

ARKHAM HORROR[®]

THE CARD GAME



THE SCARLET KEYS

Campaign Guide

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The Secret War

"...by May or June I realised that there was, all over the world, a surprising and unwonted burst of activity on the part of bizarre, furtive, and esoteric mystical organisations ordinarily quiescent and seldom heard from."

— H. P. Lovecraft for Hazel Heald, "Out of the Aeons"

The Scarlet Keys is a campaign for *Arkham Horror: The Card Game* for 1–4 players. *The Scarlet Keys* contains the following ten scenarios: "Riddles and Rain," "Dancing Mad," "Dead Heat," "Dealings in the Dark," "Dogs of War," "On Thin Ice," "Sanguine Shadows," "Shades of Suffering," "Without a Trace," and "Congress of the Keys." Each of these scenarios may also be played on its own in Standalone Mode.

Around the World

The Scarlet Keys expansion differs from its predecessors in that it features an open-ended, non-linear campaign. Following the "Riddles and Rain" prologue, investigators are provided with a map of the world, and from there they may choose to **embark** to various locations. The order in which the locations are chosen determines the order in which these scenarios are played, and may also alter the story and gameplay of each scenario before culminating in an epic finale. Choose wisely, and good luck!

Expansion Icon

The cards in *The Scarlet Keys* campaign expansion can be identified by this symbol before each card's collector number:



Contents

Additional Rules and Clarifications	3
New Keywords.....	3
Campaign Setup.....	3
File #5–A (Prologue): Riddles and Rain	5
Interlude: The Foundation	9
File #11–B: Dead Heat.....	11
File #14–C: Ruses and Reclamation	14
File #16–D: Sanguine Shadows.....	16
File #20–E: The Great Work	20
File #21–F: Dealings in the Dark.....	21
File #26–G: Quid Pro Quo	26
File #27–H: Dead and Gone	27
File #28–I: Dancing Mad.....	28
File #32–J: The Coiled Serpent	32
File #33–K: On Thin Ice	33
File #36–L: Strange Architecture.....	36
File #37–M: Special Delivery.....	37
File #38–N: Dogs of War.....	38
File #44–O: Theory of Annihilation.....	44
File #45–P: Metamorphosis.....	45
File #46–Q: Shades of Suffering.....	46
File #49–R: Ringing Hollow.....	49
File #50–S: Blood, Sweat, and Tea.....	50
File #51–T: Romulus and Remus	51
File #52–U: The Safehouse	52
File #53–V: Whistle on the Wind	53
File #54–W: Infernal Machinery.....	54
File #55–X: Paranatural Selection.....	55
File #56–Y: Without a Trace.....	56
File #59–Z (Finale): Congress of the Keys.....	59
Epilogue.....	67
Achievement List	68
Design Notes.....	68
Status Reports.....	69
Campaign Log	70–71
Quick Reference.....	72
Credits.....	72

Additional Rules and Clarifications

New Cardtype: Keys

The *Scarlet Keys* campaign features a new cardtype: keys. Keys are powerful artifacts that may be “shifted” to either aid or hinder investigators, depending on whom they are attached to and whether their **Stable** or **Unstable** side is faceup.

- ⦿ During the resolution of a scenario, a key may become bound to a single bearer, whose name is marked in the Campaign Log. A key may be bound to an investigator, a story asset, or an enemy.
- ⦿ A key always enters play attached to its bearer (as marked in the Campaign Log). At the start of each scenario, each investigator who is the bearer of 1 or more keys attaches those keys to their investigator card. Whenever a story asset or enemy enters play, if it is the bearer of 1 or more keys, those keys also enter play attached to their bearer.
 - ◆ If a key's bearer is an investigator or a story asset, it enters play **Stable** side faceup.
 - ◆ If a key's bearer is an enemy, it enters play **Unstable** side faceup.
- ⦿ A key cannot leave play unless its bearer leaves play. If the bearer of 1 or more keys leaves play, each key they control is set aside, out of play. (Those keys do, however, remain bound to their bearer for future scenarios unless explicitly noted otherwise.)
- ⦿ While a key is attached to an investigator, that investigator may trigger its shift ability during any player window as a  ability. This is called “shifting” the key. As part of this ability's resolution, it will instruct the investigator to flip the key to its other side, so its other shift ability is active. The investigator will then have to perform the shift ability on its **Unstable** side in order to flip it back over again.
 - ◆ While a key is attached to a story asset, it may be shifted by any investigator who controls that asset in the same way.
 - ◆ Each key (by title) attached to an investigator or story asset can only be shifted once per round.
- ⦿ While a key is under an enemy's control, its shift ability only resolves when a card or game effect instructs an investigator to shift that key, after which it remains **Unstable** side faceup.
 - ◆ A key attached to an enemy cannot be flipped to its **Stable** side.
 - ◆ There is no limit to the number of times a key attached to an enemy can be shifted.
- ⦿ Some card effects may directly flip a key attached to an investigator or story asset from its **Stable** side to its **Unstable** side, or vice versa. This is not the same as shifting a key, and does not resolve its shift ability.



The Red-Gloved Man

During *The Scarlet Keys* campaign, investigators will confront a number of dangerous and mysterious members of the secret society known as the Red Coterie. One such member is the iconic Red-Gloved Man. As a result, while playing *The Scarlet Keys* campaign, investigators cannot purchase or include The Red-Gloved Man asset (*The Dunwich Legacy* card #310) in their decks.



New Keywords

Concealed X

Concealed X is a keyword that appears on some enemy cards in *The Scarlet Keys* campaign. Concealed enemies represent hidden enemies whose true location is a mystery until the investigators work to expose where—and in some cases, who—they truly are.

When a scenario includes one or more concealed enemies, investigators are instructed to set aside several concealed mini-cards. These mini-cards are double-sided. The facedown side represents the possible location of a concealed enemy. The revealed side reveals the mini-card's true nature—an enemy's true location, or simply a decoy.



A facedown concealed mini-card



An enemy's mini-card marks the location of an enemy in the shadows.



A decoy marks the location of nothing of consequence—a harmless bystander, or perhaps just a trick of the light.

When an investigator draws an enemy with the concealed X keyword (or is instructed to resolve an enemy's concealed keyword), they spawn that enemy into a game area above the agenda deck, not at any location. This area is called “the shadows,” and represents enemies the investigators know exist somewhere on the map, but are unsure where. Then, that investigator takes the set-aside concealed mini-card that matches that enemy, along with X decoys (where X is defined by that enemy's concealed X value), shuffles them facedown, and puts them into play distributed as evenly as possible among each location in play, starting with the locations nearest to them. Then, at each of those locations that already had 1 or more concealed mini-cards, they shuffle each of them facedown as well.

For example: Amina draws *Coterie Agent (A)*, which has “concealed 2.” She first spawns the *Coterie Agent* into the shadows. Then, she takes the set-aside *Coterie Agent (A)* mini-card, along with 2 decoys, shuffles them facedown, and places one at each of the three locations nearest to her. Then, if any of those locations already had 1 or more concealed mini-cards, she would shuffle each concealed mini-card at those locations, as well.



Enemies in the shadows observe the following additional rules:

- ⦿ Enemies in the shadows are considered to be in play, but not at any particular location. They cannot move until they leave the shadows.
- ⦿ Enemies in the shadows can qualify as the “nearest” enemy, but only if there are no other enemies in play at any location.
- ⦿ Enemies in the shadows cannot be damaged or leave play via player card effects.

Concealed Mini-Cards

While in play, concealed mini-cards represent the possible location of an enemy in the shadows. In order to deal with such an enemy, its true location must first be discovered by exposing its mini-card. This can be done via one of three methods: fighting, evading, or investigating.

- ① Concealed mini-cards are not enemies and cannot be engaged like enemies. However, any investigator at the same location as a concealed mini-card may attempt to expose it by successfully attacking it or evading it (as if it were an engaged enemy), or by successfully investigating its location. The difficulty to successfully attack or evade a concealed mini-card is equal to the shroud value of its location.
- ② An investigator may also use a card effect that automatically evades an enemy, deals damage to an enemy, or discovers a clue at a location in order to instead expose a concealed mini-card.
- ③ If an investigator chooses to expose a concealed mini-card, that effect replaces the standard effects of the action or ability that exposed it. (i.e., if an enemy's mini-card is exposed by evasion or damage, the matching enemy is not evaded, nor does it take damage. If a mini-card is exposed by discovering clues or investigating, no clues are discovered.)
- ④ If a concealed mini-card is exposed (via any of the above methods), flip it to its revealed side.
 - ⑤ If it is a decoy, set it aside, out of play, with no effect.
 - ⑥ If it is an enemy's mini-card, that enemy is now exposed. Place the matching enemy in the shadows at that mini-card's location, then set that mini-card aside, out of play. (That enemy is no longer in the shadows, and is now at the location where its mini-card was located). Then, if there are no other enemies in the shadows, set all remaining concealed mini-cards in play aside, out of play.
- ⑤ Only one concealed mini-card may be exposed per effect unless explicitly stated. (i.e., an effect that deals 3 damage to each enemy at a location does not expose all concealed mini-cards at that location; only one.)

For example: There is a Coterie Agent and a Coterie Assassin in the shadows. There is a concealed mini-card at Kymani's location and another concealed mini-card at a connecting location. (1) First, Kymani plays an event that discovers a clue at their location, but instead of discovering a clue, they choose to expose the concealed mini-card at their location, flipping it over. That mini-card is a decoy, and is set aside without effect. (2) Next, they move to the connecting location with the other concealed mini-card and attempt to expose it using an evade action. They succeed and flip the mini-card over...revealing the Coterie Assassin's mini-card! (3) The Coterie Assassin's mini-card is set aside, and the Coterie Assassin in the shadows is moved to Kymani's location, engaging them. Because there is another enemy in the shadows, they do not remove any of the other concealed mini-cards from play.



Alert

Some enemies have the alert keyword. Each time an investigator fails a skill test while attempting to evade an enemy with the alert keyword, after applying all results for that skill test, that enemy performs an attack against the evading investigator. An enemy does not exhaust after performing an alert attack. This attack occurs whether the enemy is engaged with the evading investigator or not.

Patrol

Some enemies have the patrol keyword. During the enemy phase (in framework step 3.2), each ready, unengaged enemy with the patrol keyword moves to a connecting location along the shortest path toward the designated location (as described in parentheses next to the word patrol).

- ① If there are multiple locations that qualify as the designated location, the lead investigator may choose which location the enemy moves toward.
- ② If an enemy with patrol would be compelled to move to a location via a path that is blocked by a card ability, the enemy does not move.

Campaign Setup

To set up the *The Scarlet Keys* campaign, perform the following steps in order.

1. Choose investigator(s).
2. Each player assembles their investigator deck.
3. Choose difficulty level.
 - ④ Easy (*I want to wield the Keys*): +1, +1, 0, 0, 0, -1, -1, -1, -2, -2, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☠.
 - ④ Standard (*I want to be bound in Red*): +1, 0, 0, -1, -1, -1, -2, -2, -3, -4, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☠.
 - ④ Hard (*I want to face the Outside*): 0, 0, 0, -1, -1, -2, -2, -3, -3, -4, -5, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☠.
 - ④ Expert (*I want to be Hollowed*): 0, -1, -1, -2, -2, -3, -3, -4, -4, -5, -6, -8, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☠, ☠.

You are now ready to begin at the **Prologue** (page 5).

File #5-A (Prologue): Riddles and Rain

Intro 1: The dark stifles. It moves like a living creature, constricts the air as if you were inside a shapeless cocoon. A figment of your anxious and overactive imagination, you hope. But everything about this meeting puts your nerves on edge. You almost didn't accept the mysterious invitation, but recent events have forced your hand. It's been several months since the disappearances began, and all of your leads in Arkham have dried up.

It started in the winter of 1924 with several vehicles in Southside: two Studebakers, a Cadillac, and a Rolls Royce, all of them top-of-the-line. One moment they were there, the next... nothing, save for a single deflated wheel. The police believed it to be the work of bootleggers looking for more vehicles to add to their routes, but the cars were too nice, would draw too much attention. Perhaps they were taken down to Boston or New York and flipped for a pretty penny, and that's just what you figured happened... until the disappearances continued.

Next to go was a streetlamp outside the Ward Theatre in Downtown. Then, two pets—a dog and a cat, whisked away almost simultaneously right out from under their owners' noses, not two doors down from one another. You learned the news when you saw the missing posters plastered all over College Street. On a whim, you interviewed the owners. No sign of foul play, and it was unlikely for them to have run away. Something stank about all of it.

Then people started to disappear. A child from Easttown. A student in Miskatonic University. The chief of Arkham's fire department. And as the police closed each case with no clues or suspects, a curious thing began to happen. One by one, as time marched on, the things that went missing vanished not only from Arkham, but from memory. The owners of those vehicles suddenly claimed to have never owned them. The pets, the people, all of them were wiped from the memories of every single person in town.

Everyone but you. You, and you alone, remembered.

Perhaps it was simply the way of things. Humans are fickle and forgetful by nature. But it couldn't be so simple. It was just too... strange. Coincidental.

That's when the letter arrived.

Greetings,

I hope this letter finds you well. You do not know me, but I know you. I cannot tell you much through paper correspondence, as it may be intercepted. Suffice it to say that I know of the matters you are looking into, and I also know that you believe yourself to be alone in your investigation. The truth is that you are not alone. Such events are not unique to your city of Arkham. What you have observed is happening in major cities all over the world. I am one of those, like you, who seeks the truth. Who remembers.

There is another related matter which I must bring to your attention. I need your help, and you need mine. Enclosed is a ticket to a show at the Riverview Theater. If you wish to know more, please meet me there and we can speak further. Come alone.

In truth,

Li Flint

The ticket in the envelope was indeed for a private showing at Arkham's new movie palace in Downtown. With no other leads and no good reason to avoid going, you have decided to accept the mysterious invitation...

☞ If there is only one investigator in the game, proceed to **Intro 2**.

☞ If there is more than one investigator in the game, the lead investigator must decide (choose one):

◆ Go alone, as requested. Skip to **Intro 3**.

◆ Go with backup. Skip to **Intro 4**.

Intro 2: Just as you are beginning to suspect that you have been played, you see a shadow approaching from the aisle. The figure spots you at once, sliding into the seat in front of you. He wears wide, horn-rimmed glasses and a high-collared jacket over a silk vest. His brown hair is cut short and parted to one side, and he sports a handsome, neatly trimmed beard. To your relief, no other figures emerge from the shadows.

You ask if you are speaking to Li Flint, earning a slight nod from the man in front of you. He does not turn to speak, instead letting his voice carry softly over the silent images on screen. "Indeed," he says. "Inspector Li Flint, with the International Criminal Police Commission. And I'm sure you have a great many questions, but we are unfortunately short on time. Doubly so if you are working alone. Prudent, however; you should trust no one, given the circumstances. No, not even me."

Skip to **Intro 5**.

Intro 3: Just as you are beginning to suspect that you have been played, you see a shadow approaching from the aisle. The figure spots you at once, sliding into the seat in front of you. He wears wide, horn-rimmed glasses and a high-collared jacket over a silk vest. His brown hair is cut short and parted to one side, and he sports a handsome, neatly trimmed beard. To your relief, no other figures emerge from the shadows.

"You came alone. Good," the man in front of you speaks quietly without turning, letting his voice carry softly over the silent images on screen. "Trust is in such meager measure these days. It is good to know that we can share some." You ask if you are speaking to Li Flint, earning a slight nod from the man. "Indeed," he says. "Inspector Li Flint, with the International Criminal Police Commission. And I'm sure you have a great many questions, but we are unfortunately short on time."

Skip to **Intro 5**.



Intro 4: Just as you are beginning to suspect that you have been played, you see a shadow approaching from the aisle. The figure spots you at once, sliding into the seat in front of your party. He wears wide, horn-rimmed glasses and a high-collared jacket over a silk vest. His brown hair is cut short and parted to one side, and he sports a handsome, neatly trimmed beard. To your relief, no other figures emerge from the shadows.

"I thought I told you to come alone," the man in front of you speaks without turning, letting his voice carry over the silent images on screen. The hard edge in his voice suggests he is not happy with your choice, but after a moment, he relents. "I get it. You are prudent not to trust me. You should trust no one, under the circumstances, myself included." You ask if you are speaking to Li Flint, earning a slight nod from the man. "Indeed," he says. "Inspector Li Flint, with the International Criminal Police Commission. And I'm sure you have a great many questions, but we are unfortunately short on time."

Proceed to **Intro 5**.

Intro 5: Flint produces a file fat with documentation and slides it between the two seat cushions in front of you. Inside is a wealth of information regarding cases similar to the ones you have been investigating. Photos of vehicles, factory machines, and public figures, all missing. All forgotten. And just as Flint's letter promised, the file includes reports from all over the world. London. Shanghai. Bruges. Rio de Janeiro. Cairo. The list goes on and on. "There's more," he says after giving you time to read. "Flip to the end."

You do, and what greets you there are two photographs clipped together. The first is of a street in London, distorted by some sort of interference. A light shines above the street corner, and around it, the picture appears to be pinched, like a miniature vortex is pulling reality toward it. The other is a photograph of a man on the other side of that same street corner, ducking into the shadows. He wears a tailored grey suit and a wide-brimmed hat that obscures his face. The only discernible detail you can make out from the photo is the man's distinctive red gloves. Rare as it is for a photograph to have color, you wonder if the long exposure time is what led to the strange blurring effect. "This was taken by my partner several days ago. Just before he, too, vanished. Whatever is going on, you can be sure that man with the red gloves is somehow involved."

Getting to the point, you ask Inspector Flint what exactly he wants from you. "To work together. Share what we know. Sparingly few seem to know the truth." You agree. If what the man says is true, and events like this are happening all over the world, getting to the bottom of it will require more than just you. "To that end, I would ask that you come to London with me. That man with the red gloves has been sighted in the area, and he's not alone. I would bet good money that he knows something about where my partner is. Arrangements have already been made. There are steamship tickets in that file. The ship departs from Boston in two days."

The investigators must decide (choose one):

- ☞ Take his offer. Proceed to **Intro 6**.
- ☞ Go to London on your own terms. Skip to **Intro 7**.

Intro 6: You accept the file and tell Inspector Flint that you will report to him with anything you find. With haste, you get your affairs in order and take the very next train to Boston. Flint has already given you more evidence to advance your case than a month of investigation in Arkham. If working together with the ICPC will help solve this mystery, you have no qualms about putting your trust in him. You make it to London with time to spare and immediately set to work.

- ☞ Trust is born of naïveté. Remove 1 🗡 token from the chaos bag and add 1 🕯 token. (This token can be later removed through an act of secrecy. However, you may become stronger if you stick to your convictions.)
- ☞ Read the rules for "Tracking Time" on the next column. Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log now. Then, proceed to **Setup**.

Intro 7: You take the file, but do not follow Inspector Flint's request. After all, you have only just met the man and you are not sure what to believe. If events are as dire as he says, you've taken enough of a risk already in speaking with him directly. Instead of departing from Boston, you find passage on an ocean liner headed for Plymouth, then hitch a bus ride to London. The trip takes quite a while longer, but at least you know you haven't been tailed—by Flint, or by an associate of this red-gloved man.

- ☞ Deception breeds uncertainty. Remove 1 🗡 token from the chaos bag and add 1 🕯 token. (This token can be later removed through an act of trust. However, you may become stronger if you stick to your convictions.)
- ☞ Read the rules for "Tracking Time" below. Mark 2 **time** in your Campaign Log now. Then, proceed to **Setup**.

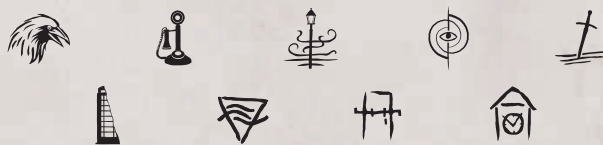
Tracking Time

Throughout this campaign, tracking the passage of time is of crucial importance. As time marches on, these paranormal events will grow more and more dangerous, and machinations beyond your understanding will progress. Additionally, some opportunities may only be open to you during certain windows of time. When you are instructed to mark one or more **time** in your Campaign Log, fill in that many boxes under the "Time Passed" header.

If you fill in a box that has a symbol (in the form of a Greek letter), proceed to the Status Reports section of the Campaign Guide (on page 69), find the status report matching that letter, and read the text that follows.

Setup

- ☞ Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *Riddles and Rain*, *Crimson Conspiracy*, *Dark Veiling*, *Outsiders*, *Shadow of a Doubt*, *Strange Happenings*, *Chilling Cold*, *Locked Doors*, and *The Midnight Masks*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



When gathering *The Midnight Masks* encounter set, only gather the five treachery cards (2x False Lead and 3x Hunting Shadow). Do not gather the locations, acts, agendas, and scenario reference cards from that set.

- ☞ Set the *Crimson Conspiracy* and *Outsiders* encounter sets aside, out of play.
- ☞ Put the *Rainy London Streets* location into play.
 - ✦ Each investigator begins play at *Rainy London Streets*.
 - ✦ Set each other location aside, out of play.
- ☞ Set The Red-Gloved Man enemy and The Eye of Ravens key aside, out of play.
- ☞ Gather each decoy mini-card and each of the following mini-cards: The Red-Gloved Man and Coterie Agents (A, B and C). Set them aside, out of play.
- ☞ Shuffle the remaining encounter cards to build the encounter deck.
- ☞ You are now ready to begin.

DO NOT READ until the end of the scenario

If no resolution was reached (each investigator resigned or was defeated): As the night goes on, the feeling that you are being watched—hunted—only grows. Recalling the photos Inspector Flint showed you of vanished and forgotten people all over the world, you decide that perhaps caution would be best. You head back to your meeting place in Trafalgar Square, keeping your head down the entire time. You might not have much to report to Inspector Flint, but it's better than the alternative.

☞ Skip to **Resolution 4**.

Resolution 1: You search for the man with the red gloves through every possible hiding place and down every shadowed corridor, but he is well and truly gone. It is as if he vanished into thin air. You wonder for a moment if he was somehow erased from existence like the other disappearances, but you don't believe so. There is no mark. No ectoplasmic remains. He simply was there, and then he was not.

You give up searching for him and instead examine the object that clattered to the ground during your scuffle. It is a small ruby marble, no larger than an eye. Indeed, you investigate the crypt that the man was rummaging through, and find that the marble's size matches the eyesockets of the long-deceased corpse inside. They must have been buried with it, meaning perhaps this marble is what the man with the red gloves sought all along... but why?

Investigating further, you find neither name nor epitaph identifying the corpse buried here, only the following lines of what appears to be poetry chiseled into the lid of the body's coffin:

With red we are bound.

Through red we are one.

Thus in red do we bury our kin and our ken.

May you rest, until you are needed once more.

Before you have time to even consider what this might mean, you hear the telltale rumbling of the secret passageway shifting upstairs once more, and the pounding of heavy footsteps down the stairwell. You arm yourself and prepare for a fight. To your surprise, it is Inspector Flint who greets you, held at gunpoint by a woman dressed in a black suit, wide-brimmed hat, and matching black trousers. She has ebony-dark skin, cold eyes underscored by heavy bags, and short, curly hair. Two other suits flank her, both of whom say nothing and stand like statues as she enters the crypt. She flashes an unidentifiable silver badge and motions for you to stay put. "Where did the man with the red gloves go?" she asks. "And who are you?"

"Can I put my hands down now?" Inspector Flint says.

☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.

☞ Choose an investigator to be the bearer of The Eye of Ravens and update the Campaign Log accordingly. From now on, whenever a character becomes the bearer of a Key, keep that Key handy for the rest of the campaign, as it will begin play attached to that character. (In future scenarios, The Eye of Ravens begins play attached to the investigator it is bound to.)

☞ In your Campaign Log, record you haven't seen the last of the Red-Gloved Man.

☞ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log.

☞ Proceed to **Interlude: The Foundation** (page 9).

Resolution 2: You make a show of advancing slowly and peacefully. No matter where you stand, you cannot seem to reach an angle where the light shines on this man's face. "I suppose you—wish to know—why I am here," the man says. Each word is pronounced with a grating, unearthly cadence; stress falling on the wrong syllables; long pauses punctuating each phrase. You nod. He motions to a crypt at the far end of the room. "Curiosity," he threatens, "the first shift—the first curse—in a string of curses."

You approach the coffin within the crypt with trepidation. Is this a trap? There is no name or epitaph identifying the corpse buried here. Only the following lines of what appears to be poetry chiseled into the lid of the coffin:

With red we are bound.

Through red we are one.

Thus in red do we bury our kin and our ken.

May you rest, until you are needed once more.

You ask the man with the red gloves what it means. "He is—needed—once more," the man croaks. You lift the lid of the coffin. Inside is an old and forgotten corpse, likely hundreds of years old. Glinting in the dim candlelight, you spot a false ruby eye staring up at you. "A—gift," the man behind you says quietly. Looking away with disgust, you reach down and pull the marble out of the corpse's eyesocket. When you turn to ask the man what the object is, he is gone; vanished into thin air like those missing before him. Only there is no mark, no ectoplasmic remains, no evidence of escape. He simply was there, and then he was not.

Before you have time to even consider where he could have gone, you hear the telltale rumbling of the secret passageway shifting upstairs once more, and the pounding of heavy footsteps down the stairwell. You arm yourself and prepare for a fight. To your surprise, it is Inspector Flint who greets you, held at gunpoint by a woman dressed in a black suit, wide-brimmed hat, and matching black trousers. She has ebony-dark skin, cold eyes underscored by heavy bags, and short, curly hair. Two other suits flank her, both of whom say nothing and stand like statues as she enters the crypt. She flashes an unidentifiable silver badge and motions for you to stay put. "Where did the man with the red gloves go?" she asks. "And who exactly are you?"

"Can I put my hands down now?" Inspector Flint says.

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☞ In your Campaign Log, record you haven't seen the last of the Red-Gloved Man.

☞ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log.

☞ Proceed to **Interlude: The Foundation** (page 9).

Resolution 3: You search for the man with the red gloves through every possible hiding place and down every shadowed corridor, but he is well and truly gone. It is as if he vanished into thin air. You wonder for a moment if he was somehow erased from existence like the other disappearances, but you don't believe so. There is no mark. No ectoplasmic remains. He simply was there, and then he was not.

You give up searching for him and instead examine the crypt that the man was rummaging through. Inside is an old and forgotten corpse, likely hundreds of years old. You don't have the object here to do a perfect size comparison, but you are quite sure that the ruby marble the red-gloved man stole before disappearing would have fit inside one of the corpse's eyesockets. Indeed, examining the corpse, you see that one such socket is covered in webs and sickly with rot, while the other remains strangely smooth on the inside. Whatever that marble is, it must have been what the man with the red gloves sought all along... but why?

Investigating further, you find neither name nor epitaph identifying the corpse buried here, only the following lines of what appears to be poetry chiseled into the lid of the body's coffin:

With red we are bound.
Through red we are one.
Thus in red do we bury our kin and our ken.
May you rest, until you are needed once more.

Before you have time to even consider what this might mean, you hear the telltale rumbling of the secret passageway shifting upstairs once more, and the pounding of heavy footsteps down the stairwell. You arm yourself and prepare for a fight. To your surprise, it is Inspector Flint who greets you, held at gunpoint by a woman dressed in a black suit, wide-brimmed hat, and matching black trousers. She has ebony-dark skin, cold eyes underscored by heavy bags, and short, curly hair. Two other suits flank her, both of whom say nothing and stand like statues as she enters the crypt. She flashes an unidentifiable silver badge and motions for you to stay put. "Where did the man with the red gloves go?" she asks. "And who exactly are you?"

"Can I put my hands down now?" Inspector Flint says.

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ The Red-Gloved Man is the bearer of The Eye of Ravens. Update the Campaign Log accordingly. From now on, whenever a character becomes the bearer of a Key, keep that Key handy for the rest of the campaign, as it will begin play attached to that character. (In future scenarios, if The Red-Gloved Man enters play, The Eye of Ravens begins play attached to him.)
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record you haven't seen the last of the Red-Gloved Man.
- ☞ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log.
- ☞ Proceed to **Interlude: The Foundation** (page 9).

Resolution 4: You wait impatiently for Inspector Flint to arrive, your nerves on edge. Something must have happened to him. But you still remember him—that's good. You tap your foot nervously as you strain to recall his face, the sound of his voice, the events that led you here. Tap tap tap. Perhaps you should be out there looking for him. What if he is in trouble? Tap tap tap. Maybe he is already gone. Perhaps only you remember him. And what of the man with the red gloves? Tap tap tap. You wait. And wait. And wait.

You barely notice the chair across from you sliding out until Flint takes his seat. To your relief, he is unharmed, although you suspect he has not slept in some time. Lines of worry are creased along his forehead, and his eyes are bloodshot and wide with fear. Yours feel the same.

Breaking the tense air with a joke, you inform Inspector Flint that he is late. He chuckles and nods. "Apologies. Another detective with the ICPC is... missing," he explains, exhaustion and anxiety giving his voice a bitter edge. "Please tell me you have something for me."

You sigh and give your report. Flint cradles his fingers and rubs them idly as you explain what you have learned. "This proves that the man with the red gloves is not working alone," he says.

Just then, a woman's voice interrupts from across the room. "That is an understatement," she says, her voice cold and dry. The woman, dressed in a black suit, wide-brimmed hat, and matching black trousers, flashes an unidentifiable silver badge with one hand, and levels the barrel of a handgun at you with the other. She has ebony-dark skin, cold eyes underscored by heavy bags, and short, curly hair. Two other suits flank her, both of whom say nothing and stand like statues as she speaks. Both of them rest their hands on pistols holstered beneath their suit jackets. You realize with sudden terror that you are alone in the once-busy tea room. Everyone else has cleared out. Flint's hands immediately shoot into the air, and yours quickly follow.

"Where is the man with the red gloves now?" the woman asks. "And who exactly are you?"

You and Flint share a worried glance. What exactly have you gotten yourselves into?

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ The Red-Gloved Man is the bearer of The Eye of Ravens. Update the Campaign Log accordingly. From now on, whenever a character becomes the bearer of a Key, keep that Key handy for the rest of the campaign, as it will begin play attached to that character. (In future scenarios, if The Red-Gloved Man enters play, The Eye of Ravens begins play attached to him.)
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record you haven't seen the last of the Red-Gloved Man.
- ☞ Mark 2 **time** in your Campaign Log.
- ☞ Proceed to **Interlude: The Foundation** (page 9).

Interlude: The Foundation

The Foundation 1: “Talk,” the woman commands.

“I’m a detective with the ICPC,” Flint barks back. “Flint, Li Flint. And you’re going to be in a lot of trouble when they hear about this.”

“I assure you, I will not. And you?” she asks, glaring in your direction. You explain that you are independent investigators working with Flint. She takes a moment to read your gaze—presumably to tell if you are lying. She, like Flint, seems low on trust. Finally, after a long, bated moment, she holsters her firearm. Flint’s hands drop to his sides. You let out a breath you didn’t know you were holding.

“We have been after that red-gloved man for quite some time. This is the first time we have gotten this close. He seems to have a knack for slipping away.” She nods to the two suits flanking her—a tall, athletic, pale-skinned woman and a sharp, clean-shaven man—and motions toward the walls. They keep a hand on their holsters as they scour the perimeter of the room. “And who is ‘we,’ exactly?” Inspector Flint asks. You’ve been wondering the very same thing. Your interrogator has a British accent, but she doesn’t seem to be part of any local outfit you’ve ever heard of.

She waits for confirmation from her two subordinates before continuing. “All clear, ma’am,” the man states. She sighs and crosses her arms. “All right. What I am about to tell you cannot leave this room under any circumstances. Am I clear?”

Flint shrugs. “Under penalty of what, exactly?”

“Summary execution,” she states without hesitation. Your throat closes tight. Even your partner flinches for a moment.

“Well then. I suppose we don’t have much of a choice, do we?” He glances at you. You nod; you might as well hear what she has to say.

“I am Commissioner Taylor, and these are agents Hudson and Antonova. We are with the **FOUNDATION**, an international agency devoted to the discovery, research, and containment of objects with paradimensional capability.”

“What kind of baloney?” Flint practically laughs. But the woman who calls herself Taylor shows no sign of humor.

“After the Great War, many treaties and accords were signed. Paris. Versailles. But keeping the peace wasn’t the only goal. There were... oddities, you see. During the war. Things that did not add up. The Foundation’s purpose is to find these ‘things that do not add up’ and ensure that they cannot be used for such purposes ever again.”

“Well, this is a hell of a con you buttons have cooked up,” Flint says, but the darker tone in his voice indicates he doesn’t even believe himself. And you’re inclined to agree—the fact that Commissioner Taylor even knows of the Red-Gloved Man at all is proof that she has inside knowledge.

You decide that it’s more likely she is telling the truth than lying, and ask what she intends to do with you.

She paces in uncomfortable silence before finally letting out a sigh. “Well, I certainly can’t have your investigation running parallel to my own. And you might have information that could be pertinent to our work. So I say we work together.”

“Work together? Or work for you?” Flint asks pointedly, his eyes narrowing. She allows herself a smile. “You are a clever man, I’ll give you that.” She nods to Agent Hudson, who produces several badges and hands them to you. “You’ll be your own cell of the Foundation, operating under our authority, but with independence. All you need to do is agree to report your findings to us.” She locks eyes with Flint appraisingly. “You’ll be our point of contact.”

You ask Taylor what you get out of the arrangement, besides the lifted

threat on your lives. “We’ll hand over the intel we have on the organization the Red-Gloved Man works for and provide travel papers that can get you anywhere in the world, no questions asked, at no expense.”

Flint eyes the badge like one might an explosive, turning it over and over in his hands. “Two minutes ago you were pointing a gun at me, now you’re offering me a job?”

“Yes. Well? Are you in?”

You pull Flint aside to speak with him in private. The discussion is short and hushed, full of conjecture and paranoid theories about this “Foundation” and their true motives. But in the end, you decide to accept her offer. If it will help you get to the bottom of whatever is going on, it is the only real choice.

“Very well then,” Taylor explains. “The Red-Gloved Man is just one operative of his organization. Or, perhaps, its leader—that we are unable to determine. They call themselves the **RED COTERIE**, so named due to the red garments they wear. They are after artifacts scattered across the world which possess paradimensional capabilities—the very same kind of objects we seek to find and contain. We call them Keys.”

You ask Commissioner Taylor what she means by the term paradimensional. “Imagine a cake with many layers,” she explains. “Everything we see and feel exists on one layer. But there are many more layers above and below ours. Something that is paradimensional exists on one layer, but draws energy from other, parallel layers. As a result, these Keys operate outside the laws of our dimension. Cause and effect. If left unchecked, they can be used to inflict terrible harm on the world. Our job—your new job—is to get them out of the hands of the Coterie and keep them secure in Foundation custody.”

If these Keys are as powerful as the Foundation believes, you agree that they should be kept in safe hands. But you cannot help but wonder what this has to do with the disappearances you’ve been investigating, if anything. Flint locks eyes with you and gives you the slightest shake of his head. He has no intention of telling them.

The investigators must decide (choose one):

- ☑ Tell Taylor about the disappearances.
Proceed to **The Foundation 2**.
- ☑ Do not tell Taylor about the disappearances.
Skip to **The Foundation 3**.

The Foundation 2: You decide it’s best to tell Commissioner Taylor why you were looking into the Red-Gloved Man to begin with. Flint lets out an audible sigh. She mulls it over for a few moments, then shakes her head. “That is something to look into, but your primary objective is to acquire the Keys the Coterie is searching for, at all costs. Am I understood?” Taylor further explains that she will forward any relevant information to Flint’s office, with some “sensitive details” omitted, of course. She will also provide the ICPC with the requisite papers regarding Flint’s new “position.”

“Oh, and Agent Flint,” she says on her way out, addressing him by his new title. “Your cell may have the independence to act on their own accord, but do not forget that you report directly to me. I expect you to do so without reservation should you discover anything of import.”

He nods, only the slightest hint of resistance giving him away.

- ☑ Remove 1  token from the chaos bag. Add 1  token (if there are already 4, each investigator earns 1 experience instead).
- ☑ In your Campaign Log, record the cell told the truth to Taylor.
Skip to **The Foundation 4**.

The Foundation 3: You shut your mouth tight. What she doesn't know can't hurt her. Commissioner Taylor tells Flint that she will forward any relevant information to his office, with some "sensitive details" omitted, of course. She will also provide the ICPC with the requisite papers regarding Flint's new "position."

"Oh, and Agent Flint," she says on her way out, addressing him by his new title. "Your cell may have the independence to act on their own accord, but do not forget that you report directly to me. I expect you to do so without reservation should you discover anything of import."

He nods, but given your reluctance, you expect he'll omit "sensitive details" as well.

- Remove 1 token from the chaos bag. Add 1 token (if there are already 4, each investigator earns 1 experience instead).
- In your Campaign Log, record the cell hid the truth from Taylor. Proceed to **The Foundation 4**.

The Foundation 4: The next morning, your "cell" meets at the tea room near Trafalgar Square where you had originally intended to meet the previous night. Together, you go over the documentation provided to Flint by this "Foundation."

"It's all a bit difficult to believe, if I'm being honest," Flint says, "but everything checks out. The travel papers, the job transfer, all of it. Not even my boss questioned it for a moment. I guess we're secret agents now, eh?"

You agree; unbelievable as it might seem, it's no less strange than the matters you had already been looking into. "Right. Well, I think the best thing to do is to split up. Shanghai is where I grew up. I have connections there I can leverage. So I'll head there first. Where you want to investigate next is up to you. Meet up with me later, and we can figure out where to go from there."

The Foundation has several leads concerning the whereabouts of the Red Coterie.

- One is likely in Inspector Flint's home city of **SHANGHAI**, where there have been many rumors about the existence of a secret cabal led by a mysterious woman with a red parasol.
- In **ALEXANDRIA**, there have been a rash of beastly killings throughout the city. The Foundation has reason to believe a member of the Coterie is involved.
- A string of high-profile burglaries in **BUENOS AIRES** has led the Foundation to believe that one of the Coterie members is responsible. It is likely a Key is the primary target.
- A member of the Coterie has a sanctum in **NAIROBI**. Perhaps there you might learn what they have planned.
- The Foundation have procured the journal of a prospector recently working in **ANCHORAGE**. Perhaps the site of a Key?
- A Coterie agent operating out of **ISTANBUL** has already reached out to Foundation operatives. A defector, perhaps? Or it could be a trap.
- Locals in **KATHMANDU** have reported seeing a "spirit" matching the description of another Coterie agent.
- A deadly Coterie agent has been sighted in **MARRAKESH**. Reports of tomb robberies and strange overgrowth have the local Foundation operatives on edge.
- A Coterie agent has made a name for himself in **HAVANA**, where rum and other illicit goods are being smuggled into the United States.

Read the rules for "Embarking and Travel" and "The Foundation Dossiers" on the next column. Then, when you are ready to proceed, **embark** from London to a new location.

Embarking and Travel

Whenever you **embark**, you may travel wherever you wish using the map included in *The Scarlet Keys* campaign expansion. Each space on the map is connected to one or more other spaces by paths. When you are ready to embark, travel along the paths to reach whichever destination you wish (as a group). For each path you use to reach your destination, you must mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log (to a minimum of 1).



At each space on the map, there is a number and letter combination that will guide you to a particular page in this Campaign Guide. You do not have to stop at every space you travel through; however, if you wish to stop traveling and see what is at that space, turn to the page of the Campaign Guide that matches the indicated number and follow the story text there. (Or use the table of contents on page 2 to help you find the appropriate page.) This might lead you to an interlude or to a scenario. There is no perfect path to follow, so follow your gut...just be wary of how much time you spend (see "Tracking Time" on page 6).

For example: Shelley wishes to travel from Alexandria to Marrakesh. She first marks 1 **time** to use the path to Rome, but chooses not to stop there, and marks 1 more **time** to travel to Marrakesh, where she stops. Marrakesh is marked as "11-B," so she opens the Campaign Guide to page 11 and reads File #11-B: Dead Heat.

- Some locations are marked by a red border and the lack of a letter. You can only travel to such a location once you are permitted to do so by a Campaign Log entry.
- Some locations, marked by a green border, represent the sites of possible side stories (found in other Arkham Horror: The Card Game standalone products). If you wish to incorporate a side story into this campaign, simply travel to the appropriate location on the map and spend additional time equal to the normal experience cost for playing that side story (instead of spending the experience cost).
 - If you are not stopping at one of these locations to embark on a side-story, you may skip it and continue traveling along the path. If so, count it as one contiguous path, not as two separate paths.
- Once you have stopped at a location, you cannot stop there again for the remainder of the campaign unless instructed otherwise.

The Foundation Dossiers

Throughout this Campaign Guide, there are a number of Foundation Dossier sidebars, an example of which is presented below. Investigators are allowed to peek at the Foundation Dossier sidebar for any space on the map, at any time. Use these sidebars to help guide your actions and plan your route. While reading a dossier, investigators are not allowed to peek at any other text on that page until they travel to that location.

You may read this dossier at any time

File #11-B
 Subject Class: Red
 Real Identity: Unknown
 Last Known Location: Marrakesh, Morocco
 Description: Subject #11-B (hereinafter "Amaranth") is a woman of European descent appears to be



You may read this dossier at any time

File #11-B

Subject Class: Red

Real Identity: Unknown

Last Known Location: Marrakesh, Morocco

Description: Subject #11-B (hereinafter "Amaranth") is a woman of European descent; appears to be in early 20s. Typically seen wearing a large red flower that partly obscures her face.

