



STYGIAN FOX

THE BOOK OF CONTEMPORARY MAGICAL THINGS



A Collection of Mundane Items Imbued With Magical Power
For Use In Contemporary Horror And Fantasy Roleplaying Games

by Darren Pearce & Stephanie McAlea



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Chester, U.K.

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A
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CONTENTS

CONTENTS	5	THE CURATORS,	
<i>The Gatecrashers</i>	6	<i>allies and adversaries</i>	115
INTRODUCTION	7	<i>Gatecrasher</i>	115
HOW TO USE THIS BOOK	8	<i>The Dead-Who-Don't-Talk</i>	117
MINA,		<i>The Purple Twilight</i>	118
<i>or minor items & cantrips</i>	10	<i>Nur Allah</i>	119
MINORA,		<i>The Little Dark Shop of Gifts</i>	119
<i>or items of everyday power</i>	22	<i>'The Foundation'</i>	120
MEDIA,		<i>'The Watchers'</i>	121
<i>or items of uncommon power</i>	57	LONE WOLVES,	
MAJORA,		<i>Warriors, & Witches</i>	122
<i>or passion made corporeal</i>	69	<i>Alice 'Little Red Riding' Hood</i>	122
MAXIMA,		<i>Nate 'The Soldier' Morgan</i>	123
<i>or disaster incarnate</i>	90	<i>'Charity'</i>	124
<i>Miss Keela Ordness of the Purple Twilight,</i>	92	CONJUNCTIONS,	
<i>Nox</i>	95	<i>artefact combinations</i>	125
MAGISTERIA,		WORLD ARTEFACT MAPS	127
<i>or the height of mortal power</i>	96	THE WISE	
MAGNIFICA,		<i>backers and supporters</i>	129
<i>or the power of demi-gods</i>	103		
<i>'Vanguard' is cornered</i>	105		
MIRACULA,			
<i>or the wrath of deities</i>	107		
COSMICA,			
<i>destruction and creation</i>	113		

Being a Curator can take you to some dark and lonely places



The Gatecrashers

INTRODUCTION

Magic is a funny old thing, there's big magic, little magic, tiny magic and all kinds of magic in-between. Welcome to a collection of the most wondrous, odd, phenomenal, and genius magic things that you are going to find across a myriad of contemporary settings for your roleplaying games. That is the goal of the *Book of Contemporary Magical Things*, and the whole series.

We want to provide you with some great things for your games and in the case of this book, we are looking at items that came into being around 1945 and onwards.

What you will discover in these pages are a myriad of items with no rules, we are keeping stats and numbers out of the equation for the whole series – we want to give you a toolbox or sandbox of items that you can explore and work into your sessions with minimal fuss and no need for complex conversion tables.

Instead, as you will see later on we have adopted a simple system of colour coded headings to give you an idea of the good, bad, and downright dangerous properties of these items. We also wanted the items to brim with a rich history, provide

clues to how they might have come to be and more importantly give you the Games Master, Storyteller, Referee, the freedom to change things as you want.

Nothing in this book or the following books in the series is ever set in stone – so feel free to use the items as a jumping-off point for your own ideas and expand on what we have here in the various power levels, time periods and concepts.

If you want to transport some of these things into your medieval fantasy game, it is possible, whilst the objects herein have been created for the aforementioned time period, there is nothing stopping you from changing some of them to fit.

Delgado's Orrery is a good example of an item that could indeed slot neatly into a fantasy realm, it could even work in a science fiction campaign and certainly works in modern, horror, or near-future settings.

So with that in mind, we welcome you once again to the *Book of Contemporary Magical Things* and hope you find something to use, inspire, twist, re-design and delight your players as you explore the myriad of items within.



HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

This book has been designed for you to easily take these items and use them in your campaign worlds, focused upon contemporary time periods and the games that support them primarily – to this end we have colour coded our items with various special effects that may or may not have detrimental or dangerous properties as well.

Items like *Alard's Lens* allow the user to see mysterious beings, the fair folk of myth and legend. For this camera lens we use this colour green to represent a beneficial or interesting property that confers a possible bonus when using the item.



Alard's Lens does not have a detrimental property at the moment, but as Games Master you could easily add something to the item. For those that do have such detriments, we colour them in this shade of red and often attach notes to explain how the item's detriment might affect the player, or the item itself.



In the case of *Alard's Lens* we could add:

When the user uses the lens repeatedly there is a chance that the fae will become aware of the user.

This simple system allows the Games Master enough flexibility to be able to see how items might have actual stats in their game world. For those items that may have a chance of something happening, we often use a simple percentage along with the possible bonus or detriment.

For example, as per *Alard's Lens*:

When the lens is used on a Midsummer Night's Eve there is a 30% chance that the Lord of the Fae will appear and demand a favour of the user.

We have also attempted to balance out some of the more powerful items with detriments that make sense based on the item itself, its power level and the time period from which it hails. As a rule of thumb it is advisable not to stack on the detriments to the items, because whilst a cursed item is fun for a while, too many cons outweigh the pros and can often lead to disgruntled players.

You are of course free to do what you want, but you may want to boost the power level of some of the items if you change too much about them.

For other interesting facets about an artefact, we use this colour blue. That way you can scan an entry and get a quick answer to impromptu questions from players.



This symbol and its corresponding number points to a location on the maps at the end of this book. Some of the entries will remark that an artefact is missing but the map will show their actual location.

26

So that is our quick 'How To' and will be pretty much the same for the whole series of books, since it is our goal to provide as much flavour as possible and let your imagination run wild with the rest.

We hope you have as much fun with these items as we did in creating them! Of course, if you don't like our artefacts or locations, feel free to change them.



Magical Power Levels

We have a simple system to classify the magical power levels of the items listed, ranging from *Mina* (cantrips) to *Cosmica* (apocalyptic items).

Mina

Tiny forgotten things that crop up in numerous places across the world, there are thousands of these little magical trinkets.

Minora

Not as numerous as the above, the Minora of items are still minor in power but they often have a little more oomph compared to the *Mina*.

Media

Media items are imbued with a little more bang for your buck, they are often sought after by minor cults and collectors – yet there are still quite a few of them across the world and they can command a good price to the right buyer.

Majora

Now you are starting to see the very magic flicker off these kinds of items, they have a lot of power and they are the subject of much interest by occultists, collectors, cultists and the like – Majora have a lot of power, and whilst they are nowhere in the same league as the *Maxima* or above, they still pack a significant punch and can provide a great story hook for a longer campaign. They are still quite numerous, but fewer in number than their lesser counterparts.

Maxima

Maxima items are the focus of a great deal of attention, they appear in collections and guarded vaults of the most powerful people in the world more often than not – there are but a handful of them at any given time. If a Maxima item appears on a cultist's radar, there is a chance they are up to no good and that item will help them immeasurably. Collectors will pay good money for them, oc-

cultists spend years trying to unlock their secrets and those who want such things to stay hidden may indeed hire nefarious aid to keep them under lock and key.

Magisteria

These items are rare, yet still numerous enough to have a few locked away or well-hidden by their owners. They have great power, are often drenched in history and ping the radar of not only cultists but otherworldly powers as well. There have been wars won and lost with the aid of such things and they are the subject of much covetous jealousy.

Magnifica

Powerful items of incredible magic, the Magnifica are often found in the possession of extremely dangerous people or users that simply do not know what they have. These items are few in number and are often the focus of protracted story campaigns, they work well as such. They can be sold at the right kind of auctions for vast sums of money, or traded by powerful beings as currency.

Miracula

Only a few items of this power level exist at any one time, they are close to drawing the attention of cosmic gods, eldritch dreamers and power-hungry cult leaders every time they are used. These items should be added to a campaign with careful consideration since they can tip the balance of power in any setting drastically.

Cosmica

Only one Cosmica power level item can exist at one time, the power they provide is too great for the fabric of the reality they are in to hold. In the case of this book, *Delgado's Orrery* is one such item. It has the power to realign the planets and to move them in their orbit. A Cosmica item is never found as part of a collection, or just hap-hazard in the world. A Cosmica item should be the focus of a whole story arc, a complete campaign and with our Orrery, the stakes are high indeed.

MINA, OR MINOR ITEMS & CANTRIPS

Throughout history there have been tales of wondrous items that change the fate of nations. Some of these items are wielded by heroes although, in truth, merely possessing these items has conferred legendary status upon these individuals rather than possessing any prowess. What is little known are the many oft forgotten tales of those minor items that seem to have some magical facet that defies logic and the laws of reality as we know them.

They outnumber the more miraculous items by a good margin but are also those items that are most forgotten about and left in cellars, landfills, and the dusty corners of long closed antique shops. While they will never decay, they may never again see the light of day unless stumbled on by some inquisitive investigator or hardened adventurer.

While their magical effect may be quite minor, as their classification suggests, in the right hands and with the right observer these items can seem miraculous. A person with a confident grasp on reality can find themselves questioning everything they know when faced with even the most minor magical artefact. While some may marvel yet assign it to a science they do not understand yet, others may fall into a pit of despair once they realise that all they know is called into question.

For example, a spy is captured and interrogated using *Kruschov's Lamp* (page 74). Despite his iron mental will trying its hardest to resist giving truthful answers to the interrogator's questions, the answers that the interrogator seeks just tumble out of the prisoner's mouth. This has implications for the prisoner who will feel shame at having betrayed his handlers, but also his mind may snap as he realises just how little control he had over his own mind and body. Indeed, in very rare cases, the prisoner might resist so defiantly and put his body under such stress that he may suffer an embolism.

While being of Minor classification, such items can have a profound effect on the world and should not be regarded lightly.

Alard's Lens

1

This small lens, about the size of a lens that might fit inside a camera circa 1999 seems unremarkable upon first viewing, slightly scratched and a little worn around the edges. It belonged to an English gentleman, John Alard, who used it to take photographs at the bottom of his garden – photographs that appeared to show mysterious beings, or as some folk might call them – *faeries*.

Unlike the many fakes perpetrated through the ages, these photos were real and revealed the invisible beings at the bottom of his garden. Of course, as per usual, the sceptics hounded the man and cried false when his findings were published. Heartbroken that his life's work was in ruins, a laughing stock of the various communities that he was part of, Alard vanished and his camera was found in pieces next to the wreck of his car.



No one knows what happened to John Alard, many think he took his own life. But the only thing that remains of his camera is that **strange coloured lens**. The mystery of Alard's disappearance is really not something that many people looked into, and oddly, if someone does look into it they will find a trail that leads them right to the doorstep of beings that really just want to be left alone, who will do **anything to preserve their secrets** (he was actually taken below to live with his new found friends and resides there still, albeit in a much changed form).

Alard's Lens vanished from the mainstream consciousness of artifact collectors several years ago, but can now be found in a small camera shop in **Balzan, Malta**, hidden away in a junk box at the back along with all the older lenses in case a tourist breaks their lens and needs a replacement.

Canned Rope

2

Magic is one of those curious forces that can do spectacular things, and then you get a can which contains around 200 feet of extremely strong, fire-proof, chafe proof and destruction proof rope. No one is sure how or why canned rope came about; it could have been a joke between two college Thaumaturgists who were working on throw-away magical items in their spare time.



On the surface it looks like a normal tin that could contain a variety of things, from peanuts to some tomatoes or even something like tuna. The instructions, printed in very tiny print and hidden away on

the very underside of the tin, tell a different story. *"Shake three times and point away from face, aim at a stable surface, stand back and watch the magic."*

Once the user performs the simple ritual as follows **the can disgorges a 200 foot length of rope**, which shoots out with some force as the tin lid tears off. The rope is often accompanied by a loud popping sound and some of the cans can be found to contain small amounts of confetti. Apart from this the rope is normal, barring the unique effects described earlier. Canned Rope is a **reusable** item; once it has been used it can be used again providing you can squeeze the rope back in the can. Luckily, it shrinks as it's pushed back in rendering the task merely difficult rather than Herculean.

The last known can of Canned Rope was being used by a street performer in **Poole, Dorset, England**.

Silver Cat Statue

3



Somewhere in the West Midlands, UK England, there was a tiny silver cat statue, last seen in a house on Marshall Road, Willenhall. This small, beautifully carved little cat has a tiny glimmer of the magical about it. It, like many of the Mina

items has no great power to change the world – but it has changed the lives of those it touches.

This little cat statue **attracts kittens** and it does so when it is knocked over or dropped. Once the statue is removed from where it usually sits, by accident, or design (another cat) the magic activates and the little statue begins to send out tiny dreams to those in the household. These **dreams** can be quite vivid (and possibly **dangerous**) over time, even pointing the way to a new kitten in need of a home. The statue is so effective that you can go from a house of one cat, to a house of seven in a very short amount of time. What distinguishes this artefact from the millions of little cat statuettes out there in the world is the curious word “*Ulthar*” stamped on its base.

Curators, as investigators and artefact hunters are often known, will be disappointed if they search the addresses in Willenhall as the statuette was gifted to a visiting Australian some time ago. It now resides as a mere curio on a mantelpiece in Sydney.

Potter's Dice

4



Potter's Dice often appear as a set of polyhedral dice, including the famous d20 used in various board and role-playing games. On the surface the the 20-sided die seems wholly unremarkable like many of the Mina items. They are however capable of shifting the luck of the individual based on the number rolled; if it turns up odd then the person will have **bad luck** during the day – if the number rolled turns up even then their luck will be pretty **good for that day**.

The exception to the rule, and this can happen only once every year, is the roll of a natural 1 or 20. On a 1 then the person's luck will be incredibly

terrible for one day out of that year, so bad that it could mean they get a fine, or end up in an accident and in the I.C.U. with a broken pelvis.

A 20 means their luck is **great for that day**, they could end up with a windfall, a new love, winning a car in a competition that they had completely forgotten about. These dice are often found in a set along with other dice and if left too long next to untainted dice they can infect them with the same kind of luck, only in a very minor form. The dice have coined a phrase known as Potter's Luck, since it is believed that a person by that nickname was the first person to manifest the ability to transfer his luck to the very dice he rolled.

This might just be good-natured ribbing or idle rumour however by his peers.

Potter's Dice can be found in a Game Shop in Birmingham, England known as ‘Wayland's Forge’.

Jack's Box of Matches

5

Sometimes the best magical things are the simplest of things, that's pretty true for the box of matches that have Jack's Stuff scrawled on them with a thick black marker pen. They resemble an ordinary box of cheap matches, packed to the brim with thin red-tipped matchsticks and with a gritty striker down the right hand side. Jack's matches **light** on the first strike, they stay lit for a minute, and if the box gets wet, the matches will still light. Pretty handy really, and to make them even more special these matches never run out, whenever the box reaches the very last match – there is somehow another full box of matches in the morning.



This very unusual box of matches currently resides in an automated lighthouse in [Monhegan, Maine](#).

Bottle of Everdrink

6

The Bottle of Everdrink is a large glass bottle that you might find contains cola, soft drinks of all kinds and very rarely something alcoholic. The name was coined by a chess player who owned this bottle for a while, before he lost it in a drunken bet playing a match against a champion player from Korea.

The bottle can take **any liquid** poured into it and as long as that liquid is untouched for twenty four hours, the bottle will always produce that quantity of liquid each day exactly at nine pm.

The Bottle of Everdrink is quite fine as long as the bottle has soft drinks or carbonated beverage-



es within it, however, should it be filled with any kind of alcohol there is a chance the alcohol will be **turned** into a soft drink, this chance is **30%** each day that the bottle is used to store booze.

There is also another problem associated with the bottle and alcohol. There is a risk, **10%** each time the alcohol is poured, that the imbiber becomes an **alcoholic**. The Bottle of Everdrink was recently discovered in a nightclub in [Minneapolis](#) by a Curator and was frequently used by Prince before his death. Its current whereabouts are unknown but is thought to still be in the city.

Clearwater Coins

7

This coin is made of silver and it was struck in commemoration of a particular place, a tourist attraction called the Clearwater Spring. On one side it has a picture of the spring and the other side it has a minting date of 1982 and the phrase, "Clearwater Cleanses," engraved in flowing script around the circle of the coin. It feels slightly cold to the touch all of the time and leaves a very minute tingle when it touches exposed skin, sort of like a mild electrical discharge. The coin can be used at the Clearwater Spring to gain access to the various features of the site, exchanged for a gift from the gift shop, or you could hold onto it and throw it in some polluted or dirty water.

When thrown into polluted, dirty, or otherwise tainted water – no larger than a bucket – the coin's magic activates and it suffuses the liquid with a beautiful, deep orange glow. Like a sunrise be-



neath the surface. Once the glow has faded the water is perfectly **safe to drink**, all toxins removed, it is also gorgeously clear, tastes refreshing and leaves the drinker feeling completely invigorated. No one knows what makes these coins magical; perhaps it is the spring itself, or some other force at work on the site. There are only a few of these coins still in circulation, the rest have been snapped up by Curators who know exactly what kind of power these little silver miracles have. Once used, these coins become inert, mundane coins just like any others. They can be found anywhere, including the Clearwater Springs resort near **Clearwater**, British Columbia. However, the owner knows what they can do and guards his property vigilantly.

Hot Spoon

8

Sometimes it is nice to have a hot drink, especially after a hard or somewhat trying day. There is nothing quite like settling down with a hot cup of cocoa, coffee, or tea in your favourite chair. There are times though that you simply cannot micro-



wave a drink, or get a working kettle. Then an inquisitive Curator discovered a very simple magical helper in this regard. They found something called a Hot Spoon. It does exactly what one might expect it to do, simply by stirring a drink clockwise for exactly 10 turns of the spoon, the liquid is **warmed through** until it is perfectly heated for consumption.

A Hot Spoon has a slight tingle when picked up, but otherwise looks and feels like a regular common stainless steel teaspoon, unless turned 10 times clockwise in a drink – the drink begins to steam quite quickly and the spoon lets off a slight orange glow as the magic begins to work. It is possible to over stir using a Hot Spoon, in which case the drink bubbles and boils – at this point the spoon is too hot to touch and **nasty burns** can follow.

By reversing the direction of the spoon exactly the same number of times you can return the drink back to normal. There are a number of these spoons in existence, one is sitting in a staff drawer at a Burger King in **Manchester**.

Golden Songbird

9

A true marvel of both the magical and the artistic, the Golden Songbird is a fabulous creation of the 1970s. A gorgeously gilded silver cage sits around



an intricately designed golden nightingale, which moves through magical means, there are no mechanisms used within this particular device. The bird sits on a diamond perch, hanging over a mirrored disc below it. The base is covered with rubies, emeralds and diamonds in little V patterns.

The Golden Songbird has magic within it that **remembers** anything that is played in the vicinity of the bird, so that it can repeat it. From a classical piece such as the *Four Seasons*, to Metallica's "One", the Golden Songbird can replicate such music and create a stereo effect in the room, so it is as though you are there with the artist, concert or band playing right there with you.

The bird can be commanded to remember, repeat, play and function akin to an expensive stereo system – all through verbal, and in some cases, mental commands depending on the desired user functionality. The bird can also be commanded to **sing**, which will create procedurally generated soothing bird-song for as long as the owner desires.

The Golden Songbird's last known location was in the collection of a music producer, kept in his home in [Anaheim](#), California.

Self-Driving Nails

10

On the box of McAnvil's Nails there is a picture of a plank of wood, a big nail and the slogan: Nothing drives like a McAnvil Nail. They are the product of a company in Scotland and they were first established in 1962 in a small back room of tiny house. Since then they have become a popular brand of nail, exporting across the country and even abroad.

A single box of nails contains 30 nails of various sizes and they have a tiny piece of fine print that only appears when viewed in a mirror. It says, for an easier time without a hammer, shake the box

three times and take out a nail. These nails are magical; they will balance against a piece of wood and **slowly drive themselves in** until flush with the surface. No More Nails eat your heart out. It is possible to get a box of these nails in uniform sizes and in bulk. It is unknown if the company actually knows their nails are magical, or if someone there has the magical powers to enchant both nails and boxes. It may be that the nails are enchanted post creation at the factory, when they are shipped outside of the company to a warehouse elsewhere, or that the nails have always been mysteriously magical like other artefacts.

What is known is that the nails are incredibly easy to put in, and by pushing your finger against the head of the nail, willing them to be drawn out, you can remove the nails as easily as you put them in.



They have become synonymous amongst Curators with magical DIY and repairs. While these nails are rare, there were thousands of boxes shipped out before the company went bankrupt so they could literally be anywhere. Care must be taken when using these nails. A body was recently found tied to a chair in [Tel-Aviv](#) with 7 self-driving nails embedded in his **skull**.

Helping Hands

11

John Burnden was obsessed with hands; he was so obsessed with hands that he used to scour

second-hand stores, thrift stores, charity shops, markets and any other avenue to get his hands on spare shop dummy/mannequin hands. He did absolutely nothing with them; he collected them as one might collect classic cars or baseball cards.

He travelled far and wide in his search for hands, until he stumbled on a rather exquisite pair of marble hands on a market stall in Cairo. After some haggling he managed to buy them, they were the crowning achievement of his collection. Said to come from a famous statue somewhere in Greece – why they ended up in Cairo is anyone's guess, but John did not question the sales patter – he just fell in love with those exquisite grey/white hands. He took them back to his artist's loft in Quebec and installed them as the pride of his collection.

John was a rational man, he did not believe in ghosts, or karma, or astral projection, or any kind of magic. What happened next, when the hands were left to their own devices pretty much shook his faith in a big way.



John was working on putting up a few new shelves, a simple, mundane task that would normally only last half an hour at most. This simplest of tasks was complicated by the instructions, the fact that it needed more than one person to help align the shelving, and he had a stinking cold. John was not having a good day, and it was about to get worse. He slipped and dropped his screwdriver, the shelf was now held in his hands as he struggled to get

the tool from the floor with his foot. He got it, just as he lost his grip on the shelf and watched as it tumbled toward him.

The wooden shelf never reached John; it was intercepted by a pair of floating, animate marble hands. They held the shelf in place so that John could escape and kept it there. John was dumbfounded, his mind reeled at the whole concept and he passed out. When he awoke he found that the shelving unit had been assembled, the screwdriver was back in the toolbox and the hands were on the old shelf where he had left them.

This was not the only incident in John's life since owning the hands. Anyone who owns the Helping Hands will find that **the hands animate** if the owner desires help, performing mundane tasks, helping to hold things in place, Hoovering the house from top to bottom, dusting and all the good stuff. They can stir paint, help flip things when cooking and perform all sorts of tasks for the owner. The hands cannot be commanded to break the law however, they will not help you steal, or murder, or even harm anyone whatsoever.

Contrary to Curator common knowledge, John no longer has the hands and they now form part of **Koshima Kiri's collection** in **Tokyo, Japan**, in an installation titled: Hands of Time. John has been missing from his Montreal loft for 8 months with no clue as to his whereabouts.

Aerated Chewing Gum

12

A pack of Bubble 'O' chewing gum comes in several flavours, from strawberry, banana, grape, apple, and mango flavour. It has a bright, fun and friendly packet design. It also has 8 sticks of pretty delicious gum inside. Normally you get nothing special with a pack of this gum, but there are packs out there that contain a new flavour: Fresh Ocean Tang.



These are the packs that you want to look out for, no one knows exactly why, or who might be enchanting the gum – but whatever they do to it transforms the chewing gum into a magical treat that can **allow a diver to breathe** without an oxygen tank for up to **6 hours**. The gum does not stave off the effects of decompression, or allow the diver to explore beyond the tolerances that are built up naturally by the human body against the water pressure. No one is sure how the gum works either, but water does not enter the mouth whilst the diver chews and even if the gum is spat out after the first minute or so of chewing, the effect still lasts for 6 hours. The gum **does not protect** against the temperature of the water either, so diving in water that is too cold or hot, is still going to cause harm. Whilst the primary use seems to be aiding underwater exploration, the gum can also allow a person to operate in an airless room, a room full of gas or even in an airborne biohazard as long as the agent's method of infection is oral.

There are special packs of this gum that allow the chewer to operate for longer periods of time, thus proving that whoever is enchanting these packs knows exactly what they are doing. These packs are marked with a silver strip along the top long-edge of the packet and last up to **12 hours**, doubling the effective operational time of the original gum. Of late packs of gum have started to appear with no flavours and no artificial colours or sweeteners. There is definitely a corporate mind behind the design. This gum is hard to find in the United States and only found outside the U.S. in a few of those U.S. candy **import stores** in larger cities.

Ruth's Handbag

13

Amongst the ladies of the world, there is a secret, an offhand comment made by many of them that it is possible to fit a lot in their handbags. If you have ever seen a woman's handbag, they have a certain 'relative dimension' to them, seemingly full of a maddening array of things – if you live with an artist, you can expect to find pencil sharpeners, scalpels and pens within the depths along with their lipstick, powder, paints and of course credit cards. Some ladies joke that they have bottomless handbags.

For Ruth Croydon that particular joke struck home with a great degree of accuracy. When in her local antique market in Tarporley, Cheshire she spotted a lovely 1950's ladies handbag, a beautiful thing, marked as half-off and jumped at the chance to replace her ailing faux-leather affair with a fraying strap.



Twenty pounds later and Ruth was the happy owner of her new light blue masterpiece. From that point on, she and the bag were inseparable. Over time she put a lot of things into it, and the amazing thing was that **no matter what she put in, she was always able to get the item right out** without spending half an hour fishing around inside the bag, or dumping the contents on the table. In fact, the one day when she did dump the contents on the table, a near-endless stream of objects came tumbling out, including things that she never remembered putting into the bag in the first place.

Of course, she was not the first owner of the item. Ruth inherited a silver cigar case from around 1957, a beautiful pear-inlaid compact from 1967 and a dozen other items that really should not have come rolling out of the bag. She found out that she could put a lot of things in there and always get what she wanted. Of course, there were some caveats; she could not hide a baseball bat in there, which was the closest thing she had to hand at the time. Smaller objects would fit inside no problem, as long as they would originally fit in the available space and between the flaps of the bag.

A 9mm pistol would fit for example, but an AK47 would not. Ruth's Handbag (as it is now known) has a **near-limitless storage capacity** for small items as per the magic cast into it. No one knows exactly when the bag was enchanted, or who the first owner was – though through some research it is possible to work out that the bag first surfaced in 1951 in the possession of a Polish woman called Agnieszka. The Handbag can store small items within the dimensional magic, bringing them to hand when the owner wishes – they appear at their fingertips, negating the need to ferret around inside the bag and try and get the right item. Considering just how much the bag must have stored over time, this would be a lottery if the magic did not accommodate for such circumstances.

Whilst the bag can store a great number of things inside it, there is a limit to how long those items

remain accessible to the new owner of the bag. 5 years is how long the bag will keep the previous items accessible. Of course, if the new owner dumps the contents of the bag then the old items once placed back into the bag now count as part of the new owner's collection.

Ruth's body was discovered in a Shropshire ditch in 2014 after being hit, at speed, by a black car of some description (judging by flecks of paint at the scene). Her bag was missing.

It now resides in a Curator's collection in Lincoln, England. If it is ever found by the authorities by August 2019, Ruth's possessions in the bag might incriminate the holder.

Anywhere Window

14

The Anywhere Window does not appear as a typical window, it usually appears to be a circle, rectangle or square of carved wood. It is as though someone had created a window frame for the glass, but not bothered to cut out the space where the window should go. The Anywhere Window tends to appear in salvage yards or on rubbish heaps, discarded or forgotten.

This is a true shame, because beyond the crude design and frame lies a magic power that can **pierce solid objects** and create a window to see beyond any thickness of wall or even door. There are rumours that these windows used to belong to a house that was inhabited by a powerful Curator. When the house was knocked down after the Curator died, the workmen found the window frames virtually intact, but as they had no glass in them, the workers threw a bunch of them away in a skip.

The first owner of such a window was Ted Hadling who, whilst passing in his car (with attached trailer) 'borrowed' a few because he liked the simple, pleasant designs. He picked up three of the magic frames, but only one of them was functional.



The Anywhere Window adheres to any solid surface of any material, any thickness and creates a window that allows the viewer to look through to the other side. Once attached it cannot be removed unless the wall or surface is destroyed. The window is not one way, so a corresponding window appears on the other side of the surface and allows those on that side to look back. Hence it cannot be used for covert surveillance.

The window is completely unbreakable whilst in situ, cannot be damaged by mundane means and will self-repair if at all damaged/broken by magical methods like most artefacts. There is a small danger (5%) that, when affixing the window, the magic malfunctions and creates a portal instead. These portals are always two-way and often lead to unexpected places and dangers. Rumour has it that a malevolent being created a flaw in the windows when they were created.

Other rumours persist that the windows were created in 1946 to provide an outside view through thick walls, where it would normally be impossible to place windows. In theory it would be possible to stick the windows to the inside wall of a secret base in a mountain, though people might question the sudden appearance of a window in the rock. A carpenter's warehouse in [Thessalonica](#), Greece has a wide variety of these very special windows. The owner has yet to discover their unique properties.

Warming Plates

15

These simple plates look to come from around 1970 or thereabouts, their designs feature a nice

blue patterning that runs around the edges of the plate. They are made from creamy white and blue Wedgwood bone china and even have the authentic stamp on the base of the plate.

They are also magical and give off a very slight tingle when touched. The plates have a simple magic that allows them to **keep hot food warm**, so it never grows cold and it's always kept at the right temperature to keep it nice and tasty. The plates are always sold in pairs and they retail for the same price as other exclusive plates normally would, since very few people know these variant plates have magic placed upon them.



A pair of Warming Plates was last seen in a private pottery collector's prize collection, recently shown off at a Wedgwood Exhibition in [London](#), England.

Twin-Speak Bracelets

16

These were the property of the twins, Jane and Lucy Lavaux. They are a pair of bronze and yellow gold adjustable bangles, or bracelets sold to help combat arthritic pain by the use of neodymium magnets – made in a twisted design with several layers of bronze wrapped together to create a rope-like effect, these bracelets are nice looking and functional at the same time. They are also endowed with a magical effect that lets the own-

ers **communicate over vast distances**, speaking as though they are in the same room as each other. The wearer must project their voice onto the surface of the bracelet at all times, speaking loudly and clearly. This often causes some odd looks unless done in private or holding a mobile phone and pretending to use it.



Jane and Lucy were close twins and so the bracelets were very important to the pair of them, unfortunately a car accident robbed Lucy of her twin and after hearing Jane's **voice** from the other bracelet calling out to her, she sold them on and tried to forget them. The bracelets surfaced in the collection of a media mogul some time later and then vanished, again, he sold them on when he heard voices coming from one. Finally they appeared in the shop window of an antique shop in Surrey, England.

They were bought by a pair of young girls, best friends, who wanted a symbol of friendship. The girls found that the bracelets were amazing and as long as they put them on and spoke into them, they could hear each other no matter where they were. Rather than being scared of this, they embraced it fully and decided to keep them well into adulthood. In many ways they echoed the same aspects of Jane and Lucy, yet they never encountered Jane's disembodied voice as long as they owned the bracelets. Amy and Farah are very careful with the bracelets; they do not use them in public and only use them in the privacy of their homes, or hotels, depending. They know the kind of magic that these bracelets have and that they would be a prime target for thieves if they ever let their powers be shown to anyone publicly. There is a small

10% chance that the bracelets can interact with the underworld, or whatever kind of land spirits reside in, in which case the wearer will hear the voices of the dead coming through the bracelet instead of the other wearer. It is possible to speak with the departed this way, but once you have done so, expect to be badgered by every spirit that can touch the magic of the jewelry.

The whereabouts of the Twin-Speak Bracelets are currently unknown amongst Curators, but they are still in the possession of Amy and Farah. The pair was last seen on holiday in **Sofia**, Bulgaria.

The Heart of Himalaya

17

This artefact is a beautifully crafted Himalayan Salt Lamp set on a grey stone base and carved from a single piece of salt rock. The lamp gives off a warming orange-pink glow and gently heats the air around it. The lamp does not require external power and seems to be powered by a sealed cell of some kind (it is actually a magical power source).

The light from the lamp can **drive back evil spirits** and dark magical energies. If grasped for more than 1 minute, the gentle heat of the lamp suffuses the holder for 24 hours and during that time they are **impervious to extreme cold** and any cold based effects, magical spells, mystical powers and natural cold sources. The lamp can also help cleanse a troubled mind, **reducing the effects of stress** and even help drive out a possessing spirit from a host.

There are only a handful of these magical lamps in the world. They all originate from a central source somewhere in the Himalayas and no one knows if the rock there has been suffused with magical properties, or a Himalayan Sorcerer is plying their trade. All the lamps come with the stone base and are sold in plain grey packaging within a white box. They can be obtained through various online sales sites and through the application of low-grade techno-magic, targeting the end user;

the link can appear when a user browses sites like Amazon or Ebay for lamps. The Heart of Himalaya Lamps link takes the user to a private page where they can order one, the seller requires no



money and a short questionnaire greets the user upon arrival. Unknown to them, the very site itself is magical and can evaluate the worth of a person – deciding if they require a lamp or not. If they are found worthy, then they will be emailed with instructions on how to claim their lamp, and any Sat-Nav enabled device will automatically be programmed with a destination. When the user arrives they will find a white box waiting for them in an out-of-the-way place. Inside the box there is one Heart of Himalaya Salt Crystal Lamp. These lamps are often found in storage lockers anywhere in the world, or on the shelves in houses.

Sometimes they are found in curious shops, or discovered as part of a mysterious gift package sent direct to the unsuspecting end user.

The Skin-Tone Cloth

18

This magical item appears as a normal rather nice piece of soft cloth, coloured a gentle purple and similar in many ways to a washcloth that you might find in someone's bathroom across the world.

That is where the similarity ends though, for the Skin-Tone Cloth is actually a nice artefact that has no detrimental effects whatsoever, and apart from actually functioning as a decent wash cloth that will never wear out, the cloth can do one other thing. It can **alter the skin pigmentation** of the skin that it is rubbed over.

If you want a decent tan and you do not want to pay for a terrible fake tan in a bottle, the Skin-Tone Cloth can perform that service for you. By way of mental visualisation the cloth's magical effects are applied evenly across the skin, allowing the washer to achieve a perfect covering that will only revert when the cloth is reversed, dried and rubbed a few times over their body.



The cloth can also change the colour of your skin. Want a mahogany shade? You can do that. Want to be more daring and shocking, how about blue skin without the need for body paint, or pink, or any colour that you can visualise? That is exactly what the Skin-Tone Cloth can do for you.

Skin-Tone Cloths are quite rare but are often found mixed in exotic backstreet boutiques and shops where hippy throws and fragrance sticks are stocked.

