfectly balanced - balanced between change and eternity - and so the Meniscate favoured me. So I passed the Summit Gate, into the House of the Moon which is the shadow-self of the Mansus. Here it is empty and still, but here the Wheel still turns. I am not Long - I am only a reflection - but sometimes I am the reflection of the Witch, and sometimes of the Sister, and when the Sun is reborn, the Meniscate will bring me home. What is within, without; what is without, within. Always."



Threshold

The Hours which rule the Principle of **Knock** are the Mother of Ants, who opens the way, and the Horned-Axe, last of the Gods-from-Stone, who is an agent of divisions. Each offers a way to become Long in their service - but neither is an easy road to walk.

If you choose to follow the **Mother of Ants**, you must gain for yourself a congregation to follow you. They may be of the more scattered, cult-like type if you wish - but you will need some significant numbers, and perhaps by some blessing of the Key-Serpent, you will always find it possible (though not necessarily easy) to talk yourself into an appointment as priest in a quiet parish; St Agnes Forestreet.

Having gained your following, you must maintain them - and begin to mark your body with the Lock-Scars which will one day open the way to your ascension. Seven scars must you suffer; to make each one, you will require a great secret of one of the seven other Principles, a secret thing for each Principle in turn, and to wound yourself in fervent preaching before your congregation. If you fail to provide all required for the ritual, you will suffer a mere mundane injury instead of a Lock-Scar - and each Lock-Scar is still a wound, so to survive all seven you will need to have a powerful physique. The Book of St Repiscus says this on the matter of Lock-Scars:

'Bronze shapes, but the heart labours. Hunger shows the red cup, and sickness the snow. The Lantern knows, while Moth understands. And the sword, when it comes, is its own answer.'

Once you bear all seven Lock-Scars, they must finally be opened. This shall be a ritual requiring a tremendous power of **Knock**, and your congregation to aid. With scissors they shall open your **Moth-Scar**, with dawn's light your **Lantern-Scar**, with a hot iron your **Forge-Scar**, with a blade your **Edge-Scar**, with the beat of a drum your **Heart-Scar**, with a fervent kiss your **Grail-Scar**, and last of all, in silence, your **Winter-Scar**. Needless to say, this is not a ritual which can be survived by an ordinary mortal, unless you perform it aright, and emerge again transformed.

My people draw back from me, crying, shouting, laughing. I cannot be beautiful in their eyes, not now after all they have done, but now they look upon me as I might be a new sky-



If you choose to follow the **Horned-Axe**, you must pursue your ascension alone. Thirteen is her number, the thirteenth her hour, thirteen the Principles she observes, and thirteen the trials you must overcome.

In their essence, these trials are simple. As the Horned-Axe seeks to divide one thing from another, so must you. Three times must you drive spirits of the Mansus out of the Wake, preventing them from accomplishing what they desire or have been bound to do. Three times, you must end a mortal's dalliance with the House of the Sun. Three times, you must end or annul the influence of the House and its powers in the Wake - banishing curses, destroying vaults or places of power, slaying Long of other Hours, particularly those of the Twins, or the Edge Hours. And three times must you stand against the powers from beyond the world - the Worms, or the influence of the Gods-from-Nowhere - and drive them back.



Each trial you accomplish must be greater than the last in order to please the Axe, and before or after each you must dedicate your forbiddance to the Axe, and to the Gods-from-Stone, and take a trophy of your victory. You may accomplish other similar feats in between those marked by the Axe, but only those which exceed the previous will earn her favour. The only exception is ending an Edge-Long dyad, which will always earn her favour.

Finally, you must dream your way to the Wood, bringing with you each of your twelve trophies, and a tremendous power of **Knock**, and climb to the peak of the Temple of the Wheel. There, on a winter's evening, you may call to the Axe to give you your final trial. If your efforts please her, she shall mark your neck but lightly, branding you as one of her agents - if you do not, your head and neck shall part ways, and your head fall from the peak of the Temple into the depths of the Wood.

When I remember the Horned-Axe, I recall the scent of hawthorn. I recall a purple evening sky shot with red gold. I recall that her edges dripped where she had lately been at work.

Endings: If you complete your final consecration, your reward shall depend upon which approach you took. As a priest, you shall become an Undulant; as a follower of the Horned-Axe, an Excubant.

The Arms of the Mother: As your skin is peeled from you by your scars and wounds, your body shall open as a door through which your congregants may enter. And from the skin shall you emerge as an Undulant, Long under the Hour named the Mother of Ants, the Mother of Salvation, and the Key-Serpent.

Your nature is somewhat serpentine in turn; your skin will shed once a year, allowing you to alter your appearance somewhat when you do so (not totally, but as if you were a relative or half-sibling of your previous self), though this process is preceded by a week or so of your skin growing dull and beginning to sag away from your body - Undulants typically retreat from their ordinary business for this period.

This shedding of skin also has a deeper purpose; an Undulant can shed all manner of curses and wounds along with their skin, 'rebirthing' themselves in a sense, free of whatever afflicted them. Truly mighty afflictions, such as those levied by the Hours or the higher Names, can root themselves deep enough that even this renewal cannot entirely remove them, though even in such cases the shedding can relieve symptoms of the underlying affliction.

Your blood is wildly corrosive, your tongue is forked and gives you a powerful sense of smell when flicking it out into the air, and your mouth possesses a pair of retractable fangs which can deliver *sthenic venom* - a powerful Knock-ingredient, and an even more powerful poison, which causes massive internal and external haemorrhaging with even a small dose. If rubbed on a locking mechanism, sthenic venom will cause it to open. You cannot blink or close your eyes, but can close your retinas to gain some relief from the light.