Paradimensional Capabilities: Power to [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. Channels [REDACTED] via [REDACTED] to [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] from [REDACTED]. No recorded limits to this [REDACTED]; data limited only to minor events. Subject [REDACTED] via tactile contact, which limits [REDACTED] of [REDACTED]. Possible [REDACTED] ramifications.

Sightings: 1. November 23, 1923: Arkham, MA. Agents witnessed subject healing wounds of [REDACTED] member, [REDACTED] nearby trees. Elevated [REDACTED] activity reported in the months following.

2. January 11, 1924: Lisbon, Portugal. Local cell apprehended subject. [REDACTED] contact confirmed. One cell member immediately deceased; second victim remains catatonic. Subject eluded questioning.

3. Unconfirmed sighting in Marrakesh. Further intel required. Immediate assistance requested.

Approach Procedure: Subject is incredibly dangerous. Engage only with extreme caution. Physical contact prohibited. More information available in San Francisco office (File #26-G2).

Intro 1: You are jolted awake by the sound of screeching wheels as your train shudders to a stop. Although it is barely morning, the heat from the sun rises in shimmering waves from the sweltering pavement to veil Marrakesh in an otherworldly glimmer. Your head pounds. The city wavers like a mirage in the middle of the Moroccan desert.

Check how much **time** has passed in the Campaign Log.

- ☉ If fewer than 15 **time** has passed, proceed to **Intro 2**.
- ☉ If 15 to 24 **time** has passed, skip to **Intro 3**.
- ☉ If 25 or more **time** has passed, skip to **Intro 4**.

Intro 2: You meet your contact on the rooftop of a small cafe not far from the railway station. The man's boyish frame is offset by a well-kempt grey beard that covers deep laugh lines. "You must be with the Foundation," he extends a hand to shake. "I am Latif. Please, sit. You must be hungry."

The table is laden with bowls and dishes heaped with eggs, olives, and rich cheese served with flat bread and hot atay. As you eat, Latif spreads a stack of newspapers on the table between you. "I don't want to ruin your appetite, my friends, but there is some wicked purpose at work in the city." He points out three different headlines:

MYSTERIOUS TOMB ROBBERY

SUDDEN BLIGHT DEVASTATES OLIVE GROVE

DOZENS MISSING IN MEDINA

A warm, pungent breeze wafts over you, rustling the newspaper. Latif whispers conspiratorially, "I assume you read the dossier. The one who calls herself Amaranth was seen here, and I believe she is responsible." Looking over his shoulder, the middle-aged man produces a crisp photo of a beautiful 20-something woman in a black dress and matching gloves, a gaudy blossom tucked behind her ear.

"Just last night, I sent my contact to gather any information he could on her whereabouts. He hasn't returned. I fear the worst," Latif says, looking downcast. "But that is why you're here, I suppose! The commissioner always sends such..." he looks at you as if considering his words. "Unique people."

You assure Latif that you may be new to the Foundation, but that you are more than capable of handling the situation.

"I truly hope so," says Latif, drinking deep from his cup of hot mint tea. "There is something strange happening here. My brother told me he saw our late grandfather walking the street in his burial shroud. I told him that he must have been dreaming, but I have heard similar stories. It is not safe to walk the streets at night anymore. I believe there is some terrible sorcery at work. Some unnatural influence. If only the Foundation did not redact their own missives!"

You spend the rest of the morning reviewing the bundle of newspapers and scrivenings Latif has collected. The first "tomb robbery" reported in the recent string of events was of Razin Farhi, a 16th-century philosopher and mathematician. "It is rumored that he was one of the founding members of the Red Coterie," Latif tells you. Your mind races as you try to piece the information together: is Amaranth after another Key?

"Whatever is happening, we cannot afford to wait idly," Latif says.

Proceed to **Setup**.

Intro 3: There are no cabs to hail outside the railway station, so you walk to meet your contact on the rooftop of a near-empty cafe. The man who greets you has a boyish frame offset by a well-kempt beard that covers deep laugh lines. However, he is not smiling. "You're late," he says gravely. "I sent a telegram to the Foundation requesting assistance. We are in dire straits, as you say."

You apologize and tell him you've done the best you can, and he rubs his brow worriedly. "I am sorry. It is good you are here, but I fear that things are set in motion already. Things we no longer have the time nor power to stop." He gestures for you to sit. "I am Latif. Please. You will want to sit down for this."

A spread of tempting local delicacies has been laid out on the table, but judging from the spare remnants, Latif ate most of it due to nerves. He shows you several newspapers in turn with headlines detailing desecrated tombs, dying crops, and numerous missing persons reports. As he relays these sobering events to you, you catch a scent of something foul on the wind. Looking out across the city, you see a pattern of inky black vines that run across building façades. At a distance, they look like raised veins on a dying body.

"My friend?" Latif's voice breaks through your reverie. You apologize, and ask him about the vines. The middle-aged man sighs. "Yet another mystery, it seems. Last night, there was a great commotion outside Bahia Palace.

Screaming and gnashing teeth. I sent one of my informants to investigate and he never returned. Soon after, the strange black blooms appeared, growing on every wall and surface. They stink of rot and produce awful, sharp thorns. I wouldn't dare touch them."

"Before this strange business began, my brother told me he saw our late grandfather walking the street in his burial shroud. I would have dismissed it but for the dozens of similar stories. There are now crowds of slow-moving, silent people walking the streets. Their eyes are empty, though their bellies are not," Latif says bitterly, then drains the rest of his teacup.

"I believe the one who calls herself Amaranth is responsible. You might recognize her from the Foundation's dossier. How helpful that they blot out the most important details in their own missives!" Latif produces a crisp photo of a beautiful 20-something woman in a black dress and matching gloves, a gaudy blossom tucked behind her ear.

"Another of my informants said he saw this 'Amaranth' at the Bahia Palace Gardens. Some strange work is afoot, and she is at the center of it. I say we go to the palace and put a stop to whatever awful plans she has in place, but be ready for anything."

You catch a now-familiar scent of rot on the wind, and look down to the lip of the rooftop cafe. A single, black tendril has crept up the side of the building. At the end of the vine, a bulbous, black fruiting body has begun to develop. You aren't sure if it is a trick of the late morning sun, or if there is some other strange process at work, but you could swear you see a shimmer of phosphorescent green flash along the body, and a noticeable movement, though there is no wind.

Proceed to **Setup**.

Intro 4: A scent of smoke and decay greets you as you step off the train. You are one of just a handful of people to emerge onto the empty platform of the railway station. Black, dessicated vines climb up the sides of the surrounding buildings and end in riotous red flowers. An eerie silence hangs over everything.

On your way to meet your contact, you pass a few, scattered people who walk with a halting, awkward gait. Several of them reach out to you as you keep a wide berth, and you see their skin is jaundiced and dry, and their eyes have a hollow, empty look. A cloud of flies follows in their wake, buzzing incessantly. You are hardly surprised when you find the door to the cafe where you were supposed to meet a "Latif" boarded up.

Tarry death blooms on the walls and storefronts, all hastily barricaded. Fearful eyes peer out at you from between slatted boards. Marrakesh is in utter ruin. After wandering the city, you find the epicenter of the strange black vines lies in the pulverized remains of Bahia Palace. In the overgrown gardens, you find the remnants of a strange ritual, but no trace of those who conducted it.

Skip to **Resolution 5** (page 13).

Setup

- ☞ Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *Dead Heat*, *Scarlet Sorcery*, *Spreading Corruption*, *Ghouls*, and *Striking Fear*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



- ☞ Put all 5 **Marrakesh** locations into play, using only their non-**Abandoned** versions. Set aside the **Abandoned** version of each location.

☞ Each investigator begins play at Marrakesh Railway Station.

- ☞ For each location in play, place resources on it equal to one more than the number of investigators, as civilians (see "Civilians," below). Then, check the Campaign Log:

- ☞ If 10 or fewer **time** has passed, no change is made.
- ☞ If 11–17 **time** has passed, choose 1 🧑 civilians as evenly as possible among all locations in play. Those civilians are slain.
- ☞ If 18–24 **time** has passed, choose 2 🧑 civilians as evenly as possible among all locations in play. Those civilians are slain.

- ☞ Set the following cards aside, out of play: the double-sided Amaranth enemy, the Razin Farhi enemy, the Khalid enemy, both copies of the Ancient Raider enemy, The Last Blossom key, and the double-sided "Save the Civilians / Aftermath" story card.

- ☞ Check the Campaign Log and build the act and/or agenda decks accordingly.

- ☞ If fewer than 15 **time** has passed, no change is made.
- ☞ If 15 to 24 **time** has passed, remove act 1 from the game. The game begins at act 2a. Place doom equal to the number of players on agenda 1. Spawn Amaranth (*Lurking Corruption*) at Bahia Palace Garden, and attach The Last Blossom to her. Put the set-aside Save the Civilians story card into play. Shuffle the Khalid enemy into the encounter deck.

- ☞ Shuffle the remaining encounter cards to build the encounter deck.

- ☞ You are now ready to begin.

Civilians

In this scenario, resources on locations represent the innocent civilians of Marrakesh, who are in grave danger.

- ☞ For the purposes of enemy movement and enemy attacks, enemies treat civilians as if they were investigators. (Enemies do not engage civilians, but may attack civilians at their location as if they were engaged.) If a civilian is attacked, they are automatically slain.
- ☞ Civilians remain present on a location when it is revealed.
- ☞ When a civilian is slain, place it on the scenario reference card, to track how many civilians have been slain.

Choosing a Random Location

During this scenario, you will often be instructed to choose a random location. This should be done by shuffling together the 5 locations not currently in play (the versions of each location in play not currently being used) and drawing 1 at random.

Replacing Locations

Throughout this scenario, you may be instructed to swap set-aside locations with existing ones. When a location is swapped with one that is already in play, it takes its place. All tokens, attachments, investigators, enemies, and other cards at the former location are considered to now be at the new location (attached cards remain attached, for example). No game element is considered to have moved during such a swap.

DO NOT READ until the end of the scenario

If no resolution was reached (each investigator resigned or was defeated): You watch in horror as the remnants of the city are overtaken by the insidious vines. The remaining civilians are devoured by Amaranth's servants. As you watch the devastation unfold, you wish you could have done more.

- ☉ Each civilian remaining in play is slain. If it is still Act 1, draw the set-aside Save the Civilians story card and resolve the Aftermath side.

- ☉ Check which enemies are in play.

- ◆ If Razin Farhi is in play, skip to **Resolution 1**.

- ◆ If the above is not true, skip to **Resolution 2**.

Resolution 1: Realizing the peril of your situation, you make for the outskirts of town and knock on every door you see. Pleading for your life, you offer money or whatever you have on hand, only to be turned away at every stop. Eventually, a wrinkled old woman takes pity on you and welcomes you inside. You spend the night trembling in fear and trepidation, and when you emerge in the morning, the city is in ruins. Awful black vines envelop everything. This devastation was apparently a worthwhile price to pay for true love.

- ☉ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☉ Amaranth is the bearer of The Last Blossom. Update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record the lovers are reunited.
- ☉ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 2: Realizing the peril of your situation, you make for the outskirts of town and knock on every door you see. Pleading for your life, you offer money or whatever you have on hand, only to be turned away at every stop. Eventually, a wrinkled old woman takes pity on you and welcomes you inside. You spend the night trembling in fear and trepidation, and when you emerge in the morning, the city is in ruins. Awful black vines envelop everything. You wonder what was so important to Amaranth that she would cause such devastation.

- ☉ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☉ Amaranth is the bearer of The Last Blossom. Update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record you haven't seen the last of Amaranth.
- ☉ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 3: Looking down at the woman who called herself Amaranth, you call her by her true name. "Eryn... Cochwyn?" She holds her hand to her cheek as her cheeks flush. You see her eyes dilate as she begins to remember her former life. As her gaze passes over the Last Blossom writhing in your hand, she lets out a cry of horror. "I had the most terrible dream," she says. "I dreamt I was a great and terrible queen, and that I ruled over a kingdom of silent subjects." Realizing what she has done, the change in Eryn's demeanor is jarring. The woman who seemed so heartless and cruel now lies before you, weeping.

It is clear to you that Eryn's actions were not her own. You console her and lead her to safety along with the rest of the survivors, telling her that you will keep the blossom safe and prevent 'Amaranth' from taking another host ever again. "Never again," she echoes your words. "Never again." As you depart, the blossom furls and unfurls, as if searching for another host.

- ☉ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☉ Choose an investigator to be the bearer of The Last Blossom and update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record Amaranth has left the Coterie.
- ☉ Mark 2 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 4: As you hold the Last Blossom in your hand, Amaranth convulses on the ground before you. Spitting black ichor, the beautiful young woman claws at you like a frightened animal, then bolts away down a narrow street. Although you try to follow her, you eventually lose her trail in the confusion of fleeing civilians and shriveling overgrowth.

- ☉ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☉ Choose an investigator to be the bearer of The Last Blossom and update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record you haven't seen the last of Amaranth.
- ☉ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 5: You find many "Latif"s listed among the innumerable dead as the city reckons with its losses. Rather than try to find your contact, you take stock of the situation and read over the dossier. You have little doubt that this was the work of the Coterie. What Amaranth did here claimed thousands of lives and wreaked havoc on a scale you could have scarcely foreseen. Whatever her reasons, she apparently has the ability to bring calamity on an apocalyptic scale.

As the people of Marrakesh carry out the grim arithmetic of counting survivors, you use what time you have to help the civilians rebuild. Over the course of many days, the awful vines desiccate and blow away as ash, and the dead are cleansed and wrapped for burial. Despite the devastation, there is hope for the city to become what it once was, if not even better. With a heavy heart, you prepare to leave.

- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record you haven't seen the last of Amaranth.
- ☉ Each investigator suffers 1 mental trauma as they survey the ruins of Marrakesh.
- ☉ Each investigator earns 3 bonus experience as they help the survivors of the city rebuild.
- ☉ Amaranth is the bearer of The Last Blossom. Update the Campaign Log accordingly.

- ☉ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

File #14-C: Ruses and Reclamation

Determine if this is the site of your missing Keys by performing the following steps:

- ② Gather an enemy's concealed mini-card (*it doesn't matter which one*) and three decoys.
 - ❖ If *wrong leads* is recorded in your Campaign Log, gather one fewer decoy for each tally mark recorded next to it.
 - ❖ If there are 3 tally marks next to *wrong leads*, skip this process and go immediately to **Ruses and Reclamation 2**.
- ② Flip the gathered concealed cards facedown and shuffle them. Choose one at random.
 - ❖ If it is a decoy, proceed to **Ruses and Reclamation 1**.
 - ❖ If it is an enemy's concealed mini-card, skip to **Ruses and Reclamation 2**.

Ruses and Reclamation 1: *You search every known Coterie sanctum and safehouse in this region, looking high and low for the villain who stole your precious cargo, but find nothing. Either they're not here, or they're so well hidden that searching any more thoroughly would be a waste of time. Resigned, you plan your next move.*

- ② In your Campaign Log, record *wrong leads*, and next to this, record 1 tally mark. (If *wrong leads* is already recorded in your Campaign Log, add 1 tally mark to it.)
- ② You may **embark**.

Ruses and Reclamation 2: *You finally narrow down your quarry and find their safehouse. Before rushing in, you lay low and wait for the right time to strike. With the element of surprise on your side, you tailor your approach to your foe...*

Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log. Read only the following section that pertains to your situation. Then, you may **embark**.

If The Red-Gloved Man stole the Key(s): *With a foe as enigmatic and potentially dangerous as The Red-Gloved Man, perhaps it is best to avoid confrontation altogether. You wait until you spot him leaving the sanctum and then start picking the lock of the same entrance... only, to your surprise, he has left it unlocked. You can almost imagine his blank stare from the shadows, mocking your every move. Does he know you're here? Why steal from you only to hand the stolen objects back to you on a silver platter? In the end, you decide it is best to not look a gift horse in the mouth—after all, you're not about to waste this opportunity. You grab the stolen relic and make your escape, wondering all the while the true motivations of the mysterious man.*

Update the Keys section of your Campaign Log such that the Key(s) that were stolen return to their original bearers.

Each investigator earns 1 experience, plus 1 additional experience for each tally mark recorded next to *wrong leads*.

Cross off "14-C" on each of the remaining locations in the Campaign Log.

If The Claret Knight stole the Key(s): *Knowing the knight from Alexandria, you doubt he would dirty his hands personally—he must have sent enforcers to do his job for him. It's likely he has set guards inside the safehouse, as well. Sneaking is probably out of the question, so you decide on a quick, direct approach: take the guards by surprise, grab what's yours, and get out before they can respond with force. The job is clean and over in a matter of seconds. With the knight's enforcers surely on your tail, you flee the city as fast as you can with your prize in tow.*

Update the Keys section of your Campaign Log such that the Key(s) that were stolen return to their original bearers.

Each investigator earns 1 experience, plus 1 additional experience for each tally mark recorded next to *wrong leads*.

Cross off "14-C" on each of the remaining locations in the Campaign Log.

If The Beast in a Cowl of Crimson stole the Key(s):

The Beast is no doubt the most violent and unpredictable foe you have encountered thus far. You count yourself lucky to have been out of your hotel room when it was sacked, or you would surely be dead. But from your mission in Alexandria, you know the creature has a weakness—it must hibernate from time to time. Quiet as a mouse, you slip into its sanctum unnoticed, the Beast's rumbling breath emanating from a chamber deeper beneath your feet. Your heart races as you creep throughout the building, knowing any false step could spell your doom. The moment you grab the stolen artifact, the Beast begins to stir, and you rush to the exit. Even after putting miles between you and the creature's lair, you can still hear its howls of anger and hate.

Update the Keys section of your Campaign Log such that the Key(s) that were stolen return to their original bearers.

Each investigator earns 1 experience, plus 1 additional experience for each tally mark recorded next to *wrong leads*.

Cross off "14-C" on each of the remaining locations in the Campaign Log.

If La Chica Roja stole the Key(s):

You and La Chica Roja have been playing this cat-and-mouse game for weeks. You've tracked her down enough times by now to know her modus operandi perhaps better than any other living person. It's even starting to become a little fun, this tête-à-tête. You sneak into her sanctum and locate the relic in a hiding place not unlike where a remnant of the Weeping Lady was found during your last encounter. With a bit of a chuckle, you replace it with a little calling card of your own and escape without notice. As you leave the city later that night, a bystander slips a red envelope onto your person, bearing a message: "Nice one. Let's play again some time."

Update the Keys section of your Campaign Log such that the Key(s) that were stolen return to their original bearers.

Each investigator earns 1 experience, plus 1 additional experience for each tally mark recorded next to *wrong leads*.

Cross off "14-C" on each of the remaining locations in the Campaign Log.

If The Sanguine Watcher stole the Key(s): *Faceless*

servants with scarlet collars and wings of darkness circle the watcher's sanctum overhead. You move carefully under the cover of night, hoping to avoid detection. The man's sanctum is more akin to a workshop, filled with torturous implements and strange, arcane tools. Among the many instruments is that which he stole from you, placed in the center of one of his workbenches as though he was studying it. The moment you grab it and move to escape, you hear his startled voice from another doorway. "Who is there?" Two empty eyesockets glare in your direction as you turn to face him. "Who is that?" He scrambles to find his ruby spectacles, but you are long gone before he is able to put them on.

Update the Keys section of your Campaign Log such that the Key(s) that were stolen return to their original bearers.

Each investigator earns 1 experience, plus 1 additional experience for each tally mark recorded next to *wrong leads*.

Cross off "14-C" on each of the remaining locations in the Campaign Log.

If Amaranth stole the Key(s): *You sneak into*

Amaranth's sanctum and find what she stole piled in the corner of a cavernous foyer. A weak roar breaks the silence, and you see a tattered lion glowering at you from the dark. Your shock turns to disgust as you watch the poor creature struggle to stand: it is too decayed to even move. "You got what you came for. Now leave," says a voice from the shadows. Squinting your eyes, you see Amaranth bent over the lion, her cheeks wet with tears. "Khalid, please," she whispers. The lion lets out a weak growl, then flops onto its side to expose its rotten belly. "I told you to leave!" Amaranth screams. Your disgust turns to pity as you make your exit.

Update the Keys section of your Campaign Log such that the Key(s) that were stolen return to their original bearers.

Each investigator earns 1 experience, plus 1 additional experience for each tally mark recorded next to *wrong leads*.

Cross off "14-C" on each of the remaining locations in the Campaign Log.

If Aliko Zoni Uperetria stole the Key(s): *To your*

surprise, the sanctum is completely empty. Not just empty, but abandoned entirely, perhaps for many years before you ever arrived. You wander through darkened halls and dusty, cobwebbed chambers, until finally you reach an old, decrepit bedroom. A full-length mirror adorns one wall, covered in dust and grime. Spotting a strange reflection in the glass, you wipe away the filth, revealing the haunting figure of Aliko behind you, her long, dark hair covering her eyes as she reaches for your neck. When you turn again, she is gone, but the feeling of something clenching around your neck remains. Spying your stolen Key on a nearby vanity, you snatch it and run, bursting through the door of the sanctum with a resounding thud. You don't stop running until you have left the city behind.

Update the Keys section of your Campaign Log such that the Key(s) that were stolen return to their original bearers.

Each investigator earns 1 experience, plus 1 additional experience for each tally mark recorded next to *wrong leads*.

Cross off "14-C" on each of the remaining locations in the Campaign Log.

If Thorne stole the Key(s): *If there's one thing you know*

about Thorne, it's that they won't pass on an opportunity to make a deal. Rather than sneak in, you knock on the front door of their sanctum and are admitted by several smooth, attractive attendants. Thorne sits at the head of a long table, hands steepled. "What a delight! I had no idea you were coming," they smile brightly, then gesture for you to sit. Drinks and a lavish meal are served, and eventually you steer the conversation toward returning what they stole. "Ah yes. 'Keys.' It's always about 'Keys,' isn't it?" They pour another glass of wine. "Things have changed. I suppose I could be amenable to such an exchange. But only if you make it worth my while." It takes nearly an hour to come up with compensation enough for Thorne to change their mind, but eventually you leave their sanctum with your stolen relic... and a bit poorer, besides.

Update the Keys section of your Campaign Log such that the Key(s) that were stolen return to their original bearers.

Each investigator earns 1 experience, plus 1 additional experience for each tally mark recorded next to *wrong leads*.

Cross off "14-C" on each of the remaining locations in the Campaign Log.

If Desiderio Delgado Álvarez stole the Key(s): *You*

sneak into Desi's safehouse and are stunned to find that it is no vault or Coterie hideout, but a fully stocked bar with patrons in boisterous revelry. A bouncer in a pinstripe suit stops you as you enter, but before you can protest or fight back, you hear Desi's voice call out: "Hey. It's fine. Let 'em in." The bouncer relents, and you sit at a booth across from your adversary. "Guessing I know what this is about. Tell you what: I'm in a good mood. Have a drink or two and I'll play you for it," he says, shuffling a deck of cards. Seeing your expression, he grins. "Oh, lighten up. I'm not like those others. One hand. Then we call it even and go our separate ways." Considering the circumstances, you decide it best to play along—literally. As luck would have it, three jacks is more than enough to beat Desi's pair. You end up leaving shortly after with your Key reclaimed and no worse for the wear, wondering how much of a sore loser Desi and his crew might be.

Update the Keys section of your Campaign Log such that the Key(s) that were stolen return to their original bearers.

Each investigator earns 1 experience, plus 1 additional experience for each tally mark recorded next to *wrong leads*.

Cross off "14-C" on each of the remaining locations in the Campaign Log.

If Tzu San Niang stole the Key(s): *Given how dangerous*

Tzu San Niang was while in possession of a Key, you decide a direct confrontation is out of the question. Stealth is by far the better option. You sneak into a large industrial complex after dark and locate what she stole behind a locked door. As you pick the locks, you hear a lilting voice echo off of the narrow corridors. A haunting song in Shanghaiese fills the empty factory. Working quickly, you reclaim the stolen artifact and retrace your steps to the exit, looking over your shoulder at every turn. The song lingers in your memory long after you make your escape.

Update the Keys section of your Campaign Log such that the Key(s) that were stolen return to their original bearers.

Each investigator earns 1 experience, plus 1 additional experience for each tally mark recorded next to *wrong leads*.

Cross off "14-C" on each of the remaining locations in the Campaign Log.



You may read this dossier at any time

File #16-D

Subject Class: Yellow

Real Identity: Unknown

Last Known Location: Buenos Aires, Argentina

Description: Subject #16-D (hereinafter "Girl in Carmine Coat") is a woman of apparently Argentinian descent (██████████ origin?), early 20s, approximately 165cm in height. ██████████ presence undetected (as of yet). Coterie paraphernalia consists of stark red coat and matching hat possessive of paradimensional faculty (see details below). Called "La Chica Roja" by locals (no doubt a reference to her attire, although it is unclear whether such title is a term of endearment or infamy).

Paradimensional Capabilities: Reports by local authorities suggest Girl in Carmine Coat is capable of either ██████████ or ██████████. Local authorities appear incapable of capturing subject despite repeated attempts. (Can she manipulate ██████████ and ██████████? Or is she simply that good at evading detection?) Subject seems to wish to avoid conflict; as of yet, no deaths or harm to any locals can be traced to Girl in Carmine Coat. (Cannot rule out potential for violent escalation.)

Sightings: Girl in Carmine Coat is responsible for several high profile burglaries in Buenos Aires. Reports by local papers indicate she is still at large.

Approach Procedure: Despite her apparent ██████████ association, Girl in Carmine Coat does not appear to be hostile. She has been heard speaking fluent Spanish, Portugese, French, and English. For these reasons, we believe subject can be interrogated and/or reasoned with. Recommend capture and questioning regarding ██████████ motives.

Persons of Interest: Oficial Principal Matias Bolívar (ma-tee-as boh-lee-vahr), principal officer in charge of Girl in Carmine Coat's capture. (Possible asset?)

Intro 1: As soon as you arrive in Buenos Aires, you set your meeting with Oficial Bolívar at a café overlooking the harbor. Seagulls cry out over the many shipping and fishing boats in the distance. Even after Bolívar arrives, you continue to keep an eye out for others listening in—for anyone wearing red, especially. The officer meets you in uniform instead of casual clothes—whether by protocol or due to being overworked, you are unsure. His response to your letter seemed overly eager. Perhaps he is as starved for information regarding his target as you are? "Your letter suggested we may be able to aid one another," he says casually, after calling out for a café chico. "You have information regarding La Chica Roja?"

You clarify that you are the one seeking information from Bolívar, not the other way around. "Well, scratch my back and I'll scratch yours," he says, his expression turning serious. "What do you know?"

The investigators must decide (choose one):

- ☞ Tell Bolívar everything regarding the target. Proceed to **Intro 2**.
- ☞ Give Bolívar some breadcrumbs. Skip to **Intro 3**.
- ☞ Insist that Bolívar tells you what he knows. Skip to **Intro 4**.

Intro 2: You decide that honesty is the best policy. You doubt he would believe your tale about extraterrestrials and secret organizations, but you can at least tell him what you know regarding "La Chica Roja." He mulls over the information you give him, taking a minute to process everything. "Hmm... so you really believe that La Chica Roja has these...abilities...?" You tell him you are certain. It may be tough to believe, but it is important that Bolívar understand the reality of the situation. "I knew it. I knew it!" he grins. "Of course! It makes so much sense. The way she would vanish into thin air, move with such speed..." You hadn't expected him to believe you, but it turns out your information has only confirmed his own suspicions. "So how do you intend to help us catch her?"

You tell Bolívar that you intend to capture her on your own. All you need from him is information regarding her objective and last known whereabouts in Buenos Aires. He pulls several photos of buildings in Buenos Aires out of his folder and reveals them to you. "La Chica Roja has carved a path of thievery and mischief throughout Buenos Aires. Hundreds of thousands of pesos in stolen art and artifacts." He points to each of the photos, one by one. "Casa Rosada, Palacio Errázuriz, Teatro Colón. She has been spotted many times, but try as we might, we cannot catch her in the act. Those in charge are, shall we say...unhappy...with how the situation has been handled." He looks away and scratches at the back of his hand as he stammers. It is clear to you that Bolívar's career is on the line. But you know the stakes are much higher than even that. "It is like she is toying with us. Mocking us." He strikes the surface of the table in frustration. "Making a killing while making fools of us all."

Read only if an investigator has the Criminal trait: You of all people know better than to presume the target's intent from so little. Had she intended to sell the stolen relics, there would be evidence of such sales on the black market. She would likely make as much or more ransoming the goods back to their owners. Besides, you doubt the Coterie is after mere wealth. There must be some other value to the stolen items.

You tell Oficial Bolívar that you will help him find the Girl in the Carmine Coat, but only if he aids you in your investigation. "Of course," he says with a grin. "If it means we can finally put that thief behind bars, I will do what I can." You shake the man's hand and together, a plan begins to brew.

Remember that "Matias Bolívar trusts you."

- ☞ Remove 1 🍀 token from the chaos bag. Add 1 🍀 token (if there are already 4, each investigator earns 1 experience instead).

Proceed to **Setup**.

Intro 3: For the sake of diplomacy, you decide to give Bolívar a few harmless bits of information regarding “La Chica Roja,” but nothing more. You can’t risk the truth of the situation getting out. Better that the police think of the Girl in the Carmine Coat as only an extraordinarily skilled thief, and nothing more. “That is all you know?” he asks, incredulous. “And here I thought that you being here meant... Oh well. I suppose she really is a mystery, after all. So how do you intend to help us catch her?”

You tell Bolívar that you intend to capture her on your own. All you need from him is information regarding her objective and last known whereabouts in Buenos Aires. He pulls several photos of buildings in Buenos Aires out of his folder and reveals them to you. “La Chica Roja has carved a path of thievery and mischief throughout Buenos Aires. Hundreds of thousands of pesos in stolen art and artifacts.” He points to each of the photos, one by one. “Casa Rosada, Palacio Errázuriz, Banco de la Provincia. She has been spotted many times, but try as we might, we cannot catch her in the act. Those in charge are, shall we say... unhappy... with how the situation has been handled.” He looks away and scratches at the back of his hand as he stammers. It is clear to you that Bolívar’s career is on the line. But you know the stakes are much higher than that. “She is toying with us. She will toy with you too. Chew your investigation up and spit you out.”

You assure Oficial Bolívar that you can catch her, but it’s better if his team stays out of your way. “If it means putting that thief behind bars, I will let you have a go at it,” he agrees. You shake the man’s hand, and a plan begins to brew.

Proceed to **Setup**.

Intro 4: You shake your head. This isn’t a negotiation—you cannot let Oficial Bolívar and his investigation impede yours in any way. “And what makes you think I am going to cooperate if you refuse to assist?”

You pull out one of the letters given to you by Agent Taylor and hand it to Bolívar. He opens it slowly and warily, keeping his eyes on you the entire time. It takes him little time to read through the entire thing, after which he crumples it up and tosses it back onto the table. “Damn you,” he says. You ask him once more what he knows regarding the target’s objective and last known whereabouts. He pulls several photos of buildings in Buenos Aires out of his folder and tosses them onto the table. “La Chica Roja has carved a path of thievery and mischief throughout Buenos Aires. Hundreds of thousands of pesos in stolen art and artifacts.” He points to each of the photos, one by one. “Casa Rosada, Palacio Errázuriz, Banco de la Provincia. She has been spotted many times, but try as we might, we cannot catch her in the act. And now here you are, complicating the whole ordeal.”

You examine the photos, ignoring Bolívar’s annoyed glare. It’s obvious that his career is on the line, but you cannot let the frustration of one man get in the way of your investigation. If the police get to the Girl in the Carmine Coat before you do, the best case scenario is that it will be tougher for you to get the information you need from her. Worst case scenario, it will only put them all in danger. Better for you to be the one to confront her.

You tell Oficial Bolívar that his team is to stay out of your way while you conduct your own investigation. Furthermore, you must be the one to question her if she is taken into custody—not the police. He lets out a sigh and shakes his head. “Do what you’re gonna do. Won’t be my head on the chopping block this time.” You get the feeling that Bolívar doesn’t think you can pull this off, but unlike him, you understand what you’re truly up against... though you still don’t know why. You take his documents and begin to brew a plan.

Remember that “Matias Bolívar doesn’t trust you.”

- Remove 1 token from the chaos bag. Add 1 token (if there are already 4, each investigator earns 1 experience instead).

Proceed to **Setup**.

Setup

- Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *Sanguine Shadows*, *Dark Veiling*, *Mysteries Abound*, *Shadow of a Doubt*, *Strange Happenings*, *Locked Doors*, and *Nightgaunts*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



- Build the agenda deck using only agenda 1 and the act deck using only acts 1 and 2.
- Put the Avenida de Mayo location into play.
 - Each investigator begins play at Avenida de Mayo.
- Choose one of the seven remaining locations at random, and remove it from the game. Put the other six locations into play, surrounding Avenida de Mayo (see suggested location placement below).
- Place one resource on each location in play other than Avenida de Mayo, as targets. (There should be six targets, in total).
 - These targets represent the locations you suspect La Chica Roja is looking to steal from.
- Gather each decoy mini-card and each of the following mini-cards: La Chica Roja and Apportioned Ka. Set them aside, out of play.
- Find the double-sided La Chica Roja card, flip her to her enemy side, and resolve her concealed keyword distributing each of those concealed mini-cards as evenly as possible among each location with a target.
- Set the following cards aside, out of play: The Sanguine Watcher enemy, the Apportioned Ka enemy, the Seeing Red act/agenda, and The Weeping Lady key.
- Shuffle the remaining encounter cards to build the encounter deck.
- You are now ready to begin.

Location Placement for “Sanguine Shadows”



Note: One of the above locations is randomly removed from the game during setup and will not be in play.

Scenario Interlude: Cast a Light

Cast a Light 1: La Chica Roja paces around you in a slow circle as you claim her prize. "You're good," she concedes with a playful smirk. "But you're workin' for the wrong people. You know that, right?"

You tell her to stand down and turn herself over for questioning. She steps into the shadows, obscuring her face, but you can tell from her tone that she hasn't stopped smiling.

☉ Check the targets in play and the Campaign Log.

◆ If there are no targets on La Chica Roja, proceed to **Cast a Light 2**.

◆ Otherwise, skip to (→R1).

Cast a Light 2: You prepare for a lengthy chase, ready to take her down at any cost... but to your surprise, she reaches out and flicks the lamp switch next to her, bathing the room in an orange glow. She stands exposed in the lamplight, for once not fleeing or ducking into the shadows. "Bien entonces, la cana. Let's talk, gumshoe."

You're not with the police, you insist. "I suppose that much is obvious. I don't see that fool Bolívar anywhere. But if that's truly the case, then who do you work for?" she asks. "You know what, nevermind that. You seem to know who I work for, don't you? Well then, surely you must know there are two of us operating in Buenos Aires. Why aren't you after the other guy?"

Your confusion must show on your face. After a beat, La Chica Roja grins. "Oh, so that's how it is. You, my friend, have outdated information." You ask if she is using the stolen art pieces to assemble a Key, as the Foundation's intel suggested. "Key? Oh, I see. You call them 'Keys.' Well, yes, that much is true. But you're missing the why."

The Girl in the Carmine Coat paces through the room, stepping in and out of countless shadows. "The other guy. 'The Sanguine Watcher,' they call him. Nobody knows his real name." She takes off her hat and runs her finger along its scarlet hatband before using it to mask her countenance. "Just like me, I guess. Nameless. Faceless." Then she rolls it back onto her head with a chuckle. "Only, el observador sanguinario ain't like me. He's already got his hands on more than a few pieces. Even with just those, he'll use it only out of cruelty and malice. Human experimentation. Spellcraft. Real creepy stuff. He gets the rest of 'em, who knows what he'll do with them. My associates tend to thrive on that kind of thing. But not me." Her fierce brown eyes lock with yours, soft and steely all at once. "I came here to stop him."

The lead investigator must decide (choose one):

☉ "I believe you." Proceed to **Cast a Light 3**.

☉ "I'm sorry, but I cannot believe you." Skip to **Cast a Light 4**.

Cast a Light 3: "Good. Then let's take that bastardo down together. Just help me out and I promise I'll disappear. You can even keep your stupid 'Key.' Just so long as my... colleague... doesn't get his hands on it." The vitriol in her voice is palpable. Whoever this Sanguine Watcher is, she really seems to hate him.

You ask her how she intends to take him down. "Before you showed up? I wouldn't stand a chance. But together? I think we can figure something out." She motions toward the window and points toward the sky, reaching down to unfurl a curtain of shadows draped over what looked like a starless night. The darkness peels back, revealing a scarlet-red sky. "His mark. Been keeping it hidden for a while now so nobody panics. See, he's got all these rituals tainting the city—including the one protecting his life. Gruesome stuff. Pulls out his own organs and hides them so he can't be killed. We find 'em, I guarantee he'll turn rabbit."

☉ If "Matias Bolívar trusts you," skip to **Cast a Light 5**.

☉ If "Matias Bolívar doesn't trust you," skip to **Cast a Light 6**.

☉ If neither of the above are true, skip to **Cast a Light 7**.

Cast a Light 4: You tell La Chica Roja that she spins an intriguing tale, but you still cannot trust her. She lets out a sigh, grins, and flicks the nearby lamp switch again, filling the room once more with darkness. "Then I guess I'll see you around, idiota." (→R1).

Cast a Light 5: You nod and get ready to move out when all of a sudden, the door behind you bursts open. Oficial Bolívar, flanked by two other policia, levels a handgun in your direction. The Girl in the Carmine Coat grabs your hand. "You!" Bolívar shouts. "I trusted you! I should have known better." You start to explain, but he cuts you off. There is real hurt behind his eyes. "You can explain yourself down at the station! Bring 'em in, boys!"

"That's our cue," your erstwhile quarry says in a singsong voice. She then leaps out of the window, pulling you along with her. A hail of bullets follow in your wake. There is a whirl of shadows and crimson, and the next thing you know, you are floating gracefully to the ground aloft a wispy cloud of darkness. "Quick!" La Chica Roja shouts. "Follow me!"

Skip to **Cast a Light 7**.

Cast a Light 6: You nod and get ready to move out when all of a sudden, the door behind you bursts open. Oficial Bolívar, flanked by two other policia, levels a handgun in your direction. The Girl in the Carmine Coat grabs your hand. "You!" Bolívar shouts. "I knew you couldn't be trusted! On her side all along, were you?" You start to explain, but he cuts you off. "Like I can trust a single word you say? No, I think not. Bring 'em in, boys!"

"That's our cue," your erstwhile quarry says in a singsong voice. She then leaps out of the window, pulling you along with her. A hail of bullets follow in your wake. There is a whirl of shadows and crimson, and the next thing you know, you are floating gracefully to the ground aloft a wispy cloud of darkness. "Quick!" La Chica Roja shouts. "Follow me!"

Proceed to **Cast a Light 7**.

Cast a Light 7: You and the Girl in the Carmine Coat have teamed up to take down the true threat in Buenos Aires!

☉ Flip La Chica Roja to her story asset side, removing all tokens and attachments from her, and choose an investigator to take control of her.

☉ Remove the agenda and act decks from the game. Put the set-aside Seeing Red act/agenda into play. It is both the current act and the current agenda.

◆ Place 1 doom on Seeing Red.

☉ Randomly choose a location with a target on it. Spawn The Sanguine Watcher at that location. Remove all other targets from locations in play.

☉ Find the set-aside Apportioned Ka enemy and resolve its concealed keyword, distributing its 5 concealed mini-cards as evenly as possible among each non-**Central** location that does not have a target.

☉ Shuffle the encounter discard pile into the encounter deck.

☉ You are now ready to continue playing.



DO NOT READ until the end of the scenario

If no resolution was reached (each investigator resigned or was defeated) and it is act 1 or 2: *The night crawls on, but you cannot continue your investigation. Between the terrible winged creatures that haunt your every step and the cunning tricks of your target, you won't last the night if you go any further. You have no choice but to retire, knowing that you've failed to stop La Chica Roja's schemes.*

☞ Skip to **Resolution 3**.

If no resolution was reached (each investigator resigned or was defeated) and the current act/agenda is "Seeing Red": *A crack of thunder heralds a scarlet storm that covers your escape. You and La Chica Roja tried your best to take down the Sanguine Watcher, but his spell of protection was too powerful, his weak points too well hidden. You retreat to your new ally's safehouse to lick your wounds, but you can't stay long. "We have to flee the city," she says bitterly. "Won't be long before he finds us. I guarantee you wouldn't like what that heartless bastard would do to us if he does..." You are loath to let him win, but you have no choice. Even with the pieces you've found, he has enough remnants himself to assemble the Key. You ask your new ally what she will do now. She responds with a tip of her hat. "Oh, I'll be around. You helped me out back there. Don't worry. I'll pay you back." With a twirl of her coat, she is gone.*

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display. Each investigator earns 3 bonus experience, as they gain insight into the inner workings of the Red Coterie.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record *The Sanguine Watcher's torment continues*.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record *La Chica Roja is on your side*.
- ☞ The Sanguine Watcher is the bearer of The Weeping Lady. Update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☞ Mark 2 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 1: *You rush to apprehend your quarry, but with a twirl of shadows, she has vanished. It is as if she was a trick of the light all along—the same kind of mischief mirrored in Oficial Bolívar's reports. Thankfully, you now possess enough of what she was after to put it together yourself. It takes some time and research, but eventually you are able to slot the various pieces of what you originally assumed to be art together. To your surprise, the result is an ornate figurine of a woman in robes. Tears, carved as thin lines like bloody scars, trail down the figure's cheeks. With your new prize in tow, you report back to Oficial Bolívar the next day. He is more than a little miffed that his enemy escaped his grasp, but relieved that her campaign of thievery is finally at an end. "I warned you she would get away," he says between sips of his espresso. "As far as my superiors are concerned, the book is closed on this one. Won't look good on my record, but as long as she's fled the city like you say, I am content with that." You thank him again for his help and prepare to leave Buenos Aires behind.*

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display. Each investigator earns 1 bonus experience for each target that was on the scenario reference card when the scenario ended.

