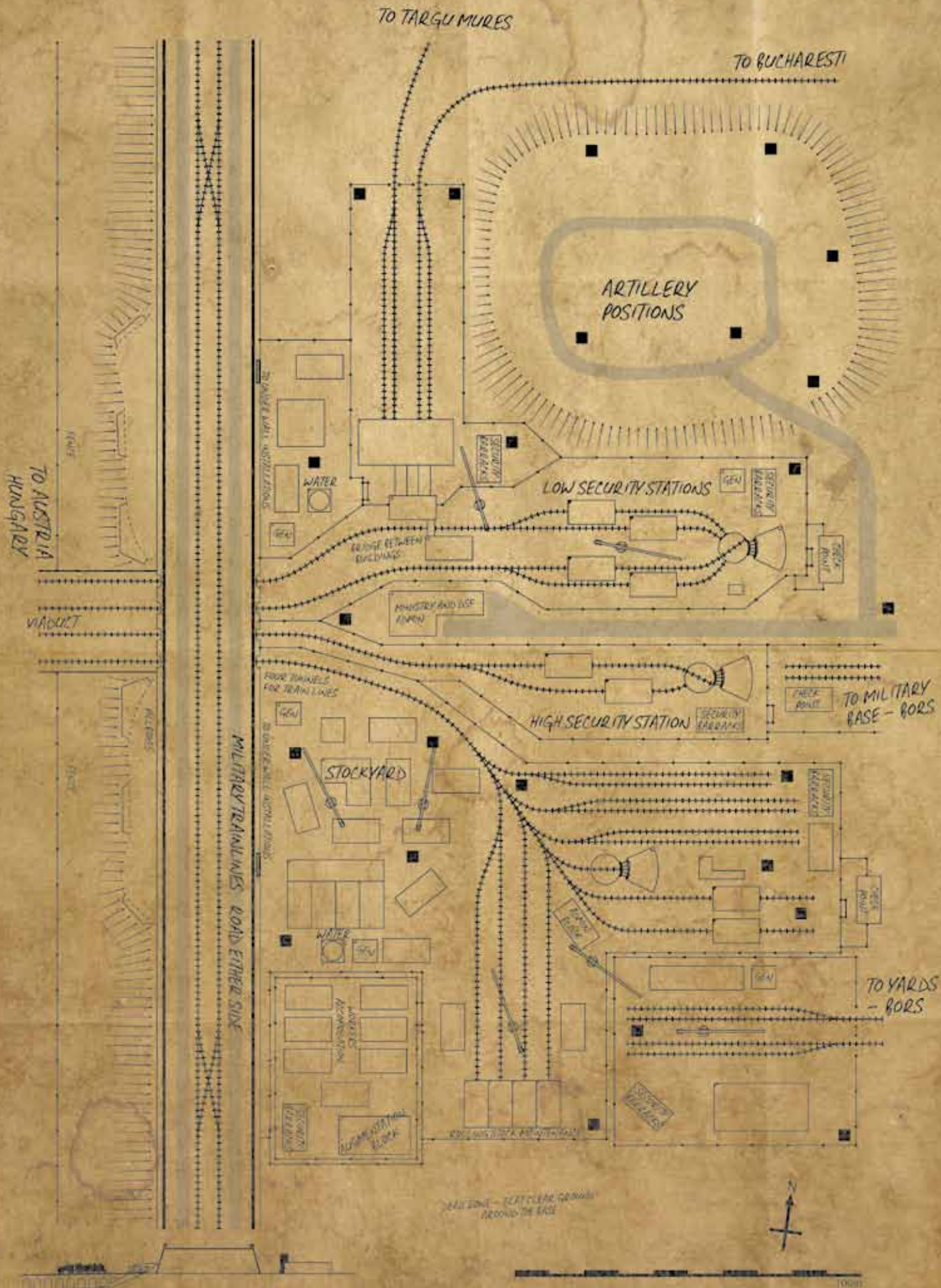




DARK HARVEST
THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN
RESISTANCE



THE BORS CROSSING: the only legitimate crossing point into Promethea along the western border with Austro-Hungary, it deals with both civilian and commercial traffic. It is a literal fortress, hosting many hundreds of troops and Augmented workers.

DARK HARVEST
THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

RESISTANCE



DARK HARVEST

THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

RESISTANCE

AN ALTERNATIVE HISTORY

**A SUPPLEMENT TO THE DARK HARVEST:
THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN RPG**

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DEDICATIONS & ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Iain Lowson: This book is dedicated to David Lowson – 1943 to 2012.
You'd have been just as happily baffled by this one Dad, but I wish you could have seen it.

This book exists because of the huge, and growing, support for all things DH:LoF.
Our thanks go out to all the enthusiastic reviewers, podcasters, readers and players
whose praise made us smile and kept us motivated, and whose well-considered questions,
criticisms and “what if...?”s made us think. This book happened because of all of you,
be you from the UK, France, Germany, Spain, Poland, Greece, Sweden, the USA
(including Hawaii), Canada, Bangladesh, Indonesia or Japan (and elsewhere),
made it happen.

Thank you all.

(Especially you. You were always my favourite.)

(It's the hat that swings it.)

NB: This book is a supplement to the *Dark Harvest: The Legacy of Frankenstein* role playing game, and requires the original book to make full use of it. The *DH:LoF* line uses a version of the Heresy Engine and is compatible with, but does not require ownership of, the *Victoriana* RPG line available from Cubicle 7 Entertainment.”

This book (and its predecessor) is clearly a work of fiction, playing fast and loose with history, science and reality. Occasionally, real people are mentioned. In these cases, any opinions and actions ascribed to those individuals that are not historically accurate should not be construed as being what they actually would have said or done. The key word here is ‘fiction’, people.
Get a grip...



CONTENTS

8 Foreword	44 III. RESISTANCE IS EVERYWHERE	107 Firearm Accessories and Ammunition
9 Author's Foreword	45 Passive Resistance	108 Gear
10 Introduction	46 Women's Suffrage	108 Camping and Outdoors Gear
12 Comic	46 Military Measures	110 Cold-Weather Gear
	47 The Will Of Frankenstein?	112 Miscellaneous Gear
18 I. THE RESISTANCE	48 IV. MILITARY BASES	114 Transportation
19 Origins & Support	49 Introduction	118 VII. RULES CLARIFICATIONS & ADDITIONS
20 Fighting The Good Fight	49 Legend	119 Rules
21 Organisation –	50 Large Base w. Stock Yard	119 Combined Tests
Reality vs. The Ideal	51 Medium Base w. Military Railway Line	119 Augmented Characters
21 Friendly Fire	52 Riverside Base w. Dry Dock	Initiative & Multiple Actions
22 Recruitment	53 Health Spa	119 Accelerated Initiative
22 I'll Take That	55 V. FICTION	119 Enhanced Coordination
23 Equipment	56 Constanta	120 Weapon Effects
24 THE BLACK MARKET	72 Control	120 Area Effect
24 In The Market	82 No Way Out	120 Volley Fire
25 From The Other Side	94 VI. RULES & MECHANICS	120 Suppressive Fire
26 Inner City Resistance	95 Money	121 Augmentations
28 Long Road	95 Exchange Rates	121 Extra Joints
29 Leaving Promethea – Baba Vida	95 Income Guide	121 Augmented Digestion
31 Running With The Resistance	96 Starting Money	121 Nerve Augmentation
32 It's All About Atmosphere	96 Weapons & Equipment	121 Nerve Grafting
32 It's All About The Grey	96 Weapons	121 Small Hands
33 It's All About The Planning	97 Melee Weapon Reference Table	121 Quadruped Adaptation
33 It's All About Progression	97 Concealing Weapons	122 Character Creation Walkthrough
34 II. THE PROMETHEAN AUTHORITIES	98 Melee Weapons	122 Attribute Points
35 Hearts And Minds	100 Ranged Weapons	123 Skills
36 Long Arm Of The Law	100 Handguns	124 Skills – Common
36 Early Issues	100 Handgun Reference Table	124 Skills – Specialist
38 The Military Machine	103 Standard Service	125 Traits
39 Not Just Hot Air	Handguns Reference	125 Talents
40 THE LETTER	104 Machineguns	125 Privileges
40 Loyalty	104 Machineguns of the World	125 Assets
41 Military Maxim	Reference	126 Equipment
41 Promoting Promethea	105 Machineguns Reference Table	127 Contacts
42 It's All About Ranking Up	105 Rifles Reference Table	128 NPCs
42 It's All About Domestic Operations	105 Rifles	128 Johann Sitorios
42 It's All About Civil Service	106 Service Rifles of the World	129 Nurse
43 It's All About Frankenstein	Reference	130 Student Rebel
		130 Suffragette

RESISTANCE

131 Train Driver/Engineer/
Railwayman

131 Village Craftsman

132 Woodsman

132 Sailor/Boatman

132 Civil Engineer

133 Courier

133 Security

134 Courtesan

135 Black Market Boss

135 Ministry Official

136 Senior Mechanician
Smylzo Kaldu

140 VIII. ADVENTURE MODULE – ROLL UP! ROLL UP!

141 Introduction

141 Story Overview

141 GM Overview

142 Story Web

142 GM Prologue Overview

142 Prologue

144 Off The Leash

144 GM 'By The River' Overview

145 By The River

144 Location Map

145 The Hawk – A Description

146 Sweaty Dynamite

146 GM 'In The Village' Overview

147 In The Village

146 Location Map

147 Scar Gang?

Didn't You Once Say...?

148 The Hound – A Description

149 GM 'To The Cave' Overview

149 To The Cave

149 Location Map

150 GM 'At The Circus' Overview

150 At The Circus

150 Location Map

151 Epilogue

152 For The Future

152 The Player Characters

152 Tavian Popescu

153 Janos Lupescu

154 Maurus Dragomir

155 Zoran Dimir

155 Gheorghe Costache

156 The Hunters of Brasov

156 The Hawk

157 The Hound

157 The Green Man

158 IIX. APPENDICES

159 Bibliography & Web Links

165 IX. INDEX

Credits

Coming Soon



Foreword

FOREWORD

Roleplaying games are a Frankenstein artform. Since the original clutch of role-playing games in the mid 1970s, every RPG has been an assemblage of pieces ripped from its predecessors: a mechanic here, a system there, an approach from something well-known, an ideology from something obscure. Some games are stillborn, never gaining the spark that brings them to life. Others spring from the slab as if they had been conceived as a single piece. But whether they acknowledge it or not, every one is a patchwork of prior parts.

Regardless of the intentions of the game's creator, the success or failure of each new game has come down to three factors: the quality of the pieces robbed from the corpses of its predecessors; how well those pieces sit together; and the skill of the designer in stitching them together.

Some are copies of previous games, whether elegant facsimiles or crude replicas built by people who do not understand their craft. Some are designed for a purpose: to excel in combat, in exploration and adventure, in stealth or subterfuge, or in storytelling. And some are monsters.

Role-playing games fall into three broad camps. There are games based around the characters, which mostly means about improving the characters over time: levelling up; getting better equipment; training skills or spells. These are the mechanics that have gone on to be the foundation for digital RPGs, and more recently the unholy trend of gamification. Then there are story-based systems that focus on the narrative created by the intersection of the GM's imagination and the player-characters' actions; these were in the ascendant in the 1990s. And there are culture-games, the ones that create a rich background world and let the player-characters loose there, to survive or die according to their own choices and abilities. You may change the world or you may die in a ditch and either is possible, for in a culture game your fate is nobody's fault but yours.

The first RPG to be published, you won't be surprised

to hear, was Dungeons & Dragons. It was unashamedly a character-based game: the first D&D adventure wasn't published until the game's second supplement and it didn't get any kind of campaign setting for five years. But the second RPG – actually the first from the just-renamed TSR Hobbies Inc. – was a pure culture game, *Empire of the Petal Throne*, a loving description of the fantastic world of Tekumel and in particular the Tsolyani Empire with its extraordinary caste system, clans, slavery, god-emperor, pantheon demanding human sacrifices, even a language detailed in a two-part supplement including a dictionary, a phrasebook, and thirty-three forms of the word 'you', depending on who is speaking to whom. It's an extraordinary world and I have had more fun as a lowly slave living a wretched life in EPT than I've had as a Nth-level power-fantasy in any other game I can think of.

It is these culture games that *Dark Harvest* reminds me of most – rich worlds of interesting conflicts, where a character's motivations and objectives are their own, not predetermined by the needs of a power-fantasy or a pre-existing narrative. In *Promethea* it is not Frankenstein who is in control but the players. That's not to say that you can't create characters with complex personalities or intricate story-arcs for them to follow here, whether individually or as a group, but the thing that underlies it all is the bizarre empire of *Promethea* and its freakish society... and those who would tear it down.

The culture game is somewhat out of fashion these days, in tabletop at least, which is why I treasure the ones that are out there. It's not the characters I remember in stories or the plot: it's the places. The heat of Tatooine. The cold stone of Gormenghast and Hogwarts. Dickens's London. The summer country of *My Neighbour Totoro*. Warhammer's mud. And now the smell of Bucharest.

Frankenstein culture. Accept it or rebel against it, its stories are there to be savoured.

James Wallis, London, 2012

Author

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

There was a point reached in the writing of this supplement where I thought I might have made a terrible mistake.

I was bringing together all of the various sections into one document: Sara Dunkerton's comic pages; the three long essays on the Resistance, the Prometheans, and the Others; the three short stories I'd written for a planned anthology that I realised were very well suited to this book; Colin Chapman's amazing lists; the work by Steve and Neil on clarifying and expanding the rules; the NPCs Magz, Steve, Neil and I had come up with in Aberdeen one Saturday. I casually checked the page count in Word.

It was at 118!

I wobbled a little. I knew full well that there were still things to go in, including an adventure with campaign suggestions, and then a selection of adventure hooks (both still to be finished and added in even as I write this). Then the art would pad things out more, and the index – oh merciful Cthulhu, the index!! – would make things even bigger.

I checked the page count for the core book, sans index and art.

127 pages.

Ooops...

Then I started grinning. Not long after, I posted the 'dilemma' to the DH:LoF Facebook page. Other people started grinning. The book was going to be a lot bigger than the 100 or so pages we'd originally planned. To fit in everything we wanted, as well as everything that DH:LoF readers and players and reviewers had asked for, we'd created something rather special.

Here we had a weighty tome that, while remaining a genuine supplementary product, was packed to the gunnels with the same detailed information, fascinating stories, and very playable rules that had made the core book such a success.

However, the really special thing was the fact that the more we did the more we wanted to do. This is just another step along the way, with so much more to say and do, and a brilliant team to travel with. Thanks guys!

Lain Lawson 7th of February 2012



INTRODUCTION

In a tumbledown house on the shores of Lake Como in the Autumn of 1828, a select group of men met with Victor Frankenstein. They were shown a chilling example of the medical advancements Frankenstein had created when Victor brought a freshly throttled servant back to life. He promised the astounded, terrified men wealth, property and life eternal. The latter was a slight exaggeration. Victor himself was effectively immortal, but the secret to that miracle was one he had lost. However, the demonstration had the desired effect.

Over the following decades, Frankenstein's allies funded or otherwise assisted his efforts to carve a new country from the Balkan conflicts and the mess the Great Powers were making of Europe. Under the guise of Karl Baden, Frankenstein guided Romania to independence. His soldiers, their hulking bodies Augmented by Frankenstein's surgical genius, helped fight off the Ottoman and Austro-Hungarian Empires. Hailed a hero, and having disposed of his political opponents – and some former allies – Baden revealed he was Victor Frankenstein and declared that Romania was no more. The new country deserved a new name and so Promethea was born.

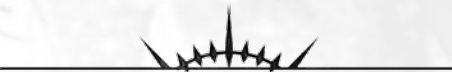
Promethea was to be a shining beacon of enlightened science and engineering, offering advancement for all. Frankenstein's gift allowed for nationwide storage facilities to be established where organs and body parts Harvested from the recently departed could be used to prevent pain and suffering. No more would those who were of demonstrable value to society be lost to the vagaries of disease

or mishap. Meanwhile, the natural resources of the country were opened up supposedly for the betterment of all levels of society.

Learned men and women from across the world came to Promethea to discuss their work, and perhaps to stay and enjoy the unparalleled facilities on offer. With the exception of his own work and any significant military technology, Frankenstein sought to ensure that the scientific advancements made in Promethea spread far and wide. His intention was that the whole world would benefit from his genius – the greatest revenge he could have on his detractors, now long dead.

His intense, somewhat naïve drive to fashion Promethea from the chaos of the Balkan conflicts blinded Frankenstein to the realities of human nature. To achieve his goal, to create Promethea, Frankenstein had to make many deals, many promises. As a result, the reality of Promethea in 1910 is far from the ideal Frankenstein envisaged. Some of the descendents of the original investors have abused the opportunities he gave them. A few of the original recruits at the Como meeting have managed to cling to life through Augmentation, their excesses growing worse year on year. The posturing, volatile, often ridiculous politics of the Great Powers has meant Promethea had to become a walled fortress simply to protect it from the empire builders. Frankenstein has nothing but contempt for the grasping politicians, and knows the world at large is not ready for the fruits of his genius.

Within Promethea itself, Frankenstein continues to play the long game. The military is loyal to him.



RESISTANCE

Utterly. Even before the reunification of Romania and the creation of Promethea, the promise of Augmentation was enough. By 1910, the old guard are being replaced by younger officers whose promotions have come due to their abilities, not their family connections. The military have the best equipment, weapons, supplies and bases of any army anywhere in the world. To Frankenstein's distress, however, much of this might has to be brought to bear on his own citizens.

In carving Promethea from the confusion of the mid-1800s, Frankenstein took territory from the Ottoman Empire and the Austro-Hungarians. Within Promethea are those who desire their homelands returned and those who fight to achieve it. There are those who disrupt the Harvest on religious grounds too, fighting back in small ways against the aberration of both the living and the dead. There are rich individuals and noble families who attempt to bend or ignore rules to carve out their own power base. Lastly, there is the Resistance.

The Resistance is led by the Creature; Frankenstein's original masterpiece. Utterly opposed to all of Frankenstein's works, the Creature is single-minded in the pursuit of his creator. Ironically, the two share one goal at least – to ensure that Frankenstein's gift, Augmentation, never escapes the borders of Promethea. Necessity, as ever, makes for strange bedfellows.

In 1910, Promethea is a land of conflict and creation. It holds the potential to be either the salvation or the damnation of Mankind. The battle lines are drawn between those who share Victor's vision and those who see the dangers as the Creature does. There are other conflicts, some between those who would take advantage of Promethea's potential for their own selfish ends and those who would thwart them. Poor, terrified souls seek to flee the country, while others seek to prevent them doing so. Agents try to get into Promethea and steal its secrets, while

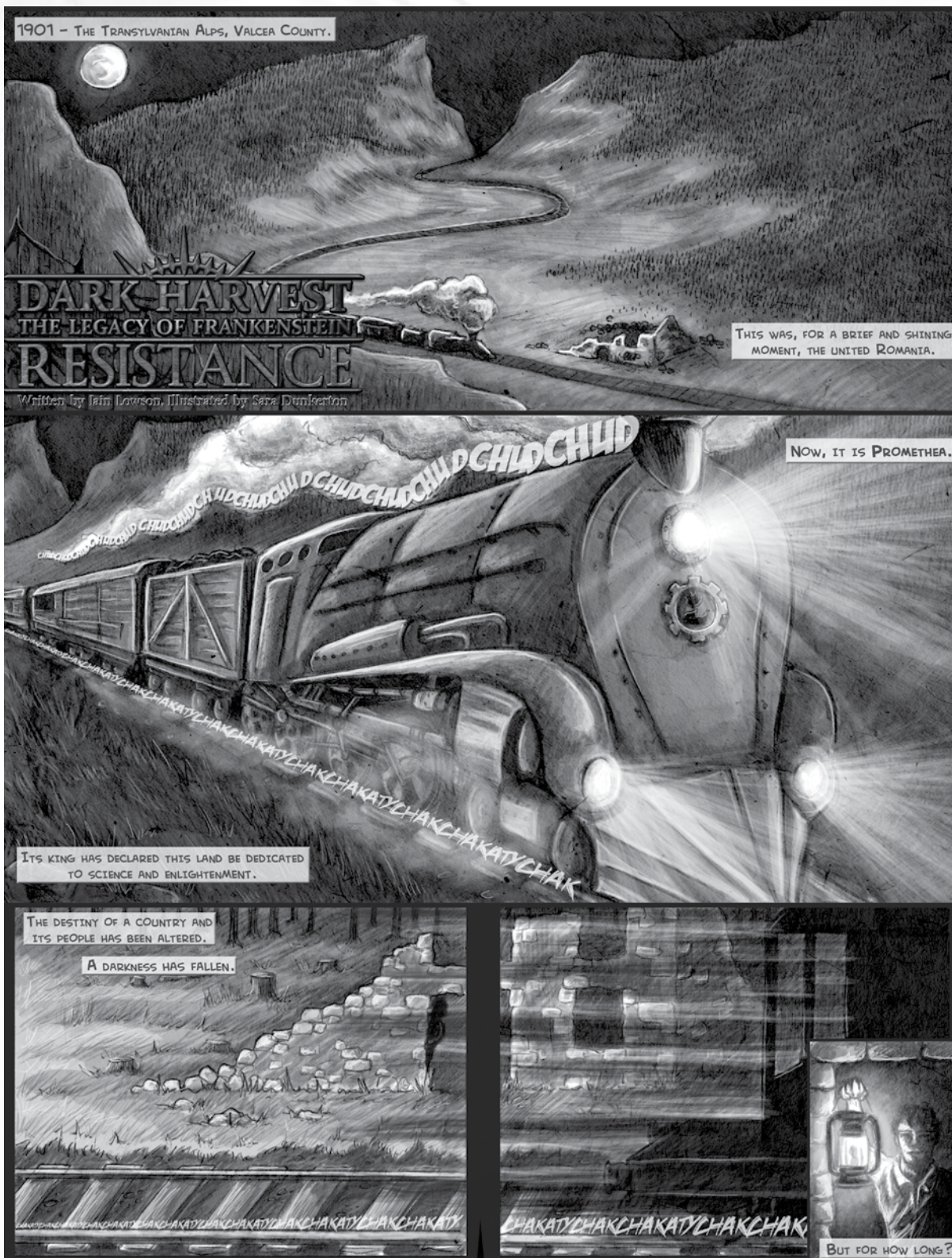
the Ministries hunt them down. Then there are the ordinary people, the ones who fight day-to-day simply to live and to escape the Dark Harvest. All of them wrestle through a morass of information and misinformation, ultimate truths and outright lies. One thing is for certain...

Resistance is everywhere.

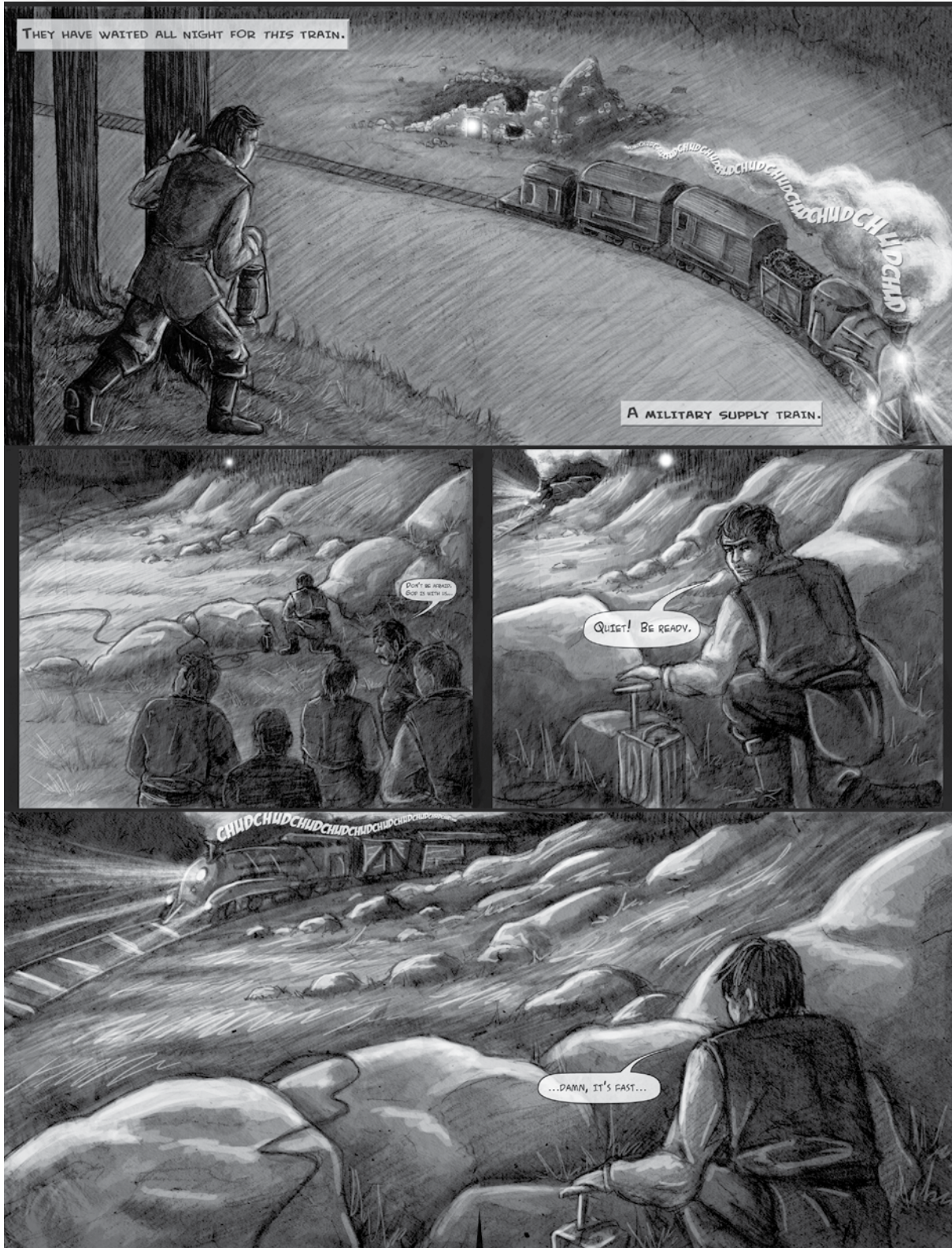
This is the first supplement for *Dark Harvest: The Legacy of Frankenstein*, core book. *Resistance* adds more detail to the struggles, great and small, against the evils of Promethea. The battle to end the Dark Harvest continues.

DARK HARVEST

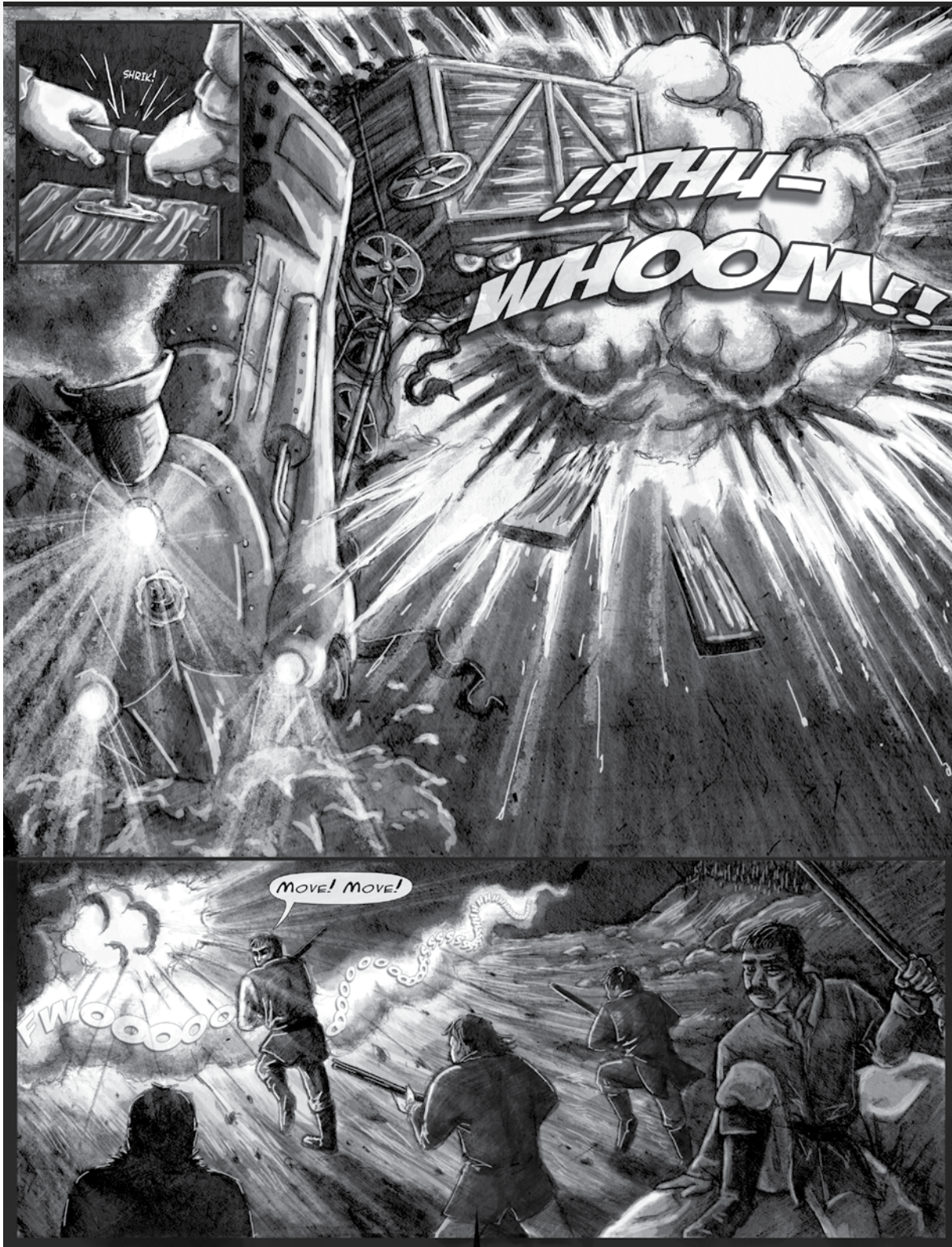
THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN



RESISTANCE



DARK HARVEST
THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN



RESISTANCE



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THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN



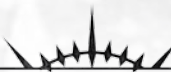
RESISTANCE



Resistance

I. THE RESISTANCE





RESISTANCE

The Resistance

The Promethean authorities, despite all the vast resources at their disposal, meet resistance on many levels. From the thriving black market, both organised and spontaneous, amongst both the rural peasantry and the under classes of the towns and cities, to the rebellious chatter in the middle-class teahouses and restaurants, to the scandalous social snubbing in high-class ballrooms, resistance is everywhere. Many of these acts of resistance are every bit as heroic as those carried out by the forces marshalled by the Creature, but the focus of this book is the organised defiance of the Resistance that he leads.

While the authorities might like to paint the Resistance as mindless, Luddite thugs cowering in draughty caves, the truth is that they are a complex network of passionate and selflessly dedicated individuals using often very sophisticated tactics to battle the horrors and injustices that surround them.

Origins & Support

Trouble for the authorities began when the country of Romania was carved out of the still-twitching corpses of the Ottoman and Austro-Hungarian Empires. The Transylvanian territories included many people who identified as being Hungarian. Though some resettled before the borders were closed, many stayed, unable or unwilling to leave their homelands. Resentment grew quickly, giving rise to the likes of the Huedin Militia – a small band of rebellious horsemen, identified by the three red stripes on their insignia, whose violent raids tend to be rather indiscriminate.

The true Resistance traces its roots back to two events – the arrival of the Creature in Romania late in 1877 and the steady rolling out of the Harvest Legislation. Before the Harvest stirred such resentment, the Creature found it hard to break through the euphoria in the general population. His dark warnings being heeded by few, though he was

still able to gather a core cadre around him. It was a start.

The Harvest legislation began to be actively discussed and implemented even before 1902. Beginning as early as 1879, the infrastructure began to roll out. Storage facilities were constructed and all was made ready. The introduction of the Harvest legislation was ‘buried’ during the reorganisation of the administrative counties, but the effect was still profound. The abuses began slowly, but by then the poorer people were already feeling the effects of the legislation through the harvesting of the newly dead. The wealthy and the smart figured ways around it all even at this stage, and the perception quickly grew that the establishment were taking advantage. However, the general feeling was still pro-Baden/Frankenstein, and the growing resentment was matched by the growing militarisation of the country. Ill-feeling was nurtured and redoubled by rumour. Imagined abuses outstripped the actual, despite fashion ‘emergencies’ becoming more common in the decadent upper classes.

It is worth noting that, even in 1910, emergency Harvest legislation abuses take more advantage of the organ banks themselves than of live individuals. Fear of what Frankenstein will do to the serious abusers means there are some standards maintained, even if those standards are planted in quicksand. However, so far as the rumour mill works, the very few members of the nobility who do fully abuse the legislation, and who use the services of Arrangers, are lumped in with the rare actual ‘valid’ uses of the emergency legislation.

By 1910, it’s difficult to tell truth from pro-Resistance fiction. The truth is that Harvesting of the living is rare, but there are enough examples of it that people can find someone, somewhere who either is a victim or knows someone who knows someone. Often, botched surgery victims are pointed out, wrongly, as victims of the Harvest. Callous ‘joke’ experiments on animals released into the wild

DARK HARVEST

THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

by drunken surgery students, military tests, failed Augments, operations on political prisoners, all become fodder for the Resistance to use to build their support. Certain families, the Ghergiev's being the best example, or individuals really push things to horrible extremes, though. They become poster children for the Resistance. They also incur the full wrath of the establishment, but the actions of the authorities, however subtle, can easily be presented to the population as cover-ups.

Putting aside the Harvest, there are innumerable other reasons that the Resistance continues to gain support in Promethea. Again, some of these are specific or general abuses perpetrated by local individuals, families, or military commanders. In the latter case, these abuses are usually short-lived. As Frankenstein keeps the military of all levels circulating around the country to prevent any high-ranking commander from building a powerbase, a particularly oppressive senior officer can be transferred elsewhere within six months. While at a local level this can relieve the plight of put-upon locals, it serves the purposes of Resistance propaganda rather well. Particularly cruel officers spread dissent wherever they go, and stories of their excesses can easily be used to remind those enjoying a more liberal regime that things can change.

Fighting The Good Fight

The Resistance fight a guerrilla war, striking hard and fading away quickly. Most often, they target the infrastructure used by the Promethean authorities – railways, roads, communications, and military installations or troops. At all times, however, they must be aware of the impact their actions might have on the civilian population, both directly and indirectly. When attacking a supply train or convoy, for example, the Resistance will often strike some considerable distance into the Promethean wilds. By committing



The romantic ideal of the life of a Resistance fighter is far removed from reality.

such actions far away from any particular village, it makes reprisals harder to target and less effective, while timing attacks so that civilian supplies have already passed through goes some way to keeping local populations content.

Large obvious targets are only one aspect of Resistance operations. Dealing with more entrenched cruelty – from land owners, DSF or Ministry officials, medical practitioners or businessmen – can represent a greater challenge for the Resistance than dealing with the military. To counter abuses perpetrated by the DSF or officials of the various Ministries, the Resistance use a number of different approaches. Simple assassination can be appropriate, and is a huge

RESISTANCE

morale boost. However, the might of the military crackdown that results from such aggression, complete with vicious reprisals, can often undo any morale gains. Blackmail or kidnapping can be used to bring a target under control. Both require a commitment to intimate, detailed information gathering and constant monitoring. The potential result has to be balanced against the effort involved, as well as the greatly increased possibility of detection and capture that the repeated engagement with the subject demands.

The Resistance has an unusual and very indirect weapon in its arsenal. The higher echelons of the Promethean government, those closest to Frankenstein and who share their King's vision for the future of the country, seek to bring their own rogue elements under control. The Ministry of Information is often the subtle knife used to cut away any infected flesh from the body politic. It is, perhaps, ironic that the information the Ministry acts on is occasionally provided by Resistance sources.

Friendly Fire

With so much necessary secrecy, along with the virtual autonomy of area commanders, the possibility of two Resistance cells clashing over the same goal looms large. This is particularly true of cells operating on regional or jurisdictional borders. Safe-words only count for so much, and friendly-fire incidents are not unheard of. It is also the case that operations can be planned and executed by higher authorities without reference to, or contact with, local area Resistance commanders.

Using the senior Promethean authorities to act against more junior members has its benefits for the Resistance. Once information is gathered, the use of that information can be left to the authorities, minimising required contact by and exposure of Resistance operatives. When it works, the results can be used as additional pro-Resistance propaganda or as leverage against other offenders. By slightly misrepresenting the facts, the Resistance can show wealthy potential recruits that they cannot trust the jealous, avaricious authorities. Equally, offenders can be threatened with the spectre of a well-informed Ministry of Information investigation.

Of course, there is a negative side to involving the authorities, particularly the Ministry of Information. The very data passed on by the Resistance can give clues as to who gathered it. In turn, this can lead the Ministry right to the doors of the agents involved. Furthermore, the Promethean authorities are very keen to show that they are dealing aggressively with those who commit offenses that bring the government and military into disrepute. It is possible for the Resistance to do a great deal of work, take all the risks, only to have the Promethean state take all the credit and the PR victory.

Organisation - Reality Vs The Ideal

The Resistance have to operate in secrecy, and yet their operations must as often as possible create visible results. They operate in a country where travel is restricted and monitored. Official documents are required in all things, from birth right through to death and what happens to the body after. Any kind of weapon held in private hands is heavily restricted, even for the wealthy classes. Private ownership of military supplies is outlawed utterly, with the most severe penalties smashing down on those caught in possession of such items.

In short, the Resistance are up against it.

The Resistance is spread thin throughout Promethea. There is a loose command structure, with the Creature at the top. He travels the country, rarely staying in any one place for long, and seemingly following no set plan. The Creature will arrive in an area, using lieutenants to make cautious contact with local leadership. Sometimes, the Creature has a specific goal in mind; a particular operation he wishes carried out. Other times he will gather information and then formulate action. On some occasions, he does nothing. The Creature passes through and is gone.

The Creature's efforts tend to focus more in striking indirectly at Frankenstein himself. Favourite people or projects of the King tend to be the targets the Creature selects and those missions are always hugely challenging. That said, he also keeps fully abreast of the greater conflict. Though vengeance on his creator is paramount, the Creature understands he must maintain the pressure on Promethea as a whole if he is to win the war.

The Creature aside, the general running of Resistance actions in Promethea is left to the area commanders. They communicate with their fellows using runners and information drop points. The commanders don't tend to know each other, though there are exceptions, and often the runners don't even know who their peers are. Commanders distribute information and targets - sometimes precise, often vague - to local commanders. They in turn put together Resistance cells and begin to plan the operations.

Resistance cells are intended to come together for a single operation and then disperse. In an ideal world, individual members of those cells might be unaware that the others in the cell were Resistance until the day they meet to begin planning an operation. In truth, some teams will be used over and over again simply through a lack of local recruits. This is particularly the case in the most oppressed areas, where new

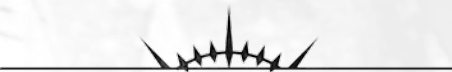
members are hard to recruit because of the restrictions placed on the people and because of the all-pervading atmosphere of fear.

Recruitment

Recruitment into the Resistance can occur in many ways. Rarely it's as simple as recruiting a family member now old enough to take up arms. Mostly it involves existing members closely watching someone they already, if vaguely, know and checking them out thoroughly, before then making subtle approaches - a question here, a suggestion there. Finally, a sudden invitation, a near-kidnapping and an offer to join. At that point, it's likely that the local Resistance people will not reveal their identities. The potential recruit

I'll Take That...

The main point of contact between the Resistance and the outside world is the Bulgarian fortress of Baba Vida in the town of Vidin on the banks of the River Danube. Here, foreign agents turn up with slowly decreasing frequency, as their paymasters work it all out at their usual glacial pace, to request assistance in infiltrating Promethea or offering financial and munitions support in return for information, samples of Augmentation technology, maps and so on. Generally speaking, these agents find themselves 'donating' the kit they brought with them, even if they are subsequently allowed into Promethea or sent home. The Resistance needs the supplies, and they know that any foreign agent entering the country with decent weapons and equipment is likely to last hours at best before being spotted.



RESISTANCE

will be tested. They'll be given a task. Once that deed is done, no contact will be made for some time. More watching. More waiting.

If the recruit is successful, they will be told they are now part of the Resistance, and they will be told to wait. Sometimes, again rarely, they will never hear from the Resistance again. On other occasions, they'll be brought into a low-impact operation and move slowly up from there. Always, as with any Resistance operative at any level, they'll be watched.

If, for whatever reason, the decision is made not to bring the recruit into the fold, several things can happen. They might have a fatal accident. They might never hear from the Resistance again. The same is more or less true for active Resistance members, but for them 'accidents' are far more common. Membership of the Resistance is a rather one-way experience.

Equipment

A permanent issue for the Resistance is equipment. With utterly draconian restrictions imposed by the authorities on even the tools woodsmen use, obtaining weapons and explosives becomes a mountain to climb. For significant strikes, the Resistance will occasionally supply key items. In those instances, and occasionally out of the blue, area commanders will receive a message at a regular drop point telling them of a hidden cache. They have the choice then to collect the equipment or simply to leave it there until necessary.

If the decision is made to collect, that in of itself becomes a mission full of danger. The site must be watched before hand, time allowing, in case it's a trap. Checks must be made to ensure the collection team are not disturbed either by patrols or by inquisitive civilians. Once the equipment has been recovered, the next problem becomes where to hide it until it can be used. Alternatively, some teams risk a great deal by waiting until the day or night of the operation to make

a run on the equipment cache, trusting that what's there will be of use.

Storage of controlled and outright illegal equipment is a constant headache for the Resistance. Some groups rely on a quartermaster to organise this side of things. While easier, any cell doing this centralises a lot of knowledge and equipment in one individual. The loss or, worse still, the capture of a quartermaster can be an utter disaster, setting Resistance activities in that area back by months or years. Allowing each individual member to store their own kit also has its pros and cons. The lower risk of losing all the kit at once has to be weighed against the fact that the authorities now have a greater chance of finding something, raising their alert status. Also, moving equipment between operatives becomes more involved.

The supply issue within the Resistance encourages self-sufficiency in its people. For example, it is more likely that a supply drop will provide the kit necessary for an individual member to make their own ammunition than supply them with the bullets themselves. While the secrecy required to maintain the security of the movement can leave new members feeling isolated, longer serving fighters are often fiercely independent, self-reliant people who, deeply proud of their achievements, sometimes resent interference from higher ranking Resistance 'outsiders'.

Combating this is a hard task for the Resistance. They don't insist on reports from the overwhelming majority of their agents in the field. The necessary communications network would be a nightmare to maintain and would be something that, if discovered, could easily allow the authorities to uncover senior Resistance members. However, as the conflict evolves, just such a communications network may well become a necessity.

In the meantime, the Resistance use small 'floating' groups of fighters and individual information gatherers

In The Market

The organised, often criminal black marketeers view the Resistance as everything from a nuisance to an opportunity. Resistance operations can bring down the authorities, with soldiers looking for guerrilla fighters uncovering black market stockpiles. Assumptions are then made that can be horrifically fatal for the marketeers, their families and their friends. However, Resistance attacks can be used as cover for smuggling operations. Marketeers accompanying guerrillas on their assaults on military or Ministry facilities can gain access to resources and information that open up all sorts of new possibilities for profits. Lastly, Resistance members known to black market organisations can be turned in for rewards and as distractions. These hapless freedom fighters can be followed to drop points, allowing the marketeers to intercept information and equipment that can be moved on or even sold back to the Resistance. Good business is where you find it.

to keep track, as much as possible, of what's going on below the surface in Promethea. The small groups of wandering fighters are particularly important, acting as fast reaction troops to help shore up larger or more significant operations. Made up of troops as loyal to the Resistance in general, and the Creature in particular, as Frankenstein's Royal Guard are to him, they are a hand-picked elite of the most experienced Resistance operatives. It should go without saying that the casualty rate amongst these groups is very high.

The Black market

It is a surprise to some recruits to learn that the relationship between the Resistance and the black market in Promethea is a troubled one. To understand why, you must understand the way the black market operates. In essence, the black market in Promethea comes in two forms.

The first is run covertly by locals for the benefit of other locals. More often than not, these are small-scale operations with no central figure or family in control. They operate on a barter system, matching need to need, with cash rarely changing hands. An example would be someone exchanging homegrown potatoes for firewood or a licensed hunter putting aside a rabbit or two to exchange for the services of an unlicensed local healer. Occasionally, this form of the black market will overlap with the other side. A forger might accept payment in goods or promised services in return for a doctored travel pass, for example.

It should also be noted that this is the form of black market supply most often used by more wealthy individuals. A cook might be looking for ingredients they can't easily get without local knowledge. A landowner might knowingly hire the local poacher to control vermin. A concerned father-to-be will contact the local midwife, trusting her decades of experience over the terribly young local doctor.

It is that contact with the higher echelons of society that makes the Resistance think twice about trusting their security to anyone involved in the local black market. That system is founded on gossip, on people knowing what everyone else can do and is doing. As a result, the Resistance is reluctant to get openly involved. Worse still is the second form the black market takes in Promethea.

There are always those self-centred souls who seek to profit from the misery of others. A closed society like Promethea, where certain items are banned outright, restricted or just in very short

RESISTANCE



*It's not just the poor who
do what they can to resist
the authorities.*

supply, encourages the smugglers and criminal black marketeers to set up shop. In Promethea, particularly around the more porous areas of the border, in the Carpathian Mountains to the north, for example, and the swamplands of the Danube in Tulcea, armed smuggling gangs transport goods and even people into and out of Promethea. They have been known to clash with both the Resistance and the authorities, and to take advantage of the internal conflict to conceal their operations.

While a local network of barter and gossip might present a distinctly unpredictable security risk, the fact that the criminal black marketeers are solely interested in profit means that the risks in dealing with them are right up front for all to see. They can't be trusted, but that often makes it easier for the Resistance to deal with them. So long as the smugglers know there's more profit in sticking to a deal to get the local Resistance cell some explosives, for example, they won't tip off the authorities to where the drop site is.

As the Resistance often don't have the currency needed to pay outright for the goods offered by the

criminal black market operators, Resistance teams will sometimes find themselves owing exactly the wrong people favours. Any cell considering making a deal with the devil must carefully weigh up the benefits versus the potential costs. The Resistance cause cannot, too often at least, throw in their lot with exploitative criminals without finding the very people the Resistance seek to free no longer trust or respect them.

From The Other Side

How the Prometheans feel about the Resistance varies widely of course. The majority of the downtrodden populace see them as heroes, fighting for their freedom. In the same breath, many of those supporters will offer little to no direct assistance to the Resistance from fear of the Promethean authorities' response if they are caught. Everyone has a breaking point, though, and for the peasantry both in the countryside and in the growing urban areas their relentlessly hard life pushes enough people into active revolt to ensure the Resistance has plenty of supporters.

It is inevitable that, generally speaking, those who

experience even a degree of success in Promethea are more ambivalent towards the Resistance. However, there are sufficient numbers of people whose lives, no matter how successful, are still made more difficult and dangerous by the way the country is run.

Though instances of them being selected are rare, exemption from the Harvest is something that is pursued with passionate dedication by the middle classes. Exemption papers are as often seen as a badge of affluent success more than simply a guarantee of continued possession of one's original body parts. However, many in the growing middle class of Promethea are sympathetic to the Resistance. Those whose efforts to escape the Harvest are frustrated, falter or fail entirely drift closer to directly assisting or even joining the fight.

However, there's another side to this. Those in the lower classes who drag themselves up, who manage to escape the Harvest, can become the most passionate and single-minded supporters of Promethea. They can also be the most dangerous foes of the Resistance, because of what they might have learned on the way up. With a sudden vested interest in maintaining their new-found freedom, those newly arrived on the Harvest-exempt lists are often quickest to sell out former friends and acquaintances to secure their place.

The same can be said of members of the middle class who have taken advantage of workplace sponsored Augmentation or who have managed to scrimp and save enough to pay for more fashionable surgeries. The procedures themselves can be virtual guarantees of remaining exempt from the Harvest, particularly Augmentations carried out by businesses literally investing in their employees.

Amongst the wealthy, both idle and industrious, open rebellion is rare. There are those who do not agree wholeheartedly with the way Promethea is run, but who cannot bring themselves to do much more than gossip and grumble – after all, they have

Inner City Resistance

While many of the Resistance's most explosive actions take place in the countryside, they also operate in the towns and cities of Promethea. Because of local police or militia patrols, not to mention the presence of so many DSE, military and Ministry agents and officials, the activities of the Resistance tend to be more subtle. Espionage and infiltration, seduction and assassination, surveillance and burglary are the order of the day. The larger the city, the easier it is for careful Resistance cells and individuals to operate, as they lose themselves in the crowds. Travel is always difficult, with random checks on documents a constant threat. As with villages and hamlets in the countryside, most urban centres still have curfews; if only for the poorer people among the population.

so very much to lose. Minor acts of 'resistance' are quite common amongst both industrialists and, to a lesser degree, the scientific community. Promethea draws enlightened thinkers, their presence in the country vetted by the king himself. As a result, abuses of Harvest legislation in particular are rare amongst industrialists who understand that good conditions for their staff means a higher quality end product and a more docile and malleable workforce. It tends to be the home grown factory and land owners who most mistreat those in their employ and reap the results accordingly.

Of the upper classes, the true ruling elite at least for the time being, the assumption might be that they are entirely supportive of Frankenstein and of Promethea. In fact, the mansions, castles, estates and properties

RESISTANCE



The Resistance are a motley collection of individuals from all walks of life.

of the elite are a hotbed of intrigue, and at least one family is fully embroiled in Resistance activities.

Some of the richest people of Promethea are content to enjoy their privileged position and generally keep their heads down. Others take full and horrific advantage of the opportunities that Frankenstein's gift offers them, regardless of whether or not the King might approve. This is an act of rebellion in itself, and there are consequences for both sides.

Isolation from Frankenstein's inner circle is seen as a perverse badge of status by some of the more debauched. One day in the future, the worst offenders will be dealt with but, in the meantime, they are kept away from sensitive information to further limit the damage they might do. This has the unfortunate side effect of uniting these creatures. They plot and plan to take power for themselves, largely without any great

effect as they can seldom agree a common course of action. Besides, most are aware they would be utterly crushed by Frankenstein's loyal forces.

Some, however, represent a real danger. While it is unlikely they could ever actually take over the country, they represent a distraction, a future waste of resources, and a threat to the security of the nation. Often the excesses of these families bring down the wrath of the Resistance quicker than that of the authorities. There have also been instances where the Ministry of Information and the DSF have passed information to the Resistance through very indirect channels to allow them to harass, distract and delay the overly-ambitious elite.

Other exceptionally wealthy families, particularly in the former Austro-Hungarian counties, owe their allegiances to other governments. While taking the Promethean coin, as it were, they maintain what

Long Road

For people seeking to escape the horror of Promethea through the Resistance, the road is a long and hard one. Many fall at the first hurdle, as finding the Resistance is no mean feat. Sometimes, the despairing will attempt an escape by themselves. Some succeed, but those instances are very rare and, without assistance, refugees from Promethea can be quickly scooped up by Russian or Austro-Hungarian patrols and spirited off for interrogation, close examination and even dissection. Crossing the mountains, the Danube or Prut can lead to exposure-related illness, drowning and a long list of other injuries long before a patrol's bullet can find its mark.

The Resistance very carefully vet prospective refugees, painfully aware of the potential disaster any level of infiltration can bring. Most usually, they use dogs trained to sniff out Augmentation chemicals, as well as making any background checks they can. The Resistance takes no chances. An escapee might be a genuine refugee, but be too 'high visibility' to risk having any dealings with. Once contact has been made between the Resistance and a hopeful escapee, any significant failure on the part of the refugee is fatal. If a refugee decides at the last minute not to attempt the swim to Bulgaria across the Danube, for example, and just wants to go home, their faceless body will wash up somewhere. The Resistance cannot allow someone with intimate knowledge of how they operate to just walk away.

The Promethean drive to maximising agricultural, industrial and mining output has created a demand for workers drawn from all across Promethea. In some areas, aided by those sympathetic to the cause, this system has been

infiltrated by the Resistance. They use the travel permits and other papers to slowly filter people closer and closer to the Danube border. This is a process that can take a long time, over a year depending on where and when the escapee joins the network. This can lead some to change their minds and offer instead to work with the Resistance within Promethea, an opportunity that's made to them at the very beginning.

Although the Resistance will monitor the progress of a potential escapee, if only to ensure they don't suddenly go to the authorities, a lot is expected of the refugee. They must maintain their cover as a migrant worker, which means they must work. Being fired by some boss not in on the process, or leaving even a boss with Resistance sympathies no choice but to fire them, leads to a fatal disappearance. Lastly, it is very rare that one of the Resistance's precious boats is ever used to bring 'ordinary' refugees across the Danube. More often an individual is dropped at the side of the great river and has to simply swim for it and hope for the best. Steam launch patrols are under orders to shoot at any suspicion of movement and at all river debris. As a result and because of the strong currents and hidden dangers of the Danube itself, less than a quarter of swimmers make it across.

Once in Bulgaria, Resistance patrols, tipped off as to the date of the escape and the approximate departure point, comb the riverbank for bedraggled escapees and quickly take them back to Baba Vida. Bulgarian locals, including officials, know there is a small reward from bringing Prometheans to the Resistance fortress, dead or alive.

RESISTANCE

contacts they can with foreign powers in the hope of one day assisting in the return of those provinces to their rightful rulers, reaping greater reward and influence as a result. The Promethean authorities monitor such families closely. They are particularly concerned with their links to destructive partisan groups not directly tied to the Resistance.