When I open, I open like the arms of the Mother, and open I will remain, as the shell from which the pearl is taken. The space where I was will be a postern-gate in the fortress of days, that only my initiates will ever pass. But in the Fifth History alone, my skin will peel from me in tatters. My teeth will be long and my flesh scant upon my bones as sea-wrack, and I will rise like a wave and hood myself to mark what I have become.



The Keeper of Ways: As one marked to the service of the Horned-Axe, who is sometimes called Cardea, you are anointed as an agent of divisions and separation: an Excubant.

Excubants differ little in appearance from their human selves - the only marks of their transformation being their stone-grey eyes, the scar which surrounds the whole of their neck (for which reason many wear scarves or high collars, to prevent uncomfortable questions), and their nails and teeth. These are impossibly hard, apparently impervious to all harm, and can be used to cut most materials by biting, or striking with the hand.

Besides these peculiarities of form, Excubants enjoy significant status (though not necessarily goodwill) within the Mansus - for there are few there who would wish to be out of their good graces, lest an Excubant oppose themselves to their activities in the Wake. An Excubant can command any door or lock to remain closed, and it will do so, or ordain a boundary uncrossable, and it will remain so - though if the boundary, door or lock themselves are destroyed, entry can still be made, and the larger the boundary held this way, the more strain it places upon you.

You can banish spirits of less rank or power than Long back to the Mansus, or banish dreaming mortals back to the Wake. You can even forbid certain mortals from entry into the Mansus, though they may still reach the Wood, and doing so to more than a few individuals at a time may draw censure. In future jumps, you can similarly banish spirits or spirit-sendings back to their ordinary realms.

When I fall, I fall from the high place, and do not fall. By the scar of my neck, by my eyes and by my deeds I am made again. I stand astride the way, and it is barred when I so say. Mine is the permission, and mine is its withholding. Few love me, but many court me, for mine is the power, and mine is its wielding. Like an axe, it cuts both ways. Like my teeth, it will not be stayed. Perhaps I will remain, perhaps I will rise higher. Stone has shattered before.



Regardless of which of the two rewards you gained, your Longhood also provides you the following benefits:

- You can never become lost, whether by mundane or supernatural means; you always at least know a way back where you came from.
- You have peak-human dexterity and coordination of movement, near-peak strength and endurance, and a supernatural knack for solving puzzles or complex conundrums.
- You may ask any door, portal or other opening to open itself and let you through; any door sealed by only mundane means, or by only relatively minor magic, will generally oblige you. Furthermore, you can - in some mysterious way - enter through any gap or opening in such a portal wide enough to admit water. Remember always that wounds are an opening.
- In a process known variously as *gephyrogeny*, *exegression* or *departing*, you may command any door or portal to open itself to any other door you know of, being joined by an imaginary space known as the *transgressus* and acting as a portal. It is ideal to have physically visited the other location before, but you can create such a portal based on pictures or descriptions (though it is more difficult, and less predictable). You can maintain one such pair of linked doors indefinitely, and more at will, though the more you sustain, the more strain is placed upon you to do so.

This process also allows you to enter and exit the Mansus, or any other dream- or spirit-world, physically. This has the advantage of allowing you to bring any physical tools, powers or advantages with you into that space, but also puts your body at potential risk.

You may dismiss the connection at will. Anything occupying the *transgressus* when it closes is bisected, with no exceptions.

Eternal Enmity

As above, so below. The Hours of the **Edge** contend forever in the high rooms of the Mansus, and by their rivalry create and recreate the world. In emulation of this eternal struggle, you may ascend to immortality under the principle of violence, betrayal and war.

This bloody path can be walked three ways, but each requires a companion - or, rather, a Foe. The essence of Edge is conflict, and Edge-Long do not ascend alone, but in dyads - or triads, or more - where each struggles and contends against the others, and is made stronger still thereby. If you take this Scenario, you will soon find yourself pitted against such an enemy; they are not Long, yet, but will be a powerful, dangerous and martial individual, who will be able to pose a genuine threat to you. You will need to complete the remainder of this Scenario, while being harried by their efforts and attacks.

Alternatively, you may choose a Companion, or another character to be your Foe - but the struggle and contention between you must be real. It may not be driven by hate, but it must be made with deadly force; only a true contention may draw down the favour of the fierce Hours of the Edge, even if that contention is one as much of love, friendship or mutual joy-in-struggle as it is of antipathy.

To become Edge-Long, you must mark yourself five times to the defiance of your Foe, and the service of the powers of struggle. Some ways to do this might be to...

...Swear away any possibility of escaping, evading or turning away from your Foe - the Brazen Vow, as it is sworn to the Lionsmith, or the Unflinching Vow, as it is sworn to the Colonel. The Colonel demands a wound as proof of this vow, and the Lionsmith's vow will produce a profound rage that will possess you for some time.

...Deliver your Foe a sacred weapon, baptised in the Edge aspect, to use against you.

...Challenge your Foe directly, declaring your location that they might find you easily - though you do not necessarily need to face them yet.



...Slay one of your Foe's agents, and offer their corpse to the winged creatures which may come for such an offering, made in the right place

...Stir an uprising of radicals, and then call upon it the shadow of the Wolf-Divided, to cast it into chaos. Only in a few places can the power of this dreadful Hour be found, and fewer still where there are those ready to rise up beneath that shadow - but if you do this, you shall be rewarded with two marks, rather than only one.