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record *you haven't seen the last of La Chica Roja*.
- ☞ Choose an investigator to be the bearer of The Weeping Lady and update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☞ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 2: *Your erstwhile adversary watches in grim silence as her rival is safely borne aloft on wings of darkness. "Damned things," she spits. "They'll follow whoever whistles loudest, I guess." You ponder aloud what this means for the two of you. With the Sanguine Watcher out of the way, you wonder if she will keep her word. To your relief, she smirks and hands you the remaining pieces of the Key you'd both been competing for. "This is what you're really after, isn't it? Here. My main goal was only making sure that ojete en una nube de pedos didn't get his hands on it. I trust it in your hands." She then shows you how to fit the various pieces together and, to your surprise, the result is an ornate figurine of a woman in robes. Tears, carved as thin lines like bloody scars, trail down the figure's cheeks. "The Rubicund Statuette," she reveals, "also known as the Weeping Lady." You ask what she will do now, and she responds with a tip of her hat. "Oh, I'll be around. You helped me out back there. Don't worry. I'll pay you back." With a twirl of her coat, she is gone.*

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display. Each investigator earns 3 bonus experience, as they gain insight into the inner workings of the Red Coterie.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record *you haven't seen the last of The Sanguine Watcher*.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record *La Chica Roja is on your side*.
- ☞ Choose an investigator to be the bearer of The Weeping Lady and update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☞ Mark 3 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 3: *Oficial Bolívar was right: the Girl in the Carmine Coat chewed your investigation up and spat you out. You meet with him the next day, and the air is one of deadened frustration. "I warned you, did I not?" He says between sips of an espresso that looks and smells about as dark and bitter as his mood. "This puts me in a precarious position. La Chica Roja has gone to ground, from what we can tell. As far as my superiors are concerned, the book is closed on this one. I cannot help you any further." He groans. "If I even still have a job when this is all over." You give Oficial Bolívar your assurances that you did all you could to catch the thief, but he waves you off. "Oh, I am sure. Does not matter now, does it? What is done is done. I give up. She wins." You thank him again and prepare to leave Buenos Aires behind.*

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display. Each investigator earns 1 bonus experience for each target that was on the scenario reference card when the scenario ended.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record *you haven't seen the last of La Chica Roja*.
- ☞ La Chica Roja is the bearer of The Weeping Lady. Update the Campaign Log accordingly.

☞ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

File #20-E: The Great Work

The Great Work 1: The brilliant sandy beaches and azure water dazzle your senses as you arrive in Bermuda proper. Rows of brightly painted homes add to the eye-popping landscape as you travel from one corner of Bermuda island to the other, asking locals for any possible leads on Coterie activity.

Check the Campaign Log.

☉ If Tuwile Masai fled to Bermuda, proceed to **The Great Work 2**.

☉ Otherwise, skip to **The Great Work 5**.

The Great Work 2: After mentioning Tuwile Masai by name, you are directed to a residence just past the Gibbs Hill Lighthouse on the southern end of the island. The directions lead you to a lavish bungalow with a well-kept garden overlooking the ocean. Keeping your guard up, you walk to the screen door of the house and knock. A familiar figure wearing loose slacks and a maroon linen shirt opens the door.

Check the Campaign Log.

☉ If at least two of the following are recorded (Ece does not trust the cell, you haven't seen the last of La Chica Roja, you haven't seen the last of Desi, you haven't seen the last of the Claret Knight, you haven't seen the last of Thorne, or you haven't seen the last of Aliko Zoni Uperetria), proceed to **The Great Work 3**.

☉ Otherwise, skip to **The Great Work 4**.

The Great Work 3: "If you have come to dispose of me, please make it quick," Masai says coldly. He stands on the other side of the screen door, sweat beading on his dark skin, as he locks eyes with you. You try to explain yourself as best you can, but you can see from Masai's body language and tone that he is set against you. After a chilly exchange, he steps onto the porch.

"Say what you will, but it is clear to me that you are interested in only one thing: power. If Commissioner Taylor had half her wits about her, she should treat you with the same fear as she treats me and my colleagues. None of you understand. None of you understand the great work we must do, as brethren, in order to live freely. One can only control the power of a Key so long before they themselves are controlled."

Masai scoffs and takes off his large red spectacles. "You are no better than the worst of us." He follows your gaze and holds up the spectacles. "These are of no significance. I learned too late of the dangers of holding such power myself. Now leave me in peace."

☉ Each investigator earns 3 experience, as they gain insight into the inner workings of the Red Coterie.

☉ You may **embark**.

The Great Work 4: "You are either very persistent or very foolish," Masai smiles. He steps out onto the porch and looks you up and down, as if sizing you up, then nods for you to follow as he walks out to the white-sanded beach. The waves lap hungrily at the shoreline as you walk alongside him.

"I apologize for my rudeness earlier. I couldn't be certain of your intentions. And there have been a few... incidents lately," Masai says gravely. A thick log of smooth driftwood lies buried in the sand in front of you, covered in a swarm of bright red-and-blue crabs. You ask about the incidents.

"A number of unannounced visits. The Foundation, obviously. Several days before your arrival at Lake Victoria, another member of my organization appeared at our camp, very interested in the key we had recovered. The one with the red gloves." The professor stops, looking out at the rolling tide. "It bears explanation, I suppose. My survey of Lake Victoria turned up a number of alarming reports. The lakebed is covered in the ruins of a prehistoric city. We registered an alarming amount of carbon dioxide and strange changes in the local flora and fauna around the lake. At its source, we found a machine of alien design. Its purpose and facility are still a mystery, but whatever it was: it was running. Still is."

Masai wipes his red spectacles with a handkerchief. "All that to say: several days before you arrived, I found that man sitting in front of the machine, hat off, staring at it. He was humming—well, that's not quite right—he was communing with it."

A shaft of cloud splits the sunlight overhead, casting the beach in dappled shadows. Masai's voice breaks the silence. "In truth, I did not care to understand why. Why that man does anything has always been a mystery to me. But there was something other about his demeanor. Something altogether wrong." Masai breathes deeply as the cloud passes, and warm sunlight overtakes the beach. "So imagine my suspicion when even more as yet unknown Foundation operatives showed up at my survey to interrupt my great work."

You ask Masai about this "great work." He leads you to turn around and begin walking back to his bungalow.

"It is the work of every person. What is it to be human except to live and help others in this great and perilous world? It's harder than you might think." He breathes deep. "If I can leave the world a bit better than I entered it, my work will be done. That is all. It is why the acquisition and squabbling over these Keys is such misdirection. One can only control a Key's power so long before they become controlled."

"But I sense a similar purpose in you," Masai says. "I will not tell my colleagues we had this conversation, or what I have done with that infernal machine. The Key is yours, until you decide that it should not be. Keep it away from the man with the red gloves at any cost."

☉ In your Campaign Log, record Tuwile Masai is on your side.

☉ Each investigator earns 1 experience, as they gain insight into the inner workings of the Red Coterie.

☉ Choose an investigator to be the bearer of The Bale Engine and update the Campaign Log accordingly. This card can be found in the *Globetrotting* encounter set, indicated by the following encounter set icon:



☉ Mark 1 time in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

The Great Work 5: You are almost relieved that your questioning goes nowhere; the lack of Coterie activity in Bermuda gives you an unlikely chance to rest and recuperate. For just a moment, you need only to concern yourself with the peaceful stillness of the island.

With several days remaining until your next departure, you follow the recommendation of the concierge at your hotel and take the time to explore the Crystal Caves up near the northern end of the island. Your guide is missing an arm; they illuminate dancing patterns in the darkness with their flashlight as they tell you the story of how the caves were found. You ask them how they lost their arm. "I served in the Great War," they tell you. "Sometimes peace comes at great cost."

☉ Each investigator may begin the next scenario with 1 additional card in their opening hand.

☉ You may return to Bermuda again during this campaign, but only after playing another scenario.

☉ You may **embark**.

You may read this dossier at any time

File #21-F

Subject Class: Green

Real Identity: Şahin, Ece (shah-heen, eh-jay)

Last Known Location: Constantinople, Turkey

Description: Subject #21-F (hereinafter "Lady in Vermillion Veil" or real name "Ece Şahin") is a woman of Turkish descent, 34 years of age, approximately 161cm in height. It is unknown whether this is subject's [REDACTED] or a disguise or false identity. At all times, subject wears traditional hijab of unusual stark red color, likely a [REDACTED] object designating coterie membership.

Paradimensional Capabilities: Lady in Vermillion Veil appears to either possess no such capabilities, or has successfully hidden such capabilities from Foundation intelligence.

Sightings: Ece Şahin is a well known and renowned art collector and museum curator operating in the Turkish and Islamic Arts Museum in Constantinople. She has either [REDACTED] or is, for all intents and purposes, a normal everyday person. (Note: Leadership is under assumption [REDACTED].)

Approach Procedure: Ece has already reached out to Foundation envoys. Dispatch to confront and question intentions.

Intro 1: Gulls cry out as you cross the Galata Bridge: what many would call the link between the traditional city of Constantinople, and the districts of Galata, Beyoğlu, Şişli and Harbiye, where a large proportion of foreign merchants and diplomats live and work. Since you know where you are headed, and time and secrecy are of the essence, you decide against hiring a translator, and head directly to the Süleymaniye Complex, where the target of your investigation—a Ms. Ece Şahin—supposedly works.

Ms. Şahin has made a name for herself in several fields of academia, specifically in the fields of antiquity and art history. According to your intel, she works as a curator in the recently established Turkish and Islamic Arts Museum, but to your surprise, your case files include a wealth of other information about Ms. Şahin, from her schooling all the way back to her early life. All of this points to one of two conclusions: either she is not in hiding like the other members of the Coterie, or she has crafted an extensive cover story.

According to your intel, Ms. Şahin has already reached out to the Foundation by way of an offer of introduction. It could be a trap, but if she truly wishes to meet, you can't turn down such an opportunity. Thankfully, her office is not difficult to find, the door marked with her name and full title in Turkish and several other languages. You knock and she bids you to enter, which you do with much caution, eyes instinctively darting to every one of the room's corners and hiding places.

The room is warm and richly decorated, the walls covered in beautiful tapestries and paintings of many styles ranging from hundreds of years old to very recent, and shelves filled to the brim with a variety of colorful ceramics, glassware, and old, musty texts. "Greetings," Ms. Şahin says with a warm smile that seems to brighten the room. She is a young woman with dark tan skin, hazel eyes, and the wispy figure of one who has spent her entire life in academia. "What can I do for you?"

You inform Ms. Şahin that you received her "earlier communication" and her desire to meet with you, which she takes a moment to interpret before her eyes go wide.

"Oh! So you are—" she clears her throat and does not finish that train of thought. "I see. Then, in that case, please, sit down. We have much to discuss."

You tell Ms. Şahin that she can start by explaining her involvement with the Coterie. Your eyes catch her shifting uncomfortably in her seat at the mention of the organization's name.

"The Coterie is involved with a great many things all over the world, as you likely already know," she says, choosing each word delicately, "but their—our—goals are not so different from your own. I have spent many years as a researcher for the organization, searching for the very same things your employers seek. Objects of arcane power that can be used to defend humanity from the threats we cannot see."

Read only if at least 1 key is bound to an investigator:

You reveal your Key and show it to Ms. Şahin, wondering if this is one of these artifacts she speaks of. "I see you are already in possession of one such object. Where did you acquire this?"

You tell Ms. Şahin that you recovered this Key before one of her colleagues could cause further harm with it.

"Key? Is that what you call them? Interesting. But not surprising. They have been called many things by many people throughout human history. Your terminology is apropos. They are the key to unlock power from other realms. Power enough to save the world, or to doom it."

Or to control humanity, you note aloud.

Ms. Şahin sighs. "You are not wrong. But I assure you not all of us within the Coterie would use them for such purposes. There are those, like myself, who wish only to use them for the good of others."

You ask Ms. Şahin why you should trust her, given the actions of the Coterie in other places around the world.

"Ours is not an organization with a leader or a hierarchy," she explains. "We operate independently in furtherance of a unified goal. But some..." she swallows hard with a shudder. "Some employ methods I do not agree with. Methods which disgust and, if I am being wholly honest, terrify me."

You still don't know if Ms. Şahin is telling the truth, but there's no point in not hearing her out. You ask her what the situation in Constantinople is, and why she has sought an audience with the Foundation. "Istanbul," she corrects you. "The people of Istanbul no longer refer to this city by that name." You make a note to yourself to refer to the city only as Istanbul from here on out. "One of the relics you have been searching for is here, in Istanbul. It is one I have been seeking for many years, a talisman bound to a powerful entity, what some might call a 'jinni.' Or in the traditional sense, the only kind of non-human entity with the capability to exercise free will."

Judging from Ms. Şahin's clinical definition, you wonder aloud if Ms. Şahin believes this to be true. "A jinni? No, I do not believe this talisman is bound to a jinni. I suspect its master is something even more powerful and inhuman. Something not of Earth at all. And the two of us are not the only ones looking for it. After the Great War and the dismantling of the Ottoman Empire, many records were thrown into chaos, but many more emerged from obscurity, including those pertaining to this talisman. The other group searching for it... the things they have done in search of this knowledge..." her face pales, and she struggles to keep her composure. "They'll do anything to get their hands on it. Murder and torture are just tools to them. I hate to think of what sort of heinous acts these villains would commit if they managed to obtain it. And the worst part is, I believe one of my cohorts may be the one pulling the strings. I am so close to finding it, but if they find it first..."

You understand now why Ms. Şahin came to you—if one of the Coterie is behind this cult's actions, she could not go to them with this information. Still, lingering doubt toils in your mind. "Please," she pleads with you. "Find the talisman before this cult does. I do not wish to see what entity it is they worship. I'll do what I can to help you if you place the talisman into my care afterward. In return, I promise never to relinquish it to the control of the other... more dangerous members of my organization. It will remain safe and tethered in my control. I cannot guarantee the same should you wield it yourself. Please, we are on the same side, I assure you."

The investigators must decide (choose one):

- ☞ "All right. We will find it and place it in your care." Proceed to **Intro 2**.
- ☞ "All right. We will find it and place it in your care." (You are lying.) Skip to **Intro 3**.
- ☞ "We will track down this talisman, but we will be taking it into our custody." Skip to **Intro 4**.

Intro 2: Ece lets out a long breath, visibly relieved. "Thank you. I will admit, I wasn't sure if I could trust you. It is a comfort to know that our two organizations can work together when lives are at stake. After all, we share the same goal." She rises to her feet and shakes your hand.

You ask Ms. Şahin where you should begin searching. "The last written account of the talisman's existence was during the city's conquest in the 15th century. It was likely hidden in order to keep the invading Ottomans from finding it. After that, it remained hidden for many long years. It was naught but a fable, spoken of in hushed voices and whispers. But due to recent events... well, it would not surprise me if the recent Allied occupation of the city had something to do with this sudden interest in finding it. But let us not get buried in conjecture. I would begin looking in places that were not sacked by the conquering army. The university may also be a useful resource for you. As for me, I am not particularly helpful in a fight, if it comes to that. But I can provide you with aid, in my own way."

In your Campaign Log, record the cell is working with Ece.

- ☞ Remove 1 🍄 token from the chaos bag. Add 1 🍄 token (if there are already 4, each investigator earns 1 experience instead).

Proceed to **Setup**.

Intro 3: Ece lets out a long breath, visibly relieved. "Thank you. I will admit, I wasn't sure if I could trust you. It is a comfort to know that our two organizations can work together when lives are at stake. After all, we share the same goal." She rises to her feet and shakes your hand. You feel a pang of guilt for deceiving her, but you can't allow the Key to land in the hands of anyone else. Ms. Şahin may yet still be a wolf in sheep's clothing.

You ask her where you should begin searching. "The last written account of the talisman's existence was during the city's conquest in the 15th century. It was likely hidden in order to keep the invading Ottomans from finding it. After that, it remained hidden for many long years. It was naught but a fable, spoken of in hushed voices and whispers. But due to recent events... well, it would not surprise me if the recent Allied occupation of the city had something to do with this sudden interest in finding it. But let us not get buried in conjecture. I would begin looking in places that were not sacked by the Ottomans. The university may also be a useful resource for you. As for me, I am not particularly helpful in a fight, if it comes to that. But I can provide you with aid, in my own way."

You nod, feeling her eyes fixed upon you. Does she suspect your true intentions? Is that why she wishes to travel alongside you? It matters not—what's done is done. All that's left is to find the Key.

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell is deceiving Ece.
- ☞ Remove 1 🍄 token from the chaos bag. Add 1 🍄 token (if there are already 4, each investigator earns 1 experience instead).
- ☞ Proceed to **Setup**.

Intro 4: "I see." Ece's face falls, downcast. "I was truly hoping our two organizations could work together. After all, we share the same goal. But..." she sighs. "I suppose your honesty is still appreciated. After all the scheming and plotting, I prefer that to the alternative."

You ask where this puts the two of you, hoping you won't have to fight a war on two fronts. "Look. I was telling you the truth. I only want to prevent the talisman from falling into the hands of those who would use it to harm humanity. I hope that I put my trust in the right people, but if you're unwilling to keep it in my protective custody..." She fidgets with her pen. "For all I know, you're here for the same reasons they are. I won't get in your way, but... I cannot in good faith help you if you intend to keep the Key without supervision."

You try to protest, but you don't have much of a leg to stand on. You chose not to trust her, so her decision not to trust you is equally valid. Of course you would only use the Keys you acquire to protect humanity, but you have nothing other than your word to give her. "Your best bet is to start your search in places that were not sacked when the Ottomans invaded the city in the 15th century. The university may also be a useful resource for you."

She stands and escorts you to the door, wishing you luck. The door shuts behind you without another word.

In your Campaign Log, record the cell refused Ece's offer.
Proceed to **Setup**.



Setup

- Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *Dealings in the Dark*, *Agents of Yuggoth*, *Dark Veiling*, *Ancient Evils*, *Dark Cult*, *Locked Doors*, and *The Midnight Masks*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



When gathering *The Midnight Masks* encounter set, only gather the five treachery cards (2x False Lead and 3x Hunting Shadow). Do not gather the locations, acts, agendas, and scenario reference cards from that set.

- Put the double-sided “The Unveiling / The Unsealing” story card into play next to the scenario reference card, The Unveiling side faceup.
- Check how much **time** has passed in the Campaign Log.
 - If 10 or fewer **time** has passed, no changes are made.
 - If 11–17 **time** has passed, place clues on The Unveiling equal to half the number of investigators (rounded up).
 - If 18–24 **time** has passed, place clues on The Unveiling equal to the number of investigators.
 - If 25 or more **time** has passed, place clues on The Unveiling equal to twice the number of investigators.
- Put the following locations into play: Hagia Sophia, Istanbul University, Obelisk of Theodosius, and Galata. Hagia Sophia must be on the right hand side of the play area. (See next page for location placement.)
 - Each investigator begins play at the Hagia Sophia.
- Check the Campaign Log.
 - If the cell is working with Ece, or if the cell is deceiving Ece, put the Ece Şahin story asset into play under any investigator’s control.
 - If the cell refused Ece’s offer, remove the Ece Şahin story asset from the game.
- Set each of the following cards aside, out of play: Each of the seven Grand Bazaar locations, the Umbral Harbinger enemy, the Emissary from Yuggoth enemy, the Galata Docks location, the Twisted Antiprism key, and The Chase act/agenda card.
- Gather each decoy mini-card and each of the following mini-cards: 3x Acolyte (any), Wizard of the Order, Sinister Aspirants (A, B and C), and Emissary from Yuggoth. Set them aside, out of play.
- Shuffle the remaining encounter cards to build the encounter deck.
- One at a time, in player order, each investigator discards cards from the top of the encounter deck until they discard a **Cultist** enemy. Each investigator draws the enemy they discarded, resolving its concealed keyword (as granted by agenda 1a). After all investigators have performed this step, shuffle each other discarded card back into the encounter deck.
- You are now ready to begin.

Location Placement for “Dealings in the Dark”



Location Adjacency in the Grand Bazaar

This scenario’s 4 starting locations are arranged as shown above, and are connected through their connection symbols. Later during the scenario, the investigators will be instructed to put Grand Bazaar locations into play. **Each Grand Bazaar location is connected to each Grand Bazaar location adjacent to it.**

- Adjacent locations share a side in common (left, right, above, or below). Locations that share only a corner are not adjacent.

Acolyte Concealed Mini-cards

The first agenda of this scenario causes each **Cultist** enemy, including those from the Core Set, to gain the concealed keyword. Since the three Acolytes from the Core Set are not labeled as A, B and C, when resolving their concealed keyword, use any of the Acolyte (any) mini-cards along with their decoy. Likewise, when an “Acolyte (any)” mini-card is exposed, the exposing investigator may choose any Acolyte in the shadows to engage.



Act 2 Setup

When you are instructed to do so during act 1b, follow these instructions to set up the play area for act 2.

1. Set each of the current locations aside, without discarding any cards or tokens at those locations. Those locations (along with cards and tokens at those locations) are not considered to be in play during act 2, but will re-enter play later in the same state. (*Investigators are not defeated during this process.*)
2. Shuffle the seven Grand Bazaar locations and remove one of them from the game at random, without looking at it.
3. Reveal a random token from the chaos bag, and find the diagram below that matches the revealed chaos token (*if none match, retry*).
4. Put the remaining six Grand Bazaar locations into play, arranged in a pattern of rows and columns according to the randomly chosen diagram. Note that one of these locations is designated as the “entrance” and one is designated as the “east gate.”
5. Move each investigator to the Grand Bazaar location marked in the randomly chosen diagram as the “entrance.”
6. Shuffle together each of the concealed mini-cards on the four locations from act 1, and divide them as evenly as possible among the Grand Bazaar locations in play.
7. You are now ready to proceed to act 2.



DO NOT READ until the end of the scenario

If no resolution was reached because each investigator was defeated, and it is act 1 or 2: Finding the location of the talisman proved to be more difficult—and more deadly—than you thought. Ece was right: these cultists will stop at nothing to get their hands on the Key, and you worry there is nothing you can do to stop them. You hope that some day the Foundation may be able to recover the talisman and prevent whatever entity it binds from causing too much harm, but until then...you shudder and put such thoughts away for the time being. If Ece was right about one of her cohorts being behind this cult's actions, you'll surely see the talisman again.

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ The Red-Gloved Man is the bearer of The Twisted Antiprism. Update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☞ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

If no resolution was reached (each investigator resigned or was defeated) and it is act 3: Finding the location of the talisman proved to be more difficult—and more deadly—than you thought. Ece was right: these cultists will stop at nothing to get their hands on the Key, and you worry there is nothing you can do to stop them...

- ☞ Skip to **Resolution 6**.

Resolution 1: Once you and Ece are safely out of the city, you seal the talisman back in its case, speaking the proper words to contain its power. As you do, the uncanny eclipse looming over the city comes to a swift end.

- ☞ Check the Campaign Log.
 - ✦ If the cell refused Ece's offer, proceed to **Resolution 2**.
 - ✦ If the cell is working with Ece or if the cell is deceiving Ece, skip to **Resolution 3**

Resolution 2: You take a moment to look out over the sea and appreciate the beauty in the gentle waves, glimmering with the reflection of the now-shining sun. As you leave Istanbul behind, you allow yourself a bit of hope. Perhaps you could have trusted Ece more, but...you shake your head, filled with grim resolve. No—this relic is something you must protect yourself. Someone else might use it for ill. At least in your hands, you know it's safe.

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ Choose an investigator to be the bearer of The Twisted Antiprism and update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☞ Mark 2 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 3: Ece breathes an unsure sigh, worry still etched in her expression. "Well, in case they saw me, I should probably leave Istanbul for a short while. I'll have to put in a leave of absence at the museum. In the meantime..." she turns to face you, eyebrows raised. "As for our agreement...?"

- ☞ Check the Campaign Log.
 - ✦ If the cell is working with Ece, proceed to **Resolution 4**.
 - ✦ If the cell is deceiving Ece, skip to **Resolution 5**.

Resolution 4: You hand over the talisman, trusting that Ece will keep it safe in her possession as promised. She breathes a sigh of relief as she stores it safely in her side pack. "Thank you. For trusting me," she says. "I'll keep it on my person at all times." You take a moment to look out over the sea and appreciate the beauty in the gentle waves, glimmering with the reflection of the now-shining sun. Finally, you ask Ece where she will go now that her position in Istanbul is compromised. "There is a place where the Coterie meets in secret. To go over...important happenings. We do not consort often, but I believe these events warrant a caucus. I will have to call the rest to assemble." She sneaks a furtive glance in your direction. "Perhaps, when that times comes, we will meet again." As you leave Istanbul behind, you allow yourself a bit of hope.

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record *Ece trusts the cell*.
- ☞ Ece Şahin is the bearer of The Twisted Antiprism. Update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☞ Mark 3 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 5: You lock eyes with Ece and apologize, explaining that you cannot give it to her. Especially after seeing the havoc it could wreak when unsealed. Her expression sours into cold anger. "I see." She narrows her eyes. "...you had no intention of ever giving it to me," she guesses correctly. You try to explain, but she stops you. "No, I understand. Really, I do." She takes a step back, her posture wary, defensive. "You're just like the others. You'll do anything to get your hands on the Keys, won't you?" You protest—it's not that you want them for yourself, it's just that you need to keep watch over them. In your possession, they'll be safe, and only ever used to protect humanity. "And what do you suppose the rest of them say?" She barks. "Tzu? Amaranth? Álvarez? The very same. 'It's for the good of humanity,' they claim, and to that end, all means are justified." She turns and departs, her final words lingering in the air: "You would fit in nicely with the Coterie." As you leave Istanbul behind, you reflect on your decision, turning the sealed case over and over in your hands. You know it was the right thing to do, but still, Ece's words haunt you. Perhaps you'll be able to reconcile some other time...if she'll even hear you out.

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record *Ece does not trust the cell*.
- ☞ Choose an investigator to be the bearer of The Twisted Antiprism and update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☞ Mark 3 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 6: You managed to find the location of the talisman, but the cult was one step ahead of you, swooping in and snatching it for themselves. Before you knew it, they had escaped the city with the entity unsealed. Who knows what horrors they've unleashed upon the world. You hope that some day the Foundation may be able to recover the talisman and prevent whatever entity it binds from causing too much harm, but until then...you shudder and put such thoughts away for the time being. If Ece was right about one of her cohorts being behind this cult's actions, you'll surely see the talisman again.

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ The Red-Gloved Man is the bearer of The Twisted Antiprism. Update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☞ Mark 2 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

File #26-G: Quid Pro Quo



Check where you are on the map.

- ☞ If you are in San Francisco, proceed to **Quid Pro Quo 1**.
- ☞ If you are in Moscow, skip to **Quid Pro Quo 2**.

Quid Pro Quo 1: A set of obscure and overly-complex instructions leads you to a drab two-story stone building on the edge of San Francisco's Chinatown neighborhood. Inside, a bored attendant slumps behind a desk near a brass elevator. Punching a specific code, the elevator takes you deep underground, farther than you could have predicted. On -14F, you step out and are greeted by an imposing man in a well-tailored suit and black fedora. "Archibald Hudson. We met in London," he reminds you. "Your cell is quite the talk around the office." The agent leads you down a seemingly endless hallway lined with alcoves. Each alcove displays something different: a model of a hollow earth, a crystal skull, a map with ley lines and other unknown markings. You pause and look at a half-eaten ear of corn, still steaming.

"From what I hear, that corn's been cooked to perfection for the last two decades. So's the dame who was eating it," Agent Hudson says grimly. Looking at the *paradimensional* relics gives you a headache. Your eyes struggle to focus on them: they are both there and not there at the same time. Hudson ushers you down a side hall into a boxy room crammed with metal filing cabinets and sits down behind a heavy wooden desk. He speaks into a ring-and-spring microphone: "File #26-G2. Interview conducted by Hudson, Archibald, designation 42a6-951. That's Agent Hudson to you," he arches an eyebrow. Over the next several hours, you answer a gauntlet of grueling questions about your experience thus far, ranging from the past day to your experience in London. When it's all done, Agent Hudson leans back and lights a cigarette. "I'll admit, I was skeptical about you from the start. But Commissioner Taylor has good instincts, and I haven't seen them steer her wrong yet," he says. "You've done good work so far. We have some intel and some resources that might be useful for you. Tell me what the Foundation can do for you."

The investigators must decide (choose one):

- ☞ "We'd like to get around faster." The lead investigator adds one copy of Expedited Ticket to their deck. You may **embark**.
- ☞ "We'd like some supplies." Each investigator earns 1 experience. You may **embark**.
- ☞ "We'd like some intel on 'Subject #11-B.'" Skip to **Quid Pro Quo 3**. Choose this option only if you have not yet visited Marrakesh.

Quid Pro Quo 2: The Foundation's base of operations in Moscow is just a five minute walk from St. Basil's Cathedral: a nondescript door set into a modern constructivist structure overlooking a cobbled street. The corridor inside feeds into a cramped stairwell that descends deeper than you could have anticipated, to a red door set in a flaking whitewashed wall. After identifying yourself, you are led into a long well-lit hallway with lavish carpeting.

"It seems you follow instructions well," says a voice. You turn to see a tall, athletic woman in a well-tailored suit. "Valeriya Antonova. We have met before. Call me Lera. Please, follow me." Agent Antonova leads you through a labyrinthine set of passageways, past a set of double doors, to a white-tiled room flecked with grime and what you hope is red rust. On an operating table in the center, what looks like a person is strapped to a metal slab, restrained with tight leather straps. Looking at the humanoid shape makes your head swim: its features are blurred as if in constant motion, like a hummingbird

You may read this dossier at any time

File #26-G1-6

Sanctum Class: Green

Sanctum Locations: ██████████, ██████████; San Francisco, California; ██████████, ██████████; Moscow, Russia; ██████████, ██████████; ██████████, ██████████.

Description: Sanctums #26-G1 through G6 are Foundation offices and storehouses for *paradimensional* artifacts. Do not disclose locations of sanctums with non-Foundation personnel under penalty of ██████████.

Approach Procedure: Agent in charge of sanctum will meet you upon arrival. Entry instructions attached.

in flight. You catch only glimpses of its features: a stygian eye, clenched teeth, nervous twitching.

"Lera," another agent interrupts. "The Komissar needs your attention." Agent Antonova looks sternly to you. "This is a *paradimensional* being. Please keep your distance. I will be but a moment away." The agent leaves. As you look at the sharp implements mounted to the wall of the lab, you wonder what experiments the being has endured. Judging by the subject's well-tailored black suit, you wonder if it used to be a Foundation agent. After a minute of silence, it begins to flail around on the table, widening and shrinking its "mouth" to a wide dark O, always facing you. You keep your distance, trying to look away.

"Please excuse me," Agent Antonova re-enters the room. The being on the table stops flailing. "There is another matter I must attend to. Unfortunately, we do not have the resources to escort you around our facilities, so I must ask you to leave. However, the Foundation does wish to assist in any way it can. Please tell us what we can do for you."

The investigators must decide (choose one):

- ☞ "We'd like to get around faster." The lead investigator adds one copy of Expedited Ticket to their deck. You may **embark**.
- ☞ "We'd like some supplies." Each investigator earns 1 experience. You may **embark**.
- ☞ "We'd like some intel on 'Subject #28-I.'" Skip to **Quid Pro Quo 4**. Choose this option only if you have not yet visited Havana.

Quid Pro Quo 3: Agent Hudson flips through some files and pulls out an updated dossier similar to the one in your possession, but much thicker. "Subject #11-B, calls herself 'Amaranth.' But this is not the first Amaranth the Foundation has encountered. She pops back up every few decades, looking completely different each time. This iteration bears a striking resemblance to a former student of a 'Miskatonic University' in Massachusetts. Eryn Cochwyn was her name. She's been missing for some time." You wonder aloud if it might be a coincidence. "There are no coincidences in our line of work," he mutters.

☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell knows Amaranth's real name.

☞ You may **embark**.

Quid Pro Quo 4: Agent Antonova digs through some old files and pulls out a dossier filled with information on a man named Desiderio Delgado Álvarez. "From what we can tell, 'Subject #28-I' lived a perfectly mundane life in Havana until the age of 19, when his involvement with organized crime drew the attention of the Coterie." You wonder aloud if he is a rum-runner, and she shakes her head sternly. "Quite the opposite, in fact. Desiderio's brother was the one involved in such matters, before his murder at the hands of a rival gang. It seems Desiderio then acquired a Key, and was using it to take revenge. Hence the Coterie involvement. Seeing his talent, they decided to induct him."

☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell knows Desi's past.

☞ You may **embark**.

Dead and Gone 1: You arrive in London and follow Agent Quinn's directions to get to the town of Amesbury. Immediately after checking into a hotel, your concierge wordlessly hands you a note with an address by the side of a park on the western side of the historic town. You head there immediately, only to find Agent Ari Quinn sitting in the driver's seat of a Bentley, reading a newspaper and not paying you any heed. Without making a scene, you silently climb into the passenger seat. "Finally. Been waiting here all day." You're not even sure how Quinn knew you'd arrived in town, but you suppose the Foundation must have eyes and ears all over every harbor and border checkpoint. You ask her what she's been up to, and what she wanted to show you, at which point she starts the Bentley's engine and rolls along the road to the west. "You'll see." Just a short drive later, you come to a familiar sight. You should have known—Quinn has taken you to the site of mysterious and prehistoric Stonehenge. A ring of standing stones marks the site, inside which another ring of smaller bluestones seem to serve no particular purpose whatsoever. A few tourists peruse the monument in awe, but it is otherwise quiet. You follow close behind and ask Agent Quinn why she asked you to come all this way. "Strange place, is it not?" she asks. A rhetorical question—historians have long debated over the likely function of the landmark, but none know for certain. As you draw nearer, she points to the various standing stones and to the concentric ring of smaller stones inside. "Almost seems like something is missing."

Check the Campaign Log.

- ☞ If Agent Quinn does not trust the cell, proceed to **Dead and Gone 2**.
- ☞ Otherwise, skip to **Dead and Gone 5**.

Dead and Gone 2: Quinn's demeanor changes when she sees the look on your face. "Well, that triggered something. Still going to play it tight-lipped?" She heads to the center of the bluestone ring and takes out a small contraption possessing a series of lights along its surface. It lets out several beeps, rising in frequency as she reaches the very center. "Yeah, that just about confirms my suspicions... but I'm still missing the why. So, enlighten me, since you seem to know more than I do: what the hell could have made part of a structure vanish not just from existence, but from recorded history as well?"

The investigators must decide (choose one):

- ☞ Tell Quinn the truth. Proceed to **Dead and Gone 3**.
- ☞ Keep your secrets. Skip to **Dead and Gone 4**.

Dead and Gone 3: You tell Quinn everything—about the entities you were investigating in London, about their presumed connection to the Red Coterie, all of it. She listens intently, hanging on every word. "So these things, these... let us presume to call them 'extraterrestrials,' when they take something, it vanishes completely. Do you understand what this means?" You know a great many conclusions that could be drawn from these events, but you encourage her to continue on her own. "Everything we know, everything we can see, it's just what's left. Look at Stonehenge. We have no earthly clue what it is. Maybe that's because it's incomplete. There could have been dozens of other structures erected right where we stand and humanity would never know." She paces back and forth, agitated. "This is my life's work. I've studied these kinds of events for over a decade. Paranormal disappearances. Dead civilizations. Bloody hell, I'm fluent in a dozen dead languages. I've always assumed these events are a small slice of pie missing from the greater whole. But what if we're only seeing what's left—the tiny slice of pie these creatures haven't stolen?"

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, cross off Agent Quinn does not trust the cell.
- ☞ Remove 1 ✨ token from the chaos bag. Add 1 🕒 token (if there are already 4, each investigator earns 1 experience instead).
- ☞ Check the Campaign Log.
 - ☞ If the cell possesses a mysterious whistle and 30 or fewer **time** has passed, skip to **Dead and Gone 6**.
 - ☞ Otherwise, skip to **Dead and Gone 7**.

Dead and Gone 4: Quinn sighs and turns away from you. "Sorry to have wasted your time, then. You can take the Bentley back to London. It's only a couple miles back to Amesbury. I'll find another ride." You try to reason with her, but she remains stoic. "If you have nothing to tell me, I have nothing to say to you, either. Please leave me be so I can continue my research in peace."

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the Foundation remains in the dark.
- ☞ Remove 1 🕒 token from the chaos bag. Add 1 ✨ token (if there are already 4, each investigator earns 1 experience instead).
- ☞ You may **embark**.

Dead and Gone 5: Quinn heads to the center of the bluestone ring and takes out a small contraption possessing a series of lights along its surface. It lets out several beeps, rising in frequency as she reaches the very center. "This confirms my suspicions," she says under her breath, then shows her readings to you. "Found these same kind of readings in a lot of other places. Roanoke Island. Angkor. You get the idea." She stands and taps the device against the palm of her hand as she scans the stone rings. "These things you mentioned in your report, these—let us presume to call them 'extraterrestrials'—when they take something, it vanishes completely. Do you understand what this means? Everything we know, everything we can see, it's just what's left. Look at Stonehenge. We have no earthly clue what it is. Maybe that's because it's incomplete. There could have been dozens of other structures erected right where we stand and humanity would never know." She paces back and forth, agitated. "This is my life's work. I've studied these kinds of events for over a decade. Paranormal disappearances. Dead civilizations. Bloody hell, I'm fluent in a dozen dead languages. I've always assumed these events are a small slice of pie missing from the greater whole. But what if we're only seeing what's left—the tiny slice of pie these creatures haven't stolen?"

Check the Campaign Log.

- ☞ If the cell possesses a mysterious whistle and 30 or fewer **time** has passed, proceed to **Dead and Gone 6**.
- ☞ Otherwise, skip to **Dead and Gone 7**.

Dead and Gone 6: Suddenly, what Agent Quinn just said snaps you to attention. Quinn is an expert in long-dead languages and ancient civilizations. You ask her if she'd be willing to help you with a related matter far from Amesbury. "If it will help me get to the bottom of this, then yes," she replies eagerly. "What can I do for you?" With bated breath, you tell her it might require her to not inform the Foundation of her next whereabouts. She takes a moment to consider the implications, then nods, resolute. You hand her the whistle Aliko gave to you and tell her that it belonged to a Coterie member who seemed to know only Latin, ancient Greek, and other languages you could not decipher. She studies it for a long while, turning it over and over in her hand. "A white raven," she murmurs to herself. "The Greek myths tell us that ravens were the messengers of the Gods; Apollo in particular. They were once all white, but when Apollo sent one to spy on his lover, Coronis, he learned of his lover's infidelity and scorched the raven's wings black in anger." You ask Agent Quinn if there is any place in the world one might associate with Apollo or his raven. "There are temples in Rome dedicated to the god Apollo," she says. "Apollo Sosianus and Apollo Palatinus. Let me know if you head there. I'll meet you."

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell is off-mission.
- ☞ Each investigator earns 1 experience, as they gain insight into the strange happenings around the world.
- ☞ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Dead and Gone 7: You and Agent Quinn explore the ruins for some time, jockeying theories and ideas back and forth, but find no further evidence.

- ☞ Each investigator earns 2 experience, as they gain insight into the strange happenings around the world.
- ☞ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

You may read this dossier at any time

File #28-I

Subject Class: Yellow

Real Identity: Delgado Álvarez, Desiderio
(del-gah-doh al-vah-rez, deh-see-deh-ree-oh)

Last Known Location: Havana, Cuba

Description: Subject #28-I (hereinafter "Man in Blood-Soaked Suit" or "Desiderio Delgado Álvarez") is a man of Cuban descent, approximately 42 years old and 192cm in height. Typically seen in a black suit accessorized with apparent coterie paraphernalia, including tie and hat, all with red accents.

Paradimensional Capabilities: Man in Blood-Soaked Suit does not appear to possess any extraordinary powers aside from peak [REDACTED] physical performance, and unusually high skill and accuracy with firearms. ([REDACTED] enhanced [REDACTED]?) Approach with caution.

Sightings: Mr. Álvarez is a longtime resident of Havana. However, no records exist pertaining to subject's childhood or early life. (Likely destroyed upon induction into Coterie, but possibility remains of [REDACTED]. Either way, his identity may be an alias.) Mr. Álvarez is known to frequent a nightclub known as Café Luna.

Note: Foundation has no knowledge pertaining to any Key in Havana, however, Mr. Álvarez is likely to know location of other Keys.

Approach Procedure: Open negotiations with subject to acquire location of Coterie vaults and/or hideouts. If he does not cooperate, subdue and interrogate. More information available in Moscow office (File #26-G4).

Intro 1: As it turns out, finding the Red Coterie operating out of Havana is the easiest part of your trip to Cuba. According to your intel, Mr. Álvarez can often be seen spending his nights at Café Luna—a hot spot among the locals and American tourists looking to escape the iron jaws of Prohibition. Open at nearly all hours of the night and serving a variety of liquors that would make even the most seasoned bootlegger's eyes bulge, the bar has become one of the most popular in all of Havana.

You arrive at peak hours, hoping to use the crowd to blend in. For all you know, Mr. Álvarez may have been warned of your approach. As soon as you arrive, you are greeted by an array of bright lights and a crowd almost too thick to squeeze past. Live jazz resounds from within the club, and many are dancing and reveling—some before they even get inside. A bouncer in a black pinstripe suit greets you at the door, giving you the once-over but not bothering to pat you down, ask for a password, or any of the usual hoops you might have to jump through back in the speakeasies hidden throughout the States.