Leaving Promethea - Baba Vida

The Resistance has just one place it maintains as a permanent base – the fortress of Baba Vida in Vidin, a town by the Danube in northwestern Bulgaria. The Bulgarian leadership was one of the few to offer the people of Romania direct help when Promethea was created, refusing to acknowledge Frankenstein and his cronies as the legitimate rulers of the country, and expelling their diplomats long before Promethea was planning to withdraw them anyway.

The earliest fortress on the site close by the Danube was a Roman fort built in the 1st Century AD. Fortifications have stood there almost continuously since, with the existing structures being a mixture of Ottoman and Austrian construction. Used for munitions storage by the Bulgarian authorities, the fortress was handed over to the Resistance after secret negotiations in which the Creature played a considerable part.

The Bulgarians were eager to support the persecuted Romanian people, but nervous of possible repercussions. The Creature pointed out that taking Baba Vida would require considerable military commitment from the Promethean authorities. The risk of their precious Augment technology being captured by a foreign power would increase dramatically during a siege or assault. Furthermore, the fact of Promethea directly engaging in operations amounting to little short of an act of war against a neighbouring country would destabilise the whole region. It would also give a number of the Great

Powers an excuse to perhaps take military action against Promethea and test those precious border defences. The Creature argued eloquently, and perhaps accurately, that Frankenstein was neither ready nor willing for any of that.

There was another thing that the Creature pointed out; something else that he said all but guaranteed Baba Vida would remain untouched. The Creature and his Resistance had no intention of allowing the secrets of Frankenstein's terrible science to pass the borders of Promethea. Frankenstein knew this, the Creature said, understanding that the Resistance were as determined to protect the borders of Promethea as the authorities.

This is not to say that the Promethean authorities are in any way content that the Resistance have a home at Baba Vida. They watch it continually and very openly from across the Danube, and regularly send agents to try to infiltrate the Resistance in the hope of reaching the facility to destroy it from within. So far, they have not launched any operation similar to those raids that happen from time to time along the River Prut on the eastern border with Russia. So far that is, but it is inevitable that one dark night, they will at least try.

In the meantime, the Resistance make full use of Baba Vida. Outside its walls, Resistance patrols maintain a perimeter to prevent unwanted incursions from curious locals or ambitious foreign agents. A low wall, no more than chest height, has been built completely encircling an area around the fortress. There is some talk of building a fence too, but for now regularly placed signs in a variety of languages advise no one approach the wall and warn of fatal consequences for anyone attempting to cross it.

Legitimate visitors are expected to call to the patrols. They are not permitted to cross the wall through the only gate, a simple entrance to the north west, until the nature of their visit has been declared and passed on to whoever is in command of Baba Vida at the time. It is not unusual for the hopeful to

be turned away with little explanation at this point.

The approach to the fortress itself uses a relatively narrow bridge across the dry moat to reach a small door in the side of a huge square tower. This narrow entrance means that large items still have to be lifted by ropes over the high outer walls before being brought into the main body of the fortress itself. Again there is some talk about digging out and refilling the moat, but talk is as far as things have gone by 1910.

Beyond the first tower, visitors enter a lower courtyard. The main body of the castle towers above them still, squatting at the level of the top of the outer walls. The main castle building is a two-storey affair, with the former inner courtyard made smaller by the addition in the late 1600s to early 1700s of storage buildings and guard accommodation. In addition to these, there are a total of nine towers of varying sizes attached to the castle. On the south-south western side, the walls of the castle blend with the outer walls. There, two of the castles towers stand tall, proud and imposing over the main walls. On those outer walls there are two turrets. The largest, at the north-north east end, forms the gatehouse. The smaller is a gunnery position looking east out to the Danube, and accessible only from inside Baba Vida.

There is only the one way in past the moat. From within the outer walls, there are only two ways into the castle proper, both very easily defended. The inner walls are over two meters thick and in some places much thicker. The Creature was completely correct when he said that, despite the Promethean military's formidable military might, taking Baba Vida would require considerable effort.

Within the maze of buildings, the Resistance have created a thriving and dedicated community. Baba Vida serves a number of roles, beyond simply being a fortified home to the Resistance and a thorn in the side of the Promethean authorities. Baba Vida is a storehouse for weapons and equipment that can be

filtered into Promethea for critical operations. It's a safe place for operatives and fighters to rest and recuperate, which is vital for the continued sanity of those who struggle on a daily basis with the horrors of Promethea. At Baba Vida, the leaders of the Resistance can make plans and hold records, while being relatively secure in the knowledge that they won't be raided. The constant secrecy and effort required to avoid detection and stay alive in Promethea itself takes more time and energy than anything else. The simple novelty of being able to leave maps and other documents laid out on a table and come back to them later is very refreshing.

Baba Vida is used as a 'clearing house' for those both seeking to enter Promethea and those looking to escape. To the north of Promethea, the small mountain village of Selyatyn in Russian Bukovina is very occasionally used to smuggle refugees out of Promethea. The Resistance have an understanding with the smugglers who also use the village, but the relationship is uneasy at best. This is particularly because the smugglers would happily bring anyone into or out of Promethea, so long as the money was right. The Resistance have stated that bringing in foreign agents or sneaking out Augmented individuals would lead to outright conflict between the Resistance and the smugglers. A conflict that would only benefit the Promethean authorities. Because of this, and similar problems right along the Carpathian mountain border, the Resistance prefer to use the Danube as a crossing point.

Anyone lucky enough and strong enough to survive the Danube crossing will be brought directly to Baba Vida. There, they are once again screened. They spend some time at the fortress, in a cell if necessary, and are forbidden from having contact with the outside world. During this time, these individuals are debriefed. They are asked to describe in detail conditions they encountered in Promethea at all stages of their journey. This includes detailing everything that drove

RESISTANCE

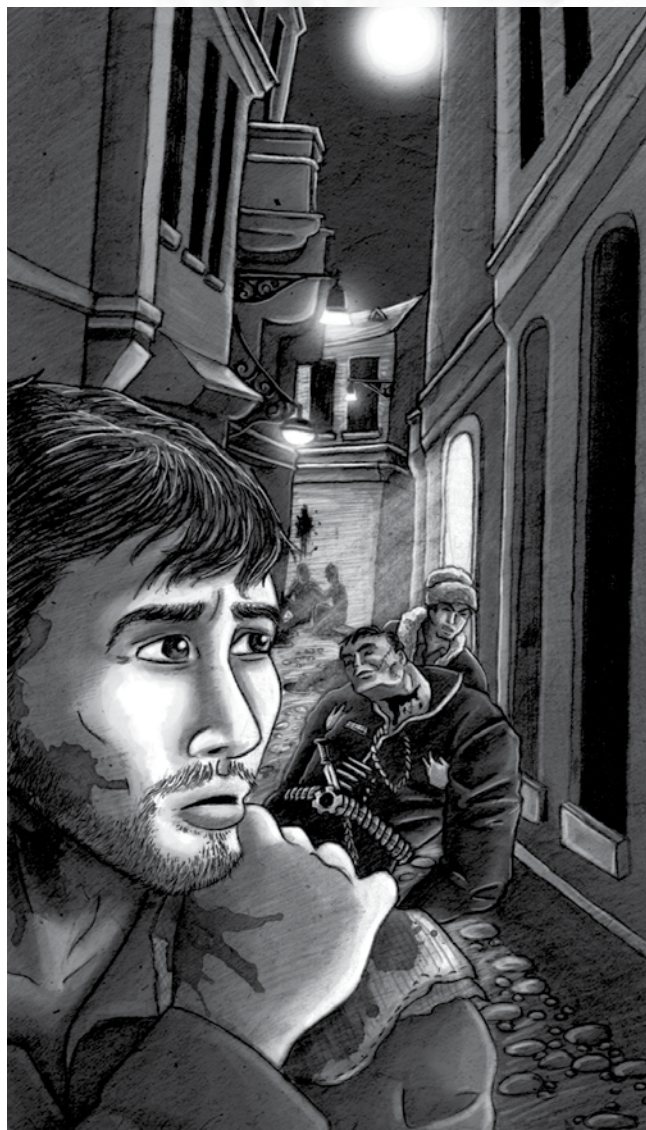
them from Promethea in the first place.

These testimonies are documented and stored carefully, protected against possible water and fire damage, with copies sent to the Bulgarian authorities. The Resistance is determined to maintain a record of life in Promethea. The information is useful intelligence, building up a detailed picture of the country to help better target Resistance efforts. However, it is also useful propaganda and a lasting warning to the world at large.

The harrowing experiences passed on by the refugees are also the principal reason why the Bulgarian authorities are so determined to keep Promethea contained. Should Frankenstein's military ever seek to expand the borders of Promethea, they are unlikely to wish to go against Austro-Hungary – and, by default, Bismark – or the Russians. Bulgarian territory, however, would be a far less risky option. The Creature knows that his creator is very unlikely to ever entertain the land-grabbing notions of the Great Powers, but he's not going to tell his Bulgarian allies that.

Most refugees spend anything from a few weeks to a few months at Baba Vida. Once debriefed, time is spent preparing them for the world beyond. They are warned to keep their origins as secret as possible, as foreign powers are always on the prowl for information about Promethea. Some escapees choose to remain with the Resistance at Baba Vida. Others drift off into the Bulgarian countryside, heading for an uncertain fate. Still, the spectre of the Harvest has been lifted.

Every now and then, an escapee will opt to return to Promethea with the Resistance. Most usually, such people join one of the roving teams of fighters, special operations groups whose job it is to shore up important operations, or to carry out their own missions hidden even from the local Resistance members. Those who do return are amongst the most passionate and dedicated of the Resistance. To the bitter end, they are Romanians.



Sometimes, even the element of surprise isn't enough to guarantee no casualties.

Running With The Resistance

Running a campaign is a deeply personal experience and, having read the core book and now this supplement, you're likely to already have a number of ideas for what to do. The material that follows is intended to help GMs of all levels of experience; sparking ideas and offering hints as to where you might like your games to go.

It's All About Atmosphere

The Resistance are severely up against it. Every move they make is carefully considered and it has to be if the cell wants to stay alive. The key is to build an atmosphere of oppressive claustrophobia.

To begin with at least, the authorities should be a faceless entity, a blunt instrument, an uncaring, pointlessly fussy and involved bureaucracy. Well-timed security checks can be used to keep players on their toes. A patrol, even just one soldier, walking past while characters are deep in conversation adds a little frisson to proceedings. Used too often, though, that can get tired. It's as effective to have a neutral character, or one the Players might suspect of being an informer, turning up at the wrong time. Moving them on without causing suspicion will ask interesting things of your Players' roleplaying abilities.

Don't be too afraid to frustrate your Players from time to time, but don't do it too often. If something goes wrong for them, the defeat should be temporary, and should have in it the seeds of a greater success.

For example, having their supplies stolen by a black marketeer will frustrate the Players, causing them to postpone their attack on the train. However, the cornered thief could be discovered to have even better kit hidden away that allows the Players to make a bigger boom at a better time.

Another could be the very personal loss of a contact, caught and killed by the authorities. This could threaten the Players with discovery. At the same time, it could tip another NPC over the edge to join the Resistance, giving the Players an even more valuable contact. Also, the investigation into information dragged from the now dead contact sees the authorities bring a senior Ministry figure out into the open for the Players to have a shot at.

It's All About The Grey

The Resistance often finds itself drifting into morally

ambiguous territory. Hitting the Promethean establishment will always have consequences. Remember that the military, the Domestic Security Forces and the various Ministries are not an occupying force. They won't respond as the Nazi's did when French Resistance or Soviet partisans attacked trains, patrols and so on. They won't select a dozen locals at random and execute them in the town square. Well, not always... The authorities, Frankenstein in particular, want the people on their side. However, they must still do something. Stricter travel restrictions, longer curfews, invasive house searches, civilian workers losing jobs with the authorities because they represent a security threat – all of these are the most likely results. They will make life more difficult for the Players and the people they know and contraband discovered during searches may see the wrong people blamed for the Players' actions.

There are some local rulers, local officials, who veer more towards the draconian in their responses. These are a minority but, frankly, are more fun to deal with in any campaign, at least to begin with. Hit your Players with constant brutality and they'll become immune to it over time. Equally, the subtle too can get dull over time. Staying away from a monotone campaign, trying to mix things up, will hopefully make for a more rounded experience that will appeal to all of your Players.

Occasionally, the Resistance high command will weigh-in and ask things of the Players that can, and perhaps even should, make them deeply uneasy. It can be something simple, like attacking a target far bigger than the Players feel ready for. Such an action should seriously endanger the lives of the PCs. The Players might be asked to do something that they know will have serious and terrible consequences for their friends, families and neighbours, endangering their whole community. They may be asked to go to another area and eliminate a fellow Resistance member or cell, because they refused to do something

RESISTANCE

that they themselves might well have balked at too.

Nothing should be easy. The simple choice, the obvious choice, should be the hardest to make. This can bring out the best in Players who enjoy *really* roleplaying their characters, making a session deeply satisfying.

It's All About The Planning

One of the big things you have to do in running a Resistance-based campaign is to play the part of the authorities. One of the key things to remember when doing this is that the authorities are more concerned with running the village/town/county/country than they are dealing with the Resistance cell your Players represent, unless of course the cell does something *really* spectacular. For the most part they, and therefore you, must simply plan how to keep things running. With the exception of actions aimed directly at the Players, such as searches, traps, etc, concentrate on how the authorities organise things in the area your campaign is set in, with some attention to where it all fits into the wider Promethean picture. Work it out in some detail. The more you do, the better prepared you'll be for when the Players start asking questions. That way everyone enjoys the game session more.

The Players want to interfere with the systems you come up with, to disrupt it all, but don't cater to that. Your job is not to make a hole in the defences of a base, for example, with a big neon sign pointing to it. It's the job of the Players to figure out how to get in, and, after a fashion, it's your job to stop them. Equally, it's up to the Players to make sure their stocks are hidden and it's down to you, when playing the Promethean soldiers, to find those supplies. Be balanced, be fair, but be realistic. If the Players make stupid choices, they need to suffer the consequences – even if that does send the story off in an unexpected direction – unexpected for them, anyway. Your preparation will mean you're ready for every eventuality.

It's All About Progression

While the military have an obvious rank system through which Players can progress, and even the various Ministries offer promotions and pay-grades, life in the Resistance has a less obvious career path. Resistance members, be they high or lowborn, have trust and information as their proof of progress. Beginning on the outside, or as barely trusted new members, Players will be rewarded by being entrusted with more key missions and by discovering more about the movement. They might eventually be trusted to operate outside of their own area or invited to meet with senior operatives. Perhaps they may one day participate in major planning sessions at Baba Vida in the presence of the Creature himself. Of course, the longer and more successfully they are involved with the Resistance, the more challenging their missions become. Slowly, the actions of the Players will gain greater significance in Promethea and perhaps beyond.

Authorities

II. THE PROMETHEAN AUTHORITIES



RESISTANCE



Maintaining the security of installations all across Promethea is a logistical nightmare.

The Promethean Authorities

Many people in the Promethea of 1910, specifically those who don't deal directly with him, assume that the country is as Frankenstein intended. This is certainly the viewpoint spun by the Resistance. The Creature's people would find it hard to sell their revolution if it were widely known, and believed, that Frankenstein works tirelessly, but often necessarily subtly, to bring about his true vision for Promethea. In this, he is aided by a rising tide of what Frankenstein himself calls the True Prometheans.

Hearts And Minds

At a time when the Resistance would have you believe Frankenstein is a deeply reviled figure within the borders of a country whose destiny he kidnapped, it is well to remember that the King of Promethea was once universally hailed as the saviour of Romania. So popular was he that, as Karl Baden, his mere suggestion of a name for their new country was adopted with genuine enthusiasm by the people.

Since that time, it is true that there have been many disappointments, even perceived betrayals. The root of these is often the fact that Frankenstein, in his focused, single-minded and often naïve pursuit of both his beautiful revenge and his scientific goals, grotesquely underestimated the human factor. While he understood that he might have to make some compromises to win the sadly necessary support of others, Frankenstein failed to comprehend the selfish depravity that some individuals could sink to.

Having learned harsh lessons, Frankenstein revised his plans somewhat. He soon understood that the creation of Promethea would be a longer, more painful process than he had originally hoped. Victor went about surrounding himself with a core of supporters who both understood and shared his vision. In turn, they nurtured their own people, spreading the message, the ideal of what Promethea could truly become.

By 1910, with many of the original 'True Prometheans' either dead or elderly, the torch has passed to younger men and women and Frankenstein's

Long Arm of the Law

The Domestic Security Forces occupy a difficult middle ground in Promethea. Their purpose is, in essence, to monitor the provision of law and order in the country. This extends to both civilian and military spheres. The DSF must oversee the many local police forces and official militia groups, as well as keep an eye on what goes on in the courts at all levels. They even oversee the activity of private security firms, investigators, law firms and individual lawyers. The organisation has unparalleled access to the numerous Ministries and their enquiries must always be treated as a priority.

The DSF is limited in power by the fact that it must call on the military to provide resources to enforce any actions it must take. However, they can also call on the local police and militias where appropriate, even deputising appropriately qualified civilians when necessary. It is also not unusual for small groups of DSF officers to work together on an investigation and subsequent enforcement, particularly where complete secrecy must be maintained.

The DSF train their people very thoroughly, and this training continues throughout their careers. The job demands a degree of imagination, self-reliance and individuality. That, along with the fact that the DSF recruits and trains women, regularly places officers at odds with their colleagues in the military. It is as well that DSF officers have thick skins.

vision is still spreading. The True Prometheans are taking their places in all walks of life and at all levels of society – in science, education, industry, and in the army and security forces. Victor Frankenstein's Promethea could be, *will be*, the near-utopia of rewarded endeavour, scientific and industrial excellence, in which oppression and injustice are a thing of the past. The King and the other True Prometheans, however, face challenges from more than just the Resistance. Ironically, the two sides face many of the same opponents in the quest to win the hearts and minds of the people of Promethea and to decide the destiny of the nation.

Early Issues

To understand why Promethea in 1910 is so divided, even setting aside the Resistance and similar groups, you have to understand the situation in Romania at the time of its independence, on the 24th of January 1861, through to the birth of Promethea on the 14th of July 1878. Though independence was broadly welcomed by the majority of the Romanian people, there were still divisions. Hungarian territory had been absorbed into the new nation, and perceived Romanian territory had been lost. The nation had long been divided and exploited from without, and the Romanian people were eager to start building a new future.

Between 1878 and the 2nd of June 1902, Frankenstein, still in the guise of Karl Baden, worked tirelessly to modernise Promethea. His goals firmly in sight, Victor and his inner circle manipulated or staged events to manipulate the people, trading on Romanian/Promethean nationalistic fervour and the lingering paranoia of a once-occupied people. In twenty years, the infrastructure of the country at every level was utterly revolutionised, paid for by the exploitation of natural resources that Frankenstein and his inner circle had carefully researched over many years.

RESISTANCE



"Found you..."

As much because of the dizzying momentum of change Victor kept pushing, the people went along with most of what their rulers asked. Frankenstein was keenly aware that this would not always be the case. The deliberate marginalising of the Orthodox Church, the privatisations and the Harvest Legislation, all of these led to a flow of resentment that began as a trickle but slowly grew. It never became a flood,

however, simply because of the changes to the rule of Promethea announced in 1902, when the King and his Advisory Council took full control. Backed by the overwhelming power of the military, the DSF and the Ministries, the Council could act as they liked, while any voices of opposition or dissent were actively discouraged or silenced.

However, oppression was not what Frankenstein wanted from that absolute control, and still isn't. Victor would rather engage his opponents to show them his plans, to share his vision. While it is true that some of the elite of Promethea, even within the DSF, Ministries and the armed forces, did exploit their positions, this too was not the intention. Victor had come to realise, because of the excesses of those he was forced to deal with, that the radical new order he was proposing would need protecting and would, in some cases, need to be imposed. Victor rationalised it, utterly convinced that a new educated, emancipated people from all levels of society would emerge who would accept his vision, embrace it and advance it. It might take years, decades even, but Victor Frankenstein has time, the support and, in Promethea, the protected space to make it happen.

Victor's efforts do not go unopposed, even from within the establishment. From 1861 onwards, individuals, even whole families, were able to settle themselves in positions of power that, over the following forty years, they often turned into lasting dynasties of oppression and corruption. Frankenstein's naïveté, his focus on long term strategies, and his frequent refusal to deal with unpleasant realities until far too late, exacerbated these situations.

While Victor loses himself in his scientific work, the day-to-day running of Promethea is left to others. As happened with the hideous destruction of Hasdat, the interpretation of Frankenstein's will is often left to others. The influence and military might made available under the divisions of control in Promethea

mean that the incompetent, the sly and the brutal have occasionally had free reign for some time before they can be dealt with. While these instances are rare, there have been enough of them over the years that the Resistance have been able to make much of them. The Ministry of Information and the DSF do what they can, though their involvement is almost always resented. However, in dealings with high-ranking officials or members of the elite class, Frankenstein's involvement is required, even if that is simply a case of keeping him informed. That tends to delay things even though, when offered, Victor's considered insight is almost always valuable.

The Military Machine

Key to the control of Promethea is the military. Their involvement in the policing of the country grew steadily, becoming all-pervasive by the summer of 1902. Unlike other supposedly more progressive countries, the military both protect and police the country. The Domestic Security Forces, with the exception of the Promethean Royal Guard, have no actual troops of their own. Instead, they draw on the soldiers of the Promethean Military Forces for their manpower. At the same time, the PMF are required to protect the country's borders. As a result, the many PMF bases throughout Promethea have within them offices of the DSF.

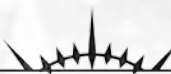
All of this requires a very large number of soldiers. There is, by 1910, no conscription in Promethea. Still, out of a service-eligible population in excess of ten million souls, the military possesses more than one million soldiers, including Augments. It is one of the highest percentages of the population in active military service of any country in Europe at the time. Despite this, the military in Promethea do appear to be spread thin and wide. They have to police the country and protect its borders. There are manned military bases and watchtowers all around the border,

plus bases and protected facilities, great and small, are dotted throughout the country. Still, the borders of Promethea are very secure, and the country largely peaceful.

Neither the military nor the Resistance want or can afford to have Frankenstein's secrets just walking out of Promethea. The high security fences, walls and the military railway line almost completely ring the country. Add to this the rivers and harsh mountain terrain, which do their bit to keep things secure, and you can understand that only the most determined can get in or out. Within the country, the military are not alone in their efforts at keeping trouble to a minimum. The Ministry of Information have many agents and informers rooting out dissent. Local militias are common in rural areas, and many villages and even small towns are largely self-policing along traditional lines. Such places don't want to give the authorities any reason to have to meddle in their affairs.

Promethea's military bases present an interesting puzzle. Small bases dot the border fence at roughly five to ten mile intervals and are regular sights along both civilian and military railway lines, important roads, and even some health spas used by the rich. In short, they are everywhere. Each are capable of holding around a hundred troops, plus support staff. Many, particularly those away from the borders, are occupied by skeleton staff that keep their base maintained for when it might be needed. Even along the border, the majority of these smaller bases are not fully staffed, with the majority of the resident soldiers manning the various watchtowers.

How then can it be said that the borders are fully protected? For a start, all military installations are in full contact with the nearest medium or large base. Bigger bases are almost always fully manned, the troops ready for deployment anywhere they are needed. If there is even a suspicion of Resistance, criminal or foreign military action, if a patrol fails to



RESISTANCE

Not Just Hot Air

In late July 1900, Victor Frankenstein was handed an envelope of photographs by the head of the Ministry of Information, Silviu Cristescu. The pictures had been taken by a Promethean agent on the shores of Lake Constance, near Friedrichshafen in Germany. They showed LZ1, an experimental Zeppelin, making its maiden flight. Frankenstein dismissed the report. With a knowing smile, Cristescu withdrew.

He was back in early November with images of the same airship making further successful tests. He reassured Frankenstein that pressure had been applied, and bribes paid, to any potential investors and that, for the time being, Count von Zeppelin's plans were going no further. Silviu cautioned Frankenstein, however, that he expected the Count would not give up. Frankenstein studied the reports and, reluctantly, was forced to agree that steps must be taken.

Balloons had been a fact of military life in Europe for many, many years. Observation balloons had been used in vain attempts to spy over the border into Promethea, and Russian models were semi-regularly destroyed in timely covert raids along the River Prut border. Experiments with gliders and with powered craft had been achieving mixed, occasionally remarkable results since the late 1800s. Even Hiram Maxim, master of the machine gun and friend to Promethea, had dabbled with some success.

Frankenstein's determination to lock down the borders of his country, and lock down the secrets contained therein, had seen him simply ban all experiments into flight. He was content that there be discussion, even small models, but there were to be no full-sized prototypes. Seeing Count von Zeppelin's efforts so nearly coming to fruition in the rapidly arming Germany was enough to make Victor reevaluate his position.

By the time of the news from Kill Devil Hills near Kitty Hawk in North Carolina in December 1903, a secret facility near Reghin in the Mures river valley was producing designs that exceeded in complexity those created by Alberto Santos-Dumont three years later. Meanwhile, artillery technicians working alongside aeronautical engineers at the same facility were designing weapons to bring down aircraft and Zeppelins that still existed only as paper drawings.

In 1907, work began on artillery hardpoints at key locations along the western border. Over the following year and a half, these were fitted with new guns that remained closely guarded and covered with heavy tarpaulin. Simultaneously, at the military yards at Pitești, an armoured, flat railway truck with mounts for the same gun began to roll off the production line, heading for the busy weapon factory at Reghin.

Promethea was ready.

DARK HARVEST

THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

The 18th of August, 1904

From the Promethean Ministry of Immigration.

Dear Mr Edison,

We wish to extend to you our profound gratitude for your continued interest in becoming a resident of Promethea.

As we explained in our last two missives, we regret that we are unable to extend a visa to you for this or any other purpose, however temporary.

The Ministry considers this matter closed and will enter into no further discussions in this regard.

Yours sincerely,

Neculai Falinkás, Minister for Immigration

Mr Edison,

I am afraid there are far too few elephants available in Promethea for our country to be of any lasting interest to you. Good day. V.F.

report back or a base or tower fails to report in, trains, boats or trucks are employed to scramble additional troops to the area. Additionally, the number of troops manning smaller installations in any one area is varied continually, particularly along the border. As a result, a base might be nearly empty one week, but fully manned for the next month.

The quality of the Promethean Military Forces troops by 1910 must be taken into account. PMF units of all types, from fire teams upwards, are generally made up of fewer troops than similar groups in other armies. Superior training, equipment and weapons - particularly the latter - are major factors in this. Of course, the increased physical prowess allowed through Augmentation plays a very significant role.

Even the most 'ordinary' Promethean soldier has greater strength and stamina than his European equivalents. The weapons he carries can lay down greater and, thanks to his training, more accurate volume of fire. This enables fewer, more mobile troops to achieve results that elsewhere would require greater, more unwieldy manpower.

Loyalty

The Promethean soldier is a loyal soldier, to the bitter end. There are numerous reasons for this, but the rarest is one that the Resistance give as part of their propaganda. There are very few Promethean soldiers who are lobotomised Augmented 'monsters' that used to be criminals or political prisoners. It is not policy in the PMF to create such creatures. However, it has been known for vengeful regional DFS, PMF or Ministry officials to use military Augmentation facilities to vanish undesirables. Such actions are not sanctioned by higher central authorities and discovery of them would bring severe consequences for the guilty parties.

The real reasons behind the unwavering loyalty of the Promethean soldiery are more complex. From the beginning, Frankenstein understood the military mind. He despised empire building, but at the same time fully understood the need for Promethea to have an effective, powerful military. During his time as Karl Baden, Victor courted the military carefully. Their commanders saw him as an ally. Some of them saw his creations do battle during the brief revolution that saw Romania absorb Transylvania to the cost of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The concept of commanding such power was a heady prospect and made eager supporters of potential doubters.

Despite positive dealings with more forward thinking military commanders, Victor still needed to tread carefully around the creation of Promethea

RESISTANCE

from Romania. Only a few in the military, seeded at all command levels, knew Baden was actually Frankenstein and that he had incredible plans for the country. The rest of the military had to be placated in more ordinary ways. One of the first was a campaign medal - the Star of Promethea. This was awarded to all soldiers who had fought for the unification of Romania, forever associating the liberation with Promethea in the minds of all soldiery of that time. The pomp and circumstance surrounding the awards, always a popular move with the military, allowed the participation of the civilian population too. At the

same time, martyrs' monuments were constructed, all featuring the Promethean flag, to commemorate the fallen. These monuments honoured both civilian and military sacrifice, strengthening the perceived links between the two.

Attempts to foster a feeling that the Promethean military was some kind of 'peoples' army' were never to come to anything, at least, not on the civilian side. Over the years, as the army increasingly took over internal policing, they were perceived by civilians as a tool purely of those who ran the country, for good or ill. Within the army itself, it was drummed into every soldier from day one that the Promethean Military Forces were there for the protection of the people - all of the people and not just the ruling classes. Soldiers were protectors of the innocent, defenders of the peace, the heroes whose sterling service and hard-won victories made possible the wonders of Promethea.

Any opponent the soldiers faced, from without or - most critically - from within, was an enemy of the people of Promethea. The enemy were a mixture of foreign agitators, some selfish, evil people who sought only their own enrichment at any cost, and misguided simpletons led astray. The inferior foe had rejected everything Promethea stood for. The enemy were given every chance to repent but, if the army had to be sent in against them or if the army were attacked directly, that last chance too had been rejected. All that remained was to ensure that the people of Promethea would see what happened to their enemies and know that they were safe, protected by the best military force in the world.

Military Maxim

One of the keys to the success of the PMF from the beginning is their equipment. Everything from the boots and uniforms they wear, to the backpacks they carry, ensure a highly mobile fighting force, able to respond quickly to fluid battlefield conditions and larger tactical concerns. If any one individual contributed most to this, it was Hiram Stevens Maxim. After his emigration to England in 1841, American-born Maxim made several visits to Promethea, attending a number of Frankenstein's scientific convocations. He demonstrated many of his early machine gun designs in Promethea and weapons based on his patents were quickly and enthusiastically adopted by the PMF. Maxim spent almost a year between 1904 and 1905 based in Targu Mures working with a number of fine young inventors. On his eventual return to England, his hearing - which had been damaged by his machine gun experiments - was noted to be significantly improved.

Promoting Promethea

Some might shy away from playing the 'bad guys' in a setting such as Promethea. However, Frankenstein's vision is an attractive one, and much of what he seeks to achieve not only makes perfect sense but would be of huge benefit to the world at large. The decision

by a Player to take on the role of one of Victor's True Prometheans should not be idly dismissed.

It's All About Ranking-Up

Progression through the Promethean military is simple to track through the various ranks. Each rise in ranks means potentially new responsibilities, new contacts, access to a new level of information and to new equipment. It can mean the Player is transferred to a new base of operations or could even find themselves travelling regularly. Within the military, ones opponents are clearly defined by others – the Resistance, foreign infiltrators, rogue officials with significant personal militias and so on. On occasions, the military have to deal with more unusual opposition – a feral Augment, striking workers, ingenious black marketeers, rebellious students or even a raid across the eastern border to deal with a Russian observation post. It's worth remembering that the senior military leadership are keen to humanise the Promethean Military Forces, so soldiers are used to help out in civil projects and relief efforts after flooding, landslides, mining disasters and suchlike. Lastly, training exercises are a regular feature of military life. In Promethea, units can also be selected at random and at short notice to test new equipment and tactics.

All of these things can be subverted to expose even the common soldier to moral subtleties they might not normally face. Equally, they can lead to rip-roaring adventure with plenty of big explosions. As ever, GMs should seek to avoid the obvious and the monotone, but remember that sometimes the obvious can be positively refreshing after a long time of dealing with the morally grey and the politically duplicitous.

It's All About Domestic Options

While a career in the Domestic Security Forces, Promethea's police, may have similarities with one in

the PMF, including the rank structure, with staff at all levels recruited from the military, there are more opportunities for travel for players opting for the DSF as a starting point. In fact, the DSF is perhaps closer to the Resistance in the way it operates – tasking groups put together on the fly with operations that may be considerably beyond the norm for them.

Life in the DSF is hard, as they are disliked by much of the civilian population and by the military whose men and equipment they are authorised to draw upon. However, as they operate freely at all levels of society and within civilian, military, Ministry and scientific circles, the campaign options for DSF players easily cover pretty much anything you would like to expose them to. It would be easy enough, for example, to justify a party made up of DSF and PMF Players. Such a party would fill a role very similar to that of the Resistance's cells, but from the side of the authorities naturally.

The DSF are often at the pointy end, or suspiciously brown-coated end at least, of the political stick, giving GMs the option to easily mix politics and action. When the authorities have no choice but to deal with the Resistance or with internal dissent, the DSF can find itself at the mercy of the relevant Ministry, more often than not the Ministry of Information, as they draw together the people to deal with the issue at hand. Particularly when dealing with the Ministry of Information, DSF personnel can feel distinctly disposable.

It's All About Civil Service

The bureaucracy in Promethea is huge. There is a Ministry in charge of everything, with each one having the authority to call on the DSF, and therefore the PMF, for assistance in dealing with any serious issues they might uncover. With such coverage of all aspects of life in Promethea, having players being part of a Ministry is very tempting. Much like with the Resistance, tracking career progression within the

RESISTANCE

labyrinthine political maze of the Ministries can be complex and weirdly rewarding.

While the Ministry of Information might seem the obvious choice, that Ministry recruits its best people from other Ministries. In other words, working as part of the feared and respected M of I should perhaps be a career goal for players, rather than a starting point. Ministry officials have the huge benefit of being permitted to travel far and wide in the execution of their duties, with relatively easy access to all the necessary documentation. That access is one reason why some kind of contact within a Ministry is such a goal for players and NPCs on any side of the conflicts within Promethea, including the black market. Of course, that fact is one that accounts for much of the work of agents of the Ministry of Information and that work is one reason why people both fear and respect the M of I.

It's All About Frankenstein

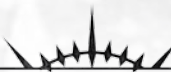
Ultimately, anyone playing as a pro-Promethea character, unless it's purely for their own selfish ends, is going to be a devotee of Frankenstein himself. As with the Resistance and their leader, the Creature, odds are that True Prometheans are not going to meet Victor very often if ever and certainly not in a personal capacity at least. The difference is that Victor, as the leader of Promethea, is visible. His personal writings are published in journals and occasionally in the press. He makes speeches in public and hosts events that players may well attend. Ultimately, while they support his vision and work toward his goals, for True Prometheans a private meeting with Victor Frankenstein is a much sought after, but seldom achieved dream.



Everywhere

III. RESISTANCE IS EVERYWHERE





RESISTANCE

Resistance Is Everywhere

While the Resistance and the Promethean authorities battle it out, there are numerous smaller acts of both devotion and resistance to Frankenstein's vision. Some of these are very much out in the open, while the majority stick to the shadows.

Passive Resistance

In May 1906, a letter was sent to Victor Frankenstein that caused a great deal of consternation and enthusiastic, heartfelt debate at the highest level. The day after it arrived in Victor's hands, the same letter began to appear in pamphlets around the universities of Promethea. It was not sent to the newspapers, as these were and are heavily monitored by a dedicated branch of the Ministry of Information. Very quickly, the letter became widely distributed and widely discussed.

The letter was from a group of highly respected professors and other learned gentlemen from the universities and from various schools, though it was sent from Iasi University. There was no secrecy involved. However, the fact that all of the individuals openly signed the letter and made it public was not the only thing that saved them from the wrath of the Ministries. What saved their careers and possibly their lives was the fact that they ensured the letter made it into the hands of Frankenstein himself *before* it was seen by other officials.

The letter was a quiet, well worded, precise and to the point protest. It called into question not the science of Frankenstein's Augmentation technology, but the morality of it. It went on to challenge the moral and practical aspects of the political, military, economic and social structures that had to be imposed as a result of the implementation of Augmentation. It called on Frankenstein to think again, before all of the positive benefits of his vision for Promethea and for Mankind were lost forever. It called on him to

abandon Augmentation science forever.

The heads of the Ministry of Information and the DSF immediately called on Victor to order the detention of the signatories to the letter and for them to be tried for treason. Victor, the painful memory of past rejections ever in his mind, utterly refused. Indeed, he demanded that those who had signed the letter be left untouched. Neither their persons nor their careers were to be harmed in any way. Victor went further. He proposed that he would debate in public with any and all of the signatories. He would put his case and change their minds. It would be the intellectual victory he had always sought.

The debate never happened. Not with those who signed the letter at least and not in public. It was the Minister of Information at the time, Silviu Cristescu, who took it upon himself to talk Victor down. His argument was simple enough. The debate was not one that Frankenstein could not afford to lose., nor could he risk being presented as having lost. No matter the facts, no matter if even every one of the learned individuals ranged against him converted fully to his side, there would be those who would spin the truth.

The alternative Cristescu proposed appealed to Frankenstein. Rather than be dragged into a debate that would achieve little and risk much, it was better to allow time to prove him correct. This was the same victory Victor would ultimately have over those who criticised and cast him out over a century before. No public reply was offered to the letter, the individuals concerned were gently but firmly told not to be so silly in the future but to go through proper channels, and the matter was soon largely forgotten.

However, the 'Iasi Missive', as it became known, remains an important document to those who mount an intellectual resistance to Frankenstein's science of Augmentation. It still quietly circulates in the universities, though it is listed as a forbidden item. Possession of a copy of the letter will result in

a warning and a fine. However, shown to the right people, it can allow sympathisers to find those who believe as they do.

Women's' Suffrage

In 1904, the forthcoming visit to Promethea of the British leader of the Women's Social and Political Union, Emmeline Pankhurst, sent ripples of unease out among the most prominent Ministers and Gentlemen of fine standing, many of whom voiced their opposition to the Council.

Mrs Pankhurst's intention was to give talks to several women's groups, and predictably caused great consternation in certain official quarters. However, it was met with intense excitement by members of otherwise sensible groups such as 'The Bucharest Women's Needlepoint Circle', 'Alba Iulia Ladies Mezzo Soprano Society' and the highly illustrious, if somewhat excitable, 'Danube Debutants Association.'

The Suffragette Movement, campaigning in the United Kingdom to win women the right to vote, was regarded by most in high position as nothing more than petty activist behaviour and even a danger to the fabric of Promethean society. It was feared that a notorious and known troublemaker such as Mrs Pankhurst might encourage those of a more delicately minded disposition to take to the streets in demonstrations of support.

Given this, it may be surprising to some to discover that Victor Frankenstein himself was unusually tolerant of the campaign, and indeed of Mrs Pankhurst herself. Frankenstein had long held the belief that the inconvenience of one's birth or sex should not hold back an individual.

It is thought that the Minister of Foreign Affairs had swiftly drafted a letter denying Mrs Pankhurst access to Promethea. However, the visit was given personal permission from Frankenstein, who was rumoured to be looking forward to meeting with Mrs Pankhurst in

Military Measures

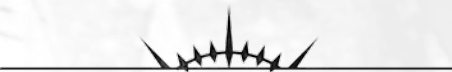
Though a radical thinker, Frankenstein drew the line at allowing women to serve in the Promethean military. He was, however, very concerned that women be considered equally for promotion at all levels of every Ministry and within the DSF. By 1910, there were more than two dozen middle to upper ranking female DSF officers serving in the field. The complaints from the surviving 'old guard' in the PMF were many and were ignored.

person for, as one minister was quoted as saying, "a lively debate."

In Promethea, as in many 'civilised' countries at the time, the idea of allowing women the right to vote was considered absurd. Growing unrest among the fairer sex had begun to tighten its grip on ladies of society, with instances of shockingly unfeminine behaviour by its more radical devotees.

The main concern associated with Pankhurst's visit, however, was that the Resistance might exploit the Movement for its own purposes, using it as cover for its continuing attacks against the Promethean regime. For this reason, opposition from the authorities towards Emmeline's visit mounted.

In the end, Frankenstein compromised to a degree. He hosted Mrs Pankhurst at Târgu Mureş, organising a number of gatherings of key individuals and certain invited groups. The reception she received during her six days in Promethea reinvigorated Emmeline. On her return to Britain, she spoke often of the fine example of Promethea's leader, though she often added that she remained disappointed that Victor's reforms did not extend to a more democratic electoral system.



RESISTANCE

Victor used the visit to subtly apply pressure to those in his inner circle, and in authority elsewhere, to open up more opportunities for women within Promethea. Some of those invited to attend Mrs Pankhurst's discussions were captains of industry and of education who had in some way resisted the advancement of women. The hints were, to the greater extent, well taken. The steady progress of women's rights in Promethea avoided the need for radical demonstrations and similar unrest.

It also swelled the ranks of Frankenstein's True Prometheans.

The Will of Frankenstein?

Victor Frankenstein fills any room he walks into with his presence. He doesn't need to say anything. He never needs to shout to be heard. Many of those who know him will tell you they can feel when he's around. He is effortlessly charismatic and quietly commanding. As a leader, he succeeds because something makes those who serve him want to please him, to gain even a moment's praise or the flicker of a smile.

The trouble with such charismatic figures is that they can inspire a degree of devotion that is positively unhealthy. This is less often the case with the Creature, positively rare in fact. His threatening demeanour, melancholy disposition and ultimately self-destructive goals keep him at a distance from even his most trusted lieutenants. Frankenstein is a different matter entirely. His passion for Promethea is positively contagious, and the desire of those who have had contact with him to make his goals and passions their own can lead to issues.

On the less harmful side, the fervent desire of his inner circle to almost protect Frankenstein from the realities of the world has led to frustration on Victor's part. Though occasionally naïve, Victor, like all scientists, demands that all information relevant to his task be made available to him. Far more damaging are

the efforts of the secretive cabal who call themselves 'The Will of Frankenstein.'

When, in 1907, the head of the DSF became aware of the cabal, he was initially unsure how to approach dealing with it. Like many would, he assumed that the group must have connections to the upper echelons of the Ministry of Information. Ultimately, Filip Gyôrfy directly challenged his opposite number in the Ministry, Silviu Cristescu, after an investigation into the 'suicide' of a moderate member of the Ministry for Surgical Artistry. The investigation had turned up documents that spoke of well-informed blackmail. Cristescu revealed that he shared Filip's concerns, but had wondered if the head of the DSF was involved. Gyôrfy was slightly annoyed to be told that a top level Ministry investigation he hadn't noticed had dismissed the possibility.

By 1910, even with the involvement and direction of arguably the top two law enforcement officials in Promethea, still little is known about The Will of Frankenstein. They take Frankenstein's declarations and off-the-cuff statements to heart, or at least their misinterpretations of them, and act on them with the severest vigour. Blackmail, menace, kidnapping or a knife in the dark are their preferred methods.

Uncovering instances of the cabal's involvement proves incredibly difficult, as survivors are incredibly reluctant to speak of them. Occasionally, they have no idea who was involved and many assume it was the Ministry of Information. Infiltrating The Will of Frankenstein seems impossible too. They are either not recruiting or are very well informed of the activities of DSF and Ministry agents. It has reached the point where Cristescu and Gyôrfy are actively considering outside assistance. What they are absolutely *not* doing is even considering telling Victor. Not until they have something far more concrete than rumour and some very scared and unreliable witnesses.

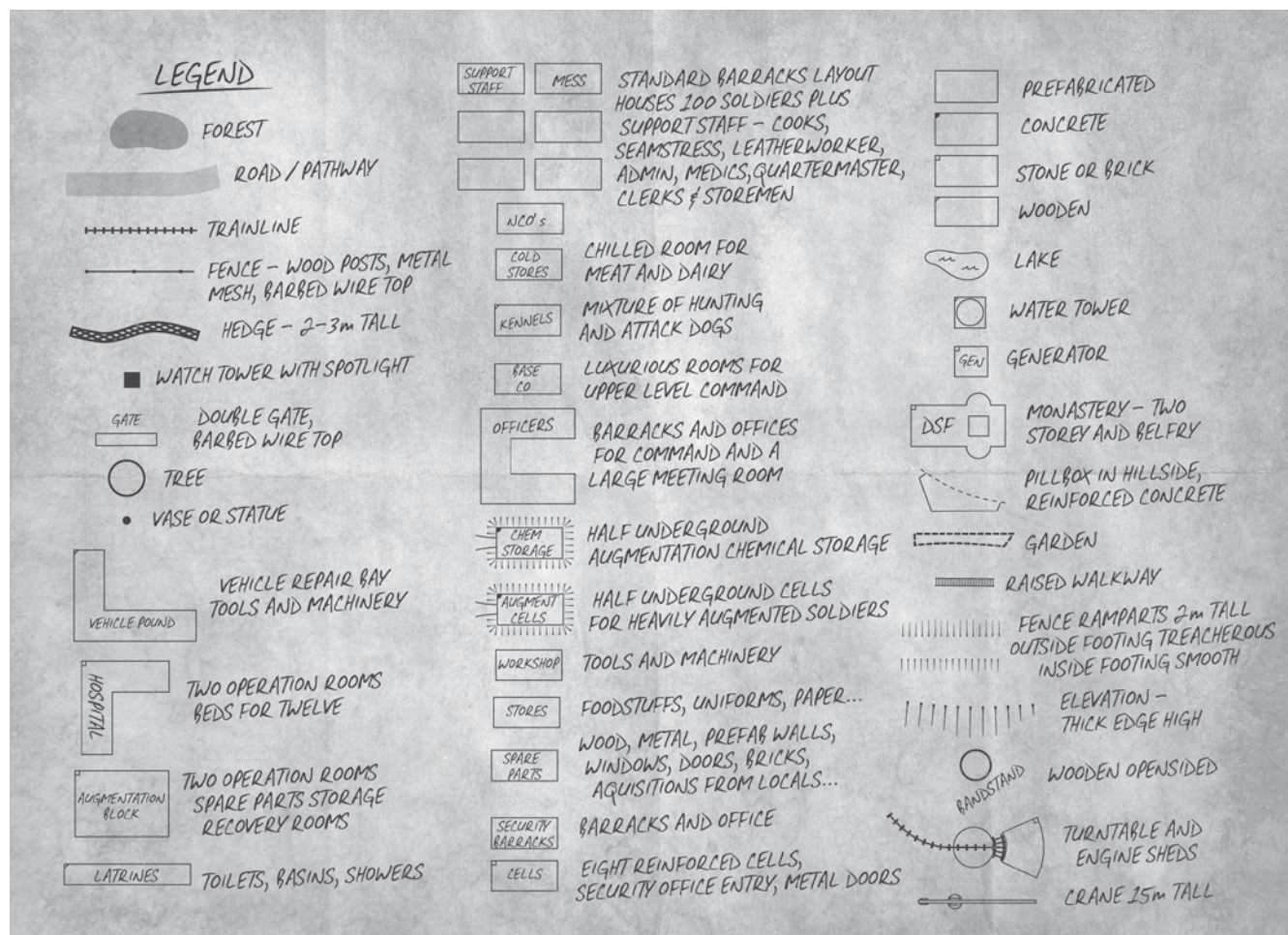
IV. MILITARY BASES

RESISTANCE

It is inevitable that player characters will at some point have to spend a certain amount of time in or around some form of military base; be they small, medium-sized, or massive sprawling installations. A train they are travelling on may need to stop for a routine search and document check at a militarised junction. They might be arrested and incarcerated in

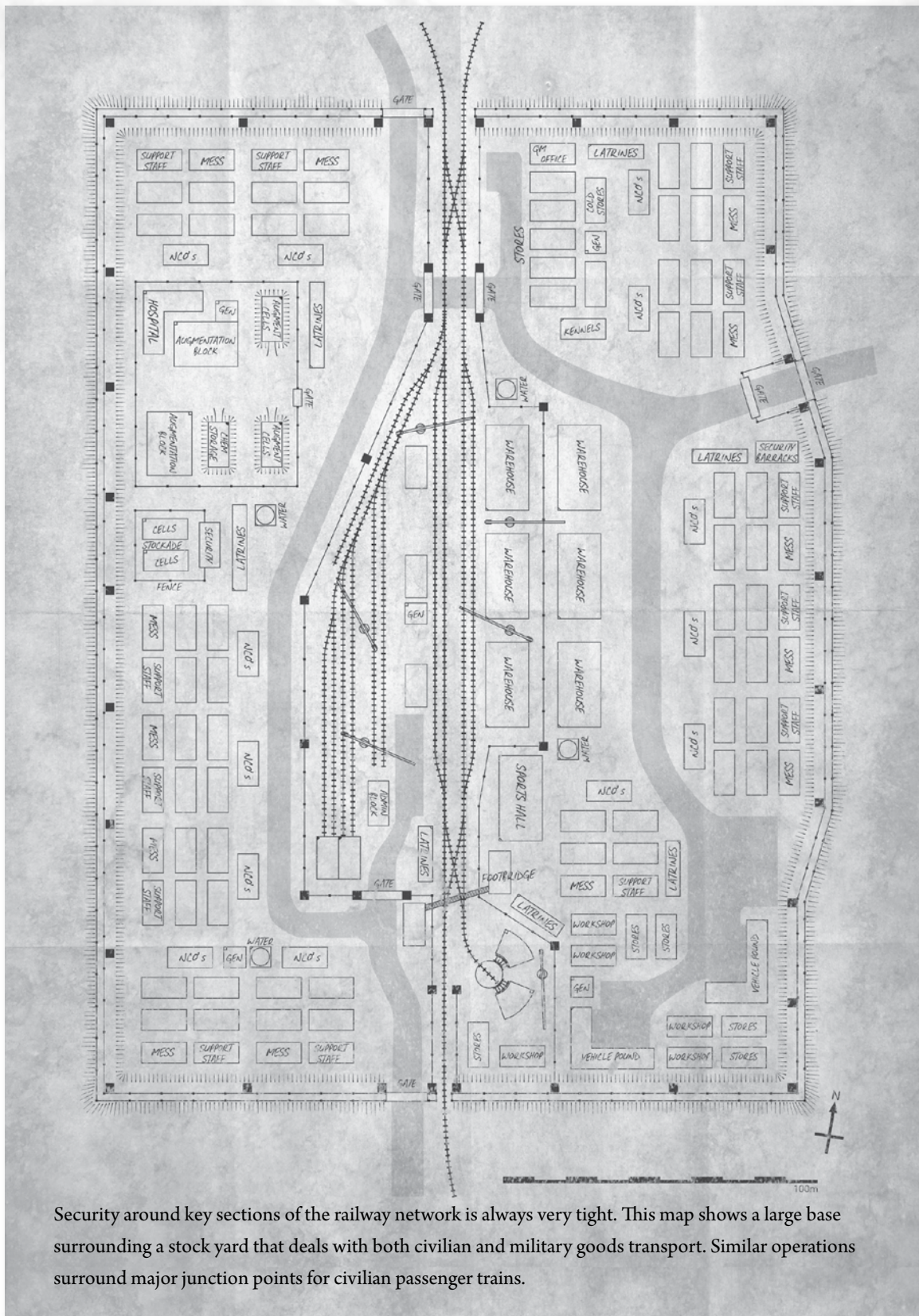
a base. They might attack or infiltrate one. If the PCs are members of the Promethean Authorities, then the staff of the local military base are people they are likely to need to interact with on a regular basis.

The following pages, as well as the inside front and back cover, will give you an idea of the kinds of layouts player characters are likely to encounter.



