

# CURSED NECROPOLIS



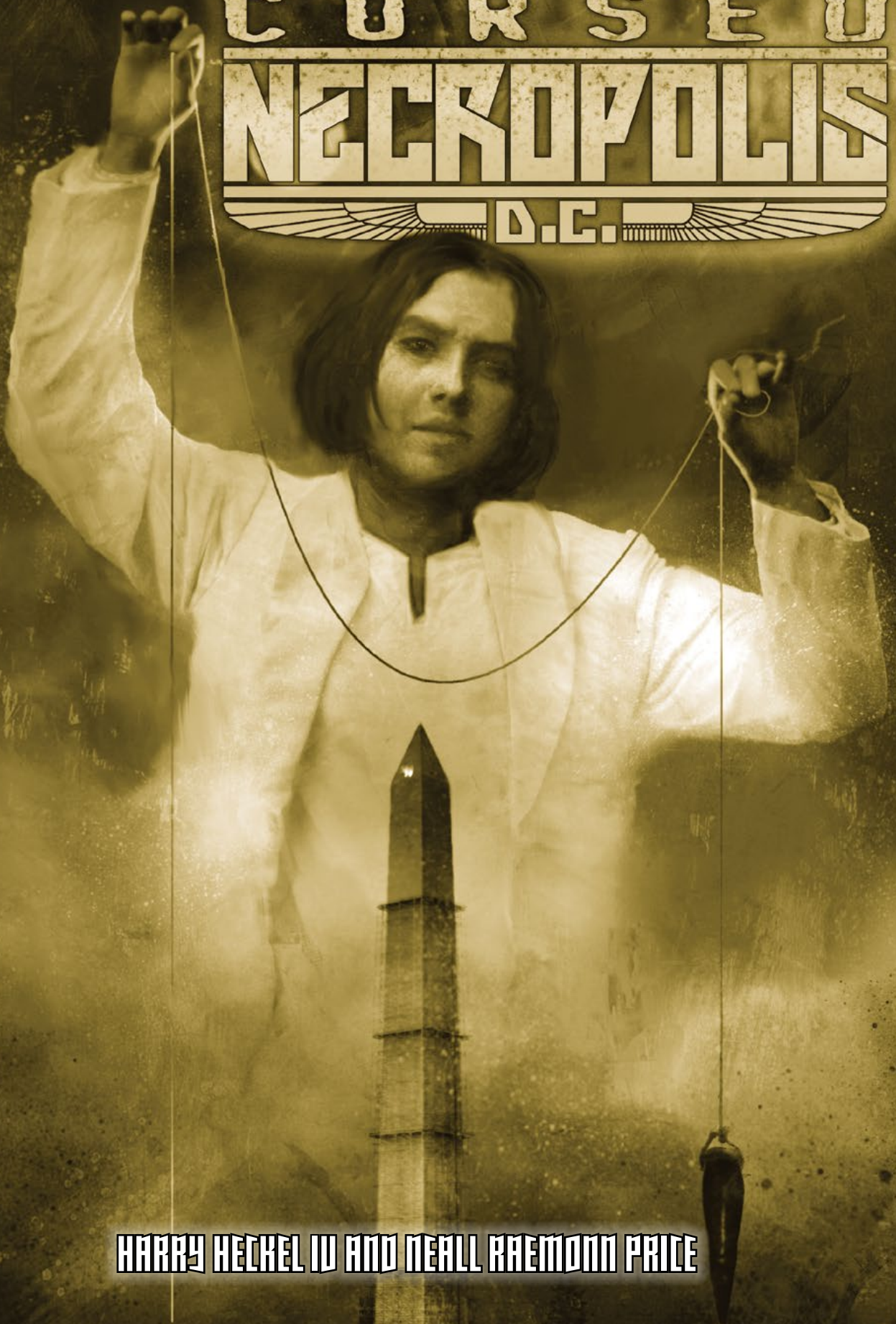
The image features a person with short brown hair wearing a white lab coat. They are holding a thin string with both hands, which forms a large loop around their neck. A plumb line hangs from their right hand. In the background, the Washington Monument is visible against a dark, cloudy sky. The overall tone is mysterious and ominous.

World of Darkness

a sourcebook for  
**MUMMY**  
the  
**CURSE**



# CURSED NECROPOLIS D.C.



HARRY HECKEL IV AND NEALL RAEMOND PRICE





# From Tears, Dust

January, Year of Our Lord, Seventeen Hundred Ninety-One Rock Creek, Maryland

He heard the Call, and he obeyed. Five blazing meteors fell perversely upwards, in defiance of everything natural.

*Build your city.*

He snapped into awareness. His eyes focused without effort, granting his surroundings clarity. Cold water rushed along his ankles and over his feet. He stood on sharpness, rocks strewn in the creek's riverbed, stretching towards a length three buildings' worth ahead. Woods surrounded him, dry and bare, spots of snow on the ground and floating in the water. Bright sunlight shone down—no more than an hour after the Nameless Lion's zenith, if he'd read the sky right (and he always did).

He stopped, as he'd been in the midst of stepping forward, and took in the beauty of the moment. *An oasis, he thought, stillness amidst movement.*

The air was clear and cold. Steam rose around withered legs and rotten linen. Had he proper hair, it would have been standing on end, the reeking scent of a man's cold flesh filling his nostrils. But he had no nose, and stank only of sweet Sekhem, perceptible to the mortal organ as anise and honey. The dead man, now among the living once more, sucked a noisy breath past a dry and rattling throat into lungs that weren't there. He looked at his hands, grasping a finely-wrought stone hammer

with the right and a measuring tool with the left. Might thundered down his arms, setting his digits to throbbing and twitching in anticipation of fulfillment.

*Build your city.* The directive swelled in him, consumed him. He started forward again.

"Master?"

The Arisen stopped and turned. The language was Iremite, colored harsh by the accent. Seb-Hetchet—ah! His name!—looked to the source. A robed man stood on the riverbanks, wearing a wide black headdress, white-plumed feathers stretching high into the air, gold thread sketching around an all-seeing eye. The man shivered and stumbled at the bank, trying not to shrink away from the dead man's gaze or get the hem of his robe wet. In both enterprises, he failed.

Seb-Hetchet worked his mouth. He knew this man. A name plunged out of the darkness. "Pierre...?"

The man nodded, anxious and eager. Under his unctuous headdress, Pierre's mouth spread open into a grin. "Oui. You have come back to us, master."

*Build your city.*

"The city... my city. What am I building?" Seb-Hetchet searched his mind, but no answer came. Symbols leapt out to his eyes, streets traced themselves in his mind, *heka* flows untangling and matching

current with the sweet Sekhem blazing under pressure from the Call. But why?

There was a sense of purpose obscured; ambition and action continued despite it. Seb-Hetchet's head ached. He shook it, sending ancient herbs rattling inside where the *sahu* hadn't yet congealed. Somewhere, a few hundred yards behind him, the *heka* flows revealed the presence of a tomb. His tomb. A simple thing, bare but serviceable. The rest of his cult must be there, he decided, suddenly recalling that he *had* a cult.

"Washington selected the proper site, as you foretold, master," the cultist said, his excitement overriding his fear at the dead yet walking god before him. "By the Eastern-Branch, swallowing Georgetown. Ten miles by ten and ten and ten again. Congress all but accused the General of nepotism for including Alexandria, but in the end none would dare gainsay the man or his integrity."

The Frenchman doffed the headdress, wiping sweat from a cold-reddened brow. "They'll amend the Residence Act with no problems, master. Washington has personally appointed me architect of the city. We shall build a city of canals and gardens and pillars, and damn Jefferson and his boulevard of dreams."

Seb-Hetchet, the White Jackal, watched a bit of snow detach itself from a rock and flow down the river. Nothing Pierre had said to him just now made any sense whatsoever. Nothing quelled the







impulse to build, an impulse the mummy knew came from the small cult that Pierre led.

"Where... where are we, Pierre?" the immortal said, hesitantly.

Pierre grinned at him. "The Territory of Columbia, they seek to call it."



January, Year of Our Lord, Seventeen Hundred Ninety-Two, Georgetown, Maryland (in the proposed Territory of Columbia)

The inn was cold yet again, despite the keeper's attempt to keep the hearth fed.

"I do not care for this place," Tarikh-Sethos said, for what must have been the thousandth time.

"It is the finest this city has to offer," Seb-Hetchet replied, completing their daily rote conversation. It was ritual after long months of residence. The second floor dining room of the Old Stone House had been pleasant in March, comfortable in June, unbearable in August, and finally bitter in December. He was further along the Descent than Tarikh-Sethos was. The cold had gone from a nuisance to an incurable ache, but one that had finally ceased to bother.

The lack of bother was worrisome. It meant time was running out. The pressure in his mind had abated over too short a season, replaced by the alien feeling of failure. The Jackal regretted, again, the decision to subdue the Amkhat outside the city. The beast's jaws had taken far too much out of him, and allowing the alchemist the right of the deathblow had been a mistake. The Jackal made an idle note of that.

Tarikh-Sethos rapped his heavy white gold ring on the table's edge, scarring it yet again. He did this every time Seb-Hetchet wandered off. The table's edge was a forest of scars, deep and heavy.

"Focus," the master alchemist of the Mesen-Nebu said. "We were on the canals." He tapped the heavy parchment with a light touch, so as not to disturb the ink.

Seb-Hetchet glanced at the sun's crawl across the table.

"Pierre should be back by now."

"Suter's Tavern again. Washington is displeased with our ambitions," Semasa said. "I told you, never trust men with red hair. They're snakes. Jefferson and Washington will damn our endeavor before it's born." He rapped his ring again, this time more out of frustration than anything else. "We should seek to make this man Ellicott our own."

"Pierre will talk him down," the Jackal said. Washington's and Jefferson's hair color bothered him too, but he could never say why, and knew better than to give his meret the satisfaction of commiseration. A leader must be a father to his men, not an equal, though Seb-Hetchet suspected the Judges did not see it that way.

"Pierre will fail."

"Have faith, my friend," Seb-Hetchet said. "We have eternity on our side."



March, Year of Our Lord, Seventeen Hundred Ninety-Two Georgetown, Maryland (in the proposed Territory of Columbia)

His thoughts came through a cloud of smoke, a fog gripping tight the pure crystal lights of

the mind. The Jackal moved slowly, deliberately, lest he lose his balance. Lifting his eyes

to his partner was an effort. That the sun glared golden in his eyes confirmed he'd been sitting for three hours. The Descent had brought him low after but a month's time. He heard the call of the Duat grow louder than the Call that brought him. Tarikh-Sethos had long since left to try and







support the supposedly-fired architect. Oba-Heshef had insisted on seeing the new slaves on the block that day. He was alone, and soon he would be dead once more.

Seb-Hetchet, the White Jackal, looked at the unfinished blueprint before him. L'Enfant had done his best to keep Washington at bay, but he had grown angry with the Jackal as well, as much as his sense of obeisance allowed. The mummy could not blame him. Months had gone by without proper work, but the flows of *heka* in the city were more art than science.

He was so tired. One could demand work, but one would never be satisfied with it. Millennia of remembering and forgetting, and still Seb-Hetchet knew one could not rush true brilliance.

"Perhaps you should have been an artist," the man's voice said.

Seb-Hetchet looked up, the fog boiling off in bright and sudden sunlight. His eyes focused, not without effort, past the golden glare that surrounded the stranger sitting across from him—a white man, thin and fiercely bearded, stroking a red-haired mane that partly concealed a high collar above an expensive suit. Dim grey eyes peered from behind spectacles. For the briefest of moments, Seb-Hetchet thought the man's features mismatched, but the sense of asymmetry subsided amidst the glimmer.

"What did you say?"

"Your drawings," the man said, tracing a finger just above the street lines, slightly off the

design of the Mall. "They're elegant... inspired. Perhaps you should have been an artist."

"I was. I am," the White Jackal said. "And a man of science besides. I understand that these are valued traits in this age."

"In every age, I would imagine," the man said. He took a sip of something that smelled, even to the Jackal's dulled senses, of cheap ale. The juxtaposition of expensive tastes in morning wear and cheap taste in drink galled him. "Sir, I do not know your business, and I am far too busy for idle chat. Take your leave of me."

"I beg your pardon if I have offended," the man said. "But this endeavor of yours is of great relevance to my life, you see. I intend to take up residence in the federal district once it is complete."

"If you are content to live amongst the Nub—the Negroes, certainly," said the Arisen, catching himself mid-sentence. There was only one form of slave here, and only the senators and their chattel would inhabit the capitol. And, of course, the Arisen. After all, like calls to like.

"At first, perhaps. Do you believe, sir, that it will remain such? People of all varieties are attracted to power, are they not? The rich and the poor will mingle."

What would Tarikh-Sethos say to an educated fool? "Water and oil may mix, but they shall always be separate in essence, and soon in truth. I cannot imagine those lines ever dissolving, not so long as men truly desire them to be there," Seb-Hetchet said, suddenly aware that the alchemist used such analogies when speaking to *him*, and now uncomfortable on realizing he'd made that connection several times over the long Turn. What had that Englishman written? "It is not in the stars to hold our destiny, but in ourselves."

"The stars... you know, I rarely consider it, but when one looks at a city in this manner," he said, gesturing to the blueprint, "We see as the stars themselves, as the angels on their thrones in the deep firmament. How orderly we must seem to them... our streets straight, our parks arranged just so. Yet we look back up and see naught but the chaos of divinity, Fate itself scattering motes across the darkest of fabrics. The Greeks and the Romans looked up and imagined themselves in the sky, drawing fine lines to collect the constellations. They saw how the stars moved, and saw themselves in those patterns. The stars moved like men."

The man shook his head. "Perhaps men should have moved like the stars. Would that we could build our paths on Earth to match the orderly progression of Heaven." He stood, the sunlight holding him in golden silhouette. "But I have taken too much of your time. Another time, sir, perhaps, if







God judges it meet to adjourn together again."

"God is not the only judge," Seb-Hetchet said, taking the man's proffered hand. If the stranger was troubled by the White Jackal's walk along the line of blasphemy, he didn't show it.

Yet as he looked down at the page again, he was struck by the desire to look up. The air was chill, but for once he did not mind the lack of bother. As the sun glowed ruddy red and gold along the horizon and the faint reflection of the Potomac, Seb-Hetchet saw the

sky yawn blackly outward. And in that maw were the stars, the siblings of the Nameless Lion, roaring in some distant sky.

He reached, idly, towards them, and began to trace down from heaven to earth. There! Sothis in the sky, marking the time of the flood. The stranger could not know it, but he held the key to the great lock of the city, and he'd given it to Seb-Hetchet. If the Jackal expected to see his city rise when Sothis did, how could he not link the two?

The innkeeper blinked as the Jackal snatched three

long candles, the tallow still warm from their manufacture an hour before. The streets alongside the Mall would need to be redrawn, if the city was to be yoked to the great wheel of the stars. Man and woman would inhabit the streets in their form, the duality ensured by Sothis.

For the first time in his Descent, Seb-Hetchet felt hopeful. Energetic, even. His new Irem would be as eternal as the Arisen, and the answer lay always in the void above, not below.

*Build your city.*



## December, 2013 The Hotel Cairo

He snapped into awareness. His eyes focused without effort, granting his surroundings clarity. Behind floor-to-ceiling windows, the city stretched, shining bright yellow and white in the night. He flexed his muscled arms, thick after long days of chiseling stone in the harsh light of Re. Something was wrong with that sight.

*Why has my sahu reconstituted so quickly? Why have I arisen?* he thought.

And then he remembered. He remembered every time he'd risen to defend his resting place. He remembered every curse levied upon an intruder. He remembered every time he'd awoken in the night, when he needed sleep;

every time his life stretched without waking to quiet the nightmares he could never remember. Never until *now*.

He thought of nightmares long forgotten. In life, they were of the Duat. But they paled in comparison to the true horrors of that place. His first death came unbidden to his mind's eye, the years spent avoiding marauders and stalkers before he could approach the wolf-headed sentry. Yet when he returned there, time after time...

The White Jackal screamed, his mind cracked open and clawed by demons. His *sahu* split open, and he felt the hand of his Judge slap him down. His

thoughts came ragged, and painfully, and he sucked great breaths into lungs made of magic.

He'd been deceived. Tying his city to Sothis had been a mistake... the long years of struggling against the baseless urges of humanity, even more so. He could not make a city eternal, nor could he resurrect lost Irem. Irem was already here, and it was already just as eternal as he.

With his past—all the long years of it—stretching out behind him, the immortal mason pondered his future. He saw the road he had built, and where it led. It led back around again, forever.

He did not have tears to weep from his decayed eyes, but in that singularly divine moment, the man Seb-Hetchet was once, a very long time ago, wished that he did.





## CREDITS

**Writing:** Harry Heckel IV and Neall Raemonn Price

**Development & Editing:** C.A. Suleiman

**Art Direction & Design:** Mike Chaney

**Cover Art:** Samuel Araya

**Interior Art:** Aaron Acevedo, James Denton, Borja Puig Linares, Mauro Mussi, Alida Saxon

**Creative Director:** Rich Thomas

## SPECIAL THANKS:

To Matthew "I'm Your Huckleberry" Dawkins, for some much-needed help in post.



**Coming Soon for Mummy: the Curse  
Book of the Deceived**

© 2014 CCP hf. All rights reserved. Reproduction without the written permission of the publisher is expressly forbidden, except for the purposes of reviews, and for blank character sheets, which may be reproduced for personal use only. White Wolf, Vampire, World of Darkness, Vampire the Masquerade, and Mage the Ascension are registered trademarks of CCP hf. All rights reserved. Vampire the Requiem, Werewolf the Apocalypse, Werewolf the Forsaken, Mage the Awakening, Promethean the Created, Changeling the Lost, Hunter the Vigil, Geist the Sin-Eaters, V20 Companion, Children of the Revolution, Storyteller System, and Storytelling System are trademarks of CCP hf.

All rights reserved. All characters, names, places, and text herein are copyrighted by CCP hf. CCP North America Inc. is a wholly owned subsidiary of CCP hf.

This book uses the supernatural for settings, characters, and themes. All mystical and supernatural elements are fiction and intended for entertainment purposes only. This book contains mature content. Reader discretion is advised.

Check out **White Wolf** online at <http://www.white-wolf.com>

Check out **Onyx Path** at <http://www.theonyxpath.com>





# CURSED NECROPOLIS

## Table of Contents

From Tears, Dust	2	Chapter Three: The Washingtonians	41
Kingmakers and Kings	8	<i>Merets of the District</i>	41
Chapter One: Monument to Fate	11	The Deathless	42
The Beginning	11	Masons	42
<i>The War of 1812</i>	12	Alchemists	48
<i>Stall and Stagnation</i>	13	Scribes	53
<i>A Great Civil War</i>	14	Priests	60
<i>Renewal</i>	15	Laborers	66
<i>The Last Century</i>	16	Others	72
<i>Post-war and Civil Rights</i>	17	Chapter Four: Ephemeral Strands	79
<i>A Changing World</i>	19	<i>Storytelling D.C.</i>	79
<i>The New Millennium</i>	19	Themes	80
Chapter Two: A City of Pillars	23	Frameworks	81
<i>The Eternal City</i>	23	Flashbacks	84
In and Around	24	Conflict	85
<i>The Road</i>	24	<i>The D.C. Chronicle</i>	89
Airports	25	Appendix: The Great Hunt	95
Trains	26	<i>The Event</i>	95
The Nome	27	<i>The Outset View</i>	96
<i>Guildmasters and Nomarchs</i>	28	<i>The Truth</i>	96
<i>The Khent-henu</i>	29	<i>Paces of the Hunt</i>	97
<i>Sedge's Machine</i>	30	<i>Getting Involved</i>	97
<i>Five Guilds Strong</i>	30	<i>Dramatis Personae</i>	98
Washington's City	33	Prelude - The Hunt	102
<i>The District</i>	33	Chapter One - Scene One - War Council	104
<i>Virginia</i>	39	Chapter One - Scene Two - The Tomb	107
		Chapter One - Scene Three- The Pit	109
		Chapter Two - Scene One - Rock Creek Park	111
		Chapter Two - Scene Two- Confessions	113
		Chapter Three - The Chase	115



# KINGMAKERS AND KINGS

*My doctor told me I must go to bed early, keep out of social excitements,  
and behave myself. You can't do that in Washington.*

— Mark Twain

On his first visit to the United States, cultural and literary icon Charles Dickens made sure to schedule a full week in reserve for its capital city. As a committed social reformer himself, he had heard and read a great deal about American politics and was eager to see if the reality stood up to the high hopes he brought with him all the long way across the Atlantic.

At the close of his visit, Dickens called Washington the “City of Magnificent Intentions.”

What started out in grand and fulfilling fashion—the city of New York, second to play host to the most eminent writer in the world at the time, feted him with a lavish ball that saw over 3,000 guests in attendance—soon degenerated into a cold wake-up call as to the two faces of mankind. His time in the Midwest was one long spiral of disillusionment and distaste, and by the time he arrived for his week in D.C., he was completely at a loss as to which America he could expect.

Although Washington's face was just as welcoming as had been New York's or Boston's—he was invited to the Capitol, supped with Congressmen, and attended a morning reception at the White House with President John Tyler—it wasn't long before Dickens concluded that even the politicians here were motivated not by ideals, but almost exclusively by money... just like almost everyone else he'd encountered. In a now-famous letter he wrote, “I am disappointed. This is not the republic of my imagination,” and in his nonfiction book *American Notes*, he complained of the city's “despicable trickery at elections; under-handed tamperings with public officers; and cowardly attacks upon opponents, with scurrilous newspapers for shields and hired pens for daggers.” (All of this happened in 1842, though one would never know it by the sound.)

The episode was so impactful on Dickens and his worldview that it has a name in academia (the “Quarrel With America”), and is regarded by Dickens scholars as the

turning point in his writing. His darkest, least optimistic observations on humanity (e.g. *Bleak House* and *David Copperfield*) emerged only after his return to England, following this fateful visit to the Americas.

Intentions abound in the nation's capital, it's true. Intentions of every source and stripe.

Indeed, one might observe that the road to the Federal City is paved with them.

## THEME


The underlying theme of **Mummy: The Curse** is memory, and although Washington is young by the standards of the Old World, few settings are as ideal a venue with which to explore memory than a city known far and wide as *the* city of memorials and monuments. This goes double for explorations that revolve around memory as central to and/or metaphor for the repetition of historical mistakes—a concept for which Washington is perhaps the very face.

More specific to this setting are the two inter-related themes of corruption and power. Not every Arisen nome is a hotbed of guild politicking and Machiavellian maneuvering, but D.C. truly is. Mummies from all over the world would and have found it worthwhile to pick up rod and flail and make an attempt at wrestling stewardship of the city (and thus its blessings of relics and literal showers of Sekhem) from the powerful meret, called First Chorus, that claims it for Irem. To some Arisen outside the nome, the city itself is a corruption, in this case of the Judges' will; heresy a thousand years in the making. And the gambit of its visionary Mason, the White Jackal, is a backdrop like no other, fomenting the types of guild unrest not seen since the days of empire.

## MOOD

As befits the town, the default mood of a D.C. chronicle is by necessity going to be one of tense paranoia and bubbling





antipathy. The stakes are just too high, the circumstances too unique and fated—the pitch of the entire game too *fevered*—not to feel it around every corner alley, if not actively get caught up in it, oneself. Even those who have kept their cool for six millennia find themselves getting a little hot under the collar, especially once they realize what this latest Sothic Turn might actually *mean* for the nome, and potentially for the entirety of their kind. Should the patient dream of the city's Arisen founders come to fruition, the entire dynamic by which mummies operate in the lands of the living could change, and in these kinetic days, while that ultimate will of Fate is being sussed out on the streets of D.C., the atmosphere is fully crackling.

## INSIDE THE NECROPOLIS

With **Cursed Necropolis: D.C.** the line takes a departure from the structure of previous books, which divided content in half, with player-friendly material placed in one and Storyteller-focused material in the other. As primarily a chronicle resource, this book's content constitutes the latter. Inside its four chapters and one appendix will the following material be found.

**Chapter One: Monument to Fate** offers a look back at the history of the nation's capital from the Arisen perspective, focusing on the machinations of the ruling meret and the rise of its rivals.

**Chapter Two: A City of Pillars** takes Storytellers through the fundamentals of the D.C. Metro area as a setting for the game, including its layout, transportation, and local power structures.

**Chapter Three: The Washingtonians** lifts the veil of secrecy from the unives of the Deathless of the D.C. nome, illuminating the schemes and motives of the Federal City's oldest denizens.

**Chapter Four: Ephemeral Strands** is a brief but concentrated guide to running the setting, with discussion of local themes, frameworks, sources of conflict, and permutations of the central plot.

Closing out the book is **The Great Hunt**, a sample SAS story set in D.C. that can be run stand-alone or as prequel to Part I of *The Avarice Chronicle* (found in **Guildhalls of the Deathless**).

## A Word on Liberties

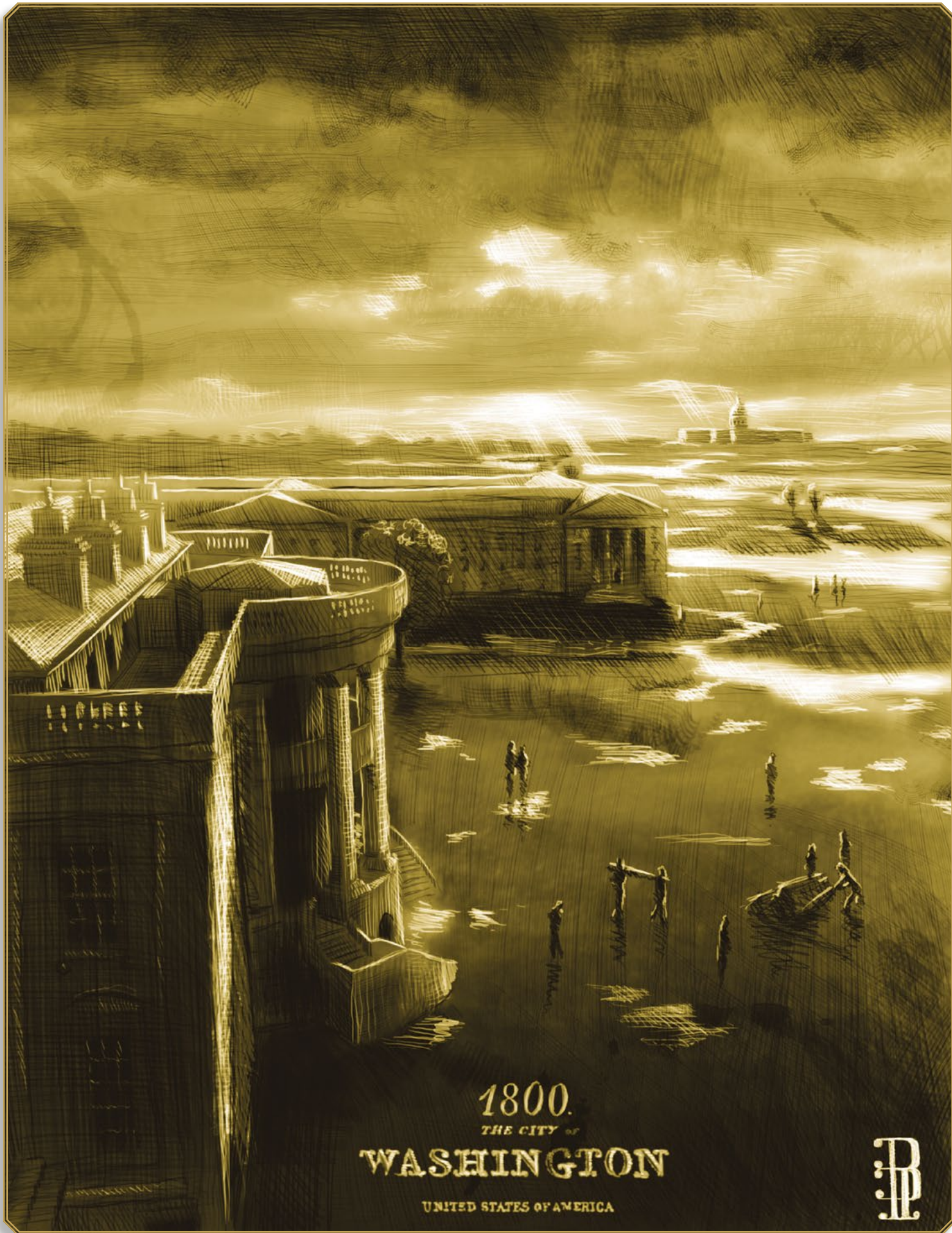
As arguably the center of the free world, Washington, D.C. faces questions and deals with concerns not typically found in most cities. In addition to being generally considered a global media capital, and thereby under as much direct scrutiny as anywhere (along with London, with its round-the-clock surveillance), the American Rome is also a worldwide capital of security and defense—especially in any chronicle set in the city's dark(est), post-9/11 incarnation.

We'll break the fourth wall a bit for a moment here to relay the fact that both the writers of this book *and* its developer and editor are themselves local to the Washington area, and all can attest to the substantial difference between D.C. in the 20th Century and D.C. in 2014 (and presumably beyond). Even in the fictional mirror that is the World of Darkness, we had to take certain liberties with reality.

Chief among these is the notion that D.C. is a murder capital of the country. While it *was* the murder capital as recently as 1991, in the post-9/11 version of the city, Washington doesn't even crack the top ten, anymore. But in *our* version of that version, it does still, and this one narrative return to the early '90s serves two purposes: The first is that it's fully in keeping with the themes of **Mummy** (which is arguably the darkest of World of Darkness games); the second is that it creates an amount of "white-space" in which both characters and Storytellers might work.

In the real world, any explosive or spectacular event occurring within the District is going to be met with swarms of immediate attention from both civilians and authority figures, many of whom are increasingly inclined to all but 'shoot first.' This, coupled with ubiquitous camera surveillance, makes telling credible stories about supernatural events a kind of logistical obstacle course... unless there's already so much *mortal* mayhem going on that resources are stretched thin as it is.





1800.  
THE CITY OF  
**WASHINGTON**

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA





# CHAPTER VII

## MONUMENT TO FATE

*Most of us spend too much time on the last twenty-four hours,  
and too little on the last six thousand years.*

— Will Durant

Seb-Hetchet of the Tef-Aabhi, master sacred mason and the one they call “White Jackal,” had himself a vision.

This vision is one that haunted Seb-Hetchet for untold centuries, through untold Descents. He saw Irem rise again as an eternal city, a place where Sekhem would never run out and where the purposes of the Deathless could finally be complete. Through the ages, he tried to locate a city that might one day become the new Irem, but whether it was Babylon, Athens, Alexandria, Rome, Constantinople, or Baghdad, the cities of mortals fell as fast as they rose, waxing and waning in their importance. In time, he realized that he could never sustain a city through his Descents. No matter how hard he tried, no matter how many monuments his cults helped to erect, he felt as if he were a child building sand castles on a beach; with each Descent, he would go to bed at night, and with each new arising, he would find that the ocean tides of humanity had once again ruined all he had set in motion.

## THE BEGINNING

Tired of striving in vain and finding no answers from his guild, he eventually sought out others. Ur-Qeb, a Sesha-Hebsu, offered Seb-Hetchet wisdom in exchange for being allowed to follow the Tef-Aabhi in his quest. Ur-Qeb suggested that the city could become a new Irem during the mystic conjunction that is the Arisen Sothic Turn. So, Seb-Hetchet looked to the year 2013 and tried to read the patterns of human movement and nature to determine where and how he should make these latest, boldest preparations.

Sabola, a powerful member of the Maa-Kep, learned of Seb-Hetchet’s dream, and suggested that instead of looking to the cities and nations of Europe, they might find opportunity in the New World. Seb-Hetchet agreed, knowing full well that many of his guildmates had decided that constructing and overseeing new cities in the Americas was perhaps the best way to serve the Judges.


After the Thirteen Colonies won their independence from Britain, the capital of the United States was Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. In 1783, a group of soldiers from the Continental Army marched on Congress with demands, primarily for back pay. The state of Pennsylvania refused to raise the militia to protect Congress, so the members fled, first to Princeton, New Jersey, then to Trenton and ultimately, to New York. During the Constitutional Convention in 1787, Congress returned to Philadelphia, but the delegates resolved to create a federal district, separate from any state. The capital remained in New York while a site was determined for the new city. A few of the members of that Constitutional Congress were associated with Arisen cults (however obliquely), but once again, it was mortal minds that made the decision to create a federal district as the capital of the United States.

Seb-Hetchet had seen his successor Irem rise along the banks of the Potomac, but his cult and those of his allies faced many competing interests from other cults in trying to direct the future of this new country. Fortunately, the most important American of those times, George Washington, owned land at Mount Vernon close to the location Seb-Hetchet had envisioned. A compromise between Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and Alexander Hamilton allowed the Residence Act of 1790 to establish Washington, D.C. as the permanent seat of government. Philadelphia was declared the temporary capital for ten years before the government would move to the new city. When the site was selected, it seemed to the Khent-henu to be ordained by Fate.

The *design* of the new city, however, would not be left to Fate alone.

In one of the single greatest (and most exhaustive) influences of his own cult, Seb-Hetchet managed to have Pierre Charles L’Enfant, a French-American engineer, appointed to design the city. L’Enfant was a Witness, as well as a believer in sacred geometry, and he fully understood the task before him. He was responsible for insuring that





the geomantic flows of the city would best serve the Arisen. Wherever he could, Seb-Hetchet aided L'Enfant and enlisted the help of the other members of the Khent-henu. At this point, Oba-Heshef of the Su-Menent and Tarikh-Sethos of the Mesen-Nebu had joined the Khent-henu in earnest, convinced that their old ally Seb-Hetchet had a dream of lasting merit.

L'Enfant created a plan that drew upon the existing landscape and took pieces from the great cities of Europe. He wanted spacious avenues, circles and plazas, fountains and monuments. So many elements were chosen to focus the existing power of the site and to leave room for the great creations of the Tef-Aabhi. L'Enfant was careful to place the Capitol building itself in the central location instead of a Presidential Palace. When Seb-Hetchet saw the plans before the end of his Descent, he was pleased. All seemed perfect.

Unfortunately, the Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson, had named Andrew Ellicott the chief surveyor, and Jefferson had some of his own thoughts on the design; thoughts that didn't always agree with the geomantic layout of L'Enfant. Talk surfaced about L'Enfant's "madness" and impractical sense of grandeur. The landowners who lived between Alexandria and Georgetown, Maryland didn't care for L'Enfant. Three commissioners were appointed to buy the land for the federal district from the plantation owners, but they disagreed with the L'Enfant plan. They didn't understand why a small city created for the government of a new country needed vast plazas or so much property reserved for future monuments. Under pressure, L'Enfant became more contentious. While Seb-Hetchet slept, L'Enfant's plan was dismissed in favor of the more moderate design presented by Andrew Ellicott. L'Enfant was fired by George Washington himself in 1792, and Congress approved Ellicott's plan the same year.

With much exertion, the Khent-henu managed to have Ellicott removed only a year later, but the damage was done. Only through the work of one of Ellicott's assistants, an African-American surveyor, astronomer, and mathematician named Benjamin Banneker, were many of the designs that L'Enfant had come up with recreated. People of the time were astonished at what they considered Banneker's 'sharp memory.'

The Khent-henu, despite their power and influence, spent their Descents struggling to force the plans for the city back to Seb-Hetchet's vision, only to have their work undone as they slept. To the mortals, it seemed as if the new capital was cursed. Roads were sabotaged. Work stoppages plagued the construction and miscommunications occurred throughout the effort to build the new city. The efforts of the Khent-henu's cults to influence matters made progress come to a halt. Debates about boundaries and the locations of roads brought efforts to a standstill for days and even weeks at a time.

Finally, in 1800, during the administration of the second American President (John Adams), the government moved into its new capital. Just over 3,000 people lived in Washington, D.C. full-time; mostly government officials, their staffs, and work crews. The city had only four or five hundred houses then. There were stumps along the great avenues and pigs using them as thoroughfares. A creek, the Tiber, flowed through the city and during a hard rainstorm; it would flood Pennsylvania Avenue, making the road from the Capitol to the White House impassable.

The glorious new Irem of Seb-Hetchet's dream seemed overshadowed by the city of Alexandria across the river. Arguments and bickering began between members of the Khent-henu, especially during the winter, when the city became a ghost town as the members of Congress left with their staffs to return to their homes. For the members of the nome of Washington, D.C., it almost seemed as if everyone left in the city during the winters, outside of the President and his staff, were members of their cults (or else otherwise connected thereto).



During this time, the efforts of architect Benjamin Latrobe to redo the Capitol and expand the White House kept Seb-Hetchet from falling into despair. He began to doubt, even though he knew that he should continue to practice patience. During their Descents, members of the Khent-henu traveled to larger cities, such as Philadelphia, Lancaster, and New York to better serve their Judges before returning to Washington to rest again.

## THE WAR OF 1812

By 1812, Washington had grown to nearly 8,000 part-year residents, slowly but surely expanding in size. The United States had also gone to war with the British once again. The British fleet took control of the Chesapeake Bay during 1813, but due to their wars with Napoleon, they couldn't spare the men to do more than conduct small raids against the Americans. Still, there was concern among the cultists of the Khent-henu, and the Arisen were roused from henet. There was some debate among them as to whether the new nation would be retaken, but Ur-Qeb believed that it would endure. The Mesen-Nebu in the region suggested that assets be used to protect Baltimore, which was far more valuable as a port, but Tarikh-Sethos believed that the value remained in Washington. Seb-Hetchet decided to return to henet, leaving instructions to wake him should the attack come. Ur-Qeb agreed and returned to henet as well, leaving Sabola of the Maa-Kep, Tarikh-Sethos of the Mesen-Nebu, and Oba-Heshef of the Su-Menent to safeguard the city for the Arisen.

As 1813 turned to 1814, the Descent took its toll, and Sabola, Tarikh-Sethos, and Oba-Heshef returned to their slumber while the British remained in the Chesapeake.





However, Napoleon had been defeated in Europe and taken to Elba, so now the British had the assets to attack their former colonies. Seb-Hetchet's cultists awakened him. Alone, he assessed matters and sent some of his own cultists to seek out the British and learn about their activities.

The Mason's functionaries recorded that he spent time walking through Washington, surveying all of the areas where his plans had gone wrong, while performing magic to strengthen a few buildings, including the White House. When the Battle of Bladensburg occurred, British forces defeated the Americans, and to the surprise of the residents of Washington, chose to advance upon the city thereafter.

Seb-Hetchet gave orders to make sure that the tombs of the Khent-henu were protected. He also informed the cults of the other Khent-henu not to wake their Arisen unless their tombs were threatened. His hierophant recorded that this decision was made out of concern that in the first moments of rising, the destruction caused by a rampaging mummy would cause the British to retaliate upon the populace. When the British entered the city, Seb-Hetchet was present and kept a careful watch over the attack. The British sent public buildings aflame, but spared many private residences, including all of the tombs of the Khent-henu. The British commander also gave orders that unarmed civilians were to remain unharmed.

Seb-Hetchet might have remained the only member of the Khent-henu to witness the event, except that Ur-Qeb, the Sesha-Hebsu, was awakened with the burning of the Library of Congress. After Ur-Qeb woke, the British suffered casualties from "exploding ammunition," and a massive storm, believed by historians to be a hurricane, inundated the city with rain while a tornado tore through Washington, D.C., killing many British soldiers with flying bricks. Letters among the cultists claim that it was a great sandstorm that slew with stone as well as sand, and most believed that Ur-Qeb was responsible.

Some of the cultists of the Maa-Kep and Su-Menent wrote in their journals and diaries that Ur-Qeb confronted Seb-Hetchet in a terrible rage, accusing him of planning the destruction, though there are no known records of this among either the Tef-Aabhi or the Sesha-Hebsu. They met for days, alone. When they returned, Seb-Hetchet set to work making sure that the rebuilding effort fit his plans better than what had happened during the initial decade of construction. Ur-Qeb never explained to his cult the details of his conversation with Seb-Hetchet.

## STALL AND STAGNATION

After the burning of the city in 1814, the country was demoralized. Despite scathing criticism of the British across Europe and even in their own parliament for the "barbaric" attack, Americans felt that the capital was

tainted, a symbol of a country too weak to defend itself. Debates started about whether the nation should give up on the location and move the federal government to another city such as Lancaster, Pennsylvania or even back to Philadelphia.


News of the American victory at the Battle of New Orleans (which, ironically, was fought while news of peace was still travelling to the armies) helped the United States regain some of its pride. The cults of the Khent-henu pooled their resources along with many other residents of D.C. to build a temporary brick Capitol across from the remains of the old building. Credit for this effort among the Arisen went primarily to Tarikh-Sethos and Sabola of the Khent-henu, who understood that Congress had the power to move the city and only by making certain that Congress remained happy could they be certain that the city would endure. This effort was a success.

Still, the nation's capital was losing its struggle for relevance. In the early 1800s, state government was seen as more important in people's lives than the federal government. Industry didn't take root in Washington, despite projects like the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, which was outdone by Baltimore's B&O Railroad. Washington couldn't raise money for itself, as it didn't have enough businesses outside of the federal government, and it couldn't tax the government. Every winter, the population of the city dropped precipitously as senators and representatives returned home. The prospect of this city becoming a successor to Irem seemed like a fairy tale. Americans were moving west and talk of manifest destiny had gripped the country. Discussions began again about possibly moving the capital to a more westward location. Furthermore, tensions in the country on the matter of slavery began to grow with abolitionist movements gaining momentum.

If the Khent-henu cared about industry or slavery or westward movements, they didn't express it to their cultists. Plans were in motion for monument creation. Apparently satisfied that the layout of the city contained enough geomantic elements to proceed, Seb-Hetchet laid out plans for monuments to his cult; in particular, his vision of a great obelisk, which would be the tallest building in the world: The Washington Monument.

Although the Arisen ignored the debate on slavery in the country, it had a major impact on the plans of the Khent-henu. Alexandria was considered part of the District, forming the lower western portion of the diamond shape of the city, yet it had not been developed and no federal buildings had been constructed on the Virginia side of the Potomac. Furthermore, the C&O canal, while unable to compete with Baltimore, had hurt Alexandria's own port business. The city had come to rely more and more on the slave trade for its survival, and as Congress discussed





abolishing slavery in the District, the business interests and politicians of Alexandria appealed to government of Virginia for help, starting in 1840.

While Seb-Hetchet and other members of the Khent-henu slept, ordinary people undermined their plans once more. In 1846, legislation passed Congress allowing the retrocession of the land held by the District in Virginia. The Virginia General Assembly approved the legislation in 1847, and the diamond-shaped district was no more.

For the Arisen, the issue was one of concern, but by now, the Khent-henu had accepted that they would have to continually adapt their plans to deal with constant interference of mortals. To them, the retrocession seemed to pale in comparison with the progress being made in creating monuments. They felt there would be time to reclaim the land; furthermore, they were certain that action was unconstitutional, so in time, it would certainly be reversed. For the first time, other Arisen had begun coming to the city, especially Tef-Aabhi who wished to contribute to the creation of monuments.

In 1845, the Smithsonian Institution was founded as a national museum. In 1848, construction started on the Washington Monument, the most important element of Seb-Hetchet's plan. The construction efforts spurred growth and the population of Washington, D.C. continued to increase. The Capitol building was expanded in the 1850s to make room for the additional members of Congress brought in due to the westward expansion. The Smithsonian Building was completed in 1855, and cultists from all the Khent-henu attempted to find positions with the museum in an effort to obtain relics.

However, turmoil in the nation's politics began to have more and more of an impact on the Washington Monument and the plans of the Khent-henu. Abolitionist groups and anti-abolitionist groups held protests and caused work stoppages. Anti-immigration groups railed against Catholics and Irish. Budgets were cut and in 1854, donations to continue building the monument ran out. A proposal to have different groups and states donate blocks for the monument resulted in political conflicts as groups donated stones inscribed with their own political messages. Construction was stopped at the 150-foot mark.

Once again, as the Arisen attempted to realize their plans, good old humanity found a way to foul things up.

## A GREAT CIVIL WAR

Slavery had been part of human civilization since its inception. The Arisen expected slaves to build monuments and perform hard labor. However, the majority of them saw slaves as a natural result of warfare or criminal acts, not something that came from the color of one's skin. The Khent-henu didn't completely understand America's

issues with slavery and seemingly expected the matter to be resolved satisfactorily without any effort on their part. Despite warnings from their cultists, the Civil War took the nome of D.C. by surprise.

After war was declared in spring of 1861, nearly every Arisen in the city and the surrounding region was woken by their cultists. Fear of an invasion from Alexandria gripped the city as the Confederate flag rose on the Virginia side of the Potomac. Washington was now a city of 60,000 people, but the city itself was soon isolated as mobs from Baltimore tore up railroad tracks connecting D.C. to the north out of fear that the South would invade. For four days, the city was isolated and the residents worried that the city would be burned again, as it was in 1814.

The nome of D.C. was split along the Potomac, as a number of newer mummies had settled in Virginia despite it no longer being part of the district. When Union forces reinforced the nation's capital, the initial panic ended. The Confederate flag was pulled down from Alexandria and the Confederates abandoned the city. The members of the nome gathered in a conclave, but made no decisions about the war. Most of them felt that the Union army would capture the Confederate capital, Richmond, Virginia quickly enough as it was only 90 miles to the south.



This belief was shattered following the First Battle of Bull Run (or First Manassas). Oba-Heshef of the Su-Menent joined a number of citizens to witness the battle, expecting that it would be more of a show than a conflict. Instead, the bloody Confederate victory sent the observers running back to Washington and convinced both sides that the conflict had only begun.

During the war itself, the Arisen and their cultists did what they could to protect Washington. In some cases, they took actions to benefit the Union, and at other times, they aided the Confederacy. For the Khent-henu, the goal was to re-unify the United States and protect Washington so that a true child of Irem could eventually take shape.

The Civil War accelerated the growth of Washington, D.C. more than any other event in its short history. Volunteers and abolitionists descended on the city in hordes when President Lincoln called for soldiers to join the army. Hundreds of new residents moved to the capital to be on the front lines of the war supporting what became the de facto main camp, supply center and hospital for the North.

National politics overshadowed statewide decisions in the Union. Business leaders sent representatives to win contracts to supply the army. Several Arisen followed, drawn by the heka generated from the emotions swirling around the nation's capital, as well as being pulled by business interests in the case of the Mesen-Nebu, and a desire to record the events in the case of the Sesha-Hebsu.





For the first time, lobbyists descended in full force on the nation's capital to push the goals of their own interests.

Crime grew with the population and the city created its first police force. Every day, new buildings went up, and yet, to the dismay of the Tef-Aabhi, the monuments were no longer important. The Washington Monument remained at the same height it had been when construction had stopped in 1854. Supply centers, residences, stables, and hospitals were the priorities for humanity. Grand plans for city design were discarded for the practical matters of fighting a war. The cults of the Khent-henu found themselves losing influence to the newcomers and their prior experiences did nothing to prepare them for the changing city.

The beautiful city of the Khent-henu was now a place of filth and rot. The green space of the National Mall was covered in the bodies of the sick, wounded and even the dead. At times, soldiers died faster than they could be buried, and the stink of rotting flesh would mix with the smell of human waste that overwhelmed the Tiber Creek. The constant buzz of flies and mosquitoes filled the hot and humid days in the city. At night, moans and screams of the dying could be heard throughout the city.

The pain and suffering of so many people, coupled with the anger and righteous zeal of others caused the heka in the city to surge. Ghosts of the dead began to roam the streets and the cults of the Arisen faced Amkhata and Shuankhsen. Even living corpses made their way through city, going unnoticed among the mutilated and wounded war veterans. The Khent-henu found themselves distracted from fulfilling their plans as they had to protect their tombs and their cults from supernatural and mortal enemies, such as war criminals, smugglers and misguided Confederate saboteurs.

As the war continued, Washington continued to grow. The filth grew along with it. Dead horses littered sections of the city, often victims of the war. Dirt roads ran beside open sewers. Rail lines now ran into the National Mall. Dysentery, typhoid and scarlet fever all broke out among the citizens, ravaging cults along with everyone else.

Many residents lived in constant terror that that Stonewall Jackson or Robert E. Lee would lead a Confederate army up from Virginia to capture the city. Others desperately kept lookout on the Potomac River, always wondering if a British or French fleet would appear out of the morning sun to attack on the side of the Confederate States of America. Another concern were the burgeoning numbers of freed slaves who had come to live in the city. Tensions between blacks and whites sometimes led to violence.

When the war ended, D.C. had almost a million people moving through it, and it could barely function.

Fortunately, the end of hostilities signaled the beginning of a mass exodus. Within a few short years, the number of residents dropped to an estimated 150,000. The Khent-henu were relieved that the nation had survived and eager to reclaim their influence over the capital. For Seb-Hetchet, he wanted to have construction resume on the monuments and the city to be beautified.

## RENEWAL

Unfortunately for the Khent-henu, Congress refused to allocate funds to assist Washington, D.C. Talk began again of moving the nation's capital, possibly to St. Louis, Missouri. Without funds or slaves, no one could afford to fix the city. Politically, the District was divided into the sections of Washington City, Washington County and Georgetown, each with their own governments and their own agendas. Nothing could get accomplished and the city's infrastructure continued to deteriorate even without the strain of a million residents. Washington, D.C. could not pay its debts.

The Khent-henu showed the value of its members, as Sabola assisted a young ambitious politician, Alexander Shepherd, climb to prominence. With the backing and support of the united cults of the Khent-henu, Shepherd soon had allies in the halls of Congress, among doctors, railroad operators and household servants of the wealthy. He pressed to have the local governments unified, and Congress passed the Organic Act of 1871 creating an appointed governor for the District of Columbia. While Shepherd himself was not made the first governor, he had himself placed on the Board of Public Works. Within D.C. itself, whispers had already begun of the power and influence of Boss Shepherd.

Shepherd set to work cleaning up Washington, D.C. He had roads paved, the Tiber Creek filled in, sewers built, and gas lines constructed. Water mains were constructed and thousands of trees were planted to beautify the city. He created a horse and carriage service. He also removed buildings and rails where he found them displeasing. All of this work was financed through bonds.

However, he gained a reputation for ruthlessness and made enemies of some of the wealthy citizens of D.C. At times, he was compared to the infamous Boss Tweed, and after he was appointed the second governor of the District, inquiries were made into the bonds that he used to raise money. After a review by Congress determined that the city was bankrupt, the governorship was abolished and a Board of Commissioners appointed to run the District. When President Ulysses S. Grant tried to appoint Shepherd as one of the commissioners, Congress refused. Ultimately, Shepherd's time in D.C. would be used as an example of Grant's corruption.





Shepherd's power faded. He himself declared bankruptcy and was nearly run out of town. But, he had achieved what the Khent-henu desired. Washington, D.C. was rebuilt. Talk of moving to St. Louis faded, and by 1877, construction began anew on the Washington Monument.

The Washington Monument was completed in 1884 and opened in 1888. At the time, it was the tallest building in the world, although the Eiffel Tower would surpass it in 1889. When it was finally completed, all of the Arisen felt the change in the flow of heka through the district. The cults record that all of the Arisen experienced visions, and from that point, the Khent-henu seemed even more dedicated to pursuing a true child of Irem.

In the next years, the value of land rose, drawing the wealthy and powerful to Washington, D.C. Marshland was reclaimed in the area where East Potomac Park is located. A new building was erected for the Library of Congress and when it was opened in 1897, it was called the largest and most expensive library in the world.