Once inside, you head straight for the bartender and struggle to get his attention. You order a drink as a cover, but his expression changes the moment you say that you're looking for a Mr. Desiderio Álvarez.

Eyes narrow with suspicion, he nonetheless nods in the direction of a roped-off hallway in the back corner of the room, guarded by two more suits. Both of them flank you as you approach, and follow you into what you can only assume to be the club's VIP section. There, in a dim, smoky back room, sits none other than the "man in the blood-soaked suit," so named for the red accents adorning his otherwise black suit—or perhaps it is simply a metaphor. He inhales slowly from a cigarette hanging loosely from his lips as he appraises you. Across from him sit two others, an elderly Cuban gent in a red suit vest, puffing on a thick cigar, and a dangerous-looking woman in a red dress who sips from a martini glass. All three of them have murder in their eyes.

"Who are these idiots?" Mr. Álvarez asks one of the guards escorting you.

"They asked to speak with you, Desi," the man stammers.

"Oh. Well, pour 'em something hard, will you? Don't just stand there." After a quick nod, your escort jaunts out of the room, leaving you with the three apparent Coterie agents. "Come, sit." You politely turn down a variety of smokes and take a seat at the table. "So you were looking for me?"

You nod and inform Mr. Álvarez that he is a person of interest in your investigation, that you knew he often frequented this very bar, and that you were hoping to simply ask him a few questions. Without hesitation, the woman in red pulls a long knife from out of seemingly nowhere. But the man in the suit holds out his hand, and she slides the blade back into her garter belt, covering it with the fabric of her dress.

Read only if an investigator has the Police or Detective

trait: The man gives you a disarming smile. "You'll have to forgive my friend here. She tends to be a bit... jumpy... around policía. I'm sure you understand." You explain that despite what it looks like, you're not here to crack down on anything illegal. This time. "Yeah, that much is pretty obvious, I think," he says. "No, I'm guessing I know what you're really here for..."

"First off, you can just call me Desi. Everyone else does. I'm not a big fan of formalities." He waves his hand as if to fan away the tension in the room. "Secondly, I don't just 'frequent' Café Luna, I own it. There was a... change of management a few months back. I guess your intel is a bit outdated, eh?" He chuckles, crushes the stub of his cigarette in a nearby ashtray, and immediately flicks open his lighter to light a new one. "So. Why don't you tell me about this investigation of yours?"

You do, emphasizing that you are only after the location of Keys, and not whatever operation Desi has going on here.

His expression sharpens into angular stone. "Right. 'Keys,' eh. Is that all? All right, then. We might be able to help each other out..."

Check how much **time** has passed in the Campaign Log.

- ☞ If fewer than 20 **time** has passed, proceed to **Intro 2**.
- ☞ If 20 or more **time** has passed, skip to **Intro 3**.

Intro 2: Desi sighs and opens up to you, much to the chagrin of his two companions, who look on with surprise. "Something's been after my crew in Havana. Started with some new blood who went off-grid all of a sudden. Then a couple longtimers. Just gone," he says with a snap of his fingers. "At first, I thought it was just some uppity rivals looking to expand their territory. Fools who don't know who I really am. The kinda scum who'd run this city into the ground." He ashes his cigarette, staring into the ashes like there is some greater meaning inside to sift through. "Weird part is, I don't remember their names. Nobody does. Sounds weird, right? I never forget a name. Never." His gaze locks with yours, cold as stone. "Now I'm starting to suspect something worse. The kinda thing your people deal with."

You wonder aloud if this is the kind of thing his people are also supposed to be dealing with.

"Don't lump me in with the rest of them," he chides. "I've got other fish on my menu. Now—you got two choices. You either help me out with my little problem, or me and my buddies here throw you to the curb. Which is it gonna be?"

After a moment of thought, you tell Desi that you'll help if he gives you the location of any known Keys and relinquishes any he might have in his possession. The other two Coterie agents lock eyes with Desi in vain, but he has already made up his mind.

He extends his hand. "Deal. But I want in. We'll do this together. Nobody messes with my crew and gets away with it. Come back here tomorrow night—same time, same place." You nod and depart, booking a room at the Plaza Hotel in Old Havana and getting some much-needed rest before tomorrow's investigation.

In your Campaign Log, record the cell made a deal with Desi.
Proceed to **Setup (v. I)**.

Intro 3: Desi stands and paces, clearly worked up about something. "There's something going on with my crew." His elderly companion watches in cold, unnerving silence, but the woman wears a worrying expression to match Desi's. "It started with just a few of 'em going missing. Thought they were bumped off by local gangs or the like. The kinda scum who'd run this city into the ground. But now..." He shakes his head, forehead wrinkled with worry. "I don't remember who they were. Nobody does. And it's more of 'em every day. And every time, boom," he snaps his fingers, "gone, no memory of them existing, only the faintest recollection that they were here and now they're not." He locks narrow eyes with you. "Sound familiar?"

You nod. This is all awfully familiar. You tell Desi that you'll help him figure out what's going on if he gives you the location of any known Keys and relinquishes any he might have in his possession. The woman bites her lip and glances at Desi, wondering if he will agree.

The elderly man once more remains eerily silent, watching with cold, hazy eyes.

Desi shakes your hand and nods. "Deal. But I want in. We'll do this together. Nobody messes with my crew and gets away with it. Come back here tomorrow night—same time, same place." You nod and depart, booking a room at the Plaza Hotel in Old Havana and getting some much-needed rest before tomorrow's investigation.

Proceed to **Intro 4**.

Intro 4: The next night, you go back to Café Luna, ready to once more sift through the stifling crowd to reach Desi's VIP room, but when you arrive you find the club closed. Thinking that Desi must have shut the place down for the night so you and his crew could plan your investigation without being disturbed, you try the handle. Confirming your suspicions, the door opens without any trouble, and you head inside.

The bar is eerily dim and quiet as you make your way to the back room. Having seen what the place looks like during a typical night, full of live music and reveling tourists, you feel a bit unnerved. Your steps echo quietly over the dance floor across from the bar. A nearby stool creaks.

It is too quiet.

You have no time to process whether you're in danger. The moment the thought crosses your mind, a hail of gunfire erupts all around you. An ambush! You drop instinctively to the floor, guard your face and cover your ears. The ruckus is deafening. Windows along the front face of the building shatter and send an eruption of jagged glass over the dance floor. The bullets tear through the bar, the booths, the stools; every piece of furniture is ripped apart. You have only seconds to react—

In your Campaign Log, record the cell has been ambushed!
Proceed to **Setup (v. II)**.

Setup (v. I)

- ② Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *Dancing Mad*, *Agents of the Outside*, *Cleanup Crew*, *Crimson Conspiracy*, *Secret War*, *Shadow of a Doubt*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:
- ② Build the act deck using only (v. I) of acts 1 and 2, along with act 3. Remove (v. II) of acts 1 and 2 from the game.
- ② Put the Café Luna location into play, (*Bastion of Remembrance*) side faceup.
 - ◆ Each investigator begins play at Café Luna (*Bastion of Remembrance*).
- ② Put all six remaining locations into play (see *location placement on next page*).
- ② Find both copies of the Desiderio Delgado Álvarez enemy. One has a story asset version on its other side, and one has a standard encounter card back.
 - ◆ Set the version with the encounter card back aside, out of play.
 - ◆ Flip the other version to its story asset side.
- ② Choose an investigator to take control of the Desiderio Delgado Álvarez story asset.
- ② Set the *Cleanup Crew* and *Crimson Conspiracy* encounter sets aside, out of play. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



- ② Gather each decoy mini-card and each of the following mini-cards: Desiderio Delgado Álvarez, Coterie Agents (A, B and C), Coterie Assassins (A and B), and Coterie Enforcers (A and B). Set them aside, out of play.
- ② Shuffle the remaining encounter cards to build the encounter deck.
- ② You are now ready to begin.

Setup (v. II)

- Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *Dancing Mad*, *Agents of the Outside*, *Cleanup Crew*, *Crimson Conspiracy*, *Secret War*, *Shadow of a Doubt*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



- Build the act deck using only (v. II) of acts 1 and 2, along with act 3. Remove (v. I) of acts 1 and 2 from the game.
- Put the *Café Luna* location into play, (*Coterie Haunt*) side faceup.
 - Each investigator begins play at *Café Luna* (*Coterie Haunt*).
 - Set each other location aside, out of play.
- Find both copies of the Desiderio Delgado Álvarez enemy. One has a story asset version on its other side, and one has a standard encounter card back. Set both of them aside, out of play.
- Set each of the four **Outsider** enemies aside, out of play (2x Otherworldly Mimic and 2x Paradigm Effacer).
- Gather each decoy mini-card and each of the following mini-cards: Desiderio Delgado Álvarez, *Coterie Agents* (A, B and C), *Coterie Assassins* (A and B), and *Coterie Enforcers* (A and B). Set them aside, out of play.
- Shuffle the remaining encounter cards to build the encounter deck.
- Spawn enemies in the shadows, as follows:
 - Find the set-aside Desiderio Delgado Álvarez enemy with the encounter card back. The lead investigator draws that enemy, resolving his concealed keyword.
 - One at a time, in player order, each other investigator discards cards from the top of the encounter deck until they discard a different **Coterie** enemy. Each investigator draws the enemy they discarded, resolving its concealed keyword. Shuffle each other discarded card back into the encounter deck.
- You are now ready to begin.

Location Placement for “Dancing Mad”



Note: If you are playing v.II of this scenario, only *Café Luna* is in play during Act 1, and a different version of *Café Luna* than the one shown is used.



DO NOT READ until the end of the scenario

If no resolution was reached (each investigator resigned or was defeated): Deal or not, you can't stay in Havana any longer. Your escape from the city is a blur of gunfire and fractured space, of pounding rain and roiling clouds, of imposters in familiar skin and eyes on every street corner. Eventually, somehow, you make it off the streets, commandeering a boat moored in Havana Harbor and setting off at once.

As your heart finally settles and your mind sets to work deciphering the things you've seen, you worry that your escape, while prudent, might have consequences for you in the future. And you have no new Keys or leads to show for it, either. But, despite the close call, you survived and are remembered—that must count for something.

- ☉ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record the cell didn't discover the truth in Havana.
- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record you haven't seen the last of Desiderio Delgado Álvarez.
- ☉ Desiderio Delgado Álvarez is the bearer of The Mirroring Blade. Update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☉ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 1: You recap the night's events in your head as Desi calls an impromptu meeting with the rest of his crew. "I have to sort through this," he mutters to you in frustration. "The fact that any of them could be...y'know...well, it puts things into perspective. Not sure who to trust." He certainly seems to be back to normal. You must have made the right choice. Then again... your mind wanders to the version of Desi who stalked you through the rainy Havana streets, to gunshots and distortions in the sky. You can't help but continue to scan Desi's eyes for any sign—any at all—that he is not who he claims to be. You find none. Or perhaps the mimic simply knows how to act now that it has been in his skin for so long? "Well," he interrupts your thoughts, "I guess I owe you my end of the bargain. 'Blackbird Solitaire.'"

You blink in confusion. "Blackbird Solitaire," he repeats. "It's one of the passphrases for my hideout in Ybor City. We rotate passphrases whenever I grant someone in my crew access, which is...rare. Not even the rest of the Coterie knows how to get in.

They think it's just a front, anyway. I think most of 'em don't understand what I'm really up to most nights." As if sensing your next question, a smile crawls along his lips. "Cleaning up the city, that is." He flicks his cigarette into a wet puddle, not seeming to understand the irony in the act. "Anyway—7th Avenue. Old condemned cigar factory. You can't miss it. Got at least one of those things you're after stored inside. Just give it a week or two before they get the message about the new passphrase. Then it's all yours." Then Desi loads a new magazine into his Thompson and turns to address his crew. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have some imposters to root out." You decide to leave before you're forced to know exactly how he plans to do that.

- ☉ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record Desi is in your debt.
- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record you know the passphrase.
- ☉ In your Campaign Log, under "Time Passed," find the 6th spot from the current time. Under that spot, write "☉." (When you reach that spot on the time track, proceed to status report theta ☉ in the Status Reports section of the Campaign Guide.) If there is fewer than 6 time remaining under "Time Passed," write "☉" under the final spot, instead.
- ☉ **Remember not to look at the other side of Desiderio Delgado Álvarez when you clean up.**
- ☉ Mark 2 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 2: Though the danger seems to have receded, your worry only grows with each passing minute and each lost memory. Who did you come here with...? Who did you meet...? It all seems to blur together in your mind. You recall enough to know the fate that must have befallen those lost. No, not just the people—the distorted cloud chasing you throughout the city—the breathing walls, the shifting pavement, eyes in the lights, ears in the music—

You gasp for air as though choked by the night itself. It sounds impossible, but it must be: They took everything. Stole the walls, the sky, the city itself. Mind reeling, you flee through the rainy streets as though chased by horrors unimaginable. You push your way onto the first boat leaving the harbor and never look back. You don't breathe easy until you know for sure the sky itself cannot devour you.

- ☉ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record the cell didn't discover the truth in Havana.
- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record you haven't seen the last of Desi.
- ☉ Desiderio Delgado Álvarez is the bearer of The Mirroring Blade. Update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☉ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.



File #32-J: The Coiled Serpent

You may read this dossier at any time

File #32-J

Asset Name: Flint, Li

Area of Operation: Shanghai, China

Profile: Recently acquired agent in charge of undisclosed cell reporting directly to Commissioner Taylor.

Current Assignment: According to recent report, asset has split from rest of cell and is currently in Shanghai investigating whereabouts of subject #46-Q.

Notes: Asset loyalty to Foundation cause is unsure. Extreme vigilance recommended.

The Coiled Serpent 1: You send a missive to Agent Flint ahead of your arrival, setting a meeting place and time—Jing'an Temple at noon. —and head there as soon as you arrive, entering the broad stone courtyard at the temple's entrance. After a short while, a tourist approaches you and asks in English: "You're sure you're alone?" It takes you a moment to realize that the tourist is none other than Flint, in a subtle yet convincing disguise. He narrows his eyes at your stare. "Answer me," he says, scanning his surroundings.

You assure him that you haven't been followed. "Can't be too careful. Eyes everywhere. I have a lead on one of those Coterie types here in Shanghai, just like the Foundation's intel suggested. They call her 'subject #46-Q,' aka 'Lady with Red Parasol.' Sure enough, she brings that parasol everywhere she goes. As far as Coterie insignias go, it's not the most subtle." While he whispers, he pulls a large camera and tripod from his duffel bag and painstakingly sets up a shot of the temple.

You wonder aloud what in the world Flint is up to. "Stop staring," he hisses under his breath. Then you spot other tourists taking photos as well, and you realize that Flint is better at blending in than you are. "The last time I saw the lady with the parasol, she was leaving a meeting between several wealthy British and Chinese businessmen—railway men," he says quietly, head still down. "Women aren't usually allowed at such meetings. Nor are regular citizens. To be in that room, you have to be able to get the attention of those powerful men. Which means you're either very powerful, or obscenely wealthy." Flint takes a few photos, then moves to a new spot and starts the tedious process of focusing the camera all over again. "Within two weeks of that meeting, they announced a lucrative new contract. It seems all their competitors were convinced for one reason or another to step away from the project, which left them to write their own ticket. Name their own price." He slowly scans the courtyard again, careful to move just his eyes and not his head. "Could be she has leverage on them. Or maybe she's just that charming. But I'm willing to put my money on it being the influence of a Key. If that's true, it's imperative that we're not made." Flint's paranoia is infectious.

Check the Campaign Log.

- ☞ If the cell told the truth to Taylor, proceed to **The Coiled Serpent 2**.
- ☞ If the cell hid the truth from Taylor, skip to **The Coiled Serpent 3**.

The Coiled Serpent 2: "Look, I would tell you more, maybe even let you help me out here, but you've made it pretty clear you're a bit chatty, and the last thing I need is the Coterie figuring out I'm on to them. So, how about we split up? Keep doing what you're doing, and I'll contact you when I have a good lead." Without letting you protest, Flint packs up his camera and leaves.

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record Flint is working solo.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, find the 6th spot from the current time. Under that spot, write "Ψ." (When you reach it, proceed to status report psi Ψ in the Status Reports section of the Campaign Guide.)
- ☞ You may **embark**.



The Coiled Serpent 3: "It will take some time to learn more about her and find the right opportunity to apprehend her," Flint says quietly. "I saw how you acted with Taylor. I trust you to be discreet. So, I'll contact you when I have a good lead. Or, I suppose you could stay and aid my investigation here."

The investigators must decide (choose one):

- ☞ "Keep inquiring, and let us know when you have something." Proceed to **The Coiled Serpent 4**.
- ☞ "We'll stick around and help." Skip to **The Coiled Serpent 5**.
- ☞ "Forget her. We need your help." Skip to **The Coiled Serpent 6**.

The Coiled Serpent 4: "Happy hunting, then," Flint says with a nod. He hands you a slip of paper with his hotel, room number, and alias scribbled down on it. "In case you need to get in touch. I'll send you a telegram when I know more. At least your travel expenses are on government dime, right?"

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record Flint is working solo.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, find the 6th spot from the current time. Under that spot, write "Ψ." (When you reach it, proceed to status report psi Ψ in the Status Reports section of the Campaign Guide.)
- ☞ You may **embark**.

The Coiled Serpent 5: Over the course of several weeks, you manage to strike up a relationship with some of your quarry's business associates—titans of industry in the fields of mining and railroad construction. You bide your time, earning a bit of their confidence, and it isn't long before they mention the lady with the red parasol, whom they call Tzu San Niang. Her silver tongue and negotiating skills are apparently the thing of legend. One remarks, with a dreadful laugh, of her ability to convince worker unions to tolerate abysmal conditions, and local governments to accept the extraction of natural resources without batting an eye. Under the guise of needing her help for a project, you inquire about how to contact her. Your contacts inform you that she's just landed a deal in Hong Kong and is already on her way there.

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell aided in Flint's investigation.
- ☞ Each investigator earns 1 experience, as they gain insight into the inner workings of the Red Coterie.
- ☞ In the Southeast Asia section of the Campaign Log, find Hong Kong. In its spot, write "50-S." You are now allowed to travel to Hong Kong whenever you embark.
- ☞ Mark 3 time in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

The Coiled Serpent 6: Flint gives you a frustrated look. "Really? After all this work?" You explain to him that if the lady with the red parasol is as elusive and dangerous as she seems, it might be more prudent to work on other, more pressing cases. "I suppose you might have a point. Seems like a waste, though. I'll make sure to report in with the Commissioner so she's aware of what's going on here, though. Maybe they can send somebody else to..." he trails off, then shakes his head. "Nah. They'd just muck it up."

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record Flint abandoned his search. Any one investigator may choose to add the Inspector Flint story asset to their deck. It does not count toward their deck size. This card can be found in the *Globetrotting* encounter set, indicated by the following encounter set icon:
- ☞ You may **embark**.





You may read this dossier at any time

File #33-K

Subject Class: Yellow

Real Identity: Unknown.

Last Known Location: Anchorage, Alaska.

Description: Subject #33-K (hereinafter "Thorne") is a tall, gaunt person with androgynous features and fair complexion. Prefers practical, loose-fitting clothing. Subject appears to be [REDACTED] and conjectured to be far older than they appear (collaborating source suggests D.O.B. in [REDACTED]). Subject wears a distinct red cravat around their neck, often obscuring their face.

Paradimensional Capabilities: Subject possesses acute sensitivity to [REDACTED]. Coterie leverages these capabilities to locate [REDACTED] artifacts and track movement of [REDACTED].

Sightings: Numerous sightings across the globe. Profiled as one of the most mobile Coterie members. Despite notorious secrecy, Thorne has a reputation for appraising and acquiring [REDACTED].

[REDACTED] Analysis suggests they are amenable to business exchange and receptive to haggling. Recent activity suggests Coterie is in a state of [REDACTED].

Approach Procedure: You and Thorne likely have similar objectives. Extreme caution suggested. Thorne is likely to negotiate but only on their terms.

Intro: You have only just checked into your lodge in Anchorage when you receive an unmarked package:

Agents,

We have lost contact with several operatives in central Alaska in recent weeks, likely due to Coterie activity. One operative was looking into a possible lead: a lens with apparent paradimensional capabilities. Enclosed is the journal of prospector Rhett Landry, currently institutionalized at Morningside Sanatorium in Oregon.

If the lens is a Key, acquire it at all costs.

~Q. Taylor

You spend a full day poring over the prospector's journal, which is mostly comprised of wildlife sketches and notes on mining. However, the final entry is chilling:

"October the 4th, 1923:

Tonight, I bury that accursed lens where I found it.

I dared not commit my thoughts to the page after finding it, but I have nothing to lose now. While surveying the new branch in the mine, I found a curious lens buried in the rock. It was opaque and emanated a beguiling light. Holding it made me feel special. As if I had been chosen. Looking through it, I saw incredible plants, creatures, people, structures, in a strange otherworldly landscape. A world beyond our own. A world that should exist. A dark reflection of our own: a haven for lost objects, lost memories. The lens—the Sable Glass—is the mirror that shows the truth of this other world.

How foolish was I to think I could use the lens for my own gain! The more I looked at the other world, the more the other world looked back. By peering into the glass, I must have called something—some awful, nameless creature—through. More and more of my fellow prospectors went missing in the woods and erased from memory. My companions, my possessions, my home: all were swallowed by the strange creature I glimpsed in the Sable Glass. And now when I look through it, I can see them, there, in that other place.

The creature that stalks the woods is made of nothing, and yet it is many things: constantly shifting, ever-changing. It has the traits of many animals, like a chimera from old myths. I tried to hunt it using the Sable Glass, but looking at it made my head spin. After surveying the area, I set a trap and thought I killed one of its forms: a great lupine thing that howled and dissipated into nothingness. But when I returned to camp the next day, it had struck the camp. My companions have vanished from memory and space.

The authorities say I should be locked up. My only hope is to set things right, to put the Sable Glass back where I found it. Perhaps then everything will be right again."

Next to the journal entry is an array of dark scratches, which you had assumed were nervous scribbles. However, given Landry's account, you wonder if it isn't his attempt to sketch the creature. The next day, you launch a search for any record of Mr. Landry's gold mine, starting with prospecting permissions in Anchorage City Hall and the local library. After a day of fruitless research, you still cannot find an official permit or record of a mine connected to Rhett Landry. As you return to the lodge that evening, you spot a tall, willowy figure with a distinctive red cravat standing next to a packed sledge.

"Well met," the figure greets you with a self-satisfied smile. "You must be the troublemakers everyone is talking about. Pleased to make your acquaintance. I'm Thorne." They extend a confident hand to shake yours. "If you're here, I can only assume it is for the same reason as I. Keep a weather eye out: it's supposed to be quite cold near Fairbanks! May the best one win." Thorne winks at you, then mounts the sled.

You wonder if Thorne's reference to Fairbanks was clever misdirection or a friendly hint. After asking around the lodge, an attendant opens up about your rival's preparations: "I was confused at first, until it became clear they were asking about something in tribal territory. You don't need a permit to prospect out there." After some more questioning, you have a good sense of Thorne's direction and the location of the mine.

Ready only if an investigator has the Wayfarer trait:

Wherever you're going, you want to follow the river. Gold mines are usually built within 100 yards of a river, and are often connected to the river by a channel for fresh water and silt for panning.

Before you head out, you ask for directions from a local member of the tribe that owns the territory where you think the mine could be. They are wary of more meddling from outsiders and also concerned for your safety, given the recent trouble with prospectors on their land. You explain you aren't interested in gold, and are researching the strange case of Mr. Landry. For good measure, you show them the prospector's journal and the strange etching inside. This seems to buy you some trust, and the tribe member offers some directions.

"Be especially careful crossing the rivers this time of year," they tell you. "It's easy to lose your way, and even easier to fall through the ice. You'll catch your death out there if you aren't careful."

Proceed to **Setup**.

Setup

- ☉ Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *On Thin Ice*, *Agents of the Outside*, *Agents of Yuggoth*, *Crimson Conspiracy*, *Dark Veiling*, *Outsiders*, *Spatial Anomaly*, *Chilling Cold*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



- ☉ Put the Anchorage and Fairbanks locations into play. Each investigator begins play at Anchorage.
- ☉ Shuffle the three Alaskan Wilderness locations (Mountain Stream, Isolated Road, and Frozen Lake) together facedown so you do not know which is which. Put each of them into play adjacent to Fairbanks. Set the remaining three Outer Wilderness locations aside, out of play.
- ☉ Set each of the following cards aside, out of play: The Sable Glass key, the double-sided Thorne enemy/story asset, and each copy of the Void Chimera enemy.
- ☉ Gather each decoy mini-card and each of the following mini-cards: Emissary from Yuggoth, and Coterie Agents (A, B and C). Also gather the Void Chimera's mini-card and the four special Void Chimera decoys. Set them aside, out of play.
- ☉ Shuffle the remaining encounter cards to build the encounter deck.
- ☉ Check how much **time** has passed in the Campaign Log. For every 5 **time** that has passed, add 1 doom to agenda 1.
- ☉ You are now ready to begin.

Scenario Interlude: Raw Deal

Check the current agenda.

- ☉ If it is agenda 1, proceed to **Raw Deal 1**.
- ☉ If it is agenda 2 or 3, skip to **Raw Deal 2**.

Raw Deal 1: "What a reunion!" Thorne exclaims. "It would appear you've bested me fair and square in this little tête-à-tête. I'm rather impressed. In my experience, such competence is beyond the Foundation. Now, I believe we have a bit of business to discuss. Please, have a seat." Thorne says, snapping their fingers. Several Coterie members bring you to a covered awning with a fire and some chairs. Once seated, Thorne clears their throat. "Now then. We both know you have something I want. Something worth untold fortunes. Though I highly doubt you are interested in money. But what if I told you about a greater threat?" Their tone is joking, but their expression is grave. You ask them to explain. "Surely you realize it: I am not the threat here. There is something

terrible that stalks these woods. The ultimate predator. As soon as you laid hands on the Sable Glass, your lives were forfeit. It will hunt you down and consume every part of you until there is nothing left, as it has done to many others." You nod along, considering Thorne's words. "Luckily for you, this creature is an old enemy of mine. I am uniquely suited to track its movements and lure it out." Thorne leans forward intently. "For my services, all I ask is the Sable Glass. Believe me, you want someone that knows how to properly operate the thing, anyway." Thorne offers their gloved hand to shake once again. "So tell me. Do we have a deal?"

The investigators must decide (choose one).

- ☉ "We'll work with you for now." Skip to **Raw Deal 3**.
- ☉ "No. We won, fair and square." Skip to **Raw Deal 4**.

Raw Deal 2: "Oh goodness gracious," Thorne says, emerging from the mine. "Put that down at once, you oaf! This is no way to treat guests," they snap at the guards, who lower their weapons. "You're too late, I'm afraid. Or rather, just in time, I suppose, depending on your perspective." Thorne brandishes an obsidian lens in one hand as they smirk. Remembering the Foundation dossier, you ask Thorne if there is anything you can do to negotiate for the Key. They shake their head. "I'm afraid not, kitten. A Key in hand is worth, well, fortunes. Not that I would sell it for anything in the world." They clutch the Sable Glass in one hand as a chill wind blows. "However, there's still time to make a deal. If you weren't completely daft, you'd have noticed this entire area is in grave danger. Something truly terrible stalks these woods. The ultimate predator. In fact, it already knows we're here." Thorne looks to you. "The way I see it, you can pout about not getting your prize, or you can help me track my quarry. Do that and I'll owe you a favor, to be paid at a later date. Do we have a deal?"

The investigators must decide (choose one).

- ☉ "We'll work with you for now." Proceed to **Raw Deal 3**.
- ☉ "We can't let the Key fall into Coterie hands!" Skip to **Raw Deal 5**.

Raw Deal 3: "Brilliant! We shall have to pop some champagne when this is all over and done." Thorne snaps their fingers, calling their cohorts to attention. "I believe we have some work to do."

- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record the cell made a deal with Thorne.
- ☉ Remove 1 token from the chaos bag. Add 1 token (if there are already 4, each investigator earns 1 experience instead).
- ☉ Put the Thorne story asset into play under the lead investigator's control and attach The Sable Glass key to Thorne, **Stable** side faceup.
- ☉ Search the encounter deck, discard pile and all play areas for all cards from the *Crimson Conspiracy* encounter set and remove them from the game.

Raw Deal 4: Thorne's expression sours as their hand hangs unshaken between you. Finally, they clear their throat and adjust their cravat. "Regrettable. I had hoped for better. Oh well. There is more than one way to skin a cat." Then, without another word, they stride out of the mine.

- ☉ Remove 1 token from the chaos bag. Add 1 token (if there are already 4, each investigator earns 1 experience instead).
- ☉ Put The Sable Glass key into play under the lead investigator's control.
- ☉ Spawn the Thorne enemy at the Mountain Stream location.

Raw Deal 5: Thorne shrugs and runs their finger over the rim of the dark, warped lens in their hands. "Your loss. We could have worked together on this. But I suppose I shall have to settle for a little bit of sport, after all. Very well." They stride out through the mine's entrance, prize in tow, and snap their fingers to summon the rest of their crew to follow.

- ☉ Remove 1 token from the chaos bag. Add 1 token (if there are already 4, each investigator earns 1 experience instead).
- ☉ Spawn the Thorne enemy at the Mountain Stream location. Attach The Sable Glass key to Thorne, **Unstable** side faceup.

DO NOT READ until the end of the scenario

If no resolution was reached (each investigator resigned or was defeated): Your encounter with the paradimensional threat leaves you drained and disheartened, but still alive. As you make preparations to leave Alaska, you find the prospector's journal amongst your possessions. With a sigh, you stow it in the bedside table of your lodge room for the next guest. Perhaps they will do what you could not.

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record *The Void Chimera escaped*.
- ☞ Update the Keys section of your Campaign Log as follows:
 - ☞ Check the Campaign Log. If the cell made a deal with Thorne or no investigator controls The Sable Glass, Thorne is the bearer of The Sable Glass.
 - ☞ If an investigator controls The Sable Glass, they are the bearer of The Sable Glass. In your Campaign Log, record you haven't seen the last of Thorne.

- ☞ Mark 1 time in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 1: A scent of ozone hisses out of the closing tear in reality as your surroundings come back into view. You are back in Alaska where the chimeric entity pulled you into its lair. As you stand up, Thorne pulls out a handkerchief to wipe slick extradimensional blood off of their sleeve. They cock an eyebrow at you. "Perhaps I was wrong about you Foundation types. If nothing else, you know how to hold your own in a fight. Though I would recommend you reconsider your stance on my fellow Coterie brethren and myself. I do not believe I am the only member of the Coterie who is willing to put aside petty differences in the face of such—" they pause, and in that moment, you sense Thorne's age and gravity. "Such a monumental crisis." With that, Thorne smiles and swiftly turns on their heel. "Pleasure doing business with you. And rest assured, I will not forget our agreement." They pat the Sable Glass in their breast pocket and stride away into the wilderness.

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ Thorne is the bearer of The Sable Glass. Update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☞ Mark 3 time in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 2: A scent of ozone hisses out of the closing tear in reality as your surroundings come back into view. You are back in Alaska where the chimeric entity pulled you into its lair. As you struggle to stand, Thorne arrives and helps you to your feet. "Given that you are, well, alive, I suppose you have properly dispatched the beast. Well fought!" Thorne grins and winks at you. Instinctively, you put your hand on the Sable Glass. "Bah, do not take me for a boor," says Thorne. "The Key is yours, fair and square. The game is up. I am not one to contest a proper victory. In truth, had you been more cooperative, I would have put in a word with the Coterie to recruit you." They sigh, and in that moment, you sense Thorne's age and gravity. "Not all of us are as good-natured as I, mind you. But do not take good nature for weakness, kitten. One bad turn begets another." They wink, then stride away into the wilderness.

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record you haven't seen the last of Thorne.
- ☞ The investigator who controls The Sable Glass is its bearer.
- ☞ Mark 3 time in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 3: A scent of ozone hisses out of the closing tear in reality as your surroundings come back into view. You are back in Alaska where the chimeric entity pulled you into its lair. The forest around you is deafeningly silent, save for the trickle of a nearby mountain stream. With no corpse or trail left behind, you wonder if you truly defeated the paradimensional beast for good, or if you simply struck down one of its myriad forms. The glare of the sun on the snow blinds you as you pick your way through the wilderness back to safety. After cresting a hill, you turn back to see another figure standing, silent, against the wide blue sky. As you squint, you see Thorne's distinct red cravat, their platinum blonde hair and fluttering jacket. They are staring back at you, smiling widely.

The skin on the back of your neck prickles. Your head begins to pound as you stare at Thorne, standing silently, unmoving. You raise one hand to wave. They raise their hand in a mirror motion and wave back, and abruptly lower their hand when you lower yours. Something about how they look at you fills you with a deep sense of foreboding. Doing your best to banish the thought, you turn away from Thorne and continue your walk home. As you look back at the crest of another hill, you see the figure still standing, unmoving.

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record *Thorne disappeared*.
- ☞ Update the Keys section of your Campaign Log as follows:
 - ☞ If an investigator controls The Sable Glass, that investigator is the bearer of The Sable Glass.
 - ☞ If no investigator controls The Sable Glass, Thorne is the bearer of The Sable Glass.

- ☞ Mark 3 time in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 4: You wake up in your lodge room in Anchorage from what you think was a very bad dream, though you struggle to remember the details. As you walk around town, you can't even remember why you came here. When you relay this to the Foundation via telegram, you receive a strongly-worded missive warning you against wasting official resources. You still can't shake the feeling that you are missing something, though.

- ☞ This scenario never happened.
 - ☞ Do not mark any time in your Campaign Log.
 - ☞ Do not record any experience gained or trauma suffered from On Thin Ice.
 - ☞ Do not update the Keys section of the Campaign Log.
 - ☞ In your Campaign Log, record *there is nothing of note in Anchorage*. You cannot stop there again for the remainder of the campaign.

- ☞ You may **embark**, departing from Anchorage.

File #36-L: Strange Architecture

Check where you are on the map.

- ☞ If you are at Bombay, proceed to **Strange Architecture 1**.
- ☞ If you are at Stockholm, skip to **Strange Architecture 4**.

Strange Architecture 1: The air is deliciously warm as you wait for a tram in southern Bombay. With several days until the next leg of your journey, you allow yourself to be drawn in by the city's intoxicating color and light. A whirlwind first day sees you visit various temples, curio shops, and bazaars. Bright orange flowers hang by strings from bamboo racks as you make your way through a bazaar toward the Colaba Causeway, where the Gateway of India looks out onto the waterfront. As the day turns to evening, you continue to explore back alleys and side streets lit by delicately inlaid bronze lamps. The air is thick with unknown scents and hazy shapes as you lose yourself in the heady atmosphere of the old city. As you make your way to your hotel, you cross a wide thoroughfare into the Kala Ghoda district and stroll down its old, winding roads.

Check the Campaign Log.

- ☞ If the cell appreciated the architecture, proceed to **Strange Architecture 2**.
- ☞ Otherwise, skip to **Strange Architecture 3**.

Strange Architecture 2: As you navigate the labyrinthine art district, you pass a familiar sight. Looking up, you see a narrow building with a slate façade, wide black windows, and unsettling accents. You have the distinct feeling you have been here before. You stand still for a moment as others pass you in the narrow street until you remember the same building in Stockholm. If not for the distinct, black windows and the harsh lines, you might not have remembered it. As you scan the façade, the frieze overhanging the door stands out to you. Where there were various recognizable figures before, you see odd, gangling facsimiles. The features are almost plastic; the smiles are too broad; the eyes seem to bulge. The number 13 is carved next to the door, same as in Stockholm. Curious, you step up and turn the doorknob, but it doesn't budge. Knocking on the door produces virtually no sound. Although it looks like wood, it feels solid as concrete. Stopping a passer-by, you ask how long the building has been here. "This is an ancient place. These buildings have been here a long time," they tell you. You find yourself questioning if the original you saw was even the original: how many other houses look just like this one in how many other cities? The building grows more foreboding the longer you look at it. A shudder courses up your spine, and you decide to leave the building alone.

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, cross off the cell appreciated the architecture. Each investigator earns 2 experience, as they gain insight into the strange happenings around the world.
- ☞ Mark 1 time in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Strange Architecture 3: As you navigate the labyrinthine art district, one façade in particular stands out to you. A narrow building with handsome cornice molding and intricate stonework is wedged between two older local buildings. The number 13 is carved next to a pair of austere wooden doors. Over the door is a slate frieze that depicts a cast of mythological figures: some recognizable, some not. The building itself looks out of place amidst the intricate architecture of the surrounding area. The look of the building makes you feel vaguely uneasy the longer you study it. There is a coldness, a sharpness to the building's design, accentuated by jagged quoins and harsh angles. Something about the wide, black windows, the dark interior, denotes the emptiness of a hollow skull. The darkness in the evening only magnifies the sense of eeriness; others do not seem so willing to linger here.

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell appreciated the architecture.
- ☞ You may **embark**.



Strange Architecture 4: The docks bustle with activity as you arrive in Stockholm. Towering dock workers load massive crates of silvery, flapping fish into trucks as morning chimes ring in the cool clear air. With several days until your next departure, you seize upon the opportunity to explore the city's eclectic culture. Advertisements for a production of a play named "Ödestimmen" paper the alleys and stops surrounding Stockholm's largest theatre. You follow the cobblestone streets around Stockholm's old town district, which the locals tell you is called "the town between bridges." The winding narrow paths loop in on themselves and cross at odd angles to form a labyrinth of crumbled mustard-yellow alleys and worn façades. You pass a row of distinctly painted rowhouses overlooking the town square. As you sit down and watch locals come and go, you feel a great weight lift from you, if only for a moment. The broad blue sky overhead is clear and cloudless, and the hubbub around you is strangely calming.

Check the Campaign Log.

- ☞ If the cell appreciated the architecture, proceed to **Strange Architecture 5**.
- ☞ Otherwise, skip to **Strange Architecture 6**.

Strange Architecture 5: As you walk down Shoemaker's street, you pass a familiar sight. Looking up, you see a narrow building with a slate façade, wide black windows, and unsettling accents. You have the distinct feeling you have been here before. You stand still for a moment as others pass you in the narrow alley, until you remember the same building in Bombay. If not for the distinct, black windows and the harsh lines, you might not have remembered it. As you scan the façade, the frieze overhanging the door stands out to you. Where there were various recognizable figures before, you see odd, gangling facsimiles. The features are almost plastic; the smiles are too broad; the eyes seem to bulge. The number 13 is carved next to the door, same as in Bombay. Curious, you step up and turn the doorknob, but it doesn't budge. Knocking on the door produces virtually no sound. Although it looks like wood, it feels solid as concrete. Stopping a passer-by, you ask how long the building has been here. "What do you mean? This is a very old city. It's always been here," they tell you. You find yourself questioning if the original you saw was even the original: how many other houses look just like this one in how many other cities? The building grows more foreboding the longer you look at it. A shudder courses up your spine, and you decide to leave the building alone.

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, cross off the cell appreciated the architecture. Each investigator earns 2 experience, as they gain insight into the strange happenings around the world.
- ☞ Mark 1 time in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Strange Architecture 6: As you walk down Shoemaker's street, one façade in particular stands out to you. A narrow building with handsome cornice molding and intricate stonework is wedged between two older local buildings. The number 13 is carved next to a pair of austere wooden doors. Over the door is a slate frieze that depicts a cast of mythological figures: some recognizable, some not. The building itself looks out of place amidst the worn stone and crumbling history of the surrounding alleyway. The look of the building makes you feel vaguely uneasy the longer you study it. There is a coldness, a sharpness to the building's design, accentuated by jagged quoins and harsh angles. Something about the wide, black windows, the dark interior, denotes the emptiness of a hollow skull. The alley around you, too, is strangely quiet: passers-by do not seem to linger here.

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell appreciated the architecture.
- ☞ You may **embark**.

File #37-M: Special Delivery



Check the Campaign Log and where you are on the map.

☞ If the cell is delivering intel...

- ☞ ...and you are in Tokyo, skip to **Special Delivery 2**.
- ☞ ...and you are in Lagos, skip to **Special Delivery 4**.

☞ If the above entry is not recorded...

- ☞ ...and you are in Tokyo, proceed to **Special Delivery 1**.
- ☞ ...and you are in Lagos, skip to **Special Delivery 3**.

Special Delivery 1: Soon after arriving in Tokyo, you wander the city's winding streets in the rain before sitting down at a food stall. Before you can order, a figure in a trenchcoat and wide-brimmed hat sits down next to you and whispers a phrase in a crisp British accent: "Six lions prowls at dusk."

The phrase's significance dawns on you after a moment, and you hurriedly recite the callback the Foundation operatives taught you: "A pride feasts in darkness." The person next to you lowers the wide brim of her coat to reveal herself as Commissioner Taylor. She orders ramen for you both and looks away. "Before you ask: No, this is not a coincidence, and no, I will not tell you how I knew you would be here. It is my job to know more than you."

You tell her she seems as brusque as usual, and a faint smile tugs at the edge of her lips. "Familiarity breeds liability, so let us keep this professional. Tell me what you have learned so far." You shoot a worried look at the crowd around you. The commissioner shakes her head. "I saw to it that you were not followed. Talk." Your eyes wander to the gun holstered to her belt, and you wonder what lengths she went to in the name of privacy.

Digging into the steaming bowl of ramen, you recount your findings so far. The rain falls hard around you, mingling with the smell of grilled meats and sweet spices. You spy a flash of red in the crowd, but when you look, all you see is the reflection on a blood-red fan. The commissioner snaps her fingers and you continue. Once you finish your report, Taylor pays for the meal and stands.