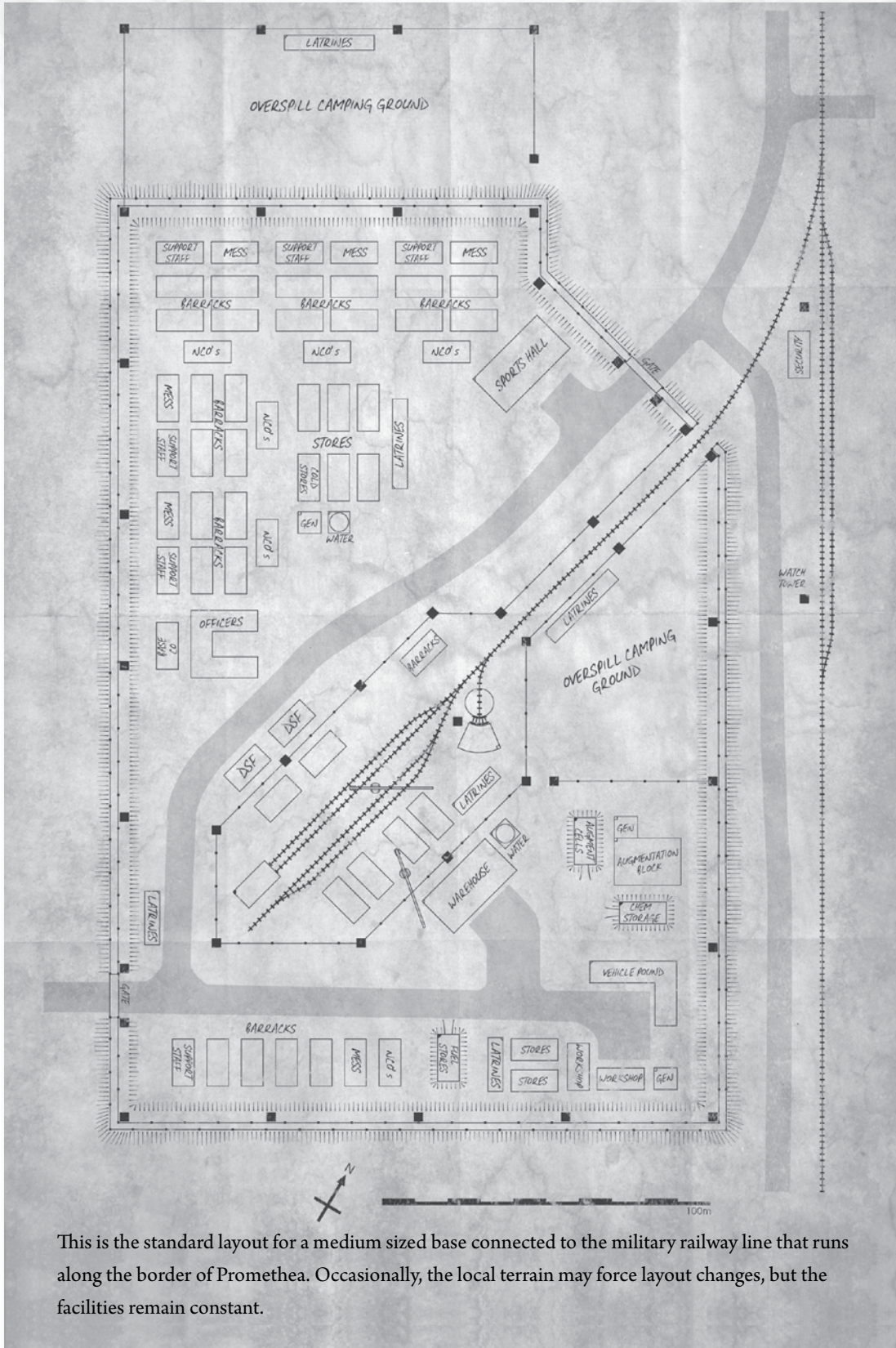
DARK HARVEST

THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN



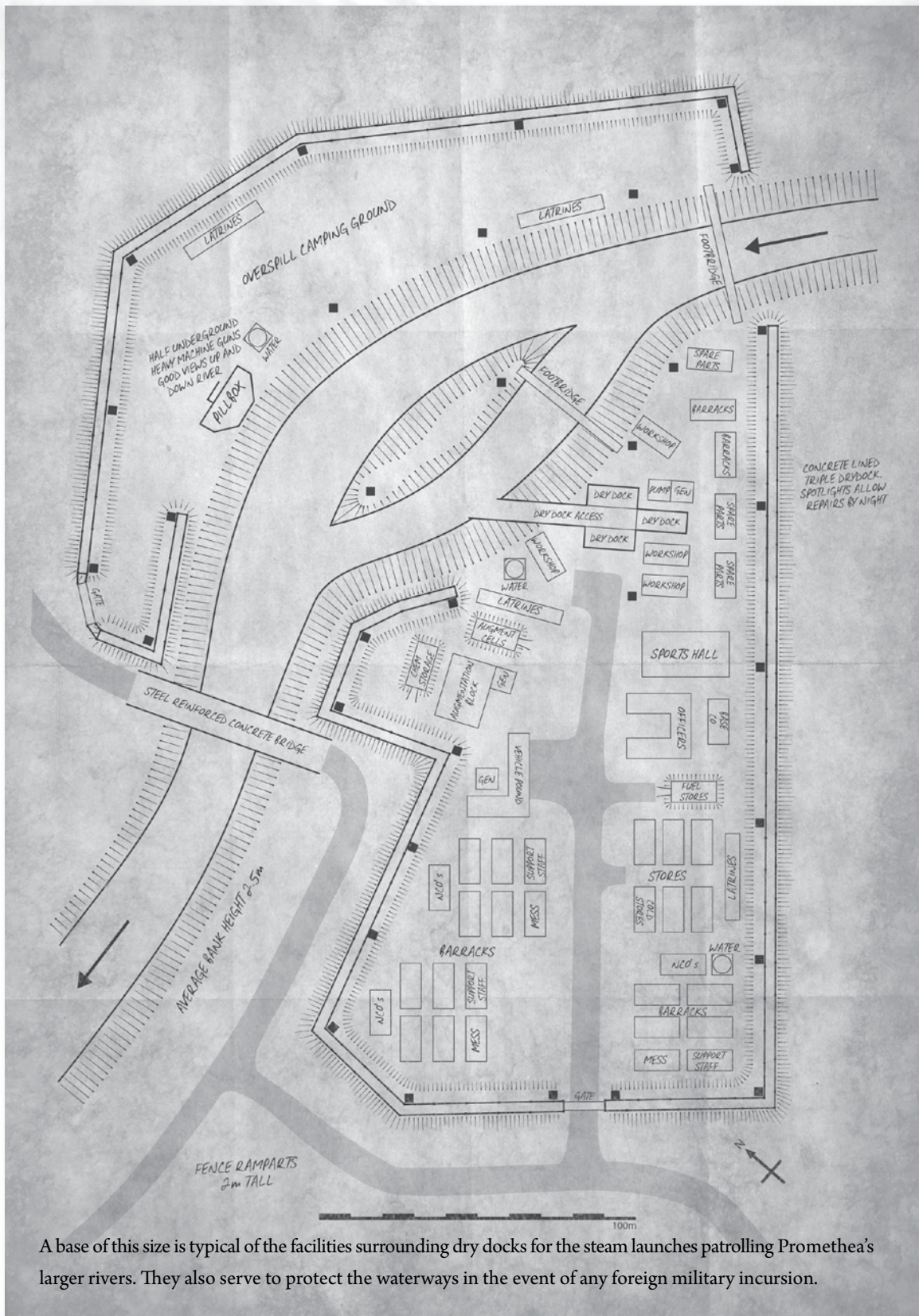
Security around key sections of the railway network is always very tight. This map shows a large base surrounding a stock yard that deals with both civilian and military goods transport. Similar operations surround major junction points for civilian passenger trains.

RESISTANCE



DARK HARVEST

THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

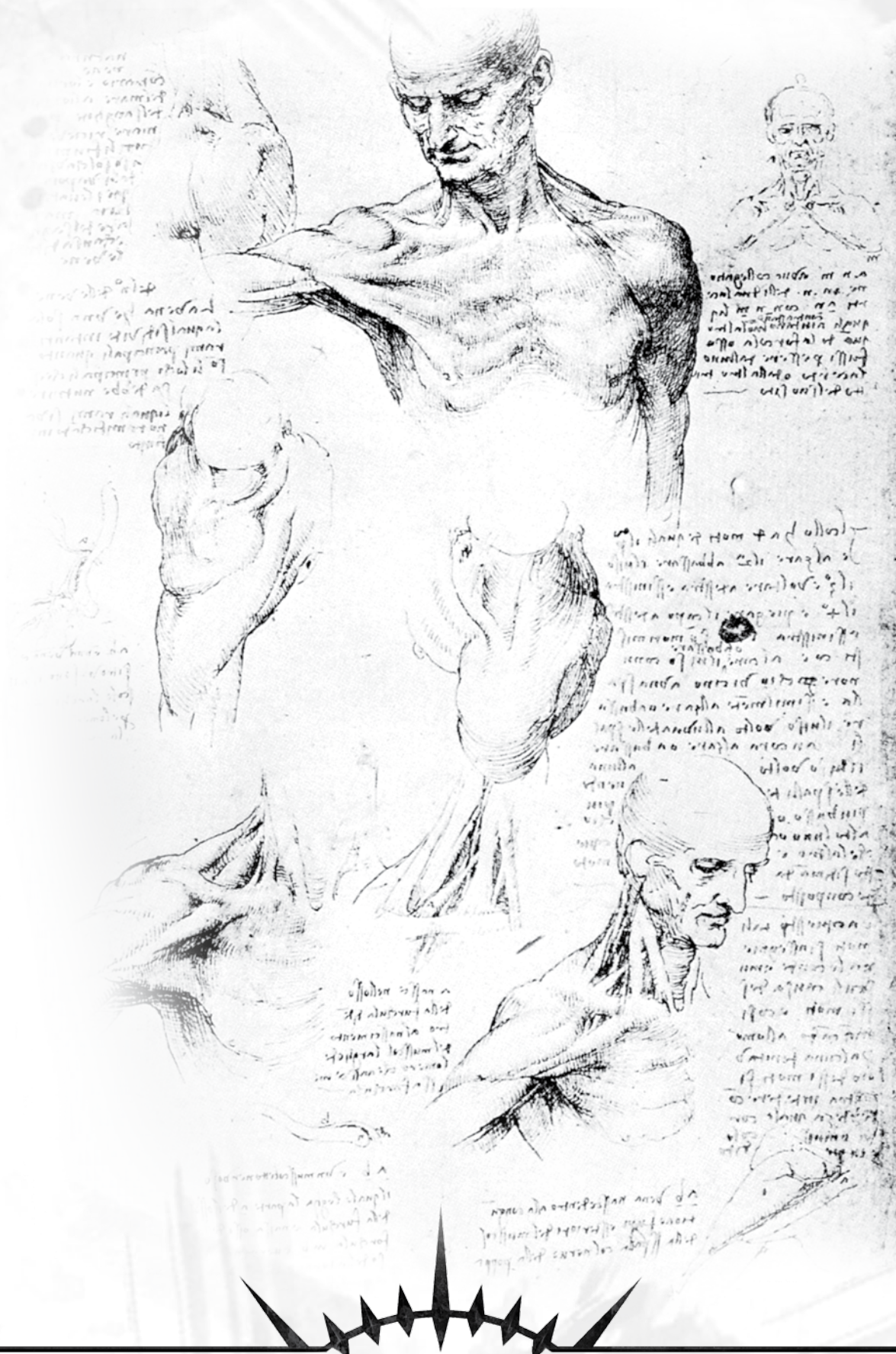


RESISTANCE



DARK HARVEST

THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN



RESISTANCE

Fiction

V. FICTION



CONSTANTA

by *Lain Lawson*

Despite the rumble of rolling stock being moved around; despite the shouts of sailors and Promethean officials on the wharfs; despite the whistles, whooshes and puffing of steam engines powering cranes and locomotives; everyone on the docks was aware of the sounds of deadly conflict echoing up from behind the fences, over the walls, beyond the guard towers.

The old timers told tales of Constanta before Promethea. For those who would listen, and for those who wouldn't but couldn't get away, they spoke of a port that had been left behind for a time but that had high hopes after being reclaimed by the Romanians. The old sailors told how the people of Constanta had begun to see more ships coming in, more goods passing through. New rail lines, sidings, and warehouses were built. It was the promise of a new golden age for the town, for Romania.

Then the tale grew dark. The Romanian merchant and fishing fleets were burned at their moorings, quickly joined by whatever pleasure craft were berthed thereabouts. When foreign boats were allowed to come back to Constanta, their crews saw the town had been walled off. From the highest masts, they saw the town was cleared of people. Buildings had caught fire and been left to burn. Weeds grew everywhere, with only the soldiers patrolling the empty streets to crush them down.

The old sailors, and now some of the others, would tell any first timers approaching the port that Constanta was a dark place. No shore leave there. No

going ashore at all, in fact, save for the ships' captains or those who dealt with the manifest. All dockside tasks were carried out by the Prometheans.

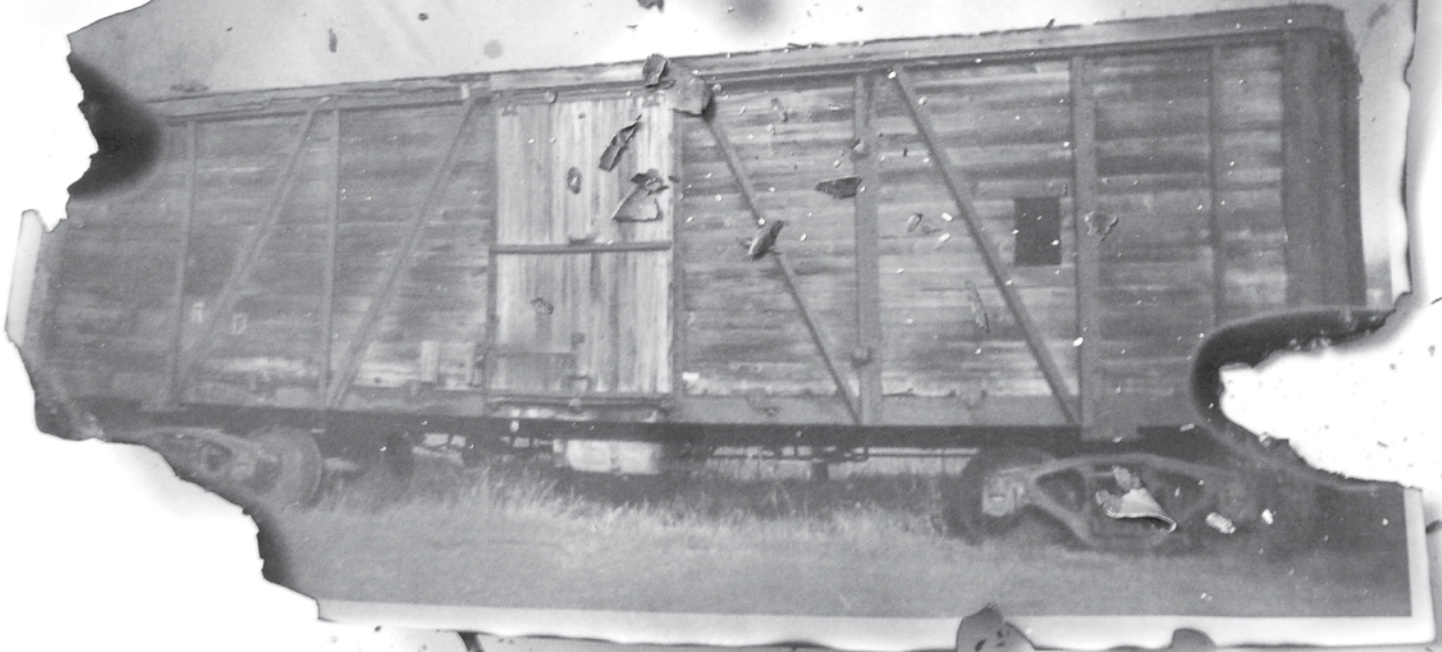
Sight of those that did the dockside work was all the encouragement that most would ever need to not go ashore. It was a fact that almost no one on their first trip to Constanta ever believed the descriptions of the dockers there. Tales of hulking, mute man-things that could lift four times the weight one man could shift were dismissed as fantasy, only they'd be telling those same tales themselves as soon as they got home.

The atmosphere on the Constanta docks was a fragile one. None lingered any longer than they had to. Fortunately, the dockers and their minders were an efficient lot, if horrifyingly eerie with it. Ships were unloaded and loaded double quick, with almost all vessels choosing to moor out in the Black Sea rather than spend a night in port, if it could be helped, with the chilling sounds that occasionally came from beyond the wall.


Constanta once lovingly wrapped around the port area, leaving the Black Sea beaches to its eastern side for the enjoyment of the population. Three layers of fencing now ran along the high ground above the dunes, and wooden guard towers dotted the length of it. Where the ground allowed, a high wall had been built, and the towers became more imposing. The wall was a solid presence inland. There was no gate in the fences, and only one in the wall – far to the northwest,

RESISTANCE

"They sat quiet then, listening to the faint sounds that told them almost all they knew of their surroundings."



well away from the port and from prying eyes.

A military base surrounded the entrance to Constanta. It was a large facility with its own railway line, an extension of which ran down to the port between double layers of fencing. Guards patrolled the perimeter on foot and in motor vehicles. Darkness was kept at bay by powerful floodlights, while searchlights in the guard towers regularly swept the surrounding terrain. Creating the base had required the demolishing of a large swathe of the outlying buildings of Constanta. The surviving section within the boundary of fence and wall had scattered electric street lighting and even power to a few buildings. Other sections relied on the floodlights from the base that kept fully lit the wide kill zone between the nearest building and the perimeter.

What was the purpose of this very elaborate military presence? After all, Constanta was just one of the many waterside settlements that had been ordered to be emptied and often levelled along the Black Sea coast, not to mention along the banks of the Danube and Prut rivers. On a fine, cold spring morning, the reasons why weighed most heavily on the minds of two groups within the base itself, only one of which knew for certain where they were.

"If my father could see me now," Ecaterina said. She pushed a lock of her light brown hair back. "How proud he would be."

She was sitting in the centre of the floor, hugging her knees. Slumped against the back wall, Teodor

threw a small stone at her back. Ecaterina grinned over her shoulder at him. Close to the doors of the wagon, Liviu sighed, irritated. Cyprian smiled, but kept his eye pressed hard to a small hole in the wagon's opposite wall.

"Anything your side, Cyprian?" Liviu asked.

It was an unnecessary attempt to refocus everyone on their plight but, after many tense days of uncomfortable travel since their capture, their commander's dedication was beginning to wear thin. The cattle wagon had ground to a stuttering halt some time before. Both Liviu and Cyprian had been keeping watch for, what, hours? All they'd seen was flattened rubble slowly revealed by a rising sun.

"Nothing. Nothing at all." Cyprian stepped away from the hole, groaning and rubbing his eyes, "If they're going to kill us, I wish they'd do it soon. This is just rude."

Ecaterina chuckled. Teodor snorted. Even Liviu cracked a smile. Only Dorin was silent, somehow still sleeping. Liviu too finally gave up his watch. He joined the others, sitting on the floor near Ecaterina. She smiled warmly at him, but tiredness and sadness were in her eyes for all to see. They sat quiet then, listening to the faint sounds that told them almost all they knew of their surroundings.

There was the faint smell of the sea that, along with the cries of gulls, told them they were on the coast. They could still hear the sounds of soldiers, trucks, even trains. The occasional barked updates from a speaker system confirmed they must be in a military base of some size. The only real confusion was why the group had been left alone for so long. From bitter experience, the Resistance fighters knew that the Promethean authorities tended to deal with opposition with efficient brutality.

"Well..." Liviu began wearily, "At least we're..."

Dorin's eyes snapped open. He looked to the others with a warning glare. The grim faced, heavily bearded

man was on his feet quicker even than his compatriots. There was the sound of a heavy gate opening, and then running men dragging rattling chains. Liviu and Cyprian went to their lookout positions, while Dorin stood still and listened intently. Someone climbed the ladder at the back of the wagon. Everyone reacted, startled, when the chains were noisily dragged across the roof and attached to something.

"Nothing still this side," Cyprian hissed.

"Something here," Liviu said, just as the soldier atop the wagon climbed back off. "Soldiers with... Boxes? Crates of some kind. Weapons, I think."

Ecaterina and Teodor exchanged sad looks. This was it then. Then more confusion.

"They're... They're leaving. Double time too." Liviu's confusion was clear, "What the hell are they doing?"

"They can't just want to scare us," Teodor said.

Ecaterina pushed Liviu out of the way, pressing her eye to the hole between the boards.

"I passed 'scared' hours ago," she growled. She looked long and hard at the boxes. From what she could see, they'd been dumped, almost scattered. Driving the questions from her mind, she concentrated on trying to read the numerals and letters sprayed on the cases.

"This doesn't make sense. OK, so the rifles we expected." She looked over at the others, "There's at least one case of grenades. Grenades?"

She looked back. Dorin shrugged at the others.

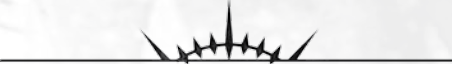
"At least they don't want to Harvest us, hey?" he said, unsmiling.

Ecaterina spoke again, "I can't make out the other weapons. One... I don't know. It might be more rifles. But, there's ration packs there too."

"I don't..." she looked back, "Cyprian? What is it?"

Her friend had gone pale. Pushing his hands back through his long black hair, Cyprian looked around at the others.

"I think... I mean, I know what this is," he said.



RESISTANCE



“What do you mean, you know what this is?”

Cosmescu always had some story, but Sergeant Török wasn't in the mood. Two days of hanging around the accommodation block the team had been confined to, doing nothing but checking and rechecking his kit, had euthanized his already critically wounded sense of humour. Cosmescu wasn't giving up so easily.

“No, think about it. We're by the coast? Big base? And over there, that big fucking wall?” Cosmescu finished, pointing in the vague direction of the huge double gates that had so absorbed his attention since morning.

Török didn't look up from his narrow bed. He did open his eyes though.

Cosmescu took this as a good sign, “See? You're thinking it too, right?”

Török frowned, scowling at his stick-thin friend, “I don't think like you, Cosmescu. Don't ever believe that.”

From where he was rooting through someone else's locker, Sebestyén laughed, “Absolutely right. Cosmescu, no-one thinks like you. Except maybe the rats and mice, right Török?”

Török just grunted and shut his eyes again. Cosmescu turned his attention to Sebestyén.

“Aww come on! You heard what Amanar saw before dawn, right? The stock wagon? I know what this is!” He looked at the small cabinet Sebestyén was ransacking. “That's my locker,” he said, puzzled.

Sebestyén looked up, nodding, “Yeah. You should lock it. Better”

Cosmescu kicked him in the hip and pushed the laughing man away. While Cosmescu checked his locker, Sebestyén walked back across the room to his bed, flipping a little pouch to Török as he went. The big man quickly hid it away under his pillow.

“Hey, shit head. Where's my tobacco?” Cosmescu surfaced, irritated. “You got it?”

Sebestyén shrugged and shook his head.

“So that must be what's under your head, right?”

Cosmescu shot at Török, smirking.

Török sighed and reached back under the pillow.

Cosmescu grinned, tapping the slight scarring around his right ear, “Can't fool the surgery.”

“OK, genius,” Török grumbled, flipping the tobacco pouch back to Cosmescu. “What is this then?”

Cosmescu stood, running his hand through his scruffy blond hair, “This is more training. That's what this is.”

Both of his comrades groaned. Sebestyén flopped down on his bed. Cosmescu shook his head, “No, listen. This is different. I heard from...”

He was cut off by the arrival in the room of Amanar, naked and scrubbing himself dry with a towel.

Cosmescu pounced, “Hey, you remember the guy, right?”

“Sure, I remember,” Amanar said wearily, walking right past the eager Cosmescu and heading for a pile of clothes. “Said he loved you but never wrote to you after.”

Cosmescu theatrically bit his thumb at his companions as they laughed.

“Fuck you. And you. Annnnnnd you. No, seriously. I've figured this out.”

Cosmescu wasn't letting it go. Amanar shrugged dismissively and started getting dressed, covering the numerous surgery scars that crisscrossed his broad, unnaturally muscled frame.

“This is training, but live fire. Serious material. Us or them.”

Amanar frowned, “You mean what that Royal Guard was talking about when we were-”

Cosmescu cut him off, “... in Alexandria. Right. That was him.”

Now the others sat up, but they asked their questions of Amanar, not Cosmescu.

“Us or them?” Török asked, confused.

“What, other units or what?”

Sebestyén shook his head, “That’d be ... crazy. It can’t be that. Right?”

Amanar sighed, sitting down and putting his boots on.

“All we heard was that the Guard were running live fire training in a couple of the old port towns. That was it.”

“Not quite. Not quite,” Cosmescu jumped in, “I heard later that they were using prisoners as targets.”

“On a range?” Sebestyén scoffed, unconvinced.

Cosmescu smiled nastily, shaking his head, “Uh-uh. Nothing so simple. They had weapons too. Like I said. Live. Fire.”

Török and Sebestyén turned to Amanar. He gave them a blank look. Sergeant Török cocked his head, silently insisting. The heavily Augmented soldier finished tying his boots and stood.

“Yeah,” he said, reluctantly, “That’s what I heard too.”

Török and Sebestyén were aghast.

Cosmescu just laughed.

“So what the hell are we? Disposable?” Török raged.

“Fuck this. Fuck this,” Sebestyén stalked off, heading for the small kitchen. As he left, he shouldered Cosmescu hard.

Cosmescu only chuckled more, regaining his footing and rubbing his sore arm. Abruptly, his demeanour changed.

“Hey! Hey!” Everyone looked around, and he said, “Captain’s on his way.”

Immediately, the others began to pull on the rest of their uniform and neaten up their beds. Cosmescu went to the doorway leading to the rest of the accommodation block, “Sebestyén! Dömötör’s coming!”

Sebestyén came back in a hurry; as Cosmescu started shoving stuff haphazardly back into his locker.

“I hope to hell he’s got something for us to do,” Cosmescu said.

“I will remind you, you said that when some peasant shoots you in the arse,” Sebestyén retorted.

Cosmescu winced at the thought as he dragged a boot out from under his bed. Off in the distance, he heard chains rattling across wood and metal.



The noise in the wagon was deafening. Despite their resolve, all of the group inside found themselves on the verge of panicking. The grinding shriek of the rusted metal doorframe on the rusted metal bearings and track were almost enough to make Cyprian cry out. Ecaterina just stood and shook, her teeth gritted hard, tears flowing down her face.

They had decided to meet their fate with dignity. There would be no mad rush out of the door when it opened, no last, desperate fight for the sake of meaningless glory and honour. Neither would they be dragged out, nor shot or bludgeoned huddling in a corner of the wagon. So they stood, shoulder to shoulder, blinking in the light of the morning sun blazing seemingly directly at them. They waited for barked orders, for rough hands to drag them down from the wagon. They waited also for the impact of bullets and, if they lived long enough, for the sound of their executioners’ weapons.

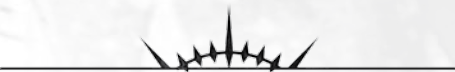
“What the hell ... ?”

Dorin’s eyes had adjusted quickest. He’d been the one most insistent that they go down fighting. When the door had opened, Liviu had half expected the Roma to break ranks and charge. He’d felt strangely honoured when Dorin had laid a comforting hand on his shoulder as they had taken their places when the chain cacophony began.

“Where are they?” Ecaterina said, breathless.

“I told you,” Cyprian said. “They’re arming us. What do we do? Liviu, what do we do?”

The others all turned to their leader. Liviu was staring at the scattered pile of weapons and food. Dorin grunted, pointing up to the wall that surrounded the ruined town.



RESISTANCE

"I don't think we have any choice," he said, flatly.

His comrades looked out, tentatively. The parapet was lined with soldiers, weapons at the ready.

"We die here or out there."

There was a quiet moment. Abruptly, Liviu stood up straighter, taking a long breath in. Then, he sniffed, once, loudly.

"Well," he said. "I'm hungry."

With that, he jumped down and walked to where rations spilled out from a box. As soon as he hit the ground, a chorus of *clack-chunk!* sounds echoed around the walls as dozens of rifles were cocked. To his credit, Liviu ignored them. He grabbed a ration pack and tore open the wrapper. Munching one of the hard biscuits, he caught up a water bottle and, unscrewing the lid, took a long drink. Sitting on a box of rifles, he nodded to his friends to come over. Then, he just sat and watched the soldiers on the wall.

Leaving the wagon, the others walked to Liviu. Teodor was smiling and shaking his head. Ecaterina and Sebestyén looked around, trying to stay calm. Dorin had his eyes fixed on the weapons. They helped themselves to the food, except Dorin. He put some in his pockets and took a drink from the water bottle he claimed. As everyone helped themselves around him, Liviu spoke, "Don't make it too obvious, but start looking for options."

Liviu didn't take his eyes off the soldiers on the wall, but he spoke with a quiet intensity, "If you're right, Cyprian, I want these bastards to rue the day. I want them to remember us the right way. When they go after the Resistance, I want them to remember us and to be afraid. When they go to bed at night, I want us to be their nightmare. When they put on their uniforms in the morning, I want these bastards' hands to shake. I want them scared. Because of us."



General Costache, commander of the Constanta

facility, looked down from the command station above the main entrance to the Constanta ruins. The station was a sizeable bunker-like construction that added an extra five meters in height to the already impressive gatehouse. It housed a detailed map of the town, along with several desks where soldiers took and processed reports from spotters in the towers dotted along the perimeter.

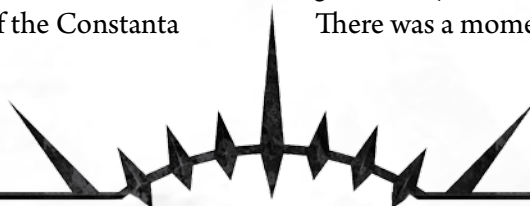
Everyone in the room stood, or sat, and watched the general. He held a microphone connected to speakers that ran at intervals along the whole length of wall and fence. The general showed no inclination to use it just yet. He was busy watching the five Resistance fighters below. His staff stood by, ready for his orders, content to wait. They trusted their general implicitly.

A man of entirely average height and build, clean-shaven with neat dark brown hair, Costache nonetheless had an air of absolute calm efficiency about him. At forty-three years of age, he was one of the new generation of senior Promethean military officers. Alin Costache had achieved his rank thanks to his ability as a commander and tactician, and not through any accident of birth or family connection. Those in his command were loyal to a fault. Not because they had to be, but because they trusted and respected General Costache.

Apparently satisfied, he turned and nodded to one of his staff. The young soldier flipped a switch, and the speaker system crackled and squealed to life. Down by the wagon, four of the five prisoners looked up, though only one seemed startled. The dark haired, dark eyed Roma continued to warily watch the ruins. When Costache spoke, he was matter-of-fact. There was neither any trace of superiority nor gloating satisfaction in his voice. Nor was there any trace of regret.

"Lieutenant Zeklos. I trust you are fully cognisant of your current situation."

There was a moment of confusion before the



leader of the fighters stood. Those around him looked shocked. The Roma was, again, the only one seemingly unaffected.

“General. I am now,” Liviu called up.

“The exercise will begin at this time tomorrow. A siren will sound. Do you require anything?” Liviu looked around him. He shook his head.

“No, General. Nothing at all.”

“Very good, Lieutenant. Dismissed.”

“For some time, General,” Liviu replied. He turned back to his group.

Costache watched as his former Lieutenant ignored questions from two of the other fighters, instead calmly ordering the boxes and packs picked up and dragged off. The group headed into the ruined town and were soon lost from sight. Costache stood for a full minute, staring at the point where they disappeared. Abruptly aware that he was himself being watched by his staff, the General turned with a smile to accept the first report.



“Unacceptable.”

Captain Dömötör never raised his voice. He assumed the full attention of his men. Anyone who didn’t hear him was disrespectfully not giving him that attention, and was clearly guilty of insubordination. Dömötör’s eye for creative and humiliating punishment meant that only one man had ever incurred the Captain’s wrath more than once. That man was Cosmescu, and he seemed intent on achieving the unique and potentially fatal honour of a third charge.

“Sir. Sorry, sir,” Cosmescu was rigidly at attention. He’d been seen to momentarily react to something no one else could hear.

Dömötör, who had been speaking at the time, said, “Reason?”

“Yes, sir. It seems the leader of the insurgents is known to General Costache.”

Dömötör nodded, and Cosmescu visibly relaxed.

“Interesting. Continue.”

“The insurgent commander is Liviu Zeklos, formerly a lieutenant under the General’s command.”

Again, Dömötör nodded, “Anything else?”

“Sir, not on the insurgents, sir.”

“That is sufficient for now then. At ease.”

Everyone relaxed, though Török scowled at Cosmescu. Dömötör smiled at his men. Older than them by some ten years, Dömötör was shorter too. Squat and strong, his thick eyebrows were an incongruous black compared to his greying hair. Left unchecked, his hair was inclined to curl, so Dömötör held it swept back with hair oil; the only luxury he allowed himself.

“As I’m sure the Private has already overheard, the intention is that you will begin the exercise tomorrow at oh-six-thirty. The expectation is that you will enter Constanta through the main gate. This will not happen.”

The men around him grinned. Their Captain grinned back, dragging a stool forward so he could join the circle.

“I expect you to be in the town by oh-six-hundred,” Dömötör continued. “Stay within the first line of buildings. You will not move out or otherwise begin your offensive until the siren sounds at oh-six-thirty.”

He looked to Amanar, “Do you have a suitable access that doesn’t involve blasting, cutting or killing?”

The man nodded, “Yes sir. I have an insertion point that provides no fun or excitement of any kind.”

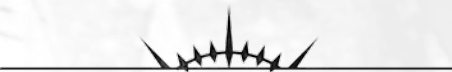
“Good. Now then, what other intelligence had you for us, Private Cosmescu?”

Cosmescu, indicating to Török, said, “I heard a lookout say that our kit was to be removed from storage and hidden. I let the Sergeant know.”

Török grunted, almost a growl. He looked to his commander who had crooked a questioning eyebrow.

“I can confirm it, sir. Myself and Sebestyén, took





RESISTANCE

our kit back. It's stored elsewhere now and ready to go. We dummied the kit in storage and left a little surprise for anyone who messes with it."

"Non-fatal?"

"If they move fast enough, sir," Sebestyén confirmed. Dömötör nodded.

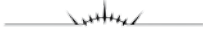
Török spoke up, "Sir, with respect, what the hell are we doing this for?"

Dömötör sighed, his head dropping to his chest for a moment. When he looked up again a moment later, his weariness was obvious. He dully repeated what he'd been told, and there was a bitter edge to his voice.

"These facilities have, to date, only been used for basic training. It is felt in some quarters that this is a waste of resources. Special units, such as yourselves, will now be run through training exercises like this to 'maintain your edge' and to provide information that will allow our senior commanders to plan more efficient deployments and to better react to a variety of insurgent activity." He looked at Török who was clearly angry, "Comment, Sergeant?"

"Sir. That's horseshit, sir. With respect."

"I agree, Sergeant." Dömötör now smiled mischievously, "This is why you will demonstrate our contempt by finishing off these poor Resistance bastards by noon."



"No! You can't ask him to do that!"

Dorin glanced around from his lookout position at the door to the building the team were currently concealed in. Mounted on racks around them, bales of mouldering fabrics leant a thick, cloying smell to the room. Already, the equipment they'd dragged in had been handed out to everyone. Now, as they ate their rations, plans were being drawn up. It was the last order Liviu had given that had caused Cyprian such consternation. Dorin smirked and continued his watch.

"We can't afford to split the team like that. Not permanently. We need Dorin," Cyprian insisted.

Liviu shook his head. "Look, I know the General..." he began.

"Yes, so you said," Ecaterina huffed.

Liviu ignored the remark, while Teodor put a hand on Ecaterina's shoulder to calm her. She shrugged it off.

"I know the General. He's one of the best leaders the army has. Leaving his command was my one and only regret when I joined the Resistance." Liviu looked Ecaterina straight in the eye, "Even now, part of me doesn't want to give this order, but if we achieve nothing else before the end, killing him would make a hell of a difference. The impact on the PMF would be... enormous."

"He's right," Teodor said, though reluctantly. "Killing Costache in his own base? The morale victory alone..."

Ecaterina wasn't convinced, "Great, then we'll come back and get him! But if we're going to survive this..."

"Ecaterina..." Cyprian spoke softly.

"No! We can't just give up!"

"We're not going to survive this," Cyprian insisted, gently.

Ecaterina turned to Teodor, looking for hope. There was none to be found. Her lover just stared back at her, a grim smile on his beautiful, beautiful face. She stopped protesting, her shoulders slumping. Turning, she flopped down on the floor, her back to Teodor, wrapping her arms around one of his legs.

"Fuck," she said quietly. She rested her head on Török's thigh, and he stroked her hair.

They'd all been captured after an audacious raid on an Augmentation facility at a spa in Covasna county, and had left nothing but burning rubble behind. Even though they knew they were likely to find themselves at the mercy of the DSF and Ministry interrogators at Râșnov, the fortress in neighbouring Brașov country, the spirit of the team had not broken. Instead, they

had found themselves here. Still they wanted to fight, even with hope gone. Liviu smiled. He felt inordinately proud of his people.

“Right. We’re being watched from the towers along the walls. You can ignore them. The information they gather won’t be reported back to whomever we’re up against tomorrow.”

“Can you be sure of that?” Cyprian asked.

Liviu nodded, “Yes. That would weaken the value of the exercise. We can’t assume our opponents will come through the main gate. There may be other ways in. The time we have now is vital. We spread out now, make the most of the daylight. Back here by dusk. I want you all as familiar as possible with the area. Keep an eye out for buildings we can burn. I want noise, light and confusion. I want smoke to mask our movements, even from the troops on the wall. I doubt they’ll be expecting that. They’ll be expecting us to dig in, so we keep mobile. At least to begin with.”

“Do you want us to find a place for the last stand?” Teodor asked.

“Just don’t spend too long checking it out,” Liviu said. “It’s more important that we spot routes over, through and under. Open doors to give us options and to make them think we might go that way. Save the grenades though. Leave tracks. Be obvious and be subtle. By the time they come in here tomorrow morning I want it to be impossible for them to be certain of where we are. Oh, and rest up if you’re getting tired. We need to be sharp for our guests.”

“Anything else?” Cyprian asked, chuckling.

Liviu grinned back at him, “See if there’s a decent restaurant open. I hate army rations.”



The fires started around five in the morning. Liviu had been particularly delighted when Dorin had discovered a former hardware shop that had a small store of kerosene in the basement. This became the

first fire and the signal for all the others. As the sky lightened towards a misty morning, Liviu’s people moved quickly. They set their fires in a deliberately obfuscating order and headed for the rendezvous.

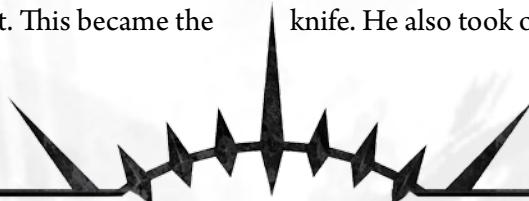
Ironically, the fires forced Török’s team into cover, splitting them momentarily between those who’d scaled the wall and those still on the base side. Sebestyén had been only a quarter of the way down on the Constanta side when a building began to burn close enough to him to illuminate the wall. He was forced to rush his decent, dropping to a harder landing than he intended. Though he hid it as best he could, he’d jarred his left knee badly.

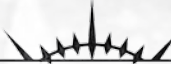
In the command bunker, General Costache made no effort to hide his smile. Lieutenant Liviu was entirely living up to his expectations. The General’s reaction did much to calm his team. The base personnel had not enjoyed hosting the elite team and many were privately rooting for the Resistance. However, as thick smoke began to obscure sections of the town ruins, *and* the base itself, sympathy for either group was soon in short supply.

As the siren sounded for the beginning of the exercise, more troops were moving to guard the perimeter in case the Resistance fighters had opted to use the smoke as cover for a breakout. Between the fires and the noise the troops were making so far, fate was favouring the rebels. Certainly, it meant Dorin saw Cosmescu first.



Dorin had already left the others behind. He’d lit one fire before moving on, just in case anyone in the command bunker was marking the number of initial fires compared to the number of fighters in the town. The Roma hunter had taken his time to select what he felt was the best rifle from the cache. He left all the other weapons behind, save for a wicked-looking knife. He also took only a little of the ammunition.





RESISTANCE



Cosmescu had been sent wide to scout ahead. Török had been initially unwilling, but Cosmescu had reassured his sergeant that all he needed was to get some feel for the ambient sounds so he could start to filter them out. Török decided to give the edgy private a chance. Cosmescu was moving as quietly as he could, but the noise of the fires, the occasional collapsing walls and shifting rubble, and the noise of the troops around the walls was driving him to distraction.

It was the sound of a muttered curse that made Dorin freeze. In the near distance, something had pop-cracked in one of the burning structures and had made Cosmescu jump. He'd been working to close out the sounds of the guards on the walls. On edge already, the noise from the flames had sounded too much like gunfire. Cosmescu shook his head, muttering under his breath, then tried again to concentrate.

Dorin could clearly see the scars around the soldier's ears. He stood in a long shadow cast by the dawn light, wondering what to do next. Finally, he decided. He simply walked toward the Promethean, deliberately thumping his feet down. He also drew his hunting knife. Ahead of him, the soldier's shoulder slumped.

"Come on! Please, I told you. I needed time!" Cosmescu spoke without looking round, frustration making him careless. Only when it was too late did he stand and turn, "I just need ... Hak!"

Dorin rammed the blade into the man's stomach and ripped up, feeling it grate against the man's spine. He'd got close enough to his enemy to be able to grab the soldier's shoulder and pull him into the blow. Dorin quickly tugged the knife free and jogged to cover, alert for sounds of pursuit. There was none. Dorin put the incident from his mind and moved on, silent again. Behind him, Cosmescu crumpled to the ground. He made a slight keening whine that bubbled through the thick blood in his throat. Then he too was silent.



Crouched low on the top of the wall near the unconscious body of a sentry, the Guardsman nodded appreciatively. It had been an excellent kill, planned in an instant and executed with considerable skill. For the corpse spilling its guts into the street, the Guardsman felt only contempt. Unlike the dead soldier, he and his brothers had never lost themselves to their Augmentations; they were not victims of the surgery that had fashioned them.

As though to illustrate this, the Guard leapt down from the wall and vanished into the ruins - a hulking ghost in a greatcoat.



"Perhaps the fire spread?"

The sound of sirens from behind the wall echoed eerily around the ghost town of Constanta. Ecaterina was crouched down beside Teodor, pistol clutched so tightly in her right hand that her knuckles stood out a stark white from under the dirt and grime. Cyprian was scouting ahead. Liviu, watching back along the street they had come down, shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't know. Maybe. We didn't pick any targets that close to the wall, and the space between the buildings and the wall ..." Liviu shook his head; it wasn't important. Teodor shifted position to better watch the way ahead.

"The wind?" Teodor glanced up at the thick smoke trails. "It's picked up. Maybe a spark? Doesn't matter, re ..."

At that moment, there was the sound of something from the street ahead, then weapon's fire. The three Resistance members scrambled for better cover as Cyprian exploded through a door in the distance and sprinted down the street, ducking and dodging from nothing to begin with. Then, from the crossroads some few meters farther down the road, a tall, blond



DARK HARVEST

THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

"It was ransacked and partially burned..."

soldier calmly walked out. He had a heavy machine gun held casually in one hand. The ammunition belt feeding it hung loosely over his shoulder.

Amanar watched his target sprinting up the street. He hefted his gun, a weapon meant to be used from a fixed position by two soldiers, and, shrugging it off his shoulder, the Augmented giant looped his left arm under the belt of ammunition to steady it and began firing. Ahead of him, the Resistance fighter stumbled, perhaps distracted by the heavy beat of the machine gun. Amanar casually let the bullet hits track up the road towards the rebel. Just as they reached him, something punched Amanar in the right shoulder, and he heard the crack of a rifle shot.

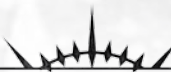
The soldier cursed, barely noticing the wound, and began stepping to the right, still firing. Other shots

pinged around him, and he saw where the rebels were. He was in danger of loosing his open target. Amanar shifted his aim, sending a burst of fire into the rubble where the desperate shots were coming from. Dropping to one knee, he retargeted the fleeing man.

Teodor and Liviu swore as the machine gun tore up the wall beside them, forcing them to drop instinctively. Ecaterina ducked around Teodor and popped up to fire off two quick shots from her pistol. The deep, dull sound of more machine gun fire made her flinch, but she still saw the line of fire stitch bloody holes in Cyprian, hurling him off his feet to bounce once and then lie twitching in the street.

Liviu swore. He grabbed a grenade. "Covering fire," he hissed.

Teodor and Ecaterina responded, standing up and



RESISTANCE



laying down a withering burst. The soldier moved back just as Liviu lobbed the grenade in his direction. Immediately the grenade was out of his hand, Liviu was running into the street. Amanar heard him move, but was forced to take cover when he registered the grenade spinning on the ground close by. Liviu reached Cyprian's body just as the grenade blew and began dragging the corpse back to the others. Smoke, dust and a brief rain of shrapnel and grit covered his retreat.

Amanar let the dust settle before coming back out of cover. He sent a token burst from his machine gun towards where the rebels had been. Keeping his attention on them, he walked slowly up the road. Behind him, he heard his team jogging towards him in support, Sebestyén's breath hissing through his teeth as he fought back the pain from his leg. As Amanar had expected, the rebels were long gone, leaving the corpse of their friend behind in the tumbledown front of the building. Török came up behind Amanar, warily scanning the area, as Sebestyén kept watch on the streets. Amanar was studying the now empty room. There were three possible ways his opponents could have gone.

"How many fighters?" Török asked simply.

"Now three. I think."

"You only think there were three?" Török wasn't impressed.

Amanar grunted, "I took fire from three before I got this one."

"Alright. The fourth one is on his own then.

He must have been the one who gutted Cosmescu."

Amanar looked around at his Sergeant, smiling a grim smile, "I didn't know Cosmescu had guts."

He walked past Török, heading back into the street, "It is good we learned something today."

Török shrugged and followed, "True."

facility. He was looking down at it, his right hand lightly clenched in a fist pressed to his lips, left hand cradling his right elbow. He was contemplating something, but it was not the map in front of him. To one side, a young lieutenant stood expectantly. Costache was vaguely aware that others around them were concentrating more on his expected decision than on their own tasks. This was not *helping* his concentration, and nor were the waves of smoke that occasionally blew through the wide, open command centre viewing window. Costache straightened with a sigh, his hands linking behind his back. The lieutenant stiffened yet further to attention.

"Our searches have found no sign of anyone having escaped the town," Costache said. He began pacing, ignoring the smoke that drifted in. "Our sentry was not killed, nor were his weapons or ammunition taken."

He continued to pace, wondering how close the nearest fire was. Some of them had grown quite out of control, "It has to be assumed that, for whatever reason, someone has chosen to enter the town."

"Should we inform Captain Dömötör and order the withdrawal of the unit?" the lieutenant asked.

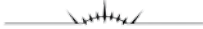
Costache shook his head. He stopped pacing near to the window, peering through the smoke, "No. Call him here, but we can allow the exercise to continue. Carry on."

The lieutenant saluted and left. The General nodded to a waiting private. The man snapped to attention.

"Can I have an updated report on the fires," Costache asked. "I'm concerned they may endanger..."

From the guard post on the roof directly above him, rifle shots rang out. Costache frowned. Outside, the smoke cleared for a moment, giving the General a clear view of the area. There was a bearded man standing in plain view, lightly wreathed in lingering smoke. He had a rifle.

"Oh," the General managed.



General Costache stood by the map of the Constanta



As the bullets fired by the soldiers on lookout above and around the gateway found their mark, tearing into him, Dorin's final thought was one of contentment that his last shot had been true.



When the people of Constanta learned that their town was to be emptied, the municipal hall bore the brunt of the protests. It was ransacked and partially burned before the authorities brought the rioters to order. An immense building, it was solidly built and survived the fire, though the upper floors were badly damaged. Close to the military wall, beyond which was the railway serving the seaport, the old town hall had nonetheless escaped demolition. No one wanted to tackle that big a job. Excuses were made and accepted, and the building was left.

Török hated it on sight. He grudgingly respected the choice made by the leader of the Resistance fighters. There was a wide, clear area around the building anyway. The tower dead centre above the third floor of the front of the building made Török suspicious enough that he considered having Amanar climb up and check it. In the end, he ordered Sebestyén to move up and scout the entrance while he and Amanar covered him.

Ten minutes later, the soldiers stood at a side door of the main hall. The old sign by the opening read 'Records Archive'. There was not much of a door left. The Resistance members heading down to the basement had hastily thrown up a barricade that, while of no defensive value, would require Török and his men to make enough noise in getting past it to warn the defenders they were coming.

"Can we burn them out?" Sebestyén asked quietly, already knowing the answer.

Sure enough, his commander shook his head.

"That would take too long. It's already past noon, and I'm not looking forward to dealing with the captain as it is," Török hissed. "Then there're all those sirens we heard. I don't like that. I don't like anything about this."

The team fell back from the doorway so they could talk normally. The sergeant pointed to the stairwell and the makeshift barrier, "We'll clear that first, then wait a few minutes to let them get properly scared. However we do it, they're going to know we're coming. We're going to have to move fast and lay down as much fire as we can. Amanar, you go first. Leave the big gun here. I doubt there'll be space for you to..."

Török trailed off, looking past his two men, "Is that...?"

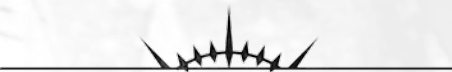
The others turned. Framed by the pillars of the hall, backlit by the light blazing in through the shattered doors, a Promethean Royal Guardsman stood watching them. Török and the others snapped to attention, saluting. When the enormous figure didn't react, Török walked smartly towards him, holstering his pistol.

"Sorry sir. Sergeant Török, serving under Captain Dömötör, CI divisions. We hadn't been informed of your... Er, participation, sir? Are you here to observe?"

Török was confused. The Guardsman was a seven-foot tall mass of Augmented flesh and bone, stitched together by the best surgeons Frankenstein had personally trained, or sometimes by the king himself. Török could see the man was watching him, but he otherwise showed no reaction. Stopping just in front of the Guardsman, Török stood at attention and saluted again, just to be sure.

"Under your orders, sir."

The Guardsman punched Török so hard that bones and teeth from his lower jaw shot up into his brain cavity. His body left the ground, landing less than a



RESISTANCE



meter away. Blood flowed freely from the sergeant's ruined head. Sebestyén managed to bring his rifle to bear before the Guardsman drew a massive pistol and fired in a motion almost too fast to see. The flare from the barrel lit the darkened hall and the private was hurled against the wall to leave a wet stain.

Amanar grinned a toothsome, feral grin as the Guardsman turned to him. Slowly and deliberately, he cast aside the machine gun. He walked towards the Guardsman, who had holstered his own weapon. Cricking his neck and flexing his arms, the soldier regarded his unlikely opponent.

"I always wanted to know," Amanar rumbled. "Are you really so tough? It is always good to learn new things, don't you think?"

Amanar moved like lightening, feinting with his left before lashing out with a great haymaker of a right. Fast as he was, the Guardsman was faster. He caught Amanar's right fist in his immense left hand, twisting the soldier's arm and then shattering it with a single blow. Amanar roared with pain and anger, but only for an instant. The Guardsman stepped back a little and then punched the soldier squarely in the face. The blow crushed the front of Amanar's skull. He toppled backwards, gurgling and thrashing. The Guardsman lifted a massive, booted foot and brought it down on the remains of Amanar's face. The abused head crumpled with a thick, wet noise.

The Guardsman ignored the fallen and walked to the stairs to the basement. The barricade offered him no resistance; but then, so little did.



The basement records room was dank and musty. During the protests, a fire had been started but extinguished before it really took hold. Some records had been removed, but the rest had been left behind in the rows and rows of filing cabinets or scattered to litter the floor. Heavy, wooden and shoulder high,

the cabinets were bolted down. There were two sets of two-dozen parallel rows of them, filling the low vaulted cellar. Some little light came from slit windows at ground level. Over the years since Constanta had been abandoned, some had broken to allow the elements to accelerate the decay.

When the fighters first arrived, they heard scuttling rats scurry for cover. Teodor and Liviu had spotted some scramble up the wall and escape through windows they themselves could never use. Once Ecaterina finished the improvised barrier at the top of the stairs, she helped her colleagues build piles of old chairs and desks in an attempt to further hinder their opponents. The team worked in silence. There was nothing to say.

They had already finished and were sat towards the back of the room when they heard footsteps and caught whispers of conversation from the hall upstairs.

"Remember, keep moving," Liviu hissed.

His friends nodded, their breath ragged with fear and anticipation.

Liviu patted one of the cabinets, "These will deaden a lot of the sound, but it's still going to be very loud. We might ... I mean, there's a chance ..." He faltered, trying to find something to say.

Teodor chuckled, shaking his head, "Liviu, let's just kill them and then work out how to get out of here."

Ecaterina nodded, smiling as best she could. She was gazing at Teodor, clinging to him. Liviu took the hint. He nodded to them, hefting his rifle.

"See you both outside," he said.

Ecaterina and Teodor were already lost in a final kiss as Liviu jogged down the central aisle to his chosen position. The two lovers also parted ways, Ecaterina pushing Teodor back before running off without a word. He watched her go, and then picked up his own rifle.

From the hall above, the sound of voices could be heard. Liviu looked down his weapon's sights for the hundredth time. This had to be it, he thought. Like

the others, he physically jumped when he heard a gunshot. There was another voice, other sounds, and then nothing.

“Liviu?!” Ecaterina called, an edge of panic in her voice.

“I don’t know,” he hissed. “Just... Just stay where you are!”

As if to underline Liviu’s order, something pushed through the barrier, sending pieces of it bouncing loudly down the stairs to the small landing. It was five steps down from the landing to the cellar. A shadow blotted out the light from the hall. The staircase creaked in protest as something very large and very heavy walked down it with deliberate steps. Whoever it was had paused, a shadow on the dark landing. In the room, the fighters waited breathlessly. How would the attack come? Which way would they move? Who would die first?

“Lieutenant Zeklos?” The voice was loud and deep, so much so that Liviu felt it in his chest. It went on, “I thought you should know. The General is dead. Your man, the gypsy, he is also dead.”

Liviu was surprised at the sharp pang of sadness and regret he felt for the General’s death. It overrode the pride he felt in Dorin’s achievement, and his demise. The man on the stairs was not finished yet.

“The soldiers from the base are getting ready to sweep the town. The other soldiers who were hunting you are dead. It gave me no pleasure killing them, as it will give me no pleasure in killing you. Traitor though you are.”

Liviu desperately wanted to say something. To shout or scream or rush at the stairs, firing as he went. He bit it back, forcing himself to stay calm. Liviu had a good idea what it was lurking in the shadows in front of them, and his blood ran cold.

“I have come for Ecaterina. She is to live.”

Ecaterina moaned, a guttural sound of fear and pain. Liviu, utterly shocked, glanced in her direction,

though she was invisible in the dark. A sound at the stairs snapped his attention back, just as the Guardsman exploded into action. He was already half way to Liviu before the Resistance fighter could fire. The panicked shot went wide. Liviu stood to fire again, catching a glimpse of steel flashing in the Guardsman’s hand.

Teodor saw Liviu’s head tumble from his shoulders as the Guardsman rushed forwards. Firing from the hip, Teodor walked out of hiding. His opponent swept away a clutter of desks and broken chairs as Teodor saw two of his shots hit home. The man-made man now walking toward him didn’t even register the impacts.

“Run! Ecaterina, run!” Teodor screamed. He fired again, the shot going wild. The Guardsman rushed forward, and Teodor died.



Ecaterina was slumped on the floor when the Guardsman found her. She looked up at him, dully defiant. There was no fight in her. The Royal Guard sneered.

“Your father,” he explained, contempt thick in his voice. “It could not be allowed that the daughter of so senior a commander die in a place like this.”

The Guardsman lunged at Ecaterina, dragging her up by her hair. Still Ecaterina said nothing, though she struggled and gasped.