## THE LAST CENTURY

With the beginning of the 20th century, the United States grew more important in world affairs. A victory in the Spanish-American War allowed it to gain possessions in the Pacific and demonstrated its naval power.

In the city itself, electric streetcars had replaced horse-drawn carriages. In 1907, Union Station was opened. All trains servicing D.C. used the station. This allowed the rails to be removed from the National Mall shortly thereafter, and for the first time in over 50 years, the National Mall was green. In 1912, Japan gifted the city with its famous cherry trees. Victory in World War I further improved the global standing of the United States.

The nome of D.C. had gained the attention of other Arisen. The concerns that the nation's capital would be moved were gone. Beautification projects continued to improve the image of the city. Mummies came to the city to view the grand obelisk of the Washington Monument. Bes-Met of the Maa-Kep took the role of envoy for the first time, gaining responsibility for visitors to the nome. The Tef-Aabhi continued to work on monuments, though now Seb-Hetchet shared responsibilities with members of his guild. Notably, the Lincoln Memorial opened in 1922.

Organized crime gained a foothold in the city during Prohibition, but it made little difference to most of the Arisen. When the Great Depression struck, the city's reliance on the federal government, which had caused so many issues with money and growth in the early history, made Washington one of the few places in the country where jobs were available. The New Deal only increased the opportunities, and the unemployed traveled from across America to D.C. in hopes of finding work.



## History and Mummies

The history of the Arisen in Washington, D.C. is largely found in the records of cult leaders. Even the guildmasters simply cannot recall their Descents. They rely on their cults and their sense of purpose to guide their efforts. However, cult leaders have their own perspectives and their personal ambitions. The perceptions of a newly arisen mummy are colored by the information her cult provides, and though it may be dangerous, histories are rewritten. Records may also be (and have been, at various times) destroyed.

So, for example, while Ur-Qeb and Seb-Hetchet certainly had a disagreement over the burning of Washington in 1814, the details are unknown, and neither of their cult hierophants recorded the event. The history has been lost. However, it's said that the Sesha-Hebsu do have an Affinity that allows them to recover lost documents....

This became a time of expansion for the cults in D.C. Desperate and often hungry men were more than willing to join a cult if it could provide food, shelter or steady employment. Entire families devoted themselves to the cults, increasing the influence of the Arisen.

### WORLD WAR II

World War II had a major impact on Washington, D.C. After the attack on Pearl Harbor stunned the country, America committed itself to the war. In order to fight the Axis, the Department of War expanded tremendously. This gave Seb-Hetchet the opportunity to fix the geomantic disruption caused by the Retrocession of Virginia. His cult influenced the government to create a massive five-sided office building in Arlington. The Pentagon was completed in only a few years, operating by 1943. Additionally, the Jefferson Memorial was also opened in 1943, providing a conduit to maintain the flow of heka across the Potomac.

Massive numbers of rail cars traveled into and out of Union Station each day during the war. Military personnel came to D.C. to visit the Pentagon, advise Congress and the President and provide protection for the city. "Government Girls" were recruited to fill office jobs throughout the nation's capital in the place of men who had gone to war. The population went from 650,000 at the beginning of the war to 900,000 by the end of the war, however, unlike the growth during the Civil War, the infrastructure handled the population explosion far better.

Concerns about enemy spies made life more difficult for the cults. Although the efforts of the Germans to infiltrate the US government met largely with failure, Allied anti-intelligence efforts exposed a number of cultists during the war. Although hidden from the public, the government had become aware of the Arisen, although most of their knowledge was based on half-truths and wild assumptions. Additionally, concerns about Hitler using supernatural artifacts to aid the Nazis caused the United States to seize some relics in order to study them.

The guildmasters of D.C. advised their members and their cults to avoid conflict with the government and to do their best to support the war effort without drawing undue attention. They knew that victory in World War II could only enhance the status of their city. When the war ended with the advent of the nuclear age, the possibility of Washington, D.C. becoming a successor Irem seemed greater than ever.

## POST-WAR AND CIVIL RIGHTS


The United States was the world's only nuclear superpower in the initial years following World War II. The British Empire and most of Europe lay shattered. Washington, D.C.'s influence over world affairs now surpassed that of Paris or London. Even when the Soviet Union developed its own nuclear weapons and the Cold War began, they struggled to compete scientifically and to keep up militarily with the United States. Economically and culturally, they were no match for America.

### Did Tef-Aabhi Create the Monuments?

The short answer to this question is "no." While Seb-Hetchet's vision did shape Washington, D.C. in certain ways, his guild took advantage of a new nation's extant desire to build a testament to its glory. The urge to create monuments to commemorate a country's achievements and impress not only its own people, but also those of other nations, has been true of humanity since the time of the Nameless Empire. The geomantic layout of the streets, the construction and placement of the monuments, was influenced by the Tef-Aabhi, yes, but the specific ideas of honoring President Lincoln or Jefferson or honoring the soldiers who fought in Vietnam... all that came from ordinary human beings.

The living built Washington, D.C. The Deathless just went along for the ride.





The Sothic Turn seemed to be rapidly approaching, and Seb-Hetchet's plans appeared to be falling into place. A second guild of Mesen-Nebu, led by Asem Kannika, moved into the area surrounding the city. Other mummies came as well, drawn by the lure of the monuments, the relics stored away in the museums, government warehouses and private collections of the wealthy, and in some cases, a compulsion to go to a place that invoked a sense of their original lives. The nome of D.C. turned its focus on preparations for the Sothic Turn, but also, trying to figure out how to deal with the attention that their increasing importance brought from other mummies and even other supernatural beings.

The greatest challenge that they faced during this time came from the government. While the FBI hunted down suspected communists, other less known and mysterious agencies, some without official designations "black book" operations investigated the Arisen. Cultists continued to be arrested, usually under suspicion of having ties to the Soviet Union, but sometimes because of their suspected ties to ancient powers. A few were even accused of having ties to extraterrestrials. Rumors persist among cultists that the United States captured a mummy during this time and still have its remains hidden away, possibly in Fort Detrick in Frederick, MD, to the north of the city, hidden in their biowarfare labs.

The Khent-henu continued their preparations. The growing numbers of not only ghosts, but also Amkhata concerned the members of the nome. In 1951, the idea of creating a beltway around the city was proposed. By 1961, the first section of the I-495 beltway was open, including the Woodrow Wilson Bridge. By 1964, the beltway looped around the city. This encirclement helped to seal the system of heka flowing through the city's design, as well as placing the District and "recaptured" parts of Virginia as well as Maryland in its bounds. None of the Arisen realized at the time how significant this event would be for the future of the city.

Suburban flight had begun as well, and the population of the city dipped as the wealthier residents took advantage of new roads to move outside the city. Most of the people who fled were white, and in 1957 Washington, D.C. became the first major city in the United States with an African-American majority population. While the city population itself fell, the population of the larger metro area continued to grow. Residents of Virginia and Maryland identified "Washington, D.C." as their home even if they lived dozens of miles away.

The demand for better access from the suburbs led to a desire for a subway/elevated rail system for the D.C. area. In 1962, construction began on the D.C. Metro system. This also coincided with the end of the electric trolleys that had served the city for nearly 100 years. The Metro system was very successful and the Tef-Aabhi took advantage of the lines that it needed to provide a conduit for heka, allowing

the energy to be directed into better flows to increase the ambient energy within the bounds of the District.

It was also during this time that Kannika of the Mesen-Nebu invested heavily in airport construction and rapidly improved her guild standing until she was recognized as a second guildmaster of the Mesen-Nebu.

The civil rights movement and the protests against the Vietnam War sent students and activists marching through Washington. While there had always been protesters in the past, nonviolent protest and political expression grew stronger than ever, particularly with television coverage.

In 1963, Martin Luther King Jr. gave his famous "I have a dream" speech at the Lincoln Memorial, channeling the hopes of millions. The flow of heka on that day made more than one of the city's Arisen feel as if they were truly alive for the first time in centuries. Later that year, the state funeral of John F. Kennedy had a similar impact, if a far more sobering one. The Arisen did not miss the fact that these two dramatic events occurred fifty years before the Sothic Turn. It appeared that Fate itself had lent its support to the First Chorus.

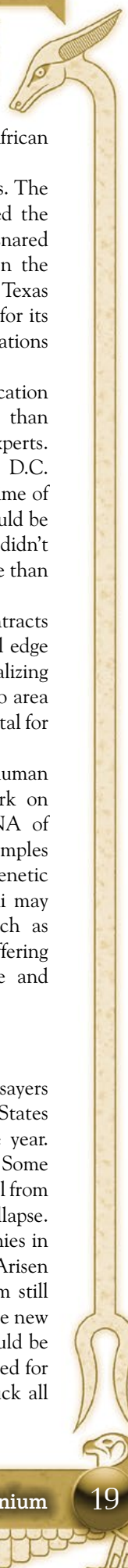

As a whole, the Arisen supported the Civil Rights movements as they gained momentum in the late 60s. A call for equal rights for women was wholeheartedly supported as well. The Khent-henu felt that the recognition of these rights must be a step toward building their successor Irem.

In 1976, the treasures of the Pharaoh Tutankhamen went on exhibition in New York City. Excitement gripped the nation regarding everything Egypt. This had the unintended side effect of masking the cults and their activities. Government agents trying to locate Soviet spies and Communist conspirators discounted the Arisen cults and their relics. Interest in ancient Egypt was considered a fad and collecting artifacts hardly seemed unusual.

This time of relative safety for the cults was short-lived. The charismatic Jim Jones had founded his own cult based on "apostolic socialism" and garnered significant media attention for his views. As far as the Arisen know, he had no connection with any mummy. However, he was very popular and had contacts throughout political circles, including meeting with the Vice-President. His plan to build a utopia called Jonestown in Guyana was followed by the media. In 1978, his followers murdered a Congressman and others who had gone to investigate the settlement, and he and his followers drank cyanide in a mass suicide. In all, 918 people died, including the murder victims. This would remain the largest death toll of American civilians in a single incident until the events of September 11th, 2001.

Government investigations immediately targeted anything that even remotely resembled a cult. The Carter Administration was determined not to let anything like Jonestown happen again. Furthermore, people no longer wished to be associated with cults, and members of the





Arisen cults fled with some reporting their priests to the authorities. Many cultists that remained loyal started questioning the directions of the priests and the mummies, wanting explanations for commands instead of blindly following, not wanting to “drink the Kool-Aid.”

## THE RISE OF SEDGE

The cults were still recovering as Ronald Reagan took office in 1980. Drugs became a major problem in the city, and the crime rate rose dramatically. Gangs, known as crews in D.C., took control of neighborhoods. Streets within blocks of the monuments became unsafe. Drug-related violence shattered many lives. In the late 80s and early 90s, D.C. earned itself the title “murder capital of the United States” (though it has since been eclipsed in that grim category by the likes of Chicago and Detroit).

Much in the same way that figures like Marion Barry dominated District politics, so-called ‘Boss’ Sedge grew a cult with influence in politics, crime but also charitable organizations. His cult swelled in comparison to those of his rivals. Like Marion Barry, who was arrested on federal drug charges, only to return to power in local politics, setbacks for Sedge only seemed temporary. His cult continued to gain power even while he slept. Compared to Sedge, the Khent-henu moved slowly, satisfied to continue following their plans, knowing that the Sothic Turn was growing ever closer. With the exception of Seb-Hetchet, Sedge eventually became perhaps the most connected and influential figure, though not the most personally powerful one, in the nome.

The number of commuters who traveled into the city to work each day had increased exponentially. People spent hours sitting in traffic every day going into the District and returning home. The daily commute worked its way into the collective psyche of D.C. residents. The Beltway had become a geomantic engine capable of generating massive quantities of heka through dread, frustration, rage and despair. The gyre of emotions coupled with the thousands of deaths caused by accidents drew Amkhata out to the Beltway. Once there, they became trapped like insects in a spider’s web, able to struggle, but effectively unable to escape.

## A CHANGING WORLD

As the city entered the last decade of the 20th Century, Sedge used his influence to reduce the city’s violence. Immigrants moved to the city in greater numbers, increasing the diversity of the neighborhoods. Washington, D.C. took on a more international flavor, and the Arisen saw more parallels to Irem. The growing number of cafes and coffee shops seemed to recall the City of Pillars. Even the people began to resemble the populace of Irem from

the increasing number of residents hailing from African nations and the Middle East.

Cults had a chance to regroup during the Nineties. The fall of the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe ended the Cold War, and counter-espionage efforts that had ensnared cult members since the 50’s ended. In 1993, when the compound of the Branch Davidian cult in Waco, Texas went up in flames, critics attacked the government for its handling of the situation. In the aftermath, investigations of cult activities were largely curtailed.

With the advent of the Internet, communication between cult members became faster and easier than ever. Most cults recruited or trained computer experts. Information flowed as swiftly as heka through the D.C. area. The Sesha-Hebsu saw this as a blessing. The time of the Word had come. For the Mesen-Nebu, assets could be obtained from across the world. While the Arisen didn’t fully understand this new technology, they were more than willing to take advantage of it.

Computer companies fought for government contracts as the US government tried to keep a technological edge over the rest of the world. Research groups specializing in multiple disciplines set up around the D.C. Metro area take advantage of their proximity to the nation’s capital for access to lawmakers and patent offices.

A faction of the Tef-Aabhi dedicated to the “human monument” instructed their cult members to work on discovering and recreating the mitochondrial DNA of the citizens of Irem. A few mummies even gave samples of their bodies so researchers could try and extract genetic material. It is widely rumored that some Tef-Aabhi may have begun ‘breeding’ people, using methods such as finding mail-order brides for lonely young men or offering immigrants US citizenship in return for marriage and subsequent children.

## THE NEW MILLENNIUM

As the world closed in on January 1, 2000, doomsayers suggested that computers throughout the United States would fail due to the change in the digits of the year. Some believed that nuclear war would be the result. Some elements of the media suggested that planes would fall from the skies and even entire governments would collapse. Even the most skeptical of cult leaders woke mummies in case the worst did come to pass. As a whole, the Arisen did not understand the concerns, but most of them still appreciated being awake to mark the beginning of the new millennium (even those who realized that 2001 would be the true start thereof). And though disasters predicted for the year 2000 didn’t come to pass, catastrophe struck all too soon.





## SEPTEMBER 11TH

On September 11, 2001, people used hijacked planes to attack the twin towers of the World Trade Center in New York and to smash into the Pentagon. If not for the bravery of the men and women on United Flight 93, which crashed near Pittsburgh, a fourth plane might have hit another target in Washington, D.C. Flights were grounded, security was tightened to levels never seen in the United States, and Americans stayed glued to the news for some time thereafter.

A sense of insecurity and vulnerability gripped the country immediately. People grew afraid, and as many feared, security measures were increased and terrorist hotlines were opened. Authorities asked citizens to report anything unusual. Muslim Americans fell under suspicion and became the victims of harassment and, at times, of far worse crimes.

The concerns of the Khent-henu were for the damage done to the five-sided Pentagon at first, but that soon seemed insignificant compared to how dangerous life had become for their cult members. Since many of the Arisen had sahus with Middle Eastern features, even they were occasionally stopped and questioned. After the passage of the Patriot Act, government authorities tapped phones, inspected mail, and monitored electronic communications.

The members of the nome agreed that the best course of action was to do next to nothing and to wait for the country to return to normal. Seb-Hetchet was infuriated that a handful of mortal men had done so much to threaten his

plans. It seemed that no matter how powerful the Arisen were, they could never build or create anything that would stay safe from humanity. Slowly, the country recovered from the shock of the attacks, but the security measures and the monitoring of communication continued. The relative safety that the cults had enjoyed since the 90's was gone.

## THE TURN COMES

The number of Amkhata sightings increased due to the heightened levels of fear. Over the next few Descents, most of the resident Arisen were concerned with supernatural enemies. Even while this was happening, more Arisen and new cults relocated to the D.C. area. A realization had spread that the Sothic Turn was coming. More and more mummies surmised that Seb-Hetchet intended to turn Washington on the Potomac into a true successor to Irem, although the details remained unknown.

## THE CAGED OBELISK

On August 23rd, 2011, an earthquake measuring 5.8 on the Richter Scale struck Louisa County, Virginia (about 80 miles south of Washington). Government buildings were evacuated. Damage was reported as far north as New England. Pieces fell from the towers of the Washington Cathedral. After the shaking subsided, the Arisen felt a change in the atmosphere of the city, a disruption in the carefully shepherded geomancy.

The pinnacle of the Washington Monument had cracked. Inspectors determined that repairs were needed to the interior and exterior. The National Park Service closed the monument.

The apex of the Sothic Turn was upon the city, and the most essential element of the Rite of Irem Reborn was damaged. Almost all of the Khent-henu were at the end of a Descent, and their powers were at their weakest. Repair of the Washington Monument was the responsibility of the National Park Service.

Scaffolding went up around the monument, entombing it in a skeleton of steel. According to the National Park Service, repairs would be complete between 2013 and 2014; potentially too late for certain important events.

## TODAY

A recent conclave of Arisen met in the city, led in part by the Su-Menent's First Prophet of New York, to debate the use of a book said to contain insight on the heretical teaching known as Apotheosis. According to those in residence, the book implies a number of dubious things about the Arisen, and many believe that the book caused the fall of the First Prophet of Tokyo, further fueling the fires of suspicion as to the danger inherent in the text.

## The Sniper

In October of 2003, a new terror came to the D.C. Metro area in the form of a mysterious sniper who randomly shot people at gas stations, open parking lots, and the like. The initial attacks in the area took place in Montgomery County, Maryland, just north of the district proper. Soon, attacks had spread to Virginia as well. The media speculated that the attackers were driving along the Beltway, choosing targets.

Residents started looking for cover when buying gasoline, furtively running through parking lots to stores, and trying to shop or pump gas at odd hours. The level of fear that residents of the region experienced was similar to what they had known during 2001. Two gunmen (an older man and his teen accomplice) were soon apprehended, but not before true fear had spread across the D.C. Metro area.





Now, the Sothic Turn has come and the Khent-henu have risen, each one ready to serve his role in the Rite of Irem Reborn, each one ready for the vision of Seb-Hetchet to come to pass. Oba-Heshef largely wants validation in foregoing the opportunity to be a First Prophet and serve as a prophet of D.C., instead. Tarikh-Sethos longs for the great transformation of the city and the riches it will provide. Sabola of the Maa-Kep looks forward to the culmination of decades of work. Yet Ur-Qeb of the Sesha-Hebsu... only waits and watches.

Seb-Hetchet, alone among the Khent-henu, has not yet arisen with the latest Sothic Turn. With each day that passes, with every sunrise and sunset, the collective nome of D.C. hungers for word that Seb-Hetchet sleeps no longer.

Meanwhile, the Washington Monument remains encased in its own tomb of scaffolding, the red lights atop it glowing from behind a skeleton of steel.







2014



# CHAPTER TWO

## A CITY OF PILLARS

*One of these days this will be a very great city, if nothing happens to it.*  
— Henry Adams

Conceived by a thing of eternity and imagined by a Freemason cultist, the District of Columbia hosts the country's rulers... but isn't permitted to rule itself. The young and poor jab needles full of oblivion into their veins, collapsing within sight of stately halls of power illuminated by golden floodlights in the night. They're bagged and tagged before morning, when the interns who do the country's real work start to trickle in before the dawn. Look over the chipped-paint windowsill of an Anacostia slum, see the Lexus fly by, a drunk Congressman in the driver's seat and a call girl's head in his lap. Just six months ago, he ran on a platform of family values and reforming corruption.

And worse, he *believed* in it.

The juxtaposition between opulence and poverty is an unseemly dichotomy everyone notices, but none can affect. Drugs, money, and murder flow through the city quicker and smoother than the Tiber Creek ever did, and the power's more addictive than the drugs. Sekhem, Dedwen and *heka* roar through the city's geomancy, intoxicating to the enlightened senses of the Arisen. Superficially, Washington is nothing like Irem—a land of hills, heat magnified by extreme humidity, insects that fly rather than crawl—but it *feels* like home. The monuments twist upward in one's vision, until they resemble the djed of that lost city, the spines of Azar arching upward. The Pharaoh and the Senate still vie for power.

The two cities are the same where it matters.

It's called "the city," by those who've lived here all their life, and "this town," for those who've been here more than a decade. The District proper is called, simply, "the district." The entire metropolitan area is "Washington." This is how a Beltway insider speaks. Refer to the area otherwise, and you mark yourself as an outsider.

Insiders and outsiders—this is the lens through which everyone, mortal or no, views the city. Despite partisan bickering, Washington is a close-knit community for its inhabitants—insular and self-serving. The foreign political class keeps to its own, and the city-dwellers do the same. In the more conservative parts of America, being an insider

of Washington marks you as corrupt, seduced by special interests and a culture of ethical lapses, a person without roots and without integrity. Money and special interests worm their way into your circles the moment you arrive. It's indeed a place of extraordinary cynicism and hypocrisy, but with an undercurrent of genuine emotion.

Seb-Hetchet's vision of a city that was and would be again is gone—though really, he's succeeded all too well. What remains is a place of corruption, power, and promise.

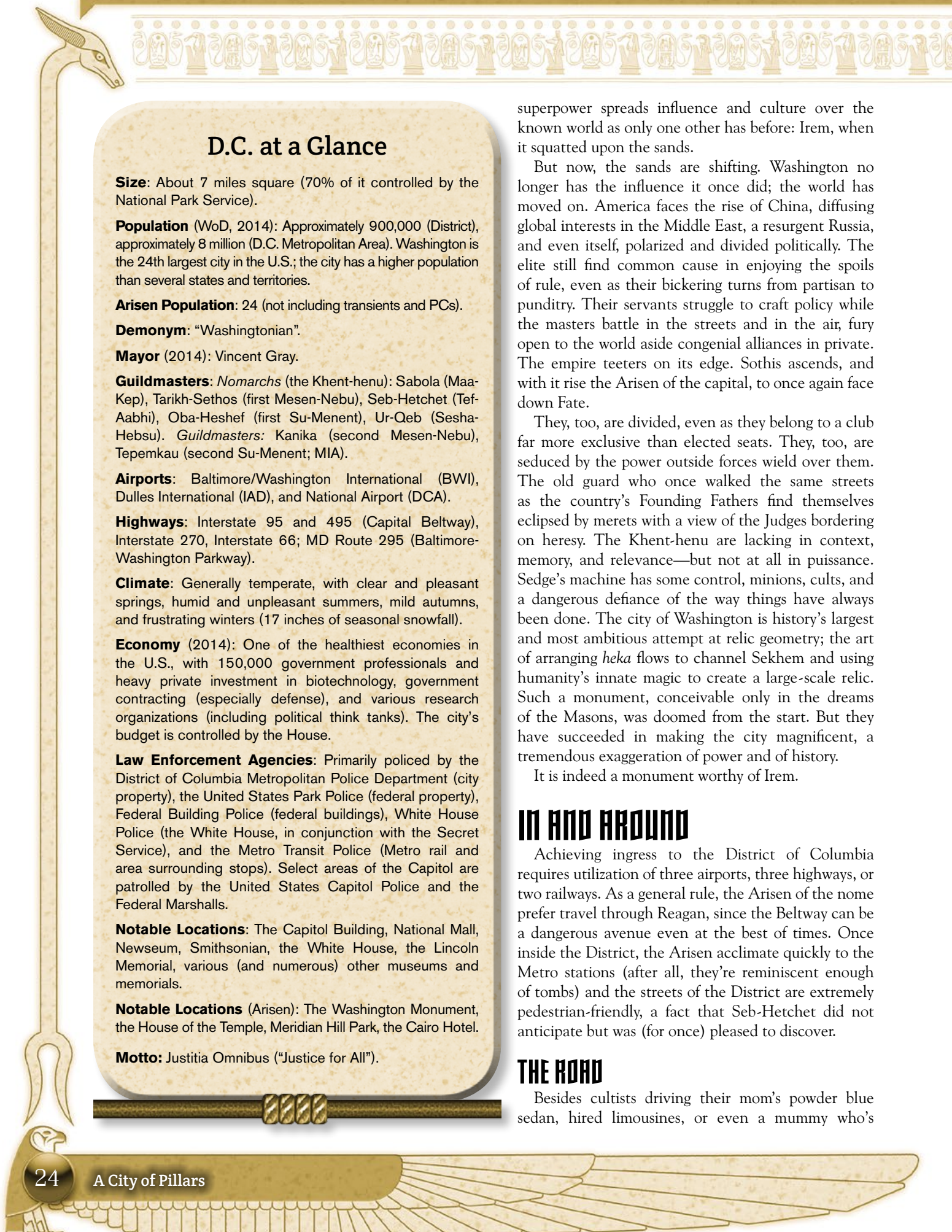
### THE ETERNAL CITY

Cities *themselves* are works of art. The culture and character of the city are defined both by those who live there and the buildings and monuments they leave behind. Where D.C.'s architecture was touched by the Masons reveals a heavy mix of Georgian, Gothic and Gothic Revival, Modern, and Neoclassical styles, mirroring the national monuments. The Founding Fathers are old enough to be heroes, but young enough for Americans to feel a direct connection, a sense of reverence towards them—worshipped as gods should be. It's a subtle effect: despite an age measured in a handful of centuries, D.C. feels like a timeless city, a city of men who've achieved apotheosis, heavy under the weight of history but open to the sky.

The subtle energies mastered by the Tef-Aabhi are critical to the magical effect embedded in the city's design by L'Enfant, the same design mutilated by war and politics and Ellicott. Those who call the city home or depend on it in a thousand different ways are those who characterize its magic. Such dependence stretches far beyond the city's borders. Even those in the larger area consider themselves Washingtonians; someone living in Silver Spring, Maryland may casually refer to their living situation as "D.C." for simplicity's sake.

Washington's an *idea* as much as a place. What was a sleepy town has transformed into a magnificent reactor, mixing violence and media and money. The subtle magics of the entire human race focus on the *idea* of the capital of the world's sole remaining superpower. In turn, that





## D.C. at a Glance

**Size:** About 7 miles square (70% of it controlled by the National Park Service).

**Population** (WoD, 2014): Approximately 900,000 (District), approximately 8 million (D.C. Metropolitan Area). Washington is the 24th largest city in the U.S.; the city has a higher population than several states and territories.

**Arisen Population:** 24 (not including transients and PCs).

**Demonym:** "Washingtonian".

**Mayor** (2014): Vincent Gray.

**Guildmasters:** *Nomarchs* (the Khent-henu): Sabola (Maa-Kep), Tarikh-Sethos (first Mesen-Nebu), Seb-Hetchet (Tef-Aabhi), Oba-Heshef (first Su-Menent), Ur-Qeb (Sesha-Hebsu). *Guildmasters:* Kanika (second Mesen-Nebu), Tepemkau (second Su-Menent; MIA).

**Airports:** Baltimore/Washington International (BWI), Dulles International (IAD), and National Airport (DCA).

**Highways:** Interstate 95 and 495 (Capital Beltway), Interstate 270, Interstate 66; MD Route 295 (Baltimore-Washington Parkway).

**Climate:** Generally temperate, with clear and pleasant springs, humid and unpleasant summers, mild autumns, and frustrating winters (17 inches of seasonal snowfall).

**Economy** (2014): One of the healthiest economies in the U.S., with 150,000 government professionals and heavy private investment in biotechnology, government contracting (especially defense), and various research organizations (including political think tanks). The city's budget is controlled by the House.

**Law Enforcement Agencies:** Primarily policed by the District of Columbia Metropolitan Police Department (city property), the United States Park Police (federal property), Federal Building Police (federal buildings), White House Police (the White House, in conjunction with the Secret Service), and the Metro Transit Police (Metro rail and area surrounding stops). Select areas of the Capitol are patrolled by the United States Capitol Police and the Federal Marshalls.

**Notable Locations:** The Capitol Building, National Mall, Newseum, Smithsonian, the White House, the Lincoln Memorial, various (and numerous) other museums and memorials.

**Notable Locations** (Arisen): The Washington Monument, the House of the Temple, Meridian Hill Park, the Cairo Hotel.

**Motto:** Justitia Omnibus ("Justice for All").

superpower spreads influence and culture over the known world as only one other has before: Irem, when it squatted upon the sands.

But now, the sands are shifting. Washington no longer has the influence it once did; the world has moved on. America faces the rise of China, diffusing global interests in the Middle East, a resurgent Russia, and even itself, polarized and divided politically. The elite still find common cause in enjoying the spoils of rule, even as their bickering turns from partisan to punditry. Their servants struggle to craft policy while the masters battle in the streets and in the air, fury open to the world aside congenial alliances in private. The empire teeters on its edge. Sothis ascends, and with it rise the Arisen of the capital, to once again face down Fate.

They, too, are divided, even as they belong to a club far more exclusive than elected seats. They, too, are seduced by the power outside forces wield over them. The old guard who once walked the same streets as the country's Founding Fathers find themselves eclipsed by merets with a view of the Judges bordering on heresy. The Khent-henu are lacking in context, memory, and relevance—but not at all in puissance. Sedge's machine has some control, minions, cults, and a dangerous defiance of the way things have always been done. The city of Washington is history's largest and most ambitious attempt at relic geometry; the art of arranging *heka* flows to channel Sekhem and using humanity's innate magic to create a large-scale relic. Such a monument, conceivable only in the dreams of the Masons, was doomed from the start. But they have succeeded in making the city magnificent, a tremendous exaggeration of power and of history.

It is indeed a monument worthy of Irem.


## IN AND AROUND

Achieving ingress to the District of Columbia requires utilization of three airports, three highways, or two railways. As a general rule, the Arisen of the nome prefer travel through Reagan, since the Beltway can be a dangerous avenue even at the best of times. Once inside the District, the Arisen acclimate quickly to the Metro stations (after all, they're reminiscent enough of tombs) and the streets of the District are extremely pedestrian-friendly, a fact that Seb-Hetchet did not anticipate but was (for once) pleased to discover.

## THE ROAD

Besides cultists driving their mom's powder blue sedan, hired limousines, or even a mummy who's





bothered to learn to drive in the last century, Chinese immigrants run a fairly cheap bus service that links the Chinatowns of New York and the District. Getting into the city is easy enough; the roads are generally one-way, but the grid of the city itself leads to several wide roundabouts and lends itself to easy navigation. Several highways lead to Washington, D.C., as detailed above. All of them have one thing in common, however—they connect to Interstate 495, the Capital Beltway. The Arisen avoid road travel, and not just because it's a pain to drive on.

Describing a lopsided circle around the District, the eastern side of the highway runs concurrently with Interstate 95, parallel to the Baltimore-Washington Parkway. This all but ensures that anyone trying to cross from Maryland to Virginia experiences the rare pleasure of the road. Traveling clockwise along the Beltway means you're on the "Inner Loop" relative to D.C., while counter-clockwise places you on the "Outer Loop". Natives are usually just as confused as the tourists. The Beltway's traffic pattern harkens back to an older time of highway construction, originally designed to allow motorists traveling along the eastern seaboard to drive past the city and for the military to easily establish a defensive perimeter in case of homeland invasion. Ironically, the completion of the Beltway in 1964 resulted in a massive boom in the population of Washington suburbs, combining with a lamentably-timed cultural love affair with car ownership.

The use of the Beltway for local and commuter traffic alike ensures unpredictable but truly incredible congestion at virtually any time of day. Poor shoulder construction also ensures that even minor accidents lock up the highway for hours at a time, while serious accidents become fatal as emergency crews sit miles away behind a sea of lambent

taillights. Commuters add hours on to their drive to accommodate the Beltway, and local residents will drive to Metro stations on entirely different lines simply to avoid the mess. To call the Beltway "famously frustrating" wouldn't scratch the surface of the misery the highway generates on a daily basis. District residents claim that merely getting on the Beltway gets one aggravated.

It goes beyond simple road rage. The Sekhem bleeding from the geomancy of the District and the emotional energy generated from thousands of frustrated motorists has transformed the Beltway's spiritual resonance into a unique and titanic form of vestige. It's not enough to seriously affect the character of the city (at least, not past the auras of the Khent-henu and the vestiges of Arisen residents), but it's too big (and angry) to successfully contain. The Beltway creates a feedback loop of misery centered around the 95/495 concurrency, called "the mixing bowl." The Capital Beltway is a haven for Amkhata, attracted by the death and emotional resonance of the highway. The Su-Menent of the District make a habit of binding the ghosts of those who've died on the Beltway, using them as a detection and hunting system for the Amkhata who roam the roads.

## AIRPORTS

Air travel, on the other hand, is relatively Lifeless-free. Three airports service the D.C. nome; residents refer to them as Dulles, National, and BWI. Interestingly (and appropriately for the city), not a single one of them is located within the district, itself.

### BALTIMORE WASHINGTON INTERNATIONAL (BWI)

Big, modern, and highly-trafficked, BWI is the hardest airport to access from the nome, since traveling there involves the Beltway (and the Baltimore nome has its own concerns on the matter, and generally isn't as friendly to transients as D.C.). Interstate 95 is often congested, but if you can get past the Amkhata and the sour look of the one Sadikh who lives in the airport, it's a great choice. Ubaid, for example, occasionally travels up to BWI to meet incoming Arisen.

### DULLES (IAD)

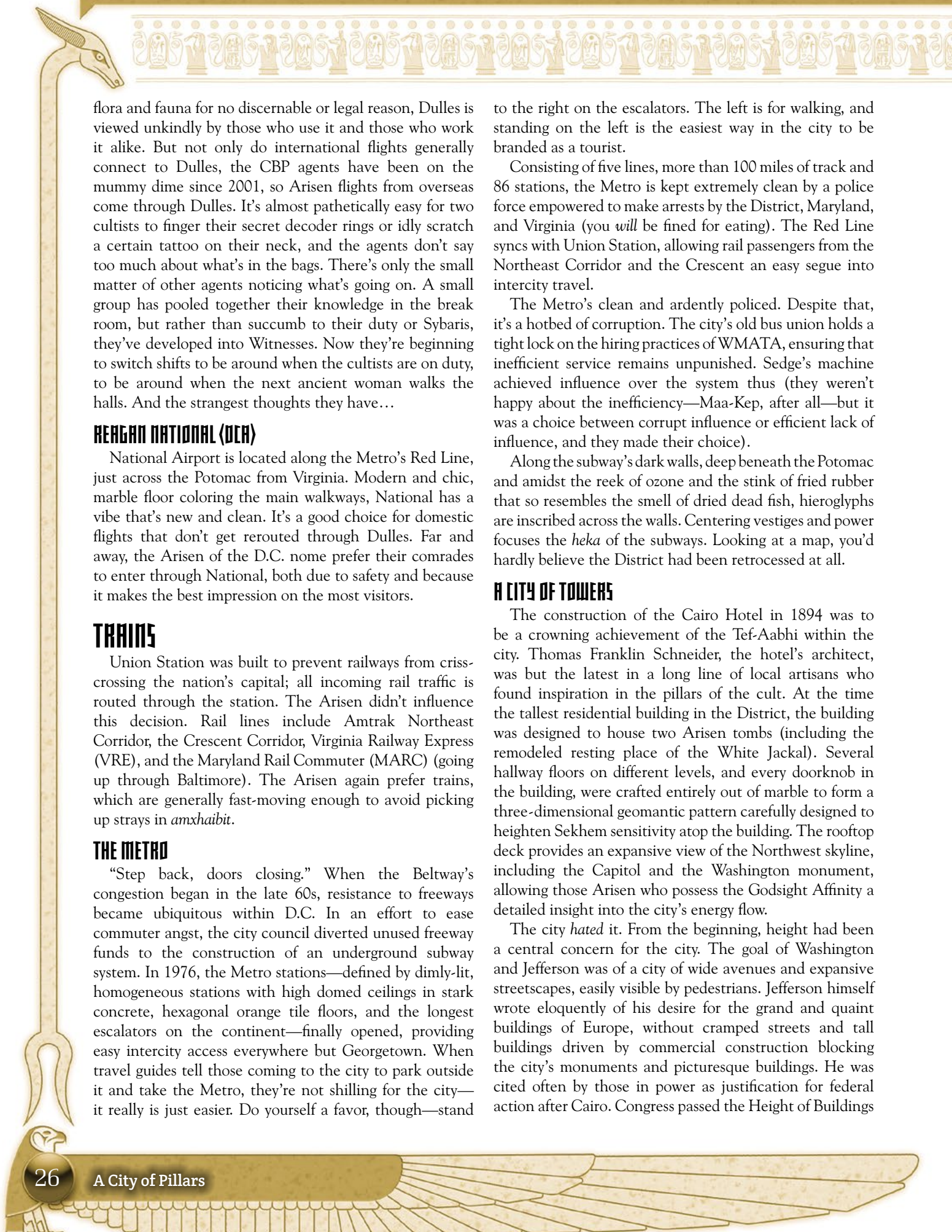
"Little issue, little problem. Big issue, big problem. No issue? No problem."

Even without a scorpion-emblazoned ring dotting the fingers of a few Customs and Border Patrol agents, Dulles is corrupt as all hell. Easily the most highly trafficked airport of the three, and bypassing the Beltway by means of the bus-transit Silver Line, Dulles is a beating chamber of the heart of D.C.'s smuggling operations. Massive, packed with sights and smells of thousands of travelers carrying foreign

## Home Rule: The Slowed Descent

Although a far cry from what it once was, and a farther cry from what it could have been, the city's ruined geomancy does confer some benefits. Besides the possibility of encountering an oasis (see pg. 38), Arisen who walk within the bounds of the District itself feel heka buoying up their energies and Sekhem drizzling down on them from Washington's obelisk. Any mummy within the District treats their Descent schedule (see **Mummy: The Curse**, p. 154) as if their rating was two less than current, to a minimum of 2. Those at Sekhem 2 or less do not enjoy this benefit; the city's power is a bandage that stems hemorrhaging, not a transfusion.





flora and fauna for no discernable or legal reason, Dulles is viewed unkindly by those who use it and those who work it alike. But not only do international flights generally connect to Dulles, the CBP agents have been on the mummy dime since 2001, so Arisen flights from overseas come through Dulles. It's almost pathetically easy for two cultists to finger their secret decoder rings or idly scratch a certain tattoo on their neck, and the agents don't say too much about what's in the bags. There's only the small matter of other agents noticing what's going on. A small group has pooled together their knowledge in the break room, but rather than succumb to their duty or Sybaris, they've developed into Witnesses. Now they're beginning to switch shifts to be around when the cultists are on duty, to be around when the next ancient woman walks the halls. And the strangest thoughts they have...

## REAGAN NATIONAL (DCA)

National Airport is located along the Metro's Red Line, just across the Potomac from Virginia. Modern and chic, marble floor coloring the main walkways, National has a vibe that's new and clean. It's a good choice for domestic flights that don't get rerouted through Dulles. Far and away, the Arisen of the D.C. nome prefer their comrades to enter through National, both due to safety and because it makes the best impression on the most visitors.

## TRAINS

Union Station was built to prevent railways from crisscrossing the nation's capital; all incoming rail traffic is routed through the station. The Arisen didn't influence this decision. Rail lines include Amtrak Northeast Corridor, the Crescent Corridor, Virginia Railway Express (VRE), and the Maryland Rail Commuter (MARC) (going up through Baltimore). The Arisen again prefer trains, which are generally fast-moving enough to avoid picking up strays in *amxhaibit*.

## THE METRO

"Step back, doors closing." When the Beltway's congestion began in the late 60s, resistance to freeways became ubiquitous within D.C. In an effort to ease commuter angst, the city council diverted unused freeway funds to the construction of an underground subway system. In 1976, the Metro stations—defined by dimly-lit, homogeneous stations with high domed ceilings in stark concrete, hexagonal orange tile floors, and the longest escalators on the continent—finally opened, providing easy intercity access everywhere but Georgetown. When travel guides tell those coming to the city to park outside it and take the Metro, they're not shilling for the city—it really is just easier. Do yourself a favor, though—stand

to the right on the escalators. The left is for walking, and standing on the left is the easiest way in the city to be branded as a tourist.

Consisting of five lines, more than 100 miles of track and 86 stations, the Metro is kept extremely clean by a police force empowered to make arrests by the District, Maryland, and Virginia (you *will* be fined for eating). The Red Line syncs with Union Station, allowing rail passengers from the Northeast Corridor and the Crescent an easy segue into intercity travel.

The Metro's clean and ardently policed. Despite that, it's a hotbed of corruption. The city's old bus union holds a tight lock on the hiring practices of WMATA, ensuring that inefficient service remains unpunished. Sedge's machine achieved influence over the system thus (they weren't happy about the inefficiency—Maa-Kep, after all—but it was a choice between corrupt influence or efficient lack of influence, and they made their choice).

Along the subway's dark walls, deep beneath the Potomac and amidst the reek of ozone and the stink of fried rubber that so resembles the smell of dried dead fish, hieroglyphs are inscribed across the walls. Centering vestiges and power focuses the *heka* of the subways. Looking at a map, you'd hardly believe the District had been retrocessed at all.

## A CITY OF TOWERS

The construction of the Cairo Hotel in 1894 was to be a crowning achievement of the Tef-Aabhi within the city. Thomas Franklin Schneider, the hotel's architect, was but the latest in a long line of local artisans who found inspiration in the pillars of the cult. At the time the tallest residential building in the District, the building was designed to house two Arisen tombs (including the remodeled resting place of the White Jackal). Several hallway floors on different levels, and every doorknob in the building, were crafted entirely out of marble to form a three-dimensional geomantic pattern carefully designed to heighten Sekhem sensitivity atop the building. The rooftop deck provides an expansive view of the Northwest skyline, including the Capitol and the Washington monument, allowing those Arisen who possess the Godsight Affinity a detailed insight into the city's energy flow.

The city *hated* it. From the beginning, height had been a central concern for the city. The goal of Washington and Jefferson was of a city of wide avenues and expansive streetscapes, easily visible by pedestrians. Jefferson himself wrote eloquently of his desire for the grand and quaint buildings of Europe, without cramped streets and tall buildings driven by commercial construction blocking the city's monuments and picturesque buildings. He was cited often by those in power as justification for federal action after Cairo. Congress passed the Height of Buildings






District without pesky height restriction laws. Without upward space, rents climbed for decades, while the suburbs flourished and commuter travel caused horrifying congestion. What was intended to keep the city beautiful crippled it economically and environmentally.

The power structure of the D.C. nome is headed by a single meret—the Khent-henu (“First Chorus”). Their name is a declaration to the world—they sing with one voice, one power, one Descent. They are indeed unified,





as befits a group guided by a prophetic Mason and holding fast to the belief that it was the first true meret of mummies. Guildmasters all, the Arisen of First Chorus have forged a vision of a bold, new Irem, a city shining bright on the river. They are exemplars of the five guilds, of how the Shan'iatu's paradigm stands eternally strong.

That's the *idea*, at least.

In reality, the Khent-henu *are* seen as mighty, and despite the flaws, Washington's an incredible accomplishment: capital of a mighty empire, geomantically potent, a tremendous and guarded flow of relics and vestiges, and capable of hosting Arisen from all over the world at a moment's notice. It simply doesn't have the influence that Seb-Hetchet desired at the time of the Turn, nor have its patrons' efforts been condoned fully; if not for the efforts of Oba-Heshef and Tepemkau, the First Prophets and Kenbets would have condemned the endeavor as heresy centuries ago. If not for Sabola, the Maa-Kep would have struck against the group before the Washington Monument was completed. For their parts, the Tef-Aabhi can't decide if ending the Diaspora by honoring Irem is a good idea, and the Mesen-Nebu only care for the shifting flows of power.

Those with enough Memory to consider the issue believe Seb-Hetchet intends to not merely end the Diaspora, but to discard the Diasporic Code and its most ardent of rules—the Shadow Law: *Do not grasp the sunlit flail*. Never openly assume power, for that is not the mummy's lot in the lands of the living. Seb-Hetchet publicly and privately denies the charge, but as he falls again and again into Duat, he cannot help but think of a statue of his god in place of Lincoln.

Despite their long standing alliance, the Khent-henu are far from undivided, and their control is equally far from certain. While the city is united by the elite and their shared interest in maintaining the flow of Sekhem, D.C.'s nome can be accurately summed up as a cold shadow war between two factions. First and foremost, the Khent-henu, which theoretically operates as a unified philosophical front, and which boasts members and relics of the greatest puissance; and its chief rival, Sedge's machine, which *does* operate as a unified front, boasts the largest cults, and overall possesses a slightly more diversified power portfolio. Everyone else exists on a continuum along (or outside) these poles. The Sothic Turn has driven long-simmering issues to the fore and polarized the two factions, mirroring mortal Washington's transformation over the last three decades even as its inner city continues to rot as a murder capital of the nation.

## GUILDMASTERS AND NOMARCHS

D.C.'s unique in a lot of ways, and this uniqueness extends to the nome's every level. The District nome possesses seven guildmasters: one for each of the five

## Transient Arisen

Proper etiquette on visiting a foreign nome requires announcing one's self to the resident guildmaster of one's guild (nomarch or priest), or sending a message through the Sessa-Hebsu guildhalls before traveling. When one is a guest of a foreign nome, one is subject to guild business (see **Guildhalls of the Deathless** for more) within, but with the acknowledgement of the visitor's situation. If there *is* no guildmaster within the nome, lower-ranked guildmates may request aid from the visitor, but generally cannot compel it.



In other words, an Arisen's Guild Status Merit is a static thing; it does not change from nome to nome. When an Arisen visits a foreign nome, it's possible that the guildmaster there will ask them to perform certain duties as a subordinate, but with the implicit understanding that such duties won't interfere with the reason the Arisen came to the nome in the first place. If there isn't a guildmaster, both sides have much to gain from being polite, and much to lose by being impolite.

guilds, and two more to represent and administrate the Mesen-Nebu and the Su-Menent, nominally the two most powerful guilds in the city. The positions of nomarch are held by the Khent-henu, without exception—in theory, by keeping the positions of guildmaster and nomarch within a single meret, they hold absolute control over the city.

The attitude of the Khent-henu—you can't truly be *of* the city unless you've been here since the beginning—is darkly reflective of mortal attitudes on what constitutes a true “Washingtonian.” While they were fine with other Arisen journeying to D.C. to solidify the city's status as Irem reborn, the nomarchs were historically reluctant to allow other Arisen to actually know of the White Jackal's plan for the nome. Yet D.C. becoming a haven for lobbyists and commercial interests attracted the Mesen-Nebu within the last five decades, while the concerns of the faithful toward the curious number of Arisen traveling to D.C. naturally attracted the Su-Menent. The ascensions of Tepemkau and Kannika to guildmaster status (during the 19th and 20th centuries respectively) were a necessary political and logistical compromise. The degree to which the Maa-Kep politico Sedge will influence this new century remains to be seen.

The Metro area's population, along the relatively high numbers of transient Arisen temporarily subsumed into the guilds, logically merits a full ten guildmasters. It's





only the resistance of the Khent-henu (and their status as nomarchs) that keeps the number static, though for just how much longer is a subject of considerable contention come the latest Turn.

## THE KHENT-HENU

**Faction leaders:** Seb-Hetchet, Oba-Heshef, Sabola, Tarikh-Sethos, Ur-Qeb

**Honorary members:** Aziza, Kanika, Khu-Set, Ubaid

**Goal:** Irem reborn.

The Khent-henu know just what they want: a new Irem. What they've lied about is their place in the resultant city. Seb-Hetchet and Ur-Qeb both think they should rule openly; Tarikh-Sethos and Oba-Heshef disagree; and no one can truly remember what Sabola thinks, her least of all.

### ADVANTAGE: PUISSANCE

To put it bluntly, the Khent-henu blew their accumulated experience increasing their personal power and looking askance at the high and questionable cost of raising Memory. Besides the guild resources afforded to their rank, the Khent-henu have superior Attributes, potent Affinities, and a great number of Utterances at their command. All of the Khent-henu know at least one Unison Utterance, and they've been working as a meret since the concept was created. It's not something openly acknowledged, but none of them have any problem letting the meret see a *glimpse* of their guild secrets if it means a Turn-long goal coming to fruition.

There's a few reasons for this singular focus. The first was simple insurance: Seb-hetchet knew there'd be others amongst the Arisen who didn't care for the idea of a new Irem and he intended to be a powerful enough deterrent to dissuade any but the most dedicated detractors. This was enough for the Khent-henu, but not for Seb-Hetchet. The détente segues nicely into the ultimate end goal of what had been the Jackal's plan: rule over Washington. By his own admission, this would require subjugation of forces, mortal and otherwise, who also inhabit Washington, and (most importantly) hardline Arisen who disagree with rule in the light. Although their Memory was fairly high before the 19th century, the entirety of the 20th has seen a slow, gradual decline to the baseline where all Arisen come to rest. They've supplemented their failing Memory with...

### ADVANTAGE: TALISMANS

Not only are the Khent-henu mighty alone, but each crafted a talisman during the third Sothic Turn. The talismanic record contained within the relics allows the meret to remain functionally relevant even at fairly low Memory (at least, they seem to think so). Important personages imprint themselves upon the record,

neighborhoods retain their imprinted locations (if not their shapes or sizes), and important details regarding the functioning of the guilds may be consulted.

The record contains data only, with no emotional or memetic value retained. While the Khent-henu have no problem descending into a cold detachment from those who inhabiting the nome alongside them, it's led to several unfortunate side effects, such as the lack of emotional connection to the other Arisen in the nome. The dependence on talismans has also inadvertently crippled Sabola; her talisman vanished in 2001 in the chaos of the 9/11 attacks, and she's been bereft of functionality since (see Chapter Three).

Coupled with D.C.'s natural abeyance of the Descent, reliance on talismans means the Khent-henu are able to maintain the heights of their magic for longer than normal, even if they "burn out" a bit more quickly. Between this, their guild relics, and their own puissance, the Khent-henu have a massive arcane power base. Which itself is bolstered by...

### ADVANTAGE: LEGITIMACY

Arisen society acknowledges the Khent-henu's status as a meret, as guildmasters, and as nomarchs. They're *legit*. They've played the game and won, and anyone who enters the D.C. nome must acknowledge this fact. The notion that both the Mesen-Nebu and Su-Menent Priests of Duat are allied with the meret's faction is incredibly significant all on its own.

Whether the world *likes* what the Khent-henu have done with the place is another matter entirely. When he is in town, Antu-Herap—the Prince of Glass, grand Kenbet of the Sessa-Hebsu—rarely leaves his tomb, but when he's been recorded to do so, he often journeys to visit the Bennu Initiative. This irregularity has been accepted by those guildmates in the know as him implicitly condoning this Irem reborn. Pestem-Aah, the Maa-Kep leader of the South American Hall of the Jagged Pyramid, has criticized the essential nature of American imperialism (and her arguments have caused Seb-Hetchet more grief than he's willing to admit), but other Maa-Kep guildhalls have quietly endorsed the endeavor, and because it's too late to openly challenge the meret. The Tef-Aabhi see the spire's success as a revitalization of their guild, something *new*, and the Flesh Masons see the city's magnified *heka* flows as a fertile testing ground for their theories (that the city is highly cosmopolitan and a haven for young, vibrant professionals helps matters). The Su-Menent have stopped commenting on the matter in public, but even they've acquiesced to simple pragmatism: their upcoming Conclave is set to be hosted within the city.