"It sounds as though your efforts are, shall we say, adequate?" she says primly. "However, the Foundation has a request. We need you to deliver a package to our sanctum in Lagos. Please see that it is delivered safely." She hands you a sheaf of documents bound with cord.

☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell is delivering intel. Each investigator must add one copy of Foundation Intel to their deck. It does not count toward their deck size. This card can be found in the *Globetrotting* encounter set, indicated by the following icon:



☞ Mark 1 time in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Special Delivery 2: Threading your way through crowded streets, you meet a shrouded figure in a back alley. Reciting a phrase written in your instructions, you whisper: "Six lions prowls at dusk." The figure lowers the brim of their hat and recites the callback: "A pride feasts in darkness." Relaxing your guard, you hand the Foundation operative the documents, and they retreat into the shadows.

☞ In your Campaign Log, cross off the cell is delivering intel. Each investigator removes one copy of Foundation Intel from their deck. Choose any number token in the chaos bag. Replace it with a number token of a value 1 higher (i.e. You may replace a 0 token with a +1 token, or a -3 token with a -2 token).

☞ You may **embark**.

You may read this dossier at any time

File #37-M

Asset Name: Taylor, Qiana

Area of Operation: See current assignment status.

Profile:

[Redacted profile information]

Current Assignment:

[Redacted current assignment information]
Tokyo, Japan;
Lagos, Nigeria.

Special Delivery 3: Following a set of coded directions from the Foundation, you follow a packed road to a small cafe in the heart of Lagos. Seated on a veranda overlooking a bustling market is Commissioner Taylor, nursing a glass filled with a deep red liquid. As you approach, she shuffles a deck of playing cards with one hand and looks up at you.

"You can clearly follow directions," she says, gesturing for you to sit across from her. "But do you know how to play whist?" A warm breeze stirs the air as you take your seat and Taylor deals you each thirteen cards, then reveals the top of the deck: a one-eyed jack. "Now talk." As you play, the commissioner asks you questions about your findings around the globe. As the final trump card is revealed, Taylor looks you dead in the eyes.

"We have identified thirteen members of the Coterie so far, but evidence suggests there are more. Far more. Even if we catch one, the organization will persist. And that's to speak nothing of their many operatives and minions. It would be like trying to remove an anthill by catching individual ants." You ask the commissioner what she is getting at and she lays down her last card with a smirk. "The way to bring them down is to cut them off at their source."

You play your last card: a near loss. Taylor gathers the cards up. "I win this time, but I look forward to our next game," she sips her drink. "Do not forget what I said. Find where they congregate." As she speaks, a towering suit approaches from the side of the building and whispers in her ear. "I am sorry to cut this short, but I have business in Monaco. Unfortunately, I don't have time to deliver these documents—see that these reach our operatives in Tokyo."

☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell is delivering intel. Each investigator must add one copy of Foundation Intel to their deck. It does not count toward their deck size. This card can be found in the *Globetrotting* encounter set, indicated by the following icon:



☞ Mark 1 time in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Special Delivery 4: After putting into port, you find a warehouse marked with 39-0 and a logo of a red lion, per the instructions given to you by the Foundation. Once inside, you deliver Commissioner Taylor's documents to a steely-eyed operative, who thanks you before melting into the shadows.

☞ In your Campaign Log, cross off the cell is delivering intel. Each investigator removes one copy of Foundation Intel from their deck. Choose any number token in the chaos bag. Replace it with a number token of a value 1 higher (i.e. You may replace a 0 token with a +1 token, or a -3 token with a -2 token).

☞ You may **embark**.



You may read this dossier at any time

File #38-N

Subject Class: Red

Real Identity: Unknown

Last Known Location: Alexandria, Egypt

Description: Subject #38-N (hereinafter "Beast in Cowl of Crimson") is a roughly humanoid figure, approximately 183cm in height, clothed in a red cloak. The hood of this cloak effectively masks the figure's identity (very likely to be [REDACTED] in origin). Only appendage as of yet observed is a set of [REDACTED] claws [REDACTED], hence the moniker. [REDACTED] seems likely.

Paradimensional Capabilities: Beast in Cowl of Crimson appears to have high aptitude for physical confrontation. Prior encounters have led to [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. Victims are [REDACTED] and [REDACTED], or [REDACTED] [REDACTED]. Extreme caution is advised.

Sightings: Beast in Cowl of Crimson is prime suspect in several gruesome murders throughout Alexandria.

Note: Paradimensional implement (aka "Key") known to exist in Alexandria. Coterie element may be using key to [REDACTED].

Approach Procedure: Subdue subject with extreme prejudice and acquire paradimensional implement for further study.

Intro 1: From the moment you step off the train in Alexandria, your hackles are raised. Dark clouds gather over the city, and waves crash ominously against the Mediterranean coastline. But the brewing storm is not what worries you—it's your tail.

It started with just a few of them. Local authorities, you suspect. Or at least, that seems to be their cover. They could be Foundation agents keeping tabs on you to ensure you remain on task, or Coterie operatives looking to take out a potential threat. You navigate your way through the streets toward the Windsor Hotel, where you have a room booked for the night, but everywhere you turn, you spot more of them. You begin to formulate a plan just in case. Perhaps you can confront one by surprise, interrogate them, learn what they are after... but your thoughts are interrupted when a group of them beat you to the punch.

"Welcome to Alexandria, agents. Yes, we know who you are," one of them says, but to your surprise, he raises his hands and shows that he bears no weapons. Now that you are closer, you can easily spot the telltale scarlet trappings among their persons—ties, cufflinks, and the like. "Don't worry, we come in peace. One of our number wishes to speak with you. We have a problem in Alexandria that perhaps you can help us with."

You scoff, incredulous at the audacity of such a request. You have no intention of walking into the Beast's trap. "I understand why you're wary," the agent says, "but I think you will find this agreement to your liking. If you come seeking the Beast, believe it or not, our goals are aligned. This invitation comes from one much wiser and far less dangerous, I assure you. Come. We have much to discuss."

You consider your options, but trap or no trap, you can't pass up an opportunity to speak with a high-ranking member of the Coterie. Information is your best weapon right now, and no matter what, this can only help to inform you. You agree to follow, but keep an eye on your escorts, just in case.

To your surprise, the agents lead you by way of a horse-drawn carriage to the Bourse—the stock exchange building in the heart of the city. You follow your escorts through a bustling crowd wearing the finest clothes, up several flights of stairs, and through a locked office door on the top floor of the exchange. Immediately, you realize this must be no ordinary stock exchange, but a Coterie hideout of some kind. The office on the other side is an enormous suite, adorned with a surprising number of ancient relics and Euro-centric art, including a rather large portrait of a knight wearing a suit of scarlet-plated armor.

Check how much **time** has passed in the Campaign Log.

☞ If fewer than 20 **time** has passed, proceed to **Intro 2**.

☞ If 20 or more **time** has passed, skip to **Intro 3**.

Intro 2: Upon entering, you are greeted by your host—an elderly man of English or perhaps French descent, wearing a elegant brown coat over an outfit of outdated red formal wear. "Ah, here they are." He motions for you to sit. You're surprised to find the man to be clearly of European descent, perhaps English or French. Though his hair is graying and thin, and his face wrinkled with long lines of worry, he seems surprisingly spry and large in stature. He rests his hand on a polished silver cane, but doesn't seem to need it to walk. If you didn't know any better, you would think him to be much younger than he lets on.

Read only if an investigator has the Miskatonic or Scholar trait:

You turn your attention to the enormous painting of the scarlet-clad knight that dominates the rear wall of the chamber. Judging from the style, you'd estimate the figure in the painting to be English or French, possibly from the time of the Angevin Empire, late 12th century. Very interesting indeed...

"I suppose you have many questions. First, introductions are in order. I have gone by several names in my long tenure, but you may simply call me the Claret Knight, as others do. I know why you are here. You come seeking this, do you not?" He unlocks a nearby armoire, and as its door opens, a flash of light illuminates the room. Inside is a crystal vial containing a shimmering sapphire substance. It is, without a doubt, the Key you have come here to find. Immediately, your mind races, brimming with possibility. But with many of the knight's agents standing right behind you, you decide to stay on your best behavior...for now.

"We have guarded this implement—the Light of Pharos—for many years. Protected it from those who would use it to harm, rather than guide, humanity. Only we have the capacity to do so. To keep such powers out of the hands of knaves and troublemakers. Now, here is the issue: there is another who desires the Light of Pharos, one who is far less benevolent."

The Beast, you suspect aloud. "Indeed," the knight confirms. "And before you ask—yes, that creature is counted among the members of our esteemed organization." You wonder aloud why two members of the Coterie might be squabbling instead of working together. "Yes, well, membership requirements have been lax in recent years," he jokes with a chuckle. "The truth is, I bear no particular fondness for this Beast. Its methods are unsavory. It draws too much unwanted attention." His eyes, deep and blue as a dark ocean, meet with yours to emphasize his point.

You remind your host that time is of the essence, and ask where this is leading. "Of course," he obliges. "As I said, we have guarded this implement for countless generations. It would be a shame for it to fall into the hands of the unworthy or uncouth, would it not? But the Beast draws nigh. It spills the blood of friend, foe, and bystander in its path here. Its path to us. It is after the Light, and as the Light's protector, I must do everything in my power to stop it. As such, I have summoned you here to strike a bargain." He nods to one of his agents, who closes the armoire and seals it shut. There is a rush of air, and a sensation of building pressure throughout the room as the door shuts tight. Your ears pop with a painful change of pressure.

"This is a place of power, one of several throughout the city which we have established to prevent uninvited guests from entering. Had you not been escorted, you might have turned to ash. But any such locus can be destroyed, and then the Beast would descend upon us like a starving wolf. We cannot be everywhere at once. Help us defend the locuses, so that we may retain guardianship of the Light of Pharos. In return, I'll tell you what you wish to know about our organization. And you will have prevented catastrophe from befalling this fair city, which has seen more than enough calamity already. What do you say? Can we rely upon you to make the right choice?"

The investigators must decide (choose one):

☞ "Very well, we accept." Skip to **Intro 4**.

☞ Refuse. Skip to **Intro 5**.

Intro 3: Upon entering, you are greeted by your host—an elderly man of English or perhaps French descent, wearing a elegant brown coat over an outfit of outdated red formal wear. "Finally, you're here." He motions for you to sit. Though his hair is graying and thin, and his face wrinkled with long lines of worry, he seems surprisingly spry and large in stature. He rests his hand on a polished silver cane, but doesn't seem to need it to walk. If you didn't know any better, you would think him to be much younger than he lets on.

"I suppose you have many questions. First, introductions are in order. I have gone by several names in my long tenure, but you may simply call me the Claret Knight, as others do. I know why you are here. You come seeking that which we have guarded for many centuries. But even were I inclined to hand it over—which I am not—you are too late." He gestures toward a nearby armoire, which has been torn nearly to shreds. Its door dangles from its hinges, and inside it is empty and dark.

"The Light of Pharos has been our charge in Alexandria for countless years. We have protected it from those who would use it to harm, rather than guide, humanity. But, I am afraid it has been stolen. And as such, until we can recover it, we are at war."

The Beast, you suspect aloud. "Indeed," the knight confirms. "And before you ask—yes, that creature is counted among the members of our esteemed organization." You wonder aloud why two members of the Coterie might be in conflict instead of working together. "Yes, well, I fought

tooth and nail to prevent it from joining our ranks, if you'll pardon the pun," he says grimly. "The truth is, I despise this Beast. Its methods are unsavory. It draws too much unwanted attention." His eyes, deep and blue as a dark ocean, meet with yours as he emphasizes his point.

You remind your host that time is of the essence, and ask where this is leading. "Of course," he obliges. "Surely we agree that we cannot let this implement remain in the hands of such a monster. It would be safer here, under lock and key, where it has been for countless generations. As its protector, I must do everything in my power to recover it. As such, I have summoned you here to strike a bargain." He nods to one of his agents, who shows you a map of the city. Marked in several spots are buildings circled in red.

"These are locuses—places of power that were established throughout the city to prevent uninvited guests from entering a particular stronghold. They were once linked to this place, but now, this power has been usurped by the Beast. The Light of Pharos is somewhere in the city, protected by our very own magic. If we can destroy each locus and enter the Beast's lair, we can take back the artifact and retain it here, where it belongs. In return, I'll tell you what you wish to know about our organization. And you will have prevented catastrophe from befalling this fair city, which has seen more than enough calamity already. What do you say? Can we rely upon you to make the right choice?"

The investigators must decide (choose one):

☞ "Very well, we accept." Skip to **Intro 6**.

☞ Refuse. Skip to **Intro 7**.

Intro 4: You agree to help defend the Light of Pharos.

☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell made a deal with the Claret Knight.

☞ Remove 1 🗡 token from the chaos bag. Add 1 🗡 token (if there are already 4, each investigator earns 1 experience instead).

☞ Proceed to **Setup (v. 1)**.

Intro 5: "A shame," the knight intones, his tenor changing almost immediately. "Very well. We shall have to deal with this threat ourselves, and I am afraid I must ask you to leave the city at once." You protest, but the knight's agents close in around you. He rises to a stature you did not expect from such an elderly man, his voice commanding the kind of authority mentioned only in myth. "You are no longer guests in my city. We will not suffer a war on two fronts. Depart from Alexandria immediately or suffer the consequences."

Although it pains you to leave when your goal lies so close, if what the knight said is true, you would have to break the various locuses around the city in order to claim your prize, and you are surrounded and outnumbered, besides. You decide it is best to exit the Coterie's stronghold and regroup before making a run at the Key.

But, as is often the case, fate has other plans. The moment you leave the Bourse, you are accosted by a man in a pinstripe suit and a red fez. Bewilderingly, he flashes a Foundation badge and makes a motion to follow him into a nearby alley. You make sure you aren't still being watched, then abscond into the alleyway, where the man greets you in English. "Hossam Sirry, at your service. Commissioner Taylor told me you'd be coming. That dossier you got? I put that intel together myself." You study the man's face for a moment. Unlike the so-called Claret Knight and his Coterie entourage up in the Bourse, he looks native to the area, with brown skin, dark brown eyes and a chiseled, stubbled jawline. Still, your eyes cannot help but dance warily to the one article of red he wears upon his head. He rolls his eyes and gives a slight chuckle. "Do not worry. I am not with them. You would be hard pressed to find this kind of headwear in any other color." You let out a sigh of relief. "I take it from the way you were escorted out of there that you didn't take their offer?"

You tell Agent Sirry what happened inside the Bourse. "You made the right call," he says. "Those Coterie dogs have been entrenched in Alexandria for as long as anyone can remember. They think this city is theirs, but it's not. It belongs to the people. It belongs to us." His disdain is unmistakable. It's not just for the Coterie—it's for the people who aim to wrest control of the city away from those who call it home. "They come here from afar and act like their governance, their occupation, is some kind of gift."

Agent Sirry puts a hand on your shoulder. "Let us help one another. Your objective is to claim the knight's Key for your own, yes? This will also weaken the Coterie's control over this city. That is a result I can get behind." You nod in agreement. This conflict may not be as personal for you as it is for Sirry, but you'll stop at nothing to help.

- ☞ Remove 1  token from the chaos bag. Add 1  token (if there are already 4, each investigator earns 1 experience instead).
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell is assisting Agent Sirry.
- ☞ Proceed to **Setup (v. II)**.

Intro 6: You agree to help recover the Light of Pharos.

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell made a deal with the Claret Knight.
- ☞ Remove 1  token from the chaos bag. Add 1  token (if there are already 4, each investigator earns 1 experience instead).
- ☞ Proceed to **Setup (v. III)**.

Intro 7: "A foolish choice," the knight intones, his tenor changing almost immediately. "Very well. We shall have to deal with this threat ourselves, and I am afraid I must ask you to leave the city at once." You protest, but the knight's agents close in around you. He rises to a stature you did not expect from such an elderly man, his voice commanding the kind of authority mentioned only in myth. "You are no longer guests in my city. We will not suffer a war on two fronts. Depart from Alexandria immediately or suffer the consequences."

Given your refusal to help, it is hard to hold the man's response against him. Still, you did manage to acquire some information regarding the Key's whereabouts. You decide it is best to exit the Coterie's stronghold and make a plan to take down the Beast before he and his people do.

But, as is often the case, fate has other plans. The moment you leave the Bourse, you are accosted by a man in a pinstripe suit and a red fez. Bewilderingly, he flashes a Foundation badge and makes a motion to follow him into a nearby alley. You make sure you aren't still being watched, then abscond into the alleyway, where the man greets you in English. "Hossam Sirry, at your service. Commissioner Taylor told me you'd be coming. That dossier you got? I put that intel together myself." You study the man's face for a moment. Unlike the so-called Claret Knight and his Coterie entourage up in the Bourse, he looks native to the area, with brown skin, dark brown eyes and a chiseled, stubbled jawline. Still, your eyes cannot help but dance warily to the one article of red he wears upon his head. He rolls his eyes and gives a slight chuckle. "Do not worry. I am not with them. You would be hard pressed to find this kind of headwear in any other color." You let out a sigh of relief. "I take it from the way you were escorted out of there that you didn't take their offer?"

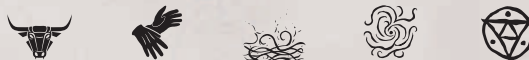
You tell Agent Sirry what happened inside the Bourse. "You made the right call," he says. "Those Coterie dogs have been entrenched in Alexandria for as long as anyone can remember. They think this city is theirs, but it's not. It belongs to the people. It belongs to us." His disdain is unmistakable. It's not just for the Coterie—it's for the people who aim to wrest control of the city away from those who call it home. "They come here from afar and act like their governance, their occupation, is some kind of gift. Had you allowed them to take back that Key, their control over the city would once more become solidified."

Agent Sirry puts a hand on your shoulder. "Let us help one another. Your objective is to claim the Beast's Key before the Coterie does, yes? We can't let either of them retain the Light of Pharos. It is too important. Come with me. I have resources that can help you." You nod in agreement. This conflict may not be as personal for you as it is for Sirry, but you'll stop at nothing to help.

- ☞ Remove 1  token from the chaos bag. Add 1  token (if there are already 4, each investigator earns 1 experience instead).
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell is assisting Agent Sirry.
- ☞ Proceed to **Setup (v. III)**.

Setup (v. I)

- ☞ Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *Dogs of War*, *Scarlet Sorcery*, *Spatial Anomaly*, *Spreading Corruption*, and *Dark Cult*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



- ☞ Put the following locations into play: Windsor Palace Hotel, Victoria College, Qaitbay Citadel, The Corniche, and Zan'et el Settat.
 - ◆ Each investigator begins play at Qaitbay Citadel.
- ☞ Build the agenda deck using only Agenda 1a—"Brewing Catastrophe (v. I)." Remove each other agenda from the game.
- ☞ Build the act deck using only Act 1a—"Rabbits Who Run (v. I)." Remove each other act from the game.
- ☞ Put one Key Locus story asset into play at each of the four **Locus Site** locations, (*Last Bastion*) side faceup.
 - ◆ Place 1 doom on each of those locations.
- ☞ Put The Bourse (*Locus Safeguard*) and Catacombs of Kom el Shoqafa (*Bloody Nexus*) into play. Remove the other versions of The Bourse and Catacombs of Kom el Shoqafa from the game.
- ☞ Put The Claret Knight into play at The Bourse, story asset side faceup. Attach The Light of Pharos key to The Claret Knight. Both The Claret Knight and The Light of Pharos are controlled by all of the investigators.
- ☞ The lead investigator spawns the The Beast in a Cowl of Crimson enemy at Catacombs of Kom el Shoqafa, (*Ravager in Red*) side faceup.
- ☞ Shuffle the remaining encounter cards to build the encounter deck.
- ☞ You are now ready to begin.



Setup (v. II)

- ② Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *Dogs of War*, *Cleanup Crew*, *Scarlet Sorcery*, *Spatial Anomaly*, and *Spreading Corruption*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:






- ② Put the following locations into play: Windsor Palace Hotel, Victoria College, Qaitbay Citadel, The Corniche, and Zan'et el Settat.
 - ◆ Each investigator begins play at Qaitbay Citadel.
- ② Build the agenda deck using only Agenda 1a—"Brewing Catastrophe (v. II)." Remove each other agenda from the game.
- ② Build the act deck using only Act 1a—"Rabbits Who Run (v. II)." Remove each other act from the game.
- ② Put one Key Locus story asset into play at each of the four **Locus Site** locations, (*Defensive Barrier*) side faceup.
- ② Put The Bourse (*Coterie Post*) and Catacombs of Kom el Shoqafa (*Ancient Tomb*) into play. Remove the other versions of The Bourse and Catacombs of Kom el Shoqafa from the game.
- ② Spawn The Claret Knight at The Bourse, enemy side faceup. Attach The Light of Pharos key to The Claret Knight, under his control.
- ② Remove the double-sided The Beast in a Cowl of Crimson enemy from the game.
- ② Gather each decoy mini-card and each of the following mini-cards: Coterie Assassins (A and B) and Coterie Enforcers (A and B). Set them aside, out of play.
- ② The lead investigator searches the gathered encounter cards for Coterie Assassin (A) and draws it, resolving its concealed keyword, with 1 additional decoy for each other investigator in the game.
- ② Shuffle the remaining encounter cards to build the encounter deck.
- ② You are now ready to begin.

Setup (v. III)

- ② Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *Dogs of War*, *Cleanup Crew*, *Scarlet Sorcery*, *Spatial Anomaly*, *Spreading Corruption*, and *Dark Cult*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:







- ② Put the following locations into play: Windsor Palace Hotel, Victoria College, Qaitbay Citadel, The Corniche, and Zan'et el Settat.
 - ◆ Each investigator begins play at Qaitbay Citadel.
- ② Build the agenda deck using only Agenda 1a—"Brewing Catastrophe (v. III)." Remove each other agenda from the game.
- ② Build the act deck using only Act 1a—"Rabbits Who Run (v. III)." Remove each other act from the game.
- ② Put one Key Locus story asset into play at each of the four **Locus Site** locations, (*Defensive Barrier*) side faceup.
- ② Put The Bourse (*Commercial Center*) and Catacombs of Kom el Shoqafa (*Den of the Beast*) into play. Remove the other versions of The Bourse and Catacombs of Kom el Shoqafa from the game.
- ② Spawn The Beast in a Cowl of Crimson enemy at Catacombs of Kom el Shoqafa, (*Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*) side faceup. Attach The Light of Pharos key to The Beast in a Cowl of Crimson, under its control.
- ② Remove the double-sided The Claret Knight enemy/asset from the game.
- ② Gather each decoy mini-card and each of the following mini-cards: Coterie Assassins (A and B) and Coterie Enforcers (A and B). Set them aside, out of play.
- ② Shuffle the remaining encounter cards to build the encounter deck.
- ② You are now ready to begin.

Location Placement for "Dogs of War"



Note: Depending on which version of *Dogs of War* is played, the versions of *The Bourse* and *Catacombs of Kom el Shoqafa* may differ from those depicted.

DO NOT READ until the end of the scenario

If no resolution was reached (each investigator was defeated) and the version you played was (v. I):
Skip to **Resolution 3**.

If no resolution was reached (each investigator resigned or was defeated) and the version you played was (v. II):
Skip to **Resolution 4**.

If no resolution was reached (each investigator resigned or was defeated) and the version you played was (v. III):
Skip to **Resolution 7**.

Resolution 1: *The Claret Knight clears his throat and regains his composure. If you didn't know any better, you would think he had never been worried at all. But you remember the look of tension and fear upon his face when he—like you—suspected all was lost. "Once again, forces have conspired to oust us from our rightful place, but once again we stand victorious," he declares. Any semblance of fear has vanished, replaced with the very same calm resolve you found in him when you'd first arrived. With the Key still safely secure in his vault, he turns his attention to you, shaking your hand and gesturing to his desk. "Come, sit. You have done your part, now allow me to do mine. I promised answers, and answers you shall receive."*

☞ Skip to **Resolution 8**.

Resolution 2: *You lay low for a few days in one of Agent Sirry's safehouses outside the city, then meet with him later that week, your prize still safely in your possession. He has cleaned up a bit since you last met him, and there is a brightness in his eyes and his smile that was not present before. He joyfully sums up what has occurred since you went dark. "The knight and his entourage seem to have left Alexandria," he declares, wearing a satisfied grin. "It seems, for all their posturing about 'guiding humanity' and 'rightful rule,' the moment their relic left their hands, their stake in the city vanished with it. That other creature seems to have fled as well. Still..." His eyes dance to the vessel containing the Key, its light trapped within. "I doubt you've seen the last of them. In fact, I'd wager a guess that one or both are hot on your tail. Be careful."*

You ask what Hossam will do now that his personal objective in Alexandria is complete. "I have a new assignment, actually," he answers. "Commissioner Taylor sent the dossier to me just yesterday. I will be leaving my beloved city behind for the first time since joining the Foundation." He sighs wistfully. "Well, perhaps we can meet up again some time." He stands and shakes your hand. "It has been a pleasure working alongside you."

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record *you haven't seen the last of the Claret Knight*.
- ☞ Choose an investigator to be the bearer of The Light of Pharos and update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☞ Mark 2 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 3: *Fearing the worst, you retreat to the office as a last line of defense, but you are too late. The chamber is the site of a massacre. Fresh blood drips from the walls, sprayed about in absolute chaos, a whirlwind of death. The grisly sight of partially-devoured dead is one you will never forget.*

With no other leads to go on and the thought of meeting that same fate terrifying you, you decide to cut your losses and flee the city. Still, you cannot help but note that the elderly knight was not among the dead. Perhaps he escaped, as well. If so, this probably isn't the last you'll see of either of them...

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ Each investigator who was not defeated suffers 1 mental trauma.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the following:
 - ◆ *The cell failed to fend off the Beast.*
 - ◆ *You haven't seen the last of the Beast in a Cowl of Crimson.*
- ☞ The Beast in a Cowl of Crimson is the bearer of The Light of Pharos. Update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☞ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 4: *You lay low for a few days in one of Agent Sirry's safehouses outside the city, then meet with him later that week. Heavy bags hang under his eyes, and his beard looks messy and unkempt. His gaze darts warily to you as you enter. He gloomily sums up what transpired after you went dark. "The knight and his entourage are still entrenched in Alexandria. He and that hideous creature are in all-out war now, and of course, my people are the ones who suffer." He slams his fist on the table in anger. "That's how it always is with these bastards. They'll do whatever they can to stay in power, innocents be damned. Frankly, I can't even tell which of them is worse."*

You apologize that you weren't able to help more, and he shakes his head. "No, don't apologize. You did everything you could. What will you do now?" Your window of opportunity in Alexandria has passed, so you tell Agent Sirry you'll be taking the next train out to search for more Keys elsewhere. You wonder aloud if he might come with you. "I have a new assignment as well, but..." he scratches his beard thoughtfully. "I fear what may come to pass in my beloved city with this feud going on. I might end up staying. Orders or no orders." He stands and shakes your hand, and you fear it may be the last time. "I hope to see you again some time. Until then...I have work to do."

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record *you haven't seen the last of the Claret Knight*.
- ☞ The Claret Knight is the bearer of The Light of Pharos. Update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☞ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 5: You are escorted by agents in red back to your patron's office safehouse within the Bourse. The place has been cleaned up significantly since you were last there, and a brand new vault sits next to the grand painting of the familiar scarlet-clad knight. You hand over the Key as agreed, and it is placed back inside the vault and sealed shut. There is a rush of air, and a sensation of building pressure throughout the room as the door shuts tight. Your ears pop with a painful change of pressure—no doubt the work of their so-called "locuses."

The Claret Knight looks on with pride as his agents handle the ancient relic. "Once again, forces have conspired to oust us from our rightful place, but once again we stand victorious," he declares. If there was any semblance of fear or worry on his face before, it has vanished, replaced with the calm resolve of one who has faced many such foes before. With the Key now safely secure in his vault, he turns his attention to you, shaking your hand and gesturing to his desk. "Come, sit. You have done your part, now allow me to do mine. I promised answers, and answers you shall receive."

☞ Skip to **Resolution 8**.

Resolution 6: You lay low for a few days in one of Agent Sirry's safehouses outside the city, then meet with him later that week, your prize still safely in your possession. He has cleaned up a bit since you last met him, and there is a brightness in his eyes and his smile that was not present before. He joyfully sums up what has occurred since you went dark. "The Beast and its devotees are in hiding, and it seems the rest of the Coterie have vanished, as well," he declares, wearing a satisfied grin. "It seems, for all their posturing about 'guiding humanity' and 'rightful rule,' the moment their relic left their hands, their stake in the city vanished with it. Still..." His eyes dance to the vessel containing the Key, its light trapped within. "I doubt you've seen the last of them. In fact, I'd wager a guess that one or both are hot on your tail. Be careful."

You ask what Hossam will do now that his personal objective in Alexandria is complete. "I have a new assignment, actually," he answers. "Commissioner Taylor sent the dossier to me just yesterday. I will be leaving my beloved city behind for the first time since joining the Foundation." He sighs wistfully. "Well, perhaps we can meet up again some time." He stands and shakes your hand. "It has been a pleasure working alongside you."

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record you haven't seen the last of the Beast in a Cowl of Crimson.
- ☞ Choose an investigator to be the bearer of The Light of Pharos and update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☞ Mark 2 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 7: With terrifying creatures and agents in red embroiled in all-out war, it has become far too dangerous for you to continue operating in Alexandria. You hate to leave such a volatile situation behind, but you don't seem to have a choice. You find it ironic that the Coterie, who claim to only want to protect humanity, would put the people of Alexandria in such danger. It seems there is a wide range of personalities within the organization. Perhaps some may even be swayed to your side. But for now, those in Alexandria seem to be a lost cause. You leave the city in a dour mood, hoping your next assignment goes more smoothly.

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the dogs are at war.
- ☞ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Resolution 8: You ask the knight what the Red Coterie is truly about. So far, you have seen its members be both brutal and reasonable. And why all the secrecy? "I have not lied to you. We seek only to protect humanity." He points to the vault wherein the Light of Pharos is still safely sealed away. "These objects, they are too powerful to be wielded by just anyone, and too precious to be kept unaccounted. I'm sure by now you have noticed the influence of other entities upon our world. Outsiders, we call them. These relics are the only line of defense against such entities. The Coterie keeps them safe, to be used only to do battle with the Outsiders. That is why I could not suffer this artifact to fall into the hands of that beast. Aliki is the one who does most of our research regarding the Outsiders—if you wish to know more, perhaps find her. Last anyone heard from her was around Kathmandu, I believe. But you will need to find a translator if you wish to speak with her. She is cryptic and difficult to understand." He glances at the portrait of the knight clad in crimson armor that looms behind him. "As for all the red... handling relics of an otherworldly nature is both dangerous and conspicuous. So, we have bound them to one or more articles of clothing, to better blend in with society. The process, for whatever reason, turns them red. Of course, there are other benefits too. Think of it as a... secret handshake, if you will." He raises an eyebrow as he appraises you. "We have, in the past, inducted new members into our ranks, should they prove themselves both trustworthy and capable, as you have. Perhaps one day you shall bear red upon your person, as well. Now, I believe I have fulfilled my end of this bargain. I once again thank you for your aid. My people will compensate your travel expenses." With that, the conversation comes to a friendly, if abrupt end.

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the following:
 - ✦ The cell aided the knight.
 - ✦ You haven't seen the last of the Beast in a Cowl of Crimson.
- ☞ The Claret Knight is the bearer of The Light of Pharos. Update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☞ Mark 3 **time** in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

You may read this dossier at any time

File #44-O/55-X

Asset Name: Irawan, Dewi

Area of Operation: Southern Hemisphere

Profile: Prominent zoologist has published several surveys regarding disappearing wildlife. Zoologist claims entire species and the memory of their existence are being erased. Possible disturbance.

Theory of Annihilation 1: As your ship puts into port at Rio De Janeiro, you see a massive hollow statue under construction on Corcovado mountain overlooking the city. The statue is vaguely humanoid, its arms spread wide in welcome... or is it a warning?

Check the Campaign Log.

☞ If the cell met Dr. Irawan and less than 25 time has passed, proceed to **Theory of Annihilation 2**.

☞ If the cell met Dr. Irawan and 25 or more time has passed, skip to **Theory of Annihilation 3**.

☞ Otherwise, skip to **Theory of Annihilation 4**.

Theory of Annihilation 2: After some searching, you find Dr. Irawan in the Belmond Copacabana seated at a table covered in sketches and academic clutter. "I am actually glad you missed my lecture," she says. "It was an utter disaster. I was laughed out of the auditorium when I tried to present. Someone called me a 'cryptozoologist'."

Dr. Irawan adjusts her large round spectacles as she turns to a beautifully detailed sketch of a bird roosting in a palm tree. "I presented what I am calling the Theory of Annihilation. A process by which an ecosystem is, itself, devoured via what you have dubbed 'paranatural selection.' Not just the ecosystem, but the memory of itself. The fact of its very existence."

"Do not worry, I will credit you for that term," she takes a sip of strong, dark coffee. "But after my recent survey of the Amazon, I am afraid the process is accelerating. A dozen species of macaw have vanished, and my colleagues have no memory of them. The sketches have disappeared as well. Of those we documented, only the scarlet macaw remains."



As Dr. Irawan flips idly through her sketchbook, her eyes catch on a particular page, and her face goes white. "This cannot be."

You ask her what the matter is, and she points to the page. "Just yesterday, this page was not blank. The Phalanger septimus. A cuscus living in the western New Guinea."

Dr. Irawan begins gathering up her things. "I sketched this subject months ago. Perhaps there will be some trace of it—or of whatever force is behind all this—out in Manokwari." She pushes a strand of hair behind her ear and smiles at you. "Thank you for listening. Perhaps we will meet again."

☞ In your Campaign Log, record Dr. Irawan traveled to New Guinea.

☞ Each investigator earns 1 experience, as they gain insight into the strange happenings around the world.

☞ Under "Time Passed," write δ (delta) underneath the current time. (This symbol has no status report and is only used as a time marker.)

☞ In the Southeast Asia section of the Campaign Log, find Manokwari. In its spot, write "45-P." You are now able to travel to Manokwari whenever you embark.

☞ You may **embark**.

Theory of Annihilation 3: Upon arriving in the city, you look for Dr. Irawan at the Belmond Copacabana. The concierge checks the reservation on your behalf when you mention Dr. Irawan's lecture, but finds nothing. You take out the card she gave you, but both sides are blank. It's as though she has vanished completely...

☞ In your Campaign Log, record Dr. Irawan vanished from existence.

☞ You may **embark**.

Theory of Annihilation 4: After some searching, you find Dr. Irawan in the Belmond Copacabana seated at a table covered in sketches and academic clutter. After introducing yourself, you ask about her research.

"Oh, I see. You are here to mock me," she says, closing a worn survey journal. You tell her you aren't, and after some coaxing, she opens up to you. "I am actually glad you missed my lecture," she says. "It was an utter disaster. I was laughed out of the auditorium when I tried to present. Someone called me a 'cryptozoologist'."

You tell her that there are worse insults. "That may be," Dr. Irawan adjusts her large round spectacles. "But for my career, it is a death knell." She turns to a beautifully detailed sketch of a bird roosting in a palm tree. "I presented what I am calling the Theory of Annihilation. The world devouring itself. Not just itself, but the memory of itself. The fact of its very existence."

She takes a sip of strong, dark coffee. "Several years ago, I surveyed the Amazon with a half dozen other well-known academics. We observed dozens of distinct species of macaw, and named each after a stone: turquoise, amethyst, obsidian, the like. But now," she turns to several empty pages. "There is no trace or record of any of them. My colleagues tell me I made up the Turquoise Macaw and the others. There is no trace of them in their habitat, either. And the sketches have disappeared as well."

You assure Dr. Irawan that she is not mad, and share what little you can about the disappearances.

"Thank you," says Dr. Irawan. "I am glad we met. I was beginning to think this was all in my head." She gives you her business card with the address of a university in Australia written on the back. "I will be in Perth to continue my survey and my next lecture. Perhaps I will see you there."

☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell met Dr. Irawan.

☞ Each investigator earns 1 experience, as they gain insight into the strange happenings around the world.

☞ You may **embark**.

Metamorphosis 1: It is early evening as your boat pulls into port in Manokwari. Towering mountains covered in rich greenery roll down to meet the brilliant blue water. As night falls, coruscating lights dance beneath the surface of the water: are they bioluminescent plants, or something else?

Check how much time has passed since **δ** (delta).

- ☞ If 10 or fewer time has passed since **δ** (delta), proceed to **Metamorphosis 2**.
- ☞ If 11 or more time has passed since **δ** (delta), skip to **Metamorphosis 3**.

Metamorphosis 2: At first, you are concerned that nobody recognizes Dr. Irawan's name, but after some persistent questioning, a reluctant local offers to lead you to her. Heading into the dense underbrush, you follow a steep path up a nearby mountain until you reach a dark hollow. Leaning against the trunk of an ironwood tree, you find the zoologist peering intently into the shadows.

"I did not expect you to follow me here," Dr. Irawan whispers. Following her lead, you sit down next to her and peer into the dark. The air around you is thick and moist. "My theory was... incorrect. Or at least, partially incorrect." From your vantage point, you can see into a shallow dell cut by a cascading waterfall. The moon shimmers on the ripples of a narrow stream. Dr. Irawan continues: "All trace of this particular cuscus is gone, that much is for certain. The locals have no memory of them. But something is different about the disappearance. Something lingers."

A low, moaning wail from somewhere in the trees startles you. Dr. Irawan holds out a pair of binoculars and points at a cluster of ironwood trees on the far side of the glade. Peering through, you spy three cat-sized marsupials with yellow eyes clinging to a branch, curled tails swinging in the dark. They are feeding on something. Just looking at them makes your head spin: something about them is both there and not there at once, forcing your eyes to constantly adjust. The animals' movements are stiff and double-jointed as well, both too fast and too slow. You look away.

"You see them?" asks Dr. Irawan. You nod and look again: the cuscus are messily devouring a green python. "It is fascinating. A fundamental change. The prey have become predators. The few I have observed have made a complete shift in behavior, turning on other cuscus, hunting their own natural predators—of which the green python is one. Their very nature seems to have changed!" Dr. Irawan stammers excitedly. "But more importantly, they aren't gone. I mean: they have gone, to some. Nobody remembers them. But yet they persist."

You turn your binoculars back to the cuscus to find them frozen: staring straight at you with their bright, topaz eyes. Surprised, you drop the binoculars. When you look again, the cuscus are gone. Suddenly on edge, you tell Dr. Irawan it would be best to leave, but she shakes her head. "I am on the verge of the greatest discovery of the century. An entire field of para-zoological research. I cannot leave now."

Leaving Dr. Irawan to her own devices, you head back into town. The jungle around you is eerily silent, and even as you break into a moonlit clearing, you cannot help the feeling of being watched.

Over the next few days, you make contact with the zoologist in passing. The day your ship is scheduled to leave Manokwari, Dr. Irawan is suspiciously absent from the guest house. The staff tell you she didn't return the night before. Concerned for her safety, you return to the hollow where you met her before. The jungle retains the same unsettling quietude as you hike up the mountain.

Scattered on a rock overhanging the dark hollow are several torn-up sketchbooks and a broken pair of binoculars, but no trace of Dr. Irawan. Scanning the murky copse, you see a glimmer of light and the zoologist's batik vest at the base of the waterfall. You carefully pick your way down the muddy slopes to the bank of a narrow stream where the zoologist lays prone, her arm bent at an odd angle. A trio of yellow-eyed cuscus scatter as you approach. Turning her over gently, you are relieved to find her still breathing. A strange black implement is clutched in her left hand, close to her chest.

A mordant call resounds from above. Dr. Irawan is surprisingly light as you scoop her up in your arms. Dozens of yellow eyes glare down at you from the ironwood trees as you carry the zoologist downstream, away from the hollow. Flitting, shimmering forms dart to and fro overhead like silent warnings.

As soon as you get back to town, you check the unconscious zoologist into a clinic. The ship you had booked has already left, but with the strange circumstances you found her in, you resolve to stay with Dr. Irawan until she wakes up. Several days pass, filled with disquieting silence, until she finally speaks.

"I noticed several cuscus gathered around this," she thumbs the hollow bell in her good hand. "I knew better than to interfere. But they seemed so fixated on it. Much like magpies or crows will hoard certain objects. So strange. I noticed they stowed it in the crook of a branch and, so I climbed up for a better look and—well, that's when I fell," she says.

You hold the strange chime in your hands, appreciating its heft and form. The inlaid designs are like nothing you or the zoologist have ever seen. The metal is cool to the touch yet strangely electric. On a whim, you hold the bell up and swing it once, even though it doesn't have a clapper. A palpable wave of sonic energy ripples through the air around you. From the trees, you can hear a familiar mournful cry.

"This has become more than a simple survey," Dr. Irawan whispers. "Whatever those creatures have become, they are no longer *Phalanger septimus*. Something changed." The zoologist pauses and considers her words for a moment, then smiles at you. "Whatever is happening, I—I would prefer to not work alone. Perhaps I could continue my research with you?"

You tell Dr. Irawan you wouldn't have it any other way, and agree to stay with her as she recovers. The zoologist entrusts the strange bell to you.