Several of these cloths are stored in the small boutique known as 'Lee Louise' on Foregate Street, **Chester**. It is a well known fact among Curators but, for some reason, no one tries to steal them (they are used by the shop and are not for sale).

It is quite possible they are guarded by a fellow Curator with hidden talents and others have thought better of an attempt at thievery.

MINORA, OR ITEMS OF EVERYDAY POWER

Among adventurers, investigators, and some Curators, Minora are considered great boons and treasures if found. Yes, they'll still want Minora items but those who find Minora are considered blessed or talented. For inexperienced Curators and mages, Minora are as best as they can hope for. Anything more powerful tends to rest in the hands of truly powerful or resourceful Curators. If someone of little experience says they have uncovered Media then they are likely to be disbelieved.

That's not to say it can't happen, but Mages and Curators of greater power usually swoop in and take it from the novice Curator. Minora are powerful items and can usually be encountered by starting player-characters after a reasonable amount of investigation. Their gifting should not be done lightly and the players should feel as though they have accomplished something worthy.

Janie's Magic Torch

19

Jane Pearce was an experienced caver, potholer and all around adventurous wilderness gal type. She even had medals for cross-country endurance walking, orienteering and map reading. She also never went anywhere, day or night, without her trusty hefty torch made from galvanised rubber



and with a selectable lens aperture. You could cut the clouds with the light from that torch, in fact you could shine that torch up into the sky and illuminate above you for **hundreds of feet**. It was bright, and it was extremely long-lasting.

Jane never really had to change the batteries, so she assumed it was one of those torches that kept on going – powered by kinetic energy.

Whilst camping near Cannock Chase in England, Jane heard a scream and she leapt out of her tent to investigate. She shone the torch around to try and find the source of the noise, noting that oddly, the torch beam was weaker in some places and extremely bright in one direction.

She did not know it at the time, but the torch always had the brightest beam when it was pointing in the direction when she was trying to **find something**, or **someone**. Many times the torch had led her out of a deep dark cave when she had lost her way.

The torch led her to a guy who had fallen into a hole whilst exploring nearby woods. She was able to get the man some help and saved his life. Janie took her torch with her when she moved to **Fort William** in the Scottish Highlands to be with her internet beau.

The Harmony Harmonica

20

The Harmony Harmonica is a good example of magic that comes forth in music, not only from the magic of the spells that made the instrument – but from the design and aesthetics of the piece itself. Gilded in gold, with inlays of silver and ivory, this harmonica was designed by master craftsmen and built by the same. It features a large backbone of creamy-white ivory over which is inset the tra-



ditional Dove of Peace symbol made of sterling silver. It produces a clear set of notes and is extremely melodious in the hands of a skilled player. It has a peculiar trait as well; it has a **calming effect** on anyone who hears it, humanoid or animal. It can stop riots and bring an end to violent fights. It is as if the very music itself latches onto the soul of the listener, calms it, calms them and replaces all their anger with peaceful thoughts and reflective musings.

As long as the listener hears the music for over **30 minutes** all thoughts of what they were doing before are gone, if they were involved in a brutal fist fight, they are drawn instead to trying to settle their differences peacefully. The music is then no longer needed.

It is said that the harmonica has been used numerous times in the past to quell great disturbances and to bring peace to people who normally would continue to fight. It also makes a really good mu-

sical instrument in its own right. The harmonica's current whereabouts place the item in the collection of a Country Music star, somewhere in **Denver**.

Professor Marvo's Mysterious Coin

21

Welcome, welcome, come one, come all. Welcome to Professor Marvo's Magnificent Mysterious and Macabre Show! That is the tagline and the crowd-pleasing banter that Professor Marvo opens his show with. Born Peter Norris, Professor Marvo is a stage hypnotist with a gift for larceny.

Marvo uses a coin as his focus for his act, and it is this very coin that has a strange power which allows the man to hypnotise his victims. When he repeats the phrase, "Stare into the silver of Marvo." The coin activates and allows the man to **influence**

the person who looks at the spinning coin. Note, the coin will not allow the person to act contrary to their nature, nor can it command another to kill or cause physical harm to anyone or anything else. What the coin can do is trigger the individual on a hidden subconscious level, putting a mental command into their psyche. Marvo uses this to amass himself a small fortune, because whilst the crowd are laughing and smiling at the poor sap that is being made to cluck like a chicken, behind the showman's voice is another command.

“Bring me the Reece Diamond that resides in the Burgendorf Collection”.

The compulsion is strong and the victim must do as the coin's user commands. A few days later or weeks, the victim delivers the stolen goods to the professor and then forgets all about what they did. If they are caught, they can defy a polygraph lie-detector test quite easily, because in their mind, they never actually stole anything. They also find it hard to remember details about the professor, or his show.



The coin desires wealth, so it places a compulsion on the user to amass as much as they can.

The Mysterious Coin is currently in the hands of Professor Marvo himself, awaiting the next unsuspecting victim. He is currently on tour in the U.S.

and about to play the Huntington Beach Playhouse in Southern California which will be packed to the rafters. It will be a profitable time for the professor.

The Ghost Candle

22

The ghost candle resembles an ordinary candle save that the wick is tinted with silver and there are angular rune-like carvings etched into the wax. The candle is burnt for an hour in a darkened room and at the end of that time period it summons the spirit of a person that the user has been thinking of. If the candle is burnt on the anniversary of that person's passing, the spirit can take flesh once more for as long as the candle burns, returning to the spirit world once the candle has burnt out.

Only one such candle can ever be burnt at one time, if another ghost candle is used then the spirit



can only manifest for communication purposes and never attain flesh again.

Some spirits have been known to **trick the living** into using a ghost candle to allow them one more night of ghastly wrongdoing. Such was the case of a serial killer who pretended to be the ghost of a former lover. Once he was allowed to manifest he immediately struck and bludgeoned the summoner to death with the brass candlestick that was used to hold his candle. It allowed him to commit one more act, because the moment the candle went out the spirit was wrenched back to the underworld once more. For some evil spirits, that last act is perfect.

The candle was last seen in the possession of a woman from **New Orleans**, right before Mardi Gras in 2016.

Inga's Compact

23

Somewhere in someone's makeup bag you will find Inga's Compact, a small ladies compact roughly the size of a modern pack of cigarettes. Made from what appears to be onyx and fitted with a beautiful rectangular mirror, a dark wood interior, and on the outside of the box an inscription reads,

"To my darling Inga, may your beauty never fade as long as you live, and may you always look as stunning as the day I first met you. Max."



Inside the compact is an long obsidian handled makeup brush with tiny bristles, and of course a generous helping of pristine eye-shadow powder.

What does the compact do? It takes away the ravages of time and age, or that is what it appears to do. The truth is that the compact does no such thing directly, what it does is appear to take away the signs of aging. It makes you look and feel as young as you want to think you are. What really happens is that an **illusion of youth** is granted to you, and is seen by anyone who looks upon you.

It does not prevent your body from aging at all, and it simply **tricks** you into thinking it does. Inga's Compact was a double-edged sword, a gift from a spurned lover. Whilst on one hand he gave her eternal youth, he also tricked her into thinking she would live for ever. On her death bed she still saw herself as she did when she was twenty, so did her friends. It was only after her death that the illusion shattered and her true age of 98 was revealed.

Those who are somewhat cannier may work out what is actually going on, when they look 30, but feel around 100.

Inga's Compact can be found lurking at the bottom of Gina Grissom's makeup bag. Gina often frequents **Las Vegas** and spends time watching shows there and hitting all the famous clubs on the Strip. She is 55 but looks 23.

The Best Button or Cinderella's Token

24

No one really knows how this button came about, or where it came from, like many of the things in this tome the Best Button is a mystery. It is a rather unassuming shiny black button made out of tough plastic; it does not even give any sign that it might be magical. Yet it is, and when stitched to a piece of apparel, male or female, it **makes that clothing**

look spectacular. You can have the shabbiest dress made out of a sack and once you put the button on it somewhere it transforms the garment, it goes from zero to hero in a few seconds. This is also not an illusion; this is real as long as the button remains affixed to the clothing in question. If the connection with the button is a strong one, say that it has been in a person's possession for years and they are rather fond of it – the button manifests the person's fashion desire as well, allowing the garment to conform to their dream design.

It might also work if the button is attached to the same garment over and over again, and **reattached** when it falls off.



The Best Button is currently stitched onto a teddy bear, belonging to Lisa Farrant. Mister Gluenose has the best bright blue jacket ever.

Mister Gluenose also lives in [Muskegon, MI](#).

The Senator's Pastime

25

The Smoke that Reveals is one of those magical things that does not last and has a finite number of uses, a packet of medium-sized cigarettes in a pretty box with a fancy logo to top it off. The design of the box might have a Westernised theme, or appear Eastern, such as a Chinese Dragon.

Usually in red and gold when appearing in the dragon type of packet, the Senator's Pastime has a slight smell of opium and a tang of the forbidden about it.



When in the more Western form, the smoke is headier and has a stalwart smell, a slightly woody aftertaste – almost as if one had smoked a cigar rather than a cigarette. The smoke that the cigarettes produce is capable of imbuing the smoker with the **power to sense the intent** of those around them.

The more you smoke the cigarettes in the pack, the better the ability becomes and the more you can focus down on one thought rather than an incessant gabble of mental chatter, such as a specific hostile intent which could drive some of the weaker minds **mad** as they try and comprehend so many gibbering minds at once.

It is rumoured that a certain Russian interrogator for the KGB had a packet of these cigarettes; he would sit and smoke them opposite the prisoner,

say nothing and then write down everything he learned. His career lasted as long as it took him to smoke the pack.

A packet of these cigarettes can be found in the glove box of an old 1970's Ford, locked away in a shed in [Leipzig](#), Germany and with the Gatecrashers.

Tam Thacker's Stool

26

Tam Thacker's Stool has a bit of a story to it, it appears to be a regular bar stool, made of beautiful wood and slightly rough around the edges. It is a real piece of bar history, found on a tip by Tam in 1969, apparently carved by hand and used for many years, it seemed to be cut from a piece of the Wandering Tree, a bit of an urban folk legend in Tam's town where he grew up near County Derry. The legend has it that the Wandering Tree could get up and move from place to place, usually



during the night, settling again for the morning and always where the best sun could be found.

Old Tam kept that stool for a long time, when he got older he thought about getting a new one, but it was always where he wanted it and it was still as comfortable as the day he first sat down on the old thing. It just needed a little bit of restoration, a little bit of wood varnish.

Tam died before he could finish his final restoration of the stool and when they sold his things off, since he had no next of kin, the stool went to a pub in Cornwall. Here the stool remains to this day, [moving around on its own](#) and always where it might be needed the most. If someone really needs a seat, [Tam's stool is right there just when they want it.](#)

Tam's stool moves around on its own, some folk claim to have heard it walking ungainly back and forth as though pacing about the room. It can choose to move when someone's sitting on it, but prefers to move when no one's looking. Just like the original Wandering Tree that it's cut from.

Tam Thacker's Stool can be found at the Trefusis Arms in [Redruth](#), Cornwall.

Echo Paper

(Formerly Accu-Paper)

27

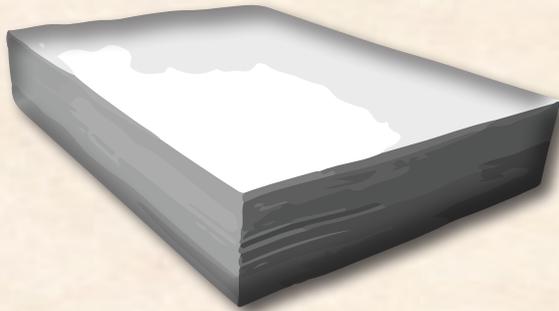
What appears to be a simple and clean ream of US Letter sized paper is something rather special, bound in a very effective little package with the word: Echo Paper Company written on the outer cardboard sheath. It is hard to determine when the paper was first discovered, or the properties were discerned, but sometime in 1987 the first ream of paper launched to quite a fanfare in the corporate world.

It was marketed as delivering an accurate copy, time after time and so resilient that it could actu-

ally survive photocopier roller jams. Needless to say the slogans were not misplaced; Accu Paper is hardy stuff and would rather destroy a photocopy machine than be shredded by a malfunction.

At some point between 1987 and 2001 the paper (made from a particular type of tree, a tree that remains a secret) was used for various art projects. It was during this time that someone who was drawing a small bird surrounded by ivy leaves discovered a curious thing.

What she drew on the one sheet appeared on another sheet she had been doodling on earlier. She took a sheet, drew a little x on the first sheet, took another and began to draw on that – the same thing happened. What she drew on sheet 2 appeared on sheet 1 as an echo of what she had just put to paper.



Amelia Granger Allen was the first person to discover the property of the paper and very quickly hid that discovery; she was terrified of magic and thought the paper possessed by some vengeful or malicious spirit. Later down the line another person discovered the paper's properties, Mister M.J.Hammond, a banker by trade, and soon to be the wealthiest man in his circle of bankers.

M.J. (Miles Jackson) Hammond was quick to throw all sorts of legal things onto this marvelous paper, he made a generous offer and bought out Accu Paper and established his own brand, Echo.

Now Echo paper was marketed just the same as Accu Paper, save for in certain circles where it

became a good way to send messages over long distances which did not require radio or other signals to achieve. Echo paper gained traction in special operations, spy organisations and anyone who needed to send a clandestine message to their contact. It was removed from public use in 2001, and M.J disappeared very soon after, possibly a victim to his clandestine customers.

Echo paper can replicate what is drawn or written on sheet 1 to sheet 2 or vice-a-versa, no one truly knows how it works – but it does.

Curators whisper about a huge store of Echo paper residing in a back room of a Masonic Lodge in [Bartow, Florida](#).

Elsewhere Book

28

The Elsewhere Book is a rather large, leather-bound, gorgeous brown coloured tome covered in intricate designs and whorls embossed into the leather itself. Under the right lighting conditions it almost seems as if the book is covered with dragon skin, but that could just be a fanciful imagination working overtime.

After the ornate gargoyle-like latch is unlocked, the book opens to reveal an incredible level of skill and craftsmanship. Illuminated pages are picked out with gold leaf lettering; sumptuously illustrated interiors are complimented by beautiful vellum. Even though the book is no more than ten or so years old, it looks much older as if it has come from another world entirely – one populated by stories of ghosts, goblins, ghouls, trolls and heroic maidens who rescue princes from things bigger than dragons.

When you look at these illustrations, they show a myriad of different worlds and stories. They are tales of magic and mystery akin to the great faery stories written by masters such as the Brothers Grimm, sometimes dark, sometimes tearful but always magical!

It takes an observant eye, but there are times when the artworks in this book change – alter and the scene shifts. It is never whilst the reader is looking, but usually when the book has been put back on the shelf for a while and the reader returns a few days later. The scene may have changed very little, perhaps a horse is in a slightly different place, or the scene might have dramatically altered to show a once sleepy village in a different way, perhaps it is now on fire or besieged by monsters.

After you have spent a few days with the book, it begins to attune to you, infecting your dreams and you start to obsess about it, about the stories inside. You start to see things in the art that you missed before, clues and more importantly glyphs that appear transparent in the images, usually over important parts of the text.



Now the magic begins to take hold. After a week of reading the book, you start to see those glyphs more clearly – they become solid and you will begin to hear sounds that emanate from the book. Spend two weeks reading it and you cannot put it down; the book draws you in and makes you want to touch one of those glyphs. Once you place your finger over one of the patterns – the magic activates and you are **drawn into the book** and the stories within, you become a character in these diverse and incredible worlds – taking up any skills that character might have and suddenly being able

to take part in wild and amazing adventures. There is very little real danger to you inside the various stories, the magic is designed to protect the reader and allow them to experience the mystery and terror that these tales have in store without putting their life on the line. Unless of course something goes very wrong – in this case, the magic cannot protect you and you are drawn into these other worlds – subject to **great peril**. If you die in the story, you die for real.

The book allows the reader to experience a myriad of stories within the pages; each one is created in a self-contained pocket dimension and provides no danger to anyone outside of the story itself. With the book functioning normally it can be entered and exited freely, with the knowledge of how to leave and return appearing in the mind of the reader.

If the book has somehow gone wrong, such as someone on the outside attempting to destroy it or the ‘reader’, it makes a dangerous trap and has lured many poor souls to their imminent demise within the many worlds inside it.

The Elsewhere Book is currently to be found in a Library in [Paris](#), in the fiction section.

Daredevil Gloves

29

Katie ‘Speeder’ Long was obsessed with going faster and faster, all her life she wanted nothing more than to drive like they do in the movies. So she looked into how to become a stuntwoman in the film industry, starting with TV and working her way up. She trained long and hard, pushed her body to the edge of physical endurance and learnt to do all the important things – how to fight, how to fall properly and how to fly and drive a variety of vehicles.

It was not long before Katie was in demand by some big TV and film studios, working with the

best in the business. Yet, she always wanted to go faster and further. She found the Daredevil Gloves in the back room of a film set, no one claimed them and these black and red gloves were pretty neat looking. She asked the studio head if they belonged to anyone, but no one would give her a straight answer.

So she kept them, she thought that if the owner turned up she could just give them back. No one claimed the gloves and so they passed into her costume collection, she wore them when she could to all the films and TV shows she worked on.



They suited her and her work-load doubled. One day she took the gloves out of the studio when she went for a drive in her Charger. Katie did not remember much of that trip, except for the speed that she was able to get out of the Dodge on the open road. Every bump, every curve, every single aspect of that breakneck ride through the countryside excited her and she could react to the slightest change in the road surface.

She wove through hazards as though they were

mist. The faster she went, the better she drove, the clearer she saw. The car performed better too. What Katie did not know was buried deep in those patent leather red and black driving gloves was magic, magic that synced her with a vehicle more than ever before. Magic that let her *drive like a daredevil*, doing stunts that no other driver could manage and taking her car well beyond the speed limit of the vehicle.

It was like someone had tuned the Dodge, took off any speed limiter and allowed the car to push more horsepower than was possible. Yet with the gloves on, she could keep that car on the road and react faster than she had ever done.

Her career soared and Katie became one of the best in the business, as long as she wore those gloves. Katie still has those gloves but now won't take them off and gets extremely violent if anyone attempts to do so. She sleeps in a corner of the living room in her large house and hasn't seen anyone or even been out for weeks. Katie and her home is a mess and because her mind is now racing faster than her Charger, she has little ability to concentrate on anyone. While her family are considering an intervention, there is a small window where Katie after she is committed to an institution before her house is sold, along with the gloves (if the family or police managed to remove them).

Katie lives in [Columbus](#), Ohio.

Stone Dogs of Rho

30

The Stone Dogs of Rho were carved around 1991 and made from a hefty block of sturdy grey-blue granite. They resemble fantastic-looking large hulking dog-like guardian beasts, similar to temple guardian statues that are often found in China or Tibet. The rightmost statue is smaller than her cousin, the leftmost statue and both have a strange blue tint to the stone of their eye sockets that shine with a vibrant light at the equinox.

They are often found outside, usually in a big garden or somewhere where the five foot tall statues can look even more impressive. The rightmost hound prefers water features, whilst the leftmost is more at home near lanterns or anything to do with fire.

When placed in a garden, they will gravitate toward the element that they are most attuned to. So no matter where they are initially placed, they will mysteriously move without the owner seeing them until they are either close to water or fire.

If neither of those elements is present then the Stone Dogs of Rho will position themselves close to the entrance to their master's abode.



Not all Stone Dogs are enchanted of course, but those that are have been bonded with a unique guardian spirit. The energy of the left statue is male, and the energy of the right statue is female – this is also echoed in the design, since the artisans have made the female statue slender and slightly smaller, whilst the male statue looks stern and is slightly larger. When no one is looking the statues *come to life*, they patrol their master's grounds and hunt both mortal and spirit beings who dare to trespass into their master's domain. They can also gauge the type of interloper they are dealing

with, so their response differs based on who has broken into the property or wandered into the garden. Someone taking shelter from the elements in the master's garden shed is likely to be somewhat *protected* by the pair, rather than shoved out into the cold. But a thief, intent on taking things from their master will find a *less than cordial* welcome given by the Stone Dogs of Rho.

The left statue spits *fire* from the mouth.
The right statue spits *water*.

The most well-known of these, amongst Curators at least, is in the garden of a wealthy businessman in *Hong Kong*.

The Last Arrow

31

The Last Arrow resembles the kind of arrow you might find sold in any sports store that deals with archery. A long thin shaft, expertly made fletching and a tapering point for use in competition archery. Tiny runes run down the shaft, just hidden against the thin hollow metal. You will not find the Last Arrow in one of these stores though, since the magic in the arrow is fairly rare and the item itself tends to turn up in the most unlikely of places. One of the Last Arrows was found in a child's bedroom next to a small wooden bow, stuffed into a quiver of sucker-tipped arrows.

Another was found stuck in the body of a deer in a national park, confiscated by the police and later stolen from evidence by an unknown thief. A third was found in a competition archer's quiver and it went on to win her several gold medals.

The Last Arrow is a mystery, no Curator actually knows how this particular projectile has become enchanted, and up till now, no one has been able to replicate the spell that provides the arrow with its unique attributes.

The magic on the Last Arrow may seem mundane

but it is actually fairly powerful and quite complex in terms of spells. On the surface, the arrow is able to **replicate** itself and produces an infinite number of clones as long as it is the last arrow in the quiver. The magic will not work if the arrow is fired as the **first** of a volley, it must be the final arrow to be picked from the archer's quiver.

If that is the case, then the archer will always find another arrow ready to fly beneath their fingers. It is a good indicator of someone who knows what the arrow can do, if they only seem to have one arrow left in their quiver or you encounter them with just one arrow in there. Chances are, that arrow is the Last Arrow.

The Last Arrow can be found in the quiver of an assassin who operates out of **St. Petersburg**, and who goes by the nom-de-guerre '**The Baltic Archer**'.

Long-Jump Raybans

32

Ray Bans are not exactly what you might associate with magical glasses, high-priced and in some cases over-hyped – yes, but magical glasses, no. Long-Jump Raybans are pretty unique as far as magical sunglasses go, not only do they block harmful rays but they allow for a limited form of **teleportation** up to 5 miles away as long as you have a line of sight to the target. In other words, if you can look at it, you can jump to it. This includes being able to view a location via a closed circuit camera, drone or other means. As long as you can see the destination in the glasses you can teleport to it in the blink of an eye.

The magic that runs through the glasses is also sentient in a way, it knows if a destination is dan-



gerous or impossible to get to. In that case, the user's **warned** with a gentle sensation akin to a mild headache for a few seconds. This can be similar to eye-strain symptoms and often accompanied with a mental flash of the danger in question.

Note: this does **not** work against dangers such as hidden assailants with weapons, or a firing squad waiting in the room for anyone to come barging in through the door. In this case the glasses will allow the user to port right into peril.

There are rumoured to be variants of the glasses that allow for longer distances, and apparently there was a pair that may have ended up on the moon when the user foolishly used them before the safeguards were placed on the magic. In that case it was briefly one small glance for man, before the poor fellow ended up in an airless environment without a space suit. The Rayban's current location are unknown, though they were in the possession of a talented stunt pilot for a number of years before they vanished.

Screaming Choker

33

Margot Wells was someone who was fascinated with costume jewelery and jewelery in general. She especially adored things like necklaces and chokers; one particular choker in particular was

her favourite. It was made in 1973 and featured a beautiful design of a lattice necklace made of onyx, from which a bright red stone, probably made of simple glass, dangled.



Margot loved the choker though and wore it everywhere she went, parties, soirées, re-enactments, concerts and you name it. Margot was a child of the 1940's trapped in the 2010's. You could find her at murder mysteries and events all across the globe, if it had a 40's theme and she could get to it, she was there.

She was also a singer, with a voice that took her places too. She started out with karaoke and music games, but very quickly dropped all that in favour of proper voice training and singing lessons. She sang, always with her choker around her neck.

One night she was on her way back with a friend, they were accosted by a thug with a knife, her gentleman friend was cut quite badly and when they came for Margot she screamed at the top of her lungs.

Every light, window, glass object and the thug's eardrums shattered within a 50 foot radius. The man was blown backwards, through a car windscreen and his bones were broken in hundreds of places.

The choker's magic was unleashed that night, a **sonic assault** that forever changed the woman's life as she realised what kind of power the choker around her neck held. She had a friend who was

always being bullied, picked on and even assaulted by the people around them, men and women; it was a sorry state of affairs. So Margot did what any person would do when given such power – she gave the choker to her friend and told them to scream loudly at the next person who hurt them.

So they did. The choker's magic activated once again and the three bullies were put in hospital. It was decided from that point on that they would share the choker and only use its power if they felt threatened. For a brief moment Margot did entertain a mask and outfit, to become a hero from some of her favourite comic books.

But she also realised that the kind of power the choker gave her could catch innocents in the crossfire.

The Choker is currently wrapped around the throat of a jewellery mannequin in an upper-class [Capetown Jewelers](#). How it got there is unknown.

Rick's Bracers

34

Rick Swann, a man who really loves Heavy Metal music inherited these bracelets in 2013, after someone gave them to him for a case of beer. Rick liked the old tatty black leather, three metal rings attached to the thick bracer by a thin strip of leath-



er, and just the whole 80's metal vibe of the pieces. It could have belonged to a star like Ozzy, or anyone like him.

Rick wore them everywhere he went, because it made him feel pretty kick-ass. Not as though Rick was not a badass to begin with, since he was built on the canon that many folks would call heroic. Square-jawed, even though that jaw was covered with a beard that you could nest birds in.

He had been a soldier in a couple of campaigns, left the army after he had paid his dues and came out with shrapnel lodged in his left knee. That did not stop him, no, not Rick. He still did everything that he would have done when he was younger – including wading into situations that were really none of his business.

That is how Rick found out about the bracers and what it could do. He stepped in to help a friend and his family when they were being accosted by racist thugs. It started out as the usual push and shove fight outside a Mini-Mart, but then it exploded into something worse – Rick saw the knife come out and instinctively shoved his friend out of the way, turned to take the knife himself and fell back on his training.

The other guy was faster, but the knife never struck home. It struck something, a **metal shield** that appeared right over Rick's left arm. It bent the knife blade in two and the shockwave broke the man's wrist in three places. Then, without thinking Rick slammed the shield into the face of his opponent, shattering the man's jaw and nose in one resounding blow.

All the onlookers were stunned, even the assailants' friends who quickly backed down. Rick's adrenaline was high at that point, so he was ready for more action, he saw one of the guys stoop to pick up a heavy piece of timber lying there. Rick threw the shield intending to smack the wood out of the man's hand.

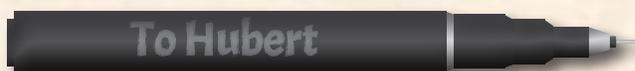
The shield flew straight and true, knocked the guy out, sailed back to Rick's hand and he stood there dumbfounded for a short while before his training kicked in and he snapped back to alertness.

Rick eventually passed the bracelet onto his Godson when some strange men in long coats became overly interested in who he was and is unsure what happened to the artefact after that, as his godson no longer has them, but the bracers are rumoured to be somewhere in **Saskatoon**, Saskatchewan.

Hubert's Micron

35

Hubert was really good at poetry, he wrote some pretty good stories and he could turn a quick buck on anthology sales if he wanted. Hubert Charles wanted something else out of life, more than anything; he wanted to be an artist. He wanted to echo some of his favourite artists as he was growing up, not people like Van Gogh or Pablo Picasso – he was obsessed with comic book art and anime art; however his one true love was to capture the essence of Studio Ghibli's work.



Hubert had one problem; he was really not a good artist at all. He lacked the ability to draw and he lacked the teachers who would invest their time into teaching him to draw animated figures and scenes the Ghibli way. So he became withdrawn and depressed, still tried and failed at every opportunity. Unlike his sister who was a successful artist in her own right, Hubert's ability and skill never manifested in that direction.

Hubert never stopped trying and he kept on attending convention after convention. He befriended a young anime artist Tashami Akuro and she proved to be the key Hubert needed to get things on track, she shared with him some of her tech-

niques and even promised to come by his home to help him refine his talent. At first he stumbled as he always did, then slowly he got better and better until he was producing fine quality work. Tashami gave him a micron fine line pen as a gift when he turned 25. From what point he produced stunning works of art, not quite equal to that of his masters in the field, but his art improved leaps and bounds. It was almost as if the **micron** allowed him to draw black and white art like a master of the style.

It was true, the micron took Hubert's passion for the art and his love of the subject and made it manifest with the small-magic coursing through the pen, it was such a good pen that when Hubert passed away from a degenerative illness he had suffered from for a while, they buried him with it. It still resides in his plot in **Dunedin**, New Zealand.

Shadow Cap

36

Somewhere in a charity shop there is an old and somewhat faded dark leather cap, in the style known as a 'flat cap'. This one was made in Italy in 1949 from some of the finest nappa leather. It has belonged to a few people over the time it was made, and the last owner was a woman in the Cold War, a period of time between 1947 and 1953. The woman in question worked against the enemies of US at the time, the Russians and their allies. She was a spy and originally hailed from Germany – Helga Schumann was her name and her story is full of danger and excitement.

Also magic, because this is not an ordinary flat cap. Helga bought the cap from a thrift store when she fell in love with the design, it worked perfectly with her long coat and scarf, set off her lovely brown locks and made her blend in like just another person on the street.

She also spoke fluent Russian, so that helped her take on many roles for the US Government in the

Cold War. She did a lot of things that were expected of her; she killed to preserve freedoms and lied to save lives. She became synonymous with the word shadow, no one ever caught her and no one ever found out why she was so good at getting in and out of secure places undetected. She had been trained by various spies of course, but Helga had a secret, her cap.



It was not an ordinary cap as previously mentioned, it held a particular magic within the dark leather.

When donned and tipped in a certain way, the wearer became **one with the shadows** and could move freely from shadow to shadow without being detected.

It was possible for Helga to hide in her victim's shadow and follow them all the way home, slipping into their house, stealing their information and waiting until they left again in the morning – following as part of their shadow until she could slip free again in a dark alley.

That is how Helga Schumann was never caught. When she eventually died of old age the cap was thought lost, later it passed from owner to owner until it ended up in a grubby old thrift store in **Ankara**, Turkey, just waiting for someone else to wear it.



The Glimmer Box

37

The Glimmer Box looks like a simple box, albeit with tiny square mirrors on each side that reflect the light in a wonderful way, they make truly spectacular patterns upon the walls when they catch the light, especially sunlight. It measures roughly half a foot on each side and can be used to store a bunch of smaller things within.

There is a word, Lux, written on the inside of the lid and when that is spoken out loud the box emits light for a 60 foot radius. It floats from the user's hand and drifts slowly through the air next to their shoulder, it can cast light from one or more of its mirrored surfaces at any time and it can also move quickly if needs be. It tends to stay at the same

pace as the user and can be directed out as much as 200 feet from the user's hand to illuminate a point of interest. The box is controlled by mental commands, the magic responds quickly to human thought patterns.

The box can also produce a softer/dimmer light if the user so commands, as well as a bright light equal to 2150 lumens, this can range out to around 100 feet.

To turn the box 'off' again the word Lux needs to be spoken backwards. When a Glimmer Box is found there is a 15% chance that it will contain a slew of non-magical things that were kept in it at one point.

The Glimmer Box also only opens upon the mental command of the owner. To take ownership of the box requires a tiny drop of blood dripped on the lid. The magic of the box knows if the current owner is alive or dead, if dead, the box will become the property of the person who made this small donation. It is currently in the possession of a storm-chaser in [Kansas City, Missouri](#).

Spirit Mic

38

The Spirit Mic is a magical version of a humble microphone, invention for recording important



thoughts, talking to people over distance and belting your heart out at karaoke. This one does not allow the dead to talk to the living though, or record their speaking voices on any kind of recording medium – the Spirit Mic goes in a bizarre direction and no one knows how or why these devices became magical.

They resemble a large expensive microphone, slender and with a dome-like end, they are usually fairly simple in design though some of them can be covered in stickers and even elaborate paint jobs. They come in a variety of types, from phono to USB versions and it is likely that you might even have used one when playing music games on a video game console.

They work perfectly as normal microphones, unless you plug them into proper recording equipment and use them at night. They work best after the so-called **Witching Hour**, where the veil between the land of the living and the land of the dead is thinnest, and especially well at any festival that honours the dead or celebrates the mystical.

Once plugged in and used to record anything, the recording that comes out will not be of your voice – you will get some snippets of music, or singing from musicians and spirits who are connected with music. A Spirit Mic will draw the attention and **singing voice of a musician** of any kind from beyond the world of the living – big or small, it does not matter, it depends on which entity is the strongest willed when the mic is turned on and used to record after **12:00 Midnight**.

It is quite possible to get a modern pop star or even a famous minstrel come through on the recording, though the latter is not as useful to an unscrupulous music producer as the former – these mics are in great demand throughout the music industry when someone's record producing career takes a nosedive.

Ghosts who have aligned themselves with a partic-

ular favourite modern star may use their influence to send them ideas, whole tracks or even whole albums through the Spirit Mic.

The Spirit Mic can also attract the attention of 'Outsiders' or **demons** and entities who will attempt to use the device for their own ends, working for darker powers elsewhere in the Multiverse.

One Spirit Mic is in the hands of a woman called Glenda; she lives in **Gibraltar**, and owns the Red Lion pub where the mic is used on karaoke nights.

Zephyr Shoes

39

These shoes resemble a cheap pair of trainers or sneakers, slightly rough around the edges, scuffed on the toes and with frayed laces. They fit comfortably though, and oddly enough they always seem to be one size fits all, no matter how big or small the person's foot is, the Zephyr Shoes **fit perfectly** to them. It is all part of the magic of course.

Speaking of magic, Zephyr Shoes give the wearer a few unique abilities. One, they can see the **patterns of the wind** superimposed on the real world as moving lines of blue force.

Two, they can **walk these wind patterns**, being held aloft by the currents and eddies as if they were as light as air itself. Such is the magic of the shoes; the wearer can also step out onto thin layers



of cloud and **walk them** as though they were solid ground.

That is how the shoes' powers were first discovered, when during an explosive decompression incident on a private flight in 1991, Doctor Liana Gordon found herself flung out of a plane as the doors malfunctioned and the cabin pressure equalised. To her shock, and eventual delight she discovered that rather than plummeting miles below to her inevitable and rather painful death on the ground, she had landed on a cloud, a cloud which allowed her to walk on its surface like solid ground. She had changed her shoes only moments before as well. Now she could see strange blue gleams all around her, they looked like wind currents.

The doctor took a leap of faith and to her delight found she could walk these gentle eddies, eventually making her way down to the ground. It was fine though, had she not landed on the cloud, the shoes would have let her **float gently down** from any height rather than plummeting like a brick.