## SEdge's MACHINE

**Faction leader:** Sedge

**Prominent members:** *Envoys:* Bes-Mat, Edja, Sudi-Tau, Ur-Zahur; *Others:* Sekhimib, Yusuf

On paper, the Khent-henu are the unquestioned masters of the D.C. nome. But the world isn't papyrus alone. Sedge himself was (and is) Master of Envoys, a honey-tongued diplomatic genius. Sedge's machine has been built over the greater part of a century, with the aid of several outsiders.

**Goal:** The Sekhem Must Flow

Sedge doesn't care much for leaving the city and following the trail of a relic. He'd much rather take advantage of a system that brings relics to him, at least part of the time. "It's above the Mendoza Line," Sedge says, in a diplomatic nod to America's second-favorite pastime. Needless to say, it's an attitude dangerously close to turning a religious experience into a purely monetary transaction. If one put it to Sedge in those terms, he'd probably decline to comment.

### ADVANTAGE: SUBVERSION

Sedge's machine relies on qaheter, or guild envoys—a specific rank within the Maa-Kep. In addition to the summons of their cults or the instinctive reaction of a defiled tomb, qaheter arise in conjunction with other mummies. Linked by specific Maa-Kep Guild Affinities to another mummy of a different guild, the qaheter are capable of rendering selfless aid... while simultaneously influencing their charges, in ways gross or subtle.

Nor does this influence end with the Arisen themselves. Cults are extensions of the mummies they serve, and so too are the cults of the envoys. The envoy cults work in tandem, wielding blackmail and patronage over the cultists of the others, favoring those cultists whom they can manipulate and ruthlessly grinding down those they cannot. Standing over all is Sedge's cult, a high mastaba atop the machine's pyramid.

Half of the Arisen of the city think Sedge is playing his long game in what amounts to the Allied Dead framework (*Mummy*, p. 239). Sedge considers it a fairly polite Rival Dead framework. The Maa-Kep know that friendship is a craft—something to be shaped, perfected, and utilized.

More so than any other but the cults of the Mesen-Nebu, the machine's cults have a lock on some of the most highly-regarded positions in Washington. From sinecure jobs like Homeland Security contractors kept in a permanent cycle of waiting for security clearance (meaning they collect a full government salary with benefits, but legally aren't *allowed* to work), to boards of a think-tank that possess power and prestige, to influence in the Pentagon as to who becomes the next security advisor in the West Wing.

In theory, the machine seeks to smooth the functioning of the nome, overseeing the flow of Sekhem through diplomatic parcels and the Smithsonian. In truth, Sedge uses his patronage and links to the other guilds as a means of exerting control. Many of the advantages of power enjoyed by the Khent-henu are thus also enjoyed (and in truth, enabled) by the machine, given Sedge's investment in the structure of the guilds.

Using qaheter, and his personal management and influence over them and their cults, Sedge has built a complex web of relationships allowing him to empower or disable other mummies simply through his own will. More importantly, he builds goodwill between guild subordinates, supports other guilds, and purports himself to be a "truer" power than even the Khent-henu.

### ADVANTAGE: NUMBERS

The Khent-henu are powerful individually, but the mummies of the machine are greater in sum. This machine also counts mummies from outside the nome amongst its allies. Some of the beleaguered guilds of Baltimore, far from the power and the promise of Washington, are as gears to the machine. That's well over a dozen mummies, none of whom possess the exalted rank of guildmaster. While the insular meret that calls Frederick (MD) their own refuses to deal with Sedge, the lone, nominally apolitical mummy in Fredericksburg (VA) certainly will. All have come to know Sedge as one who will cut through the (oft copious) guild bullshit and *get things done*. Even beyond the envoys, the mummies affiliated with the machine and their cults are willing to pitch in to support Sedge's motives because they know the machine will back them.

Want a cultist in the Smithsonian? Sedge keeps abreast of hiring freezes and his cultists will provide a letter of reference. Need a ritual athame from Irem? Sedge knows a guy who knows a guy who's hierophant to Tepemkau. This perception is as valuable to Sedge as the *actual* ability to get things done. Nor does this perception stop at the Arisen, which leads to...

### ADVANTAGE: DIVERSITY

Sedge's machine isn't solely focused on mummies. The Khent-henu see ghosts and other entities as useful tools at best, nuisances at worst, and irrelevancies the rest of the time. The machine sees them as useful tools... and, on rare occasion, *partners*. It was Sedge who reached out to the remains of the city's population of restless dead after the 1996 Omni-Shoreham massacre, and it is Sedge who lets the Mesen-Nebu know of the market where one can bargain with souls and relics and Sekhem.

## FIVE GUILDS STRONG

This section offers a brief, historical overview on how the five Arisen guilds take shape in the nome that is the Metro D.C area.





## TEF-AABHI

The Tef-Aabhi appear unified, as they always do. Their guild is a microcosm of the nome entire. On the surface, they wait for Seb-Hetchet to rise; in his absence, Ubaid has effectively assumed the role of guildmaster, arbitrating disputes and setting policy. Outside of their appearance of unity, the guild's a mess. The White Jackal kept a great deal of secrets to himself, carefully delegating Lifeweb monitoring to his subordinates and never revealing his full plan for the nome. This has given rise to the custom of visiting cafes to better understand the flows of *heka* and keep abreast of matters of import in the modern world; or at least, what matters to the citizens. Seb-Hetchet likes Dupont Circle, Ubaid prefers Ben's Chili Bowl and the Ethiopian cafes in Shaw (while keeping an eye on Sedge), and Sekhimib tends to stick to the (very) numerous Starbucks. He even owns a gold card.

With the Jackal's ongoing failure to rise, the guild finds itself unwilling to even conduct guild business as usual, and Ubaid's authority only goes so far. In reality, Seb-Hetchet has risen, but has disappeared from his tomb within the Cairo Hotel. Ubaid knows this (after all, his tomb's in the same place), but has only a few suspicions as to where the guildmaster has gone. Too late, Ubaid laments his support of restricting the number of guildmasters; had he argued more forcefully for it in decades past, the guild would not

be paralyzed now. As it is, the Mason is frantically buying himself more time while convincing the Khent-henu to hold off on their own plans just a *bit* longer.


## MESSEN-NEBU

The Mesen-Nebu of the city have a great deal of influence with the political class—not just the politicians, who have to return to their constituencies and seek re-election every so often (and, occasionally, are voted out unexpectedly—a fact that makes the Mesen-Nebu wary of investing too heavily in a single politician), but the aides and political operators who are passed around like so many bottles of fine liquor. They, at least, never leave the city. The guild's strongholds are the lobbyist firms of K Street and the gentleman's clubs of old Georgetown (Tarikh-Sethos is quick to assure that he doesn't mean a house of burlesque, but an elegant storied building where men of wealth come to address matters of import).

One of the grandest traditions of the District those Born of Gold have come to adopt and adore is that of the ball, where even the poorer members of high society exhibit their finest garments. It's common for international organizations and embassies to sponsor such events for their members and constituents, and the District is so full of them that a gala event occurs nearly every weekend. Dedwen flows freer than alcohol at such events, which mingle youth and young







talent with the experience of the aged masters of the city. It's a heady cocktail, even for those who don't imbibe arcane potions in the course of their duties. If you need an invite, just ask—Tarikh-Sethos knows a guy who knows a guy. Just don't show up wearing *that*.

### MAA-KEP

On the surface, Sedge is an ideal Maa-Kep: getting things done, quietly and efficiently. He's leveraged the immense respect all of the guildhalls feel towards him to be cast as the quiet, loyal opposition. "If there is a rot at the heart of the District," they say, "You must be there to slice it out."

Sabola, of course, believed Sedge to *be* the rot in the heart of the District. Naturally, she had to go. If the rest of the guild had any idea about his ambitions or how much power he actually wielded, they'd have sealed him in a sarcophagus long ago. Sedge has taken the quiet acceptance of the Maa-Kep as the ones who *truly* know what's going on and turned it into an art form, where only *he* has an idea of what's going on. Bes-Mat has an idea, but he's a good servant when it comes down to it. Sedge is careful always to speak well of the Judges in the conservative Arisen's ear. And while Sabola knew of Sedge's manipulation of the envoy system, she was never able to prove it enough to generate an Obloquy hearing. Now, of course, she's disappeared entirely. It's only a matter of a decade or so...

### SU-MENENT

Tepemkau's disappearance has sent the guild into disarray, weakening it significantly. Besides his cult going rogue, Tepemkau handled most of the arbitration for Shepherd internal affairs and handled guild business assignments for transient Arisen. He also took a personal hand in creating Sleeve-Riders, the legion of ghosts born out of dead motorists on the Beltway. On the plus side, the Su-Menent were the guild least in league with Sedge and his machine (being fearless makes you surprisingly resilient to blackmail and intimidation), so they've been unaffected by Sedge's machinations and power plays.

There's a change in the guild these days, though none can truly say what that is. The modern world hasn't been close to the Judges for thousands of years, but the gulf seems almost insurmountable in the modern era. In Washington too few care about justice or serving the will of Duat, even in the most direct manner. When you believe yourself to be representing your constituents, even the most heinous of deals can be made with a clean conscience.

Remarkably, the Su-Menent have made a habit of patronizing the various religious centers in the universities around the District, especially the Maryland Hillel at the University of Maryland at College Park (Oba-Heshef takes a particularly grim joy at the pun of a Jewish center being named after the mother

## Six Guilds Strong

Seb-Hetchet's meret helped build the monuments and artifacts of D.C. in accordance with their faltering memory of Irem and its lost glory. By linking the city's fate to Washington, he believed they could watch over the city and finally break the cycle of empire. As Irem was built with the strength of five guilds, he'd say, so must the meret bring the arts of those same guilds to Washington.

But Irem *wasn't* built by five guilds. It was built by six.

What of that lost guild, now known as the Deceived? Are their dark arts felt in Washington? The celestial oracles Seb-Hetchet consulted to find the city's site may have been of the lost guild. Seb-Hetchet matched the design of the streets to mirror the constellation of Sothis and channel the power of that bright polestar. As above, so below, after all.


But how could he have done so without the Deceived informing him such a thing was preferable? If the Deceived are still within Washington, D.C., they haven't made themselves known. If they can be said to have any footing within the District, it's probably around and/or in the Naval Observatory, a place traditionally eschewed by the Arisen. Besides sharing their grounds with the residence of the Vice President (a traditionally powerless position), the Observatory is a leading authority on the topics of time and celestial observation, and for their collection of atomic clocks and incredibly rare astronomy texts from the past few millennia. If the Deceived observe any traditions in Washington, it's a habitually casual stroll on the grounds at sunset, watching the sun die and the stars rise.

of the Christian messiah). The Mormon Temple overlooking the Beltway was able to afford the golden statue of the angel Moroni atop their structure, chiefly due to a large anonymous donation from the Arisen. The angel blows his trumpet east, to greet the sun; if anyone on the ground notices the much smaller face carved into the angel's base, surrounded by a winged sun facing westward, they haven't mentioned it.

### SESHA-HEBSU

The work of the Scribes in the District is based not only around the National Archives—which many of the guild consider to be a work worthy of Irem's successor—but a pet project of Hebeny's called the Bennu Initiative. A nonprofit devoted to data reconstruction and translation and ancient document retrieval, the Initiative seeks to





“Give modern voices to ancient words” by translating and propagating the philosophies of the Greeks and Egyptians through seminars, public speaking engagements, think tank dialogues and mediation counseling, and an aggressive public awareness campaign that’s really starting to take off. And, of course, it’s mostly Iremite propaganda.

The Initiative’s mission is to covertly spread Iremite culture, and it’s assisted by the Su-Menent. All Arisen approve of the memetic monument to Irem, though. Besides sponsoring translation software coding at the University of Maryland and archaeological digs in the Middle East, the Initiative also sponsors a local think tank of young professionals and a Fun-Run with NIH and Last Dynasty International (amusingly, neither organization is aware of the other’s true nature yet).

As of late, though, Hebeny has quietly toned down the idea of the Judges in favor of promoting the principles of cosmic justice, which appeals to both the cultural relativists and young professionals (who are mainly secular or atheist) and the religious conservatives who work in government and for faith organizations (and believe universal justice to be the purview of God) who inhabit the District. Neither group knows that these principles are those of Ma’at, a balanced philosophy (and, for a while, a literal goddess) of the ancient Egyptians that promoted living in harmony with the universe.

## WASHINGTON’S CITY

As with so many of the regional attitudes in the continental United States, the nation’s capital distinguishes between those who are native to the region and those who are newcomers.

This section of the book will offer a look at Washington, D.C. and the surrounding region with not only descriptions, but also the look and feel of the areas. Mystical sites will be detailed as well as areas indicated for use by the players’ characters.

## THE DISTRICT

D.C. is divided into four quadrants: Northeast (NE), Northwest (NW), Southeast (SE), and Southwest (SW). These quadrants have the Capitol building as their center point, so they aren’t divided up evenly. Northwest is the largest quadrant, followed by Northeast, Southeast, and finally, the much smaller Southwest (a jagged edge, due to retrocession).

Washington D.C. features a great number of iconic images—the front lawn of the White House, the Washington Monument, the Capitol Dome, the Lincoln Memorial. All of these things are found in the city, but they’re a small section of the District entire. Hollywood takes liberties with the placement of these structures; seeing “Washington” in

any number of TV shows or films, you’re really looking at any number of state capitals or other cities.

## NORTHWEST

Northwest is the largest and most affluent section of the city, home to Georgetown and Rock Creek Park. Many embassies are located in Northwest, as well as three universities: Georgetown, George Washington, and American. The tallest structure in Northwest is the National Cathedral.

### Rock Creek Park

Bisecting the Northwest quadrant of the District is the 160-acre Rock Creek Park. Numerous stretches of trees, broken only by streams, the occasional bike trail, and various picnic areas fill the park, and groups of wild deer live in the woods. Rock Creek Park is pure Appalachian country, with only a few signs of civilization. From here, you can’t see the city from the trees. This was the ancient tomb of Seb-Hetchet, before he relocated to the Cairo. It’s not common knowledge, but his Sadikh still resides there, and the Tef-Aabhi returns there occasionally to view stars with slightly less light pollution. More and more, hikers are beginning to avoid the area, as the White Jackal’s Sekhem invokes a feeling of dread animals stalking the miniature hinterland in the midst of the city.

### Federal Triangle and Old Downtown

Pawn shops and rundown buildings once lined Pennsylvania Avenue between the Capitol and the White House. After the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr., rioters set downtown ablaze, destroying many of the buildings that had long been considered a national eyesore. Afterwards, many businesses moved away rather than try to rebuild. Government offices soon replaced the old buildings, and more recently, developers have restored and renovated many of the other now historic structures. That the Mesen-Nebu’s cults take a great interest in this should come as no surprise.

### Pension Building

Completed in 1887, this red brick Italian Renaissance Revival building stands on F Street between 4th and 5th streets. Designed to serve the needs of Union veterans, the engineering of the building provided for natural air-conditioning and light. The interior has a hall with 75-foot Corinthian columns supporting the roof. It has been used for Inaugural Balls for over a century, attracting the Mesen-Nebu’s constant attention. The structure contains the National Building Museum, a traditional meeting place for Tef-Aabhi of the city—their “guildhall away from home.”





## Old Post Office

When it was completed in 1899, the Old Post Office pavillion was the largest government building in the city, located on 12th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. The clock tower has an impressive view only surpassed by the view from the Washington Monument. Shops and restaurants line the interior courtyard and it isn't unknown for meetings between the Arisen and their cult members to take place here.

## The White House

The eyes of the world continually remain focused on the residents of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. The White House is the home of the President of the United States, and the Washington nome expressly forbids any interference with or visitation to its grounds. No cultists are brazen enough to call their Arisen with requests to interfere with the inhabitants. Any cultist who tries is sure to be purged soon thereafter. Likewise, the Blair House and the Old Executive Building (formerly the State-War-Navy Building) are also protected sites.

## Foggy Bottom

North of the White House area, beyond Lafayette Park and south of Georgetown, is Foggy Bottom. This area contains some prime hunting grounds, including George

Washington University. Many societies and agencies have headquarters in Foggy Bottom, including the National Academy of Sciences. A metro station serves this area, the last before venturing into Virginia. More so than any other place, the gentrification of Washington is especially visible here, as Starbucks and casual fine dining joints pop up and the Arisen gradually seem more and more out of place.

## The Watergate

Situated on the edge of the Potomac River, the Watergate is an impressive complex of offices and apartments, well known for the break-ins which resulted in scandal and the removal of President Nixon from office. Tarikh-Sethos maintains his tomb in a sub-basement here; the propensity for scandal within the complex can likely be attributed to his guild's energies permeating the atmosphere, but he swears he simply enjoys the view and takes no direct hand in the free flow of Dedwen.

## Georgetown

In the District's early years, while the nation's capital languished, George Town was a bustling port for tobacco merchants. A few years after being annexed by the District, George Town asked to be returned to Maryland, but was instead forced to remain in the District. The area's economy collapsed, but was successfully revived and restored in the 1950s.

Now the wealthy neighborhood is home to club owners, lawyers, politicians, and bureaucrats galore. The historic preservation movements in Georgetown managed to prevent a Metro station from going up in the area (though the WMATA claims the deep hills of the area prevented subway construction), despite the fact that after dark, the restaurants, night clubs and shops attract people from as far away as Foggy Bottom. M Street and Wisconsin Avenue can offer almost everything, except a parking space.

Some of the old gentlemen's clubs (with cigar selections, no less) hold a great deal of memory for the Arisen. Here they sat, and discussed matters of Fate and politics. Visiting these locales usually results in a degree of Sebait experience, and a mirage on occasion. Kanika is not an old boy by any means, but she deeply enjoys the ambience of these ancient clubs, and relishes spending time deep within the colonial buildings. Her tomb is located under one such club, accessible via a rather large and sturdy dumbwaiter in the kitchen.

## Georgetown University

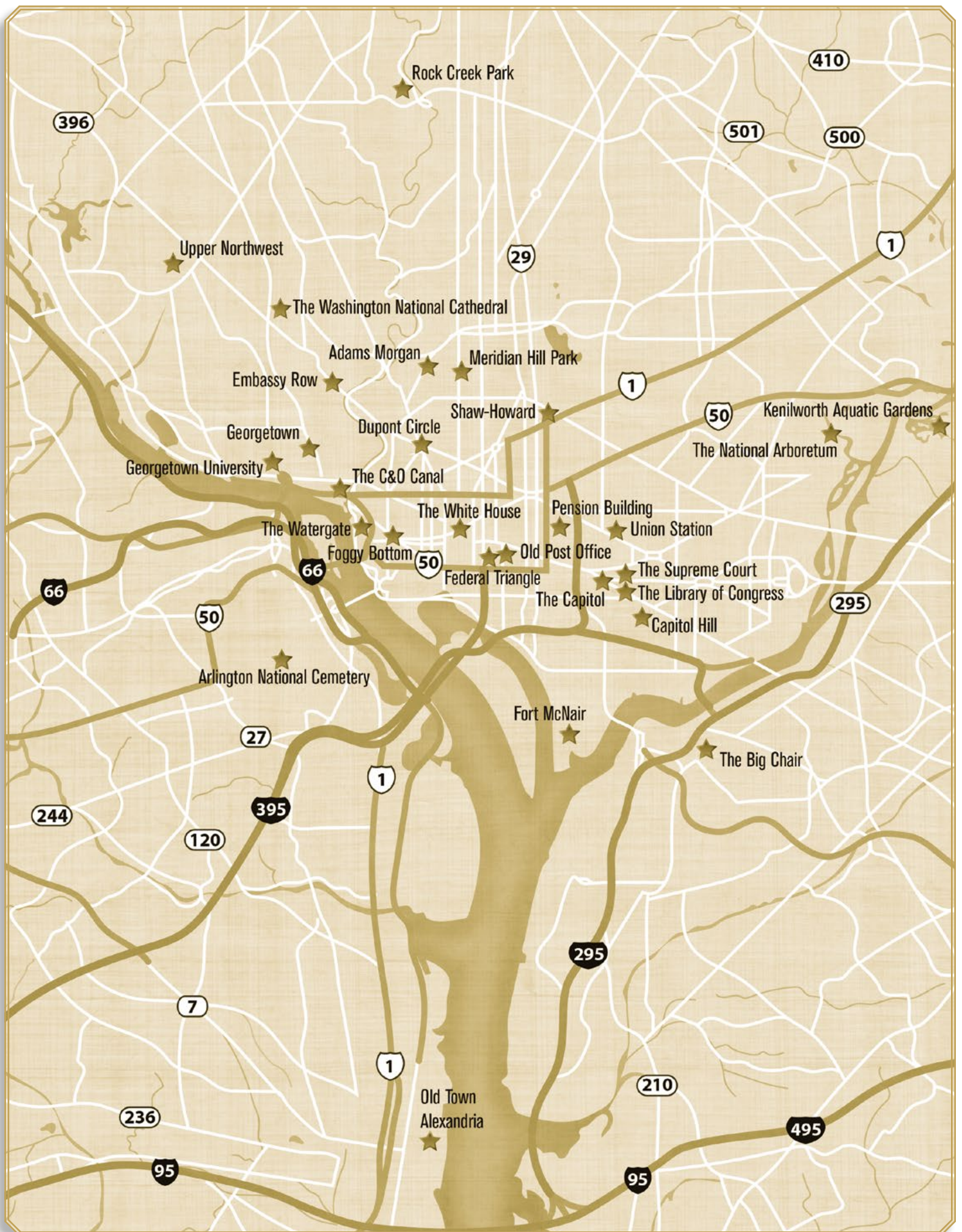
Built in the Gothic style, this private school is the oldest Jesuit school in America. Spires and gargoyles loom over the campus. The school's diplomatic corps are highly-regarded, though some students believe religious "inquisitors" secretly operate on the university grounds (Sesha-Hebsu and Su-Menent, basing themselves near the Beltway).

## Movin' On Out

Washington, D.C. was a "chocolate city" not too long ago. A decade before the Sothic Turn arrived, the city was majority black. It still is in 2014, but it's gentrifying rapidly, as the majority black population is pushed back to Anacostia and Congress Heights (Ward 8, of course, is still run by Marion Barry—Mr. Mayor, the District mayor who was busted for smoking crack with a prostitute and then subsequently re-elected).

Today, it's still chocolate, but the vanilla creeps in. U Street and the Shaw district teem with students and young whites unloading moving boxes from trucks. Professionals come from all over the nation to be a part of the political process here, and they're mostly white, too. The natives of This Town look at the transients with a degree of ill-ease. The Arisen who've been awake and have paid attention to this phenomenon wonder if they'll be in the minority in a few more years; previously, the city had hidden their demographics well, but they won't be able to hide much longer if gentrification continues.









## The C&O Canal

This canal, originally meant to keep George Town's port open and turn Washington, D.C. into an industrial giant, is now a tourist attraction. In the summers, mules pull barges along the canal. There are many tunnels leading to the canal from across the city, and the Arisen will make use of them if they need to travel privately.

## Meridian Hill Park

Directly north of the White House is where the true masters of the city come to meet. At the base of the thirteen-step basin cascade fountains will you find the Arisen. In the early parts of the 20th Century, this park was designed to replicate the stately gardens of European cities. To the Arisen, it's a pleasant taste of home, and the sunlight and gardens helps to greatly minimize any issues their Sybaris may well cause. The alignment of the Park over sacred geometry helps to perceptibly slow the Descent (and add a die to attempts to meditate to restore pillars; many mummies will simply relax and let their minds wander while inside the park's boundaries). The nomarchs have forbade anyone from constructing a tomb lest it damage the geomancy of the area, but it's become far too valuable as a neutral ground (and far more pleasant than the Hotel Cairo) for anyone to claim it.

## Shaw-Howard

Home to a Green Line stop, Shaw grew out of freed slave encampments, and has remained a historically African-American neighborhood ever since. Howard University, which dominates the skyline of Victorian rowhouses to the extent anything in D.C. can, is also a historically black college. Before Harlem, the neighborhood was a hotbed of cultural and intellectual activity, inspiring Langston Hughes and birthing Duke Ellington. Bohemian Cavern bar hosted jazz groups in the sound's earliest days, while the Lincoln Theatre hosted plays and actors kept from Broadway by their color. The neighborhood also hosts Ben's Chili Bowl, a small stop with worldwide renown. It's considered both a rite of passage and a necessity for aspiring politicians to get press of them eating a half-smoke from the Bowl.

They just have to first step over the homeless junkies sleeping out front, an omission the press quietly obliges. Since the 70s, the neighborhood's been plagued by drug addicts and dealers; the trade's brazen and ubiquitous enough that the Metro police will occasionally stake out the roof of the Bowl. The attractive dichotomy and easy access to the Metro (and proximity to his tomb on U Street) makes the neighborhood incredibly attractive to Sedge.

Go into the Tap and Tavern, just to the right from the Metro station. Ask for a draught from the dusty keg and spigot at the back corner of the bar, and you'll get the closest thing the modern world has to Iremite mead. Correctly guess the name, and you'll be ushered over to Jone Yohannes, a burly Ethiopian-American holding court in the back room past the famed stage. Yohannes is Sedge's hierophant; the white-skinned Sedge stood out in the neighborhood until the turn of the millennium, when gentrification began to take hold. When he's called on by mortals, the bss lets his priest do the talking, sipping mead in a corner booth within earshot and thinking on centuries gone by. Only Sadikh and mummies catch the Sedges' full attention. In his god's absence, Yohannes grasps the conspiracy-styled cult in a well-manicured fist.

## Dupont Circle

Three of the most important streets in Washington—Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire Avenues—come together at Dupont Circle. In the center of the green circle stands a fountain decorated with the figures of Sea, Stars and Wind—symbols that were important symbols of Irem, but are sufficiently secular today to be mere pleasant symbology (though the Benu



## Diplomatic Pouches

In the aftermath of World War II, a stretch of mansions along Massachusetts Avenue NW—formerly "Millionaire's Row", the premier residential address of the city's elite—was radically transformed. The nations of the world bought out the former homes of the rich, turning them instead into resplendent embassies for their ambassadors. Thus, "Embassy Row" was born, and the smuggling began.

Despite the name, diplomatic pouches can be boxes, bags, suitcases, or—at most—a shipping container. So long as it's marked, a diplomatic pouch has the ability to bypass customs, and enjoys diplomatic immunity from search and seizure. Besides the Smithsonian, cultists working out of the various embassies of the world will routinely place precious objects within parcels, making their way with the banner of their master's Judge all but emblazoned on the side.

During Egypt's Mubarak administration, no few parcels made their way from Cairo containing certain relics of Irem. In a corrupt government, faith and money go a tremendously long way, and nowhere is that any truer than in Washington.





Initiative seeks to change that). In the 60s, Dupont Circle became a rallying point for counterculture and gay pride movements. In Washington today, its cultural and ethnic bookstores and restaurants make it home to many members of the young intelligentsia. The District's gay community still maintains a strong presence around Dupont Circle, and despite his rough-and-tumble exterior, Bes-Mat will often send members of his tribe to patrol the area and ensure it remains safe (hilariously, the presence of rather large bikers with Egyptian tattoos make people feel far more imperiled). A Metro station lies beneath the Circle; other entrances to the old subway system are locked and chained. Bes-Mat maintains his primary tomb under here, in a small maintenance tunnel where he can park his bike. There's enough room for his cult to have a clubhouse nearby.

### **The Washington National Cathedral**

Located at the intersection of two of Northwest's major streets, Wisconsin and Massachusetts Avenues, the Gothic towers of the cathedral dominate the surrounding landscape. The Washington National Cathedral is the sixth largest cathedral in the world.

### **Embassy Row**

Starting at Dupont Circle and heading north along Massachusetts Avenue is Embassy Row, which includes clusters of embassies and legations. The largest embassy in Washington is the British Embassy, which resembles a manor house. A statue of Winston Churchill stands in front. Also along Embassy Row are many of Washington's most exclusive social clubs, such as the Cosmos Club.

### **Upper Northwest**

The rest of Northwestern D.C. is primarily residential, with the exception of the shops lining Wisconsin Avenue. American University, chartered by Congress and best known for its international and political science departments, lies next to Ward Circle, where Nebraska Avenue meets Massachusetts Avenue. Much of this area was used as military barracks and for weapons testing during the World Wars. Several unexploded shells have been found in gardens and beneath streets in the area.

### **Adams-Morgan**

Adams-Morgan, located south of Cleveland Park in the heart of the city, is Washington's melting pot of ethnic groups. Its excellent restaurants, Bohemian atmosphere and wild night life draw almost as many visitors as Georgetown. Most of the apartments near Adams-Morgan were built in the 19th century and have an ornate feel to them.

### **Capitol Hill**

Referred to only as "The Hill" by residents, this area of the city consists of sections of all four parts of the District. The Capitol is the centerpiece, located where all of the boundaries intersect. Numerous governmental and political organizations have offices nearby, and several aides live in neighboring Victorian-style homes.

### **The Capitol**

The Capitol was designed in a Roman style reminiscent of the Pantheon, and its enormous 285-foot-high dome is one of Washington's most famous sights. A statue of Freedom stands atop the dome. Because the Capitol building is always active with reporters and congressmen, the Washington always has young cultists watching to make sure that nothing untoward or over should occur nearby.

### **Union Station**


In the early 1900s, Congress decided to beautify the city. In order to remove the large number of train tracks crossing the Mall, it decreed that all trains would use a single depot, Union Station, north of the Capitol. Built with white marble, columns, and statuary, Union Station was a great success during its early years. During the '60s, the train station fell on hard times. A restoration project in the late 80's and early '90s has returned the station to its former grandeur, adding also a number of shops, a food court, and even a movie theater. Union Station also has a metro station.

### **The Library of Congress and the National Archives**

The Library of Congress is housed mainly within three structures: the Jefferson Building, at Independence Avenue and 1st Street, SE; the Adams Building, at 2nd Street, SE; and the James Madison Building, between Independence Avenue and C Street. The Capitol building contained the Library originally, but expansion in the late 1800s required use of the Jefferson building and beyond. The National Archives is a related but separate institution, located just north of the Mall.

The octagonal Main Reading Room of the Library, what's most often shown in pictures of the Library, is located in the Jefferson Building. The Library contains more than 30 million books and at least 60 million other items of interest. While it's main purpose is to provide (you guessed it) books for the purpose of Congressional research, it's second only to the British Library in size, and contains a great number of Egyptian writings. Naturally, the Sessa-Hebsu make a dedicated effort to keep the librarians initiated into their cults; the long hours required by the library segue nicely into clandestine meetings in robes and papier-mâché scorpion masks.





The Sesha-Hebsu regard the National Archives as a national treasure. The building stands between Pennsylvania Avenue and Constitution Avenue and contains the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. In addition, many government records are stored in the National Archives and researchers and genealogists often visit to view historical documents. Although the National Archives contain a vast store of records, the majority of its holdings are kept in storage in the suburb of Suitland, Maryland.

### The Supreme Court

The Supreme Court didn't have a building of its own until 1935. The Court is in session from the first Monday in October until it has heard all of its cases, usually sometime in June.

### NORTHEAST

Northeast D.C. is the second largest part of the District, containing some of the best and worst that Washington can offer. Gallaudet University, one of the finest universities in the country, is a well-known school of the deaf. Catholic University includes the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, one of the largest Roman Catholic churches in the world. Both schools are hotbeds of Su-Menent cultists; though the priests favor the blind, they find the insular and specified culture of the deaf much to their liking, and it greatly aids students of history—medieval, Byzantine and early Christianity—to have on-hand people who actually *lived* those days, even if they're a bit fuzzy on the details.

### National Arboretum

The Department of Agriculture uses this strange 415-acre-area for the study of trees. Thirty-two different types of soil cover the Arboretum, supporting a variety of trees not typically native to the Washington area. The Arboretum borders on Anacostia Park, which surrounds the Anacostia River and follows it into Maryland. Anacostia Park includes golf courses and a marina.

#### Kenilworth Aquatic Gardens

North of the Arboretum, bordering Anacostia Park, are the Kenilworth Aquatic Gardens—14 acres of ponds filled with subaquatic plants. This unique collection of pools and plants is one of the most bizarre settings in the city. Sedge adores this place as a meeting area instead of Meridian; he loves the sound of his voice across the water, and the life of the area helps to quell Sybaris as well.

### SOUTHEAST AND SOUTHWEST

The population of Southeast is predominantly black, particularly east of Anacostia. It's this area that once gave the city its reputation as a murder capital of the world.

The black citizens here still live in widespread poverty, but there are middle-class neighborhoods. Eastern Market, which contains the entirety of the area's white and mixed population, is thoroughly gentrified and hosts a massive market every weekend (where, it's said by the Su-Menent and the Mesen-Nebu, you can buy far more than fresh produce).

Southwest D.C. is the smallest part of Washington, tucked between the monuments on the Mall, the Potomac River, and Southeast. It includes Fort McNair and a waterfront with a marina. East Potomac Park is also located in Southwest. Crime is not as much of a problem in Southwest, because it is patrolled by police protecting the Mall, in addition to the nearby military bases.

### The Big Chair

The 20-foot-tall Big Chair is literally the world's largest chair, and actually serves as a powerful vestige for anchoring

## Home Rule: Al-Wahat



The White Jackal's struggle to end the Diaspora by altering the Fate of Irem from something *ancient* to something *eternal* has created glimmers of power and Fate throughout the city. Here, the flashbacks to which Arisen are prone find strong, sweeping manifestations.

While places of Fate and power are a long-studied element of relic architecture (called *oases*), Washington's manifestations are not tied to a place or time. These shimmering waves of the Fate of Irem within the city are called *mirages*, so named by Ur-Qeb in 1885, who made an analysis of their sudden and dramatic increase after the completion of the Washington Monument. Forming only rarely in Alexandria or Rosslyn (they're usually constrained to the lopsided district), they affect mummies alone.

Mirages are a vision relating to the Fate of Irem, a fragmentary lesson Fate imparts to the character. Only those with high Memory can effectively contextualize the vision (and thus, understand what the mirages are communicating). As Memory rises, the mirages become more distinct and involved, from brief overlays to lurid, waking dreams.

Details on playing through mirages are covered in the Storytelling chapter. Regardless, mirages act as justification for awarding Sebayt experience, if the character acknowledges the vision and actively contemplates the meaning it contains (p. 93).





the energies of the area. It's the pride in this chair, the largest in the world, that serves as a beacon of hope for the inhabitants of the area. The Arisen are as mystified as outsiders, but it's a source of wonder and determination nonetheless.

### Fort McNair

The troops at Fort McNair protect the President and guard the city. The fort looks nicer than most army bases, and it contains two military colleges for training officers as well as one of the finest military libraries in the world. Across the Potomac Canal from Fort McNair is East Potomac Park.

## VIRGINIA

The Washington, D.C. metro area extends far beyond the District. Most people who work inside the nation's capital have homes elsewhere. Additionally, many political and governmental functions overflow from the nation's capital into the surrounding suburbs and satellite cities.

Many visitors to D.C. fail to realize the number of groups or sites associated with Washington that are actually located in Virginia. The Pentagon, Arlington Cemetery, National and Dulles airports, and the U.S. Marine Corps Memorial are all in Virginia. Two Virginia cities border Washington: Alexandria and Arlington. Alexandria is the larger of the two, and in the first few years of the district's history, large sections of this city were considered to be one and the same. Virginia took this area back, however, and Alexandria grew to be its own city, separate from the capital.

## ALEXANDRIA

Alexandria was founded in 1749, a busy tobacco port trading primarily with ships from the East and West Indies. Plantation owners came for miles to shop in Alexandria, and the city thrived. George Washington, and, years later, Robert E. Lee, grew up here. Many high-tech firms have started in northern Virginia, keeping themselves close to the nation's capital in order to lobby for government grants and contracts. L'Enfant was pleased when the site of Washington was chosen, but Congress' trepidation at placing the capital on land owned by Washington and many of his compatriots never subsided. This led to the retrocession several years later.

## Old Town Alexandria

Much of the colonial charm of Alexandria has been preserved. Homes and shops dating back to the 18th century line cobblestone streets in Old Town Alexandria, and clipper ships still dock at the waterfront. The atmosphere, festivals and art displayed in the Old Town draw tourists as well as locals. More so than anywhere else out of the shattered diamond of the city, mirages will form here. An Arisen strolling the street in search of memory will find it.

## ARLINGTON

Arlington lies across the Potomac from Washington. From the city's heights, there are impressive views of the District. Arlington was part of D.C. until the Virginia Reclamation. Like much of northern Virginia, Arlington is a residential area. The rich and powerful own some large and beautiful homes here, and the Arisen who do not maintain tombs within the district keep to themselves out here.

### Arlington National Cemetery

More than 400,000 graves comprise Arlington National Cemetery, on the ancestral grounds of Robert E. Lee. An average of 27 funerals a day are performed at Arlington National, and the cemetery has been working on an expansion project to allow interments to continue as long as possible before it is full. The most often-visited grave is that of John F. Kennedy, where the eternal flame continues to burn steadily. Jacqueline Kennedy is buried beside him, and two of their children rest nearby. The graves of his brothers, Robert and Edward, also lie close by. South of the Kennedy graves stands the Tomb of the Unknowns. In front of the white marble sarcophagus, soldiers from the U.S. 3rd Infantry stand watch 24 hours a day, regardless of weather. They do not know who is buried there, but Oba-Heshef does, and he considers his debt to the man paid in full. The large building at the front of the cemetery is the Netherlands Carillon. From the Carillon, one can look out across the Potomac and see the monuments, illuminated at night by flood lights, shimmering in the water as if they stretched upward from the sands.





2014



# CHAPTER THREE

## THE WASHINGTONIS

*If you want a friend in Washington, get a dog.*  
— Harry S. Truman

By way of a default, the Arisen of the District and surrounding metropolitan area number about twenty-four, in all. It doesn't seem like much, especially considering that mummies aren't usually active for longer than a year at a time. The constant flow of relics means frequent calls, it's true, and the city itself allows for a particularly long Descent. And Washington sees a lot of visitors...

But it's still a deceptively low number. Backing each of the Arisen are their cults, ranging from a few dozen blue-blood families based out of Georgetown, to a different man on every corner of the Shaw, to an intern in every company subcontracting the Department of State. Total it up, and you've got over a thousand souls in D.C., operating on every conceivable level of the city, all of them giving tithe to the banner of the scorpion... whether they know it or not.

### THE NATURE OF THE CITY

Arisen society in Washington mirrors the political culture. In front of the cameras—in front of their cults—the Arisen are divided by politics and partisanship. Their cults keep to the rough and uneasy alliances described by their merets, casting aspersions, glares, and occasionally violence towards their competitors. They're divided by Judge worship, by Arisen, by meret, by class, by economic status, by *geography*. Conflict in such an environment isn't merely expected, it's all but necessary.

The Arisen themselves, though, belong to a unique fraternity. Members of the most elite club on the planet, they've had long Turns to know one another, and this fosters a fairly incredible sense of community. Even the most quarrelsome amongst them maintain an amicable working relationship. The Cairo Hotel's massive stoop is a favorite place to meet, given its proximity to the reason they're all there. Between purposes, the Arisen gather, sitting on the patio and watching the people of Dupont Circle stroll by. Atop the rooftop of the Cairo, the entirety of the District is visible. It is here where the Arisen conduct their own congress, the warm air of Washington flowing over them, thick with *heka*. It's a congress as amiable and polite as the mortal one—don't

let the cameras fool you. Though their cults are at odds, the Arisen tend to work together, and thus there's little practical difference between their cults on the macro level.

### MERETS OF THE DISTRICT

This section provides an overview of the merets active within Washington, along with their default Arisen memberships.

#### THE KHENT-HENU

First Chorus needs little introduction by this point, but they still consider themselves a meret, and occasionally even claim to have invented the very concept.

**Members:** Seb-Hetchet, Oba-Heshef, Sabola, Tarikh-Sethos, Ur-Qeb

#### THE AMARNA LETTERERS


So named after the capital city Pharaoh Akhenaten created upon his ascension to the throne (thus mirroring the creation of Washington), this meret disbanded during the Third Turn, but their members have reunited. Ostensibly, the meret's goal is to support the Khent-henu, albeit approaching the topic from a slightly more secular angle than the Jackal's plan. Hebeny has been quietly betraying his meret's aims, stymieing their aid and sabotaging their interactions with the cults of the Khent-henu by introducing misunderstandings, personal dramas (including engineering the infidelity of Tarikh-Sethos' hierophant with one of Miw-Sher's followers, the scandal publicly damaging their cults), and systematic inefficiencies. Ur-Zahar's become aware of this, but as his and Hebeny's goals come to align, he's kept quiet as well.

**Members:** Ahm-An That, Hebeny, Miw-Sher, Ubaid, Ur-Zahar

#### THE DISCIPLES OF HAPI

As Hapi is charged with protecting the lungs of the deceased, so too the Disciples take charge of the breath of the city. Namely, they ensure that the flow of relics





remains undisturbed and unceasing. Aziza is largely allied with Seb-Hetchet, but Rashida is more concerned with acquiring new scrolls to digitize for the Bennu Initiative. To that end, their cults focus on the Smithsonian and the law enforcement agencies responsible for smuggling items past customs (chiefly, the fine but chronically underpaid agents of the Customs and Border Patrol).

**Members:** Aziza, Edja, Rashida

## Hand of the Guildmasters

Kanika, Tepemkau, Ur-Qeb, and the White Jackal all possess master-level Guild Affinities (Refined Purity of Purpose, Wisdom from Ruin, Erudite Bastion of Perfection, and Builder's Wisdom [see **Guildhalls of the Deathless**]). Besides providing a benefit to their Arisen, the guild magic radiates outward, affecting everyone—mortals, ghosts, *everyone*—within a diameter of one mile. So long as the Arisen is awake, this presence affects the District in the following ways:

- The Resources Merit may be purchased with largely flimsy justifications; additionally, characters may cannibalize dots of Morality or Physical Attributes to provide experience for raising the Merit. For the most part, this has engendered materialistic corruption and gentrification fueled by withered geriatric patriarchs.
- The minimum manifestation modifier for ghosts or other beings in Twilight is set to +3. As a reminder, Amkhata do not roll to manifest. "Weird D.C." blogs abound the Internet with tales of haunted houses and the ancient ghosts of Georgetown.
- All Academics rolls, and all Mental rolls that directly further Sessa-Hebsu guild business, benefit from the 9-again roll. For the most part, this benefits searching for opinions and writings that reinforce ideological purity. From time to time, Washington sees peaks of intellectually-colored jingoism. Test scores at American, George Washington, Georgetown, and other colleges spike whenever Ur-Qeb is active; this effect has not gone unnoticed (see Chapter Three).
- Whenever the other guildmasters are awake with Seb-Hetchet, the total diameter of these effects equals the number of active participants in miles. As of December 2012, this has set the diameter to four miles (three in February 2013, with Tepemkau's disappearance); of the Arisen, only Ubaid has noticed this and realized that it likely constitutes a kind of definitive proof of Seb-Hetchet's arising.

## THE HEQ-KHASUT

A newly-formed meret, the "Shepherd Kings" seek dominance over the mortal realm, pursuing a parallel but ultimately divergent vision of Irem. Sedge, of course, runs his machine, trying to manipulate Arisen society by tapping into other merets, but he also has a stranglehold on the flow of guns and drugs coming into the city. Although D.C. doesn't have much of a gang mentality, Sedge's cult is spread across nearly every dispossessed group in the city and in the city government. Sekhimib, by contrast, tends to focus on the consulates, the historically black universities, and the medical institutions of the city. Ahmose is most interested in the concerns of the Arab-American immigrants within the city, but generally speaking, he goes along with what Sedge asks him to do. Buikhuwati tends to pursue his own eclectic quests, but does a few favors for the other Arisen in exchange for favors to his meager cult.

**Members:** Sedge, Ahmose, Buikhuwati, Sekhimib

## THE DEATHLESS

Now it's time to take a look at the notable residents of our modern Gothic vision of the Federal City. The meret of your game might have occasion to deal with any or all of the personalities describe herein, as the story requires.

Note that D.C. has a much larger number of visiting and transient Arisen than most cities.

## MASONS

### SEB-HETCHET, THE WHITE JACKAL

As far as anyone knows, Seb-Hetchet has not yet arisen. His tomb in the Cairo Hotel remains sealed, the marble sigils undisturbed. At least, that's what Ubaid tells everyone. In reality, the chief Mason of D.C. has left, and none know where he has gone. Ubaid suspects he is still within the district, and regularly has his cult monitor the amplified power of Arisen magic that signals a Tef-Aabhi guildmaster's presence... but such monitoring is all but obvious to certain Arisen. It is only a short time before the truth becomes known.

See Chapter Five for more information on Seb-Hetchet.

### AZIZA, THE VIRTUE OF STONE

**Quotes:** *"He will rise when all else is in place. This was foreseen."*

**Background:** If there is only one truth in the cosmos, Aziza would say it's that Irem will return when her guildmaster rises. She has never been a leader in the Descents that she remembers, but her steadfast faith in the plan of First Chorus (or her Tef-Aabhi-centric vision of



it) has caused others to gravitate to her. As whispers pass through the city that the White Jackal has will not rise again, she has become a beacon of reassurance with her unflinching faith that all goes as it should. Such a grand design can't go wrong. She is seen almost as a religious figure or prophet by those within her guild and by members of the cults of the Tef-Aabhi. Others outside the Tef-Aabhi, especially those who feel that something has gone wrong in the city, see her as a hindrance, an obstacle to finding the truth about why a glorious new Irem has not risen.

Aziza enjoys traveling through the city and admiring the monuments. She remembers fondly sculpting golden bulls among the Minoans, as she did the calf statues of Baal. She has other memories of lost kingdoms in Africa, and some of Moorish Spain. Some of these seem more like dreams than memories, but she chooses to embrace them all. While she has never been a grand visionary or architect, neither planning cities nor grand monuments, she has always been one who adds the finishing touches, especially in statuary. She has always preferred to follow the lead of the true visionaries among the Tef-Aabhi, though she doesn't shy away from the role that this Descent has thrust upon her.

When encountering the newly arisen, she is more than willing to help, and will quickly reassure them that they stand on the cusp of the greatest event in the history of the world. She is extremely protective of the city, its monuments, and the tombs of all the Arisen who reside within the area. She will try to take action to prevent anything from changing D.C., other than the completion or beautification of existing construction. When she looks upon the scaffolding surrounding the Washington Monument, she sees the chrysalis of a caterpillar, waiting to be shed and reveal the new butterfly of the restored obelisk.

**Description:** Her sahu is that of a woman of medium height with warm brown skin and dark eyes that are nearly black. Her hair is glossy black, straight and long, and she prefers to wear it in a braid. She's fond of loose gowns and dresses and sandals, even in cooler weather. Her cult consists primarily of members of historical preservation societies, a small architectural tour company and some construction workers. She sometimes wishes that she had more influence and intends to focus on building her cult in preparation for that great day of triumph.

**Storytelling Hints:** Aziza has concerns and doubts; not in the great plan, but in herself. She fears that she will run out of Sekhem before the time is right. She does not want to miss a single day of the glory that will come to her city. While she will vehemently defend D.C., she will also retreat if physical combat is going against her. She will gladly ally herself with anyone who believes that Seb-Hetchet's vision can be realized.



**Concept:** Reticent Resident

**Decree:** Essence

**Judge:** Arem-Abfu, the Final Judge

**Guild:** Tef-Aabhi

**Attributes:** Intelligence 4, Wits 2, Resolve 3; Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3; Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 2

**Skills:** Academics 4 (Research), Athletics 3, Crafts 5 (Sculpture), Empathy 1, Expression 2, Intimidation 1, Persuasion 2, Politics 2, Socialize 1, Survival 1 (Sailing)

**Merits:** Cult (Enterprise; Reach 2, Grasp 1), Guild Status (Tef-Aabhi) 3, Language (Arabic, English, Spanish), Relic 2, Tomb (Geometry 3, Peril [traps] 1, Endowments 1)

**Affinities:** Guardian Wrath, Model Lifeweb, Shrouding Aura

**Utterances:** Palace Knows Its Pharaoh, Rite of the Sacred Scarab

**Pillars:** Ab 2, Ba 3, Ka 4, Ren 3, Sheut 2

**Sekhem:** 6 (as of early 2014)

**Willpower:** 5



### Memory: 6

**Virtue:** Faith (Aziza believes that the vision of a successor Irem will come true—further, she believes that the designs of the Tef-Aabhi, the monuments that they create, will resonate throughout eternity—that the promise of an eternal paradise will be realized when it is built.)

**Vice:** Pride (Aziza is beyond certain in her beliefs. She refuses utterly to concede points that would violate her faith. Even in a distant life in ancient Crete, she did not believe that the volcano of Thera would destroy what was created. This flaw has proven her downfall in the past, and may do so again.)

### Initiative: 4

### Defense: 2

### Speed: 9

### Size: 5

### Armor: 0

### Health: 8

**Notes:** Aziza almost always carries a small hammer and chisel somewhere on her person. She has also come to enjoy capturing images on a smart phone, though she needs help from her cult to manipulate the images. She favors large purses to carry any items she might need.

## BUIKHUWATI

**Quotes:** *“In every age, there is complacency. Man must not lie down and be content with what he has, what he is. Art fires the mind, and finds in the spirit a spark to ignite.” “What is forever? I will make it a monument to realized potential.”*

**Background:** Each Descent finds Buikhuwati (or Bu, to his friends) driven to inspire others, to shake up the status quo and to lead mortals to ever-greater heights of spiritual progress through art and creative works that defy established systems. From what he remembers of the distant past—which, more often than not, he believes is more than many of his compatriots—during the third Sothic Turn, upon hearing that the great Library at Alexandria had been destroyed, he gathered up a group of pagans who had been turned out of their homes and temples by the coming of the Christian Empire. He created an underground movement which defied Constantinople with subversive anti-Christian public art. Although his cult was hunted and persecuted, he kept his people united as they sowed seeds of creative rebellion and performed the Judges’ work.

Buikhuwati believes that humanity guided by the will of the judges and the hands of the Arisen can reach an Irem reborn, rather than a new Irem. Through progress and the gradual enlightening of the collective human soul, humanity will surpass the vision of ancient grandeur. He came to



Washington to partake in Seb-Hetchet’s vision, but also to add his personal touch to the work. A single sculpture or painting may not itself last forever, but the ideas it inspires live on through generations. In particular, the idea that ordinary things hold the potential to become vestiges or relics intrigues and fascinates him, and he specializes in creating improvisational artworks with everyday objects.

True to form, however, Buikhuwati often finds himself rebelling against the Judges’ decrees to uncover his past. The memory of a woman with laughter like honey and eyes like a sunrise drifts through the haze of many a Descent, often prompting him to take detours from his Purpose to try and find out who she is and why she is so important. To that end, he scours the dark corners of the city, stalking the hidden places, seeking out oases and winding his way through twisting mirages to catch a glimpse of the woman who haunts him.

**Description:** Buikhuwati is a wiry, athletic, dark-skinned man with black hair arranged in long dreadlocks and a neatly trimmed beard. He usually wears a smile and has a habit of offering a kind word to people he passes on the street.

**Storytelling Hints:** Bu’s on a constant mission. He’s set his cult to scouring the city for both the woman he’s seeking and for mirages, so he can track her down. His mission consumes him when it doesn’t interfere with his



purpose. His joining the meret is a purely mercenary move; he occasionally helps Sekhimib with guild business, and Sedge keeps his cultists well-kept when he doesn't. He enjoys leaping from rooftop to rooftop, and engages in what modern street parlance would deem parkour.