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record Dr. Irawan joined the cell. Any one investigator may choose to add the Dr. Dewi Irawan story asset to their deck. It does not count toward their deck size.
- ☞ Choose an investigator to be the bearer of The Ruinous Chime and update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☞ Both of these cards can be found in the Globetrotting encounter set, indicated by the following encounter set icon: 

☞ Mark 1 time in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Metamorphosis 3: Asking around town, each mention of Dr. Irawan is met with a curious stare. You go so far as to mime the zoologist's distinct large eyeglasses, but nobody recognizes the name or the likeness. After several days, you abandon your fruitless search. As you check out from the local guest house, you find a blank sketchbook sitting on a wicker table. Picking it up, your skin pricks, and you have the feeling of being watched. But when you turn around, you are completely alone.

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record Dr. Irawan vanished from existence.
- ☞ Each investigator earns 2 experience, as they gain insight into the strange happenings around the world.
- ☞ Mark 1 time in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.



Check your Campaign Log.

☞ If Flint traveled to Kuala Lumpur, proceed to **Intro 1**.

☞ If Agent Flint is missing, skip to **Intro 2**.

Intro 1: You and Flint meet at the Royal Selangor Club: a sharp-angled complex situated on the edge of a meticulously groomed lawn. A cricket match unfolds for the club members on the turf below as you and Flint discuss the Coterie's interests and Tzu San Niang's possible aims. "Hold on a moment," Flint stops mid-sip and stares into the throng of wealthy expatriates. You turn your head and watch the crowd. A woman with a pale complexion and jet-black hair turns away from you, twirling a bright red parasol.

"Well, that was easy," laughs Flint. You can hear a steely edge in his voice as he stands, gingerly, and leaves a generous tip for the staff. "Let's see what she's up to, shall we?"

☞ In your Campaign Log, record Flint rejoined the cell. Any one investigator may choose to add the Inspector Flint story asset to their deck. It does not count toward their deck size. This card can be found in the *Globetrotting* encounter set, indicated by the following encounter set icon:



☞ Proceed to **Setup**.

Intro 2: You arrive in Kuala Lumpur filled with a gnawing, terrible fear. As you negotiate the fare to the railway station, your sense of foreboding only grows. The air is full of intoxicating, overwhelming scents: juicy grilled meats, chewed betel nut, wisps of incense. All of it fills your senses and reminds you how far you are from home. After your driver drops you off at the bustling railway station, you wander the platforms and rail offices, but all your inquiries are met with blank indifference.

Amidst the steam of a retreating train, you see a brilliant red parasol held by a beautiful woman with jet black hair. You barely have time to react before she melts into the bustle, but you have to wonder: is this an unlikely coincidence, or a Coterie trap? Either way, it's the only lead you have.

Proceed to **Setup**.



Setup

☞ Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *Shades of Suffering*, *Dark Veiling*, *Mysteries Abound*, *Scarlet Sorcery*, *Spreading Corruption*, and *Striking Fear*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



☞ Put the Kuala Lumpur Station (*East Wing*), Kuala Lumpur Station (*West Wing*), Selangor Club, and Selangor Club Padang locations into play.

☞ Set each other location (Melati's Shop, Tin Mine, and Wayang Kulit Theater) aside, out of play.

☞ Check the Campaign Log.

☞ If Flint rejoined the cell, each investigator begins play at Selangor Club. If an investigator added the Inspector Flint story asset to their deck, they may search their deck for Inspector Flint, put him into play under their control, then shuffle their deck. For the remainder of this scenario, he does not take up an ally slot.

☞ If Agent Flint is missing, each investigator begins play at Kuala Lumpur Station (*West Wing*).

☞ Choose one of each **Geist** enemy (Uncanny Shadow, Buried Miner, and Slain Foreman) at random and set them aside, out of play. Remove the other copies of those **Geist** enemies from the game. These cards are double-sided and have story cards on their reverse side. For the best experience, do not look at the story cards on their other side until you are instructed to do so.

☞ Spawn the Tzu San Niang enemy (*The Lady with the Red Parasol*) side faceup in the shadows and attach The Shade Reaper to her, **Unstable** side faceup. Resolve her concealed keyword, placing her concealed mini-cards at each location other than the starting location.

☞ Check how much **time** has passed in the Campaign Log.

☞ If 11 or fewer **time** has passed, no change is made.

☞ If 12-18 **time** has passed, place three resources on The Shade Reaper, as charges.

☞ If 19-26 **time** has passed, place six resources on The Shade Reaper, as charges.

☞ If 27 or more **time** has passed, place nine resources on The Shade Reaper, as charges. Place 1 doom on the agenda.

☞ Shuffle the remaining encounter cards to build the encounter deck.

☞ You are now ready to begin.

Scenario Interlude: The Bomoh

The Bomoh 1: Before you even step inside the shop, you are greeted by the intense but pleasant fragrance of dried flowers and herbs that hang in bundles from the low ceiling. The scent is intoxicating. As your eyes adjust to the dimly lit interior, a small middle-aged Malay woman in an ornate dress rises from her stool in the corner to greet you.

"You're a bit late, but I suppose it's better than if you had arrived early," she says matter-of-factly. You ask her what she means, and she shakes her head. "I'm Melati. Our meeting was foretold." She explains that she is a bomoh, or shaman, and that she was forewarned of your meeting by the spirits. You ask her about the woman with the red parasol.

"Yes, that's why I was glad you didn't arrive early," she grimaces, then lights a bundle of some aromatic herbs. You feel a tingling lightheadedness wash over you, followed by soothing calm. Melati goes on: "That was Tzu San Niang. She's the reason I have to cleanse my shop. There is a foul essence that follows her. Perhaps why she masks her unclean spirit with a veneer of politeness." As Melati speaks, a cloud of vague confusion passes over her, as if she cannot place something. You ask her what Ms. Tzu wanted.

"I truly can't even remember what she asked of me."

Read only if an investigator has the Sorcerer or

Clairvoyant trait: As you study Melati's aura, you sense that she is under the sway of some powerful influence, possibly a spell that wiped her memory of any specifics of their conversation. The effects do not appear to be lasting, but you wonder what the Lady with the Red Parasol wanted to conceal.

The bomoh recites a low, mumbling chant as she completes the cleansing ritual, then holds one hand to her temple. Her brow furrows as she falls to her knees, wracked with pain. You move to help her up, and she holds one hand out, steadying herself against the low wooden table, and then slides to sit. She gestures for you to sit across from her.

"Now I understand why they told me you were coming," she smiles bravely. The deep lines in her face fold with shadows in the dim shop. The bomoh pours you a cup of hot, steaming tea. "The spirits are restless. Something has stirred up a deep well of pain as the city reforms itself to keep up with such change. People coming and going. And in all of it, I sense a dark aura: a cloud of misfortune. And at the center of it, the lady with the red parasol. She is a harbinger of sorts. Inflicting pain and misery even as she reaps the rewards of great industry."

The bomoh's voice is firm and clear, even as her hands shake, holding her tea cup. You sip the rich, earthy brew as you consider the situation. Tzu San Niang has some greater design at work, but what? You ask Melati if the spirits have told her anything else. She shakes her head.

"I sense only their great pain. And that their great pain is linked, in some way, to the lady with the red parasol. It is almost as though she feeds on it. Devours it."

Check your Campaign Log.

- ☞ If Flint rejoined the cell, proceed to **The Bomoh 2**.
- ☞ If Agent Flint is missing, skip to **The Bomoh 3**.

The Bomoh 2: Melati doubles over again, clutching one hand to her chest. You move to help her as Inspector Flint produces a small med kit to administer emergency aid. The bomoh shakes her head.

"Do not worry for me. I am stronger than any spirit, though I feel they are in such deep, awful pain. The city is rife with sorrow." She sighs and rights herself. "As I said before, our meeting was not by any chance. Perhaps if we can speak with the spirits, put them to rest, we can understand Ms. Tzu's greater aims and, perhaps, thwart them. Can you help me?"

Flint looks to you, and to the bomoh, and smiles. "We'll help you get to the bottom of this."

Skip to The Bomoh 4.

The Bomoh 3: Melati doubles over, clutching one hand to her chest. You move to help her, pulse racing, as her eyes roll back in her head. The fit passes, and she lets out a heavy sigh. "Your friend just spoke to me. Li. Li Flint." Your blood runs cold as she says the name. The bomoh's eyes glisten in the dim as she lights a candle.

"I am sorry to deliver such terrible news, but his spirit is in agony. He spoke of Ms. Tzu and her cruelty. Even now, she drinks his despair, feeds on it, as you or I consume food. I think I understand now." She pauses, takes a sip of her tea, and looks gravely at you. "Ms. Tzu consumes the agony of the departed. Feeds on it. The city is rife with sorrow. I know we have only just met, but can you help me?"

You give a slow nod, resolve and wrath equally heavy in your heart.

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, cross off Agent Flint is missing. In its place, record Agent Flint is dead.
- ☞ Place two charges on The Shade Reaper.
- ☞ Proceed to **The Bomoh 4**.

The Bomoh 4: Before you leave Melati's shop, she tells you of three epicenters of spiritual disturbance in the city.

- ☞ Put the Tin Mine and Wayang Kulit Theater locations into play.
- ☞ Find the three set-aside **Geist** enemies and spawn them as follows:
 - ◆ Spawn Slain Foreman at Kuala Lumpur Station (West Wing).
 - ◆ Spawn Uncanny Shadow at Wayang Kulit Theatre
 - ◆ Spawn Buried Miner at Tin Mine
- ☞ Return Tzu San Niang (The Lady with the Red Parasol) to the shadows and resolve her concealed keyword, distributing each of those concealed mini-cards among each location with a **Geist** enemy.
- ☞ Remove all doom from each card in play other than Tzu San Niang. If it is agenda 1a, advance directly to agenda 2a (Do not resolve agenda 1b).



DO NOT READ until the end of the scenario

If no resolution was reached (each investigator resigned or was defeated): Overwhelmed, you flee Kuala Lumpur. Whatever sway Tzu San Niang held over the city begins to infect your own mind and intrudes into your dreams. In the following nights, you wake up in a cold sweat, imagining yourself bowing before her, fixated on her mysterious red parasol. In idle moments, you catch yourself humming the soft, lilting song she sang as she followed you in Kuala Lumpur. You wonder if you will ever be able to truly leave her behind...

- ☉ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record you haven't seen the last of Tzu San Niang.
- ☉ Tzu San Niang is the bearer of The Shade Reaper. Update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☉ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log.
- ☉ You may **embark**.

Resolution 1: A crack of energy ripples through the air between you. Power—terrible, intoxicating power—courses through your arm. Tzu San Niang wails as she collapses to the ground, convulsing with pain.

"Go," you say in a voice not entirely your own. "Go somewhere far away and never return."

You look down at her as the terrible energy dissipates. Tzu San Niang's face is streaked with tears, and her hands shake as she stands up. She gives you a fleeting, baleful look, then turns and walks away into the fog.

- ☉ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☉ Each investigator earns 1 bonus experience, as they mastered the Shade Reaper. Each investigator also suffers 1 physical trauma as the Shade Reaper draws essence from your soul.
- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record Tzu San Niang is under your sway.
- ☉ Choose an investigator to be the bearer of The Shade Reaper and update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☉ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log.
- ☉ You may **embark**.

Resolution 2: You brandish The Shade Reaper at Tzu San Niang even as you feel your grip on the parasol falter. "Go," you tell her firmly. "Go somewhere far away and never return." But your voice is drowned out by her mocking laughter.

"How pathetic," she spits at you, then turns her gaze to the parasol. "Don't worry. I'll be back for you," she coos in a lilting, singsong voice. As she walks away, you realize she wasn't addressing you. In your hands, The Shade Reaper pulses with power. You wonder how much pain and misery is stored within it, and how many souls remain in torment elsewhere...

- ☉ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record you haven't seen the last of Tzu San Niang.
- ☉ Choose an investigator to be the bearer of The Shade Reaper and update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☉ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log.
- ☉ You may **embark**.

Resolution 3: You awaken in a dark room. The air is thick with incense and the shelves are lit with brightly-burning candles. For a fleeting moment, you wonder if the intense pain you felt at Tzu San Niang's hands was a dream, before you see her sitting in a chair at the far end of the room, a cruel smile spread across her lips.

"Rise," she says. Dutifully, you stand up.

"Come," she beckons. Compelled by an awful, inexorable force, you walk through the darkness to stand before her.

"Kneel." You do as your lady commands. Out of the corner of your eye, you see Melati standing, also under her sway, her own face pinched in concentration as she watches this awful scene unfold.

"Sometimes we make mistakes," Tzu San Niang says. She leans forward and pats you gently. "And you have made a grave mistake. You have hurt me. You have taken something I need. But, also, all you were doing was proving your worth to me. I can sense your devotion. Are you not devoted to me?" Your mouth forms the word, but your mind resists as you say: "Yes." Tzu San Niang nods, smiling. "This is the beginning of a wonderful partnership, I think."

Suddenly, you see Melati dart forward, brandishing a ceremonial knife. As she strikes the lady with the red parasol, you feel Tzu San Niang's grip on your will weaken. "Get out of here!" shouts the bomoh. As the pair struggle, you flee for your life.

Walking the streets of Kuala Lumpur in a haze, you feel a deep, thrumming pain. Even as you return to your hotel, you wonder if you will ever shake this strange desire to serve the lady with the red parasol. You hope you never meet her again.

- ☉ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☉ In your Campaign Log, record Tzu San Niang has you under her sway.
- ☉ Tzu San Niang is the bearer of The Shade Reaper. Update the Campaign Log accordingly.
- ☉ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log.
- ☉ You may **embark**.

You may read this dossier at any time

File #49-R

Asset Name: Quinn, Ari

Area of Operation: Sydney, Australia

Profile: Field researcher in charge of paradiemnsional analysis. Despite recent events, asset has not yet requested transfer. Recommend continued psychiatric evaluation.

Current Assignment: Agent Quinn is currently performing independent research regarding recent paradiemnsional disturbances.

Check how much **time** has passed in the Campaign Log.

☞ If less than 20 **time** has passed, proceed to **Ringing Hollow 1**.

☞ If 20 or more **time** has passed, skip to **Ringing Hollow 4**.

Ringing Hollow 1: You arrive in Sydney and immediately search for the agent described in Taylor's dossier, finding her safehouse in an old, condemned warehouse by Botany Bay, on the eastern side of the city. She has an entire wall of filing cabinets containing years and years of research, and her table is covered in a mess of maps and photographs. "Ah, the new cell," she regards you, flipping on a fluorescent light that coldly illuminates the room. "The name's Quinn. The commissioner told me you might drop by."

You ask her what kind of intel she might have to aid your investigation, which earns you a chuckle. "What don't I have? Well, let me show you what I am looking into right now..."

Check the Campaign Log.

☞ If the cell told the truth to Taylor, proceed to **Ringing Hollow 2**.

☞ If the cell hid the truth from Taylor, skip to **Ringing Hollow 3**.

Ringing Hollow 2: "I have been looking into the disappearances you mentioned to Taylor. She is concerned about these events, but perhaps not as much as she should be." She hands you a file from her table and leans back as you examine it. It's a host of information regarding missing buildings, sites, in some cases even entire villages, all of which vanished mysteriously and without explanation. "Sound familiar?"

You nod and inform Quinn this is precisely the kind of thing that you'd been looking into before you were recruited to the Foundation. You take the time to tell Quinn everything you know regarding the strange entities you have spotted numerous times in your travels, and what their presence does to objects and people alike.

"That lines up with my research," she says, motioning to her cluttered table. "But if that's true, these things have been active for literally hundreds—thousands of years. And we have collectively forgotten everything that has been erased, save for a desperate few that cling to memory. Do you understand what this means?"

Other than the obvious—that humanity is in very real danger of becoming forgotten history—you aren't sure what she is getting at.

"I have a hunch, but I cannot look into it here. Looks like I'm headed back to Britain. I know you have your own assignment to get to, but, if you can spare the time, can you come meet me in Amesbury? It is just due west of London." Wearing a taut but determined grimace, Quinn gathers some personal belongings and leaves you with more questions than answers.

☞ In the North Atlantic section of the Campaign Log, find London. In its spot, write "27-H." You are now allowed to travel back to this location whenever you embark.

☞ You may **embark**.



Ringing Hollow 3: "This is off-book, but I've been looking into some pretty strange events. Take a look." She hands you a file from her table and leans back as you examine it. It's a host of information regarding missing buildings, sites, in some cases even entire villages, all of which vanished mysteriously and without explanation. You do your best not to let your familiarity with such events show on your face. "Any of this mean anything to you?"

You don't like lying, but telling the truth now would reveal your earlier deception to Taylor. You shake your head, telling Quinn this is new to you. "That checks out. See, that is what's so hinky about all this. You are holding the only surviving records of any of these places. It is as though all of them were completely eradicated from history. And if that is true, who is to say the same could not happen to us?" She shudders. "The thought of being forgotten like that... even by those closest to me... it is my worst fear."

You tell Quinn that you feel similarly, and that you wish you had more intel to give her. Her gaze, narrow with suspicion, sees right through you.

"I do not buy that for a second. Taylor might trust you, or maybe she just does not want to get her hands dirty. But I can tell when someone is lying to my face." A grim silence hangs in the air. Finally, she exhales. "Fine. Do as you will. But if you decide to spill, you can find me in Amesbury, due west of London," she says, packing some of her files and personal belongings in a small canvas duffel bag. You repeat her destination, curious as to why.

"Something there I want to look into," is all she gives you. You suppose it is only fair, considering your hesitance to give her the full story. She gives you no more than a cold glance as she leaves, and you wonder if perhaps you should have warned her. But what she doesn't know can't hurt her... right?

☞ In your Campaign Log, record Agent Quinn does not trust the cell.

☞ In the North Atlantic section of the Campaign Log, find London. In its spot, write "27-H." You are now allowed to travel back to London whenever you embark.

☞ You may **embark**.

Ringing Hollow 4: You arrive in Sydney and immediately search for the agent described in Taylor's dossier, but everywhere you search, there appears to be no trace of her, nor any memory of her among the locals. Feeling worried, you redouble your efforts and eventually track her to an old, condemned warehouse by the bay on the eastern side of the city. Inside is an entire wall of filing cabinets containing years and years of research, and a table covered in a mess of maps and photographs. But there is no sign of Agent Quinn.

Judging from her recent notes, she appeared to have been researching the same kind of paranormal events you'd been looking into before you were recruited to the Foundation—missing buildings, sites, in some cases even entire villages, all of which vanished mysteriously and without explanation. But if she came to any conclusions, you find no evidence of it.

With no other leads, you depart, filing a report on Quinn's disappearance for the commissioner. You hope she is simply in hiding somewhere, but your instincts tell you otherwise.

☞ In your Campaign Log, record Agent Quinn vanished from existence.

☞ You may **embark**.

Check the Campaign Log.

- ☞ If the cell aided in Flint's investigation, proceed to **Blood, Sweat, and Tea 1**.
- ☞ If Flint is working solo and 10 or fewer time has passed since psi Ψ , skip to **Blood, Sweat, and Tea 2**.
- ☞ If Flint is working solo and 11 or more time has passed since psi Ψ , skip to **Blood, Sweat, and Tea 3**.

Blood, Sweat, and Tea 1: On the train into Hong Kong, Agent Flint shares his current lead with you. "Tzu San Niang is due to meet with her new business partners this afternoon at a local teahouse. From what I gather, they're a real rogue's gallery of scumbags. The type that makes their fortunes by exploiting their workers to death. She's so drawn to these types, it gives me a theory. She's not just taking these jobs because they pay well. Time and again she goes for these deals where she can help the British at the expense of the common folk. It's like she's... attracted to the suffering she causes. Maybe worse."

Before you can discuss this theory in more depth, your train arrives at its stop. You and Flint hurry onto the platform and rush to the teahouse, but you arrive too late: a telltale red parasol is sifting through the street crowd, heading swiftly away. You follow the parasol with your eyes as its bearer steps into a nearby alleyway. Flint whispers to you to stay, but you can't while your quarry is so close.

The moment you enter the alleyway, Tzu San Niang turns and looks you in the eye. "I am used to attention," she croons, "but I heard you were a little too interested in me." She raps the tip of her parasol onto the street, and a burst of silvery energy rushes through the ground, jumping into your body. Your skin goes suddenly numb, and you collapse to the ground. The painful pinprick sensation of a sleeping limb takes over your entire body. Tzu San Niang smiles, puts her parasol over her shoulder, and walks away. She gets a few yards away and, apparently believing she is out of earshot, she tells her entourage: "We are done here. The Foundation is on to us. Eliminate them and move on to the Selangor Club harvest."

You hear feet shuffling in your direction, but before any reckoning comes, Flint picks you up and drags you back out to the street, where the crowd and broad daylight might keep you from overt harm...for now. As the sensation in your limbs returns, Flint muses aloud. "The Royal Selangor Club—that's a social club in Kuala Lumpur. Come on, we have no time to lose." He helps you to your feet, but you're still recovering from the blast of energy that sent your body and mind reeling. The parasol isn't just a Coterie insignia after all—it is a Key!

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record Flint traveled to Kuala Lumpur.
- ☞ In the Southeast Asia section of the Campaign Log, find Kuala Lumpur. In its spot, write "46-Q." You are now allowed to travel to Kuala Lumpur whenever you embark.
- ☞ You may **embark**.

Blood, Sweat, and Tea 2: You meet Agent Flint at the Hong Kong Zoological and Botanical gardens. He shakes your hand and leans in close. "Do you have a tail?" he asks. You assure him you do not. You have been careful.

He updates you on the case while the two of you stroll through the gardens, looking to all the world like normal tourists. He explains that the lady with the red parasol is using the name Tzu San Niang, and that she has made an international business out of helping the British expand their empire, often using the most brutal methods. Her silver tongue and negotiating skills are apparently the thing of legend: she can convince worker unions to tolerate abysmal conditions, local governments to accept the extraction of natural resources without batting an eye, and worse.

"We can't be too careful," Flint warns. "Obviously, Ms. Tzu is no one to be trifled with, but it's that parasol that's the key to her operation, if you'll pardon my pun. I think it actually is giving her the ability to sway minds."

You can't object—the evidence is piling up. Flint's initial hunch was right. "What's worse is that she already suspects we're on to her. I had a Coterie operative sniffing me out just earlier this week. Luckily, I managed to get the upper hand. Found his safehouse before he found mine. And the best part?" He gives you a sly grin. "He had an itinerary on him. They're headed to the Royal Selangor Club next. It's a social club in Kuala Lumpur, for the wealthy elite. Care to join me?"

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record Flint traveled to Kuala Lumpur.
- ☞ In the Southeast Asia section of the Campaign Log, find Kuala Lumpur. In its spot, write "46-Q." You are now allowed to travel to Kuala Lumpur whenever you embark.
- ☞ You may **embark**.

Blood, Sweat, and Tea 3: You reply to Agent Flint's telegram, but he never returns your message. You head to Flint's last known hotel to inquire personally, but they tell you that he never received your telegram. In fact, according to the concierge, he hasn't been back in several days. You decide that the Coterie must be behind this disappearance, and that the best way of finding Flint is to find the lady with the red parasol.

For days you search for signs of the Coterie, but find nothing. You establish the trust of some business contacts and begin to ask them about the lady with the red parasol. Most of them pretend to know nothing, but eventually you hear about a railway being constructed in Malaysia. The rail was delayed, but they sent a negotiator in to reach an agreement, saying "no one says no to her." Maybe Flint simply went to Kuala Lumpur to investigate on his own, but...

A lump forms in your throat. You suspect the worst.

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record Agent Flint is missing.
- ☞ In the Southeast Asia section of the Campaign Log, find Kuala Lumpur. In its spot, write "46-Q." You are now allowed to travel to Kuala Lumpur whenever you embark.
- ☞ You may **embark**.





Check the Campaign Log.

- ☉ If the cell is off-mission, proceed to **Romulus and Remus 1**.
- ☉ Otherwise, skip to **Romulus and Remus 2**.

Romulus and Remus 1: “This is... possibly one of the worst ideas I’ve ever had,” Agent Quinn remarks as the two of you approach the Palatine Hill. The ruins of numerous temples litter the area, once marvels of luminous white marble, decorated with intricate reliefs of ivory and delicately carved statues; now nothing more than broken vestiges and stone foundations half-buried along the hill. You try your best to reassure Quinn, but she is right—this could easily be a wild goose chase or a trap. Commissioner Taylor would certainly not be happy if she knew her agents were attempting to parley with a member of the Red Coterie. But you suspect that Aliki knows more about the strange disappearances happening all over the globe than you do, and perhaps that is more important than the mission Taylor gave you. Quinn sighs and nods in agreement. “I know. That’s why I’m here. But still...” She stops in her tracks, spotting something in the distance, and begins walking in that direction. “There—those are the ruins of the palace of Caesar Augustus, who was thought to have built the Temple of Apollo Palatinus nearby. Most scholars believe these nearby ruins to belong to the Temple of Jupiter Victor, but I wager they are in fact Apollo’s.”

You sigh and pull out the white raven whistle Aliki gave you. Now is as good a time as any to give it a shot. Worst case scenario, you’ve simply wasted your time, and Quinn’s. You put the whistle to your lips and blow. Emerging is a paradoxically distant sound, a warbling trill not unlike the shrill sound that has haunted you ever since Kathmandu. The wind picks up, sudden and chill. Quinn pulls her coat over her torso with a shudder. Then, arriving just as swiftly as the bitter wind, you spy her.

Aliki Zoni Uperetria stands just over the ancient temple ruins, her red sash a splash of flowing color in the harsh breeze. As the wind and the discordant whistle both fade, her hair settles over her face, obscuring her expression. “I hope you know what you’re doing,” Quinn murmurs to you under her breath as she approaches the haunting figure with much trepidation. The girl in the scarlet sash speaks a single word in ancient Egyptian, stopping Quinn in her tracks. The agent replies in kind, causing Aliki’s head to tilt to the side in curious understanding. Slowly, bit by bit, the two begin to converse, changing languages every other sentence like two students testing one another. You watch in awe as the two juggle ancient languages as easily as breathing.

Finally, Quinn addresses you. “You were right. She’s searching for a place where...” Aliki speaks again, and Quinn translates. “The entities you’ve encountered. She thinks the things they take—no, devour—she thinks they end up somewhere else. She’s searching for the place where they go.” You ask Quinn if she can think of any place on Earth that might be a hotspot for such activity. “There is one that I can think of,” she replies. “The Bermuda Triangle, otherwise known as The Devil’s Triangle, in the Atlantic. We’ve tried our best to keep it under wraps, but a lot of ships and even some aircraft have gone missing in that area. A few of those incidents are on my list of memory anomalies, as well. Could be some kind of... gateway.”

You tell her to ask Aliki why she is looking for this place, and the two begin conversing again. “She says that she thinks some of the Coterie were—” She pauses for a moment, struggling with the translation. “—taken? But how could that be? Our records indicate they’re accounted for. At least, the ones we know about.” You consider all that you have seen, and a nauseous feeling overtakes you. Is it possible for both to be true? Is it possible some in the Coterie are not what they seem?

You approach and ask Aliki if she would like to travel with you to this gateway, if it exists. Quinn tentatively translates your request, and the mysterious figure nods in response. Resolve, strange and fierce, like a piercing light in the abyss, fills your heart. You lift the raven whistle and say that you will summon her when you are ready. This time, Aliki nods without even waiting for Quinn’s translation. You catch just a glimpse of piercing red eyes, framed with heavy bangs, as the wind picks up again and sends her hair aflutter. You lift your coat to block the bitter chill, and naught but a moment later, Aliki Uperetria is gone, wisped along with the wind itself.

You ask Quinn if she will stick with you a little longer. “I’m not going to lie, this terrifies me,” she says in a small voice, “but I think we are on to something here. Yes. I will see this through with you to the very end. I just hope...” she quivers and averts her gaze away from you. “I just hope I am still remembered when this is done.”

- ☉ In the Americas section of the Campaign Log, inside the Bermuda Triangle (the triangle formed by lines connecting Ybor City, San Juan, and Bermuda), write “56-Y.” You are now able to travel inside the Bermuda Triangle whenever you embark. You may do so from Ybor City, San Juan, or Bermuda, at the cost of 1 time. (When you do, proceed to File 56-Y in the Campaign Guide).

- ☉ You may **embark**.

Romulus and Remus 2: Several fruitless days of searching for leads in Rome brings you to the Palazzo dei Conservatori on the Capitol Hill. Nestled among dozens of ancient statues is a bronze sculpture of the Lupa Capitolina depicting two twin babies suckling from a mother wolf. Your guide explains the twins are Romulus and Remus, the two alleged founders of Rome. “According to legend, the king, afraid for his claim to the throne, ordered them to be drowned in the Tiber. The twins were protected by the gods and taken in by a she-wolf who raised and fed them as her own. They lived in a cave until they were found and brought to safety.”

The guide leads the tour past another gallery filled with empty pedestals. You ask your guide what was on display before. “Nothing,” he chuckles. You comment on the number of empty rooms and displays, and the guide laughs dismissively. “Much has been lost over the years,” he says. Looking out over the city skyline, filled with odd dips and empty gaps, you wonder if Rome itself is disappearing.

- ☉ Each investigator may begin the next scenario they play with 1 additional resource in their resource pool.
- ☉ You may return to Rome again during this campaign, but only after playing another scenario.
- ☉ You may **embark**.

You may read this dossier at any time

File #52-U

Sanctum Class: Yellow

Sanctum Location: Ybor City, Florida

Description: Sanctum #52-U is an abandoned cigar factory in Ybor City, north of McKay Bay.

Sightings: Subject #28-I known to frequent sanctum. Be on alert.

Approach Procedure: Enter with caution and search for signs of paradimensional implements. Take any and all evidence into Foundation custody.

The Safehouse 1: It's a good thing the locals here are fairly welcoming and don't seem to mind you asking directions, because "abandoned cigar factory" doesn't exactly narrow things down. The bustling Ybor City district near Tampa is home to many such factories built and run by thousands of immigrants from all over. If you had to check each and every factory, you'd be here all week. Luckily, you have a lead just north of the bay: a quiet, run-down building with an adjoining boarded-up warehouse. If you didn't know the truth, you'd think it was nothing more than an out-of-date factory from the '80s, probably filled with nothing more than dust and rats. But if you've learned anything in your travels, it's to never trust the evidence of your eyes.

You cautiously approach the main entrance and attempt to open it. As you suspected, it does not budge. If this is truly a Coterie sanctum, it'll be harder than that to get inside. There's no easy way in through the third-story windows, so you circle around the side of the warehouse, spotting a large metal door likely used for loading goods or unloading supplies. As there is no handle or lever, you decide to knock. A moment later, a gruff voice responds from the other side: "Passphrase."

Check the Campaign Log.

- ☉ If you know the passphrase and the current time is at or after ☉ (theta), proceed to **The Safehouse 2**.
- ☉ Otherwise, skip to **The Safehouse 3**.

The Safehouse 2: You lean in and utter the words that Desi taught you—"Blackbird Solitaire"—and the door slides open. On the other side, a muscular man with a thick mustache gives you a toothy grin. The hand hovering just over the handle of a revolver holstered at his side gives you pause, but after a moment, he steps aside to let you in. "Boss said you might be stopping by," the doorman says. "He said to let you look around and take whatever you need."

You step inside and eye the man carefully. Last thing you need is a bullet in the back just as soon as you begin your search. As if sensing your concern, he slowly unholsters his gun and empties the cylinder. "Look, friend. I know what you did for Desi. Any friend of his is a friend of mine," he states, meeting your suspicious gaze head-on. "Whatever you're looking for, it's yours."

It doesn't take too long for you to find the Key Desi had stashed here. Mounted on a far wall of the warehouse, over a midst of a trove of supplies and ammunition, its alien sheen reflects a warped view of your startled countenance. It is a double-edged blade of considerable length, although it has no handle or grip with which to wield it. It might be a weapon, but it is no mortal one, that is for sure.

"That old thing?" the gruff man asks as you delicately remove it from its mount. "Just a weird hunk of metal, that is. Thought Desi just kept it here for kicks. Creeps the hell out of me." As you hold the blade over both of your hands, a gentle pulse of energy quivers through its length. Not a decoration, then—this is the real deal.

You also sift through some of Desi's records and intel while you are here. Not much that you don't already know, but it looks like he's been keeping tabs on a few of his cohorts. There are more than a few clandestine photographs of a woman carrying a red parasol over her shoulder. In the clearest of these, the woman is giving the camera a knowing smirk. She knew Desi was on to her. On the back, in sloppy handwriting, black ink reads: "You're in too deep this time, Tzu."

You browse a bit more, but you aren't going to find much else here. Desi's operation is quite a bit different from the Coterie's stated goals, it seems. Perhaps there is more to them than the Foundation believes. Or, it's just another front. Doesn't matter. You have what you came for.

- ☉ Choose an investigator to be the bearer of The Mirroring Blade and update the Campaign Log accordingly. This card can be found in the Globetrotting encounter set, indicated by the following encounter set icon: 
- ☉ Each investigator earns 2 experience, as they gain insight into the inner workings of the Red Coterie.
- ☉ Mark 1 time in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

The Safehouse 3: No matter what you say, the voice on the other side of the door remains silent. Then, muffled yet distinct, you hear the telltale sound of a revolver being slowly chambered. With that, you decide to take your leave. You'll have to return later, when you know how to get in...

You may return to this location again later. For now, you may **embark**.



You may read this dossier at any time

File #53-V

Subject Class: Undetermined

Real Identity: Uperetria, Aliko Zoni (oo-peh-reh-tree-ah, a-lee-kee zoh-nee)

Last Known Location: Kathmandu, Nepal

Description: Subject #53-V (hereinafter "Maid With Scarlet Sash") appears as a teenage girl of unknown descent wearing a white dress and red sash. [REDACTED]

Paradimensional Capabilities: [REDACTED]

Sightings: Locals in region have reported seeing a "spirit" matching subject's description, heralded by a high-pitched whistling sound. Unclear if [REDACTED]

Approach Procedure: Subject Risk Class unconfirmed. Do not approach.

Whistle on the Wind 1: A chill breeze flutters through the streets of Kathmandu, along with a faint, shrill whine. To the north, the Himalayas loom over the city, only their peaks illuminated by the westward sun. Pinks and purples bathe the sky in vibrant beauty. You could stare at such a breathtaking sight forever... but you have a job to do. Despite the quiet, peaceful evening, that soft, sharp piping does not cease, like an aching sense of dread in the back of your mind. As the evening drags on and the whistling grows louder, you realize you are the only one who can hear the strange sound. It feels as though it is reaching out to you directly. As if it hears you, too. As if it knows you. On a whim, you close your eyes and strain yourself to listen closer. It's difficult to tell where exactly the sound is coming from—it seems to waft all around you and echo throughout the streets—but it grows in volume as you round the nearest corner and head north. And so north you continue.

Eventually, you reach an art gallery nestled between several age-old buildings. The whistling here is fevered and unpleasant, like a boiling kettle. Though the gallery is closed at this late hour, you are able to easily find an open side entrance. You brace yourself and enter the gallery, where dozens of Nepalese sculptures and paintings are on display—many carved out of wood or stone, others made out of ashtadhatu, an amalgam of eight different metals, and still others made of terra cotta. The whistling suddenly stops the moment you reach the rearmost section of the gallery, where a single lot remains strangely empty. There is no trace of what might have been there; just an empty space where something historic and treasured is clearly meant to be. Then, a lone voice pierces the sudden quiet, speaking in a language you do not understand.

You turn on your heels, body tensing. On the other end of the hall is a girl dressed in white, her figure seemingly ethereal in the faint beams of fading sunlight that permeate through the building. Her long black hair is draped over her face, masking her expression. A long scarlet sash wrapped around her waist flutters behind her, despite the fact that there is no breeze.

You freeze. The figure of the girl does not move. Her hair and sash drift steadily in the stillness. Then, she speaks once more. Again, you don't understand a single word of it, though you notice that she has switched languages. Recognizing a few root words, you realize she is using Latin. She speaks again, this time in what sounds like ancient Greek. If she is trying to communicate

with you, it may be wise to play along. You ask her what she is doing here; why she guided you here. Her response is in yet another language that eludes you, this one sounding somewhat like a blend of Egyptian and Greek.

Read only if an investigator has the Drifter trait (excluding Wendy Adams): In your travels, you've been to quite a few places. You're no stranger to different languages. You attempt a few of your own, but each time you are met with silence. And yet, she appears to want to communicate with you, and is consistently switching languages herself, only without any overlap. Is she only able to speak in long-dead languages?

Due to the language barrier, it's difficult to get a sense for what she wants from you. As you attempt to decipher her intent, she approaches slowly, her steps making no sound whatsoever along the wooden floor. She gestures to the empty lot next to you and whistles softly, as though the sound might carry with it some meaning. You wonder if perhaps there might have once been something here, and then realize: it is gone, vanished from history without so much as a trace. You recall the woman's name from the Foundation's dossier and ask her if she is also on the trail of the entities responsible for these kinds of disappearances. Aliko Uperetria does not seem to understand you, but she tilts her head in recognition at the sound of her own name. Then she wrenches something from around her neck and extends it to you in a closed fist.

The lead investigator must decide (choose one):

- ☞ Accept what she is offering you. Proceed to **Whistle on the Wind 2**.
- ☞ Do not accept her offer. Skip to **Whistle on the Wind 3**.

Whistle on the Wind 2: You extend your hand, and a small device on a silver chain falls into your palm. It is a whistle, carved out of bone to look like the head and beak of a white raven. Glancing back up at Aliko, she points toward the plaque next to the empty lot and says something once more in what sounds to you like Latin. You ask what she is after, and what the significance of the whistle is, but she remains cryptically silent. Turning over the whistle in your hand, you find no markings or clues as to its purpose. When you glance back up to question Aliko, she has vanished, replaced once more with a cold wind that seeps into your skin. Then, though no one else seems to hear it, the piping returns, soul-wrenching, ear-splitting. It does not cease for as long as the whistle remains in your possession.

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell possesses a mysterious whistle.
- ☞ Each investigator suffers 1 mental or 1 physical trauma as the shrill sound follows them everywhere they go.
- ☞ Remove 1 🗡 token from the chaos bag. Add 1 🗡 token (if there are already 4, each investigator earns 1 experience instead).
- ☞ You may embark.

Whistle on the Wind 3: You back away with caution. If a member of the Coterie—especially one as cryptic and potentially dangerous as Aliko—is offering you something, it can't mean anything good. Besides, your mission is to ensure they cannot collect any more Keys, not to cooperate with them... right? Aliko's hand lowers, along with the temperature in the room. She seems to sense your mistrust and return it tenfold, though she no longer attempts to speak. Moments later, the cold wind returns, and to your surprise, she is gone.

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell refused Aliko's offer.
- ☞ Each investigator earns 1 experience, as they gain insight into the inner workings of the Red Coterie.
- ☞ Remove 1 🗡 token from the chaos bag. Add 1 🗡 token (if there are already 4, each investigator earns 1 experience instead).
- ☞ You may embark.

You may read this dossier at any time

File #54-W

Subject Class: Green

Real Identity: Masai, Tuwile (muh-sah-ee, t-wayl)

Last Known Location: Nairobi, Kenya

Description: Subject #54-W (hereinafter "Tuwile Masai") is a slim man of Kenyan descent, middle-aged, and 176cm in height. Coterie signifiers include large red spectacles, [redacted] of [redacted], and [redacted] with Coterie operatives. Subject has written and published openly under their name in numerous geological and archeological periodicals.

Paradimensional Capabilities: No known reports. Subject appears to possess no such capabilities, or has successfully hidden [redacted] from Foundation intelligence.

Sightings: Tuwile Masai teaches under a fellowship at Oxford University and has published numerous surveys on work at and around Lake Victoria.

Approach Procedure: Masai has spurned all Foundation contact thus far. Operatives may wish to approach only if Masai has reason to trust them.

Infernal Machinery 1: A heavy grey mist hangs in the air above Lake Victoria as your biplane touches down on a dusty runway. All leads in Nairobi about a Tuwile Masai point to the shoreline of Lake Victoria, where the Coterie member is said to have transported several tons of survey equipment. A faint but sharp scent of alkaline carries on the breeze as you walk to the lake, where several large boats are laden with heavy machinery at the shoreline. Sunlight catches on a pair of thick-rimmed spectacles down at the pier.

"Professor Masai?" you greet the wiry man as he steps ashore. Masai looks nervously past you as he wipes his glasses.

Check the Campaign Log.

☉ If at least three of the following are recorded (*La Chica Roja* is on your side, the cell aided the knight, Aliko is on your side, Desi is in your debt, the cell made a deal with Thorne, or Ece trusts the cell), proceed to **Infernal Machinery 2**.

☉ Otherwise, skip to **Infernal Machinery 3**.

Infernal Machinery 2: "Your reputation precedes you. As did the sound of your aeroplane," Masai smiles, though you can sense a nervous undercurrent in his demeanor. "You have caught me at just the right time. Would you care to accompany me out to the water?"

You cordially accept, and the professor leads you to board the boat to take a seat at the stern. A half dozen crew members board, and the engine thrums to life as you cut a path across the glassy surface of the lake. After setting course, the professor hunches in his seat across from you and studies you through heavy red-rimmed glasses. "In truth, I am surprised you sought me out. I am hardly the mover and shaker I once was in the Coterie. Now, their concerns seem trivial in comparison with all the great work that must be done."

When you ask about his great work, the professor smiles. "It is the work of every person. What is it to be human except to live and help others in this great and perilous world? It's harder than you might think." He leafs through several papers, holding them tightly as the wind off Lake Victoria picks up. Masai shows you several complicated graphs and charts.

"The lakebed here is covered in the ruins of a sunken city built long ago. I happened upon it when monitoring acidity and chemical levels. Something was increasing—or perhaps better put: producing—an incredible amount of carbon dioxide. Along with several odd mutations in local fauna and flora. After several months of searching, we were able to trace the production to its source." The professor pinpoints a red X on a large map of Lake Victoria. You ask if that is where the boat is headed now, and the professor chuckles. "No. It is already done. The source of the unusual production was an object of power. A Key. We drugged it up just last week."

