



# THE BOOK OF CONTEMPORARY MAGICAL PLACES

A COLLECTION OF LOCATIONS WITH EXTRAORDINARY MAGICAL EFFECTS  
FOR USE IN CONTEMPORARY ROLEPLAYING GAMES

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STYGIAN FOX

Chester, U.K.



THE  
BOOK  
OF CONTEMPORARY  
MAGICAL  
PLACES



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## Dedication

To our gracious and very patient backers,  
thank you.

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Being a Curator of a Magical Place can be a lonely life







“Mr. Giggles”

A constant reminder that not all Curators of magical places are friendly



# INTRODUCTION

**M**agic 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 enchanting magical locations that you are going to find across a myriad of contemporary settings for your role playing games. That is the goal of the Book of Contemporary Magical Places, and the whole series.

We want to provide you with some great locations for your games.

What you will discover in these pages are a myriad of places 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 locations 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 places. We also wanted the places 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 locations 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 places herein have been created for the aforementioned time period, there is nothing stopping you from changing some of them to fit.

'Jackdaw's Bench' is a good example of an item that could indeed slot neatly into a fantasy realm, 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 Places and hope you find something to use, inspire, twist, re-design, and delight your players with as you explore the myriad of locations within.





# HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

This book has been designed for you to easily take these places 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 locations with various special effects that may or may not have detrimental or dangerous properties as well.

Certain places use the colour green to represent a beneficial or positive property that confers a possible bonus when the player characters are located there.



For those places that do have detrimental effects or dangers, we colour them in this shade of red and often attach notes to explain how the detriment might affect the player characters, or the place itself.



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

*There is a chance (10%) that the person standing in the graveyard will pick up a message from someone close to them. There is also a chance (5%) that the person will attract unwanted attention from the other side, or even receive a misleading message from a spirit masquerading as a loved one or departed friend.*

We have also attempted to balance out some of the more powerful locations with detriments that make sense based on the location itself, its power level and the time period from which it hails. As a rule of thumb it is advisable not to stack on too many detriments to the locations, because whilst a cursed place 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 find some of the areas become unweildy if you change too much about them.

For other interesting facets about a location, we use this colour blue. That way you can scan an entry and get a quick answer to on-the-spot or 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 a location is 'lost' 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 places as we did in creating them!



## Magical Power Levels

We have a simple system to classify the magical power levels of the various items in this book, ranging from Mina (very minor cantrip like things) to Cosmica (items that can alter the heavens, change the alignment of planets and so on).

We've used the same system as we did in *The Book of Contemporary Magical Things*.

### Mina:

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

### Minora:

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

### Media:

Media places are imbued with a little more bang for your buck; they are often the focus of strange events and odd happenings.

### Majora:

These locations are really quite powerful, whilst not capable of incredible changes in reality and so on; they are the focus of magical rituals and have noticeable magical effects that go along with them.

### Maxima:

Maxima places have extremely noticeable special effects attached, are capable of reality shifts and other dimensional trickery – they are also often used as cult grounds or ritual sites.

### Magisteria:

These places hum with power; they positively glow and have been involved in the centre of some amazing magical happenings in the past. These places are fewer in number than the previous power level, but still numerous. They are also often the focus of dimensional breaches by powers that are best left unspoken of.

### Magnifica:

Like the name, these magical places are few and far between, magnificent locations of true mystical intent and whilst they might not be wholly active these days, they are capable of great reality shifts and more. Some magical creatures take these places as lairs and many powerful cultists look to claim them for their own.

### Miracula:

The magic bound into these places attracts the most powerful beings, demons, devils, fae creatures and more. They are very few in number and only a handful are ever active at once, to have many more would likely tear a planet in two due to the forces unleashed. Miracula places have extremely noticeable effects and often time flows in a different way within them.

### Cosmica:

There is only one Cosmica Magical Place at any one time, to have more than one would require enough magical energy to burn out a Solar System. They are extremely potent and often become the lairs of the most wondrous or diabolical magical creatures known to the multiverse. Time can often stand still in them, and some places like this actively flaunt the laws of physics as well as life and death.



# MINA, OR CURIOUS ODDITIES

Mankind's stories are filled with places that hold a mystical quality or some other magical force that affects those who visit it. Camelot, the Kingdom of Prester-John, Atlantis, many are the names of those long lost and almost forgotten locales. Many of these locations are still in existence but equally have been wholly or partially forgotten by humanity. As Neil Gaiman once said "There are today less than a thousand who walked the streets of Atlantis." and human memories even those of the truly old, are frail.

Still, some ember of memory exists, a patchwork of energy in the oldest minds whose loose lips have, over the ages, let slip the existence of the great civilisations that predate the dinosaurs, the first, second, and fourth Atlantis, Caer-Ys and its mad queen, elves, dwarves, and darker things without souls. These whispers have lingered in the minds of humanity and given rise to its greatest legends and stories. They may, as a whole, forget where these stories come from but for the few tru-

ly old that remain, it is a personal history.

Mina locales may seem very minor, and in the grand cosmic scale of things they are, but even the smallest pebble can start a landslide. A single bench with an actual memory can disrupt the whole civilisation if measured, quantified, proven, and posted on YouTube. Be thankful for humanity's continued cynicism in the modern age of the technocracy.

Just imagine what would happen if humanity found out the real reason that they haven't heard alien signals. It doesn't bear thinking about.

## Jackdaw's Bench

1

This simple wooden bench made with carefully carved white wood has a soothing feel about it, it brings to mind war summer's days sitting watching the world go by, or with a loved one, holding hands and talking about the future. It sometimes has crumbs strewn around the legs at the front, but no one sits on it any more.





It resides in the back path of a small park in [Shooter's Hill, Greenwich, London](#), where its usual occupant is now too old and infirm to go outside and sit in the sun. Now the only thing that bothers to sit on the bench or around it is a small jackdaw that visits the location three times a day exactly. The bird is as regular as clockwork.

The bird comes in the morning just after the sun has risen, in the afternoon when the morning is at its zenith and an hour before dark in the evening. This portion of the park seems peculiarly susceptible to fog. Where the rest of the park could be clear in the evening, this bench and its surrounds are often shrouded in fog, especially in winter.

No one truly knows who placed the bench here in the park or why (it's different to the other park benches being of white wood), but whatever they did had a profound effect on reality, not the greatest magical effect of course, for this is only a Mina Place – but an effect non-the-less.

[When you sit on the bench you can recall a conversation you may have had years ago, perfectly, bringing to mind the words, memories and feelings associated with that particular memory.](#) This is not a memory of a memory such as every other recollections that humans have, but an actual fully replayable self-perspective of the event as it unfolded.

[It is advisable that you do not linger for too many hours in contemplation of those memories, for the bench has an unfortunate side effect – it brings to mind the most painful memories if you spend too long seated upon it. Any longer than two hours and you will begin to experience things that you had repressed or locked away.](#) There is a reason the Curator group *'The Gatecrashers'* call this park 'Milk Wood'. Dylan Thomas, the Welsh poet and writer of *'Under Milk Wood'*, warned against dwelling on mournful memories. Whenever it needs a lick of varnish or weeds clearing, or even bird seed leaving, *J J Malpas*, office clerk and mid

level hedge mage, whose house backs onto the park, will treat the bench and jackdaw to some much needed TLC.

## The Back Seat

2

This place is not really a single place, it is more of an idea that tends to appear when you least expect it on any back seat of most modes of transportation. Subway, railway, taxi cabs (private or otherwise) and in some cases even rollercoasters (very rare). No one in mystical circles is truly sure how these places come to be either, they seem to be the natural creation of inherent magical energies collected over a period of days, weeks, months, or even years. The occupant of the seat is able to read the thoughts of anyone nearby.

Whilst the effect of the Back Seat could be described as fairly powerful, the fact that it is fleeting, random and wholly dependent on being at the right place, at the right time, is why we really consider it a Mina affair and so do many occultists and Curators.

The first encounter with a Back Seat was on a cold November night in 1952 when a Mister Delacarte was able to tune-in to the driver's homicidal thoughts, Mister Francis Delacarte was shaken and extremely frightened as he left the taxi cab a block before he should have and stumbled into a gang shooting.

Francis was shot three times, survived and was taken to hospital where eventually he made a full recovery.

The Back Seat effect never happened to him again, though he did speak to Arthur Murray about it. Murray being a renowned parapsychologist might have been the first person to document the phenomenon, he certainly was not the last.

[A Back Seat allows the passenger to hear thoughts](#)



for up to five minutes; these can be direct from one person or a jumble of mixed voices that come from a whole bus full of people.

If there are more than two or three people it becomes extremely hard to concentrate and may give the passenger a migraine.



iron. The freshly interred, those who are not yet ready to leave their earthly remains behind can sense it too.

They speak to the magic and sometimes the magic talks back to them. The magical effect also seems to be stronger as the veil between worlds grows thin, the closer that the clock comes to 12:00 Midnight – the louder the whispers of the dead become.

A Graveyard of Whispers is a one-way radio to listen to the dead and the person who stands there for over an hour in complete silence will eventually synch-in to those voices of the nearly and dearly departed. Those with psychic powers (latent or otherwise) will pick up voices from older graves.

There is a chance (10%) that the person standing in the graveyard will pick up a message from someone close to them. There is also a chance (5%) that the person will attract unwanted attention from the other side, or even receive a misleading message from a spirit masquerading as a loved one or departed friend.

**Francine Lockwood**, a reliably curious Archaeology Professor at Evergreen College at Olympia, WA., keeps a watch at Calvary Cemetery for anyone who might disturb the area. She seemingly has authorisation to study and protect the area. It is thought that Lockwood suffers from a debilitating skin disorder but has not let this hold her back in her studies.

## Graveyard of Whispers

3

Magical energy is a strange thing, no one fully understands it, where it truly comes from or how it can settle into mundane items, fall on old or new places and just poke reality so that it behaves in a manner contrary to what most people call: real.

The Graveyard of Whispers is one such place – again – not a real place by any stretch of the imagination, more a place of possibility, a place that you might have walked by on a long amble through a town, village, city or other kind of settlement or community. Magic here has permeated the very gravestones, sunk into the stone and begun to leak around every bit of granite, grass, marble and





## The White Door

4

Have you ever seen someone fumbling with their keys outside a white door, a white door on an inconspicuous street with many other doors like it? Perhaps there is a leaded-glass lantern over the top, or it might have a half-circle glass insert. They spend a long time at that door, trying to get the key in the lock or picking their keys up from the floor.

They talk to themselves at times, you cannot quite overhear what they have said and if you offer to help them, they brush you off, or they might appear somewhat flustered. There is a perfectly good and logical reason to this, though it might fall outside the realm of what you perceive as mundane.

They are talking to the door itself.

The White Door or Loquacious Portal is a well-known and fairly well documented fact in many schools of the occult. No one can fully agree on how such places come to be, but most of the doors encountered across the world are often associated with homes that have a high concentration of magical activity inside or at least sit on the conjunction of several ley lines.

What then is a White Door, it is a door that is imbued with a mystical life all of its own. It cannot open or shut itself. It can converse in several languages – usually related to the location that the door is in, how long the door has been sentient and if it has access to any other dialects beyond the standard for the area.

A White Door in India might speak several regional dialects for example. Regardless of where the door is located it can provide those it converses to with a lot of interesting facts about where it is. These doors see a lot and they do not mind telling you in great detail just what

they have seen. If your neighbour is having an affair over the road, the door can tell you ALL about it. An armed intruder waiting inside to attack you, an angry spouse waiting to scold you, Police looking for you, the door will know – extradimensional aliens coming to kidnap you, the door probably will not know that since doors like this cannot see the future.

The door may or may not tell you all you want to know, this actually depends on just how you have looked after the door in the past. If you have been friendly to it; cleaned it, polished it, kept the glass spotless then you are very likely to have a great confidant and *the door will speak to you of a great many things.*

On the other hand, if you have neglected the White Door then expect it to feed you *false information* or refuse to talk to you at all.





## Platform 6

5

Platform 6 can be found anywhere there are train stations; this includes tube stations and the London Underground. Platform 6 has been touched by magic somehow, it leaked into every single brick and light fitting – transforming the atmosphere on the platform and changing it in very subtle ways – after all this is still one of the many Mina places of magical confluence and as such you should not expect too much pomp and spectacle in terms of mystical effects.

Platform 6 can have a few minor effects attached to it, and rather than just give you one to play with, there are a few which can attach themselves at any given time.

- *A mysterious ghost passenger always seen at the same time, same place, waiting for a train that will never come (it stopped running years ago) – turn around and she's gone.*

- *Mysterious thefts of minor items, little things vanish and usually end up in the pockets of those less fortunate – due in part to the actions of tiny magical beings from one of the many fae realms, these little tykes are nicknamed Levellers and they like to take from the rich to give to the poor.*

- *Very minor fractures in time that cause watches to either stop run backwards or lose/gain a few minutes here and there.*

- *Radios, mp3 players, iPods or other devices pick up mysterious voices that filter through from other realms or worlds, even the afterlife.*

- *Strange static electricity passes from one passenger to another randomly.*

- *Ghostly shadows flit across the platform at 12:00 Midnight.*

These are just a few effects that can be attributed to a Platform 6 location, the most commonly observed phenomenon by Curator organisations and amateurs alike. There are other effects but they are beyond the scope of the Mina power level presented in this book.

In addition to these effects anyone on a Platform 6 experiences a sense of **calm and serenity** even if there are moments of extreme stress. There are less violent and rowdy outbursts in a Platform 6 location and overall the populace seems better behaved.



## Street of Many Things

6

The Street of Many Things was first discovered in 1982 when a retired criminal on the run from some members of his ex-gang took a wrong turn down a strange alley. John Thacker ended up elsewhere that fateful night and found himself on a brightly lit street, under an unfamiliar sky and with dozens of people dressed in various garish outfits.

The Street of Many Things is presented here as a Mina place, mostly because it does not change



reality in any significant way nor is it enchanted with a great deal of power. It moves from place to place, randomly, arriving and vanishing from alleys on a whim.

It is one of those places that brims with curious and interesting mundane items packed into dozens upon dozens of shops, market stalls and little out of the way sellers owned and operated by a diverse collection of interesting individuals of every shape, size, colour, gender and creed.

No one knows exactly what the street was created for, or who was able to enchant a whole street to randomly move around the world. It is extremely hard to find if you are actually looking for the Street of Many Things, and it certainly does not come with any kind of signpost in the real world.

That said, there are those who do know how to find it, but rest assured even though the street can be studied and does not offer anything special or out of the ordinary beyond mundane items of interest – the price for getting information on where it is going to be next, and when, will be extremely steep.

There is a 25% chance that you can find any mundane item that you are looking for in one of the many establishments, or from one of the many shady corner traders on the Street of Many Things. Getting off the street presents an interesting challenge, depending how long you spend on the street shopping or eating some of the delicious food sold there, depends on exactly where you will end up.

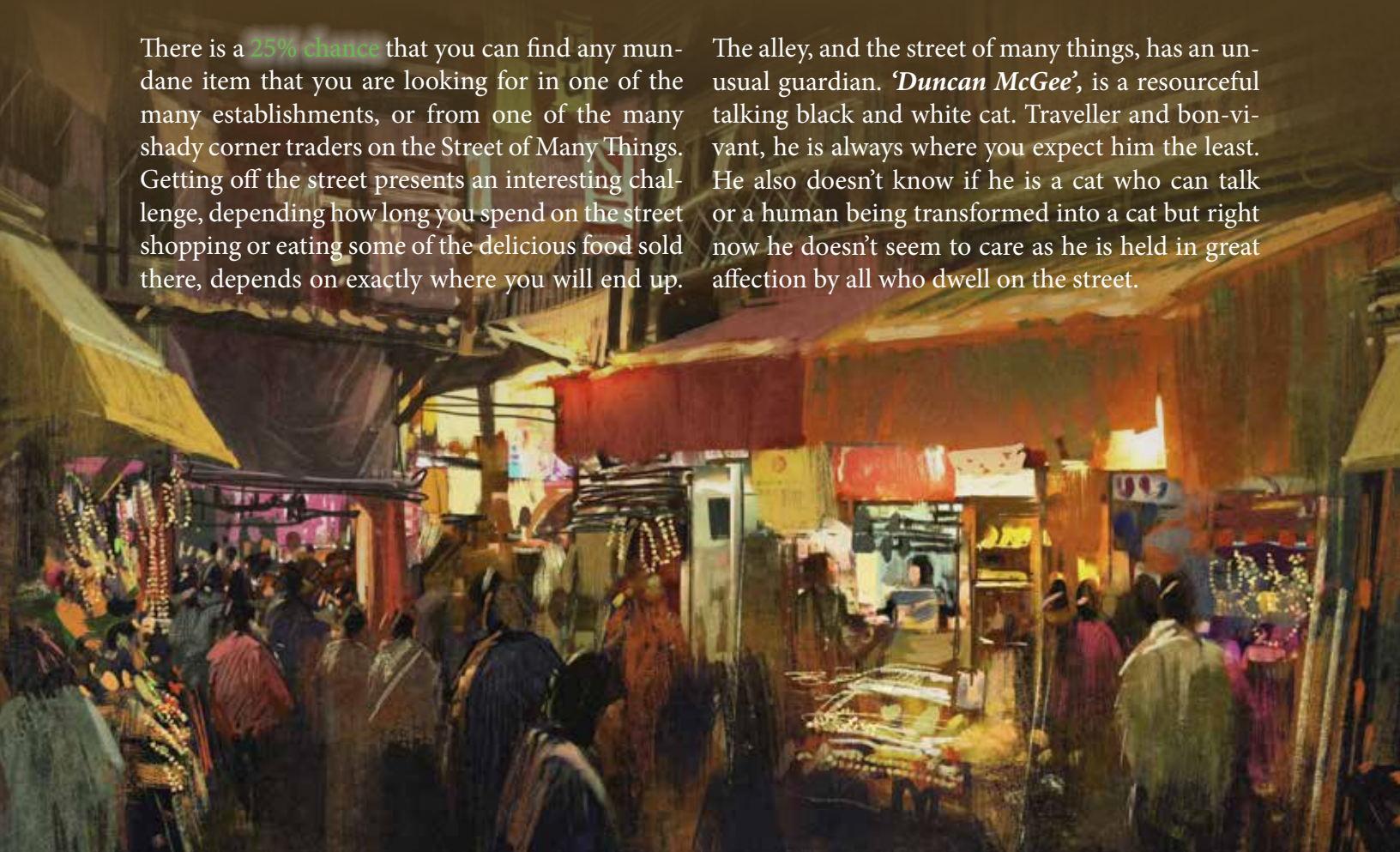
**Take too long and the street will move**, appearing elsewhere, this could be a few blocks away or in a totally different country.

Fortunately there is an old-fashioned and ornate clock atop a wrought-iron gateway that tracks the time until the street is due to shift location again.

Curators are aware of one particular location where the street appears on a semi-regular basis in San Francisco; behind the corner of 20th Street & Bryant and down an alley which, on certain days, will magically open up into a district way too big for the space it is supposed to occupy. It was first revealed by a worker for a telecommunications company who had been missing for eight days. Tasked with installing new phone lines, Paulo Esposito found himself trapped in the street, confused and frightened. He was arrested by the street's 'Watchmen' when he stole food to survive.

According to Esposito, he survived a lengthy prison sentence thanks to some pro-bono representation by a well meaning resident of the street known as **'Michael Scott Mears, attorney licenced to practice before the Court of Dreams'**.

The alley, and the street of many things, has an unusual guardian. **'Duncan McGee'**, is a resourceful talking black and white cat. Traveller and bon-vivant, he is always where you expect him the least. He also doesn't know if he is a cat who can talk or a human being transformed into a cat but right now he doesn't seem to care as he is held in great affection by all who dwell on the street.





## Talking Tiled Floor

7

This tiled floor looks like any other tiled floor, replete with repeated patterns of white, brown, black and grey coloured rectangles made from stone or marble. In places the pattern seems oddly off and breaks the repetition, in other places there are definite recognisable shapes formed from the mix of monochrome pieces.

The floor is unremarkable in every respect save for between 4am and 6am the tiles glow with an odd light. It is at that point when walked upon; a mysterious and disembodied voice intones a single word per tile. This voice can be male, female and of any accent or race at the time. Sometimes each voice is different in tone, pitch, gender, quality and speed depending on which tile you step on.

The floor can pick up words spoken in the area and store them on the tiles for several days. Secret societies and those who want to leave messages for their fellows found they can do so via the floor. Perhaps the most famous of these tiled floors resides in Cluj, Romania, outside the Court of Appeal and is cleaned daily by workers hired by *Jerith*, a wealthy local land owner.



## Crack in the Wall

8

There are lots of walls across the whole planet, many are just that, walls that serve their intended purpose. There are a lot of cracks too, most of

these cracks are bog-standard features that come with age and wear thanks to wind and weather. A few of them are a little bit more, so over the years they draw in a little bit of magic, a tiny sliver of the essence of sorcery and before anyone knows it – you have a Crack in the Wall that is so much more than just an ordinary bit of damage.



What usually happens is that two cracks become interconnected and then before you know it they create a link from one to the other. An object placed in a wall can be stored there and later retrieved from another crack in a different wall. So say you have a cracked wall in Lisbon, you put a pound coin or a dollar in there – a month or so later you travel to the crack's other end – hypothetically say, at the base of the Great Wall of China.

As long as you find the right part of the wall you will be able to pull that object out of the other side of the crack with no trouble at all. Larger cracks can allow for larger objects and there are rumours that some cracks could admit a person. Some cracks are hair like and hard to see but others just collapse and appear as a tunnel that's been dug from the wall and earth beyond beyond. No one has yet tried to travel this way.

What happens if you do try though?



- *There is a 10% chance that you will become lost in the magical pathways that intersect through the cracks, end up in another dimension or a totally different place.*
- *There is a 5% chance that you end up in a different time period altogether.*
- *There is a 2% chance that you will end up on a different planet.*

*Games Master Note: Go ahead and roll that %-chance dice three times to see what happens, you know you want to.*

## The Whistling Stone

9

One day you will be walking down a shady country lane, it may be years from now, but you will be wandering down that lane. It does not matter the time, the day, the weather or anything like that – you will hear a sound not unlike a child's playful whistling – quite melodic but slightly out of tune, that way most kids tend to sound.

If you take time to follow the sound to its source you will not find a single person around. What you will find is a curious place with a single smooth grey-white rock, a rock that looks like it might be old beyond imagining.



This is a whistling stone, a strange little oddity that's both a place and a thing, though one cannot exist without the other. Stones like these are usually found in leafy places, country lanes, and tiny woodland sometimes they can be discovered in clearings or copses.

The stone emanates a very low-key magical field if examined and produces the child-like whis-

ting. The whistling can take the form of a song, a nursery rhyme, television theme (Doctor Who perhaps) and so on – any kind of music can be replicated.

It is unknown how and why these stones are capable of replicating these musical pieces, from classical symphonies to ditties – they just do. The place really serves no function other than to produce this kind of musical effect, there is no beneficial effect or negative effect that has been catalogued and it all remains quite a mystery. Anyone tempted to remove the stone will discover that the effect has gone. Even if the stone is replaced, it is gone forever. It may be of concern to some that despite being of little use, the blackmarket fence and fixer in Tokyo known only as '*Kadishev*' is desperate to obtain as many of these stones as possible. He seems to know somehow if they're genuine and **one or two heads** of those who try to cheat him have been found in local baskets.

## Babbling Brooks

10

Notable artist, explorer and nature Rambler Sir Lord *Leiwolf Crook* first discovered the existence of Babbling Brooks on a hot summer's day in 1969 when he was searching for a decent spot to paint a rather nice landscape near his estate of Todd Hall in Lostock Hall, Lancashire. He wanted something that had trees, sky and some form of water feature – so he found a nice spot near a small gentle-flowing brook.

Lord Crook settled down to paint and spent the afternoon putting brush to canvas; he listened to the sounds of nature around him and became aware through his other senses of some magical effect close by. After making sure he was at a decent place to pause his artistry he began to examine the local area.

He found that the magical emanation came from near the eastern shore of the little brook, right where a small collection of various stones formed



a clump that made the water giggle and sound like it was babbling, joyeously but incoherently at first. Lord Crook commented on the delightful sound and the brook answered back. The explorer was not as shocked as some might have been, so he began to talk to the brook. He discovered that latent magic, an intersection of Ley Lines and some previous sorcery had created an interesting circumstance by which the brook had gained sentience and could speak.

He found that the brook's knowledge of subjects was quite wide and varied and based on eavesdropping, the brook had seen a great many things over the years and it had been observing all kinds of people who came to stop by. A lot of families, it told him, spent their time at the side of the brook with picnics and so on.

Crook was fascinated and from that point began his magical explorations and eventually wrote about the brook in his treatise on magical phenomenon, a copy of which can be found in the archives of the Eternal Library. He is known by far older wizards as 'The Lord of Chaos' or 'The Saxon Druid'.

Crook resides still in Todd Hall and his will currently states that his ashes are to be scattered in the brook. He has made many attempts to buy the land but the local council has, frustratingly, never agreed to sell it.

He is fiercely protective of the brook and will employ **dangerous and chaotic magics** to ward off developers but will also protect visitors who wish to sit and dream by the peculiar stream.







## The Wall of Faces

11

In 1968 the first Wall of Faces was discovered outside of building in the French Ward of New Orleans. It disturbed the couple who made a wrong turn down an alley there and came face to face, or face to faces with a dozen or so disembodied silent visages that stared at them from the nearby wall. The phenomenon was not an isolated one either, several other Walls of Faces appeared around the world in the years to follow.

There was a sighting of a wall in 1985 in Taiwan, 1992 in Tahiti and two sightings of a wall in both Guernsey and Jersey. In 2012 there was a Wall of Faces very briefly behind the Whitehouse in the US and in 2017 the faces reappeared, this time remaining for six months at the back of the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford. Not only impervious to research but also freaking out the patrons.

Any attempt to communicate with these wals has been met with silence, they seem to be completely devoid of intelligence and appear to only consist of mute faces that cry and wail silently. No one has yet reached out to touch one of these walls and it is unknown what would happen if someone did make contact.

There have been some theories on what the wall might be, a few notable occultists, including the renowned Doctor **David S. Robinson**, Antiquarian and professor of antiquities at the Museo de la Alhambra in Granada, Spain, have postulated that the walls might actually be shifts in reality that are from a dimension akin to that of hell, or a purgatory or someplace where spirits are kept for eternity.

To support this theory he notes the pained expressions, sense of anguish and sometimes the look of abject terror or fear on these men, women, and even children.



## Dark Room

12

A Dark Room is a phrase coined by those people who investigate and police the supernatural, in the case of this phenomenon 'Dark Rooms' are locations where a magical effect either **completely devours the light** from an area, or diminishes it such an extent that even the brightest torch has the lighting effect of a match in a large cavern. A Dark Room defies all mundane attempts to provide light, devours torchlight and completely sucks away natural light. The only way to illuminate such a location is by the use of a magical item imbued with some form of light, or use some amateurs call "a spell" to counter the effect of the Dark Room.

Those who find themselves in a Dark Room often experience a sense of foreboding; an inkling that something terrible has happened close by or in the very room itself and might even hear whispers from another dimension or plane of existence. Perhaps the event is yet to happen but the timeline instinctively knows it's an upcoming event and, in its view, it is yet to happen, is happening, and has happened.

Several occultists, curators, and notable paranormal investigators have postulated that the effect

could come from an elemental plane or dimension where darkness is the prime force.

They claim that such a phenomenon is the result of cracks between the two dimensions, where the walls are thin and the supernatural dark is able to leak through – this is often backed up by the concept that a Dark Room is not uniform and there have been cases where the darkness effect has been less – appearing instead like a shadow has fallen across the area.

Others postulate that the room could have been created as a negative psychic effect to some trauma, or event that happened within – this tends to lend credence to the associated sense of foreboding or unease that can sometimes accompany a Dark Room.

Apart from this the Dark Room offers no other effect, so far there has not been a single recorded instance where anyone has encountered an otherworldly being in a Dark Room, or been attacked by supernatural forces whilst in one.

Of course, there are organisations whose sole job it is to cover things like this up. *The 13th Bureau* is especially adept at taking the magical and explaining it as mundane, their methods are questionable and their modus operandi often involves strong-arm tactics and coercion.

## Echo Lane

13

An Echo Lane is another audible magical phenomena attached to a place. These lanes have usually seen a great deal of life in the past, may have been the site of some tragedy or event that has a strong emotional connection – procession, wedding, murder, annual fare or fete – something that has left an indelible mystical imprint on reality.

In 1951, a Miss Jane De'Salle of Paris, France, took a stroll down a nearby lane, close to her home. It



was 6:00pm exactly when she became aware of the sound of gunfire and bombs, a terrifying whistle ripped through the air and a deafening bang assaulted her ears. Scared, Miss De'Salle threw herself to the ground thinking a bomb had gone off nearby and they were under attack.

It was nothing of the sort, what Miss De'Salle had encountered was the first recorded experience of an Echo Lane in history. Echo Lanes act as a receiver for events that transpired near them, in them or around them, often picking up on extreme emotional and impactful happenings.





Occultists have theorised that the Echo Lane, brimming with magical potential captures these sounds and holds them like a recorder or cassette player. They believe that at certain times the conditions are perfect for a replay of these events only. There are no visual signals that come with the Echo Lane, only sound.

Other examples of Echo Lanes are the incessant ringing of a bicycle bell or the sound of an ice-cream truck when there's no one there. The sounds of a car engine revving up or backfiring, the screech of brakes or even screaming people have all been documented as effects of this location.

There are dozens more documented audio phenomenon on Echo Lanes, usually found in the audio records of psychic and paranormal investigators who study these odd places across the world.

## A Fertile Allotment

14

These allotments can be found all over the world, where people till soil, place down vegetables and grow their own food. The difference is that the ground is always fertile, it staves off the effects of wind and weather and not a single insect or vermin can get at the crops.



The ground protects the crops and ensures that when it's time to pick those tomatoes, or grab that rhubarb – it is perfectly ready and nothing marrs or blemishes it.

For most of the time that is all you find from an allotment of this nature, but there are other allotments that not only protect their crops but ensure a monster growth spurt as well. Herbert Bent's garden in Speke, Liverpool, has been known to produce some extremely large, juicy, and unblemished tomatoes and has done for years.

To this day magical researchers have been unable to discover a reason why some of the ground is that fertile, and that magical. There are theories that range from an intersection of Ley Lines (a popular one for most magical locations), the blessing of some goddess of agriculture (another popular one) or disembodied gardening spirits (not as popular, but gaining traction in some quarters of the occult world).

## The Naughty Step

15

This magical phenomenon manifests in a quiet home in Seattle, Washington owned by a Dr. Ed Locke, that once had children who are severely misbehaved, they were placed on a step for regular time-outs and usually had to remain there until they can convince their parents they are going to 'be good'. Now obviously, a child can trick a parent into releasing them from the naughty step – but it is a different matter when that child is attempting to bamboozle or otherwise convince a minor spirit bound into a stair that is using subtle reality manipulation to keep that boy or girl in place.

Psychic researchers who have studied this phenomenon have noted that the child cannot move once the parent has placed them on the naughty step, usually they are only allowed to leave that step if they have been told so by the parent. In this way there is a symbiotic and empathic relationship





with the Mina spirit that inhabits the step, perhaps they are related, the spirit of a loved one who departed the mortal coil a while ago.

The spirit monitors the child's behaviour and looks for changes in their attitude. A truly penitent child will be released quickly, compared to one who takes a good few hours to come around to the parent's way of thinking. Of course if the spirit thinks the child is being punished unreasonably it will let them go almost immediately.

A truly naughty child will be held for a while, sometimes longer than they should be and the spirit will **inform the parent vocally** about why.

This can come as a shock to house owners who do not realise they have, in essence, a haunted punishment step.

These steps are usually benign in nature, however there was one such case in 1981 where a young boy who refused to be good learned the very hard way just how malign some of these spirits can be. When he refused to be good for his mother, she placed him on the naughty step, whilst doing so he struck out at her and knocked her over. The woman landed on a table and was killed by the fall.

The doors slammed, the windows shut and the whole house plunged into darkness – the boy lost sight of his mother and remained trapped on the step, he could not move.

When police finally entered the residence a few days later after concerned neighbours raised the alarm over the disappearance of both the son and his single mother, they found the dead woman by the table and the boy dead on the naughty step, still locked in place.

**The story is that he had died of fright rather than starvation and dehydration.**

The moment the police attempted to remove the child, they were assaulted by the spirit who had grown much stronger due to absorbing the life force of the mother and child. It manifested a variety of poltergeist like phenomenon until the constabulary were forced to withdraw.

**They all claimed to have heard an angry voice repeat the word, "Naughty."**

The details beyond this are sketchy; the information presented came from the spirit prior to being exorcised from the residence by Reverend Joseph Blackwell a few weeks later. Dr. Locke found all this quite amusing until the strange occurrences ramped up and he was forced to move.



## Hallway of Dancing Cats

16

Perhaps one of the more amusing, comforting and odd magical places can be found in a small hotel lobby in Amsterdam, just off the main hall. Here there is a single hallway that manifests both an audible and visual magical effect every second Thursday of the month. For **three hours** only the whole hall is filled with a **delightful symphony of cat purrs, gentle meows and lulling thrums**.

Along with this comes the visual effect, dozens upon dozens of cats who dance, gambol and play through the whole hall. These vaguely transparent felines affect nothing, cannot be interacted with in any way, shape or form and leave no lasting impression upon the environment. They pass harmlessly through objects and run back and forth through walls. Whilst they seem to be able to interact with each other without a problem, as they rough and tumble across the carpet and into doorways they do not respond to calls or loud sounds around them.



Psychic investigators are at a loss as to how these phenomena came to be, and the oldest resident of the hotel claims that the cats have been seen in the hall since as early as 1946.

The hall does have a **soothing effect** due to the cat's playful purrs, those who spend any time in the hall claim that their stress levels just float away.

## Inspiration Mile

17

Have you ever thought of something really neat but just cannot quite get the idea to form, perhaps it is a plan for a new device or a program that you cannot get working on a computer, or a song, short story, any kind of concept that just remains totally ephemeral.

It is always just a hair's breadth away, on the tip of your tongue, the back of your mind but you cannot solidify the idea into something more than a ghost of a thing.

An Inspiration Mile is the answer to that dilemma, a single long stretch of road or a trackway somewhere on the planet. Inspiration Miles can form just about anywhere there is a decent nature walk, a ramble, bit of road, highway, side of the motorway or even a main street that you like to take a walk or a run on.

You know you are on an Inspiration Mile too, there is a slight tingle at the back of your neck followed by little pin-pricks of thoughts, your mind automatically rolls onto that thing which has been giving you trouble. You find yourself thinking on it almost constantly, rather than problems, the Mile gives you solutions and they jump unbidden into your conscious from your sub-conscious.

Some researchers into this phenomenon have said that an Inspiration Mile might have been involved as far back as Oppenheimer in 1945, and the first detonation of the Atomic Bomb. They theorise that the bomb's design was just out of reach one moment and then the next the Manhattan Project had the answer. Some Curators refute this as it would predate the existence of artifacts (see The Contemporary Book of Magical Things).

Regardless, when you walk an Inspiration Mile with an unanswered problem, **you will get the answer you seek** when you leave the other end of the Mile.