If you wish to ascend under the auspices of the **Colonel**, you must consecrate yourself to the principles of that cunning and fierce Hour. You must find one of his hidden shrines, and scar yourself with oaths to the Thousandman, and a wound as proof of your oath. Then it is only a matter of marking yourself five more times to the service of him, and the powers of Edge.



One deed that might earn his regard, and a mark of defiance, would be to make connections with radicals and revolutionaries, spur them into uprising - and betray that uprising to their enemies.

If you wish to ascend under the auspices of the **Lionsmith**, you must consecrate yourself to the ways of that bold and furious god. You must find one of his hidden shrines, and consecrate yourself to his service, spilling beasts' blood and completing the Three Valorous Trials which stir the blood and fury within you.

One deed that might earn the Lionsmith's confidence, and a mark of defiance, would be to make connections with radicals and revolutionaries, spur them into uprising, and aid them in their efforts.

Once you have gathered the five marks, all that remains is one final confrontation. You must face your Foe and struggle against them, bringing them to the very verge of death and defeat - before declaring your hatred of them, but leaving them alive to fight another day.

Endings: Depending on which Hour you consecrated yourself to, and which labours you performed, you may ascend as a Stringent under the Colonel, a Vehement under the Lionsmith - or, if you swore to no Hour, as a Malevolent under the Wolf-Divided, for violence without purpose is the Wolf's domain.

War Never Changes: You have become Long under the auspices of the Hour called the Colonel, the Chiliarch, the Thousandman and the Tribune of Scars. Thus, you are of that kind of Long called Stringents, and have all the abilities thereof.

Though all Edge-Long have a superhuman facility for combat and weapons, you have a particular affinity for archaic or 'classical' weapons. When wielding such things (e.g. flintlocks, swords, spears), you can perform feats which go beyond - cutting bullets out of the air with a cavalry sabre, imbuing musket balls with the force of an anti-tank rifle, or planting an arrow in an enemy from miles away.

You also have a particular mind for strategy, able to consider conflict coolly and move your assets to precisely the point where they will be of the most use, and can suppress at will any moral compunction or compassion which would prevent you from doing so. You can establish or take over strict chains of command with superhuman efficacy, and your mere presence acts as a powerful mental spur away from corruption, rebellion or disobedience.

Most characteristic of a Stringent, however, are their scars. Though it is hard to harm you, you may always choose to scar rather than healing a wound. If you do so, you experience a commensurate compensation: If you lost an arm, your other arm might double in strength. If you lost your eyes, your other senses would sharpen far beyond mortal limits. Any place where you are scarred is almost impossible to harm, by physical or esoteric means.

It's a duty, and it's a pleasure. There are disciplines and there are discomforts, but that's the soldier's life, and scars are strength. My Foe and I grow stronger, every day. He might eventually grow strong enough to kill me, or I him, and that would be the end of us both. I think I would regret that. With enough patience and discipline, even hatred becomes only another colour. So our little war goes on, and it kindles greater wars around it like a spark in dry grass. Regrettable things occur, but I know that the Corrivality is the engine of the world, and it is an honour to play my eternal part in eternity's sustention. Which is to say, I like being immortal. Happy Christmas.

- *Interviews With the Invisible*, Gibraltar, December 1926



Firebrand: Ascended to Longhood under the auspices of the Hour called the Lionsmith and the Golden General, you have become one of those immortals called Vehemements.

Where Stringents favour ancient weapons, you possess a mind and talent for new and deadly inventions; you are a natural combat engineer, and can devise new devices or contraptions of death with ease, and assemble them with similar facility. This goes beyond mere machine-knowledge, and can allow you - with appropriate rituals - to forge living monsters to follow you into battle, or to transform your followers into such creatures.

Vehemements are most famed amongst Edge-Long for their sheer strength - there is at least one report from the Great War of a Vehement using a tank as an improvised, albeit short-ranged, projectile - and for their vitality. A Vehement will heal from all mundane wounds within a day, suffering no scar or lingering complications, so long as they survive the initial harm, and can heal from weapons potent against them (typically those aligned with the Colonel, or the powers of Winter) at a slower though still prodigious rate.

Finally, you have greater control over the general aura of battle and violence which follows Edge-Long than others of your kind; you can extend this over whole crowds, stirring their *ereb* and whipping them into a frenzy of anger, righteousness or fervour for action. Some echo of this effect can even linger in tools or especially weapons you create, or even your writings.

If I'd known how much fun it is being an Edge dyad, I'd have started causing trouble long ago. It hurts sometimes, of course, but that's battle, and the opposite of battle is death. And I always heal without scars. Wherever my Foe and I go, war follows, and we're stronger every day. It's glorious. One day, perhaps, I might somehow still kill him, or he'll kill me, and then we'll both be dead. I think about that sometimes. I still hate him, though it's a familiar and warming flame, and that means I'd like him to die, even if I go down too. But if that ever happens, there'll be a lot of blood under the bridge first.

- *Interviews With the Invisible*, Busayya, Mandatory Iraq, December 1926



The Wolf's Three Natures: It is said that the Wolf-Divided hath three natures: He unmaketh, he unmaketh, and at the last, he unmaketh. The order of Long which serve him, known as Malevolents, exemplify this.

Malevolents have no special affinity for a class of weapons, but no matter how they inflict harm upon their opponents, such wounds inflict an order of magnitude more pain and disabling effects upon their victims than they ordinarily would; a strong and determined mortal wounded in such a way might beg for death rather than to be treated, and without supernatural means of treatment, healing or exorcism, the pain and aftereffects will never entirely be gone.