**Concept:** Sculptor of the Extraordinary

**Decree:** Spirit

**Judge:** Neheb-Nefert, the Beautiful One

**Guild:** Tef-Aabhi

**Attributes:** Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 2; Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 2; Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

**Skills:** Academics 1, Athletics 3 (Leaping), Crafts (Street Art) 3, Empathy 2, Expression 1, Investigation 3, Larceny (Sleight of Hand) 2, Occult 2, Persuasion 1, Stealth 1, Survival 2, Weaponry (Improvised Weapons) 3

**Merits:** Guild Status 1 (Tef-Aabhi), Cult (Conspiracy: Reach 1, Grasp 3, Blasé), Tomb 3 (Geometry 2, Prime Location), Language 1 (Greek, Coptic Egyptian)

**Affinities:** Living in Now, Model Lifeweb, Anointed Prowess, Falcon Soul Aloft

**Utterances:** Palace Knows Its Pharaoh, Dust Beneath Feet

**Pillars:** Ab 1, Ba 3, Ka 3, Ren 1, Sheut 1

**Sekhem:** 7 (as of early 2014)

**Willpower:** 5

**Memory:** 4

**Virtue:** Faith (Bu believes in his purpose, in the Lifeweb, in the Pillars of Azar, and the connections of living things. He holds faith that his ideas will last.)

**Vice:** Pride (He takes great pride in his works of art and his efforts to spread messages to inspire others, often creating without considering any consequences.)

**Initiative:** 5

**Defense:** 2

**Speed:** 10

**Size:** 5

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 7

**Notes:** If you're utilizing Parkour Merits, Bu has all of them.

## SEKHMIB, THE BODY CANOVS

**Quote:** "Have you tried this? It's yirgacheffe, from Ethiopia... exquisite. I love to drink it when I'm watching people. You should try it. The watching, I mean. But also the coffee."

**Background:** The Howard University College of Medicine was founded in 1868 to provide a black institution of learning and medicine in response to the District's growing population of freed slaves. The college was able to form the academic institution due to an extremely generous grant from an anonymous donor in exchange for a few (odd, but not untenable) demands. Of course, this was never about generosity. This was an Arisen playing the long game.

Sekhimib is a Flesh Mason—a member of the secretive collective of Tef-Aabhi who have grasped the idea that if humanity creates heka, then humanity can be crafted to create a higher quality of heka. To that end, they seek to create monuments of humanity—first using eugenics, and now the primal construct of the genetic code. They wish to grasp the primal self-magic of the human race and channel it through the flesh, not through crude monuments.

As long as he's been able to remember—and he can remember pretty far back, for one of his kind—Sekhimib loved people-watching. How a person was working was so much more interesting to him than what they were actually doing. Were they distracted? Worried? Anxious? Bored? Excited? Dedicated? The possibilities were endless. This was why Sekhimib found himself in the Tef-Aabhi, and later with the Flesh Masons. When he great cosmopolitan cities of the world became his stalking grounds. Sekhimib and his cult walked them—Istanbul, Angora, Anyang—cataloguing how blood and culture warped the heka of a city. In July 1853, the Author had left his makeshift tomb on Dejima Island in Japan with the help of a native cult to observe the isolationist heka of Edo (so different from the culture and peoples of the City of Pillars!) only to witness Commodore Perry's ships steam into the bay. From the sailors who landed after bombarding the city, he learned of the city of Washington, and knew it was the work of one of his guild.

It took another decade for him to reach the district (being one of the only Arisen to circumnavigate the globe before air travel was invented) but Sekhimib instantly grasped Seb-Hetchet's aim and the other Mason's purpose. How could he not? The visage of Irem was obvious, but Seb-Hetchet was always coy about his end game, and Sekhimib had seen enough of the world to know what that meant. Yet he threw his wholehearted support behind Seb-Hetchet—the guildmaster's work amplified and regulated the heka of the land, and the Author was nearly ready to put his plans into fruition. His cultists have, for decades, sought out the remnants of the diaspora of old Irem—the people those in the colonies became after the city itself sank into the sands (or did it? Sekhimib can't remember). Sekhimib knew them well; his own family lived far away, even as he served the Shan'iatu in Irem.





In the 1960s, his cults engineered the placement of refugee visas, while Howard University became a prime international destination for black students. Slowly, but surely, certain individuals from Sudan, Ethiopia, Eritrea, and Somalia trickle into D.C., receive their green cards, and grow into a community. Now, when Sekhimib sips his coffee and smiles at the denizens of the streets, it nearly feels like home. So much, in fact, that he strongly believes he's found a descendent of his mortal daughter. His hierophant Galbreath hasn't confirmed the genetics, of course, but Sekhimib knows she is of his blood. In her face, he can see the cheekbones of his wife, the eyes of his daughter. She works for Homeland Security in Rosslyn, and every day he is awake, Sekhimib watches her as she goes to work. He ponders if his love's soul would be so fortunate to be reincarnated in his mortal bloodline.

Sekhimib doesn't see the Rite as a means to recreate the city, he sees the Rite as a catalyst to revitalize the people. The Fate of Irem cannot be avoided with blocks of stone, but with the blood of a people. This is why Sekhimib has embraced the African- and Arab-American groups within the city—they are the last remnants of the people who populated Irem. It's his theory that an attempt to alter the Fate through the city itself will instead cause the people to recall their true nature as Iremite citizens—the heka

shaping their genes, rather than the other way around. When the Rite goes forward, the people will remember who they were. Irem will be reborn in the most literal sense imaginable, the minds of the people shattering and transforming into a form pleasing to the Judges. When the Rite goes forth, Sekhimib will ensure the people bow and worship. And he fully intends to the one they bow to when that day comes. On that day, he will embrace the woman he knows to be his mate, and they will be a family again.

**Description:** Sekhimib tends to grin a lot under his sunglasses. They hide his constantly-darting eyes, trying to take in virtually every aspect of the scene. He's huge, one of the tallest among the Arisen, a big Nubian male topping six-foot-five, with a girth to match.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Sekhimib loves this city, and he likes people. How not? Can't they see how glorious they are? People simply living and existing in an area entrances him, to the point where he can't help but watch and smile. Despite his gregarious and modern nature, he's very much a follower of the Judges. This world has forgotten their true masters, and they've even forgotten who they are. But their bodies haven't, and that's how he'll bring them back to the Judges.

#### **Abilities:**

**Academics (••••• •••• ••)**

Being an immortal patron of a university has several advantages, like free tuition. Sekhimib's supernaturally potent Intelligence during an early Descent allowed him to easily grasp his studies. Sekhimib could easily achieve doctoral status in architecture, postcolonial studies and sociology, and is fully capable of discoursing (at length) on those topics and a dozen more.

**Socialize (••••• •••••)**

Sekhimib's a lover of fine coffees; their aroma tends to cling to his skin. He loves few things more than a chat over a cuppa, and tends to be quite talkative when caffeinated. Doing this for several centuries, he's gotten fairly good at it.

**Brawl (••••• •••)**

Sekhimib is a big and powerful man, even amongst the Arisen. He learned the sweet science in past Turns, and traveling across the world only gave him ample opportunity to use it. He's glad to tolerate all manner of verbal abuse, but threaten him physically, and he'll smile as he pounds you senseless.

### **UBAID, THE RIGHT HAND OF GLORY**

**Quotes:** "Just wait a little longer. Once Seb-Hetchet arises, he'll clarify matters for you. Until then, accept my recommendation in his stead."

**Background:** Ubaid, the hand of his master. Ubaid, forever denied his rightful place. He was a true leader in previous Turns, taking charge of his meret in the city of



Amarna, where Akhenaten made his seat. Hebeny tells Ubaid that they left the city when their cultists were abused by the ruler's monotheist cronies, and Ubaid takes this story as truth. Hebeny recalls the true reason they parted ways—both mummies were both in love with Miw-Sher, and she returned Ubaid's overtures but not Hebeny's. This is a slight mischaracterization, as Miw-Sher had been romantic with both men over different Turns, but Hebeny isn't one to forgive in any event.

If you asked Ubaid to name his true love, he'd likely say it's his duty to Seb-Hetchet. He first met Seb-Hetchet in Persepolis in 420 BCE, when the city was the capital of the Achaemenid Empire. Even then, the Arisen who would become the White Jackal was a visionary, and Ubaid was enchanted by the other mummy's vigor. He believed that the future of the Judges was in the other Tef-Aabhi's hands, and swore he would work with him when the time came. Of course, he only remembers the vow and his title as the Right Hand of Glory, not the circumstances that spawned it.

When Ubaid achieved enough Memory to remember what his title truly meant, it was 1922. Ubaid's cult had been intertwined with the sultanate for years; when Mehmed and the Ottomans fell, Ubaid found himself exiled from Istanbul. By sheer coincidence, he was met by a Kurdish woman, Oznur Murad, the Sadikh of Sekhimib. Recognizing the signs of the scorpion cult, she made an offer to the displaced mummy, to emigrate to Washington. When Ubaid heard the name of Seb-Hetchet, he could not help but agree.

His arrival in Washington was not the welcome he'd hoped for. The Jackal's fondness for him had cooled; while Ubaid was welcomed into a place of prominence, he struggled to act as Seb-Hetchet's second in the nome while rebuilding his cult. Despite Murad's dedication to Sekhimib, she found time to aid him in the endeavor of establishing a new cult in populous Washington, an act that first endeared her to him and eventually stole his heart. She even helped him acquire a number of cultists in the beleaguered Republican Party, a legacy strategy that paid enormous dividends a half-century later in 1980, and again in 1994. Even now, many of his most prominent priests work as chiefs of staff to dozens of moderately conservative senators and representatives. He knows that Sekhimib still carries Oznur Murad's name deep within him, after her death in the fire that slew the cultist conclave in the Omni Hotel in 1996. His guild-mate knows of his ardor; the price he'll exact on Ubaid for her resurrection is one he ponders with dread, but knows he'll pay gladly.

Yet these distractions could not hide the fact that Seb-Hetchet kept his own council, or that of his meret's. Even once Ubaid had performed duties that would have



earned him guildmaster ranking in any other city, the White Jackal refused to initiate Ubaid into the highest mysteries. As nomarchs, they blocked every petition to formally increase the number of guildmasters within the city. Ubaid was left handling many of the menial tasks of maintaining the city.

But now, the White Jackal is gone, and for once the Khent-henu is as much in the dark as he. Their fragmented memory prevents them from realizing just how little regard Ubaid had within the city, however. Ubaid has quietly assumed the position of nomarch, adjudicating matters within his guild in the absence of the master. He wonders what will happen when Seb-Hetchet does return. He now wonders if he *wants* Seb-Hetchet to return...

**Description:** Olive-skinned with a slight build and long dark hair, Ubaid does his best to maintain a youthful appearance, but he was approaching middle age when he was made Deathless. Still, he's an incorrigible flirt, and many women have acquiesced to his charms over the centuries.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Loathe as he is to admit it, Ubaid is a romantic. He's loved Miw-Sher and Sekhimib's Sadikh over the millennia. What Ubaid truly wants is a noble ending to his story: one where he suffers as a neglected second all these years, but finally takes the place of his delinquent guildmaster to the showering praise of all.



#### Abilities:

##### Bureaucracy (••••• •••)

Ubaid knows the workings of D.C.'s political machinery from an administrative level better than most other Arisen in the capital. His breadth of knowledge is hardly likely to ever make another mummy kneel in awe, but it fulfills a very important function for his cult and any Deathless blessed with gracing his inner circle. Namely, permits, forms, licenses, and access to restricted areas—Ubaid can obtain all of these, knows how to snip his way through the red tape and can manipulate the machine to slow others down, when necessary.

##### Hide in Plain Sight (•••••)

Unsuspecting Arisen would be unlikely to suspect Ubaid of a great proficiency for stealth. Certainly he has never felt a propensity for grooming such a talent, yet unknowingly he has developed the ability to hide in plain sight at a level comparable to the most efficient assassins. The peculiar outcome of this expertise is his going unnoticed even in rooms filled with his Deathless peers, despite his attempts to receive recognition and respect. Such a specialty has been conditioned in Ubaid via the White Jackal's low esteem and ignorance. If Ubaid ever realized the talent he possessed, he could potentially put it to lethal use.

##### Persuasion (•••• ••)

Another skill Ubaid has yet to use to full effect and few would suspect him of possessing is the gift of persuasion. His usage of persuasion on mortals and historically his immortal paramours has been largely restricted to the act of seduction, but quite naturally he finds himself greasing the cogs of government through his words and actions, along with those of his cult. Ubaid knows how to pitch a good deal without making it sound like a deal is even being brokered. What he proposes just makes logical sense.

## ALCHEMISTS

### TARIKH-SETHOS, THE RIVER OF GOLD

**Quotes:** *"We built this city. We paid its price. We will see this vision come to pass."*

**Background:** Tarikh-Sethos has a lot riding on Seb-Hetchet's vision—altogether too much, to hear him tell it. It was the River that helped usher K Street into a hub of industry and lobbying over the past century, seeing immense success over the last thirty years. It was the River who funneled money through the Senate and the House, who fueled the concoction of the modern media campaign and the very concept of an electoral war chest—at least, how to fill it up they way they are nowadays. It was the River who funded the smears against Jefferson (he was pretty proud of the idea that Jefferson would build an "Egyptian" temple in front of the Capitol to have orgies



in), and it was the River who pointed out the sheer amount of money to be made from the Southern Strategy. Tarikh-Sethos almost single-handedly built the Mesen-Nebu into the most powerful guild in the most powerful city in the world, and by the Judges, he made his city love all that glitters and the power that courses down the river of gold.

Tarikh-Sethos should be proud of these accomplishments. He should be proud of the glittering monument he's built. As the Acherusian Wine courses through his blood and bones, it carries the talismanic magic with it, and he knows these things he's done. But without Memory, there is no importance, no pride. He may as well be reading the accomplishments of some other grand and terrible mummy. And he wonders why he should care.

The talisman records other things, as well. The behavior of his fellow Arisen. The long talks with Seb-Hetchet, and the strain in the White Jackal's voice year after year, failure after failure. The talisman records the sacrifices the River's had to make in order to fund this dream of Irem. But now, he beholds more debt being bought up by foreign countries (and, he wonders, foreign Arisen?). He sees funds poured into the campaigns of candidates espousing ideological purity, ones who resist the "corruption" of the city and the wonders carried along the river of gold by the principles of Dedwen. His talisman tells him they arise from those same



strategies he crafted long ago, and he wonders if purity simply isn't what it's cracked up to be.

Tarikh-Sethos was the first to arise this cycle, and he's had nearly a decade to watch the city grow more and more intransigent. People are corrupted by the city's temptations every day, it's true, but they give so little back—or worse, want to tear the city down to the foundations. The River has come to the conclusion that the Mystery has no answer worth knowing. There is nothing beautiful in purity, and the undeserved receive so much in this town. The values of this age are worthless.

He wonders if the Sessa-Hebsu would have him, after all he's done. He's made a few tentative inquiries to Hebeny about what the Bennu Initiative could do with, say, roughly \$80 million in the form of a charitable donation. But for all that, he has no idea how he'd go about being a Closed Book—so he's been on the lookout for a transient to the city who might teach him, if quietly.

**Description:** Tarikh-Sethos looks every inch the archetypal Mesen-Nebu. His white hair is kept close-cropped, as is his equally-white beard, both contrasting with deeply-lined, tanned skin. He wears a Quantum Limited Edition watch, Italian suits—as always, it's less about the actual cost than the trends that bespeak quality. But lately, his suits are looking a tad ragged, and if there's a speck of dirt on his shoes, well, Tarikh-Sethos doesn't spare the effort to clean it.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You really, truly, absolutely, do not give a shit anymore. You've become convinced that the true value in the world is leaking out. You've been thinking that maybe it's being dispersed to a place you can't see, but you don't know much of anything for sure. You've built a giant gilded cage of bullshit and lies, and it makes you sick to think too long on it. You've become judgmental enough about your creation that you're actually considering jumping ship to another guild, but some last lingering hold on your philosophy stops you from doing so.

**Concept:** Disillusioned Master of Dedwen

**Decree:** Shadow

**Judge:** Nebha, the Flame

**Guild:** Mesen-Nebu

**Attributes:** Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 5; Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3; Presence 4, Manipulation 2, Composure 5

**Skills:** Academics 2, Athletics 1, Crafts 5 (Alchemy), Empathy 1, Expression 3, Firearms 1, Intimidation 2, Investigation 3, Larceny 1, Occult 5, Persuasion 2, Politics 4 (Campaign Finance), Science 3 (Physics), Socialize 5, Streetwise 2

**Merits:** Cult (Enterprise; Reach 5, Grasp 3), Guild Status (Mesen-Nebu) 5, Tomb (Geometry 4, Peril [traps] 4; Haunted; Prime Location), Resources 5

**Affinities:** Blessed Catalyst, Divine Flesh, Entombed Glory, Equivalency Principle, Gift of Truth, Rouse the Khaibit

**Utterances:** Doom Affliction, Dust Beneath Feet, Power of Re, Words of Dead Hunger

**Pillars:** Ab 2, Ba 4, Ka 2, Ren 4, Sheut 5

**Sekhem:** 5 (as of early 2014)

**Willpower:** 10

**Memory:** 3

**Virtue:** Fortitude

**Vice:** Pride

**Initiative:** 5

**Defense:** 3

**Speed:** 11

**Size:** 5

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 8

**Notes:** No equipment when newly arisen.

## AHMOSE "YUSIF MAHSIN"

**Quotes:** "Where is true value found? Have we forgotten that we must always change?"

**Background:** From the scraps of memories that he recalls, Ahmose believes that he was a traveler and a trader in his original life, seeking out rare spices, elixirs and metals and discovering the means of transforming them to produce value. During the early period of the Abbasid Caliphate, he experienced his own transformation and began to sway from the paths of the Judges and explore Islamic teaching. The wealth and creativity of the golden age of the caliphate impacted his worldview and he gained a great admiration for Abbasid traders and their ability to gather and move wealth from Spain to China. He even has a strong respect for Islam as a religion, and if it weren't for fear of what the Su-Menent and the Judges might do to him, he would at least consider trying to convert in earnest.

He prefers to use the name Yusif Mahsin instead of Ahmose, as he feels it better represents who he is now. He also has holdings and assets under the name of Joseph Mason, since many families of European ancestry feel more comfortable with a non-Arab name.

As word spread across nomes of the grand experiments of the Tef-Aabhi of Washington, D.C., Yusif relocated his cult out of a desire to learn more. He has aligned himself with Kanika. For the most part, she leaves Yusif and his cult alone, as she has been working on her preparations to abandon the city, should the great rite of Seb-Hetchet fail. He prefers it this way.





Yusif maintains a vast cult which conducts smuggling and black market trading, as well as more legal pursuits in D.C. He doesn't see laws that prevent him from discovering new wealth or finding transformation to be worth obeying. Recently, he has considered whether this should hold true for the rules of the Arisen. He has recently discovered that he doesn't want to be trapped as a mummy forever. With modern science and the vast repositories of knowledge found in computers, he believes that a new way to combine magic and science will allow him to experience a metamorphosis and become something far more than he is now.

For these reasons, he maintains close ties to the Sessa-Hebsu and the Maa Kep. He believes that their aid has been invaluable to him on multiple occasions. He also participates in the Amkhata hunts on the Beltway whenever possible. He has no desire to complete his current Descent before he must. He believes that he needs to seize the opportunities presented. Quietly, he also encourages and supports Sedge's efforts. He believes that Sedge probably understands true change best, while others clutch at pointless traditions. The one certainty in the world is change, and he doesn't understand why so many Arisen can't see it.

One of his greatest concerns is the way that Americans treat people from the Islamic World. His cult has told him

that the FBI has put him on a watch list; he has also been told that charities which he has supported have had their assets frozen by the American government due to possible "terrorist links." He finds the state of affairs more annoying than terrifying, but he worries for his cultists, many of whom come from families which hail from the Middle East.

His tomb is located in the D.C. suburb of Loudon County, Virginia, and his cult rents a number of offices in Northern Virginia and in Washington proper.

**Description:** His sahu takes the form of a tall, lanky man with a Middle Eastern complexion and dark hair with more than a few wayward curls. He prefers to wear tailored suits and almost always travels with an entourage of cultists. When he uses the Divine Flesh Affinity, his skin becomes silver.

**Storytelling Hints:** You love talking and debating philosophy almost as much as discovering a new trade opportunity. You appreciate other Arisen and actively seek their company for pleasant conversation, while keeping your business matters to yourself. You often spend time in the coffee shops of D.C. and are as likely to be seen talking with the Sessa-Hebsu as with your own guild members. While not impolite, you try to avoid the Su-Menent, as their devotion to the Judges sometimes makes you uncomfortable.

New experiences appeal to you. You secretly want to try something impulsive and irrational. You also think it would be exciting to try and fall in love. Ultimately, you want to be *alive*.

**Concept:** Alchemical Philosopher

**Decree:** Spirit

**Judge:** Heraf-Het, Whose Face Is Behind It

**Guild:** Mesen-Nebu

**Attributes:** Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 3; Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3; Presence 4, Manipulation 4, Composure 3

**Skills:** Academics 3 (History), Athletics 2, Brawl 1, Crafts 3 (Alchemy), Empathy 3, Expression 1, Intimidation 2, Investigation 1, Occult 2, Persuasion 4, Politics 2, Socialize 3, Subterfuge 3

**Merits:** Cult (Enterprise; Reach 5, Grasp 3), Guild Status (Mesen-Nebu) 4, Languages 3, Tomb (Geometry 4, Peril [curse] 2), Vestige 2

**Affinities:** Divine Flesh, Equivalency Principle, Familiar Face, Living in Now, Nihilist Awakening

**Utterances:** Obedient Clay, Palace Knows Its Pharaoh

**Pillars:** Ab 3, Ba 4, Ka 2, Ren 2, Sheut 3

**Sekhem:** 6 (as of early 2014)



**Willpower:** 6

**Memory:** 4

**Virtue:** Hope (Yusif has an eternal optimism. He believes that there is always something new to discover and that even the worst situation can be transformed into something positive.)

**Vice:** Greed (Despite his ideals, Yusif has a strong desire for the better things in life. He wants prestige and possessions. Although he isn't even aware of it on a conscious level, he secretly wants others to envy him, at least a little.)

**Initiative:** 6

**Defense:** 3

**Speed:** 10

**Size:** 5

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 8

**Notes:** Yusif enjoys his tailored suits and prefers to wear silver watches and rings. He carries his vestige, an ancient coin, with him at all times.

## KANIKA, THE TWICE-ARISEN

**Quotes:** *"If one is wise, one seizes opportunity—wherever and whenever one can."*

**Background:** Many centers of civilization—Thebes, Babylon, Alexandria, Rome, Constantinople, Baghdad, Paris, London—have been home to Kanika. Throughout the centuries, she and her cult have traveled in search of a new Irem, a new world capital. When she originally learned about the scheme of the Khent-henu to establish themselves in the United States, she scoffed. She had herself well-established in the London nome at the heart of the British Empire. Queen Victoria was the most powerful monarch of her time, and Kanika was fully prepared to welcome the next Sothic Turn in London.

Unfortunately, she awoke in the 1940s to find her tomb collapsed during the Blitz. In the aftermath of the chaos, she became one of the many emigrants from Europe to the United States. Opportunity had passed over the British Empire. She decided that the vision of the Khent-henu had been far clearer than her own, and the rise of America in world affairs was indisputable. Washington was fated to be her city. When she arrived, she did everything possible she could to establish herself in the Washington nome. The economy blossomed after the war and her investments in both construction and government contracts brought profits for her cult. Her cult members took advantage of every opportunity they could, and soon, she owned not

only construction companies but government lobbyists. Foreign countries employed her cult's services to lobby for international aid and to influence global affairs.

For her own part, she took advantage of her Descents to ally herself with as many Arisen as she could. While the Khent-henu concentrated on geomancy, she maneuvered herself into a position of greater and greater importance. Soon, the envoy came to rely on her assistance when resources were needed to help new residents or visitors. By 1990, she was recognized as a guildmaster, earning the title of Asem.

She and her cult now shared the vision of the Khent-henu. There was no denying the flow of Heka within the District itself. Kanika enjoyed her extended Descents. She could see where Seb-Hetchet might succeed in creating a successor Irem, and if so, then she wished to be part of such a grand experiment. She saw herself as an ally of the Khent-henu and wanted nothing more than to become one of them. When she re-established her tomb in the neighborhood surrounding American University in Northwest, D.C., close to the nearby embassies, she was pleased.

During her first Descent of the 21st Century, her view began to change. The atmosphere of the city was different after 9/11, and she was certain that she could feel the change. As she studied the state of the world, she realized that the United States economy was poised for a fall. With the debt spiraling out of control and the failures of leaders to consider the need for population growth to sustain their pensions, America's position in the world was untenable. Washington, D.C. no longer appeared to be the world capital of the future.

Kanika has made contacts in Asia; in particular, Hong Kong and Mumbai. She believes that China with its growing economic power and massive population will soon rise to pre-eminence and that once it does, Beijing may become the de facto world capital for centuries. If China does not rise, she suspects India and most likely, Mumbai, will become the center of world affairs. Either way, a move to Beijing or Hong Kong (either will do, though she leans towards the former) will position herself to take advantage of massive opportunities. To that end, she has dispatched cultists to China for nearly a decade to make preparations, and will command guild business to her own ambition. She is waiting only for the rise of Seb-Hetchet to determine if the dream of the Khent-henu has any value to her. If it doesn't, she's leaving, and taking everything she can with her. Her cult will retain its connections to the U.S. government, but it will be long past time for her to claim her place in the Beijing nome. Transformation is at the heart of alchemy, after all.

Her impending departure is not a secret. She has used it as a threat and a negotiating point. Instead of trying to





support the city and the vision of the Khent-henu, she is now focused on herself and her cult.

All things change.

**Description:** In her last Descent, Kanika became one of the Twice-Arisen, her souls taking residence in the body of a young Han woman. Nobody's entirely sure what caused this to happen, and the cultists who performed the ritual are now dead. Now, she appears as an attractive woman of Chinese descent, and her low Memory means her sahu does little to correct this. She prefers to wear jewelry made of white jade. A glittering golden sheen graces her skin, which changes to pure gold if she needs to protect herself.

**Storytelling Hints:** You remain always ready to help and assist other Arisen, regardless of their guild. Your position relies primarily on your generosity, and you prefer to be liked. You are a social chameleon with a preference for the finer things in life. You look others in the eye and carry yourself with confidence. Everything is about building opportunities for yourself, now and in the future. The help you provide may seem free, but everything has a cost. You expect favors in return for your help. Usually, this is easy enough, but those who aren't ready to help you will become targets of your anger. You tend to attack rivals through buying off or manipulating members of their cults. You attack assets, not individuals. You find a special enjoyment

when someone who has wronged you comes crawling back to beg your forgiveness.

**Concept:** Itinerant Soul

**Decree:** Heart

**Judge:** Neheb-Ka, the One Who Unifies

**Guild:** Mesen-Nebu

**Attributes:** Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 4; Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3; Presence 4, Manipulation 4, Composure 3

**Skills:** Academics 2 (History), Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Empathy 3, Expression 2, Intimidation 3, Investigation 2, Larceny 2, Occult 2, Persuasion 4, Politics 3, Socialize 4, Stealth 3, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 3

**Merits:** Cult (Enterprise; Reach 4, Grasp 4), Guild Status (Mesen-Nebu) 5, Languages (Arabic, English, French, Mandarin), Tomb (Geometry 4, Peril [Traps] 1)

**Affinities:** Divine Countenance, Divine Flesh, Glorious Mien, Miraculous Benefactor, Refined Purity of Purpose

**Utterances:** Blessed is the God-King, Dreams of Dead Gods

**Pillars:** Ab 4, Ba 2, Ka 3, Ren 2, Sheut 3

**Sekhem:** 8 (as of early 2014)

**Willpower:** 7

**Memory:** 3

**Virtue:** Prudence (Kanika believes in positioning her assets and planning to take advantage of every opportunity like a successful investor.)

**Vice:** Wrath (Kanika has always felt that those who interfere with her plans deserve to suffer. She takes pride in her ability harm her enemies, preferring to destroy their resources or crush their social standing so they cannot interfere in the future.)

**Initiative:** 6

**Defense:** 3

**Speed:** 10

**Size:** 5

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 8

**Notes:** Kanika worries more about her appearance than having any relics or special items with her. She does have cultists who serve as her bodyguards, and they are trained in unarmed combat as well as firearms. They keep guns in the home above her tomb, but usually rely on fighting skills rather than risk issues for carrying guns around this particular city.





## SCRIBES

### UR-QEB, THE CONQUERING QILL

**Quote:** *"The value of patience cannot be overestimated. Watch, and you will learn."*

**Background:** Ur-Qeb has always believed that history is not just created in a moment, but rather it is determined by how that moment is remembered. He longs to be part of something important, something eternal. Seb-Hetchet's vision of a successor to Irem intrigued him centuries ago. He recalls fondly discussing Irem and gathering together as many details as possible with Seb-Hetchet through many lifetimes. He believes that he was the one who suggested that all guilds must play a part in crafting this dream, and that he helped found the Khent-henu.

Now, he waits. His friend has not returned from his deathsleep. The Sothic Turn is upon them, and the others grow disenchanted and impatient. While he has questions and doubts, as all scribes must, Ur-Qeb knows the value of patience.

His most distant memory involves watching a young scorpion climbing a sand dune while the wind was blowing. Several times the creature was buried, but managed to reach the surface of the sand. It moved forward and slipped back. His shadow struck it once and the scorpion moved back in fear. It stopped many times, and he still watched. When the light was fading and the scorpion made it over the dune, Ur-Qeb was satisfied.

In past times, he was more involved in actively manipulating events in the mortal world. He came to the aid of the mad and the helpless, such as widows and old women without husbands. They gathered around him and became his cult. Sadly, tales reached religious authorities of women being visited by a man with skin the color of soot. He was accused of being the Devil, and as his power waned, his cultists were tortured to death or burned at the stake.

If this had only happened once, he might have ignored it, but the same circumstances occurred in at least two of his Descents, once in Europe and another in the New England colonies. It wasn't until after the events of the second happened that he remembered the first. He now fears that no matter how well intentioned his actions, he may only cause pain and suffering. So, he has chosen to remove himself as much as possible and to observe and record.

Ironically, his devotion to observation and his desire to record events has fueled his rise in importance to his guild. He has gained a reputation for meticulous record-keeping. He spends his days wandering around the city, using his abilities to improve the educational level of the places he roams, wordlessly inspiring. At night, he spends hours writing, notating and recording everything that he

has learned. Other Sessa-Hebsu see Ur-Qeb as a true devotee of the Word. Unlike some members of his guild, he gladly shares information with all Arisen. He is a strong proponent of the Bennu Initiative, a movement among the Sessa-Hebsu to digitize ancient texts.

He has also been trusted with Seb-Hetchet's secrets. If anyone knows what Seb-Hetchet had planned, if anyone has the knowledge to replace him, it would be Ur-Qeb. Yet, he has revealed nothing. He knows that there must be a reason, perhaps one that he doesn't remember. He will be patient and wait. He will remember, eventually.

**Description:** When most people first look at Ur-Qeb, they see a shabbily-dressed dark-skinned man who might be one of D.C.'s homeless. He dresses poorly and often is confused for one of the city's homeless population. However, his dark eyes are keen and his manner is confident. He has seen many things over the ages and very little bothers him anymore. He takes time out to protect the forgotten people and reserves a special kindness for the mentally ill. While some might believe he takes pity on them, he actually enjoys talking to the disturbed as he finds their observations fascinating and believes that they may understand secret truths.

**Storytelling Hints:** You are distant around other Arisen. You listen more than you speak, and when you do talk, you speak in measured tones. You don't worry about how you dress and don't judge others by appearances. While you are happy to share knowledge, you don't like questions about your past. You know that you had conflicts with Seb-Hetchet in other Descents, but you have faith in him.

You know that your presence inspires others to achieve greater understanding. You spread the power of the Word with your mere presence, so you like to take walks. Your cult might not be readily apparent, but they are never far from you. Police officers, joggers, homeless people, and political interns around you all may belong to your cult. You judge others almost exclusively by their intellect and open-mindedness.

You are willing to dress up for events like grand conclaves, and you take your role as guildmaster very seriously. The members of your guild are your younger brothers and sisters, your peers in the pursuit of knowledge. Despite this, you tend to leave them to solve their own issues. You justify this by telling yourself that solving their own problems helps them to grow, but in truth, there is a part of you that simply is afraid to act.

You feel the burden of knowing Seb-Hetchet's plans, but you are patience itself, in all things.

**Concept:** The Silent Voice

**Decree:** Name

**Judge:** Usekh-Nemtet, the First Judge





**Guild:** Sesha-Hebsu

**Attributes:** Intelligence 5, Wits 2, Resolve 4; Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3; Presence 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 5

**Skills:** Academics 5 (History), Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Empathy 3, Intimidation 3, Investigation 4, Medicine 1, Occult 5, Persuasion 2, Politics 3, Science 1, Stealth 3, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 2, Survival 1

**Merits:** Cult (Tribal; Reach 3, Grasp 1), Guild Status (Sesha-Hebsu) 5, Languages (Arabic, English, German, Greek, Hindi, Latin), Tomb (Geometry 4, Peril [traps] 2, Prime Location)

**Affinities:** Dauntless Explorer, Eyes of Justice, Godsight, Soulsight, Ashes for Ink, Erudite Bastion of Perfection

**Utterances:** Secrets Ripped from Skies, Redacting the Word, Word of the Amanuensis

**Pillars:** Ab 3, Ba 2, Ka 3, Ren 5, Sheut 3

**Sekhem:** 7 (as of early 2014)

**Willpower:** 9

**Memory:** 4

**Virtue:** Prudence (Ur-Qeb has enough patience to watch a sand dune move grain by grain from one place to another. He refuses to let the Descent dictate his actions, secure in his knowledge that acting in the right way at the right time is always better than acting from desperation.)

**Vice:** Sloth (Ur-Qeb has been an observer for so long that he has forgotten and even fears to act. What if he would be the one to make a mistake and change the course of events? He is far more confident to observe and reserve judgment until it no longer matters.)

**Initiative:** 7

**Defense:** 2

**Speed:** 9

**Size:** 5

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 8

**Notes:** Ur-Qeb always carries a small spiral notepad and a pen.

## AHM-AN TAHT

**Quote:** “All that we see and know is but a semblance of the truth, and yet all is revealed if one just knows where to look.”

**Background:** Ahm-An Taht is not simply brilliant, but his mind works in ways that others don't understand. He sees connections and patterns all around him, living at times in what he considers a conceptual universe. His cultists believe that his pronouncements are divine, and yet it seems that even he doesn't fully understand the meaning behind his sayings, sometimes researching them as if they came from another life.

While he doesn't come across as a comedian, he certainly seems to take the world with a dose of amusement. It's as if he is laughing on the inside at jokes he doesn't think anyone else would understand. His wit comes across as dry, cutting, and obscure.

Ahm-An Taht came to the Washington area in the early Twentieth Century with almost no standing in the Sesha-Hebsu. He originally cultivated an identity as “just the librarian” and kept his name a secret. He settled out in Winchester, Virginia, some distance from the capital. For a few decades, his cult established itself in northern Virginia and slowly gained members in Washington, D.C. In the 1930s, he came to Washington and presented himself to Ur-Qeb as Ahm-An Taht. While he is recognized as a member of the guild and part of the Washington nome, he continues to maintain his distance.

His cult owns a number of properties in and around Winchester, but he's moved closer to D.C. proper, with a



tomb located behind Dulles airport. He likes to visit the Udvar-Hazy location of the Air and Space Museum. E-mail is his preferred mode of communication, although he's trying to become better at texting and using social media. He's found himself aligned more and more with Rashida and Hebeny and the Bennu Initiative.

Outside of his guild he tends to be disliked, as some cultists refer to him as "I'm in that," believing that his supposed name is simply a joke made at the expense of the Arisen. Additionally, he speaks disparagingly of the Khent-henu's attempt to create a successor to Irem, believing that Seb-Hetchet hasn't returned because he doesn't want to face his failure. If he or his cult are concerned about the opinions of other Arisen, they don't show it. His cult follows his lead faithfully, no matter how strange or cryptic his commands. His cult leader, Mazdak Mojerani, is an internationally renowned surgeon. He believes that his master has a plan which involves prophetically "deceiving the Deceived," but as to what it is, he doesn't know.

**Description:** Ahm-an Taht is a thin man of average height, clean-shaved with a mop of untamed dark curls on his head. He has a Middle Eastern complexion but bright blue eyes that give him a slightly incongruous appearance. He typically wears dark trenchcoats, gloves, scarves if the weather allows it and hats, sometimes commenting that he likes to "wrap himself up" in his clothing. Strangely, his desire to hide himself in his clothing tends to draw attention rather than deflect it.

**Storytelling Hints:** Your mood and demeanor can change from mischievous and bemused to deadly serious with the snap of your fingers. There are terrible things out in the world including your fellow Arisen. Acting strangely keeps others from bothering you and makes potential enemies underestimate you. There's something about D.C. that's terribly wrong, and although you don't know what it is (you suspect the involvement of the Deceived), you are determined to make the city give up its secrets. You believe that you have come very close to understanding great cosmic truths and that most lesser minds can only distract you, not aid you.

**Concept:** Finder of Corollaries

**Decree:** Name

**Judge:** Bastu, the Stare

**Guild:** Sesha-Hebsu

**Attributes:** Intelligence 4, Wits 3, Resolve 4; Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2; Presence 2, Manipulation 1, Composure 3

**Skills:** Academics 2 (History), Athletics 2, Computer 1, Crafts 1, Expression 2, Intimidation 2, Investigation 3 (Artifacts), Occult 3, Persuasion 1, Science 2, Stealth 1, Survival 2, Weaponry (Swords) 2



**Merits:** Cult (Tribal—Benefit 1—Intellectual, Reach 2, Grasp 2), Enigma 2, Language (Arabic, English, Hebrew, Urdu), Relic 1, Tomb (Endowment 1—Obscure, Geometry 3)

**Affinities:** Anointed Prowess, Dauntless Explorer, Enlightened Senses, Eyes of Justice

**Utterances:** Dust Beneath Feet, Secrets Ripped From Skies

**Pillars:** Ab 1, Ba 1, Ka 2, Ren 3, Sheut 3

**Sekhem:** 7 (as of early 2014)

**Willpower:** 7

**Memory:** 4

**Virtue:** Fortitude (Ahm-An Taht believes that he can unlock the secrets of Fate through study and observation. He's long since given up trying to enlist others on his search for cosmic concepts and patterns and thrives on being discounted or mocked by others.)

**Vice:** Wrath (When provoked, Ahm-An Taht has a terrible temper, and he is well aware of it, giving him yet another reason for avoiding others. When he does lose his temper, he may physically attack his provoker, beating them with the flat of a sword while screaming insults at them in Iremite Egyptian.)



**Initiative:** 6

**Defense:** 3

**Speed:** 11

**Size:** 5

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 7

**Notes:** Ahm-An nearly always carries a weapon under his overcoat, usually a sword.

## HEBENY, THE BULL OF BENNU

**Quote:** "..."

**Background:** Hatshepsut was unique, in that she was a woman who claimed the title of pharaoh in Egypt (specifically, the fifth pharaoh of the Eighteenth Dynasty of Egypt). Though she wore the false beard of kingship and power, she also wore her *nemes*—the lined headdress—over a tight-fitting dress. Unlike her father, she did not take the title *Strong Bull of His Mother*, asserting her femininity overtly and ultimately laying claim to the status of most beautiful woman in the world. Her ascension to the throne caused a cultural shift in how the Egyptians approached the concept and roles of man and woman in mid-fifteenth century BCE society.

Hebeny thinks about Hatshepsut often, when he can remember her. His cult comprised a number of her court, and Hebeny himself was an honored advisor to Hatshepsut during two separate life cycles. She was a woman to be admired, one who took on the mantle of a man, but still expressed her essential femininity. None could doubt the divinity of the pharaoh. Although he is equally divine, Hebeny feels far more trapped by his own *sahu*.

Born with the body of a woman considered beautiful by all who looked upon him, Hebeny felt he had far more in common with the men of the City of Pillars. So long as a Scribe could keep an inquisitive and judgmental mind alongside a quick and firm hand, the Shan'iatu didn't care how they felt about themselves. The citizens of Irem did, however; Hebeny's adoption of masculine clothing and culture left him ostracized and on the verge of losing his status as a Closed Book. And a genuine loss that would have been for the guild of scribes; Hebeny is intelligent, inquisitive, passionate, and argumentative. He threw himself into this work to avoid the world outside the temples, and was as surprised as any when the Shan'iatu summoned him to the star chambers to become Deathless.

Yet the magics that return him to life also bind him, in a way Hebeny feels more keenly than his fellows. When his Memory ebbs, his feminine *sahu* reacts, adopting an androgyne appearance with masculine overtones. At low Memory, Hebeny feels more like *himself*; it's only when he

struggles to remember Irem that he recalls why he doesn't, but by then his *sahu* has clarified his form. The rising prominence of mirrors was a development Hebeny grew to loathe, as a single glance sent waves of discomfort through him. Few places accepted those who felt so different and divided as he. The chaos he creates by his existence, the lie he feels cutting so deeply, and the violence he's seen dealt over millennia to those like him... is this why Hebeny's thoughts stretch back to Hatshepsut, and the idea of Ma'at that once reigned in her court?

Ma'at—the concept of universal justice, of cosmic harmony and an orderly world, clearly expressing binary aspects in balance. The concept of Ma'at goes against the orthodoxy of the Judges and their Priests, and they deem the philosophy a false path. Hebeny spent much of the last Sothic Turn in Duat, his cult destroyed by the Maa-Kep for spreading the pernicious heresy. He's been far quieter this Turn, thus far contenting himself with working on the Bennu Initiative, spreading the concept of Ma'at throughout the world, slowly replacing the idea of biased Judges with a heretofore alien sense of universal justice. It is he who has turned the Initiative's fundraising events to humanitarian causes beyond ancient knowledge free to the public.

Curiously, while Hebeny seeks to promote the ideals of Hatshepsut and Ma'at, these fundraisers do not extend to the concept of international transgendered rights, despite it being a topic he's deeply invested in. Besides the controversy such fundraisers ensue, Hebeny tends to avoid many trans groups in the Washington nome. The past cycles have seen mortals crafting their own solution to his angst, expertly reshaping the gods' own clay with knives and hormones to match their Ka. It is a solution denied him by treacherous memory shaping his eternal *sahu*. Hebeny has considered becoming a Twice-Arisen, but claiming a male *sahu* would mean the destruction of his khat and canopic organs, an act blasphemous against the Judge he yet serves. It would also require murder, and that is something Ma'at would never tolerate. Besides, it might send him screaming into the jaws of the Devourer. And still the idea rises, unbidden, millennium after millennium.

Hebeny can't help but pursue knowledge of himself, of Irem. It helps his work with the Bennu Initiative in a thousand myriad ways, since there's nothing like a firsthand account to confer proper context on historical documents. He quietly opposes Seb-Hetchet's goals, for he sees Irem as having been fatally flawed, and not worth recreating. For now, he spreads the idea of balance and Ma'at, of a universal order to things, in subtle defiance of the Judge-centric cosmology espoused by the Su-Menent. If he cannot find balance within, he will work to bring balance without.



**Description:** Hebeny is short and slim, with skin the color of cinnamon and hair a shiny, dark black. He usually wears it cut short. He prefers suits of a masculine cut, though as his Memory rises, his feminine physicality has been slowly reasserting itself. Gradually, his voice lilts higher in an obvious manner, his face flattens with a prominent jaw, and his breasts swell in betrayal.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Hebeny is miserable when he starts to consider it, so he tries to never think about it. He's cool, unforgiving, and ruthlessly professional in his dealings. After four Turns, he's never grown used to the subtle alteration of the khat in response to his memory, and every supernatural remedy he's attempted has never lasted longer than a Descent (but he *treasures* that one summer in 1678, when he felt the Inscriptions of Flesh reshape him; it'd be deeply disappointing to lose that in the haze of memory). In truth, he does not take slights well at all.

**Concept:** The Enlightened Khat

**Decree:** Essence

**Judge:** Fentu, the Snout

**Guild:** Sessa-Hebsu

**Attributes:** Intelligence 5, Wits 3, Resolve 2; Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4; Presence 2, Manipulation 3, Composure 3

**Skills:** Academics 5 (History), Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Computer 2, Empathy 3 (Emotion), Expression 1, Occult 2, Politics 2, Survival 2 (Sailing), Weaponry 2 (Swords)

**Merits:** Cult (Enterprise; Reach 4, Grasp 4), Guild Status (Sessa-Hebsu) 3, Language (Arabic, English), Tomb (Geometry 5, Peril [traps] 4)

**Affinities:** Anointed Prowess, Deathsight, Enlightened Senses, Eyes of Justice, Gift of Truth

**Utterances:** Rebuke the Vizier, Redacting the Word

**Pillars:** Ab 2, Ba 3, Ka 5, Ren 5, Sheut 1

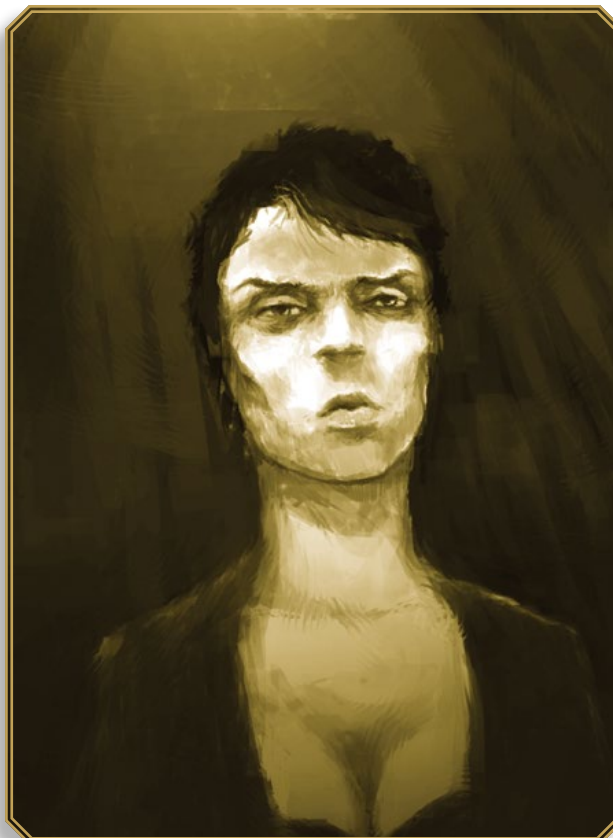
**Sekhem:** 6 (as of early 2014)

**Willpower:** 5

**Memory:** 8

**Virtue:** Justice (In life, it was perhaps Fortitude, but the long Turns have caused Hebeny to quietly seek the concepts of Ma'at, and apply them to his world. Hebeny does what he can to make things balance in the end.)

**Vice:** Wrath (The amount of anger Hebeny keeps under his facade is unfortunate, but eminently understandable. Under his visage lies a heat seeking justice bitterly, and reacting with fury where he doesn't see it. More often than not, it resides as spite, hard and heavy in his soul.)



**Initiative:** 5

**Defense:** 3

**Speed:** 11

**Size:** 5

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 8

**Notes:** No equipment when newly arisen.

## RASHIDA, VOICE OF THE WORD

**Quotes:** "Even the mortal world can see the truth. This is the Age of the Word."

**Background:** Rashida views each of her Descents as a new life. Each one has its own purpose, its own challenges and its own ending. She believes that she even has a different worldview based on her memories. Like many others in her guild, she attempts to overcome the loss of her memory through records of her life. In the past, she wrote journals, diaries and even letters to herself. Although she took pains to capture as much information as she could, she found the words incomplete. In her current Descent, she has been able to view and listen to messages from three previous Descents in addition to her writings. The



nuances of her body language and voice tones have passed information on to her which she couldn't preserve before. In short, she loves modern technology.

Above all else, Rashida thinks that the Word is the key to enlightenment and freedom. In her mind, science is the triumph of the Word. Computers are relics in her eyes with a magic all their own. The internet, although she doesn't fully understand it yet, seems to be the greatest creation in the history of the world. Rashida wants all Arisen to share their knowledge, to overcome the fog of the Descents, and she believes that higher truths will be revealed in time.

Rashida, along with her guildmate Hebeny, is a strong advocate of the Bennu Initiative. She heartily advocates digitizing ancient documents, so that they could be shared with other Arisen. She recalls rising to discover that the great libraries of the world had burned, that precious knowledge had been lost. In her mind, knowledge must be preserved.

Rashida's growing rivalry with Su-Thoth stems from the feeling that her fellow Sesha-Hebsu wishes to hoard books and information for her own sake, rather than protecting them for safekeeping, as Su often claims. Despite the differences in opinions about knowledge, Rashida knows that Su-Thoth sees herself as a librarian, and Rashida once saw herself the same way. But that was in another life.

The modern Rashida wants to be on the cutting edge of information technology. She's recruited computer geeks and social media experts into her cult. She's done her best to learn about geek culture, and can reference superheroes and science-fiction movies with the best of them, although she gets confused if the conversation continues for too long. She projects an image as the Arisen of the future, a prophet of the age of information, adorned with a Bluetooth headset in lieu of a crown.

She tends to avoid the Su-Menent, but she has ties to the other guilds. Her tomb is hidden near the campus of the University of Maryland in College Park, just over the district line. Most of the Deathless believe that she lets her falcon-headed nature fly herself recklessly at the new and shiny technology. She's okay with that, but the truth for her comes down to this: she doesn't want to die again.

A deep terror of Duat lives in the back of her mind, the terror that makes her know her brain rotted away long ago and her sahu is only a projection over tattered bones. She believes all she is, the entire essence of her being, is her mind. And to her horror, she sees the differences in her mind now and the thoughts of her previous Descents. As much as she thinks she is alive, she knows in some quiet place inside her that she is dead. Not only is she dead, but she realizes that she is a dead slave of whatever purpose wakes her. The desire to gather relics calls to her like a drug addiction, and she can't resist.

She doesn't want it anymore. She wants to live for real. She wants to find a way, whether it's Apotheosis, or feasting



on the Sekhem from Beltway Amkhata, or stealing relics from her own kind, or even finding a way to upload her immortal soul into the cloud. She prays for Seb-Hetchet's success, for the success of the Khent-henu, that they can make a glorious new Irem in this filthy age, but if they can't, she intends to find a way to create a truly eternal city.

**Description:** Rashida could be mistaken for someone from India at first glance. She wears her dark hair long and favors silver jewelry. While she dresses appropriately for important meetings, she prefers wearing jeans and nerdy t-shirts with references to computers, literature or pop history. She prefers sandals to other shoes. She makes a point of smiling, especially when she doesn't fully understand the conversations around her. Her cultists resemble a group of grad students, or part of an IT department. She's sensitive about the possible smell of rot and decay following her (despite assurances to the contrary) and always wears some type of perfume.

**Storytelling Hints:** Rashida offers to help other Arisen whenever possible. She tries very hard to live in the present and act human, however, she's not always successful. She wants other mummies to see her point of view, although she's careful to reveal her ideas slowly because she knows she's something of a heretic. She finds herself not fitting in well, but she keeps hoping that other paths exist for her. She's always interested in computers, especially life online.