They are currently used by the secretive personality known as Cloudwalker in **Liverpool**, U.K. Almost no one knows that Dr. Gordon is actually Cloudwalker, but the government, Curators, and other special interest groups are desperate to find out the identity of the person who keeps dropping from the sky wearing a blue hoodie to land on muggers and other criminals in the Merseyside area.

Chameleon Plate

40

The Chameleon Licence Plate or the Stick-shifter's Miracle is one of those magic items that has passed from owner to owner, vehicle to vehicle over the years and accounts for some of the Police's most unsolved crimes in the last 5 or so years it has returned to circulation. A powerful magical spell lies embedded in this number plate, of simple design and ever-changing registration, adapt-

ing to the region, country and specific needs of the vehicle in question.

It can only be fitted onto a motor vehicle and works with cars, vans, trucks and any four wheeled vehicle that the plate can be fitted onto. Once the plate is fitted to a vehicle, the owner gains a mental link with the magic that is locked away inside it. This allows them to **change** the plate's registration, the look, the gender and look of the driver (only an illusion) and even the make of the vehicle – it has become extremely sought after in espionage circles since 1963 when it was first discovered by an American bank robber operating in France.

After taking robbing a bank that was being watched by the authorities, the thief went and attempted to hide from the agents in Germany but was rumbled there too, and stumbled into an old barn while being chased by the West German police. There he found a 1953 Volkswagen Beetle stashed away.

He procured it and began his getaway; unfortunately he was spotted by a police sergeant and pursued. It was here that the thief found the oddest thing happened, he was given a mental image of different vehicles and a clear set of mental instructions burned themselves into his mind.

With his life on the line, he nipped around the corner and parked up thinking of another make and model of car. The polizei shot past and never gave his vehicle a second look.

What had the thief stumbled on? He did not fully know or comprehend what he had in his possession; he passed away at 80 leaving the plate attached to his Dodge Charger. The car was sold at auction in 2009 to shady woman who needed a fast car for a particular job she was planning.

She found out, as many people often do, the hard way just what the number plate was capable of when the job went south, her partners betrayed her and a vicious shootout erupted – the woman,



Annie Jodie, just managed to escape with a flesh wound and leapt into the Charger.

She felt the magic take hold and knew exactly what she had to do. Her pursuers went chasing down the road looking for the Dodge, but only saw a beaten up 1980's Ford Pickup driven by a burly looking man. They paid it no mind.

So the Chameleon Plate ended up in the possession of an extremely effective cat burglar from that point on.

Where it is now, that is anyone's guess.

The magic of the plate only activates if the person is under duress or in some kind of danger, otherwise it remains inert until the first event. Being chased by the cops due to a DUI will also trigger it. It is a good job that the plate actively attracts trouble then, because otherwise it would hardly ever get used.

There is a 10% chance that something bad will happen each week to anyone who has the number plate in their possession. Holders usually find themselves in hospital or dead from a vehicle collision at some point.

The Ascension Gun

41

Even in 2017 there is no real scientific or mechanical option to create the kind of ascension gun that spies and fans of certain vigilantes want. Not in such a small handgun form at any rate, the logistics are still many years off. Unless of course you

turn to magic, and in the case of the Ascension Gun that is just what has happened.

There is no information in magical or mundane circles that relates to the gun's origin, or to the first use of the device. The whole thing is shrouded in so much mystery; so much smoke and certainly at least one mirror that it has kept Curators guessing for years. No one even knows who had the gun first, but they know that it fell into the hands of Simon Moshe – a Mossad agent operating in the Middle East in the early '70s.



His favourite use of the gun was in the rapid ascension of cliffs and mountains in the Holy Land as a hobby, rather than any professional use but in 1975 his cover in Lebanon was blown and he was being chased by Christian Phalangists in Beirut after a 'misunderstanding'. Cornered by knife wielding villains he pulled out the Ascension Gun and once the thugs knew it didn't shoot bullets he shot up to the roof of the building surrounding them and made his escape across the tops of the remaining buildings. He never went back to Lebanon.

The gun allowed him to keep one step ahead of his enemies, get to places where he could stash information, and eavesdrop on important meetings without anyone even suspecting he was there. It never, ever failed and climbing it seemed miraculously easy. All in all it served him well, his career ended and he joined a computer start-up compa-

ny in Paris leaving the life of a spy behind him. The gun, he passed onto an old colleague of his and at that point the Curators and historians lost track of it.

The Ascension Gun is a useful tool, it shoots out a variable length of rope (up to 500 feet) which can attach to any surface, and then the gun can reel in the user allowing them to rise quickly or slowly depending on their preference. The rope is unbreakable, fire proof and pretty much indestructible (like most artefacts) since it can take an incredible amount of tensile force.

The gun has a secondary fire mode that allows it to shoot out a cable that is separate from the gun, attaching two sides of a location together and allowing the user to traverse the cable like a zip-line or balance on it like a high-wire act.

The Arabian Shadow

42

This beautiful onyx horse, shaped like a pretty Arabian stallion is an exquisite art piece, and could be found anywhere on a serious collector's shelf. It stands at just over four inches tall and is extremely well detailed, having tiny emeralds for eyes and a lustrous dark coat that gleams with just a tiny shimmer of magical light when viewed from the right angle.

If you listen closely as well you might just hear the sound of horse breathing, or at least a very quiet, near-whisper of a whinny. The Arabian Shadow is not just a beautiful statue made out of ebony of course; it is in fact a magical item that allows the owner to summon a flesh and blood horse from within the piece.

The horse looks and behaves like its real-world counterpart, with a few significant differences – it does not need to rest, it does not need to eat and it certainly does not need to engage in any other bodily functions that a real horse requires. The

Arabian Shadow is also completely indestructible by mortal means; it must be damaged by magic or supernatural powers.



The horse can enter races as a legitimate animal, passing all the tests that are required, and in the past certain unscrupulous individuals have used the statue to win a great deal of money knowing full well that their horse cannot tire.

The first sign of the Arabian Shadow was in the collection of Sheik Aled Ibin Alhaman in Dubai circa 2000. He lost the horse to a bet during a race between his beloved Ferrari Testarossa and a Lamborghini Diablo along a specially constructed race track.

A wealthy Texan won the animal and took it back

to the US where he discovered the magic on his ranch. Being a man of few morals, he decided to enter it into several races and made a lot of money using the magical animal as a sure win. He went so far as to share the secret with someone else and use the animal through them, so if they ever got found out, his friend would take the fall.

His friend did one better; he stole the animal and left the rich Texan high and dry.

Rumour has it that he is still trying to get leads on where the Arabian Shadow went after that. The truth, the man who stole the horse took it and used it to help others. He travelled to some of the most remote, inhospitable places in the world and took the Arabian Shadow with him, using the power of the horse to traverse deserts and dangerous country since the beast did not need to rest, could not be tired, or damaged by wild animals or any other source of injury that could befall a real world animal.

There is a danger to the beast however, one that only certain Curator Guilds know of. During an eclipse if the horse is used then, there is a 5% chance it will draw the *spirit* of a powerful and destructive force into the statue. From this point on,

the statue's eyes are as red as blood and the beast can animate itself – it will lead its rider into danger and seek to cause chaos and destruction wherever it goes.

At this point the statue can never again be reverted back to how it was before the deadly change comes over it; the gentle beast is gone for good and only the *malevolent spirit* remains.

The current owner of the horse is retired Captain Abdul Rashid Al-Majed, of the Saudi Arabian Royal Guard Regiment, brother of the Texan rancher's trainer who absconded. He's now in his 60's but still roams the *Rub' al-Khali* desert helping stragglers and refugees from Yemen, fighting insurgents, and countering the terrorist Curator Guild, Nur Allah.

The Transparency Torc

43

This flexible necklace, made from two metals, in this case gold and gold-plated copper twisted together in a thick wire-like pattern ends with a couple of loops cast in gold-plated copper as well. It is a reproduction of *The Great Torc* from Snettisham and typifies Celtic design used in Britain



and vibrates faintly against the skin. The C-shaped necklace creates a feeling of **warmth** as well when worn, along with a faint knowledge of a word that burrows into the mind of the wearer, the word is Irish and it means Invisibility -- Dofheictheacht.

When the word is spoken aloud the wearer becomes **transparent**, nearly-invisible and appears to be nothing more than a strange aberration on the eye. This is due to the fact that there is a fault with the necklace, and the spell cast into it does not quite work as intended. It was supposed to render the wearer completely invisible, hence the Irish word for its activation – however due to an improper recital of a magical phrase and the incorrect hand gesture at the time of creation (presumably), the fault now remains.

It is still a powerful and pretty piece of magical jewellery. It looks as though it was made for a fantasy convention, a bespoke item that is hand-crafted rather than batch made as you might see from various popular lines of fantasy or Celtic jewellery. The artistry is so precise, one might think it was made for a museum. It is quite heavy to wear and, due to the Irish word used to activate it, was presumably crafted by a Gaelic speaking admirer of the original British piece.

To return to normal one must simply speak the Irish word for revealed, aka: Fios.

It is worn to every important night out by a Librarian from **Racine**, Wisconsin as it goes perfectly with her long bronze coloured dress.

Astral Headband

44

This bright white headband, made of cotton fabric and set with a plastic circle containing glass blue coloured gemstones and plastic diamonds looks tacky. It looks like the kind of thing that is released in thrift stores at Hallowe'en to turn a quick profit. Yet it holds a powerful magical spell locked deep

inside the central glass gem, one that has a myriad of uses to the trained user and enough potential to change the life of anyone who uses it.

It is an Astral Headband and why it was cast in the mould of a cheap children's toy is anyone's guess. The headband allows those with non-magical training to access the secrets of the **Astral Plane**; the headband confers just enough knowledge to furnish the would-be user with the correct methods to use it and leaves the rest up to them.



In the hands of someone conversant with astral secrets, the headband acts as a powerful amplifier and expands their magical power exponentially. In a novice's hands the headband allows them to leave their body, still connected by their spiritual lifeline, the silver cord, and roam wild and free across the world – yet they cannot enter places where they would be unable to go. So they cannot, for example, use the headband to spy on people in the privacy of their own homes.

In the hands of someone conversant in the secrets of this magic, such as Curators, the headband allows them far more freedom and lets them amplify their powers. They can engage in **astral combat**, manifest themselves as a ghostly image and even use their abilities to influence real world objects similar to that of the power of a poltergeist.

One of these headbands was in the possession of Professor Steven Hale for a while, it passed on to

a friend of his, Margaret Cox – an astral mage of some importance in Curator circles. She used it to undergo astral rescues and fight against dark forces that lurk at the edge of our dimension.

Rumour has it that they were created as training aids by monks who live high in the mountainous regions of the world, to aid their students in attaining higher levels of understanding – their appearance as toys is a direct relation to their use as nothing more than tools. True masters of the astral arts require no headbands, fancy rings, magical amulets or other contrivances to be able to freely enter the Astral Plane.

There is a danger to the use of an Astral Headband as well, it can attract the attention of **entities** that dwell outside of the Astral Plane, those entities often stalk the Sub-Astral and Lower Planes looking for souls to devour.

It now rests, incongruously, on the steps of a statue of the Buddha, in a small temple at **Lhasa**, Tibet. It's original home.

Force Ring

45

This is a gold ring of some weight, made from pure gold. Set in the centre of a large disc, about the size of a large coin is a single stone, possibly of jade, and vaguely visible in the centre of this is the alchemy symbol for Air. The ring's design makes it rather cumbersome looking and it stands out as a great example of over the top aesthetic design, probably made around the 1980s or early 1990s, sold in high end jewellery stores and now in a fashion that's seen as rather vulgar.

When donning the ring for the first time, the wearer's mind is bombarded by various magical symbols and equations/formula relating to alchemy. The ring establishes a **mental link** with the wearer at this point imparts a subtle knowledge of control to them but does not teach them how to control

the power that is now at their fingertips. The ring allows the wearer to project a rush of wind at an object, or an enemy, and turn them into jade. This brutal warping of the laws of physics has a backlash, however.

For anyone who does not respect the ring's power, those who push too hard with the ring and/or do not apply the equivalent force mentally to counter balance the energies directed by the magic, risk injury and in some cases even death.



One can form gusts of wind or magical air currents aimed at them. These magic forces use air to reshape reality, warping molecules of whatever solid matter the air touches into a deep green jade. Anything organic instantly dies (this effect cannot be reversed).

Those adept with the ring can **shield** themselves with their jade constructs that can deflect small arms bullets and may cause ricochets or in some cases act as armor which protects from mortal blows as long as whatever is used to make the barrier is there in the first place. A heavy rain fall in front of the wielder can be turned into a jade curtain but not the air itself.

These jade-constructs cannot exceed **certain parameters**, so the biggest thing the ring can convert is the equivalent of a tower shield used by a medieval knight or a tall adult, in terms of concentrated matter. The smallest form the force construct can take is that of a pen-knife or tiny dagger no more than a couple of inches long.



The Force Ring recently came into possession of a psychotic businessman who plans to use it to go after his rival's holdings. He operates in [Ystad](#), Sweden, in the shipping business. If he carries out his plan, he will use the ring to damage his rival's assets. A ship having part of its navigation system turn to jade causing it to crash will be noticed in the news eventually. This artefact's user has a real danger of revealing the existence of the artefacts to the general public. Something that would be bad for every Curator and society in general.

Angel's Clockwork Wings

46

Angel's Clockwork Wings were made by the Angel Costume Company in 2007 for a Steampunk/Dieselpunk cosplay event in Baltimore using a special kind of fabric found by the designer. They fit snugly on a person and have a harness and several adjustable straps that allow precise fitting on a variety of body shapes and sizes. They are controlled by a set of servos and motors that allow them to flap in a convincing manner.

These gorgeous clockwork wings are also magical, perhaps made so by being stored next to several magical items in a storeroom in a back lot of a movie theatre when the wings were bought by a movie company in 2012 for a particular film. Or they could have just been made magical by the sheer love, care and attention poured into them by Gemma Angel who owns the company – she really wanted her dream to take flight.

Whatever happened, it gave the wings the **power of flight** and they can allow the wearer to soar amongst the clouds, fly like an eagle or hawk and execute incredibly acrobatic aerial manoeuvres protecting the wearer from any ill-effects from G-Force and other forces as long as there is air beneath the wings themselves.

Goggles are not included; they are advised though when travelling at the kinds of speeds possible with these clockwork wings. No one has yet tried to fly using the wings, they were used in the film and the stuntmen commented that they were very easy to lift – almost as if they were trying to fly on their own.

Angel's Clockwork Wings were recently stolen in a raid on the studio in Hollywood, very little was taken barring a couple of stage lamps and a strange plastic bottle shaped like a rocket. The thief was someone who had discovered the power of the wings and as always wanted to turn the magic to their own ends, since it is hard to capture a thief that can really fly.

They plan to use them in a series of daring raids on prominent members of society, especially those in New York who love to sit amongst the clouds in their expensive penthouses – sipping the very best that money can buy, she figures that they will not miss a few things here and there. The wings are just the first step on her path to enriching her life, by stealing from others. Unfortunately, any long term user will find themselves prey to a rather disturbing side effect; after a few years of use, the wings will no longer be necessary to attain flight. The user will find themselves rapidly **drifting upwards** over the space of two or three days. Weights may offset that time to about a week but eventually they will find themselves carried slowly up to the clouds and to a **gruesome death** in the icy, air depleted, atmosphere. If the user is kept in a secure room, they will float to the ceiling and will eventually be crushed by the constant upward pressure.

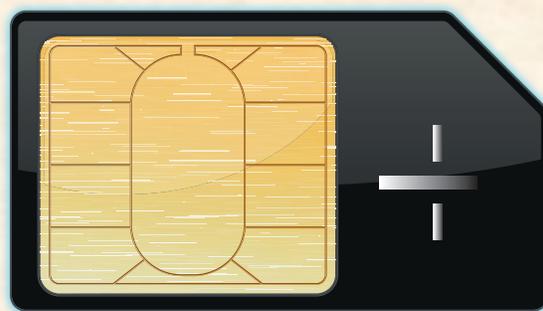
The wings are currently in **Manhattan** and are being used for nefarious purposes.

The One Sim

47

Technology is a wonderful thing, in the last 10 or so years the planet has had incredible leaps and bounds in communication technology for example. Things are getting better, smaller, faster and more able to communicate over great distances. But what if there was a magical alternative, something that let you break down the barriers between worlds and even cross the vastness of time and space?

The One Sim, created by the gestalt desire of mankind to communicate further than ever before perhaps, or to a rising demand amongst those of a more sorcerous nature for something to let them talk even into the Astral Plane, or back in time. Have you seen the so-called fake footage of someone in another era talking on what appears to be a cell phone? What happens if that is not fake footage, what happens if that is a mage from another time and place discussing her plans with someone from the present, caught by a candid photographer or film-maker in the past?



Magic makes all this possible. The One Sim does just that – it slots into any telecommunications device and broadens its capacity manifold. The Sim even contains a self-installing magical application that allows the phone to create a custom user interface tailored to the individual's desire. The watch-word here is simple, elegant communication with a certain refined style.

With the One Sim installed the user's phone can **transcend** the normal barriers to communication, distance becomes a moot point, other galaxies, dimensions, realities, all can be reached by the One Sim empowered phone. The A5432711969 is a revolutionary combination of magic and technology that interfaces with any touch-screen enabled phone, all the popular makes and models and turns them into something truly extraordinary (that is the strangely vague marketing blurb that one might find in the packet) – the average end user does not know exactly how powerful it truly is of course.

Want to talk to your roaming uncle on the Astral Plane whilst you are dimension hopping to Planet X, you can. You get a crisp, clear and perfect signal across vast distances, no delay and absolutely no interference from any cell blocking jammers or cosmic events. In short, **nothing stops** this signal.

The One Sim can be found in a mobile phone, currently for sale in a pawnbroker's store in [New Delhi](#).

The Traveller's Walkman

48

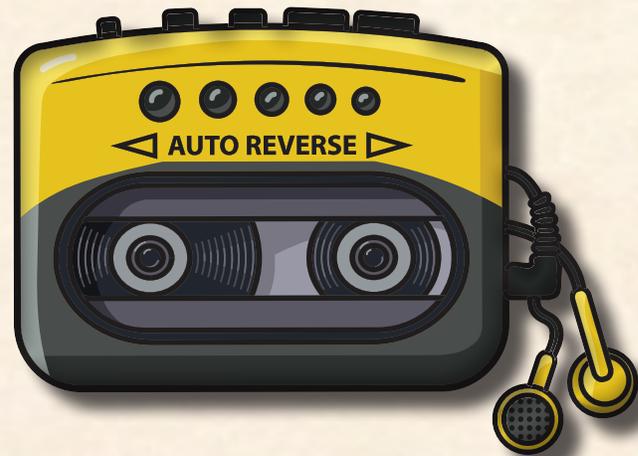
Kevin Berry discovered the unique property of this Walkman model when he was working on his farm in the Australian Outback. He had just popped in a cassette: Sounds of the Amazon Rainforest to help him concentrate whilst he worked, having bought the Walkman from a friend of his a few weeks earlier, that friend got it from a junk shop in Manila during a visit there with some Filipino friends. Kevin settled down to work and diligently began to shovel at his land, the sounds of the rainforest grew in his ears and he closed his eyes for a brief moment. When he opened them, he dropped his shovel and stepped back into the trunk of a Mango tree.

He was no longer in the Outback, he had suddenly **translocated**, thanks to the power of the Traveller's Walkman. Kevin was initially shocked, but figured that he was somewhat better off than most, since he could have been listening to the sounds of a volcano or the deep ocean. It did not take him long to realise that the Walkman had done this, so he scrambled for a tape in his bag and hoped that the batteries did not run out.

This one was aboriginal music from close to where he lived; he prayed that the Walkman would allow him to get back close to his home. If he could make it to one of the other farms, he would be home free. Otherwise, it would be a long trek in conditions he was ill-equipped to deal with and

he did not really want to experience the reality of having to trek the Amazon.

Thankfully it worked, he appeared 100 miles from his farm and with the help of a tourist named Lazarus who picked him up and gave him a ride, he was able to get back. Not before he sold the Walkman to a nearby landowner, and washed his hands of it. He warned the man that the device might take him to some very odd places, but the fellow did not believe Kevin. The last known location of Ben Oxenwell was somewhere on the slopes of the Andes, confused and very cold. Kevin warned him.



The Traveller's Walkman can transport the listener to a place on the planet that is closely linked to the sounds that are played through the headphones. It is advisable to have a tape that contains sounds of your room, or home area, to allow a swift and safe return. Of course, this device **does not come with instructions** and this fact is hardly ever communicated by previous owners.

The device is currently in the hands of a Curator in [Lima](#). He is paid by a local drug lord to smuggle Heroin into [Nashville](#), Tennessee. All it takes is listening to Country music to get there, and the music of a folk singer local to Lima to get back. Oxenwell found himself a shallow grave in Lima, thanks to the drug lord.

Any day now, Lazarus, the friendly traveller who helped Kevin return home, will arrive in Lima and kill everyone who knows about the walkman. The Curator, the drug lord and his upper lieutenants, even Oxenwell's body will disappear. The walkman will drop off the radar at this point.

Sonneman's Incense

49

This brightly coloured and beautifully made box is constructed from lacquered hardwood, inlaid with gold leaf and contains exactly 20 incense sticks of various kinds of incense. It is an incredibly diverse selection of scents from subtle jasmine, to overpowering cannabis (obviously not the real stuff) and mind expanding opium.

Sonneman is a company that no longer exists, in fact, trying to find out information on the company ends up with a dead-end website and a bunch of 404 errors in the modern era. Back when the internet did not exist, Sonneman created only 10 of these boxes and it is unknown how the magic seeped into the incense that are found within. The Sonneman Company is long gone, circa 1968 but the last few boxes have managed to make their way through history and end up in all modern eras.

The incense sticks are all imbued with a powerful **magical property** that takes effect after thirty seconds of a full inhalation of the smoke, or scent.

Jasmine: This incense creates a mellow vibe in the room you are in, protecting it from magical incursions and preventing spirit entities from entering the room as well. It lasts for six hours and like all of the Sonneman sticks, cannot be blown out.

Opium: The mind expanding incense, it increases the level of spiritual awareness and allows the person to see things that they normally could not see, ghosts and other beings for example. It lasts 2 hours and burns with a purple smoke.

Amber: This beautiful smelling incense has a golden smoke and creates vivid dreams when inhaled. There is a 20% chance that these dreams are a sign or a portent of things to come. There is a 5% chance that the dreamer will bring back an object or some kind of proof with them from their dreamscape when they return to wakefulness. The stick burns for 8 hours exactly. That is how long the dreamer remains asleep. Many Curators speak of a distant land like our own called 'Halfway' before dropping into deeper sleep to find themselves in an eternal forest surrounded by chattering.

Cobalt: This strong smelling incense has a deep blue-purple hue and brings to mind clarity. It allows the person to work with numbers that would be beyond their normal skill, it creates such a clarity of thought that they become like a human computer for as long as the stick burns (24 hours).

Amethyst: This thin smoke drifts lazily about, coats everyone and everything in a psychic shield and wards the mind against magical or mental attacks. It burns for 9 hours.

Ruby: This red hued smoke is a passionate colour and it can smooth the way to romance for those people who breathe in the heady smoke. It burns for 3 hours and at the end of the burn, the effects can last for another 3 hours before they wear off. It comes with a set of warnings against overuse and consent.

Rose: A pink hued smoke drifts lazily from this stick, as the tip gleams with a gentle shimmer. Rose creates a purifying light that can purge dark energies from objects, but not people. It burns for an hour and in that time cleanses everything bathed in the light that appears in the centre of the room.

Rainstorm: This soft and white-silver smoke must be burned outside for the effect to take hold. It summons a rainstorm that lasts 3 hours, and even if the incense is put out by the rain, it continues to pour until the time has elapsed.

Orchid: This white incense allows spirits to communicate with the living; their faces and bodies appear in the smoke. As the visions are silent, a lip-reader of some skill is necessary to translate the messages. It lasts for 4 hours.

Pine: This fresh scent is light, breezy, and airy – the effect negates gravity on the inhaler and it lasts for 24 hours. It does not confer any other ability, so getting down might be tricky.



Ocean Spray: The scent from this stick brings to mind the deep ocean, the caress of the sea and the swell of the surf. Once inhaled it confers the power to breathe underwater, to go to depths that deep sea creatures dwell at and lasts for 24 hours. No warning is given to when the scent's powers run out of course.

Scent of Time: This powerful scent gleams with a deep green hue, the stick burns for 8 hours. It is possible during this time to see 8 hours into the past, local to where the incense is burned. It is rumoured that a detective with an impressive track record of solving the unsolvable burned several sticks of this.

Spirit Balm: This silver smoke glitters with the power of the spirit world, allowing the person to transcend the mortal plane (physically) and enter the realms of the dead regardless of the safeguards

in place. It is dangerous incense, it only allows the inhaler to leave as long as the stick burns, should something put it out, or should it burn out after 2 hours, they become trapped in the lands of the dead and could be at the mercy of the beings there.

Wild Flame: This orange hued smoke allows the inhaler to control fire, to summon flames at will, and project goutts of flame from their hands. The stick only burns for 60 seconds but the effect lasts for 24 hours, again, it does not come with instructions and there is a good chance that the inhaler could spontaneously combust if they use too much fire. The chance is 1% per 5 minutes of continued directed stream effect.

Whisper of Lilac: A strong, heady scent comes forth from this stick and when inhaled it allows the inhaler to read the minds of others in the room with them. No thought is safe from the inhaler, and likewise, if you are with a group, unless you have psychic training or other means – none of your thoughts are safe from them. The stick lasts 1 hour.

Ancient Knowledge: What is the colour of a secret, is it a deep golden hue, tinged with tiny silver sparkles? It seems to be, because that is the colour of the smoke that issues forth for exactly 1 hour from this golden stick. During that time, those who breathe in the smoke can ask one question of a higher power or entity, or receive an answer to a question that normally would be beyond their understanding.

Bearer of Gold: This dark stick, wrapped with gold thread burns a soft smoky grey colour when lit. It burns for 30 seconds and any object caught in the smoke is transmuted to gold. It cannot affect flesh or organic matter.

Journey of the Sorcerer: This blue stick crackles with magic when it is lit; the smoke confers sorcerous powers to any who inhale it. It burns for a brief 10 seconds, but the effects last 7 hours.

During this time, those who cannot normally cast spells gain the knowledge of magic reserved for Sorcerers Supreme or other powerful mages.

Marigold Caress: This golden smoke cast from a deep brown incense stick burns for 60 seconds, during this time whatever organic material the smoke touches is purged of all wounds, scars, damage and any kind of ailment. If the smoke is inhaled, the stick can cure degenerative diseases, motorneuron diseases and a wide variety of afflictions.

Heart of Truth: This deep blue incense was possibly used by certain CIA interrogators in 1967 during a bunch of low-profile operations. It has a powerful scent that forces those who inhale it to reveal the truth, their darkest secrets laid bare and the effect lasts for an hour per inhalation. The stick will last for 4 hours if burned constantly and makes the subject comfortable and relaxed.

A box of this incense is in [Casablanca](#), Morocco, at a prominent hotel.

The Universal Earring

50

What if you could not only understand French, but could speak it, when all you could speak and understand was say, Lithuanian? What if you could speak and understand all language, write in a dozen different dialects and even understand



languages that are not part of the world's universal tapestry of society? You would break down so many boundaries and be able to understand so much, and with the Universal Earring – you can do just that. The jewelery is made of gold, as thin as a whisper, and at first seems to have no pin but does have a clasp. It must be brought close to the earlobe, and then pressed against it. The earring, shaped as a stud and set with a tiny diamond in the centre, sends out a sharp metal pin, pierces the ear and locks itself in place.

After 24 hours of being in contact with the wearer, the magic of the earring activates and from that point on they are given the unique ability to read, speak, understand and even write in **all forms of language**. They can translate the most obscure languages, even finally discovering what dead languages sound like and how they were originally written – they can even understand languages beyond our dimension, as well as beyond the planet itself if such life exists.

All communication barriers are gone and the translation is instantaneous. The danger is when too many people are speaking different languages at once, the earring can **malfunction** (10% chance) via sensory overload and cause the wearer some discomfort, usually manifesting as a migraine which will last for three or four hours.

The Universal Earring is being used by Gwen Fulger, a moderately successful businesswoman with a line of clothing – she operates out of [Barcelona](#), keeping her overheads low. The Earring allows her to conduct business deals in a variety of languages. She will not give it up.

The Smoking Jacket

51

Whilst this rather elegant dark grey suit jacket looks as though it might have come from 1950 or thereabouts, it is actually a replica of a 1960's men's smoking jacket often found in the US or

England in certain high profile, men's only clubs. This design though, is more modern, running to about 1992 and has been designed to fit both sexes equally well.



A stylish garment that has an emerald silk lining, several hidden pockets and a pocket for storing cigarettes, cigars, pipes or tobacco within – the smoking jacket is a gorgeous piece of apparel even without its rather unique magical property that activates upon the will of the wearer.

Upon activation, the jacket emits a **vaporous cloud** of thick grey smoke that obscures the wearer and fills a cube of **20 feet** when activated indoors. The smoke can remain in place, or continue to billow and provide cover for the wearer as they move around. The smoke does not smell, has no harmful

effects, and allows the wearer to see clearly through it. There are a few of these jackets in circulation, though this one is not the first, it is one of the later designs.

No one knows exactly how the smoking jackets are granted their smoky powers, but there are theories that one of them was created for an assassin in 1955 that required an elegant solution to covering their tracks, a wanted killer known as the Spectre in Green.

It is likely that this assassin found the jacket in 1954 and decided to add it to their attire, obfuscating any facts around its origin or simply not knowing themselves.

Recently, a jacket surfaced in **Soho**, London, where the surprised wearer caused a nightclub to be prematurely evacuated when a patron thought there was a fire.

A Smoking Jacket is currently in the cargo hold of a 747 undergoing maintenance at London's **Heathrow** Airport.

Noritaki 'Time for Tea' set 52

In 1960, Noritaki Japan decided to combine the best Japanese designs with a distinct look from that era. The vibrant red coloration of the tea set, combined with the uniquely 60's aesthetic of the



design make it stand out from the crowd. The external bone china is covered with one or two carefully painted and faint white flowers; the internal colour of the cups is bone white with gold trim around the edges.

The set is comprised of 1 tea pot, 1 coffee pot, 6 tea cups, 6 saucers, 1 sugar bowl – sans milk jug. It was the pride of Anna Margoles' collection for a number of years, from 1963 to 1981 where it was sold to cover some medical expenses.

Anna never discovered the true secret of the tea set however. She had it in her possession for 18 years and she did not experience the power that lay locked away in that set of bone china pottery. As with many of the items in our wondrous collection, how the tea set gained its unique properties and power remains an utter mystery – a power that hinges on the lyrics to an obscure comedic song released in May 1972. Everything stops for tea!

In the case of the Noritaki Japan tea set, this is true. Preparing the beverage in a certain way, with the correct measurements of water, sugar, tea and so forth causes a **local time dilation field** to spring up around the participants drinking tea. For **60 feet** around them, everything literally stops until they finish their cups of tea, or the tea goes cold.

The effect was first discovered when the tea set was used during a failed assassination of a Norwegian dignitary in Austria in 1991 – the gunmen opened fire and were shocked to find that their bullets hung in the air around the tea drinkers, and as they rushed forward to finish the task by hand they were caught in the time dilation field around the drinkers.

The drinkers, including the Norwegian dignitary were rushed to safety out of the field, and since the tea had not been finished, the time dilation field did not collapse around them. When the tea cooled and the field finally broke down, the three

gunmen were promptly arrested by the Austrian Police who, despite being shocked at the obvious magical nature of the miracle that saved the dignitary's lives – were not willing to let an opportunity to take the men down slip them by.

Later the Norwegian dignitary came back and attempted to buy the tea set from the hotel, they refused and the set was locked away safely.

Six weeks later the hotel was robbed, and amongst the many stolen goods – the tea set was listed as missing. Rumour has it that one of the waiters stole the set for himself and has been trying to master the correct method to replicate the time dilation field for himself. The tea set is currently in a suitcase under a bed in an apartment on a **Vienne** side street.

Mental Goo

53

Mental Goo is branded as Mr. Takashima's Glowing Gunk and it is pretty disgusting stuff. It is a non-Newtonian polymer that acts like a liquid for the most part until pressure is applied then it begins to obey the rules of a solid. There are many names for this kind of substance, from Gak, to Dumb Putty, to Oobleck and beyond. Glowing Gunk is just a virulent glowing green polymer that has an odd tang to it smell wise. Mr. Takashima's Glowing Gunk aka Mental Goo comes with various health warnings, and should not be taken oral-



ly – kept away from children, and for those who have an inkling of magical power about them, has a whole raft of other information that appears superimposed upon the label when the viewer concentrates on the tin.

The label describes the gunk as soul-bonded ectoplasmic spirit goo that can respond to mental commands, allowing the owner to direct it and shape it at will. [Mr. Takashima's likeness](#) animates on the can and warns the user not to use the goo irresponsibly; the message then repeats in various languages and will continue to repeat for an hour every 10 minutes.

Mental Goo will obey the commands of the user, it can [grow](#) from being a cubic foot of material to 6 cubic feet, move slowly at will, and wrap around a target encompassing them as long as they are not bigger than its total cubic volume. Mental Goo can also protect from blades and bullets, trapping projectiles within the gloopy substance and draining them of their kinetic force so they are rendered completely harmless. This means you could command the goo to suffocate someone, and since the goo has no safeguards built in magically, it will do just that. Just as you could command it to float out into the water, wrap around someone and then pull itself to shore supporting them as a raft to save them from drowning.

Rather like a loaded gun, Mr. Takashima assumes that it is the intent and not the weapon which is important.

There are a few rare cans of this goo that escape the magical company's rather strict QA phase, these are bound with [dangerous spirits](#) and can act independently of their new owner. They are sometimes bound to serial killers and murderers, or those who could become a poltergeist if they had not been captured and bonded into the goo by accident.

Disclaimer: Mr. Takashima takes no responsibility

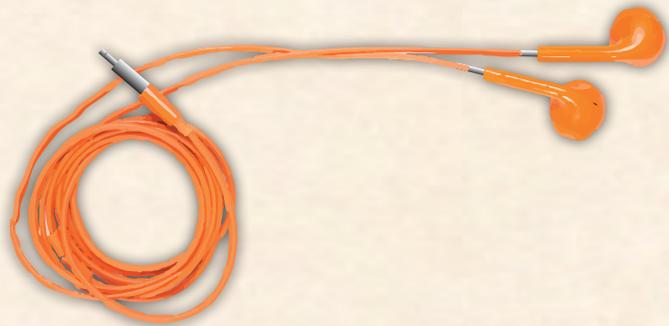
for anyone maimed, murdered, injured, possessed or inconvenienced by a faulty batch of his Mental Goo.