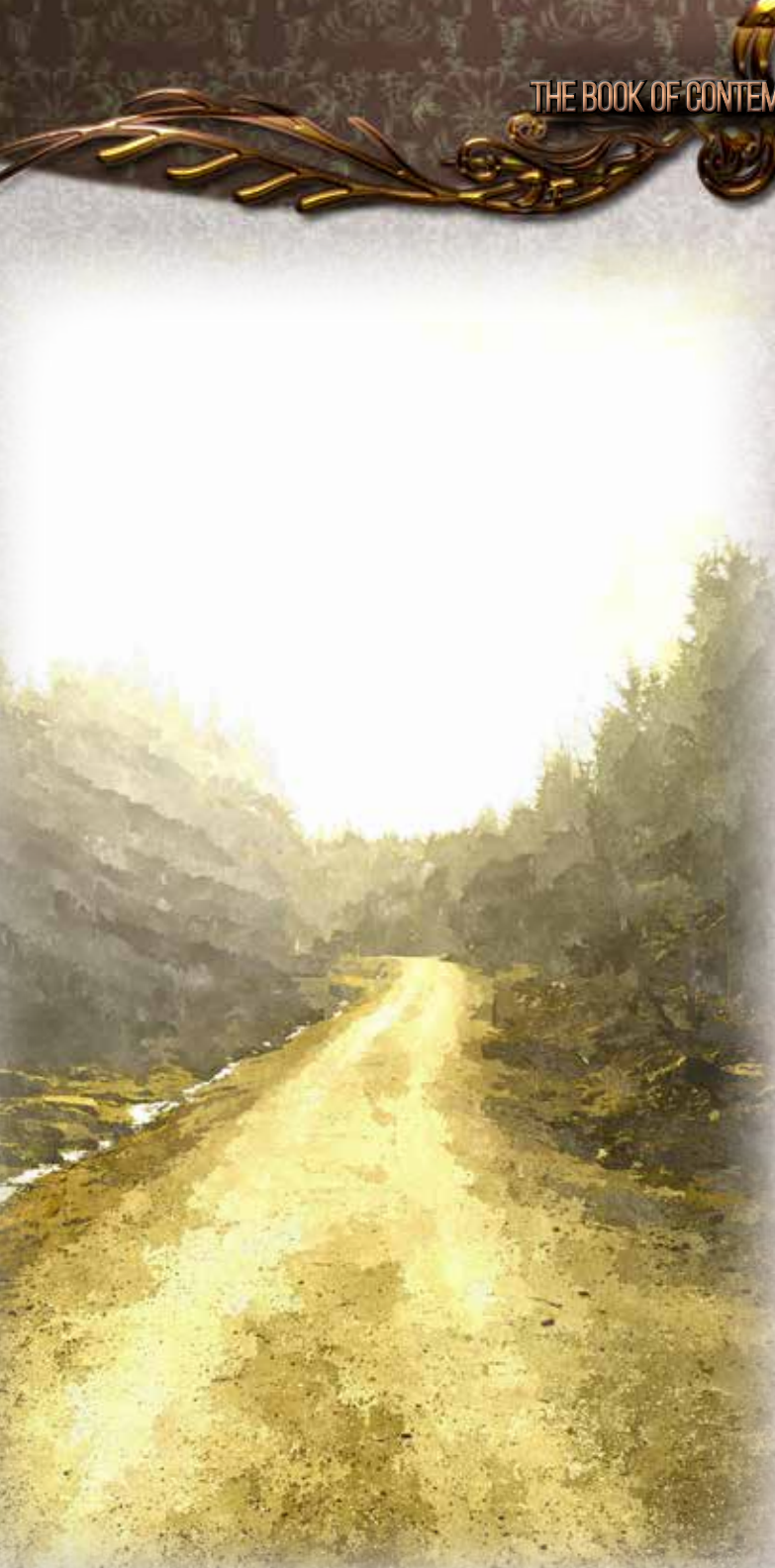


No one truly knows which theory is right, however, extensive experiments with the Inspiration Mile have proven it is a real place and a valid phenomenon.

## Fae Arch

18

These places are a relic of an ancient time, part of an old network of magical gates and effects that once dominated the world. Mostly focused around Ireland, England, Scotland and Wales, Fae Arches have been around for decades. These kinds of arches may have had incredible power back in the day, but now they are severely diminished and classified by occultists and researchers as a Mina place of magical power.



Researchers have also theorised that the Mile is inhabited by entities that operate on the thought-patterns of the human mind, helping declutter it and focus it on the answer at hand. Other researchers have said that for some reason the Mile is a conduit for the collective brainpower of humanity, and like a magical computer highway of information it allows the walker to pick up on the right answer.



Often comprised of a pair of trees where the branches make an interlocked arch, growing naturally that way, Fae Arches exude only a fraction of the power that they once had, but even that is enough to trigger the senses of magically sensitive people, beings, practitioners and the like.



A typical **Fae Arch** has fractured glimpses of the world beyond our own, one of the Fae realms or at least another dimension closely associated with the concept of Fair Folk or spirits of nature. It is these minor leaks of magic and bliss (or terror) that mark the place as being more than just a natural feature.

A Fae Arch lets the viewer look into another realm from time to time, there is no set day, date or time when this effect can happen. To scholars it seems entirely random and chaotic, they have performed several experiments to attempt to catalogue and make sense of the visions that come from the arch – so far nothing has made any kind of sense.

The arch tends to show fragmented visions of other worlds beyond our own, there is often no rhyme or reason to these fragments and they are usually completely out of chronological order – they may be months, years, days or minutes early or late as the chaotic energies are drawn to the Fae Arch.

There are rumours that if the ancient network that powers these random features were ever re-activated, or stabilised, then the story may be different

and the arches might transcend their simple Mina classification in the eyes of occultists and investigators. Those who have passed through the arch say there has been no sense of ill effects, nor have they been harmed.

There is a **2% chance** that any being that does pass through a Fae Arch is **sent to the Fae realm** connected to the arch at the time, this may account for ramblers and walkers who sometimes vanish in wooded areas and are not seen for years and years. Some of these people who return are driven half-mad by the experience.

## Summer Alley

19

It is not just visual effects or sound that magic creates when it leaks into a place; there are other attached effects as well. Olfactory effects are possible when the magical energies all combine together in one place and a particularly strong emotion or attachment is created at the same time. One such place is Summer Alley, so named because regardless of the time of day, season, weather or other smells in the vicinity – **this alley always smells like**





summer and those people who take a walk down the alley are met with the scent of summer flowers, pollen and even the scents of memories that they might have had during a hot summer's day in the past. Whilst there are no visual effects attached to this place, the scents are so strong they can sometimes trigger mental images of the scene or memory of the person's past summer experience.

Apart from that, Summer Alley is wholly unremarkable as a place and offers no other effect or any kind of magical benefit. Unless you happen to love summer, then you are going to feel more at ease in the alley as fond memories resurface.

Possibly the most easily noticeable Summer Alley is the Al-Mahlawi in Alexandria, Egypt. A lane so delightfully calm and nurturing that the noted archaeologist *Dr Maxine Chandler* moved here and began her work on the sunken towns and temples of the Nile delta.

## Sally's Well

20

Sally Walsh always had a soft spot for her garden; it was to her, a magical place that she loved even as a child. She tended it constantly, usually daily unless the weather was too inclement and always made sure it was well looked after and never allowed to overgrow. She recruited friends to help out and always had the most wonderful garden parties.



Although she loved her garden, one place in that garden was hers and hers alone. She had dug a small shaft down to the water table, let it fill and placed a beautiful little dry-stone well over the whole thing.

Next to the well was a worn, well-loved wooden chair and at the base of the well one single small garden gnome next to a toadstool.

When Sally got too old she was placed in a care home and her garden was left forgotten, her house eventually fell into rack and ruin in the mid 1970's. All save for the little spot in the back where the well and gnome were, for some reason Sally's Well defied the ravages of time and the attempts for nature to take the area back.

It was always kept cultivated, always clean, the well was never empty and the water was never stagnant. Thankfully the house eventually passed into the hands of another couple who saw how badly it had been treated, they fell in love with the property and restored it – the only area they did not touch was Sally's Well, they felt it was perfect as it was.

The magic of this place works only here and ensures that the garden is *always perfect*, the well is always full and the little gnome, or perhaps some other benign spirit, always takes time to clean it – he makes sure never to do it when anyone is looking either.

Should anyone damage the garden or well however, the little gnome will *fight back*. Whilst he had no great powers, he will begin to sabotage the perpetrator's life in various ways if he can. He will cut power to the house often, cause problems for anyone living there who mistreats the garden's well area and may even cut brake lines on cars or commit other such dangerous and malign mischief.

Pity any who offend this guardian of the well.



## Arthur's Grave

21

Not King Arthur unfortunately, Arthur's Grave is a small marble gravestone at the back of a church in Shrewsbury, England. The plot of land is tended daily and no one actually sees a person looking after it – yet it is always immaculate with fresh flowers and they are always well cared for and watered.

Only the name Arthur is visible on the gravestone, the other text seems worn and damaged as to block out the other information. This includes the date of birth and death for the mysterious Arthur. Yet if you come back at exactly 12:00 Midnight when the veil between worlds is the thinnest, and on a full moon when the moon's exactly full, neither waxing or waning you will find a different kind of message carved on the gravestone.

Be warned, the powers that be who send these messages using the latent magic that has been on site since 1947 when Arthur was interred there, do not sugar coat their warnings or portents. Those who have seen the mysterious grave's script have always met their fate (good or bad) at the appointed time and place, no matter how they might try and change things.

Those who have taken the time to study the site, usually including occultists from all walks of life have recorded some of the messages they have been given, yet no one can agree on the source of these signs and portents.

Some argue they're benign, perhaps spiritual beings who are sending warnings in the hope that the affected will change their ways. Some say the messages come from a darker source, one that delights in delivering bad news and knowing full well the affected cannot change their outcome.

There is also a small group of occult scholars and Curators who think neither and attribute the messages to the magic itself.

Regardless, those who view the gravestone at the appointed time will be given a message carved into the stone. The message can be whimsical, good, bad, terrifying, from a loved one or a complete stranger.

If viewed by a group, then everyone sees a different message.



***Note:** You can use the stone to put messages for your players in the campaign; the stone's magic will ensure they mean something to the person who looks upon them. The gravestone is a good place to seed some information for an investigative scenario and works well with supernatural/horror campaigns.*

## Bell Alley

22

One of the spookiest places to wander through day or night is a place some call 'Bell Alley' in a little town known as Saint-Varent in the department of Deux-Sèvres, Western France. 'Bell Alley', its real name being Rue Montrabais, is a place notorious for supernatural happenings and phenomenon, chiefly classified as hauntings and never resulting in physical harm, these events only scare the participants and have not yet resulted in any fatality.

There are several manifestations that occur in the alley, and the most common ones are as follows:



### *The Gendarme*

An old style policeman, circa 1946 appears at any time of day in the alley, reacting to people as though he is really there. He usually questions young people about their whereabouts and what they are doing. Adults have been approached and asked the time; the officer then goes on his way and is not seen again by the same individual.

### *Poltergeist Rubbish*

Trash, litter, rubbish, it all gets caught in a mysterious psychic wind in the alley and hurled around. These winds can happen at any time, different to a normal wind, this is quite a vortex and hurls trash upward for a height of twenty two feet, and the phenomenon lasts for around ten minutes and can happen even on the calmest of days with no wind. Unusual for this usually clean and sleepy village.

### *Tabby Cat*

Usually appears at midday or just after, this smoky-grey and brown tabby cat wanders passing through one wall of the alley to the other.

### *Breaking Glass*

This audio only haunting happens around 10:00pm at night and produces the sound of breaking or shattering glass, a man's cry, and two very definite wet thuds. Sometimes not long after, a patch of dried blood forms on the floor and lasts for a couple of days; it defies all attempts to clean it.

### *A Skipping Child*

At the top end of the alley, usually around 4:00pm the apparition of a young girl appears, she is dressed in clothing seen around 1962 and has a skipping rope. She skips for a few feet and vanishes. There is no audio or interaction possible with the girl's haunting.

Curators and investigators usually call the street 'Bell Alley' in reference to the Church off to the side of Rue Montrabais, on Rue de l'Eglise. There has been a concerted effort by Curators to keep this location a secret for the sake of the villagers.

They are aware of the hauntings and just see them as slightly odd members of the community. They appreciate that there is a group of people who refer to themselves as "*Les Conservateurs*" and who endeavour to keep Saint-Varent's "gifts" a secret in order to avoid having hordes of tourists of the macabre descending en masse.

A Curator who is civil will be invited to a local soiree or dinner, even if they are a stranger to the village, and will be welcomed by the village as a whole.

However, there have been rumours in the last few years of **a number of disappearances**. Tourists passing through, brash Curators, and Technomancers have known to have been in the area but have failed to appear at their following destination. Whether this is the work of one insane and murderous individual, a magical phenomenon, or the locals 'tidying-up' indiscrete visitors is unknown.





# MINORA, OR FORGOTTEN CORNERS

While many of the Mina locales can seem wondrous or utterly magical, they are usually hidden from view of the general public (with one exception) and are of limited use to anyone other than those who wish to observe the magical or paranormal. Minora however, are almost willing themselves to be discovered. This is a problem for both Curators, Investigators, and such groups like the Technomancers (sometimes referred to as Warpforgers) who often either like to keep the prying eyes of the public away from such 'exotic' locales or wish to claim them for themselves.

Many of those concerned with the phenomenon of 'The Linked' such as Artifacts (magical objects), Nexus Points (magical places), and Vessels (magically gifted individuals) see Mina as mere distractions in the conflicts between the Warpforged/

Technomancers and everyone else and see Minora as the skirmish line where the most conflicts happen. As a Curator you are far more likely to die at the hands of a Technomancer at a Minora Nexus Point than anywhere else.

Minora places are the first true points of power that The Linked and their collectors gravitate to.

## Andy's Bridge

23

There's a particular stretch of road, you probably know it, close to where you live or a little way away. It has a hump-backed bridge on it and boy racer's love to hit that bridge at stupid speeds to attempt to break some unofficial rad jump record for how many seconds they can stay in the air, not other driver thus resulting in an accident.





break their axle and not come down close to any Andy's Bridge is named as such because that is exactly where the record for longest car in the air time was broken, only it was aided a little by latent magic that has created a pocket of anti-gravity that lurks like a sneaky Sword of Damocles over the bridge at random places (and heights).

The magic here is in flux and the effect can vary, but for Andy, who ended up in hospital with severe fractures and broken bones it was on form that day. His car hit the pocket of anti-gravity after leaving the bridge at around 90mph, the car soared into the air and dropped into the pocket at around 8 feet above the road and due to the unstable nature of the anti-grav bubble created at the time it was able to reach a height of over a **hundred feet** in a few seconds.

A catapult effect was described by an eye witness to the event (A local truck driver). Andy's car was propelled in a less than graceful fashion through the air and into the side of a nearby industrial estate warehouse unit. Several workers avoided serious injury and Andy was taken to a nearby hospital for treatment.

The bridge was closed briefly, the reason was repair. However, the Langston Society (a group of researchers into magical effects) was called in and investigated the area to discover pockets of randomly moving anti-gravity generated around the bridge.

After a few local ducks were propelled into the air suddenly, the society was able to map the trouble spots and the investigation (at the time of this tome) is still listed as: ongoing.

## Magpie's Art Studio

24

Julia Montgomery, otherwise known as Magpie lives in Hong Kong in a fairly decent accommodation. Her home is far from modest and could

be described as a fabulously impressive art gallery to boot. It features dozens of paintings, drawings, sketches and sculptures all created by Magpie in her studio above the main living area.

What Julia does not tell visitors to her extensive collection is that whilst she is a fairly decent artist, the works that she creates do not come from her. She simply leaves her studio alone at night and comes to find completed works of art come morning.

If you are at all familiar with the story of the Elves and the Shoemaker, this kind of mystical encounter should not be too hard to understand. Except in Julia's case, it is not so much a being or creature that leaves the completed works of art for her – it is the actual studio itself.

So infused with magical creative energy is the room that she worked in that it has become sentient enough to create for itself. Whilst it does not communicate directly with anyone and cannot create sounds, the magical sentience is strong enough to be able to manipulate the brushes, paints, materials and even the potter's wheel within the confines of the room.

Thus the studio creates the art that Magpie shows off, claims for her own and sells for a decent amount. Magpie reaps the rewards and ensures her rent is paid regularly, thus the studio continues to create and there is a balance between owner and magical space kept.

The **room can create works of art** from sketches, paintings and sculptures overnight and works tirelessly to improve its already formidable skills. There is a chance that if the room feels strongly about a person who enters it, it will create art based on that person. Perhaps a statue of a person it really likes or a painting of a person in a humorous way or compromising position for someone it cannot stand.





## The Laundry Room

25

The Laundry Room is one of those tiny manifestations of magic that turns out to be more useful than it hinders. In the case of this particular place, it can appear almost anywhere in the world there is a washing machine, dryer, and a place where you put your laundry. No one is sure what causes this effect or why the magic behaves as it does. Several investigations by paranormal researches and magical archivists have all drawn the same conclusion; whatever energy is here is benign in nature and seems to delight in **storing, folding and arranging clean washing perfectly.**

Once clean washing has been left (even if it has been folded prior to being put to one side) and the room is empty, the washing will be removed from where it is stored and re-sorted to the whim of the magical energy that flows throughout. The energy is particular about where things go, how it likes to order clothing and items and will ensure that

those criteria are met regardless of the owner's desire.

If the owner returns and changes the sorting order or moves anything out of order, the room will wait until they leave and do it all again. If there are recording devices present in the room in an attempt to document it, they are either turned off, blank or full of static – the magic seems to dislike being filmed or observed. **Dr. Ed Locke**, from Seattle and a true devotee of science, is consistently confused by this.





Occult scholars have theorised that there might be a magical creature or being involved rather than magical energy, which would classify the Laundry Room (wherever it might appear) as a Magical Creature and not a Place.

So far it has maintained its entry in the various lists of such phenomenon that have been catalogued, from the humble private researcher to the biggest occult groups on the planet.

## Sam's Safe Space

26

There is a power in belief, a power that many people overlook. What happens when you have a terrified child, a belligerent pair of step parents and a leak in the fabric of reality through which a trickle of magic can pass through?

The answer: Sam's Safe Space.

Sam is not like other children, he is not an outgoing kid, or a kid that easily makes friends. Sam jumps at the sound of a dog barking, or the doorbell ringing and sometimes Sam wishes that he was the only person in the house – so he can read his books, enjoy his fantasy world and talk to his imaginary friends – friends who are far more real to him than the people who are actually in his life. Sam's step-parents are not nice folks, and they are belligerent, loud, rude and often drunk. Sam gets blamed for lots of things. But recently Sam has found a new friend, not a person, but a place in the house that no one knows about.

It is full of cool stuff too, all the toys he could want, all the books he could want, drinks, food, snacks and everything Sam could desire at this point in his life. It is a magical place that whilst not that powerful in the overall scheme of things, is powerful enough to provide a young man some much-needed respite in his time of need.





That is what magic can do; magic can respond to an individual's desire or wish and shift reality around it. Once inside his safe space Sam, or anyone lucky enough to be invited in, cannot be found. In fact the magic hides them so well, often or not the people looking for them completely forget about them after a few hours.

They cannot be heard by the outside world and the **safe space ensures that no harm befalls them**; they have everything they need to remain there indefinitely if they wished. There are writings that exist in the various annals of occult historians that talk about young men and women who enter those spaces, emerging years later when least expected and all grown up.

Other accounts talk of time standing still for those inside, so when they emerge they emerge into a world much different from their own.

There is a **3% chance that you can lose track of time** whilst inside a safe space and completely forget about the outside world. Not all safe spaces are created equal. The **safe space cloaks you** from the outside world, can have a stasis effect and provides everything you require for survival. Yet it is still only classified as a Minora Place due to the localised area of effect. **All safe spaces are bigger on the inside than the out.**

## Magical Amplification Bubble (Minor)

27

Not so much a place, more an effect, but still important enough to be classified in the scope of this work. A MAB is a random occurrence of magical energy that is bound to a particular location, and can be bound there achieving permanency over a period of years.

Those who have studied these places tend to classify them as such since the effect never diminishes or goes away. The effect can transpire anywhere in

the world and there are numerous locations that the effect has been documented as appearing.

A small park where children play, a train station, a back alley outside a dive bar, the Sydney Opera House parking lot, the Tower of London, and more have all been classified as such. The effect varies in power from place to place but never quite rises above the Minora level of energy.

There are other places that are more powerful than the Minora level of MAB, classified and explained later on in this tome.

Those who enter a MAB often experience a heightening of the senses, a feeling that magic flows differently here and a tingle at the nape of their neck. They may also experience the same tingle that passes through their body, igniting the various chakras that allow mages to harness and focus magical energy.

Whilst in the radius if a MAB all magical energy that is expended is **returned at a greater rate**, sometimes two to three times that of normal magical energy replenishment. Spells and powers that mimic magic are manipulated by the power of the MAB and often find their effects and any other





secondary, tertiary powers doubled. This counts for all magical based effects and powers, including those of beasts and creatures of magic. The MAB does not differentiate between friend and foe, so if you choose to battle an enemy with magical powers in a MAB, be warned, those powers will be augmented.

## Quick-field

28

Quick-fields are a name that is given to a curious field or patch of ground that exhibits some latent magical energy, usually that of 'quickness' – speeding things up as they enter the area of effect. The phenomenon was first discovered by a rambler in 1981 who took a short cut across a particular farmer's field and found that the size of the field, the time she took to cross it and the feeling time that had passed were at odds with one another.

She had crossed dozens of fields in the past and never encountered a crossing like this one, where she managed to get across the ground in under a minute at a slow walk where it should have taken her at least 5-10 minutes depending on how fast she was walking amongst other factors.

Deborah Galloway decided to test her theory a few more times, she crossed the field six times in all and documented the pace she walked, checked the time and then tried a run.

This is when she discovered the unique, localised and potentially dangerous property of the Quick-field. A slow walk allowed her to cross the field in a minute. A brisk walk allowed her to cross the field in under 40 seconds.

A run sent her right into the wooden fence that surrounded the field, broke her leg and winded





her for ten minutes. She crossed the field in 10 seconds or less. **Quick-fields increase the speed of people, objects and machines that enter the area of effect.** The speed increase can be double, triple, or even quadruple that of the normal speed.

If you run across, you had best be able to control your body at those kinds of speeds. Throw a ball across one; make sure no one is in the way at the end since it will fly across that field as though it has been shot from a gun.

**This effect covers only movement and kinetic energy;** it does not affect the growth of plants or animals in the area. Or alter time in any way except the time it takes to cross the ground.

## Bill Farthing's Greenhouse

29

One of the more interesting and somewhat curious magical places in the world is in a place called Holmfirth, where there is a lot of arable farm land and folks like to grow their own vegetables. Bill Farthing is such a man and he has a knack of growing plants and vegetables, but more than that, he can bring dead plants (and veg) back to life as long as they are under his tender care in the greenhouse he has in his back garden, just close to the ornamental fish pond and rhubarb patch.



Bill's Greenhouse is one of those magical places that exists on a crack of reality, this crack opens up very slightly into another realm. The crack is wide enough to allow a trickle of magical energy tied into this natural realm to blossom forth, literally. The magic infuses the plastic, metal, wood and every molecule of this greenhouse and works to preserve plant life within.

Bill himself does not expect magic, he is far too down to Earth to believe in such things, if anything he would point to some kind of scientific explanation – his own amazing gardening skills that he inherited from his grandmother or a dozen other reasons that do not begin and end with: magical nature energy.

A healthy plant placed in the greenhouse will remain that way indefinitely until removed then it will be vulnerable to all the conditions that affect normal plants outside or indoors.

A sick or dying plant will be restored to full health in a few days. A dead plant will recover fully in a week, showing signs of recovery after only a day or so.

The same goes for vegetables too; Bill's Greenhouse can remove mould, restore rotten vegetables and grow some of the juiciest tomatoes this side of a Fertile Allotment (see Mina Places). Bill though, Bill takes credit for all of this.

## Corpselight Copse

30

A ghoulish name for a harmless magical effect that settles over some places, a Corpselight Copse is the name given to an area of magical energy that often becomes attached to wild places, woodland, copses and the like. Those that study such effects know the truth of the matter; it is neither ghoulish nor attached to the dead in any way.



The effect was first discovered in a patch of small woodlands by Nazi soldiers near the tail-end of World War 2 when they were on patrol. Fearing that enemy soldiers were there the soldiers set off to explore the wood and discovered floating orbs that emitted a strange blue or green glow.

Fearing the ghost wood they beat a swift retreat and began to circulate a rumour around the barracks of their camp, ghosts had taken over the wood and the dead were on the march to punish them for their crimes in the war. A full scale panic ensued and as much as the officers tried to quell the frightened men's fears, their peace was short lived as allied troops stormed the camp, captured the soldiers and took them prisoner.

Amongst the soldiers was one of a group of British investigators that belonged to a secretive paranormal investigation agency known only as 'The Room'. Cavendish Harker made a study of the wood and the magical effect, noting that it was nothing to do with ghosts or the spirits of the damned – Cavendish reasoned through his stud-

ies that it was magical light that bubbled up from an intersection of ley lines that crossed at a natural fracture point.

The lights were created by illuminated ectoplasmic material and were in essence like glowing magical soap-bubbles. They moved due to Brownian motion and there was no external force applied to them.

This particular effect is not uncommon and had been attached to other magical light sightings recently.

## Null Place

31

A Null Place is the short-hand magical term for a zone of magical energy that absorbs power, effects, force and other elements of magical spells – in many cases they do not function, or they function with less effect than desired. A Null Place is a dangerous location for any magical being or magical practitioner to be, since their power is lessened,





and so too is their ability to recover magical power resources. Those beings who hunt those casters of magic often engineer confrontations in a location such as this, allowing them to overpower, trap or kill their unsuspecting victim. Technomages such as **Frederick 'Faraday' Smith**, a researcher from Edmonton in Canada, excel at this tactic, using weapons rather than their "advanced mathematics" (or magic to the rest of us) to take down mages and curators.

Null Places have been sighted and catalogued since 1947 (By the long-lived sorcerer: **Professor Steven Hale**), however it is rumoured they are much older than this and might even date to the dawn of time immemorial. The rumour about their creation is that they are the echo left behind by the footsteps of powerful beings that once walked the world; now long since gone or ascended somehow these precursors left a hole where they once were.

These holes **suck magical energy** into them like a whirlpool or vortex, they do not appear to magical senses and those who enter a Null Place who are extremely gifted with magic, or powerful feel **a sense of foreboding, terror, or sometimes even weakness** – whilst not as dangerous as other non-magical zones of other power levels the Null Place can make **a mage feel sick just by standing in it.**

The more powerful magic user that enters the less effect the Null Place has on their magical energy and spells. **Weak low power mages can be rendered unconscious by the effect of null magic in this location. Weak magic can be stopped instantly; powerful spells can have their spell effects attenuated.**

Null places have been sighted and catalogued in abandoned churchyards, old steel mills, parking







lots of nightclubs, catacombs, police station cells, atop the Empire State Building, and even around an old Ferris wheel at an amusement park.

Professor Steven Hale was soon to discover the government knew of Null Places when a particularly cunning FBI Agent Diana Vaughn attempted to capture the good professor by using one as a meeting location. Diana works for the Advocacy, an American version of *The Room* with different goals and aims. She lured the professor there with a promise of information which would aid him in the capture of a particularly dangerous magical creature that had broken into the Earth Dimension.

## The Old Flicker Factory

32

Before the advent of the motion picture there was radio and written medium to entertain the masses, when the motion picture industry appeared and very quickly boomed into the massive media cor-

poration-led machine it is today, it left behind a legacy of old picture houses. Cinemas for the people run often by local town's folk or a small crew of very dedicated paid employees who worked for bigger fish.

Old Flicker Factories have been around for a while and this particular one is circa 1973, situated in Denver Colorado,. It is in a part of town that time forgot almost and the theater is mostly abandoned these days, no one ever goes inside and the power has been cut on weekdays for a long time. People remain in their homes, some of them have new ways to entertain themselves in today's age and some are just content to listen to their radios and read books or magazines. No one goes to the little cinema now, not since the big fancy one moved in just a few miles down the road and has all the hallmarks of the big modern picture houses.

The little theater that time forgot is not as backward as some folk might think. The Crescendo Picture House sits forlorn, all alone on a tiny road





that was once thronging with life, with people and with vehicles as folk from all over came to watch the silent movies, the black and white, the B-Movies, horror, science-fiction and more.

The building has seen better days on the outside, but it is still not run-down by any stretch of the imagination. The windows are all shuttered and blacked out, which is exactly what you want for a small cinema without modern technology inside. The Crescendo has been drinking in magic for years though, even after the doors shut and the building was declared a monument to preserve it from anyone wanting to use the land for something else like a Mall or Parking Lot. Its current owner is Senator **Debra Cowper**, White House hopeful and apparent kingmaker.

So behind those doors, projectors still run films that have not been seen for years and the show still goes on. The lonely magic sees to that, going through a routine that it remembers from years ago, tickets please, one showing only of The Plant That Time Left Behind!

Should someone break in or enter, then the cinema comes to life around them, lights, sound, action and the works. Old concession stands light up; a popcorn machine thrums to life with some barely burnt un-popped corn, as stale as anything, at the bottom. A movie that the cinema remembers begins to play in the background and lights flicker on and off. That's magic!

## Fake Street

33

When you go wandering into the desert, you might end up ill-prepared and experience a scientific phenomenon known as a mirage. No one is fully sure how mirages work or how the illusion happens, there are theories as always of course. The same can be said for Fake Street or places like it, these are magical mirages, illusions that

are good enough to fool the eye until the viewer gets up close and begins to look at the whole thing with scrutiny.

A Fake Street is the name given to any of these magical mirages that can transpire anywhere in the world where there are cities, towns, villages, settlements or any place that has homes and streets. The magical energy collects and collects in a Fake Street, slowly, over time it begins to reproduce a mirror of something that resembles a typical street in the neighbourhood.

To the trained eye these streets seem off, they do not quite look correct and their many angles, houses and illusionary people have something wrong with them. Upon closer inspection it is easy to work out you are in a Fake Street, because you cannot interact with anyone or anything in





the street – the illusion does not include physical effects though it can sometimes include audio and even the senses of taste, smell and so on.

Never touch though, that would require a greater power level than a Minora Place can provide let alone sustain.

Fake Streets are usually harmless but **they can conceal other beings behind the illusion**, cunning astral predators, magical beasts and otherworldly entities can use Fake Streets as lairs to mask their presence and lure in unsuspecting visitors to a grisly demise.

The most notable example of this would be the 70's Harrow House incident which was catalogued by *The Room*, *The Project* and numerous other occult-based investigation groups. Harrow House is explained further in this tome, but to expand further, it is a sentient magical house that brings to life the very fears of those who enter it. The house is capable of moving through the world and selecting a hunting ground, in 1973 it chose an area where a Fake Street had been created and lay in wait for potential victim that it had a long held grudge against.

## Luck Basement

34

Basements have been the place of many illicit gambling dens throughout the world since people first discovered the underground pastime. A Luck Basement is a strange little magical place that provides a **modicum of luck** depending on a bunch of factors that all combine to influence how the luck works that day.

It is never ill luck, always **good luck**, and those who have studied such an effect have postulated that it comes from a small plane of existence which governs chance. It is rumoured that Potter's Dice were a physical manifestation of that plane of existence on Earth. Potter's Dice can be found in The Book



of Contemporary Magical Things, another treatise on magic. The luck can be as simple as decent die rolls in a game of chance or as complex as avoiding a knife or gunshot in a fight that happens in the basement. Luck is also not a fickle thing; it does not play favourites, so the effect can be applied to anyone who happens to be in that basement. So a bad guy's shot might go wide if the luck effect is applied to a victim, or hit right between the eyes if the luck effect is applied to the perpetrator.

Many occult scholars point to the first discovery of the Luck Basement during 1967 when a particularly vicious shootout between two gang members, one armed with a pistol and one with a sub-machine gun. The sub-machinegun painted a lovely pattern of bullets over the far wall where the other gang member thought they were about to die, not a single bullet of the clip touched its target and the sub-machinegun shooter was gunned down seconds later when the gang member could not believe their luck.

A study of the crime included an investigation by Edith Ratchet, a part-time psychic investigator and amateur sorcerer. Edith concluded that a surfeit of luck had come the second shooter's way as to prevent him from being turned into Swiss cheese by the sub-machine gun of the first shooter.

Edith later assisted in the arrest of the pistol shooter and proved that psychics and sorcerers have their uses, even if they have to 'invent' methods to satisfy the police.



## Jim Tang's Bar

35

In 1981, Jim Tang opened his famous bar not far from Time's Square, New York City. On the surface the bar seemed to be a neat place, themed after all sorts of mystical mumbo-jumbo and odd nick-knacks that the owner had collected over the years prior to opening his establishment. Jim mixed up a delightful modern design with some truly classic furniture pieces – here you can find the likes of Ikea rubbing shoulders with 60's and 70's designs, not to mention the 80's and 90's in the other rooms.

Jim's been careful to assemble his bar in specific periods of time for a reason; it helps focus the magical energies that flow through the place. Each specific time period provides the visitor with a unique slice of that era, in visual and auditory ways (looks and music) but with a layer of magic that brings the feel of that era to life. *Those who spend any time in Jim Tang's Bar will find they either remember specific things about that era they*

*had forgotten, or feel the atmosphere of that era brought to life through the magic.*

Those who have never experienced that era will pick up nuances from it, things that they suddenly know and pick up on flashes of historical events from around the locale during that time.

It is not just the atmosphere or feel of the era either. Jim's bar manages to tailor each particular room's music to the correct era too. *Every stereo system thrums with subtle magic* that pipes songs from that era into the correct room.

Jim Tang's Bar does not stop there; it has one last trick to throw into the mix. *The kitchen has an amazing array of dishes that come from the various time periods*, all created by the kitchen's ghost-like staff and magically imbued ovens, cookers, microwaves, woks and other utensils. Jim knows to keep out of the kitchen when it is in full flow, with flying crockery and knives it can get a mite dangerous in there.





ic running through their veins – it has over the last few years become a hangout for magic using people and beings of all kinds. The atmosphere is congenial, light, breezy and most of all fun. It is now the best place in Times Square to grab an authentic bite of New York history – in the case of the food – literally.

## Gamer's Haven

36

It had to happen, what with the plethora of films, television, books and other media that deal with fantasy worlds and magic. Someone had to take the idea of low-key magical effects and apply it to the hobby of gaming, in this case: roleplaying. Gamer's Haven is the culmination brain-child of two RPG obsessed sisters.



Gina and Rosa Perletti studied magic at the basic level of mastery in the Sanctum College (see further on) – they managed to both diversify into the understanding and control of minor illusions, both in terms of visual and audio components. When they stumbled upon a basement in an old bookshop back in 1992 which was thick with raw magical energy, they knew they had found something pretty special.

It did not take the girls long to recruit another sorcerer into their midst, someone who had a knack of binding raw magical energies into places. Doctor Joselyn Whittington, a few years their senior,

but with a youthful heart, took a little convincing but when the girls told her of their plan to renovate the building and provide a safe contact space for gamers with magical interests, the good doctor saw the potential to canvas more students of magic at the Sanctum College.

She agreed to help the girls set up their Gamer's Haven as long as they provided her with names and knowledge of the most gifted of their participants. A deal was struck and the doctor used her sorcery to seal the raw magic into the basement, tame it and channel it toward providing a solid base for the sisters magical power.

Gamer's Haven was born and word quickly spread through the magical community of a place where they could play roleplaying games with magical special effects. It was a huge hit, almost overnight. The basement allows minor illusions to work, controlled by the magic of the sisters (at the moment) within the confines of the room. Gamer's Haven can bring to life pen and paper roleplaying games, war games and any kind of board game with sensory, auditory, visual, and olfactory elements which creates a feeling of immersion unlike any other Minora place that may have appeared to try and rival it over the years.

The Gamer's Haven can create illusionary landscapes, monsters, heroes, battles and any minor effect that would enhance the current game that is being played or run in the Gamer's Haven. These effects are so minor that they cannot cause harm or damage to property or people. All they require is the input of one, or both of the sisters to work. Another mage could perform the same function but they have to be temporarily assigned to the Haven's operational roster. A failsafe placed there by Doctor Whittington to prevent unauthorised access, because even minor magic can be dangerous if not properly controlled and bound.