The hair on the back of your neck raises as the crew cuts power to the engine. None of them appear armed, but you are suddenly aware of your vulnerable position.

"Don't fear for your life, my friend," Masai rubs his glasses with a cloth. "I am not your enemy. Though I do worry for the Coterie itself. There is something strange at work among them. The one with the gloves in particular. He has been silent for too long, I think." The professor sighs and leans back in his seat. Around you, the placid water of Lake Victoria ripples, dreamlike, as a heavy storm stirs the clouds overhead.

"It's yours, of course," Masai says, eyes closed, as he looks up at the sky. "The artifact we found was some infernal machine that was still running, even now, at the bottom of the lake. I wonder who started it, and when? And what will happen if it ever stops running? Either way, if your track record with my colleagues is to be believed, it is safer in your hands than in mine." He opens his eyes and stares at the surface of the lake as the crew rev the engine.

"Perhaps you will succeed where I failed."

☉ In your Campaign Log, record Tuwile Masai is on your side.

☉ Each investigator earns 1 experience, as they gain insight into the inner workings of the Red Coterie.

☉ Choose an investigator to be the bearer of The Bale Engine and update the Campaign Log accordingly. This card can be found in the *Globetrotting* encounter set, indicated by the following encounter set icon: 

☉ Mark 1 time in your Campaign Log. You may **embark**.

Infernal Machinery 3: "I'm terribly sorry, but I don't have time to chat," Masai says as he steps lightly past you. You follow him, pressing for some assistance or insight, anything that can help in your struggle with the Red Coterie. "Ah. I had no idea I was dealing with the Foundation. You must be new." Masai regards you in a new light, then leads you to sit in a makeshift camp. "Very well. Please wait here, and I'll help you as soon as I can."

You sit in a comedically short camping chair under the awning as the professor walks out of view. The minutes drift away as the clouds overhead break and a heavy rain begins to fall. After waiting for some time, you stand up and look out to the shoreline: the boats have gone. When you ask the locals for the professor's whereabouts, they tell you he ended his survey and paid for passage across the lake.

After returning to Nairobi, you check with the British Consulate and discover that Masai's travel expenses were being footed by his fellowship with Oxford. His declaration of travel includes an obscure address in Bermuda. Pocketing the information, you continue your travels.

☉ In your Campaign Log, record Tuwile Masai fled to Bermuda.

☉ You may **embark**.

You may read this dossier at any time

File #44-O/55-X

Asset Name: Irawan, Dewi

Area of Operation: Southern Hemisphere

Profile: Prominent zoologist has published several surveys regarding disappearing wildlife. Zoologist claims entire species and the memory of their existence are being erased. Possible disturbance.

Paranatural Selection 1: A cool breeze greets you as you arrive in Perth. The capital of Western Australia is nestled in the crook of the Swan River, and despite—or perhaps because of—the nearby gold rush, it has the rugged feel of a frontier town. You catch a scent of something too sweet, possibly rotten, on the breeze.

Check the Campaign Log.

- ☞ If the cell met Dr. Irawan and less than 25 time has passed, proceed to **Paranatural Selection 2**.
- ☞ If the cell met Dr. Irawan and 25 or more time has passed, skip to **Paranatural Selection 3**.
- ☞ Otherwise, skip to **Paranatural Selection 4**.

Paranatural Selection 2: You find Dr. Irawan at the local university cleaning up an empty lecture hall. On the blackboard is a precise chalk drawing of a stocky marsupial clutching a cluster of sedge grass.

"I did not expect to see you here," the zoologist sets to erasing the blackboard. You ask about the sketch. "It is a rare species of quokka: the red-tailed quokka. They were first introduced to the West by Dutch explorers in the 17th century. And now no one—not even the Cambridge professor who taught me their name—remember what they are."

"I do not know how much you have studied natural selection, but what we are experiencing feels very much like the introduction of a new apex predator into an ecosystem that has not evolved to withstand it," says the zoologist. "Except that this predator feeds not only on the body, but on the actual existence of its prey. Although, of course, that would be unthinkable," she laughs. "But I cannot help feeling that we are its prey. And the process is only accelerating." The zoologist sits down and begins to flip idly through a sketchbook.

Thinking on the terms the Foundation used, you suggest she name the phenomena "Paranatural Selection." She looks troubled at the suggestion, then smiles.

"I will be sure to credit you," she says, then goes pale. You look down and see her gaze fixed on a particular page in her sketchbook. "This cannot be."

You ask her what the matter is, and she points to the page. "Just yesterday, this page was not blank. The *Phalanger septimus*. A *cuscus* living in western New Guinea."

Dr. Irawan begins gathering up her things. "I sketched this subject from direct observation just months ago. Perhaps there will be some trace of it—or of whatever force is behind all this—out in Manokwari." She pushes a strand of hair behind her ear and smiles at you. "Thank you for listening. Perhaps we will meet again."

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record Dr. Irawan traveled to New Guinea.
- ☞ Each investigator earns 1 experience, as they gain insight into the strange happenings around the world.
- ☞ Under "Time Passed," write δ (delta) underneath the current time. (This symbol has no status report and is only used as a time marker.)
- ☞ In the Southeast Asia section of the Campaign Log, find Manokwari. In its spot, write "45-P." You are now able to travel to Manokwari whenever you embark.

☞ You may **embark**.

Paranatural Selection 3: Upon arriving in the city, you look for Dr. Irawan at the local university. A helpful professor scours the academic schedule on your behalf when you mention Dr. Irawan's lecture, but finds nothing. You take out the card she gave you, but both sides are blank. It's as though she has vanished completely...

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record Dr. Irawan vanished from existence.
- ☞ You may **embark**.

Paranatural Selection 4: You catch Dr. Irawan walking out of a lecture at the local university and invite her to a nearby cafe to chat about her research. On a sunlit veranda, she lays several life-like sketches out on the table between you. "Have you ever heard of the red-tailed quokka?" she asks. You shake your head. "They were first introduced to the West by Dutch explorers in the 17th century, and have been listed in standard taxonomy since then. I learned about them at Cambridge."

Dr. Irawan leafs through a sketchbook to a blank page. "On a survey five years ago, I took several sketches in the wild. But recently, I opened my books and the sketches were blank, as if they had never been drawn. Moreover, every footnote and reference to them in academia has vanished. I asked my professor at Cambridge—the man who taught me what red-tailed quokkas were—and he looked at me as though I had gone mad." The zoologist adjusts her large spectacles.

You assure Dr. Irawan that she is not mad, and share what little you can about the disappearances.

"I do not know how much you have studied natural selection, but what we are experiencing feels very much like the introduction of a new apex predator into an ecosystem that has not evolved to withstand it," says the zoologist. "Except that this predator feeds not only on the body, but on the actual existence of its prey. Although, of course, that would be unthinkable," she laughs. "But I cannot help feeling that we are its prey."

Thinking on the terms the Foundation used, you suggest she name the phenomena "Paranatural Selection." She looks troubled at the suggestion, then smiles.

"Perhaps I will use that, with your permission," says Dr. Irawan. "I am glad we met. I was beginning to think this was all in my head." She gives you her business card with the name of a hotel in Brazil written on the back. "I will be in Rio de Janeiro to continue my survey, and my next lecture. Perhaps I will see you there."

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell met Dr. Irawan.
- ☞ Each investigator earns 1 experience, as they gain insight into the strange happenings around the world.
- ☞ You may **embark**.

File #56-V: Without a Trace

Intro 1: Even with the Foundation's resources at your beck and call, it takes some finagling to charter a ship across the Devil's Triangle, especially given you have no cargo to speak of and refuse to allow any other passengers on board, for their safety. After all, if your theory is correct, this ship's destination does not exist on any map, and for all you know, it might be a one-way journey. Agent Quinn has convinced one of her colleagues to helm the ship, so as to not endanger a civilian, and together you set off for the center of the triangle, hearts in throats.

"The commissioner will have gotten word by now," Quinn says, standing with you at the helm of the ship. "Probably the end of my career, I would wager." She stares off at the horizon as the sun dips just below the waves. Despite her words, her expression is steadfast, without even a hint of regret. "I just hope we find answers." You concede, with a bit of trepidation, that you almost hope you don't. The idea of ending up just like the people who have been snatched—it chills you to the core. "Well, no turning back now. Care to do the honors?" she asks, motioning toward the white raven whistle which hangs from a cord around your neck. You pull it off and clutch it in your palm, considering your options.

The lead investigator must decide (choose one):

- 🌀 Blow the whistle and summon Aliko to your side. Proceed to **Intro 2**.
- 🌀 Dispose of the whistle and do this alone. Skip to **Intro 3**.

Intro 2: Reluctantly, you put the whistle to your lips and send its shrill, otherworldly warble across the ocean and perhaps beyond. A shudder creeps up your spine as the wind picks up. Within moments, the girl with the red sash has appeared, standing on the deck of your ship as though she had always been there. She speaks in Coptic, her words muffled by whistling wind. "She says thank you," Quinn translates, "for trusting her." You wouldn't go that far. But she seems to know more about where you're going than you do, and you need every bit of help you can get if you are to survive. Then, just as the wind begins to die down, Aliko Uperetria turns and points over the bow of the ship, seemingly at nothing at all but dark, choppy waves and the dim evening horizon.

In your Campaign Log, record the cell blew the whistle.
Skip to **Intro 4**.

Intro 3: After a moment of consideration, you hurl the whistle into the dark waves of the Atlantic. Quinn watches with horror as the ocean swallows it. "What did you do that for? She could have helped us!" You explain that the Coterie is not to be trusted, and that perhaps now—with the evidence of their cooperation disposed of—Taylor will allow Quinn to keep her position in the Foundation. "You did that...for me?" she says under her breath, stunned. "Well...I hope for our sake you know what you are doing. Where we are headed, we are going to need all the help we can get." She glances over the bow of the ship, and you wonder if you are truly headed to another realm, or if you will simply greet the horizon.

- 🌀 In your Campaign Log, record Agent Quinn has your back. Any one investigator may choose to add the Agent Ari Quinn story asset to their deck. It does not count toward their deck size. This card can be found in the *Globetrotting* encounter set, indicated by the following encounter set icon: 
- 🌀 In your Campaign Log, record the cell threw away the whistle.
- 🌀 Proceed to **Intro 4**.

Intro 4: Clouds hang still over the Atlantic, the ocean suddenly calmer than you have ever seen it before. "Look at that," Quinn says, pointing at the surface of the water. "No fish, no waves, not even a ripple from the ship." A feeling of regret in your throat, you rush to the bow of the ship and look out into the distance. Something in the air shimmers—a slight distortion, nothing more—just a trick of the eye—and then, without a moment of warning, the ship is

swallowed whole. The clouds burst. Light and color and luster overtakes you, cosmic radiance swathed in transcendental mist. The sight is marvelous and awful, mesmerizing and haunting all at once. You shut your eyes, but colors wash behind your eyelids over and over and over again. Then, finally, what feels like an eternity later, you feel a tap on your shoulder and open your eyes. The sight that greets you is unlike anything you have ever seen.

Aliko was right—if the things that disappeared were taken, this is surely where they ended up: an impossibly jumbled city of twisting architecture and technology both alien and familiar, an unearthly repository for everything that has ever been forgotten and forsaken. A range of sickly purples span the sky above, and snaking throughout the tangled towers and effigies are swirling, shimmering entities of vapor and colorless radiance.

Stunned into silence, you simply stare at the horrifying, awe-inspiring horizon before you, devoid of ocean, devoid of humanity, devoid of life. This is the barren truth to which your investigation has led: The Outside.

Proceed to **Setup**.

Setup

- 🌀 Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *Without a Trace*, *Agents of the Outside*, *Beyond the Beyond*, *Outsiders*, *Secret War*, and *Spreading Corruption*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



- 🌀 Put the Court of the Outsiders location into play.
 - ✦ Each investigator begins play at Court of the Outsiders.
- 🌀 Check the Campaign Log. If the cell blew the whistle, choose an investigator to take control of the Aliko Zoni Uperetria story asset. Otherwise, remove her from the game.
- 🌀 Set the following cards aside, out of play: The Red-Gloved Man story asset, the Mimetic Nemesis enemy, the Protoplasmic Reassembler enemy, and the Apocalyptic Presage enemy.
- 🌀 Prepare the Otherworld deck. This is done by performing the following steps:
 - ✦ Find the Outsiders' Lair and both copies of the Cliffs of Insanity locations. Shuffle these locations together, with their unrevealed sides faceup, to form a deck. This deck is called the Otherworld deck.
 - ✦ Find the remaining seven City of Remnants locations. Shuffle these locations together, with their unrevealed sides faceup. If there are exactly two investigators in the game, remove one of those locations from the game at random, without looking at it. If there is only one investigator, remove two of those locations from the game at random, without looking at them. Place the rest on top of the Otherworld deck.
 - ✦ Place the Otherworld deck near the scenario reference card.
- 🌀 Take the top three locations in the Otherworld deck and place them in the shadows, arranged in a straight line from left to right (without looking at their other sides).
- 🌀 Gather each decoy mini-card and the three City of Remnants (L, M and R) mini-cards. Set them aside, out of play.
- 🌀 Take one decoy mini-card and the three City of Remnants (L, M and R) mini-cards, shuffle them facedown, and arrange them around the Court of the Outsiders as follows: One to its left, one to its right, one above, and one below. (See location placement on the next page.)
- 🌀 Shuffle the remaining encounter cards to build the encounter deck.
- 🌀 You are now ready to begin.

Location Adjacency in the Realm of the Outsiders

Throughout this scenario, locations are arranged in a pattern of rows and columns, along with concealed mini-cards (see *Locations in the Shadows, below*). Each location is connected to each location adjacent to it.

- Ⓢ Adjacent locations share a side (left, right, above, or below). Locations that share only a corner are not adjacent.
- Ⓢ During this scenario, concealed mini-cards are also placed adjacent to one or more locations as above, instead of placed at locations as normal (see *Locations in the Shadows, below*).

Locations in the Shadows

During this scenario, investigators must traverse the deceptively labyrinthine and illusory home world of the Outsiders. To represent the difficulty of exploring this alien dimension, three City of Remnants locations are placed in the shadows at all times (taken from the top of the Otherworld deck) and concealed mini-cards are arranged adjacent to locations, rather than placed at them. Exposing these concealed mini-cards is the key to finding a route through this otherworldly place.

- Ⓢ Concealed mini-cards adjacent to a location are considered to be at that location for the purposes of card abilities and game rules. Use the shroud value of your current location when attempting to expose an adjacent concealed mini-card.
- Ⓢ When a City of Remnants mini-card is exposed, set it aside and find the City of Remnants in the shadows whose position in the shadows matches that mini-card (L for left, M for middle, and R for right). Put that location into play in the position where its mini-card was (unrevealed side faceup).
 - ✦ If there were any other concealed mini-cards in that position, move them so they are arranged as evenly as possible in empty spots adjacent to the newly placed City of Remnants.
- Ⓢ After a City of Remnants location leaves the shadows, place the top card of the Otherworld deck in the shadows in the position where the just-exposed City of Remnants was (without looking at its other side). Then, resolve its concealed keyword, placing each of its concealed mini-cards arranged as evenly as possible in empty spots adjacent to the just-exposed City of Remnants.
 - ✦ There must always be three City of Remnants locations in the shadows, if possible.
- Ⓢ More than one concealed mini-card may occupy the same spot, but no concealed mini-cards may occupy a spot where a location already is present.

Location Placement for "Without a Trace"



DO NOT READ until the end of the scenario

If no resolution was reached because each investigator was defeated: "There, that is the last of them," Agent Hudson says as he slams his stamp down onto the expense report. "I understand the need for secrecy, but I must once again request we hire assistants for this secretarial work, Commissioner." He hands the bundle of documents to Taylor, who sits behind her stark black desk, wearing a grave expression.

"More eyes means more leaks. We keep this crew tight for a reason, Hudson. Do not lose sight of what is important." She flips through the documents for a moment, furrowing her brows. "Where is the report on asset 32-J's cell?"

"32-J?" the man pulls a small notebook from his back pocket and flips to a page near the middle. "No such designation exists."

Taylor grimaces. "No, that's not right. There was...we met them in London. You were there..." After a moment, she shakes her head in utter confusion. "Hm. Strange. I don't remember who they were."

"You have been working too hard," the agent replies with a small grin. "Take some time off, Commissioner. We can handle things without you for a week or so."

- Ⓢ In your Campaign Log, record the cell was hollowed.
- Ⓢ The investigators lose the campaign.

Resolution 1: You awaken on the ship's deck, dreamlike memories and otherworldly visions swimming in your mind. The only sign that what you saw was real and not a mere nightmare is a red-gloved grip as a man pulls you to your feet and dusts off your shoulders. Nearby, Aliko watches wordlessly, her expression blank. Agent Quinn rises steadily to her feet as well. The world wobbles as your vision settles over a new dimension. "Stay with us," the man says, his voice smoother and more natural than you remember.

You demand answers: what was he doing in London, what was that hellish place, and why was he there? "London?" He scoffs. "I haven't been to London lately. I don't even know who you are." You reel. This is for sure the same man you saw in London—isn't it? "As for that place, I have only a vague sense, but I have no idea what brought me there or how long I have been gone. That thing..." He lifts the brim of his fedora and clutches his forehead so hard his hands shake. "It was...prying. Searching. Learning."

Aliko finally speaks, with Quinn once again translating. "She says that the creatures are not just taking things, they are...what would be the right word..." she struggles to retain her composure as Aliko once again switches languages. "...adapting. Mimicking."

Cold realization washes over you. This is what Aliko had been afraid of—why she had come to you for help. The man you saw in London was not the same as the man before you now. It was an imposter. It was one of them. "It seems I am in your debt," the man says, extending a red-gloved hand. "But unfortunately, I have much to do. If these creatures have infiltrated the Coterie, none can be trusted, myself most especially. If you see me again, assume it is not me. In the meantime, I will get to the bottom of this and confront the others with my findings when the time is right." You nod and shake his hand. There is more at stake here than you ever realized, and you can only get to the heart of it by working together.

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ Each investigator earns 1 bonus experience, as they gain insight into the strange happenings around the world.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the following:
 - ◆ The cell knows the true nature of the Coterie.
 - ◆ Aliko is on your side.
- ☞ Mark 3 **time** in your Campaign Log.
- ☞ You may **embark** (from Bermuda, Ybor City or San Juan).

Resolution 2: You awaken on the ship's deck, dreamlike memories and otherworldly visions swimming in your mind. The only sign that what you saw was real and not a mere nightmare is a red-gloved grip as a man pulls you to your feet and dusts off your shoulders. Agent Quinn rises steadily to her feet as well. The world wobbles as your vision settles over a new dimension. "Stay with us," the man says, his voice smoother and more natural than you remember.

You demand answers: what was he doing in London, what was that hellish place, and why was he there? "London?" He scoffs. "I haven't been to London lately. I don't even know who you are." You reel. This is for sure the same man you saw in London—isn't it? "As for that place, I have only a vague sense, but I have no idea what brought me there or how long I have been gone. That thing..." He lifts the brim of his fedora and clutches his forehead so hard his hands shake. "It was...prying. Searching. Learning."

Is this even the same man you saw in London? You wonder what purpose the entity had in kidnapping him. What kind of information was it looking for? "In any event, I am in your debt," the man says, extending a red-gloved hand. "But unfortunately, I have much to do. If you claim to have seen me in London, then there must be an imposter afoot. If you see me again, assume it is not me. In the meantime, I will get to the bottom of this and confront the others with my findings when the time is right." You nod and shake his hand. "By the way...I am curious. How did you know where to find me?"

"One of your own," Agent Quinn replies. "Uperetria. She had a hunch. Seems she was right."

"I see," he says with a scowl. "Well then...it appears I have two favors to repay, then. And rest assured... I always pay my debts."

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ Each investigator earns 1 bonus experience, as they gain insight into the strange happenings around the world.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the following:
 - ◆ The cell knows the true nature of the Coterie.
 - ◆ You haven't seen the last of Aliko Zoni Uperetria.
- ☞ Mark 2 **time** in your Campaign Log.
- ☞ You may **embark** (from Bermuda, Ybor City, or San Juan).

Resolution 3: You awaken on the ship's deck, dreamlike memories and otherworldly visions swimming in your mind. The only sign that what you saw was real and not a mere nightmare is the gentle grip of Aliko as she pulls you to your feet, her expression blank. The world wobbles to and fro as your vision settles over a new dimension. Agent Quinn rises steadily to her feet as well, pounding her fist against the door to the cabin. "Dammit. We were so close!" she exclaims.

You struggle in vain to comprehend what you experienced in that other world. Answers may have eluded you, but it's a relief to stand once more in a place that feels familiar to you. "That place...it is just as you thought," Quinn says to Aliko, her eyes wide with both awe and horror. "Everything that is missing. Everything that is forgotten. It's all there. Is that what they are doing? Stealing our world?"

Aliko finally speaks, with Quinn once again translating. "She says that the creatures are not just stealing things, they are...what would be the right word..." she struggles to retain her composure as Aliko once again switches languages. "...adapting. Mimicking."

You ponder what all of this could mean in silence as night falls over the Atlantic. This is what Aliko had been afraid of—why she had come to you for help. But you are still uncertain what the entities from that reality truly want with yours, and what it might mean for the Red Coterie. "She thanks us for helping her, even if we were unable to learn the truth," Quinn translates as Aliko speaks up once more. "And she says she will repay the favor when the time comes."

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record Aliko is on your side.
- ☞ Mark 2 **time** in your Campaign Log.
- ☞ You may **embark** (from Bermuda, Ybor City, or San Juan).

Resolution 4: You awaken on the ship's deck, dreamlike memories and otherworldly visions swimming in your mind. The only sign that what you saw was real and not a mere nightmare is the pained groans of Agent Quinn as she rises steadily to her feet and pulls you up. The world wobbles as your vision settles over a new dimension.

"What the hell," Quinn utters under her breath. "What the hell." You struggle in vain to comprehend what you experienced in that other world. Answers may have eluded you, but it's a relief to stand once more in a place that feels familiar to you. "That place...it is just as Aliko thought," Quinn says aloud, her eyes wide with both awe and horror. "Everything that is missing. Everything that is forgotten. It's all there. Is that what they are doing? Stealing our world?"

You ponder what all of this could mean in silence as night falls over the Atlantic. This is what Aliko had been afraid of—why she had come to you for help. But you are still uncertain what the entities from that reality truly want with yours, and what it might mean for the Red Coterie. "What do we do now? I don't even know how I would report this to the Commissioner. Even for us, it's almost too far-fetched to believe. And we have nothing to show for it..."

You shake your head and ponder the horizon. How much of the emptiness around you is but the remnants of these creatures' contact with Earth? How much will be left if their secret war is not stopped? At least now, you know the true scale of this threat...

- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display.
- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record you haven't seen the last of Aliko Zoni Uperetria.
- ☞ Mark 1 **time** in your Campaign Log.
- ☞ You may **embark** (from Bermuda, Ybor City, or San Juan).

Depending on how you got here...

🕒 If you have arrived at this finale due to a status report (because time ran out), proceed to **Intro 1**.

🕒 If you traveled to Tunguska of your own accord, skip to **Intro 2**.

Intro 1: You awaken in darkness. A sack is removed from your head and cast aside, and your cheek is squeezed and struck once or twice for good measure. "Wake up," a sinister voice commands. You blink unconsciousness away and realize, with some panic, that you and your partners are bound to chairs. A gag prevents you from making any noise louder than a muffled cry.

As your eyes adjust to the dim light, you realize you must be underground. The large, windowless chamber is made of clean, worked stone, lit faintly by mercury vapor lamps. Scarlet tapestries line the walls, along with several glass cases and shelves containing old relics and historical artifacts. Dominating the room is an enormous central table, an elaborate pattern of lines and rings carved meticulously along its surface. Standing around this central table are a host of figures, some familiar to you, others unrecognizable. All of them bear red. Your heart surges in your throat. "You have been brought here to account for your crimes against the Coterie," the voice states, "or to be commended, if that is the will of the Congress. We will now entertain any who wish to speak on your behalf, or against you."

Proceed to **The Trial 1**.

Intro 2: You would never have found the secret hideout of the Red Coterie without the intel Commissioner Taylor sent you. The compound lies deep underground in the heart of Siberia, not far from the mysterious crater that marks the site of the notorious Tunguska event—a blast, or perhaps impact, the true nature of which has been shrouded in mystery for over a decade. Maybe there is a connection between this strange event and the Coterie's presence—no, knowing the kind of dangerous artifacts the Coterie possesses, there is no doubt in your mind. The question is: which came first?

The compound's entrance is masked by heavy snow and remote wilderness, but eventually, you find it—an unmarked steel door embedded in the side of a snowy hilltop, almost impossible to see from afar. You are surprised to find the door unlocked... but the moment you enter, you are set upon by Coterie guards with suspicious eyes and familiar red clothing. "We've been expecting you," one of them says with a wicked grin. "Come. The Congress is about to begin."

You have little choice but to follow. The guards lead you deeper and deeper into the complex, down steep, narrow stairways of worked stone and through dark, drab corridors, until finally you reach a large, windowless chamber lit faintly by mercury vapor lamps. Scarlet tapestries line the walls, along with several glass cases and shelves containing old relics and historical artifacts. Dominating the room is an enormous central table, an elaborate pattern of lines and rings carved meticulously along its surface. Standing around this central table are a host of figures, some familiar to you, others unrecognizable. All of them bear red. The door leading into the chamber slams shut behind you, and your heart surges in your throat. "Your timing is impeccable," a voice among the gathered Coterie states. "We were just about to begin the vote."

You inquire as to the nature of this vote, your mouth suddenly dry. You cannot shake the feeling that you have come here merely to look your own doom in the eyes. "A meeting has been called. To account for your crimes against the Coterie, or to be commended, if that is the will of the Congress. We will now entertain any who wish to speak on your behalf, or against you." From behind, you are suddenly restrained and a gag is placed over your mouth. "Just a formality, I promise you," the guard draws with a grin.

Proceed to **The Trial 1**.

The Trial 1: The Coterie casts votes to determine your fate.

Read the relevant passage from each of the following sections, in order, and tally all of the votes received. Each "yea" vote represents a Coterie member who wishes to see you disposed of. Each "nay" vote represents a Coterie member who wishes to keep you safe. An abstaining vote, or a vote of silence, is neither a yea or a nay.

If the cell aided the knight: The elderly "knight" from Alexandria steps forward, commanding the attention of the entire chamber. "My esteemed associates. The individuals gathered here before us, despite their... unfortunate affiliation... are indeed worthy of our respect and recognition. Were it not for their assistance, our sanctum in Alexandria might have fallen. To one of our own, I might add. I believe this demonstrates their value." Some of the others nod in agreement. The assembled members look around for a rebuttal, but none arrives. Perhaps the Beast is nursing its wounds.

The Claret Knight votes "nay."

The Beast in a Cowl of Crimson abstains by default.

If the cell failed to fend off the Beast: A rumbling voice emanates from the shrouded beast in its crimson hood. "Blood," it simply states. You wince at the feral sound, a shiver worming up your spine. "There must be blood." You scan for the elderly knight from Alexandria, hoping he might steer the rest to reason... but he is not present.

The Claret Knight abstains by default.

The Beast in a Cowl of Crimson votes "yea."

If you haven't seen the last of the Claret Knight: "The course of action is clear," the elderly, well-dressed "knight" from Alexandria states. "They are untrustworthy and aim to wrench control away from us. They must be disposed of." On the opposite end of the table, the hooded, crimson-shrouded figure of the knight's enemy growls. "For once, we agree on something," it rumbles, its voice feral and inelegant. The knight's eyes narrow. "Do not let it go to your head," he warns.

The Claret Knight votes "yea."

The Beast in a Cowl of Crimson votes "yea."

If the dogs are at war: There is a moment of silence as you and the gathered Coterie members scan their numbers for the two operating in Alexandria. "It seems two among us have decided not to attend," one member states. You wonder if either one of them is even still alive. Perhaps their conflict consumed the both of them. You shudder to think of the state of Alexandria.

The Claret Knight abstains by default.

The Beast in a Cowl of Crimson abstains by default.

If none of the above are true: "I do not take pleasure in violence," says an elderly, well-dressed man in red. "I believe these before us might be valuable assets." On the opposite end of the table, a crimson-hooded figure rumbles, "That is why you are weak." Its countenance, shrouded in shadow, turns to acknowledge you. In the dim light, all you see is a set of terrible, dripping fangs. "Blood must flow."

The Claret Knight votes "nay."

The Beast in a Cowl of Crimson votes "yea."

Flip a coin and update the Keys section of your Campaign Log as follows: If it is heads, the bearer of The Light of Pharos is "The Claret Knight;" if it is tails, it is "The Beast in a Cowl of Crimson."

If Ece trusts the cell: Ece steps forward and clears her throat. "I reached out to the Foundation because the Twisted Antiprism hidden in Istanbul was in danger of being found by a third party. These are the agents who responded. Rather than take the artifact for themselves, they chose to hand it over to my custody. I believe them to be trustworthy and, unlike some of our members, morally upstanding individuals."

Ece Şahin votes "nay."

If Ece does not trust the cell: Ece's eyes are downcast as the rest of the table turn to face her. "I..." she begins, stammering. "I abhor violence, and therefore refuse to participate in the kind of despicable acts some of our members seem to enjoy," she says pointedly, ruffling a few of the other members' feathers. But then her eyes snap up to meet yours, sadness and resolve hardening her face. "But the individuals before us cannot be trusted. And so I find myself unable to exonerate their actions." Then quieter, she breathes, "I'm sorry."

Ece Şahin abstains.

If neither of the above are true: "If we purport to be a morally righteous organization," the woman in the vermilion veil articulates politely, "we cannot destroy each and every thing that stands in our way. Progress requires understanding and cooperation. And I abhor violence. We should be working with these individuals, not against them."

Ece Şahin votes "nay."

If you haven't seen the last of Amaranth: Amaranth grins wickedly as her eyes fall on you. "Oh, I have been waiting for this moment," she drawls, her eyes flashing. "Meddlesome fools. Did you think your interference in our plans would go unpunished?"

Amaranth enthusiastically votes "yea."

If the lovers are reunited: Standing together, Amaranth and the preserved living corpse of Razin Farhi leer sparingly at you between sickeningly adoring glances at one another. "What do you think, Razin dearest? Do we spare the fools who stood in our way?" Amaranth asks. "Or do we make a lesson of them?" Razin croaks in response: "My love. None could stand in our way. And with them gone, none ever will."

Amaranth votes "yea."
Razin Farhi votes "yea."

If Amaranth has left the Coterie: "Where is Amaranth?" one of the others says aloud, causing a murmur to rise among the Coterie. "She has never missed a meeting." Under your gag, you allow yourself to smile. At least Eryn was finally able to get away from the Coterie's grasp and assume her real identity at last.

Amaranth abstains by default.

If none of the above are true: Next to speak is a beautiful, pale-skinned woman in a black dress. The blooming, red flower adorning her hair is the only splash of color gracing her outfit. "We operate in secrecy for a reason, do we not?" Her beauty belies her vile tone and harsh tongue. "They know too much. Kill them and get it over with."

Amaranth votes "yea."

Amaranth is the bearer of The Last Blossom.
Update the Campaign Log accordingly

If you haven't seen the last of Thorne: Thorne adjusts the cuffs of the dress shirt under their long coat. "The Foundation has earned our mistrust by interfering with our plans. We should eliminate this cell and move forward with the collection." They meet your gaze, steady and unwavering. "I warned you not to get in our way, did I not?"

Thorne votes "yea."

If the cell made a deal with Thorne: The one known as Thorne steps forward. "Our extensive operations require that we collaborate with many across the globe. Researchers. Local authorities. Criminals. These before us are no different. And they have proven themselves to be quite useful. They aided our efforts in Anchorage, and even saw the wisdom in keeping the Key there safe in our custody."

Thorne votes "nay."

If Thorne disappeared: You are surprised to count Thorne among those gathered here. Last you saw of them, they had simply vanished north of Anchorage, and yet here they are, completely silent despite what the two of you went through.

Thorne remains eerily silent.

If none of the above are true: The one wearing a red cravat, with platinum-blond hair to match their sheet-white skin, speaks next. "I have had no dealings with these before us," they say, gesturing toward you. "It would be foolish of me to vote one way or another without knowing firsthand of their capabilities and truthworthiness. As such, I will sit this one out."

Thorne abstains.

Thorne is the bearer of The Sable Glass.
Update the Campaign Log accordingly

If Aliki is on your side: With ethereal grace, Aliki Zoni Uperetria steps out of the shadows, a golden-hued blade sheathed on her back. Her scarlet sash drifts along a breezeless wind. She whispers something soft and quiet in her usual lexicon of forgotten prose. One of the assembled Coterie translates: "Uperetria states that..." they skew their eyebrows up in surprise. "...that those assembled before us are truly loyal servants to the cause, as we are." Murmurs erupt around you.

Aliki votes "nay."

If you haven't seen the last of Aliki: "Do not forget Uperetria's vote," a voice murmurs. "She is here?" another asks. "We have been attempting to contact her for weeks now." To your surprise, the gathered members indeed turn to regard the ghostly-quiet girl who stands in the corner of the room, apart from the rest. An uncanny silence permeates the chamber. You would think she were a statue, were it not for her sash drifting lazily in the stillness.

Aliki remains eerily silent.

If none of the above are true: From the shadows emerges a gossamer figure, dressed in white, a golden-hued blade sheathed on her back and a veil of raven hair over her eyes. Her scarlet sash drifts along a breezeless wind. Her words are heralded by a shrill, muted whistling, and she speaks in a language you have never before heard. One of the Coterie who seems to understand her tallies this as a vote against you.

Aliki votes "yea."

Before resolving any of the below options, *If Desi is in your debt*: Find the copy of Desiderio Delgado Álvarez you stored in a safe place and look at its other side. Then, proceed.

If the other side of Desiderio Delgado Álvarez is his story asset version: There is the sudden flare of a match as Desi lights a cigarette. "These ones are all right," he says. "There's bigger shit goin' on here. Almost got snatched by you-know-what back in Havana. They helped me out—not that I needed it or anything. Point is, they had my back."

Desiderio Delgado Álvarez votes "nay."

If you haven't seen the last of Desiderio Delgado Álvarez, or if the other side of Desiderio Delgado Álvarez is an encounter card back: Your eyes snap over to Desi, hoping he will speak on your behalf. But he merely lights a cigarette and gazes into the wall behind you.

Desiderio Delgado Álvarez remains eerily silent.

If none of the above are true: "Should I know who the hell these people are?" a man in a suit with a red tie says, lighting a cigarette and taking a long puff. The smoke wafts into the darkness above the table. "This is a waste of time. Aren't you all always goin' on about eliminating unknown factors? Get rid of 'em so we can focus on what really matters."

Desiderio Delgado Álvarez votes "yea."

Desiderio Delgado Álvarez is the bearer of The Mirroring Blade.
Update the Campaign Log accordingly

If the cell meddled in Abarran's affairs: Suddenly, the large, imposing figure of Abarran Arrigorriagakoa slams his fist on the ceremonial table in the center of the chamber. "These interlopers! They tried to ruin me! Tried to take away my fortune, my chosen!" His face is flushed red and trembling with rage, his knuckles white. "I will punish them myself! I will rip them limb from limb! I will—" the man continues his rant for some time before his rage simmers to indignation.

Abarran Arrigorriagakoa votes "yea."

If the above is not true: A man you do not recognize speaks next. His large, imposing frame is dwarfed only by the luster of the enormous ruby ring adorning his left index finger. "As Fortune's Chosen, we have once more been given a great and illustrious boon," he states, his thundering voice commanding the attention of all. "Our enemies, bound before us? Why dispose of such a gift? What better way to learn how to continue our great work than to question them? Perhaps we may even use them as leverage...yes, leverage..." he trails off, a sinister grin on his face. You almost wish he had voted to kill you.

Abarran Arrigorriagakoa abstains.

No matter what: You cannot see the Red-Gloved Man's face, but you imagine a great and terrible smile.

The Red-Gloved Man remains eerily silent.

If the cell knows the true nature of the Coterie, immediately skip to **The Trial 6** without tallying any further votes.

Otherwise, if 3 or more Coterie members are eerily silent, immediately skip to **The Trial 7** without tallying any further votes.

If neither of the above are true, proceed as normal.

If you haven't seen the last of La Chica Roja: You almost didn't notice La Chica Roja standing between two of the other Coterie members, enshrined in darkness. She tips the rim of her hat over her eyes, but a smirk plays on her lips. "These ones thought they could catch me. Just like the coppers and the feds." Another voice on the opposite of the table, belonging to a balding man with small red spectacles, rises to challenge hers. "They were interfering with Coterie business," he growls. "Nah," she replies, "they were interfering with a personal grudge. If you got a problem with me, red-eyes, take it up with me, not them."

La Chica Roja abstains.
The Sanguine Watcher votes "yea."

If you haven't seen the last of the Sanguine Watcher: Suddenly, a wide-brimmed hat with a scarlet band slams onto the table, and La Chica Roja emerges from the shadows. "The Foundation's not our biggest enemy. That title belongs to some of us. These agents might not wear red, but I guarantee they're more righteous than half of us claim to be." Standing on the other side of the table, the Sanguine Watcher takes off his ruby spectacles and cleans them with a blood-red cloth. Behind them, his eye sockets are gruesomely hollow. "Foolish girl," he utters, his words dripping with venom. "A last play for attention?" She scowls at him, gripping the crown of her hat so hard, it crumples beneath her fingers. "Do any of you have any idea what kinds of things this sick bastardo has been up to? Do any of you even care?"

La Chica Roja votes "nay."
The Sanguine Watcher votes "yea."

If the Sanguine Watcher's torment continues: From a dark corner of the room, La Chica Roja emerges, her familiar wide-brimmed hat covering her eyes as she speaks. "I was dealing with one of our own in Buenos Aires. One who was acting against our best interests," she explains. "These agents here saw the truth of the situation and tried to aid me. They may not wear red, but I guarantee they're more righteous than half of us claim to be." Another voice from the assembled few asks whom of their number the woman speaks of. "Our 'friend' with no eyes," she says with a scowl. "He's still tormenting Buenos Aires, I imagine. But do any of you even care?"

La Chica Roja votes "nay."
The Sanguine Watcher abstains by default

If none of the above are true: A balding man with small ruby spectacles is next to speak, pointing a wiry, jagged finger at another of the assembled Coterie. "Why are these ones on trial here when it is she who has been acting against us?" he cries. The woman steps forward, hiding her countenance from view by the brim of a wide-brimmed hat with a scarlet hatband. "Acting against us, you say? Wrong." She tips the brim of her hat up so everyone can see her dark brown eyes narrowing directly at the bespectacled man. "Just you. You and the others gathered here who wear red just as an excuse to cause chaos." The two stare hatefully at one another for some time, taking the attention off you, before the proceedings continue. Neither one seems to pay you any further heed.

La Chica Roja abstains.
The Sanguine Watcher abstains.

The Sanguine Watcher is the bearer of The Weeping Lady.
Update the Campaign Log accordingly

If you haven't seen the last of Tzu San Niang: You are not surprised to see Tzu San Niang counted among those gathered before you. One who feels fear might take the chance to lay low after their escape, but not someone like her. "Ah, yes, these meddlesome insects." Her melodic voice is delightfully charming despite the violence behind her words. "They interfered with my business. For these transgressions, no punishment is harsh enough."

Tzu San Niang enthusiastically votes "yea."

If Tzu San Niang has you under her sway: Your heart leaps into your throat as Tzu San Niang approaches you, mesmerizing you with every breath. The compulsion to aid her, to serve her, rises within you once more. "Ah, my pets." She taps her parasol on the ground and kneels in front of you. "You may have fled me, but you will never escape me. You know this, do you not?" You head nods, despite yourself. You bite into your gag, but the compulsion is overwhelming. Tzu grins. "Why don't you tell everyone what we should do with you?" She coos, and removes the gag from your mouth. You struggle to remain silent, panting, sweating, refusing, denying, but the words worm their way out of your lips anyway. Her point made, she wraps the gag around you once more and runs her fingers delicately through your hair before returning to her place among the Coterie. You shudder in revulsion.

The lead investigator votes "yea" in Tzu San Niang's stead.

If Tzu San Niang is under your sway: There is an awkward pause as the Coterie confer. "Has anyone seen Tzu San Niang?" someone asks. You feel a pang of guilt, followed by satisfaction. She was never here.

Tzu San Niang abstains by default.

If neither of the above are true: A woman holding a red parasol over her head speaks next, with a charming, alluring voice. "I am sorry," she begins, her glamour captivating the entire audience, "but why are we wasting our time with such a paltry matter?" Hope rises in your heart that she might speak reason. "Just end them and be done with it," she says without even glancing your way. Your hopes shatter.

Tzu San Niang votes "yea."

Tzu San Niang is the bearer of The Shade Reaper.
Update the Campaign Log accordingly.

If Tuwile Masai is on your side: Professor Masai steps out of the shadows, light glinting on his thick red spectacles. He looks you up and down as if seeing you for the first time. "I know them only by reputation. But that reputation suggests that they have shown some measure of mercy and understanding to us. I recommend we respond in kind."

Tuwile Masai votes "nay."

If the above is not true: A thin, clean-cut gentleman with dark skin and striking red glasses steps out of the shadows. "While this entire ritual smacks of boarding school antics, I believe that any threat to the Coterie should be dealt with swiftly and humanely. They are too dangerous to let go."