You can find this gunk on the shelves of a small number of specialist toy stores, and often in the toy boxes of children around the world.

The Sound of Silence

54

Tom White found these magical noise-cancelling headphones when he purchased an MP3 player in 2016. They came with his name-brand model and at first he thought something was oddly wrong with them, sometimes they worked as intended and sometimes he could not hear a single thing even when he took them off.



Tom was not an idiot, so he took to researching the brand, the serial number and the make of headphones. He soon found an obscure reference to a pair of noise-cancelling headphones that had the moniker: the Sound of Silence.

After further reading and some experimentation Tom discovered that the pair of headphones that had been packaged with his MP3 player was more than just another headset. They had magical properties that allowed the listener to [mass-cancel](#) sounds in a wide radius around them.

The headphones can completely block all sound in a 20 foot radius around the wearer, this includes sounds made on a subsonic level, as well as any magically produced sounds and sound effects. The

headphones are extremely useful in blocking dangerous magical harmonics, as any Curator will explain, there are a range of sounds that can heal, harm, and even kill. The headphones are powerful enough to negate this.

They come with a small remote control and it is via this device that the headphones are operated, normally to provide excellent sound quality and magically to dampen all sound. One must take special care with these headphones however, if they are worn for more than 5 hours the sound of the wearers bloodstream coursing through can often start to **send the wearer mad**.

The Sound of Silence can be found on the head of a shop mannequin in an audio store in [Saratov, Russia](#).

The Last Bard's Chair

55

A Welsh soldier's wish, while on deployment to the Falkland Islands during Britain's conflict with Argentina, was to return in time for the Eisteddfod (a Welsh festival of literature, music and performance) in his home town of Llangollen, in North East Wales.

He'd grown up with the ancient tales of the Bard Taliesin and was adept at writing poetry that could draw such emotion some would say he could start



or end a fight with a few words. The chief prize at the Eisteddfod is an ornate Bardic chair, made by a different artisan each year, and was the pinnacle of Welsh creative tradition.

Sadly, Private Owain Rhys of the Welsh Guards died on Mt Tumbledown on the 13th of June 1982 after being shelled from an Argentine position while travelling to a Forward Operating Base.

While he didn't win his Bardic chair at the Eisteddfod, his parents did notice something odd about his chair at the family table. Made by his Grandfather, Owain loved the old, worn chair and always sat in it when he had something important to say. It was also the chair he sat in when he told his parents he was joining the army. Roughly around the time of his death, whenever anyone sat in it and spoke, they conversed with such eloquence that they could **persuade** or **charm** almost any individual to do anything short of hurting themselves or others. His father, Geraint Rhys, once asked his landlord to visit the house where he charmed him into promising to receive no rent. Ever. This artefact is not in the public domain.

The effects of the chair leave no bitterness or a feeling the victim has been conned and can be used by anyone sat in the chair and against anyone in visual and audible range. It looks just like an old chair but, like all artefacts, is extremely difficult to damage. While Geraint and his son are now gone, Mrs Eryl Rhys still lives at her small cottage in the [Clwydian Mountains](#). The chair is **kept in its place** should the spirit of her son return for his supper.

She still doesn't pay any rent.

The Ivory Tuning Fork

56

While the fork still seems to be made of metal, its texture and colour look identical to ivory and to all possible senses seems to confirm this. This tuning fork was owned by the violist and composer Artur Gerhardt, an Austrian who enjoyed hunting

rare and endangered animals in Africa. On one safari in 2006 Artur was trampled and killed by a Bull Elephant along with 2 other tourists. The fork back in Vienna began to change in form and appearance from metal to its current state.

When struck, everyone in **hearing range (50feet)** is forced into **silence**. They can only resume talking once the tone has dissipated completely, no matter the distance. Victims are incapable of speech and, if their spells contain an somatic element, from casting.

There are rumours among the music world of this artefact but no more. It is currently in a **Warsaw music shop's window** and is displayed as only a curio. Oddly, the proprietor never tried to strike it as he has assumed it is ivory.

Striking this item in a crowded downtown market or intersection would create a lot of **panic** and a great deal of shock as everyone thinks they've gone deaf.



The Diplomat's Aide

57

What started out as a joke amongst diplomatic circles has transpired to have a kernel of truth in it. A pair of gold cufflinks with blue/silver metal squares set in the middle, these items were worn by John Richard Harringey, the British diplomat to the Lebanon from 1960-1968. He was incredibly successful in his position and made many

friends due to his attention to detail and his ability to know everyone's name and minor details before he met them. He was a bit of a playboy who enjoyed attending casinos and enjoying the high life. A kind of Beirut based, unarmed James Bond, if you will. He had many friends and lovers and many turned up to wish him well when he finally left his post in the Summer of '68.



The cufflinks convey the ability to know and **remember** the names and familial details of all those with whom the wearer shakes hands. They also make those who are greeted in such a way act in a favourable manner being slightly more disposed to reacting in a friendly way. These items do have a down side however. When worn for many months or years regularly they can **trigger dementia** in the wearer and after a few years the holder loses all memory of anyone they haven't shaken hands with. This is the reason Harringey was retired by the Foreign Office in '68. Since '73 he has been residing in a nursing home in Brighton, England. The cufflinks were stolen by one of the care staff in the home in '88 and have moved around society until today where they are about to go to auction at Sotheby's. The current owners are Portman Ltd, owners of **'The little dark shop of forgotten gifts'** where they currently rest in a safe.

The Sword of Atanor

58

This foam and latex prop sword that was made for L.A.R.P.ing (Live Action Role Playing) in the late 90s feels like foam to the touch but when swung in 'anger' or while in a combat stance has the same

qualities as a **Greatsword**. It's provenance is unknown, no one knows who crafted it, but it fell into the hands of Lucille Leonard, a French role-player living in Gascony. She claims a one night stand named 'Gregor' left it at her apartment and she thought she'd use it at an event the following weekend. When she was there, and just playing around, she took a sizeable chunk out of the nearest picnic table. While everyone stood around mystified she offered it to the group that ran the events as she was more than a little freaked out by the new found qualities of the sword.



The group 'Coeur de Leon' took the sword and put it in their rented unit in **La Rochelle**. It resides there still, under a pile of other LARPing equipment. It does the same damage as a great sword but has the weight of a foam LARP sword. When scrutinised by human senses or electronic devices such as airport scanners it appears to be just a foam replica.

One disturbing aspect is that if it spills blood, that blood seems to **disappear** into the foam itself, as if the sword itself is drinking it for reasons unknown. The sword is well known about, though its location isn't, amongst the LARP community. It is unknown outside it.

The Scrying Glass

59

This ornate mirror was made sometime in the 1950s (judging by the style) and is remarkably

clear. It was part of a house clearance along with hundreds of other strange objects (including two artefacts) that found it's way to Worthington, Inc of Arkham, Massachusetts and was sold on to clear the debts of the deceased. The late owner, Philip Talbot, was an amateur occultist of local renown who had died of a failing heart in his 80s.



The mirror looks like any other mirror until a hand is placed on one of its many frame panels, transforming it into a **viewer** of another time and/or place. Each panel shows a different and changing view (never the same view twice) of some vista on Earth or, possibly, some other realm. About 20% of all views may yield some information concerning the viewer's current occupation, mission, or deep questions.

This mirror is known by rumour only and no one truly believes it exists. Except one. A warlock going by the name '**The Waiting Shadow**' has it now and uses it regularly in an attempt to spy on those who cross him. He is unaware that by using it so often his soul or spirit is **drifting** slowly to one of these realms, a hellish realm from which there is no escape. A realm which will make him very powerful and insane. To the wider Curator community this artefact is lost.

The Spymaster's Skull

60

It has long been forgotten who this skull belonged to, or even if it was ever known, but it came into the possession of Philip Talbot in 1946 and is rumoured to be the skull of someone prominent at the Fall of Berlin.

However, it is clear to anyone with a rudimentary knowledge of Biology or Pottery can see it's made of **Plaster**. Talbot used this skull in conjunction with the Scrying Glass giving him not only the ability to know his enemy's name but also see his current whereabouts and what he is doing (see Conjunctions on page 125).



When someone holds the skull under their chin facing away from them and says 'Show me my enemy', the skull will **psionically project** the name of any one person who is currently plotting against the user at that moment into the user's mind. Unfortunately, if the user's adversary's name is in a **foreign script** such as Arabic or Chinese then the user will need to know that language to decipher the name. The skull currently sits in 'The little dark shop of forgotten gifts' awaiting auction at Sotheby's in London.

The Rocker's Jukebox

61

Until 1960 a Wurlitzer jukebox graced the corner

of The Stage Door, a greasy spoon in a backstreet behind the Bristol Hippodrome theatre. Popular with actors and visiting acts, its late night opening hours allowed the public to mix with actors and musicians after a performance.



Legend has it Eddie Cochran and Gene Vincent ate there and were picked up by taxi on that fateful night of 16th April 1960. On their way through Somerset the taxi was involved in a high speed crash where Cochran was badly injured. Eddie died the following afternoon in Bath hospital and the jukebox is said to have stopped working at exactly the time of his death.

Several subsequent owners have reported that, despite having no records in or power supply, the jukebox has shown **empathic activity** - playing Eddie Cochran tracks most appropriate to the mood of the moment. What few have realised is that by selecting appropriate song titles from the menu at these times, communication with the other side is possible.

On occasion, a record will be selected responding to a **question** posed by someone putting a **1950's U.S. nickel** into the machine, giving their answer in the title. Rarely, the record will skip on a lyric if the answer is of dire importance. Even more rarely, the machine will play a record of its own volition with a message of its own. Its current location is **unknown** to the Curator community at large but is with the Gatecrashers.

MEDIA, OR ITEMS OF UNCOMMON POWER

Those minor Curators, such as hobbyists or those uneducated in deeper magical matters, believe that Media Artifacts are the epitome of magical power on Earth or the other realms. They still have one foot in the mundane world and are genuinely convinced that this is as far as magic can go.

Incredibly, they are unaware that magic IS creation and the very reality they exist in is magical. Those who shun the appellation 'Curator' know differently and see the lower mages as ignorant fools or amateurs bumbling around in the dark. What they too fail to realise is that every magical order above Media hides itself on purpose. The higher mages think they have evolved to a higher plane or been somehow promoted to a position where they can gain access to a higher form of magic, but it's the reality of Media itself that allows mages to 'progress' to a higher form. Hubris and a focus on higher artifacts encourages these higher mages to forget that, they too, were once 'Lower Curators'.

Media magic is uncommon and when discovered by a Curator will usually bring feelings of joy and accomplishment. The artifacts of Media status become significantly more powerful and dangerous than previous levels.

Hemingway's Box

62

Appearing to be an ordinary box of pencils, rumoured to have been part of Ernest Hemingway's personal stock, the pencils allow the user to **answer** any question within their head by just taking the pencil in their hand and allowing it to write without their conscious control.

The pencil will write the answer to the question posed, but in addition to the answer, it will write another line detailing an event that has not yet come to pass. This **event** will be a source of trouble

for the person seeking the answer, with the consequences increasing for every pencil used from the box, the twelfth being an indication of great danger, possibly even death.

When an answer and a consequence have been written, the pencil used will **crumble** to dust. Whatever is written by the pencil will be the truth, meaning that both the answer to the question posed and the statement written after will both come true.



The box has twelve pencils within it to begin with, and will immolate upon the use of the final pencil, reappearing somewhere else in the world with twelve new pencils. A person does not have to use all the pencils within the box, but the consequence they suffer will be greater than the last person that used the box. Very often this box is found with only a few pencils remaining within.

Its current location is the desk of a physics teacher in **Osaka, Japan**. She has no idea how the pencils got there and hasn't yet used them (accidentally). She has used them to write an address on an envelope but as this wasn't posed as a question the set currently remains unused.

The 100 foot Bridge

63

This tiny toy bridge looks as though it might have

come from a town playset, farm playset or even a board game. It resembles an English arched stone bridge, made from Cornish dry stone and layered in tightly packed curves. It is made of tough plastic and painted in a fairly detailed fashion, it feels as though it weighs slightly more than it should and the longer you hold it, the heavier it seems to become until it weighs about 5lbs. There are other designs for the bridge, but this seems to be the most popular one for the artefact.



time, a few seconds at most and the bridge is fully extended, appearing to grow suddenly and fill the available space. The command phrase when spoken backwards is used to return the bridge to normal.

The bridge **weighs next to nothing** when stored in a container, bag, pocket, or other such container. It is only when it is taken out and held for any length of time that it begins to grow heavier as the magic seeks to be unleashed.

The bridge cannot be destroyed by normal means, it is completely impervious to all mundane sources of damage and only destructive sorcery can harm it.

‘The 100ft Bridge’ is in a quiet, financially struggling, toy museum in a **Budapest** side street.

The 100 foot Bridge is no toy; by the way of a command phrase spoken loudly in the vicinity of the item it can **extend up to 100 feet** in length. It can extend from 5 feet to 100 in a very short amount of

‘Lucky’ Kowalski’s Luger

64

This Luger handgun is based on the original design, manufactured in Obendorf by Mauser Werke – it was constructed in 1980 prior to the closure of the factory in 1989. This is a commemorative



model designed to resemble the original pistol, a Luger 04 or Navy Luger, only rebuilt to allow for a more modern mechanism. It went straight into Clint 'Lucky Shot' Kowalski's collection, a soldier who served in the US armed forces and was obsessed with World War 2 weapons.

The Luger is a beautiful weapon, extremely well built and produced to the exacting specifications of both Mauser Werke and Clint himself. It was constructed by Joseph Klinsmann over a period of several months, hand machined and made with great care and effort. Joseph was also an occultist, so he realised the gun had a power which would allow the wielder to take lucky shots with the weapon. The magic may have come from a previous weapon's parts made in 1945 as a commemorative piece which were used to fabricate this weapon.

It should have been sold deactivated, but after a lot of money changed hands between Clint and Klinsmann— it was sold fully functional and capable of use in combat.

The gun's magic is a simple affair, it can **hit targets** that are behind cover, hard to see or otherwise obscured. The round just **magically alters its trajectory** to strike the intended target. There is a chance (just **20%**) that any round fired by the gun acts as a **normal bullet** and obeys all the rules of gravity, mass and flight time. While not miraculous, this firearm makes any bullet fired from it four times more likely to hit the target by avoiding cover, concealment, and armour. There is always a chance it might jam as well as the occurrence of a normal trajectory as listed above.

It resides in a display case at Kowalski's home in **Detroit**, Michigan.

Maggie's Crock Pot

65

Maggie Joyner was a great cook, a really great cook; she opened up a small restaurant and used her famous 'crock' pot to feed both regular

folks, and the homeless. No one could work out just how on Earth Maggie was able to produce vast quantities of gorgeous eats; her overheads in terms of ingredients must have been enough to sink her. But her restaurant, Aunt Maggie's Delicious Cajun Cookhouse went from strength to strength. Now Maggie was an awesome cook in her own right, so this is not a story of a magical spoon or anything like that, though those do exist. No, the story of Maggie's Crock pot and what it can do is pretty simple. You dump anything into that pot, rubbish, inedible springs and bolts, any bit of flotsam and jetsam, mix with a liquid of any kind and you will get **delicious food** right out of the blue.



If you add regular things to that pot, turnips, beets, grits, crawfish and so on, you are also going to get some amazing tastes. Maggie's pot takes real ingredients too and cooks them to perfection. The only catalyst that is required is a little heat, as much as that from a lighter or a match. The pot even takes spoiled and rotten food, turning it into something delightful and edible.

However, if Maggie were to die on the day she made her latest dish, all those who had eaten her food would experience anywhere from **unpleasantness to death** as the pot's constituents would return to normal. spoiled food, rusty springs, nails, etc would all take their former shapes inside her patrons. This would cease once a new owner was found.

The pot sits in the kitchen of Aunt Maggie's Delicious Cajun Cookhouse in [Saint-Constant](#), Quebec.

Bob's Gauntlet

66

Bob Corrigan was a dark warlord, he took all those roles in his local roleplaying sessions and if there was an evil character to be played, Bob was it. He graduated to Dungeon Master at an early age and there he liked to pull the make-believe arms off his



group's Player Characters. TPK Bob became his nickname and his games were synonymous with TPK, or total party kill.

Bob relished the chance to be evil, so he bought this awesome spiked replica Dark Lord gauntlet from Ebay. He paid a hundred or so dollars for it. He would wear it when he GM'd any game and what he did not know, was that the gauntlet was actually imbued with a dark malevolence of its own

– something that was synergistic with Bob's inner tyrant. The more he killed characters in his RPGs, the more the gauntlet took on a darker hue, then one day it was dripping with blood and Bob could not fathom why.

He was sitting watching the news; he watched scenes of a brutal murder where someone had been bludgeoned to death with a mace. He thought nothing of it.

He did not connect the lines between his Ebay Gauntlet and the death of the person on the TV. Then he got into a roaring argument with his then ex-girlfriend Lana. Bob lost control and blacked out, when he came too he was elsewhere on the

highway and walking down the road, shovel in hand, gauntlet covered in blood. Confused Bob went to sleep and tried to shake off the argument. All the while, in the back of his mind, the dread grew.

He called Lana the next day; she did not pick up the phone. So he tried again on the day after, and the day after that. Finally, Bob plucked up the courage to go round to her parents and found the police there.

He got scared and ran.

Bob's Gauntlet grows **stronger on powerful emotions**, such as anger, jealousy and so on. The Gauntlet is host to a **malevolent entity** even though the item itself was made in a factory just outside of Wisconsin in 2009. Something infested it and now it seeks blood and pain, forcing the wearer to display exaggerated negative emotions.

It confers power though, and can **punch** through thick stone as well as sheet metal. It is believed that the gauntlet now fully controls Bob who is on the run somewhere near [Calgary](#), Canada.

Nox Arcana's Cabinet

67

In Las Vegas, 2002 a very talented show-stopping magic act known as Nox Arcana had her debut, this stunning stage magician wowed audiences with her life-like pyrotechnics and extremely realistic hologram images for her magic show.

If only most of the audience knew that Nox was the daughter of an occultist, mystic and self-proclaimed active 'practitioner of the magical arts' – Professor Steven Hale. Julie-Ann Hale or Nox Arcana as she was known rebelled against her father's strict teaching and forged her own path; she experimented with various magical spells to create special effects for her shows and took the stage name: Nox Arcana to hide her true identity from

anyone who might wish to discover it, including Steven.

She thought he would probably not approve, since he was classically trained and quite practical when it came to magic. She was actually wrong; he saw the show and recognised his daughter even through her illusion and costume. He left her a voice mail and asked her to come to his mansion.



Nox went, expected the worst and found out that Steven gave her his full blessing – plus he passed on a gift of his own. He had been given the cabinet in 1980 by a fellow stage magician, the Amazing Kuro and it was held in trust for Steven to pass on to another stage magician down the line, if he found someone worthy.

Steven gave Nox the cabinet and told her how proud he was. Nox was taken aback and she had the cabinet delivered to Vegas for her next big

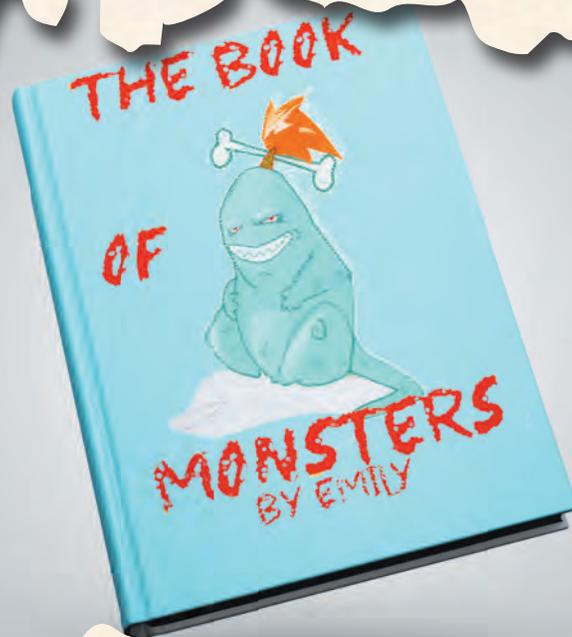
show. It was perfect for the old teleportation trick, only Steven told her what the box really did. It had magic upon it, magic that was able to **send the person inside** the box through space to another point on the planet – visualised by the magician who performed the trick. Nox's new magic act was a massive hit and she defied the greatest sceptics, she allowed them to take a trip in the box and no one worked out how she was able to 'port a person from on stage to under it. No hidden doors or traps were found, they could not even work out how she managed to pull a whole zoo's worth of rabbits out of her elegant showy top-hat.

It truly became a magical sensation, just as much as she did. She went to a huge star literally overnight with her shows jam packed throughout the week.

Nox's Arcana's Cabinet has **wards and spells** upon it, chiefly to protect certain places from intrusion. Such as bank vaults and the like, so you cannot use the cabinet to get into Fort Knox or places to rob them.

However -- It is not the only box of its kind, but the other is a flawed version and may be in the hands of people who may seek to misuse it. That variant has no wards or spells to prevent its misuse, but it does come with a price.

There is a **5%** chance that the person who ports through the cabinet is **not the same person** who comes out the other side. Strange **malign entities** seize them and replace the candidate with a double who has their own agenda, one that serves the hidden masters of the cabinet. This is why there are some cases of those transported through the box changing personality, and even committing crimes when they would normally not do such a thing. The real people are held in a dimension within the cabinet as the prisoners of the entities inside.



Nox's personal cabinet also has a drawback, albeit a non-magical one. If other Curators and Curator groups discovered she was using the cabinet to perform what they would consider "parlour tricks" **her life would be forfeit**. Not only would they kill her to stop this vulgar, and extremely public, use of an artifact, but they'd also do everything in their power to keep the cabinet for themselves.

Nox has no idea how much she is playing with fire. Nox is currently touring throughout North America and is in the middle of a three night run at the Keller Auditorium in **Portland**, Oregon. Already, someone is looking for her but they are only aware that Hale has a daughter. They know this because they, mere hours ago, killed Nox's father while looking for the box. They are oblivious to the fact that Hale's daughter is Nox but it is only a matter of time.

Nox is unaware her father has been murdered at his home in Portland, Maine and may go to ground when she finds out.

Emily's Book of Monsters

68

Emily, Aged 8 and a half, drew this book of fantastic monsters in ballpoint pen and crayon, with love, attention, care and a real flare for the bizarre. There are some truly strange creations in the pages of this tome and Emily is rather proud of her accomplishment. The Snaggleboggle for example is a rather large, fluffy, somewhat draconian and vaguely feline creature with two heads, three tails and it lets out a gaseous breath that not only stinks like old socks, but also causes confusion and arguments in adults – it does not affect children.

She drew the art in a blank book she found on her grandfather's library one day, she thought he would not mind if she took it away and made it much prettier. Or at least, she hoped, far more interesting than some dusty old empty thing.

She even made a dust jacket for it, by turning around a boring book on sums and using that inner white space to good effect. What Emily did

not know was that the book was far from boring, it was magical and combined with her vast imagination, fairly impressive art skill for an 8 year old and belief in all things monstrous being real – that is exactly what happened.

Emily Book of Monsters took on a life of its own. So if someone upsets Emily, or the reader, they best beware. All you have to do is read out loud the description of the monster; concentrate really hard on the victim and the book's magic does the rest.

Out pops the **monster** in question, larger than life and ready to obey the commands of the reader. If that reader happens to be a vengeful 8 year old child – start running.

The book has a variety of monsters in it, a lot of them, at least a hundred – Emily was pretty bored that day.

Things like the *Bungle Dragon*: A large blue dragon with a huge hooked nose, candy floss wings and a tail that ends in a maraca. It might seem comical, but the Bungle Dragon can curse someone with incredibly bad luck which takes the form of utter clumsiness.

Or *Mister Squiggles*: A large pink worm-like creation with a clown-face and hundreds of tiny grasping clawed hands. Mister Squiggles eats bad children, and can get into your dreams.

The Grinneth: Essentially a giant ball with one huge grinning maw and nothing else, the Grinneth likes to steal the smiles and grins from happy people. It cannot stand anyone who is sad, so it puts the stolen smile onto their face, usually deforming it in the process.

The Hat: A large black top hat with big comical feet. The Hat bounces around and when it lands the resulting shockwave can cause earthquakes.

Patchwork Poëy: A rag-bag cat made of all kinds

of patchwork material. Usually appears as a large friendly buffoon, plays and gambols a lot. Steals the memories of adults when they are dozing or asleep, it locks the memories inside its body and never gives them back.

If a child can think it, especially an 8 year old, it will often be found in Emily's Big Book of Monsters. There is a small chance (3%) that the monster summoned from the book goes on a **rampage** and refuses to obey the reader.

In truth, these creatures are easily defeated by gunfire and the like where upon they disappear and return to the book. Knowing that as it destroys the neighbourhood and kills innocents is another thing altogether.

The book is in Emily's colourful library in her room. Her parents' house sits quietly on an unassuming quaint street in **Providence**, Rhode Island.

Laminated Book of Dreams 69

John Lanthorne, of Thorne Road, West Midlands, England had a lot of things in his house, expensive things and on a low salary that meant he could not afford such luxuries, people started asking questions, they pointed fingers and they even accused John of being a criminal. This was rather unfair, because John had never stolen anything larger than a pencil in his life, and even then he was wracked with guilt about the theft at age 5 for months.

He left a whole box of pencils on his father's desk to replace the one he took. The unkind words and accusations did not stop though regarding John's rather amazing lifestyle, extremely pretty wife and almost perfect family. His neighbours all agreed that he had to be earning a lot more money from somewhere, somehow.

In truth John was just as baffled as everyone else.

He put it down to a fluke of some sort and never really looked into it, since he got what he wanted, always what he wanted – he did not want to break that spell for him, or his family. It was a spell too, cast by the Laminated Book of Dreams.

These catalogues are fairly rare and they are always deposited carefully, someone out there has to send them to a worthy person, or at least worthy in their eyes. They are extremely powerful, packed to the brim with all the kinds of things a person would love to own. New computers, a new bike, a great LED TV bed combination and so on. They come with a small order card and instructions on what to do with the card once it is filled in. The card must be posted to a specific address and according to the text; it is for a special one month lucky customer draw.



It is amazing how lucky John has been since he started using the catalogue. You pick the item you want, enter the order number and then send the card off. No payment is needed and within a few days you find out you have won. The item arrives

in the dead of night by special courier, a van or motorcycle driver who always wears a helmet that prevents you from seeing their face.

If the item is something less tangible, a pretty wife, wonderful children, respect from your colleagues, then it just happens. maybe you bump into your future spouse at a market, or your work colleagues find a new found respect for you.

So what is really happening with the Laminated Book of Dreams? It sounds too good to be true, right? The magic of the book summons the item in question to a large warehouse where the spirit couriers take it, bring it to this plane and deliver it to your doorstep. The spirit couriers are so bright that they have to encase their bodies in motorcycle leathers and helmet, because otherwise they would be burning out people's retinas, and that is considered bad for business.

The items have to come from somewhere, so usually they are stolen from other people or places. You do not know where the items come from of course and the beings that control such a power do not care, their number one priority is to get as much merchandise out as possible. They have their reasons as well, unknown to all but themselves.

If you call any helpline numbers in the catalogue you are put through to a call centre somewhere else in the world, given the run-around and then usually do not have your question answered – yet you have the feeling that you are completely satisfied with the service and should continue using it for years to come

The Laminated Book of Dreams is often found when it is needed, popping through the letterbox or into the life of someone who really requires something and is, in some way, a **very special person**.

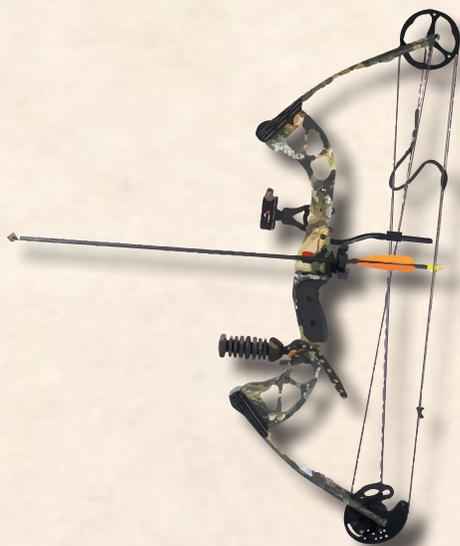
It can appear anywhere in the world.

Far Shot Bow

70

The Far Shot Bow looks pretty normal, if not in excellent condition. It is based on a compound bow design and has a few extra tweaks here and there visually. It has belonged to three people since it was made in 2001, one of them used it for hunting deer in the woods near his home, another for a conversation piece above her fireplace, and the third owner used the bow to shoot down remote control aircraft that flew too close to his ranch.

It is likely it has moved on again and this is just the nature of the bow's magic, it is restless and desires to be fired by someone who has a real eye for the kill. This bow wants to spill blood; it wants to be used in hunting or combat – not just part time, but every single time. It does not like being drawn for sport; it wants to be drawn to end the life of a person or an animal.



To do so it enables the hunter to see great distances, over three times the effective range of the bow (the bow is so well made that without magic it can handle 200 yards) – with magic however that becomes 600 yards and the hunter takes on an almost supernatural skill when they draw back the bow.

They see the target as if it were standing right by them, they can pick where the arrow lands and when they let the string go – the arrow flies straight and true, passing around obstacles and through light cover until it finds the location on the target the archer desires to hit. When it does so there is a 10% chance it will be a kill shot.

The bow is not compatible with the *Last Arrow*, the magic between the two of them is just too out of sync, so no matter how many times one is fired from the Far Shot Bow it will just act as a normal arrow of its type. The arrow is still lethal, but not able to replicate itself using the power of its magic.

The bow is currently being used to hunt predators in Wyoming in order to protect cattle. It can be found in the lodge of Brad Winter, a hunter who lives near Willow Lake.

The Mind Knife

71

The Mind Knife is more a letter opener than a real knife, yet it is sharp and has a long thin blade that runs down to a simple cross-guard, ending in a hilt topped with a garnet pommel. There is a feint tingle of sorts about the knife when it is held, as though the metal is constantly vibrating beneath the wielders fingers, it always appears clean and the surface never tarnishes. It looks like a fantasy version of a letter opener and appears to be one of those replica weapons that is often found on websites and in cheap catalogues, this one was forged in 1985 and is based on no design in particular.



The knife can **bridge distances** from the wielder, to the target if no more than **20 feet** away without travelling the intervening distance. The knife just appears, stuck in the body of its victim.

The knife obeys the mental command of the owner, teleporting into anyone who makes threatening gestures with 20 feet, instantaneously, and attacking the target instinctively. It responds very well to violent people and impulses, having once been in the hands of a serial killer who used it in several grisly murders before it ended up passing from his hands into the evidence lockup of a local police station in Melbourne, Australia. After that it vanished and ended up in Granada, Spain, far from where it had been imprisoned.

The knife is neither good, nor evil, simply obeying the thoughts of those who own it. The stronger the violent impulses or thoughts, the better the connection with the Mind Knife can be maintained. Such is the control over the knife that is completely possible for the owner to send the knife **out by accident**. They must be very careful when bonded to such an item, the wrong impulse, or thought can end with a grisly murder as the knife will seek out the victim causing the tension.

There are stories of a master of the knife who could control the item so well, he could send it out across the vastness of the world and seek out a target of his ire no matter where they were. As the blade does not return to its owner, it is unknown how the wielder retrieved the blade from half a world away.

This may have resulted in some of the strangest, unsolved murders of the 20th Century, but many Curators consider this tale to be nonsense.

Whether these rumours and stories are true remains to be seen, but they are the kind of gossip that flows like water around such magical things.

The Mind Knife can be found stuck in a block of

cheese on a table in a flat in **Antwerp**, Belgium. It is not the best cheese knife in the world, but when you are a poor student, anything will do.

Devlin's Net

72

Shanna Devlin was a commercial fisherwoman who plied her trade off the coast of Northern Ireland, either working on big trawler boats or with smaller fisher's off-season to help them reel in their catches. She was obsessed with the ocean, loved the sea in all its glory and magnificence – her boat, nicknamed the *Aquaria* was her pride and joy.



She kept her favourite net close at all times, a huge monster of a net made from many twined ropes meshed with metal fronds. It was strong and durable, capable of holding the bigger fish and even taking the weight and pull of a hammerhead shark. Shanna did not know, but her net, which she inherited from her grandfather, had been enhanced magically. It was bonded with powerful sorcery, given a greater than normal tensile strength and could be considered **unbreakable**. It never wore out; it never showed signs of fraying or age.

That was not the net's only power either. By grasping the net with both hands it is possible, by way of mental control, to affect the net in several ways. The net can be **changed** from a large 60 foot monster of a net, to a more manageable 3 foot size. It can be **commanded** to wrap around an object

and hold it there. It can produce a **shock** powerful enough to knock out a large person, or animal. It is also extremely **selective** as to what it picks up and can leave endangered animals or unwanted catches alone.

Lastly, it can be commanded to produce an **electrical burst** equivalent to a **20 foot** radius Electro Magnetic Pulse blast.

Shanna only discovered the size change magic, the rest she never found out. When she retired in 1980, her boat and all its stock and tackle were bought by a small Icelandic fishery in order exploit fish stocks local to Ireland. The net itself is in a fisherman's house in **Reykjavik**, while the rest of the equipment and the boat sits in **Ardglass**, Northern Ireland.

The Sun-King Mask

73

There are times we wish we had the courage of another half, that half of us which whispers to us in our sleep, that half of us that can do the things we find we are unable to do. The dark half that can handle rough times, arguments and escalating violent situations – or the light half that can find the right word in someone's ear to soothe a troubled heart, when we ourselves are incapable of doing anything but causing harm.

The Sun-King Mask came into the possession of Hannah Riker when she was shopping in Toronto in 1997; she fell in love with the odd nature of the skull-fronted golden mask, covered in tiny fronds of a gold-coloured metal, and kept it as part of her fashion collection for several years. It was placed upon a mannequin's head on a shelf and admired by many of her friends, guests and relatives alike. The mask became quite the talking point, always generating conversation and talk often turned to why Hannah, quite a striking dark haired woman, had never worn the mask at many of the costume parties that she liked to attend.