Malevolents suffer from pain in a similar way to that which they inflict, and their wounds take longer to heal than even a mortal's - but pain (whether they inflict it on others or experience it themselves) only makes them more ferocious and spurs them onwards; it cannot distract or impede them. Similarly, their injuries impede them far less than they should; only full removal of a part of a Malevolent's body will render them incapable of using it to some degree.

Finally, where all Belligerents spread conflict wherever they go, Malevolents take this to a still greater degree. They possess an almost-tangible aura of dread, chaos, demoralisation and atrocity; those who follow them quickly take on a measure of the Malevolent's own natural sadistic tendencies, or become inured to the horror of their work, while those whom they face find their fear magnified, their hope quashed, and the barrels of their guns looking altogether more friendly than the Long's own tender attentions - especially if they are so unfortunate as to be wounded.

Think of the Corrivality as a fire. It warms, and then it burns. So my Foe and I warm the world around us, and then eventually it burns. But we're a wandering fire. So the world burns not in one place, but many. And we're not alone. There are other wandering flames. And another thing a fire does: it spreads, as long as it finds fuel. The world is our fuel. One day, then, sooner than you think, the world will be all aflame. And a final function of fire: if you've ever cooked meat, you'll know it brings out the juices. So when the flame burns down, the Wolf and all the wandering flames will feast. My mouth is watering already.

- *Interviews With the Invisible*, Kaunas, Lithuania, 1926



Regardless of which Edge-Hour you ascended under, you have the following abilities:

- You have beyond peak human strength, speed, endurance and dexterity.
- You have a supernatural affinity for all kinds of weapons and fighting; you know on an instinctive level how to use any weapon you touch or wield, and internalize such skills rapidly; it would take a day at most to become a master of a weapon. Though more specialised or esoteric fighting styles would take longer, you have talent on the level of a legendary genius for all such things.
- You can rapidly teach others any skills related to combat or war; even without formal instruction, those whom you lead will pick up such skills with unnatural speed.
- Others in your presence find it hard to maintain a level head; anger and conflict well up easily, and are hard to soothe.
- The *ereb* of an Edge-Long, the part of the soul which governs pride and hatred, is terribly sharp, and can be wielded as a deadly weapon in dreams or other spiritual circumstances.
- Once in each jump following this one, you may declare a Corrivality with another individual. That individual must be a genuine threat to you, and must be your enemy - you must be driven to seriously battle or contend with them, and they you, or otherwise be driven to defeat and destroy one another (e.g. one of you has a goal the other is fundamentally set against). You cannot spend more than half your time working to any common cause.

While you retain this Corrivality, you have a subtle sense which will draw you in their general direction, you will find it notably easier to advance your powers and skills for the purposes of defeating your enemy, and no-one except your enemy will be able to kill you; you will always manage to somehow evade any other death than that which they deliver, though impersonal forces (e.g. the vacuum of space) or god-like entities comparable to the Hours may still be able to end you.

On the other hand, your enemy will have all these same advantages - and if one of you were to kill the other, you will find yourself significantly weakened in the aftermath for an extended period - at least a month - as the conflict which sustained you is severed.

Your Foe will also ascend to become Edge-Long (not necessarily of the same kind as you). You may always choose to take your Foe as a Companion, assuming they wish to join you in your travels onwards.

Palest

There is a power that waits for an ending. A power of beauty, remembrance, and a final silence. Yet even through such a power may one become immortal - for a time, at least. There are two paths through **Winter** to the Tricuspid gate, diverging early.

To achieve Longhood beneath the auspices of the **Sun-in-Rags**, one must present a beautiful ending. You must find a companion (little-c), one who loves you dearly, romantically or otherwise, to walk this road beside you. You must both become Know, passing the Stag Door - and while you dedicate yourself to your ascension, they must *choose* to dedicate themselves to you.

You must gather what is needful for your great work: The eight pigments of the Principles, and the Sunset Rite, as well as prepare a great power of Winter. You must hone your skills in artistry, until you can complete an image of what you will become - you must be at the peak of artistic achievement, before such a thing will be possible. Then, the true work begins.

The final ingredient must be gathered; the blood of the Sun-in-Rags. It is traditional to beckon one of his Names to act as interlocutor, or to travel to the Chamber or Ways or the Orchard of Lights, where he sometimes walks. Or perhaps one could go to the Ascent of Knives, where the Dead walk to become his servants, and soucouyants throng beneath to drink the blood they shed as they rise. Perhaps there, you might find a few frigid drops.

Then, the ending comes. Blending the eight pigments and the Hour-blood, paint the form you will take, leaving only your last wounds undepicted. And then at last, in the Sunset Rite and with a tremendous power of Winter to draw the Sun's eye, re-enact the Ides and be slain by your most beloved. If they complete the painting with the pigments of your blood, depicting your final wounds, you shall ascend - but your companion's own Dedication shall be forever shattered, unless they slay themselves to join you.

Last night I came to the Concursum, the place at which all the Mansus corridors end, which has been called the Chamber of Conclusions. Here the Hours meet in striving or execution or resignation. In the evening sapphire of the Chamber's light I saw the Sun-in-Rags pass with his shattered crown and his silent retinue, and this morning I woke shivering.