“Even if she is a traitor!” The huge creature bent to spit the words into the woman’s face, “Even if loyal Prometheans had to die to keep the secret. Even if I had to kill them!”

Released, Ecaterina stood scowling sullenly at her captor. He smiled, viciously.

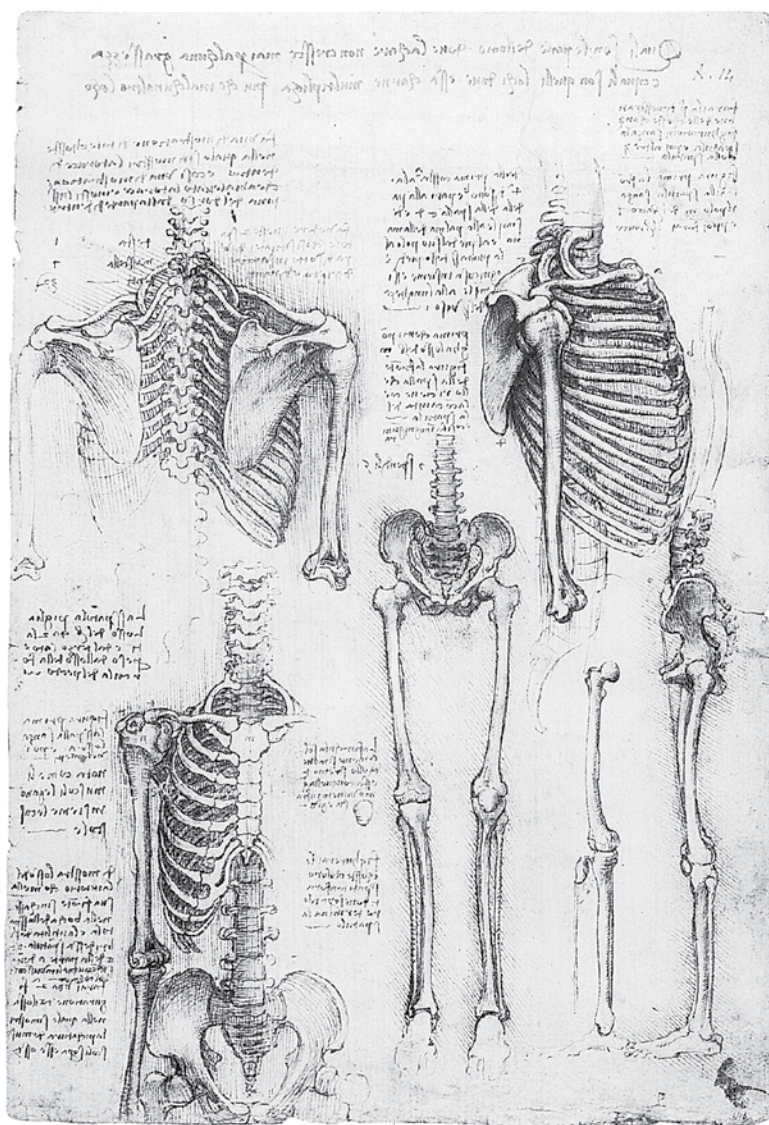
“I will take you back to him, back to your family,” the Guardsman said, savouring the moment. “We have one place to go first, though. We will go to Rasnov, to the prison.”

The Promethean enjoyed the growing panic on

RESISTANCE

Ecaterina's face. He grabbed her arm before she might think to run. Pulling her close to him, he caught her by the throat. As he throttled her to unconsciousness with just the slightest pressure of his huge hand, the Guardsman took care to ensure Ecaterina heard his last words to her.

"There is a surgeon waiting there for you at the fortress. He will make sure you are more docile, as befits a lady of your breeding."



CONTROL

by *Lain Lawson*

Târgu Mureş was deceptive. As the de facto capital of Promethea, it seemed appropriate that it should be. All capital cities lie to some degree or other. They all do what they can to put across an image of being confident, carefree and, most of all, of being under control. Târgu Mureş told its share of tall tales, but the stories it spun were new twists on old themes.

Though ancient, and despite having once been the administrative centre of Transylvania when the region still belonged to the Hungarians, Târgu Mureş was a new capital. It was a precocious youth. The signs of building and expansion were everywhere. From the new military base on the outskirts to the public and private construction within the town. Even the centre, under strict instructions from the king himself that it be preserved, was witnessing a flurry of restoration, conversion and continual subtle improvement.

In the midst of such activity, the one image that Târgu Mureş put across with assured confidence was that it was very much in control. While Bucharest often had the fragile look of a courtesan who had realised that time had caught up on her, Târgu Mureş positively glowed with youthful promise. It strutted, while Bucharest stumbled. The atmosphere in the leafy town was carefree. Though there were patrols, pairs of guards marching their assigned routes or watching their assigned approaches, they were polite, even smiling. It was all a deception, of course, but a necessary one.

To approach Târgu Mureş was to approach a microcosm of Promethea itself. Once you were in,

your safety, and perhaps even your prosperity, was guaranteed - so long as the rules were obeyed. Getting in, however, was the issue. Even for Filip Györfy, head of the Domestic Security Forces, getting in to Târgu Mureş was a long and slow process. Certainly, the stresses were alleviated to a degree by the comfort provided by his private train. Nonetheless, a visit to Frankenstein required that even Györfy had to endure a degree of personal discomfort.

All trains approaching Frankenstein's hometown had to pass through the military base. This created a bottleneck that, at busy times, caused long delays. It was always busy, of course, with civilian, military, Ministry and cargo trains all receiving the same intensive investigation. All but the highest-ranking individuals had to disembark and join the queues of people waiting to have their papers checked. Those foreign guests attending conferences or those of suitably high standing in Promethea were not required to exit their carriages. However, stern guards and often-haughty officers came aboard and subjected everyone to a degree of scrutiny that none of those so examined could ever grow accustomed to.

Filip understood the need for it. Had even advised on some aspects of the process. This, after all, was the country where Augmentation opened up all sorts of infiltration options. A face might look familiar, might be the one in the photograph on the paperwork, but was that face still attached to the correct body? Road travel, something Filip would never have contemplated, was no better, and a ring of fences and patrols ensured those on foot were not missed.

RESISTANCE



"Târgu Mureș told it's share of tall tales..."

As a result of all of those precautions, actually arriving in Târgu Mureș itself was a considerable relief. The relative tranquillity could be something of a shock. Gyôrfy left his staff at the railway station at the heart of Târgu Mureș, the only stop after the military base. They worked with their usual efficiency to transfer his luggage and suchlike to his private accommodation in town. Filip delighted in the opportunity to leave his bodyguards behind and, in this unique place, they raised no protest. So it was that, true to habit, Filip began the gentle thirty minute stroll from the station to Târgu Mureș' ancient fortress heart, home to Victor Frankenstein, King of Promethea.

Normally, and particularly on a cool, bright day like this, the walk was a pleasant chance to forget about any of the issues he had to deal with. It was one of the

important skills Filip Gyôrfy had, that ability to fully put aside work, to drive it out of his mind entirely. That ability had, Filip knew, likely saved his sanity. This time, however, Filip barely noticed his very pleasant surroundings as he walked towards the old fortress. As he reached the first security checkpoint, one that was still some distance from the walls themselves, Gyôrfy gazed up to where the bell tower of the old church in the fortress could be seen rising above the reddish-brown bricks of the fortifications. Despite the fact that he had attended a number of dances and other frivolities within those formerly hallowed walls, the sight of the tower made him shiver. Filip grew angry with himself. This would not do! He snatched back his papers from the startled guard, stormed past the checkpoint and on up the road to the fortress.

Though not obvious to anyone approaching, the houses and other buildings immediately around the Târgu Mureș fortress had been completely taken over when Frankenstein first came there. There were no soldier's barracks there. Rather, the buildings housed many of those who visited Promethea for the scientific conclaves Frankenstein regularly hosted. There were demonstration and lecture facilities within and without the walls of Frankenstein's domain, and all were used by both the conclaves and the University of Târgu Mureș; the third such institution in Promethea, but easily the most august.

With their barracks in the fortress itself, the soldiers that did patrol the immediate area around the fortress home of Frankenstein cast a considerable shadow over the area. There was no missing them. Their heavy tread could be heard on the massive walls, coming from high overhead. Their figures loomed large, chest high over the parapets above, and utterly dominating the doorways at street level. These were the Promethean Royal Guard, Frankenstein's most loyal troops. In the Promethean army, that was quite a claim. The Guardsman at the gatehouse smiled and took Gyôrfy's papers between fingers each twice as thick as Filip's own. When he spoke, the Guardsman's voice rumbled exactly as anyone seeing him would assume it should. It was a voice you 'heard' in your very bones.

"Welcome, sir. The king is waiting for you at the church." The Royal Guard barely looked up as he deftly shuffled through the papers.

Filip Gyôrfy always compared standing next to one of these seven foot creatures as being the equivalent to standing in a rock fall that has somehow frozen just before it landed on you, leaving you no idea when you might be abruptly obliterated. As he took the papers back, Filip made a point of calmly replying. "Thank you. Has anyone else arrived?"

"Mister Cristescu, the Information Minister, is already with him, Mister Gyôrfy," the Guardsman

rumbled. "He arrived yesterday."

Filip was not surprised. "Yesterday, hmmm? To be expected, I suppose. Anyone else?"

"No, sir." The Guardsman stepped to one side, quite unnecessarily, and swept his arm out to indicate the passage under the gatehouse bastion out into the fortress grounds. "Please, sir. His Highness was very specific."

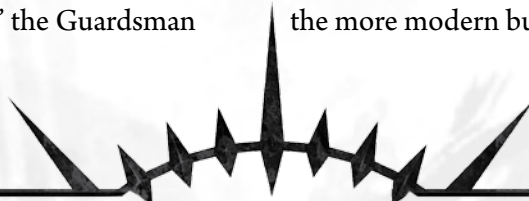
"Quite right. Quite right." Filip Gyôrfy looked down the tunnel. Despite the bright day, despite the whitewashed walls of the wide passageway, it all felt very claustrophobic. Gyôrfy absently tapped his little bundle of folded identification paperwork and passes against the knuckles of his left hand.

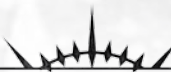
"Sir?"

The Royal Guardsman's insistent tone quite startled Gyôrfy. Ashamed of his reticence, he smiled to the behemoth beside him and walked smartly down the tunnel. His footsteps sounded loud on the ancient cobbles.



When Frankenstein had first come to the old medieval fortress in Târgu Mureș, the area within the walls had been much abused over the years by a number of occupying armies. The walls and bastions themselves, rebuilt over more than 25 years during the early to mid-1600s, had been kept in good order, with the exception of large sections of the northern wall which had to be rebuilt. The heavy brick walls, designed to withstand cannon fire, were some 250 meters long on the east and west sides, and 200 on the north and south. Within the space they defined, a mishmash of buildings had sprung up over the years. Built on the site of Franciscan monastery, the settlement around which the fortress was built, the former Reformed Church was the only building Frankenstein left largely untouched. The rest were converted or, in the case of the more modern buildings, removed entirely.





RESISTANCE

The long building that dominated the eastern side was given over entirely to the Royal Guard. A building of similar age close to the church became Frankenstein's lodgings. These were relatively modest by the standards of some in Promethea, but needed to be taken as part of the whole. Frankenstein was more often seen in the other parts of the fortress. The large, thick-walled bastions, formerly home to various trade guilds, became laboratories and operating theatres, workshops and test-beds, demonstration and lecture rooms. An old barracks block on the west side became living quarters for the more senior students, while the elegantly appointed u-shaped building to the north played host to the majority of meetings during the numerous scientific conferences held in Târgu Mureş.

The ground around the buildings was immaculately landscaped, with the central area given over to lawns on which many large marquees could be thrown up to host parties and balls when science gave way, however reluctantly, to internal politics and the need to occasionally acknowledge the existence of the decadent nobility. At other times, the grounds and the covered arcades that ran along the insides of the walls were places of quiet contemplation and conversations both casual and intense.

A constant, looming presence over all of this was the Royal Guard. Though their principal barracks and training grounds were out at the military base beyond the town's edge, the fortress of Târgu Mureş was their home. For the majority, this was also their place of rebirth. Frankenstein himself presided over or conducted many of the surgical procedures that took specially selected volunteers and turned them into the gigantic Guardsmen. As a result, their extreme Augmentations enjoyed a near-100% success rate. Justifiably, they were the most feared and respected military unit in Promethea. Two of their number, the Captains, were rumoured to have been with Frankenstein for far longer than Promethea had

existed. Certainly, those under their command treated the Captains with a deference normally reserved only for their creator.

From the moment he passed the guard station well beyond the fortress walls, Filip Gyôrfy always felt the eyes of the Royal Guard settle on him and follow him. Within the walls, he could see them watching him openly. While those who lived and worked in the fortress precinct might eventually grow used to them, Gyôrfy never had. He had been 'fortunate' enough to see Royal Guardsmen in action on two separate occasions, and the images of what they were capable of were seared into his mind. Filip only had to hear one laugh for his blood to chill.

Gyôrfy walked along the northern wall of the students' quarters, turning right to follow the direct path toward the church. A few of the students nodded a greeting to him as he passed, though Filip ignored them. The people, men and a few women, who studied under Frankenstein varied in age though none, to Gyôrfy's certain knowledge, were over forty years old. Filip quietly envied them. He'd seen their casual intimacy with Frankenstein, the way they talked as equals with the great man. Filip tried not to resent them, but it was difficult. He worked long and hard to protect these people from the harsher realities of life in Promethea, but he'd seen many of those smiles they gave him turn to contemptuous smirks when they thought he wasn't looking. Such was the lot of the civil servant, he told himself.

As he neared the white walls of the church, Filip saw Royal Guardsmen posted at the north door and at the bottom of the covered steps leading up to the more private area to the rear of the building. Where the priests, choir and other church functionaries once held sway now Victor Frankenstein, the King of Promethea, held his more delicate meetings amid baroque splendour. Filip saw the Guardsman at the stairs step to one side, long before he reached the

church, indicating that this was where he was to head for. Gyôrfy stoically endured the knowing smiles of both Guardsman as he passed them, but the sweat was flowing freely long before he climbed the stone steps and knocked for admittance.



The quarters Frankenstein made use of in the old church had been remodelled from their original state to take full advantage of the architecture. Though the chamber was subdivided, none of the new, dark wood walls reached to the ceiling, affording an uncluttered view of the high dome, pristine white with minimalistic, elegant, swirl-tipped lines decorated with gold leaf. A small antechamber, almost ridiculously filled by the Royal Guardsman on duty there, led to a corridor that ran along the length of the office the king used. Following along the wood-walled, thickly carpeted corridor led to stairs that went down to a side door into the body of the church. Half way along was a modest door, unguarded. Filip could already hear quiet voices as he strode toward that door. He knocked as he entered, fully aware that those within would already have been informed of his arrival.

It always surprised people that there was no desk in the room. There was a small table in one corner that bore paper, a pen and some ink, but that was reserved for the use of one of Frankenstein's clutch of secretaries. The great man himself rarely took notes at meetings, nor did he use this room as a workplace. Instead, there were a number of oddly mismatched pieces of furniture around the room, with a low table in the middle on which refreshments could be set if required. The chairs, Filip knew, were there to accommodate the preferred comforts of those fortunate enough to be invited here regularly. The stick-thin figure of Silviu Cristescu, for example, was perched on the edge of a simple four-legged stool,

though he managed to look quite relaxed doing so. Filip preferred the more padded, cream-coloured two-seater by the table. He could sprawl comfortably in that.

Victor Frankenstein himself had, in Gyôrfy's experience, only very rarely used any of the chairs in the room. The tremendous energy and drive within him meant he was almost permanently moving, pacing or at his least mobile, standing and listening intently while his fingers drummed on his arm. True to form, Frankenstein was already crossing the stone floor to meet Filip, a wide friendly smile brightening his otherwise severe and thin face. Victor's eyes sparkled with delight, both hands held before him to take Filip's in a firm, enthusiastic handshake. Still, Filip fancied that Victor's eyes were darkly rimmed, and he wished even more fervently that he had better news for his friend and king.

"Gyôrfy! How are you, dear fellow?!" Victor enthused, pumping Filip's hand with characteristic vigour. "I trust your journey wasn't too onerous?"

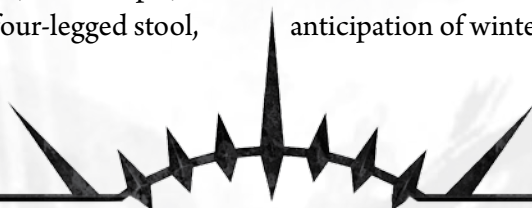
Filip smiled back, as best he could. "No, no Victor. It was quite alright, really."

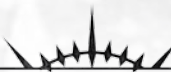
From behind the king, Silviu piped up, his clipped, almost bird-song voice carrying straight to Filip's nerves. "Did you enjoy your walk to the fortress, Filip? My driver says you went right past him."

Gyôrfy's face hardened as he turned to hang his coat on the stand near to the door. He regained his composure as he faced Silviu again. Filip was particularly annoyed as he had genuinely missed the man. He would have liked to have refused the offer.

"I'm sorry, Silviu. The station was extremely busy," Filip said.

As Frankenstein returned to where he must've been standing before he arrived, close to the large fireplace, Gyôrfy poured himself a tall glass of water from a decanter beside one of the three tall, arched windows that lit the room. Heavy red curtains hung there in anticipation of winter cold. Filip took his glass and





RESISTANCE

walked to his favourite seat, sitting down with a sigh.

"Besides," he continued, "I wanted to take the time to gather my thoughts after the customary distractions of the checks."

"Yes," Silviu chirped. "I have heard they are quite irritating."

Gyôrfy tipped his head, giving Silviu a look as though to ask if that really was the best he could do. Victor, meanwhile, chuckled good-humouredly. Filip decided it was time to get to business.

"Now then," he began, glad to see Cristescu immediately adopt a more serious expression. "You had better tell me what information you have been able to recover."

The Minister nodded, eyes closing for a moment as though he were drawing the facts from some deeply buried part of his memory.

"None," he abruptly declared.

Gyôrfy slumped a little.

Silviu continued, "My officials have interviewed all of Petru's friends and associates, both here in Târgu Mureş and elsewhere. Iaşi, where he first went to university. The family estates around Balaci. All the staff were spoken to, along with his family."

At this, Frankenstein spoke up, his concern clear. "You were suitably circumspect, Silviu, in your approaches to the Dodrescu family?"

"Indeed. To be frank, they fell over themselves to help us. They had drawn up lists of Petru Marin's friends and anyone else they could think of who might have information on him." Silviu sounded impressed. "Of course, it was the same list they gave to the private agency they hired in Bucharesti."

Silviu tipped his head quizzically and looked to Gyôrfy. "I believe you had some dealings with them... Filip...?"

The head of the DSF shook his head, smiling almost reluctantly.

"Ahhhh, I thought I had one on you there. Until

your man spoke to my man..." Filip waved his hand dismissively. "All very... mmhhh."

"As you say, Filip, as you say." Silviu's eyes flicked closed again as he tracked through his memory. "To date, the Ministry has conducted more than two hundred interviews", he recalled, his eyes snapping open. "Formal interviews, that is. I personally have had innumerable conversations with..."

Gyôrfy interrupted, smiling to Victor, "Innumerable?"

Silviu sighed. "Sixty one, if you include this meeting. We know all of Petru Marin Dodrescu's habits, and can safely and unequivocally state that he has broken with them all in an instant. Of his current whereabouts, however..." Silviu actually slumped. "Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

Cristescu looked to his king, "I'm sorry, Victor."

Frankenstein nodded. The atmosphere in the room became solemn. Fragile. No one could look at anyone else. Shifting uncomfortably, Gyôrfy felt he should say something.

"Well, yes. I have... That is, the military command and my department, have done what we can. His description and picture have been circulated where appropriate. The search teams, as you know, have worked outwards from his last known location and looked everywhere, both logical and fanciful. Nothing." Filip glanced to Silviu again. "Nothing through diplomatic circles, I take it?"

"Neither official nor unofficial," the Minister confirmed. "There have been no new tourist groups on our borders for some time. Even Baba Vida has had no visitors worth speaking of. If he is looking to sell his services to..."

"No!" Victor said, abruptly and a little too loud. He looked ashamed for a moment, but then gathered himself.

Silviu and Filip exchanged a brief, telling look. Gyôrfy broke the threatening silence.

"Victor..." he started, then paused. "Your

Highness," he continued, "we have considered everything. Examined everything. No man on his own..."

Frankenstein threw out his hand to silence his DSF chief.

"No! Petru would not..." Victor began, but Gyôrfy was merciless.

"No man on his own could vanish off the face of the Earth. He had to have..."

"I will neither accept nor entertain..." Victor insisted, even as Gyôrfy went on and Cristescu joined in.

"Your Highness, he must have had help! You cannot..."

"I have to agree with Gyôrfy on this. He..."

"NO!" Victor bellowed.

The others immediately fell silent. Frankenstein seemed to have grown in stature with his rage. He quivered with anger, his hands straight down at his sides, clasp and unclasp. He looked even more hawkish than usual; positively deadly. Looking down on those he so trusted to maintain the security of his creation, Victor abruptly let out a great rush of breath. He diminished and, for a moment, Filip and Silviu caught a glimpse of the weight of the years, knowledge and experience that crushed down on Victor Frankenstein every day.

Victor had put one hand on the mantle of the great stone fireplace, his head bowed. For a while, the only sounds were of Victor breathing and the small fire in the grate gently crackling. Silviu had retreated into himself, but was watchful. Gyôrfy fidgeted in his seat, uncomfortable, on edge. Finally, he stood in a rush and went to where a brandy decanter and glasses were laid out. He splashed a generous measure into one glass, then a second into another. He drank one down, and then carried the second to Victor. Filip stood holding it out for a full minute before Victor noticed him. With a sad smile, Frankenstein took the drink. Gyôrfy returned to his customary seat, shooting Silviu a troubled look as he did.

"I cannot believe Petru would... Would go to him.

I will tell you why." As he walked to the drinks stand, Victor continued. He talked quietly, but with an intensity that brooked no interruption. Frankenstein put down the glass of brandy without tasting it and returned to the fireplace. "In all these long years, I have hoped for an ally. No, not an ally... An equal. A true equal."

Silviu mused how, from any other man, those words would have been the height of arrogance. This, however, was Victor Frankenstein. The king continued.

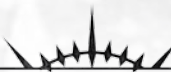
"You both know something of my history, but you cannot hope to understand my isolation. The rejection of family, of friends, of my so-called peers. The years of planning, of secrecy, and all the time watching for signs of pursuit. Then, even as those plans bore fruit, to see some of my erstwhile supporters so abuse the gifts they were given! It is as though he were constantly at my shoulder, showing me that my work could only bring evil."

Frankenstein shuddered visibly, staring into the fire as he spoke again, "I have lost so much. And yet, I have gained so much. Promethea draws closer to becoming all that I intended it to be. But achievements of the past elude me still."

Victor held his own hand up, turning it over, studying it as though it were new to him. "I have lost so much" he murmured. He clenched his hand to a fist. "I needed a... A muse. Petru became that muse. Can you understand?" he said, looking to his two friends, almost begging. He looked on Filip and Silviu with a pitying expression.

"How could you understand?" Victor showed his frustration now, becoming more animated as he continued. "Others I have trained could grasp the method, but not the meaning of my work. They could parrot and mimic what I had done, but they could not innovate. They could not truly create. I had begun to despair. Then... Petru Marin Dodrescu."

"His potential was evident from the outset.



RESISTANCE

He surpassed his fellows within months of his arrival here. Soon, I had someone with whom I could truly reason and debate. We talked, often long into the night, as around us slept those who had sought to keep up. We began to work together, he and I. I began to feel I was closer to breaking down the barriers in my mind than I have ever been. I was ... No. *We* were, he and I, close to regaining that which I have lost, than I have ever been. And then ...” Victor threw up his hands. “This.” He sighed, his energy spent.

The silence returned as Frankenstein once more stared into the little fire smouldering in the oversized grate. Silviu watched him intently. In turn, Filip Gyôrfy watched Silviu. Both knew what needed to be said. It was the bird-like Minister who spoke.

“Victor, we must plan for all eventualities,” Siviu began.

Frankenstein groaned with frustration, but Siviu was insistent, “Please, your Highness. Victor. I would rather you were involved in this. We need your guidance. This situation is unique. A decision must be made.”

Gyôrfy knew Silviu was stretching the truth of the matter. This was, sadly, by no means a unique situation. If Frankenstein’s protégé had gone to the Resistance ... Well, the punishment for high treason was well established. The Minister of Information, empowered to act on his king’s behalf and in his name, was playing a dangerous game. He was asking his king, not his friend, to make a decision on Petru’s fate should he be found to have gone to the Resistance or to have tried to escape the country. At the same time, he was offering his friend, not his king, a way out. The chance to play favourites, regardless of the price to be paid. Either way, a precedent would be set.

After his initial near-growl when Silviu spoke, Frankenstein had turned away. Silviu and Filip watched him, breathlessly. After a moment, Victor began to nod. Then, to the surprise of both men, he turned back with a broad smile.

“You are correct, Silviu Cristescu. Thank you. You too, Filip Gyôrfy. I have to make a decision and I will do so by this evening. Filip, we have been too cruel to you. You have only just arrived. Silviu and I are tired already, and we did not travel much more than from bed to plate to bottle today!”

Both Silviu and Gyôrfy stood, relieved, smiling. They knew Frankenstein had made his decision, but needed time to study it and to resolve it into words that others could hear and use without them being easily twisted and abused.

“Let us resume this later, over dinner. Shall we say seven o’clock, gentlemen?” Frankenstein guided both men to the door, darting ahead to open it for them. “I promise this shall all be resolved by this evening. Tomorrow, we can turn our attention to other matters.”

“Until this evening, your Highness,” Gyôrfy said.

Silviu nodded his assent, clearly content with the way things had been settled. The men left, pausing to briefly argue as each insisted the other go first through the door from the corridor to the antechamber at the top of the stairs. Behind them, Frankenstein had already closed the door to his chamber.



Frankenstein heard his colleagues walk down the stairs outside the building. He heard the gravel of the path crunch under their feet as they headed off to the gatehouse, bickering good-naturedly over whether to walk to their accommodation or take Silviu’s car. Victor dismissed them from his mind, choosing to no longer hear them. Instead, he focused on the silence within the room, save for the gentle crackling of the fire. He crossed the room to the fireplace.

Collecting a cast iron poker from the stand, he absentmindedly prodded the smouldering coals into greater exuberance. Swapping poker for coal tongs, he squatted down and added a few lumps to the flames.

Replacing the tongs, he knelt in front of the fire, watching as the flames licked around the new coals. They flared and crackled, dancing around the blocks. Grey-black smoke flowed, and then lessened as the coals caught fire. Frankenstein gratefully lost himself in contemplation of the moment.

Something tinkled to the stone floor behind him. Victor turned to see. The faceted crystal top from the brandy decanter rolled to a stop, resting against the leg of the stand. Victor frowned, walking across to it, conscious of the slight chill of having stepped away from the fire. He picked up the ball-like crystal stopper, setting it back in its place.

An electric thrill of fear ran prickling from the hair on his head to his feet as Frankenstein realised he was no longer alone in the room. He had heard nothing, felt nothing, but he knew. He knew, also, what it was that loomed now beside the fireplace. A chill bit into him. Rooted to the spot, his hand still on the brandy decanter, Frankenstein could not move. Finally, the effort Herculean, he turned his head until he could see the slight shadow cast by the thing blocking the light of the fire. Frankenstein drew a shuddering breath.

"I... I don't know what it is I should say to you."

Victor was aware now of a deep, regular and calm breathing from behind him.

"Face me."

Victor flinched as the deep bass voice sounded, and shook his head.

"I cannot," he said, but his body betrayed him.

As though mesmerised, Victor turned slowly. He inhaled sharply when he saw the Creature. If the long years since their last meeting, far out on the ice sheets of the Arctic, had not touched Victor, they had shaped his first and greatest creation. The Creature's powerful frame was wrapped in a tailored greatcoat reaching almost to the floor. Heavy boots stuck out from the bottom, with trouser cuffs visible too, made of a thick fabric. The scars that had once stood out so livid and

fresh on his face and hands, even during the initial years of pursuit, had moulded into ridges. His head shaved, the hulking figure yet had an air of nobility. The Creature's mouth was set in a grim line. His eyes caught and held Frankenstein. They blazed with hatred.

Victor was trying still to frame words when the Creature stepped calmly to one side. Immediately, Victor felt his legs go out from under him. He hit the stone floor hard, but felt nothing. All his senses fell away save sight. Collapsed to his knees, all he could do was stare. From the flames, the sightless, opaque eyes of Petru Marin Dodrescu stared blankly back. Already, the fire was blackening his flesh, cracking and peeling it back from smouldering muscle and bone. The hair was burning. Petru's tongue was hanging too far forward. He had bitten almost through it in the agony of his death. Frankenstein could still see the ragged line at the throat where a long blade had hacked the head free over several strokes. A little of the spine had been left to allow the Creature to dig it into the coals. He had planned this moment, this unveiling.

The Creature's lips curled in a soundless, contemptuous snarl as he watched Frankenstein reach out to the burning head. The Creature stalked towards Frankenstein, stopping beside him. Victor looked up to him, his eyes pleading.

The Creature spoke again, "Pitiful man. I once swore I would take everything from you that you held dear."

Victor slumped down to the ground, sobbing now. The Creature reached down with his left hand and dragged Frankenstein up by his clothes. Still Victor looked to the ghastly, sizzling, spitting flames.

The Creature pointed to the head and spoke again, his voice booming in Victor's ear. "Know this, my creator. He came to me."

Victor, shock etched in his face looked now to the Creature, seeing the truth there in his eyes.

"He came to me."

RESISTANCE

The Creature dropped Victor. The man scrambled back and up onto his feet. Frankenstein stalked to the fireplace and ripped the poker from its stand. He turned, wild-eyed and panting, glaring at the Creature who merely smiled grimly back. Turning, the huge figure walked to the door, his heavy footfalls thumping. Throwing it wide, the Creature paused in the doorway, his head dipped down to pass through. Glancing sideways to Frankenstein, he spoke once more and then left.

Alone now save for the thing in the grate, Frankenstein heard the Creature's parting words echo in his mind.

"We will meet only one more time, Frankenstein. I will choose that time. You will know it when my hands are at your throat."

Victor stared down at Dodrescu's head, unrecognisable now in the sputtering, stinking flames. He raised his arm slowly, the poker gripped tightly. Then, methodically, with precise, mechanical strikes, he beat it into a pulped mass that splattered his legs and doused the fire.



WAY OUT

by *Lain Lawson*

*W*hen the dogs started barking, she knew it was all over.

Brândușa was so very tired, cold and hungry, scared and sore, she just slumped to the cobbled ground, sobbing uncontrollably. Around her, shouting quickly filled the narrow alley. She was roughly pushed aside, a hapless bundle of rags tumbling away. Her arm splashed in a stinking puddle. Someone grabbed her, dragging her up. She flailed weakly.

“Come on! Up! It’s all right. We’re almost there.”

Baffled and a little panicked, Brândușa looked around her, wild-eyed. There was a man holding her up. Who was it?! It was ... It was ... Vasile? He was doing his best, but failing, to hide his own fear. He pointed up the dark alley, insisting she look.

“There was a man. The dogs, they didn’t like his smell. He must’ve been ... Well, you know...” Vasile didn’t want to use the word aloud, so whispered it instead. “Augmented.”

Chilled further, her skin crawling, Brândușa looked where Vasile was indicating.

Moonlight and the glow of a lamp hooked over a nail in the wall allowed her to see there was a skinny little man standing between two big men. They were grim faced, implacable, and armed. Resistance men. The skinny little man was pleading with them, his voice so broken with emotion and wet with tears and spittle that his words were lost. To one side, the man with the two dogs was crouched down beside them. He was holding their collars tightly but, despite his size, he was struggling as the dogs, growling and

snapping, fought to be freed, to leap on the poor little man and tear him apart. One of the Resistance people pushed the skinny little man back. He wouldn’t leave. He kept pleading, begging, tugging at them. He was pushed back a second time, but this time the man with the dogs stood up and walked them forward. He held their collars high, while they strained on their back legs, their mouths full of glittering teeth and frothing drool.

The little man staggered back from this, still crying, still wailing, but now he began to walk down the short line of waiting people, men and women all in the same pitiful state as Brândușa and Vasile. All were refugees, all dreading that their fate might be the same as the little, skinny man whom they now flinched away from. He stumbled off down the alley. One of the Resistance men let him get a little way away and then soundlessly followed. While the others had turned their attention back to the man with the dogs, Brândușa, last in line, watched the fighter walk by. He drew a large hunting knife as he passed, eyes set on the skinny little man ahead of him. The one who had failed.

Her fear redoubled. What if the dogs were to bark at her?! The others were passing by, one by one ushered past the dogs to cross the dimly lit threshold of a house backing onto the alleyway. They were safe, for now. They had passed. What if she didn’t? One more went past the dogs. They growled a little, and the man was told to stand still. The dogs sniffed at him, but then grew bored. The man was allowed to go, the relief clear on his face, his thanks effusive and ignored.

Then the next ... And the next ... Then it was Vasile.

RESISTANCE



"...shooting quickly filled the narrow alley."

He turned to Brândușa and smiled.

"Watch. It's fine now. You'll see!" He walked down towards the guards, turning back and smiling as he reached the dogs.

"See?" he said, holding out a hand to the dogs.

One of them snapped at it, making the two Resistance men laugh cruelly as Vasile quickly pulled his hand back. He smiled again at Brândușa, but it was a weak, nervous smile. He began to walk to the door, beckoning Brândușa to follow, past the dogs. The two Resistance men were looking at her, expectant. She took one step forward.

Behind her, rushing footsteps. In front of her, the two previously impassive Resistance men reacted, showing a mix of fury and fear. The dogs were set free, and bounded toward Brândușa. She shrieked, turning

in a rush to flee, but was thrust back against the alley wall by someone much larger than she stumbling into her. Arms went around her, and a great dragging weight bore down. She struggled, squealing and gasping, pushing and flailing. The dogs, barking and growling, bounded past. She heard someone talking, a guttural whisper.

"H... Help... Me. Help... Me..."

With a thrill of horror, she realised it was the Resistance knifeman slumped against her, clinging to her for support. Reaching to help him straighten, Brândușa saw her hands were wet and warm. In the cold air, the blood steamed on her hands, her clothes, and on the growing pool on the ground. She looked into the eyes of the Resistance man, seeing the desperation there, seeing the life go out of them. He slid down her, crumpling to the ground to lie in blood and filth.

Brândușa stepped back from the corpse, slipping in the stinking gore that flooded from the dead man's torn innards, spilling from a ghastly tear in his stomach. Her mind was refusing to comprehend what was happening, but a part of her was able still to process sound. Dogs, yelping and growling, snapping and biting. She looked.

The skinny little man.

A dog died as she stared, eyes wide. The skinny little man simply pushed his suddenly sharp, skinny little fingers through its neck. It shook and jerked as he cast it aside. He was grinning, moving like a rickety puppet, his red stick fingers flickering and twitching. The last dog crouched, snarling. The skinny little man snarled back through his rictus grin.

Someone grabbed Brândușa, dragging her back. She shrieked again. The skinny little man snapped his head around. Now he was grinning at her. The screams died in her throat. The snarling dog leapt. The skinny little man span back, slashing out with his hands. Blood sprayed through the air as the dog yelped in brief mortal agony.

“Come on, woman! Move!”

It was one of the other Resistance men, the dog handler. He was dragging her back. She felt paralysed, her body an alien thing in which she was trapped. The other man stepped forward, between her and the deadly, skinny little man. Fire and thunder bloomed in his hands, illuminating charnel house horrors. In the too narrow alley the skinny little man was blasted back, tumbling like a thrown toy. When he stood again, his grin intact, his remaining eye glittering, it was too much for Brândușa. She heard voices, shouts, more gunfire, and then nothing at all.



Rumbling. An engine struggling, choking, fighting back. Bruised. Her body, bouncing gently as a cold floor bucked under her. Wet. The water dripping and splashing on her face. Rain? Sore. The light on her face, in her eyes.

Brândușa woke. She started up, looking around her, frantic as a tumble of images of death and darkness blasted her mind. There were others, some dozing in their seats, some looking at her, baffled. There was Vasile, smiling broadly.

“Ah! Good. I am very glad.” Vasile smiled around at the others. “She is awake. Isn’t that good?” When nobody reacted with the enthusiasm he clearly felt, Vasile’s smile barely faltered. He shrugged at her, slightly theatrically.

The chubby, short man seemed to feel his duty to the others around him was to be permanently cheerful. The only thing that bothered him was the state of his dark hair and the condition of his clothes. He had apologised for both as his opening, conversational gambit when the group had first been brought together in Predești. He’d latched on to Brândușa because she’d smiled back when he spoke to her. She didn’t mind. His good-natured prattle, though out of place, was a mundane distraction she needed.

“You are a farmer now,” he began before quickly correcting himself. “Well, a farm worker. We are in a truck.” Vasile shrugged again, chuckling. “Obviously.”

He helped Brândușa sit up and move out of the way of the dripping water. It was raining softly outside, almost a thick, foggy drizzle. The canopy at the back of the truck was threadbare at best and full of holes. Brândușa was relieved to see no sign of the Resistance men. She looked at her hands, at her clothes. Both showed rusty red evidence of the horrors of the night before. The cloth of her dress and her thick shawl were crusted hard in places. Brândușa stared at the dried blood, rocking back and forward. Vasile put a hand on her arm, seeking to comfort her.

“They killed him,” Vasile said, sombre. “After you passed out. The other man, the one who fell on you, he probably saved your life. When they shot the agent... That thing... When they killed him, well, it was... It was all a little crazy.” Vasile pushed his free hand through his greasy hair, he wasn’t smiling now, “Everyone was running around but no one really knew where to go. People were left behind, I think. You almost were. The agent, he... He didn’t die easily. He... The men shooting...”

He faltered. Brândușa’s heart went out to him.

“You came and got me,” she said. “Despite everything that was happening. You came and got me.”

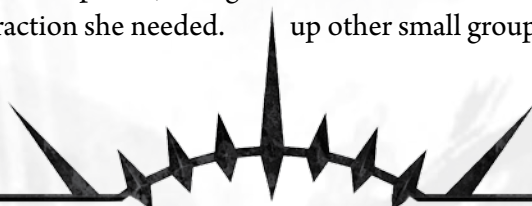
Vasile nodded, smiling through the tears that were falling now. He has stayed strong maybe too long, Brândușa thought to herself. She shuffled over and, hugging his arm, leaned her head against his shoulder.

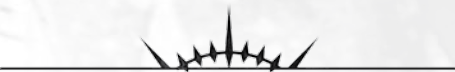
“So,” she sighed, “I am a farm worker now.”

Vasile just patted her hand. The truck continued on. After a while, Brândușa dozed.

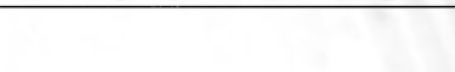


The group of refugees worked on a farm near Cetate. Before the truck arrived there, it had stopped to pick up other small groups of workers. In ones and twos





RESISTANCE



they boarded. Before that, the truck had stopped briefly to allow the Resistance men to hand the vehicle on to a contact. One of the men, the dog handler from the previous night, had passed out travel documents and work permits. He said only that they shouldn't talk much to anyone else until they reached the farm. Once they were there, they would be contacted individually and given further instructions.

The papers were collected by one of the gang bosses at the farm as soon as the workers arrived. Brândușa never saw the forgeries again. She never knew who was Resistance and who wasn't. The men and women were separated into different accommodation blocks, but mixed freely at meals and in the fields. There, they weeded fields of a crop Brândușa didn't recognise. She had been a city girl. Vasile stayed by her, chatting with her, as often as he could. He was the only other person Brândușa spoke with to any significant extent, so much so, that all the others assumed they were a couple. This turned out to be a good thing, as it meant the single men stayed away.

For two weeks they refugees laboured away with everyone else. Brândușa had started to enjoy the simple, oddly satisfying tasks. She was fed, housed and it felt safe. One day, she spotted an official had arrived at the farm. Abruptly terrified, she had watched the man from the shadows of an outbuilding. Sitting on the porch of the main administration building, he was talking with the foreman as he checked through reams of work permits and other paperwork. It was all so... So normal. Finding herself oddly frustrated by this, Brândușa expected the official to draw his gun at any moment and start the killing. Instead, he finished his cursory check, shook hands with the foreman, climbed onto his bicycle and peddled away.

Unsure what to feel, Brândușa turned to leave, but immediately walked into someone who had come up behind her, unnoticed. It was one of the work team leaders, a tall, heavy man with a thick beard and a

distinctly Hungarian accent that marked him as being from the north of Promethea. He took a firm grip of her shoulder and held her at arm's length. His face was not friendly, and Brândușa's relief at the departure of the official was driven from her by a thrill of fear. Suddenly, the man chuckled, clapping her on the shoulder.

"Don't worry, little bird," he said, smiling and winking conspiratorially. "You will fly this cage soon enough." With that, he brushed past her, heading for the foreman's office. Still shaking, Brândușa watched him go.

She told Vasile what had happened that evening as they ate their meal outside. The crop they had been tending was a late one, but the early Autumn weather had been kind. Even at dusk, it was still comfortable enough to eat outside and watch the stars appear in the darkening sky. To the north and west the terrain rose to meet the distant mountains. The far off mountains to the west at least were Bulgarian. To the north, the Transylvanian Alps felt like a looming threat. The land around them to the south and east was flat, and it was south that they looked to as they ate and talked. In that direction was the Danube, a dark line in the distance, with freedom beyond.

"Well," Vasile breathed. "It is good to have some kind of news, don't you think?" Brândușa shrugged, but Vasile laughed quietly at her, "What? You are so enjoying the farming life?"

She scowled at him, but spoiled the effect by smiling a little. "I don't know. Sometimes, yes. It's very... Certain. Normal. Predictable. After... After everything... Sometimes I want things that are normal. Safe."

Vasile nodded, gazing south into the gathering night. "Yes. Perhaps... Perhaps we shall become farmers on the other side. We can grow our own potatoes." He looked sideways at Brândușa, nervously, "On our farm."

“Our farm?” Brândușa sighed. “Vasile...”

He shrugged, self-conscious, “Well, I just thought...”

Brândușa laid a hand on his arm, a sad look in her eye, “Vasile, we can’t think such things. We can’t.”

“Can’t I have hope?” he asked.

Brândușa drew her hand away, shrinking into herself, a dark huddle of dark clothes. She shook her head. “I don’t have hope”, she said. “I don’t want hope.”

Vasile looked at her, his eyes sad, “What do you want, Brândușa? What can I help you to find?”

“I just want to be away from this place. From Promethea. Far away.”

“And after that?” Brândușa shrugged, the motion almost lost in the shadows of her heavy shawl.

“I don’t know,” she admitted. “I don’t believe in an ‘after’. Not yet.”

Vasile contemplated this for a while. He grunted, nodding curtly. He reached over and dragged one of Brândușa’s hands from the folds of her clothing, holding it tightly.

“I shall believe hard enough for both of us.” He patted her hand then, releasing it, he stood and walked off.

Brândușa said nothing, and did not look to see where he went.



In the morning, Vasile was gone.

It wasn’t until her work gang came in from the fields that Brândușa first noticed. She idly looked around for him at first, wondering if she should apologise for her gloomy mood of the previous night. When she didn’t see him outside the mess hall, she went in to search for him. By now, her heart was beating faster. Telling herself she was being foolish, she sought out one of the men she’d previously seen Vasile talk to. He casually admitted, that no one had seen him all morning. A few others at the table butted in to agree, with one saying that Vasile had been called away early in the morning, before he’d even finished dressing.

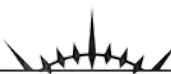
Brândușa’s self-imposed isolation from those around her suddenly left her feeling terrifyingly alone. Muttering her thanks, blood pounding in her head, she fought with herself not to run from the suddenly claustrophobic hall. Forcing herself to walk, she made for the foreman’s office. Along the way, in the gap between two buildings from where she’d watched the government official just the day before, she had to stop. Leaning against one wall, her breath was fast and ragged, her thoughts coming in a cold rush.

Was this how it was supposed to be for those seeking to escape Promethea? Would she get summoned in the early morning? Called away in the dead of night? Did the last, desperate journey begin like that? Or was this something else? Should she ask about Vasile’s disappearance? Would that bring it all crashing down? Would there be an investigation? What attention would she call down on herself? Was this it? The beginning of the end? All those questions rushed at her, but no answers came to her defence. No answers at all, save one terrible vision she couldn’t push past. She knew the penalty for Resistance involvement. In her mind’s eye, she could see the Evisceration rack waiting for her. Images tumbled through her mind, fractured, red and violent.

By now, Brândușa was slumped on the ground, her head resting on the rough wood of the wall. The panic attack rendered her all-but insensible, so she barely felt herself abruptly dragged to her feet. She was held by the shoulders and shaken like a doll. She moaned, eyes rolling. Was someone speaking? Sharp pain suddenly exploded in her face, the sensation forming a path her consciousness could follow back to harsh reality. A great bearded face hovered inches from hers, with concerned dark brown eyes making a lie of the otherwise angry expression. That, however, was not uppermost in Brândușa’s mind.

“You ... slapped me,” she said simply, her hand to her red, pulsing cheek.





RESISTANCE

The man let her go, and said, “Are you ill?” It was the same man from yesterday catching her in the same place.

“I... No. You slapped me.”

“Are you ill, woman?!” the man hissed, glancing around.

Brândușa shook her head, “No, no. I just...”

“Then shut up and go back to your work.”

The man shoved Brândușa away from him. She staggered back, confused, afraid. She moved no further. The man shook his head.

“Go. Back to work”, he growled, glancing behind him then back to her. “He was sent to work on another farm. Do you understand? Another farm?”

Brândușa could only stare. The man rolled his eyes and shook his head. “You will see him again soon”, he said in a frustrated whisper. “Don’t come back here again.”

“Th... thank you. Thank you”, Brândușa stammered as she stumbled away, still dazed.

The man watched her go. He winced when she blundered into another worker, mumbling apologies as she made her way unsteadily toward where the last stragglers from her work gang were heading back to the fields.

“Not a chance,” he murmured to himself, shaking his head sadly.



She was taken from her work gang while on a water break in the middle of the morning. It wasn’t the man with the beard. She never saw him again. The work gang leader simply told her to come with him. He refused to answer her questions as they walked away. The rain, continuous since early morning, had turned the paths back to the farm complex to mud, and Brândușa slipped and slithered in her outsized work boots as she struggled to keep up with the man.

He’d got quite a lead on her, and was talking quietly but intensely to an old man in a tall, woollen hat when she caught up with him near a side road into the farm.

A cart and horse were by the open gate, already turned around and waiting to go. The work boss handed the old man something and then turned and walked back, passing Brândușa without a word.

The old man in the hat beckoned to her. “Come on,” he called. “The rain is getting heavy. I want to get moving.” With that, he clambered up onto the creaking cart and waited, his back to her.

The rain fell harder, as though to underline the old man’s prescience. Huddled in her wet, heavy, dark clothes, the only constant in her fractured life, Brândușa Grul stood alone in the yard. When she finally gathered her resolve and moved, the mud sucked at her feet, the very ground seeking to bind her. The old man glanced back.

“Wait,” she called, surprised by the urgency in her overly loud voice.

She stepped out of her boots, stooping to pull them from the mud. Barefoot, Brândușa ran to the cart, throwing the boots into the back where they clattered into a pile of low wooden boxes, stirring up a stench of fish that not even the heavy rain could mask. She clambered up onto the seat of the cart and sat, breathing heavily.

Both the old man and the horse were looking at her. Both seemed curious, amused even. Brândușa flicked a smile at the old man.

“I’m ready,” she said, nodding to where a rough track wound vaguely south. “Let’s go,” she added, impatient.

The old man chuckled, a broad smile crinkling his beardless, heavily lined face. Brândușa could see he had few teeth left. He shook the reins a little and, with one last long look at the odd woman sitting next to his master, the bony old horse turned to the matter at hand and plodded off.



It took the rest of the morning for Brândușa to get used to the smell from the boxes and for the cart to



reach the Danube. The rain had stopped just an hour or so after they left the farm, but Brândușa and the old man, Gavril, were cold and wet. The view did little to cheer Brândușa. While the river and the green lands beyond were a sign of hope, those who held power in Promethea had done all they could to ensure those hopes would be dashed.

An earthwork gouged a furrowed scar across the land, stretching off east and west as far as the eye could follow it. So fresh was the great embankment and the trench before it that the grass had not yet fully covered it. There was a towering heavy chain-link fence running along the top of the embankment, mounted on stout metal columns sunk deep into concrete foundations. At regular intervals, always each within sight of the one before and after, there were guard towers straddling the fence. Some were clearly manned, their shutters raised. Others, shutters down on all four sides, were less obviously occupied. Still, Brândușa didn't trust there was no-one inside; she was convinced shadows moved there, watching her.

The old track they had bounced along for so long soon joined the hard pack military road that ran alongside the fence. They had to bump across the military railway line to reach it. The railway tracks had simply obliterated the old road, making getting to the new one a struggle. Both Gavril and Brândușa had to climb down, and the old horse made heavy work of dragging the ramshackle cart over the shining steel track and muddy, churned-up ground beyond onto the new road. It was a wide thoroughfare, and well made, but Gavril pointed out that they still might have to bump off to the side if one of the larger military trucks demanded to pass by.

"If we're lucky, we won't get stuck," he grumbled. "If we are lucky."

Brândușa couldn't stand to look at the fence as they rumbled down the road beside it. She felt like it would fall across her, holding her down, keeping her

pinned until she could be collected. The open towers with guards in them were frightening enough, as the guards waved to Gavril as they passed. Brândușa was more scared of the shuttered towers. The slit windows seemed to scowl down at her, and she shrank in on herself each time they passed one. Eventually, Gavril couldn't take any more.

"Brândușa, you must relax," he said, an air of irritation in his voice. "You will not survive getting past the base."

Immediately Gavril regretted his choice of words. Brândușa's eyes went wide and she looked around wildly. The old man reached out and grabbed Brândușa hard by the arm. He looked straight in her eyes.

"Look at me. Listen! Look at me!"

Brândușa was panting, but did as she was told. Gavril released her, sitting back.

"We are going to be passing a small base. They have them every few miles, right along this fence they are so proud of. We do not have to go in, but there is a check point we must pass to get through to the other side, to the river."

Gavril turned back to watch the road ahead, correcting the path of the cart a little. He went on, "We have very good papers. Even if they stop us, it will be no problem. OK?"

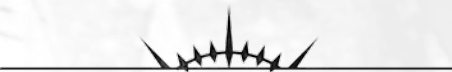
When he got no reply, he looked at Brândușa, one eyebrow arched almost comically. "OK?" he stressed.

She nodded, shivering.

Gavril shook his head. "I tell you something," he said. "I never told anyone this. I... No, I tell you something else first. You need to realise," Gavril said cheerily, "No one cares about you."

Brândușa was surprised to find that she was a little hurt by his words.

Her companion nodded, smiling. "It's true. No one cares. They don't know who you are. All they will know is what is in the papers I have." He patted his pocket, then prodded himself in the chest, looking



RESISTANCE

proud. "Me they would care about, if they didn't run and hide so fast from the smell of fish."

Gavril left the obvious question hanging in the air for a minute or so. Eventually, when it became clear that Brândușa wasn't going to rise to the bait, he sighed theatrically.

"OK, I will tell you. Since you ask over and over." He looked around, in case someone might be spying from the roadside before telling his tale. "I fought once, against them," he said, waving in the direction of the fence. "Killed a few too. They find out, come to my house. I wasn't there. I came here." He nodded, grim-faced. "Now," he intoned, voice dropping to a whisper. "Now, I am a fisherman." He looked around again. "And do you know what?"

Tentative, Brândușa shook her head, "No... What?"

"I HATE FISH!" Gavril bellowed at the top of his voice, going so far as to stand a little as he did.

The horse looked back and whickered in irritation. Brândușa looked about her in panic. Gavril laughed uproariously. Brândușa thumped him on the arm, but he kept laughing. She hit him again, and then sat sulking. Gavril, still chuckling, noticed Brândușa had stopped shivering.

As they travelled, the bright afternoon sun dried them. Gavril took off his hat, stuffing it onto a post sticking up beside him. Giving Brândușa the reins, he stripped off his sheepskin coat and shirt, turning to drape them over the side of the cart. His whip-thin body was as weathered as his face, but still showed some of the sinewy strength a hard life bestows. A few scars gave credence to Gavril's earlier story.

Gavril caught Brândușa looking and smiled slyly. He took the reins off her. "Restrain yourself, woman," he grinned.

Brândușa chuckled, shaking her head. "I will try."

Gavril nodded, sagely. A moment of silence. He sighed, "It is hard, I know. I am sorry."

Brândușa laughed for the first time in forever.

Gavril smiled. He looked at her wet clothes. "You should do the same," he said, then caught himself. "Well, not quite the same."

Brândușa's smile abruptly faded, and she huddled into herself, clinging to her shawl, staring fixedly ahead. In his head, Gavril cursed himself for a fool. They clattered on, the river, cart and horse making the only sounds.

After a little while, Brândușa slowly took off the shawl, draping it over the edge of the wagon beside her. She looked shyly at Gavril. He pretended not to notice. Later, Brândușa awkwardly hid under her shawl, fumbling her shirt off and drying that. Gavril made a point of keeping his eyes on the road. If his passenger had secrets, that was her business. He could guess, he thought, of what might have happened to Brândușa and he didn't pry. If nothing else, he didn't need to hear another terrible tale of cruelty and violence.