Hannah would always respond that she never really found the right occasion; she told her friends that she was waiting for the right ensemble to wear with it, and the right function to attend – something where the mask would fit in perfectly.

Eventually she found a gorgeous mesh gold dress and a Halloween party to attend, the theme was macabre masquerades. Perfect.



Hannah and her mask (not to mention the dress) were a huge hit, and under the dim candle-light of the gothic themed party the power of the mask began to awaken. Dormant for several years, the mask had been **soaking up** Hannah's personality, understanding her personality and slowly constructing a mirror via the sorcery bound within.

At the end of the party when Hannah went home, she went to remove the mask and a voice whis-

pered, “Not yet babe, we have to chat.” She turned around, startled that someone had gotten into her home. She came face to face with herself, another Hannah, dressed the same – only a **reflection** of her, something was not quite right. This Hannah was a mirror, and whilst the woman did not really understand (or believe) the concept of a mirror self, that is exactly what she now stood across from.

Her mirror explained a few things and attempted to get Hannah to allow her to take over; she would live Hannah’s life for a while whilst Hannah stayed at home and got some rest. At first Hannah refused, took the mask off and slept anxiously.

The following day she had a blazing row with her boss, several people on the street hassled her, then her car broke down and she had to deal with sexist mechanics. When she got home late, her shower failed and she collapsed into her chair – fed up.

The mask called out to her, so she put it on. Mirror Hannah greeted her and once again asked for a day of the woman’s life. This time, angry and upset at how her day had gone, Hannah agreed. Mirror Hannah smiled and the real Hannah slipped off to rest and finally put the day behind her. The following day she stayed out of sight in her apartment.

The day rolled on. Mirror Hannah came back late, grinning. She regaled Hannah with her day, how she broke the boss’ nose and got into an awesome fight with three bullies in the office. She had slept with the intern and smoked more pot than was humanly possible.

Everything that Hannah would never do. As of writing, Hannah Riker has been missing for 2 years from her **Stayner**, Ontario home.

The Sun-King mask not only creates a **mirror** of you, it created a flawed and broken version, capable of things that you would normally never do. This version of you thinks nothing of **violence**

or **murder**, will easily commit the most heinous crimes without a thought. That is of course unless you are already like this, in which case the mirror mask creates a doppelganger that is pure and virtuous, though slightly flawed in places, due to the mask’s ‘nature’.

There are those who have donned the mask who have managed to enjoy a symbiotic and near perfect relationship with their mirror self.

At least one person has used the mask to help them in nefarious ways, deploying their virtuous twin as a great alibi whilst committing robberies elsewhere – when questioned by the police, the alibi always checks out.

It is generally thought that the mask depicts the ‘Sun-King’, not the French King who had that soubriquet, but more a Sun deity, high in the heavens.

Those few in the know would never touch this mask for inside the left cheek are inscribed the letters ‘**K.I.Y.**’. Curator scholars consider this mask to be an envoy or **avatar** of an extremely evil and corrupting entity.

Every time this mask is worn, there is a **1%** cumulative chance that the doppelganger will take over and attempt to **kill its twin** or commit some other heinous act.

If the wearer is particularly charismatic, the potential benefits are huge. The doppelganger could return home with riches, a lucrative deal, an attractive lover, or a new social position.

The mask is currently enjoying itself, sapping the life force of an unfortunate retired actress in **Sora**, Italy. She lies comatose and wasting away on her bed in her apartment while the mask feeds on her dreams.

MAJORA, OR PASSION MADE CORPOREAL

The Majora class of artifacts tend to be sought by everyone who knows about the higher tier of magical items, but actively acquired by well-armed, well-financed groups. No one, except maybe single Curators themselves, want these artifacts in the hands of individuals.

The exceptional objects can cause serious harm to those who don't know what they're doing and even greater harm to others by those who do know what they're doing and are mad enough to use them without caution.

Many higher Curators see this standard of magic as the first 'real' magic level and anyone who can wield these artifacts is to be respected. When a Curator gains a Majora artifact, he can be sure in the knowledge that he will be actively hunted if the knowledge of his ownership becomes widespread. Majora objects are the first level to convey 'curses' with even a single use (see page 'The Death Watch' on page 71).

Utilise Majora magic at your peril. Your life, and your sanity, is at risk.

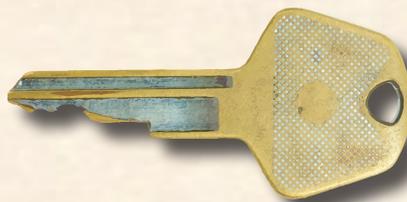
The Spirit Key

74

This artefact is an old, scratched key with part of the blade sheared off at an angle (that's ever so slightly, randomly different whenever measured) and which is magnetically **attracted to ghosts** or other ethereal/ectoplasmic entities when they are no further than one adjacent wall away (such as being in the next room).

The key will **visibly tug** in the direction of the ghost. If let go, it falls towards the ghost as if it was the centre of its own gravitational pull. The key hops and scrapes with the ghost.

If in the same room, the key falls towards the ghost and hovers, tumbling in the air, being dragged by the ghost. It doesn't harm the ghost but does slow it a little as if the spirit has been grounded or it has to move uphill.



If the ghost moves through a wall, it leaves the key behind. If the ghost moves through a second wall, the attractive force is lost and normal gravity resumes its control over the key. Persistently using the key to find ghosts has a disturbing consequence. One day the user may be following a ghost and suddenly be able to see it. They will then look down and see they no longer hold the key, but that it rests upon the floor, awkwardly bobbing behind them. If they look up from the floor they may see their **dead self** further away and their friends panicking, trying to revive the now deceased wielder of the key. It currently rests in the hands of Joseph Franklin Peabody, a Professor at the Anthropology department at [Miskatonic University, Arkham, MA](#).

He uses it frequently and gathers data for his upcoming book 'The Ghosts of New England'. He has adjusted well and his sanity is holding. Whether he will live to complete his tome is another matter. One disturbing piece of information Professor Peabody has discovered, is that, on rare occasions, it is able to **command a spirit**, sometimes many, to do his bidding. A ghostly assassin could prove a **terrible threat** so the professor has the key locked in his safe at his home on Church Street in [Arkham](#).

The Light of the Lady Lucia 75

In one of the poorer parts of Gunea-Bissau a young Italian family, who had immigrated to the country, set up a small bureaux so that the Italian government could aid in raising the standard of living and the subsequent trade that comes with such an endeavour.



While visiting a remote village to set up a village phone kiosk (a mobile phone with unlimited calls and data in a small house that the village can use for a very low fee) Luca Angelo, the father of the family, gratefully accepted a drink of water on the hot day. That was when he contracted Typhoid.

Despite the best efforts by doctors Luca became one of the 2% that don't survive. The Italian government were arranging for the bereaved family to come home but Luca's wife Carmella, Giovanni (16) and Lucia (9) wouldn't hear of it. They discovered a new family in the neighbours that came and wept with them. They also discovered that infant mortality was high in the country due to water borne diseases and resolved to help.

They were initially assisting NGOs in the interior and then moved on to fundraising. Lucia listened to all this talk of helping and she decided to fix

things (as children often do) by making her own water purification system. It involved muslin cloth and her little pink maglite flashlight with cartoon character stickers all over it. This obviously wouldn't work but Lucia was hopeful enough to defy the laws of reason, as children do.

She began by pouring water into a bottle, through the cloth, and then shining her flashlight over the water. Naive at best, it never the less worked. She gave the water to local children, then the sick local children, and they all became well. She then snuck out of her family's villa/compound and began treating the adults and elderly of the village, curing them all. Something in Lucia's flashlight's light was **purifying the water**. Furthermore, it seemed to possess an ability to fill a small receptacle of water with whatever was needed to heal the drinker. Of course, the locals thought Lucia was a blessed angel from God and began calling her 'Lady Lucia'. Before long her family heard of this and tried multiple experiments to see how the flashlight worked. It only worked on **small bottles** (500ml/16 fl.oz. max) and only if the light was held over the water for at least **30 seconds**. **They could not replicate it**. The 'Light of the Lady Lucia' remains with her in **Guinea-Bissau**. She is now 30, a junior doctor, and is alone in the country after her elder brother went back to Italy and her mother passed away. The flashlight will **purify** any small amount of water, in or out of a receptacle, and will cure any disease the patient has.

The Sacred Cup 76

A wine glass made in Southern France in 1981 that makes any wine from it takes **delicious**, no matter how cheap, and the drinker **never** gets a hangover. It was believed to have been created for Jacque Lillault, the famous food critic and bon viveur, whose reviews were featured in several high profile magazines and newspapers from 1974 to 1989.

It is believed to be a reject of the box of glasses he ordered but he found it's mis-shaped features

amusing so kept it. Upon his death from a heart attack in 1989 it was left to the Vatican, to the Pope specifically in fact. It is unknown if the Pope used the vessel but it was listed as being missing, presumed stolen in early 1999. It's current whereabouts are **unknown** but it is, perhaps, the most well known about object in this entire book.

The Death Watch

77

The Death Watch is a wicked timepiece, measuring the time like any other watch. It can appear as any piece of the era, from the modern classics to the outlandish collectible types found from many a lovely souvenir boutique, or concession stand in places like Disney World and so on. It might even be found as an antique-looking pocket watch. Make no mistake though; the watch is far from comical even if it might appear so at some point in history.

It was fashioned in the darkest places that mankind fears, it was made from beautiful mechanical flywheels, pins and perfect parts. It's so beautiful and exquisite – unless appearing as a novelty item; people will **murder** each other to own it. It draws out the darkest impulses in those who look upon it, they covet it, and they want to keep it. Yet the watch has a deeper secret, a malign joke that the Devil or other entity laid into the very core of the timepiece – **it knows when you are going to die.**

It chooses that moment from the very second you put it on, or even touch it. **It knows.** It knows exactly when you are supposed to shuffle off the mortal coil. The watch will tick away the seconds, hours, days, and years of your life until something horrific happens to you. You might own it for only a few hours, before a car crashes through the window of your restaurant and kills you. Or it might be a gift from your lover or wife for years until the day you die from a virulent and painful cancer.

Once you die, that is not the end, the watch **expulses your soul** and sends it reeling across the world – you awake in the body of someone else, not you. Their soul is overwritten and sent somewhere dark, horrific, and lonely for eternity.



No one has an idea of how or why this watch came to be, they just know it was first seen in 1946 in a pawn shop in Frankfurt am Main, Germany.

You might wonder why you would want this watch, well, whilst you have it – **you cannot die.** The watch has chosen your demise remember, so that might come in ten years, a hundred or a thousand. It is all part of the lottery, a lottery that you enter the moment that you take possession in your hand or pocket of the watch.

The Death Watch is currently waiting the next unsuspecting victim, it can be found, reasonably

priced in a small isolated secondhand shop in **Toowoomba**, Australia.

Tick... Tock...

Tutting Gloves

78

Around the late 1960's a very strange practice that grew out of a certain body-popping style of dance appeared, known as finger-tutting. One proponent of the art fashioned a pair of gloves made of white leather, studded with tiny mirrored sequins.

This master of the art, a Jean Michel LaRoué, formerly of New Orleans was a brilliant dancer and genius when it came to the movements he could do with his hands until a horrific accident that left his hands scarred and burnt, bones shattered.



Jean's career in dance came to an end, he nearly lost his life. The gloves though, they were miraculously unharmed. After months and months of rest and recuperation he found the gloves again, he had his friend put them on for him, though painful both physically and mentally – the gloves fit like a charm.

And even more miraculously, whilst he wore them, he could actually move his hands as though they were perfectly normal. The pain he could tolerate too, because it was a fantastic feeling to be able to finger-tut again. Rusty at first, he performed a few tuts and to his surprise found out that he blew a hole in the nearby wall as an **invisible ball of energy** flew from his hands.

Was that magic? The gloves let him move his ruined fingers, manipulate his hands and with them he could cause changes in reality that acted like spells. They will not work for anyone else in that regard; if another injured person puts them on they will not be able to move their fingers.

No one knows how or why the gloves began to allow the channelling of magical energy, or if anyone else could benefit from wearing them in terms of spell casting.

The gloves were lost recently when there was a break-in at Jean Michel's California residence and their whereabouts are unknown, it is likely that some stranger has discovered their secret, or perhaps the perpetrator is closer to Jean Michel's home.

Grandmother Edith's Rocking Chair

79

Somewhere in a house, in a small back room there is an old chair constructed around 1967. It is an old chair that shows the signs of age, the wood has a lovely patina upon the surface and some of the cushions are threadbare – a sign not only of time, but of the amount of love this chair has received from the owner who passed away recently, whilst sitting on it. She was a canny woman, some said she was too obsessed with time and always kept a watch by her side so she could keep watching the seconds on it tick by.

Grandmother Edith to some, Nanny Edie to others and now her chair is all that is left of her life.

She drank heavily, smoked heavily and always had the smell of strange tobacco about her. That is the first thing that one notices when they sit down in the chair, the tobacco smell.

What of the chair? Well, the chair is interesting since it has the power to allow the sitter to **rock back and forth through time**. By rocking the chair in one direction it is possible, depending on the frequency of the rocks (not too fast, but in a correct rhythm), to see the past as long as the chair has a good view of a window or the local area. It does not travel through time, simply shows time as it once was.



By rocking the other way, the chair allows the sitter to see the future. The future is based on the sitter's own personal timeline, it may never come to pass or events might unfold differently to how the viewer perceives them.

Anyone who sits in the chair has a hankering for a good old woodbine cigarette if they spend more

than a few hours rocking back and forth in it. That, and the sudden urge to crochet or knit.

The chair sits in her nephew's house overlooking Milton Evergreen Cemetery in [Milton](#), Ontario.

Ever-Door Handle

80

If you have ever heard a story of a person who goes through a door, ends up elsewhere and has no recollection of how on earth they got there, they might have discovered one of these rather unique and polished brass door handles. They look like they were designed around the 1960's and some come with nice ivory inlays, or little fresco paintings on the handle.



Some are already attached to a door, it does not matter which door either, what matters is exactly what the handle does when it is turned exactly three times clockwise and once anticlockwise seemingly against the mechanism. The handle has a unique magic that **opens a door in space-time** (locked to the era that you are currently in, and the time) linked to another door on the same world, in a totally different country or region. It is like Russian roulette in that regard, completely random and once you step through you will **not be able to get back**.

The handle can also be taken off the door, held in the pocket until it is needed and affixed to any sur-

face. Once affixed to any surface, it opens a door exactly as above and in this case as long as the user twists the handle one more time anticlockwise it will travel with the user allowing them to keep it, use it again, and again.

The Ever-Door Handle can be found on any door, anywhere in the world. Currently one is on the door to a treehouse in the garden of Jack and Sophie Roddie, [Edinburgh](#), Scotland, and a further one sits with the Gatecrashers..

Kruschov's Lamp

81

Vladimir Kruschov was a lead agent for the KGB in 1971; he led many special projects and oversaw the interrogation arm of the organisation for several years after one of his peers seemed to lose his edge. Vladimir was known to be highly skilled in the use of mental manipulation techniques; he never had to resort to drugs or to violence – everyone he ever put in that big steel room, under the light from his storm lamp told the truth eventually.

Vladimir had a secret, it was not really skill or technique, though he was rather skilled in that regard at the traditional truth serum, the knuckle breaking and mental torture skills required of an agent. His lamp was the key, burning with a clear-white glare with a bulb that never had to be changed – the lamp's bright light **stripped away the will to resist** from anyone who looked directly into it.

It resembled a desk lamp, a common sight on many KGB desks in the building – simple, effective design marked by Russian sturdy engineering. Vladimir's had the hammer and sickle symbol on the annealed black paint, proudly displayed to the top of the lamp cone, though the cone has seen better days, with some of the enamel cracked a pitted

from apparent age. When anyone looks into the lamp they **must tell the truth**, the light is so warm, helpful and friendly – the voice that accompanies it becomes their friend, they will tell the truth to their friend always.

When the KGB disbanded around 1991 the lamp went with Vladimir and was later sold at Sotheby's in London for £300. Its current whereabouts are unknown.



The Tri-Skull Ornaments

82

There are three human-sized skulls in this ornate looking box, the box is made of solid hardwood and finished to a deep brown hue, carved with odd-looking symbols and quite big. Each skull sits in a single compartment lined with plush red velveteen. The skulls resemble carefully hand-crafted props that one might find during festivals like Halloween, in a costume department of a theatre, or the props room of a movie or TV studio.

Each of the skulls emanates a soft coloured light from the eye sockets when removed and floats in the air to face the person who took them out. They fix that person with a deathly gaze and begin to chatter, requesting a drop of blood to unlock the power within them. The skulls can pick and choose who they serve as well, so they may well remain inert if they do not wish to serve a new master.

Each of the skulls belongs to a **powerful guardian** that comes to life when a drop of blood is provided. They will obey and protect the donor until either dismissed, or their task is completed – in which case they will seek to return to the box. Once summoned, they appear much as they did in life, with the occasional flicker of magic that shows the skeletal shape beneath their pallid skin.

They are:

Megara Shan: A female entity, once a powerful necromancer and magic user, Megara is capable of devastating magical support, spells that wrack the donor's enemies with pain and can even cause their skeletons to leap from their skin, killing them in the process and creating an undead servitor bound to Megara as long as she is manifest. Her skull becomes Ebony when activated.

Olosh Haka: A male entity, a brawler, a lover of war and a warrior who was born in a dark age.

Olosh excels at combat of a more personal kind; he knows every edge of a weapon, every blunt of a hammer and can break bones as well as sunder flesh. He is the epitome of brute strength, as well as polished and honed steel. His skull becomes steel when activated.



Rhyani Falken: A thinker, and a planner, a grand strategist that knows her way around every form of ranged combat – from the modern weapons of the mortal world, to the ancient weapons of the past. Her understanding of trajectories, angles, movement and inertia means that her shots very rarely miss and always cause the most damage when they strike home. Her skull transforms into polished and lacquered Oak.

The skulls can be ordered to **perform various commands** by their donor, or left to their own devices to construct a defence or offence based on the situation. They are always **plotting** however, plotting to return to the mortal world and remain there

unbound from their specific prisons, since the entities within are all convicted murderers of a forgotten age. They seek to turn every situation to their advantage, racking up the souls of their enemies and never taking prisoners – when they collect enough souls, they will slip the shackles of their prisons and be free to **terrorise** the mortal world with impunity.

In this case, to **destroy them**, their skulls and the box must be burned in a fire lit on a site of a great disaster. Otherwise they will simply reform the following morning, ready to take their revenge.

The Tri-Skull Ornaments are in the possession of a mad occultist by the name of Henry Noble who operates from an old farm house near **Austin**, Texas. Noble plans to use their power for his own gains.

Forgeless Hammer

83

The Forgeless Hammer resembles the kind of hammer that a modern blacksmith might use; the surface is unmarred by heat and unmarked by the constant bell-ring of hammer blows used when striking hot metal. It is wrapped tightly in leather, bound around the hefty ash handle and weighted perfectly. It does not feel as heavy as it should feel, allowing it to be used by virtually anyone regardless of their strength. The Forgeless Hammer is a magical marvel though, not only because of the way it uses magic to adjust to the strength of the wielder, but because it does not require heat to mould metal into something else.

Each strike of the Forgeless Hammer **generates its own forge heat**, quickly as well, so it can swiftly heat metal bars to the correct temperature, almost in the blink of an eye. Several strikes are all that is needed to bring a bar to the right temperate to forge, then the hammer's magic dwindles and rises to keep the bar at the right heat so it can be struck

with precision, bent, moulded and manipulated without trouble. It can also be used in a **fight**, striking skin and causing horrific burns to anyone who takes a blow on exposed flesh. It can set fire to flammable objects upon striking them and is very good at breaching metal armour, superheating it in a few solid blows.



The hammer was made around 2002, but no one knows exactly when it became enchanted – or if it was always this way. It was last seen in the workshop of **Bloomfield** Knife and Sword in New Jersey

Hard Light Gloves

84

The Hard Light Gloves, or Construct Gloves as they are known to certain people with a fascination that combines magic with technology, are a pair of slim-fitting soft white and black leather gloves that appear to have strange and obscure electronic wires running through the inside of the gloves.

When donned they produce a powerful magical field that can **manipulate light** on a molecular level. In other words, they can produce various light-based constructs and allow the wearer to control them to a great degree of finesse. Whilst these gloves are purely magical, they are of interest to those who study magic-tech, technomancy, or whatever it might be called at the time.

They allow a wide variety of constructs to be created and can bring to being vehicles as large as a Ferrari sports car, as small as a go-kart or make complex devices like a flying camera. They can even create weapons, such as pistols, assault rifles, shotguns, bows and crossbows.

The gloves require a source of light to function, but it only needs to be the amount provided by a single LED or small bulb. They are seemingly a product of 1980's magic and the design reflects that era's fascination with a new kind of technology.



They were possibly made for a sci-fi TV show which was never filmed, the production ran into trouble in 1985 and the various props and costumes were sold off to cover costs. A pair of gloves matching the description of the Hard Light Gloves

passed to one of the studio execs and then later on to his son for a costume party.

The gloves were lost in 1988 and resurfaced again in 1991 when they were used by a criminal to stage a huge bank robbery, he created an army of light-based 'bodyguards' and was only defeated when the police shut off the power, and therefore all the lights, and plunge him into complete darkness, negating his power.

Rumour has it that the Hard Light Gloves are now in possession of a musician who uses their power to bend light in his shows. He often performs at the [Sydney Opera House](#).

Katra's Cure All

85

Katra's Cure All is not one bottle of liquid, but several. They all come in plastic containers, usually from famous soft-drink brands. Yet the colourful contents are always effervescent and sparking with unbridled magic within the drink. They have a simple white label affixed over the name brand and it reads: Katra's Cure All for...

The last part is filled in with a nice thick black ball-point pen; clean lettering and steady lines indicate someone who is proud, and precise. They started popping up around various medical institutions and locations in the early 2011's. Originally they were poured away, thrown to one side or completely ignored by the people who found them.

Until one day a worker tasked with removing one such cure-all, decided to drink the contents (rather foolishly) since it looked and smelt like raspberry cola. The doctors had told her that she needed to quit smoking, she could hardly breathe and she spent vast amounts of the day coughing.

In her case the Katra's Cure All read: Cure All for Smoker's Doom.

Was she meant to find the bottle?

Shelly Long felt better almost immediately after consuming the contents, her chest did not feel as though it was on fire and she could actually breathe properly for the first time in so many months. It was a miracle.

She told the doctors, who laughed. She told her friends, who told her to go to the psychiatrist.

She found another bottle in her fridge at work with a personal message.



“Hope you feel better, Katra.”

Shelly drank the second bottle without hesitation, her condition improved and she kept half of the mix to show the doctors. Slowly, day by day, she got better.

With her father things were odder still, he had only a few days to live and she went to visit him in the private hospital where he was given the best treatment for his illness. Whilst there, there was knock at the door and a nurse brought Shelly a package from UPS. She opened it, and inside was another bottle...

“Katra’s Cure All for the Impossible.”

Shelly thought long and hard about this, gave her father the bottle and got him to drink it. He kept the mixture down and she left. A

few hours later she got the call that she had been dreading, only the nurse sounded bewildered. Her father’s cancer was in full remission, people were calling it a miracle. Shelly was not the only person to start getting bottles, no one knows where they come from and all leads end in abandoned warehouses, odd little shacks in the middle of nowhere, and Post Office boxes that no one remembers being there before.

Her own affliction had completely cleared, her smoker’s cough gone and even her addiction to nicotine had vanished with it. She could no longer stand the smell of cigars, cigarettes or anything like it.

When she went back to the doctors they were stunned, they asked her what had changed and wanted to run all sorts of tests. They found her system was completely clear, her blood was normal and no foreign drugs were in her system. The doctors were baffled and when she explained Katra’s Cure All, they scratched their heads and blamed their equipment.

Shelly knew the truth and that was all that matters, she knew the power of Katra’s Cure All. So, What is it?

It is a **powerful magical potion** that is bespoke, and tailor made for a specific circumstance, illness, disease, broken bone, laceration, poisoning or any other such debilitation that the human body can suffer. They are indeed miracle bottles that can heal a bewildering number of afflictions. Each bottle contains one dose, but that’s all you need.

You don’t find Katra’s Cure All. It finds you.

Journey’s End

86

This device is a deluxe Sat-Nav, an expensive electronic gizmo that makes finding your destination

a lot easier, as long as you keep up with the raft of updates. It looks like a top-range version of the brand it mimics and these particular types of Sat-Nav are extremely rare, there are probably only 2-3 in the world at this point in time circa 2012.

On the surface they function as normal Sat-Nav devices, have the same menus as the typical models and all the functionality is right there at the user's fingertips on the touch screen.

The Journey's End models are sold in specially marked cases; they have a unique stamp on them which shows the planet earth with an infinite symbol superimposed upon the surface. The manual contains the secret to operating the device. Within the normal operational instructions, in various languages, there is the vague shadow of what appears to be a double printing – it is possible at this point to reach out, pull the pages apart and access the [magically hidden section](#) of the instruction book to facilitate the mystical menu of the device.



Once the user activates that menu they can turn on the [magical features](#) of Journey's End. Menu options are as follows listed as they might appear in the menu text of the device:

(A) **Change battery life.** The normal charged bat-

tery is inefficient; the magical battery has a near infinite battery life.

(B) **Activate Fuel Efficiency Mode:** This device option allows the Journey's End Sat-Nav to halve the fuel costs for a journey for any vehicle to which the device is attached.

(C) **Activate a Portal from A to B.** After choosing the entry point and the exit point it is possible to use the Journey's End Sat-Nav to fold space between those two points. Warning: Any vehicle caught in the user's spatial anomaly can be dragged from point A to B. Be responsible in the use of this feature – firmware revision 1.1a notes that as of this update the spatial anomaly is more selective and will only transport the user's vehicle. Warning: this feature can only be used once per 24 hours, it places the device in idle mode and no other feature is available until 24 hours have elapsed.

(D) **Time Saver:** The device can be placed into time saving mode, this only works once per day and will shave time off a journey by altering the time bubble that the vehicle travels in.

Warning: The time is taken from elsewhere and can impact other people's lives in a detrimental fashion; care should be taken when activating this option. The option allows the user vehicle to arrive on time by altering the time stream to facilitate correct travel even if the vehicle is held up in horrendous traffic.

(E) **Queue Jumper:** This feature can only be used once per 24 hours, it drains the magical force of the Journey's End Sat-Nav and once engaged no other feature can be used after that for the same time period. The feature allows the vehicle to enter a ghost like state and ethereally pass to the front of a long queue where there is sufficient space for the destination to be unblocked. The user has no control over the length of the queue jump and it could be 3 cars or 100.

There are rumours of a further firmware revision to the magical features of the device which may add more user requested features later on. No one knows who makes the Sat-Nav or produces the mystical firmware revisions, all attempts to discern this have met with dead ends and endless circles of holding companies, mail boxes, phones that refuse to connect to numbers and layers of obfuscation that would make politicians proud.

This device is often found attached to a vehicle that's new but has been abandoned for some reason and can turn up with any make or model of vehicle too. It can also appear anywhere in the world as needed.

The Raft of Knowledge

87

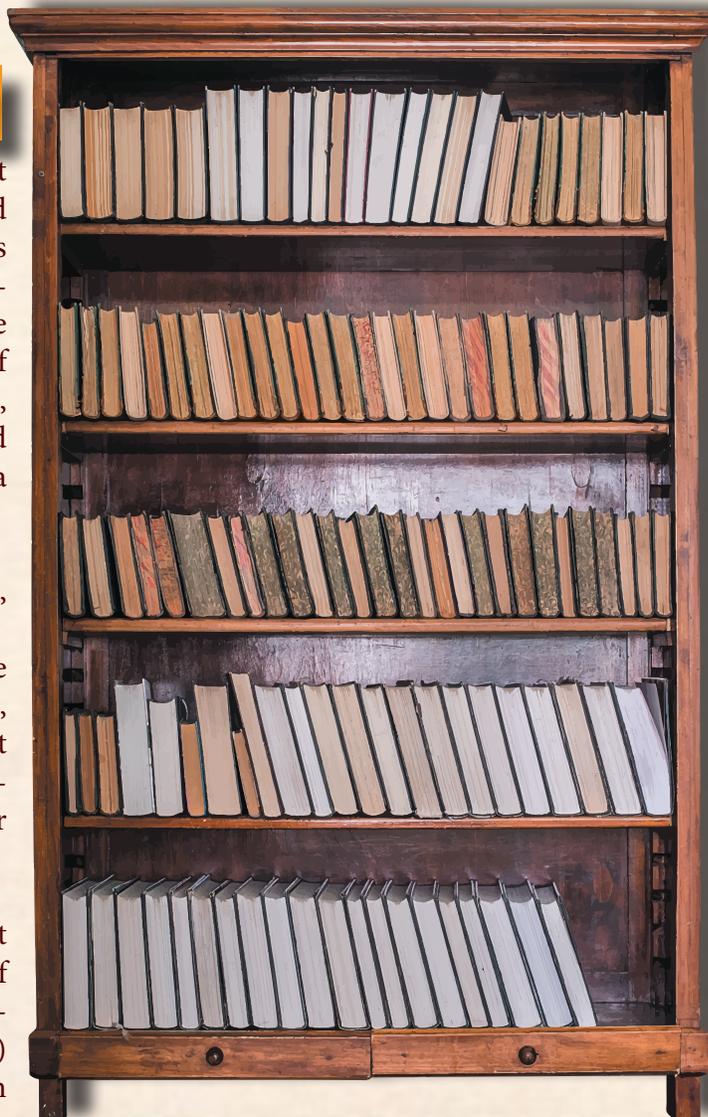
The Raft of Knowledge is a large bookcase; it stands just over 7 feet tall and has 5 shelves packed with a bewildering variety of books from all kinds of genres, subjects and titles. There is fiction, non-fiction, biographical and technical books galore already sitting on the shelves. The bookcase itself is lacquered with a deep honey-coloured finish, has a beautiful sheen and each section is marked clearly with a lovely brass name plate written in a cursive script.

The bookcase has a minor magic placed upon it, it actively **protects the books** that are stored there from the ravages of age, sunlight and even outside influence. If someone tried to burn the bookcase, it would remain steadfast against the fire, protect the books from the flame and phase out of existence until it was safe to return. The same goes for any attempt to attack it, magically or otherwise.

The bookcase stores a vast library and some say it is magically **connected** to every single source of text in the world. It allows the user to pick a section on display (these change from time to time) and withdraw a book from the shelf on the chosen

subject. With access to such a variety of literature it is impossible to list every single book, or kind of book that could be found on the shelf of such a magical artefact. A few example books follow of the kind of reading material that might be found at any time when just perusing the shelves, with no specific book in mind. These tomes are also grouped by possible genre, which as mentioned previously can and will alter on the bookshelf over time.

Fiction: Any popular fiction book from a variety of genres can appear in this heading, so rather than listing books by name here, just feel free to put any book you like into the Raft of Knowledge's



fiction section. The fiction section is a mix of fantasy, sci-fi, modern, romance, and other genres.

Non-Fiction: Books on a variety of subjects make up the majority of this shelf; these include books on corporate money-making, how-to guides that involve life hacks, self-help manuals, books on places and tourist locations, and any other non-fiction type you feel like putting in.

Technical: There are several books in here, usually on car maintenance, computer use, electronic component lists, construction manuals for a variety of tech jobs and a dozen or so assorted tomes on circuits and robotics. You will also find tech manuals for space craft such as the NASA Shuttle and the Space X rocket, depending on the modern era.

Paranormal: Here you will find a large selection of books on paranormal phenomenon, ghost hunting, hauntings, poltergeist activity, supernatural murders, exorcism rituals and at least three collections of spirit guides which list the commonly encountered ghostly types and the best ways to observe or deal with them.

Biographical: There are a few books here on this shelf that focus on the lives and tribulations, trials, frustrations, victories and successes of various famous (and not-so famous people). Figures from history stand alongside celebrities from all walks of life and movers/shakers who have changed the world for good, or ill.

Metaphysical: This is the catch-all category for magical books that actually contain practical, proper magic, the kind that was used to make this bookshelf and many of the items listed in the Book of Contemporary Magical Things. You might even find a copy of the book on this shelf too. There are also books on other worlds, and any book listed in the Book of Magical Things might also appear here on this shelf too. One warning to heed, just because a book is in this very special bookcase,

does not mean the information held within is factually correct. Many erroneous, dubious, and nefarious books are produced each year and this bookcase loves them all. It is currently owned by the high security firm Vault, Inc in [San Francisco](#).

The Red Axe

88

There is a name spoken with reverence amongst musicians, both professional and amateur. That is Gibson, especially the characteristic SG Axe sub-brand of the famous guitar manufacturer. Gibson brand guitars are known for extremely solid construction, excellent performance, and beautiful sounds across a wide variety of models.

The Red Axe was a custom Gibson SG, Axe, made for a middling musician by the name of Danny Zender. Danny was never going to be the best at his trade; he had a grasp of musical theory, guitar chords and could string together a passing lyric into a song or two. The problem was that Danny lacked drive; he lacked the powerful spirit that every other musician before him had in spades. A jealous man at the best of times he watched those around him, his so-called peers, rise to bigger and better gigs.

Their fame increased, whilst Danny played in seedy dives and barely drew a crowd with his lack-lustre performance and covers of old songs.

So to fix this, he spent money he did not have, took out a loan and bought a kick-ass custom steel-trimmed SG with tricked out pickups and everything. Danny did not buy this from Gibson direct; he went online and picked up the custom job from a seller on Ebay.

The seller promised a sound that was out of this world, and a sure-fire way to get everything that Danny ever wanted. It was an impressive sales pitch and Danny fell for it, hook, line and sinker. He spent thousands on the guitar and when it ar-

rived on a Sunday, in Milwaukee in the rain he could not have been happier. He plugged it in, played and was astonished at just how sweet his new guitar sounded. A beautiful instrument, it was a Gibson SG Axe as promised, painted in the seller's custom Chuck Berry red colour.

It had harmony that he had never heard before, richness in the tone and a perfect tune right out of the box. His next gig was a success, so much so that the manager of the bar invited a music promoter he knew to come and listen. Danny was an overnight success...

It snowballed from there, gig after gig, night after night. Women, drugs, rock and roll, the whole nine yards. He was on Cloud 9, then the emails began from the seller, they pointed out the fine print that Danny must have missed. The seller demanded: One **human sacrifice** per month, to keep the guitar looking as good as new.