## Harlow House

### Anti-Gravity Chamber

37

One of the first chambers of this kind is documented in Harlow House which can be found in rural Kentucky. Harlow House was once a barn, now converted into a once-beautiful home it has more in common with houses featured in horror films, looking quite decrepit with age.

It took a fairly powerful Curator a few years to secure the magical resources to create this chamber, and whilst it is but a Minora place in terms of power, it is an interesting phenomenon now considering the mage has been dead since 1950. All known magicks fade away after the death of the creator as they are really just glamour compared to true Artifacts and true Magical Places. The chamber can be found at the top of a ramshackle-looking building which sits at the end of an old stone footpath, surrounded by overgrown weeds, flowers, vines and greenery in the middle of a long-forgotten country estate (or anywhere rural if you want to move the house from the tome's default location).

Harlow House's Anti-Gravity Chamber sits atop the home right above the front porch, in the attic, where there is a large rectangular window with thick shutters blocking the view of the room from the outside world.

After entering the house and discovering the secret stairs to the attic, not hidden by magic, but a false wall near the back hall, the way to the attic is open. Harlow was an eccentric man by all accounts and built several mechanical doorways to various rooms in the house, keeping the best till last.

Ascending the stairs leads to a puzzle-locked door that uses the phases of the moon in the correct order as a way to open it. There are eight circular code-locks that display a moon phase upon them, ordering the moon's phases correctly from left to right will open the door and allow entry into the chamber beyond.

The chamber itself is a fairly small room and has two small crystals and an antique 1960's radio



power dial on a pedestal that stands right in the centre. The walls are padded with some kind of rubber and the air crackles with a static atmosphere when the door to the room is closed.

The crystals act as an on/off switch for the gravity nullifying effect of the room and the dial allows the operator to change the intensity of the effect. There is also a module that detaches from the central dais which allows for remote operation of the room's function.

By manipulating the dial and the crystals the operator can alter the gravity in the room from normal, to moon-like, to complete anti-gravity effects. No one is sure why these chambers exist, but there are numerous applications to lessening and removing the effects of gravity in both mundane and magical experiments.

*Note: In a journal found in 2017, Harlow writes that he created the anti-gravity room as a place to relax and for his niece and nephew as a play room.*

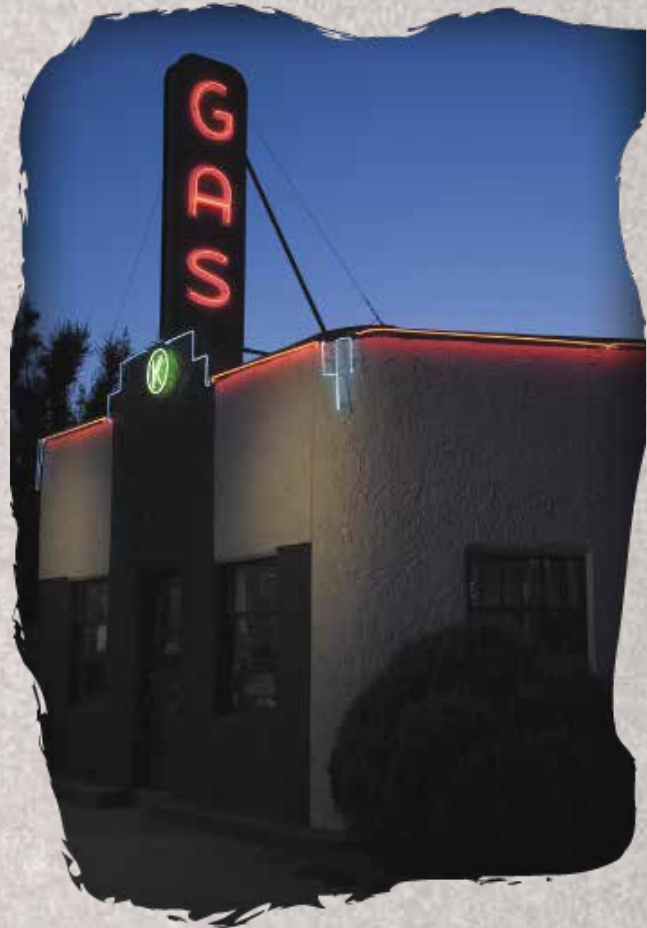
## Jackson's Garage/ Willard Grove

38

Bud Jackson owned this petrol station and garage back in 1969. It was built with his own fair hands, right atop a geyser of magical energy that leaked into one of Bud's pumps – pump number 3. This pump was never dry, never clogged and always provided the best quality fuel for his customers.

It was a good job that Bud believed in magic too, thanks to his family's association with things mystical which dates back all the way to his Aunt Matilda in 1947. Bud ensured that he oversaw the filling of the petrol pumps (or gas if you prefer) personally and made sure that the truck never touched number 3.

Cars that filled up from number 3 always ran longer, making the trips with twice the distance



covered and ensured that Bud had a steady stream of customers until an accident in 1992 when he was tragically killed when his plane crashed down in some nearby mountains.

Bud was buried out the back of his garage and his sister Jackie took over from him, her management skills and people skills were not as grand as Bud and soon, not even pump number 3 could keep the ailing business going. In 1995 Bud Jackson's garage was closed for good, Bud's body was exhumed and buried in a proper cemetery at the behest of his sister.

She sold the land to a rich property developer, moved to the city and forgot all about it. The magical geyser still exists to this day and depending on the time period the place is encountered, provides a couple of odd magical effects to the area.





When Bud's still alive and his garage is operating at peak performance **the fuel is magically tainted**, the pump delivers a constant flow of this magical fuel and never runs dry. When his sister takes over the business nothing changes barring the woman's complete lack of friendliness, empathy and terrible manners towards her customers.

If the location is encountered during the property development phase of the Willard Construction Company – **the workers all complain about odd unexplained incidents and strange lights**.

When Willard Grove is complete in 2001 the wealthy and prosperous move into their new luxury home, their bespoke community and not long after every single home owner reports an **odd occurrence** in their homes. Lights that will not turn off, taps that run forever and on the site of the old pump number 3 the shower of Lucy and Jo Bakerton keeps on leaking a strong-smelling dark liquid that is later identified as motor vehicle fuel.

## The Luminous Caves

39

Many of the magical places that this tome has discussed have been above ground, in buildings and in the cities and rural places of the world. Now

in truth, magic tends to collect in these places as run-off from spells that have been cast over and over, or as a conglomeration of various mystical energies that leak out from ley lines, old sites of magical importance and so forth.

In the case of Luminous Caves they are often misinterpreted as a scientific phenomenon due to the similarity with mundane chemical reactions, or bio-luminescence. However this is far from the truth. A Luminous Cave is so much more than just a few glowing rocks that gleam in the dark or reflect the torch-light of explorers and the interplay of light created by the various magical cross-effects in the Luminous Caves is quite spectacular.

Some scholars have likened it to viewing the mystical (but mundane) light based effect known as Aurora Borealis. This is but one aspect of a Luminous Cave though; there are often several intersecting mystical energy patterns that create other displays of light. Light effects in the cave can be of various colours and patterns, those who have studied the phenomenon to any extent have reported that they have seen all the colours of the mundane spectrum, many of the magical and new colours that have been created by the combination of magical effects brushing against each other.





# MEDIA, OR PINPOINTS OF POWER

Media places often shine quite brightly in magical terms and concealing them from the public can often be difficult to say the least. While Mina and Minora are sought out by Curators, Vessels, and the intellectually curious, they are often claimed by organisations or extremely powerful people in order to utilise their power or even just keep them from undeserving eyes.

This is the first level at which a small conflict can be observed around Media and the astute can tell the conflict sometimes turns deadly. Media can be locations in a prime state, undiscovered or unwitnessed for millennia and they also tend to be solitary. Many Media have been paved over or otherwise 'dominated'. As they can't be destroyed per-se, they have been covered dug up and moved, or had their tethers to the prime material plane cut or eroded to the extent that they just drift away into nothingness.

## The Here and There Rooms

40

The further up the magical scale we go the effects become more spectacular, less in number and more sought after by those who study and subvert magical places for their own ends. Here and There rooms are still quite numerous, but by no means spread all across the world. At their base explanation they are rooms, linked by a mystical tunnel that allows transference of people and objects from Room A to Room B in the chain.

The transference is almost instantaneous and both sides of the Here and There rooms can see each other. *You step through the door of Room A and appear through the door of Room B*, it really is that simple. Distance is actually not a problem and





rooms can be linked across hundreds, if not thousands of miles depending on the magic involved.

Some scholars have theorised that the Here and There Rooms may be remnants of an older magical network, though the first was discovered in a chamber in Egypt in 1948 during an excavation of a mysterious tomb that had hitherto remained undiscovered. This tomb is mentioned in Zenmov's Guide near the back, linked to an event that involved a reanimated corpse and an explosive incident which mentions an archaeologist called Solomon Ryder who was later banned from ever returning to Egypt due to his destructive methods. The tomb was magically linked to a tea house in Kowloon, China. Several magical researchers of the time, including Annabel Frost were able to traverse this distance back and forth with no ill effect. It was Frost in 1948 who first coined the term: Here and There.

Frost noted in her experiments that as long as you could fit through the door, or take something through with you, you could send as many people and packages as you wanted across thousands of miles in the time it took you to walk from one room to another.

This astonished the young Curator and she set about on a journey to find and document more of these Here and There Rooms across the world. Annabel's notebook has detailed information on where to find these portal rooms and annotations which describe any potential hazards left behind by their creators, or those who might have taken the rooms over for their own ends. It was rumoured that in 1997, a group of Tong gangsters in China were able to employ the services of the legendary sorcerer Xe. He helped them to create a pair of linked rooms from a warehouse in Kowloon to a drug factory elsewhere in the world.

The use of these kinds of magical places has been a boon to the criminal underworld for a while.

## Frozen Fields of Eternity

41

There have been stories throughout the ages of places that lead to other dimensions, places akin to the Bermuda Triangle. Many of them can only be found if one looks in the right books, most of those books sit in old libraries under lock and key, or spell and ward. An example of such a place is known as Rykos or to give it a proper name: Frozen Fields of Eternity.

It is a land draped in eternal winter, a pocket dimension created at the intersection of space and time where the skin of the world is thin, brittle almost. A rent or tear forms between the world and that of the Rykos Dimension. The air is unnaturally cold and often portals to this magical place are found linked to colder climes. There is at least one known door that exists in about two thirds up the Scottish Mountain known as Ben Nevis, another that can be found very near the top of Mount Everest and one midway up the Matterhorn. Further portals have been discovered in icy caves, crevices and dangerous ice-covered plains in the Arctic and Antarctic.

An unpopular opinion amongst many magical researchers is that the real world locations have been created by the Frozen Fields, and are the result of thousands of years of bleed from the realm that sits on the other side of the door.

It is theorised that it may be a realm that the Vikings might have known about when they talked of the concept of Fimbulwinter during Ragnarok. Once one passes through the portal they discover a realm of blue and red marbled skies, [caught in the grip of an ever-lasting twilight and held in the grasp of a beautiful, but endless winter.](#)





A magical cold blows through the Frozen Fields of Eternity and there are bones of ancient creatures caught in huge snowdrifts.

There are also frozen corpses of giant-like humanoids moving away from the epicentre of the realm, as if running from something truly terrible. Their faces are still caught in the expression of true horror and fear that grips them as they turn tail and run.

Should anyone venture to the very centre of the Frozen Fields they will find a large keep, or castle, akin to that of a Bavarian design. This castle is covered in snow and ice, locked in eternal winter and bound by huge chains that wrap across the stonework and dig into the frozen shell.

Rumour has it that there is a creature, a beast, who sleeps at the centre of the castle and unleashed an eternal winter as a punishment on his cruel subjects who sought to ridicule him because of his beastly nature. Such things are regarded as fairy

tales by most serious researchers and occultists, or fanciful tales designed to entice younger audiences to magic.

Whatever the story, there is something within. Good or bad, no one knows.

Travellers can experience sudden and impossible drops in temperature that can flash-freeze vast areas of this landscape in the time it takes to blink.

## House of Crows

42

The House of Crows is a curious phenomenon caused when magic leaks into the mundane world, only this magic seeps into the very essence of the wildlife that surrounds the location that it bubbles up from.

In this case a House of Crows, which is created when said magic suffuses the birds that often love to wheel and nest near old forgotten buildings.





## THE BOOK OF CONTEMPORARY MAGICAL PLACES

A whole Murder of Crows was affected in 1946 when a House of Crows was created in a field near Gloucestershire, England. The magic imbues the birds with greater than normal intelligence and allows them to communicate in broken English through their scratchy-voices.

Some crows are gifted magic which they can channel into very basic spells; this further enhances the reputation of the House of Crows as a significant, yet still Media Place of Power. The crows often use their magic to play tricks on anyone who enters the house, locking and unlocking doors with a snap of their beaks for example.

They very rarely turn malicious, though have been known to become violent in defence of their territory should anyone harm the building, or a single crow that they consider part of their Murder.

A famous House of Crows was in Romania, belonging to a witch known as Elena. Her home was considered by many to be a safe haven for all kinds of magical creatures and practitioners of magic. She lived in a simple wooden hut at the edge of a village, not far from some swamp land and tended to the villagers needs with her hedge magic.

When Witch Hunters sent by a hidden organisation known as the Brand came for her, the house rose up to her defence and sent its Murder to deal with the interlopers. By morning they found all twelve of the Witch Hunters with their eyes pecked out, skin as white as snow and peck marks in their neck as though they had been bitten by a vampire. The villagers who had been cowed by the Witch Hunters of Brand burned the bodies and hid all evidence of the attack. It was only in 2014 that the members of the Eye of Horus, a group of skilled





magic-using occult investigators tracked down her still functioning House of Crows and found the witch inside.

Elena was still in her 30th year, she had not aged a single day since the Witch Hunters had been dealt with. Amun, the lead investigator approached the woman and asked her if they might speak to her awhile. She bade them enter as the crows chattered about them.

They drank tea, talked until dawn and parted as friends. To this day Elena often offers advice to the Eye of Horus when they need it most.

## Stairs of Forever

43

These stairs are first mentioned in Zenmov's Guide and have posed a conundrum for magical researchers, occultists and curators for quite a while. They appear as fairly old stone steps made

from stone unknown to the area they're in. Further research reveals the stone is of extra-dimensional origin and no one can actually or accurately pin down a dimension of origin for the material.

They ascend for around 30 to 40 feet and show signs of wear at the bottom, almost as if they are actively attempting to remove themselves from this dimension. They were first discovered in an urban sidestreet in Italy in 1955, and later in 1980 during a dig in Cairo. No one is certain if they are the same stairs, or another set of stairs that have similar magical properties and effects.

Those who enter the stairwell and climb up will find that the [stairs seem to go on forever](#). There are miles and miles of stair to ascend and even some small areas off to one side where camps can be made, or have been made. It is not impossible to encounter magical creatures, people, or magic users who are climbing the stairs in an attempt to reach the top.





The stairs take hundreds of years to climb and in truth only the most worthy of climbers will ever reach the temple at the end. The journey to the top of the stairwell has claimed many lives over the years, because whilst they are relatively new in our dimension, they have been found in other dimensions beforehand and may still have echoes of past civilisations left behind the further a traveller goes.

As a warning, some who climb the steps find they are **compelled to do so** after a few hundred feet of ascension. This magical compulsion is **very hard to break and has led to many deaths** as those who put one foot before the other find they cannot stop, not even to rest, the temple at the top calls them to it regardless of the cost.

Should someone actually reach the temple at the top of the steps, the question then is what do they find?

There are rumours and conjecture about what lies there. Only one person has ever returned to say they made it up the steps, he was an immortal and as much as a mystery as the steps themselves. This mysterious man who referred to himself only as “D.J.” claimed that he found true enlightenment at the pinnacle, and an answer to a question that had eluded him for years while studying in his native Hawai’i. He has not been seen since 1990.

***Note:** Time on the stairs and time in the real world do not flow differently; there are rumours that whilst a hundred years passes on the stairs – only a few seconds pass in the real world. Obviously, this is yet to be confirmed by anyone.*

## Erend’s Sacred Pool

44

If you enter a certain forest grove when the moon is waxing-gibbous you will come across a dazzling starlit pool. This gorgeous and beautiful magical pool is the sacred pool of a being known as Erend

and she has guarded it for centuries. Erend’s Sacred Pool is a **safe haven** for those who can find it and provides some unique benefits for the errant visitor.

Erend is not a magical water creature, but a guardian spirit that is attuned to water. She has ensured that those who do find the pool are able to enjoy relative peace and safety whilst they are in the vicinity of the pool’s gleaming silver-white waters.

The pool creates a feeling of **well-being** for all visitors whilst they are there, **alleviating hostile thoughts and feelings and in some cases (the more weak minded) quashing them entirely**. Erend provides food and drink for her guests, magically, and very rarely reveals herself to them in her true form (a willowy being of watery-light).



Those who sleep at the pool and spend a full 8 hours blissfully napping will awake refreshed and ready to take on the day. **They will not require food, water, or rest for 24 hours.**



Those who take a swim or dip in the water will find it allows them to **breathe underwater** without assistance and provides an air-supply bubble around their heads by the way of the pool's magic.

Swimming down will reveal a passage that leads to a hidden area of the pool which comes out in a glittering cave full of gleaming crystals and dazzling multi-coloured shells. The cave room has several moss beds and rose petal blankets, as well as adequate food and drink. and a plethora of beautiful flora. There is even a fire and firepit should a traveller require it. The fire is magical and provides enough heat without thick cloying smoke.

Erend's pool was discovered by **Ash Lewis**, an author of unifying mythologies studies and curator, when on a visit to the Illinois Cavern State Natural Area. It wouldn't have been discovered without Ash's tenacity and courage, and it wouldn't still exist without Ash's loyal friendship to Erend.

## The Cave of Truth

45

Situated a quarter of the way up the side of Noshahq Mountain, part of the Hindu Kush Mountain range in Afghanistan is a peculiar crack in the rock, the crack radiates magic to those who have senses for such things. Passing into the crack feels as though you are walking through treacle and every hair on the back of your neck stands on end. Beyond the crack is a cave tunnel that is lit by the glimmer of ghostly torches that burn with a luminescent golden flame. A low Middle C undulating hum echoes through rock and seems to suffuse the air with power.

The magic of the cave brings you face to face with truth, truth about an event, yourself, people around you or a burning question in your mind that you do not know is true or false. **You are forced to confront that truth** in a series of hallucinatory or illusionary images that show the events unfolding before your eyes.

The power of the cave is strong enough to simulate every aspect of the event, location, people and circumstances. The cave does not protect the visitor from the emotional or mental fallout that can occur when the truth is laid bare; it simply shows the truth like a magical mirror. **It can drive some people mad.**

The cave was first discovered in 1956 by an archaeologist Reginald Courser who had murdered his brother, covered it up and spent the last 10 years convincing himself it was necessary and everyone around him that it was an accident. When Reginald entered the cave, following up on a lead that claimed a tomb of some importance was burrowed into the Hindu Kush he was shocked by what he found.

The cave showed him the truth, showed him the event in stark bloody detail as he pulled the trigger several times then faked a cave-in to cover the evidence. What Reginald saw drove him into frenzy and he rushed blindly through the cave, stumbling into the dark, screaming at shadows and eventually he plunged over 100 feet into a crevasse below him and died.



In 1970 the truth of Reginald's brother's murder came to light when a psychic detective, John Lee, joined a group of explorers who set out to find the cave. John was able to communicate with the confused spirit of the archaeologist and find out the truth. All this happened whilst the whole team battled with their own truths that came upon them as they explored.



John fought his own demons, managed to free Reginald's spirit in the process and saved the lives of two of his team members who were ready to kill themselves over what they saw.

## The Big Place

46

The Big Place is accessed by moving between two street lamps on a road whilst carrying a small house key or door key with the number 12 on it. It was created, or so they say, by a sorcerer and petty thief back in 1977 when they required a location to store their ill-gotten gains – Clayton Lamar worked for a bunch of gangs back then and used his magic for nefarious purposes.

Along with Jane Goodwin, Auntie Yu, Big Rick 'Candy' Montaine and Summer (a hippy hedge-witch) he provided a wealth of magical backup and support to the gang or mob who would pay them the highest. Clayton formed them into their own gang known as the Big Crew and that is where the name the Big Place comes from, that and the fact that **the Big Place is a storage space in another dimension** that resembles a large warehouse, or at least a large parking lot.



Clayton and the Big Crew stored all of their gear and equipment in the Big Place, as well as anything they had stolen over the years. During this time they filled the warehouse with gold, money, stolen items and even vehicles since the extra-di-

mensional space's portal was large enough to fit vehicles as big as trucks, buses and even a tank it has seen a lot of stolen property during the time it was in use.

In 1987 Clayton was killed in a shootout between two rival gangs, his key passed to Summer who took it from his body before she ran off. Jane was arrested and used her magic to attempt to teleport herself out of her cell; she failed and ended up merged with the cell wall, barely managing to squeeze herself out of the wall before the guards came. She went on the run, in constant pain from her 'mishap', and mostly forgot about the key in her possession.

Auntie Yu went back to China and kept herself busy with the Chinese criminal underworld. Big Rick opened a small bar and grill in Chinatown and kept his nose clean from that point on until he was nearly killed in a robbery that went south in 1992.

He went after the robbers and found Summer, who was dying from cancer at this point. He convinced her to give him Clayton's key in exchange for information on a Magical Spa in Tahiti, a magical place that could cure disease and bring people back from the dead.

In 1993 the bodies of the robbers who had wronged Big Rick were found but no sign of the man himself, it was as though he had simply vanished. In 2012, a key with the number 12 was mailed to the Seattle Police with a map and the words, "I'm done."

It is possible that the police have not yet followed up on the Big Place and if someone enters the location they might find a lot of gear, money, wealth, anything that their heart desires. Or they might find a big old empty place ready to be used as a storage room once more.



## Temple of Skulls

47

There is a secret magically warded door in the Catacombs of Paris, the world's most famous graveyard or ossuary. The door is found by walking through a **completely illusionary section of wall**, lined with hundreds of skulls. Beyond the illusion is the door that has three bronze skulls arranged in a triangle, each with a metal lined eye socket and this forms part of a puzzle lock designed to prevent unauthorised access.

Hidden in the catacombs themselves, in the mouths of the various skulls and **guarded by wraith-like spirits** that will attack intruders on sight, are six gemstones with metallic bases, each base has a different pattern and fits into the corresponded skull's eye socket only one way.

After collecting all the gemstones (two red, two blue and two yellow) and inserting them into the door – it opens with a hiss of air and a cold metallic light issues forth.

Beyond the door is a single chamber with 13 pedestals and upon each one of these sits a perfectly carved crystal skull, all made from beautiful quartz and polished to a mirror-bright glow. A beam of light plays down into the centre of the room and illuminates a circle of rock that is slightly raised, positioned smack-bang in the middle of the ring of skulls.

This is a chamber that was created in 1990 and hidden away as part of the catacombs. Rumour has it that the mages **chose to have their souls bound into the skulls** as part of a ritual that had to be enacted to prevent the end of the world in 2012. Those who delve deeper into the Temple of Skulls will find that **there is a lot of magical energy here**. There is also a low murmur as if the skulls are engaged in a long debate with each other.

If a visitor stands in the centre of the room, in the light, they will be the focus of attention for the

skulls and able to communicate with the Council of 13 Souls.

A visitor can talk to the skulls and they will answer various questions about magic. **They can actually tutor a mage** in their art and allow their skill to grow. Of course, the skulls will require **a small sacrifice of soul energy** to fulfil their part of the bargain and it is a small price to pay for learning something new in the field of sorcery.



Two sorcerers, Maxime Berland and Isabelle Berland created the chamber on the behest of a being called the Wanderer who showed them the location. According to Maxime in a rare interview with Mara Fasir, a journalist who researches Curators, the chamber was constructed with the help of the Wanderer and the candidates chosen willingly. The price for failure was deemed too high and the Wanderer's information came from a journey she had taken to the top of the Stairs of Forever.

## House of Talking Dogs

48

These homes can be found almost anywhere in the world, varying in location, size, quality, and status (detached, semi-detached and so on). There are a few variants on the theme, but by and large Zenmov's Guide focuses on the original House of Talking Dogs which is located in Soranto Anjuna, Goa, India.



The House of Talking Dogs has some history behind it, and no one was sure exactly how the dogs appeared in the home or what constituted the correct circumstances for this phenomenon to occur until much later on. It was first encountered by Rajesh Singh in 2004 when he was canvassing for new customers regarding his brand-new business venture. Mister Singh found the house occupied by two elderly Indian people and three dogs, two of which were corgis – usually associated with the British Monarchy and some celebrities.



It was mid-afternoon, quite hot and Mister Singh may have misheard, but he swore that one of the dogs spoke to the woman just as the door was opening. The elderly woman hushed the dog and invited Mister Singh in to speak to them. They were eager to expand their understanding of the internet, especially when Rajesh explained it could be used to find out things that you might not normally know.

During his three hour visit, two hours longer than he really expected to stay he noticed that the dogs were unusually intelligent and quite bright. They also spent a lot of time studying him. He left and thought nothing of it. The couple did not sign up for his new business but told him not to forget them; they might be interested down the line.

He went about his business and continued to grow his company, and then one day, in 2008 he returned to that house with a new proposition. A young woman answered the door, behind her were five dogs now and the dogs that Singh had seen before did not seem to have grown older. The woman smiled and took Mister Singh inside. When he enquired about the dogs she told him of the house and the power it had. Purely sceptical at first, Rajesh scoffed at the idea – politely of course – and the two dogs who he did not recognise spoke up.

They addressed him by name, in the voices of the old couple. He was rattled and he left the house not long after. He told his story to no one until 2013 when he confided in a friend of his who turned out to be a wily Hindu Curator. She passed the information on to her group and they investigated the house, what they discovered is that: **when a person dies in the home, a week later a dog appears that speaks just like them, has their memories and all their mannerisms only in dog form.**

## Shaman's Hut

49

There are many cultures that have ritual ingrained into them, overseen by a group of people who are often known as shamans. These individuals might have homes, they may have dwellings and they may come from Africa, Native America, India, Tibet or dozens of other places around the world – one thing they usually have in common however is their place of focus, where they do all of their work – a Shaman's Hut.

In the case of Mandazani, a Shona healer and shaman in Zimbabwe, Africa, the hut is more than just a symbol of his power, it is a direct channel and focus for magical energies tied to water that exist and flow through the whole area where he lives. The hut and the shaman within were first discovered by Gemma Blanchett whilst on her travels to learn about other cultures, their native magic and medicine traditions.



Gemma visited Mandazani in 1980 in the hope that he might be able to help her with a degenerative nerve disease: Huntington's disease, one with no known cure. A friend of hers who delved into magic and holistic healing techniques suggested that she seek out the shaman.

He was waiting for her in his hut when she arrived in June and he welcomed her into his magical place. Gemma wrote an extensive journal on her visit, part of which is reproduced in Zenmov's Guide to the Magical and Mundane under the entry on Shamanistic Places and Sacred Falls.

She spent several months in the company of the healer who was able to divine a great many things about her, introduce her to shamans from other tribes and work with her to develop her own mystical potential. On a clear night in September he called her to a ritual in her honour, which began in the hut.

The Shaman's Hut was a focus, a collector, an amplifier of magical energy that suffused the whole area where he lived. He was able to use it to activate the inner healing spirit that resides in all living things (according to his words) and using that power he connected the woman with his midzimu (ancestor spirit) and through that connection she began to heal.

What medicine and science has failed to conquer, magic was able to reverse. Her ravaged brain cells regenerated under the spirit's watchful eye and she experienced strange, somewhat terrifying visions and nightmares. The shaman was there to protect her and under the power of the hut, which also protected those within, the ritual was a complete success.

She was taken to a healing chamber close by and allowed to recover.

In the area known as 'The Black Country' in England's West Midlands, a shaman known as **Stephen Wright** treats the sick and those suffering mental illness with tunes from his guitar. His guests immediately fall into a deep healing trance once he starts to play. Some Curators who have of need of his help claim that his guinea-pigs are actually familiars who talk to him or even sing during these trance states but this cannot be corroborated.

One of the most powerful Shaman in existence had his sweat lodge in Arcata, California. Although it is considered that he passed into the spirit realm in October 2018, many still feel his healing power and presence when they consider his numerous works in shamanism and gaming. Greg will be a friendly and welcome guide to all who ascend the physical plane and find their way to the exotic yet strangely familiar realm of Glorantha.





# MAJORA, OR THE THRESHOLD

Many Curators and Magicians are brave, it's part of the job when dealing with un/supernatural forces, but at Majora level many of those brave wielders of magic will blanch. When you first encounter a locale of this power your first feeling is that you are way out of your depth. It is usually the mad, foolhardy, or desperate who go beyond this level of power. 'The Threshold' as it has been known contains areas of not only powerful magics but also unpredictable magics. These locales are very rare in comparison to the levels below and are almost never encountered by the unknowing. Caution is advisable.

## The Wardrobe of Many Eras 50

You can find this particular place through a back door in a particularly well-to-do antiques establishment in New Orleans, Florida that sells clothes and antique furniture. There is a knack to getting in of course, since major magic like this does not just work for anyone. A trick that you have to know, a secret passed down from those 'in the know' for hundreds of years.

When you approach the edge of the portal that leads to the Wardrobe of Many Eras, the first thing that you will detect is a slight tingle in the air, a faint glimmer of silver etches around the doorway and that is when you are in the right place. When there is a smell of old leather, perfume and lacquer you have reached the correct door.

Speak the words, "Plaid not Plain." And you will be able to pass beyond the doorway into the Wardrobe proper. If you fail to speak the words as you

open the door then you will end up in the room that lies beyond it in the real world leaving you none-the-wiser.

The Wardrobe is an incredible place to enter; a vast vaulted ceiling done in a gothic style design raises high above your head. There are levels upon levels to this huge circular room and a large staircase interconnects all the floors. There is a floor for every major clothing era known to the world at large, and that includes clothes from across the whole planet. If you want to dress like a flamenco dancer or a sassy Broadway actor, the Wardrobe has you covered.

Want an authentic Viking or roman outfit, same deal. Each era is clearly marked and there is always a friendly helpful wardrobe spirit to help you out with finding the right outfit, and then of course putting it on. As a rule all of the outfits found in the wardrobe area are non-magical but there have been instances of a few outfits from magical







sources ending up in those eras that support them – they are usually stored in rare collection sets and often require separate authorisation from the wardrobe spirit to access.

The wearer is informed via the spirit that the outfit is ‘on loan’ and will be reclaimed at a later date, and at such a time when the wearer no longer has a use for it. The spirit requests that those who take outfits do so sparingly and return them once they are no longer in use. The spirit has been known to **reclaim a ‘late’ outfit at a most inopportune time**, usually when it is the most embarrassing for the wearer despite their need for the item.

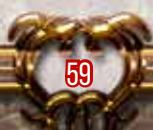
**Johnathon DeLaval**, Curator, Medium, and the Wardrobe’s owner, was once divested of his magical attire during the inauguration ceremony of a queen in another dimension, to say that he was left entirely naked and embarrassed by the experience was an understatement considering the rules on displays of public nudity in the kingdom were strict indeed. He was incarcerated for two months whilst the matter was investigated and eventually released, Mr DeLaval is no longer allowed to visit the Kingdom of Garaneta. It seems even he has trouble sticking to his own rules.

## The Cleansing Peak

51

Atop one of the highest mountains in Bolivia is a secret place, a magical place known to only a few elders who have inhabited this region of the country for a while. Nevado Sajama is the highest mountain in the country; it stands at 21,463 feet above sea level and provides an excellent vantage point in the region. Yet that is only part of the reason why the mountain is so famous. Those who make the trek to the Village of Sajama can, if they know who to contact, find a guide to a place that the elder’s call the Cleansing Peak or. A long and enduring climb follows a request such as this and sometimes the locals will offer a visitor a cocoa leaf to help them with the altitude.

At the terminus of the climb there is a slight heat-haze that marks the very spot, the highest point in Bolivia. Upon speaking the phrase, “Permítame entrar, Madre de la Tierra y Estrellas,” or “Allow me to Enter, Mother of the Earth and Stars.” The visitor is able to leave the Earthly plane behind and enter a dimension beyond our own, one that flows with serenity, peace, and harmony. The moment the mist clears and the visitor looks out





upon the land beyond the portal, there are endless mountain ranges, each one of them taller than the next which encircle another huge mountain in the distance where the tallest peak stands as it cuts up through the heavens and into the stars above.

It takes 7 days for the climbers to make it to the top of the centre mountain, but here in this realm between realms there is no actual passage of time. All ill-effects are stopped in their tracks, so if you are dying from a disease or poison, once you enter the Cleansing Peak you will find that you feel better. This is not a cure, just a stop-gap before you reach the very top of the central mountain and meet with the monks who dwell there in the marble temple known as the Corona de Almas, or Crown of Souls.

Upon reaching this location the visitor is greeted by the friendly green-robed monks who take any sick or diseased people into their care. What follows is a long regimen of healing that involves mind, body, and spirit as the monks use their gifts to purge the body of sickness, disease, mental instability or any other problem that is brought to their attention. *The Cleansing Peak can cure everything, and there are rumours of the dead being brought back to life there.* Of course, these are rumours only and no one has substantiated them. After one year of care in the hands of the monks, since there are no shortcut cures here, the disease, sickness, problem that affected the person is completely gone. There are also rumours that certain celebrities and actors who have mysteriously recovered from life-threatening illnesses and have taken a sabbatical may well have visited this mysterious place.

The monks of the Crown of Souls are friendly and welcoming to all who come here with good intentions, with hope and love in their hearts. Those who come with dark intent and perhaps even to steal, or try to find out their secrets, are ejected from the temple, first gently, and then with more force if needs be.

On rare occasions the monks allow a visitor to remain for good, to join their order and to learn their healing powers.

## The Mysterious Car Port

52

Rather like many magical places that are presented in this tome, the Mysterious Car Port might have another name and can appear all over the world. It can also appear as a simple garage door made of various materials, utilizing different designs and styles. These entryways are but an interface into another dimension, a magical one, one that defies the laws of physical interior space. The car port can be accessed in numerous ways, stumbled upon, or keyed to a particular device that provides the vehicle's owner with access to the extra-dimensional space beyond the door.



In a way that is similar to the Wardrobe of Many Eras, the Mysterious Car Port appears as a smaller garage until the magic is activated. Once the magical device is operated or a passphrase is spoken, the magic kicks in and the doorway to the extra-dimensional storage space is created. *The space beyond the door can hold up to five hundred various vehicles from all eras, even mega-trucks that are used on construction sites can fit into the bay beyond the door.*

The door and the space will *grow and shrink* to accommodate the vehicle being driven in at the time. There is a cantankerous mechanic who in-



habits this space, be he human, or another race from a different dimension, no one really knows. What he can do is repair any vehicle that is left in the Mysterious Car Port for a day. The mechanic is rarely seen, but heard as he tinkers around the car port moving from place to place, muttering about spark plugs and gaskets. The mechanic ensures that the vehicle can be driven safely, returns it to working order and fixes any long-lasting problems at the same time.