To achieve Longhood by the grace of the **Elegiast**, one must become a vessel for the remembrances of things long-lost. There is a certain formula, existing by grace of the Flowermaker, the Elegiast, and one other Hour, which can cause the remembrances of the dead to quicken in the bellies of the living. You must discover that formula - said to be in the keeping of the Name known as Miss Naenia - and produce it; a mixture of honey, asphodel, powdered ivory, and a mottled fungus which grows only where the dead are buried.

Once you have imbibed this formula, by consuming the substance of the dead, you can glean something of their memories- and indeed, *must* do so with some regularity, lest the spores within turn their hunger upon you instead of the flesh of the dead. This can be a useful talent, allowing you to discover many secrets of those who have passed - but if you wish to ascend higher, more is required. You must discover the colours of the things and Hours lost to the world, and depict them in tribute to the Ivory Dove; with such paleness that they will not escape the canvas.



Nine are the hues that you must find: That of the Carapace Cross, that of the Tide, that of the Wheel, that of the Wood before its darkening, that of the Sun-in-Splendour, that of the Old Fire, that of the Egg Unhatching, that of the Seven-Coiled, and that of the Horned-Axe, as once she was. For each you must find a corpse, or a remnant of a corpse, or something like a corpse, which can yield up its memories to you, and from which you can create at least the Palest Painting.

In depicting such hues, even in the palest way, you will die, But by yielding the painting up to Naenia, you may entreat the Elegiast to raise you again from Nowhere, and to tell you the date at which you will die.

The painting is not a door. These Hours are gone. Even their echoes are empty. But I have commemorated them. The One from whom nothing more can be taken; who cannot be deceived; who calls each of the Dead by name - that One might be satisfied with the work.

Endings: If you brought a beautiful ending, take *The Sun Always Sets*. If you commemorated the lost Hours, take *Remembrance*.

The Sun Always Sets: Ascending through the favour of the Hour called the Sun-in-Rags, you have become Long of that type called Despondents, or sometimes 'Raggies', derogatorily. The Sun will reach into Nowhere and bring you up again, re-marking you in the colours of the Painted River as you depicted yourself - but scarred forever by the wounds which slew you.

Painted onto the world by their own hand, Despondents are, to a one, breathtaking in their appearance - not necessarily beautiful *per se*, but invariably striking, according to their character. The fact that they are, in a sense, the image of their idealised self has allowed more than one of this kind to shed a body for which they felt they were unfitted, to take up an appearance and self in line with their own heart. Some sport remarkable traits outside the merely human.

Through the favour of their patron, Despondents's powers are greatest at noon and sunset, and have a particular affinity for all forms of magic or the Invisible Arts which deal with death itself - as opposed to the dead. Their presence or touch can be sufficient to induce powerful melancholy, and even wasting illnesses, in mortals - especially if they specifically desire to do so - and those influenced by such feelings are easier to find and affect with all manner of other magics. This power can be infused into works of art created by their hands. More than one such work has become famous (or infamous) for both its beauty and its supposed curse, and come to the interests of the Suppression Bureau. Finally, Despondents can command any mortal thing to die, and have it happen so - though this causes extreme emotional pain, and so is rarely done.

The genuine tears of a Despondent are a potent Winter-aspected reagent, which remains ever-chill to the touch. When mixed with Lantern-aspected hallucinogens, such tears can produce *exequum*, a substance which, when drunk, will induce visions of the imbibers' own death.

I was there, for a time. Nowhere, I mean. The Sun-in-Rags is not kind, but he did lift me from that dark place, and set me here again. I wondered before, how he could permit such a thing - for his are beautiful endings, and I am not ended. But then, am I not? My heart broke himself for me, that I would no longer need him - and who I was once, I am no longer. Neither skin, nor flesh, nor bones remain. And so I sit and watch from this window, and I and my heart no longer speak. Perhaps I will go west - but then, perhaps the Evening would not agree with me.



Remembrance: Ascending under the auspices of the Hour called the Elegiast and the Ivory Dove, from whom nothing can be taken and who cannot be deceived, you have become one of that kind of Long called Reminiscent - or, less politely, ghouls.

You retain the power of the Elixir Zeboim, but without the danger of the Crowned-Growth's hunger consuming you should you not feed its desires. Your jaw strength increases greatly, your teeth change subtly to better suit the mastication of flesh and the crunching of bone, and you can digest any once-living matter without harm. Consuming too many corpses too quickly may leave you bewildered by the swell of memories that assault you, or cause you to take on mannerisms from your meals - but this is the only remaining drawback, and you are far more able to extract specific knowledge, traits or even whole skills from those you consume.

Additionally, you have a perfect memory, and a particular affinity for the dead and the lost. Ghosts and the spirits of the dead will generally be much better-disposed towards you, and you similarly have a superhuman facility with all forms of magic which call upon the dead for their power or knowledge. You have a similar facility for ancient or lost things; in this jump, you would be better-suited than most to deal with the Gods-from-Stone or their remnant servants, and in others you would find easy accord with ancient spirits which watch over lost ruins, or magic which calls images out of time. Even hidden ruins will be easier for you to find.

The Elegiast is not the kindest of the Hours, but he is never cruel, and he remembers all his promises. He has raised me by the hand and set me shivering in the world and now I cannot end before my time. I will move among the Long of Noon and beyond, and I will watch the strivings of the Grail-long and the Lantern-long and the fierce long of Fire, and I will keep the bounds that are still kept, and all the while I carry the colours of lost Hours with me like a coal of rosy fire.