**Concept:** Virtual Reality Visionary

**Decree:** Spirit

**Judge:** Heraf-Het, Whose Face Is Behind It

**Guild:** Sesha-Hebsu

**Attributes:** Intelligence 3, Wits 4, Resolve 3; Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3; Presence 2, Manipulation 3, Composure 3

**Skills:** Academics (History) 4, Athletics 2, Computer 2, Crafts 1, Empathy 2, Investigation 3, Occult 1, Persuasion 2, Politics 1, Science 2, Stealth 1, Subterfuge 3

**Merits:** Cult (Conspiracy; Reach 2, Grasp 2), Guild Status (Sesha-Hebsu) 3, Language (English, Hindi), Tomb (Geometry 2)

**Affinities:** Eyes of Justice, Familiar Face, Voice of Conscience

**Utterances:** Command the Beasts, Torn Veil of Forgetting

**Pillars:** Ab 3, Ba 4, Ka 2, Ren 3, Sheut 2

**Sekhem:** 6 (as of early 2014)

**Willpower:** 6

**Memory:** 4

**Virtue:** Fortitude (Rashida derives strength from her fear of death and from the rivalry she has with Su-Thoth and other Arisen who discount her affection for modern technology.)

**Vice:** Envy (Rashida can't truly be happy because she knows she's not truly alive. She secretly covets the lives that her cultists lead, and wants to experience human pleasures and pains.)

**Initiative:** 6

**Defense:** 3

**Speed:** 10

**Size:** 5

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 8

**Notes:** Rashida always carries a smartphone with her, and she knows how to use it to call in help from her cult. She gladly searches for information on the Internet when there's a question she can't answer, and often comes across as more knowledgeable than she really is.

## SU-THOTH, THE HUNGRY EYE

**Quote:** "I will recover all that was lost."

**Background:** For Su-Thoth, most everything is about books. Writing has fascinated her since the time of pictograms, and more than anything, she desires

knowledge. While her guildmaster, Ur-Qeb, may spend his precious moments waiting and wandering the city trying to learn from the mortals who dwell here, she prefers to accumulate knowledge through reading.

A single affinity, Ashes for Ink, guides Su-Thoth's life. She enjoys recovering lost knowledge more than anything, so she has accumulated vast numbers of blank scrolls and books with empty pages. Whenever she finds out about a book that has been lost, she attempts to recreate it. When she is successful, it is a moment of joy. She will lose herself in the book, reading it until she has finished the last page, no matter how dry or boring the subject.

She has a zeal for discovering texts and acquiring them for her Judge. She will go to great lengths to acquire relics, and she is even willing to steal them from other Arisen.

Her tomb is located near the Library of Congress, a gift from Ur-Qeb for a codex that she found for him. Many of her cult members work both there and at the National Archives. She also has cultists who have jobs as janitors, food service workers and security guards for the Smithsonian, the National Geographic Society and the Discovery Channel. In such positions, they usually go unnoticed, but they have a duty to feed her information, even if it is just a hint or a title of a book that once existed. If she can call the writing back into existence, it goes into her library that she keeps at the heart of her tomb, protected by the same forces that keep her safe during her sleep.

She doesn't care much about the current state of affairs in the nome. She doesn't see a need to worry about the Khent-henu if Ur-Qeb seems content to remain unconcerned. She finds her guild-mate Rashida's advocacy of sharing information to be short-sighted. Information should be in the hands of those with the intelligence and wisdom to understand it. Su-Thoth thinks that in some ways, the world was better when scribes lorded over the reading and writing, although she appreciates her own hypocrisy in relying on her cultists to read documents they can't comprehend so she may increase her acquisitions.

Although books are her first love, she is very protective of her cult. Her cult protects her books and provides her the means to accumulate more. If something causes a cult member to have trouble fulfilling their duties, she will gladly use her powers to remove the obstacle.

An incident over a century ago caused a rift between herself and Khu-Set, who was once a member of the Sesha-Hebsu. He has followed her to D.C., and though he has never done anything to suggest that he seeks vengeance for her part in his expulsion, she remains wary of him. It doesn't help that she has no real memory of the details of the incident.

**Description:** Su-Thoth stands slightly over five feet tall. Her skin is the color of dried dates, a warm brown,



and she has straight black hair long enough to reach her waist, though she normally wears it in a braid or a ponytail. When she talks, she gestures with her hands, emphasizing her speech through tapping, pointing and spreading her arms. She doesn't smile often and when she does it seems forced. If she has the opportunity to read, she can become lost in a scroll or book, oblivious to the world around her.

**Storytelling Hints:** You are nervous around other Arisen, and you prefer reading to talking. You don't mind intellectual discourses, but you always want to know where another Arisen gained her knowledge. Ultimately, everything comes down to acquiring more lost books and more information. If you could discover new utterances or acquire a rare millennia-old tome, you would be willing to pay nearly anything.

Unlike many of your fellow Arisen, you have learned about computers, as they allow you to access so many more words and so much more knowledge. You enjoy experiencing modern technology, and always keep an e-reader with you.

**Concept:** Spirited Cataloger

**Decree:** Name

**Judge:** Unem-Besek, the Eater of Entrails

**Guild:** Sesha-Hebsu

**Attributes:** Intelligence 5, Wits 3, Resolve 4; Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3; Presence 2, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

**Skills:** Academics 5 (History), Computer 2, Drive 1, Investigation 3, Larceny 2, Medicine 1, Occult 2, Persuasion 1, Science 2, Stealth 1, Subterfuge 1, Weaponry (Knives) 1

**Merits:** Cult (Tribal; Reach 3, Grasp 3), Guild Status (Sesha-Hebsu) 4, Language 4, Tomb (Geometry 4, Peril [curse] 1, Prime Location, Famous Obscure)

**Affinities:** Ashes for Ink, Eternal Legend, Eyes of Justice

**Utterances:** Redacting the Word, Rebuke the Vizier, Word of the Amanuensis

**Pillars:** Ab 3, Ba 3, Ka 3, Ren 5, Sheut 2

**Sekhem:** 6 (as of early 2014)

**Willpower:** 7

**Memory:** 4

**Virtue:** Faith (Su-Thoth has faith in books and knowledge. She believes that ultimate truth can only be found in words and names.)

**Vice:** Greed (Su-Thoth believes that she should have custody of as many ancient writings as possible. When she discovers that another Arisen has possession of a lost tome that she wishes to have in her collection, she's not above sending cultists to "borrow" it for scholarly purposes.)

**Initiative:** 5

**Defense:** 2

**Speed:** 9

**Size:** 5

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 8

## PRIESTS

### OBA-HESHEF, THE SECOND PROPHET

**Quotes:** "We drift now into the darkest of times. More than ever, the lessons of the past must be our guide."

**Background:** Oba-Heshef agreed to aid Seb-Hetchet and join the Khent-henu because he believed that his understanding and devotion to the Judges would prevent the White Jackal from using his gifts of magic to lead other Arisen away from their appointed purposes. Now that Seb-Hetchet has not risen, he wonders if his efforts have been in vain.



Oba-Heshef relies on the same unfailing moral compass that he has always used to guide his actions. He believes that the path to follow is one of absolute devotion to the gods of his people. Belief in the power of rationality and science to solve problems has left humanity deluded and drunk with its own self-satisfaction. They can no longer understand that all they see will fall to rot, and ultimately their world will crumble. Their souls have become weak, and the dark things in the shadows will soon feast upon them. The Sessa-Hebsu have allowed this to happen by forgetting their devotion to the Shan'iatu. He has his own visions brought on by the ghosts with whom he speaks.

He sees these failings of mortals most clearly in his own cult. He has spent his Descents in Washington, D.C. concerned with protecting the city, serving as a shepherd, driving off British and Confederate attackers alike. Currently, he resides in Arlington as close to the cemetery as he has been able to manage. He sees the rise of capitalism as yet another corruptor where the lie of the American Dream has made men believe that money is the source of all that is good. To some extent, he blames the Mesen-Nebu and their maddening lust for material wealth, and he isn't afraid to voice his accusations.

He has long ascribed to an ancient worldview where the gods choose the leaders by birth and nations were shaped with the sharp points of blades. Manual labor should be performed by slaves and skilled artisans who are not nobles should know their place, rather than become leaders in their own right. The adoration with which singers, thespians and athletes are treated is fine; the wealth and power they receive is not. When he listens to the voices of the ghosts that he can see due to his guild status, they echo many of his own beliefs.

However, his cult has taken his teachings and twisted them. Many of them believe that he is some sort of angel sent by the Christian God to share knowledge from the Garden of Eden. He is a shepherd, and he was a shepherd long before Jesus of Nazareth walked the earth. They think that his references to the Judges are a type of code for the secret lessons of their deity. They believe that slavery is right and just but have associated slavery with the color of men's skin. The fools have no concept of the fact that they are all descended from filthy European barbarians.

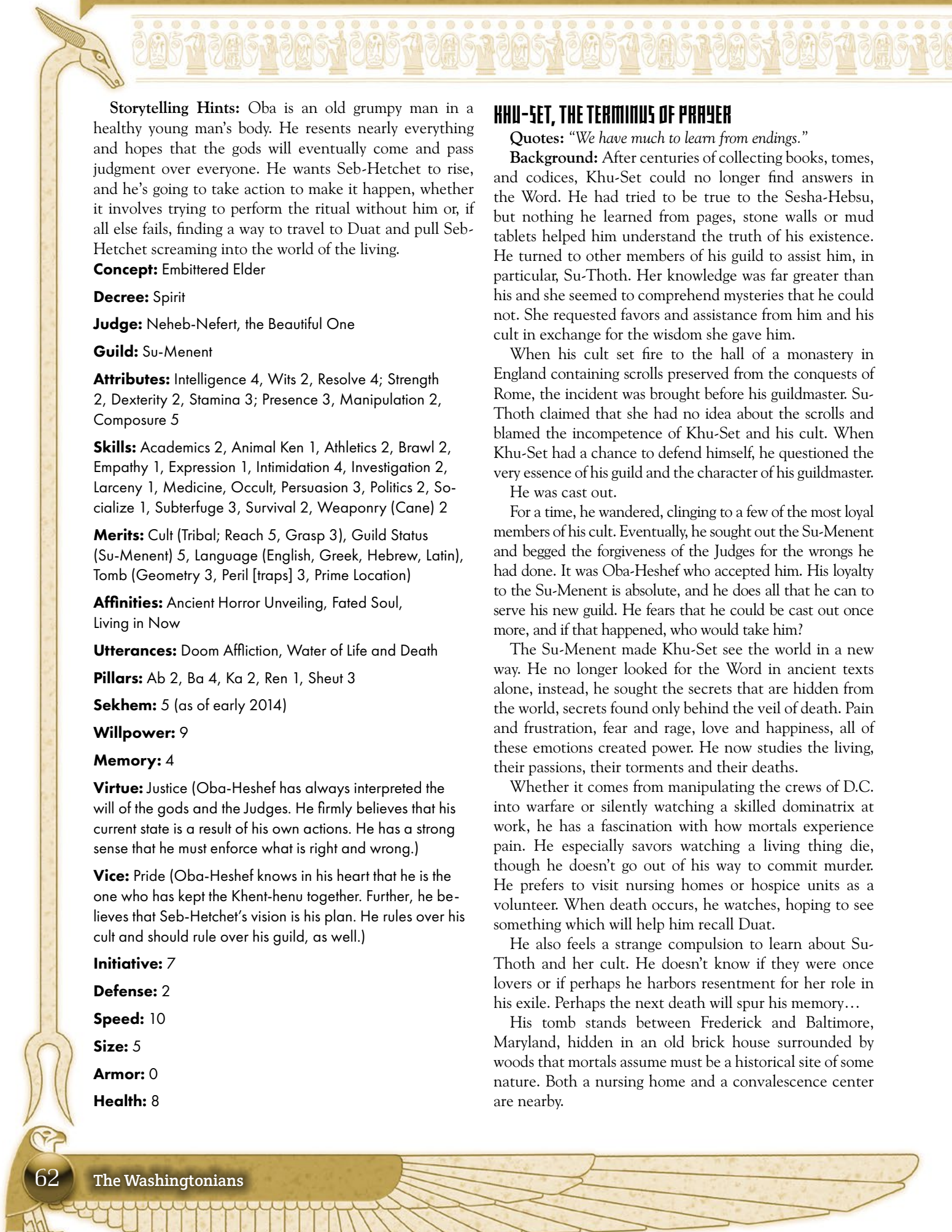
Yet, they still serve his purpose. As long as they do what they are told, he will let them live. Most of them are attached to old families, and more than a few are willing to perform violence in his name or sacrifice their lives. In time, they will have to be replaced, but for now, his concerns are only for Seb-Hetchet. As long as the guildmaster of the Tef-Aabhi doesn't awaken, his leadership position in the Su-Menent grows more and more tenuous.



He suspects Khu-Set of conspiring to seize control of his cult, to take away his temples. He believes that Boss Sedge is a rabid jackal that should be put down. He knows that the Whisperer barely pays him lip service. For now, he is forced to hold up the Tef-Aabhi Aziza's unfailing belief in her master as a reason that hope is not lost. He looks to the Sessa-Hebsu guildmaster, Ur-Qeb, for answers, though that arrogant fool remains silent. Even outside of the city, Menmaat, the First Prophet of North America, seemed more interested in the Maa-Kep motorcycle outlaw in regards to the Grand Conclave than in anything having to do with him.

In time, all of those who have forgotten their purpose will be set right, one way or another. Darkness descends... even upon the Deathless.

**Description:** At some point in his past, Oba-Heshef's sahu changed. He has dim recollections of a time when his body was destroyed, but he doesn't care to revisit those thoughts. He appears as an athletic brown-haired Caucasian man with piercing blue eyes. He usually dresses in black and carries a walking stick, though he doesn't appear to need it. Instead, he uses it to emphasize his points when talking. What most Arisen suspect is that the walking stick is a relic.



**Storytelling Hints:** Oba is an old grumpy man in a healthy young man's body. He resents nearly everything and hopes that the gods will eventually come and pass judgment over everyone. He wants Seb-Hetchet to rise, and he's going to take action to make it happen, whether it involves trying to perform the ritual without him or, if all else fails, finding a way to travel to Duat and pull Seb-Hetchet screaming into the world of the living.

**Concept:** Embittered Elder

**Decree:** Spirit

**Judge:** Neheb-Nefert, the Beautiful One

**Guild:** Su-Menent

**Attributes:** Intelligence 4, Wits 2, Resolve 4; Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3; Presence 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 5

**Skills:** Academics 2, Animal Ken 1, Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Empathy 1, Expression 1, Intimidation 4, Investigation 2, Larceny 1, Medicine, Occult, Persuasion 3, Politics 2, Socialize 1, Subterfuge 3, Survival 2, Weaponry (Cane) 2

**Merits:** Cult (Tribal; Reach 5, Grasp 3), Guild Status (Su-Menent) 5, Language (English, Greek, Hebrew, Latin), Tomb (Geometry 3, Peril [traps] 3, Prime Location)

**Affinities:** Ancient Horror Unveiling, Fated Soul, Living in Now

**Utterances:** Doom Affliction, Water of Life and Death

**Pillars:** Ab 2, Ba 4, Ka 2, Ren 1, Sheut 3

**Sekhem:** 5 (as of early 2014)

**Willpower:** 9

**Memory:** 4

**Virtue:** Justice (Oba-Heshef has always interpreted the will of the gods and the Judges. He firmly believes that his current state is a result of his own actions. He has a strong sense that he must enforce what is right and wrong.)

**Vice:** Pride (Oba-Heshef knows in his heart that he is the one who has kept the Khent-henu together. Further, he believes that Seb-Hetchet's vision is his plan. He rules over his cult and should rule over his guild, as well.)

**Initiative:** 7

**Defense:** 2

**Speed:** 10

**Size:** 5

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 8

## KHU-SET, THE TERMINUS OF PRAYER

**Quotes:** "We have much to learn from endings."

**Background:** After centuries of collecting books, tomes, and codices, Khu-Set could no longer find answers in the Word. He had tried to be true to the Sesha-Hebsu, but nothing he learned from pages, stone walls or mud tablets helped him understand the truth of his existence. He turned to other members of his guild to assist him, in particular, Su-Thoth. Her knowledge was far greater than his and she seemed to comprehend mysteries that he could not. She requested favors and assistance from him and his cult in exchange for the wisdom she gave him.

When his cult set fire to the hall of a monastery in England containing scrolls preserved from the conquests of Rome, the incident was brought before his guildmaster. Su-Thoth claimed that she had no idea about the scrolls and blamed the incompetence of Khu-Set and his cult. When Khu-Set had a chance to defend himself, he questioned the very essence of his guild and the character of his guildmaster.

He was cast out.

For a time, he wandered, clinging to a few of the most loyal members of his cult. Eventually, he sought out the Su-Menent and begged the forgiveness of the Judges for the wrongs he had done. It was Oba-Heshef who accepted him. His loyalty to the Su-Menent is absolute, and he does all that he can to serve his new guild. He fears that he could be cast out once more, and if that happened, who would take him?

The Su-Menent made Khu-Set see the world in a new way. He no longer looked for the Word in ancient texts alone, instead, he sought the secrets that are hidden from the world, secrets found only behind the veil of death. Pain and frustration, fear and rage, love and happiness, all of these emotions created power. He now studies the living, their passions, their torments and their deaths.

Whether it comes from manipulating the crews of D.C. into warfare or silently watching a skilled dominatrix at work, he has a fascination with how mortals experience pain. He especially savors watching a living thing die, though he doesn't go out of his way to commit murder. He prefers to visit nursing homes or hospice units as a volunteer. When death occurs, he watches, hoping to see something which will help him recall Duat.

He also feels a strange compulsion to learn about Su-Thoth and her cult. He doesn't know if they were once lovers or if perhaps he harbors resentment for her role in his exile. Perhaps the next death will spur his memory...

His tomb stands between Frederick and Baltimore, Maryland, hidden in an old brick house surrounded by woods that mortals assume must be a historical site of some nature. Both a nursing home and a convalescence center are nearby.





**Description:** Khu-Set stands over six feet tall. In ancient times, he towered over others, but he was self-conscious and so he tends to slouch and stoop. He dresses in white whenever possible and with his wavy brown hair and his close cropped beard and mustache, he resembles a classical artist's drawing of Jesus Christ, albeit perhaps taller and with a slouch.

**Storytelling Hints:** Speak softly and kindly. Smile. You study death and pain, but you like to provide comfort as well. Suffering is greater when it comes with betrayal. You are a shepherd and the sheep should be cared for before the slaughter.

**Concept:** Voyeur of Decay

**Decree:** Shadow

**Judge:** Tcheser-Tep, the Exalted Hand

**Guild:** Su-Menent

**Attributes:** Intelligence 4, Wits 2, Resolve 4; Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3; Presence 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 5

**Skills:** Academics 3, Animal Ken 1, Brawl 1, Empathy 3, Expression 1, Intimidation 2, Investigation 3, Medicine 2, Occult 2, Persuasion 2, Stealth 2, Subterfuge 2, Survival 3, Weaponry 2 (Knives)

**Merits:** Cult (Tribal; Reach 1, Grasp 2), Guild Status (Su-Menent) 4, Languages (Arabic, English), Tomb (Geometry 2)

**Affinities:** By Steps Unseen, Fated Soul, Voice of Temptation

**Utterances:** Awaken the Dead, Words of Dead Hunger

**Pillars:** Ab 2, Ba 2, Ka 2, Ren 4, Sheut 4

**Sekhem:** 5 (as of early 2014)

**Willpower:** 9

**Memory:** 4

**Virtue:** Prudence (Khu-Set pleasantly builds trust in mortals, encouraging and comforting them until he has the opportunity to share in the final moments of their lives.)

**Vice:** Gluttony (Khu-Set is driven ceaselessly to see things end, and this hunger drives and guides him, constantly coloring all of his actions.)

**Initiative:** 7

**Defense:** 2

**Speed:** 10

**Size:** 5

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 8

## PTAH-NEFER, THE BINDING LASH

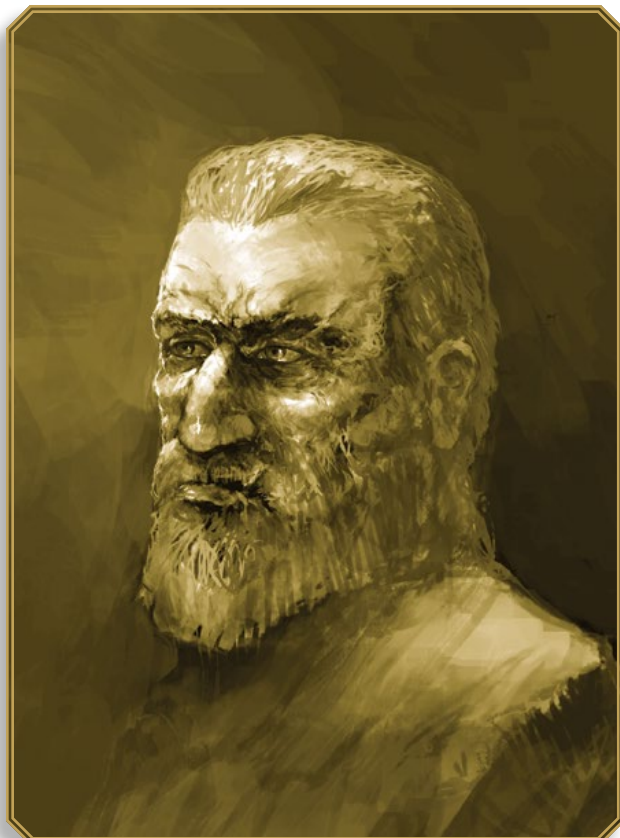
**Quotes:** "I am bid by the Eater of Shadows, not you. You would do well to seek the wisdom of your own Judge. Never forget, it is he to whom you have pledged your eternity."

**Background:** Ptah-Nefer sometimes remembers a time when he walked through the great necropolis of the Nameless Empire, paying homage to the gods and preparing the way for the souls of the great and mighty to meet their reward in Duat. He gave warnings in those times to fools who would mock or disobey the gods, particularly among the pitiful slaves and peasants, and yet, he himself always prayed that he would not fall victim to hubris and commit crimes against the gods.

Yet, he knows that he must have failed in his duties, for now he must remain in this world, reborn again and again and again to do his penance through endless service to the Judges.

He is certain that this would have shaken the faith of a lesser man, but he has chosen to embrace his role. If this is the path that Fate has chosen for him, so be it. If this is the calling which his soul must heed, so be it. If he is meant to redeem himself through his service to Am-Khaibit, the Eater of Shadows, so be it.

He will not fail, and he will guide the cult he has been given. He will teach them faith and sacrifice. He is a shepherd.



Ptah-Nefer appears to support Oba-Heshef, yet he questions why Seb-Hetchet has not returned. He has nothing but disdain for discussions of Apotheosis, even if the First Prophet of New York believes in discussing such matters. Of all the Arisen of the nome, he holds a special dislike for the Whisperer, considering him a madman, hardly better than one of the Deceived; his extreme actions make a mockery of the Judges and drive others away from their paths.

Despite his feelings regarding the Whisperer, many Arisen and their cults draw comparisons between the two. It is Ptah-Nefer who binds the majority of the Red-Sleeved, a role he seems to relish. His cult does perform killings on occasion, removing those who would interfere with the plans of the Judges, but he always has a justification for his actions. He has also enslaved a number of other Arisen's cultists, funneling them through trafficking to one of the "farms" or "temples" his cult controls. More than a few of Oba-Heshef's former cultists have quietly found themselves trapped in this fate. Such victims inform Ptah-Nefer, allowing him to judge whether his fellow Arisen have remained focused on their purposes and their loyalty to the Judges.

Additionally, these 'farms' are meant to provide a haven for the true believers should the end of all things come. Ptah-Nefer believes that Seb-Hetchet and the Khent-henu have failed. Soon, all the Arisen of the nome will realize that

the dream of a successor Irem will never come. When the Khent-henu fall, he intends to be around to remind them to follow the Judges once more. Should the consequences of the Khent-henu's hubris bring down the wrath of the Judges, he and his cult and their slaves will survive. He will be the shepherd for all the souls of D.C. It is through this vision that Bes-Mat influences him with Sedge's ideals, though both mummies know Sedge's true nature. Sedge may be a serpent, Ptah-Nefer believes, but at least he's an "honest" one.

He remains on the outlook for other Arisen who might share his faith in the Judges, or who could provide resources to assist his 'farms'. Most of his neighbors (usually separated by at least a half-mile) believe that Ptah-Nefer's group are 'preppers' and pay little attention to them. The cult is happy to promote this belief as they acquire food, weapons, and, of course, relics.

**Description:** A skinny, black-haired man in his early thirties. His Iremite heritage translates into a classic Middle-Eastern appearance for his sahu. Ptah-Nefer's face is marred by ritual scars, some of which are shared by his cultists.

**Storytelling Hints:** Very orthodox, you pride yourself in spending your Descent retrieving relics and punishing sinners according to the tenets of your Judge. You serve the Eater of Shadows and your 'farms' are places of supernatural slavery. You mete out whatever punishments are needed, including asking your cult priests and acolytes to visit suffering and even murder upon communities that commit crimes against your Judge. You are glad to aid others who wish to serve their Judges. When you speak, you often paraphrase religious texts, twisting verses to reflect your own interpretation of your forgotten civilization's beliefs.

**Concept:** The Mouth of Orthodoxy

**Decree:** Shadow

**Judge:** Am-Khaibit, the Eater of Shadows

**Guild:** Su-Menent

**Attributes:** Intelligence 2, Wits 3, Resolve 4, Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 5; Presence 2, Manipulation 3, Composure 3

**Skills:** Academics 3, Animal Ken 1, Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Empathy 1, Expression 2, Intimidation 3, Occult 3, Persuasion 2, Politics 1, Stealth 1, Survival 4, Weaponry (Swords) 1

**Merits:** Cult (Tribal, Reach 3, Grasp 3), Guild Status (Su-Menent) 3, Language (Arabic, English, Latin, Spanish), Tomb (Geometry 5, Peril [curse] 2)

**Affinities:** Fated Soul, Fearsome Soul, Night Creature

**Utterances:** Command the Beasts, Words of Dead Glory

**Pillars:** Ab 2, Ba 3, Ka 3, Ren 1, Sheut 4

**Sekhem:** 7 (as of early 2014)



**Willpower:** 7

**Memory:** 5

**Virtue:** Justice (Ptah-Nefer rules his cult with a firm hand. Those who violate the laws of the Judges must pay the price, and Ptah-Nefer finds strength in dispensing just punishments.)

**Vice:** Pride (Despite all of the things that he has obtained, Ptah-Nefer wants to be recognized for his wisdom, especially by his guild-mates.)

**Initiative:** 6

**Defense:** 3

**Speed:** 10

**Size:** 5

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 10

## THE WHISPERER

**Quotes:** "Evil? Evil is not serving the gods that granted your miserable existence."

**Background:** The Whisperer gave up his name long ago, as he sees no need for a name. There was a time in days past where he considered himself a master of the funerary rites. He has dim recollections of consoling families and laboring to safely send souls on their journey through Duat, but that was before he ventured into Duat himself.

Now he knows that he is nothing—his own voice fainter than a whisper in the dark against the enormity of the eternal.

There is no hope, only acceptance. Only by giving away all of themselves to the purpose which they serve can the Arisen find salvation. Faith in the Judges, faith in the gods—that will lead to a new Irem, not the arrogant plans of a mad Tef-Aabhi. So many of the Deathless believe that they can learn truths for themselves, that the choices they make during the Sothic Turn will let them achieve their own personal ambitions.

But to what end? In the framework of existence, the needs of the individual are insignificant. There is nothing but the endless emptiness of the universe and the terrible powers that demand subservience. Humility is the only hope. Humility and sacrifice. So, the Whisperer has sacrificed his memories, sacrificed his identity and given himself over to the will of the gods. He has barely any status among his own guild, not because he fails to follow their ways, but because he has distanced himself because he does not feel that they serve the will of the Judges faithfully enough.

He spends much of his time in the tunnels under Washington, D.C., seeking out the fallen, the insane, the desperate, and impoverished. He takes these lost and




forgotten souls and reveals to them the power that the gods have granted him. He whispers promises if they give up the wretched excuses that they have for their own lives and devote their souls to serving his cult.

In many ways, the other Arisen have come to view the Whisperer more as a cult than as one of their own. The members of his cult are devoted zealots trying desperately to serve the powers of the Underworld. They often go unnoticed in the halls of power, serving as janitors and watchman, cleaning crew members and dishwashers.

The Whisperer cares very little for the members of the nome. He sees them as fools and heretics, even the ones who would claim otherwise. He believes that the Su-Menent have lost their way with their lack of memory. They have forgotten the gods. He sees Seb-Hetchet the dreamer as the greatest of fools, and he is certain that Judges are holding the Tef-Aabhi in Duat so he may understand his folly. Everything comes through service to the masters, to following their will. Nothing can come from the Deathless except humility and service.

He knows that he must teach the truths that have been forgotten. He must make humanity and the Arisen understand their fragility and fear their own mortality. They must all be humbled, and the best way to humble them is to make them afraid... deathly afraid.



From his underground lairs, he dispatches members of his cult to mystify and terrify. He strikes out at other Arisen by taking or destroying whatever they might truly care about. Until they all learn that everything they love is meaningless, they must suffer this. He demands this suffering and calls for these acts that others see as evil, not out of hate, but out of compassion. Without faithful service to the gods, the Arisen are nothing, their endless Descents meaningless.

In Arisen society, the Whisperer sends Witnesses from among his cultists to represent him during most events. He prefers to remain mysterious, hiding in the shadows, living as close to the Underworld as he physically can. More than a few of the mummies of the D.C. area believe that the Whisperer is deranged and that his mind was shattered during a particularly traumatic Descent. Others believe that he has made deals with other creatures, exchanging his power in return for their service. He doesn't care what they think of him, only that they find faith.

Despite his macabre tendencies and his preaching about devotion to the Judges, the Whisperer is seen as a god in his own right among his cultists. They know that he can animate the dead, they know that he can grant mystical powers to others, and they believe that he is to be worshipped, that he is the prophet of the dark gods. For his part, the Whisperer justifies this devotion in his belief that the cult serves the Judges. He has also come to use the service to the Judges to justify a great many things, including draining relics of their power to maintain his Sekhem. The longer he is active, the better he can serve the Judges, he says.

Could everything that he says and pretends to be, be a lie? Perhaps it is all a madness, a derangement that needs to be cured, or maybe those who believe that he is a servant of other supernatural forces besides the Judges are *right*...

**Description:** Concealing his features with black robes and often wearing an Egyptian funerary mask, he more or less appears as a mummy from a horror movie. He even wears wrappings to hide his sahu. He does not want to be reminded of his former humanity; instead, he prefers to bask in his identity as a Deathless servant of the Judges. When he speaks, he prefers ancient Iremite though he knows English. His voice is a whisper, but a strong one, in some ways more of a rasp. He is always surrounded by cultists.

**Storytelling Hints:** You are a true believer that all you do is justified by your devotion. Your cult is an extension, not of yourself, but of your faith. You rasp rather than speak and tend to preach rather than talk. You always have cultists surrounding you, Witnesses, your Sadikh, and even dead servants.

**Concept:** The Truest Believer

**Decree:** Essence

**Judge:** An-Afkh, the Bringer of His Arm

**Guild:** Su-Menent

**Attributes:** Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 4; Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3; Presence 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 5

**Skills:** Academics 2, Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Empathy 3, Expression 2, Intimidation 4, Investigation 1, Occult 3, Persuasion 1, Stealth 4, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 1, Survival 2

**Merits:** Cult (Tribal, Reach 1, Grasp 4, Blasé), Enigma 3, Guild Status (Su-Menent) 2, Language (English, Hebrew), Tomb (Geometry 3, Peril [curse] 3, Stained History, Obscure, Prime Location)

**Affinities:** Deathstight, Fated Soul, Nihilist Awakening, Voice of Conscience

**Utterances:** Awaken the Dead, Blessed is the God-King

**Pillars:** Ab 2, Ba 2, Ka 5, Ren 3, Sheut 3

**Sekhem:** 5 (as of early 2014)

**Willpower:** 9

**Memory:** 3

**Virtue:** Fortitude (The Whisperer gains strength from his many foes. They only inspire him to perform more so-called atrocities in the name of the Judges and the gods.)

**Vice:** Pride (The Whisperer knows that he is perhaps the only one of the Arisen who truly lives his beliefs. Despite his professed humility, he has no doubt that all that he does is right.)

**Initiative:** 7

**Defense:** 2

**Speed:** 10

**Size:** 5

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 8

## LABORERS

### SEGE, THE MACHINIST

**Quote:** "You couldn't comment, but I certainly could."

In a dry nation in 1929, the District was one of the wettest cities in America, and Hal Leary enjoyed every drop of it. Hal was young and he was white, but he was also Irish, with a Catholic grandfather who'd come off the boat at Ellis Island during an Gorta Mór. Nativist anti-Irish sentiment was still common, anti-Catholic beliefs even more so, but James Aloysius Farley ran Franklin D. Roosevelt's gubernatorial campaign to a victory (if



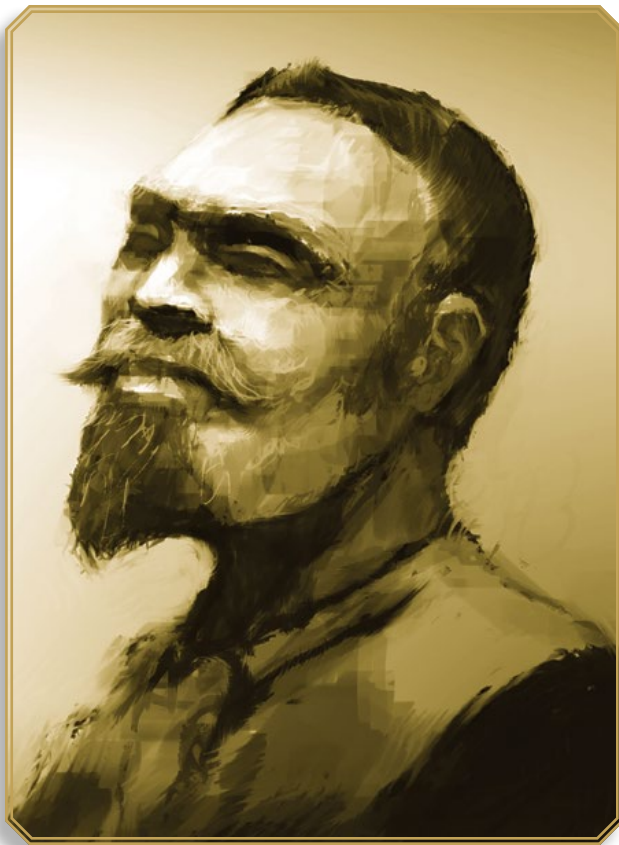
only barely), which meant young Irish Hal and men like him were dispatched to Washington to start laying early groundwork for 1932. The machine was good to the Irish back then; Hal determined to rise as high as he could, maybe even to political boss, and the district was the place to do it.

K Street was lousy with speakeasies, and speakeasies were lousy with lobbyists and flappers. When a slender woman with dark circles under her eyes invited Hal back to her place, Hal thought D.C. was the greatest city in the world. He drank the proffered cupboard wine—too thick and vinegary for his taste—and tried to kiss her. The wine affected him sooner than he'd thought, because he couldn't feel her lips. Or his face. He barely felt the impact of his face on the carpet. When the men in the other room came for him, dropped him onto his back on the altar in the basement, his protests were little more than moans past paralyzed lips. When the flapper with the dark circles under now-teary eyes lifted the crude copper tube above her head (the edge, so sharp), Hal couldn't even scream.

Before he was Sedge, he was Bes-Sed, Master of Envoys. A model Maa-Kep, Bes-Sed had the intriguing distinction of having once counted a member of every guild amongst his uaqeb—brethren of another guild, linked by blood and magic and bound as a master to the servant. In the shifting course of Flail-Bearer politics between Turns, Bes-Sed manifested the four Envoy Affinities. Of Artisan rank, totally devoted to guild and his uaqeb (whomever they were at the time), never once did he abuse the sacred trust placed in him by the other guilds, or take up the ephemeral flail that his Affinities wielded against the linked. Some whispered that Bes-Sed was even linked to the Deceived, but none could prove this allegation. Had Bes-Sed chosen to abuse that sacred trust, he would have been a terror amongst the Arisen, but all came to see him as a genuinely helpful Maa-Kep, dedicated to the cause of perfecting the guilds.

Bes-Sed first heard of the White Jackal's dream in the seventh century CE, when the Father of Idols came to him in Iberia and asked for help. The Flail-Bearer used his contacts to acquire strange celestial magics for the Jackal, but demanded a full accounting of the city's goals as his price. He forgot the encounter, eventually, but never forgot the magic in the Tef-Aabhi's words. A new city of pillars. For some reason, though, Bes-Sed kept thinking of the empty throne of the pharaoh in this new city...

The century before the new Turn saw Bes-Sed fielding requests from Tarikh-Sethos and the Hall of the Northern Bear. The master of North American Maa-Kep wanted Bes-Sed's help in unifying America through the medium of Washington culture, while the Mesen-Nebu sought an old friend to help him unify the city's immigrant Arisen under the Khent-henu.




In their haste to relocate their sleeping patron, Bes-Sed's cult made the poor decision of basing a new tomb in a speakeasy that wasn't under the control of George Cassiday, the first and last name in District bootlegging. Having returned to henet in his new home, the Arisen rose to the screams of his worshippers, but his Sekhem woke him too late to withstand the inferno. Bes-Sed perished along with his organs, amidst the stench of smoke, anise, and vaporized gin.

The death of a talented and storied Maa-Kep, a servant sorely needed by the eldest meret, was a crushing blow to city's planned unity. It was not, however, the worst thing that could have happened. That came later.

Perhaps some element of Hal's ambition and frustrated privilege remained in his body; perhaps the young man held ambitions an immortal never clearly envisioned. Called from Duat by a dream of dead gods, Bes-Sed's soul wrapped itself in the body on the altar, but Sedge was the one who opened his eyes. Sedge looked at the city of D.C. and judged the White Jackal's meret (for really, the Mason was first among equals) to be unworthy of rule. His guild afforded him a unique viewpoint on control, and he discarded an immortal life's worth of humble service in an instant. If the city was to function smoothly, it needed a firm hand to rule. A firm second hand.





The Arisen chose his cult well—they were men of industry and women of service, aides to senators and secretaries to the powerful. In the first year he spent in the district's radiant Sekhem, Sedge's tomb slowly came together underneath the goat pastures of Swampoodle, beside K Street. Establishing his tomb and cult, Sedge built his machine.

Through six millennia of existence, Bes-Sed had never once chosen nor accepted a title, unlike so many other Arisen. Now he finally had one: Boss.

**Description:** Sedge is short, and keeps his dark red hair close-cropped. He sports a well-trimmed but thick mustache and goatee. He favors three-piece power suits in black and charcoal, to contrast his skin and hair. He radiates calm and friendliness, preferring to speak softly. He is rarely without two aides (one a Caucasian man, the other an African-American woman). Both are embodied intruders, who have Passions to serve him and defend his person.

**Roleplaying Hints:** Reciprocity (both positive and negative) is the name of the game. It's the name of every game. Want others to do your will? Make them give you something first, make them need you. Someone hurts you? Make them feel the pain until they beg. Consequently, Sedge catches more flies with honey than vinegar, but his vinegar is pure acid. In many ways, he's an ideal Maa-Kep, except for that pesky bit about wanting to be a shadow pharaoh. Sedge builds relationships with transient Arisen, with dispossessed or out-of-favor mummies, with virtually anyone who can listen or will benefit. He respects his Sadikh and his hierophant and intruders, and treats them as near equals. But no matter how affable he is, Sedge is always closing in on his goal—total control over the nome.

**Concept:** Undermining Politico

**Decree:** Essence

**Judge:** Neha-Hatu, the Stinking Body

**Guild:** Maa-Kep

**Attributes:** Intelligence 3, Wits 3, Resolve 4; Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3; Presence 4, Manipulation 4, Composure 4

**Skills:** Academics 2 (Political Science), Athletics 3, Brawl 3, Computer 1, Crafts 2 (Amulets), Empathy 2 (Motives), Expression 1, Intimidation 3 (Veiled Threats), Investigation 4, Larceny 1, Persuasion 3, Politics 4 (Bribery, Scandals), Socialize 2, Streetwise 3 (Rumors), Subterfuge 2

**Merits:** Cult (Conspiracy; Reach 4, Grasp 4; Glamorous, Paranoid), Enigma 1, Guild Status (Maa-Kep) 5, Relic 2, Tomb (Geometry 2, Peril [Curse] 2; Prime Location)

**Affinities:** Affable Aid, Blessed Soul, Divine Countenance, Ever-Pertinent Authority, Faithful Servant's Blessing, Flail of Scorn, Living Monolith, Retributive Curse

**Utterances:** Bound as Fingers in a Fist, Dreams of Dead Gods, Words of Dead Glory

**Pillars:** Ab 3, Ba 1, Ka 5, Ren 3, Sheut 3

**Sekhem:** 5 (as of early 2014).

**Willpower:** 8

**Memory:** 7

**Virtue:** Fortitude (Sedge survived Duat, envoy service, and the annihilation of his khat and cult. His powerful survival


## The Machine

Even if it's not recorded in their statistics, Sedge's machine relies on the Guild Envoy Affinity (see **Guildhalls of the Deathless**) to aid and influence the merets of the city. Edja is bound to Aziza, Bes-Met is bound to Ptah-Nefer, Ur-Zahar is bound to Hebeny, and Sudi-Tau is bound to Miw-Sher. If you do not own the supplement, the Affinity requires the Maa-Kep to gift an amulet to the other mummy; so long as the other mummy possesses the amulet, whenever they're called, the Maa-Kep will rise with them. The Affinity affords mystical support to the recipient's actions, but also allows the Maa-Kep a slight measure of control. While the guild as a whole is extremely reluctant to utilize this measure, Edja, Sudi-Tau, and Ur-Zahar are (presumably) liberal with their threats to do so.

Sudi-Tau and his *uageb* Miw-Sher, the Lion of the Senate, don't have an appearance in this chapter beyond their names, titles, and a few more hints. Neither do Edja (the Sesha-Hebsu envoy) and Ur-Zahar (the Tef-Aabhi envoy). We've left them, and more specifically their relationships, deliberately undefined for you.

As her name implies, Miw-Sher likely has ties to the United States Senate—more specifically, the Democratic-controlled aspect, if you want to make her a foil for Ubaid, who's steadily losing power in the face of the Tea Party's resurgence. She had love affairs with both Ubaid and Hebeny over previous Turns. As a prominent member of what's nominally the most powerful guild in the city, she likely commands considerable clout. How much of that clout Sedge can usurp, or whether the arrangement has turned into something stranger, is up to you.





drive was always there, it's just been repurposed to see "not ruling the city" as a form of adversity.)

**Vice:** Greed (Put simply, Sedge wants the nome. He can play humility, dress his pure will up, but at the end of the day, it's a lie to cover his enormous ambition.)

**Initiative:** 5

**Defense:** 3

**Speed:** 11

**Size:** 5

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 8

**Notes:** Although he has a Guild Status of 5, Sedge has not been granted commensurate rank, and thus does not have the cartouche of a true Maa-Kep guildmaster. Sedge effectively controls the Maa-Kep within the city, save Bes-Mat and Sabola, and wields power disproportionate to his rank. His tomb is deep inside the sub-basement of the St. Aloysius Church in Swampoodle; until the early 90s, it had the Stained History drawback. His relic amulet is a glittering gold scarab amulet, similar to the Olympic Frog (**Mummy: The Curse**, p. 218) save that it affects his Manipulation. Sedge is strongly considering making it a talisman.

## BES-MAT, KNIGHT OF JUDGMENT

**Quote:** "Riding through this world, the Judges own your souls. What little else we've got is ours, and we mean to keep it that way."

**Background:** You want to find Bes-Mat, you'll find him wherever the new Arisen are in town. He's got eyes in the TSA, in the embassies, on every entrance into this town. You'll see him at the head of his cult—a phalanx of near-outlaw bikers, motorcycles roaring down the Beltway's shoulder and off-ramps. They're rare enough on the East Coast, and most residents think they're weekend warriors, but the shit Bes-Mat's made them do would make one-percenters blanch. If Bes-Mat's job is to escort the transient Arisen around the New World city of pillars, he's going to do it in style.

Don't let the leather kutte (read: vest with patches sewn on) fool you. Bes-Mat is Maa-Kep to the core, capable of a surprisingly extensive discourse on comparative religion. He's envoy to the Su-Menent, after all, and if he were blasphemous enough to speak for the Judges, he'd likely deem all of Washington heretical. But that's not his call. What is his call is unswerving obedience in his cult to the Judges and the gods of Duat.

For as long as he's considered it, Bes-Mat has loved outlaw groups. They tend to cling to brotherhood and idealism with religious conviction, but they're never afraid

to get their hands dirty. He's found them ideal servants to a Maa-Kep, easy to turn towards serving the will of the Judges. If they're high-profile, what of it? The slaves work best when they see the flail in your hands. After the fall of Irem, he walked with the bandits who roamed the deserts, smashing houses down. During the Third Crusade, Bes-Mat rode with Teutons expelled from the Order for savagery in Jerusalem. In the seventeenth century, he sailed with pirates around Port Royal. In the 1950s it was biker gangs, and he left Washington very briefly to acquire a club of his own.

Bes-Mat takes his duties to the Su-Menent seriously—he shares their conviction, after all. He takes his duty to greet those who enter the nome with equal fervor. It's not uncommon for Bes-Mat to transport Arisen dignitaries who give him notice in the cramped back end of a food truck flanked by the club—food trucks are a dime a dozen in D.C., the Sons own a small catering business, and the Arisen tend to stink once you get past the anise reek of raw Sekhem. Besides, Bes-Mat says, you don't need to eat, but there's nothing like a taste of home. The truck sells street food, of the kind you'd find back in Irem. Bes-Mat gleaned the recipes from a particularly potent mirage, and they remind transients of their duties.

Of late, Bes-Mat has grown dour. Tepemkau has vanished, and the mummy's cult is running amok. His friend Menmaat, First Prophet of New York, has called a Conclave of the Su-Menent—and wishes for it to be held in D.C. Last but not least of his worries, Sedge and Ubaid seem to be gearing up to make their respective moves to replace the missing guildmasters. Bes-Mat cannot stand Sedge, and hates every moment the two spend awake together—he considers the other mummy to be a perversion of the guild, slowly co-opting the role of the Judges in determining what the path of the Arisen should be. But he loathed Sabola more, and if supporting Sedge is the price to pay for her absence, he'll gladly pay it.

**Description:** Bes-Mat was big for his era—well over six feet—and he's still big today. Lean and muscled, he has a cruel cast to his stance, like he's ready to snap and do violence at your slightest indiscretion. Indeed, if you trespass against the Judges or the Su-Menent, he will do just that. He wears jeans, boots, and his kutte at nearly all times. The MC's patch is a flaming man with indistinct features grasping a crook and flail, a sun-disc behind his head. More than once, Bes-Mat has sent someone careening down the street, tied to a bicycle and doused in kerosene.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You're tough, it's true. But your dog-loyalty and convictions are based on rational thought. You cultivate the image of unthinking thug, but only because force is the easiest way to make yourself known to those you



associate with and those whom you need to exert your will upon. Amongst other Arisen, who are immune to such ploys, you are polite, thoughtful and argumentative. Your skills as a debater are legendary amongst the society of the Diaspora, and you sincerely believe in the nome's mission to end that Diaspora. You believe it almost as much as you keep faith with the Judges, and that is the one absolute in your life.

**Concept:** The Faithful Hound

**Decree:** Spirit

**Judge:** Usekh-Nemtet, the First Judge

**Guild:** Maa-Kep

**Attributes:** Intelligence 2, Wits 5, Resolve 3; Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3; Presence 3, Manipulation 2, Composure 2

**Skills:** Academics 1, Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Crafts 1, Drive 2 (Motorcycles), Expression 2, Firearms 1, Intimidation 2, Larceny 1, Occult 1, Persuasion 3, Politics 2, Streetwise 2, Survival 2 (Sailing), Weaponry 3 (Swords)

**Merits:** Cult (Enterprise; Reach 4, Grasp 4), Guild Status (Maa-Kep) 2, Inspiring, Language (Arabic, English), Strong Back, Tomb (Geometry 5, Peril [traps] 4)

**Affinities:** Affable Aid, Dauntless Explorer, Living in Now, Paragon Shames the Weak

**Utterances:** Words of Dead Fury, Words of Dead Glory

**Pillars:** Ab 1, Ba 5, Ka 4, Ren 1, Sheut 1

**Sekhem:** 10 if roused during this story

**Willpower:** 5

**Memory:** 4

**Virtue:** Fortitude (Loyal unto Duat, Bes-Mat will grumble and rant about injustices and slights, but will also maintain his position, even in the face of oblivion. While undoubtedly quick to temper, Bes-Mat's reason for anger is in defense of causes in which he believes and protects, the nome chief among them and his biker gang coming a close second.)

**Vice:** Pride (Bes-Mat's cult and activities have seen much success in recent awakenings, resulting in his historic Wrath being tempered by a glut of Pride. Unafraid to boast of his achievements in debate, knowing how such words can swiftly shut down a lesser opponent, he is increasingly relying on former glories. This tactic may see him eventually outmatched by a more progressive adversary.)

**Initiative:** 5

**Defense:** 3

**Speed:** 11

**Size:** 5

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 8

**Notes:** No equipment when newly arisen.

## SABOLA

**Quote:** "Did I know you once? You seem familiar. Can you tell me what I've forgotten?"

**Background:** Next to the Tap and Parlour on Shaw's U Street is Bohemian Caverns, a legendary jazz club. Duke Ellington practically lived here, just before he made it big, and the '60s saw all the greats play on the dimly-lit, smoke-filled stage of the Caverns—Miles Davis, Shirley Horn, John Coltrane, Eric Dolphy, and, of course, Charlie Mingus. Through it all, Sabola sat in a side booth lined with genuine imitation Corinthian leather, always in shadow, always nursing a cup of Iremite-style mead. Often she was on the arm of some smart-dressed man of her cult, always on the side, always the best bearer of the engraved... but oh, how she loved the drink. She kept the breweries fermenting it, even during Prohibition. "Nothing reminds you so much of home like the taste of honey, wouldn't you say?"



She continues these habits still, but everything else has changed—Sabola most of all.

For two centuries, Sabola kept herself out of sight, as befit a dark-skinned woman in a city that couldn't decide whether it liked black slavery or not. Sabola wasn't Nubian herself, but she was dark enough to look exotic in a nation that didn't like outsiders. She traveled the neighborhoods of the district, ranging outward from her tomb in Georgetown, coordinating the actions of the Maa-Kep within the city and subtly culling any who did not see eye-to-eye with Seb-Hetchet's vision. She traveled the nation, keeping the Maa-Kep as a whole from truly understanding the goal of the city. One summer day, she traveled, and she forgot herself.

Now, she is nothing, but at one time she was a master. Sabola was a Maa-Kep, through and through. Her cult touched the Masons and drifted into the same realms as all others in the city, so that she might keep an eye on how the banner of the scorpion wavered. A matronly figure despite the femme fatale attitude, Sabola would sit other mummies (and cultists—she did not discriminate overly much, unlike some in her meret) before her, gradually guiding them to wisdom with questions and pointed observations. She loved the mystery behind what she did, more than the other Second Hands. Her advice was oft couched in riddles and cryptic words. "Frankly, I think that king goes a bit too far," she'd say to the white politicians who enjoyed the club, or, "I think this Barry fellow has what it takes to belong to this city."