Danny thought this was a hoax, until he came back one day after a night out with a pair of twins, found his guitar sounded terrible and looked even worse. So he went back to his computer, found the next email, it told him what he needed to do.

He took up the guitar, it bled a little, and he looked at the sleeping roadies around his room. No, they had been good to him. He took the guitar and went out, later on he came back covered in blood and the guitar was as good as new. The blood glis-

tened, Chuck Berry Red in the wan lamp-light of his motel room.

The Red Axe makes you **popular**, it makes you into a rock god, it can grant every wish in music history that you could imagine. With it, you will have everything you ever wanted, so much fame, so much money and all the sex you can put up with. There is a price for that power, the mysterious Seller will tell you so, clearly and plainly – but only after you have bought the guitar, missing the fine print in the online shop's contract.

Unless you have an inkling of magical power about you, it will not show on the screen. The Axe demands blood for your success, one human sacrifice per month, killed by the guitar. The instrument will decay day by day otherwise, eventually the spell will be broken and your fame will backfire, you will lose everything and everyone – it will ruin you and then the Seller will demand your life as a final payment. The Seller has enough power to collect as well. There is no way out, you do not even want to sell the guitar, the thought will not even cross your mind. That is all part of the very **dark magic** bound into the soul-stealing Red Axe.

Danny's fame came to an end when he overdosed late one night. His effects were sold to settle debts and his estate, and the Red Axe was sold back to the original seller, who coincidentally turned up on the day of the funeral and discretely offered an enormous sum to Danny's sister for the guitar.



It sits in a back street music store in [Zalungrad](#), Croatia. It's quite hard to spot because the shop has a very treasure-trove vibe to it and all the fittings seem to be in a 'shabby-chic' style. The storekeeper will help you find it though, his exact nature is unknown but people start to feel **uneasy** in his presence after [20 minutes](#). Almost as if there is a trap that they can't see but know is there.

The Shrike Aqua Shoes

89

A pair of Shrike Aqua's is a thing of beauty if you like trainers, running shoes, or footwear in general.

They are made to the highest exacting standards, manufactured to last and sold in only the best highstreet shops in metropolitan cities. If a store wants to acquire a pair, they need to be able to pay a fortune, and the end user will end up footing the bill for that.

The best way to get hold of them for an average Joe, like Easton Keene was to either end up with them as a present, or find them in a shoe box discarded down an alley. He did not ask why, or even consider that he might be stealing the shoes when he took them – he just knew that he wanted them there and then.

That is partly due to the magic, it has a strange avaricious quality about it and if Easton had checked a little further down the alley, he would have seen a mugger squatting on an unconscious man's chest, rifling his pockets. How the mugger missed the trainers, again, all part of the curious magic that suffuses the shoes.

They make you want them, but they can also fill your heart with the need to obtain more things. Easton wasted no time; he took the shoes and ran. He reached another part of the alley, swapped his

old worn out Nikes for these shoes and tested their feel. They felt good.

At this point, the mugger, who was by now no longer distracted by the wealth of another chose this moment to come looking for the trainers. He chased after Easton, and Easton wisely ran.

The chase took them across the street and toward the Thames in London, Easton was a fast runner, he had always been a track star at school and now he got to put these new Shrike Aquas to the test.

He was a good swimmer and he was willing to risk the Thames, especially when he had an angry psychotic man screaming at him to give him back his bloody shoes! Easton took a leap over the railing as the man nearly caught him, he ran down the side onto the dock and with nowhere to run prepared to dive in, only he slipped, lost his footing and landed on the water. It was at this point that the Shrike Aquas lived up to their name – magical shoes that permitted the wearer to **walk and run on water**.



Easton was stunned and slowly began to sink, so he kept moving as the mugger threw stones and whatever else he could find whilst screaming obscenities. Easton's new shoes took him clear across the Thames and away from harm. They stunned the man and onlookers alike as they saw someone

running across the Thames at high speed. Shrike Aquas allow the wearer to **walk on water, run on water, and whilst on water they boost the wearer's speed** to over **100mph** whilst protecting them from the rigours of high-speed travel without the use of a vehicle.

The shoes make you want to own them; there is something about the magic that is bound into the footwear that causes people to **lust** after them. They also make you want more and more material things as time goes on, only the very strong willed can resist the lure of the Shrike Aqua's avaricious sorcery.

Easton moved to **Örebro** in Sweden shortly after and they still fit nicely.

The Rainbow Butterfly 90

Patricia Garbone was one of those television actresses that you never knew the name of but always seemed to recognise when they were on the screen. She had numerous appearances in *Ironside*, *The Rockford Files*, and *Bonanza* throughout her career and was highly regarded. However, as she grew older she noticed she was being bypassed by casting agents and was starting to miss out on work.



She wished she could easily change her appearance, be it skin tone, hair colour, eye colour, or age in order to get a part she wanted. It is unclear where the Butterfly Brooch came from. When asked at parties Patricia would say "It came from an admirer" and leave it at that.

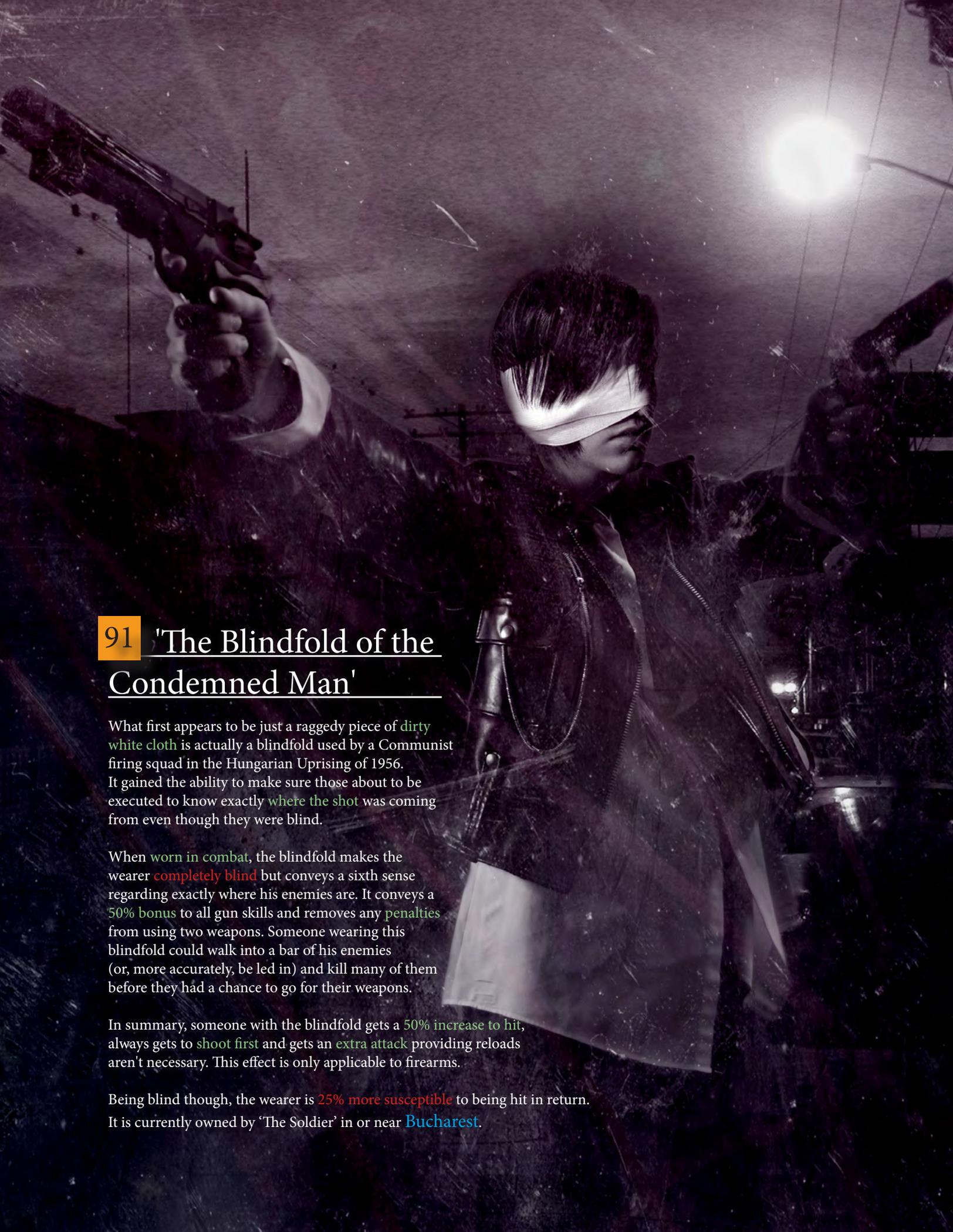
A little gaudy, it was nonetheless a valuable piece of her jewelry collection and it always got noticed by whoever he was speaking to. Roles started coming to her thick and fast. She found she could **change** her skin tone, eye colour, hair colour, hair length, fingernail length, and bust size by just thinking about it when wearing the brooch (which she often did on the inside of a costume or suit when working). When a wearer chooses to change their appearance it should convey some bonus to any skills or abilities concerned with a **disguise**.

The more changes they make, the better the chances of not being noticed, or even replicating the look of someone else if they have a similar bone structure.

If the brooch is removed the glamour fades within **13 minutes**, giving someone time to leave. The effect of the enchantment fading looks like wax dripping of a candle. The only downside to this object is that it slowly sends the wearer **paranoid** and **insane**. They become obsessed with their looks to the detriment of everything else.

The brooch is still at Garbone's **Big Sur** residence, in California, locked away for safe keeping or until a visitor calls. At which point they will see a 75 year old woman looking like she's 35 answer the door with a handgun, acting furtively, trigger happy, and with seemingly parts of her body **'slipping'**.

Any day now, a TV crew will visit to film a documentary on the stars of yesterday and they're broadcast will raise difficult questions and way too much attention.



91 'The Blindfold of the Condemned Man'

What first appears to be just a raggedy piece of **dirty white cloth** is actually a blindfold used by a Communist firing squad in the Hungarian Uprising of 1956. It gained the ability to make sure those about to be executed to know exactly **where the shot** was coming from even though they were blind.

When **worn in combat**, the blindfold makes the wearer **completely blind** but conveys a sixth sense regarding exactly where his enemies are. It conveys a **50% bonus** to all gun skills and removes any **penalties** from using two weapons. Someone wearing this blindfold could walk into a bar of his enemies (or, more accurately, be led in) and kill many of them before they had a chance to go for their weapons.

In summary, someone with the blindfold gets a **50% increase to hit**, always gets to **shoot first** and gets an **extra attack** providing reloads aren't necessary. This effect is only applicable to firearms.

Being blind though, the wearer is **25% more susceptible** to being hit in return. It is currently owned by 'The Soldier' in or near **Bucharest**.

'The Smoke That Reveals'

92

This mundane looking pack of cigarettes never seem to run out and exude a peppery smell and a little more smoke than you would usually find with cigarettes. Their talent is anything but mundane however, as it lets you see in your mind what **people are thinking** whilst smoking them.

The rumour is that a previous owner was asked about the smell and replied "They're Turkish, from a little shop in the Grand Bazaar in Istanbul." but that may be just a rumour. They were once used by a CIA agent in Kenya in the 90s and a record was kept but was put at risk by Wikileaks so they were allegedly destroyed. You never really know with the CIA though.

The cigarettes taste heady but pleasant, if a character knows their tobacco they can, indeed, attest to their provenance being Turkish but no more than that. They're most useful in a small to medium room such as an interview room up to a board room. Any larger than that and the images become fuzzy and unreliable.



The smoker must beware however, as the cigarettes actually come from a far off city in another world, brought to Istanbul by a ship with lemon coloured sails. If used by the same person for a year, that smoker will awake to find themselves aboard a sailing vessel, manned by strange looking men in turbans, and heading to a dark city called Dylath-Leen. They are in the Dreamlands and have **no way to get back**.

They are currently in the possession of the Gatecrashers, based in **Paris**.

The Forever Glasses

93

Tucked away in the desk of a Professor of history in Worcester State University, in **Worcester**, Massachusetts, is a pair of spectacles from the 1960s with a very unusual benefit to the wearer. Whenever they are worn outside in the rain, the wearer can look into the raindrops and **see events from the past**, as if they were kept in the atmosphere and are now dropping to Earth in the raindrops.

In order to see these images the lenses are shaped oddly and make wearing them to see anything else impossible. The rest of the visual field is extremely blurry but the images in the raindrops are crystal clear, enlarged, and moving, seemingly, in extreme slow motion.



The effect is **localised** so if you're in Worcester, Massachusetts you will see past events from that area. Raindrops at Stonehenge will show everything from modern day pagans arriving for the solstice, to the ruins being forgotten, all the way back to the erection of the great stones and further.

Each raindrop holds a different past event so it can get quite confusing if the rain is heavy. As yet, no downside has been discovered with this artefact. Dr Nicholson, the current owner in question, now keeps them locked away in his draw and only rarely gets them out to use for personal use. He tried using them for research and published several papers on places all along the eastern seaboard, even

discovering what happened at fabled Roanoke, but he was derided by his peers and put his position in jeopardy. He was right of course in all his findings, proving it to the sceptical was another matter.

The 'Housekeeping' Card 94

This mostly unlabelled key card is a key for a seemingly unnamed hotel. It's blank apart from a strangely glowing omega symbol on the front and an old gold strip on the back. It lets you open up any door in a hotel that requires a keycard, albeit one that needs a chip or just a strip.



Furthermore, the reservation for that room even appears in the guest book or computer system. Its basically a safe house for life. The one negative is that the name it puts in the computer is of a random missing person since 1953 (when card keys were invented). A sizeable minority of these names are famous cases of missing people and can cause authorities to be called into action.

Somehow, at the end of every stay, the bill is settled (or at least it appears that way in hotel records. Bank records may differ as the card can only falsify hotel records and not bank records or create money at will.

It is currently in the hands of the Gatecrashers who have been living in the Royal Suite at the Four Seasons in central Paris for 4 years now.

The Mule Bag 95

This large nylon cooler bag conceals anything put in it both visually and electronically. Hitmen and smugglers have used this to great effect in the past by putting guns, drugs, and one occasion, a body, in the bag, the weight is the same no matter what is placed inside (15kg or 33lbs) so when airport security scan it; nothing. It appears on scanners and to the naked eye to be empty. The guard could open it up and look inside; nothing.

The downside is that the items are there just invisible so if the guard puts his hand in he'll feel the gun or the drugs... if he pulls them out they will appear. Otherwise, the contents are invisible to sight, sound, and smell. Its current location is unknown but its owner is probably up to no good.



Staff of Zandora 96

The Staff of Zandora is a 1:1 scale replica of the famous magic staff featured in the Choose Your Adventure Book Series: Zandora's Chronicle, beginning with the first book – the Tower of Zandora. The staff is made of hard-wearing materials, toughened plastic and set with a brilliantly lit solarpowered miniature sapphire mask made from fake glass. The packaging describes it as the perfect prop for a modern-day wizard warrior woman. It depicts a black girl, staff held aloft shatter-



ing the armies of darkness with incredible power. In the books Zandora's journey is different, she starts out as an accomplished hero in her own right, and is not a child of prophesy.

She takes the staff from a powerful enemy in the first book, defeating him and his army of evil hybrid creatures, the sorcerer Hark Kannon. The staff comes with a variety of special effects that are based on spells from the books.

There is also one of these staves that is quite unlike any of the toy ones. Whilst it might look the same, this version of the staff is able to **focus magical power** just like in the books and can create a variety of effects when placed in the hands of a novice. When given to anyone with sorcerous blood, the stave becomes even more powerful and unlocks tier-2 magic abilities that are deeply ingrained in the replica.

It is not known, even in magical circles, how the Staff of Zandora became enchanted. Some Curators have postulated that the stave might actually be a proper artefact from an alternate dimension, one that has slipped through into our world. Or the author of the book series, Jane Cunningham is secretly

from the same world as the heroine and somehow seeded the mortal world with the staff.

This is all conjecture of course, but it never stops scholars from making up theories.

Tier 1 abilities of the staff are as follows:

Create smoke: In the books, Zandora uses the stave to obscure the vision of her enemies with a cloud of blue-coloured smoke or fog.

Hand of Wrath: A giant red fist punches Zandora's enemies as it flies from the stave, it is around 20 feet or so in size and has spiked knuckles.

Sky Chariot: In the second chapter of the second book, Zandora uses the stave to summon a chariot drawn by four flying giant dogs.

Big Cat: When Zandora first gains the stave she finds out it can summon Shar Bazim, a genie-like spirit that takes the form of a tiger.

Arrow Strike: Zandora gains the power to call down a volley of shadow arrows to blot out the sun; her stave can direct the location where up to 1000 arrows will rain down for around 1 minute of time. The arrows land in a 30 foot radius centred on a point that the wielder can see.

Tier 2 abilities of the staff are as follows, and can only be unlocked by a more powerful Curator.

Castle of Stalwart Stone: In book 3, chapter 6 Zandora finds out that the stave can be used to summon a giant castle out of thin air, she uses this as her base of operations whilst facing down Mr. Endeavour, evil magician and Lord of the Necromarsh.

Army of Uth Ragor: Zandora uses this army of stalwart spirit warriors to battle the Nine Lords of Pain in the last chapter of book 3. These warriors number only 100, but have incredible strength and power.

Sword of Skath: With this final ability, Zandora transforms the stave into a powerful one-handed bastard sword which can cleave through rock and metal, break magical barriers and when plunged into the dead, bring them back to life, even healing the wound that the sword made in the first place.

This is a secret hidden power in the book and can only be found in book 3, right near the end if the reader solves a complex series of puzzles that take them back to previous books in the series.

The staff is a powerful artefact, perhaps not as powerful as some objects that have been found in the mortal world to date, but it comes with a danger. The more the wielder draws on the magic of the stave, the more they gain the attention of the **Overlord**, a powerful creature that seeks the staff above all else.

The Overlord is the final beast of a yet unwritten book, a creature that is as despicable as he

is powerful. Cunningham has intimated that the Overlord may be a shadow of some sort and many fans have postulated that it is a metaphor for a time that Cunningham was in an abusive relationship. She has denied such rumours.

Currently the staff is believed to be in Cunningham's study in **Exeter**, UK, propping open the door to let he air in while she works through her usual Summer stretch of writing.

Of all the levels that worry higher Curators, Maxima has the possibility to create region shattering events in the hands of neophytes and idiots. We leave the previous orders behind and move to those magics that are harder to conceal. While higher orders of magic are more devastating, they are also rare and extremely hard to find and seem to avoid being used to cause real harm.



Carl John Herald as Mr. Endeavour, an evil magician from 'Zandora', a fantasy television show based on Jane Cunningham's 'Zandora Chronicles' by Manrip Films

MAXIMA, OR DISASTER INCARNATE

Some rival Curators have even developed a sort of truce when encountering Maxima in order to keep them out of the hands of those who would struggle to control them. Something usually unheard of.

When an unpredicted, unusually located disaster event occurs, you can be sure that Curators around the world are paying very close attention as to the cause.

Jimmy Walsh's Flight-stick 97

This joystick resembles a fairly well-made video game flight-stick with all the associated buttons, bells, whistles and knobs that such high-end peripherals come with. It works with a variety of personal computer devices, has programmable buttons and so on to allow it to work on all kinds of flight sims, from helicopter, to plane, to space, even driving simulators.

It is also extremely dangerous if placed in the wrong hands, because what might appear just like any other peripheral joystick is capable of **controlling a real world aircraft**, chopper, space shuttle just by being associated with that object. All it needs is a **photograph** taken a few days ago; this can be a physical object, or a printout. Once attached to the photo by means of the little suckers at the bottom of the device, the magic activates.

The user's vision blurs and they become aware of the three dimensional space around the object in the picture. They gain access to the pilot's eye view; they also can understand all the instrument panels and important features of the aircraft in question.

The joystick replaces the object's control system and allows it to be remote piloted by the user. This joystick has been used in the past by those of evil intent to cause wars, crash aircraft with important targets aboard, and generally cause chaos where possible and is the primary target of the fundamentalist group 'Nur Allah'.



It has also been used to save lives, such as in the case of Flight 327 which came down safely in incredibly inclement weather conditions near an Alaskan Airport during a hefty blizzard in 1985.

Unknown to those aboard the craft, Jimmy Walsh, 15, was aboard the flight and he was carrying the joystick with him. By placing it on the dinner tray of the aircraft he was able to fly it down safely, guided by the ghost of his grandfather – a pilot who fought in World War 2 and died only a month before the disaster was averted.

And they say that video games do not teach you anything? The joystick is currently attached to Jimmy Walsh's PC at his home in **Anchorage**, Alaska.

Darkchild's Athame

98

Raven Darkchild, or Glennis Ortiz to her closest friends is a witch, one of those goth-types that likes to dress in black, hang around graveyards at night and perpetrate the myth that all goths are strange, pale, dark haired and misfits in society. She comes from the Deep South in Texas and is of part Mexican descent. She also has her grandmother's knife which she uses as her witches' foci, or Athame.

Her friends think she is strange, her close friends know the truth. She is REALLY strange and extremely powerful in terms of witchcraft, although the only magic she truly wields is via her athame. She does not concern herself with helping the earth heal, or love potions or any of that nonsense. She summons, binds and controls energies that many people would run away screaming from. She does this with the aid of the knife.

It has a silver blade, the hilt is of bone and wrapped with platinum thread, the pommel is carved with animal faces. The knife vibrates when picked up and can be used to cut open reality so as to pull creatures from another dimension into our own. The knife must then be driven into the body of the summoned being to allow the wielder to control it. Darkchild's Athame enacts a price however, one it takes in secret from those

who would wield it. Each time the knife is used to slice open reality, the portal that it creates draws energy from the **life force** of the wielder, and to make matters worse the rips when closed, never close all the way.

Raven Darkchild vanished recently and her knife with her, the current location of both is unknown. There are rumours that a rival of hers discovered the knife's secret and took steps to obtain it.

White Flame Sword

99

It is fairly easy to ignore this particular item, it looks incomplete and resembles the lower-half of a reproduction two-handed sword. A plain steel cross-guard is picked out with various tiny inscriptions in what appears to be a made-up language. An ebony hilt runs down from this to end in a simple pommel made from stainless steel.

It is a miss-mash of designs and it does not quite work visually. Add to that, there is simply no blade that can be seen and many people leave this item where they find it. After all, who wants a sword that does not have a blade, a broken sword serves no one.

There is a secret to the weapon though, and it is a weapon. Even though it looks as though it came from a generic fantasy sword design, marketed and sold to the mass consumer market.

When the right wielder, someone attuned to the core of the blade comes along, the sword springs to life and produces a **solid crystal blade surrounded by a glaring white fire**. The sword may be two-handed, but it handles like a dream, hardly weighing more than a few pounds and cutting through everything with apparent ease. It can hew



through stone, metal, diamond and other materials without an issue, always cutting cleanly and leaving a perfect surface. When it cuts through flesh it cauterises the wound it leaves behind.

No one knows where the White Flame Sword came from, or how it came to be, anyone who researches the item in Curator circles will come across several minute references to various owners over the years, but nothing concrete in terms of who actually took the broken weapon and made it into a functioning magical blade.

The White Flame Sword is also extremely **effective against monsters**, creatures of darkness and things that may or may not resemble demons. There appears to be no downside to this artefact, a fact that has wise Curators extremely nervous.

The sword is in the hands of a self-styled monster/demon hunter, Alice 'Red-Riding' Hood. Alice was haunted as a child by dark forces, and lost her family due to what she calls 'The Hidden Wolf'.

Now in possession of the sword, she is taking names and sending demons back to where they came from. Allegedly. Whether you believe the rumours or not depends on whether you believe such things as demons exist.

The last sighting of Hood was in a New York precinct two weeks ago after being arrested for cutting a Yellow Cab in half in an alley in [Manhattan](#).

The police department still has no idea why or how she did it. Even more bizarre is how she managed to 'sleepwalk' out of the precinct and disappear into the night.

Helios Gauntlets

100

In 1947 somewhere in Norfolk, England there was an old seaman's chest. It passed down from an elderly man to his young nephew when the old man died. The seaman's chest had strict in-

structions left on it, in the man's will, only his nephew could open it on his 20th Birthday. So in 1950 when Dan Hughes took possession of the chest, aged 20, he was able to see what all the fuss was about.

It was late one night in the Hughes estate when the young man, who could not sleep, opened the chest in his room and found it contained a letter from the old man. The letter was written in his usual cursive script, without a typewriter and using a beautiful calligraphy pen for the header.

It told Daniel of the chest's contents and explained something called the Helios Gauntlets. They came into the old man's possession around 1946 when he found them in a junk pile when working as a farm labourer in France. Daniel continued to read, taking every word on board and looking past the letter, to the metal gauntlets within.

They were made of a mix of brown leather and plated with metal, a metal that seemed to reflect a golden sheen. Daniel began to think that the old man might have had a few knocks to the head, because when he talked about the gauntlets, he talked about their incredible power and the fact that they turned him into a super hero.



*Miss Keela Ordness of the Purple Twilight,
Self-Portrait, Milan-that-never-was, 7A 1998*

Daniel laughed it off, put the letter away and left the gauntlets alone for that night. It was 2 more years later in 1952 when he opened the chest again, threw all the junk out of it and began to store his linen in there. He put the gauntlets in a bag and left them alone, chalking it up to the ramblings of an old man near his final time of life. In 1954 his cousin Michel visited him from Bordeaux and during the night when they were alone in the living room, they talked about the old man and the gauntlets. Michel told Daniel about the tall stories his grandmother used to tell about a heroic figure that shone like the sun.



Daniel was not really interested in tales of heroism, so he grew bored and when Michel asked if he might have the gauntlets – he said yes. Truth be told he was glad to see them go, he even gave his cousin the letter. He was not so quick to pour scorn onto the old man's tales and when everyone slept, Michel crept downstairs, took the gauntlets with him and stood out in the dark. He took a deep breath, put them on and was flooded with power. His eyes lit up like the sun, his hair turned to fire and he shone like gold. The Helios Gauntlets confer an **incredible amount of power** onto the wielder and allow them to do the following:

Blaze: Project a beam of fire that can melt through steel and rock.

Fly: Provides full flight capability, leaving a stream of fire behind.

Sunbolts: Shoot projectiles of fire from the gauntlets.

Sunblock: Provides a defensive layer that can melt incoming projectile fire, allows the wearer to fly through extreme heat sources.

Michel returned to France and did not explain to Daniel what happened, since he slept through the whole thing. There the Helios Gauntlets passed down through his family to his son, Marcel Loubet, who became somewhat of a local myth in the skies of **Aquitaine**, an unexplained fire hero/online conspiracy theory to light up the darkest days and nights.

In the skies of the present day, Curators say, that a shooting star might just be the next owner of the Helios Gauntlets. While YouTube is full of videos vaguely showing something in the sky, these have been labelled as conspiracy videos, fake theories, a hoax, or shooting stars.

As a minor consequence, the skin of the Helios Gauntlet's wearer tans into a golden brown, regardless of their original skin colour. They also take twice the amount of damage from any ice based magic, or sources, and cold bothers them far more than normal.

'Fate and Fortune'

101

Fate and Fortune are twin toy slightly-sci-fi looking pistols with nice orange bungs at one end; they look like guns that might be made by certain companies who produce plastic dart-firing weapons. They are part of the set known as the Luckbringer product line, based around an original property of the company who were trying the vigilante market that is usually reserved for people who dress as bats and wear dark capes.

Jack 'Luckbringer' Photon had two guns, Fate and Fortune, and the fiction said that he fought off ghosts and mortal threats alike. A protector of the spirit and real world, able to walk between the two, since he was a man both living and dead, bound to the soul of his deceased lover.

It was typical marketing story fluff to deepen the desire to own the guns. It was better than generic cool-looking plastic toy firearm designed to look like a cool toy, rather than a 9mm pistol that can get you arrested or shot if you point it at the wrong person.

So Fate and Fortune were designed, sold pretty well, and made the toy company a lot of money. There was at least one particular box that ended up elsewhere; no one knows exactly what happens, as certain magic just appears to leak into such things over time. It could have been a series of children's over-active imagination, their belief in Jack Photon and the right set of circumstances – but this particular pair of pistols took on some interesting properties.



Fate shoots **projectiles of magical force** that can harm creatures normally impervious to regular rounds, such as lycanthropes and spirit entities/ghosts. They pass harmlessly through mortals.

Fortune can fire bullets of energy that pass through solid cover, hitting the target even if it is hidden

behind a concrete wall, steel door, or other such object. You also do not need to see the target; you just need to know roughly where they are. These rounds mark the flesh of supernatural creatures with a supernatural, and extremely vivid glow, enabling them to be tracked easily. It also damages and disrupts spirits, and outsider entities are wounded. Mortals are shredded with all the power of a '50caliber round. Each gun holds 10 rounds and need only rest for 5 minutes before being 'loaded' again. There is no way to physically load these guns and the owner must rely on the magicks contained within.

Lastly, when the guns are held and fired in unison they are capable of projecting a beam of magical energy that can decimate a large tank. Or level a subway station.

The guns are currently owned by the Gatecrashers in [Paris](#). This fact is not currently common Curator knowledge. If it was, it would make the Gatecrashers even more of a target than they already are.

The Red Dot

102

This particular item resembles the kind of cheap and cheerful laser pointer that you find in supermarkets, or pet stores. It has an enamelled red outer tube, with slightly flaky paint, and a little steel button to turn it on. You can rotate the top part of the pointer to produce different designs, going from a dot to a UFO and even a giant fish.

You can also turn it a few times in a particular way and unlock the magic within. Once turned 3 times clockwise, and 2 anticlockwise, the magic is unleashed and the pointer begins to function as an incredible tool for moving things out of the way. Whatever the dot lands on can be then grabbed by the pointer, **hoisted around and lifted** – the Red Dot has a maximum weight allowance of **15 tons** (roughly 34,000 lbs) and cannot lift anything

beyond this. This is the equivalent weight of an un-laden 18 wheeler truck and trailer. As long as the dot remains illuminated on the object in question it can be lifted up to a height of 100 feet, moved around quite freely and placed back down effortlessly.

The device runs on magical energy, requires no batteries and always produces a clear red beam. The Red Dot cannot be used to move living things, so there is no danger of accidentally sending your cat into Low Earth Orbit. If you move a truck with a driver inside, well, that's a different matter.

The Red Dot is currently on a table of a house in Libreville, Gabon, and under the safe ownership of Miss Keela Ordness of the Purple Twilight, a mysterious visitor from an alternate dimension where magic seems not to exist.

Curators speak of the great Alan Romendi, a high level Curator who was found dead in Libreville, crushed by a cargo container full of machine parts.

No one knows how he got under there or even how the container moved. Some Curators believe he fell foul of Miss Ordness.



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MAGISTERIA, OR THE HEIGHT OF MORTAL POWER

Wielders of Magisteria artifacts can truly consider themselves the learned, wise, and magically blessed. While all users of artifacts are considered ‘Curators’, holders of a lost art of magic, anyone who can successfully use Magisteria artifacts are often called ‘Mages’, ‘Thaumaturgists’, or, in rare cases, ‘Thechnomancers’.

Oddly where all previous artifacts seem to stem from 1945 or after, Magisteria seem to have cropped up a lot more recently. Whether this is because they’ve only just been noticed or they are ‘new’ artifacts is unclear.

Anyone using an artifact at this level will come under the immediate scrutiny of the Foundation for Innovation and Progress. This organisation seeks to destroy all artifacts and is simply known by Curators as ‘The Foundation’.

Magisteria items are extremely rare and most are still unknown.

The Brick Vault

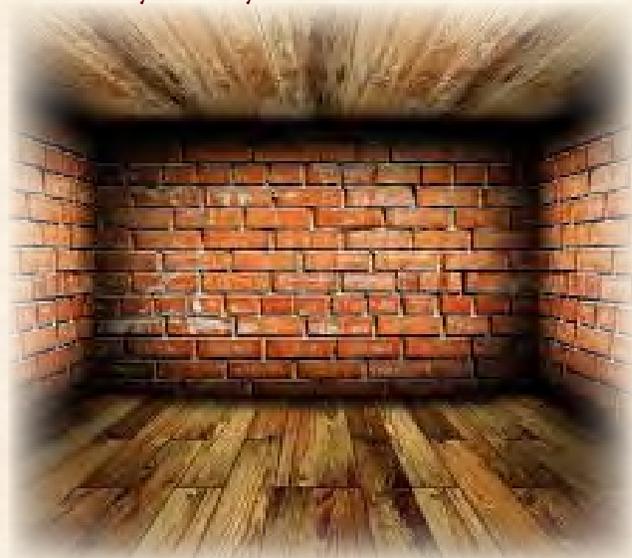
103

The Brick Vault is a room in a loft office in [Brooklyn](#), New York. The room cannot be moved or, as an artifact, be destroyed easily. It is built of red brick and wood, and is 4m x 4m x 6m. There is no light source inside and a heavy steel security door with an electronic key pad bars the way.

Any artifact placed in this room will **lose its magical properties** after **24 hours**, leaving a very mundane version of the artifact that can simply be smashed up.

The room is in the heart of the 5th floor of the building, surrounded by the offices, armouries, cells, and interview rooms of the Foundation.

To say that this building is a fortress is to understate the lengths to which The Foundation will go to hide in plain sight. Security systems, both organic and electronic, guard the building at every level and when The Foundation has destroyed all the artefacts they are aware of, they will use way too much explosive to level the building, the block, and nearby streets in order to destroy the Brick Vault. While on the outside the building on Park Avenue & Broadway may look shabby, inside are the best furnishings, comforts, and weaponry that money can buy.



Blizzard Ball

104

The Blizzard Ball is a fancy name for an average-looking snow globe, one that you might find at a cheap and sometimes tacky thrift store, or a shop that sells goods for just a pound or dollar. It has a glass globe, a plastic base and within there is a crudely made plastic log cabin. Little flakes of snow collect on the floor, tiny fir trees, and around the roof of the home within.



Oddly, the ball is fairly cool to the touch and when placed in a darkened room or shadow, has a slight gleam about it as though it gives off some kind of internal light. If left alone the snow sometimes swirls on its own, the log cabin changes over time, more or less snow shown on the plastic roof. The tiny pile of logs next to the cabin grows and diminishes, the axe vanishes and chopping can be heard when no one is looking at the scene.

The globe can be shaken quite normally a few times, it reacts like a regular snow globe. It is only by examining the cheap plastic base that the secret of this device is discovered. Written on the underside is a phrase, 'Let ice and snow come thick and fast, let loose the blizzard of winter's past, Shake three times before the dawn, and snow lies thick 'pon your lawn.'