It was late afternoon. The base looked huge to Brândușa, and no amount of reassurance from Gavril that this was a small example made her feel any better. The base straddled the fence much as the watchtowers did, with the barrier fence seeming to both split and duplicate itself to sweep around and protectively encircle the huts and other buildings that made up the facility, before reforming as a single entity to continue on into the distance. There were two watchtowers on diagonally opposite corners to monitor the area within and without. That was all Brândușa could see to begin with.

The road looped around the base. Beside it, on the opposite side of the road, simple platforms on both sides by the railway lines waited for supply trains to make their deliveries. On Gavril's insistence, Brândușa studied the base as the cart passed slowly by. He'd told her to see if she could spot the secret. He also told her it would be less suspicious for her to gawp at the

facility than to cower away from it.

The buildings inside the fence were all of wood, save for the largest building roughly in the middle. Its lower level was built of brick, though the upper levels were wood. All the other huts were the same size and basic design, pointing to their prefabricated origin. Gavril nodded subtly to the large building.

"Augment facility," he murmured. Despite Gavril's earlier warning, Brândușa shrank away.

The cart came around the side of the base and Brândușa saw the crossing point. Wide gates in the fence stood open, and there were guard huts to either side. Only one was occupied, and that guard barely nodded as he raised the swing barrier to let the cart pass by. Brândușa was amazed, trying hard not to show it. They rode on for a few minutes before Gavril finally broke the silence.

"Well," he asked. "Did you work out the secret?"

Brândușa was confused. "I... Well... No, but how did we get past the guard so easily? I mean, why didn't he even look at the papers?"

"Pah! Mihai never bothers with papers."

"You know him?" Brândușa's heart fluttered.

What was going on?

"I bring fish to the soldiers now and then. They know me." That said, he grunted. "Well, they know my fish." He looked straight at Brândușa. "So. Did you work out the secret?" He was insistent, even slightly amused.

She shook her head.

Gavril grinned. "How many soldiers did you see?"

"In the base? There were..." Brândușa stopped abruptly. She even turned and looked back to the base before catching herself and sitting back around quickly. She was stunned. "One. I saw one. Mihai?"

Gavril nodded. "There are maybe fifteen, twenty soldiers in that base. The rest are out in the towers. Not every tower. Most though."

Gavril's good humour passed as he talked. "Don't get me wrong. They are very good soldiers. If anything

were to happen, a train would bring more, or trucks maybe, and quickly. Many more soldiers." He looked at Brândușa. "There are not enough soldiers to keep every base full in all of Promethea. But there are enough to keep us *in* Promethea. Unless..." he said, his smile returning. "Unless we are very clever and bring them good fish."

Gavril fell silent now, and Brândușa watched the river for a while. Her mind was whirling with all the new information. It was almost too much for her to take in. It felt to her that Promethea was suddenly that little bit more fragile than she had always believed it was. Now she knew a secret, it was less intimidating, now she knew its armour was tarnished; these thoughts kept her occupied and silent for quite a while.

As darkness fell, Gavril lit a lamp and fixed it to the side of the wagon that faced the river.

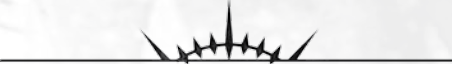
"The boats," he said in answer to Brândușa's questioning look, and started the cart off again.

"We're overdue a patrol," Gavril muttered, half to himself, before addressing his passenger again. "If we don't show a light they start to shoot. No warnings."

Brândușa was about to ask more questions, her alarm clear, when Gavril's attention was drawn to the river, as though on cue.

"Watch. Listen. You will see. We have no problems," he said.

She heard the engine a moment later, a deep thrumming sound. At the same time as she first saw the approaching boat a bright light shone from it onto the water. That light quickly swept over to pick out the cart, blinding them. The horse stumbled, whickering, then plodded on. Gavril muttered curses under his breath, waving to the boat. He nudged Brândușa sharply, and she waved too. She stopped when Gavril did. Nonetheless, the boat kept the light on them the whole time as it passed, snapping off only when there could be no chance that it was in their eyes.



RESISTANCE

"Bastards," Gavril said, his teeth gritted hard.

As the sound of the engine faded into the gathering night, the old man told Brândușa she should try to get comfortable in the back of the cart. She did, but didn't think she'd sleep. As Brândușa was climbing over the seat and pushing smelly boxes aside, Gavril had said that he would be leaving her at the crossing point in a few hours. In the end, Brândușa surprised herself and fell asleep almost immediately, her head resting on Gavril's sour-smelling woollen hat.



"We passed a foot patrol and two more boats," Gavril informed Brândușa when he woke her, the news cutting through the fog of sleep instantly. "We are alright," Gavril said, relaxed. "Good papers."

Brândușa climbed back to the front of the cart, looking around her. The moonlight cast everything in pale relief, but all she could see was the wide, wide river. It was slow, deep and whispered in the darkness. While it had been full of promise before, Brândușa was afraid of it now. However, off to her left some distance away, the lights along the security fence and in the watchtowers provided silent, sinister motivation to go on.

"In a little while, I will slow the cart down. When I tell you, get off, and go hide in the bushes by the river. I will not stop. Do you understand?"

Brândușa nodded.

"And you must be quiet," Gavril added. "That most of all."

"Who is meeting me?" she asked, her mouth dry.

Gavril looked at her, surprised. "Meeting ...?" he began. "No one is meeting you." He turned back to the dark road ahead. "They will have left you something to help you cross. Not a boat, before you ask. I don't know what."

Brândușa was confused, scared.

"What do I do? I don't... I don't understand."

Gavril put his hand on her arm, looking at her with a sad smile. "It is up to you, Brândușa. You hide in the bushes until a patrol finds you and you get shot. Or maybe worse. Or you swim. You swim and hope a patrol doesn't see you. You swim and hope you don't get tired and drown. You swim to the other side. Maybe."

"What then?" Brândușa asked, miserable.

Gavril took his hand away and watched the road again. He shrugged. "No idea," he said. "I don't swim."



She listened to the cart clatter away. She couldn't see it. The bushes she clung to were too thick, the bank she had slid down too high.

Her legs were in shallow water, and she was already very cold. One arm burned where it had scraped down a rock. In the dark, after stepping from Gavril's cart, their goodbyes said, she had rushed to the bushes he had pointed out as they drew near. She hadn't seen that they came up from below the level of the bank, and Brândușa had half-run straight off the edge.

She'd cried out a little as she fell, but the cold of the river water had shocked her to silence. She almost couldn't bear to let herself down into it, but nor could she hold on much longer. She scrabbled with her feet and found that the water was shallow enough to stand in. The water lapped around her thighs, and she winced with each millimetre higher it went when a wavelet slapped at her. The lakes she had swum in, as a child, had never felt so lost in her past.

In the dark, Brândușa tried to make out something, anything. Initially, she dismissed the very thing she'd been looking for, still hoping for something more. In the end, when she inspected the heavy branch partly tangled against the bushes growing from the bank, she discovered it was tethered to the roots with twine. As her fingers inspected the knots, she found a small knife had been stuffed under a few loops of the string.





*"She let the river
take them..."*

Clouds meant it was pitch black when she finally freed the branch. Before she did, Brândușa stripped her dress off and ditched her heavy shoes. She let the river take them as Gavril had suggested. Down to her slip, shivering so much she wondered that she could move at all, Brândușa tied her shawl about her waist. Next, she fumbled with numb, alien fingers to free the knife and cut the string.

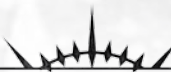
It took a little manoeuvring to get the branch out into the river enough to float free, and Brândușa was sobbing with cold and frustration by the time she succeeded. The current tugged at it and at her as she wrestled the wood. When the river finally took it, Brândușa was pulled hard after it, splashing into the deeper water with another cry. This time, water in her mouth stopped it, leaving her choking and desperately holding on with one hand. When she managed to gain some kind of stability, she clung to the branch shuddering.

The chill of the water all-but robbed Brândușa of logical thought. She could barely hold to the branch,

much less guide it or swim. She looked about her, aware for the first time of how fast the wide river was carrying her. She felt the power of the current and a thrill of fear chilled her further. If she hit anything, a rock or submerged branch, she would be killed. The Danube was the ultimate guardian of the border between Promethea and the rest of the world.

Brândușa began to feel again. The initial shock was passing. She tried swimming, tried to push the branch by kicking her legs, but it was useless. The branch was too heavy. It twisted in the current, threatening to entangle her. Brândușa knew she had to let it go, before the deadly cold robbed her of the little energy she had left. In her head, she counted down. She reached the end of that countdown twice. She moaned, cursing herself, bitter and incoherent. Gasping, she let go with one hand, hoping to steady herself before letting go completely.

The branch tore free, and Brândușa immediately vanished under the water. Though it was only for an



RESISTANCE

instant, it was a dark eternity for Brândușa. She fought and kicked and scrambled, the effort revitalising her. At the surface, she realised she could hear her own struggles and stopped, treading water as best she could. Her confusion was absolute. Only the pull of the current gave her any chance of working out where she should swim. She couldn't see either shore. Her whole world was the freezing blackness of the river.

Brândușa began to drag herself through the water, all the time being swept on and on. Steadily, her world shrank, her conscious self becoming smaller and smaller. Eventually, when she could feel nothing, see nothing, all she had was the memory of the action of swimming.

She carried on. Perhaps. Was she swimming or just remembering? Sensation. A memory of a hint of sensation. More than a memory. It had a name. Warmth.



She woke. Her body ached, and her head felt like a great weight was surrounding and crushing it. Light was too much, lancing through her brain like fire when she tried to open her eyes. Rough blankets covered her, so Brândușa just lay back and let the world come to her. She felt the hard floor under the thin covering beneath her. It was stone, but not cold. The sensation felt luxurious against her bare skin, and she rejoiced in it for the handful of beautiful moments it took for the fact of her nakedness to fully register.

The rush of adrenaline cleared her head, and she sat up. The blankets almost slipped, but she clutched them to herself, pulling them up to her chin, making sure her shoulders were covered. Frantically, she cast around for her clothes, taking in the details of the small room she was in.

It was a cell. The floor, walls, and low vaulted ceiling were stone. In the corner opposite her, a brazier spilled wood ash onto the floor. A pitcher of water and a crude clay cup were close to her. There was a bucket

nearby too. Light filtered through a horizontal slit window high up one wall. The heavy cell door was wide open, but little light came in that way. The man watching her had been able to sit in deep shadow. She missed his presence entirely until he stepped forward, his rifle held loosely.

He looked at her, silent, his face a neutral mask. Brândușa gasped when she saw him, shrinking back even further into the blankets, abandoning the cup she'd been reaching for. She looked at him, her terror clear for him to see. He shook his head, his eyes sad.

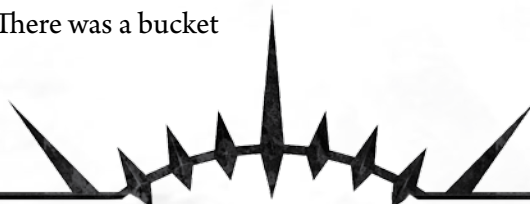
"You got out," he said. Brândușa took a great breath in, unable to comprehend the news. "You were found. Brought here," the man with the rifle said, briefly glancing around the cell. "Baba Vida. You're with the Resistance now."

Brândușa's mind was awl. She had left Promethea?! The man turned and walked slowly to the cell door. He paused there, half turning to speak over his shoulder and destroy Brândușa with just four words.

"We saw the scars."

He closed and locked the door behind him.

The blankets slipped down as Brandusa wept, her head on her knees, arms wrapped tightly around her legs; arms that were not her own. A birthday 'gift', the latest fashion inescapably imposed. The thick scars looping over her shoulders were rough on her wet cheek, the future they implied inevitable.



Rules

VI. RULES & MECHANICS

RESISTANCE

Money

In the core book for **Dark Harvest: The Legacy of Frankenstein**, the money values used were Victorian. This allowed Players and GMs to easily make use of the numerous **Victoriana** supplements and their equipment lists. However, Promethean history extends into the 20th Century, 1910 to be exact. As a result, **Resistance** includes a complete equipment list based on retail catalogues of the time and using monetary values of the time.

To help GMs and their Players integrate this new information, the following income guide will give you a better idea of what wages were like in the UK and in Promethea if setting your game in 1910. We encourage anyone planning an earlier campaign to continue to look to **Victoriana**, particularly **Faulkner's Millinery & Miscellanea**

Exchange Rates

£1 (20 shillings) = \$5 US = 25 Promethean lei.
1 shilling = 1.25 lei

Those rates will help Players and GMs make full use of any antique or reproduction retail catalogues or price guides that they may come across. Please refer to the Bibliography for suggestions.

Income Guide

At the dawn of the 20th Century, the financial gulf between rich and poor was still immense - positively Victorian, in fact. Though things were slowly improving, particularly for the middle classes, the trickle-down effect was virtually non-existent.

For the **UPPER CLASS**, their financial domination had been somewhat eroded by a new breed of Industrialist; though most of these self-made men were content to settle into the same lifestyle as the aristocracy had enjoyed for centuries. In Great Britain, and in Promethea, the income depends very much on

how much land the individual or their family owns, plus any inheritances and suchlike. Investments, factories and other businesses are of increasing importance. So too is one's political position. A Member of Parliament in the UK, possessing extensive estates, might earn in excess of £10,000 a year - around 250,000 lei for the equivalent Promethean landowner with a seat on the ruling council. The widow of a reasonably rich husband might expect to draw an income of around £2000 per year, which is enough to live very comfortably indeed. The equivalent in Promethea, around 50,000 lei, would be the income of an individual just recently promoted to the bottom rung of the upper ranks of a larger Ministry.

MIDDLE CLASS incomes tend to be linked to education and ability. A British lawyer or doctor of some social standing and good connections might earn around £1000 per year. In Promethea, such individuals, particularly lawyers, are likely to earn more, mainly because of their likely connection with a Ministry or an elite family. At the bottom end of this, a British doctor or lawyer starting out in a practice would expect to earn around £500 a year. A village schoolteacher might earn £250 per year in the UK, but less in Promethea. A tutor in a Promethean university or major city could expect to earn that, while private tutors to wealthy families might also get meals and a decent room. A British Police Inspector and a DSF upper-middle to lower-senior officer have similar wages of around £170 a year or 4250 lei. Promethea military officers earn much more, a wage equating to that of a middle-ranking PMF officer. City shopkeepers in the UK and in Promethea have an average wage of between £100 to £200 per year, roughly 2500 to 5000 lei a year.

The fate of the **LOWER CLASSES** clearly demonstrates the differences between Great Britain and Promethea. In the UK, even the lowest housemaid could expect to earn £18 per year, with food and

a small, often shared, room included. That should equate to around 450 lei, but very rarely does. Those in Promethea who can afford maidservants are more likely to pay around half that. Agricultural workers suffer a worse fate, with many paid in tokens rather than lei, if they are paid at all. This is a huge difference to the British farm worker, who might earn £39 in a year. The dangerous job of miner in the UK nets £80 a year. Only a skilled miner in Promethea would earn anything like the 2000 lei equivalent. A decent butler, however, is treated more equitably, with both the UK and Promethean equivalent earning around £60 and 1500 lei in a year, respectively, with good food and decent quarters included. In Promethea, however, a butler is often a confidant of the master of the house and occasionally party to their excesses. In the cities, skilled independent labour commands decent prices: a good seamstress earns £26/650 lei a year; a technically adept factory worker with a good boss £34/850 a year; while, a clerk with some connections just starting out earns around £73/1825 lei a year. A lowly Police Constable in the UK would earn about £78 per year, but newly qualified DSF officers earn less than that, closer to 1250 lei per year.

For **STARTING MONEY**, for Player Characters, a lot will depend on circumstances as much as social class and career position. It should be a matter of discussion between Player and GM. A character that has planned for a while to defect to the Resistance might have squirreled away about one twelfth of their yearly income without anyone noticing, more if they're willing to risk attention and gossip. A DSF officer stripped of their rank and booted into the street would have next to nothing, unless family or friends stepped in. Equally, an idle member of the elite, joining the hunt for rowdy Resistance rapsallions with the full approval of their family, has access to immense financial and practical resources. Meanwhile, an angry peasant farmer gunning for that very same

privileged youth might, just might, own the patched clothes they are wearing.

Weapons & Equipment

Though in Europe industrial, scientific and social advances led to a dazzling array of items being made available to all, with money as the only barrier, in Promethea things are more complicated. Most items are available, and often with Promethean equivalents which can be better - if a touch experimental. However, restrictions on much of the population, particularly in regards to the possession of weapons, make ownership of even some perfectly innocent items positively dangerous.

As ever, it is up to the individual GM to decide what is available, what is restricted, and what the reaction of the authorities might be to even something as simple as a silver-topped cane in the hands of a peasant, but we've offered some guidance in each section. Note also that the Resistance will often confiscate weapons, equipment and even non-Promethean clothing from those who approach them for assistance in getting into Promethea - and that's even if they agree to help! There's also nothing finer than watching a party spend a sponsor's money on all the latest kit only to have the Resistance take it off them and hurl them into Promethea dressed in sheepskins, armed with a 50 year old rifle and a blunt pocket knife.

Weapons

Generally speaking, the possession of any weapon in Promethea will lead to the PCs attracting some kind of attention. An elite character walking around with a weapon will make people nervous; they'll anticipate some form of violence from the character, knowing the rich are used to getting away with pretty much anything. A poorer PC walking about with a weapon will make people very nervous indeed and bring down the full weight of the authorities, as the assumption

RESISTANCE

will be that they are Resistance at worst and dangerous trouble-makers at best. In-between, middle class PCs will find themselves questioned at the very least, more than likely after having been led away or otherwise detained.

MELEE WEAPON	SKILL	DICE
AXE ++	Specialist Weapons (Axe)	8
BATON/CLUB	Blunt Weapons*	4
BAYONET, FIXED ++	Swordplay	6
BRASS KNUCKLES	Fisticuffs	+2
CANE	Blunt Weapons*	2
CHAIN ++	Improvised Weapons	3
CLUB, LARGE ++	Blunt Weapons*	6
KNIFE, HUNTING	Swordplay	5
KNIFE, KIT	Swordplay	4
KNIFE, PEN	Swordplay	4
HAMMER	Blunt Weapons*	3
HAMMER, MAUL ++	Blunt Weapons	8
HAMMER, SLEDGE	Blunt Weapons	5
HATCHET	Specialist Weapons (Axe)	6
ICE AXE	Specialist Weapons (Axe)*	4 (ignores 3 AP)
LANCE	Specialist Weapons (Lance)	14 from moving mount, 6 otherwise
LIFE PRESERVER	Blunt Weapons	3
MACHETE	Swordplay	6
PICKAXE ++	Specialist Weapons (Axe)*	6 (ignores 3 AP)
PISTOL WHIP	Blunt Weapons*	2
RAPIER	Swordplay	6
RIFLE BUTT ++	Blunt Weapons*	5
SABRE	Swordplay	7
SHOVEL ++	Improvised Weapons	5
STAFF ++	Blunt Weapons	5
SWORD CANE	Swordplay	5

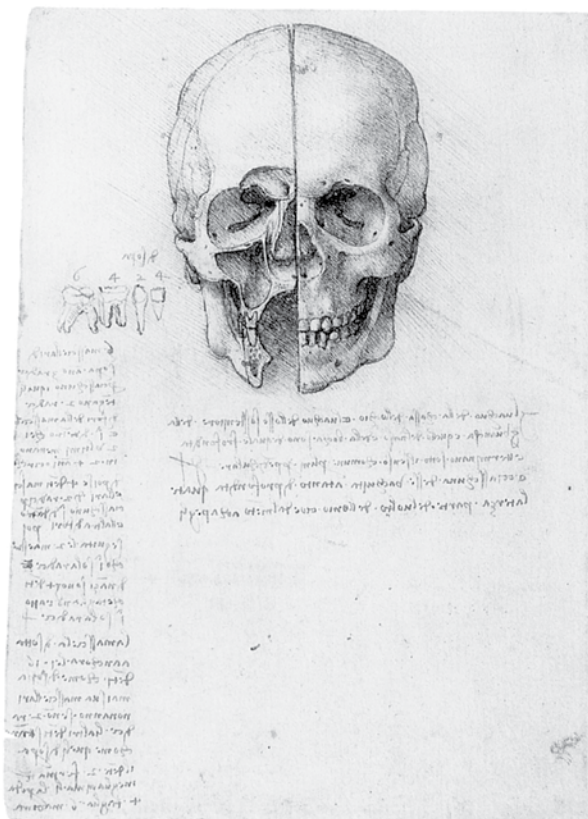
++ - This weapons requires two hands to wield

* - Weapon may also be wielded using the Improvised Weapons skill, but remember that an Improvised Weapon must be left behind once the scene is completed.

Concealing Weapons

The intricacies of concealing a weapon are a matter of circumstances as much as mechanics. Players who can spend a day or two working out how best to disguise a rifle as a crutch, for example, will have a very good chance of sneaking their weapon past a checkpoint of bored soldiers. If those same soldiers are on full alert and checking every orifice, odds are the Players are going to get caught. Equally, Players hurriedly stuffing a bulky machine gun under their coat at the approach of an unexpected patrol are probably going to be as equally out of luck.

So far as the mechanics go, it can be a simple battle between the Conceal skill and the Perception skill. GMs should feel free to add Black Dice to either side defined by the situation. Players can work together to disguise a weapon.



Melee Weapons

Apart from the use of the sword and lance in some militaries, melee weapons are generally small, concealable items, or implements used by criminals and lawmen alike. Only small penknives and kit knives are particularly common, though many tools also lend themselves to violent use. These are by far the most common weapons PCs will encounter. Remember, though, that even the axes used by Promethea's forestry workers are used under license in most places. Generally speaking, however, the authorities are less uptight about someone carrying a pickaxe than they might be about a more obvious melee weapon, and most characters that can present a decent excuse will get off with a caution in all but the most repressive areas.

Baton, Wood

Defence not Defiance! Police-style batons are available in assorted hardwoods with fluted handles and leather carrying straps. Ideal protection for gamekeepers and householders.

MODELS:

Cocobolo/Hickory or Rosewood/Lignum Vitae

PRICE: 2s./3s./4s. (3 lei/4 lei/5 lei)

Bayonet

Available in a variety of styles to fit most military rifles! With surplus Steyr-Mannlicher M1893 rifles in Promethea being common in Resistance hands, the M1893 knife bayonet with a 10-inch blade is the most frequently encountered bayonet there.

PRICE: 11s. (15 lei)

Brass Knuckles, Pair

Cast from heavy iron, polished brass, or best aluminium – light but strong.

MODELS: Iron/Brass/Aluminium

PRICE: 1s./3s./4s. (2 lei/4 lei/5 lei)

Cane

Beautifully polished walking canes with brass or silver-plated fittings, and handles in styles elegant and sculpted.

MODELS: Staghorn/Brass/Ivory or Silver

PRICE: 8s./14s./£1 (10 lei/18 lei/25 lei)

Knife, Hunting

With a hollow-ground blade in the Bowie style, a snug-fitting leather sheath, and 6-inch to 9-inch long blade, this knife is well suited to many outdoors tasks.

MODELS: Staghorn Handle/Solid Ebony Handle/
German Silver Handle

PRICE: 4s./8s./12s. (5 lei/10 lei/15 lei)

Knife, Kit

A most handy implement! The kit knife has an assortment of folding blades including a large blade, small blade, and five others from the following: can opener, corkscrew, file, gimlet, 3-inch saw, screwdriver, and wire cutter.

MODELS: Staghorn Handle/Solid Ebony Handle/
German Silver Handle

PRICE: 14s./19s./£1 4s.
(18 lei/24 lei/30 lei)



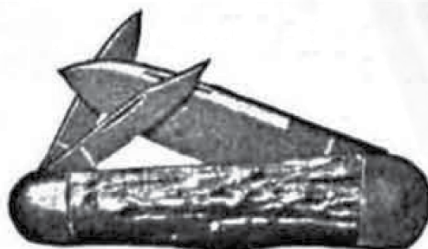
RESISTANCE

Knife, Pen

A utility knife used by men, women, and boys alike. Has one large folding blade, one small, and a nail file.

MODELS: Staghorn Handle/
Pearl Handle/ Tortoiseshell

PRICE: 6s./10s./16s. (8 lei/13 lei/20 lei)



Sword Cane

A well-crafted blade hidden within a Malacca cane-covered shaft. Various handle materials are available.

MODELS: Staghorn/Brass/
Ivory or Silver

PRICE: £1/£2/£4 (25 lei/50 lei/100 lei)

Lance

A standard, military lance of 9-foot, made of Indian bamboo or ash with swallow-tailed pennons in the regimental colours.

PRICE: £2 8s. (60 lei)

Life Preserver

With leather carrying straps, these lightweight bludgeons are well suited for dealing with poachers and other ruffians. Delay is dangerous: purchase today!

MODELS: Braided Cord on Cane/

Leather Covered Heavy Spring/Whalebone

PRICE: 2s./3s./5s. (3 lei/4 lei/7 lei)

Rapier

A most elegant blade. Several models are available for purchase, all fitted with basket-style hilts.

MODELS: Iron Mounts and Basket, Leather Handle/
Brass Mounts and Basket, Leather Handle/Gilt
Mounts and Basket, Sharkskin Handle

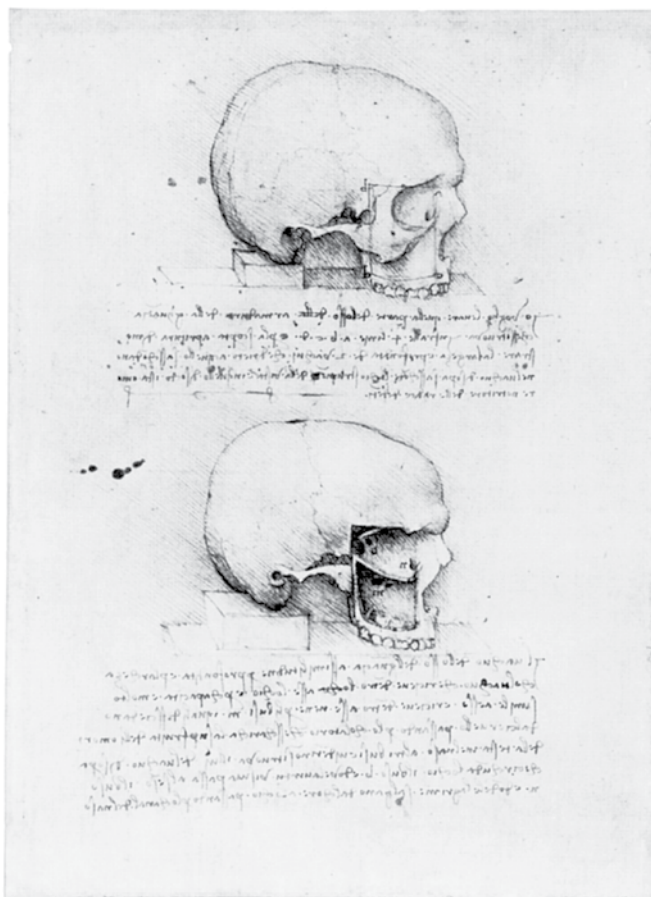
PRICE: 16s./£1 12s./£3 5s. (20 lei/40 lei/82 lei)

Sabre

The standard military sword with polished mounts and basket hilt. Available in several grades suitable for soldiers and officers.

MODELS: Iron Mounts and Basket, Leather Handle/
Brass Mounts and Basket, Leather Handle/Gilt
Mounts and Basket, Sharkskin Handle

PRICE: 16s./£1 12s./£3 5s. (20 lei/40 lei/82 lei)



Ranged Weaponry

Handguns

Handguns are common weapons in militaries, law enforcement agencies, and for home and personal defence. As with all firearms, anyone caught with one of these without the permits and a very good excuse indeed is likely to be treated as a member of the Resistance.

Apart from the very smallest handguns, these are still quite weighty items. Special attention must be paid to concealing them when out and about.

Automatic, .25 Pocket

Small enough to fit comfortably in a large coat pocket, and with an internal hammer to reduce the chance of the pistol snagging on clothing, the hammerless pocket automatic chambers .25 ammunition and is quick and easy to use. A certain cure for footpads and wild dogs!



MODELS: Steyr-Pieper M1909/ FN "Browning" M1908, Webley & Scott Pocket M1906/Colt Vest Pocket M1908

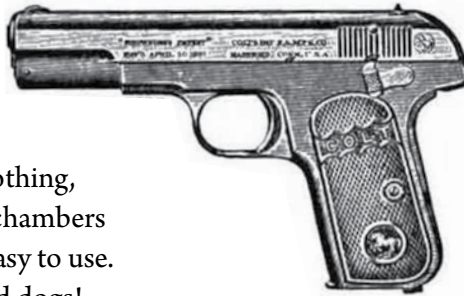
PRICE: £1 15s./£2 3s./£2 10s.
(45 lei/55 lei/65 lei)

Automatic, .32

Ideal for household protection! With a greater capacity than a comparable revolver, and a round proven to be easy to fire for men and women alike, the .32 automatic is the perfect home defence firearm!

MODELS: Steyr-Pieper/ FN Browning/Savage M1907

PRICE: £2 3s./£2 5s./£3
(55 lei/60 lei/75 lei)



Automatic, .38

Combining the power and reputation of the .38 calibre with the increased capacity

HANDGUN	DICE	ROF	SHOTS	RELOAD	RANGE
AUTOMATIC, .25 POCKET	3	3	6	1	15 yds
AUTOMATIC, .32	8	3	10	1	30 yds
AUTOMATIC, .38	9	3	8	1	60 yds
AUTOMATIC, HEAVY	10	3	7	1	60 yds
C.S. SHATTUCK UNIQUE	3	1	4	4	8 yds
LEBEL M1892	8	3	6	6	30 yds
LUGER P08 9MM	9	3	8	1	60 yds
MAUSER C96	8	3	10	1	60/90 yds
NAGANT M1896	9	3	7	6	60 yds
RAST-GASSER M1898	8	3	8	6	30 yds
REMINGTON DOUBLE DERRINGER .41	4	1	2	2	15 yds
ROTH-KRNKA M.7	8	3	10	1	60 yds
REVOLVER, .32 POCKET	8	2	5	4	30 yds
REVOLVER, .38	9	3	6	4	60 yds
REVOLVER, COLT SAA	10	2	6	6	60 yds
REVOLVER, HEAVY	10	3	6	4	60 yds

RESISTANCE

of an automatic, these pistols strike the perfect balance between utility, effectiveness, and modern design.

Excellent weapons by any standards!

MODELS: Colt Pocket Military M1908/

Webley & Scott Military Hammerless M1909

PRICE: £4 10s./£5 (110 lei/120 lei)

Automatic, Heavy Boasting a detachable magazine and large bore cartridge of great force, the heavy automatic is flatter and thinner than a revolver and so is more efficient for carrying. Chambered for the new, powerful .45 cartridge, the new model Colt is an impressively powerful weapon, as is the .455 Webley Self-Loading automatic.

MODELS: Colt M1910, Webley Self-Loading .455

PRICE: £5 (120 lei)



C. S. Shattuck Unique

Takes up no more room in the pocket than a watch! A sound, four-barreled .22 double-action pistol that can be carried in the hand, pocket, or handbag without detection; avoid the social faux pas of an obvious weapon!

PRICE: £1 (25 lei)

Lebel M1892

A well-made 8mm revolver used by the forces of the French Empire! Due to its use as the standard sidearm of the now-transformed Romanian military, it has

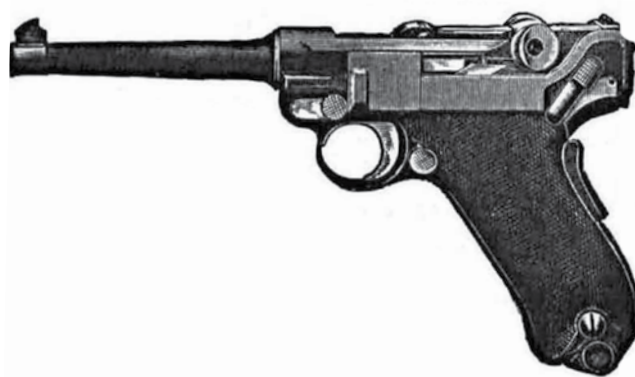
since become surplus and is now the most common handgun in the hands of the Promethean Resistance.

PRICE: £2 (50 lei)

Luger P08

A veritable triumph of the armorer's art! Absolutely safe against accidental discharge, the Luger automatic is an elegant weapon of power and accuracy using the new 9mm cartridge.

PRICE: £5 (120 lei)



Maunder C96

Effective at short and long ranges, the well-known 7.63mm Maunder Magazine Pistol is accurate and rapid. Comes complete with a wooden holster that also serves as a detachable stock, enhancing the pistol's range like a carbine!

PRICE: £4 4s. (105 lei)

Nagant M1896

The standard handgun of military officers and policemen in Imperial Russia, this remarkable double-action revolver fires a unique 7.62mm cartridge, which is fired at increased velocity thanks to the weapon's gas-seal mechanism.

PRICE: £4 (100 lei)

DARK HARVEST

THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

Rast-Gasser M1898

A double-action revolver with loading gate, the Rast-Gasser is the standard handgun of the Austro-Hungarian infantry. A reliable 8mm firearm produced with solid Viennese craftsmanship.

PRICE: £2 3s. (55 lei)

Remington Double Derringer .41

In production since 1866, the venerable Remington continues to serve with distinction, instantly recognisable with its over-and-under barrel configuration, compact size, and powerful .41 cartridge. Available in blue or nickel finish.

PRICE: £1 (25 lei)



Roth-Krnka M.7

A dedicated 8mm military automatic, and the first to be fully adopted by a national army, the Roth-Krnka features rugged construction, a heavy trigger pull useful for cavalry use, and a fixed magazine loaded with stripper clips. Heavily blued, it is also fitted with a lanyard ring. It is the standard pistol of the Austro-Hungarian cavalry.

PRICE: £3 (75 lei)

Revolver, .32 Pocket

Your home is safe if you have a safe revolver. Accidental discharge is impossible; you can hammer the hammer with a hammer and get no discharge from

these fine, controllable, concealed hammer revolvers.

MODELS: Iver Johnson Auto Safety Hammerless/Smith & Wesson .32 Pocket/Webley .32 Pocket

PRICE: £1 10s./£2 17s./£3 (40 lei/70 lei/75 lei)



Revolver, .38

Efficient and popular with law enforcement, the .38 is a self-extracting double-action revolver available in nickel or blued with a choice of 4-inch or 6-inch barrels.

MODELS: Webley Mk. III/Colt Police Positive/Smith & Wesson M1902

PRICE: £3/£3 5s./£3 10s. (75 lei/80 lei/85 lei)

Revolver, Colt Single Action Army

The famed Peacemaker, the gun that tamed the West! This durable, reliable, gate-loading revolver is available in .45 Colt, .44 Russian, or .455 Webley, including the new Bisley model with its low hammer, longer grip, and smoother pull.

PRICE: £4 (100 lei)



RESISTANCE

Revolver, Heavy

Best made for colonial and military use, the heavy double-action revolver is strong and serviceable, chambering a cartridge sure to put the uppity beggars in their place! Comes equipped with a ring on the grip for a lanyard attachment, and available in blue or nickel finish. Models include the Colt New Service chambering .45 Colt or .44 Russian, Smith & Wesson M1908 chambering .44 S&W or .44 Russian, and Webley Mk. IV chambering .455.

MODELS: Colt New Service M1909/

Smith & Wesson M1908/Webley Mk. IV

PRICE: £4/£4 3s./£4 5s. (100 lei/105 lei/110 lei)



Standard Service Handguns

COLT NEW SERVICE M1909 – Canada, USA

LEBEL M1892 – France

LUGER P08 – Switzerland, German Empire

MAUSER C96 – Turkey

NAGANT M1896 – Belgium, Russian Empire, Norway, Sweden

RAST-GASSER M1898 – Austro-Hungarian Infantry

ROTH-KRNKA M.7 – Austro-Hungarian Cavalry

WEBLEY MK. IV – British Empire and Commonwealth commanders.

Machineguns

Weapons exclusively sold to the military or approved expeditions, machineguns are devastating weapons, incredibly expensive and, even outside Promethea, are difficult to obtain outside of government contracts. Only the PMF have regular access to these, though a few very wealthy and well-connected individuals are known to own one. They are very hard to conceal about the person; a heavy machinegun is frankly impossible to hide away under even the biggest coat worn by the largest of Augment.

Machinegun, Heavy

Firing rifle-calibre ammunition, the heavy machinegun is typically belt-fed, gas-operated, though the Gatling is hand-cranked, and water- or air-cooled, a durable heavy weapon mounted on a tough tripod or carriage. Most are operated by teams of three to four men, firing the weapon, changing barrels, and feeding ammunition. Most weigh around 60 lb. not including tripod or carriage, though Schwarzlose M.07 and MG08 weigh 91 lb. and 152 lb. respectively.

MODELS: Gatling M1903, Maschinengewehr

MG08, Maxim, Schwarzlose M.07,

St. Étienne Mle Mitrailleur Mle 1907 T

PRICE: £300 (7500 lei)

Machinegun, Light

Comparatively rare, and fed via box magazine or strip magazine, the light machinegun can be carried by a single soldier, accompanied by a partner carrying the ammunition and spare barrels. The Madsen, a reliable firearm, weighs only 20 lb., while the Hotchkiss M1909 weighs 27 lb.

MODELS: Hotchkiss M1909, Madsen

PRICE: £100 (2500 lei)

Rifles

Widely used for sporting and hunting, rifles vie with the increasingly popular shotguns in these areas. The standard weapon of the infantryman, they have become more commercially popular due to the cheapness and user-friendliness of lighter calibres such as .22 and its use in recreational shooting. The Steyr-Mannlicher M1895 is still prevalent in Promethea (use the Standard Service Rifle stats), though the PMF use a Promethean equivalent to arm the average soldier.

Many rifles can be concealed with some effort, though this is harder for the larger hunting pieces. While the wealthy elite own and carry rifles with reasonable impunity, assisted by their most trusted servants, the authorities will not be kind to anyone else possessing so much as an unlicensed flintlock.

Machineguns of the World

GATLING M1903 (.30-06): USA

HOTCHKISS M1909 (8MM): French Empire

MADSEN (7MM): Denmark, Russian Empire

MAXIM (.303): British Empire and Commonwealth

MASCHINENGWEHR MG08 (7.9MM):

German Empire

SCHWARZLOSE M.07 (8MM):

Austro-Hungarian Empire

ST. ÉTIENNE MLE MITRAILLEUSE MLE 1907 T (8MM) : French Empire

RESISTANCE

MACHINEGUNS	DICE	ROF	SHOTS	RELOAD	RANGE	SPECIAL
MACHINEGUN, HEAVY	10	30	250	1	400 yds	Suppressive Fire
MACHINEGUN, LIGHT	10	30	30	1	400 yds	Suppressive Fire

RIFLE	DICE	ROF	SHOTS	RELOAD	RANGE	SPECIAL
BIG GAME RIFLE	13	2	2	5	250 yds	Volley Fire
B.S.A. .32-40	10	1	1	1	250 yds	
LEBEL MLE 1886 M93	10	1	8	5	400 yds	
MARTINI-HENRY SPORTING	13	1	1	5	250 yds	
SHORT MAGAZINE LEE-ENFIELD	10	1	10	1	400 yds	
SINGLE-SHOT .22	8	1	1	1	150 yds	
SLIDE-ACTION .22	8	2	15	5	150 yds	
SPORTING RIFLE, QUALITY	12	1	5	1	400 yds	
STANDARD SERVICE RIFLE	10	1	5	1	400 yds	
WINCHESTER M1892	10	2	15	5	150 yds	
WINCHESTER M1903	8	3	10	1	150 yds	
WINCHESTER M1907	10	3	6	1	400 yds	

Big Game Rifle

Quality, power, accuracy, all in a double-barrelled rifle designed specifically for the needs of big game hunting. Both High Velocity rifles boast barrels of the finest grade Damascus steel, and stocks of figured walnut, their mechanisms finished with fine hand-detailed engraving. Both are .450 in calibre and crafted to the highest of standards. When you bear one of these rifles, you let the world know of your own high-standards and status.

MODELS: Anson-Deeley Hammerless High Velocity
Cordite/Cogswell & Harrison High Velocity
PRICE: £25/£68 5s. (625 lei/1710 lei)

B.S.A. .32-40

This reasonably priced rifle, manufactured by the fine gentlemen at the Birmingham Small Arms company, is a single-shot bolt-action firearm of simple yet well-made construction. A good light hunting arm.

PRICE: £2 15s. (70 lei)

Lebel Mle 1886 M93

The arm the brave soldiers of the French Empire look to for protection! A durable military bolt-action rifle, this firearm is slow to load but requires little reloading by virtue of its 8-round capacity tubular magazine.

PRICE: £5 (125 lei)

Martini-Henry Sporting

Based on the tried and true Martini-Henry mechanism, this single-barrel sporting rifle is suitable for large and big game, firing a .450 round with accuracy and dependability. Made from fine English steel and walnut, the mechanism silvered and lightly engraved.

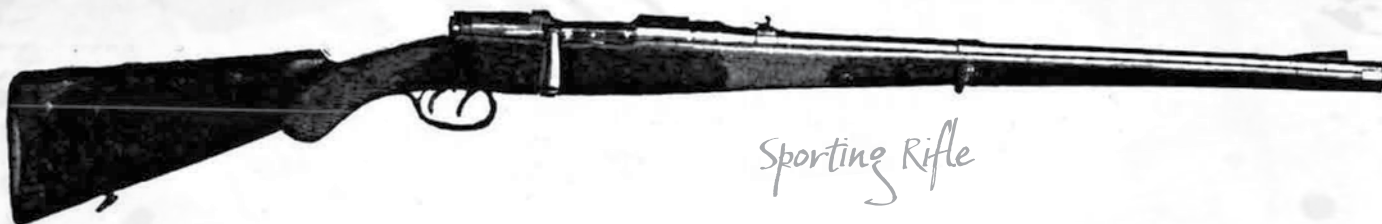
PRICE: £3 10s. (90 lei)

Short Magazine Lee-Enfield Mk III

Buy the Best! Buy British! Issued to troops throughout the British Empire and Commonwealth, the SMLE is a durable, reliable, and easy to operate bolt-action rifle. Its detachable .303 box magazine is loaded with

DARK HARVEST

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Sporting Rifle

two 5-round stripper clips for an admirable capacity of 10 rounds. Comes complete with strap swivels and bayonet lug.

PRICE: £5 10s. (140 lei)

Single-Shot .22

Rifles for the budget buyer! Single-shot, light calibre rifles, they are of reasonable quality, blued in finish, and entirely reliable. The best firearms for women and boys, and a fine step-up from pop-guns and toys!

MODELS: Stevens Model 44 "Ideal"/

Winchester M1904

PRICE: £2 8s./£2 12s. (60 lei/65 lei)

Slide-Action .22

These high-capacity .22 slide-action rifles are cheap and enjoyable shooting for all the family! Strong sales of both models continue, with the Stevens offering the unique feature of cartridges from the tubular magazine being fed straight up into the extractors on the breech face where they can be seen. The Marlin and Winchester offer black walnut and plain walnut stocks respectively.

MODELS: Stevens Model 70 Visible Loading Repeater/Marlin Model 20/Winchester M1890

PRICE: £2/£2 5s./£2 13s. (50 lei/55 lei/65 lei)

Sporting Rifle, Quality

These bolt-action rifles are designed for accuracy and range, both boasting 5-round internal magazines, dependable actions, blued finishes, and moderately powerful calibres (.354 and .375 respectively). Great choices for general hunting and sporting use!

MODELS: Mauser Sporting/Mannlicher-Schönauer Sporting

PRICE: £11 11s./£16 16s. (290 lei/420 lei)

Service Rifles of the World

GATLING M1903 (.30-06): USA

All of the service rifles in current use are bolt-action, of 8mm calibre or equivalent, and feature an ammunition capacity of 5 rounds. Only the British SMLE (Short Magazine Lee-Enfield) differs in that its magazine capacity is 10 rounds, and its magazine is detachable, and the Lebel Mle 1886 differs in that its internal tubular magazine has a capacity of 8 rounds.

LEBEL MLE 1886 M93 (8MM):

French Empire

MAUSER GEWEHR M98 (8MM):

German Empire

MOSIN-NAGANT M1891 (7.62MM):

Russian Empire

M1903 SPRINGFIELD (.30-06): USA

SHORT MAGAZINE LEE-ENFIELD MK. III (.303): British Empire and Commonwealth

STEYR-MANNLICHER M1895 (8MM):

Austro-Hungarian Empire, Bulgaria, Pre-Promethean Romania

RESISTANCE

Standard Service Rifle

The standard service rifle is a solidly made military rifle, bolt-action with iron sights, an internal or fixed box 5-round magazine loaded swiftly with a stripper clip, and a calibre of 8mm or comparable size. See the accompanying boxed text for a selection of service rifles and the bodies that employ them.

Due to its use as the standard rifle in Romania until recent years, the surplus Steyr-Mannlicher M1895 is now the most common rifle in Resistance hands.

PRICE: £5 5s. (130 lei)

Winchester M1892

With a profile made famous by earlier models, and a mechanism of proven worth, this lever-action .44 rifle is tough, reliable, and holds a staggering 15 rounds of ammunition. With the M1892, running out of ammunition is seldom a concern!

PRICE: £3 (75 lei)

Winchester M1903

Still in production, the M1903 continues to prove its worth several years after entering the market as the first semi-automatic rifle available for commercial sale! Easy to fire and accurate due to its .22 calibre, it is ideal for small game and recreational shooting due to its takedown construction, and its 10-round internal magazine reduces the tedium of constant reloading.

PRICE: £4 (100 lei)



Winchester M1907

No frills firepower! This 6-shot self-loading automatic rifle packs a wallop with its .351 cartridge, its steel barrel nicked, and its pistol-grip style stock made from plain walnut.

PRICE: £5 (125 lei)

Firearm Accessories and Ammunition

Handgun Ammunition, per 100 rounds

.22/.25 PRICE: 3s. (4 lei)

.32/7.62MM/7.63MM/8MM PRICE: 4s. (5 lei)

.38/.41/.410 BALL/9MM PRICE: 5s. (6 lei)

.44/.45/.455 PRICE: 6s. (8 lei)

Rifle Ammunition, per 100 rounds

.22 PRICE: 5s. (6 lei)

.32-40/.303/.30-06/.351/7.62MM/8MM

PRICE: 15s. (19 lei)

.354/.375/.450 PRICE: 19s. (24 lei)

Shotgun Ammunition, per 100 rounds

.410 SHOT PRICE: 6s. (8 lei)

16-BORE PRICE: 8s. (10 lei)

12-BORE PRICE: 9s. (11 lei)

10-BORE PRICE: 10s. (13 lei)

Cartridge Bag

A sturdy, button-down, leather bag with strap.

Holds 100 rounds

PRICE: 11s. (14 lei)

Cartridge Belt

Hand-stitched and crafted from the best leather, featuring loops for 50 rounds

PRICE: 7s. (9 lei)



Gun Implement Set

All the shooting enthusiast or huntsman needs to maintain his favourite firearm in fine working order.

PRICE: 19s. (24 lei)



DARK HARVEST

THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

Holster, Belt and Pouch

Well-finished accessories in oil-treated leather, durable and hardwearing, including a button-down holster suitable for most handguns, brass buckle, and small button-down belt pouch.

PRICE: 8s. (10 lei)



Gear

General items, personal clothing, food, household items, and the like are all assumed to be generally available to a character as appropriate to their social class, any other Assets they might possess, and depending where they are. As a result, the equipment presented is largely of a more specific and unusual sort, useful for environments and activities mostly beyond the day-to-day. While major cities will allow the PC to easily find all of the following items, the majority will be more expensive and/or locally produced in more rural areas, if they are available at all.

Camping and Outdoors Gear

Blanket, Wool

A strong, heavy blanket for outdoors use of the very best grade pure wool. Durable, hard twisted, and very closely woven.

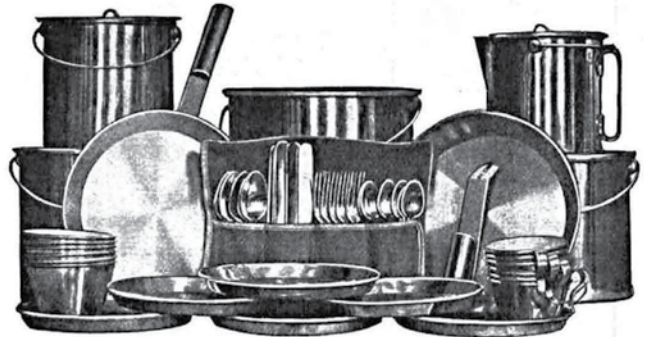
PRICE: 8s. (10 lei)



Camp Cooking Outfit

Crafted from heavy steel and bar iron to withstand rough usage, the camp cooking kit is highly portable and includes a skeleton grate stove, and folding steel oven and cooker.

PRICE: £2 (50 lei)



Camp Cot

Why experience discomfort by sleeping on the ground when you can sleep in style on a camp cot? This folding ash frame comes with a heavy-duty canvas rest and incorporates a cotton-padded headrest.

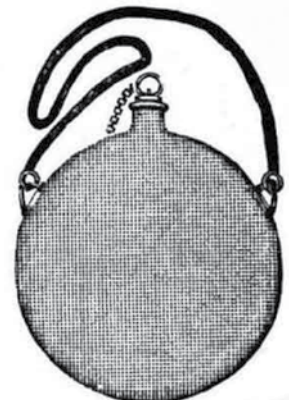
PRICE: 8s. (10 lei)



Canteen

A sturdy tin canteen with screw-on cap and canvas cover. Holds 2 pints of fluid securely, and fixes to be belt or sling.

PRICE: 4s. (5 lei)



RESISTANCE

Compass, Pocket

A finely tuned compass, small enough to fit within the hand or pocket. Features a nickel-plated case, open face with ring, agate cap on the needle, and silvered metal dial.

PRICE: 4s. (5 lei)

Field Glasses

These tough, x5 magnification field glasses are sold in durable russet leather case with strap for easy carriage.

PRICE: £3 10s. (88 lei)

Fishing Rod and Reel

A strong, powerful, general purpose rod, handmade from six strip bamboo and mounted in the best manner with a cork grasp. Includes 50 yards of gut, a dozen fishhooks, and a selection of cork floats and flies.

PRICE: £1 10s. (38 lei)



Folding Saw

Indispensible to carpenters, hunters, and trappers, the folding saw has a hinged, locking 8-inch saw blade and German silver handle.

PRICE: 4s. (5 lei)

Hatchet

A handy tool for the outdoorsman, useful for clearing trails and cutting wood. A forged steel head, hickory, handle, and leather cover are sold together.

PRICE: 3s. (4 lei)

Knapsack

This knapsack is made from waterproof heavy cotton and tan canvas, with leather shoulder straps and adjustable brass hooks. A light and strong pack.

PRICE: 12s. (15 lei)

Machete

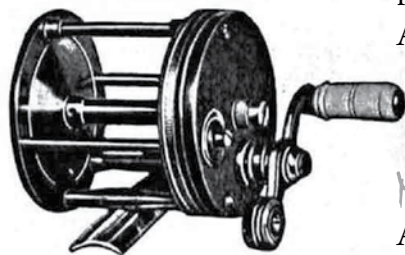
The ideal tool for clearing away undergrowth, trailblazing, and removing other stubborn obstacles. A sturdy steel chopping blade is affixed to a fine hickory handle.

PRICE: 6s. (8 lei)

Flask Thermos

Keeps hot fluids warm for 24 hours and cold fluids cold for 72 hours! The Thermos keeps liquids cold or hot in even the coldest weather, and holds two pints.

PRICE: £1 (25 lei)



Mess Kit

All the tin accoutrements you need for dining in the wilderness. A handy knife, fork and spoon are included, these fitting neatly within the mess pan and its cover. A tin cup comes as a free extra!

PRICE: 5s. (6 lei)



DARK HARVEST

THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

Pemmican

Made to order using a formula of beef and bone marrow fat, Pemmican is a high-energy foodstuff ideal for exploration, and keeps indefinitely in all climates.

Comes in a 6-lb. can.

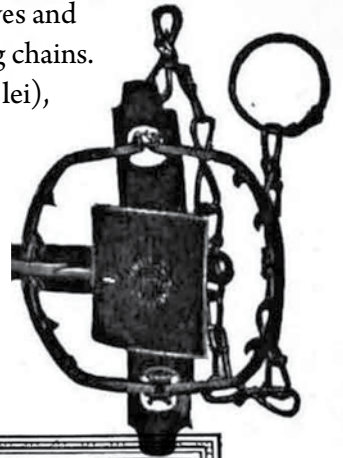
PRICE: 18s. (23 lei)



Trap, Steel Sprung

Hand-forged of the finest material, these traps are available in two sizes, and are double-sprung with toothed jaws. The small trap is ideal for game such as beavers, foxes, and otters, while the large trap is best suited to large game such as wolves and bears. Prices include fixing chains.

PRICE: Small Trap: 4s. (5 lei),
Large Trap: £1 7s. (34 lei)



Sleeping Bag

Today, every practical man knows that blankets do not provide the warmth of a well-made sleeping bag. A waterproof duck cover protects the exterior of this sleeping bag, over a secondary wool bag and interior lining of fine wool.