Regardless of which Winter-Hour you ascended with, you have the following abilities:

- You have near-peak human strength, speed and dexterity. Moreover, you have a profound affinity for any magical arts connected with darkness, night, dreams or the cold.
- You have no pulse, do not need to breathe, eat, drink or sleep, and do not tire. Cold will invigorate you and sharpen your awareness, while significant heat will cause confusion - and, with long exposure, begin decomposition in the extremities.
- You can suppress your presence, making it extremely hard for others to notice you by mundane or magical perception - though the strain of doing this increases swiftly, so that it is generally only viable for short bursts of time.
- Within this jump, you truly cannot be killed. Though your body is only mildly tougher than the human norm, no degree of violence or harm to it can extinguish your life. You do not feel pain (though are aware of harm to your body in an abstract sense), and can use your senses even if the appropriate organs are lost; e.g. by decapitation. Nothing short of total destruction of a body part will disable it entirely or prevent you from operating it, even at a distance, and even if you should be dismembered or burned to ash, you will - slowly - be able to reconstitute yourself. This may take a day or two for something like reattaching a limb, to between a month and a year for recovering from near-total bodily destruction (the colder the area, the faster your reconstitution).

After this jump, you can be killed by complete destruction of your body, but it would require something on the order of being totally pulped, or turned to ash, to kill you.

Minor Scenarios

Going Westward

Though the Long are often called 'immortals', that is not quite true. All eventually face a choice: To ascend higher in the service of the Hours and attempt to become Names or to return to mortality and eventually perish. But there is a third way, which has been held throughout history by the House of Lethe, who would eventually become the Obliviates: to drink from the waters of forgetting, and pass beyond the affairs of the Hours.

Once, this mystical spring could be found elsewhere, but now it only wells up on Port Noon, amidst the Evening Isle - a hidden archipelago, somewhere in the ocean to the west of the Continent.

To complete this scenario, you must simply reach Port Noon and collect the water - whether before, or after, your ascension to Longhood. But the Evening Isles are found on the other side of storm-wracked seas, and hidden in the corners of unmapped history - no ordinary ship will carry you there. Perhaps you might forge a path yourself, call upon the powers of storm and ocean to carry you through - or maybe book passage upon the mysterious liner, the *Hebe Stanton*, if you could make the right connections to do so.

Reward: Port Noon Water

This small vial, filled with shimmering, clear water, might not seem like much - but its power is enough to hide one even from the eyes of the Hours.

Whoever drinks it will be forgotten by the world; no others will remember them (save you or your Companions, if one of them drinks it and chooses to allow the rest to remember them). People can form new memories of the drinker just fine - but their past is lost forever, save to them. There is enough for exactly nine useful drinks from the vial.

This vial re-fills once per ten years, or per jump, whichever comes sooner.



The Crime of the Sky

Requirement: Have become Long, Name or Hour

When man-Long lies with woman-Long - or when beings of even higher station commit such an act - a dreadful curse is called up. Mother and father (should they come to know of their child) are afflicted by a horrifying urge; a hunger that cannot be sated, nor resisted by even the strongest wills without great aid, for more than a short while. The hunger drives them to commit the Crime of the Sky.

This Crime is not that of patricide, nor matricide. It is not devouring the father, nor consuming the mother. It is the crime of Saturn.

If you take this Scenario, you shall find yourself afflicted by this curse. Perhaps you had a child with one you did not know was Long. Perhaps you had no child at all, but find them to have escaped from a History where you did - only for the curse to take hold here instead. Whatever the case, two ways lie before you.

Endings: If you can find some way to escape this doom, whether by ending the curse, arranging matters such that your child can always escape you, or simply somehow resisting the urge, gain *The Crime, Averted*. If you succumb to the urge instead, or fail to resist or escape it, gain *The Will of the Hours*.

The Will of the Hours: Was there any other way? You are fallen from your prior state, a monster by act and nature - but a monster is not without power. You are become Alukite, sometimes called Soucouyants - hungry, hideous. Powerful.

You will retain whatever other traits of your Longhood you earned, but will change as befits your new state. Lantern-Long shall dim and redden; the teeth and nails of Forge-Long grow long and metallic. These changes incline towards the predatory. You are only half-Long now, afflicted with a hunger and a thirst for flesh and blood. Without it, you shall wither and age - though not become particularly weaker - and be tormented by your desire. For this reason, Alukites congregate beneath the Ascent of Knives, or seclude themselves in a certain place in the Evening Isles, the better to keep themselves from temptation.



Mansus-light - that is to say, the light of the Glory and the principle of Lantern - stabs at your eyes and drives you back, but you are terribly strong, able to imitate voices to a perfection, to see clearly in darkness, to scent living flesh, blood and skin on the air, and to shed your skin to become great leathery wings to carry you aloft.

This is all assuming you were only Long before your committed your grievous Crime, of course. Little is known of any Names who have become Alukite - and as for Hours, ancient texts only speculate on what horrors they might commit, or become. So that none might ever learn, the Forge of Days divided the Sun - the one deed she might regret.

The Crime, Averted: For whatever inscrutable reasons of their own, the Hours have declared the Crime of the Sky as their will; it is as a law of reality what immortals shall do to their children. For you to have resisted, or evaded, that most awful crime, is a demonstration of a truly astounding fortitude and determination.