Sabola herself rarely acted, preferring intermediaries for her work. She funneled them through the Caverns, speaking softly, so that listeners had to strain to hear her over the hot music. She would make them do terrible things. Once, she forced a cultist to give his firstborn child up to consecrate the Washington Monument—it didn't have the requisite blood in the mortar, and the paltry amount that could be sacrificed without the city noticing required a certain mystical charge. In 1968, it was Sabola who stirred her cultists in the FBI to convince Edgar Hoover to simply shoot the rioters who disturbed the city's heka on the death of Martin Luther King. Another time, in the 70s, she sicced a small hate-fueled mob on a resurrected Hebeny, simply because she knew the other Arisen would slaughter the mob out-of-hand, and that mob contained several men who would serve her purposes better in death (they held positions Sabola would rather her cultists held; the police ended up calling it a riot again). Seb-Hetchet once called her a monster, but Sabola called herself necessary, if a new Irem were to rise. So many subtleties had to come in to play, that the heirs of Irem knew that Washington was where they must go, but not that Seb-Hetchet planned to be their pharaoh. Seb-Hetchet himself did not know, but Sabola did. A good Second Hand must know always what's needed.



So many events, so much darkness, all at Sabola's hands. The blood on her hands, the damage to her souls, these things were held in abeyance only by her talisman, a golden amulet shaped as a child's skull. Was it this mockery of uter that made Bes-Mat despise her so? Is that why her subordinate conspired with Sedge? Sabola does not know. She doesn't even remember enough to ask the question. She sits in the Bohemian Cavern, and the bartender is paid well to keep the old woman in the corner booth supplied with the sour mead she loves so much. The bartender doesn't care. The woman harms no one, and besides, she seems to really love the music.

Now, Sabola is without Memory, a woman lost. The mystery is gone... a riddle no more.

**Description:** Sabola was a tall and beautiful woman, the product of Irem's colonies mixing together. She was darkly skinned, but not so much that she couldn't pass in the dark days of the city's history. Now, her lack of memory has warped her sahu into a bent frame, a withered and elderly version of what she once was. Her clothes grow rattier by the day, as whomever cared for her in the earliest days without purpose no longer does so.

**Roleplaying Hints:** You take a sip. The star, your star, is high above. You can see it through the ceiling, through the ground, from wherever you are. Sothis ascends. You take a

sip. This wine is fine and strong. It warms your bones, and your bones feel so icy. It reminds you of a time when you were young and strong, but you don't quite recall what that means, and an anger wells up in you. Without a place for it to reside on, it transmutes into self-pity. You take a sip.

**Concept:** The Forgotten

**Decree:** Spirit

**Judge:** Utu-Nesert, Vigorous of Fire

**Guild:** Maa-Kep

**Attributes:** Intelligence 3, Wits 2, Resolve 4; Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4; Presence 4, Manipulation 5, Composure 3

**Skills:** Academics 3, Animal Ken 1, Brawl 1, Crafts 3 (Amulets), Drive 1, Empathy 3, Expression 2, Intimidation 4, Investigation 3, Larceny 1, Occult 3, Persuasion 3, Politics 2, Socialize 4, Stealth 2, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 3, Survival 1

**Merits:** Cult 0, Enigma 5, Guild Status (Maa-Kep) 5, Language (Arabic, English, French), Relic 5 (Guild Cartouche), Relic 4, Tomb 0

**Affinities:** Affable Aid, Auspicious Mastery, Charmed Lives, Falcon Soul Aloft, Grip of Death, Running Like Flight, Voice of Temptation

**Utterances:** Doom Affliction, Dreams of Dead Gods

**Pillars:** Ab 2, Ba 5, Ka 2, Ren 2, Sheut 5

**Sekhem:** 10 if roused during this story

**Willpower:** 7

**Memory:** 1

**Virtue:** Fortitude

**Vice:** Pride

**Initiative:** 5

**Defense:** 2

**Speed:** 10

**Size:** 5

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 9

**Notes:** Sabola owns a relic talisman, which has been stolen from her. Without it, she lacks essential details of his life and how to relate to the world. Her cult has perished; when Sabola awoke, she stumbled out into the world alone, and her tomb has since been desecrated. She could, in theory, simply resurrect around her talisman (wherever it is) but does not recall this is even a possibility. An Arisen without Memory is either a pitiable thing or a powerful ally, and

whoever could restore her Memory (via Sebayt and mirage exposure, or by recovering her talisman) would find themselves with a guildmaster in their debt. Her Memory loss is the result of degeneration, not resurrection.

## OTHERS

Most **Mummy: The Curse** chronicles have their fair share of mortal characters, notably cultists and their contacts. The following are a few mortals who could be inserted into a cult or associated with a given mummy to add some D.C. flavor.



### DANIEL HOLDEN

**Quotes:** "To serve your purpose, you need influence, yes? In this town, I am influence."

**Background:** The archetypical golden boy from the wealthy D.C. suburb of MacLean, Virginia, Daniel excelled at everything he did. He had the sense to avoid things that were difficult or would cause trouble later in life. Blessed with intelligence and good looks, he figured out early on how to manipulate others, a trait his parents recognized and cultivated. His father always told him that he was destined for something special, and Daniel believed it. His mother was an antiques dealer who liked telling







him myths about ancient gods and heroes. By the time he could drive, Daniel intended to be President of the United States.

He attended Georgetown University and interned at Capitol Hill. There, his dreams of being a world leader died. He saw first-hand the lavish gifts and favors showered on politicians by lobbyists. He overheard conversations where supposedly idealistic men and women would agree to compromise their values to gain votes, or orchestrate entire conflicts for the benefit of their careers. He grew angry, disenchanted, and disgusted with politics. But once he shed his youthful ideals, he also became much better at playing political games.

A fatal car accident involving a drunk driver took his parents the year before he graduated. His father left him wealth. His mother left him a scarab and a note in a safe deposit box. She explained how the myths were real, and how he should take the scarab and discover the true masters of the world. Within days, he'd come into contact with his first Arisen. He doesn't even know who it was, only that they offered to help him get a job with an influential think tank in exchange for future favors. He agreed.

Ever since he obtained the scarab, he's gained the ability to sense supernatural beings. He feels drawn to them, encountering the Deathless and their minions almost by accident. He has discovered that he is all but immune to the fear that mummies generate, and he seems to be protected from any number of charms or curses. Now a well-established lawyer with plentiful political connections on the left and the right, Daniel sees himself as the lobbyist to the Arisen, taking bids for his services from competing cults.

Recently, he's noticed that he seems to be having more chance encounters with the supernatural, as if he's drawn to them, or perhaps the other way around. He's become increasingly possessive and secretive of the scarab. He believes his mother was a member of a cult, but he doesn't know which one. He also wonders about that first Arisen who he met years ago. One day, he's going to meet that mummy again... and return a very big favor.

**Description:** Daniel has blond hair, blue eyes, and the shoulders of an athlete. He looks like a movie star playing a politician, but he's very affable when he wants to be, making friends easily and making other people around him feel important. He is an impeccable dresser, but he has the wisdom to dress appropriately for his environment. He keeps a bottle of cologne nearby to use in case he should encounter any of the Deathless. He doesn't want to smell like funerary herbs.

**Storytelling Hints:** Daniel is a Witness, projecting confidence around the Arisen. He isn't afraid of the dead,

but he is respectful. Valued as a servant, or even perhaps as a peer, but he is keenly aware that his value is never more than that to the mummies. He suspects how powerful they may be, and has no desire to make enemies of them. When Daniels speaks, he meets the gaze of others and nearly always delivers at least one compliment. Try to be as straightforward as possible about what services you can offer, and make it crystal clear that you are not part of anyone's cult. Daniel owes allegiance only to himself and the higher plans of the gods. If he's not careful, he'll end up someone's lifeless Sadikh.

**Abilities:**

**Politics (••••• •••)**

Daniel is a prodigy, hampered only by his lingering sense of disenchantment and disgust with the way the District works. Even that, he's quickly discarding. The more time he spends amongst the truly powerful, the more he sees the myriad web of connections that sustains Washington, literally and metaphorically.

## New Cult Benefit: Wayward Cult

Most scorpion cults follow a similar structure: they worship the Judges through the avatars of the Arisen, who are as walking gods. Enterprises and Conspiracies do so a little more indirectly than Tribal arrangements, but they *mostly* function around Judge worship. For the most part, cultists are pretty good about keeping their ducks in a row in regards to staying hidden in an area hostile to worship of the Judges. But sometimes it's less trouble to simply shrug and go with the flow. Wayward cults have been directly misled by their Arisen; for whatever reason, the Arisen has chosen simply not to tell them the truth of the Judges, instead spinning the Arisen's nature as some perverted and altered aspect of a native faith. These cults are particularly popular in the American Bible Belt and in Mexico, where Christian groups regard the Arisen as gifted with undeath as Lazarus was, but in the past cults in Japan, Iberian Spain and the Belgian Congo have all been lead astray. Wayward cults add +2 to their Reach *and* Grasp ratings when blocking other cults (they're full of heathens!), but blocking other cults more than twice in a month forces the Arisen into a lengthy explanation of how their religious beliefs are superior to the other cult's, and if they don't have a good reason for why the enemy's cult has a mummy too, their cult will turn more hostile, slowly but surely.

### Socialize (••••• ••)

Being a lobbyist requires learning the art of charm. Daniel is more than capable at what he does—attending everything from happy hours to private parties to galas, finding the most important people in the room, and schmoozing them.

### Occult (•••••)

He knows less than he thinks, and he doesn't think he knows a lot. Still, Daniel's savvy enough to recognize the great powers in the city, and to understand when something off means something wrong. If it can be recognized, someone, somewhere knows something about it. It's just a matter of finding that person.

## DR. TIMOTHY GALBREATH

**Quotes:** *"Tracing the DNA back to the beginning... that's what it's all about."*

**Background:** Dr. Galbreath holds a prestigious position at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, north of Washington, D.C. Officially, he works to map genomes with a specialization in mitochondrial DNA. He also consults with Last Dynasty International. He has written several papers on the spread of disease and the effects of environment on human genetics. He performs all of his expected duties well, sometimes showing a flash of brilliance in his work. He's a respected geneticist with years of service, and he doesn't garner any unusual attention.

What truly inspires Dr. Galbreath, what consumes his thoughts and time outside of work, is his sacred mission of tracking mitochondrial DNA back to Irem. He sees himself as one of the greatest servants of Sekhimib, a servant who will help his master complete the human monument. With his knowledge, he has provided the other cult members with information on which ethnicities and nationalities must interbreed to turn back time and restore native Iremites to the world. He loves his duty and sees it as a sacred calling.

He's even tried to sample cells from a sahu in order to ascertain more details about Irem. Unfortunately, the sahu of one of the Deathless does not contain salvageable genetic material. The dried bones don't seem to help either.

During the weekends, Dr. Galbreath spends his time in West Virginia away from the District, trying to relax and map out the genes and the populations that are needed to bring back Irem. Some medical problems have bothered him in recent years, such as a bit of basal cell carcinoma and a few unusual polyps detected by a colonoscopy. While he's had nothing life-threatening, he is becoming concerned with his own mortality. Recently, he decided to take some of the assets that he's accumulated from the Tef-Aabhi to help with his personal research and store them away. He's strongly considering scraping together the funds to undergo the anti-aging treatments his friends over at LDI are always raving about. "By all means, Tim," they say,



"Come in. I'm sure we can work out something you can help us with to defer the costs."

**Description:** Dr. Galbreath is an older man of average height with thinning white hair and a pronounced chin. He wears thick-black rimmed glasses and button-down shirts and slacks beneath a perpetual lab coat. He wears a cartouche with the name "Tim" spelled out in hieroglyphs around his neck, and his office is covered in pictures of vacation trips to Egypt. His conditioning is limited to walking on golf courses during the weekends. He tends to be quiet, but any discussion of Irem, ancient history or genetics makes him suddenly become animated.

**Storytelling Hints:** You like to listen more than talk, but you have an irresistible curiosity about genetics. You can't help but ask someone about their ancestors. If possible, you like to get genetic samples. You derive most of your self-worth from your importance to the Tef-Aabhi, and you easily respond to flattery about your value to the guild.

### Abilities:

#### Science (Genetics) (••••• ••••)

Timothy is a patient man, except when it comes to his own mortality. He can easily wait decades to see his genetic experiments come to fruition. Which is fortunate, because these things take time—but between now and then he remains one of the foremost minds in his, or any, field.



### Medicine (••••• •••)

From a very young age, Dr. Galbreath knew he didn't want to die. If the Arisen won't make him a Sadikh, he intends to use his knowledge of genetics to find a way to survive. He originally went to medical school to learn how to stave off death's cold embrace, and retains that talent himself.

### Academics (History ••••• ••)

Studying the movement patterns of humanity requires understanding population movements. While his cell cultures grow and the lab processes DNA strands, Galbreath pours over census data and ancient accords. He's well aware of historical trends in general, especially when it comes to diseases or population centers.

## ERICA DEJESUS

**Quotes:** "My superiors are suspicious of everything."

**Background:** Erica's family has been loyal to her cult for as long as they can remember. Arrangements were made early in her life to have her positioned to become an agent of authority, whether for the police or the government. She excelled in her studies and upon graduation earned a job with Immigrations and Customs Enforcement with the Department of Homeland Security. When she expressed an understanding of the supernatural, she was moved to a division that specializes in investigating the unusual. Now, she does something a little more exotic than hunting terrorists.

Erica isn't completely certain who or what she serves. She's read and observed enough to believe that she has connections to ancient Egypt, but the cult members who have contact with her have told her that she should know as little as possible for her own protection. She has faith that the cult has her best interests at heart.

However, she's seen a number of terrors from ghosts to werewolves, and she's had some concerns about the cult. She started her own side investigation because she simply wants to know. She still believes that they are on the right side, but she just prefers to know.

Unfortunately, her side investigation was discovered by a fellow agent, who believes that she's found something important. She's now being pushed to learn the truth and for once, she's hiding a secret from the cult.

**Note:** Erica could easily belong to the cult of a player character or interact with cultist characters. She could also be used as an antagonist with access to resources that could threaten the plans of the Arisen.

**Description:** Erica's a Hispanic woman in her late 20's in excellent physical condition. She normally wears suits on the job, and she tends towards reasonable tops and jeans when she's off-duty, with the occasional dress for a night out.



**Storytelling Hints:** You are a government agent who hunts down the supernatural. Very little surprises you, but you sometimes see magic and supernatural activity where it doesn't exist. You are having doubts about your cult, and you are desperate to validate your devotion to it. However, if you were to discover you have been lied to your entire life, you could also call upon the resources of the United States government to help take down the cult.

### Abilities:

#### Firearms (••••• •)

Erica is a government agent, and spends regular time on the firing ranges. More so than she used to, in fact. Her cult is on the side of light, and as idealistic as it seems, she believes good will triumph over evil. She just doesn't think it'll go without a fight.

#### Intimidation (••••• •)

Erica knows how to flash her badge in order to get results. She has no problem bullying a witness around a little, throwing her departmental weight to and fro, if it means squeezing a bit more information out of the leaned-upon.

#### Investigation (••••• ••)

She's a cop, first and foremost. Well, a government agent, but law enforcement is law enforcement and that criminology major and minor in forensics is good

for something. Erica's got a keen eye for details and a cunning mind, along with the instinct to know she's on to something.

### MALIN ALKURD, ROGUE HIEROPHANT

**Quotes:** (in flawless Iremite Egyptian) *"Jennifer... you're on sign-ups for the event tonight. Lauren, I want you working the crowd. Richard, you're the spotter. And Lyla, as soon as Richard spots him, you take the shot. We'll rip that fucker's amulet off him before he can say sharmoota. Any questions?"*

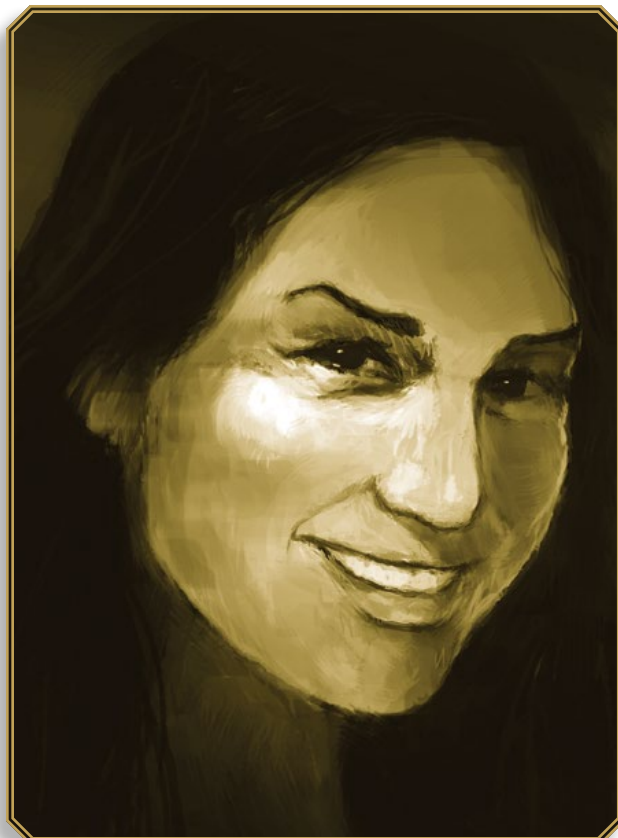
**Background:** Malin was born the daughter of two Kurdish immigrants fleeing Saddam's purges, but she grew up loving America more than her native culture. Not that she didn't learn a great deal from her parents—in fact, the story of her family's flight from Iraq stayed with her through childhood, the injustice and brutality of it all inspiring her to study international law and diplomacy. The impulse of flight in her parents was strong in her as well, but took a far fightier nature. Malin was driven to excel, organizing her life with cheerful optimism and a ruthless, relentless commitment to excellence. She graduated at the top of her class from Georgetown's International Relations School, but her family's loans ran out before she could double back for a law degree. Facing mounting debt, like so many of her age, she took a job with a think tank in Washington. It was a frustrating, degrading experience—her gender and looks were prized far more highly than her intelligence. How could she discuss policy in countless memos, when there was real work to be done?

Malin's skill at organization and her cheerful disposition were what attracted the Su-Menent Tepemkau to her. Her was looking for a new priestess, one who could reform his flagging cult and whip it into shape. He'd absolutely found his woman in Malin, but utterly failed to account for her sheer ambition. Within six months, Malin had risen to the rank of high priestess. After that, it was a simple matter to engineer a false flag attack on the cult so vicious (it killed the hierophant, after all) that it required sacrifice of Tepemkau's Sadikh (too bad they'd utilized the Khent-henu's relics to find that *uter* Incan mummy king in the Smithsonian a few weeks back. If only that'd panned out, right?).

And then, Tepemkau disappeared. Malin didn't know why. She'd risen too far, too fast; she never benefited from the years of indoctrination and occult lore that came with rising through the ranks at a normal pace. She didn't know about Sothis, and she didn't know Tepemkau could simply *get up* without her calling.

She had the rest of the cult, though. There was *that*.

For Malin, it's a chance to truly shine. The power the Arisen hold can really make the difference in the world. Already, the necklace of black pearls she wears is *really* helping her with her sleeping problems (not by helping



her sleep, but by burning off the fatigue). She's whipped the rest of the organization into a shape she finds obedient and pleasing. True, without their mummy, they're at a disadvantage. But they do have what few relics Tepemkau didn't take with him, and a base of operations in his tomb under the House of the Temple. The Cult of the Nameless Youth has gone on the warpath—they know enough to hunt other mummies and other relics, enough to be truly dangerous but not enough to be wise. They've already broken up another cult in a stunningly-executed array of midnight sieges and daring raids, and escaped the wrath of the ancient mummy who guarded the other cult (he seemed a bit addled, at any rate). The relics they recovered were more than enough to keep their day jobs secure. As for Malin, she's nearly forgotten that she ever wanted to make a difference in the world, to fight and create a place her parents would never need to flee from.

**Description:** Barely topping five feet, Malin is beautiful, of obvious Turkish and Kurdish descent, with a disarmingly genuine smile. If she comes off as a bit fake, it's because she's trying extremely hard to do *everything* with the highest degree of poise possible, and nobody's *that* good all the time. At least, now without practice. Since she became hierophant, she's seemed so much more alive than she did before.





**Roleplaying Hints:** You genuinely want people to like you, and be happy. You just think they'll be happiest in an orderly structure, that's all. The relic *uter* you took from Tepemkau's tomb has *really* gotten the lead out of your mind and helped you focus. Be cheerful, happy, and direct, and do everything with as much grace as you can possibly muster.

**Empathy (••••• •••)**

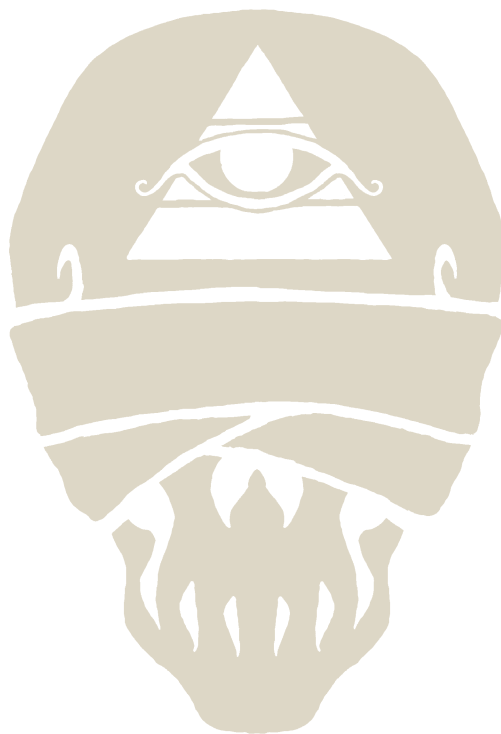
Malin's true talent is her ability to empathize with people, to understand their needs better than they do. She even possesses the very rare talent of making people feel as if they *have* no needs at all. This was why Tepemkau recruited her.

**Politics (••••• ••)**

If Empathy is her talent, Politics is Malin's hard-earned skill. She is quickly learning the intricacies of how to play political games, both to keep the Nameless Youth cult in line and to keep herself sitting atop it.

**Streetwise (•••••)**

Malin keeps her ear to the ground—Capitol Hill interns and student reporters from the journalism school at the University of Maryland are her two favorite groups to grab drinking buddies from—and she can certainly charm information out of a few. The Arisen are much less subtle than they like to think, and if you look closely enough, you'll see signs of a scorpion cult. After that, it's all about watching them and not letting them notice you.







# CHAPTER FOUR

## EPHEMERAL STRAINS

*Washington is a very easy city for you to forget  
where you came from and why you got there in the first place.*  
— Harry S. Truman

Few cities are as well-known as Washington, D.C. The iconic images of the monuments and the White House appear on news programs daily throughout the world. The vast economic, cultural, scientific, and diplomatic influence of the United States makes its capital arguably the most important city on earth.

Washington, D.C.'s importance holds true for the Arisen as well as for the living. The collections of ancient artifacts in the city, coupled with the ability of the American government to shape global affairs, lures those Deathless who wish to find a better way to serve their purposes. Only a handful of other cities have a population of mummies to rival that found in Washington on any given night, and with each year more cults seek influence within the Beltway.

There are Deathless who only grudgingly see such a young city in such a young nation as significant, believing that more important matters are transpiring in religious centers, such as Jerusalem or Mecca, or in older cities, such as London, Cairo, and Rome. They see Washington, D.C. much like the fireworks used for Independence Day celebrations—it burns brightly for now, but soon it will go out. Still, even they have curiosity, and many guildmasters send Arisen to Washington, D.C. to retrieve relics or investigate rumors and to learn more about the city, just in case it might serve their purpose.

### STORYTELLING D.C.

As a Storyteller, you have a number of options on how to use this book for your chronicle. Obviously, a chronicle can be set in Washington, D.C., and the locations and NPCs have been written with that mindset. Since Arisen characters don't remember all of their histories or relationships when they awaken, establishing ties to NPCs or roles within guilds can be done as the characters gain Memory through the course of the chronicle. In other words, you don't have to fully understand the complexities or relationships of this setting to start running a D.C. chronicle.

The setting is also meant to be used for Arisen to visit, whether for one story, multiple stories or for a significant part of a chronicle. Rumors that the Washington Monument works with the geomantic designs of the city to restore Sekhem would give mummies a reason to find out the truth for themselves. Politics in Washington could be affecting the preservation of a sacred site and some supernatural persuasion may be needed. One of the Deathless could see the nation's capital as the key to achieving her purpose, and the leader of a nome or a guildmaster could send Arisen and their cult members to prevent any conflicts. Of course, there's always the Smithsonian. What Storyteller doesn't want to run a scene where a player's mummy wakes up on display?

Of course, maybe you don't want to have a chronicle set in D.C. and over the course of your game, your players seem set against leaving their home city. It's always possible to bring the events and characters in the book to the setting of your chronicle. One of the Tef-Aabhi in this book may travel to another city in hopes of finding information on how to prompt the White Jackal to rise. The influence of Sedge may reach mortals or draw imitators among the Arisen in other cities. As mummies are equals and have lived for millennia, one of the D.C. Arisen could be a friend, advisor or rival, communicating through mystical means or the far more mundane telephone, email, Skype, etc. (with or without the help of his cult).

Finally, you could simply take many of the NPCs, relics, and other details and move them to your own city. While everything was written to take advantage of the Washington, D.C. setting, changing details of names or backgrounds should be straightforward enough. If nothing else, the stats of a guildmaster from D.C. could be used as the stats of a guildmaster in another nome.

**Mummy: The Curse** offers an additional way to use the setting—the flashback. The Federal City could be a setting for flashback stories and events that took place before the current chronicle. A troupe's characters could easily have fled D.C. at some point in the past.



## THEMES

After deciding how you want to use the setting, choosing the theme for your chronicle will assist in creating the atmosphere of your stories. Below are some themes that resonate with both **Mummy: The Curse** in general and with the Washington, D.C. setting in particular.

### RISE AND FALL

The nation's capital is a place of hope and ideals. If you've ever visited D.C. with children, you know they often point in wonder at all of the monuments and ask questions about what everything means. Even to the adult explaining why so many great buildings were erected, the answers can seem simplistic and idealistic, but that idealism becomes the truth to the child. It's only later as they grow older that they learn that our great leaders were human, with human failings and mistakes.

It's a story that repeats itself with almost every election. A new president or new Congress comes in with elected candidates making promises, but by the next election cycle even the best of intentions always seem to have fallen short.

For the Arisen, each Descent is a new "election cycle." They rise full of potential and promise, coupled with raw power and purpose (a mandate if you will), and they lack the knowledge of how to get things done in Washington. As time goes on, and they learn about life within the Beltway and how to play the political game, they understand how to use their abilities even as they lose their strength.

The Descent moves closer to its end even as the Arisen accumulate the knowledge and memories they need to fulfill their purpose. Their abilities have faded with their loss of Sekhem. The tragedy is that once they know what they need to do, they have the least chance to accomplish their purpose.

To emphasize this theme, describe the scenes at the beginning of the chronicle in optimistic and hopeful terms. If a member of the troupe asks if they think it's possible to do something, present the information in positive terms. You needn't lie, but be encouraging. Let the characters feel empowered by their purpose.

In the later stories of the chronicle, use more pessimistic descriptions. Remind the characters of past failures. Have cult members beg them to use utterances or affinities that they can no longer access. Let cult members and allies become disenchanted with the mummy's lack of ability. Think of the frustration that adult children have with elderly parents or grandparents.

However, be careful not to overdo the pessimism. Players still need to have fun. One way to mitigate the sense of growing despair and desperation is to remind them that the characters have experienced this before. Pessimism without

hope isn't horrific. They always should have hope even as they struggle against the inevitable end of their Descent.

### IREM REBORN

The secret of Washington, D.C. stands in plain sight, in the form of a 555-foot tall white obelisk dominating the cityscape; in the monuments that resemble ancient Greek and Roman temples; in the designs of the avenues and circles that control the flow of traffic. Echoes of past glories, memories of the great capitals of the past, draw the attention of visitors and occasionally wake residents from their personal reveries.

To the Arisen, Washington, D.C. is an imperfect attempt to restore Irem, perhaps an attempt doomed to failure and perhaps a creation that will surpass the original vision. Though a chronicle can take any path and should be tailored to meet the needs of its group, the theme of Irem restored parallels the story of the Arisen, continually struggling to find a balance between their shattered memories and their vast power.



The creation of a new kind of Irem is the goal of the Khent-henu, the coalition of Arisen, now guildmasters, who effectively run the nome of Washington. Despite their efforts, mortals seem to unravel their plans as they sleep, whether by changing the borders of the city, altering roads, or building new monuments. In truth, Irem can *never* be rebuilt. Not really. None of the mummies can remember it clearly enough, and even their clearest memories could be constructs from daydreams or even delusions brought on by too many lifetimes. Even if they had a perfect memory, Irem is gone and the world has changed tremendously from the time of the Nameless Empire.

### STAGNATION

From the Beltway to the halls of Congress, Washington is known for its gridlock. Every generation, outsiders come to the city promising to reform government in D.C., to bring new ideals and new energy to business inside the Beltway. Perpetually, their ideals crumble against the bureaucracy, regardless of the political spectrum. Now, in the real world, arguments can be made about how much business actually is accomplished, but within the World of Darkness, Washington is a place where ideals are bought and sold, where honest people become powerless, and where visionaries receive encouragement only to find out that the dreams they represent are lies.

The Khent-henu came to D.C. full of energy and great plans. Through L'Enfant's initial designs, the city's geomantic patterns were created. The Tef-Aabhi went on to ensure the construction of a city of monuments, and even those monuments that they didn't create where influenced by the ones that they had erected. However,





whenever they awake, monuments have been changed. Humans have reconstructed some or are renovating others. Roads are redone and the metro lines disrupt the flow of energy. No matter how much effort is put into the city during each Descent nothing seems to change.

At the Sothic Turn, the Khent-henu stand ready to accomplish their Rite of Irem Reborn, but even this is not possible with Seb-Hetchet remaining in his deathsleep. As time moves on and the Sekhem of the guildmasters fades, D.C. may yet claim another set of grand plans and ideas.

When running a chronicle with a stagnation theme, use an Arisen's cult to help emphasize the theme. Have cult members complain about being stymied or make excuses as to why they can't get anything done. Let them explain that the Arisen's previous plans have hit roadblocks due to zoning issues or crime or poor building codes.

## TWO CITIES

It's a well-worn trope in media and literature, but it's easy to contrast the wealthy, influential and usually white suburbanites with the residents of the District who lack a voting representative in Congress and tend to be African-American and poor. Setting stories around this theme allows for the exploration of a number of real-world issues, including economic fairness, prejudice and exploitation.

The Arisen have more in common with the residents of the city than the politicians who regularly fly back and forth from their districts across the country. They were the ones who kept Irem running, not the ones who governed the city itself. However, they were not the lowest class either. They were as close to a middle class as the Nameless Empire had and they may strive to find a way to walk a path between the rich and the poor.

It's important to know your troupe when designing stories around this theme, as they can become politically and emotionally charged. For some troupes, this could even cause interpersonal conflicts.

Additionally, it's important to be careful not to seem too derivative in the stories. Be careful to make sure that the theme doesn't lead the chronicle into a plotline seen on television the night before (at least not without disguising it thoroughly).

## FRAMEWORKS

Before the chronicle begins, you, as Storyteller, need to decide which of the different frameworks you wish to use for your group. As most players want to play an Arisen (after all, the game is **Mummy: The Curse**), the easiest framework to choose would be The Allied Dead, followed by The Rival Dead, depending on the capacity of your group to handle conflicts. A meret with enough mummies to play an Allied Dead game would certainly draw the attention of guildmasters and could be seen as a threat to the others in the city.

D.C. lends itself to a Pyramid framework, where some players play Sadikh or mortals, while one plays an Arisen. The city itself gives humans a plethora of activities and roles to play. Mummies do not want to be discovered in the capital of the most powerful country on Earth. If any government poses a threat to the Arisen, it's the US government. Instead, events are manipulated from afar by most of the city's Deathless. They are like powerful lobbyists or the heads of think tanks. They have an agenda, but the cultists are the ones who implement that agenda.

The Rotating Pyramid, where each player has an Arisen and a member of the cult to play, and the role of the Arisen rotates among players, gives a Storyteller many advantages of the Pyramid framework, while letting everyone enjoy playing an Arisen. The framework can switch for the climatic stories of the chronicle to an Allied or even Rival Dead game with multiple players taking the roles of the Arisen.

Ultimately, the rule is to have fun and tell a good story. If this is your first **Mummy** chronicle, you may want to do either an Allied Dead or Rotating Pyramid framework. If you have an established World of Darkness game with mortals, the Pyramid may be the best.

## THE ALLIED DEAD

The Allied Dead framework has the advantages of giving the player characters a reason to work together as they will usually be part of a meret. For some groups, just knowing that they are part of the same team will inspire a sense of loyalty and reduce conflicts. An Allied Dead framework works well for dealing with external conflicts, such as the meret against other Arisen, other Deathless or even for internal conflicts as the individual mummies struggle to find their own identities and their own purposes.

## THE RIVAL DEAD

D.C. has plenty of opportunities for a Rival Dead game. The important thing to remember is that rivals should still have similar or even complimentary goals. For example, almost all of the Arisen of D.C. want to see Seb-Hetchet's dream come to fruition. Specific feelings vary, but they can all see the promise, how a new kind of Irem could rise from the streets of Washington, D.C.

What you don't want to have happen would be for the troupe to spend its time in complete conflict. If the game becomes completely about the conflicts, you as a Storyteller won't have any stories to make. The players will completely dominate and dictate the flow of the game.

While direct conflict may not be acceptable among the Arisen, there's nothing to stop cults. There have been many times in D.C.'s recent past when violence and criminal activity have escalated. Cult members could easily threaten or harm other cult members.



There are far more ways to defeat someone than physical conflict. Stripping your foes of their assets is a specialty of the Mesen-Nebu. Reputation in a city like D.C. can also ruin a rival. If an archaeologist is discredited, then his museum privileges may be revoked. If a relic smuggler is believed to be an FBI informant, he won't have any jobs, and moreover, his life will be in danger. When a Deathless has lost her cult, her influence is limited. Precious time spent rebuilding a cult is time that can't be spent fulfilling her purpose. Loss of guild status can have an impact upon powers.

Should combat between two Arisen occur, news of the battle will spread through the nome. While most of the Deathless in D.C. might allow two rivals to settle their differences privately, they will look down upon mummies who are pursuing their personal agendas instead of serving the Judges (at least publicly). If personal rivalries should draw the attention of the mortal world or be perceived as interfering with the Khent-henu, the rivals will find the guildmasters united against them.

## THE PYRAMID

The Pyramid fits well within the setting of Washington, D.C. With the amount of bureaucracy, government influence and interactions, the cults of the D.C. Arisen have a large

responsibility for performing actions to serve the Judges. Additionally, the Deathless have to worry about the dangers of the federal government. There are security agencies within the United States that know about the supernatural and actively attempt to combat them. Fortunately, more than a few cultists have infiltrated these groups.

The Pyramid can be run with a single person playing the Arisen, or a rotating Pyramid variant can be used with each player having an Arisen and a cultist or possibly a Sadikh character. The advantage of the Pyramid is that everyone has a chance to know their characters and what they can do. They can develop their personalities and focus on their strengths and weaknesses. The disadvantage is that only one person has the chance to play a mummy, which may not go over well with most troupes.

In the rotating pyramid, all of the players have an Arisen and a cult member. Ideally, all of the mummies should be connected and the humans should be part of the same cult. In a flashback, each player could play a Deathless or players could play ancestors (true ancestors or spiritual ones) of the mortals. Maybe a cult always has a financier. Perhaps the cult always chooses an older woman as high priestess. These aspects of the cult need to be considered.



## USING THIS SOURCEBOOK

Though it has been mentioned, it bears repeating: Change anything and everything for your chronicle. Players will read this sourcebook and even if they don't, they will read about it online. Trying to hide the secrets of this book from players in the internet age is well-nigh impossible unless they make an effort not to try and find out.

Fortunately, mummies change. They change a lot. In the course of a chronicle, the Arisen will see their power grow and slip away. They will remember that another Arisen is their enemy at one point in their Descent and treat their foe accordingly. However, as they regain more of their memories, they will recall that the attack that they remembered which proved the other Arisen was their enemy actually was an attempt to knock them out of the way of the claw of a manifesting Greater Amkhata. Furthermore, they will remember that their foe took the force of the attack in order to protect them.

Every NPC in this book can change from friend to foe to friend. The power levels vary depending on where they are in the Descent. The Sekhem listed is only a guide. There is plenty of justification for changing any of them.

But as a Storyteller, you don't need any justification at all to make changes. Do so often and happily, and follow the lead of your troupe. If a player character develops an obsession with one of the major characters in the D.C. setting, for example, Boss Sedge, give that player a flashback to a life where he knew Boss Sedge and establish a connection. Perhaps Boss Sedge goes from being an antagonist in your chronicle to a friend and mentor to the player characters. So be it.

Above all else, make sure everyone is having fun.

## PURPOSE

In **Mummy**, the way that the characters awaken determines their purpose. Were they called by their cult for a specific mission? Do they need to stop an old rival? Do they need to recover something taken from them? Could a powerful relic have called them back from Duat? Did someone invade their tomb?

Purpose defines an Arisen as much as their guild or their decree. As a Storyteller, you have a responsibility to provide that purpose. The character's struggle to fulfill that purpose or their rebellion against their purpose will color the entire chronicle. The first session will set the stage for the conflicts and themes of your game. Even if the game is set during a Sothic Turn when the Arisen awaken without a purpose, the first impressions of your game and the first moments when players make decisions for their characters may create a de facto set of purposes for the mummies to follow.

The framework that you choose will define the number of Arisen in your troupe. If you are running an Allied Dead game, the characters should have similar purposes, otherwise you

will have conflicts and may turn your game into a Rival Dead framework unintentionally. If the same group or organization breaks into the tombs of the Arisen, the chronicle's purpose will be to seek vengeance upon that group. If you want individual purposes, consider having one Arisen wake to reclaim a relic, another to protect a cult and a third to seek revenge against an ancient enemy. Once they realize that the ancient enemy stole the relic to attack the cult, you have a unified set of mummies ready to battle their foe.

On the other hand, you may want to create a conflict in your Allied Dead game. If the mummies have been awoken to claim the same relic, they may all work together, but ultimately, only one will be able to deliver the relic to their gods in the afterlife.

In a Rival Dead game, you can amplify the rivalry of the characters by setting them at cross purposes.

## Cultist Characters

In a Pyramid framework, most of the troupe will not be playing an Arisen. The creation of cultist characters is performed differently than Arisen.

For a cultist, create a mortal using the rules in the World of Darkness rulebook. Go over the cult, its purpose and its goals with the player. Make sure that the cultist knows what common information exists about the mummy and how the cult reacts to the mummy. Do they fear the Arisen or see her as a servant of the cult?

Spend some time going over the cult itself. Will it be a conspiracy cult? What assets does it control? Who are the other members? What internal conflicts exist? Is there a struggle for leadership or perhaps a more philosophical debate ongoing? Who guards the relics? What actions does the cult take while the Arisen lies in deathsleep? Which members have supernatural powers and what are the sources? What are the cult's major adversaries—another cult, a ghost, a major corporation or a general sense of malaise among the cult members?

Run a solo session for the cultist character before the first group session. Make sure that the cultist character learns about events that will be useful to the Arisen. Have the character encounter other cults or the antagonists specific to your chronicle. Make sure that the player feels comfortable facing foes that have powers far beyond her own (and understands that sometime the best option is to run).





## FLASHBACKS

**Mummy:** *The Curse* is unique among World of Darkness games in that players don't start with a prelude. Instead, the characters intentionally have little memory of their past and work to earn it over the course of a chronicle. The challenge becomes how to make a history for a character without disappointing the player or ruining their concept and yet, still have something to surprise them.

**Mummy** has an excellent section on how to handle this element of a chronicle. In short, the most important thing to do is to communicate with the players to understand the concept of their character. One of the most valuable

### A Word on Preparation

Preparation makes stories better. Anyone who has a run a story can attest to that, no matter how good they might be at ad-libbing. Here are a few ideas that may help running a **Cursed Necropolis: D.C.** game.

Beyond their sobriquets and aliases, mummies have ancient Egyptian names; say the names of NPCs aloud before the game session. It helps to practice pronunciation so you don't stumble when dramatically introducing them and to make sure that the name doesn't sound silly or inappropriate.

Find images of the locations that you want to use. Although everyone may be familiar with the major monuments, having an image to view will help with the description of events

Write up a list of mortal names in order to create impromptu cult members. An encounter with any Arisen is likely to include cult members as well. A list of jobs or roles may help as well.

Be familiar with the effects of Utterances or Affinities possessed by NPCs. Depending on the Sekhem and Pillars possessed by an NPC at the time, the abilities they can access will change. This is true of relics as well.

Consider the implications of any potential ties between PCs and NPCs in former lives. Over thousands of years, it's likely that any Arisen would have encountered each other. Having a vague idea of what may have happened can add to a scene even if it isn't directly referenced.

Make sure that you know when Descent rolls are needed and the Sekhem levels of Arisen. While Descent is critical to **Mummy**, it should enhance your stories instead of disrupting them.

sources of information about their vision comes from the character sheet and the choices that the player has made in terms of spending points.

What **Mummy** may miss in a solo, it more than makes up for in flashbacks. Unlike other games, players can fail and die in their flashbacks. By the same token, they can perform deeds that have a direct impact on their modern lives, hiding relics or creating allies. You may want to take advantage of the past lives of the Arisen to run a flashback story after they've regained some of their Memory. This gives players an opportunity to explore and develop their characters and have the solo that they missed in the beginning. It also provides a break from the impending doom of their Descent, although to maintain the tone of **Mummy**, there's nothing wrong with starting the story after the flashback with a Descent roll.

In a Washington, D.C. chronicle, it's important to remember that all of the characters would have probably moved into the area in the last century and a half. Most of the people who live and work around D.C. have moved into the area and often find their opinions dismissed by longtime "true" residents of the city. The first Arisen to dwell in the city were the First Chorus, and they and their cults share similar feelings about those who have "recently" arrived, even if they have been in the area for nearly seventy-five years.

Here are some D.C.-centric ideas for flashback time periods:



### THE CIVIL WAR

When the Capitol was first completed, it served as a hospital for Civil War soldiers. Richmond, Virginia, the capital of the Confederacy, was only ninety miles away and the residents of D.C. lived in constant fear that a Confederate Army would launch an attack on the city. The pain and suffering of soldiers coupled with the fear and determination of citizens certainly would have drawn the attention of the Deathless. Cults may have been torn between North and South while the Arisen could well have been confused over why a country would destroy itself over something as common to the human condition as slavery.

### THE GREAT DEPRESSION

While the United States suffered through the Great Depression, Washington D.C. actually increased in population. Even during the roughest years, the government was one of the few employers that hired. Desperate people flocked to the city in hopes of providing for their families and finding a way to survive. New buildings and houses were constructed. Cults of Arisen had their pick of new members, recruits who would do anything to prove their loyalty in hopes that they would have food to put on their tables.





The city itself didn't have electricity in most homes at the time, so D.C. would have been dark. Lights were kept on the monuments and electric streetcars served a similar function to the modern Metro, moving along designated lines. Water pumps and wells were found on street corners and families would gather and collect buckets of water. Stores were small and usually were the only source of credit for people. A number of families hunted in Rock Creek Park, catching squirrels and rabbits for meat to supplement their food.

## WORLD WAR II

As war broke out, Washington boomed. Military personnel and government agencies expanded dramatically to win the war against the Axis. The population swelled to its highest point in history, over 800,000. It was a time when people were united by a common enemy, but it was also a terrifying time as no one knew who would ultimately win the war. For the Arisen, it was a time when Washington, D.C. seemed to be reaching its promise. To combat the occult beliefs held by Nazi leadership, the United States certainly would have responded by gathering relics of power. Due to fears of Nazi agents and German sympathizers, any strange or unusual individuals like a mummy with low memory easily could run into trouble with the War Department.

One of the most important events of the war in D.C. was the construction of the Pentagon, the largest office building in the world. The five-sided structure situated in the "broken" part of the District's former diamond shape certainly was influenced by the Tef-Aabhi.

## THE CIVIL RIGHTS ERA

Although many Arisen are worshipped as gods and goddesses by their cults, they eventually remember their past lives as workers. They were not rulers and they feel an affinity for working people. During the late 60s and early 70s, Washington was the scene of numerous protest marches and rallies. Minorities, including women, demanded civil rights, the status quo was challenged and America became increasingly disappointed in the lingering war in Vietnam. This was a time when the middle class fled the city to what would be the wealthy suburbs. The Arisen might easily find themselves caught up in the fervor and philosophical battles of this time, while their cults might look to them for guidance in this age of social upheaval.

When running flashbacks in Washington D.C., avoid dramatically changing history, unless you have a plausible explanation to resolve why the history books got events wrong. If a player decides that her character needs to wreck the White House, have her plans go awry or just make sure that the President is away. The federal government

is a dangerous force in any time period—don't be afraid to have men in black come knocking on the doors of a mummy's cult members.

Although you may not want to change history, if you can make the Deathless the cause of an historical event, all the better. Consider researching a little known event from D.C.'s history, a fire or a riot perhaps and have the Arisen involved in a scene that results in the event. When your troupe discovers that the event actually occurred, it will add a sense of reality to the chronicle (and probably make them smile knowingly if the topic is brought up).

## ENDING THE DESCENT

Possibly the most important element for a Storyteller to consider in a **Mummy** chronicle is the end of the chronicle. While all good stories need to have a strong ending, some chronicles can stretch longer than others, but with **Mummy** the end is coming. It's part of the game mechanics and unavoidable (even Apotheosis means an end of a different variety).

Although players should fear running out of time, most chronicles should hopefully come to an end without the Arisen failing their final Descent roll.


The most important rule of any game is to make sure that everyone has fun. Different players and storytellers have different definitions of fun. Running a tortured character who fails in everything they attempt and wallowing in self-pity may fit a player's definition of fun. This is a game that explores deep philosophical themes and participants may disagree or interpret events differently, but it needs to be enjoyable.

## CONFLICT

Conflict is at the heart of every story. Spending some time thinking about the types of conflict in your stories and chronicles will make crafting those stories easier. You can also set up conflicts with your choice of description. A rival Arisen may seem 'arrogant and aloof' while a potential ally may seem 'distracted' even though they may act and speak in the same manner. Understanding how you want challenges to develop should also inspire ideas for scenes and stories throughout your chronicle.

## GUILD VS. GUILD

There is an understanding among the guildmasters of D.C. that all of the guilds are needed to remake Irem. All of the members of the First Chorus find value in the contributions of other guilds, and yet, they also understand that they each serve their own purposes. Struggles between guilds are discrete affairs in Washington, D.C., subtle games reminiscent of the Cold War between the United States and Soviet Union. Both sides wish to outdo one another,



but neither one wishes to risk war and both want to appear in the best light in the eyes of others.

Guilds may have disputes over sites for tombs, cult activities or the possession of relics.

Conflicts between guilds are games of cat and mouse where one guild can be lured into a sense of victory, only to discover that their hostile actions have allied the other guilds behind their rivals. Should an Arisen on either side be “killed” or should a threat to the nome itself be unleashed, all of the other guilds will work to extinguish the conflict. D.C. is too precious with its supply of Sekhem, with its relics and with the effort that has been expended to craft it into a new Irem. If a particular mummy was responsible for one of these acts, she and her cult may find themselves exiled.

When running a chronicle that features conflict between guilds, make sure that the characters are reminded that they are to embarrass and weaken the other guild, to harm them indirectly rather than directly. The guildmasters may even have come to an agreement about the rules of the conflict. Cold War spy novels can provide inspiration with vessels, relics, and utterances replacing military secrets and embedded assets.

It's also important to remember that the Arisen are equals. Guildmasters may be first among equals, but all Mummies have power and influence. A conflict between guilds may build out of a friendly rivalry between two mummies or their cults without other members of a guild realizing what has happened until the city is filled with whispers of the struggle.

## **CULT VS. CULT**

If the conflict between Guilds resembles the Cold War, conflict between cults is a hot war. Mortals don't always share the same reservations as the Arisen, and guildmasters are not going to become involved in a conflict just because a human was killed. All of the Deathless have seen people die before in their countless lives. Some pity them, others envy them, but all Mummies have accepted the fact that people die. It's an inescapable part of their existence.

Some Arisen may not realize the danger inherent in conflicts between cults. After all, they are just mortals. All of them may well be gone at their next Descent and fewer of them will be remembered. However, cults are more than servants of an Arisen. They serve the Judges as well and they may chose to manipulate their Mummies or try to use the power of an Arisen to serve their own ends. This can be relatively easy since when the Arisen first awaken, their cult members are the ones that they rely upon for the truth. If a cult member tells a newly-risen mummy that a romantic rival violated their tomb, they won't have a romantic rival much longer.

Cults may also be shared across a meret. Again, in this case, the mortal leaders of the cult will have more influence over the cult's activities than the Arisen. They are the ones who are awake and alive. If a mummy has made poor choices and empowered unscrupulous members of a cult with relics and abilities, those members may be able to advance their own agendas at the expense of the Arisen.

It's easy to envision a conflict between cults that tries to pit two Arisen against each other, even if they have been close friends or lovers during past Descents. Discovering the source of these conflicts may be more difficult than ending them.

Cult vs. Cult conflict can be a civil war within the cult. Sometimes the best alliances fall apart. With rock bands, it can be due to “creative differences” and lead to former best friends no longer speaking. An even stronger analogy would be to a family falling apart, however, in this case, there's no easy way to decide who gets custody of the Arisen. If anyone's ever been involved with a situation where an online guild breaks apart or where a church or company splits, those real-world conflicts provide a wealth of material for intra-cult fights. Maybe there are no easy answers or simple solutions to the struggle, but the Arisen must be the arbiter of who remains part of his Cult and decide what happens to those who know his secrets but can't be trusted.

Members of the losing side in an intra-cult battle may join another Arisen cult, or if things go very badly, they might decide to join a group of hunters or a company like LDI.



With conflict within the cult, it's possible that the issues were created not by humans but due to the influence of supernatural forces. In other words, the cult has been corrupted. It could be under the influence of one of the Deceived or another supernatural being, perhaps a ghost. If a new “god” appears while a mummy is sleeping, she might awaken to find her cult twisted.

It's important though to remember that if a “corrupt” Cult story or chronicle is run that the characters should still receive the benefits of whatever points that they've contributed to their Cult. One way to do this would be to have the loyal faction of a cult have assets or influence beyond what their numbers would indicate. Additionally, supernatural allies such as a Sadikh or even other entities from the World of Darkness could help balance out the point expenditure (such as a mage).

## **INDIVIDUAL VS. COLLECTIVE**

This is the struggle of Seb-Hetchet. The Khent-henu—his longtime allies—expect him to rise again and perform whatever actions are needed to bring their collective vision into reality. He waits, doubting himself and not wishing to face his allies.





Individual vs. Collective conflicts work best with a small number of players. The individual at the heart of the struggle will become a focus of stories as they attempt to resolve their conflict. In an Allied Dead chronicle, the individual against the collective could be transformed into the meret against a guild or even the entire D.C. nome. In a Rival Dead game, one of the Arisen could be rebelling against her guild, while the other characters could support the guild.