Until the phrase is read out loud the device remains inert, acting as it does as described above. Once that phrase is spoken however, the globe changes subtly, the scene becomes fiercer like a blizzard and the glass orb glows a little.

At this point you have until the dawn to shake the globe three times. Once the globe is shaken as such it summons a fierce, powerful and devastating **blizzard** across a twenty mile radius centred on the globe.

The owner is completely **immune** to the cold whilst they have the globe in their hands, but there is a downside. The owner of the snow globe finds all kinds of heat **extremely painful**, this includes being out in the summer sun from this point on. They crave the winter and even a warm spring day is uncomfortable to them as they long for the cold to once more cover the land.

The Blizzard Ball is believed to be in the possession of someone in **Ski, Norway** based on recent unusual weather patterns.

The Underwater Porsche

105

This Porsche 911 motor vehicle is modified to the nines and painted in a beautiful sea-green pearlescent paint job looks extremely good. It has all the

bells and whistles you might expect for the brand, as well as a few extras that are not in the regular owner's manual. Since the car is not a regular 911, far from it.



It was owned by John Q Dunbar of Scotland for a while, and he discovered a curious property of the vehicle – which he inherited off his generous grandfather around 1999. John was on a narrow lane when a speeding BMW shot out of the dark, John had to swerve to avoid the other vehicle and the resulting three police cars, sirens blaring, blue-lights flashing – unfortunately he ended up going off the side of the road, through a barrier and into the freezing deep waters of Loch Goil below him. He thought he was going to die. Miraculously though as the car drifted down through the waters, no water got into the vehicle. That, reasoned John fairly accurately: was not all that good – he would still run out of air in a scant few minutes.

He looked at the clock on the dashboard, and found a few changes happened before his eyes. The dashboard shifted, not electronically, the whole design of the board changed. Where he had a speedometer in MPH, it now read Knots. There was a pressure gauge, a depth meter and everything you might associate with a submarine.

There was also a suffused coral-pink glow around

the whole car. John reasoned that he was actually lying in a wreck at the bottom of the Loch, dead, and this was his mind's way of making things a lot easier for him.

He did not run out of air. He also noticed the steering wheel had changed shape, again, it morphed rather than moved mechanically. It looked like a control you might find on a submarine, or an aircraft, there were more dials and switches than before.

John looked for something to ease his nerves, his grandfather kept a box of mints in the glove compartment. He found one and a letter from the old man. It was succinct and a few words stood out: Congratulations lad, you now own a magic car that drives on land and can go underwater.

The Porsche 911 **transforms magically for water based operation** and can act as a minisub with full control over movement in the water and great visibility. It is also capable of diving to depths such as **10,944 meters (36,070 feet)**, which is equivalent to the depth of the Marianas Trench. On land the car can reach up to **205.1mph**. It is protected from physical impacts on land and in the sea by a powerful magical shield; this shield can also deflect small arms fire, small rockets. It will not stop a medium rocket, or a tank shell.

The Porsche is still in the possession of Mister Dunbar, and can be found in his garage near **Ans-truther, Scotland** where it has pride of place.

The Rollback Clock

106

Anunciada De Soto was always running late, she never seemed to have enough time on her hands to do anything. Time was never her friend and it certainly did not help her when she missed her morning train to work. She was forced to hire a taxi cab in Rosario of all places, not an easy thing

in such a busy city, let alone at peak school travel times where everyone and their mother was trying to get their little darling into class.

She got a grumpy taxi-driver; he misheard her, overcharged her for the extra miles and then unceremoniously dumped the poor woman outside a curiosity shop, miles away from her intended destination in Villa Diego, on the road to Buenos Aires. She was unhappy, and to add insult to injury when she went to phone her boss, her mobile had no signal and the battery was almost dead.

This was Anunciada's luck in action. So, fate decreed that she needed to go into the shop and ask the owner if she might be able to use the phone. So she did, and the owner let her, on the condition that she took a look in the shop when she was finished with her call. Anunciada was already late and she tearfully explained to the boss why, he told her not to come in and that he would discuss her future with the company due to her constant lateness. Perhaps she needed a job closer to home; he'd heard there were good online jobs that she did not need to leave the house for.

She put the phone down and made good on her promise. After an hour of browsing she decided that she really needed a new clock, there was a cute and very silly plastic farmyard animal clock, complete with a cow that moos right there for sale, next to all the expensive looking digital ones. The shopkeeper pointed out another clock, big display, very accurate, in faux-wood, even had a snooze alarm function and woke you up with a favourite radio station. He said it was very good, cheap, and he would even knock some off for her if she wanted that one.

She bought it and then ordered a taxi back home. Anunciada spent the rest of the day in a haze; she knew this was it, fired from her job – that would not go down well with any future employees. She would be lucky to get a job at the local Coto supermarket, let alone a bigger company. She setup the

clock, put it down and began to read the instructions. When she turned it on she noticed the clock was set to the wrong time, not 00:00 as normal, but a few hours ahead of the current 6:00pm.



So she made a change, rolling back the time to the correct time. She lost all sense of time at that point, not as though she had much sense of it to begin with. She had only set it back an hour just to test it.

She woke up as if from a dream, standing where she was an hour ago putting up a picture of a cat with an amusing meme. The clock was still there. But she was in the wrong place, all the sounds and everything appeared correct. She should be on the bed, setting the clock. Anunciada was stunned and confused.

She left the clock alone for a bit and then went back to it, it was the right time now. Something bugged her, so she set the clock back exactly one hour. She stepped in to the room, put up the picture and then looked at the clock.

She tried it three more times, waiting one hour exactly. The same thing happened; she woke just as she put the cat picture up. It was as though **time had rolled back**. So she took a chance, set the clock

way back to before she got up this morning. She gave herself extra time and pressed 'OK'.

Anunciada threw herself out of bed, had enough time to do everything, knew what was going to go wrong before it did and pre-empted all the hold-ups. She even managed to catch her train. When she got back from work the clock was still there, that part had not changed.

The Rollback Clock allows the user to **create a do-over**, changing events for them. It is extremely dangerous, has all the caveats that come with time travel and will only work for that day. You cannot do-over a whole week, month or a year.

The clock is amazing, but all that stolen time must come from somewhere else – so it does, it is drawn from the lives of other people. So by snatching a do-over of a day, you **shorten the life span** of someone else in the local area – small price to pay, right?

Anunciada still has the clock at her bedside in **Rosario, Argentina**. She has gotten much better at keeping time but is still mystified at why her neighbours are dying young.

Gravity Cloak

107

The Gravity Cloak looks like a light green cloak, has black trim, hood, and resembles the kind of wizard cloak you get from a fancy dress shop. In fact, this is where you might find the item in question for a very reasonable price. It has changed hands a few times over the course of its creation, always choosing the right owner for the right task.

The cloak is not just a garment, but a magical creature cursed by some ancient power. The Gravity Cloak can **manipulate gravity** plain and simple. It can manipulate gravity around the wearer, to allow them to glide or provide some kind of **limited**



flight capability. It can also allow the wearer to manipulate gravity around an object, area or person. This kind of power is extremely dangerous in the wrong hands, and the cloak knows it.

It will eventually find a way to slip away from a callous wearer and leave them high and dry. Especially dark souls, evil people and downright nasty folk who use the cloak against its wishes to cause harm to underserving people find it fails them when they need it the most.

If the wearer respects the cloak's power, does not use it on a whim. For example, sending random people into orbit by reversing their personal gravity – they will have a long and fruitful relationship with the garment. Otherwise, it will **drop them** like a hot rock – literally. Usually from 10,000 feet or more.

The Gravity Cloak is currently on a clothes peg in the sun after being drenched, by a young aspiring “sorcerer supreme” (at his 12th birthday party) – it was bought for Tom Brownell as part of his costume.

His home is in **San Francisco** and he has no idea of the power of the item, yet.

Scoby's Box of Gems

108

Somewhere in an attic there was a box, it was not

an ordinary box, far from it. It was a box that set itself apart from other boxes, by virtue of being openly magical. It did not hide magic away like many other boxes that had been made around the time, and this box had the word Scoby written on the top of it in colourful letters. Box of Gems was plastered in a garish font on the front of the wooden container.



The box measures around 3 feet on all sides as is cube shaped, it has a single plastic catch that has room for a padlock through the slightly chipped hasp. Each side of the box is painted in a different primary colour; it is an assault on the senses. Inside the box is a lovely cloth made from green velvet and shoved into the centre of the cloth are dozens of tiny different-shaped gemstones, all made from glass and all coloured to resemble the kind of gemstones you might find in the real world.

Again, the box does not hide the fact that it is magic, so the gems all glow. They want you to take them, to play with them, to use them. It can be somewhat of a compulsion if the box is open too long, you simply must just take one and play with it!

Each gem in Scoby's Box of Gems has a **different effect** and can produce some incredibly varied results, only one gem can be used at a time and the gemstones eventually replenish, though it can take a week for them to reform back in the box. The gems lose their magic if removed from the box and kept elsewhere, they cannot be saved for

later, after an hour the gem simply becomes glass again. If the magic does have a time limit, then the gem will remain magical until that limit has been reached.

There are 10 gems inside the box and they can do the following, since the gems are empowered randomly by the box, you never quite know what you will find. Currently the selection of gems is as follows:

Diamond: This gem lets you purify one gallon of water, making it safe to drink.

Emerald: This gem grows into a large oak tree when planted in the ground.

Ruby: You can eat this one, tastes like strawberry; also you will not need to eat for a week.

Quartz: Throw this gem at someone for an electrical surprise; they get zapped by a lightning bolt from the sky.

Amazonite: This gem erects a magical barrier around you, a sphere of glowing light suffuses the air around the holder of the gem and keeps out hostile magic, projectiles and would even stand against a low yield nuke.

Amber: This has a tiny fossil inside, pick a dinosaur of your choice and you can summon it to the real world for 24 hours. **Danger:** try not to pick a carnivore.

Amethyst: For 48 hours, everything you touch will turn purple, EVERYTHING.

Bloodstone: Press this gem into a wound and watch it heal before your very eyes.

Moonstone: Swallow this gem to spend the next 72 hours as a wolf, **danger:** when you change back, you will not have a single scrap of clothing on.

Sunstone: By holding this gemstone in your hand you can use it like a torch or a lantern, it will last up to 48 hours and provide enough light to illuminate the clouds.

There are rumours of a mischievous version of this box, every gem has a **curse** of some kind and they make life very difficult for the user.

These items are the kind of artifact that spawn great sagas or pantheons and leave their lasting mark on history for mankind to recall with a feeling of wonder, dread, or both.

The Box is known to be held for the benefit of the poor at St. John's chapel, [Montego Bay, Jamaica](#). So far, wicked Curators have made 3 attempts to steal the artefact but have been stymied by honourable Curators who seemingly wish the box, and Father Julius, to continue aiding the poor.

The Love-Lorn Handkerchief 109

Seven years ago, a fire ripped through a Jakarta train station, a result of unkempt wiring. Caught in the fire which claimed three lives was Australian tourist, Molly Buckingham and her Indonesian husband, Jono Harianto. In the darkness and fear surrounding them, Jono felt Molly go limp in his arms and knew she had passed out at least.

What he didn't know was that Molly had suffocated from smoke inhalation and was dead. Jono was near to succumbing to the smoke and placed his wife down and, putting his hands the ground to steady himself, he found a pristine handkerchief. He placed it over Molly's mouth in a vain attempt to keep the smoke out of her lungs for as long as possible. It was then he noticed that she had died.

Heartbroken and now without hope, Jono sat down, gave up, and died.

A minute or so later, the magic of this found hand-

kerchief came into effect and **resurrected** Molly. With tears in her eyes she slowly dragged her husband's body out of the train station while using her other hand to keep the handkerchief over her mouth and nose to survive the smoke. Sadly, Molly is unfortunately unaware of the handkerchief's properties and broke down when the paramedics outside pronounced Jono dead.

The handkerchief will **bring back to life** and **partially heal** the wounds of anyone that has been dead for less than three days when placed over their mouth. As long as their head and heart are connected, it will work to stabilise them but it cannot regenerate limbs or non-essential parts. The length of time the process takes depends on the severity of the cause of death. Suffocation might to take a minute to recover from, a grenade accidentally going off in someone's hip pocket could take days or weeks.

There appears to be no downside to this artefact but those very few Curators who have heard of this artefact are convinced, at this level, that there must be a downside that is yet to be unveiled.

Molly still lives in her house in [Jakarta, Indonesia](#), and still mourns. She has kept the handkerchief as a memento of the day her husband saved her life.

Sadly, it seems the Love-Lorn Handkerchief can repair many things but a broken heart is not one of them.



MAGNIFICA, OR THE POWER OF DEMI-GODS

True wielders of the almost mythical artifacts have the possibility of becoming legendary but many would see the negatives outweighing the positives. These items have the power to kill, or at least, change the lives of millions. They should not be curated unless the Curator knows exactly what they are dealing with and has taken precautions. This author suggests that Curators should come together to combat whoever seeks to put Magnifica to ill use.

Mask of Storms

110

Iriko Iwasaki was a beautiful geisha from Japan; she wore a traditional garb and took her duties very seriously. She was born in 1969 and attended one of the most prestigious geisha schools in Tokyo – based in Asakusa. She learned to dance and make tea and so forth there. She befriended another geisha, Miniko. Miniko was an older woman who taught Iriko a lot and bequeathed her an especially gorgeous porcelain lily-white and red mask to the young woman in her will.

It was the Mask of Storms, a powerful artefact that endowed its wearer with the **ability to control storms, summon lightning** from the clouds, and **raise tsunamis** with incredible ferocity and accuracy. The Mask of Storms positively crackles with electrical energy when put on and it can be quite painful to don at first, but soon it settles down to the bio-rhythms of the wearer and becomes only a slight tingle. It takes a few minutes for the correct synergy between mask and wearer to happen, after this the wearer can bring down bolts of lightning to strike targets once every few minutes, the exact time varies depending on the power of the storm that the mask has summoned. It takes between **10 and 30 minutes** to summon a tsunami when close to a large enough body of water.



It is said that the mask is not the only item that exists and there is a set, the kimono and tanto are two of the other items in this set. When two items are used together the effect of the storm is increased and when three items are combined, the garb known as the **Goddess of Storms** is created.

It is an urban myth amongst Curators that a storm goddess infested the items somewhere around 1995, but that is just a rumour. Iriko now performs her art and service in **Yamagata** but does not wear the mask anymore. Despite having nothing to do with the tsunami resulting from the Tōhoku earthquake, she saw the devastation and vowed never to use the mask to hurt others. Her heart is broken as she was kept back from the area by troops. If she could have gotten nearer, she could've eased the tsunami and lessened the destruction.

The Tanto of Thunder

111

The Tanto of Thunder is an exquisite and extremely well made Japanese tanto knife, gorgeous in design and simplicity. From the beautifully carved ebony hilt to the silver blade, the knife is perfectly made. Part of a collection that includes the Mask of Storms and Kimono of Clouds, the Tanto of Thunder is the companion piece to the whole ensemble.



It is also imbued with the essence of thunder, so that if it used to **strike a target** it will shatter every bone in their body as well as causing terrible cuts. It also lets out an ear-blasting thunderous roar that deafens anyone in a **50 foot** radius centred on the knife, barring the wielder.

Fortunately the tanto can only cause the thunder-strike **every hour**, after that it becomes a normal knife and whilst still deadly sharp, it cannot sunder the eardrums or bones of anyone until an hour has passed. The knife can only perform the strike **four times** a day, then the kanji fades until **24 hours** have passed.

The Tanto of Thunder sits in a bedroom draw, ready for self-defense, of a militaria enthusiast in **Wuhan, China**.

The Kimono of Clouds

112

The Cloud Kimono is the final part in the three-part set of magical things that make up the **God-*ness of Storms*** outfit. It is a beautiful blue and white ceremonial geisha kimono; it is covered with icons depicting a swirling cloud. Some of the clouds have tiny flecks of rain, or lightning flickering from them embroidered in spectacular blue-silver thread.

The kimono is extremely light and airy; it flutters at the slightest provocation and makes hardly a sound when it rustles against skin or itself. It is perfect for those who like to sneak too. It allows the wearer to **move almost silently**, **walk across water** as if they were a mist floating on the surface, and to fall from great heights, **gliding effortlessly** as if they were air. It also allows them to **jump** to incredible heights, hundreds of feet and balance on the thinnest of wires.



This is the final piece in the three piece set that is rumoured to contain the essence of a storm goddess. Of course, in reality, it is an artifact like any other.

The Kimono of Clouds currently sits in a museum in [Dubai](#) as part of a touring Japanese Cultural exhibit.

The Power Armour of Ebony Harris

113

This is a great suit of superbly made power armour that might come from any sci-fi source; it is kind of generic in style and could be attributed to any sort of science fiction film, video game or TV show.

It could even be used as a suit of superhero armour, the sort that appears in high profile comics and other media. It was made circa 2012 and

features all the bells and whistles that come with such an awesome cosplay design such as working lights, sounds, and fake plasma projectors.

Ebony Harris' armour was made bespoke and she wore it for years, then she got some new stuff and she sold it to another cosplayer in 2015, they in turn kept it for a year and then sold it for 3x the price they paid in 2016.

News reports came in about a mysterious armoured figure righting wrongs, battling bad guys across the world and wearing a suit of what appeared to be power armour. When Ebony Harris saw the snippet on YouTube, where most viewers thought it was viral marketing for a new movie, her jaw hit the floor. That was her armour there, flying around for real, shooting tanks and troops.

She had questions; was it definitely her armour?

What had happened?



Somewhere between the sale in 2016 and the new owner something happened, no one really knows what, and they have not been able to catch up with the suit to try and question the owner. Ebony Harris' armour became magical or the potential was there already, it just got unlocked.

The armour is **extremely powerful** and has the following special abilities.

One size fits all: The armour fits any body type and gender, changing to accommodate.

Is it a plane? Not quite, but it is capable of atmospheric flight at Mach-1 speeds.

Plasma projectors: It fires beams of plasma energy from the backs of the gauntlets.

Impervious to heat: the suit can withstand the heat found at the heart of a sun.

Impervious to small arms fire: bullets just bounce off it.

Impervious to gas attacks: it's environmentally sealed.

Reduced damage from heavy weapons: Big weapons like tank guns only damage it by half.

Reduced damage from explosions: Bombs do the same as big tank guns and only do half damage. Of course, half damage of a bomb or tank shell would still be a lot of damage and would probably leave a mess of tissue and springs.

It operates underwater: it can operate at extreme ocean depths.

Rocket projector from the back of the suit: It fires small ATGM and AP rockets from the back of the armour.

The suit is powered by the life force of the wearer; it **drains life** from the person inside it. It depends on how ruthless you want to be with the life drain, it can take a year, a day, an hour or just a few minutes.

This is a one of a kind item, there is only one of this suit and it should be used sparingly or in a game where there is a lot of awesome magic hanging around for the Player Characters to take advantage of. It is currently in **N.E. Syria** worn by the vigilante known as '**Vanguard**' who is fighting ISIS and is there without official sanction.



Curators often lead lonely lives.

MIRACULA, OR THE WRATH OF DEITIES

At this level, even veteran Curators tremble at the use of these artifacts. World breaking and very hard to use with any level of concealment, they are the objects of almost divine provenance. It is so easy for the religious to ascribe their effects as miraculous or “sent from God”.

Only the mad seriously covet these artifacts and wise Curators are more likely to restrict their use or hide them away altogether lest the mad attain them.

It is suspected by some that there may be many more Miracula out there waiting to be discovered. When Josie LeSalle of the Gatecrashers posted online about this possibility, a fellow anonymous Curator replied “God help us.”

Little ‘Big’ House

114

Sold, to the gentleman in the tuxedo, Lot 338!

The Little ‘Big’ House, or Hardaway House as it is more commonly known is a beautifully made model of a Tudor building. It was made in 2012 by a talented model maker in Claremore, Oklahoma and is constructed of premium modelling materials, resulting in a painstakingly built house in miniature. It comes on a four foot board and has a hedge maze, fountain and beautifully sculpted gardens – complete with a gazebo. The lights inside the house work and it requires four AA batteries to power the various features.

It was sold when the model maker passed away due to unforeseen circumstances, along with the majority of his collection in 2014. In 2015 it was found by a group of teenagers in a derelict building in Austin, Texas. How it got to Texas is a mys-

tery, but the mystery deepens when the teenagers who found the house were reported missing.

They just did not know what they had gotten themselves into. The police investigated the building and all they could find was a model house, which they left alone – no sign of the three teenagers. Now if they had bothered to look down at the windows, they might just have seen a group of three teens having a tiny house party. They were not in any danger; they were in the Little ‘Big’ House, as a guest of the butler and the ghostly servants of this magical place. They were allowed to leave at any time, simply to step from the house as one might do a regular door. They were having too much fun though.



The Little ‘Big’ House is a **magical model** that has all the amenities of a fully stocked Tudor mansion, comes with ghostly servants and a magical kitchen

that prepares food for guests perfectly. The butler is a gentle old soul who is extremely protective over the occupants of his house.

You just place the house down and step forward with the intent to enter, the house does the rest and you appear magically inside the building.

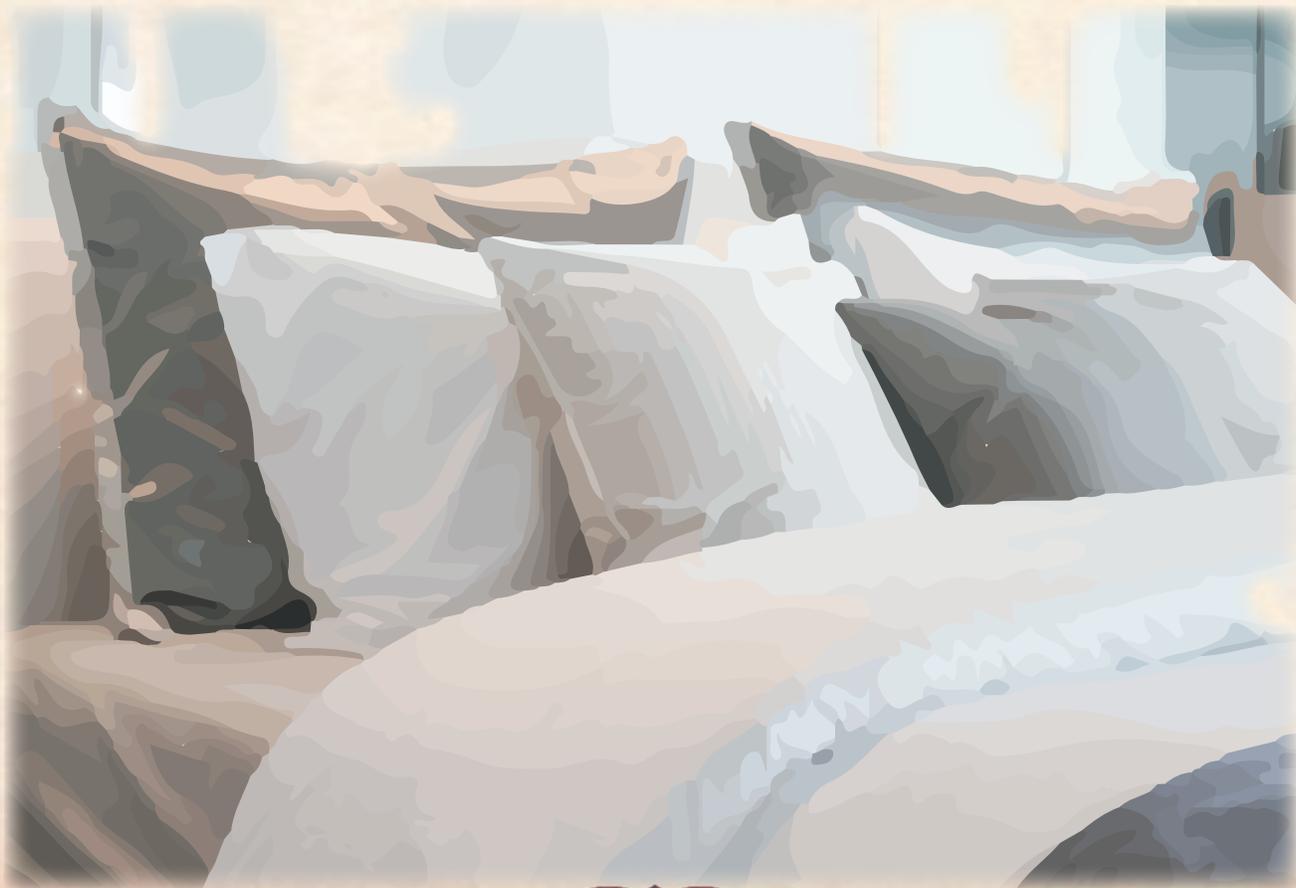
There is a **danger** to the building since it was bought by the man in the tux though. The house has changed somewhat and is home to a **malevolent entity**, imprisoned there by the mystic who purchased the building as Lot 338. The butler and the helpful spirits have been trapped as well, and the entity enjoys toying with them. The only way to free them would be to enter the house, confront the monster inside and destroy it – the man in the tux was killed by a fellow Curator so the house's whereabouts are at this moment unknown, it may be in the other magi's possession or elsewhere in the world.

Dream Machine

115

It might be called the Dream Machine, but it is not a machine. It is a rather nice modern looking double-bed that just happens to be seeped in dream related magic and can **influence the dreams** of everyone around it in a **30 mile** radius. The bed looks like the kind of thing you would find in a big bed store, or a place like Ikea – it even has a fold out HD TV that pops up from the foot of the bed, with the speakers built into the headboard. You can't buy this bed, it just appears one day as if it had always been there.

It has a DVD player, and a single DVD that comes with it. Whatever mind created this dream machine certainly makes sure the bed pops up now and then to make folks lives far more interesting, and of course in the case of **nightmares**: a lot more dangerous. By placing the **DVD** in the player you activate the magic of the bed, and whatever your mind can construct as a dream gets shared.



There is no known way to control what dream you have (yet) or know that you are going to influence others around you, apart from your partner telling you they have had the same dream night after night as you, if you have a partner that is. You might speak to folk around you later on who relate their dreams, if they can remember them.

If you have a nightmare, which is a 10% chance in this lovely bed. You will send that nightmare to everyone as well.

There is a 30% chance that you will also appear in other people's dreams and they will appear in yours when you sleep in the bed. The bed will not send out dreams during the day, so if you catnap whilst watching the DVD of dream-making pictures and sounds, you will not influence anyone.

There is also a 5% chance each week of sleeping in the bed that the bed summons a creature from a dream dimension into the real world. Not all of these creatures are harmless. In this bed, accessing the Dreamlands is 30% more likely.

The Dream Machine bed is currently in the back of a truck being moved from a flat in [Hartlepool, England](#) down the road a few miles to a new house.

The Bed of Resurrection

116

This curious modern sunbed with quad sunlamps and the power to crisp a side of beef in a few seconds on high power mode is wholly unremarkable in looks and design. It appears to have been constructed around 1996 or '97 and comes with big buttons, knobs and switches – not as barbaric as the first bed which was made around the 70's, but certainly not as comfortable or as modern as the others. They do not have the peculiar property that this bed has of course.

It is an enclosed design, rather like a coffin or a sarcophagus of metal. It seals right down and if

you are the least bit claustrophobic you will not like the confined nature of the bed.

It does give you a nice tan though, barring the accident that happened when the bed was first used where the poor tester was turned into a human grill. It took months to clean, rebuild and redesign that bed to remove the flaw. People who have discovered what this bed can do though; cite that very test as a possible moment where the bed gained a unique and rather interesting magical power.

It can take someone who has been dead for a while (no more than a month) and bring them back to life. The sunbed brings the person back from death. It heals their body and makes them whole again; it also takes away any sickness or disease that they might have been suffering from. It does not bring people back from death by old age; it is not some kind of youthful fountain or miraculous age defying device.

It also sometimes does not bring the person all the way back, they may be subtly different to how they were before – they may well be missing a certain facet of their personality.

There is a 1% chance that every time this bed is used to bring someone back from the shores of death, a horde of zombies will flood through, desperate to become alive again and thinking this is the escape door from Hell. A small room would fill up in seconds, a building in a minute, a street in 10 minutes, a town in an hour. It is for this reason that almost all curators are searching for it in an effort to have it destroyed before it brings about and end to the world in the ripping of flesh.

The sunbed's unique property was first discovered when Arthur Pembroke passed away at the age of 55 whilst using it, he was found dead in the salon and the tanning owner did not make sure to turn the tanning program off. After he confirmed the man's death and left him to call the coroner, one of the owner's staff happened by, shut the lid because the dead man disturbed them.



The program began to run, and exactly 25 minutes later Mister Pembroke wandered out of the salon fully dressed, right as rain and his smoker's cough completely gone. He scared the hell out of everyone in the salon, including the owner, the staff member who shut the lid and disturbed two police officers who were taking a statement at the time.

The Sunbed can be found in a **Bruges** house of a rich and powerful businessman; Oliver Manso found the bed and learned of its power thanks to an occultist friend of his. Oliver guards the secret of the bed and contemplates what to do with it now he knows.

Merlin's Ring

117

This ring is made of sterling silver and is painstakingly carved in the shape of an intricately designed dragon. The tail forms the circle of the ring and the dragon's head rests neatly just above the knuckle.

Merlin's Ring is a one of a kind item, the design seems almost lifelike and no matter how you adjust the ring, there is a chance it will change posi-

tion on your finger when you least expect it.

Locked inside this ring there is incredible magic, a power that has not been seen for a long time. It has the power to **summon a dragon** from the ring itself. One needs to only focus down their will toward the ring; think of the dragon taking flight and it is so.

The tiny creature leaps off your finger and soars into the sky to be lost amongst the clouds – a flash of light later and it returns, a gigantic beast of myth and legend – majestic and powerful.

The bond between the ring-dragon and owner is strong, a mental bond which is near-unshakeable and the owner can **command the dragon** with but a thought. The dragon will obey any mental command sent to it, is fiercely loyal and cannot be bargained or cajoled away from the task the owner has set it to.

There is a **downside** to the ring, it not only summons the dragon but also draws the attention of other beings, enemies of the dragon and quite possibly the people who made the ring in the first place. Whoever that may be.

A month from the ring's first activation, **scouts arrive** from elsewhere looking for the ring and its owner – they won't attack on sight, they'll report back to their masters and then formulate a plan. A few weeks after that the first of the attackers arrives, and then the attacks intensify as the enemy seeks to **destroy the ring** and its new owner.

The Gamesmaster is free to come up with their own attackers, but perhaps another set of players in your favourite fantasy roleplaying game could



be persuaded to hunt the enemy dragon and its "Thralls" in a strange world, via a portal, filled with technology, humans and other races, and little to no castable magic?

It is currently on the finger of guitar player Alicia Geraude in **Montreal**. She has no idea what she holds on her finger.

Cosmic Blu-Ray Player

118

There are some strange and very powerful magic items that circulate through time and space, especially the ones described in this chapter of the

tome. These are the true game changers, ones that can re-order reality and must be handled with care. Or that is supposedly how it is meant to be, what happens then if the power to change reality is shoehorned by some means into the most common of mundane entertainment devices – the humble Blu-Ray Player, perhaps even made by Sony or another famous company.

Will there be chaos? Destruction? Disorder? Giant Marshmallow men walking the earth? It really depends on the kind of disc that you put into the player. Because once you hit play you are definitely going to **re-order reality** around you for several miles. Who made this beguiling device and why, no one knows, and in fact there have only been one of these particularly baffling players ever recorded.

Once the disc is inserted, whatever movie or content that is on the disc becomes **a reality**. So if you are watching a film about rampaging Viking hordes, you are going to get characters and other entities from that movie appear in a few miles of your vicinity. Same goes for giant apes, space battles against evil empires and of course dinosaurs.



If you watch several films back to back, you are going to put various content themes into reality and re-order it accordingly. If there is magic in that film, then magic is going to be far stronger in the area around where the player is.

Of course, the player **does not come with a warning** that this content is going to be inserted a few miles from where you are. So good luck if you just

watched a whole slew of Nightmare on Elm Street style films, or anything which might feature monsters or a murderer. Or pornography.

The creatures, antagonists and even environments of these films can overlay the current reality and the effects are usually permanent even when the device is turned off. They act as they do on the films and outside of the player they are capable of in-character thought, words and deeds – so imagine a warlord from ancient Japan who is hell bent on conquering the West, well that is exactly what you will get after a few hours of watching the film. It does not happen instantly, it does take time for the device to make the changes it wants to reality.

For good, or ill. It is tempting to play this device for comedy, and that is all well and good, but it is no laughing matter – certainly not if you are suddenly inundated with a very real army of armed Chinese warriors after watching a documentary on Chinese Warfare. Curators hate this artifact. It is **unpredictable**, open to abuse, and after ‘**The Kinshasa Incident**’, an artifact that is way too public.

In 2014, the player appeared in Kinshasa, Democratic Republic of Congo. The owner had the

unfortunate happenstance to place a blu-ray of a documentary about recent civil wars in Africa and found himself in a war zone. Tanks roamed the streets and a previously deposed dictator was even seen sitting on top of a tank, despite currently sitting in a cell at the Hague. It became apparent that something surreal was going on. The soldiers were captured or killed and their I.D. was found to match those of people who were already dead, missing, in prison, or in office. They were also 20 years younger.

The government of the DRC called a secret session of the African Union and they called a group from Washington, DC known only as ‘**The Advocacy**’.

They advised that the DRC destroy all the evidence of whoever was involved. Admit the fighting happened, but say the warlord’s now dead body was a double, kill all prisoners, and burn all the bodies.

This very dark chapter in the DRC’s history went down as a counter revolutionary action and was forgotten about.

Nobody knows where the player is now, but when it does pop up its location will be absolutely unmistakable.



COSMICA, DESTRUCTION AND CREATION



Delgado's Orrery

There are certain magical items in the world, magical creations that are so powerful they exist in small numbers, some of them are so powerful there is only one of them, in the case of Delgado's Orrery, that is a good thing. This category of artifacts are the envy of gods and should not be in the hands of mortals.

Delgado's Orrery *(aka 'The Devil's Instrument')*

119

The Orrery is a gigantic hidden magical device that can **change the very alignment** of the planets and move the stars. It resembles a normal Orrery,

only vast in scale and massive – it usually requires a large chamber, or hidden vault deep in a mountain somewhere to house it.