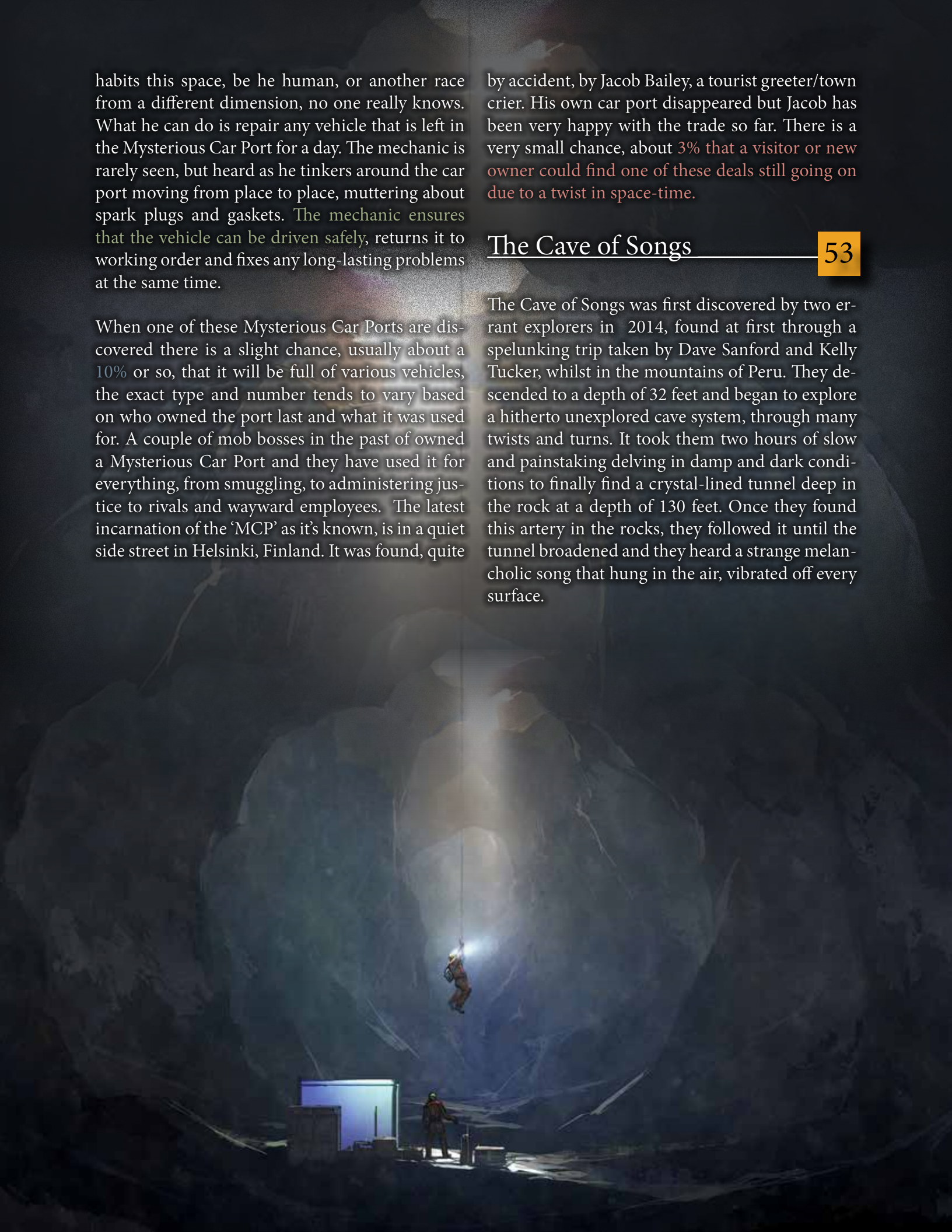
When one of these Mysterious Car Ports are discovered there is a slight chance, usually about a 10% or so, that it will be full of various vehicles, the exact type and number tends to vary based on who owned the port last and what it was used for. A couple of mob bosses in the past of owned a Mysterious Car Port and they have used it for everything, from smuggling, to administering justice to rivals and wayward employees. The latest incarnation of the 'MCP' as it's known, is in a quiet side street in Helsinki, Finland. It was found, quite

by accident, by Jacob Bailey, a tourist greeter/town crier. His own car port disappeared but Jacob has been very happy with the trade so far. There is a very small chance, about 3% that a visitor or new owner could find one of these deals still going on due to a twist in space-time.

## The Cave of Songs

53

The Cave of Songs was first discovered by two errant explorers in 2014, found at first through a spelunking trip taken by Dave Sanford and Kelly Tucker, whilst in the mountains of Peru. They descended to a depth of 32 feet and began to explore a hitherto unexplored cave system, through many twists and turns. It took them two hours of slow and painstaking delving in damp and dark conditions to finally find a crystal-lined tunnel deep in the rock at a depth of 130 feet. Once they found this artery in the rocks, they followed it until the tunnel broadened and they heard a strange melancholic song that hung in the air, vibrated off every surface.





It drew the two intrepid explorers to a strange place indeed, one that eventually found its way into Mervin Quint's book entitled *Secrets of the Earth*, Volume 1: Caverns and Caves.

The cave was subtly lit; many different blue and green crystal formations grew out of the dark rock and gave off a sublime glow. This was not the most outstanding feature, which came as the two explorers delved deeper and deeper into this huge semi-circular cave. They became aware once more of this beautiful song that flowed through the area, and as it did so, the crystals changed hue and intensity based on the song they heard. It was a woman's voice, joined by others, until there was a whole chorus and choir of uplifted voices that filled the cave with song.

Now and then ethereal figures appeared very briefly out of nowhere, coloured the same as the crystals and they were mere outlines, hard to discern from their brief appearances. Dave and Kelly made a recording of their findings using a mobile device and saved it for posterity.

They showed their findings to Lee Jenks, of the Jenks Institute for Physical Research and Discovery, he wanted to see it for himself, so they took Lee to the Cave of Songs and he witnessed the odd phenomena.

After two years of research, the three of them discovered that **the song they had heard was sung in the Language of Creation**. Their research further led them to a theory that this was actually the Song of the Earth, and the magic of the cave created the illusion of light and the mysterious figures as a by-product of this.

There are no known effects for listening to the music, barring the uplift to the soul that one can get from such beautiful song. After a few years they also noticed that the song was different, sometimes radically so, this coincided with disasters and other events on the Earth. True to form, the

three of them were able to discern a pattern to this and publish the results in a paper on the paranormal only available in certain circles.

## The Village of Joy

54

There is a story told of a village that appears once every one hundred years, this village can pop up in places like Scotland, or almost anywhere in the world. For the purposes of this tome we are looking at the variant that appears in Scotland, which is often known by the name: Brigadoon.

There are many legends that surround the village, but there is always one common theme: enchantment. In this case, the story was researched by Minh Tran, a Vietnamese researcher into legends and myths, who discovered part of the legend when he was on holiday in Scotland. Minh found an old woman who told him of a particular part of the legend, one which had never been committed to parchment and remained only as a memory in the minds of those who knew it.

The story goes that the village of Brigadoon, once called something else, existed in the age of myth and folklore, back when wizards and witches walked hand in hand with gods and the land. Druids cast their auguries and performed rituals to the Mother Goddess. The story claims that a mysterious, sick and weak traveller arrived at the village and collapsed at the doorstep of a grieving man. This young and beautiful woman was beguiling and charming, the man took her in and the village cared for her for months and months. Slowly, with the help of the whole village, who showed incredible support to the stranger she got better and better.

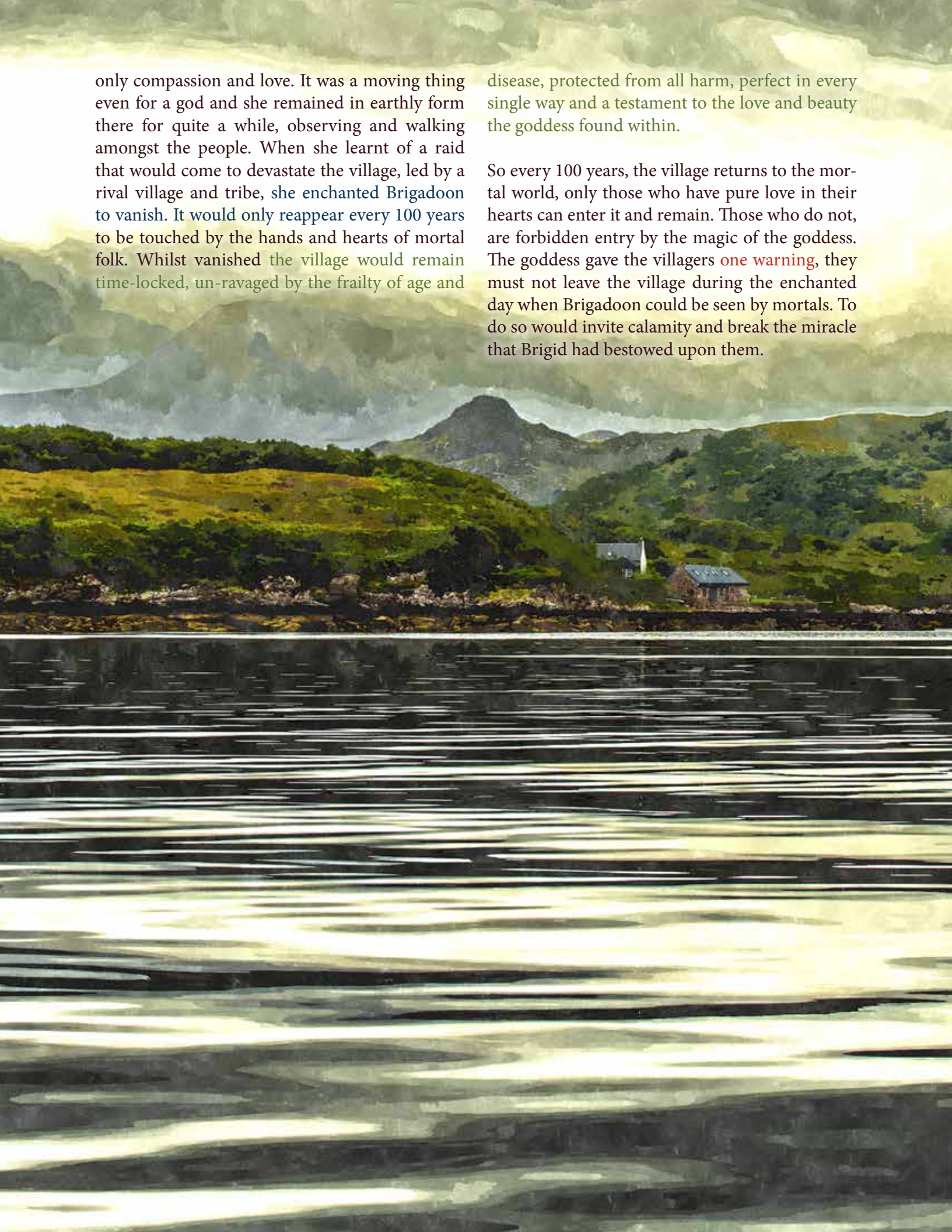
The man fell in love with this nameless woman, who could not remember who she was or where she came from. In truth she was a goddess, the very one called Brigid. She had come to the village to test the hearts of the people there, and found



only compassion and love. It was a moving thing even for a god and she remained in earthly form there for quite a while, observing and walking amongst the people. When she learnt of a raid that would come to devastate the village, led by a rival village and tribe, she enchanted Brigadoon to vanish. It would only reappear every 100 years to be touched by the hands and hearts of mortal folk. Whilst vanished the village would remain time-locked, un-ravaged by the frailty of age and

disease, protected from all harm, perfect in every single way and a testament to the love and beauty the goddess found within.

So every 100 years, the village returns to the mortal world, only those who have pure love in their hearts can enter it and remain. Those who do not, are forbidden entry by the magic of the goddess. The goddess gave the villagers one warning, they must not leave the village during the enchanted day when Brigadoon could be seen by mortals. To do so would invite calamity and break the miracle that Brigid had bestowed upon them.





# MAXIMA, OR CHAOS INCARNATE

Maxima Places are generally avoided by all but the mad. Their power and possible harm to mankind's reality is equal to their wonder and possibilities and some of the most shadowy Curator organisations will only become involved in such locations if the fate of the world depends on it. While one or two places might be under the control of certain Curators, even these safety-averse people will never say they "control" such a terrible and wonderful place, but will instead refer to themselves as its 'Guardian' or claim not to be involved with it at all.

## Harrow House (see: Fake St.) 55

John Harrow first built this house in 1951. At first it was a wonderful place, a loving home, where his family could grow and enjoy many happy memories. That was until a jealous ex-lover of John's set a fire that killed John, his family, and left very little of the structure standing. The pain, torment, anguish and fear that was created that night was fed upon by dark spirits that stirred below where the house was built, they crept into the walls, the plaster, the light fittings and slunk through the deep shadows that now lay across the floors and walls.

The house was declared condemned in 1967. On the day that the demolition company was due to tear it down they came to find, nothing. The house had gone, not a single brick, or foundation remained. Puzzled, the demolition company left the site and put it down to a prank call, even though the house had been on the local news and everyone had seen it. In a very short time, due to the magic of these dark spirits everyone in that neighbourhood forgot about the house and what had happened there.

This was exactly what the house now wanted. Over

a few more years the house began to gain strength and power, lurking as it did in another dimension beyond ours. In 1973 it manifested on a Fake Street as part of an elaborate trap it had constructed over the years. It appeared as a modest and beautiful 3 bedroom town house, complete with for sale sign and a show house style design. The sign invited people to enter and view the house. It would use its power to scare away potential customers, until that day in 1973 when *she* walked through the door. The woman called Audrey Cooper, the woman who set the fire that nearly utterly consumed the house. Once she entered, it slammed the door and transformed the interior into the very one that she had set the fire in. What followed for Audrey was an agonizing hell trapped in a homicidal, murderous, vengeful spirit-infested house that wanted her dead. Only Harrow House did not just want the woman to die, that would be too quick. It wanted her to lose her mind day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute until she became a rocking, screaming, mind-blown wreck that cowered in the corner as her worst fears tormented her. Finally she perished, dragged kicking and screaming into the very walls to become one with the house that hated her.

1973 was just the start, from that point on; Harrow House became a danger to anyone foolish enough to venture inside the walls. The house has been studied by various occult groups for a long time since it first appeared, and they have discovered that the spirits of the people it kills fuel the house and allow it to continue to manifest the nightmares and fears of those who are trapped in its hallways. Many who dwell in Fake Street know its true nature, despite how it looks, and will warn all those visitors who pass the house to not step too near, unless they are evil in nature, they torture cats, or plan to harm Fake Street or its inhabitants.



and innocent visitors.

They have also discovered that the house can do the following:

- *Prey on the fears of the victims.*
- *Reconfigure the house's interior dimensions to create new rooms, long hallways, traps and all sorts of features.*
- *Create phantom noises.*
- *Manifest various levels of poltergeist activity, ranging from mundane scare tactics, to the outright lethal where sharp objects can be manipulated and thrown with some force.*
- *Trapping and utilizing psychic energy from victims as fuel, akin to a vampire's dire dependency on blood.*
- *Enter another dimension, relocate and repair.*
- *Transform the exterior of the house (although, being unaware its mask has fallen, it rarely changes).*
- *Create human simulacrums to act as estate agents and workmen to lure visitors into properly.*

Since 1973 it is unknown just how many victims that Harrow House has claimed, and those who have studied the house have been few and far between. Only a few victims and researchers have been able to escape the voracious psychic demesne and those who have managed to get out alive have been mentally scarred for life. As of this writing *The Room* has not been able to discern any way to destroy or permanently stop Harrow House or the dark spirits within it. Unknown to many, and drawn by strange satellite readings from orbit,





*Dr. Nicholas Arkham (Corkigian)*, Director of the Abnormal Nuclear Ethics Institute, in Hamilton, Ontario, has moved in to the small apartment above the baker and across from the Harrow House on Fake St. He has since worked out how and why Fake Street “translocates” and is aware of some sort of radiological entity in the damned house across the alley. He keeps a constant vigil in order to warn the naïve traveller against entering the house. He will shout from his veranda and has even taken the occasional pistol shot to discourage those too stupid to listen.

## House of Adventure

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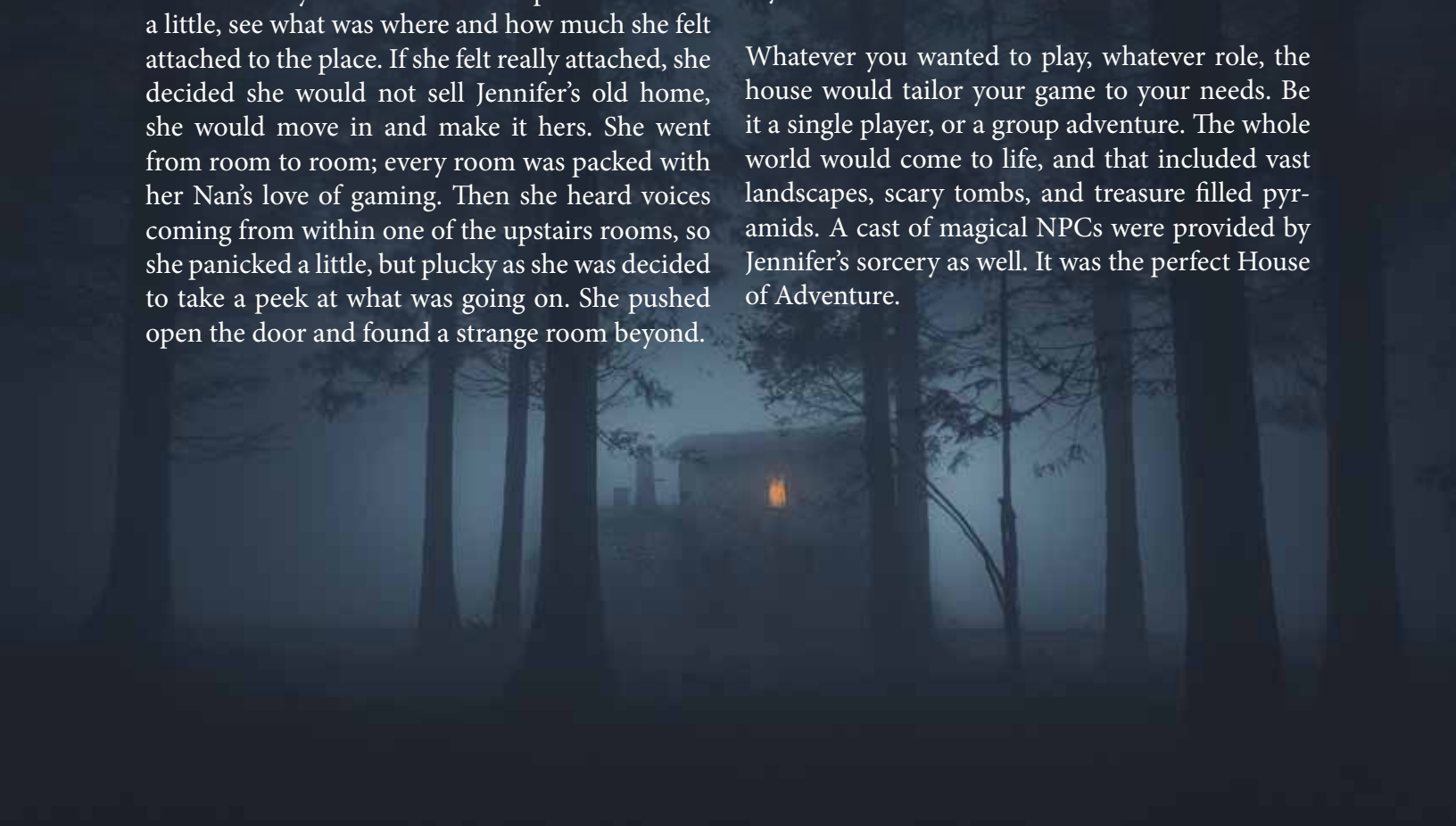
Karen Windborne’s grandmother left her a house in 1988 and with it a strange legacy, a legacy of gaming that took place there. Jennifer Mandle was obsessed with gaming of all kinds and loved games, from chess, to video games, to board games, it was her bright passion in life. When she passed away in 1988 the family were distraught, and Karen was left with her Nan’s home.

At first she pondered selling it, but then something magical happened. One day she came to collect the keys and decided to explore the house a little, see what was where and how much she felt attached to the place. If she felt really attached, she decided she would not sell Jennifer’s old home, she would move in and make it hers. She went from room to room; every room was packed with her Nan’s love of gaming. Then she heard voices coming from within one of the upstairs rooms, so she panicked a little, but plucky as she was decided to take a peek at what was going on. She pushed open the door and found a strange room beyond.

A table with various weapons, clothes, equipment and costumes galore lay in wait for her. The room had a couple of men in it; they introduced themselves as friends of Karen’s grandmother and invited her to experience a day in what they called the House of Adventure. Karen, ever the curious soul, took their offer and saw the spirit of her grandmother there as well. Jennifer explained to her granddaughter that the house had a connection to another dimension, one where she had made a real life version of the fantasy games she had loved as a girl.

It turned out that Jennifer Mandle had been privy to a remarkably powerful place. Jennifer had created a magical house of adventure that allowed simulation of fantasy roleplaying games within the rooms. Where it was possible to play an adventure, guided by her spirit now, and know that you were safe from death. If you died in the game, you simply returned to a nearby inn or tavern to recuperate and gather your strength. The house protected you, and the world was designed so that if you truly wanted to win, you would persevere against the challenges it could throw against you. The house also allowed you to take on the skills of the chosen character class, including casting spells if you were a wizard.

Whatever you wanted to play, whatever role, the house would tailor your game to your needs. Be it a single player, or a group adventure. The whole world would come to life, and that included vast landscapes, scary tombs, and treasure filled pyramids. A cast of magical NPCs were provided by Jennifer’s sorcery as well. It was the perfect House of Adventure.





After getting over the initial shock of this new revelation, Karen kept the house and invited her more open-minded friends over to join her in her many escapades within the mystical abode. Over time the spirit of her grandmother taught her the nuances of the place, how to control the adventure and how to help her friends have a great time.

## The Faire

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Come one, come all, come and enter the Faire. The Faire manifests, usually at night, as a large carnival packed with all sorts of rides, stalls, attractions, and other stands to draw the eye and keep the customers packed in. On the surface everyone has a grand old time, a laugh a minute, clowns and strongmen, bearded ladies and all those elements of such a place are present here. It is what the regular punter cannot see that they should fear, for at the centre of the faire, lurking where the giant Ferris wheel spins with coloured lights and laughter is a being that is older than the faire, far more devious and eternally hungry for the spirits of mortals.

This shapeless and formless mass lurks just on the edge of our dimension, poking vast and slimy tentacles in through the gaps of reality it has made over the centuries. The Faire is just one manifestation of its power, where the truth that hides behind the painted faces of the clowns and the smiles of chubby children is something sinister and twisted. Every clown, every strongman, every single faire worker is a dark entity wearing the guise of a mor-

tal. They very rarely let their illusion slip and those that do are about to feed upon the flesh and souls of those who are caught in their trap. For the majority of the people who come to the faire, those who do so for good clean fun, they often leave the place alive and non-the-wiser about what is truly happening behind the glitz and glamour of the Big Top.

Those who have a seed of dark, or a taint of evil about them, for those people there is another story. Some are devoured by the various creatures that play at being mortals, others, with even darker hearts are taken to the Ringmaster, the creature that calls the Faire his home. Here they are weighed, judged and if found worthy, inducted and included in the Ringmaster's latest roster of helpers, attractions, and lackeys. It is thought that the Ringmaster was once a conniving charlatan named '*Martin the Magnificent*' who was chased out of Tibet by Chinese authorities but no one knows if this tall tale is actually true.

Each attraction that the Faire offers **elicits a particular emotion, and the Faire feeds on those emotions (good or bad) to survive.** Those who join the Faire become thralls under the power of the Ringmaster, and learn the true face of their keeper. Some crack, their minds broken by such an impossible dimensional entity. Those who do not break or falter become stronger, and their bodies are co-inhabited by a dark spirit from elsewhere. Only one person has escaped the faire, *Ernie Sawyer*, Technical support of Cascadia Gas. He escaped by starting a diversionary fire.





Those who are trusted by the Ringkeeper are often sent out into the area beyond the Faire, told to find folk and bring them back. They hand out flyers and promote the attractions, all the while looking for those of a darker intent to feed the Ringmaster and his cronies.

## The Dream Club

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There are a few dream clubs across the planet; one can be found in London England, one in Hanoi, one in Manila, and another in Manhattan. They are a magical variant of a nightclub, or in the case of the New York one, a repurposed hotel bar similar to those found in tall buildings from the 1990s across the world. Dream Clubs are not public places, and one needs to have an invite to get in and the clientele are extremely selective about who gets to step through the door into their hallowed halls of Morpheus.

Dream Clubs are also protected by spirits and other beings as well as powerful owners, who are usually witches, warlocks, high-level Curators, oneiromancers, and other practitioners of the arts who focus on dreams and dream magic. The interiors

of such places are usually themed to the idea of restful sleep, but they can also be bustling places of neon and chrome, especially if themed for a more futuristic but still modern setting.

Sandman's Rest in Manhattan, just off Broadway is a famous location where the well-heeled used to go back in 1987. It is a luxurious club full of white leather, velvet, lace, and glorious light wood stained with just a little lacquer. There are dozens of beds, four posters and otherwise waiting for someone to come and dally for a night or even a few hours in one of the rooms off the main bar hidden by an array of secret doors.

The price is expensive, the service exquisite and the types of dream range from the sublime to the downright exotic. Madame Ying, a Chinese ex-pat from Kowloon oversees the Sandman's Rest and ensures that her dreamers have the most rewarding time, making sure that the safeguards and magical wards are in place to prevent any spirits or malignant entities from getting into the dreamer's slumber. As a point of note, this is not always the case with other Dream Clubs, some of which have no safeguards and use drugs like Opium fairly regularly to help their dreamers enter their





chosen state. As previously mentioned, Madame Ying's establishment is one of the most safeguarded known in the magical world.

Upon paying the cost for a dream, be it tailored or random, the dreamer is taken to a room where they are observed by their own personal guide. The guide ensures that they are safe at all times. The dreamer is placed into a magical slumber and given the dream that they bought. It really is as simple as that.

Madame Ying does not allow the trafficking of dreams on her premises, ejecting anyone who attempts to sell a non-house dream behind her back. Other Dream Clubs, like the more infamous Japanese club, club *Outer Heaven*, are places where dreams are tried, bartered, sold, and concocted in the many gaudy rooms that make up the majority of the place. These places are dangerous for those uninitiated and perfect for those who want to get a quick dream-fix before they try a more dangerous back-room dream.

These dreams are made of pure nightmare, distilled from the very essence of spirits who control such things.

Yet other clubs hold darker stories. Tales leak out of dream regarding the Moscow dream club, *Northern Lights*, as being little more than a torture den. One which all good Curators avoid.

The small and intimate club in London, *The House of Morpheus*, and the large labyrinthine club in NOLA, are swiftly gaining a reputation as safe places to dream specialising in therapies, calming techniques, healing, and end of life care.

One thing all veteran Dreamers know; you never, under any circumstances, visit the dream club in Houston, TX. It is a secret softly whispered in dark corners, as if the very act of speaking its name can bring it forth. Curated by someone only known as 'Ambrose' it is feared as a place that many enter

but none return. Many talk of it being a murder chamber, a slaver's paradise, a criminal holdout, or a portal to another time or place. Maybe it is all of these things but no one currently at large knows exactly what it is.

It also has ways of covering its tracks. Curator **Rev. Randolph Partain**, an ordained minister, recently attempted to buy the land beneath the club and bribe a city official to close the warehouse (for that is what the club is registered as) and rescind its permits. The clerk who Partain attempted to bribe was found gutted and hanging from underneath a bridge and the good reverend has disappeared entirely. None of his cards have been used or, it seems, has any one reported seeing him. The message was clear; avoid the hitherto unnamed dream club now referred to as 'Sunderland'.

Not to be confused with the English town, the name is derived from the acronym SUNDS, or Sudden Unexplained Nocturnal Death Syndrome.

Many of these clubs are not to be entered lightly. They are dangerous, unpredictable, and sometimes you never wake up.





# MAGISTERIA, OR THE PALACES OF TIME

Magisteria places are almost never fought over. No one actually wants to control them, but they do want to deny them to a rival. Furthermore, these locations are perfect places for those entities from outer realms to utilise as gateways.

All but the mad know they can't control these locations and naive or apprentice Curators who approach are likely to be attacked on site, just to keep the world safe.

## Chamber of the Seal

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Somewhere within a vast complex of tunnels and portals that lead to other areas of this huge, sprawling underground City of Xe, there is a chamber known as the Chamber of the Seal. To get to the city requires extensive research, the correct rites, rituals, and even the right key which is formed by pitching your voice to open a certain musical lock that guards the first of Seven Doors. The entry chamber which contains the door to the underground city is a magical portal, it can appear anywhere in the world, even underwater and is extremely tricky to find. Fortunately there are amulets that lead to the door's location; they are expensive and rare, and usually guarded/coveted by the beings who want to keep the City of Xe a secret.

Once you have opened the door and descended for hundreds of feet into the City of Xe, it is possible to find the Chamber of the Seal. The chamber is a huge place, dominated by a seal made of bronze, copper, silver, and gold. It is inlaid with precious stones and each aspect of the seal is important, the whole thing guards the world against a terrible destructive force known as the **Leviathan**.

Behind the seal is a connection to a great primordial ocean, one that has existed since the dawn of all things. A mix of water, magical power, and the very lifeblood of a long slain god, the sea bears with it a titanic being of great destructive potential. It is the **seal** that keeps both sea and creature at bay, as long as it stands firm, the world is safe.

Should the seal ever be opened, the water would rush in and begin to fill up the City of Xe, eventually the wall that holds the seal would crack and the hundreds of miles long Leviathan would come tumbling through the hole. The water would continue to rise until the level burst out of whatever portal is currently connected to the Earth. Here water would pour into our dimension and flood the planet until nothing was left barring those creatures who could survive in such an environment.





The Leviathan would come to the surface to hunt. The precious magical seal prevents the water from being released, holds it back, and contains the sea beast behind it. No one knows what form the Leviathan actually takes as no one has breached the seal in thousands of years.

## The Grand Library of Xe

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Within the City of Xe, found deep under the Earth in the vast ancient and alien city, is the place known as the Grand Library of Xe. The city is ancient, old, perhaps timeless, but the door that led to the discovery of the city is pretty recent. It was found under the feet of the Great Sphinx in Egypt, miles below the sands and was thought to have been an extension of that kingdom. The Grand Library of Xe is nothing to do with such an ancient people though.

The Sorcerer, Xe Ir, a powerful man who could not only bend reality, but shape it to his will, created the City of Xe in 1947 to act as a focus and a barrier between the real world and the magical world.

The City of Xe itself is discussed a little later on, for it is beyond the power of mere Magisteria. The Grand Library however, is not. This extra-dimensional A-shaped space in the middle of the city is a

vast repository of knowledge for magical understanding in this world, or the next. At the centre of the library is a silver door bound in gold, rumoured to lead to a Palace of the Gods known as the Moon Palace.

The Grand Library of Xe is packed with all sorts of books on magical theory, spellbooks, grimoires, old tomes that are no longer in circulation and there is a section of the library that is devoted to books that have not yet been written. Every so often, a new book pops into that collection out of nowhere and the librarian, a strange metal construct that resembles a clockwork floating octopus, has to find the correct place to store it in the vast shelves.

There are hundreds of rooms within the Grand Library, and since Xe is still alive, his sanctum can be found sequestered away behind one of the bookshelves. He mostly ignores visitors unless they cause trouble, letting the librarian deal with unwanted or unruly guests as she sees fit.

The librarian can find any book in the library and bring it to a guest if they ask for it.

The obscurity of the book determines the %-chance to find it in the collection, with very obscure books at 5%, moderately obscure at 10% and obscure at 15%. Common books are easy to find and there is a 2% that the library will just have received a copy of a newly written book in its collection that fulfils the Player Character's needs.

The librarian can also, for a modest donation of sorcerous energy, copy any book in the collection to a blank one. The library operates a strict: no lending policy.

Many Curators, Warlocks, and Sorcerors have tried to gain entry to the library without permission, possibly to steal some of the priceless books, but were never seen again.





Way back in 1970, a biker by the name of Sherry Hamilton established the Ragnarok Bar as a bit of a joke. She said it would be the only bar standing come the end of the world, hence the name, Ragnarok. It must have echoed across time and space too, reached the plane of the Norse Gods, because they found it highly amusing and decided that come: the End Times, they would all gather in the bar for one last drink just to celebrate the name more than anything.

The bar has become a watering-hole for all kinds of folk who have heard of it, and through its reputation as a no-nonsense place where you can get a drink, pick up a job or two in the magical world, especially hunting magical entities, more powerful sorcerers and visitors have begun to drop by. Not to mention extra-dimensional entities looking to make some sweet money off Sherry, who still looks as good as she did in 1970. Another aspect of the Ragnarok Bar, blessed as it is by the Norse Gods. Sherry's not complaining either; her bar has introduced her to a whole hidden world that sits just outside the real one.



There is also a strict no brawling policy in the bar, but at the back there is a supernatural Fight Club, where people with a score to settle can do just that. This way Sherry keeps the peace and ensures that the bar does not get blown into tiny bits by the slightest show of magical power.

In the VIP Lounge off to the right of the main bar it is possible to meet and greet some pretty powerful beings, and whilst the gods do not yet come by for a pint, demi-gods and heroes of myth and legend have been known to drop in through the





portal at the back behind the red velvet curtain. The portal is accessed by a particular combination of buttons on the old time Jukebox which stands on guard just inside the VIP Lounge door.

If you know the right combination it is possible to visit virtually **any world or dimension** in the vast tapestry of the multiverse.

It is also possible for visitors, who demonstrate by reputation, personality, or sheer force of will, that they know what they are doing, to get work from the various patrons of the bar. These contracts are usually given out to card-carrying supernatural bounty hunters, such as Mister Six, the Twins, Doctor Badman, or the extremely successful Joanna Blanc. You have to be something pretty special to be able to get a contract in the Ragnarok Bar, or willing to go above and beyond to prove you are.

The drinks at the Ragnarok are also enchanted; Sherry makes a mean **Shirley Temple** that can stave off the effects of thirst and hunger for a whole week. Or a **Bloody Mary** that protects the drinker from effects caused when suffering from blood loss.

There are more drinks and effects on the menu, Sherry does not serve them lightly or reveal what they do. Those who get to know her, get to know just what is on offer at the bar.

## Temple of the Sun

62

This temple can be found in India and whilst it was built in the 13th Century, it has only recently become active as a place of magical power. It is a magnificent place and is an incredible representation of Surya, the sun god's chariot. The temple can be found at Konarak and the grand structure, replete with its 24 wheels, decorated with intricate designs, led by a team of six horses provides the focal point for the power of the Sun God to flow through onto Earth.

The site has become attuned to magical energies over a long period of history, since the structure's construction. It was first discovered and classified as a magical place by a group of students who visited there during a vacation in 2014. Led by their professor, Carla Albright, they discovered that the site had gone from a dormant magical focus area to a fully operational Magisteria site in a matter of a few weeks.

Professor Albright, a budding Curator, theorised that a shift in latent magical energies, coupled with an event at the site where a renegade sorcerer, Azaman, tried to use the temple for his own nefarious ends, resulted in a flux of magic that broke ancient seals and allowed the Sun God to manifest power. Regardless of the actual reason behind the site's magical awakening, the site is now under scrutiny by various organisations like the Project and the Room.

Many Indian mystics and shamans have come from miles around, a special pilgrimage to enter the temple and sample the magic energies within. Doctor Graves, a prominent British psychic researcher and mystic himself made several key discoveries in 2016 that furthered the understanding of the Sun Temple and the power it offered to the magical community, as well as the non-magical one.

Doctor Graves discovered that **any object left in the main temple building at midday gained mystic properties**, imparted by the mystical energies caught and focused by the temple's unique design. These properties included **eternal energy, projected sunlight, healing power, long-lasting warmth, and the ability to emit a near-blinding flash of light on command**.

He experimented with a variety of objects, items of apparel and even weapons. The results varied based on the time of day, the object in question and the length of time the object was left in the main area of the Konarak temple complex.