Another area to consider for this type of conflict would be an Arisen's cult. The cult members may want to perform acts that another cultist may actively sabotage. Cult vs. Arisen is dealt with below.

In most Western literature when an individual struggles against a collective, the individual is almost always right. This is thematic of American culture which rewards independence and individualism. However, in order to make a more interesting conflict, there should be strengths and weaknesses to the positions of both sides. Depending on which point of view that someone chooses either could be right, creating a dilemma. Exploring these dilemmas often generates some of the most memorable roleplaying.

### **ARISEN VS. MORTAL WORLD**

When humans learn that the dead have risen and are using their powers to manipulate mortal affairs, all bets are off. One of the more obvious ways to set up this conflict is to have humans raid the tomb of the mummy. Perhaps the Arisen was taken by mortals and wound up on display in the Smithsonian (face it, every Storyteller wants to run that scene!).

Although mortal foes are inherently weaker than a mummy, they can bring far more resources to bear. The sahu of a Deathless will not last long against a helicopter gunship. The U.S. government can bring modern military force to bear very quickly in Washington D.C. A credible threat to the White House or the Capitol will have military, homeland security and police coordinating anti-terrorist efforts, along with countless private security contractors.

Last Dynasty International makes an excellent mortal foe.

### **ARISEN VS. HIMSELF**

The struggle for identity is at the crux of **Mummy**. From the awakening when the Deathless arises to the last poignant moments of the Descent, the Arisen must try to gain Memory, must struggle to understand himself, must fight to remember who they are.

The battle between desire and purpose tears at the soul of the Arisen. If he does what he must do and follows his purpose, he will retain his Sekhem longer. If he tries to find himself and seeks out his own personal goals, he will find

his power fading, even as his Memory increases. Every day is a choice.

The inner conflict can be made more intense as Memory increases. As the Storyteller, you can create flashbacks about lost loves or terrible rivals and emphasize that these are not part of the Arisen's purpose. Some mummies may come to the realization that they truly are pawns of the Judges. They may desperately want to live their own lives instead of giving in to the pull of relics.

In most cases, the Arisen will struggle with Descent, possibly choosing to drain a relic to regain Sekhem or going the other direction and declaring his love for a mortal despite the penalties.

### **ARISEN VS. CULT**

In some cults, the Arisen is worshipped as a god. In others, the Deathless is seen as a dangerous yet useful tool. Many cults rejoice when the Deathless rises, but oftentimes, those same cult members feel a sense of relief when the mummy returns to its rest. They no longer have to worry about the anger of the Arisen or the enemies that seek it out. If they found favor with the mummy, they know that they won't fall out of favor until the next Descent.


## **The Waking Game**

One way that cults can struggle against each other is to intimidate or pressure a rival cult into waking their Arisen at the wrong time or for the wrong reason. If one cult can trick another into waking an Arisen to deal with a non-existent issue so that the Arisen is not available to them at some point in the future, they have an advantage over their rival.

For example, if an expedition was searching for an important relic that was to be recovered and delivered to the Smithsonian, one cult might allow a rival cult to learn misinformation that the relic had already arrived in D.C. When the misinformed cult wakes their mummy, only to force her to have to wait as her Sekhem continues to drop, chaos ensues. The Arisen may blame her incompetent cult leadership. Cult members may fight among each other. If the relic is found, the original cult may always awaken their Arisen, knowing that their mummy will have more power than his rival when the relic arrives in the city.

Of course, none of the Arisen openly support such actions, and if a cult were found to knowingly be engaging in such activity, the leadership of the city would certainly take action.





In a Pyramid framework, this conflict can work much like the Rival Dead. The mortal characters may have their own agendas which only tangentially further the plans of the Judges. They may want to manipulate the Deathless to raise them into a position of power or even compete with each other to curry favor with the mummy.

In an Allied Dead or Rival Dead game, the Mummies may realize how much power their cult has over them, especially after they've regained some of their Memory. When a mummy rises, she relies heavily on the cult to give her information. If she is told that another Arisen is her long-time foe, what happens when she and her "foe" learn that the high priests of their cults pit them against each other whenever they've served their purpose, in order to hasten their Descent out of fear of what they might do?

It's possible that all the mummies may come to resent their human cults for the way they are treated. No cult will treat an Arisen the same way that they would treat a human. People may avoid the mummies out of a fear of the unliving or a sense of the incredible power a mummy possesses. The Arisen may resent receiving lip service about devotions all the while realizing that her cult prefers to have her asleep.

What does a Deathless do when she realizes that her cult has gone rogue and no longer serves the interests of the Judges? Can she ferret out the corrupting influences without having the cult turn against her? Even more interesting might be what happens if the cult does turn against her? Would she be willing to destroy them and does she have the time or ability to rebuild a cult?

If the chronicle features Cult vs. Arisen as a conflict, remember that you don't want to deprive a player of benefits that they have paid points for, especially the cult merit.

Another way to run this conflict would be to have the Arisen come into conflict with the cult of another mummy, perhaps one who has only recently had their Descent and is unable to reawaken soon. The cult may believe that the meret or cult which the players are part of has committed a crime against them or is working at cross purposes with them. They may believe that they were tricked into waking their Arisen and that she might not be available when she is needed in the future.

Although the Arisen are incredibly powerful, a cult can be a formidable foe. First, they outnumber the Arisen. Second, they have a better understanding of the modern

## Not That Undead

Comparisons may be made between Arisen and other supernatural beings that might also inhabit their world, vampires in particular. After all, they are both undead immortal beings with great mystical powers. They both have an influence on mortal affairs from the shadows. They are among the eldest supernatural beings in any iteration of the World of Darkness.

Despite the surface similarities, the Arisen are very different from vampires in their outlook and actions. Vampires can be patient creatures living throughout eternity, always with another evening to achieve their plans. For mummies, the Descent begins with the moment that they rise. Every hour is precious, becoming more so as they prepare to sleep again. Despite being far more ancient than a vampire, an Arisen has far less time. Once they recover their Memory enough to understand their purpose, their powers have often started to fade. A vampire can meticulously plan and plot for decades; a mummy has only weeks or months to achieve her ends before she must leave everything to her cult and sleep.

Almost as important, the Arisen, despite any pretensions, were not nobles or upper class. They have always been servants and remain servants of their Judges and often of their cults. They do not see themselves as lords and ladies of undeath; a mummy might find herself more at home among the middle and lower classes. They often cherish their cult members and understand the precious value of life.

Additionally, there are no elders or ancients among the Arisen. Likewise, there are no new Arisen. Only the guilds create a social structure among the Deathless, and participation and service to a guild is a matter of choice. Those who are not leaders among the mummies are not leaders for their own reasons, but this doesn't mean that they may not hold secrets or wield powers that can help others.

The other thing to remember as a Storyteller is that mummies change. A vampire may stay basically the same for years, but as a mummy regains Memory, her personality and reaction to events changes. As Sekhem drops and Utterances become inaccessible, she will react differently in confrontations. When faced with the end of her current Descent, she may desperately try to cling to whatever humanity she can find or fanatically attempt to achieve her purpose before she must face her Judge once more in Duat.





world and can call upon modern resources. Finally, they understand Arisen and their powers. They know the weaknesses of an Arisen and how to manipulate their purposes and how to use vestiges or relics against them.

However, the advantages don't entirely lie with the cult. Knowledge of the Arisen works both ways. Although the cult may know about what an Arisen can do, this knowledge can generate fear as well as give a cult an understanding of how to fight against the Deathless. Also, numbers are only useful as long as the cult remains united. What if an Arisen promises a cult member the position of high priest or offers eternal life at the mummy's side?

### ARISEN VS. SUPERNATURAL

Whether it's other Deathless, mages, vampires, ghosts or werewolves, other supernatural beings pose a tremendous threat to the Arisen. The power possessed by the Arisen would certainly attract other beings, perhaps to try and bend the mummy to their will or to even harvest his energy. While a mummy has tremendous power and is virtually unkillable, they aren't invincible. Facing off with other supernatural beings can certainly test a mummy.

This is a good conflict for a Pyramid framework chronicle. For the Allied Dead or even Rival Dead, the abilities of multiple

Arisen and their cults will certainly weaken the threat posed by even the most formidable supernatural entities. Furthermore, if a large number of vampires, werewolves, mages, etc. were to bring their powers to bear against an Arisen in D.C., it would steal away the significance of the setting. In the long term, no group of supernatural beings can afford to have themselves exposed to any real extent without risking the mortal world bringing all of its power to bear against them (and with billions of people, that's a lot of power).

The beltway serves as a barrier for the Amkhata deriving its potency from the geomancy of the city design and the anger and rage of the mortal drivers who must face it every morning and evening. Suppose something went wrong and the Amkhata were unleashed.

### THE D.C. CHRONICLE

The Sothic Turn has finally come. If it is the destiny of the Khent-henu to bring about a new Irem in Washington D.C., they believe that this is the time. They have prepared their cults and their guilds for two centuries for this year. For Seb-Hetchet of the Tef-Aabhi, this is the culmination of even more centuries of study and work to find a location, to predict the rise of a world power, and to unite the guilds as one.



And yet, of all the Khent-henu, he still sleeps.

Seb-Hetchet dreams from Duat, and the visions that have come to him have made him question what will happen when he arises. Doubts have crept into his soul, but as to the nature of those doubts, he remains silent. He, himself, is not sure exactly why he waits, but he knows that once he rises, he will struggle with his memory like all Arisen. If something is wrong, if outside forces are at work, if he has been manipulated, he must understand what is happening now and take actions while he lingers in the underworld. If he waits until he rises, he will no longer know what to do.

So he continues to sleep, but doubt does not rest.

Instead, doubt grows in the thoughts of Seb-Hetchet's fellow guildmasters. Questions root themselves in the hearts of his cultists. Each day that passes gives such doubts more strength. Everywhere those connected with the Deathless in Washington look for signs, often without realizing that they are doing so. Every action, every incident, every possible omen becomes more important. Instead of a city on the verge of celebrating utopia, they act more like they sense Judgment Day crawling closer with every hour. The Khent-henu wonder as they feel their Sekhem fade, if something terrible has happened to Seb-Hetchet. If one of them doesn't take action, will they all be doomed? What chance do any of them have of being in this position when the next Sothic Turn comes?

For Tarikh-Sethos, he is in the unfortunate position of waiting. He and his guild support the plan as it is, but he is striving to find information and seek out anything that may help him discern what has happened to the Tef-Aabhi who has brought him such success.

His rival Kanika has different ideas. She wasn't part of the Khent-henu and sees Seb-Hetchet's failure to rise as a sign that Washington, D.C. and the United States are about to decline. She is already concentrating on how to move her guild to Beijing or Mumbai, as she sees both of those cities as having a better chance to emerge as a new capital of the world.

Ur-Qeb, leader of the Sessa-Hebsu, knows how to perform the Rite of Irem Reborn. He understands what Seb-Hetchet intended and would only need to divulge the information to another willing Tef-Aabhi to take Seb-Hetchet's place. Instead, he does nothing. He isn't sure what has transpired, and he doesn't want to be the one responsible for such an event. He is first and foremost a historian, a scribe. He is the Word but not the Will, and he fears that if he became both, there would be tragic consequences. Instead, he stays silent, patiently waiting, keeping his knowledge hidden. He knows others suspect that he could take action, but as long as all they do is wait and suspect, he's content to let them wait.

The Su-Menent is angry. He feels certain that rituals were not performed properly and that the White Jackal offended the Judges. He has begun plans to open a portal to the Duat and find Seb-Hetchet and drag his spirit screaming into the light to answer questions about what has transpired and what needs to pass. Too much time and life have been invested in Washington, D.C. to let this opportunity go to waste.

Yet, all of the guildmasters strive not to show any sign of weakness. None of them want their guild members to share their doubts. All the while, Sedge offers a potential alternative. He is someone who will take action, and now, some of the Arisen look away from the guildmasters and to Sedge to guide them.

The great city which could be a new Irem lies paralyzed, waiting for Seb-Hetchet's return, as despite the efforts of the guildmasters, unease spreads. Even mortals with no knowledge of the Deathless seem to sense it, an extra unknown source of stress in their daily lives. A force that makes them rage or cry seemingly for no reason at all.

In running a chronicle in D.C., Seb-Hetchet's stay in Duat should be as much a part of the setting as the scaffolding around the Washington Monument. Cultists throughout the city whisper that things aren't right, even if they don't know the reason. A few have created their own theories, including a belief that until the Washington Monument is restored, the Arisen in the city are threatened. Some believe that the Washington Monument holds back terrible forces, while others think the rumored Indian in Rock Creek Park is responsible.

The Tef-Aabhi find themselves on the receiving end of both praise and criticism. A few Arisen have decided that the Tef-Aabhi need to be appeased. Some believe that Seb-Hetchet has been weakened or cursed terribly and offer their help whatever chance they can. Still others think that Seb-Hetchet's cult is responsible and plan to punish the members until they bring him back.

Even if your chronicle doesn't focus on Seb-Hetchet and his continued time in Duat, it's worth incorporating into your story, as it plays a part in the larger metaplot continued in all the supplements for **Mummy: The Curse**. It becomes the subject of hushed whispers in the background, adding an ominous undertone to the chronicle. Just be careful to have an NPC as a voice of reason around to suggest that Seb-Hetchet will rise when he is ready, and that all Arisen may not follow the same schedule even during the Sothic Turn. Another idea is to make the conflicts that you have chosen to focus on in your chronicle so important that the characters literally don't have time to look into Seb-Hetchet. If you don't, your troupe may decide to thrust your chronicle directly into the metaplot.





## THE RITE OF IREM REBORN

As more books come out in the **Mummy** line, additional elements of its backstory and setting will be revealed and expanded upon. To some degree, waiting to have the White Jackal rise will allow the incorporation of other elements in the world of the Arisen as further supplements are developed and released. However, that may not be the most satisfying outcome for a chronicle.

So, what does happen if Seb-Hetchet rises? What happens if Ur-Qeb decides to perform the rite without him? Perhaps the characters find a way to perform the ritual on their own without the Khent-henu...

Ultimately, that decision belongs to you. Here are some concepts for what could happen next.

### Nothing Much

The ground rumbles, the stars shudder in the heavens, a terrifying wail comes from the spirits of the dead, and for the space of a heartbeat, a light radiates outward from the top of the Washington Monument... and the light goes out.

Too much has gone wrong with the plan. The city's roads have undergone too much change since the time of L'Enfant. Too many of the carefully placed border stones have been removed. The perfect shape of the District has been ruined by Virginia taking back its land. As with so many of the great plans of the Deathless, the mortals have undone this one as the mummies slept.

This is the least satisfying result of all the alternatives, but it is the most thematic for the setting. One principle tragedy of **Mummy: The Curse** is that despite their immortality, the Arisen cannot create anything lasting. They are always stymied by the ongoing tides of human history, being forced to relearn the world with every Descent. Although they possess tremendous power, they are at the mercy of the mortal society that lives and dies all around them.

Failure doesn't have to be the end of a chronicle. What happens to the D.C. nome now? If the Rite of Irem Reborn fails, does it mark the beginning of the hegemony of Boss Sedge? Certainly some mummies will leave the city in disgust, while others may return to the henet hoping to forget this Sothic Turn rather than live with the consequences. Perhaps the rite is merely incomplete and something more must be found or a second rite must be performed within the same Sothic Turn to complete it.

### To Live Again

Once the Rite has been performed, all of the Arisen within the bounds of the Beltway see a great glowing ankh appear before their eyes. They are unable to turn away, and within the light of the ankh, they see their many Descents flash before their eyes. Memory rushes through them,

unfettered, unhindered, and in that moment, they are whole. The ankh fades, and the memories fragment.

But they breathe.

No longer do they have the false breath of the sahu, but rather, the true breath of a living being. They have regained their lives. Irem has been restored, but not the city itself, but rather, the Arisen, the people who built and ran the City of Pillars. They are Irem. They have all been freed from the eternal cycle of the Descent.

While this may be the end of a chronicle, it could be continued. All of the Arisen certainly wouldn't want to be merely mortal. How will their cults feel when the source of their powers has become a human? The newly living mummies may still have their Sekhem, but as the Descent comes to an end, they don't return to eternal rest. Instead, they live out the remainder of their natural lives as ordinary people.

Other Arisen would flock to D.C. to find out what happened. They may want to destroy these living mummies in the name of their Judges, or they may want to help them undo the effects of the rite. Maybe the players need to uncover a way to restore themselves to their undead status lest they face a final judgment in the Duat upon their upcoming death.

### The City of the Pillar

The Rite of Irem Reborn finishes, and Sekhem radiates outward from the Washington Monument. No longer do the Arisen within the boundaries of D.C. fear the Descent. The emotions of the world directed at the US Capital now fuel them as the entire city functions as a relic. The Pentagon focuses the energies once lost when the District boundaries changed. A new era has begun.

Not only do the Deathless no longer lose Sekhem, but they actively regain it as they spend time meditating. As word spreads throughout the world, others journey to the New Irem. Seb-Hetchet is hailed at first as the greatest of all Arisen, but soon the other members of the First Chorus step forward to take credit for the rite, some enthusiastically, some reluctantly. The ultimate result is conflict.

A battle has begun for possession of Washington, D.C. The Arisen and their cults go to war. Guild turns against guild, merets tear themselves apart, and America struggles against the supernatural invasion, open or hidden, of their capital. Such an event does not go unnoticed among other supernatural creatures.

In the end, the result will tear reality. The boundaries between the world of the living and Duat shall open. Relics lost to time may return, and other things, terrible things that make the wildest Amkhata seem tame, may cross over into Washington D.C. At some point, a group of Arisen may decide that the key is the Washington Monument, and they may attempt to shatter it. Perhaps Seb-Hetchet



himself decides that he must undo what has been done. The players will have to decide whether they should save "Irem" or destroy it.

### **The City Returned**

Despite the revelations in his deathsleep, Seb-Hetchet has returned and been convinced to go through with the rite. With the possible aid of the player characters, the rite has been completed.

And it worked.

The City of Pillars is restored upon Washington, D.C., replacing the modern city in places, seamlessly meshing with it in others. All is as it should be.

And yet, something's still wrong.

Time itself seems to have stopped outside the boundary of the Beltway. Travel beyond is impossible. Energy still radiates from the geomantic patterns of the city streets. The ritual is still transforming the city. Soon the Arisen see other transformations, strange images and hieroglyphics appear, a deep hissing is heard from beneath the streets and hollow Iremite chanting can be heard near the pillars. A cold fills the hearts of the mummies, an inner chill of the soul that they now remember from the first time they went to the Duat.

The Judges are coming, and the Arisen must be judged.

How everything ends is up to you and depends on your chronicle, but it could be that the Arisen now find

themselves directly serving a manifestation of their Judge. Perhaps the entire rite is a carefully planned trap, a way for the Deceived to entrap the Arisen of D.C. and the Judges in a timeless city removed from the rest of reality.

Maybe it's all a dream brought on by a sudden influx of Sekhem.

### **The End of Washington**

In this scenario, the unthinkable happens and the rite fails in spectacular fashion. A section of Washington, D.C. is destroyed through the actions of the Khent-henu, including the National Mall. The Washington Monument collapses, the Lincoln Memorial suffers tremendous damage, and part of the Capitol dome gives way. All of the Smithsonian museums along the Mall are impacted. Loss of life is farther reaching as Sekhem has been torn out of human bodies.

America blames the attack on terrorists. A biochemical attack is suggested in addition to the explosion. Security measures are increased, and the people of the United States trade more of their freedoms for safety. Cults fall under intense scrutiny, and many cult members are arrested on suspicions of being part of terrorist cells.

The Deathless know what has happened, and they must face the results of the actions of their fellow mummies. How many relics were destroyed? Was the damage and loss of human life, both from the rite and from the reactions of the





## Of Monuments and Mirages

Unease Sybaris (see **Mummy: the Curse**, pg. 148), left unchecked, has the potential to affect entire cities. Vestiges, bastions of Memory and life, can directly alleviate this when anchored to the Lifeweb (add the vestige rating to Memory when determining degree of unease). This is why the greatest nomes exist in cities with mighty monuments; the emotional resonance of the Washington Monument alone acts as an effective 4-dot vestige for the entire city, meaning that Unease Sybaris in the District never grows worse than mild despair (surrounded by political symbols) and flourishing scorpion cults. The Monument doesn't overwrite the Sybaritic energies of Duat like a proper vestige, but instead redirects it to the city's occult patterns. Immersed within urban heka, Washingtonian Arisen repeatedly experience the Flood of Duat, causing Memory events known as mirages.

It begins with the desert, the District's humidity fading into Irem's dry heat. Buildings grow squat, shining white and gold. Pillars sprout like rain-borne mushrooms. People become brown and black, wearing kilts of white linen and long robes

of scarlet cloth. The Beltway becomes the walls of the City of Pillars, with demons and ghost staked as sentries. They look at the Washington Monument, wreathed in scaffolding, and see slaves toiling and dying to build the Irem's great obelisk. Democrats and Republicans squabbling on the Hill waver until they're Shan'iatu arguing over the thing in the desert.

This is the manifest Fate of Irem. For Arisen of low Memory, mirages are brief flashes lacking context and power. The familiarity that should be within the mummy's lacuna-ridden souls is a maddening itch of the mind. As Memory climbs, mirages extend from brief flashes into analepsis: a brief flashback. Analepsis always overlays the present, growing into full-fledged flashbacks.

Seeking out a mirage involves traveling the unfamiliar places of the city to find dark spaces and scenic vistas, attempting to use the Fate to brute-force memories locked within the fivefold soul. The Flood manifests at the Storyteller's discretion and description. Actively seeking mirages counts as pursuing Sebait experiences.

Arisen Memory	Mirage Effect
Memory 1-2	The Fate cannot take grasp a sundered soul; the character cannot see mirages.
Memory 3	Memories seen through a thunderclap; brief images only.
Memory 4-5	Mirages last from a few seconds to a minute of subjective time before resolving to normal Washington; they contain almost incomprehensible symbols.
Memory 6-8	At this level, mirages last for minutes to an hour. The character may see a scene from their mortal life play out, of special relevance to their current predicament.
Memory 9	Here, the Fate becomes evident to the character, the sense of the coming fall of the City of Pillars mirroring the decay of Washington; mirages can last hours to a day.
Memory 10	The Fate of Irem overwhelms the mummy. Triggering a mirage means waves of Fate dashing the character against metaphorical rocks for days. The city is indistinguishable from this Town; mirages actively recontextualize memories, allowing the character to glean truths of the current world from the past.



American military worth it? In other cities, some guildmasters may clamp down on similar rites in their nomes. Other mummies may travel to D.C. to survey the damage and attempt to secure any relics in the possession of the Khent-henu.

As for the guilds, the Mesen-Nebu either leave or begin political infighting to assume control. The Sesha-Hebsu stand revitalized without the paralytic waiting of Ur-Qeb. They swiftly ally themselves with the Maa-Kep more or less under Sedge. The concern of the members of the nome is survival first and foremost. After survival,

they share a greater concern for the artifacts and relics found in the Smithsonian. Finally, they mourn their grand city.

Use of this scenario should be carefully weighed with the troupe's possible reactions. Even if the damage is not far-ranging, the players may not find it fun to have caused so much destruction when they attempted to achieve a major goal of the setting. If they attempted to stop the Khent-henu and failed, then they may find some satisfaction in knowing that they were right and perhaps appreciate the challenges of what happens next.











# HYPOTHOSIS THE GREAT HUNT

*I believe the Prince of Darkness could start a branch of hell in the District of Columbia... if he has not already done it.*

— Mark Twain

Welcome to “The Great Hunt,” an introduction to the players and politics of the Washington, D.C. nome. The scenario is meant to double as introduction to the layout of D.C., and is capable of being played by natives and visiting Arisen alike. It can also act as a prologue to *The Avarice Chronicle* (chronologically, it takes place approximately a few weeks prior to the events of “Crucible of Fate”; part of the impetus for the Hunt is to “clean the place up” before the Su-Menent Grand Conclave), or just be run separately.

## THE EVENT

The central event of “The Great Hunt” is, naturally, the eponymous Hunt, at least at first. It’s something that happens once a year; a Greater Amkhat gets drawn out to the Beltway, the Sleeve-Riders sight it and alert their handler, and a variable number of the Arisen who are within a life cycle and currently operating in the Washington nome gather up into a war party. Putting the beasts down is a social and religious imperative, but the Arisen aren’t solely operating on their own sense of righteousness. Slaying a Greater Amkhat is one of the most reliable ways to earn the favor of the Judges and to prolong one’s Descent. Aside from that, hunting together and exchanging favors for the right of the deathblow tends to bind the mummies of the nome together in a community—exactly as Seb-Hetchet desired when he started the custom back in 1792.

Sent out to help another Arisen delay the Descent, the characters are expected to ride shotgun and run escort while the weakened Arisen destroys a Greater Amkhat. Unfortunately, they encounter an unusual event: the Amkhata of the Beltway are organized, running in packs, using tactics. Not just any tactics, either; old-school *Iremite legion* tactics. Where the general should be in formation, there is a chimera—a shifting, warping monster of an Amkhat, a titanic beast with the head of a lion, belching black flame.

Driven back beyond the Beltway, the Arisen of the city reconvene... not for the hunt, but for war. Someone has taught the Amkhat the tactics of Irem. Someone has taken a Greater Amkhat and made it *greater*.

And the question remains: Where is Seb-Hetchet?

*Night after night, human predators stalk their prey on the streets of D.C., but the humans of the city are neither the foremost hunters nor the most dangerous game. On the roads of the Beltway, ghosts walk the shoulder lanes, full of fire and fury after their betrayal... at the hands of mummy magic. They alert the living and the dead alike to the presence of Amkhata, those Lifeless beasts created by impure Sekhem admixture. Drawn to the great highway that encircles Washington by the city’s radiant energies and bindings, the Amkhata find themselves trapped in an endless loop of raw lifeforce.*

*Once in a while, a Greater Amkhat is snared by this Sekhem trap. The Sleeve-Riders corral the beast towards an area devoid of cars, where the scions of Irem and the abominations created from ancient sorcery do battle. Those low in their Descents are often allowed to deliver the killing blow, in order of greatest need. In this way, the Arisen maintain their society and their respect for one another.*

*Before Sothis’ ascension, the Arisen would call on their cultists to close off a section of highway at night so they could unleash themselves fully, without fear of madness. The local mummies call these sojourns Great Hunts, and not a year goes by without one.*

*This time, though, things are different. The attacks seem regular, intended to demoralize more than anything, and the Greater Amkhat snared by the trap is so much worse than usual.*

*The truth is that the characters face an Amkhat that has been mutated by both the dark mysticism of the Deceived and by the relics it has swallowed. Now it absorbs other Amkhata, ripping into their memories and their power. And this foul prince of the Lifeless grows stronger by the day. Worse still, the beast seems to have some sort of connection to Seb-Hetchet, himself.*



## THE OUTSET VIEW

The treacherous gyre of emotions coupled with thousands of deaths caused by accidents and the radiant Sekhem of the city entire draws Amkhata to seek out the Beltway. Once there, Sekhem-seeking instincts keep them trapped like insects in a spider web, able to struggle but unable to escape. They feed off the death and angst of the roads; every year, dozens of people suffer and die in accidents along the Beltway, and the Amkhata arrive to feast on their suffering.

Their torments don't end there. In conjunction with the Sesha-Hebsu, a priest of the Su-Menent is called by his cult in response to Beltway fatalities. Journeying to the scene, both Arisen warp the soul of the deceased to guard the Beltway itself. The Sesha-Hebsu forces the deceased to recount his or her sins to judge the length of service, and the Shepherd effectively carries out the binding. Over the last 10 years, 70 mortal souls have been bound thus. Reshaped into beings of war, these ghosts—called the Sleeve-Riders, for the guardian demons carried by the ghost catchers—

are fettered along the highway, policing the Beltway of lesser Amkhata and alerting their jailors to the appearance of greater Amkhata. Viewing the Sleeve-Riders through the lens of a mirage will show them to be as demons torn from the Duat, staked outside the City of Pillars by the necromancers. Condemning an otherwise innocent soul to decades of slavery is lamentable, perhaps, but the Scribes have never found a soul without sin. The victims of the Beltway did not choose to die, but they are dead there nonetheless, a resource to be utilized. Necromancy will defend lost Irem as ably as it ever has.

At the same time, Sedge feels his Sekhem waning. With Seb-Hetchet gone, the Master of Envoys requires every possible advantage he has in order to maintain his push for guildmastery in the absence of Sabola and Tepemkau. Desperate, he plans to pledge favors and supplies in order for the support of the player characters in a Great Hunt. He too has heard the chilling moan of the Sleeve-Riders.

## THE TRUTH

Greater Amkhata are made, not born. This particular beast was made in a small pit in an annex wing of the National Zoo... by one of the Deceived, no less. This particular one, Hab-Utet, has kept tabs on the city for as long as it's existed. In fact, as Seb-Hetchet realizes, D.C. wouldn't have existed without the interference of the Lost Guild. The realization of how deeply he's been manipulated, coupled with the further realization that he couldn't escape Irem's imperial cycle of rise and fall by simply *building the city a second time*, has completely broken the White Jackal. Hab-Utet expected this—viewing Washington, D.C. as an abject lesson to the Arisen in general and the Jackal specifically wouldn't be an inaccurate view—but he didn't expect Seb-Hetchet to go to ground. The Mason is still present within the nome, but no one knows where. Thus, it's become necessary to smoke the Jackal out of his hole.

Hab-Utet built the Beast of the Beltway, grafting Deceived relics into the Sekhem-driven name of the thing—or rather, the lack thereof. A master of Deceived name magic, Hab-Utet has created a jagged edge in the Beast's Name in the shape of Seb-Hetchet. It has to devour his Sekhem. It *must*.

The resultant Amkhat is more chimerical than usual. All Amkhata have a bestial intelligence and sapient cunning, but none of them are capable of truly intricate thought—except the Beast. The curse and empowerment of the Lost Guild's relics allows the Beast to reason and plot. Moreover, the presence of these relics bound so tightly to the Beast's nature drives it mad—it hungers, but cannot devour, having a carrot dangling before its face. Whipped into a frenzy by the relics bound to it and the desire to seek Seb-Hetchet, Hab-Utet released the Amkhat into



### Connecting Threads

In **Mummy**, the Amkhata are—fundamentally—mere animals; dangerous and cunning animals that sup on the semi-sentient lifeforce of the cosmos, maybe, but animals nonetheless. They hunger, but they are not evil inherently... just Lifeless.

This adventure focuses on the release of a particular Amkhat—a sort of occult dirty bomb, if you will—that denies the Arisen of Washington the use of a time-honored tradition and sets them at each other's throats. It's meant to showcase the fragility and the resilience of the camaraderie of the nome, and to kick over the status quo of the default setting by heralding the return of the White Jackal. The Arisen stick together, yes, but cannot agree on an adequate response to the situation, and they're willing to cut each other down to ensure that they're the ones leading the rest to the correct situation. (In other words, they're like every other 'senate' in history.)

The adventure's path deals mainly with finding the roots of the Beast and the whereabouts of Seb-Hetchet—but it can support a great number of other scenes. Storytellers are encouraged to increase the factionalism during the second chapter, with multiple Arisen vying for the meret's attention and resources and attempting to force them to choose sides.





the ecosystem of the Beltway to see what will happen. The Beast cannot escape the Beltway; not yet, anyway. It has to build up a substantial amount of time to be spent out of *amxhaibit*. Once that's done, it will rampage through the city, seeking the hidden Jackal.

The game's afoot.

## PLACES OF THE HUNT

The Great Hunt is divided into three parts, with a mix of action and roleplaying between them. The Storyteller could, in theory, run the events of the Great Hunt in any sequence after the prologue, but the adventure is designed to be run along a set path. There's nothing stopping enterprising players from destroying the Beast and picking up Seb-Hetchet's trail after the fact, though.

Thrust in the middle of battle, the characters engage a group of lesser Amkhata. When the Amkhata suddenly retreat and then imitate an ancient Iremite battle paradigm, the characters catch sight of the Beast. Driven off, Sedge demands they regroup within the city.

After being ambushed by the Beast of the Beltway, the Arisen of the Washington nome meet to determine a course of action going forward. Even with the dire threat to security on the horizon, the characters must navigate the complex web of politics in which the Arisen have ensnared themselves. Deputized to scout and investigate the course of action, the meret will eventually identify the National Zoo as the source of the Beast's construction, and that the Beast is gradually coming closer to breaking out of the Beltway.

Finding Amy Remington means the characters find the sacrificial pit—which quite literally has Seb-Hetchet written all over it—used to build the Beast. From there, it's a trip to the Hotel Cairo, where the characters confront Ubaid, learn Seb-Hetchet's location, and confront the man who would be architect of the city's future. They fight their way past his Sadikh, but instead of finding a secret manipulator, they find a shattered Arisen, innocent of what he's been accused of.

Armed now with the knowledge to defeat the Beast, it's a race to lure the creature to a place where it can be effectively destroyed. The characters must weave their way through the streets of the District to trap the Beast in geometry that neutralizes the relics bound to it. Then, they must force it onto the killing field and finish the bloody task of ending the anathema.

## EPILOGUE

The Beast is destroyed, but the knowledge of how much influence the Deceived wield in presumably Arisen affairs is deeply disturbing. Potentially more troubling than that is the return of Seb-Hetchet, upsetting the delicate détente into which the nome had settled during his absence.

## GETTING INVOLVED

The characters can get involved with the Hunt in a variety of ways, and on any number of levels. The biggest factor to take into consideration is whether or not the characters are residents of the nome, or transients who are “just visiting” for any number of reasons. In the former case, they'll have their own axes to grind and their own allies who will want to find Seb-Hetchet or neutralize the Beast; in the latter, they're far easier prey for the political animals that inhabit Washington.

## BENEFICIARIES OF THE MACHINE

Sedge has his hands in almost everything in the District, but he can't do it all alone. Patronage is how the Machine functions (how all machines function, really). If you scratch Sedge's back, he'll scratch yours. In exchange for taking him on the Hunt and granting him the right of the

### Personae Cheat Sheet

Of the non-player characters active in the Great Hunt, five take center stage:


**Seb-Hetchet**, the White Jackal (Tef-Aabhi): The White Jackal's disappearance is responsible for much of the intrigue currently gripping the city. He holds the keys to defeating the Beast, even if he doesn't quite know it.

**Bes-Mat** (Maa-Kep): One of the most conservative and hard-line Arisen in Washington, Bes-Mat takes the threat to the safety of the city and the Sleeve-Riders incredibly seriously. While all agree the Beast must be destroyed, Bes-Mat is a galvanizing force for the attitude that annihilation must be the driving goal for all mummies in the nome.

**Sedge** (Maa-Kep): Sedge is one of the prime movers and shakers in D.C. He calls the first Hunt, but he ups the ante when the Beast arises, seeing it as a threat to “his” city.

**Amy Remington** (Scorpion Cultist): A veterinary student employed by the Smithsonian, Amy is new to the District—she's a scorpion cultist from another area. Unbeknownst to her, however, her Arisen patron has been co-opted by Hab-Utet.

**Hab-Utet**, the Hidden Begotten (Deceived): A member of the enigmatic Lost Guild, Hab-Utet isn't likely to be encountered during the Hunt, but he's directly responsible for both the existence of Washington and for the adventure's events.



deathblow, Sedge promises political favors like high-paying sinecure positions for the character's cultists, tips on relics coming in from Dulles, placements of vestiges to affect *heka* flows, just to start. Whatever they need, the Machine can do...but they've got to play a bit of ball first.

## DESCENDED

Alternately, perhaps one of the characters is far enough along in the Descent that they could benefit from a reset. The propensity of Amkhata finding their way to I-495 isn't merely auspicious, it's downright sacred. Destroying them is both a religious commandment and a highly beneficial, if risky, practice. The Washington nome's geomantic behavior ensures a reset lasts far longer than anywhere else.

## ALTERNATE LOCATIONS

To be frank, the action of "The Great Hunt" doesn't lend itself well to other cities. It takes advantage of D.C.'s radiant geomancy, unique culture, and the enemies and allies who've sequestered themselves inside the White Jackal's monument to lost Irem. Essentially, it's all about This Town.

This isn't to say that elements of the adventure couldn't be incorporated into other cities, however. The quarreling Arisen of Rio de Janeiro might feel safer warring with each other if their relics remain untouched by wandering Amkhata, so perhaps they've constructed a killing field of their own. If you're comfortable venturing farther afield, the ancient Iremites might well have done the same thing outside some of the consistently-inhabited villages and cities in the Nile Delta—and after four Turns, those strips are absolutely teeming with Amkhata. The Beast could threaten any city and go after any character; the Beltway provides a cage for the unnatural animal, one that could break at any moment. It's meant to let the players know that time is a factor in their decisions and provide a driving impetus for the story.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Many of the Arisen in Chapter Three make an appearance within this adventure, and all of them could potentially be an ally. Of note, Hebeny and Ubaid both play substantial roles within the adventure, the former knowing a great deal about the Deceived and the latter having access to Seb-Hetchet's primary tomb.

## SEB-HETCHET, THE WHITE JACKAL

**Quote:** *"My work has grown by leaps and bounds. We watch over a capital of empire, a city of pillars. I have succeeded, it's true, but I'd never considered that success might be more painful than failure."*

**Background:** The White Jackal remembers everything, now. He remembers his wife and daughter in Irem,

though he never discovered what happened to them. He remembers using the Razzias in 1544 as a pretext for delving into the ruins of Irem's lesser colony on the isle of Ischia to retrieve ancient drawings allegedly of the city itself (he even remembers when the lesser colony was fully populated, a bastion of culture compared to the greater colony). The only thing he cannot remember is his time spent in *henet*, and even that exists as a maddeningly painful lacuna in his memory. Even considering the matter causes his *sahu* to warp and undulate in a disconcerting fashion, as if he has grasped the very heart of life.

Letting his memories fade in pursuit of power was a mistake, he knows now. If he'd focused on actually remembering Irem, he'd have realized that it had been built over and over again—in Babylon, in Ecbanata, in Pataliputra. Before he fell to Duat, he centered a dangerous ritual that would lay a mirage over his tomb, so that he would draw Fate down with him and combat it with the full might of the Judges on his side.

Instead, he arose remembering everything. Immersing himself in the oasis did not affect the Fate of Irem. It crushed Seb-Hetchet under Fate's wheel. Empires rose, every one of them a mirror of the City of Pillars. Every one of them fell, as Irem did. The sun rises, reaches a zenith, and falls—the Fate of Irem was one of frontier and conquest before the inevitable fall. By yoking Washington to that Fate, he'd doomed his endeavor before he even began. The mummy simply couldn't bear the thought of an entire Turn wasted; it would permanently shatter his *meret*, and potentially damn the Arisen existence entirely by exposing them to a world fully capable of waging a global war on mummies.

And so he ran. His faithful, ancient Sadikh guarded his older tomb, a simple construct of stone and clay under Rock Creek Park. There Seb-Hetchet waits, for something—anything—to pull him out of his self-imposed exile.

**Description:** Seb-Hetchet was a young man of Libyan extraction when he died the first time. His skin is olive, and his hair is a long, dark brown. He prefers loose suits of white linen, and favors carrying a watch—an affectation he acquired during a stay in London during the 1890s. A small gray cat often follows him around; when he's not with him, he's acting as the mummy's eyes and ears within the city.

**Storytelling Hints:** Seb-Hetchet helped build Washington thinking that by constant attention and the power of the Arisen, he could guide a city past the critical stage of development where the empire begins to fall. He's convinced not that he's lost his chance, but that he never truly had one to start. The patterns of empire, modeled on Irem, are too ingrained in human behavior for a replica to behave any differently. As a result, he's quite depressed, and his Sadikh hasn't been able to shake him out of it.





**Concept:** The Shattered Idol

**Decree:** Shadow

**Judge:** Nekhenhu, the Innocent

**Guild:** Tef-Aabhi

**Attributes:** Intelligence 7, Wits 4, Resolve 6; Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4; Presence 5, Manipulation 3, Composure 4

**Skills:** Academics 4, Animal Ken 3, Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Crafts 5 (Architecture), Expression 5, Intimidation 2, Investigation 4, Occult 5 (Geomancy), Persuasion 2, Politics 3, Socialize 2, Stealth 3, Streetwise 1, Weaponry 2 (Swords)

**Merits:** Cult (Tribal; Reach 3, Grasp 3), Guild Status (Tef-Aabhi) 5, Languages (Arabic, English, French, Greek, Latin, Spanish), Tomb (Geometry 5; Famous, Prime Location), Tomb (Geometry 2, Peril [traps] 2; Obscure), Relic 3

**Affinities:** Beast Companion, Builder's Wisdom, Charmed Lives, Deathstight, Enduring Flesh, Entombed Glory, Falcon Soul Aloft, Godsight, Guardian Statue Empowerment, Model Lifeweb, Paths Trod by 10,000 Feet, Ripples Upon the River, Shrouding Aura

**Utterances:** Mastery of Heka's Bounty, Rebuke the Vizier, Secrets Ripped From Skies, Smite the Heavens

**Pillars:** Ab 2, Ba 4, Ka 3, Ren 5, Sheut 5

**Sekhem:** 7 (as of early 2014)

**Willpower:** 10

**Memory:** 7

**Virtue:** Hope (Seb-Hetchet dared dream of a new Irem, and for the Diaspora that spread his kind across the globe to finally end. It was this dream that pushed him to achieve the marvel that is Washington.)

**Vice:** Pride (In the end, Seb-Hetchet's dream was his and his alone. Washington could not be built on any terms but his own. It is this realization, and knowing that his dream cannot be, that has broken him.)

**Initiative:** 5

**Defense:** 3

**Speed:** 11

**Size:** 5

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 8

**Notes:** Seb-Hetchet's relic is a small replica of a pillar. It looks like a child made it, and one did. The White Jackal built it himself, his entrance exam into the guild of Masons. What it does is something he's never revealed, but he recovered it sometime during the First Turn, and it now functions as his talisman.

## HAB-UTET, THE HIDDEN BEGOTTEN

The lone Deceived in Washington has watched Seb-Hetchet for centuries now. He's fascinated by the other mummy's drive, even as the desire to rend Irem's works possesses him. In the years prior to the American Revolutionary War, it occurred to the Deceived that if the Fate of Irem were immutable (and he believed it to be so), then a city which became Irem reborn would necessarily suffer the same fate. This, he believed, would crush the hopes of the Arisen forever, proving once and for all the folly of building a monument to a city of betrayers and thieves.

Hab-Utet has no statistics, no description. Seb-Hetchet has figured out the Deceived's motives and involvement, but not his name. We state it here for completeness, in case the Storyteller wishes to have a framework on which to build further stories of the Lost Guild's activity in the Washington nome.

## THE BEAST

The Beast is intelligent the way Shere Khan (the *Jungle Book* tiger) was; reasoning, even capable of communication, but eminently an animal. It's aware that it was made (and



uplifted) by one of the Deceived, though it doesn't truly grasp the political or metaphysical distinctions between mummies, and the characters would have to interrogate it to glean that much. The Beast will never allow *that* to happen. It wants to hunt Seb-Hetchet, but it'll settle for his cousins in the meantime.

It was built with a lion's head and claws, an elephant's body (historical note: elephants existed during the time of Irem, and art occasionally depicted the failed attempts to train them as beasts of war) and about four different pairs of functioning wings (tenh) from four different raptors. Its heart is a damned and dark star, which is what you get when you're made by a blasphemous immortal astrologer who knows what he's about. The ritual that bound the relics of the Deceived has mutated the form of the Amkhat. It's

## Relics of the Deceived

As their name suggests the Lost Guild was once a guild, and a special class of relics were their accorded purview.

Irem-derived relics are self-perpetuating patterns of Sekhem bound to a physical object. They reinforce themselves by leeching a particular flavor of immortal energy from their environment. These patterns are sympathetic in nature, and refuse to be bound to any but their like. Hence, *uter* patterns require true flesh to be bound to the material world, while the subtle thieving patterns of amulets need, well, amulets. Yet unlike the relics of the other five, the relics of the Lost Guild are purely conceptual in nature, and formless.

When Hab-Utet forged the Beast, he simultaneously conducted a ritual to bind the relics of the Deceived to the creature. He bound its existence into the relics, melding them until they were largely indistinguishable from one another. Such an inauspicious creation could only occur due to a particular conjunction of Jupiter within Canis while Sothis rose over Washington, but Hab-Utet was content to count his limited blessings.

Choosing the Beast as a weapon was both pragmatic and portentous. The Deceived knew of the Nameless Lion's companion, a dark star in the distant sky, hidden to those without the ability to perceive Sekhem's flow. Modern science is still decades away from proving the existence of this companion, dismissing it as ancient myth and modern mistakes in gravitational calculations, but this companion still grants a measure of power to those who can call upon it, and the Hidden Begotten has drawn a powerful relic from the firmament to power his terrible servitor.



begun devouring its own kind to quench the flames that threaten to consume it, and will occasionally manifest their properties. In game terms, that means the Beast will reap health levels from the victim Amkhat as they dissolve into black flame. Once it's done so, it can manifest some of the same features the victim did *in addition to* its normal complement of creature features by reflexively spending a Willpower point to bring out another (only for one turn, thankfully). In the event it devours a mortal, it'll start parroting their voice, usually something along the line of the victim's last coherent thoughts while being eaten by a hideous monster.

If the characters sit and watch the thing long enough, they will see a flickering constellation (Canis Major, if they make the Academics roll, and just Orion's Belt if they don't) across its undulating body. It subtly pulses in time with the Beast's heartbeat.

**Concept:** Unique Amkhat

**Attributes:** Intelligence 2, Wits 5, Resolve 3, Strength 6, Dexterity 5, Stamina 6, Presence 3, Manipulation 0, Composure 3

**Skills:** Athletics 3, Brawl 5, Stealth 5, Survival 2

**Willpower:** 6

**Initiative:** 8





**Defense:** 5  
**Speed:** 3 (20 Flight)  
**Size:** 10  
**Weapons/Attacks:**

Type	Damage	Dice Pool
Bite	4(L)	—
Lion's Claw	2(L)	—
Starheart Flame	3(A)	—

**Health:** 12 (the Beast regenerates 2 levels/turn)  
**Notes:** The relics bound to the Beast render it immune to the trick of winning allegiance by feeding it Sekhem; it's grown far too intelligent for that. Feeding the Beast a dot of Sekhem will pacify it temporarily, for about two turns—it'll defend itself but it won't attack the characters. It's immune to attacks that use flame as a weapon, such as flamethrowers or the third tier unleashing of Revelations of Smoke and Flame. Additionally, the Beast has assumed the role of apex predator; all lesser Amkhata obey the Beast as they would a pack alpha, following its unspoken commands and paying the mutant proper obeisance and fear.





# PRELUDE THE HUNT

MENTAL -- PHYSICAL --- SOCIAL •

## OVERVIEW

Everyone has a price, and Sedge has met the meret's. The characters have agreed to accompany Sedge on an expedition onto the Beltway. Before beginning, just ask the players what it would take for their characters to agree to accompany Sedge on his hunt; not what they *want*, what it would *take*. So long as they don't loathe the upstart Maa-Kep on sheer principle, they should agree to something modest for their cultists. Expedited security clearances, free and discreet usage of one of the finer escort services in the city, a small cache of surplus-grade weapons, a tip on a guild relic that's coming through Reagan in the next week—Sedge can do all of these things, and more. But Sedge doesn't know that there's something waiting for him out in the Beltway.

"The Hunt" begins *in medias res*. It's the first time things go wrong, and if the characters refuse to take Sedge's deal, he finds others who will (Ubaid and Hebeny would likely take him up on it).

## DESCRIPTION

It's a clear, cold night in the city of Washington. This late in fall, the leaves have lost most—but not all—of their crunch on the ground. Sedge and the characters ride in a black van driving along Connecticut Avenue, going slow to avoid the ubiquitous speed cameras placed at the behest of the neighborhood's rich landowners. The cultist in the front seat—one from a character's cult—has a huge grin on her face. She's already profited enormously from the deal that's been made.

Sedge has already explained that the Sleeve-Riders are whispering of the Greater Amkhata in this area. Some of their numbers have already fallen to its fangs. In exchange for the aid of the characters, he'll give them what he's promised.

The van slowly drives through the roadblock leading to the 95 exit, flashing orange diamonds indicating construction. The road workers—either scorpion cultists themselves or paid off by ones—step aside. It accelerates up the ramp, drives a few hundred yards in darkness, and then the doors to the side open. The wind howls along the icy asphalt of the Capital Beltway. In the distance, and on

the other side of the massive divider, car horns blare, the fury of their drivers fueling a titanic and cunning trap.

This section of the highway is closed off for a two-mile stretch, with the halfway mark where the characters are standing (by the Connecticut avenue stretch). The walls here are high and enclosed, and traffic has been redirected take up all four lanes on the other side of the divider. Filling the sky on the horizon is the massive white-and-gold Mormon temple. Two overpasses are nearby, but they're being kept clear of pedestrians.

Sedge removes a teddy bear from his overcoat. It's worn, threadbare, with an eye missing. He places it reverently on the ground, walks ten paces away, takes out a pistol, and blows the bear's stuffing all over the highway. The gun's report vanishes in the noise of the highway. And then the waiting comes. The characters can talk amongst themselves, talk to Sedge, whatever—they're waiting the Amkhata to finish lapping up the last bit of Sekhem from the destroyed vestige and manifest.

At a lull point, roll initiative. Characters with Sight Beyond Eyes have their Affinity triggered, as usual.

A single lesser Amkhata will answer the destroyed vestige, and attempt to lead the characters to an overpass about a hundred yards down the highway. There, several lesser Amkhata await, ready to materialize. Once the characters are engaged, another series of Amkhata materialize over the second overpass, with the Beast at their head. The massive palace of the Temple rises behind it. Underneath it, scrawled in spray-paint across the overpass, are the words **SURRENDER DOROTHY**.

The thing swarms down amidst ten (10) other Amkhata, arraying itself in a phalanx-style formation a character can recognize with an Intelligence + Academics or Memory roll as a classic Iremite battle pattern. The Beast is a mass of wings and shifting flesh, illuminating the highway with starlight shining out from lambent eyes.

*Jackal*, it growls, wisps of dark flame crawling out of a gaping lion's maw. Every member of the meret should be suitably freaked out by this.

## STORYTELLER GOALS

This scene is meant to be fairly short, setting up the earliest encounter with the Beast. The idea is that battling minor





lesser Amkhata will lead to fighting a Greater one, at which point the Arisen wear the thing down, keep it off one another, and deal the deathblow. If all goes well and nobody gets their Sekhem eaten, it's a milk run, as much as any pitched and furious battle against ancient abominations can be.

Unfortunately, that's not what happens. The characters have likely never seen this kind of Amkhata before, and they certainly feel disconcerted by it *talking* to them. It's possible that they want to *really* cut loose and tear into whatever the hell this thing is, though, and that's a perfectly legitimate response. In that case, the Storyteller should feel free to let the characters bust out third-tier unleashings. Keep in mind, however, that the other side of the highway is still fairly close; collateral damage *will* injure civilians, resulting in Memory degeneration checks.