PRICE: £1 8s. (35 lei)



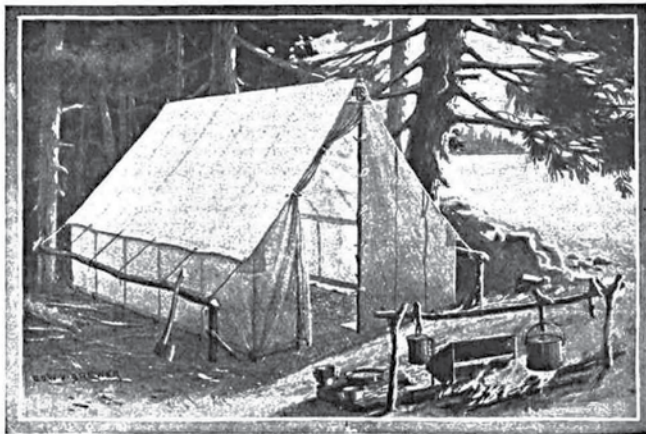
Cold-Weather Gear



Tent, 2-Man

Crafted from double-stitched heavy white drill, and guaranteed to shed water. Comes complete with sod cloth, wooden poles, mallet, tent bag, and securing pegs and lines!

PRICE: £4 13s. (116 lei)



Buckskin Mitts

Thick, warm, buckskin mitts lined with fur and fastened with lace and stud.

PRICE: 10s. (pair) (13 lei)



Cork-Filled Sole Arctic Boots

Hand-made from thick buckskin, and featuring an outer layer of bear fur, and inner cork soles, these boots providing fine protection against the ravages of extreme cold.

PRICE: £1 4s. (pair) (30 lei)

RESISTANCE

Buckskin-Covered Wool Socks

These thick wool socks are given extra protection and insulating ability by means of being covered in a layer of soft buckskin.

PRICE: 6s. (pair) (8 lei)

Buckskin Trousers, Fur-Lined

Guaranteed warm, yet manoeuvrable, these soft leather trousers are fur-lined and double-stitched.

PRICE: £10 (250 lei)

Fur Coat

Handmade from heavy bearskin, with a thick insulating layer of fur and drawstring hood.

PRICE: £15 (375 lei)

Heavy Wool Arctic Cloth Suit

Knitted from double layers of fine wool, the arctic cloth suit includes an undershirt, long underpants, and open-face balaclava, all intended to be worn beneath exterior clothing.

PRICE: £3 (75 lei)

Ice Axe

Endorsed by the English Alpine Club as the perfect axe. Hand-forged from the best steel, the ice axe has a select hickory handle, and forged spike and ferule.

PRICE: £1 14s. (43 lei)

Skis

Crafted of first-class stock and worked absolutely true to model, these 8-foot skis are finished in natural wood and come with two ski poles and leather straps.

PRICE: £2 8s. (pair) (60 lei)

Snow Goggles

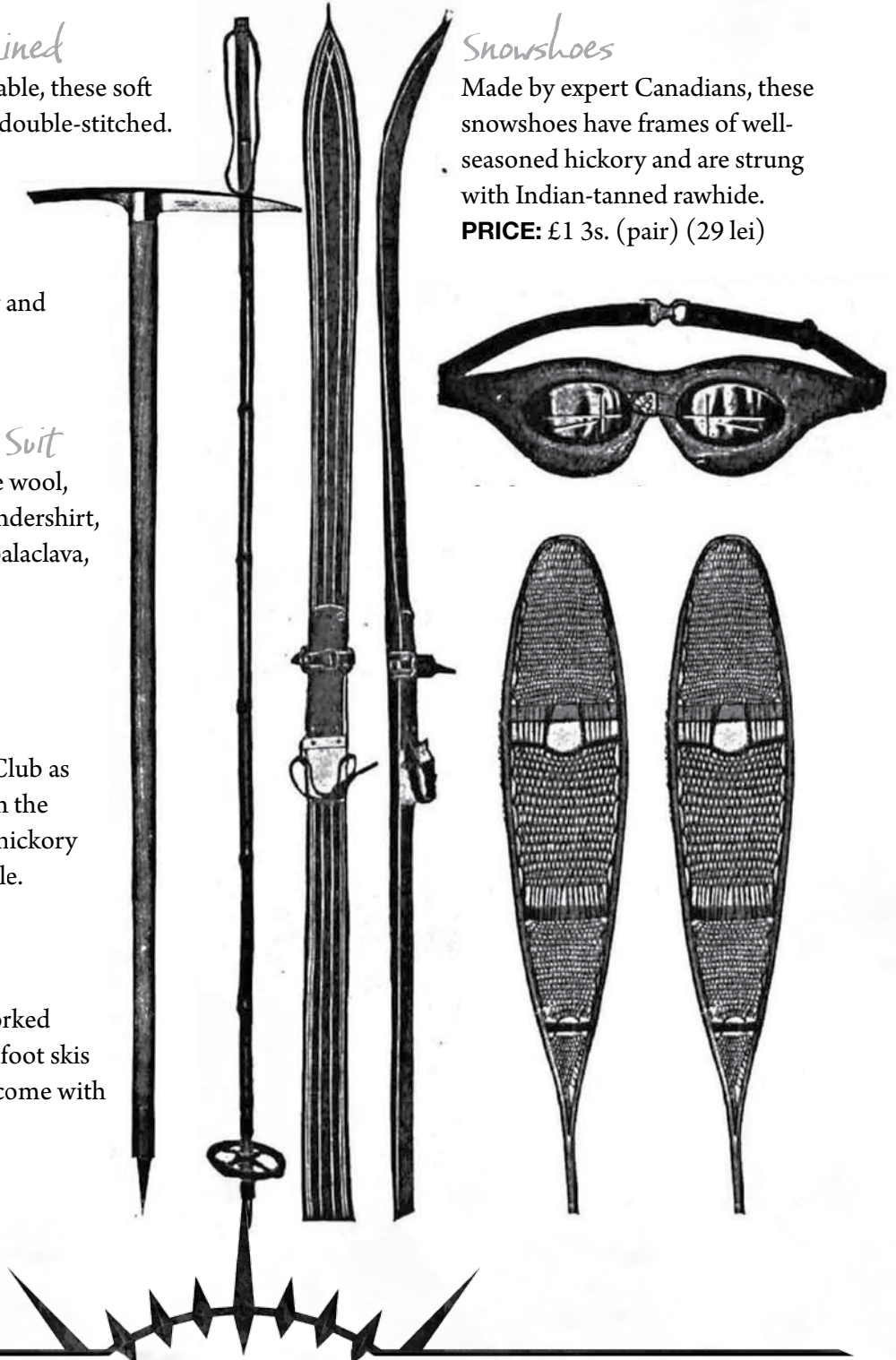
This light leather mask is fitted with slit metal panes designed to afford clear vision while protecting against snow-glare. A boon for mountaineers and explorers.

PRICE: 8s. (10 lei)

Snowshoes

Made by expert Canadians, these snowshoes have frames of well-seasoned hickory and are strung with Indian-tanned rawhide.

PRICE: £1 3s. (pair) (29 lei)



Miscellaneous Gear

Acetylene Gas Lamp, Pocket

Made exclusively to new principles of construction, this lamp is absolutely safe. No smoke, no soot, no grease, no trouble. Clips easily to a belt, and made from brass and galvanised steel. Operates for 5 hours of continuous use when filled with carbide. A single carbide canister provides enough fuel for 10 refills.

PRICE: 4s. (5 lei),

Carbide Refill: 1s. (1 lei)

Automobile Tool Kit

This sturdy leather roll contains a centre punch, side-cutting pliers, 3 x files, screw driver, 2 x wrenches, 7 x sockets, 2 x chisels, 2 x solid punches, hammer, combination pliers, 3-cornered steel scraper, cotter pin lifter, soldering stick, 2 rolls of copper wire, 36 inches of soft solder, a box of assorted cotter pins, and a box of assorted spring lock washers. Everything the automobile enthusiast requires to keep his vehicle in fine fettle.

PRICE: £1 3s. (29 lei)

Camera, Folding Pocket

This camera, made by the famous Eastman Kodak, is too well known to require detailed description, but is small, light, and fitted with a rapid rectilinear lens, automatic shutter, and compartment for a 12-exposure film roll. Comes complete with black sole leather carrying case and strap.

PRICE: £3 5s. (81 lei),

12-Exposure Film Cartridge: 2s. (3 lei)

Combination Tool Set

A most excellent general-purpose tool set for odd jobs and carpentry work. A neat leather case containing a knife, folding screwdriver, chisel, folding saw, awl, reamer, file, hammer, box of assorted nails, and box of assorted screws.

PRICE: 7s. (9 lei)

Duffle Bag, Canvas

Useful for clothing, provisions, and general use. Made of heavy canvas with reinforced seams and ends, making for a strong, durable bag.

PRICE: 6s. (8 lei)

Electric Torch

Eliminates all danger of fire. A polished nickel electric torch with a strong lens, large reflector, and dry battery.

PRICE: £1 (25 lei)

Handcuffs

Based on the patented Bean pattern, these polished steel handcuffs are durable and secure, and come with a locking key.

PRICE: 16s. (20 lei)

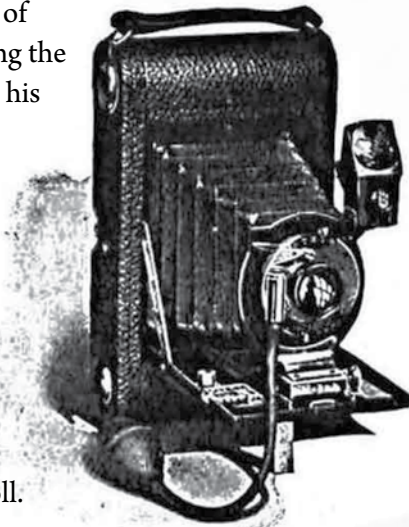
Lighter, Flint and Steel

This little machine is the perfect combination of flint, steel, and tinder. A most excellent article for those living out of doors.

PRICE: 2s. (3 lei)

Medical Case, Fitted

The neatest and best case for those who desire general medical tools and accessories. The elegant leather folding box case contains 2 x vials, surgeon's scissors,



RESISTANCE

tweezers, ointment pot, packages of styptic cotton for bleeding, picric acid gauze ads for burns, 10 yards of surgeon's plaster, 20 yards of white bandage, a box of absorbent cotton, court plaster, prepared mustard plasters, surgeon's silk thread, surgeon's needles, and safety pins.

PRICE: £1 12s. (40 lei)



Medical Syringe and Medicines Case

This hand-stitched sole leather case contains compartments for a dozen medicine bottles, as well as a steel hypodermic syringe and spare needles.

PRICE: £1 (25 lei)

Medical Treatment Kit

A black morocco case containing a tourniquet, lancet, artery clamps, surgeon's scissors, surgeon's needles, scalpels, surgeon's silk thread, medical thermometer, absorbent cotton, and antiseptic gauze.

PRICE: £2 (50 lei)



Medicines, Assorted

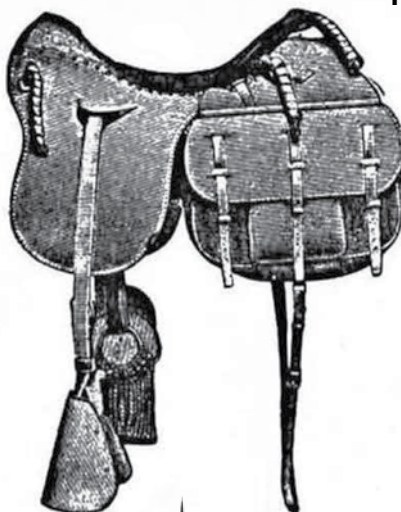
A dozen vials and pots of the most generally useful medicines. Chl. Of Potash and Borax, Boric acid, Cascara sag, Antipynine compound, Soda Mint, Castor Oil, Carron Oil, Ammonia, Quinine Sulp, Cocaine sol., Opium tablets.

PRICE: 12s. (15 lei)

Pocket Lamp

A first-rate product by Ever-Ready. A palm-sized cloth-covered metal body houses a small dry battery and Osram bulb.

PRICE: 6s. (8 lei)



Rope

The finest hemp rope with a breaking strength of 1700 lb. Sold in 60-ft. lengths, this soft twisted rope will not kink or twist.

PRICE: £1 2s. (28 lei)

Saddle

A fine saddle for general use, crafted from the best oak-tanned leather, hand-sewn for durability. Comes complete with bit, bridle, and other accoutrements.

PRICE: £4 (100 lei)

Saddlebags, Pair

These sturdy saddlebags are hand-stitched and crafted from the best black bridle leather

PRICE: £1 4s. (30 lei)

Safety Matches

Guaranteed to strike and burn even when wet. Comes in a tin box of 100 matches.

PRICE: 1s. (1 lei)

Sewing Kit

This "Little Housewife" is a practical solution to your sewing needs. A khaki case containing scissors, safety pins, pins, needles, thread, and buttons.

PRICE: 3s. (4 lei)

Tool, Large

Available are a variety of solidly crafted tools including mauls, sledgehammers, pick axes, shovels, and full-size axes.

PRICE: 3s. (4 lei)

Whistle, Dog

A regulation field use whistle made of white bone with "triller".

PRICE: 1s. (1 lei)

Whistle, Signal

As used by police. Nickel-plated with chain and ring. Operates on the double tube principle.

PRICE: 2s. (3 lei)



or under license in Europe from Flugmaschine Wright GmbH, Germany. Taking to the air is much cheaper using a hot air balloon, however.

Much of the world still relies heavily on the horse, both ridden and for drawing carriages, and long distance travel is still reliant on train and ship. Outside of cities and some towns in the developed world, roads are frequently still dirt tracks, and so automobiles cannot take full advantage of their comparatively high speed in many cases anyway.

Promethean vehicles, particularly the military ones, are perhaps five to ten years ahead of those in Europe and beyond. There is a great deal of interest in motoring amongst the idle elite, with foreign cars being highly sought after and semi-regularly imported under special permission.

Transportation

Although the automobile has been in production for a couple of decades now, it still remains the domain of the wealthy. Outside Promethea, only the recent advent of the Ford Model T is beginning to make these vehicles accessible to the more well-to-do middle classes. Within Promethea, private automobiles are seen in the bigger cities and on some estates. Military vehicles are more common, with their larger trucks, some of which are steam driven, being the only things robust enough to handle the very variable conditions of the road network.

Automobiles are hand cranked to start and are typically rugged; which, given the state of most roads, they have to be. Most will run on ethanol, petroleum, or kerosene without difficulty, have a top speed of around 30-40mph, and a range of 100-200 miles on a full tank depending on how much work the engine has to do over the course of its journey.

The aircraft is taking its first tentative steps beyond Promethea's borders, and the truly wealthy can even purchase aircraft themselves such as the Wright Flyer Model A, produced in the United States of America,

Airplane, Wright Model A

Experience the thrill of powered flight! Designed by the world famous Wright Brothers, the Model A is now manufactured and sold both in the USA and in Europe. Using a sturdy spruce frame, and 4-cylinder engine, it can reach an impressive 35mph and boasts a range of 100 miles.

CREW/PASSENGERS: 1/-

TOP SPEED: 35mph

COST: £5,000 (125,000 lei)

Automobile, Limousine

Boasting a fully enclosed body for comfort and protection against the elements, the sedan is the top of the range automobile, sturdy, attractive, and practical.

MODELS:

Selden 28HP/Thomas 6-40/Packard "Thirty"

CREW/PASSENGERS: 1/4

TOP SPEED: 40 mph

COST: £600/£900/£1,190
(15,000 lei/22,500 lei/29,750 lei)

RESISTANCE

Automobile, Roadster

A jaunty ride is provided in the two-seater runabout, an open-top machine of elegance of enjoyment.

MODELS: Rover 6/Buick Model 16 Roaster/Packard "Thirty" Runabout

CREW/PASSENGERS: 1/1

TOP SPEED: 45 mph

COST: £155/£350/£840

(3,875 lei/8,750 lei/21,000 lei)

Automobile, Touring

Open-topped for bracing excursions, yet fitted with a folding cape cart top for light inclement weather, the touring automobile seats two in the front and three in the rear (two comfortably), making it ideal transportation for the family.

MODELS: Ford Model T/Standard 16/Packard "Thirty"

CREW/PASSENGERS: 1/4

TOP SPEED: 40 mph

COST: £170/£450/£920

(4,250 lei/11,250 lei/23,000 lei)

Automobile, Truck

With a flatbed rear, stakes or canopy, and seating for two at the front, the truck is ideal for transporting goods at speed, and can bear a load of up to 2000 lbs.

MODELS: Buick A-20

CREW/PASSENGERS: 1/1

(6 passengers could sit on the flatbed)

TOP SPEED: 30 mph

COST: £220 (£5,500 lei)

Bicycle, Safety

With its leather saddle, chain drive, and pneumatic tyres, the safety bicycle is a swift, comfortable riding experience. Features the standard tubular diamond frame, 2-speed gears, and brakes.

MODELS: Peerless/Elgin

CREW/PASSENGERS: 1/-

TOP SPEED: 15 mph

COST: £3 12s./£8 (90 lei/200 lei)

Boat, Motor Launch

Your comfort, your economy, your safety. This petroleum-powered 26-ft. motor launch is finished in handmade mahogany, with a 40HP engine providing the launch with its impressive speed. (Remember that possession of a boat in Promethea is something even the very wealthy will rarely risk, even on private lakes that are well inland.)

MODELS: Elco Express Launch

CREW/PASSENGERS: 1/5

TOP SPEED: 18 mph

COST: £400 (10,000 lei)

Buggy

This well-made buggy has four metal-rimmed wheels, sprung suspension, a pair of padded bucket seats, and a folding canopy. Includes harnessing for a single horse.

CREW/PASSENGERS: 1/1

TOP SPEED: 25 mph

COST: £30 (750 lei)

Canoe

Light and strong yet easy to handle. Ribs and planking are of white cedar, decks, frames, and thwarts of mahogany. 15-ft. in length with a shallow draft and pair of maple paddles.

CREW/PASSENGERS: 3 total (at least one paddling)

TOP SPEED: 3 mph

COST: £8 (200 lei)



DARK HARVEST

THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

Carriage

Featuring four metal-rimmed wheels with metal spokes, sprung suspension, a pair of padded bucket seats to the front and a padded seat to the rear, and a folding canopy. Includes harnessing for one or two horses.

CREW/PASSENGERS: 1/1

TOP SPEED: 20-25 mph

COST: £45 (1,125 lei)

Horse

A well-bred horse in good health.

Ideal for riding or carriage use.

CREW/PASSENGERS: 1/1

TOP SPEED: 30 mph

COST: £25 (625 lei)

Hot Air Balloon

A splendid balloon, with envelope, netting, concentrating ring, appendix, valve, rip, basket, and anchor all of special make. The double silk envelope is vulcanised proof against water and quite satisfactory for 100 ascents. Price includes all necessary valves, rip, basket, guide rope, anchor, anchor rope, and cover.

CREW/PASSENGERS: 1/3

TOP SPEED: Wind speed (typically 25 mph)

COST: £400 (10,000 lei)

Motorcycle

A comfortable leather saddle, sturdy frame, and pneumatic tyres make the motorcycle a favourite of those with a desire for rapid, affordable transport. Coil ignition makes the single-cylinder engine quick to engage and operate.

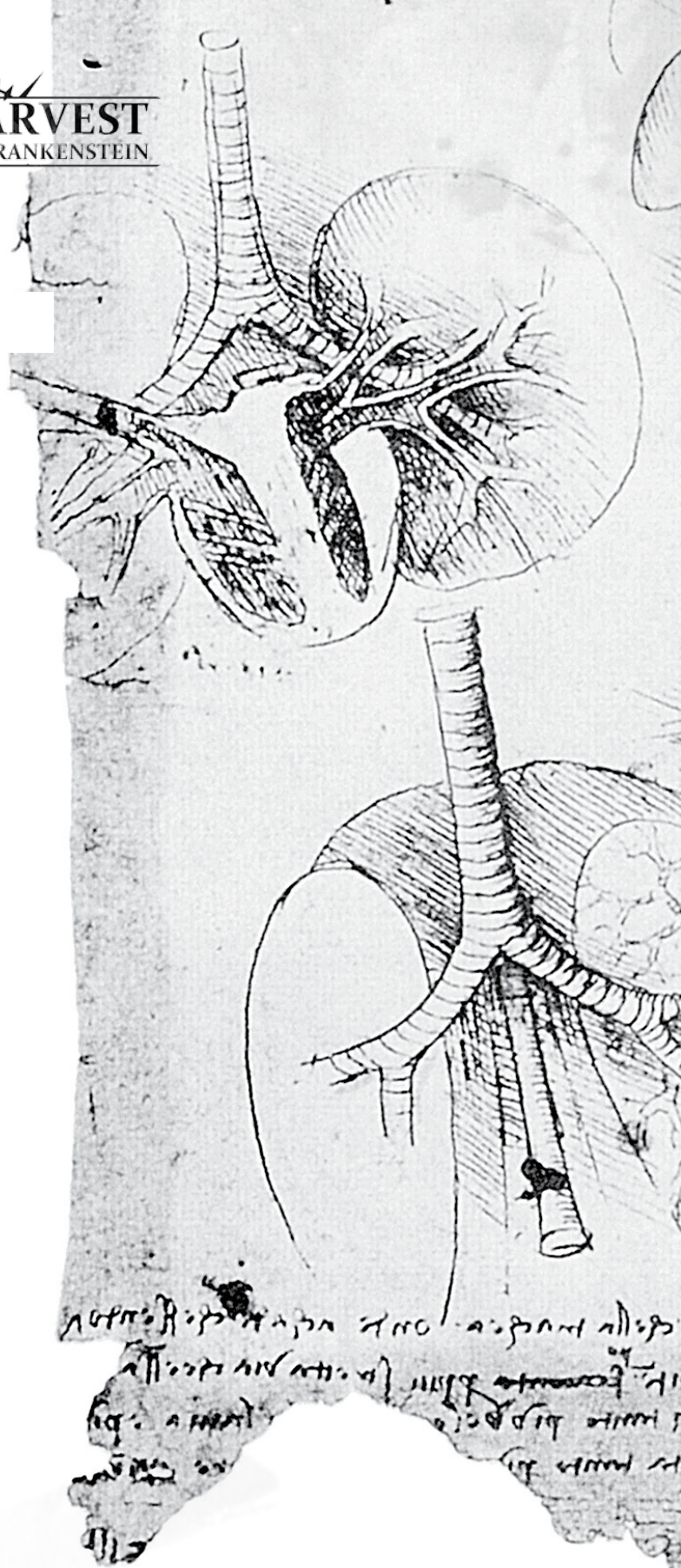
MODELS: Douglas Twin/Michaelson Model NB/
Flying Merkel Model V

CREW/PASSENGERS: 1/-

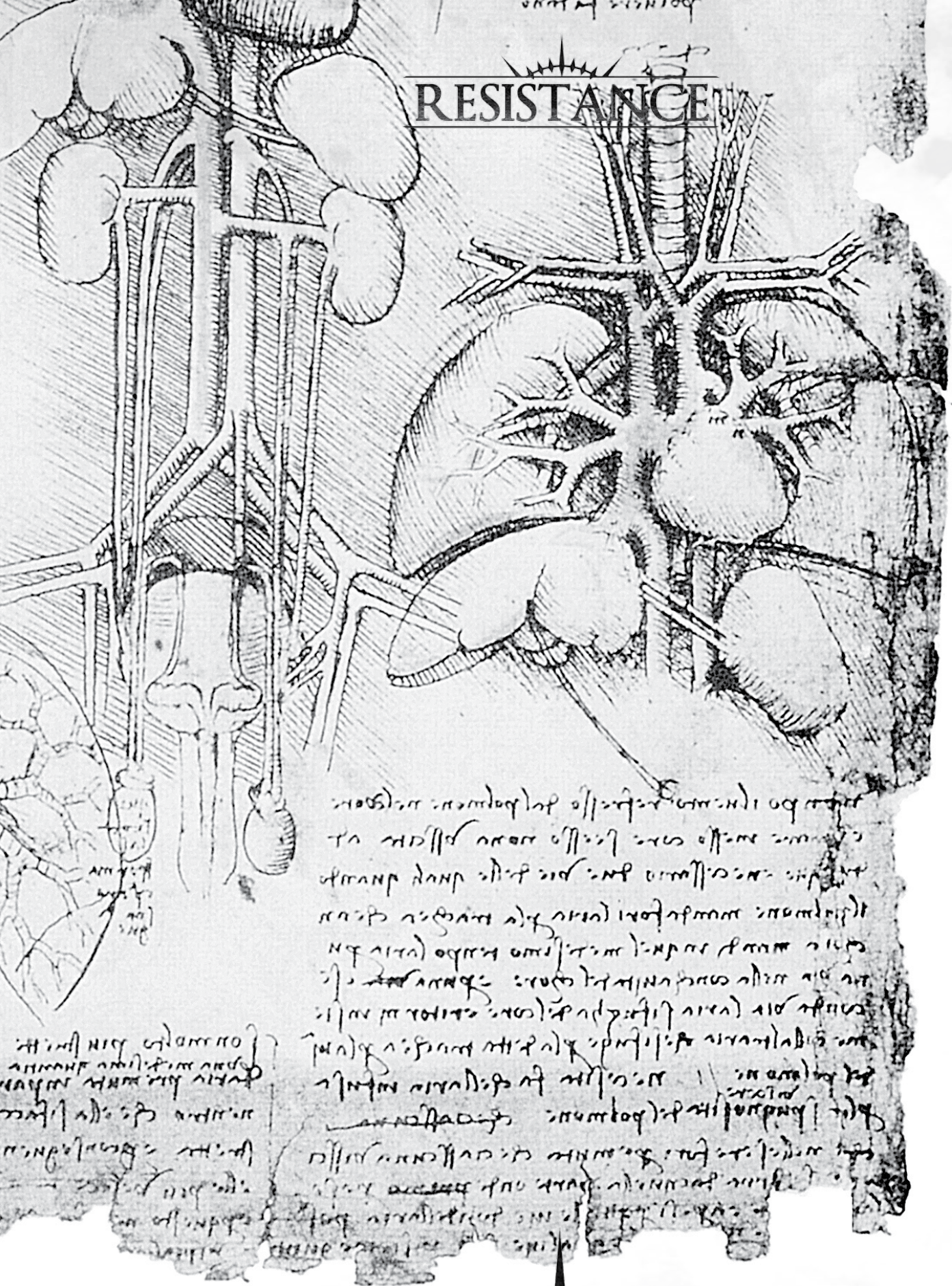
TOP SPEED: 50 mph

COST: £38 18s./£55/£65

(972 lei/1,325 lei/1,625 lei)



RESISTANCE



VII. RULES CLARIFICATIONS & ADDITIONS

RESISTANCE

Thanks to our community of Players and reviewers, we have been provided with invaluable feedback on what needs clarifying and tweaking. All of that feedback has influenced the following section.

If you have any other questions, feel free to post them to our forum. Either one of us or a fellow Player will answer as soon as possible:
<http://darkharvestlof.freeforums.org/>

Combined Tests

Sometimes, a group of characters may wish to combine their efforts in order to succeed at a challenge. When this occurs, the players should choose one from their number to act as the leader of the task – everyone else will act as a supporter. The GM can choose to limit the number of supporters allowed (it might not be possible to all crowd around the engine you're trying to repair, for example), and may choose to limit the characters to all using the same skill for the test (since normally you can make a test using a skill that's deemed appropriate to the situation).

Supporters need to make their tests first, at the same basic difficulty level as the main test; however, if a supporting character doesn't possess the same skill that the leader will be using for their test, they must add an additional Black Die to their roll.

Any successes gained by the supporting characters now become extra dice for the leader to add to their roll. If any supporter is using a different skill to the leader, then the leader must add a Black Die to their roll (once only – you don't need to add this for every different skill). Also, if any supporter ended up with a Foul Failure, then the leader must add an additional Black Die to their roll.

EXAMPLE: Petre, Zoran and Emil are attempting to disarm a bomb with a clockwork timer. Petre and Zoran both possess the Engineering (Clockwork) Skill, while Emil has Engineering (Mechanical), which

the GM rules can be used to assist in this test.

The difficulty rating is "Difficult" (3 Black Dice).

Zoran is chosen as the leader of the task, as he as a Wits+Engineering (Clockwork) score of 7D. Petre has a score of 5D, and Emil's Wits+Engineering (Mechanical) is also 5D.

Emil and Petre roll first, as they are supporters – both roll 5D, with Petre also rolling 3 Black Dice (for task difficulty), and Emil rolling 4 Black Dice (3 for the difficulty and 1 for not using the same task skill). Emil scores no successes, and Petre scores 2.

Zoran now rolls his 9D pool (his score of 7D, plus two dice for Petre's successes), as well as 4 Black Dice (3 for the difficulty and 1 because Emil used a different skill). Everyone holds their breath as Zoran rolls the dice...

Augmented Characters

Initiative & Multiple Actions

Some of the newest medical procedures rolling out of the Ministry of Surgical Artistry are designed to improve the effectiveness of the patient, delivering a speed of action and co-ordination that may seem wholly unnatural. These Augmentations require a couple of new Traits, presented below. These Traits cannot be gained in character generation – they must form part of an Augmentation or technological solution.

*Accelerated Initiative**

Each level of Accelerated Initiative adds one die to the character's Initiative dice pool. It also adds one Black Die. Should the result of an Initiative roll be a Foul Failure, then for this combat round, the character is unable to act or react, as the shock of their enhancement failing takes hold.

*Enhanced Coordination**

Each level of Enhanced Coordination protects

your dice pool from splitting when undertaking an additional action in a combat turn. You must, however, add a Black Die per additional action to all actions being carried out.

The protection is either available, or not, so that if you try to attempt more actions than you have levels of Enhanced Coordination to cover, then the normal rules for multiple actions apply.

EXAMPLE: Gheorghe has an Augmentation that gives him two levels of Enhanced Coordination. He plans a trick shot to shoot three guards at the gate of a compound that which he is attacking. His Dexterity+Firearms score is 6D, and the GM adds 1 Black Die for the difficulty of the shots.

That's two additional actions, so Gheorghe may make three rolls with his full 6D dice pool, but must roll three Black Dice with each (one from the GM, and two for the additional actions).

Weapon Effects

As weaponry becomes more advanced in Promethea, it becomes necessary to add some additional rules to handle them. These weapon effects enhance the normal weapon statistics or damage charts.

Area Effect

A weapon with an area effect will deliver damage to everyone within a circle centered on where the weapon goes off.

Anyone unlucky enough to be standing at Ground Zero should take damage equal to the normal damage of the weapon, plus extra dice equal to its Area Effect rating. Anyone within a radius equal to the Area Effect rating in yards will take the normal weapon damage, and anyone beyond that, out to twice the Area Effect rating in yards will take damage equal to the normal weapon damage, *less* the Area Effect rating.

EXAMPLE: A grenade, damage rating 6, burst 4 will do 10D damage at Ground Zero, then 6D out to 4 yards from the point of impact, then 2D out to 8 yards.

Volley Fire

A weapon with a volley capability can deliver a significant portion of its total damage in a single action, although this is harder than using it in the normal way. After a weapon has been used in such a fashion, it will require being recharged/reloaded/reset in some fashion.

When a weapon is discharged in a Volley, add 1 Level to the difficulty rating for using the weapon in this way. If you score a hit, then roll for damage as normal, multiplying the result by the Volley rating of the weapon. If there is no Volley rating given, assume that the rating is equal to the Shots value for the weapon.

EXAMPLE: A Big Game Rifle has a Volley Fire capability. If it hits, then damage (13D) is rolled as normal, and 6 successes are scored. This is then multiplied by the Volley rating of the rifle (which defaults to its 2 shots value) for a total of 12 successes that which can be applied as damage!

Suppressive Fire

The purpose of Suppressive Fire is to fill an area with flying projectiles to prevent an opponent from moving in to that area. It only works with fully automated weaponry with a high rate of fire (ROF of 10 or greater).

Anyone moving into an area protected by Suppressive Fire must make a Dexterity+Dodge roll. Determine the difficulty of moving across the terrain as normal, but then add 1 Black Die for each 5 points of ROF for the weapon. On a Foul Failure, resolve each of the extra Black Dice as a separate hit to the character.

RESISTANCE

EXAMPLE: Liviu tries to cross some rocky ground that which is being covered by a heavy machinegun. The GM assigns 7 Black Dice (1 for the terrain, and 6 for the Suppressive fire (the heavy machinegun has a ROF of 30). Liviu rolls 5 dice for Dexterity+Dodge as well. He rolls 1,2,3,3,5 with the Black Dice showing 1, 2, 2, 3, 4, 6, 6! That's a Foul Failure with 2 Black Dice spare – Liviu had better hope that his Armour Augmentation is worth the money he paid for it, as he takes 2 hits, each of 10D damage....

Augmentations

Augmentation scientists all across Promethea are pushing the boundaries of human (and animal) limitations on a daily basis,; under the strict guidelines of the Ministry for Surgical Artistry, of course.

Extra Joints (3 points)

You have had an extra few bends put in your digits. Fine manual dexterity tasks are one difficulty level lower. However, any gloves and some tools may need modifying for you to use, and you add a Black Die to any social interaction test where your hands are visible.

Augmented Digestion (3 points)

Parts of your digestive tracts have been modified to allow you to survive, (even if only at subsistence levels,) on alternative food sources such as raw meat and uncooked plant life, including foodstuffs not normally suited for unaugmented human digestion. This augment allows survival on things like grass, moss, bark, twigs, insects, carrion, and suchlike. If used for more than 4 weeks a penalty of -1 is applied to your Fortitude attribute until a human diet has been consumed for a week.

Nerve Augmentation (3 points)*

Your nerves have been pulled taut though your body and the excess surgically removed. As a result, the

nerve impulses have less distance to travel, which increases your reaction speed.

Each time you take this Augmentation, you acquire 1 level in the Accelerated Initiative Trait.

Nerve Grafting (3 points)*

Additional nerve fibres have been grafted on to your existing nerve tissue – as a result, more information can be passed through them at once, allowing you to do more.

Each time you take this Augmentation, you acquire 1 level in the Enhanced Coordination Trait.

Small Hands (3 points)

You have had your own hands replaced with those of a petite woman, child, or even a monkey. Your wrists have been shaved down to accommodate the new appendages.

You gain two dice when working in a situation where confined space makes it difficult for a normal adult-sized hand to grasp and manipulate objects, but you must increase the difficulty rating of any test involving lifting or carrying by 1 level.

Quadruped Adaptation (5 points)

You have had joints and musculature adapted so that you can run on all fours. Your knees now bend backwards, and your feet have been reshaped to accommodate your new gait, which changes your movement rates as follows:

GENERAL: (2+Dexterity) for biped;

(5+Dexterity) for quadruped

RUN: (2+Dexterity)x4 for biped;

(14+Dexterity)x3 for quadruped

SWIM: (2+Dexterity)

SNEAK: (2+Dexterity)/2 for biped;

(5+Dexterity)/2 for quadruped

LEAP (HORIZONTAL): 4+Dexterity

LEAP (VERTICAL): Leap(Horizontal)/2

In addition, regular furniture and clothing will no longer fit your adapted skeleton – any shoes, trousers or dresses will need to be custom tailored for you (double regular costs). You will need specially made chairs in order to sit at a table, or alternatively pulling up a stool, to avoid painful cramping during mealtimes.

Character Creation

This is a complete walkthrough of the character creation process, as detailed in the core book.

The Birth of Jani Sabinascu.

This is the story of one character's creation, from concept to a playable character within the world of Dark Harvest.

Jani was born into an engineering family. His father was an engineer in the textile mills. His mother assisted him there as a trainee engineer herself and her father was a railway engineer of some note. As Jani grew up, it came as no surprise to his family and schoolmates that he got a scholarship at the local college to study engineering.

He worked for a while in the mills under his father, a stipulation of his sponsored scholarship, while continuing his studies. When he finally qualified, it was in a slightly different direction to that expected, insomuch as he got his degree in Engineering, but Civil rather than Mechanical.

Jani grew up in a moral, law-abiding household. He finds it difficult to accept the failings of the current system, but does not feel he can, or even should, do anything about it.

And there we have the briefest of backgrounds for Jani, which keeps his options open as to how his creator wishes to play the game. This can be fully fleshed out later, but gives us our starting point to generate his paper version.

We already have his name (chosen using the

rulebook name guidelines), so that can be filled in on the character sheet. We can also complete the other sections at the top.

Given the background above, it is clear that Jani is of middle class background. His nationality, we may decide, is native Promethean. We can place his age at around 28, old enough to have experience of the world, but young enough to think he can still change it given the opportunity.

We decide that he is of medium build, arbitrarily, but this fits fine with our building image of him. With player foresight, we make him brown eyed & brown haired, cropped in a common fashion. This may come in handy for getting lost in crowds at a later date, as he will not stand out - unless for other reasons, of course.

His childhood can be summarised as a normal middle class upbringing, and his vocation is obviously Civil Engineer. Personality can be summed up as Quietly Confident, with social ethics of Moral, Law-abiding, although this may change during play.

Attribute Points

His 6 attribute points are allocated thus:

STRENGTH: 0 – Jani, by no means weak, has studied more the theory of engineering than the physical side, hence he is average in Strength.

DEXTERITY: 0 – Again, his background represents no benefits or weaknesses here.

FORTITUDE: 0 – From a healthy middle class background, one can expect an average figure here.

PRESENCE: 1 – Jani has the skills to back him up in what he knows, this has given him confidence, which shows in his interactions with others.

WITS: 4 – A natural ability is what got Jani his place at college, hence his gifted score here.

RESOLVE: 1 – You don't get to be a good engineer without effort and dedication.

RESISTANCE



Serious business this...

skills

Now, we can decide what skills Jani has picked up in his life so far. Lots of skills are always useful, so from the start a complication will be added, providing more character points. The complication chosen is one from the book, although it could be anything else, provided your Gamemaster agrees to it!

COMPLICATION:

PROPER SENSIBILITIES - from moral upbringing.

Now, to the skills themselves, we have 50 character points to spend, with an additional 5 for the complication, of which we decide to spend around

30-35 on skills. We can always add, remove, or raise or lower levels of skills later in the creation process, so we are not too worried about exact numbers yet.

Some of the skills themselves may at first look like a bit of an odd choice, but can all be either prompted by Jani's background or at least justified by it. Keep in mind we have to stretch our imaginations a little bit to ensure we have a character that is believable, can be played, and can be useful to the player group!

Explanations or justifications are in parentheses after the skill.

Initially chosen are:

Skills - Common

CONCENTRATION 1

(studying whilst others party around you)

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE 2

(picked up over life, work, and college)

PERCEPTION 4 (spotting the things that are wrong in a design or plan, and observing planned routes etc., from geographic hindrances to work projects)

HORSE RIDING 1 (using horses to survey rough terrain & visit site works)

ETIQUETTE 1 (moving in educated circles, Jani will have had to learn certain social skills)

DRIVE AUTOMOBILE 1 (when building roads, for example, an understanding of the vehicles using them is a must!)

Skills - Specialist

RESEARCH 1 (a basic skill for a formally educated person)

PHOTOGRAPHY 1 (recording of sites for later study and for progress reports of works)

NAVIGATION 4 (roads, railways, canals must all meet each other! Wouldn't want a tunnel missing the road at the other side of the hill)

LEGAL MATTERS 1 (planning permits and local government restrictions on construction work, and suchlike, are inevitable, and must be understood if they're to be dealt with)

LANGUAGE (GERMAN) 1 (engineering texts come in many languages, some countries have a good track record of quality engineering skills, so learning those is a must)

LANGUAGE (ENGLISH) 1

(for the same reason as above)

LANGUAGE (ITALIAN) 1 (another)

LANGUAGE (CZECH) 1 (and yet another. There are lots of these, but we are limited how many we could really justify or even afford to spend character points on)

FORGERY 1 (sometimes, just sometimes, putting a seniors signature on a bit of paper you know they would sign anyway can save long, expensive delays...)

ENGINEER (CIVIL) 4 (well, it is what he is and does!)

ENGINEER (ELECTRICAL) 2 (it is rare for an engineer to have no crossover into other aspects. Possibly Jani has been involved in some high power electrical distribution work)

ENGINEER (MECHANICAL) 2 (again, a crossover skill, well within possibilities)

DEMOLITION 3 (railway cuttings, tunnels, dam foundations clearing, all require constructive use of explosives. It is but a small step to destructive use...)

CONVERSATION 1 (the same social situations that created the etiquette skill)

AD HOC REPAIR 1

(every engineer has some of this in themselves)

This works out quite well at 35 character points, which leaves 20 character points for Traits.

Unless we need an extra point or two in Traits, or have a few points left over after Traits selection, we will stay with these. We can pencil them in on our character sheet, with the common skills next to their names, and the specialties written in in their appropriate section below the common skills. Remember to add the level of skill to the base attribute score for each skill.

So for example, our best skill is now Perception, with a base of 4 dice from Jani's Wits attribute, and an additional 4 dice from the 4 character points used on this skill, giving Jani a massive 8 dice for Perception.

His Horse-riding skill, however, is poor, with a mere 0 from Dexterity, plus 1 from character points used, for a total of 1 die. He knows which end of the horse is the front, but jumping high fences is probably not going to be a good plan!

The Specialty Skills are exactly the same.

Remember that although common skills can be attempted by anyone, even if no points were spent, Specialty skills can only be used if you have at least

RESISTANCE

some points in them.

We need to refer to the skills section of the rules to establish the base attribute the skill works from. Looking at Conversation, for example, which is based on Presence, Jani will have 1 from Presence Attribute, plus 1 for the character point spent, for a total of 2 dice.

Should he need to use his Electrical Engineering skill, which is based on Wits attribute, to safely dismantle a fiendish generator he would have 4 (Wits) plus 2 (Skill) dice for a total of 6. He should manage that with little difficulty. Unless he is being shot at; or is trying to remain hidden; or is in a hurry before a friend is killed by the device the generator is powering...

Traits

Talents

We can have a maximum of 3 talent traits, but decided to only go for the one, saving our character points for Privileges and Assets. This is a bit risky, as both of those can potentially be lost during gameplay, but then again, in Dark Harvest, Talents can be lost as well! You've got the *Drink like a Fish Talent*? Then someone rich or powerful will want to harvest your liver... So, it's maybe not too risky as long as played carefully!

The one chosen is:

SPEED READER: 3 (very feasible as an academic, and a useful talent to have if you ever need to find information quickly, or get the gist of a text under time pressure)

Privileges

The following three Privileges are chosen as they all fit nicely, and have potential uses in play (connections are everything!)

FRIEND OF THE LIBRARY: 5

PRIVATE CLUB MEMBERSHIP: 3 (rather than choosing a particular club, what is chosen is an engineering society. This has a similar game effect.

This would need to be cleared with your Gamesmaster first, but is close enough to a club that it should be acceptable)

SOCIETY FRIENDS: 4 (as middle classed)

Assets

Assets are always useful.

LABORATORY (WORKSHOP): 3 (similar to the club membership substitution above, access to a mechanical workshop is roughly parallel to a laboratory, so perhaps - again, with Gamesmaster approval - Jani has access to a repair shop, with facilities for metalworking and perhaps some materials too, or at least access to some materials)

BOLT-HOLE: 2 (an unknown hiding place. Perhaps an unused room discovered as a private place to study & work, back in the days when Jani was a student. Maybe a hidden room in the attic of the library, the doorway long hidden by some collapsed and un-repaired bookshelves)

We can write our Complication, Talents, Privileges, & Assets onto our character sheet now, and as we have now chosen all the things that might affect our Derived Attributes, we can calculate and add them on to our burgeoning character sheet.

His derived Initiative is 0 from Dexterity attribute, 4 from Wits attribute, and 4 from Perception. Jani obviously has good levels of awareness in a sudden situation, and has a good chance of avoiding things before they happen.

His Movement is 5 yards per 'round' (default base) plus 0 from Dexterity attribute, with Sneaking speed of half that $2\frac{1}{2}$ ($5+0$ divided by 2).

Running speed is 3 times walking speed, so 15 yards per 'round'

Swim, Leap, and Vertical Jump are calculated similarly, giving speeds of 5 ($5+0$), 1 ($1+0$), & $\frac{1}{2}$ ($\frac{1}{2} \times 1$) respectively.

Health is a measly 2 dice, 0 from his Fortitude

DARK HARVEST

THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN



He's alive! Alive!!

attribute, plus the default 2 base that everyone gets. This is marked by shading out the pictures of the dice on the bottom two rows under the 'Health' heading, leaving him just the two unshaded dice. He can take 4 pips of damage before hitting the grey dice, and hence taking penalties (-2 to all dice when on the first greyed Health dice, -4 on the second, -8 on the third and -16 on the fourth. If he gets beyond that, the description used would be of similar meaning to the word 'dead'). Getting onto the first grey Health dice could easily be caused by something as minor as sliding down a small scree slope, if he was unlucky.

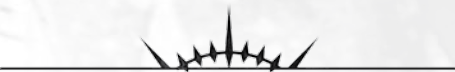
One thing Jani better make sure of is - don't get injured...

Equipment

In addition to the standard belongings of someone of middle class, Jani has his 5 'picks' of additional items to add to his inventory. Three are work related, being a theodolite, a sextant, and a random selection of survey maps. The Gamesmaster would rule on the usefulness

of these in any given situation, or alternatively, we could specify better what they actually are. It would depend on your Gamemasters preferences. It is often easier to be somewhat vague at this point. Jani also has a homemade camera, modelled on the Box Brownie, with some film to go with it as our last pick.

These can be written into the Equipment & Notes section now, along with a note of the money he's carrying. According to the Victorian money values from the core book, this would mean the 10 Ban cash Jani has in his pocket as the default starting cash for a middle class character (compared with 2 lei if he was upper class, or fresh air if lower class). Using the updated money rules from this supplement, we decide Jani is earning about 6250 lei a year (£250 or thereabouts). This gives him a little over 500 lei per month. A little discussion with the GM allows us 10 lei in his pocket, with access to a further 160 lei in the jar hidden down beside the bed in his lodgings for dire emergencies.



RESISTANCE

At this point in the game, Jani has no Experience or Reputation, so these can be left blank. He does, however, have the default starting 8 pips in his fate pool, giving one complete Scripting die, and 2 pips on the second die. So we shade out 3 & 2/3 of the dice shown on the sheet - again, in pencil, as these change during play.

Jani has no Augmentations, so this section can be left blank at this point.

Contacts

We now come to Contacts and, as the Core book says, everybody has some, well, nearly everybody.

Jani has 2 contacts points to spend, (1 from his Presence plus 1 default point everybody gets). We decide we would rather have contacts than favours, entitling us to either 2 from Middle Class or 1 from either Upper or Lower Class. Jani has worked with all types over his career to date, from Navvies to Industrialists, with all in between, so any options are feasible.

Early in his career, Jani assisted in the construction of a railway tunnel, and his discovery that the calculations were wrong before work started, brought him to the attention of one of the, albeit minor, 'True Prometheans'. Raised into higher esteem due to this, Jani now has the ear of this person, who we decide - again, with Gamemaster approval - is a senior project engineer in the Ministry of Transport rail department, called Susane Tsvetanova. She will allow Jani to be heard and, provided a request is not against Frankenstein's dream, may help out on occasion. Not too often though! As Susane is obviously of Upper Class, Jani has used both his contact points on this one contact. Write the details onto the character sheet and move onto the last two sections.

As Jani has no armour, we can simply leave that blank. We could also leave the Weapons section empty, but it may be worth including a knife and a

club as these items are readily available and, if used, it would save game downtime by not having to look them up. To this end, we add them to the sheet, with a (Common) skill of 0 (0 character points spent on these skills plus 0 from Dexterity, the base Attribute for both) noted for both, and damage dice of 5 & 4 respectively. These are melee weapons with no ammunition, so the rest of the columns can be left blank.

That very nearly completes the paper version of our character, Jani Sabinascu. It certainly finishes all we *have* to complete to be able to play this character in a game. However, his background needs more fleshing out.

Perhaps some details about what he is doing right now and any additional history, morals or religious views he may hold could be a starting point, so that these might inspire the Gamesmaster to fully weave Jani into the story. We can add as much or as little detail as we like, as long as these additions do not add tangible benefits by themselves.

We will, however, leave that to you. Take Jani and make him live!

DARK HARVEST

THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

NPCs

Johann Sitorius

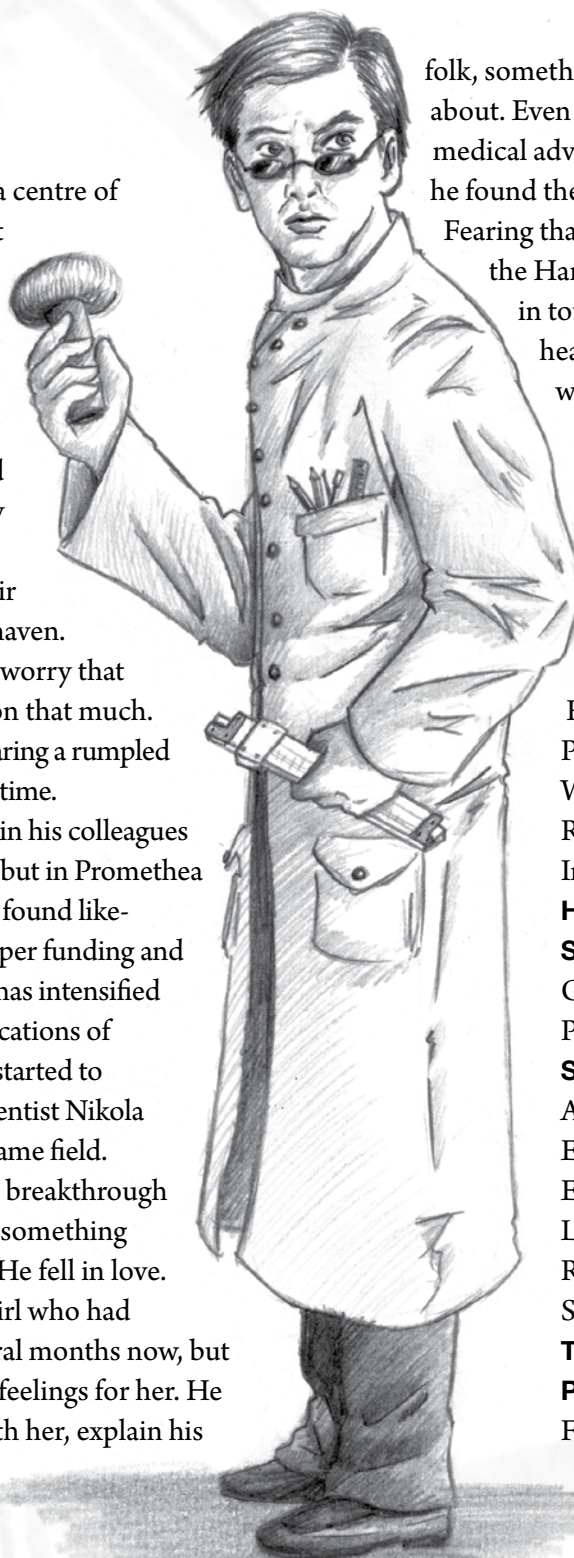
Since Promethea has become a centre of learning and progress, scientist from all over Europe has flocked to Frankenstein's domain and Sitorius has been one of them. The tall and angular man in his mid-thirties has a keen intellect and piercing eyes which are usually hidden beneath dark glasses. He usually wears his brown hair shortly cropped and is clean shaven. But aside from that he doesn't worry that much about his looks or fashion that much. He's perfectly comfortable wearing a rumpled and stained lab coat most of the time.

Back at the university in Berlin his colleagues have mocked his wild theories, but in Promethea the electrical engineer not only found like-minded colleagues but also proper funding and support. In the recent years he has intensified his studies on the use and applications of electrical forces. Eventually he started to exchange letters with fellow scientist Nikola Tesla who was working in the same field.

Johann felt he was nearing a breakthrough in his research when suddenly something totally unexpected happened. He fell in love. Rebeka was a simple servant girl who had been working for him for several months now, but suddenly he felt he developed feelings for her. He started to spend more time with her, explain his work to her in the simplest terms and showed interest in her daily toil. She told him about the life of the simple

folk, something he had been totally oblivious about. Even though he was fascinated by the medical advances made by Frankenstein, he found the Harvest an appalling practice.

Fearing that his beloved may fall victim to the Harvest, he decided to secretly get in touch with the Resistance he had heard about. Perhaps his scientific works may even help their cause.



SOCIAL CLASS:

Middle Class

ATTRIBUTES:

Strength 0

Dexterity 1

Fortitude -1

Presence 1

Wits 3

Resolve 1

Initiative: 10

HEALTH: 1

SKILLS:

General Knowledge 5

Perception 6

SPECIALTIES:

Ad Hoc Repair 3

Engineer (Electrical) 7

Engineer (Mechanical) 5

Language (Romanian) 6

Research 5

Science (Electricity) 10

TALENTS: none

PRIVILEGES:

Friend of the Library (5)

ASSETS:

Laboratory (Science, 3)

COMPLICATIONS:

Vow (Protect Rebeka)

RESISTANCE

CONTACTS:

NIKOLA TESLA - While the (in)famous Kroation scientist is living in the United States, Johann counts him among one of his closer contacts. Although both men are working in the same area of expertise they never saw each other as competitors. Johann even tried to convince Nikola to come to Promethea several times, hoping they could work on a project together, but Nikola has been reluctant so far.

BELA IONESCU - Bela Ionescu is a Promethean industrialist who owns a tools factory not too far from Johann's laboratory. Bela and Johann first met when Johann was looking for a factory that could build certain special apparatus for his laboratory. The two men became fast friends and often meet over a glass of wine to talk about the latest advances in engineering. Bela is pro-revolutionary and has secretly supported the Resistance from time to time, but Johann is unaware of this.

FUNDS: 10 ban in pocket

EQUIPMENT:

A slide rule produced by Keuffel and Esser Co. of New York which was a gift of his family when he left for Promethea, a lab coat with several pockets containing small electrical parts, a pair of sunglasses, a small case containing various screwdrivers and other tools, and a walking stick that he carries around as a form of self-defence if necessary.

(This was a winning entry in our 2011 Design a Character competition
– Thanks Mike! It is presented as it was received.)