It is not known if the god communicates with those who enter the temple, for Surya has been silent for some time. With the resurgence of power and focus at his temple however, it may be possible to answer that question fairly soon. According to the writing of Doctor Graves, Professor Albright, and other notable luminaries in the magical world, there is a **cosmic shift coming** that will cause all sorts of problems for the mortal world.

Dead gods will rise, ancient magic awakens, and dark secrets come to light.



## Doctor Amanda's Surgery

63

There are mundane illnesses, sicknesses, diseases, and all sorts of ailments that fall upon the human body. But what of those bodies which are far from human, those creatures that exist outside our normal reality and dimension. Enter Doctor Amanda Parker, one of the first and foremost practitioners of magical medicine that can heal humans and extra-dimensional creatures, as well as treat a variety of maladies that fall upon the human mind, body, and soul.

Amanda operates out of a small non-descript mobile medical lab which moves (magically) all across the world, often appearing where it is need-

ed most. The building resembles one of the usual rectangular box-like vaccination trailer structures, with very little on the outside to show that it's nothing but a place where one might get a scan to find a gallstone, or get a flu-jab to stave off the latest strain of influenza.

That is exactly what Amanda wants, for beyond the simple door into the cabin beyond is a vast hospital staffed to the brim with specialists on magical ailments and problems. Her surgery staff is comprised of fellow practitioners, those men and women who have spent a long time studying the mundane medical skills as well as devoting their lives to magical practises as well. The surgery was established in 2001 when one of Amanda's friends was diagnosed with Atticus' Disease, a rare disease that slowly increases the magical energy stored in a sorcerer's body to lethal levels, before it is expelled in a violent manner and the mage spontaneously combusts.

The disease is named after Charles Atticus, the first mage to suffer from the spontaneous combustion effect in 1842.

Amanda decided in 2002 that she would battle the disease, as well as devote her life to battling the other mundane and magical diseases that seemed to be on the rise in the mortal world. She gathered a group of like-minded souls together, physical, spirit based, and magical. With their help she established her travelling surgery and has been operating across the world since, although a cure for Atticus' has eluded her.

Those who enter Doctor Amanda's Surgery feel at ease, this is in part due to the calmative magic that has been placed upon the extra-dimensional space beyond the cabin door but also due to her demeanour. Her loving husband and infant daughter can often be seen popping by to say hi whenever she has a spare moment in the day.



Doctor Amanda's Surgery treats a variety of mundane, magical, and spiritual conditions both in human and non-human patients.

The staff can handle all kinds of creatures, spirits, and even those who are possessed. There are special wings in the hospital to accommodate all kinds of recovery, and there is even a wing for those who are from different times. Amanda can be seen in costume from a medieval Medicus to Celtic Druid to Roboknife Technician moving between departments. Whatever it takes to put her patient at ease and to make sure they don't freak out. In the past there have been unfortunate cases of patients being confused or under the influence of alcohol and other drugs and they have fought against their treatment.



Thankfully, the clinic has a robust, multi-species security team. This 'Chronological Medicine' is a service that Amanda will allow to be used sparingly, and only after strict checks have been done to ensure that the person in question wants help and whose treatment will not affect any timelines.

There is a rumour, a quite persistent one, that certain Curator and magical organisations and individuals have an emergency number they can call and not too far away Doctor Amanda's cabin will suddenly appear. The thinking is that she'll only appear for good and well-meaning individuals and groups and doesn't accept payment of any kind. No one knows who started the rumour or if it is true, who has the number, but the assumption is that either she has a wealthy patron or patrons or that she is phenomenally wealthy and able to support the cost of the clinic herself.

Several years ago, The Room attempted to bait Amanda's clinic to Flagstaff by setting fire to a secret Curator museum. Four people were badly injured and Amanda arrived almost instantly after the fire blew up, however, she had been given advanced warning of the trap by a patient from 2069 and her security team rushed in and not only rescued the injured but also chased the Room's agents off through a spatial door (which the security team thought might lead back to Seattle in 1989).

Often called 'The Angel of Arizona', those who fight for good and to help others often hope that somewhere, Doctor Amanda is watching and will come to their aid should they be injured by forces mortal or mundane paramedics would be ill-equipped to counter.

Just knowing Doctor Amanda Parker's clinic is out there and doing good work can be enough to reassure good-hearted defenders of humanity who have the shakes before heading into dangerous situations.



# MAGNIFICA, OR THE DOMAINS OF DEMI-GODS

Whenever something horrific, tragic, or dangerous occurs on a global scale, Curators well-versed in Artefacts, Places, and Talents instantly look to the locations in this section to see if they've dropped the ball or a new one has arisen.

Chernobyl was one such event, the Asian tsunami of 2004 was another. Events so catastrophic that for many it can seem as though the end of the world is upon them, and for many in the affected areas, it was. Magisteria Places are powerful enough to affect the planet but also still numerous enough to give pause to Curators, Magicians, and Occultists.

A warning to novice Curators and Warlocks. These locations are secretly monitored not only by higher level magic users but also by entities of Earth-moving capabilities. They will not hesitate to destroy your entire existence should you get too close to putting reality at risk.

## Constance Innes House of Marvels

64

In 1948, somewhere in Rural America, the woman known as Constance Innes gathered all her belongings, bid farewell to her annoying family and vanished into the ether. She literally did that, right before her daughter's eyes. They all thought she was mad, even tried to have her committed, and one day it was just the very last straw. This extra-ordinary 80 year old matriarch of the Innes family decided to prove magic existed in the best way possible.

The last image that her son had was of the old lady as she gave him the middle finger, vanishing into nothing before his eyes.

She had a destination already picked out, in fact she had her friend build it for her and then enchant it so it could hide itself from the mortal world. Constance Innes appeared in the drawing room of her lavish mansion and began to unpack, at 80 years old and a practitioner of magic for nearly 70 of those years; she had amassed a huge collection of things from across all corners of the magical world.

So she put them in one place, a place that would become known as Constance Innes House of Marvels. The house itself is fairly ostentatious on the outside, and the garden is teeming with cats, there are cats everywhere, possibly over 100 of the felines roam inside and outside of the house at most times. The cats are the eyes and ears of Constance Innes, at any point she can see through or hear through them.

There are also a number of Bast statues throughout the house, at least 30 of them, all different and many of them are actual magical relics from the ancient world. Constance Innes has had the house warded and it can act as a **safe bastion** during the most determined magical, monstrous, demonic, or supernatural attack.

If you possess the Contemporary Book of Magical Things, this house can be a great place to seed some of the items found inside the book. If not, here are just a few examples of the kind of magical thing you might find inside Constance Innes House of Marvels.

- *A cup that may or may not be the Holy Grail.*
- *A tiny frog statue with human-like eyes.*
- *A fan made from gold and ivory, reputed to have the spirit of a Geisha trapped within.*
- *A book of magic that must be read backwards.*



## THE BOOK OF CONTEMPORARY MAGICAL PLACES

- *A mirror that looks directly into your soul.*
- *A pot dug up from a Bronze Age barrow, perfectly preserved. The pot keeps food fresh for years.*
- *A mechanical man from another time and place, probably clockwork.*
- *A stormglass that can detect magical storms and other phenomenon.*
- *A demonic being trapped under amber and held in a stasis spell.*
- *A magic wand made of oak and hawthorne.*
- *A long black stave topped with a red crystal, rumoured to belong to a famous Black Magician.*
- *A cigar box with magical cigars*
- *A large painting that lets you enter it and view the scene from within.*
- *A magical talking skull that likes to crack jokes, the jokes are rarely funny.*

There are many more items found inside the house, they range from the minor magical to the most impressive magical relics and items the woman found in her long time as a sorcerer, travelling from this world to others. She has hired the services of famed Curator and archivist **Patrick Leonard**, previously the Senior Archivist at The Flexible Defense Analysis Foundation on Snowbird Drive, Huntington Beach, CA., to help catalog the many items. Some of them are scattered through the various rooms, others are a long way from the main house through torturous magical trapped passages and hidden in Constance's inner sanctum. These are the most **dangerous items** that are rumoured to be hidden there and they could be catastrophic if released upon the mortal world if they truly exist.





- *The stone statue of Fenriswolf, trapped before he could aid in the End Times.*
- *Medusas' head, still potent after all these years, kept in a locked box.*
- *Pandora's Box itself.*
- *A world ending sword, if plunged into the stone at Ayer's Rock it will destroy the Earth.*
- *The Words of Creation captured on vinyl, if played backwards, it can unmake the Universe.*
- *The Loom of Fate, definitely one to keep out of the hands of everyone. With it, you can control the fate of someone who is attached to the loom via an article of clothing, or a thread of said clothing.*
- *The Portal of Souls. A large free-standing Babylonian artefact that can breach the gap between the mortal world, and the afterlife.*

These items are supposedly stored in the inner sanctum, which in turn is protected by dangerous supernatural creatures and wards. The door to the inner sanctum can only be opened by Constance Innes, or someone of her bloodline.

## The Room

65

In 1945, after being shut out of various paranormal investigations by longer established organisations, Britain decided it really needed to capitalise on the whole: supernatural aspect of warfare. Or rather, the study of artefacts deemed 'bloody dangerous' by a group of moustache wearing armchair occultists. Enter Sir Thaddeus Philip Gordon-Smythe, one of those said moustache-wearing armchair occultists. Only Thaddeus was not so much armchair as front-line, but to his peers he appeared to be just like them. They were content to sit in a gentleman's club, drink brandy, complain about the Americans misuse of magical objects and smoke concoctions made from the leaves of enchanted plants. Thaddeus was not, so he gathered all the people he could find who had an interest, vague or otherwise, in magical objects that could be con-

sidered dangerous. Then he established a top-secret organisation of his own, with full support from the British Government and citing Winston Churchill, and later his ghost, as founding members of the group. Thus the Room was born, and unlike the 'men's only' clubs of the time, the Room did not care for your gender, only your expertise and results mattered to Thaddeus.

The Room operated out of the basement of a building in Whitechapel, where it was situated on a convergence of ley-lines allowing the true Room to be constructed over ten years of magical building deep below the streets of London, well out of sight and mind. Numerous mystic **wards** and magical **protections** were placed upon each and every room, chamber, corridor, and office within the complex and a special inter-dimensional storage facility was constructed known only as The 13th Bureau.



Over the years the Room has grown and has several **inter-connected facilities** that are spread about the world, as well as **London** itself. There are Room entries situated at the top of the Tower of London, inside the Roman Museum of **Badalona**, the back room of a **Havana** café and more. These days the room is led by Sati Anwar and her wife Susan. The mandate of the Room still remains, to catalogue and contain the most dangerous magical artefacts and objects across the world, to study them and to attempt to discern if they can be used as weapons or not.



Chamber 13 (how the 13th Bureau came by its name) and the Room complex itself has portals that lead across the world, as well as to other Room facilities. Within the Room are objects of unimaginable power.

- *The breath of a Dead God held in a jar.*
- *The tip of Leviathan's spikey tail.*
- *A box for talking to gods.*
- *A staff that can shoot energy capable of levelling a mountain.*
- *The whispers of Elder Beings.*
- *The barely contained madness of a genie capable of unmaking matter.*
- *A full sized slumbering dragon, not the treasure hoarding kind, but the highly destructive engine of chaos.*
- *A trapped goddess of chaos that could be Eris.*
- *A trio of people, two murdered men and one woman, powerful spirits held in a stasis chamber in Chamber 13 after they killed over 100 people in their time as free-roaming poltergeists.*
- *Bonnie and Clyde's car, possessed by a dark spirit.*
- *Death's scythe.*
- *The Eye of Disharmony. An orb which can cause matter to break down into its component parts.*
- *The true Death Mask of Tutankhamun, which contains the essence of Set, the god.*
- *A full size UFO, powered by magical means and capable of travelling through time, space, and dimensions.*
- *The Ninth Gate, one of the Gates to the Underworld.*
- *Charon, the Ferryman's first boat.*
- *A possessed grand piano which sucks the soul of all who play Moonlight Sonata upon it.*

There are hundreds of other items, both powerful and **dangerous** which find their way into the Room and if you own the Book of Contemporary Magical Things, you can bet there will be a few items from there that could be found in the possession of the mages and scholars that make up the staff of the Room. The chief archivist is **Haydn Beck**, a

powerful mage with a somewhat 'relaxed' attitude from Hobart, Tasmania. oviously a bookshop owner, he moved to london after The Room made him a substantial offer and relocation package.

## Secret Dragon Shoppe

66

In 1977, Donald Burke created a playground, a workshop, and a curio shop in his home town of Bellingham, WA. He hoped to catch the tourist trade and provide hand-carved wooden fantasy creatures for the kids who regularly came to visit. He died in 1988 and the shop passed to his daughter, **Liberty Irene Burke** who took it over and turned it into a fully-fledged fantasy playground for kids and adults alike. It appeared on the radar of Gio Franko, an Italian writer that focused upon the paranormal, supernatural and unusual in 2013 when he did an interview with the proprietor for the magical blog found only on the Curator Net, called: *Transcending the Mundane*.

The **Curator Net** is a secret internet operated by magic and only visible to those with the right program, monitor, or magical knowledge.

What Gio found out was an interesting story and worthy of inclusion. It turns out that the showy frontage of the shop attracted the attention of some very interesting visitors, including a dimension-hopping wizard called Aradin Nor, who stopped by the shop to entrust Liberty with a great responsibility, the very reason why this shop now appears on the radar of various entities who are interested in the magical world.

Aradin Nor left the woman with six stone statues of dragons, perfectly carved and beautifully made. He told her not to sell them and they would bring her good fortune, and protect the shop from harm. Liberty, being the daughter of the toymaker and young at heart took Aradin at his word.

She was not wrong.



What Liberty inherited were **six perfectly miniaturised and varied dragons**, dragons that came from another world and now live in her shop. Each dragon has specific powers and even though they were trapped in that form (to protect them from a sorceress from the other world) they were still capable of performing great magic.

Thus the Secret Dragon Shoppe was born, a place of wonder and enchantment, where the toys within all come with a little sparkle and extra pizzazz that cannot be gained by batteries alone.



All the toys sold from the shop have a little **protective** spell cast onto them, to keep the owner hale and hearty as long as they keep possession of the toy.

It is the dragons who have a great deal of magical prowess that enchant these toys, but they are mere parlour tricks compared to what the dragons are truly capable of.

- **Sinder the Red** – A cocky and snide little dragon, his power is over all things to do with fire and flame. He has stopped fires starting inside the shop before now, and when Liberty wants to go for a smoke break, he aids her by lighting her cigarettes.
- **Cupric** – An inquisitive copper-coloured dragon, sometimes called Stanley by Liberty, but he doesn't really get it. He can control the electrical forces of the world; this includes the bio-electric force running through all living things. When a grandfather had a heart attack in the shop, he successfully restarted the man's heart.

- **Pale** – The posh-talking and friendly white dragon, she is a caring sort and controls the breath of winter. If she is not careful, she could bring about the next Ice Age.
- **Shadowtail** – The dark dragon, she is a schemer and a manipulator, she could also plunge the world into eternal night if she wanted to. Sometimes goes by the name of **Nyx** or **Nox**.
- **Em, or Emerald** – he's a no-nonsense practical personality. Em can also control the various levels of light spectrum, usually green since that is his favourite. He can change the various properties of light waves. This means he could make a beam that could slice through a house.
- **Aurus** – Gold, cunning, but friendly enough, Aurus is a leader, or likes to think he is. He also manipulates chance and can directly influence things like races. He could make you a lot of money; fortunately he reins his power in. When irked, the other dragons like to call him 'Anus'.

The dragons of the shop do their level best to **protect the owner, protect the premises and all the customers within**. They might seem amusing, or somewhat whimsical, but each one possesses power to cause catastrophic changes and disasters if it were unleashed. The long-term goal of the sorceress is to possess that power and use it for good and to right some of the wrongs present in the world today.

## Tower Bridge

67

Tower Bridge is a famous landmark in the City of London, England. Tower Bridge is visited by tourists of all shapes and sizes throughout the day, every week and sees massive revenue garnered by various activities attached to the mundane site. In early 1953 there was a huge supernatural incursion that rocked London's magical community, rather like a massive earthquake in mundane reality. This sent ripples of magical energy flowing through the city and caused chaos for everyone involved, mundane, magic using mortal/Curator or super-



natural being alike. Magical delving tracked the source to the location of Tower Bridge and it was discerned after several days, something big was attempting to break through into our world. So the wizards, witches, warlocks, Curators, and supernatural creatures that were involved in tracking the phenomenon down established a watchtower at Tower Bridge.

They used their collective magic to construct a portal, hidden from mundane eyes, aimed directly at the dimension where the disturbance was coming from and directed at the crack in reality which had formed and caused the mystical quake previously.

An army of dark beings were throwing themselves at the breach, all led by a creature that de-

fied description. It was obvious that they needed a more permanent solution, so the Bastion of the Tower was formed in the late hours of 1953. It became a frontline in a war against a dimension that constantly attempts to overthrow our own. Even the Room became involved later on and devoted considerable resources to bolster the defenders of the tower; each day that passed meant the protections on the bridge grew stronger as the creatures were slowly turned back.

These days the Tower still acts as the first line of engagement with that dimension, with the enemy forces still pushing on that rent in an attempt to open it. The defenders of the tower are still active and the weapons of war have changed over the years, now there is a definite turn toward the more futuristic contemporary weapons rather than the





wands and spells of the past. Enchanted firearms seem to hit harder against the creatures of the otherworld.

It is hard to believe that whilst throngs of tourists wander from place to place, checking out the interior of Tower Bridge, not mere seconds away from them, to the side in the other dimension, scouts and warriors clash with **dark energies** and horrible monstrous beings that claw and erode people's **sanity**. The war for the city happens a few feet away, and as the defenders fight to stop the monsters from breaching out dimension, mom and dad buy ice creams for their kids a few doors away from a street vendor.

This is exactly how the defenders of the tower want it, because the moment that mundane people find

out about the war that threatens to consume their souls, panic sets in and it becomes much harder to keep such things hidden. Governments want to be involved, they want to regulate magical power and folk start to wonder what happens when these so-called enhanced humans have no more wars to fight, what will they do?

Until then, Tower Bridge functions as a barrier between the mundane and extra-dimensional with the bodies and minds of those brave defenders on the line, every single day.

There is a slight chance, **3%** that a visitor to the site might get caught in a dimensional ripple and a further **2%** chance they get sucked into the dimension beyond. In this case, the defenders work to get them out as fast as possible.





## King's Wine Bar

68

If you visit French Polynesia sometime and you know people, who know people, who know a guy that knows a girl who has a contact in King's Wine Bar you might be able to get into the exclusive back room. Tahiti has long since been known as a place of magic, nightlife, mystery and fun. So **Martin King** established his exclusive wine bar in the bustling grand capital city of Papetee back in 1992, it has been going ever since and caters to mortals and those with magical aptitude alike.

Martin, a powerful sorcerer in his own right runs a tight bar and employs both normal and magically trained staff. One of which is **Elwood Hayes** - a bartender from Melbourne. he can't remember a face but will always remember your drink. He often jokes "Hey mate, you've been in here before. I knew it! I never remember a face."

King's Wine bar is a bar of **two worlds**, with the regular bar that can be accessed off the main street in the city, and the more exclusive 'mages' only bar that operates out the back beyond a mystic veil that hides it from mundane eyes.

Once you get behind the curtain and into the proper bar there is a world of difference, the clientele here are the cream of the cream of Tahiti's magical society, from celebrities and entertainers, to the often reclusive mystical elite, such as Marama, who not only hosts a cooking show, but studies the arcane arts to a great degree in his mansion on the Rangiroa Atoll hidden from the prying eyes of the tourists that flock there.

Martin King often tends to his customers personally and ensures that the bar remains a safe space for anyone who is invited in. He does not allow confrontation, especially magically, for he knows that just outside the curtain is a world of mundane reality that could be harmed should a magical duel or brawl break out in his bar.

To this end he has summoned **spirits** to act as protectors and bouncers, the added bonus is that they do not flirt (much) with the bar staff and they do not get tired. Martin is a middle aged, interesting man, always attired in a suit, his beard nicely trimmed. He is also part Djinn, but that is a longer story for another age. King's Wine bar also lies on an intersection of ley-lines, so any magic cast within the premises has a **50%** chance of intersecting with a ley-line energy source and being boosted in some way. The only spells allowed inside are non-harmful, non-combat, and recreational or illusion based magic.

## The Fountain of Youth

69

This mystical place appears as one of the most mundane locations on the planet, as with many magical places, they are enchanted to hide themselves from mortal eyes. Many have searched for the Fountain of Youth; many have failed to find it because they always looked at a mundane location on the planet as the location for such a fantastical place. This is why they have failed in the past, for whilst the entry point might be mundane, the fountain's actual location is far from it.



The fountain's door can be found across the globe, in many places, never in the same location and usually manifests as a mundane feature of that particular place. There are spells and devices that can track the fountain, even people, but these are



few and far between and getting them should be a long-story arc with many trials, tribulations, and dangers along the way. One such instance of the fountain's door was as a non-descript arch that led to a public restroom in a stately home. Others have included a space between two trees in the Amazon rainforest, the bottom of a lake, the edge of a hedge maze, the door to a motel in Thailand, and even down a flight of stairs at the end of a street in Spain.

The latest instance of the door was in 2017, found in an old junkyard, as a cast off UPVC doorway. Once you pass through the doorway you will find the Island of the Fountain. This is a large semi-circular island that sits amidst a misty sea, whilst above you, the sky blazes with a perfect sun whilst birds wheel across fluffy clouds.

A 10 mile trek inland takes you to a complex of old buildings and ruins that pre-date many found on Earth. They appear to be ancient and yet somehow familiar, as if the subconscious mind remembers them, but cannot quite place where it has seen this design before.

Within the circle of the biggest set of ruins, which appears to be an eye in shape, is another set of stairs that lead down to a circular chamber where sits a large stone fountain lit with an eternal gleam from a sunbeam that plays down through the ceiling upon it. Young animals of all kinds sit around the

chamber and pay a non-hostile visitor no mind, watching with interest. If confused or distressed a *Mr Dempsey* will appear as a kindly guide and will calm the traveller and explain a little of the 'park of the fountain' before leaving. All the visitor remembers of this interaction is feeling calm and that they spoke to someone with a 'Hi, I'm Steve' woven patch on their shirt.

The fountain is protected by three guardian spirits who challenge intruders; one spirit offers a challenge drawn from mind, body, or soul. Once the challenges are beaten only then can you drink from the fountain, under the strict warning that drinking too much will result in your demise. Also, the fountain's guardians warn you that you may only ever restore your youth and health once, it cannot be used a second time.

In other words, it does not make you immortal. A single drink from the fountain can restore your lost youth, vigour, and spirit. Once you have taken a drink from the fountain the guardians ask you to leave.

## Castle of Memories

70

In Prague in the Czech Republic, you can find Prague Castle, a beautiful and imaginatively designed castle which was built at the turn of the ninth century. Prague Castle is 570 meters long





and around 130 meters wide. It is a popular tourist attraction these days and in early 2011 a magical conflux ripped through the castle, it opened the doorways of time and spat out fracture after fracture that flickered through the halls, corridors, rooms, and passageways of Prague Castle in an uncontrollable manner. Several people went **missing** (this was hushed up) and the authorities closed the castle for a few days (for renovations, they said). This was to allow specialists from the magical world to assess the danger and if at all possible, eliminate it.

A six member team from various groups, including the Project, the Room, the Sanctum College, Van Hoff Institute, Rosicrucian (AMORC) and the Babylon Group spent six weeks locked in the castle working out just what had happened. They traced the effect to the ley-line shift which had begun in 1999 and found that over the years, ley-lines, which many thought were static in-place magical highways used for power and travel, could actually re-route based on changes in the physical environment.

The magical conflux had caused the castle to pop open windows into time, manifesting pockets that were able to look back **into the past**. The people from the past appear as ghosts to the people from the present, and the same is true for those of the present appearing as ghosts to those from the past. The issue arose when contact was made by a viewer from the present physically interacting with a person from the past, the moment that a connection was formed; the person from the present was **pulled through time** into the past and deposited into the lives of those people who once lived there.

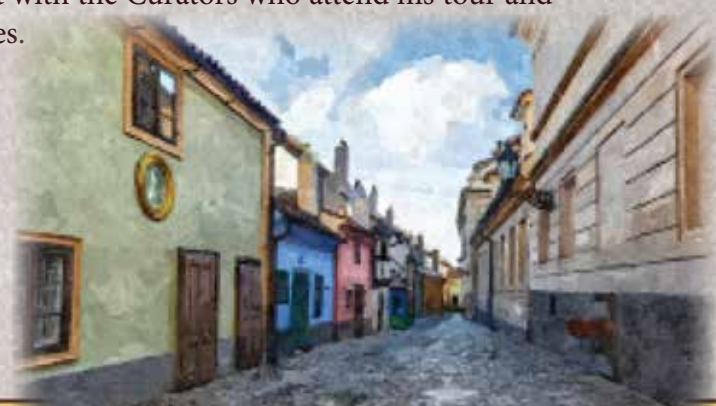
A sorcerer or magic user of sufficient skill and power could pull those affected back, but it would require actually visiting the time period and since the castle's time travel portals were fundamentally random it was hard to discern where the poor

unfortunate had ended up. With the aid of their combined skill the team of six were able to discern this, enact a rescue operation and pull back 90% of those people who had gone missing. A few had been subsumed into the time period and it was discovered that they actually were meant to be there, removing them would have resulted in a paradox and a vast disruption to the space-time continuum.

The team managed to get the effect under control and were able to shut down the windows safely. Fast-forward to 2018 and Arthur Kingdom, of Kingdom of Fantasy Tours. He posed a radical idea to the government in Prague, one that they accepted when he told them of a sheer money-making potential for tourism.

He wanted to open Prague Castle as a theme-park and curated history attraction. He would employ the best magical practitioners and they would open these windows to the past, protect the viewers and onlookers and allow the world to voyeuristically peek at the lives of those gone before. He cited the immense help it would be to historians and the educational value for children, adults, and even educators. In 2019 the first Kingdom of Fantasy **Prague Castle Time Tour** was opened. It was a resounding success and visitors to the castle were taken back in time to watch the place being built in the nineteenth century.

The current Tourmaster is **Samuel Malkira**, Historian and Antiquarian, from Newcastle Upon Tyne in the U.K. His 'oddly dark' sense of humour is a hit with the Curators who attend his tour and lectures.





# MIRACULA PLACES, THE EXPOSED WIRES OF THE EARTH

When someone asks about ‘Miracles’ then in terms of magical places a Curator’s mind will usually turn to places of worship, supposed UFO sites, or ancient mundane monuments. This is chiefly because most Curators aren’t aware of the Miracula level of magical place. All but a select few don’t even think such a place of raw power exists. Those that do will readily kill to keep such a place secret.

Those that do might talk of Miracula not as ‘Nexus’ or ‘Energy Point’ but as ‘Fractures’. These are points on the Earth that have split open from the Earth, leading to great calamities or upheaval.

## Ithlon’s Keep

71

There are those that love war games and board games, and those who have magical powers who play the same. After a while, these very people who are content to move pieces around a board and pretend to be Romans and so forth, they get bored with the mundane nature of these simple devices. Their magical aptitude makes them long for something with a bit more bite to it. Enter Ithlon’s Keep, the brainchild of a really powerful sorceress called Charm. Her real name has been removed from history, like her former self, she is much-changed and happier for it. Charm got together with like-minded sorcerers and decided what they really needed was a place where they could play wargames, only for real. Or so they thought.

Magic, plus incredible imagination equals Ithlon’s Keep. It appears as a board-game and RPG shop on the front, packed with the latest and greatest releases from across the globe, situated in Montreal and easily accessible from the nearest bus

route. The shop opened in October of 2000 and has been doing quite well since. The real truth is that ‘Ithlon’s Keep’ has always been there in some form and makes constant efforts to feed off the imagination of locals in order to facilitate trade and disguise itself. The handful of Curators who know of its existence are convinced there is a consciousness behind the walls.

Behind the façade of board games, latest RPGs and now video games, Ithlon’s Keep has a basement where the true wargame aficionado can indulge their every whim. Thanks to the powerful sorcery of Charm and her bunch of friends, there is a **fully functional wargame simulator** built into the basement. The magic protects the players and ensures that they cannot die, but apart from that it allows the simulation with all the senses intact.

A variety of simulated illusionary sorcerous games exist, some replicating popular board games of the day, others just pure flights of fancy. If you want to cross paths with the Spanish Armada, you can, if you want to fight aliens invading earth from a hidden base, you can. If you want to take the lead of a badass company of heroes, fighting the Axis in World War 2, you can. The sky is the limit and Charm is always open to crafting new games for her customers to try.

These days Charm usually operates the games behind the scenes, she rarely gets time to play, but she enjoys the creative aspect of her craft, or what she thinks is ‘her’ craft. She is aided by her friends, John, Gizmo, Talent, and Isabelle Rossi who pour their magical energy into ensuring the games are fun, friendly, and balanced.





Charm charges a decent price and has various levels of play she offers in Ithlon's Keep. One disturbing aspect that some of the long term players have noticed is the feeling that **someone, or something, is watching**. They may be just around a corner, just over a horizon, or just over their shoulder. Those who visit frequently are beginning to feel a sense of dread after they leave. Some of the older patrons no longer visit due to either being imprisoned or killed due to a sudden spike in a love of extreme violence. They may claim that it wasn't them who were committing these terrible acts, and some conservative groups may blame the games they play, but it can't be anything else, surely?

The fact that parts of **Montreal** not connected to the store in any way are seeing a rise in violence must be coincidental. Maybe it's all that new sabre rattling from the war chiefs in Ottawa.

## The Never Road

72

There is a place that is not a place, a world between worlds, where time and space are stalled and it is possible to access numerous time-streams, locations, and realities if you know which part of it to drive down. The Never Road connects to this tarmac and concrete life stream and binds all places together. You can get onto the road at any time, as long as you have the correct headlights installed in your vehicle which allow you to open a portal to this magical place. Once on the Never Road you can travel time, space, reality with impunity, again, as long as you know which part of the road to drive down and where to get off. Seasoned veterans of the road exist to teach newcomers how to best navigate this extra-dimensional highway, and such luminaries as Jack T. Death charge a nominal fee for new blood to learn the ins and outs of it.





The road is also a great place to discover new friends, potential allies, and even a few new dangerous enemies. It is not a static place, so all sorts of folk roll down it from time to time. There are also a few notable locations on the road which provide a place for folks to **park up, set down, and relax** before they decide just where they are going to go next – or when. Those who reveal the existence of this road to others however find themselves being hunted by forces unseen. Strange happenstance leads to very **odd fatal accidents** with mysterious and improbable causes.

On a few rare occasions, **madness** takes the gossip first, leaving them extremely vulnerable to whoever, or whatever, is hunting them. Because this odd facet of this Miracula is not generally known leads to Curators and Mages constantly falling for it. At this time there seems to be no one alive who can ‘introduce’ the Never Road to someone else. One can only hope that this eternal chain of death has now been broken. Time will tell.

## The Darkside Bar

73

One of the most frequented places on the Never Road is the long flat bar known as the Darkside. It is run by a foul-mouthed, cigar-smoking woman called Mamma Jezza. Or Lady J to her friends, rumours of her being part demon, or all demon have yet to be substantiated, but those who know her well enough never ask. Lady J does not enforce a strict no fighting policy in the bar, in fact, she encourages brawls and very often gets in fists first to make sure things are fair.

The bar is also a hangout for supernatural bounty hunters who prefer the more fist-friendly approach of the Darkside to the namby-pamby rules often found in other establishments. Amber Glint, one of the more famous hunters frequents the Darkside most and she will even share contracts against the more ornery creatures if she is impressed enough. One strange aspect of Darkside is that if you don't believe in the fantastic, you







won't see it. There have been times when an unlucky driver has managed to find their way onto the Never Road by accident, have walked into the Darkside Bar, and wondered why it's completely empty except for the bar staff. This is despite being surrounded by noisy, jostling, and magical clientele.

Sometimes when a Curator, Mage, or entity needs to escape the mundane world they come here for **refuge**. Lady J only tends to offer shelter to those who have been maligned or mistreated. If you brought trouble on your own head then that's your problem.

On very rare dates the Darkside can be used by any number of pro-magic groups as a **meeting** place to parlay any disagreements. On such nights the bar is closed 'for a private function' and patrons will have to either wait outside or join the desert tent next door where the huge Mongolian chef, who refers to himself as "The Great Okunev", barbecues a feast. It's fair to say that if you are welcomed into the clientele of the Darkside then you have made it as a member of magic society

## Daddy 'Q' Hong's Flaming Tea Shop

74

There is actually no fire in this small establishment, and the tea is not exactly flaming either. Why it is called Daddy 'Q' Hong's Flaming Tea Shop is any-

one's guess, but the shop sells all kinds of tea that has magical properties which range from **healing, fortification, strength, speed, agility**, and all that good stuff to permitting out of body experiences and even shape-changing.

The price is **astronomical**, but you get what you pay for. The effects of the tea can last for days, weeks, months, and years. Daddy 'Q' Hong, the elderly Chinese man in charge of the establishment warns drinkers in advance of the kind of effect, duration and any potential side effects. One client of Q Hong's from 38 years ago took some 'space brew' tea, floated up into the sky, and **never came back**. Daddy Q is starting to worry that he may not have complete control over the strange blends of tea in his small and unimposing shop.

Demi-gods and monsters are made here by the sip.





## Chris 'Steel' Pegg's Hunting Shack

75

It is not really a shack, or a lodge, it is actually quite a nice two-storey building that pops up mid-way along the Never Road, or when you are least expecting it. Since the road does not conform to standard physics let alone meta-physics. The place is the equivalent of a supernatural bounty hunters bail bonds or P.I. office. It is owned and operated by one of the bounty hunting industries most notorious characters, the stubborn, loyal, and intuitive Chris 'Steel' Pegg himself.

Chris gave up hunting a few years ago when his best friend was injured in a confrontation with a demonic entity in his Tennessee.

Now he runs the place and hires the best to deal with a variety of supernatural creatures. His protégé Amber Glint helps Chris bring in some of the worst of the worst, scouts for new talent, and has the biggest capture streak on the leader board so far. The duo is a formidable team and supernatural entities with evil intent that usually laugh at mortals will drop their smile if 'Steel & Amber' are mentioned.

While they occasionally take a case for the Underworld, Otherworld, Gehenna, and the like, they'll do so only to retain a balance or otherwise have some good intent within the actions of the darker powers (and vice versa) which is often the case.

Travellers along the Never Road may think these bounty hunters have a heart of gold, and sometimes they really do, but if your name comes up for a '**Rest Stop**' (**execution**) they will not hesitate.