You might find it at the very top of a mountain in an old temple where it can be bathed in the light from the stars. It does not require the starlight to activate it, however if it does touch starlight the effect that the Orrery can achieve is granted a greater than normal power. It also performs any such celestial alignment in half the time, allowing quick and vast changes on a cosmic scale to happen in hours rather than days. It is unknown how the Orrery came to be, who built it and why it was constructed. Some scholars have found tiny references ancient texts that speak of a need to change the

alignment of the stars to prevent a great disaster at some point in the future. They cite a man known as Raphael Delgado who was involved somehow, but that is as far as the old texts get.

Delgado was apparently an artisan who lived in Italy during 1946 and became obsessed with the movement of the stars. It is possible that he is the original architect, but what he had to do to be able to empower the device to perform this function is anyone's guess.

The Orrery is constructed of silver, gold, platinum and other precious metals. Planets and moons are made from giant flawless gemstones the likes of which have never been seen before. The value of the device is impossible to calculate, but it is certainly worth several millions just in components alone.

The Orrery can be used to **avert cosmic scale di-**

sasters, change the alignment of planets on a grand scale and allow the person who can master the rather complex control system to shift things in their favour. Should Curators find it, Curators/Cultists that need a certain conjunction to happen for example, they could use the device to accomplish this rather than waiting for 150 years (the date of a meteor strike that will destroy all life on Earth to a microbial level).

Conversely if a terrible event is due to happen thanks to the magical alignment of said planets, Delgado's Orrery can avert this and make sure the planet continues on a much happier course through the cosmos.

Delgado's Orrery should be part of a huge campaign story arc that has world shattering events and so on. It should only ever appear as the finale of such a campaign and never as just another item for the Player Characters to stumble on.

*The area around Glastonbury Tor in England (see on the left, in the distance).
One of the many sites Curators believe holds The Devil's Instrument.*



THE CURATORS, ALLIES AND ADVERSARIES

Curators are, by nature and necessity, a solitary bunch. They lead a lonely life because the artefacts they deal in are so powerful that to trust another with such an item you 'own' is very dangerous, tempting to run off with, and rare. There are roughly 6,000+ such solitary Curators searching the world on their own for their next, or even their first, magical treasure.

On rare occasions however, Curators band together for a number of reasons on a temporary basis to better pool their resources to find a certain artefact. Usually, these temporary alliances end badly. Greed takes over and leads to chaos, betrayal, and sometimes very public firefights.

Even rarer are the Curator groups, or 'Guilds', that stay together permanently. These are often filled with loyal members who discovered an artefact together, were good friends before they found an artefact, or regard a fellow Curator willing to watch their back as a blessing.

Over the next few pages are a couple of Guilds but also some of those solitary agents who chase down artefacts for a number of reasons. Sometimes only known to themselves.

The Gatecrashers

This Guild of young Curators came into being when Marcus Longworth, an American living in Paris with his girlfriend Marie Grenier, bought an old Wurlitzer jukebox for their apartment in Paris. They discovered the qualities of The Rocker's Jukebox only a few days after installing it when it wouldn't open to accept new records. From that moment Marcus, Marie, and their friend Denis resolved to hunt down the other artefacts and in the 6 years they've been operating they've been quite

successful. Now based in possibly one of the best hotel suites in all of Paris, they spread out across France and the western European Union looking for unusual items which may turn out to be artefacts. While Marie and Marcus are no longer a couple, their bond has remained strong. With Denis they are a formidable Guild and even the Foundation has backed off for now after a failed attempt to kidnap Marie led to a door opening in the Foundation's HQ in New York and four of its operatives being killed in her rescue.



Marcus 'Jumper' Longworth is a 32 year old Arkansas native who met Marie Denier in Copenhagen while on a tour of Europe. He quickly fell in love and they moved into an apartment in Paris. Since becoming a Curator his personality has hardened and he has learned that

Marie can defend herself and he feels that she no longer needs him for anything. This led to their break up two years ago and is occasionally a sore point for him.

If push came to shove though, he'd walk through fire to rescue her. He enjoys using surprise coupled with extreme violence to resolve differences. He is fond of throwing concussion and CS grenades into a crowd or room and putting down enemies while chaos reigns. He uses thermographic goggles to aid in the surprise. He is the de-facto leader of the group, although the others wouldn't admit this, and is pretty adept at reading signs of the movements of other Guilds.

Even without artefacts, he is a formidable opponent, or useful ally.



Marie 'Gatekeeper' Denier is 30 and from Lyon originally but has been living in and around Paris for the past 14 years. She has become more irritable and less accommodating since becoming a Curator and the others have noticed. Unknown to the others in the Guild her history

is one of tragedy. Abused at home, she ran away to Paris at 16 and slept on the streets for five years, stealing, dealing, and prostituting herself to survive.

She finally recovered from her drug addiction at the age of 22 and found a job in a quiet grocery store, happily leaving behind her previous life of chaos and turbulence. She found love in a travelling American and life was good. That was until her boyfriend brought home a jukebox that could 'talk'.

Since that day her life has slowly eroded. She's gone from a stable, mundane life to one of chaos and turbulence. She's lost a boyfriend she adored, a job she enjoyed, and a small apartment that had everything she needed. "Her own pocket-universe" she would often call it.

Now she's living in a huge hotel suite and fighting against invisible strangers who stalk their every move. She can now live anywhere (as the custodian of the 'Housekeeping' card) but while having access to everything she feels she's lost everything worthwhile. She feels like she's slipping back into the chaotic lifestyle she escaped from through little fault of her own and she's beginning to resent it. She was on the verge of just walking away with the Housekeeping card and leaving it all behind until she was abducted on the street by the Foundation. Her subsequent rescue by Marcus and Denis has convinced her that there is safety in numbers and that she will stay. For now.

Denis 'Guardian' Perreault is an imposing man of 6'2" and is incredibly defensive regarding his friends.



He is always seen as the 'strong arm' of enforcer of the Guild and this causes Denis some distress. He's tired of pretending to be 'the big guy' and while he is indeed tall and muscular, he sees himself as a big, soft teddy bear. He loves dogs (which he can't have in the suite), kids (which he doesn't have), and relaxing on the beach (which Paris doesn't have).

It's only his loyalty that keeps him with his friends as he doesn't really care about artefacts. He's always handed 'Fate and Fortune' if things need a "proactive solution" as Marcus calls it, but he's horrified if he harms anyone. Any day now, he may be forced to kill someone to protect his friends at which point he will suffer a breakdown.

The assumption that he's only wanted when it comes to threatening someone is starting to weigh on him.

He isn't weak, quite the opposite in fact and in terms of character, he's empathic and is the emotional backbone of the Guild, however, the lifestyle of a magical fugitive is not to his liking.

Still, he won't leave willingly because of his friends and a deep-seated need to protect them.

Guild Location: The Royal Suite at the Four Seasons in central [Paris](#) since 2013.

Guild Artefacts: The Rocker's Jukebox, an Ever-Door Handle, 'The Smoke That Reveals', the 'Housekeeping' Card, and 'Fate & Fortune'.

Likely Attitudes: Selfish and defensive, but towards good.

The Dead-Who-Don't-Talk

This group of about 40 individuals is more of a strange death cult than a Guild and is noteworthy for the general insanity amongst the members. They paint themselves, call it 'war-paint', and hope to die in their pursuit of artefacts. When they do, they believe they go to a place in the sky where a magical being rewards them for seeking magic. They call it 'The Prometheus' but the imagery and iconography that the group uses is more akin to early depictions of Satan.

When sent out by one of the group's few Elders they always seem to choose to seize artefacts that are held by others and always seek to spill blood, even if it's their own. If you see four or five mostly naked and painted psychopaths with knives running at you with murderous and ecstatic abandon, it'll be 'The Dead'.

Some Curators have taken to ridiculing them by calling them 'The Talking Dead' and doing slow zombie impressions but these are fools who have yet to realise the insane and reckless fury, totally without self-concern, that these monsters visit on those marked by an Elder. They are a threat to all mankind.

Guild Location: A large underground slum network in [Mexico City](#).

Guild Artefacts: Aerated Gum, an Anywhere Window.

Likely Attitudes: Evil and psychotic, deranged through and through.



The Purple Twilight

This Guild is perhaps the most mysterious of all Curator organisations. Its sole member seems to be a woman of an indeterminable accent living in Libreville, Gabon. She came to the attention of the Curator community when a bright purple light covered most of Libreville on July 8th in 2016.

Fearing some sort of disastrous Maxima artefact was at play, many Curators made their way to the spot which seemed to be the epicentre. There, on an unremarkable street corner, was a woman dressed in saffron robes and remaining quite calm even as locals and Curators gathered around her.

She singled out the Curators present by name, a fact that did not go unnoticed, and bid them enter into a small shop nearby. When they entered, it transformed into a small Italian cafe before their eyes, complete with attendants.

She introduced herself as Miss Keela Ordness of The Purple Twilight, an organisation that seemingly ruled other worlds across the multiverse. While there were a couple of sceptics, the others just couldn't explain the magic she seemingly wielded.

A few left putting it down to an exotic reality-bending artefact they were unaware of, but a few stayed and listened. She was from a place called 'Milan-that-never-was', part of 'the Milanese Hegemony', that had been wiped from reality by some malevolent force. She occasionally slipped into French, apparently the language of the now lost city, to further explain why she was here, on what she called 'Blue Earth'. Wherever she was from, it seems the stranger was completely uninformed about electrical devices of any kind and all images there were still captured by an artist's hand.

She had been sent by her masters, known as The Purple Twilight Court, to take up the position

of Empress over Blue Earth. She said it calmly and with authority, giving the impression she could back up her claim with force if needed.



Miss Keela Ordness

Most of the other Curators left at this point thinking her mad, but the three who stayed seemingly handed over their artefacts and now serve her.

Those who were in attendance at the start remember there were three who stayed behind but they cannot recall who they were and, as the months continue, they cannot recall why they were there at all.

Ordness is suspected amongst Curators of the death of the Curator Alan Romendi.

Guild Location: A street or two away from the Stade Complexe Omnisport in Libreville, Gabon.

Guild Artefacts: The Red Dot, a Skin-tone cloth, Clearwater Coins, Echo Paper, Long-Jump Ray-bans, and a Great Big Book Of Dreams.

Likely Attitudes: Unknown. Those who attended seem to vaguely remember some kind of veiled threat.

Nur Allah

This group is perhaps the most likely Guild to break the perception barrier with the public. At the moment, the public are unaware of the existence of artefacts but Nur Allah (the Light of Allah) seeks to change that by killing and spreading fear using artefacts and weapons.

While this group claims to be part of an Islamic network, their dealings with artefacts clearly shows they'll do anything to attain power. When even I.S. see them as dangerous, you know you have a worrying enemy. The lies they tell their converts are seemingly backed up by demonstrating magical ability via the artefacts. Not many members of the public could dismiss their claims as being holy once they've seen actual magic unfurled before them.

Their main target of violence is, as you'd expect, Muslims who adhere to the Qu'ran and reject Nur Allah's murderous interpretations and subversion of scripture. The aim of killing their neighbours is to frighten the population into joining their cause. This has had only limited effect in varying countries because fear and hatred will only motivate so far. An Imam recently preached about the possibility of the magical powers Nur Allah possess actually coming from Satan, a message that was well received by others at a secret meeting in Doha, Qatar.

The authorities around the world opposed to this group just ignore the metaphysical aspect of Nur Allah and just treat them like a minor player in fundamentalist terrorist networks throughout the Middle East but that would be a mistake. It could leave a hole wide open to be exploited.

Guild Location: Unknown but suspected to be Beirut, Lebanon, or Mosul, Iraq.

Guild Artefacts: Self-Driving Nails, the Chame-

leon Plate, the Little Big House, a Skin-Tone Cloth.

Likely Attitudes: Thoroughly corrupted by power and zealotry.

Nur Allah uses no imagery or iconography to identify itself and can often be found using other images as a cover.

The Little Dark Shop of Forgotten Gifts

This small and exclusive antique shop plays on a kitschy angle but is in fact the front window for Portman Ltd, an auction house established in 1976. The shop contains mundane items of a curious and endearing nature but the real prize is the treasures in the back vault.

It holds a number of artefacts for auction and contacts Curators of good standing who leave their details at the counter. In truth, the artefacts are kept elsewhere, usually in a secure and heavily guarded warehouse in Surrey, but the rumour that artefacts are kept in the shop itself helps to draw out thieves. If anyone was to break into the shop itself they'd find a number of guards, the Manager Mr. Forte, and an unwillingness to hand out mercy. It is not unknown for anyone crossing Mr Forte to find themselves face down in a ditch on a mountain, naked, and suffering from broken bones and a severe beating. A second infraction and you disappear entirely with your life being forfeit.



Guild Location: Central London and a few select locations across the south east of England.

Guild Artefacts: A few come into their possession each year but they are only held for a very short time before being auctioned. While it earns a lot of money from artefacts, it is fully aware of how dangerous it is to keep them within easy reach or for extended periods of time.

Likely Attitudes: Welcoming and mostly good. Their primary concern is anonymity followed by money.

The Foundation for Innovation and Progress

Known to Curators simply as ‘The Foundation’, it is a professional organisation that seeks to find every artefact and destroy them. Its job used to be extremely difficult as artefacts were near impossible to destroy for reasons as yet unknown, but only two years ago a combination of artefacts kept in their vault changed the room into a peculiar chamber that could nullify the effects of an artefact. It is unknown what objects brought on this effect but since then the Foundation’s job has gotten a lot easier.

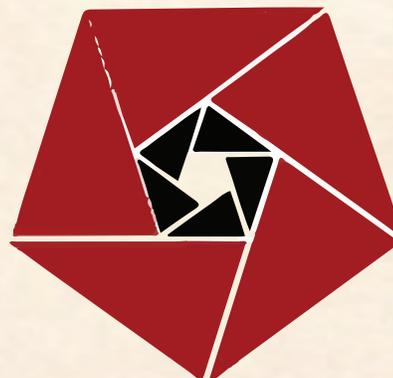
One of the Vault’s downsides (now known as ‘The Brick Vault’ to Curators and ‘The Box’ to Foundation agents) is that it cannot be moved or replicated. In order to keep using the Vault they have had to stay in their Brooklyn office which has become the worst kept secret in Curator circles. As Curators can ‘sense’ an artefact nearby (once they find their first one), there have been numerous discussions on what goes on behind the doors of this esoteric Guild (a term the Foundation itself despises). Simply by walking past a Curator can tell it’s a place of great power.

There have been numerous attempts by some Guilds to rid themselves of the Foundation by attacking their headquarters but this has proven counter-productive. Curators facing an enemy tend to bring their artefacts to use in the battle,

and when they are defeated by overwhelming firepower, find themselves dying as Foundation Agents pick up their artefacts and throw them in the Box for destruction.

The nearest anyone has come to defeating the Foundation was an unknown Guild that fired rocket propelled grenades from across the street. It was surprisingly resistant to damage and despite a small fire in the lobby and the staff being evacuated, was back at work in two days.

It is estimated there are 300 agents globally and the Foundation has the finances to send them anywhere at any time. As they would never sell an artefact, it is unknown who is bankrolling this organisation.



**THE FOUNDATION
FOR INNOVATION
AND PROGRESS**

Guild Location: Park Avenue & Broadway Brooklyn, NY and a few select locations across the world.

Guild Artefacts: A few come into their possession each year but naming them would be pointless as they are put in their one and only true artefact (for now), The Brick Vault.

Likely Attitudes: Hostile not only to magic but also to those who even know true magic exists. Unlike other hostile groups however, they believe they are acting for the good of humanity.

The Watchers

Not really a Guild per se, but more of a loose gang of amateur Curators. Sometimes clumsy, often indiscrete, they do however wield significant power. Numbering around twenty individuals, they are very close to the ground when it comes to artefacts and are often the first ones on the ground when a new artefact surfaces. Providing there's a seat in coach on the next flight.

They are not well funded and some of them are given to criminal activity in order to fund their operations.

The Watchers are led by Joanna Michelle Sterling, an expert safecracker and capable of putting down three men at once thanks to her



*Miss Joanna Michelle Sterling,
Arrested for Burglary 12th June 2017*

martial arts skills. She evaded capture for three years after her name became known via an informant because she was born John Michael Sterling and her official documents are yet to be changed in line with her gender affirmation.

Earlier this year she was arrested in Lower Manhattan for burglary as well as numerous other charges (it took six NYPD officers to subdue her).

All the officers at the scene resorted to their firearms but found their guns unable to work mechanically for some reason. If this is a sign of an artefact, it is currently an unknown one.

Whereas the Foundation may follow a Curator in suits and a non-descript but excellent black car, the Watchers are more likely to be that guy on the street corner watching you from under his hood.

It is perhaps unsurprising that the Watchers and the Foundation despise each other and are currently engaged in a low-key turf war over New York.

Guild Location: Numerous bolt holes and squats across the tri-state area. They are rumoured to have a weekly meeting called 'A Moot' at Grand Central Station.

Guild Artefacts: Not many but the ones they have are extremely useful. They are also considered to be in possession of at least one hitherto unknown artefact.

Notable artefacts include the Power Armour of Ebony Harris ('Vanguard' is a member of the Watchers) and The Mule Bag.

Likely Attitudes: Secretive and guarded until they can trust you but are staunch allies once that is the case.

LONE WOLVES, WARRIORS AND WITCHES

Alice 'Little Red Riding' Hood

Alice Hood was 7 when her parents died. The story, by the three living people who have heard it first hand, tells of some sort of entity taking her parents up into the sky and screaming into the clouds, leaving her to fend for herself. In shock, she began to walk from her vacation lodge near Raith in Canada to the gas station at Sistonens Corners where she was picked up by the police. She told them that her parents had gone to Hell and that she



was going home to Thunder Bay 40km away. She had been missing for six days and her parents were never found.

When she was questioned about the whereabouts of her parents she told them that

they'd been swept up into the sky and that they were now in Hell. When a well meaning officer reminded that Heaven was "up there" and Hell was "down there" Alice told the officer of the entity's piercing blue eyes and a furry pelt and that "it was no angel".

Sticking to her story led Alice to become a ward of the state and when she finally moved from psychiatric institutions and into a foster home, she ran away at the first opportunity.

She fended for herself and is now 24, well-versed in gunplay, and has a small fortune with which to shield herself against life's misfortunes. Not long after running away she happened upon a dead body on a park bench holding onto a broken

sword. She could smell a familiar stench of brimstone and knew, instantly, that this was the work of a similar entity to the one she encountered.

As it turns out, the broken sword was going to help her in her mission against some of the dark monsters that may haunt our realm.

The White Flame Sword, as it's known, is **effective against monsters**, creatures of darkness and things that may or may not resemble demons. In Alice's hands her fame has grown and now Curators approach her at their peril. 'Red-Riding' Hood lost her family due to what she calls 'The Hidden Wolf' and thinks that Curators are 'evil wizards' and is always vigilant for the signs of magic. In the past she has done some horrendous things, including killing someone who was allergic to sunlight on the off-chance he was a 'vampire'.

She is always careful to hide the signs of monsters and the like and this has led to some calling her deluded and that she has imagined her prey. For now, Guilds are happy to let her continue because she keeps the knowledge of the artefacts very secret. She's also quite intimidating.

When faced with human adversaries, which she refers to as 'Thralls' or 'Cultists', she prefers to shoot her way through then switching to her sword when a monster needs sending back to Hell.

Her last mark was driving a Yellow Cab in **Manhattan** and he was doing 25mph when an ice blue blade suddenly appeared in his chest emanating from the passenger section of his cab. Whatever his origin, it is alleged that he disappeared into a puff of black soot and ammonia.

The police department still has no idea why or how she cut a cab in half and how she managed

to spring herself and another female prisoner out of their cell and walk calmly out of the front door and into the night.

Agent Location: Alice has an apartment in a well-to-do area of Manhattan.

Guild Artefacts: The White Flame Sword.

Likely Attitudes: Secretive, suspicious, and violent. She aims to protect the weak and vulnerable from “demonic attack”. Alice is actually quite ill. She has been suffering from mental illness for quite some time and it has gone undiagnosed due to doctors assuming a different cause when she mentions demons. Alice hasn’t long before her descent into paranoid madness takes hold.

Nate ‘The Soldier’ Morgan

An ex-Australian Marine, Morgan is a hard individual to get to know. He demands to be alone and almost never works with anyone else. Not much is known about his background but he has been seen at certain Guild Convocations, despite not being in a Guild, and other Curators have learned not to deny him or question his methods. However brutal they are.

He is known for his no-nonsense attitude towards Curators and Guilds that hurt others. One Guild, known as ‘The Pariahs’ invaded a school looking for an artefact and a teacher was killed. The artefact didn’t even exist and was just misinformation by a third party. Morgan asked for the Guild to pay recompense and to hand over the shooter for execution. When they told him to “go screw” he hit the Pariahs with his numerous guns and explosives and blew up their building (a warehouse turned clubhouse in Sydney) killing everyone inside.

He took their only artefact but no one knows what



that was. Some say it’s a ring that stings when ever enemies are near, others think it’s his eyepatch and that it can see into the true hearts of humankind and what they are planning.

Nate thinks this is hilarious but doesn’t discourage the rumours as it deters any would-be bounty hunters. The artefact he uncovered is ‘The Blindfold of the Condemned Man’ which, for a combat professional, makes him a very dangerous foe indeed.

Agent Location: Morgan has no home base as such, just hidden locations for weapons and other paraphernalia. Nate himself is currently in a hotel in Riga, Latvia.

Guild Artefacts: The Blindfold of the Condemned Man.

Likely Attitudes: Guarded but jovial, even friendly. He likes those who stick up for the vulnerable.

'Charity'

The Curators know nothing about this woman but her story is one of tragedy. She hides away in a skiing hotel near Ski in Norway and shuns visitors, mail, and any kind of social interaction. Mainly because she is absolutely terrified of her artefact.

She was given the Blizzard Ball as a present by her cousin when she was younger and in 2010 she found it again when moving to her apartment just outside of Oslo. Idly watching TV one winter's day, she read out the passage on the snow globe's bottom and all hell broke loose that night. It was the worst few days of snow and cold that Oslo had seen in living memory and because 'Charity' (a pseudonym) didn't connect the storm to the globe, she became convinced she caused it. As a result she is terrified of 'her hidden power' and now hides from the world.

The local grocery store is paid in cash and they know her as Charity. They have seen how nervous she becomes when they ask questions so they stopped asking them long ago. She could almost stand in the middle of Ski and no one would notice her, she has become that insignificant to the locals.

Her nearest brush with notoriety was when a Curator on holiday walked near her room while staying at the ski lodge. He entered her room and knew instantly what the artefact was and what it did. He tried to take it from 'The Winter Witch' as he called her but Charity just assumed he was an opportunistic thief and screamed at the top of her lungs. Security was quick to grab the intruder and call the police. Fearing exposure, the Curator ran out of the lodge and tried to get to his car but was hit and killed by a delivery truck visiting the lodge. Charity's secret is safe, for now.

One or two Curators versed in weather patterns have noticed how Southern Norway is suffering more storms than usual and may investigate.

If she feels threatened or about to be exposed then Charity will run as far away as she can. She may or may not take the Blizzard Ball with her depending on how much time she has.

Agent Location: Charity has been holed-up in the ski lodge room for nearly three years. She cleans the lodge during the night and early morning in order to pay for her room and board and to avoid guests at the hotel.

Guild Artefacts: The Blizzard Ball (although she is unaware of it).

Likely Attitudes: Frightened and reclusive. If cornered she is likely to rely on the 9mm automatic she keeps in her purse. If she was ever to learn of her artefact's power and feel like the world is against her, then she could become exceptionally dangerous and fully take on the role of 'The Winter Witch'.



CONJUNCTIONS, ARTEFACT COMBINATIONS

Magic is dangerous, unpredictable and rather like a run-away Arabian Stallion, it can ride roughshod over all that you have accomplished in the blink of an eye unless you keep a very tight hand on the reins”, writes Doctor Johannes Thorstrumm at the Golden Eye Convocation, a meeting of Curators dedicated to peeling back the skin over the body of magic and exposing the mystical tissue beneath.

Thorstrumm talks about his research in one of many restricted volumes where his Guild, Portman Ltd/TLDSOG, have actively studied the combination of certain magical objects that can be found in the collection known as the *Contemporary Book of Magical Things*.

Here are just a few of his findings for three specific combinations.

Jane’s Torch and Alard’s Lens

What happens when you combine a magical torch that always points to what you are seeking to find, and a lens that lets you look at the fae realm and see the hidden creatures for what they are?

You open a portal to the Hidden Kingdoms of the Fae Lands, directly into a vast and ever-changing labyrinth of light that leads to an impossible upside down plane of existence, where at the very centre stands a castle made of sweets and edible goodies. There lives a flesh eating fae witch who has a serious appetite for the succulent taste of children.

Thorstrumm marked this combination as: **minor danger**, however.

The Ghost Candle and Kruschov’s Lamp

When you combine a candle that can call back the spirit of the dead, and make a dead spirit flesh for one night... with a magical lamp that forces the onlooker to tell the truth you get a combination of artefacts that can allow you to force a mischievous ghost or entity to reveal falsehoods and forgo lies.

Thorstrumm found that this worked on a variety of beings, even allowing him to trap and communicate with poltergeist entities as well as even the spirits of dead gods, they alleged.

He marked this discovery as **miraculous, dangerous** in the wrong hands and wrote the words: ‘seek out Jack the Ripper’s shade’, annotated in the margin of his book.

Bottle of Everdrink and the Clearwater Coin

Perhaps on a whim, for a joke, or just to see what would happen. Doctor Thorstrumm obtained these items and combined them together; he created a strange magical resonance that had the reverse effect of cleansing drink that flowed from the bottle. The two magical fields interacted and produced a hallucinogenic by-product that acted as a powerful narcotic drug. It was a mind-expanding drug that would never run out from the bottle as long as the coin was immersed within in, extremely addictive as well and the effects lasted for a long time if bottled separately.

The doctor marked this discovery as: **potentially lucrative**, talk to Gino’

The Mask of Storms, *the Tanto of Thunder,* *& the Kimono of Clouds*

The 'Izanami-no-Mikoto' or 'Goddess of Death & Rebirth' is an entity borne from Shinto mythology. However, when all three items listed above are brought together, the person wearing them transmorphs into some kind of outsider entity which believes it is the goddess. Death and destruction will ensue leaving only a small population to start again on a cleansed Earth. This conjunction is, quite literally, an apocalypse-in-waiting.

Some of the facets of each item are listed below. The wielder of these conjunctions would be extremely powerful.

The Tanto of Thunder:

If paired with the Mask of Storms, the knife can be recharged in 8 hours. If paired with the Cloud Kimono, the knife becomes extremely sharp and can slice through metal.

The Kimono of Clouds:

If paired with the Mask of Storms, the wearer can throw a devastating bolt of lightning and bring clouds of such dread that it would seem as if a terrible night had fallen.

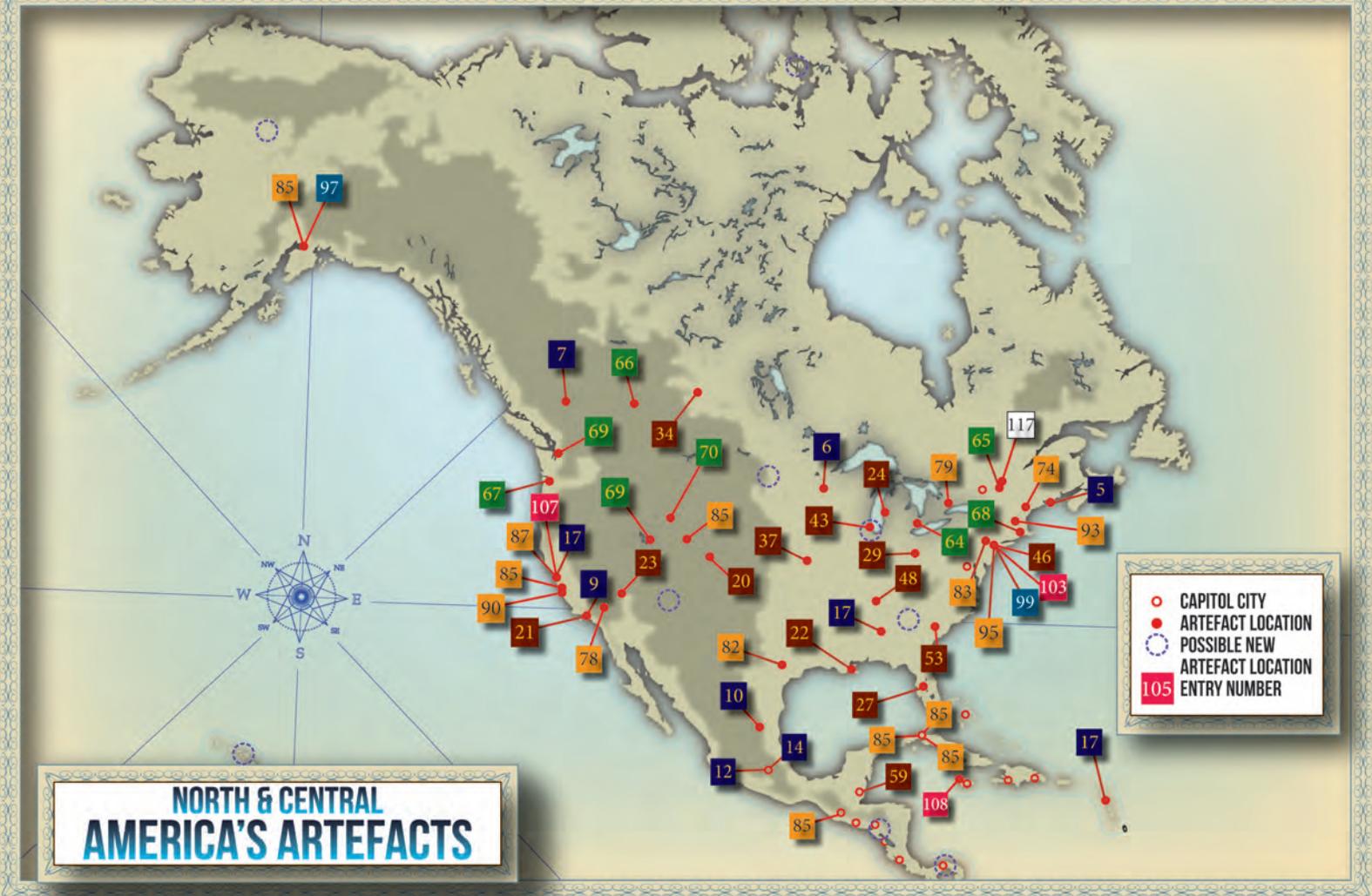
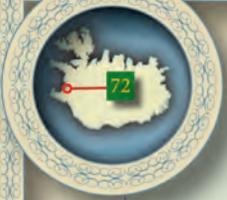
If all three pieces are worn it, the "Goddess" will be reborn through the wearer, in actuality, the wearer will suffer a mental breakdown and a schism of personality, believing themselves to be a god/goddess until the set is once more broken up. While this may sound as if it's just a psychotic break, Dr Thorstrumm believes that it is a physical 'joining' with the entity that brings this on.

"From that moment on, the wearer's original personality is lost forever."

The set cannot be forcibly removed and can only be removed upon the wearer's death – since they gain mighty powers, there is a high likelihood that the set will remain intact for quite some time. Upon the compilation of his works into the last complete set, Dr Thorstrumm disappeared.



Izanami-no-Mikoto Ascendant

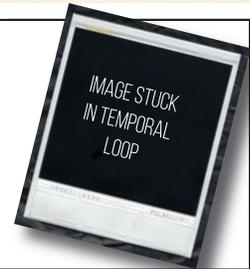


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Dr. Nicholas Arkham (Corkigian)

Dir. of the Abnormal Nuclear Ethics Institute



Edward MacGregor

Ol' Whats-Its-Face





Ferg

Antioch Grenade Engineer



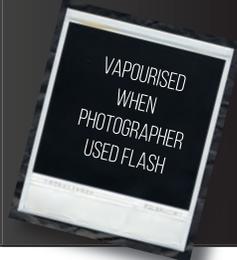
Frederick 'Faraday' Smith

The Thunderous Boxer



Benjamin Birchall

Thrice-Great Fang of Mara



Peter 'Malkira' Lennox

Maestro



Hezekiah Smith

Hedge Wizard



Thomas M. Baciocco

Infernus Taaku





Todd "T.I." Stephens

Exarch of the Pale Sanctum



Chase H

7th Heart of Seal C



Duncan McGee

Traveller



Ronin Lore

Archivist Of The Forbidden



James "The Great Old One" Burke

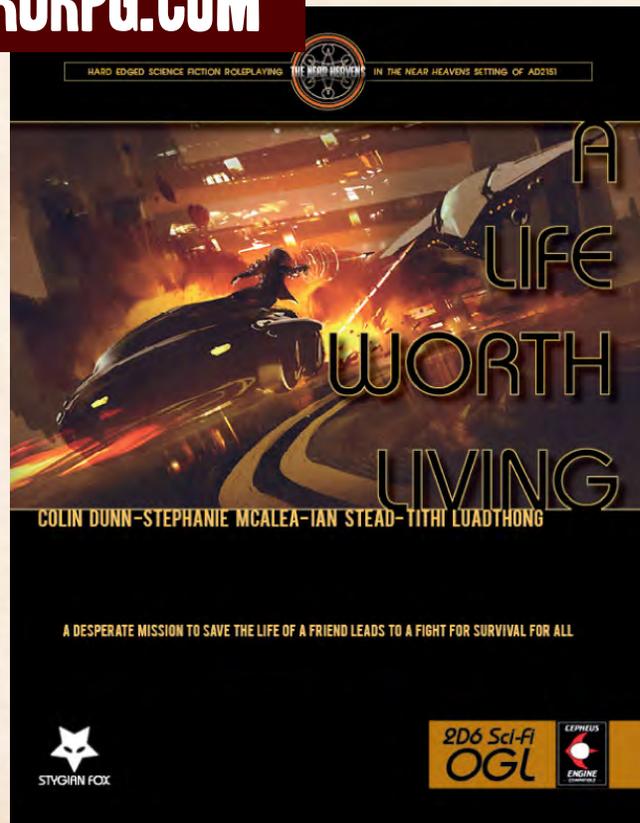
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Murder In Clio
By PHIL BRESSLER
Clio, MI—Yesterday, the small community of Clio in Genesee County was shocked to its core by the death of a man apparently killed by his own apparently with deadly results. John J. Cooper, 51, a farmer, war veteran, fireman, and man held in his small community of 1,800 souls, murdered 43, and then...

Unidentified Body Found
Mysterious Circumstances Surround
Abound
By MARK NEUMANN

JEFFREY MOELLER
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