Tuwile Masai votes "yea."

Depending on how votes were cast, proceed as follows:

☞ If it is a tie, or if the "yeas" have it, you have been deemed a liability. Proceed to **The Trial 2**.

☞ If the "nays" have it...

◆ ...and La Chica Roja, Ece Şahin, and Desiderio Delgado Álvarez all voted "nay," you may try to convince them to overthrow the Coterie. If you do, skip to **The Trial 3**.

◆ ...and Thorne, Tuwile Masai, and The Claret Knight all voted "nay," you may attempt to join the Coterie. If you do, skip to **The Trial 4**.

◆ Otherwise, you have been deemed an asset. Skip to **The Trial 5**.

The Trial 2: With the voting complete, you are shoved to the floor. You struggle against your bonds, but are unable to free yourself, and vastly outnumbered, besides. There is no hope of escape. A cold blade is placed at the edge of your neck. "You who seek to harm our noble cause have been accused and charged with numerous crimes against the Coterie," a voice states with dreadful gravity. The blade bites against your skin. A trail of blood trickles down your neck. "The punishment is death. May the crimson stain of your legacy be washed away." You close your eyes and brace yourself.

Just then: a crash. Shouting and sounds of battle erupt throughout the room, a storm of clashing steel and gunfire. You are sent reeling as your would-be executioner is attacked by an unseen foe. You struggle again to free yourself, but are unable... until moments later, when you are dragged out of the chamber. Your bonds are cut, and you are brought to your feet by none other than the woman in the vermillion veil herself. Ece ushers you down the hall, whispering over the chaos of the battle. "We have to get out of here." Several of the others who wear red follow in your wake, looking over their shoulders the entire time.

You ask what is going on as another rumble shudders throughout the halls. "The one with the red gloves, he..." she trails off, her hand trembling as she grips your arm. "He's not what we thought he was. That man always creeped me out, but—to think—how could we have not known—?"

You ask her to start again, slower. "He attacked us," she says, meeting your gaze as you duck into a quiet hall filled with scarlet tapestries. "The others fought him off, but... there was something strange about him. He was not human. It was something else entirely. It stole as many implements as it could and escaped, like..." she shudders. "...just like one of the creatures we seek to destroy."

Thoughts run unbidden through your mind. If the man with the red gloves—or whatever it truly is—is after the remaining Keys, you have to stop it, at any cost. You pull away from Ece and begin marching back. "What are you doing?" she calls out. "The rest of them won't show you any mercy, you know." But your intentions are clear.

"If you're going after that thing," one of the others says to you, "then we're coming, too."

☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell escaped the Red Coterie.

☞ Proceed to **Setup (v. 1)**.

The Trial 3: Murmuring and debate erupt throughout the assembled Congress. The gag is taken out of your mouth, and your bindings are cut. With some reluctance, you are brought before the ceremonial table and given the chance to speak on your behalf. Your eyes seek out the members of the Coterie you know to be genuinely good, and as soon as the room is silent, you appeal to their sense of justice. For too long, the Red Coterie has allowed its members to wreak havoc and spread misery among the people simply to further their own ends. For too long, they have used their collected power not to guard humanity, but to plague it. As you speak, several of the people you have met nod amongst themselves. "They're right," the girl in the red coat announces, gesturing at

several of the others who look on with sneers. "You all say you are motivated by a duty to humanity, yet you tolerate the presence of those who only do others harm. If this is the kind of organization you really are, I no longer wish to be a part of it."

Ece nods along. "I agree. This is no longer a righteous organization." She joins La Chica Roja's side, along with several others. Among them is Desi, who simply tips the brim of his hat in your direction and slips you a subtle wink.

"Cleaning up the streets of scum has been my life's work," he declares, his eyes narrowing. "Maybe it's time I start cleaning this place up, too." A tense silence lingers in the chamber as the two sides stare one another down, but it's clear that your side outnumbers the other. For a moment, you fear that the ensuing chaos will be impossible to survive.

Luckily, no such battle erupts. Seeing the wisdom in flight, your foes carefully filter out of the room, whispering, mumbling and hissing with vitriol. "You may wear red," one of them spits, "but you will never be strong enough to stop what is coming without us. You are weak. You will be the doom of us all."

Ece steps in front of the rest, shaking her head. "No. It is you who are weak. And by purging you from our ranks, we have only become stronger."

☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell overthrew the Red Coterie.

☞ Skip to **The Trial 8**.

The Trial 4: Murmuring and debate erupt throughout the assembled Congress. The gag is taken out of your mouth, and your bindings are cut. With some reluctance, you are brought before the ceremonial table and given the chance to speak on your behalf. Your eyes seek out the members of the Coterie who have seen your potential up close, and as soon as the room is silent, you appeal to their sense of logic and reason. You have been nothing but a valuable asset to the Red Coterie, and what's more, you bring experience with the Foundation and the potential for both organizations to cooperate further. You seek the same goals as they do, and as your enemies from beyond gather to erase humanity from existence, only by working together can you stop this threat. As you speak, several of the people you have met nod in agreement. "They are, of course, correct," Professor Masai speaks on your behalf. "We have let ourselves be motivated too long by petty desires while the threat of annihilation looms over us."

Several of the others look on with disgust as more speak up. "We have inducted far worse into our ranks," says the knight with many names. "These before us have proven themselves in more ways than one, and we need every ally we can get."

"Agreed," Thorne states, their voice level and calm as always. "I would call those on trial 'trustworthy partners' before I call them foes." Their gaze meets yours, a meticulous smile hiding the vicious nature you know them to possess. Thorne would do anything to get what they want, and right now, what they want is you.

The members of the Coterie you have wronged shout and curse in bitter protest, but they are clearly outnumbered. A tense silence lingers in the chamber as the two sides stare one another down. For a moment, you fear it may even come to blows. "You may seek to wear red," one of them spits, "but you will never be one of us."

"If you no longer wish to be a part of this organization," Professor Masai states, "You know where the door is." Your detractors sit in hateful silence as the proceedings continue. The knight beckons you forward and inducts you into their order in a lengthy, solemn ritual. "With red we are bound," he recites with gravitas, "through red we are one. Thus in red do we embrace our kin and our ken." You are told to forsake your old life to take up a new one, for the betterment and guidance of all humanity. You think on your life, on the events that led you to this place, on those you hold dear and the many things you will leave behind. Then, you acquiesce.

☞ Each investigator chooses an article of clothing depicted in their investigator art. Your keys are now bound through this mundane implement through occult esoterica. Its color becomes scarlet-red from now until the end of time.

☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell joined the Red Coterie.

☞ Skip to **The Trial 8**.

The Trial 5: Murmuring and debate erupts throughout the assembled members of the Coterie. The gag is taken out of your mouth, and your bindings are cut. With some reluctance, you are brought before the ceremonial table and addressed by the Congress, who tell you that you will be spared so long as you declare your intent to aid and never again interfere in their mission. Given the alternative, you have no choice but to agree. The members of the Coterie you have wronged exclaim in protest, but it is clear they are outnumbered.

☞ In your Campaign Log, record the Red Coterie spared the cell.

☞ Skip to **The Trial 8**.

The Trial 6: Before the next member is even given the chance to speak, a figure emerges from behind the man with the red gloves, and something small and dark is placed against the base of his skull. There is a thunder in your ears as the gunshot rings out across the chamber. The man's face explodes not in grotesquerie, but in a flood of distorted mist that crests outward and reforms above the man's hollowed body. It takes the vague shape of a many-armed spiral, like a galaxy of stars pinching all of reality around its otherworldly form. The clothes the Red-Gloved Man previously wore crumple to the ground, empty.

The rest of the assembled Coterie draw their weapons and attack the entity, but it quickly escapes the chamber, reassembling its ectoplasmic form before your very eyes on its way out. Several more of the things follow suit, the attire of their previous forms falling, limp and hollow, to the floor. From the shadows emerges the true figure of the Red-Gloved Man. "They are here," he states with surprising nonchalance, reloading his sidearm. "Among us. Perhaps the rest of you might have noticed, had you kept your gaze on our mission." He shares with you a knowing glance and the barest hint of an impish grin. "These 'accused' are to thank for my return to this realm. Without them, you might all be dead. This trial is over." There is no debate whatsoever.

The gag is taken out of your mouth, and your bindings are cut. You are brought before the ceremonial table, standing by the man's side. "What are they after? Where have you been?" one of the Coterie asks.

"They are after our world. Perhaps every world," he replies, pulling his scarlet gloves taut around his hands. "But now is our chance to strike back. To follow them to their home and end this threat, once and for all." Nods and murmurs of consent ripple throughout the assembly.

☞ In your Campaign Log, record the Red Coterie spared the cell.

☞ Proceed to **Setup (v. III)**.

The Trial 7: Before the next member is even given the chance to speak, the Red-Gloved Man reaches out to grip their skull with uncanny strength, his arms lengthening into spindly wires of ectomatter. He crushes their skull inside the palm of his hands, staining his gloves a deeper crimson than ever before. The body slumps to the ground, and chaos ensues.

You watch in horror as more of the assembly begin to contort and reshape themselves, ambushing everyone around them in a macabre display. A storm of shouting, clashing steel, and gunfire erupts throughout the room. Each slain member of the Congress is erased in their entirety. You are sent reeling as your captors, too, are expunged from reality. You crawl along the ground as the fray rages on, eventually finding a shard of glass upon which to cut your bonds. By the time you free your companions and rise to your feet, the entities have fled. The last thing you see is the shapeless elongated remnants of the Red-Gloved Man escaping out the door you came from.

You survey the damage, but surprisingly, there isn't much to look at. Save for you and a few articles of discarded and forgotten red attire, the chamber is completely empty.

To your horror, you recall none of their names or monikers. Not a single one.

☞ In your Campaign Log, record the Red Coterie was destroyed from within.

☞ Proceed to **Setup (v. III)**.

The Trial 8: With the trial proceedings over, the Congress finally reaches other affairs. "There is still the matter of the Outsiders," one among them states. "We have assembled our strength in order to prepare for the inevitable, but how can we be certain our dimension is of any interest to them? We cannot seek to understand such abstruse entities."

You chime in, telling the Congress of everything you have seen during your travels and your operations with the Foundation: the strange happenings across the globe have only grown in frequency, and you have reason to believe they are intelligent and malicious—not mindless and incomprehensible. What's worse, they appear to be after the very same keys as everyone else.

"If they are stirring, preparing for war," another member declares, "then we must do the same. We have among our assembly bearers of the most powerful artifacts this order has uncovered. Let us put them to good use and exterminate this threat once and for all." Nods and murmurs of consent ripple throughout the assembly.

"But if they are intelligent entities as our new friends claim they are, how could they possibly know so much of our inner workings?" Your detractor argues. A dreadful hunch stirs in your mind. You scan the room and remark that one among the Congress is missing. The rest of the assembly follows your gaze, with several of them standing to search the chamber more thoroughly. One of them confirms your suspicions by raising a single red glove, discarded and forgotten as though mundane, immaterial.

The woman in the vermillion veil is the first to understand your thread of logic. "Spread out," she shouts, her voice warbling. "Find him. Learn where he is headed. And be ready for anything."

It doesn't take long before the doorway is found—a shimmering portal of extradimensional energy, ebbing with eldritch power. "It's closing," one of the others observes. Indeed, the doorway seems to be shrinking as it steadily swirls, and soon enough there will be nothing left of it. "We don't have much time."

☞ Proceed to **Setup (v. II)**.



Setup (v. I)

☞ Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *Congress of the Keys*, *Red Coterie*, *Scarlet Sorcery*, *Spatial Anomaly*, *Spreading Corruption*, *Locked Doors*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



☞ Put the **Lair** versions of Scarlet Halls and the three Coterie Sanctuary locations into play.

- ◆ Remove the **Sanctum** versions of these locations from the game.
- ◆ Each investigator begins play at Scarlet Halls.

☞ Build the act deck using only Act 1a—"Secrets and Lies (v. I)." Remove each other version of Act 1a from the game.

☞ Gather each decoy mini-card and each of the following mini-cards: City of Remnants (L, M, and R), Mimetic Nemesis, and The Red-Gloved Man. Set them aside, out of play.



of

☞ Find each **Coterie** enemy from the *Red Coterie* encounter set who voted "yea," along with The Red-Gloved Man. This set is indicated by the following icon:

- ◆ Do not gather any of the **Coterie** enemies from this set who voted "nay," abstained, or were eerily silent (*not counting The Red-Gloved Man*).
- ◆ The lead investigator spawns The Red-Gloved Man in the shadows and resolves its concealed keyword (*as granted by act 1a*).
- ◆ Shuffle the rest of the gathered **Coterie** enemies. One at a time, in player order, each investigator other than the lead investigator draws 1 of them, spawning them as normal.
- ◆ Shuffle the rest of the gathered **Coterie** enemies (those not drawn in the previous step) into the encounter deck.
- ◆ Note that the following characters may vote "yea," but do not have enemy cards in this encounter set: Tuwile Masai, Abarran Arrigorriagakoa, and Razin Farhi.

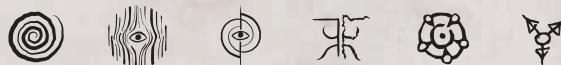
☞ For each member of the Coterie who voted "nay," find their **Conspirator** story asset version and put them into play under any investigator's control. (Note: These story assets are scattered across various encounter sets. Some of them are on the reverse sides of enemy cards.)

- ◆ Note that Tuwile Masai may vote "nay," but does not have a **Conspirator** story asset.

☞ Set the three **Otherworld** locations from the *Congress of the Keys* encounter set and the Mimetic Nemesis enemy aside, out of play.

☞ Shuffle the remaining encounter cards to build the encounter deck.

☞ Now create the second encounter deck, as follows. Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *Agents of the Outside*, *Beyond the Beyond*, *Outsiders*, *Secret War*, *Ancient Evils*, and *Striking Fear*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



When gathering the *Striking Fear* encounter set, only gather the following cards (2x Frozen in Fear and 2x Dissonant Voices). Do not gather 3x Rotting Remains from that set.

- ◆ Find each of the nine City of Remnants locations from the *Beyond the Beyond* encounter set. Shuffle these locations together, with their unrevealed sides faceup, to form a deck. This deck is called the **Otherworld** deck. Place this deck near the scenario reference card.

- ◆ Shuffle the remaining encounter cards from these gathered sets together to form a second encounter deck. Keep this deck set aside, out of play, for now.

- ② The rules for “Location Adjacency in the Realm of the Outsiders” and “Locations in the Shadows” can be found on page 57. Make sure to read (or refresh yourself on) these rules before playing this scenario.
- ② You are now ready to begin.

Setup (v. II)

- ② Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *Congress of the Keys*, *Agents of the Outside*, *Beyond the Beyond*, *Outsiders*, *Red Coterie*, *Secret War*, *Spreading Corruption*, *Ancient Evils*, and *Striking Fear*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



When gathering the *Striking Fear* encounter set, only gather the following cards (2x Frozen in Fear and 2x Dissonant Voices). Do not gather 3x Rotting Remains from that set.

- ◆ Find each of the nine City of Remnants locations from the *Beyond the Beyond* encounter set. Shuffle these locations together, with their unrevealed sides faceup, to form a deck. This deck is called the Otherworld deck. Place this deck near the scenario reference card.
- ② Put the **Sanctum** versions of Scarlet Halls and the three Coterie Sanctuary locations into play.
 - ◆ Remove the **Lair** versions of these locations from the game.
 - ◆ Each investigator begins play at Scarlet Halls.
- ② Build the act deck using only Act 1a—“Secrets and Lies (v. II).” Remove each other version of Act 1a from the game.
- ② Gather each decoy mini-card and each of the following mini-cards: City of Remnants (L, M, and R) and Mimetic Nemesis. Set them aside, out of play.
- ② Find each **Coterie** enemy from the *Red Coterie* encounter set who voted “yea,” along with The Red-Gloved Man, and set each of those enemies aside, out of play. This set is indicated by the following icon:
 - ◆ Note that the following characters may vote “yea,” but do not have enemy cards in this encounter set: Tuwile Masai, Abarran Arrigorriagakoa, and Razin Farhi.
- ② For each member of the Coterie who voted “nay,” find their **Conspirator** story asset version and put them into play under any investigator’s control. (Note: These story assets are scattered across various encounter sets. Some of them are on the reverse sides of enemy cards.)
 - ◆ Note that Tuwile Masai may vote “nay,” but does not have a **Conspirator** story asset.
- ② Set the three **Otherworld** locations from the *Congress of the Keys* encounter set and the Mimetic Nemesis enemy aside, out of play.
- ② Shuffle the remaining encounter cards to build the encounter deck.
- ② The rules for “Location Adjacency in the Realm of the Outsiders” and “Locations in the Shadows” can be found on page 57. Make sure to read (or refresh yourself on) these rules before playing this scenario.
- ② You are now ready to begin.

Setup (v. III)

- ② Gather all cards from the following encounter sets: *Congress of the Keys*, *Agents of the Outside*, *Beyond the Beyond*, *Outsiders*, *Red Coterie*, *Secret War*, *Spreading Corruption*, *Ancient Evils*, and *Striking Fear*. These sets are indicated by the following icons:



When gathering the *Striking Fear* encounter set, only gather the following cards (2x Frozen in Fear and 2x Dissonant Voices). Do not gather 3x Rotting Remains from that set.

- ◆ Find each of the nine City of Remnants locations from the *Beyond the Beyond* encounter set. Shuffle these locations together, with their unrevealed sides faceup, to form a deck. This deck is called the Otherworld deck. Place this deck near the scenario reference card.
- ② Put the **Sanctum** versions of Scarlet Halls and the three Coterie Sanctuary locations into play.
 - ◆ Remove the **Lair** versions of these locations from the game.
 - ◆ Each investigator begins play at Scarlet Halls.
- ② Build the act deck using only Act 1a—“Secrets and Lies (v. III).” Remove each other version of Act 1a from the game.
- ② Find each **Coterie** enemy from the *Red Coterie* encounter set who was eerily silent. This set is indicated by the following icon:
 - ◆ Do not gather any of the **Coterie** enemies from this set who voted “yea,” “nay,” or abstained.
 - ◆ The lead investigator spawns The Red-Gloved Man in the shadows and resolves its concealed keyword (as granted by act 1a).
 - ◆ Shuffle the rest of the gathered **Coterie** enemies. One at a time, in player order, each investigator other than the lead investigator draws 1 of them, spawning them as normal.
 - ◆ Shuffle the rest of the gathered **Coterie** enemies (those not drawn in the previous step) into the encounter deck.
- ② Check the Campaign Log. If the *Red Coterie* spared the cell, find the **Conspirator** story asset version of The Red-Gloved Man, along with each other member of the Coterie who was not gathered during the above step. Put each of them into play under any investigator’s control. (Note: These story assets are scattered across various encounter sets. Some of them are on the reverse sides of enemy cards.)
 - ◆ For the remainder of this scenario, ignore the unique symbol on both versions of The Red-Gloved Man. (If The Red-Gloved Man is the bearer of any keys, attach them only to his enemy version.)
 - ◆ Note: The list of possible **Conspirator** story assets is as follows: The Claret Knight, Ece Şahin, Thorne, Aliko Zoni Uperetria, Desiderio Delgado Álvarez, La Chica Roja, and The Red-Gloved Man.
- ② Set the three **Otherworld** locations from the *Congress of the Keys* encounter set and the Mimetic Nemesis enemy aside, out of play.
- ② Gather each decoy mini-card and each of the following mini-cards: City of Remnants (L, M, and R), Mimetic Nemesis, and The Red-Gloved Man. Set them aside, out of play.
- ② Shuffle the remaining encounter cards to build the encounter deck.
- ② The rules for “Location Adjacency in the Realm of the Outsiders” and “Locations in the Shadows” can be found on page 57. Make sure to read (or refresh yourself on) these rules before playing this scenario.
- ② You are now ready to begin.

DO NOT READ until the end of the scenario

Before resolving any other resolution, if at least 1 investigator was defeated: The defeated investigators read **Investigator Defeat** first.

Investigator Defeat: *With no dimension left for your body to exist within, every fiber of your being is torn apart. Your memories and thoughts drip through endless oblivion from now until the end of all things. But your consciousness, your awareness, remains. An infinite, eternal prison of nothingness.*

- ☞ Each investigator who was defeated is driven **insane** and is never seen or heard from again. All memory of their existence is purged from reality.
- ☞ If another resolution was reached, the remaining investigators proceed to that resolution.
- ☞ If no resolution was reached (each investigator was defeated): Go to **Resolution 2**.

Resolution 1 (each defeated investigator must resolve Investigator Defeat first): *The feeling of being flung across worlds does not cease until you strike solid ground. Though your weary body protests, you scamper to your feet and scan your surroundings, ready for anything. But when you realize where you are, you are shocked to find...*

- ☞ Lay out the world map on a flat surface. Each investigator tosses a coin or chaos token onto the map. Wherever it lands, that is where that investigator ended up. (If it lands in an ocean, they ended up by chance on a random boat.)

It takes several weeks for you to contact the other members of your cell who survived the collapsing of the Outsiders' realm. It seems that, at least for now, their scheme has been dismantled. Perhaps a long-earned vacation is in order, but first there is one last order of business to resolve...

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record that *the Outsiders were stopped*.
- ☞ Each investigator suffers 2 physical trauma and 2 mental trauma, as they may never truly recover from their paradimensional ordeal.
- ☞ Each investigator earns experience equal to the Victory X value of each card in the victory display. Each investigator earns 5 bonus experience, having saved their dimension from a terrible fate.
- ☞ **The investigators win the campaign!**
- ☞ Proceed to **Epilogue**.

Resolution 2 (each defeated investigator should resolve Investigator Defeat first): "There, that is the last of them," Agent Hudson says as he slams his stamp down onto the expense report. "I understand the need for secrecy, but I must once again request we hire assistants for this secretarial work, Commissioner." He hands the bundle of documents to Taylor, who sits behind her stark black desk, wearing a grave expression.

"More eyes means more leaks. We keep this crew tight for a reason, Hudson. Do not lose sight of what is important." She flips through the documents for a moment, furrowing her brow. "Where is the report on asset 32-J's cell?"

"32-J?" the man pulls a small notebook from his back pocket and flips to a page near the middle. "No such designation exists."

Taylor grimaces. "No, that's not right. There was... we met them in London. You were there..." After a moment, she shakes her head in utter confusion. "Hm. Strange. I don't remember who they were."

"You have been working too hard," the agent replies with a small grin. "Take some time off, Commissioner. We can handle things without you for a week or so."

- ☞ In your Campaign Log, record the cell was hollowed.

☞ **The investigators lose the campaign.**



Epilogue

Read the following only if the investigators won the campaign.

Epilogue 1: "Talk," Commissioner Taylor commands.

You shift in your uncomfortable metal chair, the glaring light of her interrogation lamp nearly blinding you. One wall of the sterile interrogation chamber is covered by a black mirror that reflects you and the Commissioner sitting across a desk from one another, your faces blanched under heavy white light. Knowing the Foundation, several operatives are watching and recording your every move from behind the mirror. A thick dossier lies unopened on the desk between you and Taylor.

Check the Campaign Log.

☞ If the cell joined the Red Coterie, proceed to **Epilogue 2**.

☞ Otherwise, skip to **Epilogue 3**.

Epilogue 2: Rather than answer directly, you ask instead what Taylor expected when she conscripted a random set of people into a Foundation cell. She looks genuinely caught off-guard as you explain your work and your role in assisting the Red Coterie to suppress what was clearly the greatest threat to humanity. The commissioner's eye arches as you lean back in your seat in a gesture of casual indifference.

"I... see," she visibly suppresses a grimace. You see her gaze linger on your crimson regalia. "You were hired for your curiosity, ingenuity, and independence. A statement which—may I remind you—is not to be taken as any form of compliment or commendation. It was an assumed risk that you might fall in with the Red Coterie, but one which I assured senior command was highly unlikely, if not impossible."

A heavy silence falls as the commissioner makes a near-imperceptible nod at the black mirror to her left, then looks back to you.

"This, then, is no longer a briefing, but a negotiation. Understand that your role at the Foundation is terminated forthwith. All assets and privileges you previously enjoyed are rescinded, along with your prior rank and compensation." You detect a hint of regret in her voice as she locks eyes with you. "Instead, let us view this as an opportunity. We have been at odds with the Coterie long enough; perhaps it is time that we worked together."

Beyond the commissioner's steely-eyed professionalism, you sense something else in her voice. Is it respect? She gives you an intense look.

"The Foundation and the Coterie, as partners. What do you say? Are you in?"

In your Campaign Log, record the Red Coterie and The Foundation agreed to work together.

File closed.

Epilogue 3: You find yourself awkwardly repeating events and names as you struggle to relay your experience to the commissioner. Throughout it all, Taylor remains silent, listening to your various rabbit trails and accounts of events with an air of reserve. When you have finished, she slides a glass of water across the desktop toward you. You see your shadowy reflection glimmer within the black mirror in the corner of your eye.

"What an... unrestrained account," she says matter-of-factly. A heavy silence falls as the commissioner makes a near-imperceptible nod at the black mirror to her left, then looks back to you.

"The Foundation thanks you for your service. Understand that everything you have done during your tenure with the Foundation is classified, and you are bound under threat of execution to never share this account with another soul: living or dead." She locks eyes with you. "Do you understand?"

You nod, and the commissioner goes on. "It goes without saying, but I must inform you that your temporary 'cell' has been disavowed and all assets acquired during your Foundation service will be retained for further study and research. Your account of all events involving paracausal disturbance will be extracted, analyzed, and preserved for future analysis."

☞ In your Campaign Log, record Foundation Trust and Cell Deception.

☞ For each of the following that is recorded in your Campaign Log (the cell is assisting Agent Sirry, the cell told the truth to Taylor, Agent Quinn has your back, the cell is delivering intel is crossed off), mark 1 tally next to Foundation Trust.

☞ For each of the following that is recorded in your Campaign Log (the cell hid the truth from Taylor, the cell is off-mission, the cell aided the knight, Ece trusts the cell, the cell made a deal with Thorne, Aliko is on your side, Desi is in your debt, Tuwile Masai is on your side), mark 1 tally next to Cell Deception.

☞ If the number of tallies next to Foundation Trust is equal to or greater than the number of tallies next to Cell Deception, proceed to **Epilogue 4**. Otherwise, skip to **Epilogue 5**.

Epilogue 4: Commissioner Taylor produces a black leather briefcase from behind the desk, opens it, and slides a Foundation badge across the table to you. "Bureaucratic flim-flam, of course. Your cell has been dissolved and you have received approval to join the Foundation with full clearance, full stop. Whether or not you wish to join is irrelevant; you have seen and accomplished too much to return to civilian life."

The badge gleams in the harsh light as you turn it over in your hand. It has surprising heft. The sudden weight of everything that has happened hits you as your thumb plays over the grooves and ridges of the metal surface. Taylor flips open the dossier on the table and continues.

"Your date of hire is yesterday. Don't worry: you will receive backpay as well as a sizeable compensation package for your work on the case. Which—on that—we are considering labeling 'The Scarlet Keys.' It has a nice ring to it, though it is a bit extravagant for my taste."

The faintest hint of a smile tugs at the commissioner's lips. "Well, what have you got to say? Cat got your tongue?"

In your Campaign Log, record the cell was given a permanent position.

File closed.

Epilogue 5: Commissioner Taylor opens the dossier in front of her and slides a set of tickets across the table to you.

"These are one-way tickets that will take you anywhere in the world, no questions asked. Given your troublesome curiosity, I recommend you go somewhere quiet and forgettable, assume an alias, and take up a profession that does not allow you so much free time or thinking. Oh, and stop wearing that," she says, gesturing off-handedly at your appearance.

You interrupt and try to explain yourself. The commissioner holds up one hand to silence you.

"In truth, I must inform you that you are getting off rather easily here. If the higher-ups had their say, you would have been summarily executed for your reckless handling of this case. The word 'collusion' was tossed around. Had you toed the line, this case might have made your career. In my estimation, you have created far more trouble than you resolved."

Taylor stands up, and you stand with her. Several burly suits step through the door behind you, flooding the room with light. The commissioner gives you a firm handshake, her eyes locked with yours. "The Foundation thanks you for your service. May we never meet again."

In your Campaign Log, record the cell was dismantled.

File closed.

Achievement List

The following is a list of achievements investigators may strive toward as they play *The Scarlet Keys* campaign. As the investigators complete each of these achievements, check the box next to them. Try to complete all of them for the ultimate challenge!

- ☐ **Clued In:** Do not spend or drop a single clue via treachery cards in *Riddles and Rain*.
- ☐ **Take That, Ghulat:** Ensure that not a single civilian is slain in *Dead Heat*.
- ☐ **What's in a Name?:** Tell Amaranth her real name in *Dead Heat*.
- ☐ **Porque No Los Dos?:** Defeat both copies of Desi simultaneously in *Dancing Mad*.
- ☐ **Lost and Found:** Take control of the Twisted Antiprism without a single clue on Clues Unveiled in *Dealings in the Dark*.
- ☐ **I Like Tower Defense Games:** Defend The Claret Knight without any Key Locuses being destroyed in *Dogs of War v. I*.
- ☐ **Play With Your Food:** Steal The Light of Pharos from either The Claret Knight or The Beast in a Cowl of Crimson while they have exactly 1 health remaining in *Dogs of War v. II* or *v. III*.
- ☐ **More Like "Destroyed" Chimera:** Defeat all five forms of the Void Chimera in a single session of *On Thin Ice*.
- ☐ **Who Watches the Watcher?:** Unlock a secret final act in *Sanguine Shadows*.
- ☐ **Under My Umbrella:** Do not let Tzu San Niang devour a single Geist enemy in *Shades of Suffering*.
- ☐ **All Hollow:** Learn about a place where Outsiders dwell and travel there to unlock *Without a Trace*.
- ☐ **Red Looks Good on Me:** Join the Red Coterie in *Congress of the Keys*.
- ☐ **Bloody Red Revolution:** Overthrow the Red Coterie in *Congress of the Keys*.
- ☐ **With Your Powers Combined....:** Shift 5 keys in a single turn.
- ☐ **Gift of Gab:** Ensure that Commissioner Taylor orders you to "talk" 3 times during a single campaign.
- ☐ **"I'm Just Here for the Local Cuisine":** In a single campaign, sample cuisine and/or visit bars or cafes from the following locations: Marrakesh, Havana, Buenos Aires, Tokyo, and Kuala Lumpur.
- ☐ **Speed Demon:** Win *The Scarlet Keys* campaign with only 17 or fewer time passed.
- ☐ **Trust Nobody:** Win *The Scarlet Keys* campaign with 4 🗡 tokens in the chaos bag and without ever removing any 🗡 tokens.
- ☐ **Trust Everybody:** Win *The Scarlet Keys* campaign with 4 🗡 tokens in the chaos bag and without ever removing any 🗡 tokens.
- ☐ **Here is Your Badge:** Win *The Scarlet Keys* campaign and earn yourself a permanent position in the Foundation.

Key to My Heart: Collect each of the following keys throughout *The Scarlet Keys* campaign:

- | | |
|--|--|
| ☐ The Eye of Ravens | ☐ The Twisted Antiprism |
| ☐ The Last Blossom | ☐ The Shade Reaper |
| ☐ The Light of Pharos | ☐ The Mirroring Blade |
| ☐ The Sable Glass | ☐ The Bale Engine |
| ☐ The Weeping Lady | ☐ The Ruinous Chime |
| ☐ The Wellspring of Fortune | |

- ☐ **Line in the Sand:** Win *The Scarlet Keys* campaign with at least three Ultimatums active.
- ☐ **Global Expertise:** Win *The Scarlet Keys* campaign on Expert difficulty.

Design Notes

"Physics depends on a universe infinitely centered on an equals sign."

— Mark Z. Danielewski, *House of Leaves*

Well, we finally did it. I've been wanting to make this campaign ever since we first envisioned *Arkham Horror: The Card Game*—at the time, *Eldritch Horror* was my favorite Arkham game, and I loved how the enormous scope interwove with the world-ending stakes to create such a memorable and dynamic experience. That kind of format was never possible in this game before, but as soon as we shifted to the campaign-in-a-box model, I immediately started jotting down ideas.

The Congress of the Keys, or the "Red Coterie" as they came to be known internally, were originally created for *Call of Cthulhu: The Card Game* back in the days before this game existed. In their original appearance, not much was ever explicitly stated about them, save for the fact that they collected seven Keys across seven continents, and served a greater force. I had always wanted to do more with them, but it never felt right to just hamfist them into a completely unrelated story, so they were used sparingly—mostly in player card artwork. Finally, when the stars aligned and we were ready to create our epic globetrotting adventure, I decided it was time to truly explore the Red Coterie: who are they, and what are they after?

This campaign reimagines them as an Illuminati-esque secret society. They are still after "Keys," and several of the past members re-emerge once more to take the spotlight. However, we decided to divorce *The Scarlet Keys* story from the Congress's original introduction in *Call of Cthulhu: The Card Game*, so we could have the freedom to tell our own story and truly explore their identities. The most interesting thing about this re-pilot of the Red Coterie is that I wanted each member to feel individual and unique; a personality all their own, with no leader or unifying force behind them. This sets them apart from most of the other organizations investigators have faced thus far, and enables players to reason with them independently of one another.

Unlike most campaigns, the trial scene in the finale scenario is actually one of the first interludes I started outlining and writing. I really wanted it to feel like a reckoning—the players have interacted with a huge cast of characters, and every single action they have taken for or against them is tallied in the end. It was an enormous undertaking! This was our way of ensuring that the nonlinear nature of the campaign still gave us meaningful decisions and consequences that followed players from scenario to scenario.

The formation and inclusion of the Foundation as a foil to the Red Coterie came about as I began to outline the introductory scenario to the campaign. After all, somebody had to take the investigators out of their quiet town of Arkham and send them on a globetrotting adventure, and the mere existence of the Foundation answers a lot of unasked questions about how the investigators get their information and travel across the globe so easily. It ended up being a perfect fit, and the team was inundated with references to secret government organizations and conspiracies in other games, movies, and television shows. I decided to lean heavily into this theme, which is how the intel dossiers, the design of the campaign log, and even the basic structure of the campaign guide itself came about.

Many of the other mechanics explored in this cycle, from the concealed keyword to the world map, followed naturally from the themes of secrecy and mystery we wished to explore, and of course the epic scale of the campaign. For a variety of reasons, this campaign is extremely meaningful and personal to me—I truly hope you have enjoyed playing it as much as the rest of the team and I had putting it together. I know one of them is planning a feast of sorts. I wonder what will be on the menu.

— MJ Newman

Status Reports

When you fill in a box under "Time Passed" with one of the following symbols (in the form of Greek letters), proceed to the status report matching that letter, and read the text that follows.

Status Report Alpha (α):

As your travels continue, the Foundation receives more and more reports of strange disappearances. With each new dossier you read, you worry that it is only a matter of time before there is nothing left.

Add 1  token to the chaos bag.

Status Report Beta (β):

You receive a coded missive from Commissioner Taylor herself: "Agents—not long ago, a massive explosion occurred near the Podkamennaya Tunguska River in Siberia. It is classified as an impact event, but this is just a cover story. Our intel now indicates Coterie involvement. I have reason to believe this may be the site of one of their sanctums. Perhaps even their primary safehouse. You have clearance to investigate the site, but be prepared for anything."

Add 1  token to the chaos bag.

In the Central Asia section of the Campaign Log, find Tunguska.

In its spot, write "S9–Z." You are now allowed to travel to this location whenever you embark. (Note: This will end the campaign. You may wish to investigate further before proceeding to Tunguska... but be wary of how much time you spend.)

Status Report Epsilon (ε):

As you traverse the streets, you flinch at every shifting shadow and every passerby wearing red. You're definitely being followed, and you have no lack of enemies who might fit the bill...

For the remainder of the campaign, whenever you are setting up a scenario, perform the following: gather each of the enemies in the Red Coterie encounter set whose name matches those who you "haven't seen the last of" in your Campaign Log, choose one at random, and shuffle it into the encounter deck for this scenario. The Red Coterie encounter set is indicated by the following encounter set icon. Ignore this additional setup instruction during the finale..



Status Report Gamma (γ):

The reports continue. Now it's not just missing people, but people returning, having changed. Buildings and objects, too—replicated, but different, off, like they had been completely dismantled and then reassembled. But why?

Add 1  token to the chaos bag.

Each investigator must add 1 copy of the Paradimensional Understanding weakness to their deck. It does not count toward their deck size. These cards can be found in the Globetrotting encounter set, indicated by the following encounter set icon:



Status Report Zeta (ζ):

You return to your hotel after a long day of travel and investigation, only to find your room in shambles. A grim feeling sprouts in your gut. Someone has clearly turned your room upside-down in search of something, and you're pretty sure you know what. You rush to the safe where you have been storing the paradimensional artifacts you aren't carrying on your person. To your horror, it is empty, apart from a single red card. Reaching out to Foundation contacts, you believe you have tracked the culprit to one of four likely Coterie sanctums. Perhaps if you're quick, you can recover what was stolen from you.

Check the Keys section of the Campaign Log and find each of the Keys whose bearer is an investigator. Choose 1 at random (2 instead if the investigators control 5 or more Keys in total).

That Key(s) has been stolen.

Gather each of the enemies in the Red Coterie encounter set whose name matches those who you "haven't seen the last of" in your Campaign Log and choose one at random. This is the identity of the character who stole your Key(s).

Update the Keys section of your Campaign Log such that the bearer of the Key(s) that were stolen is the randomly chosen enemy.

In the Central Asia, Americas, and North Atlantic sections of the Campaign Log, find Kabul, Quito, San Juan, and Reykjavik.

In each of these spots, write "14–C." You are now allowed to travel to these locations whenever you embark.

Status Report Theta (θ):

As you head to your hotel room, you spot a red envelope slipped under your door. Inside is a simple message: "My people in Ybor City know about the new passphrase and know you're coming. Drop by when you get the chance." It's signed "Desi."

Status Report Psi (ψ):

As you return to your hotel, the concierge waves you down and hands you a telegram.

TRAIL PICKED UP HOT ON HER HEELS STOP
MEET IN HONG KONG MAY REQUIRE AID STOP
PARASOL IS KEY STOP

This must be from Inspector Flint. Perhaps you should travel to Hong Kong and learn more, if you can spare the time.

In the Southeast Asia section of the Campaign Log, find Hong Kong. In its spot, write "S0–S." You are now allowed to travel to this location whenever you embark.

Status Report Omega (Ω):

As you head into your hotel room, frantic at news of recent events, you mentally begin to prepare for the next leg of your trip... when suddenly, a shape emerges from a corner of your hotel room, and you are clocked on the side of your skull by something heavy and smooth. You collapse into darkness. The last thing you see is a splash of red.

Add 1  token to the chaos bag.

You are out of time. Immediately travel directly to Tunguska and proceed to **Finale Scenario: Congress of the Keys**.

Campaign Log:

The Scarlet Keys

INVESTIGATORS

PLAYER NAME	PLAYER NAME	PLAYER NAME	PLAYER NAME
INVESTIGATOR	INVESTIGATOR	INVESTIGATOR	INVESTIGATOR
UNSPENT EXPERIENCE	UNSPENT EXPERIENCE	UNSPENT EXPERIENCE	UNSPENT EXPERIENCE
TRAUMA (Physical) (Mental)	TRAUMA (Physical) (Mental)	TRAUMA (Physical) (Mental)	TRAUMA (Physical) (Mental)
EARNED STORY ASSETS/WEAKNESSES	EARNED STORY ASSETS/WEAKNESSES	EARNED STORY ASSETS/WEAKNESSES	EARNED STORY ASSETS/WEAKNESSES

Campaign Notes

Keys

Name of Paradimensional Artifact

Bearer

- ☐ The Eye of Ravens
- ☐ The Last Blossom
- ☐ The Light of Pharos
- ☐ The Sable Glass
- ☐ The Weeping Lady
- ☐ The Twisted Antiprism
- ☐ The Shade Reaper
- ☐ The Mirroring Blade
- ☐ The Bale Engine
- ☐ The Ruinous Chime
- ☐ The Wellspring of Fortune

CHAOS BAG

TIME PASSED

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	32	33	34	35

α

ε

β

ζ

γ

Ω



Americas

North Atlantic

Southeast Asia

Central Asia

KILLED AND INSANE INVESTIGATORS

Encounter Set Icons



Agents of the Outside



Beyond the Beyond



Congress of the Keys



Dancing Mad



Dead Heat



Dogs of War



Mysteries Abound



Outsiders



Riddles and Rain



Scarlet Sorcery



Shades of Suffering



Spatial Anomaly



Strange Happenings



Agents of Yuggoth



Cleanup Crew



Crimson Conspiracy



Dark Veiling



Dealings in the Dark



Globetrotting



On Thin Ice



Red Coterie



Sanguine Shadows



Secret War



Shadow of a Doubt



Spreading Corruption



Without a Trace

From the Core Set:



Ancient Evils



Dark Cult



Locked Doors



Striking Fear



Chilling Cold



Ghouls



Nightgaunts



The Midnight Masks

Quick Reference

New Cardtype: Keys.....	3
The Red-Gloved Man.....	3
Concealed X	3
Concealed Mini-Cards.....	4
Alert.....	4
Patrol	4
Tracking Time	6
Embarking and Travel	10
The Foundation Dossiers	10
Civilians	12
Choosing a Random Location (<i>in Dead Heat</i>)	12
Replacing Locations (<i>in Dead Heat</i>)	12
Acolyte Concealed Mini-cards	23
Locations in the Shadows	57

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