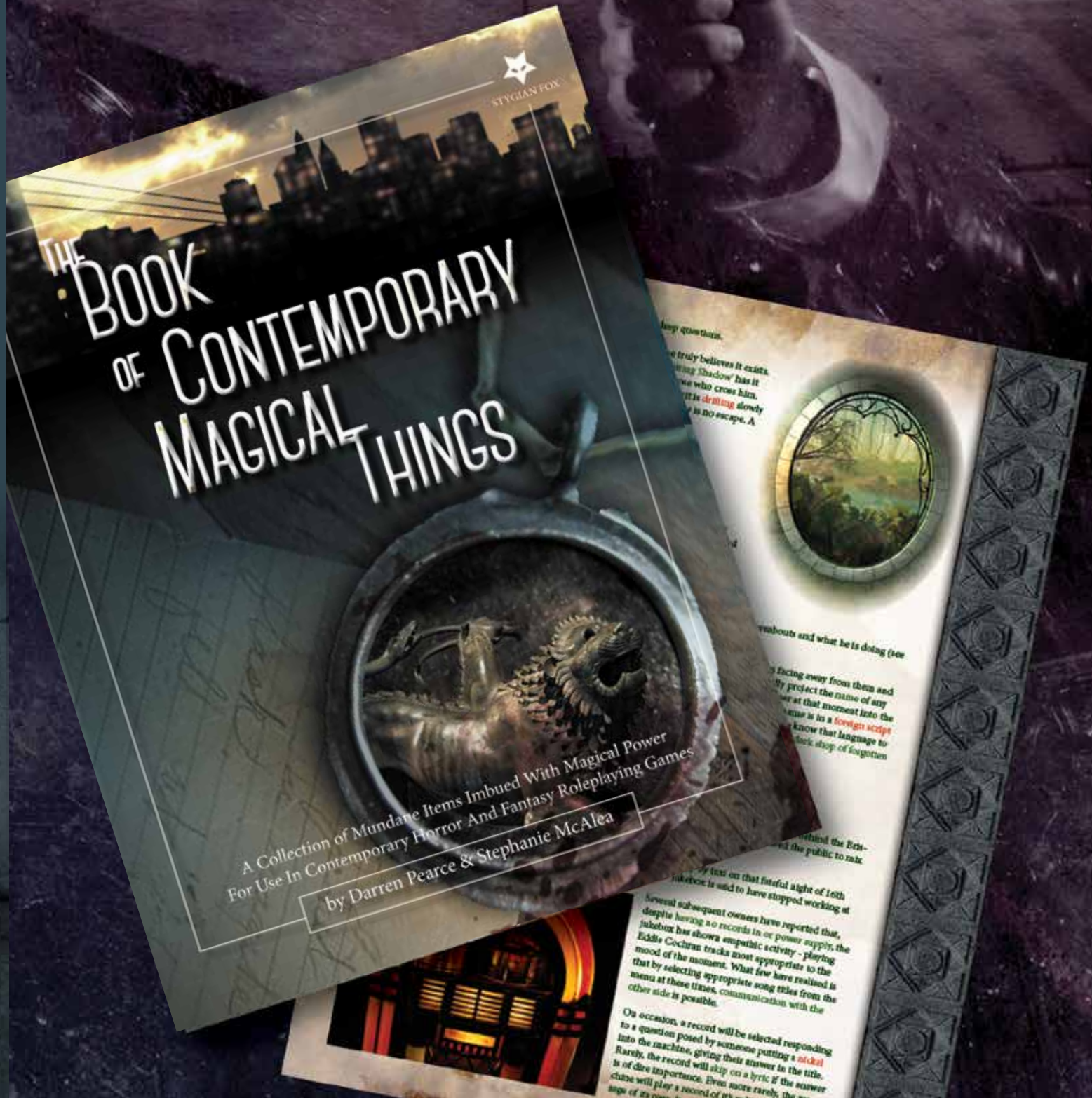
Chris & Amber have a small team that work with them and often call on their help when on jobs or looking after captives waiting for collection. They often use certain euphemisms on a job so as not to be too indiscrete and to a passer-by these phrases seem quite innocuous and something you might hear on a lonely road.

- **Handing Out Tickets:** Finding and reprimanding or otherwise banning a target on the road. Most of their daily work, essentially.
- **Rest Stop:** Find and kill a target.
- **Brake Light Check:** Stop and interview a traveller.
- **Impounding:** Seizing a target on the road for interview by another group or person.
- **Road Block:** Stop a target at all costs from escaping off the Never Road. Lethal force permitted.
- **Welfare check:** Escorting someone, with added protection, out of the area and off the Never Road as quickly as possible.
- **Community Duties:** Visiting and reporting in on various buildings such as homes, government locations, and businesses.
- **Bring Out The Road Spikes:** Some event is troubling enough to urgently request heavy magical assistance.





AVAILABLE NOW







## Fast Eddy's Autos

76

Everyone needs a good mechanic, everyone needs fuel, and Fast Eddy's is right there on the Never Road to serve all your automotive and mechanical needs. Even after Fast Eddy died.

Fast Eddy is a spirit that inhabits the body of a seventeen year old boy named Ron. He saved the kid's life and the kid lets him stay in his head as a kind of thank you. Ron is learning all sorts of things about how to fix cars, how to follow in his dad's footsteps, since Ron's dad was a Formula 1 pit guy, one of the best.

Fast Eddy does most of the talking when the problem is too technical for the kid, but for the most part he is content to let the kid do the work and put him right when he goes wrong. Eddy's shop is also staffed by a bunch of other mechanics, including a fellow ghost, Veronica, and a two-headed creature which may well be described as an Ettin. This creature is great at lifting and doing the grunt work though, Eddy calls him, "The Big Lug"

*Do you want to help out too and enjoy the camaraderie of the auto shop and the Never Road? Cool. Just get your corpse here within a day of dying and we'll do the rest. We'll get you overalls, on-the-job training, the food is mostly Tex-Mex and is great, and we party at the Darkside Bar*





*in our free time (or the Rainbow Club if you're a young 'un). We have rooms at a nearby hotel or a house nearby if you want to stay permanent-like.*

*A word of warnings; you can't leave the valley. Doing so will 'dust' you and you'll be off to that 'lonesome valley' for your reward.*

*-Fast Eddy (via Ron)*

Any repair carried out here on road vehicles is **excellent** and lasts a very long time but Fast Eddy's Autos shop has its magic stored for a far more important reason than keeping spirits on Earth. It is Humanity's last hope for escape should a catastrophe or extinction level event occur.

In the event of such a calamity, all those who can get

to the shop have around 24 hours to be shepherd-ed through a door in the floor of a maintenance pit which leads to **a completely identical Earth** in which the population was much reduced by Small-pox, something to which our Terran population is mostly immune to and has developed antibiotics for. While it is still possible to have a double in the new universe searching may be a little more difficult as it never developed the internet but is about 3 years away from establishing a colony on Mars.

Ron has worked out they can get about 10,000 people through 'the pit' if they had warning and it was properly coordinated. Coincidentally, 10,000 also happens to be the number of people needed for a viable future regarding genetic diversity.



Come one, come all, and come to the Rainbow club. This is a massive place packed with travellers and dimensional beings that come to the Never Road. This is their one-stop shop for nightlife that is not the Darkside Bar. A pair of demi-gods own and run this nightclub, anything goes, every kind of being can be found here and it is a friendly, cornucopia of awesome atmosphere. Tien Li and her sister Xian Li make sure everyone has a good time, the wine flows, the music thunders and the beats are so fresh thanks to the talents of Armin Von Beren, a master DJ that has an almost supernatural skill with his decks.

All is not as it seems however. One of the most mundane aspects (relatively speaking) of the club is if you enter the club at any time of day during its 24 hour open period, you will always walk out onto the street to discover it's 6am outside. Some have used this unique trait to enter the club at 5pm or so, spend five minutes at the bar, then walk outside to find that 13 hours have passed. It's a unique way of staying under the radar if you need to. As long as you're not there during the thirteenth of May.







On the thirteenth of May each year, the sisters hold an evening of dancing with free food and drinks and they find, as you would expect, the club full of people who don't know to stay away.

By midnight, all the clubbers are **lifeless husks** on the floor and the sisters, their club, and their finances are rejuvenated for another year. Their accountant and I.T. consultant **Dave Nyman**, originally from Toowoomba, Australia. is wise enough to keep his mouth shut and to get paid extremely well, especially regarding the 13th of May. The relevance of that particular date is unknown.

It is also unknown whether Nyman has some undue influence over the Never Road but it has been extremely easy to accidentally find yourself turning on to that cursed thoroughfare from Athol School Road (off the A39) to the west of Toowoomba in Queensland.



Magic has always had those who hoard it, those who covet it, collect it in books and hide it away like a thing to be kept extremely safe. Those people are not wrong of course, since even the simplest spell can be abused with catastrophic results for the poor mortals that have to pay the price. Natural disasters which suddenly occur in freak weather conditions might not be all that mundane. Fortunately there are those who think that magic requires a little more than just locking in a box, so they established a place known as the Sanctum College in 1946.

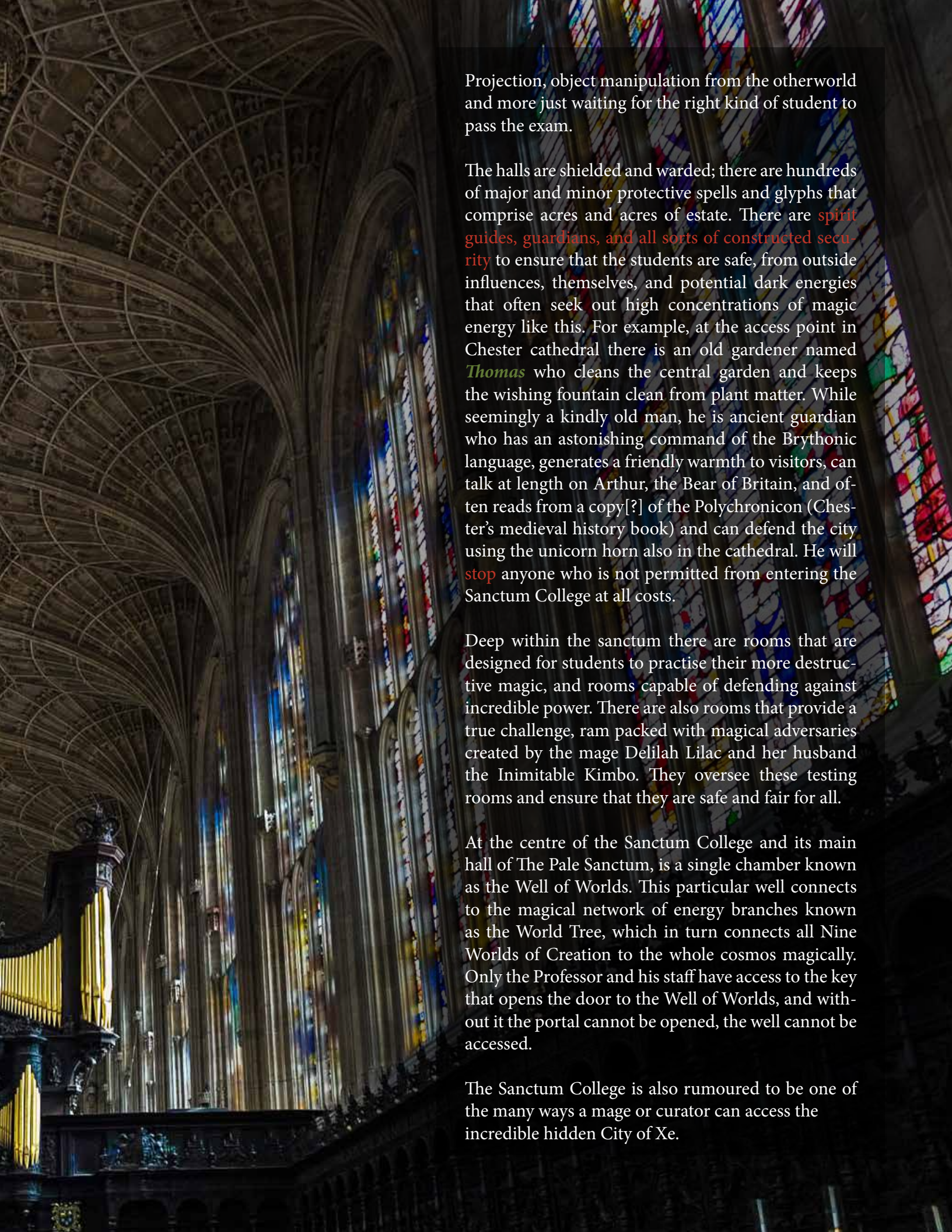
The college has no real fixed abode and exists, as many of these more powerful places classified as Miracula do, on other worlds, or in other dimensions. In the case of the Sanctum College it actually exists in a pocket dimension, in a similar way the Pit 3 does in Fast Eddy's, which in turn is located in a far off area of the multiverse, where the ripples of dangerous and often unpredictable magic cannot bring harm to others even if there was a catastrophic incident.

The usual way to the college is through any normal doorway whilst silently incanting the correct incantation password, this password changes often and students are advised to check with their representative daily. As a special note, those invited to the Sanctum College can enter with the help of another student, staff member, or a special invitation card enchanted with the correct energy signature.

The Sanctum College is reached by invite only and usually at the hand of one of the more capable students, or one of the many college masters or professors. There is no strict entry requirement in terms of bloodline though, and any one with sorcerous power or blood, either famous or not, can apply for entry into the halls of magical knowledge beyond.

Professor **Todd "T.I." Stephens**, Exarch of the Pale Sanctum, is a founding member of this unique magical school, along with Madame Yun, Doctor Lydia Galil, and Master Thorstrum Niade. Within these mystical halls there are **classes** that cover all kinds of magical teaching, from the simple manipulation of small energies to the harnessing and control of matter/reality shaping power that can create buildings out of thin air. There are classes on Astral





Projection, object manipulation from the otherworld and more just waiting for the right kind of student to pass the exam.

The halls are shielded and warded; there are hundreds of major and minor protective spells and glyphs that comprise acres and acres of estate. There are **spirit guides, guardians, and all sorts of constructed security** to ensure that the students are safe, from outside influences, themselves, and potential dark energies that often seek out high concentrations of magic energy like this. For example, at the access point in Chester cathedral there is an old gardener named **Thomas** who cleans the central garden and keeps the wishing fountain clean from plant matter. While seemingly a kindly old man, he is ancient guardian who has an astonishing command of the Brythonic language, generates a friendly warmth to visitors, can talk at length on Arthur, the Bear of Britain, and often reads from a copy[?] of the Polychronicon (Chester's medieval history book) and can defend the city using the unicorn horn also in the cathedral. He will **stop** anyone who is not permitted from entering the Sanctum College at all costs.

Deep within the sanctum there are rooms that are designed for students to practise their more destructive magic, and rooms capable of defending against incredible power. There are also rooms that provide a true challenge, ram packed with magical adversaries created by the mage Delilah Lilac and her husband the Inimitable Kimbo. They oversee these testing rooms and ensure that they are safe and fair for all.

At the centre of the Sanctum College and its main hall of The Pale Sanctum, is a single chamber known as the Well of Worlds. This particular well connects to the magical network of energy branches known as the World Tree, which in turn connects all Nine Worlds of Creation to the whole cosmos magically. Only the Professor and his staff have access to the key that opens the door to the Well of Worlds, and without it the portal cannot be opened, the well cannot be accessed.

The Sanctum College is also rumoured to be one of the many ways a mage or curator can access the incredible hidden City of Xe.



There is a very slim chance that when a Rambler is out wandering the forest paths of the world, they might chance upon a very different route that takes them through a lovely peaceful part of the forest they may have never seen before. Several factors need to be met before the Path of Youth opens up, and usually the Rambler must be entering their twilight years and perhaps closing in on the moment when they must unfortunately depart the mortal coil for another dimension. The Path of Youth is a curious thing, first encountered in 1981 by 63 year old *Francisco Balboa*, a biochemist, who was working in the world's secondary back-up seed bank in Reykjavik, Iceland and who turned upon a narrow lane he had not seen before.

He took the turn and found that he wandered far and wide under a beautiful sky, through thick and lush trees with the sights and smells of a time when he was younger. He remembered his ex-wife, his life before and how much he wished he could have been a better person. He walked for what appeared like hours, and found himself at a strange signpost, to the right there was a familiar home with all the trappings of his earlier days.





He wondered if this was a dream?

It was not, it was the power and magic of the Path of Youth. The path is a phenomenal Miracula place that allowed a walker like him a second chance. The path offers various views into your younger years and **allows you to pick a time** that you were most happy in. Then you are given a choice, a doorway opens before you and you are allowed to step through.

The old man stepped through and his younger self felt a slight jolt, his mind reeled and suddenly he was calm. The path had sent the spirit of the old man back in time to a point when he was extremely happy, only the soul of the old man was armed with all the knowledge of what his life would bring and full of regrets at how his old life had gone wrong one day. He knew how it all went wrong and most interestingly he knew how to fix it.

Meanwhile the old man's body simply gave out and later he would be found dead in the forest, collapsed of a heart attack. It was a bittersweet end of one story and the re-telling of another.

The Path of Youth **does not discriminate** either, it will send anyone back who finds it and wishes to walk the path to its conclusion. So if a 20 year old girl enters the path they will be able to find various times in their life when they were the happiest, and at any point, enter one of those.

A **warning** to those who do seek out the path, walk it, do not walk it to the very start of your life, for there exists a door there that is able to send you back to the moment of your birth. The door is extremely inviting and very lulling, it is hard to resist the pull of such a door when you do come across it and there are those who have lived their whole lives over and over again thanks to this.

Some say that the Path of Youth is a manifestation of the Wheel of Life; this has not been substantiated by those of a magical or spiritual understanding.



## The Moon Palace

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In **Thingaloor, India**, you can find a small modern-ish looking temple devoted to Chandra, God of the Moon. It is usually frequented at most times by the faithful, especially during the right phase of the moon when the bright white orb glows down upon the land with a cool white gleam. It is on nights such as this that the path to the Moon Palace opens and allows those who discover it to set forth and venture to the seat of power of this particular place.



A shimmering silver bridge is the first sign that the palace way is open, and through this Moon Bridge can be seen the faint glimmer of white towers and marble walls. Those who venture onto the bridge can cross over to the location of the palace. True to form the Moon Palace is actually found on the moon, hidden from mortal eyes through dimensional shifting magic and slightly out of phase with reality. This explains why the astronauts who landed on the moon were never able to find it, or bump into the physical manifestation of the palace.

The Moon Palace is protected by the power of Chandra, which manifests as a **large guardian** that takes the form of a white elephant that holds three

drums in its four arms, as well as a single curved bladed weapon similar to a sickle only much larger and slightly transparent.

The palace itself is a magnificent building that stretches over hundreds of feet into the air above the moon's surface, it is replete with magnificent and opulent architecture and a single moonstone adorns the tallest tower captured in a semi-circular crown atop it, the crown is cast out of pure gold and dominates the skyline.

Within the Palace of the Moon lie the many chambers of the various stages of enlightenment, each one overseen by a striped white tiger that requests a work of creativity from those who enter.

This work can be the form of a song, a poem, a story, or even a picture, just as long as it comes from the creative soul. These works are offered to the god and his attendants, who are also his many wives and helpers, they number 27.

Those who can make it through all 27 rooms of this wonderful palace are allowed to meet and greet Chandra, who will often take a great interest in the really creative examples of humanity and especially in any who show a great affinity for the moon.

Dakota Grey, a werewolf bounty hunter who used to frequent the Darkside bar on the Never Road ended up becoming a bodyguard to Chandra because of her association with the moon.

There are also gorgeous Moon Pools which can be found all over the palace, these are places of **healing** and they can restore a broken or damaged physical body, as well as repair a tarnished soul or even purge evil spirits.





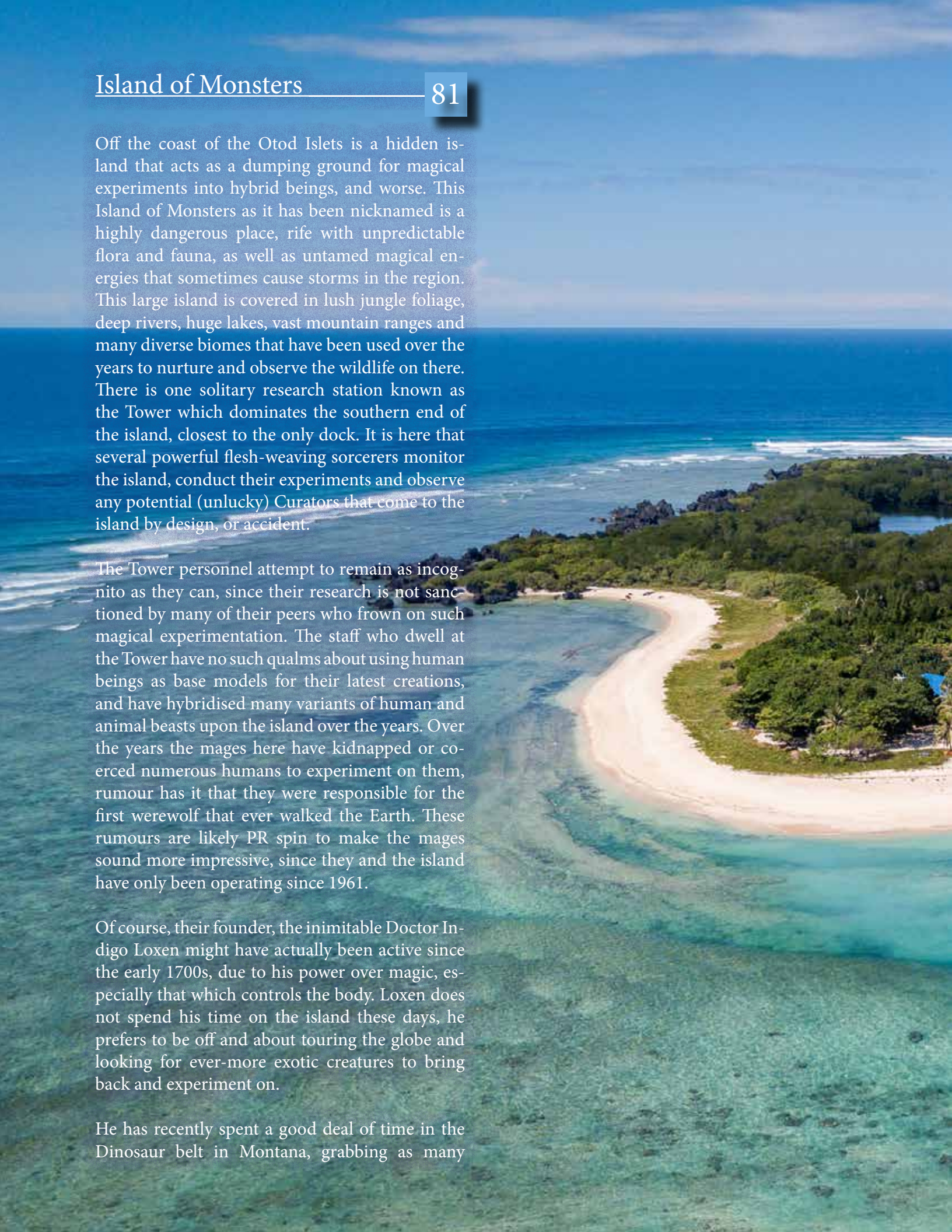


Off the coast of the Otod Islets is a hidden island that acts as a dumping ground for magical experiments into hybrid beings, and worse. This Island of Monsters as it has been nicknamed is a highly dangerous place, rife with unpredictable flora and fauna, as well as untamed magical energies that sometimes cause storms in the region. This large island is covered in lush jungle foliage, deep rivers, huge lakes, vast mountain ranges and many diverse biomes that have been used over the years to nurture and observe the wildlife on there. There is one solitary research station known as the Tower which dominates the southern end of the island, closest to the only dock. It is here that several powerful flesh-weaving sorcerers monitor the island, conduct their experiments and observe any potential (unlucky) Curators that come to the island by design, or accident.

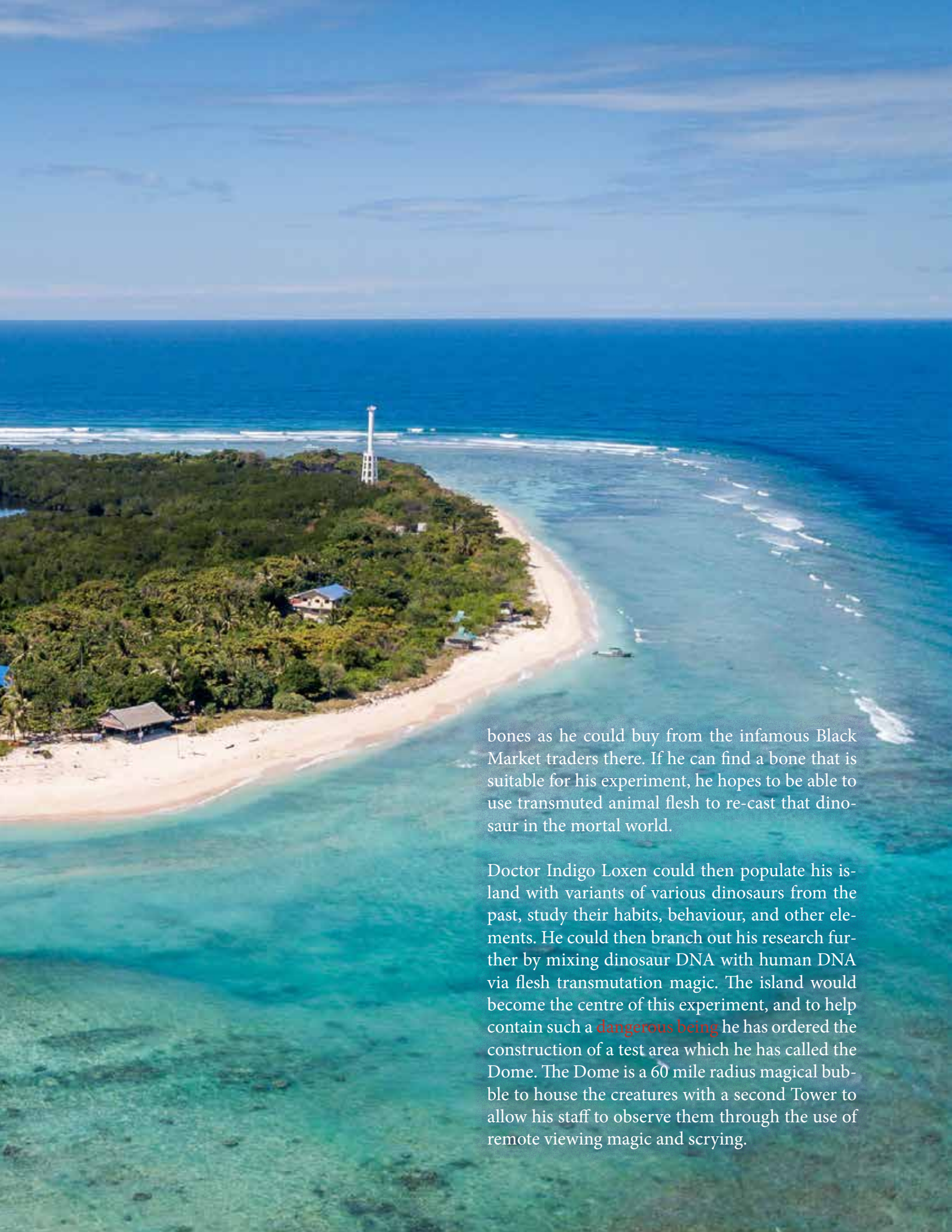
The Tower personnel attempt to remain as incognito as they can, since their research is not sanctioned by many of their peers who frown on such magical experimentation. The staff who dwell at the Tower have no such qualms about using human beings as base models for their latest creations, and have hybridised many variants of human and animal beasts upon the island over the years. Over the years the mages here have kidnapped or coerced numerous humans to experiment on them, rumour has it that they were responsible for the first werewolf that ever walked the Earth. These rumours are likely PR spin to make the mages sound more impressive, since they and the island have only been operating since 1961.

Of course, their founder, the inimitable Doctor Indigo Loxen might have actually been active since the early 1700s, due to his power over magic, especially that which controls the body. Loxen does not spend his time on the island these days, he prefers to be off and about touring the globe and looking for ever-more exotic creatures to bring back and experiment on.

He has recently spent a good deal of time in the Dinosaur belt in Montana, grabbing as many







bones as he could buy from the infamous Black Market traders there. If he can find a bone that is suitable for his experiment, he hopes to be able to use transmuted animal flesh to re-cast that dinosaur in the mortal world.

Doctor Indigo Loxen could then populate his island with variants of various dinosaurs from the past, study their habits, behaviour, and other elements. He could then branch out his research further by mixing dinosaur DNA with human DNA via flesh transmutation magic. The island would become the centre of this experiment, and to help contain such a **dangerous being** he has ordered the construction of a test area which he has called the Dome. The Dome is a 60 mile radius magical bubble to house the creatures with a second Tower to allow his staff to observe them through the use of remote viewing magic and scrying.



## The Drowned Village

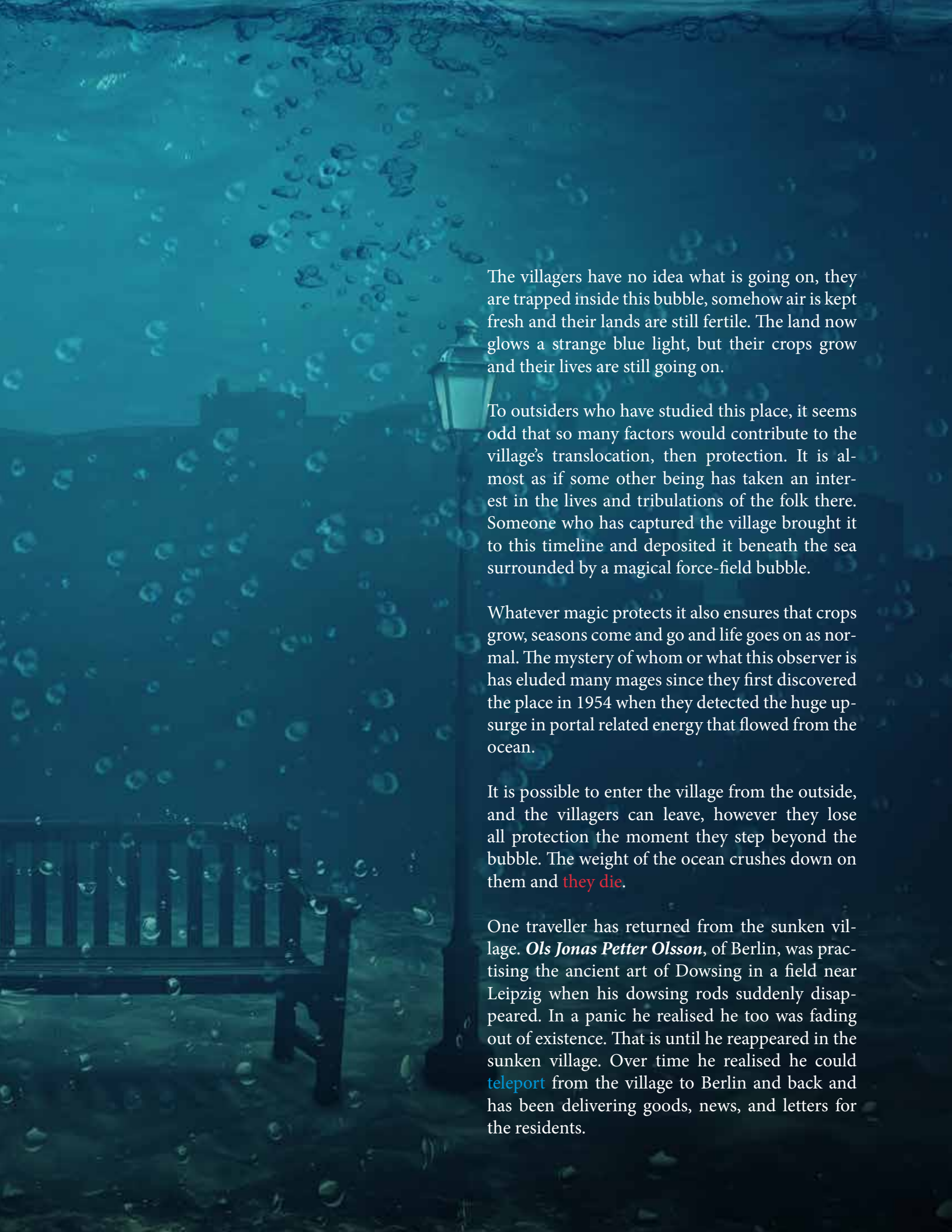
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Magic is dangerous, often unpredictable and extremely chaotic at times. The energy from such things as ley-lines can criss-cross, resonate and burst rather like a water pipe in winter, or a dam when the pressure of the water gets too much. One such magical catastrophe happened when a village from another world, one of monsters and demons, was caught in a sudden outpouring of magical energy and rudely teleported to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

This sudden translocation of the whole village, surrounding farms and people happened in 1954 during a particularly dangerous magical convergence. The effect began on the other world and rippled through into our own, the energy formed connections between both worlds and a bridge of sorts was created. So from this magical bridge, small leaders of magical energy found their way to all corners of the Village of Hatherton. Within a few minutes the whole village was caught in a powerful storm of unbridled chaotic magic, some villagers were killed, but the most were frozen in place as the magic tore through their settlement. When the magic died down they found that they were surrounded by a strange-looking bubble, a bubble that swallowed anyone who entered it and they were never seen again. Now the Drowned Village of Hatherton is found at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, protected from the immense pressure by the strength of the magic that translocated it.







The villagers have no idea what is going on, they are trapped inside this bubble, somehow air is kept fresh and their lands are still fertile. The land now glows a strange blue light, but their crops grow and their lives are still going on.

To outsiders who have studied this place, it seems odd that so many factors would contribute to the village's translocation, then protection. It is almost as if some other being has taken an interest in the lives and tribulations of the folk there. Someone who has captured the village brought it to this timeline and deposited it beneath the sea surrounded by a magical force-field bubble.

Whatever magic protects it also ensures that crops grow, seasons come and go and life goes on as normal. The mystery of whom or what this observer is has eluded many mages since they first discovered the place in 1954 when they detected the huge upsurge in portal related energy that flowed from the ocean.

It is possible to enter the village from the outside, and the villagers can leave, however they lose all protection the moment they step beyond the bubble. The weight of the ocean crushes down on them and **they die**.

One traveller has returned from the sunken village. **Ols Jonas Petter Olsson**, of Berlin, was practising the ancient art of Dowsing in a field near Leipzig when his dowsing rods suddenly disappeared. In a panic he realised he too was fading out of existence. That is until he reappeared in the sunken village. Over time he realised he could **teleport** from the village to Berlin and back and has been delivering goods, news, and letters for the residents.



## City of Xe

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The City of Xe, created by the Sorcerer Xe to hide himself and his incredible works from the eyes of the world, is a monument to power and control of magical forces. Xe's city is accessible from numerous places on the planet and lays hundreds of miles beneath the surface, out of phase with the rest of reality. The grand city's most notable, and perhaps interesting entry is not in the Sanctum College, but in a model city called Miniaturk which is one of the largest miniature parks in the word. It contains 105 models of historical monuments from places such as Istanbul, former Ottoman Empire provinces and Anatolia.

These models are all made in 1:25 scale and exact to every detail, the city also features the Temple of Artemis which was at Ephesus and the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, two structures that are listed as part of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World.

If only those of a non-magical nature knew the true secret of this tiny city. In 1947, Xe opened the doors to his city for the first time and invited those of a magical-nature to come inhabit it. The population exploded dramatically and it has become the focal point for many mages and magical folk wanting to leave the Earth behind and start a new life beneath the surface. Xe also created the city as a barrier between the magical world and the mundane, using the geometric pattern of the city to act as a giant seal.

The door of the Temple of Artemis holds a hidden portal to the City of Xe. The visitor only needs to **focus** upon the door of the temple from anywhere in the city, fix it in their mind's eye and imagine it opening wide emitting a golden light. Then if they concentrate on Xe's sigil, a pair of black and white oriental dragons in a Yin-Yang symbol nose to tail, they can open the portal and enter the city proper. The portal tunnel deposits a visitor in the central

square of the city, flanked by a pair of large white and black dragon statues and stood upon a hexagonal arrival platform made of red and gold crystal. The whole place hums with a magical resonance and the cavern's roof above is enchanted to mimic the real-world sky, complete with sun, moon, stars, day/night cycles and even weather.

The city is miles and miles of fantastical architecture, tall towers, minarets, squat buildings, and an eclectic but odd mix of Oriental and Arabian style design throughout. There are quite a few stand-out features in the city, ones that this book has focused upon previously, such as the Grand Library, however there are other features and buildings that are worth noting.