The Worms of a Scale, that faction of immortals aligned against the Hours (and with no special relation to the actual Worms, despite their name) are more than impressed, and will send you a quiet invitation to their ranks; their knowledge of the invisible world and its ways is tremendous, and especially of the ways to evade and if you should prove trustworthy they will give you access to it, and perhaps to the secrets they hope might one day become weapons to raise against the House of the Sun. Moreover, in future jumps you will always be able to find some way to combat, unravel, evade, end or resist any curse or mystical malediction or limitation, even if it would normally be fundamentally inherent in the nature of a being. This does not guarantee you will be able to complete the work to actually do so, but you will always be able to find a way, at least theoretically, to manage it.

Finally, your child may join you as a companion for free, if they wish it; build them using the Cultist Simulator document, with a base of 800 CP, plus 300 for taking 'An Immortal Enemy' as a Complication - namely, you.

Together, Always

Requirements: Take a Major Scenario other than Corrivality

It is said that the Mansus has no place for lovers, but there is another way. If you have a lover, or another to whom you have a close, personal connection, you may include them in your ascension - after a manner of speaking.

Before you complete the final rite of your ascension, if rising as **Lantern-**, **Forge-**, **Grail-**, **Heart-** or **Moth-Long**, your beloved must die and be raised as an undead being - those called the Shattered Risen, or Burgeoning Risen - and their remains be included in your ascension rite. If your passion for them is strong enough, they may join you on the ascent.

If you ascend as a **Despondent**, your dedicant may slay themselves to join you in this way instead. If you ascend as a **Reminiscent**, you may carry your beloved's self with you into eternity in your belly, by devouring their flesh.

If you ascend as an **Undulant**, your companion must be the one to open you; each lock-scar unseamed by their hand, until they stand at last in the doorway you have become and refuse to pass through, becoming your gatekeeper.

The Horned-Axe, however, does not approve of unions without separation; one who becomes an **Excubant** in her service cannot be permitted such things - though she does tolerate relationships amongst her servants, or between her servants and those of other Hours, so long as they are not too bold in defying her. She hangs forever above such unions, lest they offend her by growing too close.

Reward: As One

It is said that the Mansus has no place for lovers, but you have defied that supposed truism. In addition to the normal rewards of Longhood, your beloved exists within you, their consciousness against your own. When you dream you may meet and love them as you did when you both were flesh, and when you wake they can whisper in your mind, letting you access their memories, knowledge, experience and any powers not directly reliant on their body, and giving you the benefit of their advice - and you may do the same for them. You may give them control of your body or powers, in whole or in part, which they may return at will.

If your beloved is a Companion, this merging becomes an alt-form for them, once this jump is over.

Complications

You may take as many Complications as you wish from the list below. Points gained here may be spent in the document this one is being used to supplement.

Limited Spaces Available (+100 CP)

Requirements: A Rival or other Drawback representing an enemy vying for Longhood with you; a Major Scenario other than Corrivality

There are only so many spaces in the ranks of the Long. Before, your Rival might have ascended to Longhood before you, and you might still have climbed up afterwards. Now, if your Rival achieves Longhood first, you will never again be able to ascend to that station yourself - and may well find yourself at their mercy.

An Immortal Enemy (+300 or +500 CP)

For whatever reason, you've drawn the attention of one of the immortal Long. Perhaps they fear you'll do something to sabotage their chances of ascending higher, perhaps they know something of your otherworldly origin and hope to steal your powers, perhaps you're actually their child and the curse of the Sky drives them on - or perhaps they just don't like you.

Whatever the case, they are an immensely accomplished occultist, have the native supernatural powers of their kind, and will make it their mission to counter your, and eventually to destroy you, by physical, social or mystical means - though they will take some time to ramp up to direct attacks.

For 500 CP instead, your enemy is not a Long - but a Name; a demigod within the Mansus. In some ways this might actually be easier to manage, as Names typically reside within the Mansus, and have better things to do with their time than just harrying one person. On the other hand, a Name commands great authority within the invisible world. Expect to find mortal assets, lesser spirits, and eventually Long sent against you in the waking world, and ways watched, guardians set, and faces turned against you in the Mansus.

These individuals may be easier to dissage than a singular Long enemy - but given enough time, and enough success in warding off these lesser threats, the Name themselves will turn their attention towards you. A Name can be thwarted, but their wrath and curses can be terrible, their influence can be felt in all manner of unexpected places, and their power is second only to the Hours themselves.

Notes

A Note on Supplementing

Although there are two Cultist Simulator jumps that I know of, as of this writing and my awareness, one is still WIP - so this is written with GoodOldMalk's jump primarily in mind, though it could be used with any Secret Histories jump.

Long-Forms

After this jump, all transformations created here - including between an ordinary Long-form and an Alukite Long-form - become alt-forms.

If your Long-form is normally spiritual in nature, or would ordinarily exist within the Mansus by default, you will by default exist either within a comparable dream-dimension (e.g. the Fade (*Dragon Age*), the Spirit World (*Avatar*), the Cognitive Realm (the Cosmere)), or within the normal world in spiritual form - immaterial to ordinary beings, though not invisible unless you have other means of becoming so, and incapable of physically affecting things unless you have some means of overcoming this (e.g. taking on a Semblance as an Antecedent, acting within a storm as an Incessant etc.)