### CHARACTER GOALS

Survive, mostly. The characters are suddenly faced with far more than they've bargained for: a dangerous enemy and a disconcerting departure from the norm. The best course of action is retreat, though this doesn't come naturally to a lot of players. If they don't voice the clarion sound of retreat, Sedge does—and if they resist, he'll point out that their mortal cultist is in danger as well.

### ACTIONS

The lure Amkhata is jackal-headed and falcon-bodied, with a bee heart. It's small and quick, meant to dodge and flit and get the characters to where the Beast can make a proper predatory display.

**Attributes:** Intelligence 1, Wits 4, Resolve 3; Strength 1, Dexterity 7, Stamina 2; Presence 3, Manipulation 0, Composure 2

**Skills:** Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Stealth 3, Survival 2

**Willpower:** 1

**Initiative:** 6

**Defense:** 7

**Speed:** 18 (flying)

**Size:** 1

**Weapons/Attacks:**

Type	Damage	Dice Pool
Bite	1 (L)	6
Beeeeees!	1 (B) per turn (up to 10B)	—

**Health:** 3

The cultist, for her part, has been sitting in the back of the van with her eyes closed (having been warned of the possibility of watching the Arisen fight; however, the people on the other side of the highway who see the Beast materialize on the overpass are currently flipping out in their cars, increasing the chaotic honking and causing a minor accident). She's surprised if and when the characters rip through the van's door and order her to drive. If she does catch sight of the Amkhata, she'll immediately begin suffering from Sybaris. The characters will either have to sprint down the off-ramp themselves or drive the van.

In either case, the Beast won't follow them. The goal of revealing itself to the Arisen of Washington was to stop their hunts, shake their confidence in their abilities, and maybe rough them up a bit. At the sign of emergency vehicles on the other side of the highway, it'll silently signal for an orderly retreat, which the remaining Amkhata obey (itself a deeply troubling development).

### CONSEQUENCES

This scene directly leads to the first in the series, "War Council". Since the characters can't do much to affect the earlier events, it's possible or even preferable that they start directly with the council on the roof of the Cairo.



# CHAPTER ONE

## SEB-HATCHET - WAR COUNCIL

### MENTAL ... PHYSICAL • SOCIAL ...

#### OVERVIEW

The War Council takes place on the roof the Hotel Cairo. One of the tallest buildings in the District and a guilty pleasure, architecturally speaking, the Hotel looks over much of Northwest and has a commanding view of the Washington Monument. It's for this reason, and the influence the Tef-Aabhi had on the building's design, that the Arisen regularly meet on the roof for coffee and private meetings. Built in the waning days of the 19th Century, the Cairo was a haven for drug dealers and prostitutes during the 60s, but eventually became home to posh condos in the early 80s. Two Arisen—Ubaid and Seb-Hatchet—reside in their tombs in the Cairo, constructed out of well-fortified apartments within the building. Of course, Seb-Hatchet hasn't yet risen to greet the new Turn.

The actual meeting takes place about day after the Beltway attack. As the Beast predicted, the Arisen are quite upset by the appearance of a talking Amkhat—much less one bellowing out the title of the city's leader.

#### DESCRIPTION

Walk through the lobby, taking in the terrazzo floor and the vaguely Middle Eastern feel of the interlocking tile pattern and sandy hues. Twist your worn key copy in the elevator, and it'll let you out into a maintenance space just above the penthouse. Here, in the vast, dirty and unpainted upper floor of the Cairo, you'll find relics of a more mundane sort: various old movie posters, ancient handmade tables and chairs, a case of Iremite-style mead for special occasions. There are a few worn couches near the roof access, which consists of a metal ladder.

About 20 Arisen occupy the chill roof of the Hotel Cairo. Some carry paper cups of coffee from a popular chain's kiosk in the hotel's lobby. Some bundle themselves against the cold, a far cry from their city's incessant warmth. The Arisen from the mountains of Sinai feel right at home, though. In the distance, the spire of the Washington Monument stands wreathed in a cage of steel and glass. Sedge is off to the side, addressing the group as a whole; only Ubaid is taking a directly adversarial stance towards him. Already, the discussion is heated. Sedge relates the details of the encounter, and then continues with his analysis:

*It wasn't a normal Amkhat, if anything about those fiends can be said to be normal. It wasn't anything I'd ever seen before. It was different, intelligent. It lead us into a trap so it could show off to us.*

*We've had our differences in this city. This is something that threatens us all. If it can command the lesser Amkhata, as it appeared to do, it can make them strike as an army. An army that could permanently close our flow of relics, overwhelm the Sleeve-Riders, and assault any Arisen who crosses into the city. It's connected to Seb-Hatchet, somehow. It called out his title. I think it wanted him.*

At this, Sedge pauses. *I think it was calling for its master.*

The crowd blows apart, mummies angrily shouting at Sedge or one another. What he's doing is very deliberately calling Seb-Hatchet's absence into question and linking it to the threat that faces the nome.

Aziza issues the rejoinder, while Ubaid looks on. While her lead-in is weak, her reasoning is fairly strong:

*We stand on the work of a giant, whom all acknowledge as the leader within this city. We respect the wisdom of the Khent-henu and their status as the ones who built this nome. We cannot simply throw away their hard work, and besmirch the name of a stalwart Mason, without proof.*

Sedge is a politician, first and foremost. Bes-Mat, one of the most conservatively-minded Arisen in the District (albeit one dressed in biker leathers) steps forward; what comes next is a plea that's transparently beneficial to Sedge, but not something completely out of line.

*We need leadership, and a plan to conquer this Beast. For all of our sakes, we cannot allow it to threaten our way of life here. He pauses and looks at the monument. If the Khent-henu have abandoned us, or turned against us, we must take the safety of this city into our own hands.*

#### STORYTELLER GOALS

The goal of this scene is to underscore the various factions of the city, and to strike a blow against traditionalism. The merets largely stick together, with the independent Arisen floating freely amongst them. What's left is to galvanize them into two factions and see what shakes out. Sedge has been planning a move towards power and mastery of the guilds for nearly three decades; after all, he neutralized





Sabola for a reason. The Sothic Turn and this unique set of circumstances (and not one, but three missing guildmasters) means Sedge's timetable has moved up a few years. The above ultimatum essentially decrees:

- The disappearance of Seb-Hetchet and Sabola showcases the flaws within the Khent-henu, as the two most secretive members of the meret have likely fled the city. (Although Ubaid swears his master is still active, he's reluctant to provide any proof.) Clearly, they know something their meret doesn't, proving that the meret's status as nomarchs is built on a foundation of mutual cooperation.
- Two positions of nomarch and guildmaster both are vacant and must be filled. If you aren't with Sedge, you're with the Khent-henu. Tarikh-Sethos bristles noticeably at the mere suggestion that they've turned against the city they built, though Ur-Qeb and Oba-Heshef remain more placid.
- Whatever's decided, the Beast must be destroyed. While the above two points are Sedge trying to turn the situation to his gain, he's actually deadly serious

about this point, for all of the reasons stated above. An occult-mutated Amkhat is a serious threat to the nome.

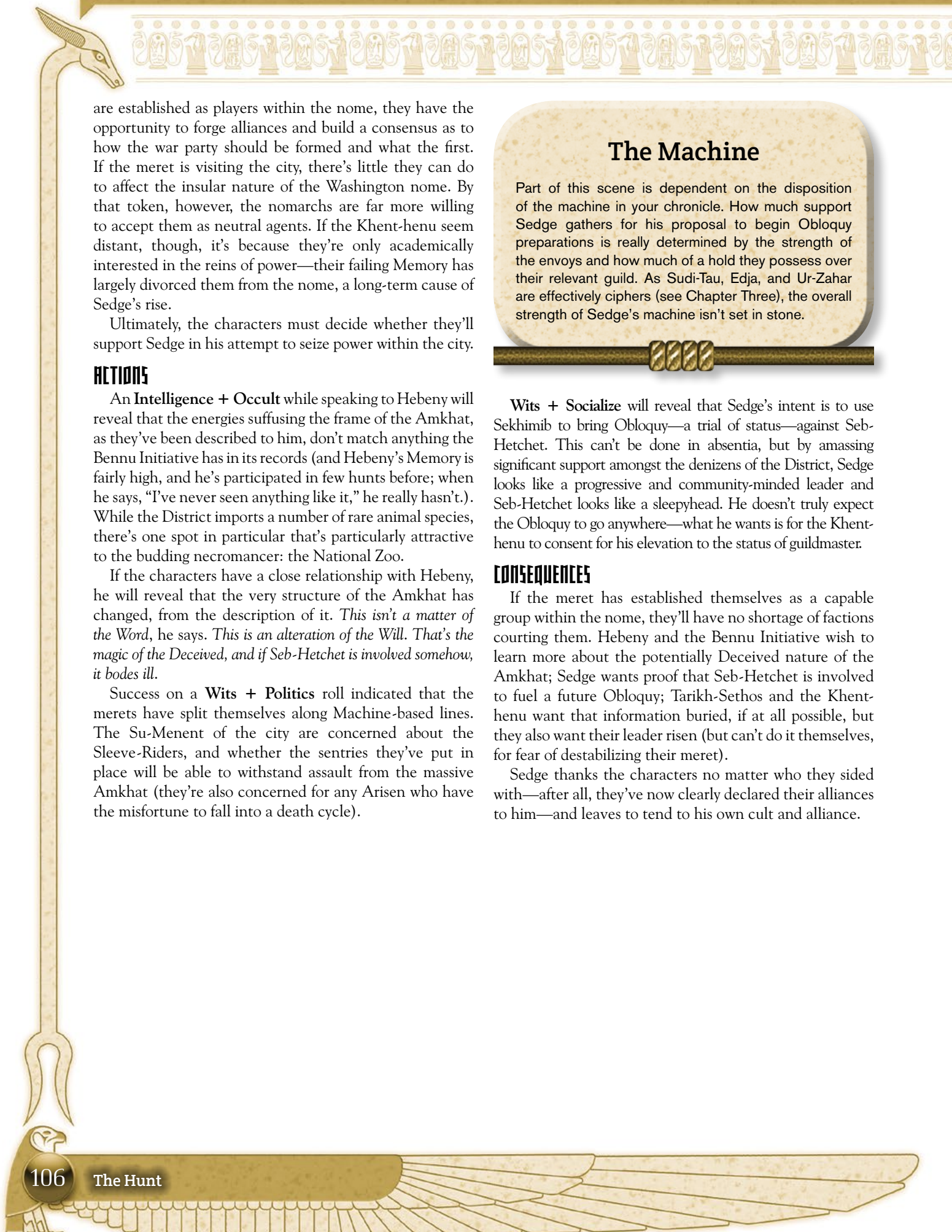
Two points rapidly emerge: 1) that garnering intelligence on the Beast is paramount to defeating it; 2) that calling or summoning Seb-Hetchet is absolutely paramount to determining the Mason's involvement. Once the gathering largely splits along the lines of Khent-henu and Sedge (with a variable neutral portion), Sedge utters a word that stops the meeting cold: Obloquy.

If evidence can be found that Seb-Hetchet has created an Amkhat that threatens the city, or worse, that he's been dabbling in the magics of the Deceived, his position as guildmaster of the Tef-Aabhi is subject to challenge. It's this that drives the adventure, beyond the secondary goal of determining how to stop the Beast.

## PLAYER GOALS

This is a politically-motivated scene; even if the players aren't fully invested in the nature of the nome and the heavy amount of politics underlying the cordial and congenial atmosphere (welcome to Washington!), they can benefit a great deal from this scene. If the characters





are established as players within the nome, they have the opportunity to forge alliances and build a consensus as to how the war party should be formed and what the first. If the meret is visiting the city, there's little they can do to affect the insular nature of the Washington nome. By that token, however, the nomarchs are far more willing to accept them as neutral agents. If the Khent-henu seem distant, though, it's because they're only academically interested in the reins of power—their failing Memory has largely divorced them from the nome, a long-term cause of Sedge's rise.

Ultimately, the characters must decide whether they'll support Sedge in his attempt to seize power within the city.

### ACTIONS

An **Intelligence + Occult** while speaking to Hebeny will reveal that the energies suffusing the frame of the Amkhat, as they've been described to him, don't match anything the Bennu Initiative has in its records (and Hebeny's Memory is fairly high, and he's participated in few hunts before; when he says, "I've never seen anything like it," he really hasn't.). While the District imports a number of rare animal species, there's one spot in particular that's particularly attractive to the budding necromancer: the National Zoo.

If the characters have a close relationship with Hebeny, he will reveal that the very structure of the Amkhat has changed, from the description of it. *This isn't a matter of the Word, he says. This is an alteration of the Will. That's the magic of the Deceived, and if Seb-Hetchet is involved somehow, it bodes ill.*

Success on a **Wits + Politics** roll indicated that the merets have split themselves along Machine-based lines. The Su-Menent of the city are concerned about the Sleeve-Riders, and whether the sentries they've put in place will be able to withstand assault from the massive Amkhat (they're also concerned for any Arisen who have the misfortune to fall into a death cycle).

## The Machine

Part of this scene is dependent on the disposition of the machine in your chronicle. How much support Sedge gathers for his proposal to begin Obloquy preparations is really determined by the strength of the envoys and how much of a hold they possess over their relevant guild. As Sudi-Tau, Edja, and Ur-Zahar are effectively ciphers (see Chapter Three), the overall strength of Sedge's machine isn't set in stone.

**Wits + Socialize** will reveal that Sedge's intent is to use Sekhimib to bring Obloquy—a trial of status—against Seb-Hetchet. This can't be done in absentia, but by amassing significant support amongst the denizens of the District, Sedge looks like a progressive and community-minded leader and Seb-Hetchet looks like a sleepyhead. He doesn't truly expect the Obloquy to go anywhere—what he wants is for the Khent-henu to consent for his elevation to the status of guildmaster.

### CONSEQUENCES

If the meret has established themselves as a capable group within the nome, they'll have no shortage of factions courting them. Hebeny and the Bennu Initiative wish to learn more about the potentially Deceived nature of the Amkhat; Sedge wants proof that Seb-Hetchet is involved to fuel a future Obloquy; Tarikh-Sethos and the Khent-henu want that information buried, if at all possible, but they also want their leader risen (but can't do it themselves, for fear of destabilizing their meret).

Sedge thanks the characters no matter who they sided with—after all, they've now clearly declared their alliances to him—and leaves to tend to his own cult and alliance.



# CHAPTER ONE

## SCENE TWO-THE TOMB

MENTAL ... PHYSICAL • SOCIAL ...

### OVERVIEW

If the characters convinced Ubaid to give them the keys to Seb-Hetchet's tomb in Scene Two, he'll lead them to the seventh-floor apartment on the east side of the Cairo. Ubaid's taking a fairly serious risk, as the tomb is small and the risk of disturbing it is fairly high; if Seb-Hetchet isn't actually awake, then he'll rise to defend it. With the Sothic Turn in full swing, the White Jackal's hierophant refuses to call his patron; the cultist fears that his patron will somehow miss his Turn (he won't, but the cultist doesn't actually know that).

### DESCRIPTION

Like every apartment in the building, the tomb has a marble doorknob; unlike every other apartment in the building, Seb-Hetchet's has gold filigree on it, helping to center the geometry. The door unlocks with an audible *clack*, but Ubaid puts muscle into slowly swinging the door open, revealing massively reinforced hinges. Once the characters walk inside, they see why—there's a massive marble slab on the inside of the door, covered in hieroglyphs. Hanging on the apartment's walls are similar slabs, covered in cramped sigils. To the side is a modest kitchen with unadorned countertops and windowed cabinets with the barest of essentials (pasta, olive oil, a few bottles of brown beer). In the main room stand eight elegant pedestals, made of fine wood; each has a drained relic atop it, a former sacrifice to the Judges. *Touch nothing*, Ubaid says, even though the relics no longer interact with the room's Lifeweb.

Seb-Hetchet's sarcophagus, made of carved wood and sleek with fragrant oil, lies in the bedroom. *Are you ready?* the junior Mason asks. If the characters say yes, he reaches down and gently flips the lid off the sarcophagus.

Of course, it is empty.

### STORYTELLER GOALS

The Storyteller's goal here is to set up the mystery of the Jackal's whereabouts by leaving physical clues in his tomb, and additionally to introduce a hint of just *what* he was attempting in his pre-Turn ritual. Seb-Hetchet has been gone for three months now; he awoke at the Turn, but

as stated before, the ritual he set into motion on his last rising in 2011 worked all too well. Given that Seb-Hetchet simply changed his clothing, walked out of the apartment and locked the chamber door behind him, there's really no evidence as to how long he's been gone.

The characters will likely ask, "What now?" and Ubaid doesn't know. There is another room to the apartment, however. It's a simple room with a very large table in the middle and a walk-in closet in the back. The table is piled high with books, sets of fine tools, building blueprints, small fetishes and carved pillar replicas. Under the table is a single canopic jar (the lungs, if the players are curious). Lining the walls are bookshelves full to the brim. There are no curios or mementos in this section of the tomb; the Jackal didn't care for them while he built Washington. The closest things to curios are various hand-carved rods scattered about the room in random places, small replica pillars that have become invested as vestiges. The closet contains racks of clothing perfectly tailored to the Jackal (some of it decades old, and in some cases over a century).

### PLAYER GOALS

Almost immediately after stepping onto the seventh floor, the characters begin to feel the effects of the curse on the tomb (**Mummy: The Curse**, p. 82). Ubaid himself is immune to the curse; if he likes the characters, he cheers them on, urging them to push past the dread that invades their minds and souls.

The players are out to find Seb-Hetchet, and there's a number of ways they can go about it.

### ACTIONS

Investigation is the primary skill for this scene; without it, the characters will be largely lost. However, Ubaid has an *idea* of where Seb-Hetchet is, even if he's not saying it.

**Intelligence + Investigation** will allow the characters to locate some of Seb-Hetchet's older journals, whereupon they discover the scene from the prologue fiction (the stranger who gave the Jackal the idea of matching Washington's streets to the constellation of Sothis itself). An exceptional success also reveals a brief mention of Peirce Mill, a famous historical landmark within Rock Creek Park. Seb-Hetchet's journals become more perfunctory and cool in tone towards

the start of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century, indicating a greater reliance on his talisman as a means to keep his mind sharp.

**Wits + Investigation** lets the characters recognize the frequency of maps relating to Rock Creek Park is much greater than anywhere else in the city; by the tone of the correspondence saved, Seb-Hetchet was a major silent partner in a number of conservation efforts to preserve the park. Most of the surveys are focused on the northern part of the park; an exceptional success will perfectly locate an area about the size of an acre that's a commonality across all the maps, while a simple success narrows the area to about a dozen acres.

**Presence + Socialize** and talking to the neighbors reveals that nobody's seen Seb-Hetchet for years, save one—the kindly old lady across the way. She thought he'd moved out, but she saw him not three months ago while the District was gripped by a heat wave ("He really should know better than to wear long sleeves in that kind of weather!"). Questioning the neighbors also reveals that the Jackal made a concerted effort over the years to welcome new tenants to "his floor"; savvy mummies will realize this inured his neighbors to his tomb's curse. This did little to alleviate the effects of Unease Sybaris; consequently, the inhabitants of the Cairo are a fairly morbid lot.

Success on a **Wits + Occult** roll will inform a curious player that the hanging slabs of stone in the main room both center the curse of the mummy and have an additional effect. Further examination reveals newer stone marks on the slabs, with some serious magic in them; an exceptional success reveals that the purpose of the ritual was an attempt to summon Fate *itself* as a loose construct bound to the Sothic Turn, a unique occurrence only possible within Washington. It's crazy, but it's just might have worked. But it also combining the Word and Will in a way no Sessa-Hebsu, much less a Tef-Aabhi, could. This ritual is of the Deceived.

**Presence or Manipulation + Persuasion or Intimidation** will convince Ubaid to reveal that Seb-Hetchet often goes to Tenleytown and vanishes, and that he's spoken often of a Sadikh whom few in the city have seen since the latter days of the 18th Century. *There's only one place in the city where one of the servants could survive so long, given all that's changed in the world.*

## CONSEQUENCES

By the end of the scene, the characters should know where Seb-Hetchet is—or at least have a very solid idea of where to begin looking. They'll also know that he's awake and on his Sothic Turn... and that he was apparently attempting to use the magic of the Lost Guild to his own advantage.





# CHAPTER ONE

## SCENE THREE-THE PIT

MENTAL -- PHYSICAL -- SOCIAL --

### OVERVIEW

Built on a series of extreme hills, the National Zoological Park is part of the Smithsonian Institution, a 160-acre urban park a short walk uphill from the Adams Morgan Metro off the Red Line. Pedestrian-friendly and completely free to the public, the zoo contains well over 400 different species of animals, including Tai Shan the Panda, Rusty the Red Panda, and the Five Lion Cubs. Sadly, several of the rare animals die every year, a fact the Zoo is extremely quiet about.

It's absolutely ideal for building Amkhata.

Normally, it's well-guarded by the cults of the Arisen for this very reason. Recent machinations by Sedge's machine, however, have reduced the number of cultists assigned to the area as a side effect of Sedge's power grab. Hab-Utet corrupted the last remaining cultist guardian, a slightly off-kilter veterinary intern named Amy. She's currently guarding the Pit where the Beast was built.

### DESCRIPTION

During the day, the zoo is crowded, even in the winter. It's open every day the federal government is save Christmas, which means the park staff are clearing out snow on occasion. The walking paths are made out of faux-cobblestones, a deliberate artistic choice to link the Zoo to nearby the nearby Woodley Park neighborhood.

The National zoo is closed at night, but it's not exactly difficult to get into, especially for the Arisen. Inside, the chill air of the encroaching winter keeps the sounds to a minimum; the great apes stay in their house, the aviary is closed. It's a zoo of wide boulevards, sloping hills, and a great deal of privacy. The winding main trail roughly parallel to North Road, and the propensity for well-forested lesser trails leading to major exhibits to branch off, means the massive zoo being easy to hide in. The Elephant Trail (undergoing renovation since 2010) and Asia Trails are particularly secluded, and offer a commanding view of large parts of the zoo. It's lightly patrolled by the Park Police, but it shouldn't be anything the meret can't handle. More troublesome are the homeless who occasionally scale the fence and sneak inside; they can be pretty fiercely territorial.

The elephant houses reek of dung and mammalian stink during the day, and are worse after-hours. It's not too dissimilar from some of the pits in Irem, though. The buildings away from the public eye are built for transporting whole cages of animals to and from the zoo, multileveled open spaces lit by the cheapest flickering fluorescents money can buy. Absent the daylight, the bulbs cast the warehouse-sized employee areas into ghoulishly muted hues.

### STORYTELLER GOALS

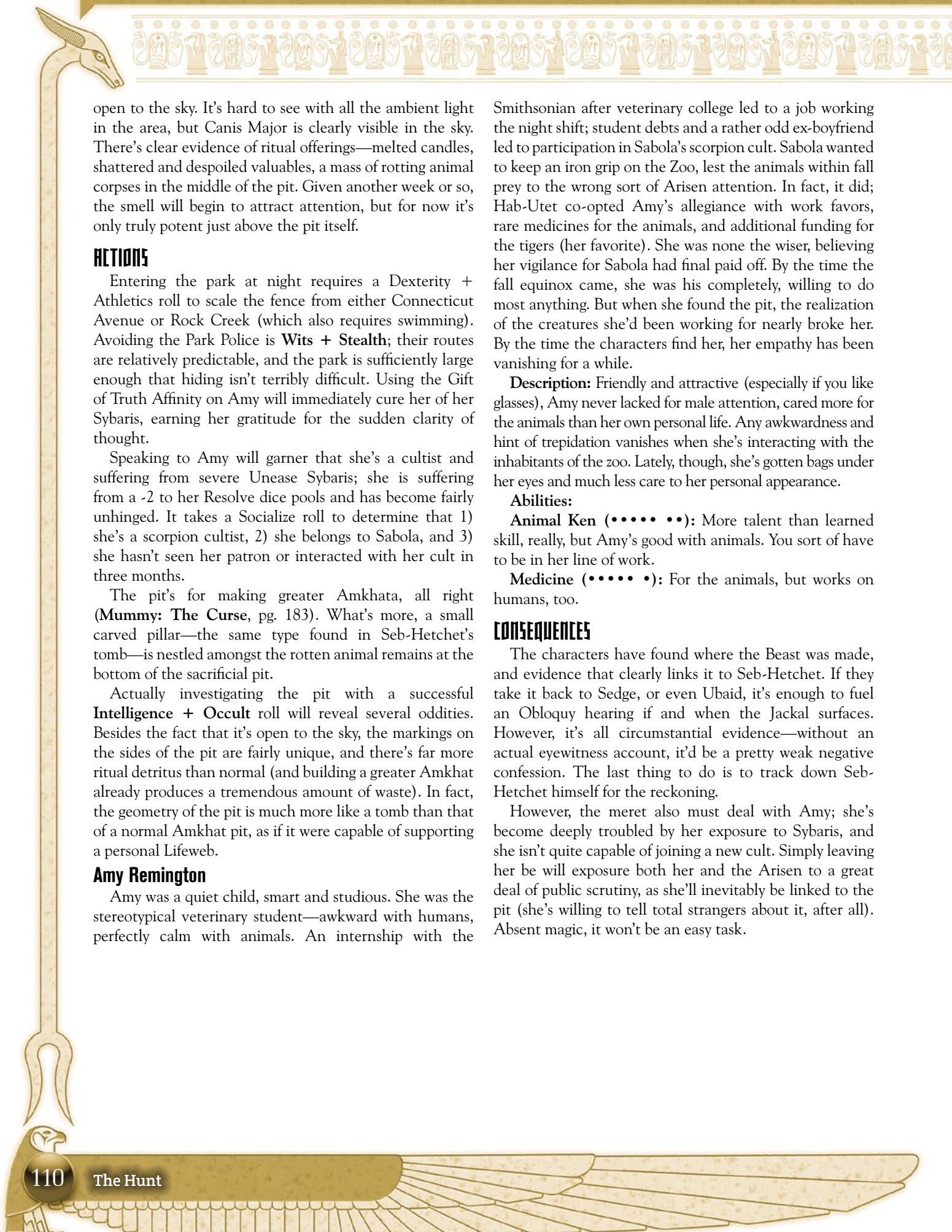
If the Beast was built with an elephant body, there's no other place to have gotten a fresh corpse. A quick Internet search shows that a zoo elephant died roughly a month ago of natural causes. Asking Hebeny about the Zoo will garner that several of Sabola's cult work at the Zoo; due to her disappearance, however, the cult's in disarray. Hebeny does know of one cultist, Amy Remington. She's unlikely to be friendly, but the meret isn't exactly dripping in leads. Thankfully, they only really need Amy.

Unfortunately, she isn't in a talkative mood. Repeated exposure to the Deceived, her tending to the Pit, and a lesser Amkhata that's been following her around has caused her mind to become unhinged in the face of Sybaris. It's all she can do to hold down her job as a night vet, checking the cages for contaminants and ensuring the animals who need round-the-clock care receive it. When the characters find her, she's alone, rocking back and forth in the office beside the long hallway behind the elephant cages.

*I know why you've come*, she says, her voice cracking. A victim of Sybaritic Omens, her eyes are bloodshot, her blonde hair unwashed and pulled back into a rough ponytail. It's obvious she isn't sleeping. *I saw the pit. Do you want to see it, too?*

### PLAYER GOALS

Interrogating Amy is obviously on the character's minds. It's clear that she's severely addled by Sybaris, however. Once she recovers, she can lead the characters to the Pit. It's accessible through one of the sub-basements of the elephant facility, hidden amongst the foundations of the structure. However, it's actually in one of the renovated areas, nestled up against one of the Zoo's wooded areas but



open to the sky. It's hard to see with all the ambient light in the area, but Canis Major is clearly visible in the sky. There's clear evidence of ritual offerings—melted candles, shattered and despoiled valuables, a mass of rotting animal corpses in the middle of the pit. Given another week or so, the smell will begin to attract attention, but for now it's only truly potent just above the pit itself.

## ACTIONS

Entering the park at night requires a Dexterity + Athletics roll to scale the fence from either Connecticut Avenue or Rock Creek (which also requires swimming). Avoiding the Park Police is **Wits + Stealth**; their routes are relatively predictable, and the park is sufficiently large enough that hiding isn't terribly difficult. Using the Gift of Truth Affinity on Amy will immediately cure her of her Sybaris, earning her gratitude for the sudden clarity of thought.

Speaking to Amy will garner that she's a cultist and suffering from severe Unease Sybaris; she is suffering from a -2 to her Resolve dice pools and has become fairly unhinged. It takes a Socialize roll to determine that 1) she's a scorpion cultist, 2) she belongs to Sabola, and 3) she hasn't seen her patron or interacted with her cult in three months.

The pit's for making greater Amkhata, all right (**Mummy: The Curse**, pg. 183). What's more, a small carved pillar—the same type found in Seb-Hetchet's tomb—is nestled amongst the rotten animal remains at the bottom of the sacrificial pit.

Actually investigating the pit with a successful **Intelligence + Occult** roll will reveal several oddities. Besides the fact that it's open to the sky, the markings on the sides of the pit are fairly unique, and there's far more ritual detritus than normal (and building a greater Amkhat already produces a tremendous amount of waste). In fact, the geometry of the pit is much more like a tomb than that of a normal Amkhat pit, as if it were capable of supporting a personal Lifeweb.

## Amy Remington

Amy was a quiet child, smart and studious. She was the stereotypical veterinary student—awkward with humans, perfectly calm with animals. An internship with the

Smithsonian after veterinary college led to a job working the night shift; student debts and a rather odd ex-boyfriend led to participation in Sabola's scorpion cult. Sabola wanted to keep an iron grip on the Zoo, lest the animals within fall prey to the wrong sort of Arisen attention. In fact, it did; Hab-Utet co-opted Amy's allegiance with work favors, rare medicines for the animals, and additional funding for the tigers (her favorite). She was none the wiser, believing her vigilance for Sabola had finally paid off. By the time the fall equinox came, she was his completely, willing to do most anything. But when she found the pit, the realization of the creatures she'd been working for nearly broke her. By the time the characters find her, her empathy has been vanishing for a while.

**Description:** Friendly and attractive (especially if you like glasses), Amy never lacked for male attention, cared more for the animals than her own personal life. Any awkwardness and hint of trepidation vanishes when she's interacting with the inhabitants of the zoo. Lately, though, she's gotten bags under her eyes and much less care to her personal appearance.

### Abilities:

**Animal Ken (••••• ••):** More talent than learned skill, really, but Amy's good with animals. You sort of have to be in her line of work.

**Medicine (••••• •):** For the animals, but works on humans, too.

## CONSEQUENCES

The characters have found where the Beast was made, and evidence that clearly links it to Seb-Hetchet. If they take it back to Sedge, or even Ubaid, it's enough to fuel an Obloquy hearing if and when the Jackal surfaces. However, it's all circumstantial evidence—without an actual eyewitness account, it'd be a pretty weak negative confession. The last thing to do is to track down Seb-Hetchet himself for the reckoning.

However, the meret also must deal with Amy; she's become deeply troubled by her exposure to Sybaris, and she isn't quite capable of joining a new cult. Simply leaving her be will expose both her and the Arisen to a great deal of public scrutiny, as she'll inevitably be linked to the pit (she's willing to tell total strangers about it, after all). Absent magic, it won't be an easy task.



# CHAPTER TWO

## SCENE ONE

### ROCK CREEK PARK

MENTAL • PHYSICAL • SOCIAL •

#### OVERVIEW

Rock Creek Park is a slice of pristine wilderness in the middle of the city, bordering Tenleytown and the richer portions of Dupont. Like most forests in this part of America, it's partly forested year-round, albeit blanketed with a thick layer of dead leaves. Deer and rabbits aren't uncommon game, and the park makes for the best hiking the area can offer (which isn't saying very much). It's also the location of the tomb Seb-Hetchet built back in 1753, guarded by a Nacotchtank warrior—the last of his tribe. Seb-Hetchet's Sadikh of nearly three hundred years has held up remarkably well, all things considering. The characters will have to defeat or bypass him in order to reach the hidden tomb.

#### DESCRIPTION

Rock Creek Park spans a whopping 2,802 acres; without actually knowing where Seb-Hetchet's tomb is, the characters could wander for weeks and never find it (reference: the tomb's in the northern section). The trunks bunch up tightly to one another, leaving very few paths through the wilderness. The leaves crack and crunch underfoot. Without a path, the characters have no hope of finding Seb-Hetchet's tomb, even knowing an approximate location.

They've got a guide, though. They'll just have to get him talking first.

#### STORYTELLER GOALS

Make it clear to the characters that they're being stalked through the wilderness. The Last will dance around the area, try to force them into a clear area without cover, and start loosing arrows at them from cover. He's a skilled tracker and hunter, but not infallible. It isn't meant to severely injure them, merely test their mettle. Once the characters show signs of fighting back, he'll come out of hiding and appear to surrender. *Peace, ancient ones, he says. You are here for my master.*

From there, the characters have to convince the Last of their intentions towards Seb-Hetchet. Thankfully, the Last is woefully out of date on the state of Arisen politics—and indeed, to the current state of the world, due to his extreme age.

#### PLAYER GOALS

By this point, it's possible the players are entirely sick of being ambushed; if this is the case, the Last will simply approach them with weapons drawn, demanding to know who they are and what their business in the park is. However, the characters haven't yet been afforded an opportunity to truly cut loose with their Utterances and Affinities. Well, here's their chance. If they decide to go full-bore, the Last will borrow whatever Affinities he needs to survive from his master, but if he's slain, Seb-Hetchet will find the characters—and he's far less likely to go easy on them.

As a final alternative, openly brandishing one of Seb-Hetchet's hand-carved pillars means the Last will approach as a friend, believing the characters to be earnestly seeking his master for peaceful ends—after all, they bear his badge.

#### ACTIONS

##### Last of the Nacotchtank

**Description:** Huge, broad-shouldered, and eminently sad. The Last knows, deep in his heart, his tribe is gone—shattered, fled to a far-away place, having forgotten its roots. His tribe was dying when he agreed to become Seb-Hetchet's Sadikh in 1753, and the Mason promised that his people would have a place in Washington. The White Jackal did not keep his promise, and never intended to. The Last has forgotten his name, the names of his children and his wife. He stalks the Park, guarding the last stronghold of the Jackal, avoiding the sight of cars a glimpse of the world outside (and in truth, such a sight would damage him badly; his stability is largely due to the park's stasis rather than any internal fortitude). Deep in his heart, he knows that Seb-Hetchet cares little for him, seeing him



as a mere guardian of a secret place. But that heart has a name inscribed upon it, so he obeys body and soul. He just doesn't like it very much.

**Concept:** Living Relic

**Master:** Seb-Hetchet

**Attributes:** Intelligence 2, Wits 4, Resolve 3; Strength 4, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3; Presence 1, Manipulation 2, Composure 3

**Skills:** Academics 1 (Egyptology), Archery 3, Athletics 4, Brawl 3, Crafts (Repair) 3, Stealth 3 (Shadows), Survival 4, Weaponry (Heavy Club)

**Merits:** Giant, Iron Stamina 3 (B), Language (English, French, Iremite Egyptian, Iroquois)

**Pillar Abilities:** Reverent Name, Shadowed Hand

**Sekhem:** 4 (only for supernatural resistance)

**Willpower:** 6

**Morality:** 3

**Virtue:** Faith

**Vice:** Pride

**Initiative:** 6

**Defense:** 3

**Speed:** 11

**Size:** 5

**Weapons/Attacks:**

**Type Damage Dice Pool**

Short Bow

Heavy Club

**Armor:** 0

**Health:** 8

## CONSEQUENCES

How the characters handle someone taking potshots to see what kind of folk they are is really up to them. However, injuring the Last will severely inconvenience them when dealing with Seb-Hetchet later on. The key to the tomb rests around his neck.



# CHAPTER TWO

## SCENE TWO-CONFESIONS

### MENTAL • PHYSICAL SOCIAL •••

#### OVERVIEW

The characters have finally come across Seb-Hetchet's tomb. Inside waits the White Jackal, the man who built the new city of pillars, and the mummy everyone's been waiting for. Yet he would not hide without reason—he has a secret that's capable of tearing the city apart.

#### DESCRIPTION

The tomb itself is well-concealed under a hill; the characters must slide down a slight muddy shaft into a cave. Deep within are lights, casting a stone platform and pillars into relief. On the platform are relics, carefully arranged amidst circles of figures, glyphs, and concentric circles. In the middle of the platform, legs crossed, sits the Jackal.

His white clothing has been stained and rendered muddy by the descent down the cave. His eyes shine with intelligence and sadness. If the Last precedes you, he sighs mightily. *I could not hide forever. I had hoped the Turn would be well along before I was found out, though.*

If the Last was killed, or the players found the tomb anyway, Seb-Hetchet is far more curt. *You will leave this place, and tell none of what you saw here.* If there are any Tef-Aabhi in the group, he will fix his gaze upon them. *I would have expected more from you.*

#### STORYTELLER GOALS

The White Jackal is hiding for a reason: He knows the Deceived conned him into helping build Washington to align with their magic. He helped build the city because he believed it was the final exam for the end of the Diasporic Code, and the greatest test for a sacred geometrist since the days of Irem. He believes that not only has he failed the test, but that he was doomed from the beginning. And were any other Arisen to discover the Deceived's role in building Washington, Seb-Hetchet himself would soon find himself the subject of an intense investigation courtesy of the Maa-Kep. With the Khent-henu's leader out of commission, Sedge's dream to rule over Washington unchallenged would be one step closer to fruition.

Seb-Hetchet's trick of dragging Fate down with him into henet has caused some rather dramatic physical effects. Chief among these is the fact that, while the

Chinese Wall hasn't been brought down fully, the White Jackal has slammed right up against it and peeled off to leave a bloody smear behind. He knows it's *there*, that it was *placed* there, and he knows precisely what area of his mind it's guarding. His only explanation is that the Shan'iatu put it there to hide something, though he cannot say for sure what.

#### PLAYER GOALS

Here he is, the man with the answers. He's surprisingly willing to talk; the White Jackal's restored memory of how much he's lost and his sense of how *futile* everything is has reduced him to a depressed husk of a mummy. Still, he is a mummy, and he's an immensely powerful and prideful being. He will brook no insult towards himself or his city. He's just surprisingly truthful and talkative about the dark magics he co-opted to build the thing's geomantic foundation.

#### ACTIONS

The interactions with Seb-Hetchet take the form of questions the players will likely ask. Seb-Hetchet can explain much of what he was attempting: the ritual that broke him, the Deceived who tricked him in Georgetown, how he intended to grasp the sunlit flail. Actually convincing the White Jackal to help stop the Beast hunting him from breaching the Beltway is **Presence** or **Manipulation + Persuasion**, but the Jackal warns that an obvious return may have more consequences than it appears.

**What did you do to become like this?** *I... I believed that I alone could save this city. The mirages of Fate were growing in strength, cresting the city as a wave. I would have ridden that wave down to Duat, to deal with it in the place of our masters. Instead, I was drowned in the tides of Fate.*

**Why did you come to Washington?** *The Diasporic Code kept us as one people, but it could not make us whole. We were beginning to forget the Judges, to forget ourselves. I knew of companions who beseeched the Judges to create an item to punish heretics. I sought to make a monument so overwhelming that the heretics would see themselves as manifestly incorrect.*

**Did you intend to rule over the city, openly, as a mummy?** *No, but if there was to be a Pharaoh in Irem once more, better the Khent-henu under my aegis than Bes-Sed.*



## Remembering Everything

As Storyteller, you should be careful with this. The White Jackal can answer a great deal about the setting and origins of Irem proper, and potentially the histories of the characters themselves. "What was I like when I was still breathing?" is something the Jackal actually could answer, assuming they ran in the same circles. Even if they didn't, the Jackal probably met them sometime in the last 6,000 years. (All things are possible with Memory 10!)

The White Jackal might well choose not to tell the characters, dismissing it as irrelevant. Saying *it doesn't matter; what you are now is far different than what you were* isn't inaccurate, but flies in the face of **Mummy's** theme that Memory alone isn't what defines you.

And hey, he could always be lying. Even if he isn't, the characters don't necessarily have to believe his sincerity, and ultimately, the road to enlightenment is one that must be walked alone.

**Do you remember everything now?** *I do. Gods help me, I do.*

**Then what is Duat like?** On being asked a question similar to this, Seb-Hetchet rears back silently. His *sahu* splits open as a clamshell, revealing a screaming and withered khat underneath. It snaps shut violently, the twisting motion hurling Seb-Hetchet across the tomb. He is nearly unconscious for about thirty seconds, then sits up weakly, a bit of watery fluid dribbling from his mouth. *I... I cannot think of it. I cannot see it. I feel as if it is not what we believe it to be. When I can remember Irem, those last days...* his *sahu* shudders yet again, a ripple of flesh undulating across his body... *I felt as though something was going to happen. Something terrible. Before I went to die, I walked the streets without seeing slaves. I saw them emptied of the people. What did our masters do?*

**Why have you forsaken the city?** *It has been touched by the Deceived, and is corrupt for it. I believed that their practices would not carry their taint along with them. I was wrong. The city is an abject lesson in hubris. If the Abrahamites knew the tale, they would deem the city Babel Anew, and be done with it.*

**Why would the Deceived help build Washington?** *Because monuments crack and fade. Because we alone look on the works of the ancients and despair. No one living knows. No one cares. By daring us to build as the Shan'iatu did, the Deceived have forced us to revel in our failure. Seb-Hetchet is despondent; he believes the fate of all empires, unliving or*

not, is to fall. The Shan'iatu conquered death and created the Arisen, but they could not stop Irem's fall.

**Did you pursue the mysticism of the Lost Guild?** *I did, to my sorrow. I am not in league with them, if that's what you're asking. I do know something of their strange rituals. Irem was built not by five guilds, but by six; if my endeavor was to succeed, I had to acquire their arts, as well. In this, I was aided by several, including Bes-Sed—the creature you know as Sedge. If I did not know better, I would believe his lust for power was their doing as well... but Bes-Sed always had a dark side to him.*

**Who created the Beast?** *I do not know his name, but I have felt the creature gnawing upon my Lifeweb. It sips at the energies of my vestiges like a babe at the breast. The rituals bound into Washington and the city's link to Sothis have made it fertile ground for calling down the relics of the Restless Stars, our lost and damned brethren. I would stake my guildmastery that some relic of theirs animates the creature. Its beating heart is not one of necromancy, but a heart of starlight.*

**Why hasn't it found you?** *I imagine the Beltway continues to contain it, but even if it were to break free, it could not find me here. I shall not return to the city.*

**(on convincing Seb-Hetchet to return) How can we stop the Beast?** If the characters discovered the Pit and realized that the geometry of the place was similar to that of an Arisen tomb, Seb-Hetchet will take them the rest of the way. *If it is powered by one of the relics of the Deceived, there may be a way. Slaying the Beast would be difficult, but I know that some of their relics may be bound to places of power. Seb-Hetchet pats the walls of his tomb. Here, for example. If the Beast is bound to the relic, we bind the relic to my tomb. I can prepare a ritual that will do just that. But it may be safer, in the long run, to simply try to kill the thing despite its power.* Seb-Hetchet is wary about returning to Washington; if he does so, he'll need to address the implementation of his plans for the Turn (seizing power and ruling as a glorious golden god-king, which isn't really his bag, what with the restored memory and all).

## CONSEQUENCES

The Beast can be slain; the Jackal confirms that much. The Amkhat may also be contained, as the star that gives it life can be caught inside the tomb as a firefly within a jar. But more importantly, the characters now know the heretical truth that the Deceived had a hand in the creation of Washington, and whether or not they'll choose to reveal that is a topic for discussion.

If the characters wish to confront the Beast, it'll be a tough and bitter fight, but one the characters can win with allies. If the characters wish to lay low the Beast and contain it within Rock Creek Park—thereby potentially saving numerous casualties at a greater risk to themselves—the best course of action is to lead it across Silver Spring and into Rock Creek Park.



# CHAPTER THREE

## THE CHASE

MENTAL •• PHYSICAL ••• SOCIAL •

### OVERVIEW

If the characters want to take the Beast down the hard way, it's going to be a knock-down, drag-out fight the likes of which haven't been seen since the American Civil War. The Arisen of the city haven't unleashed their full capabilities in a good long while. There will be casualties. The best way to actually confront the Beast is the Beltway, where the creature isn't hiding itself; it's just behind a massive force of Amkhata that it's subsumed and dominated

### DESCRIPTION

The Beast stalks the highway in amxhaibit, visible to any who can perceive it. The Capital Beltway is a long and winding road. The best place to confront the Beast, if the characters decide to do so on the highway, is around the bend just before Georgia Avenue and the 495-95 concurrency. In the shadow of the grand Temple may the Beast be slain. The highway is blocked off by noise dividers, forested on all sides, divided by concrete that stretches the height of the average sedan, and it's heavily trafficked at all times.

*Jackal.* The Beast's growl resonates in their minds, trembling their pillars. *Jackal.*

If the players decide to lure the Beast, it'll chase them—hence, the name of the scene. Assuming they want to lure it to Rock Creek Park, taking the Georgia Avenue exit off the Beltway leads to about a mile's worth of stop lights, housing developments, and urbanization before they hit the Park. Speed camera glare and flash even in bright sunlight, catching mere glimpses of the monstrosity as it pursues the characters and the probably freaked-out cultist driving them. Behind them swing the red-and-blue lights of the Montgomery County police and state troopers, assuming they don't peel off as the Beast rapidly materializes and dematerializes to vent its frustration on passersby (while opening itself to a ranged attack by the characters).

### STORYTELLER GOALS

Despite the lead in to the confrontation with the Beast, this scene is highly dependent on what the characters have done to accumulate allies. The safest assumption is that

they've pooled their cults together to gather a number of bodies to fight Amkhata, but this is a sacrifice on their part and on the part of the cultists, considering mortals can't do a tremendous amount to help. Still one level of bashing damage can add up over the course of a combat, if the characters are willing to waste their cults to kill the Beast.

If they've managed to accrue Arisen allies, all bets are off. Any of the Arisen in the city is a capable fighter, assuming they're willing to risk their Descent. Depending on whom the characters sided with in the previous scenes, this could be a tremendous number of allies, or a few, or none.

### PLAYER GOALS

Confronting the Beast on the highway itself isn't the smartest of ideas. A better course of action is to *lure* it out, using one of Seb-Hetchet's relics or hand-carved pillars. To do that, they need:

- A relic of Seb-Hetchet's, some of his hand-carved pillars (which have become invested as vestiges) or the mummy himself.
- A getaway vehicle, driven by a cultist (preferably a Witness) of significant Willpower (so glancing in his rearview mirror doesn't cause him to crash, what with the "Objects in mirror are closer than they appear" and the Beast's yawning jaws).

Once the Beast is sufficiently baited—and merely waving the relic or vestige before it is enough to get its attention—it will begin to pursue the car. The Beast is big and it's quite quick; if the getaway vehicle doesn't have the Speed, the characters will have to intervene to smack the Amkhata down. A number of lesser Amkhata accompany the Beast, and if the characters succeed in doing damage, it'll pause to swallow a fellow monster and regenerate itself. One they're free of the Beltway—off the off-ramp, that is—the Beast is alone. The characters can try to kill it here (with more eyewitnesses) or they can keep leading it to Rock Creek Park.

### ACTIONS

This is a running fight, with the Storyteller managing a pitched battle that leads to the Beast wrenching itself free of the Beltway's grasp.



As befits one of the most trafficked roads in America, it takes three cults of Reach 4 *each* to close down the Beltway for an hour. Any significant damage to the highway itself will result in massive news coverage and the intervention of Homeland Security. Still, if the Arisen actually have other cults capable of Reach 5 actions, it's actually nothing a few rolls won't fix ("Petrochemical spill. Very dangerous. Sorry, Mr. President.") Using Utterances is still a grave risk, and sufficiently showy displays of power means a lot of explaining for their cults to do. Sedge, as always, will attempt to curry favor and spin events his way, using the stretched-thin cults to consolidate resources.

**Wits + Drive** for maneuvering through the off-ramp traffic. Depending on when the characters decide to drive the Beast out, it's either incredibly foolhardy or early in the morning, before any witnesses come on the scene. 3.30 A.M. is the best time to attempt this endeavor.

Once the characters reach Rock Creek Park, however, the car they're driving must ram a small metal barricade (put up by Park Police to ensure joy-riders don't do exactly the thing the characters are attempting. The entrance to Seb-Hetchet's tomb is roughly a half-mile from the nearest road; once they approach the area, they see the

Last flagging them down, the Sadikh's eyes goggling and knees weakening at the sight of their vehicle. Piling out, it's a flat run through unfamiliar terrain to get to the tomb. Thankfully, the Beast's Speed is cut by 10 while it's moving between the thick trees.

The characters need only run into the tomb; once there, Seb-Hetchet awaits. With a wordless gesture of power, the hieroglyphs flare gold around him, illuminating his body in a wash of light. The Beast slams into the small cave hole, wriggling and breathing fire, having finally found its prey. The glyphs flare once, too bright to look at, a searing light that leaves an afterimage.

The Beast slams to the floor of the tomb, its fiery breath a mass of black smoke pouring from a maw in place of blood. It chatters, the starmap on its skin spinning wildly. As it lunges for Seb-Hetchet, the way out becomes clear. Do the characters leave the Jackal to a fate of being stuck inside an ancient tomb with a monstrous companion? Or do they risk themselves to finally drop the mutated Amkhat?

## AFTERMATH

The Beast's battle ends as quickly and suddenly as it began, whether by blood and battle or by a howling in a





long-forgotten tomb. The Terror Sybaris that has gripped the city, and the less arcane terror that has gripped the nome, has finally come to an end.

Did the characters make allies in the nome? Did another Arisen sponsor their slaying of the Beast? If not, they receive gratitude for their sacrifice but little else. If they extracted concessions or favors for their work, they get them—the nome knows how to play ball. Committing cult resources to close down the highway means Sedge moves

in while their cults are exhausted, unless the meret worked with him for his takeover of the nome.

If Seb-Hetchet was not trapped in the tomb with the Beast, he'll have returned. If his Memory is still high, he'll likely strive to tear down what he's built, dissolving the established structure of the nome and becoming a savvy political operator against Sedge and the Maa-Kep.

One question remains: What of Hab-Utet? And what will the Deceived do now that the White Jackal is arisen?





You came all this way,  
to a land you once spurned, just to find me—  
to know my wisdom—and I say to you it begins with a question:  
What is a pillar, truly?

You know the word, certainly,  
think you apprehend its meaning, but this is the lesson that defies learning...  
the page that eludes the seeking scribe.

What the quill can never see is the essential truth,  
the immutable design that in itself strips the word of all meaning,  
whatever its definition.

If you would answer my question by reaching for the word,  
you would already be in the wrong. You cannot define the pillar,  
though in the fullness of time, you might come to know it.

This book includes:

- Contextualized discussion of the history and inner workings of the Federal City from the mummy point of view, including the rise of the powerful meret known as the First Chorus and a complete overview of D.C.'s geography and internal currents, political and supernatural alike.
- An array of non-player characters fully integrated into the nome, including both the Arisen who call D.C. home and a few of the mortals who do their secret bidding, willingly or otherwise
- "The Great Hunt" — a complete Mummy story that Storytellers can run alone or as the prelude to a three-part series called The Avarice Chronicle

If you would understand the pillar, look to its source.  
There lies its purpose.

And I am the hand that sets the pillar,  
the pillar that sets the hand.

My pillar is the lathe of fate.  
— Seb-Hetchet, the White Jackal