### *The Floating Gardens of Xe*

Xe was inspired by the idea of the Hanging or Floating Gardens of Babylon, but he wanted something that resonated with magic rather than something out of myth or perhaps history. So he created a large section of his city that floats above the Eastern Quadrant, enchanted on the underside to mimic the sky of the cavern roof. The gardens are half a mile in either direction and boast large water features, a hedge maze, a gazebo, a huge selection of flora and some of the biggest specimens of trees from the Earth that Xe could plant there. Xe's gardens are tended by **magically powered automations** who are charged with keeping the gardens **pleasant**, and defending them from interlopers should the need arise.

### *The Clock Tower*

This tower rises to around 70 feet high, it is made of pure white and gold marble, carved with frescos and set on each face and projects a large magical hologram into the air above the city so that anyone inside can see the time at any point in Xe's wonderful creation. The tower also emits an audible chime on the hour and every half hour.



### *The Hall of Dragons*

This large two-storey building sits in the middle of the North Quadrant of the city and dominates the area. There are statues inside of large dragons, some oriental and some more akin to the modern image of the dragon that is made popular by many films, books, television shows, and other media. These stone statues contain the power of thirteen great beasts that Xe found in another dimension; the dragons are Xe's **defence** force should the city come under attack. They are in stasis until then, sleeping peacefully and safe from the dragon hunters of their world.

### *The Towers*

The Towers sit at the far end of the major quadrants (North, South, East, and West) of the city

and rise to a height of 300 feet. They are made from solid crystal that gleam with a variety of rainbow colours and cast a strange radiant glow across the city at the hours of 12:00 midday, and 12:00 midnight. The Towers are the central focus of Xe's protective energy for the barrier that keeps the magical world from colliding with the mundane on the surface of the Earth. The magical radiance is the Tower's way of converting a build-up of energy from the protective spells that keep the barrier in place, thus the charming light-show.

If all four Towers ever **fell**, the barrier would be undone and the magical world would come crashing into the real one, destroying Xe and forever changing the world above.





# COSMICA, THE GATEWAY TO THE HEAVENS

## Henge of Worlds

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The Henge of Worlds or Stonehenge as it is known is a famous landmark in England and has been the subject of books, documentaries, tv shows, and more throughout history. Mundane people believe that the Druids built it, or that aliens helped mankind erect this monument and there has been speculation for centuries as to its reason for existing, its purpose, why it was built.

Those with a more magical understanding know Stonehenge's true purpose, those who reach a particular state of mystical enlightenment or teaching call it by the Henge of Worlds. Whilst the stone structure itself was built centuries ago, the long-dormant site did not become active until 1999 when a team of excavators, archaeologists and a famous British TV presenter dug up a henge on the coast, known as Seahenge.

The events that followed changed the magical energy conduits known as ley-lines, altering the flow of mystic energy. When they built a replica henge not far away they focused that energy and changed the direction of the lines, one of them struck out toward Stonehenge and for the first time in thousands of years the site was charged with magical power.

Professor Steven Hale, a resident of Wiltshire at this point, and a foremost authority on such magical phenomenon detected the upsurge and change in mystical flow. He visited Stonehenge at Midnight a month later and found that the stones, to his magical senses, had been restored to their former glory. Hale tested the magical energies around the stones and found that whilst the restored stone

circle would likely vanish come morning, returning to its former dilapidated state, it was alive with magical power and [linked to another dimension](#). Hale was reluctant at first to step through, but with the help of a few other local sorcerers they began to catalogue the site and perform simple experiments. In 2000, at exactly one minute past twelve upon July the 8th Professor Steven Hale stepped into one of the arches and discovered the other dimension through the door.

What he found confirmed a theory he had postulated when he first saw the site, a theory that the henge part of massive series of portals that interconnect through the dimensions and [allowed magical travellers to visit other worlds](#). The Henge of Worlds was named on that night.

On the other side, Hale found a perfectly intact henge under an alien sky; this one was not broken and had twelve other doorways ripe for exploration. Over the next few years Hale and his team visited every single world through their respective henges and ensured that the Earth Henge remained intact. Hale donated a considerable amount of money to the upkeep of Stonehenge and the preservation of other sacred/ancient sites around the area. He wanted to ensure that the magical transport system remained intact.

The twelve worlds (not including Earth) which Steven Hale encountered are as follows, the names that he gave these realms are his own and not their official titles. It is important to note however, these are not the extent of the Henge of Worlds, and there are worlds beyond these yet to be encountered as more doorways open up.



### *The Scour*

The henge of the Scour is partially broken but allows a return from this world of Fire and Flame. It seems that the Scour has undergone an apocalyptic and brutal environmental change, possibly due to a previous civilisations' mistake. The people of the Scour are dangerous, warlike, confrontational, and fortunately for Earth they do not understand how to use the Henge of Worlds on their world at all. They have a post-apocalyptic level of technology and their society revolves around might makes right, also, eating people since they long ago hunted their wildlife to extinction.

### *The Dragonlands*

This is the world that the dragons come from, and the mighty Xe visited where he spirited away several key dragons to protect them from an invading force of supernatural dragon hunters from another dimension, a dimension where dragon meat is extremely valuable and quite the delicacy. These reptilian dinosaur-like hunters call themselves the Akroth, and they discovered the world's crystal henge. The Akroth have not yet visited any other worlds barring the Dragonlands, so they have not found Earth.

### *The Shadow*

This place has a dark stone henge, mostly intact; it is a dimension devoid of light where magical light barely cuts through the murk that surrounds every single part of the Shadow. There seems to be no life here, only the ruins of ancient buildings and a tiny speck of fire that burns way above in the heavens. This is what passes for the sun in the Shadow. Hale and his team detected a strange magical resonance further away from the henge portal, but did not venture beyond a small area due to the unknown nature of the realm.

### *The Great Desert*

The henge portal to this world is buried in a chamber under twenty feet of constantly shifting sand, through the use of various spells and equipment Hale and his team were able to explore around this area and discovered that many of the buildings were similar to those found in Ancient Egypt. They were able to use disguise magic to move amongst the populace of sentient four-armed androgynous beings and found a peaceful, scientific, logical race of people who called themselves the Naori. They were explorers and Hale discovered that they visited the Earth in the past, using the henge to explore other worlds.

### *Mortis*

A realm of death waits beyond this particular door in the intact henge, where nothing lives, grows, or exists in the true sense of the word. Hale's team were able to discern that the very planet that they arrived on sucked the life out of everything organic. They were not able to discern why or how this happened, and thanks to their magic they were able to create protective shields around themselves to further explore. They found the human-like population of Mortis lived in giant shielded cities, and if they went abroad to explore, they used encounter-suits that were sealed and magically protected. Hale concluded that the realm known as Mortis had a high level of technology and magic combined into the study known as Technomancy. Hale also discovered that there were a lot of reanimated corpses on the planet; these creatures were outside the cities in large ghettos and camps. The humans of Mortis used them to mine minerals and do menial work beyond the cities.

### *The Frost*

This world's sun is near burned out and all that's left is a frozen rock in the middle of cold space. The inhabitants of the Frost are an anthropomorphic race of wolf-like creatures that could have



given rise to the idea of werewolves. The Vikaros, as Hale discovered have a Norse-like outlook that revolves around the worship of gods, thirteen in all, and a slew of rituals and rites that favour battle and conquest. There are Vikaros who favour more scholarly pursuits, but they are usually outcast and left to fend for themselves in the harsh ice-laden landscape outside of the vast cities where the majority of these creatures live. The Frost's Henge is found in a giant ice cavern next to an image of Fenryos, the Walker of Worlds. Hale and his team noted that the henge door that leads to Earth is the one carved with the image of the wolf head.

### *The Vast Ocean*

There are very few land masses to be found on the Vast Ocean, the main island boasts a jungle-like temple where a wooden henge can be found. It is here that Steven Hale and his team arrived on their latest exploration of the Henge of Worlds. They discovered a planet that was dominated by a gigantic ocean and teemed with all kinds of marine life, including hybrid sea creatures and humans. They later found that the Vast Ocean had been seeded by an alien intelligence long ago and left to develop. They also found several wrecks of Earth ships which have vanished such as the Marie Celeste. The people of the Vast Ocean who are not suited for marine life live on giant floating cities that sail across the sea separated from each other by hundreds and thousands of miles. Hale was not able to conclude if the henge had been used to reach Earth, but he noted that there were a few humans here.

### *The Sundered*

There are only fragments of the henge on this world left, the rest are suspended in a constant swirling sky. This world is the result of a magical catastrophe that blew the planet into chunks and thanks to a mystical portal network, the world has not spun off into the beyond and crumbled to dust. Each

kingdom of the Sundered exists without knowing of the other at the moment, no one in this society has been able to create sky travel to allow them to explore beyond their big chunk of land mass yet. There is rudimentary magic, but their technology is very much akin to the 16th Century of Earth in England.

### *Inquisition*

Steven Hale and his team stepped forth from the portal to this world into a sealed chamber, they had to break a technomancy lock to get out and when they did so they discovered they were in a giant circular city. Three-tiers and populated with a mix of human and alien-looking creatures, they were able to discern they had arrived in a place called Wyrden and during a tumultuous time. A powerful church had attempted to bring all magic under its control, embarking on a campaign of persecution for anyone who even smelt of being a mage. The City of Wyrden was far outside of the Church of Progression's control though, so Hale and his team were safe. Hale was able to discern that the church used Inquisitors, powerful men and women trained in exceptional combat arts, armed with Tech-Magis (Technomancy) weapons and able to undo the forces of the most powerful magic users. Hale did not stop here too long and retreated before exploring beyond the city. Before he left he was able to discern that the society had a high level of magic and tech, which was combined by the general populace into labour-saving devices and other equipment.

### *Cinder*

The henge of this world, which is made of volcanic rock, terminates inside a still-active volcano and belongs to the priests of a fire-deity called Volcanus. She is served by the elemental fire of the world, her people. There are no humans here or other creatures, since Cinder is a dangerous environment for human and animal life. Steven Hale



and his team required the use of various protective magic to help them explore the volcanic world beyond their portal. Fortunately for them as well, Volcanus' followers were scholarly and extremely interested in meeting other beings. They did explain to Steven Hale when he met with one of their number, he was not the first human that they had encountered, but sadly the human did not last long due to the intense heat of Cinder and the lack of a breathable atmosphere. They also noted that they have explored beyond the henge, but only once, when they appeared in a city on Earth and began a great fire. They quickly retreated to their own dimension and forbade use of the henge for external travel.

### *The Source*

When Steven Hale and his team arrived on this world, they discovered that it was a place of incredible magic. It leaked from every surface and ran through every molecule of the world around them. There were towers that just floated in the sky, cities that appeared to be translucent, creatures of myth and legend that walked with impunity through the landscape. The land itself was

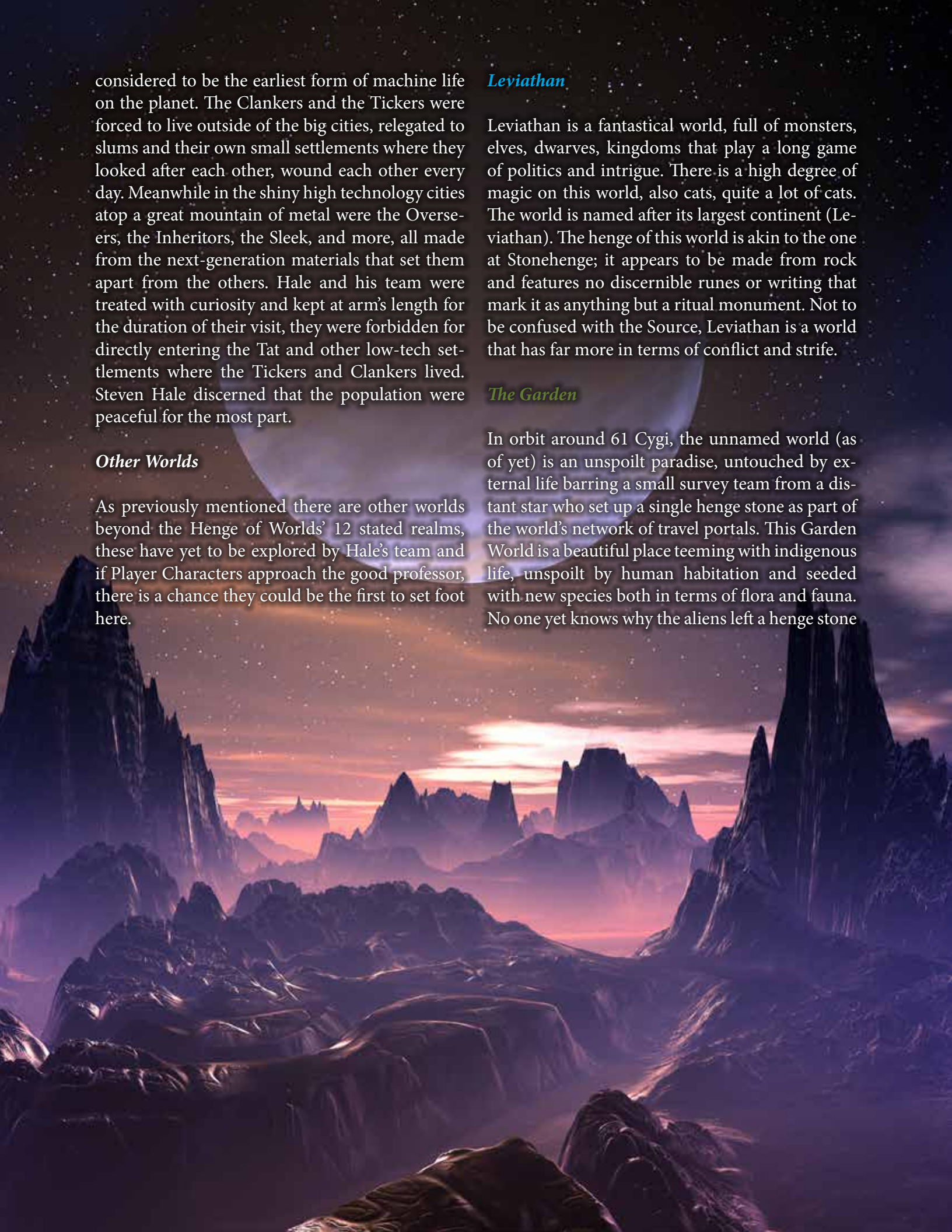
vibrant, alive, packed with features from giant cliffs, valleys, and towering castles. Steven Hale discerned, after he spent at least six months in the Source, in the company of various inhabitants, that it was the source of magic in the universe. It was also the source of inspiration and ideas for so many of the Earth's various fantastic works of literature. Even though the portal henge, which was fully intact and carved with mystical symbols had been dormant until 1999. Steven Hale concluded that there was a dimensional leak which fed these flashes of the Source into the real world, invading dreams and imaginations since time began.

### *The Great Machine*

Steven Hale and his team appeared from out of this final henge onto a world dominated by machines, technology and even clockwork. The sky above was an elaborate skybox created to mimic the real sky, weather was provided by a complex floating sprinkler system and the whole planet was inhabited by various ranks of machines. The most high-tech of them all, the Overseers, looked down upon the Clankers, the metal-men of the machine society. The Tickers, made from clockwork and







considered to be the earliest form of machine life on the planet. The Clankers and the Tickers were forced to live outside of the big cities, relegated to slums and their own small settlements where they looked after each other, wound each other every day. Meanwhile in the shiny high technology cities atop a great mountain of metal were the Overseers, the Inheritors, the Sleet, and more, all made from the next-generation materials that set them apart from the others. Hale and his team were treated with curiosity and kept at arm's length for the duration of their visit, they were forbidden for directly entering the Tat and other low-tech settlements where the Tickers and Clankers lived. Steven Hale discerned that the population were peaceful for the most part.

### *Other Worlds*

As previously mentioned there are other worlds beyond the Henge of Worlds' 12 stated realms, these have yet to be explored by Hale's team and if Player Characters approach the good professor, there is a chance they could be the first to set foot here.

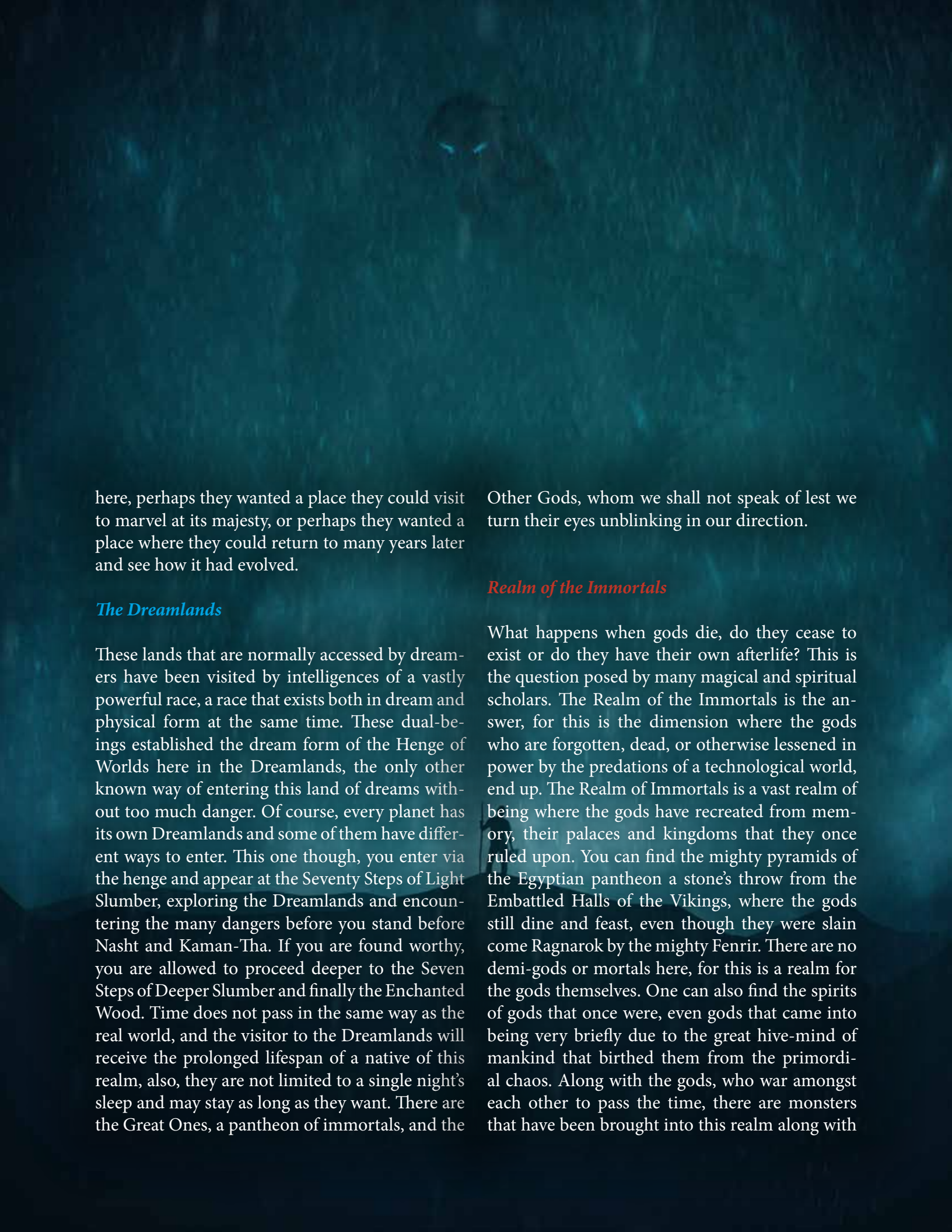
### *Leviathan*

Leviathan is a fantastical world, full of monsters, elves, dwarves, kingdoms that play a long game of politics and intrigue. There is a high degree of magic on this world, also cats, quite a lot of cats. The world is named after its largest continent (Leviathan). The henge of this world is akin to the one at Stonehenge; it appears to be made from rock and features no discernible runes or writing that mark it as anything but a ritual monument. Not to be confused with the Source, Leviathan is a world that has far more in terms of conflict and strife.

### *The Garden*

In orbit around 61 Cygi, the unnamed world (as of yet) is an unspoilt paradise, untouched by external life barring a small survey team from a distant star who set up a single henge stone as part of the world's network of travel portals. This Garden World is a beautiful place teeming with indigenous life, unspoilt by human habitation and seeded with new species both in terms of flora and fauna. No one yet knows why the aliens left a henge stone





here, perhaps they wanted a place they could visit to marvel at its majesty, or perhaps they wanted a place where they could return to many years later and see how it had evolved.

### *The Dreamlands*

These lands that are normally accessed by dreamers have been visited by intelligences of a vastly powerful race, a race that exists both in dream and physical form at the same time. These dual-beings established the dream form of the Henge of Worlds here in the Dreamlands, the only other known way of entering this land of dreams without too much danger. Of course, every planet has its own Dreamlands and some of them have different ways to enter. This one though, you enter via the henge and appear at the Seventy Steps of Light Slumber, exploring the Dreamlands and encountering the many dangers before you stand before Nasht and Kaman-Tha. If you are found worthy, you are allowed to proceed deeper to the Seven Steps of Deeper Slumber and finally the Enchanted Wood. Time does not pass in the same way as the real world, and the visitor to the Dreamlands will receive the prolonged lifespan of a native of this realm, also, they are not limited to a single night's sleep and may stay as long as they want. There are the Great Ones, a pantheon of immortals, and the

Other Gods, whom we shall not speak of lest we turn their eyes unblinking in our direction.

### *Realm of the Immortals*

What happens when gods die, do they cease to exist or do they have their own afterlife? This is the question posed by many magical and spiritual scholars. The Realm of the Immortals is the answer, for this is the dimension where the gods who are forgotten, dead, or otherwise lessened in power by the predations of a technological world, end up. The Realm of Immortals is a vast realm of being where the gods have recreated from memory, their palaces and kingdoms that they once ruled upon. You can find the mighty pyramids of the Egyptian pantheon a stone's throw from the Embattled Halls of the Vikings, where the gods still dine and feast, even though they were slain come Ragnarok by the mighty Fenrir. There are no demi-gods or mortals here, for this is a realm for the gods themselves. One can also find the spirits of gods that once were, even gods that came into being very briefly due to the great hive-mind of mankind that birthed them from the primordial chaos. Along with the gods, who war amongst each other to pass the time, there are monsters that have been brought into this realm along with





their specific pantheon due to their intrinsic connection with the gods that rule here in the Realm of the Immortals.

### **Interstellar**

A realm of vast star systems connected by magical energies, ley lines, only these ley lines are used by spaceships to cross incredible distances quickly. These magical engines have allowed explorers of these new frontiers to explore new planets and new star systems in a matter of weeks rather than months or years. Imagine a whole science fiction universe that is also laced heavily with magic, the very sun at the core of this main system Artemis, burns with magical power and provides magical energy across the universe to every planet barring

the ones that are known as the Dead Zone Worlds. Here magic does not work and the explorers must rely on antiquated star drives and older systems to move from world to world. There are many dangerous things that inhabit the Dead Zone Worlds as well, from gigantic space monsters which may or may not be Elder Gods drawn to the magical heart of the Artemis system, to living planets that seek to devour all the others that surround them. Outside of the core universe there is one where the gods live, these are the alien intelligences of Artemis, more powerful than the mundane beings that make that star system their own. The henge in this universe is on a planet on the border between Artemis and the Dead Zone Worlds. Guarding the Earth's Henge gateways is one **Dr Templeton**





*Jones*, a driven and tenacious archaeologist from Kensington. Under the guise of studying the megaliths Dr Jones keeps an armed team nearby to keep everyone from interfering in this most terrible of magical places.

### *Tooth and Claw*

In the ruin of a once powerful vampire's castle there is a broken henge, only one stone now works and they flickers on and off intermittently. This is the realm where Count Dracula comes from, where he began his unlife and this is the ruin of his castle before he fled to Earth to avoid the claws and teeth of the lycanthropes that are engaged in

a brutal war against the vampires. Humans live as a source of food for both powerful beings engaged in this conflict, and there is a human resistance that is on its very last breath. The most powerful of the lycanthrope tribes, and the vampire clans are about to face off against an invading alien intelligence that has been drawn by their conflict. This sentient energy cloud, which manifests as a storm of dark particulate matter, has scoured countless worlds to nothing but bleached bones and ashes. Now as it descends through the skies of this one, it comes to feed on both types of beasts as they fight amongst each other. It will leave nothing standing and if it discovers the portal to Earth, once it is done with this planet, it will move on.



# THE CURATORS, ALLIES AND ADVERSARIES

In all activity there are those who favour your endeavours and those who seek to thwart them. How they react to Curators, Mages, and Technomancers depends entirely on their objectives and how they treat others. Some characters that Curators meet on their magical journeys will desperately try to stop, even kill them, but most are not this way. Curators may find many friends and allies during their quests but one should always be prepared for betrayal when the stakes are so high.

## *The Cartographers*



The Cartographers are a relatively new group in the vast and grand scheme of things, they were originally called the Explorer's of the Unknown, but the name was changed by the group's president and head honcho in 2001 after some consideration.

The Cartographers are all geeks, in the best possible way. Many of them, and there are over 100 members as of this writing, are into video games, pen and paper roleplaying games, and various other media. Many of them have jobs in I.T. or write books for a living; quite a few are actual cartographers who work in digital or physical medium.

Their mandate, set forth by the founder: Imran Didar is a simple one. Find Magical Places, and put them on a huge map so they can make some sort of sense of the weird goings on and find some kind of common thread. Plus, honestly, what would be cooler than a big book of places all gathered into one big volume with sketches and other information for a would-be explorer of the supernatural?

The Cartographers are spread across the globe, and think nothing of spending a small fortune to map a brand new place and experience the effects for themselves. Those who can't afford it, rely on the group's in-house funds to help them, or simply backpack across the globe making a pilgrimage to a sacred site or interesting magical place.

### *Imran Didar*

He's a 32 year old self-confessed computer and video game geek who has a passion for all kinds of games; he's also a wizard when it comes to creating digital maps and has been responsible for making some of the best contributions to the group barring Yun Lee. Imran was born in Glasgow and travelled the world with his parents as they moved from place to place, settling eventually in Dubai for a while. They had money; they had enough to put him into M.I.T. where he learnt his formidable computer skills.



He eventually ended up falling in with a gamer crowd and created the first iteration of the group after experiencing some very strange things. He encountered a few unexplained phenomena tied to various places, and eventually he realised that the supernatural was very real. He set out to document it, creating the Explorer's of the Unknown and eventually renaming them in 2003 to the Silent Cartographers in honour of his favourite video game.

It didn't take him long to recruit others to the cause, and soon he had amassed quite a following and created a close-knit group of people who all believe in the supernatural and have documented quite a chunk of it. Imran keeps a lot of records, both on physical media as well as cloud-based data for safe keeping.

He's the perfect person to come to if you need a quick look up of a place, and an associated effect, including anyone who might have been affected by it.

### *Yun Lee*

Yun Lee had another name, another life and another role entirely when she was younger. She sought out a man called Gallowglass, and he made her dreams come true. This was their first brush with the supernatural, but not their last. Yun was born a different gender, and her life now is something truly special to her, cherished and loved. She is also with a group of people who respect her for everything she is, and everything she's done.

She's also a gamer, just like the rest of her group, and her penchant is for artfully creating sketches and maps of the places she visits. She's an exceptional artist, trained in China, and spending time in Korea and Japan where she studied the various styles of famous artists.

Yun is traditional, but she's also trained in the arts of sorcery, having been accepted by Gallowglass

as a pupil years ago. The mysterious sorcerer saw something in Yun that they have not yet explained, simply stating that she had, "Potential."

Yun is grateful for the teaching and she uses it to help her group's mission, since she can often interact with these magical places upon a more personal level and study the effects of some of the more dangerous ones.

If you were to put an age on Yun, she appears to be 20 or so, with a pair of older eyes looking out. She doesn't tell anyone how old she is, she often says, "It adds to the mystique."

### *Eaton Davies Ward*

Eaton Davis Ward is a 32 year old man from South Africa, he spent a lot of his life looking at friends overseas and longing for the day he could get out of his country. He got the chance when he was accepted to a school for the arts. He suffers from a rare degenerative bone disease, which has robbed him of his ability to walk and he spends his days in a wheelchair. He still has his art and his games though, which he dives into with a great deal of enthusiasm.

Eaton is a brilliant young man; he's probably the most tech-minded of all the Silent Cartographers, even rivalling his peers such as Imran in his ability to make most tech work. He also has a photographic memory and can commit whole schematics to his mind. Yun has postulated that Eaton has some supernatural or pre-natural ability when it comes to being able to commit these complex patterns to memory.

Eaton has begun work on holographic 3D map for the Cartographer's base of operations, which is at the moment in the basement of Eaton's own home in Florida. He wants the map to automatically display the newest places which have been entered into the vastly expanding database which the Cartographer's keep up-to-date with daily reports.



### **Rebecca Jarvis**

She was 18 when she had her first kiss, a shy young girl with another girl, and she hasn't looked back since. For two reasons, one because she married that girl years later when she was 25, and two – that kiss happened in a place which echoed with the power of the ancients. Now, at this point, the pair had no clue this was the case – but some of that magic flooded into Rebecca's life and gave her a very unique ability which is both wonderful and utterly harrowing.

Imagine if you were the girl who could see the past, watch it play out like a ghostly film before your eyes and bear witness to the wonders of what many archaeologists can only dream of. Rebecca sees all that, all the wonder, and all the horror. She works as one of the Cartographers, based in Somerset England, and travels all over the world to document and draw places for various archaeologists.

Rebecca came to Imran's attention when she was at a game convention for pen and paper RPGs, and they met over a map which had been drawn by a famous RPG cartographer. The two clicked as friends, kept in touch and a year or so later Rebecca was asked to join the Silent Cartographers.

It took her another year to show Imran what she could do.

Anna York, Rebecca's wife, has suggested that she help the police with their enquiries, but as Rebecca often explains: the cops would be suspicious of just how she knew every detail. Plus, she doesn't really want to see modern murders; she's got enough on her plate with the many horrific battles she witnesses as she redraws the past.

Rebecca's talent in the Silent Cartographers allows her to see how some places came to be.

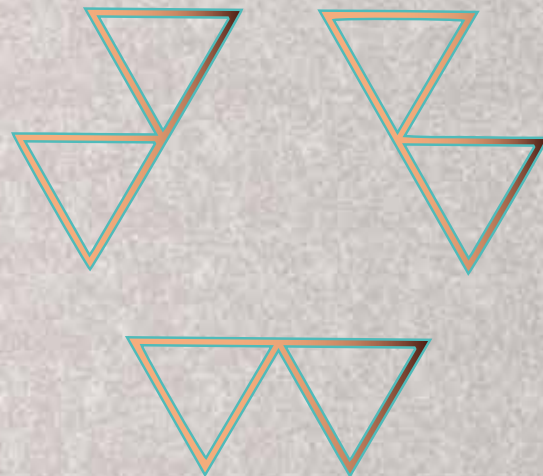
**Guild Location:** Imran's reluctance to transfer their base of operations to Eaton's basement is well known, but that's where the Silent Cartographer's are based now.

**Guild Artefacts:** They don't have any.

**Guild Attitudes:** Curious to a fault, friendly, geeky, and fun.

### ***The Golden Children/The Leechers***

Who are the Golden Children, the Leechers, where did they come from?



No one is fully certain of exactly how old this powerful group are, but they are mostly comprised of people who have been used to a certain way of life for a long time. Thrill-seekers, power-takers, corporate spin-doctors, lawyers and more make up the core group of the Leechers.

### **What do they do?**

They take the power from magical places and through ritual and technology they strip it bare, right down to the very essence which makes a place what it is. Think of them as vampires, only instead of drinking blood – they suck down the magical essence which keeps a Magical Place functioning.



They can't do it to all of the places of course; many of the ones we've documented are just too much of a meal for these kinds of people. But, they can still draw from them, or in the case of the weaker types of place – suck them dry.

The Leechers have many members, as many as 10,000 worldwide and their numbers grow stronger each year as more and more people in power realise they can accomplish their goals by taking from the magical nature of the world in bigger and bolder ways.

In short, they're a cabal of powerful folks who use the stolen energy to fuel ritual and rites which can alter the very fabric of reality. Kelso Oil's deal going to fall through tomorrow, don't worry, suck a magical place dry and power up a spell which puts all that right.

What's the cost, except for a few drum beating indigenous protestors losing the thing which keeps the bad spirits at bay and has done for centuries.

The 'Holy Dollar' rules all!

### ***Doctor Wilson Folgar***

He's 80, he's got more money than sense, and his doctorate was hard won by spending lots of that money to ensure his way was paved with gold. Of course, a little magic didn't hurt either and in the grand scheme of things, Grand Master Folgar has enough power to be able to rival Delgado's Orrery as a Cosmica item.

He's the quintessential billionaire with a chip on his shoulder, once ran for President of the US, and when he failed he went and built his own extra-dimensional hideaway where he could rule regardless. His subjects, the 10,000 Leechers who hope to hang onto the man's coat-tails and ensure they remain as powerful as they are now.

Wilson appears to be much younger than he is,

and the rumour is that he destroyed a magical place in Guatemala to ensure his life span clocks on for a few thousand years. That's natural years, he's not immortal, he could be gunned down tomorrow and he'd die.

He was able to destroy magical places when he was younger, he devoured his first minor area at the tender age of 10 and he's not looked back since. Whilst he didn't quite understand what had happened, in later life, he came to realise just what he was able to do – and the best part, he could share that gift with like-minded individuals thanks to an artefact he acquired which had been hidden far from mortal eyes.

Some even said he paid for the moon landing just so he could get it.

Others say he made a deal with a powerful being; in return, Wilson had to ensure a powerful man met his end in the telescopic sight of a rifle.

No one but Wilson knows the truth. Except maybe a Lutheran minister named Søren Hagge. Søren was enticed by the work of the Golden Children but saw through Wilson's egotistic and narcissistic endeavours and left in the middle of the night taking some very important artefacts with him.

### ***Dolores 'Bathory' Legray***

Born in 1999, this Creole woman was immersed in the magical side of life at an early age. She threw over the teachings of her peers, and instead began to look at the mythology and magic of other places – she eventually became fascinated by European magic and stories from across the world. One story really caught her attention, about the Countess who bathed in the blood of young women to keep her beauty.

Of course, Dolores isn't brave enough to do that ... though she often fantasises about it and wonders if that kind of magic would work.



Thanks to Wilson Folgar she has the next best thing, the power to devour the magical force of a place and use it to turn back the clock on her age. This is of paramount importance to her, since she's obsessed with beauty and the ideals of the 'perfect' form. She has so far ensured her age doesn't tip past 40.

Plastic surgery scares her, but she's heard of magical means possessed by Gallowglass which she believes would be the key to the body beautiful.

So far she's had no luck tracking him down. So she focuses on her day job as a spokeswoman for a big pharmaceutical company in the meantime. She has many contacts and it's only a matter of time before she tracks the man down.

Then he'll help her, or he'll find out that Miss Legray has a wicked temper and can bear a grudge nine miles long.

### *Ivan Chavdar*

Not every single person in the Leechers is from the US, or England, there are numerous other souls who are big-hitters in their own country. For example, the biggest property magnate, and the person best placed to track down and devour local magical sites is: Ivan Chavdar.

At 62, Ivan runs a huge property firm located in Sofia and he's got fingers in every dirty deal which he can find. He heads up a Bulgarian crime syndicate and uses the criminals from that network as hired muscle, workers, and enforcers. His front is his property business, and the image he cultivates as a man of the people.

Ivan met the good Doctor when he was working for his father, and the pair hit it off immediately. Wilson recognised the perfect companion piece in his huge game of chess, and offered to give Ivan power in exchange for services rendered.

Ivan could easily track down anomalies and use his 'connections' and acquire them for the doctor, allowing the man to drain their power and store it for use. Eventually Ivan was given the power to drain sites himself and he watches for the tell-tale signs of a new magical place to appear.