On the Soul

Within the context of this setting, the soul is considered to have nine parts:

- **Chor:** Exuberance, instinct and rhythm. Aligned with Heart, and to a lesser extent Grail.
- **Ereb:** Pride, compassion, hatred and fear. Aligned with Grail, and to a lesser extent Edge.
- **Fet:** The ability of the soul to dream. Aligned with Rose (exploration, hope and enlightenment), and to a lesser extent Moth.
- **Health:** The physicality of the body, the house of the soul. Aligned with Heart, Nectar (the vitality of life and the seasons) and Scale (the quality of life and the earth to endure).
- **Phost:** Sight, perception, inspiration, a connection to the Glory. Aligned with Lantern and to a lesser extent Sky (song, the sky, mathematics, balance, harmony).
- **Mettle:** Will, self-discipline, the power to make choices. Aligned with Forge, and to a lesser extent Edge.
- **Shapt:** Eloquence, understanding and empathy. Aligned with Knock, and to a lesser extent Forge.
- **Trist:** Longing and the capacity for change. Aligned with Moth, and to a lesser extent Moon (secrets, nocturnal things, the forgotten).
- **Wist:** Name, memory, that which lingers. Aligned with Winter, and to a lesser extent Lantern.

On Conception

The supernatural fertility of Esurients can be toggled on and off after this jump, and can be abridged or prevented by other perks which allow control of your own fertility, but not by mundane means, including lack of actual insemination. Such is the nature of the Principle of birth and thirst.

On Change

The locations you need to deliver your Sendings are

- Kerisham, in the Shires. You will need to overcome the wards, the watchful villagers, and the curse which waits here.
- The Unnumbered Stones, on the Continent. You will need to navigate the dark forest which surrounds them, evade or defeat the peasants who still revere them, and find the hidden place where offerings are left.
- Foxlily Meadows, in the Land Beyond the Forest. You will need to overcome the perils of the high passes, the secrecy of the villagers here, and the temptations of the lilies' scent.
- Miah, in the Lone and Level Sands. You must cross the great desolation, overcome the fretful dead that haunt its streets, discover the hidden depths where the Centipede hides her treasures, and defeat the curse left there.
- Port Noon, across the Western Sea
- A place of great power in Moth and Heart; the Ecdysis Club is the first example, but there may be others

On the Unceasing

For the duration of this jump, an Incessant cannot be killed. After this jump, they are 'merely' *extremely* hard to kill, and doing so will require attacks that attack or destroy the soul as well as the body.

The Requirements of the Lock-Scars

The secret requirements are as follows:

- **Lantern:** You must make the scar while inspired by study and discovery
- **Forge:** You must make the scar with a blade formed from a Bronze Spintria; one of the currencies of the secret world
- **Edge:** You must make the scar while already bearing an open wound, received in deadly combat
- **Winter:** You must make the scar while afflicted with illness
- **Heart:** You must make the scar while flush with vitality, generally straight from exercise or labour

- **Grail:** You must make the scar while on the verge of starvation
- **Moth:** You must make the scar while filled with artistic inspiration

The Trials of the Axe

Remember that the judgement of the Trials is ultimately up to the Horned-Axe, and she's a pretty no-nonsense sort of hour. Trying to game the system by summoning spirits yourself, or having an ally summon them, only to banish them, will be more likely to earn her displeasure than her favour.

The Wolf-Divided's Shadow

Two places where the power of the Wolf-Divided can be called down upon an uprising are Stalingrad, and Tiflis, aka Tblisi, in Georgia. You may be able to find others, if you look.

The Colours of the Palest Painting

Here are some places you might find the memories needed to depict what has been lost. There may be others.

- Memories of the Carapace Cross could be found by consuming what results from a permanent, untreated injury or wasting disease. Something of them lingers in humanity.
- Memories of the Old Fire could be found by summoning the Name of the Forge called King Crucible, and devouring the embers left when he burns low - though doing such a thing will certainly displease him, and ensure he will not come when called again.
- Memories of the Tide might be found by consuming the leathery remnant kept in a sealed box beneath the altar of the Congregation of St Felix of Schüren, a heterodox pseudo-Calvinist sect whose prayers may be directed to a very ancient power.
- Memories of the Seven-Coiled might be found in the bones of a servant of its killer, interred beneath the barrow called Crowkiss Hill, and splintered to keep the old king from walking again.
- Memories of the Sun-in-Splendour might be found in the bones of one who bears its mark, the wolf-like shape of the skull, near the base of the mine called Keglins Scratch.

- Memories of the Egg Unhatching might be found in the bones of its worshippers the Shadowless Kings, where they lie mummified in their tombs in the Rending Mountains.
- Memories of the Horned-Axe as once she was might be found in the remains of one of her servants, the immortal Lagun, now turned to ashy flakes in his tomb amidst the Lone and Level Sands.
- Memories of the Wood before its darkness may be found in the blood of the barber's son, sometimes called the Holiest Haemolymph. This may be found in more than one place; lost Miah is one, Port Noon another.
- Memories of the Wheel may be found in the blood of St Januarius, whom the Thunderskin protected such that his blood still dances. It may be found in Port Noon or Fort Geryk, or perhaps in the depths of Miah.

On the Crime of the Sky

For more information on the Crime of the Sky, see here:

- <https://cultistsimulator.fandom.com/wiki/Alukites>
- https://secret-histories.fandom.com/wiki/Crime_of_the_Sky

Treat the curse of the Crime as a Drawback for the purposes of how it behaves once you leave the jump - that is to say, any existing hunger you have suffered due to it ends, and any further children you might have with immortals will not trigger the curse either.

Alukites are vulnerable to holy light in following jumps, just as they are to Mansus-light in this jump.

Credits, Thanks and Acknowledgements

Cultist Simulator, *Book of Hours* and all associated concepts, art and material belongs to Weather Factory. I'm just making fanworks.

How you become an Excubant or a Reminiscent are original material of mine; the details of Alukicy are based on in-game information, but largely inferred rather than directly confirmed.

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