Nurse

Always on hand to care for the ailments of villagers, farmers and the general populace, she is a respected and vital member of the community. Permitted to travel freely around the countryside, she knows everything worth knowing. A friendly and trusting face to all, her duty is to tend to the health and wellbeing of her patients who are confident their secrets will be safe with her.

REPUTATION: None (Generalist)

INITIATIVE: +3

PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +2

MENTAL COMPETENCE: +2

HEALTH: 3 Dice (6 pips)

SIGNIATURE SKILLS: Medicine +4, Empathy +3, General Knowledge +2, Conversation +3, Craft +4 (Embalmer)

TRAITS: Natural Charisma +3, Light Sleeper +2, Time Sense +2

COMBAT ABILITIES: Skill x Dice

DAMAGE: Weapon x Dice

Alina Lonescu is a familiar face around the local villages and farms. With a knack for putting her patients at ease, she has heard many a tall tale and juicy piece of gossip. Recently however, she has gained knowledge of a more dangerous nature and been called upon to aid members of a nearby Resistance cell. Torn between her duty to heal and her loyalty to Promethea, she must decide where her true allegiance lies.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *After a drastically failed attack on a military convoy, a Resistance unit finds itself in dire need of medical help. The characters must locate Alina, and convince her to aid them. The question is, can they trust her?*

Student Rebel

Fired with youthful rebellion, this intelligent young man has his future assured within the echelons of Promethea's finest citizens. However, the tight restrictions imposed upon him by the authorities make him uneasy. He wants to travel beyond Promethea's strict borders and see the world for himself. The morality of the Harvest disturbs him and he regularly meets with like-minded intellectuals to discuss the injustices of their society. It is, of course, one thing to talk about changing the world, but does he possess the courage to act upon those words?

REPUTATION: Adventurous (Generalist)
INITIATIVE: +4
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +4
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +4
HEALTH: 6 Dice (12 pips)
SIGNIATURE SKILLS: Politics +2, Conversation +3, Culture +2
TRAITS: Bad Humours +1, Black Sheep +2, Inspiration +2,
COMBAT ABILITIES: Skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon x Dice

Dorin Balcescu, a first year student mesmerised by stimulating after dinner talk with his fellows, has decided to turn away from his family fortune and future political position. Instead, he wishes to fight for the freedom and rights of the underprivileged. He is determined to convince his peers to take him seriously, and will do anything to prove his loyalty to their cause.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *Horrified by his son's behaviour, the Minister Anton Balcescu has discreetly hired the characters to use whatever means they can to prevent Dorin from taking part in an upcoming plot devised by an underground student group. It is vital the family's name and reputation remain intact.*

Suffragette

Not content with society's expectations of her, she has embraced the growing Suffragette Movement, currently rife in Britain. Inspired by fearless women fighting for the right to vote, she faces her family's wrath at her outrageous anti-Promethean behaviour. Forced to conceal her involvement with the Movement, she is more determined than ever to stand up for what she believes in. In her fervent naiveté, she may not realise how open she is to subversive suggestion...

REPUTATION: Daredevil (Focused)
INITIATIVE: +9
PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +5
MENTAL COMPETENCE: +8
HEALTH: 7 Dice (14 pips)
SIGNIATURE SKILLS: High Society +2, Politics +2, Fashion +2, Perception +3
TRAITS: Society Friends +3, Beautiful +2, Polyglot +2
COMBAT ABILITIES: Skill x Dice
DAMAGE: Weapon x Dice

On the surface, Dana Cristescu is everything an upcoming debutante should be; demure, pretty and educated to a level where she will not embarrass a future husband. Her father has high hopes of marrying her off into one of the more desirable families, the prospect of which Dana finds quite abhorrent. She is however, a very active member of the Promethean Suffrage Movement, and is determined to avoid the fate her father has decreed for her.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *Rumour has it that a forthcoming demonstration outside the Council's offices by the Promethea Suffrage Movement will be used as cover by the Resistance to attack several members of the Council. It is up to the characters to prevent such an outrage occurring and locate the perpetrators, which includes Dana.*

RESISTANCE

Train Driver / Engineer / Railwayman

The railway network is vital to Promethea. Strictly controlled, it enables the rapid movement of military personnel and equipment to areas where needed. He who keeps the engines rolling precisely and the tracks maintained is vital to the smooth running of the Promethean infrastructure. Always on the alert for potential attack by the Resistance, he must decide whether to defend against these attacks or feed the information required for their success.

REPUTATION: Adventurous (General)

INITIATIVE: +4

PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +4

MENTAL COMPETENCE: +4

HEALTH: 6 Dice (12 pips)

SIGNIATURE SKILLS: Engineer (Mechanical +3),
Drive Carriage +4, Ad Hoc Repair +3

TRAITS: Direction sense +3,
Natural Charisma +2

COMBAT ABILITIES: Skill x Dice

DAMAGE: Weapon x Dice

Toma Amanar grew up on the railways. Exhilarated by the heat, the steam, and the noise of the engines, it was no wonder he chose to follow in his father's footsteps, driving the trains so vital in maintaining, and rapidly manning military bases where and when needed throughout the country. Lately however, he has begun to question his loyalties.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *The resistance are planning an attack on Toma's train, which is carrying fresh personnel and equipment to a couple of military base on the Russian border. Recent activity in that area has caused considerable alarm and, depending on their allegiance, the characters must either assist with the attack, or defend the train ensuring it reaches its destination.*

Village Craftsman

Every village needs someone who can turn skilled hands to whatever job needs doing. The Village Craftsman, (be they blacksmith, cooper, wheelwright or mason, will take care of everything from minor repairs to custom made items. In some areas where resistance is strong, his services may be made available not only to the local peasantry, but also to those of a more partisan nature.

REPUTATION: Daredevil (Focused)

INITIATIVE: +6

PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +8

MENTAL COMPETENCE: +5

HEALTH: 9 Dice (18 pips)

SIGNIATURE SKILLS: Firearms +2, Conceal +2,
Ad Hoc Repair +4, Craft (Blacksmith +3),
Craft (Carpenter +3)

TRAITS: Ambidexterity +2, Mere Flesh Wounds +2

COMBAT ABILITIES: Skill x Dice

DAMAGE: Weapon x Dice

Benjamin Lucescu takes intense pride in his work. Whether mending a simple bucket, or forging a perfectly balanced scythe, his workmanship is famed throughout the region and it is little wonder his talents have caught the notice of the Resistance. Having assured them of his sympathies to their cause, unbeknownst to the villagers, he secretly crafts the finest weapons for their use in their fight against Frankenstein's regime.

ADVENTURE HOOK: *An important shipment of weapons made by Benjamin is now complete. The characters must ensure this shipment is delivered safely and without detection to the waiting Resistance cell. However, local black market figures know the real value of Benjamin's work and are determined to get the weapons for themselves.*

Woodsmen

Promethea has a booming forestry industry, and the woodsman is at the heart of it. Licensed to carry various axes, saws and other such implements, and very often carrying papers allowing them to travel for work, these hardy souls are a common sight outside of the urban centres. Tough, independent, and able to live off the land to no small degree, the authorities in more oppressive local regimes often treat woodsmen with suspicion. In their turn, woodsmen tend to treat any outside authority figures with barely concealed contempt.

REPUTATION: None (Focussed)

INITIATIVE: +3

PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +3

MENTAL COMPETENCE: +1

HEALTH: 4 dice (8 pips)

SIGNATURE SKILLS: Might +2, Survival +2,
Drive Carriage +1

TRAITS: Hagglers, Mere Flesh Wounds

COMPLICATIONS: Watched

COMBAT: Skill x Dice

DAMAGE: Weapon x Dice

ADVENTURE HOOK: A Resistance cell has to rush to recover a large supplies cache hidden in an area of forest abruptly targeted for felling and development. Disguised as woodsmen brought in for the job with many actual woodsmen, the PCs must win the trust of their co-workers while avoiding the attention of their DSF minders.

Sailor / Boatman

If ever there was a group of men more at odds with the new regime in Promethea, it's those who worked the Black Sea and the rivers and lakes of Romania. At a stroke, their property and their livelihood was taken from them. Some found work fishing from the shore, or in fish farms. Others were able to find

jobs maintaining the steam launches operated by the military. Very few actually work on those boats. Justifiably bitter, their movements watched more closely than others, their skills are often sought out by black market smugglers and by the Resistance.

REPUTATION: Adventurous (Generalist)

INITIATIVE: +4

PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +4

MENTAL COMPETENCE: +4

HEALTH: 5 dice (10 pips)

SIGNATURE SKILLS: Ad Hoc Repair +1,
Boating +2, Navigation +2

TRAITS: Direction Sense

AUGMENTATIONS: Gills (5 pts)

COMBAT: Skill x Dice

DAMAGE: Weapon x Dice

ADVENTURE HOOK: A group of DSF agents have been informed that the blueprints for a new generation of military patrol boats have been stolen. The Resistance are seeking out a former naval engineer to help them uncover weaknesses in the designs. Trouble is, the engineer was last seen in the company of a black market smuggler intent on creating his own boats to beat the border blockades on the rivers of Promethea.

Civil Engineer

**(ELECTRICAL, CONSTRUCTION,
MECHANICAL, MINING, AGRICULTURAL)**

With industry booming, the country and its resources being opened up and exploited to the full, and new civil and military projects springing up everywhere, civil engineers of all disciplines are in high demand. Their tasks take them everywhere in Promethea, and experienced engineers are widely travelled and know how to get the correct paperwork quickly. In the course of their work, they meet and work with the brightest and the best in the country, and casually

RESISTANCE

stroll into some of the most sensitive areas. Many are foreign workers, and a lot of them choose to become naturalised Prometheans. As a result, it can be hard for the Resistance to recruit these valuable, highly paid, heavily guarded individuals.

REPUTATION: Adventurous (Specialist)

INITIATIVE: +4

PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +1

MENTAL COMPETENCE: +7

HEALTH: 3 dice (6 pips)

SIGNATURE SKILLS: Concentration +1,
Engineer (Civil) +3, Politics +1, Business +2

TRAITS: Speed Reader

COMBAT: Skill x Dice

DAMAGE: Weapon x Dice

ADVENTURE HOOK: *Baba Vida is an old fortress, and in need of shoring up to meet the inevitable challenge of defending against an assault from the PMF. Coincidentally, one of the foremost military engineers in Promethea has made it known that he seeks to defect. However, while the Resistance pulls out all the stops to get the engineer out of the country, a small cell has just discovered that the real Henri Duval is being held under house arrest in Mehadia in the mountains of Caras-Séverin. Can the cell rescue Duval and his family, negotiate the treacherous Danube and get him to Baba Vida in time to prevent it being infiltrated by a deadly Promethean agent?*

Courier

(DIPLOMATIC, CORPORATE, PRIVATE)

Though the telegraph, radio and postal services in Promethea are reliable and advanced, the courier industry is thriving. Diplomatic couriers deliver top secret top-secret messages and packages that cannot be trusted to regular channels, hopping from Ministry office to DSF centre to PMF base regularly. With

business booming in the country, private licensed couriers are a regular sight on the railways. Lastly, unlicensed messengers are also used, even by official bodies, to carry the most important of missives. Very often Augmented in some way, these people are effectively spies and are very dangerous if cornered.

REPUTATION: Daredevil (Focussed)

INITIATIVE: +6

PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +5

MENTAL COMPETENCE: +8

HEALTH: 7 dice (14 pips)

SIGNATURE SKILLS: Conceal +2, Streetwise +3,
Hide & Sneak +2, Navigation +2

AUGMENTATIONS: Nerve Graft

COMBAT: Skill x Dice

DAMAGE: Weapon x Dice

ADVENTURE HOOK: *A train crash in a remote area, a genuine accident and not sabotage, has severely inconvenienced an unlicensed courier carrying important Ministry documents. While the authorities quietly send in a team to recover the information, the Resistance too have heard about it. In the wilds of a forested mountain valley there are survivors dotted everywhere but, while all need rescuing, only one is being hunted. To add to the difficulties, there's a storm on the way and some... thing is moving in the trees.*

Security

(PRIVATE CONTRACTOR)

The perceived threat of the Resistance, as well as general nervousness around commoners, has led to an increase in the hiring of professional security contractors amongst the elite. At the same time, some hire such individuals simply out of a desire to demonstrate their wealth and influence. Some are bodyguards, while others are hired to train and manage the small militias the truly fabulously wealthy

of Promethea keep around for their protection.

More generally, industrialists hire security contractors to advise on matters both public and private.; Anything from how to protect a factory from theft to maintaining a watch on their daughter while she attends finishing school. Some civil servants have used private security contractors when they feel they cannot fully trust local DSF officers.

Security contractors generally have strong connections to local DSF officials, if only to make obtaining various permits simpler. Tough, cunning, and not shy of getting stuck in, these streetwise individuals are not to be underestimated.

REPUTATION: Adventurous (Focussed)

INITIATIVE: +4

PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +5

MENTAL COMPETENCE: +3

HEALTH: 6 dice (12 pips)

SIGNATURE SKILLS: Dodge +2, Blunt Weapons +3,

Improvised Weapons +2, Legal Matters +1

TRAITS: Combat Sense, Weapon Master (Baton)

AUGMENTATIONS: Armour (1 pt), Charge

COMBAT: Skill x Dice

DAMAGE: Weapon x Dice

ADVENTURE HOOK: *A private security team are hired to protect members of a spoiled elite family at a party they are hosting in their huge forested estate. The event is the society debut of the youngest daughter; nothing, but nothing must go wrong. As outsiders, the team (working undercover and openly) have to negotiate the internal politics of the family in arranging security before and during the event. Once the guests arrive, things get even more complicated. Policing the daughter's many and enthusiastic assignations; keeping the affairs of both father and mother secret; preventing the eldest son from challenging his school rivals to duels; making sure the twins' practical jokes don't kill anyone; preventing the*

cook's black market contacts from being seen by the local senior Ministry of Information official. It's going to be a long night.

Courtesan

(MALE AND FEMALE)

The ascension of the debauched elite, coupled with the availability of Augmentation surgery, has given rise to a new breed of male and female courtesan in Promethea. Educated and Augmented escorts of the highest class - (and price -) are available from establishments in all the best cities. Some are willing to travel at the whim of the most select clients. Do not be fooled for a moment into thinking these savvy souls are in any way victims; not all their Augments are for fashion or pleasure.

REPUTATION: Adventurous (Specialist)

INITIATIVE: +4

PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +1

MENTAL COMPETENCE: +7

HEALTH: 3 dice (6 pips)

SIGNATURE SKILLS: Dance +3, Etiquette +2,

General Knowledge +1, Charm +4, Conversation +1

TRAITS: Beautiful/Handsome, Glib

AUGMENTATIONS: Augmented Beauty, Claws

COMPLICATIONS: Narcissist

COMBAT: Skill x Dice

DAMAGE: Weapon x Dice

ADVENTURE HOOK: *A Resistance cell were surprised by the sudden appearance of the favourite concubine of a local official, seeking sanctuary. However, the official wants the heavily Augmented person back and has sent his militia to hunt them down, while . tThe official's spouse wants the concubine dead, and has hired their own assassin to achieve this end. At the same time, the local DSF and Ministry bosses want to recover the concubine and discover the content of the debauched official's pillow talk.*

RESISTANCE

Black Market Boss

If you want it, they've got it. Of course, the price might not be to your liking. Sometimes they just want money. Sometimes, they're going to ask for a little money and maybe some items you can get for them. Other times, well... Other times they're happy to let you have what you need for nothing -; nothing except a favour. Something they'll call in some time in the future. You know from the smile the guy gives that you'll regret saying yes, but you both know you have no choice.

Well connected, well informed, the successful black market operator isn't one step ahead of the authorities; he's standing right behind them and they don't even know he's there. With some serious muscle at their beck and call, along with favours owed by people at all levels, the black market bosses want Promethea to stay exactly as it is. That way, they can keep making money.

REPUTATION: Daredevil (Generalist)

INITIATIVE: +6

PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +6

MENTAL COMPETENCE: +7

HEALTH: 5 dice (10 pips)

SIGNATURE SKILLS: Streetwise +3,

Appraisal +2, Business +2, Politics +2

TRAITS: Hagglers, Natural Charisma

PRIVILEGES: Ear of the Street

COMPLICATIONS: "Family" Feud

COMBAT: Skill x Dice

DAMAGE: Weapon x Dice

ADVENTURE HOOK: *Both the Resistance and the local authorities have learned that a surgeon with some very public vices has fallen foul of a major black market boss because of a positively vile private vice. The surgeon has discovered to his cost that his knowledge and skills are very much in demand outside of Promethea. Now he's just a package waiting to be shipped out of the country. That's something that those who guard Promethea's secrets just can't allow.*

Ministry Official

(JUNIOR, MIDDLE, SENIOR)

With a Ministry to cover every aspect of life, it has been pointed out in popular 'fact' that there are probably more civil servants than soldiers in Promethea. As one Minister for Education was famously quoted, "Promethea will rise or fall on the quality of its civil servants." Junior ranking officials fill the universities and tutorial rooms during their study days. Middle-ranking Ministry staff fill the offices, but also the railway carriages of Promethea as they scuttle about their administrative counties on important duties; the primary importance often being that the more senior staff don't have to leave their plush, well-appointed rooms to do the jobs themselves.

Masters of the bureaucracy and legalese that surrounds every aspect of Promethean life, exempt from middle level-level up from the Harvest (hence the rise and rise of applications to join the Ministries), Ministry officials at all levels have a much easier time getting permits than even PMF and DSF officers. However, they live under the sharp eyes of the Ministry of Information; an organisation feared and respected in equal measure even by those who work there.

REPUTATION: None / Adventurous /
Daredevil (Focussed)

INITIATIVE: +3 / +4 / +6

PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +1 / +3 / +5

MENTAL COMPETENCE: +3 / +5 / +8

HEALTH: 3/4/5 dice (6 / 8 / 10 pips)

SIGNATURE SKILLS: Politics +1 / +2 / +3,
Research +2 (Junior), Business +2 (Middle),
Legal Matters +2 (Senior), Intimidate +2,
Etiquette +1

TRAITS: Speed Reader

PRIVILEGES: Friend of the Library (Junior),
Private Club Membership (Middle, Senior)

COMBAT: Skill x Dice

DAMAGE: Weapon x Dice

ADVENTURE HOOK: *A junior ranked official of the Ministry of Transport has noticed an unusual increase in requests for transport permits from Ministry of Fisheries & Game offices in Braila county. Her reports to her middle-ranking boss have been ignored. After three months of this, the junior expressed her concerns during a casual chat overheard by a middle-ranking Ministry of Information agent. The 'M of I' decide to arrange for the young lady to investigate further, and send a team to shadow and protect her. What she finds in the lakes of Braila might just boost sales of beef...*

Senior Mechanician **SMYLZO KALDU**

Smylzo Kaldu boards a train.

His pocket watch chimes as the train moves off: on time. It is an anomalously large watch, kept in a specially made pocket of his waistcoat.

A well-dressed professional, wearing a reasonably new suit, a fashionable billycock hat and polished boots, it is clear that he is one of Promethea's get-ahead, modern young men. His stiff, celluloid stiffened collar is cutting weals into his neck, so evidently he is prepared to put appearance above convenience.

His curly hair has been brushed into submission with macassar oil, but his swarthy complexion, his villainous five o'clock shadow and his curl-tipped moustache proclaim to the world his lowly Roma origins.

He has some quite heavy luggage – a custom case holding some piece of precision machinery. He lifts it on to the luggage rack smoothly, without noticeable effort.

A mother and daughter are in the compartment, having difficulty with a hat box.

'Doamna, your daughter's shawl has caught on my

coat buttons. Permit me,' he disengages the shawl and arranges their boxes and baggage on the rack without any brash attempt to strike up a conversation.

The girl in the compartment – the one he didn't talk to – is looking at him. His face is long, humorous, with corded muscles making vertical stripes down to the edges of his mouth. His nose has been broken and reset more than once. When he speaks, there is a flash of gold. He has lost a couple of his upper teeth and had gold ones fitted.

There is a label on that heavy case: 'Domnul S. Kaldu'

Domnul Kaldu is considerably above average height – approximately six foot and one inch tall. His build is wiry. His eyes are dark. He is less than 30 years old.

She likes what she sees, but another passenger, a shaven headed gentleman with a Heidelberg duelling scar notices her glance and is angered.

'Mein Herr,' he says, 'I assume that you are an Eviscerator?'

There is a pause as Kaldu looks him up and down.

'You are mistaken.' His hand goes into a waistcoat pocket and comes out with a coin. He twirls it between his fingers, evidently a nervous mannerism.

'Your fingers are those of an artisan.' Says the German gentleman. 'Yet you are dressed – above your station.' The coin is held now between two finger tips. The girl sees that Kaldu's fingers are indeed scarred by manual work and engrained with oil. But his nails are nearly trimmed.

'Few are foolish enough to trust a gypsy in a job requiring reliability or honesty. And therefore, I deduce that you must be an Eviscerator – a skilled worker in flesh. For that cannot be filched and traded for liquor. Or perhaps it can?' The German would seem to be a privileged citizen for he has a sword with him. How will Kaldu deal with him? His eyes flick to the German's luggage – also clearly labelled.

'My apologies, Herr Colonel' he says, 'I am an engineer, planning and executing various projects

RESISTANCE

in the precision clockworks for which Promethea is famed. But at least you are correct in your surmise that I am Roma. Allow me to demonstrate my stereotypical ethnic skills.' Kaldu reaches into his jacket. The German's hand goes towards his sword. 'Oh no,' says Kaldu, 'I only wanted to show you our famed gypsy fortune telling.' He draws a deck of tarot cards and fans it in front of the Colonel. 'Pick your card sir... or if you are unwilling, perhaps this young lady will pick your card for you.' The Colonel huffs and turns red – the gypsy will not fight and he will not play.

'Perhaps the gentleman fears to draw the card depicting Death. We gypsies know that Death's card does not always mean death. And we also know that a reading, once started must be completed.' He proffers the cards to the girl. 'The Colonel's card please.'

Her mother's glare tells her not to, but she reaches out and taps a card anyway.

'What have we here? The Fool! That cannot be right. For, unlike Death, this is a card very easy to interpret. Please try again Miss.'

He fans the cards, she taps one at the far end of the deck. Kaldu extracts the card and displays it. 'The Fool again!.. Perhaps we do need the gentleman to draw his card himself.'

'All gypsies are card sharps but I'm too

sharp for you.' Purple with rage, the German snatches a card rather than allowing the gypsy to handle it. That card too is – The Fool. The German goes for his sword but falls back into his seat as the train brakes.

'My stop, I believe.' Says Kaldu, taking back his card and opening the compartment door.

Senior Mechanician
Smylzo Kaldu

SOCIAL CLASS: Middle

NATIONALITY: Roma

AGE/ GENDER: 30, male

BUILD: Wiry

HAIR/EYES: Dark

CHILDHOOD:

Kalderash Gypsy with an eccentric family: see Complications

VOCATION:

Engineer (clockwork) / Spy

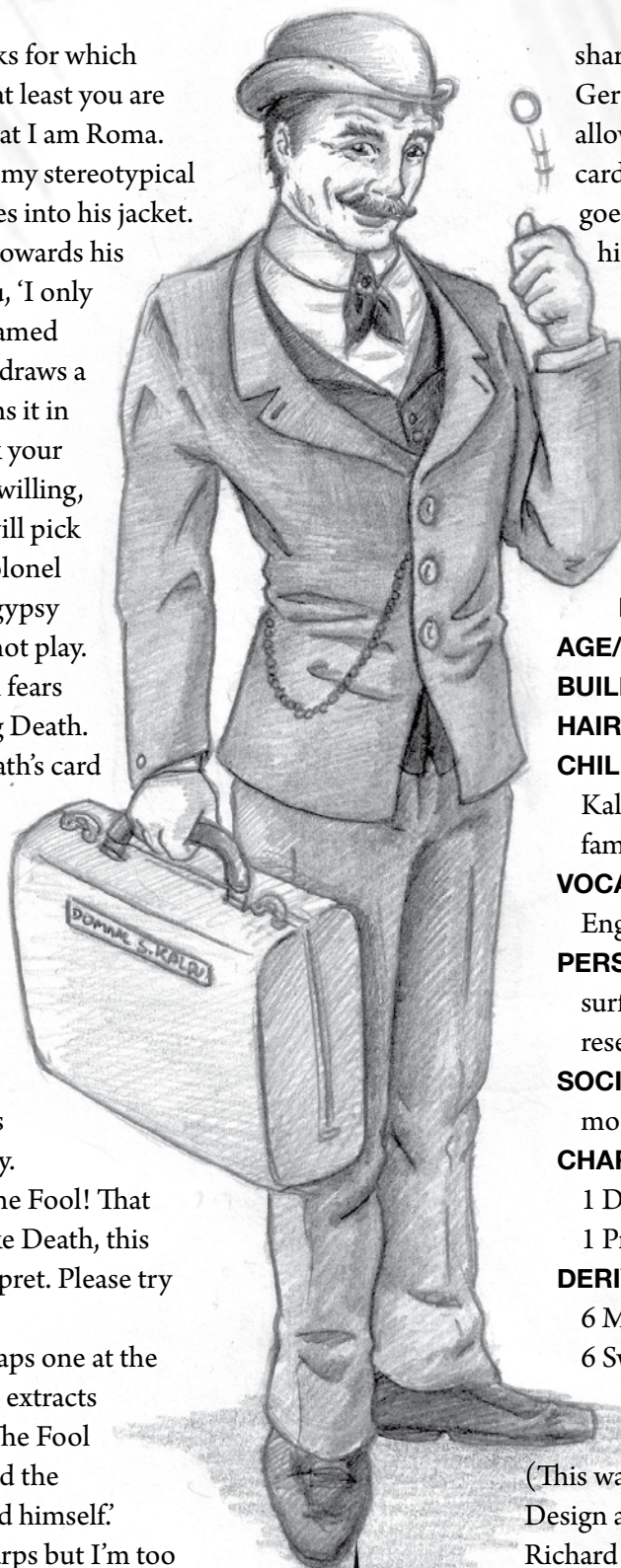
PERSONALITY: Affable on the surface, with a deeper layer of reserve and downright secrecy.

SOCIAL ETHICS: A good citizen, a modern man – but also a gypsy.

CHARACTERISTICS: 1 Strength,
1 Dexterity, 0 Fortitude,
1 Presence, 3 Wits, 0 Resolve

DERIVED ATTRIBUTES: 5 Initiative,
6 Movement, 3 Sneak, 2 Run,
6 Swim, 2 Leap Horizontal,
1 Jump Vertical

(This was a winning entry in our 2011 Design a Character competition – Thanks Richard! It is presented as it was received.)



HEALTH DICE: 2

COMMON SKILLS: 3 Act, 2 Athletics, 4 Bull,
3 Conceal, 1 Dodge, 1 Firearms, 3 Fisticuffs,
3 General Knowledge, 3 Hide and Sneak,
2 Horse Riding, 2 Improvised Weapon,
3 Perception, 3 Streetwise, 2 Swordplay, 1 Throwing

SPECIALITIES: 2 Engineer (Clockwork)
2 Gambling (Tarot cards), 2 Languages, 2 Pick Locks

EQUIPMENT & NOTES:

#1 MASTERWORK WATCH - he made this watch himself, at the end of his apprenticeship. It includes a chime and a timer.

#2 LOADED CARDS - any fool can make loaded dice. These are a tarot deck - they're not visibly marked in any way. It takes a clockwork master to conceal free moving weights, small magnets, and thin spring catches within the thickness of a playing card. Kaldu can read them by their unbalanced weight, palm them, pull them in and out of any shuffle.

#3 A WATCHMAKER'S LATHE - an expensive machine tool, rather smaller than a sewing machine.

#4 AN IBRIK - a Turkish style coffee pot. Kaldu drinks a strong coffee to overcome the lack of sleep inherent in his busy lifestyle.

#5 A SILVER COIN - a Maria-Theresa Austrian Thaler, with the feet of the imperial eagle polished off the design. They're not at the edge. That is not a natural pattern of wear: see complications.

PERSONAL FORTUNE / INCOME: 10 ban in pocket
/ income irregular - on completion of a project.

COMPLICATIONS:

(Only one can be mental: and it is Code of Honour)
Code of Honour (-5): Gypsy Solidarity - has to help a gypsy in trouble, however well deserved.

VOW (-3): His entire family have been agents of the Hapsburgs since 1740: that 'worn' Imperial Thaler is their badge. His education was paid for in Imperial coin. He is their deep-cover agent within the Promethean elite: his controller is his grandfather.

WATCHED (-2): There are cousins out there, reporting back to his grandfather, making sure he stays on mission.

TALENTS, PRIVILEGES AND ASSETS:

EAR OF THE STREET (5) - his grandfather has an encyclopaedic knowledge of thieves' dens, fences and low bars: can always tell him where to start asking.

BOLT HOLE (2): a Vardo, a gypsy caravan. Needs to be mobile, since he's a character that travels to the plot.

LOYAL SERVANT (5): The same cousins who pass him orders from his grandfather and watch to see that they are obeyed: they are also vowed to aid his missions. They count as one loyal servant, have only one area of special expertise between them: they're sneak thieves. Not that they do robbery to order - which would be a plot-spoiling resource to give a character. Collectively: they can watch a person or place really well, 24 hours a day.

The cousins are, firstly whippet thin Fonso (23) - badly flogged by thief takers as a child, he is an arrant coward; then Tsura (26) - whose hennaed hair hangs forward to hide her lopsided mouth - widened by a knife cut, possibly from a scar gang or maybe just in a knife fight; and finally Emilian (31) who was almost selected to get the engineers' education that went to Kaldu instead. He doesn't hide his resentment particularly well.

PUGILIST (3) - Gypsy bare-knuckle fighter, veteran of many grudge fights with Emilian.

CONTACTS (Presence +1 contacts = 2):

#1 Kaldu knows a lens-grinder named Yakul, worked with him during their engineering apprenticeship. This friend works for the Promethean government, and for Promethean scientists. He makes

RESISTANCE

microscopes, endoscopes, artificial eyes and protective lenses. He can be found on the edge of cutting edge projects – of which he doesn't always approve. He is a humane man, for a scientist and a hobby vivisectionist. Yakul buys 'dancing mice' and performs surgery on them to restore the defective inner ear that causes such creatures to stagger and 'dance'. The survival rate is over 70% these days. With his medical talents so obvious, why doesn't Yakul find more highly paid work, employing Frankenstein's Gift in the service of medicine?

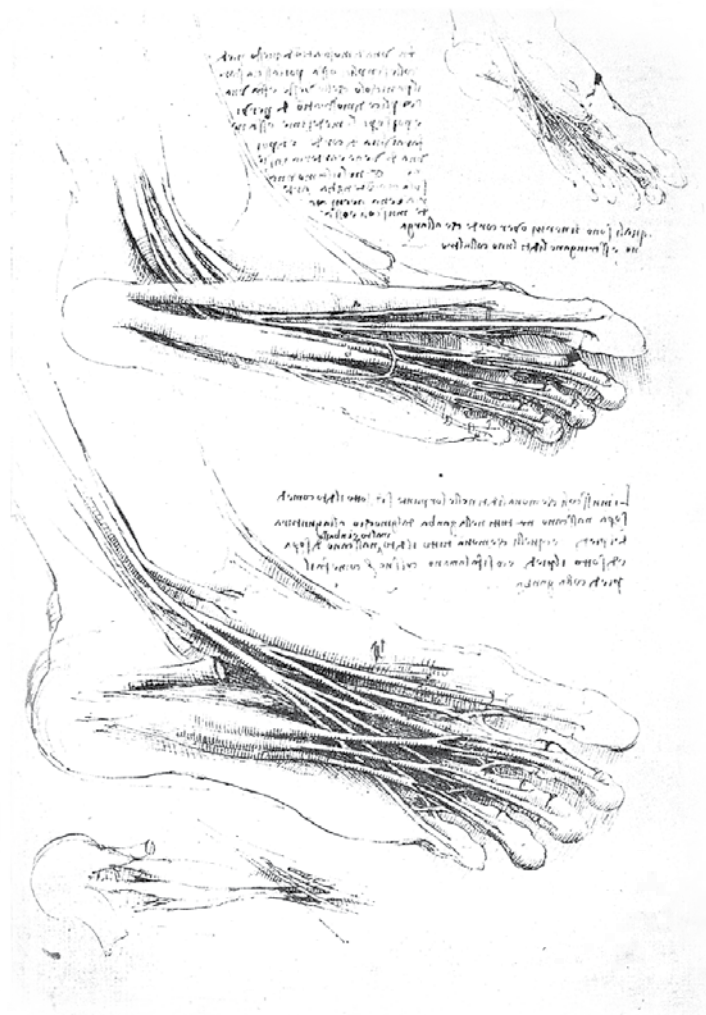
Probably, he has pro-revolutionary sympathies and suspects that Kaldu does too. Their mutual relationship is based on the tacit acknowledgement that each has secrets and one does not pry into a friend's secrets.

#2 Kaldu's other contact moves on the edges of high society – she is a courtesan, but also a skilled card player and even a challenging chess player. She claims to be exempt from the Harvest because she has a medical certificate attesting that she has haemophilia. Kaldu was present at the death bed of the old forger who wrote that certificate.

The lady's salon is frequented by scientists, diplomats and political figures. Kaldu and she share an interest in games and card tricks based on the longer, harder to manipulate tarot cards. If she has an agenda – beyond making money – then Kaldu has never guessed at it. And she is professionally incurious as to why he wants the pieces of information or the introductions that he asks her to arrange. Nevertheless, there is respect and friendship between them.

ARMOUR: None

WEAPONS: He knows gypsy bare-knuckle fighting and knife work: doesn't carry a knife for he is a respectable professional.



VIII. ROLL UP! ROLL UP!

AN INTRODUCTORY ADVENTURE FOR DARK HARVEST: LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

by Steve Ironside, with Iain Lawson

RESISTANCE

A group of circus performers, travelling through Brasov County, are captured by the infamous Brasov Hunting Club. With only their exceptional training and each other to rely on, can they escape to safety?

Introduction

Much of what lies within these pages is designed for someone who has kindly agreed to run a game of “Dark Harvest: Legacy of Frankenstein” for a group of enthusiastic players. If this is you, then welcome and read on! If instead you are one of the enthusiastic players (or intend to be), then this paragraph should be the last thing you should read in this section. It’s not that we don’t love you reading this (we do!), but seeing too much of the storyline would spoil the surprises the GM has in store, and isn’t that half the fun?

For those who are still here, we praise your commitment and taste – the rest of this chapter will walk you through what you need to know in order to run this scenario, and will give you a little bit of extra flavour and information so that you can hook your players into the world of Promethea.

The Story Overview

The player characters have, at some point in the last couple of days, been abducted from their circus though the wiles of the Brasov Hunting Club’s servants. They have been brought to the Club’s estate, where they have been surgically modified by their medical staff in order that they become more interesting prey. The Club’s most experienced hunters intend to chase the player characters down in a sporting challenge to become the greatest hunters of all.

The Club is unaware that one of its servants, Piotr, is actually a Resistance operative. While he has pressing matters of his own to attend to, he still takes time to do what he can to warn the player characters of what they are up against. He also tells them of a

Resistance cache of weapons and equipment that may offer them a lifeline

Of course, it’s not as simple as finding the kit and helping themselves; the player characters have to help out the villagers and win their trust before discovering the location of the cache. The Club’s hunters too pursue their goals, attacking the player characters when they feel the fight will be most interesting.

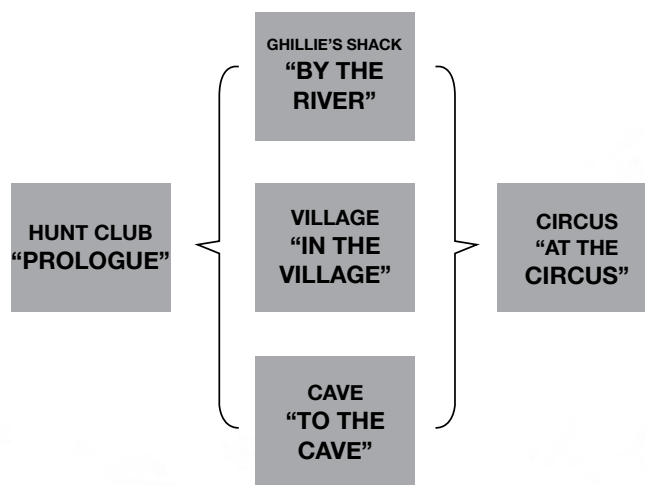
In the end, the player characters return to familiar ground; the circus they live and work in. Will the familiar setting be enough to give them an edge over their opponents?

GM Overview

This scenario is designed to take five players around three hours to complete, and is an ideal convention, demonstration or introductory game. It introduces many of the core features of the Dark Harvest setting, and provides material that will allow you to use this as the jumping-off point for a full campaign as well. It also includes suggestions about how to scale back the level of challenge if you don’t have five players!

The scenario is divided into five distinct scenes. The middle three can happen in any given order, depending how the players choose to act.

Here’s a diagram to explain how it all links together:



DARK HARVEST

THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

The Story Web

The scenario is designed for 5 players. If you don't happen to have 5 players, then some adjustment is required. Fortunately, that's simpler than it sounds. Here's how to tweak the scenario in order to make it run to about the same length of time:

character's situation is not a bad thing at this point!

The characters are woken by water being thrown on to them. They are tied up in a dungeon. The last thing they remember is celebrating the end of a successful residency in Brasov, having a meal together before moving on to the next town.

# OF PLAYERS	CHARACTER CHANGES	SCENE CHANGES
4	Drop Gheorghe	
3	Drop Gheorghe & Janos	Use the Hound in the Village, rather than at the Cave, and drop the "To the Cave" scene. The villagers will have the equipment cache instead.
2	Drop Gheorghe, Janos & Tavian	Drop the "To the Cave" scene, and drop the Hound entirely.

Needless to say, if time is not an issue, you can leave things as they are.

Before running this adventure, make sure you read through the whole thing. That way you'll be ready for anything your players can throw at you. It's a simple adventure, offering a variety of challenges in four different locations. By the end of it, you and your players will be fully familiar with the game mechanics and with the basics of the setting. We've offered some hints as to ways to develop further adventures from this starting point, but don't worry about that right now.

On to the adventure!

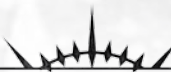
Prologue Overview

This scene serves to quickly drop the players into the game they are about to play – don't let them labour it out. The Green Man is keen to start his hunt as quickly as possible, and the guard, Piotr, is keen to get away before his attempts to help the characters are discovered. Trying to get over the desperation of the

By the end of the scene, they are fully aware of the basics of their situation. However, they are as yet unsure as to the details of who they are up against and what the Hunters are capable of, and they have little idea what new abilities have been forced on them. All they know is that the path ahead of them is literally full of danger.

Prologue

READ-ALoud: *'In tumbling blackness, your dreams are of the successful run of shows in Brasov county. Thoughts and memories tumble. You remember the inn, so noisily and delightfully invaded by you and your companions. You ate and drank a lot. However, that does not explain the darkness that edges the dreams in agony. Your wake up call is abrupt, cold and wet. Spluttering, shocked, you are hurled into consciousness. All of the questions that immediately rush in are fogged by one overriding sensation – pain! Your head hurts, your vision swims. There's a fog across everything. Your body hurts. In places,*



RESISTANCE

it's a sharp pain that speaks of invasive procedures. When you try to move, you quickly realise you are manacled tightly, expertly, to rings set into the floor and walls. You also realise you are not alone...'

The player characters are in a cell in a basement dungeon. Its walls are part brick, part carved bedrock. The setting is clean and dry (well, until the water was thrown in) – a better class of prison. The cell is not cramped, despite the number of people in it. There are two people standing beyond the bars.

READ ALOUD: *'One is a young man dressed in the simple, practical clothes of a servant. He glances nervously between the other man, clearly his employer, and the people in the cells. He's holding a freshly emptied bucket that drips water onto the flagstone floor of the room. The other man is standing in shadow; a clearly deliberate action. He nods to the servant who gratefully scuttles out. Milking the theatrics, the man steps forward. Though he too is simply dressed for the outdoors, every stitch of his dark green clothing screams money. He bows, again theatrically, his thick shoulder length dark hair flowing forward then back. This is a man who clearly believes in his own impressiveness.'*

This is the Green Man. He will completely ignore anything the player characters say or do. When he begins speaking, he will not stop. Ultimately, he doesn't care if the people in the cell listen or not. Their fate is sealed. He merely speaks so that the rules of the Club are obeyed.

READ ALOUD: *'The man in green speaks, "Good morning, prey. Fortune has indeed smiled upon you, and clearly for the first time in your otherwise benighted lives. You have been chosen to be hunted - meaning you have value and purpose so long as you obey the terms. The terms of the hunt are simple. Your paltry circus is four*

hours east of here. Reach it safely and you are free to go. You will even be rewarded for the inconvenience, a princely sum by your... Standards."

"Our Club has rules that we will obey. We hunt fairly. When we kill you it is because we are superior hunters and not because we have used underhand tactics or entered into combat when you are weakened. If we are defeated, it is because you will have somehow proven yourselves superior. We will withdraw when it is clear we are beaten. That is a point of honour for us. If you demonstrate honourable behaviour as regards our code, we will ensure your demise is quick or your reward all the greater. If you disrespect the code, we will react accordingly."
"I wish you good fortune and good day."

He swaggers out, and a minute or so later, a young guard enters the dungeon.

READ ALOUD: *'The young servant stands listening by the doorway, but not to the prisoners. After a moment, he nods, satisfied, and lets himself into the cell. He stands back from you though, chained and manacled as you are, you are not exactly a threat. He pulls out keys to your manacles, holding them up so you can all see.*

He speaks, "Right, listen. We haven't got much time. Well, I haven't got much time. I'm unarmed, right? Nothing to threaten you with, defend myself with, or give you to help you out. Basically, I'm disposable. The Club don't really care about the servants. So, killing me is pretty pointless and it'll count against you. Dishonourable, and all that guff."

"My name's Piotr, okay? I'm going to help you as much as I can, but I need you to listen. I'm Resistance, you know? The proper one? Now. I'm going to let you go, but I'll keep talking while I do. If this takes too long, one of them will come here and it'll all be over before it starts. Now hold still, shut up and listen..."

Piotr is a member of the Resistance, working covertly within the Hunting Lodge. He can give them the following facts:

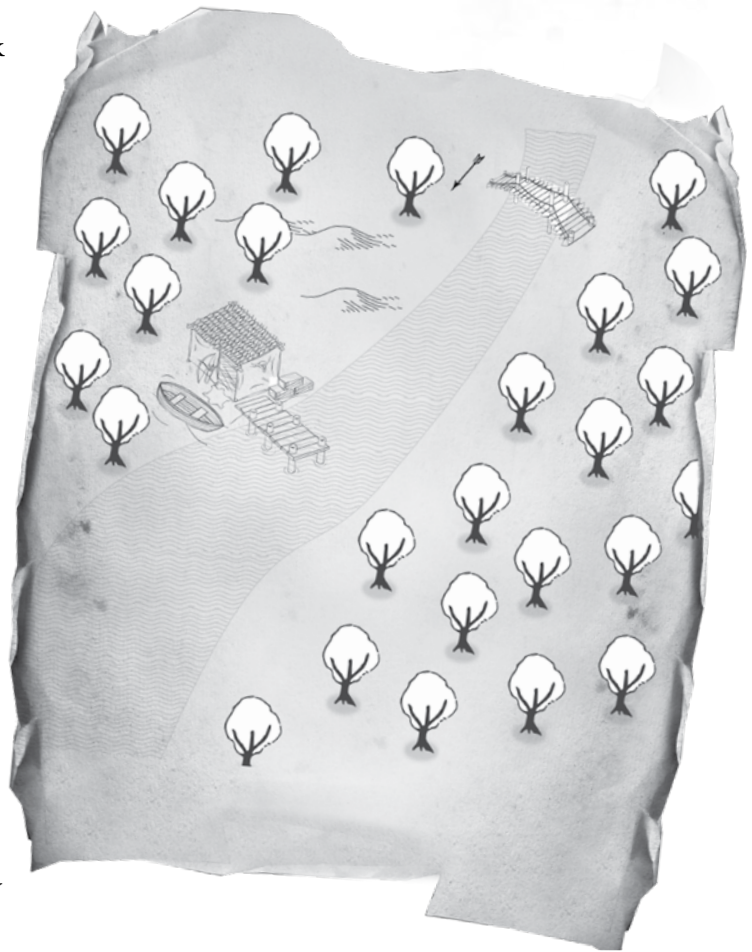
1. They are to be hunted by the Hawk, the Hound and the Green Man. He knows that the Hawk is an excellent shot, and that the Hound hunts with his pack of three dogs. He doesn't know that much about the Green Man, but the rumour is that he's never failed in a hunt.
2. They have been Augmented whilst unconscious – they now have abilities that they didn't have before, but he doesn't know what they are.
3. The path to their circus tent runs down a valley – there is a village there, who used to be sympathetic to the Resistance, but they've cut off relations (he's not sure why) so he can't guarantee their help.
4. He can't do anything more for them than he is currently doing – his mission has to be his priority, and he'd be noticed trying to get equipment down to them. There was a cache of Resistance equipment looked after by the villagers, Piotr tells them, though he does not know where.

Once they are ready, Piotr will open the door that leads to the outside world and the start of their escape. As soon as the player characters are all out, he closes and bolts the door. If they delay, he reminds the characters they will be killed without mercy if they refuse to co-operate.

READ ALOUD: *'The forest you walk up and out into is cool and green, with the morning dew still glistening in the deep shadows cast by the rising sun. The initial path is plain for all to see; a well-trodden route snaking away to be lost in the darkness between the trees. Glancing back, you see that you've been held in a purpose-built bunker dug into a low hillock in the forest. There's nothing else to see. It's time to go...'*

Off the Leash

The characters' fates are now in the hands of your players. There are four scenes, each set in one of four locations the



characters might visit as they travel down the valley. That's not to say that if they seem to be wandering aimlessly that you can't let them stumble upon a locations of your choice. The ideal path down the valley is: The River, The Village, The Cave, with The Circus last.

GM 'By The River' Overview

In this section, the player characters meet their first

RESISTANCE

Hunter (unless they've decided on a vastly circuitous route. The Hawk waits in ambush for his prey. An expert marksman and the most honourable of the members of the Club, he is nonetheless little more than a warm-up for the characters.

By the River

READ ALOUD: *'The river descends from the higher ground, and here, where it is hemmed in on both sides by thick woodlands, the frosts and snows take a long time to clear. The rocks are slippery with ice and spray, and the path alongside isn't much better.'*

'Up ahead, a small hut juts out into the water; a ghillie's station, perhaps, or a fisherman's retreat. The water is fast moving, swollen by last night's torrential rain. The boat there is old, rotten and overgrown with moss.'

Ask the players to make a Difficult Wits+Perception roll (3 Black Dice) – note that Tavian's enhanced sense of smell will not help him here. If they succeed, they see details that suggest that the hut is currently occupied. A Good Success (3 successes or better) will allow them to see the end of a rifle, almost un-noticeable, peeping through a small hole in the hut's wall.

The Hawk is lying in wait and at the first sign he has been detected, or as soon as his prey gets into range, he'll open fire. He's capable of firing his rifle extremely quickly. The players will need to make some quick decisions. Allow them the freedom to show off their acrobatic prowess, and if any of them have not yet paid any attention to the Augmentations on their character sheets, now is the time for them to show. For example, have Tavian catch a whiff of the gunpowder burning off the rifle round as it whistles past him; when Maurus jumps to evade a shot, have his wings unfurl a little, just to help him balance.

This is not intended to be a long battle. The Hawk is outnumbered here, despite his abilities. If the players manage to corner him, and his defeat seems imminent,

he will ask to withdraw (as per the Hunt Club code, which he will gladly share with them). If they accept, then he will leave and will play no further part of the scenario. If, however, they refuse his request, he will effectively become their prisoner and will make every effort to identify their position to the other huntsmen; being noisy, slow and a general pest. They will either

The Hawk

- A DESCRIPTION

Dressed all in matt-black moleskin, the Hawk is a skinny man a little over five and a half feet tall, with unnaturally wide eyes. His blinking is very deliberate and deeply unsettling. His large, hooked nose dips down as though wanting to meet his Punchinello chin. His skin is sallow, his mannerisms quick and nervous. The Hawk's voice is surprisingly mellow and deep, though he speaks very quietly. He never gets flustered or angry.

(Note: stats and additional details are given at the end of the adventure)

Sweaty Dynamite

Dynamite is an explosive made by soaking sawdust in nitro-glycerine and forming the mixture into sticks. If not cared for, then over time the nitro-glycerine “sweats” out of the sawdust and forms shock-sensitive crystals on the paper wrapping of the dynamite stick.

Sweaty dynamite can be thrown and will explode on contact. Alarming, it can also go off if jostled. Any character carrying it and receiving a Foul Failure while doing something physical will set off all the dynamite they are carrying (increase the Area of Effect by one for every stick of dynamite carried).

DYNAMITE (THROWN)

DAMAGE DICE: 8

SKILL REQUIRED: Dexterity+Throwing

SPECIAL: Area Effect(2)

have to leave him behind somewhere (he will escape whatever binding they organise for him, and reappear at the Circus later) or kill him outright, in which case whoever does the deed should gain the Enemy (Hunt Club) trait.

In the hut, they will find a couple of storage chests where they will find the following: a couple of 6 foot long fishing rods, 3 spools of fishing line and a dozen hooks, two filleting knives, a pair of oilskin waders, a cardboard box containing sticks of sweaty dynamite, a flint and steel, and a wrapped parcel of salted dried fish.

As to the boat outside the hut, at some point in the

distant past, someone has hacked the bottom out with an axe. It's not salvageable, and the way onward is on foot...

GM 'In The Village' Overview

The player characters arrive in a singularly unremarkable village that is suffering a remarkably unfortunate double tragedy. An actual scar gang has been at work. That in itself is bad enough, but now the children hidden from the gang down an old well have been trapped by a tunnel collapse. The characters have the chance to be heroes here, and gain access to the Resistance cache Piotr mentioned at the start of the adventure. This is also likely to be the players' second encounter with a Hunter; this time the terrifying, borderline insane Hound (or it may be the second



RESISTANCE

time they battle the Hound, depending how you choose to use him – see the GM Overview of the next section, ‘To The Cave’.

In the village

(Note: If your number of players has suggested that the meeting with the Hound occurs here, then make sure you read the entire section first – the bit with the Hound is at the end.)

READ ALOUD: *‘The village is singularly unremarkable, seeming almost to blend into the forest and the mud of the river bank. The houses are mostly of wood, though a few buildings feature crude stonework. What is remarkable*

is that no one pays you very much attention. The few people you do see ignore you and rush towards what looks like a well. A crowd of people is gathered there. Some are wailing, or comforting those who are. Many look sad and pale. It is clear that some great tragedy is unfolding here that may even outweigh your own...’

When the party arrive, the villagers are recovering from the events of the night before. An actual scar gang (not the usual bluff used to throw the authorities off their investigations into peasants attempting to escape the Harvest) has been roaming the woods, and had come for the children of the villagers to ‘save them’ from the Harvest. As this village is rarely troubled by the nobility (one of the reasons it was so good as a cache for the Resistance), they fear the scar gangs more.

They’ve hidden their children in the village well, but the rains overnight have collapsed part of the tunnel they hide in and the man who went down there to try to clear the blockage slipped and has broken his leg. One of the villagers, an older man with a peg leg sees the characters as they approach, and hails them, “Could you help us, please?”

The man’s name is Alin and he’s the blacksmith. His leg took the fancy of a passing noble once when he worked in Brasov and it was Harvested. Since then, he’s been a staunch supporter of the Resistance. He is the one who maintains their equipment cache in a cave he also uses as a storeroom for his smelting kilns. Most of the villagers look to him for leadership as well, so should his pleas need to become more insistent the rest of the assembled throng will join in, wailing and clutching at their clothing in desperation.

There are four main tasks to complete here: someone needs to descend into the well (there is ample space for two people to work); the injured man (Lascar) needs to be rescued; the blockage needs to be cleared from the passageway where the children

*Scar Gangs?!
Didn't You Once
Say...?*

In the core book, it was said that scar gangs were an invention of the desperate population, used to throw the authorities off the scent when parents were forced to scar their children so they might escape the far worse fate of being Harvested. This is still mostly the case. However, there are some individuals – like the player character Maurus Dragomir – whose minds have been broken by the stresses of the lives they lead. Individually, or very rarely in small gangs, these people take on the ‘duties’ of the scar gangs for real. Sometimes, of course, they are just twisted, sick people using the whole scar gang thing as a cover for something they genuinely enjoy. Whatever the case, they leave pain and tragedy in their wake and must be stopped.

The Hound

– A DESCRIPTION

This is a repellent creature, lost to his own fanciful depravity. Dressed in clothes specifically tailored for hunting, the Augmentations he is so proud of are clear for all to see. In painful operations, his legs were broken, twisted and modified to allow him to run on all fours. His arms and shoulders too were augmented for running with his dogs. His hands have non-retractable claws, and his wrists have been strengthened to take the strain that evolution put behind us millions of years ago. The blasphemy doesn't end there. The Hound's jaws have been strengthened, elongated slightly, widened, and given more teeth. In The Hound's eyes though, lies a madness no Augmentation could enhance...

(Note: stats and additional details are given at the end of the adventure)

are hidden; the children need to be ferried to the surface. Let the players be inventive here. There is also the opportunity to pick up equipment. To be clear, though, this village is poor and relies on farming and forestry, and there is not a lot of spare equipment around. It should not be the case that every character can just wander off with a new axe; that's what the equipment cache later is for! This encounter gives those with heavy lifting and climbing skills a chance to do their thing, whilst the more social characters can try to win the trust of the villagers, should they so choose.

The well descent is a Difficult task. Clearing the blockage is Difficult also, but ferrying the children back to the surface is easy (unless the players find some very complicated way of doing it!).