Of late Ivan has begun to shroud certain sites from Doctor Folgar, keeping them for himself, and ensuring he has a small but growing reserve of magical power of his own.

Ivan is friends with Karen Watkins, a British magic user who has begun to train the man to use his stored magical energy to benefit himself.

Doctor Wilson Folgar does not know about this alliance, yet.

### *Karen Watkins*

Twenty-something Karen Watkins cannot leech magical power, and she was born in a dusty coal-mining town far from the hustle and bustle of London. Until she manifested her talent for sorcery, and more importantly, her ability to seek out magical places through a mixture of Astral Projection and Magical Divination which turns her into a human divining rod.

Karen is married with two children; she's enjoying the life of a high-profile executive with a successful consultancy firm in the epicentre of London now. She's lost her rural accent and she's probably the biggest danger to magical sites since the good doctor.

Why?

Because she wants to keep the lifestyle she's been accustomed to. Once Folgar found she had that power, he pulled her into the Leechers immediately. He wined, dined, and sent a gentleman to



keep an eye on her. The spying turned to love, and the two were married.

Karen has no idea that John Watkins is a Leecher, and he's always wanted to tell her. Yet, the doctor has warned him what will happen if he does.

So Karen is oblivious. As long as she continues to provide intel on the places to devour, her life will be one of parties, celebrities, and excess. As long as she's useful to Wilson Folgar everything will turn out all right.

Her two children, Luke and Julia want for nothing and they attend the best schools that Karen's money can buy. John claims he works as an accountant for a big firm, but his real job is far more sinister – he deals with Folgar's problems and casts them into an abyssal realm where very few rarely escape.

### *John Watkins*

22 years old, John Watkins wears the mask of a devoted husband well. He works as an accountant, and performs another task in his twilight hours. He's a magical assassin, and whilst he doesn't kill people, he has the power to throw them into a dimension which exists alongside our own. The door in is easy enough to find, and open if you know the right magic – the doors out, now that's a different matter.

The Prison is a remnant and part of a shockwave which was created at the creation of all things; it remains at the side of our dimension, but out of phase from the Prison's side. Getting in, as said, is easy. Getting out requires magic to open the door, and knowledge of where that door might be. Plus, there are things in the Prison which were trapped at creation – and people who were thrown in there who have gone half-mad from the endless plains and horizons of the place.

John's responsible for over 200 people vanishing

because Doctor Folgar demanded it of him.

Why does John do this, why doesn't he stop and tell Folgar no more?

John is held in the doctor's thrall, and whilst only the pair knows the hold he has on the man, there are several rumours which surround the working relationship.

Folgar has threatened John's family.

John is not human, and he's only masquerading as one, he's a being from another dimension and Folgar has bound him to his service.

John really likes his twilight job, and he really likes Folgar, the pair are secretly lovers.

John loves Karen and Folgar exploits their relationship somehow.

John is Folgar's son from his first marriage, and it's a proper father/son relationship, so John will do Folgar's bidding without question.

John has been magically bound by Folgar or someone in the Leechers to follow orders.

John is a good character to act as a proper antagonist, because he'll fight tooth and claw to keep the life he's living right now – and anyone who gets in his way will find themselves trapped in the Prison unless they're a capable and powerful sorcerer in their own right.

### *Søren Hagge*

Søren isn't a current member but is mentioned here as he was instrumental in establishing the European chapter of the Golden Children. He left the organisation early on when he became sick of Wilson's excesses. He has had a price on his head ever since. Immortality to the one who brings Wilson the head of the priest. Hagge fled to Denmark to





gather a few items from his farmhouse in Vordingborg, and thence to Moscow. In his apartment there are hundreds of little hand painted coffins. Opening them reveals a finger bone, one for each of the Curators, witches, or mages he has crossed paths with and annihilated.

Where Wilson is a greedy opportunist, Hagge is a zealot, a true believer. he thinks he is doing God's work by hunting down witches and sending them to hell. he has hundreds of strange and tortuous looking devices than can easily strip the magic essence from artefacts, people (hence the finger bones), and with patience and concentration, places.

His little devices shouldn't work but they do. Hagge is the most powerful Technomancer on Earth and he doesn't even know it.

**Guild Location:** Pethouse suite of Doctor Folgar's

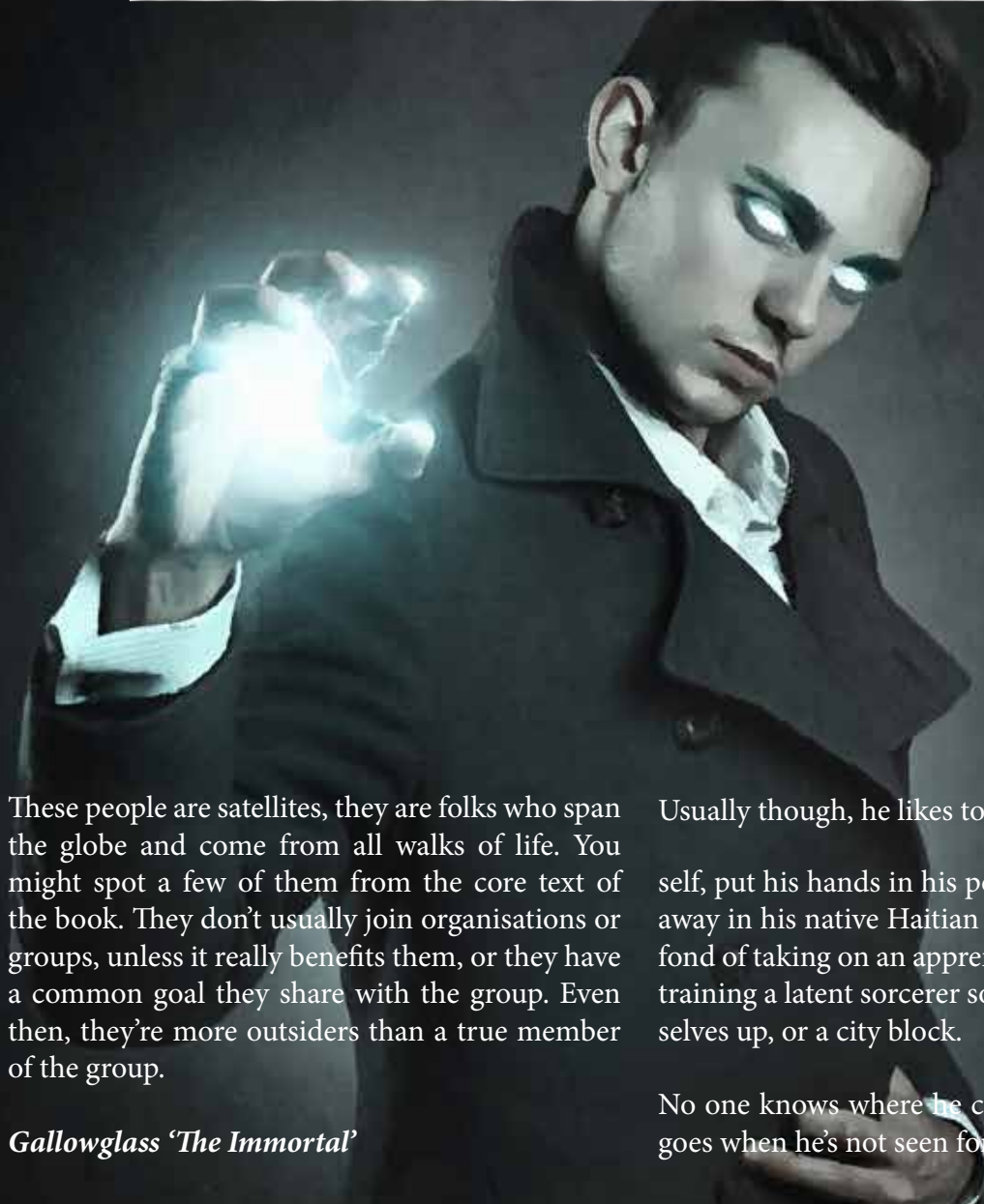
Manhattan apartment complex and a farmhouse near Vordingborg, Denmark.

**Guild Artefacts:** If you own the book of Magical Things, you can pick a few from there, plus the Box of Transference. Whilst it's not detailed, it lets Folgar store vast quantities of magic from his leeching and also allows him to transfer the leech power to others.

**Guild Attitudes:** Greedy, avaricious, cunning, dubious, and decidedly self-centred. Proper bad guys. These people are satellites, they are folks who span the globe and come from all walks of life. You might spot a few of them from the core text of the book. They don't usually join organisations or groups, unless it really benefits them, or they have a common goal they share with the group. Even then, they're more outsiders than a true member of the group.



# LONE WOLVES, WARRIORS AND WITCHES



These people are satellites, they are folks who span the globe and come from all walks of life. You might spot a few of them from the core text of the book. They don't usually join organisations or groups, unless it really benefits them, or they have a common goal they share with the group. Even then, they're more outsiders than a true member of the group.

## *Gallowglass 'The Immortal'*

This 30-something gentleman often sports a late-20th Century goth-style long coat, always looks as though he's walked out of another time period entirely. He has a shock of red hair, cut short, and an impish grin which graces his face. He's a sorcerer who has been around for a very long time, he slipped the chains of the Prison twice, and he's faced down Doctor Wilson Folgar on more than one occasion.

He earnt the nickname: the Immortal, because he's not changed over the time he's been sighted.

Usually though, he likes to keep himself to him-

self, put his hands in his pockets and just whisper away in his native Haitian accent. He's sometimes fond of taking on an apprentice or at the very least training a latent sorcerer so they don't blow themselves up, or a city block.

No one knows where he came from, or where he goes when he's not seen for months on end.

The Immortal should be a true enigma, working best if he's used very sparingly or just heard about via contact with others. He never tells you his real name, and we're not even going to write it, though we actually know.

Names have power, and the Immortal Gallowglass is simply unwilling to share his.

If you were to put a power level to him, he'd be there with Doctor Folgar on the Cosmica scale and he can give that greedy sorcerer a run for his money.





*Hezekiah Smith, on an investigation*



### Hezekiah Smith, 'The Hedge Wizard'

Slightly overweight, clever, genius-level and a little older than he was in 1952, Hezekiah has always believed in doing what he wanted and delving into the paranormal with both feet first. He's more a 'jump in and sink' to the bottom kind of man, than a 'dip his toes into the waters' of the supernatural slowly and hope something with tentacles doesn't pull him down.

He was married once, and this is how he learned of the supernatural. His wife was possessed by a demon, he was able to save her, but the toll it took on his marriage broke it. They remain friends, they communicate now and then via letters – but Nancy really doesn't want anything to do with her Whitby born ex-husband's 'other' life.

She won't even listen to his radio show, Hezekiah's Ghosts.

'Zeke on the other hand is a knowledgeable gent who has a wide array of lore at his disposal. He's able to recall most facts of obscure hauntings without needing to reference a book, and whilst he possesses no sorcerous powers – he's pretty much fearless and makes the perfect occult investigator due to his acceptance of the most horrible sides of the paranormal.

He masquerades as a parapsychologist, but really, this devout pagan and hedge wizard has his faith in the old gods to keep him safe so if you need someone to tell you the name of an obscure deity, or what ritual you need to get rid of a Boggart who has become a danger to your home – Hezekiah is your man.

### Doctor Sarah Hartmann

Doctor Hartmann is a 40 year old woman, she comes from Cologne and she travels extensively,



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her spouse remains at home and communicates with her via email. Greta Hartmann acts as Sarah's database and reference when the doctor has to look up a supernatural entity and deal with it accordingly.

She lectures across the world in public and private venues, using her vast knowledge of psychic and demonic matters to educate laymen and professionals alike. Doctor Hartmann is also a 'Traveller' capable of shifting from one dimension to another, and even travelling between her current time period to as far back as 1930. She's tried to go further back, but she can't.

She's also an accomplished fencer, having been fond of the sword art since she was a little girl. Her

access to the internet only compounded this, and resulted in a fascination for swashbuckling movies and heroes including that of *Zorro*.

Though she prefers the books and TV shows to the films.

Sarah is fun loving, a little impish, and entirely professional when she encounters the supernatural. Her get-it-done nature has saved more than one person from being devoured by terrible energies, and she has recently begun to keep tabs on the Leechers as they are now targeting sites which provide stability and protection across the magical tapestry.


As Sarah says, *"If these sites come apart, you will likely see more chaos than you've ever seen in the last hundred years of human occupation."*

Recently Sarah has appeared on John Watkins radar due to her interest in occult and magical sites the Leechers are devouring. He hasn't made a move on her yet, because he's somewhat disturbed by the woman's knowledge. He doesn't know it either, but Sarah is the protégé of Madame Yun (no relation to Yun Lee) and has become quite an accomplished practitioner of the magical arts.

John might bite off more than he can chew if he tries to trap Sarah; her power which allows her to walk dimensions means she'll be able to find her way out of the Prison. It might take her a few weeks, but when she does, he'll be in serious trouble.

If your game is set in 2017 or even 2019, have fun with her. Sarah makes a great ally to anyone who wants to battle the supernatural and doesn't just go about it with books. She'll take a sword to a physical paranormal threat if it works!





### *Alonso Medina*

Alonso writes historical fiction with the pen name of Lucas Boyd, and he studies the supernatural places of his homeland in Chile. Alonso is 50 and lives in Santiago. He is god fearing in one way, but he understands that beyond the skin of the world, there's another world beneath where the life blood surges as magical energy and creates nexus-points which become magical places.

Alonso keeps a record of these places, and whilst he was asked to join the Silent Cartographers when Imran met him at a convention he's still not signed up. He prefers to work alone, which is counter to the way he likes to cooperate in RPG groups.

He's also mentally atypical, he can be caught up in lots of details, and this has given him a unique vision into the supernatural. For some reason, perhaps part of his unique perspective, the spirits and

energies that make up the world beyond flock to him like he's a beacon.

He saw his first spirit at the age of one year old, when he was tucked up in his little crib.

He saw his grandfather and grandmother at age 10.

He saw his sister before she was born.

He believes that this power was given to him by god, and has an unshakable faith in that regard.

Regardless of the source, Alonso has used his gift to become a medium between our world and that of the magical. It's not just the departed who communicate to the man, but the spirits of hearth and home, spirits of the land, and beings who walk alongside us but remain unseen.



His world is truly one of wonder, and detail. Once he finds a mystery, he has to solve it, and he will usually do so to detriment of his physical health. Fortunately, he has Maria, his guiding spirit to ensure he actually bothers to keep himself healthy.

Alonso makes a great character to provide detailed information, and a bridge between the mundane and the supernatural. Whilst he's a little bit withdrawn, he soon opens up, and then you'll have a hard time to get him to stop talking.

Not as though you'd want to, since he doesn't bother with useless information.

Alonso has been getting prophetic visions of a catastrophic event, something to do with a giant Henge and a hidden sorcerous city. One name has come to mind as well, the name of Steven Hale and the spirits tell him that Hale will know more. Alonso just has to find a way to contact the Professor and let him know what's coming.

### *'Mr. Giggles'*

If a void of utter despair and cosmic defeat had a 'face', it is the entity known as 'Mr. Giggles'. Despite rumours to the contrary, Mr Giggles is the only life to have been encountered in a **Dark Room** (page 20) having walked out of the gloom into a host of security in a 13th Bureau facility in the Norfolk Broads, Anglia, UK. When the shift change arrived they found the security team, the analysts, the archivists, and even the support staff dead from strange crescent cuts all over their bodies. Security footage recorded each person dying from (possibly) the slashing of a sharp and swift blade but the perpetrator and the weapon could not be seen by the video equipment. The last image the authorities have is of a materialised man in bandages with horrific eye wounds, a hat, and giggling disturbly at the camera while rubbing his hands as he walked out of frame and disappeared into the countryside.



*'Mr. Giggles' hangs out with a friend*



Technomancy teams cleansed the site and detonated a series of explosives and claimed that structural collapse of the 1970s era building was to blame for the deaths. Bodies were retrieved, funerals held, compensation paid, and some nobodies imprisoned as 'Company Directors'.

The site is now empty but Mr Giggles has since taken up residence at another *Dark Room* in an abandoned Diningware shop in Horncastle, Lincolnshire. None of the residents of that village have seen Mr Giggles but they may have heard giggling in the small alleys and paths late at night. In a few years it will become apparent that a serial killer is operating in the area and using magic to imprison and then murder locals. The Dark Room in the shop is actually a part of the shop front that is back from the street and therefore the dark area doesn't look entirely odd as sunlight never reaches it. Mr Giggles' victims are magically gagged and tied and placed into stasis in the darkness. His victims have been screaming silently and unable to make a sound or move. They watch in horror as family members and friends pass out 'Missing person' flyers only a few metres away outside the shop window. Sometimes, their families have nightmares about their loved ones screaming at them from the dark in a usually well lit village shop.

It's soon apparent that someone (be it police or family and friends) is getting awfully curious about the abandoned shop and Mr Giggles will move on again.

*Todd Silver, Craft Distiller.*

What initially might seem as a ineffectual and frankly harmless craftsman of Mead, Whiskeys, and Bourbon, will after a few meetings display quite an unusual power; he is unconsciously able to "feel" the emotional history/aura of objects (furniture, clothing, barrels) which then bleed into his distilling. He's content to be a small-time distiller, as he does it for the craft but he has been called in often by Curator groups to search the history of an object. With concentration, and a decent remuneration in money, a rare blend, or VIP holidays in an Scottish or Irish distillery, he can relay where an object has been and who has touched it.

Funny and gregarious, the ability to cherish the past means he's almost always in vintage clothes. He dresses well and in a singular style of a gentleman. It is always with class, without irony or corrupting the sartorial style, and he abhors the recent trend of 'The Hipster' which he sees as a bastardisation of male elegance. He is always friendly, even to his enemies, and will help anyone with manners if he can and if they mean no one harm.







*Xe attends his garden*

### *Xe, Sorcerer of Space and Time*

If the Immortal is mysterious and perfect as a human-style powerful character for the players to interact with, Xe is the opposite. He is a being who manifests (at the moment) as a man. Xe has been many things in his life, man, woman, neither, and pure energy. Xe simply: IS.

If you want him to wear the guise of a woman or non-binary person you can do that. Whatever you want Xe to be, Xe is there for the players to encounter a truly supernatural being who styles themselves as the Sorcerer of Space and Time.

Xe created the City of Xe (seen earlier on in this tome) and he is incredibly powerful, more will be shared about Xe at a later date in the next tome of the series which details people from all walks of life with magical powers from the mundane to the Sorcerer of Space and Time.

Xe should be used sparingly, like Delgados' Orre-ry or the Henge of Worlds, he's a game-changer and so powerful that he tips the Cosmica scale balance.

Of course, Xe's default status is to be neutral to most things and only act as an advisor should anyone be lucky enough to find him. Xe should be aloof, yet capable of answering questions which are often useful to progress a scenario. Xe should not be destructive, though he has the power to knock planets out of alignment. He'd rather meditate and focus his energies on keeping back the most deadly of supernatural threats which tear at the protections that he and his cabal once placed many moons ago.

How he appears in your campaign is up to you. He has a variety of clothing styles and physical forms, from the typical Chinese mystic to an elegantly



dressed businesswoman. Xe just enjoys the theatre of life, and he often just tests groups and individuals on a whim.

For example, in Luxembourg he parked Doctor Wilson Folger's car for him as a valet parking attendant.

He shared a bottle of whiskey around a camp fire with a group of hobos in Brooklyn, sang songs, told stories and got drunk with thirty other people.

He danced naked in New Orleans during Mardi Gras as people threw beads around his neck.

He walked into a supermarket in Paris as a man, came out of the other door as a teenage girl to help a mother find her son. He helped an old woman bury her son in Kuala Lumpur.

He delivered a baby in Africa at a drop-in medical centre as a nurse.

He dispensed wisdom as a true genderless being to monks atop a sacred mountain in a rainstorm.

Xe just is.



*One of the many entry points into the city of Xe*



## CONJUNCTIONS, ARTEFACT COMBINATIONS

*“When you take objects of great or lesser power to places of such, you can get some interesting combinations. Some of them are beneficial and some of them are perhaps best kept apart. I have not looked at every single combination, but like I have done with magical things, I have made a few observations which I’m happy to share here – some of them are simple effects, others have brought me into contact with beings beyond my ken and further still I have seen horrors unleashed thanks to magical scrying and more...”*, writes Doctor Johannes Thorstrumm in one of his many tomes for the Golden Eye Convocation meeting of Curators.

Thorstrumm has spent a long time studying these combinations, and we’ve been able to get him to reveal to us three possible combinations from a variety of items and places drawn from both the Contemporary Book of Magical Things, and the Contemporary Book of Magical Places. They should be used sparingly of course, especially the one which destroys creation as we know it, but it would make one heck of a way to end a big scenario.

So here’s just three conjunctions between Magical Things and Places, feel free to combine more things, and create your own effects. Some should be beneficial, and some should be detrimental, all of them should fuel the imagination of your players for lots of sessions – have fun!

### Fae Arch and Silver Cat Statue

With the help of the owners of the cat statue, and the location of a Fae Arch in Ireland, Thorstrumm was able to perform a single experiment. He wanted

to see if the statue might bring forth a fae-touched creature when brought into the vicinity of the Fae Arch and then dropped on the floor, or accidentally knocked.

Paying for the owners to go to Ireland and perform this task was simple, since they’d always wanted to go there and the little cat statue was easy to get through customs.

The pair were asked to make notes and send the information to Thorstrumm. According to their notes what happened when the two things were combined was nothing short of miraculous.

The pair observed that the Fae Arch allowed the passage of a cat into the realm of mortals, this was no ordinary cat though – it was fae in nature and it left them with a unique quandary. How to get it back to England?

Fortunately, the cat was able to use fae magic and transported the pair plus itself back to England and home. It’s said the cat has taken the guise of a simple tabby and keeps a close eye on the pair as they continue to experiment with magical things and pay homage to the old gods of the world.

### Delgados’ Orrery and the Henge of Worlds

*DANGER CATASTROPHIC SPATIAL AND TIME DAMAGE DETECTED, RESETTING ITERATION TO NORMAL*

It is not by the hand of Doctor Thorstrumm that



we discern the result of bringing these two Cosmica power level energies together. It is from the spirit of a long dead wanderer in the dimensions from beyond, communicated with via Astral Projection and arcane means. This should never happen, since the first time it did the whole universe had to be rebooted and what we claim is the Big Bang is more the Big Reboot.

The bang came before, the bang was the result of the two things coming into contact and some sorcerer with more power than sense attempting to use them to rewrite the universe, not just shift planets out of alignment and create favourable eclipses and so forth.

If the two ever meet and someone uses the Orrey at the site of the Henge, then there's a very big chance that the whole universe and associated dimensions will be thrown into chaos. If they're not destroyed, it's not a risk you really want to take unless you're hells-bent on destroying everything that's ever been created.

If so, then, be our guest and prepare to unleash devastation the likes of which you've never seen on a cosmic and multiverse scale.

## The Spirit Key and the Shaman's Hut

If the Spirit Key is ever taken to the vicinity of the Shaman's Hut something was bound to happen, so thought Doctor Thorstrumm. He was able to gain permission from the key's owner, and they travelled to the Shaman's hut in the guise of a visit to help a friend heal from a terrible trauma. The doctor was curious enough to deceive the shaman but did not expect what happened.

When the key was brought forth it immediately attached itself to the shaman's midzimu their ancestor spirit and hovered about. Using the key and the energies of the hut, the spirit was able to take form in the world and manifest properly before

the concerned looking gentlemen. The first thing the shaman's spirit did was slap the good doctor. The next thing she did was admonish him for his devious behaviour. She then told the other man he suffered from a congenital heart defect, but the key would keep him alive due to the fact it had taken a fragment of the shaman's healing power into its very material.

He would no longer get sick, or suffer grievous injury as long as he kept hold of the key and ensured it was safe. She added that the heart defect would not get worse, but the key would need to come to the hut every year at this time so she could ensure the magic remained strong enough to heal the man.

She would not elaborate why she took an interest in the doctor's friend, but cited only that his role in events yet to come was vitally important.

She then put the key in his pocket and faded back into the fire.

Both men left with a sense of unease about the days to come.

## Combining Magical Things

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 of the Golden Eye, a group of magical researchers 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 volumes, where his group 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.

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*.

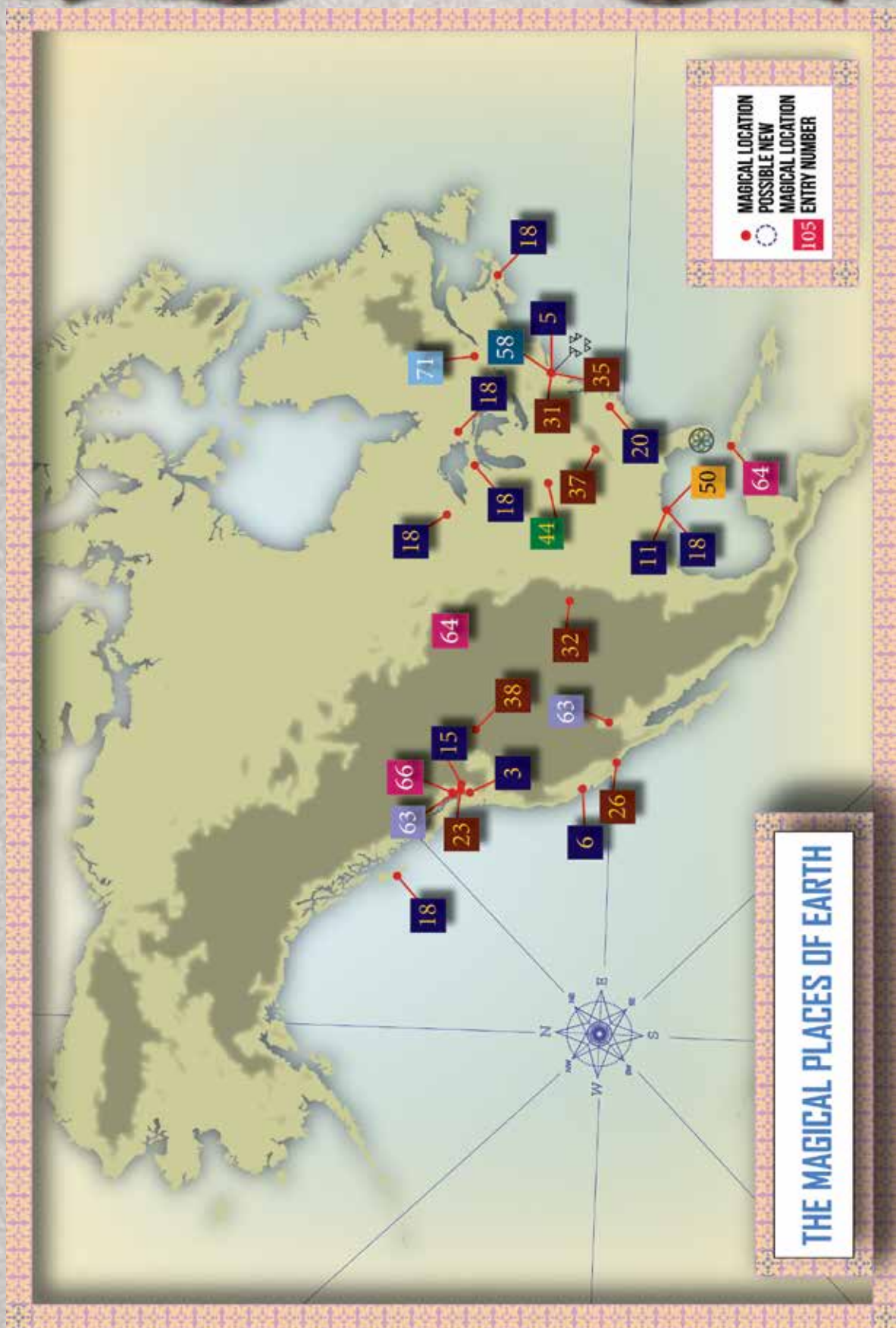
### The Core and its Point of Origin

One of the fundamental questions we face as children is **Who made God?** The more we investigate into artifacts and nexus points the more we realise we are but children in the cosmos. Yet not everything can be just waved away like the unproven existence of the Great Creator.

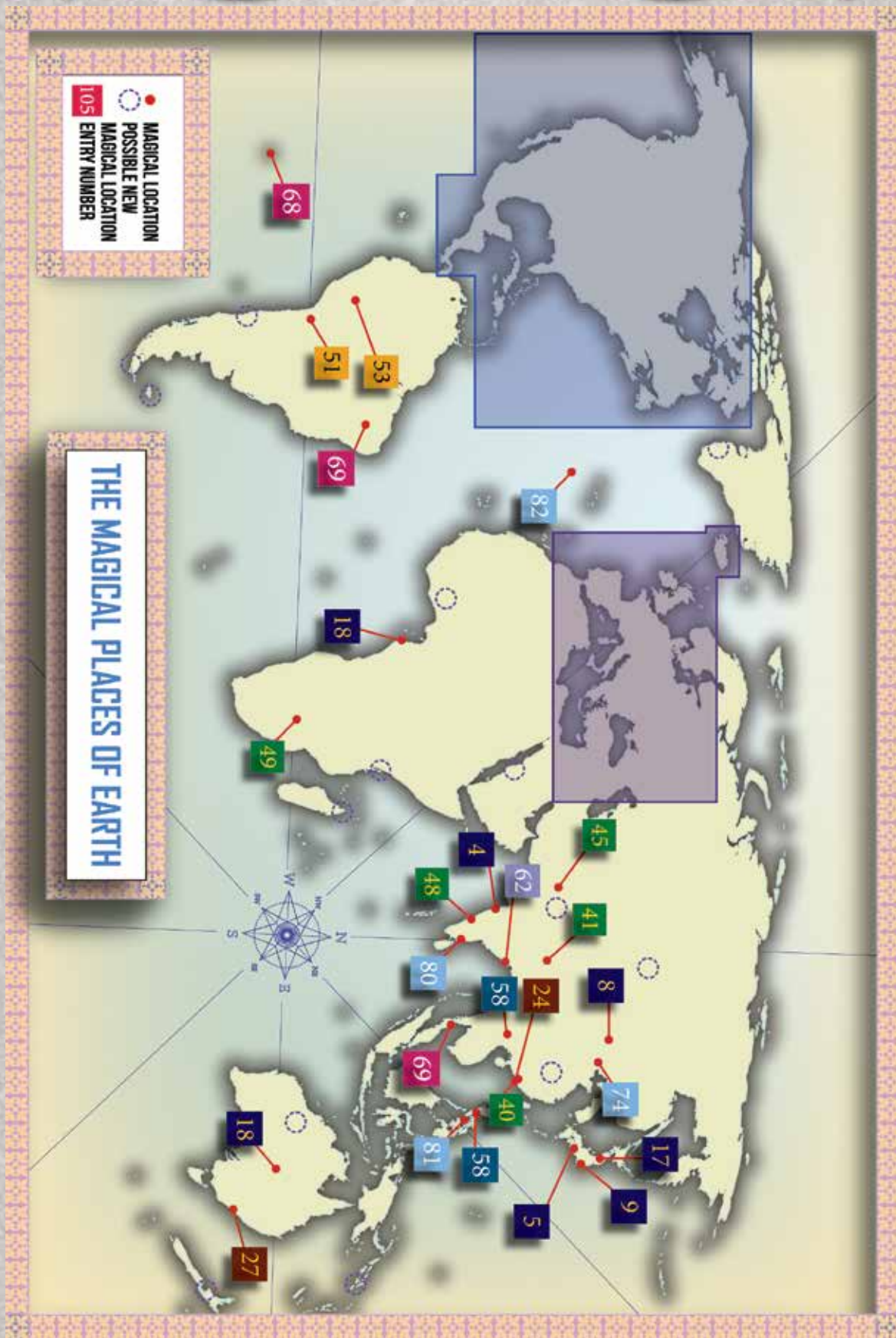
There are certain truths we must face that are not ambiguous. Why are Nexus points (Magical Places) ancient and modern. yet artifacts (Magical Things) only came into existence in July of 1945? No artifact yet discovered is older than that date.

How are Talents (so-called Magical People) able to do the amazing feats they do? Why are they all less than 70 years old? Have we failed to spot them throughout history? Were the witches of Salem Talents? Was Gilgamesh? Noah? Why has Talent potential only risen after 1945?







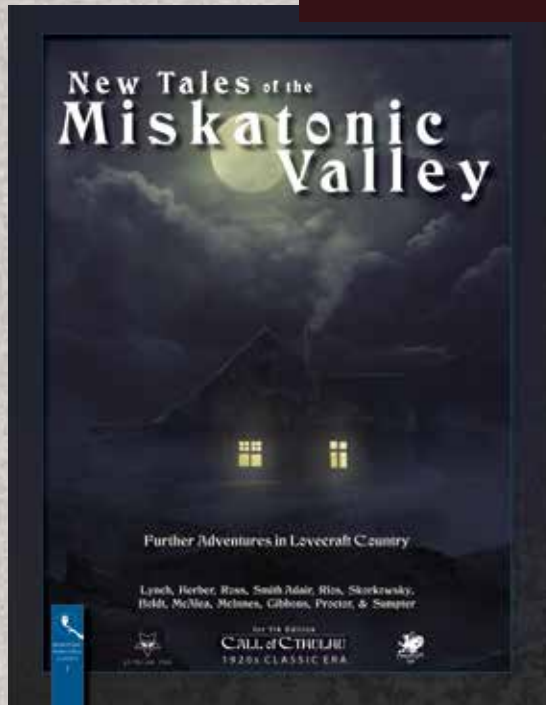




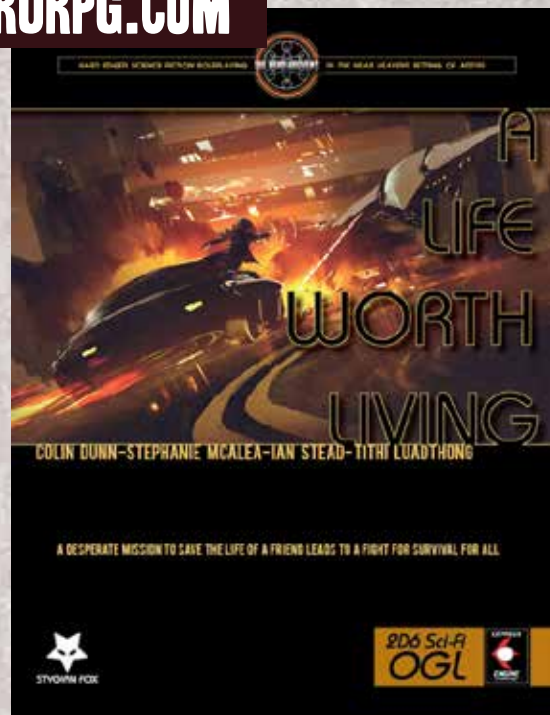




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**Murder In Clio**  
By PHIL BRESSLER

D, MI—Yesterday, the small community of Clio in Genesee County was shocked to its core by the apparently deadly results of a 51-year-old farmer, John Cooper, was a veteran fireman, and man held in his small community. According to Sheriff Snyder, "Mr. Cooper was in the front yard when he pulled up. He was splattered with blood, babbling, with tears running down his face. He was running at it, and never shot.

**Unidentified Body Found**

**Mysterious Circumstances Abound**

JEFFREY ADLER  
MIKE M. SAMMONS  
SIMON BRAKE  
SCOTT DORWARD  
OSCAR RIOS  
DAVIDE COMO  
RAGGER MCINNIS  
STEPHANIE MACALEA  
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Ever visited a location and felt like time slowed?

*The Book of Contemporary Magical Places* lists nearly one hundred locations around the Earth that hold varying degrees of power from the mildly curious to planet shattering.

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