With the children rescued, the villagers will happily let the players go on their way. Alin will not, however, disclose the location of the equipment cache unless they have made a reasonably successful attempt to charm the villagers. If they have, he will draw them to one side and tell them that he has a cache of equipment left behind by the Resistance, which he thinks, "You will need more than us." He gives instructions as to how to find the smelting works, and where the equipment is.

If the Hound is to appear here, based on the number of players you have, then he will make his move now, while everyone is wrapped up in celebration. He will have with him a number of Augmented hunting dogs equal to the size of the party, plus his alpha dog, Rake (Rake is more heavily Augmented than the other dogs).

Give the players a chance (Wits+Perception, Difficult) to spot creatures flitting between buildings as they prepare for their ambush. The Hound's tactics here will be to create a 1-on-1 fight with each character, and keep them separated while he orchestrates the attack with Rake for his protection. The dogs are trained to incapacitate their target and the Hound then delivers the coup-de-grace. The villagers will panic and rush their children to safety. Alin will stay behind to help (use the Peasant character template from page 181 of the core rulebook), providing a useful random factor if the players look like they are in danger of losing the fight overall.

Once the Hound's pack has been reduced to half its size, or as soon as Rake is killed, they will rout. If the players succeed in capturing the Hound, then he will act as a trapped animal, his mind finally unbalanced by the realisation that he has been trapped rather than

RESISTANCE

his prey. He will try to escape, and could conceivably die during the attempt. If both the Hound and Rake survive, then they can appear together at the Circus, otherwise, they will take no further part in the story.

GM To The Cave Overview

In this section, the player characters get the chance to obtain some Resistance equipment that may or may not help them in the coming conflict. Depending on the order they do things, they may or may not encounter the Hound at this location. Of course, if you would like to really test the Players, the Hound could attack at both the Village and the Cave. Have him make an initial probing attack wherever the Players first encounter him, then withdraw. At the second location, have him launch an all-out assault.



To the Cave

READ ALOUD: "The cave is a surprise. The very forest itself seems to protect it. Even the hill that surrounds it is difficult to discern until you're right on it. Push past the bushes, the young trees, and the small clearing beyond gives no hints. The cave entrance, and overgrown fold of rock, has to be looked for."

Once inside, the player characters will see ...

READ ALOUD: "The interior is a shock. The ground rises from the entrance, and the dusty soil is dry. The musty air carries the spoor of the animals that use the place when no men are there. A tangle of old wooden cases is heaped in the centre of the space. On first sight, they're broken and empty. On first sight..."

What can be found at the cave depends to an extent on how the players got here. If they were sent here by Alin the blacksmith then they will arrive here first and have plenty of time to search the equipment cache before the Hound descends on them. The tangle of old, broken wooden boxes barely conceals a pile of intact crates in a low pit scratched out of the earth.

When the player characters are outside, you should give them the chance to spot the incoming ambush (a Difficult Wits+Perception roll), otherwise they will be surprised by the attack dogs rushing in at them.

If you wish, you can also have the characters randomly discover the cave. If that is the case, then the Hound, Rake and his dogs are already here. The Hound is taking the opportunity to feed his pack with what looks like human body parts.

Contents of Equipment Cache

3x Hunting Knives	3x Steyr-Manlicher	4x Knapsacks
1x Brass Knuckles	M1895 Standard	2x Compass
8x Kit Knives	Service Rifle	2x Field Glasses
2x Sabre	100x Revolver bullets	2x Flint & Steel
4x Rast-Gasser M1898	100x Rifle Rounds	1x Medical Case
Revolver	8x Blankets	1x 60' Rope
		2x Pemmican can

DARK HARVEST

THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

Unless the players succeed with a Dexterity+Hide & Sneak roll against the pack's Wits+Perception, they will be discovered. (This is a perfect opportunity to try out the collaborative roll mechanics, by the way, rather than spend ages rolling dice for every dog and every character.)

In the woods, the Hound will use hit-and-fade tactics; a couple of dogs will attack a target, then dart off into the woods, attacking again from a different angle the next time round. He and Rake will also work as an attack team, making it a potentially very dangerous encounter for the players.

As detailed in the "In the Village" section, should more than half of the attack dogs be incapacitated or killed, or should Rake be killed, then the pack will rout with the same effect.

GM 'At the Circus' Overview

This is it. Depending on how the players have dealt with the preceding sections, they will meet a number of the Hunters in the violated familiar setting of their circus home. There are various options available to the player characters at the circus, including access to a laboratory of sorts, but the Hunters have set traps around the area. The outcome of the final battle is by no means a done deal – the players could lose.

At the Circus

READ ALOUD: *'The valley opens out into a flood plain, and the mass of tents and wooden fencing that marks out the circus can be seen round the hill, sheltered from the prevailing wind. It is eerily quiet, so much quieter than it should be; even when closed, there's normally a bustling,*



RESISTANCE

noisy life to the circus as the entertainers get on with their daily chores. All that can be heard is the lonely cry of the odd animal. The effect on you is as chilling and disturbing, as it is maddening. This is your home!

The reason becomes apparent once the characters reach the main gate. Attached is a note that reads, “Only a fool lets the prey rejoin the herd. Your friends will be returned once the hunt is over.”

The circus is set out as per the map. The Green Man has, however, laid traps around the circus to catch out the unwary. The hunters are patrolling the centre, near the Big Top, but the characters may wish to move around and get things before the final showdown. They can visit their caravans and collect anything that they could realistically own. Maurus could visit his laboratory and cook up something he feels is of use. They will have to do all that quietly or risk detection. If you feel that the characters have been stationary for too long, or are spending too long arranging things, then feel free to set off a timed explosion or test for a player to break a tripwire (Wits+Perception, as a Difficult task to see the wire).

If any hunters survived the earlier encounters, then they will have joined the Green Man in the Big Top: the Hawk up in the heights on one of the trapeze platforms, with a rifle; the Hound pacing about with Rake at his side (if Rake didn’t survive, an Augmented hunting dog should be substituted). The tactics that the hunters employ will be much as has been seen previously, but here’s an overview for each of the hunters.

The Hawk will follow one target and fire one round per turn, until they enter cover or are downed. If someone tries to reach him up his pole, he will try to move to the next platform along the high wire so that he can take a decent shot at his pursuer. This is all 30’ in the air, with no safety net. Should a character try to follow him across the wire, it should be treated as a Very Difficult task.

The Hound’s tactics revolve around using a hit-and-fade combination attack on a single target. He and Rake will attack on alternate turns, using their Claw and Bite attacks to deal damage to the target. They will try to pick off the weakest looking characters first.

The Green Man intends to use his superior combat skills in order to take on his opponents. His Augmentations make him almost good enough to be a circus performer as well. He should weave about, making opportunistic strikes where he can, in an attempt to draw the characters towards the concealed spike pit he has created towards the backstage part of the ring.

The pit is a trench 5’ deep by 6’ wide by 3’ across. The floor of the pit is littered with a series of giant caltrops, with wicked looking spikes thin as knitting needles. The spikes have themselves been drizzled with a tincture of nightshade. The whole pit has been covered by thin wood then sawdust to make it appear part of the ring. A fall on to the caltrops will deliver 5D damage, and the effect of the tincture is to add 1 Black Die to any roll the character makes. This effect will increase should a character fall on to the spikes again.

The battle will continue until one side or the other is out of the fight.

Epilogue

If the characters have lost the fight (this can be a dark, bleak game, after all), then the Green Man will take the opportunity to gloat at he and his comrade’s victory. He will then order that the characters be clapped in irons and taken away to have their will’s broken – “After all,” he muses, “We can always use more resources for the Club. Perhaps our next prey will make better use of your physical gifts.”

If the characters have won, then the Huntsmen will be dead, unconscious, or unwilling to talk, except to ask if they may withdraw.

What they players decide is up to them. In any case,

once someone leaves the Big Top, the scouts that had been placed to determine the results of the hunt will signal for the return of the other circus performers. This chapter in the characters' lives ends with them reuniting with their friends, and with the Hunters of Brasov thoroughly defeated.

(Remember to thank the players for their participation!)

For the Future

If you wanted to build an on-going story from this point, it is simple enough to do so. A travelling circus is a great platform to run adventures from (you could do worse than find a copy of HBO's series *Carnivalé* for some inspiration as to how a circus works, but you'll need to ignore all the magic and mysticism).

Here are some ideas for longer-term stories, following on from this one:

- Other members of the Brasov Hunting Club may now come after the characters seeking revenge. While perhaps not enough to build an entire campaign on, it makes for the occasional spiky interlude. After a while, the players may decide enough is enough and take the fight directly to the club's headquarters. Alternatively, if their performance was particularly admirable, the players might even be invited to join the Club.

- Circus people can be superstitious at the best of times. They may well consider the player characters to be bad luck, asking them to leave or even throwing them out entirely. They may survive as wandering performers, but that is a difficult life and a bureaucratic nightmare to manage. Alternatively, they might be taken in by one of the small communities of Augmented souls who, rejected by family and friends, live on the fringes of society or in the wilds of Promethea.

- The players have now met a contact in a local Resistance cell. As a group that can travel more easily than others, they may become of great use to the Resistance as couriers or smugglers. Equally, the players may choose to join the Resistance full time.

- The local authorities would likely interview the players regarding any aspect of their involvement in the affair. The Brasov Hunting Club is a thorn in their side, and any leads will be aggressively pursued. Both the DSF and the Ministry of Information are always on the lookout for capable independent operatives and information gatherers. This could be an offer made or something the authorities insist on. Either way, it opens up all sorts of opportunities.

- What WAS Piotr's mission that took priority over rescuing the characters? As people who know his secret, he may well call on the players for aid if the opportunity presented itself.

- The villagers were concerned about the safety of the children due to a roaming local scar gang. The players might discover a lead as to their whereabouts, and seek to deal with them in some way.

- The wealthy elite of Promethea are certainly rich enough to hire an entire circus (or small wandering troupe) to play to one of their gatherings. The players would be exposed to all sorts of excesses and intrigues, both trivial and life-threateningly important.

The Player Characters

Tavian Popescu

Tavian was constantly berated by his parents and tutors. There was a steady stream of victims of his pranks making their way to his front door, but

RESISTANCE

somehow he managed to charm them all.

His tricks grew more ambitious, though, and one day he picked the worst possible target at the worst possible time. A local Voivode had visited to discuss a land deal with his father, and Tavian took the opportunity to sabotage his carriage. The resulting accident saw the Voivode's arm sliced clean off. Once the truth came out, the enraged Voivode demanded recompense from his father and, in this case, the arm of the member of staff who had failed to watch the carriage.

Shamed by the scandal, Tavian was thrown out of the family house and sent to a boarding school. There, he singularly failed to excel. Upon the completion of his education he thought to return home, but was refused. His father deemed him to be of no use and refused to spend any more money on him. Since then, Tavian has fallen into making money in the only way he knows; by charming people out of it wherever he can.

CHARACTER STATS

NAME: Tavian Popescu

AGE: 27

CLASS: Upper

VOCATION: Ringmaster

STRENGTH: 0

DEXTERITY: +2

FORTITUDE: 0

PRESENCE: +2

WITS: +1

RESOLVE: 0

INITIATIVE: 6

MOVEMENT: 7

HIT POINTS: 4

FATE POINTS: 8

SKILLS

Act (3), Athletics (2), Bull (2), Charm (4),
Dodge (3), Etiquette (2), Firearms (2),

General Knowledge (2), Horse Riding (2),
Intimidate (2), Perception (3), Swordplay (2),
Animal Handling (1), Conversation (2),
High Society (2), Special Weapon [Whip] (3)

TRAITS

AUGMENTATIONS: Enhanced Sense (Smell),
Natural Charisma

COMPLICATIONS: Disinherited, Bon Vivant

TALENTS: Quick Draw (Whip), Glib

PRIVILEGES: Blackguard, Society Friends

CONTACTS

Galca (Upper, Old School Friend);

Emil (Middle, Constable); Maria (Middle, Nurse)

Janos Lupescu

Janos had always wanted to be a magician. From an early age he was entranced by the tricks that he saw magicians perform at the travelling circuses. Despite his family's objections, he joined a circus when he was 18 in order to learn the craft.

His teacher, Salaman, was extremely talented, and with his enthusiasm and natural ability, Janos learned quickly. He was performing his own shows within two years; a feat, Salaman said, was almost unequalled in his memory.

And then came that awful day. The circus had been visiting a small hamlet in the south, and one of the local nobility, in a drunken fit of inexcusable behaviour, decided that he needed the hands of a magician in order to better entertain his wife. Salaman's hands were cruelly Harvested. That day, Janos joined the Resistance in spirit, finding a contact a few weeks later who since then has kept him in touch with the organisation.

Janos has vowed vengeance on the nobility who destroyed a man's life for naught but a few fumbling moments of pleasure. His show has become a testament to his ability to swindle the rich. He seeks to

erase his bad dreams with the green fairy of absinthe, but he knows his only true path to release is to find the noble who has Salaman's hands and end his life.

CHARACTER STATS

NAME: Janos Lupescu

AGE: 25

CLASS: Middle

VOCATION: Magician

STRENGTH: 0

DEXTERITY: +2

FORTITUDE: 0

PRESENCE: +2

WITS: +2

RESOLVE: 0

INITIATIVE: 6

MOVEMENT: 7

HIT POINTS: 4

FATE POINTS: 8

SKILLS

Act (2), Bull (2), Conceal (4), Dodge (3), Empathy (2), Firearms (2), Fisticuffs (2), General Knowledge (2), Hide & Seek (2), Perception (2), Animal Handling (3), Disguise (2), Lip Reading (2), Pick Locks (2), Pick Pockets (2), Sleight of Hand (3)

TRAITS

AUGMENTATIONS: Prehensile Tail

COMPLICATIONS: Bad Reputation, Addiction (Absinthe)

TALENTS: Contortionist, Feign Death

PRIVILEGES: Ear of the Street

ASSETS: Pet monkey (trained to "hide", and "fetch")

CONTACTS

Jolan (Middle, old assistant);
Anra (Middle, Resistance contact);
Saloin (Middle, inventor)

Maurus Dragomir

Maurus has always loved children. He had two himself, a son and a daughter, and he and his wife Elisabeta were so very happy.

He worked hard at his job at the mine, and at weekends would entertain the local kids with impromptu puppet shows, bad acrobat acts, tumbling and dressing up.

One day, he was informed that his children were required for the Harvest. He tried to object through official channels, but his pleas were rejected. It was then that he was approached by a man who suggested scarring his children in order to make them worthless to the authorities. Maurus couldn't bring himself to do it. He asked the man to help him, but the knife went too deep and his children died.

His bosses at the mine wanted to talk to him. All the evidence pointed to him deliberately trying to avoid the law. This was trouble his employers didn't want, and he lost his job.

Now virtually unemployable, and widowed when his wife became unable to cope, he found refuge in the circus, making the children of others laugh. He joined, or sometimes created, local scar gangs in the areas he travelled to, if only to ensure that the same thing that happened to his children happens to no one else.

CHARACTER STATS

NAME: Maurus Dragomir

AGE: 34

CLASS: Middle

VOCATION: Clown

STRENGTH: 0

DEXTERITY: +2

FORTITUDE: 0

PRESENCE: +2

WITS: +3

RESOLVE: 0

RESISTANCE

INITIATIVE: 8
MOVEMENT: 7
HIT POINTS: 4
FATE POINTS: 8
SKILLS

Act (3), Athletics (3), Blunt Weapons (2),
Conceal (3), Dance (2), Dodge (3),
General Knowledge (2), Perception (3),
Throwing (1), Demolitions (2), Disguise (2),
Engineering [Mechanical] (2),
Science [Chemistry] (2)

TRAITS

AUGMENTATIONS: Arboreal, Enhanced Dexterity

TALENTS: Agility, Combat Sense

PRIVILEGES: Ear of the Street

ASSETS: Laboratory

CONTACTS

Catalin (Lower, bookmaker)

Zoran Dimir

Zoran has always enjoyed danger. From the first experience of falling to the first touch of fire, anything that gets the adrenaline rush going has always been the most important thing in his world.

Normal society was never going to be enough. Zoran ran away from home at the age of nine to join a travelling circus that was passing through the village, staying hidden for three days until forced out to look for food. The friendly circus folk took pity, and a whirlwind of training and excitement followed.

There are those who say that Zoran may one day become the very best in the business; but this brings its own dangers. A lithe, athletic body is exactly the sort of thing that fashionable nobles are looking for. As a result of his misadventures, Zoran has ended up in debt to the DSF, who for some reason of their own decided that having an informant was better than a circus performer being used for spare parts.

CHARACTER STATS

NAME: Zoran Dimir
AGE: 21
CLASS: Lower
VOCATION: Daredevil
STRENGTH: 0
DEXTERITY: +2
FORTITUDE: +3
PRESENCE: 0
WITS: +1
RESOLVE: +2
INITIATIVE: 2
MOVEMENT: 7
HIT POINTS: 6
FATE POINTS: 8
SKILLS

Athletics (3), Concentration (2), Dodge (3),
Firearms (1), General Knowledge (2),
Horseriding (3), Swordplay (3), Throwing (4),
Art [Firebreathing] (4), Medicine (3),
Special Weapon [Firebreathing] (3)

TRAITS

AUGMENTATIONS: Enhanced Dexterity, Glider

TALENTS: Blind Fighting, Deadly Shot (Knife),
Quick Draw (Knife)

PRIVILEGES: Gang Member (Scar Gang)

ASSETS: Enhanced Knife

CONTACTS

Mareska (Middle, DSF contact)

Gheorghe Costache

Gheorghe has always had problems with his temper. When growing up, he was generally seen as a bully. He enjoyed the feeling that his strength and focus gave him, and the reaction of those who were weaker. He dreamed of great things, imagining himself in a shiny military uniform, taking charge and forcing people to do anything he wanted.

He spent all his time perfecting his body, and as soon as he was old enough he applied for the army, convinced that his life of glory was about to begin.

He didn't survive boot camp. He couldn't take orders from those in authority. He constantly argued with his superiors and was eventually thrown out.

With nothing but his strength to offer, he fell in with the circus. He also ended up street fighting for money whenever possible. The assault on his pride has been enormous, and humbling. Where he once spent his time throwing his weight around, Gheorghe now spends his time trying to be a better man.

CHARACTER STATS

NAME: Gheorghe Costache

AGE: 21 **CLASS:** Lower **VOCATION:** Strongman

STRENGTH: +3

DEXTERITY: +1

FORTITUDE: +3

PRESENCE: -1

WITS: +1

RESOLVE: +1

INITIATIVE: 5

MOVEMENT: 6

HIT POINTS: 10

FATE POINTS: 8

SKILLS

Athletics (3), Blunt Weapons (3)m, Dodge (3),
Drive Carriage (2), Firearms (3),
General Knowledge (1), Improvised Weapon (2),
Might (3), Perception (3), Streetwise (2),
Throwing (2), Animal Handling (2), Navigation (1)

TRAITS

AUGMENTATIONS: Arm Spurs, Enhanced Strength

TALENTS: Combat Sense, Pugilist

PRIVILEGES: Gang Member (Fight Club)

CONTACTS

Rebekah (Lower, barmaid);
Valentin (Middle, Fight promoter)

The Hunters of Brasov

No one truly knows the identities of the Hunters of Brasov. They hide behind their hunting names, as what they do is technically illegal (though chances are they would never be prosecuted). The Club numbers some two-dozen members, three of whom have agreed to take part on this hunt. They work to a strict code:

Once on a hunt, you do not stop until you or your prey are victorious.

*Dead hunters cannot teach. Withdraw from a hunt
- do not surrender to your prey.*

*Help a hunter wherever and whenever
he asks for aid - pride is folly.*

*Do not discard your prey once the hunt is over.
A hunter must use that which he hunts.*

*The bond between hunter and prey is a sacred one. No hunter
should violate another's bond until he has relinquished it.*

The Hawk

The Hawk was a champion marksman even before his surgery. He has had his eyes replaced with those of an owl. This has granted him exceptional normal vision in addition to the ability to see very clearly at night. He is the most honourable of the hunters, and will abide strictly by the Code, to the point of choosing death over surrender should the players defeat him and refuse to let him withdraw.

He has limitations, owl eyes are not human eyes, and his are now more sensitive to direct light than normal. Flashes of direct light will leave him stunned.

CHARACTER STATS

REPUTATION: Adventurous (Specialist)

INITIATIVE: +6

PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +1

RESISTANCE

MENTAL COMPETENCE: +7

HEALTH: 3 Dice (6 pips)

SIGNATURE SKILLS: Perception +2, Survival +2,
Tracking +3, Firearms +3, Hide & Sneak +2

TRAITS: Weapon Master (Rifle)

AUGMENTATIONS: Night Vision,
Enhanced Sense (Sight)

COMPLICATIONS: Code of Honour

WEAPON: Mauser Sporting Rifle
(Use Quality Sporting Rifle Stats)

The Hound

As a child, the Hound loved to spend time with the hunting dogs on his father's estate. That love stayed with him to adulthood, and he hunts with some highly trained and Augmented hunting dogs. He has also had Augmentation to allow him to more easily run with the pack.

CHARACTER STATS

REPUTATION: Adventurous (Focussed)

INITIATIVE: +5

PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +5

MENTAL COMPETENCE: +3

HEALTH: 5 Dice (10 pips)

SIGNATURE SKILLS: Animal Handling +2,
Survival +4, Fisticuffs +3

TRAITS: Combat Sense

AUGMENTATIONS: Bite (obvious), Claws,
Quadruped Adaptation

COMPLICATIONS: Code of Honour,
Distinctive Features (Feral), Rage

WEAPON: Bite 2d, Claw 2d

Dog, Augmented Hunting

PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +6

MENTAL COMPETENCE: +8

INITIATIVE: +0

HEALTH: 5 Dice (10 pips)

ARMOUR: 0

DAMAGE: Bite (3d)

Rake - Dog, Alpha Hunting

PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +6

MENTAL COMPETENCE: +8

INITIATIVE: +2

HEALTH: 5 Dice (10 pips)

ARMOUR: 0

DAMAGE: Bite (4d), Claw (3d)

The Green Man

The Green Man is the current head of the Hunting Club. He has travelled widely, tracking and killing whatever prey he can. As a result, he is supremely skilled as a hunter. His Augmentation has stretched his nerve tissue, shortening the time it takes him to react, and improving his co-ordination.

CHARACTER STATS

REPUTATION: Daredevil (Focussed)

INITIATIVE: +9

PHYSICAL COMPETENCE: +5

MENTAL COMPETENCE: +8

HEALTH: 5 Dice (10 pips)

SIGNATURE SKILLS: Perception +2, Tracking +3,
Swordplay +4, Firearms +2

TRAITS: Combat Sense

AUGMENTATIONS: Nerve Augmentation,
Nerve Grafting x2, All-Around Vision

COMPLICATIONS: Stubborn, Code of Honour

WEAPON: Rast-Gasser M1898 Pistol, Sabre.

Appendices

IIX. APPENDICES



RESISTANCE

Bibliography and Web Links

The most obvious link to mention is that of our own website:
<http://www.darkharvest-legacyoffrankenstein.com/>

There, you will find support and updates for the DH:LoF setting, along with downloads of various bits and pieces of free stuff. We run competitions from time to time, and we keep folks updated as to events, signings, convention appearances and all sorts. There are links to the forums and to our Facebook page, and also to our Twitter feed (@DarkHarvest_LoF). All of our projects, past, present and future are covered on the website and Facebook page, so get over to both, be sure to 'Like' us, and get involved!

Books

This list should not be taken in isolation. All the titles mentioned in the core book apply equally to this volume.

MI6: THE HISTORY OF THE SECRET INTELLIGENCE SERVICE 1909 – 1949, by Keith Jeffery, Bloomsbury 2010, ISBN 978-1-4088-1005-7
Wish I'd had this sooner, frankly. A brilliant book for history buffs in general, and an excellent source of information on the state of British and European spying in the early 20th Century.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH RETAIL CATALOGUE 1910.

Supplied by the very excellent Abby of Cornell Publications (www.cornellpubs.com), purveyor of out-of-print (and copyright) gun catalogues and manuals, as well as retail catalogues that can offer illustrations and prices for anything your players might desire. Very well worth a look, as Abby will mail them to wherever you might be in the world.

VICTORIAN CSI, by William A. Guy, David Ferrier & William R. Smith, The History Press 2009, ISBN 978-0-7524-5513-6

A fascinating book that shows exactly how capable forensic scientists were in the UK around the time of the infamous Whitechapel murders late in Victoria's reign. If your character or your players are DSF or Ministry investigators, this is the book for you!

THE BELLE EPOQUE IN THE PARIS HERALD, by Hebe Dorsey, Thames & Hudson 1986, ISBN 0-500-01393-4
Lavishly illustrated throughout, this book covers the period between 1890 and 1914, and is a glimpse into the lives of Europe's insanely wealthy. From fashions to scandals to idle gossip; this is your guide to what the elite thought important and to their often ridiculous antics as Europe moved closer to war.

Websites

ROMANIAN POSTCARDS COLLECTION

(<http://postcardscollection.wordpress.com/>)

If you're looking for authentic images of Romania during the time period covered by DH:LoF, then this should be one of the first places you visit. Very well indexed and well worth a look.

100 ROMANIAN MONASTERIES

(<http://www.romanian-monasteries.go.ro/>)

The name says it all! A beautiful site, well indexed, that you will get lost in, and one that provides colour pictures and full histories of the best places for your PCs to hide out in.

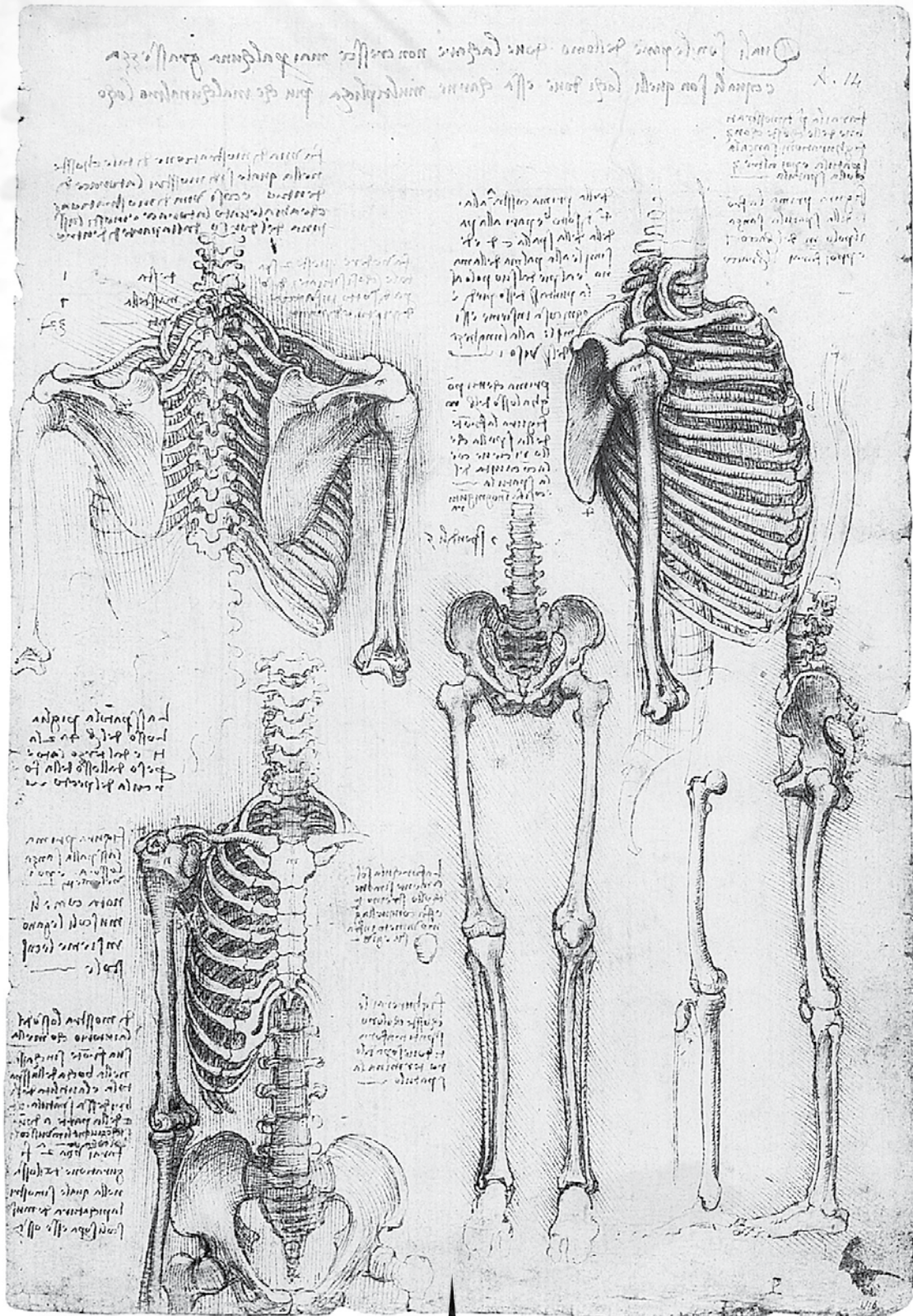
BULGARIAN CASTLES – BABA VIDA

(<http://www.bulgariancastles.com/bulgariancastles/en/fortress-baba-vida-en>)

Everything you could hope to know, or see, about the Resistance's home just across the Danube from Promethea.

The maps for the adventure in this supplement were created in Inkscape (<http://inkscape.org/>) and used clip-art from the Open Clip Art Library (<http://openclipart.org/>).

DARK HARVEST
THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN



RESISTANCE

Full Credits

In no particular order...

Matt Gibbs (EDITING)

Matt Gibbs is a freelance writer and editor. Originally an archaeologist, he spent several years grubbing about in holes before turning to writing as a career. He has worked on games such as Sega's Binary Domain and Ubisoft's Driver San Francisco, and is collaborating with a number of talented artists on comic and graphic novel projects.

<http://mattgibbs.net/>

Simon Proctor

(WEBSITE AND CONVENTION DEMO GM)

Human catalyst Simon Proctor has managed to be randomly involved in the UK's gaming scene for a number of years without getting any goo on him. He also writes insanely random blog posts and looks confused when people give him money for doing stuff that's really simple. But don't quote him on that or everyone will be doing it.

He doesn't normally speak of himself in the third person but he's been told that's what you should do in blurbs.

<http://www.khanate.co.uk/>

Sara Dunkerton (LOGO, ART PAGES 7, 12-17, 20, 25, 31, 37, 128 & 137)

Sara Dunkerton, a 23 year old farm girl from a tiny village in Somerset, found her calling as an illustrator and animator during College. She carried this realisation through to university where she graduated in 2010 at the University of the West of England, Bristol.

Out in the real world for the past year, she has worked on illustrating comics for Bayou Arcana, Dark Harvest: Resistance, Sugar Glider Stories 2 and Into the Woods: A Fairy Tale Anthology, and is loving every second!

Ever with another project eagerly lined up, she has hopes of being able to say goodbye to the boring day jobs and work full time on creative projects professionally.

Blog: <http://saradunkerton.blogspot.com/>

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/#!/SaraDunkerton>

Steve Ironside

(CONVENTION DEMO GM, WRITING)

Steve spends his professional life creating solutions to terribly grown-up problems, and balances it out with a love of the unremittingly daft once he leaves the office behind. In the world of Dark Harvest, Steve remains one-half of the core Rules team, and has also become one-half of the Demo team, which has netted him some great new friends, and some extra bits of work as both proof-reader and play-tester, which lets him be both daft and grown-up at the same time. A change in job has restricted his plans for world domination through urban fantasy gaming a little, but he's planning to keep his eye in with a blog, which can be found at <http://4brains.knightsoftrinity.net/>

Corlen Kruger (COVER ARTIST, ART PAGE 9)

South African-born, award-winning Corlen Kruger has a deserved reputation as a concept artist of considerable flair and talent. Educated at the University of Pretoria, Corlen worked for I-Imagine Interactive, becoming Lead Artist, before moving to the UK to work with Digi-Guys. He eventually moved north from London to work as a concept artist for Midway's Newcastle Studio. When Midway folded, Corlen joined other artists from the studio at Atomhawk Design, a company that is already making a hugely positive impact on the industry.

Corlen has since returned to South Africa, where he continues to be busy. Release dates are catching up, and his character concept work on the most recent

Mortal Kombat console game (2011 version) can be seen on his website. His limited edition silkscreen posters, done in the grindhouse style, have been much in demand after being featured on movie site JoBlo.com. After a couple of film poster commissions, one of Corlen's dreams came true when he was asked by none other than Troma Entertainment Inc. to create a poster for a competition related to their film *Father's Day*.

Corlen's website is a treasure trove of the weird and wonderful (and the distinctly, divinely NSFW). It features shots of old horror and weird fiction magazines he's uncovered, as well as old 8mm film reels. Corlen wears his love of crazy 'exploitation' and schlock-horror cinema on his sleeve, and its influence on his sumptuous work is clear. His skateboard designs are a joy to behold ... Corlen's site carries images of his covers for Dark Harvest at various stages in their creation –well worth a look.

Corlen's personal website is at:
<http://www.corlenkruger.com/>

Robert DM Coles (MAPS)

Robert DM Coles is an avid roleplayer and professional Artworker. Often tied to a computer of some description Robert's daytime duties involve making things look pretty, aligning and sorting the chaotic and generally making complex information and graphics presentable and visually stimulating. This task often means hiding away in an office clutching only seconds of daylight and thoroughly enjoying tweaking tables, photo-retouching images of inanimate objects and organising the layout of a variety of documents within the commercial business sector.

When the opportunity arose to become a part of the project, Robert couldn't resist. So, in between his daytime activities and the occasional romp around a

game (of various descriptions) Robert found a new obsession –the maps of Promethea.

In his sparse spare time Robert enjoys archery when he gets the chance, playing the bodhran at local music sessions, laser tag and gaming in all its various forms. Robert also enjoys building with Lego (especially on the lounge floor at Christmas).

Should Robert ever surface from his hermit-like existence, his interests may drift toward showing off his ware's on a website of his own. Until then, he remains the clandestine artworker of Promethea ...

Magz Wiseman (WRITING)

For the last few years, Magz has been dabbling in the murky waters of writing and has decided that she rather quite likes it as it's much more fun than getting a proper job.

After writing a small piece of fiction for the Dark Harvest core book, she was flabbergasted and delighted to be asked to contribute further pieces for the Resistance supplement. When not lurking within the pages of Frankenstein's Promethea, she has been scraping a living writing Treatments and Screenplays for authors who would like to see their work on the big screen. She's also managed to win a few international script competitions. In her spare time, she has written several scripts of her own, which she uses to prop up the wonky leg of the kitchen table.

Often found loitering around Twitter Land under the well deserved name of @dozeymagz, she occasionally remembers to write the odd blog post which can be found over at <http://magzwiseman.blogspot.com>

Neil Wiseman (WRITING)

As a lifelong gamer, Neil has built up a great deal of gaming knowledge; from boardgames and wargames, to console, PC, and browser games, with a festering chunk of (mostly fantasy) role playing games thrown

RESISTANCE

in for good measure. There are very few game system rule books which Neil is not at least aware of. He has dabbled in game design and photography, and for a brief time was a magician's apprentice. Neil's current day job is a mishmash of duties vaguely revolving around laboratories in geographically hostile environments. He's been told he looks like a cross between King Charles II and Hagrid. On a good day. Mostly by his wife, Magz.

Rowena Aitken (ART PAGES 27 & 35)

Rowena is a fantasy illustrator from Edinburgh, Scotland and enjoys the finer things in life; coffee, drawing, first person shooters and nature documentaries. She longs to combine all 4 activities but fears the outcome could be messy. She loves working in Photoshop with her trusty, well-loved Wacom Intuos 4 XL but also enjoys the pleasure of traditional art activities. She is currently looking to expand into other areas of illustration ranging from children's books to scientific illustrations and editorial work.

FOLIO <http://www.rowenaaitken.com/>
CGHUB <http://rowenaaitken.cghub.com/>
deviantART <http://wanwan.deviantart.com/>
Frog God Games Artist Profile <http://www.talesofthefroggod.com/index.php/about-us?start=7>
Linkedin <http://uk.linkedin.com/in/rowenaaitken>
Twitter <http://www.twitter.com/rowenaaitken>
Pinterest <http://www.pinterest.com/rowenaaitken>

Colin Chapman (WRITING)

Colin Chapman is a veteran RPG game designer and freelancer having been involved in over forty rpg publications. Most recently he set up Radioactive Ape Designs (<http://www.radioactiveapedesigns.com>), and published his own rpg, Atomic Highway, which was nominated for a Best Rules ENnie award

and Indie RPG award in 2010. In his real life he is a primary school teacher, father, and amateur history, military history, and natural history enthusiast.

Kim Roberts (ART PAGES 123 & 126)

Since 2007 Kim has been working in the games industry after graduating from a games design degree and also dabbled in freelance illustration. Besides her love for games, comics and animation, she's also in love with traditional Japanese musical instruments such as Taiko and the Shamisen. She plays the former and is learning the latter right now. To add to this, Kim also now lives in Japan with her fella and tries her best to ignore the amazing distractions Japan dishes out on a daily business. Arg. Arg. Arg.

<http://seriousduck.tumblr.com/>
<http://jp.linkedin.com/in/kimroberts1984>

James King (LAYOUT DESIGN)

Excitement? Pah! Adventure?

Hah! A Jedi craves not these things.

Fortunately, James King is not a Jedi and does crave such things. OK, so his day job may not seem the most adventurous thing ever but... life has led James in many directions and he has been lucky enough to set foot on Skywalker Ranch and visit that 'Galaxy, far, far away...' while working as Art Editor on *The Official Star Wars Fact File*. He has also travelled in time with *Doctor Who - Battles in Time* magazine and *The Doctor Who DVD Files*. He is presently head first in the sewers of New York designing a highly successful Teenage Mutant Hero Turtle trading card magazine for the Russian markets.

However (and more importantly) ...

In 1998, James was abducted and turned into a Werangutan deep in the darkness of the Borneo rainforest. Blessed with a super-powered travel bug

and the ability to take stunning photographs, he has since walked rainforest paths, climbed to the Incan city Machu Picchu, wandered the Khmer temples of Angkor, explored Morocco's ancient cities, and endured the heat of the Erg Chebbi sand dunes. King has looked down upon the Nazca Lines, visited the Forbidden City and crossed the Great Wall of China, been interrogated by mock Soviet spies while dangling from his wrists, and been buried alive in a pitch black maze.

And you thought you did well despite skipping breakfast this morning...
<http://uk.linkedin.com/pub/james-king/9/302/4b2>
jkjunglejim@gmail.com
James' personal website is at:
<http://werangutan.photoshelter.com/>

Iain Lawson

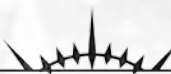
**(CONCEPT, WRITING, IP
AND PROJECT MANAGER)**

After recovering from the mind-blasting horror of indexing the DH:LoF core book, Iain was astounded by the reception the whole thing received. Review after review allowed his co-conspirators to smugly say "I told you so", and led to much discussion as to what to do next. Vague plans became the long, slow path to this supplement and the general expansion of the DH:LoF line. In between times, podcasts, interviews and a steady stream of great reviews added to Iain's confused, growing realisation that something good was happening and a large part of it was his fault.

Iain continues to write other stuff, including the usual Star Wars things. He doesn't have a blog, but Tweets as @EmbreaAgain so often that it amounts to the same thing. He is massively grateful to the entire DH:LoF team, and the hugely supportive community that is growing around it.

Thank you all.





RESISTANCE

Index

IX. INDEX



Dates:

EARLY HISTORY

1st Century AD 29

15TH TO 17TH CENTURIES 30

19TH CENTURY

Mid 11

Autumn 10

1841 41

1861 37

24th of January 36

Late 19, 39

1877 19

1878

14th of July 36

1879 19

20TH CENTURY

Early

1900

July 39

1902 19, 37

Summer 38

2nd of June 36

1903 December 39

1904 41, 46

1905 41

1906 May 45

1907 39, 47

1910 10, 11, 19, 30, 35, 36, 38, 40, 46

Events:

Balkan conflicts 10

Emmeline Pankhurst, Visit of... 46, 47

Founding of Promethea 36

Hasdat, Destruction of 37

Harvest Legislation, Introduction of 19

The Iasi Missive 45

Romanian Independence Declared 36

Frankenstein's Science

AUGMENTATION

Facilities 40, 63

General Info 10, 11, 22, 26, 29, 30, 38, 42

Botched/Joke Surgery 19, 20

Military 40

Ministry (Agent) 82-84

HARVEST

General 10, 11, 19, 26

Infrastructure 19

Legislation 19, 37

Military 20

Objections to... 45

ILLUSTRATIONS:

Comic Strip 12 to 17

Maps

Bors Crossing Inside Front Cover

Large Base w. Stock Yard 50

Medium Base w. Military

Railway Line 51

Riverside Base w. Dry Dock 52

Health Spa 53

Medium Base w. Monastery Inside Back Cover

Resistance Fighter In The Rain 20

Wealthy Man Passing Note At Party 25

Two Resistance Fighters By Fire 27

Aftermath Of Resistance Ambush

In Alley 31

Railway Stock Yard At Night 35

Augmented Soldier Killing Man In Forest 37

Wooden Cattle Truck 57

Views of Constanta 66

Targu Mures Town Square 73

Cobbled Alleyway 83

Danube At Night 92

Creating A Character 123

RESISTANCE

Jani	126
Johann Sitorios	128
Smylzo Kaldu	137

Transylvania	19, 40, 72
Transylvanian Alps	12-17, 85
Valcea County	12-17
Vidin	29

For maps from the Adventure, see 'Adventure Module' in the Contents pages (8 & 9)

For illustrations of Weapons & Equipment, check relevant section in the Contents pages (8 & 9).

LOCATIONS:

Alba Iulia	46
Baba Vida	22, 28, 29-31, 33, 93
Black Sea (& coast)	56-71
Border (Fence and base along ...)	88-91
Brasov	63
Bucharest	46, 72
Bukovina (Russia)	30
Bulgaria	28, 29
Carpathian Mountains	25, 30
Cetate (Farm near...)	84-87
Como, Lake	10
Constance, Lake	39
Constanta	56-71
Covasna	63
Danube, River	22, 25, 29, 30, 57, 85, 88-93
England	41
Friedrichshafen (Germany)	39
Hungarian Territory	36
Kitty Hawk (USA)	39
Mures River Valley	39
Pitesti	39
Prut, River	39, 57
Rasnov (Fortress in)	63
Reghin	39
Romania	19, 40, 41
Selyatyn	30
Targu Mures	41, 46, 72-81

MISCELLANEOUS

Health Spas	38, 53, 63
Magz Wiseman starts interrupting on a daily basis to ask after the mental state of Iain Lowson as he indexes the book	31 onwards

ORGANISATIONS:

Agents & Spies (General)	11, 22, 42, 47
Alba Iulia Ladies Mezzo Soprano Society	46
Austro-Hungarian Empire	10, 11, 19, 27-29, 31, 36, 40, 72
Black Market	24-25, 32
Bucharest Women's Needlepoint Circle, The	46
Bulgarians	28, 29, 30
Council of Advisors	37
Danube Debutantes Association	46
Domestic Security Force (DSF)	
General	20, 27, 32, 36-38, 42, 45-47, 63
Head of the DSF	47
Organisation	36
Eastern/Promthn. Orthodox Church	37
Great Powers	
(Britain, France, Germany, Russia)	29
Huedin Militia	19
Ministries	
General info	11, 20, 32, 36, 37, 40, 42, 43
Information	21, 27, 38, 42, 45
Surgical Artistry	47
Ottoman Empire	10, 11, 19, 29
Promethea, Governing (General)	21, 34-43
Curfews	32
Travel, Restrictions on	32
Weapons, Restrictions on	21

DARK HARVEST

THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

Promethean Military Forces		Bismark	31
General	10, 11, 20, 21, 30, 31, 33, 38, 40, 41, 42, 46, 49-53, 56-71	Creature, The	11, 19, 22, 29-31, 33, 35, 43, 47, 80, 81
Bases	33, 38, 49-53, 56-71, 88-90	Cristescu, Silviu	39, 45, 47, 74-79
Soldiers	40, 41	Edison, Thomas	40
Star of Promethea	41	Elite (Promethean population)	24, 26, 27, 95
Supplies	21	Frankenstein, Victor (Viktor)	
Promethean Royal Guard	16, 17, 24, 38, 65, 68-71, 74, 75	General info	20, 21, 22, 26, 27, 29, 31, 32, 35-41, 43, 45, 46, 47, 73-81
Resistance, The	11, 12-17, 19-33, 35, 36, 42, 43, 45, 82-93	History	10, 11, 19
Command Structure	22, 32	Ghergiev Family	20
Area Commanders	21-23	Gyôrfy, Filip	47, 72-79
Quartermasters	23	Maxim, Hiram	39, 41
Drops, Supply/Information	22	Middle Class (Promthn. population)	24, 26, 95
Equipment	23-24	Minister of Foreign Affairs	46
'Floating' Groups	23-24	Pankhurst, Emmeline	46, 47
Friendly Fire	21	Peasants (& working class)	24, 26, 42, 95
Harvest as PR opportunity	20	Migrant Workers (internal)	28, 84-87
Huedin Militia	19	Refugees	28, 82-93
Organisation	19-33	Santos-Dumont, Alberto	39
Recruitment	22-23	Zeppelin, Count von	39
Runners	22		
Supplies Ammunition	23	RESOURCES & INFRASTRUCTURE:	
Tactics (General)	20, 21	Agriculture	28
Russia	28-31, 39, 42	Boats (& ships, etc)	
Scar Gangs	147, 154	Military Steam Launches	28, 90, 91
Students	42, 74, 75	General	19
Suffragette Movement	46, 47	Harvest Infrastructure	19
Universities (Promethean)		Industrial	28
General info	45	Mining (general info)	28
Iasi	45	Natural resources (general)	10
Targu Mures	74-76	Target of the Resistance	20
Women's Social and Political Union	46	Transport	
Will of Frankenstein, The	47	Aircraft	39
		Gliders	39
		Railways	
		General	12-17, 38, 49-52
		Military	12-17, 38, 88
PEOPLE:		Supply Trains	20
Arrangers	19	Zeppelins	39
Baden, Karl	10, 19, 35, 36, 40, 41		

RESISTANCE

RULES & MECHANICS

(IN PRINTED ORDER BY SECTION):

Campaigns, Running of...		Weapon Effects	120-121
Resistance	31-33	Area Effect	120
Promethean Authorities	41-43	Volley Fire	120
Others	45-47	Suppressive Fire	120, 121
Money	95-96	Augmentations	121-122
Exchange Rates	95	Extra Joints	121
Income Guide	95	Augmented Digestion	121
Starting Money	96	Nerve Augmentation	121
Weapons & Equipment	96-116	Nerve Grafting	121
Weapons	96-107	Small Hands	121
Melee Weapon Reference Table	97	Quadruped Adaptation	121, 122
Concealing Weapons	97	Character Creation Walkthrough	122-127
Melee Weapons	98, 99	Attribute Points	122
Ranged Weapons	100-107	Skills	123
Handguns	100	Skills – Common	124
Handgun Reference Table	100	Skills – Specialist	124
Standard Service		Traits	125
Handguns Reference	103	Talents	125
Machineguns	104	Privileges	125
Machineguns of the World Reference	104	Assets	125
Machineguns Reference Table	105	Equipment	126
Rifles Reference Table	105	Contacts	127
Rifles	105	NPCs	128
Service Rifles of the World Reference	106	Johann Sitorios	128, 129
Firearm Accessories and Ammunition	107	Nurse	129
Gear	108-114	Student Rebel	130
Camping and Outdoors Gear	108	Suffragette	130
Cold-Weather Gear	110, 111	Train Driver/Engineer/Railwayman	131
Miscellaneous Gear	112-114	Village Craftsman	131
Transportation	114-116	Woodsman	132
Rules Clarifications & Additions	118-139	Sailor/Boatman	132
Rules	119	Civil Engineer	132, 133
Combined Tests	119	Courier	133
Augmented Characters Initiative		Security	133, 134
& Multiple Actions	119	Courtesan	134
Accelerated Initiative	119	Black Market Boss	135
Enhanced Coordination	119, 120	Ministry Official	135, 136
		Senior Mechanician Smylzo Kaldu	136-139

DARK HARVEST
THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

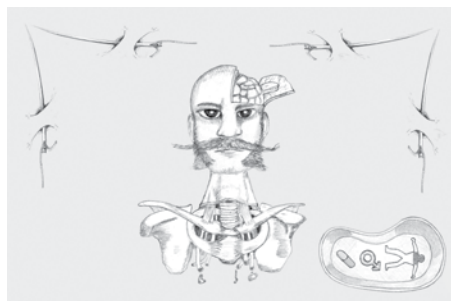
FRANKENSTEIN'S BODIES

DARK HARVEST
THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN

A 2-5 PLAYER CARD GAME SET IN THE WORLD OF
DARK HARVEST.

You have been charged by Baron Victor von Frankenstein to create two of the finest bodies the world has ever seen. They will be shown off at a state ball for the admiration of all. But you are not alone. Others will be in hot competition for Frankenstein's attention.

Using the body parts available, designer surgeons, secret plasmas, theft, skullduggery and general nastiness you will strive to create the finest of surgical wonders.



<https://www.facebook.com/FrankensteinsBodies>



RESISTANCE

DARK HARVEST
THE LEGACY OF FRANKENSTEIN
FIRES OF PROMETHEA

COMING SOON

Character

NAME:

CHILDHOOD:

PLAYER:

AGE/GENDER:

VOCATION:

SOCIAL CLASS:

BUILD:

PERSONALITY:

NATIONALITY:

HAIR/EYES:

SOCIAL ETHICS:

Characteristics

☐ STRENGTH	☐ PRESENCE
☐ DEXTERITY	☐ WITS
☐ FORTITUDE	☐ RESOLVE

Derived Attributes

☐ **INITIATIVE** DEX + WITS + PER

☐ **MOVEMENT** 5 + DEX IN YDS/ROUND

SNEAK (5+DEX) /2 []

RUN (5+DEX) X3 []

SWIM (5+DEX) []

LEAP HORIZONTAL (1+DEX) []

JUMP VERTICAL (0.5 X H.LEAP) []

Health

☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐
☐	☐	☐	☐	☐	☐

Common Skills

ACT	(PRESENCE)	[]	FIREARMS	(DEXTERITY)	[]
ATHLETICS	(DEXTERITY)	[]	FISTICUFFS	(DEXTERITY)	[]
BLUNT WEAPONS	(DEXTERITY)	[]	GENERAL KNOWLEDGE (WITS)	[]	[]
BULL	(PRESENCE)	[]	HIDE & SNEAK	(DEXTERITY)	[]
CHARM	(PRESENCE)	[]	HORSE RIDING	(DEXTERITY)	[]
CONCEAL	(WITS)	[]	IMPROVISED WEAPON (DEXTERITY)	[]	[]
CONCENTRATION	(RESOLVE)	[]	INTIMIDATE	(PRESENCE)	[]
DANCE*	(DEXTERITY)	[]	MIGHT	(STRENGTH)	[]
DODGE	(DEXTERITY)	[]	PERCEPTION	(WITS)	[]
DRIVE CARRIAGE	(WITS)	[]	STREETWISE*	(PRESENCE)	[]
EMPATHY	(PRESENCE)	[]	SWORDPLAY	(DEXTERITY)	[]
ETIQUETTE*	(WITS)	[]	THROWING	(DEXTERITY)	[]

*SOCIAL CLASS MODIFIER USUALLY APPLIES

Specialties

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.....	()	[]		()	[]

*SOCIAL CLASS MODIFIER USUALLY APPLIES

RESISTANCE

Equipment & Notes

Personal Fortune & Income

INCOME SAVINGS

LEU (PLRL. LEI)

BAN

Experience, Reputation & Fate

EXPERIENCE POINTS	RANKING POINTS
1	1
2	2
3	3
4	4
5	5
6	6
7	7
8	8
9	9
10	10
11	11
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99	99
100	100

○

○

REPUTATION NAMES:

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FATE POOL

TOTAL

○

Augmentations

Complications

Talents, Privileges & Assets

Contacts

Weapons

WEAPON	SKILL	DMG DICE	ROF	SHOTS	RELOAD	RANGE	NOTES
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1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
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417	418	419	420	421	422	423	424
425							

TOTAL

*Frankenstein culture. Accept it or rebel against it,
its stories are there to be savoured.*

(FROM THE FOREWORD BY JAMES WALLIS)



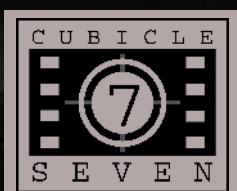
Resistance is everywhere!

Promethea; a country created by Victor Frankenstein and sealed off from the rest of the world. Within its borders, the battle for the future of the country – perhaps even for the fate of the world – rages between Frankenstein's regime and the Creature's Resistance. They are not the only two sides in this conflict, however. Groups and even individuals struggle for supremacy, for their very lives, while all seek freedom from the Harvest.

Resistance is the first full supplement for the critically acclaimed, award-winning RPG *Dark Harvest: The Legacy of Frankenstein*. Adding yet more fascinating detail to the already rich, dark setting, this supplement includes: extensive equipment lists and revised money rules for gaming in 1910; an introductory adventure, with suggestions for turning it into a full campaign; over a dozen new NPCs and adventure hooks; new Skills and Augmentations; three new short stories that bring Promethea to life.



This book is a supplement to the *Dark Harvest: The Legacy of Frankenstein* role playing game, and requires the original book to make full use of it.



A full game system in its own right, the *Dark Harvest: The Legacy of Frankenstein* RPG line is compatible with the *Victoriana* RPG line available from Cubicle 7 Entertainment.



CB77101